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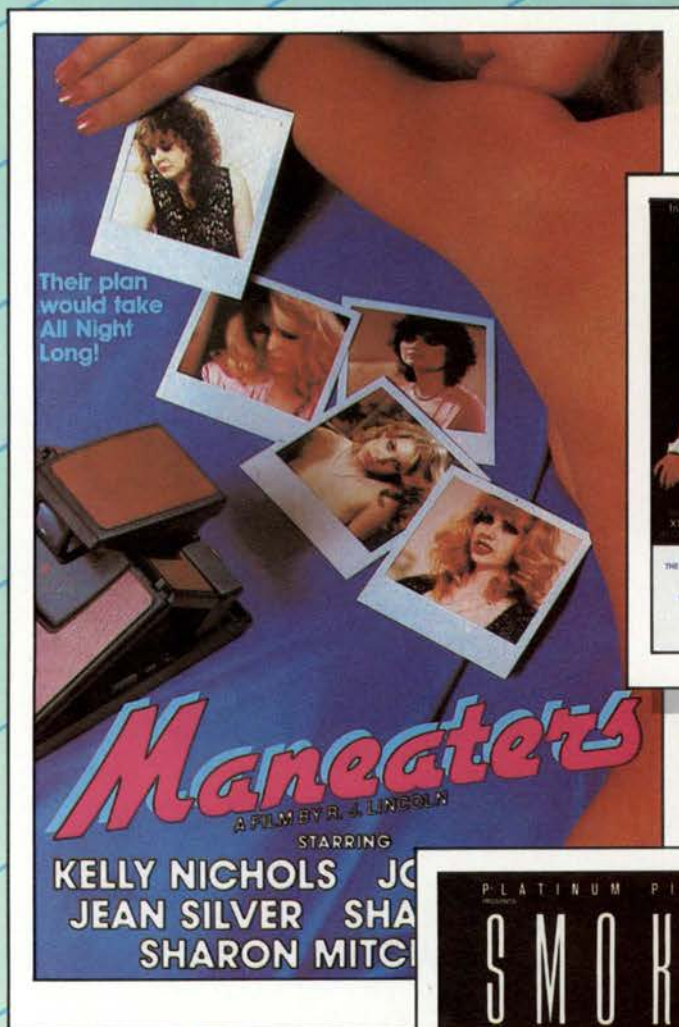
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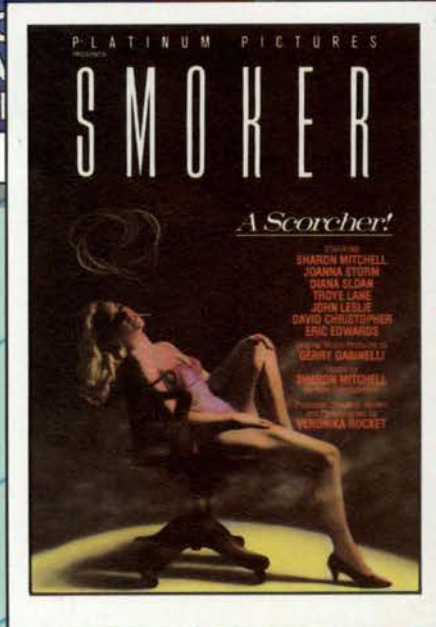
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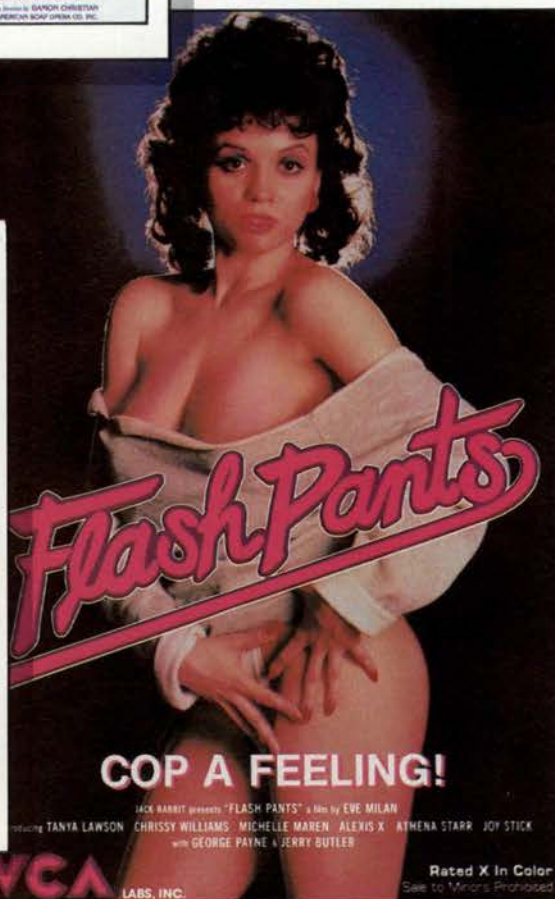


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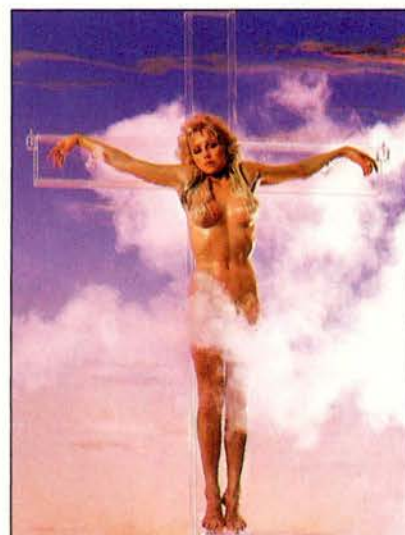
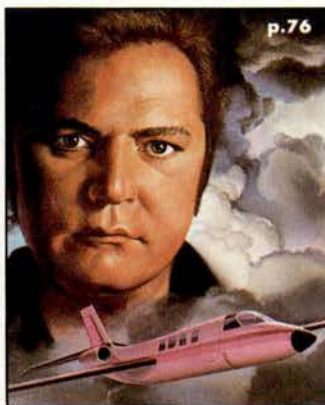
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The Bus Driver Gets Off by Thomas Jefferson Davis



On the Cover . . .

Christ knows that a cover-shot like this month's can be a bitch to execute. But our Director of Photography, James Baes, isn't the kind of guy who'd leave anyone hanging. Sure it was tough nailing this one down, but James has always risen to the occasion. It's one of his redeeming qualities. You see, at HUSTLER we believe in baring our crosses gracefully.



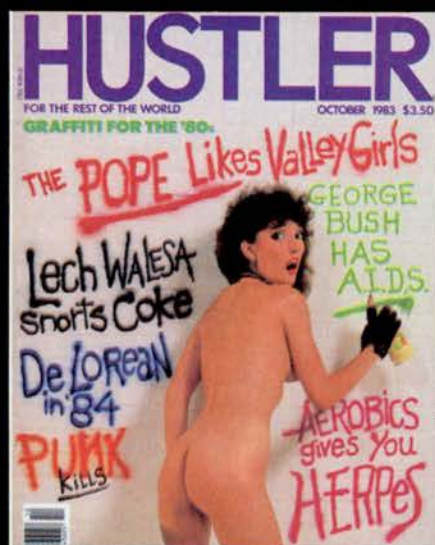
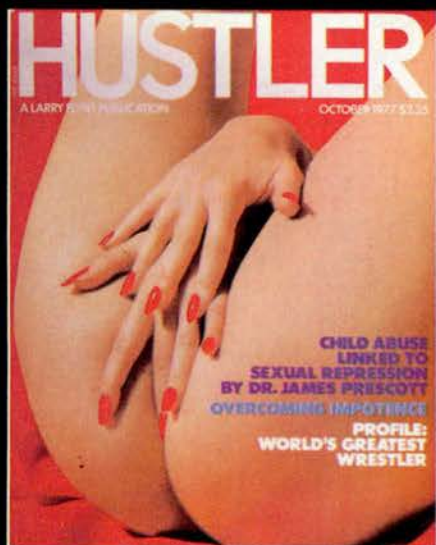
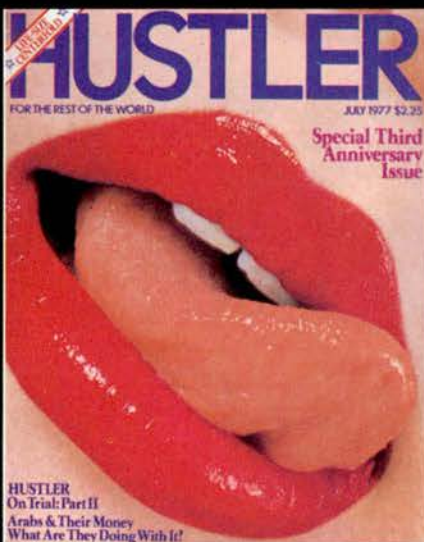
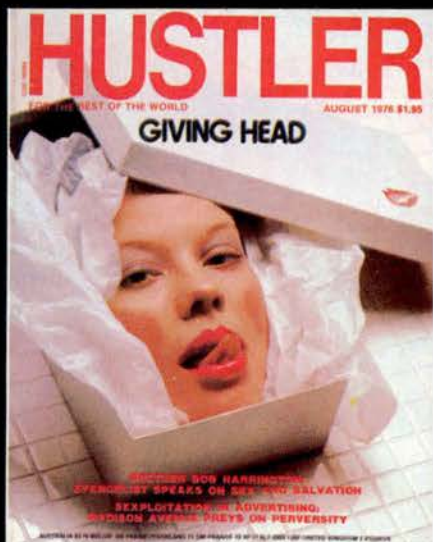
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THE PRESIDENCY: I'M STILL IN THE RACE

I hereby reaffirm my candidacy for President of the United States. Many of you may have heard that I withdrew from the race. This is untrue. I admit that I contemplated running for the House of Representatives or the Senate because I felt my life would be in less danger in Congress than as President. But I have now concluded that I must ignore such a risk and move forward. We as a nation simply cannot wait any longer for badly needed social reforms in the areas of health, education and welfare, as well as changes in foreign policy. If it costs me my life, so be it. I have always felt that what we pay for with our lives costs very little.

The reason I am so confident about being elected this country's next President is that I, more than anyone else, am aware of the enormous amount of grassroots support I have throughout this land. I ask those of you who might doubt the success of my bid for the Presidency to take a poll in your community—then decide for yourself. People may not agree with everything I say, but at least they know I mean it. And I doubt that anyone will question my commitment and my dedication to the principles upon which this nation was founded.

Some of my Christian friends say to me, "Larry, I could vote for you if you would stop publishing HUSTLER. It is so degrading and represents everything that is wrong with this country." To these people and others like them I say, "Vote for my opponents. If you think they represent what is *right* in America, I don't want your vote."

The biggest problem that the religious zealots have with HUSTLER is the fact that we publish nude photographs. My response to them is quite simple: If the

human body is obscene, complain to the manufacturer—not to me. Our bodies are God-given; whatever we do with them is our own business and not up to the likes of Jerry Falwell. Sex was meant to be enjoyed to the fullest extent as long as it takes place between consenting people. Since the beginning of time the Falwellians of the world—or should I say the do-gooders—have attempted to control us by controlling our sex lives. These religious fanatics may have kept us feeling guilty about our sexual impulses for thousands of years, but the time has finally come for us to take charge of our own lives, and we are doing just that. The people of this Earth will no longer tolerate Big Brother in their bedrooms.

HUSTLER has always been in the forefront of the battle for individual freedoms, advocating the unrestricted right of free choice. That is what democracy is all about. We simply cannot have freedom for some and not for others. If these types of freedoms do not exist for some of us today, they may not exist for any of us tomorrow.

Sexual freedom is as inherent a right as the freedom to worship as we choose. As your President, I would not compromise either. If the Catholics want to worship the Pope's bathwater, so be it. If HUSTLER readers want to worship pussy as I do, so be it. God is within all of us, and the greatest gift She gave us is sex—for what would life be without it?

Co-publisher & Editor

*We're proud to be part of the
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To our Olympic athletes it means going for one inch more . . . one second less. Calling up the strength and skill they've spent years training for. To do it, they're going to need some help.

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Because, as an unofficial participant in the 1984 Olympic Games, we'll be helping our team by giving them more stamina and endurance to put more gold on their chests.

But the real competition comes later. That's when our team has to

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*AD PARODY-NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY

SHOW & TELL



Rudy Maxa

Our May issue features what is certain to be one of the most controversial pictorials ever to run in this or any other magazine. In this month's **CELEBRITY PHOTO-FANTASY** award-winning actor/producer and former Evangelist **MARJOE GORTNER**—a close friend of **LARRY FLYNT** who's had a strong impact on his life—provides his daringly erotic interpretation of the Last Supper and Crucifixion. Be forewarned that many readers may find these photos objectionable. To those people we quote Marjoe: "If these pictures offend *you*, then you have an obligation to close the magazine and not look at them any further."

As for religious *reality*, during the week that followed Flynt's announcement of his born-again conversion back in November 1977, another personal friend of his—veteran political writer **RUDY MAXA**—was on hand to chronicle the events as Larry rearranged his life according to what he perceived to be the dictates of God. Recently, Maxa went back over his notes to write **LARRY AND THE LORD: THEN AND NOW**, in which he relates his experiences with Flynt during what the journalist describes as "one of the strangest weeks of my life." A former columnist for the *Washington Post* and correspondent for Cable News Network, Maxa currently works as senior writer at *The Washingtonian* magazine and hosts a talk show every Saturday on WRC-AM in the nation's capital. Master artist **REN WICKS**, who recently finished ad campaigns for NBC-TV and Walt Disney Productions, provided the illustration for this exclusive report.

Another personality whose public and private life was as turbulent as Flynt's remains to this day is the late movie star Marilyn Monroe. In **MY SECRET LIFE WITH MARILYN MONROE**, actor **TED H. JORDAN**—her long-time lover and confidant—gives an unabashed account of their relationship from the time he met Marilyn at her first modeling job in Hollywood to the night of her untimely and mysterious death. Jordan gives us an intimate look at her brief and troubled life, her animal passion for sex, her battle with alcohol and drugs, and her urgent yet fruitless search for love. In recent years Jordan has made guest appearances on *Dallas* and *T. J. Hooker*, devoting most of his time to the completion of his manuscript for the forthcoming book from which this article was excerpted. **TIM HUHN**, a native of Seattle, Washington, and graduate of the California College of Arts and Crafts in Oakland, rendered the illustration.

In this month's *Sex Play* writer **JEFFREY RESSNER** explores the controversial subject of **SEX AND PORNOGRAPHY**. Can X-rated videos bring new life to a ho-hum marriage? Is our taste for porn becoming more and more hard-core? Do potential sex offenders actually "let off steam" by reading explicit sexual material? Find out as Ressler clears away some of the fog surrounding the issues of censorship, obscenity and community standards. A former Associate Editor at *HUSTLER*, Ressler now works as contributing editor to the *L.A. Weekly* and West Coast Bureau Chief for *Cash Box*, a trade paper of the music industry. **MIGUEL CASTILLO**, former Associate Art Director at our sister publication *CHIC*, contributed the art for "Sex and Pornography."

In May's *Guest Editorial*, **THE BULLET THAT REALLY KILLED JOHN KENNEDY**, medical illustrator **HAROLD A. RYDBERG** from the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill's School of Medicine describes how he found himself in the middle of the assassination controversy when he was ordered by the Navy to prepare life-size color drawings of the fatal bullet wounds that would establish the direction from which Kennedy was shot. Rydberg sheds some much-needed light on the actual circumstances surrounding the autopsy and discloses shocking facts that indicate the government isn't telling us the truth about Kennedy's death.

Also not to be missed is an exclusive *HUSTLER* photo-feature, **SONDRA LOCKE: DIRTY HARRY'S DIRTY GIRL**, in which Clint Eastwood's lover and frequent co-star appears in explicit photos of a torrid lesbian love affair from a rarely seen film.

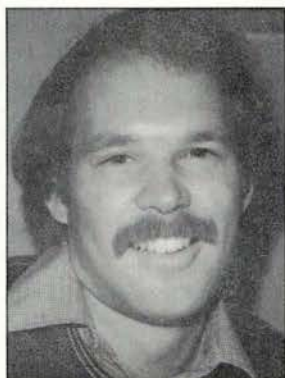
Though warmer weather is just around the corner, springtime nights can still be a little too cool for comfort. We can't think of a better way to take the edge off the chill than to curl up with your honey and a copy of this month's *HUSTLER*. But a word of caution: The May issue is so hot, it might even give you a touch of spring fever! ☘



Ted H. Jordan



Jeffrey Ressler



Tim Huhn

JESSE JACKSON

TARFACE

"JACKSON IS A FINE BOY
and a credit to Negroes everywhere.
But I'm just as in touch with the
problems of Negroes... I once knew
a Negro... or was it a Filipino?"
Ronald Reagan, CHIEF EXECUTIVE *

"'TARFACE' IN THE
WHITE HOUSE?
I don't think so. Isn't that
unconstitutional? I mean, why do
they call it the *White* House? Wait, let
me look it up."
Sandra Day O'Connor, SUPREME
COURT JUSTICE *

"OOOH! WHAT A
GORGEOUS HUNK OF
EBONY MANHOOD!
When he preaches, I cum my
panty hose. I'd love to have a piece of
that dark meat!"
Nancy Reagan, FIRST LADY *



"'TARFACE' HASN'T
BEEN TO SPACE.
I've been there, but he hasn't. So what does
he know about being President?"
John Glenn, U.S. SENATOR *

"JESSE JACKSON IS 'TARFACE!'
Look, I really don't *like* niggers."
Jesse Helms, U.S. SENATOR *

● ● ● ● (Four Seeds-highest rating)
"The best thing I've seen since 'Amos 'n'
Andy.' And he's not on Valium like me."
Walter Mondale, U.S. SENATOR *

"'TARFACE' HAS BEEN TO THE
MOUNTAIN... AND BACK!
Which is more than you can say about me."
Martin Luther King Jr.,
DEAD LEADER *

A HAROLD WASHINGTON PRODUCTION

A RICHARD HATCHER FILM

JESSE JACKSON "TARFACE"

TOUGHER THAN
MR. T

BETTER DRESSED THAN
BILLY DEE WILLIAMS

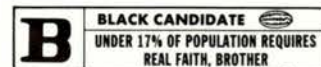
NO RELATION TO
MICHAEL JACKSON

MORE INSIGHTFUL THAN
RICHARD PRYOR

HAD LUNCH WITH
TEDDY KENNEDY

KNOWS
GOD PERSONALLY

Mr. Jackson cheerfully welcomes campaign
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*PARODY-NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY

THE WORLD OF HUSTLER

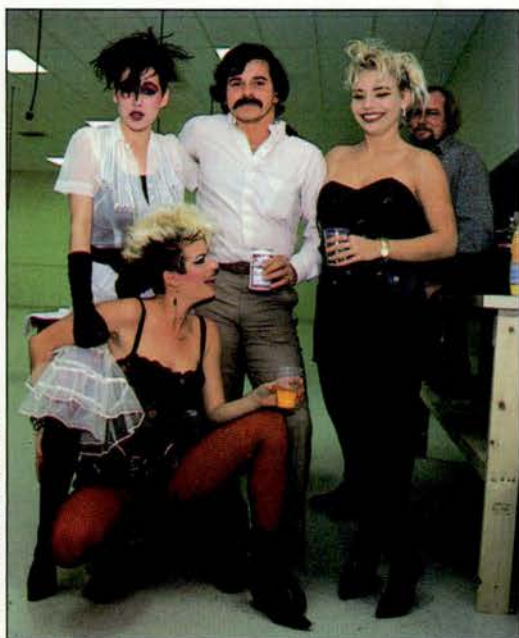


HUSTLER Co-publisher and Editor Larry Flynt has learned about the American legal system first-hand in recent months. But even behind bars, Mr. Sleaze is still the big cheese in HUSTLERland.

The wheels of justice grind exceedingly slow... especially for Larry Flynt, who's experienced heavyhanded hassles with the law of late. Mr. Sleaze—after a 60-day stay in the U.S. Medical Center for Federal Prisoners located in Springfield, Missouri—was returned to Los Angeles, whereupon federal Judge Manuel L. Real dumped another 15 months on him for spouting some “not-so-niceties” in court. Meanwhile, Larry is still calling the shots from a pay phone down the hall from his not-so-comfy confines at Terminal Island Federal Penitentiary.

Even though Larry is behind bars, he hasn't discouraged his loyal employees from having a good time when not working on his magazines. Recently we had an opportunity to get to know some of the behind-the-scenes people who are responsible for the physical makeup of HUSTLER Magazine. These individuals do their masterful work of four-color separation and film stripping at Western Laser Graphics Inc. in Chatsworth, California (home of J.R.'s Cowboy Palace). Although Western Laser is equipped with the very latest high-tech-computer scanner equipment, our first interest after the long drive from HUSTLER's headquarters in Century City

to Western Laser's plant was a more basic device—the party. And our hosts were ready with open arms and lots of delicious munchies to satisfy the potent HUSTLER partygoing staff. But we were disappointed to discover that the strippers out there don't shed their clothes on the job. Nevertheless, we tip our glasses and fold our pages in thanks to owner Ron Philibert, Production Manager Andy Brown and the rest of the hardworking Western Laser clan for throwing an unforgettable bash and helping make HUSTLER the unsurpassed *best-looking* men's magazine in the world. 🍷



Western Laser owner Ron Philibert poses with three of HUSTLER's lovely ladies as Keith Meredith stands by.



Western Laser stripper Erik Van Der Zalm (l.) shows the HUSTLER gang the finer points of his trade.



Andy Brown (r.) and HUSTLER's James Stagnitta (2nd from r.) check proofs with some colleagues.



At colorful reception it's difficult to separate the HUSTLER and Western Laser Graphics staffers.

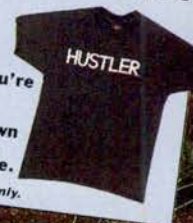


Managing Editor N. Morgen Hagen holds the key to Chatsworth at Western Laser's bash.

**"A hustler
knows what
he's after!"**

**Give women a break
and wear your T-shirt**

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"hustler"? Then
give women fair
warning. Tell 'em
you know what you're
after.
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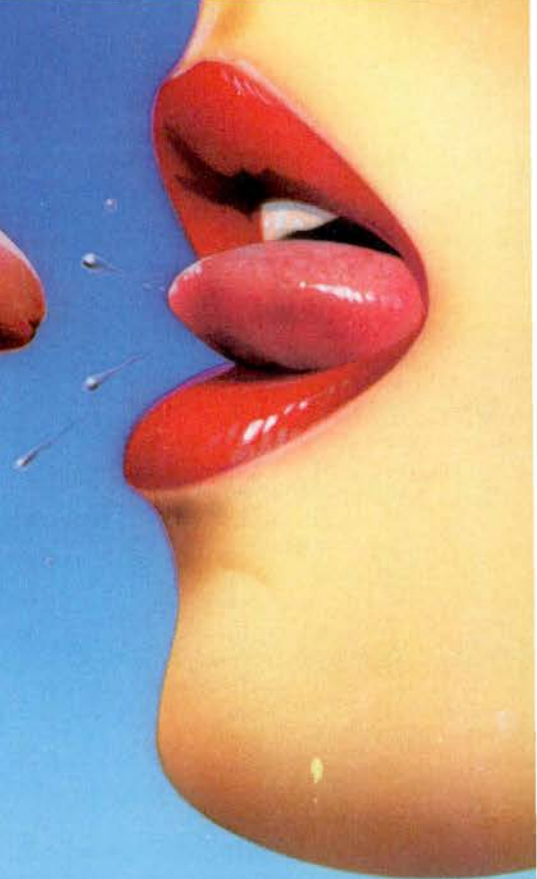
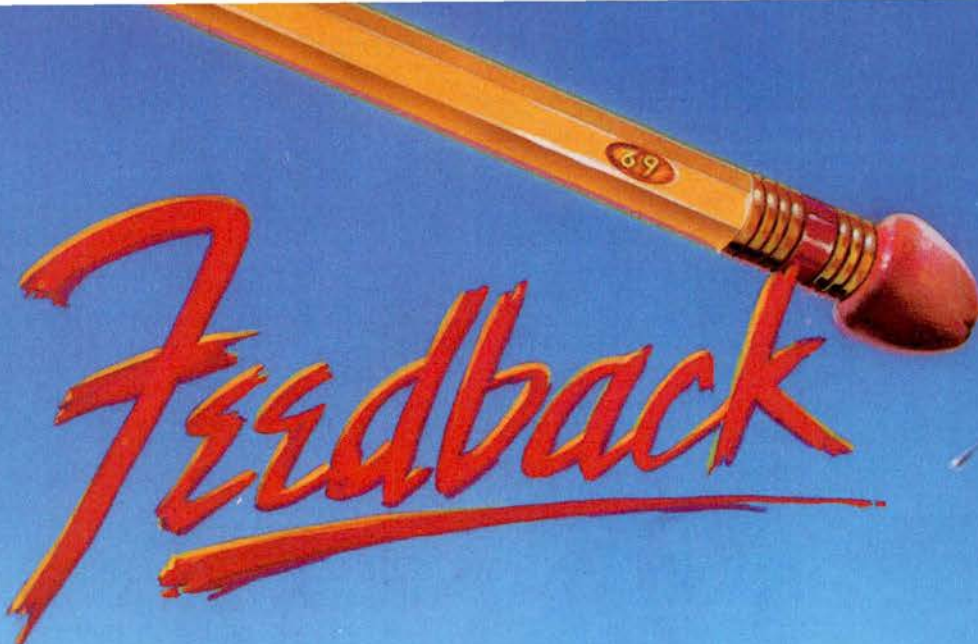
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BACK-DOOR COUPLE:

I am really impressed with HUSTLER Magazine, especially your photo-sets. In the March '84 issue, *Camp Grenada* was a good couple pictorial. I think you should use the same models for a layout on anal intercourse in an upcoming HUSTLER.

It would be great to see the lovely redhead take that enormous cock up her tiny ass. The expression on her face when that dick was rammed up her rear to the hilt would be worth a million. So I hope to see it in a future issue.

—Name Withheld by Request
Richmond, Kentucky

TORAH TWANGER:

Bambi Goldberg: Menachem Begin's God-daughter Nude! (February '84) was excellent. When I saw her photos and read the copy, I almost creamed in my jeans. I want her to know that she's got a pretty pink snatch and that I'd love to twang her Torah. I'd bet she tastes as sweet as sugar, and her cunt is as soft as velvet. I especially loved the picture in which she's standing in thigh-high boots, her firm tits and pretty pink nipples sticking out. She projects a grace and beauty I've never before seen in a woman.

Way to go, Bambi. You're my kind of lady.

—Randy Barker
Frankfort, Kentucky

MORE FRAULEINS:

Puss 'n' Boots in your March '84 issue is the most exciting photo-set I've ever seen in HUSTLER. Go out and find more German girls like the luscious Katrina to pose for you. They can't be beat.

—Phil "Mad Dog" Minsky
Van Nuys, California

BLOND PLEASERS:

I just looked at the February '84 issue of HUSTLER, and I must say I was quite pleased. I will admit I am not a regular reader of your magazine, but when I saw

your lovely blond covergirl, Diane, I just had to purchase it.

When I got to Sandi (another blonde—they're my favorites), I just came and came. You see, my fantasy is to meet a beautiful nude blonde on the beach and fuck her insane. I thought to myself, *Sandi will never be beat; those juicy thighs and squeezable tits...*

After recovering from Sandi, I proceeded onward to the pictorial *Fruit of the Gawds*. This time it was two beautiful blond women. I must admit you fooled me. Such gorgeous tits, bodies and legs—and my favorite of the two also has quite a packed cock. It was totally unbelievable.

Thank you for opening up a new dimension and for the lovely pictorials. I will be looking for more of these blondes



Puss 'n' Boots

in HUSTLER. Who knows? The next girl I pick up might look like one of them.

—Peter Root
Buffalo, New York

DEAR HUSTLER:

From the *best bisexual lover* to the *very best sleaze magazine*: Thank you for a job well done on your she-male pictorial in the February '84 issue (*Fruit of the Gawds*). Seeing a layout like that in your magazine is like getting the best of both worlds. If you keep them coming, you'll definitely keep me cumming!

Also, what happened to *Honey*? If you don't bring her back soon, I may have *Honey* withdrawal—along with several million other guys and gals.

—Paul B.
Portland, Oregon

Glad you liked Fruit of the Gawds. As for Honey, she's on vacation—but should be back in all her glory shortly.

Over the past few years I have occasionally picked up a copy of your publication at the newsstand. It wasn't until after I viewed the December '83 and January '84 issues that I decided to get off my ass and subscribe to America's best magazine.

It is great to live in a country where there is a publication such as yours. I agree that we don't have a totally free press (yet), but hardly anyone else will even begin to tackle the subjects and people that you have. It is really depressing living here in the Bible Belt (home of

straightness), looking at some newsstands that carry *Playboy*, *Penthouse*, etc., but are afraid to carry HUSTLER. All I can say to them is, "Eat shit, kissasses." They are as bad as our "religious friends" who act as if they are doing something wholeheartedly but actually are just hypocrites. Why do they even bother carrying such mags if they won't carry the daddy of them all?

At least now with a subscription I won't have to worry about getting HUSTLER each month.

The Vicki Morgan Sex Tapes in your December '83 issue was a masterpiece. I especially loved the one with Jerry Falwell. Of course, any attack on that son of a bitch is delightful.

I just wanted to write to let you know you now have another faithful reader. (And for the record I am canceling my subscription to *Playboy*.) —Danny Walkup
Murfreesboro, Tennessee

TRASH?

About your March '84 pictorial *So Many Dykes*... *So Little Time* directed by *Screw* publisher Al Goldstein: I thought it was disgusting, and it downgrades HUSTLER very much. I have been a faithful HUSTLER reader for the past two years and introduced the magazine to my fiancée six months ago. We enjoy reading it very much, but when I saw that photo-set, I sure didn't want her to see it. C'mon,

HUSTLER, keep that shit out of your mag. It was as disgusting as your article on VD (October '82). At least the piece on VD had a purpose.

If you continue to print trash like *So Many Dykes*, I will refuse to purchase your magazine again.

—Scott Marine
Palm Springs, California

THANKS, SCREW:

Just felt it necessary to voice my support and admiration for this year's HUSTLER and the noise you stir, Larry. HUSTLER, since you returned, is the only living men's magazine within a market of poisonous, parasitic, corpse-like monthlies; I find its slant of attack tasteful and logical.

Even though I've seen my own material and that of friends jump out at me from the *Bits and Pieces* of HUSTLER and CHIC—either by imitation or direct photostat (proof available)—I have the best of feelings. At least the message gets repeated, and you've always given *Screw* just acknowledgement. *Asshole of the Month* is an adorable feature, but if you want to become a hero and savior to legions of writers and artists, you might consider a monthly media-watch indictment. Publishers and Hollywood, record and TV execs are more likely to squirm when their crimes are reported in HUSTLER than politicians, who have less capacity for remorse. Publishing, for instance,

draws more morally bankrupt no-talents than practically any other business, damaging the fiber and mental health of America. The frightening hypocrisy of *Rolling Stone* or the self-congratulatory, warped sense of importance of *Esquire*, for instance, would make excellent columns. I'd even write one!

In any case, HUSTLER at the moment is the only mass-market magazine that justifies cutting down trees. We even discuss it over our morning cornflakes here.

—Josh Alan Friedman
Naked City editor/*Screw*
New York, New York

ORBITING ASSHOLE:

Congratulations for being the first to tell the world what Senator John Glenn is *really* like. I hate the shit-for-brains space clown myself. Your assessment (*Orbiting Asshole of the Century*, January '84) had the impact of an atom bomb. It's the best piece of its kind I have ever read. I have been a faithful HUSTLER reader since 1977, and I think it's the finest magazine on the stands.

The Base Reality of American Politics was also great. It really fueled my belief that there is *some* truth in print. I say keep up the good—actually great—work.

I wholeheartedly agree and support everything Larry Flynt believes in. I feel that the government is full of corrupt, bureaucratic assholes like Glenn. In addition, I fully agree with all that was said by Mr. Flynt in his statement of reasons regarding his candidacy for President of the United States (*The Gospel According to Larry*).

I intend to vote for Mr. Flynt in November '84. I believe in what he can do for this country.

Bravo, Mr. Flynt. —Ed Palmer
Bluffton, South Carolina

BLACKS IN HUSTLER:

I agree with the black man who commented in the November '83 *Feedback* that he would like to see an all-black issue of HUSTLER but that "this will never come to pass because everybody knows that white boys got no balls." This is a challenge you should respond to, HUSTLER. Instead, your answer was a wimpish cop-out. So you finally invited a couple of black celebrities for interviews, and you promise a black centerfold in a couple of months? Big deal! You think some late-coming tokens will get you off the hook?

I am a white woman who reads HUSTLER because my sexy black boyfriend buys it, and like the man said, "There's nothing in it for me" either. I keep watching and waiting and wondering why blacks appear only in jokes, satire and cartoons. You claim these cartoons are intended to dispel stereotypes—but





"Gee... I'd love to go to the drive-in, Tommy, but my dad has some, uh, extra household chores for me tonight."

you can't claim that forever with nothing to back it up. The magazine is lily-white, with blacks used only as sexual objects (as in November 1983's *Kinky Korner*) or tokens. You comment *on* and *for* them, but when do you put them up front to speak for themselves—or in pictorials?

Dick Gregory once made a comment about black people watching white people fuck. I asked my boyfriend about this; he has more faith in you than I do. He is *still* waiting for you to come through.

I've been impressed in the past with your political exposés, but I'm beginning to think your politics are weird. You accuse everyone else of hypocrisy, but you tend to respond to the same with childishness. I think you often play up to prejudices, making bucks off the sickos. But when someone calls you on it, you say, "C'mon, give our readers more credit." Now you have this anti-Toyota campaign, which is ridiculous. Why don't you mention the nice people who brought us Hiroshima? I have many relatives who work for the automobile industry in Michigan. The ones who haven't been laid off drive Toyotas to work. Either shit or get off the pot.

—Laura Hartwick
Arlington, Virginia

An all-black issue of HUSTLER is in the works. As for Toyota, fuck 'em. I say buy American.

—Larry Flynt

FLYNT FAN MAIL:

I just read your March '84 issue, and it is a killer! Your new look and defiant editorial stance are really coming together well. HUSTLER is consistently the most outrageous magazine in print, which is the way it should be! On the other hand, it's really too bad that you're getting fucked by our so-called justice system. True justice only exists in schoolbooks.

I would like to offer a suggestion though. Even with the ballsiest editorials around, HUSTLER was and is primarily a sex magazine. It seems now as if the pictorials are given second billing; so it might be a good idea to add one more hot layout each month. Some of your recent spreads have been so good that they're like honey-dripping cardiac arrests.

I think the following two quotes apply to your situation:

Jim Morrison said, "Whoever controls the media controls the mind." Unfortunately, the moral charlatans who control our country's media don't think you belong, which is why you are being constantly and ruthlessly persecuted.

This is from Albert Einstein: "Great spirits have always encountered violent opposition from mediocre minds."

I'm sure you know that by now.

Remember, Larry, they'll bring you down if you let them. Never give in, man. America needs you more than anybody

realizes. I admire any individualist who puts what he believes in to the ultimate test. Right now you top the list.

—Chris Hussey
Columbus, Ohio

I would like to write to Larry Flynt. I know that he is behind bars. Could you please send me the address of the jail he is in. I have an important subject I need to write to him about.

—Collin McDonald
Address Withheld by Request

As this issue went to press, Larry was in custody at the federal prison at Terminal Island, California. Mail for Mr. Flynt can be sent to the HUSTLER offices (2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054) and will be forwarded to him.

BEAVER HUNT:

I'm still getting a lot of responses to my *Beaver Hunt* picture in your December '83 issue. As a matter of fact, I had to get a telephone-answering machine to handle them all. If I picked up my phone every time it rang, I would never get off it.

Thank you for this though, because it makes me feel really good to know I am appealing to so many men—and to women as well. I hope your magazine will never die. It would be a shame if it did.

I have had some crank calls and some good calls, and I guess that comes with the territory. I am glad I sent my picture in. Thank you again.

Love Always,
—Bonnie R. Ciszek
Vero Beach, Florida

Isn't it time for another issue of BEAVER HUNT? I like it the best.

—Edgar F.
Chicago, Illinois

BEAVER HUNT #5 goes on sale April 10, 1984. Check your local newsstands, or send \$3.95 (plus \$1 postage and handling per copy) to Flynt Distributing Company (P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, CA 90067-9944).

COCAINE BATTLEGROUND:

I've read men's magazines for 18 years, and I find your photos and articles to be the best. Your February '84 article *The Cocaine Battleground* was especially informative. As an occasional sniffer myself, I had no idea of the brutal murders of adults and children. I was appalled. Never again will that white powder go up my nose, nor will my money support the brutality of cocaine smugglers and dealers.

I wish to thank you for an education I won't soon forget.

—Alan L. T.
San Antonio, Texas

Got a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (preferably typed or neatly printed) to Feedback, HUSTLER, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

GRAFFILTHY



Thanks and \$25 to R.B. Manchester, NH

WASHINGTON DAISY CHAIN



D.C. Lowdown

Ted Turner's Tomato and a Reagan Crony's Political Hot Potato

by Larry Flynt



'Playboy' covergirl Liz Wickersham knows her way around the world of sports, showbiz and politics.

At last check, Liz Wickersham was the hostess of *Good News* on Atlanta superstation WTBS. But the pretty protegee of outspoken Cable News Network founder and Atlanta Braves owner Ted Turner is still remembered for the impact she made in Washington. Wickersham used to date Congressman Charles Wilson (D-Texas) and was questioned regarding drug usage with him during a Capitol Hill investigation that ended last year. No charges were filed against Wilson or an ex-congressman with whom Wickersham also passed some leisure time—Barry Goldwater Jr. (R-California).

How did Wickersham become so popular? Anyone who saw her in a revealing plum-colored undergarment on the April 1981 cover of *Playboy* can understand her appeal. Wearing substantially more, the former Ford Agency model has been spotted on the arm of Frank Sinatra's broad-shouldered buddy Jilly Rizzo. And sometimes she travels with Turner himself—who hired Wickersham for his television station even though there was considerable staff resentment of her flimsy credentials.

Despite his strong pro-family rhetoric, the married Turner is known by his fellow execs and by knowledgeable reporters to be one of the nation's most dogged skirt-chasers. And he's done little to disguise his trips with Wickersham. Last spring, in the course of fol-

lowing him for an interview, writer Peter Ross Range was told by Turner's secretary that Wickersham would be accompanying the Mouth of the South on a journey to Las Vegas. "But that's off the record," the secretary admonished.

Range later reported the conversation and also quoted a Turner Broadcasting Company executive who claimed he had been invited to the boss's office to view "some extraordinarily personal videotapes of Turner." Whether they would have gotten an X or a G rating is still a matter of conjecture.

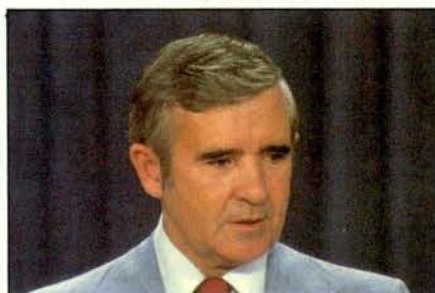
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When he was an attorney in private practice 13 years ago, Senator Paul Laxalt (R-Nevada) wrote a letter to the White House urging then-President Richard Nixon to release former Teamsters Union President Jimmy Hoffa from a 13-year jail sentence for mail fraud and jury tampering. Laxalt, who is one of Ronald Reagan's closest friends, told Nixon he believed Hoffa was "a political prisoner" and could not be "the criminal type so often depicted by the national press."

The "Dear President Dick" letter, which Laxalt wrote in January 1971, relied heavily on information provided by Allen Dorfman, a Chicago insurance executive and former Teamsters pension-fund consultant who was murdered early last year in gangland style. It was written the year after Laxalt decided not to seek a second term as Nevada's governor and a year before Dorfman was convicted of receiving a \$55,000 kickback for arranging a \$1.5-million loan from the Teamsters pension fund.

"The other day I had an extended discussion with Al Dorfman of the Teamsters, with whom I've worked closely the past few years," the letter stated. "He described for me in detail the history of Jim Hoffa's difficulties with the Justice Department. This conversation, which described in detail the personal vendetta that Bobby Kennedy had against Hoffa, together with other information provided me over the years, leads me to the inevitable conclusion that Jim is a victim of Kennedy's revenge. This, in turn, convinces me that through vindictive action he has been and continues to be a political prisoner."

Laxalt admitted to Nixon that most Presidents wouldn't "touch this case with a ten-foot pole. It's simply too hot a political



Relying on questionable facts, Senator Paul Laxalt termed Jimmy Hoffa a "political prisoner."

potato—but the Dick Nixon I know has the guts . . . to make the decision that should be made."

Two days before Christmas in 1971 Nixon commuted Hoffa's sentence on the recommendation of Attorney General John Mitchell and the federal parole attorney following pleas by Hoffa's lawyer, Morris Shenker. Hoffa disappeared in July 1975 and is presumed to be dead.

Laxalt's office verifies the validity of the



Richard Nixon commuted Hoffa's sentence, but the Teamsters boss disappeared without a trace.

letter, but says that the Senator will have no comment.

* * *

There's always plenty of misbehaving going on in the nation's capital, but veteran Washingtonians usually try to keep it beneath the surface. So polite society was somewhat confused a few years ago when famed Watergate sleuth Carl Bernstein openly escorted Margaret Jay, wife of the then-British ambassador to the United States, to social functions. After all, both were very married at the time—he to noted writer Nora Ephron.

From London comes a recent newspaper report that may explain why Jay, at least, had few qualms about being seen painting the town on the arm of reporter Bernstein. It turns out that 3½ years ago the nanny caring for the Jay children in Washington had a baby of her own. The alleged father: former Ambassador Peter Jay.

Jay's lawyers confirmed that he, in fact, is arranging for the financial security of the young boy. "Even if Nicholas is only his godson," read a statement from Jay's lawyers, "he would still wish to take a benevolent interest in his future, as he is fond of the child who has lived under his roof for over three years."

So reasonable, those British.

Less civilized was the breakup of the Bernstein-Ephron marriage when Ephron learned of her husband's affair with Margaret Jay. For a thinly disguised fictional account of that split, watch for the searing movie Ephron is writing based on her best-selling novel, *Heartburn*.

(For future *Washington Daisy Chain* columns, HUSTLER will pay \$1,000 for every anonymous tip that appears in print. The confidentiality of tip sources will be stringently protected by HUSTLER.)

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DEAR GRANNY

Got a problem? You need some advice, but don't know where to turn? No matter what the hassle—your girl and your best friend or your girlfriend and man's best friend—no problem! *Dear Granny* has an answer. It may not be the answer, but it will sure as hell be the kind of advice your mother never gave you—but probably should have! Send your questions, problems and tales of woe to: *Dear Granny*, HUSTLER, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

DEAR GRANNY:

I have what I think must be a pretty common problem. To put it bluntly, I want to fuck my aunt. She lives in the same house as I do, and I think I've fallen in love with her. Every night I have these incredible dreams about her, but I just don't know how to approach her. My family is very strict about sex (it's never spoken of); however, I think my aunt is a little more freethinking. Can you give me some advice on how to approach her for sex? And is this really a common problem?

—Relatively Horny
Flushing, New York

Dear Relatively: Honey, colds are common, but I wouldn't recommend them. Your letter is a perfect example of what can happen in a family that refuses to discuss sex. Your misguided lust for your aunt probably comes from the fact that you haven't had experience with anyone else, and therefore you just became hard for the first woman you laid eyes on besides your mother. My advice to you, sweetie, would be to get out of that household altogether and forget about your aunt except on Christmas and birthdays.

DEAR GRANNY:

When my wife and I first got married, she was really nice to me. But after a month she became hateful. It's come to the point where she won't let me leave the house except to go to work, but she goes out without me all the time. In short, she's turned into a real bitch. She says if I leave the house, she'll never speak to me, but I'm miserable. What should I do? I love this woman a lot and don't want to take a chance on losing her.

—Henpecked
Smith, Kentucky

Dear Henpecked: Honey, I know slugs with more spine than you've got. I hope your pecker isn't as limp as your will. The woman just wants a challenge; so stand up for your rights, and she'll come running.

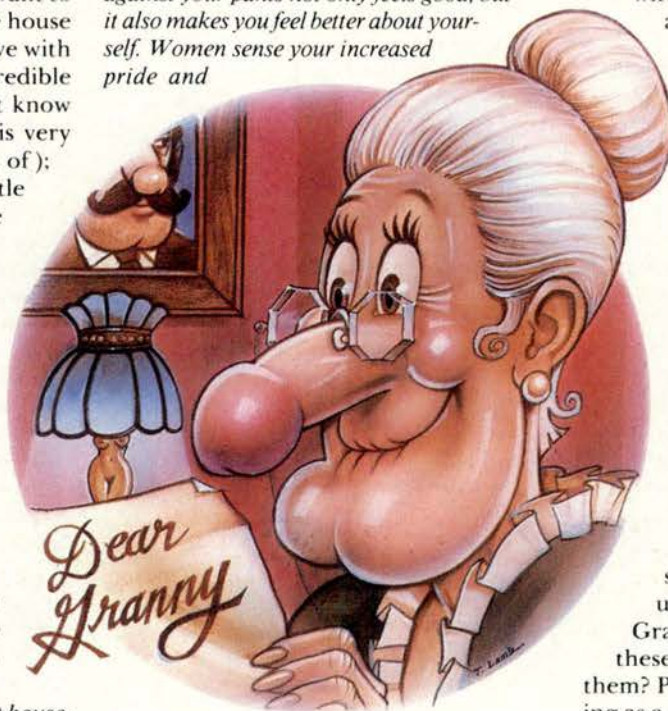
DEAR GRANNY:

I get a hard-on almost instantly when I talk to or dance with a girl. Lately I've

been taking my cock out of my underwear and letting it rub against my pants as I walk through the office where I work. I've noticed that women who never spoke to me before are now saying hello. Do you think I'll be able to get more pussy this way?

—Mr. Popularity
Jacksonville, Florida

Dear Mr. Popularity: This is a case of someone really being cocksure of himself. It's certain, sweetheart, that you'll be fucking more often now. You've discovered the key to getting pussy—self-confidence. Letting your cock ride against your pants not only feels good, but it also makes you feel better about yourself. Women sense your increased pride and



want to be with you. Keep up that attitude—and your cock—and you'll be surrounded by ladies. Then take control of the situation. Ask them out, invite them home and take them to bed. Remember, most women are willing—they just want the man to lead the way.

DEAR GRANNY:

I'm a 19-year-old girl who's been living with the same man for 4½ years. We have a good relationship and an excellent sex life. The only problem is that I can't seem to get pregnant even though I'm not using any type of birth control. My period is very irregular, and eight months out of the past year I didn't have one. I'm also very worried because I always have bad cramps. I want to go to a doctor, but my boyfriend won't let me. He says I don't need to. What should I do?

—Something's Wrong
Reynoldsville, Pennsylvania

Dear Something's Wrong: Honey, unless your boyfriend is a doctor, he shouldn't be giv-

ing out medical opinions. Any woman with "bad cramps" who hasn't bled on time for most of the past year should get her womb down to a gynecologist immediately. I mean now! Your local medical association can find someone for you. And believe me, darling, you're fooling yourself if you think you have a good relationship with that guy. He obviously doesn't care about you or your health.

DEAR GRANNY:

I'm a good-looking blond with an 11-inch, uncut pud. You'd think that would be enough to satisfy my big-breasted French wife, Monique—but no-o-o-o. I'm not adverse to a little kinky sex every now and then, but my wife's getting ridiculous. On our wedding night she dressed up in men's boxer shorts, splashed on some of my after shave and fucked me up the ass with a black dildo because she wanted to be "ze boy."

I thought that was bizarre until one evening I caught her breast-feeding our dachshund puppy. Then last night she put on a clown mask and a tutu and showed me an eel she'd bought at a fish store. Get this —no lie—she wanted me to cut the eel's head off and whip her tits with its dead body. I love Monique a lot; so I did as I was instructed. But I can't go on putting up with her sicko fetishes. Tell me, Granny, what makes my wife desire these weird sex acts, and how can I stop them? Please answer. My marriage is failing as a result of her eccentric desires.

—Fetishist's Hubby
Lincoln, Nebraska

Dear Hubby: Everyone knows the French are strange—they eat frogs and don't even speak English. But Monique's kinks aren't sick; they're simply what makes her happy. In fact, they're tame compared to other things I've heard—and done. So if you feel the thrill is gone from your sex life, then it might be time for you to leave as well.

DEAR GRANNY:

My husband and I have been married for four years, and our sex life is so good that we almost always get off at the same time when we're having intercourse. There's just one problem. When I was single and fucking around, I never had any difficulty giving head to guys. Almost invariably I could get a man off with my mouth in just five minutes or so. Not so with my husband, however, and it's been this way since we married. He takes forever to come, sometimes as long as an hour. By the time he squirts his jism down my

throat, my jaws are aching, and I'm getting really tired. Do you have any suggestions for what I can do to alleviate this situation?

—Aching Jaws
Martinez, California

Dear Aching: As my Aunt Martha used to say, "There's no law that you've got to swallow it." When you start to get tired, honey, go ahead and lie back with your legs spread. My guess is that it doesn't matter to hubby where he spews his cum so long as he does it.

DEAR GRANNY:

From time to time on my travels across this great country, away from my wife, I get what you might call "the urge." In some cases it's uncontrollable. Consequently, I usually seek out the help of a prostitute. My problem is this: I'm a midge and feel that since I'm half the size of a normal man, I should only pay half the price. But I have a hell of a time convincing the ladies of this. I think that if I had your blessing on this matter, Granny, I would be able to persuade these pros to let me participate at a discount. What's your opinion?

—Shortchanged
Baraboo, Wisconsin

Dear Short: You may be a little small for your age, but you have to remember that when you're with a hooker, you're paying for her pussy... and her time. Perhaps you and some

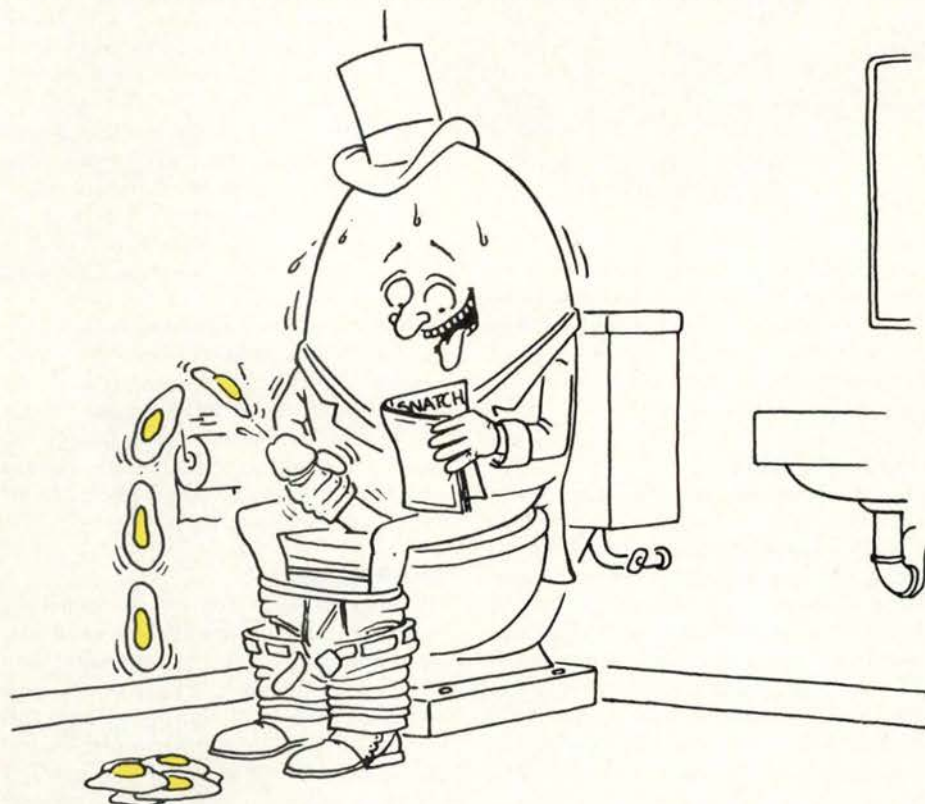
of your small associates can work out an arrangement for group rates or some E.T. (extra time). Check with your local "working girl."

DEAR GRANNY:

I have a very embarrassing problem I hope you can help me out with. I've been married for a little more than three years, have two children and love to fuck. I like to get it from my husband hard and fast, preferably doggy-style. Unfortunately, every six or seven thrusts we have to stop screwing so I can expel some air through my pussy; otherwise my abdomen gets sore, and I feel as if I have gas. It's really an annoying problem, and I'd like some advice from you on how to remedy it. What do you think is causing these "pussy farts," and how can I stop them from happening?

—Pffffffftttt
Boston, Massachusetts

Dear Pffffffftttt: Honey, I'm afraid those pussy farts are a fact of life, especially for girls like us who like it hard and fast. One time when my lover asked what that sound was, I told him I was blowing him a kiss with my cunt. He thought it was very romantic. At any rate, it sounds to me as if your pussy is letting a lot of air in when your man is giving it to you. You may want to have yourself checked out by your gynecologist though, because while pussy farts are normal, the kind of pain you're experiencing is not.



DUANE TINSLEY

DEAR GRANNY:

I need your advice on a couple of things. First, my girlfriend and I broke up not too long ago. I was really in love with her, and now she's constantly on my mind. It's hard to ask someone else out. Second, I'd really love to go to bed with my sister. What can I do? —Obsessed and Incestuous
Belmont, California

Dear O&I: Pretend that the next girl you meet is your sister.

DEAR GRANNY:

About six months ago I met a girl named Ellen. Since we were both living at home and tired of being bossed around by our parents, we decided to chip in and get an apartment together. The first few weeks we did nothing but fuck night and day. Neither of us was working then; so we had all the time in the world.

A couple of weeks later, though, I got a job at the local grocery store, and I've been working lots of overtime so I can buy Ellen the things she wants. But Ellen expects me to have sex with her as often as I used to. When the alarm goes off in the morning, the first thing I feel is her hand reaching for my crotch. I had to start saying I was working through my lunch hour to make more money, because she was pouncing on me as soon as I came through the door at noon. At the end of a long day, as soon as I get home, she unzips my pants, whips out my tool and starts sucking me off, expecting me to have sex with her at least two or three more times before I go to sleep.

I know if I turned her down even once, she'd leave me for some other guy. The same thing would happen if I lost my job; and the way I drag into work every morning, it won't be long before that happens. Last night she told me flat out she's getting to like my paycheck even more than she likes me!

Granny, Ellen is the best piece of ass I've ever had. Do you think I should try talking to her about this? How can I get out of this mess I'm in? —Petered Out
Jacksonville, Florida

Dear Petered: There sure as hell is a way out of your dilemma; it's a simple device known as a door! Believe me, honey, I've known plenty of women like your Ellen, and it wouldn't do a damn bit of good to talk things over. She already knows the score. To put it bluntly, Ellen's not so much interested in screwing your body as she is in fucking with your mind. An active interest in sex is one thing, but that type of woman's got a man-eating pussy, and if you don't hightail it out of there, she's going to chew you up and spit you out. The choice is yours, sweetie. So what's it going to be? A handy piece of her bitch ass or your own peace of mind?

FARTS and PILES

ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

In most areas of this country a quick spin of the TV dial is all it takes to find television Evangelist Jimmy Swaggart and his fire-and-brimstone money machine. Stick with this ranting-and-raving religious rectum for a few moments, and he's certain to explain why you will burn in hell forever if you don't surrender your mind and your hard-earned dollars to his particular brand of religious highway robbery.

What makes Swaggart particularly loathsome is that he's not content just to separate the poor and elderly from their Social Security checks. For some lunatic reason this sanctimonious shit-dispenser has decided that he alone has the power to determine who's going to be saved, who isn't and why. In the process he has the audacity to advocate out-and-out hatred in the name of his Lord.

This biblical bung-hole's latest crusade (waged on the air and through his magazine, *The Evangelist*) is a boldfaced attack on individuals and groups that don't buy his particular brand of turdy theology. For example, according to the Reverend Jimmy, Mother Teresa—the missionary who's spent years working with the poorest of the poor in India—is condemned to hell unless she has a religious experience and is born again. Since attacking other religions is an unsavory but common practice among those who preach the so-called Gospel of love, that may not seem so surprising. But acting as the Prince of Peace's personal representative on Earth, Swaggart has also

Jimmy Swaggart



taken it upon himself to defend South Africa's racist apartheid policies. Furthermore, this hemorrhoidal holy man really crossed the line when he televised pictures of the Nazi death camps while farting out some shit to the effect that the 6 million Jews who were murdered during the Holocaust deserved to die because they didn't believe in Christ.

Unfortunately, there are a lot of dim bulbs in the world who believe that this man speaks for some divine spirit, and they send him their money. That money eventually equals a lot of power. So don't underrate this Asshole's

influence, thinking that he's "just a preacher." As an indication of Swaggart's strength, consider the following:

- ★ His combined annual income totals \$60 million (which includes television and radio appeals as well as record sales of more than 12 million units).

- ★ His World Ministry Center in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, cost more than \$30 million to build.

- ★ His daily national television audience is estimated at 3 million people.

- ★ In December 1982 he filled New York's Madison Square Garden, turning away more than

5,000 of his faithful shit-lappers.

Although most of Swaggart's loot is donated in small amounts by the poor and easily conned, this excretal Evangelist has hit big with at least one divine score. Jimbo cast his bread upon the waters and came across a rich, elderly woman named Zoe McDonald Vance from La Jolla, California, who just happened to have some oil and gas leases and was in need of "comforting" after her husband passed away. Vance rewrote her will, and Swaggart's church came away \$10 million richer.

Obviously, life's been pretty good to this son of a family of "Delta drifters." After dropping out of school, Swaggart would have liked to have been a rock 'n' roller like his cousin Jerry Lee Lewis or Elvis Presley—both of whom he tried to rival back in the '50s; but since he couldn't make an honest dollar as an entertainer, he came up with his current act. He's still onstage, and he still plays piano—only now he asks "permission from the Lord" when he wants to record.

Recently, four of the more than 250 stations carrying Swaggart's sewage have dropped his show as a result of Jimmy's inflammatory and racist remarks. That's not very many, but maybe the small cutback is a sign from heaven. Now is the time for HUSTLER readers to contact managers of the other 246 stations to help them see the light. Just tell them that if you wanted to see an asshole on your TV, you'd install a close-circuit camera in your toilet.

FARTS IN THE WIND

While Jimmy Swaggart had what it takes to be Asshole of the Month, others are "worthy" of recognition on this page. These are May's Farts in the Wind.

The **FEDERAL COMMUNICATIONS COMMISSION** has ruled that radio and TV stations can refuse to air political ads it considers to be "obscene

or indecent." This decision was reached when it came to the FCC's attention that Larry Flynt's Presidential-campaign promotions contain nudity, explicit sexual acts and off-color language. Flynt vows to fight that ruling.

After the Reverend Jesse Jackson secured the release of captured airman Robert O. Goodman from Syria, SEN-

ATOR JAKE GARN (R-Utah) asked: "Would Mr. Jackson have been over there if Lieutenant Goodman weren't black? Sometimes you have to call a spade a spade." Garn refused to apologize for his racist comment, which his press secretary said was part of the senator's "vernacular."

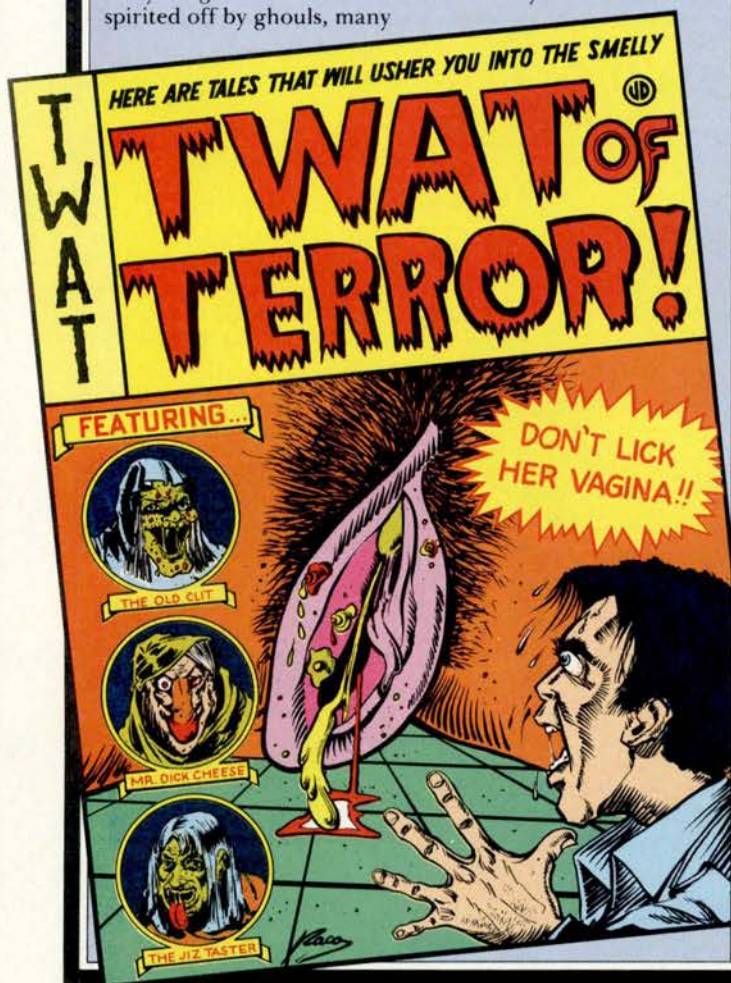
In Mount Clemens, Michigan, a judge reduced ax-murder charges against Frederick Luna, 44, a white

man accused of killing his wife, who had a black lover. "Here's the defendant... faced with the horribleness of infidelity," said Macomb County Circuit Judge **JAMES C. DANER**. "Not only an infidelity—and I do not wish to be called a racist, but we are in a court of law, and a spade has to be called a spade—but infidelity with a black man." Murder is murder, and Judge Daner is a racist.

Twat of Terror

Nowadays old comic books are considered to be classics, but not too long ago parents were just as horrified by them as their kids were—only for different reasons. One complaint concerned the issue of children getting swallowed up in the escapist fantasies. While no youngsters were ever spirited off by ghouls, many

of them did grow up to have their lives scarred by real problems like sexually transmitted diseases. It's too bad that no one thought to use this very popular genre to educate as well as to entertain, because we might have seen stories like this. Kids would still have been scared—but better prepared to deal with reality.



Nine Years Ago In HUSTLER



HUSTLER's reputation for being on the cutting edge of sensuality as well as our willingness to deal openly with topics that are considered to be society's "forbidden fruit" were established long ago, as can be seen in this shot from a February 1975 photo-spread. It's a well-known fact that many males, particularly older men, share a secret desire for teenage nymphs—a phenomenon commonly known as the "Lolita complex."

Our pictorial, titled *Adolescent Fantasy*, addressed the

problem by depicting this type of relationship and by explaining the psychological basis for such a compulsion.

Although these photos may have shocked readers who mistakenly concluded that the girl was truly underage, the illusion was intended simply to bring a very basic taboo into the open for discussion.

HUSTLER promises to remain in the sexual-awareness vanguard by continuing to deal with any subject of interest to our readers no matter how outrageous or "forbidden."



Sex News Bits

FINAL

■ **LANSING, MI**—A law passed last winter gives prostitutes the chance to avoid police records and court appearances by performing community-service work, such as shoveling snow or helping the elderly in their yards. Mayor Terry McKane said the unusual sentences were written into the new law because prostitution cases were taking up too much court time.

■ **WASHINGTON, D.C.**—The American Civil Liberties Union has filed suit to have a federal program promoting teenage chastity declared unconstitutional because it subsidizes particular religious views. Since the Department of Health and Human Services started its "Adolescent

Family" campaign two years ago, about \$22 million has gone to church-related groups such as Brigham Young University and the Roman Catholic diocese of Arlington, Virginia. The ACLU says this violates the First Amendment.

■ **SAN FRANCISCO, CA**—The manager of a topless nightclub was crushed to death while screwing a drunken, naked dancer on a prop piano designed to raise performers off the stage through a hole in the ceiling. Jimmy "the Beard" Ferrozzo and Theresa Hill missed the exit and were trapped after accidentally starting the lift. Ferrozzo was dead from suffocation, and Hill was screaming hysterically when a janitor found

the pair 15 feet in the air a few hours later. Hill claimed to be too bombed to remember details of the incident.

■ **BANGKOK, THAILAND**—A world's record 1,202 men received vasectomies during a ten-hour event that celebrated the 56th birthday of Thailand's King Bhumibol Adulyadej. Blaring music, balloons, banners promoting family planning, free T-shirts, snacks and soft drinks lent a circus atmosphere to the occasion as 50 doctors and 85 nurses averaged two operations per minute. Thailand is inhabited by 47 million people who live in an area about three-fourths the size of Texas.

SONDRA LOCKE

Dirty Harry's Dirty Girl



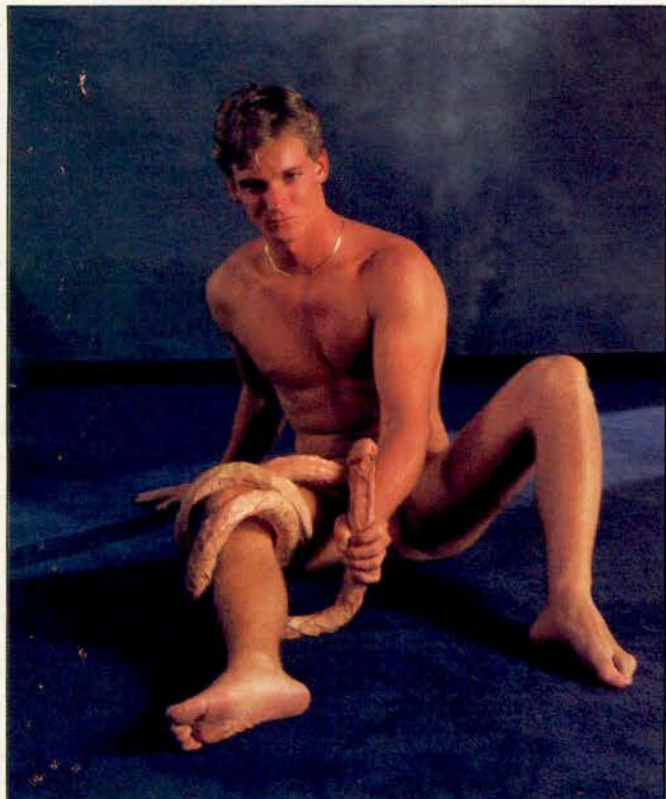
The first time Hollywood superstar/macho man Clint Eastwood uttered his now-famous words "Go ahead, make my day," he was probably offering sexual suggestions to his longtime bedfellow, Sondra Locke. The golden-haired, trim-figured Locke has starred with her real-life boyfriend in a number of big-budget productions, including *Bronco Billy*, *The Gauntlet* and most recently the latest Dirty Harry film, *Sudden Impact*. Those pictures were sexually tame, but one rarely seen Locke film titled *Death Game* is about to be nationally released—and it features Dirty Harry's little lady in some very steamy sexual situations.



tionally released—and it features Dirty Harry's little lady in some very steamy sexual situations.

Made in 1976, *Death Game* is a wild tale about a pair of bisexual psychotic nymphets who happen onto the doorstep of a well-to-do San Francisco businessman one night in the pouring rain. After seducing the poor chap into a bathtub threesome, the girls go stark raving nutso and torment the poor guy to the point of near murder. As you can see from these stills culled from the movie, sexy Sondra has few inhibitions about exposing herself to the camera. We can only guess what *else* old Clint does with his .357 Magnum. . . .





The Big Lie

You have seen them in the other men's magazines. Guys hung like elephants with an overabundance of male hormones. Huge honkers that would require so much blood flow for an erection, you'd probably black out every time you got a hard-on. Well, we could show

you guys like that too. All it takes is fancy prosthetics, makeup or trick photography. But that's not our style. HUSTLER is out beating the bushes looking for guys who are *really* hung well. Why? We want your girlfriends and wives to get off on HUSTLER as much as you do. Beware of the phony salamis in our competition. They're not kosher.

Porn From the Past

Here's a case of overkill from way back when. After reading about the health benefits of a vinegar douche, these two decided that champagne would really improve the lady's "nose." What a waste of the bubbly—it went in as Dom Perignon and came out as Cold Fuck. So always remember: Never put a cork where you could put your pork.

We'll print no porn before its time—but the time is now. Please send your funniest (or most bizarre) old smut photos to *Bits and Pieces*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. We pay \$150 for each shot we use.



SEX IN MEDIA

WITH GOD AS MY DIRECTOR—This photo of Pat "White Bucks Fun Guy" Boone appeared in the December 16, 1983, edition of the *San Francisco Chronicle*. It was the illustration for an ad promoting one of those bullshit religious tracts called *Power for Living* distributed



ed by the Arthur S. DeMoss Foundation to "celebrate the Year of the Bible." The headline for this ad reads: "Is show business the most important thing in Pat Boone's life?" In the copy, Pat is quoted as saying, "In everything you do, put God first, and He will direct you and crown your efforts with success." Those of you who've seen the scandalous picture of Pat with his dick in a box that appeared in the January 1984 HUSTLER may have been wondering who directed that shot. Now you know.

HUSTLER: THE DAY AFTER—This amusing *Bloom County* cartoon strip was brought to our attention by a HUSTLER editor (yes, some of them *can* read).



Judging from our mail, it also caught many a HUSTLER reader's eye when it appeared in newspapers across the country on January 7, 1984. Although we'd prefer to deal with nuclear war by preventing it rather than planning for it, we have to admit that these little cartoon guys sure have the right idea. Being stuck in a shelter for several weeks or more is certainly bad enough—imagine being stuck there *without* the world's greatest magazine.

DESIGNER WHAT?—This photograph is excerpted from a reader-supplied advertising supplement to the *Great Falls (Montana) Tribune*. The company responsible for the supplement, the Designers, is in the business of providing status



breeding stock to cattle ranchers—specifically Avignon stock. The animal with the cute red genitals pictured here is described as being a "roomy 1983 Fall Calver" having a "high rear-udder attachment" and a "wide birth canal"—all the result of selective breeding. And, Hoss, that ain't no bull.

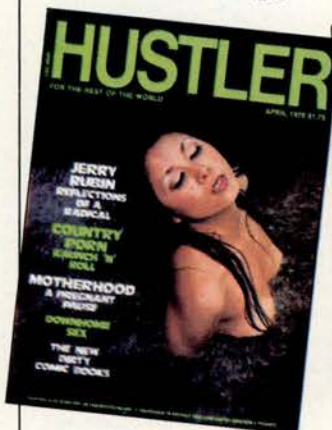


The Wong Stuff

You just can't fool Larry Flynt. In his *1st Annual Biased Review of Men's Magazines* (January '84), he classified *Cheri* as being just

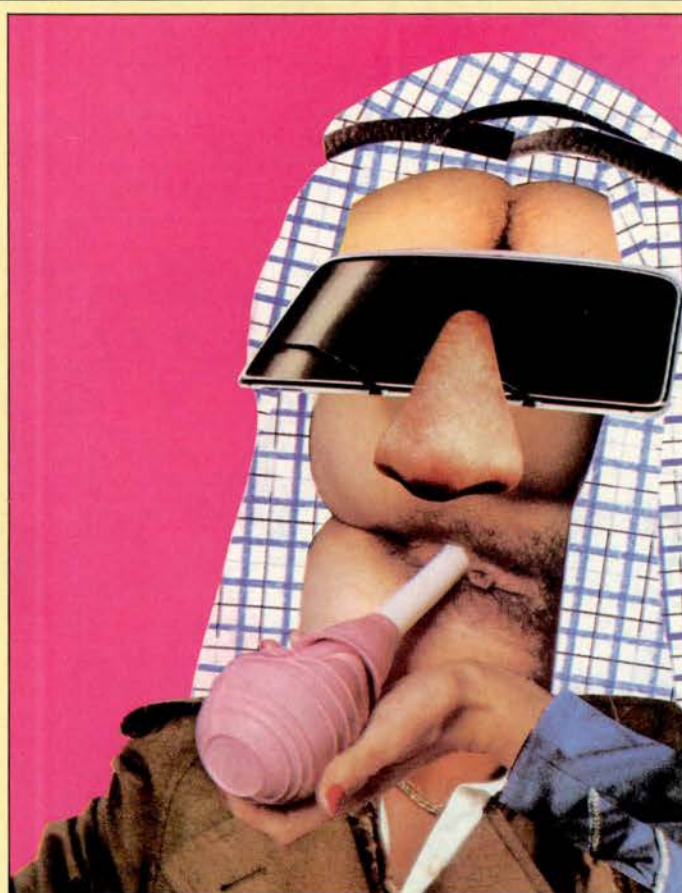
is that these shots of Linda Wong were supposedly taken in Hawaii by *Cheri* photographers last year.

Imitation may be the most sincere form of flat-



"another HUSTLER rip-off." At the time he didn't even know that the October '83 issue of that scumrag featured a direct steal from our April '76 HUSTLER. The funniest thing about it

tery, but ripping off old HUSTLER sets is probably the most sincere form of saying you think your readers are mindless cretins who'll buy any bullshit you put between two covers.



Yassir, That's My Baby

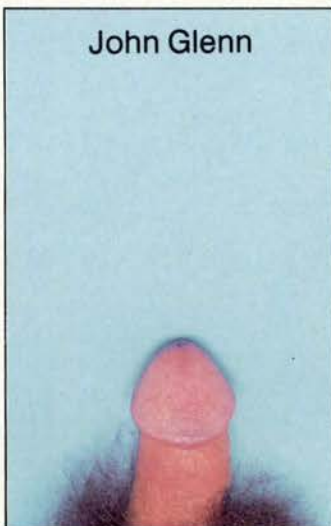
Like everyone else, we'd heard those rumors coming out of the Middle East—Yassir Arafat, leader of those fun-loving PLO terrorists, was under attack by his own Arab brothers for being too soft on

the Israelis. Then we received this highly informative collage from a faithful reader in France. As you can clearly see, when the former lion of the desert lost his fangs, he turned into a genuine pussy. And with any kind of luck at all he won't be able to snatch victory from the jaws of defeat this time.

And May the Best Man Win

Democratic Presidential hopeful Jesse Jackson isn't known for humility. So we weren't surprised to learn that he'd entered the race because he felt that the other candidates did not provide a "measure of greatness" for the upcoming campaign. No wonder this guy's going to lose! Just compare these exclusive shots of Jackson's competition, and you'll see who's out in front—at least according to the poles.

John Glenn



Jesse Jackson



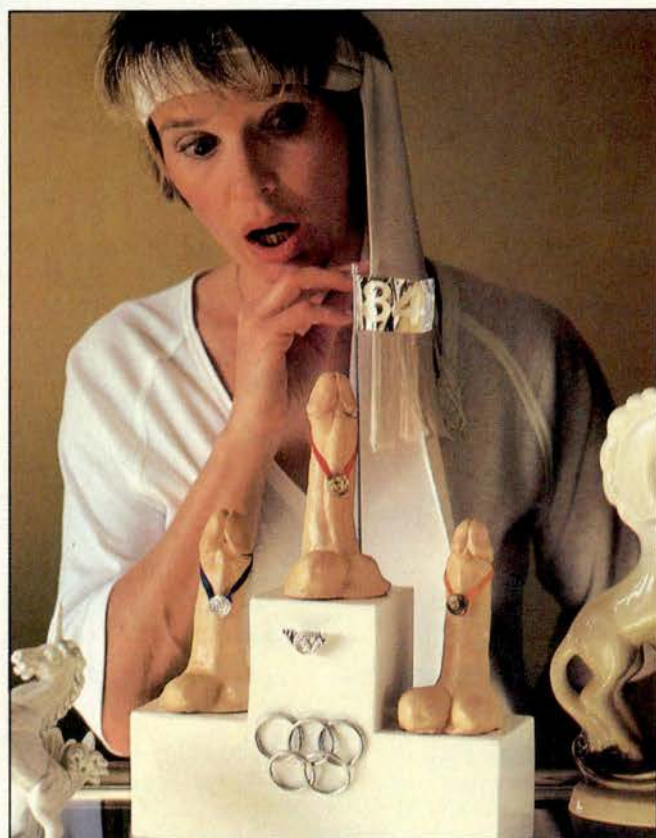
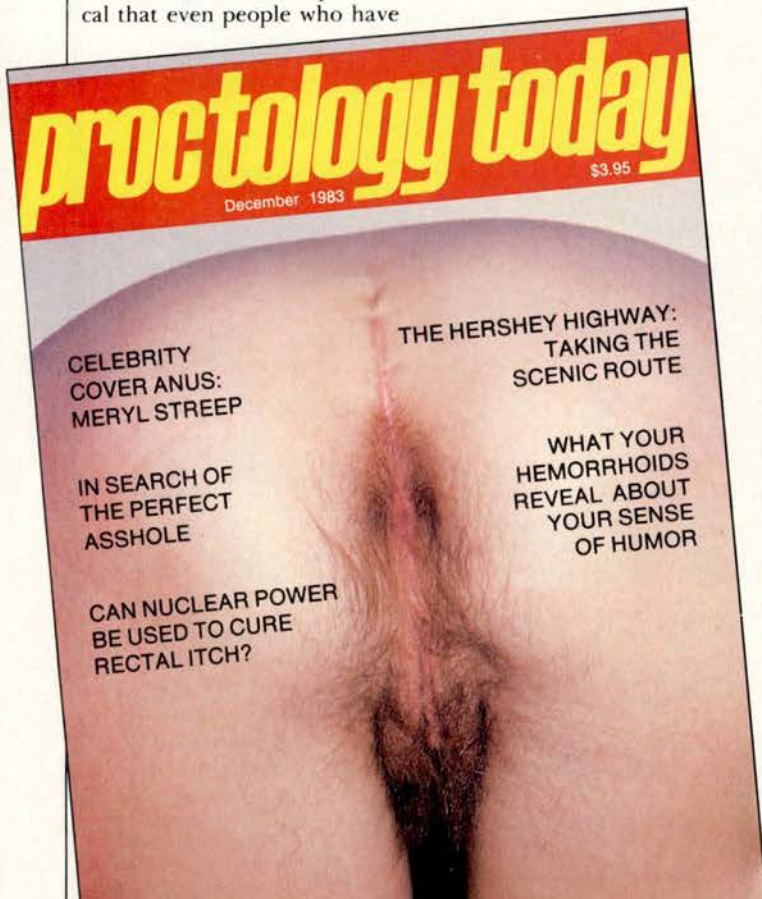
Larry Flynt



The Bottom Line in Magazines

Those of you who've been bummed out by the sore lack of rectally related reading material available today should appreciate this plug for a magazine that really fills the gap—no buts about it. *Proctology Today* is a periodical that even people who have

their heads up their asses can really get behind. It's crammed full of revealing articles with a lot of hindsight and pictorials by crack photographers from all over. And let's face it, before *Proctology Today* came along, if you wanted a magazine about assholes, your only choice was *U.S. News & World Report*.



Going for the Gold

Since 1984 is an Olympic year, what could be more fitting than the Dildo Olympics held recently in Ressed, California. Fake phalli representing many countries vied in stiff competition, with female judges picking winners based on number of orgasms achieved. All entrants appeared to be even at the start, but when pushed to the hilt,

only three had balls enough to stick it out and emerge victorious. E. Z. Sliden of Norway and Israel's Sucha Putz finally gave way to America's Phil D. Hole, who captured the gold with a ten-stroke lead. This woman was upset that her favorite, Itbe Biganbad from Kenya, didn't win. HUSTLER congratulates the winners and hopes success won't go to their heads.

How to Get \$150 Free From HUSTLER!

Well, almost free anyway. In spite of the fact that our B&P staff consists of the most clever (and modest) people on the planet, we do like reader input. So if you have a funny idea (or just see something humorous in your daily travels), why not share it with us. If you shoot the picture yourself, please make certain that your subject is properly posed, exposed and well-lighted—and watch those backgrounds.

If you are not able to take the photograph yourself, describe it to us. In either case if we run your concept, we'll be happy to pay you \$150, which should be enough to buy some new clothes for little Juanita or enough cheese to last your family three months. Submit your photograph or idea to *Bits and Pieces*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Oh, yeah—no more vegetables or vegetable pictures, please.



A Rotten Apple a Day

It bothered us when we first heard predictions that everyone would eventually own a home computer. After all, there are some people for whom the expense would seem to be too great—ghetto dwellers, for example. That's why we were happy to

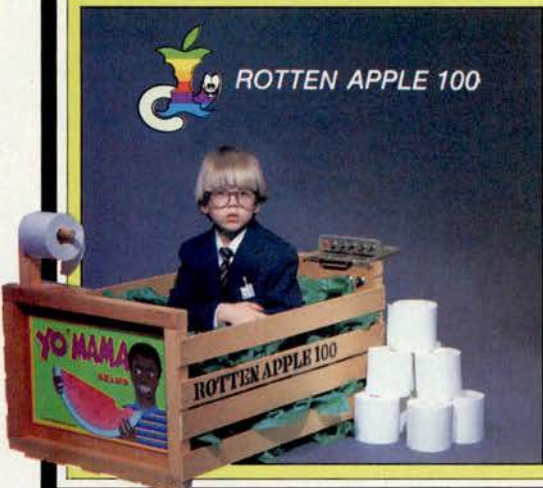
learn that there's a new state-of-the-art model specifically designed just for them: the Rotten Apple 100.

First of all, the Rotten Apple 100 is a true TCB (takin'-care-of-business) computer. So it can keep track of food stamps, help pick the daily

number and turn any street hooker into a fuckin' genius. And according to the instruction manual, it's what they call "user friendly"—just load one of them rolls of software, ask the little honkie some questions, and quicker than you can say "Mad Dog Twenny-Tweny," you be getting the right answers. Finally, as far as com-

puter games go, Rotten Apple has them too: Programs such as *Rat Invaders*® and *Ghetto Blasters*® keep them kids busy for hours.

So as you can see, the trickle-down theory may not be doing much for the economy, but it damn sure works when it comes to the new currency of our age—technology.



Most Tasteless Cartoon



"It's either a rare killer fungus or a very valuable mushroom patch...."

HUSTLER Update

NUCLEAR DISASTERS April '80

The now well-known Karen Silkwood case was among those cited in HUSTLER's comprehensive report on illness and death suffered by workers at our nation's nuclear industries. Although Silkwood died in an auto accident, a jury held her employer responsible for her contamination by deadly plutonium dust and then awarded Silkwood's family \$10 million in damages. An appeals court later overturned the award. Now, in a landmark decision that says, in effect, we can take action against nuclear-energy companies when people get hurt, the U.S. Supreme Court has reinstated the \$10 million award to Silkwood's heirs.



MADNESS IS NO EXCUSE June '81

In 1978 Dan White assassinated two San Francisco city officials. For these crimes he was sentenced to neither death nor life imprisonment. Instead he was found guilty only of voluntary manslaughter and sentenced to seven years, eight months in prison. In a scathing *Publisher's Statement* Larry Flynt deplored the system of justice that all too often seems to ignore a simple fact: One human being willfully took the life of another. By pleading "insanity" or "diminished capacity" (as White did), murderers are frequently able to get off almost scot-free. Because of this bizarre loophole in the law, Dan White is today a free man.



Contributors

HUSTLER pays \$150 for each reader-submitted Bits and Pieces item. In the event that two or more readers' submissions are used in one B&P item, the payment is \$50 for each submission. Larry Flynt Publications retains all rights to any material submitted, but we'll return any rejected material and original artwork (not including photos) on request if an SASE is enclosed. For May, \$150 goes to C. K. Berrett, Dave McEnery, Jeff Penland, Joe Pennachio and Tim Taft. HUSTLER's comments on pictures, people, trademarks and/or copyrighted material ("items") are only its opinion (frequently in the form of parody or satire) based solely on only those facts (including the pictures) disclosed. HUSTLER's use of such items is not authorized by the persons named and/or depicted by the trademark or copyright owners, and no such authorization should be inferred.

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X-RATED FILMS, FUCK BOOKS AND MORE

X-RATED FILMS

Edited by Lonn M. Friend

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

Sulka's Wedding

Direct. Produced by Avanta; written by Joaquin; directed by Kim Christy; Sulka, Tigr, Sharon Craig Roberts, Ron Jeremiah Misty, Paul Ba-

ER MAY



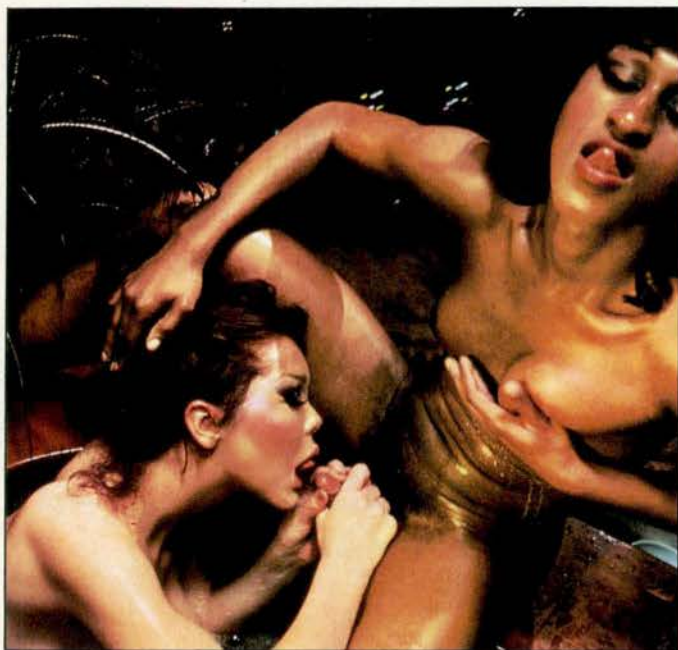
Tigr lends a helping nipple to temptress Sharon Mitchell in 'Sulka's Wedding.'

ressi, Jennifer Thomas, Jamie Ling and Mickey Royce. Running time: 85 minutes.

Transsexual-kink lovers, this is your film. But for those who don't find great excitement in watching half-man/half-woman sexual oddities playing with each other's genitalia, *Sulka's Wedding* is a real turn-off. In other words, this film will appeal to a specialized audience, and it's up to your individual taste in erotica to determine whether such bizarre lovemaking is your cup of tea.

The story concerns Sulka—the famous swollen-faced transsexual-turned-all woman—and the characters who share her life on her wedding day. And that's it. The entire production is nothing but one wedding guest fucking another, all passing the time until the blissful ceremony can commence. Paul (Craig Roberts) is Sulka's fiancé, and even he can't help but fuck his brains out with every lady—or half-lady—in sight.

And who can blame him? If you were about to marry someone who looked as if she'd just gone ten rounds with Gerry Cooney, wouldn't you dip your stick into whatever...



In 'Sulka's Wedding' the bride-to-be lustfully sucks off a transsexual friend.

Of course you would. Not to mention the fact that Ms. S's postoperative vagina resembles that of a rotten artichoke. Anyway, Sulka and Roberts are ultimately married, and everyone fucks everyone else at the reception. The End.

Sulka's Wedding does have a few interesting moments, whether you're aroused by transsexual sex or not. In one scene Tigr and Sharon Mitchell—after eating each other's pussy—are joined by she-male Jennifer Thomas, who has just been fucked in the ass by Roberts. (Gee, does this make the film fun for gays too? Maybe, sweethearts!) The close-up photography is well-done here, and the semisappphic threesome is strangely erotic.

There's also some hot-and-horny straight fucking in the flick. One wild sequence has Tigr hanging upside down from a wood-beam ceiling, giving head to Ron Jeremy while getting tongued in the asshole by Roberts. Though she utters nary a line in the entire film, the fair-haired Tigr manages to keep her mouth and pussy more than busy.

On the negative side of this off-color movie is absolutely abysmal acting and poorly lighted sequences that test the viewer's ability to pick out which cock belongs to whom. Aside from that, *Sulka's Wedding* is a mildly entertaining adult film for those audiences

who crave something slightly different in the way of down-and-kinky erotic-cinema fare. —L.M.F.



Alexandra

Fully Erect. Produced by E. Clayton, David F. Friedman and Daniel Walker; written by Daniel Walker; directed by Robert Freeman; starring Eve Sternberg, Reg Wilson, Robert Bolla, Ashley Summer, Eric Edwards, Joanna Storm, Tina Ross, Steven Douglas and Michael Gaunt. Running time: 99 minutes.

Alexandra is the newest porn takeoff on a Hollywood production. But what's fascinating is that the film it satirizes was made back in 1948—and unless you're well into middle age, you probably won't remember the

flick. Well, for those whose memories only extend as far back as *Stars Wars*, the picture was called *A Letter to Three Wives*, and it starred Celeste Holm, Linda Darnell and Ann Southern. Replace those immortal stars with names like Eve Sternberg, Tina Ross and Joanna Storm, throw in a mountain of hard-core poking and grabbing, and you wind up with a delightful little X-rated production that—for the porn connoisseur—is as entertaining as the Oscar-winning original.

The film revolves around three couples: Jennifer and Foster Holloway (Tina Ross and Robert Bolla); Pat and Martin Cooper (Ashley Summer and Eric Edwards); Diane and Cliff Ballard (Joanna Storm and Steven Douglas). They're all well-off and reside in fancy homes in the New York suburbs, and they've all—at some time in the past—encountered the mysterious and sophisticated Alexandra (Eve Sternberg), the elusive protagonist from whom we constantly hear (through her narration) but don't get a glimpse of until the finale. Throughout the picture we become aware that dear Alex has fucked all the ladies' hubbies and also that she has a "shocking" revelation to make about herself. That revelation is... well, it really wouldn't be fair to tell too much of the story, because half the beauty of *Alexandra* lies in its intriguing script.

We will tell you, however, that beyond a professional production and first-class acting, *Alexandra* offers a fair share of highly titillating trysts. In an extremely passionate episode Ashley Summer gives one of the most all-time mouth-watering blow-

jobs in X-rated filmhood to Eric Edwards in front of a fireplace. The lighting here is hauntingly sensual, and you can almost feel Edwards's buns scorching next to the flickering flames as he thrusts his cock in and out of Summer's hungry mouth.

The masterful use of flashbacks in *Alexandra* lends an almost "classical" tone to the production. And the viewer becomes quite caught up in the characters—a dimension that is sadly lacking in most adult cinema.

All in all, *Alexandra* is an amusing and erotic example of how—once in a great while—



Tantalizing Tina Ross is just one of the blue-screen beauties in 'Alexandra.'

Hollywood can inspire a really wonderful fuck film.

—L.M.F.



Pleasure Zones

Half Erect. Produced by Billy Thornberg; written and directed by Harold J. Perkins; starring Rachel Wells, Tara Aire, John Leslie, Janey Robbins, Herschel Savage, Jamie Gillis, Mai Lin, Jon Martin, Laura Lazar, Steven Ventura, Dede Collins, Bennett Hall, Paul Thomas and Cindy Swift. Running time: 80 minutes.

Pleasure Zones succeeds on several levels as an interesting—and even educational—vignette study of sexuality. But it fails at being anything more than mildly stimulating because of the filmmaker's simple lack of sexual creativity. *Pleasure Zones* just doesn't bulge the boxers.

Buxom Rachel Wells plays the "pleasure guide," a sensual instructor of sorts who takes the



'Alexandra': Joanna Storm holds a grand opening for hubby Steven Douglas.



Lucky Laura Lazar cheerfully helps John Leslie take aim in 'Pleasure Zones.'

viewer on a Masters-and-Johnson-type adventure through the bodies and bedrooms of some everyday people. As Wells carresses different parts of her exquisite body, we catch glimpses of various individuals sexually elaborating on said "areas." *Pleasure Zones*, therefore, has no plot and is simply a collection of blackouts held together by Wells's narration. Subjects range from female orgasms to foot fetishes. The hard-core depictions of Wells's fantasies, however, aren't half as exciting as the way she originally describes them.

One scene does at least manage to stimulate some lower blood flow: In a case of "mistaken identity," blond cupcake Dede Collins meets up with Steven Ventura. Both are checking out a condominium, waiting for the real-estate agent to arrive. Thinking *she* is the broker, Ventura seduces and fucks Collins, but the *real* agent soon arrives (played by Bennett Hall, another blond beauty), and all are embarrassed about the mixup. The improbable situation turns into a torrid threesome that proves to be the film's most convincing sex sequence.

The premise of *Pleasure Zones* is stimulating and lends itself to a myriad of erotic possibilities. Unfortunately, the film loses its balls early on, and it only grazes the sexual surface in presenting visual documentation of how and why we normal people like to fuck. A little less cliché and a little more kink could have made this pic something special. Alas, we have to settle for yet another mediocre exercise in experimental porn. Nice try though, guys. —L.M.F.



Babylon Blue

Half Erect. Produced by Michel Dejou; written and directed by Jaqueson Saint-Louis; starring Joey Silvera, Sharon Kane, Bridgette Monet, Jacqueline Lorians, Joanna Storm, Alexis X, Tish Ambrose, Michael Bruce, David Cannon, Alan Adrian and Michael Gaunt. Running time: 88 minutes.

This film is cold. The scenery is cold, the women are cold, the men are cold, and—worst of all—the sex is cold. In fact, you'd be wise to wear an overcoat into the theater for *Babylon Blue*—not to hide your hard-on, but to avoid contracting pneumonia from this celluloid icicle. You'll witness a rather exceptional performance by Sharon Kane and a great passionless, characterless character by Joey Silvera. But besides that, it's not very likely that a viewing of *Babylon Blue* will heat you up at all—under any circumstances.



Joanna Storm goes out of her way to please everyone in 'Babylon Blue.'

The story revolves around a gigolo (Joey Silvera) who has just been released from prison for soliciting. But no sooner

does he get the numbers off his chest, than his girlfriend (Sharon Kane) puts him back in business at her big-city House of Pleasure, a palace of perversion for those who can afford such things. Silvera services the female patrons while Kane and her staff (Bridgette Monet and Joanna Storm) cater to all the male customers.

There is a lot of *hard* fucking in *Babylon Blue*, but only a smattering of it is erotic. One hot scene involves cherry-haired bombshell Jacqueline Lorians getting poked while suspended by all fours on ropes. As dirty-talkin' Sharon Kane looks (and



'Babylon Blue': Bridgette Monet gets paid cash to perform acts of pleasure.

licks) on, stud Silvera pounds his pud into a swinging Lorians. The sequence is inventive, exciting and amusingly erotic.

On the whole, however, *Babylon* is simply men getting on top of women, shooting their frustrations into their placid, submissive partners' passive holes. Take the scene in which Bridgette Monet lays out her fleshy wares for David Cannon. Besides being the most listless actress who ever spread for the blue screen, Monet is also the most obnoxious. The reason for this, one might guess, is her frequent screen partner, David Cannon. The limp-wristed Cannon—who carries a malformed cock with a bulbous, tumorlike lump on its shaft—flounders over his beloved with all the passion of a rabid cocker spaniel. It's a nauseating sight.

No doubt fans of Silvera and Kane will enjoy *Babylon Blue*. Almost anyone else, however, will find it hard to warm up to. —L.M.F.



ON THE CIRCUIT

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

Fully Erect

Fleshdance
Golden Girls
HUSTLER Video Magazine #1
In Love
Maneaters
Naughty Girls Need Love Too
Night Hunger
Reel People
Sexcapades
Suzie Superstar
That's Outrageous
The Devil in Miss Jones II
The Young Like It Hot

Three-Quarters Erect

Bubblegum
Expose Me Now
Hot Dreams
Midnight Heat
Never Sleep Alone
Playing With Fire
Pleasure So Deep
Touch of Blue

Half Erect

A Taste of Money
Baby Cakes
Between Lovers
California Valley Girls
Eat at the Blue Fox
Little Girls Lost
Puss 'n' Boots
Smoker
That's My Daughter
Treasure Box
White Heat

One-Quarter Erect

Body Talk
The Challenge of Desire
Daddy's Little Girls
Let's Talk Sex
Sweet Young Foxes
The Starmaker
When She Was Bad

Totally Limp

A Bit Too Much Too Soon
All About Annette
Virginia

NOTE: 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. Check with your theater to make sure that you're getting the real thing.

RATING GUIDE

- FULLY ERECT**
Superior. A top production.
- THREE-QUARTERS ERECT**
A well-made film.
- HALF ERECT**
So-so. Limited appeal.
- ONE-QUARTER ERECT**
Poor. Don't expect much.
- TOTALLY LIMP**
A waste of time and money.

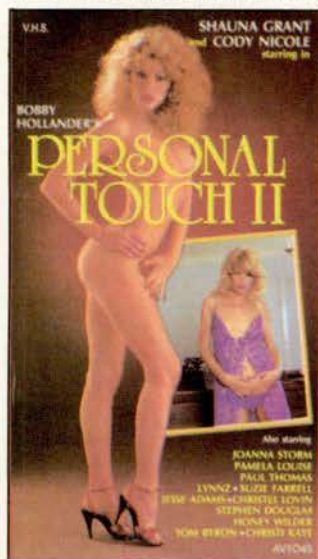
PORNPOURRI

Edited by Lonn M. Friend

Adult entertainment has diversified. Videotapes produced exclusively for home viewing are now being manufactured and can be purchased at this country's nearly 9,000 video stores, or through scores of mail-order companies. To help you sort out the best from the rest, **HUSTLER** provides these capsule reviews of the newest X-rated home videos, as well as the latest happenings in the world of erotic entertainment.

Personal Touch II

(*Arrow Video*) Sleazoid emcee Bobby Hollander may be one of porn's most thoroughly obnoxious individuals, but he certainly involves himself with some decent shot-on-video productions. *Personal Touch II*—a 112-minute, nonstop vid-orgy—is the best thing the hard-core host has gotten his mitts into so far. The tape is a series of sexual vignettes, made special by the fact that the participants talk directly to the camera and tell you how everything *really* feels. In one sequence foreign firecracker Christel Lovin is ass-fucked



almost unconscious by Jesse Adams. After filling her bunghole with jizz, Adams directs the cameraman to get a super close-up of him squeezing the cum out of Lovin's back room with his fingers. Elsewhere in this relentless feature is a breathtaking lesbian tryst between pert-nipped cupcake Shana Grant and the lovely Cody Nicole. If this bout doesn't raise your flag, you ought to be watching fag loops. Congratulations, Bobby... you sure pulled off a hot one here.

-L.M.F.

-L.M.F.



In 'Swedish Erotica #51' voluptuous Rachel Ashley gets ready for action.

Swedish Erotica #51

(Caballero Control Corporation)

The latest entry in the "Cadillac" of porn loops features a strange combination of new and old. In the first raunchy segment pillow-chested brunette Rachel Ashley and long-schlanged stud Kevin James play a daydreaming lady and a handyman. While Ashley is enjoying a relaxing, sensuous soak in her bathtub, James drops his tools (all but his *hammer*) and joins her for a classic hard-core encounter. The second and third vignettes on this tape, however, differ greatly from the first. They are visibly older, star minor (and unattractive) people and were shot on film, as opposed to the torrid Ashley/James romp, which was shot on videotape. Nevertheless, for



Kevin James is heading for pleasure with Rachel Ashley in 'Swedish Erotica #51'

pure fuck-and-suck fare they're not that bad. All in all, this hour-long *Swedish* offering is a not-bad addition to your home-porn collection. —L.M.F.

-L.M.F.

Intimate Realities II

(Video Company of America)

Charming Kay Parker hosts this shot-on-video interview/sex-vignette collection. There's really no need for the Q&A sections though, because they serve as



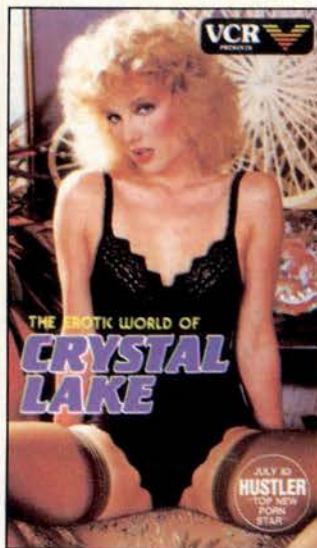
nothing but contrived, premeditated setups for the hard-core fuck-and-suck blackouts that follow. Nevertheless, once past the stupid conversation, some bed-bouncing action takes place, first with Becky Savage succumbing to the salami-size cock of Blake "The Wedge" Palmer. Next, Tara Aire (better known in the biz as Tara *Airhead*) opens her empty mind (and twat) to the waiting passions of lesbo-lover Lisa LaRoo in a backyard romp that should

raise your temp a degree or two. The most exciting sequence, however, involves ample-titted redhead Rosie Marie's partaking of a wild-and-wet showerfuck with newcomer Greg Derek. From start to finish *Intimate Realities II* is an impressive porn venture. —Kent Smith

-Kent Smith

The Erotic World of Crystal Lake

(*Video Cassette Recordings*) Only diehard Crystal Lake fans (if there are any) will really enjoy this one. Too plain-looking to be deeply erotic, little Crystal relies on her girl-next-door image to solicit sexual excitement, and in the five shorts contained on this tape, she does manage to display a modicum of "white-bread" sensuality. One encounter has Ms. Lake sucking off Frank James while porn nymph



Kimberly Carson also lends her tongue to the task. The double blowjob is convincing, as is Crystal's lesbian jaunt with Laurie Smith. The best scene comes when Jamie Gillis pulls a pair of panties out of Crystal's tiny snatch and proceeds to boff the five-foot cabbage-patch porn starlet silly. For some, Crystal's world may be just the place, but for others—you may wish you stayed in bed.

—K. S.

Computer Girls

(*Lipstik Video*) "Oh, oh, I'm coming! I'm coming!" And so goes the dialogue for yet another sex-drenched, all-girl, shot-on-video picnic from the lesbian-loving *Lipstik Video* people. But that's not a knock, mind you. These gals really come . . . over and over again. The story here (as nonexistent as it is) revolves around a semi-attractive computer fanatic (Colleen Brennan)



who uses her software to find ladies who desire to share some uncontrolled sapphic interludes. One such snatch-eater is a middle-aged mountain of energy named Tantara Nova (you may remember her as "Moms" from the porn classic *Cafe Flesh*). After spanking and humiliating her submissive partner (Raysheena), Nova and a quartet of other tit-sucking nymphos partake in a hot-tub orgy that bubbles over with orgasm after steamy orgasm. If that isn't enough, Tantara's cunt farts have just simply got to be heard to be believed. And her demands to have her air-conditioned snatch eaten after-

ward are also equally beyond comprehension.

—L.M.F.

Bizarre Workout

(*Bizarre Video*) Some people think there's nothing funny about bondage and humiliation. Well, for those folks



Whip-wielding Pia Snow instructs students on do's and don'ts in 'Workout.'

there's now the *Bizarre Workout*, hosted by dominatrix/aerobics instructor Jane Bonda. Bonda—billed here as "Pia Sands," though she's better known in the porn world as Pia Snow—performs a remarkably low-key satiric impersonation of the real Ms. Fonda and her enormously popular workout tape. She torments, berates and abuses (both verbally and physically) students Robert Lake-wood and Melanie Scott, who don leather, shackles, ball gags, handcuffs, etc., for their class.



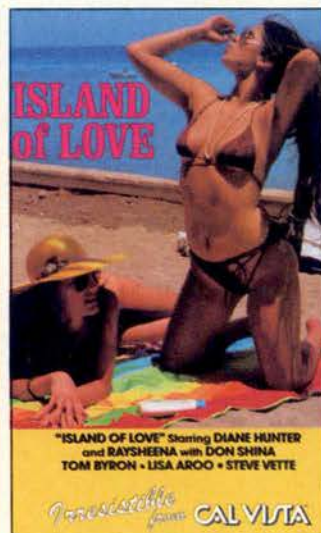
In 'Workout' Melanie Scott receives a sexual lesson from mean Ms. Snow.

Keep in mind that *Bizarre Workout* is neither hard-core nor erotic. It is, however, delightfully amusing and worthy of a peek from anyone who has no use for the real Ms. Fonda and her own ridiculous and nauseatingly lucrative aerobics trip.

—L.M.F.

Island of Love

(*Cal Vista Video*) The plot of this Jack Genero-directed, shot-on-video feature centers around two free-spirited (loose) young girls (Diane Hunter and Raysheena) who are looking for a lusty time on the high seas. After traveling down to the local harbor, they meet up with boat owner Don Shina, who agrees to take the girls on an oceanic joyride. For the cost of a blowjob and a peek at the ladies eating each other out on the deck of his vessel, Shina drops the seagoing gals off on an island. There they meet a couple of natives (Tom Byron and Steve



Vette) who perform a series of mildly stimulating acts of tropical copulation on them. The tape really should be titled *Island of Emotionless Fucks* because there's very little "love" evident here. At any rate, Hunter and Raysheena—a tight and sexy pair—make this island worth visiting . . . but just once.

—K. S.



For Your Pleasure

New in the ever-expanding world of satellite television comes an all-adult-fare network that may blow the competition right off the air. The Pleasure Channel will offer cable subscribers (as well as backyard satellite "dish" owners) in selected areas across the United States a wide spectrum of adult entertainment ranging from "soft" X-rated feature-length motion pictures to specials and series devoted to audiences

who fancy sophisticated programming. According to Pleasure President Norman B. Smith, his channel will be "hotter" and more diversified than the rival *Playboy* cable offering. "The couple in the bedroom don't want to see mud wrestling or the Playmate review or sports contests between naked women," says Smith. "They want more . . . and we're giving it to them." For more information on The Pleasure Channel, drop a line to Norman Smith at 1940 S. Cotner Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90025, or call (213) 477-8045.

BOOKS

Reviewed by
Theodore Sturgeon

Brigitte Bardot

Photographs by Sam Levin, text by Raymond Boyer and Francois Guerif; Delilah Communications Ltd., 118 E. 25th St., New York, NY 10010; \$13.95.

This oversize, glossy volume is subtitled *And God Created Woman*. I couldn't have said it better myself. The divine beauty and sexuality of Brigitte Bardot is certainly extraordinary, if not completely in a class by itself. And this book—loaded with photos—tells the visual tale of the model/actress/sex symbol we in the U.S. of A. don't know all that much about.

Besides the provocative high-fashion photographs, there are some absolutely wonderful reproductions of foreign movie



The French model/actress displays all her sultry wares in 'Brigitte Bardot.'



'Brigitte Bardot' is a glossy pictorial biography that examines—and reveals—almost all angles of the incomparable sex kitten.

posters and magazine covers bearing Brigitte's name, face and, sometimes, body. Perhaps you remember seeing these goodies a couple of decades back: *Rendezvous à Rio*, *Le Femme et le Pantin*, *Le Verité* or *Futures Vedettes*. But don't feel bad if you didn't. I missed 'em too. In fact, thanks to this enlightening volume, I've discovered how deplorably ignorant I really was about this beautiful French sex kitten.

Brigitte Bardot is a breathtaking production. Few women in the world have had such luminous skin or been able to radiate that kind of pure and perfect sexuality. (Marilyn Monroe had it too.) Thumbing the pages of this work, I think you'll come to agree with me.

Rock Odyssey

By Ian Whitcomb; Doubleday and Co., 245 Park Ave., New York, NY 10167; \$10.95.

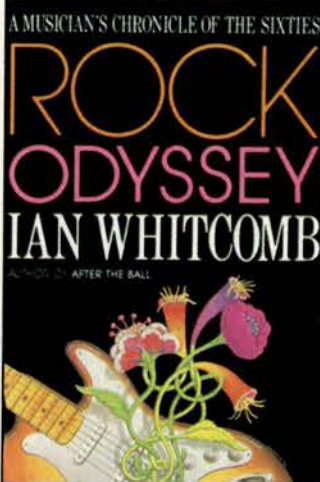
In 1965 British-born Ian Whitcomb became an instant pop star when his irreverent "You Turn Me On" reached Number 8 on the national charts. One year later, however, Whitcomb was in nowhere-ville—a self-described rock 'n' roll flash-in-the-pan.

I'd call this unearned modesty. Ian Whitcomb has cut 18 albums and produced a few, including one of Mae West's best efforts, *Great Balls of Fire*. But even that isn't what Whitcomb—or this book—is all about. The scope is much larger. It's rock history, recounted by a gifted writer who's been here, there and everywhere over the past 20 years.

What makes *Rock Odyssey* so special is that Whitcomb was a part of it all. The subtitle reads, *A Musician's Chronicle of the Sixties*, and that's no hype. This man was known by almost

everybody, he took notes wherever he went, and he was born with a sharp eye, perceptive wit and a talent with words that enables him to tell titillating tales of an era never to be forgotten.

A perfect example is a line he tosses off about the difference between the Doors' Jim Morrison, who was born to wealth and privilege, and the great Elvis Presley, who came from proud poverty. Whitcomb says: "Elvis wanted a Cadillac; Jim Morrison wanted a cold meatloaf sandwich in a greasy spoon. Elvis loved his parents; Jim pretended his were dead."



Whitcomb will take you back to the '60s with *Rock Odyssey*. It's a trip you have to take if you were never there yourself—or a reunion that you'll enjoy if you were.

The Male Couple

By David P. McWhirter, M. D., and Andrew M. Mattison, M. S. W., Ph. D.; Prentice Hall Inc., Englewood Cliffs, NJ 07632; \$16.95.

Setting the main title aside for a moment, I'd like to begin with the subtitle of this work, *How Relationships Develop*. In

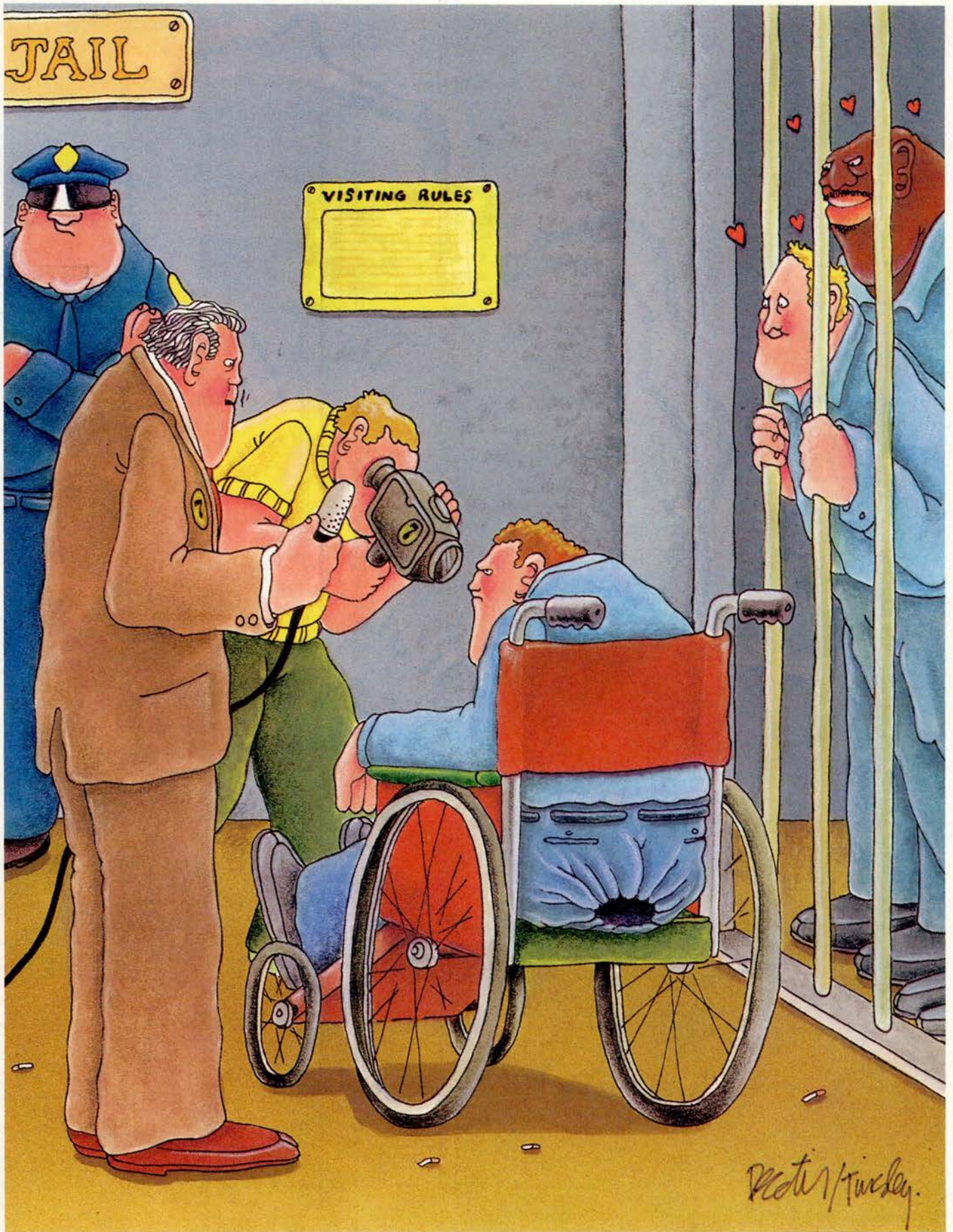
the process of researching this 300-plus-page text, authors McWhirter and Mattison must have found themselves awash in the reams of data, desperately looking for a way to arrange and structure it all. And it came to them that the most useful thing they could bestow upon their readers would be a concise schematic on how relationships begin, evolve and endure.

The scholarly pair created a six-stage structure they believe is evident in most long-term relationships: blending, nesting, maintaining, building, releasing and renewing. Blending happens in year one, nesting in years two and three, maintaining in years four and five, building in years six through ten, releasing in years 11 through 20 and finally, renewing in the years beyond 20. Sounds logical, doesn't it?

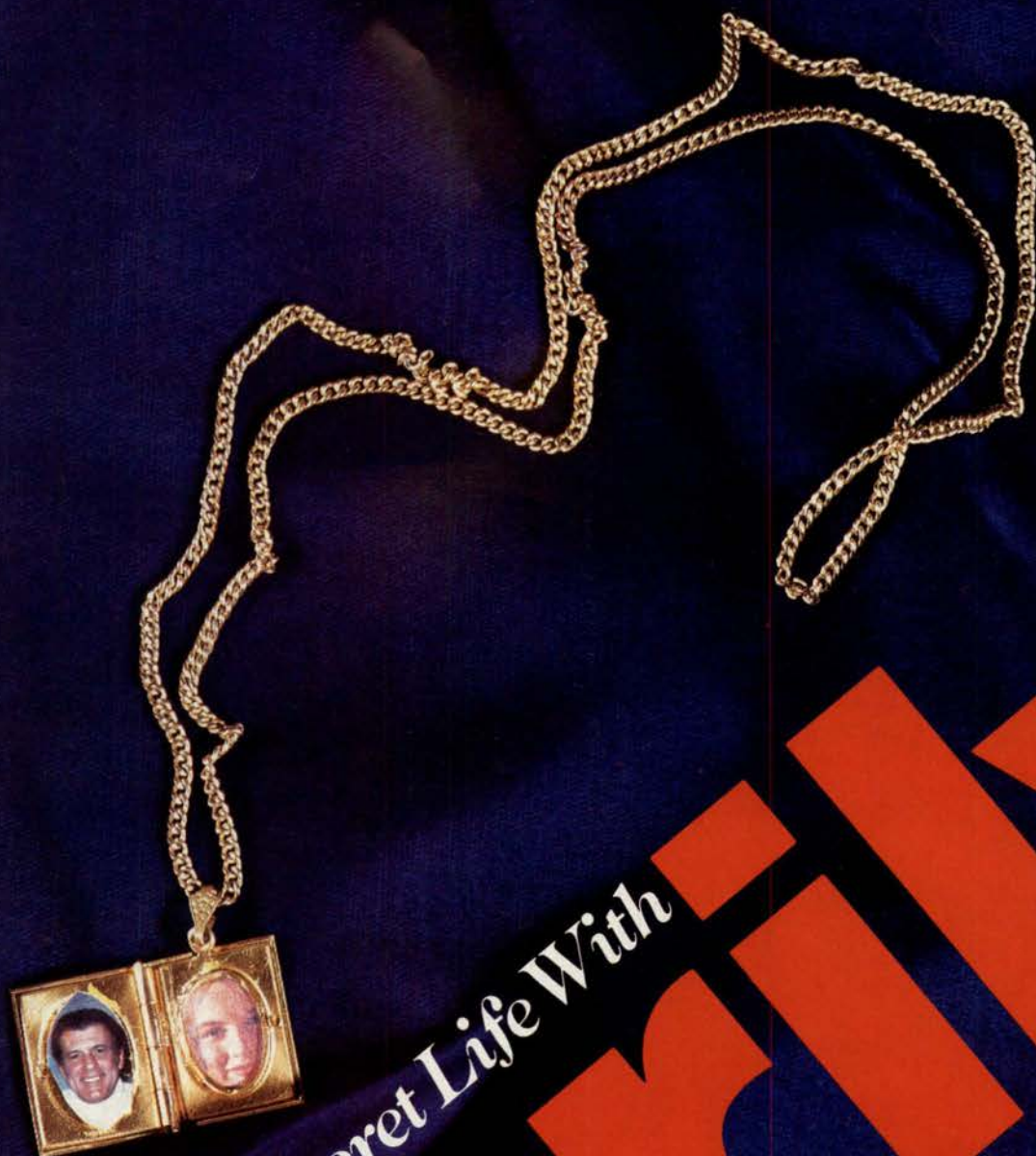
Indeed it does. The authors really have something here. These phases, with small variations, can be seen in almost any long-term relationship, and McWhirter and Mattison have explained the events that occur during each of these stages well. But—and it's a big *but*—the book is about men with *men*, not male/female relationships. Now we get back to the main title.

The paramount question to be answered here is: Is there any special difference between the male/male and male/female relationships, besides the obvious sexual variations? I may take some heat for this, but I don't think there is. In our culture most men—gay or straight—are socialized to do their hunting and courting in approximately the same way. Gays find each other like men find women, and the love/sex tryst that follows can be very similar.

The Male Couple is a book about homosexuality, but it has a lot to teach all of us, regardless of our sexual preference.



"So, Mr. Flynt, how are you coping with your stay in jail?"



My Secret Life With

MARK



Monroe

ARTICLE BY TED H. JORDAN

MARILYN LIVES! reads the spray-painted sign on a wall in West Los Angeles, only about a mile from where the celebrated sex symbol died in Brentwood, California. For the 22 years since then, Monroe's grave in nearby Westwood Memorial Cemetery has remained a shrine for faithful fans from all over the world. Posters of her unforgettable face and figure sell as briskly as those of Tom Selleck and Christie Brinkley. Another big seller, at \$100, is a *Seven Year Itch* doll depicting Marilyn with her skirt billowing upward in a classic movie scene. And a fragrance with her name on it is being marketed nationwide.

Books about her life and death—by supposed friends and admirers, most of whom never knew her—continue to be written and read by millions. Some focus on Monroe's highly publicized public life—her sensational film career and her turbulent marriages to baseball star Joe DiMaggio and playwright Arthur Miller. Others purport to illuminate her shadowy private life—the rumors of drug abuse and illicit affairs with John and Robert Kennedy. Still others—like Thomas Noguchi's best-selling *Coroner*, which devoted an entire chapter to the autopsy he performed on her—are merely morbid or exploitative.

In short, the story of Marilyn Monroe refuses to be put to rest—perhaps in part because her complex identity remains as elusive as the facts about the suspicious

circumstances of her untimely death. The whole truth may never be known. But HUSTLER Magazine feels this revealing new memoir by Ted H. Jordan—her oldest and closest friend, longtime lover and intimate confidante until the last day of her life—offers the most authentic, eye-opening and affectionate close-up of the real Marilyn that you'll ever read. In advance of the widely heralded publication of Jordan's book, this excerpt is presented exclusively in HUSTLER.

* * *

It was a hot Los Angeles afternoon in the summer of 1943. I was sitting on top of the lifeguard platform, scanning the Ambassador Hotel's pool, when I noticed a group of beautiful girls in bathing suits being photographed behind a nearby fence. I dove off the platform, swam to the end of the pool and walked closer to get a better look.

One young lady stood out among the rest. She had brown hair all the way to her shoulders and wore a blue two-piece bathing suit. Her breasts stuck out like the guns of Navarone, and she constantly licked her lips while performing eye-catching gyrations with her mouth. She seemed uncertain of herself when she was asked to smile.

There was definitely *something* different about this girl, something intriguing and vibrant that went far deeper than just the physical. I had to meet her.

When she was finished shooting, I introduced myself, telling her that besides working as a lifeguard, I was an actor trying to break into the studios. She told me her name was Norma Jean Dougherty. She had worked in a war plant before coming to the Blue Book Modeling Agency; the bathing-suit job was her first stab at modeling. She said she was married but separated; her husband, Jim, was overseas in the Navy. She was only 17 years old, and the fact that both of us were Geminis intrigued her.

Following some more small talk, I convinced her we were going out together that evening—especially after she heard that my uncle was bandleader Ted Lewis, who was working at a nightclub called Slapsy Maxie's, not far from the Ambassador Hotel. She wanted to meet my uncle very badly. We agreed to rendezvous first at the Haig, a popular bar and restaurant.

She arrived at 7:30 p.m., and for the next hour or so, over several rounds of Cuba Libres, we talked about our respective lives. She covered everything from her experiences in foster homes to her dreams of an acting career.

We sat staring into each other's eyes, both of us feeling the magnetism that draws two lovers together. The karma was so strong, it drowned out everything

but her voice. I saw only her eyes, nothing else. *Tonight I must have this woman*, I thought. *Nothing else matters.* We started feeling pretty good after a few more drinks. "Come on," I said to her, "let's get out of here."

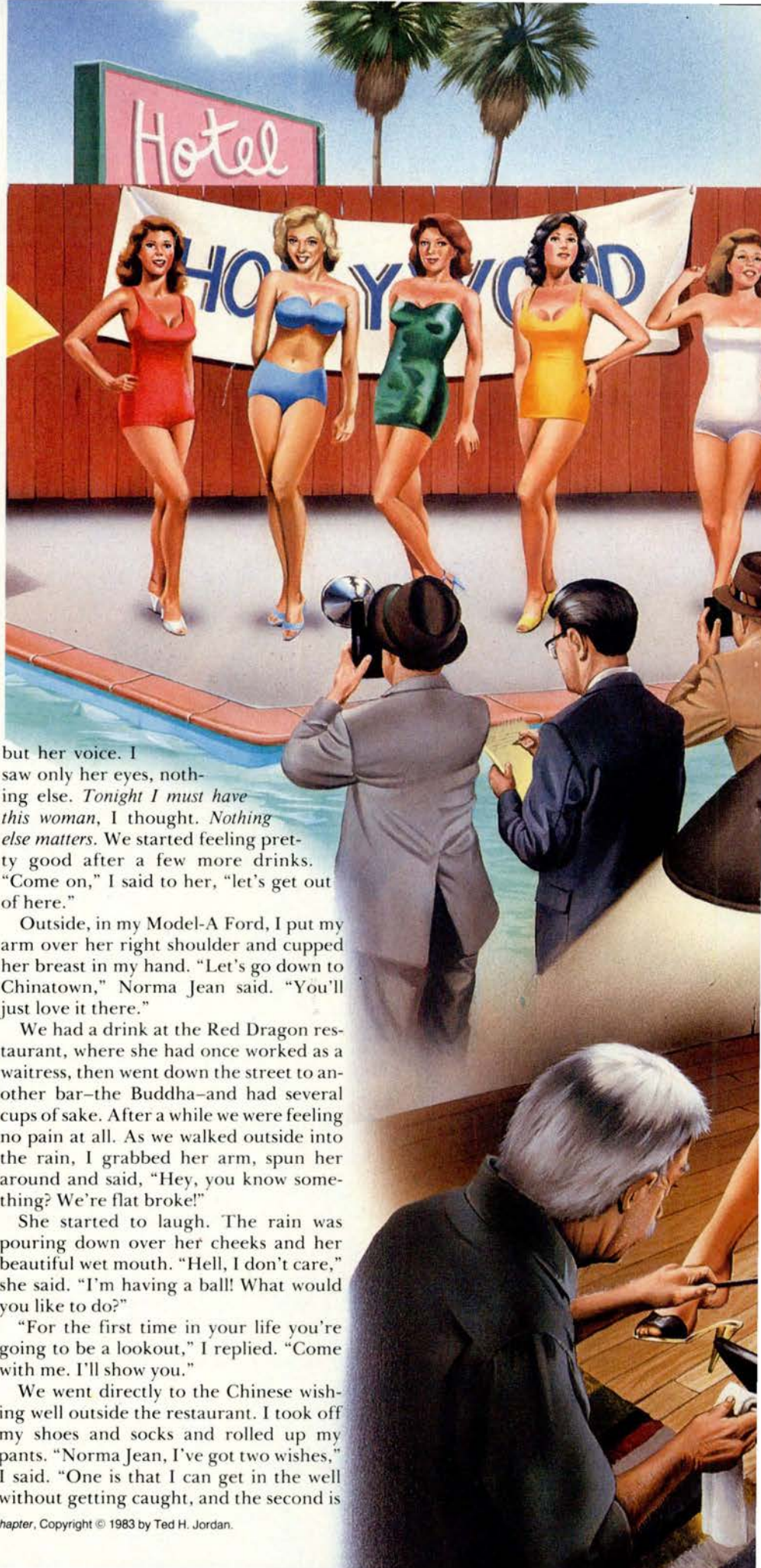
Outside, in my Model-A Ford, I put my arm over her right shoulder and cupped her breast in my hand. "Let's go down to Chinatown," Norma Jean said. "You'll just love it there."

We had a drink at the Red Dragon restaurant, where she had once worked as a waitress, then went down the street to another bar—the Buddha—and had several cups of sake. After a while we were feeling no pain at all. As we walked outside into the rain, I grabbed her arm, spun her around and said, "Hey, you know something? We're flat broke!"

She started to laugh. The rain was pouring down over her cheeks and her beautiful wet mouth. "Hell, I don't care," she said. "I'm having a ball! What would you like to do?"

"For the first time in your life you're going to be a lookout," I replied. "Come with me. I'll show you."

We went directly to the Chinese wishing well outside the restaurant. I took off my shoes and socks and rolled up my pants. "Norma Jean, I've got two wishes," I said. "One is that I can get in the well without getting caught, and the second is



that I can pick up enough money so we can go out every night this week." I got my feet wet and started collecting coins.

"Move over; I'm coming in," she said, giggling.

When we had a few dollars in our pockets, we raced for the car; the rain was coming down in buckets. Heading toward the Ambassador Hotel, I pulled into MacArthur Park. Then we walked to the boathouse and rented an electrically powered boat. We both knew we wanted each other without ever discussing it, because the feeling had been there from the beginning. My pants were wet with just the thought of being inside her.

I piloted the boat out onto the lake, maneuvering under a weeping-willow tree and stopping in a cluster of lily pads. Then I started to kiss her beautiful mouth and face. She responded with flowing sweetness as I touched her gently. Opening the top of her dress, I exposed her breasts—the most beautiful I'd ever seen. At that very moment she asked if I believed in fellatio. I told her yes! She pulled open the zipper of my pants, took them down to my knees

and put me inside her soft, warm mouth.

When she was finished, I pulled her head and body up, laid her head back, spread her legs and slowly worked my way down—kissing her navel, then her clitoris. She started to scream with joy, and I had to hold my hand over her mouth. Then I slowly eased her onto the wet seat of the

deep water, where the ladder was. We started to kiss, and again I was aroused. She held onto the ladder with both arms behind her and opened her legs. Then I took a breath, went underwater, kissed her tummy, caressed her pelvis and once again cupped my mouth over her wonderfully warm privates.

"Oh, God, please never let it end," Marilyn sighed. Then she began to beg, "Please fuck me, fuck me." She reached down and inserted my penis inside her.

boat, ever so gently pushing her legs apart. The sweat was pouring down both our faces. She bit my lip and sucked the blood as if she were some kind of animal.

Afterward we held each other for what seemed like hours. "I hope I've made you happy," she said, looking deeply into my eyes. "And I hope I can always make you happy."

I had a key to the health club at the Ambassador; so I suggested that we go over there for a swim. "There's nobody around," I said, "and it's a balmy night. Who cares about the rain?"

At the pool's edge we took off our clothes, climbed in at the shallow end and waded toward the

"Oh, God, please never let it end," she sighed. "I want this feeling to last forever." Then she began to beg, "Please fuck me, fuck me."

She reached down and inserted my penis inside her, and we made love again. Every time the lightning flashed in the sky, the entire pool lit up. It was a turn-on to look down between us and see our pubic hairs snuggled tightly together.

"You know, every time the lightning strikes, it's like an orgasm lighting up the sky," she said. "And every time the thunder booms, it's like someone up there screaming in ecstasy." (As flowery as it may sound, she always talked that way.)

"Sweetheart, if this is really what heaven is like, then I want to be closer to it up there," she continued. "From this moment on I'll never be afraid to die."

Then Norma Jean held me close and said something I'll never forget. It haunts me to this day. "Darling," she said, "in life we weep at the thought of death. Perhaps in death we weep at the thought of life."

She also told me that she had never in her life felt the way she did with me. "For

(continued on page 48)





Photography by James Baes

BLOOD RED



& HOT PINK



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MARILYN MONROE (continued from page 39)

Even after Marilyn was married, she was promiscuous. She preferred older men with a fatherly image.

the first time," she said, "I think I'm really in love."

It began to get chilly as we got out of the pool and went upstairs. I put a mattress on the floor, and as we lay together, she revealed more about herself. She was still a baby when her mother was put into a mental institution. The fear of inheriting her family's mental illness always haunted Norma Jean.

The mother had spent long periods of her life in institutions, and her first husband—a man named Baker—had deserted her and their two children, but later returned to kidnap the youngsters. In 1924 Mrs. Baker married Martin Edward Mortenson, who is said to be Norma Jean's natural father; but when he left home three years later, she fell apart under the strain and had to return to the asylum, where she died soon after. That's when Norma Jean, barely one year old, was sent to the first of a long string of foster homes and orphanages.

She said that she had gotten married at the age of 16 to Jim Dougherty, a teenager who lived next door to one of her foster homes. Even after she was married,

she was promiscuous—but only with men she liked. She preferred older men, usually those with a fatherly image. They represented something she had missed.

In recent months she had gotten into the habit of sitting at hotel bars around the Ambassador area, ordering a drink and then waiting. If someone approached her and talked about the movie business, Norma Jean would usually become very interested—more often than not leaving the bar with him. And she knew exactly what to expect after arriving at his room or apartment.

She enjoyed getting men excited; they made her feel as if she were more beautiful than she really was. She said that taking her dress off seemed to give her a special power over them. But she always made the man wear a rubber to keep her from getting pregnant.

As the night wore on, she told me that if she hadn't gone to bed with these men to make extra money, she never would have become an actress. The more beautiful they told her she was, the more she started to believe it. All of the hardships she'd been forced to endure in foster homes

had given her an inferiority complex that she'd only begun to overcome because of all the compliments coming in.

After we started seeing each other regularly, Norma Jean's modeling jobs enabled her to stop earning money on the side. We were very much in love, so much so that I decided to take her along when I drove home to Lancaster, Ohio, for a visit with my mother. It was the summer of 1944, and the trip was like a honeymoon for us—each long day spent reading poetry to one another; each long night spent in one another's arms.

In Dayton I took her on early-morning walks and afternoon picnics to all my old haunts—including a secret hiding place where I'd buried some old Indian arrowheads I'd found as a boy; she kept them as a memento. My mom loved her too, of course, and gave me permission to give Norma Jean a small gold locket from her jewelry box that had long been a family heirloom. Promising to treasure it forever, she later put our pictures inside and for the next 16 years wore it almost everywhere she went.

I was still walking on air after we got back to L.A. Then several days later Norma Jean called me, crying hysterically. I couldn't make out everything she was saying. She always called me "Teddy" or "baby," only this time when she said "baby," she wasn't referring to me. She was pregnant! Not only was she upset, she was downright pissed off.

"Look, Teddy," she said, "we've got to do something about it. And we've got to do something fast."

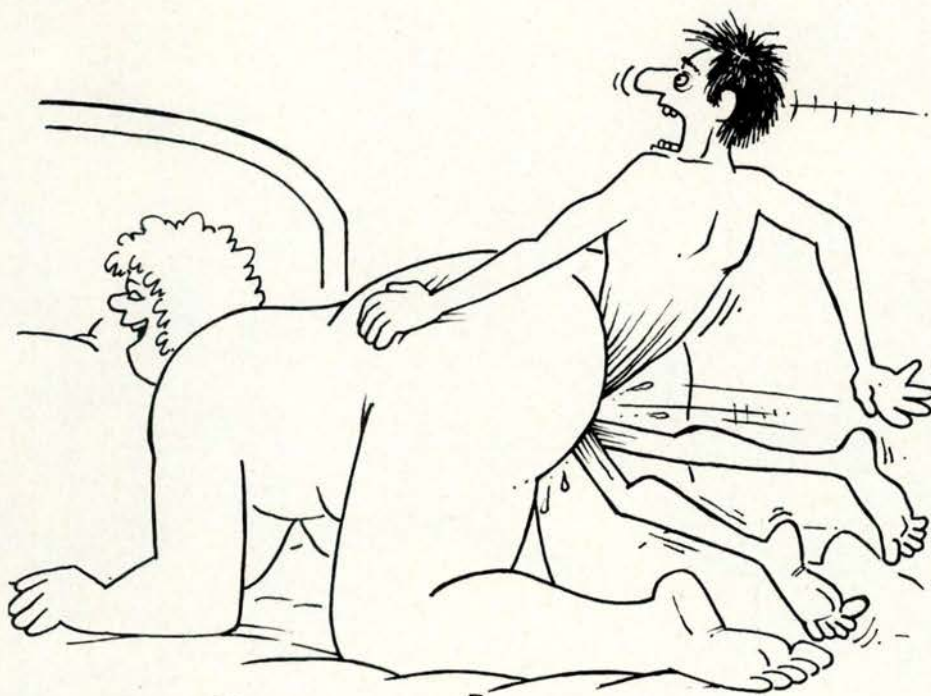
I told her to take it easy. "It's not the end of the world. We'll figure this thing out together."

I met Norma Jean that evening at the Haig and said I loved her enough to marry her, if only she would have our baby. I had always wanted a child and told her so, adding that if we went through with an abortion, my pride might turn her against me. I could lose all self-respect, and in the end so would she.

But Norma Jean was afraid. The thought that she might have inherited her family's mental illness was bad enough, but now she expressed an even greater fear that any child she might bring into the world could turn out to be insane. She also said a baby would ruin her chances for an acting career.

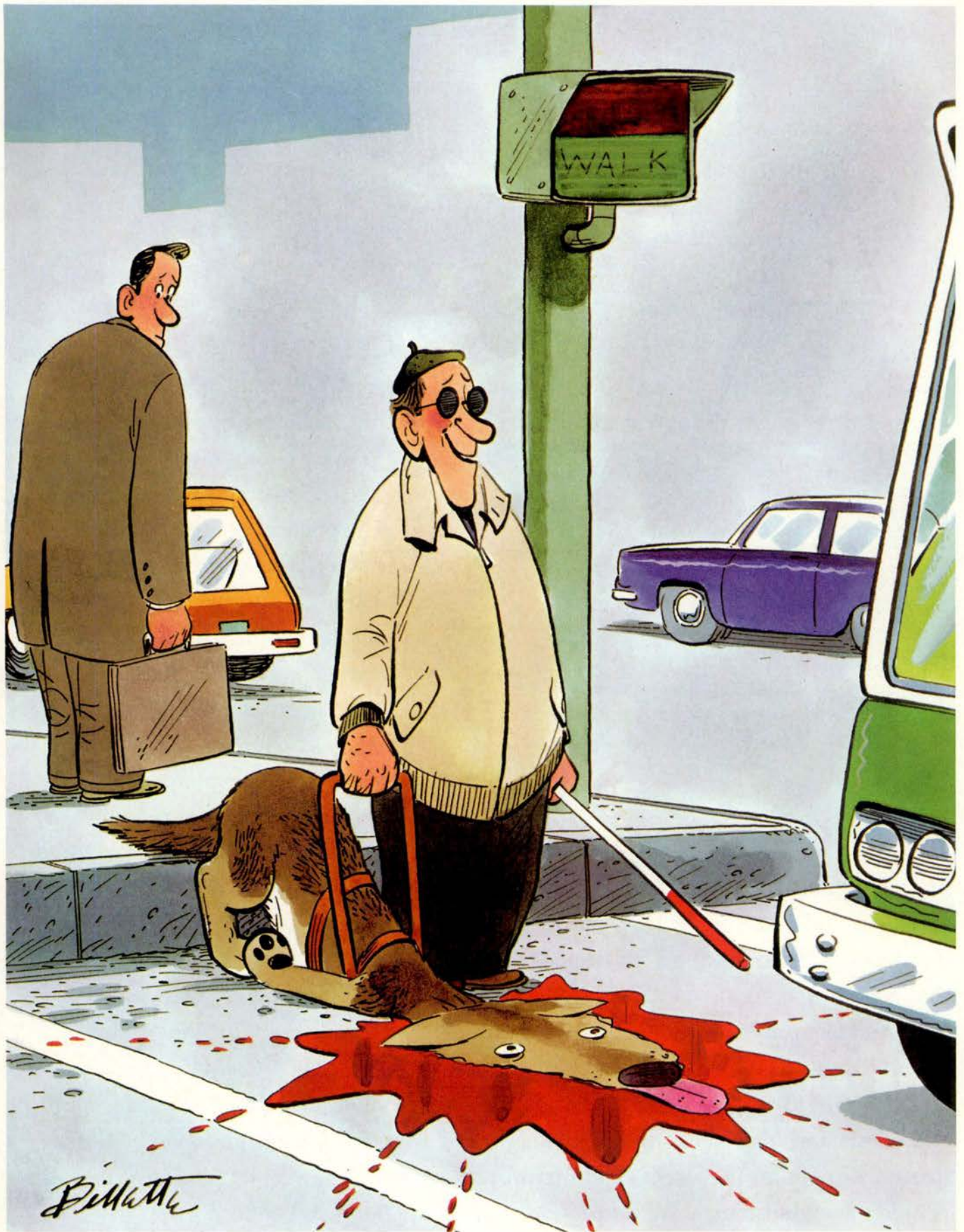
A few days later I drove down to State Beach and talked to a buddy of mine who was a lifeguard. He directed me to a local druggist, Doc Law. "Look, kid," Doc said, "I'm going to give you the name of a guy to see. It'll cost you \$250–50 for me and 200 for the guy. He's across the border in Tijuana. His name is Gomez. But first you've gotta come up with the money. He

(continued on page 108)



IRVINE TINSLER

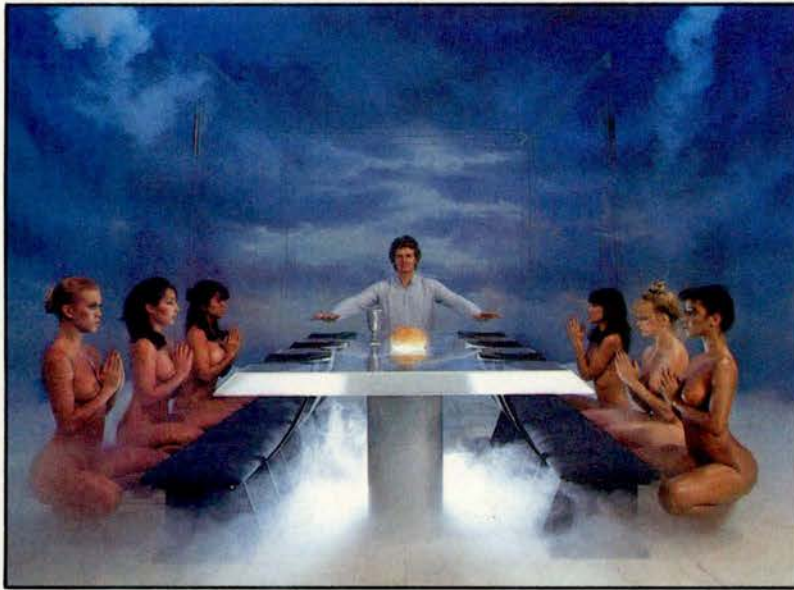
"So what do you think of my pussy-muscle control?"



"Traffic must be pretty heavy, boy. We've been on this corner a long, long time!"

A

s a Bible-thumping Evangelist and faith healer, Marjoe Gortner drew eager throngs to small-town revival tents and big-city arenas for nearly



Marjoe sits at the head of the table he designed for the Last Supper.

20 years. Beginning at the tender age of four, he preached the Gospel and recited Scripture with such power and persuasion that money rolled into his ministry by the bucketful. His charismatic career was vividly portrayed in the Oscar-winning documentary *Marjoe*, which graphically exposed the exploitive nature of big-time organized religion.

Disenchanted by the greed

and glitter, Marjoe finally broke away to pursue a full-time career as an actor, producer and director. In *HUSTLER*'s fifth celebrity photo-fantasy he presents his own daring version of the Last Supper and the Crucifixion—a dazzling visual display that is bound to create controversy.

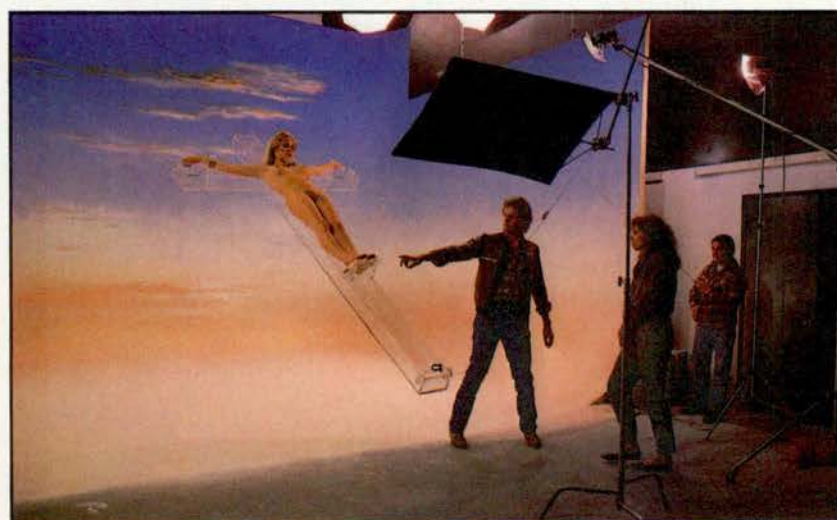
And as always, Marjoe is ready for his critics. "There are ministers in this country who will *condemn* these pictures," he predicts. "They'll say I've gone to the Devil. I want to remind them that while they're preaching from their crystal cathedrals and television studios, flying around in their Learjets and living a life of luxury, I'm out on the streets and highways—just as Christ was—communicating with people they can't reach. Who's to judge who is the better preacher?

"I promise you that the condemners will be the first to run their accusing eyes across these pages until their eyeballs steam—and then say that it's wrong for others

“**I**t will happen that in the very place where it was said to them, Ye are not my people, they will be called ‘sons of the living God.’ ”

—ROMANS 9:26

to do so. While I’m not a minister anymore, I’ll still always believe in God. And God tells us there’s nothing wrong about lusting for the beauty of the naked body—as long as it’s not done to excess.



With Marjoe supervising, a model is lifted by a 90-foot crane.

“I firmly believe that this pictorial is very spiritual and uplifting. I also realize that God created man with many different tastes. So if these pictures offend *you*, then you have an obligation to close the magazine and not look at them any further.

“Unfortunately, people in today’s society are constantly abused in the name of religion. They’re hounded for donations; they’re made to feel guilty and evil. I want no part of that. I want people to enjoy life. If I can make the readers of HUSTLER feel *good* and closer to God—for even a few moments—then I’ll know that what I’ve tried to do here has been worthwhile.”

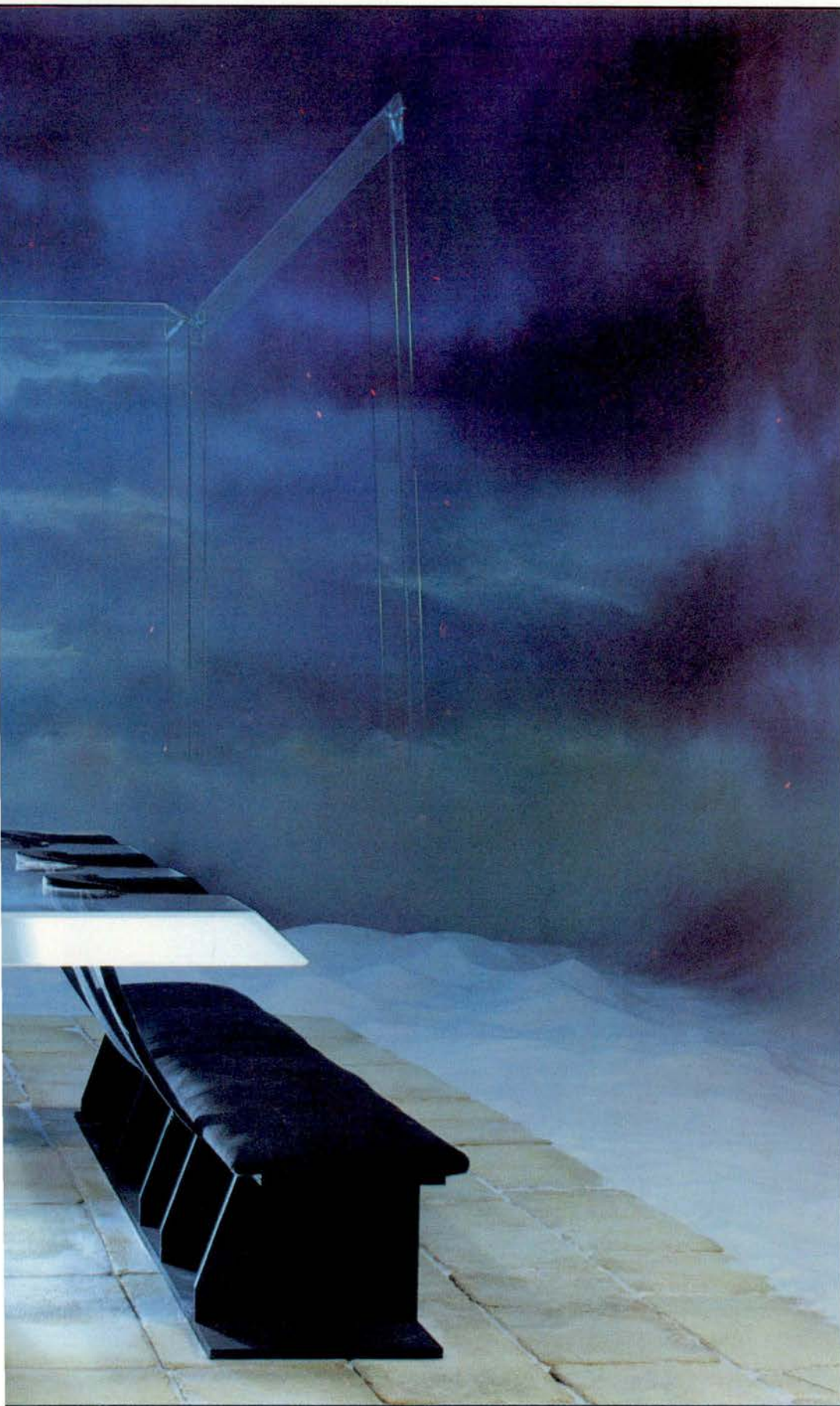
Hallelujah!



Creative Director Bill Nirenberg and Photo Director James Baes assist Marjoe.



DESIGNED AND DIRECTED BY MARJOE GORTN



“**A**nd if I go and
prepare a place for you,
I will come again, and
receive you unto myself;
that where I am, *there*
ye may be also.”

—JOHN 14:3



“I am a wall, and my breasts like towers: then was I in his eyes as one that found favour.”
—SOLOMON’S SONG 8:10



“Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.”
—1 CORINTHIANS 10:31





“I am the living bread which came down from heaven: if any man eat of this bread, he shall live forever: and the bread that I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world.”

—JOHN 6:51



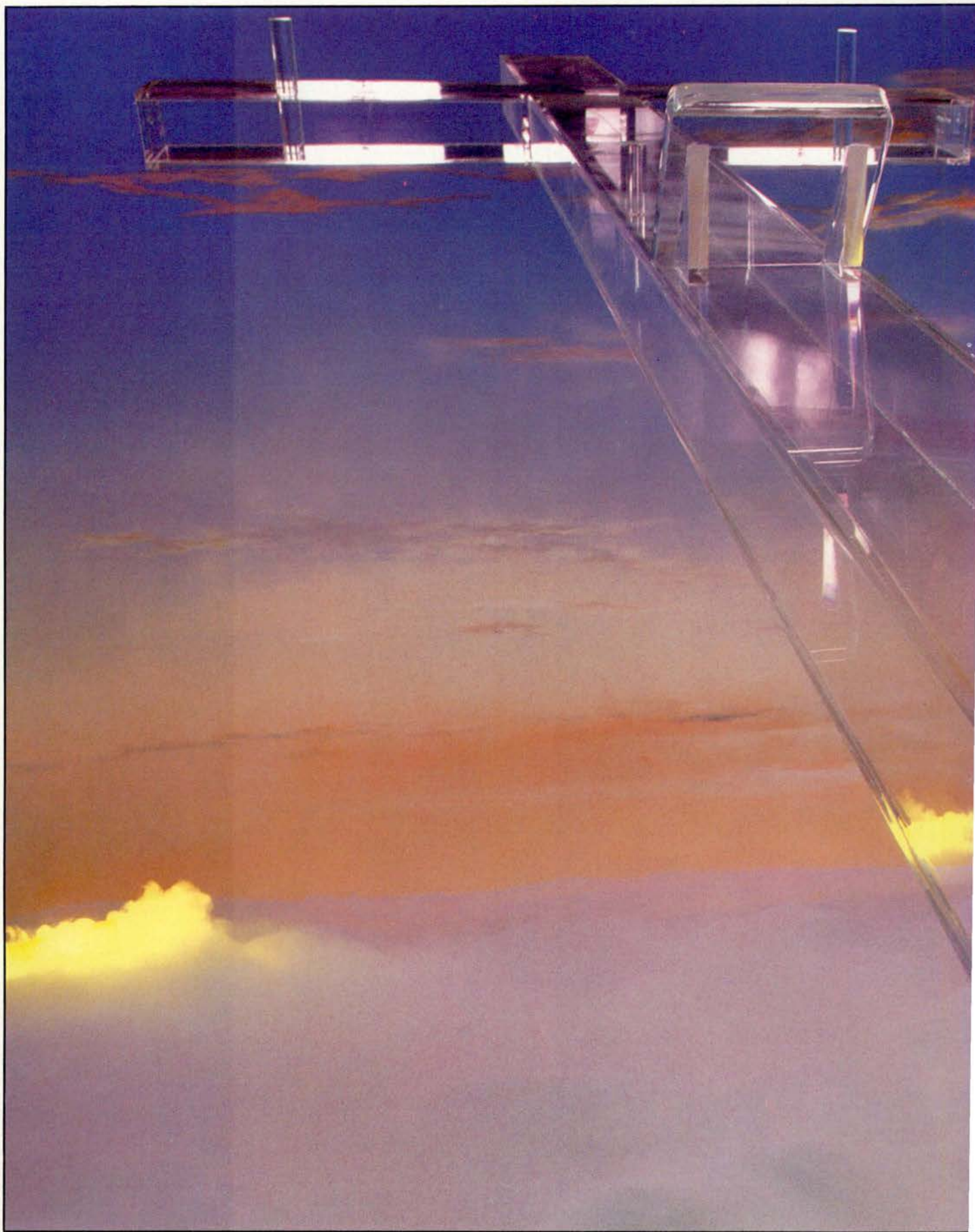


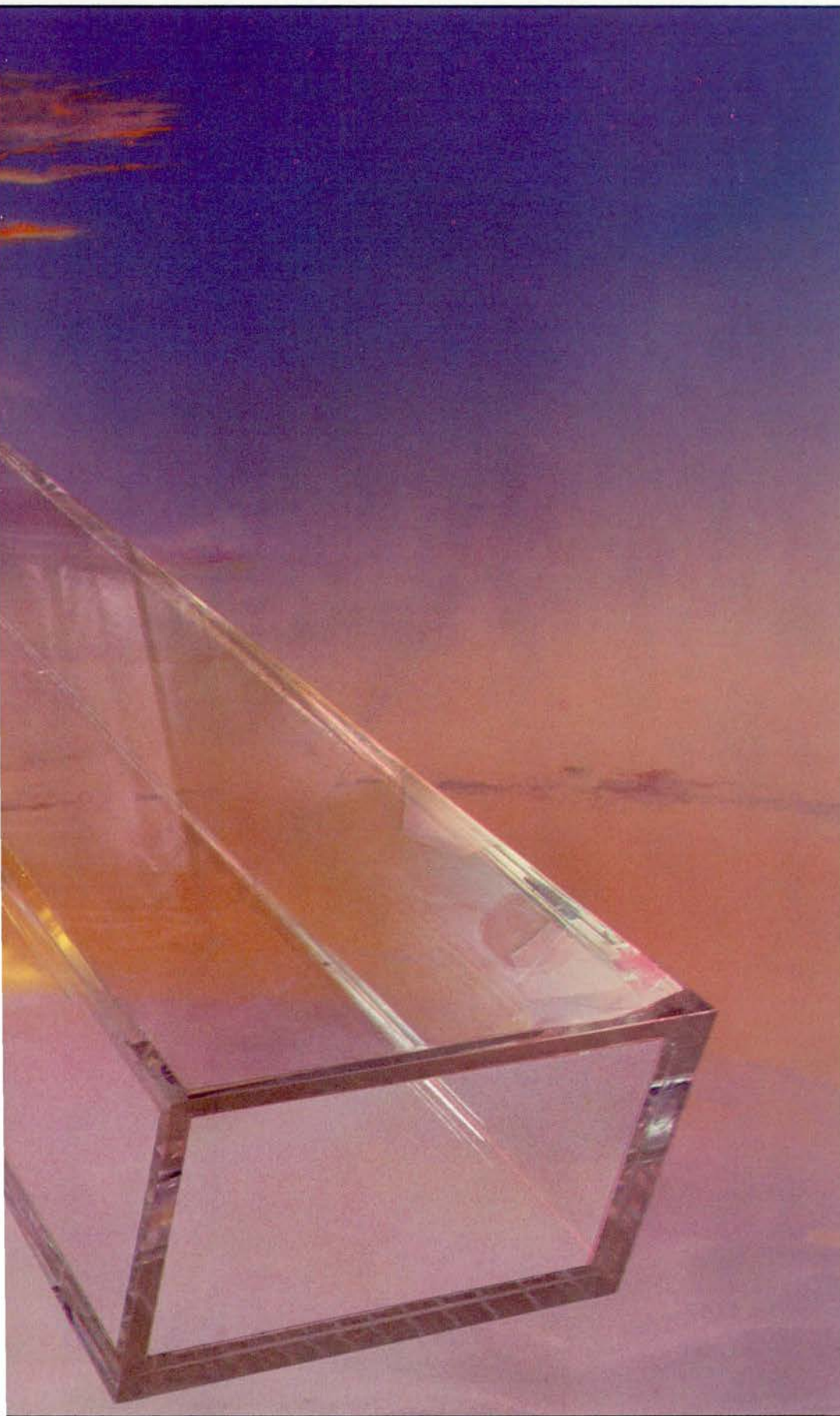
“**F**or every creature of God *is* good, and nothing to be refused, if it be received within thanksgiving.”

—1 TIMOTHY 4:4

“**W**hen a man’s ways please the LORD, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him.”

—PROVERBS 16:7



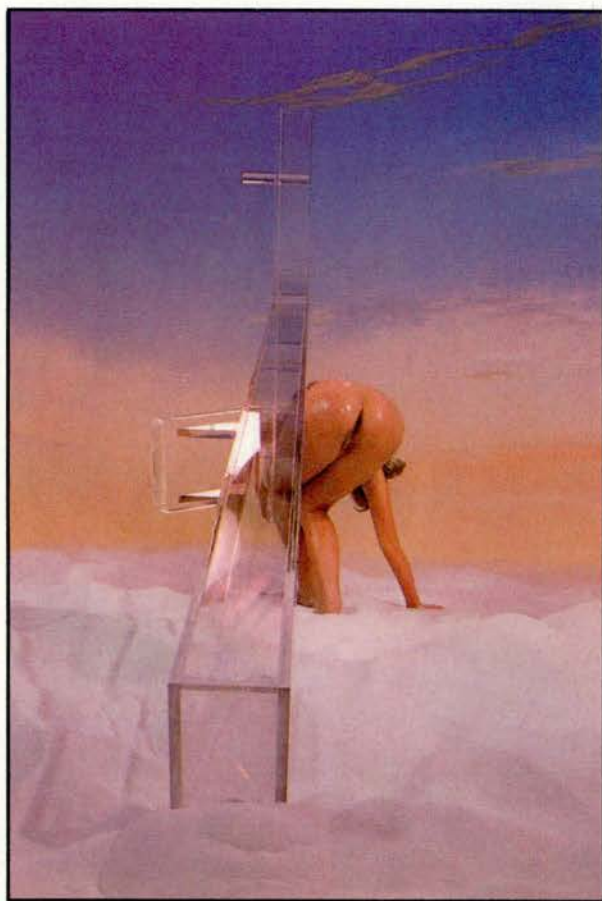


“**A**nd he that
taketh not his cross, and
followeth after me, is not
worthy of me.”
—MATTHEW 10:38

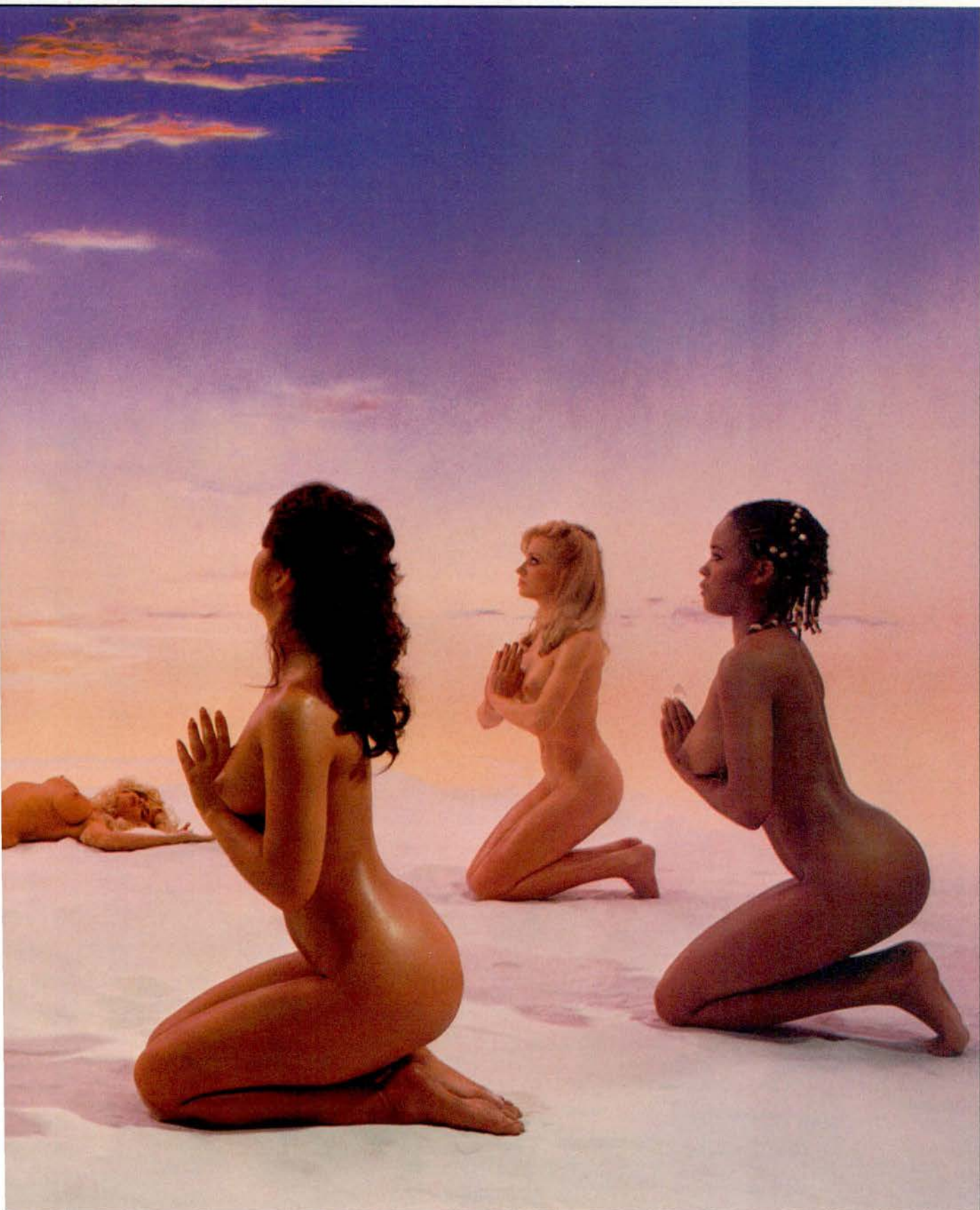


“Father, I will that they also, whom
thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that
they may behold my glory, which thou hast given
me: for thou lovedst me before the foundation of
the world.”

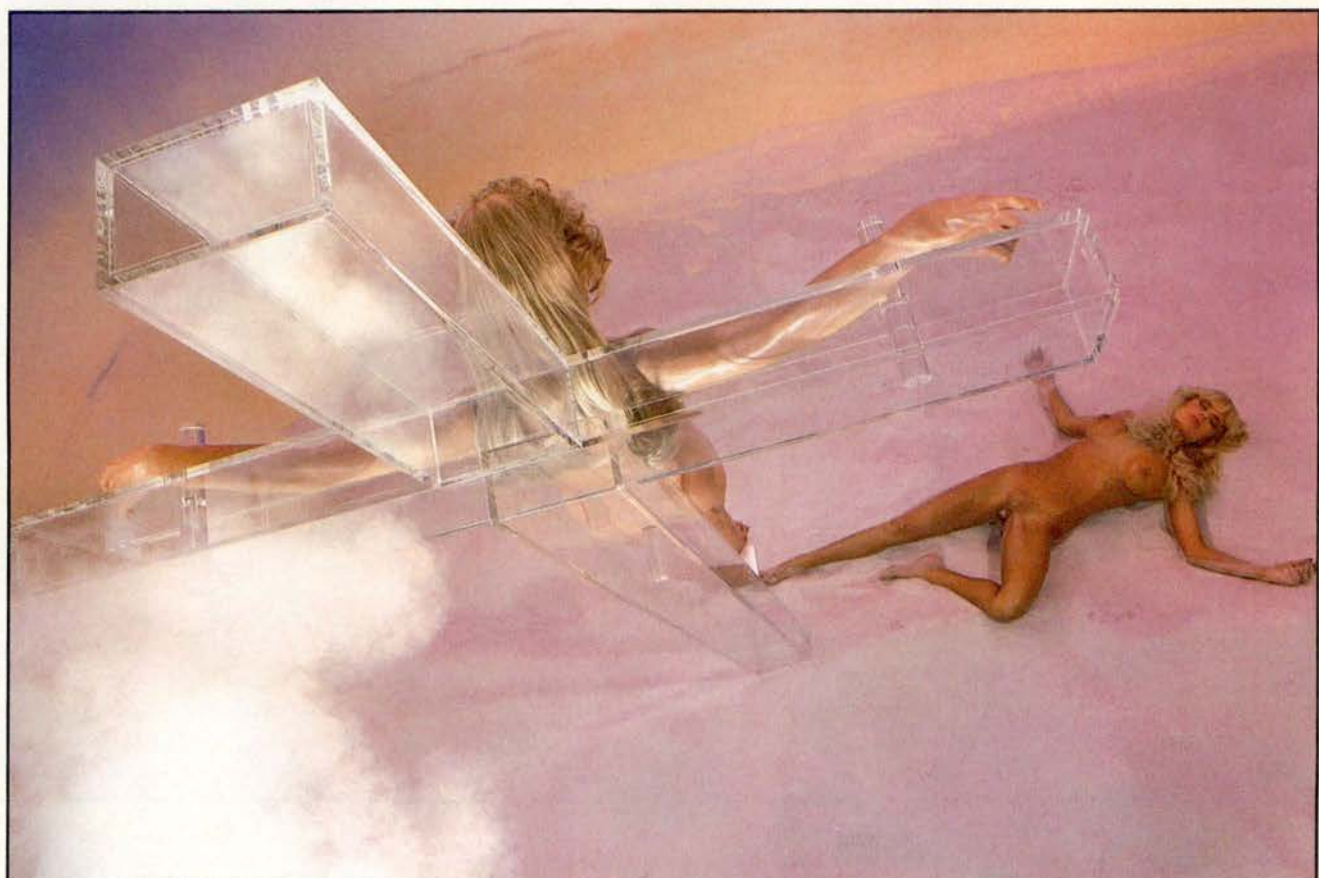
—JOHN 17:24







“**Y**ou are those who have stood by me in my trials.” —LUKE 22:28

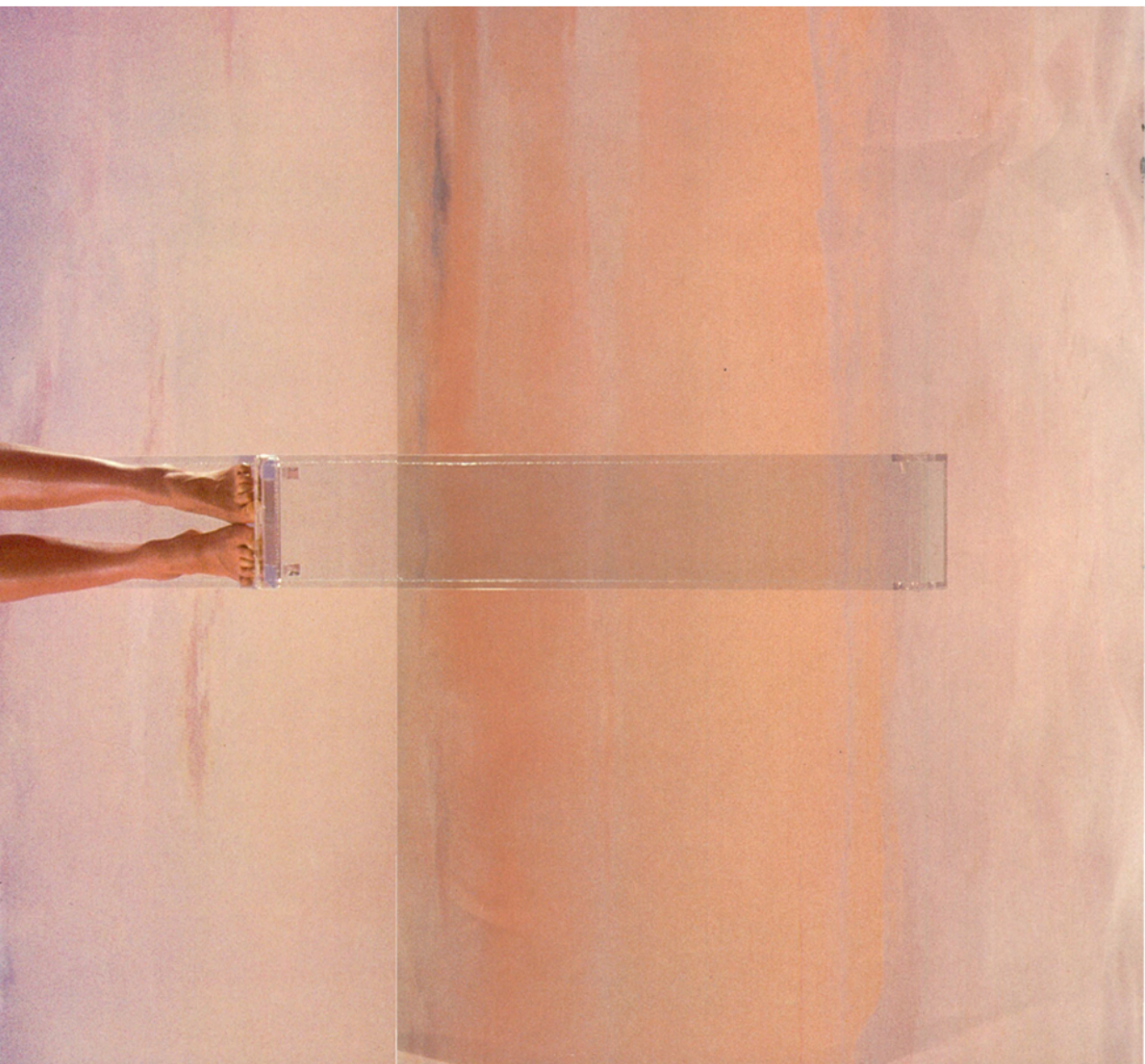


“But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know *them*, because they are spiritually discerned.”

—1 CORINTHIANS 2:14







“Saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing.”

—REVELATION 5:12





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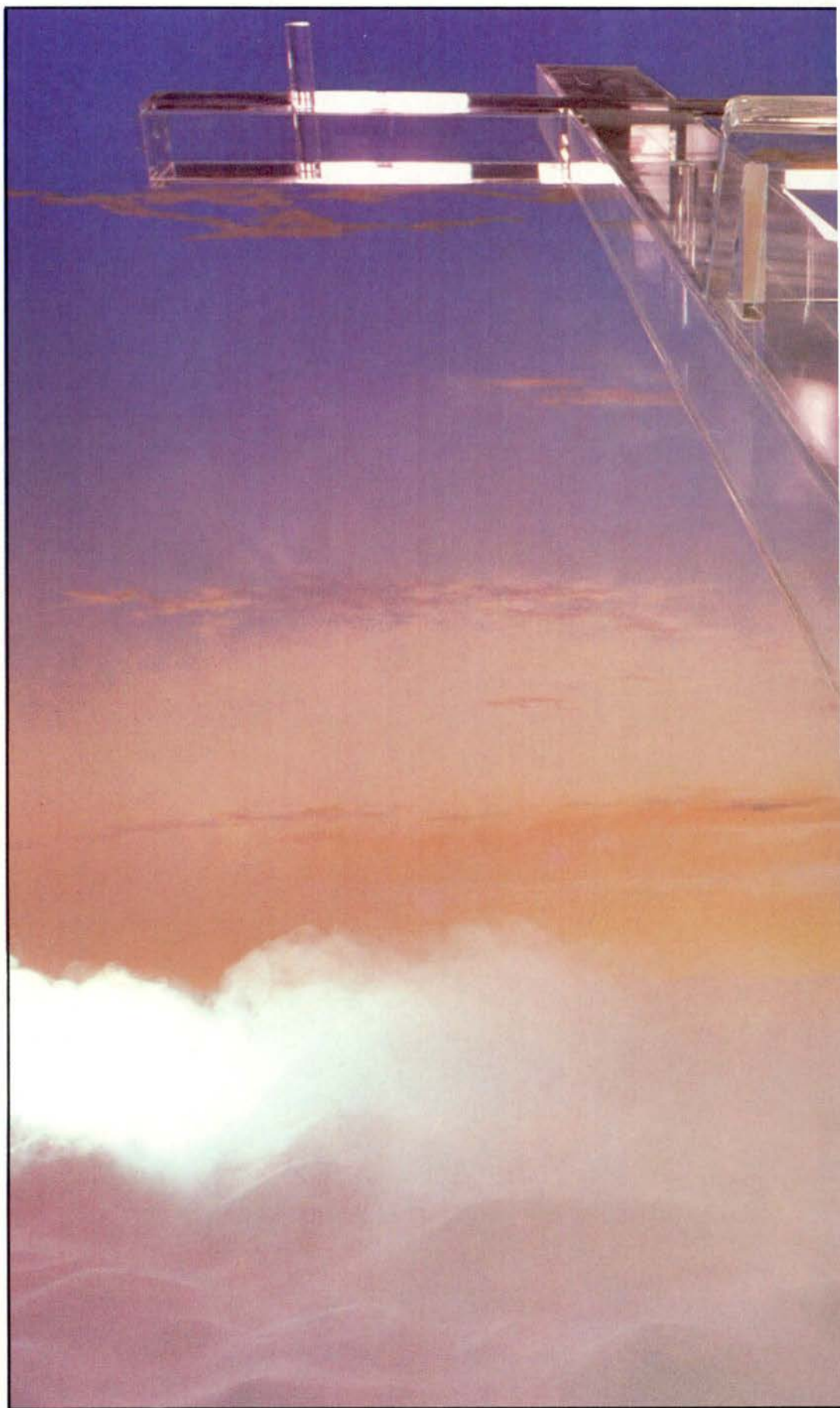
LARRY FLYNT'S

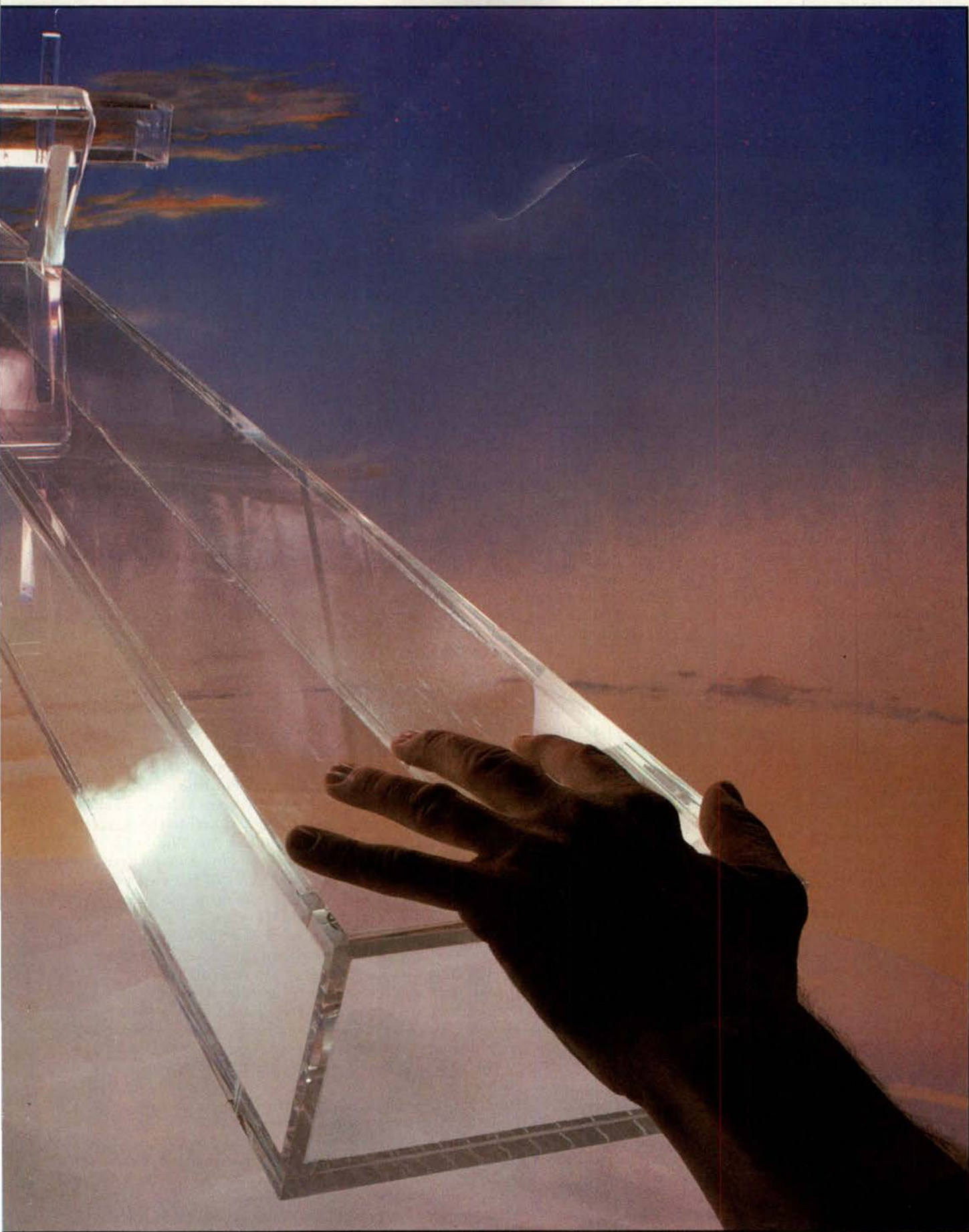
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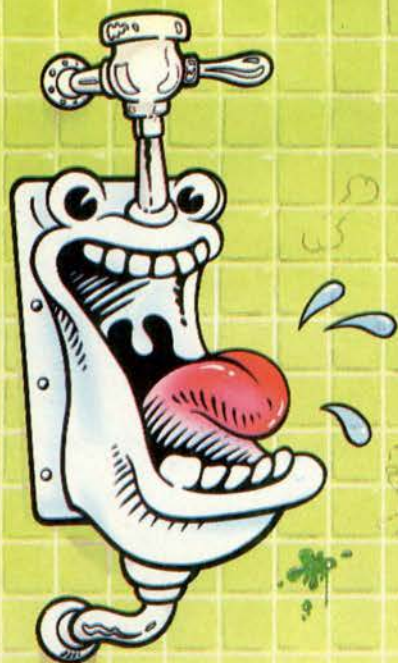
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“**T**hen shall the
dust return to the earth
as it was: and the spirit
shall return unto GOD
who gave it.”
—ECCLESIASTES 12:7







HUSTLER HUMOR

Driving through the Australian outback, an American tourist and his wife pulled over to watch the amazing sight of a bushman running down a kangaroo on foot. Almost out of breath, the bushman eventually caught the kangaroo and proceeded to ravish it with gusto.

The tourists drove on, shaking their heads with amazement. Over the next hill they came upon a stockman on horseback running down another kangaroo, which he promptly raped.

Soon the couple came to a little town, where they stopped at a bar to quench their thirst. The man went into the restroom to relieve himself and came upon a fellow with one leg who was leaning against the wall next to his crutches and masturbating like crazy.

The tourist hurried back into the bar and stared at the barman. "What kind of a country is this?" he asked. "Back up the road we saw a man catch and rape a kangaroo! Then a little farther along we saw another man run a kangaroo down and rape it! Just now I went into the restroom and found a man with one leg, pulling on himself like the end of the world was near! What the hell is going on?"

The barman stared back, incredulous. "Well, mate, you certainly don't expect a bloke with only one leg to run a kangaroo down, do you?"

An old black man was lying on his deathbed, holding a conversation with the Lord. After screwing up enough courage, he finally asked a question he had wanted to know the answer to for years.

"Lord," the old man queried, "is You black, or is You white?"

The Lord replied, "I am what I am."

"Please don't jive me," the old man said. "I needs to know. Is You black, or is You white?"

"My son," the Lord replied, "if I were black, I would have said, 'I is what I is.'"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *cold cream* as: a vaginal lubricant for necrophiles.

A 90-year-old woman and a 93-year-old man had just gotten married. When the husband came out of the bathroom ready for bed, he found his wife standing on her head and up against the bedroom wall.

"What the hell are you doing?" he asked.

"Well," she explained, "I figured in case you couldn't get it up, you could just drop it in."

A homosexual went mountain climbing, slipped on the edge of a cliff and caught hold of a low-hanging branch about ten feet below the place from which he'd fallen. Knowing he was going to die, he fervently began praying to the Lord to save him.

Much to the fellow's relief, an angel appeared and asked, "Do you truly believe in the Lord?"

"Oh, yes," answered the gay, "with all my heart."

"Then let go," the angel said, "and the Lord will save you."

The man thought about it for a moment, then let go and fell to his death. The angel looked down at his handiwork and exclaimed, "Shit! The way I hate fags, I'll never know how I got to be an angel."

Question: Why does a paranoid schizophrenic have a hard time shaving?

Answer: He doesn't trust the fucker holding the razor.

Two ladies were out driving in the Virginia countryside, 50 miles from Washington, D.C. One of them noticed two naked men in a field masturbating each other, and she pointed them out to her friend.

"Look!" the woman exclaimed. "Two Democrats jerking each other off."

"How do you know they're Democrats?" her friend asked.

"If they were Republicans, they'd be fucking a crowd of poor people."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *holy oil* as: preacher cum.

A man was being worn out by his young wife's astounding sexual appetite. Every morning she would climb all over him calling, "More sex! More sex! More sex!" So to avoid killing himself, he took out an ad in a swingers magazine, offering to pay any stud who could satisfy his wife.

One reply came from a really well-hung fellow. The husband met the guy, took him home, brought him up to the bedroom and introduced him to his eager wife. Before he left the two together, the man told the stud to take a piece of chalk and make a mark on the wall every time he fucked her. In this way, the husband would be able to figure out how much he owed.

The next morning the husband found the stud worn out, his huge tool lying limp on the bed. The wall was covered with chalk marks, but the wife was still jumping up and down on the bed crying, "More sex! More sex! More sex!"

That night the man went to a bar and told his problems to a friend. The friend knew of an animal trainer who owned a randy gorilla with a cock the size of a baseball bat.

When the man introduced the gorilla to his wife, she went nuts with desire and started crying even louder, "More sex! More sex! More sex!" The man gave the gorilla a piece of chalk and told him to mark the wall every time they screwed.

The next morning the man went nervously into the bedroom. His wife and the gorilla were still fucking furiously. Upon seeing her husband, the wife immediately cried, "More chalk! More chalk! More chalk!"

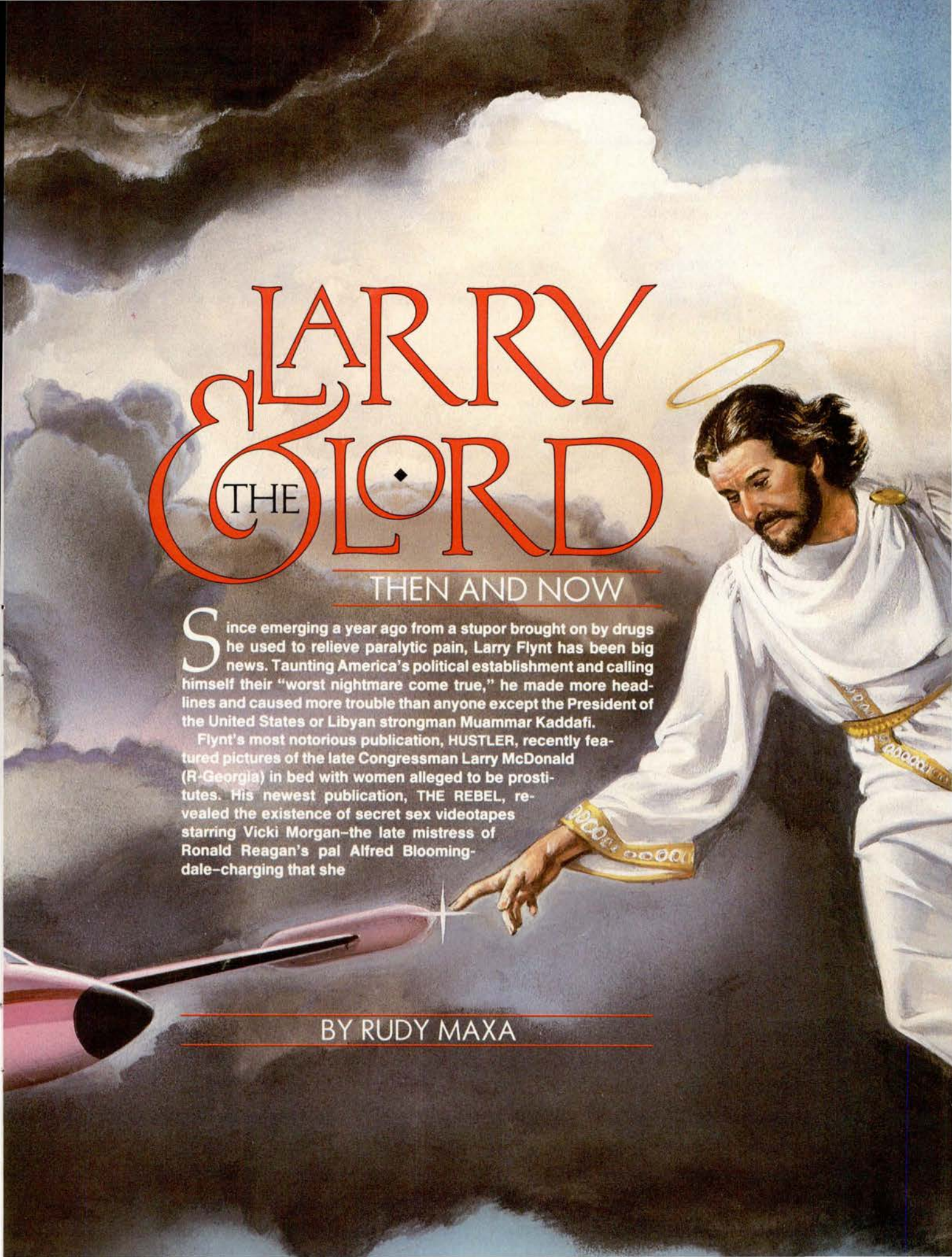
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Ghester the Molester





ILLUSTRATION BY REN WICKS



LARRY THE GLORD

THEN AND NOW

Since emerging a year ago from a stupor brought on by drugs he used to relieve paralytic pain, Larry Flynt has been big news. Taunting America's political establishment and calling himself their "worst nightmare come true," he made more headlines and caused more trouble than anyone except the President of the United States or Libyan strongman Muammar Kaddafi.

Flynt's most notorious publication, HUSTLER, recently featured pictures of the late Congressman Larry McDonald (R-Georgia) in bed with women alleged to be prostitutes. His newest publication, THE REBEL, revealed the existence of secret sex videotapes starring Vicki Morgan—the late mistress of Ronald Reagan's pal Alfred Bloomingdale—charging that she

BY RUDY MAXA

LARRY AND THE LORD (continued from page 77)

Flynt got a kick out of publishing a men's magazine that made its rivals look like 'My Weekly Reader.'

was murdered by the agents of White House counselors implicated in the tapes. Earlier, Flynt supplied CBS-TV with videotapes of the FBI's sting of auto executive John Z. DeLorean.

And that's just the top of the news. Flynt also cursed out the United States Supreme Court, using language that has never before been heard in that august chamber. In Los Angeles, television cameras captured Flynt swathed in an American-flag diaper. He has been in and out of more courtrooms than your average attorney, paid hundreds of thousands of dollars in fines for his iconoclastic behavior and been railroaded by a federal judge to a prison mental hospital in Springfield, Missouri, for "observation."

Through it all, Flynt has surrounded himself with a bewildering group of informal advisers. There's Dick Gregory, the black comedian/social activist; Russell Means, the radical Indian leader; G. Gordon Liddy, the toughest of the Watergate conspirators; Timothy Leary, the LSD apostle of the '60s; Dennis Hopper, the actor/filmmaker; and a motley crew of would-be mercenaries, conspiratorial doom-

sayers, dietitians and fringe Evangelists.

What's going on here? Beats me, and I've been writing about Flynt for eight years—more than half my career as a journalist. But his unconventional behavior started several years ago, in 1977, when Flynt said he had been born again with a little help from the late Ruth Carter Stapleton—the Evangelist sister of the then-President of the United States.

Not that things weren't strange before then. The early success of *HUSTLER* made Flynt wealthy beyond his dreams, and as a boy growing up in a dirt-poor hollow in Kentucky, he could not have imagined how quoted—as well as how admired and loathed—he would be as an adult. That makes for a different sort of life; and certainly, Larry Flynt is different from you and me. But until he was born again, Flynt was merely considered a harmless rascal who liked to raise hell and got a kick out of publishing a men's magazine that made its rivals look like *My Weekly Reader*.

The news of Flynt's conversion, which he announced in November 1977 in a Houston church, shocked America. The country's best-known pornographer stand-

ing in a pulpit next to Jimmy Carter's sister was the kind of story that delights editors bent on selling newspapers.

Flynt and Stapleton were swamped with requests for media interviews, but they refused to meet with the press. That was when I knew something serious was going on. Flynt's refusing to talk to the press was like Wimpy's passing up a hamburger.

Shortly after Flynt's conversion hit the news wires, I reached him and Stapleton by radiophone as they were flying over the Midwest aboard Flynt's private jet. She was sobbing; he was overwhelmed by his emotional experience. Flynt offered to stop in Washington to pick up me and my wife, who is also a journalist, for a trip to the West Coast. We could talk then, he assured me.

So on the cold night of November 18, 1977, I began a whirlwind week with Flynt as he tried to rearrange his life according to what he perceived to be the dictates of God. It was one of the strangest weeks of my life.

On the occasion of Easter 1984, Flynt asked me to go back to my notes and the articles I wrote during that period. The following account recalls those days.

* * *

The nation's air-traffic controllers got a kick out of the jet Flynt owned at that time. It was a \$2.2-million, Israeli-built Jet Commander painted all pink on the outside in honor of the threshold Flynt had crossed in "going pink"—publishing explicit photos of female genitalia. The guys in the control towers called the plane the Pink Panther or the Pepto-Bismol plane. Flynt named it *Dreams Die First*, after a Harold Robbins novel, the hero of which was the publisher of a raunchy men's magazine.

It was in the pink jet that Flynt first flew to North Carolina in September 1977 to meet Ruth Carter Stapleton. A producer at CBS's *60 Minutes*, Joe Wershba, had done segments on both Flynt and Stapleton, and he thought the two charismatic personalities might mesh well together. So he suggested Flynt, the Atheist, call Stapleton, the devout Christian.

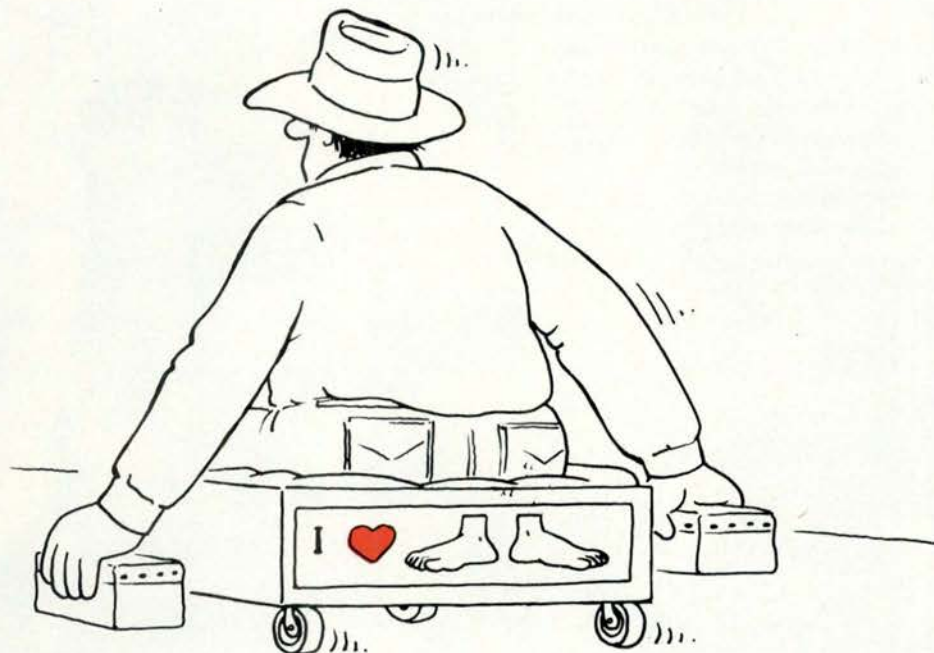
During their first conversation she invited Flynt to dinner the following night. He pleaded a busy schedule, to which Stapleton responded coolly, "You know the nice thing about people like you and me, Mr. Flynt? We can do anything we want to do."

It was the kind of bravura Flynt liked, and the next night he dined with Stapleton and her husband, Robert, a veterinarian, at the Stapletons' country club near Fayetteville.

At the time, Flynt had another friend in the evangelism business, the Reverend Bob Harrington of New Orleans—the self-

(continued on page 86)

MAY HUSTLER



WAINETINSLEY



LIZA

Turn Of the Century

It was an exciting time, but Liza was bored. For her those new machines and big factories were all pointless. None of the new inventions appealed to her; so she lulled away the days practicing the pleasures of solo love. What she wanted was a mechanical man with a mechanical cock. (Oh, Tom Swift, where are you?) Let them make an electric dick—*that* could keep her satisfied. Until they did, she'd stroke herself forever. Because Liza wanted to come, and for that there was no time like the present.













LARRY AND THE LORD (continued from page 78)

Flynt, delighted that a sinner so notorious as Paul could become one of the apostles, identifies closely with him.

appointed Chaplain of Bourbon Street. Brother Bob, as he likes to call himself, is a fast-talking master of the philosophical one-liner. "Next to God," he often says, "the strongest word in the Bible is *go*; you can't spell God, good or Gospel without it." He is movie-star handsome and dresses as if a television camera might be waiting around every corner. Flynt had met him in the summer of 1976 during a HUSTLER interview, and each man saw in the other a supersalesman.

They shared a Baptist heritage, Southern upbringing and quick wit. Some months after the interview, Flynt gave Brother Bob a gift: a \$155,000 motor coach that was the size of a Greyhound bus.

"That's when I knew something was happening," Harrington told me a year later. "The Bible says a man's heart is where his treasure is."

It would be a year before Flynt would announce he had found Jesus Christ; but when he did, he credited Harrington with "planting the seed, putting me through boot camp." For his part, Harrington traveled the United States in style, speaking at motivation and religious rallies,

peddling his "Success Sacks" and living in the coach (he didn't like the term *bus*), which was furnished with a bedroom, kitchen, living room and bathroom. I didn't know it when we took off that Monday night from Washington's National Airport, but I was just a couple of days from meeting Brother Bob aboard his bus.

Day 1: It is November 28, 1977, ten days after 34-year-old Flynt announced he's seen the light, and along with his wife, Althea, he wants to head to Colorado for a little rest and relaxation. Fat chance. Flynt is bubbling over with enthusiasm, talking about how HUSTLER will be changed, how his life will be different and how he intends to help bring peace to the world. There will be, it soon becomes clear, no peace in his world for the foreseeable future.

Sitting in the rear of the jet, an exhausted Stapleton has plans of her own: She is en route to San Francisco for a stay at a private spa, the Golden Door. She asks for a scotch and water, then asks me if that can be off the record, as she doesn't want followers of her "inner healing" movement to know she occasionally imbibes.



JANUARY 1978

Flynt tells me that he saw a vision of the apostle Paul a few days earlier. It was Paul, the Pharisee of the Pharisees, who was on the road to Damascus to arrest some of Jesus' followers for heresy when suddenly he fell to the ground, blinded by light. Jesus spoke to him, and Paul was converted. Flynt, delighted that a sinner so notorious as Paul could become one of the apostles, identifies closely with him.

Waiting on the tarmac at the Alamosa, Colorado, airport are several Christians, including an insurance salesman with a tie clasp that reads: TRY GOD.

"Oh, no," Althea Flynt says, "they're going to try and convert me."

Althea is unsure about what to make of the change that has come over her husband. At the least, she resents Stapleton for upsetting her marriage. In more care-free days when the Flynts ran HUSTLER from modest offices in Columbus, Ohio, Althea would spot attractive women for Larry and suggest an afternoon dalliance. Now the man she married had no time for or interest in sex. And his conversation revolved almost exclusively around religion. (For the record, Althea didn't put down her husband's conversion; she just didn't want to have to buy into the program.)

In Alamosa, Althea falls asleep at the home of one of her husband's new Christian friends who discusses the Scriptures with Flynt until the early-morning hours.

Day 2: The crop of grand vacation homes available around Alamosa is slim; so Flynt orders his pilot to return from San Francisco, where the pink jet had dropped off Stapleton the night before. Next stop: Colorado Springs. Flynt likes Colorado. Its motto, he notes, is "Nothing Without God," and Alamosa sits at the foot of a mountain range called the Blood of Christ.

Near Colorado Springs the Flynts check into a \$300-a-day suite at a lavish old-line resort, the Broadmoor. At the hotel's French restaurant the maitre d' provides Flynt with a house tie; Flynt asks in vain for a pink one.

The appetizer is caviar, the main course is fresh fish, and the wine is Chateau Lafite-Rothschild. The conversation is about a sect of religious radicals who call themselves Christian Patriots. Flynt says they are willing to die for their God and country, and he wants to fly a few to Colorado Springs for consultation.

"Part of my calling," Flynt says, "is to enlist more Christian Patriots."

Day 3: Padding about the hotel in his pajamas all day, Flynt is a dynamo, talking by phone with Chuck Colson, the born-again Christian who was once Richard Nixon's hatchetman, and telephoning Colson's mentor, Harold Hughes, the for-

(continued on page 90)





The Bullet That *Really* Killed John Kennedy

In keeping with HUSTLER's long tradition of presenting even the most controversial viewpoints, we provide this space to outspoken opinion makers in politics, religion, the arts and other segments of contemporary society. This month's Guest Editorial is written by Harold A. Rydberg, a medical illustrator at the School of Medicine, University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.

Harold A. Rydberg

More than 20 years have passed since the nation as well as the world were shocked and stunned by the horrible assassination of President John F. Kennedy. All of us who are old enough to remember know exactly what we were doing at the moment we first heard the devastating news. I was teaching an anatomy class to Navy medical illustrators at the National Naval Medical Center in Bethesda, Maryland. It was at that same hospital where Kennedy's body underwent an autopsy seven hours after the tragic events in Dallas.

Three months later I found myself in the middle of the assassination controversy when I was ordered by the Navy to prepare life-size color drawings of the fatal bullet wounds—drawings that became a key factor in the Warren Commission's investigation into the President's death because they established the direction from which the bullets had come.

As astonishing as it may seem, my illustrations of how the wounds were received were done completely from verbal descriptions supplied by Dr. James Humes—one of the two pathologists who conducted the autopsy. I was forbidden access to every one of the relevant photographs and X-rays, which are normally considered to be critical in making accurate drawings and diagrams. These restrictions were allegedly imposed because of the severity of the wounds; they were said to be too graphic.

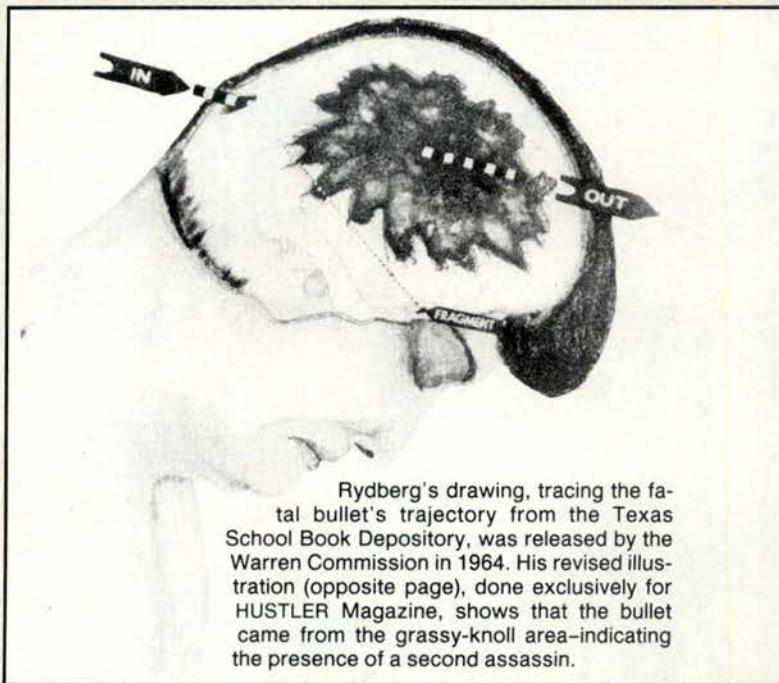
Rendered in two days with little preparation, the original drawings were too rushed to present a detailed picture of the wounds. With the X-rays and photographs made unavailable, it was impossible to produce an accurate representation of what happened. By relying on verbal descriptions, I was forced to execute the drawings exactly as I was told to do.

The FBI and Secret Service removed the undeveloped photographs and X-rays from the autopsy room immediately after they were taken. They now repose under lock and key in the National Archives, unable to

be viewed by anyone. And all my preliminary drawings and sketches were confiscated by the government as soon as I completed the final renderings.

Based on my drawings and the volumes of testimony, the Warren Commission concluded that Kennedy had been killed by Lee Harvey Oswald—a lone gunman who fired three shots from a sixth-floor window in the Texas School Book Depository overlooking the Presidential motorcade from behind. The commission determined that one shot missed completely; a second shot struck Kennedy in the back of the neck and exited through his throat, hitting Texas Governor John Connally (who was riding in the same car) in the chest, wrist and thigh; and the third shot caused the President's fatal head wound.

At 21 years of age I was too overwhelmed by the events in which I had become involved to notice how strangely my phase of the investigation was being



Rydberg's drawing, tracing the fatal bullet's trajectory from the Texas School Book Depository, was released by the Warren Commission in 1964. His revised illustration (opposite page), done exclusively for HUSTLER Magazine, shows that the bullet came from the grassy-knoll area—indicating the presence of a second assassin.

conducted. I was a very scared sailor who simply was following orders. But now I am older and wiser.

For the past 18 years I have read and evaluated every shred of evidence I could get ahold of concerning the trajectory of the fatal bullet and the area of Kennedy's brain through which it passed. Today I firmly believe there is nothing on God's green Earth that could have made the bullet hit the head from behind, take a somewhat right turn and exit from the right side

missed and the second bullet that wounded Kennedy in the neck. But I also believe another assassin was present at a different vantage point in Dealey Plaza to make sure the job was done right.

Over the years I have made numerous requests to such government officials as former Presidents Richard Nixon and Gerald Ford, former Vice President Spiro Agnew and Senator Edward Kennedy, asking to be allowed to see the photographs and

Kennedy's backward lurch when he was hit in the head doesn't make sense either, unless—as I believe—he was also shot from the grassy knoll in front of the motorcade.

of Kennedy's skull. There is no way that brain tissue, a jellylike mass with the consistency of scrambled eggs, could divert a bullet from its normal course.

Kennedy's backward lurch when he was hit in the head doesn't make sense either, unless—as I believe—he was also shot from the grassy knoll in front of the motorcade. The dramatic motion pictures taken by the late Abraham Zapruder, showing pieces of Kennedy's skull exploding forward and upward, offer proof that a bullet must have struck him from the side—somewhat forward—and then immediately fragmented upon impact. The force of the bullet striking the side of the head would have caused the tissue to explode outward, which is contrary to the Warren Commission's findings that there was only a small entry wound and that large massive damage occurred when the bullet exited through the side.

I believe Lee Harvey Oswald fired the first bullet that

X-rays to check the accuracy of the drawings. For all my efforts I have received only a series of frustrating runarounds.

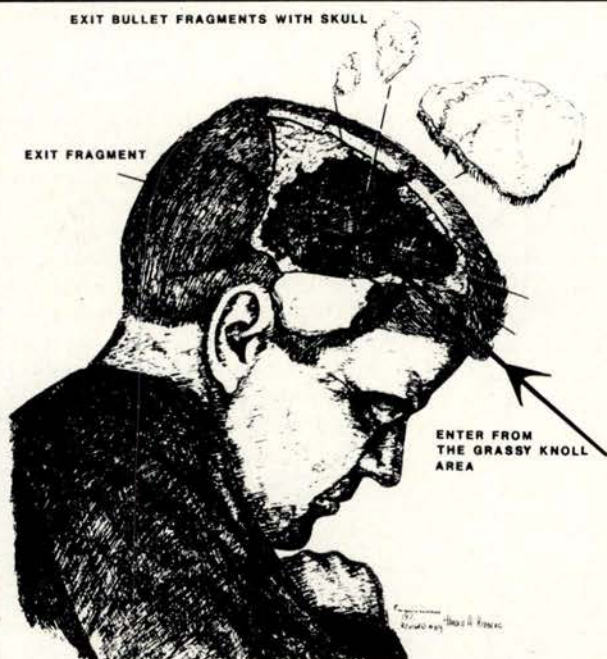
I have also written several times to the Kennedy family's lawyer, Burke Marshall, who has the last word on the viewing of the X-rays and photographs. But he put such severe restrictions on it that nothing could be accomplished if one were to follow them. Marshall warned that I could not talk about or redraw anything I looked at in respect to the X-rays and the photographs. Now, what the hell is he covering up?

The sickening stench of a coverup begins with the fact that the federal government removed a body (Kennedy's) from the scene of a crime (Dallas); if the average American citizen did something like that, he would be jailed immediately.

This particular coverup theory—only one of many that doggedly continue to surface—is further supported by the circumstances surrounding the autopsy. Not only was it done almost 2,000 miles from the crime scene and the place where the body was first examined and treated, but no forensic pathologist—someone with specialized knowledge about the exits and entrances of bullet wounds—was present during the autopsy. Drs. James Humes and J. Thornton Boswell, who performed the autopsy, didn't bother to consult a forensic pathologist either.

Finally, there was the absolute refusal to give the X-rays and photographs to appropriate individuals in order to present an accurate description of the wounds. Regrettably, this blatant act of censorship still continues 20 years later.

Doesn't that make you wonder what they are hiding? And can you still believe the Warren Commission's conclusions—on anything?



Readers who share or disagree with Harold A. Rydberg's opinions are encouraged to address Americans for a Free Press (2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054).

LARRY AND THE LORD (continued from page 86)

"I promised to see myself castrated . . . to look and say, 'Yes, God, it's okay. If that's Your will, that is fine.'"

mer Democratic senator from Iowa.

Flynt ignores the lengthy list of media requests for interviews, but begins dispatching chartered Learjets around the country to bring in the Christian Patriots. Key HUSTLER and CHIC staffers are also ordered to appear at the Broadmoor for talks about changing the magazines.

Althea, for one, is happy to have spent at least one day in the same city.

Day 4: Flynt and I hop aboard the pink jet for a day trip to frozen, snow-covered Iowa City. Waiting at the airport passenger gate is none other than Brother Bob Harrington, resplendent in a dark suit, gray vest, scarlet Yves St. Laurent tie and gold jewelry. I remark on the gold cufflinks engraved with quotations from the Scriptures.

"God wants you to have the very best of everything in life," says Harrington with a smile.

"Can I have some of your lines?" cracks Flynt.

"You can have any of my lines," answers Harrington without missing a beat. "Nothing is original, just rearranged."

Flynt has come to Iowa City to attend a

"Think Positive Rally" starring Harrington, former Carter Budget Director Bert Lance and radio star Paul Harvey. Brother Bob's coach is waiting outside the terminal, and an engraved plaque near the door reads: "This luxury executive coach is provided for Bob Harrington, the Chaplain of Bourbon Street, to travel across America and make people *feel good*—Larry Flynt, Publisher, Columbus, Ohio."

Inside, Harrington's golf clubs rest against a sofa, and Harold Hughes is on hand to huddle with Flynt. They talk alone for two hours, and before he departs for an evening event in Texas, Hughes invites Flynt to visit him at his home on Maryland's Eastern Shore.

At the upbeat rally Harrington interrupts his religious-motivation spiel to introduce the man who bought him his bus. Flynt speaks for about ten minutes without notes and receives polite applause. Several Iowans approach him offstage afterward to wish him well.

We return to Colorado Springs in the middle of the night. Flynt is the only one on the plane who is not bone weary.

Day 5: A few Christian Patriots—grim-looking men wearing bland suits—appear conspicuous in Flynt's suite. Staffers from HUSTLER and CHIC are informally dressed and very puzzled about what's come over their publisher. Their fears are confirmed when Flynt raises the subject of a pamphlet with an orange cover he received from someone who claims a relative recovered from incurable cancer by following the advice inside.

The pamphlet describes a saliva-and-urine test that supposedly pinpoints future diseases in the body. By changing one's diet, it says, such horrors can be avoided. The pamphlet's author is present, but the man who actually devised what quickly became known around the suite as the "spit and piss test" is being detained in a California jail on charges of practicing medicine without a license. Flynt will eventually guarantee his \$40,000 bond and secure his release.

In the morning Flynt begins discussing changes in his magazines. He announces that he'll consult religious experts on editorial matters if need be.

"There will be a rabbi and a . . . what's a religion that starts with E?"

"Episcopalian!" someone shouts.

"Right, an Episcopalian priest. But I don't want you to think I'm going to sit down with biblical scholars and let them run the magazine. I'll use them for reference. If I have any questions, I'll just fall right down on my knees and ask *Him* [God] what to do."

There will be no more photo-spreads of women alone, says Flynt. Sex is to be presented more naturally, with a man in the picture. The cartoon feature *Honey Hooker* will henceforth be called only *Honey*, and it will portray a modern American woman searching for moral values.

Then Flynt pauses and surveys his staffers with some impatience.

"Look," he says, passing out copies of the orange pamphlet, "I want you to go to your rooms and read this—there's no use talking about something when you don't know what we're talking about."

The staff holds a fast caucus and decides to reject Flynt's directive that they all submit to the saliva-and-urine test, claiming their free will would be in question if they did. Althea ends the day on a pleasant note. Scouting Colorado vacation homes by helicopter with a real-estate agent, she has fallen for a \$275,000 wood-and-glass house in Evergreen. Her husband buys it for her as an early Christmas gift.

* * *

Those who knew Flynt, including me, had no doubt of the sincerity of his religious conversion. During their flight from Texas, Stapleton said Flynt was "doubled over in deep agony" as he admit-

(continued on page 100)

MAY HUSTLER



JARTOS





A photograph of a woman with long dark hair, topless, sitting on a large piece of driftwood inside a cage. The cage is made of vertical metal bars. A monkey is visible on the left side of the cage, partially obscured by the bars. The floor of the cage is covered with straw. The title 'MONKEY BUSINESS' is overlaid in a stylized, jagged, orange and yellow font.

MONKEY BUSINESS

Photography by Clive McLean





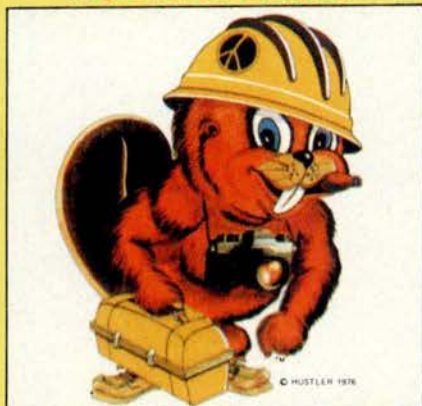








HUSTLER MAGAZINE PHOTO CONTEST MODEL RELEASE



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

Please Print

Model's Name _____ Name to Be Published _____

Address _____

Date of Birth _____ Phone (include area code) _____

Model's Social Security Number _____

Occupation _____

Hobbies _____

Sexual Fantasies _____

Include separate sheet if necessary

Photographer _____

NOTE: PRIZE MONEY SENT TO MODEL ONLY

I hereby give HUSTLER Magazine, its affiliates, successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, permission to copyright and/or publish any photographs of myself with or without my name and to make any changes or any additions whatsoever to such photographs, portraits or any of the above information. I understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos. I also understand that if the editors so decide, my photographs can be published in GENTLEMAN'S COMPANION Magazine's photo contest, *My Woman... My Wife*, in which case the prize awarded is \$50, or in another affiliated magazine for an amount to be determined by that magazine. I certify that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

WARNING: ANYONE SIGNING THIS RELEASE FORM OTHER THAN THE MODEL WILL BE SUBJECT TO MONETARY DAMAGES AND/OR CRIMINAL PROSECUTION.

I DECLARE UNDER PENALTY OF PERJURY THAT ALL OF THE INFORMATION I HAVE GIVEN ABOVE IS TRUE AND CORRECT.

Model's Legal Signature _____

Date _____

LARRY AND THE LORD

(continued from page 90)

ted to heinous sins too numerous for her to recall. She remembered Larry saying over and over, "Yes, Lord, I'll give that up." Said Stapleton: "You know, spiritual surgery is worse than physical surgery because you're awake."

Even after my week on the road with Flynt, I wasn't sure what had happened at that very moment he thought he'd seen the Truth. So I visited him at his Tudor mansion in Columbus two weeks before Christmas.

The halls were decked with boughs of holly. Dozens of poinsettias and floral arrangements filled the house. Outside, a fir tree was hung with huge candy canes and lights that reflected softly on a blanket of snow.

Flynt was in the midst of changing his diet as prescribed by the Christian Patriots and Dick Gregory. Gone were the traditional refrigerator contents; replacing them were large containers of black-cherry and papaya juices. Yogurt was everywhere, and organically grown fruits and vegetables were scheduled to arrive momentarily by plane.

I went with Flynt to an upstairs bedroom, and with a tape recorder I pressed him on his experience. It had obviously been an intensely private moment, and it took some persuading to convince him to share it.

The setting, he said, was the cabin of his pink jet, in flight between Ohio and California, with only Ruth Carter Stapleton at his side. Suddenly, Flynt remembered, he fell to his knees, his hands clasped in prayer. He began feeling a warm, tingling, powerful sensation, and there was a medicinal taste rising in his throat. A man laughing heartily and calling himself Paul stood beside Jesus Christ.

"I promised to give up my wife for Him," Flynt told me. "I promised to see myself castrated, to look down and see myself with no sexual organs and look up and say, 'Yes, God, it's okay. If that's Your will, that is fine.' I spoke in tongues. There were animals eating at my neck, like baboons and monkeys, gnawing at me. He told me my calling: to bring peace on Earth. And He told me there had been a distortion of His Word, which confirmed my thing on religion: There are a lot of religions, but only one God.

"Then I had to pray for my wife, Althea—He was taking Althea away from me, a natural death or an accident. Oh, how I had to pray. Then I asked him about [the late comedian] Lenny Bruce, and I got the feeling Lenny was in hell; so I prayed and prayed and prayed for Lenny. But it seemed as if He only reached down and picked up half of

Lenny. I remember saying something like 'Did you get him—did you get him all?' and then I looked very close up at Jesus, and He was holding Lenny in His arms. . . ."

It lasted, said Larry, for hours. Afterward Flynt considered himself to be on a mission, with a message for the world that sexual repression was responsible for much of society's ills.

In a lengthy article I wrote for the *Washington Post* after my week on the road with Flynt, I concluded this way:

"When he was a youngster, Larry Flynt suspected he would become either a gynecologist or an Evangelist. Time will tell if he will come as close to the latter as he did to the former. But he understands the public significance of his startling conversion. 'The whole world,' he says quietly in a private moment, 'is watching for me to fall from grace.'"


Several months later, on March 6, 1978, it was an attempted assassin's bullets that made him fall to the ground in Lawrenceville, Georgia. The seriousness of his wounds nearly killed him; yet Flynt hung on and managed to maintain his business and home in Los Angeles, where he had relocated them just two months earlier.

But many of the wheels he'd set into motion after his born-again experience ground to a halt. And gradually, in the late '70s and early '80s, Flynt became addicted to pain-killing drugs, the better to dull the agony that shot up his spinal cord from his paralyzed legs to his brain.

It wasn't until he learned in late 1982 of a type of laser surgery offered at Duke University that he was able to come out of his groggy world. The operation stopped the pain, and Flynt decided that he was an Atheist and that the wrenching experience of years earlier had probably been a product of his Baptist background and the stress he had felt as HUSTLER was rapidly expanding.

But that was before Jesus H. Christ, Esq., appeared on the masthead as Publisher of HUSTLER last fall. Is there something stirring in his breast again? What drives Flynt to run for the Presidency of the United States or cuss out the Supreme Court? How much trouble can one man make?

In a way, some of the world has already decided Flynt has fallen from grace—irrevocably so. But both times I've had Flynt as a guest on an all-talk radio show that I host in Washington, most listeners have called to give Flynt a pat on the back. It's been surprising to me, but—put bluntly—Flynt seems to speak to the frustrations of Mr. and Mrs. Front Porch America.

And whatever the future holds for Lawrence Claxton Flynt, I can guarantee you one thing: It won't be boring. 

MAY HUSTLER

\$10,000

FREE!!!

BEAVER-HUNTER
CAPS
TO ALL
CONTESTANTS



(EVEN IF WE
DON'T PUBLISH
YOUR PHOTO)

Beaver Hunt

If you've been bragging that your girl's bod beats any you've ever seen in *Beaver Hunt*, there's never been a better time to lay her photos on the line. Besides awarding \$100 to every Beaver whose photo appears on these pages, in each issue we now select one entry to be our Beaver of the Month. (Check out *Beaver Spotlight* on pages 106-107.) Every month-

ly winner will compete in our Beaver of the Year contest, with a grand prize worth \$10,000—including exclusive contracts to appear as a HUSTLER model and to star in an upcoming HUSTLER video! A couple Polaroids are fine. All photos become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine. Send your entry (preferably more than one photo) to *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Use the model release on page 100, or a facsimile. And fill it out clearly so we'll know where to send your Beaver her \$100.



Photo by P.R.D.



Tina from Utica, New York, dreams of seducing "Pa" from *Little House on the Prairie* when his puritanical wife is out. Once Tina's naked, she'd get down on all fours and let him plow her south 40.

Photo by J. Keys



Teri, a 27-year-old entertainer from Colorado Springs, Colorado, says, "I often fantasize about making love high up in the mountains where I can scream and not be heard."

Photo by Todd



Round Lake Park, Illinois, is home to 20-year-old "Face"—which makes us wonder exactly what she did with it to gain such notoriety. Face says she'd like to star in her own porn film.

This 37-year-old from Edison, New Jersey, say she's known by her lovers as "Wendy" because she's incredibly hot 'n' juicy! Wendy'd love to screw John Holmes—to get *all* she wants.

Photo by Friend



Becca, 23, from Arlington, Texas, wanted us to print her nude photo in *Beaver Hunt* so she could get off on having *HUSTLER* readers fantasize about fucking her.

Photo by Dave



Photo by Michael



Joanna, 23, from Massachusetts, dreams of designing crotchless underwear. She'd "eat her heart out" to make it with three men at once.

Photo by Ron

Cindy B. says she'd love to visit Hawaii and make it with one of the natives. Cindy, from Colorado, wants to be fucked by a "big" Hawaiian, but didn't say what she was referring to.



Photo by Ron



Detroit, Michigan's Alisha is a 20-year-old who'd get off on being a professional groupie. Alisha says she'd like her career's first fuck to be with Steven Tyler of Aerosmith.

Photo by Friend



Lisa, a 22-year-old from Bloomington, Illinois, told HUSTLER she'd find it extremely erotic to pose for a nude, outdoor photo-session. But will she find a photographer who'll just expose his film?



Photo by Husband

Delores is a 36-year-old exotic dancer from Milwaukee, Wisconsin, who'd enjoy a threesome with her man and a woman who has a close-shaved snatch like her own bare beaver.



Photo by Neil

Rhe, 36, of Kansas City, Missouri, lists her sexual fantasy as "fuck-fuck-fucking." Either Rhe has a speech defect or a technique we're just not savvy to. How about giving us a demonstration?



Photo by Husband



Astoria, New York's Kathy, 26, fantasizes about lying on a nude beach. A passerby gets an immediate hard-on, and he plunges into her. . . . Onlookers eventually join in.

Photo by Husband



Nineteen-year-old Tina from LeRoy, Illinois, isn't your typical bedroom sex kitten. She has fantasies about getting laid at the L.A. Coliseum during the opening ceremonies of the Olympics.



Photo by George

Lisa, 27, from Levittown, Pennsylvania, gets aroused fantasizing about how she'd shed her clothes and spread her thighs for a HUSTLER photo-session.

BEAVER SPOTLIGHT

We talked to Jodi, HUSTLER's May Beaver of the Month, as she relaxed in our studio dressing room following her first professional photo-session. She spoke candidly about her background. "I grew up in an ultraconservative Midwestern town, and you can bet it wasn't easy for an uninhibited girl like me. I've always been very open to



sexual experimentation; so naturally I was the talk of the town. Thank God, my parents were supportive of me, or I might have turned out really warped!"

Jodi's ambition is to one day become a film star. "That's why I was so thrilled to be chosen for *Beaver Spotlight*. The motion-picture industry is difficult to break into, and this pictorial will give me just the kind of exposure I need." When we asked Jodi about her favorite sexual fantasy, she told us: "I'm still a small-town girl at heart, even though I've moved to the big city. For me there's nothing half as thrilling as driving out to the country with my boyfriend, lying down on a blanket in the middle of an apple orchard and making love to our hearts' content."



MARILYN MONROE (continued from page 48)

After the abortionist had her put her legs in the stirrups, the dirty animal bastard had played with her pussy.

doesn't take anything on credit, and neither do I."

Norma Jean was ready to leave the next day. In July 1946 we drove down the coast of Southern California, over the border, into probably the dirtiest, filthiest section of Tijuana I'd ever seen. I found Gomez's house. A fat, dirty man came to the door with a cat under one arm. He had four black teeth in his mouth and looked like a cross between Frankenstein's monster and a werewolf.

"Doc Law sent me," I said. "Are you Gomez?" He stood there and looked at me. Then he stared at Norma Jean. Finally he said, "*Donde está el dinero?*"

I handed Gomez \$200 cash, which at that time seemed like \$2,000. His place was dark and dirty; there were cats all over and cat shit everywhere. In the back of the room he had two lights on the ceiling, a tray with boiling water, some different types of medical equipment, utensils boiling for sterilization and an old barber-shop chair equipped with stirrups.

I went outside and sat down on the porch. About a half hour later I heard some groaning and a scream. Gomez

came to the door and said, "Don't worry, *amigo*; she's all right."

Another 90 minutes went by before the screen door opened, and Norma Jean came out looking very pale. She held onto me all the way home and told me about the terrible experience she'd had with Gomez. After he'd had her get into the barber's chair and put her legs in the stirrups, the dirty animal bastard had played with her pussy.

I felt empty inside at the idea of losing our baby, and I felt for sure this would be the end of our relationship. But then she said, "Teddy, I never thought you would stand by me to the end. I want to go right on seeing you no matter what happens, because you proved yourself to me. You're not like the rest of these Hollywood jerks. You didn't run away when the chips were down."

Funds were getting low because of the abortion; so I had to find some extra work. I called Mickey, a buddy of mine who worked as a lifeguard at the Ocean House in Santa Monica—the home that William Randolph Hearst had originally built for his girlfriend, actress Marion Da-

vies. Davies had since converted the 100-room showplace into a restaurant and private swimming club. Mickey told me he could use an extra lifeguard; so I was hired to work on weekends.

Many nights we had the entire premises to ourselves, and Norma Jean would come down and spend the weekend with me. Mickey had his girlfriend, I had Norma Jean, and the four of us ran around bare-ass naked, skinny-dipped, drank champagne, smoked pot, took baths by candlelight in a huge black-Italian-marble tub—and made love all over the place. I even drank warm champagne from Norma Jean's golden-fur pussy-cup.

My uncle, Ted Lewis the bandleader, was being managed at the William Morris Agency by people like Lew Wasserman, Johnny Hyde, Dr. Jules Stein, Abe Lastfogel and one of the younger fellows at the time, Sam Weisbord, now president of William Morris. As Lewis's nephew, I was invited to most of the lavish parties they periodically threw for business purposes; so I took Norma Jean along and introduced her to every big agent I had met through my uncle. One of them, the short and dapper Johnny Hyde, picked up on her immediately.

He and I had been good friends, but I told him it was hands off when it came to Norma Jean. He knew how I felt about her and said his relationship with her was strictly business. He started introducing her to all the important producers and directors. And then he introduced her to his bedroom. Two weeks later they were living together. I called Johnny and told him he could blackball me at the studios if he wanted to, but if he ever hurt Norma Jean, as the Italians say, he'd be breathing through a straw the rest of his life.

By the summer of 1948 Johnny was running her life. He told her what parties to attend and which producers and directors to go to bed with in order to further her career. This piss-poor, sawed-off Hollywood freak was no better than a pimp, and I said so to Norma Jean. That's when she started breaking dates with me, usually at the last minute because of Johnny's demands. But we still kept seeing each other. One time, over drinks at the Haig, she told me Johnny had a heart problem and had to be cautious when it came to making love.

"What's that supposed to mean?" I said.

"It means there's nothing wrong with his tongue."

She thought that was funny—but I slapped her. Then I fell apart. I actually stood there with tears in my eyes, and for the first time in our relationship I felt as if I were losing her.

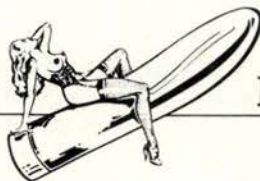
"Baby, don't you remember the agreement we made?" she asked. "We said we

(continued on page 112)

MAY HUSTLER



"I know you're shitfaced, Harv—you're smoking my tampon!"



SEX AND PORNOGRAPHY



BY JEFFREY RESSNER

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

Amy and Richard had been married only two years, but their sex life had already "petered" out. They had tried everything they could think of, from buying satin sheets to reading sex manuals, hoping to reawaken that dormant passion. No luck. Even introducing a third partner into their fuckfests couldn't relieve the boredom and lack of sexual electricity that threatened to sink their relationship. Then Richard came home one night with an X-rated videocassette he had borrowed from a buddy at work and popped it into the VCR.

At first, Amy and Richard watched the movie stone-faced and somewhat nervously. But before long a miracle happened—the flick began to turn them on. While viewing an Oriental vixen going down on a black stud's mammoth cock, Amy suddenly felt her cunt tingle and become moist. Richard got a raging hard-on, and in a matter of minutes the two were thrashing around on the living-room floor, mimicking the sex action on the videotape.

After the movie ended, the couple were drenched in a pool of sweat and love juice, and supremely satisfied. They had finally found the key that could unlock the door to sexual fulfillment for them—pornography.

Although porn has been used to enhance sex for centuries, there seems to be an increasing interest in erotic books, magazines and movies. With this growth, sexologists have noticed trends in the type of erotica that's popular. Most claim our tastes in porn have become more hard-core. Australia's Professor John H. Court, an expert on current trends in pornography around the world, claims there is "a chain reaction, with people constantly seeking stronger stuff." Another researcher, Pro-

fessor Park Elliot Dietz of the University of Virginia, believes that sex magazines are becoming more outrageous because of the increased availability of both X-rated motion pictures and cable television.

Pornography has changed drastically over the past decade due both to its newfound respectability as "porn/chic" and the effects of new video technology on mainstream entertainment. In most large cities today fuck features are no longer shown in shabby theaters but in elegant movie houses boasting fine projection and sound systems. And people who want to watch sex films in their own homes don't have to fumble with unspooling reels of 8mm celluloid anymore; hard-core loops and features are now available for videocassette players and laser-disc machines. Pornography has become modernized, and so have most people's attitudes toward explicitly erotic materials.

Dozens of studies conducted over the years have tried to uncover how pornography affects us, and most of them have concluded that the effects are not only pleasurable, but therapeutic as well. A survey of adults in Sweden—where erotica is readily and legally available—showed that people who viewed porn regularly experienced more sexual satisfaction than those who didn't. And in the U.S. the government's *Report of the Commission on Obscenity and Pornography* revealed that married couples showed an "increased openness" in communication and became "more agreeable" after looking at erotica.

Perhaps most important, the commission found no evidence linking pornography to "crime, delinquency, sexual or non-sexual deviancy or severe emotional disturbances." Throughout history, legislators and religious leaders have tried to prove

that male porn-lovers are degenerate and demented criminals who rape and abuse women. But the best porn encourages natural and open expression between sex partners.

Other experts, working apart from the commission, drew similar conclusions. Therapists Barry and Emily McCarthy, authors of *Sex and Satisfaction After 30*, have written that "as an experience to provide exchange and variety [porn is] a way to experience vicariously a wide variety of sexually stimulating performances." Drs. Eberhard and Phyllis Kronhausen agree that "there is no clinical evidence anyone has ever been harmed psychologically by reading even the most 'obscene' publications." In their landmark study, *Pornography and the Law*, the Kronhausens wrote: "Erotic books may fulfill several eminently useful functions."

One of those functions is known as the "safety valve." According to this widely accepted principle, potential sex offenders "let off steam" by enjoying porn and thus purge themselves of hostile or violent behavior. This concept—also known as "catharsis" or "abreaction"—is accepted by many therapists who believe fantasies are healthy ways to express desire, sexual or otherwise.

Dr. Benjamin Karpman, chief psychotherapist at Washington, D.C.'s St. Elizabeth Hospital, feels that people who like

hard-core books "are less likely to become sexual offenders than those who do not, for the reason that such reading often neutralizes what aberrant sexual interests they may have."

Another beneficial function of pornography may be as a sex-education teaching aid for teenagers. "The psychological effects of reading erotic realism . . . are highly desirable for the average person," claim the Kronhausens, and "if anything, even more desirable for young people." Obviously, that doesn't mean small children should be given bondage magazines or tapes of *Seka Goes to Hollywood*. Most child-psychology experts agree that teens sheltered from the realities of life will probably have more psychological problems than persons exposed to them at a reasonably early age. While porn should not be the sole source of sex education for youngsters, the government's commission found it may help stimulate much-needed discussions between parents and children about sexuality.

Teenagers aren't the only ones who can learn something important from pornography. Adults who for one reason or another are ignorant about the variety of sexual positions available to them may find a whole new world of ecstasy through fuck-and-suck movies or books. For example, the film *Deep Throat* has been praised by many sexologists for its frank yet instruc-

tive demonstrations of the art of oral sex.

Despite the many benefits of erotica, censors—from religious fanatics to Supreme Court justices—have tried to suppress so-called obscenity in this country. Criminal laws banning sexual writings and pictures in America date back to 1815, when a group of Philadelphians were convicted for selling a picture showing "a man in an obscene, impudent and indecent posture with a woman."

In a 1973 series of rulings the Supreme Court set aside earlier decisions defining obscenity as material "utterly without redeeming social value," and came up with a new definition. Pornographic matter is now protected by the First Amendment to the U.S. Constitution unless the work, taken as a whole, is found to: (1) appeal to a "prurient" interest; (2) portray sexual conduct in a "patently offensive manner"; and (3) be lacking "in any serious literary, artistic, political or scientific value."

No one—not even lawyers and judges—seems to know precisely what *prurient* means. The word is derived from a Latin term meaning "to itch," and it's usually associated with something that gets you horny. The phrase "patently offensive" refers to "a consummated sexual act, masturbation, excretion and/or the lewd exhibition of genitalia." These nebulous criteria have led to a multitude of conflicting verdicts and blatant inconsistencies. There's an old saying among lawyers that "obscenity" is whatever gives your judge an erection.

In the 1973 *Miller v. California* Supreme Court ruling the justices also decided that "community standards" rather than "national standards" would be the yardstick measuring all future obscenity controversies. This law, still in effect today, means that what might be sexually permissible in one place may be highly illegal elsewhere in the country. It could be all right for live sex shows to take place in Times Square, for example, but photographs of those acts might be illegal in a nearby town where local vigilantes apply pressure on police and politicians to enforce moral "community standards."

The courts may argue otherwise, but pornography—like beauty—is in the eye of the beholder, and what might be obscene to one person may be highly attractive to another. Among its many merits, porn can arouse lost passions, teach new love-making methods, promote better communication between partners, increase erotic awareness and "neutralize" potential sex offenders. In a perfect society porn might be freely displayed and available to anybody who wanted it. But unfortunately, in the words of scholar Gershon Legman: "Murder is a crime. Describing murder is not. Sex is not a crime. Describing it is."



"All right, which one of you gave me the clap?!"

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MARILYN MONROE (continued from page 108)

I would meet her by the artificial lake on the studio lot, and we'd make love behind the South Seas island palms.

would let nothing stand in our way when 'career' was involved. You told me once that if it ever came to something like this, you would understand."

I said I'd try. But one day not long afterward I saw them both sitting at the bar out at Ocean House and felt as if someone had pushed a stiletto through my heart. I had to quit my job there; I couldn't take it anymore.

No matter where she was, though, even while she lived with Johnny, Norma Jean always managed to call me. There were times when she spent over an hour on the phone, reading or reciting from memory the love poems we'd written to each other. And there were times when she masturbated while listening to me recite them to her, fulfilling a need that only I could trigger when Johnny wasn't there.

She still found time to see me on the side. But now it was on *her* terms, which meant about once a week. On the weekends she managed to get away by giving Johnny some phony excuse, and we'd go down to State Beach, where many actors hung out, basking in the sun and playing volleyball. The captain of one team was

actor Peter Lawford. It was there that Norma Jean met him, and to my eternal regret I was the one who introduced them.

Though I couldn't understand why, she seemed to like the guy even though he had a well-deserved reputation as a stuffed shirt and considered himself and his mother, Lady Lawford—as he called her—blue bloods. If you didn't have a name, or a Rolls-Royce, it was tough to get picked for his team. But he asked me to play for him. Somebody must have told him I knew a few people in Hollywood.

Soon afterward I was hired as a contract player by Twentieth Century-Fox. I was on the lot one day when Leon Shamroy, one of the finest cameramen in the business and also a close friend of mine at the time, asked what I thought of a new actress on whom he had shot some raw film. Lo and behold, it was Norma Jean—standing there smiling, turning from left to right, walking away from and then toward the camera. I thought she looked absolutely beautiful. So, apparently, did the head of the studio, because a few weeks later she was signed to a standard seven-

year contract with six-month options.

They changed her name to Marilyn Monroe, and before long we were going to class together, memorizing scripts and acting them out and taking singing lessons. One afternoon Marilyn took me aside and said that she and Johnny thought it best for both of us if we didn't let people know about our long-time relationship. I agreed with her.

There were times, though, when I would meet her by the artificial lake on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot—where Century City stands today—and we'd make love behind the South Seas island palm trees they used in the old Tyrone Power movies. Our love was lasting; even with conflicting careers, we never let it die, no matter whom she had to go out with or whose roof she was living under.

One day when we were rehearsing our lines on the lawn in front of the studio school, we started kidding each other about who was going to make it to the top first. Then we decided that the one who did would help the other. So we made a pact by cutting our wrists and putting our blood together. I still carry the scar.

Being young and under contract to a studio for the first time can be frightening to a newcomer—especially the first few months. We went from one film to another so fast, it made our heads spin. We worked together in *Mother Wore Tights*, *Two Blondes and a Redhead* and *My Gal Sal*. Sometimes they used us as extras in more than one production in a single day. But we never knew whether we'd still be working the day after.

Marilyn finally got introduced to Joseph Schenck, the top honcho at our studio, in the summer of 1947. If anybody could help someone take that giant step toward the top of the marquee, Schenck was the man—if he liked you well enough. And in Marilyn's case he did. With Johnny Hyde's coaching she followed her instructions almost to perfection.

The wheels really started to turn for her after that, but a week later they ground to a halt for me: My option was dropped by the studio. When I told Marilyn, she couldn't believe it—but she said her friend Joe Schenck wasn't too happy with me. He thought I was a wise guy, and because of her I had the reputation of being a girl-chaser!

I started freelancing, doing anything, even stunt work, to pick up a job. One evening a few weeks later I received a call from Marilyn. They'd given *her* the ax at the studio, dropping her just as they had me. She sounded terrible. After everything she'd been through with "that dirty old man"—as she called Schenck—what was to become of her now?

Johnny Hyde played on Schenck's guilt to persuade him to call his old friend Har-



"Larry, if we throw you in jail, can I still keep my free HUSTLER subscription?"

ry Cohn—the head of Columbia Pictures—on Marilyn's behalf. Cohn put her in a picture called *Ladies of the Chorus*. Marilyn did just about everything in it—she sang, danced and wound up as the star of the movie. She thought she did a good job—and so did I. But the moment it was over, Cohn dropped her contract. Obviously he remembered what had happened when he'd tried to fuck her in the ass one day in his office; Marilyn's fingernails had left deep marks on his fat face.

We both kept bouncing back and forth from one studio to the other, and we periodically worked together—in *Right Cross* and then in *We're Not Married*. I did a bit part in the latter, and she starred as second lead—passing me by like a Ferrari overtaking a Model-A Ford.

I was driving a cab to make ends meet when I got a job as understudy to John Hodiak in the stage production of *The Caine Mutiny Court Martial*. At the end of our cross-country tour we went to Broadway, and Marilyn sent me two dozen roses. I still have the note that was attached to those flowers:

"To the only guy I met when I was but a mere seed; the only guy with patience and love who never left or abandoned me while that seed took root and grew. To the only guy whose blood flows within my veins. My love forever." She signed it, "Norma Jean."

Soon Marilyn began seeing a lot of former baseball great Joe DiMaggio. I never thought they would get married, because she was out of his league. Marilyn was getting to be a big star by now, of course, and DiMaggio was already a star, still signing autographs wherever he went, with or without Marilyn.

He came from a good Italian family and lived by the book. He was much too nice and much too straight for Marilyn's world. I knew he'd wind up getting hurt.

Marilyn fell out of touch with me until January 1955, when I returned to my room at New York's Bevedere Hotel after a performance and found at least ten urgent messages from her, begging me to get in contact with her. By this time I had heard she was having trouble with her marriage to DiMaggio. But I didn't feel like getting involved, since I was seeing a lot of Lili St. Cyr, the exotic dancer, and I didn't want to rock the boat.

As I reached my room, the phone was ringing. It was Marilyn—sobbing incoherently. She pleaded with me to meet her, saying she had something on her mind that couldn't wait.

I didn't want to lock horns with DiMaggio; besides, I had loved the guy ever since I had held my first baseball bat. But I grabbed a cab and headed for the Serendipity, an East Side restaurant. Marilyn, wearing dark glasses, was sitting back in

the corner with a scarf over her head. Her hands were ice cold, and beads of sweat were visible on her mouth and chin. The first thing she did was reach into her purse, pull out a pillbox and down two Seconals with her champagne.

"What the fuck are you doing, taking downers with alcohol?!" I exclaimed. "You keep that up, and you'll wind up in the morgue."

She told me not to worry about her. Then she said, "I've read a lot about you and Lili in the papers, and I'm more than happy for you. I only hope and pray you don't ever have to go through what I'm going through with Joe. He likes to stay home and watch television, and he still loves his baseball. But my God, how much of that can a person take? He's as sweet as sugar, and I know I've hurt him very badly, but I just can't go on living like this. Joe's love for me is much stronger than my love for him. I do love him, but I'm really not *in* love with him. I'm not cheating on him; I don't have anybody else. But living with Joe is like living in a vacuum."

Jerry Geisler, the attorney, did a good job for Marilyn, making it as easy as possible on Joe. The tears Marilyn shed at the divorce proceedings were real.

In October 1955, when Lili and I were married at the El Rancho Vegas Hotel in Las Vegas, Nevada, we received a bouquet from Marilyn offering congratula-

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MARILYN MONROE (continued from page 113)

Her Italian maid had to force her to get up so she could change the sheets after Marilyn had had her period.

tions and good wishes for a happy life. Marilyn and I had drifted out of touch again. When I read that she was going to the Actors Studio and getting married to Arthur Miller, I knew she was out of her league this time; there was trouble ahead.

I didn't know how *much* trouble until the phone rang one day at the Astor Hotel in New York, and I recognized her voice immediately. But I wasn't expecting the type of vocabulary she had acquired since I'd last seen her. Every other word was "shit, shit, shit, shit."

Immediately I knew she was *on* something. She told me she had been drinking champagne in bed and had to see me because she was upset. She needed my advice about a few personal matters. So we met at Columbus Circle, walked into Central Park and sat down on one of the benches. As usual, she wore a scarf and heavy dark glasses; she looked drawn and pasty. Even under the circumstances it was really good to see her. For some crazy reason we just sat there and looked at one another, each of us seemingly afraid to start the conversation.

"Guess what I've got in my purse," she

finally said. "Close your eyes." Then she pulled out a large envelope, opened it and took out some papers that were quite old, wrinkled and faded. Opening my eyes, I immediately recognized what they were.

"You see?" she said. "I kept our poems all these years, along with the locket, the arrowheads, the bracelet and all the other gifts you gave me. I tried to show our poems to Arthur last week, but he said he didn't have time for my silly poetry. Then he went into his room and locked the door, the same as he always does. I happen to think our poems are more beautiful and have more meaning and feeling than anything Arthur's ever written, even though he's a genius."

Marilyn told me she had been happier back in the lean days when we wrote the poems together than she was now with all the money in the world, living on Sutton Place with her maid and her dog, married to America's greatest playwright, friendly with Sinatra and his clan and countless other people with big names.

At first she needed the mental stimulation that Miller could give her, plus the father image he provided. But as soon as

they got married, all of that began to change. In order to please his parents, she had converted to Judaism—but they still refused to accept her as one of the family.

Being married to Miller was much worse than her marriage to DiMaggio. She still thought about Joe and said she still loved him, adding that he was sexy-like most Italians. But Miller was a cold fish when it came to lovemaking. "His orgasm," she explained, "usually comes out of his pen."

Marilyn seemed to be shattering under the stress she was going through. The sleeping pills and champagne were taking their toll. Crow's-feet were forming around her eyes, something I had never seen on her before. I told her about my life with Lili, how in some ways it compared to her own life with Miller, especially at that particular time. I had left my hit show in New York to be with Lili at nightclub engagements across the country. But after a few months of traveling as Mr. Lili St. Cyr, I had begun to grow uneasy.

Six weeks later my marriage had broken up. Marilyn called me the following day, and we decided to meet at our old rendezvous, the Serendipity.

I arrived at exactly the same time as she did; so we both walked in together. The way she looked, it was hard for me to recognize her. There were dark shadows beneath her eyes, and the crow's-feet were deepening in the corners of her eyes. But I'd have known that *ass* anywhere; that's one thing she couldn't hide from me. She looked completely exhausted.

I stayed on in New York for four more days and saw her twice. Each time she came to my hotel, she brought our poems with her, plus her Nembutals. And now she was using poppers. I reminded her that I didn't need any help when it came to sex, but when she popped one of those things under my nose, I felt as if I had just left the launching pad at Cape Canaveral. We both got off, then lay spent in each other's arms. But the feeling was different now. We had been away from each other too long and had experienced too much.

I saw the gold locket I'd given her 16 years before—the one she said she'd treasure forever. I don't know whether she forgot it or left it there on purpose. It didn't matter. I knew that our relationship would be platonic from then on.

While she was living with Miller, I found out later, she would stay in bed for weeks at a time, drinking champagne and popping her pills, trying to escape the unhappiness around her. There were times when her Italian maid had to force her to get up so she could change the sheets after Marilyn had had her period, and left stains all over the bed. She had OD'd several times while she was living with Miller and had to be resuscitated after forget-



"I'd like to go back as my niece's bicycle seat!"

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MARILYN MONROE (continued from page 113)

"Why don't we just walk over to the edge and jump off?" she said. "That'll give them something to talk about."

ting how many pills she had taken.

When Lili arrived in Los Angeles on tour the following month, I took her out to dinner, since we had vowed to remain good friends with no hard feelings. She then told me something that amazed me—and pissed me off. While she was in New York—soon after I had left—Marilyn had a long talk with her at the Astor. She wanted Lili to know that she and I had been friends since 1943, and she didn't want Lili to think she was responsible for our breaking up. Lili said not to worry.

Then, after a few drinks, Marilyn came on very heavy with her. She said that all her life she had idolized Lili and considered her much more than a sex goddess. She said there were times in her life when she had masturbated with the vision of having an affair with her. She made further advances until Lili finally had to tell her to back off, leaving Marilyn terribly embarrassed and asking Lili not to say anything to me.

When Marilyn came to L.A. a few weeks later, I avoided seeing her. But she was obviously too busy for me also, since she was starring in *Let's Make Love* and

working overtime with her co-star, Yves Montand, the French actor. This time she really fell hard.

Marilyn was so screwed up by all of her personal problems with Arthur, Montand and her everloving pills, that it's a wonder she ever finished the picture. Even more surprising, it turned out well at the box office, and the critics applauded her comic ability—if not her acting.

I saw her twice in the next five weeks—at my apartment in L.A., just down the block from hers. She looked pathetic. The Frenchman had really shaken her up; she was in love with him. Arthur was throwing temper tantrums about it—and trying to finish his script for her next picture, *The Misfits*, a perfect title for the drama that was going on offscreen.

Some weeks later Marilyn called me from the *Misfits* shooting location in Reno and told me she and Arthur had had a terrific fight. If it hadn't been for the picture, she said, she would have walked out on him then and there. At times, Marilyn admitted, she actually wanted to kill him.

A few days afterward I went to Reno to help Lili open an engagement. And as

fate would have it, she was staying at the Mapes Hotel in a suite directly below the one occupied by Marilyn and Arthur.

At about 2:30 in the morning, after Lili and I had both gone to bed, we heard yelling blasting through an air-conditioning duct. It was Marilyn's voice, and she was screaming at Arthur. Then came a loud thud, as if someone had been thrown against the wall, and a crashing of glass. "We'd better call the police," I said to Lili. "Somebody's getting killed up there!" Finally, I reached the hotel manager and told him to get his ass upstairs.

The next day I called Marilyn, telling her what I had overheard, and I asked her to meet me alone at ten o'clock that night on the roof of the hotel. Exactly on time the door to the roof opened, and Marilyn stood there looking at me.

"Thank heaven you're here!" she sobbed, throwing herself into my arms.

She couldn't stop crying, and it was hard to make out what she was saying. But eventually she explained that the whole argument in the suite above ours had started when Arthur accused Marilyn of being in love with the Frenchman, and she admitted it. She told Arthur he was old and ugly, and even if he was the world's greatest playwright, he still couldn't tell her who she could go to bed with—married or not. That's when Arthur shoved her over the bed, and she hit the floor. She screamed at him, and he retaliated by saying, "You're not only a dumb blonde; you're a dumb *schiksa*!" (That's the Yiddish word for a female Gentile.)

I told her the important thing now was for her to get hold of herself, forget about Montand, forget about Arthur and start thinking about Marilyn. I asked her to remember something I'd told her years before: "Nobody ever gets out of this thing alive; so you've got to make the most of it while you're here."

I explained to her that the pills she was taking and hooked on were downers. Every time I'd seen her in the past several years she'd been down—never up, like the girl I used to know. "You've got to stop before it's too late," I begged her.

Somehow I didn't think I was getting through. She looked strange and different, glazed and distant. "If only I could just sleep—end it all," she said at last. "We're both unhappy; why don't we make a pact together now, this very moment?"

"What are you talking about?" I asked.

"Why don't we just walk over to the edge of the building and jump off?" she said. "That'll really give them something to talk about."

She looked ready to make the leap. But I spoke with her for over an hour and finally convinced her that somewhere in this lonely life there was someone waiting

(continued on page 130)

MAY HUSTLER



MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK



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

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

Edited by Doug Oliver

KEEPING OUR WORD:

We promised to keep you informed of every scam that's launched by the lowlife bloodsuckers at *PC Video* (also known as *Videoplex*, *Videomax*, *White Horse Video*, *UFA/Fulfillment*, *Sanstape*). Well, here's the latest: a video club called *Blue X*. The offer is the standard (for these rats) ten full-color features for \$99, and another ten for another \$99 every two months. As we've said over and over again, any deal that sounds too good to be true probably is. That goes double when you're dealing with these scumbags. Careful readers of the *Blue X* flier will note that *nowhere* does *PC Video* say members are going to receive ten full-length features. What the unwary will get will be *one* tape of previews of ten full-color features.

In the event you're unwilling to part with \$99, *PC Video* will be glad to do you out of \$25 for a membership in *Blue X*—no tapes, of course, but you'll get a "fascinating monthly newsletter" that you can just bet is chock full of slimy schemes to take still more of your cash. *PC* boasts that members will receive "invitations to actual video workshops where the features are being shot. You can see the stars perform close up, in the flesh."

HUSTLER MAY

All you'll see—and you'll have to look close—is your money going down the drain if you send these pig-fuckers even a penny. "Dear Friend," their flier asks, "do you want to own the best? Do you want the right stuff?" Well, if you do, take a hot tip from *HUSTLER*: The only thing you're going to get from *PC Video* is screwed.

OFF THE SHIT LIST:

I sent \$93 to Video Entertainment International (P.O. Box M-827, Gary, IN 46401) for five movies at least six weeks ago and still haven't received a thing. Since the company advertises in HUSTLER, is there anything you can do to check on my order?

—C. W. Badore Jr.
Hernando, Florida

When we contacted the customer-relations department at *VEI*, we discovered that C. W.'s order had been shipped to the wrong address. *VEI* quickly straightened everything out, and C. W. should have his order by now. Regular readers of this column will remember that *Video Entertainment International* was on our Shit List last month because we'd received so many complaints about undelivered merchandise. Because the firm cleared up every one of the complaints we alerted it to, we're able to take *VEI* off our Shit List.

Another company that we're able to remove from the list is *Color Litho Corporation*. As with *VEI*, the avalanche of complaints against this company was chiefly about merchandise that hadn't yet been delivered. *HUSTLER* was assured that the delay was caused by a warehouse move and depleted stock. All orders in question have been filled and shipped.

X-RATED DISCS:

I just purchased a videodisc player, and I'm now in the market for hard-core videodiscs. Can you tell me where to get them?

—Jerry Weaver
Reynoldsville, Pennsylvania

If you bought a CED, you struck out—don't expect hard-core on CED discs until

those prudes at RCA loosen up. But if you bought a laser-type device, you've struck gold. *Excalibur Films* (424 W. Commonwealth Ave., Fullerton, CA 92632) has 14 hard-core titles available on laser disc—including *Misty Beethoven*, *Blonde Goddess*, *Fascination* and *Take-Off*. The discs are \$59 each (plus \$2.50 shipping per order), and they're exchangeable! That means you can view the movie as often as you wish, then turn it in for another title for only \$9.50 (plus the \$2.50 shipping charge, of course). And the price goes down for each additional disc you exchange. To order, or for further information, call 800-BETA-VHS.

Laser discs are also available from *Image Entertainment Inc.* (800-421-4585). This company currently stocks 16 titles and intends to add four new ones each month. The charge per disc is \$54.95 (plus \$3 shipping on each order), but there is no exchange plan. The films you can get from *Image Entertainment* include *Urban Cowgirls*, *Insatiable* (uncut) and *Ecstasy Girls*. Among the titles to come are *Insatiable II*, *Deep Throat* and *The Devil in Miss Jones II*. Check 'em out!

ATTENTION SEX MANIACS!

The 1984 edition of *The Sex Maniac's Diary* is out. This handy little hardcover book may be geared more toward the traveler than the stay-at-home, but the information it supplies is always welcome, sometimes startling and often good for a rise in the old Levi's. The price is a rather hefty \$19.95, but if the sample listings prick your interest, the *Diary* will probably be something you'll want to own—especially if you're planning a trip.

Here are some of the listings: 35 top orgy clubs in ten countries; 171 cities with sex shows and clubs; 40 bondage clubs, worldwide; 35 sex games for sex parties; the 168 most erotic hotels in the world. The book also includes interesting info: the location of the only enema nightclub in the world and the date of the Penis Festival in Japan. Order *The Sex Maniac's Diary* from the Fun Club (P.O. Box 428-HU, Bellflower, CA 90706).

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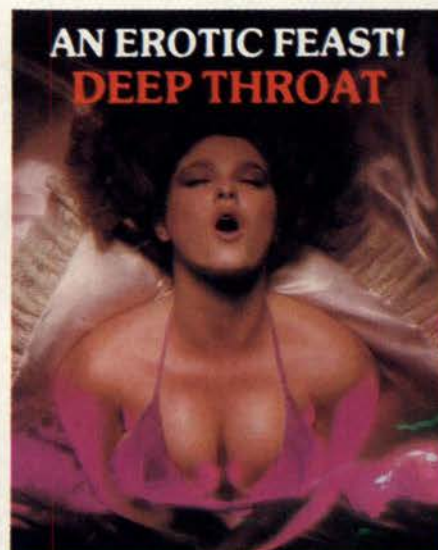
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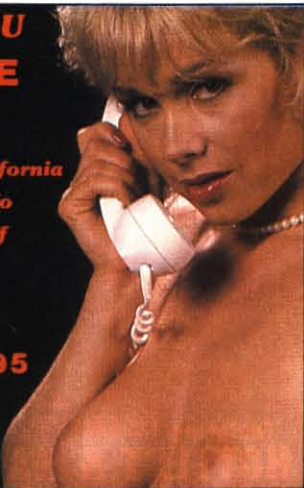
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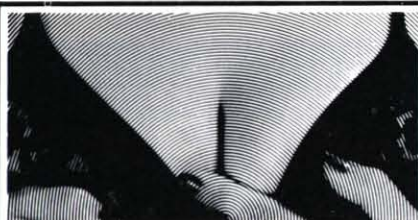
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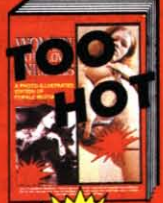
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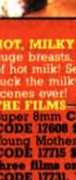
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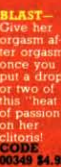
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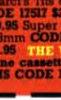
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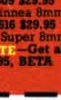
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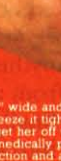
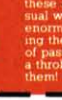
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MARILYN MONROE

(continued from page 116)

for her and that eventually she'd find him.

After getting her divorce from Miller three months later, on January 20, 1961, she drifted into an affair with Frank Sinatra, who felt sorry for her and gave her a little French poodle that Marilyn called Maf—short for Mafia. Sinatra was good to her and good for her at the time, but his friendship with DiMaggio made her nervous being around him.

In February 1961 Marilyn was committed to New York's Payne Whitney Hospital Psychiatric Clinic to receive help for her dependency on sleeping pills and other drugs. She had a special fear of places like this, since two of her grandparents had died in asylums, and her mother had spent years in mental institutions. "I'm locked up with all these poor nutty people," she wrote in a letter to her drama coach, Lee Strasberg. "I'm sure to end up a nut if I stay in this nightmare—please help me, Lee." Her plea was ignored.

I tried desperately to reach her by phone, without succeeding. I heard they were giving her shock treatments, cold showers, hot baths—anything to ease her through withdrawal from all those drugs. It was DiMaggio who finally got her out of the hospital and back into her apartment.

But still I couldn't reach her, because

by then she had acquired the services of Pat Newcomb, a so-called publicity woman whose real job was to keep Marilyn's name out of the papers—and keep Marilyn away from concerned friends like me.

She was being watched like a caged animal. Newcomb had Marilyn eating out of her hand—and other parts of her anatomy too, from what Marilyn later told me.

I also discovered that Newcomb had been hired and sent "to take care of Marilyn" by the Kennedys, for whom she had previously worked as a secretary. I could not imagine why they'd done that until I finally got through to Marilyn by phone, and she told me the whole story.

She didn't remember exactly where or when, but she had been introduced to the President by our old friend Peter Lawford—probably at one of the swinger parties she used to attend at Lawford's house in Santa Monica. There were always hookers present, she said, along with plenty of booze and lots of poppers in the ashtrays. Lawford would supply her with any kind of pills she desired.

Marilyn really fell for Jack Kennedy, saying he made love "just like a rabbit." They met only a few times—once at Bing Crosby's house in Palm Springs, where they skinny-dipped in the pool together. But she began to convince herself that she was in love with the guy. In Marilyn's unbalanced condition, half doped-out most

of the time, she began to fantasize that some way, someday, he was going to get divorced, and he'd marry her, and she'd be the First Lady.

After she started calling him at the White House at all hours of the day and night, Jackie Kennedy finally phoned Marilyn in Los Angeles and confronted her. When Marilyn confessed that she was in love with JFK, Jackie said, "Then marry him. If that's what you want, I'll rip this thing open and get a very public divorce. If that's not what you want, then forget about him here and now."

Kennedy didn't want any part of a politically disastrous divorce, and he didn't want any part of Marilyn by then either; their affair had only been a lark for him from the beginning. But she wouldn't take no for an answer and kept making a pest of herself. The President finally sent somebody to Los Angeles to cool her out once and for all—his brother Bobby.

Marilyn met Bobby at one of Lawford's parties. At first he talked about Jack, saying that the President was a very busy man, that he had the country to run, that in any case he was married and intended to stay that way and that it was time to forget about him. While Bobby was saying all this, of course, he had his hands in her pants. Lawford had her so stoned, she didn't have any idea what was going on.

Before long, Bobby would have her clitoris ringing, and they'd be off to the bedroom for the rest of the night. Right away the affair got very heavy, and they started seeing a lot of each other over the next few weeks. Pretty soon she told me she was in love with him. It was almost as if she couldn't tell the difference between Bobby and his brother.

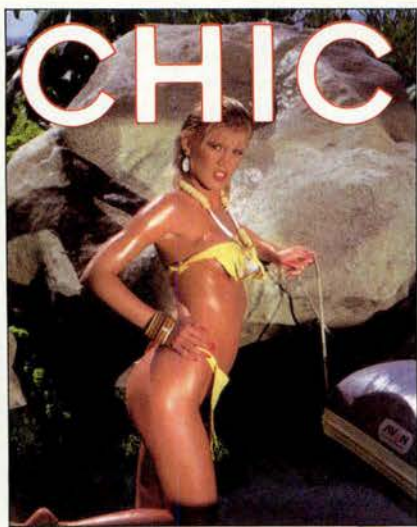
She was so drugged most of the time that she slurred her words whenever she called me. It was really pathetic.

Around this time she was thrown off the movie she was making—*Something's Gotta Give*—because she was too drugged out and emotionally unstable to work. I told her to get off that garbage and get away from all those pimps and users who were taking advantage of her, or her life as well as her career were going to go down the drain.

Everything came to a head on August 4, 1962, the night Marilyn decided to throw what she called "a buffet party" for Bobby and his friends. She told me on the phone before the party that she had made guacamole and stuffed mushrooms, and she was really looking forward to it.

Later she said that Kennedy and Lawford kind of hustled her through the party and cleared the people out. Then Lawford said, "Let's go to my place." He had arranged for several prostitutes to be there and told Marilyn that everyone

(continued on page 134)



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THE BUS DRIVER GETS OFF

So I'm a bus driver—what of it? It don't make me a moron. I'm going to night school at the local university, and I'll be getting my degree in a couple of years. But when people look at me, they just see a dumb-fuck, bus-driving nigger like all the other dumb-fuck, bus-driving niggers out there.

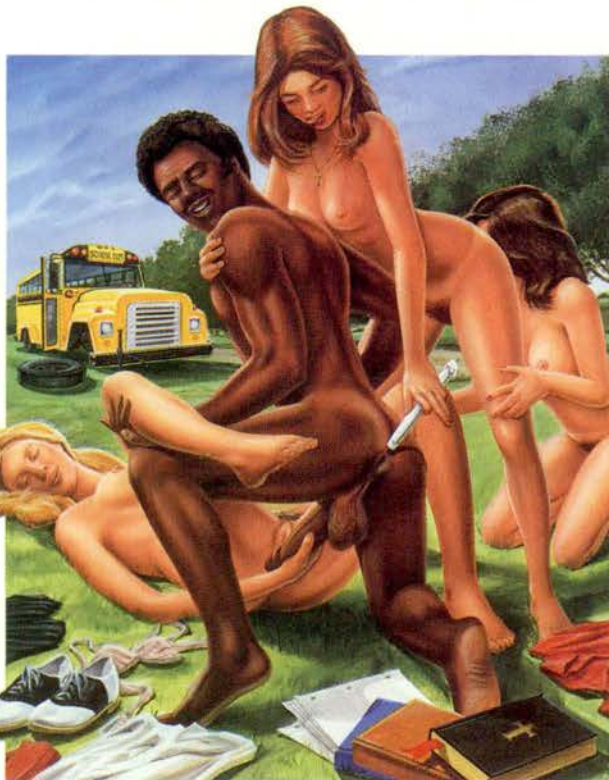
Every day I drive 12 pretty Catholic girls to their high school, and they always used to ignore me as if I were an animal. I'd see them in my rearview mirror, dressed in their blue-and-white uniforms, those long, thin legs sticking out of their skirts like invitations, and I couldn't help but get ideas.

It took all of my willpower and concentration to stop myself from throwing one of them on the ground, ripping her frilly white panties off (I've snuck a peek at them) and fucking the bejeezus out of her.

It got worse on the ride home; I'd have drunk a couple of beers on my lunch break to cool myself off, and my thoughts would be loosened up by the alcohol. While I was driving, I'd begin to fantasize about those luscious little nymphets—two or three of them at a time—jumping on me and performing all sorts of nasty acts on my big black body.

But one day all this changed—their so-called innocence and my frustration.

The tire blew out at the worst possible place; I'd already dropped off most of my passengers, and the last five lived way out in the country, miles from any gas stations or tow trucks. It looked as if I'd have to fix the flat myself; so I told the girls that it would be a little while and that they'd better make themselves comfortable. They all got off the bus and began playing around in the sunny field by the side of the road. Meanwhile I took off my shirt and began changing the tire. It was grueling



BY THOMAS JEFFERSON DAVIS

Kinky Korner is 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 will pay \$100 on publication for seven-page, double-spaced-typed or neatly handwritten-manuscripts. And please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

work, and by the time I finished, I was covered in a glistening coat of sweat. I went back into the bus to relax a little.

Suddenly, there was a knock, and I saw one of the girls, Becky, standing outside with nothing on but her bra and panties. My mouth dropped wide open. She was an angel: Her skin was white as ivory and as fair as her pale-blond hair. Her sapphire-blue eyes shone brightly, and she had luscious cupcake breasts that I wanted to pop into my mouth and devour in a single bite.

I opened the doors, and Becky tiptoed into the bus. She said that she and all the other girls had been sunbathing and that it had gotten too hot; so she'd come back to the bus. She began to softly run her fingers down my bicep; then she pulled me out to the field with the rest of them.

It was like a sheikh's garden: The four others lay naked in the grass, their clothes thrown into piles beside them. Kim, a seductive redhead I'd often eyed in the rearview mirror, was gently rubbing suntan lotion on her friend Shelly's stomach. The other two, Jill and Janet, had their eyes closed and were busy soaking up the warm sunshine.

Becky quickly slipped out of her underthings, and I nearly came in my jeans right there; her pubic hair was so light that it seemed almost transparent, and it made her look as if she had a shaved cunt. The bulge in my pants got even bigger.

The other girls ran up to us. Five perfect nymphs danced around me. Each one looked as sweet as honey—and as horny as a sailor on shore leave. Their nipples were erect and pointing at me like bullets. Ten delicate hands began to stroke my chest and tug at my pants. When my cock burst out of my pants like a bull, the girls gasped; they'd never seen one so big! My cock head reared at them like a cobra, a drop of cum bubbling up at

the tip. Becky dropped to the ground and ran her soft tongue up and down my pole. My knees were shaking as her red lips wrapped around my black rod.

Becky swallowed the first few inches, and her cheeks bulged out. Her tongue snaked around the head, and her hands pumped at the shaft. I groaned. I could feel the cum swelling in my balls. It felt so good that I couldn't help myself; I grabbed Becky's head and shoved it farther down onto my cock.

She almost gagged when I began furiously working her head up and down on my monster dong. Drops of saliva dripped down her chin and onto the ground. My cock swelled up. I pulled it out of Becky's mouth and began to squirt cum all over her sweet face. The other girls squealed and started licking it off her cheeks, nose and lips. They pushed Becky onto the grass, and their four pink tongues began to wander all over her skin.

Becky let out a moan of delight as Kim worked her tongue into Becky's bare cunt and sucked on her ripe, pink clit. Jill and Janet each took one of Becky's breasts into their mouths. Shelly straddled Becky's head and pushed her tender twat into Becky's face, riding her like a horse.

Becky gave a muffled cry into Shelly's cunt and began to buck and moan, grinding her hips against Kim's face and wrapping her legs around Kim's head. Becky

came with a shudder, and a crimson blush swept across her white skin like a sunburn. Jill and Janet giggled and pulled Shelly off of Becky; the three of them began rolling around in the grass—legs entangled, arms entwined, lips stuck together with saliva and lipstick.

Kim received the first taste of my now-hard manhood. She grabbed my cock in her tiny hands and lay back on the ground, spreading her legs and inviting me to enter her fiery pussy.

I hovered over her like a big black storm cloud, my cock poised above her crack like a lightning bolt. With a clap of thunder I fell on her, my dick barreling into her. But she was tighter than a vise, and I could get only an inch or so in. She groaned—I was too big for her! I gained another inch. Tears were trickling down Kim's cheeks, but she begged for more. She wanted *all* of me.

I jammed into her again and squeezed in another two inches. It felt as if I were ripping Kim in half with each thrust, but when her vagina clamped down on my dick, I just went crazy. I pounded into her over and over again. I didn't care that she was screaming; I *had* to get it in.

I got a hand under each of her sweet cheeks, and with one gigantic shove I buried myself up to the hilt until my dick was hitting rock bottom on each thrust. Our fucking got faster and faster.

I suddenly felt something from behind and glanced over my shoulders: There was Becky with a votive candle in her hands. She had stuffed it up her cunt to coat it in her juices, and now she was trying to force it up my asshole.

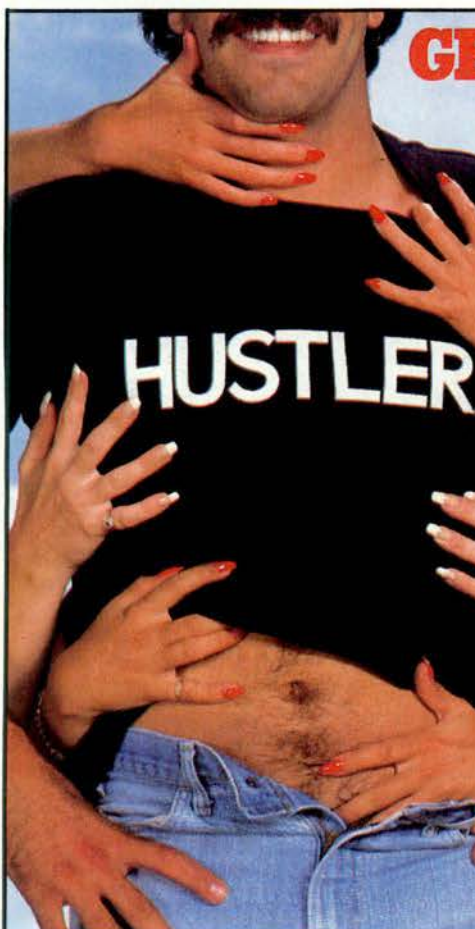
I went berserk! I began pounding Kim into the ground like a hammer driving in a nail. She grunted with each thrust. Inch by inch, Becky was burying the candle up my behind, and it felt incredible. The farther it went in, the harder my dick became, until it began to balloon up, and I knew I was going to explode again.

Kim was screaming for mercy; she started coming over and over again. Her skin had turned as bright red as her hair, and her legs were shivering uncontrollably. With a roar I burst inside her. My cum squirted out of her crack and down our legs, flowing out onto the ground and forming a puddle under Kim's ass.

Becky pulled the candle out of my ass with a *pop* and then went over to join the other girls, who were still tied up in a daisy chain, eating each other out.

Alone with Kim, I stared into her beautiful green eyes and smiled. She looked so lovely that it made my heart race.

I drove the girls home later than usual, but their parents believed my story about the flat tire. After all, it was halfway true, wasn't it? Besides, I'm just a bus driver; no one would *ever* want me, would they?



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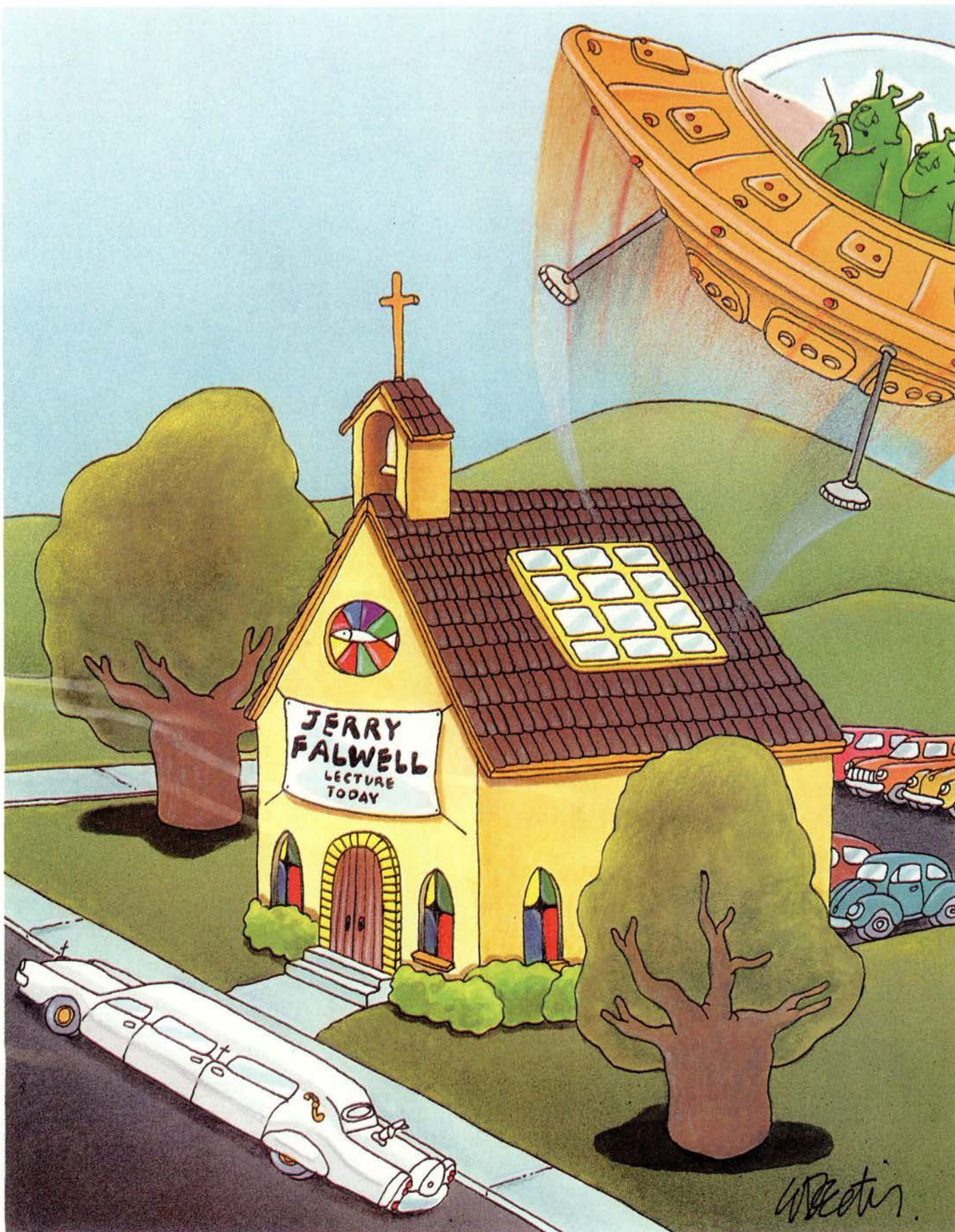
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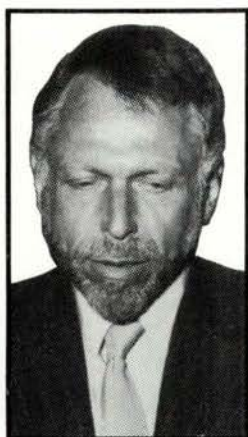
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"... We regretfully report that there is apparently no intelligent life on this planet."

(continued from page 130)



Dr Goldstein

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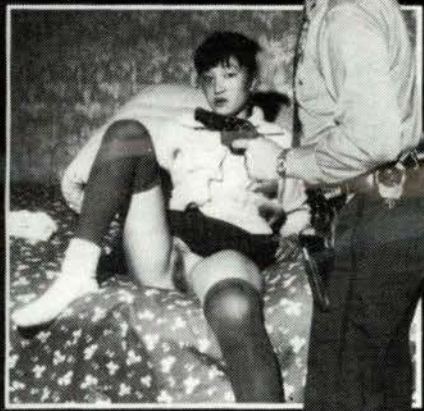
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Meanwhile, back at the SCREW lockup, Goldstein's handpicked gang of sexually arrested misfits and deviants fill the pages of SCREW with the most felonious fuck shots, satire that's unlawful in several states, downright criminal cooze reviews and sex news that'll keep you out of the slammer. So give yourself some time off for bad behavior. Subscribe now!

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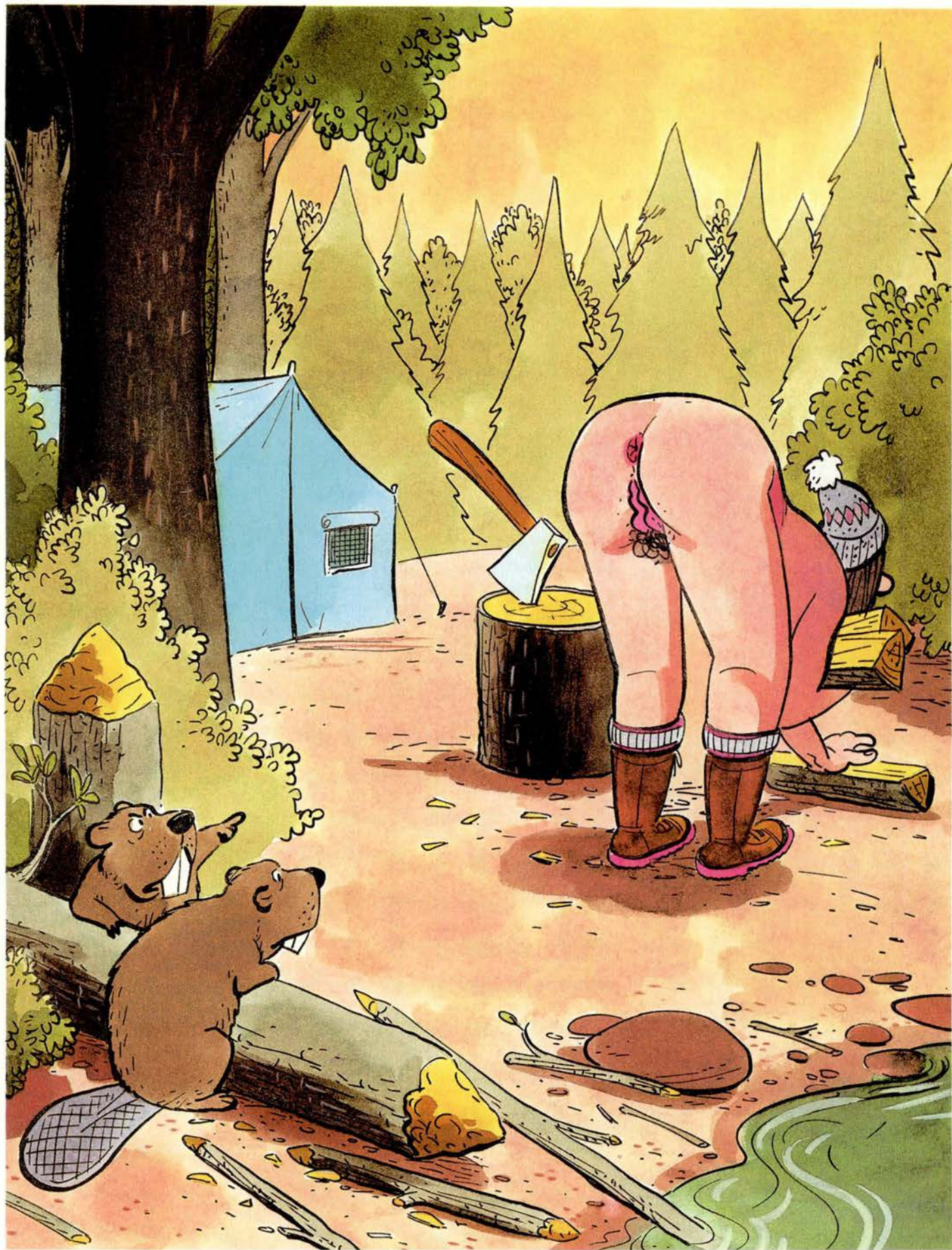
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to be processed.

I was in the car heading toward Malibu at eight the next morning when the news came over the radio: "Marilyn Monroe found dead, victim of an apparent suicide or accidental death." I felt a hot rush from my toes to my fingertips. Pulling the car off to the side of the road, I sat there in shock. *It couldn't be true!* But it was. I wanted to kill Lawford and the whole Kennedy clan, plus a few other perverted bastards I could name.

* * *

Twenty-two years have now passed since I heard the news of her death. My bitterness has faded along with the golden glow that seemed to surround her. So good night, Norma Jean. I will visit your grave every year when the leaves are changing color—and I will remember you always. 🚗



"I think it's a cheap shot. We don't look anything like that!"

Coming



NEXT MONTH IN HUSTLER®

June issue on sale April 19, 1984



SPECIAL PRISON ISSUE

Convicted criminals in America aren't only locked up, they're locked away and forgotten, left to rot in prisons where violence is a terrifying reality and rehabilitation is a cruel joke at their expense. HUSTLER devotes its June issue to the hideous problems of our nation's penal systems and exposes the inhumane existence convicts are forced to endure. Since our first prison issue in May 1977, things have worsened dramatically, and HUSTLER reveals why changes must be made soon—before it's too late.

WHOLLY EROTIC, BATMAN

When Burt Ward (who played Robin in TV's campy *Batman* series) accepted our invitation to direct HUSTLER's 6th *Celebrity Photo-Fantasy*, we didn't know what to expect. As it turned out, we had no cause for concern—after dealing with the Joker, Catwoman and the Penguin, our photographers were a piece of cake for this half of the Dynamic Duo. And we think you'll agree that Burt's fantasy proves you can't judge a superhero by the color of his cape.



AMERICA'S PRISONS: A NATIONAL DISGRACE

This country's correctional facilities are overcrowded cages in which idleness, racial friction and despair fuel the inmates' smoldering rage. Already that fury has exploded into riots of mindless violence at Attica and in New Mexico, where rampaging inmates attacked their guards and then turned on each other. Writer Pablo F. Fenjves goes inside what have literally become schools for crime and reports on the shocking conditions behind prison walls.



AND THERE'S MORE

Read an eye-opening recollection of incarceration in the Golden State from someone who has spent half his life in California prisons. And learn how one ingenious inmate avoided becoming meat for sex—but fell in love with an inflatable love doll. Plus you'll find the special women who always grace the pages of HUSTLER waiting for you in the June issue of the world's greatest magazine.



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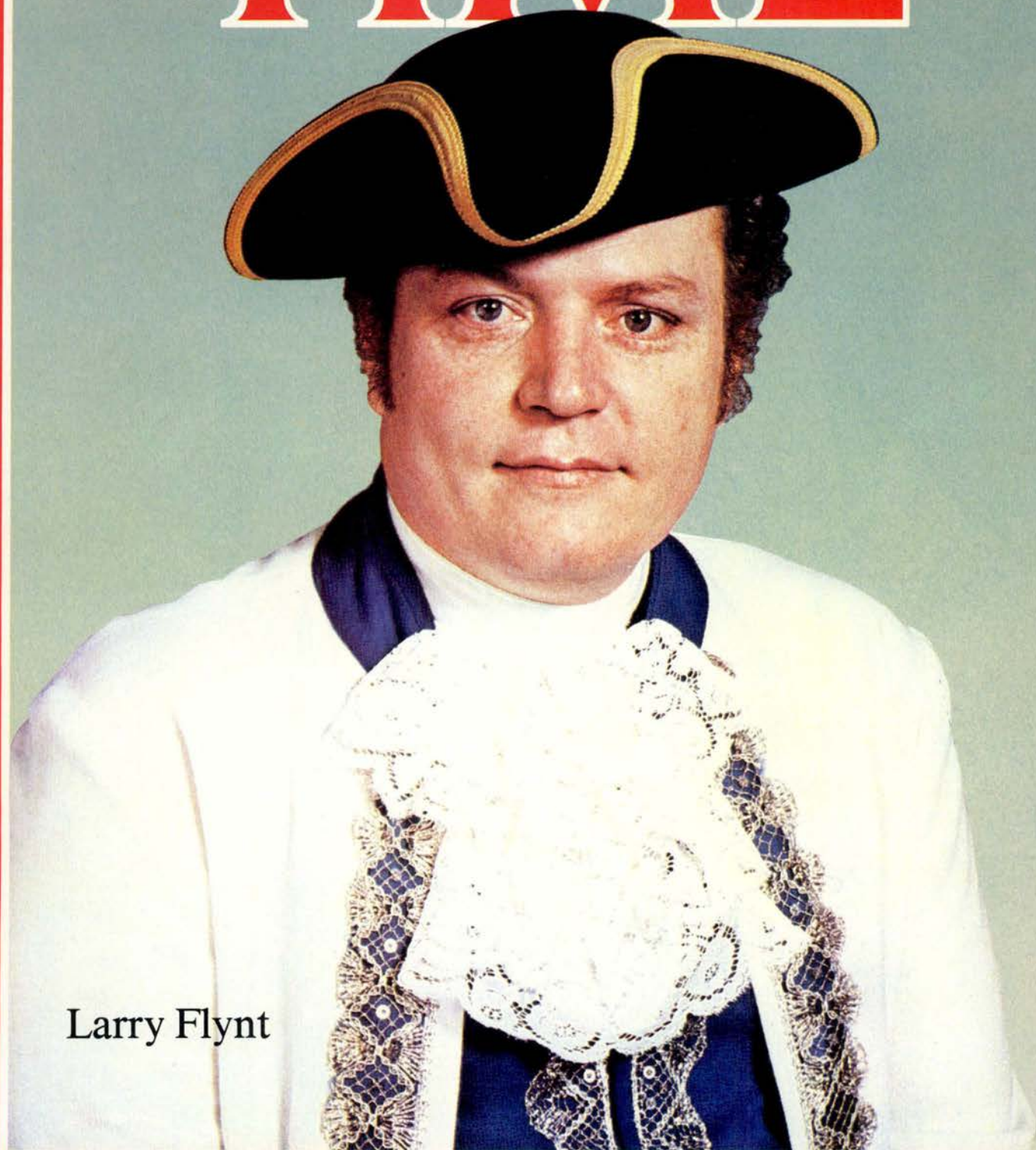
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TIME^{*}

MAN OF THE YEAR



Larry Flynt

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