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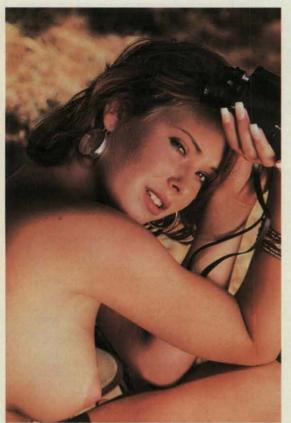


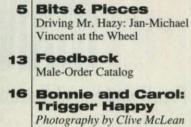
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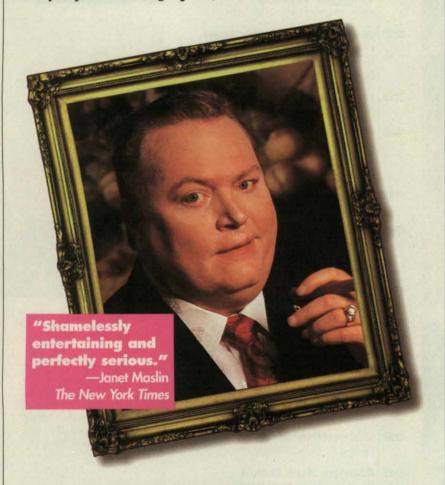
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editor and publi

JIM KOHLS

DONNA HAHNER

corporate vice-president

ALLAN MacDONELL

W. T. NELSON

art director

bits & pieces editor

EVAN WRIGHT

entertainment edito

DYLAN FORD, DAVID GORDON, SCOTT SMITH

associate editors

DWAINE TINSLEY

cartoon editor

RACHEL STRATTON

research director

PHILIP SANGUINET, copy chief M. R. SMITH, copy editor T. SWANSON, editorial assistant

COMPUTER GRAPHICS

ANDREA LANDRUM, network systems manager

BRANDON S. PHILLIPS, network systems administrator

SHERMAN JORDAN, MARIE B. QUIROS, network systems operators

PHOTOGRAPHY

ELIZABETH BERRIOS, talent coordinator JAMES BAES, MATTI KLATT, CLIVE MCLEAN, LADI VON JANSKY, photographers

KENNETH DeMARTINES, production designer LAURA CODON, photo/talent assistant JAYNE CATES, studio director CAMILLE GARCIA, photo editor

PRODUCTION

KRISTINA ETCHISON, production manager MICHELLE EVANS, production assistant JANE TUNKS, production assistant BURKE ANDERSON, record keeper/film archivist

ADVERTISING

ALLEN MAINE, national advertising director (213) 951-7907 MAGGIE CHUN, advertising production director GINA J. LEE, advertising production coordinator

SUBSCRIPTIONS

TRISH HAMM, subscriptions director subscriptions customer service (815) 734-1142

THOMAS CANDY, executive vice-president PERRY GRAYSON, vice-president, advertising FRANCESCA SCALPI, vice-president, multimedia systems DAVID WOLINSKY, vice-president, finance

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ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

Jack Valenti is president of the Motion Picture Association of America (MPAA). A quarter hour before Jack Valenti was born, God came to him and asked: "Jack, as you go through the vale of tears that you are about to enter, would you rather have a little prick or be one?"

Valenti, all-knowing even at that early juncture, looked forward upon his life to come and saw that in many ways he would be directed to go fuck himself. How, the pre-born Jack wondered, will I successfully fuck myself if my prick is little?

"If I have only this one life to live, God," said Jack, "let me live it as a little prick."

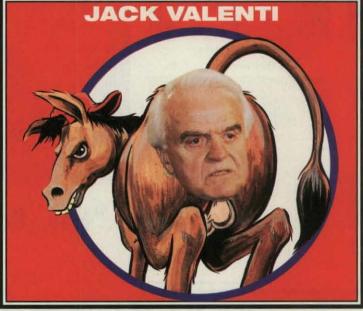
And God made Jack Valenti in the image of a tiny, annoying, wrinkled and ugly pee wee, but God did not rest at that.

When Mama Valenti whelped the infant gnome Jack from her greasy pussy on a hot Texas day about ten years before the Mexicans took the Alamo, God looked upon what He had wrought and saw that it was pretty bad.

"Jack," God said, "it's plain to see that you are vile beyond the vileness of a little prick. I have something special in store for you."

And it was on that day that God decreed little prick Jack Valenti would be HUSTLER's Asshole of the Month for February 1997.

Jack Valenti has headed the MPAA for the past 25 years. The five years before then, Valenti was President Lyndon Johnson's designated White House bootlicker, Jack Valenti is now a highly paid Washington lobbyist for the movie



industry. Though he works for the eight Hollywood studio chiefs who make up the MPAA, Jack is most famous as the pompous old shrimp who wins the competition for Most Tedious Speech at the Academy Awards every March.

To judge from Jack Valenti's penchant for delivering pronouncements as though he's just beaten Moses down the back path from Mount Sinai, the runty cock's personal conversations with God have continued unabated since that ancient day of his birth.

Intones Valenti: "Who draws the line? Who is so omnipotent, so wise and all-seeing that he can tell others, 'This is the line, and you can't step over it because we say, we anointed

or appointed people, that only this will be allowed to be shown in movies'?"

Saint Little Prick, that's who.

Valenti's contribution to the art of motion pictures has been to establish a movie-rating system that enforces de facto censorship upon every strip of celluloid that is shown commercially in the United States. Valenti describes his artistically crimping ratings as "advance cautionary warnings for parents." He lauds himself as a defender of First Amendment rights.

"No producer or director has to submit a film for rating," says sly Jack. "It is all voluntary.... As long as it's voluntary, the First Amendment doesn't get tortured." Submitting a film for rating is mandatory if a filmmaker wants to obtain distribution or advertising for his movie. If a filmmaker refuses to "voluntarily" submit to Valenti's rating system or to "voluntarily" reedit any portions of his film that fail to adhere to Valenti's criteria, that film will have no audience.

Filmmakers have no choice but to create product that fits the Valenti guidelines.

"If you are over 17 and have no children, the rating system has no meaning for you," says Jack.

But what if you are over 17 and desire to see movies made by insightful artists who are working without the arbitrary constraints as laid down by Jack Valenti? The "voluntary" rating system guarantees that we will be subjected to a preponderance of drivel and crap.

"We are opposed to any commission made of mortals who are going to tell creative people what is right or wrong," drones Jack.

Milos Forman is recognized as one of the most creative movie directors in the world. Forman's latest endeavor is *The People vs. Larry Flynt.* Jack Valenti welcomed Milos Forman to make this picture against censorship, and then censored the poster for the picture that takes a stand against censorship.

"The poster," said Jack, "is borderline salacious."

The banned poster can be seen on page seven of this issue. You be the judge. Does Jack Valenti have the right to tell Milos Forman that he is wrong, or is Saint Little Prick just an Asshole?

Doug Bauer: In April 1993, Doug Bauer began working as Larry Flynt's personal assistant, chauffeur and bodyguard. Mr. Flynt graciously welcomed Bauer, who is the size of a small bear, into the Flynt home. Larry fed Doug, got the bulky hillbilly laid and arranged for the ambling hulk to appear in a major motion picture. Under these kindnesses, Doug's

Farts in the Wind

head swelled until it was too big even for his gargantuan body. Now Doug has taken his fat ego and moved on to pursue "other foods, I mean other interests," leaving us vulnerable to attack from crazed fans of Courtney Love. Will we miss Doug Bauer? Of course. Every man misses his Asshole when it's gone. Mandy Allwood: Mandy Allwood is the British sow who got herself knocked up with eight fetuses, then wallowed like a pregnant setter. She defied doctors' advice to prune a few pups to reduce the risk of the love bundles being born monsters. The tabloids offered Mandy money to keep all eight. They all died. "I'd do it again," said Mandy AllAsshole.

Hey, Squackarena!

Now that the Macarena has gone the way of the lindy, the jitterbug and Kelsey Grammer's preferred-driver insurance rate, America needs an excuse to jump around like spastic idiots. Barring a massive outbreak of epilepsy, HUSTLER's new dance craze—the Squackarena—will suffice.



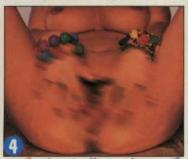
Give your right pussy lip



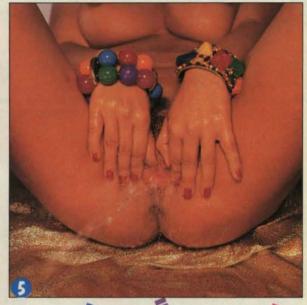
Tug the left labe,



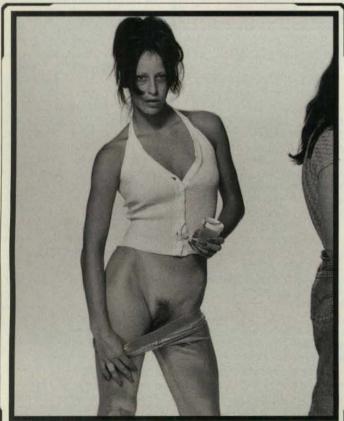
Tie 'em in a knot until



Move it all around, then scream and shout....



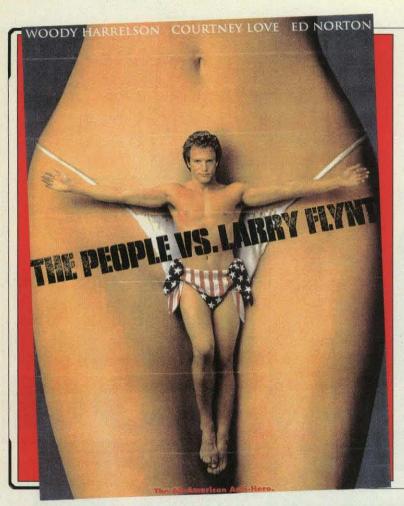
J'Hey, Squackarena!"



pee into it.

Most tasteless CARTOON





Crucified Soon at a Theater Near You

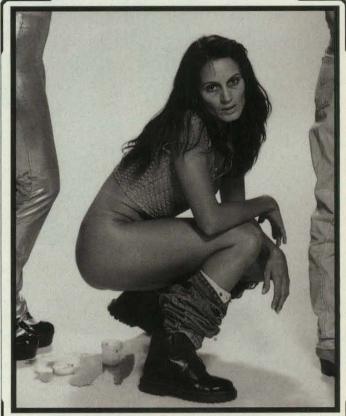
Now that Larry Flynt is the subject of a major motion picture, which has received some of the year's most laudatory critical notices, you'd think our fearless Publisher could stay out of trouble. However, the Motion Picture Association of America (MPAA) has declared the original poster art for The People vs. Larry Flynt-a striking photo of Woody Harrelson as Larry, crucified on the crotch of a scantily clad model—to be "borderline salacious." As a result, Columbia Pictures has been forced to distribute a toned-down one sheet, which hardly hints at the movie's bawdy brew of church, state and skin. Thanks a lot, MPAA; here's hoping the sequel goes way past the "borderline."

Porn Fast



Here's a real slice of Americana. Only the carefree past could produce such adorable, lopsided grins. Like that song from the era says, "You're Never Fully Undressed Without a Smile."

J. Middleton's smiling all the way to the bank with his check for \$150. Send dusty old dirty pictures to HUSTLER's Porn From the Past, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the photos returned.



pee out of it.



February HUSTLER

Penetrated at Birth?

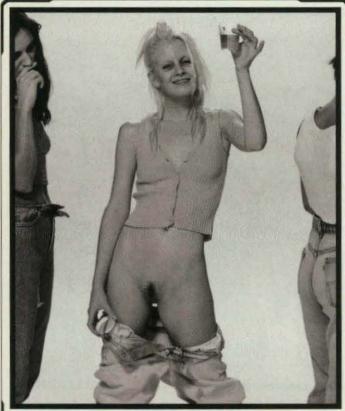




One of these fellas spends a lot of time playing with his balls. He wields a mighty stick, which he uses to force his way into all manner of holes Down Under. The other fella...well, he's Max Hardcore, director of some of the most malicious masturbatory movies ever committed to videotape. Could it be possible that Australian golfing sensation Greg Norman is Max's long-lost, identical twin? HUSTLER declines to speculate, instead offering this imaginary photo shoot wherein the two butt brothers go PGA (Penetrating Girls Anally).



PARODY. NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY. GREG NORMAN'S HEAD STRIPPED ONTO OUR MODEL'S BODY. GRE MAX PROBABLY AREN'T RELATED; THEY JUST HAVE SIMILAR TASTE IN HATS.

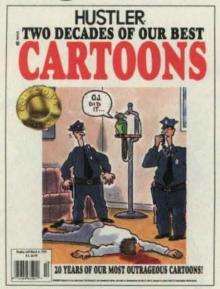


pee yourself.

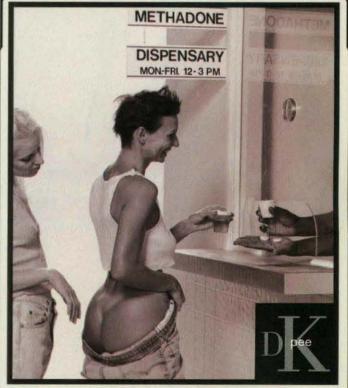




Big Titters



Wanna buy a laugh? The Best of HUSTLER Cartoons collects the funniest scribbles ever to brighten America's Magazine. Thrill to more than two decades' worth of toons, for only \$6.99! Special profiles highlight John Billette, Dan Collins, Dwaine Tinsley, George Trosley and the usual gang of HUSTLER idiots. Chuckle down to the newsstand and say, "Gag me!"

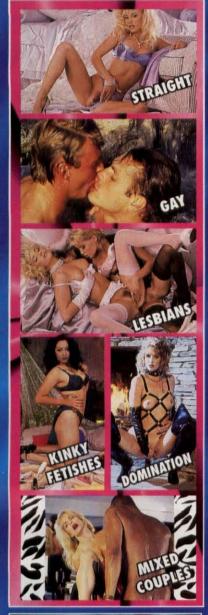


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STRAIGHT FEMALES

#65482 - Linda, 5'7", grn eyes, I am hot, wet and horny. You won't be able to keep up with me. I'm looking for someone with a great tongue. I have 38C tits with round nipples. I have a 27 inch waist. My main fetish is receiving oral sex. I like to give it but rather receive. I can go for

#33620 - Diana, 39, 5'10", 150lbs. and very beautiful. Very nice 36C breasts. I like to be ravished with gifts to show how much you worship me. I am not a professional.

#64201 - Rachel, WF, 5'6", 117lbs. D cup, small waist and blond. I have quarter size nipples and a shaved pussy. I love anal sex. I need a well hung man that loves to be sucked.

#10041 - Sherry - I'm the black woman of your dreams. I have a tight little ass and love to take it up there. I love to be eaten and fucked all night long.

#10040 - Lisa, BF, 5'2". I'm a big bottomed girl who just loves to put out for you. I've got big tits and ass. Dynamite comes in small packages.

#47529 - Diana, 5'10", 150bls, blond hair and green eyes. 36C and firm tits. I like to be lavished and appreciated. I am looking for a generous WM. I like to be tied up, role play and possibly more than

#10223 - Susan, 4'11", brn hr/eyes, 185lbs. I like a guy with a big dick to fill my big pussy. I got a big butt and love to fuck. I like riding guys

#78540 - Babette, I am from France. I have blond hair, large breasts, and lovely muscular legs. I have 34C breasts and a slim waist. I like to have sex in front of others. I like to show my body to complete strangers. I love to be spanked and dominated and tied up with my arms above my head. Please me with your cock in my mouth.

GAY MALES

#84928 - White male 5'10" 2001bs, hairy body. Big size cock, good looking with a receding hairline. Has 44 in chest, 37 in waist. Large thighs. Fairly muscular, 6 in cut, cock. Likes to do anything, no pain or water sports. Will take it in throat, and ass. Top and bottom. Whatever you want.

#87057 - Justin. 6' 195lbs, muscular, blond long hair. My cock is 8" and I like to stroke it. My firm ass loves to be touched and played with and I like to suck cock and have cocks up my ass. I want nice guys with big cocks who like to suck and fuck every day. I like to talk nasty.

#82935 - Dan. 5' 10" 175lbs, nice build, likes hairy men who are well built and well endowed. I'm 8.5 inches very thick with big petruding veins. Nice round ass that likes to get fucked. I want to have a 3 way. Anything goes sessions that last 3 to 4 hours, 3 to 4 times a week.

#77766 - Frank 19 yrs old, 6'2" 140lbs, very slender likes to work out. 7 inch dick that likes to be sucked. Will give head to guys and will fuck all night long.

BISEXUAL FEMALES

#24831 - Regina. Lt skin, brn hr/grn eyes. 5'2" full-figured. Nice white breasts with tiny pink nipples. My clit is hot and dripping. I haven't had sex in a long time I love oral sex. I need a man or woman to go down on me. My pussy is so hot. I am looking for a partner who can give me what I want.

#79280 - Laurie, 40, WF, blnd hr 5'5", 38-30-38. Nice tan. Very friendly. Nice plush ass with a shaved pussy. Just waiting to rub it up against someone. I am very bicurious. I would love to suck a big plush black girl.

#79777 - Brittany, brn hr/eyes, 5'1", 120lbs. 21 yr old BF.36C tits. I'm looking for my 1st experience. I want it to be very kinky.

LESBIANS

#83939 - Wanda, black, full figured woman with 44 DD tits, big legs and thighs. Big black nipples that stand erect, a hot, big pussy and a large clit that likes to be sucked on. I want it any time and I love to eat pussy.

#83337 - Amy, 5'2" black female, who wants another woman of any race. Has a 36E chest, 23" waist, nice round ass that shakes very sexy when I walk. My big clit stays hot and wet when I go down on women. I love to be eaten.

#83017 - Jennifer 5'5", full figured, white female. Big tits. Shaved pussy. My ass is tasty, big, soft and round. I want to be with a woman with big tits (not too thin) who will lick pussy and ass hole.

#11621 - Kelly 30 yrs old 5'2". Nice body and is hungry for a woman. My pussy is hairy and trimmed just right. I want it often and will do anything for you as well as be your

TRANSVESTITES

#40793 - Debbie. I'm an Italian brunette who is 5'8" 130 lbs. 36D tits and I have a clean shaven pussy that likes it in the ass.

#35339 - Marie. Long blond hr/grn eyes. Big sexy lips, perfect size to wrap around your hard dick. My 38DD breast can be rubbed all over your cock and ass.

COUPLES

#86048 - Candy 5'7" 125lbs, hr br/br eyes. 36-26-36. Happily married but wants to watch another woman is 8-9 in and cut. He has a washboard stomach, 44" chest. blnd hr, blue eyes. I want another woman to start servicing him, then I'll join

#79877 - Doug & Cindy. Into having 3-4 guys do Cindy while I watch. I am 6' 2 with lg dick. She likes to fuck. She needs a lot of big dicks to satisfy her.

rv Our

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Sybil Says

Brown, ugly asshole, I'm old because of you. I'm brainy, sexy and love music and life. I have it made. I'm rich too. And I'd never talk to a man who reads Penthouse. You kill women with your pornography. Let us live. We are not all whores who jump like dogs. Only low-class losers pose for you. You're all ugly, old, pathetic losers. I shit on your face and fart on your models. My boyfriend left me for a bustier stripper. Can I live through this? She's 24. I'm 35. He drinks like a fish. He's homeless now. I'm lonely for hot men in their 30s and 40s to fuck who have money to spend on this hot babe with tits like milk and honey. I love sex with men who go crazy over my hot, hot body. I'm a model with lots of cash and love to give and get. Where is my centerfold? I'd love to pose for you. Will you put me in your magazine, boys? —P. L. Allston, Massachusetts

We're glad you came around to our point of view, P. L. Or at least one of your personalities did. To pose for a centerfold, please send your photos to "Ugly Brown Asshole," Penthouse, New York, NY 10172.

Bone Improvements

Could you please give me some information about penis enlargement and some advice about it as well? -A. S. Marion, Indiana

In our last issue we dug up the dirt on dick doctors ("Half-Cocked: What You Should Know Before You Get a Penis Enlargement," Sex Play, January '97). Beware, you might get shortchanged: Some men end up with less in their pants, and in their wallets, than they started with.

HUSTLER, Heel Thyself

You fine folks at HUSTLER have been my favorite reading for years now. But I was wondering if you could do something special for the thousands of us who love our women in high heels. When a woman puts her nylon-clad foot into a beautiful



high heel, I get so hard, I shake. When I'm dining on my favorite lady or pounding my meat into her, I get harder and last longer if I can feel her heels on me. Could you do a pictorial history of the heel, from the past to the kinky shoes and boots of today? Also, could you inform

Any offer that seems too good to be true is probably untrue.

Shannon and Trixie: Route 69

us where in Canada I can buy these fine shoes and boots? -D. S.

Calgary, Alberta, Canada

Good news, D. S., you won't have to cool your heels much longer. As we speak, HUSTLER is planning a special magazine devoted to high-stepping ladies. That's all we can say for now. If you're shopping for kinky, high boots in Canada, why not ask a Mountie where he got his?

Mr. Natural

Hey, guys! I really loved the car layout, out in the desert with Shannon and Trixie (Shannon and Trixie: Route 69, December '96). I am a 41-year-old, slim man who has never married or even had sex. After 26 years of loving public and outdoor nudity, I've been rewarded with a successful time of going stark naked in wooded areas, on a wide-open pier and a railroad yard. My wonderful life of going naked has been the flame of enrichment and the feeling of being with nature. For my whole life I've desired a girl who loves to shed her clothes in outdoor places. I lack the feel of a woman's pussy and tits, sucking and fucking her, and I hope that someday I do. Brooklyn, New York

We're shocked you're still a virgin, J. P. After all, walking around New York naked is usually a good way to make friends.

FEEDBACK

Blue Boy Gets Pink

Laid at last! Great God almighty, I'm laid at last! My letter about blueballs appeared in your Holiday Issue '96 ("Am I Blue?" Feedback). But last weekend, I met a blueeyed blonde with great legs. We spent all day talking, had dinner, embraced. Monday, she fucked the hell out of me. I've never had a woman with those responses, velling, "Oh, yeah," with her body jerking around. She gave me the wickedest blowjob of my life. She digs HUSTLER and is a subscriber. She has a law-enforcement background, smokes dope and digs guns too! I've been living with a bad attitude and even laid into you guys a time or two. Now I feel great. My advice to your readers: Don't give up the hustle! -S. S.

Grass Valley, California

Every dog has his day, S. S. We're glad to hear you got yours.

Love Muscle

I think massive, muscular female bodybuilders are by far the hottest, sexiest, most incredible women on this planet. I don't know of a strong enough word to describe how awesome they are. If muscle women were to star in triple-X films with some of the most well-hung studs, they would be absolutely the ultimate adult films. I personally would buy every single tape that came out, at any price. I think they would be a big, big seller. I want them so bad, I can't stand it! -J. H.

Council Bluffs, Iowa

Our Holiday Issue '96 featured an indepth investigation into the dark side of female bodybuilding and the strange side effects some suffer, such as facial hair and clitoral enlargement (Steroid Sisters: The Juiced Highs and Rotten Lows of Female Bodybuilding). You might learn more about these iron maidens than you wanted to know. Or maybe not.

Daddy's Girl

I've been purchasing HUSTLER for many years now and would like to write you my first letter. I'm currently on a U.S. Navy vessel in the Persian Gulf. My wife is three and a half months pregnant and looks real sexy with her tummy starting to puff out and her tits getting heavy and starting to squirt that warm love juice. But, unfortunately, I can't be with her. So I wanted to know how to buy a

HUSTLER with pregnant women and milky tits in it. -M. H.

Somewhere in the Persian Gulf

We're glad to see a young man embracing the joys of fatherhood. You can fill those lonely hours at sea with sentimental thoughts of home by looking up Kelly: Knocked Up Knockout (November '94). And congratulations. We hope it's a girl.

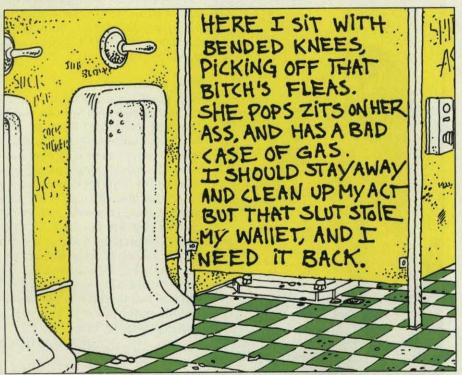
Do you have a comment or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER Feedback, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication.

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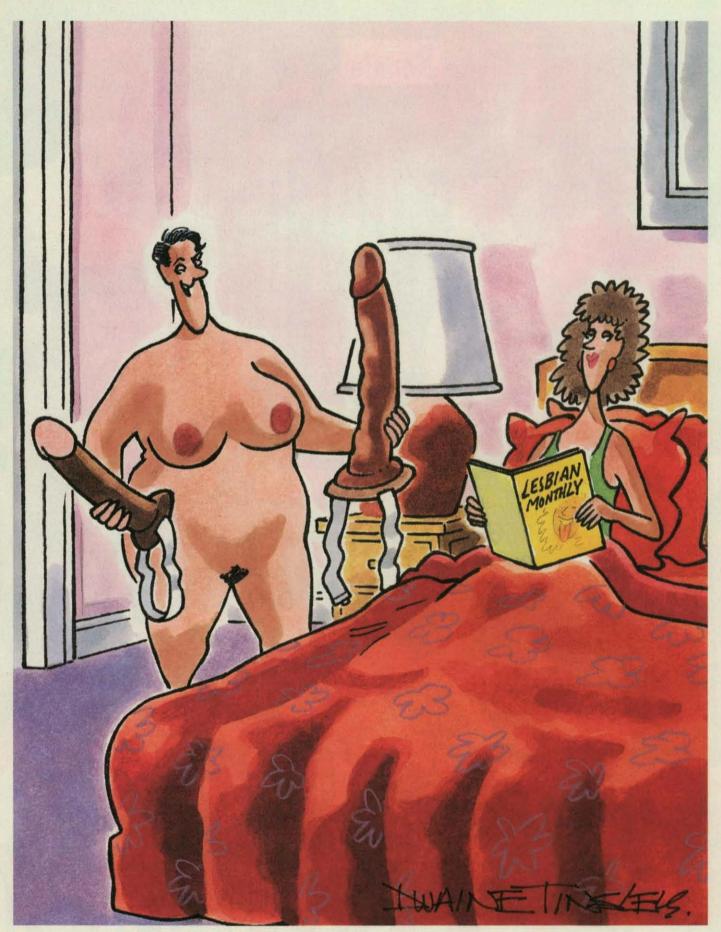
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-Jim Kohls, President

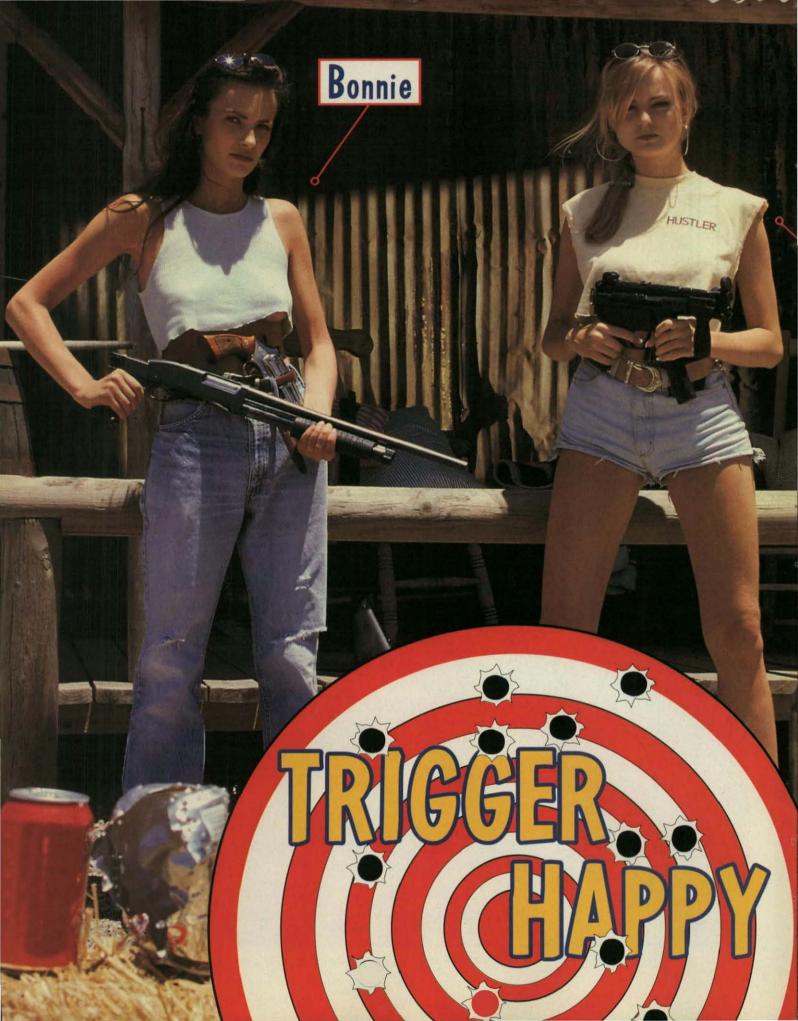




THANKS AND \$50 GO TO STEPHEN M.

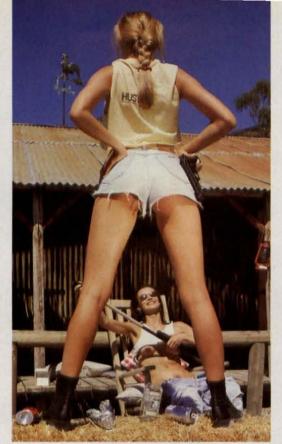


"What'll it be tonight, sugar—'Desmond the Mandingo Madman' or 'Skippy the Wonder Horse'?"



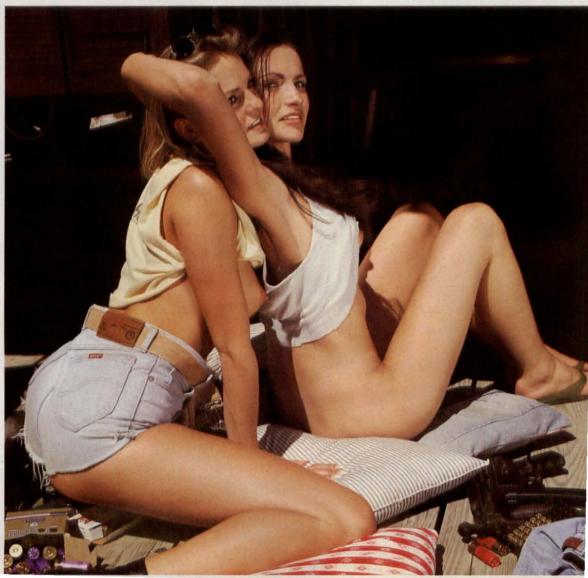








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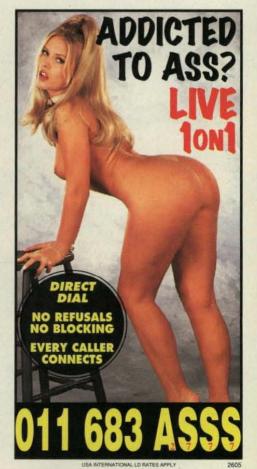




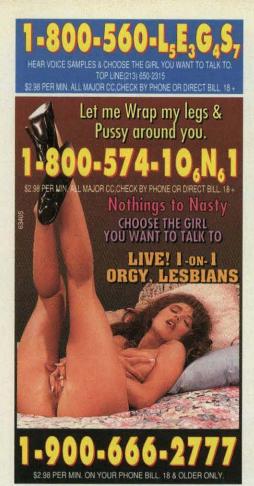








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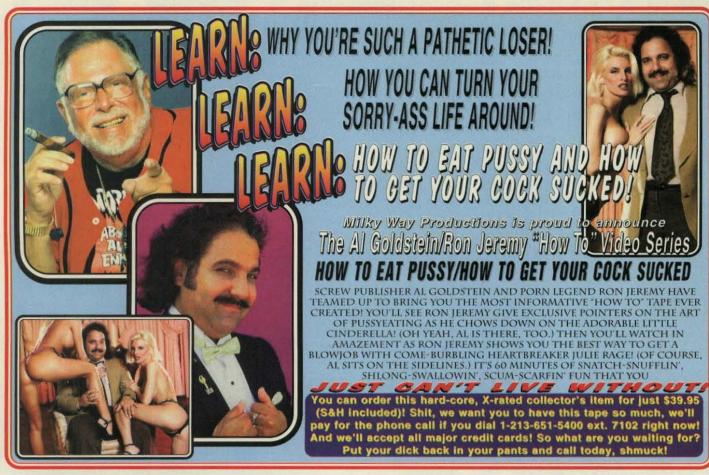




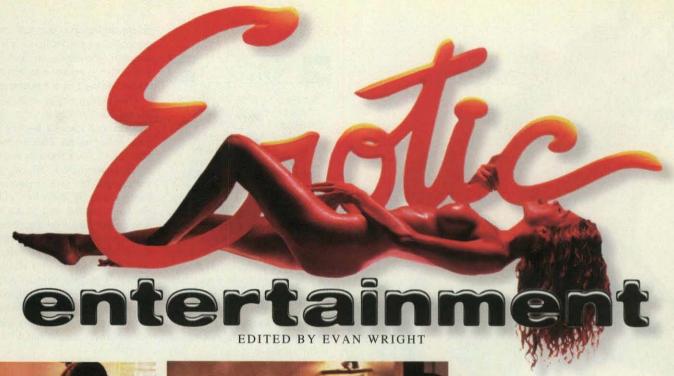




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MANY FACES OF P. J. SPARXX: Sparxx inhales Steele's shaft.

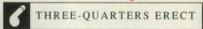


MANY FACES OF P. J. SPARXX: Stephanie Swift plops poon onto Vouyer.



MANY FACES OF P. J. SPARXX: Ruby, Sparxx and Raye D'ance mingle muffs.

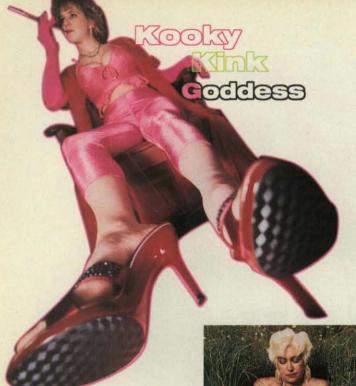
Many Faces of P. J. Sparxx



Directed by F. J. Lincoln; starring P. J. Sparxx, John Decker, Vince Vouyer, Stephanie Swift, Anna Malle, Hank Armstrong, Colt Steele, Roxanne Hall, Ruby, and Raye D'ance. Videocassette: Wicked Pictures.

Three chicks sit on a couch. The girls wear grass skirts. A dude does a hootchie dance and strips for them. "This is what I call a party," says one of the girls. Well, maybe it is a party, and maybe it isn't, but the black-haired honey who blows Vince Vouyer, then flexes her trim stomach and tit bits as he drills her hole, is surely a choice snizz, especially after Vince drops a direct load of spuzz into her mouth, and she licks the excess off her lips and his dick. P. J. Sparxx is the title attraction, and not for the first time. Sparxx was a star even before her breast add-ons, and she still is, thanks in part to the wild-eyed manner in which she orally vacuums plump, protruding prick. A natural-tit slit crawls into bed with a guy, and he stands her on her head and powerrams into her asshole. He flips her on her back, and he's still in her ass, staying there until he pulls out to pop on her face. Sparxx has many faces; all mean, nasty and filth-activated. Many Faces of would have benefited from showing another one or two of them.

-Christian Shapiro



Her Shit Don't Stink

"God told me to make my own religion," states kinky Kellie Everts from her upstate New York home, where she makes femaledomination videos. "I'm on a mission to restore the ancient matriarchal goddess."

To that end, Everts has produced dozens of custom videos featuring dancing divinities who pee, pull tampons from their twats and fart hellaciously from furry, unshaved ass cracks. Every detail is shot in loving close-up, seeming to put the viewer within whiffing distance of vibrating sphincter lips and blood-encrusted vaginal-hygiene products-depending on what the customer has ordered.

Her catalog advertises such films as Shit-Eating Dogs, featuring "a wicked witch in a bra-busting mini who lures asshole slave men into toilet captivity.... Slave eats turds out of her ass until he chokes."

Another film put out by Everts depicts kung-fu-fighting nuns who exact revenge on men by making them drink their piss. Her catalog also includes such relatively humdrum fetish themes as whipping, bondage and foot worship. All of Everts's films are done with the tastefulness of early



John Waters movies-though hers feature young, good-looking and naked models.

In a simpler time, a heretic such as Everts would have been burned at the stake. Today, the FBI protects society from her type. According to Everts, lawenforcement agents spent months nosing through her private business, disguised as undercover perverts. The result of their investigation? Her shit don't stink-Everts uses pudding in all of her shit scenes. Though she hastens to assure, "I always use real piss where it's legal. There's no law against taking a piss."

Asshole slaves who dare may obtain Everts's catalog by writing: Kellie Everts, Box 45, Ouaquaga, NY 13826



Man doll in Athena's poop hole.

goddess's grassy snizz.



Head Trip

ERECT

Directed by Justin Sterling; starring Shayla La Veaux, Steven St. Croix, Juli Ashton, T. T. Boy, Kaitlyn Ashley, Jon Dough, Jill Kelly, Tabitha Stevens, Michael Knight, Vince Vouyer, Bobby Vitale, Jake Steed and Sean Rider, Videocassette: VCA.

Head Trip opens in a smoky, neon-lit, techno-disco dungeon, with bitches on dog leashes being led around in military formation. Whip-wielding dudes wear leather harnesses that make them look like refugees from a gay bar. Bondage blondes Jill Kelly and Tabitha Stevens lie atop an abandoned car, hawking loogies on each other's labes and licking like scent-aroused dogs. T. T. Boy runs in yelling like a monkey and fucks all the bitches. Why does he pull out and spunk all over the Plexiglas tube that encloses a guy in a leather harness? Why does the film cut to Steven St. Croix peering into his refrigerator in a boring suburban home? Such questions vanish when Shayla La Veaux appears, grinning with that kitten face so deserving of being slapped up with ball slop. St. Croix, however, spunks on La Veaux's thigh-high boots, then visits his psychiatrist to tell him about everything we've just seen happen. The shrink isn't listening. He's busy fucking his own slutty hallucination, Juli Ashton. Ensuing scenes suffer from an overstylization that makes Head Trip a journey into sexual insanity that doesn't go far enough.

-Mack Assarian

Sexual Healing



HALF ERECT

Directed by Thomas Paine: starring Kaitlyn Ashley, Buck Adams, Sharon Kane, Crystal Breeze, Kirsty Waay, Jamie Lee, Brandi Rio and Peter North. Videocassette: Sin City.

Windstorm sounds. Psycho soundtrack. Spooky sex images. Buck Adams in a white lab coat. Doctor or patient? Everything is white-white on white. A blonde in a leather-and-feather mask, a

tattoo on her ass. Her tits look good against the white-on-white seamless. She climbs on Buck for a 69. Buck is up and into her, his thumb hooked into her sphincters. He climbs way up high, slips his rod into her shitter. Crams her rectum and climbs higher to come in her mouth. That's a good start. Next, Buck showers with a no-tit, redhead chick. He eats her snatch, and his dick is pointing straight out. He drills her milky ass from behind and milks his wad on her face. She disappears. Was an illusion, not really there. Excellent! Tireless and relentless, Adams bores into Kaitlyn Ashley's bubble snatch. After that, Buck straps it to two more chicks, and Peter North bags one. Sexual Healing is certainly good for whatever might have been ailing Buck.

Sticky Fingers



HALF ERECT



Directed by uncredited: starring Paisley Hunter, Lexi Leigh, Kaye Dunaway, Kyle Stone, Dave Hardman, Tommy Gunn, Rick Masters and Rasta. Videocassette: Western Visuals.

Skanks in seedy locations having sex with men whom they've never met before. Sticky Fingers delivers good, old-fashioned XXX filth without pretense of dialogue or plot. Paisley Hunter, the skinny, blue-eyed brunette, gets stuck with two guys at once. The black guy is slightly rough the way he shoves his fingers up her snatch and pulls her hair. She probably doesn't like him much either, but she's not about to say anything with that other guy's dick in her mouth. Kaye Dunaway is the ball gobbler of the bunch, who licks her stud's sack and asshole a long time while he concentrates on getting hard enough to stick it to her using the canine clutch. Lexi Leigh's got the sugar tits that stick out pure and white while she services a tattooed guy's stiff one. Sticky Fingers isn't very original, but neither is beating off to a porn movie-and what's wrong with that?

-Walter Gahagan

The Right Connection



ONE-QUARTER ERECT



Directed by Veronica Hart; starring Kia, Vince Vouyer, Nikki Arizona, Ritchie Razor, Misty Rain, Ariana, Christi Lake, Felecia, Sahara Sands and Ariel Daye. Videocassette: VCA.

Phone sex is a topic of interest to lots of people. For instance, all those slick macks who make money off of fuck-talk lines are fascinated by the subject. The rest of us, however, simple porn viewers that we are, might be less than mesmerized by the depiction of a chick yakking into a telephone. If we wanted to see a schlub sitting alone at home beating off, a simple arrangement of mirrors is all that's needed to bring the vision alive right before us. What was director Veronica Hart thinking by including more than one scene of a solitary man hammering his ham? Perhaps she was thinking that she likes cock and the guys who stroke it. Many women might agree with such sentiment. The loner with a boner does sink his shank into an attractive, sweet-and-sticky Asian hole at tape's end, but it'll be hard not to hang up



HEAD TRIP: Tripping on Kaitlyn Ashley from tongue to tail.



THE RIGHT CONNECTION: Misty Rain rains a little tongue on Ariana.



STICKY FINGERS: Kaye Dunaway splays for Stone's stump.



SEXUAL HEALING: Waay invites Ashley to lunch: My labes or yours?





Midori.

At work in Pussyman Auditions #3.



Before she entered the world of adult entertainment, XXX newcomer Midori, who describes herself as looking like "black Barbie," was already making a sensation in the world of legitimate films.

"I had a bit part in Coming to America," explains the black doll, with her brown breasts squeezed tight in a purple dress. "I'm the one that's butt naked in the bathroom scene."

As recently reported in other adult publications, Midori claims an illustrious showbiz lineage: being the younger sister of mainstream songstress Jodie Watley.

"Everybody hates La Toya Jackson,"
Midori states. "I don't want to be like
her—making it off of somebody
else's fame. I have my own talents,
and I want people to know it."

Those talents are on full display in the work Midori has performed in such films as *Up Your Ass* for Anabolic Video and *Freaky Tails* for Avica. In her triple-X work, Midori shows that despite her claim of being sibling to a celebrity, on her own climb to superstardom, she is willing to start from the bottom. "I do anal in my movies. That's what it takes to make a name today, and I want that."

Midori's goal is to be a modern-day black sex symbol. "I want to do the autograph signings, be in the glamour pictures and pose for the magazines. Someday, I want to choreograph a dance review and go on the road with it. I want to have a hit record. And then I want to write my own autobiography and tell my life story."

If the price of fame is merely about getting fucked up the ass, Midori is on her way.

Colours de Kiva



HALF



Directed by Kiva and R. D. Walker; starring Kiva and an anonymous jerkoff. Videocassette: K.P.C. Productions/Xplor Media.

Colours de Kiva deals with a touchy subject: female masturbation. Kiva is the cute, yet hauntingly sleazy, art-house siren from San Francisco who starred in Kiva's Creme a la Face, given a Fully Erect rating in the June 1996 issue of HUSTLER. Kiva's newest offering is a film entirely of herself, jacking herself off. Each scene features the multifaceted masturbator pulling, poking, rubbing, stroking, tugging, petting, palming, fondling and fingering her velvety cunt folds until they twitch and quiver into orgasm. Variations include Kiva beating off on the floor, in a rocking chair, in an office chair, on the rooftop and floating in the middle of the screen with a disembodied dick spilling jism on her teeth. Colours de Kiva is proof of what many of us have suspected about good-looking ladies all along: If you had a snizz like Kiva's within reach, you'd touch it a lot too. -M. A.

Night Shift Nurses #2



THREE-QUARTERS ERECT

Directed by Jim Holliday; starring Juli Ashton, Shayla La Veaux, Kim Kataine, Sindee Coxx, Jill Kelly, Felecia, Misty Rain, Brittany O'Connell, Caressa Savage, Kylie Ireland, Nick East, Mark Davis, Sean Rider, Joey Silvera, T. T. Boy, Anthony, Chad Thomas, Root Loggin and Tim Cole. Videocassette: VCA.

Hospitals can be sexy places. All those people dying and being born make the nurses horny; there's no other explanation for the lascivious behavior of the sisters of lubricity in Night Shift Nurses #2. The viewer knows he isn't in the everyday HMO when a leering medico slides a glass thermometer up a feverish vixen's shithole, following the rectal gauge with his meaty, blood-acti-

vated heat seeker. Everybody knows nurses change bedpans and catheterize urethras. Night Shift Nurses #2 reveals that, inured to bodily discharges, RNs are shameless in their appetite for facial despoilment by semen. The body has no taboos to a nurse, which is why this film shows so many of them with dick up the ass. "So many of them" is a catchphrase for Night Shift Nurses, an uncountable lot of whom maul one another in a waiting-room, ladies-only orgy that implements dildos so wide around as to never be used in the presence of a man without giving him an unshakable sense of his own futile mortality. The fourway with three chicks on T. T. Boy will revive any daunted male. Nurses are highly participatory in a fourway, and that participation will be infectious to any healthy viewer.

Deep Seven



THREE-QUARTERS ERECT



Directed by Henri Pachard; starring Sid Deuce, Missy, Marki, Christi Lake, Kim Kataine, Juli Ashton, Chloe Nicholle, Nikki Sinn, Annabelle Dayne, Mickey Ray, Mark Davis, Mickey, Nick East, John Decker, Dave Hardman, Henri Pachard, Tom Byron, Vince Vouyer and Alex Sanders. Videocassette: VCA.

Each of the seven unrelated scenes in Deep Seven unfolds like a tale told by a horny dipsomaniac in the grip of delirium tremens. A slut in clown paint (Sid Deuce) enters a boxing ring and grins at the boxer (Alex Sanders), who socks her in the teeth with his joint, then shoves it, satisfyingly, into her snatch; two mechanics saw open a wrecked car, and Juli Ashton crawls out to service their tools with her fuzzy vertical smile: Missy in-line-skates into a gym where three mooks fuck her in the ass and finish by standing over her, jerking off on her writhing belly as the wheels on her feet spin uselessly in the air; and Chloe Nicholle pops out from a serving platter in a posh restaurant to suck Ashton's glistening snizz while her date's schlong snakes in and out atop a candlelit

dinner table. Later, the pud blows its load into a wine glass that's served to a couple of stuffy old farts at a nearby table. The demented dreams keep coming, and so does the viewer—even though poor lighting and lensmanship plunge a few of *Deep Seven*'s otherwise excellent scenes into deep darkness. —M. A.

Executions on Butt Row



Directed by Joey Silvera; starring Stacy Valentine, Tom Byron, Marc Wallice, Paul Cox, Lea Martini, Ember Haze, Bruno Aissix, Blake Young, Sean Michaels, Margo Stevens, Lea, Sean Rider, Kandace, Don Fernando, Courtney Cameron, Steve Hatcher and Tony Stallone. Videocassette: Evil Angel.

Executions on Butt Row is done in the Buttman style-females filmed booty-end-first from low, worshipful angles, filling the screen like butt goddesses. The style is effective when coupled with good-looking ginches willing to take the high, hard one up the ass. Whatever the cruelties of fate were that put Stacy Valentine in the first scene, getting gangbanged by three big-dick dudes, fate also blessed Valentine with big, fat and round, but not floppy, jugs that wiggle wickedly as her sweaty heinie gets hit with the threeway heave-ho. There's no faking the cries of pain when Lea, a fake blonde with real big lips, gets hammered in the keister; she smiles with relief as the offending cock is vanked from her shanks and thrust into her face for the final degradation of a wad-shot to her chin. Anyone who's ever seen a snake's mouth stretch wide over prey twice its size will think of this when watching Asian trollop Blake Young's petite, flower-petal bunghole yawn open as grinning Sean Michaels crams it to bursting with his jumbo African-American joint. Other scenes are as good, but Executions on Butt Row never achieves the dreamy fluidity of the Buttman movies it imitates—even so, most viewers will achieve a creamy fluidity each time they watch it. -W.G.



NIGHT SHIFT NURSES: A hawker for La Veaux's bung.



EXECUTIONS ON BUTT ROW: Young with Michaels's javelin.

Fantasy Inc.



ERECT



Directed by Jim Enright; starring Felecia, Kirsty Waay, Micky Lynn, Nikki Arizona, Bridgette Monroe, Janet Jacme, Heather Lee, T. T. Boy, Tom Byron, Alex Sanders, Peter North and Jake Steed. Videocassette: Cal Vista.

Open with a slinky black girl inhaling shiny, pink cock. A white boy pauses to nuzzle inky pussy lips, then chokes his dusky mistress on a shove of his choad. Pale man fucks shadow lady from the rear, bones her on her back, screws the whole bitch and shoots pasty scum onto her licorice face. Confirmed dick avoider Felecia dons a black strap-on and drives a blond ginch facedown. A frizzy frump sucks a bum by a dump of trash. A passable brunette in pigtails and cheerleader outfit suffers the jizz splash of two fake jocks. Three chicks in a jail cell exchange erotic snarls. Three jacks jerk off on a platinum blonde without fucking her. A chick who looks like a dude turns out to have a pussy and not a dick after all. Fantasy is familiar. -C.S.



COLOURS DE KIVA: Cunt de Kiva.



DEEP SEVEN: Mickey, Missy, and Nick East.



FANTASY INC: Boning up on Bridgette Monroe.

STROKER'S GUIDE

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

FULLY ERECT

Buttman's Bubble Butt Babes (Evil Angel)

Katarina, Sabina, Nick East

Olivia, Crystal Wilder, Mike Horner

Gregory Dark's Flesh (Dark Works/Evil Angel) Lisa Ann, Kim Kataine, Nick East

Shock (VCA)

Tyffany Million, Sunset Thomas, Peter North

Whipped Cream (Rocco Siffredi/ Evil Angel) Sandy, Bella, Rocco Siffredi



Allure (Wicked Pictures)
Stacy Valentine, Lexi Eriksson,
Jonathan Morgan

Eighteen and Anxious (Sin City)
Nadia, Chloe, Steve Hatcher

Gregory Dark's Snake Pit (Dark Works/Evil Angel) Mia Ciccero, Kim Kataine, T. T. Boy

John Dough's Dirty Stories #5 (Plush Entertainment) Nikita, Timeo Kiss, Mark Davis

Max: Maximum Anal Perversions #9
(Xplor Media)
Lovette, Barbie Angel, Max Hardcore

Oral Addiction (Vivid Film)
Christy Canyon, Jamie Lee, Alex Sanders

Pussyman's House Party (Snatch) Laura Palmer, Lana Sands, Paul Cox

HALF ERECT

Anal Princess (VCA) China Lee, Roxanne Hall, Rocco Siffredi

Ben Dover's Lewd in Liverpool (VCA) Amanda, Sylvie, Ben Dover

Essence (Soho/Metro Home Video)
Brook Harlow, Scarlet, Mr. Marcus

Gold Diggers (VCA)
Jill Kelly, Missy, Mark Davis

Julia Ann Superstar (Vivid) Julia Ann, Jill Kelly, Mark Davis

Pocahotass (Fat Dog Productions)
Celine Deavoux, Nena Cherry, Peter North

ONE-QUARTER ERECT

Arizona Gold (Klimaxxx Productions) Alex Dane, Ariel Daye, Tom Byron

Blue Dreams (Sin City) Asia Carrera, Nici Sterling, Mike Horner

Piglitz Pudgy Porkers (Glitz) Roxy Boday, Mercy, Rod Fontana

Underground (Sin City)
Racquel Lace, Abbey Lane, John Decker

TOTALLY LIMP

Dragxina: Queen of the Underworld (Metro Home Video)

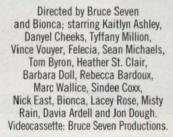
(Metro Home Video)
Chris Cline, Adam Young, Kalina Lynx



EXTRA PARTS: She-male orgy with Chance Ryder.

The Anal Adventures of Bruce Seven

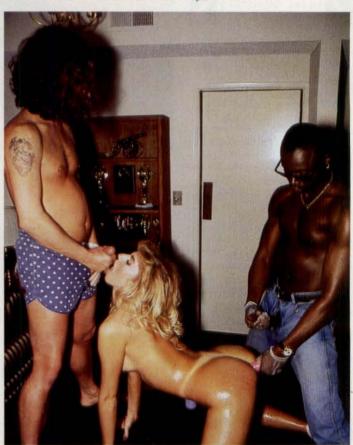
ERECT



Contrary to what such a title might imply, The Anal Adventures of Bruce Seven refrains from exploring old Bruce's rectal cavity, but that's all the restraint that is shown by this compilation tape of high-colonic scenes from Seven productions past. Unbridled butt-slamming, cunt-licking, digital-probing, gang-banging, cumspewing, dildo-stuffing, facejizzing, pussy-poking, cock-gobbling, cunt-stretching, scrotumgroping, grease-smearing, asspacking, lesbo-wilding, deepthroating action predominates. The problem is that everything here looks pretty familiar, which takes much of the adventure out of -C.S.the anal.



EXTRA PARTS: Chance Ryder's little secret.



ANAL ADVENTURES OF BRUCE SEVEN: Byron and Michaels splitting St. Clair.

Extra Parts: Interview With a Hermaphrodite

7

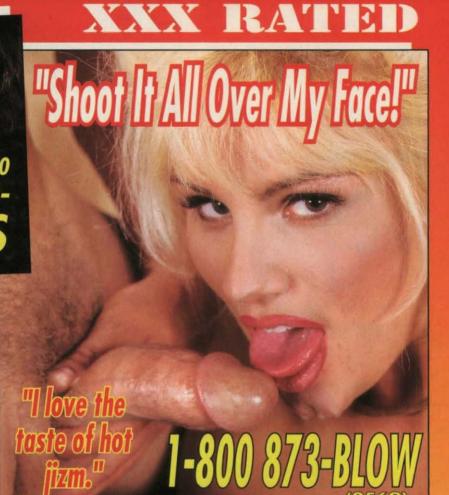
TOTALLY LIMP •

Directed by Paul Norman; starring Chance Ryder, Jamie Lee, Lovette, Vince Vouyer, Tony Tedeschi, Jordan Lee, Jill Kelly, Paige Powers and Jack Hammer. Videocassette: Pleasure Productions.

The main attraction of Extra Parts is Chance Ryder. Male or female? God wasn't sure; so He equipped the mustachioed, flatchested dweeb with his-and-hers genitalia: a clam hole with a two-inch cock for a clit. Jordan Lee plays the doctor who examines Ryder by sucking "his" dong and shoving a strap-on up "her" twat. Jamie Lee pretends to perform a coat-hanger abortion on herself. A few straight-sex scenes are thrown in to pretend that Extra Parts isn't a freak show. -W, G

HARDCORE *PHONE SEX*









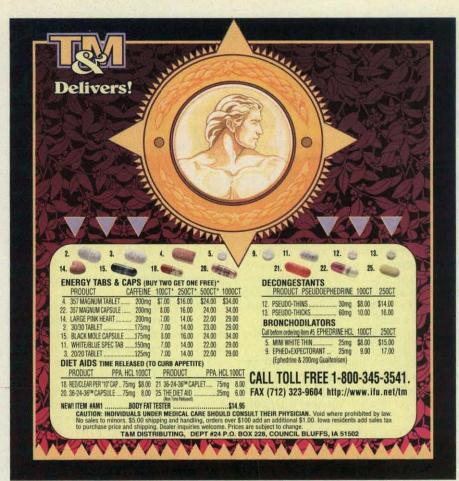
















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MY CUNNY VALENTINE

Every year I give my boyfriend the same thing for Valentine's Day: a sopping-wet blowjob, finished off with a facial splash of splooge. I mean, I take his load in the face every other night of the year too. However, on Valentine's Day I try to make it special. I aim his cock just right, fiddle with his balls as if I'm tuning in a radio station ("K-JIZZ—all semen, all the time!") and sneak my pinky finger toward his sphincters. God, I love sucking cock! But I digress.

This year, it occurred to me that Chris might enjoy something more romantic. A box of chocolates, which he could smear all over my back while fucking me from behind. A bottle of wine, which we could empty together before he stuffed it in my snatch. Flowers, which he could—Jesus, I'm getting turned on typing this! I'd better stop and finger my gash for a few minutes.

Sorry about that. My doctor's got me on these pills called Xanax, and they make me so goddamn horny. Which probably explains why my horse-drawn-carriage ride through Central Park with Chris resulted in what the papers are calling "the messiest public display since the St. Valentine's Day Massacre."

At first it was a fairly intimate affair. The strong, silent driver whipped his steed's imposing haunches as Chris and I snuggled beneath several layers of blankets and polished off the aforementioned vino. When the combination of alcohol and antidepressants kicked in, it felt like my brain was swimming in my skull (un-

doubtedly a side effect of the pussy juice my body was secreting at an alarming rate). To keep my world from spinning into blackout, I had to grab hold of something hard and firm. That something just happened to be the lump in my boyfriend's jeans.

"Fuckin' A, Melissa," sighed Chris, unbuttoning his fly for easier access. "I banged you three times before we left the house. Can't you ever get enough?" It's cute when Chris plays hard to get, but I wanted to get down to business before my buzz wore off. My fingers deftly unfurled his quivering python from a Levi's prison. I lifted up the blankets to get a peek at the tower of penile power.

"Good Lord," I panted, awestruck by the impressive sight of his raw wang steaming in the chilly winter air. Somehow, the veiny, hairy thing seemed to be standing taller and prouder than ever. I made a fist around the impressive girth, pumping his manhood to the angriest erection my drug-frazzled eyes have ever marveled at.

Chris swept back my long, auburn hair with one hand and shoved my face into his lap with the other. The swollen shaft slid between my lips. Although I used to gag and choke while deep-throating Chris, we've been together so long that I feel like every nook and cranny in my esophagus has adapted to fit his dick. I can take all nine and a half inches and still bounce my head up and down the length like I'm bobbing for salami. Pretty soon I had Chris unabashedly groaning. The driver glanced over his shoulder, turned as red as the pulsating prick that tickled my tonsils and whipped his horse a little harder.

My vagina was already a bubbling cauldron of girly goo, ready to boil over with the slightest touch. When that hard-driven stallion picked up his pace, the rocking and bumping of our little carriage was enough to trigger my first orgasm. I let out a gasp, even though it wasn't easy with that beefy rod down my throat. Chris, sensing the spasms that consumed my lithe bod, slipped his slick choad out

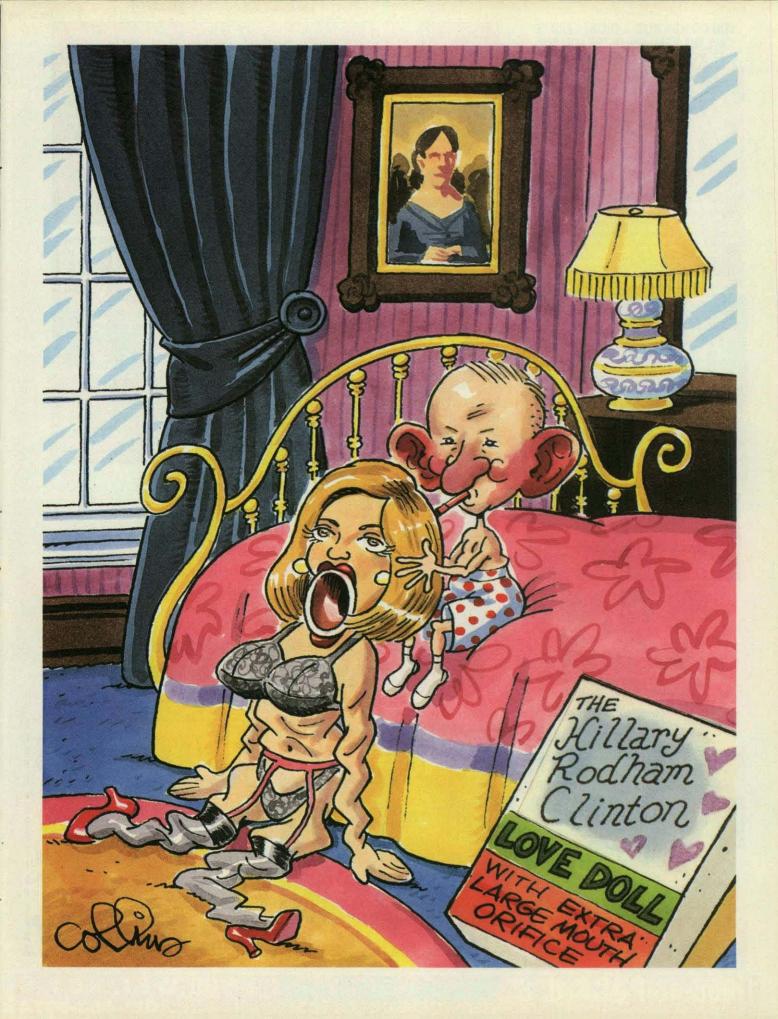
from my mouth and just as easily pulled off my pants. The kiss of winter upon my bare bottom was sheer ecstasy, but nothing compared to the frenzied drubbing I was about to receive.

With my back to Chris, I positioned my cunt above his boner. Maneuvering within the confines of the carriage was difficult. I finally managed to contort myself into a good squat by leaning over the driver's shoulder. To my shock, the old perv was working the reins one-handed—if you know what I mean! I decided to give the coot a thrill that would knock him out of his top hat: I freed one of my weighty, blue-veined jugs and waved it in his face. Proving that men are big babies



turned his head to suck my nipple greedily. Chris followed up the driver's oral stimulation with a well-timed thrust into my ready snizz.

"Unngh," I groaned, feeling as if my sex had been ripped in half. "Deep, baby. Wanna feel it—put it all in and fuck me hard!" I was delirious with lust, rolling my clit between my index and my middle



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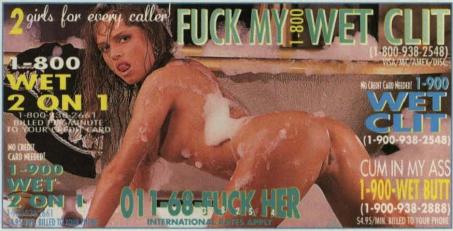






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Hot Letters My sphincters were impaled by every steely inch of the unexpected ramrod! I would've clenched my teeth, but I was gobbling the old-timer's gourd.

finger. Each tweak threatened to set off another climax, but I decided to wait it out. Maybe I could preoccupy myself by grabbing a mittful of the driver's dong.

I spit into my palm a few times, grinding loin with Chris all the while. My hand brushed against that driver's aged fuckstick. I thought Grandpa was going to drop dead before he even peeled a squirt. His wrinkled lips popped off my booby, and his breathing became tortured. Like a true professional, he never once turned his eyes from the horse's path—even when I jammed my tongue into his nasty mouth.

"Bend over and suck him off, Melissa," demanded Chris, slamming my sopping poon. "I'll stand up and do you in the ass." That sounded like an offer I couldn't refuse. I draped my stomach over the metal bar, momentarily withdrawing Chris's behemoth from my nether regions. Balance was essential to this three-way's success; I put myself in the mind frame of a gymnast practicing for the Fellatio Olympics. My head swooped down, and I ingested the sexy senior citizen's schvanz in one gulp.

The soft, wet flick of my tongue against his wand made the driver cry out, "Whoa, Nellie!" His obedient horse came to a sudden halt, sending tremors through the carriage that knocked my bum right back on Chris's crank. My sphincters were impaled by every steely inch of the unexpected ramrod! I would've clenched my teeth, but I was gobbling the old-timer's gourd.

Chris gave my buttocks a feisty slap and grunted, "Giddyap," as he plowed in and out of my gaping rectum. Once again, the horse followed the impassioned command. Mr. Ed lurched to a start, adding extra force to the anal plunge of Chris's hot rod. I swear I could feel his balls slapping against my clit; the testicular tickle finally triggered the orgasm I had struggled to suppress.

I spit out my mouthful of geezer and moaned, "Ohh, yesssss, I'm coming and coming and coming and coming!" The muscles in my colon twitched and spasmed against the mile of pud buried within. Every inch of my body was on fire, and only bucking and thrashing under my boyfriend's powerful fuck slams could put it out. I screamed with the pussy-gushing agony of it all.

Before I had a chance to recover from my senses-shattering climax, the driver pulled me back to gnaw on his bone. "Get ready, missy," he wheezed, as I opened wide to accept his liquid ecstasy. "I've been storin' this up for a *looong* time!" The old fuck wasn't kidding. He held my head firm with both hands and came with a howl. A gallon of the pasty, bitter spunk rushed down my gullet. I did my best to suck down every drop, but finally felt the sticky mess burble out from my lips and over my chin. A pool collected in the crotch of the driver's black-velvet uniform.

Around the way at the back door, Chris was unleashing his own spray of DNA upon my bowels. Honoring our Valentine's tradition, I quickly eased off his spraying cock, whipped around and stuffed

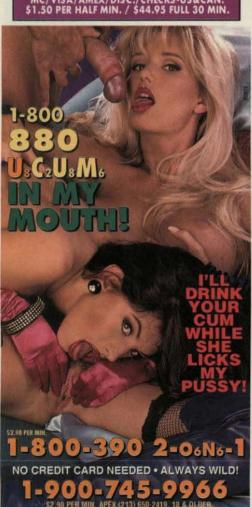
the anal-stained member into my craw. I'm happy to report that my boyfriend's protein blast was far more delicious and plentiful than the old man's. I sucked until the last pearl eked from his piss hole.

The only thing that kind of ruined the romance of the moment was the death of that poor horse. In our orgasmic frenzy, none of us noticed that the dumb beast had wandered onto 72th Street. It was instantly killed by oncoming cars. The sight of three naked people and a mangled horse caused one of the worst traffic jams

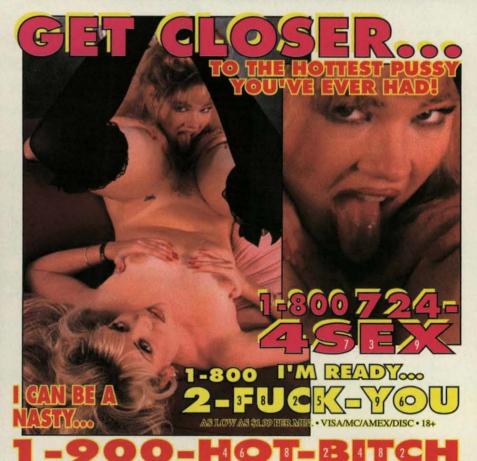












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Hot Letters Janielle didn't bother to take off her uniform before she wiggled her cute butt out of her panties and guided my face to her snatch. What a delicious, teenage pussy!

in New York's history. Chris and I ended up on the covers of some of the sleaziest tabloids around. Now how can I possibly top that for Presidents' Day?

—M. G.

Long Island, New York

GROPIN' ALL NIGHT

I've had terrible insomnia since Darlene and I broke up. Every night I just lie there, thinking about what an idiot I must have been to lose a 5-10 blonde with C-cup knockers and an ass like Aunt Jemima's. Warm milk doesn't help; the white froth just reminds me of the sticky mess I used to unload on Darlene's belly every night. And counting sheep makes me hornier, which is really scary. So I end up spending a lot of time at Humbug's, the 24-hour "family restaurant" down the block.

There's one "Humbugette" (a cutesy way of saying waitress) I've really had my eye on: Janielle. She can't be a day over 19, but her hooters nearly bust out of that polyester top. Janielle's got red hair and green eyes—I think. I don't usually get up that far; I'm usually trying to peek up her skirt when she bends over to pour coffee.

Janielle's shift ends at six a.m., by which time I'm usually ready to get home and crash for a few hours of troubled shut-eye. But this particular night, she and I were flirting up a storm, and I could smell her sweet poontang getting stewy. I sat there getting free refills and copping feels of her young, firm body until sunrise. By the time she punched the clock, Janielle and I could hardly keep our hands off each other.

I took her back to my place and threw her onto the mattress. Janielle didn't bother to take off her uniform before she wiggled her cute butt out of her panties and guided my face to her snatch. What a delicious, teenage pussy! Licking her rigid little nubbin and chewing her hotpink labes sure beat anything on the menu at Humbug's. She was feeling good too, moaning softly. Janielle's tiny gasps of pleasure were a nice change from Darlene, who used to scream and punch and kick.... But, hey, I was trying to keep my mind off Darlene.

Maybe unsheathing my one-eyed pork sword would help keep me focused. I unzipped my pants and pulled down my boxer shorts enough to let my big hard-on wobble in the morning sun. Hell, if Janielle didn't feel the need to get naked, I wasn't about to argue. Besides, she had her tongue halfway down my throat, and, even with her top on, I could feel those fat nipples growing erect.

I threw her legs over my shoulders and

guided in half of my yardstick. Damn, she was a tight little piece of ass! I wasn't sure all that trouser snake would fit inside such a little hole. Janielle seemed determined to make it, biting her lip and slowly scooting her sugar walls to envelop my cock. What a feeling. Good thing I had already beat off a few times in Humbug's bathroom, or I probably would've come right then.

"Push it in," whispered Janielle. "Start fuckin', mister." She had a sexy little Georgia accent that inspired my prick to get stiffer. I made my first, womb-searing thrust, burying myself in her depths. Janielle threw her head back and clutched my buttocks for ballast. I pumped a few more times, making sure she wasn't about to pass out or something. When she sat up and started sucking my nipples (kind of kinky, huh?), I knew this was one chick who was ripe for the full fucking treatment.

I let Janielle have it, pounding away at her tiny gash with all the force my skinny ass could muster. Although she stayed quiet, Janielle got pretty rowdy by biting me, clawing my back and bouncing her plump cheeks off the mattress like a Texas bronco. Shit, I dig young girls. All you've got to do is reach down in the

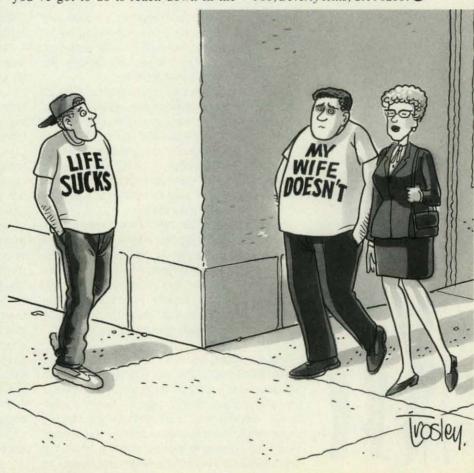
middle of porking and barely touch their clitties—like I did to Janielle—and they come like rockets. Just like Janielle did.

"That's good, mister," she squealed. "Play with me. Touch me in the bad parts. You're gonna make me...." Her drawl trailed off into incomprehensible gibberish, and her body became almost as rigid as my cock. Then she was shaking all over the place and howling like an old junkyard dog. I was right there with her, about to fill that waitress's honeypot with an order of spunky-style soup.

I yelled, "Goddamn!" and shot my cannon. The two of us fell into a deep clutch, savoring the vibrations of loin electricity. One of the best tumbles of my life, and I didn't even have to take my clothes off!

Seems like about a month went by before Janielle found out she was pregnant.
When she told me, I was so mad, I almost
threw my grilled-cheese platter against
the wall. On the plus side, I get the food
at Humbug's half off, and I've even been
banging Darlene on the side. But now the
damn baby keeps me up all night. —J. C.
East Brewton, Alabama

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Humping Stumps

The Limbless and the People Who Love Them

By Ian Gregson



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.

Twelve hours ago, Aaron Brown rode his Suzuki GSX1000 into the side of a truck that tried to run a yellow through an intersection. Lying in his hospital bed with an IV plugged into the crook of his arm, he looks up wearily at friends and family who have rushed to his side to comfort him. Each visitor takes a turn thanking God that Aaron's alive, but something is missing. It's his leg. Aaron is 25 years old and clutching tearfully at a stump that truncates his right femur. The rest of his life as an amputee passes before his eyes.

As he ponders the unknowns spawned by his accident, Aaron's mind returns to one painful notion: Now that I'm damaged goods, who the hell's gonna want to fuck me?

The question goes unanswered, for a while.

During his recuperation. Aaron pays regular visits to his prosthetist, a doctor who fits artificial limbs. Aaron develops a friendly relationship with Dawn, the office receptionist who seems to make a point of chatting him up each time he comes in for an appointment. Dawn is something special. Unlike the mousy nurses and the rest of the doctor's dowdy, do-gooder staff, Dawn squeezes herself into chic, black getups that never fail to show off her long, pale legs. Her eyebrows arch sharply over heavily mascaraed lashes and a coal-black beauty mark that makes Aaron think of Sherilyn Fenn. Each time he crutches his way over to her reception desk, Aaron's dick flexes at the thought of unbuttoning one of her tight blouses and releasing the cream-white breasts and tender, pink nipples that strain beneath the shirt's sheer fabric.

Then he remembers: A girl like Dawn has got no use for a cripple like me.

Aaron is shocked when Dawn follows him into a treatment room and locks the door behind her. Wordlessly, the tall brunette guides him to the bed and lays him flat on his back. "You've got something I want to see," she whispers. She unbuckles his belt and pulls down his jeans.

Aaron is shaky, he fears the sight of his stump will disgust her and that this fantasy will be cut off as abruptly as his leg. A throbbing hard-on is the only thing that keeps him from fighting Dawn off from shame. Naked now, his dick hard as concrete and his wound pointed lamely in Dawn's direction, Aaron watches as the girl strips off her top and bends to lick his cock. Dawn's tongue travels the length of his shaft down to his balls, then swerves down the inside of his thigh to the soft skin that encases his shorn bone.

Aaron convulses. He can barely bring himself to touch there. Dawn soothes him by pumping his cock faster with her left hand. Aaron can see that with her right, she is rapidly strumming her clit beneath her panties. Licking his stump and moaning, Dawn gasps that she's coming. Aaron's head falls back, and he sees nothing but white as he shoots spurt after spurt of hot cum over her hand and into her hair. Leg or no leg, Aaron muses in the afterglow, my dog is still gonna get fed.

Dawn is something special, but there are more of her kind than one might think. On the Internet, a popular Web page celebrating Dawn's particular fetish brands its celebrants "devotees," and their devotion takes the form of a sexual obsession with amputees. The scientific term for this fetish is "acrotomophilia," but most devotees avoid the medical-establishment tag, objecting to any word ending in "phile" that might lump them together with the perverts that populate the

Don, a frequent contributor to Internet discussions of devoteeism, denies that a devotee's odd preoccupation is a sick or perverse fetish. "[Devoteeism] is qualitatively the same thing as an attraction toward any other feature of the opposite sex," he says. "Ask someone who likes redheads or large breasts why he's particularly turned on by those attributes, and you'll

get the same answer: 'I don't know.'

alternative-sex news groups on the Web.

Dr. Robert Pollack, certified by the American Association of Sex Educators, Counselors and Therapists and a professor emeritus of psychology at the University of Georgia, is able to shed only slightly more light on the roots of a devotee's desire. "[They] develop their philia at a very young age, usually prepubescent. The thing that turns them on has nothing to do with the whole person; it has to do with the characteristics of amputation. It is the stumps that turn them on. How it occurs we really don't know, but it is probably learned unconsciously and under conditions of great excitement."

More and more, devotees and amputees alike are shelving the question of why and allowing the fascination to flourish. Carol Davis is an amputee who lost her leg to cancer in 1978. Ten years later, she began producing videos of herself and other female amputees. The videos are notable for reflecting the comparatively tame tastes of amputee fetishists. She describes her mail-order tapes as containing "absolutely no nudity or pornography of any kind. Although there are some exceptions, I have found that most men who are attracted to amputees just want to see her coping with everyday situations. Some of our models perform lingerie modeling in their videos, but that is about the extent of what we have done regarding more conventional erotica."

Davis's company, CD Productions, has released eight titles, featuring six amputee models who swim, dance, climb stairs, ski, vacuum, shop for shoes and, in some scenes, paint their toenails. A double amputee demonstrates how she can walk on her stumps without her prosthesis. Other women pose with peg legs or in one high-heeled shoe, satisfying the particular fantasies of devotee subgroups. To the nondevotee, Carol Davis's videos seem perfectly lacking in prurient content, but to the fetishist, slice-of-life scenarios capturing a woman on crutches, wearing a short miniskirt with her stump peeking from underneath, are compelling erotic entertainment.

A significant hurdle facing the male devotee is the scarcity of female amputees. There are approximately 2.5 million amputees in the United States, approximately 1 million of whom are female. Whereas most men may see dozens of good-looking women on a walk through the mall, a devotee is lucky to see a female amputee once a month.

Mike, a devotee from California, has overcome this scarcity by getting involved in activities central to those who have lost their limbs. In addition to working as a ski instructor for amputee skiers, he also volunteered at a local amputee support group and at the Paralympics. In doing so, he has come in contact with at least 1,000 female amputees.

Many amputee/devotee relationships result in marriage.

Donna, 32, became an amputee at age 15. After one unsuccessful marriage, Donna met Shawn.

"I already knew Shawn as a friend, and when I found out that he was a devotee, I initiated the relationship because I was very attracted to him. I knew I wouldn't have much of a





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Sex Play "Around the age of four, I became attracted to people with bandaged limbs. I would bandage my own limbs when I was home alone. At the age of nine, my attraction developed toward people with casts."

problem. I consider myself attractive; so I don't think the missing leg is the only thing Shawn appreciated about me physically. Most of all, we clicked because our personalities are great for one another. I would not be happy if I felt that the only thing keeping us together was physical attraction. I'm the first amputee Shawn has ever been involved with. He's told me that while he's always been attracted to amputees, it wasn't his only objective in finding a mate."

Echoing the disproportionately small number of female amputees is the lack of female devotees interested in male-amputee partners. As in other fetishes, experts have estimated the ratio of devotees as close to 300 males to every one female. However, according to research on disability and sex, it may be that negative perception of the disabled has a negligible effect on the male amputee as a potential sex partner for most women. Many women who would not consider themselves devotees are curious to see what sex with an amputee is like. It is common for a male amputee to use his stump as an extension of his penis, often at the encouragement of the female partner.

Devoteeism may seem odd, but mostly harmless. The "apotemnophile" (or "wannabe") leaves a more bizarre impression. A wannabe's obsession goes beyond attraction to wanting to become an amputee himself.

Don is both a devotee and a wannabe. Don's personal history indicates the development of a fascination with amputation at a very early age.

"Around the age of four, I became attracted to people with bandaged limbs. I would bandage my own limbs when I was home alone. At the age of nine, my attraction developed toward people with casts. I became a cast wannabe. At the age of 15, I became an amputee wannabe and became attracted to amputees. The attraction toward bandaged limbs has faded away, but today, at 35, I'm still attracted to people with casts and amputations.

"The need to role-play as an amputee was much stronger when I was younger. I used to pretend that I was an amputee by tying one leg back so that my foot was secured against my hamstring. I did this sort of thing until my early 20s. I don't have any intentions or any impulses toward taking any kind of action in the direction of becoming an amputee, although I'd probably welcome it if it happened, for reasons independent of my will."

Unlike Don, who merely fantasizes about being an amputee, there are some who take that fantasy and make it reality. A woman in Europe wanted to become an above-knee amputee. Already a below-knee amputee, she was able to find a doctor willing to perform the operation to give her the desired length of stump. The surgery went well initially; however, after a week, infection set in, and the doctor was forced to amputate her leg at the hip to save her life. She now has no stump whatsoever.

In a recent case, a man in Florida, who had had

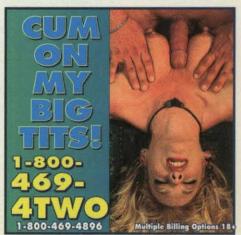
enough of his life as a biped, picked up a 12-gauge rifle, put the barrel to his left knee and pulled the trigger. The man is now a self-proclaimed happy-golucky above-knee amputee.

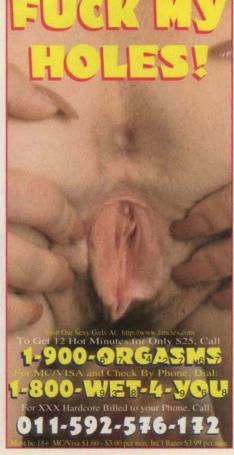
No responsible surgeon would amputate a limb unless it was medically necessary, but many wannabes compare the mental suffering involved in the conflicted desire for amputation to the pain of an accident victim cursed with a mangled arm or leg.

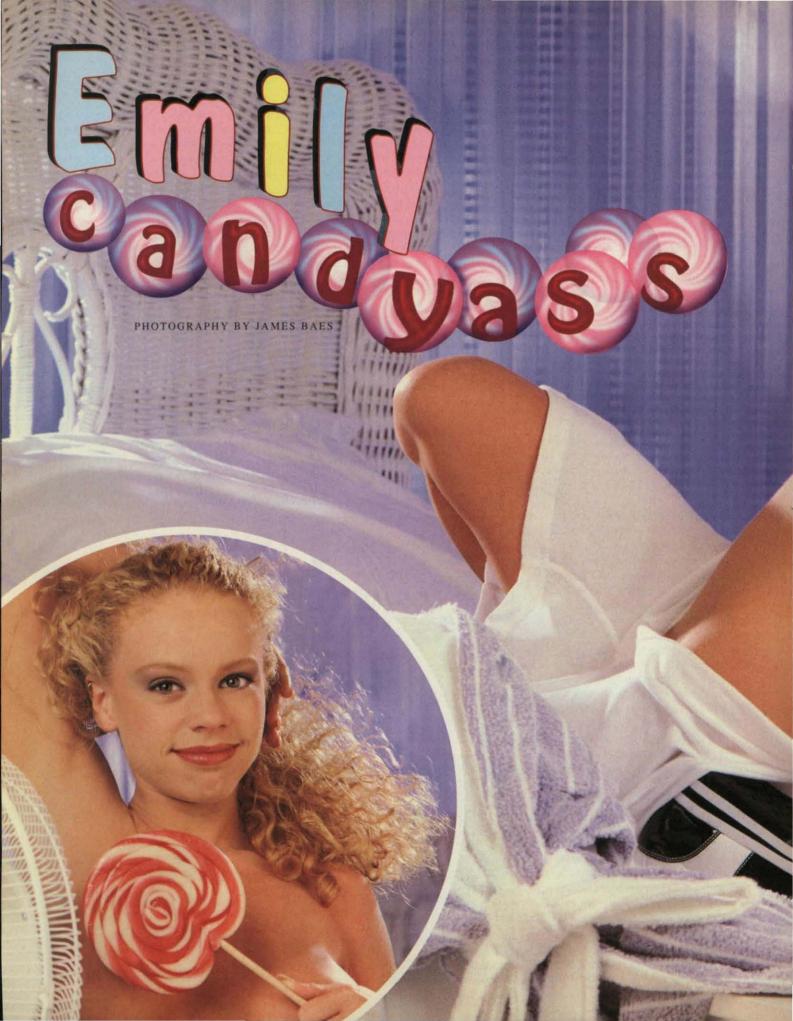
Many amputees are angered and disturbed by the existence of apotemnophiles. Kate, a 38-yearold woman in the process of losing her leg as a result of severe vascular problems, wonders if wannabes truly grasp the suffering an amputee endures. "I find it hard to understand why anyone would want to go through the hell that I have been through and will continue to go through; that they would commit themselves by choice to a life of pain and inconvenience that I would do anything to avoid. I look down at my black and shriveled toes, and it makes me cry to think that soon they'll be gone." Most amputees would give anything to have their amputated limbs back. Unfortunately, medical science has yet to find an adequate method of grafting limbs from those who don't want them onto those who do.





























Medicash





HMOS Three times, the physicians assigned to the Chings by Metropolitan Life's HMO had refused the couple's request to see a specialist. General treatment had provided no answers to Joyce Ching's condition.

Dave Ching was desperate. His wife, Joyce, had been suffering from severe abdominal and pelvic pain and a bleeding rectum for several months. Three times, the physicians at the Simi Valley, California, office assigned to the Chings by Metropolitan Life's health maintenance organization (HMO) had refused the couple's request to see a specialist. General treatment had provided no answers to Joyce Ching's condition, and her pain was worsening.

In October 1992, Dave Ching forced the issue. As Dr. Elvin Gaines was leaving the examination room where Joyce had undergone yet another routine physical, Ching blocked the door. "I asked him to stop. I said, 'I'm not leaving the room until...you prescribe some sort of test-

anything, any test."

With Dave in his doorway, Dr. Gaines ordered Joyce Ching to undergo a \$261 barium enema X-ray exam and, days later, he sent her to a gastroenterologist.

It was too late. Tests revealed that cancer had spread throughout her colon. Seven subsequent operations could not eliminate the entrenched disease. Twenty months after diagnosis, Joyce Ching died at the age of 34.

Accused of malpractice, Ching's doc-

tors denied any wrongdoing: They had resisted referring the patient to specialists because her symptoms, age and medical history, the doctors said, made cancer seem unlikely. "Doctors aren't perfect," argued the attorney for Gaines and his partners. "Sometimes their best efforts prove wrong.'

Dave Ching is convinced that his wife's death resulted from something more nefarious than an isolated physician's error in judgment. In Ching's eyes, the delay in specialized treatment was due to the new hierarchy in health care. The traditional fee-for-service system, in which a physician answers only to his patients, is gradually being replaced by managed care, wherein doctors submit to the meticulous cost cutting of insurance agents with an eye on the bottom line.

Managed-care networks and HMOs now cover an estimated 134 million Americans, about half the population. While a significant minority of these insurers remain nonprofit, a number of for-profit HMOs have sprung up in the past five years as enterprising businessmen have discovered the huge moneymaking potential of health care. Critics of HMOs claim that the lust for revenue has sacrificed good medicine in the interest of driving down overhead.

A glossary of terms commonly heard in the HMO debate:

· Gag Rules: HMO guidelines that prevent doctors from telling patients about expensive tests and treatments that the patient may need, but the insurance companies don't want to pay for.

· Capitation: The practice of giving physicians a set dollar amount per patient to provide for the patient's full health care. A patient who receives no care is far more lucrative than one who requires treatment. Under many health-organization contracts, the cost of tests or outside specialists comes directly out of the physician's pocket.

· Withholds: The HMO practice of holding back a portion of a physician's annual pay until the end of the year as an incentive to keep costs below targets.

· Deselection: A euphemism for termination-what happens to doctors who give too much care. If a physician spends too freely on his patients, he runs the risk of being dropped by his HMO-a potentially devastating blow in communities where one health plan has monopolized the majority of covered patients.

· Cherry Picking: The HMO practice of refusing to insure people with chronic illnesses. Long-term conditions require multiple visits to specialists and day-today management and cost HMOs more money than they are willing to pay.

· Gatekeepers: Primary-care physicians. Formerly known as the family doctor, the gatekeeper is the HMO's watchman. His duty is to restrict access to costly specialists and treatments.

· Clinical Financial Review Nurses: Health-plan administrators who tell doctors which procedures are covered, which are not covered and which are disapproved. One recent study showed that patients in the state of Washington were lucky if the person giving treatment guidelines to their doctor or refusing care had a high-school diploma.

· Covered Lives: Patients.

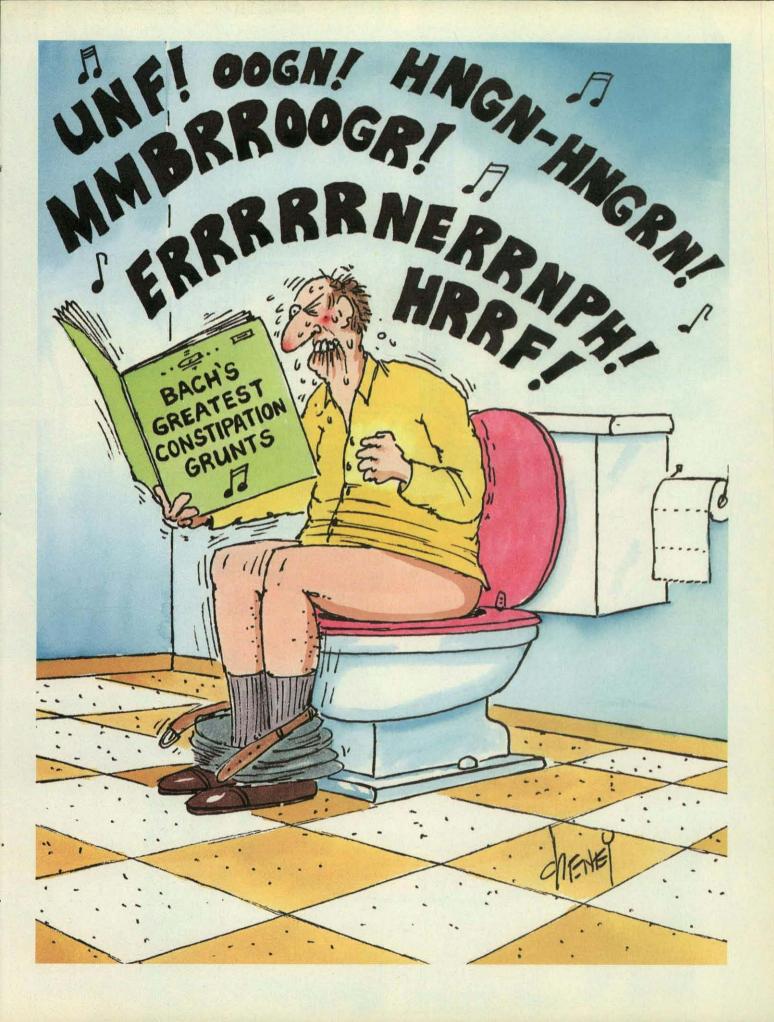
"We have been saying for years in this country that the cost of health care is a problem," says Kurt Davis, vice-president of investor relations for Foundation Health Plan. "For many decades, there weren't any checks or balances in the system.... Managed care has begun to bring some economic rationalization to that structure."

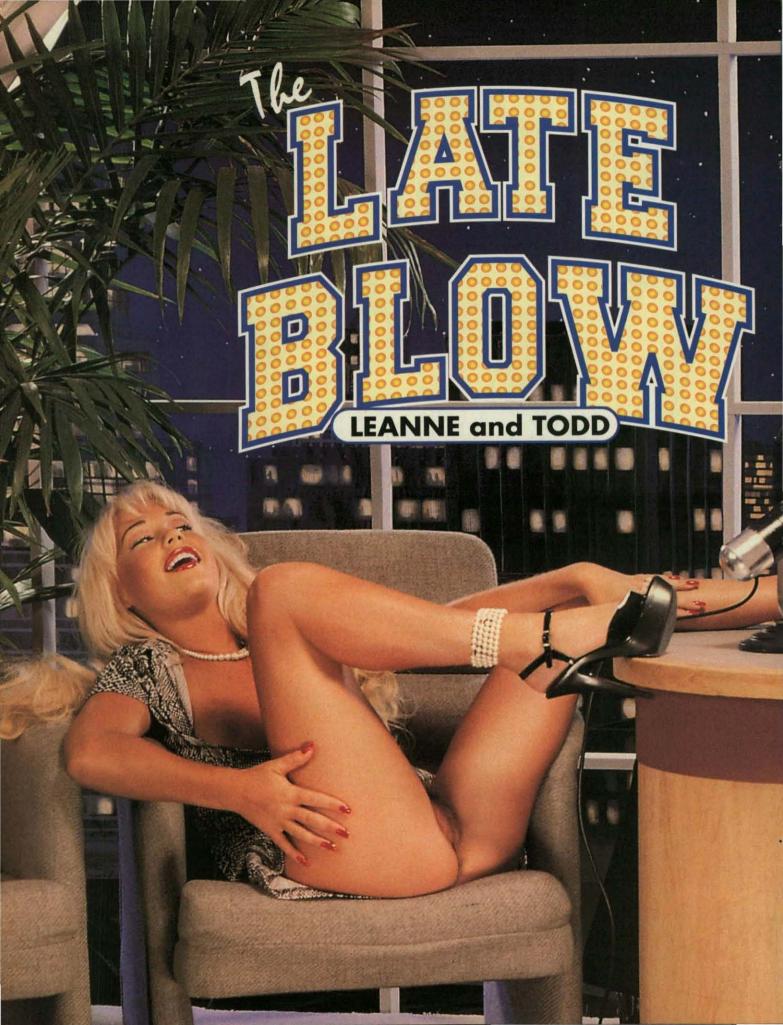
The HMO idea of financial rationalization is to use any excuse they need to keep profits healthy. The average managed-care

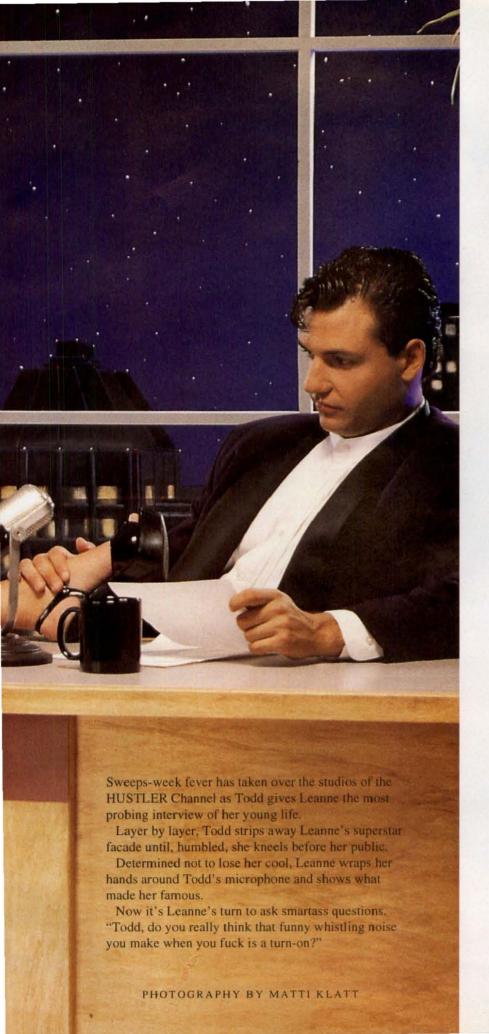
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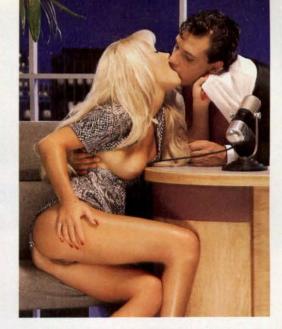


"My gosh! Where does Jerry Springer find all those weirdos?!"









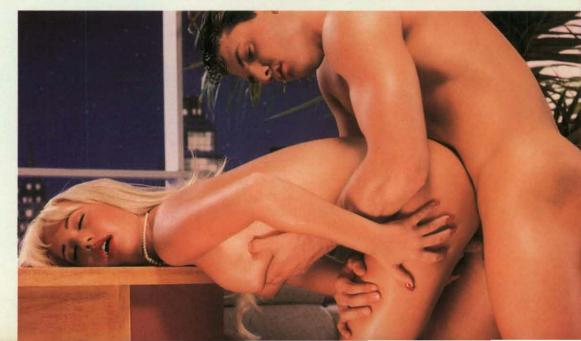
































(continued from page 56)

HMOS "This doctor and another HMO doctor finally saw my mother in the emergency room the night she died.... They failed to give her an expensive blood thinner that could have saved her life."

plan spends about 79¢ of each premium dollar treating members. The other 21¢ goes to profit, salaries and administrative expenses, U.S. Healthcare, a for-profit HMO with a reputation for ruthless cost controlling, spends even less-75¢ of every dollar-on patients; the HMO keeps 25% of the total dollars spent. To give an idea of where all that money goes: U.S. Healthcare Chief Executive Leonard Abramson made \$4 million last year. The total compensation package of the typical health-care corporate CEO was close to \$2.9 million in 1995.

Recently, Abramson sold U.S. Healthcare to Aetna Life & Casualty Inc. The price: \$8.9 billion. Abramson received a \$1-billion bonus upon closing the deal. "That is \$1 billion lost to health care," says Jamie Court, who represents the Foundation for Taxpayer & Consumer Rights and the California Nurses Association. "One billion dollars of policy-holder premiums that are in one man's bank account, that will prevent heartattack patients from getting the best drug available, that will prevent women who need to from staying longer in hospitals after giving birth.'

Last spring, President Clinton endorsed legislation that required health plans to cover at least 48 hours of hospital maternity care after a baby was born. In a May 11 radio address, the President denounced "a large and growing number of insurance companies" for "refusing to pay for anything more than a 24-hour stay ... and some have recommended releasing women as early as eight hours after delivery."

Clinton's endorsement came nearly a year after an editorial in the Washington Post cited cases in which "doctors whose medical judgment told them it was risky to send a baby and a mother home after 24 hours were obliged to do so anyway, or face being kicked out of their insurance group, which would mean losing all their patients."

Recently, Congress outlawed "drivethrough" deliveries by enacting the 48hour minimums called for by Clinton. Critics of HMOs have seized upon this legislation as proof of the managed-care industry's inability to check its own greed and give proper care to mothers and newborns. "This is such a renegade industry, such a lawless industry," says Jamie Court, "that a [Newt] Gingrich Congress had to micromanage it."

Vilified in the press as callous and irresponsible, health-plan policies are nothing if not financially shrewd. In the past five years, HMOs have experienced explosive growth, providing corporate America an

answer to the expense of medical care for its workers. HMOs have been extremely successful in lowering the amount of money spent for their expanding patient rolls. The government reported recently that the rise in health-care costs, measured in double digits through the early 1990s, shrunk to 6.4% in 1994, the slowest growth rate in 35 years, and is expected to grow no more than that in 1995.

"As recently as three to four years ago, we were the heroes," complains Roger Taylor, executive vice-president and chief medical officer of PacifiCare Health Systems, a Cypress, Californiabased network that provides medical care to 1.8 million people in six states. "Yet if you have been watching the media over the past two or three years, you would think we were out there doing something that was not right."

Ask Linda Ross why HMOs are getting a bad name. "My 61-year-old mother died from an untreated, massive pulmonary embolism after waiting six and one-half hours in an HMO's emergency room for treatment she never received," says the California woman who has become a leader in the fight for health-care reform.

"In November 1991, the HMO doctor misdiagnosed and failed to treat blood clots that formed in my mother's leg after she suffered a minor fracture.... An HMO doctor declined to conduct tests recommended by an independent orthopedist. even though my mother exhibited signs of blood clots. This doctor and another HMO doctor finally saw my mother in the emergency room the night she died They failed to give her an expensive blood thinner that could have saved her life. I subsequently discovered that these doctors received financial bonuses from the HMO to ration high-cost drugs and to reduce hospital admissions."

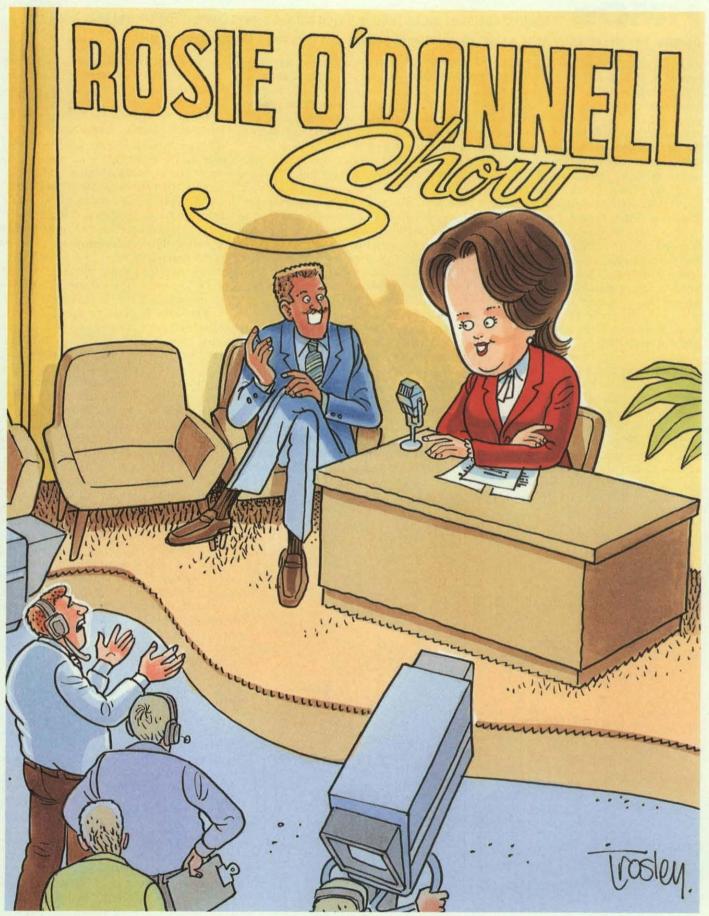
The proliferation of patient horror stories, such as Ross's, have put the big health plans on the defensive.

HMO executive George Halvorson, president of the American Association of Health Plans, has lashed out at the news media and industry critics. Managed care, he asserts, is facing "attack by anecdote" from "enemies...that will try to use the only arguments left: out-of-context, extremely emotional negative anecdotes."

"These groups have seized on problems that HMO members have experienced and held those people up as reasons for passing [health-care reform]," says Kurt Davis of Foundation Health Plan, "but the reality is that when you have 15 million people in HMOs, there are going to be unfortunate situations."



"If he jerked off to pornography, that would be one thing, but he jerks off to Rush Limbaugh!"



"I give up! No matter how we light the set, Rosie's head puts everyone in shadow!"

HMOS "The best customer for an HMO is a well person," says Court. "The second best is a dead person. The worst customer is a sick, chronically ill patient who is in need of expensive care."

The reality is, there are 114 million people in HMOs, and each is a potential "unfortunate situation." Though gag rules and withheld bonuses are incendiary managed-care issues, critics of HMOs maintain that capitation, setting secret dollar limits on patient care, is the core problem. "If you wanted to rip the heart out of the beast, you would end capitation," says Jamie Court. "Capitated contracts make it more profitable for doctors to deny care than to treat."

Kurt Davis of Foundation Health Plan responds: "The reality of capitation is that the doctor has an incentive to provide appropriate care because if they don't order a test or provide a service that's appropriate, the patient is not going to get well, and, ultimately, their care is going to be more expensive to that physician and that health plan."

Laura Mitchell, issues coordinator for the California chapters of the National Multiple Sclerosis Society, contends that the HMO defense of capitation based on long-term results ignores the short-term nature of the business.

"What [the managed-care proponents] don't say is that most people tend to change HMOs often—I believe the average is every three years—because of job changes or because their employer

changes the plan that they are contracting with. So if you have a problem, and your HMO denies you care, they can be gambling that by the time the problem shows up, you're already with another health plan. It's called cost shifting, and there's a lot of it going on."

Mitchell is by no means a rabid critic of managed care. She says that, "For people who are basically healthy, HMOs do the job." Mitchell's concern is the inadequate attention paid to people with chronic conditions under most health plans. "HMOs have not had a whole lot of experience with this population because they have spent most of their time trying to avoid these people rather than treat them."

A recent study published by the Journal of the American Medical Association concludes that over a four-year period, "elderly and poor chronically ill patients had worse physical health outcomes in HMOs than in FFS [fee-for-service] systems."

"The biggest problem people with MS [multiple sclerosis] have is getting a referral to a specialist who knows something about MS," says Mitchell. "Some of our clients have gotten referrals to neurologists who don't have any particular background with the disease, and when the patient goes to therapy, the provider isn't

up on the latest research and can't monitor it properly. We have cases of people who ended up in emergency rooms because they weren't properly monitored."

Often the "gatekeeper" system set up by HMOs inhibits people with chronic illnesses from seeing specialists on a regular basis. Richard Corlin, a gastroenterologist in Santa Monica, California, recently told the Wall Street Journal of the difficulties faced by people suffering from long-term intestinal disorders who may need specialist care up to two times a week if their illness flares up. "It's virtually impossible to get routine authorization to see the patient on an as-needed basis" in most HMO plans, even for a temporary term, says Dr. Corlin.

Danielle Walters of the California Medical Association (CMA) shares Mitchell's and Corlin's concerns. "Patients with special needs are the people who have become the pariahs of the health-care system. The health plans do not want these individuals, and so they have made life rather difficult for them. Physicians who specialize in treating multiple-sclerosis patients have been either hassled or dropped by their health plans."

The CMA regularly endorses legislation that attempts to check abuses in the managed-care system, but with many of its members serving on health-plan boards, the association is not in favor of a complete overhaul of the HMO structure.

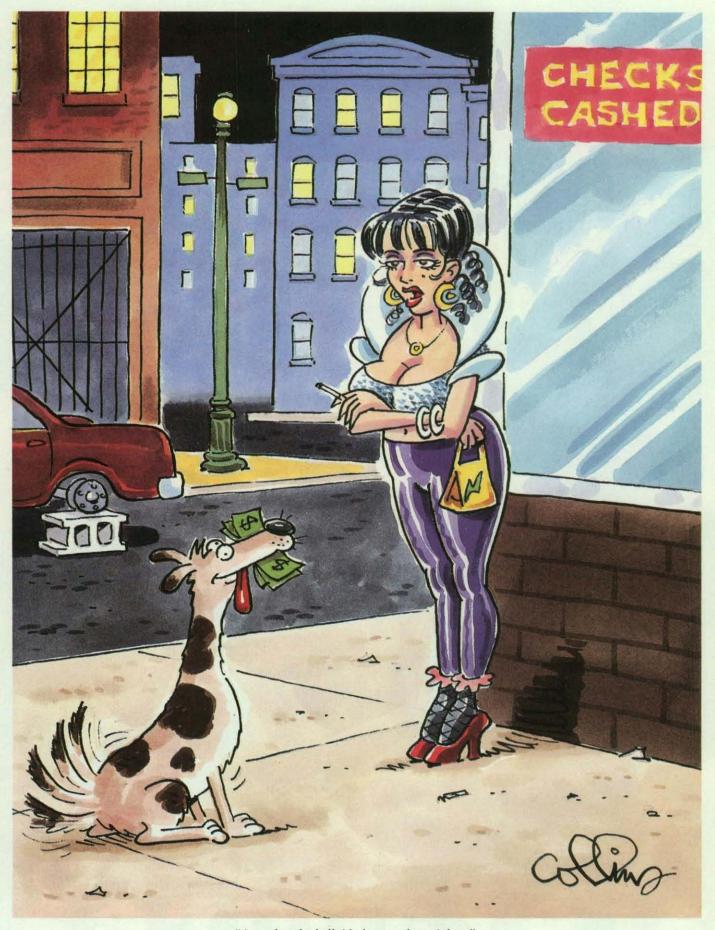
"Nobody is saying go back to the old fee-for-service system. There were abuses and problems," says Walters. "But a large school of thought within our organization believes that we have pushed the pendulum too far in the other direction."

Jamie Court, who also speaks on behalf of the Patient Protection Act, a health-care-reform initiative in California, levels much more serious criticism at the managed-care industry. "The best customer for an HMO is a well person," says Court. "The second best is a dead person. The worst customer is a sick, chronically ill patient who is in need of expensive care. If they don't make off you what your monthly payment is, they don't want you.... There is a direct correlation between the industry's rapacious greed and the denials of care to patients.

"This business has become a racket. [HMOs] take money in terms of premiums, but don't assume any risk. Instead, they spread the risk to the doctors. The doctors spend more if they prescribe certain drugs, but that's the doctor's problem. If a doctor is assigned to an AIDS patient,

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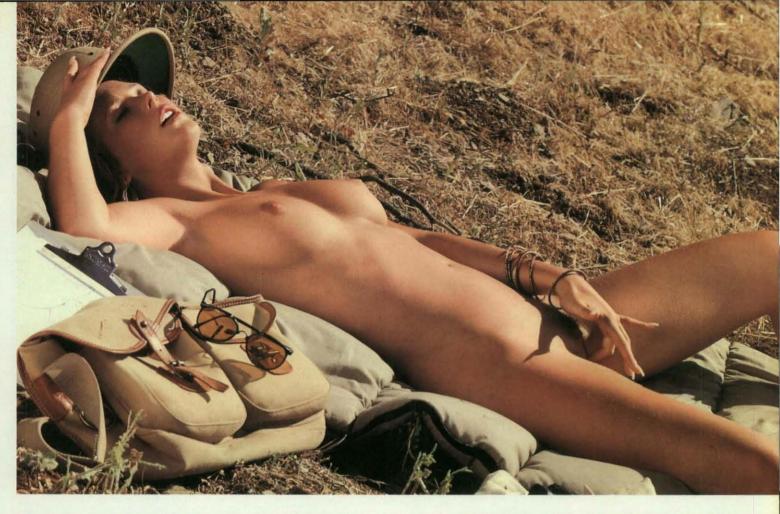
"Aw, what the hell, it's been a slow night...."

WATCHER INTHE WOODS

alexandrea

























The Los Angeles Lakers signed a six-foot-seven player from Bosnia for \$25 million. He phoned his mom to tell her the good news.

"Never mind that," she said angrily. "Don't you know your father's been wounded, your sister's been assaulted, and our house burned down?"

"Mom, that's terrible," he answered. "But we're rich now! Why blame me?"

She replied, "None of this would have happened if you hadn't brought us to L.A."

Question: What was a blowjob called in ancient Rome? Answer: Caesarean suction.

A man was getting a divorce. At the end of the hearing, the judge told him: "I am going to give your wife \$350 a week. Do you have anything you'd like to say about that?"

The young man replied, "Thank you, your Honor. That's very generous—and you know what? Every now and then, I'll try to send her a little bit as well."

Two necrophiliacs, Todd and Brian, were walking downtown, discussing their love lives.

Todd said, "What happened to your last girlfriend?" Brian answered, "The rotten cunt split on me."

Question: What's the best thing to do when you're on a hot date?

Answer: Stay on her.

On his wedding night, a man carried his wife over the threshold of their honeymoon suite. As he put her on the bed, he noticed that it squeaked.

Irritated, he said to his bride, "I can't stand beds that squeak. I'm going to ask for another room."

"Don't waste your time," she said. "In this hotel all the beds squeak."

Mike had been stranded on a deserted island for 25 years. One day, as he strolled along the beach, a beautiful woman emerged from the surf in a wet suit.

"Hi, how'd you like a nice cold beer?" she said as she unzipped her wet suit and pulled out a can of brew.

"This is great," exclaimed Mike. "I haven't had a beer in 25 years."

"And I bet you could go for a cigarette with that beer," said the curvaceous beauty as she reached into her wet suit for a pack of Lucky Strikes and a lighter.

"My God, I've been dying for a smoke," Mike said.

"Now, how would you like to play around?" she asked, pulling the zipper on her suit down further, revealing even more skin.

"Incredible," said Mike. "You've got golf clubs in there too?"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *lottery* as: something with six balls that screws you twice a week.

A priest and a rabbi went out one night to have a couple of drinks. After a few hours, both men had become fairly intoxicated.

The priest leaned over and said, "Hey, Mordecai. What do you say we get out of here and go screw some altar boys?"

The rabbi responded, "Out of what?"

Andrew, a convicted embezzler, was sent to the state pen. When he got to his cell, he met his cellmate, Bronto. Bronto was three times as big as Andrew and had been imprisoned for rape and murder.

"You've got two choices," Bronto said to Andrew. "You can either be the husband or the wife."

"I'll be the husband," said Andrew, thinking it was the safer of the two options.

"Good," said Bronto. "Now come over here and suck your wife's dick."

A tour bus traveling through northern Nevada paused briefly at the world-famous Mustang Ranch.

The guide announced, "We are now passing the largest house of prostitution in America."

A male passenger piped up, "Why?"

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, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for \$50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.



"Can you give my Henrietta here a tighter pussy?"

Valentine's Days

FICTION BY DENNIS BARTEL * ILLUSTRATION BY ALEX WALD

Minette was wild and fucked him drunk. Dedi was bored and played him off. Kristin is easy, and he does what he wants to her, but will he want her for long? The years are clicking past, and the girl who took his balls is never coming back.





Valentine's He nursed an erection clear across the Midwest, stroking his jeans as he drove. But he refused to let himself blow, even at night in the Motel 6. The urge was tremendous.

Nine months they carried on an L.A.-Pittsburgh romance. Nightly MCI perturbation. Aural erotica. And every few nights, they did it via Internet, at Amy's desire. Amy was the one good with words.

Dwayne, my kind man, my dearest one and only, if tonight you are unable to inspire my pussy to cometh over, I shall be forced to hasten out to some Shadyside bar to find a man who will.

Dwayne tried to hold up his end. I'm sure he'd do you the way a bitch like you deserves.

Exactly, Amy came back on the bounce. Dwayne was amazed as much by her typing speed as her quickness of thought. I am a bitch. A dog on all fours. I've got muddy paws all over this silk comforter on a four-poster. How do you like my hindquarters. Fido? Bark!

After a moment, Dwayne retorted. Have I got a juicy bone for you.

Finally, enough was enough. Words could keep them only so close. Dwayne quit his shit job, packed his life into a Ryder truck and left the golden coast he loved. He headed east into the cold. At long last, blissful reunification. He'd be in Amy's arms, belly to belly, sunk in her to the hilt, by Valentine's Day.

He nursed an erection clear across the Midwest, stroking his jeans as he drove. But he refused to let himself blow, even at night in the Motel 6. The urge was tremendous. He told himself, *Save it for Amy*.

The voice does not tell all. At once, in her clear, almond eyes, he could see that someone else was happening.

"It's been so fast," she said with the same pout he'd phone-fucked these past nine months. "He's a good man."

"And I'm not?" he said. He knew that was not what she meant.

They went with her Welsh springer spaniel, Ally Dog, to her favorite spot in the city, over the South Side cobblestones to the bank of the Monongahela. They stood on the railroad ties, bundled to each other against the cold. Amy's face was paler that he'd ever seen it. In L.A., her face wore a cute, pinkish tan that turned a shade of golden brown when she perspired.

Dwayne was revisited by their hot L.A. nights, balling in puddles of sweat, her eyes wide as astonished moons. If Amy was the one good with words, Dwayne was good in other ways. He'd been her sex mentor. She was an eager pupil and under his excited guidance achieved—as she whispered to him one dusk on the Huntington pier, the dome of an orange sun submerging fast into the Pacific, her lips tickling his earlobe—

"an honest awakening."

But now, Amy's face was tense with confusion and platonic concern. She turned from him and gazed out at birds swooping over the choppy, brown river.

The thought was sinking in for Dwayne against his will. He was losing his lovely Amy, who used to look at him with the coy, acute eyes of a woman who knows her own mind. Dwayne envisioned another man straddled beneath her—and her arching her back in a feline stretch, sweeping her long hair from her perspiry throat and slender shoulders as she rocked on his sweaty cock.

"I could kill him," Dwayne said without conviction. "Who is he? What's he do?"

"He's at Carnegie Mellon."

"What the fuck's a Carnegie melon?"

"Carnegie Mellon *University*," she said with a faintly veiled sigh. "He teaches."

"Teaches what?"

"Does it matter?"

She was such a beautiful woman. "Amy. After all we've gone through together to get to now? How can this happen?"

Amy gripped her shoulders against the cold. "But we haven't been together."

Beside her, Ally Dog remained upright, shaggy ears back, braving the icy wind.

Dwayne had always relied on his own strength of will. He remained indomitable. "Instead of listening to all his words, let me *show* you how much I love you."

She stared back blankly, and in an instant he awoke to a terrible truth: No amount of will is enough to create love from nothing.

Amy kissed him one last time quickly on the mouth. She said she would never come here again, as if to give him this favorite spot at the river's edge and the downtown buildings and as far as he could see in return for coming to her. Then she took Ally Dog and left him.

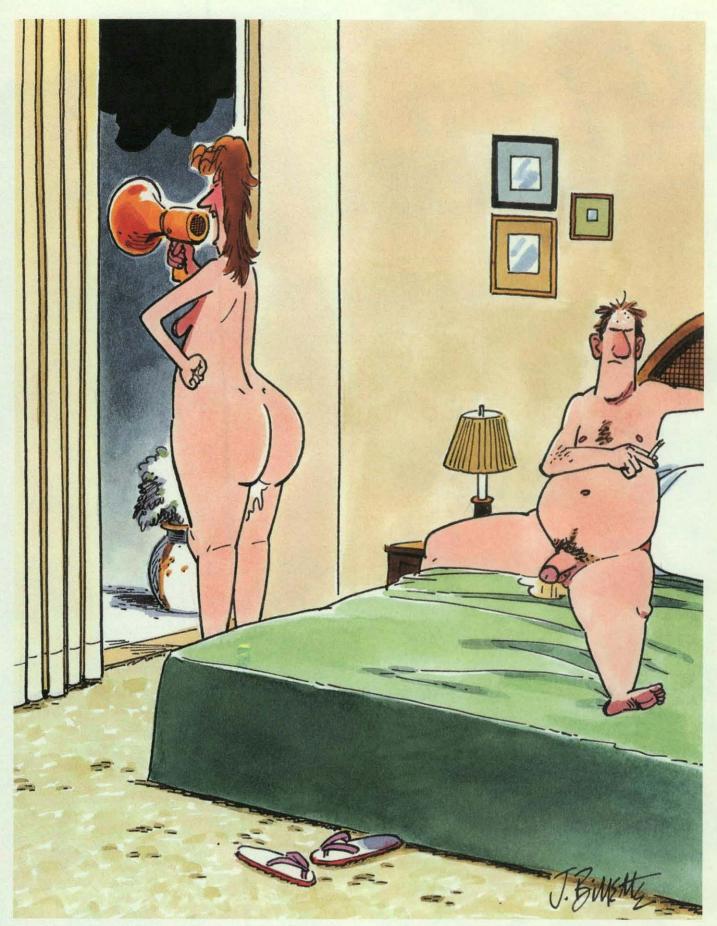
The lights of Mount Washington shone in the distance. Dwayne stood by the river as long as he could, but the wind finally drove him to cover. That Valentine's night, he took a room at the Motel 6 and lay on the bed, naked and spread-eagled. Ecstatic moments with Amy possessed him, howled at him. He was plugging her ass with two fingers, his thumb plumbing her fragrant pussy, clasping her clit between his teeth. The sounds she made.

With each act of ferocious onanism, he cried out incoherently. At last, having pounded himself limp, he lay on his back, thinking, *I want to be young again*.

He remained in Pittsburgh and chased down women, each one more taut and wired than the last. Every erection was a (continued on page 92)

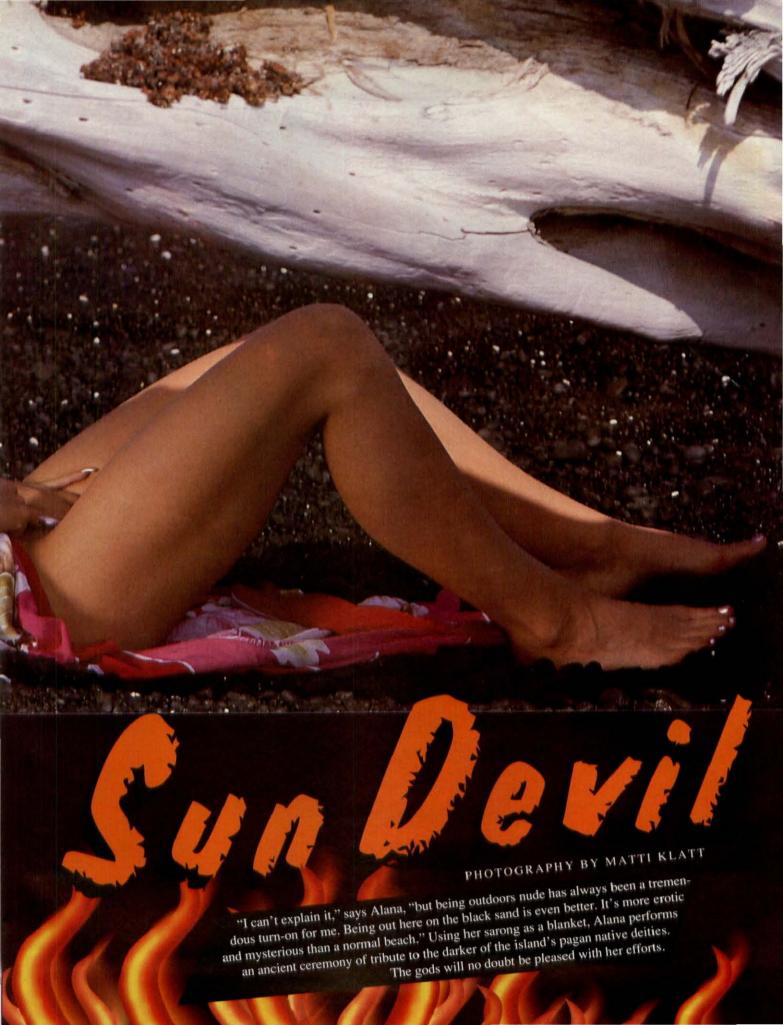


"Oh, Rodney-you so-o-o sweet!"



"Now hear this! Mr. Sid Meckler lasted an entire 5.3 seconds this evening! That is all!"















Valentine's Minette was an innovator. She liked to soak his sack in a palmful of Wild Turkey. "One-hundred-and-one proof.... Gobble." She took his balls deep into her mouth and sucked them like plums.

flag of vengeance. He waved it defiantly. By the next Valentine's Day, he was hopping on the busway and chasing to Wilkinsburg after Minette.

Minette wore 25 rubber piston rings on her wrist. Her hair was skinned back. Her shiny black face caught the dark reflections off storefront windows. Her eyes were like pebbles. She moved fast. She talked loud. "No one tells me what I can and cannot do," Minette said.

Minette was an innovator. She liked to soak his sack in a palmful of Wild Turkey. "One-hundred-and-one proof," she said proudly. "Gobble." She took his balls deep into her mouth and sucked them like plums.

As a Valentine's Day gift, Dwayne bought Minette an Instamatic camera with a timed shutter release. They set it up on her bureau and took two rolls of themselves getting their rocks off in the unreal glare of the flash without once repeating a position.

That wasn't enough for Minette. She hauled his ass out of her apartment into the slush and onto the busway to Oakland. The white winter sun shone on the brick facades of Forbes Avenue. People were out for the first time in days, happy no matter the slippery mess. Minette barreled down the sidewalk and almost knocked some grad-student type flat on his ass. "Oops, sorry!" Minette said and strode on, Dwayne in tow.

They went shopping for a camcorder. Minette put it on her card, which she didn't think would clear. "Don't matter. I got others." But it cleared. "Now we're jammin'!"

Back at her apartment, they videotaped themselves riding bareback. Then Minette rigged it so the Instamatic would shoot them from one angle as the camcorder shot from another. Their video image would be seen on the TV screen in the background of the Instamatic shot. "A multidimensional megafuck," Minette said. She did him up with Wild Turkey, got the camcorder rolling and set the timed Instamatic shutter and leapt onto her high bed. She landed in a perfect 69. Then, timing being everything, she took his balls into her mouth and timed her back-molar chomp so that when the auto flash popped, Dwayne's first startled impression was captured forever.

She put the picture in a cheap Thrift-Sav frame she had in the closet and presented it to him as a Valentine's present.

That Valentine's Day, Dwayne knew he'd met his match. Minette bopped to a faster beat than he did. She was fun while it lasted, but he burned out on megafucking before the snow had melted.

Fourteen months and 18 women, and still he longed for Amy's pale hips in his hands and the curve of her fine back as he worked his meat in and out of her.

He went in search of monogamy. He found Dedi, 12 years older, a lady of the arts, who, despite her age, maintained (as best she could) the hip, sluttish appearance of Drew Barrymore. Dedi was married to an even older man, Donald, who did something high up at a bank, and who, while he allowed his wife to routinely issue large sums to arts organizations, didn't really give a fuck about her causes.

Dwayne had a job as a no-decision functionary at the Pittsburgh Arts Commission, on whose board Dedi sat. She quietly arranged for Dwayne to fulfill the Commission's tacit obligation to escort her to functions: openings, concerts, teas.

Above Dedi and Donald's bed was an illustrated map of the University of Virginia. Donald had taken his M.B.A. there.

Dedi liked to play. Secrecy and beguilement were the rules to her games. She never disrobed entirely until she was under the covers. It was politely understood that he keep his head above her navel. He knew that if he asked why (which he didn't dare), she wouldn't tell him. He figured it merely had to do with long-ago births. The youngest of her three children was a redhaired sophomore at Carnegie Mellon, about whom Dwayne gladly fantasized in Dedi's ear, at Dedi's urging, while grinding Dedi's quim.

"Tell me you'd fuck Jennifer; tell me."

"I'm fucking Jennifer now."

"And who is Jennifer?"

"Jennifer is your daughter. I'm fucking your daughter, Jennifer."

"What does it feel like to be fucking her? Tell me what it feels like!"

One late afternoon, as they lay beneath the outlines of Thomas Jefferson's university, Dedi wriggled beneath him, reached for the phone and called her husband at the bank. Dwayne made to withdraw, but Dedi hugged him back into her. "Don't you dare." He resumed with renewed thrust.

On the phone she was all love and sweetness. She asked Donald to please, on his way home, stop by the Giant Eagle and pick up a package of Toll House Morsels. She had a craving tonight.

Thereafter, cookies of all kinds were instilled with private significance for Dedi and Dwayne. He was falling for Dedi. He thought she was letting herself slip a little too. One afternoon he drove to Shadyside, parked at the top of the hill and walked the quarter mile down the street to her house. He always came to the front door and always with a good reason for being there. On this day, Dedi greeted him dressed in a

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CUSTER'S LAST BOWEL MOVEMENT







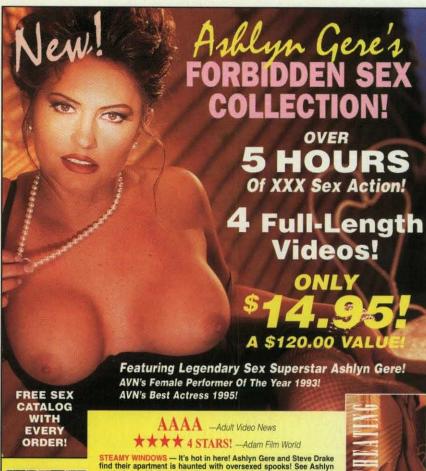








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STEAMY WINDOWS — It's hot in here! Ashlyn Gere and Steve Drake find their apartment is haunted with oversexed spooks! See Ashlyn masturbate with the pretty ghosts — then inhale Steve's bone! Sexy spirits Roxanne Blaze and Nick East join in for fellatio, cunnilingus, and hot coitus! And P.J. Sparxx straps on a dilido to put a glimmer in Lacey Rose's eyes! Directed by Paul Thomas. 81 min. #4424 . . . Retail Price \$29.95



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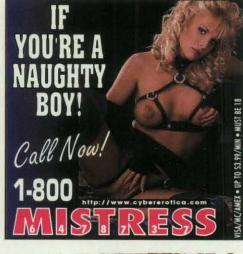
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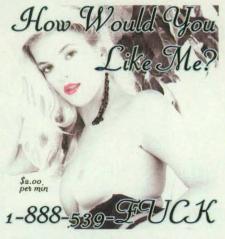
ANONYMOUS — No names, please! Ashlyn Gere is bored with hubby Jonathan Morgan's vanilla sex. His pal, well-hung Steve Drake, turns her on to creamy, between-the-thighs licks and root-deep probes — no strings attached! Ashlyn smolders on all fours as she drains two hunky construction workers dry! Naughty lez lovers Nikki Dial and Tiffany Mynx spread wide for one another — and Steve's manly strokes! Hot! 82 min.

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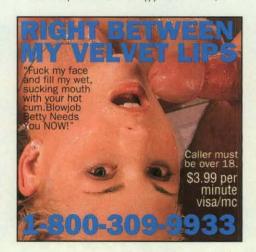






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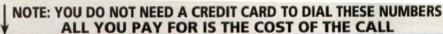
















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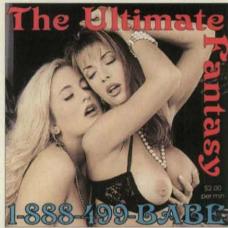


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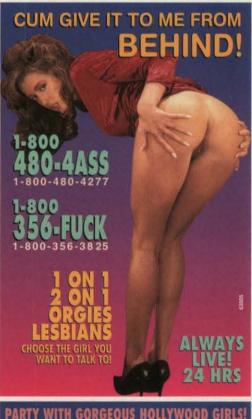
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Valentine's

(continued from page 92)

coming, he thought. Dwayne opened her thighs and cradled her elongated clitoris in the fold of his tongue.

garment that left him dumbfounded. It was a full-length, transparent nightdress. Puffed sleeves, flounced hem. It came from a bygone age, when Pittsburgh was built of steel and Carnegie ruled the town. Her pale belly was smooth and shapely as a 19-year-old's. She had StairMaster thighs. He decided in an instant that no matter what protest she put up, he would devour her.

"My great grandmother's," said Dedi.
"I've kept it in the attic forever."

"Once we get up there," Dwayne said with a gentlemanly nod toward the stairs, "I'm going to eat your sweet pussy."

She smiled her dozen-years-your-senior smile at him. He followed her up the stairs, cupping her linen-draped buttocks in his palms. In the bedroom he began caressing her shoulders, then tossed her back on the bed. She went down with a glad, "Whoop!" He knelt beside the bed like a supplicant, then threw back the lace flounce and dove headfirst beneath the antique dress. Dedi's cunt was scented with rose water. She must have known it was coming, he thought. Dwayne opened her thighs and cradled her elongated clitoris in the fold of his tongue.

"Oh! Oh, you little motherfucker. You filthy fucker."

He squeezed a fistful of fine, firm ass and worked a finger up her asshole, whereupon Dedi boxed his ears with her thighs and emitted a shriek—albeit a gracious one.

Come Valentine's Day, she couldn't arrange to see him. That morning he went to Kards Unlimited and found the most literary card he could find. It quoted some bittersweet lines about love and loss by a great poet. He wanted Dedi to know how dear to him she had become. He added a short greeting of his own that he'd ripped off from *Bartlett's Familiar Quotations* and dropped the card into a mailbox.

"What is this *shit*?" Dedi shouted in his face the next day. "Is this your way of starting a scandal?

"How dare you put this in writing? How dare you mail it *here*? Why didn't you just send it to the bank? I'm sure Donald's secretary would find your darling little thing enlightening."

"Maybe I will."

There was no clear break—not even that post-Valentine's Day, which was as lascivious as any time they'd had together. He could see that his response had traveled through her body like an electric current. But in the following weeks, the erosion of

their bond was steady. He was eased out.

This Valentine's Day, Dwayne is thinking that maybe he has never seen this sugarcoated winter celebration in the right spirit. Isn't it supposed to be imbued with some kind of third-century simplicity? The martyred saint? The start of the mating season for birds? Maybe that sweet, simple crap is exactly right. Stuff the Instamatics. No more head games. Keep it simple.

Maybe that's why he likes Kristin so much. On this Valentine's Day he calls Kristin at home from the office at his new shit job. Her voice is so soft, he has to implant the phone against his ear. "So what are you doing, Kristin?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?"

"Almost nothing. I'm just here. By myself."

Dwayne doesn't know if Kristin will be the pink and white Valentine's girl finally come to save him from heartache. He's yet to see if her eyes turn to astonished moons as he clutches her lollipop ass and enters her folded truffle. That will come soon. For now he likes the way things are—so sweet, so simple. Almost nothing.

February HUSTLER

WHEN HELL FREEZES OVER!

LISTEN, I KNOW IT'S ONLY OUR FIRST DATE, BUT WOULD YOU MIND FUCKING ME IN THE ASS BEFORE YOU GO?



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HEY! NO HUSBAND OF MINE IS GONNA WORK I MAKE THE MONEY— YOU STAY HOME AND DRINK BEER!

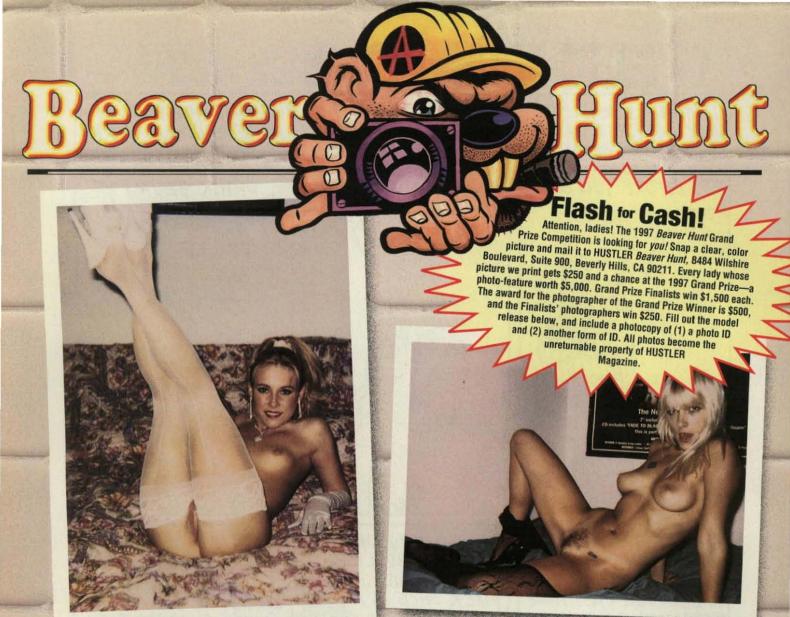


I NEED TO GET SOME SLEEP, DEAR. IF YOU BRING YOUR GIRLFRIEND TO BED, DON'T LET HER SCREAM WHEN SHE COMES.









Tiffany is 19, and she lives in Pasadena, Texas, where she dreams of having wild sex with her fiance while a crowd watches and gets off. Whichever hobby this student's busy with—dancing, tennis or masturbating—her graceful moves and first-rate equipment will make it easy to find a partner.

Photo by Fiance

Hard-driving Tracy is a 24-year-old trucker from Springfield,
Missouri. She likes hiking, working out and marathon sex
with her fiance, and her fantasy is to get an extended pictorial
in HUSTLER. Our readers will decide whether high-riding
Tracy and her hot rig are in for the long haul.

Photo by Fiance

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To enter HUSTLER Beaver Hunt or HUSTLER Video Beaver Hunt you must fill out and send this release and COPIES OF TWO FORMS OF ID, ONE WITH PHOTO (i.e., driver's license, passport, work or school ID card or photo ID issued by state). Second ID can be birth certificate, Social Security card, credit card, marriage certificate or immigration card. Send photocopies, not originals. Send two or more sharply focused color prints or slides. Send videotapes in the VHS format. Showing pink is optional at entry stage. All photos and videos become the unreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine, which buys all rights in perpetuity to photos and videos we purchase. Win \$250 if we publish your photo, or \$500 if we choose your video, and win the chance to be in an extended pictorial or feature video worth \$5,000. Send photos, videos, IDs and release to HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Ste. 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

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Model's legal signature (use separate sheets for more than one model)



Sabrina joins us from Rome, Italy. This 27-year-old waitress likes music, dancing and modeling, and her fantasy is to have two men at once. That's love, Italian style-hot, spicy and dripping with cream sauce. Photo by Friend

Christine is 20 years old and lives in Hallsville, Missouri, where she spends her free time writing poetry and playing pool. This innocent-looking receptionist's nasty fantasy is to be fucked hard on an office desk with ten men watching and end up covered from her mouth to her toes in hot cum. Did we mention that HUSTLER happens to have an opening for a receptionist? Photo by Boyfriend



Kelly is a dancer in Lakewood, New Jersey. This 31-year-old nature lover likes having sex in the forest, and her fantasy is to have an outdoor threesome with her husband and another woman. No problem. Anywhere this wild Beaver goes, there's sure to be plenty of wood.

Photo by Husband





Jennifer, 21, is from Forsythe, Georgia, and her hobbies are dancing and sucking dick. This hardworking secretary's fantasy is to have her boss bend her ass over the conference table and make her take some "dicktation." Sounds like a dirty job, and with her cute, pink perks and trimmed fringe benefit, Jennifer's just the girl to do it.

Photo by Husband

Jodi tends bar in Schoolcraft, Michigan. This 24-year-old likes waterskiing, volleyball and St. Bernards. Her fantasies involve "wild rides, wild toys and Beaver Hunt," but it looks like just sitting in an easy chair is pretty wild when Jodi and her boy toys are along for the ride.

Photo by Husband



Kellie is a sales manager in Virginia Beach, Virginia. The 28-year-old likes softball, horseback riding and shopping. Her fantasy is to have a stranger walk up and say, "I saw you in HUSTLER." It's bound to come true with this heartwarming picture of man's best friend. The dog's cute too.

Photo by Boyfriend







Kathi is a 26-year-old student in Chicago, Illinois, who enjoys volleyball, camping and Harley riding. She fantasizes about being fucked by a stranger in the air while her husband pilots the plane. With her sleek engine, built for heavy thrusting, and that smooth strip open for landing, he won't be the only one pulling on his joystick.

Photo by Husband

Alicia is from Bangor, Maine, where she works as an exotic dancer. The 23-year-old loves sex, dancing and pool. Her ambitious goal is to experience as many sexual activities as possible. Good thing she's wearing those white gloves. She's got a lot of dirty work ahead.

Photo by Boyfriend





Mikell, 20, is a dancer from Las Vegas, Nevada. Her hobbies include listening to Nine Inch Nails and dancing in gothic clubs. Mikell's complex sexual fantasies involve cake, sodomy and a pack of hungry dogs. One sniff of Mikell's treats, and the carnivores are sure to sit up and beg. Photo by Friend

Becky is a 30-year-old homemaker from Austin, Texas, who loves sex, swimming and sunbathing. She'd like to be photographed while making love to her boyfriend on a beautiful beach. Sounds good, but with all that great scenery, he better not block the view.

Photo by Boyfriend

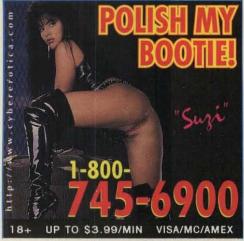


Here's Sissy. She's only 19 and works as a topless dancer in Sanford, North Carolina. Sissy likes to swim, sunbathe and go horseback riding. Her fantasy is to make passionate love on a beach while the world watches and the waves splash over her. The world is certain to agree that sexy Sissy would look even better with a spray of foam. Photo by Friend



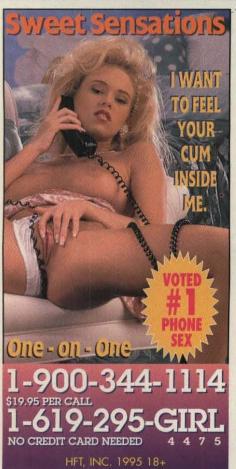
Kim is Mikell's bosomy buddy, and she also dances in Las Vegas, Nevada. This imaginative 21-year-old enjoys listening to Marilyn Manson, photographing nude women and talking on the phone. Her fantasy is to have her lucky boyfriend sodomize her, piss on her and then fuck her girlfriend. And they say no one in Vegas ever really hits the jackpot.

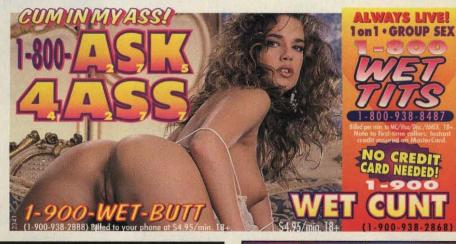
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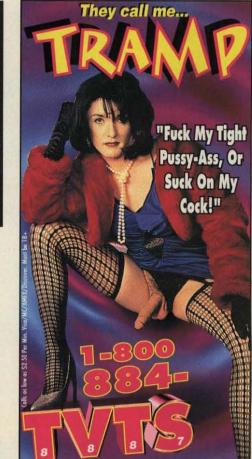








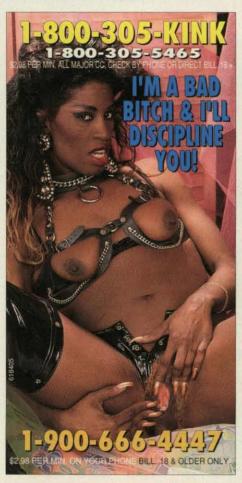




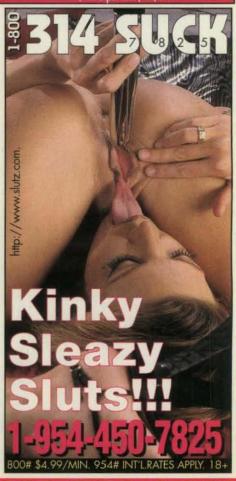












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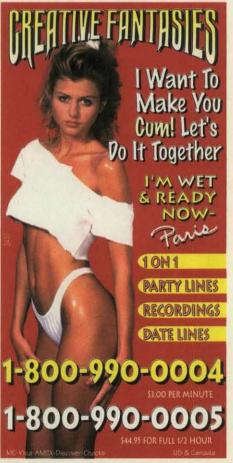
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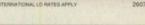
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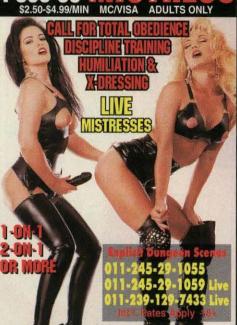
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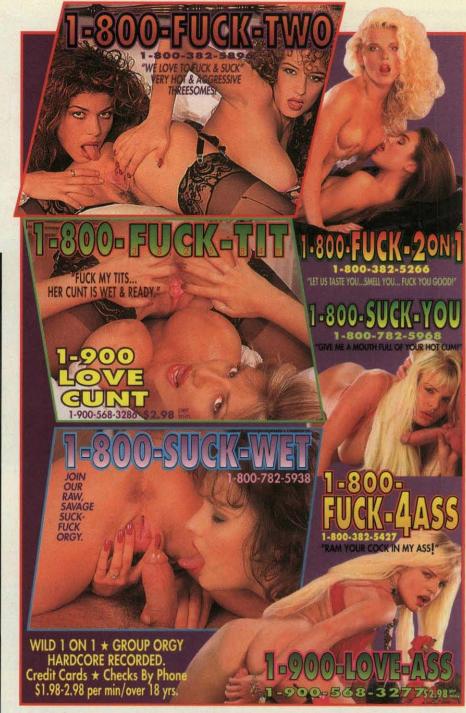
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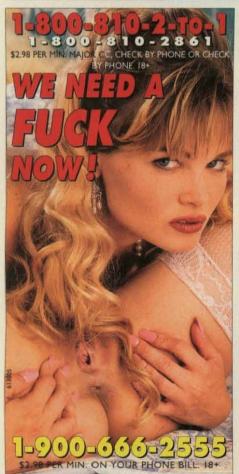












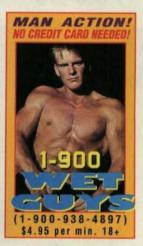
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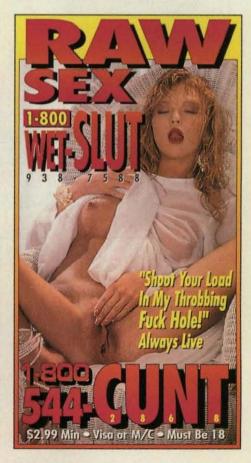
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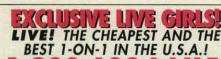
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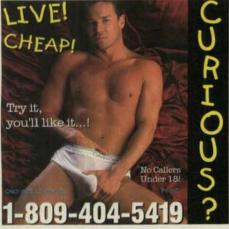
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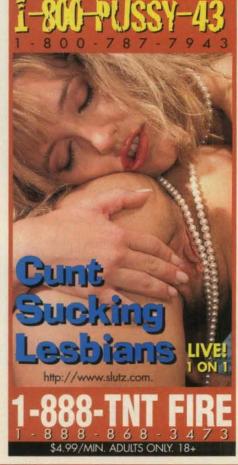












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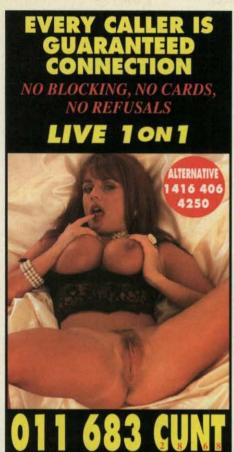






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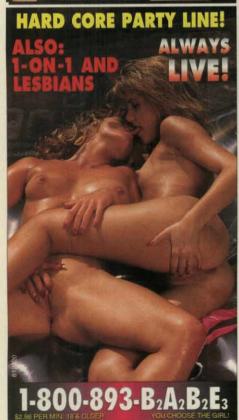


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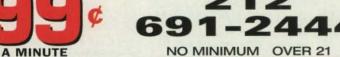


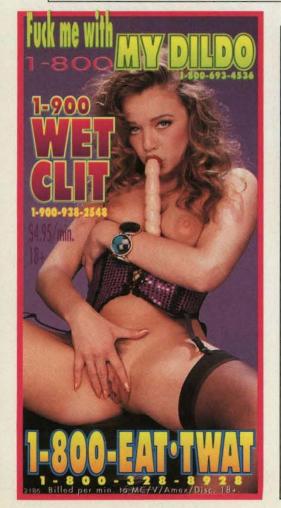


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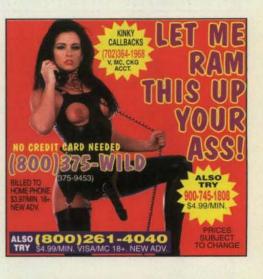
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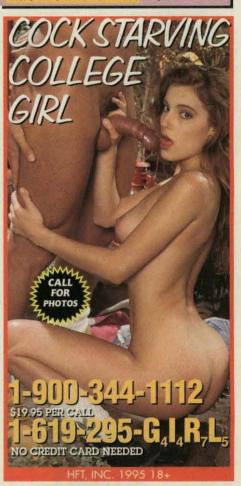








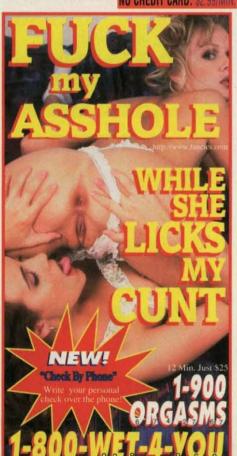






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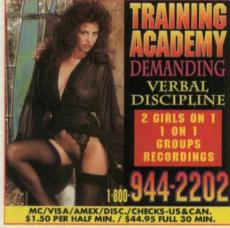


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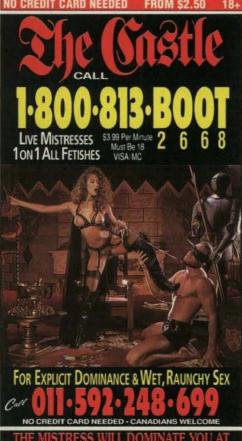
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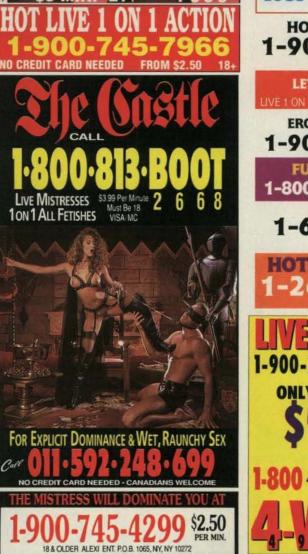
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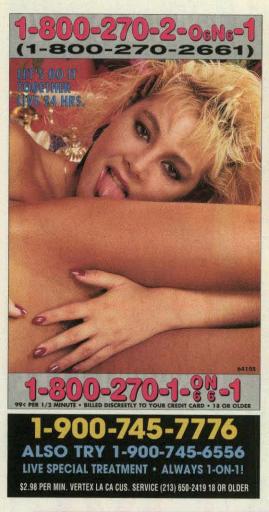
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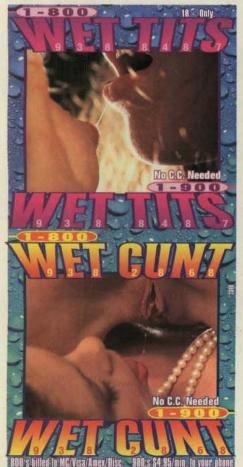


















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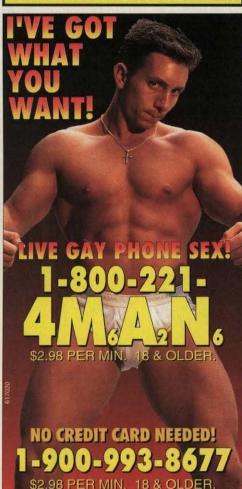


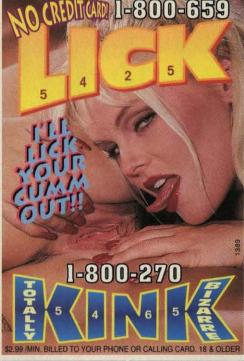




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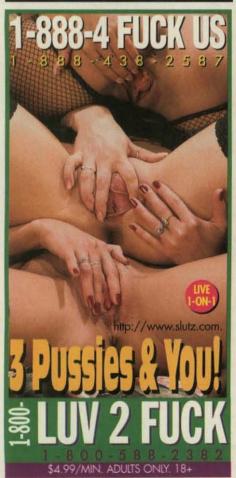
























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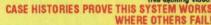
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he has to get another insurer to cover himself above a certain level [of spending]. And the reinsurer is usually the HMO that gave the doctor the capitated contract in the first place. It's a fucking scam. They have you coming and going. They are skimming at all levels."

In light of recurring reports of denied care, the massive sums pocketed by HMO executives have galled the public and inspired lawmakers. Currently, there are more than 400 bills calling for HMO regulation pending in state legislatures around the country.

Alan Tomiyama, spokesman for the California Association of HMOs (CAHMO), claims that in California, health plans are already closely monitored by the Department of Corporations (DOC), a state agency that has compiled a 200-page booklet of mandatory guidelines.

Court scoffs at Tomiyama's contention that California HMOs are under any kind of authoritative scrutiny: "The DOC is a lame-duck agency. They have issued one fine in their entire history against an HMO, and it remains unpaid. There is no cop on the beat."

The fine Court refers to was levied in the aftermath of FHP/Take Care's treatment of a 9-year-old girl named Carley Christie. Carley suffered from a rare kidney cancer called Wilms's tumor. The girl's father, Harry Christie, has become a spokesman in the movement for enforceable laws governing managedcare practices.

"The terms of the HMO we had just recently joined instructed us to use a surgeon within the HMO," says Christie, "but federal advisory guidelines on Wilms's...insisted we use a pediatric specialist. The HMO list contained no such specialist, nor did it contain a surgeon who had done a single operation on a child with a tumor of this type."

Following the federal guidelines, Christie and his wife found an experienced surgeon outside the HMO, and Christie underwent successful surgery.

"The HMO called us while our daughter was still in intensive care and informed us that they refused to pay any of the hospital bill," says Christie. "Eleven months later, while Carley was going through painful chemotherapy treatments, an arbitrator ruled that the HMO must pay all the hospital and surgeon's bills-everything except our legal expenses, which by that time had reached five figures."

FHP/Take Care responded to the

DOC fine with legal action. The appeal is pending.

"We need to return medical decisions to doctors, nurses and patients," Christie says, "not the HMO bureaucrats who have no ethical responsibility to provide quality medical care."

Ultimately, the position of the HMO administrator is complicated by two seemingly contradictory responsibilities: to patient and to profit.

Alan Tomiyama of CAHMO sees no conflict of interest. "An HMO is very competitive with other HMOs. If you're not providing the best product that you can, you're going to lose customers. Those customers are going to find another HMO."

Tomiyama's contention does not address the fact that most people do not have the opportunity to pick and choose their HMO on the basis of service. Usually, an employer chooses a plan for them, likely on the basis of comparative price. According to Jamie Court, HMOs 'compete totally on the basis of cost cutting, not on quality of patient care."

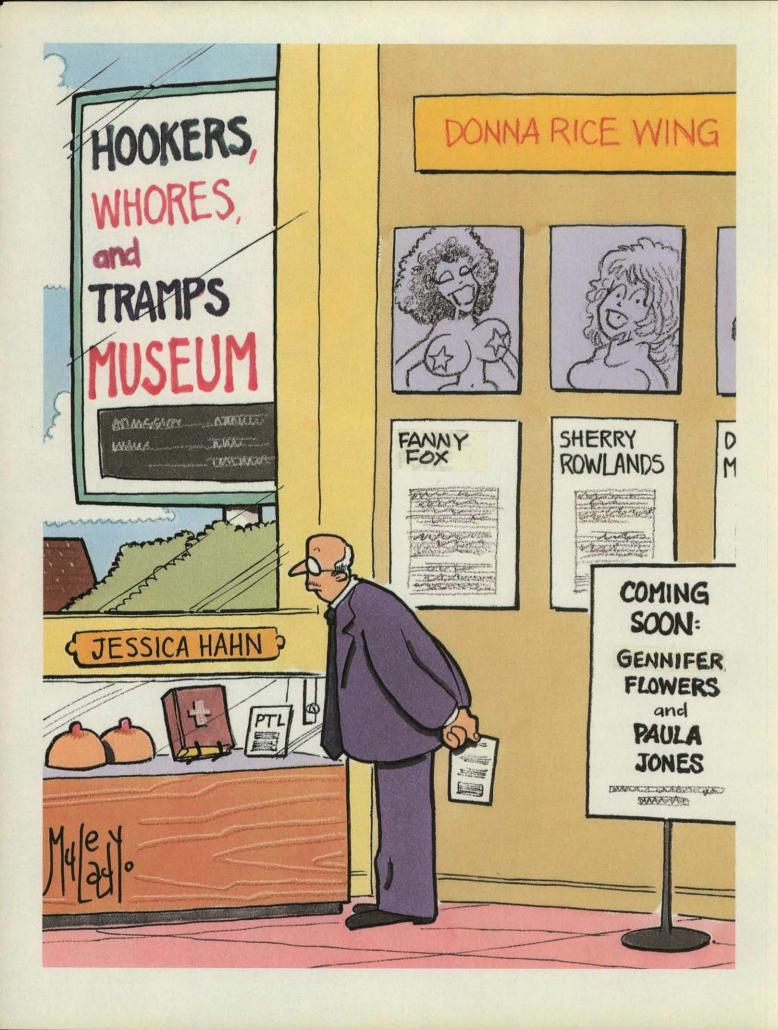
Laura Mitchell of the MS Society doubts that financial competition produces the best care for the most people. In supporting regulatory legislation, she hopes to create a "level playing field" where a certain standard of care is mandatory. "The bad plans are going to drive the good plans out of business," she says, "or force them to become bad plans to survive."

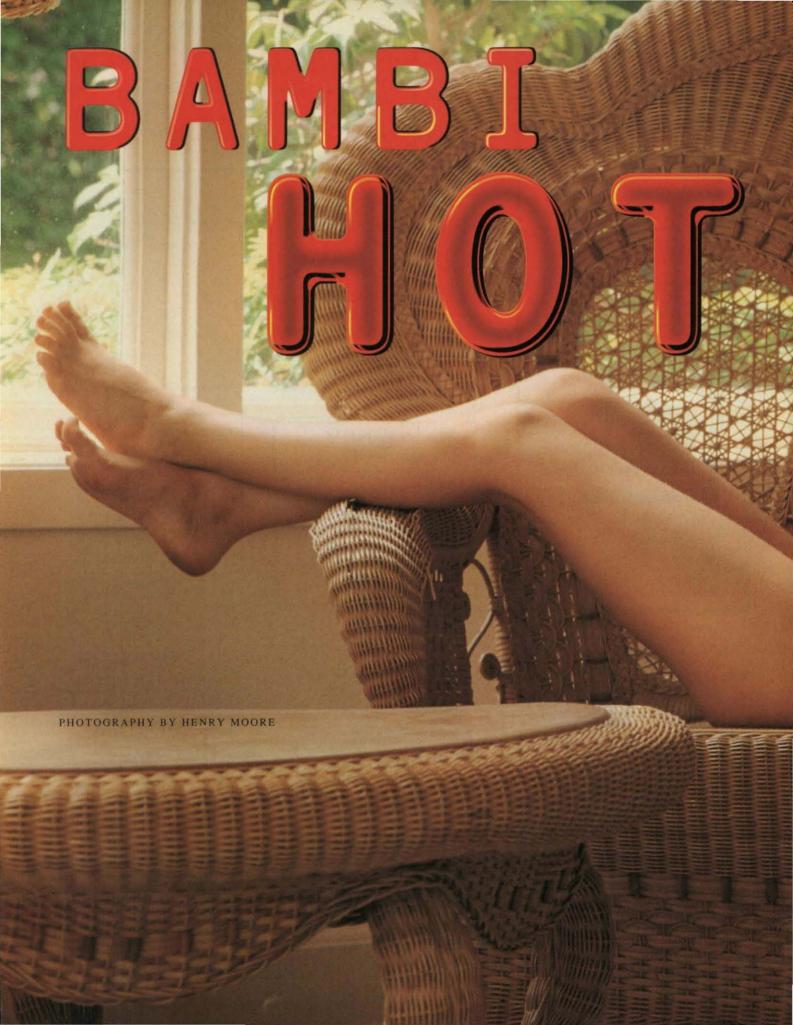
Peter Lee is the director of the HMO Consumer Protection Project of the Center for Health Care Rights, a Los Angeles-based consumer-advocacy organization. In counseling people concerned about their health care, he stresses patient awareness. "Every consumer can and should talk to their physician and ask, 'In what ways do you need to get approvals if you think something is medically appropriate?' It is totally appropriate to ask a physician, 'Are you compensated in a way that you get bonuses if I don't get referred out for care?""

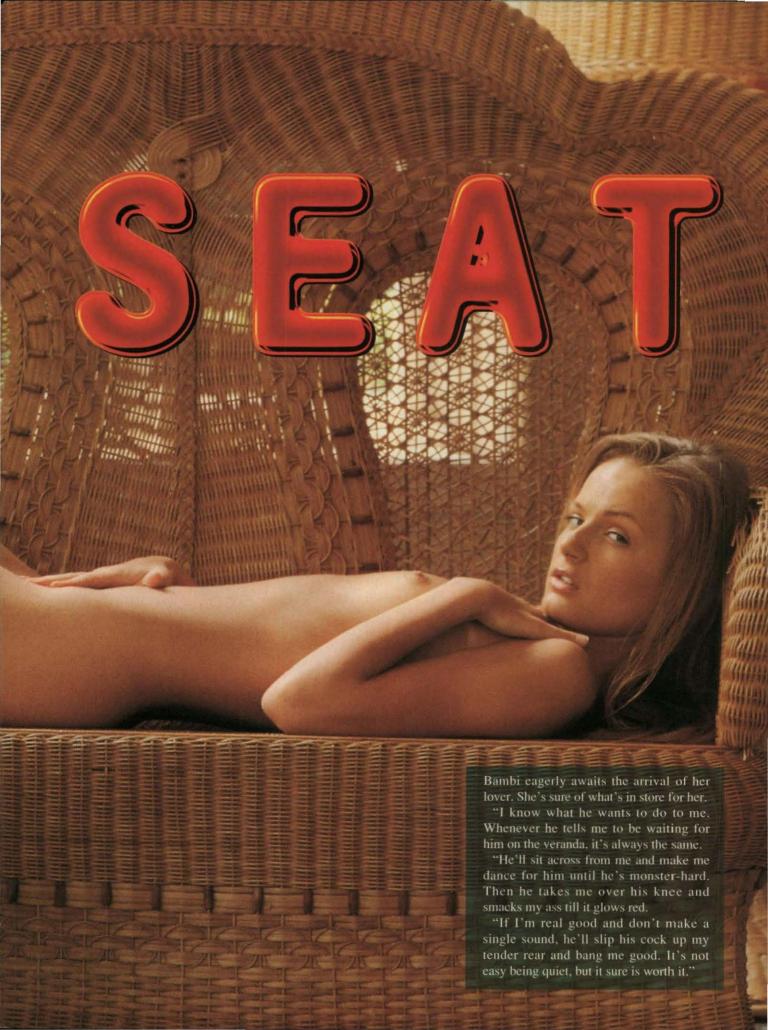
According to Lee, patients must demand and maintain the ability to make choices that are best for them, not for their caregiver. "It's time for the consumer to ask, If that's what the doctor has ordered, does it make sense?

As Dave Ching, husband of Joyce Ching, testified at a Congressional hearing on managed-care practices last May, "The next life you save could be your own wife's, husband's or child's."























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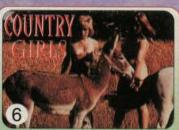
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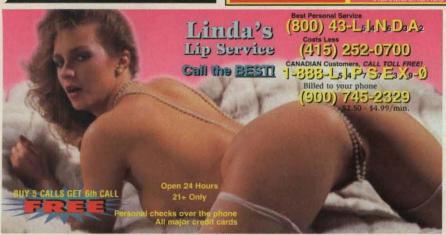
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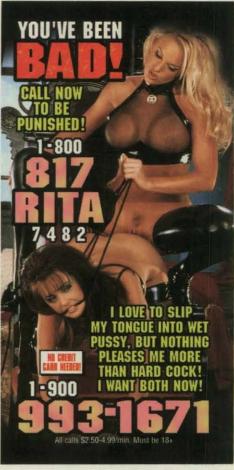
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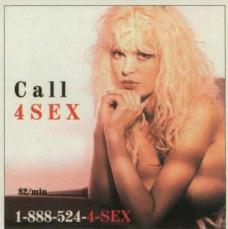
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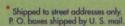
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HUSTLER

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HUSTLER in March gives you the lion's share with a whole new flock of fresh, spring lambs to lie down with. Shorn of her winter coat, a young pussy frolics in the sun; a soft, French wench longs to surrender her honor and bend over like Paris for the first storm trooper she can find; lesbo bikers grease their tools and go hog-wild; a bust-out blonde lets her big-boned boss ram his horn home before taking his shot in her chops; a desert princess shows us why she's the black sheep of the family; and a nubile little nympho gets ready for spring fever by airing her dirty thoughts in public. Whatever game you're hunting for, well-done or rare, in March, HUSTLER the Lionhearted has it: juicy, hot and a perfect pink in the center.

TRIUMPH OF THE SWILL

Jesus was an Aryan, and Hebrew is an Aryan language, stolen by Jews, who also own the U.S. Marine Corps. Black doctors in South Africa steal lungs from whites. This is the gospel according to Pastor Richard Butler of the Church of Jesus Christ Christian Aryan Nations. Former members were convicted of bombings, armored-car robberies and murder. In Heil Hitler, Americal: Neo-Nazi Christians and Their Quest for an Aryan Nation, HUSTLER correspondent Walter Gahagan joined the Aryan Nations World Congress to find out: Is this the birth of the Fourth Reich or a wannabe-Nazi summer camp where no one can concentrate?

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ET TU, PENIS?

Did you ever pray for a limp dick? Priapism turns man's best friend, the hard-on, into a betrayer's dagger. In next month's Sex Play, "Priapism's Stiff Penalty: A Daylong Boner May Be Your Last," Joseph Pujol examines this painful disorder, which can result in surgery and permanent impotence. Bits & Pieces makes Ellen DeGeneres an offer no pussy lover could refuse; Erotic Entertainment talks to porn legend Vanessa Del Rio; and Beaver Hunt turns tail and runs for the bushes. Beware, the HUSTLER of March is coming. Don't shoot until you see the pink of our ides.

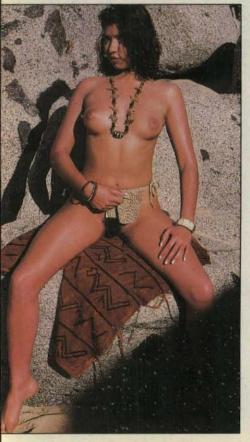
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