



Letter from the Deaditor-In-Chief

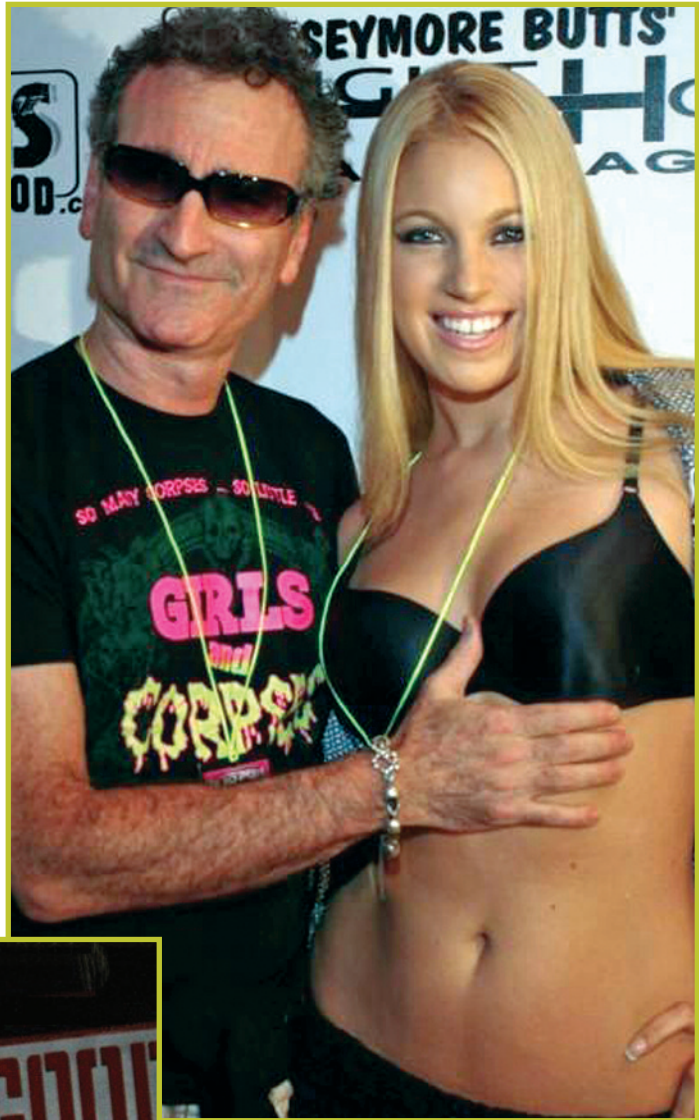
This issue is dedicated to Hollie Stevens 1982 - 2012

Death swirls around life, clinging to your clothes like dark ashes constantly reminding you of the inevitable. You may dust it off temporarily, but whether it's a parent, sibling, relative, friend or even yourself, there is always someone close to you being visited by Death. Today my best friend Hollie Stevens has passed. Just 30 years old, Hollie died on Tuesday July 3rd, ravaged by cancer in her breasts, bones, liver and finally brain. Why death chose Hollie at this young age is beyond my understanding, but Cancer likes to travel in your body and Death knows no boundaries. It can come for anyone at anytime. The Grim Reaper waits for no one. But Hollie seemed so filled with life that you would think there just wasn't room for Death in her being.

Hollie has been a vital part of Girls and Corpses Magazine since the very beginning: as a model, writer, artist and a fixture at over seventy events, exhibitions, conventions, red carpets, clubs, fetish parties, photo shoots, screenings, award shows, signings and even speeches. Yes... speeches. One of my favorite stories was when I took Hollie with me to a weekend at the regional gathering of Mensa where we both spoke and Hollie even screened Clown Porn for all the geniuses. Classic!

I first met Hollie back in 2006, when she was just 24, and I interviewed her for Girls and Corpses Magazine. We hit it off right away. She was extremely witty and her smile was like a beacon of light that could never be extinguished.

Hollie was from Kansas City and her real name was Tia Kidwell, which was a secret until now. She didn't want her family to know her business. But she was always Hollie to me — and to her hundreds of friends and thousands of fans that loved her fearlessness, silliness and sexiness. If it was off-the-wall, Hollie was likely there, probably performing something that you would never, ever, forget.



Photos ©R.S. Rhine

Corpsy and Hollie together by Gordon@EmmReport.com

A strikingly beautiful, tall blond (rising even taller on platforms), with a sexy space between her front teeth, Hollie was literally a traffic stopper. We hit it off immediately and I honestly have never met anyone so biting funny, bright, brutally honest, and a proud adult performer famous for, of all things, Clown Porn. Hollie was a true exhibitionist, fetish model and a free-spirited experience junkie who relished life and every wild possibility. Nothing intimidated her... until she met Cancer.



I learned of Hollie's illness about a year ago, a few days before we photographed her as a Playboy Bunny for the cover of our Volume 5 Spring issue. She told me that her doctor had found a lump in her breast... the size of a baseball. But Hollie didn't seem scared... at least on the outside. But the disease moved swiftly through her body and a little over a year following that photo shoot, Hollie was on her deathbed.

Three weeks before her death, Hollie told the doctors and nurses at the hospital that I was her step-dad so I could sleep for a couple nights on the chair next to her bed on the 14th floor cancer ward at UCSF (somewhere you never want to find yourself). Patients rarely leave this floor. But I had two of the most special nights of my life spending time with Hollie, filling her up with chocolates and sushi and watch-



ing Adult Swim. I even wheeled her to the hospital gift shop for a shopping spree and then outside into the crisp San Francisco air. But it would be her last hurrah, for on the day I left for LA Hollie's condition worsened.

A few days later she was released from the hospital after requesting that her brain radiation and chemo mercifully cease so she could go home for her final days with hospice care. And there, with friends by her side, Hollie finally closed her green eyes and puffed out her sweet soul.

I love you Hollis. I will miss you terribly. But we shall meet again on the other side... and party for eternity.

Rest in peace,
Corpsy

Read the last unpublished interview with Hollie Stevens on page 46.