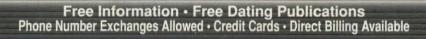




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HUSTLER

volume 17 number 10

april

- 5 Bits & Pieces Sick Jokes for Sick Folks Edited by Christian Gore
- Teedback
 Assholes? Opinions? We've Got Both
- Erotic Entertainment
 Get Your Wad's Worth
 Edited by Mal O'Ree
- 25 Hot Letters F-U-C-Sex
- 29 Sex Play
 The Longest Yard: The American Dream of Penis Extension
 by Barry Horowitz

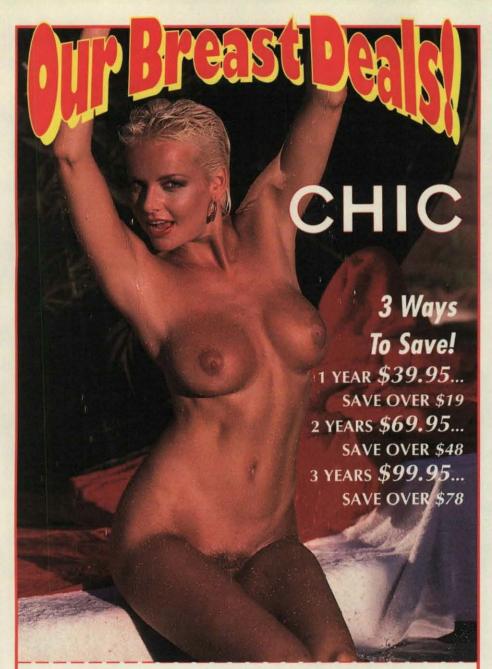


- Jane: Bad Influence
 Centerfold Photography by Clive McLean
- 84 HUSTLER Humor Edited by Susan Tinsley
- 36 The HUSTLER Liar's Manual Double-Talk Primer by Allan MacDonell
- **94** Takita: Pussy Warrior Photography by Josef Esteban
- Beaver Hunt Home-Style Honeys



- 33 Tits, Ass and so Much More
 Uses for Women Other Than Sex
- 40 Betsy: Candy in Bed Photography by James Baes
- 48 Diary of a Strip Dancer Confession by Sally X.
- Confession of a Stripper's Chump Diary by John X.
- 56 Bonebreak Hotel
 Photography by Matti Klatt
- 64 Barry Sadler's Swan Song: The Bullet and the Green Beret Investigation by Paul Mulshine





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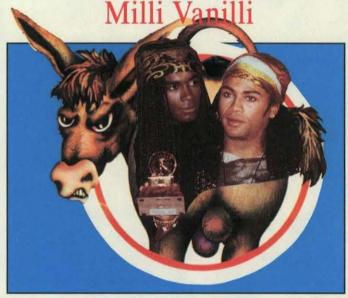
ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

According to Rob Pilatus and Fabrice Morvan, the pair of ropy-tressed automatons whose bee-stung lips and womanly figures combined in an androgynous swirl of video fakery to create the Grammy-winning illusion of a cravenly commercial duo of pop singers, *Milli Vanilli* is a Turkish expression loosely translatable as "positive energy."

Other linguists beg to differ. Some experts claim that Milli Vanilli is a Swahili pejorative meaning "semen-ass marionettes." Another school insists the term is an Afghan colloquialism for "camel-eyed bimbos dancing awkwardly on the end of a goat-herder's feces-encrusted G-string." A minority opinion holds to an interpretation of the name as American geek-show slang for "rubes love a slavering, two-headed, no-brain sex freak."

Here at HUSTLER Magazine, Milli Vanilli is just another way to say Asshole of the Month for April 1991.

April Fools came every day during the Milli Vanilli charade. Their selfflagellating manes of snaky braid: naturally grown or April Fool hair extensions? Seen cavorting like pokebutt gamines, were Rob and Fab a pair of manly chicks or-April Fool-just a couple of girlish men? Time magazine quotes the Vanillis as boasting that their contribution to pop music exceeds the deeds of Bob Dylan, Paul McCartney and Mick Jagger. April Fool! The reporter must have misunderstood Pilatus's meager grasp of English. Rob is arrested on charges of sexual battery, but-April Fool-the alleged at-



tack is purportedly upon a woman.

And then the April Fool to seemingly end all April Fools: Not only did Milli Vanilli only pretend-mouth along to the words during their pretaped concert performances, but they had never sung upon the original recordings in the first place!

Pilatus and Morvan, surmounting their language-barrier handicap, had parlayed their lip-synching Punchand-Judy show into one of the most lucrative bubble-gum phantasms since Alvin met the Chipmunks. But—April Fool—the scamming Millis, once exposed, depicted themselves as the true victims of the scheme, even as they luxuriated in their ill-gotten Beverly Hills home.

"I think they're scumbuckets,"

rationalized nine-year-old former fan Katie Dickman of Richmond, Indiana, moved to an acid-tongued cynicism beyond her years by the dancing duo's duplicity. "I used to like them, but not now."

The Milli Vanilli fiasco is rich with Assholes. Clive Davis and his Arista Records for claiming that they were only distributors for the Vanilli product (to the tune of 7 million units) and therefore not to be held accountable if the purported stars had no actual input on the album. The National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences for bestowing the Best New Artist of 1989 Award upon an assembly-line, disposable disco sound fronted by a pair of poorly animated, clodhopping

cartoon characters. Studio whiz Frank Farian for being the organgrinder to this duo of reeling monkeys.

"We sold our souls to the devil," intoned the seldom understated Pilatus, summing up his and his partner's association with German record producer Farian. Diabolical Farian put together the Milli Vanilli sound and then hired Rob and Fab to lurch about like spastic capons on angel dust, flapping their beaks in approximate synchronization with the satanic soundtrack.

"Our producer tricked us!" bewailed Morvan, aggrieved by an unmanageable torrent of dollars funneled his way by Farian's flimflammery.

"I feel like a mosquito being squeezed," elucidated Pilatus with typical dramatic subtlety. "That maniac Frank Farian would never allow us to express ourselves. He's a white German guy who has a big complex about black artists."

Despite any projected complex about black con artists, Farian could not keep the irrepressible human puppets muzzled forever; the dreadful pair lost a projected \$4 million from their second album, canceled due to untimely self-expressions.

"We've cried about it sometimes," weeps Pilatus, moved to tears by Morvan's word-painting of life in the bogus limelight as "like we were trapped in some golden prison."

"We wanted to be stars," explained Pilatus, and star sphincters Milli Vanilli are, earning one Asshole award, big enough for both to share.

Go ahead; synch its lips.

FARTS IN THE WIND

Jack Thompson—A Florida attorney and antiobscenity crusader who engineered the campaign against 2 Live Crew, Thompson now plans to grab headlines by going after Madonna and ensuring that she'll "get a spanking, and not the kind she likes." Thompson's an Asshole, and not the kind we like.

Senator Dennis DeConcini—This Arizona-based one-fifth of the Keating Five exploited his four-year-old granddaughter in an appeal for support

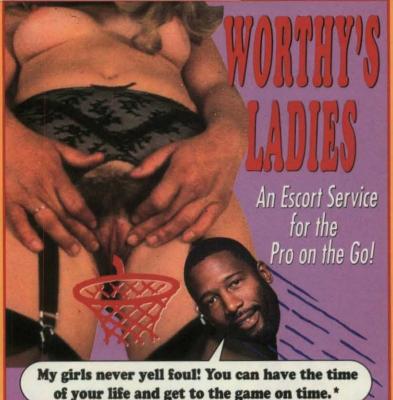
and dollars. His obscene misuse of a minor cannot be prosecuted as child porn, but it does earn DeConcini an Asshole.

Sebastian Bach—It takes a special geek to worsen the image of New Jersey, heavy metal and rock-star excess, but Skid Row lead singer Sebastian Bach does all three. In defense of throwing a bottle from onstage and slicing open

a 15-year-old girl's face, Bach depicted himself as the victim in the incident, and perhaps he is. Victim of his own Asshole. Sarah — Mark Peterson faced two years in prison

Sarah — Mark Peterson faced two years in prison for having sex with Sarah, a nutcase who claims to have 46 separate personalities. Though the personality that boned Peterson permitted the act, the other 45 called the cops, resulting in Peterson's trial and conviction as a sex criminal. How many Assholes can one person be?





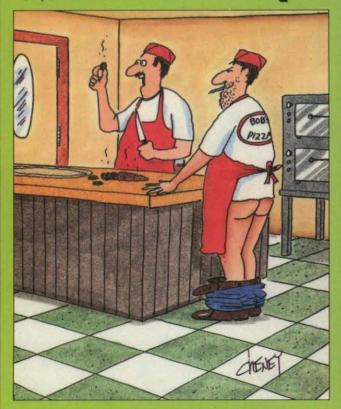
*James Worthy, basketball pro and lover of women

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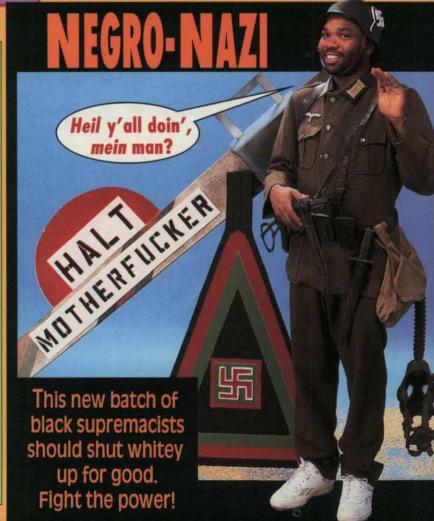
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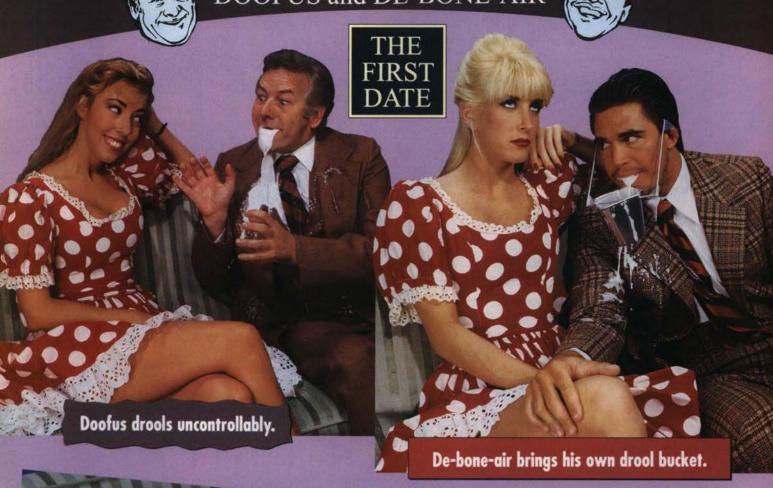
"Damn, it does look like pepperoni!"

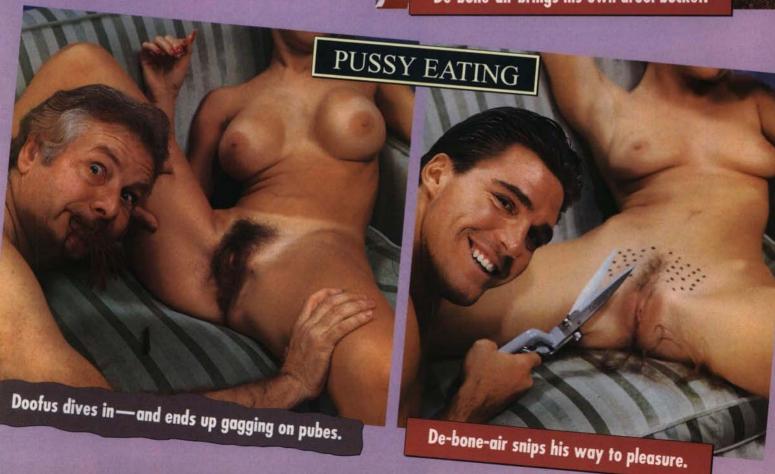


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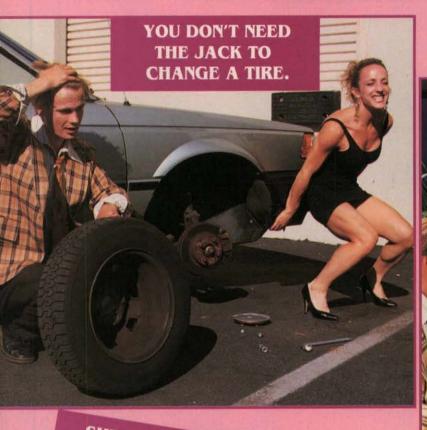
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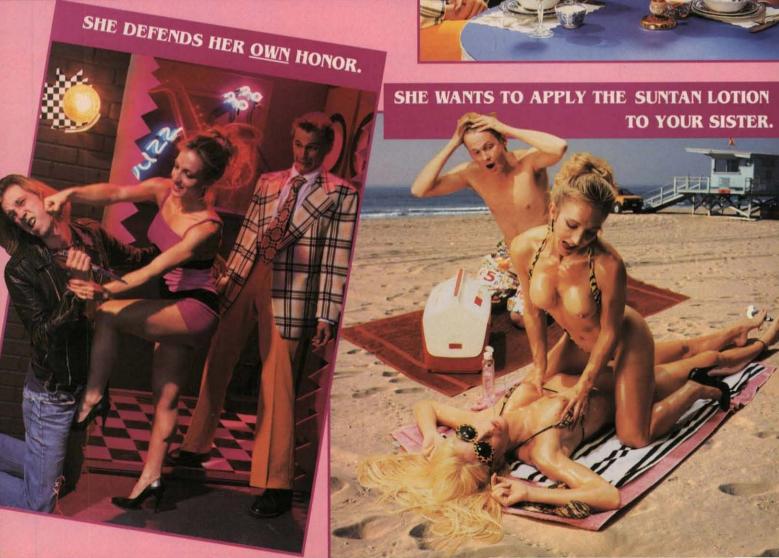


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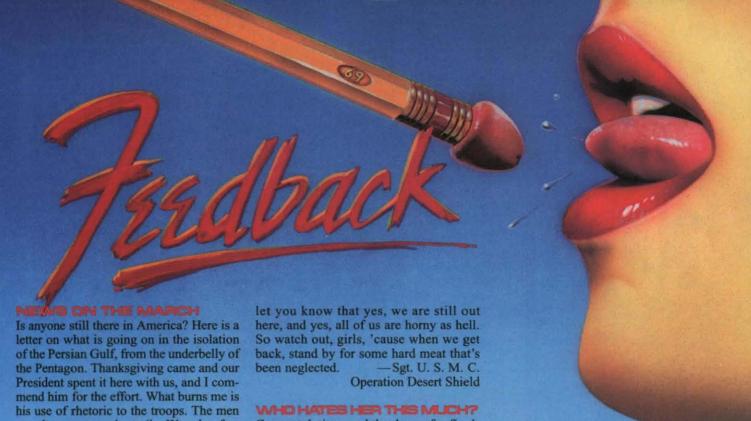
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OFFER EXPIRES MAY 19, 1991

CLQHH





over here came voluntarily. We ask a few simple things, such as when are we going to do something? When are we going home? What we'd like are a few straight answers. Stuff like, "I won't keep you here a day longer than necessary," is bullshit.

I'm more fortunate than most of the servicemen here. I'm a Marine embarked aboard a ship, and all we do is sit around and look busy for the "Zeros." But I'm tired of our Congressional leaders taking a pay raise and two-month vacations to enjoy their election celebrations and the holidays, while my fellow Marines must tolerate the never-ending hell of the lonely sand and heat of this shithole called the Middle East. I'd like to see some congressman come out here and enjoy an hour-long chow line aboard a ship, not with the officers, but with the troops. You probably know that the State Department has seen to it that the guys ashore are denied their First Amendment rights by pleasing a nation of sexually repressed Arabs that are afraid of their own women taking over their countries. The guys ashore are not allowed to have anything that insults some Arab religious feelings, including your great magazine. My question is, why do we have to knuckle under to the likes and dislikes of some fucking Arab while he wants us to defend his sandbox? If they don't like the way we are, then I say let's go home. Oh, well. At least my mail has not been fucked with. It comes straight out to the ship. I'm lucky enough to receive my HUSTLERs. Enough of my bitching. I just wanted to

Congratulations and thank you for finally writing something about Roseanne Barr that was worth reading ("Asshole of the Month," December '90). It's about time the fat, fucking, child-deserting bitch was put in her place. I sincerely hope that she reads HUSTLER, because if I had a million dollars, I'd give it away just to see the big bimbo go into a rage and shake the ground after reading your article. Keep up the good work.

-W. T. E. Chicago, Illinois



Gina: Tucked Away

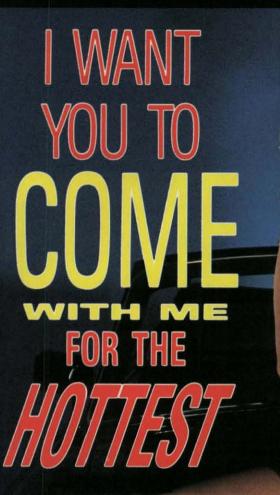
FILTHY BEEF JUST WOKE UP

I am writing this letter in response to Attack of the Freelance Porn-Busters (January '91) by Larry Wichman. I enjoyed the article because it informed me of how fucked-up people really are. To think that our personal freedoms could be violated so easily is a mockery of the Constitution of our land. I just saw today that the witch hunt for pornography has come to my locale. "Eight Arrested in Protest at Adult Bookstore" was the headline, and it was damn clear that the journalist writing the article had a slanted view on our First Amendment rights. Yellow journalism is as alive as it ever was, and we must quit believing the lies that our government-censored newspapers print! I am writing my congressman and senator to let them know that socalled perverts have rights too! I am also going to join and maybe even start an antiprotest. I will make up pickets with as many controversial subjects as possible. We gotta fight back. So come on, people! Join together! We can filth 'em out! That's what it's all about. Thanks for listening.

-Filthy Beef Westville, New Jersey

SAINT ELSEWHERE

This is in response to P. C. from North Carolina ("Get Out of Here!" Feedback, January '91). Who is that sicko? I'm currently incarcerated in Florida, and I'm surrounded by rapists, murderers and all. I



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hear all types of crime stories, and let me tell you, P. C. is a prime candidate for this place. I mean, a sick puke wanting to view dead, young, female bodies! The North Carolina Highway Patrol ought to be up on that scumbag. You might think it's a tricky situation to be stuck in a crowd of psychos here, but society is probably endangered just as much by P. C. out there! P. C., if you're reading this, my advice to you is to go bury yourself in the local sewer-treatment plant, 'cause you're a walking, talking turd. I'm not in jail for being a saint; in fact, I'm in here for murder. I'm sorry for what I did. It weighs on my mind every day, but when I read or hear about people like you, it makes me feel ten feet tall by comparison, and that makes me ill.

HUSTLER is great. Forever free,

—T. W. Raiford, Florida

PUT A HOLE IN ONE!

When I saw the preview for the December '90 HUSTLER, I nearly creamed my shorts: "...a brickhouse blonde shows her ass in the grass in sunny, open-sphincters splendor." I could hardly wait! In my opinion, HUSTLER had been getting a little skimpy in the bunghole department, and this, I thought, would be the perfect end-of-the-year treat, sort of an apology for all those hands, towels and sheets that got in the way.

The much-awaited issue finally arrived. I riffled through the pages until I found the December Honey (Gina: Tucked Away, December '90). Did I see any sunny, open-sphincters splendor? Noooooo! Only the usual puckered pooper in four shots and — Sheesus Kerist—that damn hand again! What is she doing here? I asked myself. She isn't even touching her cunt. Maybe she's wafting away a fart! What happened, HUSTLER? I think Gina's only open sphincter is the pyloric, because she looks like she has heartburn.

Maybe HUSTLER needs Remedial Sphincter 101—Open sphincters look something like this: 0; clenched sphincters look something like this: *. Perhaps something like that antidrug commercial would help. (Announcer's voice:) "One more time, let's get this straight. This is an anus with clenched sphincters (shows kaiser roll). This is an anus with open sphincters (shows bagel). Got that? Kaiser roll, bagel. Kaiser roll, bagel."

So, HUSTLER—let's see some bagels!
—Sphincter Boy
Bryan, Texas

Matti Klatt, Clive McLean, James Baes—these are the camera jocks responsible for the quirky twists of cloth and the ubiquitous hands that obscure anal treats. Years ago, when they were young and hungry, long before they were porn-media giants, they were shooting bungs galore. Why have they changed? Ask them yourself. They don't listen to us anymore. Write them c/o this address.

TEXAS FLIP-SIDE

In the December '90 HUSTLER, you feature a fabulous, blond model, one of the best to emerge in the past few years. I'm talking about Gina (Gina: Tucked Away, December '90)! The lady is gorgeous. She has a great body. Great fucking tits; fabulous anus. Excellent face. She is a classic—one of my all-time faves. Congrats to you all for doing a layout on her. She deserves it. Thank you, thank you, thank you.

—H. A.

El Paso, Texas

THE NEVER-ENDING STORY

This is to Sissy, the Texas Tunnel (Beaver Hunt, January '90; "Sissy Speaks!" Feedback, February '91). Thank you, Sissy, for showing us all what you have. Your attitude is one that should be re-

spected, and that huge box of yours is an incredible work of art. I myself would love to see just how much of my face I could stuff into it. As for being bisexual, you can suck on my woman's guts any day of the week. HUSTLER is fanfuckin'-tastic, and anyone with a complaint about it, here's one for you: I wouldn't piss down your throat if your neck was on fire!

—E. V. B. J.

Saint Joseph, Missouri

LOVING MEMORY

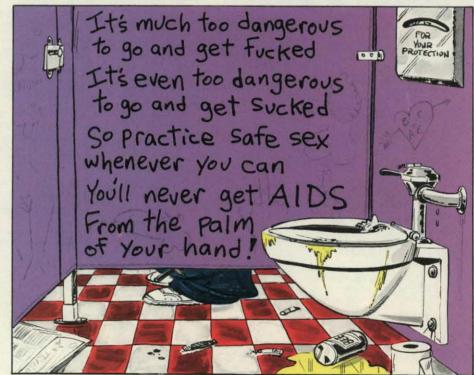
I was greatly saddened by the news of Megan Leigh's suicide (Erotic Entertainment, December '90). When I read about it, I actually cried, and I am not a man who is used much to tears. Then I went out and got drunk. I hadn't intended to drink until I read about the passing of that beautiful lady. To me, she was the hottest thing in porn since Dana Lynn.

— E. H.

Bronx, New York

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CURSE OF THE CATWOMAN

Fully Erect. Directed by John Leslie; starring Selena Steele, Raven, Rocco Siffredi, Patricia Kennedy, Racquel Darrien, Zara Whites, Ashley Nicole, Marc Wallice, Jamie Gillis, Alexandria Quinn, Randy Spears, Tom Byron, Derrick Lane and T. T. Boyd. Videocassette: VCA.

From its sensual and scintillating opening scene—luscious newcomer Ashley Nicole gets fucked in an alley—*Curse of the Catwoman* is porn with class. Every one of director John Leslie's huge cast of 14 (well, huge by porn's piddling standards) fucks like there's no tomorrow. The story's a riff borrowed from *Cats*, where a Superior Cat will be chosen to be reincarnated; in this case, the criteria for judging will be whoever fucks best. The

competition is heated between feline sisters Selena Steele and Raven, both of whom will score impressively with jointjerking judges. Selena lofts pocket rockets with her bushwhacking in a bar by Randy Spears, and as the closing cunt of a threeway bone with Patricia Kennedy and Rocco Siffredi. Raven's pogo-pricking by Marc Wallice through her crotchless body stocking is a priapic pleasure, while her preying on Tom Byron's bulging bone will have strokers filling bowls with cream. Technically topnotch, the film suffers wooden acting by Steele and Raven, but it's a minor bitch. With continuous hard-on potential, this Catwoman is damn near purrfect.

— Sam Lowry

Raven is the leader of the litter.



Steele under a sweaty Curse.

Holly will make your finger sore.



Charli doesn't have much of a Goodtime.

MAKING IT

Half Erect. Directed by Woody Johnston; starring Chessie Moore, Sasha Gabor, Suyoka, Kay Leigh, Satina, James Lewis and Eric Price. Videocassette: Parliament.

Aside from Chessie Moore and her large, undulating chest appendages, no one in *Making It Big* will make it big anywhere, especially not in the crotch of a home-viewer he-man's jeans. Chessie's watermelons dominate the screen in the opening scene as she swallows Eric Price's dick and takes his load in her mouth and all over her breathtaking bosom. After that it's fast-forward time until Chessie returns to stick her tongue up a tattooed slut's butt. This tape is pretty dull, but Chessie and her monumental knockers make wading through the crap worth it.

— A. M.

HOLLY DOES HOLLYWOOD 4

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Jon Stallion; starring Christy Canyon, Carol Cummings, Michelle Monroe, Ron Jeremy, Hans Mueller, Tony Montana, Marc Wallice and Randy West. Videocassette: Video Exclusives.

This tape would be a complete dud if not for Christy Canyon, whose awesome body and too-hot sexuality save the day. For the record, the ridiculous plot revolves around the competition between a young, up-and-coming actress (Canyon) and an aging, established star (overplayed by Cummings) for the lead role in a sci-fi film. Forget it. Just put a finger on the fast-forward button and stop every time Christy uncovers her magnificent tits. Your finger will get tired, but you might be able to enjoy this stupid nonsense.

—Augie Michaels

GIRLS OF DD 14

Half Erect. Directed by Gordon Vann; starring Lynn LeMay, Rick Daniels, Tamara Lee, Sean Michaels, Dean Alba and Cheri Taylor. Videocassette: Cinderella.

The bimbos in this boob-fest may prove tempting to the fit worshiper, but the fucking isn't worth a training bra. Lynn LeMay gets her nice, floppy titties splashed with cum, and Tamara Lee gets a double dose of Sean Michaels and Rick Daniels, but it all seems just a matter of routine. Fortunately, a hefty-hootered Hawaiian slut steals the show in the finale as Michaels and another stud bash her face, mouth and tits with their cocks. As an added treat, she even takes cock up the ass. Without this tropical infusion, *Girls of DD 14* would need a boob job.

— A. M.

O GOODTIME CHARLI

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Gordon Meer; starring Charli, Debi Diamond, Busty Belle, Rachel Ryan, Ray Victory, Jon Dough and Tom Byron. Videocassette: Cinderella.

This may be called *Goodtime Charli*, but the only one who seems to be having any fun is Debi Diamond. Of course, Diamond can't act to save her life, but put a tongue or cock in her pussy, and she's Academy Award material. This tape calls for considerable suspension of disbelief. First, accept Ryan as a virgin in her only sex scene, during which she never gets her panties off; then Byron and Charli have a midnight rendezvous, with sunlight streaming through the bedroom window. Finally, try to believe that Diamond is losing her cherry in the finale with Dough—sorry, not when she laps up cum like a thirsty dog. Charli has a pretty cunt, and Belle has a great set of hooters, but Diamond puts the good time in *Charli*.—A. M.



Leigh tries to make it Big.

SEXY NURSES ON AND OFF DUTY

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by C. C. Williams; starring Carol Cummings, Dee Jay, Jamila, Kimberly Kane, Fetish (a/k/a Heather Lere), Sean Michaels, Don Fernando, Wayne Summers, Ray Victory, Hans Mueller and T. T. Boyd.

These X-rated Florence Nightingales may be sexy, but it's awfully difficult to tell from the camera angles used in this vid. Facial expressions dominate each scene, and rarely do we get a decent view of the curve of an upthrust butt, the swell of a voluptuous pair of breasts or the deep pink folds of a ready-for-poking pussy. It's just as well, because the sex is terminally boring and the performers so lethargic they seem in need of some real nurses.

— A. M.



Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Paul Thomas; starring Hyapatia Lee, Randy Spears, Cameo, Dizzy Blonde, Rocco Siffredi, Raven, Chaz Vincent and Martin Daniels. Videocassette: Vivid Video.

Technically top-notch, I Do 2 succeeds as a sexvid and as an interesting story about marriage and jealousy. Attractive and articulate, Randy Spears and Hyapatia Lee, as newlyweds learning how difficult a relationship can be, exude a relaxed sensuality (whether delivering dramatic dialogue or doing each other) that's a pleasure to behold. This is easily the best acting of Lee's career. The only drawbacks are lengthy stretches of sexless action and a running time that's simply too long. A little home-editing with the fast-forward button will make Do highly do-able. — Woody Hood

REAR BURNER

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Henri Pachard; starring Moana, Jerry Butler, Jon Dough, Alice Springs, Bridgette Monroe, Rocco Siffredi and Rene Fox. Videocassette: Intropics.

This heat's-on backyard barbecue deserves kudos for more than merely living up to its name. Rosebuds are roasted by flaming-hot man-meat shish kebabs, which the spunk-silly starlets suck, fuck, stick up their butts, then suck again, catching spume-spurts on their tongues, licking clean the same salamis that were slamming their sphincters seconds before. A lame plot, washed-out color and inattentive cameras prevent *Rear* from being a total barn-burner, but as it is, this vid will keep the winter chill away.

— W. H.



Mouth-watering Hall is the Tease.



Lee always says I Do.

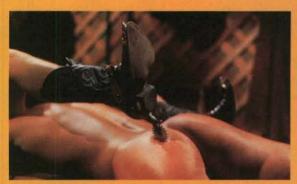


Burner: Rosebuds are roasted by flaming-hot man meat.

THE TEASE

Half Erect. Directed by John Leslie; starring Lauren Hall, Selena Steele, Randy West, Ashlyn Gere, Randy Spears, Rayne, Tom Byron, Peter North, Marc Wallice and T. T. Boyd. Videocassette: VCA.

John Leslie videos are usually gutted *Twilight Zone* stories or disemboweled movie classics raped with sex scenes. This abused offspring of Hollywood's classic *Sunset Boulevard*, in which a failed writer moves in to pen the memoirs of a rich slut, has one saving grace: Lauren Hall. She's the most ravishing, dark-haired, statuesque beauty to hit sex flicks since Raven first spread her squalid squack. Watching Hall slick down T. T. Boyd's cock, or watching him drill his pudgy fingers into her greased butt, is great stuff. Her tongue-penetration of Randy West's ear is hotter than most girls' blowjobs. And when she finally tells West, "You're so lucky to be fucking me in the mouth," she really means it. Aside from Hall, *Tease* is just Leslie pretending to make a real movie.



Taboo: The victim of inbred creativity.



My, Grandma, what big tits you have.



Half Erect. Directed by Paul Thomas; starring Barbara Dare, Victoria Paris, Deidre Holland, Cameo, Susan Vegas, Steve Vegas, Brett True, Buck Adams and T. T. Boyd. Videocassette: Vivid Video.

There's not a closed door in this picture. Everything's done right out in the open, onstage, in theater chairs, out in the wilds of nature, often in front of an audience. Everything that's done includes a lot of soul-searching dialogue that wrings out a sap-dripping storyline about stripper Barbara Dare quitting the skin biz to find true happiness as a hippie chick working in a new-age crystal shop out in the country. One question to director Paul Thomas: If all this talk is so fucking important, why is the sound quality so shitty that the muddled voices can't be deciphered even by someone who'd want to? Deidre Holland and Dare's crotch explorations in the crotch of a tree give *Doors* its most pleasing scenery, while the Buck Adams-and-buddy fuck of Paris is the strongest schlong fest. Still, once these *Doors* are closed, there won't be much reason to open them again.

—— C.S.



Half Erect. Directed by Henri Pachard; starring Sunny McKay, Michelle Monroe, Cassandra Dark, Alexandria Quinn, Jeanna Fine, Joey Silvera, Mike Horner, Randy West and Peter North. Videocassette: Intropics.

It used to be that the word taboo had some meaning in the porn biz. Taboo meant forbidden, which in the case of the popular Taboo series translated as incest. Over the years, something happened to the Taboo series — like the X industry itself, it lost steam and went soft, possibly the victim of inbred creativity. Henri Pachard handles Taboo 8, which features no incest, with his usual utilitarian flair, delivering a competent story despite incompetent acting, and serving up some sweaty screwing via willowy Australian import Sunny McKay. In two memorable encounters with Peter North and Mike Horner, McKay demonstrates her Down Under dick-devouring technique before riding the boys to wet glory. Pussy-pals Michelle Monroe and Cassandra Dark add some variety by diving into each other's snatches, but even their overenthused lapping cannot save 8 from being just another porn video as opposed to something — well — taboo.

— Jody Davis

GRANDMA DOES DALLAS

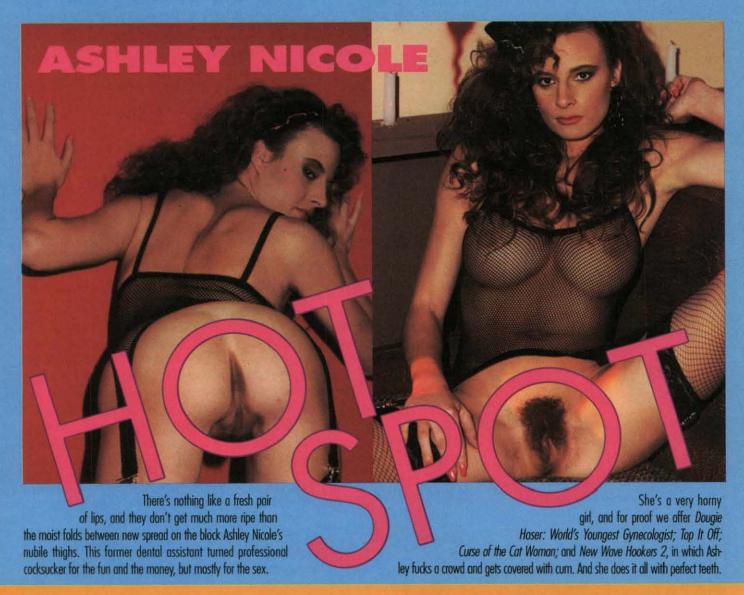
Half Erect. Directed by Loretta Sterling; starring Deliha Dawn, Sabrina Dawn, Tiara, Kay Sera, Eric Edwards, Rod Garetto, Lou, Jeff James and Phil Rivera. Videocassette: Filmco.

The Gray Panthers, the late congressman Claude Pepper and the ancient crones battling young bucks to the back of the bus all have done their bit for the liberation of old folks, but none have made a contribution to the freedom of aged relics comparable to that of porn pioneer Deliha Dawn. Deliha is older than dirt, but that doesn't mean she's over the hill when it comes to getting under a hump. Deliha shows that just because a hag has reached retirement age doesn't mean she can't still be a hard worker, pitching out four separate fucks, each replete with monster shots and cum splotch. *Grandma* should be a big hit after-hours on the convalescent-home big screen.

— *Christian Shapiro*



These **Doors** should remain closed.



THE DERENZY TAPES

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Alex deRenzy; starring Tom Byron, Tanya Fox, Aja, Joey Silvera, Blake Palmer, Peter North, Shanna McCullough, Kendal Marx, Eva Allen, Renee Morgan, Sharon Kane, Randy West, Dana Dylan, Nina Hartley, Porsche Lynn and Mike Horner. Videocassette: Caballero.

The good old days are getting more and more recent. It seems like only yesterday that Nina Hartley crossed over the line to oversaturation, that Porsche Lynn's brittle sexuality cracked the exasperation zone, that Sharon Kane humped through her millionth pro fuck, that Shanna McCullough spread her pretentious thighs for yet another Actors Studio portrayal of prurience, and that Aja slept beyond the catatonia limit. Well, it wasn't yesterday; it was at least a month ago, and it all looks better for the elapsed time. The surest way to appreciate a woman's charms is to have her go away for a while, a tactic that works just as well on video as in real life. Also, don't forget that Kendal Marx and Eva Allen are two bombshells from the past, a pair of poozles that withdrew their sex from the cinema screen before anyone had a chance to get tired of them—and now they're back again, fresh as ever, in an Alex deRenzy compilation package.

— C. S.



DeRenzy makes old stuff fresh.

POINTERS

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Duck Dumont; starring Madison, Michelle Monroe, Rick Savage, Sharon Kane, Cameo, Cal Jammer and Don Fernando. Videocassette: Las Vegas Video.

Is one cum-shot sufficient reason to recommend a wad tape? Take, for instance, Rick Savage's semen-saturation of the winking, dilated browneye and freshly vacated vaginal slit of a trim and tidy—though not overly active—piece of brown-haired quim. First he makes a stiff little prick out of his tongue and shoves it into her roundly opened cunt. Then he dicks her in every position her pussy can comfortably accommodate, after which he pulls out, plops his putz pollen and smears it all around the anal opening with his swollen dick head. The total effect is almost better than if he'd actually butt-fucked the slinky slit. Not enough to lure the true venery value-seeker? Then get tempted with Madison, the kooky, smooth-skinned, pixie-faced vacuum cooze who pushes her limits porking more times in *Pointers* than some lazy labes do in a whole week of one-day wonders. Get the point?

— C. S.

KING TUNG: THE TONGUE SQUAD

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Vinnie Rossi; starring King Tung, Rene Fox, Krisstarah Knight, Cameo, Cal Jammer and Jules Paris. Videocassette: L.A. Video.



The Tonque works, but the dicks don't.



Savage gives Cameo a few Pointers.

If a guy uses his tongue to dampen up a dame's love crumpet preparatory to the insertion of his rigid piston, then that's just grand. But if a dreary, drag-ass, sad-suck motherfucker uses his tongue to try and hide problems in his erection section, then doesn't use that tongue very well anyhow, then that's just King Tung. Cal Jammer is the only stud in this crummy vid whose cock works right. The other guys could all use a built-in valve for fail-safe inflation, because they sure as fuck don't get pumped up by a regular blowjob. The dilemma does have a bright side: Jules Paris can only maintain prurient interest with his own hand, but when a bimbo parks her mug beneath his flailing fist, the result is a conciliatory facial blast. The King is dead.

— C. S.

STROKER'S

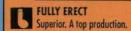
GUIDE

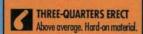
A quick checklist of X-rated features reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER and HUSTLER EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE.

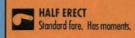
Fully Erect

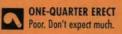
Shadow Dancers 2
Where the Girls Sweat

Rating Guide









TOTALLY LIMP
A waste of time and money.

Three-Quarters Erect

Behind You All the Way 2 Between the Cheeks 2 Club Head
The Erotic Adventures of Black
Man and Anal Woman
The Landlady
Lesbian Liaisons
More Dirty Debutantes 4
Secrets
Sleepwalker
Total Reball
Vegas 3: Let It Ride

Half Erect

The Big Tease
Buttman Goes to Rio
The Challenge
Denim Dolls 2
House of Dreams
King Tongue Meets Anal
Woman
Legend 2

Life, Love and Divorce Lover's Trance Meltdown Power Play Princess of the Night Sea of Love These Buns for Hire Triple Header

One-Quarter Erect

Backdoor Lambada Heather, Hunted Hot Diggity Dog Rachel Ryan Exposed She's Got the Juice Suzanne's Grand Affair The Swap Torrid Without a Cause 2 Wild One

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MRS. ROBINSON

I'm 40 years old, divorced, no kids. I've got a great job, and I've got enough alimony to stuff a horse. My big tits are firm and stand up without artificial means or assistance. I turn heads wherever I go. And I'm a chicken hawk. I fuck 18-year-old boys.

Yesterday I lay by the side of my Olympic-size swimming pool, the top of my bikini unhooked, the straps off my shoulders. The full, flattened contours of my saucy breasts were alluringly visible. All I had on was a nearly nonexistent bikini bottom, which consisted of a triangular thatch-patch and a thin strip of fabric running up the crack of my ass. I looked absolutely edible.

From this extremely erotic position, I watched young Tony trimming my hedges. He had his shirt off and wore only a little pair of cut-off jeans. Eighteen years old, he was home for the summer, doing yard work to make some spending money for his coming year at school.

I caught him sneaking subtle glances at me. There was no doubt in my mind that by the end of the afternoon I would be wringing his sweet jizz from my cunt. Just the thought of manipulating his impressionable body made me sizzle. The open sight of my nearly naked body was giving him a bulge in his crotch, plain as could be, although he tried to keep it hidden from view. I could hardly wait until he came close enough to *smell* my clean, hot cunt.

When he finished the yard, he walked over by the pool to get paid. "Feel like a swim?" I asked. He smiled and said, "Sure, but I didn't bring a suit."

I pushed up from the towel, my top staying under. My fat-nippled tits stood straight up, glistening with coconut oil. I rose to my feet and saw his eyes spellbound on my breasts. I untied the sides of the tiny bikini bottoms and sexily let them fall to my toes. "Doesn't matter," I whispered. "No need for suits in my pool."

My hands cupped my large, soft breasts, extending them invitingly. I took two steps toward the pool and jumped in headfirst.

I swam to the shallow end of the pool and surfaced, my bare breasts bobbing above the surface of the crystal water. Tony pulled off his shorts and his underwear. His cock swelled lusciously erect, standing out in front of him, pointing right at my face. It looked fantastic, long and thick. He dove into the pool and swam underwater to me, then grabbed my legs and pulled them apart, his face right in my cunt. He stuck his tongue out underwater and licked my pussy! I was so



proud of him for making that audacious gesture! I gave myself to him completely.

He placed both of his hands on my ass, pulling me against his stiff cock. Our mouths opened in the pool water, and our tongues darted in and out of each other's cheeks. I felt my body melting into his.

Tony obviously caught on about chlorinated water washing away a woman's lubricating juices; so he picked me up and carried me out of the pool, laying me on a towel. He knelt between my widely spread legs and put his hands underneath me, lifting my hips off the ground. His handsome face dove right into my hot, juicy twat. His tongue parted my protruding pussy lips and slithered inside me. My juices

churned all around his quick tongue.

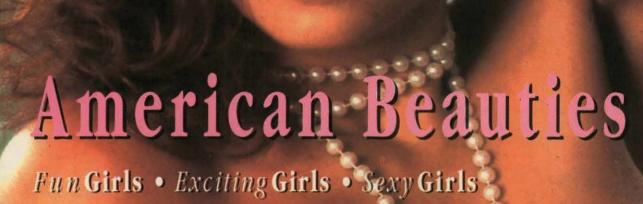
His lips clamped around the hood of my clit, and he sucked the little button straight out of hiding, pulling and stretching it in his mouth just like I love a man to do. He orally hit on my clit until I was ready to come. Then he opened his jaws and covered my pussy with his ravenous mouth, Frenching my protruding labia, driving his hard tongue in and out of me like it was a lip-covered cock, tongue-fucking me to orgasm. My body thrashed like a fish out of water as I drenched his chin in pussy oil.

He lay my hips down onto the towel and hovered over me. His fingers held my soggy, aching lips apart, and he eased his dripping cock inside. His prick was surprisingly big, and he stretched me wide, filling me up. His fingers held my cunt lips out so they were totally enveloping the swollen shaft that slid farther and farther into my waiting hole.

Then he reached under me again and dug his fingers deep into my ass cheeks. His hips began to grind in steady rhythm, pistoning his able cock in and out, churning my juices hard. Every inch of my exhausted body tingled with new excitement. My fat tits bounced from side to side, nipples stiffening with the overwhelming ecstasy that was consuming my entire being. Every thrust sent his long cock all the way in to the balls, making my ass cheeks tremble and my heavy breasts shake. Every ball-slam shot excitement throughout my body, making me tingle as if tiny electric prods were attached to each nerve ending in my flesh.

Tony fucked me like a world-class stud. He sent me headlong toward another racking orgasm. Just as I felt myself reaching a peak, he grunted and spilled his seed inside me. He came hard, forcefully blasting my pussy with cum-shots, which triggered my own orgasm, and my body shook and jerked uncontrollably against his hard body.

Tony did such a good job, I'm going to have him drop by my place every week to mow my lawn. Tomorrow I'm meeting the boy I hired to clean my pool. If worse

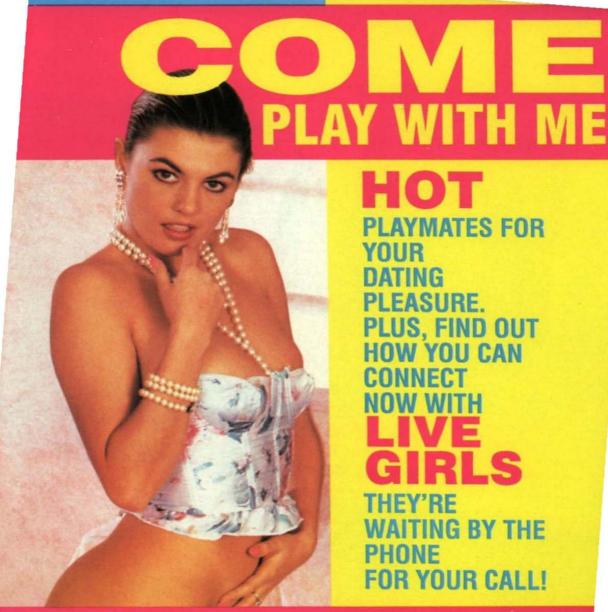


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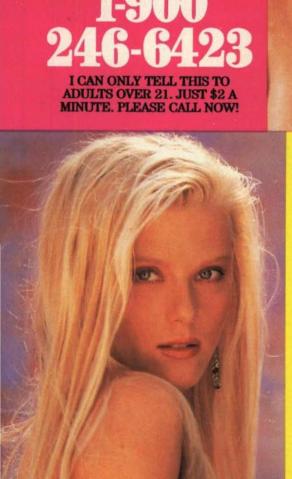
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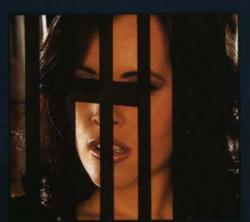
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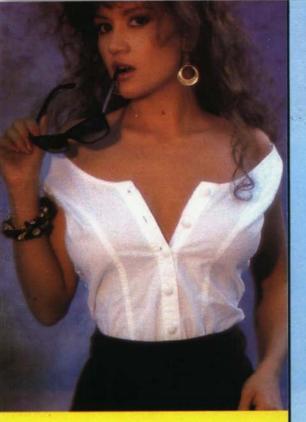
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HOT LETTERS

Before I had stopped coming, Donna squatted over his face to let him lick her piss-stained twat as she watched me fuck her husband.

comes to worse, the least I will do is write him a check.

—Virginia T.

Mar Vista, California

APRIL SHOWERS

When I was a little girl, my daddy moved the family around so much that I was always the new brat in town. I got used to tagging along after anybody who would tolerate it, just to keep from being lonely. Now I'm a good-looking 20-year-old, but I'm still in the habit of tagging around after my married friends.

Donna and Clark were my two best friends in all the world, but sometimes they got a little obnoxious about rubbing off all over each other in public. Because I didn't want to get married right away like everybody else, they acted like I must not have

had any sexual feelings.

Last weekend, the two of them invited me along on a picnic in the country. I invited a date, but he backed out at the last minute; so it was just the three of us. We'd shared three or four bottles of wine and were all really wasted. When Clark slipped his hand under Donna's skirt and started fiddling with her pussy right there in front of me, I felt frustrated enough to piss all over both of them.

"I've got to pee," I said rudely. Clambering to my unsteady feet, I walked across the meadow. The trees were slim, spindly willows that didn't hide much, but I didn't give a fuck. Let them watch me squat and spray my golden liquor all over the place. Maybe it would frustrate them as much as they frustrated me!

I took a spot beside one of the skinny trees and lowered my skirt. As I did so, I peeked through the branches and saw the two of them staring directly at me. When they caught my eye, they collapsed into giggles. "You think I'm a show-off?" I muttered. "That makes three of us!"

I was so drunk that I was afraid I was going to splash my panties with pee; so I took them off. The thought suddenly occurred to me to keep stripping; so I took off my blouse too. Donna jumped to her feet and pulled Clark after her. They stumbled toward me like iron filings drawn to a powerful magnet. My nipples stiffened as I realized they were getting close enough to see the sweaty pearls of excitement that glistened in my pussy hair.

"You want to watch me piss?" I asked.

"That's pretty kinky, isn't it?"

"It's kind of kinky to get all naked outdoors," replied Donna, giggling nervously. The spikes of her erect nipples poked against her thin, cotton T-shirt.

"Well, I think it's perfectly natural," I said. I squatted slowly, swinging my knees out so Clark could look halfway up my pussy. My bladder spasmed a time or two before it loosened up enough to spray in front of them, but it felt so good when the flood finally gushed out of me that I didn't care if the whole world was watching.

My obvious relief triggered a chain reaction. Donna yanked off her skirt and squatted beside me. Soon she was spraying too. Clark found himself staring at two eager pussies. He jerked down his jeans and pointed his dick at the trunk of the tree.

I was angry and drunk and said, "Maybe you'd like to piss on my bare boobies, Clark. Aim your hot spray at me and make it run down my belly to tickle me between my legs!"

Donna watched in wide-eyed fascination as I accepted the stinging spray of his fresh pee. Just as I'd hoped, it trickled down between my pussy lips in warm rivulets that made me go all gushy inside. The stream stopped when Clark's dick was too stiff to pee.

"More!" I cried, but not a drop more came out. Donna leaped to her feet, wildly excited. "Fuck him!" she panted. "Fuck him while you're still covered with his piss!" I didn't make a sound. Just spread my eager legs. Clark hugged me hard, smashing my piss-soaked tits against his bare chest. He tried to fuck me standing up, but we were too sweaty and excited to handle it. He ended up flat on his back, his corkscrewing cock beneath my wet bush. Drops of yellow spray flew from my bare skin as I rode him to a mind-blowing series of orgasms, something I had hardly ever dared dream of before that moment.

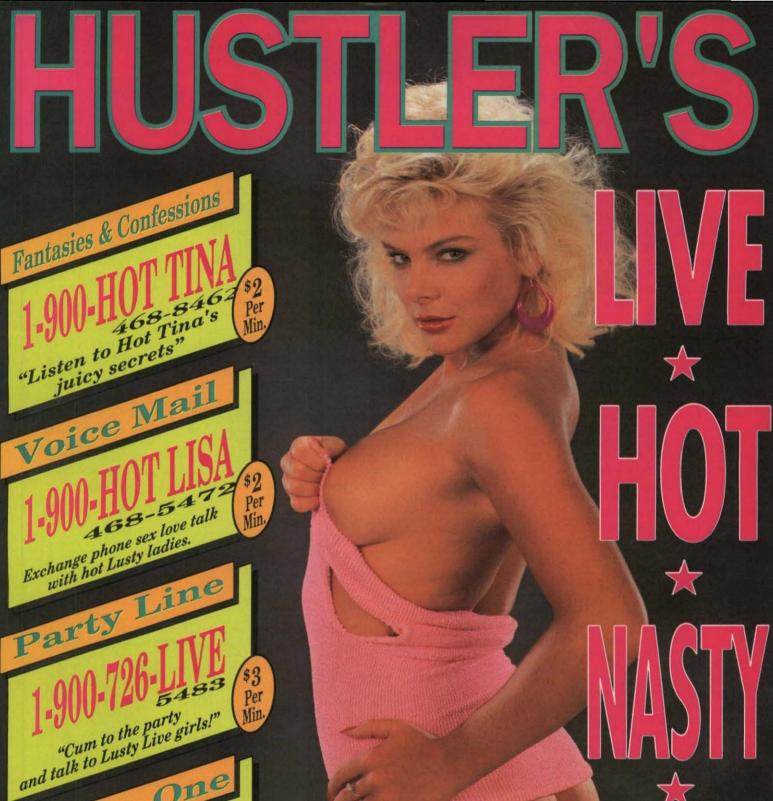
Before I had stopped coming, Donna squatted over his face to let him lick her piss-stained twat as she watched me fuck her husband. Her face shuddered with delight, and a rush of pleasure hit me like a steam locomotive. After that, it was a quick dash to an icy stream to bathe and laugh together at our shocking afternoon. I realized I would never be a fifth wheel again, because there's no way in hell they'd ever find another girl who got off as good as I did.

—Frannie W. Miami, Florida

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THE LONGEST YARD THE AMERICAN DREAM OF PENIS EXTENSION

ill F. and Marty S. had been lovers for two or three months. He was a corporate investment lawyer, trim, athletic, in his 30s. She worked at a daycare center. She was 29 years old, smart, funny, had a knockout figure and smoked. Last Saturday night was a typical date. Dinner, a movie, coffee and ice cream at her place. Then it stopped being so typical. When Bill finished pumping her pussy, savoring his usual rush of dick-pro accomplishment, Marty lit a cigarette. She had the semisour look he already recognized as the sign that something was bothering her. He played with her nipples, admiring the way they stood at attention whenever he pinched them. She rolled over onto her stomach.

Something was seriously wrong. He hoped it was something that could be easily fixed, like changing his cologne or trimming the annoying hairs that insisted on growing out of his nose.

Finally, when he was ready to forget about it in exchange for a quick whiz in the bathroom sink, she spoke up. "Sweetheart," she began, "you know that eternal question, the one that's always discussed in the women's magazines I read—do you know what I'm talking about?"

"No," Bill replied. Then Marty gave him the kind of look she might cast on an injured puppy. "Well, precious," she said softly, "that really important question is: *Does size matter?* I'll let you in on a little secret: *Yes, it does.*"

Bill mumbled something stupid, something like, "Oh, I see. Golly, that's too bad." Inside, he was screaming. He was boil-

ing. He was murdering every women's magazine editor from Rhode Island to Catalina. His parents were the average pair of modestly proportioned gene-givers. Not a couple of Saint Bernards. What the hell did she expect? Jeff Stryker?

Setting aside the dozens of doubts and insecurities buzzing through his brain, a farfetched possibility occurred to Bill F., the same glint of hope that strikes thousands of men every month, like so many little lights beckoning from short trains in long tunnels.

Men's magazines set the terms for this glimmering hope of redemption. Advertisements of elongation stream out of the pages like water out of rocks in the desert. Bill F., like countless men before him, decided that desperate times called for desperate measures.

He clipped forms and wrote checks ranging from \$9.95 for a Pro-Man prosthesis to \$44 for a Royal Monarch electronic pumping device, while fantasies of a Johnny Waddesque cock jutting from his crotch filled his imagination. He picked out six products, figuring that one of them was bound to work. Wouldn't Marty be surprised the next time she went fishing for a puny dick in his jeans! Deep-throat this! he'd say. Try to shove all of that in your snobby little cunt! No longer would he feel like she was doing him a favor when she got on her hands and knees and spread her cheeks. She'd come begging to sample his shaft!

But first, he had to wait. A long, long time. Despite enclosing \$4 for postage and handling—whatever handling





Fear and hypocrisy have repressed sexual awareness, leading to the ignorance that spreads disease and creates violence, in addition to hindering our natural enjoyment of sex This series opens the door to current sexual knowledge and expression, and improved lovemaking.

by Barry Horowitz

Illustration by Tom Kafka

STIMULANTS			
20 D&E 127 " 200 mg	\$30.00		\$7.95
	30.00	\$13.00	7.50
22 Magnum 200 mg	35.00	13.50	7.95
	30.00	11.75	7.25
24 D&E-250 200 mg	25.00	**	6.95
25 D&E-225 " 200 mg	23.00	**	6.95
26 D&E-85-25 110 mg	18.00	**	5.50
27 D&E-190 175 mg	30.00	**	7.50
28. D&E-290 " 200 mg	35.00	13.25	7.95
29 D&E-260 200 mg	28.00		7.50
30. D&E-160 175 mg	25.00	**	6.50
31 D&E-500 " 175 mg	35.00	12.95	7.50
32 30/30 150 mg	30.00	11.75	7.25
33 D&E-200 200 mg	23.00	**	6.95
34. D&E-25-25 110 mg	18.00		6.50

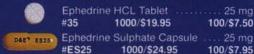
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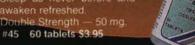


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0641

flight medical research. A few of the muchanticipated erection facilitators failed from first go. After nine weeks of anxious anticipation,

SEX PLAY

Royal Systems' "Apex 10 Electro-Automatic Model" (\$12.95) and Unique's "Hypermiator" (\$33.95, including complimentary plastic ruler) never showed up.

What did arrive, however, fulfilled almost every claim the advertisers made, and Bill F. was almost satisfied. Almost.

The penis enlargers came in two varieties: vacuum tubes and latex extensions. Prosthetic devices, according to their advertise-

ments, guaranteed that their use would make any prick up to four inches longer. The Apex 10 Heavy Duty Model was a squishy hunk of yellow rubber shaped like a circumcised dick with a condom-like attachment sewn into the lining.

Unfortunately or not, the contraption would fit only such a cock as was the width of an average male thumb. The most puny-dicked man could not help but proudly note that his member was bigger than that. And, even if one managed to squeeze into the thing, the squishy rubber was too soft to ever enter a tight twat, which, although indicating the utter uselessness of the product, at least must have reassured the apprehensive woman dreading an application of mysterious, squishy plastic to sensitive mucous membranes.

Enter the Pro-Man prosthesis. This enlarger was flesh-colored, pleasingly solid and, thanks to the miracle of foam-rubber technology, reasonably well-shaped. However, once again, even the smallest dick was too mighty to stuff inside. The rubber was stiff and the opening narrow. Whose cock would be small enough to get inside? (The "Made in Hong Kong" label pasted to the shaft of the latex dildo was a bit of a clue.)

The Monarch Deluxe's advertisement promised: "After regular sessions with the Monarch, you'll probably find, as do most men, that these size gains don't go away! They become a part of you to thrill and excite her!" The Monarch is a fancy-looking piece of machinery (for \$44, it had better be). The deluxe kit contained a clear, plastic cylinder, a couple of feet of plastic tubing (similar to the kind used to pump oxygen into a fish aquarium) and a plug-in electric pump (exactly the kind used to pump oxygen into a fish aquarium-it has detailed instructions for aquarium use on its rubber bottom). For an extra \$5, the advertisement promised assorted creams and gels for super-erotic sensations. These unquents must have been the sticky, red slime spread all over the bottom of the flimsy cardboard box, emanating from an unmarked plastic pouch with a gaping leak, where the mystery substance left an alarming stain on everything it touched. Erotic? Maybe not.

Though the \$44 didn't buy instructions, the dick cultivator was easily assembled. Inserting a soon-to-

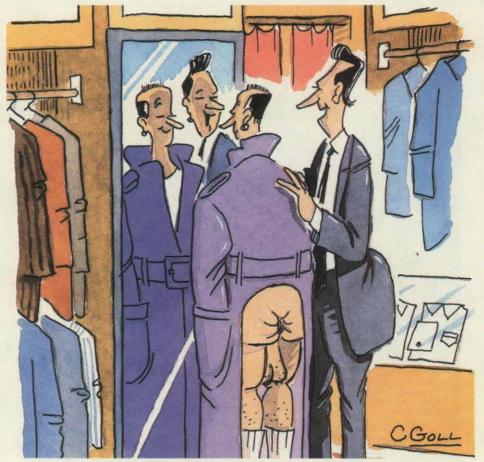
be-gigantic penis wasn't easy, or comfortable, but at least with patience, it was possible. The Monarch's suction cylinder is sealed at the bottom with a semipliant disc of black rubber, which has an opening the size of a nickel. A mighty effort and the gentle tugging of the Monarch's constant sucking gets a dick inside. The machine sucks, and the dick head pops in. The machine pulls a little harder, and a little more cock stuffs in. The sensation is pleasant, like a soft blowjob without moisture or teeth. But erotic? No matter how long the Monarch is wrapped around a dick, it won't make its frustrated owner come.

So what happened? Nothing, size-wise. The advertisement, full of claims, testimonials and explanations, was enough to keep a dick in the vacuum, frantically hoping to suddenly sprout into frightening dimensions. The ad says any cock could expect erect measurements of nine, ten, even 12 inches, which is true with the Monarch, since the measuring tape on the side of the cylinder generously begins at six, instead of a normal, depressing zero. Nonetheless, a careful screen of the ad turns up two interesting facts: 1) Nearly every claim made ("the vacuum makes the male organ longer and thicker," "your penis will grow inside the clear picture window sleeve") is fulfilled by the product; 2) Nearly every result of the product can be garnered by a vigorous jack-off.

The Sizemaster (\$12.95), from Mr. Bigg, Inc., acknowledges as much with more candor than all the other devices combined. Their advertisement admits, "The U.S. Post Office, without clinical tests, has forbidden the claiming of permanent penis enlargement, and we make no such claim." What the Sizemaster, a nonelectric vacuum system, does claim is: "Maybe you won't get nine or ten inches, but you'll swell to the maximum possible." After inserting a limp cock through a soft and stretchy rubber sleeve into the clear-plastic cylinder, which bonds perfectly to the crotch, a manual vacuum bulb of a type similar to the kind on a blood-pressure gauge is pumped. The cock immediately pops to its full length, straining to stand even higher. The pump maintains a stranglehold on the shaft, squeezing like an invisible vise.

As a masturbation device, the Sizemaster is tops. It can be manipulated to feel startlingly like a pulsing, welcoming cunt. But it has a hidden caution against messy accidents. Cleaning the unreachable inside of a jism-drenched Sizemaster cylinder is virtually impossible.

After all was tried and tossed, Bill F. and his troublesome ginch had to finally admit that noticeable penis growth was nothing more than an unobtainable dream, nice enough to fantasize about, but unreasonable to expect. He will never be a devastating schlongmeister, but with practice and patience, she can learn to be an understanding, supportive companion. Marty S. will never gasp in true awe as he unzips for her, but she could fake it. His dick is hard and willing, and if it isn't a salami, it's at least a frankfurter. And she's got competition now. Just in case Marty has a headache, Bill has the synthetic means to give himself an emergency blowjob anytime he wants.



"...and it's tailor-made for those chance men's-room encounters!"

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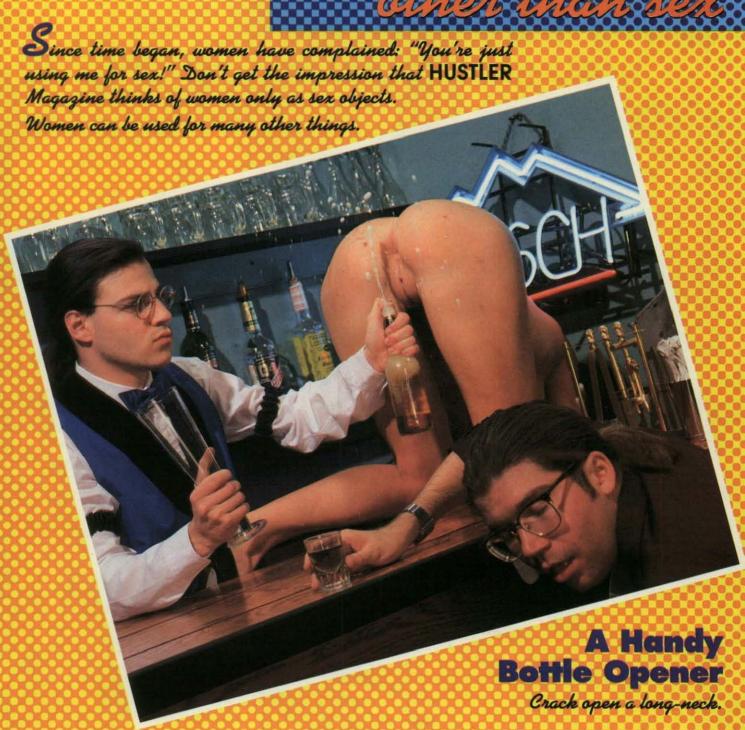
"Call me and my friends right away and let's have some fun."

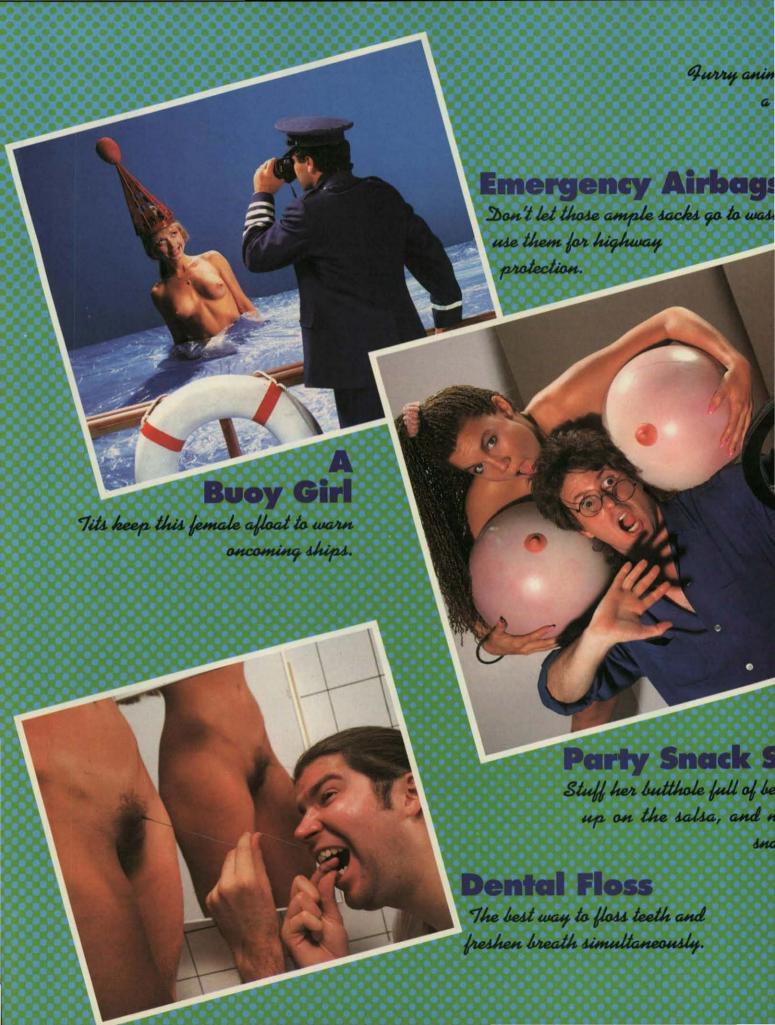
1-900-369-6969

\$2 first min./\$1 ea. add. min. Must be 18+

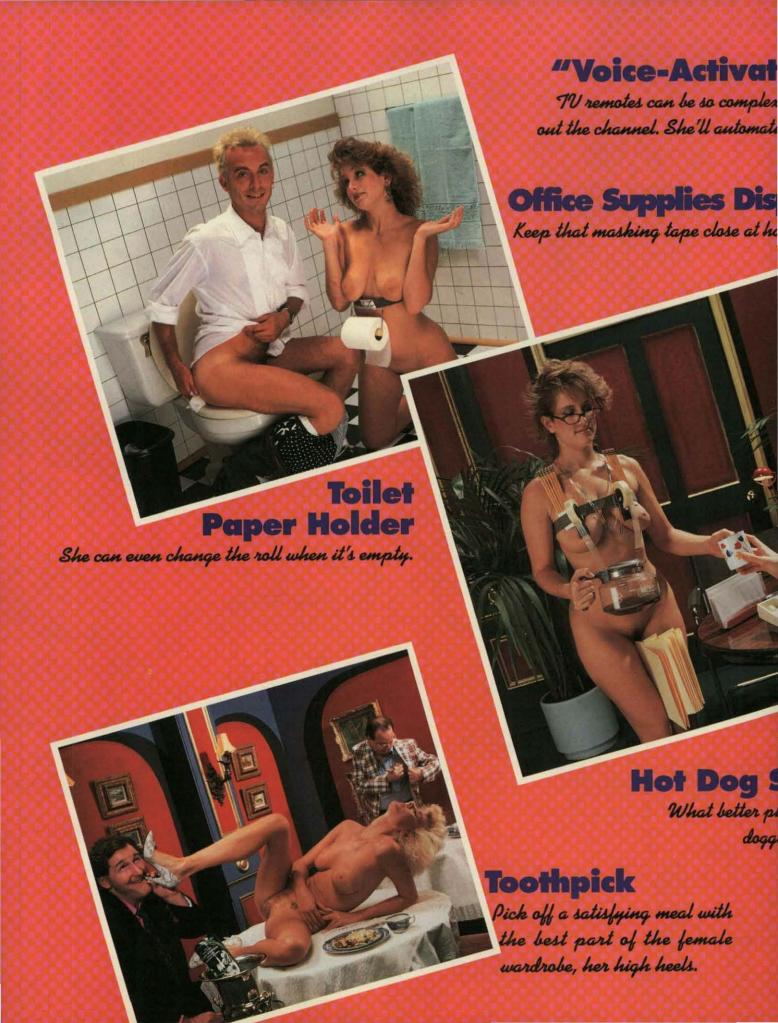
Tits, Ass and so Much More

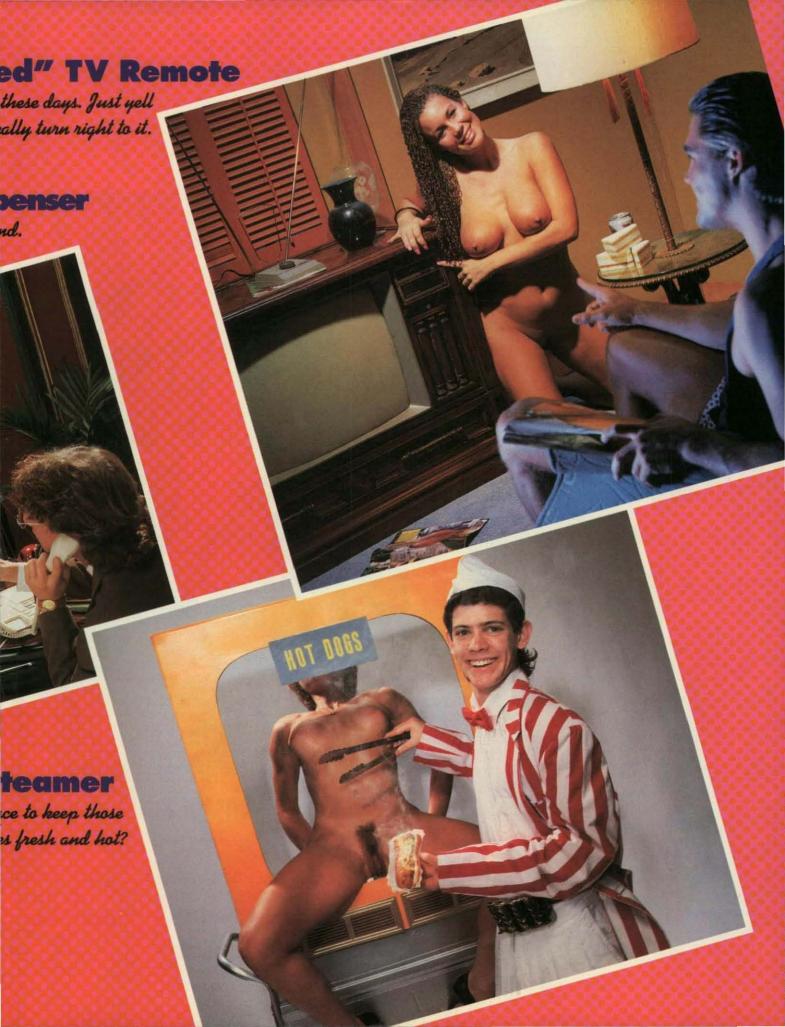












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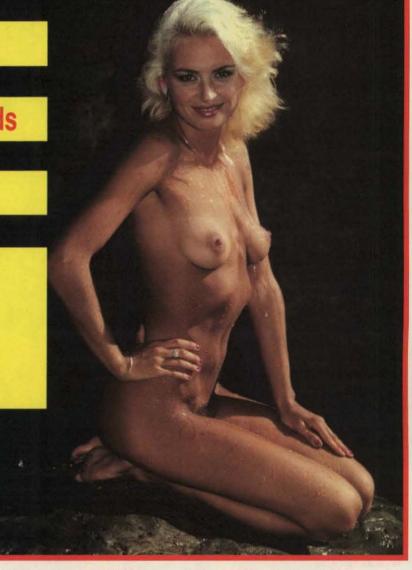
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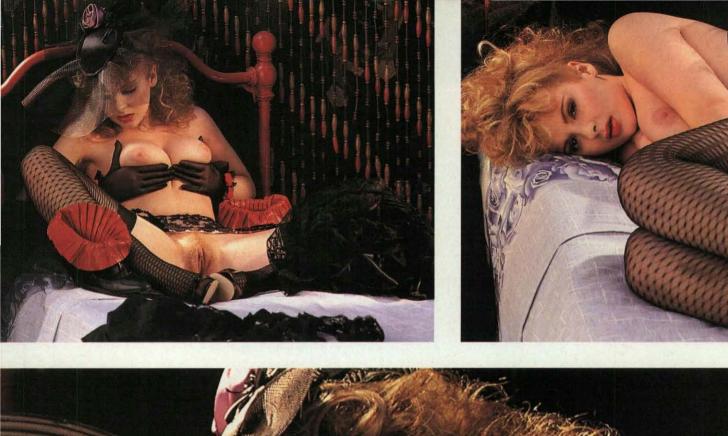


Photography by James Baes







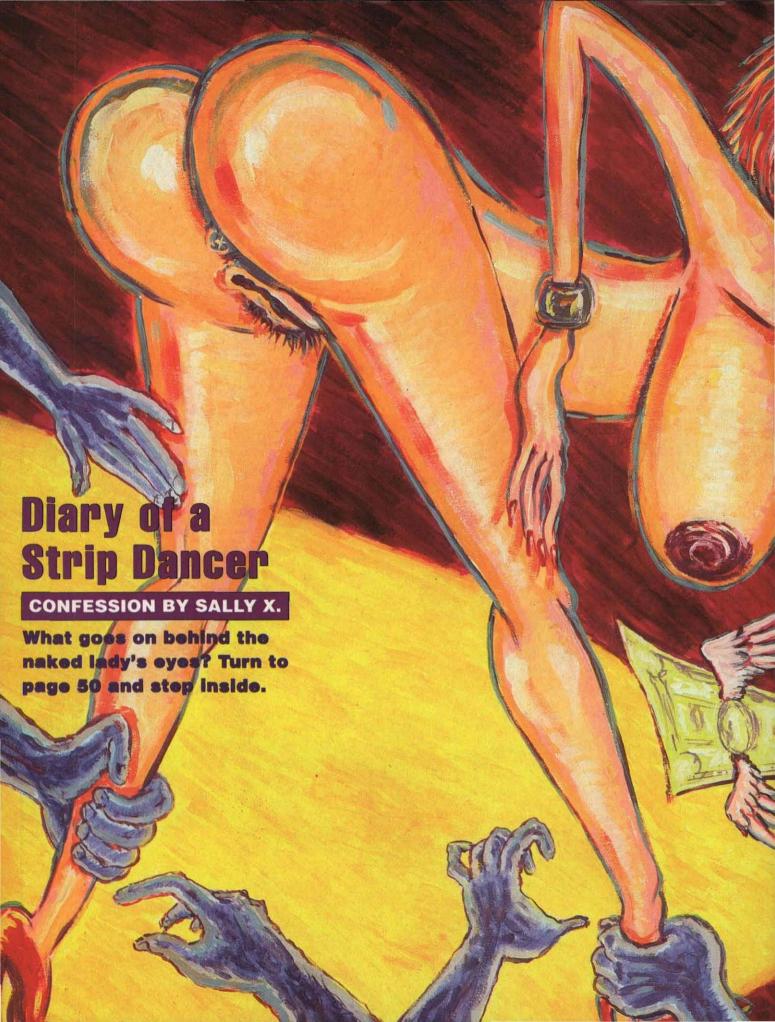


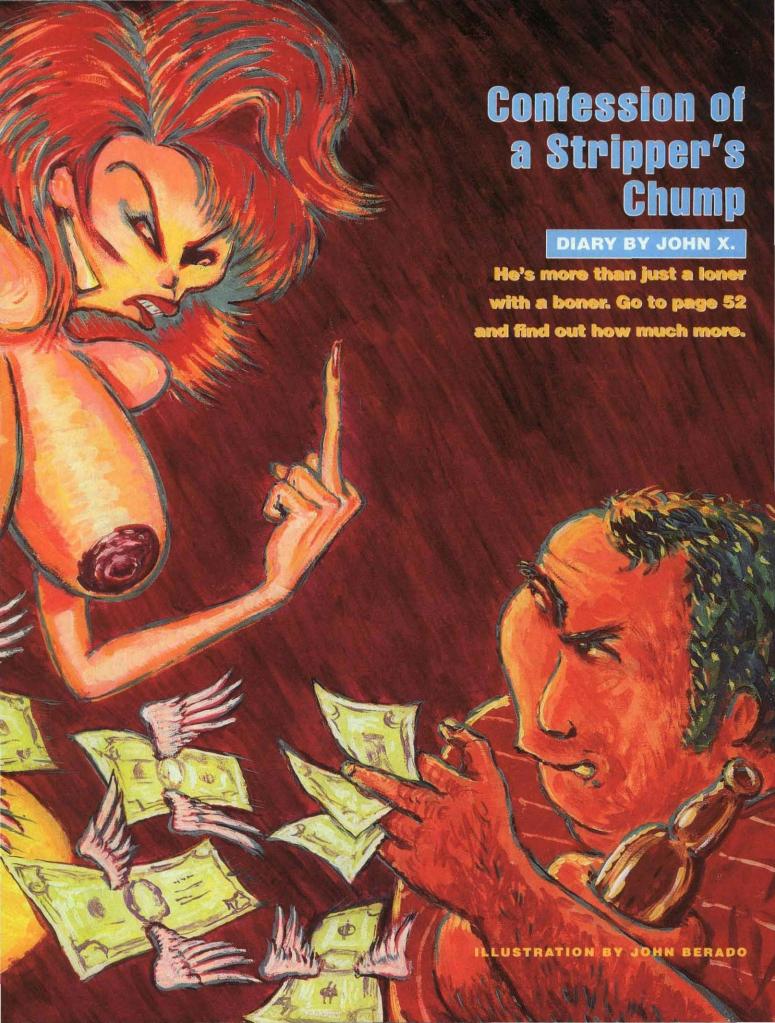












STRIP DANCER

"I feel a finger easing its way up my pussy. When you're a sex symbol, you're never left alone. There's always someone trying to fuck you."

DIARY OF A STRIP DANCER

(continued from page 48)

It's about 10 a.m., and I really wouldn't be getting up this early, but I feel a finger easing its way up my pussy. When you're a sex symbol, you're never left alone. There's always someone trying to fuck you. Well, I give him what he wants—a cold, insensitive screw. Dancers that don't have a man usually sleep until two. I don't really mind getting up early. I don't like to waste the precious daylight hours. The night hours are filled with darkness and fake people. I like to enjoy the sun and the birds.

When he finally leaves me alone, I get up and stretch my aching muscles and try to put my sore feet on the floor. It feels like I am walking on pebbles. The calluses on my feet are so built up that it's hard to walk.

I put my tired, cum-dripping body into a tub of hot, soothing water. I will try to relax as long a while as the jerk leaves me alone. No matter what I do, there's a man staring lustfully at my naked body. Here I was, trying to relax, floating in a tub of luxurious bubbles, and all of a sudden, he comes in

and pisses on my face! That sick, perverted asshole. I could have killed him. Men are so disgusting! I proceed to shower, to finish my bath. I go into the kitchen to get some breakfast. I try to enjoy my meal. It's hard, because the pervert won't quit staring at me. I have no privacy at all. Once a dancer is in the limelight, she never has any privacy. Even when she is shopping, people will recognize her and stare or have something smart to say, such as, "Oh, I didn't recognize you with your clothes on." Men never like you for the person you are. To them, a girl is only as good as she looks.

It's about one p.m. now. I count the tips that I made last night. Money is the only thing that makes a strip job at all worth-while. A dancer can make anywhere from \$600 to \$1,200 a week. Sometimes she gets lucky and makes \$500 in one night. Another good thing about being a dancer is that she can meet some real nice lady friends. Dancers really stick together and help each other when the chips are down, because in that kind of atmosphere, no girl can really meet a man she can trust. All men want is money or pussy, or both.

They're all playing a game to see who they can fuck and how many times.

They will come up with the most outlandish stories. For instance, they'll say their wives are dying or that they've just lost their jobs. They'll say anything to get a piece of ass. There aren't enough pages in this story for me to tell you all of the shit lies they will tell.

The girls have a love for each other that is hard for anyone outside the business to understand. When the jerks in the audience won't come up to the stage and tip us, we tip each other. When we are table dancing, we glance over at each other with looks of disgust. Because men are cold and treat us like pieces of meat. They pretend they like us, but they couldn't care less.

Once in a while, a girl will meet a man in these dens of iniquity and get lucky. But I've never seen it last. Even those relationships are hard to make work. After having men pawing at you all night, you have a tendency to hate anyone touching you.

Close to 7 p.m., it's time to put on the war paint and psyche my mind into being another person. Stage makeup needs to be exaggerated because the red lights seem to blot out facial features. It's time to drink some coffee or take drugs, whatever is necessary to be in that other world. Some girls need the extra energy to be able to work until 5 a.m. Being a dancer is like being an actress. We should win Academy Awards for some of the roles we have to portray.

Back at the old shithole, the girls are crowded around the small dressing room trying to get their costumes together. Sometimes we end up sticking our asses in each other's faces or stepping on each other's toes, but we don't mind. It's all in a night's work. In the dressing room, we really can see each other's flaws, from silicone scars to stretch marks or cellulite thighs. But we love each other for what's on the inside, not the outside. We listen to each other's sob stories of how the old man came home drunk, beat the hell out of her, then fucked her brains out all night long. It's always the same thing. So many broken hearts. Some get knocked up and their men leave them. Sometimes I tend to wonder if God is a woman. I can't believe God could be a man like everyone believes. Men are so cruel.

You don't get much money onstage. Getting money out of men is like getting blood out of a rock. You have to get right in their faces and make them feel guilty before they'll tip you.

While I'm onstage, I'm in another world. When I'm up there, I am the most beautiful and best dancer in the universe. I don't pay any attention to the guys. They are all jerks to me. I know most of the other girls feel the same way I do. When we bend over and stick our asses in their faces,





"...yea, though I walk through the valley of death."

STRIP DANCER

"When we bend over and stick our asses in thier faces, we really mean for them to kiss our asses. They think we are trying to turn them on. Ha!"

we really mean for them to kiss our asses. They think we are trying to turn them on. The joke's on them. *Ha!*

There are a variety of dancers, all with different sizes, shapes and personalities. It's really nice that way, because there are all kinds of men who come to watch us dance. Doctors, lawyers, Indian chiefs, rich men, poor men, beggars, thieves. After we dance onstage, we go around and ask if the men would like a table dancer. We dance one song, and they may give us \$5 to \$100-you never know. Most of them don't even deserve one whole song, since they grab at you and try to get away with all that they can. We aren't allowed to hit them, because they are "gentlemen." What a laugh. In this profession, you literally have to grin and bear it. We really hate having men with their clammy claws all over us. Sometimes we get pinched, bit, and drinks poured down our G-strings. They even try to stick their fingers up our assholes. Some of the men pull their dicks out and try to come all over us. Sick dogs is what they are.

It's about 4 a.m. — time to blow this pop-

sicle stand. The bouncer walks us to our cars. We tip him \$5. Then the ride home. I pray there is no one following me. I could tell you numerous stories about things that happened to me on my way home. For instance, once there was a man driving right next to me. He kept waving a badge at me like he was a cop and signaling me to pull over for him. I knew I had better keep on going. That guy was crazy. Since he couldn't get me to stop, he started slamming his car into mine. He totaled the whole side of my car! I was scared to death. I knew he was crazy, because he stopped his car in the middle of the road, and he was shaking like a leaf. Finally, he left me alone. I think he was getting his nut while he was stopped in the middle of the road.

So it was time for me to get home as fast as I could get there. Now I have to worry about getting in the house in one piece. As I pull into the driveway, I look all around, making sure there's no one lurking in the bushes. I get inside the house, hoping that I'm safe. Finally, in the house, I jump into a warm shower to clean my aching body of dirty men's filthy claw prints. Now it's

time to get into bed. Maybe I can unwind and just maybe relax. It's a hard thing to do. My feet are so sore, they just throb.

It's time to thank the good Lord for a safe and successful evening, and ask him to help me get to sleep so I can start this same old shit all over again tomorrow.

CONFESSION OF A STRIPPER'S CHUMP

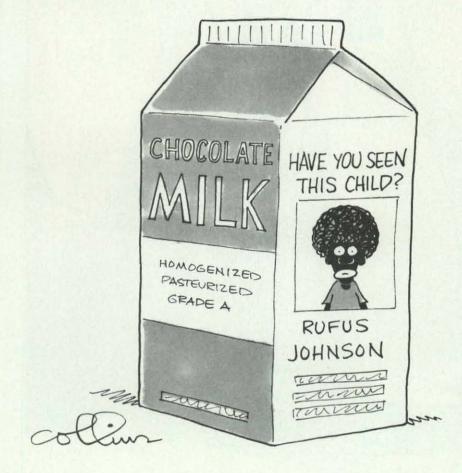
(continued from page 49)

It's about 10 a.m., and I'm trying for the umpteenth time to get some of the nookie for which I have shelled out \$160 already, in regular bites of \$10 and \$20. Finally, the coldhearted ginch rolls over and allows me to pump a couple dozen times inside her dry twat. I roll off without coming and manage to get off by whacking myself. There's little satisfaction out of spraying her thighs with my furtive gob. It's a long shot, because she gets out of bed just as soon as my dick is back in open air.

For \$160, though, it isn't close to enough. I still feel horny. And cheated. After all, this bitch had singled me out of a whole crowd of horny guys just a half dozen hours ago, in a strip club that hires and fires a dozen hipshakers like herself every month. She came right to my table after her set and danced just for me, which got me to stick the first of eight twenties into her cheap-sequined G-string. She told me I was the sexiest thing she'd seen all year and ground her pussy against her fist like a sex-starved Christy Canyon, just to keep the green coming. And after \$80 had come and gone, she made it known that we had come to an agreement. At the time, I was too stuffed with beer and my own raw hormones to realize that what we had agreed upon was that I was a chump, and she was too good to fuck me.

And now she trots off to the bathroom and sits in a nice, hot tub, leaving me to shiver in her grimy, cum-stained bed. Any kind of reason to yank my pants on and split, with my pockets empty and my balls still full. But my dick won't get soft enough to pull my pants up. It stays stiff with a piss hard-on. I go into the bathroom. She's in her nice, comfortable bath, all ringed with sweet-smelling bubbles and such, and gives me a look like I am a living, breathing dog turd. Me, whose \$160 is going to buy her a hell of a lot of sweetsmelling soap! The least she can do is work up a smile, instead of that superior, smug look of disgust. She leaves me no choice but to wipe her sneer off with any means handy. I stick my cunt-gypped dick toward her face and piss on it. The satisfaction I get out of that is actually worth a few bucks.

She takes a shower to wash my piss out of her hair. I meet her in the kitchen on my





STRIPPER'S CHUMP

"A guy's dirt whether he's Quasimodo or Donald fucking Trump. But if he's Trump, you know one of the bimbs'll let him smell her shit."

way out the door. I stop to watch her for a while. I don't feel guilty about spritzing her cheeks. But I had been ripped off, major; so I study her face and her movements, hoping to catch something in them that would tip me off the next time I started to moon over an undulating piece of ass in a strip dive. Because some of the strip-bar girls will give as much of a good time as any guy pays for, and some take and take and don't give, and I'm as eager as anyone for some clues as to which are which.

Deep down, I wanted to beat this superior bitch black and blue, same as I would anybody that ripped me off for two bills. But girls are girls, and I'm more of a gentleman than some give me credit for. One day, who knows? I might explode and cause some serious damage. Because dancer whores are grifter bitches that make up to \$1200 a week. Sometimes they make \$500 in one night. A day laborer like myself is lucky to earn that much in a month.

One of the first lessons a guy has to learn about dealing with ambulatory trash is to control his temper, if not his cockstrings. To be gypped out of a proper fuck, robbed of all his cash, and then be thrown in jail is one step further than even the dumbest, most pussy-blinded goon deserves.

First of all, a guy has to beat, or have it beaten, into his brain that all a stripper wants is money. She's not interested in any kind of fair commodity exchange. She expects a pussy stuffed with bills for nothing but as many furtive pokes and prods as her sharp-nailed hands can fend off. Whereas to earn his measly pay, the average stripbar patron breaks his fucking back. To drop \$160 just to jerk himself on some reluctant piece of trash can put him in a bad mood for days. Which is why he's got to realize upon stepping through the grungy doors of any strip-bar dive that if he isn't prepared to deal with a total financial loss right then and there, in exchange for a fleeting chance to get his fingers warm for a second or two, he might as well turn right around and go home.

That's the way I look at it. That way, I may get mad, but I'm seldom disappointed. I visit the fucking strip dives every weekend. I meet my buddies. I hang out. Stripdive patrons are close. Most of them got

some heavy shit to deal with. Their wives are sick or have run off. Some of the dudes have just lost their jobs. They're all interested in one thing: to get some nookie and forget their problems. Some of them are too damn broke to buy a beer, let alone fork out a single to tip a dancer. They come in and just watch. Helps pass the time.

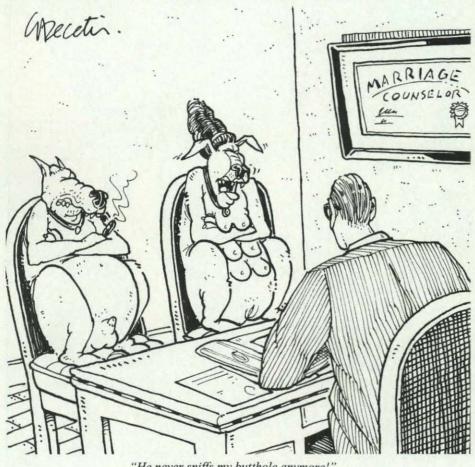
Whether a guy's broke or loaded doesn't make much difference to most of the dancing meat. He's dirt whether he's Quasimodo or Donald fucking Trump. But if he's Trump, you know damn sure one of the bimbs'll shake her dry ass over and let him

The bar fills up around 10 p.m. The dancers come on to a tune they pick on the jukebox. They dance for a while in their getups, then strip and get down to the real show. Which is, more often than not, seeing how much they can abuse a bar patron and still get him to stick a \$20 into a smelly, old G-string. Sometimes I wonder if God is a woman. That might explain why men get shit on all the time.

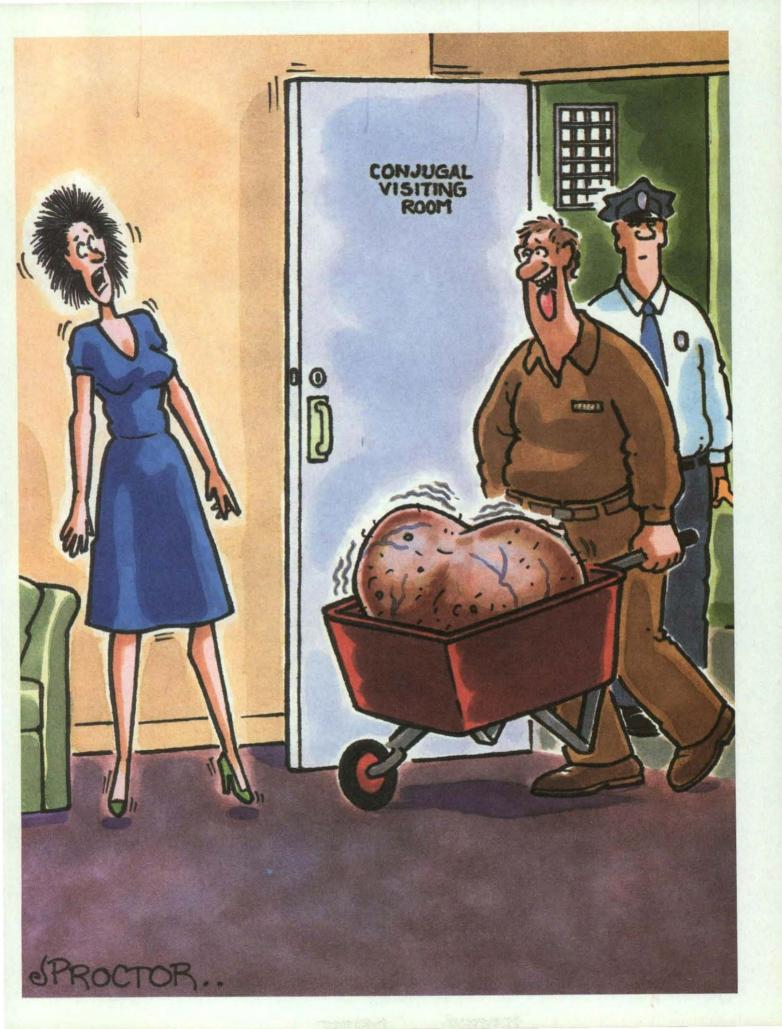
The girls all think they're as sexy as Jane Russell in her prime. Every one of us guys is a jerk to them. They bend over and stick their asses in our faces, and they think the whistles and whoops mean they've fooled us into thinking they aren't dissing us major. The joke's on them. We whistle and whoop because we know they're fucking pigs, and we don't have to worry about doing anything rude to them, because you can't be rude to a pig. Then they approach the tables and start hitting hard. This is where they make a grab for the cash, and we make our grabs for their asses. And this is where contact for a possible lay later on in the evening is negotiated and settled.

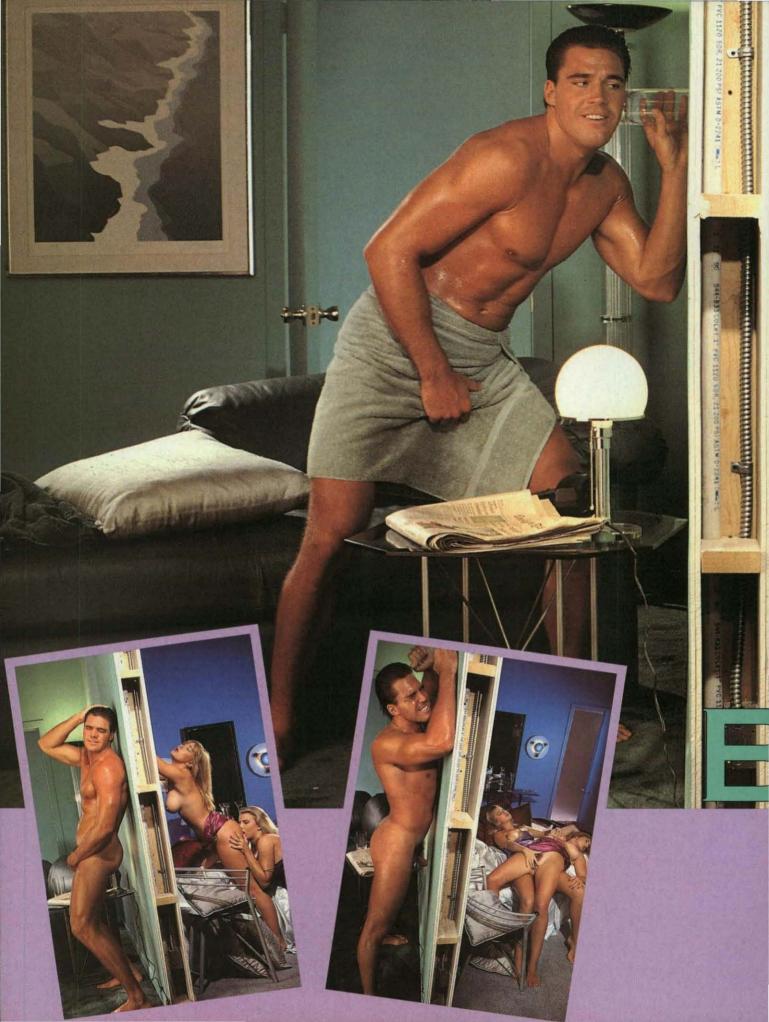
But nothing's for certain, no matter how much cash a guy lays down. One man I met in a strip bar told me how he had personally stuffed \$240 down the sweaty muff of one dance whore, and she promised to meet him outside the club and take him home for some bedside entertainment, but she ditched him, stiffing him for half a month's salary. He happened to notice which car she drove away in, and he followed her, honking his horn and demanding that she either give him back some dough or fulfill the agreement. She refused, and he rammed his car into hers a few times, taking out on her moving vehicle what he would have liked to have done to her face with his fists.

Most of these broads think they can get away with anything-take the money for nothing, and sometimes less than that. The real stupid thing is that once in a while a guy will meet a stripper who treats him like a fucking human being, and not only gives him his money's worth, but a little respect too. It's what keeps us coming in.



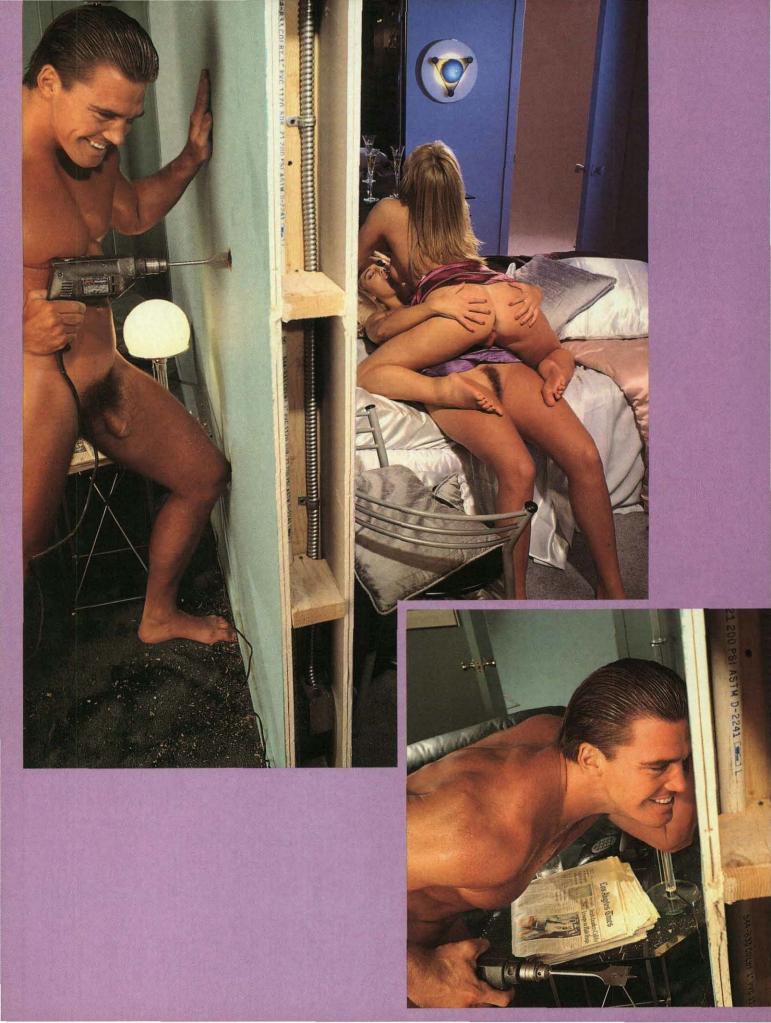
"He never sniffs my butthole anymore!"

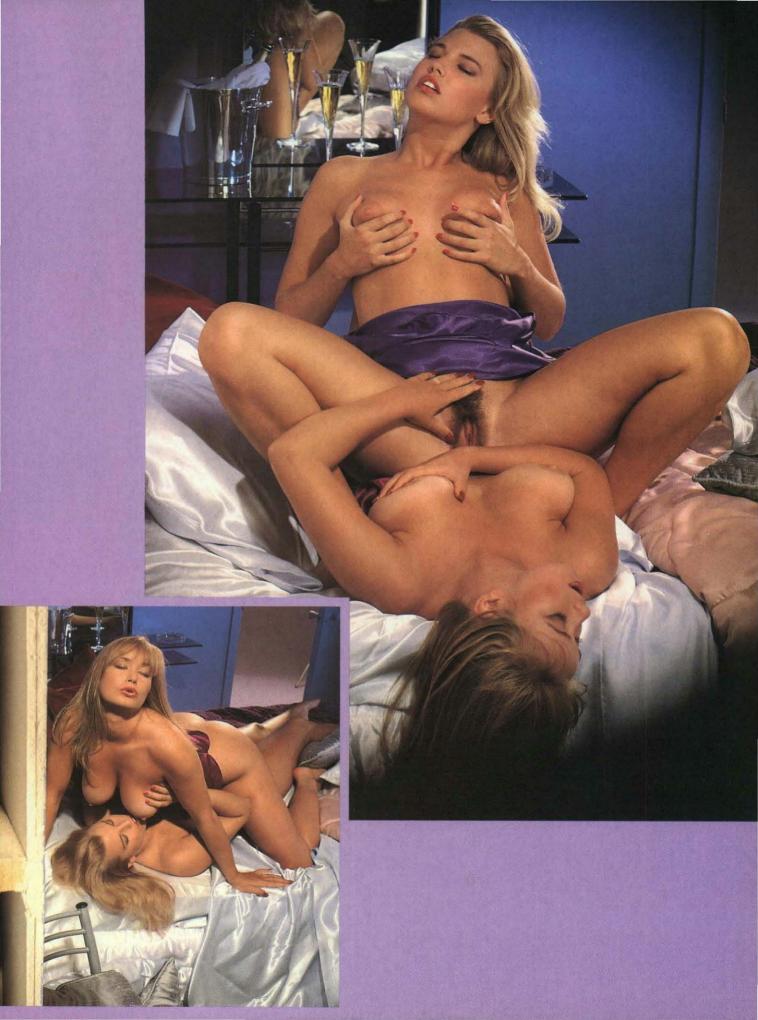






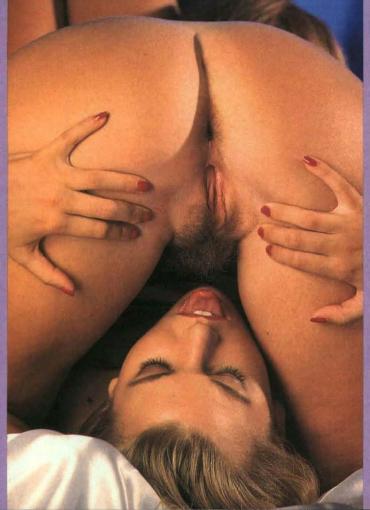
Sometimes the kind of room service a man's got to have ain't on the menu. Bonebreak Hotel urges its guests to check out the place before they check out. Oh, and leave the towels behind.



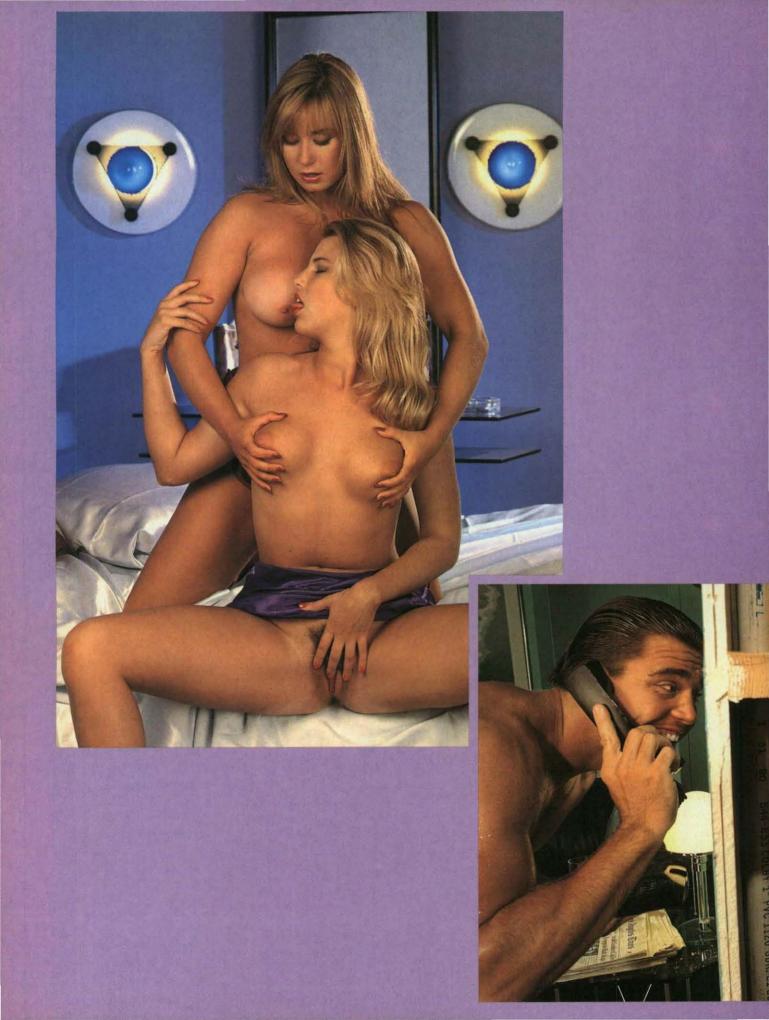


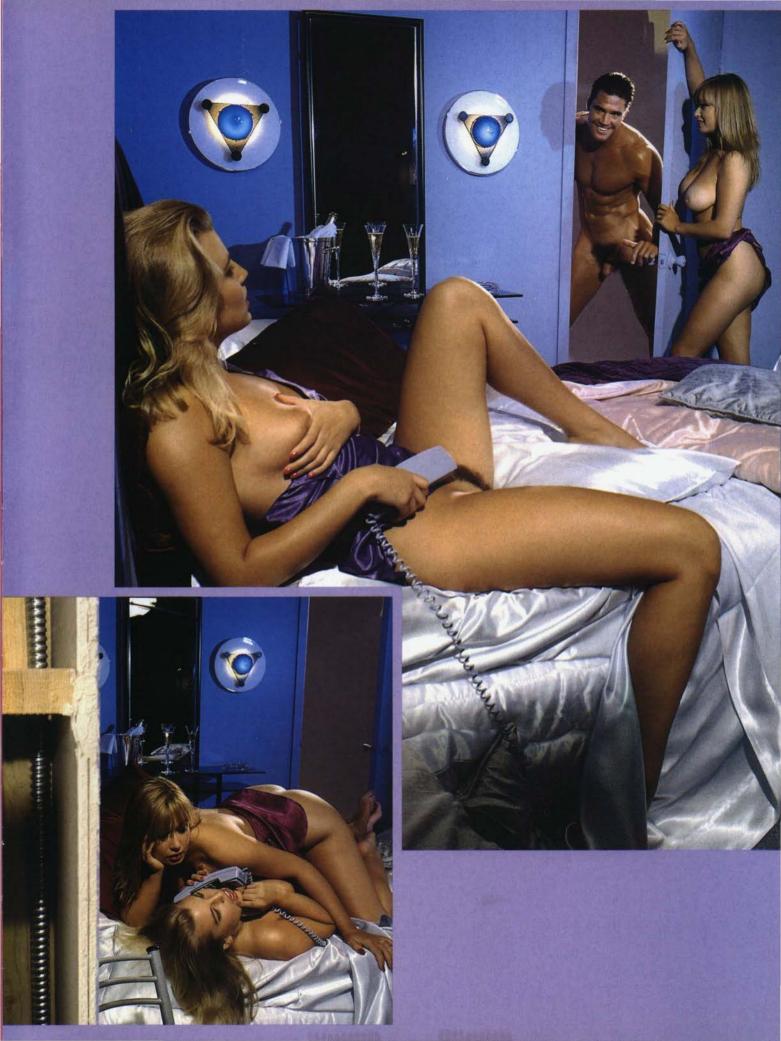


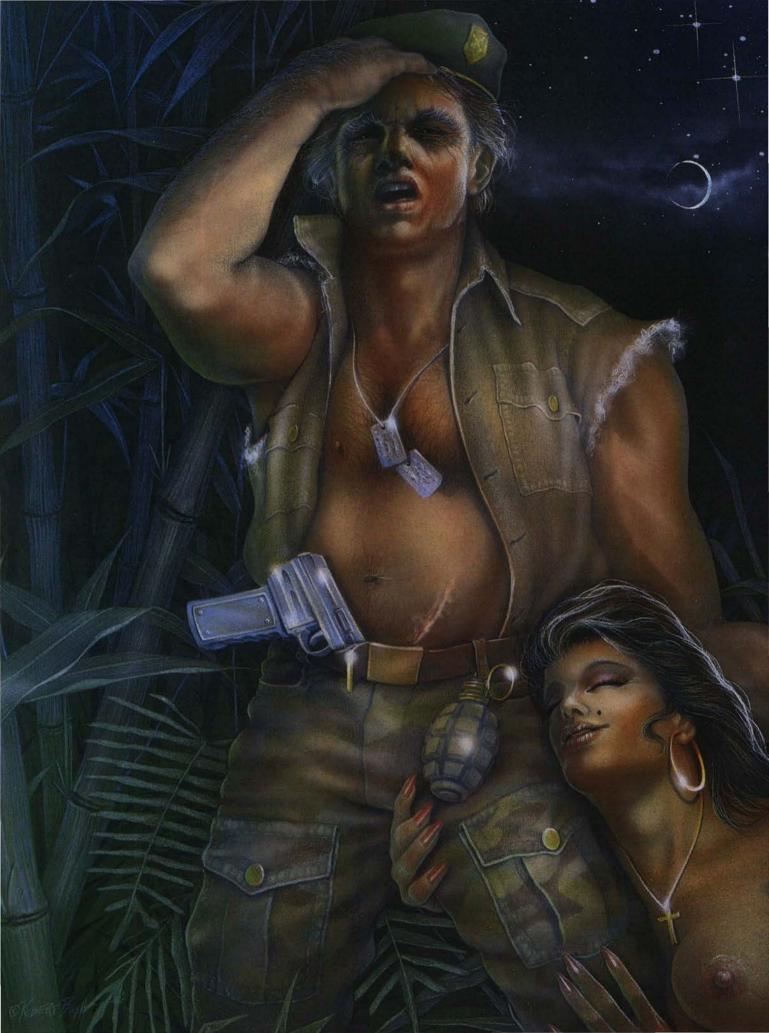












BARRY SADLER'S SWAN SONG

THE BULLET AND THE GREEN BERET

Staff Sergeant Barry Sadler became the Vietnam War's first official hero, with a guitar, not a gun. His legend lived on in Central America, until a mystery shot popped the bubble and his brain.

Investigation by Paul Mulshine

Illustration by Robert Bush

This is a place where a man can experience the Third World the way it was meant to be experienced: through a window, with a drink.

Barry Sadler spent the afternoon of the day on which he was shot drinking in the Guatemala City bars with Ben Rosson, his old Vietnam War buddy.

Of all the mercenaries who passed through Central America in the 1980s, Rosson was the deadliest. As a Special Forces sniper in Nam he'd killed 107 men. Rumor had him nailing that many again after the war ended.

Sadler's Guatemalan connections had landed a contract to sell used U.S. Army helicopters to the Guatemalan Air Force. The commission would've let them forget about mercenary work for a while, but the deal went bad. Sadler's friends later said he complained that Rosson had shortchanged him.

They seemed to be getting along on this afternoon, however. Around dinner time, Rosson left, saying he was going to a friend's apartment to sleep off the day's drinking.

Sadler drank until about 11 that night. Then he got in a cab for the ride out to his rented house about ten miles beyond the city limits.

Soon the cab was enveloped in the darkness of the tropics, a darkness often used as a weapon by the death squads and the guerrilla hit teams that operate in Guatemala and in nearby El Salvador. Only a tiny sliver of a moon illuminated the red-clay hillsides.

A shot boomed out and echoed through the canyons. The bullet entered Sadler's head just above the right temple and exited over the left ear. Barry Sadler, a man who had cheated death in seven wars, had finally run out of luck.

None of the Americans who hung around Guatemala City could recall seeing Ben Rosson until the next morning.

The road was dark that night, very dark. Anything could have happened out there.

In the 1980s, Central America was something of a '60s theme park for Americans. Not just one jungle war to argue over, but three. Nice climate, cheap living, good drugs and booze, great sex, politics that really mattered. It was a place as beautiful and exotic as any on earth, and it was just a \$125 plane ticket from Miami or Los Angeles.

Late at night, Americans gathered in cafes to one-up each other with adventure stories. The two main themes were sex and death, the pursuit of one and the avoidance of the other.

The gringos formed two divergent groups. On one side were the left-wingers and post-hippies. The leftists (called "Sandalistas" because of the leather strap-on Birkenstocks they wore) headed down to Nicaragua to join the Sandinista labor brigades and rail against imperialism. The hippies gravitated to the Guatemalan mountains, where they did drugs and bought the colorful clothes woven by the Mayan descendants.

The right wing consisted of various Vietnam vets, *Soldier of Fortune* readers and similar types. Some were mercenaries or CIA agents. Those who weren't pretended to be.

These two opposite forces ended up in the same bars and cafes. They didn't fight. They rarely even argued much. They needed each other to complete the illusion.

When Barry Sadler first came to Guatemala in 1983, he found a world that was made to order for a man whose life had peaked in the mid-'60s. It was all there: the climate, the war, the bars, the women. It was almost as if he'd been transported to Saigon '65, drinking Bamiba beer after flying in from the A-Team post in the Central Highlands.

And people knew who he was. Staff Sergeant Barry Sadler, the Green Beret. His reputation quickly gained him access to the military. Before long he had a permit to carry a weapon as well as a "get out of jail free" card. He had buddies in the Guatemalan Air Force, such as an energetic pilot the gringos called Captain Sock-It-to-Me. The captain took him along on Huey rides to the mountains where the guerrillas lurked.

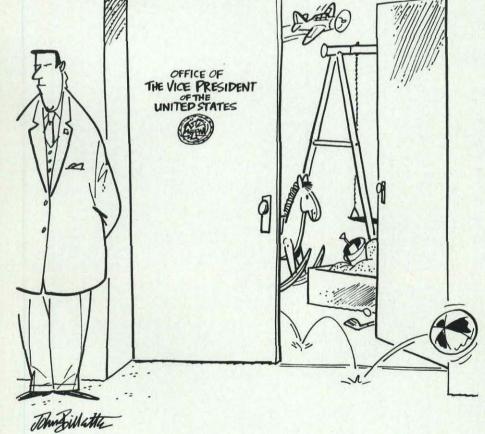
Sadler rented a house in the village of San Lucas and christened it *Rancho Borracho*—drunken ranch. With a word processor and a steady supply of Jack Daniel's, he got down to work, cranking out the paperbacks that kept the dollars flowing south and also kept his legend growing. In far-off towns in the mountains, Americans would brag about knowing Sadler. They'd talk about how they'd drink with him whenever they were in Guatemala City, at a bar called the Europa.

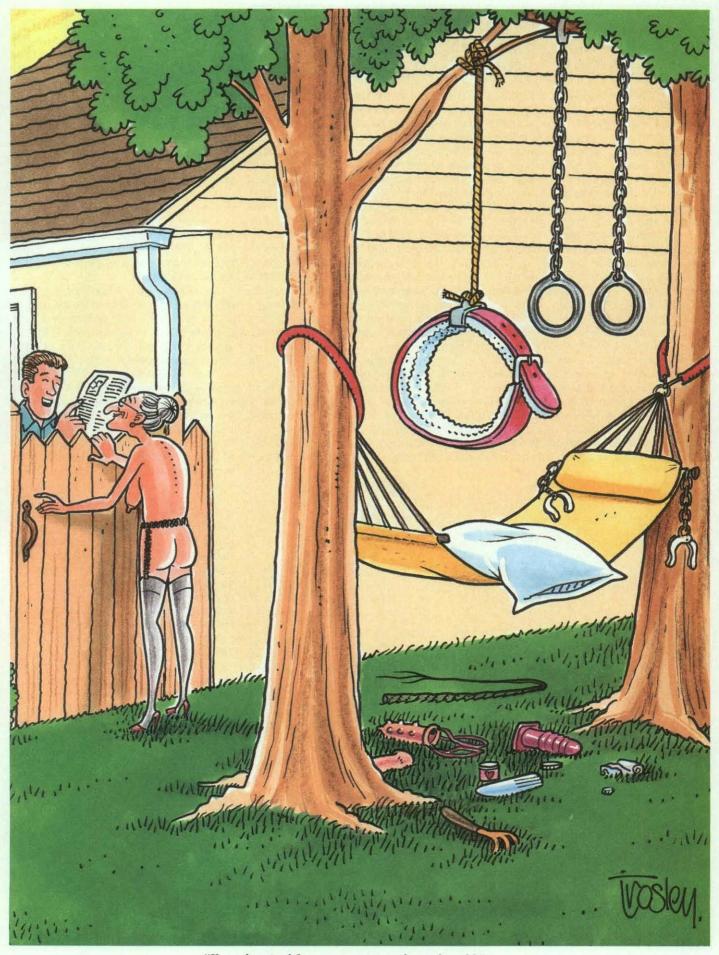
You had to be careful when you went to the Europa. Some shifty characters drank there. Crazed Americans. Ex-French Foreign Legion types. Guys with cold eyes who carried guns.

The lettering on the plate-glass door of the Europa bar reads ENGLISH SPOKEN in big block letters. Underneath, in smaller graffitilike script, it says, "But Not Understood."

This is a place where a man can experience the Third World the way it was meant to be experienced by Americans: through a window, with a drink.

In 1987, the owner was a pleasant American woman with short, dark hair and glasses. Her name was Judy Strong. She poured a cold Moza beer and gave me a lovely smile,





"You advertised for a young man to do yard work?"

Sadler sat under a tree sipping bourbon and listening to the thudding of assault rifles as the losers in the coup were gunned down.

the kind of look you'd expect a suburban mom to save for her kids.

She had bought the bar on a lark. Her two kids were grown, and her job in Portland, Oregon, didn't seem fascinating. So she decided to run a bar in Guatemala City. What could be more natural? Except this bar had the reputation for being the number-one mercenary hangout in all of Central America. Judy Strong poured the booze and rang up the sales to guys like Rolex Dave, Mercenary Larry, Homicide Sam and Mean Gene the Fighting Machine. Ask her a question, and Judy would smile and reply, "I could tell you, but then I'd have to kill you."

I was enjoying the view when Barry Sadler walked in. He was wearing a khaki shirt and had a pistol tucked under his belt: Central America chic. At first he was a bit aloof. But then, as we were talking, I noticed a couple of locals nonchalantly getting into an old Volkswagen parked in front of the bar's picture window. It took a second or so before I realized it was my car.

"Hey!" I screamed as I ran out the door. A tactical mistake, Sadler later informed me. If I'd kept my mouth shut, we'd have caught thieves ran in a different direction.

We went back into the Europa, joined in brotherhood. Sadler stood behind the bar, framed by a Confederate flag, holding a glass of Jack Daniel's at the end of one beefy arm. At 47, he was a bit off the shape he'd maintained as a black-belt jujitsu fighter. But he still had the build of a good light-heavy.

He expounded on his favorite subjectwar. One story concerned a Viet Cong who had his bayonet buried in Sadler's guts. Sadler grabbed the rifle and hung on, pulling the guy off the ground and wondering how he'd get out of this one. Then he heard a shot; a pal had ventilated the Viet's skull.

Most of the stories weren't that gory. He specialized in a sort of morbid humor.

There was one about his early days in Guatemala. Sadler was in his hotel when a coup began. The streets emptied instantly, gunfire rattling from all directions.

He needed cigarettes. He stepped outside, and an Army jeep swooped him up and took

them. Sadler had executed a neat flanking maneuver across the parking garage, but the

listening to the thudding of Israeli-made Galil assault rifles, as the losers in the coup were gunned down in another part of the fort. An American TV crew was brought in, fresh from the airport. None of them spoke Spanish, and they looked nervous. They had no way of knowing that Guatemala, unlike

him to a military installation where other for-

'So I called a lieutenant over," Sadler said. "I gave him 40 bucks and told him to bring

eigners had been rounded up in a courtyard.

back a quart of whiskey, keep the change." He sat under a tree, sipping bourbon and

of shooting foreigners — bad for tourism. After a while the soldiers came for Sadler to take him back to his hotel. He knew that, but the TV crew didn't. With the constant rattling of machine guns, he could tell they feared the worst.

neighboring El Salvador, wasn't in the habit

As he passed the Americans, he tossed one of them the remainder of the whiskey.

"Drink this," Sadler said. "You're next. See you in hell in half an hour." He went around the corner to a waiting car. The machine guns rattled.

"Nobody got hurt!" Sadler guffawed, enjoying his own punch line. "Nobody got hurt!" What he meant was that no American got hurt.

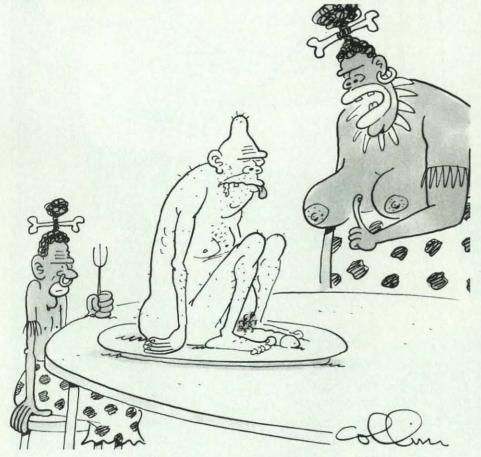
The edited version of the Sadler rags-toriches-to-rags-to-riches legend: Born in New Mexico to a couple that divorced soon afterward. Dragged all over the West by a mother who sometimes worked as a poker dealer. Joined the Air Force at 17 and learned jujitsu during a tour in Japan.

When his Air Force time was up, he joined the Army and used his martial-arts skills to get into Special Forces. He went to Vietnam, earned a Purple Heart and worked on his songs. His songwriting coincided nicely with the Army's need for a recruiting tool in the early days of the Vietnam War. Given a gentle shove from the Army's public-relations apparatus, he became a national hero and a rich man.

He blew the money, went through some lean years in Nashville, and then came up with his latest gimmick—paperback novels about mercenaries. He'd done his share of merc work, he said. One Arab-Israeli war, some other work at odd times. Eight wars in all. He kept his hand in with an occasional run down to Costa Rica to help the Nicaraguan Contras or by going out on antiguerrilla runs with Guatemalan Air Force helicopter pilots.

He didn't talk much about the wife and three kids he'd left behind in Tennessee, or the incident in 1978 when he'd shot a man to death in a parking lot in a dispute over a woman. Sadler was convicted of manslaughter, but his reputation helped him get his sentence reduced to 22 days.

He rarely spoke of such matters with



"You heard me; no dessert until you eat your vegetable!"



"C'mon, you stupid bitch—find the shower!"

Guatemala is the sort of place where a well-planned murder is assured of success. By the time investigators show up, rigor mortis has set in.

anyone. That was the main reason he'd left the States, anyway.

Barry Sadler was the only publicly recognized hero of the Vietnam War. His song, which topped the charts for ten weeks in early 1966, was the last manifestation of the wave of patriotism that began with Pearl Harbor and broke just as Sadler made his appearances on the Ed Sullivan Show and in the pages of *Time* and *Newsweek*.

The Associated Press carried several accounts of Sadler's shooting on September 7, 1988, and the efforts of his friends to fly him to a veterans' hospital in the States after the bullet failed to kill him. The first articles said he'd been wounded in an apparent robbery attempt. An article a few days later quoted an American friend of Sadler's as saying he'd received death threats because of his work training Nicaraguan Contra guerrillas.

In a Village Voice article, writer Cynthia Cotts quoted friends of Sadler who'd spoken with him after he'd come out of a coma and regained some ability to speak. Cotts wrote: "Barry Sadler says Ben Rosson shot him. He's said this to several people, and those who

are willing to talk have no doubt about it."

Guatemala is the sort of place where a well-planned murder is almost assured of success. Leftists shoot rightists. Rightists shoot leftists. Centrists get it from both sides. A car speeds by, a burst of machine-gun fire.... By the time the investigators show up, rigor mortis has set in.

Sadler would have made an ideal target. For a crack shot like Rosson, it would have been child's play.

The Village Voice article also said about Rosson: "Like all Green Berets trained to kill, he has no compassion, and a reputation for brutality."

The Europa had changed in Sadler's aftermath. The Confederate flag was gone. So was the teddy bear in a Special Forces uniform that guarded the cash register. The old copy of the *Ballad of the Green Berets* album no longer sat in a corner, nor did the battered guitar that Sadler played when he got a decent load on.

The clientele was different. A pretty blond Peace Corps volunteer was reading a copy of *A Separate Peace* at a table by the door.

She sat unbothered. Judy had kicked out the mercenary crowd, or at least those who wouldn't behave. The wars were winding down; the tourists were coming back.

The '80s were over. Both Central America and the Europa were losing their edge.

The bartender's name was Duane Haverkamp. He was a pleasant guy from Iowa, 40 years old, blond hair receding, muscular, a man with an air of determination. He wasn't a mercenary or a Sandinista sympathizer—just a guy who came to Guatemala because it is one of the most beautiful places on earth.

Duane described the world Sadler had created for himself after he came to Guatemala in 1983: "He came here to write and to have the pleasures of female companionship. I knew him as a good talker, a good drinker and a good musician."

Rosson showed up several years later, according to Duane. He had served with Sadler in Vietnam and saved his life in a fire-fight. It sounded like a great story: A GI saves his buddy's life in Vietnam only to kill him 23 years later in Central America.

Duane told me where I could check it out. The guy who drove the cab that night could be found down at the corner cab stand. The American who'd put Sadler in the cab was a regular at the Europa and would be by for a drink one of these days. Sadler's last girl-friend worked in the pharmacy across the shopping center from the Europa.

People were interested because of recent news from the States: Sadler had died of the injuries he'd received 14 months earlier.

What about Ben Rosson? I asked Duane. Where was he?

Duane motioned for me to shut off my tape recorder.

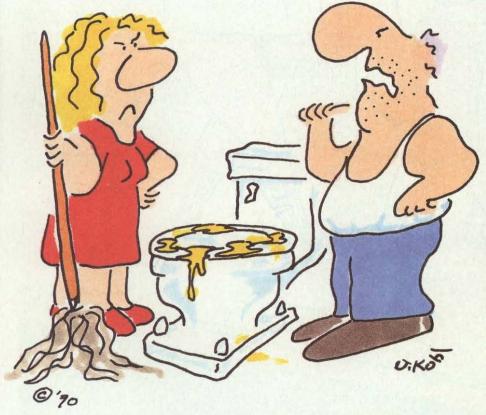
After Sadler was shot, Ben Rosson had moved to California. But as luck would have it, Rosson showed up in Guatemala City shortly after I did.

We met in the restaurant of the hotel where he was staying with his wife. He matched the description from Sadler's novels: tall and wiry, but with a noticeable beer gut. "Deep-set eyes made his face look thinner than it actually was."

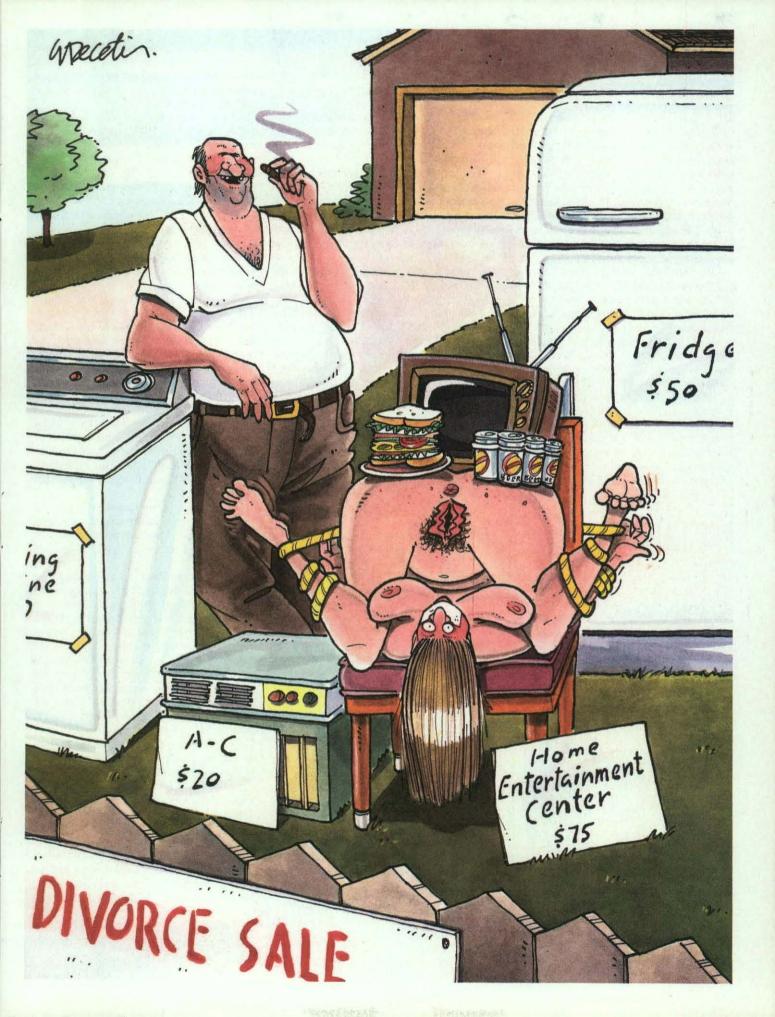
Ben Rosson shook hands with me. My hand stopped shaking. His didn't. His hands turn rock-solid when wrapped around the stock of a rifle, he said. As a Special Forces sniper in Vietnam, he'd killed 107 of the enemy, Rosson told me.

Some of the regulars at the Europa said Rosson had been the guy who'd saved Sadler's life in the Vietnam bayoneting incident. Rosson declined to take the credit. We relaxed over a beer, and his Virginia accent boomed throughout the restaurant.

"We were overrun by the VC one night, and one of them lunged at Barry," Rosson



"I'm inconsiderate! I don't see you leaving the seat up!"



"We looked over, and a knife was coming out of the body bag, and Barry's climbing out. Needless to say, he's not in the greatest humor."

said. "He had an SKS with a bayonet on it—we kept the rifle for a long time—and he lunged at Barry and stuck him, and Barry grabbed the bayonet, and—I'm trying to think of the guy's name that shot the Dink—anyway, the guy blew him up, and Barry pulled the bayonet out, got back to the dispensary, treated himself and got back into the fight."

Another legend at the Europa concerned Sadler's being mistakenly placed in a body bag. Rosson leaned back and grinned.

"We was at the fire base. Barry was here, and there was an ARVN soldier here in front of him, and a mortar round went off right between this ARVN soldier's legs. Just blew him all to hell.

"When we got there, Barry's lying there unconscious on the ground. We checked him, and we couldn't find no vital signs; so we stuffed him in a body bag.

"In about three or four minutes—the fight didn't last—we looked over, and a knife was coming out of the body bag, cutting it down like this, and he's climbing out. Needless to say, he's not in the greatest humor in the world."

Rosson recounted other stories about his

later career, how he hired out as a mercenary in Angola and Rhodesia, and how he did private security for the deposed King of Afghanistan.

Rosson admitted that Sadler had based the character of the deadly sniper Jim Rossen on his exploits. The first of the books was about 98% factual, while the fourth and last was only about 10%, he said.

I asked Rosson about the allegations that he'd killed Sadler.

Rosson recalled receiving a call from the Village Voice writer: "She called me and said, 'What do you say about the people who say you shot him?' "Rosson's smile was gone now. "And I says, 'I tell you what—you tell those people I will send them a plane ticket if they will come and see me face-to-face and tell me I shot Barry.' And I will. If they can't afford to fuckin' fly down, I'll be willing to come to them."

From a distance, Maggie Escalante didn't look particularly remarkable, a slim woman with dark hair that was a little longer and wilder than the average Guatemalan woman's hair. But up close, the way Barry Sadler would have seen her, she was pure tropical heat. Perfect facial features and big brown eyes. Tight pants over a cute little ass, high heels. Like most Guatemalan women, she was delicate and perfectly groomed.

Maggie was Sadler's lover for the last year before his shooting. In his last months he was

increasingly depressed.

"He would tell me, 'Maggie, let's go to an island somewhere,' "she said. "He didn't want to know anything about Guatemala because his friends bothered him so much. None of them worked, and he was always lending them money."

Sadler kept a rifle, three pistols and two grenades at the house, Maggie said. On three or four occasions, she hid the weapons when he got drunk.

"When he was drinking, he was dangerous," she said. "And he was always drinking.

"When he drank, he spoke only of Vietnam," Maggie said. "'I want to go with my friends from Vietnam,' he would say. He talked often of watching his friends die there, and how he couldn't save them. He wanted to join them."

In his 30 or so paperbacks, Barry Sadler had probably written more descriptions of how a bullet enters the human head than any writer on earth. In the last year of Sadler's life, the fiction began to get uncomfortably close to nonfiction.

On New Year's Eve in the Europa, he got so drunk that he let an inebriated Guatemalan lady pull his pistol from his pants and wave it wildly around the room before somebody subdued her.

About a month later, Sadler pulled a joke on a bartender who had half-seriously threatened to cut him off. Sadler held a revolver to the man's head and pulled the trigger. The joke was that he'd gone into the men's room first and removed the bullets.

On the day of the shooting, Maggie remembers seeing Sadler at about 3 p.m. He was drinking at the Europa, and he stopped by to say hello at the pharmacy where she worked. She recalls that he didn't have his pistol; he'd lent it to a Spanish friend.

At 6:45 he waved to her from the steps of the Europa — very drunk.

The last American to see Sadler on that night was Steve Lemoine, a stocky, crew-cut Cajun who was part of Sadler's pack of drinking buddies. Lemoine was drinking at the Don Quijote when Sadler came in from the Europa.

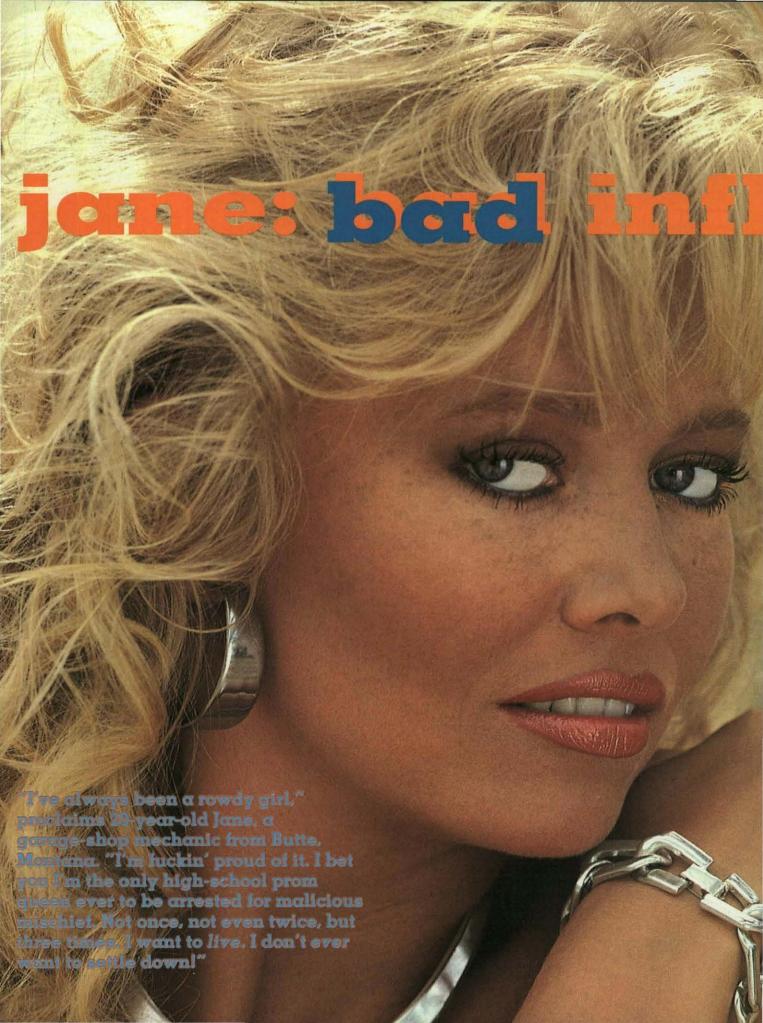
He recalls walking with Sadler to a corner taxi stand at about 11 p.m. Sadler got into the front passenger seat of a well-maintained 1963 Dodge Dart. He'd gotten his Beretta back by this point.

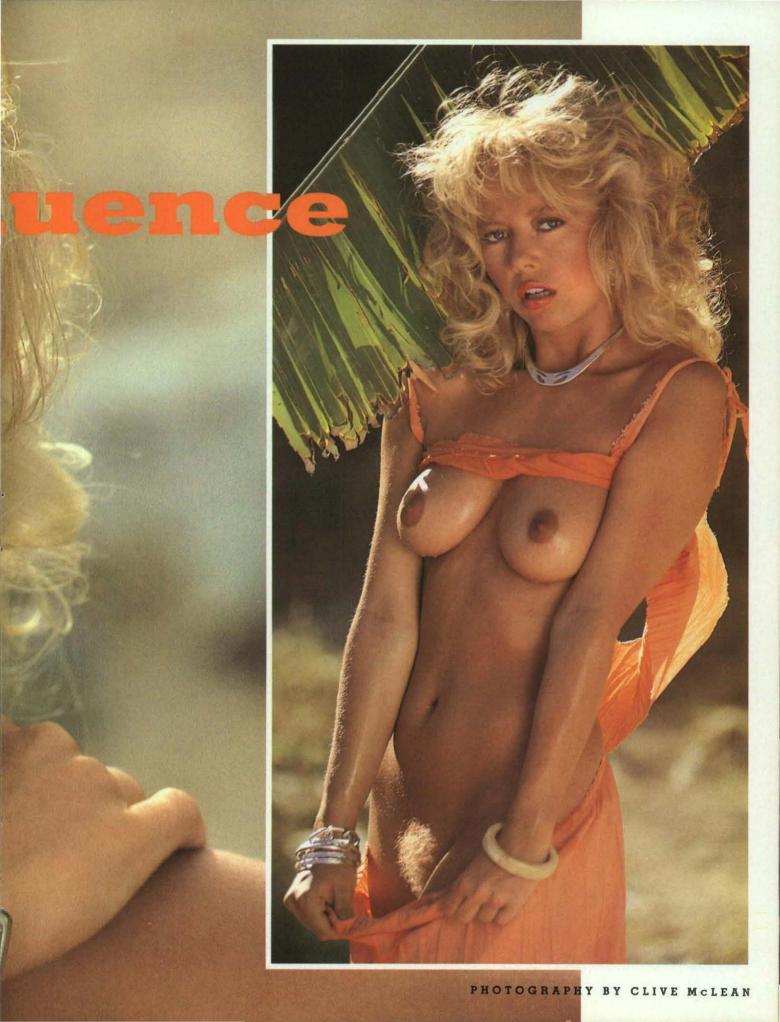
"He had a habit that when he got in the (continued on page 101)





"Four stars, Maggie!"



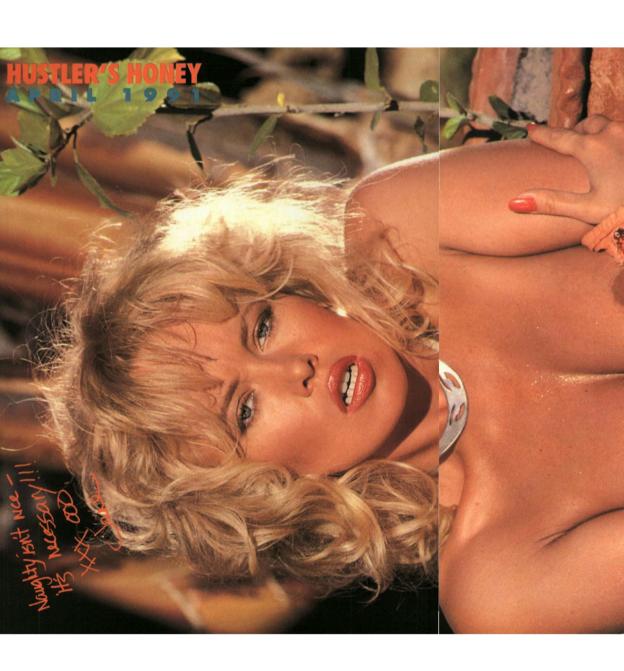


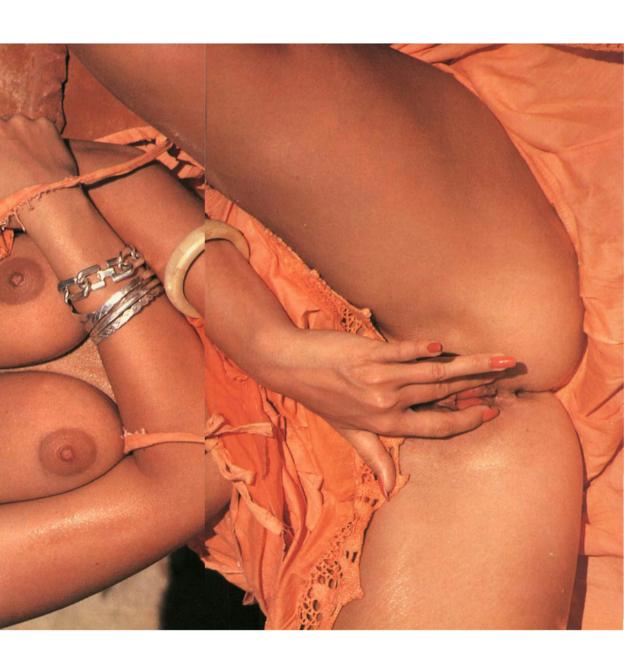












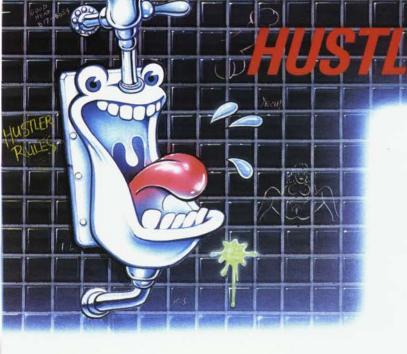




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he biker's old lady nagged and pestered him until he finally caved in and bought two expensive tickets to an upcoming David Allen Coe concert.

Weeks later, on the opening night of the show, there sat the biker's old lady in the front row, with an empty seat beside her.

"Excuse me, miss," said the man behind her, "but I happen to know that tickets to this concert sold out weeks ago, and I was wondering if you got two seats for privacy, or if someone was unable to come with you."

"Well," she said, "this empty seat was reserved for

my late husband."

"Oh, I'm really sorry to hear about that," said the man. "Wasn't there a friend or a relative that could've come in his place?"

"Naw," said the old lady. "They're all at his funeral."

Iwo guys were sitting at a bar talking about their wives. "My old lady is so ugly," one said, "that the beauty parlor told her there was nothing more they could do."

"You think that's bad?" the other man asked. "I took my wife to a plastic surgeon and asked him what he could do to make my wife look better. The only thing he could think of was adding a tail."

uestion: Why did the hillbilly walk his kid to elementary school every day?

Answer: They were in the same grade.

A flat-chested girl with limited funds went to a surgeon to get her breasts enlarged. The surgeon performed the cheapest procedure possible, which entailed the girl flapping her arms up and down to enlarge her breasts.

Afterward, the girl went to the local bar to see what kind of reaction her new tits would get. She decided to flash them at a man who was standing alone in the corner. As she walked toward him, she pumped her tits as big as they'd go. "Hi," she said coyly, "don't I know you?"

"No," he answered, furiously pumping his legs together, "but I think we have the same doctor."

A Texas oil man was traveling across the desert in Israel. Dying of thirst, he happened upon a small, wooden shack, the only building he'd seen for 100 miles. He aimed the Mercedes toward the driveway, got out, walked up to the door and knocked. A little old Jewish man peeked out.

The Texan roared, "Can a cowboy get some water?"

"Sure. Vhy not?"

The little Jewish man walked the Texan around the back to the well and poured him some water from a bucket. As the Texan drank, he looked over the tiny property and remarked, "How big a spread you got here, son?"

The little Jewish man said, "Vell, mine property line goes from dat rock over dere to dat iron pipe, den it comes cross da front of mine house to dat date tree, unt den back to da chicken coop...unt finally, back to de rock."

Arrogantly, the Texan smiled and said, "Why, back in Texas, ma spread's so big, I climb into my car at daybreak and don't get out of my driveway until two o'clock."

The little Jewish man looked up at the Texan and said: "I know vhat you mean—I had a car like dat once too."

uestion: What do you call two women in a freezer?
Answer: Cold cunts.

A man walked into his supervisor's office after being turned down for another raise and said, "You know, you don't ever have to worry about getting hemorrhoids."

"Why's that?" asked his boss.

"Because when God made you, he made the perfect asshole!"

he HUSTLER Dictionary defines *X-rated movie* as: boy-meats-girl story.

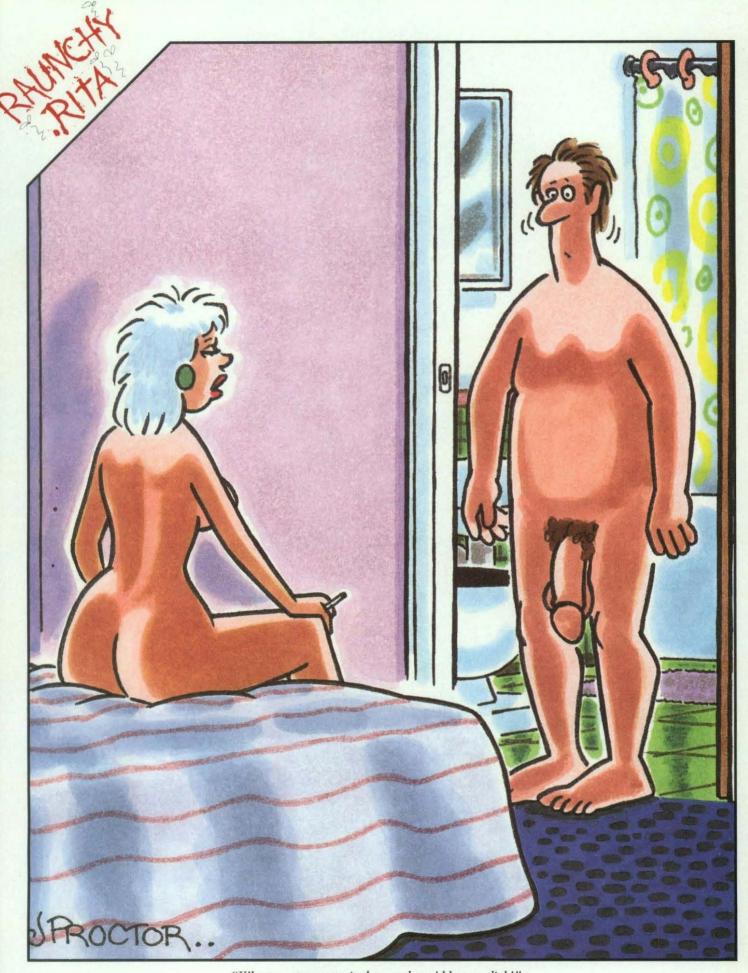
A suburban woman and three friends were playing bridge one evening. When the hostess's husband came into the room and announced that he was going to bed, she unzipped his fly, took out his penis, kissed it and said goodnight.

The other three women were dumbstruck. "Helen, that's the most disgusting thing I've ever seen!" one

exclaimed.

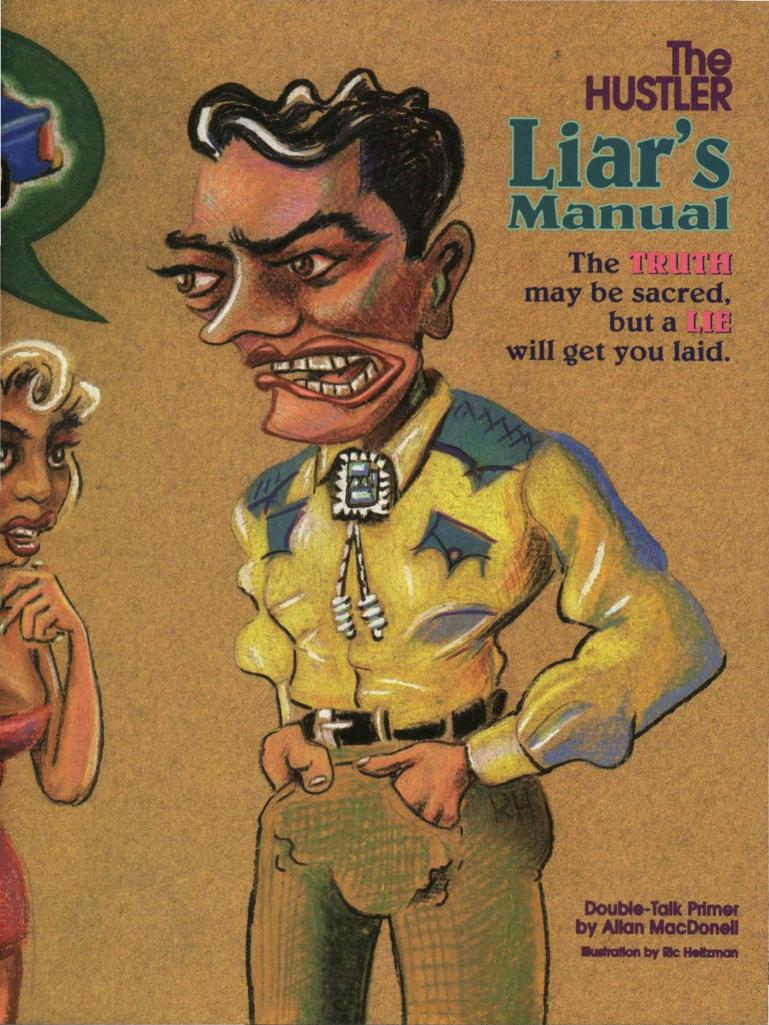
"You wouldn't think it was so disgusting," she replied, "if you ever smelled his breath."

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"Y'know-two more inches, and you'd have a dick!"





LIAR'S MANUAL

Misrepresentation of facts originated with the female species. Women and veracity have been allied about as often as Crips and Klan.

Why Lie?

According to Greek mythology, Diogenes went blind looking for an honest man, but his quest has largely been abandoned in this age of convenience integrity. If Diogenes were alive today, he'd be searching for snatch, just like the rest of us, with the lie being a primary tool of his pursuit. The forked tongue is, in the final analysis, a divining rod to pussy.

Example One: She (referring to her furrimmed, pink-lined, fully lipped envelope of interest): "Is that all you're interested in?"

He: "Of course not."

Lie to Whom?

Any dweeb can lie to a boss, a parole officer or any other male authority figure. The real test of dishonesty is in lying to a woman. As Bible students will recall, misrepresentation of facts originated with the female species. Over the long stretch of history, women and veracity have been allied about as often as Crips and Klan. Ladies have been distorting or concealing reality much longer and more avidly than the rest of us.

Women are so in tune to secondhand

probity that often they are aware of our lying before we realize it ourselves.

Example Two: She: "I'm looking for a guy who has old-fashioned values."

He (believing it): "I'm focused on traditional goals myself."

She: "So what kind of car do you drive?" The double-faced, twin-bladed hussy snipes with surgical precision. Not only does her nonsequitur crystalize her doubt of the hapless male's "traditional values," it casts aspersions upon his ability to hack it in her world of feign-and-jab honesty.

He is gravely outgunned. Hope, however, exists.

Lying, the Groundwork

Though the male lacks his no-dick opponent's inborn capacity for counterfeit emotions and attitudes, he can work to overcome his deceit deficit. The handicapped male's first step toward successful fakery is to stop lying to himself. Once a man admits what he truly wants, all that's left to him is to go out and get it.

Example Three: He (a wrong-thinking, equivocating loser): "I can't have sex with

a woman unless I'm attracted to her as a person. There's got to be some chemistry there beyond base animal attraction."

This guy might be up to his neck in pussy in a better world, but he'll die drydicked in this one.

Example Four: He (a right-thinking man who turns his nose up only at bullshitting himself): "I don't care how much of a bitch she is. I'm dying to fuck her."

Formative Fibs

The really neat thing about women is that they lie to themselves—individually and as a group—even more than they lie to us. Any girl who does not face facts as they apply personally to her is susceptible to having reality as molded by someone else, someone with an unstated but pulsating desire, foisted upon her. The discerning gentleman picks out the general trail of a female's self-evasion, then lays in his own untruths as stepping stones along the path to tricked pussyville.

Example Five: She (marveling): "A Porsche? The last guy I was dating," she dreams aloud, "drove a Porsche. He was an arrogant dick—that's why I dumped him." She pauses to let the connotations settle. "I swore I'd never go out with another guy who drove a Porsche."

He (debonair double-talker): "Don't judge me too harshly. I'm only in the Porsche because the Ferrari's at the customizer's, and I lent the Bentley to an old girlfriend."

It doesn't matter if she believes him or not about the cars. Women respect a man who makes the effort to be a big liar; they know instinctively that great things come of such men.

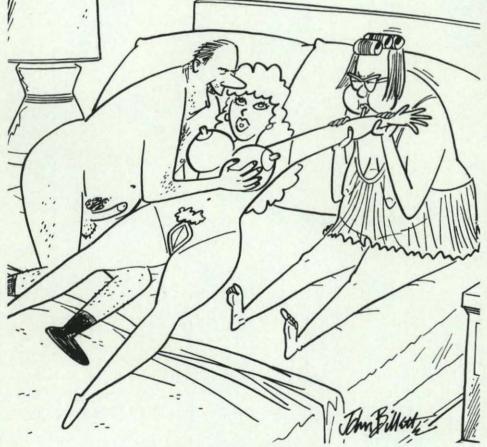
"But really, baby," the big liar concludes, having set her up for the kill, "I'd never allow myself to be alone with you in the first place."

Foolproof Foolery

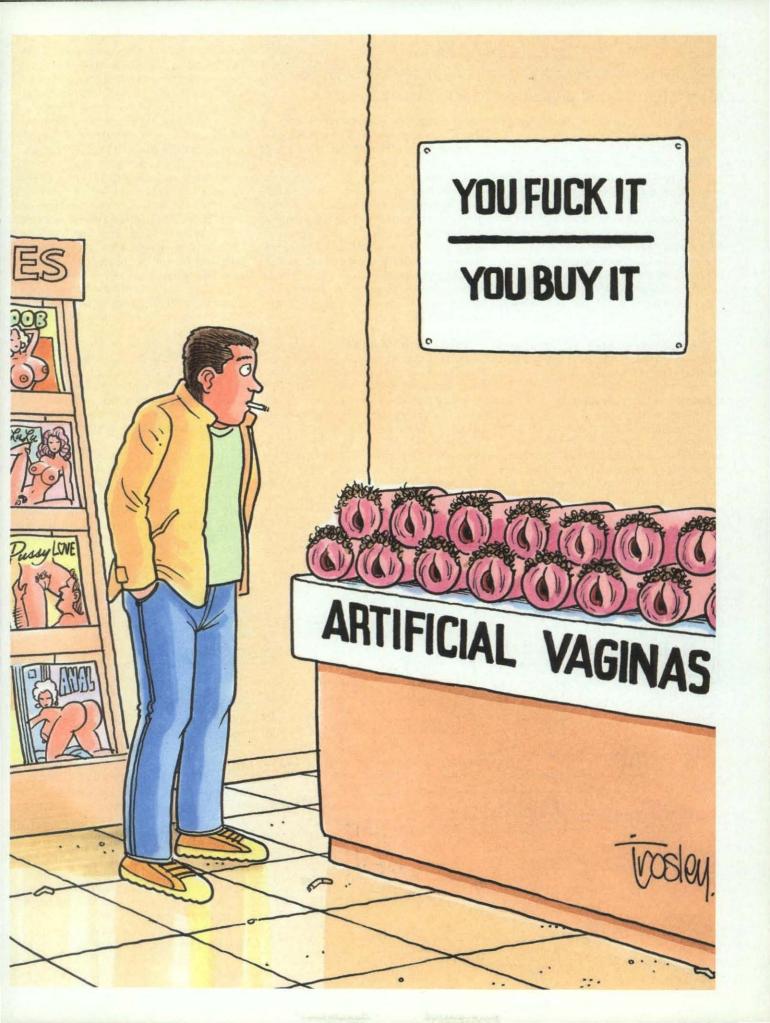
Women often define their relative worth by their level of attractiveness. Thus, she will look everywhere for validation of her desirability. The jeering of dust-blinded construction workers, the yipping of Guatemalan trash crews, the lust-dripping eyes of a busload of convicts, the perfunctory interest of a richly fruity hairdresser: the chronically insecure woman latches onto such attentions as proof that not only does she got it, but that she should flaunt it.

Example Six: She (snapping): "What do you mean you wouldn't be alone with me?"

He (a soothing, smooth canardist): "All I'm saying is that I could never trust myself to be alone with a woman of your charm and grace. Perhaps I'm just too vulnerable to beauty. There's no telling what might become of me."



"Thanks - you're a good wife, Margo!"



LIAR'S MANUAL

A good rule of lying is to look the receiver directly in the eye. Do not turn away or present the back as an easy target.

She (coyly concurring): "That's what I thought you meant."

Sex and Stretching It

Much less sex would take place if the participants' thoughts were audible to one another.

Example Seven: He (thinking): I wonder. Can the Detroit Pistons really take the NBA crown three years in a row?

He (out loud): "Baby, you are s-o-o hot; I don't know if I can hold back."

She (thinking): Now I'm gonna have to take these sheets to the laundry for sure. At least before Milton gets back from Saudi Arabia.

She (out loud): "Stick me; go ahead; come on my face! Sprinkle my pillow; shoot it on my walls and ceiling!"

Lies of Emission

Fibbing while fucking is perhaps the most pleasurable lying people can do. Eventually, in most cases, fact catches up with fiction and bubbles over in a frothy wad-shake of fantasy and reality. This idyll of wetly adhesive coexistence lasts for

anywhere up to ten or 15 seconds, right up until someone moves or says something.

Example Eight: He or She: "God, I hope it was as good for you as it was for me."

A double lie. Neither he nor she is interested in how good it was for the other fuck; in fact, now that it's over, neither he nor she is too certain why they'd wanted to do it in the first place. A truer statement might be: "I'm ambivalent about the whole activity, and I don't care if you are too."

All he or she really cares about is being able to find the cigarettes without having to turn on the lights and destroy whatever illusion might still remain.

Exit Horseshit

Lying means never having to say goodbye. After every initial encounter, somebody succumbs to the corrosive effects of projected loneliness and the ensuing network TV rerun schedule, and asks the plaintive, "When will I see you again?"

A good rule of lying is to look the receiver directly in the eye. Do not turn away or present the back as an easy target.

Example Nine: Having been asked for

an estimated time of rearrival, the alert falsifier first pulls his boots on and checks that his wallet is in place. He then consults his chronometer and lets fly, maintaining a watch for telltale signs of fury simmering below the surface of the woman scorned.

He: "I'm late right now. I've got to go across town to get the Ferrari from the customizer, but first I'll have to go to the night-club and pick up my Porsche where we left it because I need the Bentley, since you're going to look so beautiful behind its wheel; so I should be back in about a quarter of an hour. Here, I've got your phone number, and I'll call if I'm going to be late."

"You're babbling," says the cab driver, hungover himself on this splendid Sunday morning. "Calm down and shut the door."

"Thank God," sighs the journeyman buncombe artist, checking his smooth, plausible and insincere veneer for puncture wounds. "I'm free."

Quantity Is Quality

No budding liar worth his smarm can tell just one. He will catch himself misleading people when he had no intention of doing so, telling outright untruths when unvarnished reality or a subtle shading would do just as well.

The popular misconception holds that excessive lying creates problems. One lie breeds another lie, goes the commonly accepted myth. Yet another lie must be hatched to cover the previous two, necessitating a fourth and so on, until the liar has no idea how his tower of supposed facts is stacked. Ultimately, the whole ziggurat tumbles upon him deceptive brick upon deceptive brick.

No other doomsayer scenario could be further in practice from the truth. The more lies strung up between him and her, the greater the buffer she must pierce to reach him.

Example Ten: He has run into her, wedged against the bar of the last dive on earth he would expect to contain her.

She: "That was a long 15 minutes."

He: "I tried to call, but the operator said the lines were down."

She: "I expected you'd say your Ferrari got a flat."

He: "The Ferrari's not ready. I liked the sunroof so much that I'm having them make it into a convertible."

She: "What a shame. I guess you were too embarrassed to come see me in a mere Porsche."

He: "At first I thought the Porsche had been towed; turns out it was stolen. The insurance company should settle big."

She: "Does that mean we'll have to share the Bentley?"

He (unfazed by her slicing parody of gullible sincerity): "Nah. I'm letting my ex





"Look, Merle—a vibrating pussy!"

LIAR'S MANUAL

He: "Sorry, babe, my other dick's in the shop." She: "Sure he has another dick. It's probably smaller than the one he's got up my ass."

keep it. She really was a wonderful woman."

She: "Well, okay. I guess we can take my car."

Quick Bullshit

One-night stands can be lied to about anything with impunity—cars, net worth, even penis size. So she finds out a claimed kielbasa is actually a stretched Vienna wiener. It's already drained its gravy in her clammy Crockpot.

Example Eleven: He: "Sorry, babe, my other dick's in the shop."

She (thinking to herself): Sure he has another dick. It's probably smaller than the one he's got up my ass.

Long-Term Lying

Moderation and precision in storytelling are to be saved for when they really count—in the ongoing relationship. The steady grill—er—girl, demands a semblance of continuity.

Example Twelve: She: "You said you'd help me with the rent. That's why I let you move in here. Now where's your money?"

He: "I tried to explain to you about se-

curity deposits and first and last month's and key charges."

She: "I don't want that; just a rent check."
He: "But all that's tied up at my last

He: "But all that's tied up at my last home, the one I gave up to be with you." His previous residence is parked with a flat tire in her driveway, and it's not a Porsche.

She: "Sometimes I don't know when to believe you."

He: "But you believe I love you."

She: "Do you think we'll get married?"
He: "I'm sure of it." But not to each other, he hopes.

Wedded Fibs

In this age of double-digit divorce statistics, anyone who gets married is prone to kidding themselves in the first place; so the clever man takes the initiative before it is taken to him. Marriage is a dupe-orbe-duped institution.

Example Thirteen: Wife: "I saw you down at the swing club with that redheaded slut from your secretarial pool."

Husband: "I just went to chaperone. What were you doing at the swing club?"

Wife: "Getting the recipe for that rice

pudding you liked so much from Mrs. Skelt's husband."

Connubial Crapshooting

Facts are best considered as raw material, to be molded and stretched into a more correct, higher-yielding form of reality.

Much of truth is in its interpretation. A woman, given the basic facts, will always make a case against the male. Never deny anything outright. Admit to the appearance of an infraction, and then interpret the reality for the ever-loving, interrogator wife.

Example Fourteen: Husband: "I know it looks bad. My pants were around my knees, and her skirt was up over her hips, but we were trying to hold the washing machine from vibrating, and everything got all shaken loose."

The husband can toss off any old line of crap; credibility is of no concern until he delivers his clincher: "Baby, you can't really think I'd need to fool around with Marilyn Monroe Junior when I've got you?"

Wife: "You're right, pooky. I must be crazy. Let's go to bed and make up."

Husband: "I'd love to, baby, but I've got a 7:30 meeting tomorrow morning."

He's really saying: "I might risk it, wife of mine, but you caught me and Marilyn Junior going for a third nut, and now she wants me to stir her morning coffee with her, and I'm not sure I've got enough creamer for the both of you."

Deceit in Dissolution

The man who truthfully answers the question: "What are you thinking about now, dear?" is either a vegetable or ready for divorce.

Example Fifteen: Ex-Wife to Be: "This is Josh Wrath, my attorney. Our relationship is strictly on a professional basis as client and counsel."

Josh Wrath: "I'm really sorry to tell you this, sir, but these sheriff's deputies are here to enforce a restraining order keeping you seven miles from this house. We'll give you a few minutes to say goodbye to the dog before your wife hangs it. Keep the shirt on your back, but please place your watch in this envelope."

Husband: "I don't care about that stuff anyway. I've found a woman who understands me for what I am."

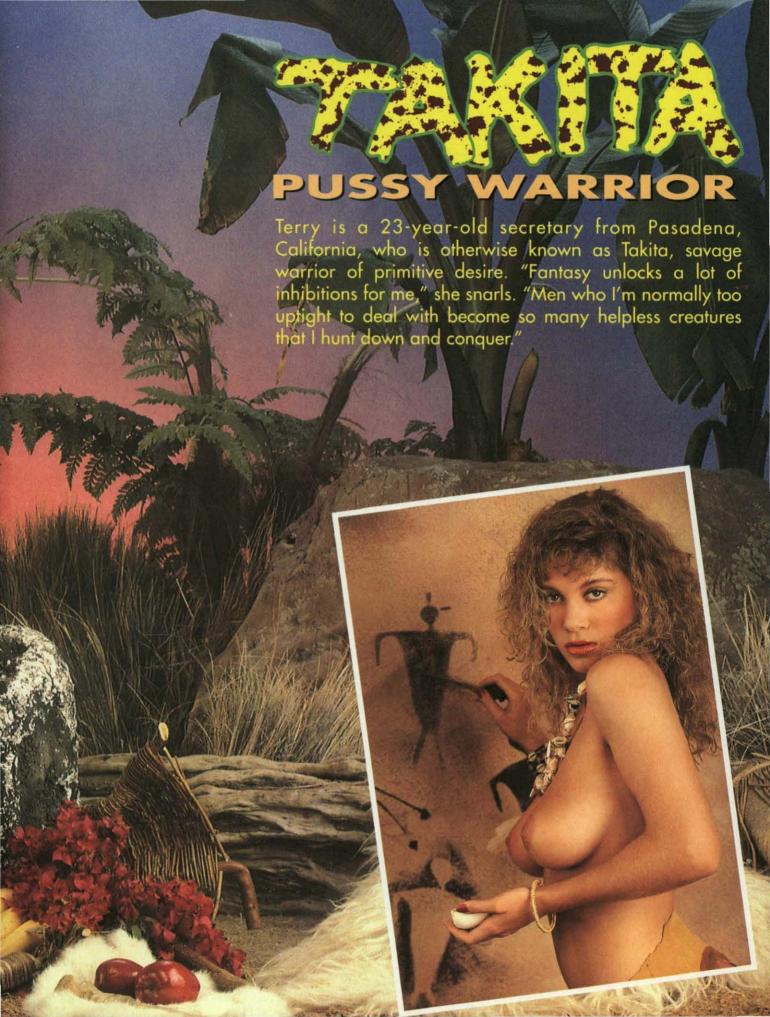
Lie, Lie Again

A little bit of candor, though catastrophic, is not necessarily fatal. Starting all over again, telling tall tales of foreign luxury automobiles to duplicitous dames in dark, dreary dives, is enough to knock the knavery out of lesser men, but diligence and persistence are the two essentials for trumped-up triumph. If at first you don't succeed, at least say you did.



















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BARRY SADLER

(continued from page 72)

"Sadler began to shout in English and in Spanish, using the verb matar—to kill. Then he put the barrel of the gun in his own mouth."

cab, he would put the gun on his lap because he didn't like to sit on it," Lemoine recalls. "He was not any drunker than he was whenever we went out. He was drinking Jack Daniel's, at least maybe half a bottle, with maybe a beer or two or three. He could handle that; it wouldn't even bother him."

The cab pulled away. Within several blocks, Sadler spotted a hooker he knew named Daysi and asked her if she wanted to go home with him. She got in, and the driver headed out the Pan American Highway toward Sadler's house.

According to statements the driver and the hooker gave police, Sadler began waving his pistol around as they reached the outskirts of Guatemala City. He began to shout in English and in Spanish, using the verb matar—to kill. He pointed the pistol at the driver, a quiet, middle-aged man named Leopoldo. Then Sadler put the barrel of the gun in his own mouth, still trying to speak. He realized that he couldn't talk with the gun in his mouth and took it out.

The gun went off, possibly because the cab hit a bump. The bullet entered Sadler's head above his right temple and exited above his left ear, lodging in the headliner of the cab.

Sadler slumped over with his bloody head on the driver's lap. Bits of his brain were splattered over the headliner and the windows, over Jose Leopoldo Carvajal and over Ana Daysi Menjivar Medina.

The most curious thing about the shooting was not that Barry Sadler survived for 14 months, but that the world he had created survived even longer.

A month after Sadler's death, Maggie Escalante still believed that he had seen horrible things during his fighting in Vietnam. The Europa crowd believed Ben Rosson was a deadly sniper. The Guatemalan Air Force helicopter pilot, Captain Sock-It-to-Me, a man who has had helicopters shot out from under him three times, believed he was "a recruit" compared to Sadler.

The Village Voice article said Sadler "had hired out to eight or ten different wars around the world." An article in Soldier of Fortune magazine said, "Rosson and Sadler met under fire 25 years ago in Vietnam and have been firm friends ever since. Between them they have fought in nine armies, rather more wars, and countless short-term assignments."

GQ magazine weighed in with an article that included a photo of Rosson wearing a green beret and aiming an M-1 rifle. He boasted about shooting a Chinese military adviser in Vietnam from 900 yards. "The man was dead on the ground before he heard the sound of my gun," *GQ* quotes Rosson as saying.

Great story, but one problem: Rosson would have had to shoot from a distance of considerably more than 900 yards—about 11,000 miles more.

U.S. Army records show that Rosson never set foot in Vietnam. He was a mechanic, not a Green Beret, and he spent his entire tour in the United States and Europe. He was discharged in 1965, roughly the same time the meeting with Sadler took place in the myth.

As for Sadler, he did serve in Vietnam. But the men who served with him say he never really saw any significant combat.

Thor Johnston is a Californian who went through Special Forces training with Sadler at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, and who served with Sadler at a 12-man "A-Team" base in the Central Highlands of Vietnam.

"Barry exaggerated," Johnston says. "A lot of the stuff he claims to have done is just not true. I think he went on maybe two patrols, and it was no big deal. It was early '65, and we didn't have that much combat."

Johnston remembers most clearly that even

then Sadler and his guitar were being eyed by the Army's public-relations people: "He left to go down to Saigon to promote the song and, for whatever reason, never came back. We were glad to get him out of there. What I'm telling you is that he basically didn't do jack shit while he was there. I cared a lot about Barry, but he was just a bullshitter."

Sadler was not a coward. But the fluke success of his song deprived him of a dangerous few years in Vietnam, and his later wars were a figment of his imagination.

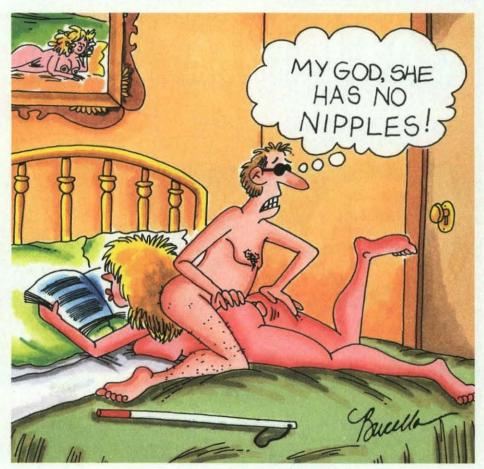
The machinery Sadler had set in motion continued to hum along after his shooting. Eventually it produced a version of his demise that was equal to the myth he had created. An air of mystery, a hint of martyrdom, and one last blast of publicity for his buddies.

He had accomplished the impossible. He had returned to the '60s. He had once again captured that feeling of being a soldier on leave in a tropical war zone, drinking beer and chasing the local women because tomorrow he might die. And then he had gone out and taken a bullet through the brain.

One of the two eyewitnesses, the hooker, has already dropped from sight. The cabbie doesn't like to discuss the incident, and he is growing old. The police didn't collect much physical evidence, and they are stingy about who they let look at it.

The road was dark that night, very dark.

Anything could have happened out there.









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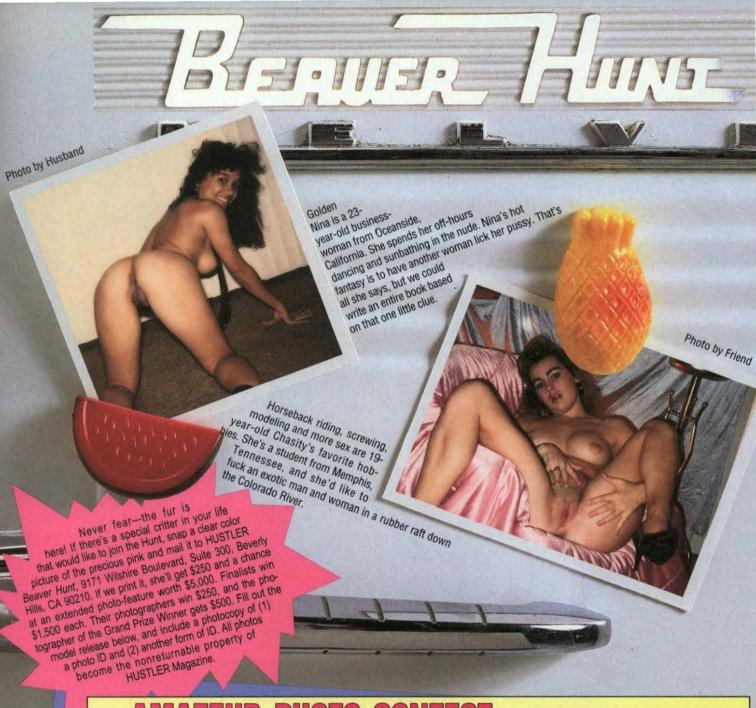


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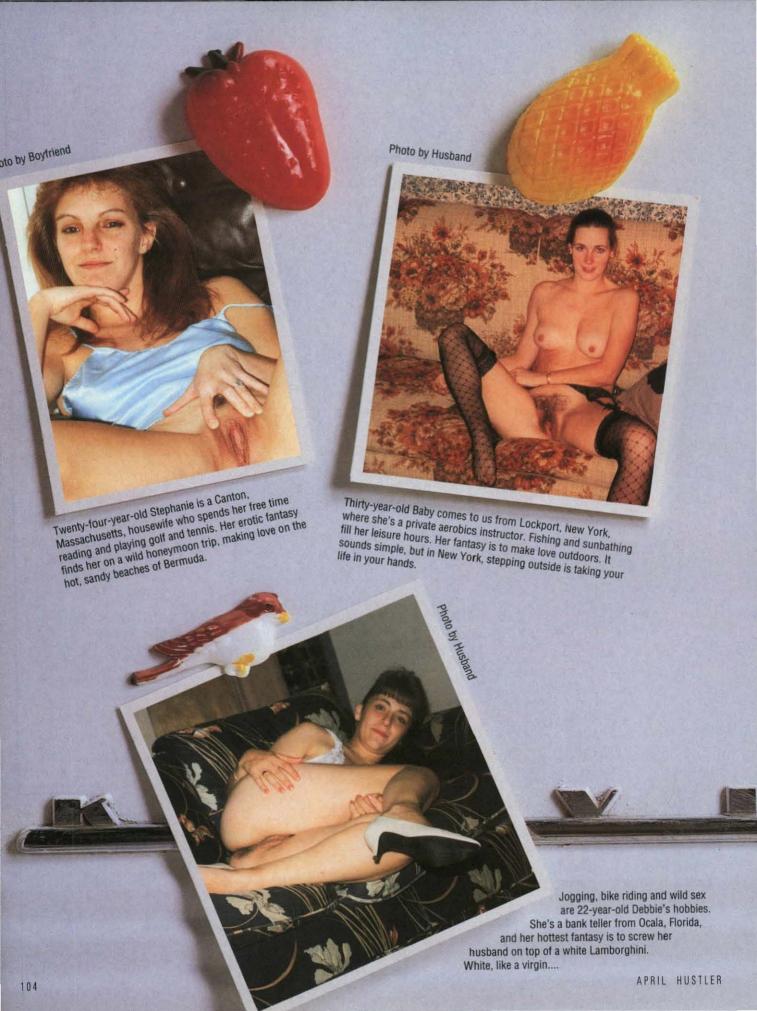
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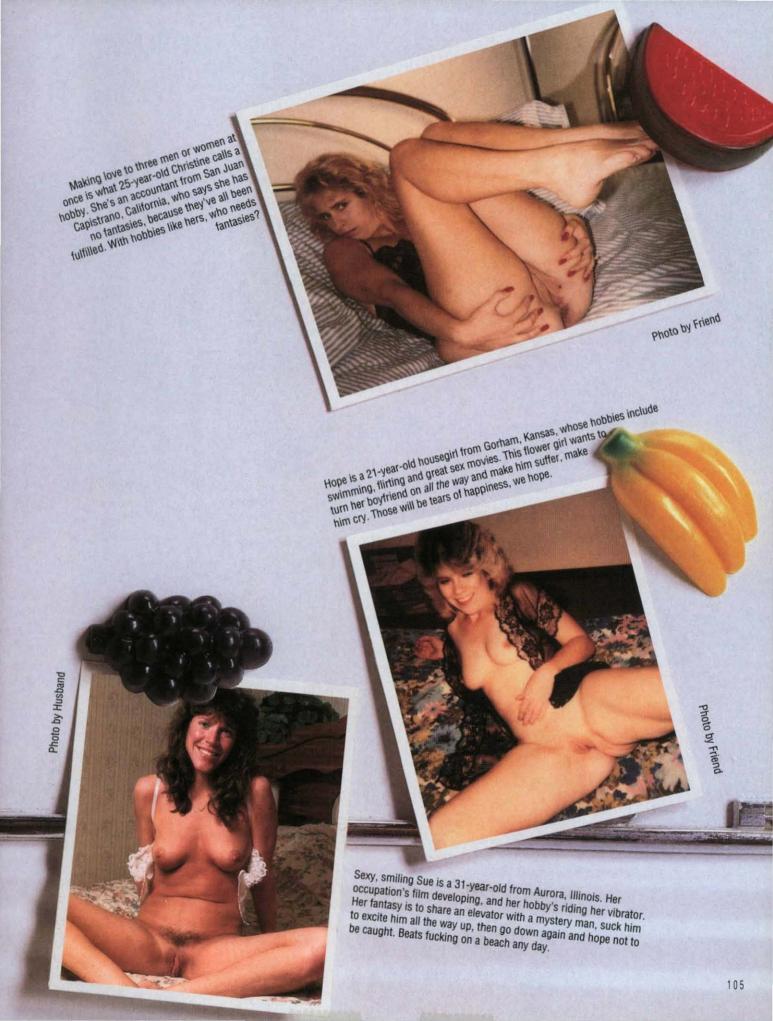
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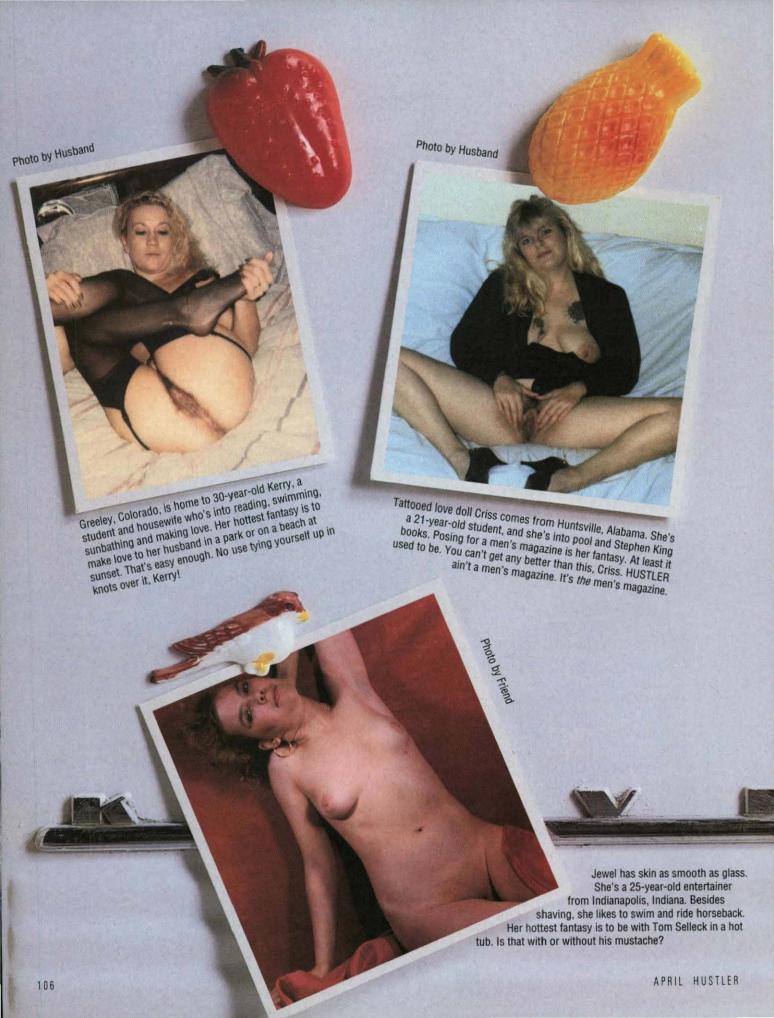
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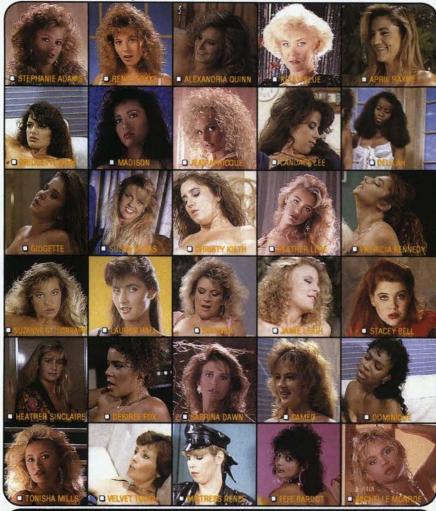
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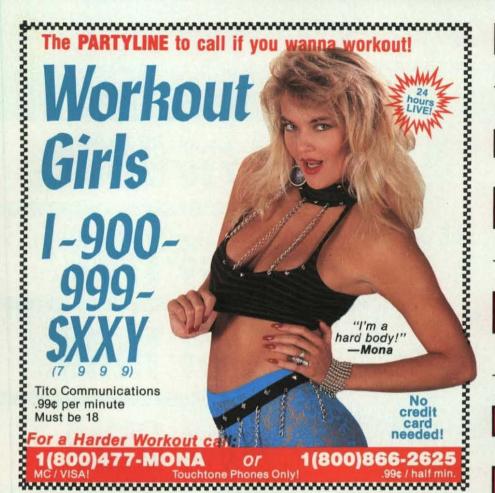
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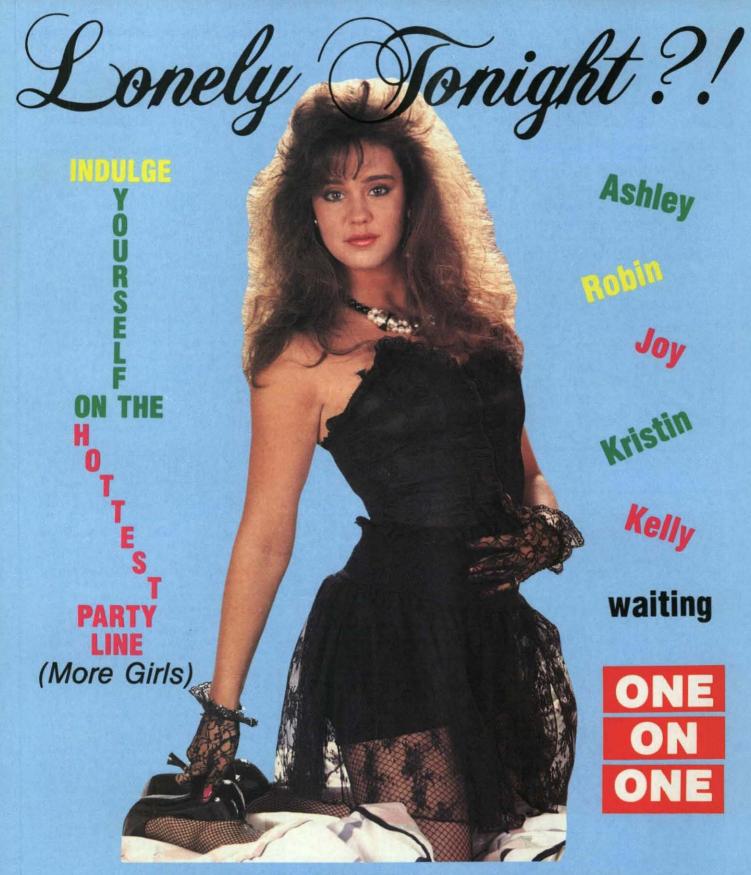
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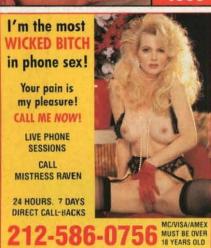




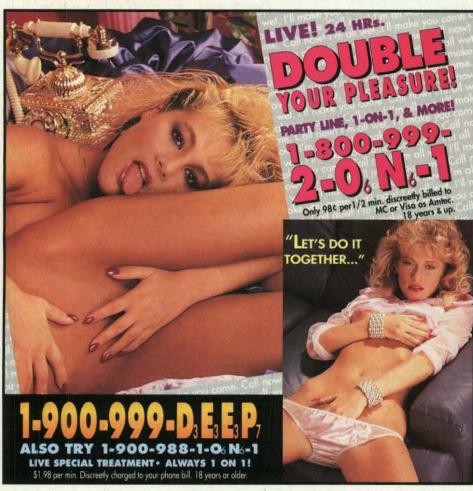


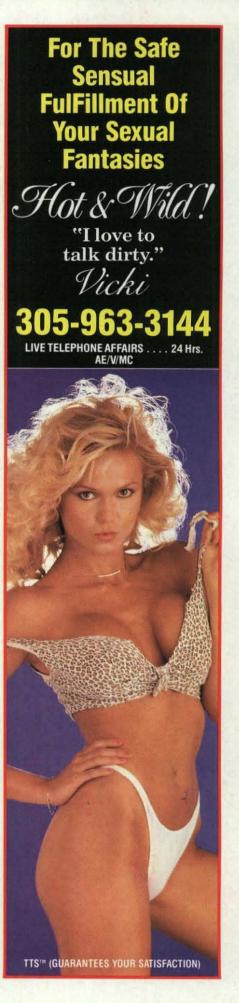












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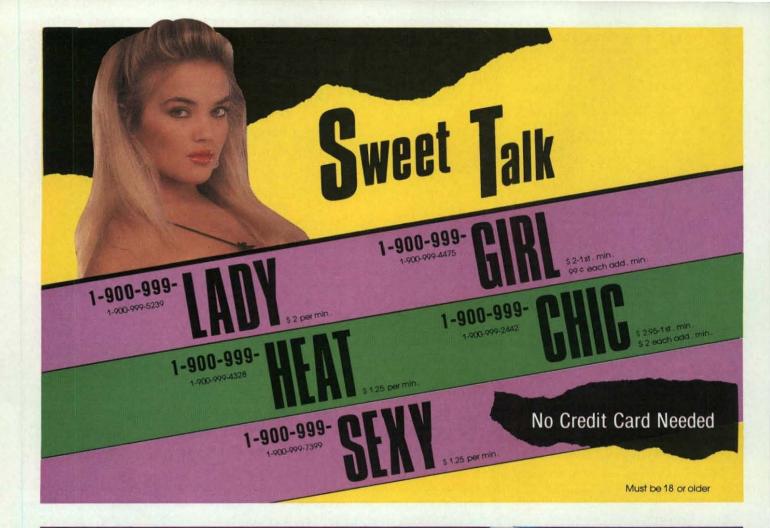
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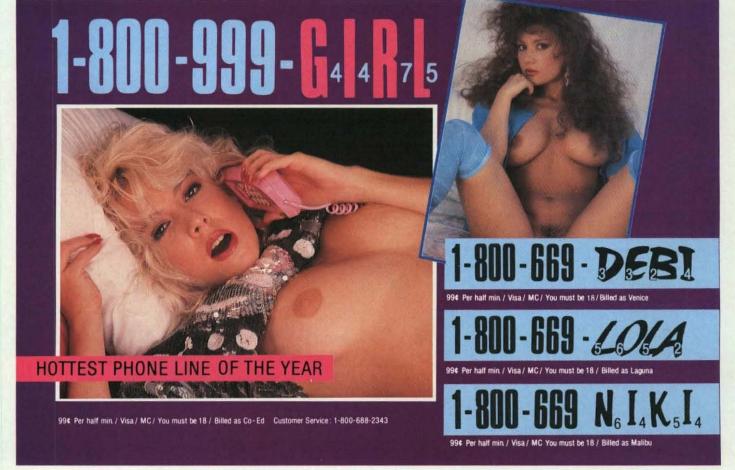
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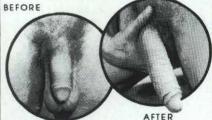
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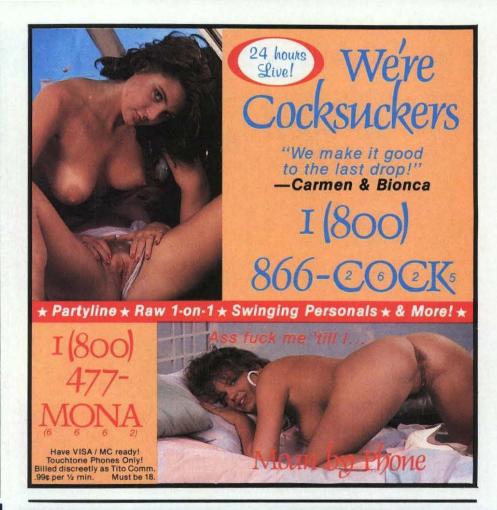
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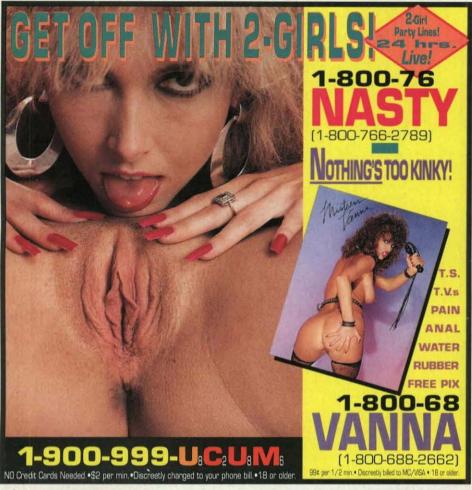
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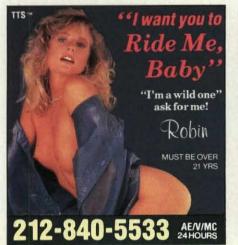
















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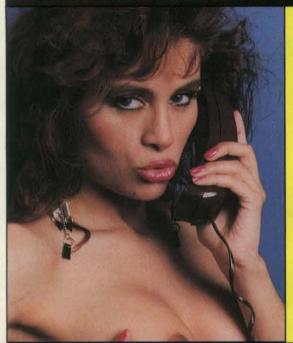
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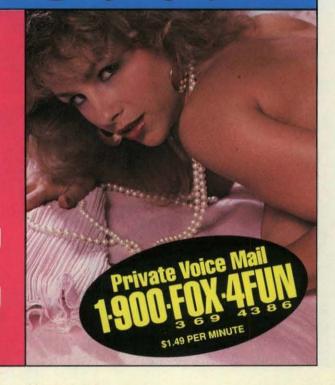
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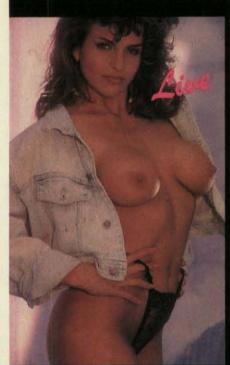
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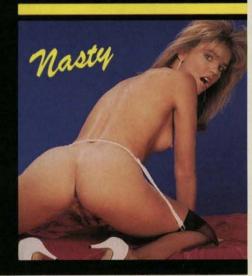


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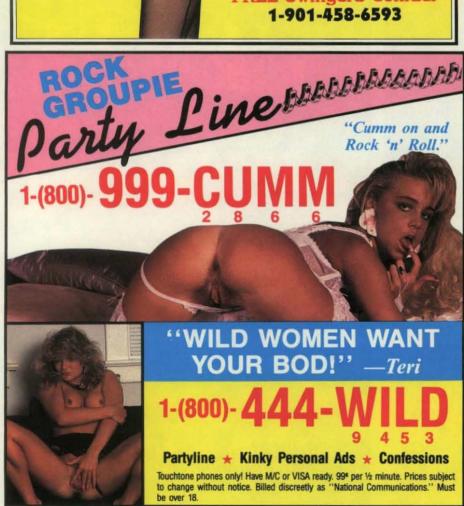
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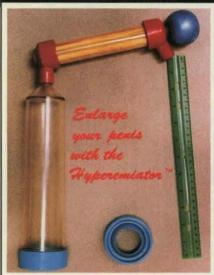
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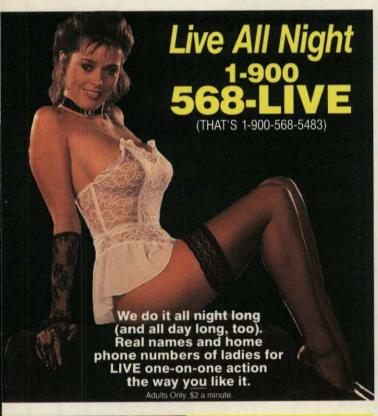


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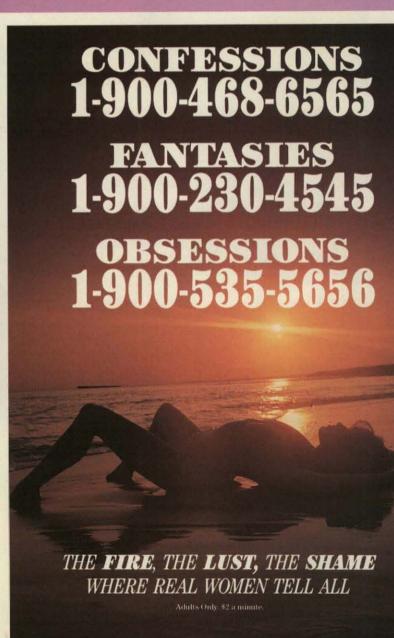
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Satisfy your deepest desire with 10 FULL soft latex inches. First, turn the vibrator's multi-speed setting to a soft hum. Slowly increase the speed for an unforgettable experience. Veined surface actually increases stimulation! Plus FREE XXX VIDEO.

Reg. \$21.95. NOW \$14.95.



BLACK BEAUTY VIBRATOR

What a beauty it is!! This slim but generous 1" thick, long black vibrator is multi-speed and super flexible to deliver pleasure throbs where you want them. Plus, the bulging clitoral stimulator at the phallic base is sure to bring joy to your fevered love but-ton! FREE XXX VIDEO.

Reg. \$19.95. Now \$16.95.

XXX VIDEO HOT SEX SHOWS

Christy Canyon is the ultimate fantasy girl of erotica. Tall, beautiful and brunette firey CHRISTY is a must see in this exclusive sexcapade. 30 minutes of nonstop sizzle, HOT SEX SHOWS/INSIDE CHRISTY CANYON is one video you won't want to miss! \$19.95



FREE WITH ANY VIBRATOR IN THIS AD!

Plus BONUS GIFT

With any vibrator order from this ad, we will send you a free copy of Electric Ecstasy, an all-new photo-illustrated book that explains in detail how to get the maximum sexual satisfaction from your vibrator! A \$4.95 value - yours FREE!

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED ON ALL ITEMS

SORRY WE CANNOT ACCEPT CASH

Adam & Eve P.O. Box 900, Dept. HU237 ase rush in plain package under satisfaction guarantee

#1779 Big 10 Inch + Free Video ... #1780 Mr. Satisfier + Free Video ... #1781 Black Beauty + Free Video ... #6716 Hot Sex Shows (VHS or Beta) \$16.95

Limit One Free Video Per Order

Name_ Address. State Zip.



LIVING DOLLS

WOMEN, WOMEN, AND MORE WOMEN CALLING. LEAVING MESSAGES. WAITING FOR MEN TO CALL THEM... MEN. JUST LIKE YOU!

LIVING DOLLS

MESSAGES FROM WOMEN IN YOUR LOCAL CALLING AREA

LIVING DOLLS

THE LINE YOU'LL CALL OVER AND OVER AGAIN

LIVING DOLLS

CALL NOW AND JOIN THE FUN...

.95 per minute. Callers must be 18 years of age or older.

PURE PLEASURE



New! The Best Private Phone sex!

1-818-990-0

HOT LIVE!

1-800-933-LOVE(1-800-933-S



BILLED ON MC/VISA AS GAMMA UPSILON, MEMBERS OF SYSTEM 800 GROUP ONLY 99¢ PER HALF MIN. MUST BE 18.





COAST TO COAST ACTION!! 1-900-999-4444 STERMIN

RX: NAUGHTY NURSES PHONE SEX!

Kinky Fantasies To Blow Your Mind! \$25, No Collect Call Backs 415-567-4578 MC/V/AE

HOT BLACK BEAUTY GIVES GOOD PHONE! Call RUBY 415-584-1140, \$14, Credit Cards

OUR TEXAS HOT ASSES ARE WARM & WET Phone/Panties! (214) 233-4512, 233-4517, & 233-4519

SWEET SENSATIONS

-900-446-4006

THE BEST LIVE SEX! 1-800-688-0600 (V/MC 24 HRS)

SEE ME FUCK ON THE VISUAL TELEPHONE! \$22 1-900-329-3377-EXT. 9

1-900-370-9919 — Meet Beautiful Sexy Ladies TONIGHT! All Areas! \$1 Min/\$2 1st Min. Over 18.

-A.'S HOTTEST GIRLS! \$12 HORNEY COEDS 213-294-CUMM V/MC/AE KINKY GIRLS 213-660-3825 "LIVE" 24Hrs.

HOT LIVE GIRLS!! 1-800-583-4SIN 1-800-869-MONA

I NEED IT SO BAD, I CAN'T STAND IT. \$2/Mir 1-900-654-BABE

I'LL VIDEO YOUR SECRET FANTASY! \$25 Incl. Personalized Video 1-900-329-1666

TONGUE LASHINGS BY WOMEN IN COMMAND! CREDIT CARDS, \$35, M-F, 10-10. 212-242-3613.

1-900-999-BABE

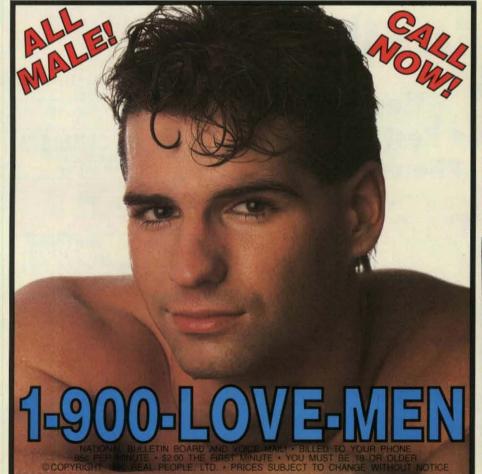
KIM'S PHONE. Friendly & Fun! Why Not? \$15 for 12 min. Call 415-567-4581

CALL THE LOVELINE! GIRLS, GUYS, SWINGERS (\$1/Min, \$2/1st)



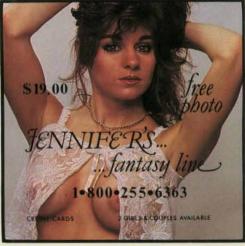








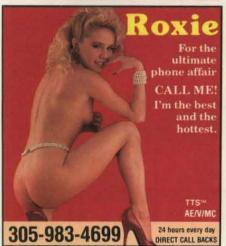


















FREE!



As an Adam & Eve customer, you'll be elig to receive FREE PRODUCTS and CATA-LOGS plus chances to win COLD HAD CASH! All this plus the hottest sex produ-money can buy. Your satisfaction is GUARANTEED! FREE SEX PRODUCTS WITH EVERY ORDER!

You'll get a free gift offer with your catalog that you can use with your first order.

use with your first order. It's true! Just fill in the coupon below and we'll rush you our new est catalog packed with hundreds to the standard packed with hundreds tubes, suggestions to the standard packed with the stand

AND MUCH, MUCH MORE! Send in your

TODAY! Adam & Eve

P.O. Box 200 Dept. HU238 Carrboro, NC 27510

Yes! Send my sexy full-color Adam & Eve catalog absolutely FREE!

TYPE OR PRINT CLEARLY

SIGNATURE (I am over 21 years of age.)

ADORESS

STATE





1-800-988-PARTY

NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED

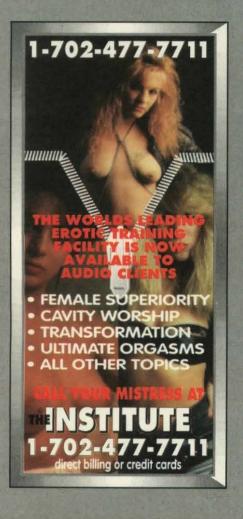
JOIN THE PARTY LINE
OR
GO OUT ONE-ON-ONE
WITH
THAT WILD SOMEONE
YOU
HAVE ALWAYS WANTED
TO MEET

HEAR PHONE ADS FROM PEOPLE OF EVERY LIFESTYLE WHO WANT TO MEET YOU

LEAVE AN AD OF YOUR OWN

HURRY THE PARTY HAS ALREADY STARTED!!!







200 SCENES -All New! 15 cach in quantity

Each tape is jammed full of the hottest and hardest sex imaginable! 200 of the most explicit scenes ever filmed and they're yours for an unheard of price. We're convinced that once you see our great product and prices, you'll order again and again!!! You get the exact titles listed - NO SUBSTITUTES!

				W di					9.5
1	d		K	-			1		1/1/20
■Dildo Lovers		Black Cock	1	■ Tan Lines	Z	■ Close Shave		Sit on My Cock	Bosofn Buddles
		Oral Lovers	-	Cushing Assured	_	Feer Beauty		100 C C C C C C C C C C C C C C C C C C	1203
	200	Hot for You		Fucking Around Head Slick		Eager Beaver Tit Invaders		Make it Stiff Satisfied	The same
6	0			Pink Pussies		Lay Me		Hungry Mouth	13/
Lick My Clit	2000	Nasty as They Cu		Jug Queen		Rear-Ended		Oral Vixens	Cunt to Cunt
Service Control	200	Sex Slaves		Loaded Up		Working Girls		Black Magic	
		Wet Lips Tight Ends		In Touch Wicked Women		Peep Holes Strokin' Off		Sexcapades Best Blow Job	3
LAAL		The Hole Thing		King Dong	ö			Ooze	
■ Tongue Dance		Jizz Fizz		Stiff Stuff		Nasty Bits		Ready to Fuck	Chowing Down
1	200	Hot Ass		Hung Guns		Double Donged		Cummin' Dirty	
		Lez Party Cum Crazy		Eat My Ass Ben Wah Balls		Scanty Panty		Fuck Fest	A COL
		Worth the Weight		Get the Shaft		Cum Spurting Climax Ass Attack	SEV.	Deep Ass	
■ Pussy Split		Amazing Tails	3000	Cum Spots		Red Hot		Mocha Muff	■ Cream on Me
		Volcanic Loads		Beaver Cram		40 Plus	155	Hot Blooded	SEC O SEC III
		Oiled Orgasms		Nut Suck		Sappho Sex		Shafting	
		Endless Orgies Ebony Humpers		Bi-Ways Raw Orgasms		Flesh Mounds All You Can Eat		Joint Effort	The same of the sa
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Parny Fest		Shady Lady		- III r golli	_			Sex Swap	Bend Over
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	100	24 Hour Orgy			ŀ			Cooze Cruise	
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		Cum Stains	-	1	(6)			Slow n' Easy	
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Blow Me Down		Wet Dream	JII	1 101111 21	٠,	11 3113211111		Take the Plunge	Butt Slam
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	50.00	Pecker Tracks			/			Cum Suckers Bad to the Bone	
11100 4	CO.	Dirty Deeds		1			2000	Bi Crackie	
Pussy Lapping	0	Strip-A-Gram		Bun Busters	0	Private Workout	0	Twat Sauce	Triplex
		Steamed Clams	- 5	Cornholed		Raunchy Redhead		Gag	
	1995	Tongue Tickle Bod Squad	- 37			Oriental Coozine Cock Stuffed Sluts		Tush Push	F
	100	Peter Eater		Good Head		High Priced Spread		Heavy Loads Oreo Girls	
his land		Muff Dive						Natural Blondes	
Brown Sugar		Chocolay		Hooterville		Option to Bi		Awesome Orbs	Pussy Pie
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		Sperm Bath		Hot Slot		Sucked Dry		Suckcessful	
THE REAL PROPERTY.		Cheating Nymphs Hot Fucks		Deep Satisfaction Hung Guys		Lez Lesson		Tongue Probe	
Stud Suckers		Wild Things				Semen Demon		Vixens in Heat	■ Bottoms-Up
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■ Lick It		■ Tit Fuckers		Bald Beaver	å	■ Tush Push		Sit on It	■ Sit on My Face
	/ 1	5 for \$10 D	Anv	120 for \$25	P	ostage & 15 s			120 scenes \$5
		0 for \$20 🔲 i	VII 2	00 only \$30	H	landling 70 s	cer	nes \$4 🔲 :	200 scenes \$7
101	110	se Entire Ad to Order		MER SERVICE INQUI		S DNLY - 1-219-942-0	_		
Send to: C	Send to: GRAPHIC VIDEO Dept. A41				lame				
P.O. Box M827 Gary, IN 46401-0827 Rush items indicated, I enclose \$plus p&h CHECK MONEY ORDER					Addr./Apt			-	
as payment in full. Canadians remit in US funds only. No foreign COD's									
	COD, I enclose \$8 extra plus p&h.Please specify format U VHS U BET/				Ota to Zip				
	☐ Add \$2 for Insurance and First Class Handling			B-date/Sign					

HOT SPOT

GINGER LYNN'S OWN FANTASY LINE 1-900-321-0400 \$2.00 Per. Min. Call 24 Hrs

Always Ready 1-900-446-4006 Always Livel SWEET SENSATIONS!!! Warm, Wet, and Wild Pussy Waiting for You! \$15 call.

Ultimate Confession Party Line
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED
1-900-999-CHER .99 1/2 Min.
Have M.CARD/VISA READY
1-800-999-CHER .99 1/2 Min.
Adults Only

MAKE THE RIGHT CONNECTION with the hottest number nation wide, across town or next door.

No credit card needed. \$2 1st min., \$1 add'l min.

GIRLS GIRLS GIRLS Fun, exciting, sexy. All are American beauties & lined up to meet you right now. No credit card needed. \$2 1st min., \$1 add'1 min.

CAROL DODA PRESENTS: The # You've wanted to call all along. \$2 / 1st min. \$1 / add min. 1 -900-369-6969

ROTIC LADIES WAITING with messages just for you.

No credit card needed. \$2 1st min., \$1 add'l min.

1-900-654-6000

TALK LIVE JUST YOU AND ME!
TALK TO ME UNTIL YOUR HEAD EXPLODES.
1-900-776-9800
\$2. Per Half Minute

TALK LIVE ONE ON ONE TO
HORNY HOUSEWIVES THAT LIKE REAR DELIVERIES
1-900-786-9222
\$5./ min. Adults Only

XXX PHONE SEX GIRLS GUYS GAYS 1-800-338-2512

#\$2.00 Min. # 1-900-226-4433 #24 Hrs. # HEAR TANTALIZING TALES FROM BRITISH TARTS

DREAM GIRLS!!! 1-900-990-0666Always Hot!
Private One on One conversations with beautiful and
exotic women. Live and uncensored. \$10 / call

FREE HOT N' SEXY 1991 COLOR CALENDAR ADAM & EVE POB 900 D-H13 Carrboro NC 27510

THE NATION'S HOTTEST PHONE SEX LINE 1-800-FON SSEX (1-800-366-7739) FOR HOT ONE ON ONE TALK, CALL 1-818-788-8564 \$2 first min. .99¢ each add? min.

NUDE PEN PALS. \$1 & SASE, BOX 910, HOUMA, LA 70361

XXX RATED SEX TAPES. \$11.95 to A.C. Prod, 8033 Sunset #135 LA. CA. 90046 CK., M.O. V/MC (818) 763-9731. The Hottest!

PHONE FUCKING FANTASIES 1-900-369-1999 \$9.95

SEXY BLONDE HAS VIDEO CAMERA I will tape what you want as we talk 1-900-369-1222 \$25 per cell

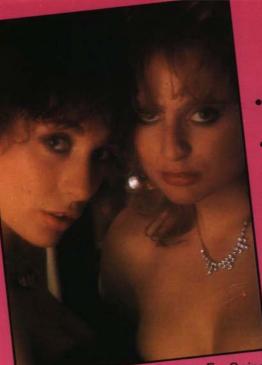
MY VIDEO TELEPHONE LETS YOU SEE EVERYTHING 1-900-329-1666 EXT, 30 \$22 Per Call

1-900-370-99 19 MEET BEAUTIFUL Sexy Ladies Tonight \$2 / 1st min. \$1 / add min. (over 18)

REAL LIVE DOLLS Ready , willing and able to give you what you desire most. No Credit Card Needed . . 95c a min.

EXPERIENCE THE ULTIMATE KINKY FANTASY1-900-463-7325 \$2 AND FOR THE HORNIEST GIRLS EVER!1-900-463-4332 \$3

HOT SPOT ADVERTISING: Phone (619) 322-5092



SWINGERS EXCHANGE

- REAL NAMES & HOME PHONE NUMBERS
- ALL LIFESTYLES
- 24 HOURS/7 DAYS
- GALS & GUYS WHO WANT TO MEET YOU!

1.900 535-0700

For Swingers Over 21 Only. Just \$2 a minute.

ADULT TELEPHONE NETWORK

LETS YOU CONNECT WITH WILLING AVAILABLE LADIES

1-900

646-0300

Serving Adults Over 18 Only. Just \$2 a minute.



CAN YOU HANDLE 2 HOT GIRLS OR MORE? DOUBLE DIPPERS DELIGHT!



GET TWICE THE ACTION, TWICE THE FUN, WHEN YOU GO 2-FOR-1 ON THE DOUBLE DIPPERS LINE

CALL 1-900

535-0200

DOUBLE DIPPERS MEANS LOTS OF HOT GIRLS FOR YOU. JUST \$2 A MINUTE. ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY.

THERE'S 2...4...UP TO 6 SUPER HOT GIRLS FOR EVERY CALLER ON THE DOUBLE DIPPERS LINE. DON'T WASTE TIME. CALL NOW TO MEET THE GIRLS!

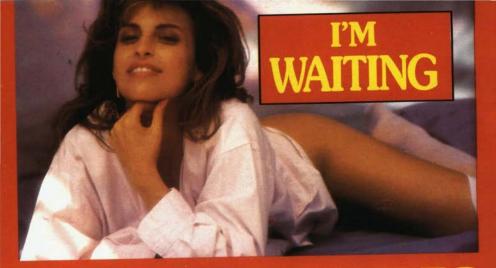
FLATTERY WILL GET YOU EVERYWHERE!

HOT GALS WHO NEED YOU NOW!

1-900-646-0900

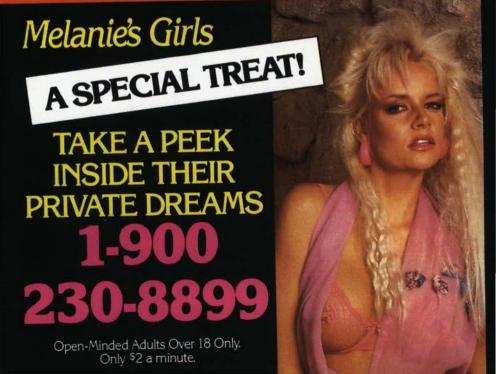
Callers over 21 only please. Just \$2 a minute.



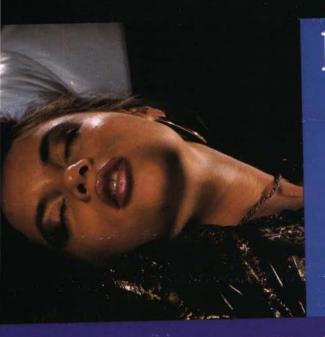


ADULT PLEASURES 1-900-246-HEAT (4328) THE LOVE TALK LINE, WHERE LADIES TELL ALL!

Adults Only Please. Only \$2 a minute



SUGAR & SPICE



HOT & NICE! 1-900 468-4968

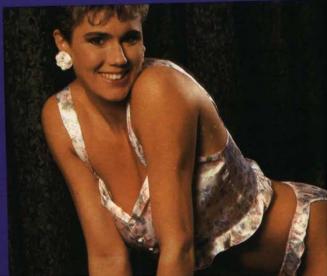
Adults Only. \$2 a minute

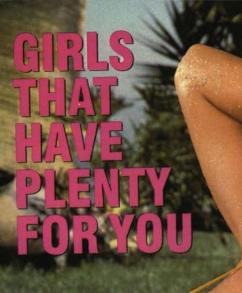
1-900-246-KISS

TRY SOME-THING NEW!

WOMEN REVEAL PRIVATE FEELINGS, PERSONAL THOUGHTS

> For Daring Adults Over 21, \$2 a minute.





TALK

TO A GIRL WHO HAS ALOT

1-900

468-0400

Adults Only Just \$25 per call.



ADULT ACTION MAND PHONE TALK 1-900 **468-CHAT**

(THAT'S 1-900-468-2428)

The Adult Action Phone Call billed at just \$25. Must be over 21 to call.

ALL ACTION ALL THE TIME

ADULT HOTLINE

1-900

646-HOTS

THE HOT LINE WHERE ADULTS SHARE THEIR PRIVATE THOUGHTS For adults only, \$2 a minute.



DOUBLE UP!WITH TWO GIRLS, OR MORE!



1-900 **535-0200**

The Girls-Girls-Girls Line!
Personal
Contacts For
Your Dating
Pleasure.

Adults Only. Just \$2 a minute.

QUICK RELEASE "OOOH BABY!" 1-900 230-LADY

IT'S WHAT YOU NEED!
INSTANT PERSONAL
CONTACTS!
NO WAITING EVER!

ADULTS ONLY, \$2 A MINUTE.



FOR A REALLY GOOD TIME CALL...



1-900-468-1900 HOT ACTION THE WAY YOU LIKE IT! 24 HOURS A DAY!

• YOUR PERSONAL "LOVE" SERVICE • FAST CONTACTS
• REAL GIRLS' HOME NUMBERS

• NO EXTRA CHARGE FOR YOUR LIVE CONNECTION

AND, FOR INTIMATE CONFESSIONS CALL...

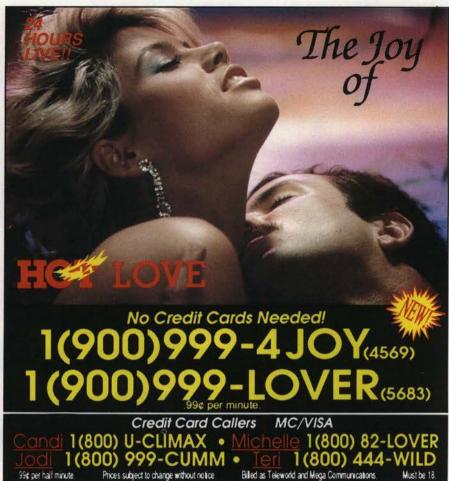
-900-646-1100

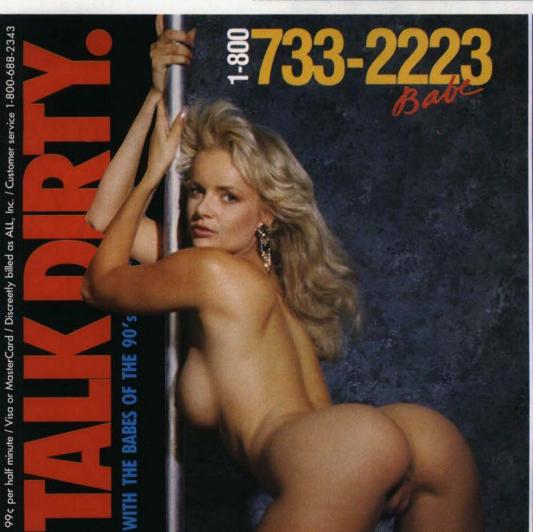
• PRIVATE • PERSONAL • CONFIDENTIAL SERVICE

All Calls Just \$2 a Minute. Adults Only.



JOIN THE LIVE PARTY LINE OR JUST LISTEN / 24 HOURS - 7 DAYS / FREE PHOTO OFFER / VOICE MAIL BOXES / MUST BE OVER 18







TRY ME.

BABY

Brought to you by DBS ENTERPRISES Must be over 18 NO CREDIT CARDS NEEDED \$2.00 1st/99¢ additional minute

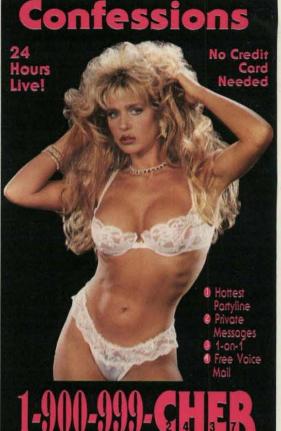


Ultimate Ass-ets



Free Voice Mail Live Partyline Private Message & Conference

Have VISA / MC ready! Touchtone Phones Only!
Billed discreetly as Mr. Info., .99¢ per ½ min. Must be 18.
Prices subject to change without notice



Touchtone Phones Onlyl .99¢ per 1/2 min. Must be 18. Prices subject to change without notice









"I DON'T SEEM TO MEET ANYBODY EXCITING ANYMORE..."

COULD YOU BE THE ONI SHE'S LOOKING FOR? YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE ALONE ANYMORE!

HOT, VOLUPTUOUS WOMEN ARE LOOKING FOR FUN, FRIENDSHIP AND ROMANCE!

DON'T HESITATE—GET IN ON THE ACTION!

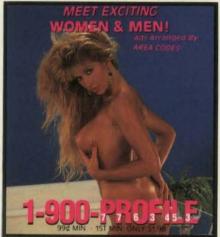
CALL 1-900 646-2000

THE EASY WAY TO GET IN TOUCH!
For adults over 21. Only \$2.00 per minute

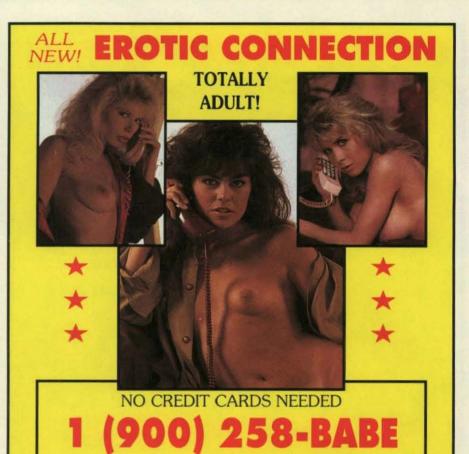






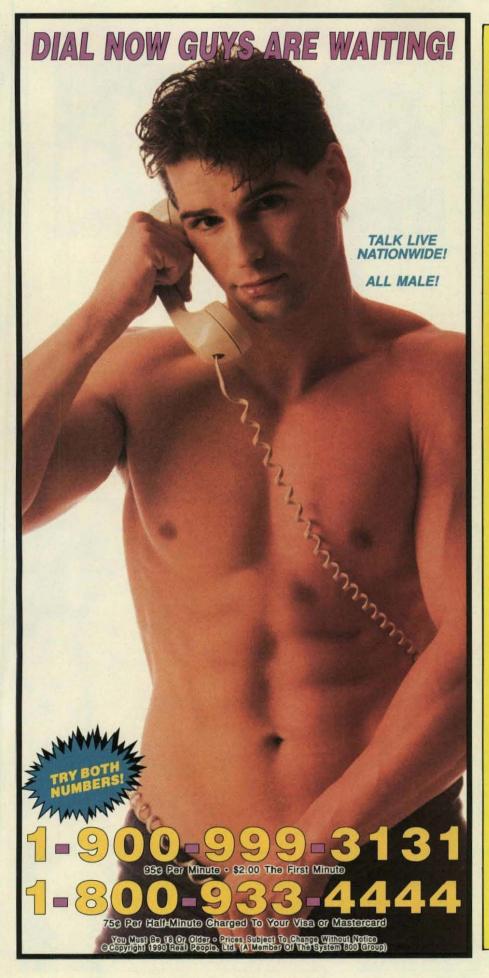






\$19.95 PER CALL





GIRLS AND MORE GIRLS!



I WANT TO PARTY WITH ONLY YOU! I'mLUSCIOUS, I'm HOT, I'm WET ALL WHERE IT COUNTS! I'LL STIMULATE YOUR LIFE!

Talk Or Eavesdrop Anytime 24 Hours

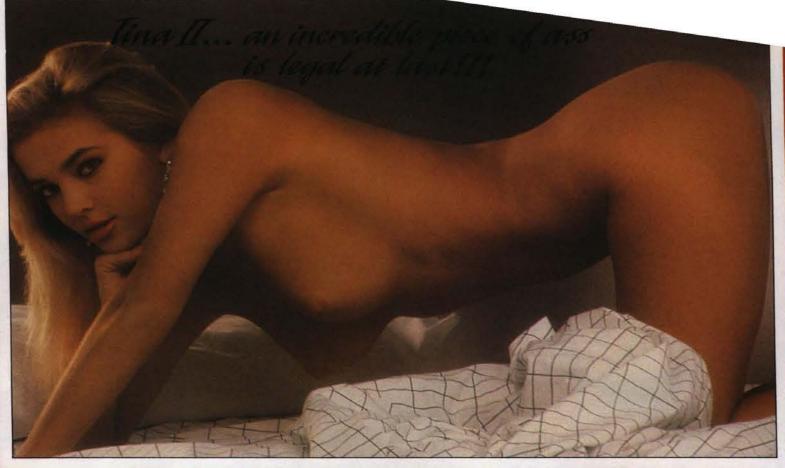
1-800-695-DAWN (1-800-695-3296) CALL NOW!!

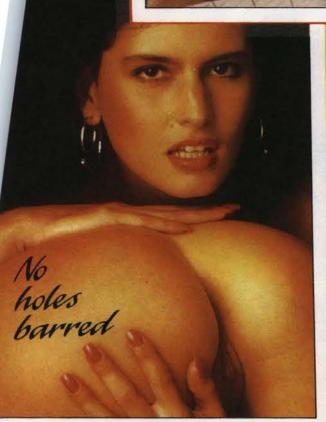
DAWN IS "HOT!"

She NEEDS A Sexy Phone Friend!

\$1.95 per minute

- Have Credit Card Ready
- Touch Tone Phones Only
- Billed Discreetly To Visa/MC As: NEW ADVENTURES, INC.
- Must Be 21 Years Old





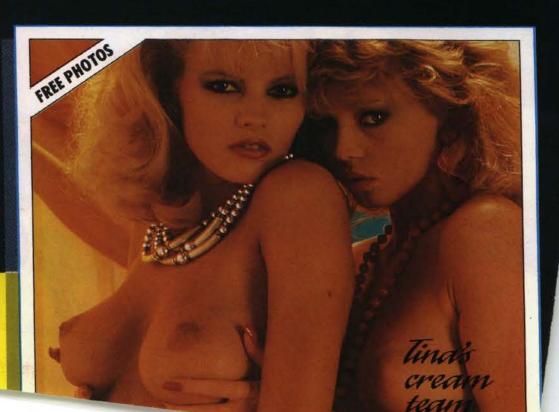
1-800 234- 1110 1-800 999- 1110 999- 1110 Original

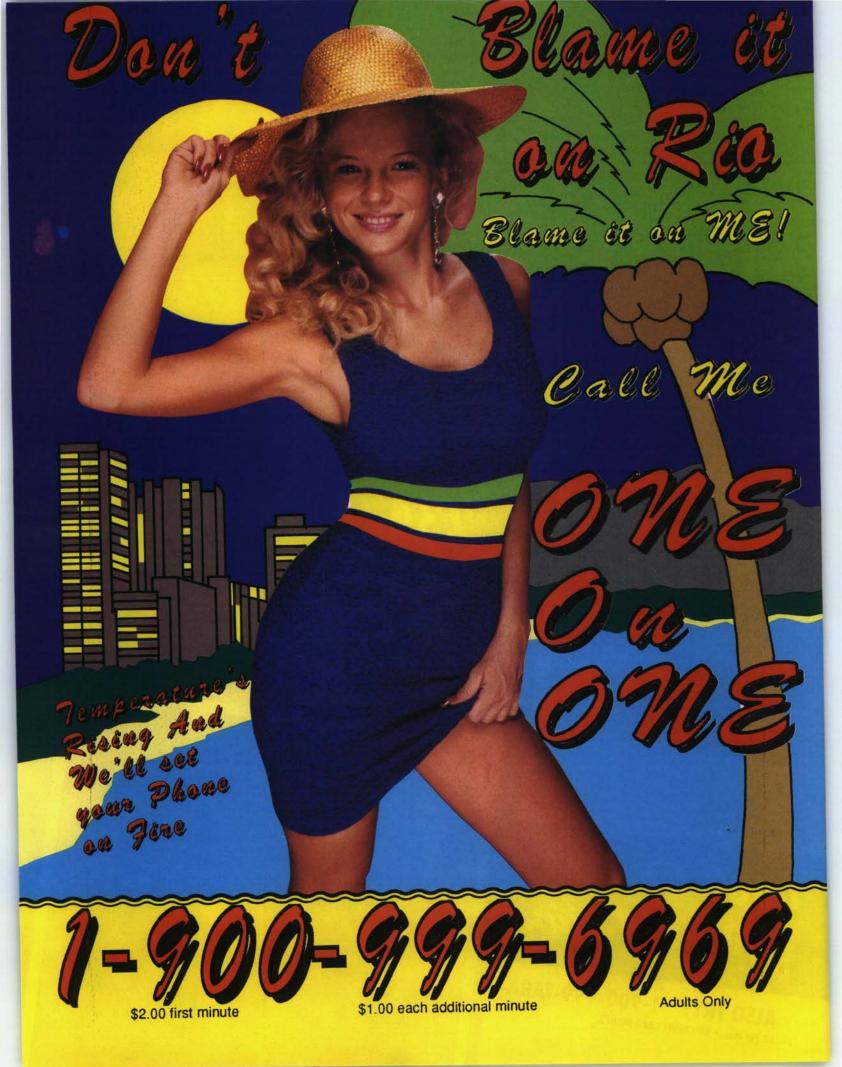
CUM ONE ON ONE • LIVE PHONE SEX • EROTIC MESSAGE BOARD \$1.98 Per Min. • Visa or M/C • You Must Be 18 Billed as Info Net Mktg. & Beta Entertainment

1-800-678-Girl 1-800-777-Gina Billed as Network Res. & Voices Intl.

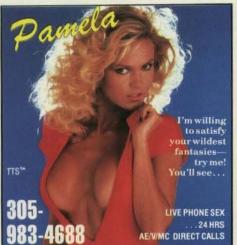
ALSO TRY: 1-900-999-TARA

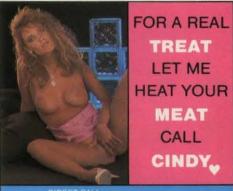
\$2 Per Min. • NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED



















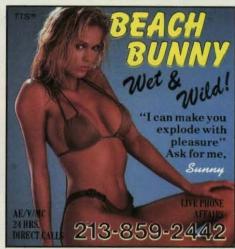
















EXPLODE WITH ENERGY



	ERGY TABS & CAPS (TO RESTORE MENTAL ALERTNESS) CAFFEINE	100 CT	250 CT	500 CT	2 LOTS OF 500 *
4.	357 MAGNUM TAB	\$7.00	\$16.00	\$24.00	\$34.00
22.	357 MAGNUM CAP 200 mg	8.00	16.00	24.00	34.00
14.	LARGE PINK HEART 200 mg	7.00	14.00	22.00	24.00
2.	30/30 TAB	7.00	14.00	23.00	29.00
15.	BLACK MOLE CAP	8.00	16.00	24.00	34.00
17.	WHITE MOLE CAP 150 mg	7.00	14.00	22.00	29.00
11.	WHT/BLUE SPEC TAB	7.00	14.00	22.00	29.00
3.	20/20 TAB	7.00	14.00	22.00	29.00
DIE	T AIDS PHENYLPROPANOLAMINE (TO CURB THE APP	PETITE)			2 LOTS
	PPA HCL	100 CT	250 CT	500 CT	OF 500 *
18.	RED/CLEAR CAPSULE	\$8.00	\$16.00	\$25.00	\$35.00
20.	36-24-36 TM CAPSULE	8.00	16.00	25.00	35.00
21.	36-24-36 TM CAPLET	8.00	16.00	25.00	35.00
BR	ONCHODILATOR (FOR THE TEMPORARY RELIEF OF PAROXY	SMS OF ASTH	MA)		2 LOTS
	EPHEDRINE HCL	100 CT	250 CT	500 CT	OF 500 *
	MINI PINK HEART 25 mg	\$7.50	\$14.50	\$17.50	\$25.00
1.	THE OF THE	7.50	14.50	17.50	18.00
1. 5.	THIN OR THICK				
1000	THIN OR THICK 25 mg EPHED 25 CAP 25 mg	8.00	15.00	17.50	25.00
5. 19.				17.50	25.00

CAUTION: INDIVIDUALS UNDER MEDICAL CARE SHOULD CONSULT THEIR PHYSICIAN, NO SALES TO MINORS. *THIS COMBINATION IS NOT INCLUDED IN THE "BUY 2 GET 1 FREE" OFFER, SAFE TAMPER RESISTANT PACKAGE.

HOW TO ORDER

- Call toll free and order C.O.D. We ship daily and you pay upon delivery.
- Take advantage of our Quantity Savings and send your money order with the coupon below to:

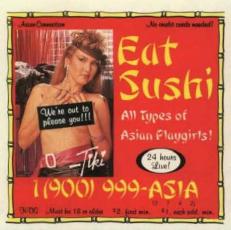
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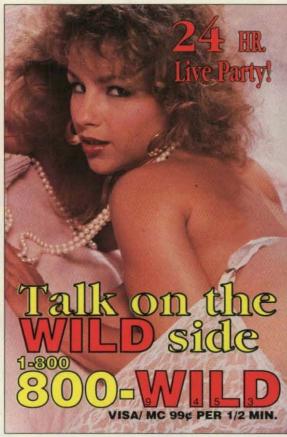
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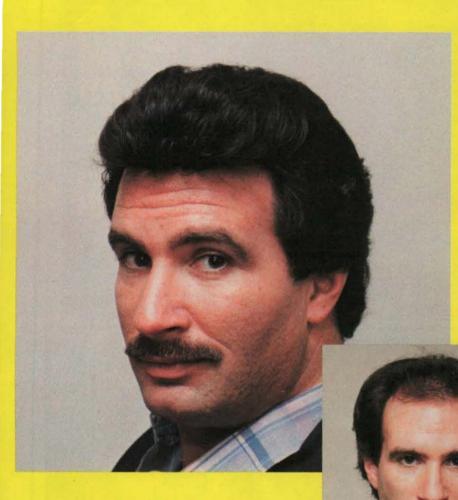
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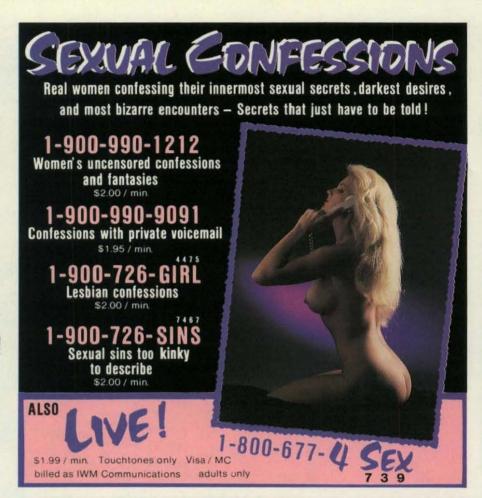
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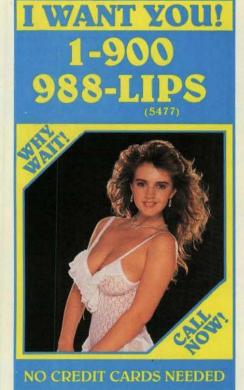
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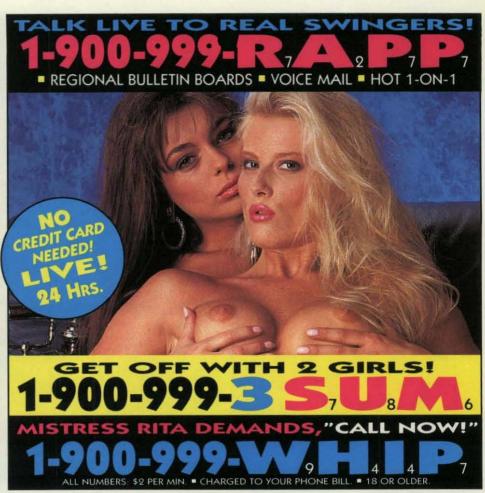
















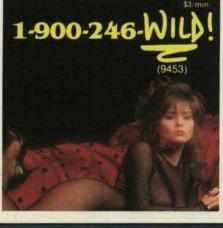


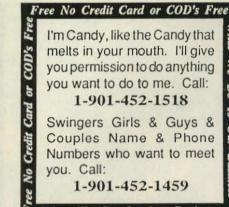












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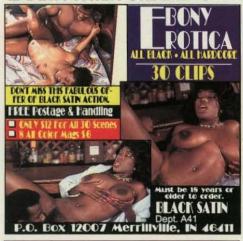






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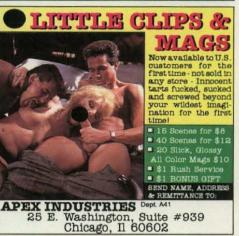














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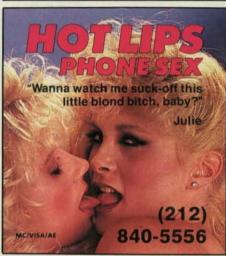




















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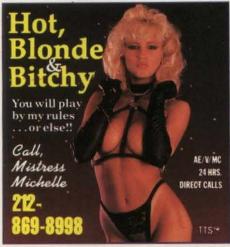
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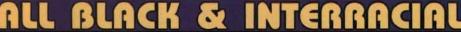


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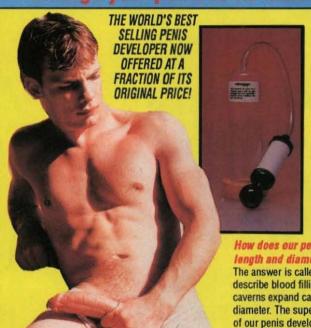


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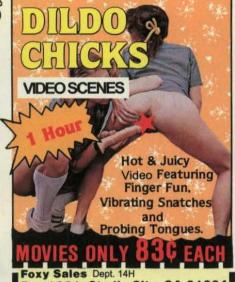
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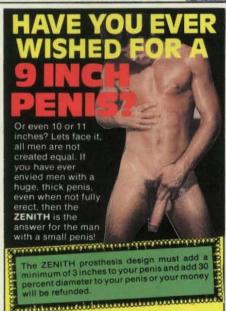


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HUSTLER

May HUSTLER on sale March 19, 1991



HARD THROB

Knuckle under the best of bright-eyed, springtime cooze with HUSTLER Magazine in May: A handful of comely buds shake their wet tails at the stiff stalks of raring, new growth. Nothing looks better than pink on black-velvet, as proves a platinum skinstress with bigger tits than Harlow, Monroe and Mansfield combined; two train-hopping twatsters get down and dirty with a gash-grinding grab for top spot on caboose; a video-fetish hotslot plugs alternating currents into her own high-power energy source; and a junkyard dog mounts a spicy, trashy bitch in a photo-feature that's pure dirt. Such is the fertile fuckground that HUSTLER hoes in the spring-iest month of the year. See what comes up.

THE WAGERS OF SIN

Nowhere does the Bible take a stand against gaming. Bet-making is a pastime going back in time as far as antiquity. Whereas ancient Greeks and Romans feverishly bet on chariot races, nowadays a mammoth \$50 billion is bet on sporting events every year—illegally. Close to 85,000 people in the United States today derive income from bookmaking activities. If you've never seen a spread sheet, or even if you think you know the score, check out Ante Up, writer Robert McGarvey's allencompassing survey of bookmakers' activities in America.



HALF-BREED, ANYONE?

Good girls and bad girls occupy opposite and uniquely distinctive ends of the proverbial rod of erotic attraction. Each commands an impressive and disparate catalog of cock-stiffening virtues and ball-breaking flaws. Intrepid writer Alex Marvel describes the view from high and low roads in *Nice Girls vs. Bad Seeds*, a tongue-in-cheek exploration of the everlasting conundrums of prim-and-proper social respectability and down-and-dirty bedroom appeal, where hopes for middle ground have turned to mud with the salty tears of mankind's wishful thinking.

ALL THAT AND THIS TOO

Sex Play for May deplores sex on TV or, more precisely, the appalling lack of it, in writer Byron Lincoln's "Guide to Marginally Erotic Television"; Beaver Hunt picks another passel of perennial, private poon to brighten the boudoir bouquet; and the Bits & Pieces crew bubbles over with a searingly funny new take on Spring Break escapades before breaking the mudwrestling stronghold with "Strip Club Trends for the '90s." HUSTLER in May hits the stands with tremors felt from coast to coast. Roll with it.







