



HUSTLER

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A LARRY FLYNT PUBLICATION

MAY 1980 \$2.95

**THE MORMONS'
BIZARRE AND
BLOODY PAST**

**ILLEGAL ALIENS:
AN ECONOMIC
TIME BOMB**

**GEORGE JONES:
PROFILE OF A
FALLING
COUNTRY
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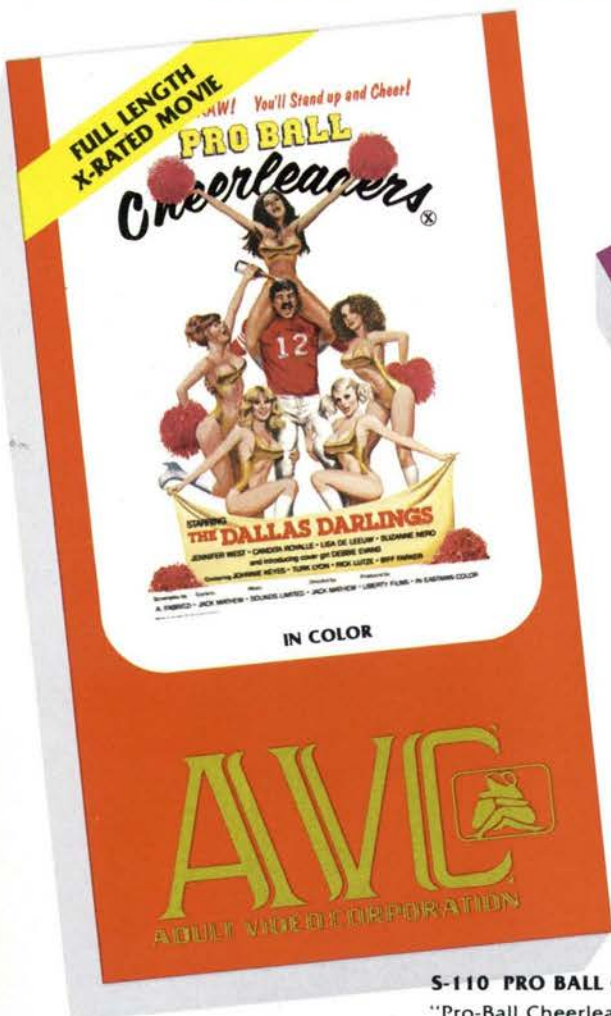
**HERPES:
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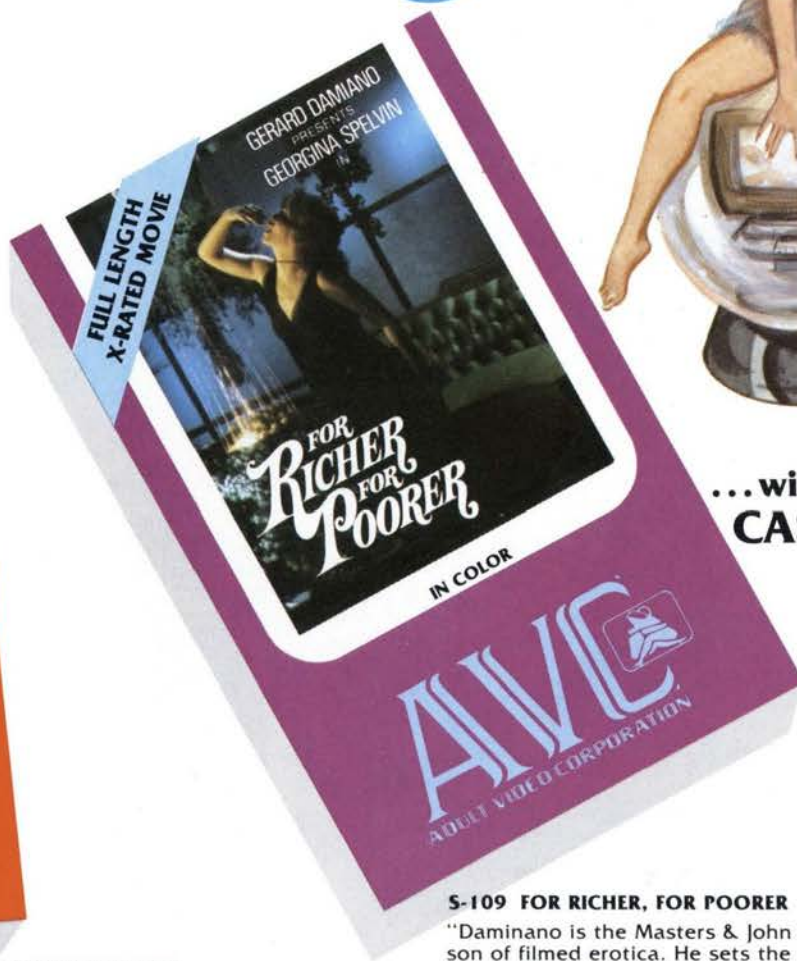


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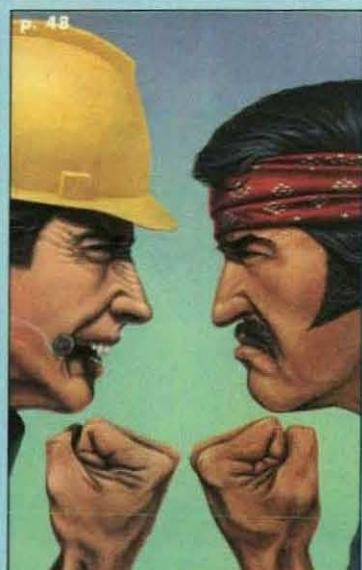
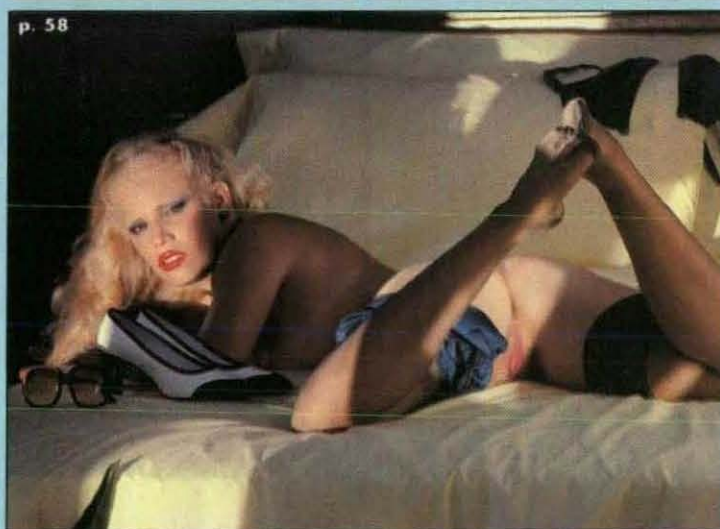
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No one wakes up thinking, "Today I'm going to abuse my child."

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 from abuse and neglect and at least 2,000 died needless, painful deaths.

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.

Yet child abuse doesn't have to happen. With enough volunteers, local child abuse prevention programs such as crisis centers, self-help therapy programs for abusers, and other facilities could be formed to aid parents and children. With your help, eighty percent of all abusers could be reached. 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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HUSTLER has long had a reputation for digging beneath the surface to reveal hidden and sometimes shocking truths about our society. This month's issue carries on that tradition with a dynamic assortment of power-packed reports.

The startling truth about "blood-atonement" killings by members of the Mormon Church comes to light in **THE MORMONS: LATTER-DAY SAINTS WITH A BLOOD-THIRSTY PAST**. The article is the result of some tough investigative reporting by free-lance writer **HEBER SNOW**, a close observer of the Mormon Church who traveled extensively around the country to research this illuminating account. The accompanying illustration is by British artist **HOLLY HOLLINGTON**, a **HUSTLER** regular, who also did the artwork for this month's *Sex Play*.

ILLEGAL ALIENS: INVASION OF THE JOB-SNATCHERS is a report on the millions of illegal immigrants who are taking jobs from unemployed Americans. Author **NORMAN KELIN** is a veteran journalist who has written for CBS Radio News, the Associated Press, Westinghouse Broadcasting and the Hearst newspapers. The companion artwork, depicting a confrontation between a hardhat and an illegal alien, is by **JOHN ANDREWS**, who illustrated last month's profile of rebel trucker Mike Parkhurst.

Before staging his own personal rebellion, George Jones was one of the most respected and best-paid singers in country music. But things



Cover by Matti Klatt

went awry when he got caught in the stranglehold of success, as you'll discover in **GEORGE JONES: COUNTRY MUSIC'S TRAGIC HERO**, a profile by **BOB ALLEN**. Allen, who has previously written for **HUSTLER** on such diverse topics as bluegrass music and coal miners, is a former editor of *Country Music Magazine* and currently edits *Nashville!* magazine. Providing the illustration is **MICK MCGINTY**, who has become a **HUSTLER** regular.

The erratic behavior of a beautiful girl tongue-ties a frustrated college student in **MEMORIES**, this month's fiction. Author **HAROLD NORSE** is a respected poet who has been featured in various national literary magazines, as well as in Penguin Books' *Modern Poets*. But he prefers **HUSTLER** because, he says, "It's the only completely free and outspoken large-circulation magazine in America." The illustration

for *Memories* is by **RON CROCI**, a northern California painter.

Even if you're one of those people who think they haven't been exposed to the herpes virus, it might still be worth your while to check out this month's *Sex Play*, **HERPES: A NATIONAL EPIDEMIC**. It explains how you *could* have herpes and not even be aware that you do. We felt this widespread problem deserved top priority; so our research staff spent long hours working on the story, which was written by **JOSEPH CLAUSSEN**.

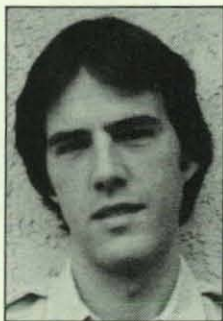
Those of you who don't read our sister magazine **CHIC** each month are unaware that you're missing some of the most erotic photographs anywhere. That's why we decided to offer a special May treat, **THE GIRLS OF CHIC**—breathtaking photos showcasing a number of the most beautiful women you've ever seen.

There's a tremendous amount of high voltage generated by **MADELEINE**, a former *Beaver Hunt* entrant whose dream came true when she was selected to be **HUSTLER**'s centerfold for May. **HUSTLER** staffer **JAMES BAES** photographed Madeleine's impressive debut. And, as always, the sparks really fly when **SUZE RANDALL** starts clicking, this time with **LOUISA** and **MAID FOR EACH OTHER**. For pure fantasy there's no beating the classic clash in **CHECK-MATE**, shot by **CLIVE McLEAN**.

So don't wait any longer to plug into the hard-hitting May issue of **HUSTLER**. We think you'll really get a charge out of it. ⚡



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Eyes Have It: To borrow something from your X-rated-movie rating system, I give HUSTLER a "full erection" for the *Spanish Eyes* couple-spread in your March issue (top photo). It was a constant turn-on!

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

No Laughing Matter: I'm a woman and a reader of HUSTLER. I feel it's a damn-good magazine, but I would like to comment on one thing: the cartoons. The ones in the February issue concerning aborted babies are simply disgusting (center). In fact, they are damn gross! That's a person's life you're referring to. If we wanted to see that shit, we'd go to abortion clinics. Don't get me wrong—I will still read your magazine, but I was really disappointed. I guess it's because I'm pregnant.

—Kris
Dublin, Georgia

I am a businessman in his early 40s, the president of two small corporations, active in civic affairs and happily married. I have bought every copy of your magazine since you first started being published. I must say I enjoy the pictures as well as the articles. But I read only part of your latest issue before I threw it away, and I think you should know why.

I believe you have misjudged the mentality and tastes of the people who buy your magazine, by including gross, tasteless, so-called "cartoons." People who admire beauty and perfection in the human body are not necessarily ignorant clods.

—Richard Jenkins
Golden City, Missouri

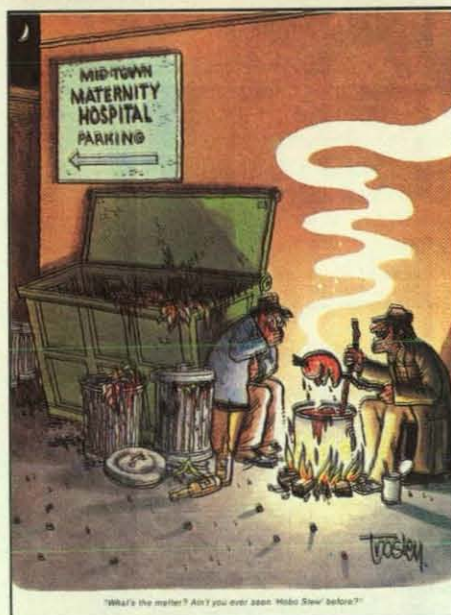
We agree that subjects such as abortion are serious matters, but laughter is frequently a release from unpleasant considerations.

Fakin' It? Who the hell are you trying to fool? Every man's cock in your magazine looks so fake it's pathetic. Your *Soul Food* pictorial in February was the worst—the seam of his fake cock was plainly in view, running up the top of his shaft (bottom photo). What's the matter with a few small, but real, cocks here and there? I think shorties are much more attractive than a plastic dildo of some sort hanging between a guy's legs.

—H. W.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

We note the illusion you're referring to, but we still wonder why you would think he (and apparently all our male models) have fake cocks.

Women and Porn: I'm writing in regard to the *Publisher's Statement* in the March issue, "Women Against Pornography." I'm a woman, 34 and married, and I have a son



who's 11 years old. I agree with Larry Flynt that every person has the right to read HUSTLER, just as they have the right not to read it. I for one enjoy HUSTLER. I start from the front and don't put it down until I finish.

Your magazine fulfills some of the fantasies that we all have. I don't think pornography has anything to do with the sex crimes that are committed. Sex crimes have always been around. Those who want to hurt women have been sick long before seeing any pictures in magazines. It's not the magazines poisoning their minds—it's something in their pasts.

—C. M.
Wilburton, Oklahoma

Church Bias: You complain that "The Church Is Not an Equal-Opportunity Institution" (*Publisher's Statement*, February). But that's how it should be, because men and women are *not* equal. Men are not women, and women are not men. In human nature the male is dominant. Men are also more effective at abstract figuring. There may be isolated and dubious exceptions, but the Church reflects the rule. So stop repeating the mindless chants initiated by the envious and perverted. I know my ass from a hole in the ground.

—Jim Richards
Venice, California

Larry Flynt is a hypocrite. If he were a true Christian, he would not continue to publish trash or support women's and gays' rights.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Your editorial on discrimination in our churches was long-overdue ("The Church Is Not an Equal-Opportunity Institution," February). Nobody but Larry Flynt in HUSTLER has ever told it like it really is in our so-called Christian institutions. I daresay that some of our "holier-than-thou" good brethren and sisters just might get the shock of their narrow, pious lives when they see Saint Peter welcome into heaven the gays, the blacks and the female temptresses they spent all of their miserable mortal lives condemning to hell.

Hang in there, Larry Flynt, and keep on giving your critics hell! You are the kind of stimulating, frank, sexy and raunchy guy we need more of.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Sue the Clergy? I enjoyed reading "Sue the Clergy?," Larry Flynt's *Publisher's Statement* in the January HUSTLER. How and when are we going to face up to the fact that organized religion is America's greatest sanctuary for people who engage in systematic theft and tax evasion?

—Ex-Police Officer
Salt Lake City, Utah

The Strongest? I read Larry Flynt's October 1979 *Publisher's Statement*, "USA—A Sleeping Chicken!" and I read a reader's reply in the *Feedback* section of the March HUSTLER ("Sleeping Chicken"). I think they're both full of shit. I am currently serving in the United States military, and I along with my shipmates am outraged by Larry Flynt's statement that our armed forces are "a shambles and a disgrace." The truth is that the United States military is the strongest on earth.

The United States will never be taken. We will fight with our bare hands if we have to. It's bastards like Larry Flynt who condemn a nation instead of trying to help it.

—James Miller
Great Lakes, Illinois

We're proud of those who serve in the United States military, and we believe they are doing their best. But the fact remains that the U.S. military is in a sorry state.

A comprehensive survey called the "Army Training Study" recently concluded that "the overall level of much Army training and proficiency may be low." Furthermore, Dr. Edward Teller, known as the "Father of the H-Bomb," a few months ago said that the Soviet Union would easily win a war with the United States and that we would be completely destroyed in a nuclear confrontation. No wonder we've been paralyzed in Iran and made fools of by the Russians in Afghanistan.

Catching Hell: You did the impossible. I made it through your snot and abortion cartoons, which naturally convinced me that I was immune to being "grossed out." Well, you grossed me out with the "DC-10 Aviation Award" for Thurman Munson (*Bits & Pieces*, February). Come on, you guys, how about a little slack for a fine person who met such a tragic end?

—Chuck Bittner
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

You assholes! Why in the world would you write anything like that about someone who was so great and loved by anyone who knows anything about baseball? You have to be tasteless motherfuckers with mentalities of zero. You probably will get lots more letters, but I hope you read this one, because I personally would like to make a direct underground route to China with your ugly bodies, you bastards! May the fleas of a thousand whores' cunts infest your faces!

—Brad Sawin
Rocklin, California

I was glancing over your February issue and came across something that I thought was done in very, very poor taste. I am referring to your "DC-10 Aviation Award," which you gave to the late Thurman Munson. I think this was really uncalled for. How would Larry Flynt like it if he got an award for being the world's fastest walker? I'm sure he would be upset. Stupid things like that

get people disgusted and give your magazine a bad name. I surely hope I don't come across anything like this again.

—Todd Ventresca
Pickerington, Ohio

Your "DC-10 Aviation Award" to Thurman Munson is sick! He gave so much to all of us—his teammates, fans and the world—with his leadership and performance. In a time of few heroes he stood tall as a man and athlete. Show that picture to his teammates and see if your head isn't stuck up the right place! I used to respect you for your boldness and daring. I'd like to see a picture of Larry Flynt in his wheelchair being disqualified in the 100-meter dash.

—Marvin L. Nicholson
Crawfordsville, Indiana

We too respect and admire Thurman Munson as a great American sports hero. But we satirize one and all, including Larry Flynt, who has also suffered tragedy in his own life.

Spacy Sex: In your February issue you carried a wonderful parody called *Star Tricks: The Photos*. I think the humor was pure genius, and I think the black lady who played Lieutenant O'Whora was really beautiful. I'd love to see more of her if you could arrange it. And keep that satire coming. We love it.

—Tommy Jackson
Los Angeles, California

Because of many letters like the above, Lieutenant O'Whora and Mr. Spic return at the helm of their starship in a special photo-spread in next month's HUSTLER.

Black Slack: For some time I have been looking for enough nerve to write you. My complaint is that I buy magazine after magazine—yours and others—and I don't find any black girls in them. I see a few in your *Beaver Hunt*; yet you never run any full spreads of black girls like you do with the others. So how about letting us see black women with it spread open?

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

We often use black girls in our photo-spreads—most recently in the February issue. And Maid for Each Other, beginning on page 74 of this issue, has just what you want. But asking for pictures of black women is the same as asking for pictures of Hungarian women, Polish women or Italian women.

More Cock: My husband and I have been subscribers to your magazine for more than two years now, and we truly enjoy it. However, there is one thing I'd like to see: more cock! HUSTLER is just as much for women as it is for men; so what's the problem? No models? No courage? Or what? We've seen

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—R. C. H.
Rock Island, Illinois

As we said last month in Feedback, the men-to-women ratio in our photo-spreads reflects the wishes of our readers. If we get as many requests for males as we do for females, our pictorials will reflect that.

Celestial Beauty: I just finished reading the February HUSTLER. It has to be the best issue yet for beautiful women. *Celeste: Blue Mood*, the HUSTLER Honey, is the foxiest chick to ever grace the pages of your magazine. I'd like to see another set of photos featuring her in a forest by a stream or in a bed of ferns. Also, Terri Wilson in *Beaver Hunt* would definitely be a good candidate for a centerfold. How about her with Celeste? Blonde on blonde—what a picture that would be!

—A. N.
Warren, Ohio

Praise of Older Women: This is the first time I've ever written to any magazine, but after reading your February issue I felt the urge. I've been reading HUSTLER since its inception, and I still have most copies. I especially enjoy your *Feedback* section—it's a good yardstick of present-day beliefs.

I also can see improvements through the years in HUSTLER's quality, particularly in the area of photo-reproduction in *Beaver Hunt*. And thanks for remembering that we older men appreciate the real beauty of ladies 30 years old and up (like Jean Myers in the February *Beaver Hunt*). I've had numerous opportunities to photograph some great-looking, sexy older ladies, and I rate them number one—alongside your great magazine.

—R. A. M.
Clarksville, Tennessee

Bodyguard: This is in response to your feature *Bodyguards* (February). From your article it would seem that Milo Speriglio, one of the bodyguards interviewed, knows very little about cops and much less about executive protection. When he says that cops make the worst bodyguards, you can believe he is talking through his asshole.

I have been a police officer for 19 years and an off-duty bodyguard for 12 years. I am now one of the bodyguards for the chairman of the board of an oil company. Any cop worth his salt knows that our badge doesn't cover our ass, much less wield any power. When Speriglio says he trains somebody to have "20 eyes and ears" to "size someone up in a moment," he is full of shit. These things come only with years of experience and are learned on the street.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Sleazy Al: I could keep my disgust to myself no longer. What did you people think you were doing by having Al Goldstein do your annual review of men's magazines (January)? Who in their right mind is going to listen to the opinions of that sleazy slug? Who is going to even go so far as to read his opinions after witnessing the gross display of his body, with that lecherous leer decorating his puss?

You know, Al Goldstein is the kind of creep who gives porn a bad name!

—Name Withheld by Request
Los Angeles, California

Lay Honey Lay: Tonight, like most nights, we were sitting around getting stoned, and we happened to find a very strange phenomenon. It had to do with your beautiful HUSTLER Honey in the January issue (*Toni: Dreaming of a Pink Christmas*). We couldn't help but notice the little man between her long, gorgeous legs. From eight to ten feet away, if you'll notice, her luscious pubic hair seems to form the hair on the man's head. Her clitoris forms the man's big nose. Her vaginal opening makes the man's mouth. We feel the man is Bob Dylan.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Photo Idea: I'm a HUSTLER fan, and when I saw in your December 1979 issue that the next month's features would include a pictorial on female truckers, I was thrilled. I'm a female trucker myself, and when I bought your January issue, I was sorely disappointed that your version only involved pickup trucks. As usual, the girls were good-looking, but I thought it was going to involve tractor-trailers, not pickups.

Would it be possible for you to do a pictorial for the "Kings and Queens" of the road? I know a lot of truckers, and there are a lot of luscious beavers out there who do their best to make a trucker's life more enjoyable.

—Donna Hill
West Chester, Pennsylvania

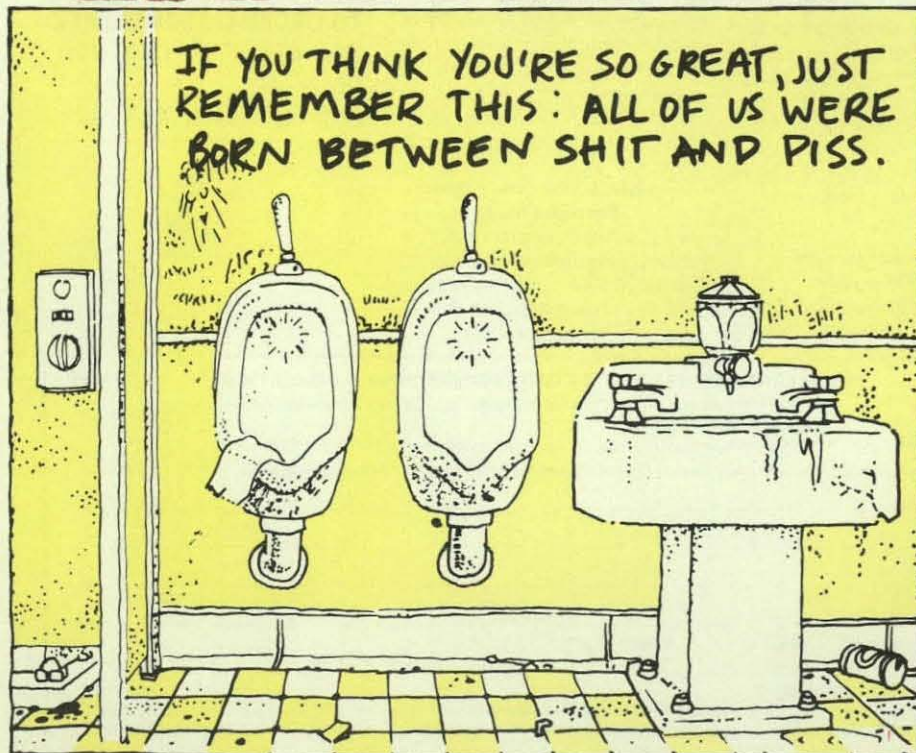
We've forwarded your request to our Photo Department.

Satanic Plea: You topped yourself with your article *Anton LaVey: Disciple of the Devil* (HUSTLER, December 1979). Please tell me how I can find out more about the Church of Satan. Also, where can I find copies of Anton LaVey's books the *Satanic Bible* and *The Satanic Rituals*?

—J. V. O.
Lawton, Oklahoma

You can write to the Church of Satan at P.O. Box 896, Daly City, California 94017. Anton LaVey's books are available at most occult bookstores, or you can order them by writing to Avon Books (959 Eighth Avenue, New York, New York 10019).

GRAFFITILTHY



THANKS AND \$25 TO M.J., ELMIRA, N.Y.

World News Roundup

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

Men are insecure, restless and competitive all their lives because they had to fight in the womb to become masculine. That's the claim of University of Saint Louis psychiatry professor Dr. Walter Ong. He points out that the male embryo has to start producing male hormones very quickly to offset "any possible effect" of the female hormones already circulating in the womb. Ong argues that as a result of this, a man "quite simply spends the rest of his life proving himself, asserting the masculinity he fought so hard for at the outset." This nonstop process of assertion is what makes men so restless and insecure, the professor says. Women, in comparison, are "fundamentally stable" because they spring from a prenatal environment that was supportive rather than competitive.

John Wayne may roll over at the news, but a Canadian historian now claims there was a good deal of homosexuality in the Old West--at least in Canada. Terry Chapman, a researcher at the University of Alberta, bases this conclusion on his extensive studies of old books, newspapers and court records. His findings show that being a gay cowpuncher was no picnic; homosexuality brought life imprisonment to those convicted, while an attempted homosexual act drew a seven-year term. Chapman argues that the high incidence of homosexuality stemmed from the scarcity of women in the Canadian West.

An 11-week TV strike in Britain last summer helped cause a baby boom. The British commercial network, ITV, was off the air from August through October of last year, and the British Medical Association (BMA) reports that many maternity hospitals are booked solid starting in April of this year. A BMA spokesperson remarked: "People had nothing to do while the TV strike was on; so they went to bed and made love." The number of births should drop into the normal range again after July 24, the BMA predicts. That will be nine months since the end of the strike.

Elsewhere in Britain, scientists have reportedly found a safe contraceptive that also appeals to the sweet tooth. According to "The Futurist" magazine, tests with animals indicate that sugar which has been chemically treated with chlorine inhibits fertility thoroughly without affecting the sex drive. The chlorinated-sugar compound apparently reduces the ability of sperm cells to obtain the energy they need to survive long enough for fertilization to occur.

Sexual harassment in the U.S. Army is driving women out of the service, the "Baltimore Sun" reports. The forms of harassment range from sexual innuendoes to assault and even to sexual blackmail in return for promotions, claim the female soldiers interviewed in the "Sun." The women said both the nature of the problem and the military structure itself discourage them from filing formal charges.

United States immigration authorities cannot admit known homosexuals into the country until Congress removes an antigay provision from federal immigration laws. That conclusion, reached by the Justice Department's legal counsel, overturns last summer's decision to allow gay aliens entrance into the U.S. The policy reversal may be difficult to enforce, however--the U.S. Public Health Service has stated it will no longer examine foreigners for indications of homosexuality, since modern medical opinion doesn't classify homosexuality as an illness.

Keeping a mistress would be legal in Spain if a leading Spanish politician has his way. Blas Pinar, head of Spain's leading neo-fascist party, has proposed legalizing the kept woman as a way to "rescue the legitimacy" of children born in such situations. Pinar is not exactly a radical reformer though. The Roman Catholic politico is opposed to divorce, and only made his proposal to keep innocent children from suffering for the "sins" of their parents. ☹

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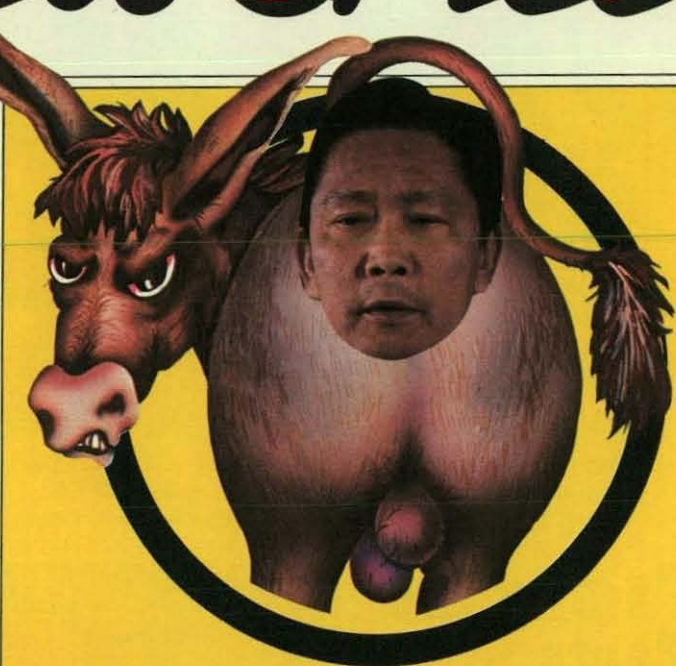
Bits & Pieces

One of the most annoying kinds of assholes is the royal asshole, a government official who lives like a king, amassing a personal fortune while totally ignoring the problems of his people. That's what led to the downfall of the Shah of Iran. But the dreaded Shah himself could have learned a few tricks from Ferdinand Marcos, the dictator of the Philippines and HUSTLER's May Asshole of the Month.

Marcos declared martial law in September 1972 and since then has ruled by decree, instituting a political system he refers to as "constitutional authoritarianism"—in other words, tyranny. Marcos directed the military to use severe torture techniques in order to maintain order and keep himself and his friends in power.

Amnesty International reports that more than 50,000 Filipinos have been arrested for political reasons since martial law was declared in 1972, with at least 6,000 of them still in jail. Nearly 70% of the prisoners interviewed by an Amnesty International delegation were reportedly tortured—for example, by such methods as burning the genitals and pubic hair with the flame of a cigarette lighter, or by having beatings administered with rifle butts, heavy wooden clubs or large bottles.

Marcos also stripped many of the country's wealthiest families of their assets—which most notably included newspapers and radio and television stations—then transferred these holdings to various friends and relatives. In the



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

Ferdinand Marcos

process his personal fortune swelled to an estimated \$100 million. There could be no official complaints about this, as Marcos controls the media so tightly that both freedom of speech and of the press are virtually nonexistent.

In fact, an entire issue of *Time* magazine was recently banned from the Philippines because it contained an uncomplimentary report on Marcos's wife, Imelda, whose lavish spending habits would put even the richest Arab sheikh to shame. According

to a spokesman for Cartier, one of the world's most prestigious jewelers, Mrs. Marcos has assembled the largest private collection of gems on earth. But most Filipinos will never read about that, since it was Mrs. Marcos who handpicked the chairman of the country's Board of Censors.

As for these censors, they are notorious for butchering movies. Even though *Apocalypse Now* was shot on location in the Philippines, the board ordered all violent and sexual scenes edited out

before the film could be seen by Filipino audiences, who probably felt like they were watching "Walt Disney Goes to War." But it's all in line with Marcos's policy of keeping political dissidents from getting any bright ideas about rebellion.

In addition, the Marcos regime has tried to keep Filipinos in the sexual Dark Ages by restricting distribution of HUSTLER and other explicit sex magazines. Because of the country's repressive political climate, major distributors have not tried to market HUSTLER in the Philippines, even though the demand is so great that the few issues that do find their way into the country change hands for as much as \$18.

The restrictive environment of their homeland has forced some politically conscious Filipinos to flee the islands and try to arouse anti-Marcos sentiment from abroad. Still, the despotic Marcos continues to harass them. They are even spied upon. A recent report by the United States Senate Foreign Relations Committee identifies the Philippines as one of five countries maintaining extensive intelligence-gathering operations in the United States, reputedly with both CIA and FBI cooperation.

As long as Marcos stays in power, political insanity will remain a way of life in the Philippines, a country where serious malnutrition affects 30% of all Filipino children—and as many as 80% in the poorest provinces.

And that's apparently just fine with a royal asshole like Ferdinand Marcos, a man who has elevated oppression to a fine art.



Salad Bar

Everybody tells us, "Try a salad bar; try a salad bar!" So we went looking, and after a lot of

trouble we found this one. You guys are into weird stuff! Okay, it was an easy place to mix, and

we didn't find any fruits there. But the girls were sure a bunch of cold tomatoes.



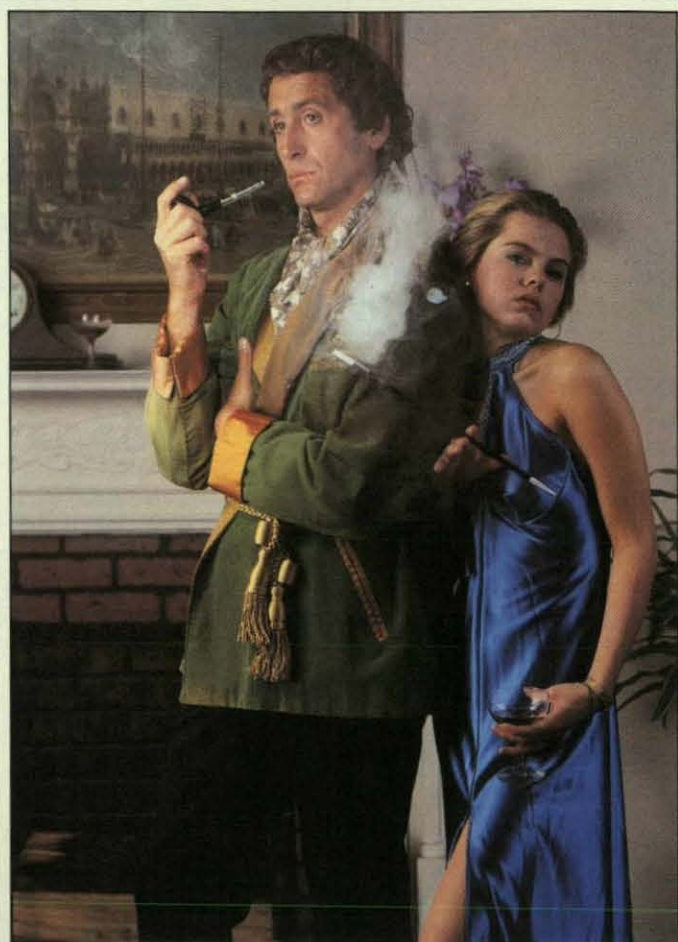
Facing the Facts

She's lovely—but how does she keep her skin that way? With Toxy-5, the new acne medication. Scientists say lye and sulfuric acid kill blemish-causing bacteria. At least that's what our interpreters told us after decoding the information accompanying this photo from the French magazine *Hara-Kiri* (10 Rue des Trois Portes, 75005 Paris, France).

Our Men in Powder Blue

Being probed by a hardened cop may never be the same in San Francisco. Its police department, trying the same kind of "outreach drive" used to hire

ethnic minorities, has enlisted several gay men in the force. What kind of men make up the Frisco cops? No one; they do their own makeup.



Smoking Jacket

Finally a smoking jacket that works! This dandy piece of evening wear is from the famous

Tris showrooms, the same fine folks who brought you flammable pajamas for tots. Here's something for the sophisticated guy who wants to show how hot he really is. Smoking-jacket smoke alarms are also available for a small additional fee.

PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



Chipping Away at Free Speech

Most people assume that the United States Supreme Court exists to safeguard our Constitutional rights. But I'm alarmed by the way the justices who sit on the nation's highest court have been chipping away at First Amendment guarantees. In effect, they are rewriting the Constitution.

In the last year or so there has been an avalanche of bad decisions by the Supreme Court, decisions that could eventually bury the idea of freedom of the press in America. Actually, we're feeling the effects of Richard Nixon's Presidency, since his appointees are the ones who have given the Court a shove in the wrong direction.

In fact, it was the "Nixon Court" whose *Gertz v. Welch* decision in 1974 started the current onslaught of repression by making it easier for journalists and writers to be sued for libel by someone claiming not to be a public figure—even if that person has been the subject of previous publicity. I think that decision was a serious blow to the press's freedom to cover personalities in the public eye, a freedom that is essential in a free society. Rather than muzzling the media, the Supreme Court should be protecting them.

With the justices moving full-speed-ahead to stymie the press's attempts at keeping the public informed, the danger of secret trials is becoming very real. Closing courtrooms to the press would not only squash the public's right to know; it would also threaten the right of those accused of a crime to a fair trial, since only by permitting close public scrutiny can honest trials be guaranteed.

Would you feel your legal rights were safe if you had to face a judge with neither the public nor the press allowed to observe the proceedings? The Supreme Court took a big step toward secret trials last year when it upheld a decision by a Waterloo, New York, judge that banned reporters from an important pretrial hearing. That ruling (*Gannett v. DePasquale*) had such an effect that in the five-month period following the decision, members of the media were barred from 65 pretrial hearings across the country.

Things have gotten so bad that even authors of fiction aren't safe. Last December the Supreme Court let stand a \$75,000 libel judgment awarded a California psychologist who claimed his reputation was damaged because a character in a novel

about nude encounter groups resembled him. That decision has caused panic among American authors—and it's easy to see why. Any writer of fiction who creates a character resembling a real person can very easily be sued.

Another victim of the Supreme Court's assault on freedom of speech is the writer or artist who uses parody as a form of expression. The justices recently let stand a lower-court ruling that awarded \$190,000 in damages to Walt Disney Productions because a cartoonist depicted Mickey Mouse too accurately in a satirical comic strip. Americans ranging from Mark Twain to cartoonists for *Mad* magazine have used the time-honored tradition of satire for social comment. But now artists and writers are likely to have the Supreme Court looking over their shoulders if they want to spoof certain established American symbols.

The Supreme Court justices are bending so easily to those people who would prefer to end freedom of speech that I can't help but be afraid they will bend just as easily to those who want to end the crucial separation between Church and State. After all, the Supreme Court itself laid down the guidelines that left the legal definition of obscenity to be determined by local community standards. Since local morality is really determined by the dominant religion in an area, the very act of allowing local communities to determine what is "obscene" blurs the distinction between Church and State.

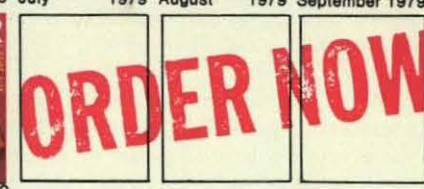
I was a victim of that problem in March 1979, when religiously dictated community standards in Atlanta, Georgia, formed the basis of my conviction for publishing allegedly obscene material. There is no doubt in my mind that rulings like that one narrow the gap between Church and State because they let religion determine what is supposedly damaging to a community.

The late Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas, a great supporter of individual liberty, once said that freedom of speech should have "no exceptions—no preferred classes for whose benefits the First Amendment extends, no exempt classes."

I couldn't agree more.

A stylized, handwritten signature of Larry Flynt in dark ink.

Publisher &
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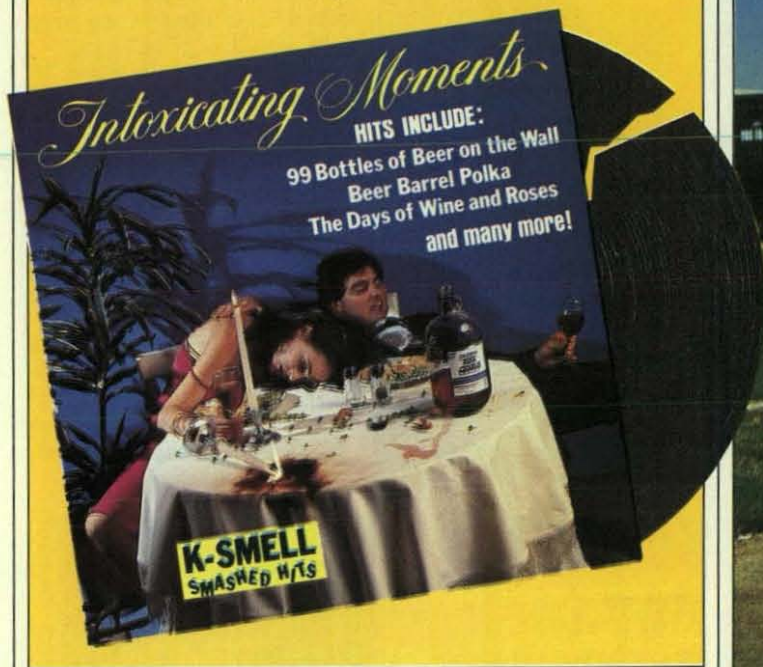
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Remember the great times you had throwing up on your girlfriend and pissing on your shoes? Now you can relive those happy days with the mood music of "Intoxicating

Moments"—it puts you in the mood for passing out. Whether you're hitting the bottle or the floor, we know you'll love every one of these wonderful tunes.



Food for Thought

Some of America's astronauts were not above screwing someone besides their wives, according to a new book entitled *The Right Stuff* by Tom Wolfe. The book claims that John Glenn became so upset over his col-

leagues' sexual shenanigans that he lectured them on the importance of projecting a "pure" image. The lecture lasted until fellow astronaut Alan Shepard told him to mind his own business.



Run for Your Life

Anyone who jogs in the smog must be dying to get in shape. And we do mean dying; yahoos who sprint up and down the block don't seem to realize that

gases like nitrogen dioxide and ozone can kill you.

You'd think city joggers would figure it out, especially since they wind up running right next to the main source of that smog—vehicular exhaust. Besides, any sport that has intense pain as its main goal should be left to the Iranians.

Now Cut That Out

This scene is from *The Circumcision of the Child Christ*, a painting by the 16th-century Flemish master Jose Liefferine. The shot (reprinted here courtesy of the Bettmann Archive, Inc., 136 East 57th Street, New York, New York 10022) is a visual reminder that one of the major contributions the Jews have made to Western civilization is circumcision—having the end of your cock cut off.





Make Sense, Not Dollars

When you stop to consider today's spiraling inflation rate, it's no surprise that money's not good for much anymore. So, as a public service, HUSTLER presents a list of things to do with those worthless greenbacks:

1. *Wallpaper your bathroom.* If you piss away your money, this one's a natural.
2. *Start a bonfire.* When it comes to going up in smoke, you can't beat the dollar.
3. *Stuff a bird.* We're only talking about chicken feed anyhow, right?
4. *Make a doormat.* If everybody else can walk all over the dollar, why not you?
5. *Make a football.* Pass the buck.
6. *Use it as a HUSTLER book marker.* Think green.

Leg Man

There are "tit men," "ass men," "twat men"... and then there are guys like this great white

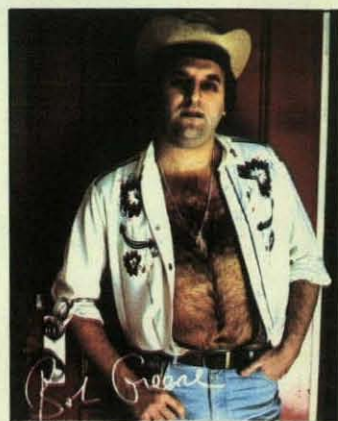
hunter. HUSTLER was impressed with his collection, and he even agreed to pose with one of his prize catches, explaining, "She thought I was pulling her leg." She was right.



Send This Boy to Camp

That beer-gut and lobotomy expression belong to Bob Greene, columnist and overfed boy crusader for the *Chicago Tribune*. This monstrosity is "The Bob Greene Sex Symbol Poster." The 19" x 23" poster is \$3 from Crosswinds (P.O. Box AJ, Fenton, Missouri 63026).

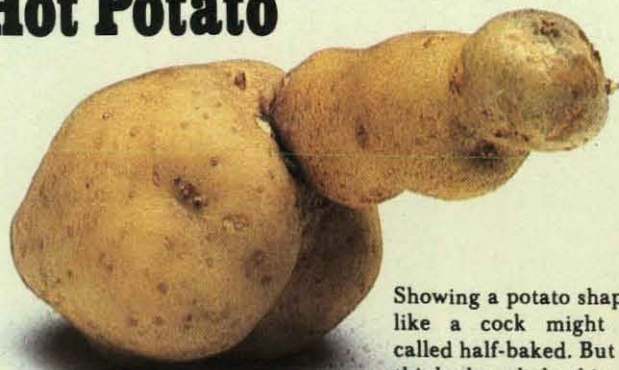
One can only wonder what corrupt state of mind Greene was in to foist this self-serving "graven image" on the public. Aside from posing as a horse's ass, Bob has on many occasions found time to foul-mouth



HUSTLER Publisher Larry Flynt. After the poster photo session Bob said, "If those of us in the news business start taking ourselves too seriously, then we're in real trouble."

Don't worry, Bob—we never took you seriously.

Hot Potato



Showing a potato shaped like a cock might be called half-baked. But we think the whole thing is cockeyed.



Dirty Pitchers

There's no doubt in our minds that the manufacturer of the "tit" pitcher shown here is hoping to milk the American breast fetish for all it's worth. Just trying to get a handle on this jug should have all the guys creaming.

The "tit" pitcher will be yours for \$17.98 plus an additional \$1.50 to cover the costs of postage and handling. It's available from F&A Enterprises (645½ Giano Avenue, City of Industry, California 91744).

Driving School for the Blind

HUSTLER is disgusted by the prejudice in this country that is keeping the blind from getting behind the wheel. If there's any reason the blind shouldn't drive, we can't see it. Furthermore, HUSTLER intends to put the sightless on the streets by supporting driving schools like the one shown here. Anyone who says the blind shouldn't drive has never tried to get anywhere by dog! We encourage and praise the fine efforts of the driving schools that help blind people over a few of the harder bumps of life.

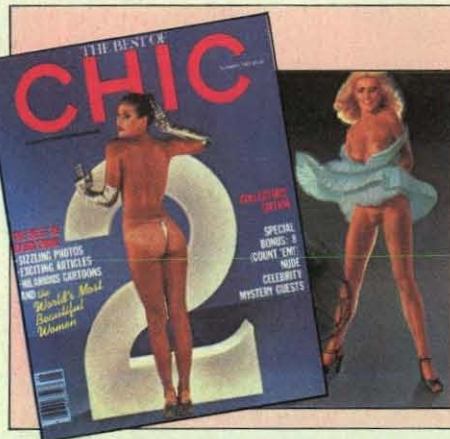
They let Teddy Kennedy drive, don't they?

Mail-a-Meal

That half-eaten apple core you're ready to throw away could feed a family of five in Cambodia. That's right.

An apple core is a feast to people who have nothing to eat but pride. HUSTLER is asking you to reach down deep into your trash can, stick something in an envelope and send it to a starving Cambodian.

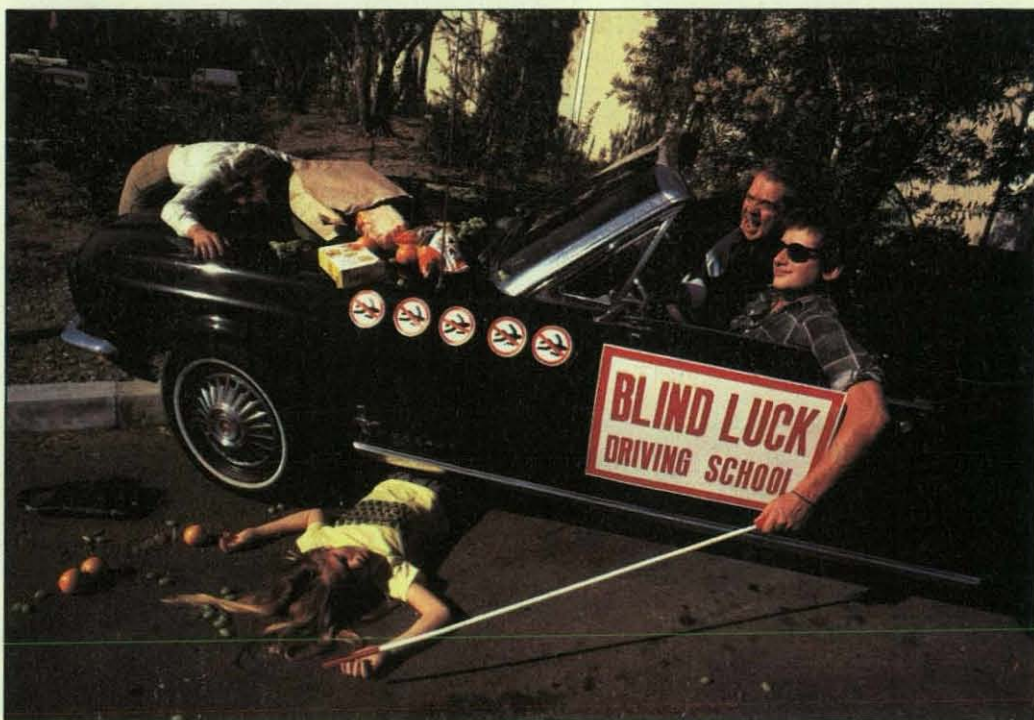
Tireless HUSTLER volunteers—shown here—are already working day and night to process your donations. Any crusading magazine with our boundless courage and limitless sensitivity could do no less. But we don't want your thanks—we want your garbage.



The Best of CHIC

We promised the folks at our sister magazine, CHIC, we'd help promote their second BEST OF CHIC collection if we liked it. Well, we've taken a look at THE BEST OF CHIC #2, and we love it. It not only features the world's most beautiful women, but there's a roundup of nude celebrity Mystery Guests, one of CHIC's most popular features.

THE BEST OF CHIC #2 is available on newsstands for \$2.95, or you can order it by mail for \$2.95 plus \$1 for postage and handling from Flynt Subscription Company, Inc. (P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, California 90067).

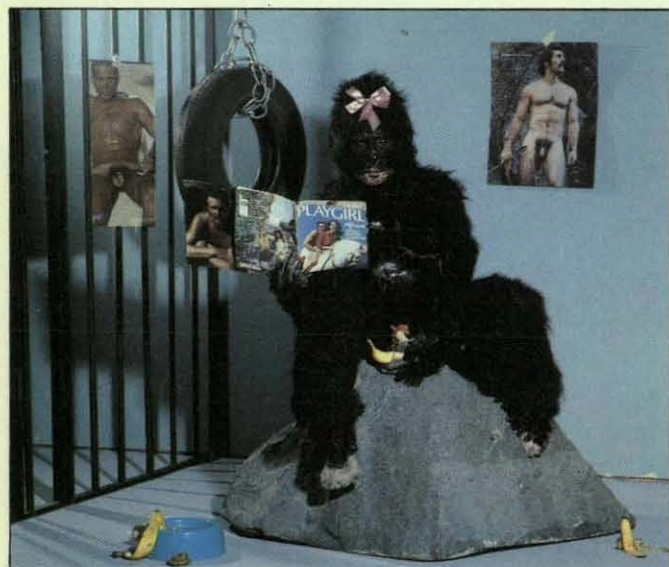




Can't Keep My Eyes Off of You

She caught everyone's eye the

minute she walked in the door, but she left because the party bored her to tears. Too bad; she was a real eyeful.



What Kind of Woman Reads Playgirl?

She's smart, sensitive, liberated. She also eats bananas and swings from trees.

So says Adrian Desmond, who claims in his book *The Ape's Reflexion* that female apes get turned on by reading *Playgirl* magazine.

And they say women don't monkey around. . . .

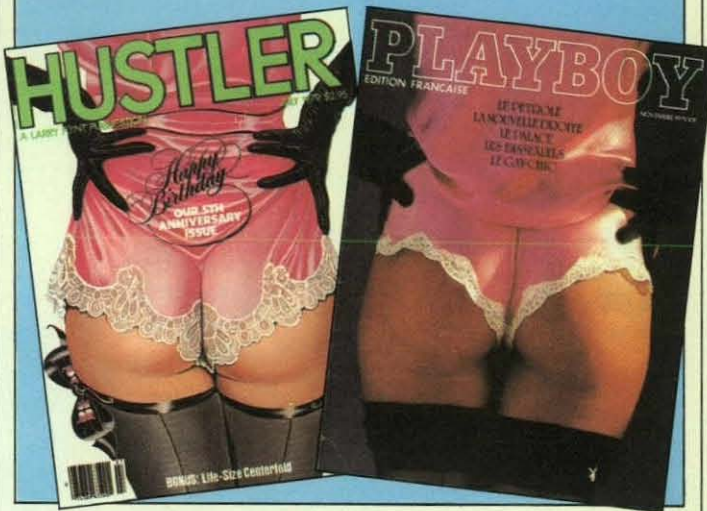
Watch Your Ass

Imitation may be the sincerest form of flattery, but there's no excuse for theft.

We ran a painting by Olivia DeBerardinis as the cover of *HUSTLER*'s Fifth Anniversary Issue, published in July 1979. Four months later the French edition of *Playboy* showed the same picture on its cover, except the magazine used a photograph shot with a live model.

We feel sad whenever we see a great magazine stoop so low as to steal ideas from its competitors. We also wonder what kind of swine photographer has such a lack of creativity that he has to lift someone else's layout? Obviously, the rabid rabbit has its eyes on the trendsetter, *HUSTLER*.

Want to put us on the payroll too, Hef?



Seizure World

Nobody likes old sick people—you never know when they'll have a cardiac arrest at dinner and pitch face-forward into the mashed potatoes. And when they're not ruining your meal, you can still count on the aging loved ones in your family to embarrass you in a hundred other ways.

At Seizure World they understand these problems. Give the sweet old fellow a taste

of last-resort living; at Seizure World senile citizens whine and dine in a country-club atmosphere. And their special economy package saves you money by cutting out unnecessary "extras"—food, shelter and medical care.

So the next time Gramps makes a fool of himself, remember Seizure World's motto: "We get them out of your way at a price you can pay."



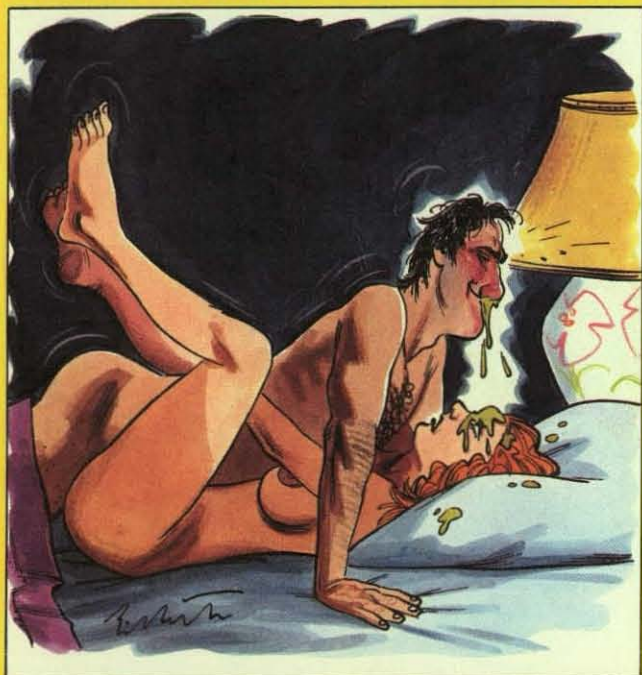


Home of the Whopper

Here's loony Jerry Aibel

again—he's a regular contributor to HUSTLER—proving that this fast-food chain's slogan is true. Have it your way, Jerry, but next time "hold the pickle."

Most Tasteless Cartoon



"Couldn't I be on top until your cold is better?"

HUSTLER Update

AYATOLLAH KHOMEINI

June 1979

The Ayatollah Khomeini—June's Asshole of the Month and HUSTLER's Asshole of the Year (BEST OF HUSTLER #5)—is in print again, but this time he's an author. The Ayatollah has written a book called *Principes Politiques, Philosophiques, Sociaux et Religieux* (Political, Philosophical, Social and Religious Principles), and a French instructor named Robert Donohue has recently translated parts of it. According to Donohue, the book contains such words of wisdom as, "A single pebble is adequate to wipe the anus," and "Horsemeat is not recommended, but it is strictly forbidden if the horse has been sodomized by a man while the animal was still alive."



REVEREND TED

McILVENNA

April 1979

As a Methodist minister who pounds the sex beat for God, the Reverend Ted McIlvenna, interviewed by HUSTLER, has fought the good fight for sexual understanding and tolerance within the Methodist Church. However, some



other members of the church are still repressed in their sexual attitudes. Ten explicit educational sex films made by Methodist ministers (most by McIlvenna himself) were nearly removed from use for sex counseling by churches in the Nashville, Tennessee, area. The Nashville bishop and local Methodist groups tried to have screenings stopped, but the deciding body—the Board of Discipleship—ruled the films could continue being shown if audiences were restricted to sex counselors.

WIFE-BEATING

July 1979

Nearly a year ago HUSTLER brought the plight of the battered wife to the public's attention and pointed out how difficult it is for victims to obtain help. Painfully slow to act, Congress is finally pushing through funds to aid the domestically abused. The House of Representatives has approved a \$65-million program to provide shelter and other services for battered wives, children or anyone else suffering from violence at home. Congresswoman Barbara Mikulski (Democrat-Maryland), one of the bill's sponsors, said an estimated 1.8 million women are beaten every year—which works out to one every 18 seconds. The program will help them in addition to the estimated 60,000 to 100,000 children who are sexually abused each year.



HUSTLER Wants You

HUSTLER has a plan to help you fight inflation: We're increasing the amount we pay for contributions to *Bits & Pieces*. We're now paying readers \$150 for interesting visuals and stories. So help fight rising costs by mailing in your contributions.



Contributors

HUSTLER pays \$150 for interesting visuals and stories for *Bits & Pieces*. We buy all rights to material accepted for publication, but we will return art on request (enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope). For May, \$150 and thanks to Jerry Aibel.

My husband hates the taste, and while I want him to go down on me, I don't want to get pregnant. Any solutions? —P. B.

New Berlin, Wisconsin

Just as two heads are better than one, two birth-control precautions usually prove more reliable than one. However, Christopher Tietze of The Population Council in New York City reports that physicians have been advising their patients to use the diaphragm without the cream or jelly, since they feel this means their patients will be more likely to use the diaphragm. No study has been done that effectively compares pregnancy rates relating to diaphragms used with and without spermicides.

Why don't you try having oral sex first, and then insert the spermicide just before you have intercourse. This way you can have your sex and eat it too—or vice versa.

Sound and Sperm: I have a friend who told me he had his sperm count reduced through the use of sound waves. He says it's a new method of birth control for males. Is there any truth to this? —F. M.

Lemay, Missouri

Sperm formation has been suppressed in several dogs and five men by the use of ultrasound at the University of Missouri School of Medicine. The subjects sat in a special chair with their testes resting in a Plexiglas cup filled with water; the water served as a conductor for high-frequency sound waves emanating from an ultrasonic machine. The treatment was successful in lowering

sperm counts in both the men and the dogs. The effect is presently believed to be reversible, although it can last up to a year or two. There have been no side effects with this method, which the human test subjects reported to be painless and even pleasurable. Also, the sex drive of the men going through the treatment improved.

House Dick: My wife, I think, is cheating on me. We have lived together for two years, and I have had doubts about her fidelity for almost a year. Once I hadn't touched her for about a week, and there was what looked like someone else's dried cum on her underpants. She said it was caused by a vaginal infection. Also, there have been times when I got inside her, and it felt like somebody had just left. When I accused her of making it with another guy, she said that she was just wet and ready for me. Please give me some advice on how to find out for sure. We have a really great relationship. She says there is no one else she wants, but what am I to think when there is cum in her pants and we haven't fucked for a week? —M. U.

Steubenville, Ohio

It is not unusual for a vaginal infection to produce secretions in a woman's underpants resembling cum. It is also very likely that your wife gets very wet and moist when she is sexually aroused. Quit being so paranoid and start enjoying what you describe as a really great relationship before your suspicions ruin it.

Irreplaceable: I read your article on cir-

cumcision, *The First Rip-off* (HUSTLER, May 1979), and I would like to know if it is possible to have my foreskin replaced. I was circumcised at birth. I'm now 28. —J. N. Lawton, Oklahoma

Sorry. The Chief of Urology at the University Hospitals in Cleveland, Ohio, reports that there are no surgical procedures to restore the foreskin on a circumcised male to a natural state. It seems the soft, pliable qualities of the foreskin are impossible to recreate by grafting or plastic-surgery techniques at this time.

Yoga Power: I'm 23 and have suffered from a premature-ejaculation problem for three years. I came about three seconds after entering the last girl I had sex with. She does yoga a lot and says I should try an exercise called "moola bandha" (that's what she wrote down). I was too embarrassed to stay and hear more about it. Is there such a thing? Can it help me? —P. K.

Shreveport, Louisiana

Moola bandha is a Tantric Yoga exercise. There is no medical proof as yet that yoga can help cure premature ejaculation, although many exercises being recommended for men with such problems seem to be derived from yoga exercises. So it seems like it's worth a try. Swami Anandakapila, a noted yoga instructor, claims this specific exercise helps to reduce both premature ejaculation and impotence.

To do moola bandha, sit erect in a comfortable position with your hands on your thighs, palms up. Focus your attention on the anal area, beginning with an awareness of the floor or chair you're sitting on exerting pressure up against the buttocks, and then pinpointing your concentration on the anus.

Inhale deeply, swallow, and hold your breath. Slowly contract your anus as tightly as possible while continuing to hold your breath. Spread the contraction forward from your anus until a distinct pull is felt upon the testicles. Release the pelvic contraction, take in an additional sniff of air and then exhale slowly and completely. This should be done several times a day, until you can do ten. Continue the exercise for as long as it is helpful.

Other benefits claimed for this exercise are the toning of the anal sphincter, preventing and curing (in early stages) hemorrhoids and anal itching (pruritus), and sending a blood flush that stimulates the urogenital system.

Tattoo Away: I've got a tattoo with a heart and the name of my ex-wife. Are there any reliable methods for having it removed? Which would be best? —G. L.

Ponca City, Oklahoma

The surgical procedures for removing tattoos are extremely effective. There are many different methods, such as dermabrasion (sanding off the top layer of skin), excision and closure (slicing and stitching), cryosurgery (destroying tissue with extreme cold) and laser-beam removal. The method chosen depends on the size, color, age and

(continued on page 30)

Sexual Aids: How to order them without embarrassment. How to use them without disappointment.

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EROTIC FILMS

Edited by Joseph Claussen

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

John Holmes, Superstar

Well, for those who are die-hard fans of John Holmes's half-hard schlong, this is the movie they've been waiting for. For the rest of us it's a typical sex flick, with a couple of hot scenes that save it.

The "plot" of this film is basically an excuse for Holmes to fuck everything in sight, and not much of it is worth the look.

Laurien Dominique plays a reporter who's ordered to interview John Holmes at all costs. Unfortunately, the great Mr. Holmes is "in seclusion" at his "mansion" and won't give any interviews. Now, if things could have just stayed that way, the movie might have been a lot better. But no, Laurien calls John on the phone (you'd think the number would be unlisted), and after hearing the sound of her voice, John breaks down and agrees to do the interview. They meet, and Holmes blindfolds her to keep the whereabouts of his "mansion" a secret.






Laurien and Holmes exchange stories of their sexual experiences, which we see in flashback, and Holmes finally balls the lady reporter. That's the plot, period. John fucks a producer's wife (Nancy Hoffman). John fucks two girls following a lesbian scene (Chris



John Holmes and Amber Hunt may be super, but 'Superstar' sure isn't.

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

RATING GUIDE

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

Relly and Sandy Penny). John fucks a photographer's model (Amber Hunt) while the photographer looks on. John fucks Laurien in a hot tub.

Laurien fucks a film producer (Paul Thomas). Laurien plays with herself. Laurien fucks John in a hot tub.

With a movie like this you've got to judge it by the quality of the sex, and there are a couple of nice segments. First of all, the scene with Amber Hunt is great, and though she has since retired from porn films, she was one of the best-looking ladies in the field. Second, Laurien Dominique's masturbation scene is one of the most erotic I've seen in a long, long time. This scene (directed by Holmes himself) literally steals his own movie from him.

Finally, for John Holmes fans, there's an excellent montage sequence during the opening credits that summarizes his entire career in a minute or two. For that sequence—and for the two really good scenes in *John Holmes, Superstar*—the film rates a half-erection. —J. C.

Chopstix

Chopstix is being sold as the "film that changed the eating habits of America." Well, break out the stomach pump and the Pepto-Bismol then, because this flick is definitely not the smorgasbord of tasty morsels it promises to be.

The real problem with *Chopstix* is that it's just too complicated. There's too much plot. Boiled down, *Chopstix* is about a young heiress named Jill (Samantha Morgan) who is tricked out of her estate by an unscrupulous lawyer and has to raise \$25,000 in 60 days to win back her mansion.

An unknown benefactor has left Jill his entire estate, which consists of a catering truck and a sprawling mansion. For some reason (and you've got to be an accountant to understand what's going on) Jill will lose everything unless she pays the government 25 grand. She contacts her only known relative, Elizabeth Horton, who runs a whorehouse, and the two of



'Chopstix' serves up a big helping of mouth-watering promises, but the smorgasbord is just plain junk food.

them put together a lunch wagon, which also is a sort of brothel on wheels.

Now, this is all supposed to be clever, funny and erotic. Unfortunately, there's not much sex until we wade through this plot development, and by the time the first blow-job takes place, most of the audience is yawning. After that, *Chopstix* is wall-to-wall sex, but most of it is uninspired.

There's a painful scene in which famed porn star Serena (who's given prominent billing) delivers an utterly lackluster performance with a john who's supposed to be a kinky cowboy. That is Serena's only appearance in the movie, and the look of boredom on her face is hard to forget.

It's not all bad though. *Chopstix* delivers a lot of average sex—not really hot, but not stomach-turning either. And the production values and story are interesting, even if they're all overblown. I would guess that *Chopstix* tried so hard to be a "classy" production that it forgot it's still a sex film.

Chopstix isn't going to leave you with a bad taste in your mouth, and it's not going to satisfy you either. It's more of a junk-food movie: It doesn't taste all that bad going down, but you might wind up with indigestion.

Screwples

The producers of *Screwples* expect that some newspapers will be too squeamish to print the film's name—so they've prepared alternate ads that read, *Scrooples*. But this porn film by any other name looks just as lame.

Screwples tells virtually no story. A TV newswoman

named Nancy is assigned to report on people's sexual fantasies. She's played by Kandi Barber, the sexiest member of the cast. If the film has any interest at all, it's contained in the long wait for this pretty new face in porn to step out of her dress and into the X-rated action.

After informing her boss, Jake (Chris Cassidy), that the

assignment has been completed, Nancy suggests a cozy viewing for just the two of them. The first of her reports is about a woman who dreams of having sex with two men. The second is about a man who craves two women. Then there's a couple, portrayed by Jamie Gillis and Serena, who are into sadomasochism.

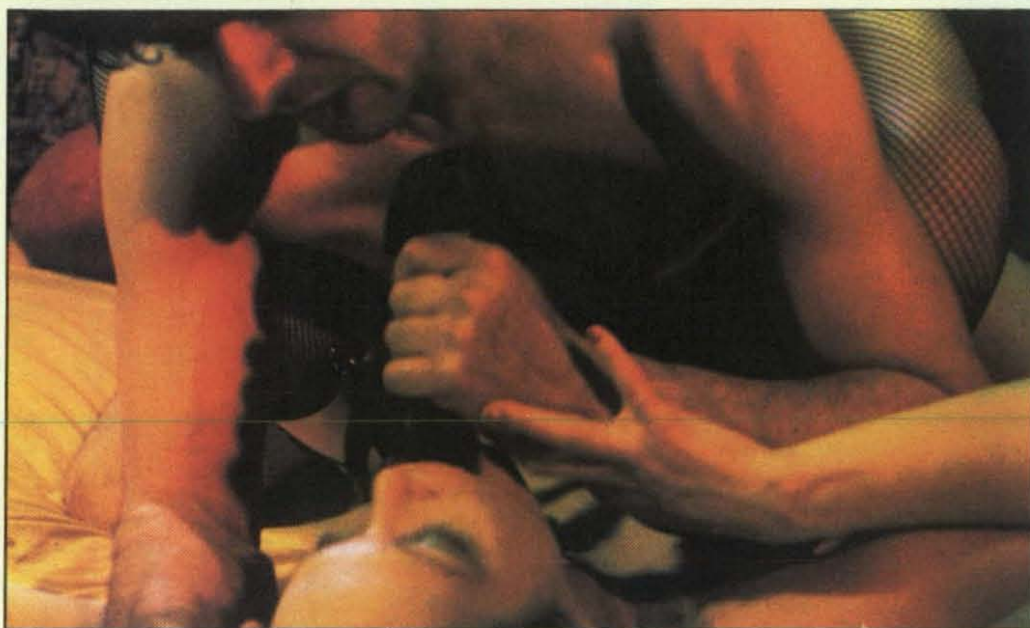
In the last of Nancy's stories two couples are seen innocently lounging on a patio until someone asks the inevitable: "Well, what do you want to do?"

"Gee, I dunno," another answers. "How about sucking my cock?"

Taken together, these scenes add up to a series of vignettes with about as much depth as a two-bit peep show. One pleasant interlude in this otherwise awful feature, however, is its final sex scene. After the screening Nancy turns to Jake to ask, "Well, what's your fantasy?" Through the use of quick cuts, and to the accompaniment of a pounding rhythm on the soundtrack, the film finally delivers several minutes of the stuff for which X-rated-filmgoers pay. Nearly every carnal position imaginable flashes staccatolike on the screen and then gradually slows to a normal pace. This scene proves



—J. C. | The producers of 'Screwples' knew exactly what they were doing—but they were too lazy to do it well.



'Screwple's' wastes the many talents of porn stars Jamie Gillis and Serena in a totally forgettable film.

that the makers of *Screwple's* knew what they were doing, although they were apparently too lazy to make the effort consistently throughout the film.

If one good scene makes a sex film worthwhile, by all means see *Screwple's*. But be prepared to sit through one long hour of unadulterated and very average raunch before being treated to ten minutes of simmering sex. —Manny Neuhaus

Three Ripening Cherries

“Troy Benny”—an obvious pseudonym—has directed two previous films that *HUSTLER* rated totally limp: *I Am Always Ready* and *Carnal*

Highways. Since *Three Ripening Cherries* is our third consecutive pan of his features, it should be made clear that we have nothing against Mr. Benny personally. Still, his productions are each deserving of the totally limp rating, and *Three Ripening Cherries* is no exception.

We review adult films based upon their quality. That means we're looking for a strong story line, fair to excellent acting, good photography, good movie-making (editing, music, lighting, etc.) and, most important, powerful, *erotic* sex.

Three Ripening Cherries fails in all of the above categories.

The flimsy plot line is that three girls are excited by their sex-education class. When they return home, their mother (Kitty Shyane) tells them about her own experiences with sex. After

this the three sisters go into their bedroom, where they have a lesbian orgy. There are several scenes of the girls being screwed by various studs, for no apparent reason, unless the scenes are meant to be the girls' fantasies. The movie ends with the girls back on their bed, sharing a vibrator, having decided to wait until they meet a man each can truly love before they have sex again.

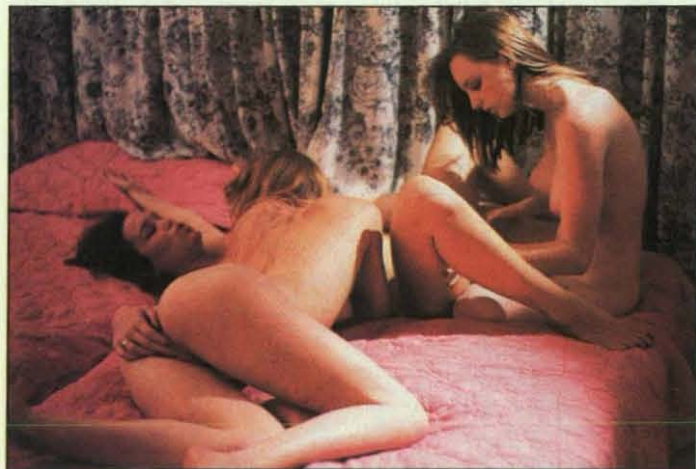
The acting in *Cherries* is awful, and the girls repeatedly blow lines or mumble them.

The photography is often out of focus, and it frequently cuts off the actors' heads or faces. In one scene the cameraman even accidentally walks into the picture; yet no one bothered editing the scene from the finished print.

The editing itself is poor—sex scenes run endlessly. These might have been interesting if they'd been cut shorter. In addition, the lighting makes the girls look like corpses, and the musical score sounds as if it were stolen from an elevator.

Finally, the sex simply is not erotic, or even interesting. Most of it is simulated—and *poorly* simulated at that. Much of the sex consists of six or seven consecutive repetitions of a cum shot that was poorly photographed to begin with.

Unfortunately for everyone concerned, *Three Ripening Cherries* promises juicy delight, but delivers only the pits. —J. C.



Misty, LeMay and Ryan are the 'Cherries,' but their movie is the pits.

ON THE CIRCUIT

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

Erection

Babylon Pink
Easy

Her Name Was Lisa
Legend of Lady Blue
Sensational Janine
Sex Roulette
Star Virgin
The Ecstasy Girls

Three-Quarters Erect

Blonde in Black Silk
800 Fantasy Lane
Frat House
Heavenly Desire
Jack 'n Jill
Ms. Magnificent
Pro Ball Cheerleaders
Satin Suite
Serena
Tangerine
Tigresses—and Other
Maneaters

Half Erect

Bangkok Connection
China Sisters
Double Your Pleasure
For Richer, For Poorer
Fulfilling Young Cups
Laura's Desires
Robins Nest
Taxi Girls
Telefantasy
The Little Blue Box
The New York Babes
The Pleasure Shoppe
The Sensuous Detective
Two Sisters

One-Quarter Erect

Dracula Sucks
Hot Rackets
More Than Sisters
Mystique

Totally Limp

Candy Goes to Hollywood!
Carnal Highways
Fur Trap
Hardcore
I Am Always Ready
Sweet Savage
Tropic of Desire

BOOKS

Edited by Joseph Claussen

The Angry Decade: The Sixties

By Paul Sann; Crown Publishers, Inc., 1 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10016; \$14.95

In this large-size (8" x 11") hardcover volume Paul Sann takes the reader systematically through one of the strangest decades in our nation's history. As Sann points out in his foreword, the big thing in the '50s was the panty raid, but the '60s were marked by protest, violence, assassination, prejudice... and a moonwalk. The hundreds of photographs in this book let us see it all.

We see the decade's criminals, including Caryl Chessman, the convicted kidnapper, who, after years of studying law and writing best-sellers, lost his last appeal and died in California's gas chamber. We see Richard Speck, who methodically killed eight student nurses one night in Chicago. Charles Whitman, the sniper who picked off 45 people from a university tower in Texas—killing 16 of them—is brought back into our focus.

Here also are the sit-ins, the marches, LBJ and Vietnam, the ghetto riots and, in terrible detail, the deaths of President John F. Kennedy and his brother Bobby.

But Sann doesn't just wallow in the darker events of the '60s.



'The Sixties' are a time worth reliving through the photos and reportage in Paul Sann's new book.

He also recalls the breakthroughs in the arts and the breakaway from the planet—first by mice and apes, and finally by men who walked on the moon.

The book is a lot more than just pictures. Sann's lucid and informative text often includes details most people have never heard. For example, the reader learns that one of Chessman's victims, Mary Alice Meza, never recovered from the night she was raped, and was still in a mental institution 12 years later when Chessman was executed.

And there's terse, gritty reportage of Ethel Kennedy holding her dying husband, Senator Robert F. Kennedy, in her arms and screaming as photographers popped away: "Get them out! Get them out!" (One of the photographers simply told her: "This is history, lady.")

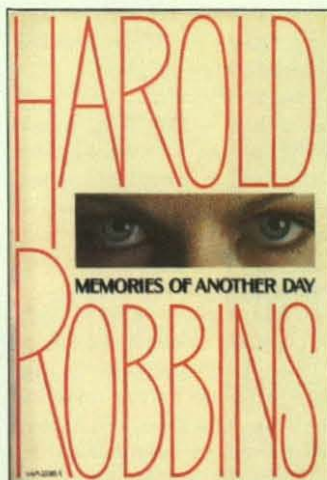
Where were you in the '60s? Did you live through them as an adult? Did you grow up in those years? Or was that decade before your time, or at least before you were old enough to know what was happening? Regardless, this book

reveals in words and pictures how those incredible ten years were the pivot that swung the whole world around to what we have today, for better or worse. And it's a time worth reliving through these pages.

—Theodore Sturgeon

Memories of Another Day

By Harold Robbins; Simon and Schuster, Inc., 1230 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10020; \$10.95



Harold Robbins is one of the few novelists around who keep their books straightforward and strong, without adding "artsy" gimmicks or trying to prove how clever they are. *Memories* is another solid Robbins novel. There are no frills or tricks—just excellence.

The story views the labor movement in America through the eyes of a man named Daniel Boone "Big Dan" Huggins. Huggins is a native of the hill-billy country of West Virginia, where moonshine is the biggest local industry and where drinking it is the major occupation.

Sent to town to find a job when he is 16, Big Dan ends up working in the coal mines. His natural cunning and intelligence eventually get him a job in the company office, where he sees close-up the struggle he'll be involved with for the rest of his life: the company trying to cut costs, and the workers trying to win a decent living at the best possible wage.

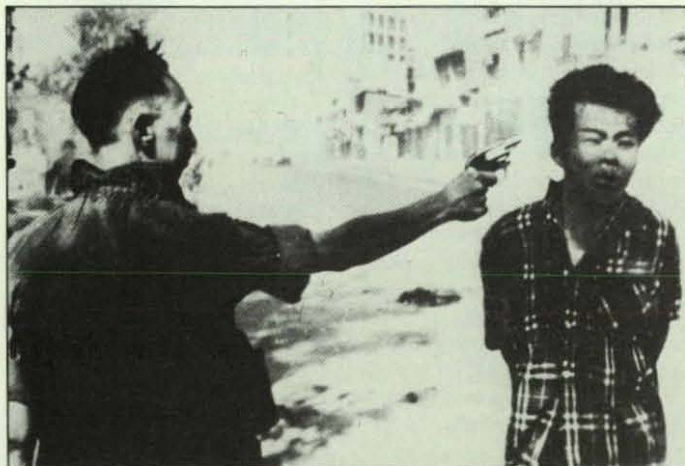
It's 1914, and America's labor movement is just starting when Big Dan gets involved in it and begins moving up the union ladder. Though he tries to follow the spirit of the law, he always stays a little outside it. He is shunned, mistrusted, beat up, nearly gunned down, attacked with a sledgehammer (and temporarily paralyzed) and almost bankrupted. But through it all he keeps his faith in the American worker, and his involvement with the labor movement spans a half-century, from early dealings with the Mob to meetings with President Eisenhower.

Memories of Another Day is a sprawling panorama of the American experience, with all the love, lust, drama and action you could hope for. It covers 50 years of our history, from a time when simply talking to a union representative could mean losing your job or getting your head busted in, to a time when unions have become a form of Big Business themselves. This is a novel that guarantees reading pleasure, from one of America's masters of fiction.

—J.C.

Living Proof

An autobiography by Hank Williams, Jr., with Michael Bane; G. P. Putnam's Sons, 200 Madison Avenue, New York, New



'The Angry Decade' offered no end to war; this shot is from Vietnam.

York 10016; \$10.95

"My life was built on the legend of Hank Williams, and I know what it's like to feel it pulling you until you want to scream that you're being pulled apart," says Hank Williams, Jr., in this book. He doesn't sidestep any of the tough questions about his life as the son of a country-music legend.

Hank Williams, Jr., was three years old when his father, en route to a performance in Ohio, died of "heart failure linked to excessive drinking," according to the book. The boy's mother turned her son into a virtual Xerox copy of his father in order to cash in on Hank, Sr.'s fame. She worked long hours with the boy to get every one of his father's inflections and mannerisms down letter-perfect. By the time Hank, Jr., was old enough to drink, he was one of the biggest stars in country music and had been performing professionally for more than a decade.

This autobiography is absolutely honest about those years, and about the toll they took on Hank, Jr.'s life. He doesn't pull any punches, but he doesn't try to shift the blame either. He didn't get a chance to grow up as a "normal" kid. Instead, he lived a strange double life. On weekdays he went to school, played baseball, did homework and dated local girls. But on weekends he was on the road with country music's superstars, meeting and bedding

groupies, drinking, and listening to the deals and gossip of Nashville.

Finally, Hank, Jr., couldn't take the strain of trying to be his father anymore. His marriage was breaking up, his life as a "star" was closing in on him tighter and tighter, and so he fled Nashville for a vacation in Montana. While hiking in the mountains, he fell several hundred feet, splitting his face in half and nearly dying.

Recovering in the hospital, he sorted himself out, wrote new songs and completely turned his life around. When Hank Williams, Jr., resumed touring in 1976, everyone who saw him agreed he had come into his own as an original artist. He no longer was just a carbon copy of his daddy.

This is one of the best "celebrity biographies" ever written. The book came about as a result of Michael Bane's profile of Hank Williams, Jr., in the August 1976 *HUSTLER*. Bane met Williams for the first time on that assignment, and what followed is one of the most-honest, well-written books of its type ever. —J. C.

H.R. Giger's *Necronomicon*

By H. R. Giger; Big O Publishing, P.O. Box 6186, Charlottesville, Virginia 22906; \$17.95

The artwork of H. R. Giger is



'Necronomicon': Strange, grotesque beings and a sense of dread and horror.

familiar to anyone who has seen the motion picture *Alien*. Giger designed the alien spacecraft and the alien itself. If you liked his work in the film, you'll enjoy this book. And if you felt a sense of dread and horror from his work in *Alien*, you'll know what to expect in *Necronomicon*.

Giger paints strange, grotesque beings: decomposing fetuses, beautiful women with mechanical attachments and diseased skin, machines with vaginas, snakes coiling in human skulls, endless piles of bones. Giger's world is populated by "biomechanical" creatures—organisms that are

part human and part machine. Technically, his illustrations are rendered with terrifyingly fine attention to detail.

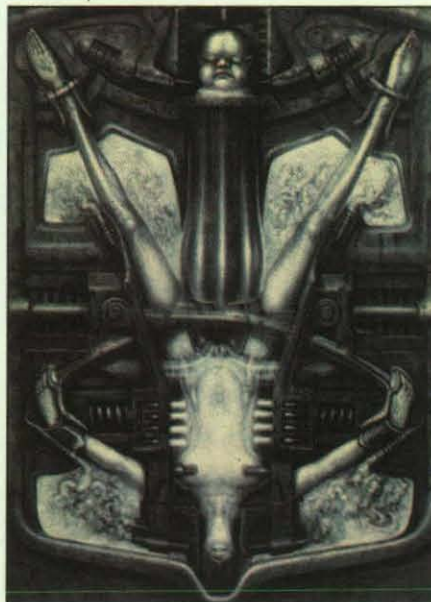
The word *necronomicon* comes from the writing of horror-story author H. P. Lovecraft. Lovecraft's *Necronomicon* was a mythical book—supposedly written by a madman—that he referred to in his stories. Giger knew what he was doing when he chose the title.

The text accompanying this generous collection of Giger illustrations was written by the artist himself. No shrinking violet, Giger uses the book as a soapbox from which to give us his opinions on subjects ranging from philosophy to sex. He complains about his dislikes and hatreds; he writes about his life as a struggling artist. He is a cynic, as evidenced by passages like, "I seem to have an uncanny knack for attracting people who are physically ill. . . . They waste my time with their shitty problems and look on me as their free psychiatrist."

And he writes: "I have often noticed mothers anxiously trying to hide my works from their children; yet these little monsters are without equal when it comes to torturing animals or their fellow human beings."

But you won't be buying *Necronomicon* for its text. The paintings—more than 150 of them—are a good reason for picking it up.

—Lee Quarnstrom



'Necronomicon': H. R. Giger's world is full of "biomechanical" creatures—part human and part machine.

A DISEASE THAT WAS CURED IN 1921 WILL KILL 300,000 PEOPLE THIS YEAR.

In 1921, insulin was discovered.

Because it could keep diabetics alive, many people believed it was a cure for diabetes. A lot of people still do.

Unfortunately, they're wrong.

Insulin can keep a diabetic alive, but it can't always prevent the complications caused by diabetes.

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

That's why diabetes has become the third largest cause of death. Killing an estimated 300,000 people a year.

Still, there is hope.

We're constantly looking for better ways of treating diabetes. And a real cure may not be far off.

But we need your help. Please give to the Juvenile Diabetes Foundation, Dept. B, Box 9999, New York, N.Y. 10001.

We can't wait another 57 years.



INSULIN IS NOT A CURE. HELP US FIND ONE.

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

ADVISE & CONSENT

(continued from page 24)

depth of the tattoo. Homemade tattoos are more difficult to remove by the abrasion method since they are usually deeper than those done by professional tattoo artists. Small tattoos can often be sliced off, leaving a small linear scar. Sometimes home attempts at tattoo-removal can leave a scar bigger than the former tattoo. Since removing your own tattoo can also cause infection, see a dermatologist to have the work done.

Service, Please! I am tired of spoiled American women. They think guys should be their servants. Do you know of any place I can get myself a foreign bride? I would prefer a meek little Oriental woman.

—G. B.
Bethel, Pennsylvania

Although we don't share your views on American women, you have a right to your opinion. Try a copy of Cherry Blossoms (P.O. Box 68, Stehekin, Washington 98852). It's a newsletter with ads from women in the Orient who are looking for a lover or future husband in the U.S. It will cost you \$80 for a year's subscription. You can contact the women by requesting their addresses (no extra charge for this service to subscribers). John Brouard and Kelly Pomeroy, who run the publication, claim to be responsible for a lot of happy marriages between Oriental women and American men.

"Dillberry" Dilemma: I am 19 and my husband, Matt, is 22. Matt drives for a trucking firm, and when he has to visit the company office, a woman who works there comes on to him real strong. I have been with him and have seen her in action. I guess she makes me a little jealous; so one day I asked Matt if he had the hots for her. He just laughed and said, "Hell, no. She probably has dillberries around her asshole."

When I asked him what "dillberries" were, he just laughed and wouldn't tell me. I kept after him, and he finally said they're something that comes on poor country folks who don't have indoor plumbing and only have enough water for drinking.

I'm a city girl, but Matt grew up on a farm in the Tennessee hills; so I asked him if he ever had them. He said yes, but not since he left the farm. He just keeps on laughing and won't tell me what they are. He told me to ask his friend Bill, but I don't want to make a fool of myself. What are "dillberries"? Are they some kind of venereal disease? Are they contagious?

—M. C.
Washington, D.C.

"Dillberry" is probably a local version of the word dingleberry. Although the dictionary defines dingleberries as the globose, dark-red, edible berries of the bush by the same name, the word is also used to refer to any fecal matter, lint, toilet-paper particles or the like that cling to pubic hairs around or near the anus. Regular bathing will prevent this condition, which as you can see is neither a venereal disease nor contagious.

Genital herpes—more properly known as herpes simplex virus type 2 (Herpes II)—is the second-most-common form of venereal disease in the United States today; it is estimated that anywhere from 5 million to 20 million people in the U.S. are infected with it, but ascertaining the precise number is virtually impossible. It is even possible that Herpes II is more widespread than gonorrhea, which is usually thought to be the most common venereal disease in America.

In fact, in at least one state—California—some public-health clinics report seeing more cases of genital herpes than of gonorrhea or syphilis. And, unlike either of those forms of venereal disease, Herpes II is presently incurable.

There are more than 50 kinds of viruses belonging to the family “herpes”—a name derived from a Greek word meaning “to creep.” But when most people talk about “herpes,” they mean Herpes II. And it can hardly be referred to as “creeping” anymore—it’s spreading like wildfire. If the disease is understood, there’s a better chance of containing it until a cure can be found.

The difference between Herpes I and Herpes II is a subtle medical technicality. Herpes I has historically been associated with cold sores or fever blisters located in or around the mouth, while Herpes II was always blamed for similar sores on or around the thighs, buttocks or genitals. But the increased practice of oral-genital sex has blurred the distinction between the two viruses to such a degree that each is now showing up in both areas—mouth and genitals. Furthermore, the symptoms are exactly the same in both cases, and while tests can determine whether or not herpes is present, they cannot indicate which type is present.

So for all practical purposes there really isn’t much difference between the two; indeed, researchers are predicting that in the near future the locational distinction between Herpes I and Herpes

Many sexual pleasures have remained hidden for too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy. In keeping with HUSTLER’s belief that the repression of natural and healthy urges is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of informative articles to and—ultimately—to

increase your sexual knowledge make you a much better lover.



HERPES: A NATIONAL EPIDEMIC

by Joseph Claussen

II will become meaningless. In the meantime, for simplicity’s sake, most doctors are referring to Herpes I as what you get above the waist and to Herpes II as what you get below it.

Regardless of what you want to call it, genital herpes is a painful inconvenience. In men the sores can be under the foreskin, on or around the penis or even inside (making it painful to urinate). In women the sores can be anywhere in the vagina all the way up to the cervix, and they can make walking an act of self-torture.

The sores can also show up on the thighs and buttocks, scattered or in clusters. Sometimes it can be difficult to

detect a Herpes II attack, because the sores can be painless and as small as the head of a pin. At other times they can be as large as silver dollars and extremely painful.

When its sores are present, Herpes II is highly contagious. Such flare-ups can last anywhere from two days to almost a month, although the average attack lasts about ten days. Symptoms vary among individuals, making Herpes II difficult to diagnose.

The Herpes II virus is a small “package” that is transmitted from one person to another through skin contact. Usually that means sexual contact, but Herpes II can be spread by any kind of skin contact, even (in rare cases) by a simple handshake. When the virus is transferred to the skin of its new victim, it releases a substance into the skin cells that turns them into Herpes II-producing factories. One human cell will produce as many as 25,000 new Herpes II viruses, which will in turn invade surrounding cells.

Soon visible blisters will form on the skin—the result of millions of invading Herpes II viruses. The human body’s immunization system will begin producing antibodies—which are tailor-made poisoners of the herpes virus—so the spread of blisters will stop, and the sores will begin to disappear.

The Herpes II virus will then enter what is known as its “latent” phase. This is when it disguises itself and hides in skin and nerve cells, often at the base of the spine. During this phase Herpes II seems harmless and is, it is generally agreed, noninfectious.

The Herpes II virus can remain latent for years—even for the rest of the victim’s life. In fact, two out of three sufferers from genital herpes never have more than one attack. For those who do, the attacks of herpes sores are usually brought on by physical or emotional stress, hormonal imbalances, menstruation or anything else that would weaken the body’s defenses. In most cases, doctors believe, Herpes II attacks

are brought on by the kind of stress people get from excessive worrying.

In the vast majority of cases Herpes II will become permanently latent after two to five years, and attacks will cease. The first attack is usually the worst, and any subsequent attacks will not be as severe. Still, there are individuals who have attacks regularly, and the virus makes life miserable for them.

If a person who has Herpes II, but who hasn't had an outbreak in years, has sex with a partner suffering from an active case of Herpes II, he can become "reinfected." Even though he has Herpes II for life, the fact that he hasn't had an outbreak for a long time is no protection once he comes in contact with someone with an active case of the disease. Technically, you can never be "uninfected" once you've caught Herpes II. In any case, the important point to remember is that Herpes II will be readily transmitted from partner to partner even if the second partner has had Herpes II before.

Herpes II has a number of definite dangers. First, it can be a threat to unborn children. While the virus will not cause birth defects or infect the fetus while the fetus is still in the womb, the disease can be transmitted when the baby is in the birth canal. Sixty percent of those infants who contract Herpes II

die, and many of the rest suffer brain damage. It is only if the mother is having an active attack that Herpes II presents such dangers. But in many cases the mother is not aware that she's having an attack, and her sores may be located far up the vagina. If her doctor knows of the infection, he can take steps to avoid contamination of the baby, most likely by a cesarean delivery.

Both forms of the herpes simplex virus can cause blindness if you touch an active sore and then touch your eyes for any reason. This is a leading cause of blindness among young adults in this country, according to the American Social Health Association.

There is a good chance Herpes II can lead to cervical cancer in women and to prostate cancer in men; so both sexes should have a "Pap" smear test—a test for cellular abnormalities that is also a good way to detect active Herpes II if you think you're afflicted.

Unfortunately, there is no conclusive way to check for the latent Herpes II virus. Doctors can run an antibody test on you to see if Herpes II antibodies are present, but even if none show up, it doesn't necessarily mean you *don't* have the virus.

A crash program is under way to find a cure for Herpes II. Right now researchers are optimistic about several

cures, but the soonest that any of them could be available is 1982. The following are top prospects:

- **2-Deoxy-d-glucose**—In initial tests at the University of Pennsylvania, Dr. Herbert A. Blough reported excellent results under controlled scientific-testing conditions. This is the drug closest to market-readiness; doctors hope it will be available in two years.

- **Zovirax**—Also known as BW 248U and Acyclovir (ACV), this new ointment being developed by Burroughs Wellcome Laboratories is intended to stop Herpes II viruses from spreading. The Food and Drug Administration has approved controlled human trials, but Zovirax is "years away" from being commonly prescribed.

- **Ribavirin**—Presently under development by ICN Pharmaceuticals, Ribavirin is intended for internal use (pills, liquids, shots). It doesn't kill Herpes II viruses, but does slow them down so that normal body defenses can more quickly mop up the attack. Ribavirin's availability is also years away.

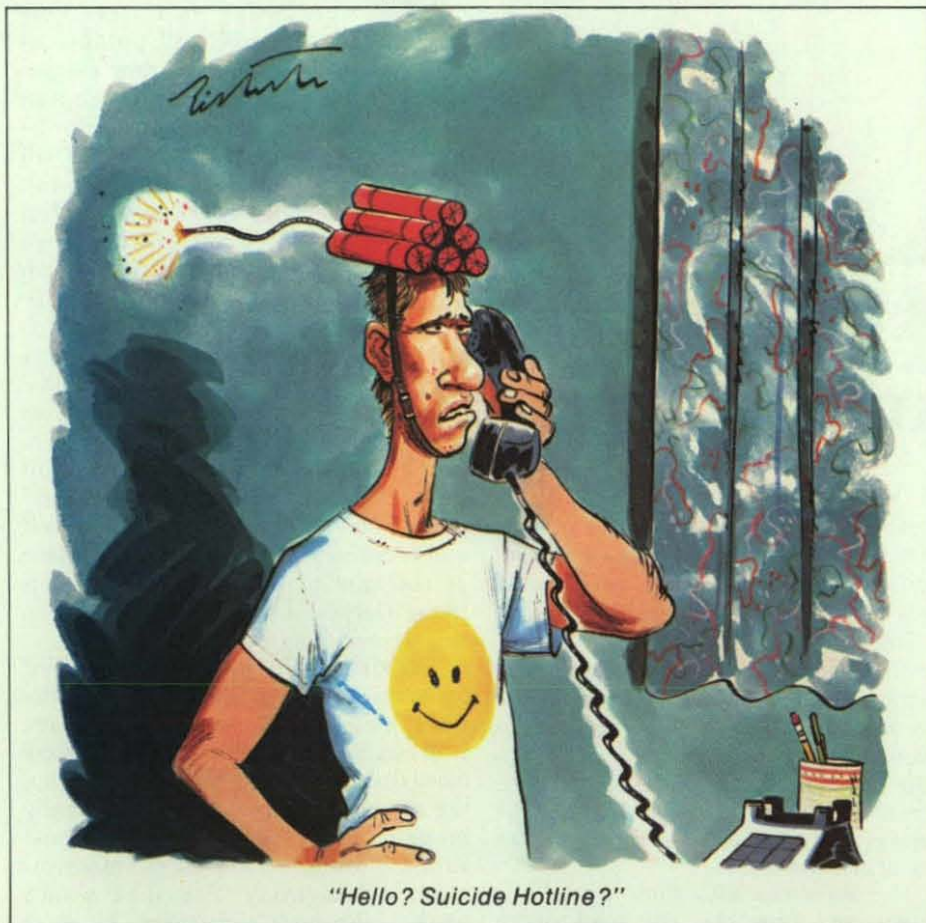
Two other compounds look promising, but have not been subjected to rigorous testing. Each has had encouraging preliminary results, but neither has been proven to control genital herpes:

- **L-lysine**—Prescribed by some dermatologists for treatment of Herpes I cold sores, this drug has stopped Herpes II under laboratory conditions. It was used as a dietary supplement in a three-year-test, and it reportedly worked well, but results were deemed inconclusive.

- **Influenza Virus Vaccine**—Now being tested by Dr. Joseph Miller in Mobile, Alabama, this vaccine has shown mixed results in treating Herpes II cases. Dr. Miller, who has written several articles on his research, claims it relieves the pain of Herpes I cold sores "within minutes."

One of the most interesting "cures" for Herpes II is the placebo. Placebos are pills that don't do anything other than make the patient *think* he's taking something that will work. If you believe something will work, then it can work—at least with herpes. Because belief has a strong effect on the body's defenses, placebos often clear up the sores caused by the herpes virus.

That's why conclusive tests are difficult to come by in herpes research. When the "wonder drug" is administered to one group of Herpes II-sufferers, and a placebo is administered to another group, both groups often report the same measure of improvement, which may mean that you can whip herpes just by believing you'll get better. And that's good to know, be-



cause *there don't seem to be any available cures for Herpes II* (at least until 1982), and it looks as if the number of people infected is just going to grow.

Until there is a cure, the best thing that anyone can do is be knowledgeable about how to avoid catching Herpes II; or, if one already has it, how to avoid spreading it and how to cope with the discomfort and pain of the disease.


There is no guarantee that you don't already have the disease. Herpes II can be contracted but remain latent for years, and, as previously mentioned, there is no test for the latent form of the virus that can prove you're uninfected. The best prevention for outbreaks of active Herpes II is simply to stay healthy. If you're having sex with someone you're unsure of, use a condom. This isn't a guarantee against catching herpes, of course, but it will greatly reduce your chances.

If you already have genital herpes, you should be aware of what's called the "prodrom" period. This is a period of between eight and 24 hours' duration when the virus is active, but before sores appear. There will be burning, itching, perhaps some pain in the groin, or a tingling sensation. Because latent Herpes II viruses often reside in the lower spine, there can be back pain as well. This is the period when most herpes-sufferers spread the disease, because they aren't aware they're having an attack.

Finally, if you now have active cold sores or have just gotten over them, don't engage in oral sex. Herpes I viruses can be transferred in this way, and in the genitals the effects are the same as those of Herpes II.

If you have active Herpes II, **HELP** (an organization devoted to aiding herpes-sufferers) recommends bathing the infected area with drying agents, such as soap and water, Epsom salts or Burrows solution (available at any pharmacy). Such bathing helps avoid possible bacterial infection of the herpes sores, and also speeds up recovery.

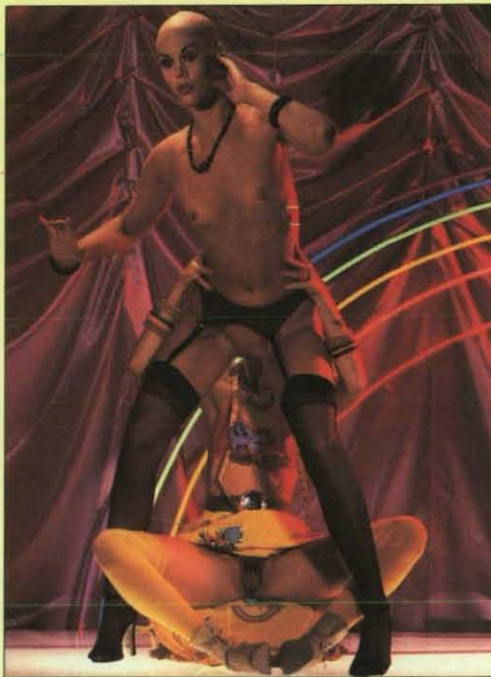
The best "cure," though, is to take care of yourself. Get plenty of vitamins and minerals, eat balanced meals and get plenty of rest. If you are under stress or emotional strain, try to take the load off somehow, and you'll probably recover much more quickly.

Finally, Herpes II-sufferers might want to check out **HELP**. For a yearly membership fee of \$8 you'll receive a newsletter and other support services to keep you up-to-the-minute on treatments, discoveries and ways to cope with the disease. You can contact **HELP** at P.O. Box 100, Palo Alto, California 94302. 



THIS MONTH IN CHIC

MAY ISSUE ON SALE NOW



I HIRED A KILLER—Investigative reporter Thomas Adcock answered a classified ad, and, *presto*, he found an assassin for hire. Then Adcock got wrapped up in a confusing double sting. Was he really the employer—or just another victim?

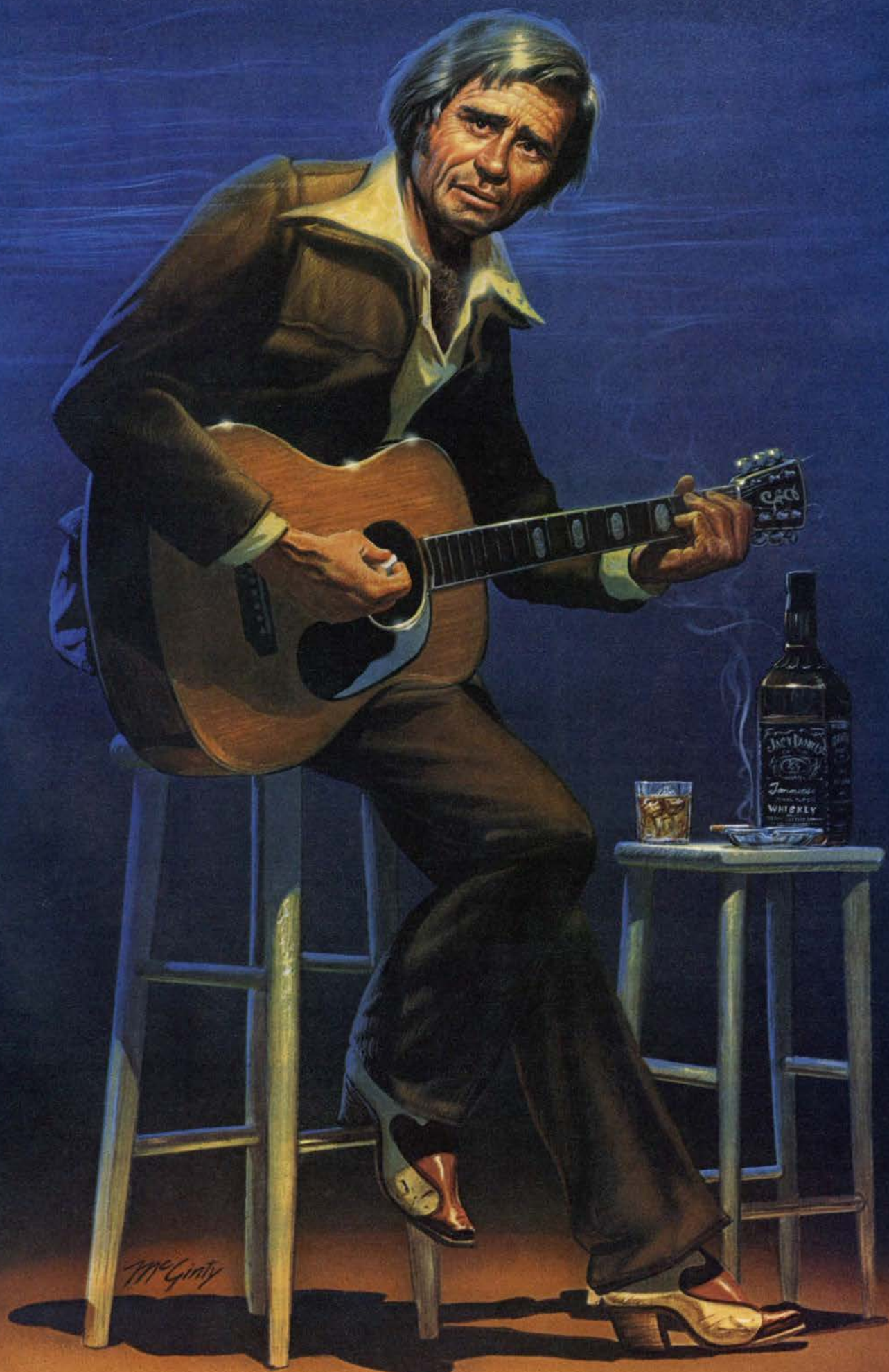
GET AWAY FROM IT ALL!—Rare Earth Real Estate can sell you an abandoned missile silo or a lighthouse. Burr Snider discovers that most of Rare Earth's listings appeal to hermits, millionaires—and possibly you.

THE SOUNDS OF SEDUCTION—Music-business insider Mike Falcon discovers that albums designed for the lofty purpose of meditation can also make your ladyfriend *very* hot. An invaluable aid in seduction.

THE GREAT SAN FRANCISCO COMEDY COMPETITION—John Roemer was on hand when the Bay Area's best stand-up comics squared off for the finals of an annual competition. The winner received nearly \$10,000—and a chance to impress the people who turn obscure comedians into wealthy TV stars. Nanoo-nanoo!

ONE TOUGH MOTHER!—Lilly Rodriguez grew up poor on the mean streets of Los Angeles; so it's no accident that she became one of the finest boxers in the world. What is unusual is her compassion. This Latin spit-fire packs the heart of a Rocky Balboa.

PLUS—Four steaming photo-features and the fabulous pre-summer splash found in those reliable departments **NEWS REAL**, **ODDS & ENDS**, **CLOSE-UP**, **SEX VIEW** and **SEX LIFE**, as well as **CHIC**'s usual hot fiction.



GEORGE JONES

COUNTRY MUSIC'S TRAGIC HERO

*"He embarrasses his child and wife.
Lord, he leads a miserable life. . . .
Still he thinks the bottle is his right hand.
Yes, and he can tear down more
than he's ever built before. . . .
A man can be drunk sometimes,
but a drunk can't be a man."*

It was early September 1978, and at 1 a.m. the stars shone over the cotton fields and pine forests of Lauderdale County in northwestern Alabama. It was deadly quiet—except for the roaring engine of country singer George Jones's shiny new Corvette as it wheeled its way down Highway 20 just outside the tiny town of Florence.

Jones had been drinking for days. Now, as he headed toward his favorite spot on the bank where Cypress Creek flows into the Tennessee River, he was recklessly drunk and boiling with anger. In less-troubled times he often visited this spot to sit quietly and search for answers to his problems. But tonight he had a score to settle. On the seat beside him was a loaded .38.

Sitting in his own car in the darkness, waiting for Jones at Cypress Creek, was Earl "Peanut" Montgomery, the man who in better days had been Jones's drinking and songwriting partner. Together the two of them had written dozens of the hit songs that carried Jones to fame. When Jones was hounded out of Nashville by bad debts and bad memories and sought refuge in this small town 120 miles to the southwest, they had remained constant companions. But in recent weeks the two of them had fallen out. Peanut had quit drinking and found Jesus;

George had done neither. Lately the two of them had been quarreling about two highly inflammatory subjects—money and religion.

At the creek Jones drunkenly wheeled his car up close to Montgomery's so that the two of them—each in the driver's seat of his own car—were little more than an arm's length apart. Jones's eyes were glazed and his speech was slurred as he shouted angrily at Peanut. The two argued for a moment; then Jones fumbled on the seat, raised his .38, propped it on the rolled-down window literally inches from Montgomery's face and pulled back the hammer. "See if your God can save you now!" he screamed. And the roar of the gunshot shattered the silence of the moonlit countryside.

Whether Jones meant to kill Montgomery or merely frighten him half to death that night on the riverbank is anybody's guess. Though he fired point-blank, the bullet missed, lodging in the car-door frame a few inches from Montgomery's neck.

Several days later, when Jones sobered up and faced the reality of what he'd done, he shuddered and wondered how it had all come to this. Just a few years earlier he had been one of the most-respected and best-paid singers in country music. But now his life and career were a shambles. Somehow the .38-caliber slug that came within inches of killing Peanut Montgomery seemed to punctuate all the troubles piled on the shoulders of the man who is considered by many to be the greatest country singer alive.

Not since the legendary Hank Williams has there been a pure country singer with such immense raw talent as George Jones. Many of the greats of contemporary country music, in fact, admit they learned to sing listening to his records. Waylon Jennings calls

him "the best ever." Kris Kristofferson, Willie Nelson, Bob Dylan, Emmylou Harris and Johnny Paycheck all number themselves among his fans. As Nashville singer Johnny Russell once put it, "George Jones don't win many of them big awards they hand out, but ask people who do win who their favorite singer is." Most of them would say George Jones.

But success never seems to bring happiness or peace of mind to the singer of sad songs. Ironically, as with George Jones, it only serves to intensify the suffering. Like Hank Williams before him, Jones seems destined to slowly self-destruct as he lives out every bit of the tragedy and pain of his own songs.

In two-and-a-half decades Jones has literally gone from rags to riches and back to rags again. Along the way he has gone through more women, liquor and money than any other singer still alive to tell about it.

Since he first stepped into a recording studio in 1953, Jones has released better than 100 LPs and has had more than 100 hit records. During the early 1970s, while still married to country singer Tammy Wynette, the two of them were the highest-paid duet on the country circuit. Recording and touring together, they made more than \$1 million a year. They were "the king and queen of country music."

But all that is long behind Jones now. Throughout his career his own hard drinking and impulsive behavior have consistently short-circuited every effort he's ever made to find happiness or emotional stability. His marriages have ended in divorce and legal disputes. Now, his money all spent, Jones is exactly where he was when he started: broke and alone.

"He threw it away with both hands,"

*From "A Drunk Can't Be a Man," by George Jones and Earl "Peanut" Montgomery. Published by Uncanny Music, Inc., 1976.

PROFILE BY BOB ALLEN

Illustration by Mick McGinty

recalls 77-year-old Harold W. "Pappy" Daily, the man who discovered Jones in 1953 and who for many years was his manager and producer. "If he'd kept the money he's had a chance to keep, he'd be many times a millionaire today."

By the fall of 1978, the time of the Cypress Creek shooting incident, Jones had nothing left to throw away. His wealth, his marriage to Tammy Wynette, even his health and peace of mind, were gone. He was in debt and hadn't performed in months. The only thing Jones had managed to hold on to was his inimitable voice, which, when unleashed on a country tearjerker, is a mournful wail of sadness.

In a last-ditch effort to bring Jones back, a group of his friends—including Johnny Cash, Willie Nelson, Waylon Jennings, Linda Ronstadt, Emmylou Harris, Johnny Paycheck, James Taylor and New Wave rocker Elvis Costello—volunteered their time and their talents to an album's worth of duets sung with Jones. But the release of the LP *My Very Special Guests* (which finally came out in late 1979) was delayed for months, long after all of these distinguished artists had completed their parts. Jones's own vocal cords, it seems, were so impaired by ill health (and reputedly by a recently acquired taste for cocaine) that he was unable to finish his own tracks on the album.

During much of this time Jones was simply nowhere to be found. Everyone—the press, his Nashville musician friends and his

fans—waited for him to reappear. Friends in Alabama said he was in Nashville, while Nashville associates said he was in Florida. And the people in Florida didn't seem to know anything. Nobody knew where Jones was. Some wondered if he was even alive.

In the early autumn Nashville has enough tinsel and glitter to rival Hollywood. Stars drive quickly past the studios and souvenir shops on Music Row in their dark Continentals and pink Cadillacs while fans armed with autograph books, Instamatic cameras and "Homes of the Stars" tour maps chase them to their nearby country retreats and peer through chain-link fences, hoping to get a glimpse of them.

Even though he walked these same streets, George Jones was a world away from all this. He was hiding out in the dimly lit, shabby apartment of a friend, a few blocks from Music Row, just across the parking lot from the Columbia studios where he and Tammy Wynette had recorded their famous duets together.

It was a depressingly overcast afternoon when I finally managed to track Jones down. But when I arrived at the apartment at the agreed-upon time, he was nowhere to be found. His friend invited me in, assuring me that Jones would be back momentarily. As I closed the front door behind me, the knob came off in my hand. Whiskey bottles were strewn around the kitchen, and one leg of the kitchen table was broken. Except for

the huge color TV, the living room, with its faded carpet and shabby chairs and sofa, looked like the lobby of a cheap hotel.

An hour-and-a-half later, Jones drove up in a long, rented limousine, looking exhausted and distraught. He had a day's growth of beard, and his expensive leisure suit looked slept in. His eyes were bloodshot, and the deep, dark worry lines under them were like knife scars. He fidgeted restlessly as he poured himself a Jack Daniel's and Coke. He'd been up most of the night before, he explained apologetically, and most of the night before that. In just a few hours he was scheduled to perform at Nashville's Municipal Auditorium, but now he was wondering aloud if he would have the strength to make it.

"I laid down on this couch here last night about 7:30 and slept about two hours," he says grimly, stirring his drink with his little finger before sipping it. "Then this little gal come and knocked on the door, and we went upstairs and I screwed her. I needed some rest, but that son of a bitch liked t' talk me to death after we was done! Kept me up talkin' religion till 20 minutes to six! Then my manager come in and gave me a Sopor, one of them sleeping pills. But I only slept an hour or so."

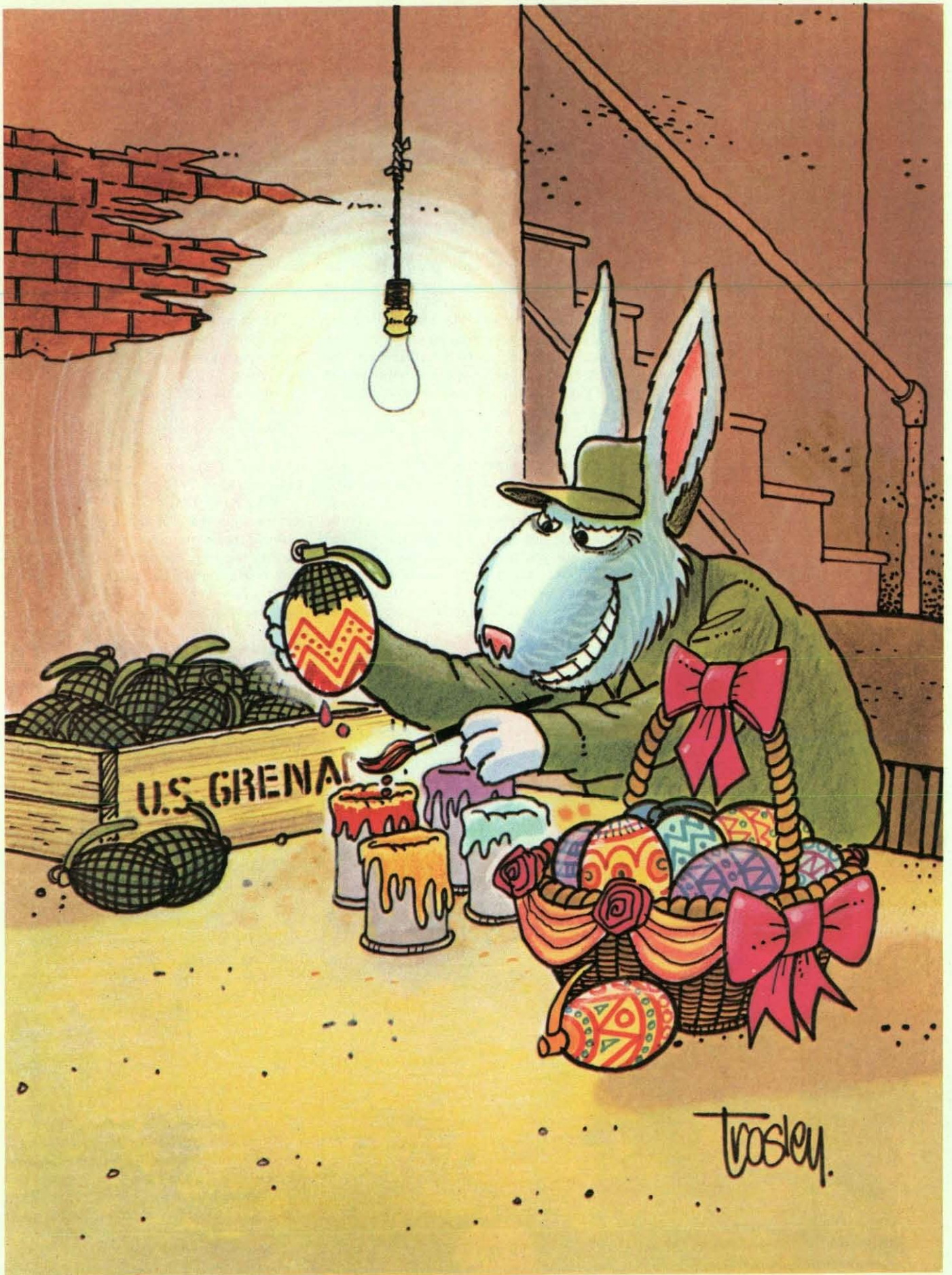
It's no wonder Jones had trouble sleeping. Arrest warrants were out for him in both Alabama (for the shooting incident) and Tennessee (for child support unpaid to ex-wife Tammy Wynette). Two assault charges had also been slapped on him—one by an ex-live-in girlfriend in Alabama and another by two Nashville women who claimed Jones had "forcibly embraced" them. And Wynette had been abducted from a Nashville parking lot and was severely beaten before being released. No arrests were made, but local police sought Jones for questioning. After missing more than 54 scheduled concert appearances, Jones owed thousands of dollars in default payments to promoters across the country. He had finally caved in under the financial pressure and filed for personal bankruptcy, citing \$64,000 in personal property and more than \$1.5 million in debts.

Jones stares down, studying the pattern of the veins under the pale skin on the back of his hand, as if the answer to all his problems could somehow be found there. "When you get all these things on your mind, you become a crazy person." He shakes his head wearily. "And, of course, I've always been known to have a drink or two too many. And when I did, all that stuff I had stored up inside would come out. But I could always control it till all these big things started to go wrong."

George Jones was born in obscure, hard-scrabble Saratoga, Texas, in 1931, in the midst of the Great Depression. His father was an odd-jobber who often worked as a truck driver and pipe-fitter. He too drank, and when he did, he beat Jones's mother, a



"A little higher, Monty—that's a hemorrhoid, not my clitoris."



Trosley.

teetotaling Pentecostal who played gospel piano in church on Sundays. Jones still recalls his mother rushing him and his brothers and sisters out the back door when his father would come home drunk and belligerent.

"I hated my father for his drinking and for the miserable life he gave my mother," Jones recalls. "And yet I do the same thing. I've wound up drinking and making more of a mess of my life than he ever did. It just don't make any sense."

During his early years Jones had little interest in anything but following in the footsteps of his musical idols, Hank Williams, Roy Acuff and Lefty Frizzell, who he heard on the radio. As soon as he was able to lay his hands on a guitar, he began imitating them.

"I went to, but not through, the seventh grade," Jones says. "My mother and daddy kept me in it for two years before I finally convinced them I wasn't gonna finish. I just had no interest in anything but singing country music."

In 1947 Jones was hired by the husband-and-wife singing team of Eddie and Pearl. He played guitar on their radio show in Beaumont, Texas, and in local taverns and dance halls. For the next few years he painted houses by day and played his music at night. By the time he was 18, he had already married his first wife, Shirley, and was a father. When he was 19, he left for a three-year stint in the Marines, returning

in 1953, the same year Hank Williams died.

For a while Jones tried living the quiet life with his family, but he only grew increasingly restless. Soon he was taking nickel-and-dime jobs, singing and playing guitar in the honky-tonk beer joints of nearby Beaumont.

It was in these same honky-tonk clubs that other greats like Willie Nelson and Ernest Tubb got their starts. The crowds in these places were rough. They came to dance, drink, raise hell and squeeze a few hours of excitement out of Friday or Saturday night before going back to face another dreary week at a dead-end job. Often chickenwire fences were erected around the stage area to shield the singers from flying bottles and chairs. The kind of music that these folks liked was the kind that Jones sang most convincingly: songs about hard times, drinking, marital infidelity. The music had to be loud enough to cover up the crap game in the back and tender enough to bring a tear to the eye of the drunk in the corner. On both counts Jones was better than anybody else.

"If you're gonna sing a sad song or a ballad, you've got to have lived it yourself," he explains. "You can think back to anything that made you sad—anything! Maybe your little dog died. And you think about that while you're singin', and pretty soon it makes you sad, because you're singin' all those sad words. You become *lost* in the song, and before long you're just like the people in the song."

"Maybe I was born to sing a sad country song," Jones adds, seeming to come to life a little when he recalls those early years. "I went through all my first years singin' like that, and I didn't make no money to speak of. I didn't even think you could *get* money for it at first."

Though Jones himself didn't realize the commercial value of his voice, others did. He became recognized as one of the best young singers in East Texas. Eventually he came to the attention of local promoters Pappy Daily and the late Jack Starnes. Daily and Starnes started their own record label, Starday, in Houston and Beaumont in 1952, and one of the first artists they took into their makeshift studios was George Jones.

"There was no such thing as production back then," Jones recalls. "We didn't take the pains of making several takes. If we went a little sharp or flat in a place or two, they'd say the public ain't gonna notice that; so put it out."

Jones's first releases on Starday in 1953 were failures, but in 1956 his first national hit broke. It was an unusual upbeat tale of adultery called "Why Baby Why?"

"Why Baby Why?" earned Jones a regular spot on the *Louisiana Hayride*, a live national radio program out of Shreveport that at the time was second in popularity only to Nashville's Grand Ole Opry. It featured other young, up-and-coming artists like Elvis Presley and Johnny Cash. After a year on *Hayride*, Jones followed Cash up to Nashville and worked the Grand Ole Opry almost every weekend for the next five years, returning to Texas during the week.

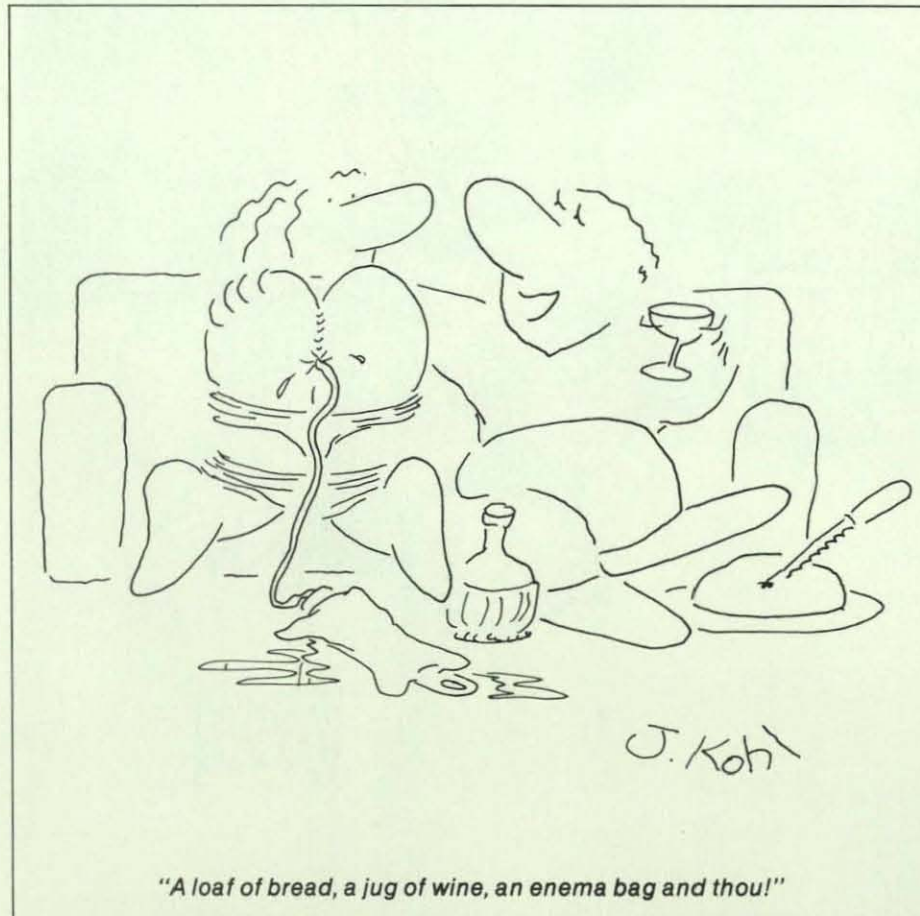
The exposure Jones got from the Opry's nationwide radio broadcast soon put him in wide demand as a live performer. He continued to live in Texas, but his touring schedule now kept him almost constantly on the road. Between shows he'd often travel 500 or 600 miles a night with a half-dozen other musicians, all of them crammed into one car.

"There was no room to stretch out, and the only way you could sleep was to put your head on somebody else's shoulder. For three years I drank only Cokes. But then some nights I'd end up so nervous and fatigued from not sleepin' that I'd sneak off to the bathroom and have a beer before I went on stage. Then, later, I'd get to where it would take two or three drinks to relax me, and then it got to where I wouldn't want to stop."

With the pressures of a full-time career on him, the weaknesses in Jones's character began to surface. The people at Starday soon learned that when he showed up in the morning with a bottle, nothing was going to get recorded that day. "There was no dope or pills with George back then," recalls Don Pierce, who became a partner in Starday in 1957. "But George was a spree drinker. He loved that whiskey and he loved broads."

Those early years were pretty lean ones

(continued on page 46)





Louisa

IN FULL BLOOM



To tease men with her body, to drive them to fever pitches... those are the fantasies of Louisa. But faced with the passion of a real man, her true sexuality unfolds like the petals of a flower. She cannot restrain her wants, her need for the hard, muscular body of a man probing every corner of her womanhood.

Teasing her man is but her fantasy. Pleasing him is her reality.



[HTTP://FREEMAGS.CC](http://freemags.cc)

photography by Suze Randall









GEORGE JONES

(continued from page 38)

for Jones. The first time he was ever paid good money for a show, Pappy Daily recalls, was in Houston in the early 1960s. A couple of days later someone told Daily that George tried to buy beer when the show was over, but because it was after hours, nobody would sell it to him. In a fit of anger he had flushed the entire proceeds of his Houston performance down the toilet. "So George come in to see me the next day," Daily remembers, "and I asked him if it was true he'd flushed \$2,000 down the toilet. He said, 'Pappy, that's a damned lie! It was only \$1,200!'"

By this time Jones and Shirley had three children, but the pressures resulting from his constant traveling finally led to divorce. "Drinking was also one of the problems in my first marriage," Jones admits. "Plus, Shirley wasn't in the music business, and she didn't understand it."

In 1961 Jones left Starday and moved on to Mercury Records, one of a half-dozen label changes he would make over the next decade. "There was no love lost between me and Pappy Daily," he says scornfully as he recalls his departure from Starday. "To get out of my first contract I had to sign all my royalty rights over to Daily. I don't see a penny from all those reissued albums. I was kicked around worse than a mule. The only thing that ever really seemed to mat-

ter to any of 'em was the almighty dollar."

The first time Tammy Wynette met George Jones, he was in bed with another woman. That was in 1966, when she and her second husband, Don Chapel, had gone to meet Jones in his suite at Nashville's Biltmore Hotel. The first time Jones made love to Tammy, a year later, he brought a bottle of whiskey to bed with him.

In 1969 Jones moved from Texas to Nashville and married Tammy. By this time Wynette was well on her way to establishing her own career with hits like "D-I-V-O-R-C-E" and "Stand By Your Man." But she had been a George Jones fan ever since she was a teenager picking cotton in rural Mississippi.

Shortly after George and Tammy married, they were invited to join the Grand Ole Opry, and Billy Sherrill, a staff producer at Epic Records, hit upon the idea of recording them as a duo. Their exposure with the Opry, along with the incredible popularity of their first duet records, soon established them as country music's most popular husband-and-wife team.

The two of them amassed an empire. In Nashville they owned a \$500,000 home, a 340-acre farm, rental properties and a nightclub; in Florida, a 20-room mansion, a 43-acre estate, an amusement park and a collection of antique automobiles.

Their stage show—a sometimes-gaudy public display of affection for each other—only helped to enhance their image as coun-

try music's perfect couple. But behind the facade of jewelry, glittery clothes and stage kisses there were serious problems. And when the press got wind of them, the Jones/Wynette saga became country music's longest-running soap opera.

One of the first big eruptions occurred several months after they were married, at a show in Atlanta. Earlier in the evening, on their touring bus, Jones had gotten drunk and accused Tammy of trying to make it with several members of the band. When she denied his accusations, he roughed her up and knocked her down. Later, at the beginning of the first show, he came on stage with her, sang one song and then yelled at the audience, "Let Tammy Wynette finish the show. I'm leaving." He stalked off. Four nights later Jones reappeared, casually explaining to Tammy that he had "chartered a Lear jet and hit the high spots of Vegas."

It wasn't unusual for Jones to disappear for weeks at a time. Once, while en route to a concert in Iowa, he ran into some old drinking buddies at a Chicago airport and flew off to Texas. A week later his sister found him early one morning, passed out on her front doorstep.

Jones's habit of skipping out on concerts stemmed from his fear of performing before strange crowds. Often he feared the audiences would be unfamiliar with his brand of singing or that they would consider him "too country." The more shows he missed, Jones claims, the more his guilt grew, and the harder it became to face anybody. "I finally got to the point where I was so whupped and my mind was so beat and tormented that there was no way I could get to my shows and do them right," he explains. "I just didn't want people to see me in that kind of shape."

As time passed, Jones's devices for avoiding audiences became more elaborate. On one occasion he crawled out of a backstage window. Another time he stepped around the corner on the pretext of buying a six-pack of beer, paid a fellow shopper \$5,000 cash for his car and sped away.

When the big money started coming in, Jones threw it away with more abandon than ever. On a trip to Vegas he wrote out a check for \$36,000 on impulse and bought a friend two diamond rings. During one year-and-a-half period he bought, sold, wrecked and gave away 32 cars. "Money's just never meant all that much to me," he shrugs. "I like to drive a new car, and I want to live comfortable, but beyond that I could care less about it."

In the early years of their marriage Jones and Wynette settled into what appeared to be domestic bliss. But close friends knew that Jones's drinking was becoming increasingly heavy, his behavior more bizarre. One morning, while he and Tammy were vacationing at their Florida estate, Jones returned from a bender and passed out on the kitchen floor. Tammy and a

(continued on page 127)



"When was the last time you had a douche?"



"... And we pitch it toward the battered-child market!"

ILLEGAL ALIENS

INVASION OF THE
JOB-SNATCHERS
REPORT BY NORMAN KELIN

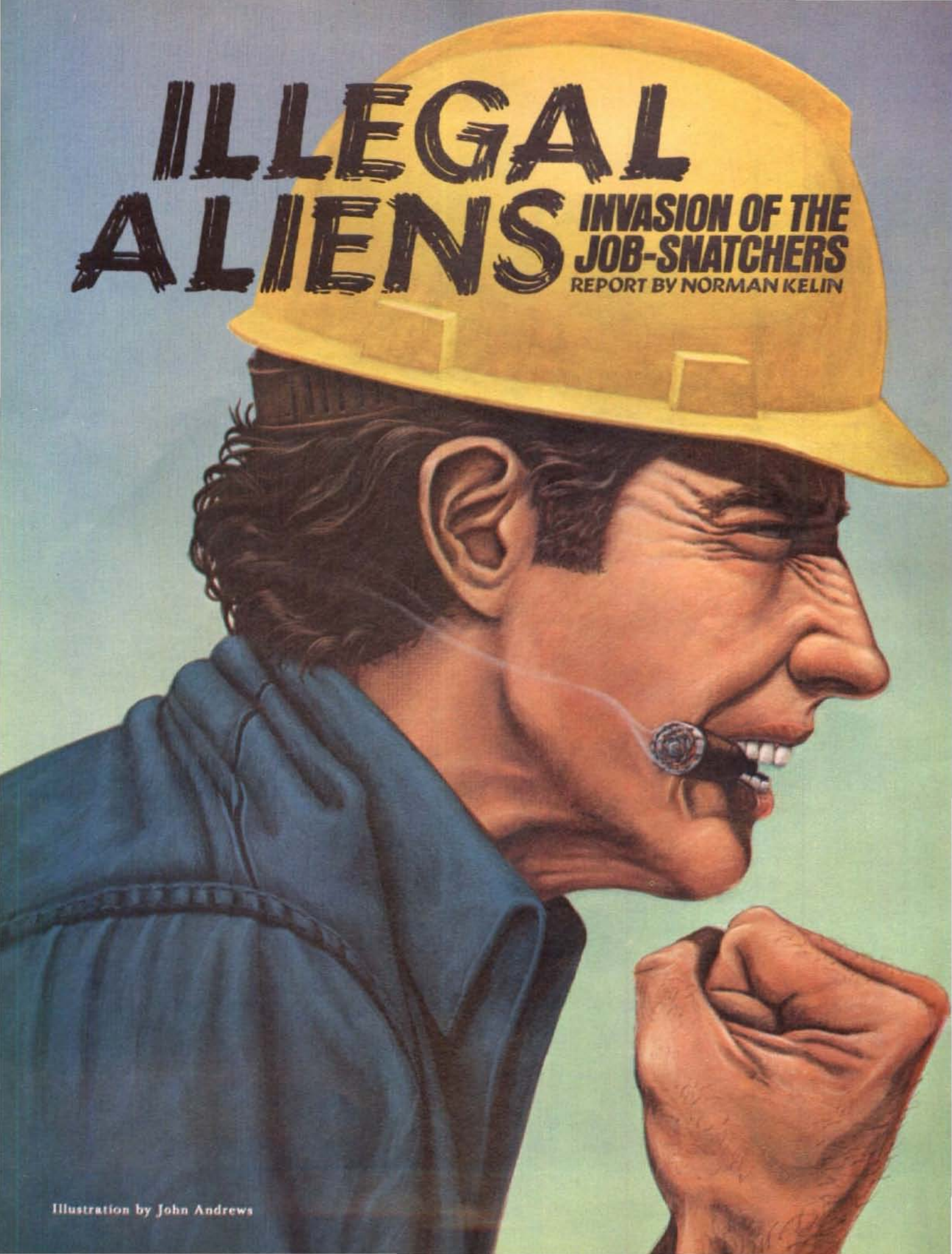


Illustration by John Andrews



Felix Esposito stumbles and falls as he makes his break for the jagged hole in the chain-link fence that separates Tijuana from San Diego some five miles east of the International Border Station. Rocks and pebbles skitter down the steep hillside. He freezes in the darkness. Esposito is afraid. He fears the clatter might attract a U.S. Border Patrol scout, who will see him if he starts to run again.

A man races through the fence to Esposito's side. He slaps the frail farmworker in the face and kicks him in the ass. "Go or we leave you here," the man hisses. He snaps open a switchblade in front of Esposito's face and presses the cold blade's tip against the trembling laborer's jugular vein. Esposito is on his feet and running; the others follow quickly.

As the man with the switchblade pushes and shoves the men through the fence and around tangles of sagebrush and thistle, a border-patrol jeep crunches its way through the dust and sand on the crest of the next hill. The guide—or "coyote," as he is called in the immigrant-smuggling trade—motions for his "lambs" to lie facedown in the desert

dust. He pulls a small-caliber automatic from a strap on his left leg and draws a following bead on the moving vehicle. When it passes and moves off a safe distance, he restraps his gun and motions to his flock: "We go."

Each of the six men in the group paid \$250 to the guide. In return they were promised transport to Los Angeles. For \$300 they could have gotten San Francisco or Stockton, California; \$500 would have bought Chicago or Detroit; for \$1,000 they could have had New York, Philadelphia, Boston or Washington, D.C.

Quite often the promise is not fulfilled, and the lambs are fleeced, either by unscrupulous coyotes or by bandits who lurk like vultures in the hills on both sides of the border to prey on lambs and coyotes alike. But things go well this time for 19-year-old Esposito and his companions. They are taken to a ramshackle garage in the San Diego suburb of San Ysidro. A dozen other illegal aliens are there when they arrive, and in the next six hours 22 more join them. Early the next morning all 40 illegals are crammed into a 2½-ton van and taken on a roundabout, suffocatingly hot, three-hour ride to Los Angeles—and what they hope will be an opportunity to work their way out of a life of poverty.

But not all illegal aliens claw their way into the United States. Many arrive in comfort and style, carrying temporary visas, and then simply stay on when these visas expire.

Ahmed Massoud Beyrani clutches his leather Gucci bag as the Pan Am jet lands at Los Angeles International Airport. The plane taxis toward the terminal. In a matter of minutes he will be greeted by his two sons, who he sent to the United States well over a year ago to establish a new home for him.

Beyrani is in his late 40s. He is wearing the latest fashion in Italian suits. His white silk shirt is open, revealing a hairy, barrel chest and several gold neck chains. He moves his powerful, stocky body quickly past his fellow travelers as he heads toward the U.S. Customs office. He is graceful, despite a limp he tries to hide. Inside the office he flashes his visitor's visa and says he has nothing to declare. The customs agent makes a casual search of the Gucci bag, raises his eyebrows when he sees a half-dozen bankbooks with addresses in Switzerland and the Bahamas, but says nothing and hands the bag and its contents back to Beyrani.

In the parking lot across from the Pan Am terminal, Beyrani spots a wine-colored Mercedes 450SL convertible. Seated inside are Beyrani's 22-year-old son, Ali Youseff, his 27-year-old son, Mohammed Hussein, and Mohammed's American wife, Joanne. Beyrani kisses his sons and hugs his daughter-in-law, then motions nervously toward the parking-lot exit. Within minutes they are speeding north to Malibu.

It is clear from Beyrani's conversation that he does not plan to return to his native Iran when his three-month visitor's visa

expires. He's come to America to stay.

Both of Beyrani's sons are in the U.S. illegally. They are stayovers. They didn't go home when their temporary visas expired. Mohammed married Joanne and started naturalization proceedings after he was threatened with deportation following his arrest last year in Beverly Hills during a demonstration against the Shah of Iran. Ali attended California State University at San Francisco for a year, but after spending eight months drinking coffee and discussing politics in the student union, he quit school before exam week in June.

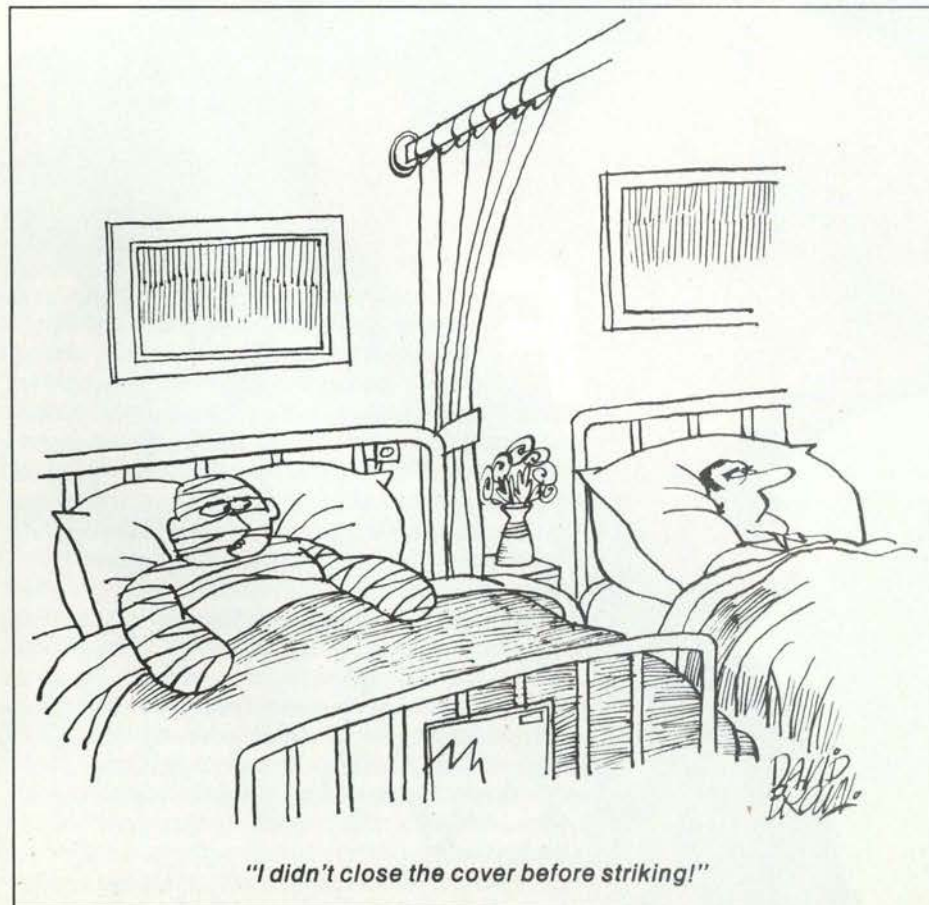
Neither Mohammed Hussein nor Ali Youseff have green cards—the permits that foreign nationals are required to have to be allowed to work in the United States. Yet neither has had any difficulty making a living. Mohammed manages an import-export company and sells real estate on the side. Ali has had a series of jobs, mostly involving selling, but none of his employers have ever asked to see his green card. Ali is very active in the militant Iranian Students Association and the smaller but more fanatical Moslem Students Association.

Felix Esposito and the Beyranis live at opposite ends of the economic spectrum, but they have one thing in common. They and other aliens are part of a thorny social and political problem that is plaguing the U.S. at all levels of government. The gut issues brought on by the massive inflow of aliens into the U.S. in recent years are: aliens taking jobs from American workers; housing; severe draining on the taxpayers' funding of social-welfare and public-health programs and educational systems; the grating and sometimes violent conflict of alien cultures; and the law-enforcement problems this conflict poses.

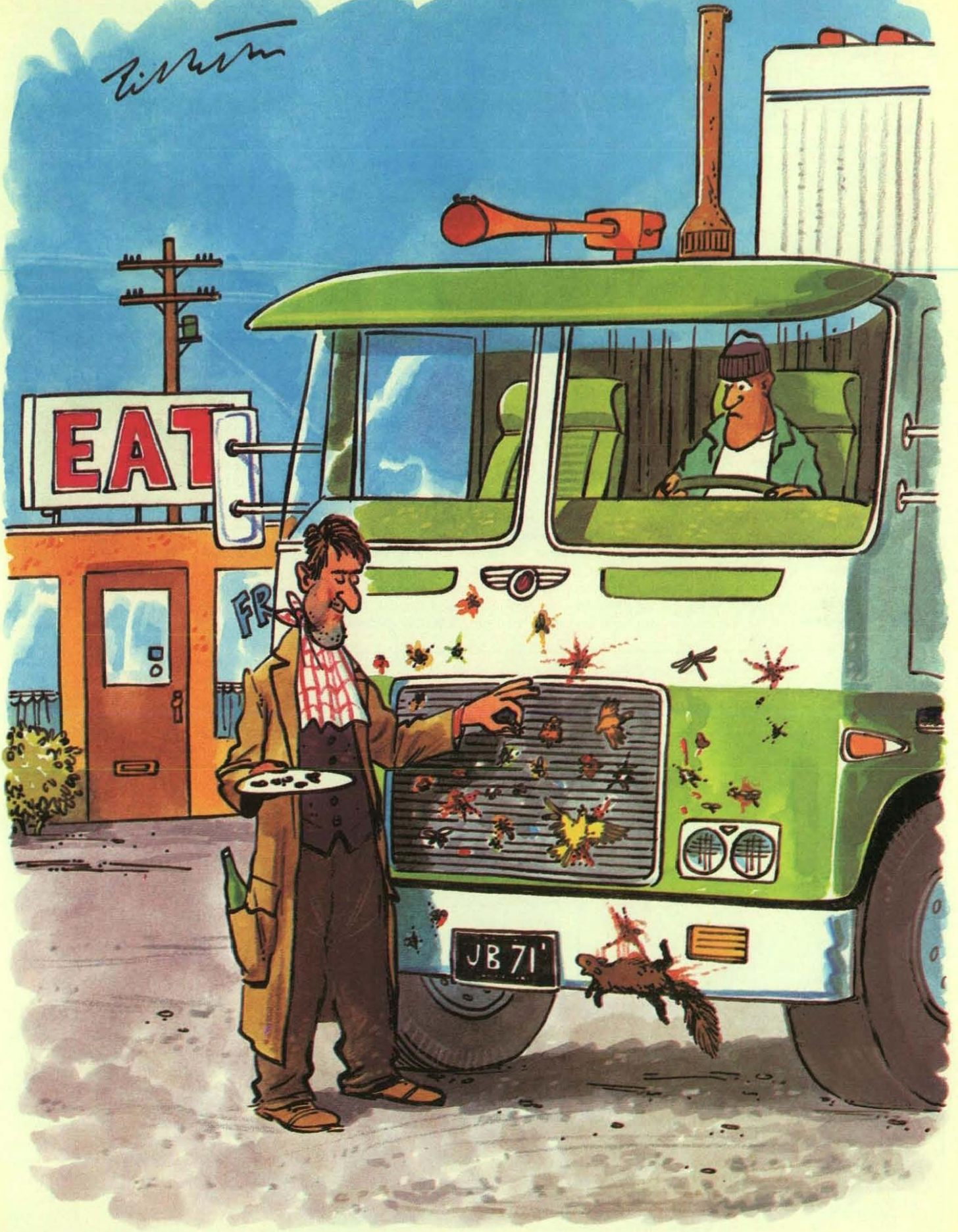
Federal officials estimate that there are at least 4 million illegal aliens in the United States and that their number is increasing by a half-million each year. Add to this the 400,000 a year who become naturalized citizens, plus the thousands of others who enter the country on temporary permits, and one arrives easily at an alien influx of 1 million a year.

According to a 1978 Interagency Task Force report made by the U.S. Departments of Justice, Labor and State, most of the aliens entering the U.S. have come from Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Greece, India, Italy, Jamaica, Mexico, the Philippines, Portugal, South Korea and Taiwan. The report also stated that aliens come to the United States, for the most part, because their homelands offer inadequate job opportunities. But no one is saying whether or not the already-tight U.S. job market can absorb these workers—or indeed if the housing shortage will worsen as increased competition for living space triggers still-higher rents and housing costs.

The task force also reported that more than 72% of all immigrants to the U.S. have settled in seven states: California, Florida,



W. W. W.



Illinois, Massachusetts, New Jersey, New York and Texas. Within these states ten cities—Chicago, Dallas, El Paso, Houston, Los Angeles, Miami, Newark, New York, San Antonio and San Francisco—attracted more than 36% of all immigrants. The millions of illegal aliens in the U.S. are believed to be settled in the same districts as the legals. So when the 1980 census is completed, if you'd like to know the real number of people living in the U.S., just add at least 4 million to the overall figure, and many of them will be in the abovementioned areas.

In 1976 the U.S. Supreme Court unanimously upheld a California law prohibiting employers from hiring migrant workers not lawfully resident in the U.S. if such employment would have an adverse effect on the employment of lawfully resident workers. This confirmation of the California law spurred 11 other states with sharply rising illegal-alien populations to pass similar legislation. These states—Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Kansas, Maine, Massachusetts, Montana, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Vermont and Virginia—do not necessarily have the largest alien populations. But the populations they do have are seriously threatening the livelihood of local citizens. Despite the legislative concern of these states and the Supreme Court's unanimous ruling that domestic workers should have the first shot at available jobs, there are at present no practical means of enforcing this legislation, since employers rarely bother checking to see if the new worker they're hir-

ing is an illegal alien or a bona fide citizen.

The surplus-labor situation is being applauded by employers, particularly garment manufacturers and labor contractors, who prefer hiring and exploiting cheap illegal-alien laborers while native unskilled and semiskilled workers demanding fair wages and employee benefits are finding themselves out of work. This state of affairs was forecast to Congress in 1978 by the Departments of Labor and of Health, Education and Welfare: "When undocumented aliens compete with lawful resident workers for the same jobs, the labor market prospects deteriorate for both groups. As their numbers have grown in recent years, it is most likely that undocumented aliens have increasingly substituted for resident workers. The most direct burden falls on already-disadvantaged workers—blacks, Hispanics, women, teenagers, the handicapped and low-skilled legal immigrants—who compete with undocumented aliens in specific job categories. Wages are lower, and working conditions less satisfactory, because of the competitive success of undocumented aliens in the labor market."

University of Michigan economist George E. Johnson says illegal aliens in the job market depress wages at the lower end of the economic scale by 17%. If it were not for the presence of illegal aliens in the labor force, Johnson explains, unskilled American workers would be earning an average of \$8,566 a year instead of the current \$7,292. He lays it on the line: "There is no 'liberal

or 'conservative' position on this issue. By restricting immigration we would help poor people at home."

Professor Vernon M. Briggs, Jr., a labor economist at Cornell University, charges that the unchecked flow of illegal aliens into the U.S. is making a mockery of the federal immigration system. Addressing the Conference on Jobs for Hispanics at Albuquerque, New Mexico, last July, Briggs said that the Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS) apprehended more than 1 million illegals in 1978. This represents a 1,000% increase over the number caught in 1965. Briggs added that officials estimate that for every person caught, five escape.

Republican Senators Barry Goldwater (Arizona), S. I. Hayakawa (California) and Harrison Schmitt (New Mexico) are of the opinion that if you can't keep illegal aliens out, let them in—but do so with regulation. The senators put into the legislative mill a plan that would establish a temporary worker's-visa program between the U.S. and Mexico—the source of approximately 60% of the illegals, according to the 1978 federal-agency report.

When introducing the plan in June 1979, Hayakawa told the Senate: "It has proven futile to attempt to stem the flow of illegal workers with expanded border patrols, physical barriers [fences] and deportations. The situation can only be dealt with by the establishment of legal channels for the temporary migration of Mexican workers in a way which will prove beneficial to both Mexico and the United States."

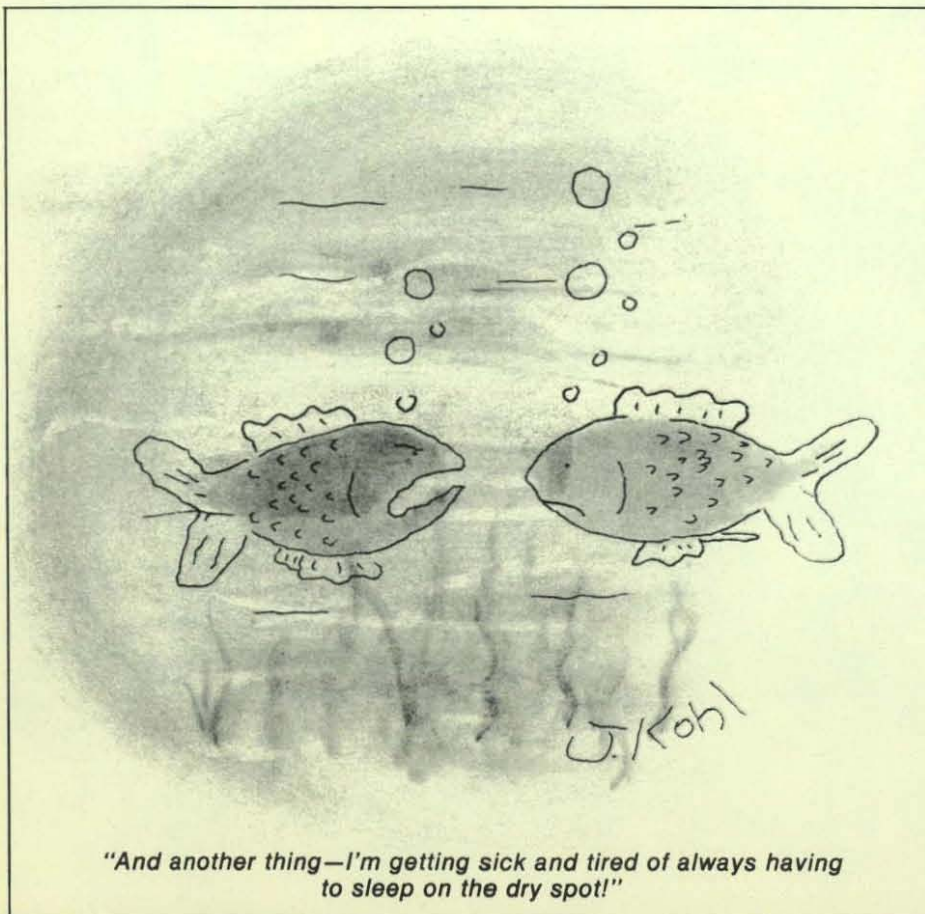
Hayakawa contends that the Mexican workers do not want to stay in the U.S. permanently. He says the illegal workers are here only to fulfill a short-term need to supplement their incomes. This viewpoint is at odds with a confidential 1977 Central Intelligence Agency report that states that one-third of all illegals stay in the U.S. indefinitely.

To keep foreign workers from coming into conflict with domestic workers, the senators' plan would allow the U.S. Attorney General, upon request of the Secretary of Labor, to restrict the employment of temporary alien workers at a business location if it will displace "willing and qualified" American workers.

The plan might work if it were enforceable. But who would or could show that an American worker was being bypassed by an employer in favor of an alien worker who was willing to do the same work at a lower wage? It took years for blacks and Hispanics to prove in court that they were subject to job discrimination. And it is taking just as long for white males to show that federal hiring quotas for women and minorities are another form of job discrimination. If the proposed legislation were made law, who would blow the whistle on employers who violate the law?

Consider the experiences of Felipe and Juanita Vargas, illegal aliens from Mexico

(continued on page 56)



THE GIRLS OF CHIC



Since CHIC was first published in November 1976, it has brought its readers fine fiction and penetrating articles. But most notably the award-winning magazine has featured The Best-Looking Girls in the World. The women in CHIC are prettier than the girls in *Playboy* and are presented as explicitly as the models in HUSTLER.

The Girls of CHIC are not only beautiful; they're trendsetters. The woman on the right, whose photographs appeared in the October 1978 CHIC, is believed to have inspired the look recently made famous by Bo Derek in the movie *10*.

Here then is a bountiful harvest of *The Girls of CHIC*.



Maureen, October '78



Regina, August '79



Erika, August '79



Linda, April '78



Loulou,
December '78



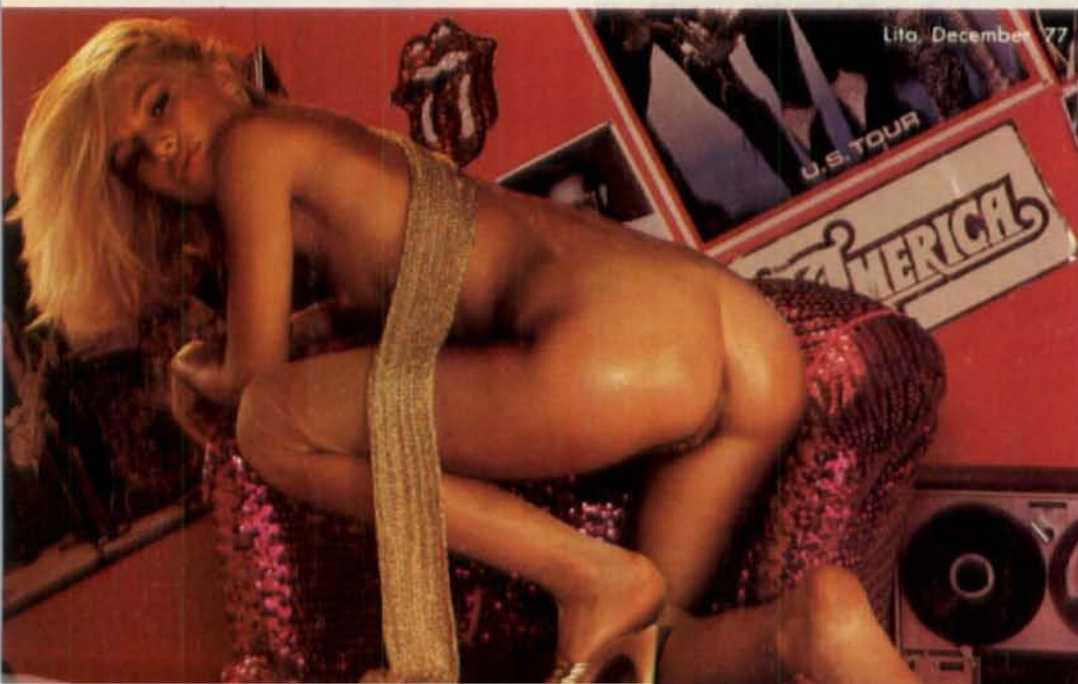
She's No Angel,
September '78



Lorraine,
August '78



Tania,
March '78



Lita, December '77



Laura,
January '77



Selena,
June '77



Sandra,
September '79



n, May '77



Our Greta,
December '76

Nothing Like a Dane,
April '78



Roxanne, September '79

ILLEGAL ALIENS

(continued from page 52)

living and working in Los Angeles. Their story is representative of thousands of other illegals in the American South and Southwest, as well as in New York City, where illegal-alien workers are likely to be from Caribbean and South American countries.

Felipe Vargas has been arrested and deported to Tijuana twice in the past two years. When he was to make his third trip across the border, Juanita was pregnant; so he took her with him. Now they both work in Los Angeles County's fast-growing garment industry.

Vargas, who is in his late 30s, half-trots across the intersection of Olympic Boulevard and Wall Street, pushing a rack of women's clothes. He is short and underweight, and his black hair is beginning to gray. He moves fast because his boss has fired younger men for being slow.

Crossing the intersection, he spots two Anglos and a Chicano dressed in sport coats and ties and carrying walkie-talkies. He darts into a nearby alley and hurriedly winds his way around a dozen delivery trucks and station wagons to the rear door of a clothing distributorship.

"Miguel, the *federales* are raiding again," Vargas says to a worker unloading the racks of dresses. "Tell the others."

Vargas goes to the front office to get his delivery invoice signed.

Back at his place of work, Vargas hands

over the signed invoice to his foreman. "What took you so long?" the foreman snaps.

"I will go faster next time, Mr. Cervantes," Vargas promises.

"You are not worried about the *federales*, are you, Vargas? You haven't lost the green card I got you? The card you still have not paid for?"

"No, Mr. Cervantes. I have the card. I will pay you another \$10 today. As soon as I get my check from Mr. San Remo."

Thirty minutes later Vargas gets his paycheck. The stub shows deductions for union dues, insurance, city, state and federal withholding taxes, Social Security and state disability. He pays a \$3.50 service charge to the company treasurer for cashing the check. While leaving, he is grabbed roughly by the arm.

"Yes, Mr. Cervantes. Here is the \$10. And here is the green card also. You see, I didn't lose it."

"Be sure you don't! Remember, it belongs to me. I'm only renting it to you."

Vargas returns home to find his wife sweating behind a steam iron and a pile of new, unpressed clothing. Her belly is swollen with their expected child.

"Juanita, I thought you would be through by now. They must be delivered tonight. Were you sick again?"

"Si. All morning. I think the baby will be early."

According to the California Attorney General's Office and the California Division

of Labor Law Enforcement, the 2,210 garment-manufacturing firms in Los Angeles County employ an estimated 73,000 workers. Of these, 75% (55,000) are Spanish-speaking, and within this group 65% (36,000) are illegal Hispanic aliens. Minimum-wage laws are avoided by giving workers piece-rate work that can be done either at home or at a company location. Stitching and ironing, when done at piece-rate, can pay as little as \$1 an hour, but usually averages \$2, depending on the speed of the worker and the quality of the sewing and pressing machinery.

The illegals frequently work under substandard conditions, often without toilet facilities and drinking water. Since they fear deportation and do not have proper identification papers, they usually cash their paychecks at the garment shop. Checks already reduced by "legal deductions" are sometimes further reduced (or "skimmed") by unscrupulous employers who not only charge for the check-cashing service, but collect nonexistent union dues (only 10% of L.A.'s garment workers are unionized, and of these, few union members are illegals) as well as a mandatory and unexplained insurance premium. State investigators estimate untaxed profit from skimming workers' paychecks to be \$30,000 to \$50,000 per year for a firm that employs 30 alien workers. The untaxed profit is doubled and sometimes tripled when the legal deductions are not paid to the government by the employer. With such an economic incentive, it is not surprising that many employers favor illegal-alien labor over domestic workers.

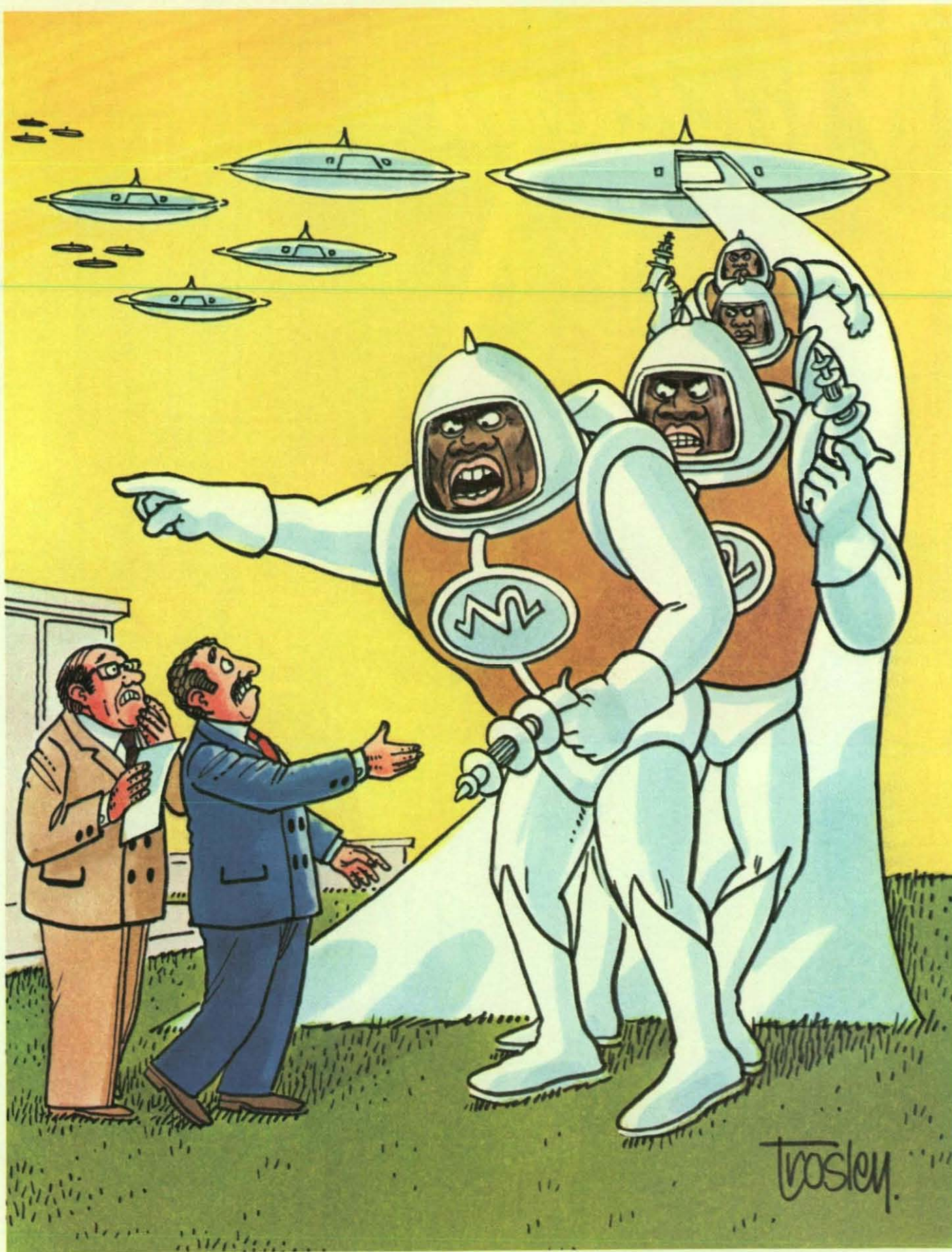
Similar exploitation and sweatshop conditions exist on a smaller scale in San Francisco's Chinatown, where a heavy concentration of recent immigrants from Southeast Asia is located, the Attorney General's report says.

The presence of illegal aliens is costing taxpayers plenty. The Los Angeles County Health Department estimates it spent \$8.1 million in 1973 to care for illegals. In 1977 the amount ballooned to \$60 million, a figure including costs of treatment of 6,000 illegal-alien pregnancies. A large portion of the 1977 payout came from federal funds; so the bill for Los Angeles aliens, as well as for aliens in other locales, is being footed by taxpayers everywhere.

The Los Angeles County Department of Public Social Services says it aided approximately 1,200 illegals per month to the tune of \$1.6 million in 1976, despite well-founded suspicions that the persons were ineligible to receive aid. According to welfare-department rules, the aid had to be provided until an investigation could prove the aid recipients were ineligible. Another \$11.5 million in county and federal aid was given to 8,500 children of illegal-alien parents in the same period. The county agency says the aid recipients were the children of illegal-alien women, mostly from Mexico, who claimed to have been abandoned by the father of

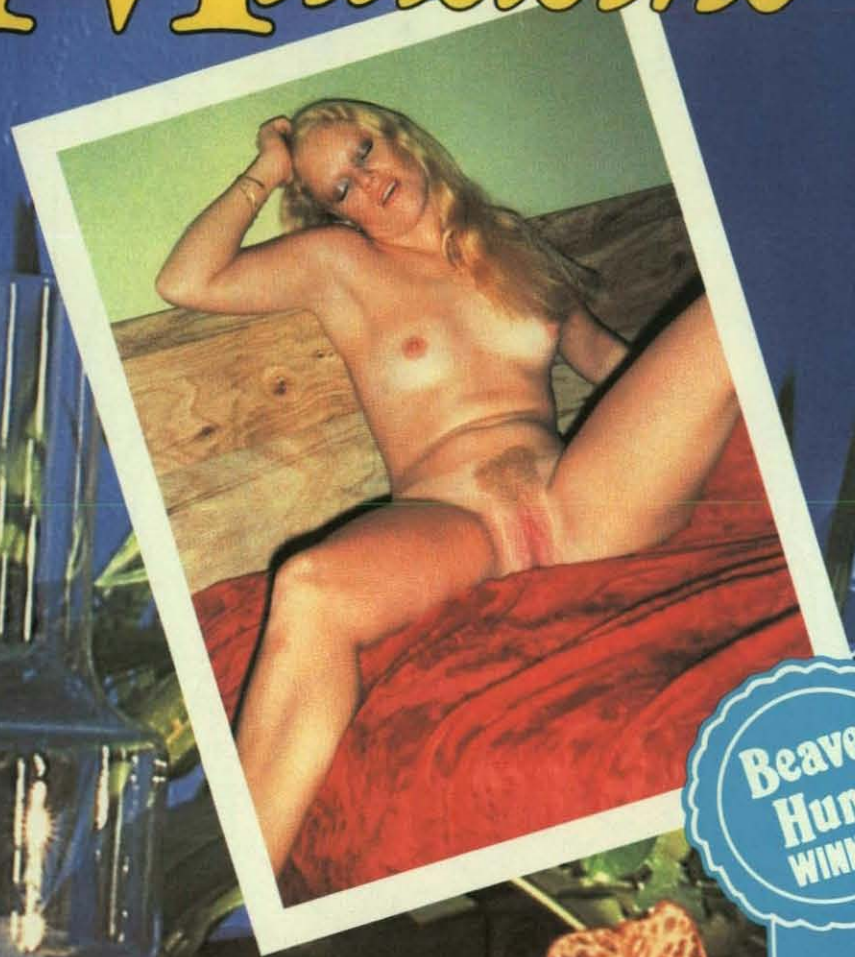
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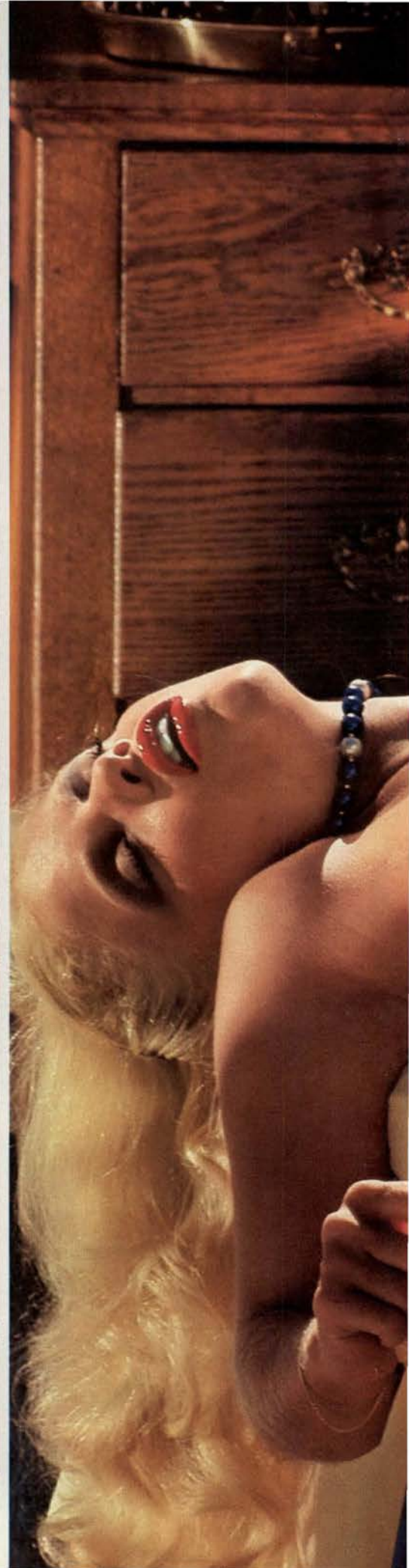
"Whadaya mean, 'Welcome'?! Why ain't you out pickin' cotton?"

Madeleine



Photography by James Baes



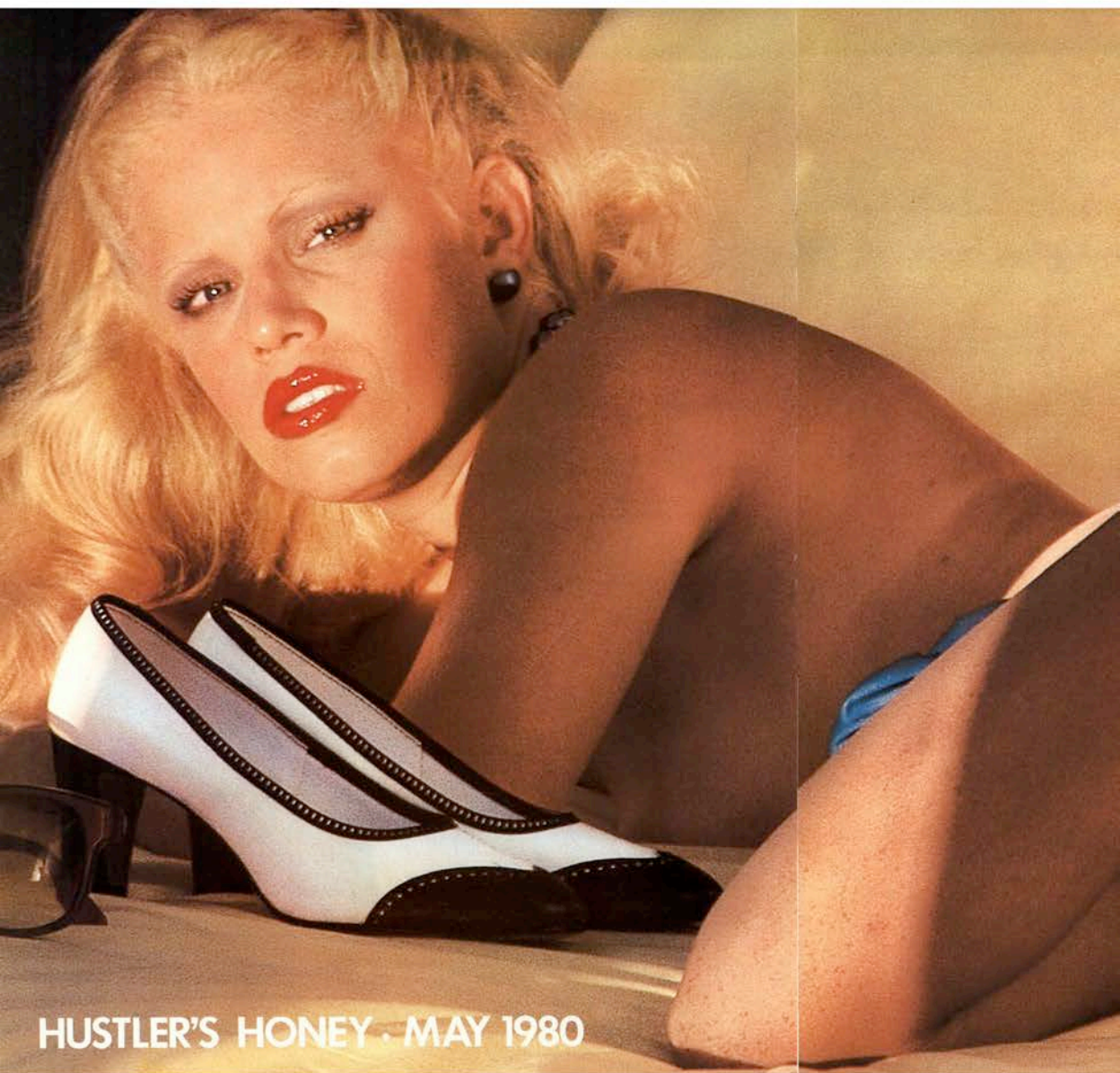


Madeleine Kelly likes to show her body. She loves knowing that men take pleasure from viewing her. That's why the 23-year-old Miami, Florida, girl sent her photograph to HUSTLER's *Beaver Hunt* contest. And that's why she responded so enthusiastically when we asked her to share her sexuality in this photo-feature. Our congratulations to Madeleine, HUSTLER's *Beaver Hunt* winner.









HUSTLER'S HONEY · MAY 1980





A man complained to his doctor, "Doc, I just can't get a hard-on anymore."
 "No problem," the physician said. "Next time you want one, just put your fingers between your wife's legs and sniff them."

So that night the man got into bed, put his fingers between his wife's legs and sniffed them. His dick immediately stood straight up. He jumped out of bed, stood in front of his wife and asked, "Do you notice anything different, honey?"

"Yes," she answered. "You've got a bloody nose."

The **HUSTLER Dictionary** defines the *ERA* as: squatter's rights.

An American and a Russian were debating the merits of their respective countries. "In the United States," the American boasted, "we have freedom of speech!"

"We have freedom of speech in the USSR too," the Russian retorted.

"But in the States," the American insisted, "I can walk up to President Carter and call him a stupid motherfucker!"

"That's nothing," added the Russian nonchalantly. "In my country I can walk up to the *Prime Minister* and call President Carter a stupid motherfucker!"

Late one night a drunk got into a taxi and asked the driver: "Hey, buddy, you got enough room up there for a pizza and a six pack?"

The cabby responded, "You bet!"

Then the passenger leaned his head over the front seat and proceeded to puke his guts out.

While lying down beside his bride in the darkness of the honeymoon suite, the groom inquired, "I must insist on knowing one thing, dear. Am I the first man to sleep with you?"

"You will be, darling," his wife answered, "if you doze off."

"Now I know why they call that thing a Blue Book," the customer said to the used-car salesman.

"Why is that?" the salesman asked.

"Because every time you open it," he replied, "I get fucked."

As a young couple parked in a crowded lovers' lane, the girl sighed romantically, "It's lovely out here tonight. Just listen to the crickets!"

"Those aren't crickets, honey," the girl's date informed her. "They're zippers."

Being particularly afraid due to an outbreak of crime in his area, a man bought a dog for protection. As soon as the animal was house-trained, the owner registered it in a school for attack training. Now every time its master gets assaulted, the dog shits!

A middle-aged couple decided they would try to celebrate their 20th wedding anniversary by recreating all the wild sex they had on their honeymoon. After repeated attempts and no satisfying results, the frustrated wife lay back panting and said, "Hiram, you sure ain't got the fire in your boiler you had 20 years ago!"

Hiram shot back, "Well, just don't forget, woman, your flue don't draw like it used to either."

The **HUSTLER Dictionary** defines *coward* as: a man who wakes up with his nose in his wife's armpit and is afraid to open his eyes.

Judges these days tend to forget they are appointed—not anointed.

Question: How do you prepare the perfect Manhattan?

Answer: Kick out all the blacks and Puerto Ricans!

"My wife's snatch is so tight," the young man bragged, "I can barely get two fingers in it."

"Hell," his friend replied. "I can hardly get one finger into my wife's snatch."

"Boys," said the old codger at the bar, "when you get to be my age, ya don't use the finger method. You just toss in a rock and listen for it to hit bottom."

The **HUSTLER Dictionary** defines *Jewish foreplay* as: an hour of begging.

The drunk staggered back from the bathroom at a wild cocktail party and asked the hostess, "Say, sweetie, does that green toilet paper you keep in the head talk and call you a motherfucker?"

"Of course not!" the woman answered icily.

"Then," the drunk said, "I'm afraid I've wiped my ass with your parakeet and flushed it down the toilet!"

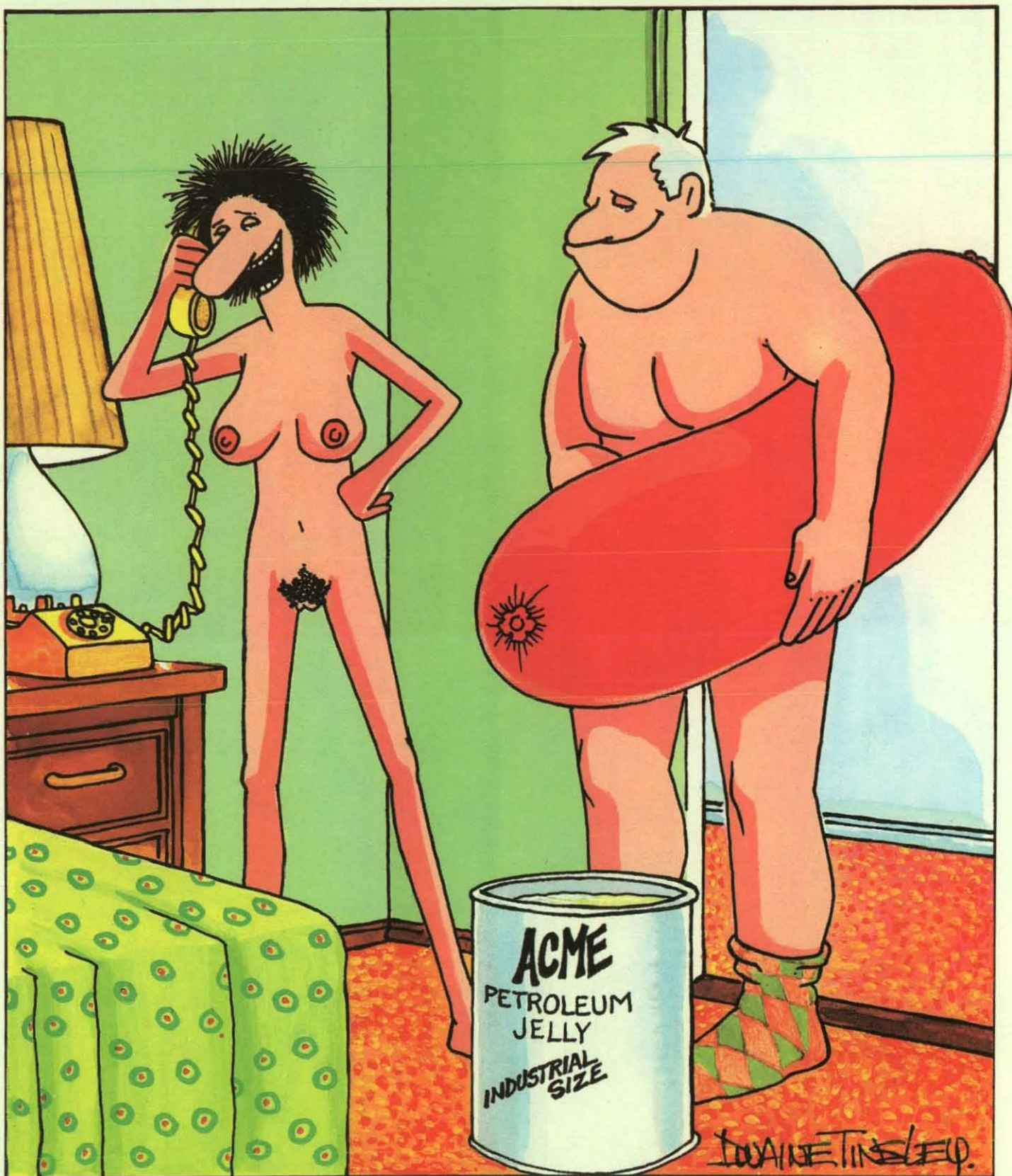
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THE MORMONS

LATTER-DAY SAINTS WITH A BLOODTHIRSTY PAST

When Gary Gilmore's heart exploded out the back of his T-shirt, his blood splattering on the mattress behind him, his execution by firing squad became a grim testimonial to the Mormon doctrine of blood atonement.

Only in Utah could Gilmore have faced a firing squad in lieu of being electrocuted, hanged or gassed. Mormon Church leaders don't like to talk about it anymore, but some quietly profess that certain sins aren't forgiven by Christ's death on the cross and that murderers and some others—even common adulterers in the old days—must literally shed their blood to repent for their special transgressions. And when Utah's capital-punishment law was written, it was made certain that Mormons would always have that choice—that they could, if necessary, shed their blood to save their souls.

There's a lot more to the Mormon Church than meets the eye. Underneath its humble-pie exterior the Church of Jesus Christ

of Latter-day Saints is held together by a violent history and a secretive framework of mystical rituals and financial and political power. This apparently straitlaced religion is one of the fastest-growing denominations in the world.

In a day when people from cops to movie stars pretty much wear their clothes and their hair however they like, when even judges smoke marijuana and when the centuries-old hysteria over sex seems to be running out of steam, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints—a religion so puritanical that it won't let its members smoke, drink alcoholic beverages, engage in premarital sex or even have a cup of coffee with their breakfast—is growing like crazy. Only 150 years old, the Mormon Church now claims a membership of more than 4 million in 60 nations, and the Salt Lake City-based church newspaper, the *Deseret News*, estimates that by the year 1990 there could be more than 7.5 million.

In addition to being big in numbers, the Mormon Church (often referred to by its members as the "Corporate Church") is also a well-run business. A couple of years ago the Associated

ARTICLE BY HEBER SNOW

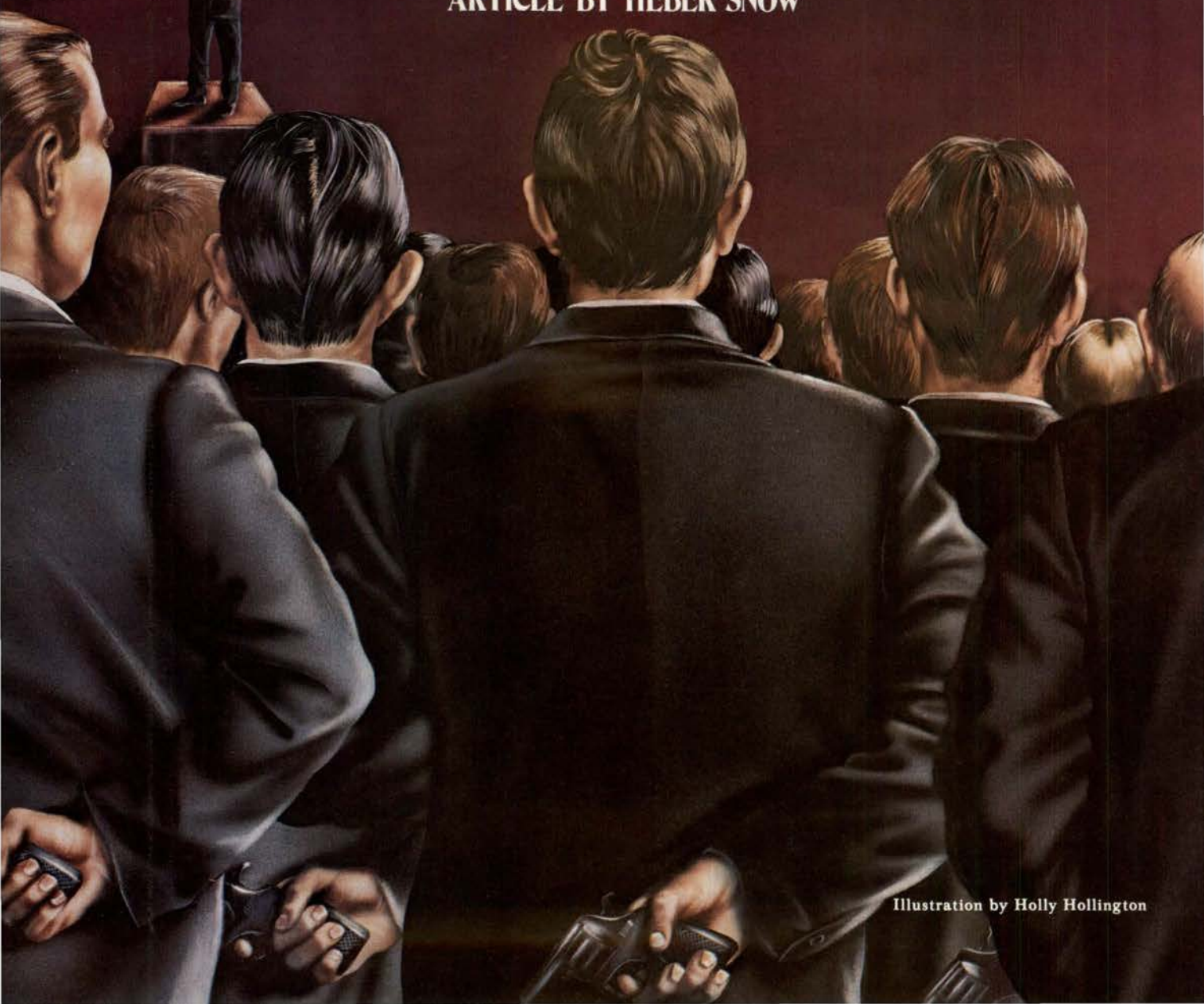


Illustration by Holly Hollington

Press made an educated guess about the income of the church and came up with a figure in excess of \$3 million a day from members' contributions—in principle, 10% of their paychecks (tithing)—and from profits generated by the many church-controlled corporations.

So while some people think their only contact with the Mormons will come when two young men in dark suits knock at their door and try to convince them to join up, many Americans today find themselves: working for a Mormon-owned data-processing company (Management Systems Corporation) or real-estate firm (Zions Securities Corporation); or living in a 36-story New York City apartment complex; or buying life, fire or car insurance from one of four church-owned insurance companies (Beneficial Life Insurance Company, Utah Home Fire Insurance Company, Continental Western Life Insurance Company of Iowa and Deseret Mutual Benefit Association); or even eating food grown on a church-owned ranch in Utah, Colorado, Florida or Texas.

The Mormon Church also owns a \$28-million piece of the *Los Angeles Times's* parent company, Times Mirror Corporation; two television stations (one in Salt Lake City, another in Seattle, Washington); four AM and seven FM radio stations in various states; two thriving hotels in Salt Lake City; Brigham Young University in Provo, Utah, and other, smaller private schools in South America; Deseret News Publishing Company; Deseret Book Company (a chain of

bookstores); and Zions Co-operative Mercantile Institution, Inc., Utah's oldest department-store chain. In addition, the church is the second-largest stockholder in Utah Power and Light Company, Inc., the biggest utility company in the state.

There are other investments, but why quibble? Mormons have always been business-minded.

The first of the Mormon entrepreneurs was Joseph Smith, who founded the Mormon Church in 1830, in the small town of Fayette, New York. Born two days before Christmas 1805 on a farm his family rented in Vermont, Joseph was the third of nine children. He was named after his father, who had lost the farm they had once owned by investing in a scheme to grow ginseng root—an herb reputed to increase virility—and sell it to the Chinese. The Smiths never did seem to have much luck farming, and they eventually moved on to western New York State. There they settled in Palmyra, where everybody in the family worked at odd jobs and on other farmers' lands until they could save up a down payment for their own. Joseph wasn't much of a reader, but he did keep abreast of the news, and he displayed an uncanny charm and presence in public situations.

In the late 1820s a religious revival was sweeping through that area, and Smith and his family had long been known for their interest in mysticism and strange religious ideas. But they were also known for what

was then called "money-digging," which involved various mystical methods of looking for treasure. Smith himself claimed that he could see hidden treasure by looking into a smooth, dark pebble called a "seer stone" while holding his hat over his face.

Smith never did find any gold by looking into his seer stone, but he did claim to have found the famous golden plates, the translation of which, Smith professed, was the basis of his "Golden Bible," *The Book of Mormon*—still the standard book of church doctrine. The fact is, Smith was in debt in the late 1820s; according to his closest associates and relatives, he wrote the book for the money he hoped to make from its sale so that he would never again have to do the farmwork he so desperately hated.

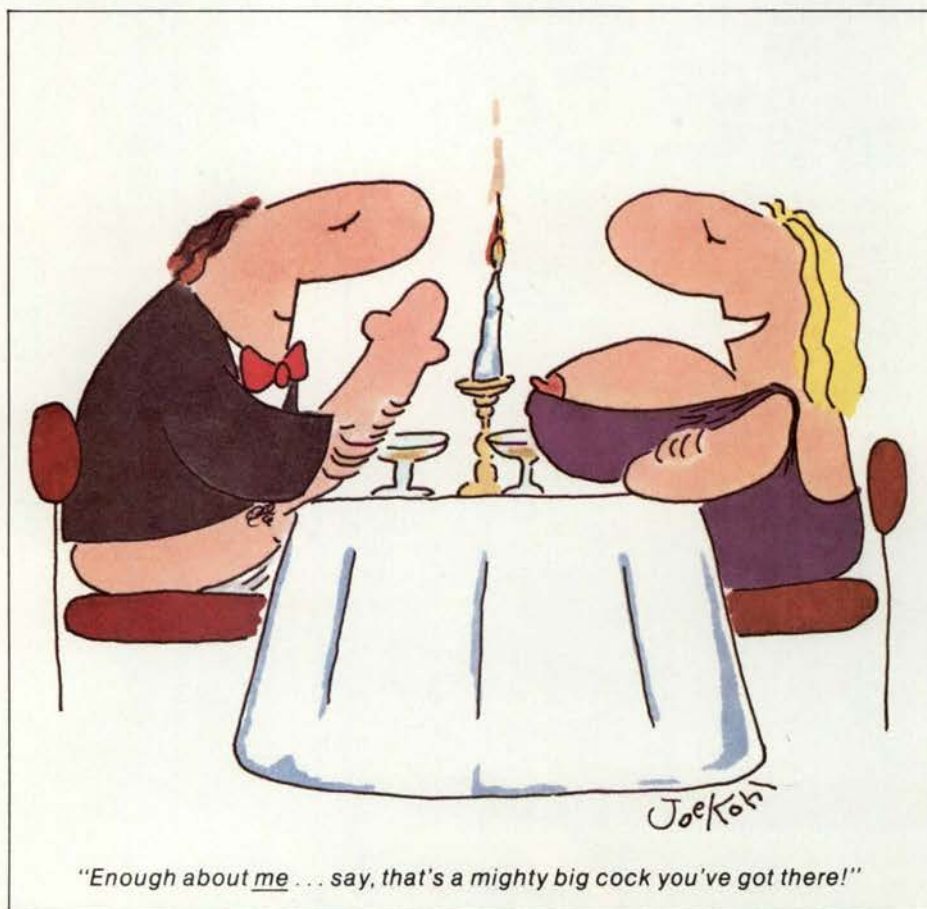
In *No Man Knows My History: The Life of Joseph Smith* (Alfred A. Knopf, 1945, 1971) Fawn M. Brodie tells a revealing story. The first 116 pages of Smith's translation of the golden plates he claimed to have found were stolen by the skeptical wife of his chief financial backer at the time, Martin Harris. The woman then taunted Smith with the challenge that if the book were truly sacred, and if the golden plates actually existed, he could simply retranslate the missing pages—which retranslation would, of course, match the version she had hidden away.

Smith then reported a direct revelation from God, telling him to ignore all this and to simply translate another set of plates that told the same story from a more religious point of view. Moneyman Harris believed the revelation, and as Brodie wrote, "His faith may well have made Joseph realize what he had but dimly sensed before, that he had at his fingertips the beginnings of a church." In other words, Joseph Smith's effort to write a best-seller resulted in the founding of a best-selling religion.

The Book of Mormon was the cornerstone of Smith's new church. He claimed that he translated it directly from the golden plates he had found buried in a low hill near his home. At best the book is a bore. It begins: "I, Nephi, having been born of goodly parents, therefore I was taught somewhat in all the learning of my father; and having seen many afflictions in the course of my days, nevertheless, having been highly favored of the Lord in all my days..." Some 522 pages later the slowest passages in the Old Testament seem passionate in comparison.

According to Mormon belief, Lehi—the father of Nephi—was a prophet and one of the children of Israel, though the Mormon Church has always considered him distinct from the Jewish people. He lived in modest circumstances, apparently at times in caves, near Jerusalem. One day, in a vision, Lehi was warned by God that the city was about to be sacked. He was instructed in this vision to take his family by boat to the New World, and shortly after the Babylonian siege of Jerusalem, in 600 B.C., they set sail. They landed somewhere in the Americas,

(continued on page 82)



"Enough about me ... say, that's a mighty big cock you've got there!"



"I don't understand it, sir. The DC-10 models
just keep falling off the shelf!"

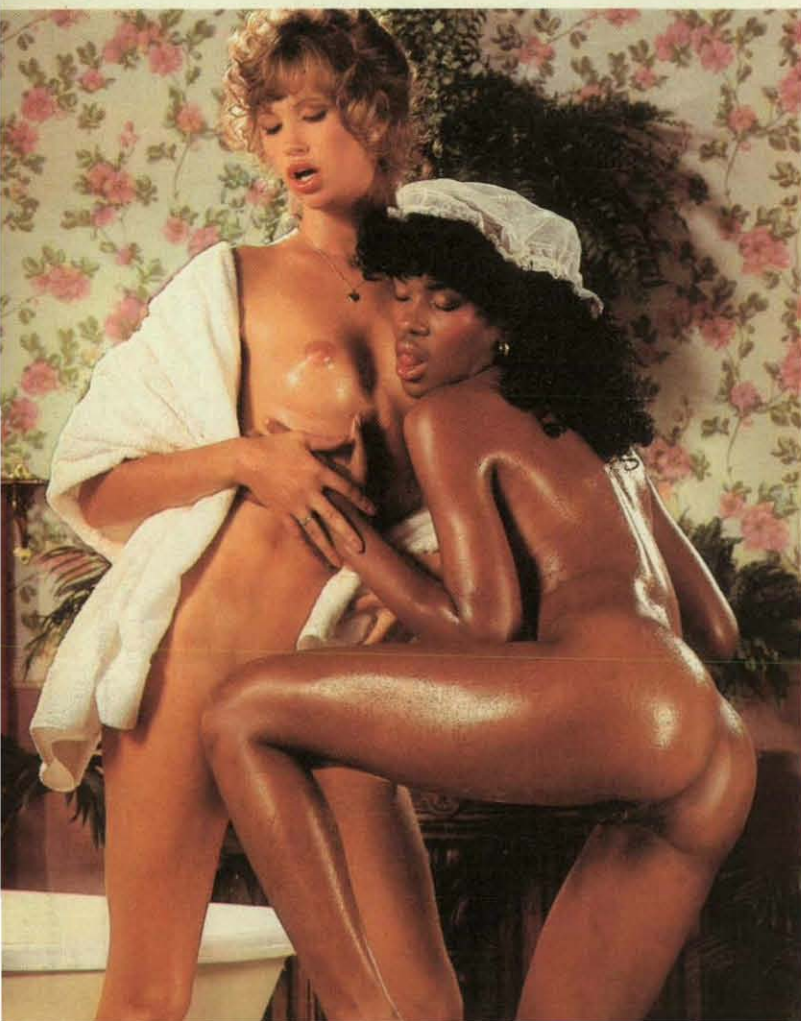


Photography by Suze Randall

A woman with blonde hair is sitting on the edge of a white bathtub. She is wearing a white maid-style outfit with a lace-trimmed bodice, a white apron with a ruffled hem, and white stockings with red garters. She is also wearing red high-heeled sandals. Her hands are behind her head, and she is looking towards the camera. The background features floral wallpaper with pink roses. To the right, there is a potted plant and a table with a white cloth. In the foreground, there is a white pitcher on a tray.

Maid for Each Other

When guests are present, they play their roles. But when they are alone, passions kept in check in public boil to the surface. Wants and needs that defy their "roles" control them, drive them each to serve the other. Together in their own reality, no longer mistress and maid, they seek the ultimate satisfaction.













MORMONS

(continued from page 72)

and as they grew in numbers, the family split into two tribes, the Nephites and the Lamanites. The Nephites remained God-fearing and built great cities, some ruins of which, according to the Mormon Church, are now tourist attractions in Mexico and Latin America. (The church used to be quite specific about tying events detailed in *The Book of Mormon* to individual archaeological sites, but they have given that up in recent years, since no non-Mormon scientists could be found to confirm their claims.)

The Lamanites were savage idol-worshippers, and they fought with the Nephites for generations. Finally, in A.D. 384, after a series of great battles, the Lamanites wiped out all but a handful of the Nephites. Among the few escaping death were the Nephite general Mormon and his son, Moroni. They subsequently settled in the wilderness near the site of the epic conflict, in what is today Palmyra, New York.

Mormon, apart from being a military man, was also the family historian, and for years he had been putting together his people's story on a set of golden plates. When he died, his son completed the plates and then buried them in A.D. 421. They remained hidden until the 1820s, when Moroni, now an angel, returned in a vision to tell Joseph Smith where to dig them up.

The Lamanites, on the other hand, degenerated—as the Mormons see it—into

what we now call the American Indian.

The story is an unusual one, but it is not without its Judeo-Christian elements. The Mormons do believe in Christ, for example. They believe that He came to the Western Hemisphere after His resurrection and that America is the place Christ referred to when he said he had "other sheep" to preach to. And the Mormons also believe in the New Testament story of Creation, with the exception (according to Joseph Smith) that the true location of the Garden of Eden was what we now call Independence, Missouri. In fact, a pile of rocks found one day by Smith as he stood on a bluff overlooking the Grand River, about a hundred miles north of Independence, was designated by Smith as the altar Adam used to offer sacrifices to the Lord after he and Eve were banished from Eden.

Modern Mormon leaders don't pay much attention to the Joseph Smith era of the church's history these days. When they do, they like to talk about how oppressed they once were, first in Ohio, then in Missouri and finally in Illinois as early Mormons were forced to move from one place to another by their adversaries, who would tar and feather them and burn their homes. They were persecuted, and church higher-ups do occasionally dwell on past persecutions, but they don't like to talk about *why* the early Mormons were so despised by their neighbors.

To begin with, fanatics of any sort have never been very popular, and many early Mormons must have impressed their

neighbors in much the same fashion as the Moonies or the Hare Krishnas do our own society. They were fanatical in their devotion to one man—Joseph Smith. Whenever Smith felt the urge to found a new colony, he would tell a group of his flock to pack up and start a new settlement elsewhere—and they did so. Everyday earthly comforts didn't matter that much. During that time, the Mormons were preparing for the "millenium," a time they felt was almost upon them, when Christ would reappear on earth to reign for a 1,000-year period. Thus, there was little the early Mormons wouldn't do for Smith. At times he would order men to leave their wives and children and go overseas as missionaries of the church—and they'd do it.

In addition, early Mormons were encouraged by the church to address each other as "Saints" and to believe that they were morally superior to their neighbors. Smith's grandnephew, Joseph Fielding Smith, a later president of the church, was an outspoken advocate of Mormon moral superiority: "Saints are the best people. We are, notwithstanding our weaknesses, the best people in the world. I do not say this boastfully, for I believe that this truth is evident to all who are willing to observe for themselves. We are morally clean, in every way equal and in many ways superior to any other people." More recently, Spencer W. Kimball, now President of the Mormon Church, stated in 1976: "We recommend that [Mormon] people marry those who are of the same economic and social and educational background (some of those are not an absolute necessity, but preferred), and above all, the same religious background, without question." No doubt this notion of "moral superiority" did little to improve relations between the early Mormons and their neighbors.

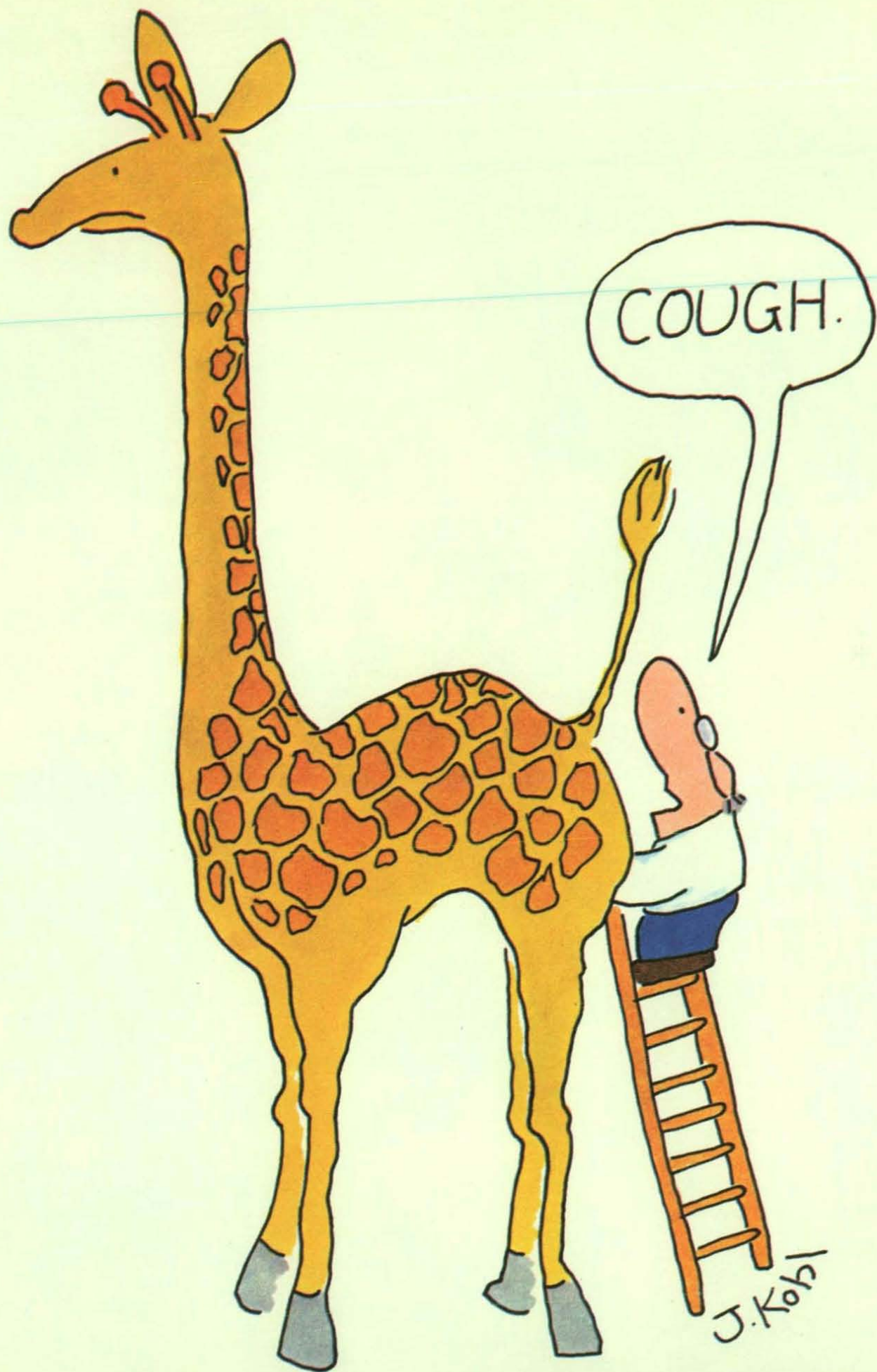
Then there was Joseph Smith himself. Smith had all the attributes of a good pioneer preacher. He was an effective public speaker, he knew his Bible, and he had a flair for dramatic gestures. But he also claimed to have almost daily personal revelations from God—a claim regarded by many of his neighbors as blasphemy.

And Smith was powerful. Non-Mormons were angry and worried about his political influence in Illinois. For one thing, he would openly promise the entire Mormon vote to whichever political candidate he favored. And behind him, in Nauvoo, Illinois, stood his Nauvoo Legion, a personal army that was a mighty force by frontier standards, and considered a real threat by independent-minded settlers. Then came Smith's destruction of the *Nauvoo Expositor*, a local newspaper staffed by former Mormons who were highly critical of the church.

Smith's ordered torching of the *Expositor* in June 1844 was his own undoing. Now Mormon-haters felt they had the legal and moral right to run the church out of the state. Thomas Sharp, a local anti-Mormon

(continued on page 107)





MEMORIES

*Sometimes the Past
Is Best Forgotten*

My first two years at Lincoln High, during the Great Depression, I got poor grades because I couldn't do my homework. Elena's tits kept interfering. I never knew how to direct my interest toward history or any of my other studies. Elena's presence threw me into a state of panic. She'd say hello and I'd turn crimson, mumbling incoherently like an idiot. Then she'd laugh and shake her head as if giving up on me. I'd go home and concentrate on her tits, masturbating until their image faded. Afterwards I'd feel too listless to do my homework. I did manage to summon sufficient

energy to play ball with the boys, regaining some of my teenage vitality, but anything that required concentration was out of the question. Elena's tits saw to that.

Once or twice we went to a drugstore for a banana split or an ice-cream soda. My heart thumped so violently that if I attempted to speak, my voice would break into a high soprano note that threw her into gales of laughter. She soon lost interest and actually did give up on me. She vanished.

I didn't see Elena again until one day during my freshman year

FICTION BY HAROLD NORSE



Illustration by Ron Croci



Crocchi

at Brooklyn College. When I'd almost forgotten her, there she stood in the crowded student cafeteria, smiling at my table.

"Hello, handsome," she said.

I gulped. "Jesus," I said. "I don't believe it."

"You'd better believe it," she said. "It's real, in the flesh."

Her flaming red hair blazed like a four-alarm fire. Her curvaceous body seemed sculpted from pure whipped cream. Her bosomy warmth sent waves of heat sweeping over me like a fever. Her tits, bigger than ever, seemed like invitations to madness, to delirium, to bliss.

Soon we were chatting like we were old friends, even though it was our first real conversation. She told me she was engaged to be married to Irwin, a boy I had known in high school.

"When can I throw the rice?" I asked, trying to hide my disappointment.

"Oh, after graduation. We're in pre-med. We're gonna be doctors. How about you? What are you going to be?"

I thought I detected the old hint of mockery in her eyes. I shrugged and said, "I don't really know. An English teacher. Maybe a writer."

"I'm minoring in English lit," she told me. "Poetry has always been my secret vice."

"My secret vice," I said, "is what drives men mad."

She gave me a strange look. "You certainly have changed, Harry. But I like you a lot better now. You used to be such a shy,

crazy kid. I never knew what to make of you."

"I never knew how to make you either," I said. She stared, and I added quickly, "I'm still crazy, but only about one thing. Can't seem to get it off my mind."

"Hmm," Elena said. She remained thoughtful, watching me. "In that case maybe you ought to get married soon too."

"There's only one girl I would marry. But she's gonna marry someone else."

She gave me another strange look. "You'll find someone, Harry. You're better-looking than ever, you know."

Her remark went right to my head like a slug of whiskey. I grew bolder and said, "You're not so bad yourself. In fact, I think you're gorgeous."

Elena blushed. I had turned the tables. To cover up my intense excitement—I was having trouble holding this conversation with a raging hard-on—I changed the subject. I told her I had won first prize for poetry in our college magazine, the youngest student ever to win the award.

"Oh, yes, I know," she responded eagerly. "I read all about you in the paper. You know, you're quite a hero. Maybe you'll be famous some day, and then you'll forget your friends."

"Not you I won't. I'll never forget you, gorgeous."

I stared at her, spaghetti dangling halfway to my mouth. I hadn't been able to finish my lunch.

She blushed again, rose and pink. I had

mastered the art of conversation and could hold her attention, play on her passions. As for the unspeakable Irwin, I refused to take him seriously. He had a lousy complexion. He was skinny. And he was dull. *God, how could she prefer that colorless bore to me?* I was determined to prove she was making a mistake. Drunk with a new sense of power, I talked my head off, making an effort to be unusually charming and witty. After lunch I walked her to her next class and easily scored a date for the following day.

Now and then I ran into Irwin. Elena's impending marriage to that ugly, little jerk had a twofold effect on me. On the one hand, it brought out all my show-off tendencies. I bragged, I clowning, I wisecracked, desperately trying to prove that Elena was making a deadly mistake. She'd suffocate with boredom if she went through with the preposterous marriage. On the other hand, I lost my nervousness with her. I felt safe being her friend without deeper involvement.

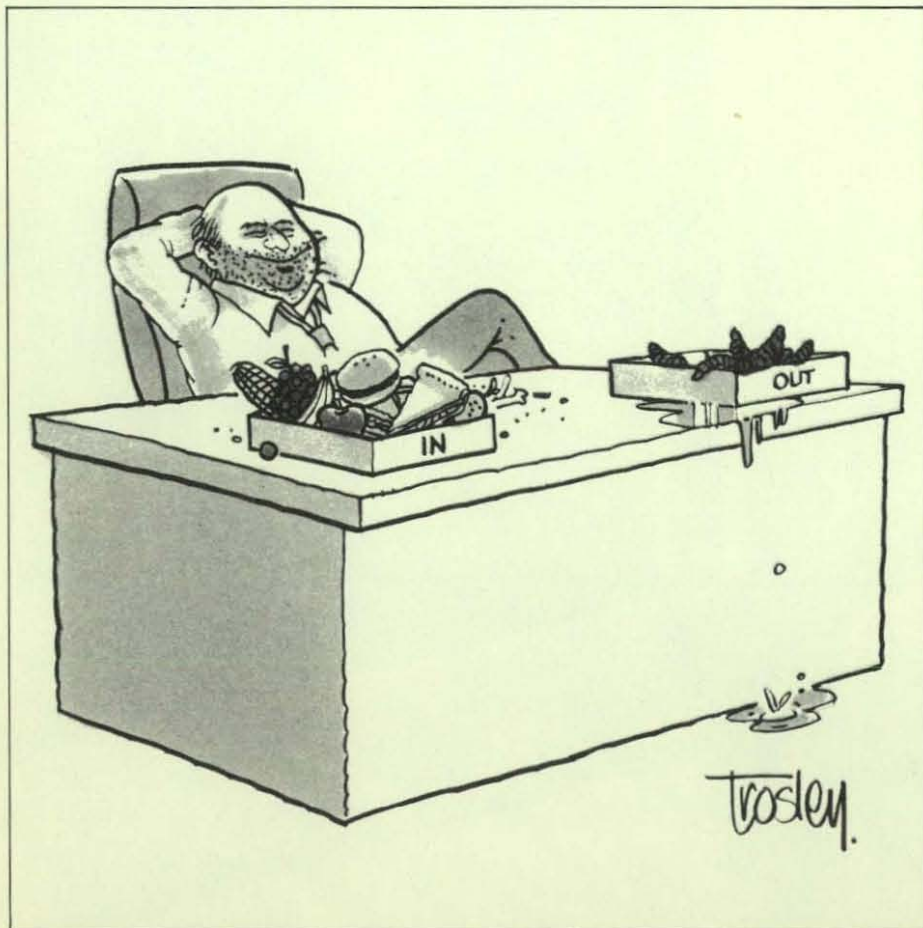
The reason for my earlier nervousness was simple. Sex with a beautiful woman like Elena, who also had an intelligent, vital spirit, scared me to death. I regarded her as a goddess, practically untouchable. Her respectability kept me off like an electric fence. When she told me she had slept with Irwin, it meant that they had sealed the bond. Consequently, I could no more think of sex with her than with my mother. I saw no harm, however, in our going out together, as I never dreamed that anything more serious would happen.

One day she turned up in my English class, which was conducted by a bald professor with the face of a mournful bloodhound. I talked incessantly to Elena, mostly about poetry. We ate lunch together, took long walks in Prospect Park, attended concerts at the Brooklyn Museum. We took our music as we took all the arts—religiously. I was elated to discover that Irwin considered our artistic escapades a silly waste of time. Our mutual tastes drew Elena and me closer.

That summer I turned 18. Elena told me she was leaving with Irwin for a camp in the Catskills where they had been hired as counselors. Not wanting to spend a whole summer in Brooklyn without her, I decided to see the country and make an attempt at losing my virginity. I started hitching south out of New York, got some good rides and began hopping freights. I slept in missions, flophouses and Y's where old men coughed all night and shuffled endlessly to the toilet. Everywhere that summer during the Great Depression I saw human wrecks, bums and hobos who could slide no lower down the greasy ladder of the American Dream.

"Sonny, you look like a nice young un," said a kind old hobo in a boxcar somewhere in the South. "I jest wanna warn ya 'bout somethin', sonny. Never talk back to no dick. Ya might could git yo'self killed. Run with the trains an' use both hands to ketch

(continued on page 96)







Photography by Clive McLean



Checkmate

The game of chess, they say, is like the game of life: forces in opposition. Each player pits his or her strength and cunning against the other's in order to gain control.

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MEMORIES

(continued from page 86)

hold. An' run with em' when jumpin' off."

The hoboes spoke knowingly of how you could lose an arm or a leg or even your life. I huddled quietly against the boxcar walls, scared. But I learned a lot about "riding the rods." Everybody called me "sonny," as I looked no more than 15 or 16.

About noon one day we pulled into a railroad junction in the Southwest. A bum told me, "Watch out for Texas Red. He's a mean sumbitch. Jes' as soon shoot ya as piss on ya."

As we jumped out, two big men with drawn guns rounded us up.

"Uh-oh, it's Texas Red," whispered the hobo, his teeth beginning to chatter.

They lined us up on the ties. A giant in his 40s with a huge gut sagging over his cartridge belt stood examining us closely with mean, blue eyes. We were a sorry lot, mostly old bums in rags and a few shabby boys like myself. Finally, Red singled out a black man with white hair.

"Hey, boy, where the hell ya think you're goin'? This here's lily-white country. No niggers." He spat on the ties. "Don't let the sun set on you, nigger. Lest ya wanna break rocks on a chain gang."

"Yes, suh."

"Now, git!"

The black man got out of there fast. The men stood silent and fearful. I prayed that the big bull would let me off that easily. Just then his bloodshot blue eyes rested on me. He removed his ten-gallon Stetson and scratched his head.

"You, there, sonny. Where ya from?"

"New York."

"New York?" He seemed surprised. He took a few steps toward me, narrowing his eyes. "What in hell ya doin' down here, ya damn Yankee son of a bitch?"

"I wanted to see the country," I said, my voice shaking a little.

"I'll show you the country on a fuckin' pea farm!" he yelled. "You look like a damn Irish-Catholic with that black hair and blue eyes. We don't like Irish-Catholics down here, understand?"

I had dark brown hair and gray-hazel eyes and was not Irish. But I remembered the hobo's advice: Never contradict a cop with a gun.

"Now you git your Catholic ass outa this town before sundown, hear? Gotta good mind to bust your ass right now. G'wan, git, you Yankee bastard."

I caught a hitch on the highway without asking directions.

That night I found myself in a small, sad town. I never knew the name. It consisted mostly of dilapidated wooden shanties. I bought a ham sandwich and a 7-Up and went to the deserted railroad yard. I ate my dinner in the darkness, with red signal lights glaring eerily. Locomotives wailed in the distance. The heat was oppressive—the heat and the silence.

I crawled inside an abandoned boxcar and leaned against the wall and masturbated. It didn't help much. I got out of the car and started walking back toward town. I felt completely disoriented. I had lost my identity.

After a while I came to unpaved streets without street lamps. I could smell jasmine, hominy grits, coffee. Black people moved inside the shacks. Scratchy blues records played softly on wind-up phonographs. A dog ran up, yelped sharply and scampered off. People watched from their porches. I moved like a sleepwalker through an unknown dream landscape.

Then I almost bumped into a fat black woman in a colored bandana. As I passed, she jangled her keys at me, holding them up like bells.

"Want some jazzin', white boy?" she asked in a low, husky voice.

I stopped dead in my tracks.

"Only two bits."

I followed her into a wooden shack with a red light. It was a railroad lantern. She carried it inside and placed it on a small wooden table. Then she flopped heavily on a brass bed. Sweat poured down her coal-black face, which glistened in the red light. She pointed to something.

"Fetch one o' dem rubbers from de bucket," she said.

I looked down at a bucket of water with used condoms floating on the slimy surface. I shook my head and fished around in my pocket for one of my own. The woman pulled her cotton dress high above her belly, exposing baggy tits and an expanse of dark flesh. She spread her huge thighs, drew up her knees and did a jellyroll. I got rock-hard. I yanked my pants down around my ankles and pulled the rubber over the thick head of my cock. In one movement I dived on top of her, into her, groping blindly with both hands toward each tit, like a swimmer plunging into deep seas, with eyes closed. My cock sank into her cunt, and I shot an instant pent-up load and went limp.

I stood and yanked up my jeans, buttoning my fly and watching as she washed her cunt in the bucket with the used rubbers. As a boy, I had seen scumbags floating on the East River in the oil slick like jellyfish.

"Two bits, sonny."

I paid. She flashed a gap-toothed smile. Her face looked like old patent leather.

I walked back to the railroad yard. I felt sorry for the black woman, sorry for myself. The distance between us was too great. The distance between me and Elena was also too great. I wanted to grab a freight back north.

I returned to the abandoned boxcar and lay back. I still didn't know where I was or where I was going. I hardly knew who I was. Having gotten some relief from the tensions of sexual frustration, I found that although my desires had been momentarily satisfied, my deeper emotional needs had not been touched. I longed for someone I could be with all night, every night.

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I beat off twice in succession and then, completely spent after the day's events, I curled into the fetus position and fell asleep. I dreamed of Elena's tits and the comforting warmth of her body, of a homey security I had never known.

Returning to Brooklyn College, I discovered that I had lost more than my virginity. I had also lost my illusions. College seemed unreal, like kindergarten for grown-ups. I felt much older than the other students. My travel experiences had broadened and deepened my outlook, much more than mere reading had ever done. I had descended from Cloud 9, where I'd spent most of my life. The others were still floating around up there. For the first time I saw my professors as leading sheltered, ineffectual lives.

My friends disappointed me in the same way—all except Elena, that is. She had returned from camp-counseling with greater solidity, had taken on something of the earth mother, probably from working with kids. Somehow this attracted me to her more than ever.

Shortly after Elena and I resumed our friendship, she told me how much she had missed me that summer and how she'd begun to tire of Irwin at close quarters every day. He had grown suspicious, and began to accuse her of being infatuated with me. When she admitted this, he slapped her.

"I'll beat the shit out of the little bas-

tard!" I yelled. "He dared to hit you, the swine? Why, I'll cripple him!"

Then it struck me.

"You—WHAT?! Admitted it? You mean?"

"Yes," said Elena, "I mean it."

We looked at each other a long time.

"I've dreamed about this—ever since high school," I said, my voice uneven.

We sat on the grass by the lake in Prospect Park. Kids played with sailboats; ducks paddled about. Couples rowed serenely, splashing their oars. It was a fine Indian-summer day in late September. I kissed Elena—the first wet, juicy soul kiss of my young life. I felt her maddening tits against my chest as we lay on the warm grass, and my hard-on raged like Beethoven. The blood thundered in my ears, and I thought my chest would crack from its heaving.

I broke away to catch my breath, shaking all over. Elena looked and looked at me. We didn't speak. I rolled over on my belly, embarrassed by my hard-on, which seemed to protrude about a yard. She lay beside me, looking. Then she put both hands on my face and stuck her tongue in my mouth, and I came in my pants. We spent the rest of the day in the park, kissing and rolling around on the grass.

Early one afternoon, when I was sure my mother would be out for at least an hour, I brought Elena to our rented attic in an old frame house. My dominant fantasy was about to come true. I felt a mixture of wild excitement and ominous foreboding. *What could go wrong?* I thought only of my mother walking in on us.

In my room Elena seemed very calm. We kissed; then she said, "Let's take off our clothes."

We began to undress.

"This is your first time, isn't it?" she asked. I nodded. In my mind it was the first time. "Are you sure you know what to do?"

"Of course I'm sure," I said.

I felt like a small boy, realizing how much more experience she had. She seemed so calm, so relaxed, while I felt about to explode from excitement.

Naked, we stood staring at each other. I gaped dumbly at her dazzling, creamy-white young woman's body. Her tits surpassed anything my imagination had invented. I stood paralyzed, in a trancelike state, unable to move.

Then she said, "My God, Harry, you're beautiful! Your body—it's indescribable!"

I wondered if this was really happening to me.

"Ellie," I said in a choked voice, "it's you who is beautiful. I just can't believe it."

I slid my hands down her shoulders, her waist, her ass. I felt her thighs. Her tits pressed against my chest, causing the most delicious thrill I'd ever known to run through my body and soul. How I wanted to squeeze them, bury my face in them! I trembled with desire. But I didn't get a hard-on.

We lay down on the bed. She lay on her back and I got on top of her. I grew more tense and nervous. I was afraid that if we didn't go through with it right away, my mother would barge in. But I was also afraid to touch Elena's tits, although more than anything in the world I wanted to feel them, kiss them, take them in my mouth and suck them. But I suppressed the desire. I didn't know why exactly, but somewhere at the back of my mind I believed that to touch her tits would cheapen her, lower her. It would profane my idol. Maybe I thought that touching her tits and fucking her was dirty.

I contented myself with pressing my bare chest against her tits. And I realized that I was only half-hard.

Elena started panting. Her breathing was soft and rapid. She began to moan, "You're beautiful, beautiful, beautiful." I dug around in my pants frantically for the rubbers I had bought for the occasion—Trojans. I found one, tore open the wrapper with my teeth and tried to put it on. But my cock wasn't hard enough. I grew desperate, began sweating. I thought of all those days and nights I had fantasized about fucking her, when I'd had nonstop hard-ons, endless ejaculations. But I couldn't get it up. I fumbled with the damn rubber. It kept slipping. It wouldn't go on. Elena was rolling her head from side to side, her eyes closed, her hands around my hips, moaning softly, "I want you! Oh, I want you!"

Sweat poured down my back. All this time I'd avoided looking at her tits. *Have I gone completely nuts?* I thought. Still fumbling with the rubber, I decided to look at them. This got me a little harder but not enough. And the damn rubber *still* wouldn't go on. It was wet with spit and sweat from my hands. I yanked at that son-of-a-bitchin' rubber as hard as I could, coming all over the rubber and my hands.

Blind with sweat and frustration, I hissed, "Fuckin' SHIT!!"

Elena opened her eyes.

"Oh, darling, it's your first time," she said. "There's nothing to worry about. You'll be all right."

"We gotta go," I said through clenched teeth, looking at my watch.

I dressed hurriedly, but she didn't seem a bit bothered.

"I'm sorry," I said, avoiding her eyes. "I don't know what happened. God, I'm sorry."

"Now just stop that," she said. "It happens to many men—especially the first time. I don't want you to start getting complexes. That would really be serious. I know you're potent. I'm not blind."

A lump rose in my throat.

"Ellie, you're wonderful. Jesus, you're so understanding."

"Oh, shit," she said. "There's nothing to understand. You've just got to get used to me, that's all."

"Yeah, maybe. Besides, I really wanna get out of here. I can't stand this. My damn

(continued on page 104)

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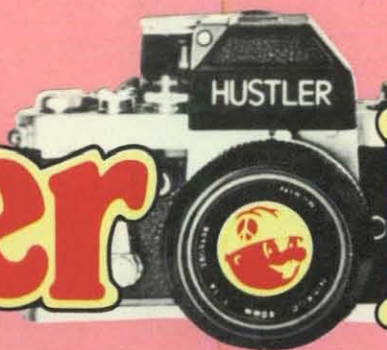
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Photo by J. Rogers



To be a professional nude model and "take the dominant role in lovemaking" are Terry Clark's favorite fantasies. This 24-year-old clerk from Pasadena, Texas, is into guitar playing, songwriting and poetry.

Photo by Dale Redman



Nineteen-year-old Donna Woodall, from Theodore, Alabama, is a jewelry salesclerk. She'd love "to be fucked while riding horseback through the woods."

Photo by Pat Green



Bonnie Lingle, a 26-year-old shoemaker from Palmyra, Pennsylvania, dreams of "making it with as many men as possible in every way." In whatever spare time is left she enjoys doing needlework.

If you're in Jacksonville Beach, Florida, you might be lucky enough to see 21-year-old Jan Green pursuing her hobby of surfing in the nude. A housewife, Jan says she'll do "anything to please my husband," and fantasizes about starring in a stag film with him.

Photo by Gregg Carter



Twenty-two-year-old Elizabeth Martinez of McLean, Virginia, is a cosmetics salesgirl who finds fulfillment by writing children's stories and dancing. She'd like to make it with her boyfriend and another girl at the same time.

Photo by L. P. Dubbs



Photo by Richie Marron



Helen Rossman is a 21-year-old Texas real-estate saleslady who enjoys experimenting with videotape. Her fantasy is "to be devoured by five male photographers at one time!"

Cindy Marron, 22, of Asbury Park, New Jersey, enjoys painting. She'd like "to be tied up and raped by two studs" while her husband "watches helplessly."



Photo by Richard Rossman



Bad Ass Bertha is a three-year-old mother from Norco, California, whose idea of doggy heaven is to service the 101 Dalmatians.

Photo by Marti Burke



Photo by Terry C. Gillaspie



Lynn Proctor, 24, of Nashville, Tennessee, is a telephone operator who one day would like to act out her "dream of giving myself totally to one or more lovers whom I've never met before."



Photo by R. P.

Sandra Gillaspie, 32, is a Mocksville, North Carolina, housewife who likes to saddle up and go horseback riding whenever she gets the chance. She also dreams of saddling up "a 12-inch stud—again, again, again and again—every inch."

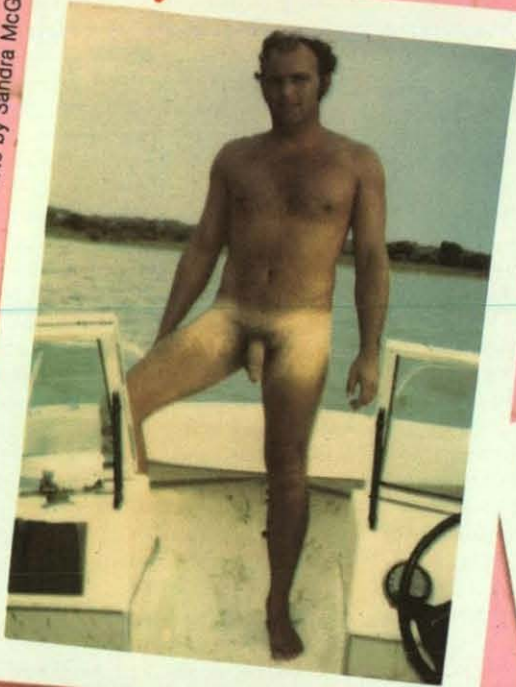
Photo by Taughm



Chaperoning her seven cats keeps 21-year-old Laurel Eve Schorner busy when she's not working as a professional artist. This seductive lady from Altoona, Pennsylvania, says there's not enough room to list all her sexual fantasies.

One for the Ladies

Photo by Sandra McGuire



Charles McGuire, 32, of Apopka, Florida, has now realized his fantasy of "appearing in *Beaver Hunt* as a treat for women." He is a pipefitter foreman who enjoys waterskiing and sex.

Twenty-five-year-old Denise Williams, a housewife from Ocean Gate, New Jersey, likes outdoor sports, including camping and sex. Her fantasy is to make love under whirling erotic lights in a room full of mirrors.



Photo by Dennis Williams



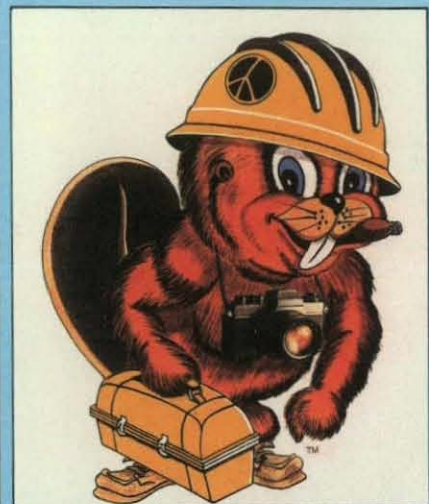
Photo by Dennis Worden

San Juan Capistrano, California's Victoria Johnson, 25, likes to meditate and body surf. She'd love "to be reincarnated as a man and make love to my current beau, reincarnated as a woman."



HUSTLER

BEAVER HUNT MODEL RELEASE



Beaver Hunters, here is the model release you must send to us with your entry in HUSTLER's amateur photo contest (see page 99). Models should be shown totally nude. Faces must be visible in photos. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

Please Print

Model's Name/Name to be published _____

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Sexual Fantasies _____

Include separate sheet if necessary

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Model's Legal Signature _____

Date _____

Model's Social Security Number _____

MEMORIES

(continued from page 98)

mother might bust in here at any moment."

Next day in the gym, while I was working out with the punching bag, getting rid of my frustrations, I felt a sharp whack on the side of my head. Irwin stood with clenched fists, his face twisted, insane.

I threw a wild punch and missed. The bastard had taken me by surprise.

I'd boxed since the age of 13. I wasn't much taller than he, but I was a lot heavier, mostly muscle. If he had any muscle at all, it was between his legs. For all I know, that's what Elena had seen in him. The thought was so unbearable after my failure with her that I quickly dismissed it. Instead, I felt only black rage. I wanted to make chop suey of that stupid little prick.

He went for me again. He couldn't box worth a shit; his fists flew in all directions. I held him off with my left and covered my face, especially my nose. I was vain about my nose. He couldn't land a blow, and that made him madder than hell. It was like boxing with a crazed octopus. He had gone berserk.

Then I was on the floor in darkness, shooting stars and Roman candles sparkling in a night sky. When I came to, Irwin was standing over me screaming, "Get up! Get up! I'm not finished with you!" My chin felt bruised. I stayed down awhile, then got to my feet. He swung again, fists flailing wildly. I guarded my face, watching now like a killer for the opening that I knew would come. *Nail him, put him away! He mustn't get out of here alive!* I thought grimly.

Then I landed one, a right cross to his jaw. He hit the deck. I had thrown the punch from the shoulder, but my strength was going. He staggered to his feet, slipped, went down again. I thought I had him. But he made it back, a little punchy. He looked ridiculous with his arms flying loosely and aimlessly, and I connected with a few jabs that made him look funnier. But my chest hurt. I could hardly breathe. Irwin had slowed down too, wheezing and grunting and whimpering, gasping for air. I landed a haymaker to his head and he sank to the floor. He was finished. I threw my gloves at him and turned my back. I saw him stumble out the door, crying.

The second time with Elena I did much better than the first. After beating Irwin, I felt pretty cocky, more sure of myself. I told her about the fight, not mentioning that I'd been knocked out.

"Poor Irwin," she said with a look of concern.

I didn't give her much of a chance to waste her sympathy on the little swine. I grabbed her and kissed her passionately.

"Listen, my parents have gone to the movies," I told her. "They'll be out all evening. We have plenty of time."

We went to my room, and I turned on the record player, something dreamy and

romantic. We lay on the bed, kissing and exploring each other's bodies. This time I squeezed her tits, then stuck my fingers between her legs where the hot juices were soaking through her panties. I got rock-hard and began removing her clothes. When she lay naked, I pulled off my clothes and, slipping a rubber on without difficulty, got on top of her. She was panting, grabbing my back and ass. I began sucking and licking her nipples. I opened and closed her dripping cunt lips with a squishy sound and rubbed her clit until I heard her beg, "Fuck me, Harry, fuck me, for God's sake!"

I slipped my thick cock into her juicy cunt, and even through the rubber I could feel the great heat there as she arched up to meet my thrusts, both her hands on my ass, pulling me into her with each lunge. Grunting like a pig, I increased my speed until I felt the thrill in my balls before orgasm. "I'm coming, I'm coming!" I cried. She let out a sharp scream as we came together.

I rolled off and lay on my back, looking at the ceiling. We were bathed in sweat. I heard the record player automatically drop another platter. My cock grew soft inside the rubber. I felt removed from Elena, although she lay beside me.

Then Elena reached her hand over and slipped the rubber off my cock. I watched her as she started to graze around in my crotch like some kind of animal, her mouth hungrily slurping up the sticky cum. She inserted her tongue into the rubber, tilting it, and greedily swallowed the contents. My stomach lurched slightly.

Then she began licking my balls. A thrill of pleasure and power ran through me. With fascination, mixed with a touch of contempt, I watched her release my balls and start sucking my cock, which stiffened as she worked on it, her red head busily bobbing up and down, accelerating with the increasing tempo of the new record.

I began driving my cock deep into her mouth, fucking her throat hard, watching her gag until tears rolled down her cheeks. But she didn't give up. She clutched my hairy thighs with all her might, her ass humping the bed in time to the thrusts of my cock and the powerful rhythm of the music. At last, with the final screaming fuck-notes of the frenzied composition also reaching its climax, I shot my load in great hot spurts, pumping it into her gullet until the thick cream overflowed and dribbled down her chin. Still she kept working on my cock like a maniac, her face slimy with cum. Then, gasping and choking, she raised her head and gazed at me tearfully, with a look of slavish devotion.

The music was over. The record made a dull, hissing sound. I felt drained, empty. I no longer felt like a small boy. She stared into my eyes with the yearning, soulful expression of a pet spaniel. As she leaned forward to kiss me with parted lips, the black whore's slimy bucket of rubbers flashed through my mind. I drew my head

(continued on page 107)

I am a regular reader of HUSTLER, and I really enjoy your magazine. For a long time now I've wanted to tell the world about my first experience with sex, and HUSTLER seems to be the best place for me to do it.

The summer I spent on the farm with my Aunt Anna and her daughter, Vicki, started out to be the most boring vacation a boy could ever spend. There was absolutely nothing to do. Not knowing what to do with all my idle time, I began to slip away—into my bedroom or the bathroom or the hayloft of the barn—to jerk off. Soon I was masturbating several times a day. If every man were allowed a certain amount of jism in his lifetime, I'd have shot all mine onto my belly during the first few weeks of that summer.

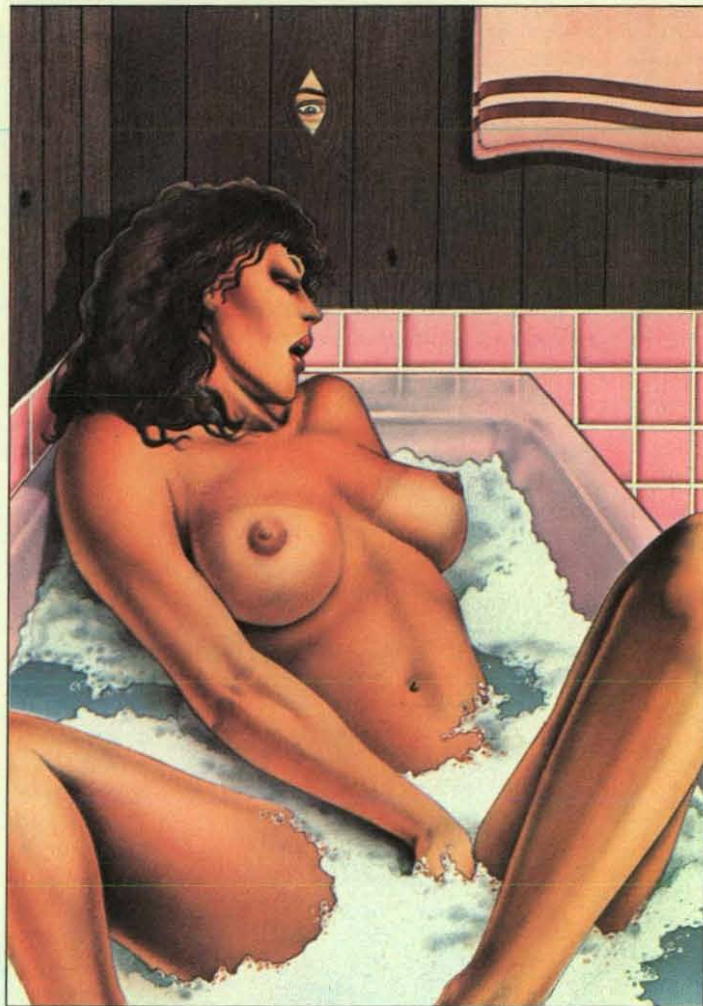
Luckily, I had more than my vivid imagination to excite me. Slightly more than a week after I arrived, I discovered a tiny hole in the wall separating my bedroom and the bathroom. I could watch my aunt or cousin bathing their beautiful bodies while I jerked off for an hour or more.

I especially liked watching Vicki, who was home from her second year in college. Not only was she better-looking than Aunt Anna (who was still a knockout), but she was just plain gorgeous, anyway. Hell, she really got into taking a bath, and more often than not she'd finger herself to orgasm when she soaped her furry slit.

One time after watching an extremely erotic performance by Vicki, I shot my load once and then lay down on my bed to jerk off a second time. I was daydreaming, remembering the way she'd lathered her crotch, spreading her cunt lips and nearly fucking herself with the bar of soap. There had even been one moment when it seemed like she had been looking directly at my hole in the wall—and she'd smiled.

As I stroked my aching rod, I began to have the strange feeling that I was being watched. I was sure my cousin knew

Kinky Korner is a column written by our readers—one person's report on his or her personal kink. We do not necessarily support the validity of every statement made here or agree with the writer's opinions. Our purpose is to present honest sexual experiences that will help to open a healthy dialogue among our readers. HUSTLER pays \$100 on publication for six-page, double-spaced (typed or neatly printed) manuscripts. Please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



A SUMMER'S LUST

by Dennis O'Shea

I'd been spying on her, and the thought of Vicki telling her mother crept into my mind. I was too far gone to really worry about it, though, and I kept pumping my prick, still turned on by the performance I'd just witnessed. Then I heard a sudden sound at my bedroom door.

I don't know how long Vicki had been standing out there, but it was obvious she knew exactly what was going on when she walked in. She was wearing only a towel wrapped around her body, and it opened slightly, exposing her leg to the hip. The only thing I could think of was that she was going to tell my aunt and that I'd been caught

doing something terrible.

But she just closed the door behind her. Her eyes were focused on my shrinking cock, which I was desperately trying to hide with my hands. She crossed the room toward me, and I rolled onto my belly. I begged her not to tell Aunt Anna, and I swore I'd do anything she said if she'd just keep quiet. She smiled sheepishly and asked me if I really meant "anything." I nodded.

Vicki sat down on the edge of the bed and ran her hand along the back of my thigh to my ass. Then she slapped me lightly on the cheeks. For a moment she didn't move; then her fingers began to move over my ass. But her sharp fingernails weren't caressing—she was scratching me, digging her nails painfully into my butt.

She said she thought a boy who had been spying on his cousin and playing with his "thing" should be punished. She told me she was going to give me a good, old-fashioned spanking. I didn't think she was serious, but she was. "And maybe," she said, "after you've taken your punishment, I'll help you finish what you started."

That really startled me. For the first time I realized that Vicki might be interested in my cock rather than in turning me in. But, to tell the truth, I really didn't know what was going on. I raised my ass, figuring she

was just going to give me a few swats with her hand, but she told me that I had to come with her and that I had to remain naked.

Aunt Anna had gone into town and wouldn't be back until late that night; so there wasn't any danger of her seeing us. That was a good thing, because when I got up, my hard-on was back to bobbing up and down as I followed Vicki. The towel she was wearing didn't really cover her ass, and when she walked toward the door, I saw close-up the beautiful cunt I'd been jerking off over all summer.

Vicki asked me what I was staring at, and I just stammered and looked down

at the floor. She told me I was just making things worse for myself. At this point she grabbed me by the balls and led me along to her mother's bedroom—and not very gently.

When we got into the bedroom, Vicki squeezed my balls and hissed, "If you don't do as I tell you, Dennis, I'll hurt you—really hurt you." The sound of *that* sent frightened chills up my spine. She ordered me to get the hairbrush from the dressing table, and then she made me lie down across her lap. My hard cock was poking into her thigh, and she positioned me so it was between her legs, brushing against her exposed cunt.

The silken curly hair above her cunt glistened, and as my vision darted from it to her half-exposed breasts, my cock got harder than ever, jerking against her smooth thigh. I was rock-hard, and the feeling of her hot cunt so close to my cock was building up to an explosion that I wasn't going to be able to hold off any longer.

For the first time in my life my cock was in contact with a cunt, and for the first time in my life I was feeling cunt juices dampening my swollen prick. I could feel my whole body throbbing. But just as it seemed like I was going to shoot my jism all over her crotch, the hairbrush struck my ass real hard,

and I felt an explosion of pain instead.

Crack! The brush slammed into my ass again, and I screamed and tried to protect myself with my hands. "Oh, no, you don't!" Vicki shouted, cracking my hands with the brush. I pulled them away, and she hit me again. *Crack!* As she hit me again and again, I heard her mumbling that she'd wanted to feel my cock between her legs ever since I'd gotten to the farm.

Crack! "I love the way your cock moves..." *Crack!* "...every time I hit you!" *Crack!* "It gets me so fucking hot!" *Crack!* "Almost enough to..." *Crack!* "...let you fuck me!" *Crack!* "Almost, but not quite enough!"

While she continued to smack my ass with the brush, the pain I felt at first gradually transformed into a strange excitement. My cock began throbbing again, and I could feel her juices seeping onto it. I was on the verge of coming when she dropped the brush and shoved me off her lap. She spread her legs and tried to pull my face into her lap.

Well, unfortunately, her cunt scared the shit out of me. No matter *what* she did, I wasn't about to eat her out. Later I'd find out what cuntlapping is all about, but that first time wasn't going to be my initiation.

I guess she must have figured out what I was thinking, and she moved her

hand down and started massaging her cunt with her fingers instead. I was almost hypnotized as I watched her stick one, two, then three of her fingers inside, and as she came, squeezing my head between her legs, she screamed, "My tits! Do my tits!" She grabbed my hand, pulling it up under her towel, which promptly fell off.

Then she fell back across the bed and began patting my head. She told me I wasn't too bad, and since I'd been so good, she was going to show me something special. She ordered me to stand up and took hold of my balls again. This time, though, her hand was gentle, cupping my aching balls as she maneuvered me in front of her so that I was standing between her legs while she sat on the bed.

My cock was standing straight out, pointing at her tits, and I stood there feeling embarrassed, wondering what on earth she was going to do to me now. But Vicki moved her hand from my balls to the head of my cock, and her fingers encircled it. "Does the little boy want to come too?" she teased, rubbing my hard-on up and down.

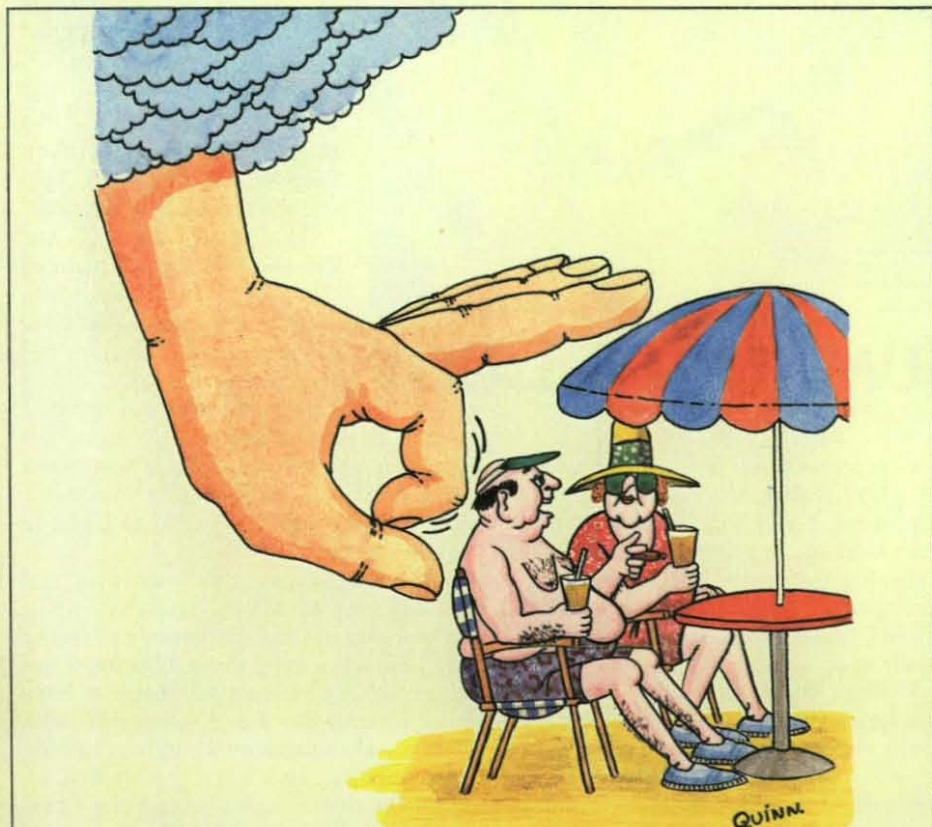
I nodded, too turned-on to even speak, and she suddenly engulfed the head of my prick with her mouth. The moment I felt her tongue flick against the tip of my cock I wanted to explode, but she squeezed me off at the root of my shaft and kept teasing me. Soon she was taking nearly the whole length of my rod down her throat, milking my balls gently. She pressed her teeth delicately into my shaft, and I felt my balls tighten.

I knew that I was going to explode. I wanted to hold back, and I tried to warn her that I was going to come. I knew she'd do something terrible if I shot my sperm into her mouth. But I couldn't speak, and I made a low, strangled moan as I felt pulse after pulse of thick jism spurt into her waiting mouth.

She didn't pull away. She sucked eagerly until she had drained the last drop of cum from my balls, and she sucked until I slid limply from between her lips.

"That was great," she whispered, moving up and nuzzling my ear. "I think you've learned your lesson, haven't you?"

I sure had. From that point on I never jerked off without Vicki's help. The bath ritual became a regular thing we would do nearly every day. Afterward she'd come into my room, and we would repeat what had happened that first time. And a potentially boring summer became the most exciting summer of my life—a summer I relive over and over in my memory every chance I get. 🐸



"Screw the Mob's shit list! There's no hit man smart enough to finger Sam the Lip!"

MORMONS

(continued from page 82)

editor, baited newspaper readers with screeching editorials: "Citizens arise, one and all!!! Can you stand by and suffer such infernal devils! to rob men of their property and Rights, without avenging them? We have no time for comments; every man will make his own. Let it be made with powder and balls!!!"

Illinois Governor Thomas Ford, already uneasy about his reputation for being soft on the Mormons, personally came to Carthage, a town near Nauvoo, and sent a letter to Smith demanding that he turn himself in and stand trial for the destruction of the *Expositor*. Smith had been in jail before and had always managed to get out one way or another, but this time he sensed big trouble. The Mormons' neighbors were already forming a local militia to storm Nauvoo. Smith agreed to be jailed and to stand trial in Carthage—but only if he could bring along his own guards from the Nauvoo Legion. He feared a lynching. When Governor Ford refused, fearing on his part the outbreak of a battle, Smith and his brother, Hyrum, escaped across the Mississippi River into Iowa Territory.

By all rights Smith should have continued west, but friends accompanying him from Nauvoo convinced him to return to his now-leaderless flock and take his chances at the trial.

As he rode into Carthage, Smith was greeted by angry crowds yelling, "Shoot the damned Mormons!" and "God damn you, Old Joe. We've got you now!" Within days a mob took advantage of lax security, painted their faces "Indian-style" to hide their identities, raided the jail and shot and killed both the 39-year-old Smith and his brother on June 27, 1844.

The persecution of the Mormons stopped for a while, giving the church time to regroup. But within a couple of years there was more harassment, and Brigham Young, the Mormons' new leader, finally decided to get his people out of Illinois. They headed for the Rocky Mountains, to what was to become Utah.

Young had emerged the winner from a power struggle within the church over the leadership succession. His opponents, the Re-organized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, was a splinter group that split off at that time, taking the position that the head of the Mormon Church should always be a direct descendant of Joseph Smith, not the President of the Council of the Twelve (Apostles), as Young was. It was a complicated fight, but in the end most Mormons followed Young, and the Re-organized Church drifted into obscurity.

In contrast to the party-loving, handsome Joseph Smith, Brigham Young was solidly built and blunt-speaking. He was the son of John Young, a Massachusetts farmer and Revolutionary War hero who had moved his

family to New York in 1829. In 1832 Brigham, a painter and glazier by trade, found himself attracted to the Mormon faith, which was then flourishing under the leadership of Smith. He was converted and baptized into the church on April 14, 1832.

In 1835 he entered the church hierarchy as a member of the Council of the Twelve (Apostles), later becoming the director of the Mormon settlement in Nauvoo until 1838, when he left to do two years of missionary work in England. When he returned from his successful tour there, he eventually took over the Mormon leadership after Smith's death. He was smart, rough-and-ready in the frontier sense and uniquely qualified to organize the mass exodus of his people from Illinois across miles of prairie and Indian country to the new land in the West. Arrogant, dictatorial and a superb planner, he was the perfect leader for that period in the Saints' history. During his lifetime, out of respect and affection, he was always known among his people simply as "Brigham."

Even in Utah, however, Young couldn't shake the church's bad image. For unlike the Quakers and other religious sects, the early Mormons always had a dark side to them.

Consider the story of Rosmos Anderson, documented by ex-Mormons Jerald and Sandra Tanner in their privately published sourcebook of Mormon history and doctrine, *Mormonism—Shadow or Reality?* In the late 1850s Rosmos Anderson was living with his wife in a rural Utah town. She was older

MEMORIES

(continued from page 104)

back. Elena's red hair, damp and stringy, with wisps and strands clinging to her sweaty face, gave her the insane look of a fanatic. Her eyes glittered with a glazed look of obsession. Uneasily, I shifted away from her touch.

I didn't want to touch her, to talk to her. I felt as if I had dragged her through the mud. Besides, her intense expression alarmed me.

"Harry?" she said softly. "Harry? Are you all right?"

I stood up and started to dress. I had to get away from her.

"We'd better leave," I said hoarsely. "My mother might show up any minute."

I was lying, but the urgency to be free of her had become too strong. She was no longer a goddess. Her weakness and dependence frightened me.

She stood up and dressed mechanically. We walked to the elevated subway in silence. I wanted to be alone, to work things out.

As she stood on the stairs of the subway, she looked anxious.

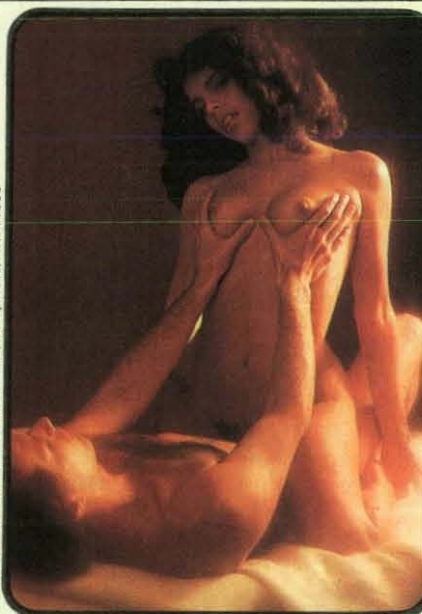
"Harry, when will I see you again?"

"Oh, soon. Real soon." I smiled, trying to seem reassuring.

"I love you, Harry," she said. "I need you. Tell me you love me."

"Sure, I do, I do," I said. "But you'd better hurry. You'll miss the train."

If coupon is removed send \$9.95 plus \$1.50 for postage and handling to Valentine Products, Inc. 175 Fulton Ave., Hempstead, N.Y. 11550

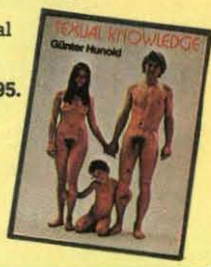


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than he and had a daughter from a previous marriage who also happened to fall in love with Anderson. In Utah at that time polygamy was widely practiced as an official doctrine of the Mormon Church, and there was no reason why Anderson couldn't marry the stepdaughter too—except that a local Mormon bishop wanted the girl for himself and refused to perform the ceremony. Anderson and his stepdaughter decided to force the issue by confessing in a church meeting that they had already had sex. They thought this would pressure Brigham Young into letting them get married. Instead, they were forgiven for their adultery and made to promise never to do it again.

But of course they did. Charges of adultery were again brought against them, and this time Anderson's wife was ordered by the Mormon bishop to prepare a clean suit of clothes for her husband's burial. Then one night a couple of church members took Anderson out to a pasture at midnight, dug a grave, slit his throat and buried him. Later anyone asking about Anderson was told he had moved to California.

The odd thing, though, according to historical documents published by the Tanners, is that Anderson cooperated entirely with his executioners, even baring his throat for the knife. As a Mormon, Anderson believed in the doctrine of blood atonement. In the words of Brigham Young: "There are sins that men commit for which they cannot receive forgiveness in this world, or in that which is to come, and if they had their eyes open to see their true condition, they would be perfectly willing to have their blood spilt upon the ground, that the smoke thereof might ascend to heaven as an offering for their sins; and the smoking incense would atone for their sins, whereas, if such is not the case, they will stick to them and remain upon them in the spirit world. I know, when you hear my brethren telling about cutting people off from the earth, that you consider it is strong doctrine, but it is to save them, not to destroy them."

Today the Mormon Church denies that these sort of killings ever took place, but historians say such blood atonement did occur, and this interpretation of the practice, as expressed by Brigham Young, is still clearly stated in *The Book of Mormon*.

Gone are the days when Joseph Smith was called "Holy Joe" by his critics; now church leaders are wooed by politicians, especially by conservatives, because the Mormon Church has clout. Today it is perhaps the single-most-powerful and best-organized group opposing the Equal Rights Amendment. In fact, an old saying among liberals in Utah is that you are immediately swept back 40 years politically the moment you step off the plane in Salt Lake City.

Officially, the church keeps its hands out of partisan politics—in distinct contrast to the old days, when Smith often promised the entire Mormon vote to a party candidate. But the fact remains that the overwhelming

majority of Mormons are conservative and suspicious of government interference. They consider most cities on the East and West Coasts to be ravaged by sin. It is not surprising that the Mormons still tend to vote in bloc patterns without specifically being told to do so by the church. And the candidate who is able to capture the Mormon vote will emphasize those elements in his platform that cater to Mormon doctrine.

In the West itself the church's influence is massive. Idaho's large Mormon population is always a factor in an election, and many parts of Nevada, Wyoming, Colorado, Arizona and northern New Mexico have Mormon majorities. But in Utah, Mormon influence is so widespread that you can generally assume both candidates in any election are practicing Mormons. Last year the *New York Times* noted that Utah's governor, its entire U.S. Congressional delegation (both senators and all its representatives), 90% of the state legislature and 70% of the citizenry were Mormons. *That's clout.*

Divine daily revelations are also a thing of the past—at least those of the more bizarre type. Joseph Smith used to teach that he had learned from God about the people who inhabited the moon. O. B. Huntington, writing in a church publication in 1892, recalled Smith talking about this peculiar phenomenon: "As far back as 1837 I know that he said the moon was inhabited by men and women the same as this earth, and that they lived to a greater age than we do, that they live generally to near the age of 1,000 years. He described the men as averaging near six feet in height, and dressing quite uniformly in something near the Quaker style."

Both Joseph Smith and Brigham Young taught that people's blood literally changed from the blood of a "gentile" (a non-Mormon) to the blood of Abraham when they were made members of the church—and that the transformation was often so violent that the converts seemed to be having fits. In contrast, the most recent "revelation" from God has been one enabling blacks to become members of the church's priesthood.

Today Mormons are so down-to-earth, sober and dependable that they have been hired as trusted aides by such men as Howard Hughes. Much has been made of Hughes's "Mormon Mafia," and it's an interesting tale. In Richard Mathison's *His Weird and Wanton Ways* (William Morrow and Company, 1977) the author describes one Christmas Eve when the billionaire was having trouble finding anyone on his staff who was sober and available for work. Finally he reached William Gay, a Mormon, who told the surprised Hughes that he was sober because his religion forbade drinking. Hughes was impressed, so much so that he favored hiring Mormons as his aides from then on.

Eventually these Mormon aides gained control over much of Hughes's empire. But it is doubtful, contrary to popular rumors, that the church leadership ever had any

(continued on page 122)

SEX REMEDIES from CHINA

ORIENTAL PHARMACALS THAT REALLY WORK!

Sexual difficulties such as: FAILURE TO RAISE AN ERECTION ... UNRESPONSIVE OR COLD WOMEN ... LACK OF SEXUAL ENERGY ... CUMMING TOO FAST AND LACK OF STAYING POWER are not considered problems at all by the Chinese! THE CHINESE HAVE PILLS AND REMEDIES FORMULATED AND AT HAND TO OVERCOME THESE DIFFICULTIES THE MOMENT THEY OCCUR, as easily as we take aspirin for a headache! Only now have these Chinese SEX POTIONS AND REMEDIES been analyzed and exactly duplicated!

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Chinese Penis Lengthening Creme: Makes the smallest penis "loosen up"—hang down long and thick and gradually become much larger when erect. Certainly an Oriental secret Western man has been waiting for!

☐ 30 days supply \$6 ☐ 90 days supply \$12

ersatz MUI TO DAT GOW

Chinese "Spanish Fly" Capsules: We could think of no better translation to describe the effect of these capsules than "Spanish Fly." They create an uncontrollable desire for immediate sexual gratification in both men and women. Moments after taking, the sexual organs are excited to fever pitch. Safer by far than actual Spanish Fly, yet just as effective.

☐ 30 days supply \$6 ☐ 90 days supply \$12

placebo WEN FAT DAK

Chinese Erection Capsules: The solution for men who want the largest erection possible and the ability to maintain it—even after one or more climaxes. Lets you enjoy non-stop love-making like a real stud, amaze any woman with your incredible virility.

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SPECIAL BIG SAVINGS OFFER!

Mix or Match

☐ any three 30 day supply only \$10 (save \$8) ☐ any three 90 day supply only \$20 (save \$16)

ASIA IMPORTS Dept. 4544

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Honey

IT'S ANYTHING BUT A TYPICAL DAY AT HONEY'S WHEN THEIR VISITORS INCLUDE THREE LEADERS OF THE ANTI-PORN MOVEMENT: BROWN-MUPPET, STEINBUM AND GOLDENASS, WITH TWO STUDENTS IN TOW!

WHAT DO YOU THINK THEY WANT HERE?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT I DOUBT THAT THEY WANT TO APPLY FOR A JOB!

THIS IS HONEY'S WHOREHOUSE. HERE YOU'LL SEE MORE WAYS THAT MEN USE WOMEN FOR THEIR OWN DISGUSTING PURPOSES!

SEX & SEXIST

YOU'LL SEE MEN'S SUBTLE VIOLENCE AGAINST WOMEN! YOU'LL SEE FILTH AND DEGRADATION!

YOU'LL SEE HEMORRHOIDS!

THAT'S RIGHT! AND IF THEY DON'T LET US IN, I'LL SHOOT OUT THE WINDOWS!



WE'RE HERE ON A SMUT TOUR TO SHOW THESE STUDENTS HOW WOMEN ARE TREATED LIKE DIRT BY MEN!

THIS IS A HOT STOP ON THE CIRCUIT! WHERE'S THE MAN IN CHARGE?

I'M IN CHARGE! HOW CAN I HELP YOU?

A SISTER? EXPLOITING OTHER SISTERS? I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

WHAT'S THE MATTER? DON'T YOU THINK A WOMAN CAN HANDLE RESPONSIBILITY?



THE FEMINISTS RIP UP MAGAZINES WHILE THE COEDS TAKE NOTES!

THIS IS TYPICAL ANTI-WOMAN PROPAGANDA!

YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO READ THIS STUFF!

RIP!

RIP!

WHAT TH...?

PICTURES OF WOMEN CAUSE CRIME!

MEANWHILE, MICHELLE IS CARRYING ON BUSINESS AS USUAL WITH HER FAVORITE CUSTOMER...

ZAT EES ALL FOR ZEE - HOW YOU SAY? - "NEGOTIATIONS." NOW FOR MY FAVORREET PART!

THAT WOMAN'S BEING DEGRADED!

OPPRESSED!

ABUSED!

WHAT DO THEY MEAN, MONSIEUR?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT IT SOUNDS KINKY!

I THINK THEY'D LIKE TO BE ALONE!

IT'S THAT KIND OF APATHY THAT KEEPS WOMEN LIKE HER EXPLOITED!

WHAT I FEEL EEZ NOT EXPLOITATION!

I'M THE ONE WHO'S OUT 200 BUCKS, AND I DON'T FEEL EXPLOITED EITHER!

WHAT WAS THAT?

GOOD RIDDANCE!

WOMAN ABUSE IN PROGRESS! LET'S GO, SISTERS!

PIG! ON YOUR KNEES, SLAVE! YOU LOVE IT, DON'T YOU?

OW! OOOOH! OOOOH!

LOOK AT HIM ABUSING HER!

BEG FOR MERCY, RUNT!

GOD KNOWS WHAT'S IN HIS WOMAN-HATING MIND!

FEAR NOT, SISTERS! I'LL SHOOT IF HE MOVES!

THIS IS A FANTASY COME TRUE!



VAT ISS DISS?

HONEY DEMANDS AN EXPLANATION OF THE VISITORS' CONDUCT!

IT'S NOTHING PERSONAL, SISTER! YOU JUST DON'T REALIZE THAT WHAT YOU ARE DOING MAKES MEN THINK THEY HAVE A RIGHT TO YOUR BODIES!

BUT, MS. BROWNIE MUPPET, WE LIKE MEN, AND THEY LIKE US!

ALL I KNOW IS I'M AN INDEPENDENT SMALL BUSINESSWOMAN, AND YOUR ANTICS ARE HURTING MY BUSINESS!

WELL, IT'LL BE HURT A LOT MORE BEFORE WE'RE THROUGH!



HONEY SOON FINDS OUT WHAT THEY HAVE IN MIND - AS THEY SET UP SHOP IN FRONT OF HER ESTABLISHMENT!

THIS IS MS. BROWNIE MUPPET, YOUR MOST ON THE "SISTER POWER HOUR RADIO SHOW," COMING TO YOU LIVE FROM HONEY'S WHOREHOUSE! AS A NEW FEATURE, WE WILL ANNOUNCE EVERY DAY THE NAMES OF ALL THE MEN WHO EXPLOIT WOMEN BY USING HONEY'S SERVICES!

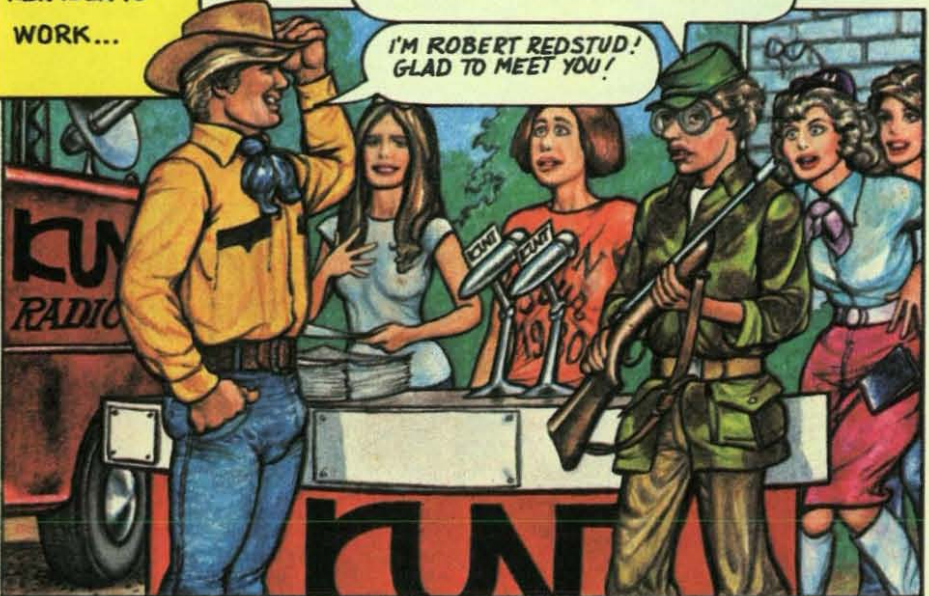


BUT THAT'S AGAINST MY WILL!

HONEY PUTS HER IDEA TO WORK...

HALT! WHO GOES THERE?

I'M ROBERT REDSTUD! GLAD TO MEET YOU!



WOMEN VIOLENCE AGAINST

LEER AT US AND WE'LL SHOOT YOU

"FREEDOM OF SPEECH IS DANGEROUS"

WHAT IS THIS STUFF?

"SEX IS A MALE PLOT"

I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

ON SALE HERE \$1.98

BUY IT HERE

GET YOUR COPY

\$3.98

CHECK OUTLINE AT DESK

HMM! THIS COULD BE SERIOUS! MOST OF MY CUSTOMERS ARE WELL-KNOWN! BUT I HAVE AN IDEA! I'LL CALL MY OLD FRIEND -

ROBERT REDSTUD - RIGHT NOW!



MS. BROWNIE MUPPET REACTS ACCORDING TO PLAN. SHE HITS THE AIRWAVES!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN - I HAVE AN ANNOUNCEMENT!

ROBERT REDSTUD IS ENTERING HONEY'S AT THIS MINUTE BECAUSE HE WANTS A WOMAN'S BODY!





BUT THE HORNY HORDE OF WOMEN WON'T SCORE THIS TIME! ROBERT REDSTUD HAS FOUND A PRIVATE HIDEAWAY INSIDE HONEY'S! THE TWO CO-EDS WHO WERE ON THE FEMINISTS' TOUR HAVE STARTED PARTICIPATING!

I'VE ALWAYS LIKED WILD THINGS!

WHAT A STUPID TOUR THAT WAS!...

MMMMFF!

...BUT I LIKE ITS CLIMAX!

THE TOUR LEADERS FINALLY FIND THEIR LOST STUDENTS!

SISTERS! HOW COULD YOU GIVE HIM PLEASURE AFTER ALL WE TAUGHT YOU?

THE PLEASURE'S ALL OURS!

THIS IS THE WAY WE WERE!

HEY! I LIKE THAT!

ACCORDING TO YOUR TOUR, CENSORSHIP IS GOOD... FANTASY IS BAD... SEX DEGRADES WOMEN!...

WOMEN AREN'T CAPABLE OF CHOOSING WHAT THEY WANT TO DO FOR A LIVING, AND PRIVACY IS NOT TO BE RESPECTED!

HONEY COULD TEACH YOU A THING OR TWO ABOUT REAL FEMINISM!

THAT'S NOT OUR IDEA OF LIBERATION!

AND THAT'S A FACT!

We've broadened the scope of *Mail-Order Feedback* to include the lowdown on "straight" merchandise as well as on erotic goods. Suckers, as they say, are indeed born every minute, and it's this column's purpose to help you avoid being one. Write *HUSTLER Mail-Order Feedback*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

Besides us, we suggest that you bitch about your mail-order burns to your local Better Business Bureau or the chief federal authority—the Consumer Advocate Office, U.S. Postal Service, Washington, D.C. 20024.

RUSH FIRE

A popular product called RUSH, which has been advertised in these pages by Pac West Mail-Order (P.O. Box 3867, San Francisco, California 94119), is still available despite a huge January fire that destroyed the San Francisco building where it is manufactured. According to a spokesman from Pharmex, Inc., which markets RUSH, the fire will not significantly affect its mail-order business "because we have plenty of inventory."

RUSH, promoted as a "sensual body lubricant," is in fact a heart-stimulating chemical called *isobutyl nitrate*. It is legal, but many doctors worry that overuse could be hazardous to certain individuals.

REJECTS SHORTAGE

Even HUSTLER's rejected Honeys are so hot that our customers pounce on them with gusto. Our Back Issues Department reports it has run out of copies of HUSTLER REJECTS #2 because of overwhelming demand for them. Customers who sent in their checks too late were sent letters informing them they can either get a refund or choose another one of our magazines. If you haven't yet received your copy of HUSTLER REJECTS #2 or a letter, drop a line to our Back Issues Department at P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, California 90067.

LATE EROTICA

There doesn't seem to be a pot of gold at the end of my dealings with Rainbow Enterprises (6311 Yucca Street, Hollywood, California 90028). I sent for a Swedish Erotica catalog they were advertising for \$10 (plus a \$2 handling charge). It's been a month and a half

since I mailed my money order, but nothing has arrived.

—R. M.
Chicago, Illinois

We went straight to Rainbow's new office at 5032 Lankershim Boulevard, Suite 7, North Hollywood, California 91601—where the firm now calls itself *Fantasy Sales*—and asked the manager what the problem was. He explained that his supplier was late in shipping the *Swedish Erotica* catalogs to him. When we gave him the names of R. M. and several other disgruntled customers, he immediately notified them about the delay, promised the quickest delivery possible and offered to refund them their money if they didn't want to wait.

DOLL-HOUSE DOLDRUMS

About four months ago I sent \$49.95 to Mail Mart (Department 8I-1, P.O. Box 44241, Panorama City, California 91412) for a life-size doll called "Angie." I know they got my order because Ad Reply Mailers (P.O. Box 505, Van Nuys, California 91408) asked for a copy of both sides of my check. Is this some kind of runaround? You'd think with so many companies having their fingers in the pie, I'd get my love doll. So why am I still waiting?

—J. M.
Houston, Texas

J. M.'s letter is not the only complaint concerning *Mail Mart* we've received or printed (see March's *Mail-Order Feedback*); so we decided to pay a visit to *Mail Mart*'s Hollywood processing office and have a chat with the manager. He checked his records and made arrangements to get the merchandise out to J. M. and his pissed-off peers as snappily as he could.

He also assured us that if his customers aren't happy with the dolls they get, *Mail Mart* will accept their return if the dolls have been carefully put back into the packages and are not damaged. "You'd be surprised how many come back here jammed into the packages with the foam still inside of them, or stained with semen," he said. "If the doll isn't in the same condition as it was when it left here, naturally we won't refund the money."

PSYCH-OUT ARTISTS

Recently I received a brochure from *Psychological Interviewing Systems, Inc.* (P.O. Box 3842, Grand Central Station, New York, New York 10017), asking me to participate in "a nationwide survey on pornography." It says, "Please help us tell the opinion-shapers how America really feels about pornography by participating in this survey today," and then goes on to ask you to pay from \$5 to \$20 for various package deals called "Sections." For instance, Section #2 offers "Sexual Acts Involving Minors..." and lists three sex films in color: "Kid Stuff," "Teasing Her Teacher" and "Gail Joins the Gang."

To be quite frank, I smell a rat; so instead of sending this company my money, I'm sending you its address.

—J. N.
Ashland, Kentucky

We're glad you did. Since *Psychological Interviewing Systems, Inc.*, sounded mighty fishy to us too, we did a little checking around and found that it's a new operation run by "Connie and Philip Wilson," the folks who have been selling limp-core crap out of *NFP* (P.O. Box 300, Enola, Pennsylvania 17025) and *IFL* (P.O. Boxes 287 and 310, New Rochelle, New York 10804). They've changed their names and addresses and given their little moneymaker a new twist designed to trick customers into paying to fill out a "sex questionnaire," but the material they send you is the same feeble junk that *NFP* and *IFL* are notorious for.

Here's what you'll get: some snip-pets of a 35mm film of naked people who aren't doing anything, plus a cardboard viewer with which to see them; a couple of thin, soft-core pamphlets from years gone by that *PIS* probably picked up in an old warehouse; a questionnaire that asks you such things as, "Do you think homosexuals ought to teach in the schools?" (this item is supposed to give validity to the scheme); and a montage of photos that *does* include a couple of actual hard-core shots. Don't let the pseudoscientific tone of this company's material fool you: *PIS* is just another smut dealer trying to tease you into buying a load of boring girl-shots you wouldn't look at twice otherwise. ☹

LEG-SPREADER!

Spurious aphrodisiac

WANT HER TO TURN ON?

Now you can get any woman to respond to your sexual desires. A little pinch of **NYMPHOS** and your partner will crave and need you to satisfy her. **NYMPHOS** can work so fast you may have to take some yourself. Safe. Easy to use and lasts for hours.

and placebo

STUD CAPS for men

Here's a NEW product to help you maintain erection and control ejaculation. Make every inch count with a little help from **STUD CAPS**. No prescription needed. Safe and long lasting.

- ☐ NYMPHOS \$5 ☐ STUD CAPS \$5
☐ BOTH \$9

like having
PUSSY in
a bottle!

send to: **HELPERS Dept. 4544**
6311 Yucca St., Hollywood, Calif. 90028

TEN INCHES POSSIBLE!

Would you like to have an 8, 9 or 10 INCH COCK? We can give it to you! All you need is the **DESIRE** and to make the **DECISION TO ACT TODAY**, and in **SIX WEEKS OR LESS**, depending on how you respond, you could have a **COCK UP TO 10 INCHES LONG**. No fancy creams to use, no capsules to take and no artificial appliances to wear. Experience the pride of displaying your **BIG COCK** to your favorite playmate, she will be amazed and delighted at just the sight of it. Imagine the erotic sensations when you slip it into her, filling her completely. Don't wait the sooner you order the sooner your fantasies will be realized. We can't guarantee that everyone will acquire a cock ten inches long but it will be a **MINIMUM OF EIGHT INCHES**. Send \$6.95 to **ENLARGEMENT TECHNIQUES**, Dept. 4544, 6311 Yucca St., Hollywood, Ca. 90028.

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Over The Phone

Call our sexy ladies,
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BOTH ways will satisfy you

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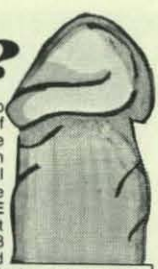
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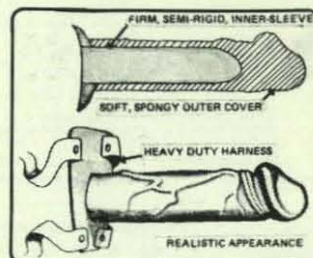
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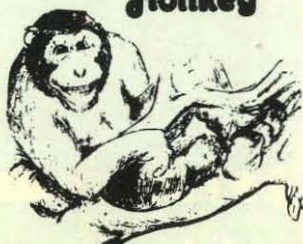
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multimarrriages had never been sanctioned.

But—to the Mormon Church's great embarrassment—polygamy lives on. Nobody knows for sure how many polygamists now live in the Rocky Mountain states, but estimates run from a few thousand to as many as 50,000. When the church gave in to federal pressure in 1890, a lot of families refused to break up. These fundamentalist Mormons felt that political expediency, not the word of God, was behind the change. Many of them moved to Mormon colonies in Canada and Mexico, where polygamy was allowed for another 15 years. George Romney, the former governor of Michigan who ran for the Republican Presidential nomination in 1968, was born in one of these Mexican colonies, although his parents weren't polygamists.

But most fundamentalist Mormons stayed in the West. And though the church now excommunicates polygamists if the multimarrriage comes to its attention, many members, especially in Utah, feel that the polygamists have enough trouble already and quietly protect them. Nearly every small town in Utah has its handful of polygamous households. And according to most observers, the practice is actually growing.

Actually, polygamists are conservative Mormons who believe that even the prim-and-proper organized church is too liberal. Polygamous women often wear ankle-length dresses sporting pioneer patterns. The men are protective homebodies, seldom drawing attention to themselves in either their work or their community life. Both believe in many of the early church doctrines that have been left by the wayside over the years. They also share a fierce hatred of "government interference."

A rare inside view of polygamous life appeared recently in, of all places, *Good Housekeeping* magazine. Dorothy Solomon wrote about growing up with her father, Rulon Allred, a Salt Lake City naturopathic physician who had eight wives and 48 children. Solomon has never been a polygamist herself, but she remembers her youth as being full of playmates: "As soon as my father returned from work, the house lit up with his enthusiasm. 'And how are my angels tonight?' he would shout, tossing his hat on the kitchen table while wives and children came running from all parts of the big house to greet him. . . . Christmas tended to be rather confusing, especially when the mothers strung a line from the dining-room door through the living room and parlor to the front door. The children then hung their stockings every three feet along this line. But by seven o'clock Christmas morning it was difficult to tell whose stocking was whose and whose toys were whose. Still, it was great fun."

Allred, a Mormon polygamous leader whose personal following numbered 2,000, was shot and killed in his office in 1977, allegedly by order of Ervil LeBaron, a rival polygamous leader whose murderous escapades were profiled by HUSTLER in

February 1978. Insiders say that Allred was killed over a question that keeps the polygamists split into hundreds of separate groups—the question of who holds the genuine priesthood authority handed down by Joseph Smith. Each leader thinks that he does. Some leaders believe it is a sin for anyone else to pretend to be the one, a sin that can only be wiped clean by blood atonement. And since blood atonement is still an important doctrine in polygamist circles, every now and then a bit of holy violence breaks out between polygamous groups.

As for LeBaron, he has long held court in one of the polygamist colonies in Mexico. He has been convicted of complicity in the murder of one of his own brothers in Mexico in 1972, though that conviction was reversed. He was also accused of attempting to murder another brother in Salt Lake City in 1977. Both brothers headed rival polygamous groups. One of LeBaron's 13 or more wives has been convicted in California of murdering Dean Grover Vest, a defector from LeBaron's sect. LeBaron himself has also been accused of murdering another polygamist, Robert Simons, in 1975. And in 1974 a band of LeBaron's followers raided the Mexican town of Los Molinos, the home of another rival sect, firebombing 25 dwellings, wounding 13 people and killing two. Mexican authorities charged LeBaron with masterminding this raid, but the charge was dismissed for insufficient evidence.

The violence connected with the LeBaron cult is out of the ordinary—even for polygamists. For the most part hostilities seem to be restricted to the polygamist cults themselves. Or, occasionally, violence breaks out when federal or state authorities descend to root out polygamist families, generally sending the fathers off to prison for bigamy. Even today polygamist families in the Western states know what it's like to spend hours hiding in the cellars of their homes when a raid is going on.

And yet these polygamist cultists, who believe they are licensed by God to kill, can be dangerous to the public at large. According to a once-secret FBI document, former Bureau Director J. Edgar Hoover admitted that LeBaron's sect "is believed to have been responsible for President Kennedy's death." The feasibility of this accusation is questionable but not entirely out of the realm of possibility. LeBaron has also been investigated by the Secret Service for his threats against President Carter's life, and he is considered a suspect in the FBI probe of the attempted assassination of HUSTLER Publisher Larry Flynt in Lawrenceville, Georgia, in March 1978. Says LeBaron's former lieutenant, Lloyd Sullivan, the bloodthirsty LeBaron, otherwise known as the "Avenging Angel," is not a man to be disobeyed: "We would do [whatever LeBaron ordered] or we would receive hot lead and cold steel or a one-way ticket to hell."

Most of the disagreements between the fundamentalist cults and the orthodox Mormon Church are over doctrine. From its be-

gining the church has taught that earthly life is one stage in an "eternal progression" in which devout members eventually become gods themselves, just like the God who many feel is now in charge of our world. But early leaders, whose preachings the fundamentalists still follow, took this one step further. They preached that God was none other than the first man, Adam, raised to an exalted state.

The orthodox church disavows this doctrine, but the fundamentalists still ascribe to it. Other doctrinal disputes include polygamy, the belief of many fundamentalists in sharing all material wealth under an old church communal system called the "United Order" (as opposed to the orthodox 10% tithe on members of the church), as well as recent changes in temple ceremonies and the formal training of missionaries before sending them into the field. (Many fundamentalists feel that no training is necessary, because God will tell the missionary what to say to potential converts.)

In the end it becomes difficult to decide which Mormon is the most unusual, the polygamist or the orthodox. Before deciding that the polygamists seem the farthest out, let's not forget that the current president of the organized Mormon Church, Spencer W. Kimball, has a few strange ideas of his own. For one thing he believes that the American Indians, as a people, are becoming more light-skinned every year, just like *The Book of Mormon* says they will as the millenium approaches. And he's not talking about the effects of intermarriage—he means that God himself is making them, in the church's words, "white and delightsome."

At least for the orthodox Mormon Church the future looks pretty much the same. The man most likely to succeed Kimball, Ezra Taft Benson, Secretary of Agriculture in the Eisenhower Administration, is best known for finding a Communist under every sagebrush. "Liberalism," Benson told a Daughters of the American Revolution conference last fall, "communism's twin sister, has now become America's dominant political philosophy."

Though we do live in a time when the Mormon idea of sin is hardly in tune with contemporary lifestyles and ideas, the future of the church is by no means bleak. While many younger church members are drifting away in large numbers from what they feel has become an out-of-date cult, they are far outnumbered by up-and-coming young die-hards whose greatest purpose in life is to spread the word. More and more missionaries are being sent out around the country and the globe to establish new missions, and the church is continuing to buy up more and more corporations.

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ILLEGAL ALIENS

(continued from page 56)

their children and who said they were unable to support their families. Under federal and state regulations the children—because they were born in the U.S.—were eligible for public assistance even though their alien mothers were not.

The cost of police work relating to aliens is also mounting rapidly. A six-month study by the Los Angeles Police Department in 1977 showed that the number of illegals in the city jumped more than 240%—from 190,000 to 650,000—between 1972 and 1977. The report projects 1.1 million illegals in L.A. by 1981. It also says that in 1977 illegal aliens were responsible for 20-25% of all burglaries, 20% of all auto thefts and 30% of all hit-and-run traffic accidents in the city. "Based on per-capita expenditures," the LAPD report says, "the cost of providing police services to illegal aliens in the City of Los Angeles is \$37,050,000 annually." In other words, 18% of the police services paid for by Los Angeles taxpayers are going to illegal aliens.

The estimated cost of illegal aliens to taxpayers nationwide was pegged at \$16 billion in 1975 by researchers at ICF, Inc., a research corporation under contract to the federal government. Each year that total increases by \$500 million, the ICF researchers say. Included in this cost estimate are income-tax defaults, welfare payments, health-

care treatment and education expenses.

Besides being a direct drain on taxpayers, the alien population in America is also having its effect on the balance-of-payments deficit, which is plaguing the U.S. dollar on world money markets. Aliens working in America—both the illegals and those holding legal green cards—often "squirrel" their earnings in foreign bank accounts, or send money out of the country to their families in their homelands. ICF estimates that the money sent out of the U.S. averages \$105 a year for each working adult male alien, which approaches \$500 million a year illegally shipped out of the country.

Consider the business operations of the Herrera family, who immigrated to Chicago from Durango, Mexico. The Herreras have been doing business for ten years in Chicago, where today the Hispanic population is well over 400,000. The Herrera brothers—Jaime, Elias, Manuel and Reyes—own restaurants, taverns and residential property, sometimes spanning entire city blocks, in the Kensington, Roseland, Blue Island and Aurora areas along Lake Michigan. Being successful entrepreneurs, the Herreras provide jobs for 300 persons in Illinois and another 900 in other states and Mexico.

What makes the Herreras noteworthy is the fact that Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) sources indicate they have aced out Chicago's West Side Crime Syndicate as the major supplier of Mexican brown heroin to the Windy City. Jaime, 52, calls the shots from a Mexican prison. Elias and Manuel oversee cultivation and harvesting of the poppy crops in Durango. And Reyes, who is a resident alien complete with green card, manages the family business interests in Chicago, DEA sources allege. The whole operation, the DEA charges, grosses close to \$100 million a year, a sizable portion of which is funneled through currency exchanges into Mexican banks.

Cash is the perpetual visa that affluent aliens use to guarantee their stay in the U.S. They use cash to buy into fashionable neighborhoods, where money is an easy substitute for family pedigree and where citizenship goes unquestioned. Ethnic Chinese living in Indochina began hedging their bets on the outcome of the Vietnam War in the '60s by buying residential and commercial property in the San Francisco Bay Area. According to military-intelligence reports, in more than a few instances the purchases were financed with profits from Saigon's black market. After the bloody 1968 Tet offensive the Chinese land rush went into high gear, and the ethnic Chinese speculators from Vietnam began to move to the United States.

When it appeared in 1978 that Iran was heading into a civil war between forces loyal to the Shah and those supporting the Ayatollah Khomeini, Iranian businessmen began buying large chunks of real estate in Beverly Hills. And when the Shah's forces threw in the towel, the wealthy Iranians followed their money to the U.S.

Crime and the clashes within cultures are related problems stemming from the massive alien influx. In San Francisco, young toughs imported from Hong Kong first found work as enforcers for established gambling and prostitution rings. Soon, however, they banded together and began dealing dope, using the profits to compete with established Chinatown gangs. In September 1977, in a retaliatory attack against a rival Chinese gang, three Chinese gunmen went into the Golden Dragon restaurant at dinnertime and sprayed automatic-weapons fire and shotgun pellets into the crowd of diners. Five persons were killed and 11 were wounded in the attack.

Not all the violence resulting from the alien influx is confined to the nation's cities. Friction in Florida between white Americans and Vietnamese fishermen in 1978 caused one state legislator to propose a bill aimed at controlling around-the-clock fishing by Vietnamese immigrants who allegedly were "raping the waters" around Pensacola. In Manitowoc, Wisconsin, a peace council of local Christian ministers was formed in 1979 to ease tensions that had developed between local residents and Vietnamese fishermen. And in Seadrift, Texas, animosity between local whites and Vietnamese fishermen (who were poaching crab beds that had long been the fishing grounds of established fishing families) led to fistfights, firebombings and the death of a local fisherman.

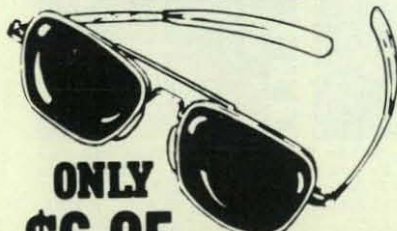
If the American economy were expanding now as it was in the late '50s and early '60s, there would be little controversy over the alien influx. But with each oil crisis since the '73 Arab embargo there has been a deepening economic recession. And with economists predicting a severe recession and sharply higher unemployment in the summer of 1980, one can only guess at how long Americans will stand idly by, out of work, while aliens collect paychecks, wage battles in our streets and reap the benefits of our natural resources.

In the 1960s West German industry underwent an enormous expansion and found it could not fill every new job from its domestic labor supply; workers were therefore imported from Greece, Italy, Spain, Turkey and Yugoslavia. The alien population jumped from 1.92 million in 1968 to 4.13 million in 1974. With cyclical oil shortages threatening European countries, just as they threaten industry in the U.S., cutbacks in production were made. There was no longer a labor shortage. West Germans began to resent the alien workers in their midst. In December 1979 the West German Ministry of Research and Technology declared that the alien workers posed a threat to West German society. The agency and many business and political leaders said the presence of the Mediterranean workers was a "social time bomb."

There is evidence to believe that a similar time bomb is ticking away in the United States of America.

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GEORGE JONES

(continued from page 46)

friend carried him up to bed and started to undress him. But when she tried to unzip his pants, George leaped off the bed and swung wildly at her. He then grabbed a loaded .30-30 and fired at her. Tammy ran from the house and called an ambulance. By the time the hospital attendants arrived, Jones had gone wild, devastating the house, breaking three TV sets and smashing hundreds of dollars' worth of china and crystal. He was hauled off in a straitjacket and put in a padded cell for three days to dry out.

On another occasion when Jones came home drunk, Tammy was determined to keep him from going out again. So she hid the keys to all their cars. When she woke up at 1 a.m., he was gone. He had driven the riding lawnmower ten miles to the nearest tavern.

Another time, when Tammy threatened him with divorce, Jones sneaked into her bedroom with a claw hammer and methodically pried the heels off of every one of her 200 pairs of shoes.

During the later years of their marriage Jones became increasingly violent. On more than one occasion, before going on national television, Tammy had to apply large amounts of makeup to her face to hide the bruises and scars from her husband's beatings.

But down through the years the biggest victim of Jones's binges has been Jones himself. "Often I'd go four or five weeks at a time and hardly eat nothin' at all," he admits sheepishly. "By then my stomach would be so small that maybe half a hamburger would be all I could take. I'd wake up the next mornin' and want to vomit, but even so, I just had to have a drink. You get so far down and your mind gets so screwed up, you just don't care."

Finally, in 1975, after six years of marriage, Tammy Wynette filed for divorce. "It's painful for me to endure this," she said at the time, "but my real concern is that George get some help to protect himself from his own worst enemy—himself." She was granted the divorce on grounds of mental cruelty.

"Mental cruelty!" Jones sneers bitterly as he recalls the divorce. "I think that should be taken out of the law! That gives a woman the right to say, 'Well, he beat me up all the time. . . . I'll be honest with you: A lot of 'em needs to be whupped a few times!'" A weak but sinister smile flickers across his face. "But no offense against just one sex. Sometimes we do too!"

Jones's divorce from Tammy Wynette intensified the decline from which he has yet to recover. He drifted down to Alabama, hoping that the quiet, rural setting would be a good place to pull himself together. "The day I left, I had \$2,000 in my pocket and a new Cadillac that I had to sell within a couple of weeks," he claims. "She kept the

homes and the things we had invested in. I think we had about \$120,000 in a savings account, and I left that to her too. I just wanted to get away from Nashville because it depressed me. Because it's where I had things goin' once—like a home and family."

Jones never did find peace of mind in Alabama. Bad memories and trouble just seemed to follow him across the state line. Even before the shooting incident with Peanuts Montgomery and the assault charges brought by his girlfriend, there were other problems—like the deadly water moccasin snakes that neighborhood pranksters turned loose in his swimming pool. Montgomery once saw Jones rip a Bible to shreds in a fit of despair. "I've seen him cry while singing gospel songs," says Montgomery. "I don't know if he is crying, or if the devil in him is crying because he is losing ground. If George doesn't change, he won't be long for this earth."

In recent months Jones has grown more restless and more depressed than ever. He spends most of his time roaming back and forth between Nashville and Alabama, without calling either place home. "A lot of times I won't even get out of the car. I'll just circle Music Row one time and then get on the interstate and drive back again. I just get real lonely sometimes, and I don't know what else to do."

Recently Waylon Jennings and Johnny Cash came to Jones's aid with a \$50,000 loan. "I went in the back room and cried when they called me," Jones recalls. "After all the people in this town who have made thousands of dollars off of me and now won't even loan me a thousand of it back, it lets me see who my friends are."

But the \$50,000 didn't last long. In late 1979 another arrest warrant was issued, and Jones, owing \$500 in back rent, fled his Nashville apartment. In the meantime his weight has dropped by 20 pounds, and reportedly he has become increasingly dependent on cocaine.

But for all his problems, Jones has somehow managed to pull himself together and finish the long-awaited album *My Very Special Guests*. He's even summoned up the strength to make a few live appearances to help promote the new LP.

So, for the time being, Jones's career—and his life—continue to hang in the balance. His friends and enemies in the music business await with interest every bit of news about his health and state of mind. George Jones has become Nashville's newest spectator sport. It's like watching a badly battered prizefighter with blood in his eyes stagger around the ring, trying to keep his feet.

"I know if I don't get straightened out soon, I'm gonna kill myself," Jones says softly as he gazes out the window at the overcast sky, with a look that borders on desperation. "But I think I've finally realized that whiskey ain't gonna get rid of my problems. 'I may not make it back,' he adds quietly as he glances down at his half-finished drink. "But I'm gonna go down tryin'."



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NEXT MONTH

June issue on sale April 29, 1980



PAST-LIVES THERAPY—If you have a deep fear of water, it may be that you drowned in an earlier lifetime. That's the theory of psychologist Helen Wambach, the unofficial high priestess of a new, nationwide band of professional "psychic guides" who are leading others on incredible voyages through the nooks and crannies of their minds to their previous incarnations. Find out why past-lives therapy is going to be the big self-discovery movement of the 1980s in this report by Scott Winokur, who joined some 30 others for one of Wambach's mass regressions. Read Winokur's startling account of his psychic journey through time.

PROFILE: JANN WENNER—In 1967, 21-year-old Jann Wenner borrowed \$7,500 from his family and friends to start a magazine called *Rolling Stone*. He

proceeded to ride the crest of the counterculture wave of the '60s and '70s, helping to bring a new legitimacy to rock 'n' roll music by defining it as the energy center of the youth revolution. In just 12 years *Rolling Stone* grew from a shaky first press-run of 40,000 copies to a million-plus circulation, and with his newly acquired power, editor/publisher Wenner became the ultimate arbiter of success in the music industry. Next month *HUSTLER* presents a penetrating portrait of this ambitious journalist who some call a "boy genius" and others call "a pain in the ass." Learn why Wenner has changed his reputation by shifting *Rolling Stone's* emphasis from rock stars to show-business and political personalities. By Michael Bane.

TRIPLE EXPOSURE—In next month's fiction, Marc Judge is a domineering photographer accustomed to calling his own shots. But while on assignment in Istanbul, he finally meets his match in a model named Celia. She recruits Jaclyn, one of Marc's former models, to help her turn the tables on the man who captured her soul with his camera. The resulting triangular tryst brings the truth about their lives clearly into focus in this short story by Roberta Metz.

PHOTO-FEATURES—You'll get a real workout just looking at our centerfold, **ALICIA**, whose approach to exercise should convince the most die-hard holdouts of the benefits of physical fitness. But if relaxing in bed is more your style, you'll enjoy a steamy interlude with **JAN**. When your energy finally returns, join **LONNI** for a night on the town in her custom-built limousine. If you run out of gas, just blast off with *HUSTLER's* **SPACE PROBE**, which will take you beyond the stars.



PLUS—Juicy June features including **ADVISE & CONSENT**, **SEX PLAY**, **KINKY KORNER**, **BITS & PIECES**, **HUSTLER HUMOR**, **HONEY** and **BEAVER HUNT**.

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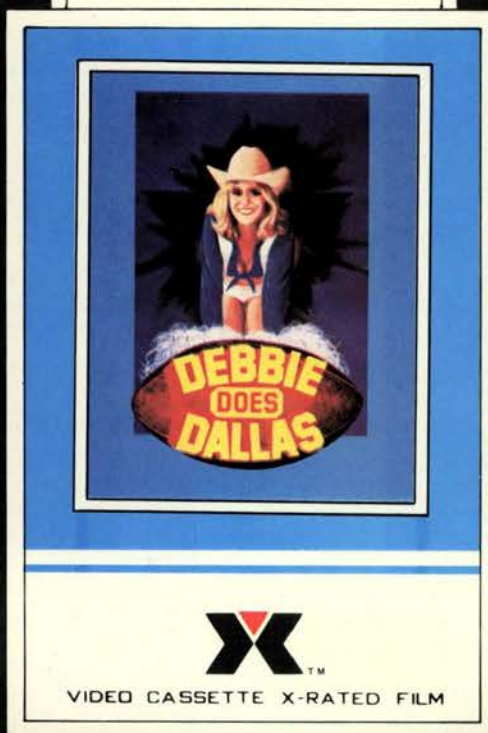
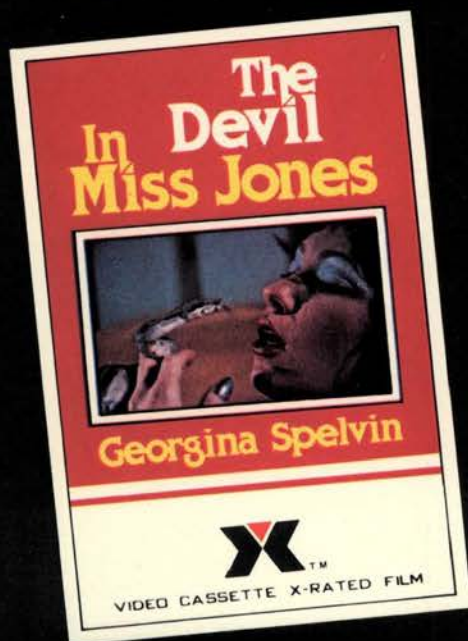
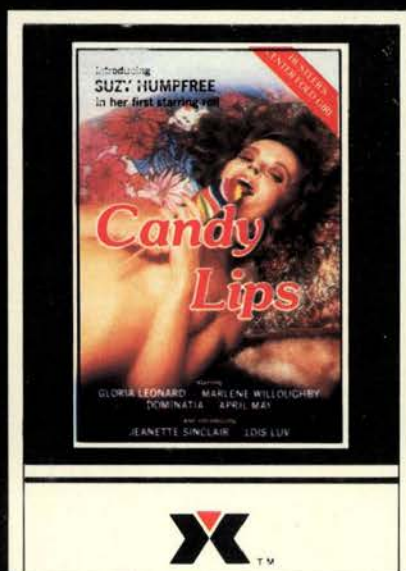


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