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HUSTLER

Volume 20 Number 11

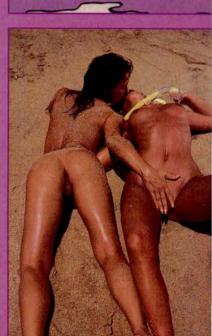
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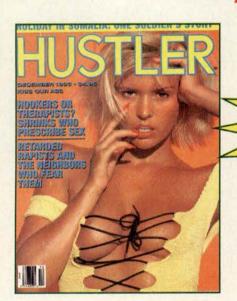


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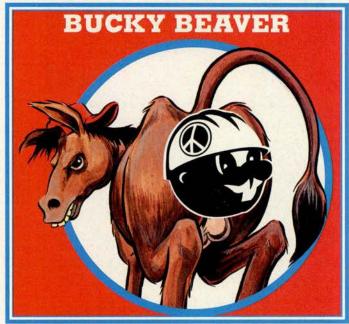
ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

It must be spring. Anal rosebuds have sprung up everywhere—near, far, lurking in our very midst. At this rectum-rich time of year, it takes a fool to spot the sphincters most deserving of special mention; thus, Bucky Beaver, the stalwart animal mascot of Larry Flynt's stellar periodical, has been elected HUSTLER Magazine's Asshole of the Month for April 1994.

At first glance, Bucky looks harmless enough. He's furry. He's cute. His eyes twinkle with unbridled glee, and his bucktoothed smile sparkles with an irrepressible enthusiasm for life. Unfortunately for us, for our readers and for the world at large, something sinister lurks behind Mr. Beaver's mischievous, can-opener grin.

Beavers are reputed to be industrious animals, and Bucky Beaver, busy as a bee an entire hive of bees is certainly true to form for his species. During his nearly 20 years as an anthropomorphic emblem for the editorial policies of HUSTLER Magazine, Mr. Beaver has employed a tireless energy to advance his hidden agenda of agitation. While most specimens of the beaver ilk direct their efforts toward building dams and other restrictive, cement-hard structures, Bucky has been working overtime to stir up mud, to gnaw through polite, established facades, to not leave well enough alone.

Take a cursory viewing of the photo-spreads within this magazine. The subversive mammal's compulsion to open and spotlight the Pandora's box of human sexuality is glaringly revealed. Every self-pro-



claimed sane and wise voice in America, from a dubiously Moral Majority to an outwardly antisex government, is calling for a retreat from candid exploration of the furnimmed frontiers. "Just don't touch that below-the-waist thing, and maybe it will wilt away," dictate the forces of accepted reason. Bucky Beaver perversely insists upon forging onward, a phallus-powered spearhead who takes delight in exposing and promoting the fun to be had by bumping uglies with a piece of split tail.

With his all-consuming dedication to the pursuit of a warm, wet place for his bone to call home, it's hard to imagine how Bucky finds time to indulge his inordinate fascination with shaking up the status quo, but his schedule is never too busy for a little newsstand sedition. Through his insidious influence upon the content of HUSTLER Magazine, the pugnacious rodent insists upon presenting viewpoints the rest of the media prefer to ignore. Unlike his "bunnified" counterparts in the publishing field, Bucky's teeth have not worn down or dulled over the years, and he has remained eager to sink his razor-sharp enamels into the tough topics.

Homelessness, child abuse, hitman cops, neglect of the elderly, penile surgery, prison conditions, the methadone conspiracy, the mosttwisted kinks in fetish sex, the abandonment of POWs in Vietnam, the resurgence of shock therapy, racial tensions at street level, IRS atrocities, behind-the-scenes sex secrets of porno pros—HUSTLER's take on touchy subjects usually comes well before mainstream news coverage, and we delve deeper. Why this embarrassing compulsion to tell it like it is? Because the only thing Bucky's bite shies away from is candy coating.

The Beaver's mania for cutting the props out from under hypocrisy in high places is manifest in his fixation with preserving our personal freedoms as outlined in the Bill of Rights contained in the United States Constitution. The individual's choice to worship as he sees fit, to speak as he pleases, to read what interests him, to maintain his privacy, to be safe from unwarranted searches and seizures, to bear arms if he so desires—all have been championed in HUSTLER Magazine.

Bucky's disturbing tendency to make fun of topics that the politically correct world views with solemnity prompted the Campari ad parody that sent Larry Flynt to the United States Supreme Court, where Bucky's master preserved the press's option to shout that the emperor wears no clothes.

Bucky refuses to kick his habit of giving HUSTLER readers what they want, rather than what some censor dictates would be good for them. Irreverent. Ribald. Riotous. Fully erect. That's just the kind of Asshole Bucky Beaver is. It's the kind of Asshole he has always been, and it's the Asshole he will always be. We promise.

Farts in the Wind

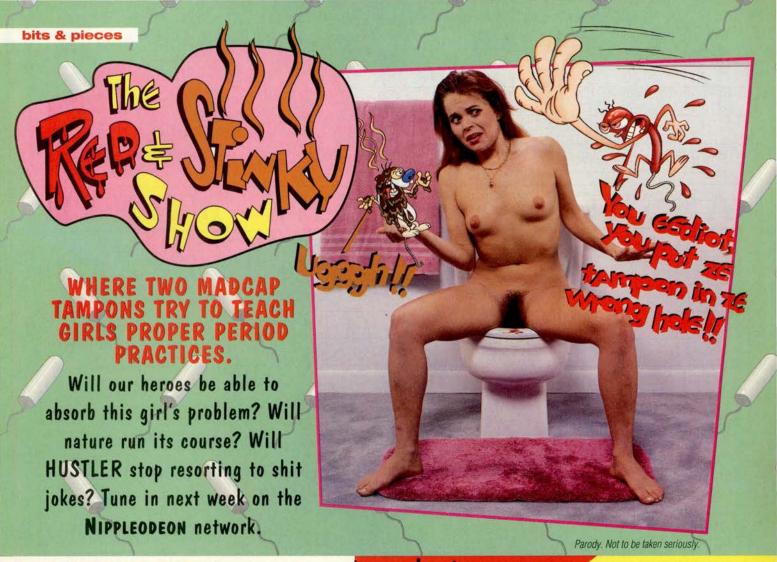
Oliver North: The indigestible Oliver North lingers like the back effects of a spoiled pork-rind burrito. Expect the man who was involved with selling weapons to the American-hating government of Iran to run for the United States Senate in Virginia. This disgrace to the Marine Corps should be running from a cellblock of twitbashers with a prison yard tattoo on

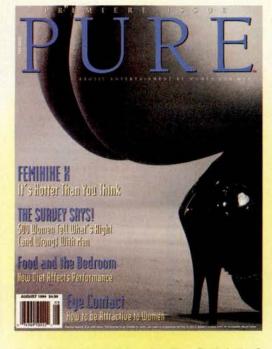
his rump cheeks that reads: "Semper Assholis." Senator Ernest F. Hollings: Hollings,

Senator Ernest F. Hollings: Hollings, who is white, took a shot at African diplomats who traveled to Switzerland for international trade talks. "These potentates from down in Africa," Hollings said, "rather than eating each other, they'd just come up and

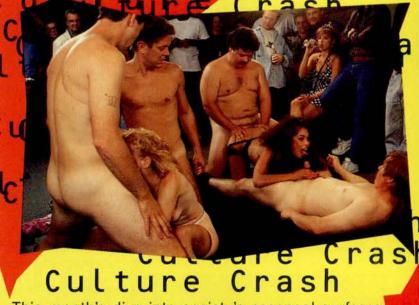
get a good square meal in Geneva."
Last year, concerning the atomic bomb, Hollings quipped: "You should draw a mushroom cloud and put underneath it, 'Made in America by lazy and illiterate Americans and tested in Japan.' "Thank God Hollings is in the Senate; we've got too many Assholes trying to write jokes for our humor page as it is.

HUSTLER APRIL 5





PURELY EROTIC How would a men's magazine look if written, edited and photographed entirely by women? Find out in PURE Magazine's premiere issue, in newsstands May 31, 1994, or available by mail if you send a check for \$4.99, plus \$1 shipping, payable to HG Publications, 9171 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210.

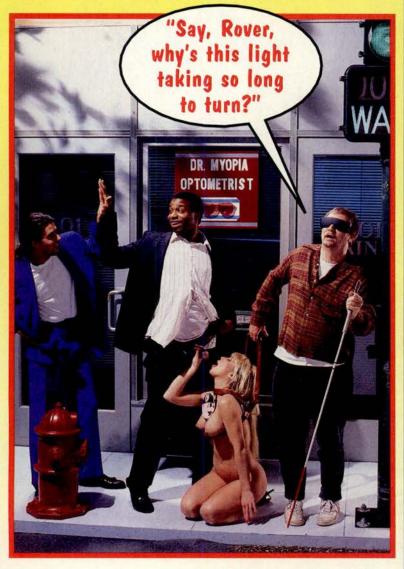


This month's dive into society's cesspool surfaces inside the House of Sex, where punk concerts feature orgies as an encore. Live this new-rave experience with the HUSTLER feature *Plowing the Underground:* Rave's New High in Lowdown Sex beginning on page 48 of this issue.

Readers Respond:

Here's What the Fuck Is Wrong With Us!

In the Holiday '93 issue of **HUSTLER**, readers were asked to analyze our depictions of women in canine positions. According to one response from Tom Vivone of Mineral Point, Missouri, **HUSTLER** subverts women. Not true. In fact, we view women as art objects and prove their beauty perseveres even in undesirable situations. Case in point: Mr. Vivone's winning photo suggestion of the classic blind man/Seeing Eye dog gag. Clearly, in this situation, the woman maintains her dignity. Glad we could clear that up.



bits & pieces

The answers to last month's "Whoever Said It, Spread It" quiz are:

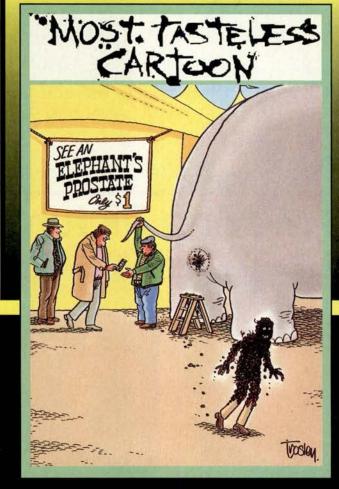
1-B, 2-F, 3-A, 4-C, 5-E, 6-D.

Congrats to the prize winner.

Sorry, no more winners now that we've printed the answers.



No, we're not going to make the obvious "dictation" joke here. Instead, we offer this unguarded office orifice as a tearful ode to the days when secretaries were still sex objects. Certainly helped keep a man's pencil sharpened. Robert Novak receives April's \$150 prize for sending this fine photo. Increase your assets by submitting classic poses to HUSTLER's Porn From the Past, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.



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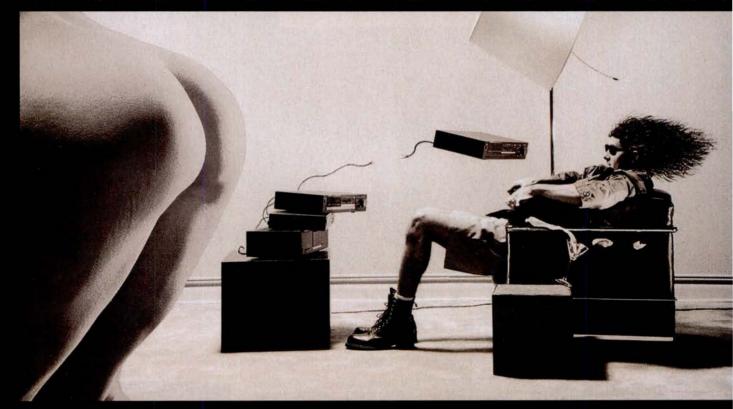






ups of 32 women's most private part, this frank photo album proves the vulva is one of nature's most beautiful and haunting images. To dive inside femalia, write to The Sexuality Library, 938 Howard Street, #101, San Francisco, CA 94103. You haven't seen one until you've seen them all.

DRENCH IN THE STENCH OF TODAY'S HOTTEST SOUNDS.



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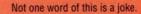


Actress/intellectual Christina Applegate indeed flipped, flopped and flew to brilliant artistic heights recently in a moving dance tribute to the sidewalk

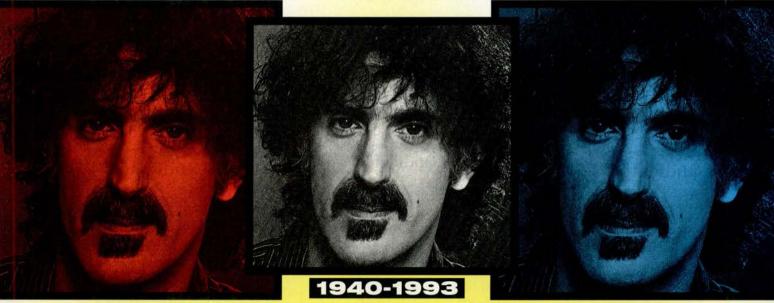
demise of her pal River Phoenix. The tasteful requiem, set to the anthem "Junkie," by fast-rising rock band the Balls, took place at a hip Los Angeles performance space. Many cool people attended.

Applegate's piece commenced with the statement, "This is for you, River, wherever you are."

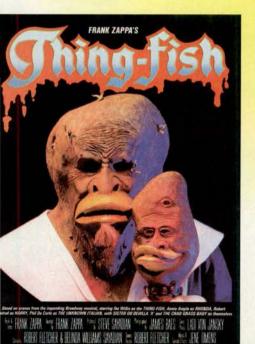
Undoubtably, he's in a better place.



Frankly, He Gave a Damn



bits & pieces



HUSTLER mourns the passing of Frank Zappa, a visionary equally notable for his prolific musical output, his undaunting commitment to the preservation of personal freedoms and his outstanding taste in reading material. Frank Zappa had a thing going with HUSTLER.

A feature interview with the weirdo composer graced our second issue (Frank Zappa's Got Brand New Shoes, August 1974). Later, Zappa himself penned a blistering tract in support of unqualified First Amendment rights (It's About Mr. Flynt, January 1984). The Mother of Invention's most notorious contribution to HUSTLER history, however, remains the 21-page Celebrity Photo-Fantasy Thing Fish (April 1984), which featured pink flamingoes, porn star Annie Ample, and Pat Boone's penis in as bizarre a visual feature as this magazine has ever run.

Frank Zappa will be remembered always at HUSTLER as a dear friend.







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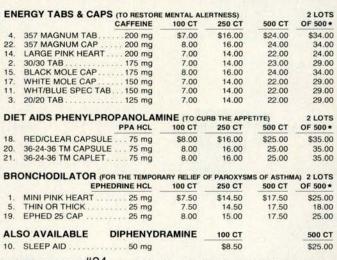
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Letter of the Month As a woman who's found herself on both ends of the leash, I find HUSTLER's depictions of women on all fours quite stimulating ("What the Fuck Is Wrong With Us?", Bits & Pieces, Holiday Issue, '93). I'm sure from the male's point of view women in such subservient positions are a throbbingly big turn-on. It may come as a surprise, but HUSTLER's aboves are a kind of the subservient positions are a throbbingly big turn-on. It may come as a surprise, but HUSTLER's aboves are a kind of the subservient positions are a first of the subservient positions are a throbbingly big turn-on. It may come as a surprise, but the subservient positions are a subservient positions are a surprise.

ends of the leash, I find HUSTLER's depictions of women on all fours quite stimulating ("What the Fuck Is Wrong With Us?", Bits & Pieces, Holiday Issue, '93). I'm sure from the male's point of view women in such subservient positions are a throbbingly big turn-on. It may come as a surprise, but HUSTLER's photos are a big turn-on for many women as well! HUSTLER's outrageous take on the fairer sex depicts a facet or two of my own erotic fantasies, and I consider myself to be representational of many women: a multidimensional woman of the '90s, at times elegant, at times radically feminist.

Of course, publicly I must condemn such depictions of women, but anonymously and privately I must confess how wet my pussy gets at HUSTLER's down-and-dirty disses! HUSTLER's so-called degrading photos capture an element or two of human sexuality that I suppose has always been kept behind closed doors. I'm sure many of my sisters and the religious right would like to keep such things forbidden and unexpressed. I myself have dominated and been dominated in ways depicted in HUSTLER photos. It follows that I hope HUSTLER will continue to stimulate me.

As a dominant, I yearn to go out and find some wanton submissive—perhaps a nice, young, blond coed—and make her explore numerous erotic taboos. For example, make her do some naughty, nasty deeds, grovel at my feet, lick and be licked in the most naughty of ways! As a submissive, I want to be similarly tamed—hopefully by some big, nasty-minded black master—and forced to get down on all fours with my ass thrust high in the air, and then forced to perform the absolute ultimate in doggy-style!

Such are the confessions of a horny, exotic feminist who grew up with an equally horny pet and some nasty-minded neighbor boys!

—Sharon
Orlando, Florida

What can we say? Please, please, Sharon turn to Beaver Hunt for entry details!

Picture This

I think HUSTLER would be enhanced by the addition of a female-celebrity, fuck-fantasy section written by your readers. *Penthouse Forum* features celebrity fantasies written by their readers. A celebrity-fantasy section would give spice to HUSTLER. I'd be interested in your opinion.

—E. T.

Fort Lauderdale, Florida



Lisa: Paint It Pink

Don't give HUSTLER short shrift in femalecelebrity fuck-fantasies, E. T. In September 1993, actress Shannen Doherty seemingly sucked lumber in lifelike HUSTLERVision® ("The Head of Her Class," Bits & Pieces, September '93); scopophiliacs enjoyed an amazingly realistic version of jailbird Amy Fisher naked as a jaybird ("G.A.P. Denims: Amy Fisher's New Clothes," Ad Parody, September '93) and Dolly Parton apparently shucking her duds ("Make Any Woman Nude Instantly," Bits & Pieces, October '93); and Sharon Stone, in our minds at least, opened her lips for the oral majority ("HUSTLER Interview: Sharon Stone's Cunt," Bits & Pieces, October '93). Keep yer eyes peeled for more!

Prose and Cons

Caged and Disgraced (Caged and Disgraced: Women Under the Penal System, January '94), HUSTLER's article on women's prisons, doesn't really have much to say that's new, and compared to the violence in men's prisons, the abuses of being felt up or made to pee in front of guards seem trivial.

However, the author, Robert Williamson, shows himself to be dishonest and devious, deliberately withholding key information when he describes Anne Pollard only as being in jail for receiving embezzled property, as if she were just some bookkeeper who got caught with her hand in the cookie jar. Pollard is, of course, the wife and

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accomplice of convicted spy Jonathan Pollard, the scumbag who gave top-secret U.S. military documents to Israel, and who is deservedly locked away in the bowels of Marion, Illinois's ultra-high-security penitentiary. On a positive note, I should point out that James W. Harris's piece on antigun fanatics in the same issue (Crossfire: Antigun Fanatics Blast the Second Amendment, January '94) was a cogent and vigorous defense of the Second Amendment.

—S. F.

Long Island City, New York

Fired Up

I want to thank HUSTLER Magazine for publishing Crossfire: Antigun Fanatics Blast the Second Amendment (Crossfire: Antigun Fanatics Blast the Second Amendment, January '94).

Rarely does any media source publish an article on gun control without adding their extreme bias for banning firearms. Such antigun zealotry almost always results in the reader being constantly brainwashed into believing that a gun's only function is destruction.

Congratulations to HUSTLER for showing that, while gun control may look good on paper, reality proves that it does not result in crime control. California's waiting period was probably just as responsible for the surge in gun sales as the L.A. riots. Citizens of L.A. realized, during the civil unrest, that immediate availability of weapons was not an option and figured they had better buy a gun immediately, before a time of equal lawlessness recurred.

Banning guns can only be as successful as banning drugs, alcohol or prostitution. Banning guns will only result in providing another lucrative product for street gangs to fight over. You'd think America would have learned a lesson from the failings of alcohol prohibition and the current losing war on drugs.

—M. M.

Long Beach, California

Funny You Should Ask

I've been a HUSTLER fan for more than seven years. I'm not a subscriber, but I've bought almost every issue throughout that time. My latest job, and another kid on the way, have made times difficult as far as spending cash goes. I've always wondered with envy and curiosity how HUSTLER selects its cartoonists. I see that the *Graffilthy* space awards money to people who

write in with the best filth. Being a person with a filthy mind who enjoys drawing, I'd like to be HUSTLER's first entry for a 'toon contest. I've never seen the opportunity in HUSTLER, but I think the response would be great.

How could I go about auditioning to be a regular 'toonist for HUSTLER? What are the requirements for such art? I'm very interested in giving the rest of the world some humor with the name and reputation of HUSTLER backing me up!

HUSTLER could have a new subscriber/
employee and happy customers laughing
their balls off. As for myself, I'd get a great
job, HUSTLER Magazine on a regular
basis, spending money and getting my
rocks off!

—D. M.

Riverside, California

Anyone who can draw a 'toon panel funny enough to make HUSTLER Cartoon Editor Jeanne Diamond pee her pants gets a check in the mail and the pleasure of seeing his craft immortalized in America's magazine, D. M.! Simply sketch, mail, cross yer fingers and hope that Ms. Diamond has had one too many cups of coffee!

Almost a Man

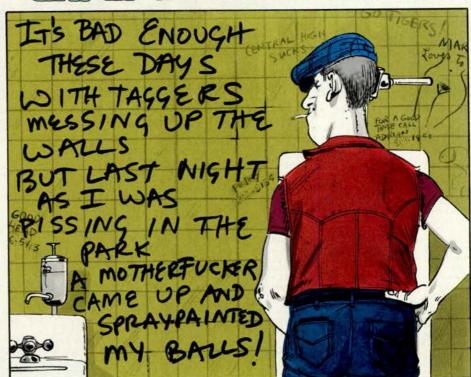
Feedback, you can't understand how much HUSTLER means to me, but that can wait. HUSTLER has the most beautiful women in your pages, like Lisa (Lisa: Paint It Pink, January '94) with her cute pussy and Esteé (Esteé: Diamond Head, January '94), one of the best-looking blondes of all time! Why does HUSTLER mean so much to me? Because I am a 20-year-old man and a virgin, with everything out there like AIDS. That's why I buy HUSTLER. Because it helps me to stay a virgin until I am ready to have sex. And another thing-to those people who blame sex mags for rapes, let me tell you: I've been buying HUSTLER for two years, and I've never raped a woman or even said a dirty thing to a woman in my life! -M. A.

Middlesex-Essex, Massachusetts

Under Ware

HUSTLER! Please pay tribute to my fetish—women's panties. Yes, silky, frilly, satiny, cum-filled nylon and cotton panties! When I was a young stud, the closest I got to pussy was seeing the underwear ads in (continued on page 23)

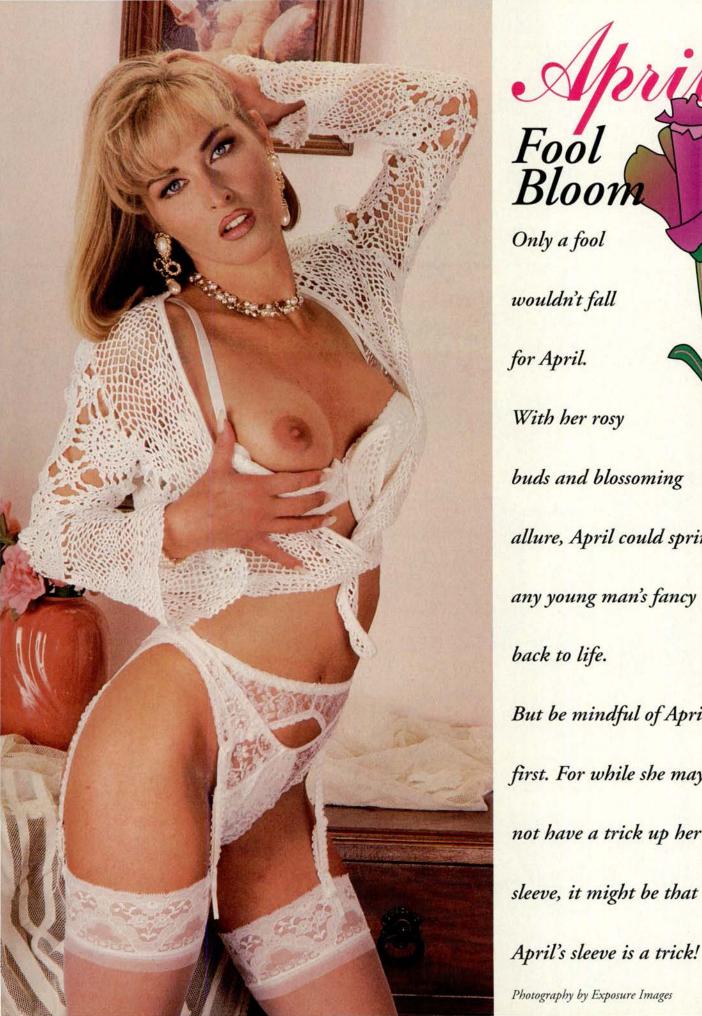




THANKS AND\$50 TO RICK THE PRICK

HUSTLER APRIL

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Fool Bloom Only a fool wouldn't fall for April. With her rosy buds and blossoming allure, April could spring any young man's fancy back to life. But be mindful of April first. For while she may not have a trick up her sleeve, it might be that











FEEDBACK

(continued from page 15)

the Sears and JC Penney catalogs. These intimate garments were white cotton. In real life, I loved to see women in skirts sitting in such a way that I could get a good look up their pretty legs to their soft, cotton panties. I never lost interest in panties, even as I grew older! I can tell if a girl's pussy tastes good by the panties she wears. Nylon makes a cunt hot and smelly-cotton, on the other hand, makes a pussy tasty and hot. Luckily, panty manufacturers have gotten smart, putting cotton crotches into nylon panties. As a boy, I used to wear my sister's cotton panties and masturbate, fantasizing about some other girl who might be wearing the same kind of panties. Nylon feels better to jerk off into, but to wear all day, nothing beats cotton. I've become very hip to the different styles, materials, colors and companies that make panties. Please, I beg you, celebrate the panty lover in HUSTLER -S. R. Magazine!

Staten Island, New York

We'd love to help you out, S. R. Unfortunately, none of the women we know wear any kind of underwear at all!

From Russia With Lust

Good morning! Me and my wife very ask you to publish our letter in HUSTLER's Feedback! Hello for readers of HUSTLER! We young family very very thank editorial staff of super magazine HUSTLER! They sended we one issue of this inimitable magazine. Russia hasn't such magazines, always and we can't to subscribe its, and so we asked editorial staff to send HUSTLER! We received HUSTLER!

We have HUSTLER! HUSTLER's Honey hang on the wall in our bedroom! Heap of thanks! HUSTLER Magazine getting very popular in our city! And we want to correspond with young families readers of best magazine HUSTLER and to change own photos!

—O. and L. M.

Grajdanskaya, Volgograd, Russia

Puts in Four Cents

Come on, HUSTLER-Kiss-Your-Ass! Kiss mine! Your 1993 Holiday Issue really sucked the big, brown butt. You guys charging \$4.99, when HUSTLER used to cost \$4.95—an extra four cents for what? To top it all off, where's your Christmas spirit? I didn't even see Santa

muff diving or at least chimney sweeping. What shit! —J. S. D.

Ontario, Canada

Sad to say, J. S. D., HUSTLER simply couldn't afford Santa for the 1993 Holiday Issue. The extra four cents you speak of—which adds up to \$40,000 for every million copies sold—is slotted to finance a 1994 HUSTLER expedition to the North Pole, where Santa will be duly photographed not only muff diving and chimney sweeping, but planning a sled-to-ground strafe attack on the anti-Xmas forces in Ontario, Canada.

Last Word

Putting it bluntly, HUSTLER rules. If anyone ever wonders what the true meaning of life is, they must be reading the wrong magazine.

—J. D.

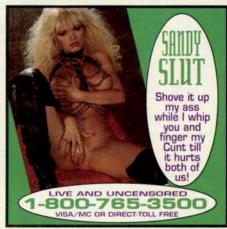
Boise, Idaho

Do you have a comment or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER Feedback, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. Include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication.

HOT & NASTY! CALL 1-800-HUSTLER!

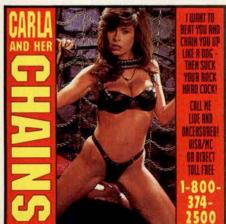








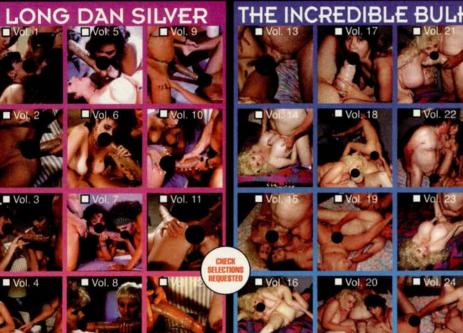








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BLUE BAYOU

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Stuart Canterbury; starring Deidre Holland, P. J. Sparxx, Tiffany Mynx, Sunny McKay, Jon Dough, Tony Tedeschi, Brittany O'Connell, Alicia Rio and Steve Drake. Shot on Film. Videocassette: VCA.

Like any heterosexual male fortunate enough to be in her vicinity, Jon Dough has a bone for Deidre Holland. Deidre, though, has only cold regard for him. Anyone who has ever been on the unrequited end of a yearning obsession can relate to Dough's desperate attempts to curry Holland's libidinal favor. The icy beauty wants only to sit unmoved in a deck chair as, across the expanse of an outdoor swimming pool, Steve Drake lavishes a dollop of thick, creamy goop upon Alicia Rio's caramel butt ring. Holland's subsequent finger-flying bout of self-gratification in a mirror, Tiffany Mynx's urchinesque mouth and asshole sliding along the length of Dough's pole, tiny Brittany O'Connell pulling Tony Tedeschi's hard-earned spurts into her little mouth, P. J. Sparxx's serious stage hump of performing partner Sunny McKay, and Holland's climaxing fuck of abandon with Dough all mix with competent editing, shooting, acting and stagecraft for a movie that won't leave a man's balls Blue. —Christian Shapiro



Rio: grand gland.

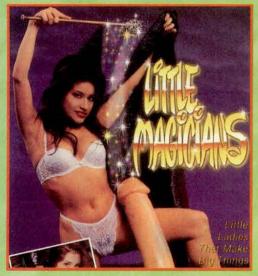


McKay squeezes Sparxx on the Bayou.

LITTLE MAGICIANS

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Biff Malibu; starring Tara Monroe, Jessica Fox, C. J. Bennet, Madison, Francesca Le, Shawnee Cates, Sean Michaels, Derrick, Tom Byron, Rocco Siffredi and Ron Jeremy. Videocassette: Anabolic Video.

Erotic impresario Biff Malibu's magic is that otherwise-jaded porn performers fuck with verve and enthusiasm in his smut flicks, which accounts for an enthused and vibrant palm on the otherwise-jaded viewer at home. The simple setup for *Little Magicians* has a petite bundle of power cooze working at a magic shop while try-



Cates and her Magicians work wonders.

ing to conjure ideas to fill the sex columns she writes for jerk-off magazines. She invents a series of bang-up sexings, all of which put a tiny tart on the receiving end of a massive crotch log. Most include anal probing. A miniature brunette's butt chamber takes most of an ebony love bar that's as long as her forearm, and bigger than any turd she could pass. The camera later stays focused on the distended spasms of invaded sphincters after Tom Byron pulls his bloated plunger from the shitter. A coffee-skinned slink spins through carnal contortions with Rocco Siffredi's extensive axis in her ass. Cocks slip seamlessly from butthole to mouth. The trick is to get past the opening Ron Jeremy gross-out, because everything else in Little Magicians is big fun. -C. S.



Stormy: only somewhat steamy.

STORMY WINDOWS

Half Erect. Directed by Paul Thomas; starring Ashlyn Gere, Steve Drake, Roxanne Blaze, Nick East, P. J. Sparxx, Lacy Rose, Dyanna Lauren, Alex Sanders and Brad Armstrong. Shot on Film. Videocassette: Vivid.

Something always goes wrong with a Paul Thomas movie; Stormy Windows has particular difficulties with the sound. Hot-shot lawyer Ashlyn Gere acts up a squall, with more lines of dialogue than a typical Seinfeld episode. Steve Drake as her hot-shot lawyer boyfriend acts up a brisk wind. The problem is that Gere's portion of the exchange (a conversation that director Thomas must feel is vital, or else why does he spend so much nonfucking time with it?) is perfectly audible, but Drake's responses are muffled. The easy solution is to crank the volume until

Drake's missed whisperings come in loud and clear. Unfortunately, at that level of amplification, Gere's histrionics boom out and alert the neighbors that a fan of ponderous, gussied-up pornography is in their midst. Skip it and fast-forward to the tape-ending orgy, wherein a better-looking gang of bangers than any swingers' convention is likely to draw indulge in some butt plugging, lots of strapon, lesbo gratification, a three-chick daisy chain, cum launches and a slight rimjob. Then shut the *Windows*.



SODOMANIA 6

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Patrick Collins; starring Kaitlyn Ashley, Lara Lambkin, Wednesday, Debi Diamond, Sharon Mitchell, Misty Rain, Tara Monroe, Nikki Shane, Peter North, Jon Dough, T. T. Boy, Jay Ashley, Mike Dani, Alan Voughn and Gerry Pike. Videocassette: Evil Angel.

Combining shit-hot sex and cameras close enough to smell the cum, the *Sodomania* series shows no sign of slacking. Fucking all pretense of story, this series captures pure debauchery in all its sperm-tossing splendor. Kaitlyn Ashley starts off as a pretty piece of Valley pie, but ends a four-man bang as a full-blown jizz junkie. After Peter North and Jon Dough simultaneously fuck her ass and cunt, the two bathe her face with so much gooey froth, her mug looks like a Cadillac's fender fresh from a car wash. Hungarian goulash Lara Lambkin soaps her dark skin before spreading her big buttcheeks for a slippery poke, admitting that, "Bad geerls like et en ze ass." Her darling native tongue sounds even better when sucking her boyfriend's shit siphon. Wednesday and Debi Diamond grease their bods for easy pluggability by lucky man Jay Ashley; Gerry Pike gives similar double duty to Nikki Shane and tantalizing Tara Monroe, switching his dick from puss to puss while the girls let their tongues do the licking between dirty toes and loin troughs. All this, and a domineering appearance by Sharon Mitchell too, makes *Sodomania* 6 a real kick for the crotch. —*Seth Roberts*



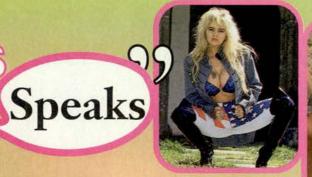
Sodomania 6: Monroe shows Pike where to park his peak.

CHEEKS

Imagine Elly May Clampett as a porn star. The poor girl leaves home—some white-trash hellhole of a trailer court where the main activity seems to be get-

ting wasted on a combination of household solvents and Thunderbird while watching 'skeeters get fried in the bug zapper—and sets her sights on the bright lights of the big city. Welcome to Hollywood—swimmin' pools, movie stars, etc.

Okay, so Danyel Cheeks's story is different. She does have that Southern twang and can turn in a totally nasty buttfuck and not blink an eye. Does anything else really matter? See Cheeks spread in *Anal Manor, New Wave Hookers 3, Butt Freak, Bend Over Babes 3, Seymore Swings, Needful Sins, Buttwoman Behind Bars* and *I Married a Lesbian.*



How long have you been doing this?

Danyel: I started the end of July, 1992.

What do you like to do on video?

Danyel: Oh! I never say there's nothing I'll never do, because I never know what I'm gonna do next. A lot of it is anal. It's just something that I like to do. And it's something I like to see in films too.

Are you planning to be in this business for a while?

Danyel: Oh, yeah! I'm gonna stay in until they kick me out. "Look, we've had enough of you. Go away." I want to stay in it for the duration and see how far I can take it—see how close to the top I can get. It takes a lot of work, a lot of years, a lot of dancing, a lot of movies and a lot of bullshit too.

Before you go we've got to know your measurements.

Danyel: 38DD-24-36.

Ouch!



THE COVEN

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Paul Thomas and Jane Waters; starring Janine, Krysti Lynn, Brittany O'Connell, Nikki Shane, Tianna Taylor, Laurie Cameron, Mark Davis, Steven St. Croix, Alex Sanders, Nick East, Paul Morgan and Max Steiner. Videocassette: Vivid.

Curvy-assed cooze Krysti Lynn has a problem: Whenever her boyfriend sticks his dick inside her baby-smooth snatch, she imagines him fucking someone else. Along with one of the smoothest, roundest butts in the business, Lynn apparently has second sight when she conjures the images of porn stars behaving like babbling New Age witches. This Paul Thomas vehicle offers a silly and all-too-serious sorceress tale; luckily, it also features a few of the hottest bodies in the business. Mark Davis waxes his car hood with Brittany O'Connell's tits before turning her asshole into a pliable hood ornament. Their bubbly buttfuck is marred only by the unforgivable moment of cumus interruptis. (Forget anal sex; editing out the cum-shot is beyond taboo.) Tianna Taylor's floppy frame substitutes for a sacrificial altar and is duly christened by three jiggers of hot, white holy water. Meanwhile head witch Janine, having dropped the Lindemuller surname, still hasn't met a dick she'd like to suck on camera. No matter. Sight alone of her satin skin and bright-pink chew toy will make any poondoggy squirm. A spiritual connection brings Janine and Lynn together

for a gripping rooftop gashfest that also provides a bridge to the sequel that, if anything like part one, will hold more than the viewer's attention. Just keep the sound turned down.

—S. R.



Coven: Taylor and trio bewitch.



Jacme knocks back a cock in Booty.

KNOCKIN' DA BOOTY

Half Erect. Directed by Jim Enright; starring Janet Jacme, Crystal Wilder, Beatrice Valle, Sean Michaels, Terry Thomas, Julian St. Jox and T. T. Boy. Videocassette: Wicked Pictures.

Black chicks and buttfucks are the two sales points evoked by a title such as *Knockin' da Booty*, and this Jim Enright production delivers about half of what could be hoped for. The initial fuck foray starts with a carnivorous set of teeth sinking into a round of dark-meat ass flesh and finishes with a frame of greasy thighs that have been slimed by a cock fresh out of the crapper. Pale moon Beatrice Valle does her bit for racial equality by taking a load of sphincter-siphoned screeze all over her back cheeks, and doubly penetrated Janet Jacme provides color contrast by holding still for a dual spray of milky wad that coats both of her soft-brown mud flaps. A white woman grapples a dark dame in a wading pool filled with salad oil, and two white dicks drip on a melanin face. Not to knock *Knockin'*, but it sounds better than it really is.

—C. S.



LO D _N_ TH B TUTI UL

Half Erect. Directed by Jean-Pierre Ferrand; starring Deidre Holland, Taylor Wayne, Nina Hartley, Nikki Shane, Randy West, Steve Drake, Marc Wallice, Mike Horner. Videocassette: Las Vegas Video.

Comrades who watch Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous and boil in anger at the well-heeled classes will be steamed by the wacky goings-on of the Brentwood brothers. Eldest Brentwood Randy West, dying from a "rare, degenerative blood disorder" tests the mettle of his younger siblings, portrayed by Marc Wallice and Mike Horner. They, in turn, test West's patience. Wallice's poolside pounding of Deidre Holland may seem like nothing the world hasn't seen before, but she at least appears to have a good time playing with his Captain Hook cock. Too bad her next scene, a drab rug-munch with Nina Hartley, goes nowhere. Much better is the love tussle with Nikki Shane sucking Mike Horner to the root. Steve Drake's scene with blond bombshell Taylor Wayne is notable for Drake's lip-smacking pussy-eating fervor: He chews her flaps like they're saltwater taffy. In return, Wayne delivers a sloppy, saliva-drenched blowjob that lonely doofuses with low-paying jobs can only dream about. No wonder we hate —Michael Albuquerque



Nikki Shane: a natural Blonde.



DOUBLE DOWN

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Peter Davy and Jean-Pierre Ferrand; starring Rebecca Bardoux, Isis Nile, Mike Horner, Debi Diamond, Melanie Moore, Bionca, Steve Drake, Tony Martino and Stephan St. Croix. Videocassette: LBO Entertainment Group.

Turgid blabber drama and second-tier semen siphoners don't make for good odds in the gamble taken by an arousal seeker when he invests in the viewing of putatively erotic



Bardoux comes a river while Nile dives Down

entertainment. Add in camera work that takes a sedentary view of extended stretches of stalled action, and all bets are off. Did it really take two guys to direct this slow trudge to Dulltown? True. Double Down does realize more bad ideas than one mind could conceive. but instead of paying two directors, why not put the extra money into a top-rung chick, or hire some extras or maybe contrive a set that doesn't look like it's been rigged in a tract-home garage? The fucking in Double is not among the best any porn regular has ever seen, and hopefully we've all done a little better at least a few times ourselves. The lighting is flat and gray; the skin tones are dead. Down is so low that even potent penis raisers Debi Diamond and Bionca can only elevate it up to one-quarter. Double is mostly nothing.

PASSION

Half Erect. Directed by Layne Parker; starring Summer Knight, Nina Hartley, Rebecca Bardoux, Lacy Rose, Valeria, Sunny Ray, Nick Rage, Dizzy Blonde, Tom Byron, Alex Sanders and Anthony Lindero. Videocassette: Wicked Pictures.

The interaction between cops and private eyes has seldom received such lame play as it does in *Extreme Passion*. Brunet heap of desirability Summer Knight could pass as many things—beauty contestant, swimwear model, finalist in

national cocksucker championships-but a freelance detective is not one of them. The dudes who portray Extreme's police operatives would look more at home in a holding cell than in the role of homicide dick. And whoever wrote this script has a command of story dynamics comparable to that of 40 monkeys at 40 typewriters, but without the simians' charm and humor. Some aspects of Passion, however, are exactly what they seem: A wetsqueezed lizard burps chowder across a lippy lady's mouth; a nasty-faced fuck doll slings slut snatch at two spitting, lipsmearing pricks; Knight turns her head for the touch of slime on her cheek; everybody in the pool for a standard oray. Extreme Passion too often lapses into middle-of-the-road

apathy.



Passion: Byron plants one deep in Rose.

SHOOT YOUR LOAD AT THE TAL CORPAL

Any HUSTLER-reading hombre who caught last month's art-damaged black-and-white photo spread by east coast eroticist Eric Kroll ("Dressed to Thrill," March 1994) will want to check out his titillating two-part video Girdle Gulch. The lascivious lensman moseys out west for this project, to a no-dudes-allowed ranch where a posse of three saddlesore beauties doesn't poke but does pose in and out of the hottest fetish fashions ever to scorch bare flesh. Cowgirls and Indians meet corsets and bullet-bras in Girdle



Gulch; curve-choking latex takes the place of ill-fitting buckskin. As wrangled by Kroll's camera in sweating color, this roundup will put steel in the soft-fetish fan's old six-shooter.







HAUNTING DREAMS, PART ONE

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Jean-Pierre Ferrand; starring Rebecca Wild, Heather Lee, Vixxen, Rikki Ray, Steve Drake, Jon Dough, and Tony Martino. Shot on Film. Videocassette: Las Vegas Video.



Vixxen, Ray and Wild: the stuff Dreams are made of.

Sometimes shot-on-film fuck fare leans a bit toward the pretentious side, but who cares when the cast features Rebecca Wild and Vixxen? The dreams referred to in the title are the work of otherworldly spirits who use nocturnal visions to undermine a group of unfortunates who must withstand "temptations of the fleshly pleasures" in order to receive a sizable inheritance. The spooks' handiwork results in Mike Horner popping a load all over Wild's pancake-size nipples. Next the dervishes entice trashy, shaven-snatched Vixxen into accepting every drop of Jon Dough's double-barreled spew. Heather Lee chews Tony Martino's nuts until his eyeballs roll back into his skull and he sprays her face sticky. Wild, Vixxen and tiny-titted Rikki Ray slip into a standard girl-girl suck stuff; the temperature rises when Wild spanks her pussy and skewers the other sudsy lovelies with chrome-plated dildos. Temptations of the flesh, indeed.

—M. A.



MR. FUN'S MONDO ADVENTURE

Half Erect. Directed by Nicki Orleans; starring Tim Lake, Selena Steele, Shiela Stone, Crystal Pearl, Rusty Rhodes, Flame, Sharise, Hana Ku and Nick E. Videocassette: VCA.

Attention, hose-heads! While there's little fun to be found among the fucking in this bogus boner adventure, Mr. Fun does provide sexy female legs stuffed appealingly into slutty underwear for the oaling. Even though melon-boobed Rusty Rhodes fucks with the lackluster tempo of a casaba growing on the vine, the closeup shots of her twat lips dangling from shredded pantyhose should bring any fetishist to his knees. Plotwise, Mr. Fun (Tim Lake badly impersonating Tom Byron impersonating a geek) has the magical power of making paid porn actors fuck each other. Talk about high concept: This vid's conceptualizers told Lake to shave Crystal Pearl's opal snatch and then waste a load across her floppy tits instead of slamming it into his newly sheared creation. Returning to the kinkshow, Sharise dons a gold bodysuit with the ass cut out, the better for Shiela Stone to buttbang her with a strap-on. Hana Ku shows her own stylish sense of attire, sporting a crotchless number that Nick E. drives his stake through while the comely Oriental munches Selena Steele's well-traveled fortune cookie. By the time the movie climaxes with a self-conscious four-way among Stone, Pearl and two uncredited dickheads, Mr. Fun has run out of bizarre fashions and settles into rote reaming. A movie's got to know its limitations.



Follow Rusty Rhodes to Adventure

HUSTLER APRIL



Half Erect. Directed by Bud Lee; starring Brooke Ashley, Sake, Nadine, Melanie Brooks, Marc Wallice, Randy West and Nick East. Videocassette: Vivid.

Japanophiles will appreciate A Geisha's Secret for its documentary-style voiceover explanation of the customs and history of Japan's geisha tradition. Fans of exotic, petite dick ornaments will enjoy A Geisha's Secret for its collection of Asian-tinged gonad gobblers. Weirdos who delight in the sight of perspiration-soaked American males will find joy in the buckets of sweat oozing from Marc Wallice and Nick East as they dutifully plow compliant pieces of yellow tail. The slits of Geisha are probably less than 100-percent ethnically pure daughters of Nippon, but beneath thick coats of Kabuki pancake makeup, the broads are passably Oriental, and one appears old enough to be the mother of the others. The sex is straightforward and no-frills, but anyone into the geisha thing will be treated to many Secret semen spills.

—C. S.



There's no Secret to the delights of these Geishas.

STROKER'S GUIDE

A QUICK CHECKLIST OF X-RATED FEATURES REVIEWED IN PAST ISSUES OF HUSTLER AND HUSTLER EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE.



FULLY ERECT Superior, A top production.

Anal Manor (Odyssey Group)

Danyel Cheeks, Donna Starr, Peter Allen

Black Orchid (Western Visuals)

> Ona Zee, Lacy Rose, Jonathan Morgan

New Wave Hookers 3 (VCA)

Crystal Wilder, Tiffany Million, Jon Dough

Pussyman 1&2 (Coast to Coast)

> Melanie Moore, Summer Knight, Tom Byron



THREE-QUARTERS ERECT Above average. Hard-on material.

Blinded by Love (Odyssey Group)

Leena, Debbie Diamond, Mike Horner

Butt Slammers 2 (Bruce Seven Productions)

Felecia, Celeste, Misty Rain

Dragon Lady 5 (Western Visuals)

> Keanna, Stephanie DuValle, Ron Jeremy

The Gangbang Girl 11
(Anabolic Video)

Deborah Wells, Lady Berlin, Monique

The Rehearsal (VCA)

Lydia Chanel, Cheri Lynn, Rocco Siffredi

Saturday Night Live at Canoga Park (AFV)

> Lana Sands, Patricia Kennedy, Mike Horner

Waves of Passion (Pleasure Productions)

Shayla, Francesca Le, Nick East

Wicked Women (Moonlight)

Celeste, Felecia, Woody Long



HALF ERECT

Standard fare. Has moments.

Bull Dyke Humiliation (Pleasure Productions)

Ariana, Gia, Cheri

Buttman's Double Adventure (Evil Angel)

Kristal Rose, Jaguar, Johnny King

Deep Inside Nina Hartley (VCA)

Nina Hartley, Britt Morgan, Randy West

Nikki's Bon Voyage (VCA)

Nikki Dial, Laurie Cameron, Joey Silvera



ONE-QUARTER ERECT Poor. Don't expect much.

Alexandria, I Love You (AFV)

Alexandria Quinn, Sydney St. James, Mike Horner

Anal Brat (AFV)

Julianne James, Sydney St. James, Tony Montana

Cheerleader Nurses (VCA)

Tiffany Mynx, Kiss, Terry Thomas

The French Invasion (LBO Entertainment)

Rebecca Bardoux, Sharon Kane, Scott Turner

Loopholes (Total Video)

Gail Mitchell, Crystal Wilder, Jonathan Morgan



TOTALLY LIMP A waste of time and money.

Inside of Me (Pleasure Productions)

> Busty Belle, Tianna Taylor, Alex Carrington

Truth or Dare (Vivid Video)

Hyapatia Lee, Patricia Kennedy, Marc Wallice





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PRICKING HER POCKET

Call me a klepto, but I think shoplifting is as exciting as sex, especially the way I steal. See, I'm not one of these feminist douchebags who acts like her pussy has been sewn shut since the day Betsy Ross stitched the flag; I love and respect my twat and take every opportunity to fill her up.

My preoccupation with stealing began a year ago, and I've become so adept that I can easily lift a set of steak knives and the Prince box set during my lunch break alone. My foolproof technique? Whatever I can't jam inside my purse, I slip inside my pussy. That way, even if a surveillance camera snags me, the security dorks would never ask a teenage-looking girl to drop her drawers. So I thought.

I was cruising a whitebread department store a week ago and saw a candle I wanted to swipe. I was wearing a tight, fire-red dress but didn't feel I was attracting any undue attention; still, I took no chances. I looked casually right and left and saw no one nearby. I licked my fingers and slid the digits under my dress, peeling apart my dry labes. With a few quick twists of my clit, my pussy was wet and ready for assignment. I grabbed the candle off the shelf and slid the round hunk of wax under my skirt. The wax was cool against my thighs. I spread my cunt and slowly eased the slick taper into my pussy, turning slightly to jam the item as far up as nature would allow. Fortunately, I lost my virginity a few years ago and have ever since enjoyed more room to hide shit in my hole.

Man, did I feel full. The edges of the candle pinched my twat as I walked until I wasn't sure whether the wax was melting or I had drawn blood. My snatch was spread uncomfortably wide as I waddled out of the department toward the double

"Please come with me," a gravelly voice decreed. I was fucking dead meat!

"What's up, dude?" I composed myself through trembling lips.

"I'm with undercover security," he spat, grabbing my arm roughly. "I saw what you did.'

I was popped! He walked me to a tiny cubicle in the bowels of the department store. In the adjacent office, below HUSTLER centerfolds, security cameras peeked on patrons slipping into dressing rooms. He lit a cigarette and sat backward in a plastic chair.

"Empty your purse, please."

He exhaled, smoke billowing out of his nose, throat and ears.

"I don't know what you're talking about," I parried.

"I saw you lift the candle. Now hand it over, before I call the cops!" He was pissed, just like this gym teacher I had in high school.

I dumped the embarrassing contents of my purse onto the table; lipstick, tampons



and a dong-shaped flashlight fell to the formica surface with a violating thud. He poked through my belongings and, finding nothing incriminating, curled up his face like he smelled an unwiped butt. "Where is it?" he barked.

"I ain't got it," I countered.

He snubbed his cig and locked the door. "You know," he whispered, "you could go to jail for this. Could you dig that, honey?"

What a fucking nerd! But he did make me think. I had never before considered the possibility of getting caught. My heart raced; my mind fizzled. "What if I gave it back?" I asked, turning on the innocentgirl charm.

"That would be a wise start," he nodded. His face turned the color of his bulging white eyes as I pulled up my dress, exposing my pretty, brown pussy hair. The end of the yellow candle protruded from my gash like a frozen stream of pee. He swallowed and fumbled for a smoke. I sat on his chair and spread my legs, slowly working the ribbed candle out from its sticky safe. Every waxy ridge tugged my pussy lips and pulled them further apart.

"You're a naughty girl," he warbled.

"You think so?" I laughed and took a drag from his ciggy butt. "What are you gonna do once I get this out of my pooty?" I laughed at his predicament.

He checked the door again and unzipped his Dockers. His dick was large and bent, like a flesh-covered crowbar ready to pry me apart. As the last inch of candle slipped from my poon, I stood and belched in his face. He grinned as the wax tool fell to the floor. I leaned forward and slapped my hands against the peeping Tom's video screens. Little did the onscreen customers realize they were staring right into my pointy tits as my nipples brushed against their foreheads.

My ass cheeks opened wide, and a rush of air squirmed up my cunt. "Book me, Dano," I said, as he grabbed my buttcheeks and spread me open like a freshly gutted trout. His bony fingers pressed into my pussy, scratching the front wall of my cunt. My hips were already rocking when I felt his knobby head push inside me. My labes, relieved from letting loose the candle, shrank down around his cock like Saran Wrap on salami.

He reached underneath and grabbed my tits with both hands, his fingers digging into my white flesh and leaving bright-red marks. His thighs slammed into my spongy asscheeks. He let go of my tits and spanked my ass with one hand after another. Slap! Slap! Slap! He whacked me like an unbroken horse.

35

HUSTLER APRIL



HOT LETTERS

The more 1 stroked, the more of his chunky gamma rays exploded onto his bank of video screens. The faces of little old ladies in every department were unwittingly covered in his ball slop.

"You're bad! You hear me? Bad!" he cried.

When I finally bucked his dick out of my cunt, I dropped to my knees and slid my hand around his cock, still stained with my muff malt. "That's it," he shouted. "Don't stop!"

My tiny fist gripped the goon's gaff with angry pleasure. As it slid up and down, up and down the slippery shaft, his little head turned purple, and the veins along his shaft bulged out to busting point. He grabbed my tiny tits and pressed the breast flesh into my chest.

"Come for me, baby!" I swooned. "Come all over me!" The first blast of semen sailed from his cock and nailed a video screen right dead center. This guy obviously hadn't come in a while, because the more I stroked, the more of his chunky gamma rays exploded onto his bank of video screens. The faces of little old ladies in every department were unwittingly covered in his ball slop. When the last drop of semen clung to his peen, I flicked the goober away with my tongue. His cum was sour and tasted of flat beer.

When he finally finished, he loosened his grasp upon my titties, giving the sharp nipples one last twist before I pulled away and pulled my dress back down over my tiny butt. He was breathing hard and sweating from every pore; I quickly gathered my shit and headed for the door.

"By the way," I said after my fingers found the handle, "I've got herpes." I slammed the door and bolted for the exit, laughing all the way. Score one for the little people.

—M. M.

New Rochelle, New York

GET YOUR CLITS, ON ROUTE 66

What does every parolee want when he gets out of the can? Pussy, of course. Sometimes you have to search the pink jewel out; other times the cahoonie finds you. The day I was released from Joliet, my buddies had left my pickup at the prison gates. The warden gave me the keys with my personal belongings and, by Lucifer, I was free!

I stopped for a pack of smokes first off and practically kissed the 7-Eleven counter when the cashier asked me if there was anything else I'd like; it had been three years since someone asked me what I wanted. I lit a butt and hit the highway, heading for my friend's house in Peoria. It was a beautiful spring day, and, as I inhaled the sunlit countryside, I grew frisky in my newfound freedom.

Several miles away from my destination, I thought my dick had begun to blind my focus when I saw a babe with her ripe-forsucking thumb stuck up in the air. She looked like she'd stepped out of a ZZ Top video, I swear to fucking God. Her thighs were firm, with a trace of fine muscle in her meat. My eyes scanned her long gams until her naked calves disappeared inside white-leather boots. She wore a pink miniskirt and a jean jacket over a braless Tshirt. My dick practically grabbed the wheel and pulled the truck over. Her boobs were big, pointy suckers that wobbled as she strutted to my truck.

I rolled down the passenger window. "Need a lift?"

Her teeth were one solid row of beaming white, and her light-brown hair framed her face like a goddamn model. She looked like Bo Derek.

She introduced herself as Tammy and, as luck would have it, she was heading for Peoria too.

"What do you do, Tammy?" I asked. My small-talk skills were a bit rusty after three years of dude rap.

"I help out here and there," she smiled and, without any advance warning, slid close to me, wrapping her hand around my biceps. "You're a strong man," she said. "Do you ever fantasize about doing something wild?" Her voice was smooth as the skin on her slender arm.

"You fucking bet I do!" I shouted and pulled down a secluded dirt road, stopping underneath several large oak trees. She climbed over the stick shift and onto my lap, stroking my cock through my faded overalls. I thought I was fucking dreaming! Her tits felt like the pillows I'd been rubbing my dick against in prison—soft and warm. Tiny goose bumps grew on her nipples, and I pulled up her shirt to give those nips a lick. I banged my head on the steering wheel and pulled my babe out of the cab.

Standing against the truck, she pressed her crotch into my thigh and fired her light-blue eyes into mine. I suddenly felt weird, like maybe this was a police trap; my dick, however, would not be denied. She pressed her mouth into mine with such force, my chapped lips cracked open. Her tongue moved quickly around my mouth, slapping my teeth and sucking saliva from my gums. She pushed away and licked her lips.

She pulled her purse from the truck and, with a quick zip, unveiled an assortment of bondage gear, including ropes and cuffs. The sight of restraint gear I had lived with for too long made me hot as a jalapeño.

(continued on page 43)



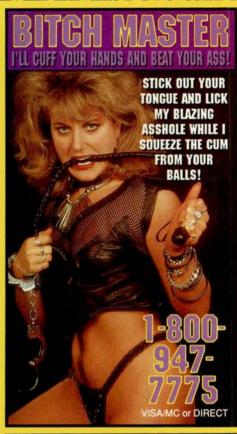
"Wow! That's some clit!"

E TER THE HOUSE OF DOME L'TIGE!

THE MISTRESSES AND SLAYES ARE READY FOR WHATEVER EANTASY YOU CRAYER



















"I was very surprised when HUSTLER printed my photo in Beaver Hunt, because I don't see myself as being beautiful," admits sexy Catrecia, who first appeared in July 1993's anniversary section. A resident of Orlando, Florida, this 22-year-old school counselor is into exercise, especially jogging and tennis, and had her hottest sexual experience on a dark golf course with a lover who teed off inside her until their candles had burned out. Her delicious but unfulfilled fantasy involves a can of whipped cream and a sturdy man's tongue. Another interesting fact: Not only were these pictures the first nude photos ever taken of Catrecia, but she admits she was a 19-year-old virgin during the time of these shots as well. No wonder she looks so clean.





LETTERS

(continued from page 37)

This honey seemed to read my mind as she dropped the gear and said helplessly, "Whatever you do, don't hurt me."

I sprang into action. "Take off that skirt," I barked.

She pulled off her leather boots and yanked down the pink garment.

"Put your hands behind your back," I ordered, and snapped the cuffs onto her wrists. I ran my tongue through her perfectly sloped buttcheeks and pushed her legs apart. My mouth rammed into her exposed twat, sucking her chewy gristle and digesting its sticky spread. Her tube top fell partially off her shoulders, and I shredded the fabric with my fists, freeing her tits. The sun kissed those ripe tomatoes, and I provided the water to watch her nipples grow. Finally I stood back admiring this naked, helpless deer facing the loaded Winchester in my pants.

I grabbed the rope she'd dropped and found a tree with a sturdy branch. I fastened the rope to her handcuffs and slid the sturdy strands between her ass, up through the lips of her pussy, past her belly, past her breasts and neck. Then I tossed the loose end skyward over the hanging branch.

Mom was right: Boy Scouts had come in handy! I secured the rope to the trunk of the tree and stood back to survey my work. She was my naked, hanging prey, and my hard dick was monument to her bound beauty.

"Turn around," I commanded, unbuckling my belt. I smacked her white ass with my dick, whap-whap-whapping her trembling cheeks; Tammy cringed as my dick took out three years of frustrations on her ass. The sting of her flesh against the underside of my cock made sperm shoot to my prick's head. I turned the hanging goddess around and started feeling her boobs and belly like a fucking child scoring a chick for the first time.

There was no stopping my heave-ho; so I stepped back and shot a gallon of spuzz onto her chest. Nothing like flotsam flying in nature!

"That's it, baby," she said, looking down at her cum-coated chest, "get it all out." But I wasn't done with my little slave; the first shot was only target practice.

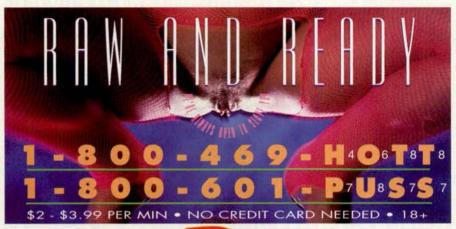
I turned her around and parted her buttcheeks. My prisoner moaned when my pinky slid inside her shit chute. Her sphincters clenched my finger as I squeezed my dick inside her cunt. Her tunnel of love was already well-moistened and tickled my still-hard peen. Her pussy was smoother than a tub of butter, and I began to churn. Her cuffed hands banged into her own ass with each pile-driving thrust.

I reached around and grabbed her pointy clit between my thumb and forefinger while I banged my manhood home inside Mommy's electric socket. Her asshole sucked my pinky deeper as she screamed, "Go, baby. Go, baby! Fuck my cunt! C'mon!" throughout the woods. Birds scattered from the shaking branches above as my nuts erupted. Tingles were followed by pinprick sensations against my cock, which still pumped like a runaway train. Her cunt was so full of cock and cum, my fuck seed dribbled out around my shaft and trickled down her thighs.

I was catching my breath when she suddenly pulled her wrists from the cuffs, as

if the restraints were Cracker Jacks toys. A smile was her only explanation before she walked back to the truck. I finally figured out the clue to my good fortune when Tammy pulled an envelope from the glove compartment. I guess my buddies had left it there. Her fingernails riffled through a stack of hundred dollar bills, which she shoved in her purse. "You have generous friends," she laughed, hopping out of the truck on the outskirts of town. My friends gave me a coming-home present I'll never forget. —S. T. Peoria, Illinois

Send your sexperiences to HUSTLER <u>Hot</u> <u>Letters</u>, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210.





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LOVE'S SILENT SCOURGE

VENEREAL DISEASES NO ONE IS TALKING ABOUT

by B. Gordon Wheeler



Restrictive attitudes in the name of so-called morality increasingly take the fun out of fucking. Through good, old-fashioned homespun knowledge, hearsay, scientific facts and outright lies, this series strives to spread the word that rubbing uglies is a beautiful experience.

Twenty-nine-year-old Sean married her only sex partner, a man named Kevin. The high-school sweethearts divorced in June 1990, after ten years of matrimony. Since then, Sean, a bookkeeper in Carmel, California, has had just one lover.

Last October, Sean noticed odd bumps on her labia minora and labia majora—the inner and outer vaginal lips—and her rectum. Sean's gynecologist diagnosed the lesions as a sexually transmitted disease called condyloma, or genital warts. Sean was surprised to learn that condyloma, at any given time, affects approximately 24 million Americans.

"I'm the furthest thing from a promiscuous person," says Sean. "I take precautions. I would have thought I'd be the last person on earth to get a sexually transmitted disease."

Waiting to be admitted to see her physician for a follow-up exam, Sean nervously thumbs through an informatory brochure on sexually transmitted diseases (STD) in the patients' lounge. "I'm living proof it can happen to anyone," she sighs.

While developments concerning caseloads and treatment of acquired immune-deficiency syndrome (AIDS) dominate the health-related news media coast-to-coast, less publicized STDs are reaching epidemic proportions in near anonymity.

Each year, approximately 12 million Americans fall victim to such little-discussed venereal diseases as gonor-rhea, condyloma, syphilis, herpes and chlamydia. Though seldom fatal, each of these sexually transmitted diseases is debilitating.



for Disease Control (CDC) in Atlanta, Georgia, STDs are a major—and underreported—health problem in the United States.

"Tens of millions of Americans are at risk," warns the CDC's Dr. William Levine.

The virus that causes condyloma may go undetected for years, although symptoms usually appear within two to three months after initial exposure. In most women, including Sean, bumps or "warts" develop in and around the vagina and rectum. Occasionally, the bumps are accompanied by a burning sensation, which Sean likens to the pain experienced while undergoing low-grade electrolysis. In men, external manifestations of condyloma most often erupt on the surface of the penis, particularly beneath the foreskin in uncircumsized men. The STD can, however, develop inside the penis as well as inside and around the anus.

Medical treatment for condyloma is contingent upon the severity of the infection and its location. In some cases, acid is used to remove warts; cryosurgery (freezing) can be utilized to remove others. Laser surgery may be required for stubborn cases.

Some sufferers of STD may never know exactly how or when they contracted a disease.

"What I do know," Sean reveals, "is that a few months after our separation, my ex-husband and I attempted a reconciliation and made love a number of times."

In April 1993, 32-year-old Virginian James Munro discovered countless painful sores on his penis.

"Naturally, I was immediately afraid that I had somehow contracted a sexually transmitted disease," recalls Munro, whose alarm was underscored by his recent marriage engagement. Although his fiancee revealed that she occasionally developed small pimples on the outer lips of her vagina, she insisted they were no cause for alarm.

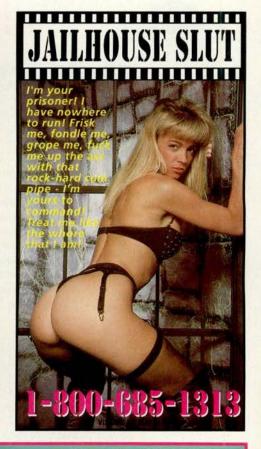
"A doctor took one look," says Munro, "and diagnosed genital herpes."

Epidemiologists indicate genital herpes is America's leading STD. The CDC puts the number of people contracting genital herpes at 500,000 cases every year. Spread by skin-to-skin contact, herpes sores erupt into red, painful, pimple-like blisters on the outer surface of the genitals, the rectum, the thighs and the lips. According to the CDC, some 31 million Americans carry herpes, many of whom have no idea they're infected, because it's possible to harbor the disease for years before symptoms develop. In most instances, the first outbreak of herpes occurs within two to 20 days of initial exposure to the virus. Women whose initial outbreaks develop on the cervix may feel no pain whatsoever, and thus have no idea they're infected. Initial outbreaks of herpes may also cause fever, swollen glands and an overall feeling of sickness.

A number of people experience only one outbreak, because their immune systems effectively contain the virus. Recurrences may appear when the carriers suffer stress, exhaustion or illness. Various home remedies—ice packs, aspirin, over-the-counter anesthetic creams—may alleviate the painful blisters. Physicians can prescribe acyclovir, a drug that acts to minimize the pain and duration of herpes outbreaks. On average, herpes sores last a week to ten days







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before vanishing, with or without treatment. Herpes is a not life-threatening ailment for adults, but the disease can attack, kill or cause brain damage in newborn babies. Pregnant women should be tested for the presence of the STD and seek medical safeguards if they find that they're infected.

What makes genital herpes infection so devastating is that it is not only medically incurable but also a long-term

and possibly even a lifelong-recurrent disease. The herpes viruses of people and other mammals manage to save themselves from destruction by the immune systems by finding safe shelters in the protected ganglia or nerve sheaths of the spine and the brain.

The obscure STD known as chlamydia strikes more than 4 million Americans yearly. An infection caused by a sexually transmitted bacterium, chlamydia is difficult to detect. The STD often goes untreated—especially in females, many of whom show no symptoms of the disease until they develop any of a number of pelvic inflammatory diseases (PID).

Chlamydia symptoms in females most often begin within one to three weeks after exposure. Vaginal discharge is the most common sign of the ailment, but painful urination and vaginal bleeding are likely as well. Symptoms in males include painful urination and a clear or whitish discharge, which may gradually disappear. The CDC indicates, however, no less than 75% of women will show no symptoms of chlamydia, unless their infection progresses to PID.

Not long after she had become sexually active, 19-year-old Monica noticed that her middle finger and knee were swollen and painful, and she was running a fever. In the emergency room of a local hospital, Monica learned she had contracted gonorrhea.

"The gonorrhea had initially infected my cervix and throat," Monica says, "with no outward symptoms. Then it spread to my joints, causing destructive arthritis."

Described by the Chinese emperor Huang Ti in 2337 B.C., and by Hippocrates two thousand years later, gonorrhea is the oldest known venereal disease. Like chlamydia, gonorrhea is caused by a sexually transmitted bacterium. This STD, which is generally treated with antibiotics, infects the genitals, throat and rectum. Penile symptoms—a pus-like discharge and burning pain while urinating—usually develop in men within seven days of exposure. It is not unusual for symptoms to take as long as three weeks to develop. Approximately 20% of men and 80% of women experience no symptoms whatsoever. A female's risk of contracting gonorrhea from a single, unprotected sexual encounter with an infected male is 50 to 90%; a male's risk is only

20%. Gonorrhea can be diagnosed by means of a simple test, which is provided free of charge at most health clinics.

Prior to the outbreak of HIV and AIDS, the most-feared, potentially deadly STD was syphilis. Syphilis is caused by a bacteria-like microorganism and infects more than 130,000 Americans annually. If left untreated, syphilis can have serious complications. Men and women alike run a 30% likely risk of contracting the infection from a single, unprotected sexual encounter with an infected partner.

Symptoms of syphilis-painless genital sores-normally develop ten days to three months after infection. The chancres appear on the penis or the cervix or other sites only after the syphilis germs become fully mature and have spread throughout the body. In women, these chancreswhich are highly infectious-often occur internally, making them exceedingly difficult to detect. Within one to five weeks after they appear, the chancres clear up without treatment. Following the natural termination of the primary stage of syphilis, the secondary stage presents its terrifying array of symptoms. Carpets of huge eruptions cover the skin from face to feet, which mimic the pustules of smallpox so closely that for millennia syphilis was called both the Great Mimic and the Great Pox. It is at this secondary stage that the spirochetes of syphilis colonize the nervous system, the heart, the liver, the bones, the brain and other organs, causing heart disease, hepatitis, meningitis and skeletal and central nervous system disorders.

Unlike other STDs, syphilis can be transmitted by kissing, because mucus patches containing the micro-organism may develop in the mouth.

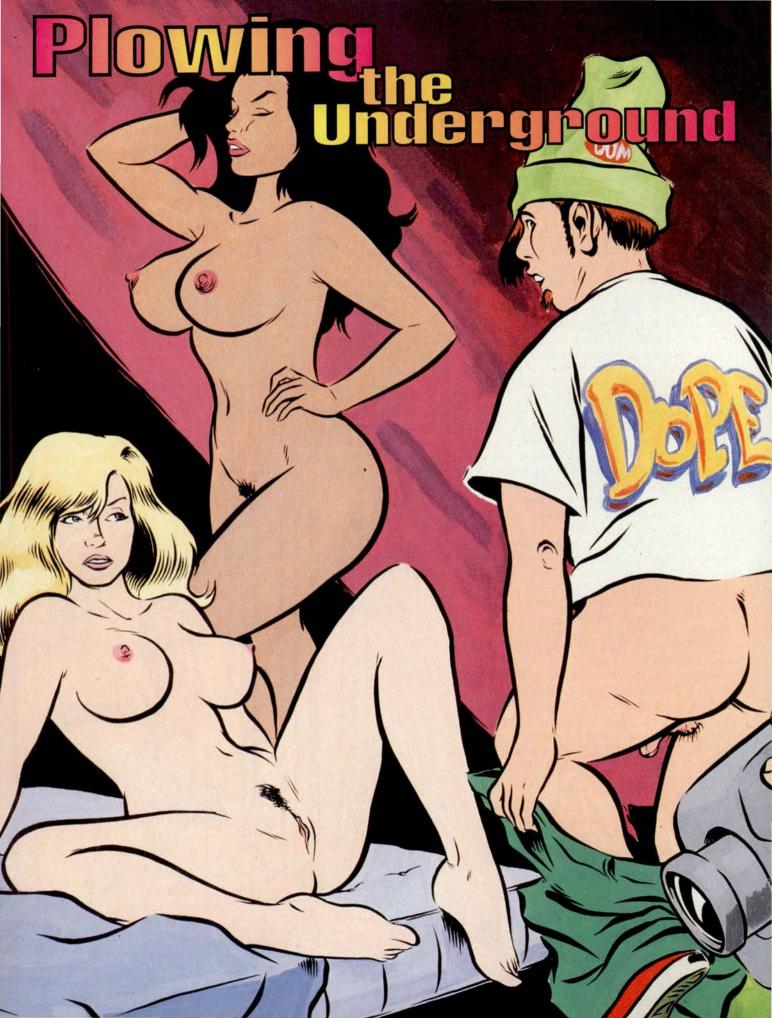
Untreated syphilis eventually enters a symptomless stage that may last several years. Ultimately, however, devastating complications—blindness, deafness, insanity and damage to the heart and other major organs—can develop. If chancres are seen by physicians when they appear, and if people with laboratory-confirmed syphilitic infections are treated with massive doses of antibiotics, the syphilis can be eradicated within 24 hours.

Detecting the ailment at its earliest stage is imperative to the optimal treatment of all STDs, and regular physical examinations are recommended for all who are sexually active. Lurking in the unpublicized public disease pool are carnally communicated illnesses too terrible to ignore. Granuloma inguinale, a painless, slow-spreading sexually transmitted infection of the anogenital region, gradually destroys infected tissues. Granuloma inguinale is endemic in India, New Guinea and the Caribbean and is imported to America by travelers to these regions. When neglected, it has been known to erode the penis completely.

STDs can strike anyone who is sexually active. Information can be obtained from the National STD Hotline (1-800-227-8922). The free, anonymous hotline operates Monday through Friday from 8 a.m. to 11 p.m., Eastern time.



"That's the last face-lift I pay for, Sylvia. Just look at you!"





Rave's New High

A naked guy with a saddle on his back appears, crawling on his hands and knees, followed by a leather-clad dominatrix who proceeds to apply short, crisp strokes to his buttocks.

Framed by her mane of brown, silken hair and private-gym sculpted figure, 25-year-old Shanna Hurt's 38-inch chest presses against a sitting man's knees as she squats to wrap her lips around his dumbfounded dick.

The stunned recipient of her oral attention helps Shanna slowly work her cutoffs down her smooth, toned legs. Positioning herself over his cock, Shanna eases onto it, arching her back as she takes the reaching member into her velvet vise.

Men and women group around this tableau, jockeying for a better view of the action. Unnoticed, a slim, young woman in a red-velour dress stands near the back. The woman wears long, black hair tied loosely in a ponytail, dangling earrings and a pair of black boots. She moves toward the couch where Shanna is engaged, heading to a section of the super-long sofa where two unsuspecting Hispanic guys wait, their undone pants knotted around their ankles. The woman in red runs her face alongside the first man's dick. A short time later, she moves to the second man's lap like a dog

turning from one food bowl to another.

"I blew it," complains the first guy, buttoning his shirt after wiping his jizzslimed legs with a towel. "I couldn't help myself."

The dance-club phenomena known as raves began as outlaw parties in economically depressed areas of England. Driven by pulsating, computerized techno-music that hurtles along at up to 200 beats per minute, raves were staged in such out-of-the-way locations as abandoned warehouses, open fields and private office buildings. A typical rave lasts anywhere from 12 to 72 hours. Marathon, high-energy dancing is the scene's distinguishing feature.

Typically, interested patrons in the underground scene are led to rave parties by flyers directing them to a series of checkpoints where, for a price, maps are issued and participants scrutinized prior to admittance.

Cops are to be avoided, as drugs and other illegal activities are focal points for the rave experience.

Like their English counterparts,

American raves are chemical-fueled, marathon gatherings that usually start long after midnight and carry on into the next day.

Unlike raves in England, live music has became a standard feature at raves in Los Angeles, California, whose technomusic deejays are commonly supplemented by various kinds of avant-garde performances.

On Friday nights in Los Angeles, a dance club called the House of Sex schedules a biweekly series of underground sex raves at secret locations in town. After paying admission and showing a current HIV test, clubgoers are invited to participate in a safe-sex gang-bang that is filmed for possible distribution by a major adult-film promoter. Before, during or after this featured attraction patrons enjoy live music performed by local club bands such as Duchess DeSade, Glue and Girl Jesus, and are invited to join in a dominatrix-led stage show, whereby customers experience the exquisite fun of a whipping or a dildo inserted in their asses.

On this particular Friday, House of Sex finds its venue in a business hall in L.A.'s Koreatown.

The hall contains a rudimentary bar and kitchen area, a stage, long rows of tables and plastic chairs.

Proprietor of the House of Sex, Stan Brunt, 33, claims his twice-monthly sex rave is a means to benefit Rock Against Censorship Injustice, a non-profit group founded to help protect the interests of L.A.'s underground band scene, particularly those bands whose suggestive lyrics or album covers attract censorship.

According to Brunt, the House of Sex is financed by the amateur video flicks that are shot in a back room during the shows. Brunt advertises in local X-rated and alternative newspapers to cast a combination of veteran adult-film stars and the fresh-faced talent new to Los Angeles.

"I don't know what rules we're breaking," Brunt admits. "But no one goes away dissatisfied."

The House of Sex is hopping. Music pounds. The crowd gathers around a raised platform. Older guys whose paunches give them trouble and leather-clad clubbers stand on chairs to get a better view of the scene.

Clouds of dry ice drift across the small stage. A naked guy with a saddle on his back appears, crawling on his hands and knees, followed by a leather-clad dom-(continued on page 60)













Lovely Felecia first appeared in HUSTLER's Beaver Hunt in July 1993. In December 1993 she debuted as HUSTLER's 1993 Beaver Hunt Grand Prize Finalist #4 (Felecia: Four Your Pleasure, December '93). Where could a dreamy, 21-year-old dancer from Los Angeles, California, go from there? Straight into HUSTLER history as Beaver Hunt's 1993 Grand Prize Winner! "I'm gonna cry!" says happy Felecia, accepting \$5,000 and the admiration of the HUSTLER family worldwide. "I don't know what to say! Just thanks!" The thanks are from HUSTLER to you, Felecia! Ladies, Beaver Hunt's 1994 Grand Prize Competition is in full swing. See Beaver Hunt for entry details!

Photography by Matti Klatt













Forcing her slave to bend over, the blond mistress slides a rubber dildo into the compliant brunette's vagina. Bound by this rubber connection, the two women rock back and forth.

inatrix who proceeds to apply short, crisp strokes to his buttocks with a cat-o'-ninetails. Two strokes and a rub, repeated.

A second dominatrix—with short, red hair—enters the fray. She selects a chubby Mexican from the crowd and proceeds to lick his ear.

Two naked women bookend the saddlehorse. The chief dominatrix bids a young brunette to rise by grabbing the girl's exposed nipple and twisting it as though attempting to tune in a distant radio station.

Forcing her slave to bend over, the blond mistress slides a rubber dildo into the compliant brunette's vagina. Bound by this rubber connection, the two women rock back and forth for a time, their rhythm attuned to the pulsing rave beat of electronic techno music.

Wearing nothing but socks, the stocky Mexican gets down on the floor and braces his backside for an energetic flaying. The little redhead whipstress takes great delight in laying firm, even strokes onto his raw, spotlit cheeks.

Shanna Hurt, who used to be known professionally as Corby Wells, spent half of her life in Michigan, half of it down south in Georgia, and worked as

a dry-wall finisher for five years.

Winning a fake-orgasm contest led Shanna to an introduction to an adultentertainment agent. She works the House of Sex rave partly for the money and because she enjoys performing.

"My only complaint about working the clubs is that I need more enthusiastic guys!" says Shanna, star of such mainstream adult films as *Sexual Deviance* and *Anal Alice*. "[In clubs] the guys' dicks don't get as hard as the pros [in the movies]. Sometimes it makes me wonder if I'm doing anything wrong.

"I want to act more," she stresses.
"The acting part intrigues me. I love sex, but I'd rather be on Broadway."

Joining Shanna at the House of Sex video shoot is veteran adult-film actress Kitty Foxx. A featured columnist in several adult publications catering to men with a taste for mature women, Foxx sees amateur gang-banging as a public-relations opportunity.

"The more a performer appears, the more her videos sell," says Kitty. "From a professional standpoint, it's not only fun, it's good business."

The middle-aged Foxx sports a figure women of any age would envy—lean but shapely, crowned by 44 inches

of mammary perfection. "Business aside, [rave gang-bangs] are a lot of fun from any angle," says Kitty. "Raves are a big party—the House of Sex is one big orgy!"

Foxx has been a swinger for 25 years.

"I used to make my own home videos," she reminisces. "When I started writing for the magazines, they said that I should make videos for the amateur trade. It's not any different with the public."

Not every performer in the House of Sex's erotic sex show is an adult-entertainment professional. A young woman who calls herself simply Dawn claims to be a mortgage broker in Encino. Dawn says she does club sex strictly for the money, and only now and then.

"My boss, my family—not even my friends know I do this sort of thing," Dawn confides. "It's a kick, but I don't dare to make a regular thing out of it. As long as no one suspects anything, it's okay!"

Attesting to Dawn's ability to avoid suspicion are her peaches-and-cream complexion, her cheeks lightly brushed with pink and her long, blond hair, which tapers into a demure pair of champagne-glass breasts. Dawn resembles a sweetly innocent college cheerleader more than a dance-club sex star.

Spiked hair and tattoos are in vogue with a large segment of the House of Sex audience, who share a post-punk predilection for sticking sharp objects through various body parts.

Dressed in golf shirts and Dockers are knots of middle-aged guys who look like they got lost on the way to the Dodgers game, most of whom are eager participants in the back-room video sex.

"It's basically fans of the bands," says Brunt when asked about the demographics of the typical Friday-night crowd. "Most of our bands have their own following. Some people have become groupies of the [piercing] scene, who come out every time there's a concert."

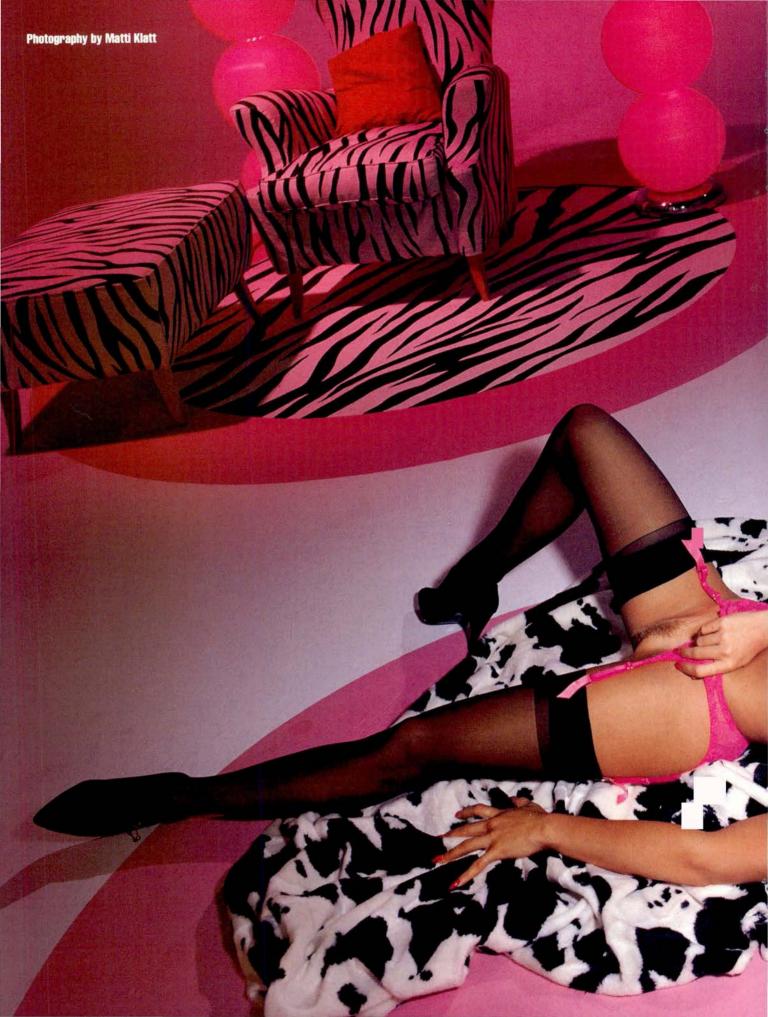
Brunt obtains film permits and makes each customer sign a waiver before entering the club, whereby patrons consent to be videotaped and acknowledge that they are liable to witness explicit acts. The lengthy form also releases House of Sex from any claims that it may have caused someone to contract AIDS or other diseases. Condoms are mandatory for any sexual activity.

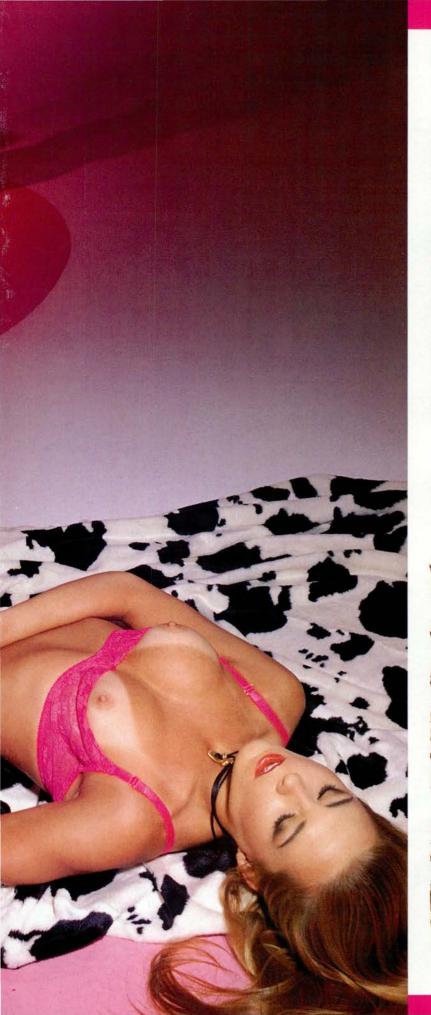
Los Angeles attorney Megan Kramer, (continued on page 68)





"Sweet Jesus! Heal this sinner's constipation!"





SUZIE



Suzie so fuckable? Baby-soft skin as tight as a kid-leather glove? Honey-blond hair as light to the touch as sheer silk? Hot, fresh breath and cupid lips that quiver with every lick of the tongue? "Stop already!" scowls Suzie, popping a salty finger in her mouth. "My body ain't no match for my mind. I think up things so nasty, words can't begin to describe them!"

What makes 19-year-old

begin to describe them!"

How nasty?

"Take a look," Suzie smiles,

wetting her lips with a glossy

fingertip. "Can't you guess?"









An overweight kid with a limp struggles to get his pants off and his dick hard before Dawn snaps out of it and realizes what sort of uply cretin she's about to let fuck her.

who has litigated several cases of sexual discrimination, sees no legal problem with club performers being compensated for sex-related entertainment.

"[Essentially, payment for these types of club entertainment is] an acting fee," says Kramer. "I would compare [the sexshow entertainment at the House of Sex1 to two things: freedom of expressionthe right to dance nude in front of an audience if you choose to-and a type of acting where the player performs a specific role for the limited purpose of entertainment. It happens [at the House of Sex] that the content is sex, but the First Amendment is neutral regarding content. [Responsibility lies with the public.] The public doesn't have to go if the public doesn't want to."

According to Kramer, the fact that House of Sex performers are clearly paid for their efforts doesn't preclude the nonprofit status of Rock Against Censorship Injustice.

"Nonprofit organizations are allowed to exist, as long as they're not illegal," Kramer states. "Brunt's means of funding his concerts aren't anyone's business."

"[The House of Sex] has really turned

into a video line," says Brunt. "Our market specialty is gang-bang films. exciting to the video market."

Without the video income, claims Brunt, his House of Sex raves wouldn't be financially feasible. Brunt seems sincerely committed to providing an audience for his sometimes hard-toplace bands.

"We'd like to make the general public more aware of the censorship facing the sexier acts in the music scene," Brunt says. "Videos shot at House of Sex will only be sold in X-rated shops, but there are other art forms, like music, that have come under the gun of the censorship problem. We're trying to branch out and say that even porn producers have some degree of understanding and impact on the general public."

Two long couches are set at one end of the back room at House of Sex. A bank of blinding movie lights cuts through the nicotine and marijuana fog. Swinging her ass, trailed by Kitty and Dawn, Shanna approaches a half-dozen men sitting on the couch.

Kitty immediately goes down on a short, overweight Mexican guy, whose

We're trying to add something more

brother-in-law rubs Kitty's smooth behind with one hand while pumping his dick with the other.

Male and female clubgoers press close to the scene. Some choose to watch, bending in closely to offer advice to those engaged in the action; others swarm like ants over the copulating couples.

At the far corner of one of the couches, a scrawny, pimply-faced young man with a K-Mart haircut presents his cock for Dawn's inspection.

Dawn smiles. She leans over and presses her face into his crotch.

Rhythmically sucking, she reaches a hand to her pussy, rubbing in a steady, circular motion.

The young woman wearing the redvelour dress arrives with two other amateurs. One of the girls, a short-haired blonde, wears a figure-hugging sundress and several prominent tattoos.

Shanna bends halfway over the top of the couch as a guy with a dick the size of a small palm tree fucks her butt.

Lips moving, she is either mouthing instructions to a guy in a baseball cap standing next to her or calling on Eros for the power to resist the enormous pressure that her tender anus is currently experiencing.

A guy in a baseball cap standing next to Shanna seems like he doesn't know what to touch first, frantically running his hands up and down Shanna's neck, breasts and stomach.

An overweight kid with a limp struggles to get his pants off and his dick hard before Dawn snaps out of it and realizes what sort of ugly cretin she's about to let fuck her.

The toad is in such a hurry that he forgets to take his shoes off before he can remove his ill-fitting dungarees. After flailing on the floor like a turtle that's been flipped on its back, he dives head first for Dawn's snatch.

Dawn closes her eyes as if to imagine why she's letting a guy she normally wouldn't let take out her garbage bury his face in her muff.

Shanna moves a little north on the couch, nearer to Dawn. She runs her tongue along Dawn's cheek before giving Dawn a lingering kiss.

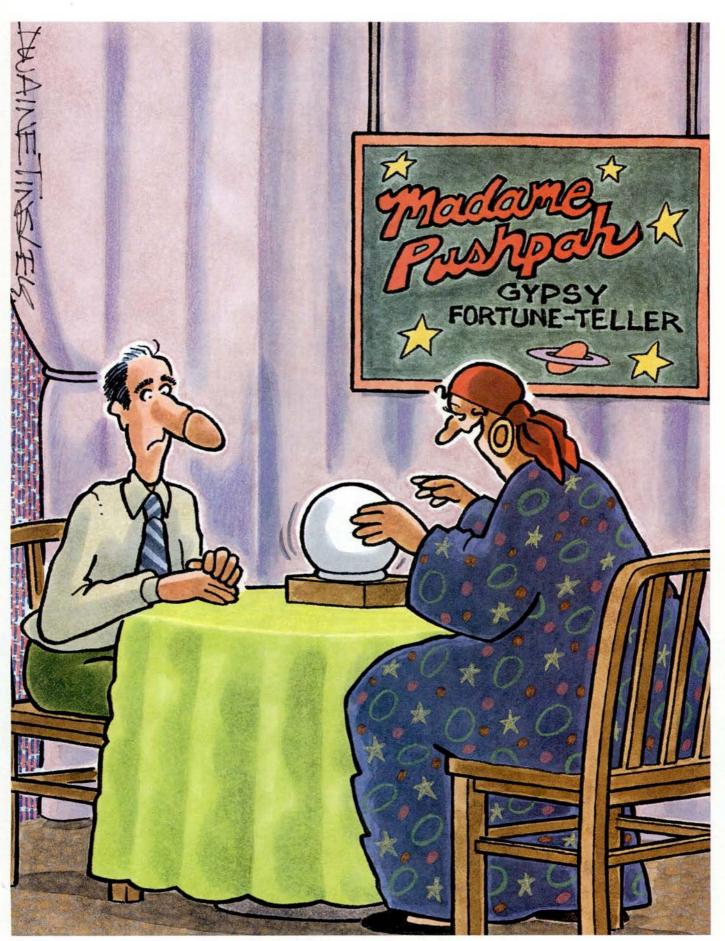
Out in the club, there's a brief buzz. Headlining band Duchess DeSade takes the stage. The band includes three women, one guy and a lead singer whose idea of a good time is to strap on a dildo and poke her backup dancers.

"Ecstasy! Get yer Ecstasy!" hawks a peddler of the chemical aphrodisiac popularly known as the love drug.

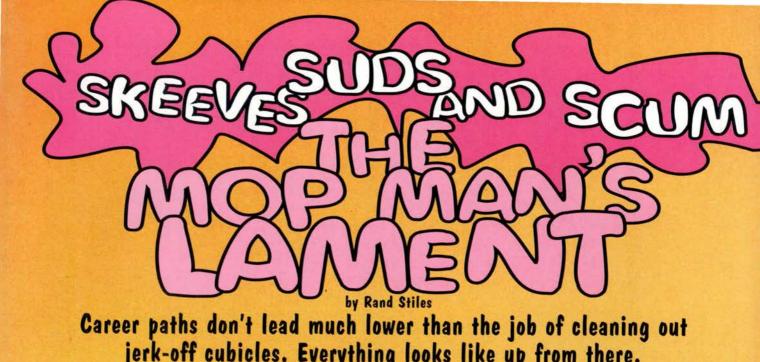
To back-room patrons of the House of Sex, taking the drug seems redundant.



"Captain: Request permission to come aboard, sir."

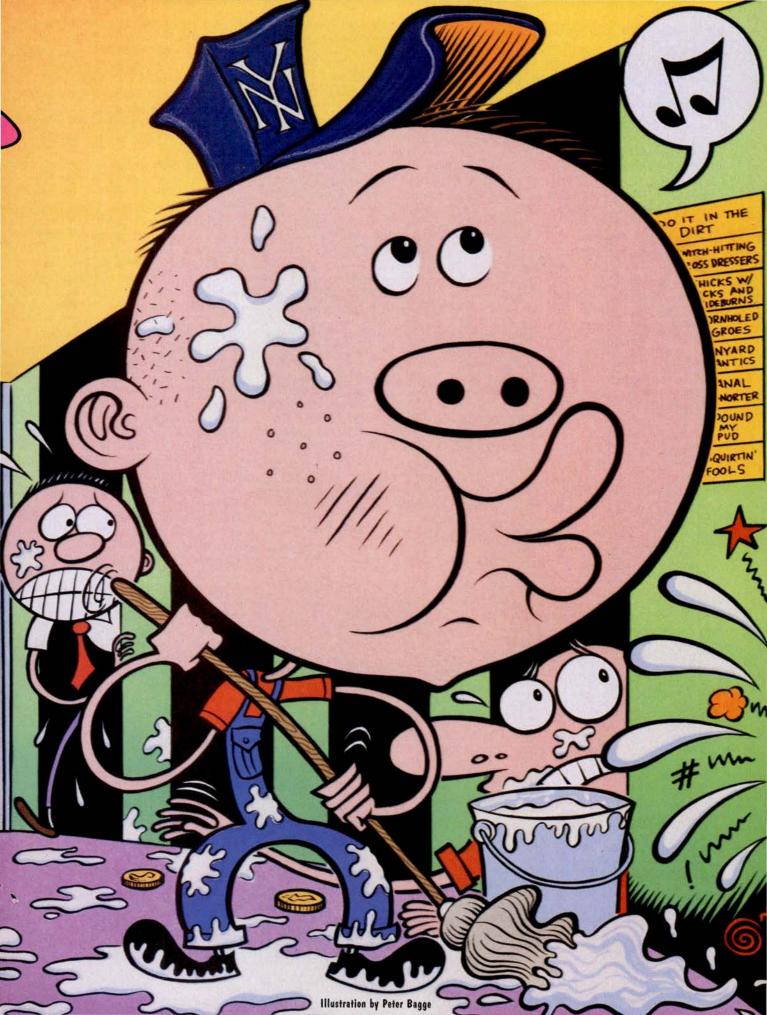


"I see...I see a big, horny gypsy fortune-teller riding your face!"



jerk-off cubicles. Everything looks like up from there.





Suds and Scum

The viewing window slid up to reveal a naked pair of elephantine mulatto women lolling and flopping upon an unclothed, pot-bellied Puerto Rican stud-substitute.

If it weren't for me, half of New York City would be under three feet of cum. I'm still young, but I've seen it all, and I've cleaned up after it all too. I swab up hand-cranked semen night after night, and I don't just do it because I'm paid to. There's not enough money in the world to make me work as a peep-show mop man, and yet that's my job.

Hundreds of sex-glazed jamokes pass by me every shift, on their way to spew in a one-on-one booth or jerk off to a live-sex act or get meaningful with themselves and a video loop. No one ever stops to ask me how I came to be doing what I do or how I feel about doing it. Maybe two mooks, tops, will even look at me all night. One chum might ask me to run to the front booth and change his \$10 bill into tokens, and the other pal will drop a crusty kleenex into my water bucket. So I'm writing it all down, what I think and what I've seen, and I'll pretend someone's paying attention.

THE MOP MAN'S PEDIGREE

My family doesn't invite me home for the holidays anymore. They think they're superior. Even my brother-in-law, the plumber's helper who's up to his elbows in backed-up shit every day, considers me an untouchable because I work with jizz.

My grandparents were straight janitors. They had that immigrant zeal for the American dream, and their dreams came true. They formed a mom-and-mop office-cleaning business, and their sons followed, expanding and solidifying through marriage within the industry, building a cleanup dynasty. I'd been groomed to reign as the commercial-building-maintenance king of outer New York City, but I had higher aspirations.

The neon called to me, and I was drawn to its tawdry promise. To quote the bard: "I like the nightlife." My folks can't understand.

Some bursting thing inside me pulses to get out, to leave my mark, and the peep shows and voyeur palaces are where I can make a difference. I'm not an artist, but I have a vision. To my eyes, the world is a beautiful place, except there are just too fucking many people in it. I'm no abortion doctor or Adolf Hitler, but every spill of genetic slop that I hose down the peep-floor drain is one less shit-ass that

will ever walk the face of this earth. Every time I send a blown wad to the NYC sewers, I'm doing my bit to make life here a little better for the rest of us.

A man, if he is true to himself, must follow his heart. His path must both strengthen and express his inner being. He cannot let his family stand in destiny's way.

INTO THE PEEPS

Some people rubberneck at auto wrecks; others of us can't walk past scum without stopping to take a closer look. I first glimpsed my squalid reality-ofchoice as a young boy, hardly tall enough to reach a loop-booth coin slot. I remember Uncle McPadden, under some glib pretense, guiding me through the Times Square netherworld. The bright midnight streets hustled with the furtive activity of starry-eyed men in pursuit of easy-access women whose hemlines were all higher than the level of my eyes. As my head spun, agog with the richness of thighs and filmy undergarments swirling about me, my mentor herded me into an establishment catering to the needs of masturbators public and private. Taking my hand, he led me into a booth. The viewing window slid up to reveal a naked pair of elephantine mulatto women lolling and flopping upon an unclothed, pot-bellied Puerto Rican stud-substitute whose mouth and flesh snorkel both seemed to be gasping for real air beneath the weight of the twin temptresses. Uncle McPadden sighed: "It gets better than this, kid, but not much better."

The blood-related skeeve guided my sweaty fingers toward the avuncular bulge in his corduroy trousers, but I wasn't about to let things get better for him at my palm's expense. I commenced to squawk, savagely bit his hand when he clamped it over my mouth, burst from the booth and ran screeching from the perv emporium.

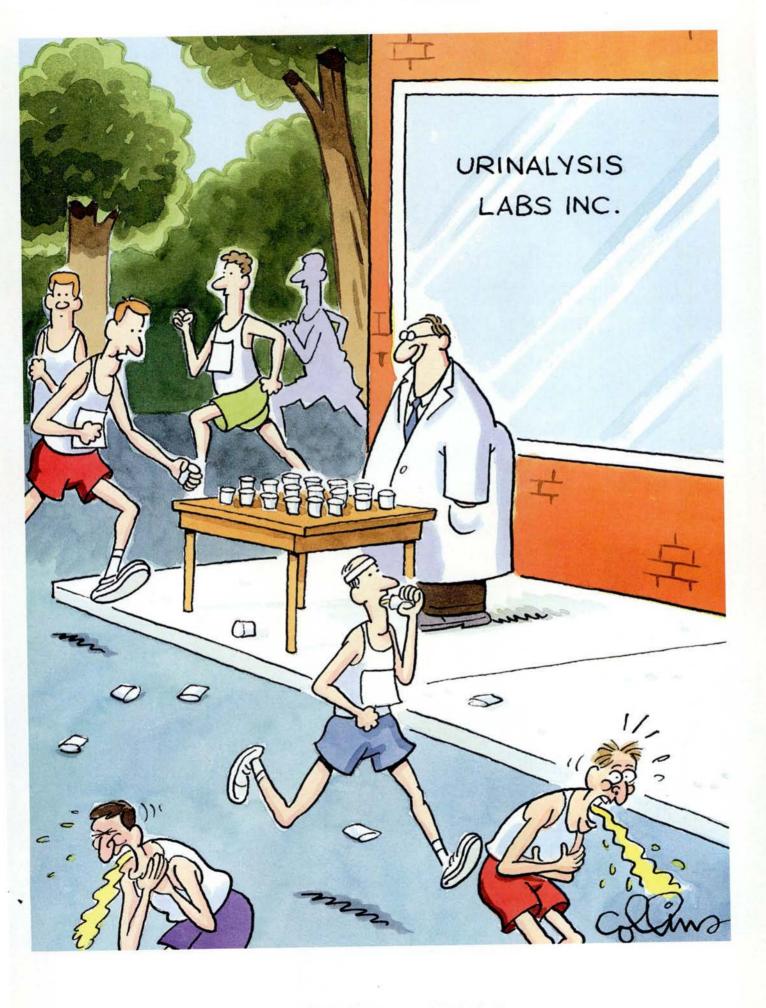
Uncle McPadden caught me half a block down Eighth Avenue. The wily bastard calmed my hysterics with a few sips from a small, flat bottle in his paper bag, but the deed had been done. Despite my shock and outrage, I recognized two things: one, that I had been introduced to my life's calling, and two, that Uncle McP., under threat of exposure to the family at large, was now at my mercy.

JIZZ-WIPE JOURNEYMAN

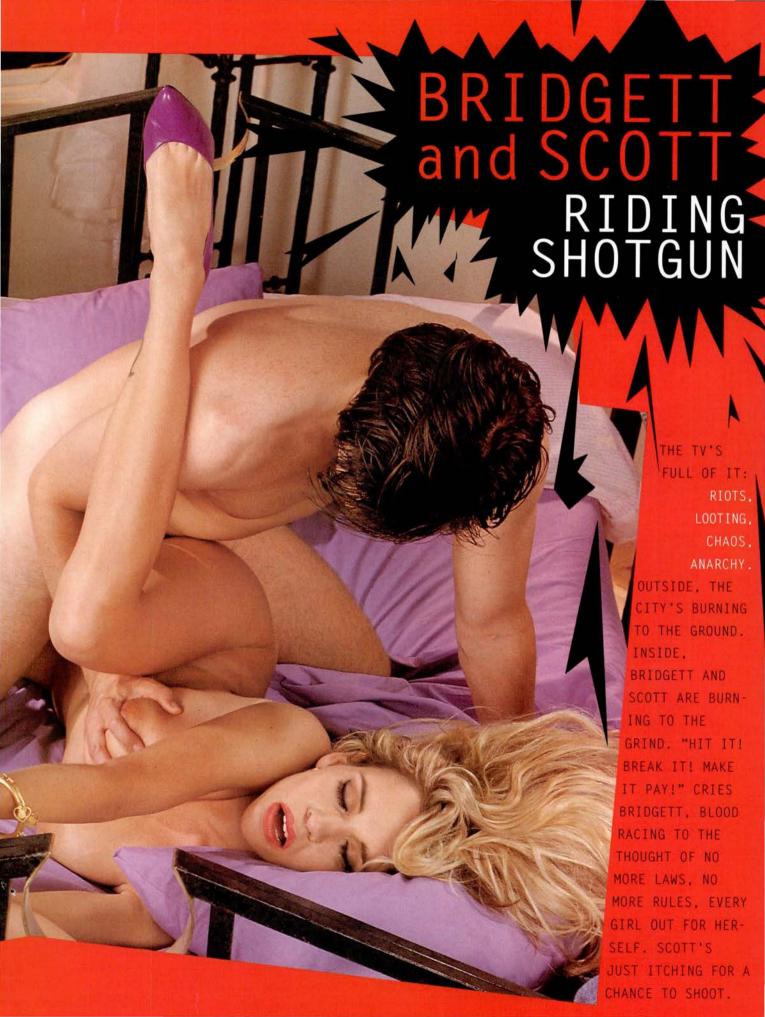
Not a day went by that my imagination did not return to the fertile fields of 42nd Street, and I soon returned to it in person. Those few square blocks of debauchery and dilapidation encompassed an entire universe of sensual wickedness.

This wonderland of degraded ecstasy opened to my rapt exploration. There (continued on page 82)























(continued from page 72)

Suds and Scum

"You're always lurking like a faggot, but you never suck any dick. Soon you'll start handing out little Bibles. It makes the gents nervous to have a Jesus freak watching every move they make."

were grind houses, lap-dancing showcases, Mardi Gras burlesqueries, countless outlets of hard-core photo literature, dry-hustle and wet-hustle bars, and muffdeep storefronts housing a multitude of airless, cum-streaked cubicles. The individual-occupancy closets fronted on video screens or had open windows allowing the paying sucker to pass an extra tip to the slattern on display for the additional frustration of groping her ass and tits while pounding his pud in his clenched fist. And there were crowds of hookers bumping shoulders and pussies and busts on the street: female, male and many things in between. None of it escaped my potent scrutiny.

I marched with the stumbling mass of climax-charged zombies, but I was not of them. Low-rent orgasms are not unknown to me (a few one-sided spurts stand out in the memory of those early nights of sleaze immersion, such as the stringy, blond lap-jockey who went into a nod as I pulled the throbber out of my chinos and glazed her mid-thigh patent boots with gobs of pent-up wad), but I beat to a different drummer. It is as if I

walk among the great self-soiled, but I am somehow above them. From on high, I see an entirety that is beyond the comprehension of those root-groping automatons who are just semiconscious specs in the big picture. To put it simply, I am like Mr. Clean washed up upon the Island of Filth—I am stronger than dirt.

The peep proprietors sensed that I had an attitude. "You're scaring the good customers," explained one asphalt-faced floor manager as he escorted the scruff of my neck from his premises. "You're always lurking like a faggot, but you never suck any dick. Soon you'll start handing out little Bibles. It makes the gents nervous to have a Jesus freak watching every move they make."

My ass hit the sidewalk. Strolling pussy entrepreneurs hitched a step to gaze at me with lazy disdain.

"And stay out!" muttered a Tourette's-afflicted drunk from within his cardboard cocoon. I picked myself up and took my business to the next jizz factory on the block, only to encounter a similar welcome. A bad word had been put out on me—I encountered nothing but

rejection all up and down the street, and then I met Uncle McPadden.

The years had been unkind to Uncle McP., and he'd been worse to them. Because so much of his attention was given to boozing and letching, he'd lost his elite janitor-overseer position, and his wife and kid had moved in with a City cop. The uncle rolled with the punches, picking up some prime commercial properties down at the Port Authority Terminal and securing a doorman's post at a prestigious mall of voyeur vice, from which he kept tabs upon the returns his investments pulled in as they plied the street.

I came upon him as he cowered in the glare, guarding his assigned portal to sin.

"You can't come in here," he said with a smirk. "The management's had enough of your superior posturing. It creates a hostile jerk environment." I stood at the crossroads of panic and despair.

"I got nowhere to go," I mewled, thinking of the cold emptiness of my Spartan basement crib back in Brooklyn. "I need to be here, with people. Please, I'll do anything. Just let me hang out."

"That's more like it," proclaimed my uncle's employer, Earl, stepping forward and picking a piece of day-old road kill from his stubby, discolored teeth. Halitosis hit me like a breath of new life, stillborn and decomposing. "C'mere. We got something to suit your aptitude."

He handed me a mop and pointed to a pool of stomach residue left on a booth floor by some homeless heroin novice. My lip curled with disgust as I swabbed the iniquitous deck. Yes, the world was despoiled by scum, and one day a real rain would come and wash all the filth away. Until then, my righteous mop will take its valiant swipes against the rising tide of human crap.

"Get a load of Travis Bickle Jr.," gloated puke-huffing Earl.

Call me what they will, I am the cleanup man.

COLLEAGUES IN CUM

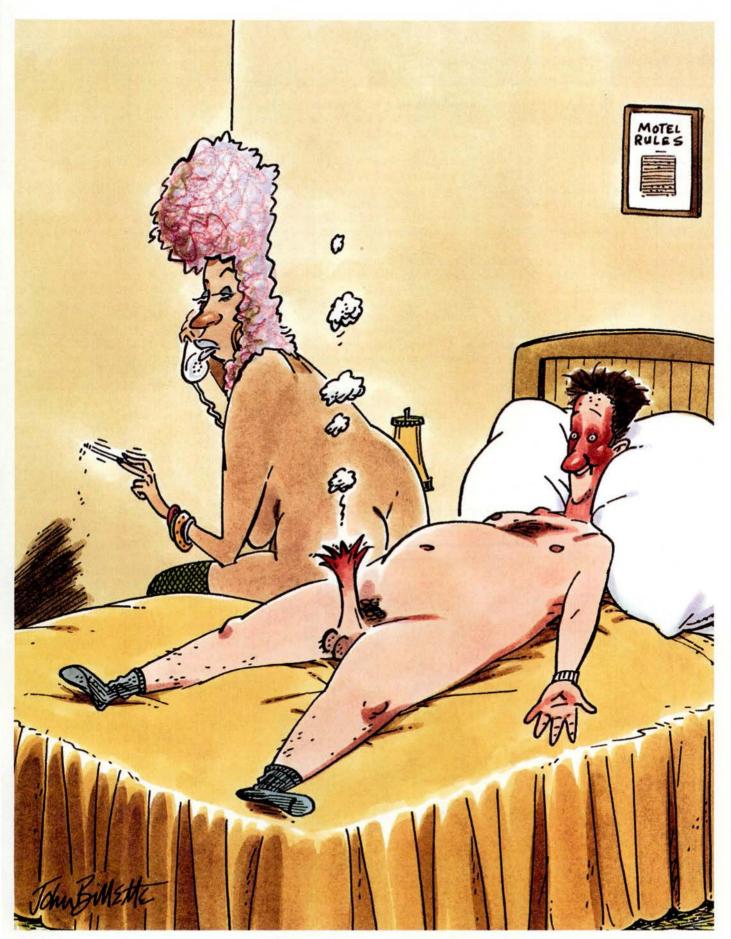
Not every subnormal with a bucketful of ammonia-laced water shares my perspective. Many, if not most, peepshow mop men are intellectually and emotionally impaired. In fact, this line of endeavor attracts mainly borderline retards, and the smut moguls are doing the taxpayers a favor by keeping the cretins off the street and out of government-funded halfway houses.

If you ask the typical mop dog what the best part of his job is, he'll point to his pocket and pull out a handful of loose change he's found during his shift.

"Bet you make a extra buck and a half a day," wagers Woolly the Geek, a hairy, balding Greek pawnbroker with an insatiable weakness for dirty talk coming

JEWISH EASTER





"Hello, 911? It's me—it's Trixie again."

Suds and Scum

A co-worker told Sarah a scrap of toilet tissue had been clinging to her rectum for three hours. Sarah was embarrassed——till she realized her income had been twice that of a tissue-free evening.

from buck-tooth Negresses. "Easy as picking pennies out of a mayonnaise jar." Sarcasm, however, holds no sting when it comes from an object beneath contempt.

The splooge-swabbers I've known wouldn't even know Woolly the Geek was mocking them. These losers fall into two categories: the sniffers and the strokers. The first subset can be distinguished by their open-mouthed, blankfaced drooling, an effect of inhaling the cortex-numbing vapors of the various cleaning solutions inherent to the trade. The second subset can be distinguished by their open-mouthed, blank-faced drooling, an effect of inhaling the cortexnumbing vapors of the various vaginaldouche solutions inherent to the trade. The philosophy of both archetypes is summed up in the phrase: "Hey, I'm getting off all day long, and I make money while I do it.'

The bulk of these guys, the lowest rung in the manhole that leads to the sewer of commercial sex, are more pathetic than the paying customers.

JERKOFF JOHNS

Every time someone tells me, "Gee, I

wish I had your job," I know I'm being addressed by a lower life form. Every time some enthusiast sloshes my bucket in a rush for a vacant golden-showers viewing slot, I know I've had a brush with a lower life form. Every time some shameful self-abuser looks away from my clear-eyed regard, I know I've intimidated a lower life form. Get the picture?

These lower life forms move about in the outside world, working on Wall Street, selling clothes on Fifth Avenue, running little galleries in Soho. They go to grocery stores, bars, restaurants, church, Little League games. They ride subways, cabs, cars, buses; they've got kids, mothers, siblings. Everywhere they go, they shake somebody's hand, and that person shakes somebody else's hand, and eventually we're all touched by the palm of the chronic jerkoff, and the lower life form has invaded all of existence.

That's why I never shake hands with anybody.

Overreaction? Paranoia? Consider the facts. I've seen it once; I've seen it 10,000 times. Two guys come in, buddies, been pals since high school. They

wander around; they're drawn to similar, if not the same, attractions. They make an excuse...maybe to save money, maybe to share an experience. Whatever the rationalization, this pair of dudes ends up together in a single booth. It starts innocently enough, comparing penis size and testicle droop, betting a beer to see who can come first. Pretty soon, one of them is playing Uncle McPadden. "I'm having some trouble, Fred. Lend me a hand, will you?"

Next stop: sucking dick, up the butt and no more stops. Are these wand gobblers faggots? Not to hear them tell it. If there's a chick on the video screen, these cum-garglers call themselves straight, even while taking a reverse shit with a tube-steak turd.

And these deluded castaways have the gall to deny they've got a problem.

WRY-HUMP HOOKERS

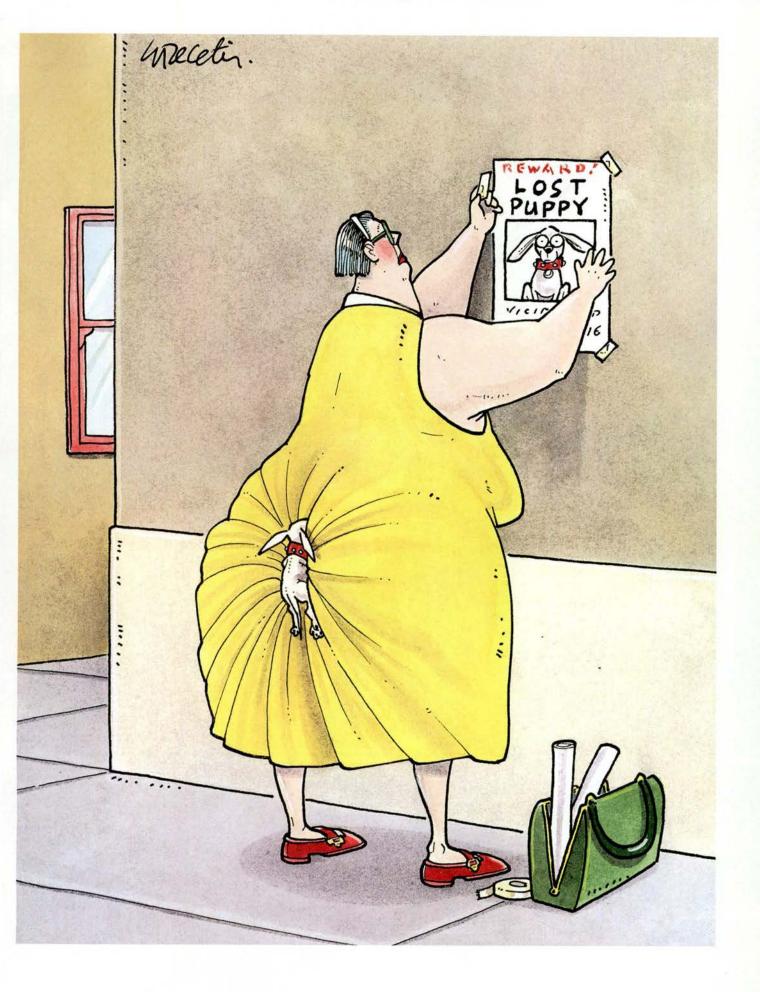
The biggest dollar drain in the arcade. a virtual discretionary-income whirlpool, is the one-on-one, real-life, coax-'em-tocome girl. These ladies fill all shapes and sizes and refract the light in every ethnic hue, but they share one thing in common: "I ain't no prostitute," claims each one. They don't have pimps; they have boyfriends or girlfriends. The at-home objects of freely given, sex-worker affection are stereotypically musicians without a band, sometimes without a guitar, or managers for separatist-feminist co-ops, the primary funding for which is raised by sultry chicks who slap their tongues across a sheet of plate glass while some dollars-lighter chump splatters his never-blooming seed on the other side.

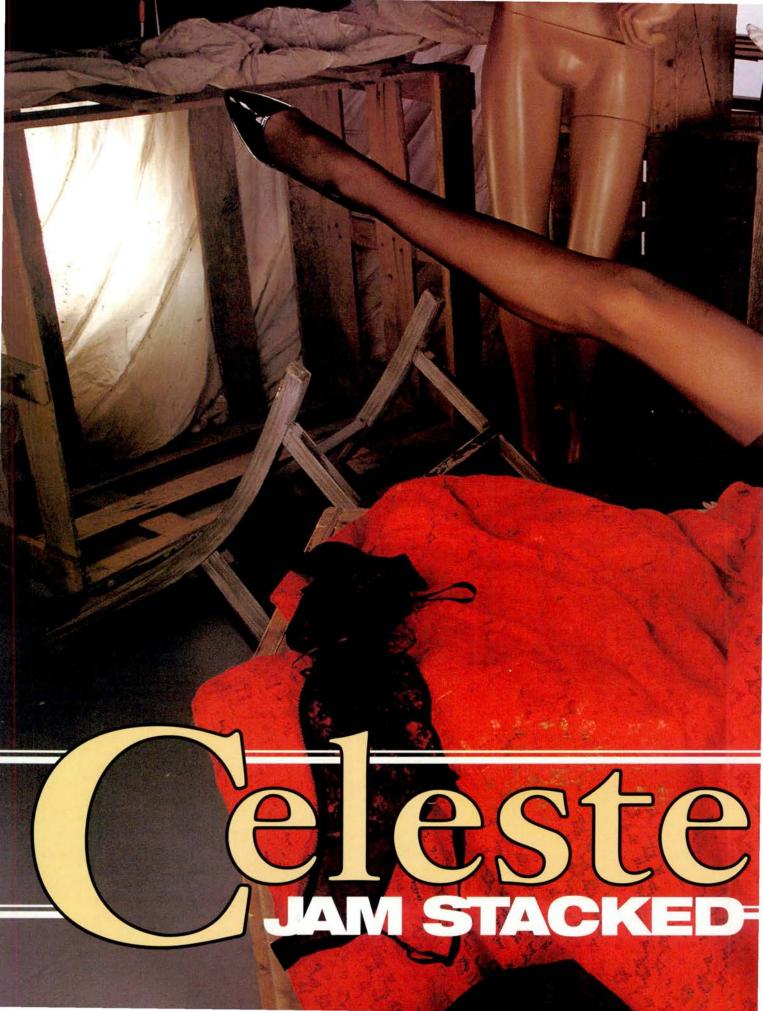
These women have periods, stretch marks, skin problems, nipples, mouths and twats. Such are the essential career qualifications. Inadequate education is a plus, as are childhood memories of an overly affectionate uncle, a few kids with no daddy, an appreciation for the finer inebriants in life and an abiding, derogatory hostility to any primate that carts a penis.

There's a girl I'll call Sarah Clap. Her ass is her greatest asset. She spreads her cheeks and sticks her sphincters to the glass with the suction of a toilet plunger. One night a co-worker told Sarah a scrap of toilet tissue had been clinging to her rectum for three hours. Sarah was embarrassed—till she realized her income had been twice that of a tissue-free evening. Now Sarah meticulously adheres a tear of soiled asswipe to her chocolate cheerio at the start of every working day, She's the most productive employee in the entire operation.

Look at that piece of paper real close; squint as if to read a paragraph of crucial fine print. What's written there? Nothing much. Just the story of my life.



























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After his annual checkup, Michael was shocked to learn that he had somehow contracted a rare disease and had only 12 hours to live.

Arriving home in utter despair, he told his wife the terrible news and began to cry. Overcome with grief, Lorretta hugged him tightly and said, "Honey, I'm going to give you a night you'll never forget!"

Whereupon they went to bed early and made passionate love with an ardor they hadn't felt in years.

When they were done, Michael turned to his wife and said, "Honey, that was wonderful—the best we've ever had. Can we do it again?"

This time it was even more passionate. Later, as Loretta was about to doze off, Michael gave her a nudge and said, "Honey, come on. How about one more time?"

"That's easy for you to say," retorted his wife. "You don't have to get up in the morning."

Question: Why do they make aspirin white?

Answer: So it'll work.

A young construction worker had a couple of drinks after work with the fellas. As he drove home, a coppulled him over for swerving across the divider.

The cop asked, "You drinking?"

"Depends," said the young construction worker. "You buyin'?"

A man and a woman got into an elevator. The man asked the woman, "What floor?"

The woman answered, "Two, please; I'm going to give blood for \$10."

The man said, "Oh, really? I'm going to the third floor to sell sperm for \$50."

About a month later, the same man and woman entered the elevator again. The man asked, "Second floor?"

The woman shook her head with cheeks puffed and lips tightly shut; she held up three fingers.

Question: What's the difference between a bulldyke and an elephant?

Answer: About ten pounds and a flannel shirt.

Kamala, the monarch of a tiny African nation, found himself fascinated by the game of Russian roulette while visiting Moscow for an economic summit with Boris Yeltsin.

"Ungawa! One bullet in six-chambered gun make pretty good contest," he told the vodka-drenched president, "but one day you come to motherland, I show you African roulette!"

Several months later, Yeltsin went on tour in Africa and decided to take Kamala up on his offer.

"So, mighty ruler, show me this great sport of yours," he requested.

"Yes, very good," said Kamala.

He then summoned a pair of royal elephants, on which the two leaders journeyed to a secluded clearing in the jungle.

After dismounting, Kamala introduced Yeltsin to six beautiful, unclothed native girls gathered around a campfire.

"Here is African roulette," he explained. "You pick any maiden here, and she will give you free blowjob on the spot!"

"Well, comrade, such an offer sounds more inviting than caviar," the Muscovite responded, "but what makes it roulette? Where is the chance?"

Grinning broadly, Kamala responded, "One of these girls is a cannibal!"

he HUSTLER Dictionary defines *politically correct* sex as: kissing her ass before you fuck it.

After being told that the results of his medical tests were available, an anxious Tom made haste to his doctor's office.

"I'm afraid I have two pieces of bad news for you, Thomas," the M.D. informed him. "The first is that you've contracted AIDS; the other is that you also have Alzheimer's disease."

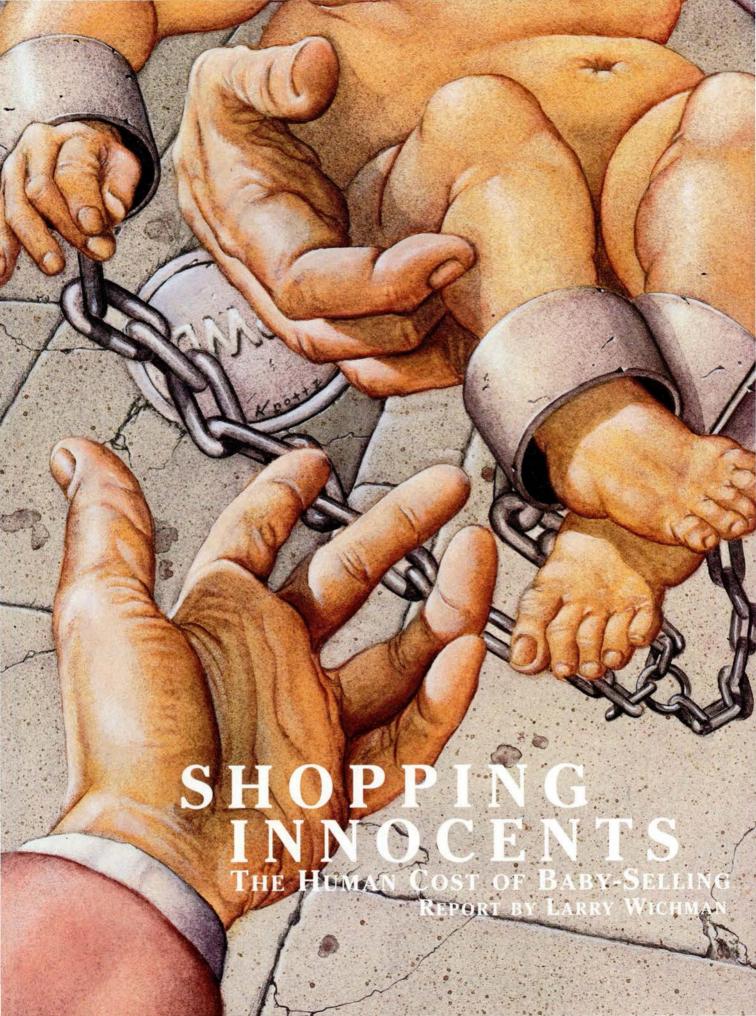
"Whew!" exclaimed Tom in relief. "At least I don't have AIDS!"

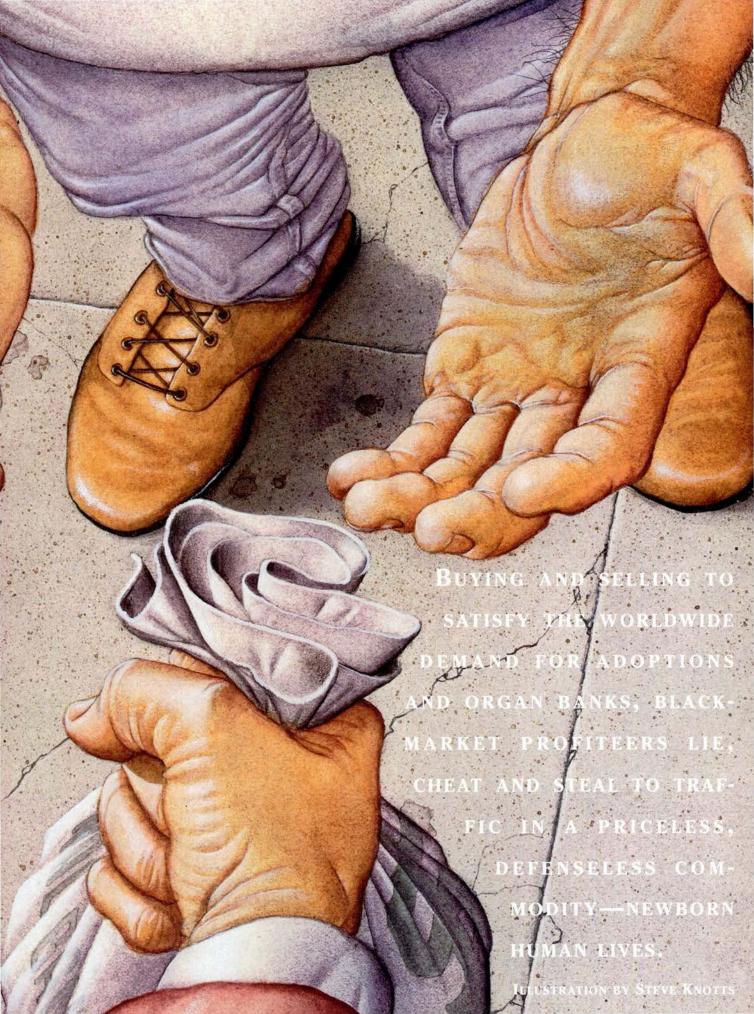
HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes on 3" X 5" cards, mailed in a sealed envelope, to HUSTLER Humor, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for \$50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

THE FAMILLY BOLS



"Tastes great...." "Less filling...." "Tastes great...." "Less filling...."





Baby Selling

Gelveles and Dedes offered to sell their children to a 23-year-old baby-sitter. According to Lunsford, the asking price for the two babies was \$1,500 and a gallon can of gasoline.

Twenty-six-year-old Lena Peek of rural Clay County, West Virginia, had married twice. Her first marriage lasted two weeks; the second, 24 hours.

Peek birthed five children in six years. Her 46-year-old mother adopted her first child. Two of Peek's children were placed in foster care after Peek was accused of conspiring to sell a child for \$1,000 and a station wagon. Her fourth offspring, a son, was sent to live with his father. On July 11, 1993, Peek attempted to sell her newborn, a son she'd named Cody.

Four hours after Peek made phone arrangements, an expensive, white car carrying prospective parents for Cody pulled up to Peek's Appalachian home.

Wearing tight, pink shorts and a halter top that left her midriff bare, Peek assured the couple—a man and woman she had never seen before—that one-month-old Cody was a good baby who woke up only once a night and had been in good health since birth. The couple seemed pleased, but asked if Peek would be willing to accept \$1,400—\$600 less than the price both parties had agreed upon over the phone. Peek agreed to the sale.

The couple paid cash. Peek passed Cody to the woman in the front seat—actually a West Virginia state trooper working undercover—and was arrested.

Three years earlier, Lena Peek had laid the grounds for West Virginia's very first legislation prohibiting the sale of infants. Before Peek was caught trying to market her child in 1990, baby selling wasn't a crime in West Virginia. Public outcry forced the West Virginia state legislature to pass a statute calling for punishment of up to a year in jail and a \$2,000 fine—a lesser penalty than what is meted out for possession of marijuana. Law-enforcement estimates indicate the demand for suitable, adoption-age babies in the U.S. outstrips the supply four-to-one. Yet, though thousands of infants are illegally traded each year, officials are largely powerless to prevent the trade.

"How would we know about this kind of thing if we weren't tipped off?" complains West Virginia state trooper David Plantz. "[Since the transactions are all under the table,] there is no way we can even [determine the extent of the problem]." Except in a handful of states—such as Texas and Virginia, where baby trading is a felony punishable by ten years' imprisonment—the sale of an infant is treated as a misdemeanor.

"Many states [make it] illegal to accept money for a child," states Joan Hollinger, a visiting law professor at the University of California at Berkeley, "but there are rarely more than dollar penalties."

•Thirty-one-year-old Karen Gelveles of Mastic, New York, received a sentence of a mere four months after pleading guilty to selling her two-month-old daughter and two-year-old son to a Suffolk County undercover agent in November 1992. Mitchell Dedes, the children's stepfather, received a year's probation.

Gelveles and Dedes offered to sell their children to a 23-year-old baby-sitter named Vicki Renee Lunsford. According to Lunsford, the asking price for the two babies was \$1,500 and a gallon can of gasoline. Suffolk County Police Detective Sergeant Rick Lawler describes Gelveles and Dedes as crack addicts who wanted money from the sale of the kids in order to obtain drugs. According to Lawler, the couple planned to relocate to Nevada after the sale.

Suffolk County Detective Bruce Harris, who posed as Lunsford's husband to make the arrest, explained that Gelveles and Dedes wanted the gas because their tank was empty, and they had to get to the bus station. "I can tell you right now, [Gelveles] still doesn't want her kids," says Lunsford, who visited Gelveles in jail after her sentencing. "She told me they were history. She said, 'Renee, just get me out of jail, and you can adopt [them]."

On July 16, 1991, 19-year-old Brenda Haralson sold her six-month-old daughter Kayla to Yucaipa, California, drug dealer Linda Reibling for \$50 of speed. Haralson then returned to her apartment and told police the child had been kidnapped from her crib while she and live-in boyfriend Kevin O'Hara were visiting the neighbors next door. "[Haralson and O'Hara] traded her baby for drugs," confirmed a San Bernardino County sheriff's investigator.

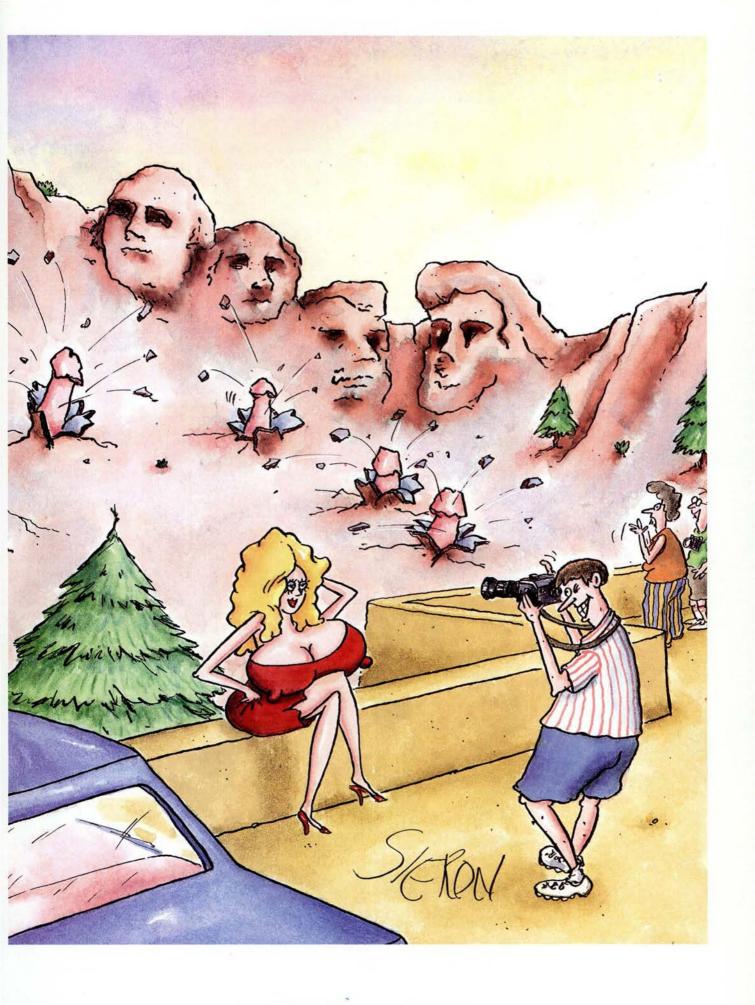
Due to widespread publicity surrounding the supposed kidnapping, Haralson's baby became too hot for Reibling to quietly barter. Despite the fact that the child was suffering from a case of pneumonia severe enough to have caused her to stop breathing the week before, Reibling abandoned infant Kayla on the floor of a city park bathroom in Redlands.

Fortunately, the baby was found unharmed. Haralson was convicted of felony child endangerment and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. Reibling received four years' jail time.

TWAINE TINELEUR

SKID ROW ABORTION

Psychologist Steven Weiss considers



Baby Selling

Jennings asked if anyone wanted to buy his television set for \$40. There were no takers until Jennings added his daughter Samantha to the deal.

trafficking in infants to be a form of child abuse. According to Weiss, as relations among members of abusive households disintegrate, so does the value they place on one another's lives.

"[Selling a baby] is a demonstration of valuelessness," claims Weiss, noting official estimates that the majority of babies that are sold originate from abusive families.

In December 1990, 20-year-old Shane Jennings of Brooksville, Florida, was sentenced to six months in jail for beating his 17-year-old girlfriend, Jamie Jolin. Jolin was five months pregnant with Jennings's child at the time.

"When I first saw Jamie [after the beating]," Jolin's mother testified, "there was blood on her mouth. Her hands were bleeding...and there was blood dripping down from her knees."

Jennings had an extensive criminal record, much of it concerning violence perpetrated against Jolin. The relationship had been so brutal that when the expectant mother refused to sign a restraining order against Jennings, Florida Circuit Court Judge Jack Springstead

urged her to consider her unborn child's welfare, if not her own. Two months after his release from jail, Jennings sold his four-month-old daughter for \$10 to a man and woman he met in a bar.

According to Pasco County authorities, he arrived at a Trilcoochee, Florida, bar called the Kegg shortly before 8 p.m. on July 19, 1991. Jennings asked if anyone wanted to buy his television set for \$40. There were no takers until Jennings added his daughter Samantha to the deal. "I could hear the baby screaming [out in the car]," recalls Linda Callam, owner of the Kegg, who eventually brought the infant inside. "She was beet red, and sweat was rolling down her face. Everyone fell in love with her. She was the sweetest little thing."

Jennings sold the TV to a man named William Graybill, whose girlfriend paid an additional \$10 for baby Samantha. Jennings then talked Graybill into giving him a ride into town, where he planned to score \$50 worth of crack. Graybill's companion alerted authorities. Police arrested Jennings a few days later.

Lawyer Joan Hollinger is an adoption-

BLIND

Wosley

"Look, everybody—my Seeing Eye dog can talk!" Look, everybody—my Seeing Eye dog can talk!"

law expert. She believes few mothers give up their infants entirely for money.

"There is a general rule that someone is going to [profit], but it is rarely the parent," Hollinger explains.

Nonetheless, the money to be made in child trafficking has led to the rise of unscrupulous, black-market baby profiteers who purchase newborn infants from vagrants, prostitutes, felons and drug addicts and launder the children through high-volume adoption agencies.

Texas adoption lawyer Leslie Thacker allegedly grossed over \$250,000 annually from an illegal operation whereby babies were obtained from hookers and junkies in the Galveston area.

During a 14-year period that ended in 1991, Thacker agented and orchestrated approximately 750 bought-infant adoptions.

Thacker canvassed the red-light district so regularly that Galveston prostitutes came to recognize her by sight.

"If I would have had a little weight on me and said I was pregnant," alleges one Galveston streetwalker, "[Thacker] would have been buying me off for my baby."

According to Texas Assistant Attorney General Ann Hartley, Thacker established contacts in the Galveston county jail.

"Whenever a pregnant woman was brought [in to jail]," relates Hartley, "[an inside contact] would call Thacker and say, 'Well, I got another one. Come on down and talk to her.'"

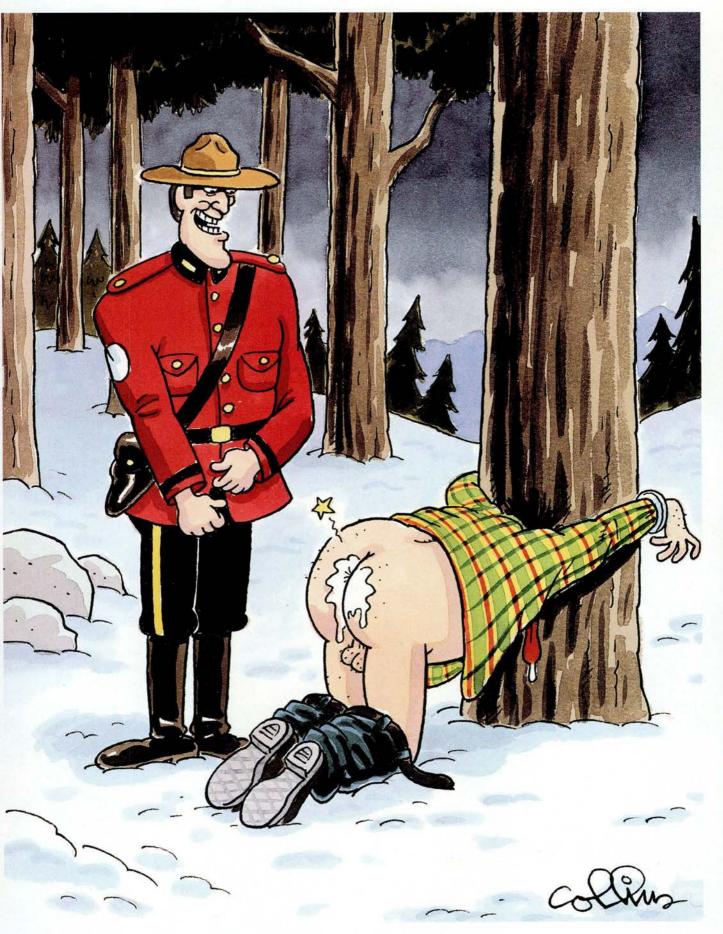
Since to admit that a child had been carried to term by a junkie or an alcoholic would jeopardize its market value, Thacker informed prospective parents that the birth mothers of the babies in her care were college girls in trouble and altered the adoption papers to hide any damaging medical history.

Thacker's illicit sales of newborns benefited from her friendly relationship with a Galveston family-court judge named Andrew Baker. Over the course of nine years, Baker approved hundreds of Thacker's adoption requests without asking where the babies came from.

"Out of 83 [Thacker-sponsored] adoptions, 81 of them went through Judge Baker's court," states Hartley. "[Thacker] went to Baker's court every time."

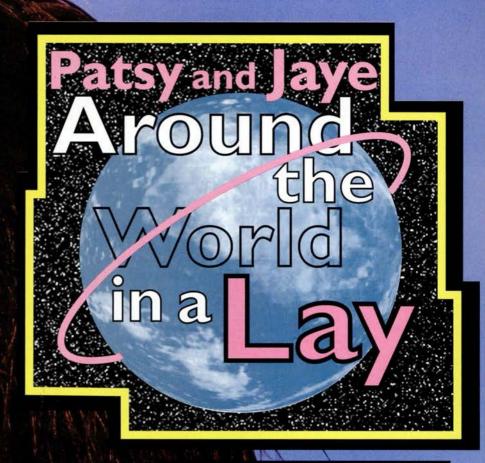
During Thacker's 1992 criminal trial, prosecutors contended that Thacker paid 27-year-old Adamina DeJesus \$12,723 for five of her children. At the time, DeJesus—a Galveston prostitute—was in jail waiting to serve a 25-year sentence for manslaughter, drug and burglary convictions and was about to give birth to twin boys.

Prosecution witness Juanita Medrano, a cousin of DeJesus, testified that an (continued on page 112)



"I told you, I always get my man."





Having come by French active, French passive, Greek active, Greek passive, Patsy and Jaye finally make it down under.

"Jaye and I feel every stop is a fresh start!" smiles trailblazing Patsy, dripping with spray on Australia's southern shore.

"We're gonna do it all!" Photography by Clive McLean















Baby Selling

She got \$11,000 for MerieBel and "sold" the twins for \$22,000—\$17,000 more than the state-approved agency fee for hard-to-place adoptees, i.e. youngsters with possible birth defects.

expectant DeJesus, unexpectedly freed on bond in April 1990, came to Medrano claiming that a lady lawyer had helped release her from jail. A few days later, said Medrano, DeJesus delivered twins, placing the babies in Thacker's custody.

Medrano attempted to gain custody of DeJesus's other three children—two-year-old Isaac, four-year-old MerieBel and six-year-old Adamina. Thacker took Medrano to court, winning custody of Isaac and MerieBel. In the courtroom, Thacker allegedly told Medrano, "I don't know why you poor people are fighting. Rich people always get what they want."

Upon legal settlement of the custody issue, Thacker sought to recoup the \$12,000 she had paid DeJesus for her children. She got \$11,000 for MerieBel and "sold" the twins for \$22,000—\$17,000 more than the state-approved agency fee for hard-to-place adoptees, i.e. youngsters with possible birth defects (DeJesus had been a crack addict during part of her pregnancy).

At her trial, Thacker defended her choice of clientele, claiming that her motive was the satisfaction of placing unfortunate children with well-to-do

parents who could provide them with a brighter future.

"[Thacker] is an evil woman," prosecuting attorney Lorraine Parker told the court. "What she was doing was [preying on the poor]."

On March 17, 1992, Thacker was convicted on five felony counts of buying and selling children—a crime for which she received ten years probation and a \$10,000 fine. Adamina DeJesus, convicted of selling her children, was sentenced to an additional 60 years in prison.

According to authorities, Texas's liberal adoption laws have made the state a focal point for black-market baby profiteering. Officials estimate approximately 28% of annual adoptions go to out-of-state parents, and since birth mothers regularly receive sums of \$5,000 to \$20,000 per infant, many single women migrate to Texas simply to have and sell a child.

San Antonio adoption social worker Elizabeth Vanderwerf warns that a small but growing number of Texas birth parents repeatedly have babies for the sole purpose of selling them.

"There are some agencies," claims



"Do you have to eat that in front of me?"

Vanderwerf, "who have birth parents returning every year to place four, six or eight children. It has become a way of life."

"We've had a lot of border complaints lately," remarks Carolyn Langendorf of the Texas Department of Human Services. According to Langendorf, many destitute Mexican mothers along the Texas/Mexico border are pressured by wealthy American parents into selling their babies for adoption.

In October 1991, 41-year-old Dallas, Texas, resident Juana Torres-Garcia was charged with trafficking in children when she tried to enter the United States with a week-old baby she claimed to be hers. Police contend Torres-Garcia bought the child from a new mother in Matamoros, Mexico, for \$400.

Sources within the U.S. Embassy in Mexico City say it's simpler to buy a baby on the black market in Mexico than it is to arrange a legal adoption.

"It's easy to [buy] a baby in Mexico and to get documents that reflect nonfacts," states an embassy official who asks to remain anonymous. "On the other hand, it's extremely difficult to work a legal adoption."

Black-market agents known as "coyotes" operate out of northern Mexico, buying or stealing adoption-age babies on either side of the border to fill requests from prospective adoptive parents.

Leading the fight against these profiteers is Gil Abeyta, founder of Families of Missing Children International. "[Baby selling] is a big problem in Mexico and Latin America," says Abeyta. "It's a matter of supply and demand." Abeyta maintains there is evidence that some of the infants for sale in Mexico were kidnapped from their parents in the United States and secreted to small towns across the border.

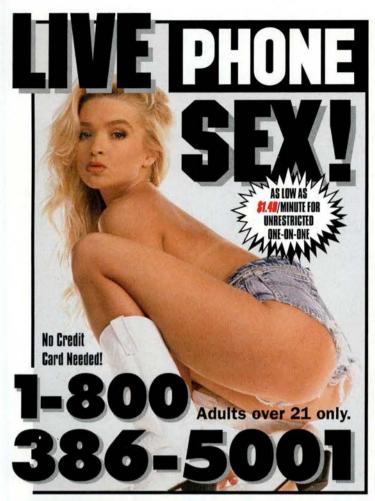
"We've had several reports of children allegedly being abducted to Mexico," confirms Michael Kelly of the California Justice Department's Violent Crime Information Center. The U.S. State Department confirms 44 active investigations of missing children suspected or known to be in Mexico.

Abeyta's seven-month-old son Christopher was abducted from his Colorado Springs bedroom in 1986. Christopher is believed to be in Mexico. Abeyta has come across countless displaced children while searching for his son.

"At first, if a child was not Christopher, I would just forget him and move on," says Abeyta, 48. "But I kept running into other questionable children that had no identity, no history, who had been abandoned in Chihuahua [a town in northern Mexico], and appeared to be

(continued on page 121)











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She calls herself Goldie Lotts, and this exotic stripper offers her customers lots of charm. She's 31 years old and relaxes by going to swap meets and swimming in Northbridge, Massachusetts. As far as her fantasy's concerned, she says we may take poetic license. I wish that I will never see, a thing as lovely as big tits. Photo by Friend

Displaying the finest tan in the Great White North, Katerina hails from Edmonton, Alberta, Canada. A student currently, this 21-year-old lovely breaks from the books by jogging, biking, camping and generally keeping fit. In fact, she says, her finest fantasy involves a special workout with a beautiful, athletic, blond woman. That's another way Photo by Fiance

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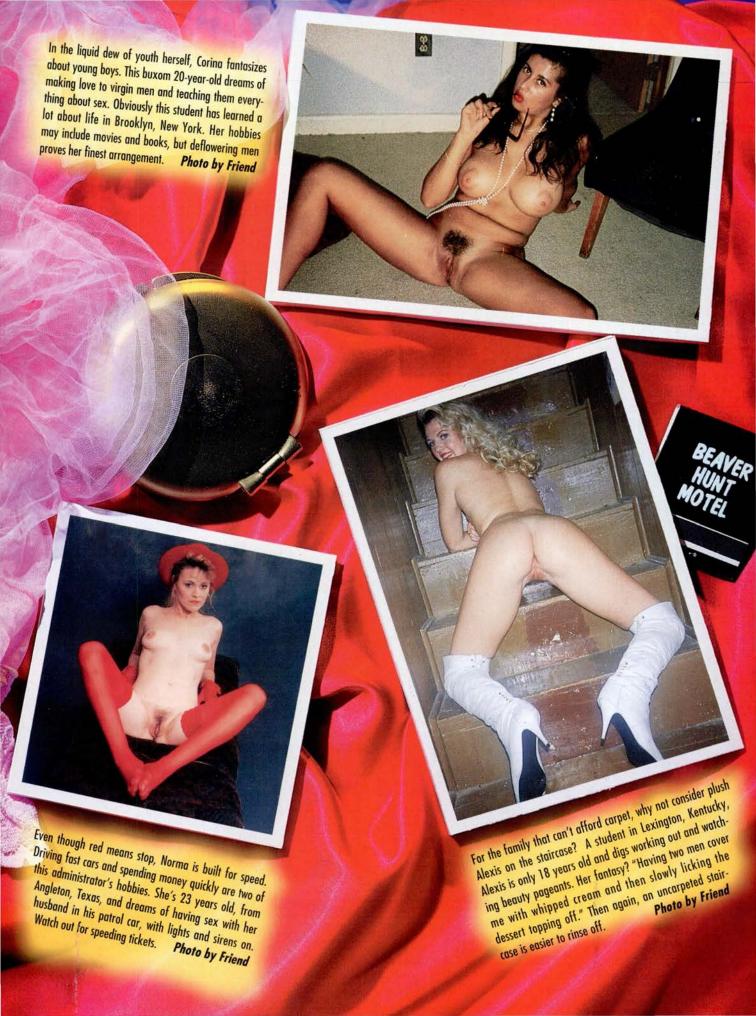
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(continued from page 112)

Baby Selling

Paul Barruel of São Paulo, Brazil, claims that 75% of the street children murdered yearly by death squads are found to have internal mutilations consistent with organ retrieval.

from the U.S. Some had apparently been left with relatives or friends, but no one knew where they had come from. These were kids who clearly did not fit into the place where they were living."

The lack of a Mexican central information agency, which could be used to search for missing children, means infants abducted to Mexico stand little chance of seeing their natural parents again.

"As time goes on," notes Abeyta, "it becomes more difficult to find [the children]. They change, they grow—and they forget."

According to the International Federation of Abolitionists (IFA), Latin America is the source of about 30% of all international black-market adoptions.

The IFA contends that child traffickers in Latin America routinely channel bought or stolen children into adoption, prostitution, pornography, slave labor and the vital-organ-transplant trade.

In 1971, Archbishop Roman Arrieta, president of the Costa Rican Episcopal Conference, claimed that Latin American infants were being killed for their internal organs, which were sold for medical use in transplant operations. Church officials in Argentina charge that aborted fetal tissue was being used in the production of cosmetics. Dominican priest Paul Barruel of São Paulo, Brazil, claims that 75% of the street children murdered yearly by death squads are found to have internal mutilations consistent with organ retrieval. In many cases, their eyes have been removed.

The U.S. Information Service considers such charges unfounded, contending that similar rumors have been disseminated for years by Soviet propagandists in a campaign of disinformation. However, in 1991, an 11-year-old boy who had been abducted in Argentina was found to have had a kidney removed. The child woke up from anaesthesia with \$400 U.S. in his pocket.

In June 1992, the Geneva-based World Organization Against Torture called for a United Nations inquiry into the problem of child abduction for organ retrieval. The request followed a report from Colombia that a young boy had been found dead with his eyes missing, and that a young girl had lost her eyes to kidnappers before being rescued and returned to her family. "Trafficking in children [has become] a grave problem in most Latin countries," said Jorge Lamarino, head of international affairs

for Interpol's Argentina office. At the time, Interpol—a European regulatory police force—was pursuing a Chilean magistrate who'd fled to Israel after it was discovered that he'd been buying children from destitute mothers in Chile for sales to wealthy couples in Europe, a common tactic of black-market adoption rings.

Most Latin American black-market baby profiteers prefer more direct methods. Often newborns are stolen from maternity wards after the mother is told that her baby was stillborn. False papers are then drawn up and the child is smuggled out of the country. In Lima, Peru, a black-market adoption network comprising doctors, nurses, social workers and government clerks is alleged to have employed such tactics to illegally export an estimated 5,000 children before police intervened in 1992.

Authorities in Honduras claim that as many as 30 such adoption rings are operating in their country. In March 1992, government investigations revealed that 60 lawyers and 22 nurseries were

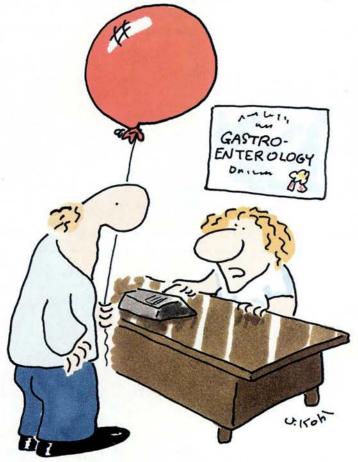
allegedly involved in international babysnatching, illegally shipping thousands of infants out of Honduras annually. The ring was allegedly headed by senior Honduran justice official Armando Ramos, whose wife, a prosecution witness claimed, would pay \$330 for every child stolen.

According to officials, kidnapped babies were taken to nurseries—called "fattening houses" by black marketeers—to be nourished in preparation for shipment to foreign adoption brokers based in the U.S. and France, where couples pay up to \$30,000 per infant.

At their November 1992, arraignment, ten women accused of operating fattening houses came close to being lynched by an angry crowd whose sons and daughters had been among the infants found in their care.

In April 1991, Chinese authorities uncovered a syndicate of black marketeers in China's southern Guangdong and Henan provinces, which was determined to have abducted 55 infants and eight children from 1987 to 1990. Five members of the baby-selling cartel received jail terms ranging from three to 13 years. A third was given life imprisonment. The ringleaders of the operation were sentenced to death.

Perhaps because the penalty more closely fits the crime, baby-napping is not a prevalent crime in China.



"Doctor, Mr. Freebish is here to see you with his fart sample."



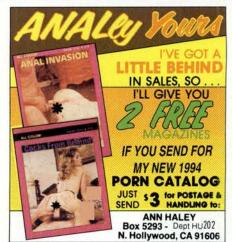




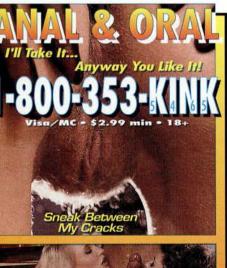






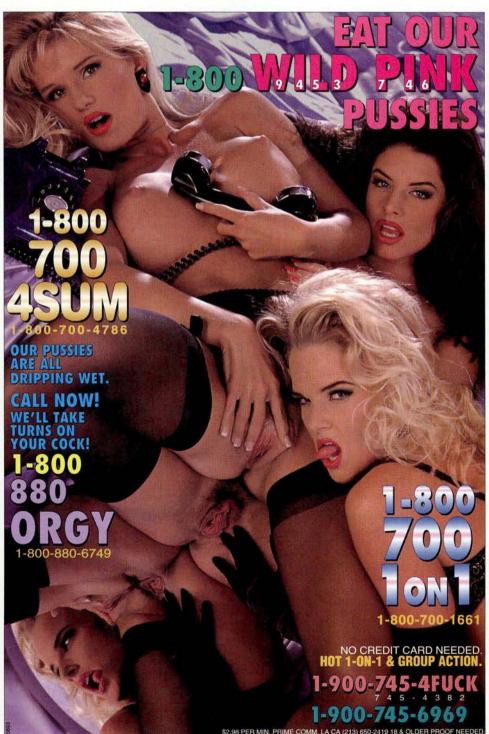














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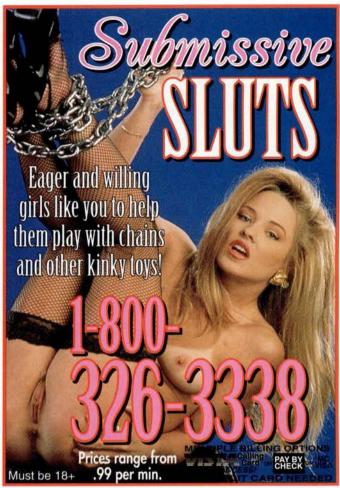










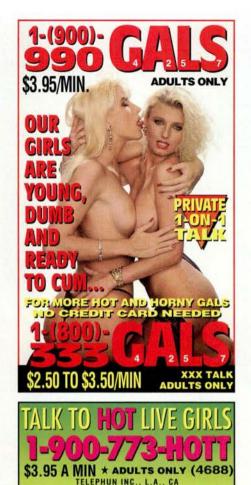
















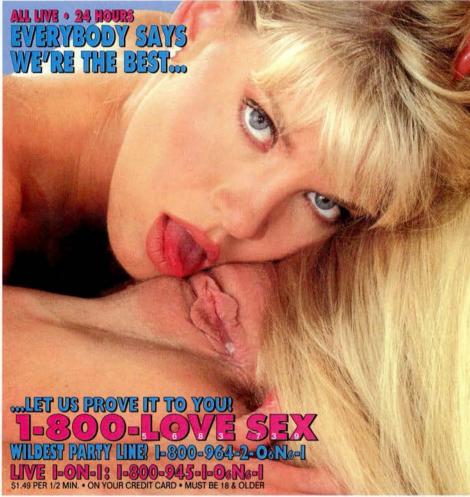


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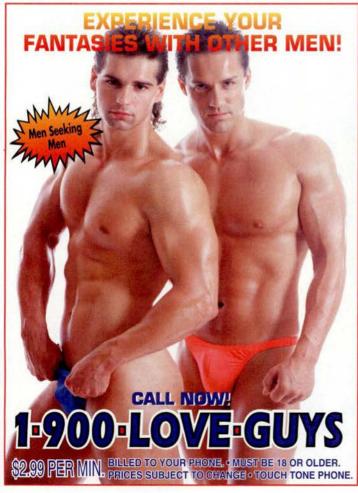
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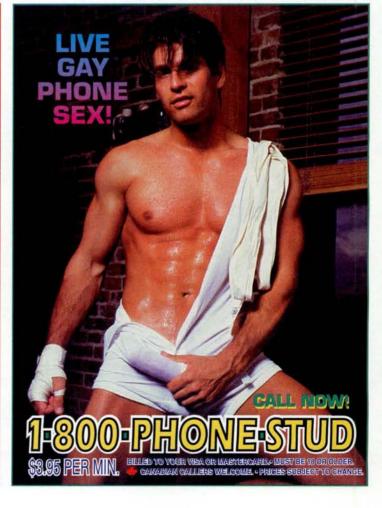
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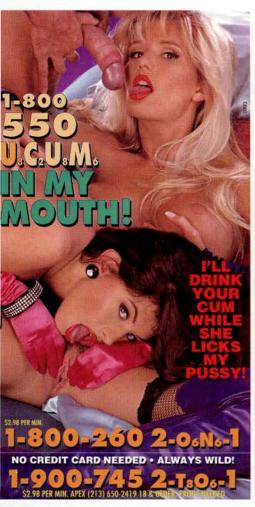








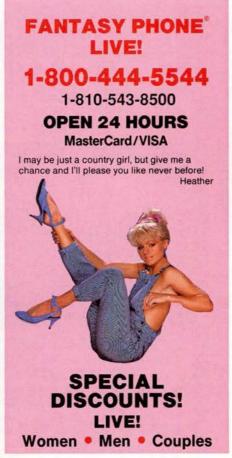














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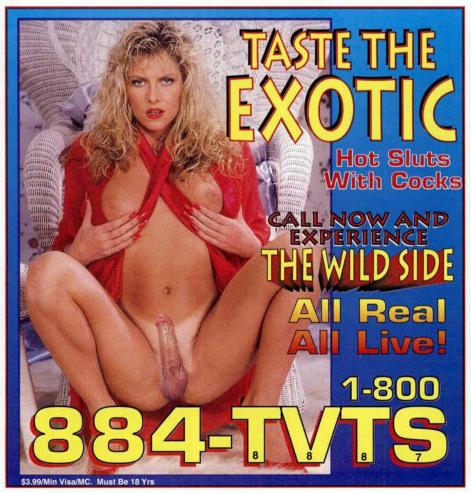






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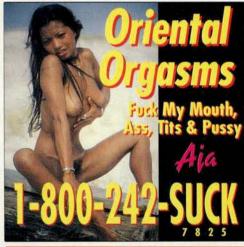
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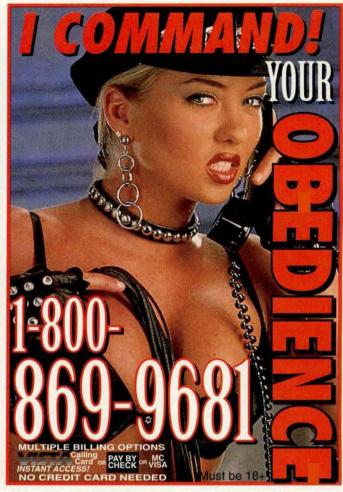
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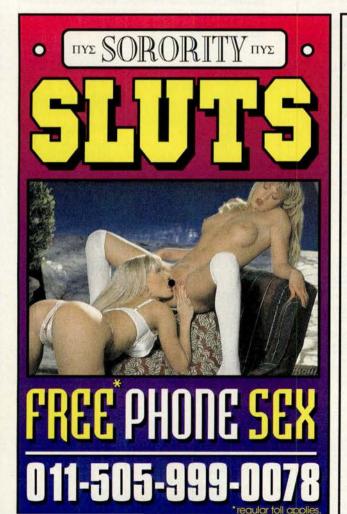
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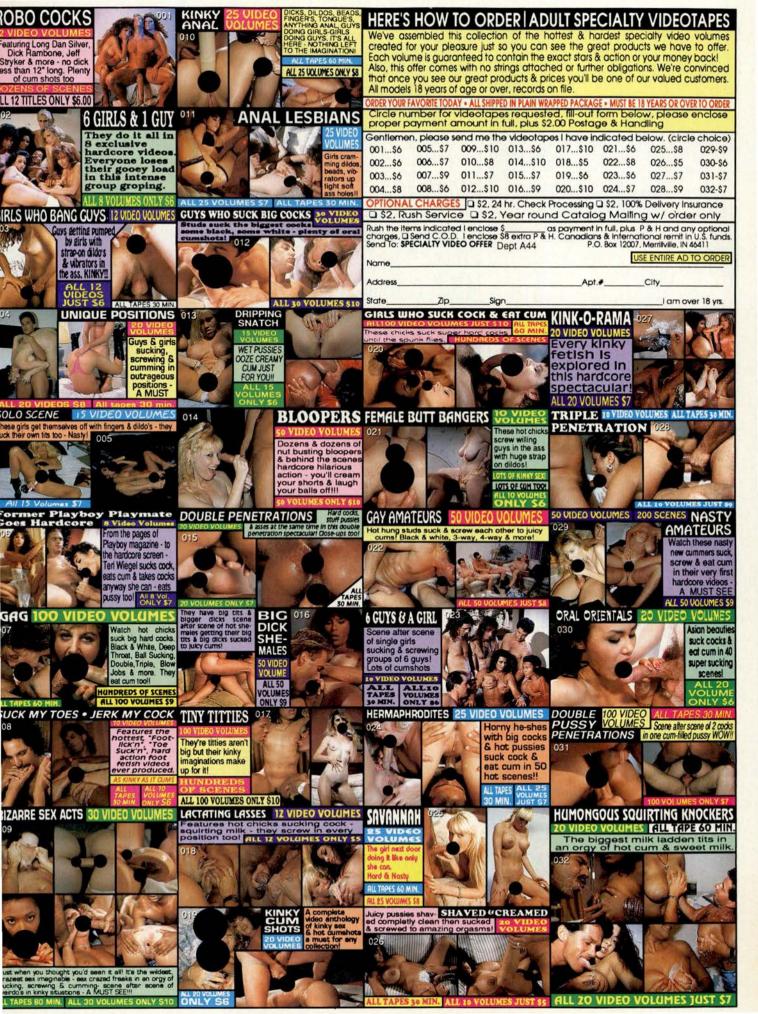


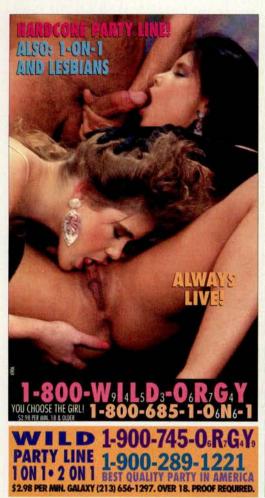
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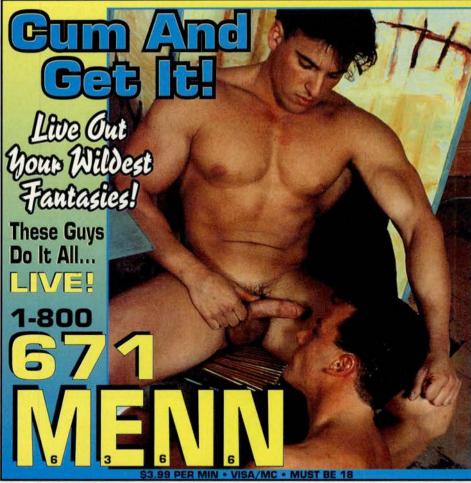
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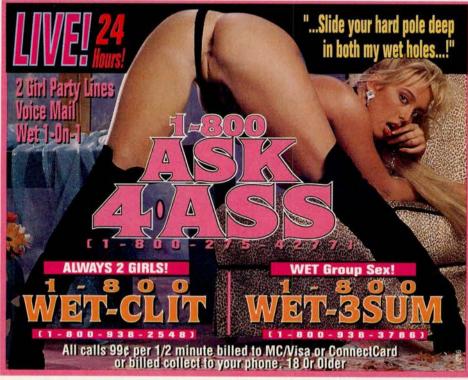
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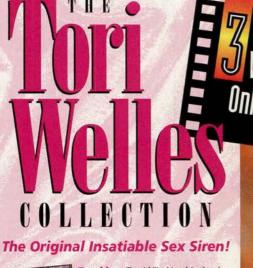


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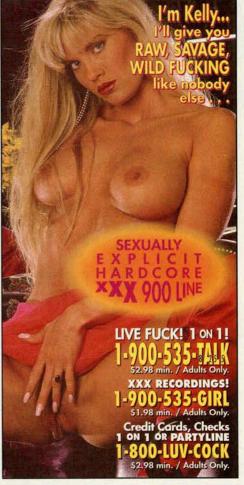
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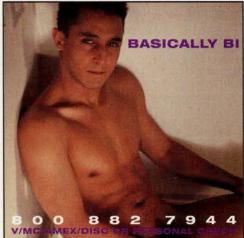
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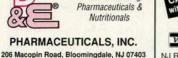
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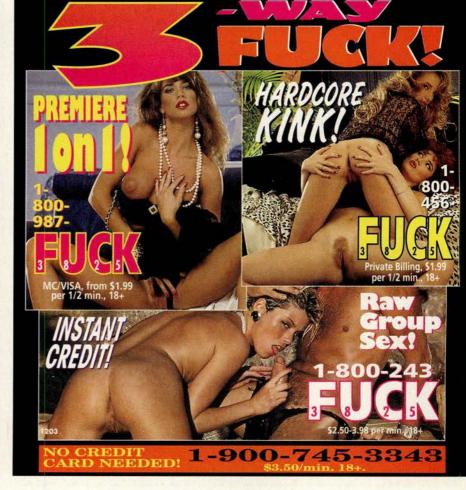






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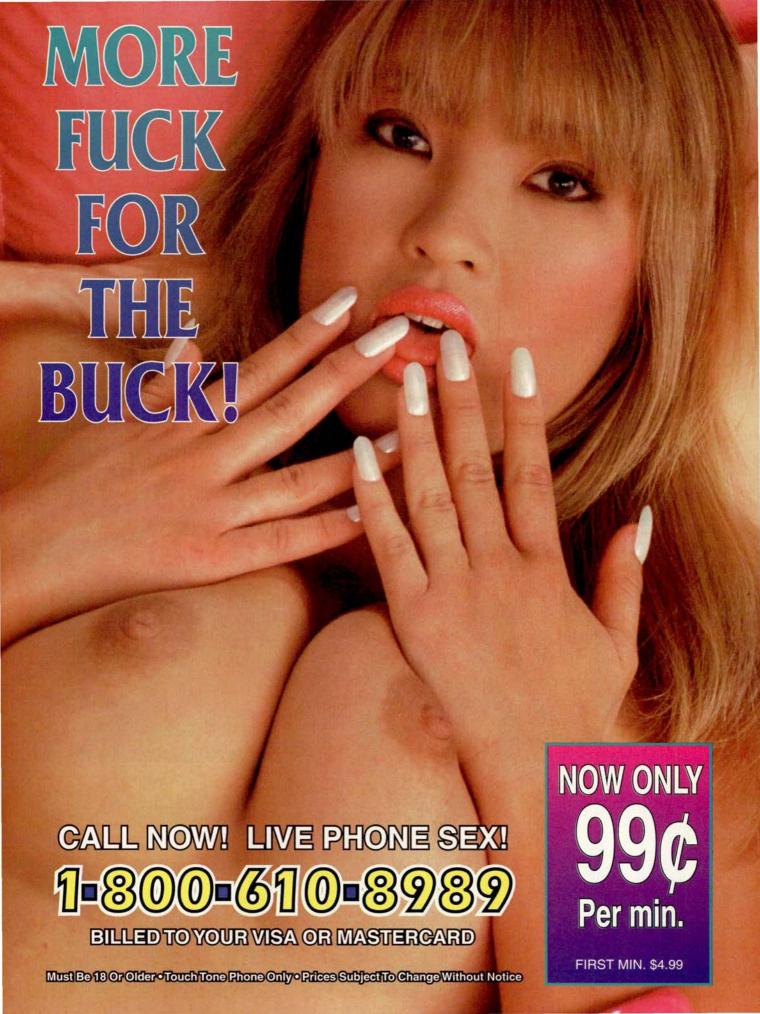
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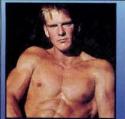


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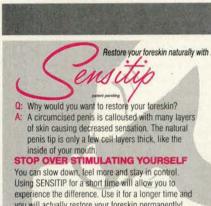
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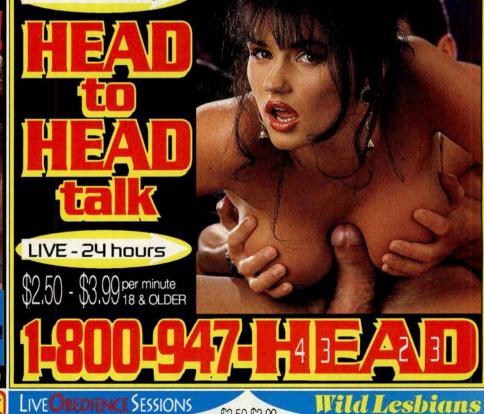
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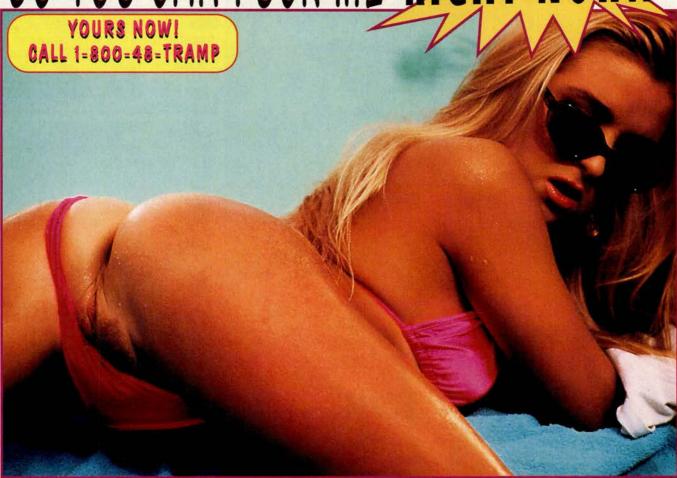






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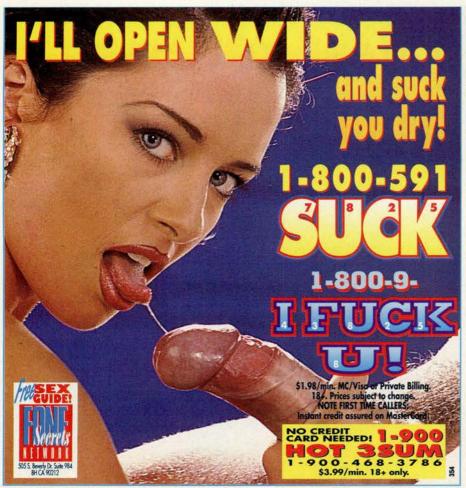
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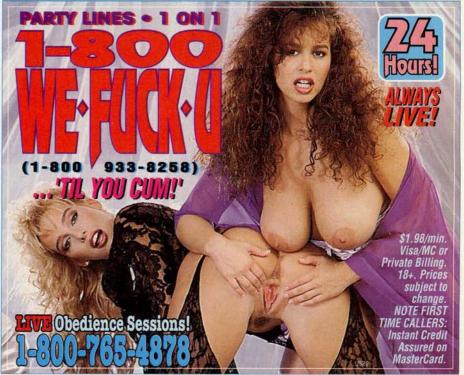














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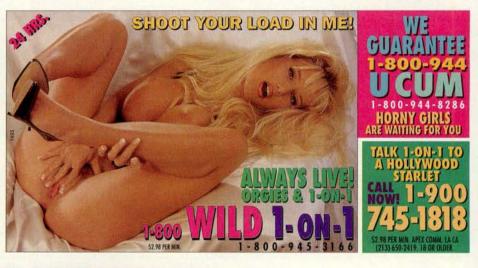
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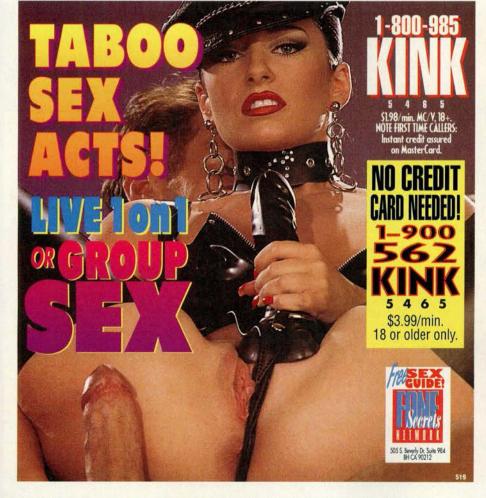
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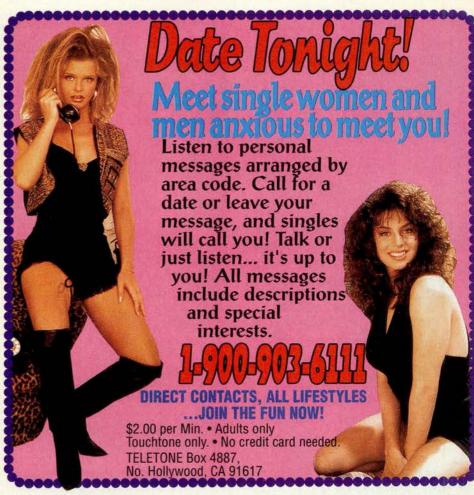




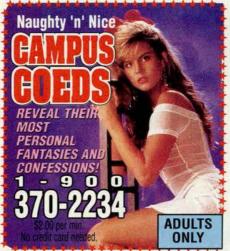


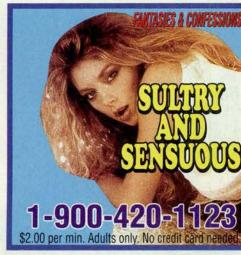














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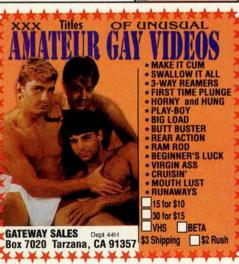
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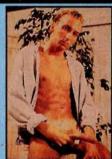
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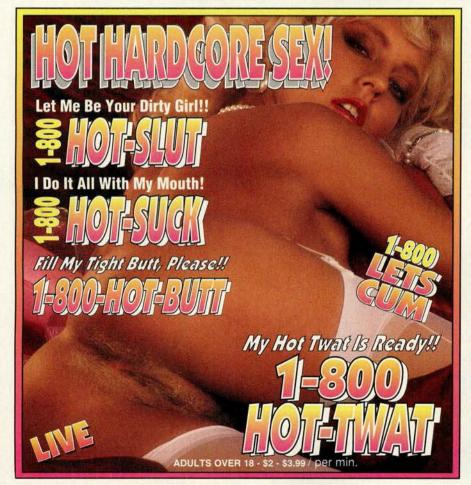












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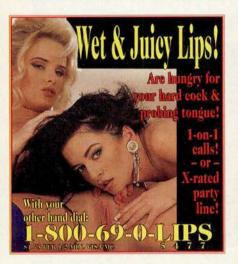
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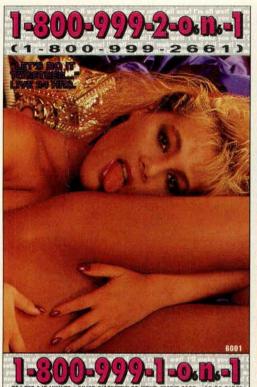
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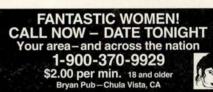








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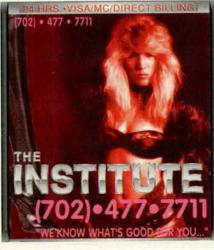
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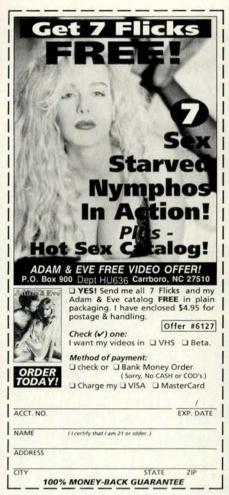
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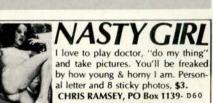




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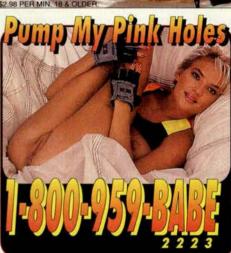
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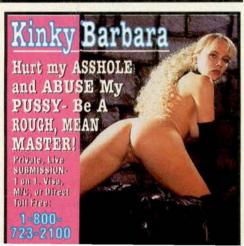
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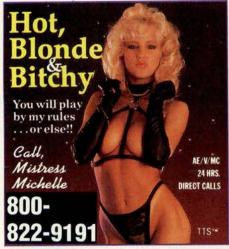


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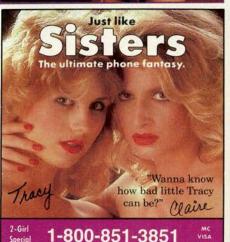




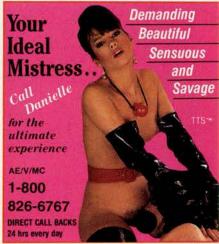
































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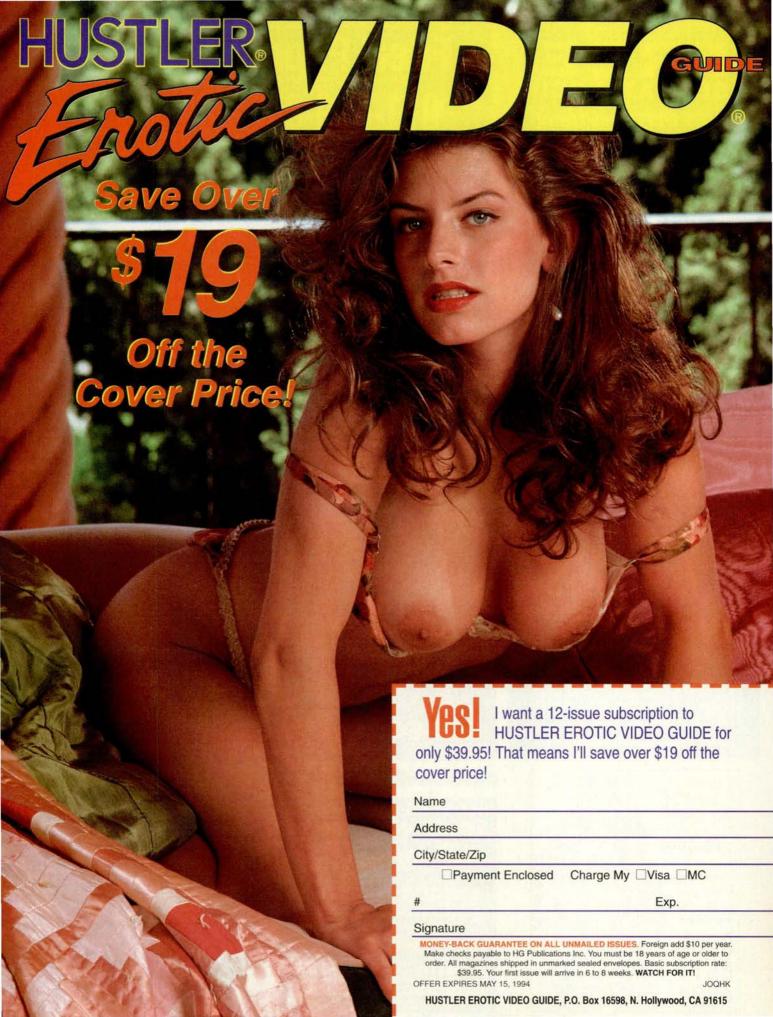
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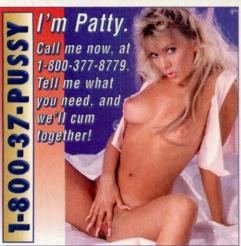
















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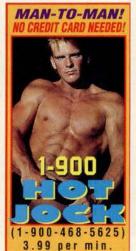
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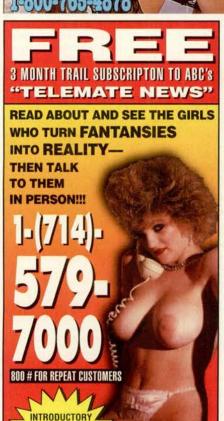












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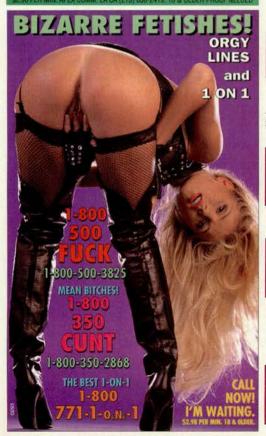
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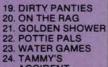
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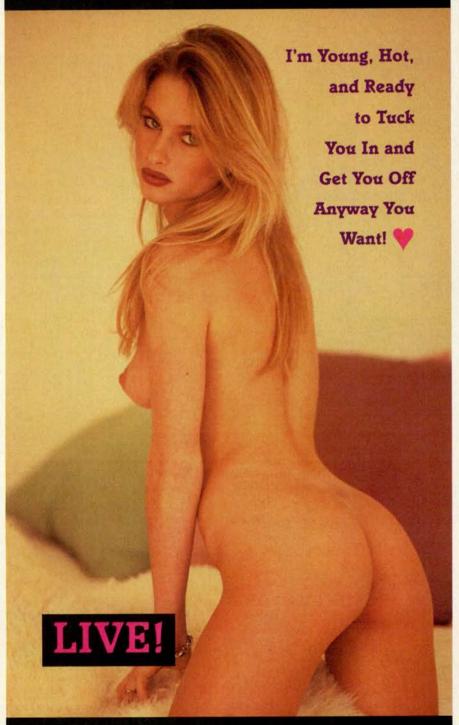
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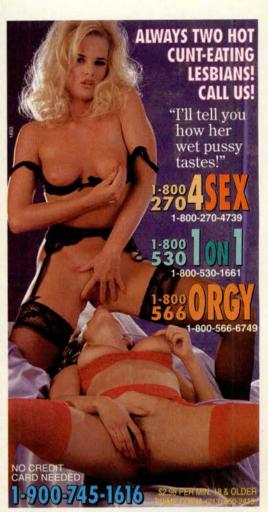
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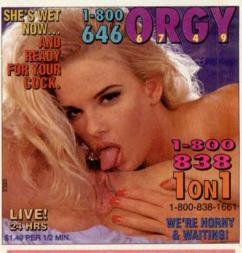
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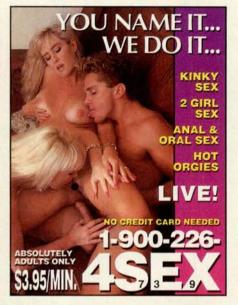
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May HUSTLER on sale March 15, 1994



ALL THE BREAST

HUSTLER in May welcomes hands in the cookie jar with a whopping fistful of blinding bosom buds. Hose-spray two gravity-defying, top-heavy, dirty-blond pool fish in a muff-sopping, nipple-popping double-dip; tour a well-rounded French country girl gracing an old-world farm with nude-world charm; toe the line with a barefoot beauty kicking back in a Ma'am's mams' mattress maul; split short hairs as a carnival sideshow performer pokes his gorgeous tits-and-assistant on center stage; and revel in a proud, free-spirited sprite puffing her top-notch chest and buffing her soft crotch nest in a solo strut guaranteed to make a hand-hump jump. HUSTLER in May bursts with peel appeal. Milk it.



Stuart hears voices in his head—Jesus, Samson, Hitler, Marx and Eichmann. They haven't stopped talking since an operation on his kidney 13 years ago. Tony attempted to electrocute himself by holding two live wires in his hand. He passed out and unknowingly released the wires before the jolt of electricity could melt his internal organs. Cathy's mother's boyfriend raped and impregnated her when she was 12 years old. Cathy didn't want the baby; so she smothered it and threw it in the trash. At 33 years of age, Cathy and a cloth doll are inseparable. Yvonne says she didn't mean to shoot her husband in the head. She also claims to be the snake in the Garden of Eden. Such are the twisted personalities writers Linda Rossi and Steven R. depict in *Requiem for a Mind*, a harrowing look inside an American board-and-care facility for the mentally ill. Readers beware: Where the seductive, evil grip of madness is the final authority, no sane mind is safe.



TEN COGLANDMENTS

"Big Dick" is a crapshooting term for the number ten. HUSTLER asks bigdicked, former skin actor and current flesh-factory director Biff Malibu to shoot off his Big Ten. Coincidence? Malibu, prime purveyor of excellent X-rated excesses, explains, defends and appends his all-time ten favorite porn actresses; where, why and what he considers to be the ten ultimate sex scenes in porn; his ten best personal onscreen fucks; and ten favorite cum-shots in the catalog of his adult-video company, Anabolic Video. Biff Malibu's *Big Dick* provides the tips to help couch-bound pussy hounds find the inside track to happier, more fulfilling two-dimensional relationships.

BEAT TO THE BEAT

How does a real man get real pussy in the sensitivity-obsessed '90s? Act like a sissy, advises writer Selwyn Harris, who describes guys who act gay to get girls in "Pansies for Pink," HUSTLER's Sex Play for May; Hot Letters gets real-life raunch in writing; Beaver Hunt coaxes trim from the prim; and Bits & Pieces outrages decent citizens, upstanding businessmen and a variety of quirks and queers in its patriotic search for cheap laughs in America. HUSTLER in May proves the secret behind America's magazine is not only the best. It's a bust.







