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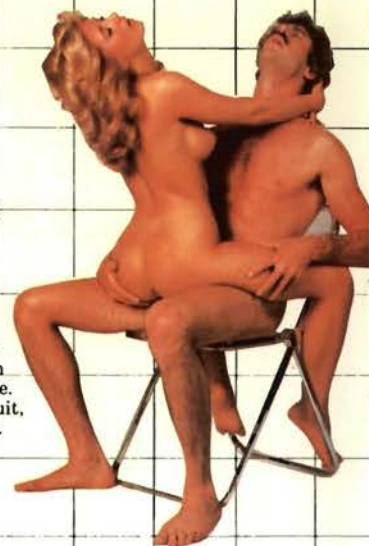
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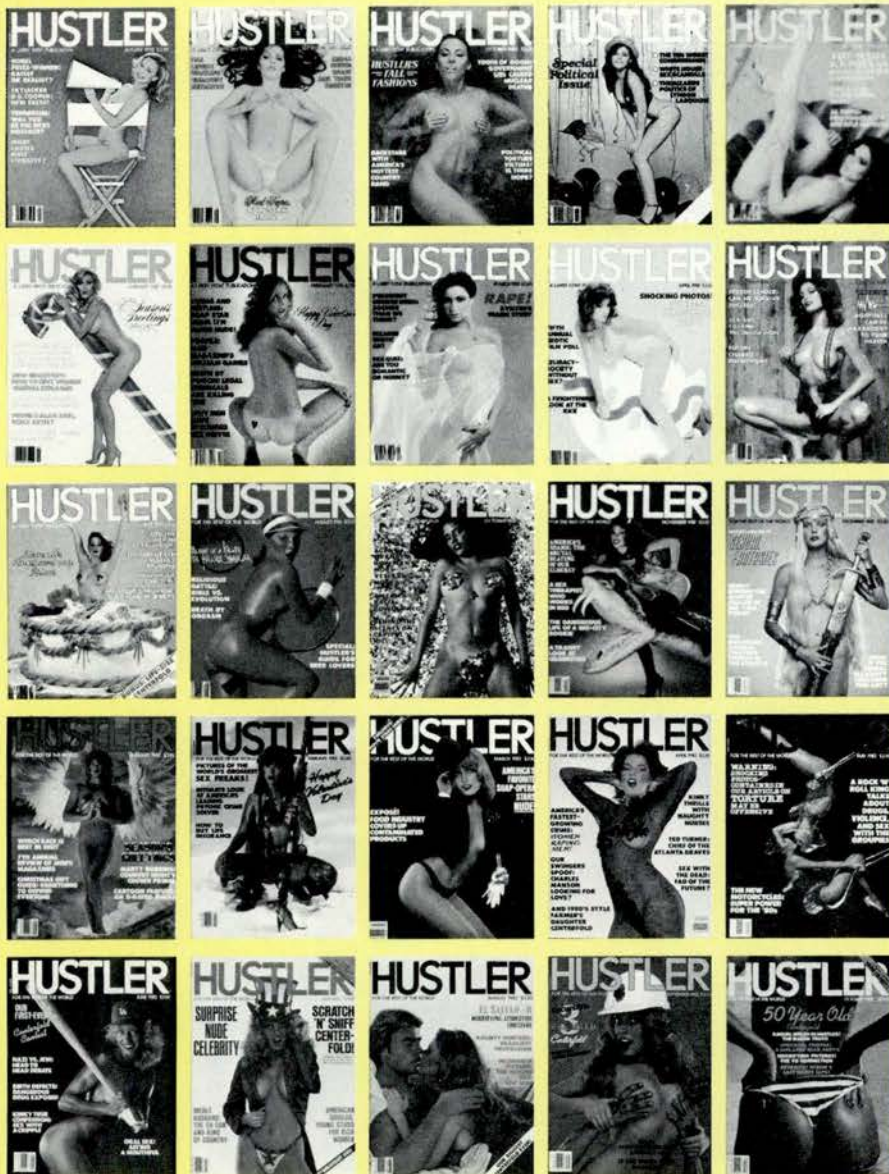
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PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



Double Standard?

I've been in the magazine business for eight years, and I've never seen so much hypocrisy as there's been about *Newsweek's* famous "nude" cover. That's the one that came out last June with a painting of a plain-looking woman who had her blouse peeled down to clearly expose her breasts, nipples and all.

Naturally, there were the predictable screams of protest from those self-righteous types who sit around waiting for something like this so they can complain about it. I'm not going to waste space talking about what hypocrites these people are. Besides, even though they convinced a few cowardly retailers to ban that issue, they couldn't prevent the overwhelming majority of newsstand dealers from selling the usual number of *Newsweek* copies.

That's where the real hypocrisy comes in. *Newsweek* can run bare breasts on its cover and not get hassled, because that's "art." All the publishers had to do is call it a "portrait," put artist William Bailey's name on it and start

counting the money from increased newsstand sales.

But if I ran a cover with the same pose, all hell would break loose. *HUSTLER* would be pulled off the newsstands all over the country. District attorneys would try to make a name for themselves by starting obscenity proceedings. And the national press (perhaps even *Newsweek*) would huff and puff and say, "HUSTLER has gone too far."

It's a hypocritical double

standard. Why is a painting by William Bailey any more a work of art than photography by our Clive McLean or Matti Klatt or James Baes? Some may think Bailey's work is better, but that doesn't put it in some other category. Art, like beauty, is in the eye of the beholder.

Meanwhile, the *Newsweek* people have been jumping all over themselves trying to deny that the nudity was chosen for any erotic value or with newsstand sales in mind.

Let's face it. There's only one purpose to a magazine cover—to sell the magazine. No accomplished magazine executive would tell you differently—unless he was also an accomplished liar. Well, I'm not a liar, and I'll tell you up front that the reason we put so much time and effort into our covers is to come up with the best possible designs so that more people will buy the magazine.

As I know you've noticed, the *inside* of *HUSTLER* is getting hotter and breaking more barriers. But even though I think our covers have gotten better, we don't show as much. The reason for that is simple. Since *HUSTLER* doesn't enjoy the privileges of a "respectable" magazine like *Newsweek*, why should we risk your losing the right to enjoy the good stuff *inside* by running a cover that's too hot for some retailers to put on the newsstands?

That's one reason why *HUSTLER* doesn't run covers like *Newsweek's*. The other is obvious: Who wants to look at a woman with such saggy tits?

ALTHEA FLYNT
Publisher

June 7, 1982 \$1.50
Newsweek
Art Imitates Life
The Revival of Realism





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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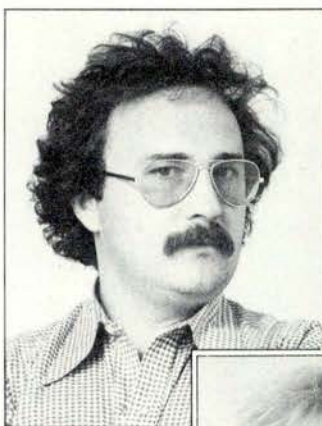
At HUSTLER we don't cut corners. We'll follow a controversial story from start to finish—no matter where it may lead us or how long it may take. When our writers tackle an assignment, they get out and acquire the material firsthand, whether it takes them around the block or around the world.

Earlier this year, HUSTLER assigned freelance writer **BRUCE HENDERSON** to cover the murder trial of porn star John Holmes. Besides attending the trial, Henderson pored over countless volumes of background material, collecting information for this month's profile, **THE RISE AND FALL OF JOHN HOLMES**. The result is a startling analysis of the once-undisputed king of the adult-film industry whose career was destroyed by cocaine, impotence and a fateful night in July 1981. Henderson, whose credits include *Esquire*, *TV Guide*, *Reader's Digest* and *Los Angeles* magazines, is no stranger to investigative reporting, as evidenced by his August HUSTLER article, *Bounty Hunters: Money, Adventure and Danger*.

HUSTLER wanted the inside story on the Haitian boat people, and we knew how to get it. Our writer, **PABLO F. FENJVES**, spent many months over the past year in residence on the Caribbean island, composing a series of articles, including the September CHIC feature, *Real-Life Zombies: The Bizarre Facts*. In **AMERICA'S SHAME: THE HAITIAN BOAT PEOPLE**, Fenjves exposes the rampant political corruption and social repression of the place from which so many are risking their lives to escape. A native of Venezuela who now resides in New York City, Fenjves has written for a number of international publications.

In the tradition of *Dirty Harry*, this month's fiction is a detective thriller. **BEN PESTA's THE PSYCHO** involves a homicidal maniac who terrorizes a city while a frantic police lieutenant tracks him down. The closing confrontation's a guaranteed shocker. Pesta, a frequent contributor to HUSTLER whose work has appeared in numerous national magazines, also teaches fiction to graduate students at the University of Southern California.

This month's *Sex Play*



Bruce Henderson



Pablo F. Fenjves



Ben Pesta

may sound like fiction to some, but it's a grim reality. **GENITAL MUTILATION** examines the primitive practice of cutting women's and children's clitorises and vulvae to prevent copulation. **VIRGINIA WHITCRAFT** reports on the painfully barbaric techniques many African, Asian and Islamic societies use to guarantee virginity at wedding time. Whitcraft is an editor at New York's *Village Voice* and has written for several publications. The artwork comes from freelance illustrator **JOHN ANDREWS**. A 1979 graduate of the Pasadena Art Center College of Design, Andrews landed his first freelance job with HUSTLER.

He's been with us ever since, and his work has also appeared in CHIC, GENTLEMAN'S COMPANION, *New West* and *Oui*.

Always on the lookout for new and unusual subjects for our pictorials, HUSTLER found Sir Dame, the **HERMAPHRODITE! A TRUE MAN/WOMAN!** Finding and photographing such a sexual oddity wasn't easy, but our staff managed to capture this unique individual from all angles. It's a rare look at a very rare kind of person.

It's not only finding the right subjects for our pictorials that's important. Creating the sets and layouts to surround them is just as essential—and just as challenging. To get just the right effects for **LATEX & LEATHER LADIES**, we clad our lovely models in the kinkiest items from the *Centurians*, the renowned catalog of unusual apparel we featured in our September pictorial *The World's Most Exotic Fetish Wear*. Then, from the dens of leather we turned onto a road of yellow bricks for an adventure **IN THE LAND OF AAAHS**. Creating this adult fantasy was a huge challenge for our prop and makeup crew. But, as you'll see, this pictorial will make you feel like you're right there in the famous story. Both these

fantasy pictorials were photographed by **CLIVE McLEAN**. The British-born McLean, no stranger to innovative erotic photography, is something of a pioneer in pink by virtue of his seven-year tenure as a HUSTLER staff photographer. But according to Clive, these two shootings were among his toughest assignments. We're sure you'll agree he came through like the pro he is.

From a courtroom in Los Angeles to an island in the Caribbean and on to lands of adult fantasy, HUSTLER has gone to great lengths to create an issue that has something for everyone. We started it—now you finish it. 🐾



Clive McLean with Latex & Leather Ladies

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(277P)

Three of a Kind: When I showed my friends your layout of *Trina: A Very Special Lady* (September), they didn't believe she was for real. Personally, I don't give a damn how many tits she has. My area of interest is about a foot and a half lower. And Trina has all the goods.

—Jack Samples
Portland, Oregon

The Bear Facts: Are you people kidding with this bear (*Danielle: The Bear Facts, Part I*, September)? Every time I think I've seen it all, you come up with something else. All I want to know is, did Danielle live to do *Part II*?

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Of course. The bear we used was fully trained. By now you've already seen Part II in the October issue. For a look at what happened after that, turn to page 19 of this issue.

Freak Show? HUSTLER is becoming the magazine that no one will want. Since Mrs. Flynt took it over, you've had a fat slob (*Lulu*) and a three-titted woman (*Trina*) for your centerfolds. Then I heard you would have a 50-year-old woman. Why doesn't Althea Flynt go back to what she was doing and let her husband pick the centerfolds? We can see freak shows on the street; we don't want to see them in HUSTLER.

—B. V.
Cleveland, Ohio



"Hey! That's not fair!"

Royal Humor: I was enjoying your July anniversary issue until I saw an item in *Bits & Pieces* that insulted Princess Diana and Prince Charles by superimposing their faces on a baby's body.



Trina: A Very Special Lady

Princess Diana is lovelier than any of the sluts who pose for your magazine. You people are the absolute lowest scum of the earth. You have no right to make fun of such beautiful people.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

After going through my many back issues of HUSTLER magazine, I have found that cartoonist John Billette's signature on his cartoons has become more legible. I'd be interested to know the reason for this. He's still one of the most creative cartoonists to grace the pages of your publication, if not the best.

—Doug Phillips
Santa Barbara, California

Mr. Billette's signature is indeed becoming more legible. Although he learned to draw when he was very young, he is only now learning to write.

I just wanted to let you know that I thought your September cartoon depicting hunters getting shot at by animals was great. It's the best cartoon you folks have ever printed.

Maybe if hunters did get shot at, these beautiful animals they kill would not be on the endangered list. I wish hunters would think about what they are doing. I think they would hang up their guns and never kill again.

—Christine Jarchow
Burnsville, Minnesota

Small Hope: We suggest that the man in *Skin Diving* in your August issue use some of the stuff advertised in the back of HUSTLER—such as "Hope for Small Men!"

—"The Girls"
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

A Real Lulu: We buy HUSTLER every month but *never* have we been as *disgusted* as we were with your August centerfold, *Lulu*.

HUSTLER has always been known for beautiful women—what the hell happened? Did you run out of them? This obese, disgusting, nauseating, pompous ass looks like a sick beached whale!

I'm sure some pervert with a sick fetish for gross obesity enjoyed finding this real "Lulu." Come on, don't go down the tubes like some third-class publication with shit like that!

—Janet and Bill Scioscia
Holbrook, Massachusetts

Congratulations! Although you'll doubtless get a lot of flak from many of your readers, you have finally come through with something for the rest of us by featuring *Lulu* in your August issue. It's such a refreshing change from looking at the posed, open-mouthed models you usually feature that I hope I live long enough to see *Lulu*'s opposite number, a real skinny gal.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request



Danielle: The Bear Facts

I was absolutely delighted with *Lulu*. I have always loved big women and, frankly, was getting tired of seeing all the skinny girls that abound in men's magazines. I have a new girlfriend that I am nuts about who is about as large as *Lulu*. Although we have not had sex yet, I can certainly look at *Lulu* and fanta-

size! Thanks again for having the balls to print what your faithful readers want to see.

—Kyle Rothgeb
Red Bank, New Jersey

I just want to say that I was totally grossed-out and repulsed by *Lulu*. Your magazine is usually one of the best on the stands, but this time you really fucked up. Let's keep the fat and ugly broads off the pages of nookie books and leave them where they belong—in circus sideshows.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

If I wanted to see pictures of a fat pig, I'd visit a farm. There's no excuse for you to mislead your public by stating "Our Biggest Centerfold Ever!" on the cover. That's false advertising.

—Norman
Address Withheld by Request

We don't have room on the cover to write long sentences describing what's in the magazine. But we fail to see how calling Lulu "our biggest centerfold ever" is misleading.

Duking It Out: A very serious mistake was made in your September issue. It seems that someone placed an interview with David Duke (*Is the White Race Doomed?* by Michael Bane) in the wrong section of your magazine. It should have been under *Asshole of the Month*.

A person like Duke has such low self-esteem, it's frightening that he has a loud voice in this society. In order for him to build up his self-esteem, he chooses a particular element of his physical makeup that remains unchanged—in this case, skin color—and uses it as a tool to measure his self-worth. The more he puts down those who are different from him, the more superior he feels.

Is this the kind of person you would interview?

—K. M.
Cupertino, California

I am writing to you in response to a profile in your September issue on David Duke. It's about time someone stood up for the Caucasian race. Many of the things Duke said in the interview are what I have been saying for a long time but haven't been able to publicize.

—Edward W. Cookingham
Phoenix, Arizona

That David Duke fellow has got to go. I didn't even read the interview with him in your September issue, but I know what it pertained to. I think he's a has-been. This is 1982, and it's high time these stupid Americans learn to live together and not slit each others' throats. How can anyone be so outdated?

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

As a white woman I find I have to agree with many of David Duke's opinions about illegal aliens, immigration, welfare and the staggering crime rate. I'm sure many Americans will agree that it's time to make some badly needed changes. But it's too easy—and dangerous—to find a scapegoat as Duke has done. No matter how flippantly he can excuse historical fact, let's not forget what happened to 6 million Jews who became the Nazis' scapegoats.

I'm not speaking from a middle-class ivory tower. I attended a school that was 97% black during the late '60s. After two months of being beaten up by my classmates because I was white, my parents moved us to a predominantly white neighborhood. I cried because I was leaving my two best friends behind. They were both black.

—D. Patton
Hemet, California

As a black man attending the University of Southwestern Louisiana, I'm very disturbed with the growing influence David Duke, featured in your September issue, seems to have over ignorant people who don't realize that discrimination still exists in this country.

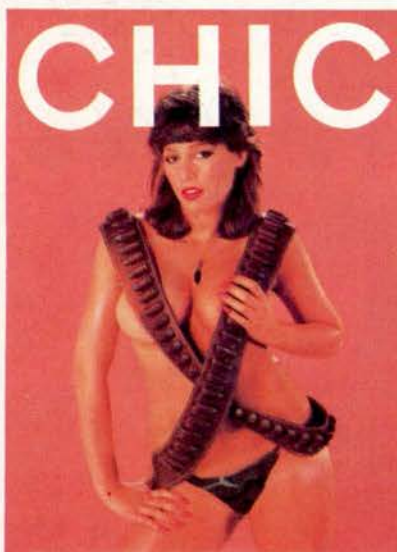
Our black ancestors built most of this country, and if some people think that we're going to be "put in our place" and go back to the past after all our struggles for some sort of equality, they're living in a dream world. I'm a Christian, and I loathe violence, but I'd rather die than go back in time. I'm from an upper-middle-class family, and I have a very bright future ahead of me, but I'd destroy this country and leave it to the Russians rather than become a second-or third-class citizen again.

And I promise you that the first person to go would be David Duke, even if I had to do it myself—and even if it meant going to hell with him.

—Robert Kidd
Loureaville, Louisiana

Killer Drug: I learned a lot from your article *The Bendectin Conspiracy: Birth Defects From a Legal Drug* in the June issue. In October '81, I had a baby who died because he was 3½-months premature. My doctors couldn't give me a reason for this. Six months later, I had a miscarriage, and this time it was because the baby was deformed. Both times I was taking Bendectin because my doctors told me it was safe. I would have never linked this drug to my babies' deaths had I not read your article. I just wish that it had been printed earlier. I hope a lot of women will also learn about Bendectin *before* they have my experience.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request



This is the issue you've been waiting for. CHIC uncovers the results of its first-ever CENTERFOLD OF THE YEAR contest, and we've gone to a lot of trouble to guarantee these pictorials will be our best ever. We've flown in *your* favorite models from all over the country, created the most erotic pictorial concepts ever, and used our finest photographers. You'll find it's been worth the wait.

Frank Kush's brutal style won him the title "the cruelest coach in football." It also won him a lot of football games. Bill Lawren's fascinating profile tells the inside story of the lawsuit that cost Kush his job at Arizona State University and catapulted him to a head-coaching job with the Baltimore Colts.

In a stunning CLOSE-UP, Anthony Iannolfo, an imprisoned rapist, tells how and why he did it to author Dean Cohen. A disturbing look at the little-understood mind of a violent criminal.

It was once thought that salmonella, a bacteria that causes food poisoning, could only be found in food. But then came the discovery that marijuana can carry it too. Jeffrey Peter Bates' DOPE column tells you of this hazard.

Plus, there's Pepper Parrish's steamy story of a woman and her doctor. And, of course, you'll get all the well-known CHIC features, such as ODDS & ENDS, TRIVIA TRIP, SEX LIFE, MUSIC NOTES and SWINGERS' CLASSIFIEDS.

NOVEMBER ISSUE ON SALE NOW!

El Salvador: I sympathize with you in losing your reporter John Sullivan in El Salvador. But avenging your loss on former Secretary of State Alexander Haig by naming him Asshole of the Month in the same issue doesn't help. This is a conservative world, and allowing the revolution in El Salvador to continue will just permit the spread of communism.

I am proud to be a member of the United States armed forces, and I am prepared to die for this great country so that it will be well protected from all foreign and domestic enemies. By domestic enemies, I mean *all* left-wing liberals within our borders. Before you call government officials assholes, think of how you got the right to say such things. Think of how many people died and of how many politicians battled so that you could stab them in the back.

—Jack Martin Kramer
Mountain Home Air Force Base, Idaho

After reading your update on El Salvador in the August issue, I was compelled to write this letter out of concern for John Sullivan and his family.

I am an American serviceman and I cannot understand how our government, which is supposed to be "of the people, by the people and for the people," can totally disregard the murder of John Sullivan. Mr. Sullivan went to San Sal-

vador to let the American public know how our government was involved in the human-rights violations of El Salvador's military junta. In my eyes, he has done more to inform us about this than our supposed public servants. I commend you, HUSTLER, for trying to find information on the disappearance of a fellow American.

I extend my deepest sympathy to the Sullivan family. Some Americans *do* care, even if our spokesmen in Washington don't. —EOCN Scott Hillanbrand
Gulfport, Mississippi

Gun Crazy: I'm surprised that a clever woman like Althea Flynt doesn't know the *true* answer to the gun-control problem (*Publisher's Statement*, September).

That answer lies in the beginning of the Second Amendment, which the National Rifle Association has chosen to ignore—"A well-regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free state..."

A federal law requiring all gun owners to serve in the military is the answer. As part of this law, a visit to the local morgue to observe gunshot victims would also be required. This would remind them that death by gunshot is as deadly as death by cancer or a heart attack.

—Lybrand P. Smith
Torrance, California

As a loyal subscriber to HUSTLER, I am compelled to comment on the September 1982 *Publisher's Statement*, "A Nation Gone Gun Crazy."

I believe that Althea Flynt meant well with her analysis of the problem of gun misuse in this country, but she has overlooked many important facts. Laws controlling gun ownership affect only those people who obey them, and law-abiding gun owners are not the problem. Enforcement of these gun restrictions is extremely expensive for taxpayers and only serves to stifle American freedom.

Gun control has never and will never have much effect on violent crime. Even with harsh restrictions on gun sales, firearms can easily be stolen, smuggled or manufactured for black-market sale.

Severe punishment of dangerous criminals is the way to reduce crime. Pampering criminals and restricting American citizens' access to and use of guns is a fool's mission.

—Gary Frammel
Long Beach, California

Assholes vs. Children: Here's my response to May's Asshole of the Month Judge William Reinecke's decision that a five-year-old girl is promiscuous: Fuck you, Asshole!

It's rotten parents who create juvenile delinquents. Too many children today suffer from neglect and a lack of love. When they do bad things, it's their way of saying they could use some attention from us. Instead, we stick them in front of a television set or abuse them. That's why our jails are so full today.

Children offer hope for a better world. Unfortunately, they have *us* adults as examples. Reinecke and those who defend him are idiots.

—Tom Gordnier
Coudersport, Pennsylvania

Beaver Fever: I must commend you on the August *Beaver Hunt*. Joyce A. Jeter was what you promised amputee lovers. Will there be more of her?

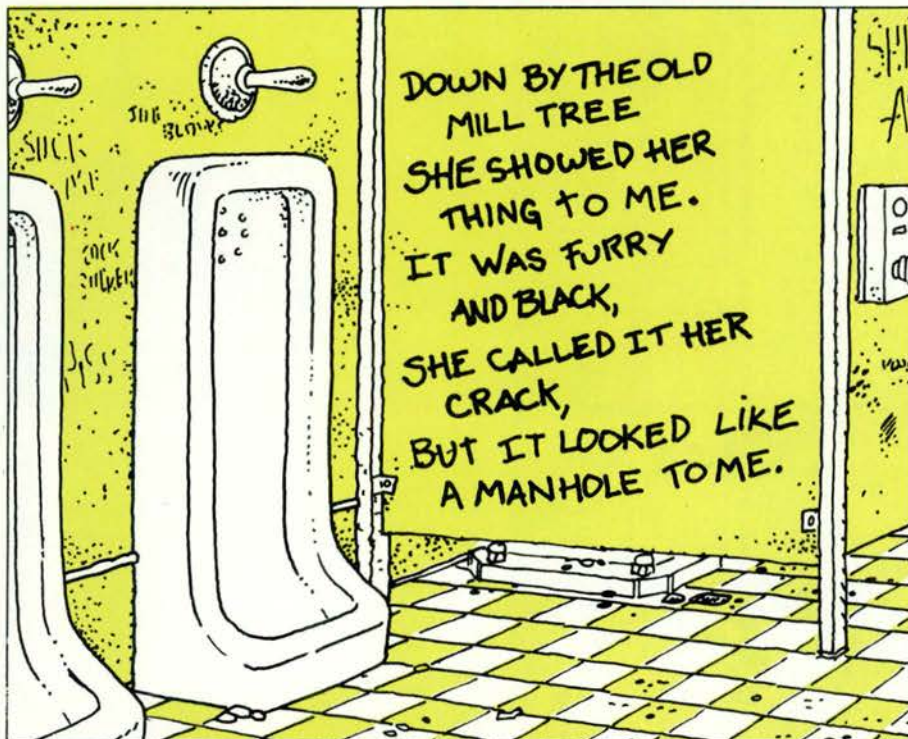
—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

M. B., in your August issue, has got to be the foxiest chick you've ever had in *Beaver Hunt*. I, for one, fantasize about making her fantasy come true. I'd love to see a photo-spread of this voluptuous beauty. I think she has the potential of a great model. There could be a future in porn for this lovely lady.

—Craig J.
East St. Louis, Illinois

Another special *Beaver Hunt* edition is coming out later this year. It will include hundreds of new Beavers, plus full-spreads of winners selected from HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt* entries. Maybe your favorite will be included. Watch for it. 🐾

GRAFFITILTHY



THANX AND \$25 TO RANDY JACKSON, MADISON, WISC.

World News Roundup

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

A policewoman and a male officer, both working in plainclothes, tried to arrest each other while taking part in a crackdown on prostitution in the Hollywood area of Los Angeles. During the operation the male officer approached the policewoman believing she was a prostitute, said Lieutenant Dan Cooke. The man allegedly asked the woman if she would perform a sex act for a specific sum, and she agreed--at which point they identified themselves as police officers. "I guess they both tried to place each other under arrest," said the lieutenant, who explained that the officers did not recognize each other because they worked out of different station houses. No arrests were made, he added.

Officials at Miami's Papanicolaou Cancer Research Institute say Miami city officials "loused up" an expected half-million-dollar donation from Sheikh Mohammed al-Fassi because they refused to supply him with the police escort he had requested for his drive to the reception. The sheikh had asked for sirens and flashing lights. To avoid such problems in the case of another gift, al-Fassi has laid out his conditions in advance for South Pasadena, Florida, where he has offered to donate a park worth possibly \$1 million. In return, he wants: the park named al-Fassi, a street named al-Fassi, a room in city hall named al-Fassi, an al-Fassi Day, the key to the city, and seven escorted limos for the ceremony.

Students in Professor Barry Singer's "Psychology of Sex" course at California State University--Long Beach were involved in what could only be termed as "X-rated homework." There were field trips to nudist colonies, gay bars and swingers clubs. Singer's pupils could get classroom credit for after-hours experiments, including married couples indulging in adultery or straights having sex with gays. Singer required his class to record and analyze the experiences in "playbooks." All had gone well until housewives from a local church learned of the eight-year-old course and concluded that taxpayers' money was being spent to encourage sex and voyeurism. Cal State decided to suspend Singer for 30 days, pending an investigation into his unusual methods of arousing student interest. The professor insisted there was nothing immoral about his approach and said, "Lots of universities have field trips."

It was revealed that a Times Square peep-show theater, which advertises "7 Live Bedroom Acts" on a marquee above its entrance, received a \$65,000 loan from the federal Small Business Administration. The loan was granted in 1977 and passed on to the owner of the Show World Center, considered one of the largest combination peep-show theater and sex-magazine shops in New York City. Officials said that SBA auditors discovered the nature of the establishment about two years ago and that the loan had already been repaid. The theater, which advertises pornographic films and live sex acts, obtained the loan under an SBA program that encouraged investment firms to support local businesses.

Congratulations are in order to the woman named Iran's "Mother of the Year," Mrs. Tariq-al-Islam. Mrs. Islam's motherly qualities became the talk of the nation when on Iranian national TV she urged that her 19-year-old son--arrested for his opposition to the government--be put to death. That won her a special visit with Ayatollah Khomeini, a privilege few women are ever granted. Her son had appeared on the same TV program to beg for mercy, but Mrs. Islam demonstrated her winning mother-of-the-year touch by remaining staunch in her determination to see him dead. The young man was later executed.

People who work at Macy's department stores will have to show a little foresight if they want to see their doctors about job-related injuries. According to the "San Francisco Chronicle," a recent issue of Macy's in-house newsletter announced: "Effective immediately: If you anticipate wanting to see your own doctor if you are involved in an accident while at work, you must fill out a form and turn it in to Personnel 30 days or more prior to the accident."

The recent birth of a baby with a two-inch tail is a vivid example of man's place in evolution. The seven-pound infant was transferred to Children's Hospital Medical Center in Boston shortly after birth, and doctors removed the slender, tapered growth. Dr. Fred D. Ledley said the tail was on the baby's lower back, near the end of the spine. He said it "was covered by skin and had a soft, fibrous consistency." The growth had hair and nerves but no bone or cartilage. The doctor said that humans diverged from their most closely related tail-bearing primates 25 million years ago but that human genes still contain the information necessary for tail formation, although only a few cases have been documented. 

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Annie recommends the fabulous John Holmes Super Pump. Why? Let Annie tell you, in her own way, in this frankly fictitious interview with porn's incredible Mr. Stud. This dramatization shows an answer you may have been searching for.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

BREAKTHROUGH

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

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

THE JOHN HOLMES SUPER PUMP

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



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Sirs: Rush my John Holmes Super Pump in a plain wrapper now! I have enclosed my check or m.o. for \$39.95 plus \$2 and I understand I can use it for a full 30 days, and if I am not delighted, I can return it for a prompt refund. N.Y. & Ct. residents add sales tax.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Edited by Stephanie Ross

Sex and Pregnancy: My wife is six months' pregnant. She is 22 years old, and I'm 23. Although she says her doctor has advised her that it's okay for us to have sexual intercourse, she rarely seems to desire me anymore. This seems weird because she used to want to fuck all the time. I'm confused and a bit pissed off. I want to have a kid, but I also want my sexy wife back! What's happening?

—L. D.

Winemucca, Nevada

Many women experience a gradual decline in sexual enjoyment during pregnancy. Dr. Kenneth Reamy, chief of psychosomatic medicine and sexual counseling at the William Beaumont Army Medical Center in El Paso, Texas, recently conducted a study of pregnant women and their response to sex. He found the decreased sexual desire was partly due to physical complaints, such as nausea and painful breasts. Other women mentioned a fear of miscarriage.

But it may also be—as some experts believe—that expectant mothers lose interest in sex because they've achieved one of their primary instinctual motivations for fucking: They've gotten pregnant! Only when the baby is born and weaned—and the mother's hormonal system returns to normal—will many women regain their full sex drive.

Vitamins and Sex: I am a 49-year-old man who wants to stay vigorously sexual as long as I live. Are there any vitamins that enhance or protect sexual health?

—G. L.

Pierre, South Dakota

All vitamins play an important role in maintaining physical health. Keeping your body fit helps safeguard your sexual health too. Several vitamins and hormones specifically affect sexual well-being. According to Dr. Michael Lesser, author of the book *Nutrition and Vitamin Therapy*, vitamin E is one of the most important of them. Dr. Lesser claims vitamin E is absolutely essential to the "trigger" (gonadotrophic) hormones, which in men cause production of sperm and male sex hormones. A vitamin-E deficiency can cause degeneration of the testicles and decreased hormone production. In

women, these trigger hormones stimulate the development of the egg and the production of female sex hormones. That's why you need plenty of vitamin E for a healthy sex life.

But other vitamins are important too. A, E, C and folic acid all work together with testosterone to develop mature sperm and such male sex characteristics as a deep voice and beard.

The thyroid gland is essential to a person's sex drive. If one of his patients has a sluggish sex drive, Dr. Lesser helps stimulate the thyroid by prescribing 150 micrograms of organic iodine along with vitamin B-1, the other Bs and vitamin E. The pituitary gland (its hormones stimulate egg and sperm growth) depends on proteins and B-complex vitamins like those found in fish, grains, dairy products and meat.

Zinc, a micronutrient, is also important for sexual health. Available in tablet form, zinc should be abundant in the liver, kidneys, adrenal glands, prostate and testes.

Magnesium is another of several nutrients useful in combating impotence. In his book *Mental and Elemental Nutrients*, Dr. Carl C. Pfeiffer reports that impotence in men and amenorrhea (lack of menstruation) in women are also commonly related to a combined deficiency of zinc and vitamin B-6.

According to vitamin experts Durk Pearson and Sandy Shaw, niacin can help in cli-

maxing. They say that prior to orgasm, a chemical compound called histamine is released. People with inadequate histamine release often find it difficult or impossible to achieve orgasm. Histamine is produced in the body by an amino acid called histidine, which is found in such foods as meats, dairy products and some wines. For the histidine to be converted to histamine, vitamin B-6 or niacin is required.

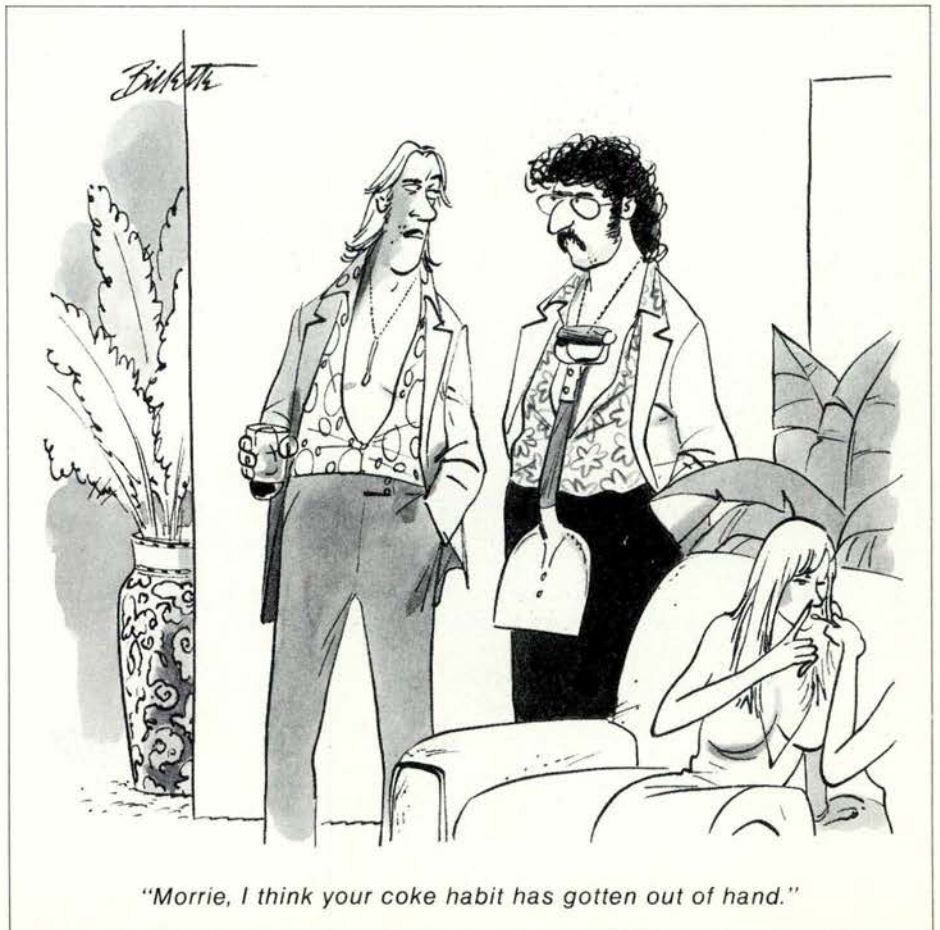
A pituitary hormone, vasopressin, has been found to prolong and intensify orgasm. Vasopressin is most easily available in a prescription drug called Diapid, which you inhale. To have the orgasm-enhancing effect, Diapid should be used just before sex. However, it should be avoided by those with heart problems.

A holistic physician could outline a total program of vitamins that would enhance and safeguard your sexual health.

TV Husband: I am a 27-year-old woman with a problem husband. He's 32 and has been dressing up in female clothing since he was seven. I feel he must be gay, but he insists he's not. He really likes to fuck me, and he's very macho in other ways, but I'm worried he's a closet queen. Aren't most transvestites really homosexual?

—E. L.

Detroit, Michigan





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No. According to Ray B. Evans, professor of psychiatry at California's Loma Linda University School of Medicine, most transvestites (men who like to dress in women's clothes) are heterosexual. Dr. Evans says most transvestites marry, work in masculine occupations and engage in masculine sports. He concedes that some homosexual males at times dress in female clothing, but their motivation is different from that of a true transvestite.

Your husband is probably a heterosexual who happens to also get off by cross-dressing. It might be a good idea for the two of you to seek counseling so that you can become confident in his masculinity and stop worrying about his peculiarity.

Mini-Pills: I've been on the Pill for several years. I have no complaints, but I'm curious about the "mini-Pill." I understand it has fewer hormones than the regular one. If so, this sounds like a healthier alternative.

—S. P.
Canton, Ohio

Although there are some advantages to the mini-Pill, it is not necessarily a better alternative than the full-strength birth-control pill. Most female contraceptives contain the female hormones estrogen and progesterone, but the mini-Pill consists only of progesterone. Since the mini-Pill has no estrogen, some possible side effects of the Pill are eliminated, particularly moodiness, increased water retention and weight gain.

But the mini-Pill has some negatives as well. In women taking it, there is a higher incidence of accidental pregnancy. In addition, some women taking this contraceptive bleed heavily between periods. Discuss the pros and cons of a switch in birth-control pills with your doctor. However, if you have no complaints, you might be better off sticking with what you know works for you.

Impotence and Diabetes: My brother just found out he has diabetes. He's particularly concerned about his sex abilities. He's heard that diabetics all become impotent. Is that so? —H. W.

Tulsa, Oklahoma

While it is true many diabetics develop a problem with impotence, it is by no means an automatic side effect of the metabolic disorder. Due to constricted blood vessels that often accompany diabetes, diabetics of all ages experience erectile difficulties two to five times more often than nondiabetics. By the age of 34, 25% of diabetics are impotent; by the time they reach 50, over half are impotent.

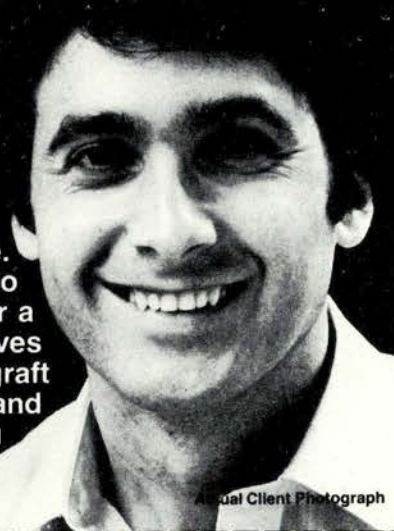
All is not bleak, however. Twenty percent of these impotent diabetics are experiencing only psychological impotence, which is fully treatable with therapy. Also, diabetics who have control of their disease and of their weight will be healthier in general and probably not suffer from impotence. 🐾

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Bits & Pieces

It was bad enough when Phyllis Schlafly went running around the country trying to scare people out of supporting the Equal Rights Amendment. Now that she's won that fight, she's taking advantage of her political star status to scare people back into the Dark Ages of sexual repression. For that, she earns the title of HUSTLER's November Asshole of the Month.

Schlafly, you may have heard, was the leader of the anti-ERA forces. To her, the ERA was a plot to promote homosexual lifestyles and easy abortions. How she came up with that weird interpretation of a simple statement of equality is beyond us. But it worked. The ERA was defeated, at least for the time being.

Now she's come up with even more startling information. Are you ready for this? *Television and men's magazines cause herpes!*

No kidding! We always thought herpes was a sexually transmitted disease caused by a virus that's been around for centuries. But Schlafly tells us that the current herpes epidemic "is due to such things as the movies and TV shows that promote the free-sex lifestyle, and *Playboy* and *Penthouse*..." Maybe we should feel honored that HUSTLER didn't make her list, but we have a hunch it's impossible for Schlafly to utter the name of the magazine with the healthiest and frankest approach to sex.

In fact, Schlafly's problem seems to be that she's unable to accept that sex is healthy. She further betrays her ig-



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH Phyllis Schlafly

norance by also putting the blame for herpes on "the people who are putting out contraceptives without warnings about [sexually transmitted] diseases." That's the first we've ever heard about contraceptives causing venereal disease.

Obviously, we don't have the kind of inside information Ms. Schlafly seems to have. Maybe that's because we like to use *facts* instead of hysterical anti-sex propaganda. But if we follow her argument correctly, she's saying that anything that takes the guilt or danger of

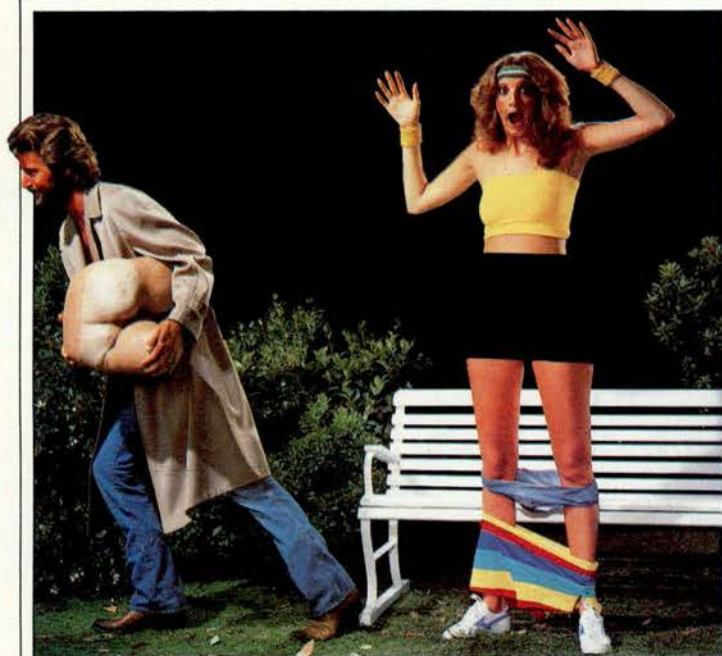
pregnancy out of sex leads to herpes. The solution, she indicated on Phil Donahue's show recently, is for people to stop having so much sex.

That kind of bad reasoning would be laughable if it weren't so dangerous. Thanks to the Phyllis Schlaflys of the world, millions of people still suffer from sexual guilt and repression. What happens when they hear an influential woman hint that herpes sufferers are getting exactly what they deserve for sinning? The guilt and confusion increase, that's what.

It's disgusting that anybody would want to turn a serious disease into a political or moral issue. An estimated 20 million Americans have herpes, and as many as a half-million new cases are expected within a year. As yet there's no real cure. This epidemic is a serious national problem, but it seems that Schlafly is pouncing on it to score points in her battle against your right to read or look at what you want. If she were spending her time supporting those who are seeking cures, we would be more impressed when she talks about her "patriotism." Instead, she's using this social issue to get sex out of magazines and off television.

We sure hope that Phyllis Schlafly isn't as successful at misleading people about herpes as she was with the Equal Rights Amendment. Otherwise, the next step could be making sex outside of marriage completely illegal. Sound ridiculous? Don't think for a minute that it couldn't happen as long as dangerous people like Schlafly aren't stopped in their tracks.

But meanwhile, she's at it again, crisscrossing the country to blame sex magazines, television and contraceptives for the herpes epidemic. At a time when the people of this country need and deserve *information*, she's throwing out one big pile of *misinformation*. All she has contributed to discussion of the herpes problem is ignorance and fear. We think those two things help spread venereal disease a hell of a lot more than magazines or television do.

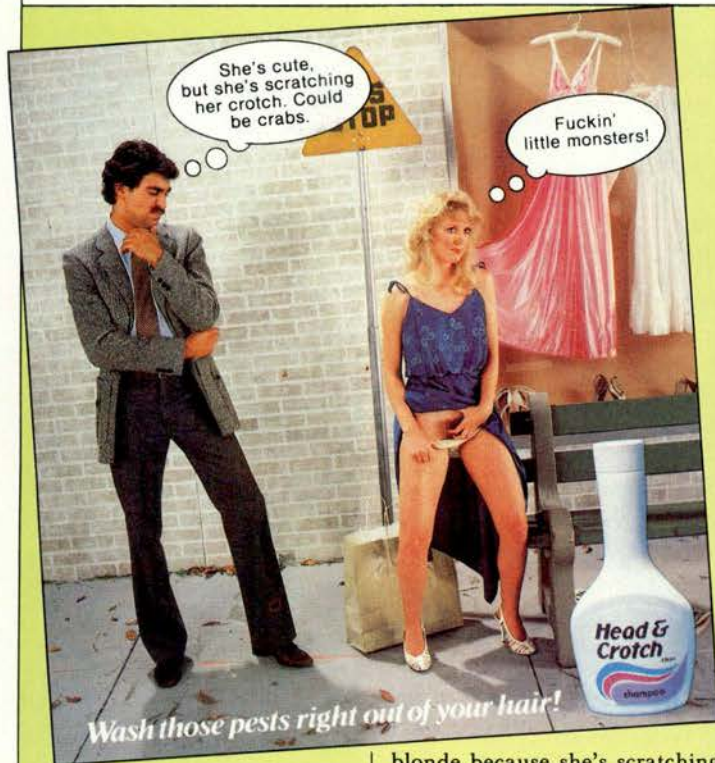


Getting a Piece of Ass

Lesson number one in making love to a woman: Getting a piece of ass is no good if you leave everything else behind. Your partner is bound to comment that there's something missing in the relationship... probably the part of her that sits down.

Don't tear your girl apart. Do the right thing and make her feel like a whole woman by taking *all* of her.

The sad truth is that once a love affair bottoms out, it's too hard to put it back together again.



It Bugs Us!

A dozen times a day we see that commercial in which the guy decides not to hit on the cute

blonde because she's scratching her head. If she's scratching her crotch, *that's* when you should walk quickly in the other direction. Our version of the product is much more realistic. Or are we being too crabby?

Yasir, That's My Baby!

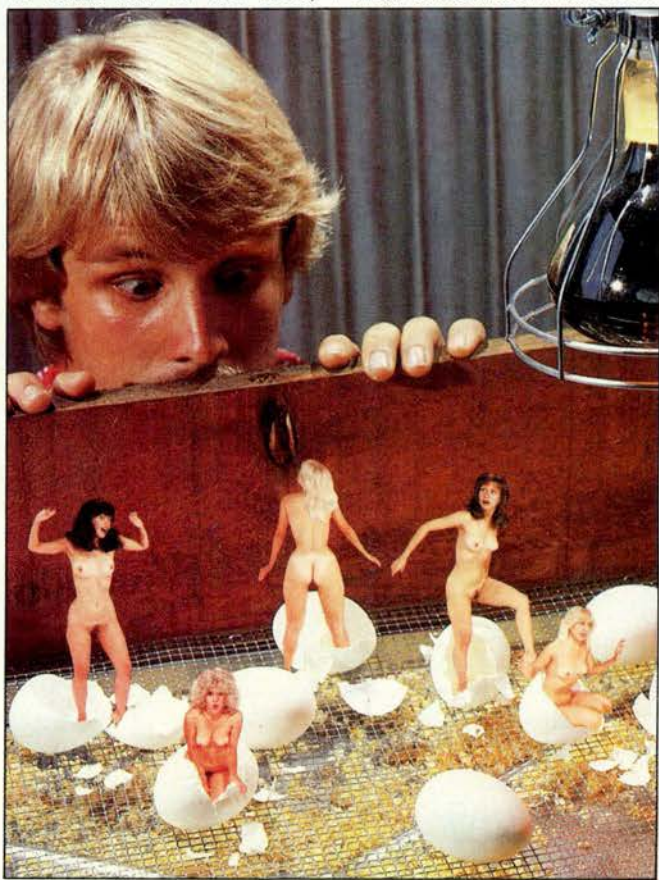
Why are Arab terrorists so easy to recognize? It's those ridiculous hats! Bad enough that the guys all wear K Mart sunglasses, but those headdresses may as well be flashing neon targets for Israeli gunners. Here's a tip: Put tabletops under the hats and disguise a small group as a delicatessen. Lay out some salami sandwiches, and get the enemy right where you want him—out to lunch.



Raising Chicks

What a fantasy! Wouldn't it be great to raise your own chicks? If you wanted a girl to come out of her shell,

you'd only have to turn up the heat. And then, when they're grown, you could do what most farmers do... eat them.



Football Widow

How many footballs have to be kicked, thrown and smothered by 250-pound gorillas in helmets before this senseless slaughter is stopped? Every fall we hear about the growing number of



football widows, but absolutely no one does anything to prevent it. These poor ladies are falling apart at the seams!

HUSTLER is outraged, and we're laying it on the line. Let's put a halt to this massacre before one more ball is called dead!

I Hate to Run, But...

According to a recent poll taken by *The Runner* magazine, 26.5% of the male distance runners it surveyed said they would give up having sex before they would quit running.

Whoever said it had to be either one or the other? How about mixing both of them?

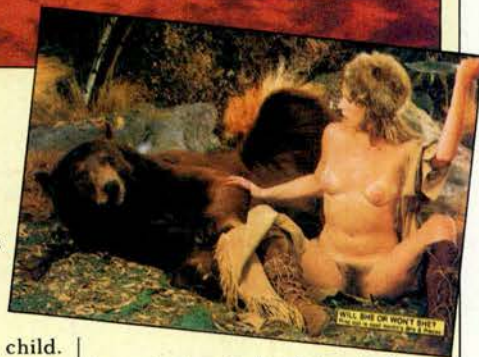
We're sure that the girl can go the distance if the guy can. And a performance like this would give new meaning to the term "quickie."



A Grisly Situation

Our buckskin beauty was prepared to take his "skin," but obviously he forgot to bring one. So now she'll have to bear his child.

If you were with us the last two months, you've followed the exploits of this wild and woolly couple in *Danielle: The Bear Facts, Parts I and II*. When we last saw them in the woods, Danielle was about to sink her weapon deep



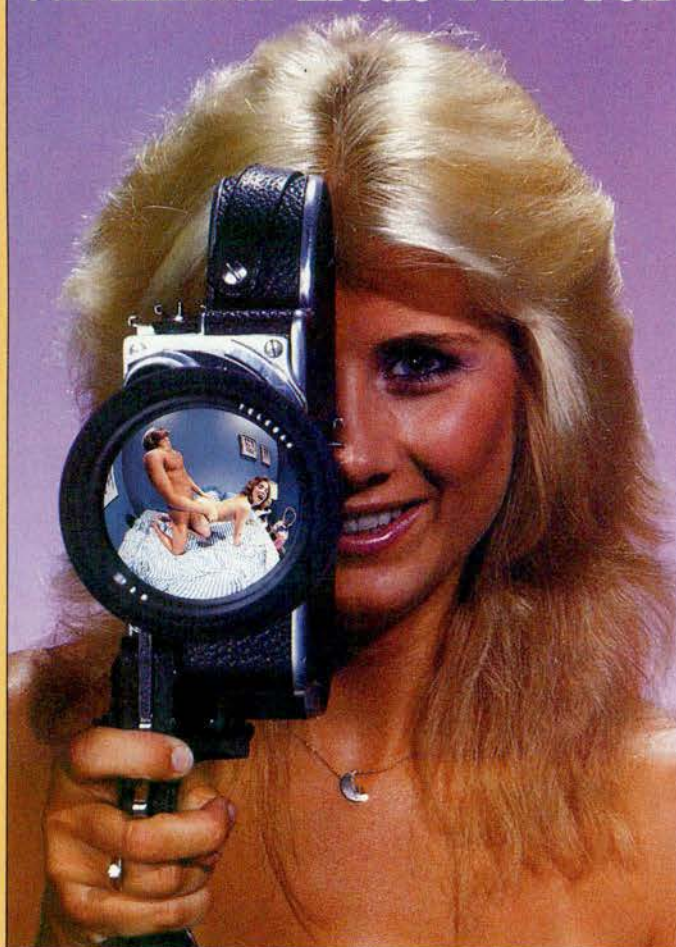
into the bear's fur (above). It appears to have gone the other way. But is he really the father? Is a bear capable of knocking up a human? We have our doubts. Everyone knows a bear can't stay erect for long.

The Art of Suicide

Japan is quickly coming to terms with the culture shock of the late 20th century. This graphically realistic photo by Yoshihiro Tatsuki from his book *Hanakeshiki—Girls and Women* is a dramatic example of how Japanese artists are dealing with popular Western themes, such as erotic violence. The method—suicide by disembowelment—is traditional Japanese, but the guts 'n' gore is strictly Hollywood. Is *Samurai Chainsaw Massacre* next?



7th Annual Erotic-Film Poll



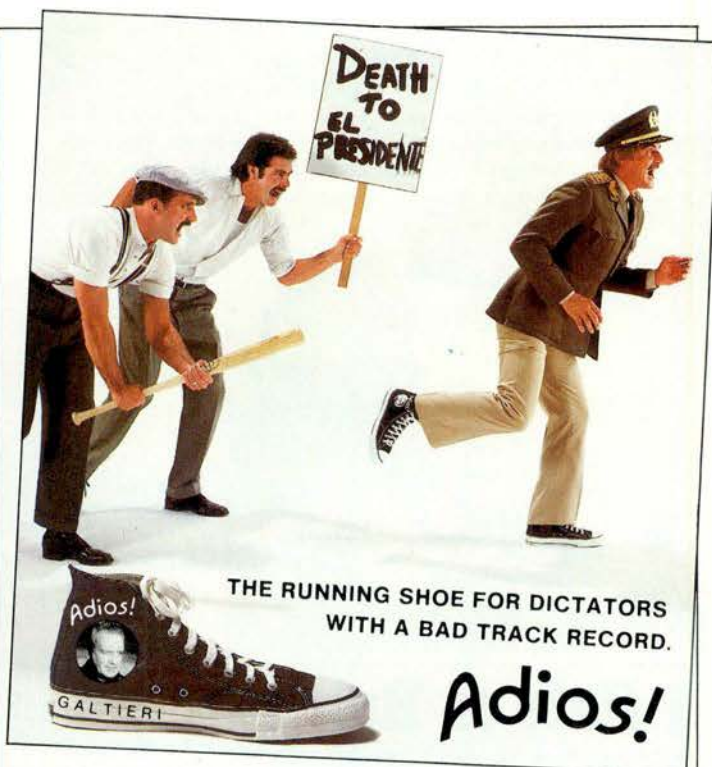
HUSTLER Wants You to Vote!

Do you find that some adult movies keep you busy under the newspaper...and others leave you *reading* it? Here's your chance to tell the X-rated filmmakers exactly what or who you like in porn flicks

today. Considering the importance of HUSTLER's reviews (check out the film ads in newspapers and magazines using "HUSTLER's Highest Rating" to pull in audiences), the film producers are bound to be even more interested in what HUSTLER readers have to say. Just fill out the coupon below and send it to: HUSTLER Movie Poll, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Vote and make your turn at bat count!

Categories:

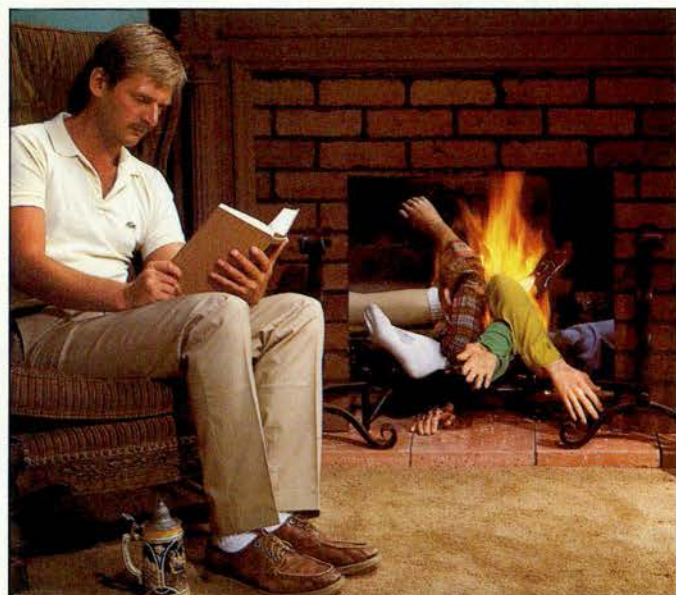
- Best film: _____
 Best actress: _____
 In which film? _____
 Best actor: _____
 In which film? _____
 Best director: _____
 Of which film? _____
 Best sex scene: _____
 In which film? _____
 Most accomplished fellatio artist: _____
 In which film? _____
 Most accomplished cunnilinguist: _____
 In which film? _____



Feet, Do Your Stuff!

Whether he's running *for* office or *from* office, a dictator needs a shoe that'll keep him one step ahead of the crowd. The *Adios!* running shoe has the firm grip that allows a tyrant to move as

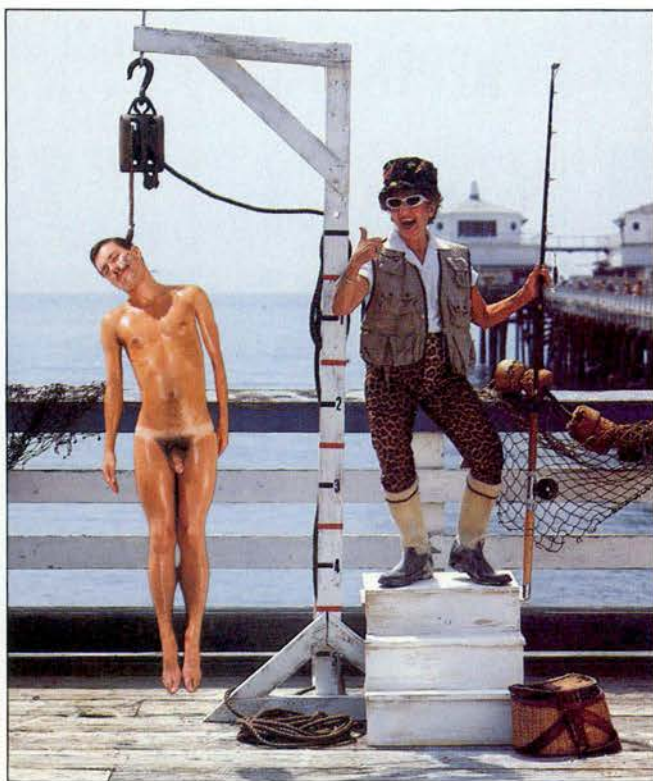
fast as his ambition will carry him. Styles include Peron, Galtieri and the ever-popular Shah of I-ran. Remember, when it's time to run, it's time to say "*Adios!*"



Burn the Dead, Save a Tree

The citizens of Wilmersdorf, West Germany, have come up with a way to beat the energy crunch: burning corpses. They claim that incinerating 10,000 bodies could provide a year's

heat for their schools, homes and swimming pools. Didn't the Germans try something similar in World War II? We'd suggest that Hebrew members of the community watch out. We can hear an Aryan wife saying, "Hans, it's cold in here. Throw another Jew on the fire."



How to Catch a Man

And you should have seen the one that got away! Of course, it's easy to catch a guy with a

line like this. The hard part is throwing one back. It's not easy to let a guy off the hook.

No Chocolate Mess

Hiding anal sex by telling the kids you were eating chocolate in bed? Don't throw the bull... shoot the Shit! We propose this

new laundry product for those who feel that sex isn't dirty unless you're doing it right.

Brown Stains Won't Come Out?



Shit 'Em Out!

Watch the Stars Come Out!

Here's what you've all been waiting for—the world's sexiest celebrities baring everything in a mind-boggling collection only HUSTLER could present! And for less than the price of a movie ticket! It's a star-studded extravaganza that delivers what those top-selling celebrity posters only hint at. Don't miss this opportunity to see what your favorite TV and film females look like when the expensive furs and fancy clothes are stripped away! Watch for

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Many More!

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Idi Amin Needs Your Help

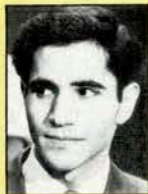
The former Ugandan dictator, now holed up in Saudi Arabia, has made a worldwide plea for donations to fund a new revolution in Uganda—and the education of his 23 kids. According to reports, Amin said, "My children... are crying because

I have no money to keep them at school." You're breaking our hearts, Idi. Maybe if you had cut the budget for torture devices, you'd have a few bucks in the bank. The grocery bills must be murder too. What's the going price for human flesh?

Which one is insane?



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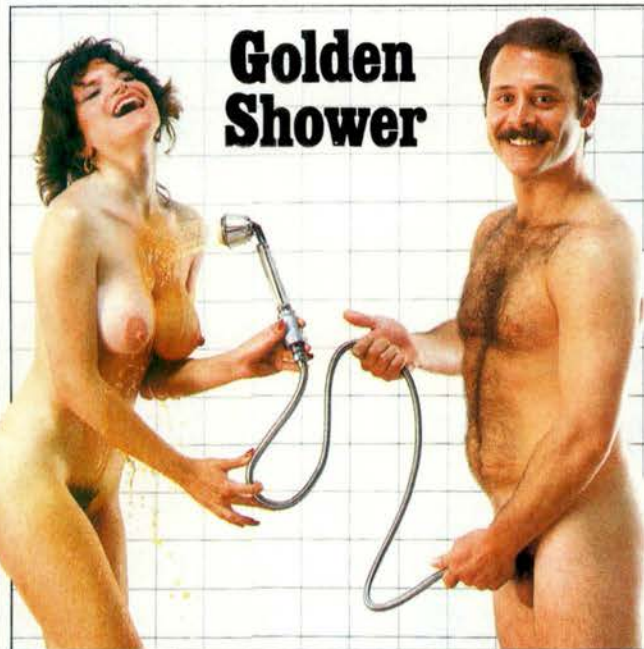
A Wild and Crazy Guy

The courts provide lawyers for the poor. But it takes big bucks to buy an insanity defense. If John Hinckley's wealthy family hadn't brought in top-

dollar psychiatrists to claim he was insane, he'd be doing time like other assassins. It doesn't make a lot of sense, but you've got to be rich to be crazy.

Cock Radio

This is our suggestion for guys who just can't "get up" in the morning. When the little woman wakes up horny and tries to rouse you with "The alarm clock just went off, dear," you can mumble back, "Fuck the alarm clock," and know that she won't go away frustrated. Slow risers, relax.



Golden Shower

Most guys produce only one stream for their ladies who are into watersports. But since when is a single trickle a shower?

If your lover wants a golden shower, get the kind of head that can do the job right! Sure, it's going to take a few beers to build up the pressure in the hose, but why not give your gal the wet dream she asked for? Don't just say it—spray it!

REPENT
OR
PERISH
II PETER 2:12



Will we...

WE HAVE
A RIGHT
to SEE
& BUY
PORNO

... or won't we?

Adult Film Awards

The Adult Film Association of America held its annual Erotica Awards again... but nobody held his breath. The ceremonies were as tame as the porn-film industry would prefer to be perceived.

The low moment came when a high official of AFAA reportedly kicked our photographer in the ass and called HUSTLER "scum." The film producers are being poorly represented by this man who has seemingly forgotten the power of the press in promoting X-rated movies. It's beneath us to name names, but Sidney Niekerk knows who he is.

The major awards: Best Actress—Georgina Spelvin (*The Dancers*); Best Actor—John Leslie (*Wicked Sensations*); Best Director—Anthony Spinelli (*Nothing to Hide*); Best Cinematography—Jack Remy (*Nothing to Hide*); and Best Picture—*Nothing to Hide*. That's the AFAA picks. Now give us yours in HUSTLER's Erotic Film Poll on page 20.



A flashing star.



Al Goldstein gets it up the only way he can.



Behind the scenes.



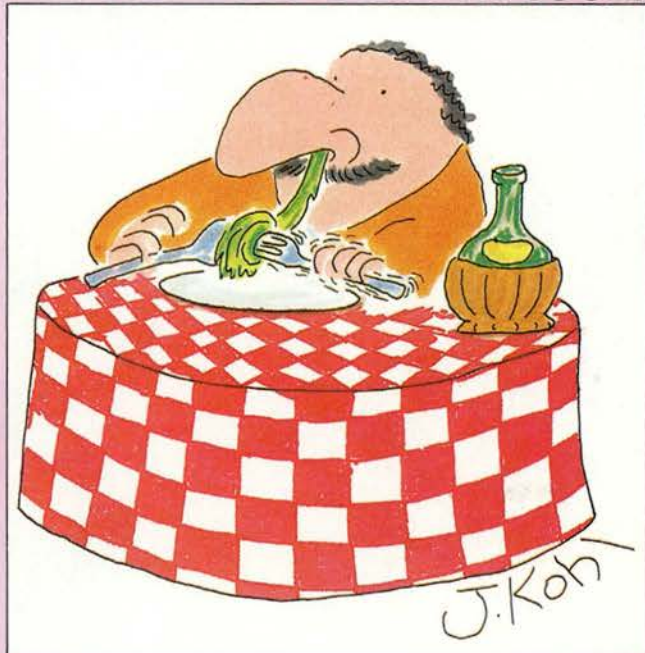
A Special Delivery!

When Marlene won the HUSTLER Centerfold Contest, we thought, *Great! Get her down to the studio right away!* Only one problem—she was nine months' pregnant. But what be-

gan as a difficulty turned into one of the hottest shootings ever! Next month, you'll see what gives pregnant women that special glow. From her milk-filled breasts to her expec-

tant pink lips, Marlene is more than you readers who voted for her ever hoped to see. Also featured are the second- and third-place winners in *brand-new* pictorials. Grab a copy and be on hand for the birth of our greatest issue yet!

Most Tasteless Cartoon



HUSTLER Update

WILLIAM SHOCKLEY
August '80

HUSTLER profiled Nobel Prize-winning physicist William Shockley and told of his donation to (and support of) a frozen-sperm bank stocked by Nobel laureates and other geniuses. The Repository of Germinal Choice in Escondido, California, was founded by millionaire Robert Graham. As we described his idea, "If every Nobel Prize-winner in science were to jack off for his sperm bank, and if all the healthy sperm they spurt were then introduced into the wombs of highly intelligent women, the human race would be enriched by that many more smart children." Incredibly, the very first mother to admit making a successful "withdrawal" from this bank has now been exposed as an ex-convict who'd previously lost custody of two children for alleged child abuse. So much for eugenics.



BENDECTIN
June '82

In that report, HUSTLER revealed how a legal antinausea drug prescribed for pregnant women can cause horrendous birth defects. We reported tragic case histories of children with missing limbs and heart defects linked to their mothers' use of Bendectin. Now the U.S. Food and Drug Administration has at least *begun* to take action. That agency is discussing the possibility of "stricter labeling" with the manufacturer, Merrell Dow Pharmaceuticals. More important, the FDA will also conduct a complete review of Bendectin and its effects.



Words of Love

This is sweet. Some city planner immortalized his first backseat love on the corner where it happened. Sounds better than the intersection of "Busted" and "Cherry," doesn't it?

Contributors

HUSTLER pays \$150 for *Bits & Pieces* items. Larry Flynt Publications retains all rights to material accepted for publication, but we'll return original art on request (enclose SASE). For November, \$150 goes to Curtis Adney, Raymond Tillman and Hideki Yoshida.

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EROTIC FILMS

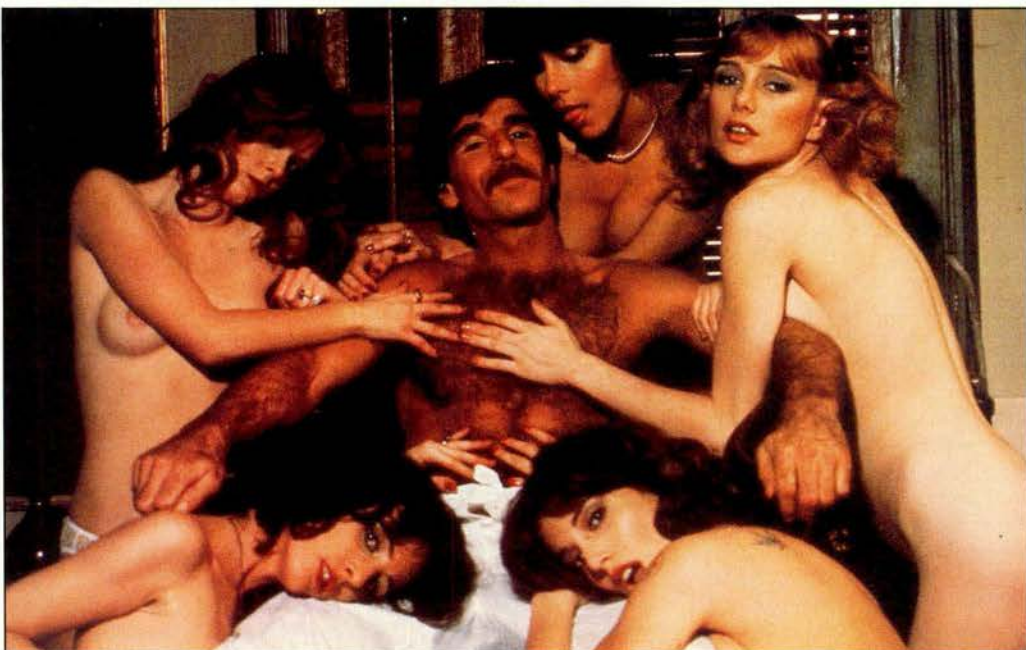
Edited by Dave
Yuzo Spector

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

Society Affairs

Fully Erect. Produced by Harold Lime; directed by Robert McCallum; written by C. W. O'Hara; starring Harry Reems, Veronica Hart, Kelly Nichols, Carla Russel, R. Bolla, Tiffany Clark, Tara Aire, Jack Newton, Lauri Smith and Honey Wilder.

Actor Harry Reems makes his long-awaited comeback with this movie, and it's well worth the wait. Certainly, Reems has come a long way since he got paid \$100 for a one-day acting job back in 1972, when he appeared in *Deep Throat*. Reems is a genuine kind of guy, someone you wouldn't mind getting to know—as he doesn't have the cockiness of John Leslie or the mean streak of Jamie Gillis. Whether he returns to the X-



'Society Affairs': At a crowded bachelor party thrown in his honor, Harry Reems is greeted with open arms.

rated screen full time remains to be seen.

Reems selected a good vehicle to get back in the swing of things because *Society Affairs* is one of the best adult films made to date. The production values sparkle, especially the sharp cinematography by Robert McCallum. Not a single line is spoken amateurishly, and there are more honestly beautiful ladies per frame than this reviewer can ever recall seeing.

The plot is complicated, but suffice it to say Reems plays a small-time con artist who impersonates a wealthy lookalike named Howard. Reems does both parts. With the help of his trusty partner, Veronica Hart, con-man Reems plans to rip off the lavish wedding gifts from Howard's upcoming marriage. The soft and sexy Kelly Nichols, last seen in *Roommates*,

plays the blushing bride-to-be.

The tale takes place in a huge mansion—or more specifically, in the bedrooms—with the fun starting after the real Howard is drugged and safely stored away. Reems has a field

day with his impersonation and nearly blows his cover countless times. You can't blame him for being careless; he's exhausted from fucking the female houseguests, who seem to be everywhere. In the movie's naughti-



Honey Wilder has a knack for welcoming guests in 'Society Affairs.'

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

RATING GUIDE

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



In 'Society Affairs,' Harry Reems samples his bride-to-be, Kelly Nichols.

est scene, Reems "reams" his lookalike's sister (Tiffany Clark) in the mansion's private bowling alley—an act of "incest" that, unbeknown to her, isn't incest at all.

Next, the father of the groom presents Reems with a bevy of hired girls at a country-club bachelor party, another fringe benefit of the scam. Later, Reems stuffs his bride-to-be just minutes before the ceremony, putting an end to the honored tradition of secluding the bride from the groom.

Then Reems accidentally discovers that the groom—the real groom—is being framed. You'll have to see the movie to find out in which direction Reems' unpredictable conscience leads him.

Get yourself invited to *Society Affairs*. With a suspenseful and often-humorous script, Reems and Hart pull off landmark performances in the adult-film arena. You are actually entertained by this picture, and the more-than-generous sex is like the icing on a wedding cake. Welcome back, Mr. Reems.

—D. Y. S.

I Like to Watch

Three-Quarters Erect. Produced, directed and written by Paul G. Vatel-li; starring Bridgette Monet, Lisa DeLeeuw, Patricia Manning, Don Hart, Little Oral Annie, Herschel Savage, Anna Pierce, Kevin James and David Smith.

Sometimes a title can tell the whole story, and this is one



Little Oral Annie helps a plumber fix a leak in 'I Like to Watch.'

prime example. *I Like to Watch* carefully takes a peek at the sport of voyeurism. We've all had fantasies of catching someone with his or her pants down, and this film explores the possibilities.

In this case the Peeping Tom is played by the movie's jewel of a star, Bridgette Monet (a hit in the recent *Talk Dirty to Me, Part II*). She lives in a house with her fashion-designer aunt, the lady's assistant and a German maid. The assistant is portrayed by Little Oral Annie, who more than lives up to her name.

Monet's character is sexually inhibited, although with her fine body it's a wonder there's not a line outside the house waiting to uninhibit her. She spies on one sex scene after another taking place around the rambling house, causing rivers to flow between her shapely

legs. Little Oral Annie, in one instance, seduces the maid into an all-out lesbian session, adding a plus for German-American relations. When the maid shouts "Das ist gut!" you realize that Little Oral Annie knows her craft. Later, in a highly erotic scene, Annie seduces a plumber by squirting oil on his chest. All of this is secretly viewed by Monet.

What frustrates Monet is that her dork of a boyfriend, aptly played by Don Hart, has yet to make any sexual advances. Judging by Monet's perfect tits and ass, the guy doesn't come off as too bright. They have their romantic moments, but the timid fellow can't get beyond kissing.

In the meantime, Monet meets her aunt's special customer, performed by the beautiful Lisa DeLeeuw. DeLeeuw has the hots for Monet, and to let the frustrated woman know she's welcome between her thighs anytime, she gives Monet a pair of her panties. In her room later, Monet masturbates with the panties and convinces herself that a fling with DeLeeuw may not be such a bad idea.

Although her acting still needs work, Bridgette Monet is an exciting new star in a field too long dominated by the same actresses. If Monet plays her cards right, she could easily be one of the new generation of Veronica Harts and Samantha Foxes. The film may not have the most original plot, and the photography is on the dark side, but if you like to watch, you'll love *I Like to Watch*.

—D. Y. S.

Purely Physical

Three-Quarters Erect. Produced and directed by Billy Thornberg; written by Billy Thornberg and H. Perlius; starring Laura Lazare, Sidney Fellows, Albert Johnson, Jade Wong, Manny Wierdman, Michael Morrison, Tigr, Dana Moore, Nicole Black and Juliet Anderson.

The adult-film industry appears to be on a hot streak this year: The productions are getting better all the time. Perhaps it's due to the potential profits down the line with video, cable and pay TV. But whatever the reason, audiences are coming out ahead. Sure, plenty of bad



'Purely Physical': Juliet Anderson enjoys getting a new angle on things.

porn is still being made, but it's nice to see the tide's beginning to change.

Purely Physical stars the captivating Laura Lazare, who's been on the X-rated scene for some time now. This is her first major role.

In the story, Lazare gets a job as a motel night clerk, figur-



'I Like to Watch': Bridgette Monet gives Lisa DeLeeuw a real licking.



In 'I Like to Watch,' Monet finds a way to pick up those lonely nights.



Oriental virgin Jade Wong discovers the joy of motel sex in 'Purely Physical.'

ing it will provide inspiration for a book she's writing. The whole movie takes place at the motel, and, of course, no setting outside of a brothel better lends itself to sexual situations.

While Lazare keeps her own lust safely behind the front desk, we're treated to a series of scenes in the motel rooms, complete with cheap landscape paintings, plastic ice buckets... and lots of flying jism.

One couple will bring back memories of when you first used a motel for reasons other than sleeping. Albert Johnson and Oriental delicacy Jade Wong do a believable job as two lovers fucking for the first time.

Obviously aware of what's going on in all of the rooms, Lazare grows increasingly horny, teasing the audience until the very end when she finally gets it on with a stud truck driver.

Purely Physical's nonstop parade of humping visitors adds new meaning to the term "room service." For those who get off on motel mischief, *Purely Physical* is worth checking into.

—D. Y. S.

The Cosmopolitan Girl

 **One-Quarter Erect.** Produced, directed and written by Robert Michael; starring Lisa Be, Ron Jeremy, Anna Turner, J. T. Ambrose, Ron Hudd, Tamara Lynne, Miranda Stevens, Marylyn Gee and Matt West.

Here's a movie with a promising title that fails to deliver the goods. The producers go so far as to use the *Cosmopolitan* logo in their advertising, but unfortunately, the similarities end there. The girls in this film are a far cry from the beautiful and sophisticated types found in the women's magazine.

The idea of *The Cosmopolitan Girl* is to focus on the everyday lives of three career women in bustling New York City. It's a good excuse to show businesswomen shedding their designer clothes and professional demeanors to get it on. It's a shame the actresses in this flick can't generate the right image to make it work.

One nice touch is the opening. Each girl is seen getting up in the morning, with scenes of pre-rush-hour Manhattan spliced in between. The girls take showers and, not surprisingly, spend extra time washing their crotches with slippery bars of soap. One *bad* touch is that the very same apartment is used for all the girls, even though they're supposed to be total strangers.

One of the girls plays a dentist, and the best action takes place at her office. Her big clientele of horny male patients makes sure she gets a few "fillings" of her own.

Another episode features Ron Jeremy as a businessman. Jeremy, one of the more-entertaining porn actors, looks uninterested in the whole movie. On the other hand, his receptionist (Lisa Be) shines in a hot scene in which she and her boyfriend fuck in a stalled elevator.

At the very least, *The Cosmopolitan Girl* is a great turn-on for lingerie buffs; a subplot has a group of models trying on a seemingly endless variety of bras, panties and girdles. It looks like the underwear section of the Sears catalog coming to life, and we've all enjoyed



One of the gals runs up her electric bill in 'The Cosmopolitan Girl.'

thumbing through *those* pages at one time or another.

The picture finally ends with each girl masturbating before going to sleep. One of them uses a vibrator so huge, you'd think it had been made by Black & Decker.

The Cosmopolitan Girl should have been and could have been much better. It may satisfy those with a lingerie fetish, but otherwise, don't stand in line for this one.

—D. Y. S.

ON THE CIRCUIT

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

Fully Erect

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

Three-Quarters Erect

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

Half Erect

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

One-Quarter Erect

Anytime... Anyplace
Aunt Peg Goes Hollywood
Fireworks
Tinseltown

Totally Limp

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

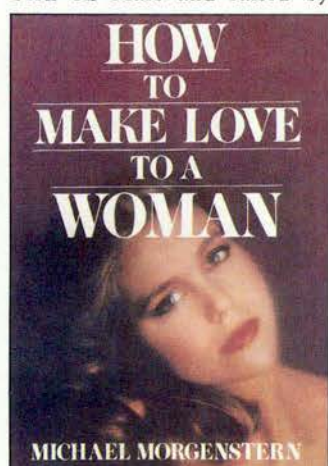
BOOKS

Reviewed by
Theodore Sturgeon

How to Make Love to a Woman

By Michael Morgenstern; Clarkson N. Potter Inc., 1 Park Ave., New York, NY 10016; \$10.95.

Before I get to this one, let me mention something that happens in Robert Heinlein's space-age novel *Stranger in a Strange Land*. It's about Valentine Michael Smith, a human born on Mars and raised by



Martians. Taken to Earth, Smith—who has never seen another human—gets next to a gorgeous chick and kisses her. She is completely enraptured. When asked later why she felt that way, her reply is this: "When Mike kisses you, he isn't doing *anything* else!"

Okay, there's a lot of description and advice in Morgenstern's good book, and doubtless a lot of solid information. But what makes this volume a bit better than most is the author's understanding of the point Heinlein made about Valentine Michael Smith: You can't really make love to a woman when, in your head, you're doing anything else.

If you can't give your lady your full and total attention—and that means attention to everything she is and has and feels and is thinking—then it might be better to wait until you can. Otherwise, you're just getting your ashes hauled. If that's what you want, fine, but that's

not the best sex for either one of you. And Morgenstern, in one way or another, makes this point throughout the book.

With two other researchers, Morgenstern surveyed dozens of women and a few male gigolos as well—guys who make a good living just by making love to grateful rich ladies. They (the researchers) sure had the knack for getting answers. You'll find out how to seduce a woman before you've touched her; you'll learn about expert timing, the signs of real arousal to watch for, even a thing or two about the ever-mysterious female orgasm.

But everything the author says comes down to that one thing: When you learn what to do, no matter how much or how little, don't be doing anything else!

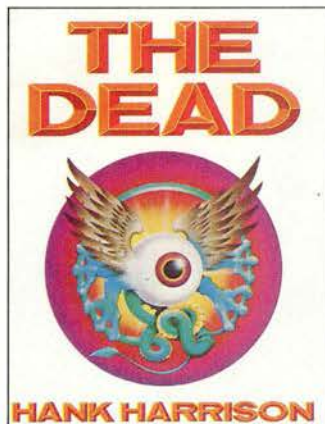
The Dead

By Hank Harrison; Celestial Arts, 231 Adrian Rd., Millbrae, CA 94030; \$9.95.

Hank Harrison is a man who saw that a job had to be done and that he had the special qualifications to do it. As one of the founders of the Haight-Ashbury community in San Francisco, California, he was the first manager of the rock group known as the Warlocks, which later became the Grateful Dead. Harrison realized that the drugs-and-rock explosion in the late '60s was not merely a fad or a catch-all for dirty hippies and dropouts, but

a social movement of real importance.

The movement's main voice was rock. Some pretty big guns have realized this and written



about it—Alvin Toffler, Charles Reich, Theodore Rozak—but they weren't there. Harrison was. He knows the people who swept in a new current in the '50s with fresh kinds of music, culminating at last with the Grateful Dead and the armies of rebellious kids who followed the big groups of the '60s. "It was not a battle for turf, territory or booty," Harrison writes. "It was, rather, a battle for the survival of ideas."

There was destruction, of course—lots of it. Much of it was self-destruction. Harrison understood, however, that the don't-give-a-damn quest for ideas was bound to get some people into dangerous territory; this has been true all through human history.

What ideas? What was it all

for? What did this colorful, disgraceful, inspiring "civil war" accomplish? It shook up the country is what it did. It left its stamp on radio, television, movies, books, magazines and newspapers. It caused turmoil in the fashion industry; it crept into the language; it washed across the country and back, and on to foreign shores. It touched everything.

Harrison has written a very important book, liberally decorated with photographs of a lot of stars and some of the casualties.

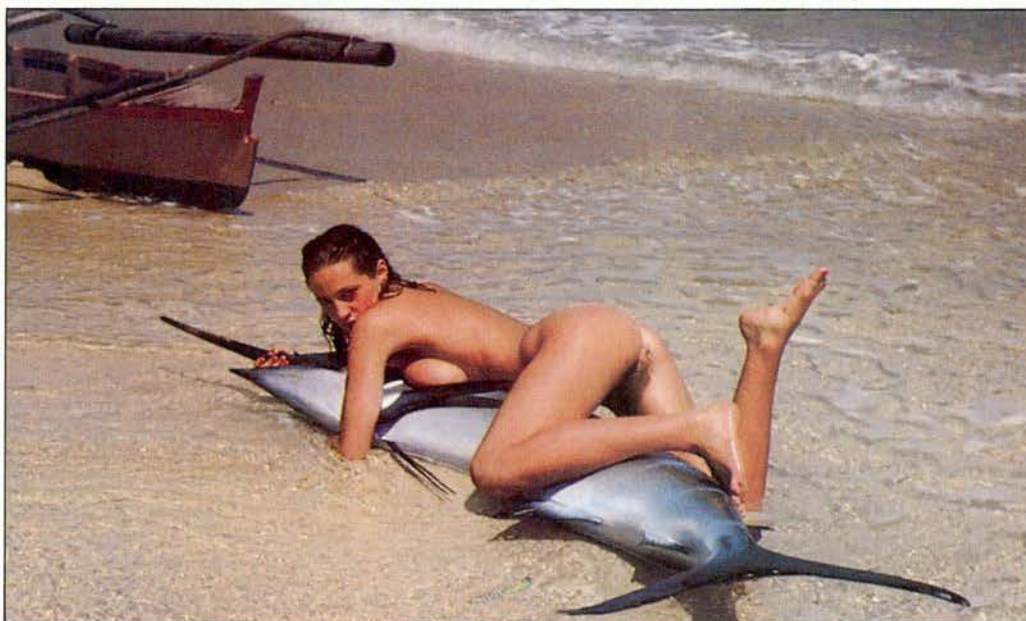
Personal note: Years ago I spent an unforgettable day at the Dead Ranch. It was quite an adventure, but this book shows me that I got only the flavor of it. Harrison brings it to you right down to the bone, and he may be the only writer who ever has.

Nus

By Michael Moreau; Pink Star Editions, 3, rue de l'Arrivee, Paris, France 75015.

First, the pluses: This big, beautiful, coffee-table item out of France is a very pretty collection of *very* pretty girls. Most of the photography (in superb color) is beach-scene. None of it, like *L'Art Hard* (from the same publisher, reviewed here last month), is kinky.

What I especially like (which may be *my* kink!) is that at long last there's a whole book of well-toasted beach beauties without a single bikini mark on



A beautiful young woman and a man-size fish create an erotic twosome on a sandy beach in 'Nus.'



Whether in frivolous play (above), striking a serious pose (below left) or sensuously sweating in the hot sun (below right), the well-toasted beach beauties in the French photo book 'Nus' provide an exciting eyeful.

them. Those smooth brown bodies without white stripes are a real turn-on. Topless is a very usual thing all over Europe nowadays, and judging from these portraits, bottomless is on the way.

Minuses: There's more effort at originality in any issue of the magazine you're holding in your hands than in this whole big book—at a fraction of the price. But let me get out of the way so you can see for yourself.



STD: Sexually Transmitted Diseases

By Maria Corsaro and Carole Korzeniowsky; Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 383 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10017; \$5.25.

Five dollars will never get you more value. There's nobody reading this magazine who hasn't known the misery of sexually transmitted diseases—STDs—either through personal experience or through that of lovers, friends, family members or acquaintances. These things are epidemics, large and small, and growing daily. (More than 20 million Americans suffer from genital herpes alone.) The effects range from irritating itches and blisters all the way

up to several unpleasant ways of dying—to say nothing about the possibility of birth defects in little kids who, after all, didn't get any fun out of the act.

The hell of it is, it's all so unnecessary. With the knowledge this book contains, you can guard yourself—and your sex partners—against these diseases for the rest of your life. More: If everybody had and used this knowledge, the epidemics would be stopped in their tracks. If that isn't worth the price of two burgers and a beer, I don't know what is.

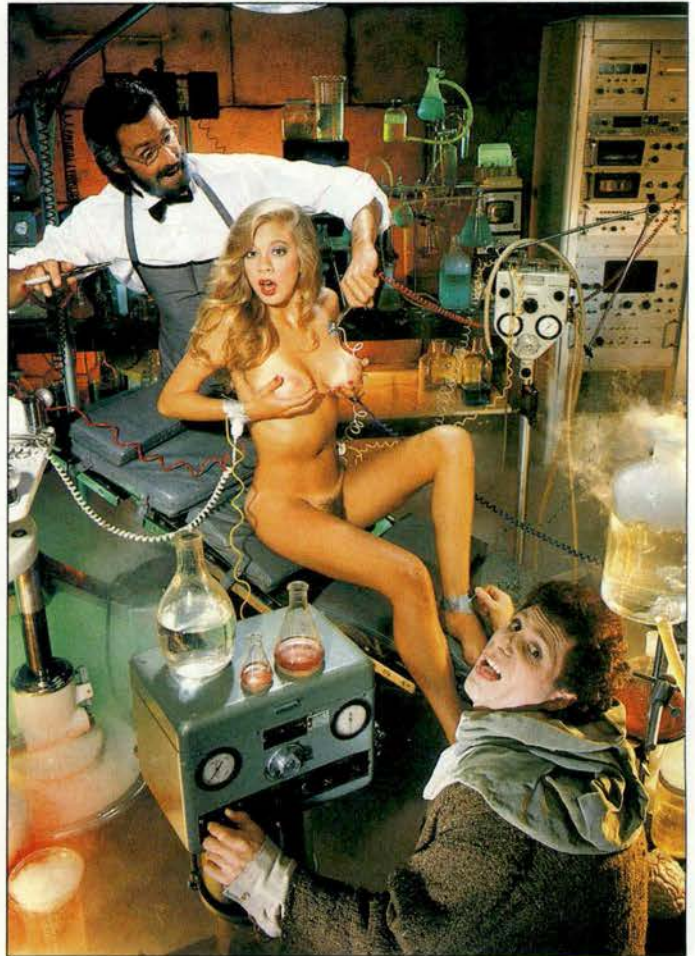
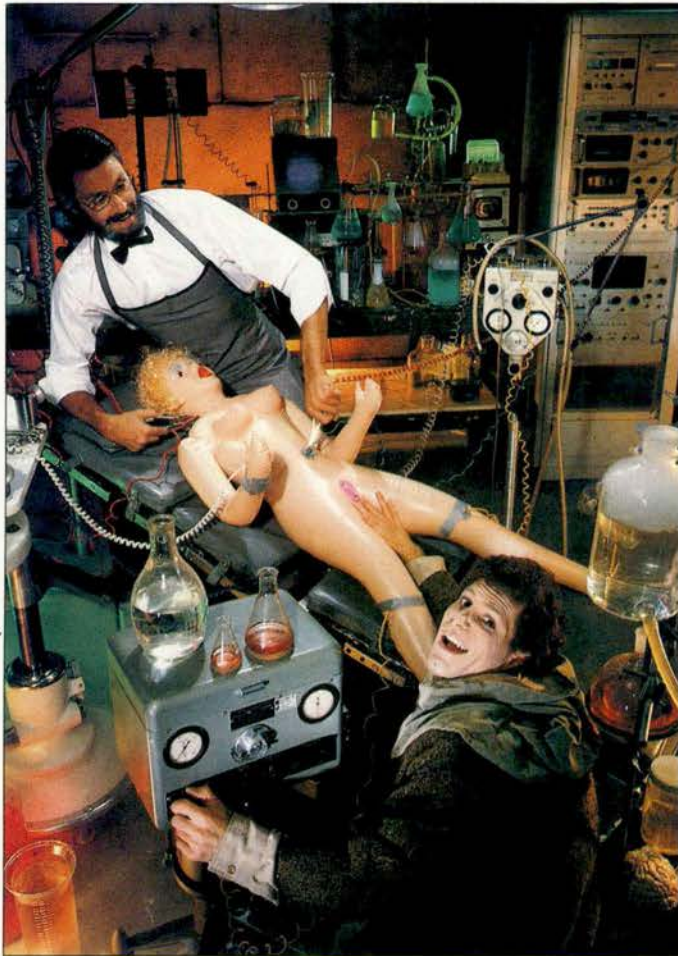
STD: A Commonplace Guide to Sexually Transmitted Diseases isn't a "scare" book by any means. The ladies who wrote it make no judgments about lifestyles, girls, guys or gays. If you want to party, go for it; they rap no knuckles. All they do is tell you in clear language what the diseases are, what symptoms to watch for if you've been exposed, what to do about it and how to keep it from spreading.

The book is very well designed, making it quick and easy to get the information you need. In the section called "The STD Key" is a list of symptoms—burning irritation, itch, rash, sores, whatever—with a reference to the page in the book that deals with each one. There's a section on what to look for when you're hunting the right doctor, and there's a glossary that explains any long word you might not know in the text. (For more valuable information on this serious problem, check out last month's feature, *HUSTLER's Updated Guide to VD*.)

There is an epidemic loose in the world, and it's worse than herpes, clap or anything else listed in *STD*. It's ignorance. This fine book can cure it. 🐾



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geous hermaphrodite displaying both her male and female sex organs in a centerspread-style shooting, and a gorgeous young girl with three breasts? But that's not all! We've got other fantastic pictorials coming up, such as a boa constrictor wrapped around the bare body of a beautiful woman and a centerfold in her ninth month of pregnancy. Clip out the coupon below and subscribe to the one and only HUSTLER. We've created a Frankenstein that brings you to life!

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If you are the least bit squeamish, do not read any farther. This is the story of genital mutilation—the cutting or mangling of women's and children's clitorises that is carried out throughout Africa, parts of Asia and in many Islamic countries. It is hardly a pleasant subject. Estimates indicate that an astounding 74 million females have suffered such barbaric practices.

Since the popular press in America has long considered the topic taboo, existing data has been published mostly in international scholarly journals. HUSTLER believes it is time to break the conspiracy of silence that has concealed these brutal customs from the public for so many years.

"The child, completely naked, is made to sit on a low stool," reports Fran Hosken, probably the foremost authority on the phenomenon. "Several women take hold of her and open her legs wide. After separating her outer and inner lips, the operator pierces and slices open the hood of the clitoris with a kitchen knife. While another woman wipes off the blood with a rag, the operator reaches underneath the length of the clitoris with her finger to detach and pull out the organ entirely. The little girl, held down by the helpers, screams in extreme pain; but no one pays the slightest attention.

"The operator finishes this job by entirely pulling out the clitoris, and then cuts it to the bone. Her helpers again wipe off the spurting blood with a rag. The neighbor women are invited to plunge their fingers into the bloody hole to verify that every piece of clitoris is removed.

"But this is not the end. After a short moment the woman takes the knife again and cuts off the inner lips. Then, with a swift motion, she begins to scrape the skin from the inside of the large lips. When the wound is large enough, she adds some lengthwise cuts and several more incisions. The child howls even more. Sometimes, in a spasm, children bite off their tongues. . . ."

"When the operation is finished, the child, who was held down all this time, is ordered to get up. A bandage is applied from the knees to the waist, and the girl is left in

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



GENITAL MUTILATION

by Virginia Whitcraft

place for about two weeks. The girl must remain stretched out on a mat for the entire time, while all the excrement remains with her in the bandage."

This lurid firsthand account describes an African initiation ritual known as "infibulation." A medical dictionary coldly explains the practice as fastening the fleshy hood of the clitoris and the outer vaginal lips together to prevent copulation when the mutilated skin grows back as an obstruction. In some locales the clitoris itself is often removed, as in the above incident. It is a routine occurrence in the life of almost every four- to eight-year-old girl in countries like Somalia and Mali, as well as newborn babies in Ethiopia and Nige-

ria. Petrified 16-year-olds in Kenya suffer an additional fate called "defibulation," whereby they are opened up for intercourse by reversing the operation. In some countries, such as Sudan and Somalia, females must go through the process of infibulation all over again after childbirth and divorce.

Infibulation is the most drastic form of genital mutilation practiced. Other types of mutilation include *Sunna circumcision*. At its worst, the act can mean the removal of the clitoris at the hood. Those who get off lucky experience only the symbolic touching of the outer genitals with a knife. Cutting out the entire clitoris—a clitoridectomy—as well as removing parts of the small and large lips is the most common form of mutilation. It is performed in some 22 African countries alone.

The purpose of the operation is to make the opening of the woman's vagina as small as possible—preferably no bigger than a kernel of corn or a pencil point—thus rendering intercourse impossible. Indeed, infibulation is the single most popular form of birth control and premarital-sex control in many Islamic countries. The trade-off, however, is often permanent numbness and excruciating pain both during and following the hideous procedure.

The aftermath of operations under primitive conditions is often devastating. Clumsy use of a knife, or a trembling hand, can pierce the urethra or slice open the rectum. Other documented side effects include shock due to blood loss or pain; blood poisoning; retention of urine because of pain or obstruction; infections such as tetanus or lockjaw; and infertility resulting from infections spreading to reproductive organs.

In many rural areas the "dressing" applied to the wound can consist of ashes, dirt, tree gums and even animal feces. The number of fatalities resulting from the operations is unknown. Rural villagers attribute fatalities to evil spirits, and often neither the death nor its reason is recorded.

For those who survive the ordeal, the emotional scars are as deep—and take even longer to heal—than the physical wound itself. The self-consciousness of childhood and adolescent sexuality is made razor sharp by the trauma of “the little knife.” For many women that moment when, unknowing, they were taken to the house of the excisor and betrayed by their parents is a recurring nightmare.

Those who support such operations say they are no more severe than routine male circumcision. They argue it is discrimination to circumcise boys and not girls. Yet while male circumcision is limited to the removal of an extra piece of skin (the prepuce) that contains few nerve endings, female circumcision involves cutting the most sensitive organ in a woman's body—the one whose rich supply of sensory nerve endings is crucial to her sexual pleasure.

While male circumcision supposedly has beneficial health effects and can even increase a man's sexual pleasure, its counterpart in females has harmful health effects and extinguishes pleasurable sensation.

Regardless, there is little doubt that for 74 million women the joy of sex has been perverted into pain or—even worse—an undefined physical and mental numbness. Most women in Africa

and Asia whose genitals have been mutilated are too shy to talk about sex. But the results of a questionnaire on the subject answered by women in Sudan's capital, Khartoum, and the White Nile Province showed that only one woman out of 10,000 said she enjoyed sex, and then only after she had given birth.

Yet, as Fran Hosken points out, asking women who have been mutilated whether they enjoy sex is like asking someone who is blind to describe how something looks. One Egyptian woman named Leila said simply: “Now when I wash myself and touch myself, there is nothing there; I don't feel anything.”

Death of a Princess, a controversial TV documentary aired in 1980 that showed the public execution of a Saudi Arabian woman who dared to commit adultery, only began to help us understand the cultural customs that govern these gruesome operations. But to comprehend a phenomenon as deeply rooted as genital mutilation, one must move beyond sensationalized news reports and popular films into the murky depths of tradition and myth, whether they be Arabian, African or Asian.

Under Islamic law, for example, women cannot own land or property (with the exception of gold jewelry), nor can they get credit at a bank. Women

are not allowed to walk on the street unescorted; even when they are escorted, they must be veiled. Throughout their lives, women are described in relation to men—first their fathers and brothers, then their husbands and sons. Marriage is the only legitimate pursuit for a woman: Having sons is her only access to power; not having sons is grounds for divorce.

Polygamy and wife beating are legal in many Islamic nations, as is a brother's murder of his sister if she loses her virginity before marriage and brings dishonor to the family name. In short, women are considered the property of men, and their value is determined solely by their cunt. The smaller the vaginal opening (which offers physical evidence of purity), the greater their worth.

Even though women are made to stand on the pedestal of purity, they are viewed as potentially promiscuous sluts whose wanton sexuality is physiologically centered in their clitoris. Infibulation and circumcision are the only foolproof ways to protect them from their lust.

Those who support the operations believe that they prevent disease, increase fertility and make it possible to find a worthy candidate for motherhood (a virgin at marriage). Not incidentally, they are also thought to increase the sexual pleasure of men. In effect, women who are infibulated provide a customized cunt for their husbands.

The rituals surrounding wedding ceremonies are as extreme as those experienced during the initial operation. Just before marriage the young girl—usually no older than 15—is inspected by the groom's relatives. If all is in order (i.e., her vagina is closed), the wedding commences. In some instances, to make intercourse easier, the girl's vagina is cut open before the actual ceremony by the original “surgeon.” He then inserts a clay or wooden phallus (made to the exact dimensions of the groom's penis) into the open wound, where it stays until it is replaced by her husband's actual member.

In other cases the groom wields the knife himself or attempts to pierce the closed vagina with his penis. The next step is frequent and forceful intercourse with the often-hysterical, bleeding bride until the opening assumes the size needed for the man's pleasure. Traditionally the screams of the bride are masked by the singing, dancing and clapping of villagers enjoying the wedding feast outside. Bridesmaids wait at the door of the hut until the husband appears and presents a bloody sheet as proof of his wife's virginity.

The bottom line, then, is control. Like

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footbinding in China, cremation of widows in India, and wife beating and rape the world over, genital mutilation reinforces the belief of these cultures that women exist to serve men. The infibulated woman assures a husband that he and only he is the father of his children. To allow a woman to control her own body is to risk revolt and the dissolving of the entire cultural and economic fabric.

And so the practices continue even while many of the accompanying rituals are long forgotten. Today, for instance, the operations are frequently conducted in modern hospitals equipped with Western technology and subsidized in part by Western dollars. The U.S. Agency for International Development funds facilities in areas where infibulation, the most drastic form of genital mutilation, is practiced. Thus, Washington has become an unwitting accomplice to the modernization of a physically damaging cultural custom that has long since lost its ritual significance.

Says Fran Hosken, "I got the impression Somali officials believe that mutilating female children at government expense in hospitals was an achievement of modernization."

Nevertheless, there has been some progress in the more-humane direction. In the 1950s an Egyptian law made it illegal for the operations to be performed by anyone but a physician. The Somali Women's Democratic Organization has reportedly launched a massive educational campaign aimed at stopping genital mutilation. At the 1980 World Conference on the Status of Women held in Copenhagen, Denmark, delegates from 32 African nations denounced the operations and formulated resolutions for change.

Yet in an area where 90% of the population in most countries is illiterate, there is a vast difference between calling for change and effecting it. Even when educated parents decide their female children will not be mutilated, pressure from others is intense. Unfibulated girls in Somalia are taunted with cries of "You're dirty!" or "You're soiled and no good!"

Eliminating genital mutilation will be a long and arduous process, and education will prove to be the most important tool for change. As African and Asian nations move toward modernization, enlightened leaders will hopefully shed outmoded customs. They may come to recognize that human rights apply equally to men and women, and that the most basic right of all is control over one's own body. They may even realize that sex with an active, fully aroused partner can be double the fun. 🍌



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photography David Gurian

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Illustration by Pat Dunn

The Rise and Fall of **JOHN HOLMES**

PROFILE BY BRUCE HENDERSON

Porn's biggest star had everything all men dream of: fame, money and willing women. But then he got involved over his head—in drugs and eventually murder.



The intruders moved quickly and silently in the early-morning darkness, climbing the concrete steps alongside the split-level stucco home. All of them were armed, except for a tall, thin man with a drooping mustache and sad blue eyes. Hours before, guns had been pointed at his head until he agreed to lead the way to this house on a sloping street in Los Angeles' rustic Laurel Canyon. He was John Holmes, the famous "superstud" star of countless hard-core films and picture books that featured his legendary 14-inch penis. And for the first time he could remember, his size was of no consequence.

What was about to happen inside the house might have read like the script from one of his more-violent "Johnny Wadd" escapades, where typically he wiped out the bad guys and ravished the insatiably horny heroine. But there were no cameras in sight. No lights. No director. And no script. The scene was all too real, and Holmes had every reason to fear for his life. His companions were cold-blooded killers who'd stop at nothing to seek revenge. This morning they were after blood—and lots of it.

Holmes took a key out of his pocket, slipped it into the dead-bolt lock and soundlessly pushed open the front door of 8763 Wonderland Avenue. He had been sleeping in this house for some

weeks. The people inside were acquaintances—not friends; John Holmes had scant few friends. They were fellow drug dealers and users who supported their operation by robbery and burglary—just the sort of people Holmes needed to be around in order to maintain his own cocaine habit that had gotten so terribly out of control.

Holmes was pushed firmly into the dimly lit living room, and several men followed him. In addition to the guns tucked inside their belts, they carried lead pipes. Holmes knew he would be killed if he tried to cry out in warning. So he kept quiet.

The trespassers stood still momentarily, getting their bearings. One of them noticed the sleeping woman on the couch and moved over to her quickly. He raised the lead pipe high above his head and brought it down on her skull with the sickening sound of a melon cracking open. The impact caused the woman's body to fall onto the floor.

Holmes fought a rising tide of nausea. He had caught a glimpse of the victim before the first blow struck. He knew she was Barbara Richardson, an attractive woman in her early 20s. When the pipe came down on her head and neck again and again, she was no longer attractive. Her head burst into cascades of bright color and violated flesh as

tissues and fluids splattered everywhere.

The killing party moved into a downstairs bedroom. Lying on a double bed were Ronald Launius, 37, and his estranged wife, Susan, 29. In an extraordinary stroke of bad timing, Susan—a pretty brunette with curly hair—had chosen this night to reconcile with her husband.

Launius stirred and suddenly was awake. The first of several killing blows caught him on the forehead as he began to sit up. At that instant, Susan opened her eyes and saw three shadowy forms standing next to the bed. Then came the pain, and blackness engulfed her.

Next the intruders went to an upstairs bedroom, opened a door and saw a sleeping nude woman barely covered by a sheet and light blanket. She was Joy Audrey Miller, a brunette in her mid-40s. An attacker pulled the covers back and seemed to savor her nakedness. Miller awoke with a start, screamed loudly and was struck with a pipe. But the blow was off target and landed on her chest, just above her full breasts. She screamed again as another blow hit her squarely in the face. With blood spurt- ing from her mouth and nose, she desperately tried to crawl off the bed.

A pipe slammed against Miller's back, and another came crashing down on the side of her head. As she fell facedown onto the mattress, the bathroom door suddenly opened, and the light cut a path through the bedroom.

Dressed only in jockey shorts, Miller's boyfriend—Bill DeVerell—froze at the sight before him. His frightened eyes landed on the attackers, and he seemed to understand. "No!" he pleaded. "We didn't—"

The intruder nearest DeVerell swiftly moved a pipe through the air and slammed it into his throat. DeVerell dropped to his knees, gagging horribly and making clawing motions into the air. The second blow landed on his shoulder, and he crawled on his hands and knees toward the door.

DeVerell tried to stand and fight off his assailant, but fell heavily against a television set. Repeated blows rained down on him, smashing into his skull. Then the killers resumed bludgeoning Miller, who repeatedly screamed for help. But help never came.

Twelve hours later on July 1, 1981, as the hot summer sun began to drop behind the wooded crest of a nearby hill, curiosity got the best of Steven Stamper. He had been hired to move a family from a neighboring house. Soon after arriving, he had noticed that the front door of 8763 Wonderland Avenue was ajar. When the hours passed and nobody

(continued on page 48)



"He disappeared three weeks ago. The only thing he left behind was this message on the video recorder."



*"As long as I live, I'll never understand why
they still call this the Holy Land!"*



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MADILYN SLIPPERY WHEN WET

It takes a real man to get Madilyn out of her luxurious bathtub, and so far, very few have been man enough. "When the warm water first rushes over me," says Madilyn, "I know I'll be in there for a long, long time. I love the suds on my breasts and how slippery the soap makes my skin." Asked what her hobbies are, Madilyn didn't surprise us when she said she had only one: taking sensuous bubblebaths. "I've never told this to anyone," she confesses, "but my absolute favorite thing is having water from the faucet masturbate my clit. One time I got so carried away, I made a date wait downstairs for three hours!"

We have a feeling it was worth the wait.

















JOHN HOLMES

(continued from page 36)

entered or left, Stamper decided to check things out.

Peering through the doorway, he stared in disbelief. It seemed like somebody had slung buckets of blood everywhere. Stamper recoiled as he spotted a body and the grisly mess that had once been its head.

Then he heard a pathetic moan coming from one of the back rooms. The stench of rotting flesh and spilled blood turned rancid by the day's heat greeted him as he hurried inside. In a downstairs bedroom he found Susan Launius lying critically injured on the floor.

The intruders had done their work well. Other than Stamper, she was the only living person in the house at 8763 Wonderland Avenue. And at this moment she was more dead than alive.

Police called the brutal mass murders the "Four on the Floor" killings. The series of events that led John Holmes to the house on the street with the fairy-tale name and implicated him in the slaughter were tragic and predictable.

Some people who knew the porn star were surprised by last summer's spectacle as he stood in the dock in Los Angeles County Superior Court, on trial for

four counts of murder and one count of attempted murder. Others were not so amazed. Nearly everyone who knew him seemed to understand *why* the killings occurred. For after having it all for years—women, money, porn stardom, more women—his recent life had become a reckless, self-destructive act that he seemed intent on seeing to the inevitable conclusion.

It was never easy to know the *real* John Holmes. He remained a mystery even to the people who had worked with him the longest and knew him best. That was just the way he wanted it. One of his specialties was telling people conflicting stories about his life. But it was difficult to conceal the fact that the man whose massive, uncircumcised organ performed virtually every sexual act on command had, in the previous year or so, been unable to raise an erection. Incredibly, he was *impotent*, an affliction that understandably affected both his professional and personal lives.

"John had become about as sexual as a eunuch," admitted a close female friend. "People stopped hiring him, and he gave up on himself. He stopped trying to find that perfect woman he had always sought, because he knew even if he found her, he couldn't be a real man to her."

Ironically, the man who lived by his

cock was slowly but surely dying by its inability to perform.

Because of contradictory accounts, nobody is even sure where John Holmes was born. He sometimes showed a birth certificate that said Pickaway County, Ohio. But he has also told people that he was from Illinois or Indiana. He's 38 and has been married to a registered nurse for 17 years, although they have been separated for much of that time.

It is equally difficult to separate fact from fiction in trying to determine how Holmes got started in pornographic films. In *John Holmes Superstud*, a book explicitly illustrated with pictures from his many movies, he told the following sexy story: "I was new in town, broke and needed the money. I met this guy in a bar who told me they were looking for someone to ball a chick on camera. He told me where the studio was and what time to be there. . . . The director told me briefly what to do. I was to be a house-to-house salesman, dressed in a suit and tie. We started shooting. I had my hair all slicked down, and I did like I was told and knocked on this door, which was part of an indoor set.

"The girl, Ginny, came to the door and asked me in. She was wearing a bikini, covered by a skimpy apron. I got an erection looking at her cleavage. I pulled off her bra and started playing with her tits, and she groped for my fly. You should have seen the expression on her face when she saw the size of my pecker! Her eyes got real big, and her mouth fell open.

"The director yelled, 'Keep it going!' She got on her knees and began worshipping my penis. She licked it, kissed it, talked to it. . . . She did everything a woman can do to a cock before she finally started to suck me. The whole set was turned on. She wasn't acting. This was for real. By the time I got inside her, she was yelling, 'Fuck me! Fuck me!' It was quite a fuck scene."

But Holmes recounted a far-different story—less erotic but probably more accurate—in the recent semidocumentary film *Exhausted*. "I was going to UCLA and starving to death," he said. "I had bit jobs like washing cars and dishes. The girl next door asked if I wanted to make a hundred bucks by being in a stag film. She said they needed someone who was overtly large. She knew I was because we had played around a few times. I said sure. There were just three people on the set. Her, me and a cameraman. I ended up getting ripped off because the guy's check bounced."

During his 13-year film career, Holmes has reportedly made 2,500 films.

(continued on page 54)



"Yech! Geez! I hope we never have to do that again!"

HERMAPHRODITE!

A True Man/Woman!

Hermaphroditism, a rare accident of nature, occurs when a child is born with both male and female genitals. In many cases the vagina and penis are poorly developed but functional. The hermaphrodite shown here, who goes by the stage name of Sir Dame, had a large phalluslike appendage reconstructed above his/her own genitals due to the small, difficult-to-use size of the penis—the round object (seen best on page 51) directly above the vagina. "I like a bisexual partner," says Sir Dame. "That way a person can enjoy me totally. And I can totally satisfy a foursome by myself."

On trying to live a "normal" life, Sir Dame says, "At 18, I married a guy, but it lasted only 30 days. Since I enjoy both men and women, I prefer to be a free spirit."

Although almost 80% of hermaphrodites will develop breasts and at least one-half menstruate by the time they reach puberty, more than 75% of the reported cases have been raised as males. This contradiction shows that society and medical technology have yet to find an effective way to deal with this problem. As you can see from our exclusive pictorial, it's a startling set of circumstances. And only HUSTLER could bring it to you.











JOHN HOLMES

(continued from page 48)

He also claims to have made "slightly more than 14,000 women. . . . This includes women I was paid to fuck, both on and off the screen, and women I fucked for the fun of it. I did the orgy trip for two or three years."

Onscreen he has been sucked and fucked by a Who's Who of the last decade's female porn stars. "He was the best lay I ever had," said one of them, the sultry blonde named Seka. "It's difficult to give head to John. It's like trying to suck a telephone pole. I wish I could put more of it into my mouth, because it's such a lovely cock. . . . Sometimes I feel I'm being exploited in this business. But when I'm working with John, if that's exploitation, then *exploit* me please."

For those who have never seen a Holmes film, it should be pointed out that Holmes' penis doesn't stand at attention like a "normal" man's erection. Instead, it sort of swells and flops over. But this itself is a mighty feat considering the amount of blood necessary to bring life to his oversized organ. Undoubtedly, this is the reason why, in many of his filmed sex scenes, Holmes is seen leaning over into the woman's mouth or hanging over her cunt or ass.

He needs all the help he can get from gravity.

An article about Holmes once said that he would fuck mud if the price was right. "I definitely would not fuck mud," he replied. "I won't do anything that doesn't involve normal, heterosexual behavior." Yet he also admitted to participating in bondage, S&M and the ever-popular golden showers. And one national distributor is currently offering his "first and only gay film"—an 8mm loop—for \$22.95.

In his heyday, Holmes reportedly earned from \$10,000 to \$15,000 per film—each one taking between a few days and two weeks to complete. Acrobatic exploits in *Dusty*, *Taxi Girls*, *The China Cat*, *Sweet Cheeks* and *Extreme Close-Up* helped make him the undisputed box-office king of X-rated movies. "I've got 27 fan clubs that write for locks of pubic hair," he claimed in a *Screw* magazine interview. "I clip them off my neighbor's poodle, and I send it to them."

Yet he rarely received a percentage of a film's gross revenues that legitimate actors get. Nor did he earn anything more than a flat fee posing for hundreds of hard-core pictorial magazines that sell for \$10 and more per copy.

He is said to have often augmented his income by hiring himself out as a

male prostitute, flying around the country to fuck women ranging from celebrities to politicians' wives to virgins whose parents wanted Holmes to be their daughter's first sexual experience.

But the actor spent his earnings as quickly as he made them; today he is virtually penniless. There was a time when he would stop and give away money to winos or drive through Skid Row, tossing cash out of a car window. He was famous over the years for lavishly wining and dining friends—particularly girlfriends. And great amounts of his money went for cocaine, another sort of expensive pleasure.

Cocaine is the single most popular recreational drug in the Hollywood community. So it's not surprising that Holmes became hooked on the chemical high, just as have a number of other performers—including the late comedian John Belushi. Insiders report that Holmes' cocaine habit reached a staggering \$1,000 a day.

"John was always disappearing from the set or running into the bathroom and coming back all jazzed up," said an adult-film producer who hired Holmes for many pictures. "I think in the beginning the coke helped him perform. He was always up. I mean he was *hard* all the time. In fact, it was difficult to keep it down when you needed him unaroused. And he could do multiple cum-shots. That's why he was so popular among producers and directors. But then he started getting more difficult and demanding as time went on."

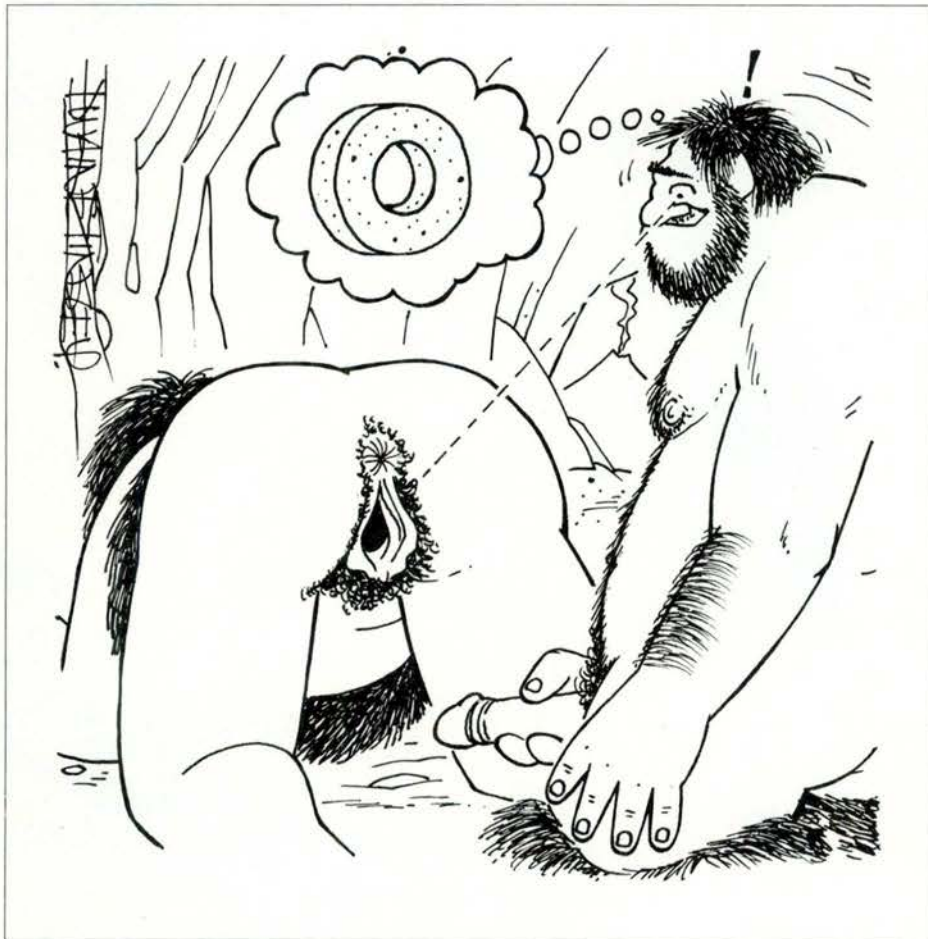
The years of sexual performances, irregular diet, lack of sleep and continuous drug use all took their toll on John Holmes until, when he was filming the aptly titled *Exhausted* in June 1981, he simply couldn't maintain an erection.

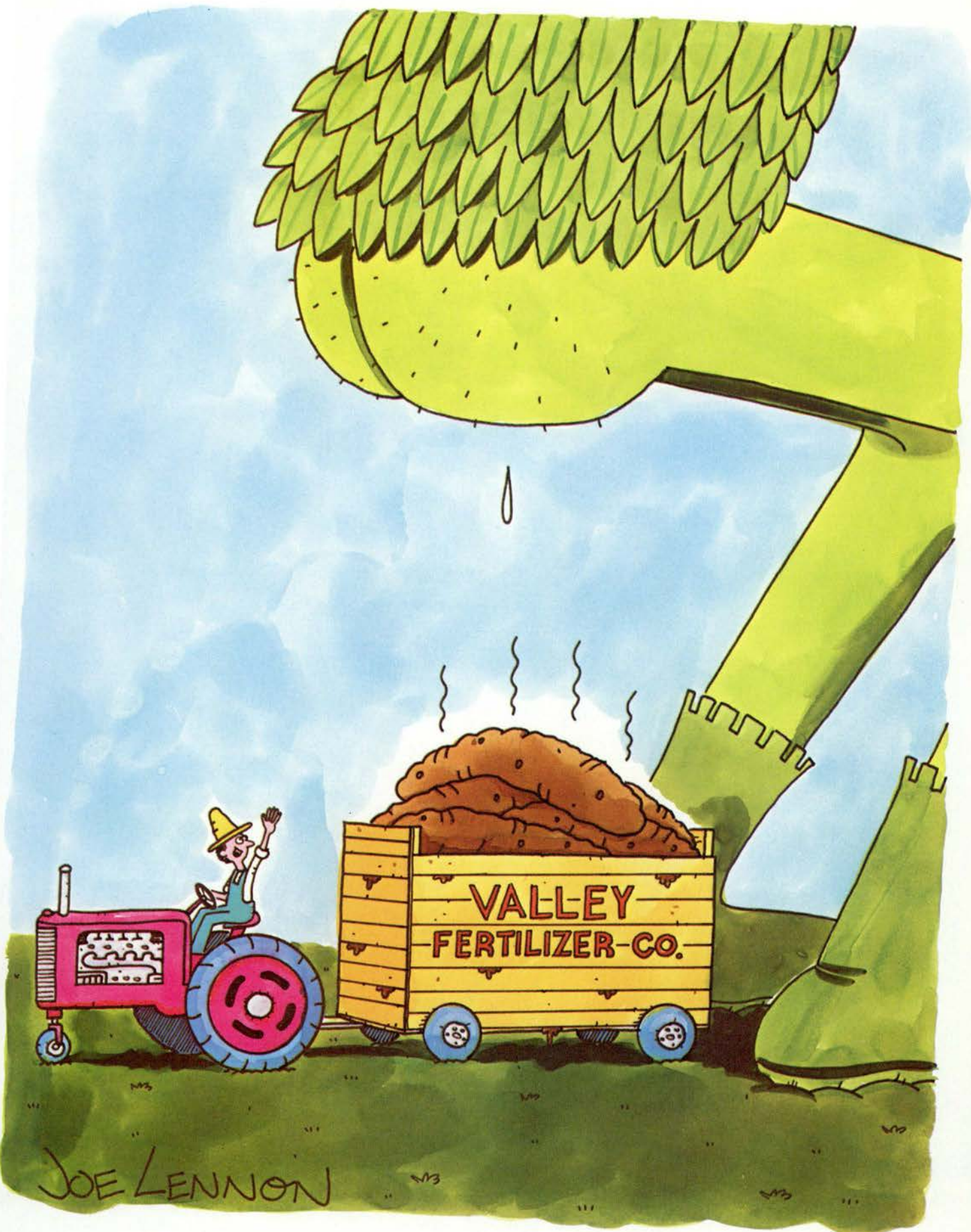
"It was sad to see," one eyewitness reported. "They had been doing a lot of simulation of the sex scenes, and John suggested that they film one particular scene as a hard one with actual intercourse. The director went for it, but then John couldn't get it up. He was making excuses. 'The lights are too hot.' 'Move the camera over that way.' But in the end it was just a matter of his not being able to do it. So they simulated everything. In fact, the only hard-core fucking in the film is in clips from his older films. John simply was not up to the action."

Adds *Exhausted* producer Julia St. Vincent: "He was going downhill fast. . . . Frankly, I didn't think he was going to be around much longer. He didn't look well at all. He was taking so many drugs."

The film, released nationally early

(continued on page 132)





"Thanks, Green Giant!"



Illustration by David Mann

AMERICA'S SHAME: THE HAITIAN BOAT PEOPLE

The first body that washed ashore on

March 29, 1982, was bloated, misshapen and discolored. Within two days the corpses of 20 more blacks had been fished from the normally placid waters off Boca Raton, a resort community on the southeast coast of Florida.

All of the dead—13 men and nine women ranging in age from their teens to their early 40s—were residents of the troubled Caribbean nation of Haiti. With the help of six male survivors, authorities were able to piece together the details of the latest in a series of grue-

ARTICLE BY PABLO F. FENJVES

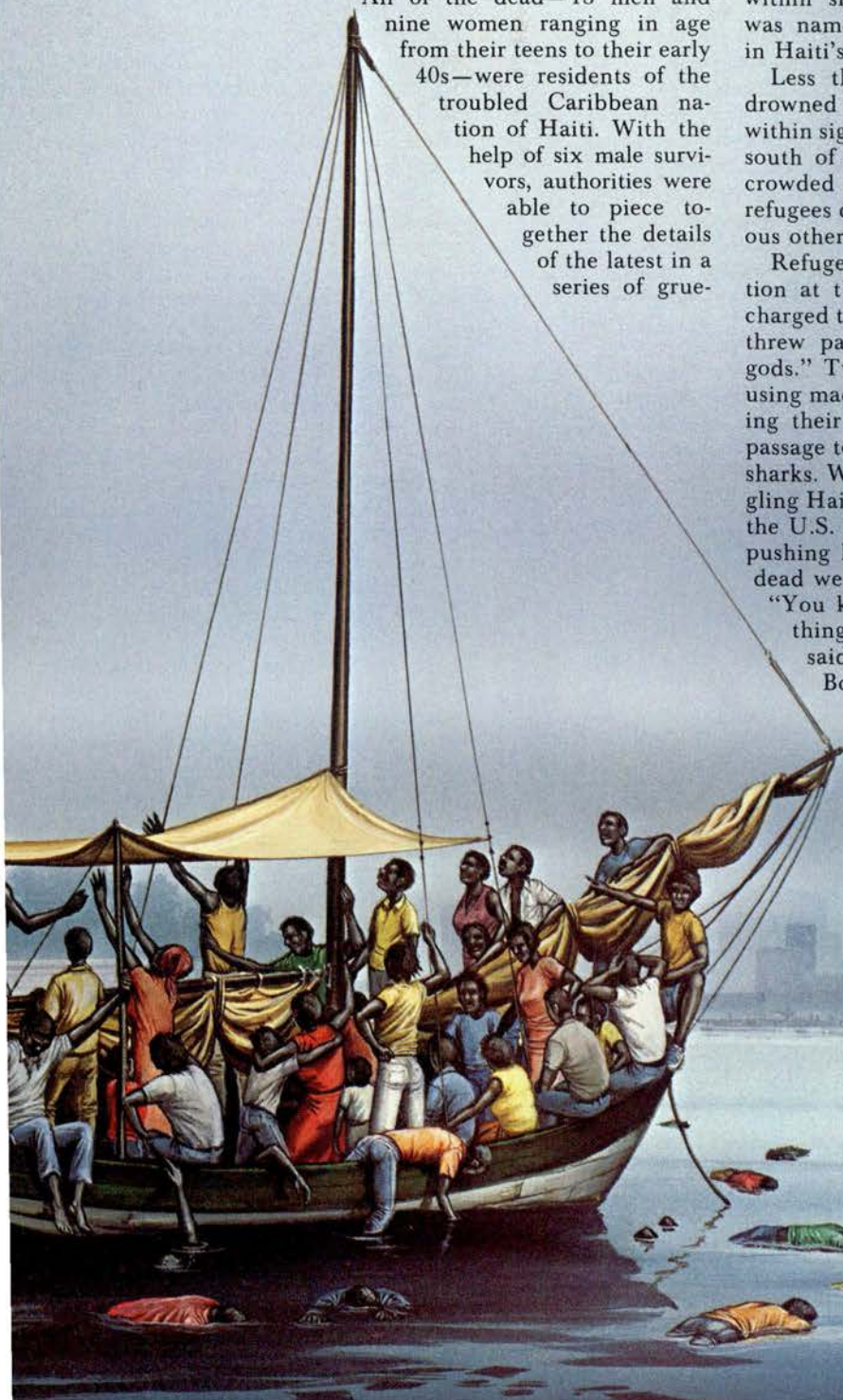
some tragedies. Desperate to leave their

homeland, this group of Haitians had crowded aboard a leaky, 49-foot boat and pointed its bow in the general direction of South Florida. Battered by storm-tossed waters, the barely seaworthy vessel fell apart and began to sink within sight of shore. Ironically, the vessel was named *Esperancia*—the word for “hope” in Haiti’s Creole language.

Less than six months earlier 33 Haitians drowned when their water-filled boat capsized within sight of Hillsboro Beach, just a few miles south of Boca Raton. Survivors of one overcrowded voyage told U.S. authorities that 96 refugees died in rough seas. There were numerous other incidents even more horrifying.

Refugees told stories of murder and starvation at the hands of malicious captains who charged them for water and food and arbitrarily threw passengers overboard to “appease the gods.” Two Haitian captains were accused of using machetes to carve up 16 people after taking their money and guaranteeing them safe passage to America. The bodies were fed to the sharks. When an American boat captain smuggling Haitians was about to be apprehended by the U.S. Coast Guard, he panicked and began pushing his passengers overboard. Among the dead were a mother and her three daughters. “You keep staring at the water, and everything seems to have the shape of a body,” said a retiree of the latest tragedy at Boca Raton.

“Frankly,” added another retiree as he studied the surf from a poolside terrace, “I was looking to see if anyone else would wash ashore. I saw something that looked



like a body, and sure enough, it was."

Nearly 35,000 Haitians risked their lives during the frantic, 800-mile journey from their unhappy homes. But they kept trying. In 1978 more than 1,800 survived the grueling ocean voyage, many traveling in homemade wooden sailboats. By 1979 the figure had risen to 2,500. In 1980 more than 10,000 of them reached our shores.

Most people are impressed by the combination of desperation and courage that motivated these perilous trips in jam-packed, barely seaworthy boats. But then, few people know what Haiti is all about or can understand what it was these people were fleeing.

Haiti's 6 million people are among the poorest in the world. Less than 1% of them possess 45% of the country's wealth, and 80% of the total population earns around 200 U.S. dollars a year.

The nation has an infant death rate of about 140 per thousand (the highest in the world), a 75% illiteracy rate (the government spends about one U.S. dollar per person, per year, on education) and not enough plantable soil to feed even a fraction of its citizens. In fact, only about 10% of the land is irrigated, and most of that belongs to the richest families.

The remainder of Haiti's 10,000

square miles is extremely rugged, its numerous mountains rising to 9,000 feet and dropping so suddenly that—as an old joke has it—farmers have been killed falling out of their cornfields. (Haiti, which shares the island of Hispaniola with the Dominican Republic, takes its name from the aboriginal word for "mountainous land.")

Eighty-nine percent of its rural population lives in conditions of absolute poverty. They occupy mud-daubed huts, the roofs thatched with palm branches and guinea grass, the dirt floors littered with sleeping mats made from banana leaves.

For these people, sanitary facilities and running water are unknown. All cooking is done on three stones and a wire grill, located outdoors, and the fare generally consists of vast amounts of black coffee and whatever can be scraped together for the day's single meal.

Given these conditions, it is not surprising that Haiti received \$137 million in international aid in 1980 and more than \$150 million in 1981—the highest per-capita assistance in the Western Hemisphere. Still, nothing changes in Haiti. The poor remain dirt poor. The rich, filthy rich.

Corruption is one of the main reasons there has been no visible benefit to Haiti's poverty-stricken masses. Even

the U.S. State Department agrees that graft is traditional at all levels of the country's society and that a vast amount of the aid revenues are diverted for personal enrichment.

But poverty is just one issue—and not even the most important one at that. Even more loathsome is the government's brutal repression of basic civil liberties. Haiti's ironhanded leader, Jean-Claude "Baby Doc" Duvalier, became President for Life in 1971 following the death of his equally notorious father, Francois, who was known as Papa Doc.

It was Papa Doc who formed the infamous *tonton macoutes*, a secret police force with the authority to literally destroy—by any means necessary—opponents of the regime. In his memoirs he wrote: "This organization has only one soul—Duvalier; recognizes only one chief—Duvalier; fights for only one destiny—Duvalier in power."

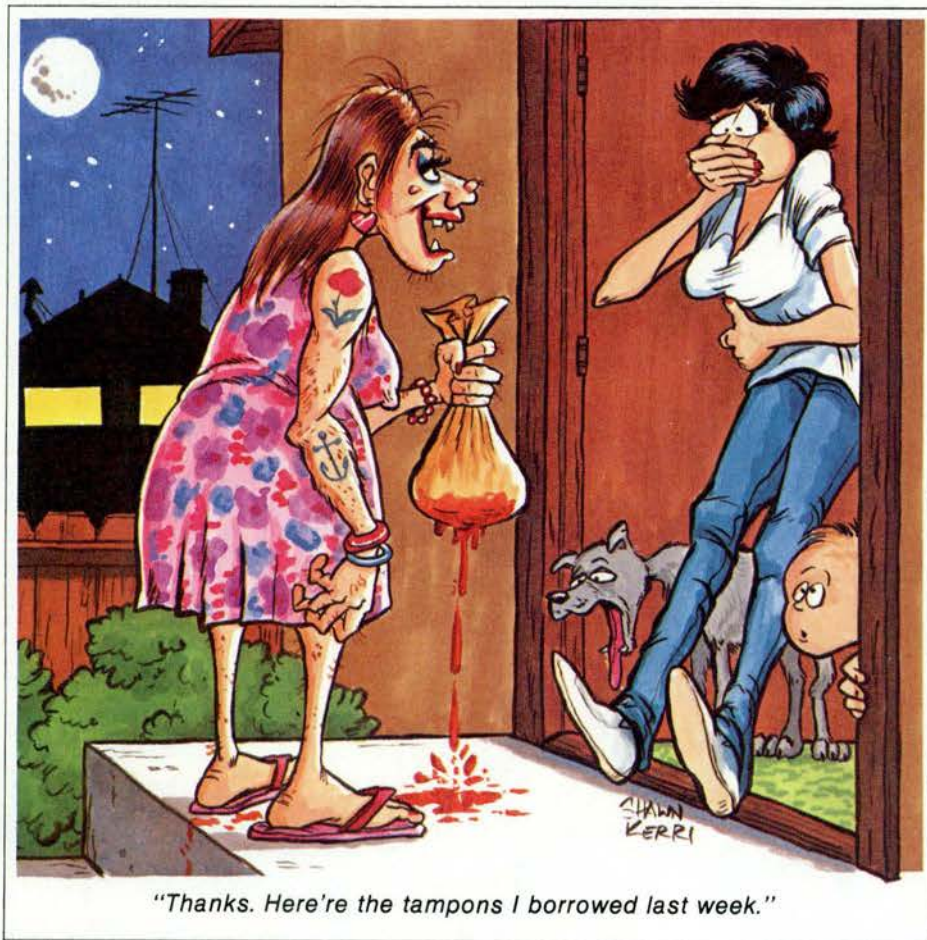
Carrying revolvers in their waistbands, the *macoutes* did anything and everything to perpetuate that questionable "destiny." It was not unusual to find the road to the airport littered with bodies.

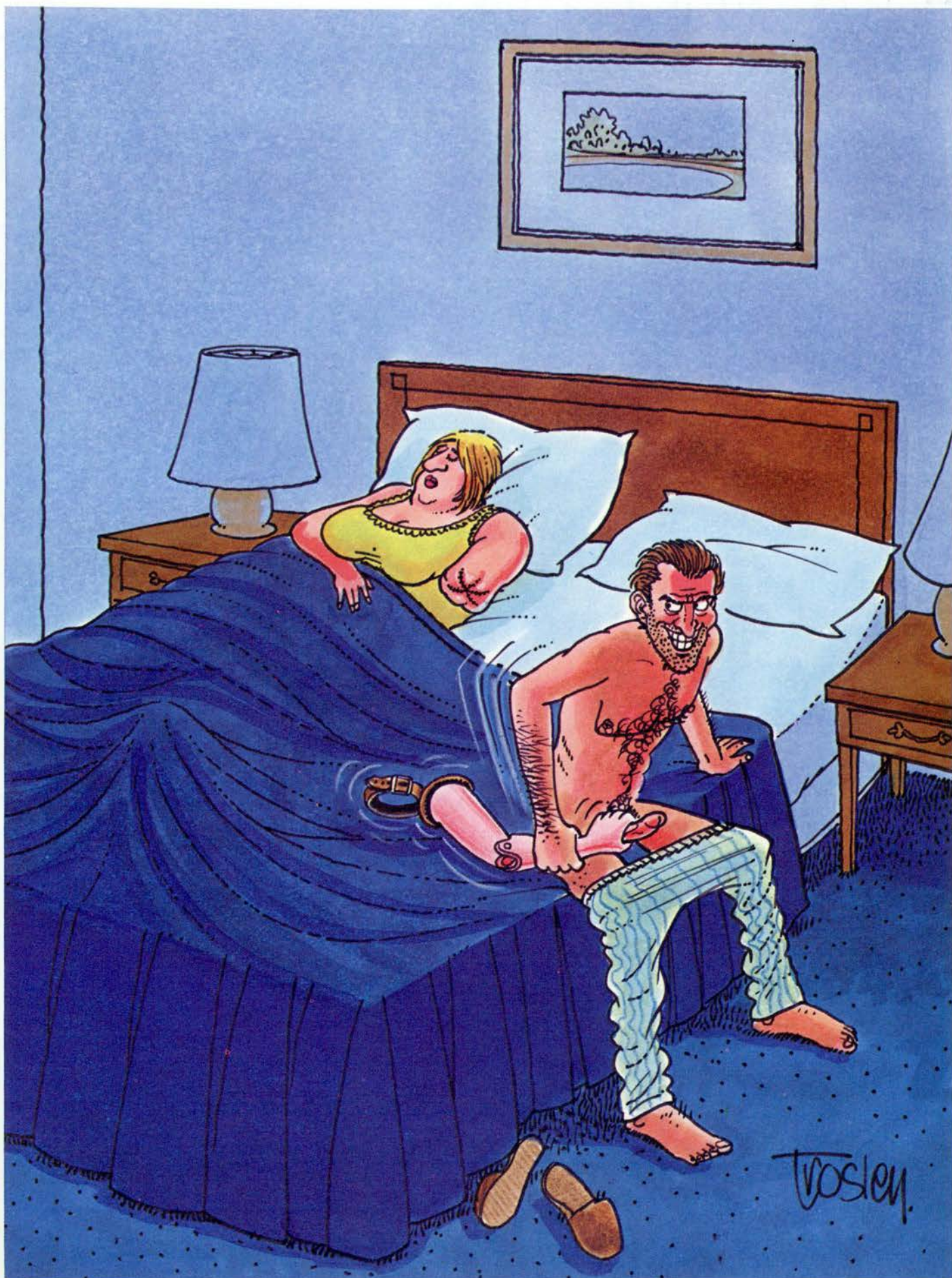
Evaluating the country under Francois Duvalier, the International Commission of Jurists had this to say: "In the world today there are many authoritarian regimes. Many have at least the merit of being based on an ideology, but the tyranny that oppresses Haiti has not even this saving grace. A few men have come to power by force and stayed in power by terror. They seem to have only one aim, to bleed for their own gain one of the most wretched countries in the world."

In his 1971 inaugural speech, Baby Doc promised an economic revolution, guaranteed greater political freedom and swore to end the widespread abuses perpetrated during his father's reign. But there has been no economic revolution, no political freedom. The people continue to starve; and those who criticize the government continue to face arrest, beatings and murder.

Little is known about the personal habits of the overweight, cherubic-faced and easily amused ruler. He is married now to a woman who is rumored to not get along with Baby Doc's mother. He travels almost every week, leaving his luxurious, heavily guarded palace for a beachfront compound protected by anti-aircraft weapons. He owns a fleet of expensive cars—his toys—and when he goes for a drive, he is always surrounded by an entourage of bodyguards and military attaches.

On his office desk is a photograph of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. crowned
(continued on page 100)







Jessica SHADES OF PINK













Who doesn't enjoy a taste of voyeurism once in a while? Nineteen-year-old Jessica confesses to "accidentally" seeing her horny next-door neighbor on those lonely nights at home. "I like to masturbate, but I don't believe in sex for the sake of sex," says the surprisingly conservative Californian. "And that's why I don't sleep with men I don't love." With all that sexual energy bottled up, it's no wonder she seeks pleasure within herself. Jessica is so busy in college that an occasional peep show like this one is more than enough to tide her over between relationships. After her classes each day, Jessica walks home to swim at the building's pool, which—in her words—"is swarming with horny toads. I don't let the guys around here come on to me," she affirms. "So I guess they have to figure out other ways to get off." It looks like one of them already has!







*I want you to
make me squeal
Jessica*

HUSTLER'S HONEY · NOVEMBER 1982



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The married couple came home pretty drunk and got into some rare uninhibited sex. Breaking a passionate kiss, the husband asked, "Honey, why don't you give me a rimjob?"

The wife smiled wickedly and dived for her husband's rear. She did a splendid job and then finished by popping his cock into her mouth and sucking him off until he came. Stunned and satisfied, the husband hugged his wife and muttered, "That was great. But just one thing: Why'd you swallow my cum? You never have before."

With a sour expression the woman said, "To get the taste of your asshole out of my mouth!"

The pretty girl strolled into the ice-cream parlor where a wise-ass fellow was serving customers. "What'll it be, beautiful?" he smiled.

"Do you have Rocky Road ice cream?" she asked.

"Sure do, doll-face," the young man leered.

The girl liked her ice cream firm and cold, and she blurted out, "How hard is it?"

"Hey, baby," the guy said, "it's as hard as my cock."

The girl glanced down at his crotch and said, "Great. Pour me some."

The **HUSTLER** Dictionary defines *Moral Majority* as: a group that follows the straight and narrow-minded path.

An airline stewardess snuggled up to the handsome young stud after a furious session of love-making. "Gosh, you're gorgeous, Bobby," she purred. "I bet you have a different girl up here every night."

"That's not true," the hunk answered. "I'm attracted to women I can talk to. I like women I can discuss different subjects with—politics, sociology, art. I want a woman as a friend, a companion and an intellectual equal!"

"That's sweet, Bobby," the stewardess cooed. "Which of those qualities of mine first attracted you to me?"

"Your big tits," the fellow replied.

A bar patron returned from the men's room grumbling to himself. "What's the trouble, buddy?" the bartender inquired.

"You got John Wayne toilet paper in there!"

"What do you mean?" the barkeep asked.

"It's rough, it's tough, and it doesn't take shit from nobody."

The little boy was being a real pest at his father's poker game. No matter how much scolding he received, he kept annoying the cardplayers. Finally, the boy's Uncle Al got up from the table. Taking the boy by the hand, he led him out of the room.

Ten minutes later the uncle returned and rejoined the game. The little boy was gone for 20 minutes when his father said, "This is great. The kid hasn't bothered us since you left with him, Al. What the hell did you do?"

"Not much," the uncle said. "I just showed him how to jerk off."

Question: What can a bird do that a man can't?

Answer: Whistle through its pecker.

Jill, a truly homely girl, came home from college for summer vacation. One evening she calmly confessed to her mother that she had lost her virginity the previous semester. "How did it happen?" her mom gasped.

"Well, it wasn't easy," Jill admitted, "but three of my sorority sisters helped hold the guy down!"

The zookeepers figured out why the female gorilla was so distressed—she needed to get laid. Since they didn't have a male gorilla, they found a man with a big dick to do the job for a hundred bucks.

As the man and the zookeepers approached her cage, the gorilla perked up, bared her teeth and started screaming with joy. The man looked scared and said, "Hey, you gotta pay me 200 bucks, and you gotta put a bag over her head!"

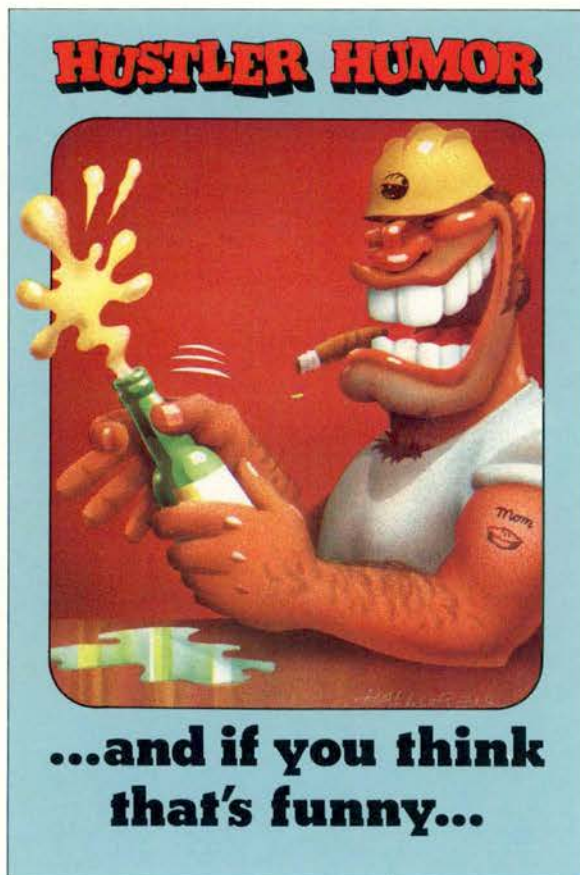
The zookeepers put a bag over the gorilla's

head and threw the guy into the cage. The gorilla started fucking him, holding him by the neck and beating his head on the floor. The man shrieked, "Get it off! Get it off!"

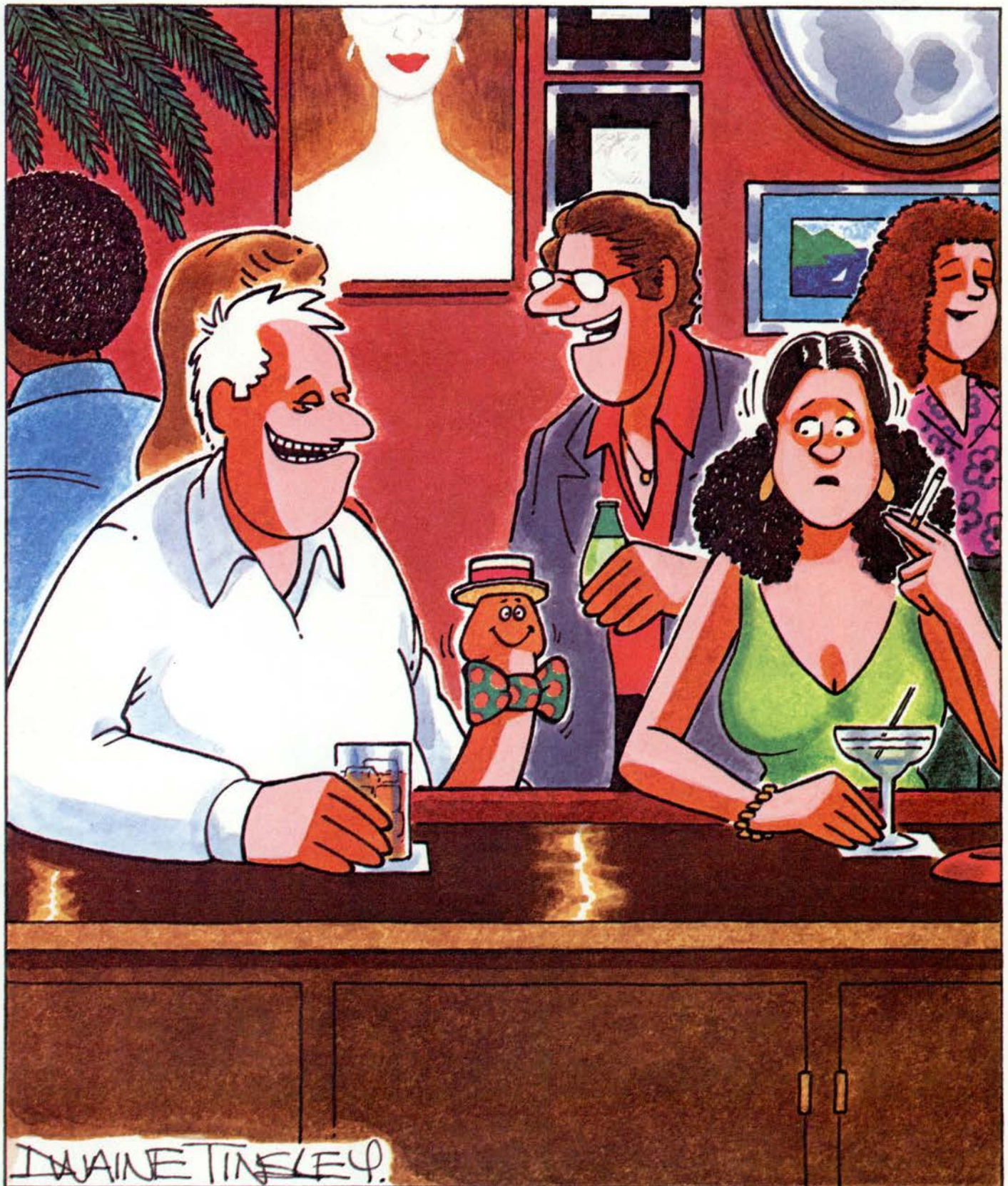
It took 40 men to get the gorilla off him, but he yelled, "No, no, not the gorilla! The bag! I want to kiss the bitch!"

The **HUSTLER** Dictionary defines *gay porn films* as: fruit loops.

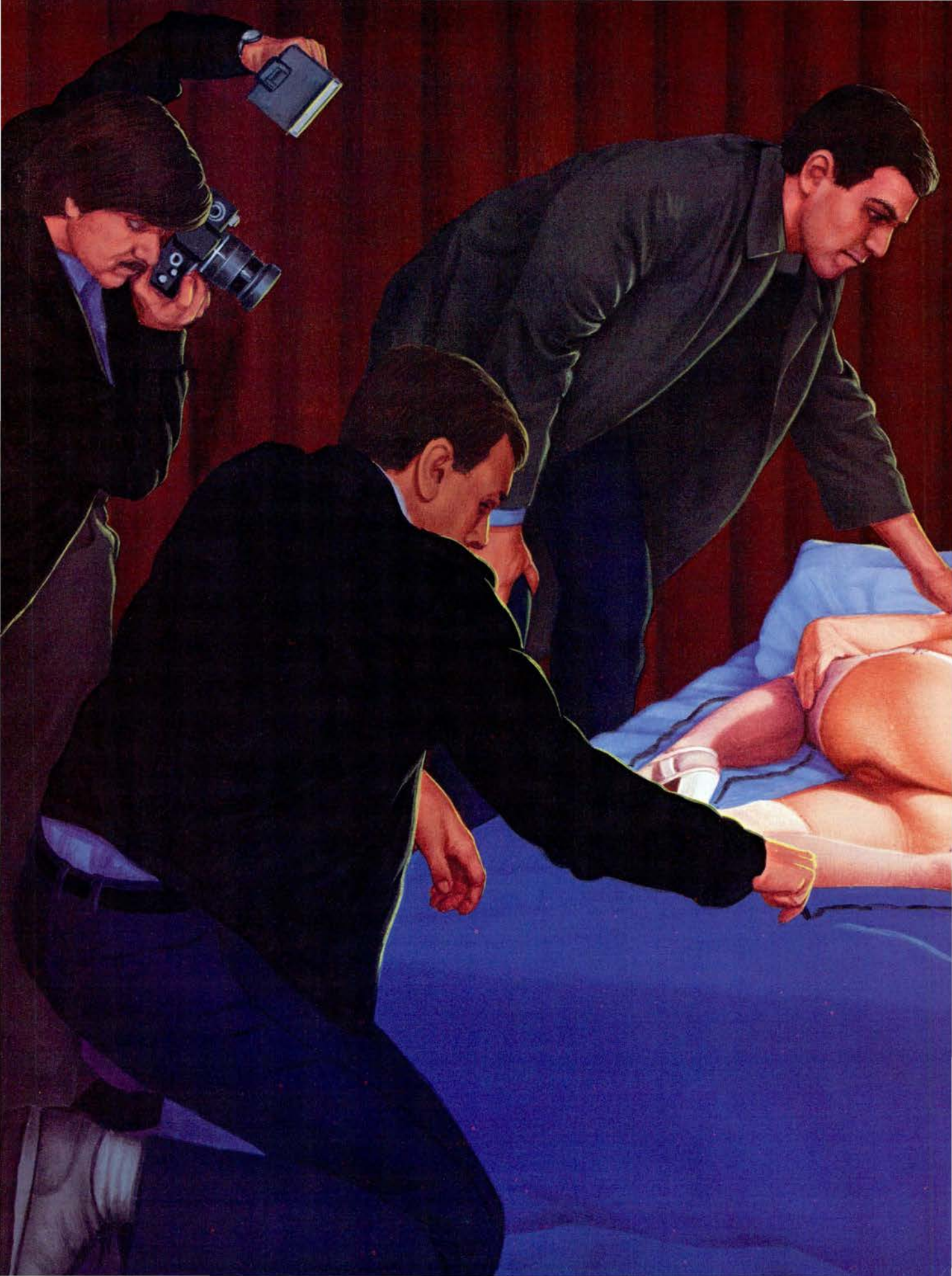
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CHESTER^{THE} MOLESTER



"Hi! Name's Chester—and this is my buddy Burt."



The Psycho

FICTION BY BEN PESTA

The murders were brutal and vicious. But the killer was setting a pattern that could be his undoing.



Illustration by Otto Lingfelder

They were in Jeri Marcus' bedroom. Her smart skirt and silk blouse were slung carelessly across a chair. Jeri unpinned her dark hair, which fell toward her generous breasts. "Nice," said the man she had met at the singles bar.

"Glad you like them," she answered, unsnapping her push-'em-up brassiere.

He moved forward, cupping one breast in his hand, mouthing and sucking the nipple until it stood as straight as a pink toy soldier.

"Mmmmmm," Jeri said. "I like that." She detached him momentarily, shucking off her bikini panties. Her pubic hair was a thick, dark thatch between her long legs. He stood up, removed his shirt, jeans and boots. Then he stepped out of his undershorts. His penis was already half-erect.

"What do we have here?" Jeri asked, taking his cock in her hand. "Something for mama?" She pulled him toward her, and both sank back onto the bed.

They lay side by side. He felt his pulse quicken as Jeri stroked his cock. He reached between her legs. His fingers searched for the tiny button of her clitoris, found it, and began to manipulate her expertly.

"Mmmmmm," she crooned. "I like that even better." The man's prick was by now so swollen that she could barely

get her hand around it. The inside of her vagina was completely soaked with hot juices. "I want it," she gasped, twisting under the action of his hand. "I want that big cock inside me."

She didn't have to ask twice. He rolled over, lifting himself on all fours, and drove his penis between her legs, deep down inside her to her molten core.

The man began pumping as hard as he could. Jeri's cunt was wide open, hot and slick, and his prick made a slurping sound as he hammered into her. She rose to meet each stroke, digging her fingernails into his back. "That's it, honey," she whispered. "Fuck me... fuck me good... fuck me *hard*... fuck me the way I like to be fucked."

He felt himself suspended in time, lost in a half-world where the only reality was the motion of Jeri's hips and the feel and smell of her cunt. "Oh, my!" she wailed. "Here it comes. I'm gonna... gonna..." She came, clutching him tight, her body racked by spasms of passion.

He could hold out no longer. He felt the fluid boiling up from somewhere deep inside him, traveling the length of his cock, scalding the head as it flowed out of him and into her cunt. He remained inside her for a while after that, feeling the heat of her vagina and the sweat that matted his chest hairs and

fused him to her breasts. At last he rolled off and reached for his shirt.

"If you're looking for a cigarette," she said, "could you get me one too?"

"Sure," he grunted. But he ignored his trousers. Instead, he took out a six-inch Ka-Bar hunting knife from his boot. The weapon felt solid and balanced in his hand. Hours of careful honing had left it as sharp as a surgical instrument. He rolled back toward Jeri. She eyed the knife. "What—?" she began.

The girl never finished her question. He grabbed her by the hair, pulled back her head and slit her throat easily, making sure her jugular vein was completely severed. Her body quivered once, twice, and was still. The killer was surprised at how much blood one human body contained.

* * *

"I don't like it," said Lieutenant Phil Kulick of the Homicide Bureau.

"The Marcus killing?" asked Sergeant Mike Olberding, sitting on the edge of Kulick's desk. "Nobody likes it. It was a mess. You should've been there when we found the body. That rookie, Brown, ran off to the can to throw up."

"The girl hit singles bars every night," Kulick said. "But nobody remembers the last place she hit, or who she went home with. We've got a killer with no known connection to the victim, Mike. We've got no description, no clues. Let's hope it's an isolated case and not some nut who's gonna strike again."

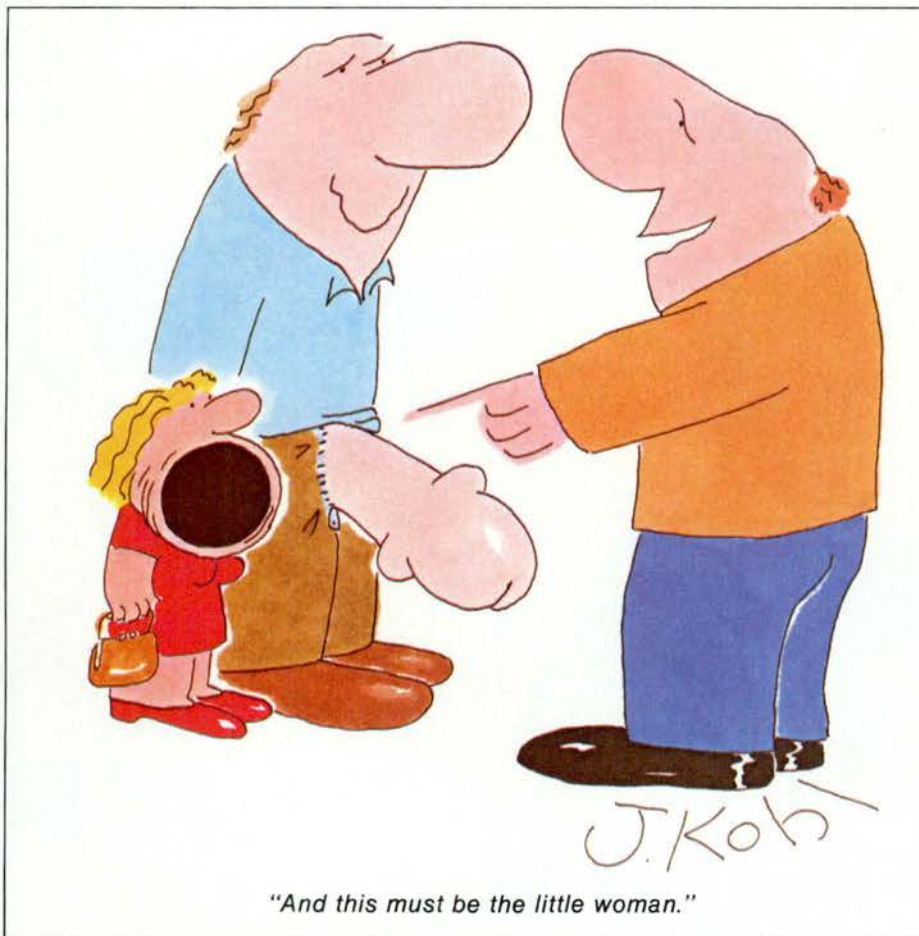
Officer Ed Brown made his way through the crowded Fourth Precinct house to Kulick's desk. "Hot off the press, Lieutenant," he said.

Olberding looked at the front page of the *Chronicle*. "You're gonna like this even less, Phil," he said quietly. The banner headline read: "PSYCHO SLASH MURDER." The subhead read, "Homicide's Kulick Compares Killer to Zodiac, Son of Sam."

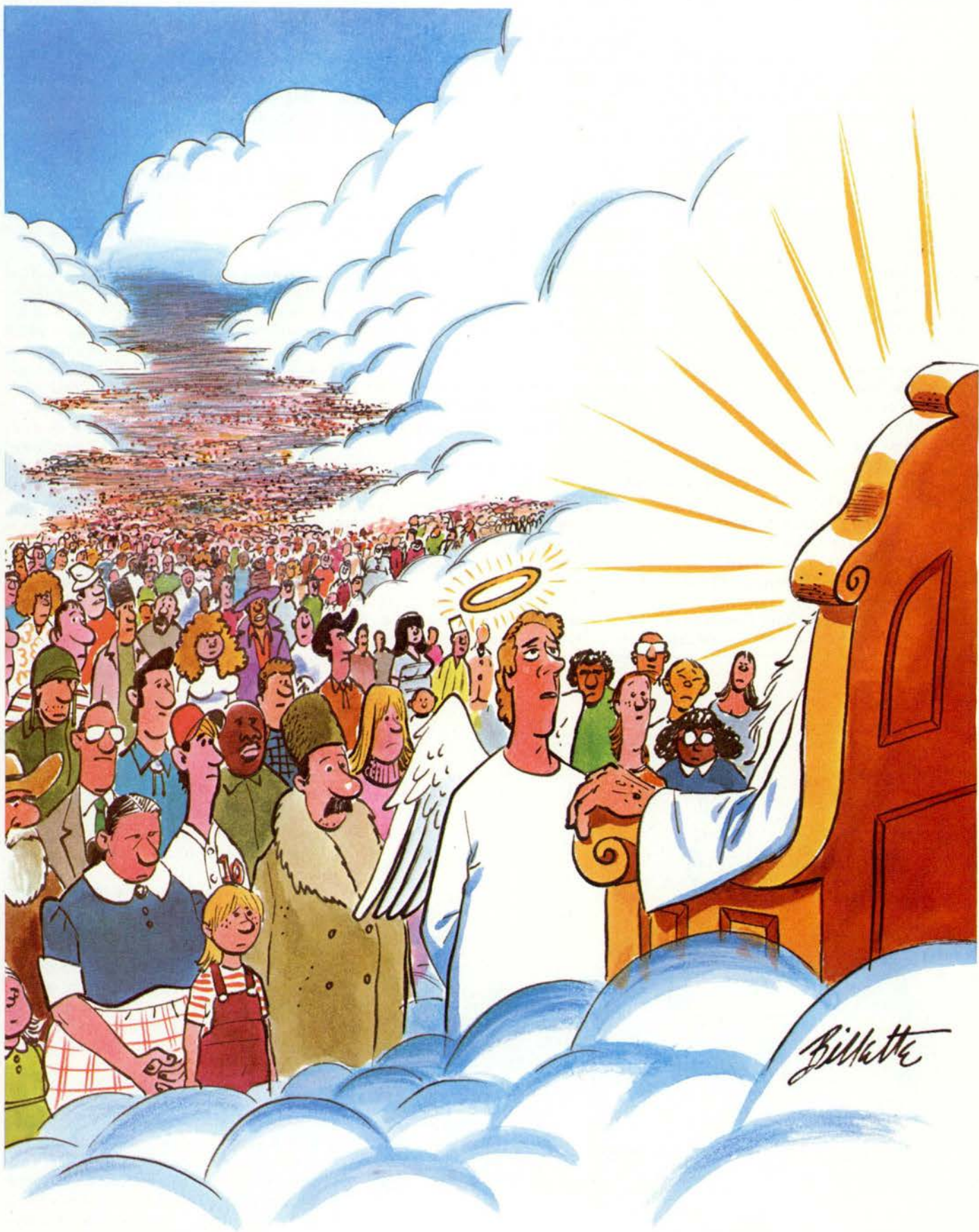
"Oh, shit," Kulick said tonelessly. He remembered the *Chronicle's* reporter, Tim Finnegan, asking him if the killer's method of operations seemed to indicate a psycho. The cop's answer, as best he could remember, had been a simple yes. Finnegan had expanded the word into a full paragraph:

Lt. Philip Kulick of the Homicide Bureau agreed that the brutal slashing fits the psychotic pattern established by such notorious mass murderers as San Francisco's Zodiac Killer and New York City's Son of Sam. Kulick promised that the police would be "working 'round the clock until the madman murderer of Jeri Marcus is apprehended."

Kulick shook his head in disbelief. "That bastard," he swore at the absent Finnegan. Then he reached into the



"And this must be the little woman."



"We've got 350 million new arrivals, Sir. They finally had their nuclear war."

center drawer of his battered desk and took out a roll of antacid tablets.

For the next two days Kulick felt like a man running in water. Jeri Marcus' apartment yielded fingerprints, all right—hundreds of them, most of them hers, the rest unidentifiable. Interviews with her family and friends turned up nothing. A couple of bartenders and a few regulars at the singles bars recognized her photograph, but no one had anything helpful to say.

On the morning of the third day after the murder, Kulick's telephone buzzed. He lifted the receiver and heard the operator say, "Lieutenant? A Mr. Finnegan from the *Chronicle* wants to speak to you."

Kulick pushed the button activating his outside line. "Finnegan?" he began. "Listen, you s.o.b., I want you to know that I think that story on the Marcus murder was the worst piece of—"

"Good morning to you too, Lieutenant," the crime reporter interrupted. "Something came in this morning's mail that I think you should see. It looks like a note from Jeri Marcus' killer."

Kulick grabbed his antacid tablets and called for Mike Olberding. The pair violated several speed limits on their way to the newspaper. Tim Finnegan, a big, genial, red-haired man in his late

30s, met them in the lobby and escorted them through the city room to his desk. "Here it is, Lieutenant," he said, picking up an envelope by one of its corners and handing it to Kulick.

"Anybody touch this?" Kulick asked. "Only me and the mail-room guys," Finnegan answered. "And I dropped it as soon as I found out what it was."

"Good work, Finnegan," Kulick said grudgingly. He looked at the letter. It was a paste-up job, the sort of thing that shows up as a ransom note in a bad detective story. The writer had clipped letters and words out of magazine and newspaper articles and arranged them to form a message: *The cops are looking everywhere/Barking up the wrong tree/Why don't you take it easy, Kulick?/Leave the driving to me.*

Kulick noted with distaste that his own name had apparently been clipped out of Finnegan's newspaper report of the murder.

"Any idea what it means?" Finnegan asked.

"None," said Kulick. "We'll let the lab boys go over it. Meanwhile, Finnegan, I don't suppose it'd be much use to ask you to keep this little valentine quiet."

"You should know better than that, Lieutenant," the reporter answered. "I'm not in the business of muzzling the

news." He handed Kulick the latest edition of the *Chronicle*. "SLASHER'S NOTE TO POLICE," the headline blared. "A bizarre note, apparently from the murderer of Jeri Marcus, arrived at this paper's offices this morning. The note, directed at police Lt. Philip Kulick, the officer in charge of the case. . . ." The front page carried a photograph of the message.

Kulick reached into his pocket for an antacid tablet. "Okay, Mike," he said to Olberding, "let's run this in to the lab."

Kulick and Olberding remained at the Fourth Precinct late into the night. They puzzled over the killer's note, searching for a turn of phrase, a peculiarity of word choice . . . anything that might give them a clue to his identity.

At 11 the lab report was delivered. "Anything there?" Olberding asked.

"Just what I thought," Kulick said, looking at the contents of the manila envelope. "Nothing. No decent prints, no sweat stains. The paper and envelope could have come from any dime store. The glue he stuck the words on with is ordinary white glue, the kind everybody has in his desk drawer. The postmark is from the central post office downtown, where they mail out about a million letters a day."

"So what do you think?" Olberding asked.

"I think, much as I hate to admit it, that that shit Finnegan is right," Kulick replied. "We've got a real nut case here, a Son of Sam, a Zodiac. This guy likes to kill, and he likes to get written up about in the papers. He likes to let people know he's smarter than the police in general, and me in particular. Of course, we'll know more when the police psychologist turns in his full report."

At one o'clock the next morning the lieutenant was awakened out of a sound sleep by his bedside phone. "Kulick," he said groggily into the mouthpiece.

"Sir, I think you'd better come downtown right away," said the voice on the other end of the line. "We have a dead hooker in an alley behind the bus terminal, and it looks like your boy's job."

"Slashed?" he asked.

"Through the neck," the answer came. "It's a real mess."

The detective pulled on his trousers and a jacket, ran a comb through his close-cropped hair, planted his feet in a pair of loafers—no time for socks—and left the house. While driving downtown, he found himself hoping, almost praying, that the knife killer had made a mistake this time, that he'd left a clue, that he'd been seen . . . something.

(continued on page 84)



"I'm strong, Doctor. Tell me, was he wearing clean underwear?"

Late & *Leather* LADIES

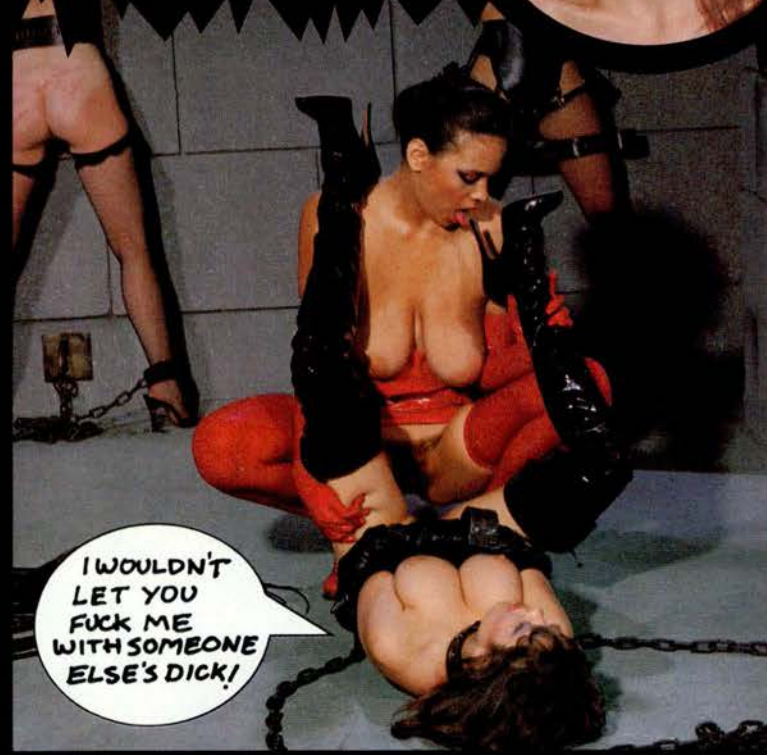


I'LL
TAME
YOU
YET,
BITCH!

THE POWER STRUGGLE
BETWEEN THE RED
LATEX LADY AND
THE BLACK LEATHER
QUEEN



EAT MY CUNT,
HA, HA



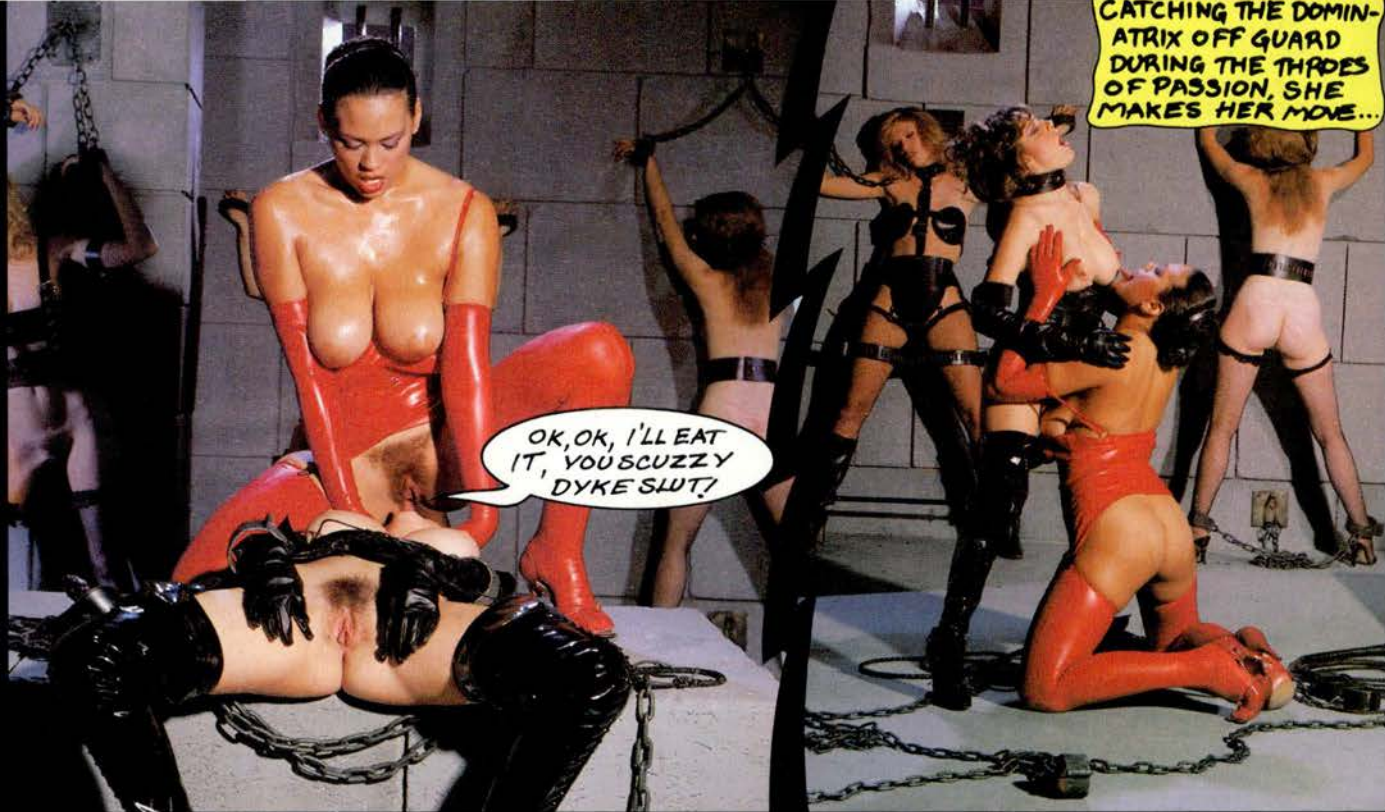
I WOULDN'T
LET YOU
FUCK ME
WITH SOMEONE
ELSE'S DICK!



I SAID,
EAT IT,
WHORE...

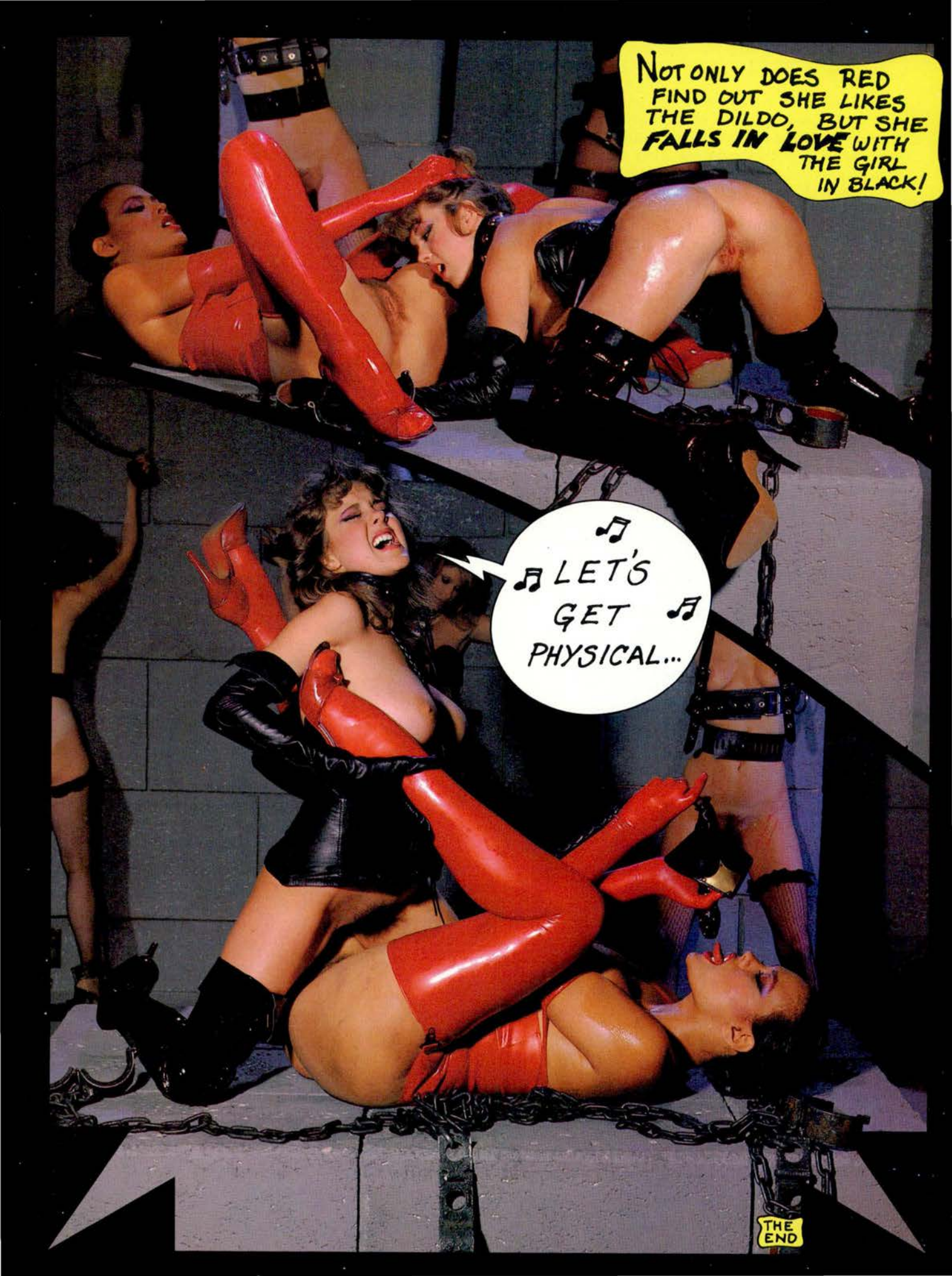
AS FAR AS
SOMEONE
ELSE'S DICK,
I GOT IT RIGHT
HERE...





*SHE DOES THE
DASTARDLY DEED
WITH THE DILDO...*





NOT ONLY DOES RED
FIND OUT SHE LIKES
THE DILDO, BUT SHE
FALLS IN LOVE WITH
THE GIRL
IN BLACK!

♪ LET'S
GET ♪
PHYSICAL...

THE
END

(continued from page 78)

As in most American cities, the bus station was located in one of the worst parts of town. The depot didn't actually serve many travelers these days. They'd been frightened away by the junkies, winos and \$20 hookers who hung around the place.

Kulick eased his Buick into the alley behind the terminal and was met by a young officer who led him to the scene of the crime.

The blood-soaked victim, clad in a cheap print dress, was propped up against a dirty brick wall. The enormous wound that stretched from one side of her throat to the other looked like a hideous second mouth, smiling evilly under her chin.

"Any idea who she was?" Kulick asked, turning to the young cop.

"Leona Watkins," he said. "We found her purse next to her body. Got a string of pros arrests as long as your arm. Twenty-one years old. Her mother and her six-year-old daughter live in Chicago. We're trying to notify them now."

Kulick became aware of someone behind him. He turned and saw Tim Finnegan. He noticed with grim satisfaction that the reporter's usual wise-guy smile had been replaced by a look of horror.

"Hello, Lieutenant," Finnegan said. "Any idea how it happened?"

"Yeah," Kulick replied. "It's my guess she met the guy out front and told him that she'd suck his cock around back for a ten-spot. That's the way they usually do it down here. She was probably down on her knees with his joint in her hand when he cut her. You gonna put that in the paper?"

Finnegan blanched. Kulick turned away from him and addressed the young officer. "Any trace of the weapon?" The younger man shook his head. "Anything else?" Kulick persisted. "Wallet, keys, even a snotty handkerchief?" The answer was another head shake.

"Well, you know what to do," Kulick said. "I'm going back to bed. See you in the morning."

He walked slowly toward his car, noticing the filth of the alley and the enormous red-neon sign atop the bus terminal. The sign was shaped like a running dog. It flashed on and off every few seconds, casting hellish shadows in the gloom. Kulick looked at the sign, then thought about the killer's paste-up note: "Why don't you take it easy, Kulick?/Leave the driving to me?"

The son of a bitch is trying to fuck my mind! he thought.

The lieutenant got little sleep that

night, and the next few days didn't give him much chance to catch up. The city was aflame with rage and terror, and the flames were being fanned by Tim Finnegan's sensationalized newspaper accounts. Every psychiatrist, psychic, astrologer and palm reader in town, it seemed, had a theory about who the knife killer was and why he was doing it. Somehow, Finnegan managed to find room for all of them in his articles.

Kulick's telephone at the Fourth Precinct was ringing off the hook. The police lab, the police psychologist, the state police and the FBI were frequent callers. Half the lunatics in town wanted to talk to Kulick so they could confess to the two grisly murders, and each call had to be checked out on the off-chance that the caller was on the level. The mayor and the police commissioner were putting in their two cents' worth too, calling each day to express their concern and to ask how much longer it would be before the arrest of a suspect.

The knife killer was the biggest thing in town for the moment. The second biggest thing in town was either Lieutenant Phil Kulick, the man who (everyone hoped) had the answers, or Tim Finnegan, the reporter with the direct pipeline to the slasher. Regardless, the *Chronicle's* circulation was skyrocketing.

Kulick was hardly unprepared the morning he arrived at the station house and was told he had an urgent message from Finnegan. He talked to Finnegan about the case every day. In fact, he talked to just about every reporter in town every day. He walked slowly toward his desk, sat down and called Finnegan.

"Lieutenant?"

"What's up, Finnegan?"

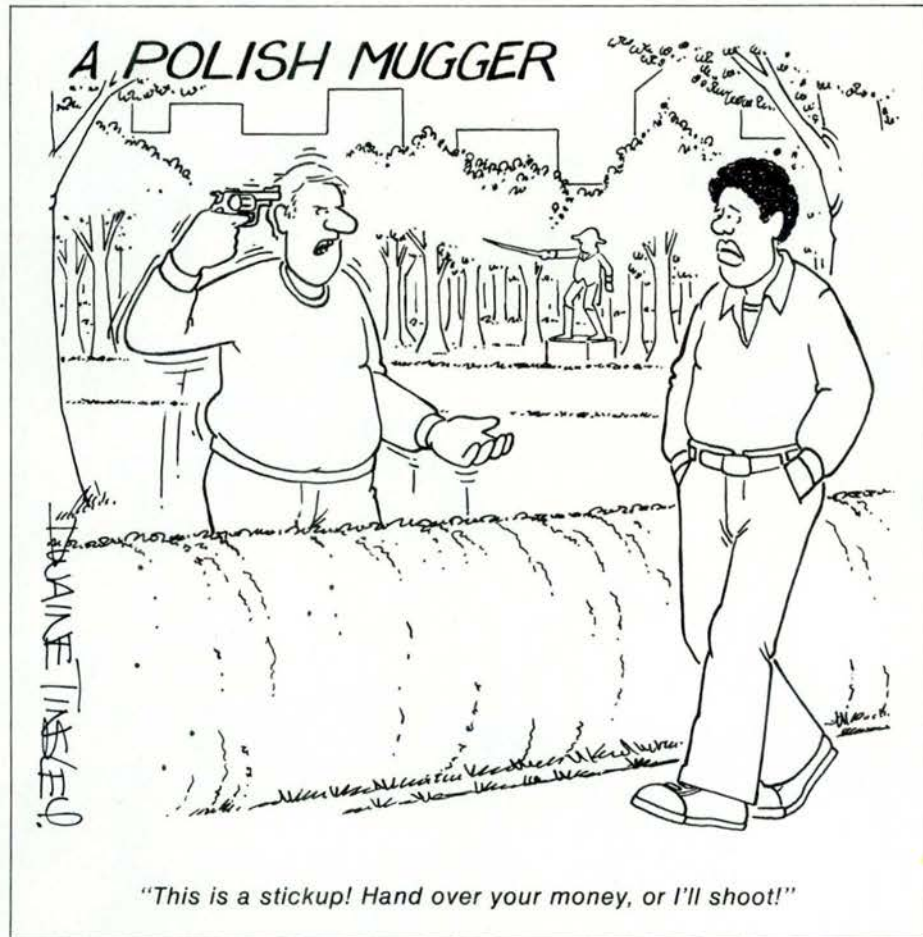
"I got another note this morning. I thought you should be the first to see it."

Kulick felt his stomach sink. He reached into the drawer for his antacid tablets. "I'll be right over," he said, sick with the knowledge that another brutal killing was about to happen.

The message turned out to be another paste-up job. This time the malevolent verse read: *They seek me here, they seek me there/They seek me almost everywhere/Am I in heaven, or am I in hell?/Don't ask Kulick. He can't tell.*

The note was dispatched to the crime lab. It came back with the same negative report its predecessor had earned. Kulick and the detectives of the Homicide Bureau sat far into the night at the Fourth Precinct house, trying to decipher the cryptic message. The commissioner ordered a double shift of police for night patrols.

At about midnight the phone on Kulick's desk rang. He answered, then



"This is a stickup! Hand over your money, or I'll shoot!"

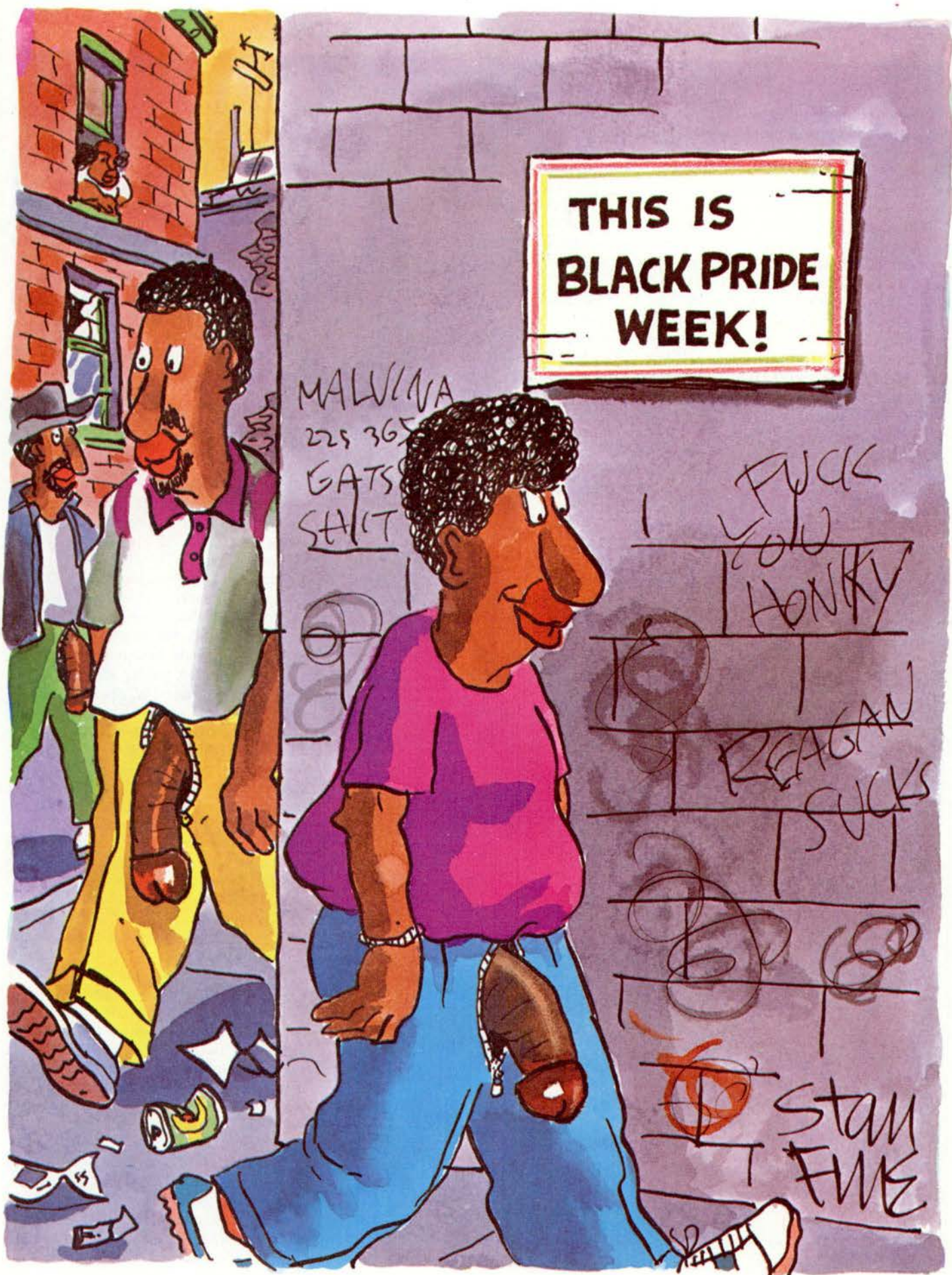
**THIS IS
BLACK PRIDE
WEEK!**

MALVINA
225 365
GATTS
SHIT

FUCK
YOU
HONKY

REAGAN
SUCKS

STAN
FIVE



sat stonily silent while listening to the caller. All eyes were on him as he hung up. "Another one," he told his men. "The women's room of the Shell station at Broadway and Pine. Let's go."

At the gas station, crowded with black-and-white police cruisers, Sergeant Olberding and Kulick headed for the women's room. The door was shut, but blood had leaked out under it and onto the sidewalk.

When he opened the door, he was nearly overpowered by the smell of excrement and body odor. He looked at the tiled floor. There, lying in a lake of blood, was an elderly bag woman. She might have been 50 or 70 years old; it was difficult to tell her age through the grime that covered her face. Piled against one wall were four shopping bags containing dirty sweaters, old magazines, tattered blankets and the rest of her worldly goods. The woman had lived on the streets and had apparently used the gas-station bathroom as her own. She'd been going about her business when the killer had surprised her and slit her throat so deeply that her head now hung at a crazy angle from her shoulders. Besides that, her bowels had relaxed in death, and she had shat herself.

Kulick closed the door, and he and Olberding walked toward the gaggle of

cops in the parking lot. "One thing I don't get," said Olberding as they walked. "That first note made sense. The murder happened at the bus station, and the killer said, 'Leave the driving to me,' just like the bus company's advertising slogan. But the second one: 'Am I in heaven, or am I in hell?' How does that fit in?"

Kulick looked around. He nodded toward the top of the station, where large red-neon letters proclaimed the word SHELL for passersby to see. The S on the sign was burned out.

The newspapers had a field day with the third slash-murder. Tim Finnegan appeared nightly on every local news show and had even been interviewed by ABC's 20/20. Meanwhile, Kulick worked and fielded phone calls and took the heat.

Four days after the gas-station murder he was about to leave the Fourth Precinct for home when Mike Olberding brought a copy of the *Chronicle* to his desk. "Seen this?" Olberding asked.

"SHRINK SAYS SLASHER WILL KILL AGAIN," the headline read. Kulick rolled his eyes. "Too bad for these guys he's not killing one a day," he said. "Must be tough to sell those papers when the knife killer decides to sit home. And speaking of home..."

Olberding laughed. "You've been spending so much time here at the station," he said, "I'm surprised you still remember where you live."

Driving home, Kulick thought about the events of the past two weeks. It was what he thought most about these days. The knife killer had claimed three victims and left no clues. The police were no closer to arresting a suspect now than they'd ever been. But Kulick could see a pattern emerging, and that made him feel good. It was the only advantage his 16 years on the force gave him over those tough young rookies who came out of the academy every year. He could see patterns where others couldn't.

The killer's victims had all been women, and all three had been solitary women at that. They hadn't associated with groups or circles of friends. They had led lonely, isolated lives: a singles-bar groupie, a prostitute and a bag woman. Yet the killer had sought them out, hunted them down, and killed them when they were alone and vulnerable. Somehow he'd *known*. That meant that the slasher had to be someone who knew something about the city and its people, someone like a...

Damn! He just couldn't get a line on it. Kulick knew that there was a train of thought, a theory bubbling under his conscious mind. He hoped that a good night's sleep would help him recognize it.

The lieutenant pulled his Buick into the driveway, turned off the ignition, got out and unlocked the front door. The first thing he did was take off his shoes. The next thing he did was go to the refrigerator and open a beer. He sat down in his easy chair, drinking and thinking when the telephone rang.

"Kulick," he answered.

"It's Tim Finnegan, Lieutenant. I just got home and opened my mail. There's another note from the slasher."

"It was delivered to your house?" Kulick asked, astonished.

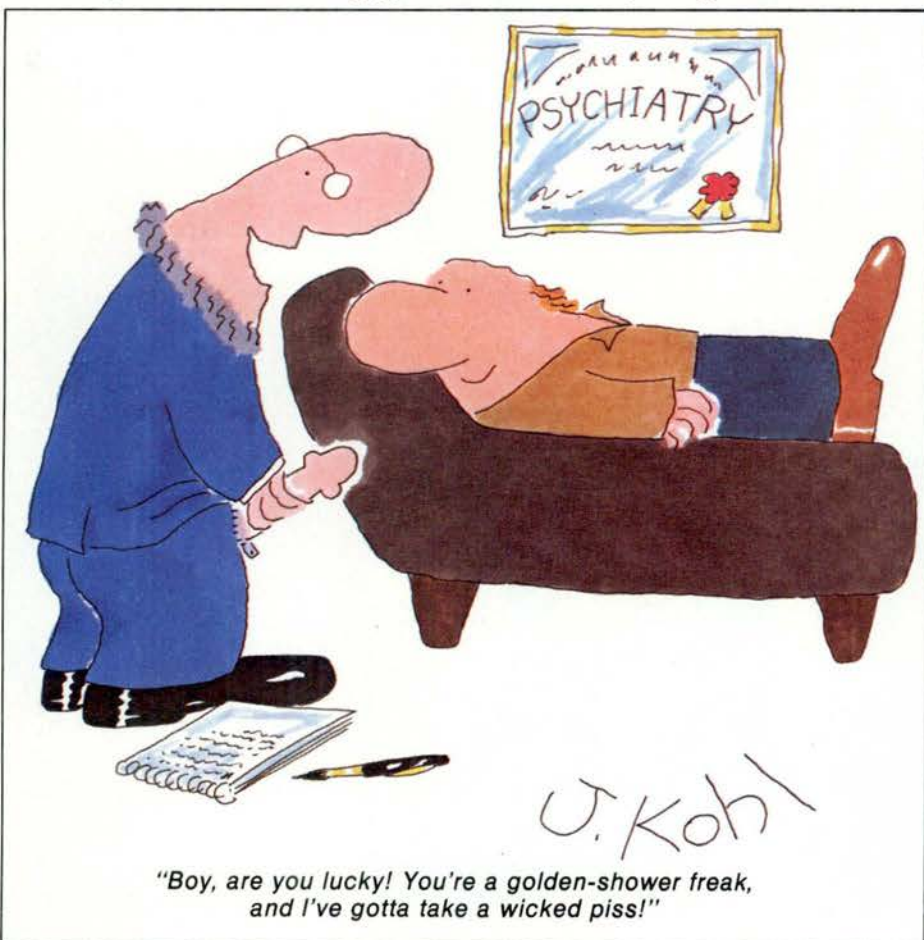
"I'm in the phone book, Lieutenant," Finnegan answered.

"Okay, Finnegan, hang on. I'll be right over." He got the reporter's address, stood up wearily, put on his shoes and reached into his pocket for an antacid tablet.

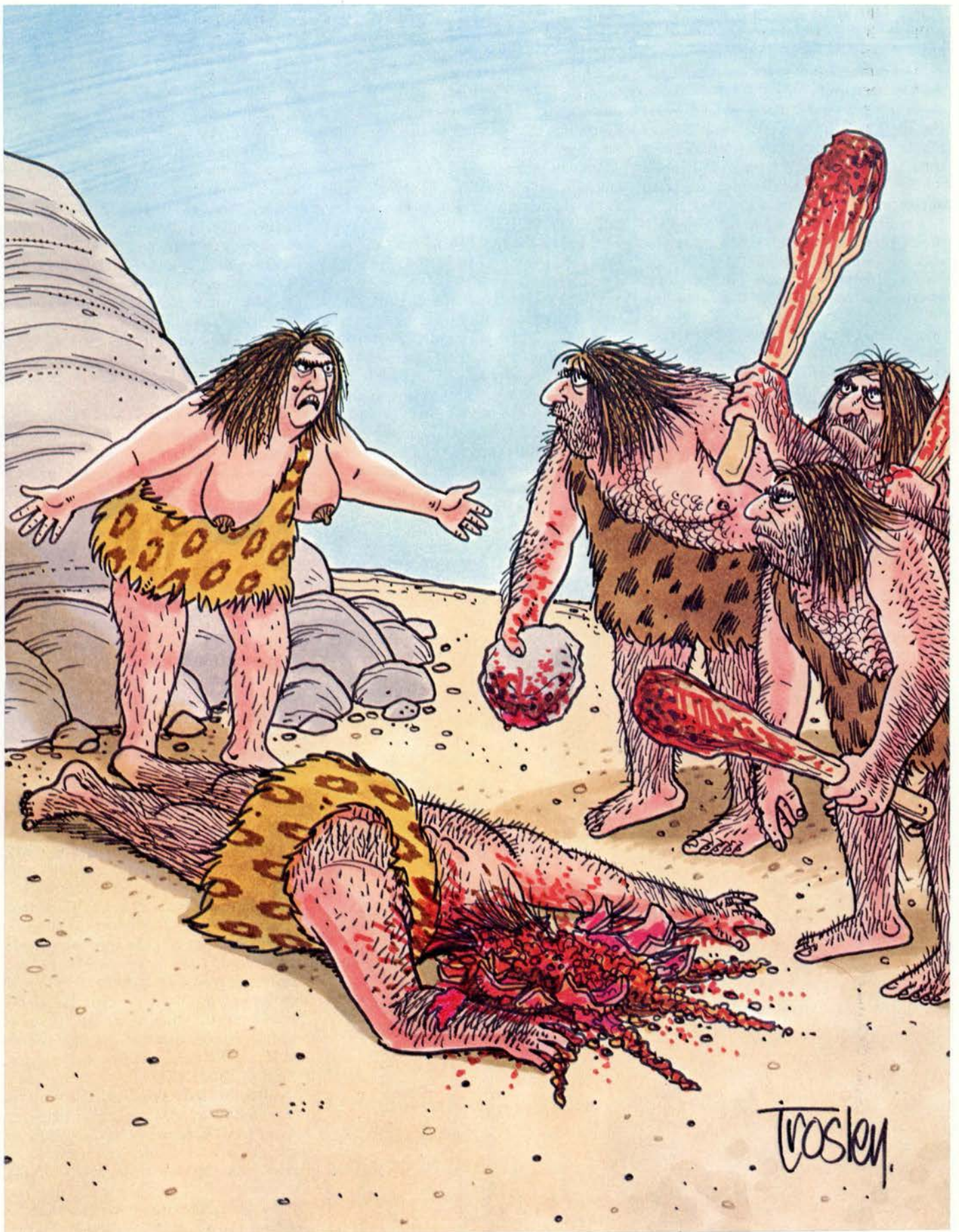
Finnegan lived in a small bungalow near the university campus. Opening the door, he seemed genuinely glad to see Kulick. "Come in," he said. "Can I offer you a beer?"

"Thanks," Kulick responded. "Where's the note?"

Finnegan went into the kitchen, returning a moment later with two cans of beer and the killer's note. It was a paste-up, like the others. This time it said: *There are millions of fish in the sea/But*



"Boy, are you lucky! You're a golden-shower freak, and I've gotta take a wicked piss!"



*"When will you people learn to process your grievances
through the proper channels?"*

Kulick will never catch me/I've got it all planned; the tuna gets canned/While the shark still swims hungry and free.

"No doubt about who the shark is," the reporter said.

"No," agreed Kulick. "And I guess I'm the tuna. But our boy doesn't know much about how police departments work if he thinks I'm gonna get canned for not catching him. Besides, dammit, one of these days I will nail his ass."

The two men continued drinking their beers, then Kulick asked, "Are you shook up about the note?"

"No. I'm not crazy about the idea of it arriving in my mailbox. But what the hell? As long as you're here, I'd like to ride to the Fourth Precinct with you, maybe go out with the squad car if... if you get a call tonight."

Kulick's eyes narrowed. "You know that's against department policy."

"I know," the reporter acknowledged. "But I've been good about letting you see this stuff as soon as it comes in. The city editor will be pissed off that this note wound up sitting in the Homicide Bureau without him getting a look at it. It would help me out to get an exclusive story about you guys working on the case."

Kulick considered it. Finnegan had a point. He *had* been cooperative, and he was professional enough to keep out of

the way. "Okay," he said. "Let's go. If something happens tonight, you'll be the first to know."

The pair left Finnegan's house, got into Kulick's car and began to drive downtown. "I just wish to hell I could figure out that bastard's little poems before he does anything," Kulick said. "They all make sense, but only after the fact. Off the record, I'll tell you the guy's got me going. I'm eating antacid pills like M&Ms."

"I can see why," Finnegan said. "But, hey, I can think of something he might mean by this one."

"Yeah?" Kulick challenged.

"All that stuff about fish and 'getting canned,'" Finnegan said. "That could refer to the abandoned tuna cannery down by the wharf."

Kulick looked at him again. Then he stepped on the accelerator. "I think you're right, Finnegan," he said, knowing that addicts congregated in the area. "And even if you're not right, that's a better guess than anything I've come up with. I'm going to drop you at the station, then head out there."

"The hell you say!" Finnegan roared. "I hand over the note, I figure it out for you, and you're going to shut me out of the biggest story of the year? No way. Besides, dropping me off will take extra time. You may not have it to spare."

Kulick sat quietly for several moments. "It's dangerous, Finnegan," he said. "This guy's a psycho. You've seen what he does."

"I don't care," the reporter insisted. "It's my damn story, and I have a right to be there!"

"Suit yourself," said Kulick, changing lanes on the highway. "Let's head for the cannery now. No use wasting time."

They arrived at around 9:30, with a full moon providing minimal light. The cannery was dark and foreboding, and its doors had long since fallen away. The two men entered the building. "Stay close to me," Kulick stage-whispered. "I'm wearing my service revolver, which should keep us out of trouble." Finnegan stumbled in the blackness. "And try to keep those big boots of yours quiet, okay?"

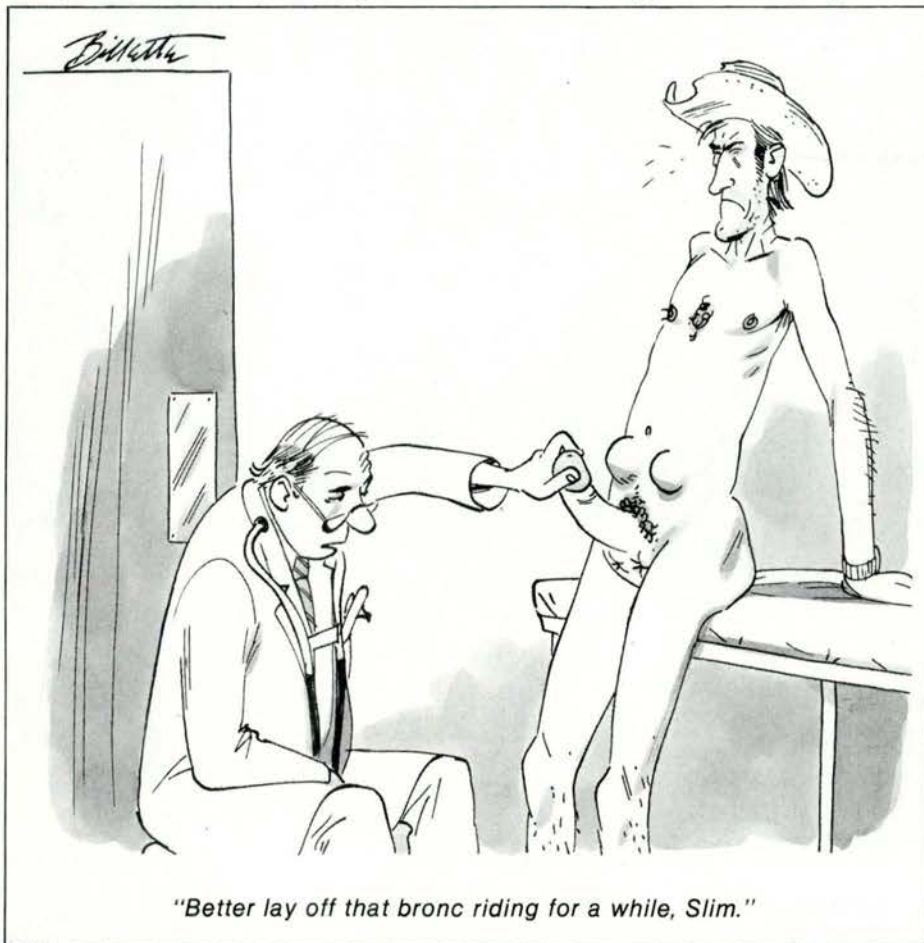
"Sorry," Finnegan whispered. The cop and the reporter moved through the cannery like rats in a maze. Twice the pair stumbled against fallen timbers. Kulick found himself hoping the building's floor was still in one piece. After what seemed like hours of wandering in the dark, he turned to Finnegan. "We've got a stairwell here," he said. "There are windows on the second floor. The moonlight should give us better visibility, but the stairs could be shaky. I'm going up. Follow me closely."

"Right," Finnegan answered. Kulick moved up the stairs, testing each step gingerly before putting his weight on it. He finally arrived at the top. Turning a corner, he saw a large window, empty of glass now, outlined like a skull's eye socket in the moonlight.

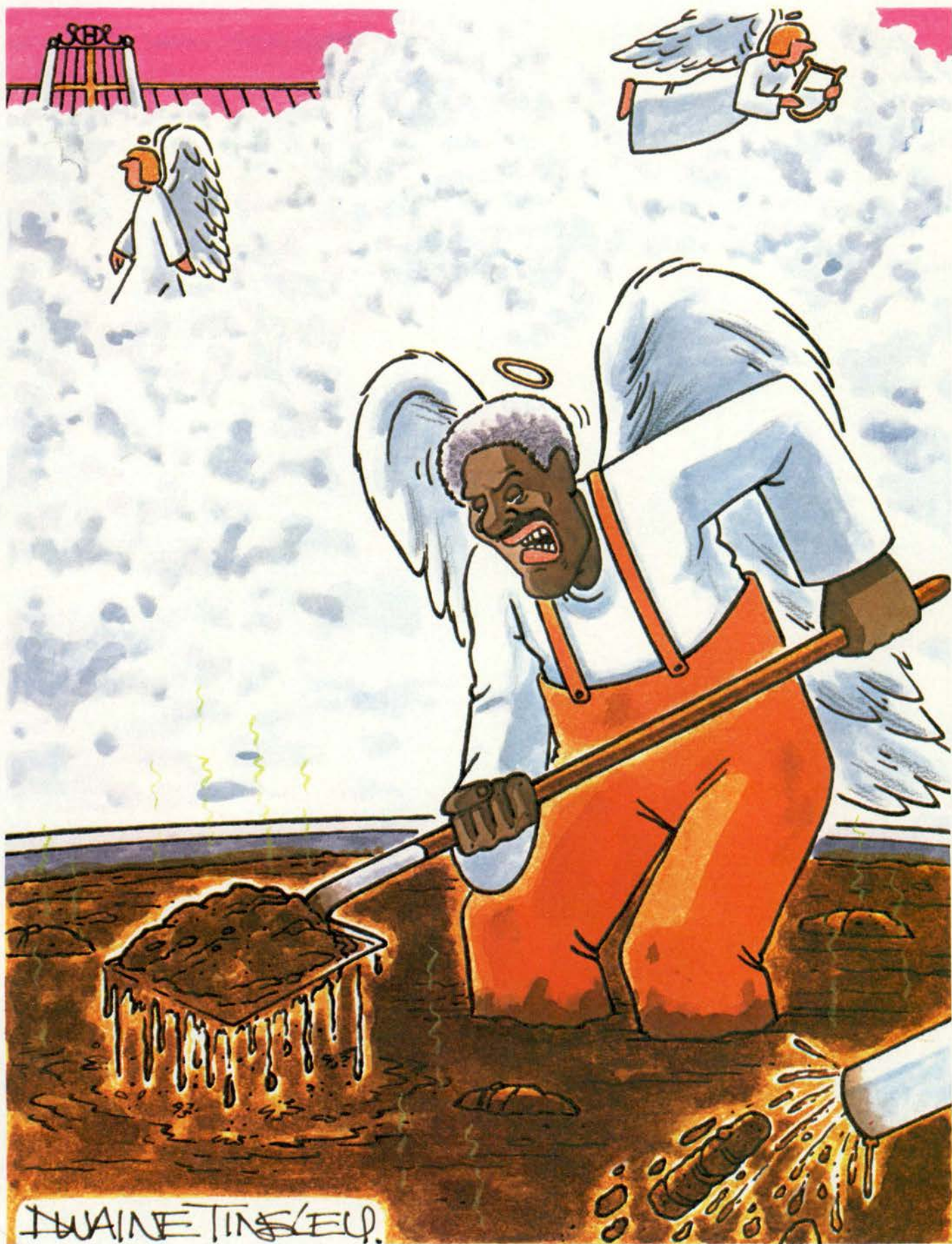
The lieutenant breathed easier. He turned toward Finnegan and saw—no one. *Dammit*, he thought, *where could that idiot have gone to?* He couldn't risk calling for the reporter. If the killer was in the building, he'd hear the noise.

Kulick made his way carefully around the second story. The floor was littered with debris, but he was able to pick his way around in the faint light. He turned another corner and came to a window that looked out over the city. He stood for a moment, staring at the skyline, painfully aware that a vicious killer was menacing the populace like a shark in a school of fish.

Kulick turned away from the window then, hesitating a moment as his eyes accustomed themselves to the greater darkness of the cannery's interior. He heard a noise, turned quickly to his right and reached for his gun. He had no time for the shock of recognition, no time to consider the pieces of his theories falling into place. The last thing he saw was the glint of moonlight on Tim Finnegan's hunting knife.



"Better lay off that bronc riding for a while, Slim."



"Always lived a good and moral life, and what does it get me? The Shit Detail!"





IN THE LAND of
Saah

















AMERICA'S SHAME

(continued from page 58)

with those four famous words: "I have a dream." Nobody knows what Baby Doc's dream is, but certainly it isn't one that Dr. King would have had any part of.

Two full years after Baby Doc assumed power, Amnesty International reported: "Haiti's prisons are still filled with people who have spent many years in detention without ever being charged or brought to trial. . . . The variety of torture to which the detainees are subjected is incredible: clubbing to death, maiming of the genitals, food deprivation to the point of starvation, the insertion of red-hot poker into the back passage. . . . In fact, these prisons are death camps [and] find a parallel with the Nazi concentration camps of the past."

Bowing to international pressure because he feared losing the generous financial aid that kept his pockets lined, Baby Doc supposedly disbanded the notorious *tonton macoutes* in 1977. It was subsequently discovered that he had not actually demobilized them at all, but simply grouped the most powerful members of the organization under an official title: Volunteers of National Security (VSN).

A year later, Amnesty International noted: "The apparatus of repression

established under Francois Duvalier remains in place under Jean-Claude Duvalier."

Outraged by the report and determined to keep the financial aid pouring in, Baby Doc had the gall to invite the Organization of American States (OAS) to examine conditions in Haiti. But naturally the OAS found that Baby Doc's promises had not been carried out, and went on to report: "There are reliable indications that many individuals were victims of torture inflicted by the neighborhood chiefs [VSN]. . . . It has, in fact, been proven that numerous people died in summary executions or during their stay in prison. . . . Legal guarantees are seriously restricted by virtue of the state of siege which is in effect on an almost-permanent basis. . . . It may be said that freedom of inquiry, opinion, speech and dissemination of thought does not exist."

Similarly, in its "1980 Country Report on Human Rights Practices" the U.S. State Department described Haiti as "the most oppressive regime in the hemisphere. . . . During the eight months that the legislative assembly is in recess, major sections of the constitution concerning protection of individual liberties are suspended, and the President is given full power to rule by decree."

The report further noted that journalists were being warned with increasing severity about the tone of their articles. It said that the government had prohibited new publications as part of its flagrant censorship campaign, and that existing newspapers had been closed on account of articles which were moderately critical of the Duvalier regime. Journalists and other citizens were being threatened, beaten and imprisoned because of their ideas and expressions, and Haitians were being murdered—"by simple homicide or by execution in prison"—because they had offended members of the government."

Undeniably, Duvalier remains as hostile as ever to freedoms of any sort. Basic human rights continue to erode. A good example of this is the November 1979 meeting of the Haitian League for Human Rights. That was its first—and last—meeting. The gathering of more than 1,000 people was broken up just as the league's chairman, Gerard Gourgue, took the podium to speak.

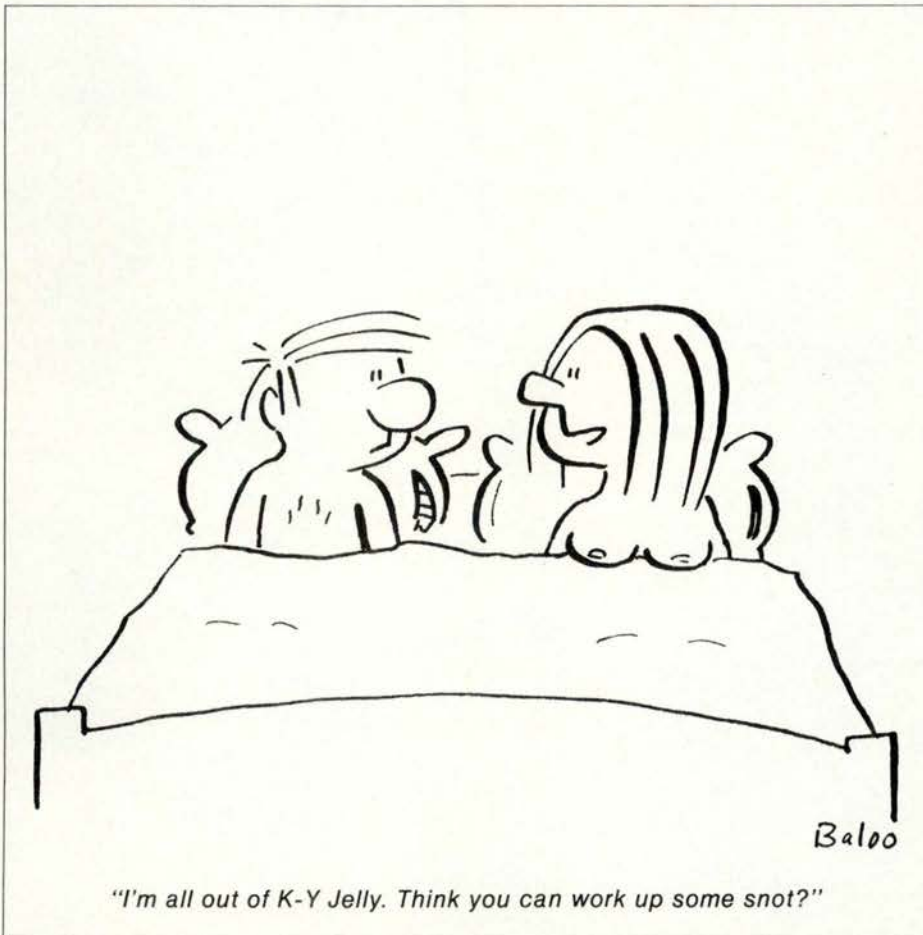
As Gourgue began his address, ironically titled "Political Atmosphere and Human Rights," a group of government security goons dressed in civilian clothes charged the podium. One eyewitness said the VSN members "leaped on the stage, ripped Gourgue's speech from his hands and beat him with their fists and feet as he fell to the floor."

Gourgue's daughter and wife were also beaten, the latter so badly that she required hospitalization. Sources said as many as 200 people were injured by the 60 club-wielding VSN members who participated in the raid.

According to one man who was present, Gourgue had planned to discuss the detention of Sylvio Claude, a respected journalist and founder of the Haitian Christian Democratic Party. Several months earlier, in March 1979, after declaring his candidacy for the legislative assembly in the country's first elections in two decades, Claude was arrested by security troops. He was beaten, tortured and held for two months without charge. Exiled to Colombia, Claude returned to Haiti to continue the struggle and was rearrested on several subsequent occasions.

Finally, on August 25, 1981, Claude and 25 other persons—most of them politicians and journalists who had been critical of the Duvalier regime—were tried and convicted of plotting against Haiti's international security. Twenty-two of the defendants, Claude among them, were sentenced to ten to 15 years at hard labor. The remaining four received one-year prison terms.

In a report on this travesty of justice, the New York-based Lawyers Commit-





"Have you tried to sell any pussy in the last two weeks?"

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Date of Birth _____ Phone (include area code) _____

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Occupation _____

Hobbies _____

Sexual Fantasies _____

Include separate sheet if necessary

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Model's Legal Signature _____

Date _____

tee for International Human Rights noted: "Most of the defendants languished in jail for almost a year before they were charged; the trial was never announced; the defendants were denied all access to lawyers despite repeated requests; the jury contained people known to be *tonton macoutes*; and no credible evidence was offered against the accused."

It could have been worse. Under Haiti's anti-Communist law any person who makes any declarations of belief in communism—verbal or written, public or private—or takes part in the propagation of Communist doctrines in speeches, conversations, posters or newspapers "will be charged with crimes against the state, tried by a military court and, if convicted, may be punished by the death penalty."

Said one Haitian attorney now living in exile: "Under this law a Communist is anyone who is deemed not to sufficiently support Duvalier." Added another exile: "Politics and everyday life in Haiti cannot be separated. If a man casually says that he is hungry, it will be misconstrued as a criticism of the government and lead to his arrest."

Despite all the overwhelming evidence to the contrary, the U.S. government stubbornly continued to maintain that thousands of Haitian immigrants were fleeing economic hardship, not political repression. Consequently, these refugees were not eligible for political asylum in America.

According to the revised Refugee Act, which went into effect in April 1980, only persons who are able to prove they would be persecuted if they returned to their homeland are eligible for political asylum, which is granted on a case-by-case basis.

"The criteria is based on race, religion, political opinion, membership in a particular organization, or nationality," said Janet Graham, a spokeswoman for the Washington office of the Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS). "And the Haitians themselves, when questioned about their reasons for leaving, all give us the same answer: 'I'm coming to get work.' They are *economic* refugees. They are not eligible for political asylum."

"Haitians are not coming to the United States to get on the gravy train," argued attorney Ira Kurzban, who represented some of the refugees. "They're coming here because they're fleeing the 'most repressive regime in the Western Hemisphere'—and that's a quote from the State Department itself. The Duvalier regime is a brutal dictatorship that's incarcerated hundreds of thousands of

its own people and now has more people in exile than any other country in the world. The Haitians who are coming here have a valid claim for political asylum, and they're entitled to stay."

An exception to the Refugee Act was made for a six-month period beginning in April 1980 to help accommodate the 125,000 Cubans who reached this country during what was known as the Mariel boatlift. Called the Cuban/Haitian Entrant Status, the special law was put into effect by then-President Jimmy Carter to give Congress time to cope with the monumental influx of refugees and release them into the community before passing judgment on each individual case.

But by October 1980 the government reverted to the tougher old guidelines and again closed its doors. The Cubans were already here. The Haitians, on the other hand, continued pouring in: 1,021 in November; 543 in December; 4,346 in the first six months of 1981.

Late in October 1981, as the Reagan Administration vowed to "control our borders," a U.S. Coast Guard cutter was dispatched to the Windward Passage near Haiti to deter would-be refugees from setting out on their voyages. Those who escaped interception were thrown into detention centers the moment they arrived on the mainland.

By November 1981 more than 1,900 refugees were being held in Florida, Puerto Rico, Louisiana, Texas, Kentucky, West Virginia and New York at the astounding cost—to U.S. taxpayers—of more than \$30 million annually. As word of the deplorable conditions in these camps filtered back to Haiti, fewer people chanced the risky voyage. In January of this year 401 Haitians arrived by boat. In February the number fell to 12; in March it was 11. In April a total of 14 Haitians made it across—and all were immediately escorted to jail.

The most famous of these holding facilities was the Krome Avenue Detention Center, just outside Miami. An abandoned missile base near the alligator-infested Everglades, Krome reopened its doors during the Mariel boatlift to process the arriving Cubans. This bleak prison soon became home to more than 500 Haitians. Separated from the outside world by three chain-link fences topped with razor-sharp concertina wire, they had nothing to do but sit and wait for deportation.

Their dehumanizing experience was spelled out in the following excerpts from a letter to the Immigration and Naturalization Service. It was written and prepared by a group of Haitians who stayed at Krome for several weeks

(continued on page 108)

Beaver Hunt

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Photo by Rex Austin



Candy is a 24-year-old hostess from Post Falls, Idaho, who enjoys rafting and country singer Willie Nelson. Her fantasies involve having sex with very strong dominant men in leather because, as she puts it, "I'm very submissive."

Photo by Jerome Dees



"Getting it on all-night long" and nude volleyball are Rosa's hobbies. This 21-year-old West Coast nursing student dreams of making love with her boyfriend while cruising through San Francisco.

Photo by Boyfriend



Ronda Odell is a 23-year-old ex-dancer from Tulsa, Oklahoma. She enjoys horses, motorcycles and driving in her sports car. Her fantasy is to live at an oasis in the desert and satisfy the lusts of hungry travelers.



Photo by A. J. Odell

Barbi, a 20-year-old student from Auburn, Alabama, fantasizes about posing for HUSTLER and making porn movies. She entertains herself with sex and drawing.

Photo by Boyfriend



T. A. S. of Fort Wayne, Indiana, is an 18-year-old student whose hobbies include swimming, tennis and racing cars. Her fantasy is to make love with her boyfriend on a sandy beach.

Photo by Nelson Schuler



Tamara L. Schuler, 20, enjoys horseback riding, swimming and sex. This housewife from Baltimore, Maryland, dreams of being tied to a bed and getting "fucked to death" by her husband.

Making love with the rock group Van Halen under a waterfall would satisfy the fantasies of 18-year-old Jeannette. This cashier from Titusville, Florida, is into horseback riding and the arts.



Photo by Ken

photo by Husband



Mary Makarewicz is a 28-year-old housewife from Round Lake Beach, Illinois, who enjoys cooking and who would like "to make it till it hurts."



Photo by Husband



Susan Newswanger of Jacksonville, North Carolina, has two fantasies: to be a HUSTLER centerfold and to be stranded on a tropical island with actor Burt Reynolds. This 21-year-old enjoys horseback riding and swimming.



Nikki Taylor, 21, a salesclerk from Jacksonville, Florida, says she loves to party. According to Nikki, all of her fantasies have come true.

Photo by Robin Clark



Crystal Clark is a 25-year-old housewife from Adah, Pennsylvania. She enjoys roller-skating and swimming and would like to meet John C. Holmes and spend a night alone with him.



Connie is an 18-year-old student from Portland, Oregon, who skates and skis in her spare time. She has fantasies "of guys with really big dicks and being a *HUSTLER* Beaver Hunt Winner."

Cooking, camping, sex and dancing are the interests of Judy Cooley, 34. A housewife from San Bruno, California, she'd enjoy a threesome with her husband and girlfriend.

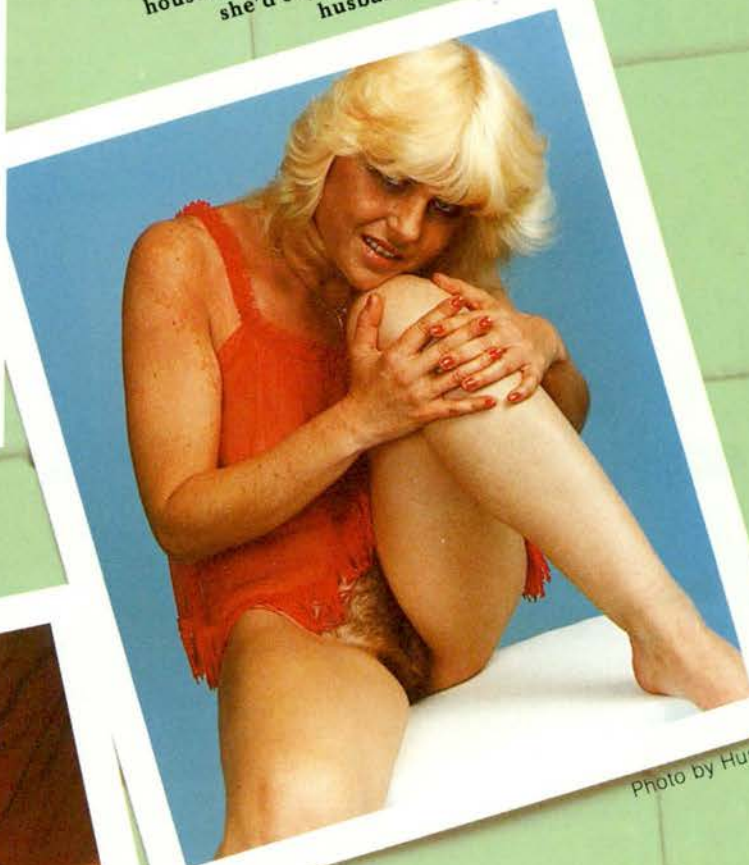


Photo by Husband



Performing onstage in front of political bigwigs and repelling their sexual advances would satisfy the fantasies of Morgan. This 23-year-old restaurant worker from Tampa, Florida, reads, swims and plays backgammon.



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AMERICA'S SHAME

(continued from page 102)

before being transferred to the Fort Allen refugee prison in Puerto Rico.

"For the past few months we have been imprisoned without knowing what outcome our fates would have. You can imagine that if we risked our lives by leaving our country . . . it was in order to find haven on the soil of America, which we thought was capable of receiving us since it is a large power in the world. . . .

"Upon arriving [in Miami] our eyes widened with fear and surprise at the conditions of life. One thousand persons were jammed into one and the same cell. It reminds us of black slavery. But alas, after shedding many tears and imploring God to come help us, we finally resigned ourselves to accepting this sufferance for a few days because we did not want to go back. . . .

"We were made to parade nude in front of men and women. . . . Stripped of our clothes and belongings, we were jammed into a bus which was to drive us to the airport. This is how we left Miami for prison in Puerto Rico. . . . We were led to believe that we were only going for a few days, and until now we have been suffering for eight months without knowing why. . . . We are Christians. We have blood in our veins and thoughts like all other people who are free. . . . Now we cannot stand it anymore. It is too much. . . . A number of us are going to commit suicide. . . ."

During a ten-week period between April and June, 29 Haitian prisoners attempted suicide by hanging themselves from bedsheets or trousers, by swallowing sharp-edged pieces of glass or by cutting themselves with glass on the wrist or the chest. (Such behavior, by the way, is extremely rare in their native country.)

At the same time, federal officials observed a sharp increase in psychiatric problems and depression. Other Haitian detainees complained of insomnia, headaches, prolonged breast pain and gastrointestinal disorders for which no physical cause could be found. "They say they can't eat or sleep and that it feels like they are choking to death," reported the Reverend Gerard Jean-Juste, who runs the Haitian Refugee Center in Miami.

"It's pretty horrible, but there's not much we can do," said Beverly McFarland, a spokeswoman for the Miami office of the INS. "We should have a 48- to 72-hour turnaround period with Haitians. Give them a medical checkup and a hearing, and they're either excluded or released. It takes just that long to deport an illegal Mexican alien. In the

past, we would release Haitians into the community until their hearings came up. Unfortunately, 90% of them never showed up for the hearings."

Of the estimated 200,000 Haitian refugees in the United States, 50,000 reside in Florida. More than half of those are crowded into Little Haiti, a ramshackle community in Miami's northeast quarter that contains some of the most rundown and uninhabitable houses in the entire city.

The INS believes the majority of Little Haiti's residents are illegal immigrants, the very people who failed to show up at their hearings. To avoid losing more illegals, to show the newcomers—in effect—that they don't have an "open ticket" in America, the government decided to hold them prisoner until a determination could be made in each case.

"The problem we ran into was that the advocates for the Haitian cause took us to court and got an injunction saying that we were not allowed to hold any exclusion hearings in Immigration Court for any Haitian who was not represented by an attorney," McFarland said. "So all of a sudden we found ourselves unable to hold exclusion hearings for 2,000-plus Haitians, because there were only three or four attorneys working on their behalf, and they certainly couldn't handle all the cases."

Earlier this year, at the urging of U.S. Attorney General William French Smith, the Dade County Bar Association volunteered 250 lawyers to help ease the legal logjam. As the lawyers began meeting with their clients, the INS said it would begin scheduling exclusion hearings "in the very near future."

Meanwhile, the Haitians were faced with only two options: They could either remain in detention, meet with a lawyer and await a ruling; or they could voluntarily withdraw and be sent home without any record being made of the deportation. For reasons that are already apparent, they reluctantly chose prisons with bars rather than face the repression awaiting them back home.

"The whole situation is morally offensive," said John McCarthy, executive director of the U.S. Catholic Conference's migrations and refugee service. "With all the evidence to the contrary, I don't see how our government can continue to maintain that the Haitians are not fleeing political repression. . . . Even when you take into account that they *did* break the law by arriving without documentation, the bottom line is that they shouldn't be detained in these horrendously inhuman facilities. The Haitians are our Soviet Jews. Hell, if a white European comes in with a pair of ice-

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skates in his hand, he's given everything he wants."

McCarthy went on to put it in blunter terms: "It's because they're black," he said. "You don't see any white faces behind those barbed-wire fences, do you?"

Mervyn M. Dymally, chairman of the Congressional Black Caucus Task Force on the Caribbean, agreed. "The ugly reality is that our nation is holding in detention 2,000 frightened and disillusioned souls for the mere reasons that (1) they are black; (2) they are exiles of a non-Communist country; and (3) they serve us no useful propaganda purpose," he said.

A *New York Times* editorial added: "Yes, America needs to get control of its borders. Yes, America needs to send out a signal that we are serious about doing so. The signal of the camps, however, is not that we are serious but that we are racist, mindless, cruel."

"Reagan's concentration camps" was the way Haitian expatriate Gerard Jean-Juste referred to the prison facilities. "Pregnant women are being forced to abort, to miscarry," he said. "Wives are being separated from their husbands, children are being taken from their parents, and some of the inmates in Krome were given such high doses of sex-suppressants that a number of males developed breasts." In some cases the enlarged male breasts were almost as full as a woman's.

"How much longer are these people expected to take it?" Jean-Juste asked. "The hatred is building up, I tell you. These people are ready to explode."

Last December, Haitians at the Krome Avenue facility staged a hunger strike. They were supported by placard-waving and rock-throwing protesters from Little Haiti. Police used tear gas to quell the angry crowd.

The intensity of these people's feelings was further demonstrated by Bernard Sansaricq, a Haitian-born service-station owner from Fort Lauderdale who decided to overthrow the Duvalier regime early this year by leading a ragtag group of dissidents toward the Haitian capital of Port-au-Prince. According to State Department spokesman Jeff Diggs, Sansaricq and 24 others left Florida during the first days of January aboard a 45-foot boat.

Eight of the men landed on Tortuga Island, less than ten miles from Haiti's northernmost tip. The Haitian government caught wind of the operation and subsequently announced that it had "routed" the rebels, who were picked up by the U.S. Coast Guard four days later when their boat began taking on water near the Florida coast. The only weapons found aboard the vessel—which

sank as it was being towed to the mainland—were six sidearms, a small-caliber rifle and 15 homemade pipe bombs.

Sansaricq and the two other would-be revolutionaries who organized the coup attempt—Phillipe Carre and Milo Gousse—were arrested on charges of violating the Neutrality Act. That law makes it illegal to launch a military expedition from the United States against any nation with which this country is at peace.

The three men pleaded guilty and were released on bond until sentencing. Said John Russell of the Justice Department, "It was a pretty hopeless coup attempt, and a very bizarre one."

In the abortive overthrow's aftermath, Baby Doc still sat serenely on his throne. Haiti remained unchanged. And—despite knowledge of the very real risk involved—the American government continued to immediately send Haitian immigrants back home.

"Haitians who are deported from the United States are picked up by the *macoutes* and put in jail," said Chataigne Dumont, a former member of Baby Doc's Volunteers of National Security now living in exile. "These were our standing orders."

Daniel Voltaire, another security-force member who served with the elite corps between 1972 and 1979, explained how these things work. "Usually when someone was denounced for returning from the United States . . . [security personnel] would wait five or six days after their arrival, and then arrest them so suddenly that friends or family never knew what had happened. Almost everyone who comes back to Haiti from the United States is suspect and is subject to this kind of denunciation and arrest."

Tired of trying to address the U.S. government on a humane level, the Haitian Refugee Center filed a suit against the Immigration and Naturalization Service condemning its treatment of helpless Haitian prisoners. The suit contended that the government had unfairly prejudged the Haitians' claim for political asylum and grossly violated their rights.

Fourteen months later, federal Judge James Lawrence King handed down his 180-page decision in the case. He found that the INS had intentionally and systematically discriminated against the Haitians in violation of all applicable laws and regulations. In his closing statements he noted: "The court has listened to a wealth of court testimony, examined numerous depositions and read hundreds of documents. . . .

"Much of the evidence is both shock-
(continued on page 132)

I'm a guitarist and singer; so if there's one thing in this world I enjoy, it's learning a hot new lick on my ax. But there's something I enjoy even more than playing the guitar—a hot *wet* lick all over my cock by some horny babe. And that's not *all* I like her to lick . . .

About a year ago I got the warmest, wettest licks of all from a gal named Janet. She managed the rehearsal hall where my band practiced. She was about 40 pounds overweight, but she more than compensated by having a pleasant personality—and boy, what a beautiful face. She had crystal-blue eyes and short, light-brown hair that curled down around her chubby cheeks.

I don't have a thing for fat girls like some men do. Quite the contrary, in fact! But, like I say, Janet compensated for that disadvantage in other ways . . . and not only with her personality. She was one of the most gifted lovers I've ever met. When it came to sex, she had it licked—in more ways than one.

Anyway, my band was rehearsing late one night, and Janet was on duty. I saw her when we were checking in, and I jokingly said, "Hey, how's my sexy babe tonight?" I guess she didn't get many compliments. She smiled and blew me a kiss as we walked through.

We were working on a couple of new tunes, and my vocals weren't coming out like I wanted. I had built up some tension in my throat after singing for a few hours, and it hurt like hell. Occasionally Janet would stop by, as she usually did, to see how things were going. And it cheered me up to see her. I didn't tell her I was feeling bad.

But finally I couldn't go on singing. I told the others that I was going to break for a while and get some coffee in the lounge. They decided to sit around and shoot the bull.

As I headed for the lounge, Janet came out of the office and asked how things were. I told her things were fine except I was having a little trouble with my throat.

She teased me and said it was because

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.



FINGER SUCKING

by Chris Simpson

I wasn't getting enough sex. I laughed and told her I *never* got enough sex. Then I asked if she'd like to join me for some coffee.

She agreed and said she'd meet me in the lounge. But first she headed back into the office.

I got my coffee and sat down on the couch. I sipped some and started to relax. A few minutes later Janet showed up with her purse in her hand. She motioned for me to follow her. I asked where we were going, but she just kept walking.

When we reached the ladies' restroom, she unlocked the door. Casually, I checked the hall both ways before I went inside with her.

It was really nice in there, with a large, soft couch against one wall. Janet put her purse on a table and told me to lie down on the couch so she could give me a massage. She said it would make all my tenseness go away. So I stretched out.

As she knelt over me and massaged my chest, her huge breasts came into view. They kind of bunched up in the scoop neck of her silk blouse. "They're yours if you want," she murmured.

I felt that familiar bulge starting to grow in my tight jeans. She massaged my left hand as I felt those heavy tits with my right. As she worked the muscles in my left hand, she started kissing it. That made me tingle; my hands are one of my most sensitive areas.

Maybe it's because they have to be sensitive to play guitar. I could probably come from just having a woman kiss my hands and suck my fingers.

Soon, Janet's nipples got hard and erect. She started to make slurping noises as she held and sucked my fingers like she already knew my personal fetish. She placed her free hand on my stomach and inched it slowly down to the growing hard-on that bulged in my pants.

Gently, up and down, she caressed my body, with an occasional tight grip on my prick. At the same time, she

continued sucking away on my fingers, which really drove me wild. It was like getting laid—fully dressed!

Janet must have loved it too, because she started to moan real loud, a lusty kind of sound. Finally, she unzipped my pants and hauled out my throbbing cock. She began stroking it while concentrating her slurping on my little finger. I felt like I was getting a handjob and a blowjob at the same time!

After a few minutes of this she stood up and removed her skirt, revealing roll after roll of flab. When she finished undressing, she stripped *my* clothes off as I lay there. All our clothing was now piled on the floor.

She stood close to the couch and

pleaded for me to let her suck my cock, and she promised I could come all over her face. But I told her, no way. She'd have to sit on it first.

At last she agreed, but she told me I'd have to call her names. She said she wanted me to call her a fat, dirty pig. Then she climbed on the sofa on her knees and moved her massive body over me. And she begged me to call her an ugly old slut as well.

At first I was silent. But Janet kept pleading for me to call her names as she lowered her big, hairy cunt down onto the head of my dong.

She leaned over me and buried my face deep in those luscious breasts. But something was missing, and I knew what it was. "Suck my fingers! Suck every single finger!" I implored.

Janet said she would—if I'd call her names. And she told me more things to say. So as she lavished her saliva on each and every one of my delighted fingers, I called her a worthless bitch, a slimy little whore, a cunt-faced little tramp and other things I don't care to remember. I just had to get my finger fix; so I figured, what the hell? Words are cheap.

I said, "Okay, you little cockroach, you'll have to be my slave and serve my manly cock until it spits in your fat, ugly face!"

When Janet saw I was finally begin-

ning to assert myself, she went stark, raving mad over my insulting demands. She sat up and pounded straight down on my body, over and over again, almost crushing my cock. But I stayed in that twat of hers while she rode me hard.

I pinched her nipples, and this started her coming like crazy. Her hot juices poured out and down my throbbing dick and around my balls, down my ass and all over my thighs. As she bounced up and down, I could hear her juices slurping. That fat woman was sweating up a storm.

Janet pulled herself off my cock, and boy, we were both sopping wet! I told her to get me some paper towels so I could wipe myself off, remembering I should get back to the band. Instead, she pinned me down with her hands and began licking our mutual perspiration and her own personal juices off of my body.

I told her I had to get back, but she continued licking my body, cleaning all of it with her tongue. And I loved it, even though I was powerless to resist because she outweighed me.

She licked my thighs and abdomen and cleaned my balls. Then she sucked my pulsating cock into her mouth. She let it out after she'd cleaned it very thoroughly. Then she flipped me over and bathed my back with kisses. She

kissed and licked my buns over and over again, and ran her loving tongue down the cleft between my cheeks. Moving on down, she licked the backs of my legs and the soles of my feet. I was going mad with sensual joy.

Then she came back up and into the fold of my ass once again. But I guess she decided it wasn't clean enough yet, because she pulled me up on my knees, spread my cheeks wide and licked away at my puckered asshole. Then Janet stretched it wide with her tongue and kept on moving in until she couldn't reach any farther. I could hardly stand the pleasure.

While fat Janet was reaming me out with her tongue, I looked over my shoulder and saw that she was also fingering herself with one hand as she began to milk my cock with the other. The sensations were fantastic. I went wild and repeatedly bumped my ass back into her face. Finally, my muscles tightened, and I screamed, "I'm coming!" Quickly, she twisted herself around until her face was under my cock and she was lying on her back. She literally forced my prick into her mouth because she was in such a rush. Then, as I shot my hot and creamy load down her throat, she stroked my shaft and milked it.

Even after all this she still wasn't through. Just before I finished shooting my load, she pulled my cock out of her mouth, and the rest of my cum shot all over her face. She purred as my hot, sticky sperm gushed over her cheeks. With one hand she rubbed it into her skin like it was face cream.

We both stood up, a little wobbly to say the least. Janet went over to the table and got her purse. She pulled out a small mirror, set the purse back down and came back. She sighed with contentment as she looked at all the jism on her face.

As she stood there, she wiped a thick glob of my cum off her cheek with one finger and dipped it into her mouth like it was a delicate syrup to be savored. It was a real turn-on to watch as she took each and every last drop of my love juice gently into her mouth. When Janet finished, she sweetly looked at my balls and cock, and she bent down and kissed them. Then she stood up and smiled at me. She kissed me on the mouth and said, "Thanks—I needed that." I think she meant she needed to know that she turned someone on, like she had me. And, of course, the sex!

In turn, I thanked her and told her that the tension in my throat was gone. "Hey, Janet, I can sing again!" I said. And we both laughed our asses off as we got dressed and went back to the rehearsal room. 🐣

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Honey

PREPARING FOR THE BIG HALLOWEEN BASH, HONEY AND ILSA TRY ON A TWO-PERSON COSTUME TO GET HONEY INTO THE HOLIDAY SPIRIT, ILSA TRIES A LITTLE HORSIN' AROUND.

'FEELS GREAT, BUT THIS LETTER TO APPEAR FOR JURY DUTY HAS GOT ME SCARED.' NOT ONLY WON'T THEY PICK ME TO BE ON THE JURY... THEY MIGHT CHARGE ME WITH A CRIME!

RELAX. YOU'RE NOT THE ONE ON TRIAL. THEY PROBABLY JUST WON'T ACCEPT YOU AS AN AVERAGE CITIZEN.

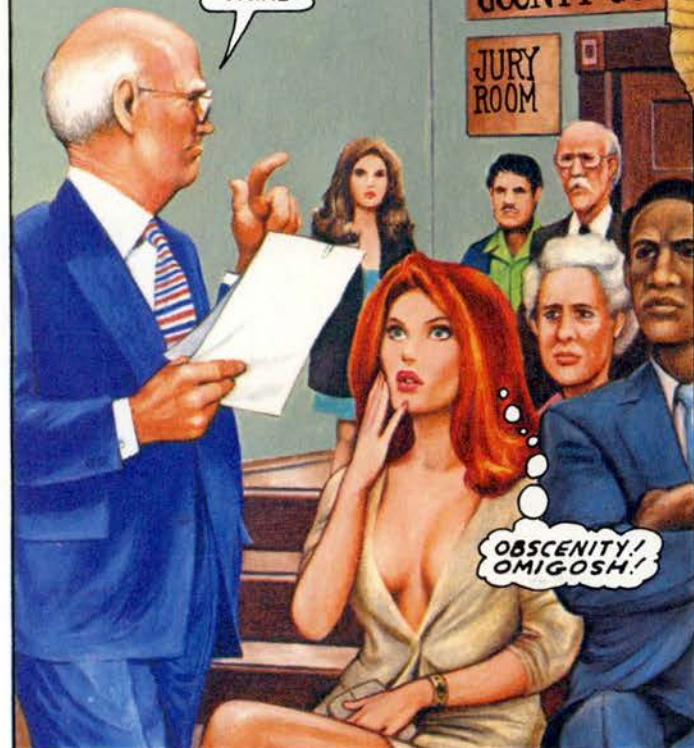


BUT AS HONEY FINDS OUT ON THE DAY OF JURY SELECTION, THERE ARE SOME TRIALS THAT AFFECT THE PUBLIC AS WELL AS THE DEFENDANT.

YOU FOLKS ARE BEING CONSIDERED FOR AN OBSCENITY TRIAL.

COUNTY COURT

JURY ROOM



OBSCENITY! OMIGOSH!

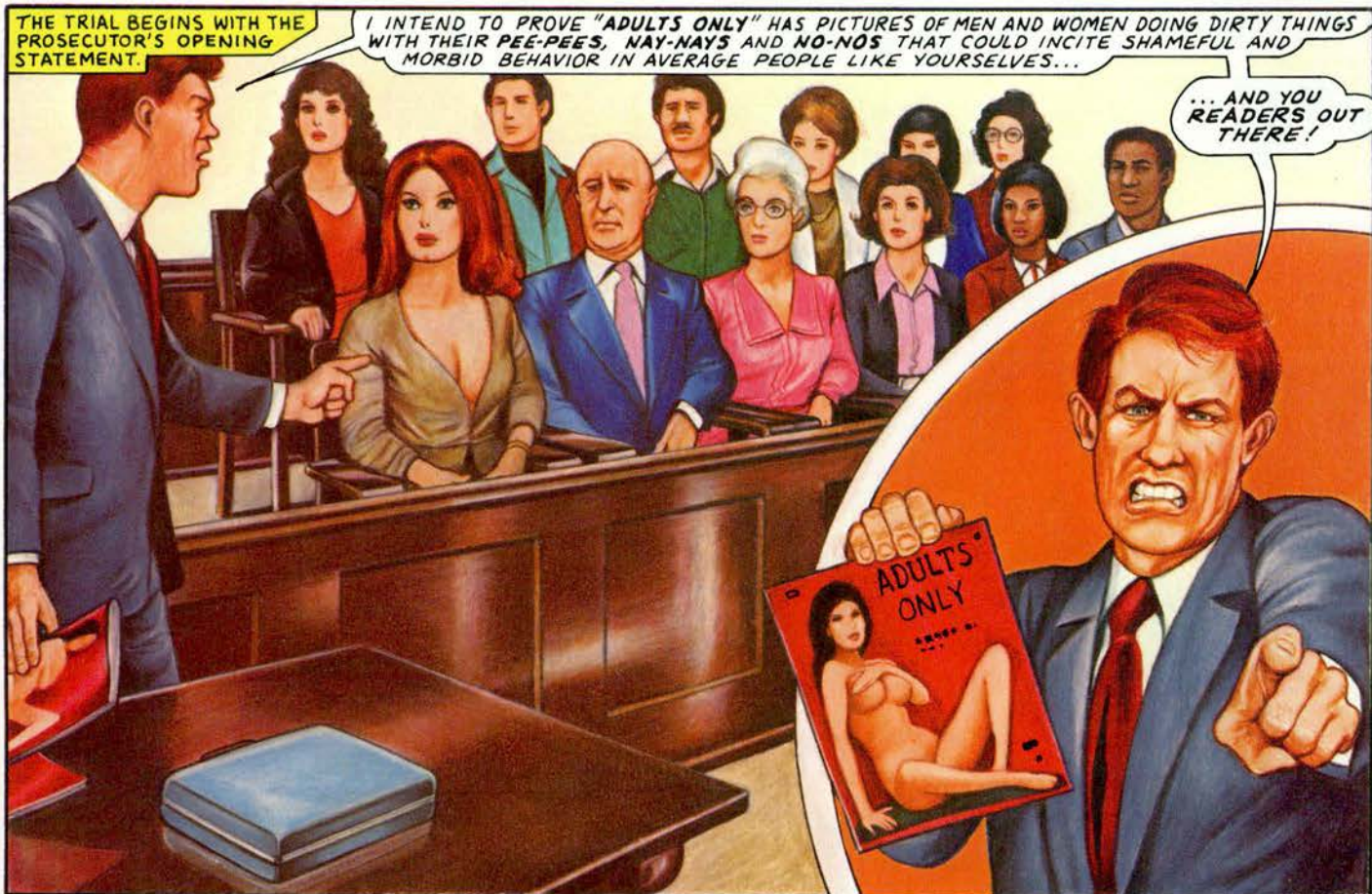
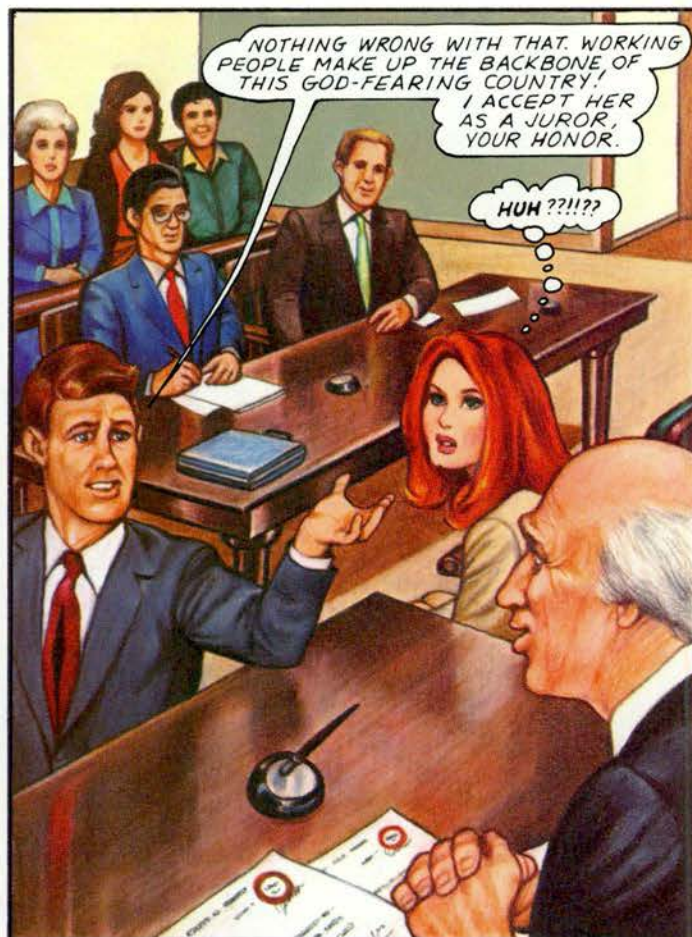
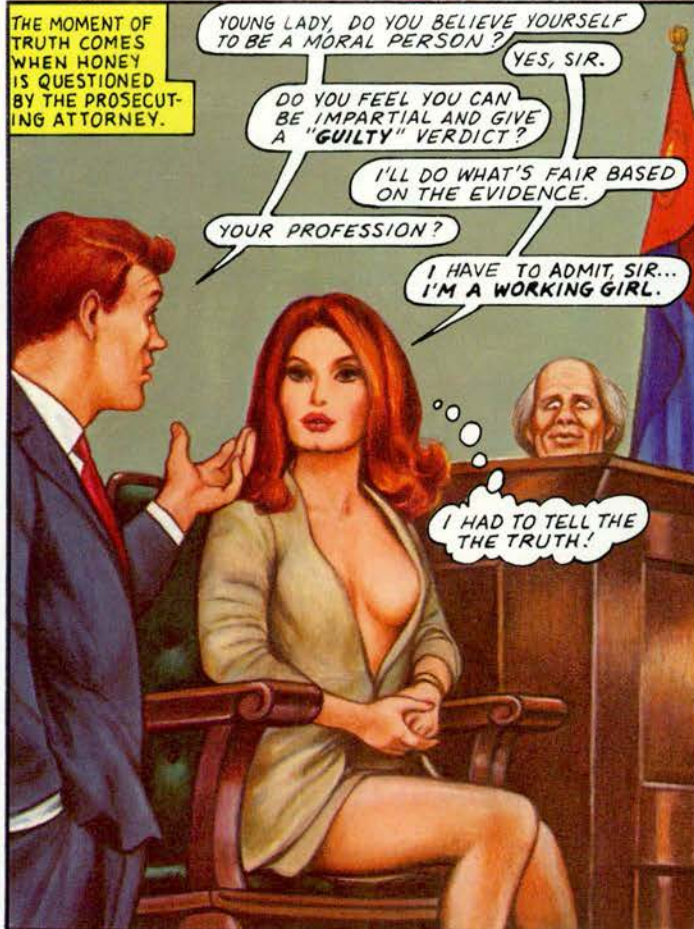
HONEY STRUGGLES WITH HER CONSCIENCE.

TELL THEM YOU'RE A HOOKER, HONEY. A PREJUDICED JUROR IS A SLAP TO THE U.S. SYSTEM OF FAIR JUSTICE.

THROW A WRENCH IN THE REPRESSIVE ASSHOLES' PLANS, HONEY. AS A JUROR, YOU CAN MAKE THE BLUENOSES EAT SHIT!



WHAT DO I DO?





LOOK AT THIS SMUT! TWO WOMEN HAVING GASP! ORAL SEX! AND ENJOYING IT! OUTRAGEOUS! TRASHY WOMEN! HAVE THEY NO SHAME? WHORES LIKE THESE SHOULD BE IN PRISON... NOT ON THE STREETS!

THIS IS WHAT THE PERVERTS WHO PUBLISH THIS TRASH CALL NORMAL AND HEALTHY!

EXHIBIT "A"

THIS PART OF A WOMAN'S ANATOMY SHOULD NEVER BE SEEN! IT'S DIRTY! IT'S REPULSIVE! A FEMALE'S PRIVATE PARTS ARE A DISGUSTING SIGHT THE COMMUNITY SHOULD BE PROTECTED FROM!

MAGAZINES LIKE THIS ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR MOST OF AMERICA'S SEX CRIMES! YOUR JOB IS TO STOP THEM!

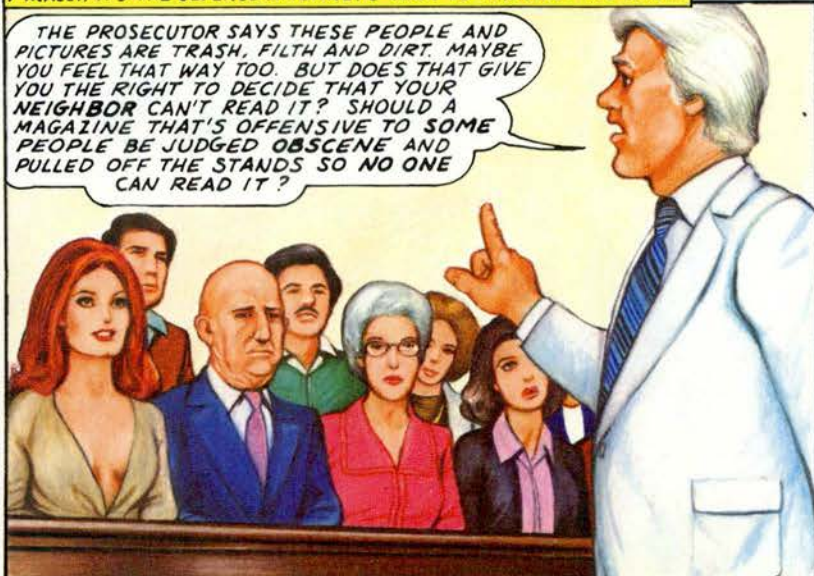
SEX CRIMES WERE AROUND BEFORE SEXY MAGAZINES AND PHOTOGRAPHS...

...THIS TRIAL IS OBSCENE!

ADULTS ONLY

EXHIBIT "C"

FINALLY, IT'S THE DEFENSE ATTORNEY'S TURN TO PRESENT HIS CASE.



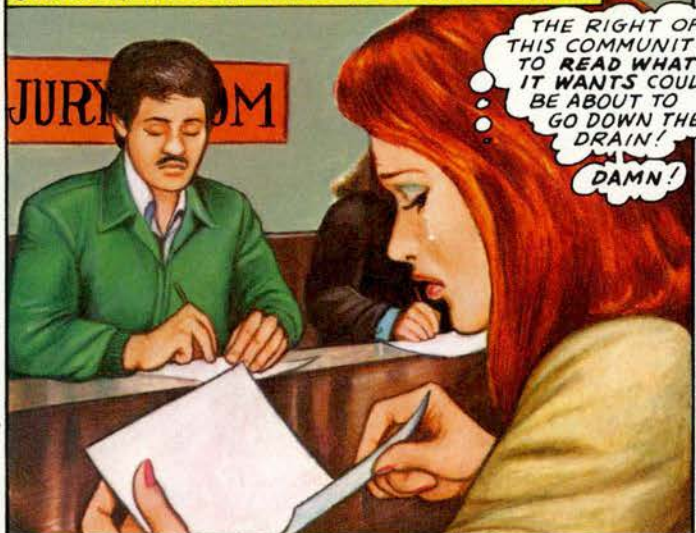
THE PROSECUTOR SAYS THESE PEOPLE AND PICTURES ARE TRASH, FILTH AND DIRT. MAYBE YOU FEEL THAT WAY TOO. BUT DOES THAT GIVE YOU THE RIGHT TO DECIDE THAT YOUR NEIGHBOR CAN'T READ IT? SHOULD A MAGAZINE THAT'S OFFENSIVE TO SOME PEOPLE BE JUDGED OBSCENE AND PULLED OFF THE STANDS SO NO ONE CAN READ IT?



THE FIRST AMENDMENT GUARANTEES THE RIGHT OF FREE SPEECH TO ALL AMERICANS. IF YOU TAKE AWAY THAT RIGHT FROM THIS MAGAZINE AND IT BECOMES ILLEGAL, YOUR FAVORITE MAGAZINE COULD BE NEXT!...

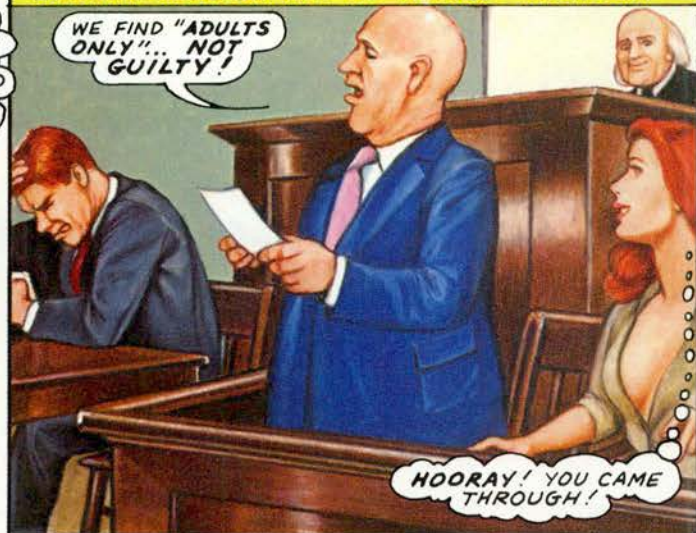
YOU COULD BE NEXT!

SECLUDED, THE JURY VOTES BY SECRET BALLOT.



THE RIGHT OF THIS COMMUNITY TO READ WHAT IT WANTS COULD BE ABOUT TO GO DOWN THE DRAIN!
DAMN!

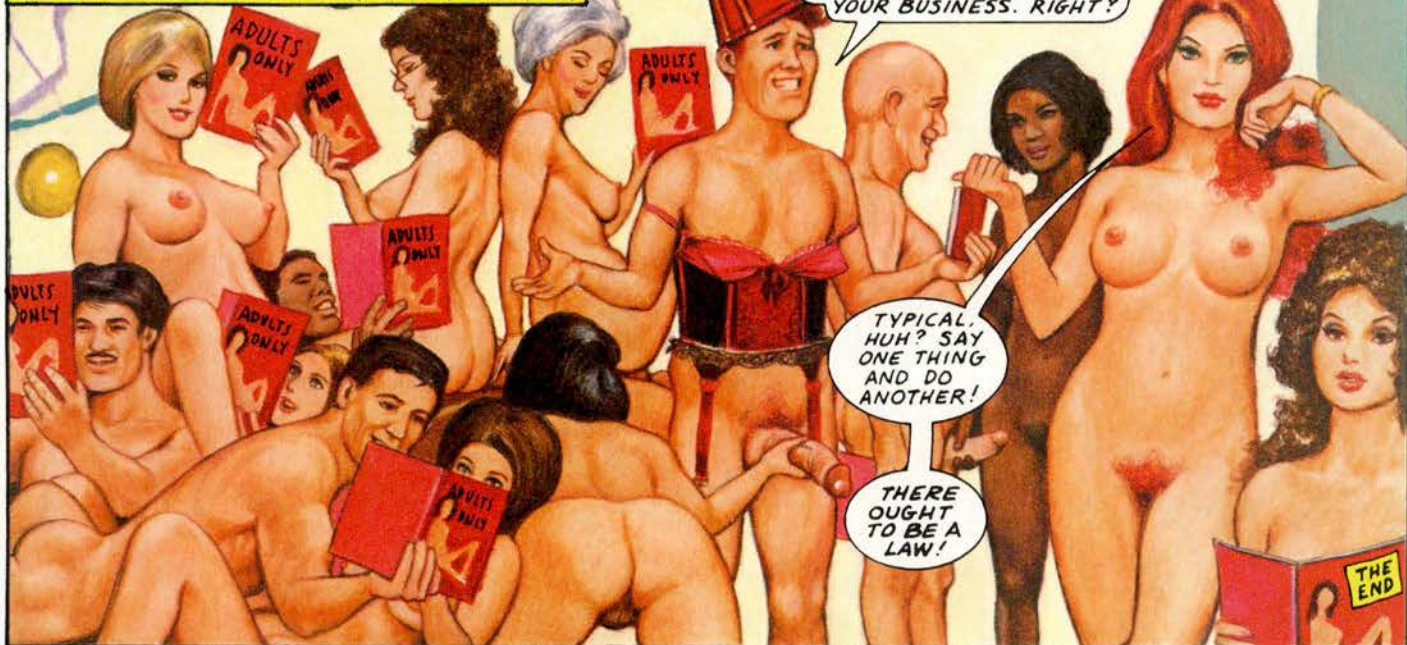
BUT NEVER UNDERESTIMATE THE "AVERAGE" AMERICAN!



WE FIND "ADULTS ONLY"... NOT GUILTY!

HOORAY! YOU CAME THROUGH!

THAT NIGHT, HONEY HOLDS A VICTORY CELEBRATION... AND EVEN THE PROSECUTING ATTORNEY ATTENDS!



WELL, WHATEVER YOU DO BEHIND CLOSED DOORS IS YOUR BUSINESS. RIGHT?

TYPICAL. HUH? SAY ONE THING AND DO ANOTHER!

THERE OUGHT TO BE A LAW!

THE END

This column's purpose is to help you order by mail. We advise our readers on how to conduct business with mail-order firms and alert them to frauds, shady practices and faulty products. We also review mail-order sex products, including those advertised in *HUSTLER*, not to endorse them but to let you know what you'll be getting for your money. Since we depend on you to help us keep the marketplace clean, please write to *HUSTLER Mail-Order Feedback*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054, and alert us to any problems you're having.

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

GOOD CONNECTION

In our September issue we told you about one phone-sex company that's not quite honest in its advertising. Since then, we've received several letters from readers who are anxious to try phone sex but are worried about being ripped off. Well, this month we direct your attention to an outfit that, we believe, will give you more than your money's worth.

Certainly the Ma Bell of phone sex would have to be Dr. Linda Vairo, a practicing psychologist who runs one of the largest telephone-fantasy services in the world today. *Fantasy Merchants* is a phone-sex organization made up of many different individual services (*Mistress Marta*, *Call Crissie*, *Nancy Nurse Nina* and *Bad Girl Connections*, to name a few), each catering to a special "kink."

Dr. Vairo says: "We have over 100 women and men working our phones 24 hours a day. Many are actors and actresses who are just fascinated by the whole idea of getting people off over the phone. Some of our girls get really creative. For instance, 'Sheena' keeps a record of jungle noises playing in the background to better create an atmosphere of animalism. 'Dolly,' on the other hand, specializes in dildos, while our *Bad Girl Connections* service caters exclusively to the sadomasochistic type of caller."

Whatever your kink, *Fantasy Merchants* probably has the right person for you on the other end of the receiver. For information on all the ser-

vices offered by *Fantasy*, call (213) 652-2610. You'll be put in touch with the person best suited to your special fetish. Unless otherwise indicated, calls to *Fantasy Merchants'* services are \$30 (for those within California), and \$35 for everyone living outside the Golden State, including Canada.

For the horny, the kinky or the chic—phone sex can be "the next best thing to being there," as long as the company is reputable.

FROM THE HART

As for new companies, the sexy and talented porn star of well over 100 adult features, Veronica Hart, has decided to hang up her G-string and become an entrepreneur. *The Hart Salon* (316 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10001), a new mail-order house and fan club, has just been started by Veronica, and she plans to market a number of these items that will cater to the legions of filmgoers who have made her one of the top adult-film actresses ever.

Veronica Hart posters, T-shirts and photographs, all personally autographed, are available by mail order nationwide. She's even got a new type of hair conditioner called Pampered Pusse, which doubles as an aphrodisiac. According to Ms. Hart, "This is my way of saying thanks to all my fans. I want them to have a little 'piece' of me with them in their homes and offices." For a free catalog, just drop Veronica a note at *The Hart Salon*.

GROUP FOUR GRIPE

I ordered some magazines from Group Four Films, as advertised on page 117 of the June HUSTLER. I expected hard-core, but what I got was censored crap! I don't make much, and I hate to throw money away. What's the story with these ripoffs?

—D. W.

Scranton, Pennsylvania

D.W., those "dotted" magazines were sent to you by mistake; at least that's what *Group Four* claims. It seems that the printer for the magazines made an error and mixed in a bunch of censored garbage with the good, hard-core stuff. According to *Group Four*, the magazines with the blackout marks should never have been sent out.

We agree. In fact, after receiving four more letters like D.W.'s, we

demanding that *Group Four* send good, uncensored material to all those who complained about their orders or we would refuse to carry its advertisements. *Group Four* has assured us it will make good on the orders, but we'd appreciate it if those who received censored material dropped us a line when they get their new magazines to let us know if they're satisfied.

Also, *Group Four* claims that no more such censored publications are being distributed and that customers are getting nothing but hard-core. Needless to say, we'll be keeping an eye on the firm to make sure such promises are not made in vain.

BETTER BUSINESS

I've been trying to get a refund from Via Film Products (P.O. Box 35615, Los Angeles, CA 90035) for materials I returned to it over a year ago! I even filed a customer complaint with the Better Business Bureau in August 1981 and still nothing. Can you help me get back my lousy \$41.80? I don't know where else to go.

—L. C.

Randallstown, Maryland

Via Film Products is one of the many stooge operations controlled by the almighty *Mailers Service Company* (6255 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, CA 90028). It seems that *Mailers Service* chose to ignore not only your personal request for a refund, but also a written request sent to it by the Better Business Bureau on May 3, 1982. In that letter the BBB suggested *Mailers Service* refund our reader \$37.52 (the original order minus \$4.28 *Mailers Service* spent on postage to send a replacement package that was also refused and returned unopened in July 1981).

On June 2, 1982, the BBB sent a letter to us stating the following: "The company [*Mailers Service*] has not responded to our recent correspondence, and we can do no more than bring the information to your attention and close our file." We immediately contacted Don Leggett of *Mailers Service* to request action on our reader's complaint. On June 11, 1982, we received a promise from Leggett that L. C. would be sent a refund for \$37.52 as suggested by the BBB.

If you encounter a similar problem, write *Mail-Order Feedback*. We'll do our best to wade through the bullshit to find a solution. 🐷

SHERRI'S LIVE PHONE SEX

Call Me Now
And I'll Cum
Just For You...

AMEX
MC/VISA

(213) 479-4611



CANDID CHEERLEADERS

Unposed color shots
of real cheerleaders
in action.

Sample \$1—Set \$10

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Box 29670, Denver,
CO 80229

LISA'S PHONE AFFAIRS

Hi, are you alone
in your bedroom?
So am I. My name
is Lisa. Why don't
you call me! I can
share my climax
with you on the
phone.



(213) 656-4042

VISA & MASTERCARD

WANNA SEE A FOX ON "FILM"?

Then follow my tail!
It leads you to my
cave filled with
fotos. FILM, fun
and friendship. Can
a pretty fox with a
naughty pussy trap
you? Grab the bait
and send \$3.00
and a self addressed
stamped envelope
to Emily Foxe, Box N
138, Jamaica, NY
11414—ONLY MY
PHOTO GETS
NASTY!



YOU'VE SEEN THEM!

You've Bought Them!!
You've Paid Too Much!!!

The Highest Quality Alert Tablets Available
on the Market also known as Legal Stimulants
Featuring

Mini Whites
White w/Green Specs
White w/Blue Specs
Pink Hearts
Pink Foot Balls
Yellow 10-1321

Black Molles
Black 127
Black 335
Black Dex
Green & Clear 127
Blue & Clear 127

Plus Many More Available

AND NOW Introducing Our All New Line

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LET'S MAKE A DEAL!!!
\$35 to 4.50 on Large Orders
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beled as such. CAUTION: Individuals with high blood pres-
sure, heart disease, diabetes or thyroid disease should use
only as directed by a physician. Use only as directed. Prod-
ucts not intended for repackaging or resale. Individuals in-
volved in resale should register with the proper authorities
and/or consult an attorney. This offer void in the State of
Washington.

TOTAL SEXUAL SATISFACTION!

Prelude 3

The World's Most Famous Pleasure Systems

Prelude 1



Find out why Prelude 3 has
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Let it take BOTH OF YOU be-
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Take Control With Class!

Own the world's most sophis-
ticated pleasure system with 5
precision-made designer at-
tachments to relax, stimulate and
create a world of erotic expecta-
tion as slowly as you desire!
Then, when YOU know it's time,
switch heads and strokes...and
go for TOTAL SEXUAL SATIS-
FACTION!

Prelude 3 Includes:

- New, noiseless, dual intensity
vibra-gun!
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possible pleasure trip!
- Detailed instruction booklet.

● SPECIAL* —For Men Only—
"living" Prelude 3 attachment
that turns a lonely night into fire-
works for ANY man!

New! Prelude 1

This powerful wand-type super
vibe is for those who want
deeper, more intense action. The
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give the illusion of gentleness,
but the raging climaxes say
you've discovered #1! And this
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can evaporate tensions and deep
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Rush me the following in a plain brown wrapper. I know I can try
either Prelude for a full 30 days and may return it, for ANY reason,
for a full refund.

___ Prelude 3 System @ \$34.95 ___ For Men Only @ \$7.50
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(Add \$2 p&h per item ordered. NY residents add sales tax)

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Available at fine retail stores. For the name of the store
nearest you, call 1-800-327-3993.

CANDY'S BACK!

The legendary **CANDY SAMPLES** in the 1st **HARDCORE** films she's done in years!



■ SWEET DREAMS OF CANDY

One of Candy's biggest fans dozes off one day and dreams that he's gone to "Tit-Man's Heaven": he's in her house while she's taking a bath, masturbating her hot pussy and incredible boobs! She gets out and gives him her patented "44DD melon massage" that gets his cock as hard as a rock. She puts his tool to good use, including a mind-blowing tit-fucking sequence that'll make your meat throb! He finally shoots all over her gorgeous globes to end his sweet "WET DREAM"!

AF-919

\$19! ea.



■ CANDY'S HOT INTERVIEW

While interviewing Candy, a reporter gets up the nerve to ask her what every man wonders when he first meets her: "Are they real?" She answers by unhooking her bra and letting her incredible tits do the talking! Well, seeing is believing, but touching is even better! He goes wild on her monumental mammaries, fondling and sucking while she gets his cock hard with the tricks that made her famous. His "in-depth" interview ends when he splashes her luscious face with his climax!

AF-918

\$19! ea.

■ VIDEO SYNC-SOUND SPECIAL!

This brand-new 1/2-hour videotape was produced with LIVE "sync-sound" recording so you can HEAR as well as SEE all the action! It contains EXTRA-LONG versions of the two NEW Candy films, with all the dialogue, sound effects, and LIVE ACTION you get in a feature film! Please specify VHS or BETA.

\$39.95!

AFV-920



BRAND NEW
ROCK-HARD
FILMS
VIDEOS
& MAGS!

■ CANDY'S JUMBO MAG

This JUMBO magazine features exclusive photos from the brand new CANDY SAMPLES films, from mouthwatering close ups to eye popping full page spreads! Every page in Full Color!

Cover Price \$30.00

ONLY \$15!

= AM-662



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Please Add \$3.00 for Postage and Handling.

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DO NOT ALTER THIS AFFIDAVIT! I DECLARE THAT I AM AN ADULT BEING 21 YEARS OF AGE OR OVER. I desire to receive sexually oriented advertisements and authorize you and affiliated companies to mail me such advertisements, unless and until I notify you in writing to stop sending me such advertisements. I am receiving or purchasing the sexually oriented material for my private use in my own home and will not sell the material or furnish or exhibit it to minors. I am not a postal inspector. I have not requested the Post Office Department, or anyone else, to "protect" me against receipt of sexually oriented advertisements. In the event I ever make such a request, I agree to so notify you in writing within 3 days, requesting you to remove my name from your lists.

MUST BE MINIMUM OF 21 YEARS OLD!

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Print Your Name _____
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NOW YOU CAN DEVELOP A LONGER THICKER PENIS



for those who demand the ultimate... the Le TRIUMPH Electric Vacuum Enlarger

Follow in the footsteps of thousands of other men who have proven that there is a way to INCREASE PENIS SIZE AND THICKNESS! The device is called the Le TRIUMPH, ELECTRIC VACUUM ENLARGER—a safe way to use NATURAL SCIENCE to increase the size and the thickness of your penis.

HOW CAN THE Le TRIUMPH ELECTRIC VACUUM ENLARGER INCREASE PENIS LENGTH & THICKNESS?

Your erection is caused by blood flowing into hollow caverns inside your penis. The caverns fill with blood and your penis grows in size and thickness and becomes stiffer and stiffer until the caverns are filled with all the blood they can hold. BUT, IF YOU INCREASE THE CAPACITY OF THE CAVERNS BY MAKING THEM BIGGER, THEY HOLD MORE BLOOD and you have a correspondingly longer, thicker penis. Regular use of the Le TRIUMPH ELECTRIC VACUUM ENLARGER gently urges the caverns to expand...expand...expand. You'll see the astonishing results the first time you use your Le TRIUMPH ELECTRIC VACUUM ENLARGER. Your penis will grow and grow inside the clear, picture window sleeve. Immediately you'll see just how really BIG...how really FAT...how LONG...how HARD and STIFF your own penis can get!

Le TRIUMPH ELECTRIC VACUUM ENLARGER...

is the only motorized electric vacuum pump! This powerful unit is equipped to plug into a wall socket for steady, even sucking power that never gives out. Operating through a specially built transformer that takes "wall socket" current and reduces it to safe levels. This sophisticated instrument is by far the state of the art in penis enhancing machinery. It comes equipped with its own lubricating creme and warranty certificate against any defects. For the man who demands the most sophisticated sensations and the most reliable instrument for regular workouts with his favorite "muscle," the Le TRIUMPH ELECTRIC VACUUM ENLARGER is definitely IT!

regular \$100 complete
OUR SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY PRICE
ONLY **\$69.95**

TO ORDER: Send name, address and zip code. Enclose \$69.95 plus \$4 postage & handling. For C.O.D. send \$5 for extra postage & handling.

Canadian orders payable in U.S. funds. Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.

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GET OFF OVER THE PHONE

You will get: LIVE Sex talk with
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as often as you like,
42-page book of revealing photos,
New and LIVE numbers monthly.

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Nicole's Fantasy Hotline



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Talk to a Sexy Girl Now!



I HAVE BEAUTIFUL, HORNY GIRLFRIENDS
who love sharing their fantasies or joining yours
to get you off over the phone.

PL-E-A-S-E call me now... or one of my girlfriends at
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I'm hot, wet,
and waiting...

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Increase alertness,
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control appetite.

\$7⁵⁰ per 100

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All stimulant compounds contain 37.5 mg. Phenylpropanolamine HCL, 25 mg. Ephedrine Sulfate and caffeine.

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☐ N.A.	☐	250 mg.
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☐ N.A.	☐	200 mg.
☐ N.A.	☐	175 mg.
☐	☐ N.A.	150 mg.
☐	☐	125 mg.
☐	☐ N.A.	50 mg.
☐ N.A.	☐	25 mg.

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ALL THE GREAT OFFERS OF XXX MAIL ORDER ARE RIGHT HERE ON THIS PAGE

CHUBBY & TUBBY GALS

More than some men can handle, but still smooth & firm. Ready to swallow you up in their juicy cunts.

#1—8 BIG glossy photos, \$3
#2—2 Fat Girl magazines, \$3
#3—Fat Girl Films catalog, \$3

ALL UNDER 20 YRS. Any 2 above, \$5. All 3, \$7

NAMES AND PHONE NUMBERS OF GIRLS WHO LOVE IT!

Expensive, but worth it. Real hot numbers of hot women in your immed. area. Not a mimeo sheet. Each order indiv. computer matched to your ZIP code. No forwarding fees or other charges. Call them up as soon as you receive your order. Not hustlers. Real nice girls who like hearing from men for intimate conversation and dates. Waiting for your call.



HOT NUMBERS — HOT WOMEN

FREE BOOK
with \$20 or more. "How to Pick Up Girls" by Eric Weber. Over 1 million sold in bookstores at \$5 & up.

#4—4 NUMBERS \$10 #6—20 NUMBERS \$35
#5—10 NUMBERS \$20 #7—35 NUMBERS \$50

SOME WOMEN HAVE huge clits

SOME AS LONG AS 2-3 INCHES
WHEN ERECT AND EXCITED.

#8—CLIT MAGAZINE, \$3
#9—CLIT VIEWER STRIP, \$3
#10—CATALOG, \$2
#11—ALL 3, \$5



Private Pictures of 4 Young Ladies photographed at home. Restrictions prevent graphic description. You usually can't get this kind of item from the big dealers any more.

#12—8 Big Glossies, \$3
#13—20, only \$5 (Save \$2.50)

COLORFUL BARE PUSSY MAGAZINES

HAIRLESS GASHES GALORE!

#14—1 Magazine, \$2
#15—4 Magazines, \$5
#16—9 Magazines, \$10

We also have photo sets, video and other bare pussy features.

SEE MINI-TARTS GIVE DEEP HEAD & OTHER JU STUNTS!

Catalog included free with order.

DO YOU WANT A BIGGER PENIS?

New vacuum exerciser designed to develop those muscles which control length, thickness, firmness of your erection. Also helps you learn to control premature ejaculation. Half-a-million men have paid up to \$32.95 for it. Yours now for only \$13.95.

ITEM #20, \$13.95 ITEM #21, SAUNA MODEL, \$22

ONLY \$13.95

I'M NOT BUYING ANYTHING AT THIS TIME, BUT PUT ME ON YOUR MAILING LIST. CIRCLE ITEM #30 AND SEND \$2

All the clever little gimmicks and sensational, sex drenched pornography you may see in hundreds of magazine ads in dozens of magazines have been consolidated under one roof. Watch this page month after month as the items change and rotate. You'll never have to deal with another mail order company again, because we give you access to it all . . . from the nicest to the filthiest!!

THIS LITTLE BABY CAN GIVE YOU THE BEST BLOW JOB IN TOWN ANYTIME YOU WANT IT



If you've ever had a pair of soft, wet, succulent lips, and a slithering, darting tongue doing their thing on you, you know it's a sensation that's hard to beat.

Now you can have those delicious sucking sensations any time you wish with the new HEADULATOR.

It doesn't only duplicate the exotic feeling of an expert blowjob, it's even better! The built-in humming action can drive you up the wall with its toying, teasing, tantalizing spasms of frenzied delight. And you control the speed of sucking. Make it quick and dirty, or soft, slow and sensual.

If you love that oral loving feeling and want to have it on demand, you need the HEADULATOR in your life.

#17 Standard Headulator \$19
#18 Deluxe Headulator \$25

LONGER IS BETTER!

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

Super Stretch is safe & comfortable because it is made of soft, elastic and held on with Velcro. You'll love it. Your lover will love it.

ITEM #19 — \$10



ERECTION PROBLEMS?

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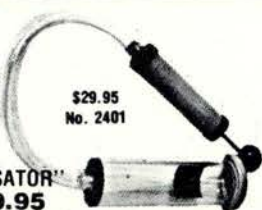
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Angie has breasts that are firm and exciting to touch. Not huge, but bigger than you'd expect on such a sweet, young thing. Her nipples are perky and hard, and they stick out under a T-shirt. The temptation to reach out and make them your own will be irresistible.



7" VAGINA WITH PULSATING OPTION

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BUYER BEWARE!!

Don't confuse Angie with an inferior competitor with a so called "foam expander" in an aerosol can. The "expander" is nothing more than a can of gas which you use to "expand" an inadequate amount of inferior foam. When the gas leaks out, the doll goes flat. Insist on the Genuine Angie Doll . . . packed tight with resilient, weight supporting foam. There is no substitute.



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Just 1 year ago
Angie sold for \$70+.
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For those who delight in the unusual, Angie is happy to take it any way you want to give it. Her tight little ass is just right for those nights when you crave an experience that's just a little different.



MAIL MART, Dept. CH83 Box 44241, Panorama City, Calif. 91412

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- ☐ Deluxe Angie with Electronically Pulsating Vagina\$49.95
- ☐ Deluxe Pulsating Angie with Soft Sexy Voice option\$62.95
- ☐ Pulsating, Talking Angie + Furry Frontal Hair & Sexy Panties \$72.95
- Extra Wigs, \$10 ea. ☐ Blonde ☐ Black (Angie's reg. hair is brunette.)
- ☐ Special Vac-U-Suc Companion (Sucks Like Crazy!!), add \$10

TOTAL AMOUNT \$ _____ ☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ Money Order

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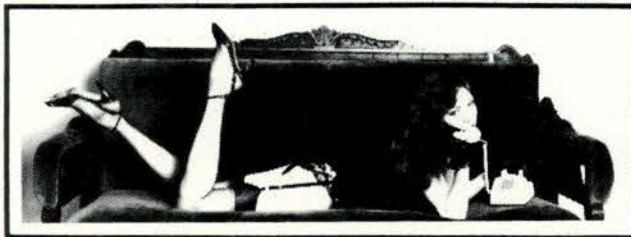


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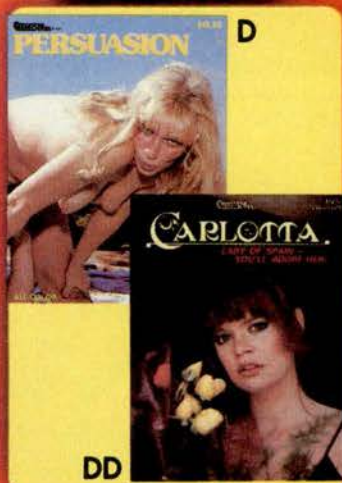
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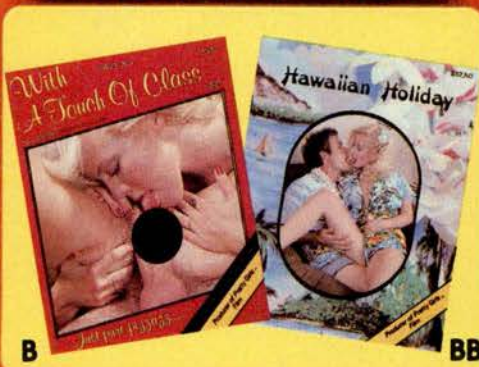
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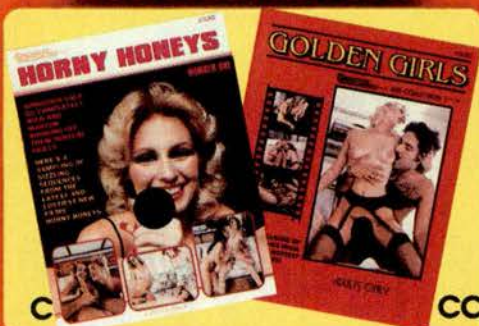
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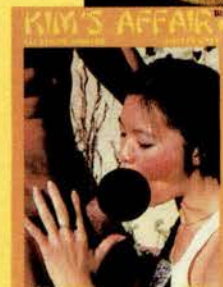
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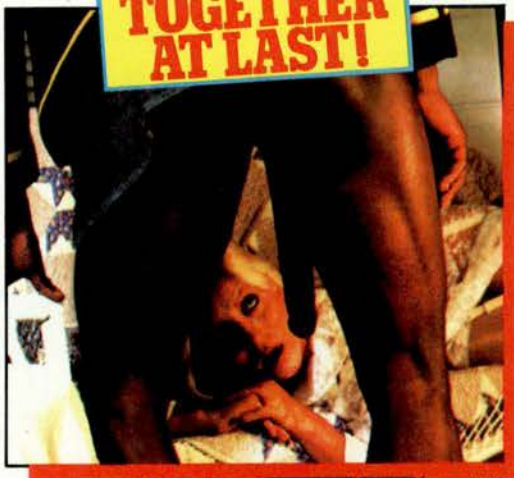
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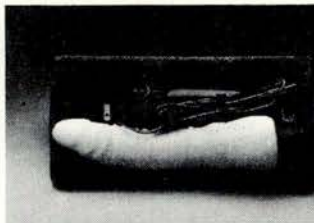
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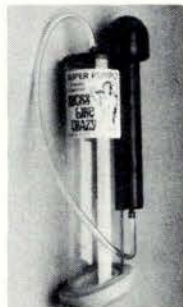
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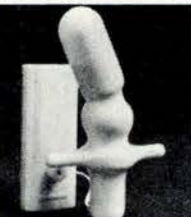


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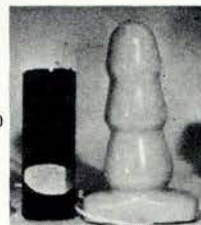
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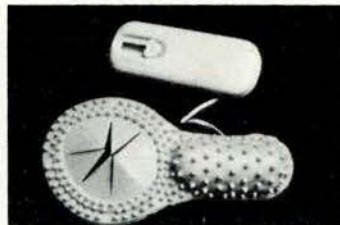


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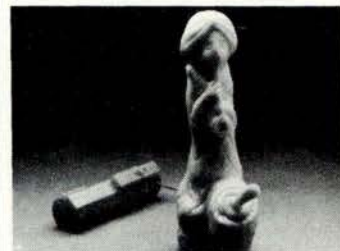


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AMERICA'S SHAME

(continued from page 110)

ing and brutal, populated by the ghosts of individual Haitians—including those who have been returned from the United States—who have been beaten, tortured and left to die in Haitian prisons. Much of the evidence is not brutal but simply callous—evidence that INS officials decided to ship all Haitians back to Haiti simply because their continued presence in the United States had become a problem.”

Last June a federal district-court judge finally ordered the U.S. government to free most of the detained Haitians. Their lawyers and supporters hailed the decision as a landmark for refugee rights. But still the Justice Department persisted, appealing the decision. “The government is committed to detention,” explained its attorney, Robert Bombaugh. “We will not retreat. We will control the borders.”

The final legal roadblock was overcome when a three-judge Court of Appeals panel refused to block the lower court's decision. While America's inhumane treatment would always be a bitter memory, the first of 437 Haitians to leave the Krome Avenue prison still had plenty to celebrate. They were free at last. 🐾

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JOHN HOLMES

(continued from page 54)

this year, includes interviews with Holmes and people who worked with him over the years, as well as random on-the-street conversations with his fans. At times, the *real* John Holmes sneaks through the hype and seems to cry out for understanding.

“Women always have expectations about me,” he says. “They have it in their minds that I can give them everything they desire sexually—that I can fulfill them completely. That’s not possible. Ninety-nine percent of the time they don’t accept me for who I am. It’s like they’re trying to fuck a Walt Disney character. I’m not that fantasy. I’m a human being.”

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Situated high in the wooded hills above Los Angeles, Laurel Canyon is home for several thousand residents who don’t mind the nearly constant threat of rampaging fires, mudslides, earthquakes and other natural disasters. It has long been a favorite for people working in both the music and entertainment industries. Wild drug parties and sex orgies behind tall fences and protective shrubbery are common. For many residents, getting stoned, tanned and fucked seem to be the top priorities in life.

But John Holmes was interested in only one of them: *Drugs, and more drugs*. And as his addiction required plentiful new sources of cocaine, he came to the split-level home at 8763 Wonderland.

There were many visitors to the house at all hours of the day and night, thrill-seekers eager to buy cocaine, heroin, speed, ‘ludes and other assorted uppers and downers. Not only was this a business for those who lived there; it was also their lifestyle. They consumed great quantities of their own products, which wasn’t always good for the profit margin. As a result, they were often short on cash and had to rob or steal in order to finance wholesale drug buys essential to the operation.

To satisfy a constant need of his own, John Holmes became a middleman for Bill DeVerell and Ronald Launius in their efforts to resupply the drug inventory. He would take property they had stolen and leave it as collateral with another large dope dealer in exchange for drugs. Returning to Wonderland, he’d turn over the drugs and take his cut.

After the drugs were sold, Holmes would return to the supplier with money to pay for the original shipment. He would then pick up the property that had been held as collateral and bring it back to DeVerell and Launius. The wholesaler and retailers did not know

each other's identity. Holmes held the key to this particular undertaking, which was just the way he wanted it. It was a circle of trade that served to support his own habit and worked profitably for everyone else involved.

All that ended one day in June 1981 when someone got greedy. The Los Angeles County District Attorney later contended it was John Holmes who came up with the idea of the retailers (DeVerell, Launius and their partners) robbing the mysterious wholesaler. Holmes’ court-appointed defense lawyers, Earl Hanson and Mitchell Egers, did not deny their client’s role in the ripoff scheme. But Hanson described his client as “a victim himself. Cocaine had a grip on him, and it controlled him.”

Unfortunately for everyone concerned, the reputed wholesaler was not an easy mark. Adel “Eddie Nash” Nasrallah was born of Arabian parents in Palestine in 1929 and migrated to Los Angeles in 1960. Within a few years he had opened up a string of successful bars and nightclubs, some of them topless and others that served a gay clientele. In a pandering case that was dismissed in 1968, law-enforcement officials accused him of “soliciting young females . . . to work as call girls . . . from contacts made in [his] cocktail lounges.”

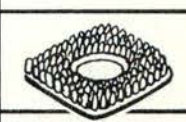
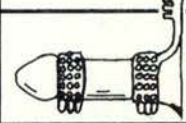
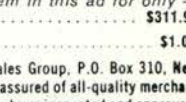
Authorities watched with growing interest as Nash’s power and influence increased. He was a suspect in several “torchings” of business establishments and subsequent insurance-fraud conspiracies, but was never convicted. His unchecked rise was credited to the tight circle of friends, associates and employees he developed to protect his activities. Some say this group was nicknamed the “Arab Mafia.”

Holmes had often visited Eddie Nash’s home, a large, expensive place about a mile from Wonderland Avenue in a neighborhood where lawyers and doctors resided. He knew that large amounts of cash and drugs were kept in a floor safe. Although a huge bodyguard, 300-pound Gregory Diles, lived there with the nightclub owner, Holmes convinced DeVerell and Launius that Nash was ripe for a robbery. They gave Holmes \$400 in cash to buy drugs from Nash the night of the planned theft. Holmes was to make the buy and, before leaving the house, unlatch the lock on a sliding-glass door.

Three men took part in the crime—DeVerell, Launius and David Lind, a convicted felon who later gave a detailed account of what transpired. At first, Lind flashed a stolen police badge and handcuffs, attempting to convince Nash and Diles they were subjects of a police raid.

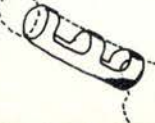
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While Diles was being handcuffed, one of the robbers' guns accidentally discharged, just missing the big bodyguard but burning him with muzzle flash. Hearing the gunshot, Nash became convinced that his own execution was but seconds away. He dropped to his knees and begged for time to say his prayers. The robbers laughed at the sight of Nash on the floor, making peace with the Almighty.

Then they made him open the floor safe, which contained two large bags of cocaine and a small amount of heroin. They also gathered up about \$10,000 in cash and jewelry before leaving.

Back at the Wonderland house, the loot was divvied up. "John was unhappy that his share wasn't enough," Lind remembered. The three men who broke into Nash's house received 25% each; Holmes and another "nonparticipant" split the remainder.

Sometime during the next two days, Eddie Nash and his men figured out that Holmes was connected to the robbery and went looking for the actor. When they found him, Nash reportedly pulled a gun on Holmes and threatened to kill him and his family if he refused to identify the robbers.

Moments later, Nash's gloating henchmen grabbed a book from Holmes' trousers that listed the addresses and

phone numbers of his family and closest friends. At that point Holmes became convinced the nightclub owner meant business and was determined to avenge the setup that had so humiliated him in the sanctuary of his own home. Having no choice, Holmes led the killers to Wonderland Avenue during the early-morning hours of July 1, 1981. And then came the Manson-style bloodbath.

* * *

Holmes became a prime suspect in the murders when Los Angeles Police Department homicide investigators found dozens of his fingerprints at the scene as well as a telltale palm print above one of the deathbeds. Questioned by police a few weeks later, he admitted helping set up the robbery at Eddie Nash's home and leading the vengeful killers to 8763 Wonderland. But he vehemently denied participating in the actual murders and steadfastly refused to identify the killers, fearing reprisal from Eddie Nash.

The actor was released after questioning. The district attorney and police hoped they could eventually convince him to identify the murderers and testify against them. But that didn't happen. The police investigation of Nash and Diles, trying to tie the two men to the murders, was also unproductive. Diles was arrested on suspicion of murder and then released for lack of evidence.

Meanwhile, after the issuance of a warrant for his arrest, Holmes disappeared. Rumors circulated that he was dead. Actually, fear of both the police and Eddie Nash had prompted Holmes to grow a beard and flee to Florida, where he worked inconspicuously as a handyman at Miami Beach's Fountainhead Hotel.

Finally apprehended in December 1981, following a nationwide manhunt, Holmes was charged with four counts of murder and one of attempted murder. If convicted, he faced the prospect of life imprisonment.

"All along the district attorney wanted to make a deal with John," reported one of his lawyers, Earl Hanson. "They wanted him to be their star witness. I tried to talk John into testifying against Nash, but he wouldn't do it. He was convinced that his family and friends would suffer the consequences. He was so afraid of Eddie Nash that he was willing to put his life in the hands of 12 jurors. He thought they'd be able to see that he didn't kill anyone—that, in fact, he was a victim too."

A jury of eight men and four women weighed the evidence last June during the two-week trial in the courtroom of Los Angeles Superior Court Judge Betty Jo Sheldon, a matronly woman with

blond hair. The legal battle seemed to be evenly matched between Hanson and his partner, Mitchell Egers, and Deputy District Attorney Ronald Coen.

The prosecution based much of its case on the out-of-court admission of guilt made by Holmes to police investigators. The defense argued that his only involvement had been as an unwilling hostage of the actual killers. It contended that the prosecution had failed to show there was any intent on the part of Holmes to commit murder. But when the defendant refused to testify, his attorneys seemed worried.

"John's position is that if he gets on the stand, he'll be asked to identify the killers," explained Hanson. "And he would rather take the chance of going to prison than testify against those guys."

The courtroom was jammed with TV and newspaper reporters as the jury walked solemnly to their seats after 14 hours of deliberations spread over four days. The foreman handed the long-awaited verdict to the court clerk, who then passed it on to the judge for review.

John Holmes kept his head lowered and his eyes glued to the long wooden table in front of him, just as he had done during the previous two weeks. He had been stiff, silent and seemingly afraid of looking the judge and jury in the eyes.

Without a word the judge passed the verdict back to clerk Mike Braverman to read aloud. "We, the members of the jury, find the defendant not guilty." The words brought a loud gasp from the packed courtroom.

"Thank God," a grinning Holmes said to his lawyers, who patted him on the back and embraced him in tearful bear hugs. "I'm on top of the world."

Holmes, though, still had other legal hassles to deal with, including a charge that he had possessed a stolen \$8,000 word processor. Thirteen days later, in nearby Santa Monica Superior Court, previous testimony was read in which Holmes declared that two women had paid him for sex and that he found the processor in the trash outside their building. The judge ruled he was guilty of receiving stolen property and on August 3 sentenced him to time already served in jail plus three years' probation. But Holmes remained behind bars after a grand jury held him in contempt for refusing to name the Laurel Canyon murderers.

To capitalize on his newfound notoriety, distributors were advertising his latest picture—*Casanova, Part II*—with the catch phrase: "Before He Made Headlines, He Made Love." But whether he'd do so again was much in doubt. Holmes offered only the barest of hints: "I intend to keep a low profile." 

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December issue on sale October 21, 1982



MARLENE

OUR BEST GIRLS—The winners of HUSTLER's first-ever Best Centerfold Contest have never looked hotter! Our first-place winner, **MARLENE**, happened to be *nine months'* pregnant when her pictorial, **SPECIAL DELIVERY**, was shot, and we're sure you'll agree that "special glow" only adds to her incredible beauty. Our second-place winner, **TANA**, explores her

secret passions in **AN AFFAIR TO REMEMBER**. Third-place winner **CHERYL** duets with **CINDY** for a lustful music lesson in **PERFECT HARMONY**. Finally, you'll explore primeval passions with a horny stone-age couple in **BAD MOON RISING**.

AMERICA'S DEADLIEST EPIDEMIC—Suicide is an epidemic that's killing the rich, poor, young and old with alarming frequency. What causes a person to commit this final act of self-destruction—an act that has become a leading cause of death among Americans? Find out why calling it quits is such a popular choice in Robert McGarvey's fascinating examination of suicide in America.

A GAMBLING CHAMPION—This year in Las Vegas over 100 gamblers competed for the title "World Champion of Poker"—and poker's first *\$1-million pot*. The winner of this fabulous sum was Jack "Treetop" Straus, a lifelong compulsive gambler whose hobbies include lion hunting in Madagascar. Steve Magagnini profiles poker's world champion and the high-pressure world he lives in.

BEASTS OF THE BUTCHER—In Thomas Adcock's fantastic December fiction, a journalist with a taste for danger pursues the infamous Nazi concentration-camp doctor Josef Mengele through the barren interior of Paraguay. His quest leads him to a frightening discovery that nearly costs him his sanity and his life, and will leave you horror-struck.



BAD MOON RISING

PLUS—There's a strong December lineup with an informative **ADVISE & CONSENT** and the outrageously funny **BITS & PIECES** and **HUSTLER HUMOR**. We've got a red-hot harem for you in an eye-opening **BEAVER HUNT** and another reader who kisses and tells in **KINKY KORNER**.



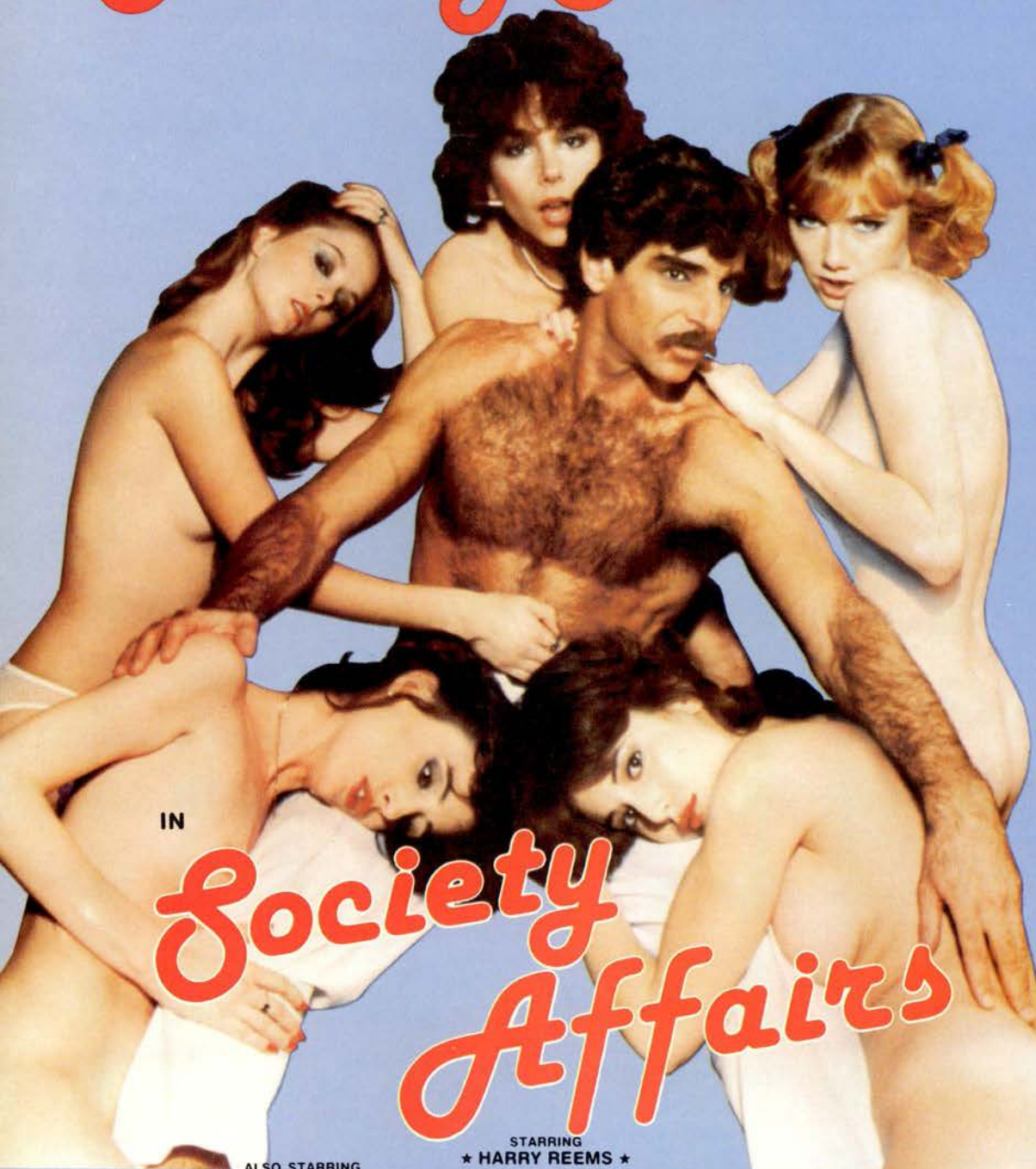
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SAN DIEGO — PUSSYCAT
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NORTH HIGHLAND — CORONET
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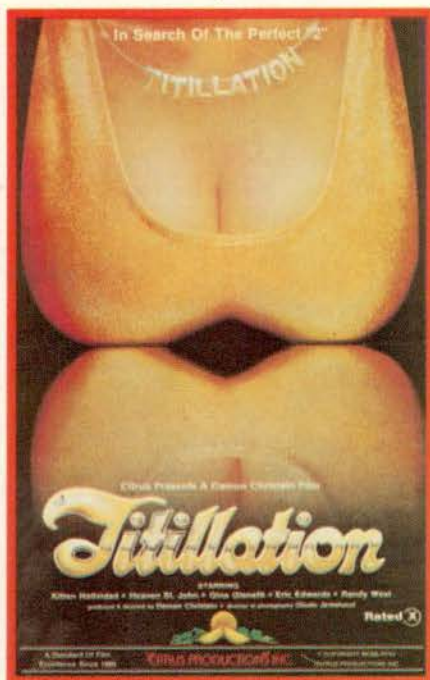
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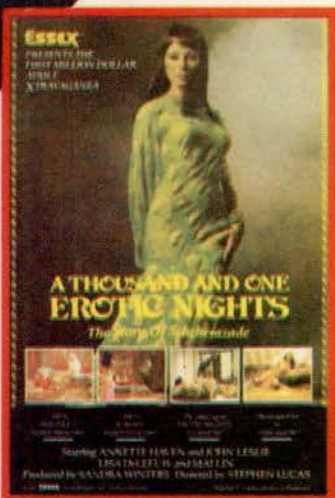
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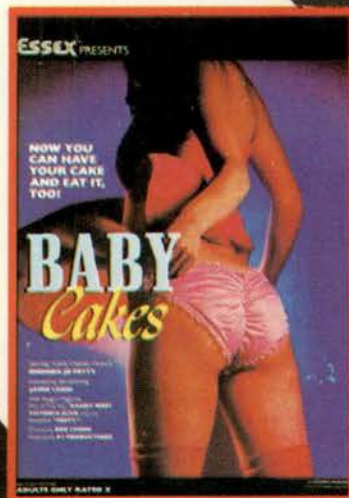


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