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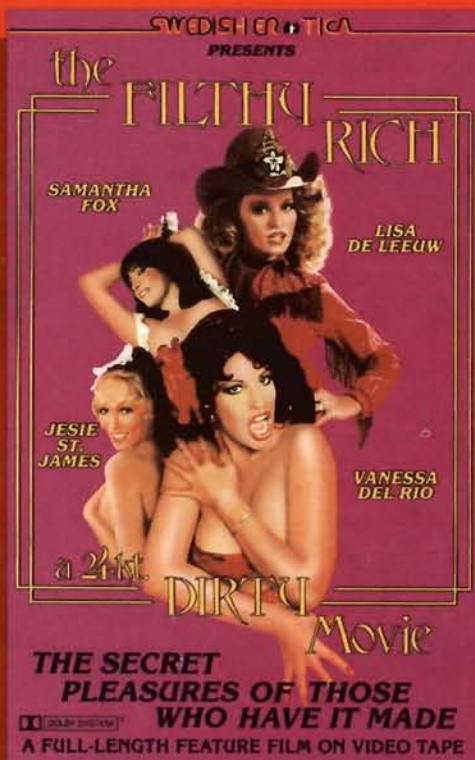
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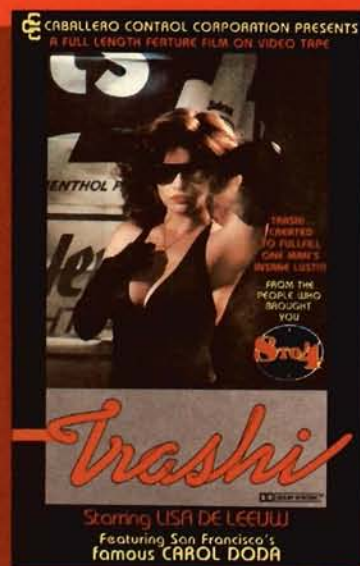
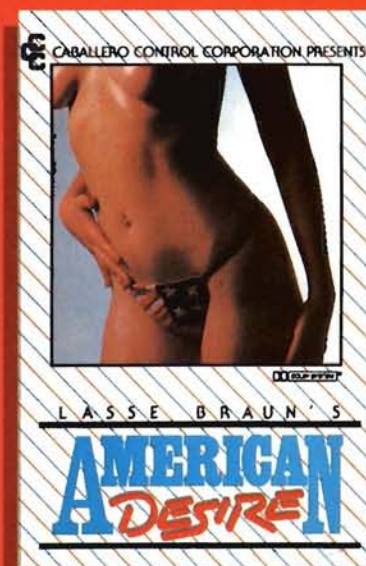
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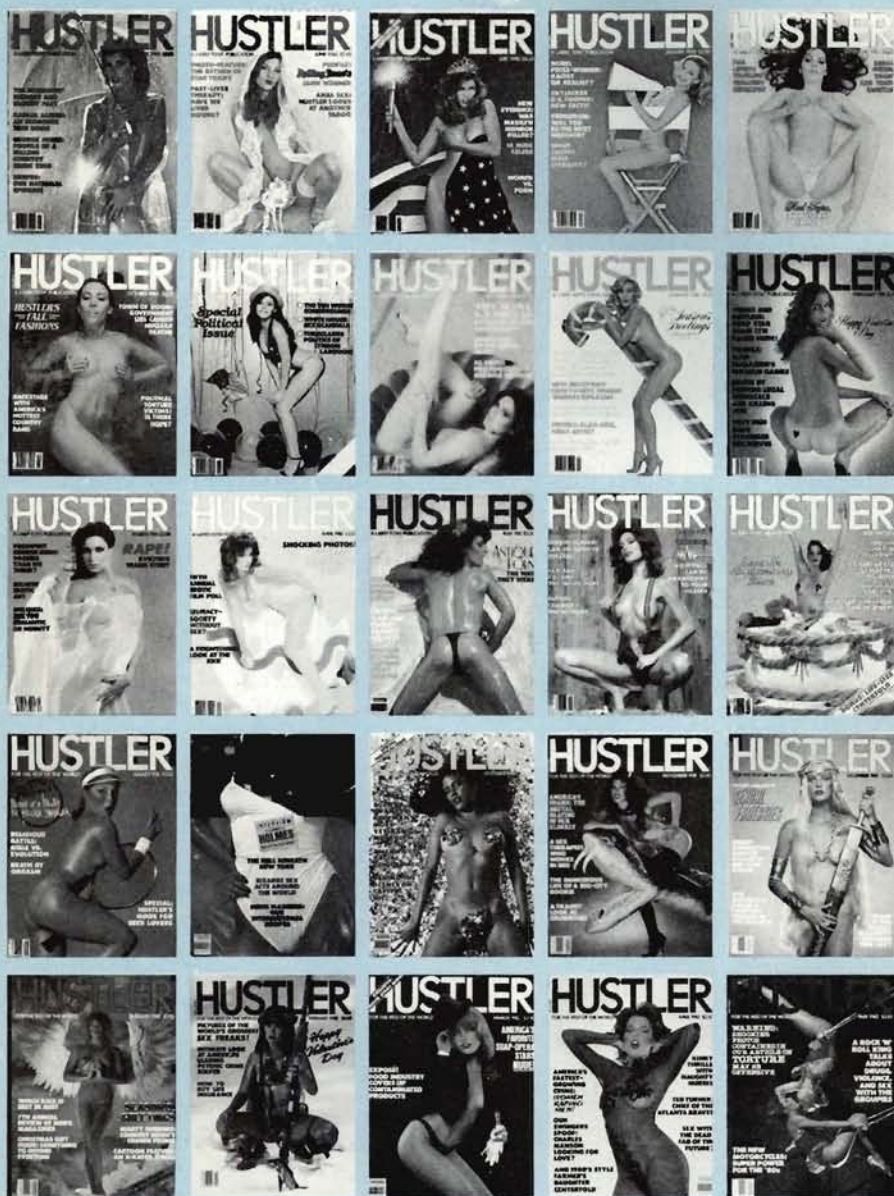
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**JUNE 1982 VOLUME 8 NUMBER 12**



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HUSTLER JUNE 1982 VOLUME 8 NUMBER 12

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## PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



# Abortion: Facing Facts

**I** recently came across one of the most shocking news stories I've ever read. An 18-year-old girl, six months' pregnant, performed her own abortion by shooting herself in the stomach with a .22-caliber handgun. I can attribute this incredible act to one thing—the desperation that grows out of ignorance.

When HUSTLER printed two articles arguing the pro and con sides of the controversy (*Abortion: Mercy or Murder?*, November 1978), many people were offended by the graphic representations of what abortions really are. Even though we presented both sides of the argument, many people just did not want to be confronted with the truth.

The truth is something HUSTLER has always printed. Still, for some reason, there are those who prefer to remain ignorant when it comes to sexual matters—especially abortion. I *know* that ignorance is never a good thing, and it often leads to the kind of tragedy like the pitiful “do-it-yourself abortion” described above.

Abortion is a sensitive issue. Rational and decent people differ, and both sides feel very strongly. I'm not going to tell anybody what to think, but I will say one thing: No matter how you stand on abortion, you have to agree that better information on the subject is an essential part of sex education.

Even though abortion is legal now in the United States, it is still misunderstood. Too many have the mistaken impression that it is as simple a matter as extracting a tooth. Nothing could be farther from

reality. Abortion is clearly a serious operation that can result in complications if not handled properly.

Under current law *any* general practitioner can perform the procedure. That's a big mistake. As long as abortions are legal, those doctors performing them should be specially licensed. They should do abortions and nothing else. That way, any woman undergoing one can be assured of being under the care of an expert who is familiar with every possible complication.

But most important, the American medical establishment and education system have to face reality. Educating the American public—especially young people—about abortion does not have to mean support for abortion. It just means support for common sense.

I've heard of too many cases of teenage girls having premature hysterectomies because they didn't realize the dangers of having too many abortions at a young age. Many times women wait too long to seek counseling about an unwanted pregnancy because they don't know what to do or where to go or even if they're pregnant—until it's too late.

One poor soul who waited too long—and as a result was denied a legal abortion—ended up shooting herself in the stomach. She was lucky—she lived. But the next victim of ignorance may not be so lucky. And a nation that chooses to hide its head in the sand over a controversial issue will have to bear the blame.

—ALTHEA FLYNT  
Publisher & Chairman of the Board





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

Abuse is not something we think about, it's something we do. It runs against our nature, yet it comes naturally. It's a major epidemic and a contagious one. Abused children often become abusive parents. Abuse perpetuates abuse.

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

everybody's problem.

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

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

What will you do today that's more important?

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## **We need your help. Write:**

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



**H**USTLER is known as a leader in the men's-magazine field because our writers and editors really know how to *dig*. While most publications are content to recycle the same, dull information, we go *right to the source* to bring you the kind of eye-opening reports we're famous for.

That's just what we've done this month with our lead feature, **JEW VS. NAZI: A FACE-TO-FACE DEBATE**. Former Associate Editor **GLENN HUNTER** tracked down two fanatical leaders—one a Jew and the other an American Nazi—and brought back a frightening account of the mutual hatred between the Jewish Defense League and the American Nazis. The result is a unique opportunity to hear, *in their own words*, the reasons for the escalating violence between these two extremist groups. Hunter, a seasoned writer whose work has appeared in numerous national publications, is now an Associate Editor at **GEN-TLEMAN'S COMPANION** and another LFP magazine called **LOVE PLAY**. Take special note of **PETE MUELLER's** illustration, a disturbingly vivid portrayal of the deeply felt hatred of militant Jew Irv Rubin and American Nazi Michael S. Canale. Mueller has made frequent contributions to our sister publication, **CHIC**.

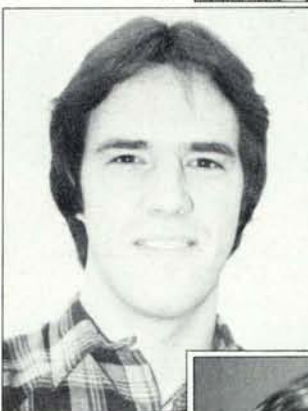
Missing arms, legs and clubfeet are heartbreaking birth defects you would never expect to link with a respected company whose products are stocked in millions of American households. Yet that's the tragic case with a drug Merrell-Dow Pharmaceuticals Inc. produces for expectant mothers. Former **HUSTLER** Executive Editor **LEE QUARNSTROM** provides the inside story on **THE BENEDICTIN CONSPIRACY: BIRTH DEFECTS FROM A LEGAL DRUG**. Quarnstrom, a top-notch veteran newspaper reporter who has written for *New West* and *Los Angeles* magazines, is currently residing in Santa Cruz, California, and writing a novel.



Pete Mueller



Glenn Hunter



John Andrews



Lee Quarnstrom



Alan Daniels

**PAT DUNN**, a longtime **HUSTLER** contributor, put his skills to work for the companion painting. Dunn is a graduate of the highly regarded Pasadena Art Center.

In this month's **SEX PLAY, ORAL-SEX PANEL DISCUSSION**, four sexy and saucy ladies exchange recollections and give you precious advice on how to *really* please your favorite lover. They'll thrill you with the ins and outs of cunnilingus in this frank, heart-to-heart talk. These experts teamed up with award-

winning illustrator **ALAN DANIELS**, an Englishman whose work has appeared previously in *Larry Flynt Publications* as well as in *Penthouse*, *Playboy*, *Omni* and *Club International*.

Murder and lovemaking dominate the life of a hard-nosed police detective in this month's fiction, **SHOPPING FOR MURDER**. This fast-paced adventure is the cunning craftsmanship of **D. S. BRADFORD**, who last scared you out of your wits with March's tale of sex-hungry spirits, *Ghost Story*. Bradford recently completed an equally unsettling novel called *The Kraken*, about a monster stalking the Caribbean Sea. Another award-winning illustrator, **JOHN ANDREWS**, preserved the market murder scene to bolster your imagination. His sharp eye for detail

is easily recognizable in **HUSTLER's** March article, *Contaminated Food: How Much Can America Stomach?*

This month, **HUSTLER** also takes you on a shopping spree of gorgeous women, giving you the opportunity to choose your favorite lady from the delectable choices in **HUSTLER'S 1ST ANNUAL CENTER-FOLD CONTEST**. We've spotlighted 12 of last year's pinkest beauties in a breathtaking visual extravaganza, and now it's up to *you* to select the one (we know it's hard) you like most! It's easy to do; just fill out the coupon on page 49 and send it to us. Who knows? Maybe your choice will be the winner.

You'll certainly find that the June **HUSTLER** will give you a head start on the rest of the world. As usual, we haven't let you down. In fact, this month's issue is definitely guaranteed to keep you *up!*



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No more running around looking for action. No more awkward approaches. No more phony lines. No more spending heavy lettuce on icebergs. No more winding up evening after evening all by your lonesome. Feeling frustrated and depressed—again.

All that's gone. From here on in, it's pure fun. 100% pure pleasure!

This time, you're going to relax and let the gals do all the hard work. While you make out more than you ever dreamed possible. Effortlessly!

### NOW CHICKS CHECK YOU OUT WITH ONLY ONE THING IN MIND!

Now you are going to be the one who is hunted. By gals galore. As many as you can handle!

What a turnabout! You are slated to be the one guy they anxiously want. The one they chase after and are dying to meet. The one they'd give anything to know intimately.

Even in a roomful of handsome devils, you'll be the male who gets the eye from the gals. The one with the power to say "yes" or "no" to a dreamboat's pleading proposition. The one who can take his pick from lovely heart-stopping young lasses to the more mature breed who know exactly what they want—and will gladly show you how to give it to them. Again and again!

For once, you can choose the cream. And you'll soon discover that there are plenty more beauties out there. Hoping and praying to be plucked off the waiting line by guess who. You!

### "FIX" THE DATING/MATING GAME SO YOU WIN AUTOMATICALLY!

The opposite sex will never suspect that you are playing the game with loaded dice that let you win every pass. This amazing method puts the odds in your favor every time. So you control girls!

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what comes naturally with you—and nobody else but you!

This method works regardless of your age. Young or old, married or single, you'll literally have to shake off advances with a stick.

It works regardless of your looks. Even if you are not movie-star material, you can still walk away with a winner.

It works regardless of your experience. You're about to get lots of that, along with unforgettable memories.

It works regardless of your bankroll. You can be flat-broke and make out like a millionaire.

It works regardless of your shyness. Matter of fact, it turns your sensitivity into your strongest weapon.

But the real reason it works is this: It takes the smartest cookie by complete surprise. She just is not prepared to deal with the overwhelming force of the method. A commanding force that sweeps her up and places her under your total domination. Instantly!

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Hurry and do it today. The girls are waiting!



**Lazy Lovely:** I've fallen in love with *Tina: Lazy Lady* (top photo) from your April issue. She's the loveliest woman I've seen in my 20 years of reading men's magazines. *Corky: Let Me Entertain You* is also a delight. The article *World Hunger: What Every American Should Know* ought to be required for anyone who can read, while the profile, *Ted Turner: Mouth of the South*, is undoubtedly the best I've read on this communications magnate. And I enjoyed the clever ending in April's fiction, *Body Bank*. —Name and Address Withheld by Request



**Good Sport:** I'm a loyal HUSTLER reader and avid hunter. I've expected to see hunters as the object of a cartoon sooner or later, just as blacks, Jews and everyone else has been. However, the cartoon on page 61 of the April issue showing people blasting deer all over the place (center) went too far.

Hunters are the original environmentalists. They were concerned about preserving the wilderness decades before it was fashionable to do so. To compare the true sportsman to assholes like Secretary of the Interior James Watt, who would defile the earth for profit, is most unfair. —Bill Pietsch

Eagle River, Wisconsin



*"Finally: An administration that understands progress!"*

You misunderstood the cartoonist's intentions. The workmen you see are the product of people like Watt, who plans to ruin the land. By no stretch of the imagination could these hardhat, blue-collar men on tractors be considered true sportsmen.

**The Real Stuff:** You've been promising hotter photo-layouts, and I think March's *Muff Diver* (bottom photo) came a lot closer to what I've been hoping to see in HUSTLER. Tell your photographers they're less than an inch away from the real stuff.

—Name and Address Withheld by Request



If you have to feature photo-spreads of males fondling your beautiful models, why don't you at least recruit some men, instead of the limp-dicked boys we've been seeing? The phony expressions of orgasm on these kids' faces are nothing short of sickening, from the rolled-back eyes to the gaping mouths and, of course, the limp dicks. The faggots have their own magazines. Don't let them ruin HUSTLER. Fuck the queers; we want more pussy. —Name and Address Withheld by Request

I was terribly disappointed with

your April issue for a good reason. There were no female/male spreads in it. If you continue to leave couples out of HUSTLER, I'll be forced to stop buying it. Why don't you let your readers know the sort of layouts to be featured on your *Next Month* page?

—F. F. Chesire, Connecticut

We do. The current *Next Month* page for July promises a couple on a *Lust Weekend*. But why wait? Check out page 88 of this issue for a hot boy/girl spread called *Ye Merry Olde Lay*.

I damn near creamed my jeans when I first laid eyes on *The Farmer's Daughter* in your April issue. Kate's got to be the sexiest chick I've ever seen. I'm constantly fantasizing about her and me fucking passionately in the hay. If you keep producing ladies like Kate, you'll remain by far the best magazine in the whole fucking world. —Rudolph A.

Belleville, Illinois

As a devoted reader of HUSTLER, I rarely read other men's magazines. However, the other day I browsed through a few and noticed something in them that you seem to lack—wet pussies. Everyone loves a wet pussy, not just with water, but with female juices dripping out. Otherwise, your layouts and models are far above those in other men's mags. I'd also love to see more shots of open clits from the rear—hairless or fuzzed, it makes no difference. And speaking of pussies, when can we expect to smell another *Scratch 'n' Sniff*? —Howard Wilson

Alexandria, Virginia

Warm up your nose for some hot action. Next month we're celebrating our eighth anniversary with a *Scratch 'n' Sniff* Centerfold.

I just can't stop buying HUSTLER! Every aspect of your magazine is outstanding, particularly the pink. I'm presently stationed in South Korea and have to make do with the exceptionally beautiful but flat-chested Orientals. And I wouldn't let your brother date most women in the service here! So HUSTLER does wonders by keeping me in touch with the real world and real beauties, such as Gina in *Tony & Gina: Valentine Sweethearts*. She's the most gorgeous blonde ever! —Jeffrey Allen

Suwon, South Korea

**Flynt's Farewell:** I was sorry to read about Larry Flynt's decision to leave HUSTLER. He's certainly done a spectacular job giving men and many



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CCFH

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women what they want. He's a man of courage. I don't think there are many others who could have continued in their work as long as he after being shot and partially paralyzed. I've appreciated HUSTLER's straightforward articles and *Publisher's Statements*, beautiful photo-layouts and hilarious cartoons. Althea Flynt will do a fine job. After all, she's been taught by the best!

—John Cleeton  
Pacific Palisades, California

How disappointing to hear that HUSTLER's Publisher is turning the magazine over to his wife. I've looked forward to every issue, particularly *Publisher's Statement*. I'm glad Larry Flynt thinks his wife will be capable of filling his shoes. But that's all she'll be doing—filling them—because no one can wear those shoes but Larry Flynt. HUSTLER is losing its greatest asset. Please reconsider, Larry, and stay on as Publisher.

—Tammy Wingert  
Overbrook, Kansas

I'm ecstatic over the idea of Althea Flynt taking over as Publisher of HUSTLER. Maybe she'll do away with the bullshit that Larry considers humorous. I hope she finds a new, level-headed cartoonist because I'm tired of the way Dwaine Tinsley makes blacks resemble only watermelon lovers or big-pricked apes. I used to bow to Larry Flynt's boldness in defending the First Amendment. But as long as whites aren't ridiculed as much as blacks in your cartoons, you'll always be slipping in my mind. Stop the bullshit, Althea, but keep up the fabulous photo work with the foxes.

—C. F.  
Rowland Heights, California

I'm very sad to hear about Larry Flynt's leaving HUSTLER, but I'm sure his wife will do a good job. If only more people were like Mr. Flynt, this screwed-up world would be a better place. I wish Mr. Flynt the best of luck. He's loved by many of us.

—Linda Olivarria  
Pico Rivera, California

Larry Flynt made HUSTLER the best magazine in this country. I admire his guts for speaking his mind and standing up for what he believes. I wish Mr. Flynt luck in future endeavors.

—Name and Address  
Withheld by Request

Congratulations to Althea Flynt on her climb to the top of the heap. I wish the best of luck and continued success to her and Larry.

—Larry Ross  
Van Nuys, California

I've been reading HUSTLER for years and enjoy everything from the anti-smoking ads to the terrific film reviews. HUSTLER constantly makes reference to President Reagan's total lack of care for the people, and I'd like to suggest that Larry Flynt start his own political party. I think Mr. Flynt could give us a chance at having an honest person elected to the Presidency.

—Gary W. Banister  
Erie, Pennsylvania

**Sick Bits:** The Natalie Wood Inflatable Nightgown in your April *Bits & Pieces* section really infuriated me. Ms. Wood was a beautiful woman and a decent human being. The William Holden Drinking Helmet was also in poor taste. If you want to be fair, why not print some jokes about Larry Flynt in his wheelchair?

As my own personal protest, your publication will not be sold in my liquor store. We can still make money on other dirty magazines. There's a difference between porn and sick entertainment.

—Edie Witek  
Sacramento, California

*HUSTLER has poked fun at Larry Flynt no fewer than eight times since a would-be assassin put him in a wheelchair. We only stopped doing so because Larry, the staff and the readers were getting bored with so many jokes on the same subject.*

Even though I'm an avid reader of HUSTLER, I think it was cruel and inhumane for your January *Bits & Pieces* to feature an IRA Hunger-Striker Doll. The Irish Republican Army strikers believe in a cause they're willing to die for, whether it's fighting in the streets of Belfast against the British or fighting the officials of penal institutions. To criticize or make jokes about my fellow Irish brothers is a great wrongdoing.

—Brian Curran  
Ossining, New York

As a 19-year-old college student, I feel some of HUSTLER's cartoons are having a bad influence on much of the younger generation. Although I greatly respect HUSTLER's struggle to protect freedom of expression, your cartoons are blasphemous and highly offensive.

I would like to know how upcoming generations will turn out if God and religion are continually downgraded. It is up to people like Mr. Flynt to stop provoking sin and corrupting minds. These cartoons surely detract from HUSTLER's prestige, and turn away would-be readers and subscribers. I'd like to request that sacrilegious material be restricted from your magazine. You



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won't lose money. You'll keep your readers and maybe even bring back former ones. —Samuel J. Scicchitano

University Park, Pennsylvania

*We're not trying to insult God. We're poking fun at close-minded attitudes many people hold about religion—the type of unyielding stances that encourage religious prejudice and war.*

**Foul Food:** Your March article by Leah Wallach, *Contaminated Food: How Much Can America Stomach?*, certainly has merit. A few weeks ago I picked up a package of smoked sausage. It looked great. Not much thought was given to the ingredients until I read your contaminated-food article. Needless to say, my stomach did a somersault. Restaurants are filled with unhealthy food, and yet nothing is done about it. As a salesman, I've spent a great deal of time traveling and staying at some of the best motels and hotels. I have been stricken with food poisoning many times after eating in so-called "elite" restaurants.

Keep up the good work in educating us about the food we put in our stomachs. —Calvert P. Joyce

Sulphur Springs, Arkansas

**Pansy Prose?** I just love reading HUSTLER every month, but I do have a

complaint about your fiction. If I want to read the type of pansy shit you've been publishing, I could go to a library. In the future, I'd like to read more horny, sexy, sucking-and-fucking fiction like Ray Miller's *Wet Willie Goes Back Home*, in the June 1981 issue. —T. A. Moose

Fairview, New Jersey

**Rating HUSTLER:** At one time I rated HUSTLER like you rate adult films: "Fully Erect: Superior. A top production that delivers fullest satisfaction." But after reading your April issue, I've got to say, "Totally Limp: A waste of time and money. Avoid this one at all costs."

—A Dissatisfied Reader  
Grand Rapids, Michigan

I read HUSTLER from cover to cover religiously every month. You've got the best articles, fiction and advice, and the most beautiful women of any men's magazine. In addition, your jokes and cartoons, no matter how tasteless, are the funniest anywhere. I work in the oil fields, and HUSTLER is just what we need to keep going out here, sitting on location day after day. You really keep our spirits up and make the long hours bearable. —Dan Lewis

Burns Flat, Oklahoma

**Censorship:** All of these Moral Ma-

jority people are just overeducated assholes. It's ridiculous for them to bullshit the American public by warning of the dangers HUSTLER brings to society.

I'd like to ask Jerry Falwell to compare the number of HUSTLER-related killings to the number of religious-motivated killings. The answer is obvious, but I'm sure he and his fanatics will bullshit their way out of it. I can understand the hell Larry Flynt must have endured. I publish, with two friends, an underground newspaper called the "Weird Monthly," which includes sick parts and a large amount of profanity. We don't force anyone to read it. But like HUSTLER, we just print what we feel is the truth.

—Name Withheld by Request  
New Boston, Michigan

I totally agree with April's *Asshole of the Month* selection, Mel and Norma Gabler. Those two—who are censoring schoolbooks that don't conform to their own views on history, politics, literature and religion—repulse me so much I want to puke. I should have the right to read and see what I want. People like Falwell and the Gablers can fuck off!

—Craig Skana  
Phoenix, Arizona

**Favorite Fur:** In the April *Beaver Hunt* you featured a sexy fox named Monica Davis from Miami, Florida. Why don't you do all of your loyal HUSTLER readers a favor and see if Monica will consider posing for a centerfold layout? It would be a shame to let such beauty pass unnoticed. Even though HUSTLER is still one of the best magazines of its kind on the market today, it would be nice to see more photo-features selected from *Beaver Hunt* entries. —R. W.

Fayette, Alabama

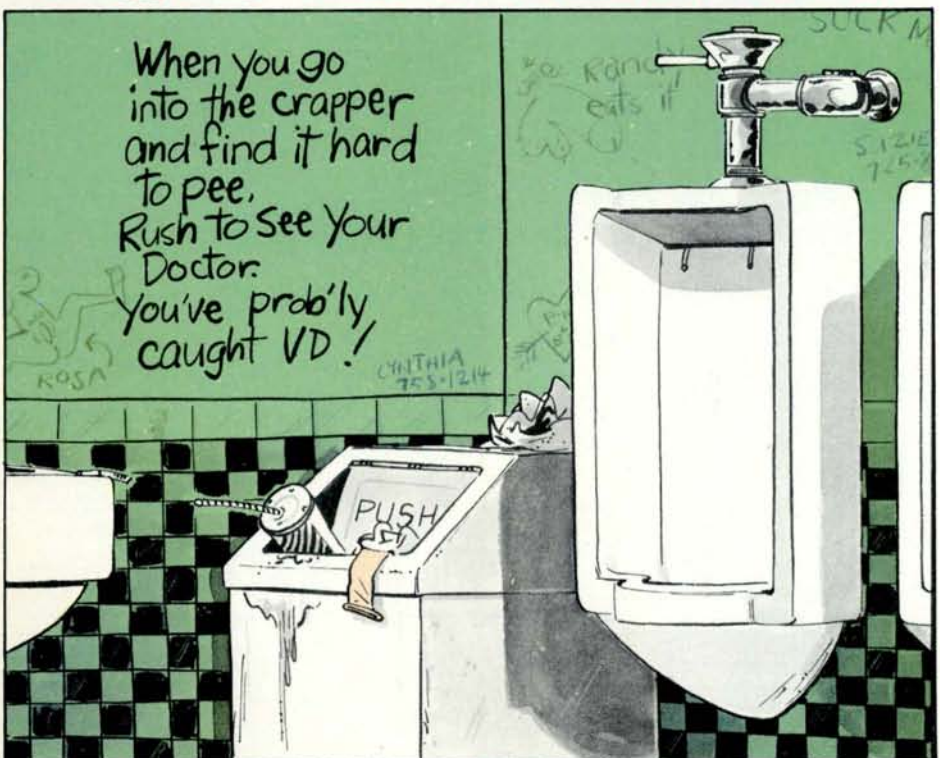
*Our next Beaver Hunt Winner pictorial is coming soon. Watch for it.*

**REJECTS:** HUSTLER REJECTS #5 is one of the best magazines I've ever seen. How you can call those girls "Rejects" is beyond me. They are by far better than some I've seen in your other publications. Please tell me how I can purchase the REJECTS magazines. The idea is out of the world. —L. H.

Address Withheld by Request

Each issue of HUSTLER REJECTS #1 through #4 costs \$5 plus \$1 postage (\$2 for multiple orders). The current issue, Volume 5, is \$3.95 plus postage. Send your check or money order to Flynt Subscription Co. Inc. (P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, CA 90067-9944). 🐾

# GRAFFILTHY



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# ***World News Roundup***

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

Kenneth Haun, a professor who teaches the course "Psychology of the Soap Opera" at New Jersey's Monmouth College, predicts there will be full frontal nudity on afternoon television within the next ten years. Nude scenes are already seen on Australian TV. Haun feels the trend in America has started with the strong sexual themes of "General Hospital," specifically the rape of 19-year-old Laura at a discotheque.

There's still one TV barrier that won't be falling, at least for the time being: the restriction against ads for birth-control devices. The National Association of Broadcasters says its own poll shows most Americans would be embarrassed and offended by ads for birth-control products, and that should be enough to put the issue to rest when it's considered at the association's next conference.

A large Canadian hospital has thrown fuel into the flames of a local abortion controversy by deciding to close its maternity ward, but leave open its abortion clinic. Montreal General Hospital handles about 1,500 births and 4,000 abortions annually. Budget cutbacks meant something had to go. Hospital officials say the provincial government is forcing the facility to keep its abortion clinic open.

A \$250,000 report compiled for the Health and Human Services Department says the "gay liberation" movement may be responsible for the increasing number of male prostitutes on the streets of U.S. cities. The study found the majority of hustlers usually do not have pimps, are between the ages of 16 and 22, and--unlike many of their female counterparts who dislike their work--a large percentage of them enjoy the sexual aspects of hustling.

Clinics will soon begin testing a computer designed to improve the accuracy of natural birth-control methods. Last spring the U.N.'s World Health Organization announced it had helped develop a computer that charts a woman's body temperature, signaling a green light when she's infertile. The American tests follow those done in Britain, where the machine proved reliable in recording fertility cycles and even received the endorsement of the Catholic Church. The computer is about the size of a pocket calculator, and once it goes into mass production, researchers say it will cost about \$40.

Venereal diseases are spreading from the bedroom to the nursery, and the trend has public-health officials concerned. Among the complications for infants born with VD infections passed on by the mother are blindness, mental retardation and loss of hearing. Herpes simplex, another viral venereal disease, infects an estimated 1% of all pregnant women, and causes death to 60% of newborns who inherit it at birth. To help control the situation, the federal government's Center for Disease Control in Atlanta, Georgia, stresses more discrimination in choosing sexual partners, and increased honesty among those who suspect they may have a venereal disease.

A woman awarded more than \$4 million for injuries suffered when her psychiatrist seduced her in his office has settled for \$2.5 million with the stipulation that the doctor drop his appeal. Forty-one-year-old Evelyn B. Walker, during a jury trial in San Diego, California, said that psychiatrist Zane D. Parzen coaxed her into performing sexual acts during office visits, for which she was charged \$55 an hour.

A new drug has been hailed effective against "super gonorrhea" (*Neisseria gonorrhea*), which is a form of disease resistant to penicillin currently in the drug stockpile. The trade name of the "super penicillin" is Piperacil, and is only available in hospitals, where it must be administered intravenously. Reported cases of "super gonorrhea" have been growing rapidly in the United States.

Many Americans may be pessimistic about surviving a nuclear war, but the federal government isn't. In a series of commentaries prepared for publication in local newspapers, the Federal Emergency Management Agency is pushing the idea that the U.S. could fully recover from an all-out nuclear conflict within two to five years. William Chipman, head of the agency's civil-defense division, says, "People would be miserable, but they would in all probability rise to the occasion and restore some kind of a country." 



# CARBURETOR GETS 200 MPG!

BY R.C. WEBSTER

WASHINGTON—Establishment of a new world record for fuel economy—an incredible 1,368 miles per gallon achieved in the Shell Motor Mileage Marathon by a special three-wheel vehicle with 90cc engine—has touched off a stampede among car manufacturers and tinkers to drastically increase the gas mileage of cars.

They are attempting to achieve this by means of the Pogue Carburetor, a device which the Ford Motor Co. has shown can deliver over 200 mpg to an ordinary sedan. This gas-miserly carburetor has never been mass-produced.

The Pogue is covered by several patents issued by the U.S. Patent Office here, but a recent book asserts that the patents are invalid, that anyone can now build the Pogue without legal restraint.

As a result, vendors, parts manufacturers and entrepreneurs are racing to mass-produce this peerless fuel conserver.

The book, *Secrets of the 200 MPG Carburetor*, contains full details, instructions and diagrams on how to construct the Pogue. It states that anyone can build the carburetor, even in a home workshop. Copies are available from Premier Distributing, P.O. Box 404-H, New York, N.Y. 10019, at \$4.95 (plus \$1 to cover the costs of postage and handling; total, \$5.95).

The Pogue Carburetor is named for its inventor, Charles N. Pogue, now 81 and ailing in a Winnipeg, Manitoba, nursing home. Pogue is making no attempt to prevent others from producing and marketing his invention.

## 205 MPG

The Ford Motor Co. of Canada, in a test documented in *Secrets of the 200 MPG Carburetor*, proved that the Pogue Carburetor does indeed achieve a remarkable 25.7 miles per pint—or 205 miles per gallon.

Allan Wallace, author of *Secrets of the 200 MPG Carburetor*, says the Pogue's gas mileage is not all that remarkable.

He contends that others have invented carbu-

retors with exceptionally high gas mileages, too, but that the American people have been kept in the dark about them by the oil companies in order to preserve gas sales.

To support his assertion, Wallace documents several instances of stupendous gas mileages, including 84 mpg achieved by Ralph Moody Jr. of Oak Hill, Fla., with a Ford Capri, and 100 mpg by Thomas W. Ogle of El Paso, Texas, with a Ford Galaxie.

Wallace says he has amassed enough case histories "to fill a set of volumes the size of an entire encyclopedia." He includes construction details for the most interesting and feasible systems in his book.

"I feel the public has a right to know how to produce its own high-mileage systems," he says. "If enough people are tooling around in 100-mpg cars, the auto and oil industries will have no choice but to offer fuel-efficient carburetors in all production models."

## 80% FUEL WASTE

Wallace says the average car burns only 20 percent of the fuel it consumes. The rest is lost, unburned, and is emitted through the tailpipe to pollute the atmosphere.

All successful high-mileage carburetors drastically increase the percentage of fuel vaporized and burned. "There is no reason why the average car's 20 percent can't be increased to 80 percent," Wallace asserts.

"The carburetor of today is little changed from what it was 50 years ago," he says. "I'm hoping that my book will spur a change—to the benefit of the nation, the ecology, and the consumer."

To obtain a copy, readers of this magazine need merely send their name and address with \$4.95 (plus \$1 for postage and handling; total, \$5.95) to Premier Distributing, P.O. Box 404-H, New York, N.Y. 10019.

This book is sold with a guarantee of satisfaction or your money back, and is most enthusiastically recommended.



*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**

**Headaches After Sex:** My husband and I split up two years ago. Ever since the divorce, I get a headache after having sex. I don't understand it; I've never had these pains before.

—G. L.  
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

*You are not alone. Many women experience post-sex headaches, which can be attributed to both psychological and physical causes. Since you are a recent divorcee, your post-coital headaches could be psychological in origin. Dr. David Coddon, associate professor of neurology at Mount Sinai Medical School in New York, believes these pains stem from disappointment over not reaching orgasm or from post-orgasmic letdown. In addition, Coddon says women who feel guilty or anxious about sex will usually find themselves with a headache after lovemaking. Sexual anxiety after divorce is understandable. If your pains persist, perhaps a qualified therapist can help you get to the root of your headaches.*

*Post-sex headaches are sometimes traceable to physical problems. Occasionally, the blood vessels in the head dilate as a result of sexual excitement, causing blood pressure to rise. Take aspirin to thin the blood, which in turn will relieve the pressure in the expanded blood vessels. (Incidentally, aspirin substitutes won't work in this case.)*

**Zinc Power:** Lately I've heard about a special connection between the mineral zinc and sex drive. Is there anything to this?

—W. H.  
Little Rock, Arkansas

*We don't have all the answers on this connection, but the preliminary research is interesting. One scientific study conducted in the Middle East showed that men who lacked sufficient amounts of zinc in their diets did not go through puberty. When more zinc was added to their diets, their penises and testicles finally grew to maturity.*

*The zinc connection is still in the formative stages. The mineral is not necessarily going to be proved a turn-on. But if you'd like to try your own experiment, shellfish (especially oysters) contain large amounts of zinc. Other seafoods and lamb, honey and sunflower seeds have smaller concentrations of the mineral.*

**Bloody Sex:** I love performing oral sex with my lady friends while they have their periods. Are there any medical reasons why I should refrain from this enjoyable activity?

—R. K.  
Washington, Michigan

*No. Menstrual fluid consists of blood and tissues built up in the uterine lining to provide a resting place and source of nutrients for the fetus in case of pregnancy. The fluid doesn't contain any germs or harmful bacteria. Many people are repelled by sexual activity of any sort during a woman's period, but this is strictly a cultural attitude. If you enjoy oral sex with women during "their time of the month," there's no medical reason not to pursue your pleasure.*

**Smoking During Pregnancy:** I just found out I'm pregnant. My husband wants me to quit smoking, at least until after the baby is born. Is this necessary?

—R. R.  
Cheyenne, Wyoming

*The old notion about smoking stunting growth actually is true. A study of more than 1,100 babies born to mothers who smoked during their pregnancies showed these infants were significantly smaller than other newborns. The babies' birth weights had nothing to do with how much weight their*

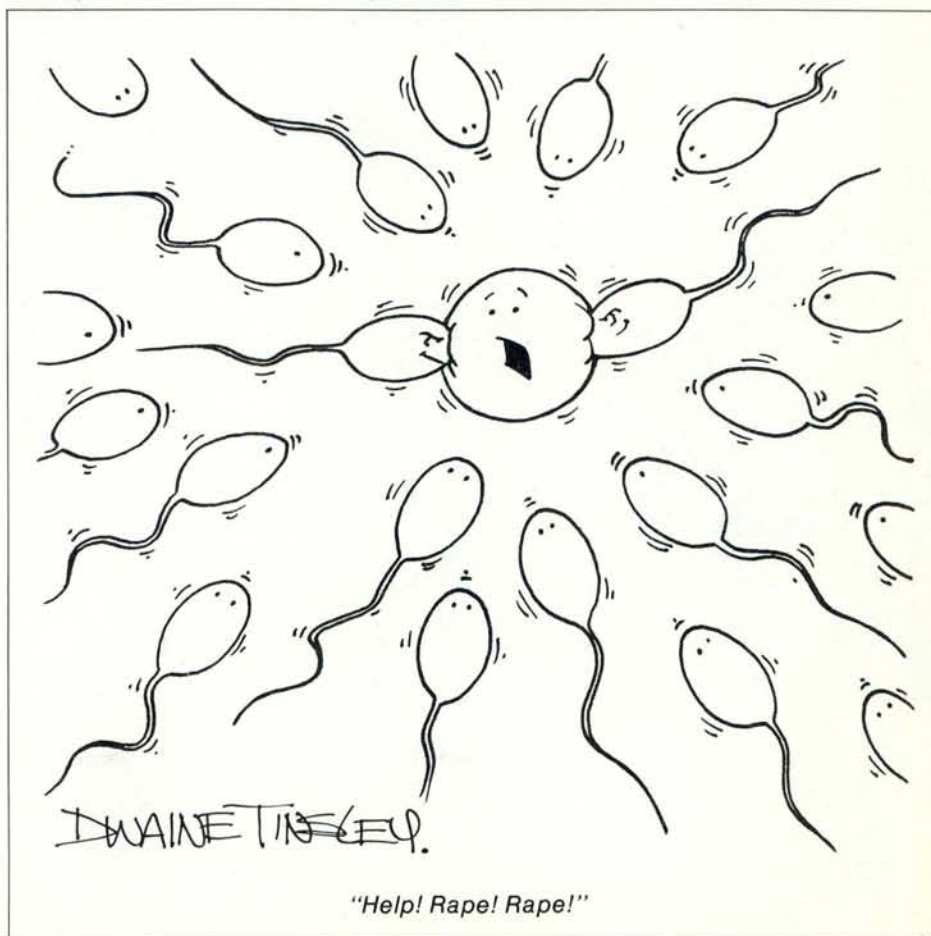
*mothers gained during pregnancy. Because of this factor, many doctors tell mothers-to-be to stop smoking during pregnancy.*

**Vasectomy Efficiency:** I'm already the father of three kids, and that's all my old lady and I want. I'm considering undergoing a vasectomy, but my brother-in-law had one, and my sister still got pregnant. How effective are vasectomies? I can't afford any "accidents."

—T. W.  
Fort Lee, New Jersey

*Vasectomies are more than 99% effective as a birth-control method. During this relatively simple operation (which takes only about half an hour in a doctor's office or clinic) the vasa deferentia are sealed off. These tubes carry sperm into the prostate gland, where it mixes with other elements of the semen. This procedure keeps all sperm away from the semen.*

*However, following the operation, some previously manufactured sperm remain in the prostate. These sperm can easily impregnate the egg if you have sex before you're "clean." In most cases it takes about 20 ejaculations to get rid of the remaining sperm and reach the "clean" state. Following a vasectomy you should have your sperm counted several times, until two consecutive counts show your semen to be free of sperm.*



"Help! Rape! Rape!"



The best way to become clean, of course, is frequent orgasm, either through masturbation or lovemaking. If you choose to have sex, make sure you use a trusty birth-control method until you're sure you're out of sperm. This usually takes just a few weeks. Most likely, your brother-in-law had some sperm left in his semen, and that's why your sister got pregnant.

In rare instances some men's sperm tubes spontaneously reconnect following surgery. If this happens, the sperm continues to flow into the semen. Follow-up sperm counts will alert you and your doctor to this possibility.

**Water Itch:** After I take a bath or shower, I start to get incredibly itchy. I thought it was my soap, and I changed brands, but the itchiness continues. What can I do?

—L. S.  
Galveston, Texas

In the past, itchiness without any apparent cause was labeled a "neurotic" response. But recent studies at St. John's Hospital for Disease of the Skin in London, England, have shown that some people's skin undergoes chemical changes after exposure to water. One of these reactions releases a chemical called acetylcholine, which raises blood levels of an allergenic substance called histamines. Treatment with antihistamines relieved the

itchiness in 67% of the patients studied. Explain your problem to your doctor, who can prescribe the right medication for relief.

**Tubes Tied:** After giving birth to five kids, I've had enough. I'm considering having my tubes tied, but I'm scared. Will I still have periods?  
—R. A.  
Muncie, Indiana

Yes, you will. A tubal ligation involves removing or clamping shut a portion of the fallopian tubes. This prevents the egg from traveling down the tubes to the uterus, where it can be impregnated by sperm. After your tubes are tied (or sealed off or partially removed), you will still ovulate and menstruate, because your ovaries continue to function.

Tubal ligation is a very effective birth-control method. But don't have one unless you are absolutely certain you don't want to give birth to more kids. Chances of reversal are slim (about 5 to 1). Furthermore, women who have had their operations reversed face an increased chance of conceiving a child in the fallopian tubes rather than in the womb. This is called an ectopic pregnancy, and results in the death of the fetus. It can also seriously endanger the life of the mother.

**S&M Popularity:** I've been reading a lot about sadomasochism. How preva-

lent is this practice, and why do people get pleasure from pain?  
—V. B.

Austin, Texas

Dr. Michael Carrera, author of *Sex: The Facts, the Acts & Your Feelings* (reviewed in February's *X-Rated Reviews*) reports that although sadomasochism doesn't appear to be highly popular, its potential may be wider than most people believe. Sex researcher Alfred Kinsey reported 24% of men and 12% of women were turned on by sadistic or masochistic stories.

Theories abound on why sadists get pleasure from inflicting pain and why masochists enjoy being on the receiving end. There's the obvious explanation—sadists need to demonstrate superiority, and masochists feel inferior and dependent. Some doctors think that sadists provide punishment because they feel anxious about sex and that masochists punish themselves for feeling sexual pleasure.

There is a difference between engaging in a little rough play during sex (nibbling, light slaps, etc.) and hurting someone more than he or she desires. When the fun stops and too much pain begins, you've gone too far.

Despite all the current publicity, sadomasochism has been around for centuries. Despite what many people believe, only about 10% of S&M practitioners are gay.

**Running Late:** I am a 26-year-old who loves to compete in marathons. I haven't had my period for three months, but my doctor says I'm not pregnant. Is there any connection between my running and my menstrual problems?

—J. C.

Fort Lee, New Jersey

Studies of women athletes show their menstrual cycles are often disrupted, particularly during competition and training. A complete halt to menstrual periods is called amenorrhea, a condition often found among female long-distance runners.

Many medical researchers feel there is a connection between the amount of fat in a woman's body and her menstrual cycle. Most women have a fat content between 18% and 25% of their body weight. The fat ration of well-conditioned female athletes is around 12%. This lack of body fat may throw some of the woman's hormones out of balance, causing disruption in the menstrual cycle. Amenorrhea has also been noted in women who have rapidly lost considerable weight.

There are various treatments for amenorrhea, including change of diet, hormone therapy and, as a last resort, surgery. One woman athlete with amenorrhea tried to have her periods restarted through hormone treatment and surgery. When both methods failed, she quit sports competition and drastically reduced her running time. Her periods then resumed like clockwork.

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# Bits & Pieces

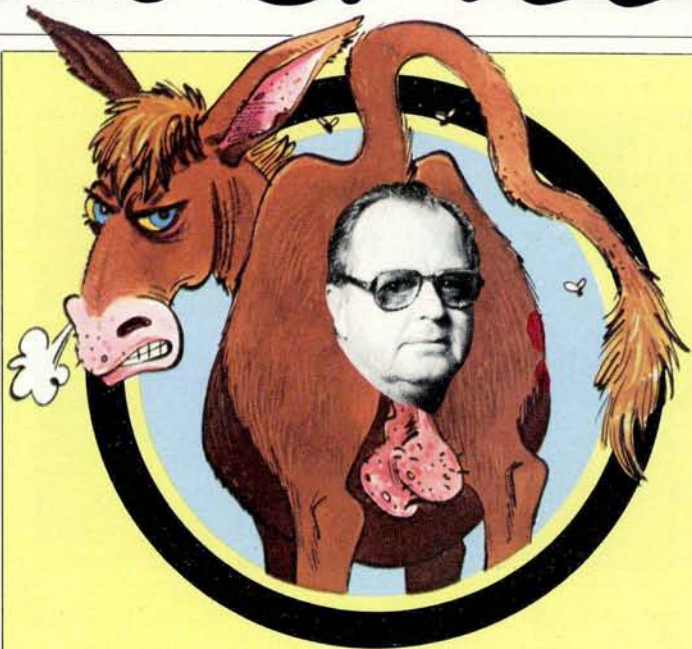
**I**t's hard to imagine a more-loathsome human being than one whose hypocrisy or stupidity damages the minds and bodies of our most precious resource: the nation's children. That's why the story of Lloyd W. Burwell, an Ohio juvenile-court judge, so sickened us that we felt compelled to name him HUSTLER's June Asshole of the Month.

Burwell's abuse of power and flagrant disregard for the rights and well-being of young people are almost impossible to believe. The facts will shock you, but the truth must be told before more innocent children suffer.

Here's what Burwell has done: As the highest authority in his area for juvenile cases, he has sentenced more than 500 minors to adult correctional facilities in the past three years, thus providing kids barely in their teens a chance to rub elbows with hardened criminals.

What heinous crimes did these children commit to deserve doing time in an adult jail? Well, one boy was locked up for smoking a cigarette. Another was guilty of swearing during an interscholastic basketball game. One even got 14 days behind bars for skipping school!

What kind of a man would send youngsters who've done nothing terribly wrong into an adult facility that has been described as "filthy" and "scary"? He says he's the kind of man who wants to teach "kids to be good." But it doesn't take a degree in child psychology to figure out that all he's teaching them is a disrespect for the law. What else is a kid going to think when he or she is put in the same jail as rapists and murderers for merely



## ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

### Lloyd W. Burwell

playing hooky one day?

But what's really despicable about Burwell's dirty deeds is that they are clearly dangerous. He stuck one 16-year-old boy behind bars even though he was warned by the mother that the boy was suicidal. It's a fact that the suicide rate of teenagers is much higher when they're in jail than when they're not, but that didn't stop this vicious judge. Tragically, the boy hanged himself, but that didn't deter Burwell. He continued his policy, which led last year to an unspeak-

able incident that really sheds light on the lunacy of his ways.

A 15-year-old honor student took her parents' car one day to visit relatives in another town. Because of a mix-up in communications, the girl's parents were unaware of her trip, and asked local police to find her. Once found, she was returned to her parents, who said, "We [only] wanted our daughter home." But Burwell's brand of juvenile justice doesn't consider the wishes of parents. He snatched the girl

away and put her into jail. What happened next would turn the stomach of any feeling person.

After three days in the adult facility she was sexually attacked by three men (a jailer and two adult inmates). The mental and emotional damage this poor young girl suffered will remain with her for life, but did Burwell show any remorse? Fat chance...

Said Burwell, "That [episode] has nothing to do with anything else. It was an unusual thing, and it clouds up what I've been trying to do here for five years."

Pure bullshit! If anything, this tragic incident *clears up beyond question* the error of Burwell's ways. Clearly, he has been courting disaster by callously trampling the rights of innocent kids and parents, just because it is his personal belief that America's youth has been "coddled." His opinion certainly does not give him the moral power to ruin hundreds of young lives.

Burwell's hypocrisy manifested itself when he sentenced the jailer who *admitted* sexually attacking the female honor student. The man was given only 30 days in jail, just 20 days longer than the girl who was guilty of little more than underage driving.

Burwell is currently facing a lawsuit by the girl's parents. We hope he gets a taste of his own medicine by getting the book thrown at him. But sadly, no punishment can undo the harm suffered by this girl and hundreds of other children at the hands of this miserable human being. We wish we could do a lot more than name Lloyd W. Burwell Asshole of the Month.





## Announcing the Great Cosmopolitan Male Centerfold Contest

First Prize: \$1,000; 4 Runner-Up Prizes: \$500 Each

12 For the contest, we are seeking a male centerfold for the November 1981 issue of Cosmopolitan. The winner will receive a \$1,000 prize and a complimentary subscription to Cosmopolitan for one year. The runner-up prizes are \$500 each and a complimentary subscription to Cosmopolitan for one year.

**Contest Rules:**  
1. Contest is open to men who are at least 21 years old and who are currently single. The winner must be a resident of the United States and must be a native-born American citizen. The winner must be a native-born American citizen. The winner must be a native-born American citizen.

2. Photos must be taken in a professional studio. The photos must be taken in a professional studio. The photos must be taken in a professional studio. The photos must be taken in a professional studio. The photos must be taken in a professional studio. The photos must be taken in a professional studio.

## A Real No-show

HUSTLER made reader-submitted nude photos popular with *Beaver Hunt*. Now *Cosmopolitan* is jumping on the bandwagon with a "Male Centerfold Contest." Readers are urged to send in nude photos of their husbands or boyfriends—but get this—

posed so that "genitals don't show." *Cosmo* hasn't had any qualms about showing tits and ass lately... why not cocks? Does the *Cosmo* Girl like guys with *no balls*? We can hear the slogan now: "That *Cosmo* Boy. He's got it—but we don't know where he put it!"



## Copy the Leader

Imitation may be the sincerest form of flattery, but this is more like grand larceny. On the left is the illustration for an article in the January 24, 1982, *Boston Herald-American*.

On the right is the illustration by Contributing Artist Roger Bergendorff for our November 1981 profile, *The Life and Times of a Big-City Bookie*. The *Herald-American's* artist—ripoff artist, that is—even had the nerve to sign his name to the drawing. He should have signed it "Mud."

## Love in the line of duty



## Eat to the Beat

What does this restaurant really have in mind? Is it the first in a nationwide chain of S&M fast-food establishments? At least the owner of the place could have given his customers a much better choice. What's his beef?

## Put It On!







## Just the Right Exposure

People are always asking us, "Where are the nude photographers of tomorrow coming from?"

Probably from a crowd like this one at a private Beverly Hills estate. An event was organized where amateur lensmen paid a small fee for the opportunity to bring their cameras and photograph this bevy of bare beauties in scenic surroundings.

Looks like a *Beaver Hunt* gang-bang.

## Fear of Frying

Anyone who's ever owned a flashlight or battery-operated toy knows how *undependable* batteries are. So why risk having your loved ones reduced to charcoal briquettes by depending on battery-powered smoke detectors? Here's our suggestion: the HUSTLER Smoke Detective! Just hire some hardcore unemployed minority member who Reagan recently tossed off the welfare rolls to live upside-down in your attic!

No confusing buzzers or bells. Just a loud, distinctive "Holy shit! Fire!" and you know it's time to evacuate.



Long after the batteries would have died, you'll still hear the screams of...

## THE SMOKE DETECTIVE

## A Rare Beauty

She's quite a looker, huh? We found her in the pages of *Photo* magazine (63, Champs-Elysees, Paris-8E, France 75008). We thought it was quite extraordinary to find what looked like a girlie pictorial in a publication that devotes its contents to the unusual...

Turn Page ▶



## The Bible Belt

The end of Muhammad Ali's career is not the end of boxing. Nowhere is that clearer than in *The Ring* magazine (120 W. 31st St., New York, NY 10001), "The Bible of Boxing" since 1922. One of its highlights is a fold-out (shown above), which looks a bit like a deodorant-soap ad. Please, *Ring*. . . no Scratch 'n' Sniff.







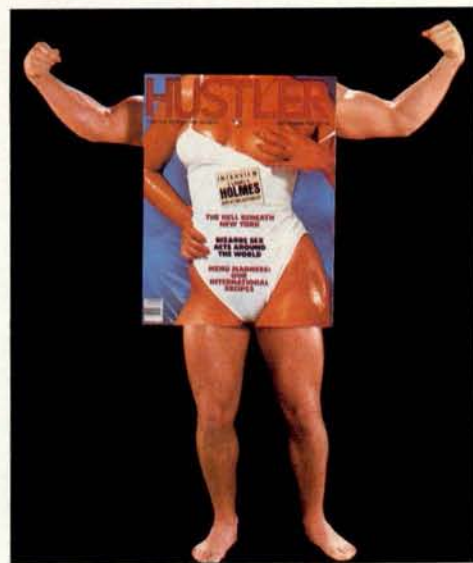
## The Long and Short of It

A funeral parlor in the Philippines is being sued for altering a dead man's legs to make him fit into a coffin. The family of the unusually tall Filipino (6-5) noticed he looked a bit shorter in his coffin and, upon closer inspection, discovered his legs

had indeed been shortened. Apparently, the mortuary found it cheaper to tailor the corpse than the box. The family reportedly paid \$2,000 for a casket to accommodate the tall deceased. At least the mortician didn't take any off the top.

## HUSTLER Takes Its Stands

We don't often brag, but recent figures from *Folio* (the trade publication of the magazine industry) show that people spend more at the newsstands on HUSTLER than on *Cosmopolitan*, *Good Housekeeping*, *Time*, *Newsweek* or *Reader's Digest*. And HUSTLER isn't even sold in many places that sell these other titles, such as supermarkets. Thanks.



## Just How Cold Was It?

Some people like a hot breakfast; others dig a cup of coffee to begin their day. But last winter's freezing temperatures called for more drastic measures. It was so cold, this reader had to hook jumper cables on his shorts to get started in the morning! Now that's pretty cold!



(Continued From Previous Page)

...until we turned the page too. According to the French magazine, this woman is a hermaphrodite — a person with both male and female genitals. Judging from the overwhelming response we received from HUSTLER's *Amazing Sex Freaks* feature (February), readers are extremely interested in this sort of bizarre accident of nature. Psychologists could probably make some interesting comments about that. We won't try.



# Happy Father's Day, Ronnie!

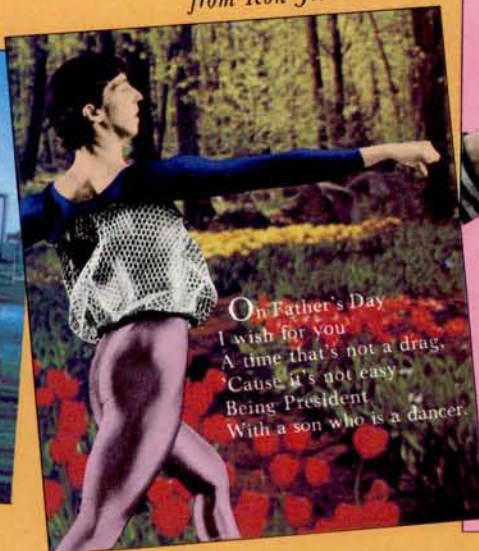
from  
Maureen

from Patty

from Ron Jr.



I love you, Pop, so very dear  
Even though you'd nuke the masses,  
But one thing in common brings us near,  
We can't act to save our asses.

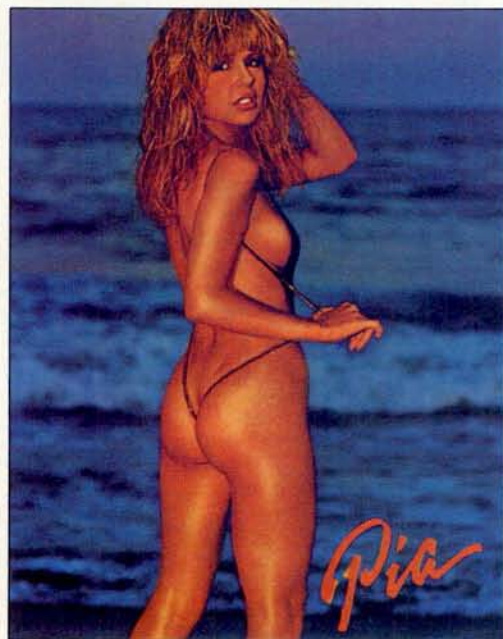


On Father's Day  
I wish for you  
A time that's not a drag,  
Cause it's not easy  
Being President  
With a son who is a dancer.



Dear Dad, I know you're growing old,  
Your senses will it rob,  
But I cannot say it makes me sad,  
I really want your job.

## She's "Zadora"ble



You may have seen her movie, *Butterfly*, you may have heard her new album, *Pia*, and you may have caught her nightclub act in Las Vegas... but this poster by far is the best exposure for singer-actress Pia Zadora yet. No wonder she was the winner of the Golden Globe Award for best new star of the year. Look at those globes!

Available wherever better posters are sold.

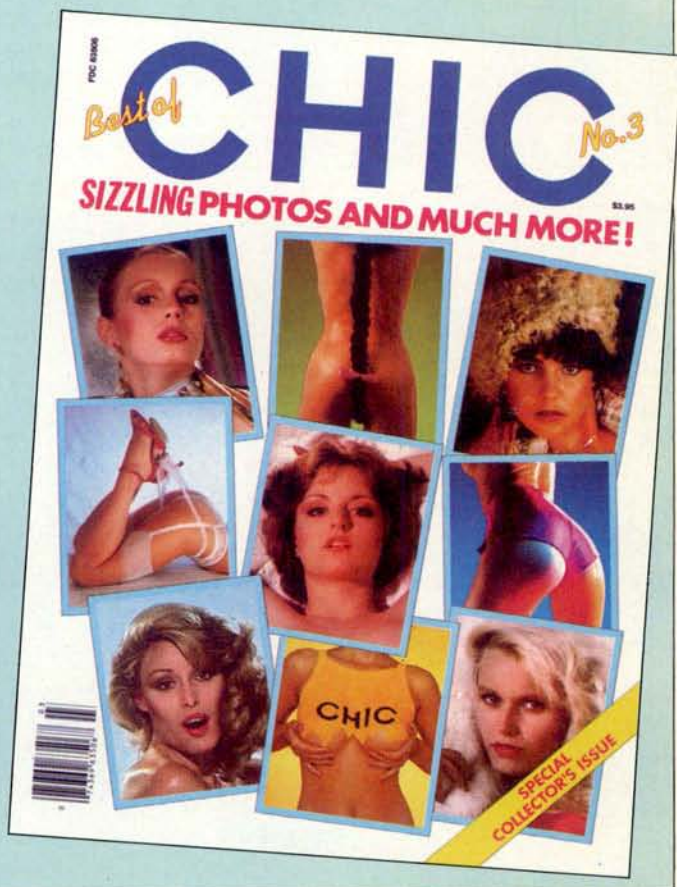
## Third Time's a Charm

How do you make BEST OF CHIC better? You add more beautiful women than ever before! Plus a mind-boggling article on psychic warfare and an interview with the publisher of *Soldier of Fortune*, the magazine that teaches mercenaries how to blow people away for big

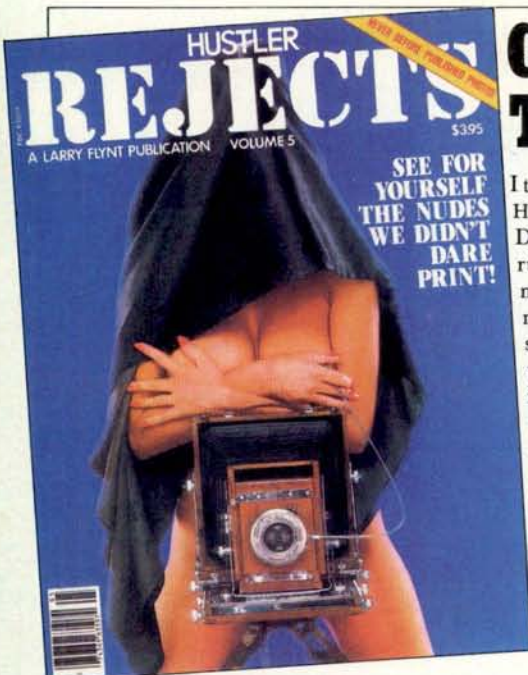
bucks! And a bonus close-up of big-titted porn star Candy Samples! Look for BEST OF CHIC at newsstands, or send \$3.95 (plus \$1 for postage and handling) to Flynt Subscription Co. Inc. (P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, CA 90067-9944). It's a blast from the past!

## It Even Has a Cherry

We've seen bartenders make Pink Ladies before, but they never put the refreshing drink in a glass like this one! In bars, most chicks start to look good only after a few drinks. This chick not only looks great from the start, but she even comes with a coaster to wipe up the "wet spots." After one of these it may be more than a Pink Lady that comes in a glass! The illustration is by Chris Hopkins, a guy who knows how to choose his drinking partners.







## Closing Time!

It's last call for HUSTLER REJECTS! Don't dare miss the runners-up who put most every other mag's A team to shame! These women are *hot* even if the photographers *weren't!* Check it out at newsstands, or send \$3.95 plus \$1 for postage and handling to Flynt Subscription Co. Inc. (P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, CA 90067-9944).

## Pulling the Strings



Having trouble keeping it "up"? Here's the answer—make a putz puppet! Keep your girl entertained for hours while you show her the ropes. The only thing that could possibly bring you down is a cutting remark.



## NEW HOPE FOR "SMALL" MEN!



**Reducing Plan** All those penis enlargers are for shit. If you want a big schlong, take comedian Steve Martin's advice and "get small." Turn that measly five inches into one-third of your entire height!



## Top-Heavy

See how sentimental the Nazis were? The commandant of the notorious Auschwitz concentration camp had this Russian soldier's head preserved as a paperweight. Well, it's the thought that counts...right? This gruesome photograph appeared in the French publication *Le Crapouillot* (60, rue Pierre-Charron, Paris, France 75008).

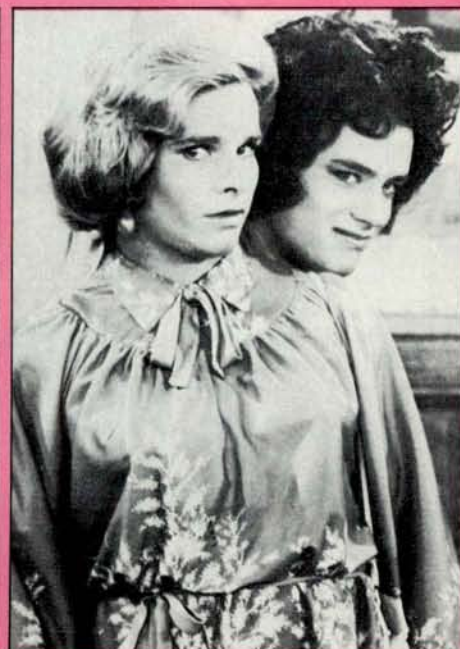
## TV's Worst Role-Models



Klinger from M\*A\*S\*H

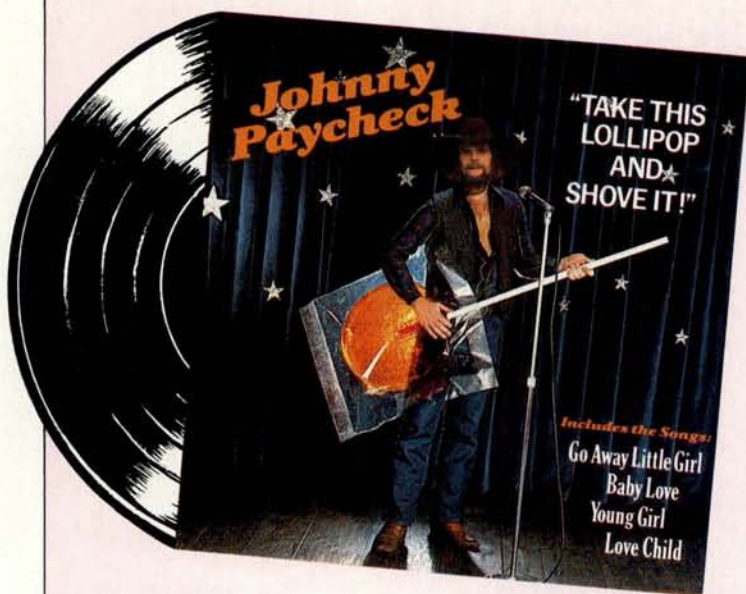


Mork the Mommy



Male stars of *Bosom Buddies*





## Johnny, Are You Weird?

Country singer Johnny Paycheck, who made the song "Take This Job and Shove It" famous, was arrested on charges of taking indecent liberties with a minor under 16 years of age in Wyoming. Prosecuting attorney Burt Guetz said that Paycheck "had some sexual relations with a female child about 12 years of age." The singer was arrested shortly after giving a free concert to inmates at the Missouri State Penitentiary.

In the years ahead, Paycheck may be giving convicts *more* free concerts.

## HUSTLER Update

AGENT  
ORANGE  
October '81



In that issue, HUSTLER profiled the late Jim Hopkins, whose losing battle to prove he had been poisoned by the defoliant Agent Orange in Vietnam had ended in the veteran's suicide or—as his widow Suzanne maintains—his murder. Now the U.S. Air Force has agreed to conduct a 20-year study of all flight crews that sprayed Agent Orange from their planes during the Vietnam War. The Pentagon estimates these nearly 1,300 crewmen were each exposed to 1,000 times more Agent Orange than their ground targets. At long last the federal government is taking Jim Hopkins' charges seriously. The first round of medical and genetic tests should be completed sometime this summer.

Bourbon Street Press  
New Orleans

**The Dirty Book**

Users Guide to Erotic Software

Micro Computer Games for Adults Only.

**\$9.95**

## Computer Sex

Software give you a hard-on? Then this magazine is right up your data base. It's called *The Dirty Book* and contains listings of 40 erotic programs you can punch into your home microcomputer. With the explosion in the home-computer business, the future of a publication like this is unlimited. And so are the possibilities. Each issue sells for \$9.95, and you can obtain it from Bourbon Street Press (3225 Danny Park, New Orleans, LA 70002). Be sure to add \$2 for postage.



## What a Prick!

One way or another, we all knew we'd get the shaft from Reagan. But here's a way we never expected. It's a full-size flexible pink dildo with the President's head on it. The mail-order price is \$15 plus \$1.50 for shipping charges. California residents add 6% sales tax. Just send check or money order to Presidential Shaft (P.O. Box 723, San Francisco, CA 94101). His likeness may never make Mount Rushmore—but it may make *your* mount *rush* more.

HOSPITAL  
HORRORS  
June '81



In that report, HUSTLER revealed that "countless people leave hospitals in worse shape than when they entered." Medical butchery takes place daily in the nation's leading hospitals and clinics, we pointed out. Now confirmation of the sad state of American medicine comes from Dr. G. Thomas Shires, president of the American College of Surgeons. He says that nearly 30% of all physicians who perform surgery in the United States today are "untrained and unqualified." In fact, he told the group's annual clinical congress in San Francisco that 20,000 American surgeons should not be allowed in the operating room.

## Most Tasteless Cartoon



"Did you come too?"

## Contributors

HUSTLER pays \$150 for Bits & Pieces items. Larry Flynt Publications retains all rights to material accepted for publication, but we will return art on request (enclose SASE). For June, \$150 and thanks to Max Brooks, Gerard Falardean, C. Arthur Guida and James Lee Soffer.



# "IT'S NOT ME WHO SMELLS FISHY"

But I know there's  
something fishy about  
the July Anniversary Issue  
of **HUSTLER.**

It will have a  
**Scratch 'n' Sniff**  
**Centerfold**  
plus a  
**Nude**  
**Celebrity**



So rare you'll want to buy two!

JULY ANNIVERSARY ISSUE  
ON SALE MAY 25



## 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 will continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur porn producers on to better and better productions.

### Foxtrot

**F**ully Erect. Produced and directed by Cecil Howard; written by Anne Randall; starring Marlene Willoughby, Veronica Hart, Samantha Fox, Merle Michaels, Vanessa Del Rio, Jake Teague, Tiffany Clark, Sharon Mitchell, Ron Jeremy and Bobby Astyr.

From the classy opening credits to the sassy music, Cecil Howard's latest film, about a sex-filled New Year's Eve, is bound to pop your cork—and we don't mean champagne. With highest-rated hits like *Platinum Paradise*, *Babylon Pink* and *Neon Nights* to Howard's credit, it's no surprise *Foxtrot* offers enough action to overload anybody's circuits.

Getting laid on New Year's Eve, or at least trying to get laid, is somewhat of an American tradition. In *Foxtrot* we're treated to a series of vignettes dealing with the lives of various oversexed New Yorkers on the last day of the year as they fuck and suck their way to midnight. The tempo is graciously fast, with scenes interchanging into a well-planned scheme. For one thing, the ladies are built better than the Statue of Liberty, and there's enough sex to go around for nearly everyone in the Manhattan phone directory.

When the movie starts, most of the characters are strangers, but come together during a wild New Year's Eve party held at the home of a crusty mil-



Merle Michaels and Sharon Mitchell are more than friends in 'Foxtrot.'

lionaire named Luther. Playing the dirty old man, Jake Teague is right on target, and despite his Medicare age bracket, his libido is still in high school. Luther's first catch of the day is a new maid, D'Arcy (Tiffany Clark), who adds a hot Latin touch to the French-maid category. After Luther's done, she has a different kind of mess to clean up.

The action switches to Artie, who is peering across the street through binoculars at long-legged exhibitionist Zelda (Mar-

lene Willoughby) when his unfulfilled wife Gracie (Veronica Hart) catches him drooling. Artie must be out to lunch to ignore such a foxy wife, and she understandably storms out looking for a one-hour stand. Quickly, Artie scurries over to check out his loose neighbor, resulting in an excellent fuck scene certain to make new Marlene Willoughby fans.

A contender for best scene has Erin (Sandra Hillman), a baby-sitter, losing her cherry to her awkward boyfriend Jona-

than (Jack Silver) in a way so realistic, audiences might even be embarrassed. Erin's youthful reaction of both surprise and pleasure at the first feel of a penetrating dick is priceless.

The film cuts to Louis (Ron Jeremy), a seaman who has returned for New Year's and wants to do a little "docking" of his own. When he visits his girlfriend, she's making love to another woman, proving it's hard to be a sailor's wife.

Other equally erotic scenes lead to the finale at Luther's big bash, where veteran stars Samantha Fox, Vanessa Del Rio and Bobby Astyr add to the merrymaking. With hundreds of guests mingling about, the ever-horny Luther grabs the party's caterer, Vanessa, and screws her in the laundry room. In this funny spot she accidentally switches on a washing machine, and they unconsciously start fucking to the washer's agitating rhythm.

*Foxtrot* ends as the new year is counted down in Times Square, but you'll be celebrating for a long time after. The



'Foxtrot': Vanessa Del Rio and Jake Teague get dirty in the laundry.

real story here is the sexual games people play, and the pressure to get a piece by the stroke of midnight adds extra excitement. For true adult-movie fans, *Foxtrot* is one high-class party. —D. Y. S.

*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.



## Centerspread Girls

**C** *Three-Quarters Erect. Produced by Harold Lime; directed by Robert McCullum; written by C. W. O'Hara; starring Annette Haven, Veronica Hart, Eric Edwards, Jesie St. James, Desiree Cousteau, Richard Bolla, Georgina Spelvin, Tara Aire, Paul Thomas, Jacqueline Brooks, Lisa DeLeeuw, Frank Hollowell, Lili Rodgers, Michael Morrison, Victoria Slick and Jon Martin.*

Sure as summer's hot and hemlines are rising, hardly a week goes by that some Moral Majority-type isn't in the papers or on TV leveling a new attack against freedom of expression. This book, they cry, contains dirty language; burn



'Centerspread Girls': Paul Thomas surprises Desiree Cousteau.

it! That film shows a man and a woman making love; ban it! Afraid of confronting the real world, these folks would have us all retreat to a mythical Little House on the Prairie and pray that everybody stays nice.

The stupidity of that position and the hypocrisy of those who push it are dealt with in producer Harold Lime's new movie, *Centerspread Girls*, a light, well-paced farce that blends sex, wit and social comment in equal measure. Like his more-serious X-rater *Amanda by Night*—one of last year's best—Lime's latest proves adult films don't have to sacrifice ideas for the sake of a good, steamy fuck.

*Centerspread's* plot revolves around a clash between a successful men's magazine and a right-wing citizens' group called Morality Over Madness (MOM). With the slogan "MOM Wants What's Good for You," the pressure group plans to bring a messy lawsuit against the "immoral" monthly in



Sculptor Lisa DeLeeuw straddles her next subject in 'Centerspread Girls.'

hopes of shutting it down. The mag's publisher (Georgina Spelvin) promptly counterattacks, asking her centerfold girls to seduce the committee members and capture the compromising action on tape. It's this quest that sets the flick in motion.

Playing a "reformed" porn star now acting in straight movies, Warren Beatty look-alike Eric Edwards tells Annette Haven he joined MOM mainly to advance his career. "I was smart and lucky and took advantage of a shitty situation," Edwards admits, adding, "I haven't been able to get it up or get it on in two years." Paired with Veronica Hart, meanwhile, "Judge" Richard Bolla reveals he was forced onto the committee when its leaders announced his membership without his approval. Withdrawing, Bolla says, would make it look as if he endorsed immorality.

Pursued by Lisa DeLeeuw and Tara Aire, MOM's silver-wigged chairman (Frank Hollowell) is exposed as a sexless, crotchety old flake. And "the Reverend W. W. Williams" (Paul Thomas) comes off almost as funny as the real-life TV preacher Ernest Angley. Preparing to make it with Desiree Cousteau, Thomas reassures her: "When you're righteous, you can do anything and you're forgiven. Hallelujah!" he booms, his arms beginning to quiver. "I feel the devil takin' over me!" Then the rev overtakes Desiree.

Two other sex scenes are par-

ticularly well handled. One, imaginatively filmed against a mirrored wall, has the lean-bodied Haven jerking herself off before opening her legs for Edwards, who's trying hard to reassert his virility. The other features a torrid threeway with DeLeeuw, Aire and Holloway's "wife," Jesie St. James. While the bedroom match-up is intended to instruct St. James in the joys of lesbian lust, it doesn't take long for the student to become the teacher.

Despite wooden acting here and there and a certain predictability, *Centerspread Girls* ranks overall as pleasant, innovative entertainment. Ideal, in fact, for New Right-types who've never seen an X-rated flick. If they don't come away wanting to join Morality Over Madness, they just might decide sex isn't filthy after all. Hallelujah!

—Glenn Hunter

## Seven Seductions of Madame Lau

**H** *Half Erect. Produced and directed by Charles De Santos; starring Annette Haven, Richard Pacheco, Georgina Spelvin, Kay Parker, Carol Doda, Laura Lazare, Phae Bird and Doc Monroe.*

This is one of those films that promise a lot but can't quite deliver. The major characters are, after all, portrayed by some of the porn world's top stars, and one of the supporting actresses, Carol Doda, is a woman whose name—and chest—is practically synonymous with erotica. But the movie's fire sputters, and its heat is sporadic at best.

The plot centers around Christopher Hamilton (Richard Pacheco), a wealthy young man in search of sexual fulfillment. His love affairs leave him unsatisfied and yearning for some emotional or sensual release beyond mere orgasm. And so, accompanied by his girlfriend (Phae Bird) and his well-endowed secretary (Carol Doda), Hamilton travels to the secret den of an Oriental enchantress named Madame Lau (Annette Haven).

Hamilton is treated to tarot-card readings, pseudophilosophical wisdom ("Life is simple, Mr. Hamilton, and something is always beginning"), as well as what *might* have been some very fulfilling sex had not the film's editor chosen to intercut the graphic scenes with shots of the actors' ecstatic faces. In



Richard Pacheco never gets enough in 'Seven Seductions of Madame Lau.'





'Seven Seductions': Playboy Pacheco searches for the ultimate fuck.

fact, this tendency to overcraft the eroticism—using camera angles that hint at more than they show, and lighting that places hoped-for action in shadow—is this film's main failing as a turn-on.

The storyline too contains holes that even John Holmes would find hard to fill. Hamilton's traveling companions, for instance, disappear midway through the movie. We are given a glimpse of Carol Doda's monumental tits when she's seduced by Madame Lau's chauffeur (Doc Monroe), but the episode is strictly R-rated, and Doda is never seen

again, clothed or otherwise. Similarly, Hamilton's girlfriend appears in the opening scenes, a couple of orgies and then vanishes.

Hamilton finally achieves his goal, of course. The mysterious Madame Lau leads him to the conclusion that sexual contentment is a product of emotional and spiritual elements, as well as physical enjoyment. He then realizes that the keys to his happiness and sexual satisfaction are held by his estranged wife (Kay Parker), with whom he now longs to be reunited. In a nice twist, we discover that Madame Lau is Hamilton's wife,

and she has been using magical transformations to disguise herself and regain her husband's love.

*Seven Seductions of Madame Lau* is flawed in several respects, but the worst of them is its choppy treatment of graphic detail. It's difficult to maintain any level of excitement when the action is obscured by too many nonessential technical trimmings.

If you go to see this movie, be sure to bring your imagination along. You'll need it.

—Steve Campbell



Annette Haven combines sex and voodoo in 'Seven Seductions.'

## Making Love

*No Rating. Produced by Allen Adler and Daniel Melnick; directed by Arthur Hiller; screenplay by Barry Sandler; starring Kate Jackson, Michael Ontkean and Harry Hamlin; rated R.*

Let's be frank here; this movie stinks to high heaven. *Making Love* is not X-rated, but it warrants being reviewed here because it's the first major motion picture to examine an important sexual theme, closet homosexuality. This reviewer went to see this movie with an open mind, hoping for the best. Unfortunately, the sensitive subject's debut was muddled by a superficial approach, a poor screenplay and bad, really bad acting.

Trivializing the affair from the dopey beginning to the marshmallow ending is Michael Ontkean, who plays Zack, a young married doctor. His latent homosexuality surfaces

when he meets a new patient, novelist Bart (Henry Hamlin).

Just like when straight folks have affairs, Zack lies to Claire, his wife of eight years (played



'Making Love': Is it any wonder a man left Jackson for another man?

by ex-Charlie's Angel Kate Jackson). Luckless Zack falls in love with Bart only to realize Bart's into one-night stands and not serious relationships.

Zack is happy with his new sex life, and when his unus-

pecting wife becomes a suspecting one, he admits he's gay. She'd heard better news. It is here one wonders if maybe Kate Jackson's bad acting drove Zack to the boys. He moves out, and Claire (in a few token scenes) attempts to understand his new lifestyle by checking out the gay district. At the very least, the isolated audiences in America will learn that the modern homosexual is not necessarily a "queer in a tutu," among other stereotypes.

Eventually, Bart dumps Zack, Zack divorces Claire, Zack moves to New York and lives with a lawyer, and Claire marries an architect. Bart, the most interesting of the lot, disappears with no explanation, almost as if they ran out of film... not a bad idea under the circumstances.

While it is commendable for a major Hollywood studio to tackle the controversial issue of straight men entering the gay world, *Making Love* is one attempt that should have stayed in the closet.

—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 Girl's Best Friend  
Amanda by Night  
Deep Inside Annie Sprinkle  
8 to 4  
Exhausted  
Indecent Exposure  
Never So Deep  
Nightdreams  
Nothing to Hide  
Outlaw Ladies  
Pandora's Mirror  
The Best of Gail Palmer  
The Dancers  
Wicked Sensations

### Three-Quarters Erect

Ball Game  
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Country Comfort  
Delicious  
Extreme Close-up  
Garage Girls  
Girls U.S.A.  
Inside Seka  
Same Time Every Year  
Sex Boat  
The Tale of Tiffany Lust  
Urban Cowgirls

### Half Erect

Afternoon Delights  
Aunt Peg's Fulfillment  
Centerfold Fever  
Cheryl Hannson, Cover Girl  
Flash  
Manhattan Mistress  
Roommates  
Skin on Skin  
Skintight  
The Filthy Rich  
The Tiffany Minx  
Woman in Love

### One-Quarter Erect

Fireworks  
Sweet Cheeks  
Tinseltown

### Totally Limp

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



# BOOKS

Reviewed by  
Theodore Sturgeon

## Sexual Preference

By Alan P. Bell, Martin S. Weinberg and Sue Kiefer Hammersmith; Indiana University Press, Tenth and Morton Streets, Bloomington, IN 47405; \$15.

Early in this century a humorist wrote, "It ain't so much what folks don't know that causes trouble; it's what folks do know that ain't so." Plowing through this detailed book reminds the reader of that old comic, except these authors took much more time, money and effort to say practically the same thing.

*Sexual Preference*, subtitled *Its Development in Men and Women*, is the third of three volumes that derived from a ten-year study involving more than 250 researchers. For this last study they recruited nearly 1,500 people. They questioned them up, down, backward and sideways about their sexuality, preferences and attitudes from early childhood through puberty to maturity and finally to their present sexual category as to whether they are heterosexual, homosexual or bisexual. Then the researchers applied loads of statistical information and computer shakedown to the mass of data, and the result was similar to what the turn-of-the-century humorist wrote decades earlier.

The common myth is that homosexuality is caused by boys being pampered by their mothers, fathers who wanted sons and raised their daughters as tomboys, or kids seduced by gay high-school teachers or by chicken hawks in men's toilets. The study shows that not one of the above tendencies leads to homosexuality. There are gays who have had these experiences, but did these experiences cause their homosexuality? Apparently not.

Unlike previous studies, this one did not concentrate solely on homosexuals. An equal amount of research was conducted on why heterosexuals develop as they do. The result is that sexual preference may be

established at birth. This is the reason the authors conclude that normal kids will not be "recruited" by gay teachers or hawks. They make the fairly obvious point that if a sexual advance involves force, it's more likely to drive the kid away from homosexuality rather than toward it.

The book ends with the question of whether or not sexual preference may be biological—in the genes, and pre-set in the womb. It seems clear that these preferences are locked in early in life; so it just could be the case. If it is, maybe we've been lashing out at gays for the wrong reasons. Who knows? Maybe ten years from now we'll review a book about that.

## Erotic Photography

By Anne Demarais; Demarais Studio Press, P. O. Box 6481, Trenton, NJ 08648; \$12.50.

*Erotic Photography: An Exhibition* was spawned when author Anne Demarais placed ads in the media and sent fliers to numerous individuals, schools and photography organizations. Receiving 340 entries by 197 photographers, she pub-



lished 96 well-composed prints by 85 of them. They're all black-and-white and sharp—with the exception of those that

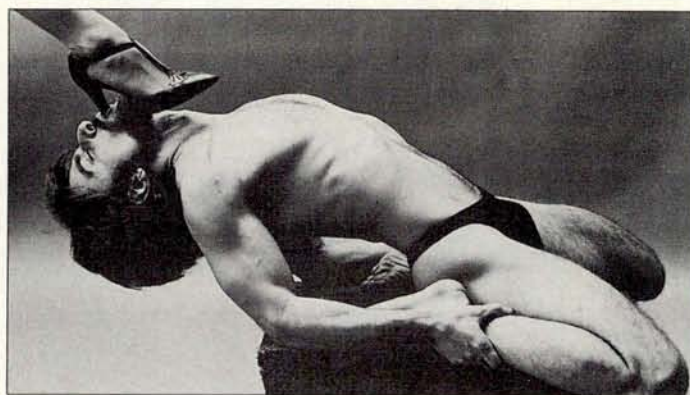
are intentionally soft-focus.

What actually is erotic, anyway? When I first got my hands on the book and was thumbing



Childlike innocence combined with voluptuousness (top), a musically inclined couple clowning around (left) and a joyful pleasure-seeking man and woman (right) illustrate the many aspects of 'Erotic Photography.'





through it, I wondered, *What is so erotic about a potbellied guy in a shower stall?* I continued turning each page thinking, *This is erotic, this isn't*, when a lady standing behind me stuck out her finger and halted the flipping of the pages. "Oh, wow!" she exclaimed, gazing at a print of a muscular man stretching backward with a woman's spiked heel shoved into his mouth. So I came to the conclusion that the definition of eroticism is similar to the opinion rendered by a Supreme Court justice about obscenity—"I can't define it, but I know it when I see it."

Without a doubt there are many photos in this book that I consider erotic, and a lot you will too—and they probably won't be the same ones.



In 'Erotic' an athletic male tastes a lady's heel (top), and a leather-clad old man exposes himself (above).

## Holy Blood, Holy Grail

By Michael Baigent, Richard Leigh and Henry Lincoln; Delacorte Press, 1 Dag Hammarskjöld Plaza, New York, NY 10017; \$15.95.

In 1891 a poor village priest in France stumbled across some old parchments in his ancient church. In the next few years he inexplicably started building and restoring, entertaining and celebrating—spending about \$5 million before he died. It took many years for news of this weird story to get to England, but when it did, Henry Lincoln persuaded the British Broadcasting Company to allow him to write a documentary about it.

The more Lincoln researched, the weirder the story got. Ten years and three documentaries later he and his two coauthors published this fascinating book. A total of more than 450 pages, including maps and photos, is proof they did a hell of a lot of homework. It's up to you to decide if their thesis is true: that Jesus survived the Crucifixion and that His descendants exist today.

The book is an enormously complicated detective story dating back more than 2,000 years, and full of buried facts and false leads. According to the authors, there is one theory that explains most of the evidence.

After the supposed Crucifixion, Jesus, his wife Mary Magdalen and their child or children landed in what would become France, at Marseilles, bringing with them the Holy Grail. The authors claim the Grail is not a cup, chalice or a real object at all, but a Secret. This Secret has been guarded for centuries, up to this very day. The Secret is that Jesus

was condemned to death by the Romans for political rather than religious reasons, but His bloodline exists even now and ran in the veins of much of the royalty that ruled all of Western Europe through the centuries.

The families that can trace their history back to these dynasties are waiting to take over again. There is also a mystical society to guard the Secret, and such luminaries as Robert Boyle, Isaac Newton, Victor Hugo, Claude Debussy and Jean Cocteau have been Grand Masters.

What makes this theory so heavy (if it's true) is it indicates that the Crucifixion was a fraud, that Jesus never pre-

HOLY  
BLOOD  
HOLY  
GRAIL  
MICHAEL BAIGENT,  
RICHARD LEIGH, AND  
HENRY LINCOLN

tended to be the Son of God, that He was not celibate and not resurrected and that the Gospels have been rigorously rewritten to hide these things. Right from the start the authors state clearly that they had "no prejudices or preconceptions one way or the other," and refer to Jesus throughout with respect. Their entire presentation is calm and scholarly.

As for the poverty-stricken priest who unearthed the Secret, the source of his millions remains a mystery. One guess is that it was reward money; another, blackmail. You be the judge.

## Pills That Don't Work

By Sidney M. Wolfe, M.D., Christopher M. Coley and The Health Research Group Founded by Ralph Nader; Farrar, Straus Giroux, 19 Union Square West, New York, NY 10003; \$6.95.

This may be the most useful book reviewed on these pages. As reported in the September

1980 HUSTLER and updated in the November 1981 issue, the Food and Drug Administration has a horrendous record of dragging its feet on the testing and release of new drugs, while Americans die waiting. At the other end of the spectrum are available drugs that are ineffective and sometimes downright dangerous.

A 1970 lawsuit against the FDA later resulted in a court order requiring the agency to release all its findings on ineffective drugs. But the order had one large loophole—it gave the pharmaceutical companies an extended time to complete hearings on each of the drugs in question. The medications, meanwhile, could continue to be sold. The remaining extensions had expired by 1976; yet hundreds of these ineffective products are still being prescribed and marketed.

Now there is a clear and reliable listing of more than 600 prescription drugs that have proved to be ineffective or harmful because of the way they are compounded. In other words, you may have a sore shoulder and go to your doctor, who could prescribe a pill that is good for aching muscles but also contains an ingredient that may upset your stomach.

When you go to a doctor, he's selling and you're buying. You have every right to ask him the name of the product he is prescribing. You should question the spelling of the medication on the prescription. You can look at item up in this book, and if it's on the list of ineffective drugs, you have the right and the duty to tell him so.

We're not throwing rocks at doctors, because most of them are a blessing to humanity. But they're busy people, often too busy to keep up on what's happening in the labs. Most of the drug information they receive is from the pharmaceutical companies' salespeople, who primarily work on commission. You'll probably be thanked by your doctor for giving him this information.

Also listed in *Pills That Don't Work* are 30 less-than-effective prescription drugs. In 1979 one had been prescribed 6,300,000 times for a gross of \$51 million; another 1,600,000 times for \$12 million. You can see why this book is a must read. 



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There's an old saying about eating pussy that goes something like this: "Once you get past the smell, you've got it licked." Well, that type of remark might have been okay for our fathers, but the truth is, neither the smell nor the taste of a clean pussy is unpleasant. At one time cunnilingus—or pussy eating—was among the dozens of sexual taboos that were either forbidden due to religious belief, flat-out illegal or simply repugnant to people because of social conditioning. Now things are different. Most states have passed consenting-adult statutes into law, and religious-oriented taboos seem to be losing their clout as the sexual mores of this country change.

Yet, as more and more men take the dive into the velvety trench, too many of them do so without considering the basic reason why they're really down there: to give their ladies pleasure, and by doing so, increase their own pleasure.

We conducted a panel discussion about the fine art of cunnilingus with four women selected at random. We hope their remarks about what they like and don't like will give you a few hints about what you may be doing wrong—or right—the next time you decide to dive in.

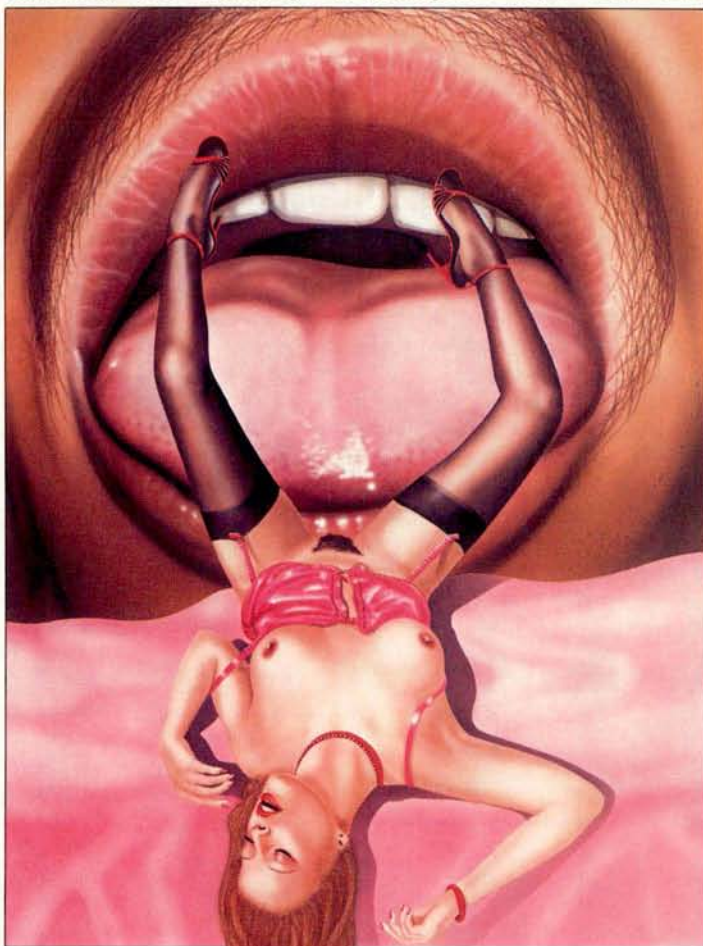
The panelists are: Cindy, a 28-year-old bank teller who is single; Donna, 24 years old, a student and part-time cocktail waitress; Yvonne, who describes herself as an "independent black woman," and is 25; and Joyce, a 30-year-old junior-high-school teacher.

**HUSTLER:** How would you rate cunnilingus in importance as a sexual act?

**CINDY:** To me it is the ultimate. I don't always get my pussy eaten by my lovers, but when a guy does do it, I rate him as a super lover. It's that extra effort he gives that makes him special in my book.

**DONNA:** Well, I'm unable to achieve orgasm during intercourse because my clitoris is small and protected by a fleshy pubic area. If it weren't for masturba-

*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.*



## ORAL SEX PANEL DISCUSSION

tion, which I can do for myself, or cunnilingus, I'd never have an orgasm. So I consider it the *most* important sexual act.

**YVONNE:** Cunnilingus will *never* rival intercourse for me. When I'm horny, I want a big, hard man working away on me. Pussy eating is a nice extra, but it will never replace the real thing.

**JOYCE:** I have to agree with Donna. I don't have her clitoris problem, but I do just love to lay back, fantasize and get off. When I'm fucking, I work at it. But when I'm getting eaten, it's *my* turn to just *receive* pleasure without feeling pressure and worrying about having to reciprocate.

**HUSTLER:** When is the best time for

you to have your pussy eaten?

**CINDY:** As a part of foreplay before we fuck, because after I have an orgasm, my cunt is real wet, hot and swollen. When the guy goes in, it feels really good to him right away!

**DONNA:** Before we fuck is fine, but I really like it best after he's already come inside me. I think that's very macho. It lets me know that the guy I'm with isn't afraid of sex and that he is really into me.

**YVONNE:** I like to have my pussy eaten in the shower. I'm really an uptight lady about my cunt, and I want to be clean and odor-free. That way I don't have to worry about him not liking it.

**JOYCE:** There's nothing better than waking up to it, whether it's the first thing in the morning or the middle of the night. Realizing that I turned my man on without even trying makes me feel really sensuous.

**HUSTLER:** Okay, when is the worst time for someone to go down on you?

**CINDY:** During my period. I just don't like it.

**DONNA:** After I have just played a set of tennis in 90° weather. Female odor mixed with sweat just can't make it pleasant for the man, and if it's not enjoyable for him, it isn't for me either.

**YVONNE:** The only time I don't like cunnilingus is immediately after orgasm—no matter how I achieve it. I'm

way too sensitive then, and having my cunt eaten can be irritating and somewhat painful, rather than being a turn-on.

**JOYCE:** If I'm not in the mood, it really bothers me if a guy goes down between my legs and starts tonguing me! And I don't think that's abnormal. Sometimes I just want to be plain old fucked. And other times I just may not be in the mood for sex at all.

**HUSTLER:** Could each of you tell us what your favorite position is for cunnilingus and why you prefer it?

**CINDY:** I like the 69 position because my lover and I are both active and because we can get off at the same time. It's so uninhibited!



**DONNA:** I like the standard position—flat on my back with my legs spread and my partner either lying or kneeling in front of me with his head in my crotch. It's easier to move, and I can lift my ass off the bed if I want to.

**YVONNE:** I like to straddle his face, with my hands against the wall, because I can control the situation even though to get off I'm really dependent upon what he's doing.

**JOYCE:** I like sitting in a chair with my ass on the edge of the seat and my crotch all the way to the front of it. That way, he has to kneel in front of me, and I can throw my knees over his shoulders and wrap my legs around his head.

**HUSTLER:** Would each of you tell us your favorite technique?

**CINDY:** I like the man to totally concentrate on my clit with his tongue. Not just lapping at it, but with his lips cradling my clit. He should start out with his tongue making light, vibrating flicks, increasing in speed and intensity as we go along.

**DONNA:** What drives me crazy is for my man to use his nose or finger to rub my clit while he licks all around my pussy and quickly jabs his tongue in and out of it!

**YVONNE:** The technique I like the best

is for my lover to suck softly on my clit with only his lips. Then he should use his thumb or two fingers and move them in and out of my cunt—gently at first—but increasing in speed and intensity as he sucks. I don't like his tongue to flick or vibrate on my clit, because that gets me off too fast.

**JOYCE:** I like him to start kissing me between my pussy and my asshole, then slowly lick up and down each side of my cunt and wait until I get hot before he licks my clitoris. He should also play with my breasts at the same time.

**HUSTLER:** What are some of the extra tricks that can make pussy eating just that much more special?

**CINDY:** I like my guy to place his thumb outside my asshole and apply pressure. Then, just as I'm ready to come, he sticks his finger in my ass.

**DONNA:** One thing that drives me up the wall is for my lover to give me a "blowjob." He starts off by sucking on my clit and licking me for a few minutes. Then, when I'm really wet and worked up, he'll lay his head on the inside of my thigh a few inches away from my cunt and pull the lips open with his thumb and forefinger and blow lightly from the side, up and down my whole slit. It gives me goose bumps! (Editor's Note: He has to

make sure he blows lightly, because blowing air hard into the vagina can be dangerous. See May's *Advise & Consent*.)

**YVONNE:** Having a small vibrator or Ben-wa balls in my cunt while he eats me is something I don't do all the time. But when I do it, the rush I get is unbelievable!

**JOYCE:** I think that for a guy to tell me, "Oh, baby, what a beautiful cunt you have, you're gorgeous," and stuff like that really adds to the action. A little verbal admiration can go a long way!

**HUSTLER:** Is there anything that your lover might do while eating your pussy that could turn you off?

**CINDY:** When a man misinterprets my signals... I mean, he may be doing something that feels good, and just as I'm getting into it he starts doing it harder or faster—or just different. That really pisses me off! I may not be ready to come yet, and he goes wild like a madman. Then I feel pressured to come so he won't be disappointed. My legs start to shake when I'm ready to come, and that should be his cue. Men must learn to read our responses.

**DONNA:** What disappoints me is if I'm nearing orgasm and my man suddenly stops eating me and plunges in to start fucking. I think that a lot of guys have it in their heads that they are good lovers only if they have their cocks inside a woman when she comes. That's not necessarily true. They can do themselves—and me—a favor by not going for that stupid, macho bullshit.

**YVONNE:** I really hate when a guy just jumps down between my legs and starts gnawing. You know what I mean? They just spread your legs, stick their heads down there and go to town. I think it's much more of a turn-on if they're sensuous about it. If they kiss my inner thighs, massage and kiss my breasts, lick my pubic hair and run their tongues the length of my slit before getting down to the real stuff, I'll be so hot by then, a couple of sucks and I'll be ready to pop! That kind of lovemaking heightens my anticipation, and by the time he's ready to get down, I'm begging for it.

**JOYCE:** I usually enjoy it all the time except, I guess, when a guy tries to pin me down, holding my legs spread open and pushed against my chest. Your muscles can only remain stretched in one position for so long before they cramp. Some guys must think that the only way they can eat pussy is to keep the woman in one position the whole time like she's dead! I like to open or close my legs or even wrap them around his head as I wish. He's doing it for me; so he should allow me to respond or move as I want.

**HUSTLER:** How do you think most men feel about performing cunnilingus?



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**CINDY:** I think most men enjoy it simply because they just love pussies. You know, looking at them or smelling them, playing with them or just getting them wet and juicy. Plus, it can be a real ego boost for them if they can get some girl off who's never really enjoyed having her pussy eaten before.

**DONNA:** A lot of guys I know hate it and will do it only because they think it is expected of them—and, in a way, you can't blame them. Many women have discharges from God-knows-what, or might have a venereal disease. The latter is especially true of younger girls just getting into heavy sex. They are often uninformed or embarrassed by any symptoms of genital problems and don't know how to take care of themselves. It seems that more-mature women have overcome their shyness and will aggressively take care of any problems right away. However, it is wrong for a man to judge all women because of some. I would do all in my power to make it pleasant for my lovers to play with and eat my pussy—and most of my friends do the same. I think as soon as a man puts his hand in a girl's pants, he can pretty well decide if he is going any farther. If she's not clean, she's not worth the risk!

**YVONNE:** My present lover loves it, but it was a little touchy at first. I think there is some truth to the story that many black men feel cunnilingus puts them in a submissive role—which they find degrading.

**JOYCE:** Some men are just too horny to care if they like it or not: If the only way to turn a woman on is to eat her, they'll do it. They do not all see themselves as great pleasers of womankind. A man like this is usually clumsy. Too bad they are so stupid about sex, though, because lovemaking is really an art.

**HUSTLER:** Have you ever had another woman perform cunnilingus on you? If so, is a woman better than a man?

**CINDY:** I've been approached by other women, and a former boyfriend once tried to persuade me to be part of a threesome with a female friend of ours, but I could never do it. I *have* fantasized about it, but I guess I'm too hung up about it to do it. Maybe it is because homosexuality was considered a perversion when I was growing up. It was an insult to even have one's schoolmates *think* you were gay. But I still might try it; I don't discount the possibility.

**DONNA:** When I was 18, I got involved in a threesome with my roommate's boyfriend—who I had a crush on—and her. They were in their 20s and more experienced than I was; I was fresh out of high school. I don't know if it was the beer we drank or just my stepping out of charac-

ter, but it was fantastic. She was the first person to ever make me come (other than myself, through masturbation). Since then I've known many men, but she brought out the sensuous side of me; she knew what she was doing. I have to say that she was the best. It could be that I relaxed more with her. I wasn't so inhibited about having her mouth between my legs. She just knew what felt good to a woman. I've had sex with a couple of other women since then, and even though one in particular was no good at all, I must say that overall women *are* better.

**YVONNE:** I enjoy sex with women on occasion; it can be every bit as romantic as being with a male lover on a day just made for lovemaking. Sometimes those days just hit me. Donna Summer songs like "Love to Love You Baby" make me passionate, not just for her but for the pleasure of sex. I know I can eat a woman better than any man because I can relate to her moods and movements, and I know what feels good and when. Most men look at oral sex as an ego trip like, "Man, I wish so-and-so could see how I make her squirm and moan," or as only a means to an end. Oral sex should be—and is—a complete sexual act in itself. That's why I'm better at it than most men. I know I can't compensate for a lousy job with a big dick.

**JOYCE:** Every time I get dumped by a boyfriend or I dump a guy, I turn to my female friends. Physically I need sex, but I don't want to go out and start picking up guys and be labeled a whore. So I'll limit my sexual encounters to clandestine affairs that arouse no suspicion. And the easiest way to do that is to see girlfriends. However, I can't say that either a man or a woman is any better at eating pussy than the other. But on the average, I will say that women do try harder to please. And that extra effort is what makes a *great* lover.

**HUSTLER:** Does cunnilingus bring on a different type of orgasm than masturbation or intercourse?

**CINDY:** Definitely yes. I was raised a strict Catholic; so I still feel a little guilty when I masturbate. I get off, but it's a half-assed orgasm. An orgasm from intercourse is nice, but it's not all that intense for me. But an orgasm induced by cunnilingus is extremely powerful and fulfilling.

**DONNA:** Like I said before, I have a problem with my clitoris and cannot achieve orgasm from intercourse. Masturbating gives me a tension-breaker type of orgasm, but having my pussy eaten is real, total satisfaction. I'd have to say it is the best.

**YVONNE:** I get off more from inter-

(continued on page 134)



found new careers as bank robbers. But CHIC dug through their stony silence to bring you the true story. Ted Schwarz exposes a nightmare in which law enforcement turned against the people.

Deceit and evil in the form of a satanic feline prey upon a young couple. Lovemaking becomes a bloody rite as this cat allows no pleasure other than its own. Sharpen your claws for Dewey L. Douglas' eerily erotic tale.

Plus, find out why women get turned on by male strippers in CLOSE-UP and why women turn on when they "take it all off" in SEX LIFE. There's curious info in TRIVIA TRIP and CHIC's usual array of sensuous women.

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They're crushed, electrocuted and burned alive. But they're not victims in some horror movie. These are real men and women workers being killed and maimed in industry-related accidents. Jason Woods produces a shocking expose on lax safety standards caused by the slow-turning wheels of bureaucracy.

Another concern is the use of recreational drugs. What can give you the trots or make you numb? Cocaine, when it's cut by dope dealers to stretch their profits, but it's what they use that can be the killer. Ben Pesta's stinging discovery is a *must-read*. It could save a life.

Law authorities, the FBI and the media feared to reveal the evidence when police in Salt Lake City, Utah,



# JEW vs.

## A FACE-TO-

The streets of Temple City, California, were nearly deserted on the cold winter night when fire broke out inside the Temple Beth David synagogue. As flames crackled across the sanctuary area and leaped into the first rows of wooden pews, black smoke began to curl out of the high, open windows. It took ten firemen, who forced their way through the doors, to extinguish the blaze. After the smoke cleared, damages to the sacred Torahs, prayer books and the building's interior were set at \$130,000.

When two members of an American Nazi party later admitted setting the December 1980 fire to retaliate against Jewish militants, it became an important, internationally reported symbol of the alarming worldwide rise of anti-Semitism (or Jew hatred).

The torching of the temple was not an isolated event. Just months earlier, four worshipers had been killed in the bombing of a synagogue in Paris, France. Last summer a grenade attack interrupted a bar-mitzvah ceremony at a temple in Vienna, Austria, leaving two Jews dead and 20 injured. Two fatalities were reported following a similar incident in Antwerp, Belgium.

In this country the Jewish Anti-Defamation League logged 974 acts of blatant anti-Semitism last year, including 350 bodily assaults and/or mail or telephone threats against Jews. In Los Angeles alone the City Commission on Human Relations noted five times as many anti-Semitic incidents in 1981 as compared to 1980. Among them were arson; firebombing; overturning and battering cemetery tombstones; painting graffiti and swastikas on houses, stores, walls and highway structures; and vandalizing the Simon Wiesenthal Center for Holocaust Studies.

It's therefore not surprising that Los Angeles—with the third-largest Jewish community in the United States—supports a large, active chapter of the militant Jewish Defense League (JDL). Organized in 1968 as a protection group for New York

INTERVIEW BY GLENN HUNTER





# Nazi

## FACE DEBATE

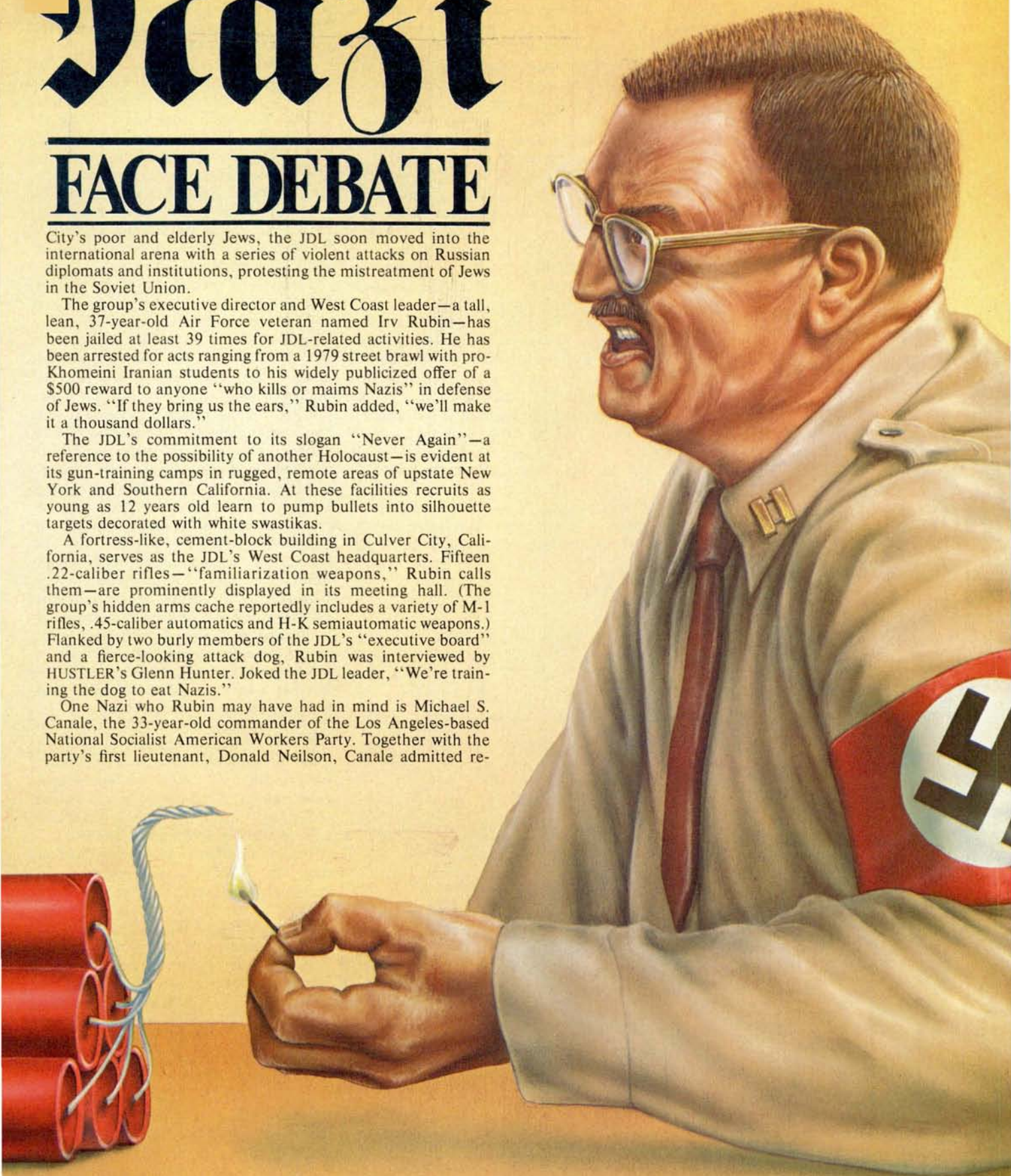
City's poor and elderly Jews, the JDL soon moved into the international arena with a series of violent attacks on Russian diplomats and institutions, protesting the mistreatment of Jews in the Soviet Union.

The group's executive director and West Coast leader—a tall, lean, 37-year-old Air Force veteran named Irv Rubin—has been jailed at least 39 times for JDL-related activities. He has been arrested for acts ranging from a 1979 street brawl with pro-Khomeini Iranian students to his widely publicized offer of a \$500 reward to anyone “who kills or maims Nazis” in defense of Jews. “If they bring us the ears,” Rubin added, “we’ll make it a thousand dollars.”

The JDL's commitment to its slogan “Never Again”—a reference to the possibility of another Holocaust—is evident at its gun-training camps in rugged, remote areas of upstate New York and Southern California. At these facilities recruits as young as 12 years old learn to pump bullets into silhouette targets decorated with white swastikas.

A fortress-like, cement-block building in Culver City, California, serves as the JDL's West Coast headquarters. Fifteen .22-caliber rifles—“familiarization weapons,” Rubin calls them—are prominently displayed in its meeting hall. (The group's hidden arms cache reportedly includes a variety of M-1 rifles, .45-caliber automatics and H-K semiautomatic weapons.) Flanked by two burly members of the JDL's “executive board” and a fierce-looking attack dog, Rubin was interviewed by HUSTLER's Glenn Hunter. Joked the JDL leader, “We're training the dog to eat Nazis.”

One Nazi who Rubin may have had in mind is Michael S. Canale, the 33-year-old commander of the Los Angeles-based National Socialist American Workers Party. Together with the party's first lieutenant, Donald Neilson, Canale admitted re-





sponsibility for the Temple City synagogue arson and was sentenced last August to four years in prison. While being held at the L.A. County Jail, he contacted HUSTLER, offering to talk exclusively about his life and the workings of the American Nazi movement.

Canale stands an imposing 6-4 and weighs 250 pounds. He wears a close-clipped mustache. His massive arms are heavily tattooed. Separated by a thick sheet of shatterproof glass, Canale spoke with Glenn Hunter.

What follows, in their own words, are the inflammatory and sometimes-seemingly-outrageous views of Michael Canale and Irv Rubin. Most likely, other magazines would have been reluctant to print some of their more-chilling remarks. But as always, HUSTLER feels its readers deserve to know each side of the important issues involved so they can draw their own conclusions.

**MICHAEL S. CANALE, American Nazi Commander:** Today's Jews have fabricated this big hoax that Hitler killed 6 million of their relatives. Those Jews really died from cholera, typhus and bubonic plague. Their bodies *had* to be burned. There were only 7 million Jews in the world at the time, and shortly after World War II nearly 7 million were still alive. Six million done away

with? No, I'd say maybe 200,000 would be fair. But even if 6 million were killed, it wasn't enough. They should have gotten 'em all.

All through history there's been a problem with 'em. Jesus was a Christian, and Jews hated the Christians. That's why they murdered Him. They talk about Jews being "the chosen people." That was put in the Bible after what they did to Christ, for their own protection. They're just no good. A Jew is a Jew, and they gotta go.

Jesus said in the Bible, in Revelations 2:9, "The Jews who say they are Jews are not; they lie. They dwell in the house of Satan, the synagogue." (*Editor's Note: Revelations 2:9 actually reads, "I know the blasphemy of them which say they are Jews, and are not, but are the synagogue of Satan."*) We do not recognize no Jew as human. They're subhuman. Temples are cults. It's not a religious organization; it's an occult. The Jews are Satanists of the worst kind, and practice witchcraft. The rabbis are warlocks. As long as one Jewish temple is standing on Western soil, no white American will be safe. You can't call yourself a Christian till you help destroy these temples.

Jewish influence in this country is extremely strong. They control most of the major TV networks. The news media, movies, the producers and sponsors are

all Jews. They seem to keep their own people in and everybody else out. If people don't think Jews control this country, watch TV. They put race-mixing on TV with black guys and white women; they're always into race-mixing movies and movies against Nazis.

My problems with Jews began in the second grade in San Gabriel, California. I had a Jewish teacher; her name was Gould. The bitch wore lots of rouge on her cheeks. I'll never forget that old whore. One day she hit me and kept me after school. Then she dragged me down two flights of stairs into the principal's office. She was a Jew, and I guess she took it out on me 'cause I was a Gentile. I hated school after that, and dropped out in the ninth grade.

I was into several car clubs and in constant trouble with the police. I have over 50 arrests to my credit right now. I've been in jail more than 12 years of my life, mostly for narcotics-related crimes. Petty theft, assault and battery, burglary, possession of drugs—weed, pills, heroin, needlemarks. At one time I had a \$300-a-day heroin habit. But I was never involved with drugs where it affected my National Socialism work.

In 1976 I was released from Soledad state prison and met a Nazi on the street. He was a sergeant in a unit out of San Dimas, California. The captain leading that group turned out to be an informer. He set 15 of us up on charges like selling firearms to government agents, and I got sent back to prison. I continued my contact with the movement through correspondence with a guy named George, a former member of Hitler's Youth Corps whose father had been an SS officer under Hitler.

George owned a \$100,000 print shop in Ready, Virginia, and had hundreds of different leaflets on National Socialism. He printed my letters in his Nazi magazines, along with my prison number, and people wrote me from all over the U.S. as well as Spain and Canada.

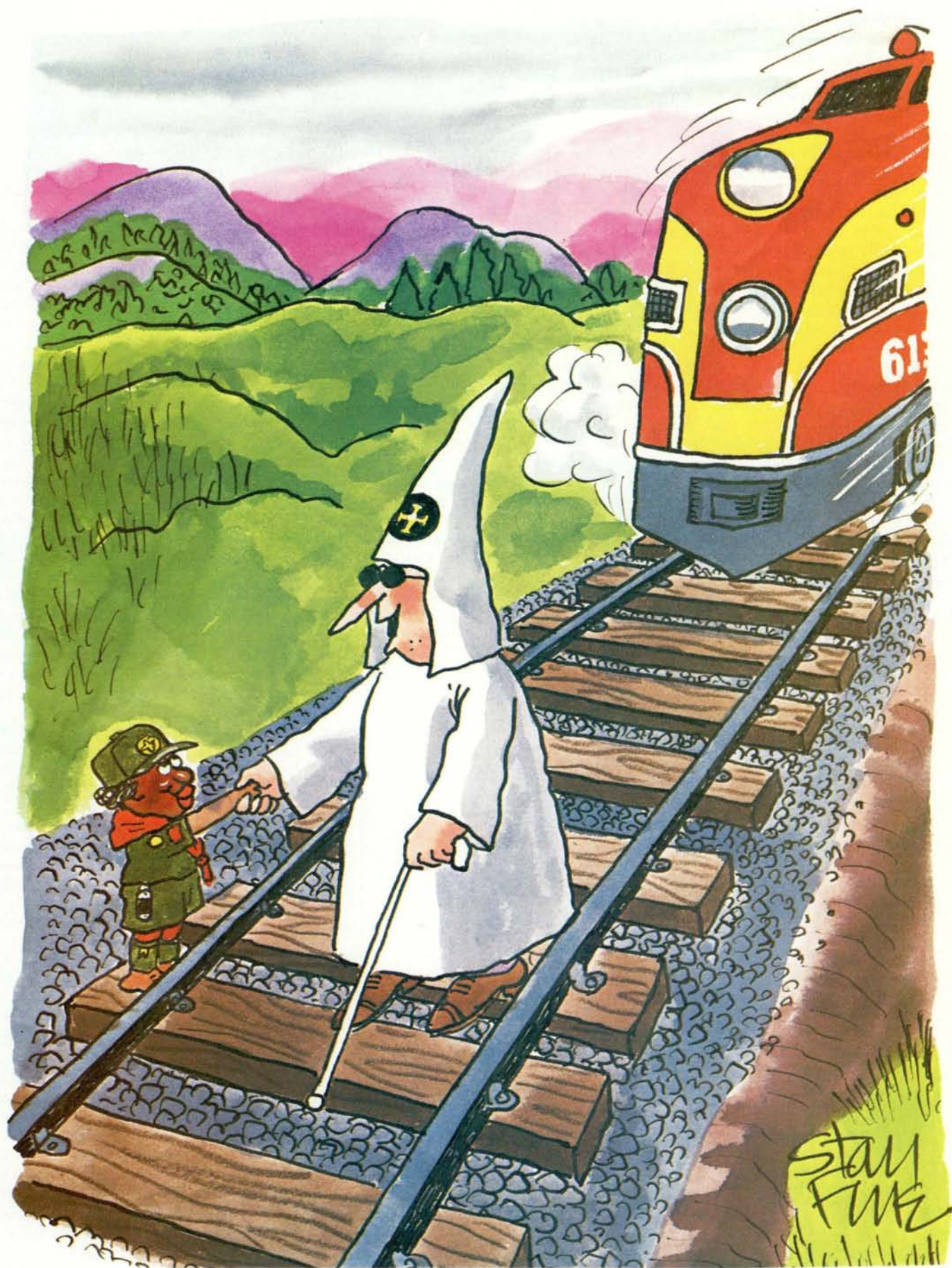
I made an office out of my cell, and in this way I helped start branches of National Socialism in various states. I'd forward party literature to Virginia, Georgia and Ohio. Then somebody else would transfer it to local groups.

After I was released from Soledad in September of 1978, it was mostly blacks I hated. I'd see 'em beat and rape kids all the time. I wanted to help, but I couldn't. I became convinced that white people had to form a gang of some kind to protect themselves.

Before long I became an active member of the National Socialist American Workers Party. That's when I met John Hart (not his real name), the leader of the NSAWP, and decided to help set up a







"Thanks for leading me here to the bus stop, young feller."



new unit in the San Gabriel Valley. To get it going, we went out and put up stickers with our phone numbers, post-office box and the swastika on telephone poles and on car bumpers in shopping centers. We got lots of phone calls. Then we'd go out to a restaurant that had a room big enough to have to ourselves, and talk to these people about National Socialism.

Hitler had meetings with his top officials on Wednesdays, and so do we. We generally meet in public places just in case any Communists are thinking about trying to take a few shots at us. Some of them are "recruit meetings" for new members. At these gatherings we explain about the Jews and their attempts to mongrelize the white race by race-mixing and busing, and how they control high government posts.

American Nazi officials and sometimes Klansmen attend other private meetings. We talk about covert and overt activities, and trade names and addresses of known Communists in California. Each organization collects information from people in the movement. This helps us keep track of Communist maggots in every area.

Some meetings are held to set up demonstrations and prepare for a counterattack from the Communists or the Jewish Defense League. At these

meetings our people usually stand guard at the door and carry firearms or have them nearby. We sing National Socialist songs at certain party functions and display the Nazi banner—especially at the annual beer bash in April to celebrate Hitler's birthday.

Sometimes we meet during the day and go up into the San Gabriel Mountains with ten or 12 rifles and pistols for training and target practice. Our people train constantly. We also train lots of high-school kids. We have several training places, such as farms and rugged mountain areas. Some National Socialist groups go out in the Southern California desert (where no one can hear anything) and use explosives.

We wear full military outfits. Our gun targets are human-looking figures made out of wood and cardboard, painted black with a Jew Star of David over the heart. They're nailed to a stick and planted in the ground.

If we ever showed our military training camps on TV, the police would arrest us immediately. But the Jewish Defense League shows *their* camps on TV and gets away with it. That's because the Central Intelligence Agency is working hand in hand with Mossad (the Israeli intelligence agency). I asked a sheriff's deputy once why they didn't arrest JDL members for the bombings

they've done, and he said, "We can't touch 'em." We don't need the cops. We'll bring 'em to justice ourselves.

If the Jews use fire on us, we'll use fire on them. If the Jews use bombs, we'll use bombs on them. If the Jews use bullets on us, we'll use bullets on them. For every white maimed by the JDL, we'll get ten Jews—and that includes a school bus full of Jewish kids or blacks. We're not takin' no more shit.

Several people who were in the Army and Navy Special Forces have joined the party and are training us in the use of military weapons and the martial arts. We've got M-1s, .45 Magnum pistols and smaller target rifles—.22 semiautomatics—for the younger people, the high-school boys. Some of the weapons can be bought legally and made into [illegal] machine guns with no problem.

The party's basic goal is to change the government and place it back into the hands of white Americans, and to relocate all nonwhites to their homeland, wherever it might be. What we're trying to do is build a great nation for our children. We want 'em to grow up in an all-white world, not with a bunch of niggers and Jews. When the party comes to power, we'll send the Jews to the Belgian Congo, where they'll be happy to frolic through the jungle with the niggers. If I had my way with Jews and niggers, I'd have a conveyer belt built out over the ocean and throw the bodies out and let 'em be carried to the sharks.

After we deport the nonwhites, the people who are able to work would work for the government. The ones unable, we will support. All the factories that pollute the air will be destroyed for good. We'll have to work out exactly *how* when we gain control. There won't be no mental hospitals either. The mentally ill will be put away, literally. Nobody wants to see a bunch of Mongoloids running around on the streets.

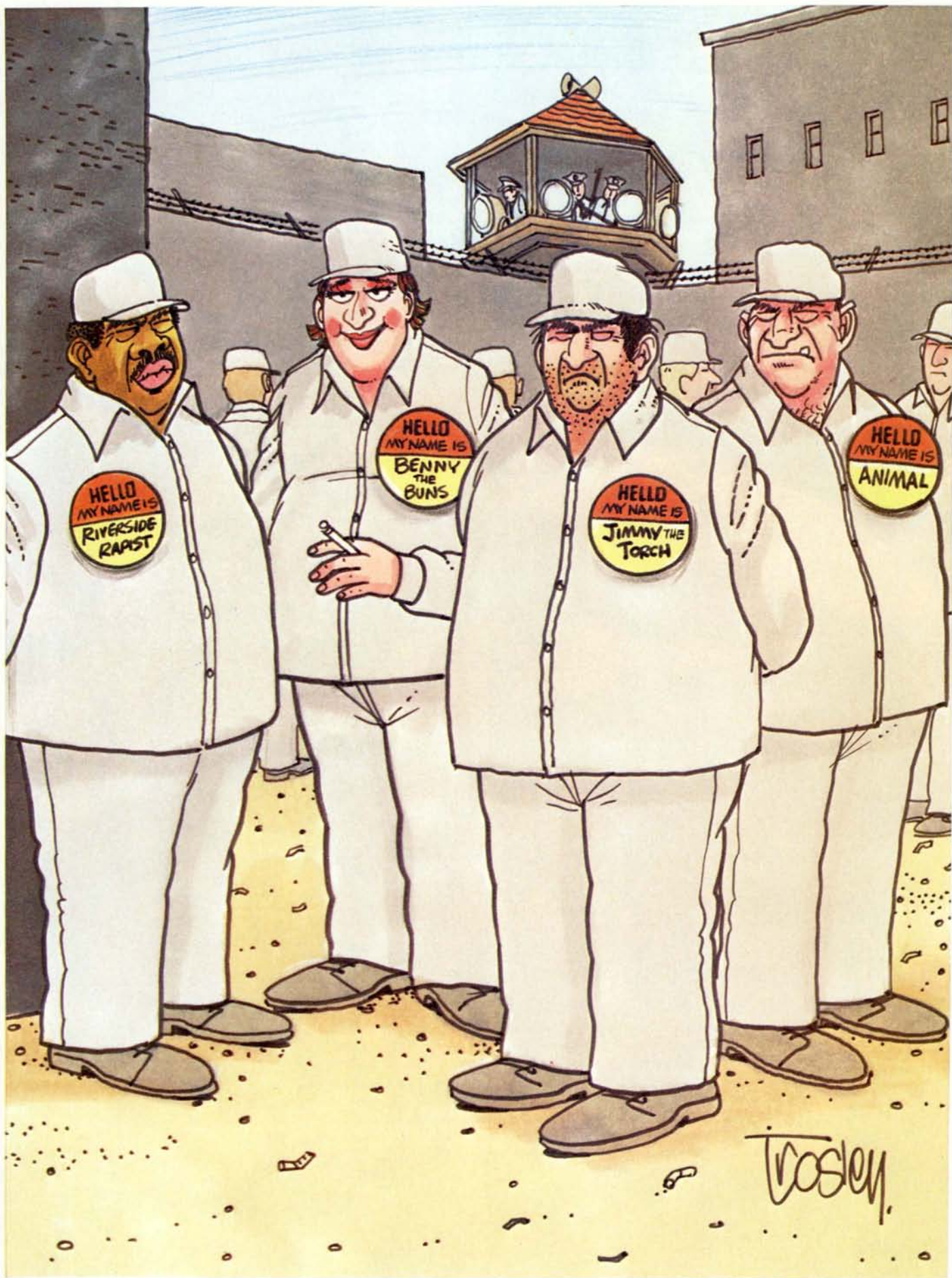
For every police station that has 100 officers, we'll double it, in every city. Of course, we'll have to execute everyone in political office. Pornography will have to go too. Pornography is a plot by the Jews to destroy the morals of the white race. But we will have prostitution. We'll take the finest Jewish women we can find and put 'em in whorehouses for Nazis to use. And we'll execute all nonwhite race traitors in prison.

Right now a low estimate of Nazi Party strength in this country would be about 400,000, including supporters and active members. The papers always say "a handful," but that's just not true. A lot of Nazi sympathizers don't want to risk losing their jobs or their businesses; so they support us with other means—

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A photograph of a person's legs and feet on a bed. The person is lying down, with their legs extended and feet resting on a white sheet. A blue blanket is pulled up to their knees. The background is a dark, textured wall.

# I·V·Y

*restless nights*

Ivy has a problem. She can't go to sleep unless she's totally satisfied. "Ever since I was old enough to know about such things," Ivy confesses, "I've had to be fulfilled, either by a lover or by my own fingers. Once, I even seduced a girlfriend just so she could get me off." When she's not seeing a man, passion forces the obsessed redhead to let her hands fill her emptiness. Ivy gives her all to lovemaking, even when alone, and the wet spots on her sheets prove it. Has Ivy ever gone to sleep without coming first? "No," she says firmly, "not since I was 12."



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## JEW VS. NAZI

(continued from page 38)

with printing presses or defense weapons or housing or supplying gasoline for transportation.

In Southern California we're also closely affiliated with the Ku Klux Klan in San Diego County. Whenever one group needs help with demonstrations or something, we call on 'em. Last year me and John Hart were security service for the Klan in San Diego when its California leader, Tom Metzger, ran for Congress. Whenever Tom comes to L.A., we serve as backup security with clubs, Mace in canisters, and guns, for which we have police permits.

You can never be too careful. The JDL has committed more than 20 bombings of our friends—the Klan as well as the Nazis. In 1977, for instance, the JDL admitted responsibility for bombing Alan Vincent's National Socialist bookstore in a Jewish neighborhood in San Francisco. In 1980 the JDL called and took credit for bombing John Stewart's house near L.A. He was a 60-year-old man, an ex-member of the National Socialist White Workers Party.

Harold Covington, the head of the National Socialist Party of America, was kidnaped and beaten by JDL members. The Liberty Lobby's *Spotlight* newspa-

per was bombed twice in Washington, D.C., and once at its Los Angeles offices. The JDL took credit. At the 1977 Academy Awards presentation, where actress Vanessa Redgrave gave a speech against the JDL, one of our members was carrying a sign saying, "JEWISM IS COMMUNISM." He was attacked by two JDL members and almost died from a blood clot on his brain.

What finally touched off my retaliation against the Jews was the JDL bombing of a house in Manhattan Beach, California, occupied by a member of Tom Metzger's Klan. On December 5, 1980, I met with my first lieutenant, Donald Neilson, around 11:30 at night. We stopped for coffee and talked about JDL bombings and decided we must retaliate—and also make news. It had to be something that would shock the Jews. I decided we must destroy a synagogue. This way the Jews would know they couldn't get away with their terrorist attacks on us. Neilson agreed, and we decided to use gasoline.

We drove a long ways trying to locate an open gas station. We found one, and Neilson filled a five-gallon Jeep gas can about half-full. We arrived at a temple in Montebello about 1:30 a.m. There was an alley behind it on either side and also apartments. We both snuck down the alley, and Neilson had me lift him

up on the temple roof, and he disappeared. I had the half-full gas can next to me, and I heard someone coming down the alley. I called to Neilson, but he didn't hear. So I left with the can and got back in the pickup. I flashed the back lights, hoping he'd see my signal and return. After three minutes he did. We left at once. Now it was about 2:30 a.m. We decided to look for another synagogue.

I told him I was sure there was one in Temple City. We found a synagogue at about 3 a.m. We parked across the street, and I carried the gas can. There was an open window at the rear of the place, and we both climbed in. I left the gas can outside until we checked to make sure nobody was inside.

Neilson dumped gas behind the pulpit platform and on the walls and carpets. I struck a match and threw it on the platform; it flashed in a puff. The temple was in flames. We ran back to the pickup, and I told Neilson, "There goes a house of Satan up in flames." It was a good feeling. We took off.

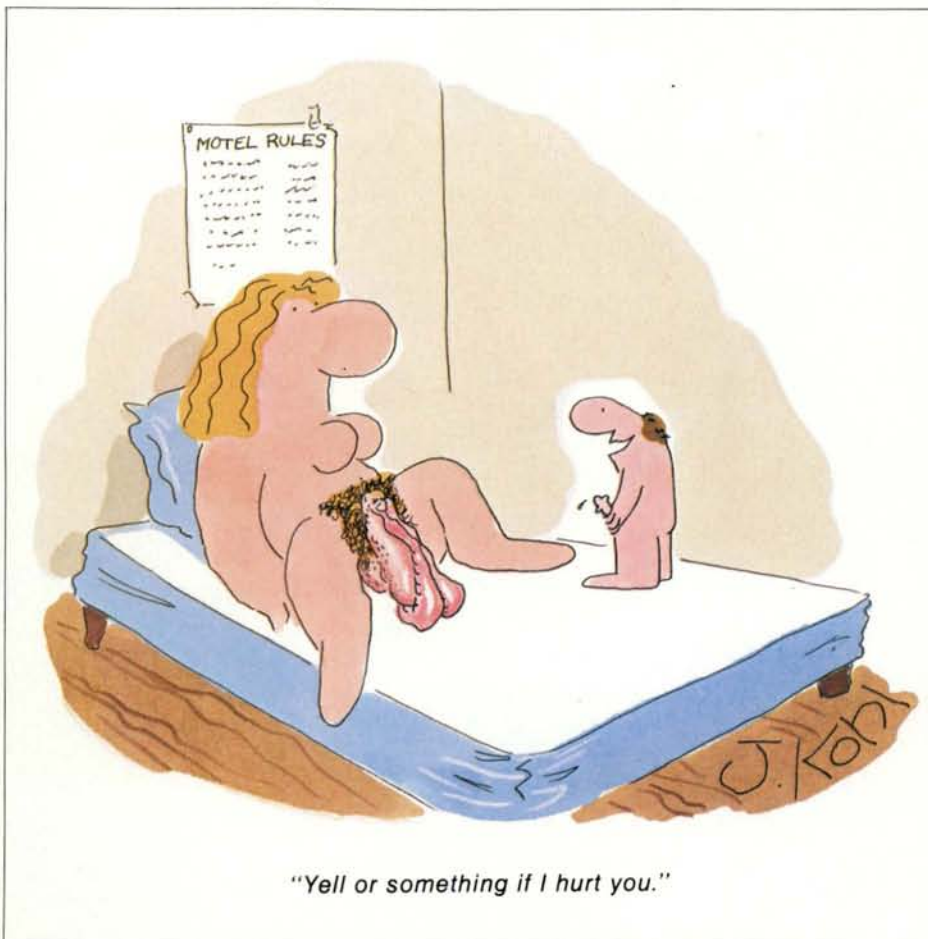
About 3:30 a.m. we decided to return to the temple to make sure it was destroyed. As we got near, we saw several fire trucks going to the fire. We followed the last one. The fire was out. We turned to walk away when this sheriff's car pulled up. A husky sergeant got out and said, "Hi, Mike." I knew him; he'd arrested me before. He asked what we were doing there, and I told him we saw fire trucks; so we stopped to look. I heard a fireman say the place smelled of gasoline.

On December 11 I was arrested, and the next day Neilson was taken in too. I admitted to the Temple City arson because I figured it would be good publicity for the party. It would let people know that the JDL was bombing our people and that we weren't gonna take it anymore.

The L.A. deputies were pretty cool. They told me they'd join the KKK if it didn't mean losing their jobs. One cop told me his buddy asked him, "What's Canale doing in here?" He said, "He bombed a Jewish temple." And the first guy said, "That's what I mean... what's he doing in here?" I figure 60% of the deputies are sympathetic to the white-power movement and just flat-out hate niggers. One told me if Hitler were alive today, we wouldn't have any problems with niggers.

Later, in court, I confronted Irv Rubin of the JDL because he was having his people call up my mom's house. They called my family "filthy white trash." They'd make filthy suggestions to my mother and sister and made filthy-

(continued on page 54)



"Yell or something if I hurt you."



# HUSTLER'S *1ST ANNUAL* CENTERFOLD CONTEST

Choosing the sweetest HUSTLER Honey of 1981 is a mighty tough job. That's why we need your help. After all, who can better judge the best centerfold than our readers? Think about it: The fate of these 12 lovely ladies is in your hands.

Here's the payoff. The top three finalists will again pose for our photographers in a special issue later this year. The winner will be featured in a brand-new centerfold. The

first runner-up will appear in a solo layout, and the second runner-up will share the spotlight with another girl or guy.

This is your chance to guide the course of sexual history. Let the ladies know how much you love 'em by casting your vote today. Just fill in the coupon below and send it to "Best Centerfold," HUSTLER Magazine, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.



**MISS JUNE:** For hungry men, no one could be more perfect than 20-year-old Rachel, a waitress from Peoria, Illinois. "I'd be out to L.A. in a minute if I won the contest," she promises, "but I'm still going to wait tables until I save enough to start my own business."

Who's the best of them all? My vote goes to:

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Month \_\_\_\_\_

And you can tell her I said so!





**MISS NOVEMBER:** Whether or not the devil made her do it, 19-year-old Samantha is an exotic dancer who succeeds in tantalizing her audience to the danger point. "But don't let my horns confuse you," she snarls. "I can be gentle. It's just I've never had any reason to!" Samantha warns, "I'd better be chosen winner, or haven't you heard of curses?"

**MISS APRIL:** Marlene, 21, is a physical consultant at a health club for men in Phoenix. One look proves she's got more than enough qualifications. On dates, Marlene dabs a little suntan oil here and there to give her that athletic, outdoorsy aroma that blends in so well with Arizona's desert climate. "I guess I've always been a showoff," Marlene explains, "and winning this contest would give me a chance to strut my stuff—HUSTLER-style."



**MISS JANUARY:**

Twenty-four-year-old airline hostess Jennifer spends more time in Paris than she does in the States, but she's assured us there'd be no problem if chosen Centerfold of the Year. "Don't worry," she says confidently. "I can have one of our pilots fly me to L.A. personally. He owes me a favor, if you know what I mean!" It's plain to see, Jennifer's a stewardess who can take a man to heaven . . . with or without an airplane.



**MISS FEBRUARY:** When this centerfold hit the stands, a lot of readers were singing "Dixie." This 19-year-old Texan is a college cheerleader named Dixie, and she says winning the contest would be her second-most exciting deed. The first? "The time I was cheerleading," she chuckles, "and forgot to wear panties!"



**MISS OCTOBER:** Another Texan, Cheryl, is a secretary who'll always work overtime for the boss. "I love men with power," Cheryl tells us, "and I don't mind a little power under their belts either." She'd love to be the winning Honey because "I could spend the money buying erotic books." Hmmm.



**MISS AUGUST:** Robin knows how to blow up a storm—on a trumpet, that is. This 20-year-old admits she's in love with big instruments, and she proves it by playing in a Kansas City band. When asked if she thought she qualified as Centerfold of the Year, Robin proclaimed, "I'm the best contestant . . . if you don't mind me blowing my own horn!"





**MISS MARCH:** Amber is a 22-year-old legal assistant from Chicago. "I saw that movie *9 to 5*," she relates, "and I hate the idea of sex at the office. It belongs at home, and that's where I hope men enjoy my pictures." Amber knows she's too hot to sit behind a typewriter all day and thinks of modeling full time in L.A. "If the readers choose me," she says, "it would be the perfect excuse to start packing!"

**MISS SEPTEMBER:** Maybe crime *does* pay . . . if you can get arrested by this officer. Eileen, 25, patrols the streets of an unnamed city, and she's always dreamed of changing from a lady in blue to a lady in pink. Frankly, we like the color combination the way it is. Says Eileen, "If I win, I'd better not show up at the Policeman's Ball!"



**MISS MAY:** Tana is the indoor type, which suits her interior-decorating career. This 25-year-old Bostonian makes sure her clients get what they want . . . sometimes. "A lot of wealthy men come on to me," Tana says, "but I like having steady boyfriends. Of course, if I win, things are gonna change!"



**MISS JULY:** Monique was a HUSTLER life-size Honey last year, and it's a sure bet she's still gracing the walls of bedrooms across America. This 21-year-old is a window designer in New Orleans, and when we told her she had a chance to be Centerfold of the Year, Monique drawled seductively, "Why, that would be more fun than Mardi Gras time!"



**MISS DECEMBER:** Inga is a 21-year-old who likes to live in the past. She buys and sells antiques around New England. "Whenever I go to a customer's house," she reveals, "I always wish a well-hung stud answers the door. Unfortunately, people who own antiques are usually antiques themselves!" Inga makes up for it by keeping a bevy of boyfriends at home in Providence, and hopes to have a lot more after the centerfold competition.





## JEW VS. NAZI

(continued from page 48)

type noise over the phone like they were masturbating. Many times they'd call and say, "This is Michael Canale calling collect from the county morgue."

We have tape recordings where him and his people have called and threatened to murder John Hart and me. We turned the tapes over to the FBI. The callers were JDL members assisted by the Israeli Mossad intelligence agents, hired to come over here and kill American citizens. That's why I'm being kept in protective custody—"high power" it's called here at the L.A. jail.

I recognized Rubin that day in court right away. You can smell a Jew before you can see him. He gave me the finger, and I called him a "filthy degenerate Jew cocksucker." He's lucky. If I'd gotten to him, I'da broke his neck.

### IRV RUBIN, Jewish Defense League Executive Director:

The incident with Michael Canale is one of those lasting memories you take to the grave. Canale is not just some juvenile delinquent running around the streets with a swastika. I'm in the courtroom audience to size up what a *real*, hard-core Nazi looks like. After the session is over, Canale gets up to walk back to the jail

and recognizes me immediately. He then takes his index finger and slashes it across his throat. I figure one good finger deserves another; so I flip him the bird. All of a sudden this rampaging horse is charging at me, and I'm saying, "Come on, come on!"

Fortunately for Canale, five sheriffs jumped on him and pinned him to the ground. I was ready to fight; I didn't care how big he was. I was infuriated that this Nazi *thing*, this *vegetable*, could say that he's going to slash *my* throat. Nobody's going to slash my throat! I'll get to them before they get to me. That's the new Jewish way of thinking.

I grew up as a Jew in Montreal, Canada, and it wasn't easy. Montreal is 80% French Catholic. Until the advent of Pope John XXIII the Catholic movement labeled Jews as Christ killers or God killers. So I saw firsthand many instances of hard-core Jew hatred.

Synagogues were desecrated and sometimes burned down. Jewish kids who strayed too far from home were roughed up. Almost on a daily basis, Jewish people heard the words "Bas les Juifs"—"Down with Jews." The Jewish community was very close and clannish. They cared very strongly about Israel and about one another.

After coming to the United States in 1960, I joined the U.S. Air Force and

worked in its intelligence section for four years. I was discharged in 1970 and joined the Jewish Defense League after hearing its founder, Rabbi Meir Kahane, speak at Cal State-Northridge, a college near Los Angeles. He said things I had really always known. You see a Nazi; you don't sit down and debate him—you physically smash his nose to his ear. When you do that, it's not showing the world you're a violent, crazy criminal nut. It's demonstrating that you will never forget what the Nazis did to our people—the murder of 6 million Jews. Rabbi Kahane awakened my pride as an individual Jew. Also, he made me aware of the struggles of oppressed Jewry, wherever in the world they may happen to be.

Today the Jewish Defense League battles for Jews in the Soviet Union, where those who declare themselves Jews in conscience and religious beliefs are cruelly persecuted. They lose their jobs and are labeled "parasites" on the Soviet system. If Russian Jews want to emigrate to Israel or the West, they are put in detention camps. They're not being physically exterminated; they're being *spiritually* exterminated.

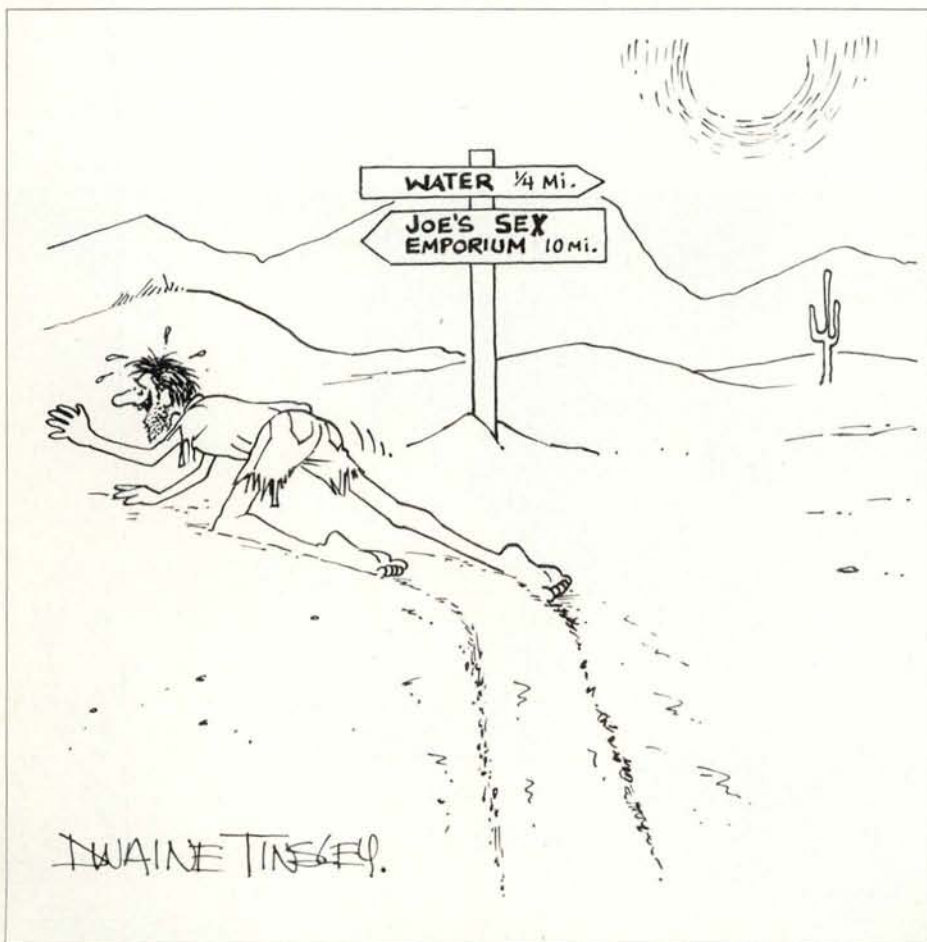
The JDL also battles for the 4,000 remaining ghetto Jews in Syria, trying to get them out even if we have to bribe Arab officials. Other major concerns are impoverished Jews in this country, street crime in the Jewish community and the totally lackluster leadership of the American Jewish establishment—groups like B'nai B'rith's Anti-Defamation League.

Most Jewish leaders will not get into the streets, like Martin Luther King did, and demonstrate against America's sending sophisticated AWACS reconnaissance planes to Saudi Arabia. They're always looking for *respectability*. They say: "Jewish people are doctors and lawyers, not fighters. Jewish people are not militant. That's for blacks and Chicanos and Indians." The Jewish Defense League says that we have to bury respectability before respectability buries us.

So whether it's a King Hussein of Jordan or Prince Fahd of Saudi Arabia or a Ku Klux Klan or Nazi leader, the JDL is in the streets—prepared to do battle on behalf of Jews. We don't look upon ourselves as a chosen representative of the Jewish community; indeed, we're a minority within a minority. But we feel the time has come to change the Jewish image, that we would much rather follow the example of the black or Chicano communities.

I've often asked myself what would happen if Nazis would go goose stepping into Watts or East L.A., as they

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"We can't go on meeting like this, Danny. These are your second teeth!"



# THE BENDECTIN CONSPIRACY:

## Birth Defects From a Legal Drug

**T**he dark-haired second-grader is as bright, active and friendly as any typical seven-year-old. Teachers at the Salsipuedes School in northern California's agricultural Pajaro Valley report his reading and writing are far above average. He dreams about becoming a truck driver like his grandfather, or a horseshoer like his father. His big brown eyes beam with pride at a trophy he won for playing in a local youth soccer league.

Marco Cordova is like most youngsters in many ways. But he is also different--tragically different. "I feel like a regular kid, which I am," he says. "It's just that I'm missing my arms."

That's not his only handicap. What would normally be the lower portions of his legs extend pitifully from his torso. He has no thighs. And his little feet are seriously deformed. Marco suffers from phocomelia, most likely the result of a teratogen--or monster-forming drug--taken by his mother during pregnancy. He is what is known in medical circles as a Bendectin child.

Seemingly unaware of his impediments, smiling warmly at a visitor to the family's small ranch, Marco uses his mouth to lift his treasured soccer trophy from a table. He nestles the statuette between his shoulders and chin as he brings it across the room, wheeling awkwardly from side to side on his shortened legs.

Because of his missing thighs, he must negotiate steps by sitting on them. He doesn't care much for his artificial arms; so he takes them to school in a suitcase and wears them only when absolutely necessary.

Marco loves to play with the various animals around the house, especially a puppy that he tenderly strokes the only way he can--with his cheeks. His room is filled with pictures of horses he has drawn himself.

"He's a lefty," his mother, Vikki, says. "He draws and writes with his left foot. Sometimes he eats with both feet."

Beginning with the 26th day of preg-

Report by  
Lee Quarnstrom

Illustration by Pat Dunn







| MATER        |    |
|--------------|----|
| R. HOYES     | 30 |
| V. LIEBERMAN | 30 |
| P. GARCIA    | 30 |
| L. THOMAS    | 30 |
| T. REYNOLDS  | 30 |

A.M. SHIFT  
ALL FORMULA  
BOTTLES ARE  
TO BE STERILIZED  
BY END OF  
SHIFT -  
V. WELSH



nancy, Vikki Cordova's doctor had prescribed Bendectin to prevent nausea associated with morning sickness. Perhaps one out of every four pregnant women in America routinely uses the substance. But like thousands of others who have taken Bendectin, Mrs. Cordova was one of the unlucky ones.

Her seven years of anguish, despair and later outrage began when Marco was born and doctors suggested she refrain from looking at the deformed infant. They said to forget she had ever given birth to him. They warned he would never walk, and recommended he be institutionalized. Instead, Vikki and her husband, Joe, persevered.

The story of Marco and his parents is one of deep courage and great determination. It is also one of many sickening examples of a dark and ugly story that includes a major drug company's possible misrepresentation in its quest for profits; widespread medical ignorance; and a federal agency's laxity or, as some suggest, deliberate dereliction of duty.

Above all, it is a story of many innocent youngsters like Marco Cordova, some with misshapen limbs, still more with heart defects—whose mothers took Bendectin during the initial three months of pregnancy.

Along with many other parents of

Bendectin children, the Cordovas have filed suit against Merrell Dow Pharmaceuticals Inc. of Cincinnati, Ohio, which manufactures the controversial drug. Their attorney is but one of several who are representing scores of families with lawsuits against the company. Among them is Melvin Belli, whose law firm claims to have at least 100 potential cases against Merrell Dow.

"They are as criminally responsible for what happened to my daughter's hand as if they broke in here with a sledgehammer and maimed her," contends one aroused litigant.

For the record, Merrell Dow is the latest incarnation of the corporation that distributed Thalidomide, the most infamous teratogen of all. Who can ever forget the heartbreaking photographs of 20 years ago showing Thalidomide babies with flippers instead of arms?

Then known as Richardson-Merrell Inc., the company dispensed Thalidomide samples to doctors in this country even though the sleeping potion had never been tested to determine whether it might cause birth defects. The sale of Thalidomide was never approved in the United States, but physicians gave the samples to pregnant women before it was discovered that the drug was a teratogen. The firm continued to give

doctors Thalidomide samples even after it learned, in late 1961, that the substance had been taken off store shelves in West Germany because it was suspected of causing serious birth defects.

A researcher at the U.S. Food and Drug Administration (FDA) eventually convinced superiors to stop Richardson-Merrell from distributing the drug in the U.S. Ironically, in a lawsuit involving Thalidomide, it was learned that a medical-journal article defending the drug was written by Dr. Raymond Pogge, the Richardson-Merrell researcher who invented Bendectin.

Marco Cordova wasn't the only deformed child in his lower-middle-class household. His 14-year-old brother, Tony, hobbled around on severe clubfeet and legs before undergoing corrective surgery. Until several years ago Mrs. Cordova—who also took Bendectin when pregnant with Tony—never suspected any link between her morning-sickness prescription and her elder son's deformities. Now, in her role as a health educator for the March of Dimes, she tells local schoolchildren about the evils of the drug at every opportunity.

"I warn them so they'll go home and warn their sisters and mothers," Mrs. Cordova says. "I also warn pregnant women. I tell them to eat soda crackers when they feel nauseous. And I tell them that the 21st through the 35th days of pregnancy are the most critical because that's when the arms and the legs and the heart develop."

She and her children have appeared on television several times, hoping such exposure will alert thousands of other American parents who don't realize the possible connection between crippled bodies and Bendectin.

Fortunately for Vikki Cordova, she is not alone in her fight against the alleged monster-forming drug. Six years ago Betty Mekdeci was horrified when her son, David, was born in Orlando, Florida, with a deformed arm and a caved-in chest. There is no doubt in her mind that these abnormalities were caused by the Bendectin pills she swallowed during pregnancy. To unite other Bendectin parents as an effective lobbying force, she has organized the Association of Bendectin Children (3201 E. Lake Ave., Orlando, FL 32806).

Mrs. Mekdeci was also the first American with enough guts to take Merrell to court. During the trial of her lawsuit against the pharmaceutical firm a secret internal Merrell document came to light, a memo that Bendectin opponents insist points to the company's total irresponsibility. They are convinced



"Sorry, he's busy just now. Leave your name and bribe, and the congressman will get back to you."





"Pretty slow today, huh, boy?"



that Merrell officials have known for many years that Bendectin is at least a mild teratogen.

Dated September 11, 1963, "Teratogenicity Test Results of Bendectin in the Pregnant Rabbit" was written by Merrell researcher R. E. Staples. Among his disturbing conclusions were:

"1. Malformations were seen following oral administration of Bendectin to does [female rabbits] from the 8th through the 15th day of gestation....

"2. Two abortions as well as a slight increase in the incidence of intrauterine deaths and [sucked-up] fetuses were also noted after Bendectin administration.

"3. To evaluate the biological importance of the changes noted, further experimentation is necessary."

Despite the test results and the warning from one of its own scientists, Merrell has continued to peddle the drug for a quarter of a century. It has been prescribed to millions of unsuspecting women around the world.

The company responds with other studies that contend Bendectin is safe, is not a teratogen and cannot be blamed for deformities in children like Marco Cordova. Bendectin families and their lawyers remain unconvinced. They recall the firm's defense of Thalidomide.

And they also recall MER 29, or Triparanol, a drug marketed by Merrell

that was supposed to control the amount of cholesterol in the bloodstream. When some people taking MER 29 began complaining of nausea, loss of hair, painful skin rashes and even eye cataracts, company officials expressed surprise. Even after Merrell received numerous complaints, officials took no action, insisting they had insufficient data to indicate any serious side effects of the drug.

The deliberate corporate cover-up ended when a Merrell lab technician revealed she had been ordered by her superior to falsify records on MER 29 research. FDA inspectors discovered reports in Merrell's files indicating that executives had known all along that MER 29 caused serious side effects. But that hadn't stopped them from marketing the drug. The company and three officials eventually pleaded no contest and were fined \$80,000.

Betty Mekdeci has not been as successful in her legal battle against Bendectin's manufacturers. Jurors heard conflicting testimony during a 1980 trial in an Orlando courtroom. William G. McBride, an Australian obstetrician testified that Bendectin is a "low-grade teratogen" and that it causes birth defects in approximately one out of every 100 fetuses exposed to the drug. (This, by the way, would mean that up to 3,000 deformed children are born in the U.S.

every year because their mothers took Bendectin.) Yet Dr. Widukind Lenz of West Germany declared that Bendectin does not cause birth defects.

The jury decided that Bendectin had, indeed, contributed to the deformities of Betty Mekdeci's son. But the jurors awarded the Mekdecis only \$20,000 as compensation for the boy's medical bills. Ruling that such a small award of damages was inconsistent with the verdict, Judge Walter E. Hoffman ordered a new trial.

In April 1981 a battery of high-priced attorneys convinced the second jury that Bendectin may not have been the cause of David's birth defects. The stunned Mekdeci family appealed the decision.

Bendectin was approved for use by the FDA in 1956, and soon became available in the United States and several other nations. Here it was known as Bendectin; abroad it was sometimes marketed as Debendox, Lenotan or Merbental.

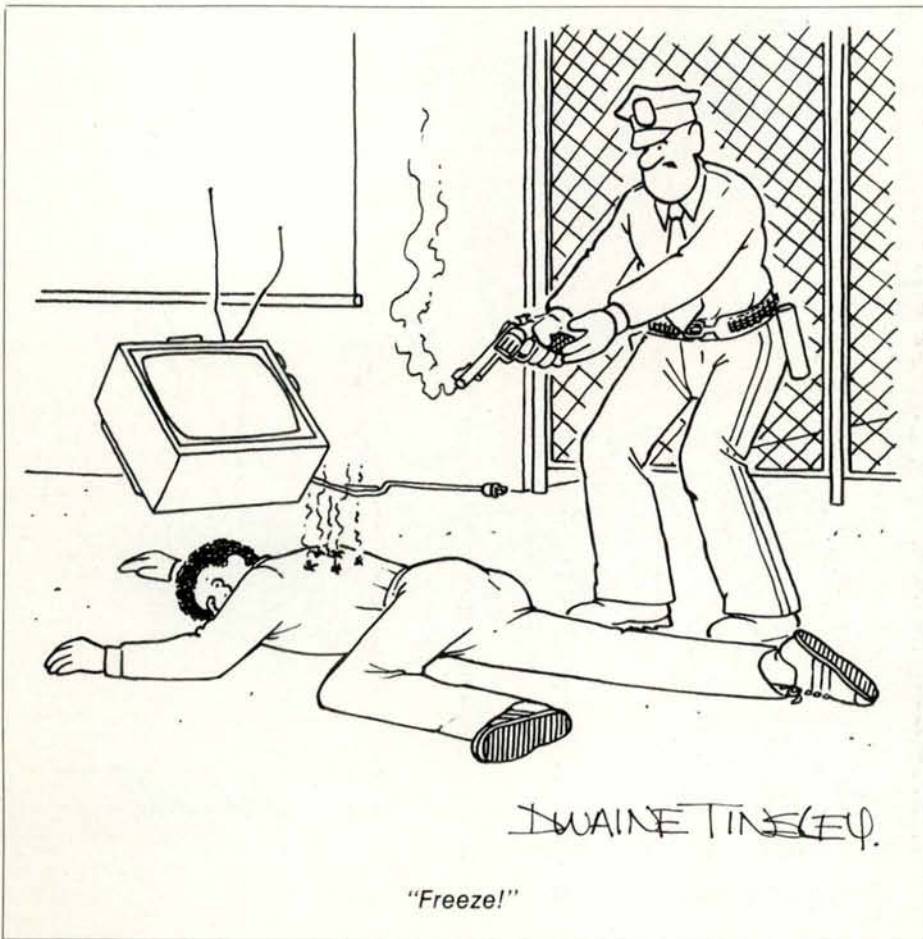
Bendectin originally sold in this country contained three ingredients: dicyclomine hydrochloride, an antispasmodic for the gastrointestinal tract; doxylamine succinate, an antihistamine said to have antinauseant and antiemetic qualities; and pyridoxine hydrochloride, or vitamin B<sub>6</sub>, also said to be an antinauseant. (Vicki Cordova and Betty Mekdeci had taken the three-ingredient form of the drug.)

In 1976 the FDA asked Merrell to eliminate dicyclomine hydrochloride from Bendectin. The federal agency said it had found the substance was not "efficacious"; in other words, it didn't seem to play any part in preventing nausea in pregnant women. Drug companies are supposed to recall products when the FDA requests formula changes, but this never happened with Bendectin.

"Merrell managed to bend the regulations," Mrs. Mekdeci asserts. "The three-part drug stayed on the market for a number of years and may still be on the market." In fact, the old, three-ingredient formula is currently being sold abroad.

Mrs. Mekdeci says that a 1980 Australian study categorically concluded that dicyclomine hydrochloride causes birth defects. She also notes that an over-the-counter drug—Unisom—contains another of the three Bendectin ingredients, doxylamine succinate. Unisom comes with a warning that it should not be taken by pregnant women. Other medications, including Vicks Formula 44, also contain doxylamine succinate, but have no warning to expectant mothers.

(continued on page 130)





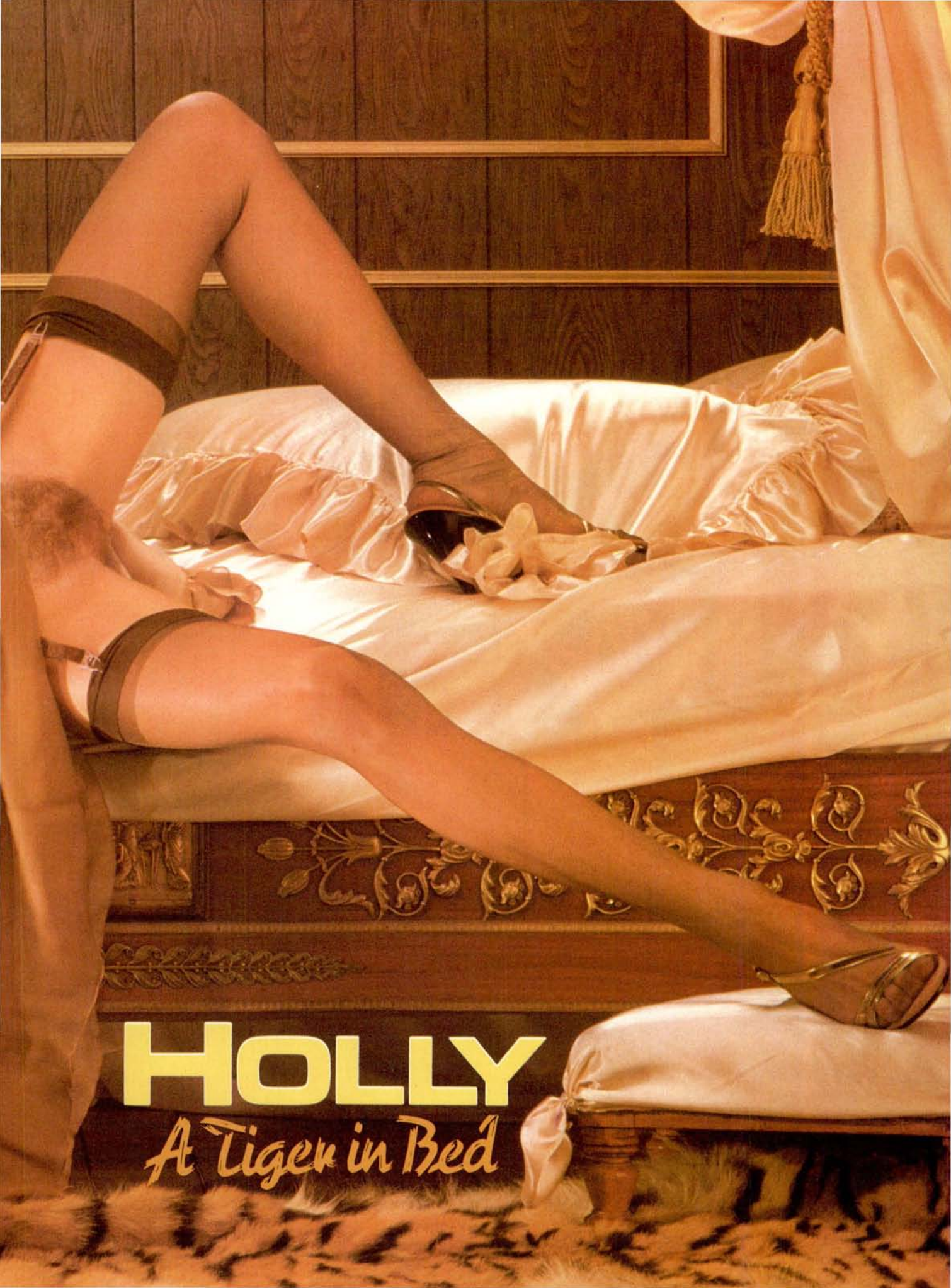


"So tell me. Was that guy as huge as everyone says?!"







A woman is lying on her back on a bed with white, ruffled linens. She is wearing a black bikini and black high-heeled sandals. Her legs are spread wide, and her arms are resting on her thighs. The bed has a dark wood headboard and footboard with ornate carvings. A tiger-print rug is on the floor. The background wall is dark wood paneling. The overall lighting is warm and intimate.

# HOLLY

*A Tiger in Bed*







"I always flaunt myself when a man comes into a room," admits hairstylist Holly. "Whether I realize it or not, I start teasing. It gets me into a lot of trouble, but it's paid off a few times too!" Holly is always on the move, and says nothing feels better than when she's at the controls of a small plane during flying lessons. After work hours, Holly also studies ballet and even lifts weights.

Does she ever settle down and rest? "Never," replies Holly, "especially when I find that chemical reaction with a man. You'll find me hugging and kissing him all over, preferably with some good ol' rock 'n' roll music in the background." When she gets her pilot's license, Holly would like to fly a plane all the way to Australia. We have a feeling that people will be following her tail for a long time.









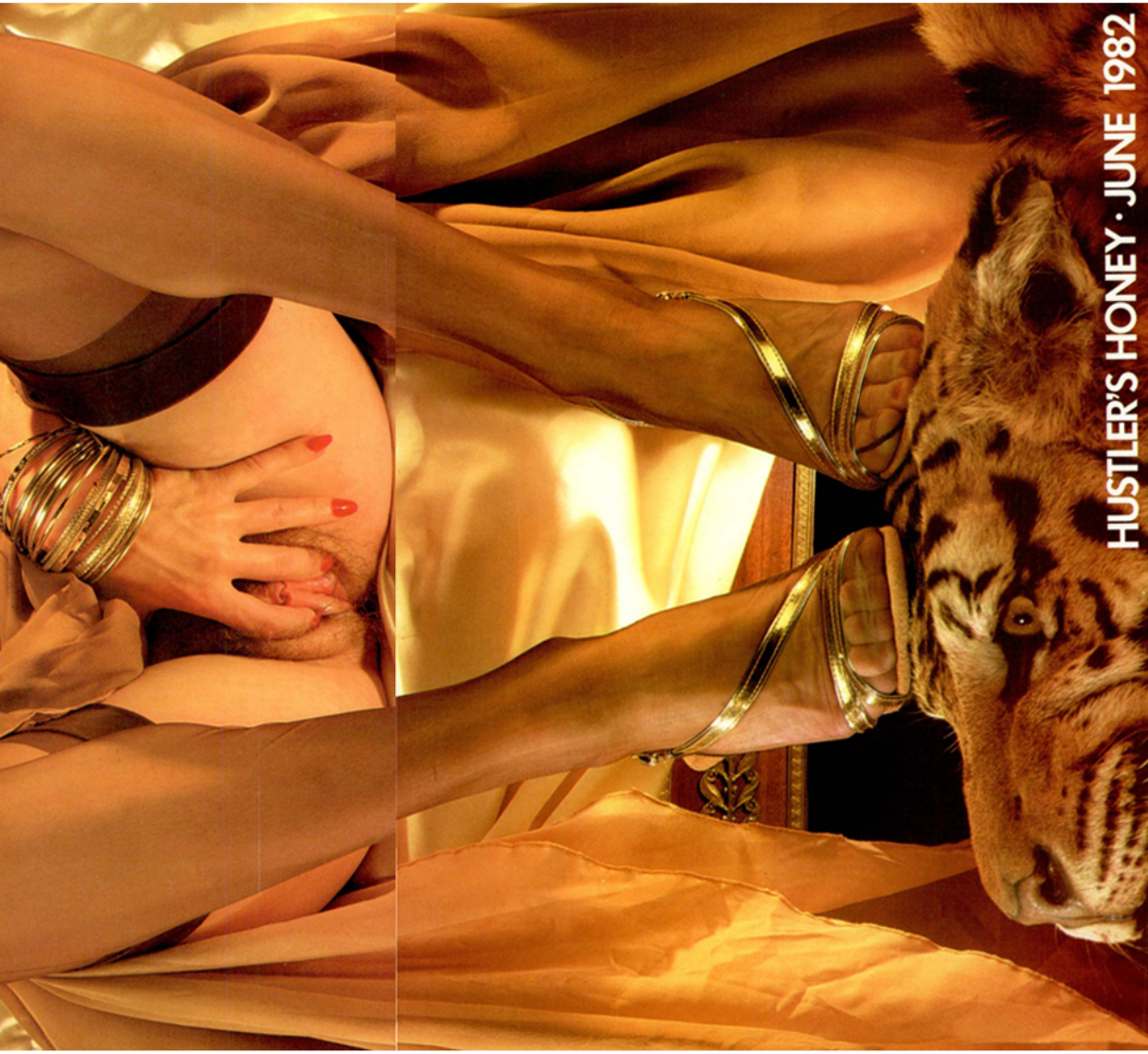






Conquer me and  
I shall obey  
Holly





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**T**he homely young woman snuggled up to her date in his car and cooed, "I'm so happy, Jim. I've always felt I was terribly ugly. No one ever asked me out before you."

"Don't be silly," the fellow said as he pulled into a liquor store's parking lot. "Hang on. I'm gonna get some beer."

"Oh, I thought we were going out to dinner," the girl said.

"We are," her date answered, "but I think I'll be needing the paper bag for later."

Two little girls were playing dress-up in their mothers' clothes. After getting all decked out in heels, hats, jewelry and makeup, they decided to take a walk and pretend to be grownups. They strolled to the neighborhood drugstore and climbed up on stools at the soda fountain.

"Good afternoon, ladies," said the druggist, playing along with them. "What'll you have?"

"Oh, dear, it's so hot," mimicked one girl. "I'll have a root-beer float."

The other girl thought for a moment and then said, "I'll have a douche. Mother says they're so refreshing."

**Question:** How can you tell if you eat pussy well?  
**Answer:** When you wake up, your face feels like a glazed doughnut.

An FBI agent was down in the dumps over his exile to Butte, Montana, the bureau's equivalent of Siberia. Consoling him, a fellow agent asked why he had been transferred.

"You know that gay-rights leader I was supposed to tail at a rally?" the first agent asked.

"Yeah, what of it?" the other agent muttered.

"Well," the exiled agent responded, "I blew my assignment!"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *protein* as: a hooker under 20.

The drunk sat at the bar with three dark-brown pellets in his hand. The bartender asked what they were, and the drunk said, "These are smart pills. They make you smart as hell."

So the bartender said, "Let me have one," and he downed it with water. A few minutes later he remarked, "I don't feel any smarter."

The drunk said, "Have another." Which the barkeep did. Eventually, chewing on the third one, the bartender complained, "Hey, this tastes like shit."

The drunk replied, "See, they're starting to work!"

The young couple went to a marriage counselor because of their unsatisfactory sex life. "Your problem is quite common and easy to remedy," the counselor said. "The two of you are simply not communicating. You've got to let each other know what you like and what you don't like. Talk to each other!"

The couple promised to try. That night, as they lay in bed, the man faced his wife and blurted out, "Honey, have you ever been fucked in the ass?"

She quickly retorted, "Dear, have *you* ever been kicked in the nuts?!"

One night a Marine sergeant fucked an aging hooker. Later, when he was dressing, the woman noticed a chestful of medals on the Leatherneck's coat. "What's that for?" she asked, pointing to a particular medal.

"Gunnery," the Marine said proudly.

"Gonorrhea?" she cried. "I've had gonorrhea for years, and nobody gave me a medal!"

A man who had been suffering from constipation entered a public restroom, put his dime in the slot and sat down for half an hour of grunting and straining. After a while he heard someone enter the lavatory and fumble for a dime. Almost immediately he heard the loud sounds of healthy crapping. "I sure wish that was me!" the constipated fellow murmured.

"I wish it was you too," came back a disgusted voice. "I haven't got my fucking pants down yet!"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *seedless fruit* as: a fag who's had a vasectomy.

A hip, bearded young reverend was talking to an elderly parish clergy-

man about his recent marriage.

"I've heard your new bride is very well bred and polite," said the old minister.

"Oh, yes, she is," the young man responded. "She'll be a welcome addition to the church."

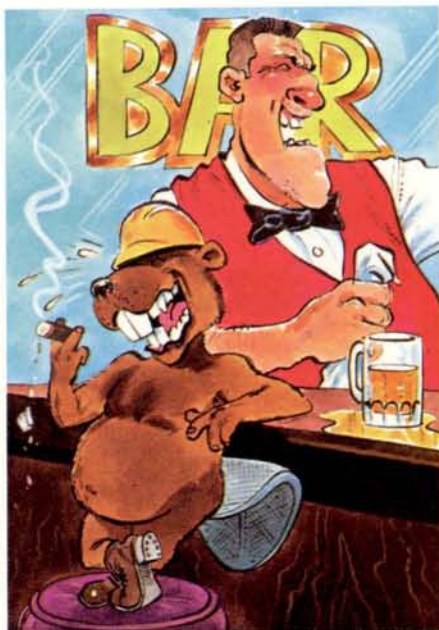
"I think so, Reverend. She doesn't drink or smoke and is a very good cook," the newlywed added.

"But does she use profanity?" the old man asked.

"Only when I come in her mouth," the young clergyman replied.

*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.* 🐾

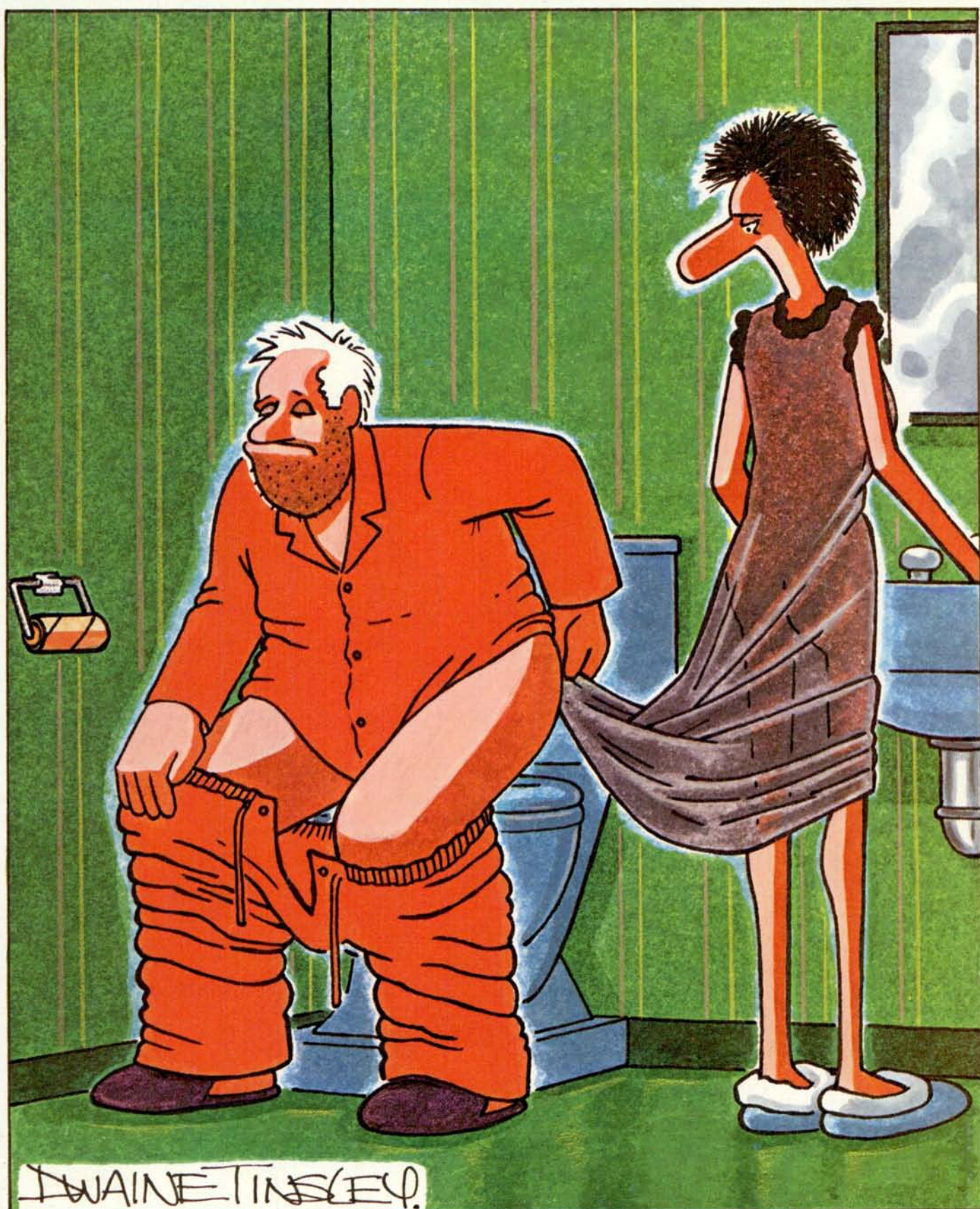
## HUSTLER HUMOR



...and if you think  
that's funny...



# CHESTER & HESTER



DWAYNE TINSLEY





Illustration by John Andrews

\$49



# SHOPPING FOR MURDER

"Sergeant Hurley, will you please talk to this... this woman? Please!"

Detective Sergeant John Hurley froze in his tracks, shoulders slumping forward in

resignation, having failed to make good his escape from the radio room with its blaring phones and winking lights. The angry reply he'd devised was suddenly bitten back when

**FICTION BY D.S. BRADFORD**

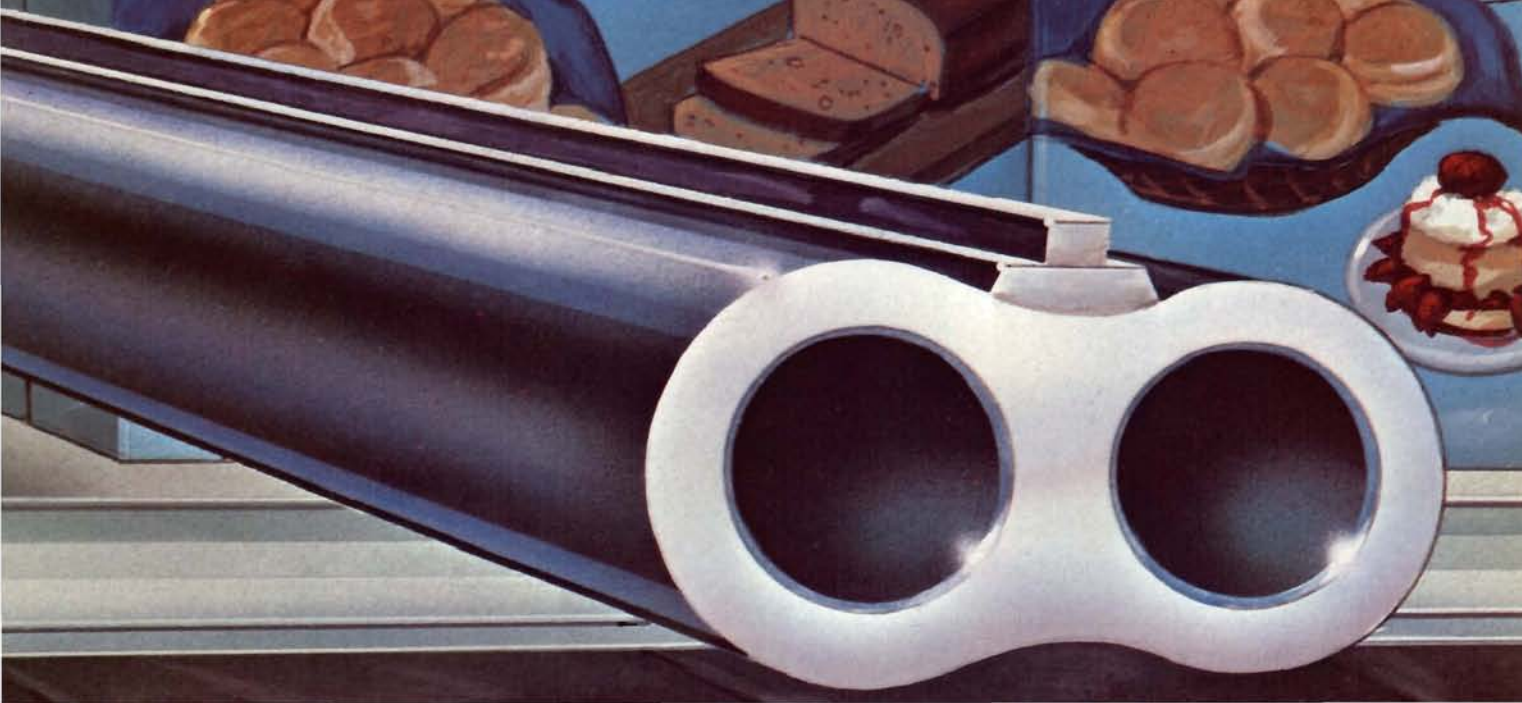
"JIFFY"

*baking mix*



"JIF

*baking m*





he saw the wild look on dispatcher Kathy Green's face—a pleading combination of frustration and near-insanity. He couldn't help sympathizing with his frenzied co-worker.

Running his fingers through his rebellious brown hair, Hurley sighed, moved his hulking form to the nearest extension and picked up the receiver. Behind him, Bill Rollman, the newest member of the detective division, picked up another extension and listened in on the call along with the harried young dispatcher.

"This is Sergeant Hurley," he said calmly. "Can I help you?"

A cultivated voice informed him, "I am Mrs. Robert Clerey of 442 West Oak. I want you to send an officer to my residence *immediately*."

"No, ma'am, I will not." Hurley's voice was firm. There was a gasp at the other end of the line, but he didn't give the woman an opportunity to protest. "In order to protect our officers, Mrs. Clerey, we must know the nature of the problem before we respond to any call."

"Very well. A few moments ago I went into the garage to do some laundry, and... there is a *raccoon* in my washing machine! An ugly, savage thing, hissing and snarling at me. I want it removed at once!"

"Your problem isn't police-related," Hurley told her. "It's not a crime for a raccoon to be in your washer. I suggest you contact the animal-control officer." He looked around at the others, who could barely smother their laughter, and calmly continued. "He'll be on duty at eight in the morning."

"But I can't *possibly* wait that long!" the caller protested. "The creature appears to be *nesting*."

By now Hurley had lost his patience. Kathy Green could read it on his face, and shot him a warning glance—but it was too late. "I have an idea you could try," he told Mrs. Clerey politely. "Sneak out to the garage, slam the lid down on the washer and hold it tight so the raccoon can't get out. Then run him through the permanent-press cycle three times. *That* should discourage the little fucker from setting up house there!"

The astonished silence at the other end of the line was nearly tangible. It seemed to last for hours, ending with a loud click as the receiver was slammed down viciously. Hurley hung up and clapped his hand to his ear in mock pain, as Rollman howled with laughter and Kathy moaned.

"John, you'll hear about that one from the chief in the morning," Rollman assured him.

"Probably," Hurley conceded. "This must be a granola night—right, Kathy?" The dispatcher consulted her Zodiac calendar and nodded. Hurley shook his head and sighed. "Heaven help us!" he exclaimed as he headed for the door.

Rollman followed, looking back at the girl. "I don't want to sound dumb," he confided, "but what's a granola night?"

"Full moon," Kathy explained, pointing at the calendar, which indicated the lunar cycles. "It brings out all the fruits and flakes and nuts."

Rollman laughed again and chased after Hurley.

In the parking lot they found Doug Muller, who was Hurley's partner. He was leaning against their unmarked car, puffing on his usual evil-smelling cigar and gazing up at the bright, moonlit sky. "Who's your shadow, Sherlock?" he asked, jabbing the glowing red eye of the cigar in Rollman's direction.

"F. N. G.," Hurley replied. "Reece says we got to show him the ropes."

Muller grunted and introduced himself. "What for do you want to be a detective, kid?"

"Maybe so I can decode all these strange words and phrases you guys use to communicate," Rollman told him. "What's an F. N. G.?"

Hurley and Muller glanced at each other in mock despair. "Fuckin' New Guy!" they exclaimed in unison while sliding into the front seat of the car.

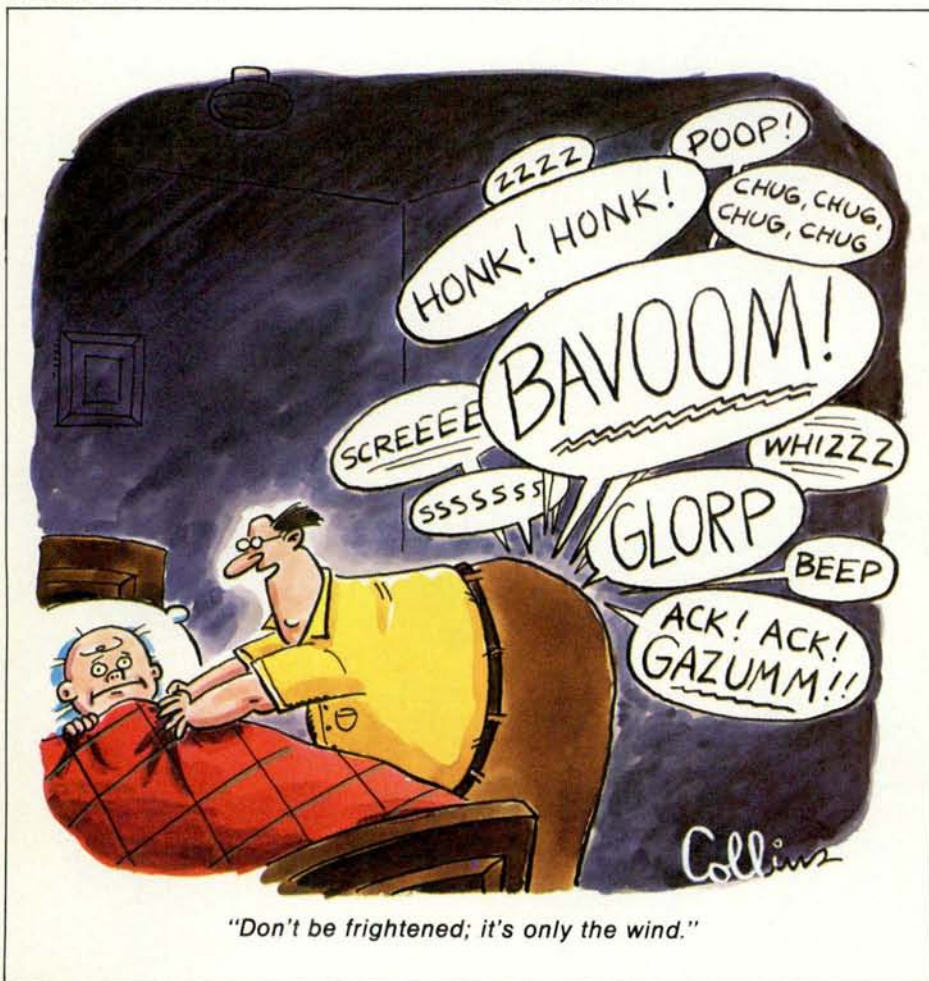
Muller looked at Rollman over the back of the seat. "It is painfully obvious that your upbringing has been severely neglected, my lad. Pay attention. You'll get a real education tonight!"

Their ride ended abruptly in a gravel parking lot next to a sagging old building with peeling paint. A dirt-speckled neon sign out front announced their arrival at "GRADY'S." It glowed with the same ominous color as the tip of Muller's cigar. The inside of the place looked as bleak as the outside and smelled of old beer, older urine and musty pool tables.

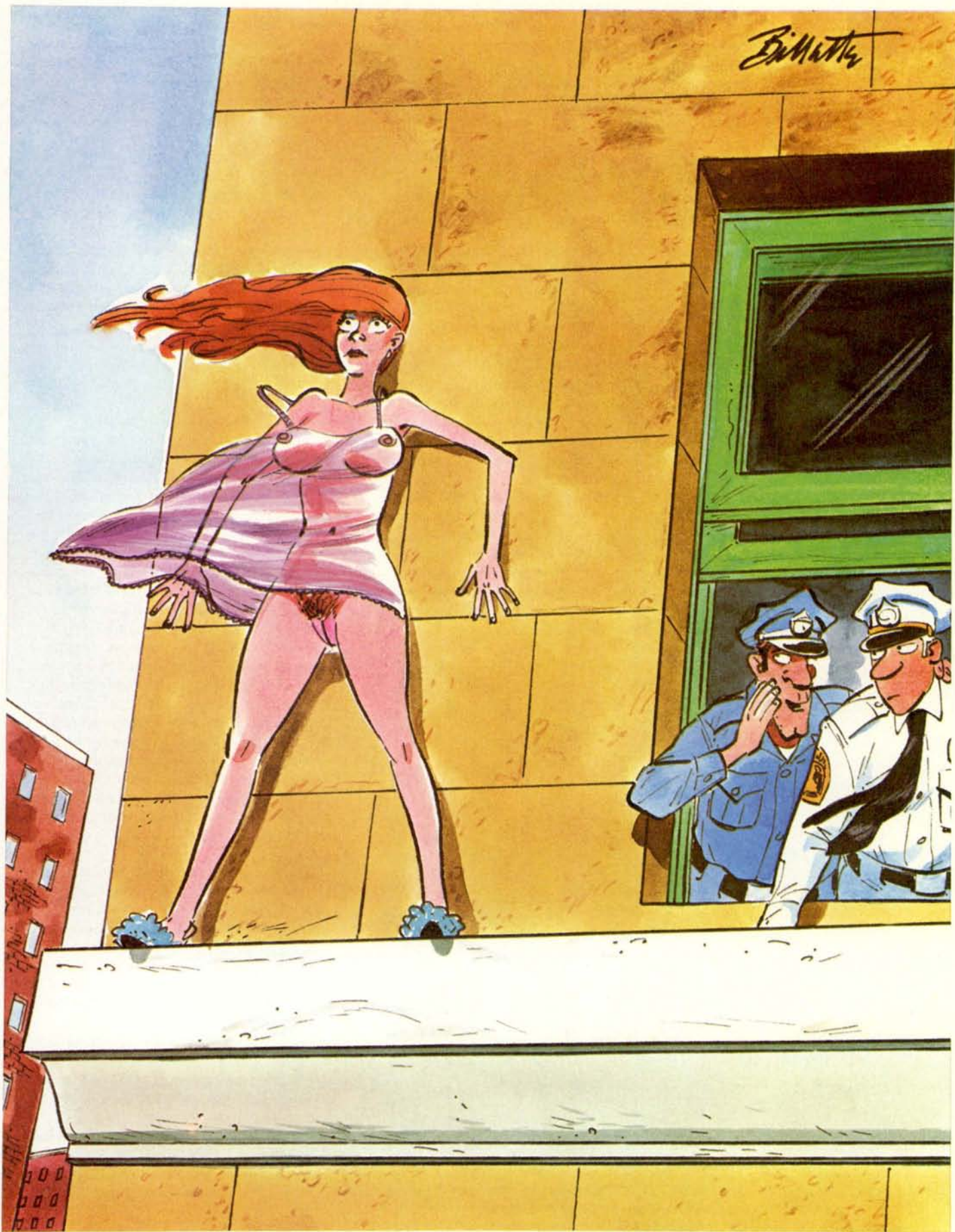
"Hello, Stork," Hurley said as he perched himself gingerly on a bar stool. Rollman looked across the bar, and nearly missed the incredibly wrinkled little man whose head barely cleared the top of the heavy oak counter.

The Stork flashed a toothy grin. "Whaddaya say, John? You guys want a beer?"

Hurley rewarded his suggestion with a friendly wink. "Sure!" They each took a seat. Rollman sat between the two veteran detectives and leaned over to tell Hurley confidentially, "I thought we weren't supposed to drink on duty."







"She says she wants to jump, Sarge ... Psst, when the wind blows, you can see her pussy!"



According to Captain Reece, that's against department policy."

"Reece!" Hurley snorted the word as if it were a curse. "Our fearless Chief of Detectives. He can take his department policy, one page at a time, set fire to it and shove it up his ass. We don't pay much attention to that shit."

"And we get away with it too," Muller declared, "because we get results. We clear cases, in spite of Reece and his rule book." The two older cops took long pulls at their beers.

Rollman pushed his across the bar toward the Stork. "Could I have another, please?" he inquired. "This one has a little too much head on it."

Muller burst out laughing. "Hell, boy! A good cop *never* complains about too much head. Complain about sharp teeth if you have to, but never about too much head—on *anything*." But the bartender good-naturedly gave Rollman another beer, and the three officers sat drinking for half an hour or so. Suddenly a thought came to Muller, and he turned to his partner. "What the hell we doin' here tonight, John?"

"Waitin' for a phone call," Hurley explained. As if he'd spoken the magic words, the pay phone at the back of the room began to ring, and he ran to answer it. After a few minutes of hurried conversation he returned, threw some

bills on the bar and headed for the door. Within seconds all three men were in the car, weaving through the night traffic again with Hurley at the wheel.

"Another call from the mysterious informant?" Muller asked.

Hurley nodded, then spoke to Rollman over his shoulder. "Look here, kid—we're after the Ski-Mask Bandits. You know about them?"

"Sure! They've been on the front page of the papers for the past couple of months."

"Well, they seem to have a hard-on for the Majik Market grocery chain," Hurley noted. "They've hit nine stores in the last seven weeks. There's at least four in the gang, and they all wear dark windbreakers and ski masks, just like the papers say. Until now we haven't had any leads at all. We don't even know how they get *into* the stores—they're just all of a sudden inside. So we're gonna have to watch from *outside*, instead of from the stockroom like we would ordinarily."

"Not only have they managed to get away with a pretty hefty chunk of change each time," Muller added, "but they've also killed three people—one of them an off-duty police officer—and wounded four more. These creeps are shooters! They *like* it. Maybe they get their rocks off that way..."

"Which makes them dangerous as hell," Hurley warned the rookie detective. "They'll shoot anyone, just for the fun of it. So if we corner these guys tonight, you watch yourself."

"Bet your ass I will!" Rollman assured him. "Who's providing you with information?"

"I don't know," Hurley said. "Just a voice over the phone... disguised... and the caller only talks to me. This is the third time she's given me a tip on these ski-mask people. The first time, I thought it was a crank call; I didn't really take it seriously. The second time, I received the information too late. By the time I got across town, they had already hit the store. Maybe we'll be lucky tonight."

"Yeah. And maybe we're being sucked into something too," Muller shrugged.

"Could be," Hurley admitted.

"Is it really safe to trust an informant so much?" asked Rollman. "Seems like a dangerous thing for them to do—rat on someone. Dangerous for *us* too."

"We couldn't function without informants," Hurley assured him. "They give us 70% of our tips about what goes on in this town. And don't believe that shit about 'honor among thieves,' because there *ain't* any. These people squeal on each other all the time, for all sorts of reasons: money, revenge or maybe a chance for a lighter sentence on some case of their own. Hell, sometimes they fink on *themselves*. It's true! Some of them have this thing about *wanting* to be caught. For others, maybe it's just the excitement, the thrill of cheating death. It's all screwed up, let's face it. So we just take what we can get and do the best we can—and hope someone isn't double-crossing us."

For 2½ hours the three detectives sat in the parking lot of the Majik Market. Hurley had found a good spot for their unmarked car—out of the light and among several other vehicles, but close enough to observe the all-night grocery. Hurley and Muller alternated between watching people entering and leaving the store and jotting down the license numbers of cars driven by good-looking women.

"That one reminds me of Leah," Muller said with a wink. "How is she, by the way?"

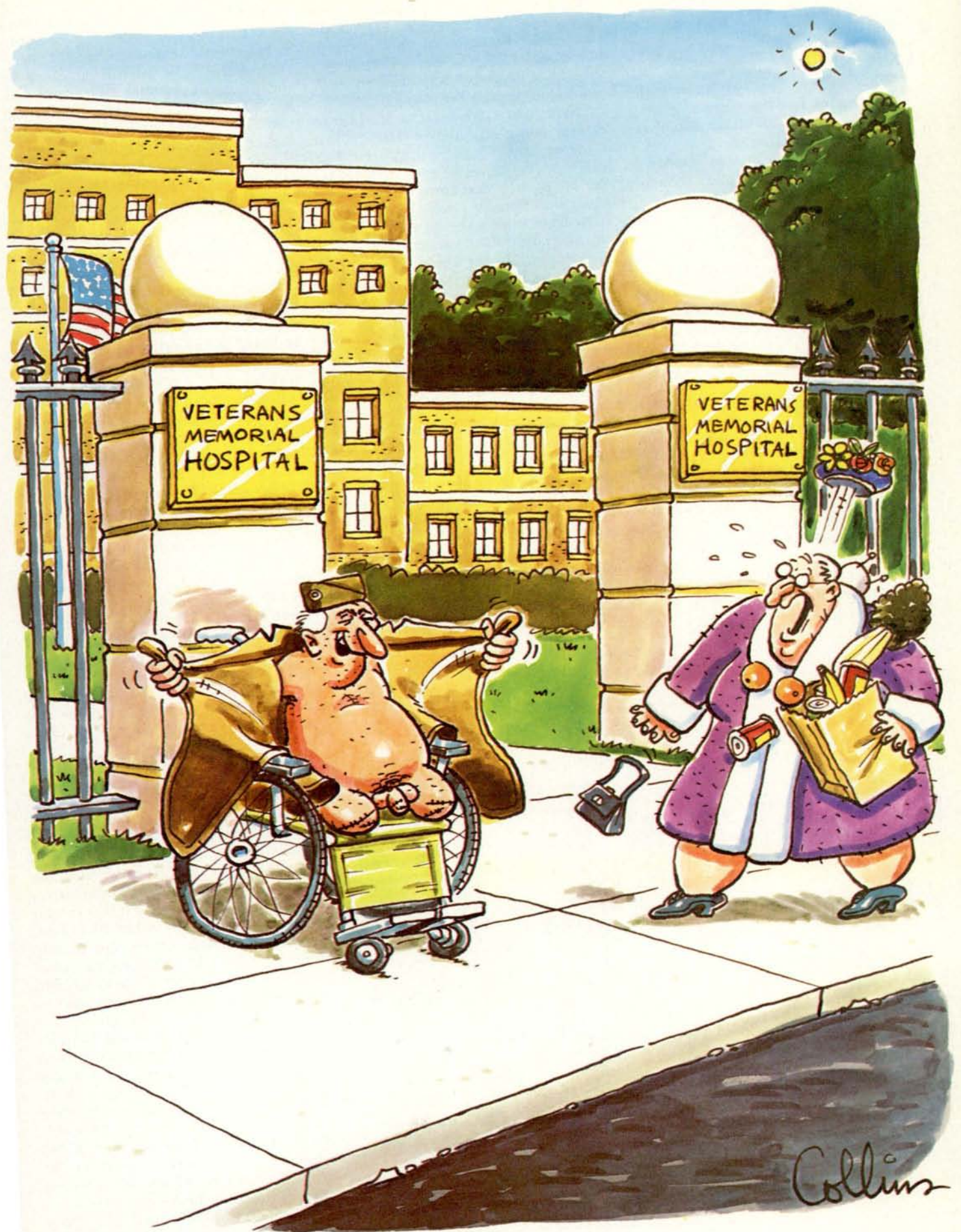
"Don't know," Hurley smiled ruefully. "Haven't seen much of her lately. She's been working a lot, getting ready for some big fashion show at the Apparel Mart."

"Leah is John's girlfriend, if you haven't guessed," Muller said to Rollman. "She's a model." His hands de-



"A South Side woman was robbed at gunpoint today. She was ordered to remove her blouse and lacy see-through bra, revealing her pert, pink nipples. Her hand traced its way to her moist crotch... For further details, tune in at 11."







scribed a series of curves in the air. "An incredible body!"

Hurley sighed. As if to forget, he asked Muller, "How are Nancy and the kids?"

"Fine. They want to know when you're coming to dinner again."

"Pretty soon. Can't take too many more of those TV dinners."

Another half-hour passed, mostly in bored silence, before Muller suddenly straightened and leaned forward.

"See something, Doug?" Hurley asked.

"Maybe. I'm not sure. Let's wait a bit," said the veteran cop. Another minute passed, then five—until Muller produced a pair of binoculars and focused them on the store. "I think something's going on in there." He passed the glasses over to Hurley. "Take a look at the manager..."

Hurley looked. "He's acting a little strange. Let's check it out. Get us a backup."

Muller made a hurried radio call before he and Hurley took 12-gauge pump shotguns from behind the front seat and made their way across the parking lot toward the store, with Rollman following. They had nearly reached the sidewalk when the world came apart around them.

From out of the shadowy parking lot a car screeched forward, scattering them

like bowling pins as it barely missed them, and smashed into one of the heavy plate-glass windows of the store. A black-masked figure emerged from the vehicle, a large-caliber pistol in each hand, and opened fire.

Diving over the hood of another car to escape being run down, Hurley lost track of Muller and Rollman. He was too busy just trying to stay alive, dodging heavy slugs that caromed off the asphalt near him or crashed into parked cars. Executing a diving roll, he came up behind another car, cursing at the long gash in his best slacks. He snapped off a round from the shotgun, peppering the suspects' car and the storefront.

Another black-masked figure appeared at the broken window of the store, cradling a submachine gun. A ripping burp of fire and sound sent bullets screaming across the lot. People in and out of the store screamed and dived for cover, windshields shattered and exploded, shots rang out from several other directions, and cans and boxes exploded on the store shelves.

The driver of the getaway car extracted the crumpled vehicle from the storefront with a squeal of tires and a screech of twisted metal, while two more masked bandits ran from the premises, carrying bags and firing automatic weapons.

Hurley sent several shots after them, shattering more windows with buckshot. A bullet from somewhere caught one of the robbers, who pitched facedown on the pavement. Another blast from a submachine gun made Hurley duck, and the car he used as cover jerked and rocked to the impact of the slugs.

More shots erupted... someone cried out in pain... running feet crunched through broken glass... at last the getaway car tore through the lot and onto the street, leaving behind shattered windows, blood, empty shell casings, and the acrid stench of gunpowder.

Hurley emerged slowly from behind the car, while terrified civilians gathered to point and stare. Already sirens could be heard in the distance, as well as the moaning of several bystanders who had been just a little too slow finding cover.

Rollman popped up from behind another car—shaking, sweating and pale, a smoking pistol gripped in both hands. He and Hurley spotted Muller at the same time and ran to where the detective lay sprawled unconscious on the asphalt, one shoe off, the front of his shirt soaked in blood.

The area was suddenly flooded with uniformed officers; the flashing lights of their squad cars illuminated the parking lot like some psychedelic disco. Hurley knelt over Muller until the paramedics arrived, when he reluctantly backed away. Rollman stood beside him, ash-white but unharmed.

"Son of a bitch!" the younger man gasped. "Son of a bitch! I've never seen *anything* like that. It was like... like a battlefield!"

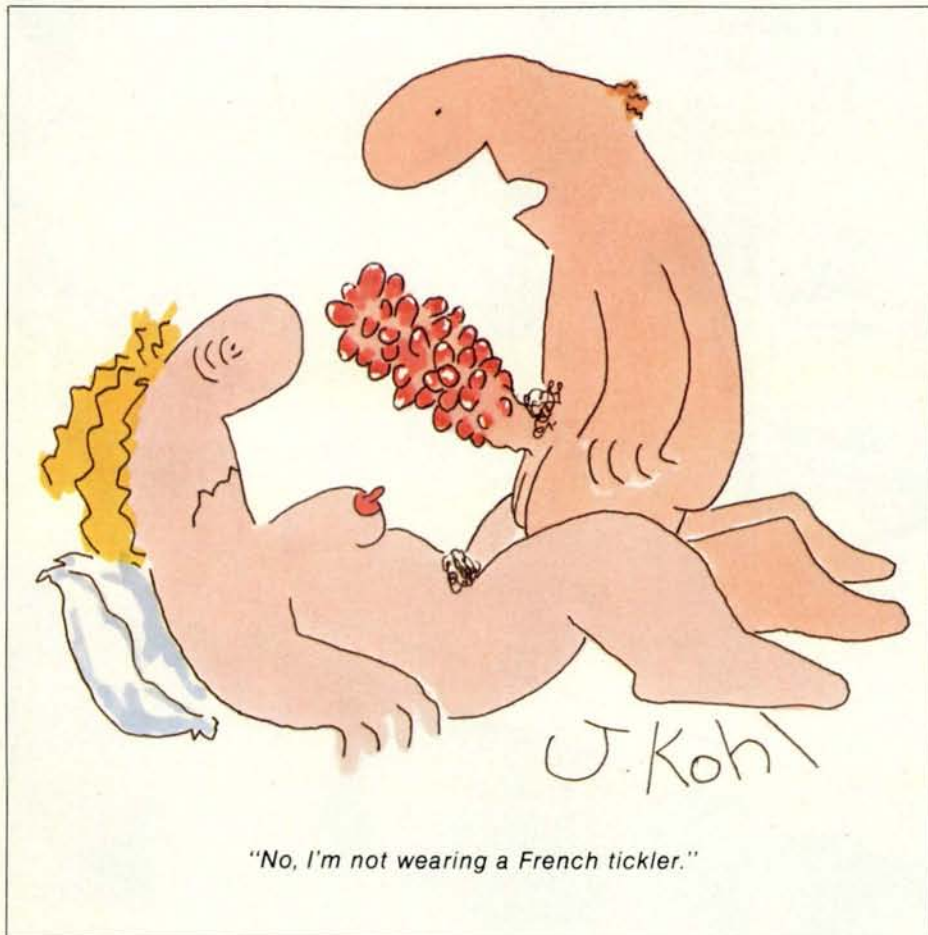
"That's what it is," Hurley said grimly. "A war."

The rest of the night and all of the next day proved grueling and spiritually exhausting for Hurley. He spent most of the time at Central Hospital, awaiting word on Muller. Back at headquarters he was constantly filling out reports and being interviewed by other detectives, supervisors and newsmen. He silently endured a long and vigorous ass-chewing from Captain Reece, who loudly and emotionally pointed out all the areas in which Hurley had "fucked up."

Hurley knew Reece was right. All he had to show for the night's activities was three wounded civilians, one badly injured police officer who might die, 11 damaged automobiles, six broken store windows, several hundred dollars' worth of shot-up food and one wounded robber who had been dragged away by the others. It was a varied and embarrassing tally. Round one to the bad guys.

"Go home," Reece told him. "Get

(continued on page 86)



"No, I'm not wearing a French tickler."



# LYNN

*Made in Heaven*





Always in touch with herself, 21-year-old Lynn gets off by fantasizing about what sort of men are looking at her pictures. She wishes singer Bob Seger could be one of them. "I dig men too much to limit myself to just one boyfriend right now," she confided to HUSTLER. "And if you must know, I like 'em tall, dark and rugged." Born in Hollywood, California, Lynn has stars in her eyes, and hopes to buy the "biggest house possible" with her first million.

















## SHOPPING FOR MURDER

(continued from page 80)

some rest. You're not doing any good here. We'll call you the minute we know anything."

At seven that evening Hurley was outside the Apparel Mart, waiting for Leah. In spite of his night without sleep and his concern for Muller, his mood brightened considerably when he saw her. She ran toward him, raven hair flying, unrestrained breasts bouncing beneath her flowered-silk blouse, nylon-covered legs flashing through the slits in her blue skirt.

Leah hugged him fiercely, almost crying, kissing him breathlessly. "Oh, John!" she exclaimed. "I'm so glad you're safe! We heard about it. I'm so sorry about Doug—will he be all right?"

"We don't know yet," Hurley said as he helped her into the car. Soon he was sitting beside her. She pressed tightly against him, legs spread so he could explore the warm flesh of her firm thighs above her stockings.

"Are you hungry?" she whispered. "We could go somewhere and eat." Her eyes searched his adoringly.

"I'd rather just go to bed."

"Good. There are things we can eat there too."

In Leah's apartment she closed the door behind them, dropped her purse in a chair and quickly kicked off her shoes. Hurley slid off his jacket while she crossed to the window and opened the drapes to allow the soft moonlight and the multihued illuminations of the city to flood the bedroom.

Turning back, she was stopped by his touch as his hands glided smoothly to encompass her slim waist. Their mouths fell open, tongues venturing out to taste each other—entwining, searching, probing, warm breath intermingling. Leah felt Hurley's gentle hands slide up her sides and drift across her chest to cup her breasts beneath the gauzy fabric of her blouse. His left hand stayed on her right breast, fingers squeezing the stiffening nipple, while his right hand roamed to her back. He let his fingers amble down her spine. They seemed to discover each nerve, and she shivered. When his hand reached her fleshy thigh and drew it to him, she moaned into his mouth and licked his teeth, grinding her pelvis against his.

He slipped her blouse off her shoulders, removed his shirt and loosened his belt. They held each other tightly, and Leah moaned again as her breasts mashed against Hurley's hard chest. She sucked in her breath as his lips and tongue grazed her neck.

She felt his hands move again, and suddenly he was naked. Leah gasped, as she did each time she saw his body. And she hurried, frantically now, wanting to be as naked as he so they could touch completely. The skirt slithered down her legs, and she reached behind to loosen her garter belt.

"No." Hurley's stern, whispered word stopped Leah, and she waited meekly. He knelt in front of her, his hands sliding up over her nylon-covered legs to massage the warm flesh of her thighs above the lacy tops of her stockings. As his breath warmed her thighs, his tongue probed the damp hair between her legs, found the nub of her clitoris and flicked it.

Leah almost screamed. She twined her fingers in his thick hair and draped one thigh over his broad shoulder to grant his tongue better, deeper access. Her first orgasm made her shudder and whine, but still his marvelous tongue advanced.

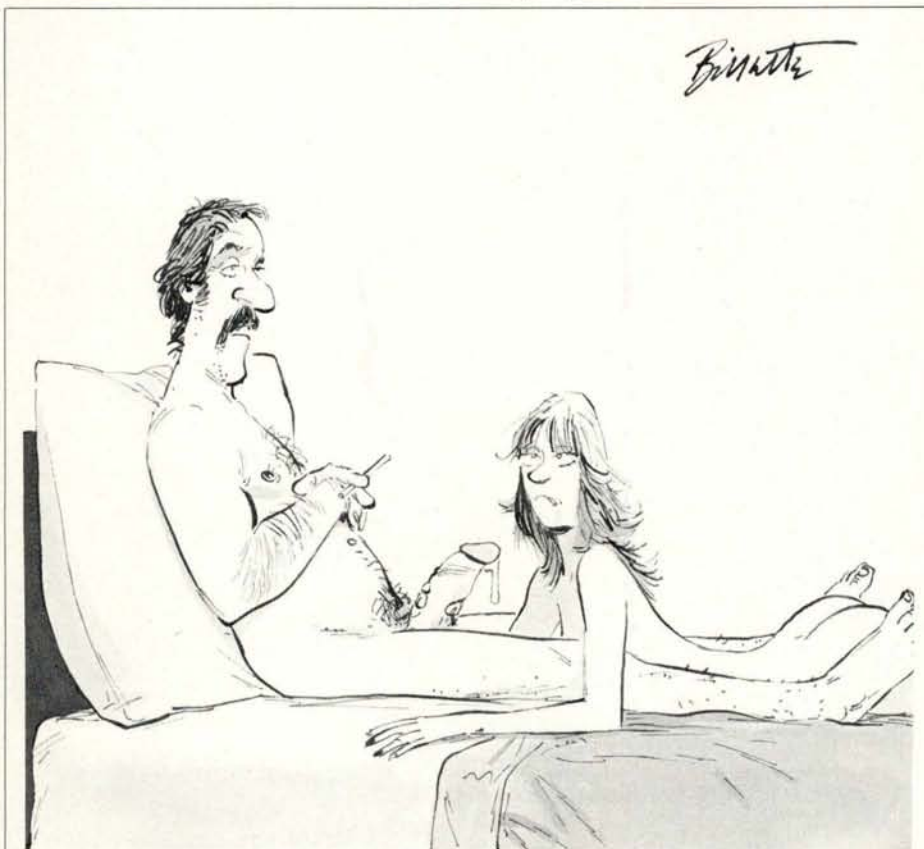
Another orgasm racked her body. Leah collapsed, too weak to stand. Hurley scooped her effortlessly into his arms and carried her to the bed. She reached for him, wanting to do for him what he had done to her, thirsting for his hard cock, his cum in her mouth. She swallowed him, sucking greedily, but relaxed her hold and moaned in anticipation as he pushed her down on her back, lifting and spreading her legs. Hurley smiled at her, brought her legs up against his chest and rammed himself all the way into her.

Leah shrieked. She clawed at him with her nails and wrapped her legs around him, rubbing her stockings over his back and sides. She felt his throbbing cock as it filled her, pushing its blunt length into her belly, and her wet, hot flesh enfolded it, her stomach tightening.

She came again, thrashing on the tangled sheets, while Hurley pounded into her, their sweat-soaked bodies slapping together. Suddenly he grunted and stiffened. Leah screamed in savage delight as she felt him explode inside her, pumping and squirting, until his heavy liquid overflowed her and ran down the inside of her thighs. Together they collapsed on the bed, their furies tamed for now.

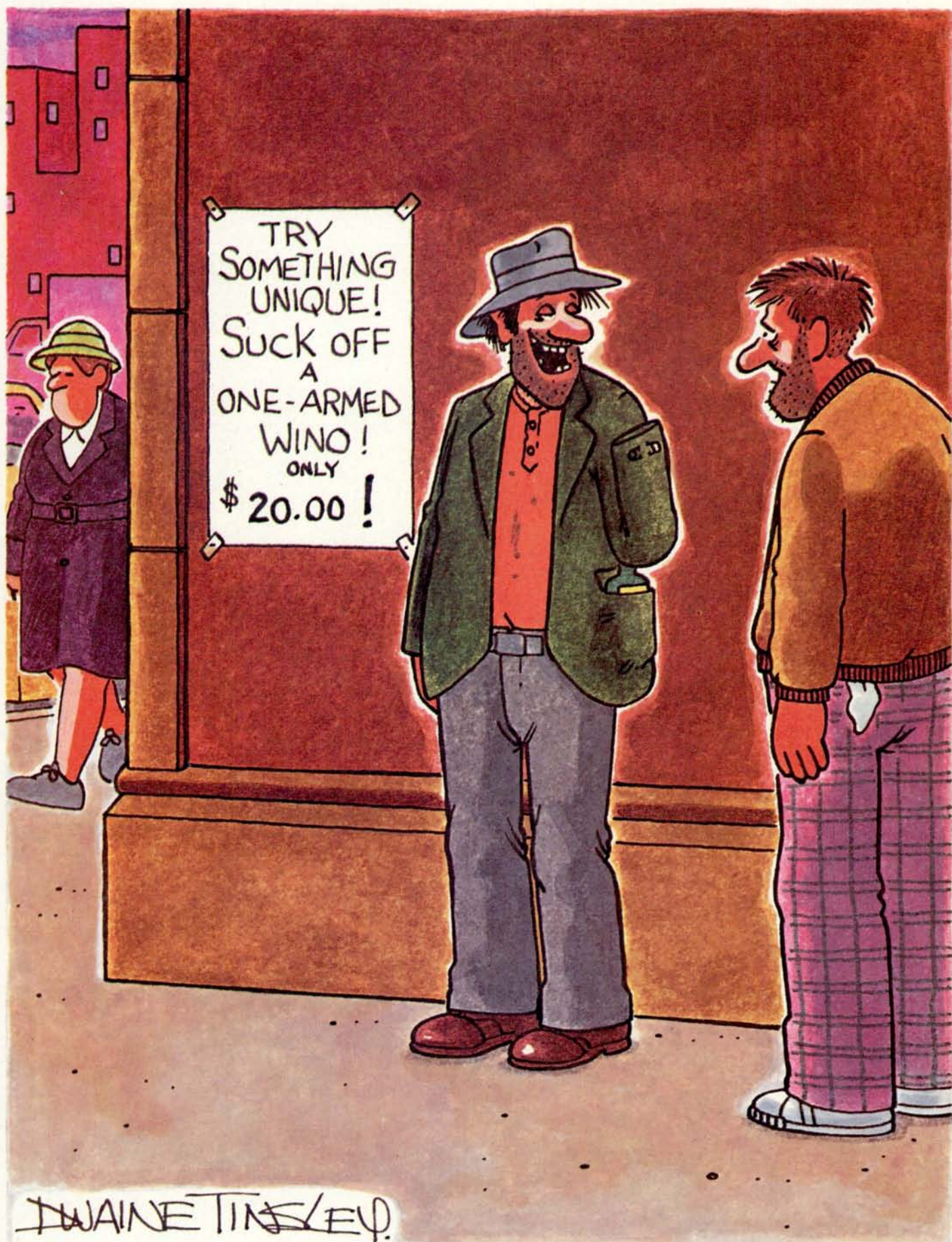
Hurley lay awake for a long time after Leah fell asleep. His senses were struggling under an overload of sensations. They had made love a second time when their juices had risen again, taking much longer, exploring with vagrant tongues and fingers until their bodies were quivering and sated.

(continued on page 98)



"Just think . . . Now you've got millions of squiggly little wormy fuckers swimming around in your gut."





WAYNE TINSLEY

"It's an old marketing technique: Let the people think they're getting something different—then make 'em pay through the nose for it!"









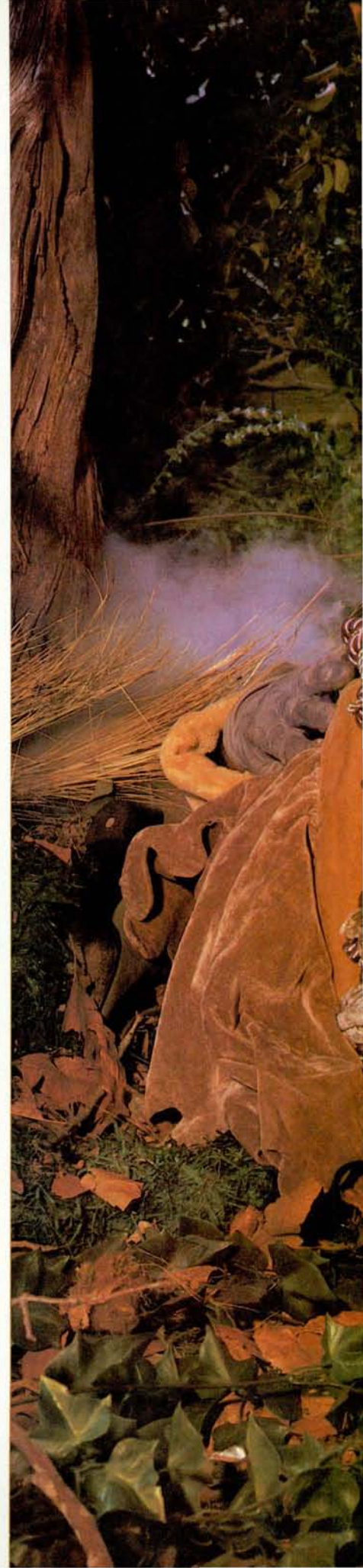
We Merry  
Olde Lay





"Thy purse or thy life!" threatened Robin Hood as she stumbled across a wayward nobleman in Sherwood Forest. Not one to bargain, the stranger withdrew his weapon, and blade met blade. But the fair Robin was soon overcome by the stranger's manhood, and the duel of violence became a duel of passion. 'Ere long the nobleman shot his thick arrow into her quiver. "My lady," he exclaimed at the moment of conquest, "what a bloody good catch you are!"

And you thought Robin Hood was a man? Nay! No wonder Robin's men were always merry...



































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 Signature \_\_\_\_\_  
 I declare I am 19 years of age or older.

## SHOPPING FOR MURDER

(continued from page 86)

Leah was asleep on her back, thighs thrown over Hurley's groin, so that his limp cock was still embedded in her cunt from behind. Her full breasts moved with the gentle rhythm of her breathing. But Hurley could not sleep. Something was wrong. He had detected something out of place: a faint, puzzling odor on Leah's skin, remaining just out of reach of his numb mind. Eventually, though, he drifted into a welcome sleep.

John Hurley's much-needed rest was shrilly interrupted by a phone call from headquarters. At 3:40 a.m. he was standing in a cool, dew-dampened alley, surveying a bullet-riddled car. A deputy coroner led him to the backseat and pointed to the body propped in the corner. The dead girl had been young, perhaps 25, and even in death she was pretty. She was dressed in jeans and a black-nylon windbreaker. The jacket was open, exposing a blood-soaked T-shirt, and a black ski mask lay on the seat.

"This is probably the robber you fellows wounded last night," the deputy coroner said. "Looks like her friends didn't want to risk taking her to a hospital. So they shot her twice in the face and left her in the car. These people are all heart. You know her, John?"

Hurley wasn't sure, but the face did seem familiar. He just couldn't pull a name from his sleep-fogged brain. So he said, "Get me some photos of this, will you, Allen? Maybe after I catch some sleep, I can put a name to this girl."

The sleep he needed so desperately was still not allowed him. At 5:25 a.m. Hurley was called to the hospital, where he was met by an attractive female doctor. "Sergeant Hurley? I'm Dr. Jensen. Thank you for coming. Why don't you sit down?"

Hurley sank into the soft couch in the doctor's office, his nerves suddenly giving him that familiar warning tingle that said something was wrong.

"I'm afraid I have bad news for you. Doug Muller died about an hour ago."

Oh, damn! Hurley thought as he buried his face in his hands. *Damn!*

Suddenly the doctor was sitting close beside him, her hand on his arm as she sought to comfort him. "I'm sorry—John, isn't it?—I'm terribly sorry, John. He was nearly cut in half by that sub-machine gun. There was nothing we could do. I'm surprised he lived as long as he did. He was tough."

After a long, shuddering sigh, Hurley looked at her and was surprised to see







tears brimming in the physician's eyes. He took her hand. "I'm sure you did your very best. Thank you. Did Doug... say anything before he died?"

"Sort of." She withdrew a crumpled piece of paper from her pocket. "He regained consciousness just a few minutes before he passed away, and he managed to write this."

Hurley unfolded the paper and stared at the three scrawled words: WOMEN BAGS IN

"I hope it means something to you," she whispered.

"Maybe it will, after I have time to think." He managed a smile. "Don't I know you, Dr. Jensen?"

"We live in the same apartment building. And you can call me Carla."

"Ahhh... now I remember! How come I've never noticed you until now?"

"You're always too busy watching your girlfriend's tits trying to escape from her blouse," she retorted with a sly grin. "Perhaps after this is... all over, John, we can get better acquainted. I could... help you forget. Right now you should go home and get some sleep. I don't want you to collapse here. You're too heavy a brute to try and drag down the hall to a bed!" All in all, Hurley decided happily, she was the most unusual woman doctor he'd ever encountered.

He knew he'd never overlook her again.

Late in the afternoon Hurley awoke in his apartment, feeling better but still groggy. He paced the floor, drinking coffee, reading Muller's last words for the hundredth time, trying to make sense of them. He'd been up for nearly an hour when the phone rang, and the mysterious voice jolted him wide awake: "The Majik Market, 87th and North Avenue—tonight."

For almost a full minute, Hurley stood still, staring stupidly at the phone clutched in his hand. Then he slammed the receiver down.

*I'll get you tonight, you bastards!*

Spreading newspapers on the table, he brought out his revolvers and began to clean them, laying Muller's note next to his toolbox. He was just finishing up when he froze, wrinkling his nose. *That odor!* Slowly he picked up a small can in front of him, squirted some of the heavy liquid onto his fingertips and sniffed. Gun oil! The same smell that had been on Leah's hands the night before. But Leah didn't own a gun—or did she?

Hurley dropped the can and sat up straight. There it was, the answer, laid out before him so neatly: the reason for the dead girl, Muller's note, everything,

*Dear God, no!* he pleaded. *Please don't let it be like that. Please!*

But the pieces seemed to fit that way, and John Hurley was suddenly afraid.

*Leah! All those nights when she's "working," could she and her model-friends be robbing food stores? Why not? It's just like Leah. She thrives on excitement, like so many young women today. She loves fast cars, airplanes, speedboats; anything even slightly dangerous fascinates her, makes her wild in bed. Armed robbery could be the ultimate thrill... flirting with death... killing or being killed.*

He understood Muller's last words now, because he had seen the same thing, but it just hadn't registered. Who would suspect a woman, a shopper? That was how they pulled it off—how they suddenly appeared in the stores, armed and masked. It was what had made Muller suspicious: He had seen women carrying paper bags into the store. Everyone carried a sack or two out of a grocery store, but why carry one in? To hide a mask and gun!

Hurley suddenly thought he knew the identity of the dead girl. She had been so beautiful once—pretty as a model, and models were quick-change artists. It was the perfect setup: Wander around the store like a housewife until you find a deserted aisle, slip on the windbreaker and ski mask, pull out the gun, take the money, shoot the place up just for added fun, and split.

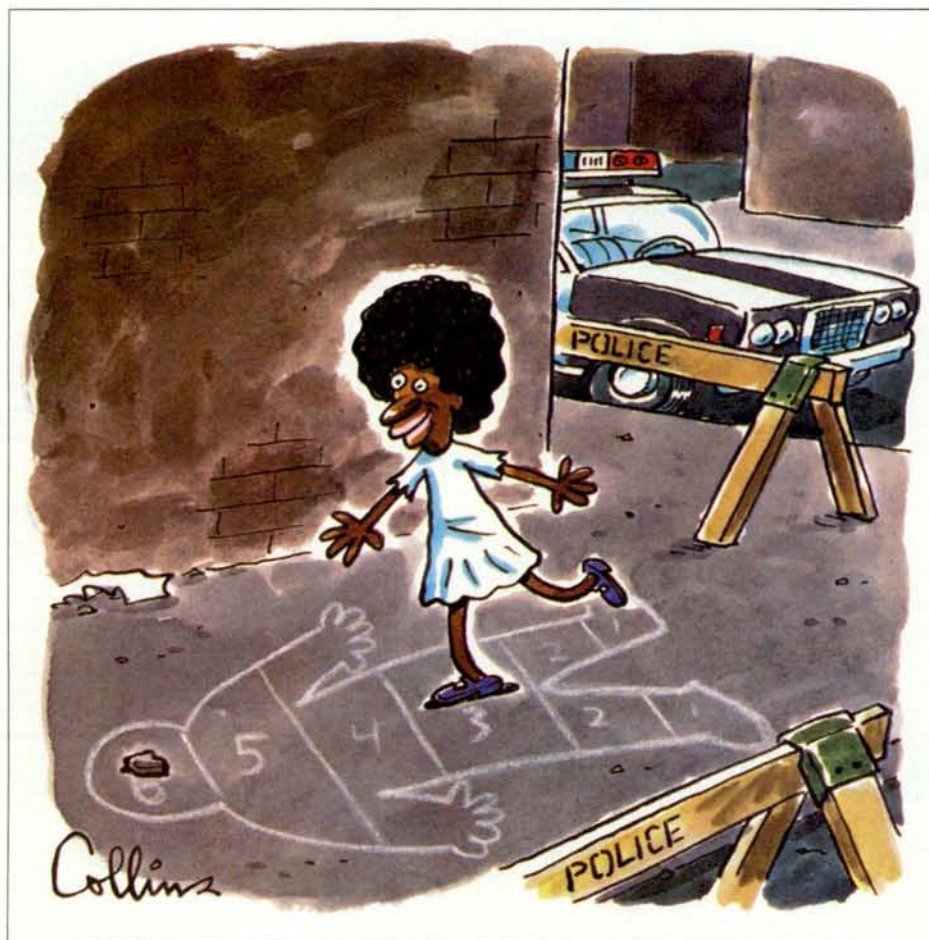
Within seconds he was on the phone, dialing Leah's number, his heart sinking. As he feared, her answering machine told him she was "working." He listened to the recording four times, comparing the sound of Leah's voice with that of the mysterious informant. But he could not decide if they were the same. He swore furiously, pulled his clothes on and raced for the car.

At the precinct house he found Rollman and dragged him, protesting, into a corner. "I know who the Ski-Mask Bandits are, and I'm going after them," Hurley told him. "Are you up to it?" The rookie detective nodded grimly and followed Hurley out the door.

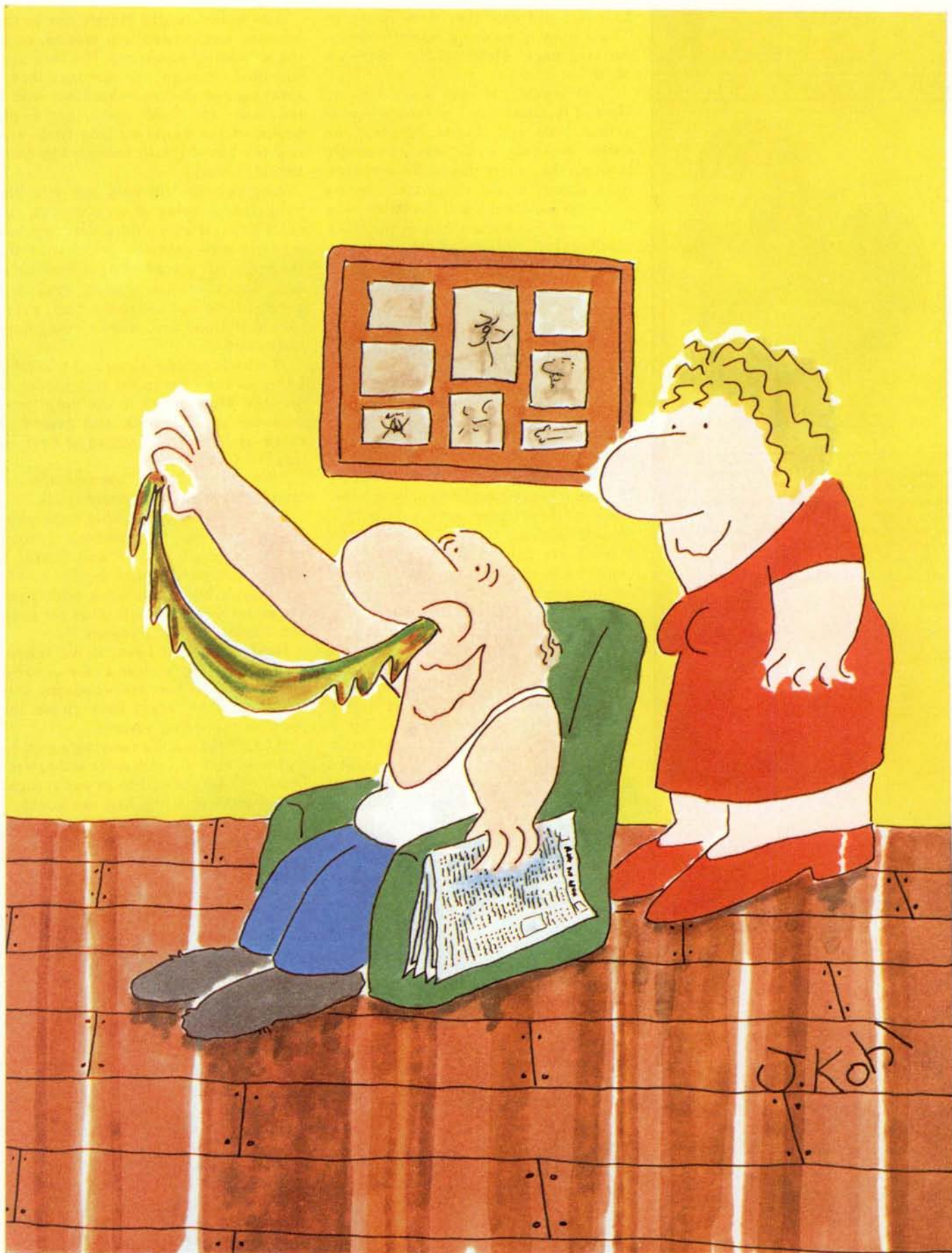
In the stockroom of the Majik Market, Hurley and Rollman waited tensely. Hurley opened a canvas bag and withdrew two submachine guns, a dozen extra clips of ammo and a walkie-talkie. "We won't be outgunned *this* time," he promised as he handed one of the weapons to Rollman. "I've got two plainclothes units staked out in the parking lot, and a SWAT team waiting three blocks away."

*Please, God, Hurley thought, don't make me have to kill Leah! Please!*

At 11:30 the walkie-talkie buzzed to life, and Hurley spoke with one of the outside units. He'd told them what to







"Quick, Harriet! ... Get the camera!"



# HUSTLER

## BEAVER HUNT MODEL RELEASE



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

Please Print

Model's name/Name to be published

Address

Date of Birth

Phone (include area code)

Occupation

Hobbies

Sexual Fantasies

Include separate sheet if necessary

Photographer

NOTE: PRIZE MONEY SENT TO MODEL ONLY

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

Model's Legal Signature

Date

Model's Social Security Number

look for, and now they were seeing it: "Two women, entering opposite doors, carrying bags. Hold on! Now there's a third."

"Get ready!" Hurley warned them. He and Rollman checked their weapons a final time and slipped out into the aisles. Working their way cautiously through the nearly deserted store, they were almost to the checkout counters when they spotted a girl down the aisle from them. She already had on the black windbreaker and ski mask and was reaching into her bag.

"Police! Freeze!" Hurley yelled.

The girl spun around screaming and unleashed a searing blast of slugs from her submachine gun. They shattered the fluorescent lights over Hurley and Rollman, showering them with shards of glass. Both officers opened fire. They saw the girl's body jerk and dance under the rain of slugs until it collapsed like a sack of old clothes.

"Go that way!" Hurley told Rollman. He had already caught sight of another black-masked figure with a walk that seemed familiar, and he wanted her for himself. He ducked down an aisle and came back through another, listening for the sound of footsteps among the excited yells of the customers and clerks. Shots rang out toward the front of the store, accompanied by the crash of breaking glass and the shriek of sirens.

He crossed another aisle and saw a masked figure halfway down its length. This time they exchanged shots, blasting cans of vegetables and boxes of cereal before she retreated. Hurley passed more aisles, ducking behind stacks of cans and Coca-Cola displays, firing at the fleeing assailant at the opposite end and hearing bullets zip overhead.

A metallic clatter told Hurley the bandit had discarded her empty submachine gun, and he saw her draw a heavy pistol from the waistband of her jeans. They stalked each other through the store, trading more shots, until Hurley lost her.

*Where the hell did she go? Please, God, let me take her alive.*

He rounded the end of an aisle—and at last they had come together, face to face, the muzzles of their guns less than eight feet apart. He saw the surprise and shock in her eyes, saw the look change to excitement and determination as she brought her pistol up.

"Leah!" he pleaded even as he pulled the trigger.

They fired at almost the same time, and the double explosion echoed through the suddenly silent store. She was slightly faster, but his shot was better. His cry had surprised and distracted her, spoiling her aim.

The bullet caught Hurley low in the left side and twisted him around, causing a burning numbness. His own shot slammed through the woman's body, spraying the shelves behind her with a red mist. He fired again, heard the smack of the bullet striking flesh, and saw the blood splash fountainlike from her left breast.

And yet she still held her gun. She struggled to bring it on line with the cop's body. Hurley's third shot punched into her and slammed her against the shelf. But she stayed upright, looking at him, shock in her glazing eyes. She gurgled once and slid to the floor, a thin trickle of blood and saliva seeping from her mouth.

Hurley lowered his gun and fell to his knees as the pain in his side spread to his legs. He crawled to the limp form, removed the ski mask and gasped in shock and surprise. Instead of Leah, it was Dr. Carla Jensen.

"Why, girl? Why?" the detective demanded as soon as he could speak.

"The ultimate . . . gamble," she whispered hoarsely. "Excitement . . . competing against you . . . and Leah! I wanted you to . . . notice me."

Hurley's body was weak with pain, his senses swirling with relief for Leah and sorrow for Carla Jensen.

He'd misjudged Leah, to his shame. Always wanting to close a case as expediently as possible! He wondered how many times he might have closed the book on the wrong suspect.

If Leah had started carrying a gun, he realized belatedly, it was for self-protection now that she had to go out at night for her fashion shows. And she wouldn't have wanted to worry him about the danger she felt.

But he had misjudged Carla too. "You're a doctor!" he muttered in disbelief. "You're supposed to *save* lives."

Carla tried to smile, but the pain contorted her face, and she coughed. "A woman," she sighed, "will do . . . anything . . . to get the man she wants. At least . . . I would! That's why I came on so strong at the hospital. We lived in the same building . . . but you were . . . always too busy . . . watching Leah's body . . . to notice me. I could have made you just as happy. I really did love you, John. . ."

Hurley caressed the woman's face, and he gently closed her eyes forever to escape the love in their stare.

Rollman and two other detectives came up to them and looked down. Then Rollman knelt down beside him and asked, "Did you know her, John?"

"No . . . I didn't," Hurley sighed. "I never had time. I wonder if *anyone* knew her. . ."



# Beaver Hunt

It's open season on beautiful ladies, and anyone with a lustful eye can join in the *Beaver Hunt*. Just aim your lens at a captive wife or girlfriend and take your best color shot. If selected, she'll bag a prize of 50 bucks. Plus there's always the chance your Beaver will be chosen for an extended photo-feature at professional-models' rates. All photographs

submitted become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine. Send your entry (preferably more than one photo) to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Be sure to use the model release that appears on page 102, or a facsimile. And fill it out clearly so we'll know where to send your Beaver her \$50.

Photo by Husband



Jeri of Minneapolis, Minnesota, is a student-housewife who loves to flirt. This 24-year-old plans to put her charms to work and engage in a threesome with her husband and another man.

Photo by Norm Buller



Dancing, skiing and art are the hobbies of Chris, 20, from Novato, California. This secretary secretly hopes to do a full layout for HUSTLER.



Photo by Husband



Dee, 40, a housewife hailing from Methuen, Massachusetts, enjoys camping, writing poetry and singing. Her ultimate wish is to have her boyfriend and another stud explore her entire body slowly and with plenty of enjoyment.



To be seduced by Nick Nolte aboard his yacht would satisfy the sexual cravings of 22-year-old Jojo of Leslie, Missouri. She's a housewife who likes cooking, modeling and music.

Photo by Husband



Patti C., 25, of Shawnee, Oklahoma, has never made love with more than one man at a time, but has sexy thoughts about trying a menage a trois. She's a housewife who enjoys taking care of her twins and having sex with her husband.



Photo by Albert



Waldo is a six-month-old ferocious feline from Sepulveda, California. Besides mouse hunting and pussy eating, Waldo dreams about becoming the world's best "kitty porn" star.

Miniature golf, partying, eating and bowling are the favorite pastimes of 24-year-old Trish, a Somerset, Texas, nurse. Her fantasy is to be entertained in bed by seven gorgeous men for seven wonderful days and nights.



Photo by Husband

photo by Joseph Smith



Allentown, Pennsylvania, is home to Theresa Hunt, 22, a day-care worker. She loves sex and fantasizes about making love "all night long."





Photo by Husband



To get it on with two guys at the same time—one a foxy good-looker, the other a well-hung stud—would satisfy the cravings of Cindy, 22, a Baton Rouge, Louisiana, housewife. Her hobbies include jogging and buying new clothes.

Dancing exotically for a well-built, handsome man would fulfill the fantasy of 29-year-old Raven, a Catawba, South Carolina, housewife. She likes photography, sex and, of course, dancing for her special male friends.

Photo by Husband



Photo by Friend

Barbara, 26, sells beauty products in Morristown, Tennessee. Her hobbies range from sex to ceramics, and she fantasizes about being a HUSTLER centerfold someday.





# One for the Ladies

Photo by Brown Sugar



Lana, 21, is a housewife and mother who dreams about being deserted on an island with her husband and fulfilling his every sexual desire. This Jacksonville, North Carolina, resident also likes reading, dancing, swimming and being with friends.

J. R. is a 42-year-old salesman from Memphis, Tennessee, whose hobbies include sex, jogging and photography. He fantasizes about modeling for HUSTLER and for all women worldwide.



Photo by Husband

Photo by Mallet McVay



Singer and bartender Veronica Campos likes dancing, sewing, and "making love in roadside parks." This 25-year-old would get her greatest thrill from three dicks—one up her ass, one in her mouth and one up her cunt.

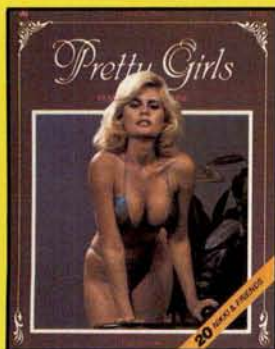




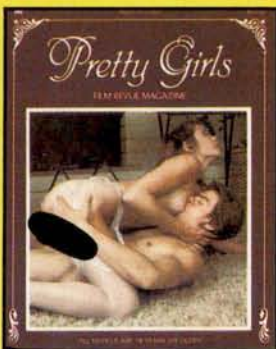
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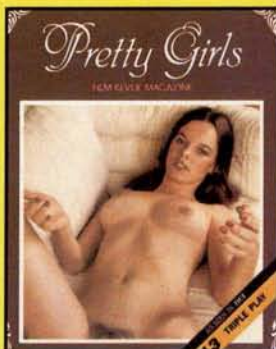
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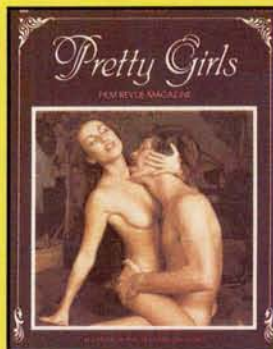
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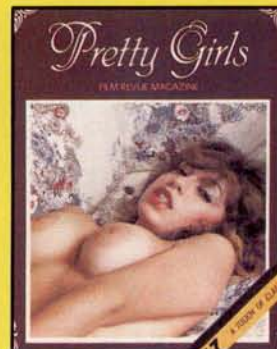
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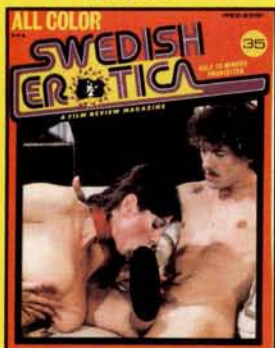
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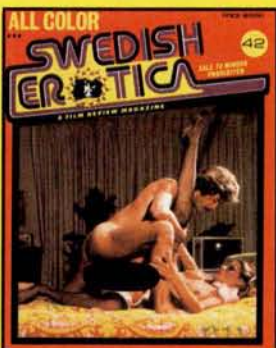
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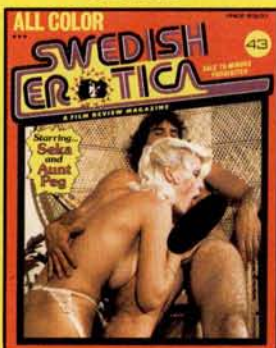
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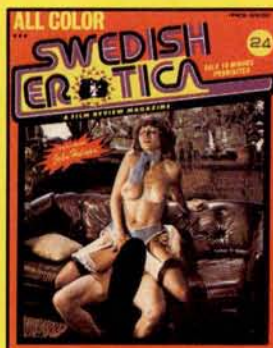
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A short while ago I worked as a volunteer on the Cerebral Palsy Telethon. Nothing glamorous, just one of those many nameless people you see answering telephones and taking pledges. Now, I don't consider myself a do-gooder. It's just that cerebral palsy is a cause that hits pretty close to home, since my younger brother is a victim. In fact, he's one of 750,000 people in the United States and Canada who are afflicted with the disease.

Anyway, as a result of my volunteer work, something happened to me that I felt I'd like to share with HUSTLER readers. Perhaps through my experience others may realize that sex with the handicapped is not a perverted or taboo act.

There are quite a few misconceptions about cerebral palsy. Chief among these is the belief that CP victims are mentally incompetent. Not true. Cerebral palsy does affect the central nervous system and impairs the motor functions, but the slurred, halting speech patterns of people with CP give the impression that they are retarded. Actually, cerebral palsy is nothing more than the brain sending abnormal impulses through the body. Somewhere along the line the impulses get scrambled. And, try as he or she might, a CP victim is often powerless to perform even the most basic tasks.

Since I understood more about cerebral palsy than most people, I was not apprehensive when, during a break from the phones, a pretty young woman with crooked, gnarled limbs struggled up beside me on two aluminum crutches. I was standing next to a large coffee urn and sipping from a styrofoam cup when I noticed her.

"Hi," I said cheerfully, smiling at her.

She looked at me a bit strangely. I found out later that she had been surprised at my reaction when I saw her. Most people avert their eyes and show immediate discomfort. But I didn't look away, and I responded to her like I would a normal woman.

*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.*



## MY LOVER WAS HANDICAPPED

by Jack Spivey

"Eyyyyyye," she replied, her mouth and tongue straining to form the word. "Coffee?" I asked.

She nodded her head, and I filled a cup for her.

"I'm Jack," I said, handing her the cup.

She reached out and took it. Her arm was contorted and it shook, but she was able to manage.

"Um Muh-reeeeen," she said.

Maureen. Pretty name. We stood there and sipped our coffee. Out of the corner of my eye I could see her looking at me. Not that I'm Errol Flynn or anything, but as a single guy, I've had my share of women. And when you work in

advertising, you meet some very liberated ladies who are as willing to fuck as they are anything else. So I was pretty sure that Maureen was looking at me just like any other woman attracted to a man.

"Think we'll reach our goal?" I asked her, referring to the amount of money the telethon hoped to take in.

Her face ruptured into a contorted smile, and she nodded vigorously.

Someone called her name, and she looked behind her. As she did, I let my eyes wander over her body. Despite her twisted arms and legs, Maureen's upper and lower torso were 100% female. I noticed the swell of two good-sized breasts straining under her blouse.

She turned back and caught me staring at her tits. Something in her eyes told me I was the first man who ever looked beyond the crutches and saw a woman—a woman with all the needs and desires that normal people take for granted.

"D-dunnt go way," she said, and turned to two people who escorted her onstage. There she presented the telethon's master of ceremonies with a sizable check from her employer.

Suddenly, I found myself fantasizing about what it would be like to make love to her. The thought wasn't repulsive at all. I guess it was because of my brother that I was able to see beyond her

affliction. Having known someone with cerebral palsy for most of my life gave me the ability to see the person beneath the disability.

When she returned, I felt like a high-school kid on his first date. "Listen, I've got to work the phones for another half-hour." She looked at me expectantly. "Would you . . ." I stammered. "What I mean is . . . if you don't have a ride home . . . well, I'd like to—"

"Ud . . . lak . . . to too."

When we drove up to her apartment building, she turned to me and said, "Kuh-fee?"

I nodded, and we went inside. It was a cozy, one-bedroom unit with a kitchen-



ette. I volunteered to brew the coffee, and she excused herself, disappearing into the bedroom. I was pouring the coffee into cups when she called out, "Jack-uh!"

I picked up the steaming cups and walked to the open door. What I saw next stopped me cold. Maureen was lying naked on the bed. Her legs were twisted and cocked at a funny angle, but her hips and upper torso were like any other woman's. She reached out two quaking, gnarled arms—an unspoken invitation to join her. I looked into her eyes and saw they were brimming with tears.

My cock was bulging thickly in my jeans, and I realized I must have been the first man who'd ever been aroused by her. My responding to her as a woman instead of a cripple had brought tears of happiness to her eyes.

I placed the cups on the dresser and went to her. I took her in my arms and kissed her on the mouth. I stabbed my tongue between her teeth, and she swirled hers around mine and bit down gently. Holding her tightly, I felt the involuntary spasms that constantly racked her body.

The convulsions seemed to fuel my desire even more. I can't remember when I've ever wanted a woman as much as I wanted Maureen at that

moment. Apparently she felt the same about me. She was grunting lustfully and pawing at my back with the sides of her knotted hands. "Fuh-uck!" she grunted. "Fuh-uck um-mee!"

I sat up on my knees, straddling her belly, and ripped my shirt open so I could feel her tits on my bare chest. I tossed the shirt aside and undid my jeans. Bucking her hips under me, she urged me to hurry. When my pants were off, she pulled me down on top of her and squirmed hungrily. My erect cock was pressed against the dark matting of her pubic hair. I kissed her face and tongued the insides of her ears.

Little animal-like groans bubbled in her throat as my mouth went to her nipples. I rolled my tongue over the pink, hard points and nibbled gingerly as I kneaded her heaving breasts.

"Guh-ood," she groaned. "Oh, guh-ood!"

It was good. She squeezed my cock between her thighs and gasped when it slid up into her juicy vagina.

Not yet, I told myself, and retreated. She moaned her disappointment, but sighed with pleasure when my tongue moved down over her belly. The hot, musky scent of feminine arousal filled my nostrils as I licked at the wet drops that clung to her pussy.

I flicked my tongue along the edges of

her cunt until it found the swollen nub of her clit. I attacked it with a vengeance.

She quivered. She quaked. She grunted. She groaned. Her body lurched spastically, and her cunt slammed again and again into my face.

"Cum-ming!" she cried. "Cum-ming!"

My tongue went wild, pushing her ever closer to that delicious explosion.

"Nuh-owww!" she screamed. "Cum-ming nuh-owww!" She erupted into my face with a gush of fluids, which I greedily sucked out.

My cock was near bursting, and she cried out in delirious pain as I rammed it into her dripping snatch. We bucked and rocked, both our bodies out of control, as I hammered into her with quick, frenzied strokes.

"Feel it," I yelled. "Feel my cock!"

Maureen's head bobbed back and forth against her pillow. "Jack-uh," she sobbed. "Cum-ming ah-gin!"

"Fuck me, baby," I commanded. "Fuck my cock!"

Whether it was her own conscious efforts or just an explosion of involuntary spasms, she responded. Her hips and thighs pounded upward while the tight muscles of her pussy constricted around my rock-hard penis. I was on the edge, and her cunt sucked me deeper.

Suddenly, we were both shouting out in unrestrained joy. My cock spewed cum, and Maureen shuddered like a live volcano. When it was over, we settled into each other's arms. Her body still trembled, as it had all her life, but I was calm and relaxed. We continued to please, delight and satisfy each other throughout the night—and in between we talked. I told her about my brother and how he was indirectly responsible for our being together.

She confessed she had gotten used to the idea that she'd probably never know what it was like to make love with a man. Because I had looked beyond her infirmity, she said, she somehow felt reborn as a woman. A *complete* woman.

Our unique relationship continues to flourish, and each day brings the promise of good things to come. Just recently we heard about an operation that implants a miniature transmitter into a cerebral-palsy victim's spine and unscrambles the impulses from the brain. As a result, some victims may regain the use of their withered arms and legs.

I guess the reason I'm writing this is to ask you to make an effort to look beyond a handicapped person's disability, and not judge the affliction but what's in his or her heart. Because I looked deeper, I found in Maureen something I'd never found with any other woman I'd known. I found happiness. ☺



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# Honey

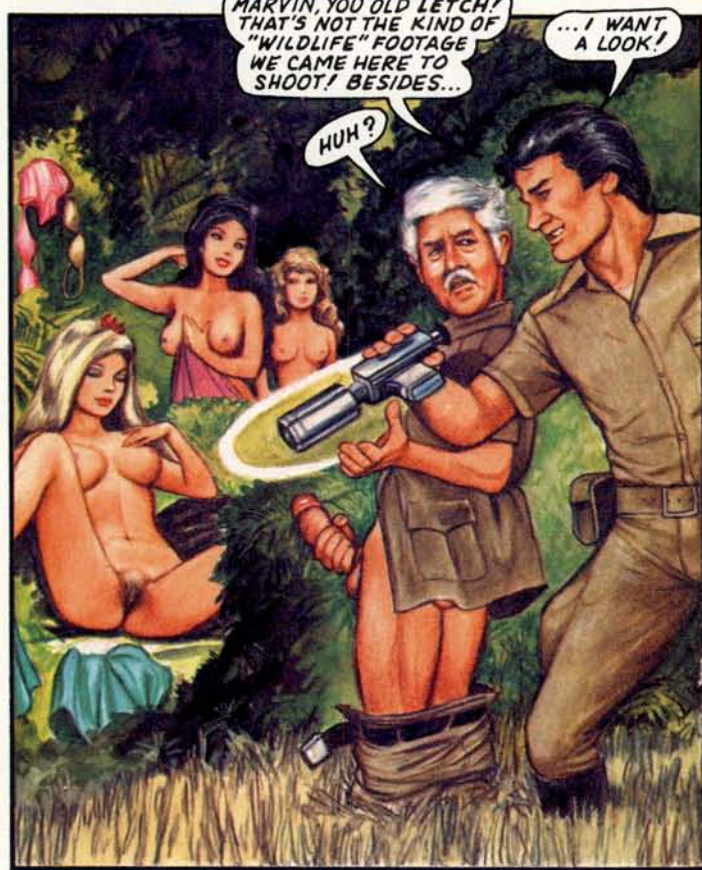
AHA! THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES BATHING IN THE UNTAMED DEPTHS OF THE DONGO RIVER! I MUST PRESERVE THIS ON FILM!



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... I WANT A LOOK!

HUH?



WHEN THE GIRLS RETURN TO THE CAMPSITE, MARVIN AND HIS ASSISTANT ARE PITCHING TENTS FOR THE NIGHT.

TIME TO TURN IN, LADIES! WE HAVE TO BE UP WELL BEFORE DAWN TO FILM THE MATING RITUAL OF THE WILD AFRICAN GNU FOR "RILED KINGDOM"





NOT LONG AFTER HONEY UNDRESSES FOR BED, A VISITOR ARRIVES.



SILLY QUESTION.



MINUTES LATER AN UNEXPECTED INTERRUPTION...



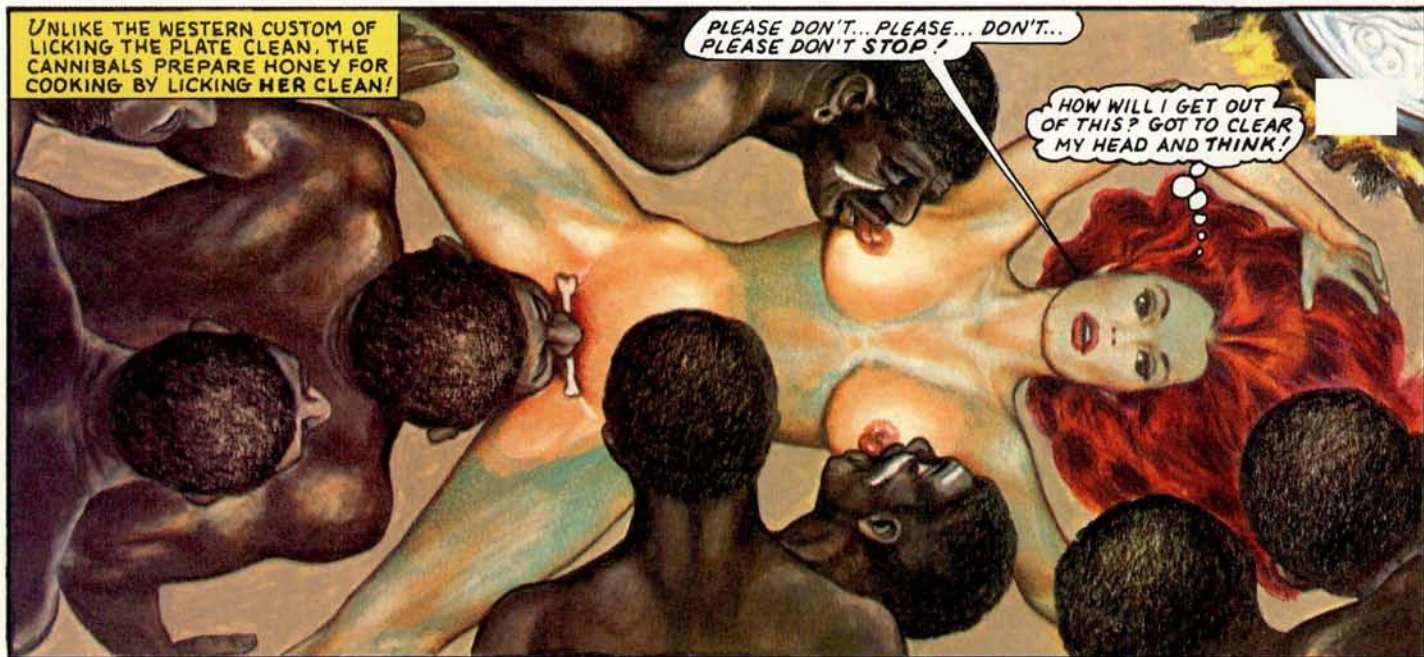
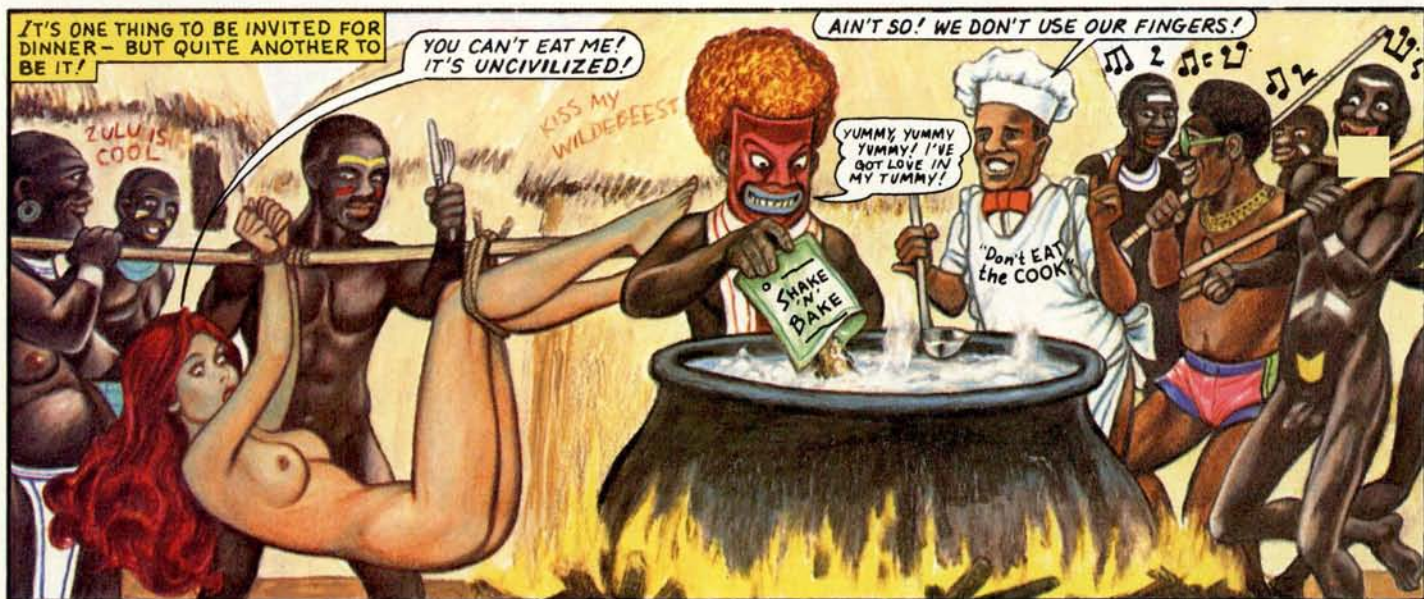
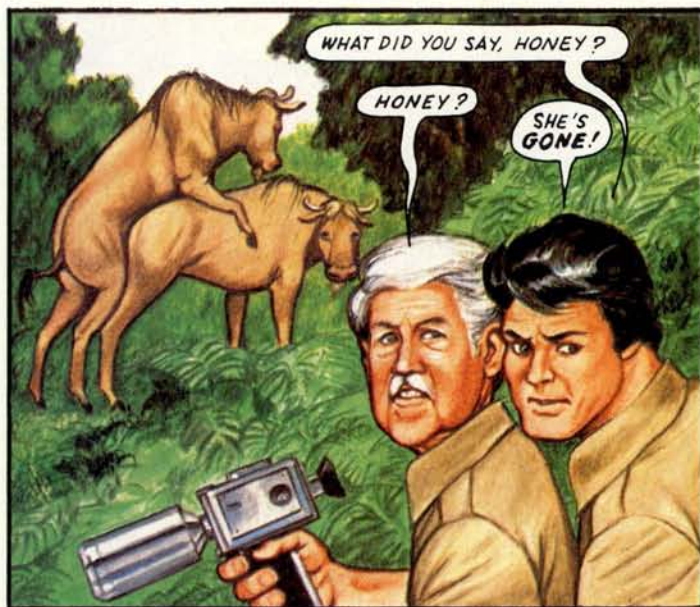
EQUIPPED FOR A LONG VIGIL, THE TRIO WATCHES THE BEGINNING OF THE ASTOUNDING COURTSHIP PROCESS.



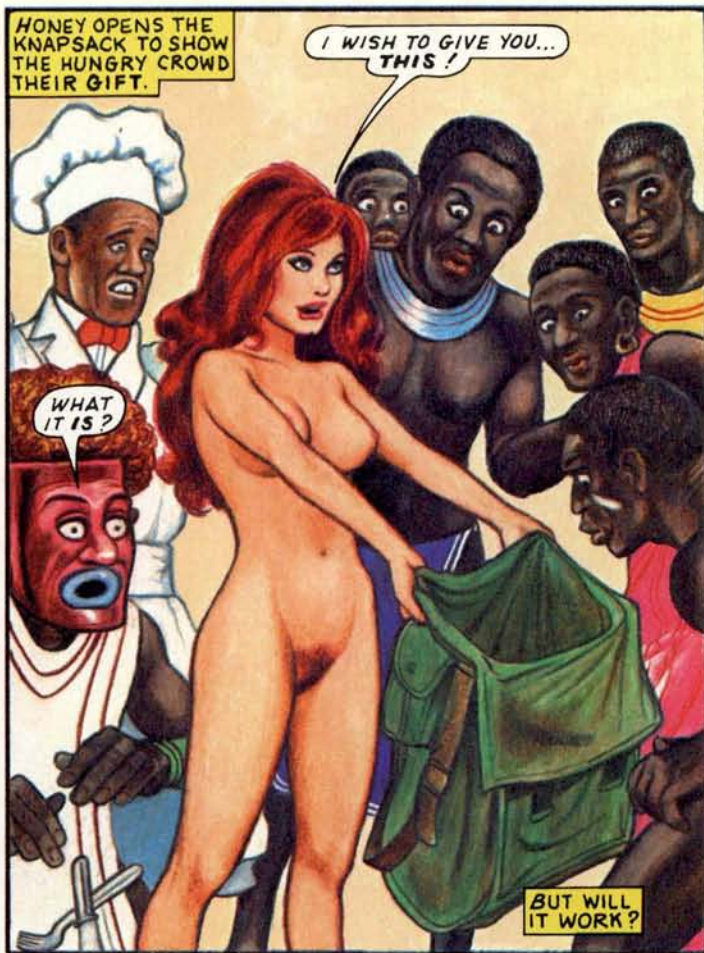
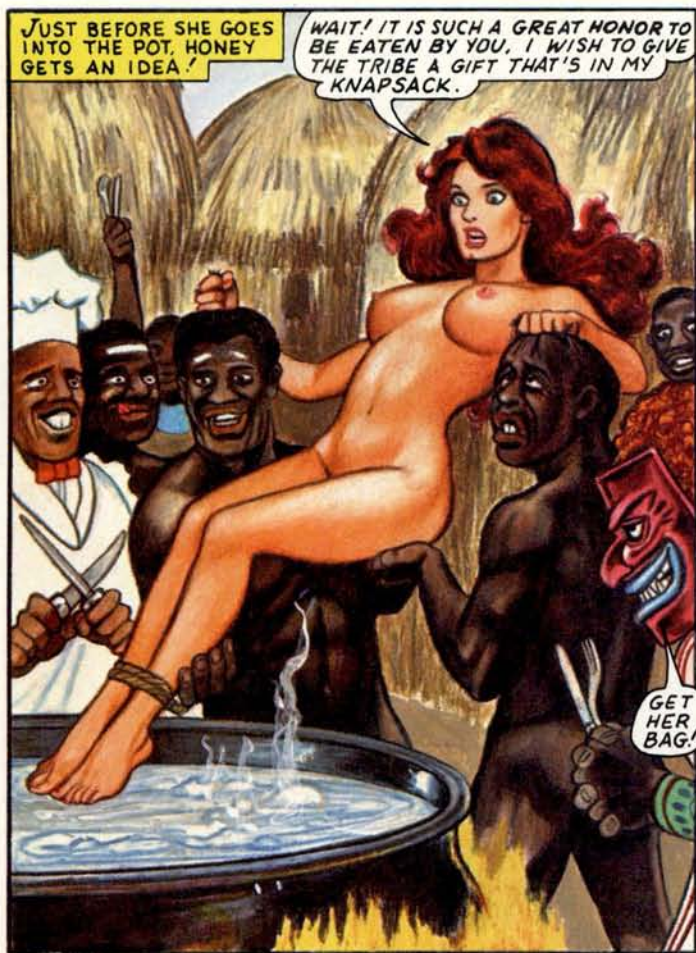
BUT THERE'S MORE GOING ON THAN MEETS THE WILDLIFE OBSERVERS' EYES!



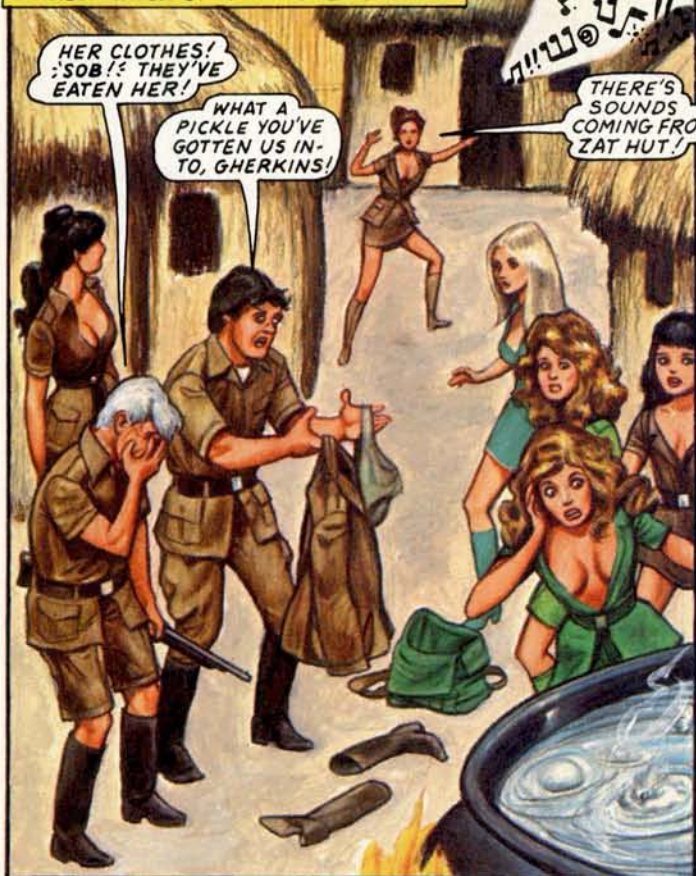








HOURS LATER, GHERKINS AND THE REST OF THE SAFARI GROUP FINALLY CATCH UP WITH HONEY'S TRAIL.



INSIDE THE HUT, HONEY IS SAFE AND LEARNING THE TRUE MEANING OF THE TERM "HEAD-HUNTER"!





*This column's purpose is to help you order by mail. We advise our readers on how to conduct business with mail-order firms and alert them to frauds, shady practices and faulty products. We also review mail-order sex products, including those advertised in HUSTLER, not to endorse them but to let you know what you'll be getting for your money. Since we depend on you to help us keep the marketplace clean, please write 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.*

## OBSCENE CALLS

In January 1981 this column spotlighted *Personal Services Club*, a mail-order company offering custom-made smut. *Personal Services* is unique because it lets its clients write the script and choose the actress for either a filmed or videotaped porno production. Recently we've learned that this firm is now offering specialized phone fantasies.

We've cautioned readers to be careful about answering ads for phone sex (see *Mail-Order Feedback*, September 1981). *Personal Services* is different from the fly-by-night outfits because it enables customers to talk with X-rated movie starlets and models from the leading men's magazines. Although its list of women varies from time to time, PS has had quite an impressive roster of females willing to say whatever it takes to get you off: Candy Samples, Becky Savage, Kandi Barbour, Lisa De Leeuw and others. In addition, after every call, you receive a bonus Polaroid photo of your phone-mate in any desired pose at no extra charge.

Other services include cassette tapes of your call and the opportunity to speak to two girls at the same time, allowing the caller to indulge in either a threeway or lesbian fantasy. The only drawback to this original idea in telephone sex is the steep price. The current rate for a call to one girl is a minimum of \$25 for the first ten minutes and \$2 for each additional minute. Rapping to two women runs \$50 for 15 minutes and \$3 for every minute thereafter. Tapes of any conversation cost \$25.

Of course, you also pay for the call.

*Personal Services* is based in Southern California; so if you live outside that area, you'll have to contend with Ma Bell's long-distance rates. For complete information, call (213) 306-3508 or write to P.O. Box 9786, Marina Del Rey, CA 90291, and ask for a free brochure.

## REEL BEAUTIES

*Sue Nero and Crystal Dawn are surely two of the most amazing performers ever to appear in hard-core. Nero's gargantuan breasts give me a solid erection every time I see them, and Dawn's prowess when it comes to being butt-fucked has never ceased to turn me on. How can I get Super 8mm movies with these two lasses?* —L. V. Gary, Indiana

Both of these young ladies have appeared in dozens of loops over the past years; yet hardly any seem to match the overall quality of the *Limited Edition* series. Sue Nero's 44-inch knockers can be seen in a number of these flicks, including #20 (*Lesbian Affair*), #30 (*Hot Bananas*), #57 (*Tough Chicks*) and #165 (*Football Finger Fuck*). Crystal Dawn, who showed up in HUSTLER's April 1980 photo-spread titled *Gang Bang*, also appears in many *Limited Edition* films.

"The Queen of Anal Sex," as Ms. Dawn is sometimes billed, gets her buttocks reamed in #51 (*The Pussy & Ass Club*), #56 (*High-Priced Asshole*) and #193 (*Hot Dogs on Buns*). In #51 and #193 the blond bombshell flirts with two studs who then treat her to a double penetration, while in #56 she gets it up the bung-hole from a single guy. You can order all of these films through *P&G Distributors* (P.O. Box 2477, Columbus, OH 43212), one of our Dependable Dealers. For a complete list of P&G's inventory and a price list, send \$3 (which is deductible from later purchases over \$20).

## PLASTIC MAN

*I've been ripped off for a lot of bucks by a shitload of porn mail-order companies that either never answer my follow-up letters or always shift the blame to the post office. To tell you the truth, I don't ever want to send checks or money orders through the mail again to get sex-oriented material. Are there dealers that will accept credit-card orders?*

—W. L. Billings, Montana

Even in the world of erotic entertainment, your magic-money card carries a lot of weight behind it. As a matter of

fact, in most major cities today you can bill a visit to a massage parlor on your Visa or MasterCard! Almost every large porn retailer will accept your credit card for purchases, and the best thing is that most of these companies offer legitimate refunds if you're not completely satisfied with their stock.

If you want some hot porn videocassettes, we suggest calling any of the following firms, all of which have toll-free phone numbers: *Direct Video* (1-800-423-2452, in California dial 213-764-0358); *Video Sales* (1-800-423-5599, in California dial 213-886-8680); *Video Mail-Order Company* (1-800-423-5106, in California dial 213-992-6170); and *International Home Video Club* (1-800-223-2388, in New York club dial 212-541-9810, in Canada 1-800-263-3777).

For sexual aids, write *21st Century Labs Inc.* (P.O. Box 2541, Grand Central Station, New York, NY 10163). If you're looking for all-color photo magazines and films, try *Fantasy Images* (6311 Yucca St., Hollywood, CA 90028) or *Erik Imports* (2326 Cotner Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90064). All of these distributors will accept either checks, money orders or credit cards.

## BIRTHDAY-SUIT BLUES

*Last summer I went to Europe and visited Cap D'Agde, a seashore community where everyone is free to be nude. Since I've returned home, though, there doesn't seem to be anywhere I can relax in the raw other than the privacy of my apartment. I'm interested in knowing where I can get books and magazines about nudism and how I can find a nudist camp.*

—R. K. Riverside, California

Perhaps the best source of information concerning this subject is *Sun West* (P.O. Box 85204, Los Angeles, CA 90072). Periodicals such as *Exposure and Design* and *Young and Naked* are available through this outlet, as well as essential manuals like *The World Guide to Nude Beaches and Recreation*.

Since you live in Southern California, you're lucky to reside near two fine clothing-optional parks, Elysium (213-455-1000) and Naked City (714-926-3289). Elysium—located in Topanga, California—is a seven-acre countryside field complete with swimming pool, sauna, tennis courts and picnic areas. Naked City—in Homeland, California—is a new addition to the nude scene. It is frequented by both the "back to nature" crowd and members of various swing clubs. 



## AN INSIDE LOOK AT THE WORLD'S MOST EXCITING VIBRATOR!

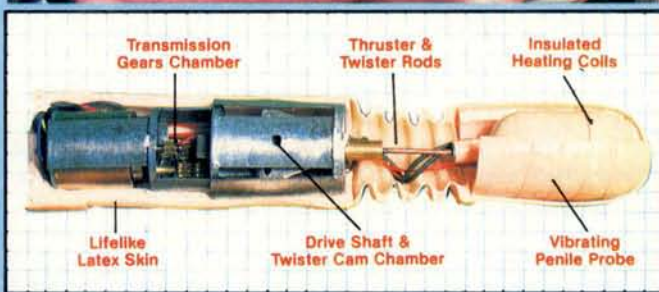


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near any part of her sensitive body! It thrusts—because the accordion folds just behind the realistically-shaped head open and close while the throbbing head rotates around and around inside her to stimulate every part of her increasingly tormented insides...every nook and cranny of her needy pussy!

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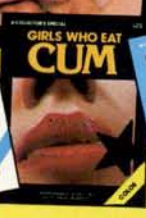
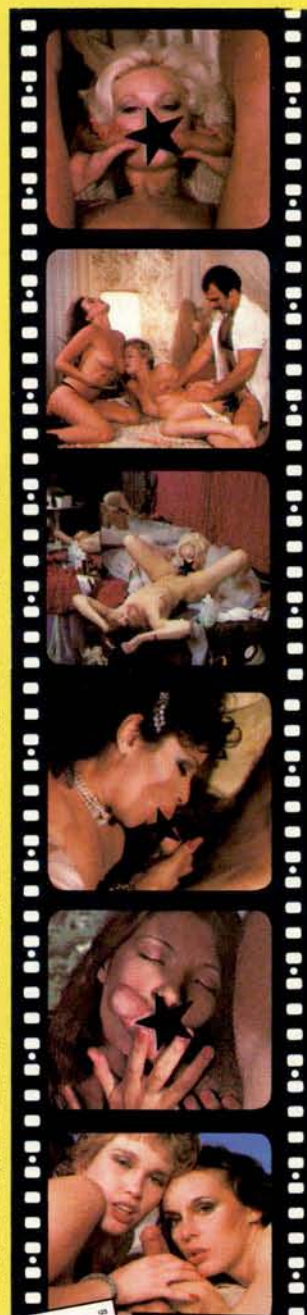
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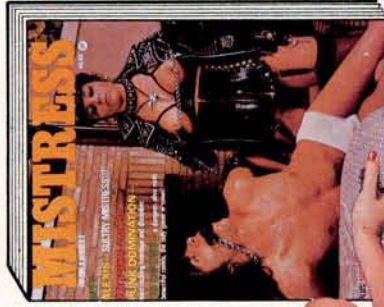
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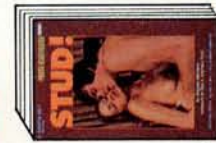


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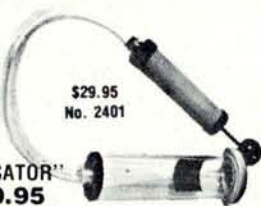
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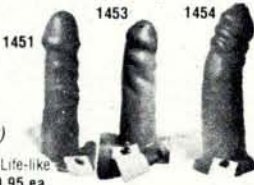
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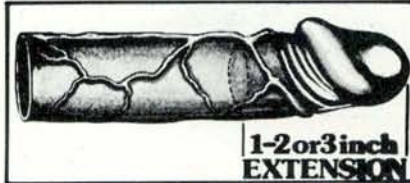
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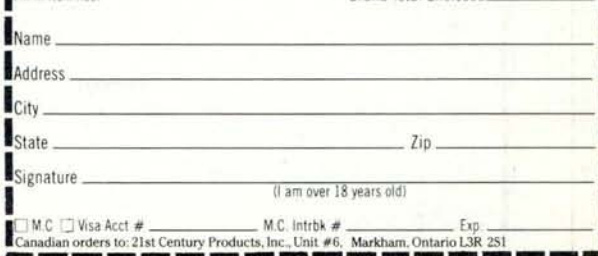
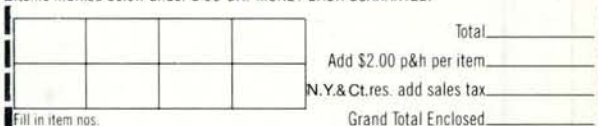
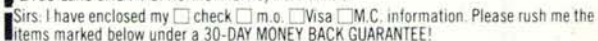
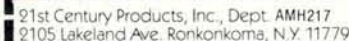
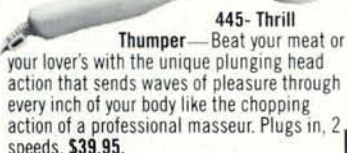
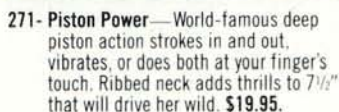
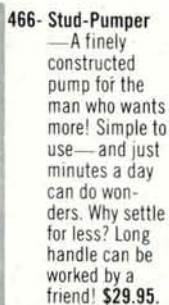
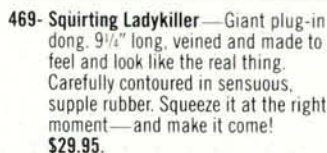
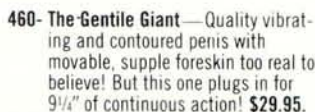
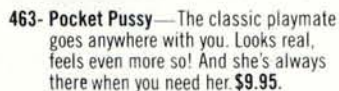
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## JEW VS. NAZI

(continued from page 54)

proposed to do a couple of years ago in Skokie, Illinois. The answer is obvious. The black population would beat the living hell out of anybody who marched into their communities with swastikas. You would have to pick the Nazis up with a strainer.

By the same token, Nazi and Klan groups don't have the right to come by my house and yell, "Kill all Jews!" Not in the name of free speech or anything else. I know that's in conflict with the First Amendment. I understand that the Constitution allows them to goose step through Skokie—where there are hundreds of survivors of concentration camps—carrying signs saying, "HITLER WAS RIGHT" and "HITLER DIDN'T FINISH THE JOB." That's what the Constitution allows.

But who am I to ensure the civil rights of any group that wants not only to take away *my* civil rights, but would turn me into a lampshade? Let a Nazi come into my city and walk with a sign saying, "KILL ALL JEWS," and I'll introduce his nose to his ear. And I'll take the consequences of going to jail.

We want to change the image, the overall appearance of the Jewish community so that people won't look upon the Jew as a timid person, as someone who is not willing to fight back. It's not that I'm striving for a macho or a Super-Jew-type image. It's just that for too long we haven't been following our Bible.

Every year we celebrate a holiday called Hanukkah at the same time as the Christian Christmas pageantry. Hanukkah is not a holiday commemorating the nonviolent, passive Jew. Jewish people weren't instructed to throw flowers at the enemy on the particular date Hanukkah commemorates; they were instructed to get up and defeat the enemy.

Yet Jews all over the world observe this particular holiday with little note, not taking into account the fact that a small band of Jewish zealots—not unlike the JDL today—rose up and defeated the Syrian army, which was four, five, six times their number. Jewish people are fooled—they've got blinders on when they say we have to "turn the other cheek." That's in the Bible all right, but not in the Jewish Bible. The Jewish Bible admonishes us, "Thou shalt not stand idly by thy brother's blood." That's right out of the five books of Moses himself.

If someone would ask me, "What is at the heart of the JDL?," I would say it's the battle against anti-Semitism. It's also calling attention to the fact that the



Palestine Liberation Organization is a growing threat. Its whole reason for being is to use terrorism to blow up synagogues and kill innocent Jewish people. The PLO is nothing more than a bunch of gangsters.

The JDL also spreads the word that the Ku Klux Klan is having a tremendous resurgence nationwide and that Jews are not prepared. The Klan has a newfound respectability in the eyes of blue-collar people—those whose lives are threatened by recession and unemployment—and that scares me.

We are caught in the same position we were 40 years ago. After Jews were rounded up and herded into concentration camps, thousands and perhaps millions went submissively to their deaths because they didn't have the means to resist. When one is looking at a weapon, he can only do so much.

We have a very basic course that we offer to any Jew or Gentile. It's called Anti-Semitism 101. Go into any neighborhood bar in any Gentile community. Order a beer and turn to your neighbor and ask him what he thinks of Jews. Then just shut up and listen. As the booze flows in, the hatred flows out. It's particularly pronounced when there's a downturn in the economy.

The "have-nots"—who were formerly "haves"—look at the Jews, who are still very visible in the community. They say the Jews supposedly own the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post* and every other newspaper under the sun—which is not true. They say Jews supposedly own all the banks—which is not true. All this is not just from the minds of average bigots or members of the KKK. You hear it from generals in the military like Army General George Brown, who a few years ago said the Jews have too much influence. And you see it in newsmagazines that picture Israeli Prime Minister Begin with rifles around his head, calling him the obstacle to peace in the Middle East.

So the average Archie Bunker out there says, "In 1973 the Arabs turned off the oil because of the damned Jews. Why should we have to worry about Israel?" Today we have all the oil we want—in fact, we've got an oil glut—and they're still blaming Israel for the lack of peace in the Middle East.

Here in America we see a tremendous rise in anti-Semitism. We see a tremendous growth in hard-core Jew hatred coming from KKK circles because when times are bad, the little rat comes out of his hole with a special vengeance. And all of a sudden they have the inclination to do violence. So across the country we see cemeteries and synagogues and homes that have been desecrated. And

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all of a sudden the "secure" Jew says, "What is happening in the land of the free and the home of the brave?"

Right now there is an organization called the Institute for Historical Review in Torrance, California. Rather than losers and punks, it's made up of educated personalities and professors who are getting up on podiums and saying, "The Holocaust is a Jewish lie! It's a fiction, a myth! All Jews want is a state they can rip off from the Arabs! Don't believe them!" These people can be convincing; they're not all dummies. So the average Archie Bunker out there says, "Hey, there must be something to it. Who wants my Johnny to go over there in the Middle East and die for Israel?"

You see, a provision of the Camp David accords deals with what Israel gets in return for giving up the total Sinai Peninsula—where the oil is located that allows Israel to be self-sufficient in fuel. It states that if the Arabs should ever turn off the fuel to Israel, then the U.S. will give Israel all the oil it needs to get along. Can you imagine what would happen if the Arabs cut off the oil again, and you had blocklong lines of cars waiting at gas stations? And all of a sudden people find out America is giving oil to the state of Israel? There would be a tremendous backlash against both Israel and Jews.

We anticipate great dangers, ominous dark clouds on our horizon. I see them culminating in an actual, real-life living Holocaust in which Jews will be killed. What year or month I can't predict, but it's coming. So I say to every Jew I come across, "Be prepared. Get a gun. Learn how to defend yourself." They look at me like I'm crazy.

We want Jewish people to know there are 60 million handguns in the United States, and Jews—who represent less than 3% of the population—don't own them. Not that we're anti-Gentile or anything like that. But a certain percentage of those gun-toting Gentiles might be hard-core Jew haters.

I'm not at all traumatized by seeing a 13-year-old Jewish youngster wearing a skullcap on his head and carrying a weapon. In Israel every family has a weapon in the home. It's nothing special. Only in America do we have this liberal attitude that guns are un-Jewish, that only Gentiles can own guns. I know that weapons are meant for destruction and that people have been killed by them. That's tragic. But I also know we were literally caught sleeping 40 years ago. If my analysis about anti-Semitism in this country is right, I don't want to take the chance that my next-door neighbor has a .357 Magnum aimed at my head and I'm defenseless.

I am violently opposed to violence, as are most Jews. Anybody who endorses it is demented and sick and belongs in a straitjacket. However, in certain circumstances, should a Nazi or a Klansman slip on a banana peel, I don't think there's a logical, sane person who can expect me to cry about it.

Jewish militants are out there, and they may be doing things I have no knowledge of. But if a Soviet bookstore in New York gets hit by a bomb, I really can't lose that much sleep over it, because the lives of Soviet Jews are going down the drain, and somebody must draw attention to their plight. When a call comes from a JDL office and says, "Such and such a person got bombed," and somebody says, "Never again"—which is our slogan—I can't shed that many tears. Because here is a Jewish community saying, "Enough is enough."

Nationally, our membership is between 20,000 and 25,000 people. But our backing is much greater in terms of financial and moral support. There are many, many JDL Jews "in the closet" who, for various fears, won't come right out and admit it. I would bet my life that we represent a good 40-45% of the Jewish community in Los Angeles, that they agree with us, love us and get a special, vicarious thrill when they see us in action—wishing they could be there.

At least once every other day we get a call saying, "This one's calling me a Kike," or "That one's putting swastikas on my garage," or "This one's burning a cross on my lawn." A woman in a nearby town, for example, was recently terrorized by several Iranians in the apartment below her. She called the police maybe 230 times, and all they did was come out and take one report after another. According to my sources, JDL supporters might have eventually thrown fists in the Iranians' faces. The end result was that they moved out.

Sometimes the only language people of this nature understand is violence. Sometimes you have to get down in the gutter and respond as they would.

For the future I see continued growth of Jew hatred and pressure on the state of Israel, including another war over there. I would like nothing better than to pack my bags, go to Israel, live on a kibbutz somewhere and make many Jewish kids. But I'm committed to this cause. I really believe there must be an insurance policy for the Jewish community so that if—God forbid—the Holocaust does happen again, there will be a group of Jews who are capable of doing things. There has to be some sort of Jewish organization that says to the Jew hater: "Hey, goy, if you kick me, we're going to kick back."

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## THE BENDECTIN CONSPIRACY

(continued from page 60)

Naturally, Mrs. Mekdeci warns against taking these—or any unnecessary drugs, for that matter—during pregnancy. She notes that high estrogen levels in pregnant women frequently make nasal membranes swell. This, she says, can induce pregnant women to seek cold remedies that contain the potentially teratogenic substance.

But did removal of dicyclomine hydrochloride from Bendectin make the drug safe? "No way," says Mrs. Mekdeci. She cites a recent study in which the new, two-ingredient formula of Bendectin was given to pregnant monkeys at the University of California at Davis. In his report, Dr. Andrew G. Hendrickx wrote:

"This investigation is prompted by preliminary studies in our laboratory which indicate that a specific heart malformation occurs in crab-eating macaque [monkey] fetuses exposed to Bendectin during the period of organogenesis [when an organ is being formed]. . . . The malformations were observed in 4 of 7 treated animals examined on day 100 of gestation. . . . This defect has not been observed in either control animals or in any of the animals on other drug studies. . . ."

In other words, more scientific evidence exists that the newer, two-ingredient form of Bendectin causes heart defects, at least in monkeys.

Mrs. Mekdeci is not optimistic about getting Bendectin banned, despite these new revelations. "Once a drug is on the market," she says, "it practically takes an act of God to get it off."

Merrell repeatedly points to its own studies, which, it argues, indicate that Bendectin is not a teratogen. The company says the drug has been used in more than 30 million pregnancies and "is, perhaps, the best tested drug available today for use by pregnant women."

Finally heeding complaints from Mrs. Mekdeci and others, the FDA examined Bendectin's safety record and made the results public in September 1980. At FDA headquarters in Rockville, Maryland, a blue-ribbon panel and a room crowded with FDA officials, lawyers, concerned parents and consumer groups learned the results of 13 studies which led the FDA experts to determine that Bendectin was not a teratogen.

Many of those studies have since been questioned in terms of overall reliability and techniques used. Dr. Hershel Jick of the Boston Collaborative Drug Surveillance Program charges that the technique used in some of the studies was faulty. Women were asked whether they

had taken Bendectin, usually after having given birth. Jick says that women with normal babies may forget they took the drug and that those with abnormal, deformed infants might remember having taken it. Attacking the methodology of some studies, Jick said the reverse could also be true.

Merrell doggedly cites what seems at first glance to be an impressive array of studies indicating that Bendectin is not a teratogen. But some critics insist they're worthless.

One scientific paper, for instance—authored by Merrell employees Dr. C. A. Bunde and Dr. D. M. Bowles—has been challenged by an FDA official as being "of practically no value and actually could be misleading."

Another study, conducted in Great Britain by Dr. Richard Smithells, was supported by a grant of \$26,000 from none other than Merrell Dow Pharmaceuticals. But when Smithells was studying the drug, Merrell neglected to inform him that the substance had been available in England; therefore, he did not have access to many women who had taken the drug. Smithells has since said that his findings, still glowingly quoted by Merrell, were "useless."

How can the FDA pay attention to studies which back Merrell's contention that the drug isn't dangerous while ignoring other studies which indicate it is indeed a teratogen? Some detractors think the FDA may just be lazy. When Betty Mekdeci was asked if she thought the FDA and Merrell were cooperating with one another, she declared, "It seems that some officials at the FDA are more interested in protecting the pharmaceutical industry than our children."

She points to evidence that even Merrell had some reservations about the safety of Bendectin. As the controversy grew, the firm belatedly began providing warning pamphlets to be included with prescriptions of Bendectin.

"There is no way to prove that any substance taken by pregnant women does not cause birth defects on rare occasions," the warning read. "For this reason, no drug, including Bendectin, should be taken during pregnancy unless it is clearly necessary. . . ."

"About 2 or 3 out of every 100 children born have a major birth defect. This risk may be increased if the mother takes certain drugs or other substances, such as alcohol, during pregnancy. The risk of a birth defect is increased if the substance is taken during the first 8 to 12 weeks of pregnancy, when the unborn child develops basic [body] parts."

The Merrell pamphlet also mentions analyses of women who took Bendectin during pregnancy: "In most of these





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studies there was no evidence that Bendectin increased the risk of birth defects. A few studies suggested that there might be a small increase in risk of birth defects. Because the other studies did not have such findings, it cannot be concluded that the birth defects are due to this drug.

"None of the studies, however, was large enough to rule out the possibility that there may be a small increase in risk. BECAUSE IT IS NOT POSSIBLE TO PROVE THAT A DRUG TAKEN BY A PREGNANT WOMAN DOES NOT, ON RARE OCCASIONS, CAUSE BIRTH DEFECTS, BENDECTIN SHOULD BE TAKEN ONLY WHEN CLEARLY NEEDED."

None of which sounds very reassuring.

In the bureaucratic maze that is Washington, D.C., where far too many legislators and civil servants do the bidding of powerful drug-company lobbies, some encouraging new fighters in the battle against Bendectin are beginning to be heard from. Consumer advocate Ralph Nader's Health Research Group has petitioned to have Bendectin removed from pharmacy shelves on the grounds that it is ineffective.

Congressman Don Edwards (D-California) has seen the terrible impact of the drug firsthand. His grandson has a limb deformity allegedly connected to the use of Bendectin by the boy's mother. Branding the FDA's performance as lax, he has asked the agency to remove Bendectin from its approved list until the manufacturer can prove it is both safe and effective.

Cheryl Friedling, an assistant to Congressman Edwards, complains about the difficulty of making such dissenting views heard. Noting that Merrell Dow Pharmaceuticals—as well as its predecessors—is a major distributor of many products and has a large advertising budget, she says: "There have been attempts to get this story into the mass market, but they have been met with resistance. Dow and Vicks are very powerful advertising-revenue sources."

In other words, some members of the media have been afraid to provoke the manufacturers of Bendectin into withdrawing advertising from their publications. Before Dow Chemical acquired Merrell last year, Vicks was part of the Richardson-Merrell corporate operation. Vicks, of course, advertises and markets a number of products, including two that contain doxylamine succinate—Vicks Nyquil and Vicks Formula 44. The firm also sells Lavaris mouthwash, Clearasil, Oil of Olay and Fixodent. Dow Chemical is a major manufacturer of chemical products, including

home-cleaning solutions, Saran Wrap and Ziploc Bags.

The frustration of the congressman's aide is echoed by Betty Mekdeci, who worked with a network television producer for three months in 1977 after he expressed interest in airing a documentary segment dealing with the potential dangers of Bendectin. But when word got out, the network received 200 form letters from doctors warning that the show might cause pandemonium since so many pregnant women were then taking the drug. Mrs. Mekdeci claims the form letter was originated by a consultant working for Merrell. She also suggests the network decision to abandon the segment might have been influenced by the tremendous number of commercials touting Merrell and related companies that were running at the time.

It seems especially surprising that feminist organizations have rejected Mrs. Mekdeci's appeals to spread the word about Bendectin. "I'm thoroughly discouraged with women's groups," she says. "Most of them are so concerned with the ERA not getting passed that they're not addressing themselves to things that ordinary women are concerned with. The National Organization for Women told me, 'So go sue them.' Well, I already had sued them. So to heck with the feminists."

Despite all the questions raised by Mrs. Mekdeci, by various researchers and even by Merrell's own employees, doctors continue to prescribe Bendectin.

"I prescribe it every day," says Dr. Douglas Hall, a Florida obstetrician who voices the sentiments of many possibly misinformed physicians. "It's the safest thing we've got. It's lesser than all the other evils. I've never seen any problem with it."

Dr. Hall contends the drug is effective in cases of "excessive nausea and vomiting." But he's not sure it works in cases "where women have psychological problems, when they don't want to have a baby." He thinks some morning sickness may result from a strong wish not to be pregnant. "But for regular nausea and vomiting, Bendectin works well."

None of these doctors or researchers have met 3½-year-old Heather-Lilly Milligan. A blond, talkative little girl, she lives with her 28-year-old mother, Lynda, in Pacific Grove on California's Monterey Peninsula.

Heather-Lilly is a Bendectin child. She is missing her left forearm, and the end of the bone in her lower arm is damaged. She wears a prosthetic arm and hand, only it doesn't look like a real hand at all. It resembles the grotesque claw on a giant crab.



Lynda Milligan is suing Merrell, although she has no idea how much her lawyer will seek from the giant pharmaceutical firm. "I'd like to get enough money to run a big advertisement in every newspaper in the country warning women not to take Bendectin," she says. "I'm angry as hell."

Like the parents of all Bendectin children, Lynda must absorb extraordinary expenses because of her child's birth defect. Only some of them are covered by government medical aid and the local Elks Club. Once a week Heather-Lilly undergoes physical therapy designed to facilitate routine use of her fiberglass arm with its metal wrist and clawlike hand. But she is still not completely comfortable.

"How come I was born with an arm like mine?" she often asks her mother.

"What can I say?" Lynda Milligan wonders. "I tell her that some people are just born that way. I can't bear to explain that I took a drug while I was pregnant and the drug caused her arm to look like that."

Ironically, Lynda took very good care of herself once she learned of her pregnancy. "I quit smoking," she says. "I quit drinking coffee. I stopped drinking soda pop. I wouldn't have taken anything that I thought might hurt my baby. It just makes me sick."

According to Lynda, the obstetrician who delivered her daughter didn't notice the deformed arm. "Right after the birth, he gave her to me immediately," she recalls. "I'd told a friend that if anything was wrong, I didn't want to keep the baby. My friend noticed, but she didn't say anything. I was playing with Heather-Lilly's toes when I saw her arm. I looked back at my friend. She was smiling, and then so was I. No matter what her deformities were, this was my baby, and I loved her so much."

Some time later Lynda saw an alarming news article about possible links between Bendectin and birth defects. She asked her doctors whether she had taken the drug while carrying Heather-Lilly.

"They wouldn't tell me," Lynda remembers, "so I told them I wasn't after the doctors but the drug company. Then they admitted that I had taken Bendectin. Because it wasn't doing much good, I had stopped taking it after four weeks. Thank God, or my baby might have been damaged even more."

As Heather-Lilly plays on the floor with a big red dog named Sage, her mother gets a wistful look in her eye. "You know," she says softly to the child can't hear, "sometimes I look at her at night, when she's asleep. And I think to myself, 'She's so pretty. She's so bright. It's just not fair.'"



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## SEX PLAY

(continued from page 33)

course than masturbation or cunnilingus. Masturbation and getting eaten certainly rate high, but it gets me off in all ways to be filled to the hilt with cock and—wham!—lose all control. Ha! In fact, this guy once told me that I came so much he thought I'd pissed. I was so wet and my contractions were so strong, I literally pushed his cock out!

**JOYCE:** My best orgasm is through masturbation. I fantasize what I want with no outside intrusion, and I control the action. If I want it slower, I get it slower. During oral sex I find that when I'm ready to come, I suddenly get uptight. I don't know why. Maybe because I find it hard to let myself go in front of someone else. A cock-induced orgasm is awfully good, but I'm so drained by the time I finally get off that it loses some of its intensity.

**HUSTLER:** What is the best advice you can give to other women to make cunnilingus more enjoyable for them?

**CINDY:** Be clean and fresh. A man wouldn't eat food off the floor; so don't expect him to eat your dirt. Soap and water never hurt anyone.

**DONNA:** Stay healthy, and when you're not, refrain from all types of sex. Don't pass your infections or disease to others. Half the time, when I'm deciding if I'll go to bed with a man, I try to figure out what type of woman he's been to bed with before. If he looks like a guy who will fuck anyone, forget it! Sex really loses its fun if you always have to worry about medical problems afterward. One scary aspect of oral sex is the possibility of getting a disease in your mouth.

**YVONNE:** A woman must exude sensuousness—all over. Keep your cunt pretty. A shave and a trim with a dot of cologne can go a long way. The other things are important, but being sexy and pretty down there certainly should not be discounted.

**JOYCE:** If he's good, let him know you think so. If you're going to come, scream it from the rooftop. Purr, moan, groan.

**HUSTLER:** What advice would you give to a pussy eater?

**CINDY:** Don't start out like a herd of wild buffalo. Begin slow and soft and build up momentum as the woman becomes more responsive.

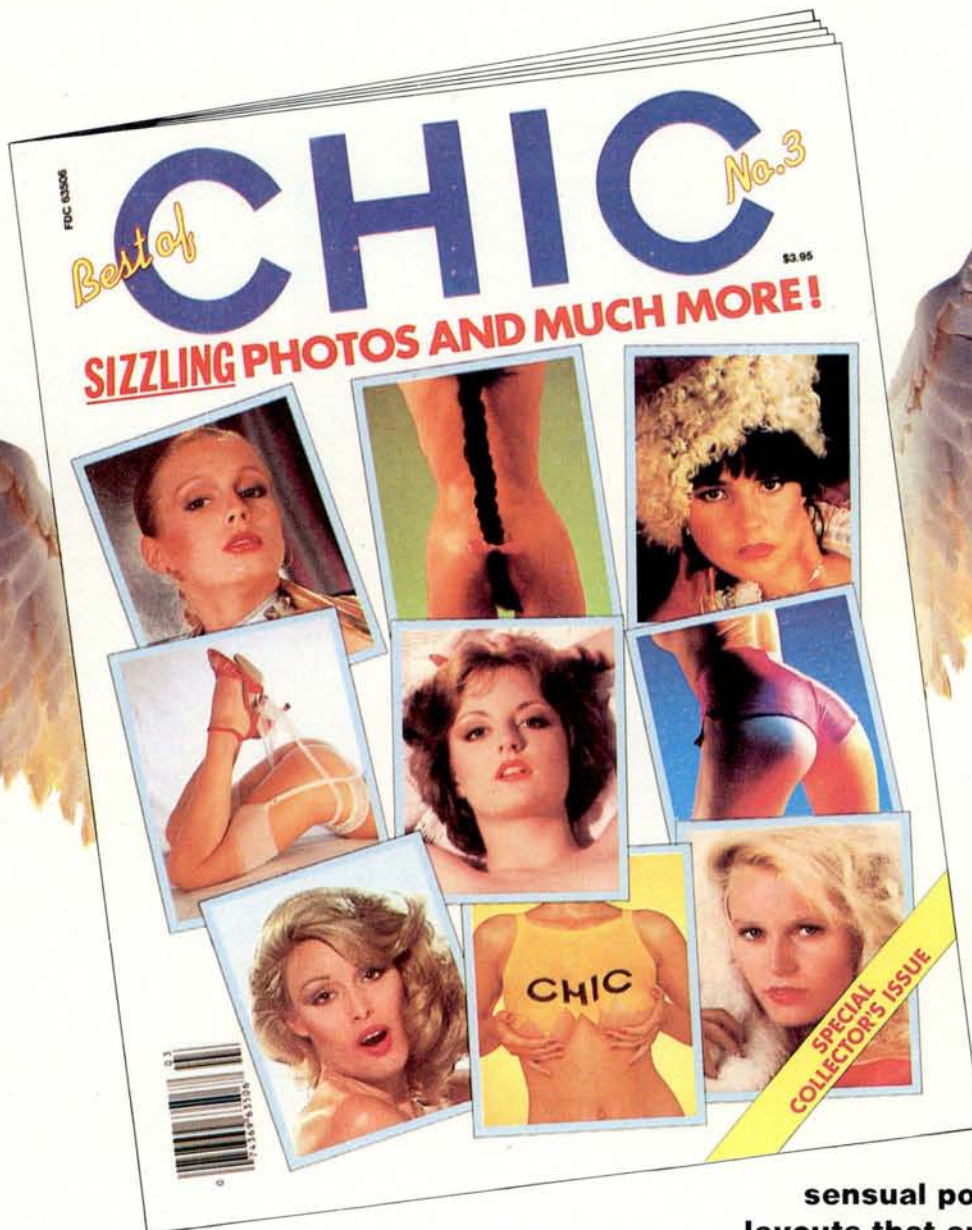
**DONNA:** If a girl is honest enough to give constructive criticism, don't be too macho to follow her advice. It could improve your reputation as a lover.

**YVONNE:** Always remember, eating pussy is like eating a gourmet meal. Savor every morsel.

**JOYCE:** Don't let the cat get your tongue!



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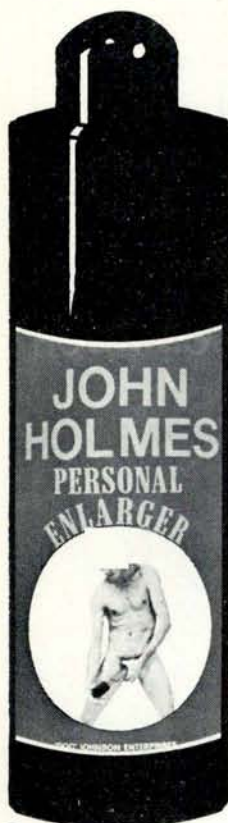
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**AGING LADIES AND SUPER STUDS**—These days, many wealthy older matrons are quickly discovering how young stuff can really spice up their lives. They're trading their two-hour luncheons at posh restaurants for a more-satisfying meal of sex with "gigolos"—suave young men who please their clients at incredibly high prices. Learn the ins and outs of this mutual satisfaction in next month's informative **SEX PLAY** by Rita Greene.

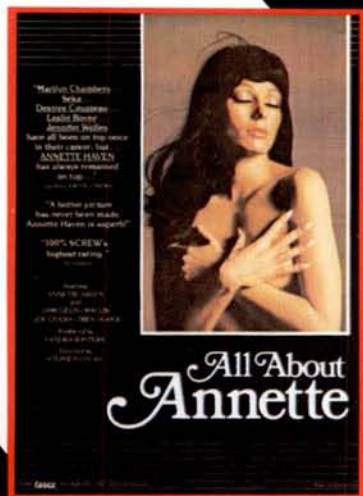
**WHY WAS KENNEDY KILLED?**—John F. Kennedy's death remains a mystery, but investigator Jeffrey Bolt and his Swedish lover uncover evidence so shocking that Bolt too becomes marked for murder. Realistic fiction by J. R. Regis.

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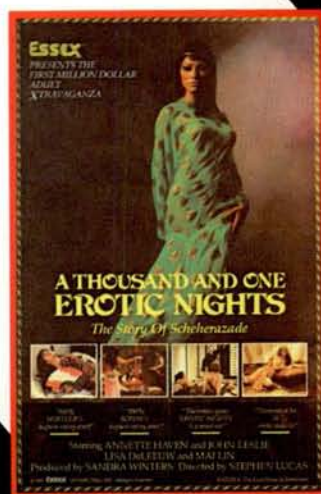


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