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HUSTLER JULY 1981 VOLUME 8 NUMBER 1

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PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



Big Brother's Watching You

This is the 75th time in the last seven years that I have written a *Publisher's Statement* for HUSTLER. During those years I have used this space to sound the alarm to my millions of friends who read this magazine each month. Whenever an act of reprehensible suppression, vile, flagrant hypocrisy or just plain down-home stupidity comes to my attention, I have never been afraid to write about it.

That attitude has made me a lot of enemies too. Most of them are merely vocal, yapping like dogs in heat at ideas they don't understand, or attacking facts they refuse to accept. One poor demented asshole even took a gun and pumped a couple of slugs into my belly, in an attempt to shut me up. He didn't, and I won't. Especially now since we have a Bible-thumping, witch-hunting group of zealots called the Moral Majority, a repressive Supreme Court, a predominantly right-wing Congress and the Jelly Bean Kid riding high in the saddle.

Many years ago George Orwell wrote a novel called *1984*, which painted a terrifying picture of the future. In it the government spied on everyone, privacy was forbidden, and anyone who tried to stand up for what he or she believed in was executed. By the time Ronald Reagan and the moralistic lobbyists who cluster around him have finished with our country, it really *will* be 1984. We can avoid the fate of Orwell's fictitious society only if we keep a watchful eye on the poison of repression wherever it tries to take hold. We must heed the words of the wise man who wrote: "The price of freedom is eternal vigilance."

Think I'm exaggerating? Then take a look at California Senate Bill 781. From what my reporters in the field tell me, other Moral Majority-like groups are carefully watching how successful this witch-hunt will be. What is Senate Bill 781? Nothing less than a legislative act, effective January 1, 1981, that *forces* doctors, teachers, counselors and anyone else who has contact with girls under the age of 18 to tell the police if they suspect those girls have had sexual intercourse.

You read that right, folks. This treacherous law rapes so many Constitutional rights, it boggles the mind. The right to privacy? Forget it. The right to free expression? Out the window. And what about more-personal rights? Imagine the scars a 15-year-old girl would face if she confided her pregnancy to her doctor, then suddenly found out she was a police item. But the most obscene part of this law is the fact that elected officials could be so intimidated by a group of "do-gooders" that they would actually pass a law allowing the government and police to stick their noses where they have no right to be.

Fortunately, some people are already fighting back. A number of California doctors and teachers have said they'll go to jail before obeying this law. These dedicated individuals have challenged the Constitutionality of this repressive law and forced the legislators to think twice before pulling the wool over the public's eyes. (Perhaps by the time you read this, this perverse law may be off the books.) I can only applaud these men and women who have the courage to back up their convictions. If your own state tries to pull this same kind of witch-hunt, I hope you too will crusade against it. Human sexuality, like other forms of human expression, is not a matter that can ever be legislated. When self-righteous, misguided, ill-informed and totally asinine groups like the Moral Majority learn that, we'll all be better off.



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:

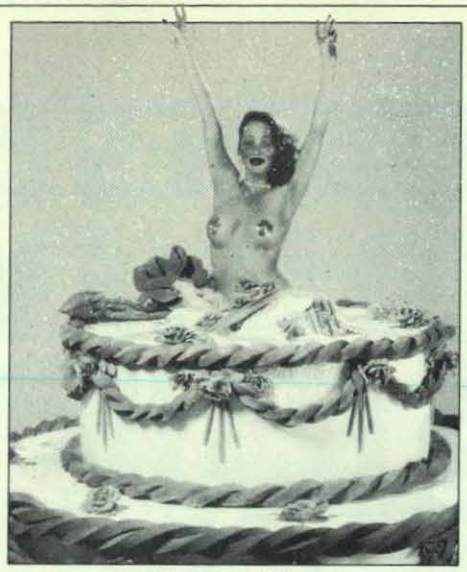
National Committee for Prevention of Child Abuse, Box 2866, Chicago, Illinois 60690

SHOW & TELL

July marks HUSTLER's gala seventh anniversary—the best occasion yet to renew our pledge to bring you, our readers, the very finest men's magazine in America. It's also a time to extend thanks for your loyalty during these first magnificent seven, a loyalty won despite the bleating hypocrites who've tried so hard to silence us. To kick off year number eight, we've put together the best HUSTLER ever—an issue guaranteed to excite, to inform . . . and to rock a fleet of boats.

One "boat" that certainly warrants some rocking is the U.S. government's dangerous, shortsighted policy toward the Central American nation of El Salvador. Late last year HUSTLER sent journalist John J. Sullivan Jr. to uncover the truth about that country's raging civil war and our government's growing involvement. But hours after arriving in the capital city, Sullivan disappeared. He hasn't been seen since.

In our exclusive special report, **THE NEW VIETNAM: HUSTLER REPORTER VANISHES IN BLOODY REVOLUTION**, you'll learn the facts behind the conflict Sullivan went to cover. You'll learn how high-ranking U.S. officials have frustrated efforts to locate him for fear of offending El Salvador's ruling junta. This vital analysis was penned by HUSTLER Articles Editor **RICHARD WARREN LEWIS**, a veteran of more than 20 years in journalism. Besides writing for such leading publications as *Life, Playboy, New York* and the *New York Times*, he's the author of *The Scavengers and Critics of the Warren Report* (Delacorte) and a screenplay adapted from Irving Wallace's novel *The Seven Minutes*. Lewis's report is augmented by a warm recollection of John Sullivan—the man—by the writer's best friend and drinking companion, **BOB GIMA**, a *New York Daily News* copy editor. The accompanying artwork is by HUSTLER regular **ROGER BERGENDORFF**, who illustrated May's fiction, *Intensive Loving Care*.



Cover by Clive McLean

A deadly struggle closer to home—this one between law-enforcement agencies and the competing factions of La Cosa Nostra—serves as the backdrop for July's profile, **FUNZI TIERI: DEATH OF THE FORMER DON OF DONS**. The first mobster to be successfully prosecuted for heading an organized-crime family, the wily, 77-year-old Tieri proved a challenging subject for **JERRY CAPECI**, an award-winning investigative reporter for the *New York Post*. Capeci, whose writing often appears in *New York* magazine, has covered stories ranging from the rape case of singer Connie Francis to the year-long murder rampage of David Berkowitz, the convicted "Son of Sam" killer. For the illustration we called on **DAVID MANN**, who provided art for *Death by Bureaucracy: Red Tape Can Kill You* (HUSTLER, September 1980).

Crime and criminals also play a featured role in this month's fiction, **THE GREAT MOVIE CAPER**. An exciting tale of lust, luck and revenge set in and around Santa Cruz, California, the story was written by first-time HUSTLER contributor **LESLIE BOHEM**. A musician and songwriter, Bohem authored the songs "Four Hearts in a Snaggle" for Tommy Smothers and "He's Got Nothing on Me But You" for our June profile subject, Freddie Fender. He's currently with a Los Angeles rock group called the Gleaming Spires. **RICH MAHON**, who illustrated May's *Sex Play*, "Friction Diction: Turning On by Talking," supplied the artwork.

The power of music to put people in a lovemaking mood is explored in July's stimulating *Sex Play*, **ROCK 'N' ROLL TO ORGASM**. From the hypnotic harps of ancient Greece to the thumping beat of today's discos, **JOHN PUGH** discusses how and why song and tune have always been a surefire way to get someone hot. Pugh, who wrote our November 1977 profile of country-music promoter Carlton Haney, has reported for numerous publications, including *Swank, Genesis, Country Music* and *Music City News*. The art was rendered by **MICK McGINTY**, who illustrated the Freddy Fender profile.

In addition, you'll get the inside scoop on **LARRY FLYNT'S MILLION-DOLLAR GIVEAWAY** as we go behind the scenes with the winners. Three years and 4 million entries in the making, Publisher Larry Flynt's bonanza contest climaxed in New Orleans with a unique "pool" based on the final score of the 1981 Super Bowl game. Share in this unforgettable true-life drama, the heart-warming triumph of HUSTLER and CHIC readers whose lives have been immeasurably enriched—in more ways than one.

As always, you'll find HUSTLER packed with the sort of straight-from-the-shoulder stories and provocative pictorials our readers demand. It's been a great seven years. But stick around . . . you ain't seen nothin' yet!



Richard Warren Lewis



Roger Bergendorff



Jerry Capeci



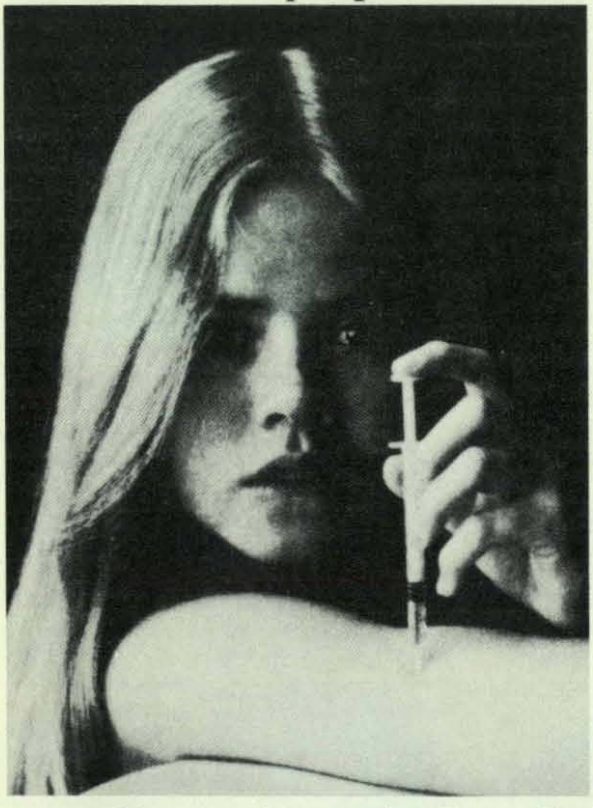
David Mann



Leslie Bohem

IF DIABETES IS SO EASY TO LIVE WITH, WHY IS IT THE THIRD LARGEST KILLER?

Last year diabetes killed an estimated 300,000 people. Yet millions of people don't realize just how serious a disease it is.



They think curing diabetes is as simple as taking a shot of insulin. Well, it isn't.

Insulin can keep a diabetic alive. But it can't always prevent the complications caused by the disease.

For instance, a gradual deterioration of blood vessels that eventually leads to blindness. Or heart disease. Or kidney failure.

Still there is hope. We're constantly looking for better ways of treating diabetes. And a real cure may not be far off. But we need your help.

Please give to the Juvenile Diabetes Foundation, Dept. A, Box 9999, New York, N.Y. 10001. Without you, diabetes may someday go from number three to number one.

INSULIN IS NOT A CURE. HELP US FIND ONE.

Juvenile Diabetes Foundation

Juvenile diabetes is insulin-dependent diabetes, the most severe form of the disease.

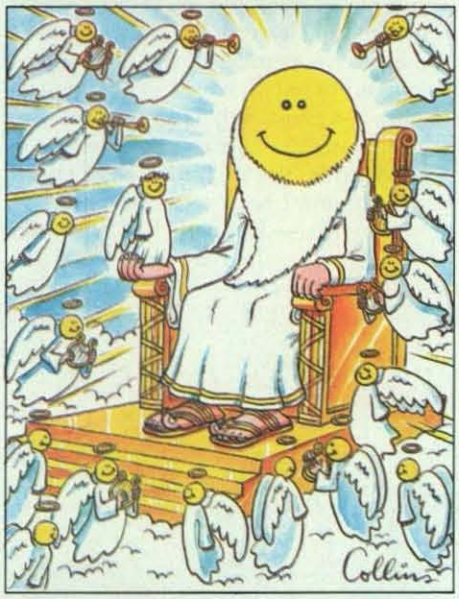
Tanya: You have really done it, HUSTLER! Your May Honey, *Tanya: The Animal Within* (top photo), is proof of a natural blonde's power over a man. She is truly the 1980's Marilyn Monroe.
—F. Wettstein III
Wayne, New Jersey



Friendly Skies: Regarding the cartoon of the smiling faces on page 101 of the April HUSTLER (center), your humor is too high for me. Please give me an explanation. —A. C. Thomas
Duisburg, West Germany

The Happy Face button, a fad in the United States that apparently hasn't caught on in West Germany, is the cartoonist's satirical interpretation of what heaven might be like. Have a nice day.

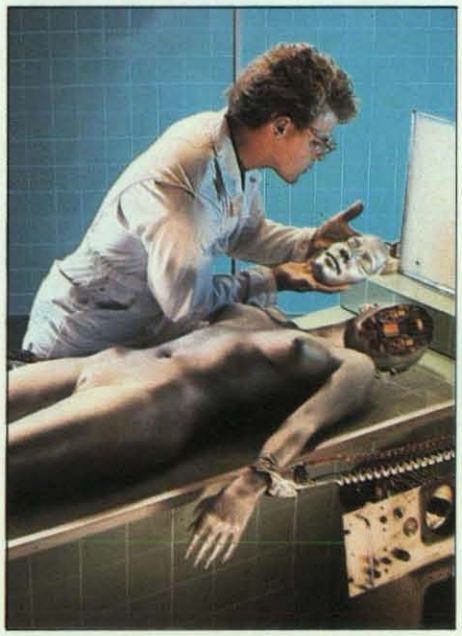
Silver Service: *Programmed for Passion* (bottom photo), a May pictorial, was really outstanding and true art. The model transformed into a silver android is very beautiful and talented.
—Colonel M. J. West
Williamsburg, Virginia



Publisher's Statement: Your April *Publisher's Statement,* "El Salvador: HUSTLER Reporter Missing," makes one realize what goes into publishing a fine magazine such as yours. My prayers, and those of my congregation, are with John Sullivan and his family. Wherever he is, God is with him.
—Reverend Terry M. Johnson
Aurora, Illinois

Since Ronald Reagan got himself elected President, all I've been hearing about are these assholes who call themselves the Moral Majority. They try to give the impression they are a majority and have some kind of power in this country. If they read your March *Publisher's Statement,* "The Real Majority," they would know that most people didn't vote because we had two of the most fucked-up people running for President in this country's history. I've been a fan of HUSTLER from the beginning and know your magazine stands for everything the Moral Majority is against. What is needed is an expose of these assholes, and Larry Flynt has the balls to do it. —Jeffrey Canaded
West Haven, Connecticut

The Moral Majority is the topic of this month's Publisher's Statement (page 5).



I am writing in regard to your *Publisher's Statement* "The Real Majority" (March). As a business major at California State University at Fullerton, I find that you and I differ on viewpoints of politics and economics, even though I do enjoy your magazine. However, as for the "real majority," I could not have put it any better myself!

The fact that Ronald Reagan was elected by only 26% of the eligible popular electorate is a vital argument for condemning the two-party system. It's easy for two political parties to abuse power, but it is a different story when there is a bona fide third party to contend with. If the American political forum had the equivalent of Canada's New Democratic Party, we'd at least have a much better choice. —Douglas Whaley
Anaheim, California

Asshole, Pro and Con: I loved your selection of the May *Asshole of the Month,* Mayor Jane Byrne. It fits the bitch just right. I think you should also make her "Fuckhead of the Year" because she has really fucked up Chicago ever since taking office. —Tom Manning
Peotone, Illinois

I'd like to comment on your *Asshole of the Month* column, in which you downgrade a particular political or religious person. Instead of embarrassing these public figures, you should keep strictly to what HUSTLER was before—a filthy, gross, sex-demonized magazine. The shooting of Larry Flynt should have been an eye-opener to stop political and religious rebuffs, but your stupidity continues.
—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Klan Comment: Your April article *The Klan Rises Again: Modern Methods for Old Hatreds* sucked. As a guy who lived in Mississippi for 16 years and knows about Klan activities, I think the KKK benefits our white people. You must be blind motherfuckers not to see what niggers are doing to America's big cities these days.

With all the mud people running around, whites will be voted out of office. And it's not the KKK that rapes women, sells young ass on the streets, puts drugs in our kids' hands, shows dirty movies, holds people up or burns down our cities. I don't think HUSTLER has the guts to write an antiblack article.
—Fred Lees
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

In regard to your Ku Klax Klan article (April), I don't know where you got your poll saying people in the Midwest are sympathetic to those assholes, but

that is pure bullshit. As a white person living in this part of the country, I don't know anyone who can stand them.

When the KKK and the Nazis came to Kansas City, they ended up in the hospital, and the asshole radio station that brought them here had a big repair bill for the damages caused by their appearance. We made it clear we will not put up with that kind of shit here. You can use my name because, unlike KKK members (who are afraid to show their faces), I am not a coward.

—Kevin Kitchen
Kansas City, Missouri

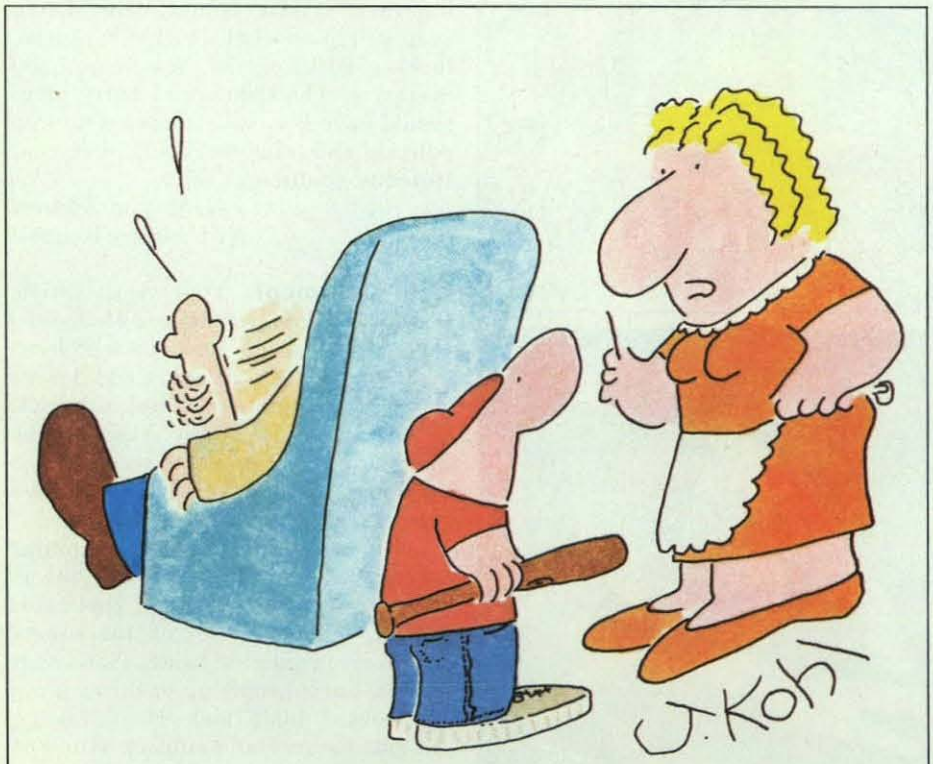
The Gallup Poll referred to in the article did not generalize that the Midwest was wholly sympathetic to Klan activities—only that unfavorable opinion of the KKK declined to a greater degree there than in any other part of the country.

Rapist Rap: I am writing about your March article *Rape!—A Victim's Chilling Nightmare*, because there is one side of the story that hasn't been told—the rapist's. The reason I bring this up is that I am currently serving a 30-year sentence for two rapes. The victims were not hurt, except for maybe their pride, and all I did was have sex with a woman who didn't know me or like me. One victim asked me if I wanted help, but I knew no one would understand. The judge said it was up to me to rehabilitate myself.

It seems rapists are considered sick people, and there is no program to try to help them. Society locks them up and forgets about them. I'm not saying crime is acceptable, but now I am going to be marked all my life just for making love to someone. —Phillip Therrien
Columbia, South Carolina

There is a big difference between making love and forcing one's sexuality on someone else. We agree there should be programs to rehabilitate rapists. But rape is a crime, a crime of violence. Whatever the motivation, that crime must be atoned for.

Digging It: As a mining engineer, I'd like to commend you on your April fiction, *Trouble in 3 West*, by Lee Schultz. Having seen so many distorted stories about mining, I found this one's description of the production crew's duties realistic. That a woman was an accepted and effective member of the team in the story could serve as a hint to chauvinists of both sexes, as well as to women who might consider going into mining. Reality aside, the story was good entertainment, and I hope to see more like it.
—Kenneth B. Cummings
Golden, Colorado



"Daddy's had a tough day at work; so don't disturb him while he unwinds."

Laughing Matter: Please make HUSTLER perfect by eliminating your cartoons about Jesus. The humor may cause a smile, but I can't accept it spiritually or emotionally. Jesus should be taken seriously. —K. J.
Albuquerque, New Mexico

I am extremely displeased with the racism against Jews in your cartoons. They reflect the anti-Semitic attitude of the cartoonists and of HUSTLER Magazine. For example, you should check your facts before depicting all rabbis as wearing black. My point is this: A proud Jewish person is aware of the obscene work you print. —Yakov Leiberman
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

As a reader of your magazine since its debut in the marketplace, I have decided to write and offer my comments. First, let me commend you on being such a trend-setter. Just about every other magazine is trying to follow your act—a tough one at that. I've also noticed you receive a lot of flak about your cartoons. Well, I think some of them are gross as all hell—you walk a fine line on those. —N. Jones
Toledo, Ohio

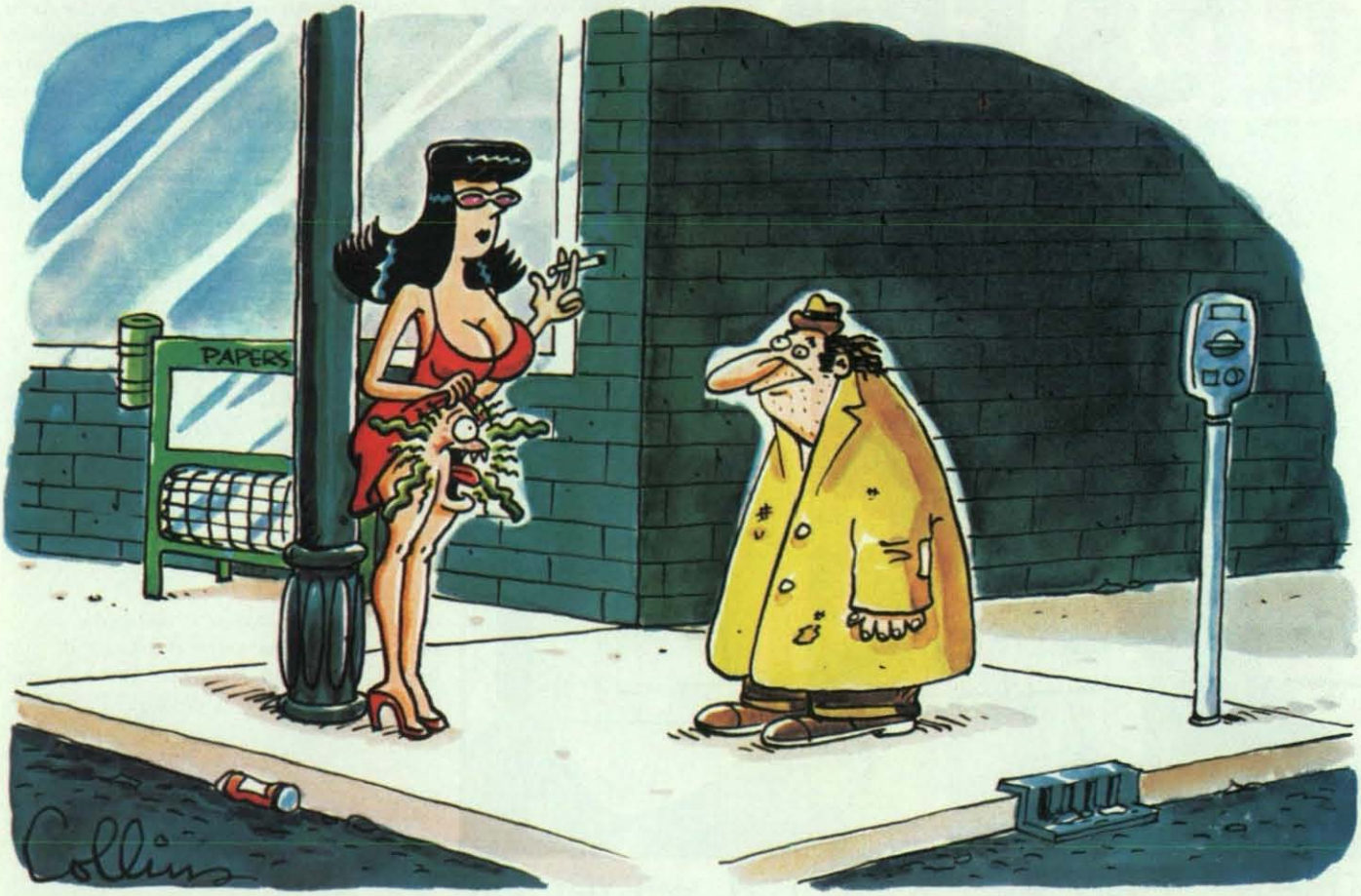
***Feedback* Feedback:** I would like to respond to Lee Schulman from Palo Alto, California, who wrote in the April *Feedback* that he is sick of the "Fuck Iran crap." It's too bad Schulman is an American. With his concrete cranium, he'd make a great Nazi or Ugandan paperweight. Evidently he is a dick-sucking dumbass who gets off on nudie photos of Khomeini. Put that in your Ayatollah butt-plug, Schulman, and shove it all the way up your Persian-rug asshole. —Name Withheld by Request
Atlanta, Georgia

D. B. from Austin, Texas, who commented in your April *Feedback* about how he'd like to have one of your centerfolds suck him off, gives men a bad reputation. Instead of saying what he could do for her, his trip is what she could do for him. He must be between the ages of 18 and 21, and has a lot to learn about women. Give the ladies what they want, and they'll return the favor. —Carl Gregory
West Palm Beach, Florida

I'm writing in response to the letters in the April *Feedback* from F. F. of Washington, D.C., and Name and Address Withheld by Request (understandably), who questioned the credibility of your January *Sex Play*, "Vaginal Orgasms." I'm a 30-year-old female who ejaculates a fair-sized puddle that soaks



"Hi, I'm looking for some strange pussy."



my husband's beard and drips off his chin. He made me come like that the first time 14 years ago, and I married him. Tell those two idiot letter-writers they need some lessons in lovemaking.

—Beverly
New Concord, Kentucky

Pet Beaver: Each time I pick up a new HUSTLER, I lust in anticipation of the visual delights provided by *Beaver Hunt*. Your May issue finally inspired me to write to commend you on another job well done—namely the Shelton Sisters. I nominate these three lovely ladies for "Beavers of the Year." Just think of the possibilities. —Jim Reese
Reading, Pennsylvania

This letter is in regard to Ramona from Greenville, Mississippi, an April *Beaver Hunt* entry whose fantasy is to eat her girlfriend's pussy while their husbands watch. That hot, sexy lady can eat my pussy any day. My mate and I have never seen such a big, wet pussy like hers, and we'd like to see it appear in a HUSTLER photo-feature.

—Names and Addresses
Withheld by Request

Plop Plop, Fizz Fizz: HUSTLER is to be commended for its response to "Alka-Seltzer Sex" in the April *Advise & Consent* column, in which you pointed out the health hazards of inserting the popular pain-relief tablet into the vagina. I was upset when I saw a similar letter in another magazine with the answer, "If it feels good, go ahead."—A. L.
Youngstown, Ohio

M.Y.O.B.—I am a 61-year-old country boy, and I think HUSTLER is an exceptional publication. Larry Flynt's *Publisher's Statement* page is one of the very best. I am a well-liked, upstanding, churchgoing citizen, but I think it is no one's business what I read in my home.

—Woodrow W. Leppo
Westminster, Maryland

Holier Than Thou: Larry Flynt, you and your publications are an abomination to the soul. You revile everything in sight. You degrade human sexuality to lewdness, licentiousness and perversity. You indiscriminately proliferate your ideas under the guise of freedom of expression. The only difference between you and those who believe all forms of sexual expression are evil is that you are on opposite ends of the spectrum; both extremes are vices.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Color Contrast: I'm fed up with letters in HUSTLER from blacks, belittling Larry Flynt or the pictorial/editorial content of the magazine and calling everyone a racist when HUSTLER doesn't print what blacks want. Invariably, the humor of cartoons satirizing blacks goes right over their heads.

White people in America are tired of seeing blacks wear their color on their sleeve like a badge, demanding that whites remain guilty for 400 years of slavery. That record has worn very thin. All blacks seem to want is handouts. I hope they have enough sense to realize that the free-ride concept has been abandoned in America.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

I'm a 23-year-old black woman who enjoys reading HUSTLER. I know it's for men, but I also enjoy the great humor and the beauty of the other features in your magazine. I don't care for some of the articles, but the material in HUSTLER helps a lot of people, including me. —Devirrie Wilson
Tyler, Texas

April Love: As an avid reader of HUSTLER, I fell head over heels in love with your April cover girl. I'm a 26-year-old Marine who would give up my commission just to meet her. She is the most gorgeous woman I've ever laid eyes on.

—Charles R. Feaster
San Francisco, California

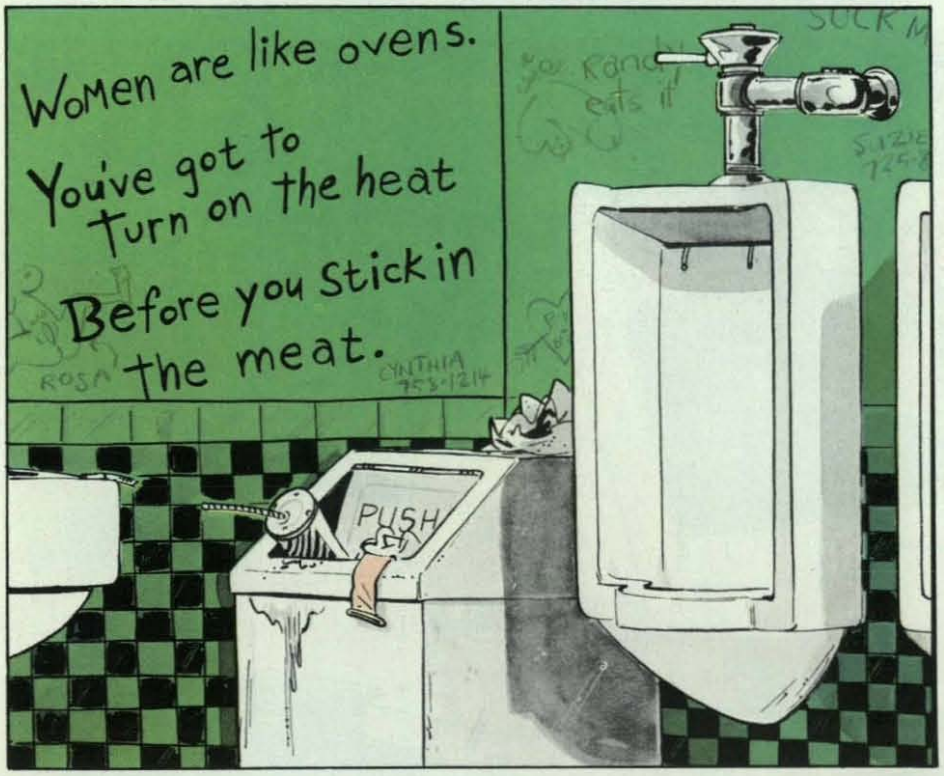
Usually, your male/female pictorials are excellent, but the April photo-spread *Beauty and the Beast* sucked. The cock on the beast sure looked fake to me. —Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Light Fingers: I recently purchased the January issue of *Penthouse* magazine. While looking through it, I noticed the photo-layout of Kari Burton, and I thought I was experiencing deja vu! I knew I'd seen her before; so I dug through my library of HUSTLERs, and there she was in your December 1978 issue.

Did *Penthouse* rip you off? Clearly the shots were taken at the same photo session, with the same dress, shoes and backdrop. Does *Penthouse* think it can pull a fast one on a devout HUSTLER reader? —Skip Peterson
Central Valley, California

Apparently not as fast as your quick eye. In last month's issue we exposed the Penthouse photo-spread rip-off in our Bits & Pieces section.

GRAFFILTHY



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World News Roundup

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

Infant circumcision-- surgical removal of the foreskin from a newborn male's penis--is being performed less often in Canada. "Pediatrics," a publication of the American Academy of Pediatrics, says more and more Canadian doctors believe routine circumcision risks unnecessary complications. Dr. Thomas Ritter, an American physician, says it results in a penis that is "abnormal, less functional and less sensitive." The circumcision rate in Canada is now below 50 percent, while it's estimated to be about 80 percent in the United States.

The sun has the power to arouse the sex drive and step up sexual performance. According to Dr. Joseph Meites, professor of physiology at Michigan State University, sunlight sets off chain reactions in the nervous system, resulting in higher hormone levels and enlarged sex glands in both men and women. In the meantime, University of Texas researchers say darkness triggers production of melatonin, a hormone that inhibits sexual desire. However, since sunlight reduces melatonin production, libido and fertility are increased. The Sex Research Institute at Indiana University supports these findings with statistics showing the rate of sexual intercourse peaks in July, during the longest days of the year.

A doctor in West Germany has replanted a penis that had been severed and cut into two parts--the first time such a procedure has been successfully performed. At the University Clinic for Urology, in Mainz, Dr. Karl Klippel used a surgical microscope to locate nerves in the amputated shaft and stump, then arranged the parts on a catheter leading to the bladder. Veins from the patient's hand were used to bridge the penis's main artery. The 41-year-old patient was able to urinate normally 18 days after surgery, and reported full erections two months later.

A Houston company has sold some 10,000 copies of an X-rated program for home computers that advises people how to make love. The program, called "Interlude," asks viewers a series of highly personal questions. Replies are punched into the computer via a keyboard. "Interlude" then prints out detailed instructions, describing what the people should do to each other. These instructions range from basic foreplay to light bondage. The president of Syntonic Software, David Brown, says his company's program can be very beneficial when "the man and woman are already feeling warmly toward each other, but do not have an exact format in mind for the evening."

Women switching from tampons to menstrual sponges because of publicity about toxic-shock syndrome should know sponges may not be safe either. The U.S. Food and Drug Administration says two new studies show sea sponges contain bacteria, fungi, sand and coral, as well as hydrocarbons and chemical pollutants. The agency has not approved use of such sponges, which were linked to a recent case of toxic shock in a Minnesota woman who used them exclusively during menstruation. In Iowa City, Iowa, the Emma Goldman Clinic (a women's health center) withdrew the product after learning of the potential hazards.

Farmers have the most satisfactory sex lives. That's the finding of a new survey by the American Academy of Family Physicians, which studied the sexual lifestyles of secretaries, executives, farmers, doctors and teachers. Survey participants were asked whether they believed sex was necessary for happiness, and whether they were presently satisfied with their own sex lives. Nearly 50 percent of the farmers said they were sexually content, the academy found, compared to 29 percent of the business executives. More executives than farmers, however, felt sex was a vital ingredient for a full life.

Men may be becoming infertile because of the mattresses they sleep on. Dr. Ralph Dougherty of Florida State University says a chemical widely used in polyurethane mattresses to reduce their flammability was found in the seminal fluid of about one-quarter of the male college students tested recently. He believes the chemical, called Fyrol F-R-2, may be entering the body through the skin while men sleep. Dougherty says the chemical could be responsible for declining fertility among American males, whose sperm has dropped in density by an average of 50 percent to 80 percent since the 1920s.

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ADVISE & CONSENT

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

Edited by Stephanie Ross

Agent Orange Victim: I am a Vietnam vet who was exposed to a chemical commonly called Agent Orange. I am considering getting married, but I've heard rumors that some of the guys exposed to this stuff have been having deformed kids. How can I find out what my chances are of having a healthy child? —Name and Address Withheld by Request

You should contact Frank McCarthy, president of Agent Orange Victims International (AOVI). Mr. McCarthy and his organization are just about the best-informed people on the subject of Agent Orange exposure and Vietnam vets. The group's address is 42 West 13th Street, Suite 1C, New York, New York 10011. Or call 516-360-3515.

You should also take a look at Larry Flynt's informative Publisher's Statement "Agent Orange: VA Cover-up" (HUSTLER, May). It is thought that exposure to the herbicide can cause birth defects. The people at AOVI can probably help you to determine whether or not your chromosomes have been damaged. This group is setting up a clinic for vets who are dying from exposure to Agent Orange. (Twenty-one a day is the present national average, and 101,000 vets are estimated to have died from Agent Orange exposure since they returned to the States.) So far the chemical companies' powerful lobby groups have kept the Veterans Administration and Congress from helping these vets.

Swingers West: In February's *Advise & Consent* you had a letter and answer about how to contact other couples interested in swinging on the East Coast ("Group Sex"). However, since my wife and I live on the West Coast, I wonder if you have any good contact numbers for swingers out here. —W. B. Bakersfield, California

Did you know that CHIC and GENTLEMAN'S COMPANION now carry classified ads for swingers? Both of our sister magazines are good sources for swingers all over the country.

You might also contact the Wide World Social Swing Club (P.O. Box 5366, Buena Park, California 90622; telephone: 714-821-6117). It has listings for quality swingers groups all over the U.S. and is an excellent source of information about clubs on the West Coast.

Another swingers group is the North American Swing Club Association (2742 West Orangethorpe Avenue, Suite A, Fullerton, California 92633; telephone: 714-879-2761). It has information and contact numbers on most of the reputable swing clubs in the U.S.

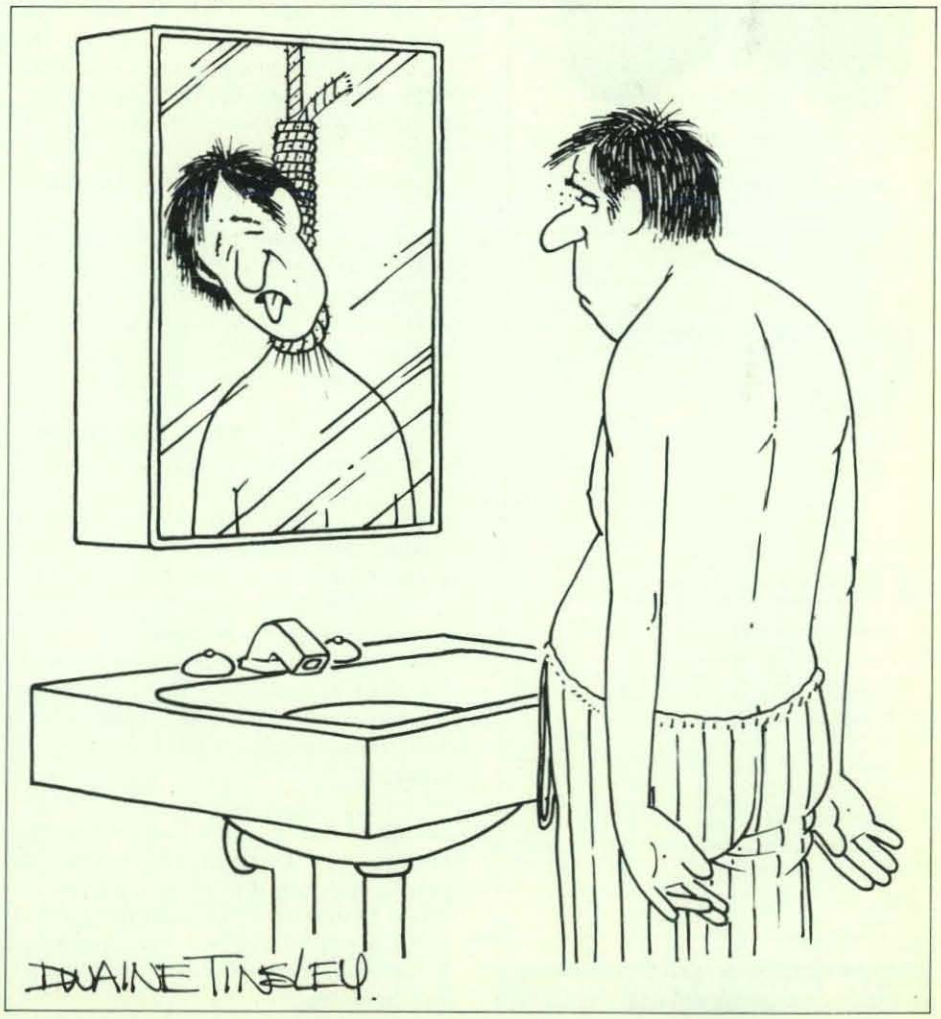
Flesh-Eating? I am a 26-year-old woman who is six months pregnant. Last night my husband and I spent the evening with a couple who have been friends of ours for a long time. They told us they had eaten the "afterbirth" the night of their son's birth. They said that a lot of people are doing this now and that eating the afterbirth is very good for the mother. I was really shocked. Can you tell me if the afterbirth is safe to eat and if many people do this? —R. T. Hutchinson, Kansas

According to a recent issue of Science Digest, it is becoming a more-common practice in this country for parents to eat the afterbirth, or placenta, especially after a home delivery. The human placenta is a small, beeflike disc. It weighs about a pound and is expelled approximately 15 to 30 minutes after a child is born. This spongy, blood-filled organ acts as a life-support system while the infant is in the womb.

Midwives, the most knowledgeable people when it comes to nonhospital births, estimate that 1% to 2% of the people who practice at-home birth eat placentas.

Many people believe consumption of the placenta is good for the mother of a newborn. They say eating this organ restores needed hormones, iron and nutrients to contract the uterus, heal tissues and enrich the mother's blood. Some also claim the placenta helps to stimulate lactation.

Bondage Mama: I am a 45-year-old woman whose husband died a year ago. We were heavily into bondage games, and I've not had any luck finding a man to take his place in my sex life. My young teenaged son saw me in one of my bondage outfits the other day, and he has been asking me questions about the sexual games my husband and I used to play. I discussed some of them with him, and he asked if we could try a few together.



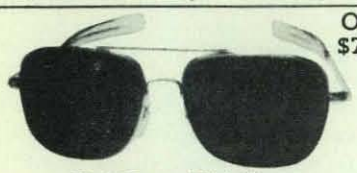
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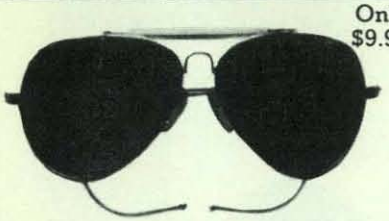
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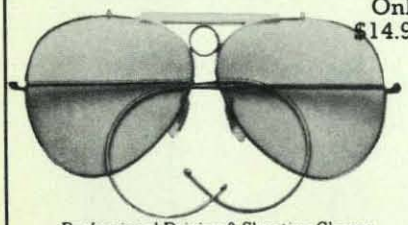
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Would it be all right to play bondage-and-discipline games with my son as long as we never actually have sex? What I primarily get off on is tying up and whipping men. I don't go in for actual pain; just experiencing the fantasy.

—F. H.
Hollywood, California

As an adult, you are free to choose any form of sexual expression that gets you off. However, to train your son to be a bondage slave is another matter. The boy should be left to develop his own natural sexual inclinations. Playing bondage games with him now would only serve to use him as a substitute for your deceased husband. Also, inducting your son into this sort of sexual practice constitutes child abuse.

An excellent solution to your problem would be to find another man for yourself. As for your son, tell him he should develop his own individual sexual style. If someday he wants to turn to bondage and discipline, fine. But don't train him in it.

Sex Scenes: When my husband was in the service, he briefly visited India. While he was there, he saw a number of temples that had graphic sexual engravings as well as sexually explicit statues on the outside of the buildings. He was told these erotic artworks were there for certain religious reasons. Do you happen to know if this is true? Also, could you tell me what the religious significance of the sexual artwork is?

—D. F.
Alexandria, Louisiana

Carl Jung was a renowned psychiatrist who worked with Sigmund Freud. He wrote that the ancient temples of India were purposely covered on the outside from top to bottom with erotic sculptures so that people, in viewing them, would be reminded of their sexuality.

Tantric writings state that human spirits are in danger if they set off on the spiritual path without preparation. The erotic sculptures, therefore, helped to remind people to fulfill their earthly lives before setting off on the spiritual path. And since the temple represented the whole world, all human activities were to be portrayed in the artworks adorning it. According to one holy man of India, the great majority of the temple sculptures were of an erotic nature because most people are always thinking about sex anyway.

Condom Tips: I am a 19-year-old man who has read Larry Flynt's timely *Publisher's Statement* on teenage pregnancy ("Sex Education," HUSTLER, October 1980). Since I'd like to avoid getting any of the girls I have sex with pregnant, I use condoms.

Are rubbers really safe, and do you have any suggestions for their use? I don't want to get a vasectomy at my age.

—D. R.
Needham, Massachusetts

When condoms are properly made and carefully used, they can be an excellent method of birth control. Most studies have shown condoms are about 95% effective in preventing pregnancy. Some guidelines for proper condom use are:

1. Use condoms every time you have sex, even if the girl says she's protected or that it is her "safe" period.

2. Put the condom on as soon as you get a hard-on. Some sperm may be released prior to ejaculation; so to be safe, don't waste any time.

3. Leave about a half-inch between the tip of the condom and the head of the penis to allow room for your ejaculate.

4. After you come, grip the condom around the base of your cock before pulling out of your partner's vagina. Do this while you are still partially erect, or the condom can slip off—in which case sperm can spill out.

If your partner uses foam or some form of spermicide at the same time, you will have a 99%-effective method of birth control going for you. Condoms also help prevent the spread of venereal disease.

Bigger Tits: I am an attractive young woman with small tits. All my life I have wanted to have large breasts. My husband likes women with large breasts also, and he says he'd like to see me develop my bust line. I have tried all sorts of products that claim to make breasts grow. None of them worked. Do you know of anything that does work?

—J. H.
Mount Prospect, Illinois

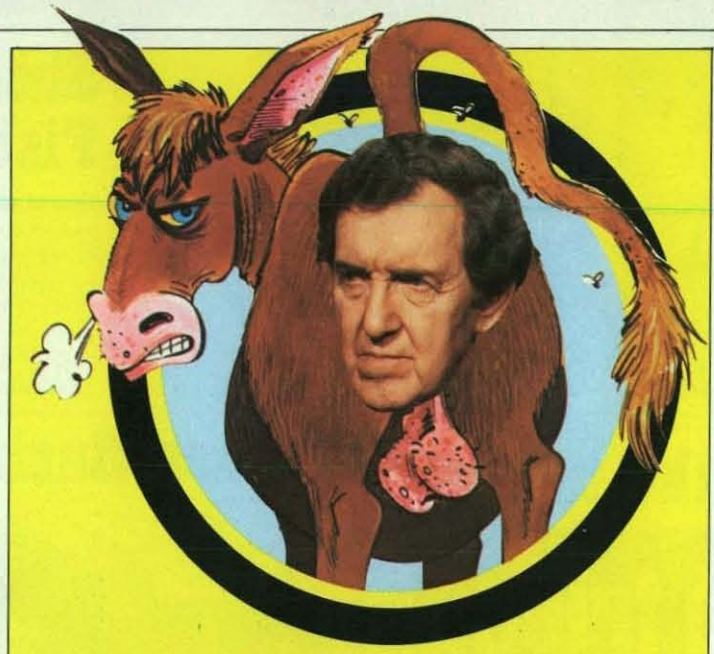
As of yet, exercises, creams and other products have not been proven effective in increasing a woman's breast size. About the only proven technique is breast-augmentation surgery.

Breast-enlargement surgery involves a very small incision near the nipple, just below the breast or under the armpits. A breast implant, usually consisting of a thin membrane sac filled with either silicone gel or with saltwater, is then inserted.

Implants come in various sizes; so the patient can select the size and shape she feels will be the most flattering. When the surgery is performed by a qualified, experienced plastic surgeon, dangerous complications are less frequent. It is essential to get a recommendation from your local American Medical Association chapter, because a number of unqualified doctors tend to practice this type of surgery. (See last month's feature article, Hospital Horrors: Manslaughter by Mistake?) Also, as with any operation, there are

(continued on page 24)

Bits & Pieces



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

Edmund Muskie

What would you say about a high government official who didn't give a shit about the life of an American abroad? Some might say he should be thrown out of office; others might suggest he be hauled into court. When we learned of former Secretary of State Edmund Muskie's unforgivable actions, our response was to name him "Asshole of the Month." How did Muskie's vile abuse of office occur? To understand that, you have to know more about Mr. Muskie.

This political hack from Maine has been in the public eye almost as long as smog. The press loves to talk about his rough, Lincoln-like looks, his rugged Yankee individualism and his straightforward honesty. Of course, there have been moments in Ed's career when some of these traits evaporated. For instance, at a 1972 press conference he cried like a baby because terrible people had been making nasty comments about his wife. Since he was running for President at the time, many Americans thought his performance indicated a certain weakness. They were right.

When Cyrus Vance got pissed off by Jimmy Carter's bungled attempt to rescue the hostages in Iran, he stepped down from his post as Secretary of State. Trying to cover his ass, Carter wanted a replacement who looked tough, had a reputation for not making waves, and could talk a good game.

And so America, which had known distinguished Secretaries of State like Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, Daniel Webster, Cordell Hull and Henry Kissinger, now had in charge of its foreign policy a man who looked like Abe Lincoln but cried like Mary Lincoln. Some veteran politicians were concerned over Muskie's appointment, because of his limited expertise in sensitive world affairs.

One duty of the State Department is to protect the rights and life of an American citizen when he or she travels abroad. That's a tough job, and you need someone as Secretary of State who is a firm, dedicated boss, one whose attitude drifts down to the lowliest employee. If the boss doesn't give a shit, who will?

Later in this issue (beginning on page 36) you'll read about John J. Sullivan Jr., a writer sent by HUSTLER to El Salvador to report on that nation's civil war. When he disappeared, his family naturally turned to the State Department for help, believing this government agency cared about Americans abroad.

After dozens of agonizing phone calls to the White House, to the U.S. Embassy in El Salvador and to the State Department, the Sullivans found themselves in a painful situation. Meeting with foot-dragging and the bureaucratic shuffle at every turn, it became obvious the State Department was not very concerned about the missing journalist. Why? Because the Secretary of State himself didn't even know Sullivan was missing!

When Muskie finally broke down and called the Sullivans on January 13, 1981—16 days after John had vanished, and after they threatened to tell their tale to the press—the Secretary of State was rude and intimidating. He was obsessed with learning the identity of a confidential informant who had told the family that only "world pressures" could bring about a response from the Salvadoran junta. That's right, no words of consolation, no sympathy, no support—just anger over the Sullivans' refusal to reveal their source.

When John's mother got on the phone, she said, "I'm appealing to you as one New Englander to another, and as one parent to another. Please help me find my son."

Muskie's incredible response was, "Do you think your son is the only person who this has happened to?"

Mrs. Sullivan couldn't believe her ears; so she put her daughter, Donna Igoe, on the phone. This time Muskie said, "Do you realize that you have ruined my night's sleep with this frustrating phone call?" Wearily, he agreed to personally call El Salvador's President Jose Napoleon Duarte to see what could be done. But Muskie never bothered to follow through on his promise.

We wonder if Muskie ever had the decency to think about the sleepless nights the Sullivans had experienced while agonizing over John's fate? We wonder why it took him more than two weeks to find out what dozens of newspapers had already reported—that an American was missing in a war zone. But most important, we wonder why an office as important as Secretary of State was ever given to anyone who didn't give a damn about the basic, old-fashioned virtue of compassion. The way Muskie treated the Sullivans in their hour of gravest need qualifies him as the ultimate Asshole. We wonder how he sleeps at night now, knowing he could have personally helped one missing American—but didn't.

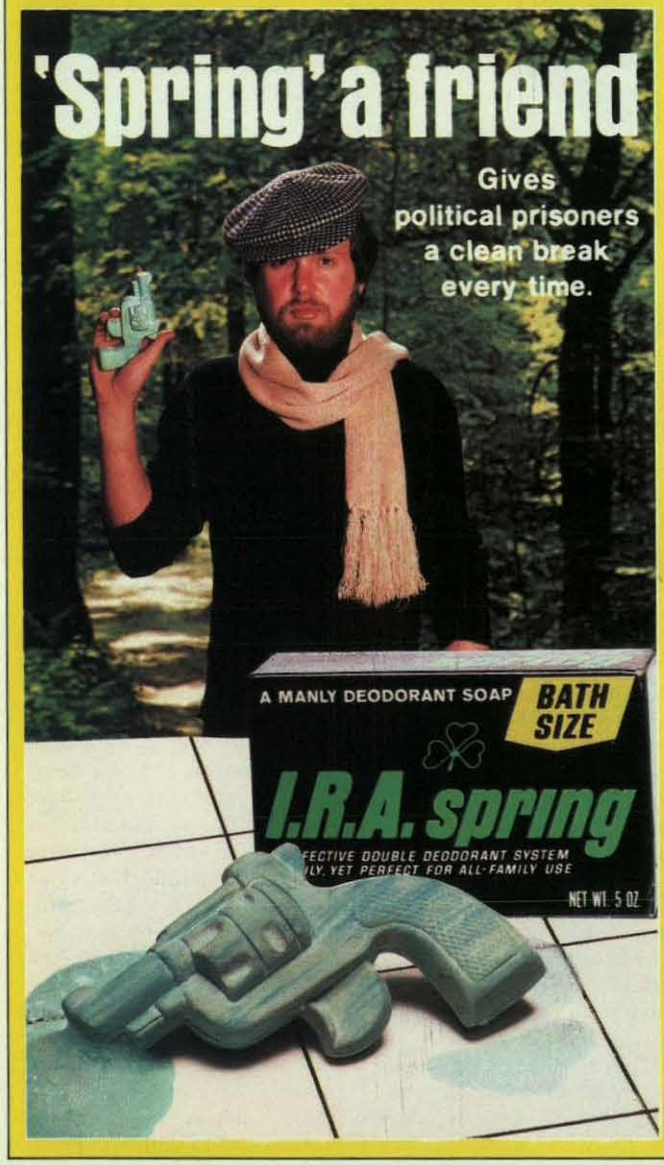




Shoes of the Fisherman

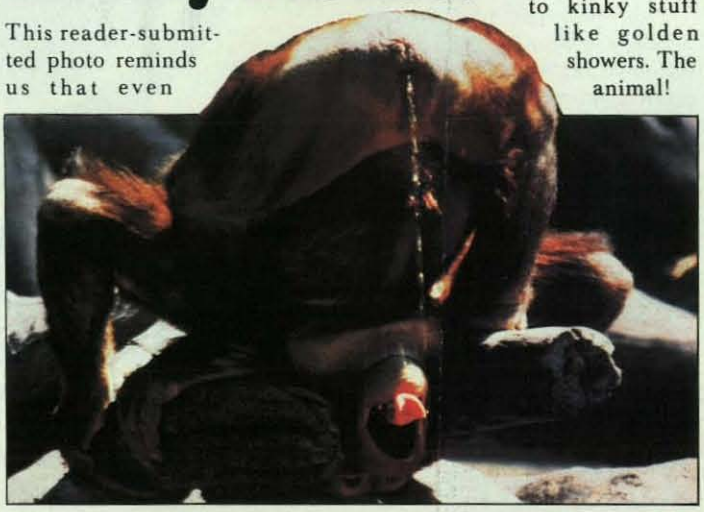
Due to an apparent shortage of crocodile and snake skins, an Italian shoe company is reportedly planning to make footwear and accessories out of fish skin. Imagine walking into a shoe store and asking for a perch in a size 8. Some things never change though—one way or another, the soles will still wear out.

Ads We'd Like to See



Monkey Business

This reader-submitted photo reminds us that even members of other species can get into kinky stuff like golden showers. The animal!



The Captain and the Kids

In case you haven't heard of him, the big fellow in the middle is Captain Sticky, the unswerving opponent of all evil. He's a California phenomenon who runs around in a superhero costume, defending the causes he feels are just. In this photo, he's picked a couple of just causes that are great to feel.

Flanked by the voluptuous Candy Samples (left), an occasional HUSTLER model, and one of her comparatively flat-chested pals, Captain Sticky is shown making an appearance at the San Diego Comic Book Convention. Considering the charms of his bosom buddies, no wonder he's sticky!





From Beverly Hills With C.A.R.E.

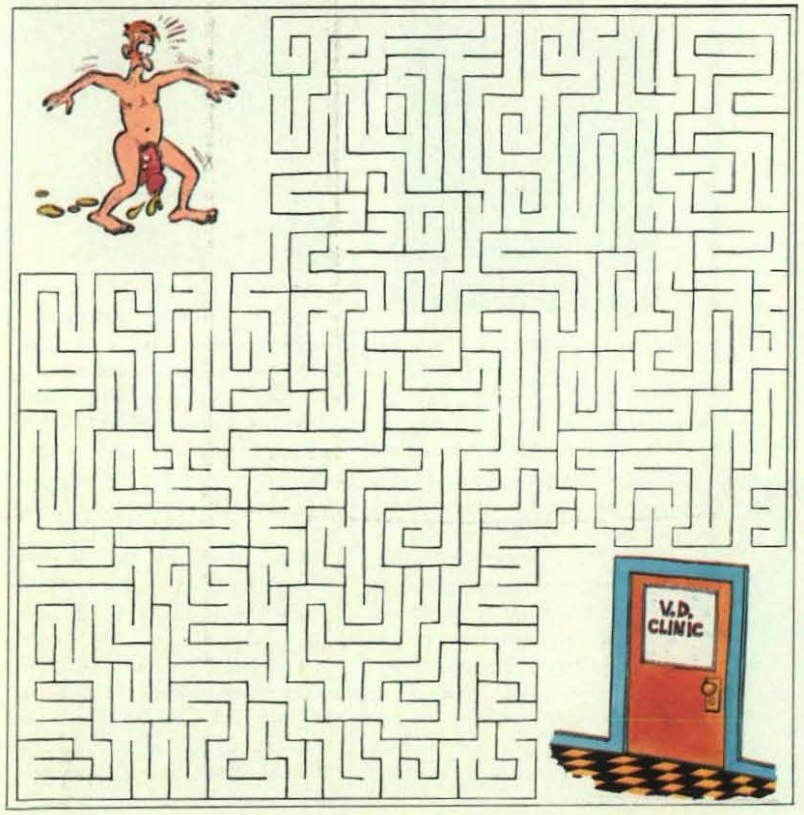
Does a donation package like the one shown here seem impossibly tasteless? Tasteless—yes. Impossible—no.

According to an organization handling charitable contributions from United States citizens to people of the Third World, Americans have actually been sending along items like weight-reducing powder, party dresses and high-heeled shoes. The Agency for International Development claims these were donations to the starving and homeless refugees of Afghanistan, the least of whose concerns are weight loss or what to wear to the next Russian invasion.

In this country we take our affluence so much for granted, we often forget what hard times can be like for the poorer nations of the world.

HUSTLER Maze

Help Drippy Dan find his way through to the VD clinic before his cock falls off!





Military Aid to Iran

Sure, we'll sell arms to the Iranians! This is our chance to give those Moslem pranksters a taste of their own medicine. Artillery like this will make them the life of the war! Rubber hand grenades and joy-buzzer land mines are guaranteed to knock the Iraqi soldiers dead. They'll die laughing!

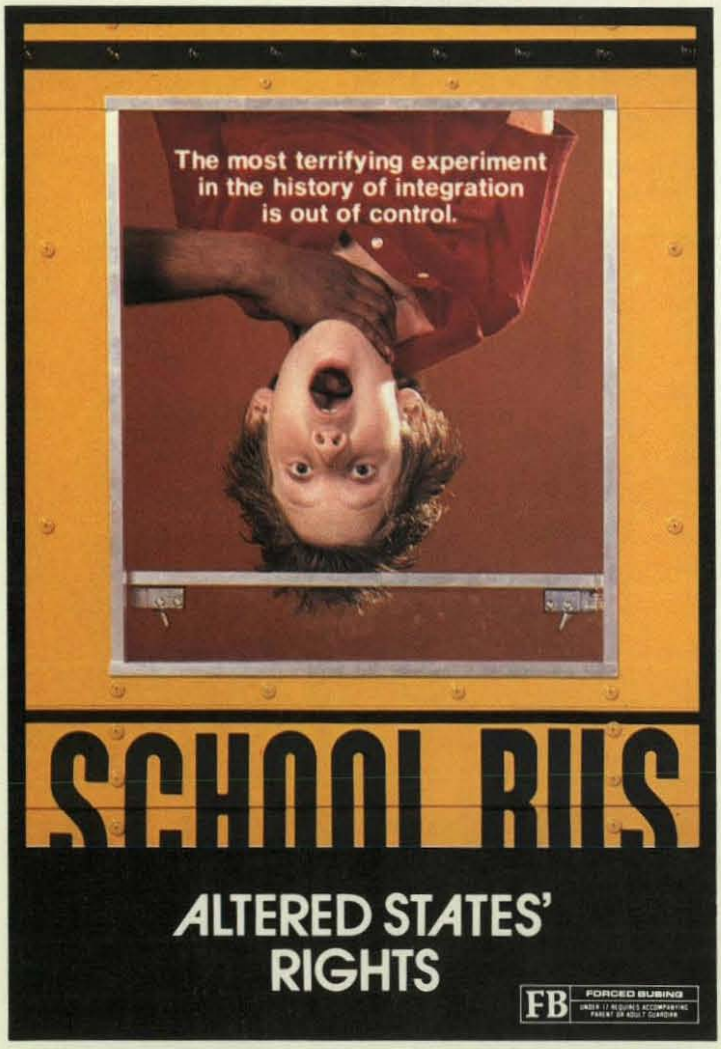
How Badly Do You Need a Smoke?



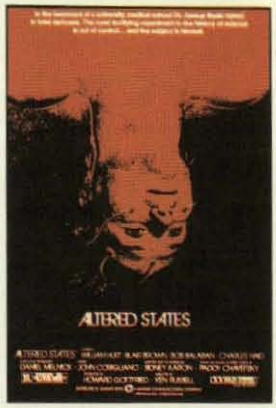
It's widely accepted that cigarettes are psychologically and physically addictive; so maybe this photo-illustration by artist Curt Hoppe isn't that far off the mark.

Everyone knows someone who just can't make it through half an hour without a cigarette. How much difference is there between a junkie and a chain-smoker? We've seen friends of ours go through nicotine fits that border on withdrawal symptoms, and it isn't a very pretty sight.

Next time you light up, remember this—it takes longer to overdose on tar and nicotine, but the end result is exactly the same.



Altered Priorities



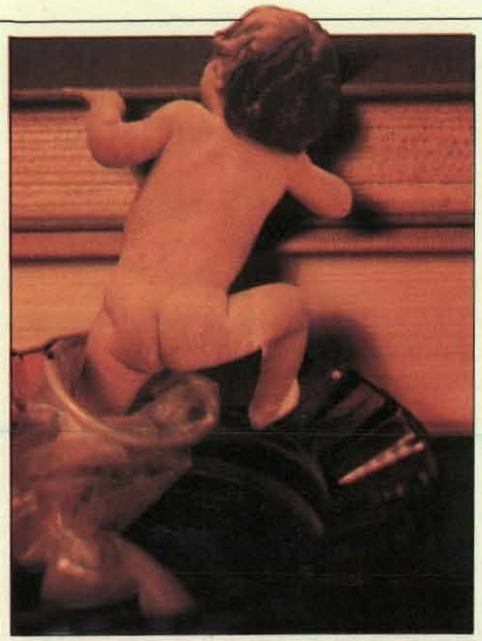
Hollywood seems to avoid the burning issues that face U.S. society today. Sure, on rare occasions movies like *Kramer vs. Kramer* or *Ordinary People* deal with social problems. But more often it's interplanetary wars and Volkswagens named Herbie. We're using this film (about a man who seeks a scientific breakthrough in a glorified bathtub) to illustrate what could be done with an important subject. If kids can't go to their neighborhood schools, at least they ought to see relevant movies in their neighborhood theaters.



Blue Laws

Obviously, the city's residents aren't allowed to climax beyond this point. But you'd expect such an ordinance from a city that's proud to be the home of Swine Time. The only thing missing from the sign is that well-known phrase of Southern hospitality—"Y'all come again."

What really caught our eye, though, was the name of the reader who submitted this photo. It was from a Mr. Carter in Georgia (honest). We know what it's like to be out of work, but does he really need the money? Of course, $150 for a *Bits & Pieces* item isn't exactly peanuts.



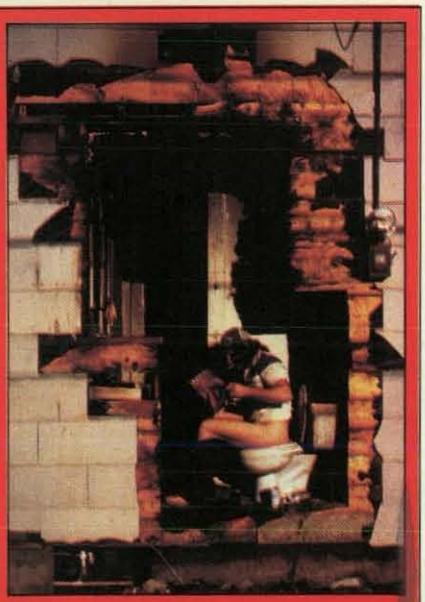
Rubber Babies

We've heard of test-tube babies, blue babies, sugar babies and tar babies, but this reader-submitted photo shows us a kind of baby we know nothing about. Science is reportedly working on ways to speed up development of the fetus, but any discussion about what we see here is probably premature.

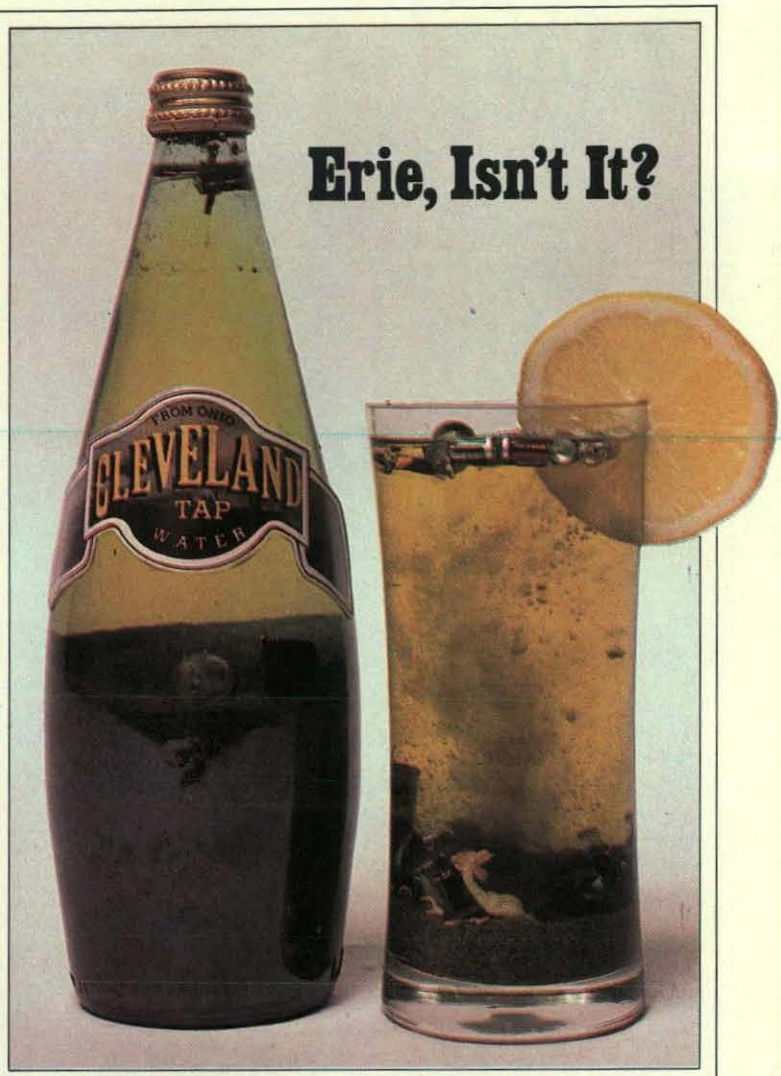
Hot Shit

Whew! Who cut the plastic explosive?

This plainly shows that nothing fazes a reader once he's involved in a copy of HUSTLER. It goes without saying that our girls are hot and our articles are explosive, but there's more here than meets the eye. This Texan just proved they do *everything* bigger in the Lone Star State—even fart. Either that, or this guy's got a case of atomic piles!

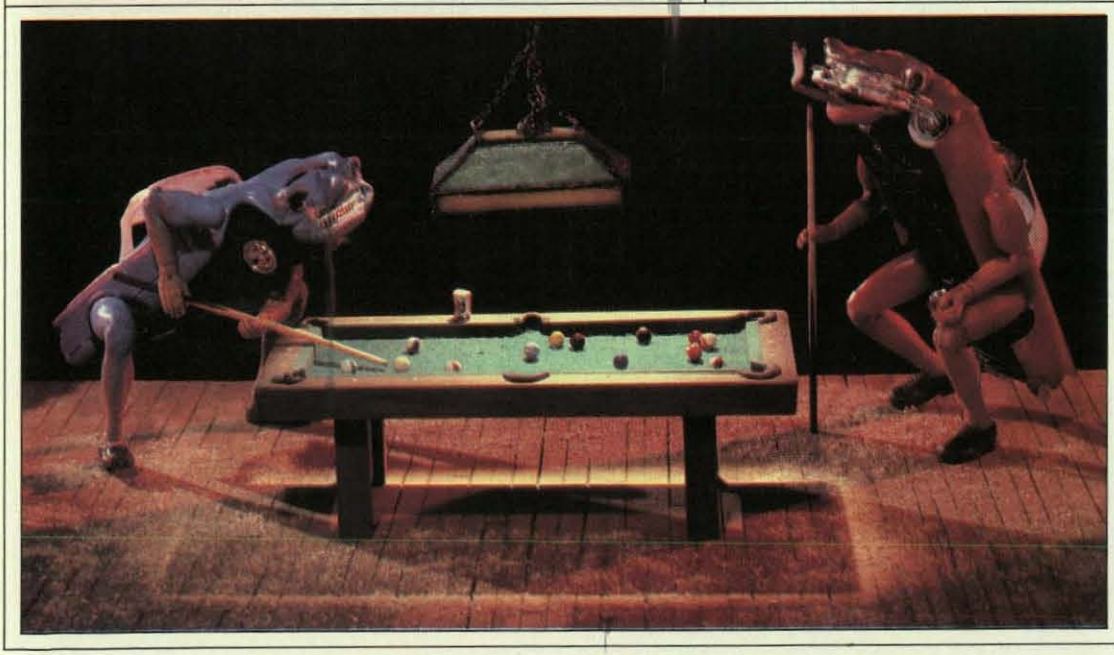


Erie, Isn't It?



Consumer Reports rated New York City's tap water as being superior to any bottled brand. Shortly thereafter, it was reported that a company would market a carbonated version of the celebrated beverage under the name Manhattan Water.

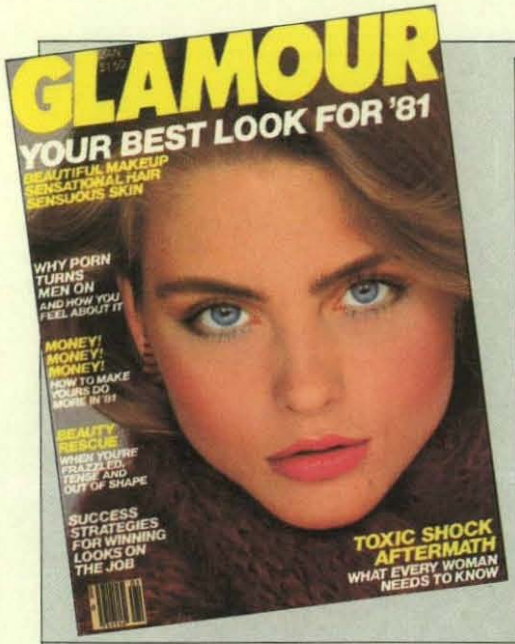
We can't wait to see what comes out of the taps in cities like Cleveland . . . so we thought we'd show you. It may not settle your thirst, but it *is* guaranteed to settle.



Car Pool

How is an activity like this going to save any energy? The only energy being saved here is by these two shiftless wonders! They ought to be out driving on the highways doing their job! It's little wonder they take so long on the assembly line.

It's high time these fellows stop blowing their own horns about gas conservation. We hope they'll take a cue from HUSTLER and get into high gear! Because if they don't, they're going to end up on Skid Row and put American workers in an embarrassing position—right behind the eight ball.



[My boyfriend] has always read "Hustler" at work and when he first started bringing them home I was disgusted. After a few months I started reading them. I found most of the articles informative and helpful to me in developing my sensuality. Yes, I would say that it changed our relationship very much. I was very passive, wouldn't talk about sex, and didn't really enjoy it all that much. I can now talk about my needs and desires, I am able to make "the first move," and most important, I enjoy our lovemaking very much. I found as my sex life improved, my self-esteem improved and I could deal with life in general much better.

HUSTLER in Fashion

Women's magazines, like women, are not all the same. The letter on the left was reprinted in the January issue of *Glamour* as part of a feature article, "Men and Pornography." Its use demonstrates an approach to the subject that is both balanced and perceptive.

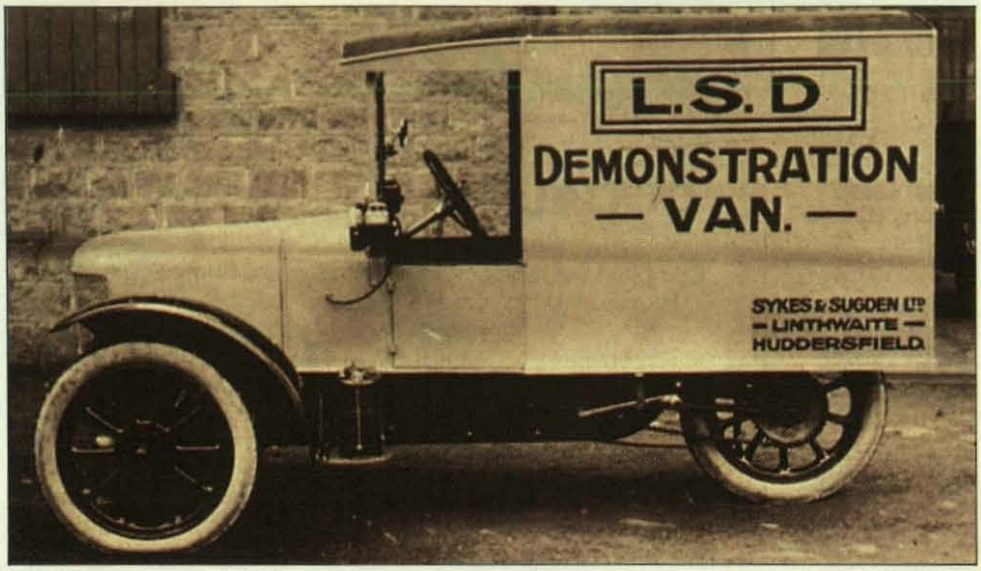
We congratulate *Glamour* on its fair-handed treatment of a sensitive subject. Not many other women's magazines would be so fearless in displaying a letter that is so obviously pro-HUSTLER.

Flashback

Is this how our grandparents took an acid trip? It just goes to show that there's nothing new under the sun.

This antique truck photo from *Old Motors* magazine (Model and Allied Publishers, Ltd., P.O. Box 35, 13-35 Bridge Street, Hemel Hempstead, Hertfordshire, England) is of a type of vehicle built between 1919 and 1925. The shot was mailed to us by a reader who likes old cars, and obviously spends a lot of time licking stamps.

Apparently the truck not only demonstrates LSD, but was built under the influence as well. Check out the rear axle. Looks like someone was in the fourth dimension when he should've been putting on the fourth wheel.

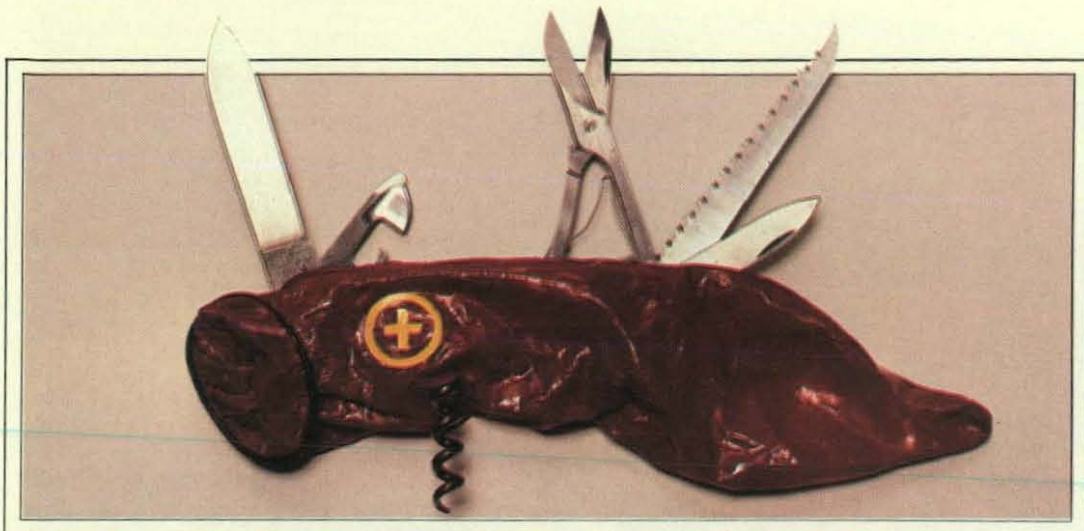




Abortions at Home

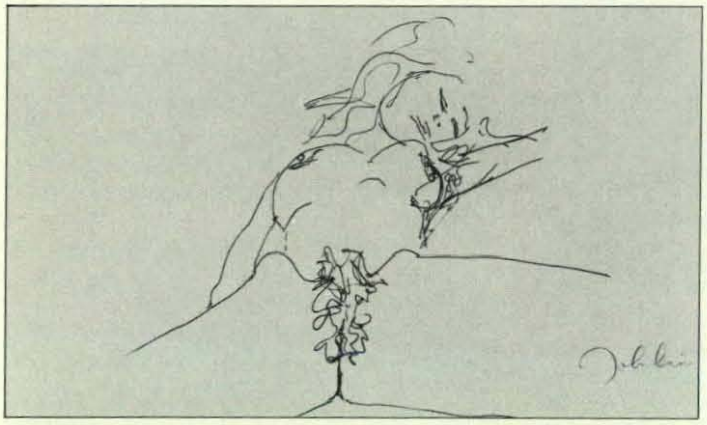
Abortion clinics could have a hard time surviving now that Reagan's Secretary of Health and Human Services, Richard Schweiker, has called for an end to federally funded abortions. As an alternative, we suggest a return to the All-American do-it-yourself attitude with the ERA (Early-Removal-Abortion) kit.

Products like Acu-Test and E.P.T. have made it possible for women to determine their pregnancies at home. So why not a product to help them terminate their pregnancies at home as well? Keep those coat hangers in the closet where they belong, and let the ERA take the worry out of being late! Dad doesn't have to know (her dad or the baby's), and she won't have to bum money from friends. It even has a biodegradable Baby Bag to help her dispose of the contents neatly and quickly without polluting the environment. With a home remedy like this, there's no need for long doctor appointments that make her miss her favorite soap opera!



Swiss Army Condom

Wow! Here's a gadget that covers all your tool needs . . . and covers your tool as well! Whether you're fucking in the bushes or hacking your way through them, this is an item no sportsman should be without! How many times have you found yourself with a babe in the woods, but with no protection against VD and no corkscrew for the wine? Be prepared with our variation on the knife that made the Swiss Army famous. One warning though—close all the utensils before striking. Otherwise you're likely to turn your Swiss miss into Swiss cheese.

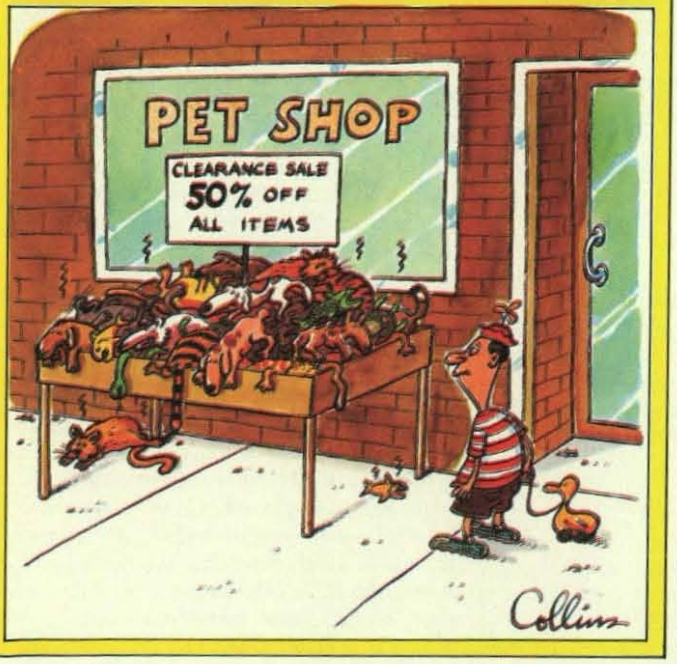


John Lennon's Erotic Art

When John Lennon, in 1970, exhibited a collection of his sketches at a London art gallery, Scotland Yard shut the show down on an obscenity charge. The drawings included detailed depictions of his sex life with his wife, Yoko Ono (shown in this drawing). Although the exhibit had a U.S. tour in later years, Lennon's untimely death has aroused new interest in these works. Not so shocking today, the 14 lithographs still stand as outgrowths of the former Beatle's wonderfully creative mind. Cindy Williams (of *Laverne & Shirley*) recently bought one of the original 300 printed sets for an astounding $20,000. In New York, sets have sold for as high as $40,000.

For the wealthier of you Lennonphiles out there, some sets are still available through the Cory Publishing Company (627 Commercial Street, San Francisco, California 94111).

Most Tasteless Cartoon



HUSTLER Update

NUCLEAR DISASTERS
April '80



Dr. Gordon MacLeod, a former director of the Pennsylvania Health Department, claims there may be a link between the near-disaster at Three Mile Island in 1979 and an increase in the infant-death rate within a ten-mile radius of the reactor. MacLeod says evidence shows the number of infants who died in the first 28 days of life more than doubled during the three months following the incident. The health department, interpreting the same data, officially maintains no such link exists. MacLeod has called for an independent study of the infant deaths.

HOSPITAL HORRORS
June '81



HUSTLER presented evidence in last month's issue that hospitals often release patients who are in worse condition than they were when they were admitted. Now two Boston hospitals conducting independent studies of this problem have reached the same conclusion.

Boston University Medical Center followed the progress of 815 patients over a five-month period and found that a whopping 36% suffered illnesses or disorders resulting from drugs received or medical procedures undergone at the hospital. At Peter Bent Brigham Hospital a study revealed that surgical errors added an average of 42 days to the hospital stays of some patients at that institution. Eleven of the patients affected by those mistakes did not have extended stays, however—they died.

Contributors

HUSTLER pays $150 for interesting stories and visuals for Bits & Pieces. We buy all rights to material accepted for publication, but we will return art on request (enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope). For July, $150 and thanks to Richard Byrd, Ronnie Cox, Clay Geerdes, Curt Hoppe, Alex Saure and Bob Sinnamon.



THIS MONTH IN CHIC®

JULY ISSUE ON SALE NOW







HOWARD ROSENBERG: OUR SOLDIERS USED AS ATOMIC GUINEA PIGS—More than 300,000 American military men were exposed to nuclear-bomb test blasts during the 1940s, '50s and early '60s. Now they are suffering from cancer and leukemia, and their children are being born with genetic abnormalities. The U.S. government refuses to acknowledge that the tests are responsible for our former servicemen's ailments, but the author of the book *Atomic Soldiers: American Victims of Nuclear Experiments* claims the long-range effects of the blasts have only recently begun to surface. Even more horrifying is the prospect that today's nuclear reactors may be making Atomic Soldiers of us all! A disturbing interview with Howard Rosenberg by Michael Ross.

PASSPORT TO SMUGGLING—Diplomatic immunity has become, to some unscrupulous emissaries, a license to smuggle drugs. Diplomats and their families and staffs are protected from prosecution for even major criminal acts committed in the countries in which they serve. They can make millions by trafficking in narcotics, and the worst punishment they can be given is deportation. In this revealing article investigative reporter Tim Anderson blows the cover off what may be the most lucrative—and least hindered—illegal drug network in the world.

PERSUASIVE ESSAY—Harold Rafferty's first year at college is turning out to be a real drag. His love life is nonexistent, most of his classes are boring or are being taught by idiots, and a dumb jock is trying to weasel academic favors from him. The only saving grace is his English Composition class, which is taught by a sexy woman who has advanced ideas about writing. When she assigns a paper intended to convince anyone to do anything, Harold submits a treatise on desire. Erotic and humorous fiction by Lizze James.

PLUS—A new VD that infects many but is known about by few in SEX LIFE; a mini-profile of Manhattan Cable TV's Robin Byrd in CLOSE-UP; the continued wackiness of ODDS & ENDS; a new group of advertisers who are open to anything in CLASSIFIED FOR SWINGERS; and a covey of the hottest women in the world.

ADVISE & CONSENT

(continued from page 16)

risks and no guaranteed results. The fees for breast augmentation vary from $1,500 to $2,500.

Many women have had silicone injected directly into their breast tissue. However, this method of augmentation has proven to be very dangerous. Silicone injections are not nearly as safe as silicone-sac implants.

Tongue Man: I am a 37-year-old man with a 19-year-old bride. I am not a well-hung stud, but I give the best tongue action there is. Unfortunately, my wife doesn't like me to go down on her. She says she is worried about vaginal odors, and she is also convinced she doesn't taste good. I love the taste and smell of her. How do I get her over this hang-up? —J. K.
Muncie, Indiana

In many cultures, people like your wife have been made to feel that body odors should be covered up. However, sexual odors, called pheromones, are actually one of nature's ways of creating sexual attraction (see Sex Play, HUSTLER, July 1980). For example, young girls in Austria keep apple slices under their armpits while they're dancing. They hand pieces to dance partners as a sexual turn-on.

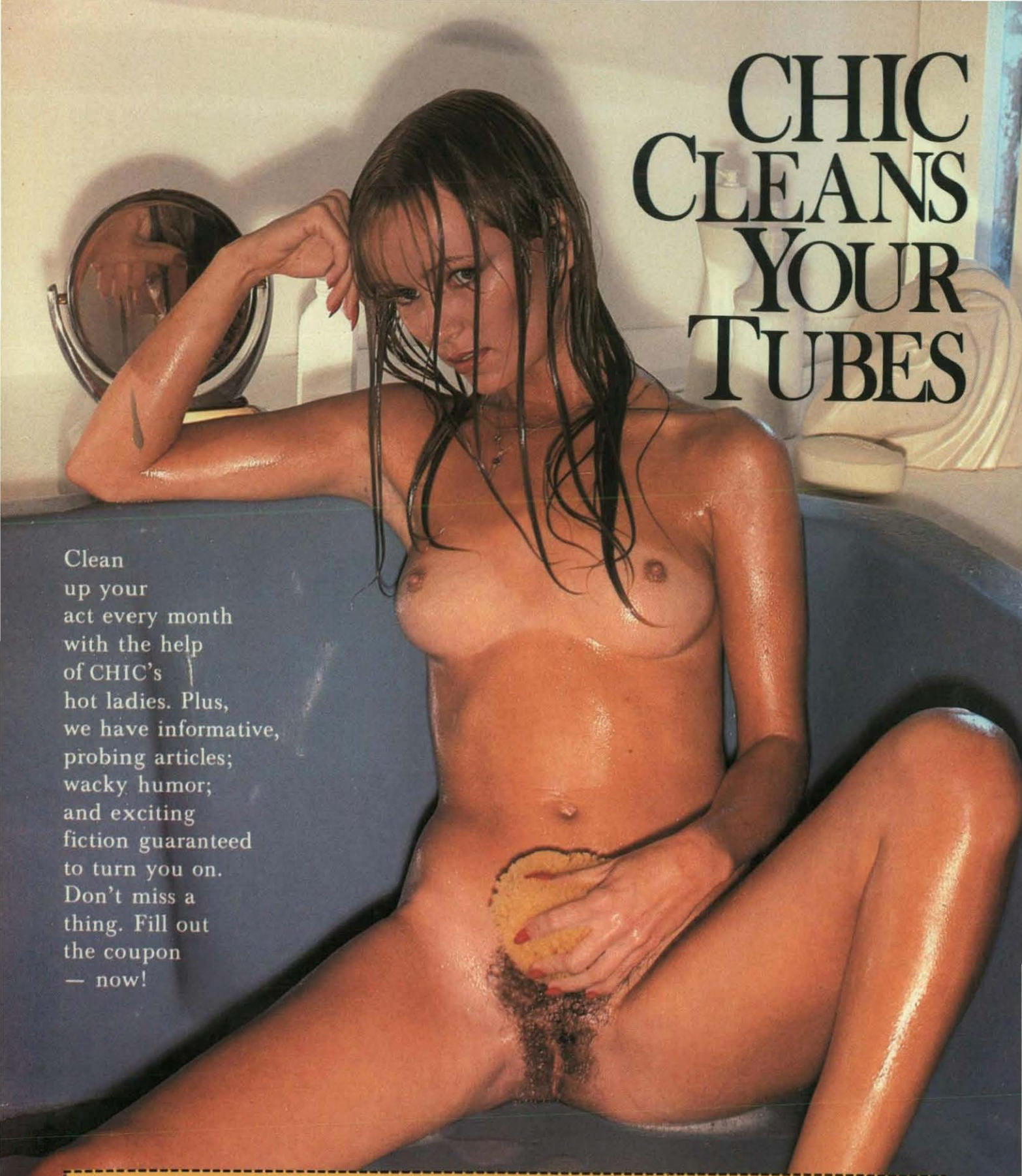
Eventually you will probably get your wife to appreciate cunnilingus. In the meantime, try relieving her discomfort about odors and tastes by having oral sex when she is likeliest to be fresh and unworried about them. Take showers with her, and start to go down on her right there. Wash her lovingly the next time she takes a bath. When she's finished, dry her off and take her immediately into bed for a session of oral sex. Soon she will gain more confidence in her body's natural smells and tastes, and will be more comfortable with cunnilingus.

Con's Wife: I am a 22-year-old woman with a strong sex drive. My husband will be doing time for three more years. I've been masturbating daily and using a vibrator. He doesn't want me to do this. He says it will make orgasms during sex less powerful. Do you think I should stop? —F. K.
Little Rock, Arkansas

Satisfying your sexual urges with masturbation and a vibrator can't harm you at all, and will probably do you a lot of good. The vibrator will not make orgasms during sex seem less powerful. While some women do experience more-intense orgasms during masturbation, others experience more-intense climaxes during sexual intercourse. There are even women who experience their most powerful orgasms when they are asleep.



"Dr. Wilson used to be with the Globetrotters!"



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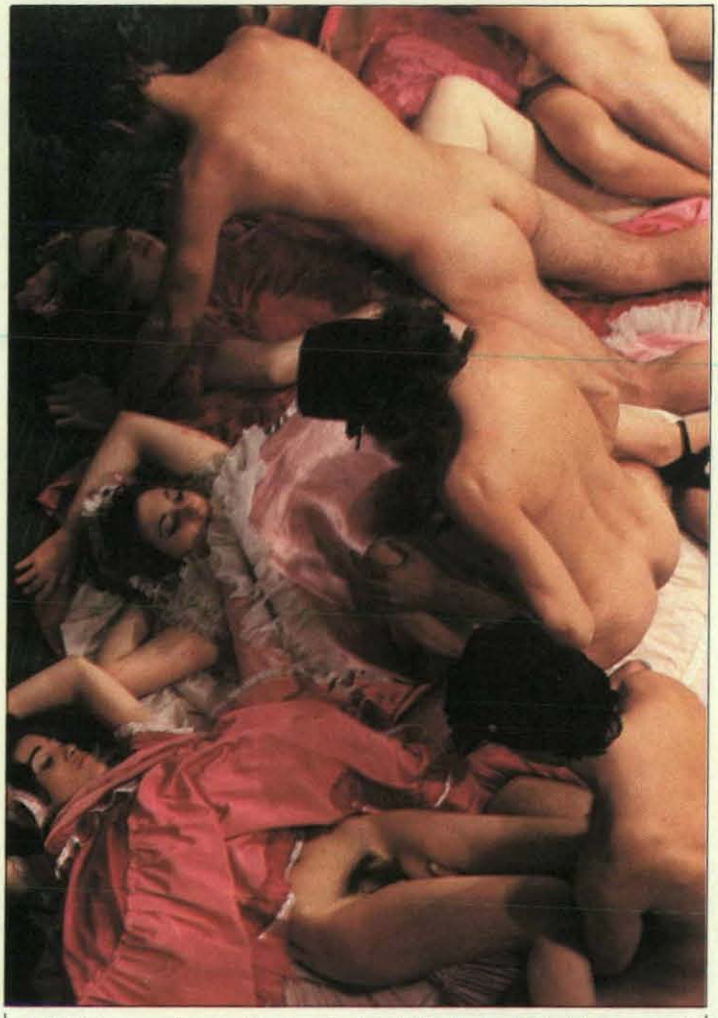
EROTIC FILMS

Edited by Glenn Hunter

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

Blonde Ambition

Produced and directed by John and Len Amero; written by Larue Watts; starring Suzy Mandel, Dory Devon, Eric Edwards, Richard Bolla, Molly Malone, Jeanne Joseph, Kurt Mann, David Morris, Jamie Gillis, George Payne, Patricia Dale, Adam DeHaven and the Tara Belles.



Inhibitions are 'gone with the wind' in 'Blonde Ambition's' porn spoof.

Here's a movie that's already developed a cult following in New York City. People see it once, then return to the theater with their friends, often shouting out the lines with the characters on the screen. Could this be a new classic like *Pink Flamingos*? Whatever happens when the film is released nationwide, one thing is certain: *Blonde Ambition* is the porn comedy of the year. And it will be playing the circuit for a long time to come.

As the movie opens, we meet the famous Kane sisters, Sugar (Suzy Mandel, from the *Benny Hill* TV show) and Candy (Dory Devon), performing in their own Broadway club. But as the narrator explains, things weren't always so sweet for the sisters. From the glittering Great White Way we're whisked via flashback to the Tumbleweed Saloon in Coyote Fang, Wyoming, where the laugh-filled, rags-to-riches sex saga begins.

It seems the girls are the victims of an unscrupulous agent who has booked them out in the middle of nowhere. Of course, this is not without just cause: Their song-and-dance act stinks. On this particular evening a couple of high rollers show up amid the drunken cowpokes in the honky-tonk's audience. Stephan Carlyle III (Eric Edwards) and his valet (Richard Bolla) have just recovered the so-called "Buckingham Brooch," which had been tossed into a mine shaft some 80 years before. The two are on their way back to England to return the gem to Carlyle's aunt, Lady Buckingham (Molly Malone).

Carlyle takes a shine to the Kane sisters and invites them to his table. When he shows them the brooch, Sugar produces a $1.50 replica from her purse and sets it next to the original. Just then a fight breaks out, and—in all the ensuing confusion—the girls inadvertently wind up with the real brooch. Carlyle gets the fake. He then invites the sisters to fly with him to New York.

The Kanes move into Carlyle's penthouse apartment, while he returns to England. They begin to comb the city for show-biz opportunities, and happen onto an outfit called Miracle Productions, whose motto is: "If it's a good picture, it's a miracle."

While *Blonde Ambition* contains a number of funny scenes, it's brilliantly hilarious when the Kanes team up with Miracle. After suffering the indignity of minor roles in productions like "Wet Cheerleaders" and "Type, You Typers," they're finally ready for the big time: a porn version of *Gone With the Wind*. This delightful spoof is complete with a choreographed rape of Atlanta, during which the director shouts to the dozen actors pumping away: "I want a cum-shot, or none of you faggots gets paid!"

Blonde Ambition also includes a menage-a-trois on ice skates, a drag-queen review and a scene in which Sugar teaches her gay neighbor the meaning of heterosexuality. Of course, Lady Buckingham by now has discovered that the brooch her nephew brought back from Wyoming is a phony, and adds more comic fuel to the fire by setting off in hot pursuit of the real one.

The film's finale is wonderful. The Kane sisters strike it rich, Lady Buckingham recovers her gem, and everyone lives happily ever after. Just like in the movies.

Everything about *Blonde Ambition* is top-shelf, from the opening credits to the cast's closing cameos. The acting is superb, the sex is hot, and the comedy is nonstop. The pro-

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

RATING GUIDE

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

ducers are releasing both soft-core and hard-core versions of the film, and each is outrageously entertaining. If we had a higher rating to bestow on a movie, *Blonde Ambition* would get it hands down.

—Jim Heinisch



Ron Hudd shows Merle Michaels a trick of his own in 'Magic.'

Ball Game

Produced, directed and written by Ann Perry; starring Candida Royalle, Lisa DeLeeue, Sir Lawrence Rothchild, Jennifer West, Susan Nero, Connie Peters, Kelley Evans, Tiffany Clark, Mike Ranger, Rachael Livingston, R. J. Reynolds and Tawny Pearl.

In fiction—from short stories to motion pictures—there is a device called "the willing suspension of disbelief." This means the creator asks the audience to "play along" so his story, no matter how farfetched, can unfold as if it could actually happen in the real world. *Ball Game* requires just that of its viewers—and more. If the penal conditions depicted in this film were even close to reality, people would be trying to get *into* prison.

In *Ball Game*, prison is where the action is. A bunch of hookers get busted and land in the slammer. Conditions there are intolerable, they say, and they demand their rights. When they discover the warden has siphoned prison funds into an election campaign, they blackmail him into agreeing to play a game of softball. If the girls win, their demands will be met. This is all mind-boggling, since the conditions they "suffer" seem luxurious at worst.



Susan Nero uses her own police tactics on Maria Tortuga in 'Game.'

The voluptuous Candida Royalle heads the cast of happy hookers. The warden's secretary, Lisa DeLeeue (Miss 52"), is a sight to behold too. In one funny bit she and her boss (played by Sir Lawrence Rothchild) do a straight-faced, "brandy, cigar and me" routine. Every afternoon she's called into his office for a "dictation" session that ends only when she gets him off.

Throughout the film there is literally nonstop fucking and sucking—in jail cells, in corridors, in the warden's office, in the mess hall. Sex is everywhere, in every possible combination of genders and numbers. In one turnabout rape scene a trio of female prisoners sneak down the hall one night and drain the precious bodily fluids from three of the guards.

On and on it goes, and where the plot is nobody knows. Yet *Ball Game* has much going for it. Few other X-rated flicks can compare for sheer number of sex scenes. And there's some of the juiciest pussy-slurping ever—by girls, to girls, all accomplished most expertly.

One nice touch is the movie's sultry jazz score. Another plus is the number of dynamite-looking ladies. But there are so *many* people, even the stars get lost in all the tits and ass. *Ball Game* is well-worth the ticket price, though, because it does warm you where it counts.

And the ball game itself? Oh, yes! Somewhere during the film's last 15 minutes the "Beavers" and the "Dicks" finally get out on the field. Who wins? It's the "Beavers" all the way.

—Thomas H. Schulz

Extremes

Produced, directed and written by Alan Vydra; starring Eric Edwards, Joey Civera, Serena, Kitty Shayne, Jesie St. James, Susan Nero, John Leslie and Brooke West.

Have you ever had an *eargasm*? If not, you should see *Extremes*. This international comic fantasy is the first X-rated film ever to feature a four-channel Dolby-stereo soundtrack. The sounds of the sex play climaxing in thunderous orgasms serve to enhance the erotic, often-bizarre hijinks of the storyline.

Extremes is the odyssey of two young pussyhounds played by Eric Edwards and Joey Civera. In the prologue we see them sitting in an expensive restaurant, discussing Edwards's plans not only to get into the pants of a high-school-aged sweetie he's been seeing, but to get into her father's safe as well.

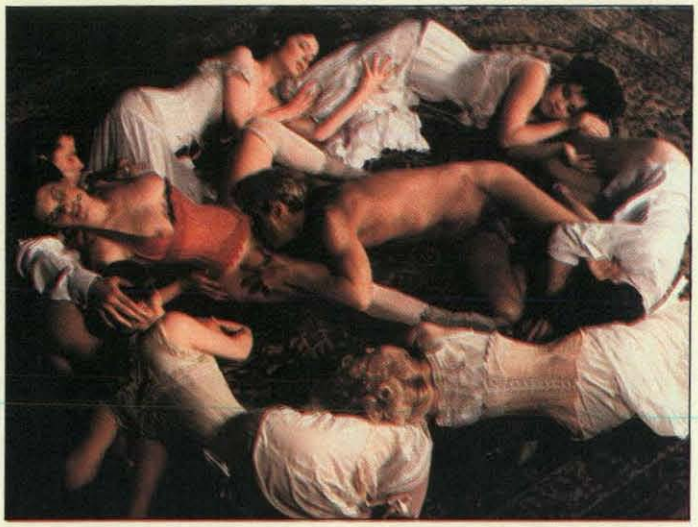
Edwards proves successful, and the money he steals allows the boys to embark on a beaver hunt that takes them to a porn-movie set, an exclusive brothel catering to the fantasies of women, and a weird sex establishment. Along the way they also pose as porn-film producers, and audition several unsuspecting would-be starlets.

Two scenes in this flick are so funny, they're worth the price of admission alone. In the first, Edwards convinces Civera that a surefire way to score with chicks is to sign up as stunt-cocks in an X-rated movie. When they arrive on the set, they find a scene already in progress. Kitty Shayne, covered with chicken feathers, is standing at a kitchen table. Perched on a nearby mantel is her lover, also greased in feathers. When these clucks start to fuck, the feathers—along with the laughs—really begin to fly.

Next, our insatiable heroes find themselves in a bizarre passion pit whose patrons are clad in rubberwear and gas masks, both to protect their identities and, in the words of



'Extremes': Kitty Shayne and a friend engage in some fowl play.



Hexed partygoers enjoy going around in circles in 'Blue Magic.'

the proprietress, to free themselves of their inhibitions. The costumes remain on during this entire sequence, and you ain't seen nothing until you've seen a blowjob administered through the mouth of a gas mask.

The rest of the picture bounces from sex scene to sex scene, culminating in an energetic performance by Jesie St. James. It's difficult, however, to tell whether the action in this lavishly produced film is supposed to represent a dream or reality. What story exists is somehow lost, and a few things are never explained—like a car that's able to fly.

But the abundance of fuck scenes and some outrageously funny footage nearly compensate for this lack of coherence. And the novelty of Dolby sound (even though it's sometimes distracting) makes *Extremes* worth seeing. —*J. H.*

Blue Magic

Produced by Lunarex, Ltd.; directed by Larry Revene; written by Candida Royalle; starring Candida Royalle, Jack Wrangler, Samantha Fox, Veronica Hart, Josie Jones, Merle Michaels, Ron Hudd, George Payne, Josh Andrews and Skeets Stoddard.

This beautiful X-rated film mixes decadence, lust and witchcraft in a spellbinding combination. But *Blue Magic*'s real magic comes from the superb camerawork and extravagant costumes employed so imaginatively by director-cinematographer Larry Revene. His lush sets, authentic wardrobes and good-looking cast easily make this fanciful tale of Victorian passion the prettiest movie of the year.

However, a pretty film is not necessarily a great one. The spell created by Revene's technical prowess is eventually broken by a plot that goes nowhere and, toward the end, by an overabundance of lackluster sex.

Blue Magic is the story of Natalie Woodhurst (Candida Royalle), a sorceress of sorts who maintains her immortality by corrupting prim, proper Victorian ladies and gentlemen. Once they fall under her influence, she feeds on the sexual pleasure they experience. As the film begins, she has invited six members of an elite social club to attend a weekend party at the Woodhurst Castle.

Enter Jack Wrangler as Matthew Getty, a publicity-hungry private eye who gets wind of the planned gathering. Because the castle has been deserted for 50 years, and all the invited guests are filthy rich, Getty thinks he smells an anchovy in the caviar. Since he also figures that busting up Woodhurst's scheme will make him famous, the detective wangles an invitation to the bash.

As the guests arrive at the castle, the butler tells them, "You are free to do anything to suit your fantasies." But as it turns out, the wicked Woodhurst knows more about their fantasies than they do. One by one, she converts them from "normal," sexually repressed men and women into insatiable, sexually depraved degenerates. Through it all, Getty stumbles around in an attempt to unravel the mystery. But Woodhurst, well-aware there's a private dick in the crowd, conjures up something special just for him.

Unfortunately, Getty's special treatment really isn't so special, and neither is the rest of the action in *Blue Magic*. Despite the fact that the film climaxes prematurely, director Revene deserves praise for his effort. There is enough sexual variety and humor to keep you aroused and entertained most of the way. —*J. H.*



Jesie St. James gives the chauffeur the ride of his life in 'Extremes.'

ON THE CIRCUIT

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

Erection

A Scent of Heather
American Pie
Champagne for Breakfast
Dracula Exotica
Education of the Baroness
Exposed
Fascination
Games Women Play
Justine: A Matter of Innocence
Kiss and Tell
Platinum Paradise
Prisoner of Paradise
The Satisfiers of Alpha Blue

Three-Quarters Erect

Coed Fever
F (Dream Girl of F)
Girls U.S.A.
High School Memories
Insatiable
October Silk
Pink Champagne
Plato's—The Movie
Randy, the Electric Lady
Seka
Taboo
The Pink Ladies
This Lady Is a . . . Tramp
Ultra Flesh
Young, Wild and Wonderful

Half Erect

Afternoon Delights
Beyond Your Wildest Dreams
Manhattan Mistress
Small Town Girls
Sunny
The Girls of Mr. X
Vista Valley P.T.A.

One-Quarter Erect

Inside Desiree Cousteau
Mystique
Silky
Sweet Cheeks

Totally Limp

Honey Throat
I Am Always Ready
Starship Eros
Three Ripening Cherries

BOOKS

Reviewed by Theodore Sturgeon

Soon to Be a Major Motion Picture

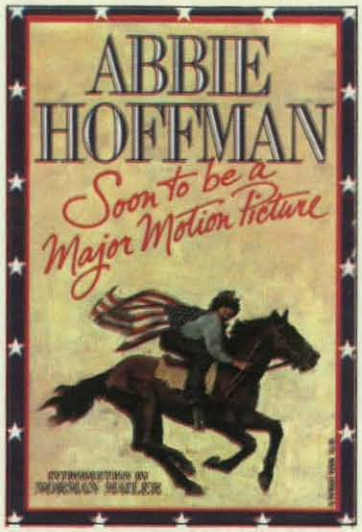
By Abbie Hoffman; Perigee/G. P. Putnam's Sons, 200 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10016; $6.95.

This is an amazing book by, and about, an amazing man. What is the recipe for an Abbie Hoffman? Mix together a black-leather jacket and a greasy, duck's-ass haircut in Worcester, Massachusetts. Throw in an upbringing by the strap and a tight-knit family; a bright-to-brilliant brain; instant fury at the presence of injustice, greed, stupidity and bullshit, and an unerring nose for the appearance of any of them.

Now apply a superb education, two kinds: First, Brandeis, Berkeley, literature, psychology, straight A's whenever he wanted them. Then the street variety: fucking, fighting, smoking, drinking. Drench the whole concoction in high good humor and a genius for zany theatrics, organizing ability, and leadership, and what you have is a kind of compassionate nuclear weapon: flash, blast, fallout and all.

I don't know which will grab you most, Hoffman's fearlessness or his outrageousness. His body is covered with scars from nightsticks, Klan boots, knives, fists and a number of blunt instruments. He can play the media like a grand organist, rouse an audience like the Beatles backed by a nude chorus line.

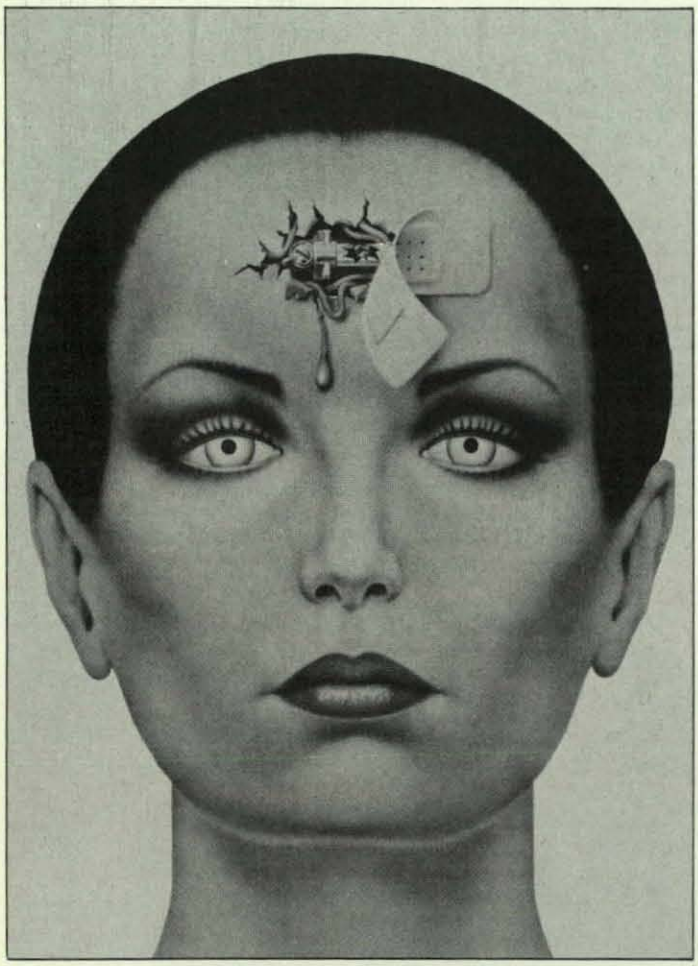
He's the guy who rounded up a group of "witches" and wove a spell intended to lift the Pentagon building off the ground. He was one of the Chicago Seven placed on trial in 1969 for conspiring to cross state lines to incite riots. But with their courtroom shenanigans, Hoffman and company forced



the presiding judge to come off like a real horse's ass and, later, all the charges were dropped on appeal. In fact, that's been the story of most of Hoffman's 47 or so busts. The guy who spark-plugged or hot-wired sit-ins in the South, and anti-Nam marches all over, never did receive a serious conviction.

Abbie Hoffman has been called a Communist more times than Castro and Stalin put together. Don't you believe it. A guy like this wouldn't last 12 seconds in Cuba or the Soviet Union. He's a knee-jerk rule-breaker whenever he finds the rules stupid, which is most of the time. He does hate capitalism, and as far as the system's greed and cruelty are concerned (check out toxic-waste dumps and the ABSCAM scandal) I go along. But I part company somewhere around there. I like a place where a guy like Larry Flynt can start a magazine, or an old man can make millions selling chicken.

In any event, meet Abbie Hoffman, who believes in democracy in action. And I do mean action.



'Peasant' foretells the marriage of computer and human intelligence.

The Techno/ Peasant Survival Manual

By Colette Dowling; Bantam Books, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10103; $8.95.

A peasant goes where he's led and does what he's told, mostly because he doesn't know any better. His future is in the hands of the aristocrats. A technocrat is one who tells us where to go and what to do, no matter whose face he wears: scientist, politician, military general or head of some giant corporation. You're probably a techno/peasant. I know I am. A techno/peasant is "anyone who's technologically illiterate; a person whose future is in the hands of the technocrats." So says this remarkable book; and if that description makes you want to be more than a peasant, *The Techno/Peasant Survival Manual* will show you how.

The people who put this book together include only one with any technical or scientific credentials. The rest started out as peasants—angry peasants. They express their anger by giving you meticulous descriptions of just what computers are, how they're made, how they work and what they're doing to us. Here's information about lasers, satellites, futuristic power sources like microwaves and fusion; genetic engineering; the MX missile system ("the largest construction project in history—bigger than the pyramids or the Great Wall of China"). And that barely begins to cover what's in this volume.

This isn't just a "how-things-work" handbook. Rather, it's a book about the ways you're affected by science and technology—how they determine the food you eat, the air you breathe, what you drive, live in, make and spend and, above all else, *what you think.* And more: Here is how it all came about and who did it. Here's the story of the men who are doing it now and how genius gets transformed into greed; how the people in those neat, efficient factories with the science-fiction names cut each others' throats and steal each others' secrets, break each others' codes and get into each others' files. What this all means is your future—the immediate future, not A. D. 2000.

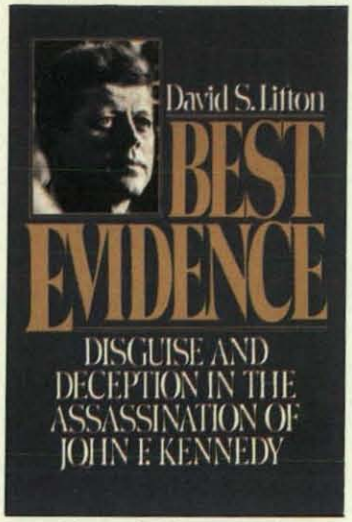
And if you think I've said one word here against science and technology themselves, you're dead wrong. These developments are more important than the splitting of the atom; in fact, they're the most exciting things that have ever happened to us and our planet. But unless you understand them,

and the what-and-how of it all, you're doomed to be a techno/peasant. Get this book.

Best Evidence

By David S. Lifton; Macmillan Publishing Company, Inc., 866 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10022; $16.95.

This is a big one, a wavemaker. Either its thesis is going to be believed and start a groundswell of fury, or it will be challenged, thus generating so much argument that the truth about the assassination of President John F. Kennedy will finally be revealed. I keep hearing Mort Sahl, comedian-turned-crusader, crying out, "I just want to know who killed my president!"



Kennedy was shot and killed in Dallas, Texas, on November 22, 1963. No American who was alive and conscious on that day will ever forget it. Everyone who lived through it here, and in half the rest of the world, can tell you exactly where he was and what he was doing when it happened, and will tell you that the first thought after the shock wore off was, "Who did it? Get him!"

Within two hours a weirdo named Lee Harvey Oswald was in custody, and two days later Oswald was as dead as Kennedy, shot in the gut in a Dallas police station. The new president appointed a special commission, which ground out a report 26 volumes long, and the more you study it, the more you get the idea Oswald killed Kennedy all by himself. Apparently the commission wanted it to look that way, and brought out only the evidence that would support such a conclusion. But soon the suspicion arose that Oswald was merely a patsy, that there was a real truth buried somewhere by people who meant to keep it buried. And half the country began to say, "I just want to know who killed my president."

Many books have been written about so-called "conspiracy" theories, but never one like this. Lifton is not devoted to a theory of *whodunit*; *how-they-dunit* is his specialty. In 750 pages of meticulous, fine-sifted documentation—checking every piece of evidence against every other piece—he lets the facts themselves describe a plot so bizarrely reasonable, you'll feel it practically has to be true.

In sum, it states that Kennedy's body was subject to surgery after he died and that the surgical alterations reversed the supposed direction of the fatal bullets. Oswald could not have fired the shots himself, Lifton submits; someone else did. And according to this theory, the whole thing was carefully planned.

It took Lifton more than 15 years to gather his evidence and to write this book, and though he points no finger at the guilty party, his monumental work is sure to speed the day of reckoning. And may that be soon. I just want to know who killed my president.

The Lingerie Book

By Mitchel Gray; text by Mary Kennedy; St. Martin's Press, 175 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10010; $19.95.

If underwear is your special kink, here's a bonanza for you. *The Lingerie Book* is divided into nine sections—one for each decade since 1900—and each carries a gurgle of women's-page prose describing what went on in intimate apparel during the respective ten-year segments.

If your interest in lingerie is historical, this book is of limited value. Though we can't argue the authenticity of the garments, they've been displayed by contemporary models in so many kicky-cutesy poses that a genuine interest in fabric, design or construction is defeated on sight.

But if it's girls you dig (and if you don't, what are you doing here?), *they* are just beautiful. One of them is Lisanne Falk, the subject of a book (*Lisanne: A Young Model*, Clarkson N. Potter, Inc.) we reviewed in this column in July 1980, when she was only 14. She's coming along just fine.

With a book like this, you get around to looking at the fine print only after you get your ogling done. Each photo carries a caption with the names of the model, her hairdresser and makeup person, and there in front is the news that the volume was printed in Hong Kong by the South China Printing Company. I guess it *is* a small world.



Stunning model in 'Lingerie' reveals it's what's underneath that counts.

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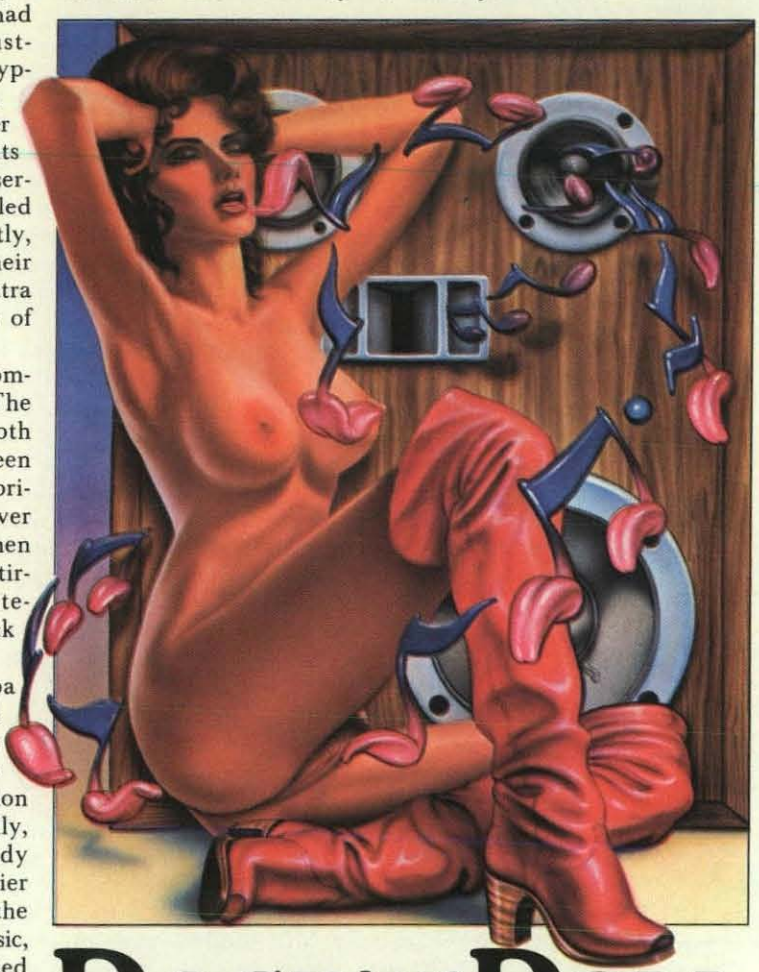
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Many sexual pleasures have remained hidden for too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy. In keeping with HUSTLER's belief that the repression of natural and healthy urges is physically and emotionally damaging, we present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



ROCK 'N' ROLL TO ORGASM

by John Pugh

Music's power to arouse women sexually has been a theory since man climbed down from the trees. In Greek mythology Orpheus was attacked and killed by a horde of women who had been driven into a lust-crazed frenzy by the hypnotic tunes from his lyre. The early American Shaker sect reportedly forbade its women to be present at services if a man was scheduled to sing. And more recently, girls were said to wet their pants after Frank Sinatra had sung only two lines of "Night and Day."

As one famous film composer summed it up: "The fact that music can both excite and incite has been known from time immemorial." And no music has ever been able to send women into such a state of juice-stirring, clit-swelling excitement as powerfully as rock 'n' roll.

In 1968 Frank Zappa asked the question, "Is it possible to modify the human chemical structure with the right combination of frequencies?" Ironically, his question had already been answered years earlier by Hal Zeiger, one of the first promoters of rock music, who remarked, "I realized this music got through to the youngsters because the big beat matched the great rhythms of the human body."

"Any vibration will stimulate the human body in some way," affirmed Dr. Guy Alan Bockmon, a professor of music at Tennessee State University. "Sit in church and listen to a thundering pipe organ. The vibrations are almost like a massage. The average tempo in most standard music is 72 beats per minute, the rate of the human pulse. Most rock music is somewhere between 110 and 130 beats per minute, usually 120. There's something about that beat that makes the human body want to respond by moving. So if a person at a rock concert or nightclub is bombarded for several hours by this beat, which induces movement, is it any wonder that sooner or later his or her libido would become involved?

"Hearing is a highly specialized function of the sense of touch," Dr. Bockmon continued. "Most of us can be sexually aroused by being touched on other parts of the body. We are as susceptible to being aroused through means of our hearing as we are when we are touched."

"A man who is just walking down the street is actually walking in 4/4 time," observed a well-known musicologist. "Usually we are not aware of it, but all our physical movement is actually based on this sort of organized beat. Accentuate certain beats, change them, speed them up, slow them down, and you can eventually produce almost any physical response that you desire."

Another little-understood factor in rock's beat is its ability to mesmerize listeners into a semi-frenzied state that frequently demands dramatic, physical release. This action can come in any number of forms: crying, screaming, fainting, rioting—or fucking.

Gene Lees, noted music critic, wrote, "Whereas jazz flows along with an exciting but ultimately satisfying and releasing feeling, rock music just stays there, its beat jumping up and down in the same place and producing . . . only the pent-up energy of frustration."

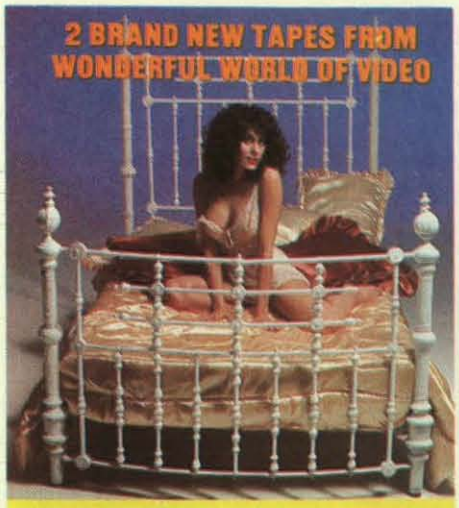
"I would say that's truer than ever in disco music," said Henry Romersa, an associate professor at Southern Illinois University. "The beat never changes; the records never stop. It has such a hypnotic effect on the listener that sooner or later he or she will have to do something to break the spell. Rock is not the only music to contain this characteristic. A Wagnerian opera has as much tension as any rock song. But whereas classical is trying to *say* something, rock is trying to *do* something."

A head of a national chain of dance studios explained "The aim of disco was to bring back touch dancing. A woman feels like she's under a man's control when he's a good leader on the dance floor, and it's logical that she wants to be under his control sexually. I've had women on the dance floor ask, 'Are you this good in bed?' There's a lot of hip-and-ass motion in disco dancing, and women get turned on by this. The beat is uplifting. The lyrics are erotic: 'Shoot me with your love,' 'Push, push in the bush,' 'Cream always rises.' The whole atmosphere at a disco is loaded with sex."

"Disco dancing is very emotional," said Karen, one of the studio's instructors. "People have told me, 'When you're on the floor with your partner, you look like you're in love.'

"I lose myself on the disco floor and forget everything. It's like a totally different part of me. I get so caught up

Illustration by Mick McGinty



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in the music, it's almost like being on a treadmill that I can't get off even if I want to. I know many women who have this same sort of sensation. And this often prevents them from looking at a man or a situation objectively.

"There are plenty of men who come to discos knowing all this. We call them 'Disco Gigolos.' Women may actually feel semi-contempt for these men, knowing they're using disco as a kind of advantage over us. But that doesn't mean a woman won't go home with one of them."

Another way rock turns listeners on is with lyrics. Even the name rock 'n' roll is black slang for fucking, derived from the physical motion of the sex act. And such terms as "grooving," "groovy" and "in the groove" are believed to be references to pussy. The word *jazz* itself originally meant "fuck" in Southern Negro slang.

Blacks had been using these terms for years, in part because it was their language and in part (especially in later years) to get their recordings past Federal Communications Commission censors when they wanted to sing about sex. Some singers occasionally came right out and said what they wanted. In Hank Ballard's "Work With Me, Annie," he sings, "Please don't cheat/ Give me all my meat." (His inevitable follow-up song was "Annie Had a Baby.")

Sooner or later white kids caught on to this slang, usually without understanding what they were saying. They incorporated these expressions into their music and gave it a white, middle-class validity. Thus, in 1957, when Little Richard sang "Good golly, Miss Molly/ Sure like to ball/When you're rockin' and a-rollin'/You can't hear your mama call," few people realized he was singing about a hooker in a notorious New Orleans whorehouse.

Soon kids all over the country caught on to these terms, and when a singer sang about the ecstasies of rock 'n' roll, they all got a little wetter and harder. They knew that rock music really meant music to fuck by.

Today the FCC still makes it necessary to use double entendres and veiled phrases, but these word games are no longer fooling anyone. Rod Stewart, for example, simply tells his lover to "spread your wings and let me come inside," and Britt Ekland all the while pants—in French, no less.

Author and rock critic Richard Goldstein wrote, "Rock is subversive, not because it seems to authorize sex . . . but because it encourages its audience to make their own judgments about societal taboos."

A major taboo rock destroyed was the repression of dancing. "The whole thrust of rock 'n' roll was that it allowed people to do what they wanted with their bodies for the first time," said Professor Romersa. "Before, dancing was all very proper, formal and ritualized. It was done in high-school gyms and college student unions with a bunch of old-crone chaperones hovering around.

"Then suddenly there was this new music that encouraged people to dance any way they wanted. It was no surprise that, when released from all the old restrictions, most people began dancing a kind of vertical sex act. And then they got into a whole new atmosphere of nightclubs and cars and drinking, and that let down even more inhibitions."

Did it ever! As one publication blared back in 1959, "This is the music of cheap night spots, tawdry roadhouses, drink, delinquency and leering sexual innuendo." The magazine didn't realize these were the very reasons for rock's popularity.

"Back then girls would come to Elvis Presley's shows to get their rocks off," said Carlton Haney, a veteran promoter of country-music shows who booked "the King" early in his career. "He would roll his pelvis from side to side, and the girls would let their imaginations take over so strongly, they would actually climax in their seats," Haney explained.

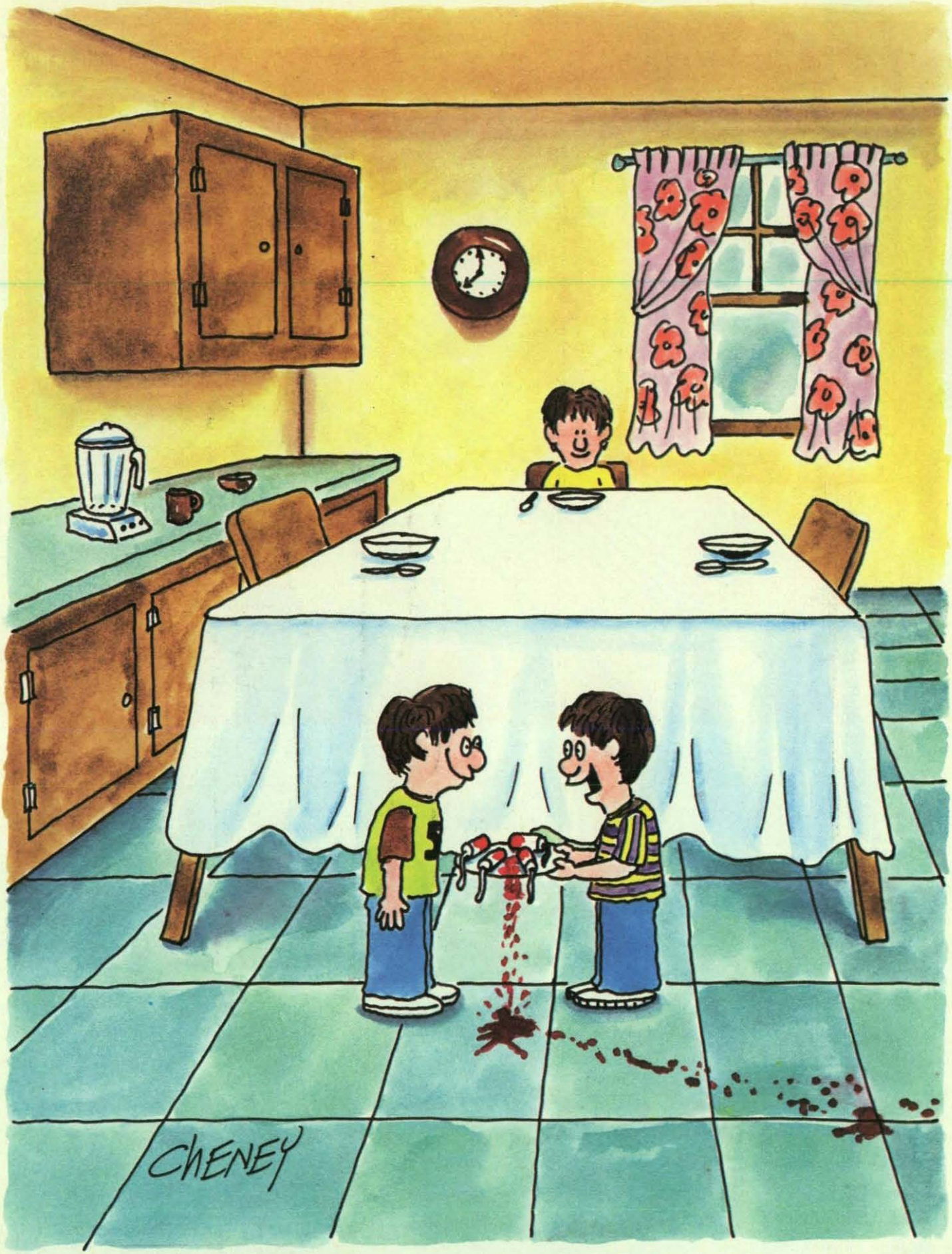
"A lot of boys used to hate Elvis because of this effect he had on their dates. But if a girl was all worked up over Elvis when the show was over, she naturally turned to her boyfriend—for a sexual outlet. There are millions of men all over the country who unwittingly owe their first piece of ass directly to Elvis."

"Singing originated as an intensification of the human voice when mere speech was not adequate to convey the emotion being expressed," said Dr. Bockmon. "In the same vein I would say that Elvis's gyrations originated because his singing couldn't convey what he was trying to communicate."

Perhaps Plato foresaw these events when he wrote in *The Republic*: "For they must beware of change to a strange form of music, taking it to be a danger to the whole. For never are the ways of music moved without the greatest political laws being moved."

In the 1950s the introduction of this new music was fought with an almost-desperate vigor. But rock won. And along with it, so did sex. For that we can all be grateful. Said Dr. Bockmon, "Sex is a fantastic balance between fantasy and friction. And nothing promotes both like music."

You can shake it one time for me.



"I know, let's get Mikey to try it! He'll eat anything!"

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Salvador Junta Orders Curfew in Rebel Battle

From Times Wire Services

SAN SALVADOR, El Salvador—A dusk-to-dawn curfew was imposed nationwide Sunday by authorities, battling a leftist uprising proclaimed by the rebels to be their "final offensive" against the junta that governs El Salvador.

Duarte said the curfew, in effect from 7 p.m. to 5 a.m., "is aimed at guaranteeing the safety of honest people and ending subversion." Only Red Cross ambulances and government vehicles are permitted on the streets during the curfew.

An air force spokesman said a

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Faces Human Rights Group With Daily Photo Task

Times Staff Writer

ly every morn- busy frisking n board a non- ch that nearly al-

right places: Balboa Park, on pit that serves as a garbage lated parking spot, once fre- sheer cliff overlooking a val-

armed with a 35-millimeter igh he has been on the job for e remains deeply affected by

rio and his driver companion n their search that he has be- appens anymore. The sight of en and tortured—has become e has learned to control his

Mario—not his real name—and the driver work for the Human Rights Commission of El Salvador. By the agency's count, 13,194 perhaps were killed in 1979 in

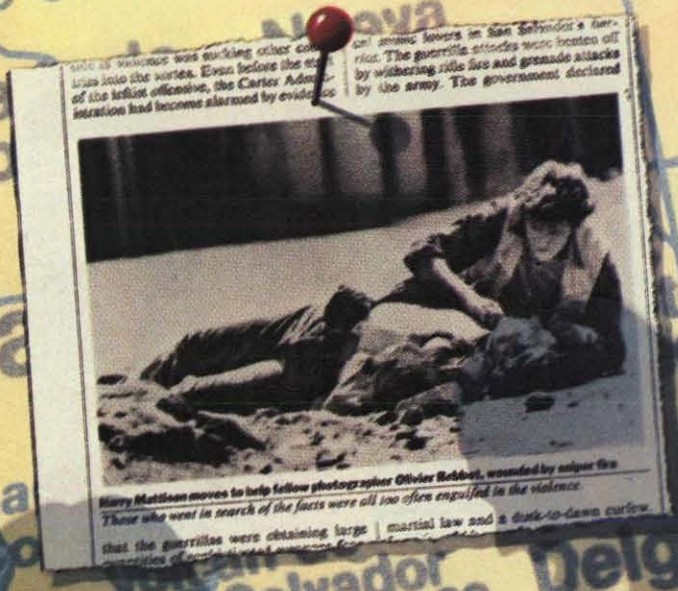
they would not be surprised by another rightist coup attempt. "We think it would all stop," sighed one Salvador resident. "I wish I had been born in any other country." Many share that sentiment.

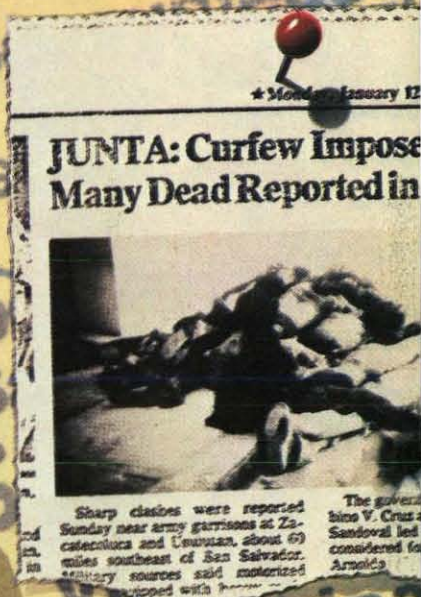
THE NEW VIETNAM

HUSTLER Reporter Vanishes in Bloody Revolution

The scene last Christmas at the modest, middle-class home in Bergenfield, New Jersey, could have been a replica of a Norman Rockwell painting. While snowflakes gently fell outside and tree lights twinkled, four generations of a hardworking Irish-American family gathered around a dining-room table laden with roast turkey, candied yams and eight varieties of homemade pies. Earlier in the day they all had attended Mass and prayed at near-

REPORT BY RICHARD WARREN LEWIS







Illustrations by Roger Bergendorff

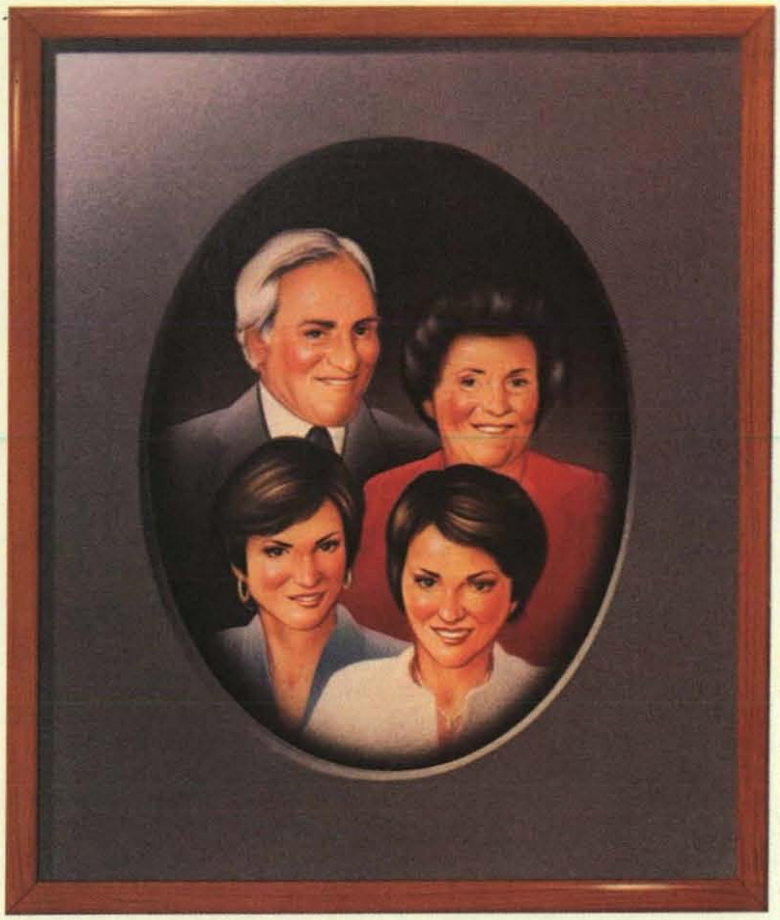

HONDURAS
Torola
Chirilagua
El Cuco
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PUNTA
AMAPALA
commission of "making common cause with the enemy"
—a grave charge in
soldiers to surround the
'Psychological Warfar
Visitors to Gonzalo's office, and there are many, can
thumb through photographs of the victims of the savage
conflict in El Salvador—
JOHN J. SULLIVAN JR. (1954 - ?)

by St. John's Church. Now the head of the family, John Sullivan Sr., was sharing his most heartfelt prayer with his only son.

"Be careful, Johnny," he said, putting an arm around the shoulder of his bearded, 26-year-old namesake. "From what I've been reading in the papers, it's pretty dangerous in El Salvador."

"I'm not going there to be a hero, Dad," John Jr. replied. "I just want to get the story."

In just three days the former Bogota (New Jersey) High School football and baseball letterman would be embarking on perhaps the greatest challenge of his five-year career as a journalist. Fearful that the barbaric civil war in the remote Central American nation could become the next Vietnam, HUSTLER was sending Sullivan to El Salvador to write an investigative report.



The Sullivan family (clockwise from top left): John J. Sullivan Sr. and his wife Lorraine; and the writer's two sisters, Donna Igoe and Debbie Indrieri.

The devastating conflict had left more than 13,000 dead during the preceding 12 months, many of them victims of horrible atrocities. Sullivan planned to interview key figures on all sides of a power struggle that had torn apart the poverty-stricken republic, roughly the size of Massachusetts.

There would be meetings with members of the ruling military-civilian junta, which the United States had already backed with $60 million in military and economic aid. In addition, he hoped to gain access to guerrilla leaders on the Left, who were allegedly receiving arms from Communist regimes overseas. And, if possible, he also wanted to develop information about right-wing extremist death squads, which had murdered men, women and children in cold blood.

Clearly El Salvador was a major story, and Sullivan—who had previously filed incisive reports on the 1979 revolution in nearby Nicaragua—was anxious to pursue it. He expressed only one concern: He wanted to arrive in the troubled nation before dusk, when it was still relatively safe to travel.

At Newark Airport on the morning of December 28 he took a gold chain from around his neck and gave it to his father. "Wear it until I get back," he told him as the two men embraced. In turn, he kissed his mother and his two married sisters, Donna Igoe and Debbie Indrieri. "Don't worry about a thing," he assured them. "I can take care of myself."

* * *

As he stepped from TACA Airlines Flight #311 at 5 p.m. (EDT), Sullivan noticed the heavy security at El Salvador's isolated new International Airport. A guard with an automatic rifle strapped to his belt stood by while customs inspectors pawed through the writer's luggage. Armed soldiers stood at the entrance, pacing in front of beige Mayan frescoes.

A battered taxi took Sullivan on the hour-long ride to the capital city of San Salvador, passing clusters of peasants waiting for buses, wooden-wheeled ox carts filled with sugarcane, and the place along the highway where three American nuns and a Catholic lay worker had been found brutally murdered and raped only 25 days earlier. News photographers called the road "the body run"; they went there almost daily to shoot pictures of corpses left from violence of the night before.

At 6:25 p.m. Sullivan walked into the carpeted lobby of the fashionable Sheraton Hotel. "My name is John Sullivan," he told the desk clerk in perfect Spanish. "I have a reservation."

Minutes later he was ushered into a comfortable room with a balcony overlooking an Olympic-sized swimming pool, tipping the bellman with American dollars. Even before unpacking his typewriter, tape recorder and camera equipment, Sullivan stood on that balcony—taking in the view of the proud volcano, San Salvador, in the distance and the panorama of the modern high-rise city beneath it. And once again he reviewed what he already knew about the turmoil in this strategic nation situated on the Pacific Ocean, and how the incredible events of the past 14 months had affected its 4.8 million inhabitants.

This wasn't the first time civil strife had torn apart the most densely populated country in Latin America. Back in 1932 more than 30,000 peasants were killed by the Army over demands for better living and working conditions. Yet everyday life for the overwhelming majority of Salvadorans had improved little since then.

By 1979 almost 40% of the population was living under a feudal agricultural system dominated by 14 families—known as *Los Catorce*—that maintained a stranglehold on the nation's economy. A mere 2% of the population controlled 60% of the prime agricultural property, which produced such valuable cash crops as cotton, sugar and the nation's biggest moneymaker, coffee. (El Salvador is the fourth-largest coffee producer in the world.)

Peasants not working on the large coffee plantations were crowded onto deforested and overworked farms, where they lived in mud huts and cardboard shacks. The infant-mortality rate was 55 for every 1,000 live births, twice as high as Cuba's and four times the rate in the United States. Subsisting on a diet of corn and beans, the average citizen received only 82% of the recommended minimum caloric intake needed for survival.

A tragic number of Salvadoran children suffering from malnutrition and chronic diarrhea wandered aimlessly in hundreds of isolated villages lacking electricity and water. More than 95% of the peasants were functionally illiterate. Unemployment stood at well over 30%, and those who did work aver-

aged wages of just $1 a day. Meanwhile, the wealthy—backed by the Army and the National Guard—lived lavishly, ensuring their privileged status by dispensing graft and helping rig elections.

John Sullivan had done his homework before arriving in El Salvador. He understood that a group of reform-minded junior Army officers had engineered a bloodless coup on October 15, 1979, ending almost 50 years of iron-handed military rule by overthrowing the dictatorship of General Carlos Humberto Romero. In his place a five-man civilian-military junta promised to eliminate the vast inequalities in distribution of wealth.

One of the earliest supporters of the junta was the Carter Administration, well-aware of El Salvador's strategic location in the Western Hemisphere. One concerned embassy official called the nation "a flaming arrow pointing at the heart of Kansas."

Anxious to avoid a repeat of Communist takeovers in Cuba and Nicaragua—events Washington viewed as threats to American security—the United States began sending financial aid to the junta, along with economic advisers. Chief among these was Roy L. Prosterman, a U.S. land-reform expert who 20 years earlier had masterminded the ill-fated agrarian-reform program in Vietnam.

In March 1980, with much fanfare, the junta announced the most sweeping land-redistribution scheme ever attempted in Latin America. In its first stage all properties in excess of 1,250 acres would be expropriated by the government to form peasant cooperatives. The second stage would do the same to properties ranging from 250 to 500 acres. And finally, 80,000 peasant sharecroppers who worked smaller parcels of land would be given them to own, outright. Eventually, one adviser predicted, the countryside would resemble the American Midwest.

The program ostensibly was designed to weaken the power of a tiny class of wealthy landowners. But more important, it would preempt the appeal of leftist guerrillas by transferring nearly 2 million acres to peasants, including the 2,000 largest estates in the country, and some 150,000 small plots of land.

Understandably, the old powers battled to hold on. But rather than using the chambers of the constitutional assembly, the combatants turned to the alleys and streets of El Salvador's cities and towns. Sometimes it was difficult to keep track of who was killing whom.

Financed by deposed landowners and conservative businessmen relocated in Florida and Mexico, right-wing death squads carried out a mindless reign of terror, picking off union leaders and activists—not to mention totally innocent citizens. Among their hundreds of victims were four doctors whose mistake was treating patients in refugee camps. Yet not one suspected death-squad operative has even been apprehended. The simple reason: Its ranks are composed of members of the Army, police and National Guard.

The junta, in the meantime, sought to consolidate its power by continuing the repressive methods of the dictatorship it replaced. Anyone was fair game in its program of random search-and-destroy violence—helpless students, teachers and factory workers in the cities, unarmed peasants in the countryside and, once in a while, even some real anti-government guerrillas. When accused of these crimes, the junta shrugged its collective shoulders, usually placing the blame on the "Marxist-Leninist" Left.

Actually, the Left was a broad-based coalition of forces that included Christian Democratic Party politicians, the Roman Catholic Church, labor unions, intellectuals and—yes—one Communist-oriented group. To fight government injustices, they had all banded together as the Farabundo Marti National Liberation Front—named for a martyred leader of the abortive 1932 uprising. The acts of terror performed by its more-fanatical members differed only slightly from those of the junta. Insurgent guerrillas usually left victims where they fell, while junta forces tried to cover up their misdeeds by burying the bodies.

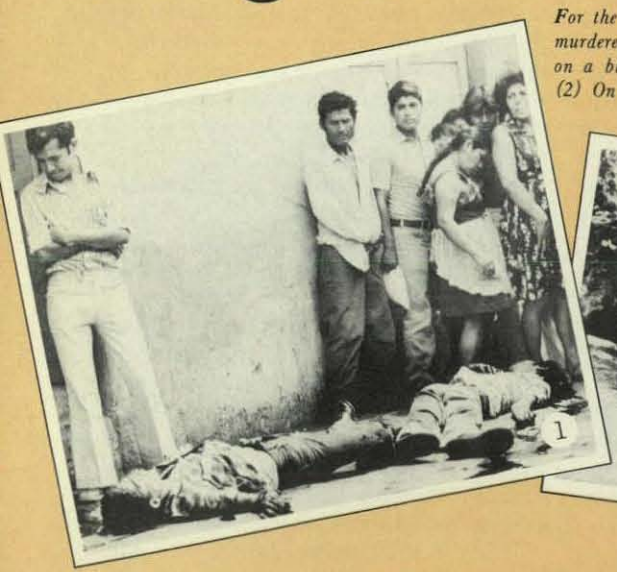
No wonder that El Salvador had become an armed camp where even the most composed citizens packed weapons and wore bulletproof vests. The sounds of machine-gun bursts, Molotov cocktails and sniper fire raking across its capital city were considered routine.

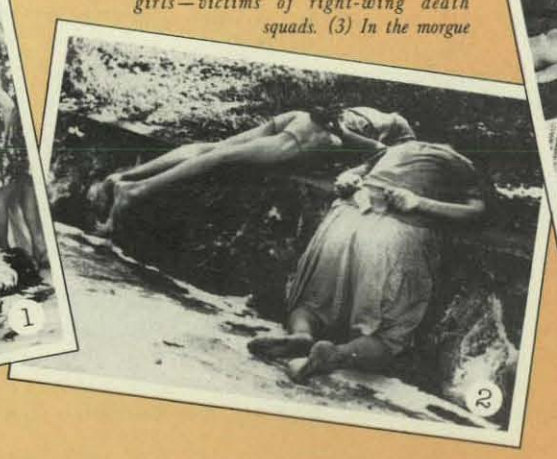
But curiously, as Sullivan stood on his room's balcony this night in late December, all he could hear were the sounds of music reverberating from the Sheraton Hotel's popular roller disco. It was as if the ugly events punctuating the intervening nine months—episodes that had led to martial law and suspension of basic constitutional rights—simply had never occurred.

One of these events involved Archbishop Oscar Arnulfo Romero, who courageously condemned tyranny and terrorism from his pulpit. A champion of nonviolence and human rights, he begged President Carter to refrain from sending proposed U.S. military aid and thus escalating the military conflict. His concern for the poor made him a

Slaughter in the Streets

For the citizens of El Salvador the sight of brutally murdered countrymen is routine. (1) Two bodies lying on a blood-stained sidewalk prompt looks of horror. (2) On the highway to the airport sprawl two young girls—victims of right-wing death squads. (3) In the morgue







beloved figure in the barrios of the cities and among the workers on the huge coffee and sugar plantations. "I am prepared to offer my blood for the redemption and resurrection of El Salvador," the archbishop proclaimed. "If God accepts the sacrifice, I hope it will be a seed of liberty and a sign of hope."

On April 1, 1980, celebrating a memorial Mass in the chapel of the Hospital of Divine Providence, Romero stepped to the altar and raised a chalice of Communion wine. Suddenly a lone gunman appeared in the open door of the chapel and fired a single .22-caliber fragmenting bullet. The archbishop's blood streaked the white altar cloth as he fell to the floor, mortally wounded. The junta had struck again.

Six days later Romero's funeral in the center of San Salvador was transformed into a tableau of horror by exploding hand bombs that stampeded the crowd of 50,000. Right-wing sharpshooters began firing from the government's National Palace across the square, drawing wild return fire from armed leftist guards protecting the mourners. When the smoke cleared an hour later, 35 people had been shot or trampled to death, and 185 others were hospitalized.

As friction intensified during the next several months, bloodthirsty terrorist bands openly roamed the sweltering countryside, killing peasants. On July 9, in a typical incident, 31 innocent members of the Mojica Santos family—residing in the poor village of Mogotes—were shot to death by the right-wing paramilitary organization ORDEN, a group affiliated with the National Guard. Fifteen children, all of them under ten years of age, were murdered while hugging their mothers. Later that same day, soldiers and agents of the National Guard occupied the area and looted the peasants' ramshackle homes.

As the government failed to aggressively carry out the agrarian-reform program, there were numerous examples of retribution against unfortunate peasants who had accepted redistributed land. In July, government troops murdered the president and seven other members of the El Penon agricultural cooperative. The remaining cooperative members were forced to pay the local military commander $50 a month for protection, plus $180 for the soldiers' salaries. According to an Institute for Agrarian Transformation employee, more than 80 cooperatives were being forced to pay protection money.

On another occasion more than 20 men in National Guard uniforms drove into the Aguecate cooperative, carrying a list of co-op leaders they considered to be subversives. After 12 of them were executed, the 160 families living there fled in panic.

Back in the cities, teachers-union leaders and teachers themselves were special targets for assassination. Many of them were murdered in classrooms while students watched in horror. Terrorist bombings and bazooka attacks at universities in San Salvador multiplied.

The controlled Salvadoran press described these and other escalations in hostilities between the military and its opposition simply as "disturbances." People on the street pointed to the local newspapers and muttered, "*Mentiras!*"—meaning "lies."

A month before John Sullivan arrived in El Salvador, savage violence stunned the nation once again. While 200 Army troops surrounded a Jesuit school meeting hall and helicopters circled overhead, heavily armed members of a right-wing assassination gang stormed inside and kidnapped six leftist leaders in broad daylight.

At 9 p.m. that night their bodies were found near a lake six miles away. Riddled with bullets, they clearly had been tortured before being executed. All of them were opponents of the junta, but none was a guerrilla leader. The bloodbath was viewed as part of the regime's all-out effort to eradicate opposition.

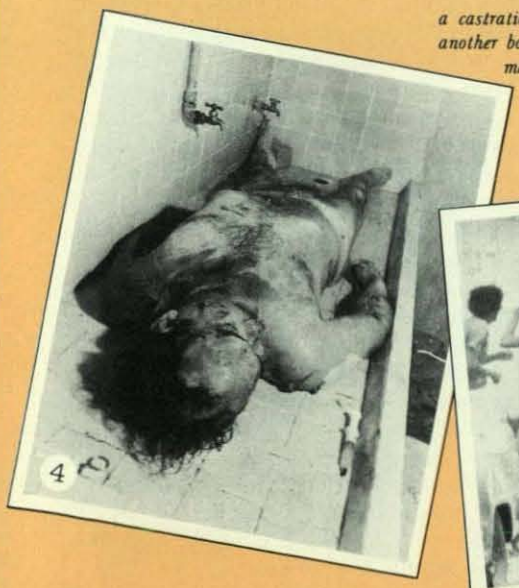
The following day a powerful bomb exploded just outside San Salvador's Metropolitan Cathedral—not far from the Sheraton Hotel—where the slain leftists' bodies were lying in state. At least nine persons suffered serious injuries. The same assassination squad claimed responsibility for the attack.

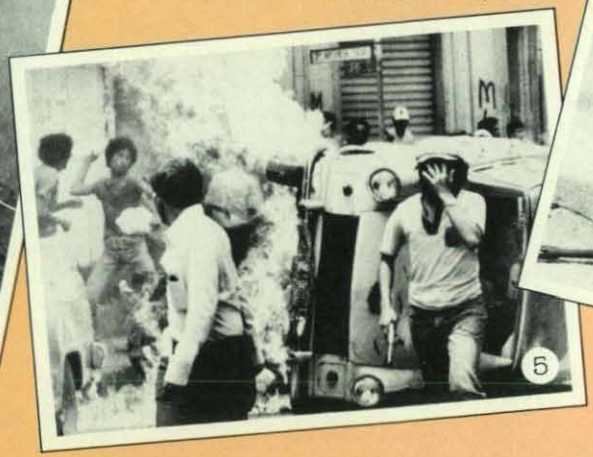
Sullivan lay down on one of his room's twin beds and recalled the most recent acts of violence that had shaken the nation: the murder of the three Maryknoll nuns and one lay missionary. They had been instrumental in setting up several of the 11 refugee camps handling the thousands of displaced peasants spilling into the city from the countryside. Each had been shot in the head, and at least two were raped. Uniformed government troops had tried to cover up their deaths by burying them in a primitive roadside grave.

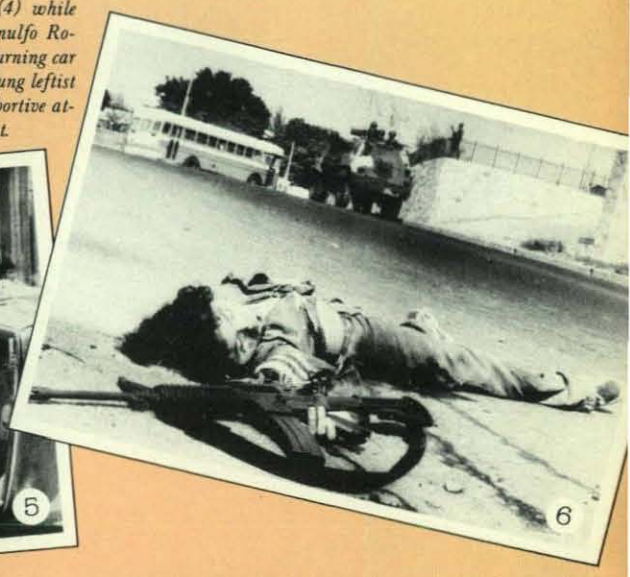
Expressing shock and dismay, President Carter temporarily suspended all financial aid to El Salvador. To placate Washington, the junta reorganized its leadership for the fourth time since taking over in 1979. It installed politician Jose Napoleon Duarte as a figurehead president, while Colonel Jose Guillermo Garcia, Minister of Defense and Public Security, retained actual power.

While the ongoing complexities of the political and economic struggle in El

a castration victim (second from top) is among the corpses (4) while another body awaits embalming. (5) At Archbishop Oscar Arnulfo Romero's funeral a pistol-packing motorist flees from his burning car while a man hurls a Molotov cocktail. (6) A young leftist guerrilla lies mortally wounded following an abortive attack on a National Guard command post.







Salvador seemed awesome, Sullivan felt confident he would be able to uncover information giving an accurate picture of a nation in conflict. Two hours after checking into the Sheraton, he showered and changed into corduroy trousers, a poplin golf jacket and tan Dingo boots. At approximately 9 p.m. he left the room—presumably to have a drink in the bar adjacent to the Sheraton's well-guarded main lobby.

Shortly after 6 o'clock on the evening of January 6, John's mother picked up the ringing telephone at the Sullivans' New Jersey home. Lorraine Sullivan's knees trembled and her heart sank as she heard someone on the New York cable desk of United Press International saying that her son had vanished in El Salvador. Nobody had seen him since the night of December 28.

His disappearance into the bowels of the civil war had been discovered in the wake of three murders that had occurred at the Sheraton two nights earlier. A pair of professional hitmen had nonchalantly strolled through the hotel's lobby, walked into the coffee shop and gunned down Jose Rodolfo Viera—president of the Institute for Agrarian Transformation—and Mark Pearlman and Michael Hammer, two American Federation of Labor lawyers who had been helping to implement the reform program. Considering the heavy concentration of junta security forces residing in the hotel, it was hard to believe the massacre had taken place without the government's knowledge.

The next day a concerned chambermaid reported that Sullivan's bed had not been slept in since the night he checked into the Sheraton. His typewriter, camera and tape recorder—along with a well-thumbed Spanish-English dictionary and several candy bars—were cataloged in a subsequent search of his room.

Once the shock of Sullivan's disappearance wore off, his family could only speculate about what might have happened. Had he made contact with left-wing guerrillas and accompanied one of their representatives for an interview away from the hotel? Unlikely, since the tools of his trade had been left behind.

Had he been victimized by a common criminal, with robbery as the motive? They prayed that wasn't the case.

Had the junta kidnapped Sullivan to make him an example? A distinct possibility. (The family would later learn the regime had never shown any particular hospitality to members of the media covering the civil war. Junta officials had made numerous statements accusing the foreign press of lying about daily events and stating that freelance journalists tended to be subversives involved with the guerrillas.) And if he had been kidnapped by insurgents, why was there no ransom demand?

Sullivan's sister, Donna Igoe, immediately called HUSTLER's offices in Los Angeles, wondering if the editors had heard anything from the journalist. She was told his only communication before leaving on assignment had been a letter wishing a staff member "cheers and happy holidays."

What next transpired were weeks of frustrating, futile and often-agonizing attempts—both by HUSTLER executives and the Sullivan family—to locate the journalist. Working long into many nights, the editors sought to marshall support of the news media in an attempt to force action on the part of appropriate government agencies. Dozens of phone interviews were conducted with newspapers, wire services, magazines and radio stations. A series of televised press conferences was held in HUSTLER's Los Angeles offices. Scores of long-distance calls were made to the State Department, the U.S. Embassy in San Salvador, the International Red Cross (in Switzerland), Amnesty International, the United Nations, the Organization of American States, and the National Council of Churches.

A bilingual HUSTLER staffer spoke directly with Colonel Jose Guillermo Garcia—El Salvador's Minister of Defense and Public Security—seeking information on what measures his government was taking.

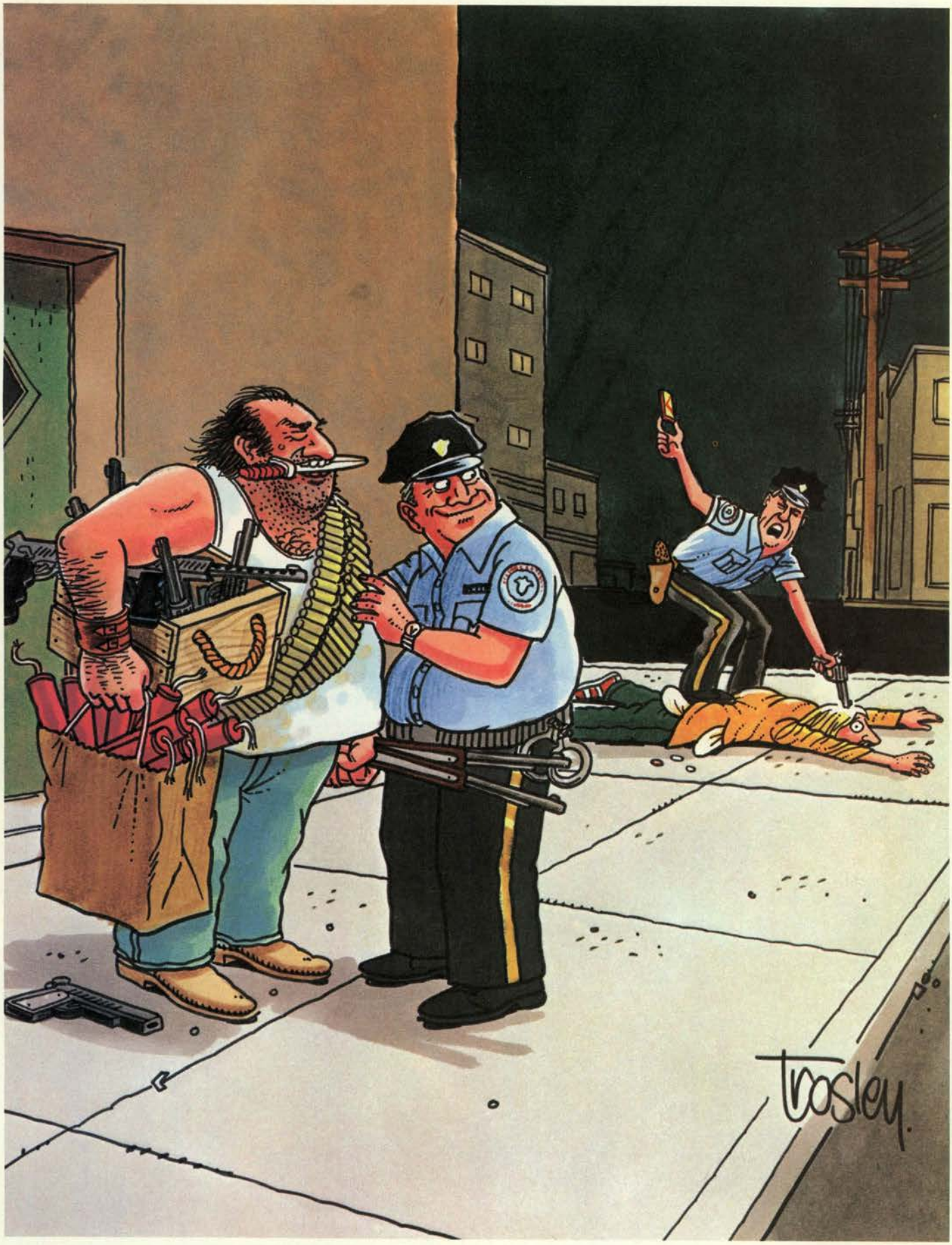
"We have conducted an investigation," Garcia said. "He checked into the hotel, went out and never returned. Instructions have been given to all military bodies to detect any clue to his whereabouts."

When asked about the seriousness of the conflict in El Salvador, Garcia replied: "News often gets twisted in this country. Most people think we are in total war. [But actually] the subversive action from both sides [the Right and the Left] is trying to make this government unstable. There are big interests trying to get us in trouble, and they could be the circumstances of [the disappearance of] Mr. Sullivan."

Larry Cox, a spokesman for Amnesty International—the Nobel Peace Prize-winning human-rights organization—warned that Garcia's remarks should be taken with a grain of salt. Cox insisted the colonel's security forces were directly responsible for at least 75% of the murders during the previous 12 months, figures supported by El Salvador's Catholic Church and Human Rights Commission.

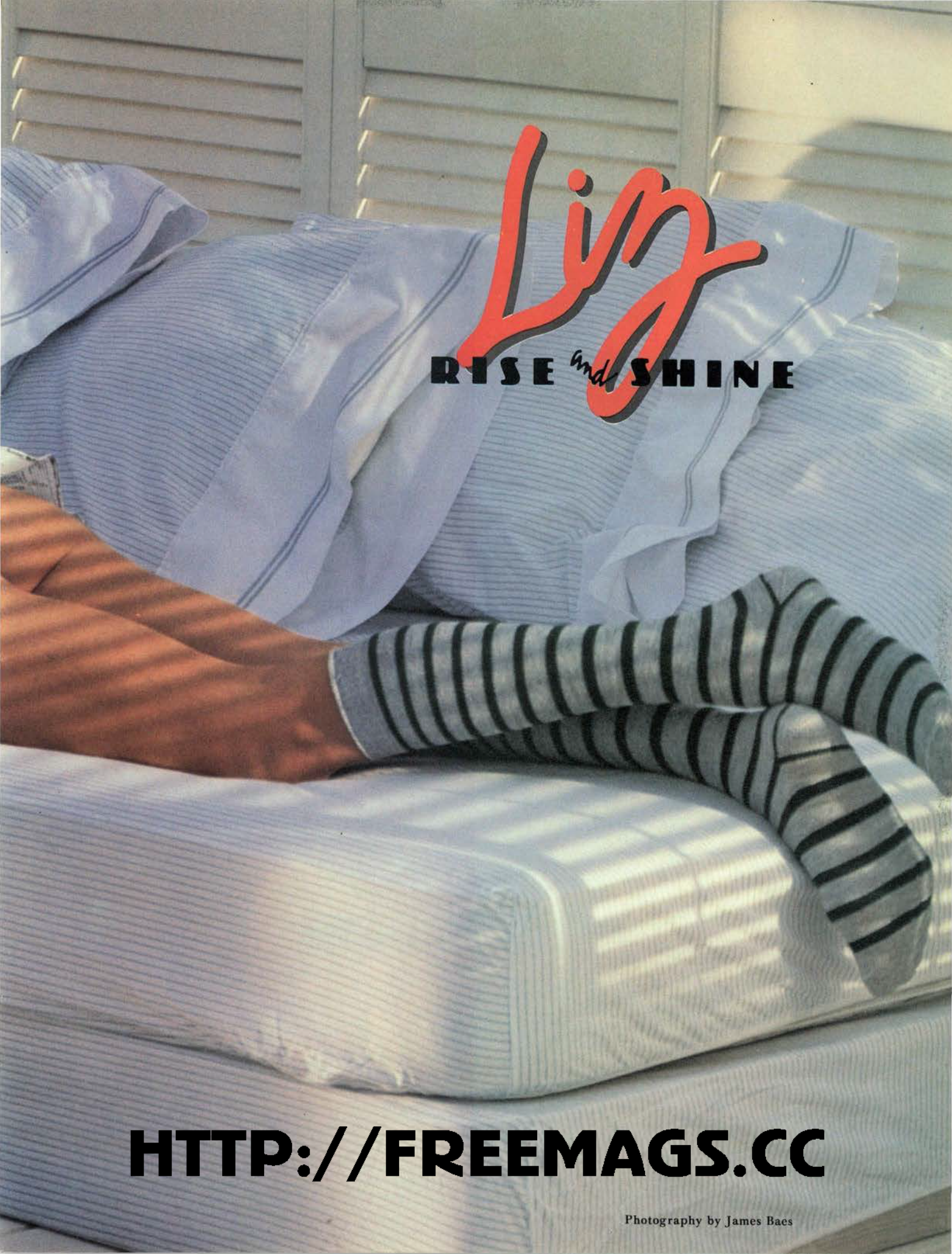
(continued on page 52)





"Forget <u>that</u> guy, Mullins . . . Look, rolling papers!"


The New York Times
Georgia Is Victor,
Walker



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Photography by James Baes



"I'm really turned on in the mornings," admits Liz, a 22-year-old bank teller living in the Big Apple. For everyone who has trouble rising, here's her secret. "First, I grab some coffee and the morning paper. Then I just lie back and let the sunshine start working its magic on my body. It gets me all warm and tender." Of course, when Liz wakes up with a guy beside her, she has slightly different wake-up techniques. "I won't tell you *exactly* what I do," she says coyly, "but I guarantee I know how to make my bedmate rise." We don't doubt it a bit, Liz!



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EL SALVADOR

(continued from page 42)

"If the United States had suffered a similar tragedy," said Monsignor Ricardo Urioste, Chancellor of the Archdiocese of San Salvador, "your death toll—based on a percentage of population—would be over 500,000 killed by the army, police and terrorists."

Amnesty International also noted junta responsibility for the 50 foreign journalists either kidnapped, detained, shot and killed at roadblocks, fired on with machine guns, deported or secretly imprisoned over a 24-month period. "Unarmed American, Mexican and Dutch reporters have become targets of security forces," said Cox. The regime in power clearly was doing everything possible to suppress responsible dissemination of the news.

Amnesty International's revelations prompted HUSTLER to ask the U.S. State Department to request an International Red Cross search of El Salvador's prisons in the hope of finding Sullivan. The State Department did nothing to implement that request. Later, U.S. Embassy Public Affairs Officer Howard Lane brushed aside any possibility Sullivan might have been jailed. "The police told us they didn't have him, and that's good enough for us," he snapped.

Speaking from San Salvador, Lane suggested that HUSTLER offer reward money for information leading to the recovery of Sullivan. When the American press corps learned of that possibility, the newsmen bristled, fearing a financial incentive would only encourage future kidnappings and endanger their own lives.

Out of concern for their safety, HUSTLER Publisher Larry Flynt immediately rejected the embassy's reward suggestion. He stopped the presses of the magazine's April issue and withdrew "El Salvador: Welcome to Vietnam," his potentially controversial *Publisher's Statement* condemning the U.S. government's escalating involvement in the country's affairs. In part it read:

"I thought Washington had learned a lesson in Vietnam. After hundreds of thousands of useless deaths, and billions of wasted dollars that helped create this country's current recession, you'd think the big boys would think twice about getting involved in one of the developing countries. No such luck! Once again we're sending military aid to a country whose government is at war with its own people. . . .

"Ignoring the problems we have right here at home, which are enough to make the strongest man crack, we're heading down the same stupid bloody road to hell. And for whom? A government that has sanctioned the murder of thousands of Salvadorans. A government that approved the cold-blooded killing of three American nuns and a lay worker. A government that is vilely repressive. And a government that Washington—with its typical stupid reasoning—has called 'moderate and reformist.'

"So far we've pumped more than $11.5 million in military aid into El Salvador. But here's the neat twist, folks—it's 'nonlethal aid.' No guns. Just trucks, flak jackets, teargas grenades, face masks, night-vision sights, image intensifiers, radios, field telephones and communications equipment. That's just what the Salvadoran army needs to move faster, shoot straighter and hone in on their ultimate targets—their fellow countrymen.

"But we don't stop there. Our government has begun training 300 Salvadoran officers in Panama, in a program designed to deal with guerrilla warfare. Does that sound familiar? It should, because that's the same bullshit path we took in Vietnam. . . .

"Once again we are flexing our muscles to help murderers thousands of miles away. Once again we are running the risk of dividing our already troubled and sick society. And once again we are sticking our noses where they damned well don't belong.

"What makes my blood boil," Flynt concluded, "is how our government and our military can so easily forget. Vietnam is soaked with our young men's blood. Let's all make sure El Salvador won't be."

While efforts continued to combat both governments' foot-dragging in the Sullivan matter, HUSTLER arranged for Stuart Wasserman—another journalist already on the scene—to supply firsthand reports from the beleaguered country. One of his earliest dispatches recounted some of the brutal murders and atrocities committed by the junta's security forces:

"A visitor does not have to venture far into the streets to see the day-to-day horror story that is San Salvador. Not one neighborhood is exempt from the blood-stained sidewalks where moments before a student, priest, doctor, laborer, teacher or unemployed youth might have fallen.

"Early one morning, in a middle-class area, a young hotel worker motioned me over to the body of a middle-aged man lying faceup across the sidewalk. A group of people was looking at one side of his head, and as I approached the body, I found out why. The man had no left side of his face anymore, just a sunken cavern where his eye, cheekbone and ear should have been. Two flies



"Distinguishing marks or characteristics? Well, I've got a large mole on my ass."



"Why don't you just grow a beard?"

were buzzing around the deep, red crevice. The man's head had been blown away by the powerful bullet from a G-3 rifle, widely used by the military. After dark the soldiers shoot first and ask questions later.

"Most of the bodies found after the endless nights of violence are brought to the city's morgue, a 7' X 11' wooden shack, with white walls and a red-tile floor. The dead are kept there for 24 hours and then taken to a cemetery for burial, two to a grave. There are no caskets, flowers or prayers. Usually, four or five bodies are brought to the morgue daily; but sometimes there are as many as 20 corpses stacked in the small space. A young woman who works in the morgue's records department complains of the stench from decomposing bodies that sometimes drifts into her office.

"The ambulance drivers were unloading the morning's cargo when I walked out—six bodies found on the outskirts of town, all of them appearing to be about 20 years of age or under. The back of one boy's head was missing. The bicep muscle of another was split open where he was hit by a fragmenting bullet. A woman was lying on a wooden slab, her wrist broken backward, and dried intestines settled into place where her stomach had been cut. Another young man had three knife wounds through his throat.

"Just outside the morgue is a cemetery with large headstones and huge white crosses. But this is not where these newly arrived dead will be buried. My cabdriver informed me this cemetery was only for the wealthy.

" 'The rich want to be separate from us even in death,' he remarked. 'And they will. They will go to hell, and we will go to heaven. A priest told me that.' "

Wasserman, HUSTLER's man in San Salvador, later mentioned a report received in the press headquarters at the El Camino Real Hotel. There had been a shoot-out in Mexicanos, a poor barrio on the outskirts of the capital city.

"About ten feet outside the door to the morgue we came across the grisly heap of 22 bodies," he said. "Most of the victims were shot in the head. The women had their blouses removed before they were killed, and their pants had been pulled down to their knees. One woman had a slit across her stomach, and her guts were hanging out. The Army claimed it had killed these people in a gunfight. But the next morning the coroner said they had all died at close range, and every woman had been raped before she was murdered." Later it was determined that none of the victims were armed, nor had they offered any resistance.

A photographer with El Salvador's Human Rights Commission, whose job it was to document the dead so they could be identified by family members, supplied eyewitness accounts of other brutal slayings:

"My first day on the job I had to take pictures of eight corpses found in the area of the Devil's Gateway," he recalled. "They were all very young, between 14 and 16 years of age. It was horrible to see these children, whose heads had practically been destroyed by high-powered guns. To get a decent picture, I had to turn their heads around to show what facial features remained.

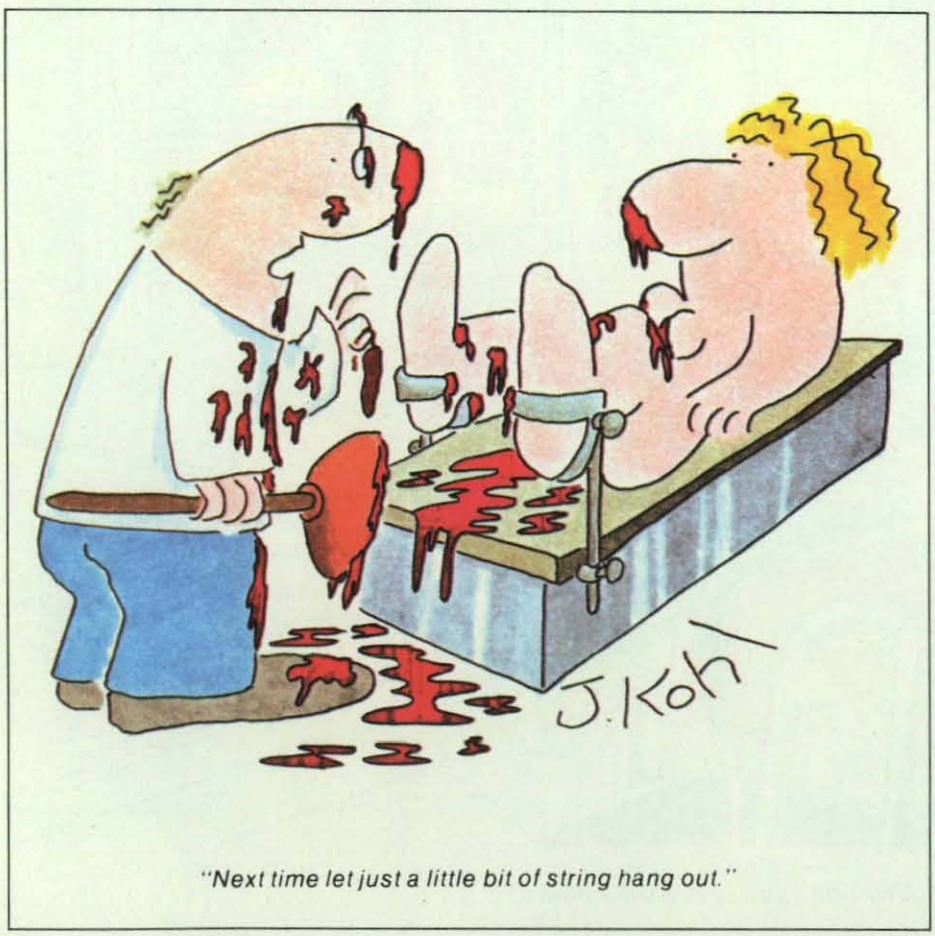
"I have also seen many bodies mutilated, with throats cut out of their heads. I will never forget one young woman we found in a barrio in San Salvador. She was the only one of 15 corpses that had not been beheaded. The skin around this woman's face had been slowly lifted off and peeled over her head until you could see her bones. She must have been tortured while she was still alive, because she was shot in the temple, and there were powder burns visible on her skull bone. The person who did this must have been a sadist—somebody who specializes in torture."

Other documented reports confirm a sickening range of atrocities similar to those that happened in Vietnam. Men's testicles are tied with a cord that is attached to a suspended pitcher. The pitcher is slowly filled with water until its increasing weight makes the pain unbearable. Castrated bodies have been routinely discovered, along with others whose eyes have been gouged out.

To obtain information on guerrilla activities, government interrogators insert electroshock devices into the openings of penises and inside vaginas. Those fortunate enough to survive are left sexually incapacitated. Pregnant women have well-developed fetuses torn out of their wombs and are then murdered. Peasant women have been found with severed heads placed in their crotches and their hands chopped off. Security forces have executed prisoners of both sexes whose hands or thumbs were tied together.

"They kill after sometimes-unimaginable torture," reported Beth Nissen, a journalist covering the war for *Newsweek*. "A woman told us about a 19-year-old girl who disappeared. Her mother asked officials to investigate. The body was found two or three days later, shot through the head. The mother did not want to see the body and asked to see a copy of the coroner's report. [It] described her body as that of a young woman in [an] advanced state of pregnancy. The mother said, 'Well,

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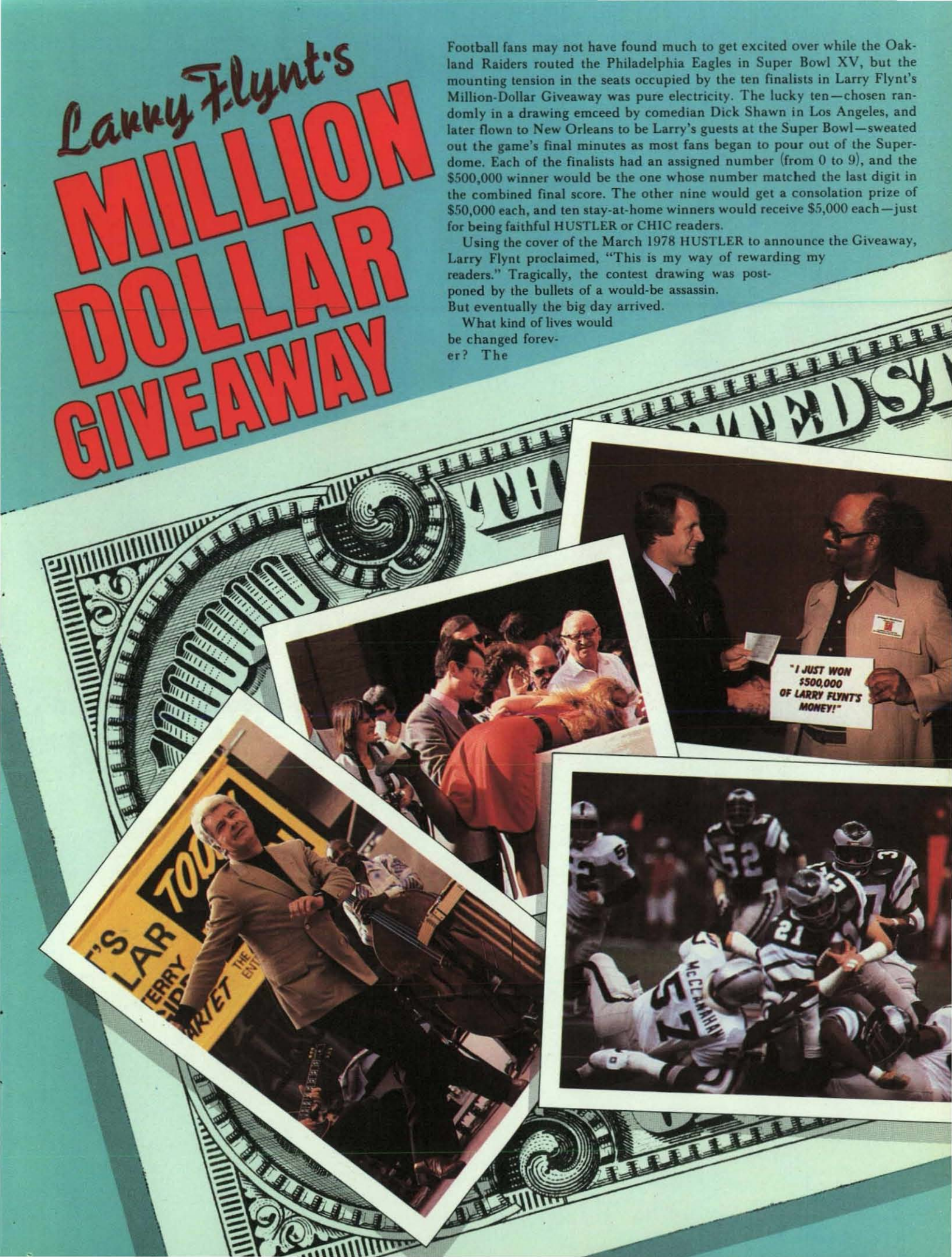
"Next time let just a little bit of string hang out."

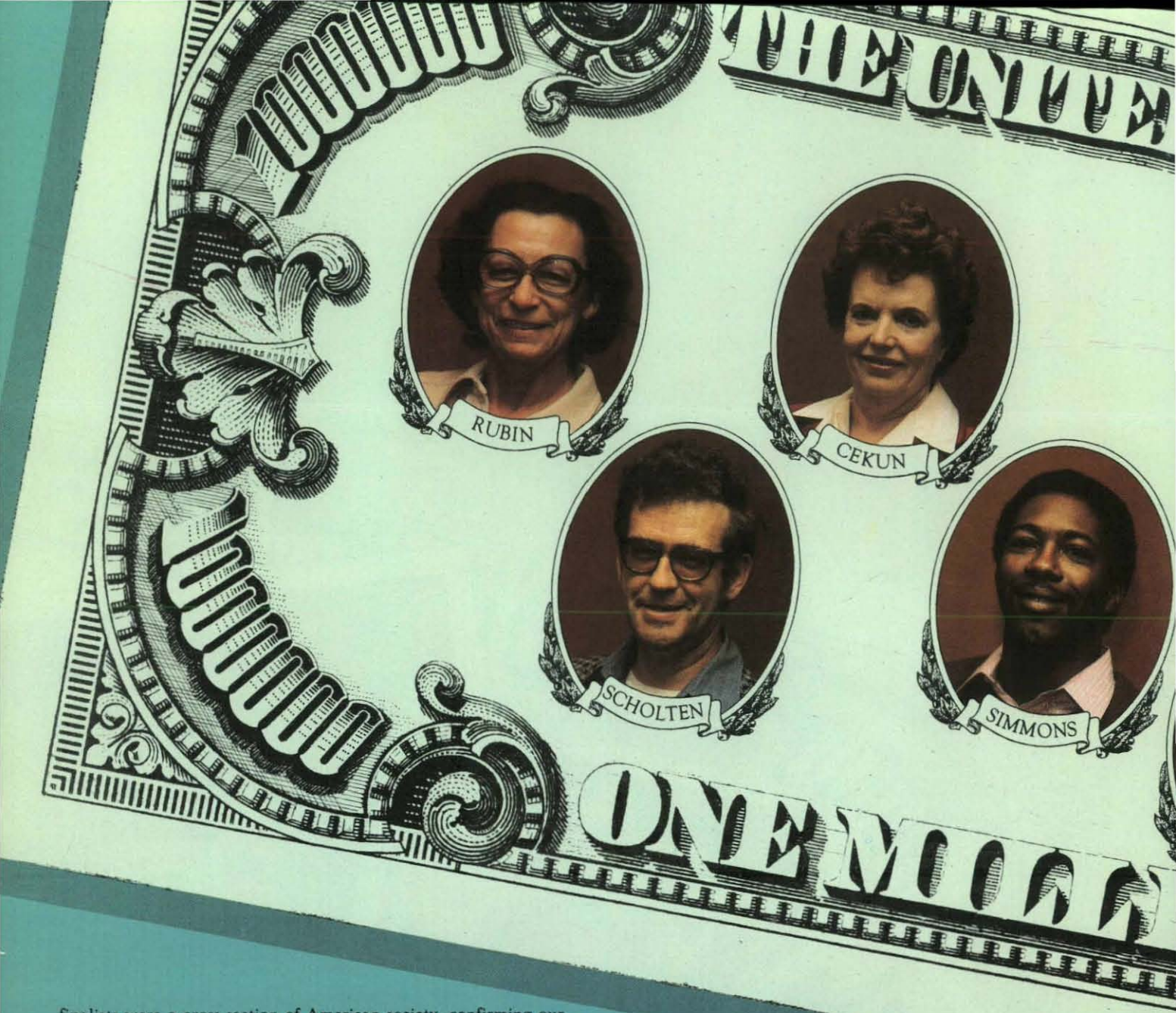
Larry Flynt's MILLION DOLLAR GIVEAWAY

Football fans may not have found much to get excited over while the Oakland Raiders routed the Philadelphia Eagles in Super Bowl XV, but the mounting tension in the seats occupied by the ten finalists in Larry Flynt's Million-Dollar Giveaway was pure electricity. The lucky ten—chosen randomly in a drawing emceed by comedian Dick Shawn in Los Angeles, and later flown to New Orleans to be Larry's guests at the Super Bowl—sweated out the game's final minutes as most fans began to pour out of the Superdome. Each of the finalists had an assigned number (from 0 to 9), and the $500,000 winner would be the one whose number matched the last digit in the combined final score. The other nine would get a consolation prize of $50,000 each, and ten stay-at-home winners would receive $5,000 each—just for being faithful HUSTLER or CHIC readers.

Using the cover of the March 1978 HUSTLER to announce the Giveaway, Larry Flynt proclaimed, "This is my way of rewarding my readers." Tragically, the contest drawing was postponed by the bullets of a would-be assassin. But eventually the big day arrived.

What kind of lives would be changed forever? The





finalists were a cross section of American society, confirming our belief that HUSTLER is for everyone. From all walks of life and from across the nation, these are some of the people who read HUSTLER and our sister publication CHIC. And boy, are they richer for it.

ROSALIND RUBIN—A Miami Beach meter maid who once ticketed boxer Muhammad Ali, Rosalind doesn't mind taking a chance. But in the Giveaway she didn't have to—husband Alex did it for her. While in a sickbed with a copy of HUSTLER for company, Alex read about the contest and submitted ten entries—nine in his name and one in his wife's. Sure enough, her single entry was the one selected.

HOWARD SCHOLTEN— Howard and Susan Scholten of Grand Rapids, Michigan, have devoted themselves to helping others. Whether it's providing Christmas gifts for the elderly poor or running errands for a snowbound neighbor, the Scholtens are always there when the need arises. "We just find a lot of happiness in doing it, and we just thank God that He gives us the strength."

MARY CEKUN—"You never think anything is going to happen to you when you're 54," said the Windermere, Florida, finalist. Discouraged when she heard that Larry Flynt Publications was receiving up to 10,000 entries a day, she was stunned to hear of her selection. "This is definitely one of the most exciting things that's ever happened to me."

LONNIE SIMMONS—Lonnie, 26, is the youngest of the finalists. A machine operator at a DuPont plant in Virginia, he often dabbles in photography. "Naw, I've never done anything like what's in HUSTLER," he said, embarrassed, while a lady friend looked on and laughed.

MRS. L. R. SHELTON—Mrs. Shelton has the proud distinction of being the oldest finalist. "Go ahead and guess," she said teasingly. Our guess was wide by 20 years. "Well, I'll tell you. I'm 73 years old." The wife of a podiatrist in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, she figures her winnings are a nice way to augment her husband's income.

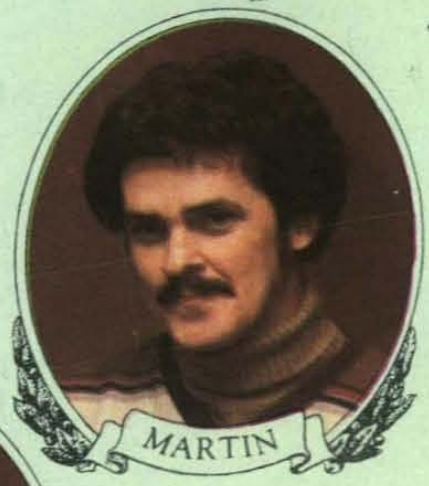
CLAUDIA LANGLEY—The people most excited about Claudia's success are her children. "They've gotten a kick out of the fact that we're going to be in HUSTLER," she said with a smile. The money has already been earmarked to speed two of those four children through college. The Langleys reside in Durham, North Carolina.

CHARLES HAMMOND—A computer specialist from Edmonds, Washington, Charles is a sports buff who loves to coach Little League baseball teams. Even with his fantastic $50,000 windfall, he maintains a level-headed perspective. "It's just as important to learn how to lose as to win," he tells the kids. "In life everything isn't going to go smoothly."

RITA DENNIS—Before the Giveaway this contest fanatic had won two cars, vacations in Disneyland and Aspen, and numerous


WATKINS


HAMMOND


MARTIN


SHELTON


LANGLEY


DENNIS

other prizes. Thirty-seven-year-old Rita has involved her whole family in the joys of envelope-addressing and stamp-licking. According to husband Ray, a civilian employee for the Army in Springfield, Virginia, "It's really all Lady Luck. But," he adds, "patience, persistence and postage help."

DAVID MARTIN—For this Louisville, Kentucky, printer, HUSTLER was the gift that kept the wolves from the door. Inflation and some additional expenses threatened to demolish the family budget, but news that Martin was a finalist changed all that. "This thing has turned my whole life around. If I ever see Larry Flynt, I'm gonna kiss him." Thanks anyway, Dave.

$500,000 WINNER: JOSEPH WATKINS—When the final gun sounded at the Super Bowl, Joe Watkins, beaming from ear to ear, started shaking hands like crazy. The 27-10 final score had made [illegible] million dollars richer. "What'd I tell you?!" he shouted.

Joe's trip to the game began on the tough South Side of Chicag
Unemployed (but not likely to worry about that now), he couldn
find work as a painter or musician. A short career with a Chica
White Sox farm team left him looking for that one lucky break
eryone dreams about. He found it in a copy of HUSTLER. "Whe
filled out the entries," he informed us, "I had a girlfriend who
me I was silly. 'Why do you fill out those forms?' she kept ask
Well, she's an *ex*-girlfriend now."

He was accompanied to the game by his sister, Mary. Alth
he was calm, she could barely keep from crying. "Is $500,000
a lot of money?" she asked tearfully. Joe just laughed.

EL SALVADOR

(continued from page 54)

that's not my daughter; when she disappeared three days ago, she was not pregnant.' On closer examination it turned out the body *was* that of her daughter. The stomach had been cut open, a man's head had been inserted inside, and then it had been sewn back up. That's an example of the kind of incredible perversity that is going on for political effect."

Added a U.S. Embassy officer: "This is a war without prisoners. Everyone suffers."

* * *

Back in New Jersey the Sullivan family was undergoing an ordeal of its own as apathy and red tape blocked virtually every one of its efforts to get the U.S. government—or anyone else—to act in John's behalf.

On January 8 the family was told by embassy official Howard Lane that Sullivan was not a priority and to have no illusions about the search being conducted by Salvadoran police. He advised them that John could be the victim of a civilian crime and already buried. Sheraton Hotel officials, meanwhile, were holding the missing journalist's personal belongings "hostage" until they received $240—the equivalent of eight days' payment for his room.

On January 9 Lane laughed off a report from Sullivan's sister Donna that the White House's National Security Office had promised it would advise the embassy in El Salvador to intensify its search effort. He told her the embassy was understaffed and could do no more.

On January 10 the family contacted Leonard Lefkow at the National Security Office in Washington, D.C. He hung up the phone rather than hear them out.

On January 13 the Sullivans grew somewhat optimistic following a meeting with a confidential source—someone who had recently returned from El Salvador. He told them Sullivan possibly was being held in Crel Vides Casanova Prison or one of three detention camps. He also indicated several other people had disappeared on the night of December 28, but John was the only American.

Some of the others, who were badly beaten, were said to have been released after extreme pressure was put on the junta by family members. The source went on to say that if Sullivan was a prisoner and a public plea was made in his behalf by President Carter or a high-ranking U.S. official, his release would be sure to follow if he was still alive. Perhaps because it feared embarrassing the junta, the Carter Administration chose to make no public statement.

Increasing frustration was reflected in John Sullivan Sr.'s January 13 letter to Senator Charles Percy (Rep.-Illinois), chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee. "I feel the treatment my family has received from the executive branch of the government of the United States is disgraceful," he wrote. "For the White House to have so little concern for what is happening to its citizens is truly heartbreaking to a man who was brought up with very high ideals as an American citizen. The latest affront from the Carter Administration was in the person of Leonard Lefkow, who quite simply hung up the phone on one of my daughters. I am sure you find this hard to believe; yet it is true. Surely we are still a government of the people, by the people and for the people. I was taught this, and I would like to believe it. It is time that something be done to end the pain my family is experiencing. We must be entitled to more than lip service. Would you expect any less for your children?"

On the night of January 13, after a week of trying, the Sullivans were finally able to make contact with Secretary of State Edmund Muskie. "All requests were denied until we advised we would have no alternative but to go to the press concerning the lack of assistance offered by the United States," Donna Igoe noted in her daily log. "A call is finally received from Secretary Muskie, who is, in our opinion, very rude and arrogant. He begins the conversation by stating, 'Up until 30 minutes ago I did not even know John J. Sullivan existed.' He becomes obsessed with the identification of our [confidential] source.

"Later in the conversation he says to Mom, 'Do you think your son is the only one this has happened to?' He closes the conversation with a promise to personally call President Duarte, 'though I know it will do no good,' and adds, 'Do you realize that you have ruined my night's sleep with this frustrating phone call?' " (Muskie, incidentally, never kept his promise to call Duarte.)

On January 15 the family received a phone bill logging $500 in long-distance calls for the previous week. (By early March the total bill had reached a staggering $1,500.)

On January 17 John's father addressed Monsignor Clemente Faccani in Washington, D.C., pleading for the Papal Delegate's intervention. "There has been no word from or sign of my son . . . and we have nothing but our faith in God to sustain us much longer," he wrote. "While our government pumps millions of dollars in aid to El Salvador, we cannot get a proper

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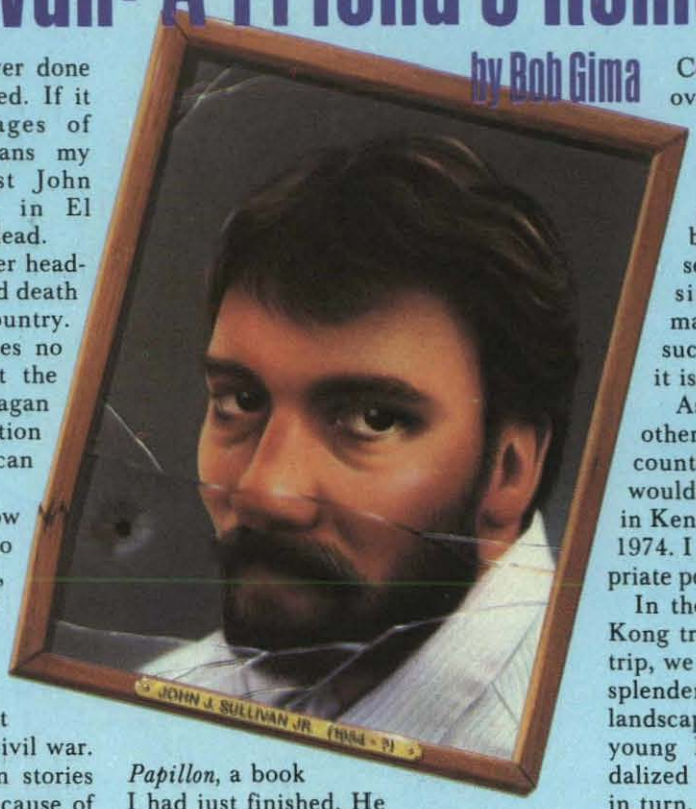
"Yeah, that beagle pup sure knows how to charm the ladies!"



"Sorry you had to wait so long, sir . . . er . . . a . . . can I get you some toilet paper?"

John Sullivan: A Friend's Remembrance

by Bob Gima



This is the first story I've ever done that I hope is never published. If it should appear in the pages of HUSTLER, it probably means my friend and fellow journalist John Sullivan remains missing in El Salvador, or has been found dead.

Almost every day, newspaper headlines scream of the violence and death enveloping that sad little country. For most people, concern goes no further than wondering what the conflict there spells for the Reagan Administration, and the direction of policy and degree of American involvement it will decree.

To those of us who know John (at this point I refuse to refer to him in the past tense), the Central American chaos means something much more personal. It means the fear that a truly remarkable man may be forever lost, or at least swallowed up by the bloody civil war. The gory headlines and grim stories take on a special meaning because of the impact John's disappearance, while on assignment for HUSTLER, has had on us. It is not that John's life is more valuable than those of any of the growing thousands lost in the Salvadoran revolution. But the personal acquaintance with a single victim of a distant struggle adds a new dimension to the tragedy.

In a very special way I take a certain responsibility for John Sullivan's fate. With the best of intentions, I set his feet on the road to freelance journalism. What he accomplished, however, was on his own merit and through his own efforts, and in recent years he accomplished a great deal.

I first met him when we were both working for the *New York Daily News*. I was on the editorial staff in a mixed-duty position, and John was a "proof boy" in the composing room. He was just 19 then. It should be noted that there is often something of a class conflict between journalists and those who make a newspaper a physical reality. Newsmen sometimes view printers as blue-collar "sweats." Printers sometimes see editors and reporters as pompous, overeducated asses. Sometimes they're both right.

More than a little smeared with ink, grease and grime, John was reading *Papillon*, a book I had just finished. He was oblivious to the clatter of the composing room and enraptured by the adventures of escapees from Devil's Island, the notorious French penal colony in South America. We started to talk about the book that spring almost seven years ago, and have remained friends ever since.

I was pleased to find someone with whom I could trade ideas while sharing the good times and gusto of youth. John seemed pleased someone beside himself believed he was meant for better things than smelling of ink, pushing hand trucks bearing lead type around the composing room, and running off story and page proofs for the editors.

As we came to know and respect each other, a night on the town together was always a memorable event—except when we visited one or two bars too many and hardly remembered anything at all. There were many good times, much to my delight and my wife's chagrin.

I wasn't the only one taken by John's warm smile and winning ways. He accompanied me on an interview with Malcolm S. Forbes Sr., the urbane and fun-loving editor-in-chief of the nation's most prestigious business publication, *Forbes*. The financial mogul/balloonist struck up a friendship with him as well.

Confident—some might say even overconfident—in his rough good looks, John has a great appetite for beautiful women, and usually the assured charm to get to them. A man's man, in the best sense of that cliche, he is sensible enough to disdain the simpleminded swaggering of machismo. Still, if anyone could successfully carry off that image, it is he.

As fate (or God, or any of the other cosmic forces we debated over countless beers in Manhattan bars) would have it, a freelance assignment in Kenya, East Africa, came my way in 1974. I was able to convince the appropriate powers that John should go along.

In the company of a group of Hong Kong travel agents on a familiarization trip, we toured the safari lodges and resplendent hotels that dot the Kenyan landscape. John's pursuit of a certain young Hong Kong miss rather scandalized most of the travel agents, which, in turn, amused us.

To his stunned satisfaction, the entourage celebrated John's 20th birthday with champagne in a colonial-era hotel in Nakuru, Kenya. The only complication was the fact that John, not wishing to be dismissed as a foolish youth, had added several years (anywhere from three to eight) to his age. When I was asked, I didn't know how old I was supposed to say he was.

Later that year we made it to Hong Kong and Thailand, following the steps, accurately but unintentionally, of secret agent James Bond in *The Man With the Golden Gun*. Ensconced in the fabled Peninsula Hotel, 007's favorite in the Far East, John satisfyingly sipped a San Miguel beer and repeated a phrase he'd used on his birthday in Africa: "Not bad for a proof boy!"

Within a year we were back in the Orient on another freelance assignment. The vast dissimilarity of our personalities is illustrated by an incident in Kyoto—Japan's ancient former capital. Following the example of Buddhist pilgrims who visit the temples and shrines of that city, we wrote on pieces of wood and left them as votive offerings before a centuries-old shrine.

"Let me always do the right thing," I wrote, perhaps in false humility.

"Thank you for letting me be me,"

John said in his message to Buddha.

Perhaps it is our differences that make us friends. Even physically we make an amusing "odd couple." A six-footer, John towers over my mere five feet four-and-a-half inches. In a friendly way the receptionist at the Hong Kong Hilton always referred to us as "the little one and the big one."

Some months later an assignment came up in Brazil, and John—to my considerable irritation—almost rejected the idea. "It's hot, and the women are probably ugly," he snorted.

I'd been dreaming of going to Rio de Janeiro for years, and dutifully informed him that Rio was considered by many to be the world's most beautiful city and the home of some of the world's most beautiful women.

He doubted it, but Rio quickly proved it. He fell madly in love with Brazil, returned several times on his own and made the acquaintance of more than one *Brasiliera.*

John tried with all his will and might to bridge the gulf between the inky pits of the composing room and the paper-packed confines of the editorial department. But the caste system was against him. John knew if he was to find success in journalism, it had to be in the outside world; so he left the *News.*

He realized his dream of living and working in Rio, and spent a year there writing for an English-language paper and stringing for publications as far apart as England and Hong Kong. He also wrote articles for the American market.

His ambitions and daring took him to Bolivia to cover the 1979 coup. They say "fools rush in where angels fear to tread," but John is no fool. When he saw dozens of people gunned down indiscriminately by a government plane as it roared over a Bolivian plaza, he exited the country and later wrote movingly of the callous slaughter.

I remember the bitter, painful way he described the discovery of the bullet-riddled body of a young man who had befriended him in Nicaragua, when John was on another dangerous assignment; a National Guardsman's "rape" of a woman, with a pistol, in Managua; the daily body counts of Nicaragua's 1979 revolution.

It was not morbid fascination with death and suffering that convinced John to accept HUSTLER's assignment to investigate the savage warfare in El Salvador. It was his desire to see the reality of a confused and chaotic situation, and to recount it accurately and faithfully to a frequently uncaring world. In the bloodshed and violence that have engulfed the beleaguered nation, he is just one face, just one more name among the countless missing. That seems, at least, to be the attitude of the U.S. State Department, which has openly stated his disappearance is a "low-priority concern."

To us who know him, it is a concern of the highest priority, but our attempts to do anything to help him, or even learn of his fate, are painfully ineffective. He has been swallowed up by the tragedy he went to observe and write about.

I was disheartened to read the Reagan Administration decided not to press the rightist government of El Salvador to find out who murdered those Maryknoll nuns, and the two U.S. labor representatives gunned down in the same hotel from which John disappeared. If the U.S. government is unwilling to "embarrass" the junta with a confrontation over crimes in which it is the prime suspect, crimes that have received international attention, how much of an effort can we expect toward learning the fate of a freelance journalist working for HUSTLER? Perhaps HUSTLER's involvement was another explanation for Washington's laxity.

As the days, the weeks, the months go by, hope dims and is resurrected. I am buoyed by the knowledge that a Peace Corps botanist, once written off as dead, was freed after three years of captivity by leftist forces in Colombia, following the unstinting efforts of his mother.

I am dismayed to read daily of El Salvador's continuing carnage, the abandon with which both the Communist-linked revolutionaries and the U.S.-backed rightist government dispatch the general population. Innocent people are being mowed down like so many stalks of sugarcane in the tropics.

Deep inside I fear John has been killed by one side or the other, and yet I hope he is only imprisoned, held captive or hostage. If anyone could come out of that bloodbath alive, it would be John. Not because he is so very brave or clever, but because he has the instincts of a "survivor"—a will to live and an infectious zest for life.

All of us who know and care about him cling to that knowledge, and hope and pray his vitality and humanity have sustained him. As for myself, I look forward to yet another night filled with cold beer and hearty conversation with my best friend.

EL SALVADOR

(continued from page 58)

investigation conducted into the disappearance of John J. Sullivan, whose only crime was to be a professional journalist and pursue his career as others have before him. The despair we feel is slowly becoming overpowering. It seems as though our world is closing in on us, and we can't do anything to stop it. In the name of justice and the Holy Spirit help us to determine what has happened to this courageous young American named John J. Sullivan. Please pray for him."

That same day the family asked the U.S. Embassy to run new missing-person advertisements with John's photograph in Salvadoran newspapers, suggesting anonymity for anyone offering information.

On January 18 the family received a phoned telegram from the U.S. Embassy in San Salvador, stating its investigation had bogged down. It advised the Sullivans to hire a private investigator.

On January 19 the family held a press conference at the Overseas Press Club in New York City, begging the American public to write incoming President Reagan and his Secretary of State, Alexander Haig, and ask them to leave no stone unturned in search efforts. "Whatever it costs us, whatever it takes, we will pursue the matter until we find out what happened," Sullivan's mother told a battery of cameramen as tears welled up in her eyes. "I would mortgage my home to get my son back."

On January 25, following several days of phone conversations with the outgoing U.S. Ambassador to El Salvador, Robert E. White, and representatives of the National Council of Churches, Amnesty International and other groups, the family was outraged by a call from Washington. The State Department was asking the Sullivans to pay $240 a day for the missing-person ads, claiming the U.S. Embassy lacked funds to underwrite them. "It would appear as though we not only have to perform the investigation ourselves, but to finance it as well," Donna Igoe wrote in her log.

By early February she had formed the John Sullivan Action Committee—a pressure group designed to "find out what has happened before it is too late." In just four weeks' time more than 15,000 signatures requesting immediate action were delivered to Secretary of State Haig. The State Department's only response was to dramatically increase military and economic aid to the junta in El Salvador.

A February 18 meeting in Washington with Diego Ascencio, assistant secretary of state for consular affairs, brought

a promise that his office would ask the International Red Cross to intercede on an unofficial basis—more than five weeks after the Sullivans had requested that agency's participation. Ascencio also said interviews would be conducted with the pilot and crew on TACA Airlines Flight #311 to determine whether Sullivan had made contact with anyone on the trip to El Salvador.

But by month's end the State Department informed the media that Sullivan was missing and presumed dead.

Just as it had since the first reports of John Sullivan's disappearance, the sensitive issue of American foreign policy in the region was taking precedence over determining the missing journalist's fate. The new Reagan Administration was intent on making El Salvador the cornerstone of its get-tough policy toward the Communist menace in the Western Hemisphere. It issued a 200-page analysis, along with captured documents, indicating leftist guerrillas had been promised 200 tons of ammunition and armaments from Cuba and the Soviet Union. At least $100 million in new U.S. economic and military aid was being earmarked to shore up the shaky junta. And 54 U.S. military advisers had arrived in El Salvador to help train government troops—stirring uneasy memories of the 60 military advisers the U.S. originally sent to South Vietnam.

Clearly, the United States was trying to accomplish what it could not do in Southeast Asia—using raw military power to defuse a revolutionary challenge enjoying significant local support. For weeks, accounts of the growing American involvement and its implications brought front-page headlines and in-depth television analyses.

The Sullivans read and watched these reports obsessively, searching for a clue that would help solve the puzzle plaguing all of them. The frustration of not knowing had taken an obvious toll on family members. Other than periodic outbursts of anger and rage, John Sullivan Sr. had become uncharacteristically quiet and withdrawn. He had lost weight, and his clothes no longer fit properly. Lorraine Sullivan and her two daughters experienced difficulty sleeping. At 4:30 a.m., on one of her many fitful nights, Donna Igoe concluded a letter to a HUSTLER editor by writing, "... the night is closing in around me, and in every shadow I see Johnny's image. The agony is unbearable."

But still, the Sullivans would not give up, seizing on even the smallest fragments of hope. A week after her brother had been reported missing, Igoe had made contact with a Kansas City psychic. She had sent him several of John's possessions: a sweater, a shirt, a well-worn address book, a bottle of typewriter correcting fluid, and the gold chain he had left with his father at Newark Airport.

Considering that the psychic knew little about Sullivan's circumstances, the information he transmitted over a four-week period gave the Sullivans some cause for optimism. "Alive. Dark. Sensitive to others. Jailed," the psychic said, speaking long-distance. "Charged with spying, but not being able to make it stick. Small town in southern part of Ecuador, near the seacoast. Near Loga." (There is such a town in that South American country, designated on the map as Loja.)

"He's devoted to his job," the psychic continued. "Headaches. Could mean a head injury. Lapse of memory. Hospitals. Dark again. Transferred from where he was. Ecuador. Does he have a contact there, a girl?"

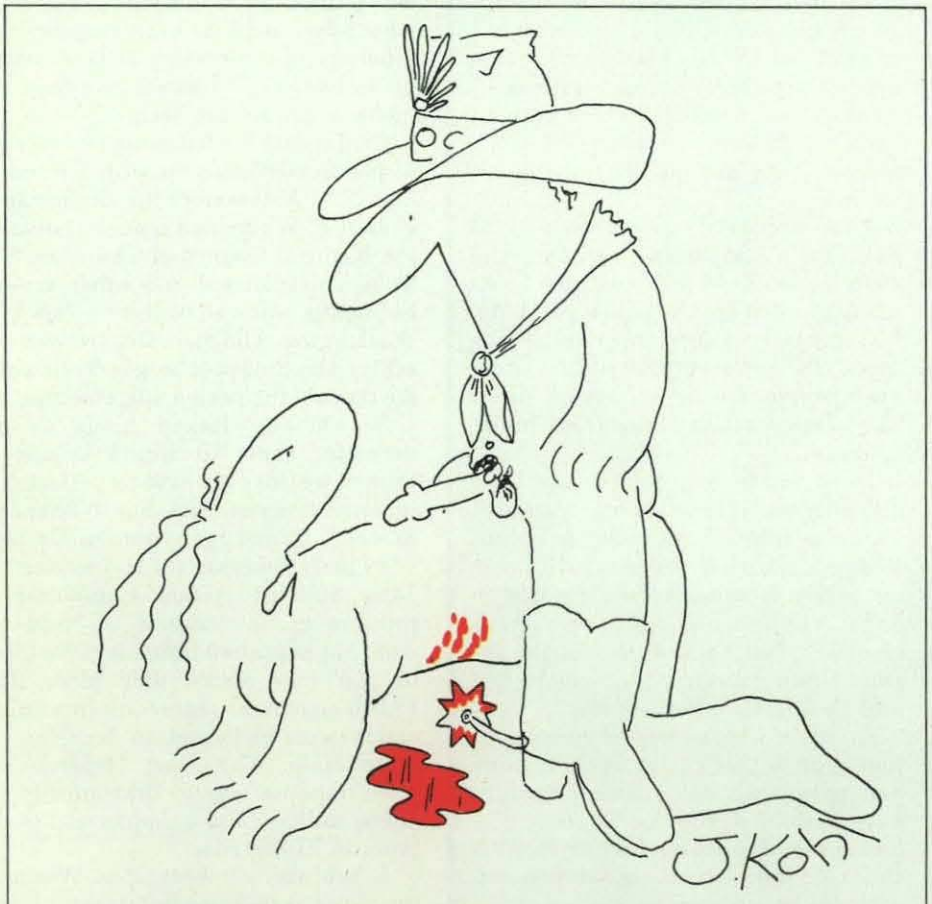
"No," Sullivan's sister replied, "not that I know of."

"A small hotel in Peru, near the coast. Mountains. Stomach cramps. Morale okay. Upset a little. Friend was killed. Undercover government involvement. You will hear of his whereabouts indirectly, not too far away. There is a camp of forced labor near John's location, but he is not doing forced labor. A train. Without realizing it, John has the gift of some psychic ability."

A second psychic contacted by the Sullivans—this one living in New England—was equally positive. During one of their conversations Donna Igoe scribbled the following notes: "Very positive that John's alive. He's in hiding. Someone warned him of impending danger and took him under his care. He's not only working for the magazine; somehow there's government involvement. Either that, or the government is involved, and John is not aware of it. Something undercover. The word *intrigue*. Psychic is trying to send energy to John for some form of contact. He does not feel him physically sick or bruised. Says he is isolated."

"Each time I have spoken to the psychic, and we've talked four times," Igoe says, "he feels more strongly than ever that John is definitely alive and safe."

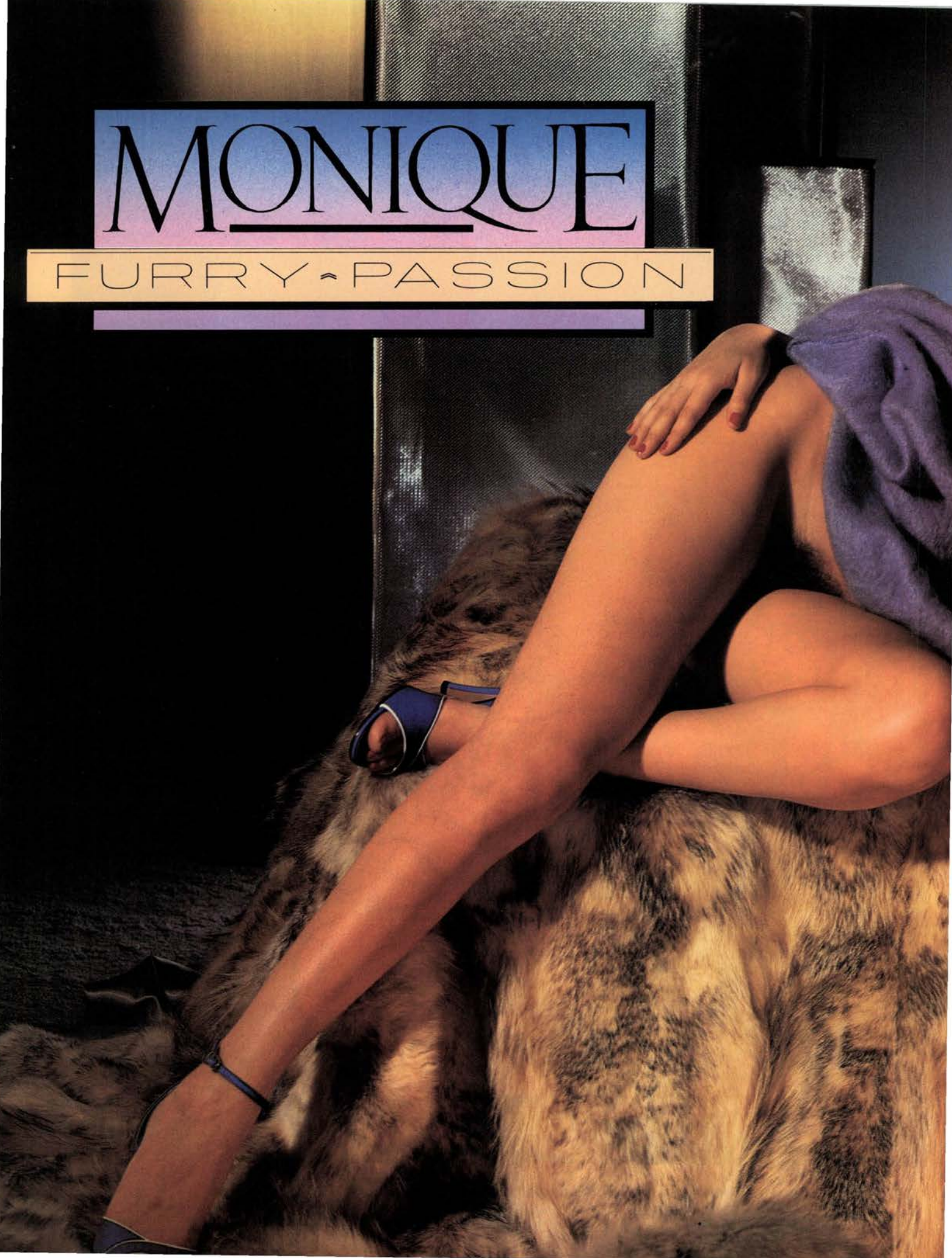
Until something more concrete can be determined, such disclosures will have to sustain Donna Igoe and the rest of the Sullivan family. "None of us will ever be satisfied until we know exactly what's happened to Johnny," she vowed, in between appeals for support on a cable-television talk show and ABC-TV's *Good Morning America*. "In my heart I feel he is all right. That's the only thing that keeps us functioning."



"Sometimes, Alvin, I think you carry this 'Urban Cowboy' shit too far!"



"Hi, Annette, remember me? Think back to the dorm lavatory and the wire coat hanger."


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Photography by Matti Klatt





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HUSTLER'S HONEY · JULY 1981
I like to
do it doggy-style...
Don't you?
Monique





"Different textures turn me on; that's why I use so many." Monique, a 20-year-old window designer in New Orleans, creates displays that make a customer want more. She had just finished this store window when our photographer decided to sample the merchandise. "I wanted to show the elegance of fur," she explained, "and I couldn't resist trying it out myself. The soft, tingly feel of those smooth hairs feel incredible as they brush against your thighs and lips. I think everyone should experience fur like this once in a while, don't you?" All we know is, whatever she's selling we're buying.

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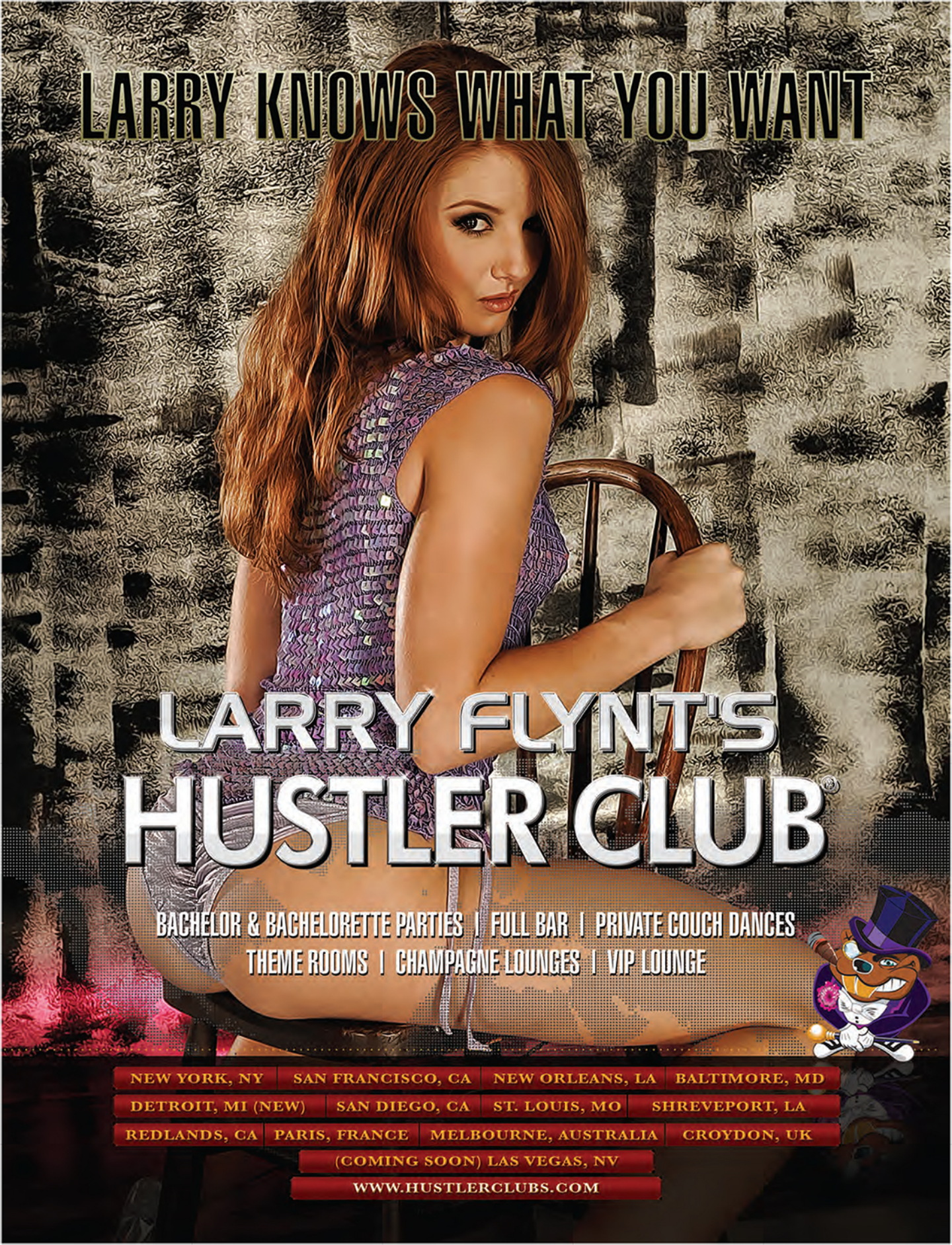
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The son of a filthy-rich oil sheikh returned to Saudi Arabia after spending three months visiting the United States. Greeting his son, the sheikh asked, "Tell me, my son, of all the things in the U.S. of A. that you saw, what was the most interesting?"

The young man immediately answered, "Father, it was Disneyland! What a grand place!"

"Well, my son, is there anything I can obtain for you as a memento of your travels to America?"

The young man thought for a moment, then said, "Father, I'd like a Mickey Mouse outfit."

So the wealthy sheikh bought him Playboy Enterprises.

Three men were sitting in a bar, talking about their children. One man said, "I have five boys—enough for a basketball team."

"Oh, yeah?" interjected the second. "I have nine boys—enough for a baseball team. What about you, Jack? How many kids you got?"

"I've got 18 girls," Jack smiled. "Enough for a golf course."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *true friend* as: a guy who goes out and gets two blowjobs, then comes back and gives you one.

Question: What do you get when you cross Drano with Ex-Lax?
Answer: A gentle laxative that's tough on clogs but won't hurt your pipes.

Jane and Sally were discussing their sex lives. Jane said that hers had been lousy lately and that her husband didn't seem to care about her anymore. Sally said she had the same problem until she discovered the miracle of rubbing olive oil on her chest. "It drives guys crazy!"

Late that night Sally looked for the olive oil but could only find a can of sardines. She dumped the fish, spread the sardine oil on her chest, slipped into the darkened bedroom and lay down next to her sleeping husband. She nudged him and asked if he noticed anything different. He awakened, sniffed the aroma and asked, "You're sleeping kind of high on the pillow, aren't you?"

A black man and a white man stood side by side at the urinals when the white man asked, "How come you black guys have such big dicks?"

"We soak our dicks in beans!" the black man replied.

The white man pondered and then asked, "What kind of beans?"

The black man answered smartly, "Human beans!"

It was the finals of the International Puke-Drinking Championship, and the defending champ and the challenger were ready to start. All they had to do was keep chugging mugs full of the warm liquid, the winner being the one who drank the most. The challenger went first, and barely finished half the mug before barfing his guts out all over the place.

It looked easy for the champ. All he had to do was down one full glass of puke to retain his title. He raised the mug to his lips, but after two gulps he too blew his lunch.

Afterward, he was asked what happened. "I made the mistake of looking at the audience," he said. "I saw somebody picking his nose, and it totally grossed me out."

Word reached us about a new chain of funeral parlors that have crematories on the premises. They've registered the trade name Wake & Bake.

Abe and Moe, two Jewish fellows, were broke, out of work and very hungry when they heard a rumor that the local Catholic parish was offering ten bucks to any soul who'd come in and convert to the Catholic faith. They decided that one of them would convert; then they could split the money and get a hearty meal.

Outside the church they flipped a coin to see who'd go inside. Abe lost and went in to convert. Soon he walked back out, grinning and counting his money.

"Oy vey," Moe piped. "C'mon, Abe, gimme my half. We can eat now!"

"Beat it, ya kike!" Abe yelled. "You Jews are all alike. The moment we Christians get a few bucks, you try to take it from us!"

Then there was the gay drill instructor who was kicked out of the Marines because he couldn't keep his hands off his privates.

Having heard the appeal of an elderly streetwalker, the newly elected judge was reluctant to sentence her. He ordered a brief recess, then went to see an older judge and asked, "What would you give a 60-year-old hooker?"

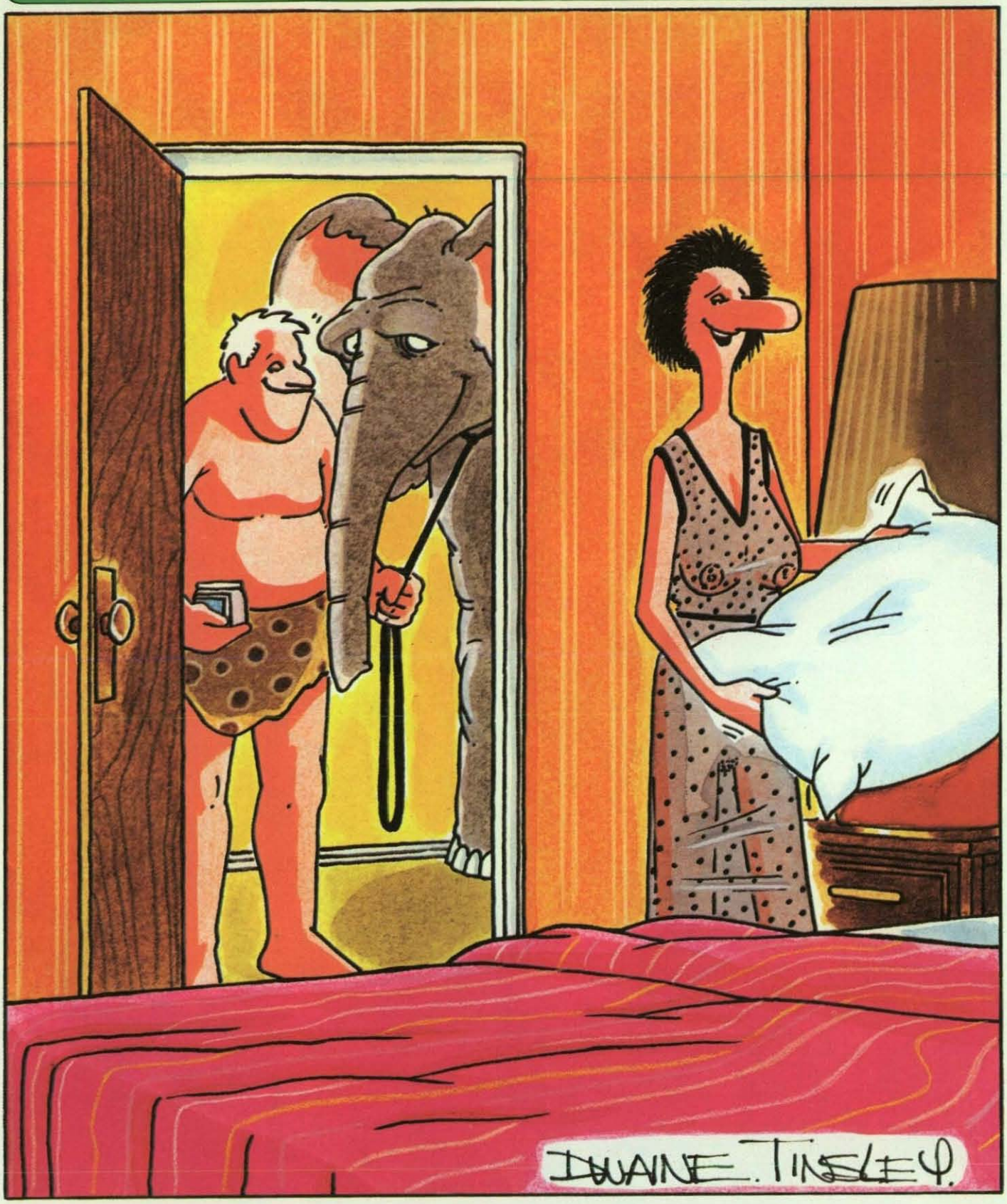
The learned judge thought for a moment and then replied, "Oh, no more than a buck-and-a-half."

Question: Why can a man sleep easier on his side than a woman?
Answer: He has a built-in kickstand!

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



CHESTER & HESTER



"Would I like to try something different tonight? Hmm . . . sounds interesting."



FUNZI TIERI

DEATH OF THE FORMER DON OF DONS

The January morning is crisp and cloudless in downtown Manhattan's Foley Square. A throng of reporters and photographers mills around the huge granite columns on top of the Federal Courthouse steps. Plainclothesmen scan the rooftops, looking for potential snipers. A sensational criminal trial is about to come to a close, and a sense of anxiety slices through the winter air.

As the clock approaches 10 a.m., newsmen move to the side entrance of the court building, the stage door—so to speak—for the defendant. Soon a long, shiny black limousine pulls up to the curb. A bodyguard opens the door, his eyes furtively checking the entranceway.

TV cameramen frantically jockey for position as Francesco (Funzi) Tieri, the last of the great Mafia chieftains, steps slowly out of the car, wearing a wide-brimmed gray fedora. While flashbulbs pop, the bodyguard and a nurse help the old man into a folding wheelchair. Widely acknowledged as the Don of Dons and the Boss of Bosses, Tieri is finally about to be nailed by the U.S. government. And not for some chintzy rap like tax evasion. Convicted as the head of an organized-crime family—the first Mafioso ever to be successfully prosecuted on such a charge—he is now ready for sentencing.

Tieri's eyes sink deep into his skull, set off by dark circles that have taken years to reach their present shade of purple-black. His nose is wide and flat, too large for his thin cheeks and drooping jowls. As he's being wheeled upstairs, his paper-thin lips are pressed loosely into a strange smirk, and his chin rests on one of his thick, heavy hands. The hands are weathered like those of a longshoreman who has hoisted too many crates.

Just a month shy of his 77th birthday, he looks as if he is ready for a rest home in Miami Beach. Instead, the old man is facing prison time for a variety of crimes that include extortion, conspiracy to commit murder, bankruptcy fraud and interstate receipt of stolen property.

The proceedings in Judge Thomas Griesa's tiny third-floor courtroom go quickly. Assistant U.S. Attorney Nick Akerman, a former Watergate prosecutor, calls Tieri a threat to society and asks that he be locked up immediately.

Judge Griesa asks Tieri if he has anything to say before sentencing. The gangster rises from his wheelchair with a bolt, startling his nurse, his bodyguard and his two high-priced lawyers. He declines their help and shuffles like a cripple to the judge's bench. "I am a sick man," Tieri says in a coarse whisper, sounding like a bad imitation of Marlon Brando in *The Godfather*. "A very sick man."

Surprising everyone, he spreads open his cashmere suit jacket and begins unbuttoning his white-on-white shirt. Judge Griesa watches him closely, then momentarily glances away in bewilderment. He looks back at Tieri as the old man pulls his shirttails from his trousers. Now Tieri stands before him, bare-chested, pointing to a wide, ugly scar crossing his belly, the result of recent surgery. "I'm in your hands, Judge," Tieri says, rebuttoning his shirt. He struggles back to his wheelchair, and an aide supports his gnarled body as he swivels to sit down.

Tieri's desperate plea for compassion is not overly successful. Judge Griesa sentences him to ten years in prison (he had faced a maximum of 20) and imposes the stiffest-possible fine—$60,000. But he allows Tieri to remain at home pending his appeal. Finally, the judge orders him not to associate with any criminals, nor to go outside for any reason other than to visit his doctor and attend church.

* * *

The conviction and sentencing of Funzi Tieri marked a notable departure from the norm in the annals of organized crime. Gangsters are usually retired by more untimely and violent methods. In the past, infamous New York hoods like Joseph Colombo, Joey Gallo and Carmine Galante were all rubbed out by the Mob.

Twelve years ago Colombo organized the Italian-American Civil Rights League, whose members picketed the FBI building in New York City, ostensibly to prove that all Italians aren't necessarily criminals. In retaliation, angered federal agents began cracking down on the Mob's legitimate businesses. Other crime bosses (including Tieri) pleaded with Colombo to keep a low profile. Failing to heed their warnings, he was gunned down at an Italian-American rally in New York's Columbus Circle.

"Crazy Joey" Gallo managed to irritate local gangsters by hiring blacks, befriending celebrities and having his name appear regularly in newspaper gossip columns. This kind of publicity—no matter how favorable—is taboo for top mobsters.

PROFILE BY JERRY CAPECI

Illustration by David Mann

On his 43rd birthday, after finishing a meal at Umberto's Clam House in Little Italy, Gallo was riddled by a fatal hail of gunfire.

Carmine Galante's mistake was granting interviews to several reporters. Mafia dons are simply not supposed to be available for public comment. Galante never got past the salad course last year as he dined in a Brooklyn restaurant. A hitman riddled his body with machine-gun fire, and later, detectives stuck a cigar in the victim's mouth for the benefit of news photographers.

If nothing else, Funzi Tieri was determined to avoid such a messy conclusion to his long and profitable career in crime. He had managed to safely protect his turf for more than 40 years. Tieri's wide span of interests ranged from labor-racketeering on Manhattan piers to legitimate gambling-related businesses in Atlantic City hotels and casinos.

Today his family controls illegal gambling in the New York area, New Jersey, Florida, Puerto Rico, Las Vegas and California, along with large percentages of staple Mob enterprises like loansharking (illegal banking), extortion and prostitution. Family captains oversee massage parlors in New York's Times Square, supervise a talent agency that supplies waitresses and dancers to topless bars, and run a carting company and a vending-machine firm. They maintain interests in hotels as far away as the Netherlands Antilles (the Dutch West Indies) and even set up charter flights to gambling centers.

As someone with a reputation for being a shrewd businessman, Tieri always believed in diversification. During his trial last year it was revealed he had allegedly received a $25,000 payoff to make certain that employees of the Korvette's department-store chain wouldn't go on strike. And four years ago one of Tieri's "soldiers" was involved in the takeover of a New Jersey toxic-waste-disposal firm subsequently accused of illegal dumping.

It's impossible, of course, to catalog a complete list of the Tieri family's business entities. The conglomerate is not a publicly held corporation with profit-and-loss statements distributed quarterly to stockholders. If it were, the guys at Chrysler might learn a thing or two. Still, in the absence of a Dun and Bradstreet credit report, police sources contacted by HUSTLER are willing to speculate that the family's numerous businesses are worth millions and millions of dollars.

* * *

The man until recently regarded by federal prosecutors as the most powerful of all Mafia bosses was born on February 22, 1904, in Naples, Italy. He emigrated to the United States at age seven and attended grammar school until he was 16. Then, like thousands of other immigrant boys, he quit school to help his father—a New York pushcart peddler.

It wasn't long, however, before Tieri got into trouble. Convicted of armed robbery at 17, he spent 16 months in jail. Shortly after being released in 1923, he shifted into more-sophisticated areas of crime: bootlegging, bookmaking, loansharking and prostitution. One of his talents was perfecting the strong-arm technique—extorting money from small-business men.

Yet early on, Tieri learned the importance of restraint, avoiding contact with prominent people who could bring unnecessary attention to himself. While many of his associates used politicians, entertainers and other celebrities to rapidly increase their power, he was smart enough to stay behind the scenes, adhering to older and safer traditions. It is hard to believe a psychologist's report mentioned at his trial gave him credit for a below-average IQ of 79.

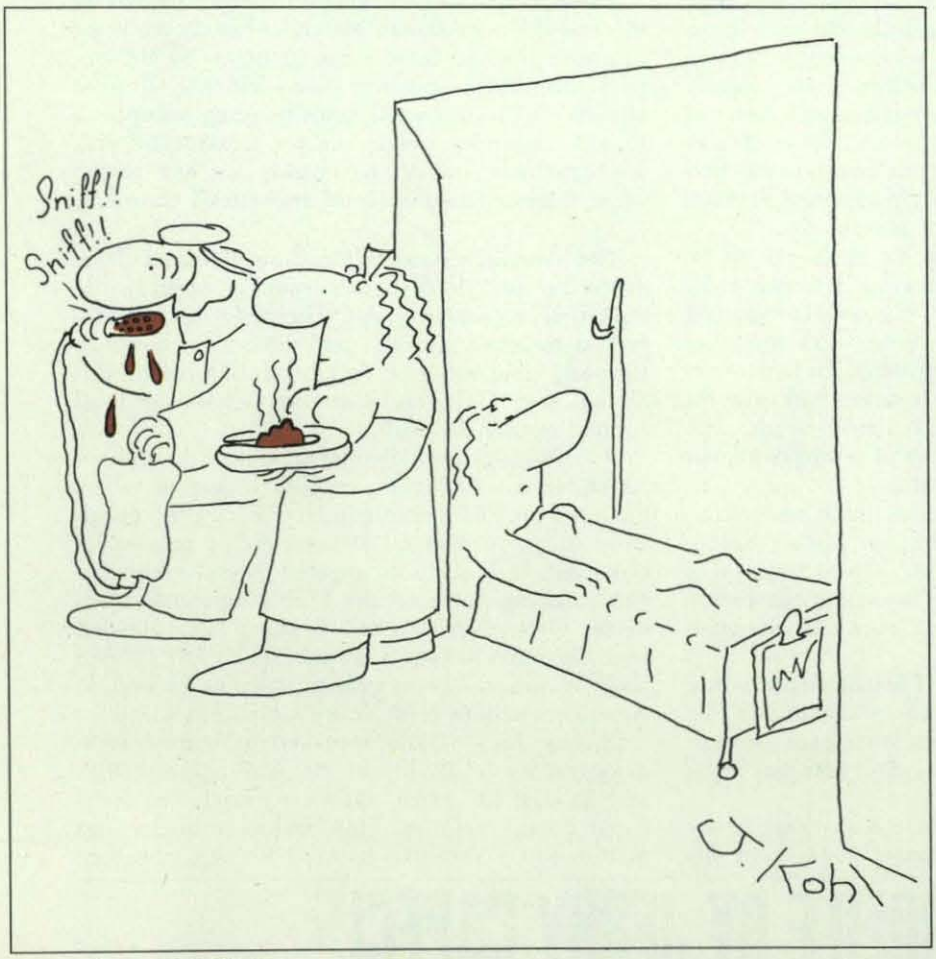
Little else is known about Tieri's early years, except his marriage in 1929 and, sometime before that, formal initiation into the Mafia, or "La Cosa Nostra." During the 1980 trial a California mobster and assassin named Aladena (Jimmy the Weasel) Fratianno described in chillingly realistic detail the ritual of his own induction ceremony into the nationwide criminal enterprise exclusively comprised of Italians.

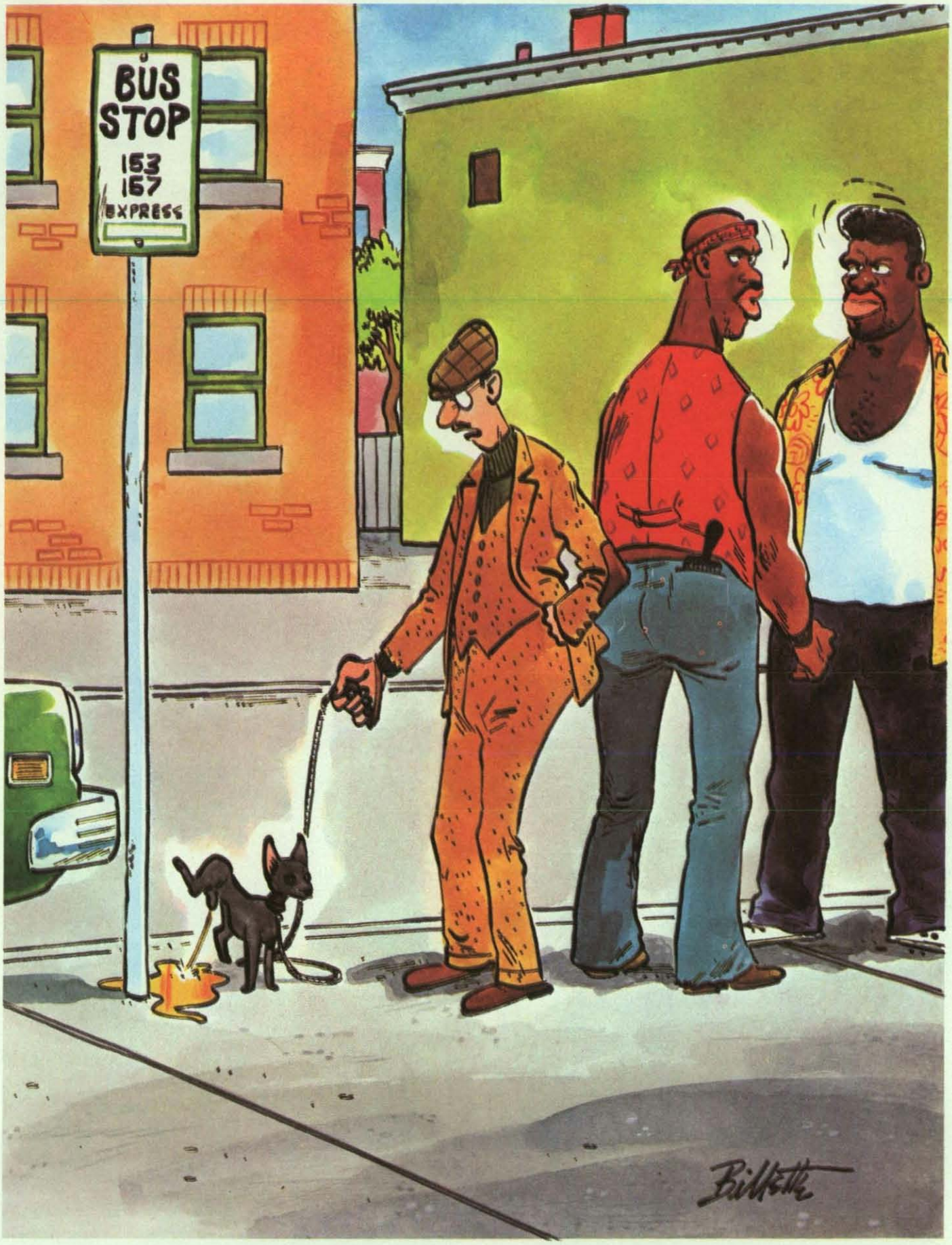
"There was a long table where all the members were. Most of the members were sitting. There was a gun and a sword crossing one another in the middle of the table. They all stood up. We held hands. The boss said something in Italian. It lasted two or three minutes. Then they prick your finger with a needle or a sword until blood draws. You go around and meet each member of the family. You kiss them on the cheek, and you're a member."

Fratianno also revealed the Mafia's ritual of *Omerta*—the code of silence so frequently violated nowadays by mobsters who'd rather inform on their colleagues than go to jail. "You can't never divulge anything about the organization," he said, testifying as a government informant. "You can't go to any grand juries and tell the truth. You just got to lie constantly. If you don't lie, you die. You have two choices: Tell the truth and die, or lie and stay alive. They also tell you, 'You come in alive and go out dead.' There was no way out of the organization."

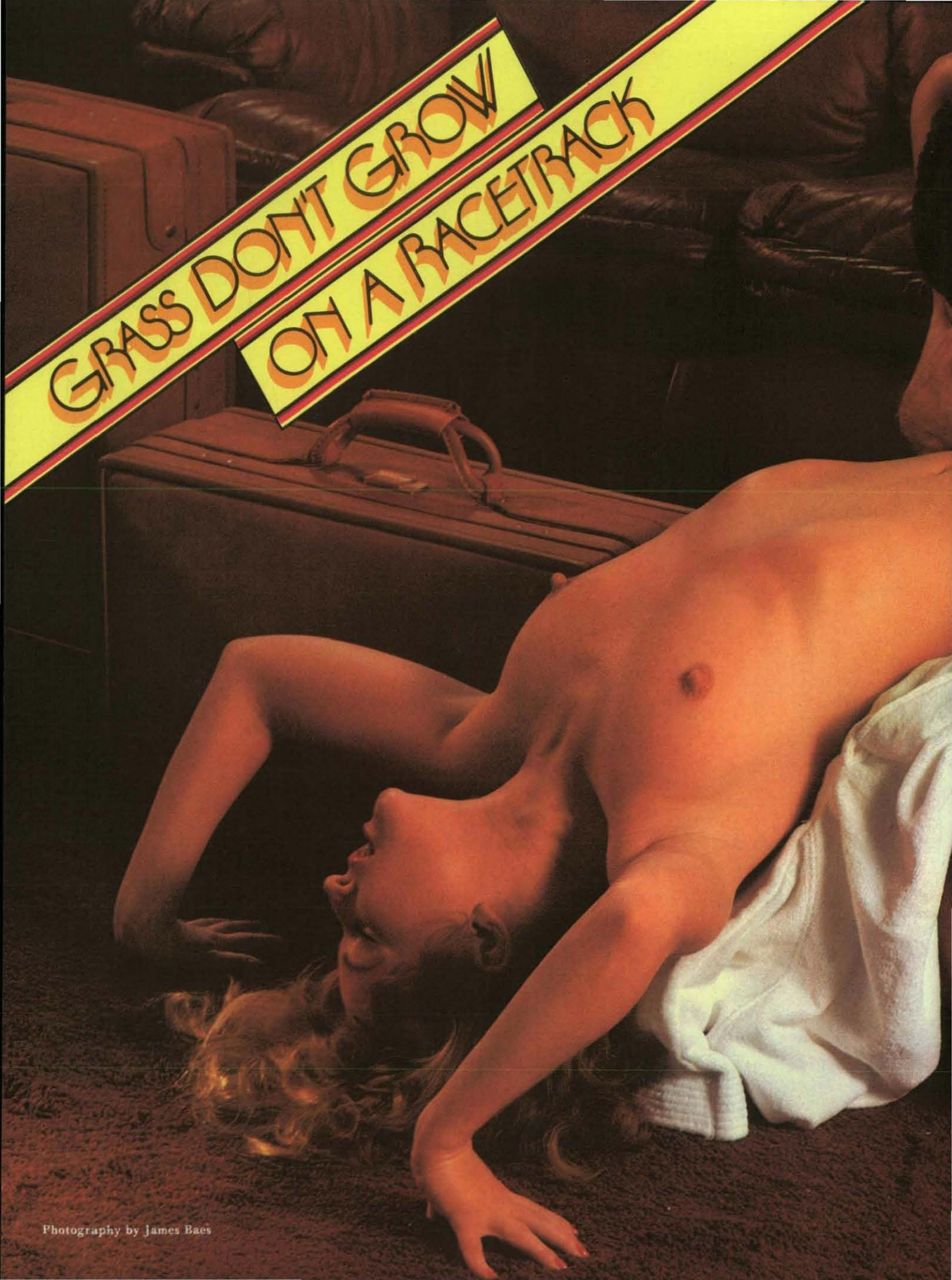
Funzi Tieri, though, was determined

(continued on page 98)





"Hurry up, you little black bastard!"



Photography by James Baes



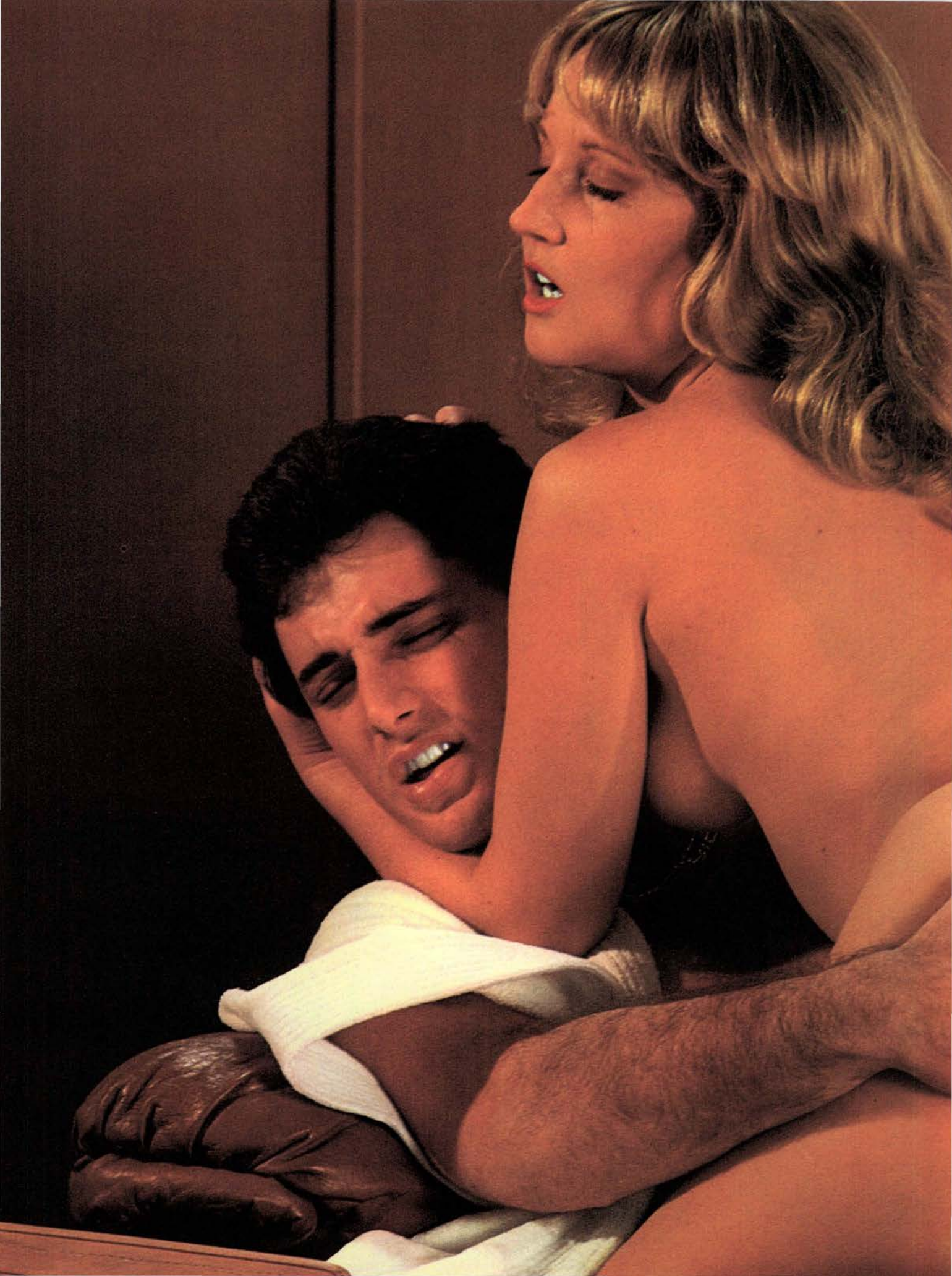
Men, if you think shaving around your lips is tricky, think what Allison goes through. This 20-year-old vixen from Mobile, Alabama, smiled when she told us what all the young belles down South call smooth lips. "Grass don't grow on a racetrack, but my gentleman friend John's the only one who's ridden that course. And I did it for him because he always complained about having to fight through the brush to get to the picnic." When we asked if she had trouble shaving, Allison winked and said, "Well, sometimes I let John do it. When he smoothes on the shaving cream and then starts with the razor, I just lie back and feel good all over. Besides, he's got a better view than I do, don't you think?"













PROFILE: FUNZI TIERI

(continued from page 88)

never to leave the Mafia.

His early successes prompted him to move his family from a crowded Manhattan ghetto to the wide-open spaces of Brooklyn—"the country" as it was then known. In 1934 he bought a three-story wood-frame house at 68 Bay 28th Street in the middle-class Bath Beach section. Five decades later the dwelling is still neat and unobtrusive, distinguished only by its fresh green landscaping. There are fig trees in the backyard, and a grapevine twists over the two-car garage. In this house he reared his daughters, Antoinette and Carmela. Antoinette, a sickly woman, died after a long illness. Her three children, whose father passed away three years ago, shared the residence with their grandparents, Funzi and America Tieri.

From the moment Tieri first settled in Brooklyn, he doggedly maintained the low profile that was to become his trademark in organized crime. His name rarely got in the newspapers, and then only for occasional arrests for gambling and operating an illegal whiskey still—crimes for which he was never convicted. He also knew the one racket to avoid: narcotics. Drug-smuggling was frowned upon by older, conservative Mafia bosses and actively investigated by lawmen. Because of his discretion, FBI agents rarely knocked on his door.

Meanwhile, he used some of his increasing criminal rewards to affect an image of respectability. He bought the Endicott Sportswear dress shop and a candy store in Brooklyn. During the 1940s and 1950s he even became an announcer on a local Italian-language radio program. Like the Mob bosses in *The Godfather*, Tieri had developed a consuming taste for grand opera.

The critical years in Tieri's rise to the top as a crime lord began in 1960, when Vito Genovese—unquestionably the most powerful Mafia boss in American history—was jailed on charges of heroin-trafficking. One of Genovese's top lieutenants, Thomas (Tommy Ryan) Eboli, ran much of the operation while his boss was imprisoned.

At the same time, largely because of his reputation in the organization as a man of "respect," Tieri continued to gain power and influence. (When a mobster says a man has respect, it is an outward show of appreciation of another's status or position.) With that coveted respect came added business opportunities. By the time Genovese died peacefully in 1969, behind bars, Tieri had accumulated financial interests in a vast list of enterprises, including garment-center businesses, the waterfront, massage parlors, the construction industry, gay bars, topless bars, catering halls and gambling.

Most of all it was loansharking that solidified Tieri's reputation. "He's the biggest loan shark in the country," declared Lieutenant Remo Franceschini, a New York City detective who specializes in organized crime. A loan shark is usually the last person approached by someone who needs money, and then only after he's been rejected for credit by banks and finance companies. Mob loan sharks like Tieri charge huge interest rates ("juice") for their services, sometimes as much as 5% a week, sums that can amount to several hundred percent a year in compounded interest. Those creditors who don't pay back their loans risk having their knees broken or winding up floating in a river.

By 1972 considerable friction had developed between Eboli and Tieri over the control of gambling rackets in northern New Jersey and, more important, over who would assume control of the Genovese Mafia family. The two of them met in a South Brooklyn catering hall for a friendly discussion. When it became apparent nothing could be resolved, Eboli left to visit his mistress in nearby Crown Heights.

At about 1 a.m. the following morning four .32-caliber bullets exploded into Eboli's face and neck as he sat in a parked car outside the woman's apartment. Incredibly, he staggered from the vehicle and was shot again before collapsing and dying in the middle of the street, leaving a 25-foot trail of blood behind him.

The police ballistics report estimated the shots were fired from less than 12 inches away, indicating the assassin was probably someone Eboli trusted. And robbery wasn't the motive either. A diamond ring, a gold crucifix and $2,077 in cash found on the body underscored the obvious: This was no ordinary mugging in a declining New York City neighborhood. It was an underworld execution.

No one has ever been charged with the slaying, but lawmen believe it came at Tieri's direction with the eager approval of Carlo Gambino, an archenemy of Genovese and Eboli. Gambino, who shared many financial ventures with Tieri, was the most powerful mobster in the country at the time and would definitely have been consulted about the killing of an important figure like Eboli.

"Gambino was at least aware of what was going down," one law-enforcement source told HUSTLER. "More likely, he helped set it up."

With Eboli out of the way, Tieri as-

(continued on page 138)



"This is gonna cost you extra, fella!"



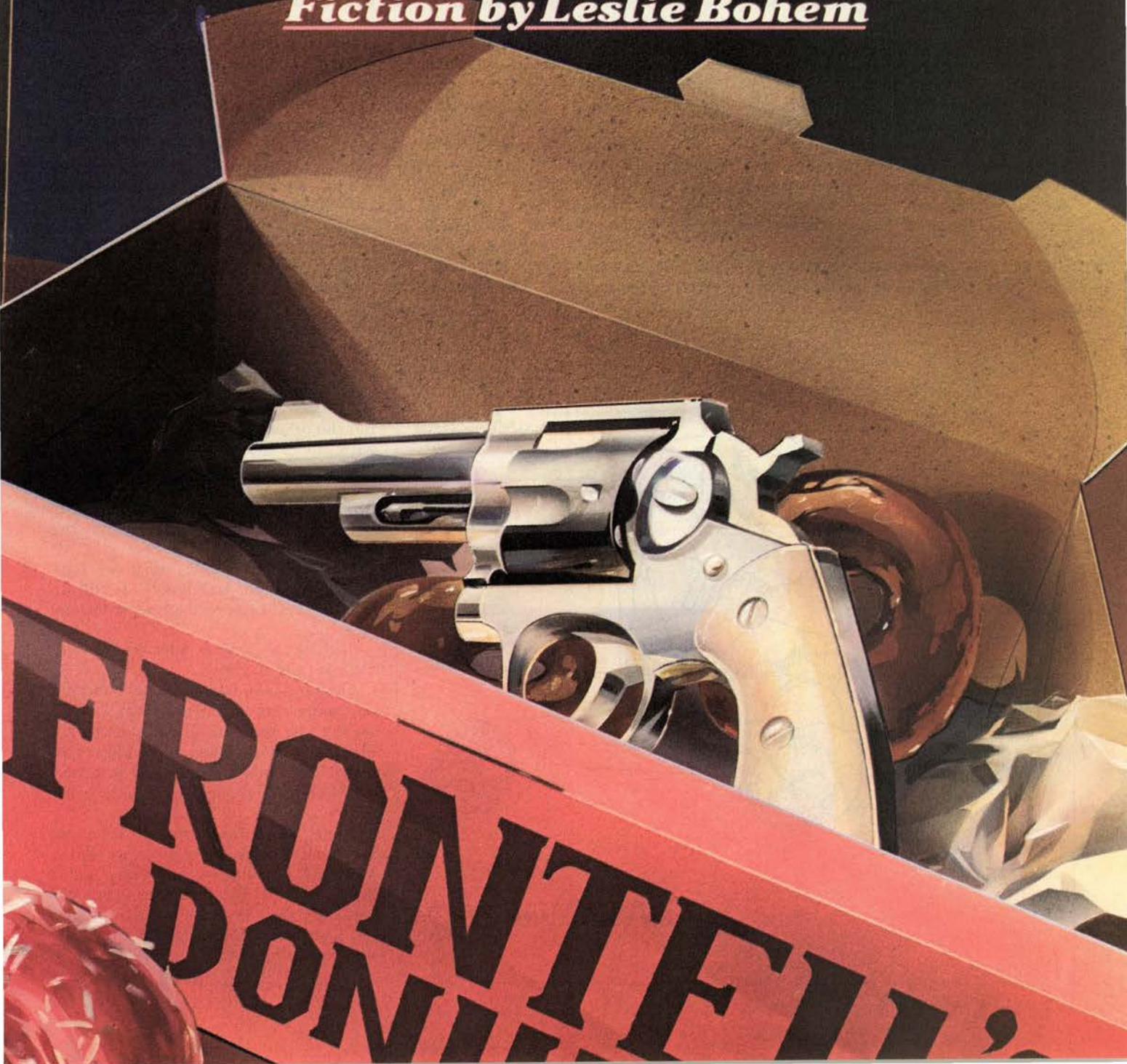
"Come on, Evelyn. Lots of girls go through a tomboy stage."


M A H O N

THE GREAT MOVIE CAPER

Three hundred and seventy-five degrees is the perfect temperature for frying donuts. If the grease is any cooler, you'll get a soggy little doughball. If it's any hotter, your donuts will dry up and burn before you can get them out of the fat. Three-seven-five, that's the important thing. I worked at Frontell's Donuts on Mission Street in Santa Cruz, California, for almost four years. I did the frying on the graveyard shift, Monday through Friday, from three in the morning until eight; so I know about donuts. That wasn't

Fiction by Leslie Bohem



my only job. From ten until 1:30, five nights a week, I played bass guitar at Tony's Tropicana. Wes Ryley—who led the band, sang and doubled on lead guitar—was the kind of guy born to play in bars. He knew all the regulars' names and just about every country tearjerker ever written. We had a pretty good time there except when some loudmouthed drunk decided he and his good drinking pal—Jack Daniel's—didn't much like the sound of the band, and he was damn well going to do something about it.

But I wasn't working at the Tropicana for a good time any more than I was working at Frontell's because I liked the smell of frying donuts. I flat-out needed the money. I've got an ex-wife and a nine-year-old daughter nearby, in San Jose, and both of them generally need some looking after.

When I first came to Santa Cruz, John Frontell was the only guy who'd hire me without a Social Security card or ID. I just said I didn't have any and needed work. That was fine with him. I told him my name was Clint Lombardi because Mary—that's my ex-wife—used to say I looked like Clint Eastwood. And one of my all-time heroes was Vince Lombardi, who used to coach the Green Bay Packers.

I had needed money once before, when I was still married and living back in San Jose with Mary and our daughter, Christine. I'd met these two guys with a great idea for robbing a bank. I really think it would have worked, but one of them got scared when an alarm went off. They've both disappeared, and I've been lying low ever since.

The statute of limitations on the beef is five years. I probably should have left California right away, but I wanted to be near my wife and daughter, even though Mary and I split up over the whole thing. I figured as long as I didn't drive over the speed limit and didn't fool around with any underage coeds, I'd probably be able to wait it out. I've made it through almost four years already.

I had to be careful at the Tropicana, though, because I have an awfully quick temper. If one of the customers got out of line, no matter how bad the fucker was asking for trouble, I couldn't get into it with him. Cops have a strange habit of showing up during barroom brawls.

My ex and I became sort of distant, especially after she got involved with a new boyfriend. I saw Christine as often as I could, but sometimes it wasn't for months. By then she'd be taller, or she'd say some new expression she'd learned at school, and I'd realize how fast time was going by. I hated being such a small part of her life.

I always planned to go back to them when the statute of limitations was up. I thought I would somehow get together enough money, and maybe Mary would see things differently. But with what's happened now, I guess all my plans are changed. I don't know when I'll see either of them again.

* * *

Everything turned around when I met Sally McCoy on a Saturday night at the Tropicana. Actually, she picked me up after the second set. A lot of people had been dancing, and you could smell their sweat. Sally was the only sweet-smelling thing in the whole place. I was sitting at the bar, nursing a bourbon and soda, and she sat down next to me. She was in her mid-30s, with the sort of confidence a woman that age has when everything is working right.

I know a lot of guys are all hot over young girls. I've heard enough tight-cunt jokes to write a book, and I've got nothing against youth myself. But there is something special about a grown woman. When Sally McCoy sat down next to me at the bar, looked me in the eyes and gently put her hand on my arm, I got a prickly feeling in my crotch that I never get when I see a little cheerleader with her barely formed tits sticking out.

"Do you like Kris Kristofferson?" she asked me. The last song we'd played had been his "Help Me Make It Through the Night."

"Yeah," I said.

"I never really listened to him much, but the other night I smoked some grass with one of my girlfriends, and I heard him on the radio. He sounded so good, I made her drive me right into town to buy the album. You know, I listened to it the next morning, and he can't sing for shit."

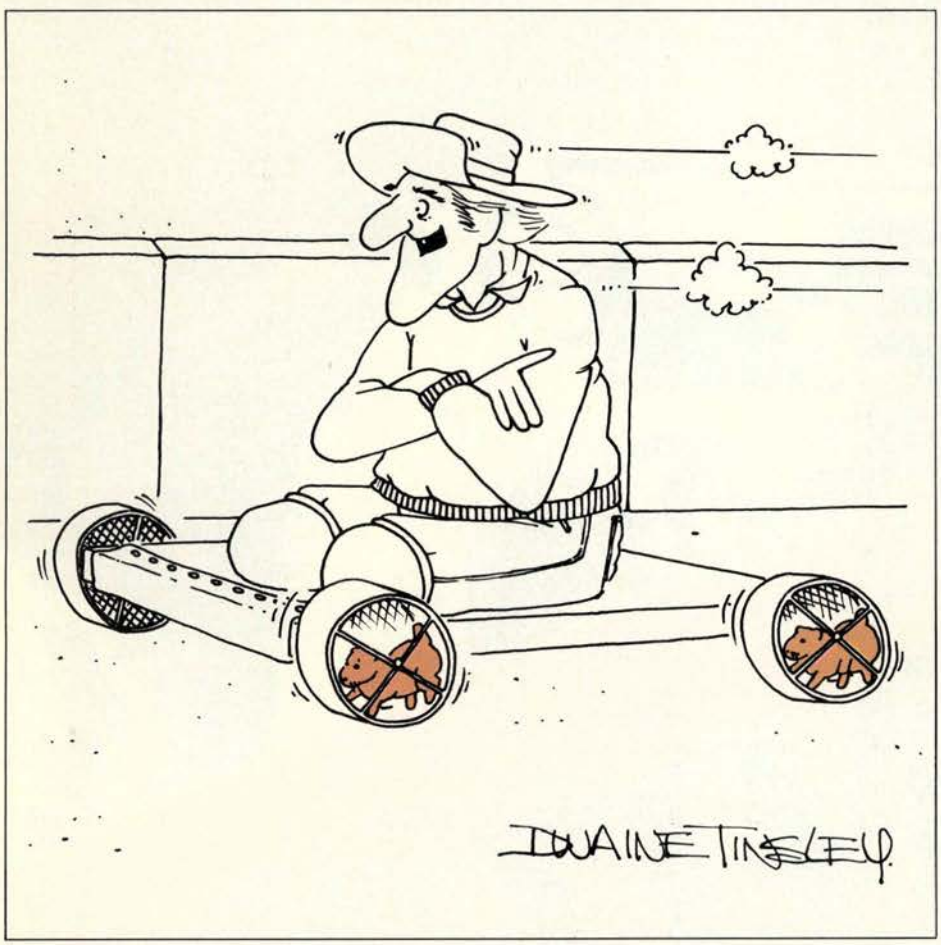
It was such a silly story we both started to laugh. Her hand was still on my arm, and her eyes had never left my face.

"I'd like to hear it later on," I said. "We get off at 1:30."

She sat at the bar while the band did two more sets. From the stage I could see the way her jeans fit and the way her blouse hung. I peeled them off her so many times in my mind, it's a wonder I could keep my fingers on the neck of my bass.

Some guy in the audience was buying the band drinks every time we did a Merle Haggard song, and Sally and I had a few belts of cognac during our last break. By the end of the night I was feeling little pain. My car was sitting outside my house with a dead battery, a

(continued on page 111)




Cynthia
RHAPSODY IN RED
Photography by Clive McLean







Being a true Aries, Cynthia loves red. "It's my favorite color. It's so fiery and passionate, I can't get enough of it. There's something else I can't get enough of either—these Chicago men!" She hit the Windy City about a year ago, hoping to make her mark as a writer. And did she ever. "I've got this fabulous job, reviewing X-rated films. I meet all kinds of interesting people, if you know what I mean. That's why I love the men here. I'd always heard Chicago was the meat-packing capital of the world, but I never *really* knew what that meant until now." When asked if she chooses her lovers because of their astrological signs, she smiled. "I'm really attracted to other fire signs. When I'm at a party, my body tells me everything. I start getting hotter and hotter the closer I move to the right one. It's amazing, but I can actually see the fire in their eyes. And if they're wearing red, then I know I can't refuse them anything. I guess I was born passionate."







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MOVIE CAPER

(continued from page 102)

transmission with no reverse, a leaking master cylinder and an owner with no extra money. I'd been catching a ride with our drummer, but this time I told him he didn't have to wait for me.

Sally's car was parked out front—a big, black LTD. Somewhere under the haze of cognac I began to ask myself about this woman. We climbed in, and she started the engine. When she leaned over and kissed me, I didn't have any more questions.

I tried to behave as she drove, but somehow my left hand began working its way toward her leg and up the inside of her thigh. She slid down a little in the seat, and there were my fingers, right between her legs. Through her jeans I could feel she was already moist. My right hand found its way to her blouse, undid the top snaps and reached for one of the breasts inside. It fit perfectly in my hand. I leaned closer and kissed the nipple hard, then moved my lips across to the other breast. My left hand was still gently squeezing her crotch.

The car glided almost noiselessly along the road, the sound of the wheels against the pavement blending with our breathing. I worked my way back and forth between her breasts, and she pressed herself tighter and tighter against my hand. She might have pulled the car to the side of the road, and the two of us could have hopped into the backseat right then. But this was better. We both knew what was waiting for us at the end of the ride. The night was just beginning.

Finally, I felt us going up a steep incline and then slowing down. "We're here," she said, stopping the car in the driveway. It was the first time since leaving the Tropicana that either of us had spoken.

Looking up, I noticed the car windows were covered with steam.

"Why didn't you turn on the defroster?" I asked.

"I couldn't move," she answered, smiling.

Looming before us was a large modern house with a view of the city and the bay all the way across to Monterey. Soon we were walking through a darkened hallway and several dark rooms. She held my hand, leading me quickly to a bedroom with a huge picture window showing the glow of the city's lights.

"Awfully big house," I said. "Do you live alone?"

"Everything's all right," she said. "Don't worry." She undid the rest of the snaps on her blouse and held it open. I came over to her and peeled it from her shoulders. I wasn't worried about anything.

I kissed her on the forehead, on the eyes and then on the mouth. I worked my way down her neck, past her breasts. I reached to undo her jeans. They fell to the floor. As she stepped out of them, I knelt and kissed the insides of her knees. Still kneeling, I began to kiss my way back up her thighs. Her panties slid off easily. She spread her legs, and I licked my way up through the soft hairs, tasting her, brushing her cunt with my tongue like I was kissing her mouth. My hands reached around her ass, caressing and pulling her closer. Sighing, she began to sway gently above me.

I turned myself around and lay back on the floor, guiding her down on top of me. I kissed her harder, searching more deeply with my tongue. She began to writhe, and worked herself up and down. I moved my hands up to grab her breasts. I could feel her quivering above me. Then she came in a great rush, screaming, every muscle in her body tensing and then relaxing.

She rolled over next to me on the floor. She looked right into my eyes and kissed me, licking around my mouth. Slowly she unbuttoned my shirt and kissed my chest. She took my own nipples in her mouth and teased them with her teeth and tongue. Then she moved down and mouthed my cock through my jeans until I thought I'd die if she didn't get the zipper open.

Finally, she undid the snap and pulled down the fly. Little shocks started running through my body as her lips came down around my cock. She moved slowly and lovingly, knowing just when to start and stop. Her lips were hot and soft. Her tongue was everywhere. *Nights like this should last forever,* I thought. *When I die, let it be exactly this way.*

Eventually, we found our way onto the bed. She spread her legs, and I entered her slowly. We were still for a moment, feeling the blood pulsing through both of our bodies. Then we began to move together, as if to a rhythm we had practiced a thousand times.

Her muscles wrapped around my cock, tightening and caressing it in an incredible way. I raised myself to look at her. Her eyes were open, staring into mine. There was a faint smile on her face. She was a woman, and she knew how to make love.

We began to push against each other harder, still moving in a slow, steady grind. Her eyes never left mine. We came together, and my head went so light that everything faded in front of



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me except Sally's eyes and her glowing smile, until her face slid back into focus.

* * *

I woke up what must have been only a few hours later with the morning light shining brightly through the picture window. Sally was gone. I could smell breakfast cooking.

I found my way into the bathroom, took a shower and got dressed. Then I walked to the kitchen. She was at the stove, frying bacon. A middle-aged man in a bright-orange-satin bathrobe sat at the kitchen table, looked up and smiled as I came in. I got a funny feeling in my stomach.

"This is Clint," Sally said, coolly making introductions. "This is Roy, my husband."

She smiled and handed me a cup of coffee. You could have knocked me over with one of Frontell's donuts.

"Roy McCoy," the man in the bathrobe said, offering his hand. "Roy, the Real McCoy." He winked. "Swell to meet you."

I kept expecting Roy to pull a pistol out from under his bathrobe and blow my head off. But he just ate his breakfast, cheerful as could be, talking like I was an old friend of the family and not the guy who had just found sexual paradise with his missus.

I had seen him hundreds of times before. Roy McCoy owned one of the biggest used-car lots in San Jose and was a sponsor for almost every late-night movie on TV. I'd be dozing over the donuts at four in the morning, staring blindly at the set, when all of a sudden this bright-orange leisure suit would wake me up, and I'd be staring at the Real McCoy. He'd be walking down a line of polished cars, talking so fast, it was like eating a fistful of benzedrine just to listen to him.

Now here I was sitting in his kitchen, making small talk about the price of gas and whether or not we should show the Russians where to get off. And all I could think about was the muscles in his wife's cunt and all the ways we hadn't yet fucked.

Roy was going into town to tape his commercials, and he offered to drop me off on his way. It was not an idea I was too crazy about, but I couldn't see any way out of it. So I had a second cup of coffee while he primped in front of the mirror.

McCoy spent what seemed like half an hour parting his hair. He changed into at least six different orange leisure suits, looking for the one that best hid his paunch. He tried on white-patent-leather boots and blue-patent-leather boots and yellow-patent-leather boots. He finally settled on red.

"I'm more than just a guy who sells cars," he explained to me through the bathroom door. "I'm a public person. A celebrity. People expect certain little touches from me. I don't let them down."

Among those touches were a bright-green polyester shirt, enormous diamond rings and a screaming-blue tie at least a half-yard wide on which he wore his trademark: a silk-screened impression of his own smiling face.

"I'm honest," he said as he finished a final parting of his hair. "I'm real. People trust me when they see me on the tube, because they know I'm 110% real. They don't go looking for sawdust in any of my transmissions. It'd be like checking a dinner guest to see if he swiped your silver."

It took us about two hours to get out of the house, not the most comfortable time of my life. Sally kissed us both good-bye at the door. As we entered the garage, I noticed that Roy's car was an LTD—exactly the same as Sally's. Their license plates were ROY and SAL.

"I just don't get home enough," Roy said as he backed the car down the driveway. "I must have pulled in about half an hour after you two last night, and here I am, gone again."

Half an hour. That would have been somewhere near the end of fucking on the floor and the beginning of fucking in the bed. I didn't say anything.

"I guess this is all a little awkward for you, Mister. . . .Hell, I guess Sal never bothered to get your last name."

"Lombardi."

"Lombardi. I'll call you Clint, if it's all right with you. That's funny, your name being Clint and your looking so much like Clint Eastwood. It was the first thing Sal said to me this morning 'Wait till you see him, Roy,' she said. 'He looks just like Dirty Harry.' "

I kept having the strange feeling that any second now he'd pull the car over to the side of the road, whip out a gun and finish me off. Instead, he laughed, cleared his throat and went on talking.

"I love Sally," he said. "She's the only woman I've ever loved. And—you may find this hard to believe—*she* loves *me*. Sally is a physical person, very sensual. I'm not. Some people know how to sell cars; other people know how to fuck."

"I've never looked at it that way," I said.

"I've had to," he answered.

We were both quiet for a while. "Why don't you run over to the lot with me?" he asked. "I might be able to throw a little work your way."

"I don't know," I said.

It was bad enough catching a ride home from the guy. I really didn't want

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him to do anything more for me. But he kept insisting, and my daughter's birthday was coming up, and the dentist had said if we didn't put the braces on her this year, it could cause a lot of trouble. So I went to San Jose with him.

His car lot was huge. "Acres and acres of cars," as he would say on late-night TV. As we pulled in at the main entrance, a nasty little man in a yellow turtleneck sweater was waiting for us. He looked impatient.

"The crew has been waiting for an hour," he growled. He looked at me, as if it were all my fault. "We pay them union wages, you know."

"Sorry, Kenny," McCoy answered. "Clint, meet Kenny Anderson, my director."

I spent the next five hours watching while television history was made. Kenny shouted at the cameraman. Then he shouted at the nearly endless stream of technical assistants. Then he shouted at Roy, who primped and polished himself in the mirror of every car on the lot while going over his dialogue with two sickly college students who Kenny called "the writers."

Four security guards stood posted around the lot. "We used to do the commercials live," Roy explained during a break. "Then one night some crazy Mex woman came on the lot. Big fat thing, a 400-pounder. She had a beef with the service department. So I'm up here in front, moving down the line of cars, and she's five rows back, smashing windshields. Now we've got videotape, but we keep guards on hand just in case."

"Don't lose your mood," Kenny yelled at Roy. "You're breaking character." He glared at me again.

They must have taped a year's worth of commercials. Cars were lined up, priced and driven away. New cars took their places. Kenny fired the writers and wrote Roy's lines himself. Then he fired the cameraman.

"I don't give a fuck about the union," he told the man. "You're all wrong for the job."

When it was finally over, Roy called me into his office. "I'm sorry that took so long," he said. "Kenny is a little temperamental, but he really is a genius. Makes the best damn commercials in the business. Let me tell you about the job I have for you."

It was easy work. Twice a week I was to drive a truck full of salvage parts up to San Francisco, leave them with a dealer in the Mission district and drive back. The parts would all be packed. All I had to do was drive. I would get use of the pickup during the week and $100 a trip.

It was too good an offer to pass up. But I made it clear to Roy that it had nothing to do with Sally. "I don't do stud work," I said. "I won't see your wife while I'm on your payroll."

"It's fine with me either way," he said. "This has nothing to do with her."

It wasn't that easy to keep from seeing Sally though. She showed up at Tony's Tropicana one night, and I tried to tell her how I felt about seeing her while I was working for her old man. When I sat next to her at the bar, she touched my arm again. That was all the talking we did.

After our last set I took her back to Frontell's Donuts. As soon as Ruth, the night girl, left, we turned the sign hanging in the window around to CLOSED. I led her into the back room, and we made a makeshift bed out of flour sacks. She pushed me onto those sacks and undid the snaps of my jeans. Her mouth came quickly down over my hardening cock. She sucked and kissed and teased with her tongue. I was lost in her wet, warm mouth. I grabbed her head and held on. She began to hum gently. The vibrations of her mouth sent little shivers up the shaft of my cock. Her teeth tickled playfully, making me even harder. Just as I was about to come, she gently pulled her head away. I managed, just barely, to hold myself back and catch my breath.

As I began exploring her body with my fingertips, I could tell she had come to the Tropicana ready for me. This time she hadn't worn any underwear. Guiding her body upward until my head was under the folds of her skirt, I found her wet and glistening beneath the dress. Then I brought her down on top of me, until her cunt covered my mouth, and began kissing up into her moist opening. She pressed her clit tightly against my tongue as I licked her tenderly, rubbing herself against me, working herself off on my flickings. As her muscles began to tighten, I moved Sally away and rolled her onto her stomach.

She now lay on the flour sacks, trembling, every muscle tensed with anticipation. She raised her ass, and I went into her slowly, caressing her breasts. Her vaginal muscles fastened around my cock. She threw herself violently up and back, grabbing one of the sacks so tightly, it burst. We came together, lost in a spray of white powder.

I was a little late getting the donuts out that morning.

* * *

My new job, delivering auto parts, went pretty smoothly for the first month or so. I was a little punchy from lack of sleep, what with two other jobs and Sally to handle. I managed to get some

(continued on page 120)



"You've gotta get up pretty damn early to fake an orgasm under Elmo P. Throckmorton, Jr.!!"

Beaver Hunt

The July fireworks *really* begin when you start snapping photos of your favorite Beaver. Get your girl hotter than a roman candle and earn 50 bucks at the same time by sending some winning shots to *Beaver Hunt*! Plus, there's always the chance your Beaver will be selected for an extended photo-feature at professional-models' rates. All photographs submitted become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine. Send your entry (preferably more than one photograph) to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. Be sure to use the model release on page 120, or a facsimile. And fill it out clearly so we'll know where to send your $50.

Photo by David



Swimming and sunbathing are hobbies of Jeanie L. Durst, 18, a housewife from Piqua, Ohio. Her sexual fantasy is to make love on the beach.

Photo by Mike



Christy Burdan, 29, works as an artist in Redwood Valley, California, where she enjoys swimming, sewing and waterskiing. Her fantasy is to spend a night with her lover in Hearst Castle.

Photo by Thomas Orndorff



A waitress from Clarksville, Indiana, 25-year-old Jeannie Orndorff likes to cook, sew and dance. Her now-fulfilled fantasy is appearing in HUSTLER.

Anita La Graff is a 21-year-old housewife from Dearborn Heights, Michigan, who enjoys drag-racing and waterskiing. Her sexual fantasy is to make love with her husband every day, for the rest of her life.



Photo by Billy

Photo by Steve



Twenty-eight-year-old Reeve Caito, a bartender from St. Petersburg, Florida, likes art, swimming and sex. Her fantasy is "to get it on in the water one night at a nudist camp."

Photo by Stacy



Four-year-old Gabby, from Sylmar, California, enjoys "laying around" and looking at HUSTLER. He dreams of eating Alpo out of his old lady's crack.

Wheeler, Wisconsin, is home to Diana Holden, a 21-year-old housewife who's into "good friends, good wine and good tunes." Her dream-come-true is seeing her photo in *Beaver Hunt*.



Photo by Steve

Photo by Husband



A twenty-five-year-old housewife from Guam, C. S. K. enjoys boating, weightlifting, jogging and tennis. Her fantasy is to make it with rock star Jackson Browne.



Photo by P. Alexander

El Cajon, California, is where you'll find 22-year-old Liza, a respiratory therapist who lists her hobbies as Frisbee, skiing, making friends and sex. Her fantasy is to ball two studs at the same time outdoors.

A hairstylist in Jacksonville, Florida, 26-year-old Brandi lists her hobbies as men, music and house plants. Her sexual fantasy is "to pick and choose men at will, and use them as the mood strikes me."



Photo by Dennis B.

Photo by Linda Parisi



A 28-year-old cashier from Detroit, Michigan, Rose Agnello likes to dance, camp, and ride motorcycles. Her dream-come-true is appearing in HUSTLER's *Beaver Hunt*.

One for the Ladies



Photo by B. W. L.

Kajay Loveland, 24, is the lead singer for a rock band in Kingston, New Jersey. He enjoys "getting back to nature," and his sexual fantasy is to be raped onstage by a number of girls.

Twenty-one-year-old A. S. is a housewife from Augusta, Georgia, who plays the piano. Her fondest dream is to experience total exhaustion after a whole day of sex with several men.



Photo by Husband

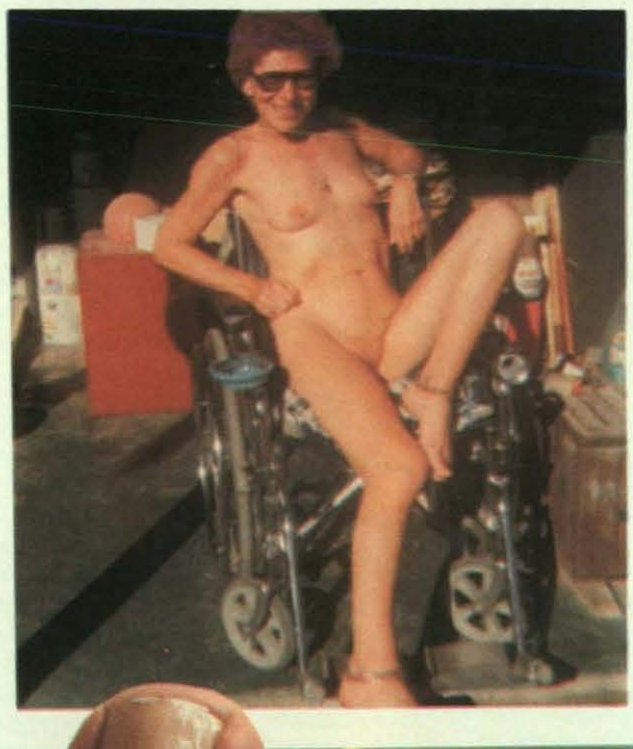


Photo by Dale Eggen

Crafts and reading are favorite pastimes of Lynn Carpenter, a 48-year-old disabled grandma from Tucson, Arizona. Her fantasy is to attend a party where everyone is naked.



HUSTLER®

BEAVER HUNT MODEL RELEASE



Beaver Hunters, here is the model release you must send with your entry (preferably, more than one photo) in HUSTLER's amateur photo contest—see page 115. Models should be shown totally nude, and faces must be visible. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt,* 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067.

Please Print

Model's Name/Name to be published

Address

Date of Birth Phone (include area code)

Occupation

Hobbies

Sexual Fantasies

Include separate sheet if necessary

Photographer

Send prize to: ☐ Model ☐ Other

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Model's Legal Signature Date

Model's Social Security Number

MOVIE CAPER

(continued from page 114)

money over to my ex-wife for the orthodontist, and I figured to have some more for her in a few weeks. But I began wondering whether there was a little more going on with all the neat little boxes of spare parts than Roy McCoy had told me. When he hinted at some sort of insurance scam with totaled cars, I didn't ask much more about it. A pickup truck and 100 bucks a trip was all I needed to know.

The way things worked out, it might have been better all around if I'd asked a few more questions. I'd been going up to San Francisco a little over a month without any hassles. Then one Thursday, heading north just before dusk, I got all the trouble I'd been missing and some left over.

The road was nearly empty, and I was doing a smooth 50 when I spotted a bunch of migrant workers standing around a truck off to the side of the road, partially blocking the highway. Slowing down, I honked most of them over to the shoulder. But two big Mexicans stayed right where they were, directly in front of my wheels; so I had to hit the brakes. A moment later the others had moved in from both sides, and I felt the truck shaking. Turning my head, I could see three of them in the back, beginning to unload boxes. Then I felt something cold against my head.

"Turn around slowly," a voice said in broken English.

I did as I was told. There was a gun pointing right between my eyes. I hadn't eaten anything all day but donuts, and I could feel them turning sour in my stomach.

"Don't say nothing," the guy with the gun commanded. His friend leaned against the hood of the truck and smiled at me. I could still hear the boxes being unloaded in the back. I didn't move a muscle. I just wanted them to hurry up and get it over with. Being robbed of something that didn't belong to me was embarrassing, even a little annoying. But the prospect of being rescued by a Highway Patrolman was downright dangerous. If he'd run a make on me and find out about that little bank robbery I was wanted for, I'd end up doing more time than any of the guys who were ripping me off.

It seemed like I sat there forever, with the gun against my head. Suddenly I saw a Highway Patrol car zip by, traveling south. The black-and-white slowed down at first but then kept going. The nearest turnaround was probably two miles up the road.

"Let's move it!" the guy with the gun said to the men in back. I didn't think they'd finish before the patrolman returned, but I didn't want to wait around to find out. The pickup's engine was still running. I threw it into drive and caught them by surprise, knocking the guy with the gun off the running board. By the time he started shooting, I was a hundred yards down the highway, and I had the blood of the guy standing in front of the truck all over the windshield. In back, the migrants were sprawled on the pickup's floor-bed, screaming hysterically.

In my rearview mirror I could see the patrol car had indeed turned around and was now stopped at the Mexicans' disabled truck. The cop would probably call for an ambulance to help the guy I'd just run over. Then he would have to decide whether to stick with the migrants or come chasing after me.

I sped up to well above 80, trying to make as much ground as possible. The wail of his siren told me he'd made up his mind.

It had been more than four years since the botched bank job that I'd had to check escape routes, but I still had a pretty good idea where the back roads might take me. Barely slowing at the first freeway exit, I practically flew off onto a flat, two-lane straightaway that looked familiar. The three migrants in back must have been scared shitless. They were pounding on the roof of the cab like bongo drummers.

If the road was the one I thought it was, it would run straight for about five miles, then cut up into the hills. I had to make those hills before the cop got too close.

Obviously a pickup truck is not about to outrun a Highway Patrol car. The only advantage I had was maybe five or six miles of asphalt and the fact that the cop had to make another decision—risking injury chasing some nut case in a pickup or going home in one piece to the wife and kids. Since I had no desire to go to jail, I didn't have a choice. A guy with no choice always has an edge.

Before long I could hear more sirens behind me, and I could see several patrol cars in my rearview. The first car must have called for reinforcements. At last I made it to a side road and headed up into the mountains, taking that truck through turns it never should have made as the Mexicans hung on for dear life.

The roads got narrower and the turns sharper. What was happening was a tire-squealing chase scene straight out of the movies. Sometimes the patrol cars were right on top of me; sometimes I thought I'd lost them. Then I'd take a turn and

(continued on page 134)

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.



A FAMILY AFFAIR

by Nick Tremayne

I'm no stranger to sex. In fact, I'm writing this because of a sex party I attended a few nights ago. We were all relaxing between heats when someone asked if we remembered the first time we'd ever had sex. Everyone had a story to tell, and when I finished mine, they all agreed that I should share it with HUSTLER.

I was 18. Three years before, Mom had run off with a rodeo rider from Tucson. Dad took it pretty hard, but he never let on just how badly he'd been hurt. I didn't cry or anything when she left, but it sure screwed me up emotionally. I promised myself that no woman would ever get close enough to hurt me like that again. So it was difficult to accept the news when Dad brought Marla home and told me they were getting married.

Marla was younger than my father. She was about 30, with long, dark hair and a full, voluptuous figure that could melt a glacier. Anyway, Marla tried to be friendly, but I just couldn't bring myself to accept her. I mean, I wanted to like her, and if she made the old man happy, okay. But I wasn't about to leave myself wide-open for another emotional letdown.

It was a quiet wedding. Just a few friends and some people who worked with Marla and Dad at the insurance company. During the reception I overheard a couple of guys from Dad's office talking. Apparently they had both dated Marla and were comparing notes. Judging by their comments, my new stepmother was a pretty hot number.

No doubt about it, Dad had sure picked a live one. Still, they looked real happy together, and after what Dad had gone through when Mom ran out, I was glad he had found someone to help ease the pain.

We'd been a family for about six months when Dad told us he had to go out of town on business. Marla told him not to worry, that we'd be fine. Besides, she said, it'd give us a chance to get better acquainted. I doubted that. Ever since the wedding I'd been exceptionally cold toward her.

The night after Dad left, Marla cooked a sensational dinner. I could tell she was really trying to break the ice, but the wall I had built inside just wouldn't crack. My cold-shoulder attitude toward her finally heated up when she asked me why I wouldn't give her a chance.

"Because you're nothin' but a cheap whore!" I yelled. "I bet you've fucked every guy in the office!"

I could see the tears welling up in her eyes. She looked as if I had just slapped her across the face. Maybe she'd have felt less hurt if I had.

I asked her point-blank why she married my father instead of just fucking him like she did everyone else. I'll always remember her answer. "Because," she said, "your father respected me enough to ask me and because he loved me enough to forget the others."

It was all I could do to keep from cracking right then and there. She looked so hurt and vulnerable. I felt like shit. I wanted to apologize, but instead I stormed out of the house.

When I returned a few hours later, the house was dark. I wondered if Marla had left, but the sound of splashing water in the pool gave me the answer. I walked to the rear of the house and stood by the sliding glass door. Marla was in the pool, her smooth, tanned body highlighted by the underwater lamp. She was naked.

I felt my cock swell, pushing against the fabric of my jeans. It was as if all the blood in my body had been re-routed to my crotch. My skull pounded and fell into a rhythm with my throbbing dick. I'd had hard-ons before, but nothing like this. Up to then the only climaxes I had known were from whacking off.

Marla emerged from the water. Sparkling drops of liquid light clung to her flesh as she walked to a large inflated rubber mattress and lay down on her stomach. The night was hot, but a soft breeze helped ease the humidity. Marla let its gentle caress dry her body. I stared at the sweet, smooth swell of her ass and realized I was slowly rubbing my prick through my jeans. I don't know why I did it, but suddenly I was unbuttoning my shirt and taking off my pants and shoes.

She didn't hear me when I approached. I stood over her, my cock pulsing in the bulging pocket of my Jockey shorts. When I knelt beside her and stroked her back, she tensed, turning her head toward me. I told her I was sorry about all the things I had said. "You didn't deserve that," I whispered

Illustration by Tim Huhn

as my hand glided over warm, wet flesh.

She rolled over on her back and looked up at me. Her breasts were round and full, and little droplets of water danced on the tips of her taut nipples. My eyes were drawn to the carpet of dark matted hair that covered her snatch. The rich, musky scent of hot female flesh ignited my senses.

Her eyes were locked on the massive, throbbing bulge in my briefs. She could see it pounding against the soft cotton fabric, and a sly, knowing smile creased her lips. "I want to help you," she whispered, leading me to the deck beside her.

As I stretched out next to her, she kissed me full on the lips. My entire body trembled, and my cock felt as if it would burst through my shorts. It pulsed and pumped wildly. I was on fire, and Marla's tongue was swirling around in my mouth, fanning the flames that were already roaring through my body.

Her lips and tongue glided over my chest and left a wet track of saliva across my stomach. Hot breath caressed my skin as she lightly raked her nails up and down my thighs. My prick was beating like a drum, and every muscle in my body was stretched tight. Suddenly, my entire shaft was engulfed in moist heat. Marla was sucking and tonguing me through the fabric of my briefs! It was the most incredible sensation I'd ever felt. My head rolled from side to side, and loud moans exploded from my throat. Each time her tongue stroked my shaft, I felt as if my cock grew yet another inch!

Then, in one swift movement, Marla shifted her body so her knees straddled my head and her cunt was exposed to my eager mouth. Steaming, wet liquid spilled from her, and I licked up every drop. She peeled my shorts down to my knees. My cock sprang free, rearing like a wild, untamed stallion. She watched it throb in time to my wildly beating heart and eased her hot, flowing cunt down to my virgin mouth.

My tongue stabbed into her juicy snatch, and my lips milked her pussy like a baby at a mother's tit. I felt her quiver, and suddenly my cock was surrounded by the sweet, silky wetness of her mouth. I rolled my hips upward, forcing my rod into her throat. Moaning, she ground her snatch down into my face. Her head rose and fell in a slow, continuous motion. Her lips locked around my shaft, her tongue swirling at the head.

It began with a tingly, pins-and-needles sensation down deep in my balls. As our mouths ravaged those secret places, Marla's tempo picked up. I stayed with her, slamming my hips up into her mouth as her lips slid downward on my cock. At the same time, my tongue worked feverishly at the huge, swollen bud of her clit. She bucked and rocked madly as we both soared toward that explosive volcanic peak.

My cock felt as if it were about to burst. And then, suddenly, it did, cum pumping furiously into Marla's mouth. She never missed a stroke; not even when she came, slammed by one spasm after another. Boiling liquid spewed from her cunt into my throat. I was spouting like a runaway oil well, and what she couldn't swallow spilled out of her mouth and onto her face.

We lay in each other's arms for a long moment, floating back to earth. Imagine my surprise when she asked me why I was crying. I wiped my hand across my cheek. Sure enough, my face was wet with tears.

She said it happened when I came. She thought at first that I was shouting out with pleasure, then realized that I was crying. It was true. Not only had I lost my virginity to Marla, but she had used the only weapon strong enough to smash through that hard, callous wall I had built within.

Her weapon was love—hard physical love that would wipe away all the pain I felt inside. With her gift all the tears I had held back when Mom ran off burst through. Now I knew the real reason why I had been so cold to Marla. It had nothing to do with her past, or with her coming between Dad and me. It was simply because I did like her and because I was deathly afraid she might one day leave us.

I wouldn't have been able to stand it if I had lost a second mother. Somehow Marla knew that. Later she told me she had decided the only way she could convince me of her love was to seduce me. She was right. All the love and affection that had been bottled up for so long came pouring out in that single, intimate moment.

After that, Marla and I fucked the night away. All the defenses were gone, and thanks to her we became a family again. Marla and I continued our affair up until the day I went into the Marine Corps. Because of her I have a healthy attitude toward sex and a healthy appetite for it. But she gave me something more. She gave me back my emotions and the ability to love freely and openly. It's a gift I'll cherish forever.

It's been years since Marla and I last saw each other. She and Dad are still happily married. And whenever the thought of matrimony strikes me, I always seem to recall the words to that song. You know, the one that goes: "I want a girl just like the girl who married dear old Dad." I'm still looking.

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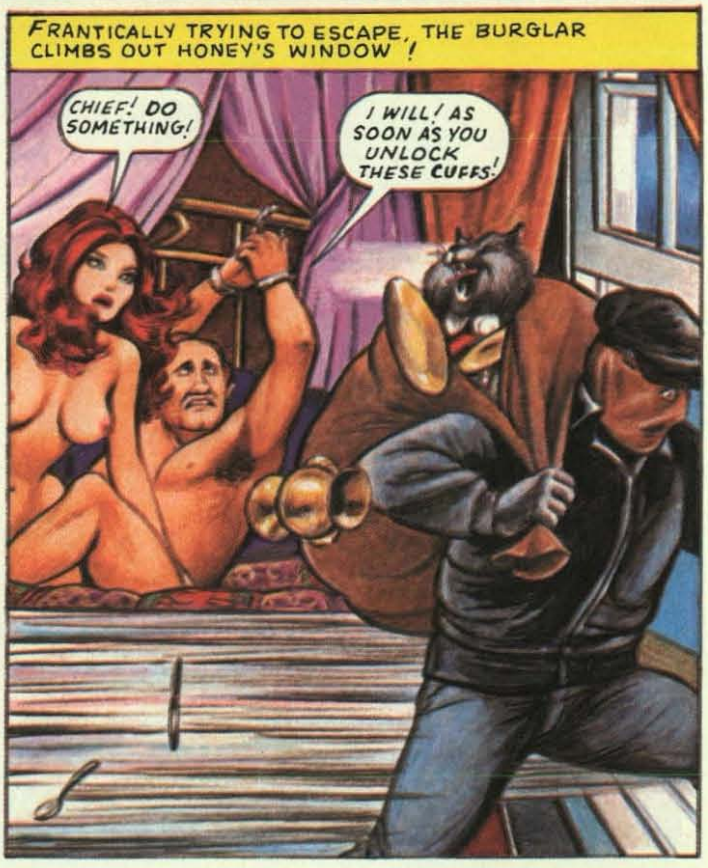
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Void where prohibited by law

Honey







Art: Tom Garst Text: Bruce Helford


THE POLICE ARRIVE IN MOMENTS!
THERE! ON THE LAWN! THAT'S HIM!
OPEN FIRE, MEN!
THE EXPERT MARKSMEN HIT THEIR TARGET...
WHAM!
POW!
WHOOM!
BOOM!
OH, NO!
STOP FIRING, MEN!
72
...BUT IT'S THE WRONG ONE!
YOU NINCOMPOOPS! YOU JUST BLEW UP MY LAWN JOCKEY!
AND THE SUSPECT GOT AWAY!
INSIDE HONEY'S THE POLICE SEARCH FOR CLUES!
YOUR MEN SURE KNOW HOW TO CONDUCT AN INVESTIGATION, CHIEF!
I CAN ASSURE YOU, THERE WON'T BE A NOOK OR CRANNY LEFT UNCHECKED!
IS ZIS A POLICE PROBE?


THE NEXT DAY, POON AND THE GIRLS GO DOWN TO THE STATION TO VIEW A LINEUP.
I TOLD YOU I NEVER SAW HIS FACE OR HANDS! WHY ARE ALL THESE MEN BLACK?
WHAT'S THE STORY, DISPATCHER?
WE DIDN'T HAVE SPECIFICS, SO I SENT OUT THE STANDARD, ALL-PURPOSE, ALL-POINTS BULLETIN — "NEGRO, 5-10, MEDIUM BUILD, ABOUT 175 POUNDS...."
52 CHIEF
50 SUPER
LATER THAT NIGHT, IN HONEY'S BEDROOM...
HOPE YOU DON'T MIND US SLEEPING WITH YOU, HONEY! LAST NIGHT GAVE US THE CREEPS!
AND THOSE POLICE DON'T MAKE US FEEL ANY SAFER!
TO THE GIRLS' SURPRISE, ILSA BRINGS IN A TWO-TIME LOSER!
LOOK WHAT I CAUGHT COMING THROUGH DER KITCHEN WINDOW!
SO THEY DO RETURN TO THE SCENE OF THE CRIME, HUH? TAKE HIM DOWN TO YOUR PLAYROOM, ILSA!
DOWN IN ILSA'S DUNGEON THE GIRLS MAKE THE RAT SQUIRM!
I VANT TO USE THE ELECTRIC PROD ON HIM!
NO! I THINK THE HIGH-PRESSURE ENEMA IS BETTER!
HOW ABOUT A SIMPLE FLOGGING?
ZZZAP!
A SPIKED DILDO UP THE ASS IS MOST APPROPRIATE FOR AN UNWANTED INTRUDER!


LOOK, I DON'T WANT TO SEE ANYONE HURT, BUT ILSA AND THE GIRLS ARE HARD TO CONTROL! MAYBE IF YOU AGREE TO CONFESS.
I'LL CONFESS! I'LL CONFESS! DON'T HURT ME!
AT THE POLICE STATION...
CHIEF OF POLICE
WE ALWAYS GET OUR MAN, CHIEF!
COURT
BRUTALITY
HUH?
Read your RIGHTS
YOU
THE RI
TO REMAIN
ANYTHING
MAY BE USED
IN A COURT OF
I CONFESS! I CONFESS! NO ENEMA, PLEASE!
ONE CALL only!
Out of Order
WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS GUY RIGHT NOW, HONEY!
HMMM! LOOKS LIKE THIS COURT IS INTO QUICKIES!
NO ENEMA, NO ENEMA!
COURT
IN
OUT
We accept:
NOT BAD! TWO MINUTES! THAT'S A RECORD CASE FOR ME!
TANKS, MOUTH-PIECE! DAT WUZ SO QUICK, DEY FORGOT TA ASK ME TA EMPTY MY POCKETS!
HONEY AND ILSA RETURN HOME AND JOIN A PARTY ALREADY IN PROGRESS.
DO YOU THINK THEY'LL PUT HIM AWAY FOR A LONG TIME, HONEY?
FROM THE LOOKS OF OUR LEGAL SYSTEM, POON, JUSTICE MAY BE SWIFT — BUT ONLY IN GETTING THE CROOKS BACK ON THE STREET AGAIN!
THE END

MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK

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

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

GOING FIRST-CLASS

The difference between first-class and third-class mail is not just speed of delivery. First-class mail is private and therefore considered privileged; a postal inspector must get a court order before he can open it. On the other hand, third-class or fourth-class (parcel post) packages are not privileged, and a postal employee can open them whenever he feels like it. For that reason, companies that sell hard-core material will send their merchandise first-class or by United Parcel Service.

Recently, while following up a complaint by an angry customer, we discovered a problem many people unknowingly bring upon themselves. Frequently, for one reason or another, a customer doesn't want the hard-core film or magazine he orders and sends it back to the company *third-class* for an exchange or a refund. If the package has not been tampered with, a reputable company will take it back. But quite often, several dealers have informed us, a mailman will show up with a package that has been ripped open.

"We won't sign for those," says one seller, "because we don't want to incriminate ourselves. A ripped package means a postal inspector probably opened it and saw that the contents were hard-core. By signing for the package, we'd be opening ourselves up for criminal prosecution on obscenity grounds. Unfortunately, the customer thinks we're sticking him when he gets his package back."

If you're going to return hard-core material to a dealer, *send it first-class!* Also, if you order from a company that is supposedly selling hard-core and you receive a third-class package, it might be a good idea not to accept it either. The third-class stamp is a sure sign the company is ripping you off by selling cheap junk.

STANDING CORRECTED

In April's column, under "Good Guys," we incorrectly mentioned that *P. G. Distributors'* ZIP code was 43212. *P. G.*'s correct address is P.O. Box 2477, Columbus, Ohio 43216. For faster service in ordering *P. G.*'s wide array of hard-core films and magazines, you can call the firm anytime toll-free at 1-800-321-3208 or 1-800-321-3209 to make your order from anywhere within the continental United States and from Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands (but *not* from Alaska, Hawaii or Ohio). Among *P. G.*'s latest inventory are the *Gourmet Special* glossy magazines (including a special *Seka 1981* edition, GS23), which sell for $15 apiece or two for $25.

FAT MAGS

Speaking of *Gourmet Special*, the large, thick, hard-core magazines that sell for between $15 and $25 are driving the smaller, $7-$10 glossies off the market, according to insiders. These smaller publications have been an industry staple for several years now. Makers of major film series, such as *Swedish Erotica* and *Pretty Girls*, have done a huge business by putting stills from their loops into magazine form and issuing them every month or so.

"But the thicker magazines give you more for your money," says one loop-maker, "and people are moving more into that market." Already *Film Collectors Association* (P.O. Box H134, Inglewood, California 90306) has changed the format of its *Dirty Movies* books and made them bigger. A spokesman told us, "Our customers have gotten used to the thickness of HUSTLER and *Playboy*, and that's what they're looking for when they buy hard-core magazines too."

These thick publications mostly cater to specific tastes. For instance, the *Gourmet Special* magazines have titles like "Girls Who Eat Cum," "Ass Masters" and "Hard TV." Besides *P. G. Distributors*, listed above, *Fantasy Images* (5032 Lankershim Boulevard #5, North Hollywood, California 91601) is a safe seller of *Gourmet Specials*, for $15 apiece.

VIDEODISC PURITY

Recently Magnavox came out with a videodisc player, and I went ahead and bought one without investigating videodiscs too thoroughly. Now I can't find a dealer that carries porno discs. Do you know of a company that does? —W. B.
Knoxville, Tennessee

The videodisc market is still so new that everyone's waiting to see what's going to happen. Right now several giant corporations have the American videodisc processes tied up, and they're in no hurry to get involved in porn movies. By the way, the Magnavox/MCA disc is scanned by a laser beam, while RCA's has a diamond stylus. Adult-film producers aren't anxious to take the plunge into videodiscs until they're certain enough buyers are out there to make it worth their while. Industry insiders are still taking bets on which system will become the most popular with consumers, and indeed on whether the whole videodisc market is headed for boom or bust.

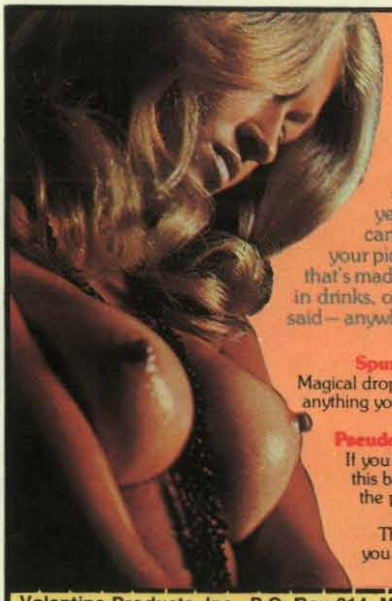
In any case, one thing's for sure: Videodisc machines can only *play* discs, not record them; so you and your fellow videodisc enthusiasts are out of luck in the smut department for the present.

LACE & LEATHER

Where can I acquire some video movies that feature leather mistresses, delicious bondage scenes and similar kinkiness?
—L.V.F.
Princeton, New Jersey

You're in luck! *Bizarre Video Productions* (P.O. Box 212, Westminster, California 92683) will make you cringe with delight. Its leather and latex ladies strut around in exotic high heels and black corsets while they bind their servants and fit them with discipline helmets—all in vivid sound and color. The titles ("Slave Mansion," "Transvestite Castle," "Baroness Nica," "Leather Persuasion," "Fighting Femmes," etc.) say it all. Since B&D lovers generally are more interested in ritual than in sexual penetration, *Bizarre*'s tapes are soft-core. Each tape sells for $89.95 plus $3 postage. The firm's video catalog sells for $2.

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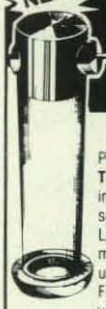
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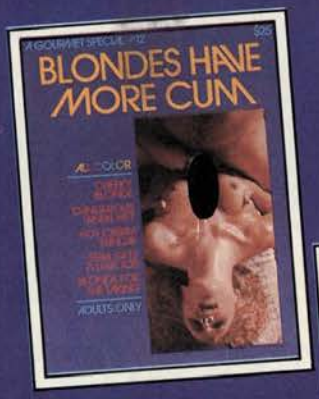
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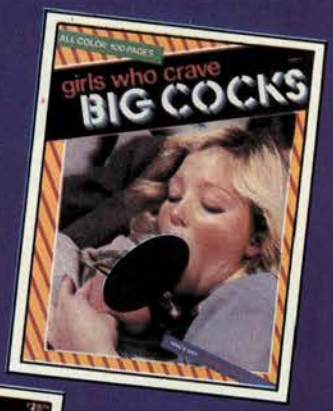
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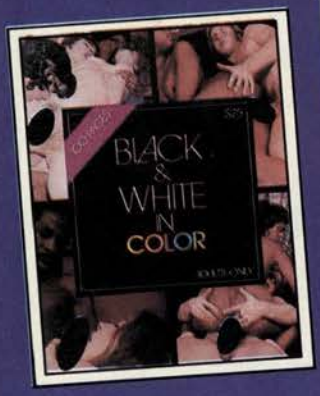


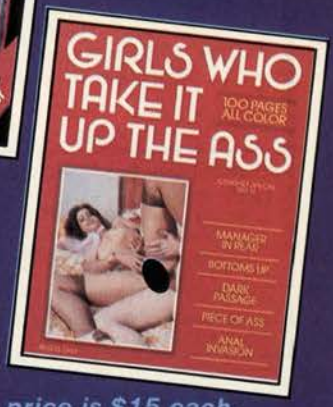












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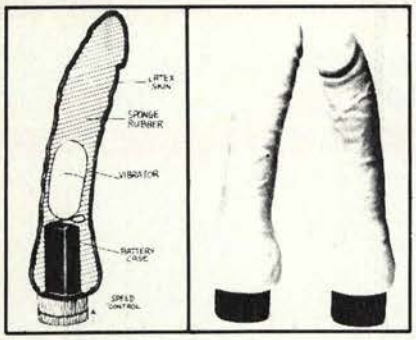
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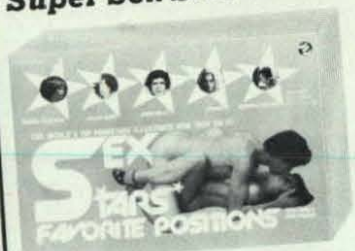

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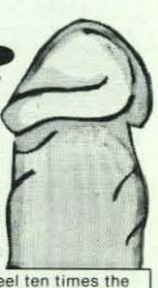
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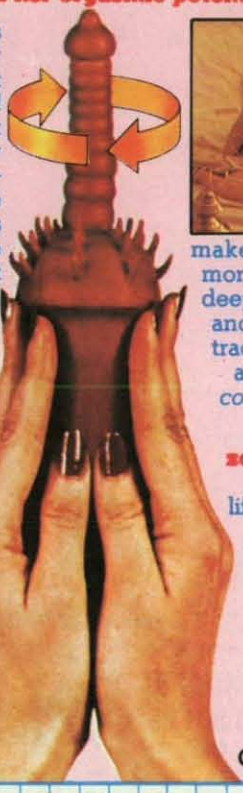
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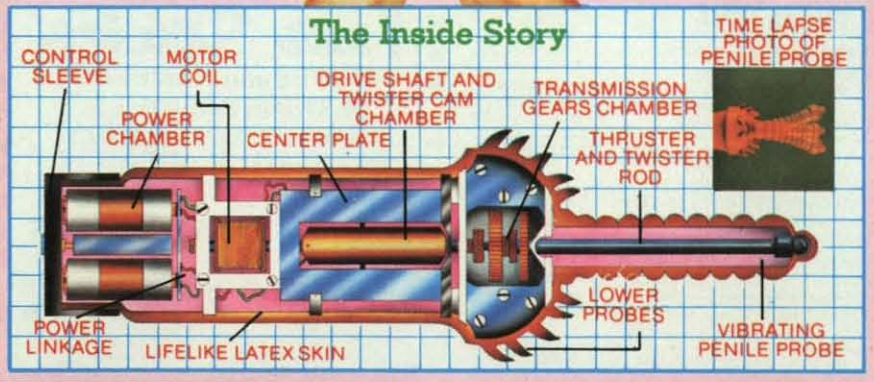
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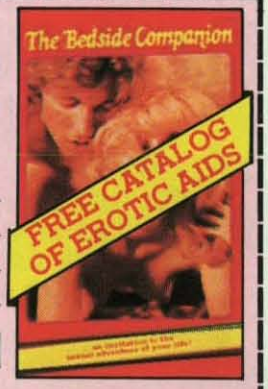
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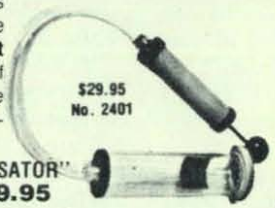
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THE U.S. GOVERNMENT has declared it unlawful to promise **permanent penis enlargement** from using this device. Can half a million satisfied buyers be wrong? You can decide for yourself.

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Here are 3 devices that offer a novel approach to your feelings of inadequacy about the size and firmness of your erection, your staying power & strength of ejaculation. You also receive NOVEL MASSAGE and a sensation you never believed possible. You control the rhythmic stroking . . . Don't be caught SHORT — order yours TODAY.

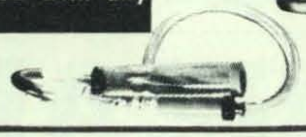
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No. 2402 SUPER PULSATOR PENIS PUMP $21.95



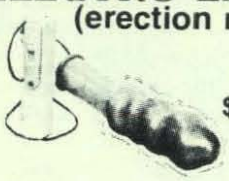
Informative Booklet: "Facts about Penis Size & Enlargement." reg. $4. yours FREE with any Pulsator. Photo Illustrated.

THE "SAUNA" PULSATOR PENIS PUMP $32.95 No. 2400



ELECTRO EXTENSION

(erection not necessary)



No. 1200 **$19.95**



nside View

Extends you 2 inches, stimulates both you and your partner. Goes in deeper for added pleasure. Now the man can offer deep, tingling excitement plus extra length.



THERAPEUTIC AID

Designed to aid in overcoming impotency of psychological origin. Helps you hold back by reducing frictional sensations. Absolutely safe to use.

Regular, 6½" x 1⅜"
Medium, 6½" x 1⅝"
Large, 7¼" x 2"

Any Size, $10.95 No. 11V

Magic Power Erection Ring



Patented. Maintains erection as long as desired, even after multiple orgasms. Safe, medically tested, used over 5 years in Japan. Adjusts to fit any penis, locks tight, releases instantly, can be used with condom, does not inhibit ejaculation. Well made, lasts for years. Not cheap, but there's nothing else like it.

No. 1000 Magic Power Ring $24.95



THE AQUA-MATE

Feels Like Real Flesh!

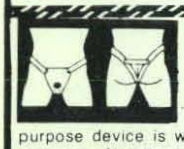
Warm water makes it come alive! As you fill it, it grows firmer, assumes the normal curvature of the erect penis, warm like human organ. Best of all, the sensation of water moving within the AQUA-MATE creates unique orgasmic thrill all its own.

No. A19 $12.95

$6.95 VALUE FREE!



Head Enlarger & Desensitizer fits over the head of the male organ. Held securely without straps because of special comfort texture inside. For those who want everlasting control, who want to feel bigger, fatter, harder at the head (where it counts). A $6.95 value . . . FREE with order over $10.



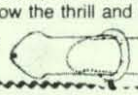
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This heavy duty all-purpose device is worn like an athletic supporter. Almost any artificial penis slips through the stretchable hole and is held firmly in place during penetration.

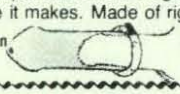
No. 1508 $4.95

DO YOU FEEL INFERIOR? DO YOU LEAVE YOUR PARTNER UNSATISFIED? DO YOU MISS THE REAL PLEASURE YOURSELF? . . . THE MALE EXTENSION

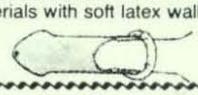
COULD BE THE SECRET TO GREATER JOY THAN YOU THOUGHT POSSIBLE. Provides the extra inches so important to the man with smaller or average size penis. "Extends" you & helps improve performance, adequacy, adds pleasure for both partners. Helps to reach important female erogenous areas. Your mate need not even know it's there . . . but she'll know the thrill and the difference it makes. Made of rigid plastic materials with soft latex wall.



2" Extension **No. 18G**

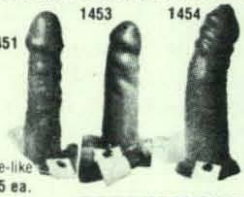


2½" Extension **No. 18H**



3" Extension **No. 18V**

$8.95 each



ARTIFICIAL PENISES

with heavy duty straps (erection not necessary)

#1 with clitoris stimulator. Hollow, with stimulator at base. Life-like veins & corona. Specify 6", 7", 8" or 9" **No. 1451 $9.95 ea.**

#2 with scrotum. Very life-like. 6", 7", 8" or 9" **No. 1453 $9.95 ea.**

#3 natural curve. With triple corona to create deep sensations at each ridge. Slithers past the outer lips & into the vagina for wild sensation. Specify 6", 7", 8" or 9" **No. 1454 $9.95 ea.**

Neumo Penis Aid *No straps needed*



Inner air bladder holds it on. Stays on until you release pressure. Can help produce and sustain erection or will hold on soft organ. Life-like veins, corona and special clitoral simulator at base. Can also be used as extension, aid to prolonged intercourse.



6", 7" or 8" Size, $14.95 9" Size, $16.95 **No. 15G — specify length**

STA-HARD & TINGLE LOTION

Want to make the Dick harder, rougher & tingle the Pussy like a French Tickler with no harmful effects? Helps DELAY CLIMAX longer & longer. You'll make her COME, COME, COME. You'll love it: she'll love it even more. **No. 123**

4-ounce bottle (year's supply), $12.50. Sample bottle, $5.00.

ERECTION OIL & CREAM

Formulated to enhance your hard-on. In a sensuous tru-fruit oil base. When rubbed briskly onto the head & shaft it causes a flow of blood and a delicious warming sensation. You'll get hard quick and stay hard. She'll love the taste & smell. You'll both love the smooth lubricating qualities. You owe it to yourself to try it now.

$5.00 each. **No. 1816 Erection Oil . . .**
No. 1817 Erection Cream

H. Svenson Co., Dept. S165, Box 505, Van Nuys, Ca. 91408

Gentlemen: Please rush me in plain sealed wrapper the items I have listed below. I hereby certify that I am over the age of 18.

ITEM NO.	ITEM DESCRIPTION and/or SIZE	PRICE

☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ Money Order
☐ Send COD. I enclose a $3 non-refundable service fee.

Total amount of order _____
Add $1 for postage & handling **$1.00**
Calif. residents add 6% sales tax _____
If desired, add $2 for airmail _____
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Name (please print) _____

Address _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____



REAL SEX!

Live girls with live needs want to GET YOU OFF OVER THE PHONE

Call us or we'll call you either way, we guarantee you will CUM to love us.

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CHINA NYMPHO CREAM

Want to be remembered as her most fulfilling sex partner? Want to be responsible for her experiencing intense multiple orgasms? CHINA NYMPHO CREAM is a secret blend of ointments used in the Orient for generations to arouse women and make them eager for love. Apply liberally to her vagina during foreplay and her tissues will become ultra-sensitive, slippery and tingle with desire. A desire that can only be satisfied by intercourse and she'll beg you for it! Stock No. 1174 only $12.95 with complete instructions. C.N.C., Dept. 5398, 6311 Yucca St., Hollywood, Ca. 90028.

MOVIE CAPER

(continued from page 120)

spot another one. Fortunately, with my passengers in the back, the cops couldn't try any fancy shooting.

Somewhere up in those hills I finally lost the cops. I drove around until I was absolutely sure. Then I pulled off the road to a spot where I wouldn't be bothered and stopped the truck. Now I had to take care of another problem—the migrant workers.

Jumping to the ground, I grabbed the biggest rock I could find, ready to fight. I needn't have bothered. They were already running off into the trees. Then I reached for one of the boxes remaining in the bed of the truck and tore it open, anxious to see what was so valuable about my cargo.

Instead of auto parts, it contained neatly stacked videocassettes. I stood there like an asshole for a minute, wondering exactly what the hell I had gotten myself into. I was as pissed as I'd been four years before when we blew the bank job. All I wanted to do was find Roy McCoy, tear off his head and shit in the hole.

I wasn't forgetting Sally either. I figured the whole thing was probably fixed from the start. I could imagine the two of them working it out. *Run out and find me a chump, darling. Pick some jerk in a bar. Fuck his brains out. When he's tightly wrapped, hand him over to me.*

* * *

Sally's was the only car in the garage when I got back to town two hours later. I knocked on the McCoys' front door so hard, my fist hurt.

"What the hell is going on?" Sally asked, tentatively opening the door. "First the police called about the truck in a hit and run and then—"

I pushed a cassette into her face. "You tell me what the hell's goin' on!" I snapped. "You and your husband in the porno business or what?!"

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"I'm talking about the truckloads of videocassettes I've been driving up to San Francisco for Roy, and about a bunch of guys who wanted to kill me for them this afternoon."

Sally looked straight at me and put a hand out, as if she thought I might hit her. "I still don't know what you're talking about," she said evenly.

I believed her, for no special reason. She just wasn't lying, and I knew it.

"Do you have a videotape machine around?" I asked.

"In the living room."

She slapped a cassette into the Betamax, and the first thing I saw—a guy tied up in a bedroom—made me sure this was a kinky bondage movie. But when two of Hollywood's biggest stars came on the scene, and we watched more of the action, it became obvious the movie was something quite different.

"I don't get it," I said. "It's not even porno. He hired me to drive around copies of some old movie."

"It's not an old movie," Sally replied. "It's a comedy called *Your Place or Mine?* It's been out only a few weeks."

Staring at the screen, I tried to make some sense out of the last few hours.

"Do you know who Terence Martin is?" Sally asked.

"I've seen his limo. I once sold his chauffeur half a dozen donuts—glazed."

Two kinds of rich people live in Santa Cruz. There are the Mafia kingpins, retired from the rackets now and preferring the fishing on the West Coast to Miami or Atlantic City. Then there're the movie moguls—people like the real Clint Eastwood, across the bay in Carmel. And in the hills near the McCoy's place, Terence Martin.

"We went to his house once for dinner," she said. "He's a friend of Roy's director."

"Kenny Anderson? The guy from the TV commercials?"

She nodded. "Kenny worked on *Your Place or Mine?* when he was a film student in L.A. It's Martin's newest movie, a very big deal."

We watched the cassette a few moments more. "Kenny must have gotten hold of a negative of the film and run off some copies," I guessed. "They'd bring pretty good money. Roy never said anything about this?"

"We never really talked about his business." She paused for a second. "The men who tried to get the tapes, were they Mexicans?"

"Yeah, why?" I asked.

"I don't know. But Martin had four gardeners. I noticed them when we were up there, because it seemed sort of funny that they'd still be around the house after dark. They were awfully big men. It just struck me that maybe—"

"Where's Roy? I'd like to talk to him."

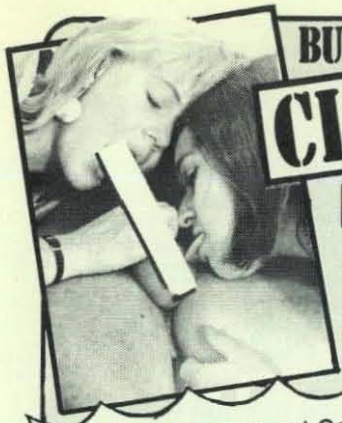
"I don't know. I thought he'd be with you. After you called, he went right out to meet you."

"Called? I never called here."

Her face went white. "About an hour ago he said you wanted to meet him at Frontell's."

* * *

We drove to the donut shop in Sally's LTD. The CLOSED sign up in the window didn't make sense at eight in the evening. Roy's car was parked to one side of the store. I let us in with my key.



BULK CLEARANCE SALE!

BUY IN BULK AT A FRACTION OF RETAIL!!

GUARANTEED! $200.00 TOTAL VALUE

NOW ONLY $9.95 PER LOT PLUS YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS!!



Everything must go! Odd lots of our hottest and best selling titles must be cleared out to make room for our new inventory! Get a FREE X-Rated catalog with your order for helping us out!

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4. BIZARRE FILM CONTENT— Available but cannot be described in this ad.
5. PIGTAILS & PUSSY - Tight young pussies with braided hair let anyone turn them on!!
6. BIZARRE FILM CONTENT— Available but cannot be described in this ad.
7. GROUP ACTION - A horny group of 4 get together for some fiery-hot forbidden action!
8. ANAL ORGY - This raunchy fuck-queen took it in the back-door, the front and the mouth!!
9. PLEASURE PET - The most forbidden of all sex - much too hot to describe here!!
10. HARD HUMPERS - The best fucking and sucking from a trio of hot & horny sex freaks!!

$200.00 JOB LOT SALE! — HARDCORE FILMS — This Lot #2 ONLY $9.95

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2. BIZARRE FILM CONTENT— Available but cannot be described in this ad.
3. BIZARRE FILM CONTENT— Available but cannot be described in this ad.
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9. BIZARRE FILM CONTENT— Available but cannot be described in this ad.
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3. BEST OF PRINCE - Horny blond European foxes who hop from bed to bed and never get enough!
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6. TABOO SEX - Oral, anal, lesbian - it's here! Super-hot fucking with wild and insatiable women!
7. WHORES OF DENMARK - The best whores in the world shown in every imaginable sex-act!
8. DUKE & DUCHESS - European royalty shown fucking themselves silly and eating it, too!
9. BLOND NYMPHOS - Beautiful blond foxes with big tits and wet pussies get stiff cocks & come!
10. BACKDOOR HONIES - Little tarts who like it in the rear - and get it there from every angle!!

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1. RELIEVE IMPOTENCE - Limp men have lasted for hours with this sex formula!!
2. ASSURE FEMALE ORGASM - She'll come again & again & beg for more with this formula.
3. GET HER HOT FAST - With this formula she'll be naked & begging in only a few minutes!
4. MAKE HER SUCK - She'll gobble up your goodies for hours after you use this formula!!
5. INTENSIFY YOUR ORGASM - It will feel better, longer and as often as you like. Works anytime!
6. DELAY MALE CLIMAX - This formula will make you last so long she'll scream for relief!!
7. RUBBER PENIS - This full-sized rubber penis will erase her doubts about orgasm forever!!
8. FRENCH TICKLERS - An assortment for sex delights that'll make her beg, squirm and moan!
9. ARTIFICIAL VAGINA - Feels like the real thing! Washable, re-useable - you'll love it's action!
10. PENIS EXTENSION - The extra inches that'll make her come for sure! She'll love the "new you"!

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WITH ANY TWO JOB LOTS ☐ $14.95

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ADD $1.00 POSTAGE PER JOB LOT!

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- ☐ JOB LOT #4 SUPER-HOT SEX AIDS $9.95

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BE SURE TO ADD $1.00 POSTAGE PER JOB LOT!

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Give your favorite lover the VIP treatment with this flexible, multi-speed vibrator. It has all the best features: It's flexible and textured. And now it's variable speed! A quick twist at the base adjusts the vibrator from a low tingle to a powerful throb. Made of pliable rubber. It yields to body contours, a full 8" long. Only $9.95. If you are not completely satisfied your money will be refunded in full.

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That's what STAY-DROPS will do for you! Apply to your penis before intercourse and STAY-DROPS will gently dull the sensation in your penile nerves. Now you can stay HARDER, BIGGER and STIFFER giving her the kind of huge organ she has always wanted from you!

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POW PRODUCTS Dept. 5398
7313 Melrose Ave. Los Angeles, CA. 90046

It smelled really terrible inside. The burning, putrid aroma came from the kitchen. What was left of Roy McCoy's naked body was bobbing up and down like an overstuffed donut in a vat of boiling hot grease turned up to 375°. I was certain it was Roy only when I spotted his orange leisure suit piled next to the vat on the floor.

I turned around too late to prevent Sally from following me into the room. She let out a little gurgling sound when she saw her husband. We found Ruth, the girl who worked evenings, bound and gagged in the back of the store. I shut off the deep fry and went to untie her. She started talking as soon as I got the gag out of her mouth.

"They came in, two of them, and they had him take off his clothes," she said. "They kept saying they wanted a movie or something. It didn't make any sense. He kept saying he didn't know about any movies. It was awful, the sound he made when they put him in the grease. It was even worse when he stopped screaming."

"Get him out of there!" Sally cried, staring into the fryer.

I tried to fish him out with a strainer, but he was too heavy. His body resembled one enormous blister as he rolled over onto his back. I hope some day I can forget what his face looked like.

I took Sally and Ruth into the front room. Then I went back into the kitchen and ran through the pockets of Roy's leisure suit, found his address book and made two calls.

After sending Ruth home, I sat with Sally for a moment. She was sobbing softly. I went over my plans carefully. We didn't have much time.

Sally was to drive her car to a phone booth up the road. Half an hour later she would call the police, and then she'd come back for me.

I let her out the back and then closed the door, leaving it unlocked. In one of the flour sacks I hid one of Roy's guns, which Sally had given me. It wasn't a Magnum—just a little Colt—but having it there made me feel more secure.

Terence Martin was right on time. Dressed in a maroon-velour jump suit, he was a handsome man, reminding me of one of the Kennedys. He seemed annoyed.

"I don't like coming here," he said as soon as I'd opened the door.

"I thought you might want to see firsthand the kind of work your men do," I told him. "You can smell it from here."

Directly behind him, big as life, came the two Mexicans I'd met on the highway. One of them had bandages on his face and his arm in a sling. There were grease stains on the other one's jeans, probably from pushing McCoy into the vat.

"Check him out," Martin said, taking out a .45.

The goons were none too gentle. I was glad I'd stashed my gun. We finished the preliminaries and got down to business. "You said on the phone you had my negative," Martin began.

"I said I knew where it was. You killed the wrong guy, Terry. Roy McCoy was just someone in the middle."

"So what? He was a slob. Where's the negative?"

"In good time."

"Don't jerk me off, friend. Do you have any idea of the kind of money you're dealing with here?"

"What do you get these days for a killing?" I asked, baiting him.

"You bastards grabbed my negative and made those copies!" Martin hollered. "What were they bringing you? Five hundred a tape?"

I didn't answer.

"I'd like to know how the fuck you got your hands on the negative," he said.

"What are you going to say when you win the Oscar, Terry? 'I'd like to thank the Crisco Oil Company, without whose help'—"

One of the goons hit me across the face. "Shut the fuck up!" Martin snarled.

Outside, I could barely hear a car pulling into the parking lot. I prayed it was the person responding to my second phone call.

"How many tapes have you cocksuckers sold?" Martin persisted.

"I'm not the guy to ask," I replied. "Up until today I thought I was delivering auto parts."

"Then what's all this bullshit about getting me down here?" he said, waving his gun angrily.

The knock on the door was right on cue.

"Come in, Kenny," I said.

Kenny Anderson—the director—warily walked into the room, also carrying a gun. "You're upsetting my schedule, Lombardi," he said. "If you'll just hand over the cassettes."

"The motherfucking film student!" Martin screamed. "I knew it had to be someone from the crew."

Kenny's eyes grew cold. "That's right, Mr. Martin," he said. "The crew who directs your fucking movie while you sit back in your trailer and get head from every bitch who wants a part in the picture. I've put out so many cassettes of *Your Place or Mine?* it'll be a miracle if there's anyone left to see it in a theater."

"I'll eat your balls for breakfast," Martin growled.

All at once the place turned into a shooting gallery with Martin, Kenny and the goons firing simultaneously. Kenny's shot missed Martin, catching one of the goons in the chest. Three other shots hit Kenny. He fell over in a heap.

Moving fast, I managed to kick Martin in the groin, and he doubled up in pain. As I ran for the kitchen, the other goon turned and came after me.

Reaching the flour sack, I came up with Roy's gun and fired away. The goon dropped to the floor, clutching his shoulder. I could hear a car honking once and then a second time in the alley. That meant Sally was waiting for me, and the police would be there in a couple of minutes.

I raced out to her LTD, jumped in the backseat, and we burned rubber getting the hell out of there. A few miles up Mission Street we passed several police cars, but they didn't notice us at all. For a while, at least, we were home free.

"I waited as long as I could to call them," Sally said. "Just like you told me to."

I didn't say a word. Oddly enough, I wasn't thinking about any of the things that had happened that day or during the weeks before. Not about Roy or the guy I'd just shot. Not even about my daughter, my ex-wife or her new boyfriend. Instead, I was remembering the slow nights at Tony's Tropicana when Wes Ryley would sing the saddest songs he knew, and how good it felt to join in the harmony when you were a little drunk and sorry.

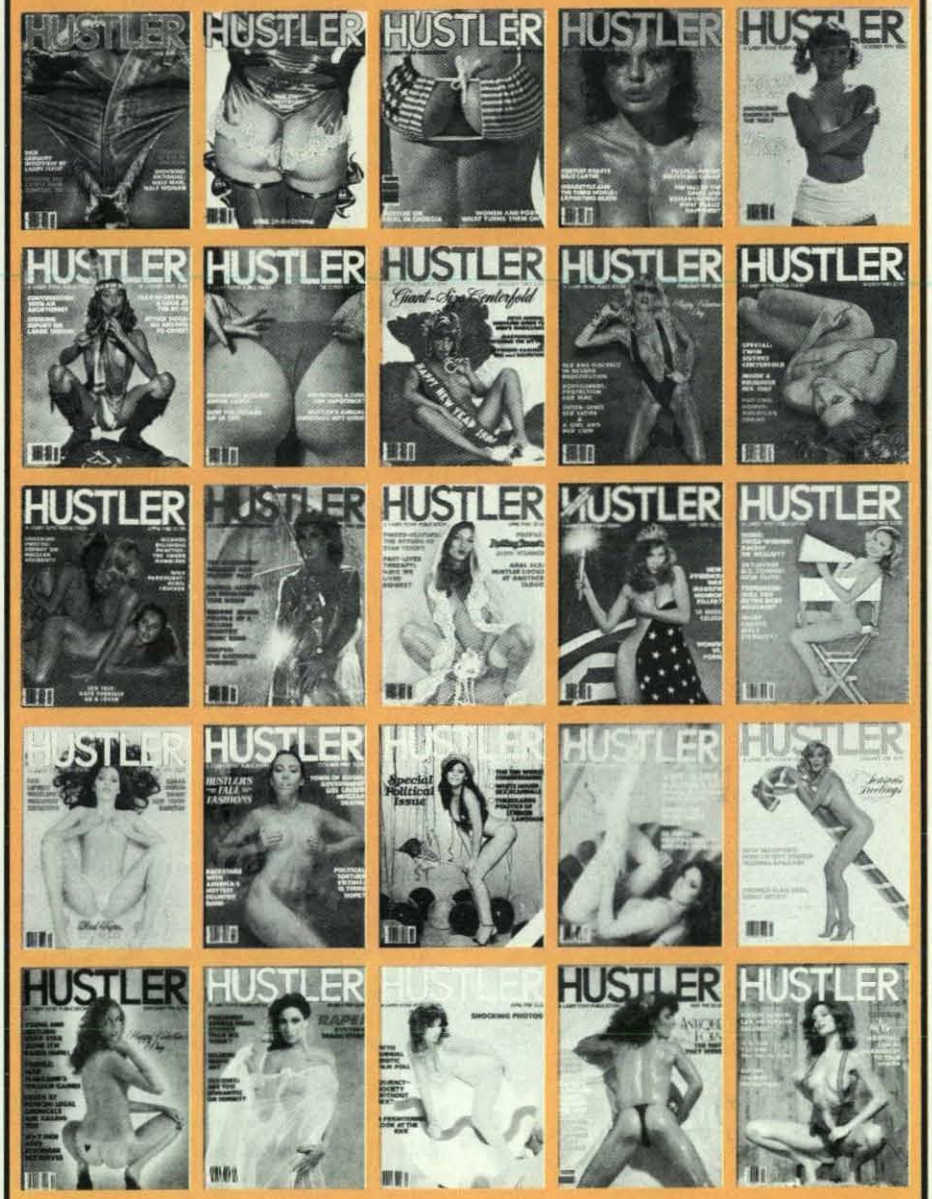
"I don't know where you're planning on heading," Sally said as she headed for the airport. "But I've got some money. It's what Roy would have owed you anyway. My family's in North Carolina, just outside of Durham. Their name is Rogers. You can look them up in the directory. When this is all over, I'll be going back there."

She touched my arm gently, just the way she did when we first met at the Tropicana. I got the same warm, prickly sensation in my crotch I felt that first time.

"Here, this is for the plane ride," she said, handing me a paper bag. Inside were half a dozen donuts.

We drove the rest of the way to the airport with dreams as big as the smiles on our faces. My mind was already made up. Just the thought of lying low in North Carolina, waiting a year for the statute of limitations to run out, with a real woman to keep me company, made me feel warm all over.

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PROFILE: FUNZI TIERI

(continued from page 98)

sumed control of the Genovese family. At the same time, the FBI assigned Special Agent Jim E. Moody to begin a more-concerted investigation of the Mafia boss's suspected criminal activities. Ten days following Eboli's murder Moody caught up with Tieri, who was returning from a cruise to the Bahamas, and interviewed him aboard the liner *Oceanic* before he cleared customs. The two of them played a cat-and-mouse conversational game, not unlike many others that would occur during meetings over the next six years.

"What's the problem?" Tieri asked Moody. "Why do you bother me when I'm on vacation with my family? I never give you no problems. You can always see me at home when you want to talk. The FBI makes me very important, but I am a very simple man. I go to work [at Endicott Sportswear]. I go home."

"The FBI carries [recognizes] you as acting boss of the Genovese family of La Cosa Nostra," Moody countered. "We're going to be watching you very closely."

"But I'm a good Catholic," Tieri protested. "I go to church every week. I can't understand why people talk about me like that. It's very bad. Tell your stool pigeons to speak the truth about me."

Tieri ended the conversation by telling the Fed that everyone—his wife America, her sister and husband, and his grandson—all had a very nice time in Nassau.

"I forgot, you know all about that," joked Tieri. "Your people were following me, right?"

After that exchange between Moody and Tieri, the FBI did what it promised—logging thousands of hours of surveillance as it tried to pinpoint the mobster's contacts with other known criminals. They watched his Brooklyn home, his dress shop and even the residence of his mistress, Rita Perilli, a former opera singer Tieri brought back from Italy many years before on a visit to his homeland.

Perilli was not his only lover. A mile and a half from his home lives a woman whose two children, now in their late 20s, were fathered by Tieri. Underworld sources insist still another Brooklyn family owes its existence to the prolific Mob boss.

"This guy was supposed to be a real animal," said one confidential law-enforcement source, commenting on Tieri's extramarital exploits. "I heard stories about him going from one broad's house to another in the same night."

Eventually the FBI got wise to an even more important reason for Tieri's frequent visits to Rita Perilli's home. He was using it as a safe place to meet with top Tieri *capos*, or "captains," such as Fat Dom Alongi, Buster Ardito, Fat Larry Palladino, Benny Squint, Fat Tony Salerno and Benny Eggs Mangano.

The FBI formally served notice that it meant business by arresting Tieri on his 69th birthday, charging him with loansharking. Before he could stand trial, he was arrested again on an additional loansharking rap. Tieri managed to obtain several postponements because of ill health—he had a history of throat cancer, gallbladder and heart problems, jaundice, diabetes and eye disorders. By the time he recovered, other mobsters who had been indicted along with Tieri were acquitted, and the government dropped both charges against him.

It was during the early 1970s that stories began to emerge of contrasting patterns in Tieri's personality. He had long been considered a tightwad. At his daughter Antoinette's wake, for example, he actually placed a "book" in the back of the funeral parlor—a traditional custom for families in financial straits.

Mourners who wish to donate write their names and addresses in the book to facilitate sending a thank-you card. Usually a representative of the grieving family stands near the book and collects envelopes full of cash as guests leave the chapel. Obviously, Tieri didn't need any contributions to pay for his daughter's funeral.

But, in contrast, he was known as a soft touch in the sordid and dangerous business of loansharking. A Tieri underling once made a $4,000 loan to a businessman. When the guy fell several months behind in his payments, it was suggested it was time to get tough with him. The Godfather shook his head.

"Look, we've made thousands on him since he took the loan three years ago," Tieri told an associate. "Even if he dies tomorrow, we're way ahead."

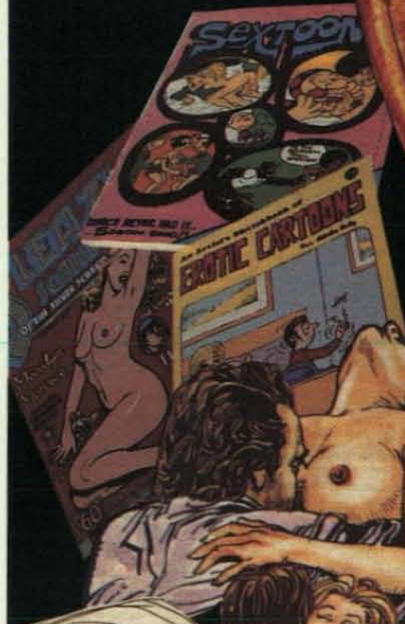
On another occasion a compulsive gambler fell into serious debt with the Tieri family. "The guy's a sickie, and we've made a fortune off him," Tieri supposedly told one of his lieutenants. "Give him an easy payment schedule. Whatever we get from him, even if it's ten bucks a week, will be gravy."

If Tieri was both cheap and compassionate, he also possessed one essential quality a Mafia don needs to reign and survive: the ability to intimidate. During his 1980 trial a government witness—former loan shark Joseph Cantalupo—testified that his uncle, Sal

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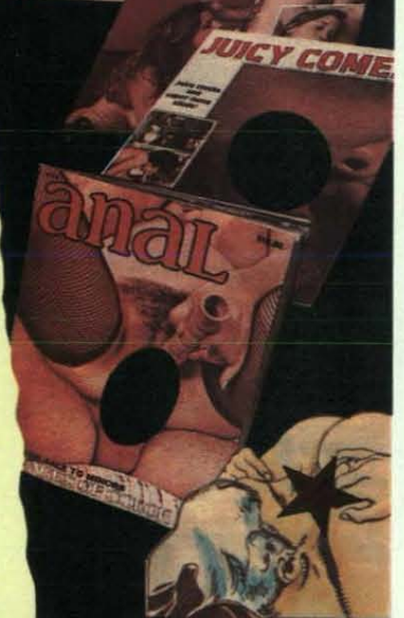
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Palotta, wanted to sell pizza to Eddie Arcaro's Restaurant in Brooklyn. (The dining spot is named for the renowned jockey, although he has no financial interest in the place.) But Tieri, Cantalupo said, demanded the pizza be sold to a rival eatery owned by a close friend.

"If your uncle thinks he's going to put pizza in Eddie Arcaro's, he's better off putting pizza in Scarpaci's," Tieri allegedly told Cantalupo, pointing to the funeral parlor across the street from where they were talking.

So where did Palotta sell his pizzas? Nowhere. He got so scared, he sold his share of the business.

Tieri was a master at putting the squeeze on terrified businessmen. Yet he was also capable of more-subtle behavior to avoid antagonizing law-enforcement agencies. He took pride in the civilized way he behaved toward FBI men.

In 1973, for example, Special Agent Jim Moody complained to Tieri about the conduct of one of his Mob underlings. Pasquale (Paddy Mack) Macchiarole, a Queens loan shark with a violent temper, had verbally abused an FBI agent who informed him his voice had been heard on a court-ordered wiretap. Macchiarole proceeded to threaten the agent and made disparaging remarks about the agent's wife—behavior considered to be low-class in Mob circles.

"Why do you come to me?" Tieri asked Moody.

"I keep hearing that Paddy Mack works for you," he replied. "And I would like to know if this is how you tell your people to treat agents of the FBI."

"FBI agents have a job to do, and they behave like gentlemen," Tieri observed. "I do not want any trouble with the FBI. I will talk to Paddy Mack about this."

A few days later Macchiarole apologized to the agent, and the incident was forgotten. But the headstrong hood never did learn to curb his ambition. Four years later, shortly after getting caught skimming money from Mob receipts, his body was found wrapped in a plastic bag in the trunk of his car. He had been shot countless times in the head at close range—a typical gangland slaying. Also typical was the fact that the murder was never solved, although law-enforcement officials believe Tieri ordered the hit.

While the government worked around the clock to collect increasingly damaging evidence against Tieri, the Don of Dons continued to pursue his customary business interests and personal pleasures. On Sunday, June 29, 1980, he took his mistress—Rita Perilli—to a wedding reception in Amityville, Long Island. Later he returned to Brooklyn to visit Club Napoli, a social club he often used for important meetings with other Mafia members. The following morning FBI agents knocked on his door at an early hour and placed the Godfather under arrest. They could have arrested him on Sunday, or perhaps even the previous Friday—the day cops normally deliver bad news in order to spoil a criminal's weekend. The beginning of the end, though, didn't come until Monday.

Such an arrest normally wouldn't bother someone of Funzi Tieri's stature. Obviously, he thought, it was something his lawyers could readily handle. Perhaps it had something to do with the Westchester Premier Theater scandal. Two years earlier several mobsters, including a Tieri henchman, had been convicted of skimming profits from and bankrupting the Tarrytown, New York, playhouse. The story had attracted a lot of publicity because Frank Sinatra and Mob boss Carlo Gambino were implicated in the trial.

Or maybe it was a loansharking charge stemming from a minor flea-market venture four years before.

Funzi was shocked when indictment #80 CR 381—*the United States of America* v. *Frank Tieri*—was unsealed later that day. The eight-page document accused him of being the boss of a Mafia family, an unprecedented legal maneuver in the long war against organized crime. It alleged seven separate crimes from 1967 through 1977.

The accusations were drawn under the ten-year-old federal "racketeering" statute, officially named the Racketeer Influenced and Corrupt Organizations Act (RICO). The law was passed specifically to go after big-time mobsters like Funzi Tieri. In order to win a conviction, the prosecution need only prove that a defendant had committed two major crimes during a ten-year period.

The old man's lawyers admitted to HUSTLER that they sensed defeat even before the trial started. They felt the government's charge that Tieri was the boss of a Mafia family would create insurmountable legal prejudice against him. Their only real hope was to prevent the case from ever getting to court—the old "too-sick-to-stand-trial" trick. It had worked before for crooks, politicians and some who were both. Richard M. Nixon, for example, had successfully used an alleged case of phlebitis to excuse him from testifying during the Watergate scandal. Such a ploy didn't seem unreasonable in Tieri's case. He had a long history of medical problems, including high blood pressure.

Anticipating Tieri's first line of defense, the prosecution team had ordered the FBI to follow Tieri everywhere he



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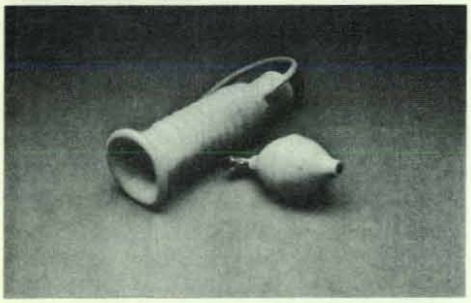
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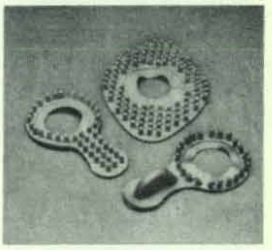


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went during the six weeks before his arrest. Prosecutor Nick Akerman reasoned—quite correctly, it turned out—that if he could show Tieri was a fairly spry and active 76-year-old, he could knock down any doctor's diagnosis arguing that the defendant was not physically capable of withstanding the rigors of a lengthy trial.

Fitness to stand trial is a judicial decision based only partly on medical evidence. Just to play it safe, however, Akerman hired Dr. Meyer (Bad News) Texon to examine Tieri for the government. Texon, who *never* testifies for the defense ("I'm usually bad news for them," he said in a pretrial hearing), has a unique theory about the effects of stress on persons with heart problems. Contrary to established medical doctrine, he feels stress has no effect on an already-damaged heart. He explains away complications like strokes, heart attacks and sudden death as "due to the inherent nature and progressive course of the disease." Texon, of course, testified that Tieri was healthy enough to stand trial.

To refute the psychiatric testimony of doctors who diagnosed the gangster as unable to understand the charges against him and incapable of assisting in his defense, Akerman put on the stand an FBI agent who had interviewed Tieri four days before his arrest, as well as an employee at Tieri's dress shop, Endicott Sportswear.

The agent, Frank Lazarra, had gone to see Tieri about Alphonse (Allie Boy) Persico, convicted underboss of the Colombo family who had jumped $250,000 bail three days earlier. Lazarra testified that Tieri appeared to recognize him from a previous interview and seemed lucid and alert during a 15-minute talk.

"When I mentioned Persico, Mr. Tieri said he knew that he had left [jumped bail]," said Lazarra. He thought it was a terrible thing that the man had taken off, that he was going to cause his family a great deal of untold grief for no reason. But Tieri said he couldn't do anything about it, Lazarra recalled, "because he wasn't active in the streets anymore."

The superintendent at Endicott Sportswear then testified that for the 13 years she worked there, Tieri had "come in an hour or two a day, no more, no less; and when he is there, he deals with customers."

Judge Griesa decided Tieri was fit to defend himself.

* * *

The month-long trial saw the prosecution team confront Tieri with four unsavory individuals who had turned state's evidence in return for protection by the government's Secret Witness Program. Among them were Aladena (Jimmy the Weasel) Fratianno, who had previously admitted to five murders and perjury; Ralph (Little Ralphie) Picardo, an extortionist, thief and alleged murderer; Herbert Gross, a numbers operator; and Joseph Cantalupo, an extortionist, loan shark, robber and fence. Despite the foursome's questionable reliability, the prosecution intended to dramatize their past contacts with Tieri to graphically demonstrate the mobster's pattern of racketeering.

Nick Akerman called Fratianno as his leadoff witness to create the proper atmosphere for the jury. After the soft-spoken, bespectacled ex-hood described his induction into the Mafia and the consequences of not adhering to its code of silence, he detailed the now-familiar structure of the crime family from the lowly "soldier," or worker, to the ruling boss, or general. Fratianno, who became a "made member" in 1948, testified he was a "soldier" for all the years he bounced around between the Chicago and Los Angeles families, except from 1975 to 1977, when he served as an acting boss in L.A.

It was in that capacity, while he was in New York to catch the first of three Frank Sinatra concerts at the Westchester Premier Theater in April 1976, that Fratianno first met Tieri in a Manhattan candy store.

"It was . . . like a little coffee shop," he said of the inauspicious meeting place. "There were some stools and a counter. He was on the other side of the counter, and I was on this side."

"Who do they call the Weasel?" Tieri tested.

When Fratianno owned up to his nickname—which he said nobody called him to his face—Tieri asked rather sternly, "What are you doing, going and seeing Joe Bonanno?"

The Weasel, well-aware of the banishment to Arizona of the lone surviving boss from the 1930s, denied ever meeting with Bonanno. "He told me that according to the Commission, there's a rule that nobody can talk to Joe Bonanno. He was thrown out of the family, and nobody should even talk to him. I told him I understood."

Fratianno testified that the Commission—the Cosa Nostra body that purportedly resolves jurisdictional disputes and grievances, and decides major policy issues—consisted of each New York crime boss and Joey Aiuppa, the boss of Chicago. While his revelation about the Commission was unrelated to any of the six Tieri crimes that supposedly formed a "pattern of racketeering activity," it was later put to

devastating use by the prosecution.

Joseph Cantalupo, a former real-estate broker who spied on the Mob for four years, next testified that Tieri, Carlo Gambino, Joseph Colombo and three other men he didn't recognize met in his Brooklyn apartment in 1969. Colombo, his mentor in the Mafia, had merely asked for the use of his apartment, and he complied without questioning his boss.

"I had my wife make a large pot of black coffee [espresso], go out and buy two pounds of Italian cookies, set the table for six, and asked her to stay out for a part of the evening. I sat [outside] on the stoop and kept my eyes open."

The disclosure of that meeting would have subsequent significance in the trial.

Next came the chilling, descriptive and sometimes-amusing testimony of Herbert Gross, an articulate 64-year-old college graduate who once studied violin at the prestigious Juilliard School of Music. During the late 1960s Gross had been a partner in a Mob-operated New Jersey numbers bank—a multimillion-dollar gambling scheme popular in urban ghettoes.

In June 1969 Gross had been ordered by Vincent (Jimmy Sinatra) Craparatto, his numbers-bank partner, to stop making weekly interest payments on a $2,500 shylock debt to John (Johnny Dee) DeGilio. Craparatto issued the directive because his partner was using business funds to pay a debt. Gross initially protested because he "never welched" on a debt before. Nevertheless, Gross stopped paying and was relieved a few days later to learn that arbiter Bayonne Joe Zicarelli had ruled for Gross in a sitdown—a kind of kangaroo court called to resolve differences of opinion between mobsters.

But his peace of mind and body was short-lived. Paddy Mack Macchiarole, who had been in Florida and missed the sitdown, didn't like the outcome and ordered Gross beaten to "precipitate" another sitdown. Gross was confronted by a bunch of hoods in a Lakewood, New Jersey, hotel room, where he was recovering from "kidney problems."

"By the time Johnny Dee reached the bed, there was a knife in his hand, a clasped knife, and he had opened the blade," Gross testified. "He held the point of the blade to my abdomen. Jerry Nap stayed just below him on his right. Red DeFazio came 'round the foot of the bed and approached the head of the bed where I was lying. Jerry Nap started pounding away at my genital area. Red DeFazio kept pounding me in the left eye, and left side of my face and jaw."

Gross had the jurors leaning forward to hear his every word. He next recalled finding himself face-to-face with Tieri at Resource Sales, a Manhattan clothing store operated by a Tieri lieutenant.

"When I first got abreast of him, I saw a huge diamond ring on his finger," Gross recalled. "The diamond was blue-white. It shone like a beacon on a locomotive. He was impeccably dressed in the height of fashion. He was not a heavy man. He was not a beefy man. He was of middle height, swarthy complexion. Without meaning any disrespect, he was hook-nosed."

What was about to take place was another secret sitdown, this time with Tieri on hand to be the judge of Gross's fate. The "prosecutor" that steamy summer day was Macchiarole. The outmanned defense was led by Anthony (Tumac) Accetturo, a New Jersey mobster. Aligned with him were Vincent Craparatto and his cousin from Sicily, Onofrio (Novio) Milazzo. Johnny Dee DeGilio sided with Macchiarole.

"This was a stand-up sitdown—no one sat," Gross testified, his eyes twinkling. "Instead of being seated, I was standing. My back was up against the wall." Before even a word was spoken, Gross learned in no uncertain terms what the outcome would be.

"You Jew bastard," Tieri croaked in a voice made permanently hoarse by his bout with throat cancer. "We're going to bury you."

When Tieri ruled that Gross would have to pay DeGilio $14,000, Macchiarole moved toward him, "no more than six inches away, nose to nose," and said: "You got two choices. Either you come up with the $14,000, or you run to the cops."

"I owe $2,500," Gross retorted. "That's all I'm paying, and I ain't running to the cops."

Hearing that, Tieri grasped Gross's hand and exclaimed, "He's a man!"

In her summation to the jury, prosecuting lawyer Barbara Jones adroitly tied the oblique testimony of Jimmy (The Weasel) Fratianno and Joseph Cantalupo together to buttress Gross's testimony about the Tieri sitdown, even though the witnesses had nothing to do with each other. She mentioned the meeting in Cantalupo's apartment and told the jury:

"The Commission described by Mr. Fratianno? Joseph Cantalupo didn't tell you that this was a meeting of the Commission to settle the disputes of La Cosa Nostra. He was not present inside that meeting nor a participant there. . . . But you can be sure that Frank Tieri was not at Joseph Cantalupo's apartment, *nor was he at a sitdown in Manhattan,* in his capacity as the owner of a clothing store

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in Brooklyn. . . . You can draw your own conclusions."

The inference to the jury was clear: Funzi Tieri was a crime boss who, together with a small and select group of individuals, made decisions that affected criminal activities across the country.

"There is no photographic or tape surveillance which in any way corroborates any claim" by Gross, Fratianno, Cantalupo or Picardo, argued Jay Goldberg, Tieri's chief counsel, during his closing arguments to the jury. He noted that in ten years of FBI and police surveillance, no lawman had ever seen Tieri with any of the four witnesses in the case. Then the lawyer zeroed in on Gross's story.

"Gross finds himself surrounded by some people who have already beaten him. And what happens? The decision comes down, he would have you believe, it is ordered [he] must pay $14,000. And what does this supposedly beaten, frightened man say? Does it make sense? This is the scenario. Appeal to your common sense. In the grand tradition of the western hero he looks at the judge [Tieri] and says, in effect, the heck with you, I owe $2,500, and that's all I'm even gonna be worried about, and I'm not even going to the cops.

"At this point what does he say happens when he is surrounded by these monsters? He says the judge presiding in this clothing store [Tieri] grabs his hand and says, 'He's a man!'. . . I mean, did the judge at least say to him, 'Would you like to buy some jeans at wholesale before you go?' "

Ironically, Gross's testimony about the stand-up sitdown was virtually identical to what he said six years earlier to a federal jury in Newark, New Jersey. Tieri, who had been arrested with eight others, was separated from that case for medical reasons. The jury actually acquitted all the defendants, including Johnny Dee DeGilio, Vincent (Jimmy Sinatra) Craparatto and Anthony (Tumac) Accetturo, because there was no independent corroboration to back up Gross. And six months later the government dismissed the charges against Tieri.

But the four-man, eight-woman jury in Tieri's 1980 trial *believed* Herbert Gross, indicating that much in a note sent to Judge Griesa during its deliberations. The jury wanted to know if it could convict Tieri of racketeering—with a maximum prison term of 20 years—if it believed he had committed only two of the six crimes, including the extortion of Gross. Judge Griesa informed the jury it could, under the RICO statutes.

During his valiant summation defense lawyer Goldberg gave the jury an example of the questionable corroboration of the government's four paid informants. "Jay Goldberg calls the police and says that Jeffrey Hoffman robbed him behind an oak tree in his backyard. The police respond and say, 'Well, you claim that Jeffrey Hoffman stuck you up in your backyard behind an oak tree?' "

"And I say, 'Yes.' "

"And they say, 'We would like . . . we want to see if there is some support for what you say.' "

"And I take them into my backyard, and I show them the oak tree."

Although the evidence against Tieri for any single crime seemed somewhat inconclusive, in two days the jury delivered a guilty verdict. Afterward, prosecutor Nick Akerman commented on Goldberg's "oak tree" theory of the government's proof. "The problem with that defense is there were four people under Tieri's oak tree," he replied.

* * *

For the first ten weeks of 1981 the Mafia's elder statesman remained secluded in his Brooklyn home, waiting for his appeal to be heard. If nothing else, while he spent the days playing with his grandchildren in the tree-shaded backyard and listening to *Pagliacci* on the stereo, he could point with pride to the fact that he had outlived all of his major contemporaries from the past 50 years—the scores of Mafia bosses and lieutenants who were assassinated by their own people. Undeniably, Tieri's charmed life as a don bore some remarkable parallels to the fictional antihero in Mario Puzo's novel *The Godfather.*

Both were immigrants from Italy. Both spoke in a croaking voice. Both did menial jobs on the Lower East Side of New York during the pre-Depression era. Both were involved in crime at an early age. Both showed no hesitancy in ordering the execution of gangland rivals who got in their way. And both wisely avoided dealing in narcotics while making carefully planned moves to the top of their profession.

Puzo's Don Vito Corleone finally died an old man, of a heart attack, in his garden with his grandson. Tieri died in the intensive-care unit of New York's Mount Sinai Hospital last March 29, receiving the last rites of the Catholic Church as his liver and kidneys failed and his heart gave out. Not only had the Don of Dons cheated the criminal system that convicted him, but his peaceful death was far more dignified than the bloody demise of other Mafiosos. Funzi Tieri died with considerable respectability—of natural causes.

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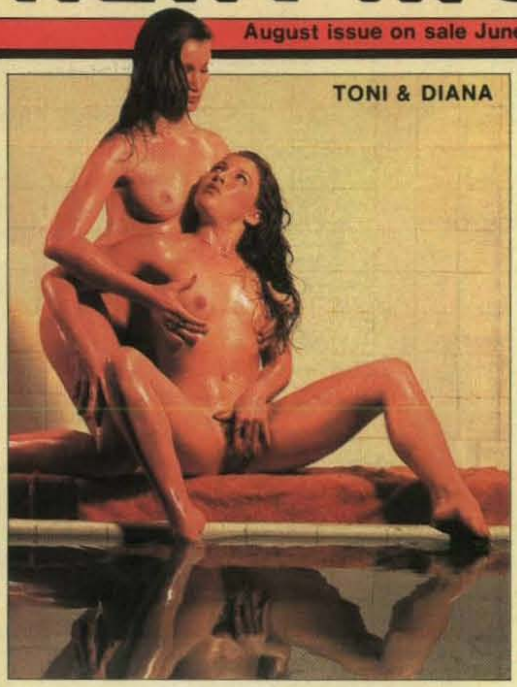
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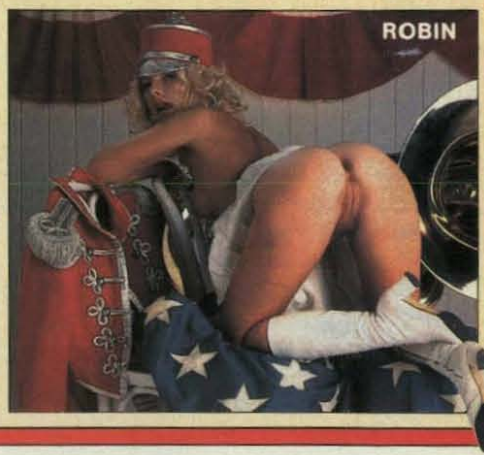
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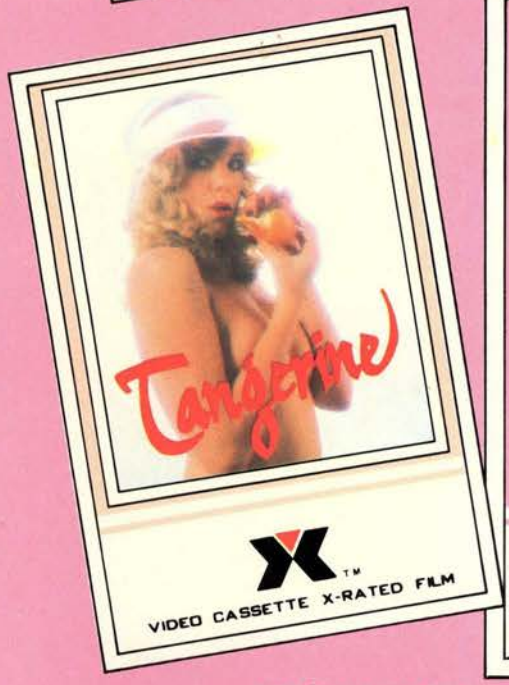

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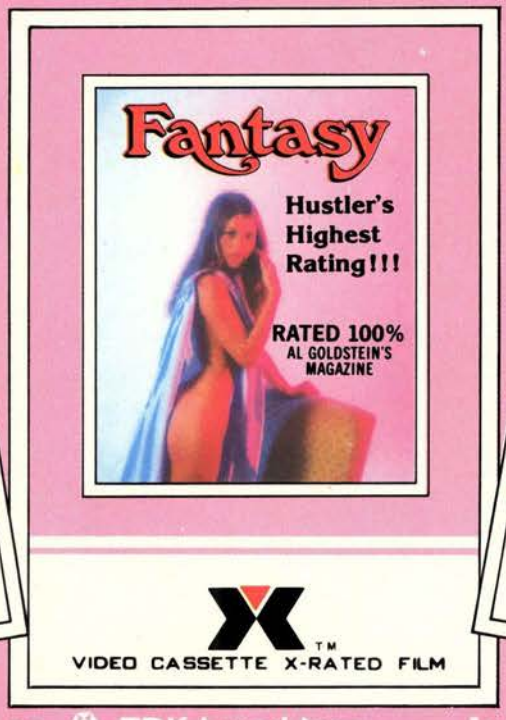
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