

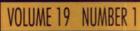
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JULY 1992

Bits & Pieces Birthday Bits and Dow's Deadly Pieces Edited by Scott Schalin

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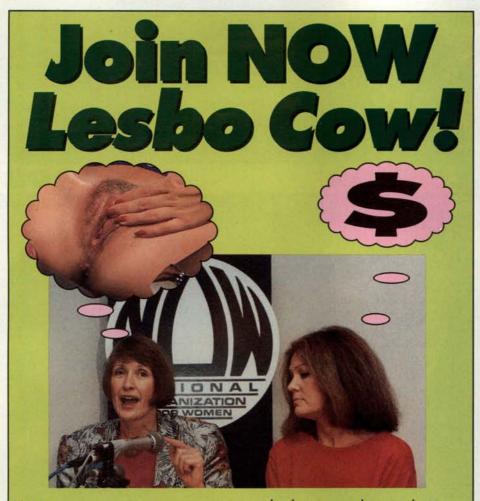
HUSTLER Humor Edited by Minette Watkins and Tim Conaway

The New Lesbian Inside Look by David Feller

Hollywood: Act Naturally Photography by Matti Klatt

Beaver Hunt Spread Street, USA





Using a new microsensory, pineal photographic technique, HUSTLER has learned the true thoughts of (I-r) Patricia Ireland, president of the National Organization of Women and Gloria Steinem, journalist and annoying ballbuster, as they attended a news conference announcing the new NOW rally button design. You've come a long way, babies!

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HUSTLER JULY 1992 VOLUME 19 NUMBER 1

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All nude models are 18 years of age or older. Cover photo by James Baes



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

Assholes are ominous, dangerous and all around us, but at least they haven't had the power to reproduce themselves-until now. Dr. Cecil B. Jacobson, HUSTLER's Asshole of the Month for July 1992, has taken the shit-ring one lunge deeper in its sinister, downward-spiraling path of devolution. Emulating the original, devious cancer cell that mutated and replicated, overflowing and corrupting the healthy system that nurtured it, Dr. Jacobson is a selfcontained fecal zero who has multiplied himself like so many dozens of crap-coated Cheerios, muddying the milk in the great cereal bowl of life.

Though his foul legacy lives on, Cecil the medic has not practiced clinical medicine since a 1989 ruling by the Virginia Board of Medicine forced him to sit on his shingle. The doctor, who specialized in fertility programs for women who had difficulty becoming pregnant, had previously been ordered by a federal court to pay \$250,000 to create a consumer redress fund.

According to prosecutors, female patients, who had paid from \$1,000 to \$6,000 for Jacobson's treatments, were scammed into believing that the doctor's efforts had resulted in a pregnancy. The government claims that the doctor gave his patients injections of a hormone usually found in the urine of pregnant women. Observes Daniel Oliver, chairman of the Federal Trade Commission: "This hormone can even cause men to have positive pregnancy readings."

Once the desperately barren women had been suckered into be-

William Aramony: The United Way is the Mafia of charities, using strong-arm hard-sell to milk contributions out of low-level employees throughout corporate America. United Way President William Aramony resigned after his gangster penchant for limos, first-class jet travel, swank hotel accommodations and cushy jobs for incompetent family members was exposed. Still, he's drawing \$390,000 in donated retirement pay while babies are starving. When

DR. CECIL B. JACOBSON



lieving they were pregnant, they would be told that the fetus had miscarried and "been reabsorbed back into the body tissues," an absorption medical experts deem highly unlikely, if not impossible. Some of the duped women testified to repeatedly undergoing the expensive and emotionally devastating process, at Dr. Cecil's urging.

The only victims sadder than Jacobson's failures were his successes. Patients say the doctor called himself "the babymaker," referred to developing fetuses as "junior" and boasted that "God doesn't give you babies; I do." These selfreferences have turned out to be more true than many unsuspecting couples ever wanted to believe. The so-called infertility doctor has been determined to have fathered up to 75 children in the northern Virginia area by impregnating his patients with his own sperm. Though the wanna-be parents had come to him for his expertise, not his semen, the 250-pound, 55-year-old, active Mormon has engendered an overextended biological family that is torn between thinking of him as Dad or denouncing him as a motherfucker.

"We would never have allowed it," testified one woman when asked how she would have reacted to the suggestion that she become pregnant using sperm other than her husband's. "We would have been out of the office in half a second." "They had children, and now they're complaining about the source of the sperm," puffed James R. Tate, Jacobson's attorney.

Opined Jacobson's wife, Joyce, 52, with whom the doctor propagated seven legitimate whelps: "Anyone who got his sperm is lucky."

Not everyone who got Cecil's sperm can swallow Joyce's enthusiasm. One man said that the disclosure made him feel as though his wife had been raped.

The doctor's explanation provided little comfort and no contrition: "I knew my semen was safe because I haven't slept with anyone but my wife in our 30 years of marriage." He does, however, seem to have jerked off a lot without her.

Jacobson promised clients that he would either treat the husband's sperm to make it more potent or locate an anonymous donor whose physical characteristics would provide a match. However, a former secretary for Jacobson swore that she never saw any sperm donors visit the doctor's office. She said that she routinely saw Jacobson "take the vial and go into the restroom." In the restroom, according to a government indictment, the doc "generated an ejaculate, such ejaculate then being used to fraudulently inseminate certain patients."

Jacobson maintains he broke no laws by slinging his jizz into women who would rather not have it. But to the higher authority of HUSTLER Magazine, he's a jerkoff son-of-abitch, and his surreptitiously planted spawn are sons-of-an-Asshole.

FARTS IN THE WIND

charity stays at home, it's wasted on an Asshole. William E. Dannemeyer: The crackpot Republican congressman from Orange County, California, has a voting record that shows no support for unemployment benefits, aid for children, meals for the elderly or farm lending; yet, his overdrafts on the House Bank total \$6,553 of taxpayer aid to himself. Some Assholes pass the buck; Dannemeyer slips it into his own pockets. Reverend Donald Wildmon: As head of the American Family Association, Wildmon has spearheaded America's anti-First Amendment zealots. Danned in the USA, a British film that documents Wildmon's work as a freelance censor, won an international Emmy award. The movie cannot be seen in America, because Wildmon has blocked its showing with lawsuits. For censoring a look at censorship, Wildmon is an Asshole among Assholes.

We Were Here First!

The HUSTLER staff has formed a vigilante mob. To the cast and crew of *Beverly Hills, 90210,* we say:



LER A

Get Out of Our Zip Godes You've Been Warned! NTERESTED IN A HUSTLER HILLS 90210 T-SHIRT OF YOUR VERY OWN? For more info, write: Bucky Beaver T-shirt, 9171 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210.

WERE HERE FIRE

Parody. Vacuous, teen-heartthrob heads pasted onto dummies' bodies. Sentiments, however, extremely serious.

Former Mayor Fuck-Off

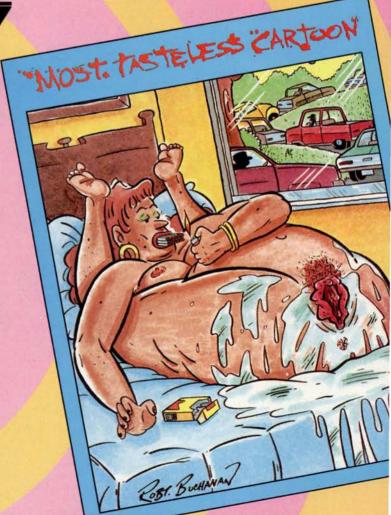
Former Washington, D.C., Mayor Marion Barry threw down the gauntlet when he allegedly bought a blowjob from a hooker in a prison visitation room. As a result, former New York City Mayor Ed Koch has resorted to similar publicity stunts to enliven the ratings of his cable-access program.

Parody. Not to be taken seriously. Former mayor's schmuck head pasted onto our model's body. If it were the real Koch, there'd be lox on the bagels. Duh.



PORN tom the PAST

Those Victorians sure were built pretty solid. Notice the concentrated craftsmanship, the sturdy wood and pillowy cushions. And the chair's not bad either. Kevin Belcher sent this vintage poon shot to "Porn From the Past," HUSTLER Magazine, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210, and will receive \$150 for his efforts. Send us your shots, along with a selfaddressed, stamped envelope if you want your materials returned.



HUSTERS Blowout

HUSTLER Magazine celebrated its birthday with the class and sophistication that we've given our readers for 18 years. If you wanted to see a bunch of phony people sipping champagne, you'd be reading a different men's magazine. Instead, let's cut to the smut and show the back-room party games.

> After a HUSTLER Honey was chosen as our honorary birthday girl, each lucky guest who gained access to the private dungeon room spanked her once for every year we've been publishing, adding pain to the pleasure of celebration.

KA

Only at a HUSTLER party are guests encouraged to act like an ass. Porn stud Biff Malibu scared more than a few spectators with his sense of direction during this round of Pin the Tail on the Honey.

BIRTHDAY

A true professional, Biff was so adept at Bobbing for Boobles that he could tell the silicone from the saline implants.

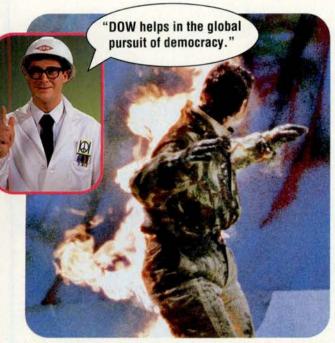
> Bift didn't need Vanna White to help him solve the puzzles strapped to the Wheel of Fornication. As he said later, we "Heads you win; talls you win."

Outside, itois ensued between the many untortunates whom we turned away, while inside, a different sort of fight climaxed with the cutting and weating—of the birthday cake. Now that HUSTLER's legal, there's no telling what's to come!

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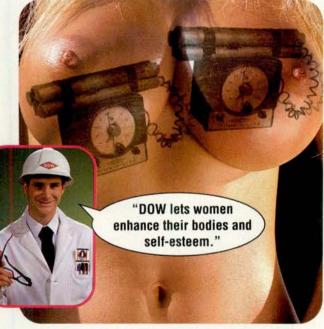
Dow



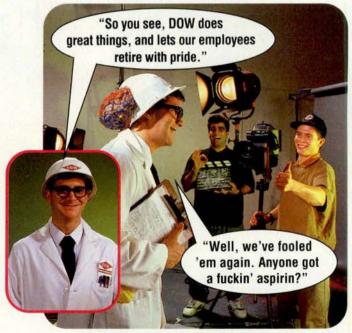
DOW created mustard gas and napalm. DOW also shipped Agent Orange to Nam a few months *after* its own toxicology director concluded that it could be "exceptionally toxic" to humans. Subsequent class-action suits against DOW estimate that 4.2 million American soldiers were exposed to the cancer-causing chemical during the Vietnam War.



Acid rain caused by diluted solvents from DOW's Midland, Michigan, plant in 1983 accounted for agriculture and property damage of \$297 million. That plant discharged more than 60 million gallons of waste water per day into nearby rivers. DOW was listed by an environmental committee as one of the "Filthy Five" corporations with the poorest antipollution records.



The FDA has called for a moratorium on DOW's silicone breast implants for cosmetic surgery after an estimated 6% of the 2 million women with silicone implants experienced ruptures. Internal memos indicate that Dow Corning Wright may have ignored critical safety studies of silicone-gel leakage that has been linked to arthritis and cancer.



The brain-cancer rate among the 40,000 employees at DOW's Freeport, Texas, petrochemical plant in 1980 was twice the normal level of the entire country's population.

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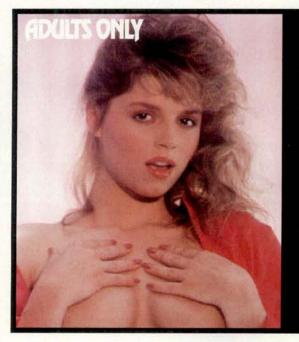
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WE RESERVE THE RIGHT TO REFUSE ANY CALLER UNDER THE AGE OF 18 YEARS OF AGE. We have a nomination for Asshole of the Month: the HUSTLER writer who did the hatchet job on Thad's in your January 1991 issue (*Thad's Sin Shack*, January '91).

We were at Thad's the night your writer was. Thad asked us if we would be interviewed by the young man. We took one look and said, "No way." He had all the appearances of trouble with a capital T. We're glad we avoided him, but we felt that someone needed to set the record straight.

Firstly, we are writing at no one's request. We will, however, forward a copy of this letter to Thad for his information. Secondly, we are using assumed names and request that you withhold them from publication. We will tell Thad how to reach us if you have a desire to talk to us.

We have known Thad about three years now. He has done as much to fight for freedom of choice and expression as anyone we know. His clubs are not for everyone, and they serve a special niche in the area of swinging. Your "writer" obviously doesn't understand swinging itself, let alone Thad's.

Let's dispatch with [HUSTLER's] comparison to "whorehouses" and "pickup joints."

There is no similarity to either of those in any swing club we have ever seen. It is a common misconception from the novice, and usually single, male. He presumes that because a woman at the club might be willing to have sex with one or more partners she is a "whore." Not so. Perhaps she is just more honest than some of her more rigidly laced sisters.

We have never seen any lawn-mower parts in front of Thad's place [a detail mentioned in HUSTLER]. However, he did have some Doberman puppies in a fenced-in area in the front yard.

Thad does wear Bermuda-style shorts. To our knowledge, his cock has never hung beneath the shorts, which are too long for that to happen. Inside the club, he many times wears nothing, as all males are required to do.

[Your writer states that upon admittance Thad referred to his virgin asshole as] "a thing for busting." Thad has never approached us for any sexual activity, and we don't know of anyone else to whom he has done so. Even if it were true, isn't that his right if he wants to take the risks associated with those activities?

Thad does not sell sex! Sex can happen at his clubs, but doesn't always. Many nights we have gone to Thad's, played pool, talked to people and gone home to play ourselves.

There are some good reasons for the nudity policy at Thad's. It makes it very



Stace: Girl With a Gear Box

hard for anyone to bring in drugs. It gets rid of attitudes brought on by the style or cost of one's clothing. It lets the ladies see what the men really look like.

Your writer's next paragraph plays an old refrain: "...some type of clip joint." What did he expect, to get laid because he was male and present? Yes, the people were talking and at ease, not "hard." That is part of swinging for most people, being able to talk to a person before, and perhaps after, sex. It is not just fucking anyone who walks up to you.

About the age of the couples at Thad's: We are 42 and 46, perhaps "aging" or "old" by your writer's definition. We have met couples and single women in their 20s and 30s at Thad's. What your writer doesn't understand is that there are clubs for people in their 20s. What happens when they reach 30? Or 40? They go to a club with people closer to their own age. I doubt if your writer would get invited to a club without the "credentials" of HUSTLER Magazine to help him.

Your writer's description of the girl he was with is pathetic and unfair. If she was a slut for going with him, what is he for going with her?

Why do couples go to Thad's, and what makes it different from other clubs? The single guys make it unique. Most swing clubs are "couples only" because many of the guys want to make sure they "get theirs" if their wife finds any activity. Are the husbands voyeurs at Thad's?



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ADULTS ONLY no one under 18 served Some are. Do they participate with their wives in threesomes? Most do in one way or another.

So, what your writer in essence failed to recognize is the fact that Thad's is designed as a place primarily for women. One of our single, young, female friends likened it to a candy store. (A note in passing: She's a national-champion weightlifter and bodybuilder; so don't tell us the women at Thad's aren't worth looking at!) —R. & T. W.

San Diego, California

CUT THE CHEEZ

A recent article concerning truck-stop prostitution appeared in HUSTLER (*Trucker Fuckers: Truck Stop Romeos* and the Girls Who Take Them for a Ride, March '92). The article was brought to my attention by one of our so-called speed-addled, saddle-sore big riggers. Needless to say, the driver was incensed. No one here at the Ontario 76 Auto/Truck Plaza, whether driver, customer or employee, can imagine what kind of a person would write such a boldfaced lie.

As for the prostitutes and drugs the writer said were so readily available—no way! The Ontario Police Department was in our facility during the month of November 1991, with 12 undercover officers. The officers were here during the busiest part of swing shift and part of graveyard, and not one of those 12 men and women were able to buy any drugs or sex.

While I realize some of our patrons enjoy reading your magazine, the next time HUSTLER has the opportunity to print such crap, I hope you don't. —D. K. Ontario, California

We're with you, D. K. Truckers fuck whores and take speed? Get outa here!

IT WORKED?

The Asian gangs story made me so sad (Asian Street Gangs: The Home Invaders, March '92). Sad, young, Asian men and women, teenagers, have experienced the horrors of war, broken families and dehumanization by our society, which treats them as dirt under our feet. That's sufficient to turn most of us into enraged, bitter, vicious, hateful people.

I feel love for these people who spit razor blades into people's faces, who put live electrical cords to the vaginas of three-year-old girls.

A Christian couple in their city of Detroit, a couple in their 20s, threw a party for a gang that was trouble in the neighborhood. It worked. Christians with no reason to fear death, to fear people, to fear evil, or to fear anything else, can reach out in love to these gang members without any fear. —R. W. Holliston, Maryland

GIRLY MAN

I recently stumbled across your October 1989 issue, and was I thrown for a loop! The centerfold, Claire (*Claire: Legs for Days*, October '89), is a real knockout! Blondes usually don't do much for me, but I soon found myself lifting my skirt and pulling down my panties to get a grip on my now rock-hard cock!

The fact that this was an older issue and still carried such a punch is a credit to your staff. Proof positive that old HUSTLERs don't depreciate. —J. W. Taylor, Michigan

JESUS CHRYSLER!

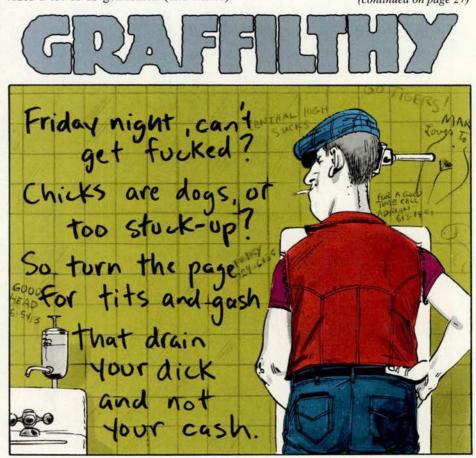
I'm writing you regarding your opinions about Lee Iacocca ("Asshole of the Month," *Bits & Pieces*, May '92). You can ram a fucking cattle prod up your loose, sperm-infested assholes for all I care. Then you can tell the writer of the article to felch it out with a paper straw. Not to bash on HUSTLER, which provides a lot of us gentlemen (and ladies) with a taste of true sexuality. It's just the fact that Lee Iacocca is trying to make a difference for this nation and our people, rather than simply sitting his fat ass behind a camera, TV or magazine whacking off to some chick dripping smegma out of her cunt. Give the guy a fucking break and try to pick on someone who's a true asshole, such as Larry Flynt, who better get his facts straight before he bashes one of the all-time industrial leaders in this nation. Fuck you, you fat-ass wife, and all of those who contribute to trash and bullshit that only fucking maggots can believe in. Support the U. S.; don't burn it.

P. S. When it comes to cushy asses, Larry, you better get some liposuction done before the next time you take a shit; otherwise you might kill yourself being sucked into the toilet during your flush, thus exploding all of the shit you're full of into your little realm of U.S.-bashing, butt-fucking, asshole-licking, cum-flicking, tit-pulling, ball-slinging, perverted lifestyle. —Seriously Pissed Off Los Osos, California

BITE THE BULLET

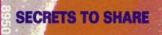
Al Hazrad gets asshole of the year award for his article about on-the-job murder

⁽continued on page 27)



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6139026 couple kissed, their tongues slapping out-

THE POLITICS OF PUSSY

It was steamin' hot that summer. I was working in an all-night, drive-through mini-mart in the middle of the Arkansas flatlands. I wore nothin' but a pair of cutoff jeans I'd had since I was 15. They were now at least two sizes too small, as was the cotton tank top that hardly concealed my tits. I wasn't trying to be sexy or nothing. It was just too damn hot to wear anything else. Since I have really large tits-38DD—a lot of sweat tends to build up in my cleavage. I wasn't even aware that the moisture had made my shirt almost transparent, when a big, black limo pulled into the service bay.

The dark window slid down, and the driver requested a bottle of our finest scotch and a toothbrush. My boss was pleased at unloading a \$60 bottle of Glenlivet and urged me to be extra nice to this customer in hopes of getting a tip.

Sure enough, when I went to make change for the \$100 bill, he told me to keep it, that is, if I'd be willing to take a ride with the passengers hidden in the back. My boss gave me the thumbs-up sign, probably figurin' I'd give him a cut of the money, and I hopped in.

There was a man and a woman in the back. Very professional. He wore a gray suit and a silver Rolex watch. She had dark hair and wore far too much makeup, probably to conceal her age. Her designer pantsuit made her look like a TV news reporter.

"We're glad you joined us. But please don't say a word while we drive," the man said in a stately, Southern drawl. "Nod your head if you understand."

I nodded, hesitantly, and he poured me a glass of scotch that went down as smooth as a shot of semen on a summer night. The side their mouths. Saliva trickled down the side of his square jaw, while the woman stared at me with this lusty look in her eye.

She moved across the sprawling back of the car and stood in front of me. I guess it looked like I was gonna speak, because she put her hand over my mouth. She moved her face down and stuck the tip of her tongue against my upper lip, slowly tracing the outline of my mouth.

I had never tasted a woman before, but something about this broad made it seem okay, like she wasn't really a chick at all. Her spittle collected beneath my nose and mixed with the stench of the scotch that she kept swilling. At one point she took a sip, gargled it and then dribbled it into my mouth. All the while the man remained seated across from us and rubbed the bulge in his suit. It was pretty weird.

The bitch pulled up her designer skirt and shoved her dark, furry bush in my face. She peeled back her brown pussy lips and rubbed the new toothbrush briskly against her purple clitty. Then she stuck it inside her twat and let the bristles slowly flop out of her hole, spritzing my face with slit sop.

She kissed me again and stuck the soiled toothbrush in my mouth, scrubbing my pearly whites, until the puss juice had dribbled down my throat.

"Stick out your tongue and leave it out," she said in a low voice. I did. She turned around and spread her ass cheeks apart with both hands, leaned forward and impaled her anus on my tongue. Her bung tasted pretty foul, like she obviously hadn't bathed since her last shit. I closed my eyes and just let her ride. My head was spinning.

I lifted my top and gripped my sunburned melons. I snatched an ice cube and swirled it around the surface of my tits. When my nipples had grown to nearly an inch, the woman rubbed her wet snatch against them, grinding her bloody clit into my chest. I admit, it felt pretty good, until she started slapping my pussy bulge through my shorts. She dug her long-nailed hands under the fabric and clawed her way to my compressed vagina. When she scratched my clitoris, I finally had to say, "Take it easy!"

She pulled away sharply. "What'd you say, cunt?" she screamed. "Did you hear that, honey? The little cunt spoke. We told her not to speak."

The man was just sittin' there with his dick sticking through the zipper of his slacks. He didn't say anything. I felt really uncomfortable and suddenly realized how strange this was. "Listen, I'm sorry," I pleaded. "Maybe you oughta just drop me off."

"You fucking twat-bitch! How would you like it if I shoved this fucking bottle up your ass?" she shrieked. I banged on the glass separation, hoping the driver would help. Then I felt her sweaty palm slap roughly against my face. Followed by another slap. And another. The psycho slut tore my shirt to shreds. The buttons on my



bluejean shorts were ripped open through their loops. She scratched my clitoris with her sharp, red nails, and all the while that fucking shit of a man just sat there pulling his pud.

Finally, the car skidded to a stop, and the door flung open. The driver reached in, pulled me out and tossed me to the ground. The car pulled away, leaving me in the middle of the fucking desert, bruised and completely nude. I sat for a while with dirt and concrete chips sticking to my ass. Finally, I got up and walked a good three miles, naked and bleeding, back to the store.

At the time I was too ashamed to tell my boss or anyone what had happened. I figured they'd call me a slut. - Rosanna P. Hot Springs, Arkansas (continued on page 33)

HUSTLER JULY

ADULT CLASSIFIEDS	ADULT CLASSIFIEDS	ADULT CLASSIFIEDS
FREE SAMPLES 212-319-0778 You must be over 18. INSTANT SEX CONTACTS! 24 HOURS/ALL POINTS USA. MC/V 1-800-723-4273	BITCH GODDESS LETS YOU LICK HER LEATHER. 1-800-933-2868 Over 18 only. \$2.95 a minute. V/MC Real Personal Experiences By Phone 1-900-680-1818	KISSABLE LIPS PERSONAL CONTACTS WITH GIRLS WHO LOVE TO KISS 1-900-680-0600 Adults over 21. \$2.90 per minute. Vortex Communications: 4540 S. Anville: Las Vegas. Nevada 89103 PETITE LADIES Call now for the real names and home
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1-900-680-1515 \$3 per minute. Mature adults over 21 only. Vortex Communications,4540 S. Arville, Las Vegas, Nevada 89103	One on one personal contacts 24 hours a day! 1-900-903-1400	212-643-2690 Over 18 only.
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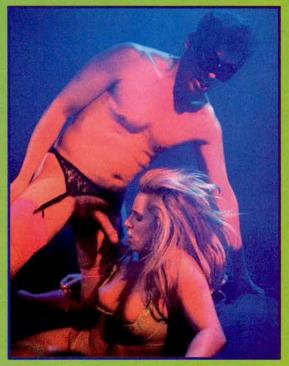
Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Frank Thring; starring Cameo, Wayne Summers, Alexandria Quinn, Jake Steed, April Rayne, Don Fernando and Sunny McKay. Videocassette by A.F.V. Releasing.

Sweating, squirming bodies, beautiful babes with jizz-splattered faces, dicks meaty and plastic slamming into creamy cunts—these are the things of which this *Dream* is made. Cameo's clit-triggered fever dreams burn with surreal canality and seethe with a strange intensity. On the drag side, the few non-dream, "real life" scenes reek of one-day wonderness. Pluses include the damp-sheeted opener. Wayne Summers, clad only in a black mask, uses a black-fabric-draped female form for his own pleasure. Summers employs scissors to cut holes in the cloth, exposing orifices and nipples for his dick-poking, suckling pleasure. It ends, as do most of the sex scenes, with a

creamy face full of cum for the lucky lass under the sheet. Cameo gets soundly poled by April Rayne's rubber dong, and Streisand-like fucklette Alexandria Quinn hunkers down for Don Fernandoization. Later, McKay takes a double dose of Jake Steed's forearm-sized appendage. Both fuckings end with glorious facials. Cameo, sadly, escapes a brutal raping by two unknowns in a dreamy stairwell, only to be cunt-plundered by Summers. Her slurping, grabbing twat prevents Summers from holding out too long, and viewers will have the same problem. — Dewey Huevos



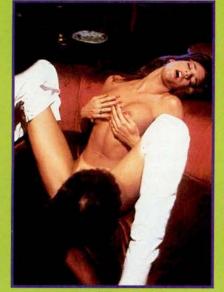
Cameo's cunt is plundered by Summers.



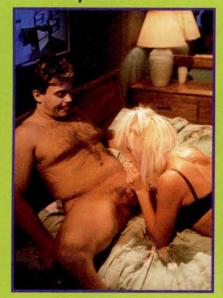
Quinn hunkers down for Fernando-ization.



Bushwhacked: Strong pole support.



Racquel fucks a new dick.



Wane's Vice is cocksucking.

BUSHWHACKED

Half Erect. Directed by Jim Enright; starring Britt Morgan, K. C. Williams, Buck Adams, Teri Diver, Jonathan Morgan, Melanie Moore and Eric Price. Videocassette: Zane Entertainment.

Mention the name *Bush* to any of the politicos in this satisfying stroker, and cocks and cunts start grinding. Eric Price is a hypnotist who has put a sexual mojo on the men and women of D.C., designed to fire up a fucking frenzy whenever the "B" word is mentioned. Teri Diver makes for the best drilled doxy, moaning mightily while Jonathan Morgan pulverizes her poon and dumps a cum-shot in her face. Three of the five sex scenes include facials, with Britt Morgan offering her mug for two of them. The finale features a decent butt-bang by Buck Adams on Melanie Moore, while she's tongue-lashing K. C. Williams's twat. With the Presidential election coming up, *Bushwhacked* is strong support at the poles. — Sam Lowry

RACQUEL RELEASED

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Paul Thomas; starring Racquel Darrian, Jon Dough, Trixy Tyler, Derrick Lane, Mimi, Gerise, Tim Lake and Susan Ferral. Videocassette: Vivid. Shot on Film.

Racquel Darrian fucks a dick other than Derrick Lane! *Racquel Released* shows actual, graphic proof that a new knob is plowing her poon. Jon Dough is owner of the lucky lingam, but it's a so-so slit-stab in a pretty dreadful dickfest. Why go to the expense of shooting this on film when it has no story, no dialogue and the worst new-age soundtrack this side of Kenny G? — S. L.

VICE 2

Half Erect. Directed by Stuart Canterbury; starring Danielle Rogers, Randy West, Taylor Wane, Carneo, Domonique Simone, Jerry Butler, Steve Drake, David Allen and Mike Horner. Videocassette: VCA.

Mike Horner's a cop with a big dick and bad judgment. After Domonique Simone blows his bone and lets him have a free fuck in her normally for-sale slot, her pimp, Jerry Butler, blackmails him. With nowhere to turn, he goes to VICE, Randy Spears's slut-staffed detective agency. Agents Cameo and Danielle Rogers interview Taylor Wane and check out the new girl's gash with their tongues in a round-robin clit-caressing. It's Spears's shaft that at last penetrates Rogers's pink, proving that even in porn, it's the good guys who get the last and loudest fucking. — Kent LeLak

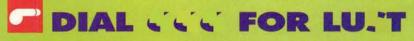
TWILIGHT

Half Erect. Directed by Jim Enright; starring Melanie Moore, Holly Ryder, Stacey Nichols, Mona Lisa, Sean Michaels and Jake Steed. Videocassette: Zane Entertainment.

For those who enjoy watching huge, mocha-colored meat missiles skewering cum-craving, lily-white twat, *Twilight* is half-dark porn that's worth a whack. Hung studs Jake Steed and Sean Michaels do more slamming than acting, and that's just fine with the femmes. Steed ham-holes Stacey Nichols's juice chute, stretching its limit. He leaves his slimy trail of gratitude dripping from her chin. Michaels enjoys svelte slut Mona Lisa working his nasty, black plank with her pneumatic hips. Melanie Moore and Mona follow up by stuffing slots with a two-headed, rubber cunt snake. As if she hadn't had enough, Moore hunkers over to accept the anal plundering of giant-schlonged Steed. While the production values are typically low, the enthusiasm of the cast adds heat to the dimming *Twilight*.



Twilight is half-dark porn worth a whack.



Half Erect. Directed by Jane Waters; starring Carneo, Taylor Wane, Sharon Kane, Cal Jammer, Biff Malibu, Ron Jeremy and Mike Horner. Videocassette: A.F.V. Releasing.

In this rather hard-to-follow vampire story, some people have sex with Taylor Wane and die, some have sex with Wane and live, and some don't have sex with Wane at all but die anyway. Wane is the main vampire. Fortunately, she doesn't sprout fangs until after she gives the blowjobs, or there would be no blowjobs—no one would allow his dick in the same mouth with those choppers. Dial 666 for five so-so sex scenes, no facials or tongue-shots, no cum-shot at all in the final fuck, and Ron Jeremy. Maybe dial 911. — Chas Beatty



Half Erect. Directed by Jim Enright; starring K. C. Williams, Jamie Leigh, Alicyn Sterling, Melanie Moore, Joey Silvera and T. T. Boy. Videocassette: Zane Entertainment.

Is there no one on porn's parched Earth who can come up with a plot less dreary than "a new flavor of ice cream makes people want to fuck"? Not only is the storyline numbingly stupid, the sex is so humdrum, it makes masturbation seem inspired. The fucking alternates between doggy and missionary, with a double-dong thrown in for K. C. Williams and Jamie Leigh's girl/girl, and one tit-fucking sequence for Alicyn Sterling and Joey Silvera. Fastforwarding is the only way to deal with *Cream Dream*.



One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Michael Craig; starring Deidre Holland, Danielle Rogers, K. C. Williams, Teri Diver, Randy West, Jon Dough and Randy Spears. Videocassette: X-Citement Video.

When two-bit pickpocket Randy West pretends to be ad wiz Kaiser Burke (Randy Spears), he finds himself working for a lingerie firm where he gets to probe the pink underneath the products. Teri Diver proves that not only can she act like a cunt, she can't stay away from the one between Deidre Holland's thighs. Danielle Rogers's delicate and sensual tongue-work around Spears's cock brings out the bone, and while their three-position fuck may not be an advertisement for marriage, it does provide footage of her beautiful butt. -K.



Dial 666: Have sex and die.



Dream: A nightmare.



Deception: Diver's in Holland's cunt.

BIRTHDAY BLOWJOBS

A wormed is never so beautiful as when she has a hard cock in her mouth. With that in mind, and because it's our 18th birthday and we deserve it, we remember some of porn's best mouth artists at work. Samantha Fox, *Tigresses* and Other Maneaters, goddess of fellatio, shows what cocksucking is all about and what a man really wants from a woman. Carol Connors, *The Erotic Adventures of Candy*, her dumb-blond, virgin enthusiasm is so naughty with a mouthful of John Holmes. Tianna, *Shadows in the Dark*, a lubricious log-slurper, polishes knob as if her life depends on it. Angela Summers, *The Mark of Zara*, stuffs her pretty-blond-beach-girl face with the Tom Byron bone.





City offers a good poolside view.



Small: The dwarf dicks Moore.



Angel delivers on the butt count.

🕝 ВІКІМІ СІТҮ

Half Erect. Directed by Michael Carpenter; starring Kelly Blue, Tonisha Mills, Teri Diver, Brandy Alexandre, Charisma, Peter North, T. T. Boy, Tom Elliot and Wil Divide. Videocassette: Coast to Coast.

Most of the female inhabitants of *Bikini City* are bountiful of tit, but no sooner does the eager beater get used to the sun's rays dancing on tawny, femme curves than the action seizes up with extended bad dialogue. Peter North tries to repair the pacing by sluicing through Charisma's jumbo tit-trench. Wil Divide's a skeevy-looking dude with a big cock. He puts it inside Teri Diver's sweet socket, working her with grudge-fuck ferocity. Seeking an oral salve for her well-pumped puss, Diver shares a poolside licking with flotation-device Tonisha Mills. *Bikini City*'s assembly of sluts makes it a nice place to visit, but so-so production and insipid dialogue will prevent viewers from calling it home.

WALKING SMALL

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Jim Enright; starring Napoleon, T. T. Boy, Tony Tedeschi, Melanie Moore, Alyssa Jarreau, K. C. Williams and Malia. Videocassette: Zane Entertainment.

Napoleon's the new sheriff in town, and he's planning to close down the neighborhood whorehouse; so with business scared away, Melanie Moore holds a half-price sale. Taking advantage of the situation, T. T. Boy and Tony Tedeschi vow to suck and stuff the snatches until "the cows come home." Tedeschi gets a bumpy ride from Alyssa Jarreau, but not even Napoleon can liberate this dreary tape. After munching K. C. Williams's muff and banging her beautiful butt, the dwarf dicks Moore, who convinces him to preserve her whorehouse. By then, most viewers will be wondering what's taking the cows so long. -K.



Half Erect. Directed by Jim Enright; starring Sharise, Monique Hall, Courtney, Rachel Ryan, Nick E. and T. T. Boy. Videocassette: Zane Entertainment.

Bottom-dwellers will dig new-butts-in-town Courtney and Sharise. Their presence makes *Angel* watchable, despite the insultingly stupid story. Courtney sees most of the action as she tackles Nick E.'s wad in the opening scene, then pries her sweet lips apart and buffs nub while the three other twats slurp and lick each other. She also experiences T. T. Boy's bone as it slides up her nether duct, aided by the probing tongue of Monique Hall as she hides out beneath the ass-pumping duo. Sharise, a thin blonde with a thick pair of pussy lips, also bobs on the end of Nick's dick. She asks for a meaty poop douche—and gets it. One joy of watching a woman getting ass-fucked is the strange marriage of pleasure, pain, satisfaction and humiliation that dances across her face. The camera spends a goodly amount of time exploring this phenomenon. Bravo! *Anal Angel* delivers on the butt count, and though these women aren't close to heavenly, viewers won't deny them a white skyward salute.



One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Eric Edwards; starring Ashlyn Gere, Britt Morgan, Nina Hartley, Randy West, Trixy Tyler, Tom Thomas, K. C. Williams, Mike Horner and Tom Byron. Videocassette: VCA.

A mirage is light and air creating an illusion, just as *Mirage 2* is a porn movie that gives the impression of fine fucking and never delivers. Overacting with honest desperation, Ashlyn Gere provides annoying flashbacks as she rubs her

fingers into the flaps of her pussy. In an attempt to explain this movie, Randy West wears a hat with SHIT HAPPENS emblazoned on it while dicking K. C. Williams and Trixy Tyler. After her sanity finally snaps, Gere takes Tom Byron's cock in a cake and pulls the cream out of him while West furiously fucks her from behind. Director Eric Edwards doesn't allow them to give her a double dousing of cum, but disappointment is what a *Mirage* is all about. — K. L.



Disappointment is what a Mirage is all about.

HUSTLER movie critics have always been a strident lot. Through the years, Fully Erect-rated fuck films have been as rare as a quiet woman. But when a piece of erotic sin cinema does come along, we're the first to stand up and salute. For a select few, we have offered the highest honor an X-rated movie can receive: HUSTLER Film of the Year.



1977 **The Opening of Misty Beethoven** Global perversion with the rich and the perverted; may well be the erotic film of the century.



1978 Barbara Broadcast

Technically sophisticated, imaginative visit to an upscale sex restaurant; high-powered buttfucking.

1979 Sex World

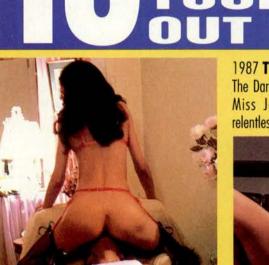
Two of porn's best interracial fuckings highlight this story of a group of troubled people escaping their drab lives at an exclusive sex resort.

1980 Ecstasy Girls

Promiscuous pussies get fucked out of an inheritance.

1981 October Silk

Lovers of lingerie and sexual gadgets will like the fit of this glossy, vignette-style film.



1982 Outlaw Ladies

Five women satisfy their sexual needs in ways polite society would find abhorrent.

1983 The Dancers

Male strippers tour the country's backwaters one step ahead of romance.



1984 **The Devil in Miss Jones 2** Justine Jones returns to Earth to pursue orgasms in the bodies of other women; witty dialogue, tart humor and outrageous sex.

1985 Every Woman Has a Fantasy

Quintessential couples film, genuinely funny and exceedingly hot.

1986 New Wave Hookers

Women listen to new-wave music and become mindless sluts; Dark Brothers set outer limits of socially questionable raunch.

1987 The Devil in Miss Jones 3

MOVIES Worth

> The Dark Brothers escort the eternally damned Miss Jones through Hades; raw-edged, relentless fucking.

PPING

DICK



1988 Deep Throat 2

Laura Liplock wages an all-out assault against pornography, then is possessed by the spirit of a cum-hungry cocksucker.

1989 The Cat Woman

Dime-store philosophy and turbulent, erotic energy make for a magical blend of serious drama and scorching sex.

1990 Hot Scalding

Jizz-whipping triumph steams on comically and carnally with fervid, full-penetration porkings and cocksucking to spew for.



1991 **Buttman's Ultimate Workout** Learn the secret of everlasting health and fitness: butt-fucking; director John Stagliano's back-door benchmark, a rosebud of raunch.

23



Half Erect. Directed by Bruce Seven and Patrick Collins; starring Tianna, Bionca, Heather Hart, Victoria Paris, Darla Derriere, Cheri Taylor, Porsche Lynn, Heather Lere, Bridgette Monroe, Angela Summers, Sandra Scream, Jamie Leigh, April Rayne, Erica Boyer, Madison, Sunny McKay, Champagne, Jeanna Fine and Nikki Wilde. Videocassette: Evil Angel.

Tianna seems to attain some higher level of awareness with each clit she bites. Her tireless enthusiasm in many of this compilation's 14 scenes certainly raises the viewer's awareness an inch or three, and even brings out the beast in the usually reserved Sunny McKay. Tianna's domination of the ordinary Porsche Lynn is the tape's highlight. While slapping and cat-clawing Lynn's milky ass, Tianna probes her flinching shitter with a huge, black strap-on that has Lynn sweating and screaming in pain. A classic moment in lesbian smut. — Luc Faucette



Seven: A classic moment in lesbian smut.

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



Wild Goose Chase (Evil Angel) Julianne James, Angela Summers, Patricia Kennedy



Safecracker (Coast to Coast)

Jeanna Fine, Britt Morgan, Leilani

Manbait (VCA)

Moanna Pozzi, Leanna Foxxx, P. J. Sparxx

Buttwoman (Elegant Angel) Tianna, Missy Warner, Trixy Tyler Object of Desire (Fantasy Home Video) Zara Whites, Taylor Wane, K. C.

Willioms



A Lacy Affair 4 (Hollywood Video)

Tara Hart, Trinity Loren, Alexis Stone

Blonde Forces (Coast to Coast) Candace Heart, Savannah, Valhalla

Bush Pilots 2 (VCA) Ashlyn Gere, Rayne, K. C. Williams

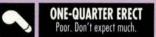
You Bet Your Ass (Bruce Seven Productions) Bionca, Porsche Lynn, Heather Hart Genie in a Bikini (Zane) Madison, Monique Hall, Britt Morgan

Out of the Blue (Vivid) Melanie Moore, Kristi Leigh, Sharise

Welcome to Dallas (Vivid) Dallas, Debi Diamond, Holly Ryder

The Exhibitionist (Vidco) Madison, Lois Ayres, Alicyn Sterling

Decadent (Western Visuals) Raven, Mercedez, Courtney



Cheesecake (VCA) Nikki Wilde, Taylor Wane, Rustie Rhodes Sex Nurses (Visual Images) Kelly Blue, Teri Diver, Holly Ryder

Vow of Passion (Vivid) Savannah, P. J. Sparxx

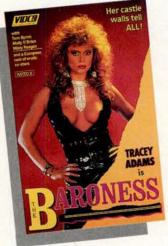
Anal Leap (Coast to Coast) Alicyn Sterling, Candace Heart, Nasty Natasha

D-Cup Dating Service (Moonlight) Vivanna, Tracey Adams, Paula Price



Brainteasers (Zane) K. C. Williams, Teri Diver, Monique Hall

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Feedback

(continued from page 15)

(Berserk at Work: On-the-Job Murder, April '92). Who the hell does he think he is? Just because I belong to the National Rifle Association makes me a berserk-atwork murderer?

Should the people I work with think that, since I like HUSTLER Magazine, I'm a raping, woman degrader?

I can't believe HUSTLER Magazine is a bunch of hypocrites! Are you? I'd better send my mag money to the N.R.A.

P.S. Al Hazrad must be a take-it-upthe-ass faggot! He swallows quarts of cum, you cheese dick! —A. M. C. Lecanto, Florida

I picked up HUSTLER's April 1992 issue today. Nice broads! Stace in particular whetted my wanker (*Stace: Girl With a Gear Box*, April '92). I thought I'd make a short comment on your *Berserk at Work* article (*Berserk at Work: Onthe-Job Murder*, April '92).

Was the purpose meant to help defuse or calm some potential murderer? Or were you attacking the Second Amendment?

The latter would seem to be the height of hypocrisy, considering the way you guys crow about the First Amendment.

Do you want us unarmed against this government? —S. S. Mountain View, California

Mountain View, California

Relax, guys. The Second Amendment is our second-favorite amendment. And guns and girls as a combo can't be beat. When a man buys a HUSTLER, you can bet he's gonna shoot it.

HOLLY WHO?

Which is the real name of Holly from Colorado in HUSTLER (*Holly: Soft 'n' Easy*, January '92)? Because she also appears in the December 1991 *Hawk* magazine with the name of Melaine from New Mexico, and in the March 1992 *Gallery* as Naome from Chicago.

And in all three magazines she has the same measurements, the same short fingernails, the same hair length and the same green eyes. In *Hawk* and HUSTLER, Suze Randall was the photographer who did her pictorials.

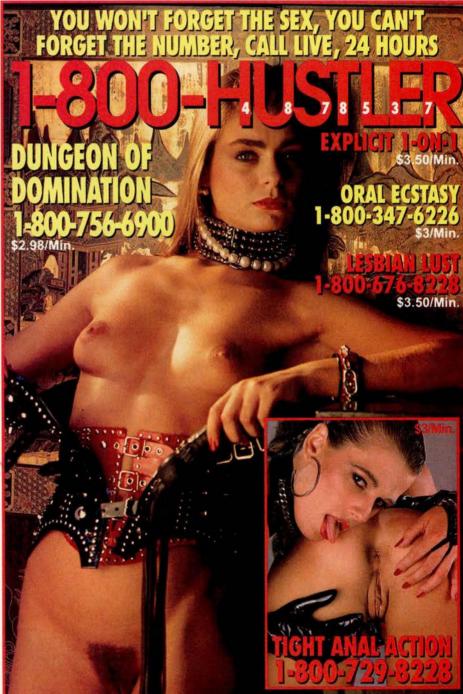
Thanks in advance for your attention. —D. E. S. Carolina, Puerto Rico

Interestingly enough, Holly's full name is Holly Melaine Naome. She summers in Chicago and winters in New Mexico. HUSTLER caught her off-guard in Colorado.

BACK ON TRACK

I've been an avid reader for many years. I've collected all of the HUSTLERs I can and am missing very few, most importantly the very first issue, July 1974. Do you know where old HUSTLERs can be found? My collection will not be complete, and I will not lie still in my grave, until I can boast a complete HUSTLER collection. —R. L. Flint, Michigan You've written the right place! HUSTLER offers back issues. Send us a check or money order, c/o Subscriptions Department. California residents send \$7.04 per issue; out-of-state residents send \$6.50. Be sure to specify month and year of issues desired.

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



Visa/MC You Must be18 to call

TAMARA: SECOND SIGHT

1992 BEAVER HUNT GRAND PRIZE FINALIST #2

From Evansville, Indiana, 21-year-old Tamara snatches \$1,500 cash and the hardon congrats of a million HUSTLER readers as Finalist #2 in *Beaver Hunt's* 1992, \$5,000 Grand Prize Competition. Sports-loving Tamara's presently calculating the recreation a HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt* Grand Prize could bring—\$5,000 and an expenses-paid trip to a glamour capital for a HUSTLER pictorial. Ladies, the race for best Beaver is waiting for you! Turn to *Beaver Hunt* for details!



PHOTOGRAPHY By Matti Klatt

4





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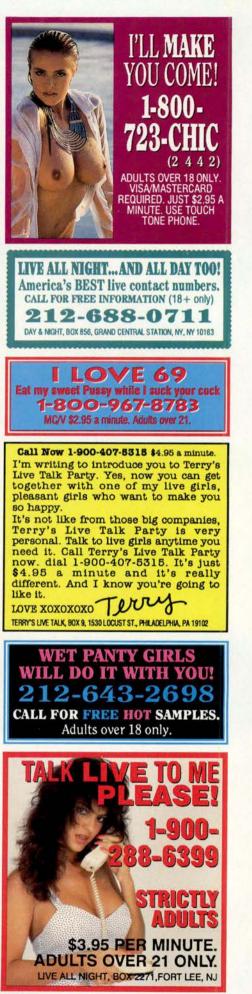
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HOT LETTERS

(continued from page 17)

The tightness of her bunghole clenched my cock like a firm handshake. Up and down she pumped, her thigh muscles straining to keep the pace.

PUMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE

I like big things. Big meals, big trucks and big babes—the kind of woman whose meat wiggles in waves when she walks. That's why I love when my routes take me through the Corn Belt, where the women are born for breedin' and are proud struttin' the body God gave 'em. None of that Hollywood silicone shit for me.

Now I ain't no homo, but I once sent away for one of those penis-enlargement things—not because my dick was so small, but the bigger the better, you know. I also thought it might be a good way to relieve some of the tension of driving a big rig. It took the damn thing close to a year to arrive, but since it has, I've really enjoyed slipping that sucker over my cock head and pumping away. The suction practically squeezes the jizz out of my balls. Shit, I've become addicted to the device. It has now become my goal to pump my rod and cream the highway of every state on the mainland.

Nebraska was one state I'd yet to conquer. When I finally drew her on a route, I couldn't wait to cross her line and leave my mark. I pulled into a quiet diner just a few minutes after crossing. I pulled out Mr. Handy—that's what I call my pumper—and began inflating my cock to maximum size. The plastic cylinder was so cool and inviting that I was a second away from blowing when the passenger door opened. Up stepped a buxom, redhaired gal, no more than 18 years old.

"Wanna buy a rose, mister?" she asked, popping her gum.

"Uh, no, ma'am," I told her quickly. I fumbled to hide Mr. Handy and get my pants up. Unfortunately, they were caught in my bootstraps, and she saw everything.

"Mister, what're you doin' with that thing on your little man?" she asked, spitting her gum to the ground. "Why don'tcha get the real thing?"

I was shocked, and my dick lost its size. She was a beaut though, with plenty of baby fat on her luscious frame and a nice, big ass. She slammed the door and stuck my cock so far down her throat, I felt her tonsils rub against the tip. She'd obviously had some practice. The little filly never came up for air.

I pulled her T-shirt out of her jeans and rolled her belly flab in my hand. Her tits were like a cow's udders, with long, fat nipples that I tugged with my fingers. I was so used to my own pump, it took me awhile to regain full erection with a real live mouth around the shaft. But one sight of her thick spit connecting the head of my dong to her meaty lips made me remember the joys of live sex.

She continued sucking until her cheap, red lipstick was spread all over my dipstick. When I blew, it was like my first time, and I held her head firmly in my crotch so she wouldn't move away. Her mouth overflowed with my cock convulsions, and yellowish semen dribbled out the side of her mouth.

She kept sucking for a second or two, until the sensitivity made me pull her face off of me. She opened the cab door and hawked a big ol' lugey to the ground and wiped her mouth. I lit up a Marlboro and thanked her for the hospitality. That's when reality hit. "That's 40 bucks, buddy, unless you want another." She may have been young, but she was smart. I noticed in the distance some big dude leaning against a Chevy, looking my way. I didn't need any hassles; so I gave the slut two twenties and scolded her for false advertising. "Maybe you'd rather spend your time alone with your jack pump," she laughed, climbing out of the rig. As a matter of fact, bitch, I would. —Name and Address Withheld

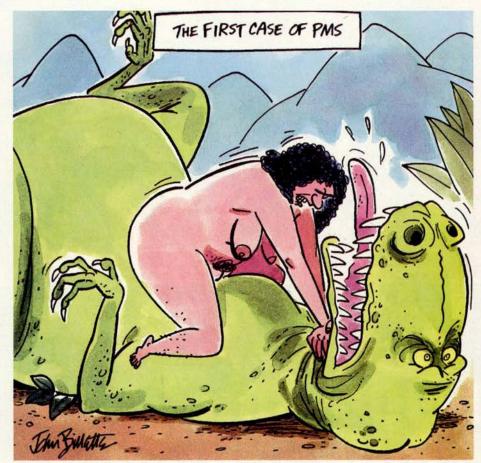
TEXTBOOK SEX

I hated the college bookstore. Spending precious beer money on prosaic, overpriced books seemed incongruous to me. But it did attract a healthy clientele of nubile sorority sisters, and the day I met my future wife justified every stinking text I ever had to crack.

I'd just completed shopping for my second semester's supplies and approached the register with heavy books stacked higher than my head. When I went to set the pile onto the checkout counter, the books spilled like dominoes and spanked the hip of the redhaired checker. "You idiot!" she yelled as a Psych 101 tome careened to the floor. The name tag that hung proudly over the breast of her skintight Polo shirt read Camille.

"I'm sorry," I sighed, staring at her breasts, "but they're so heavy." Catching the entendre, she practically spat at me: "Listen, dork, let the next person by while you get it together." Her voice was deep and mesmeric as it escaped through bright-red, bulbous lips. She was the bitch of my dreams.

When I returned to the counter again, I looked her in the eye and said with icy self-assurance, "I apologize for my clum-



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LETTERS

siness, but perhaps I could make it up to you." Looking for a price tag, she replied half-

heartedly, "Oh, and how would you do that?" "By picking you up after your shift, taking you home, bathing you, rubbing you down and fucking you in your ass." I said it calmly and in the same nonchalant tone I might've asked for directions to the john.

She stopped and locked her emerald eyes into mine. Her little, pink tongue flitted ever so quickly across her thick upper lip. "Seven," she said pointedly.

"Seven?" I asked.

"I get off then."

When I returned at the predetermined time, the store was dark, but the front door was left ajar. Her voice called out to me, "Hey, Mr. Clumsy, in here."

"Are you ready?" I asked, feeling my way through the darkness.

"Are you?" came the mysterious reply. Suddenly my legs were kicked out from underneath me, and I fell to the floor. Before I could stand, my hands were bound with heavy masking tape. I couldn't even beg for mercy. That same roll of tape wound around my head, covering my mouth. She was good.

She said nothing, but removed my shoes and socks and hawked a lugey onto my foot. Her tongue painted my feet with saliva, first underneath the nails, then between the toes. "Fuck me up the ass, huh?" she scoffed, slapping the soles of my feet with the wire side of a steno pad.

She stood above me and removed her dress. The moonlight shimmered off her healthy lungs as I looked up into the hairy bush that she graciously peeled apart. "So," she shrugged, "fuck me already." Try as I might, I could not move. She laughed as she ripped open my slacks. My pecker popped out to attention. She gave it a good, hard tug, then bit sideways down the shaft to my balls. She gnawed my gonads and reached for a box of paper clips.

"Bathe me?" she mocked as she straightened one metal clip. She opened my pisshole with two long fingernails and dribbled a line of spittle inside. Slowly, she slid the metal clip into my penis. My sphincters flinched, and I think I farted as she moved the clip deeper within me. The burning sensation was overwhelming, but pain gave way to pleasure, and sperm rallied to meet the intruder.

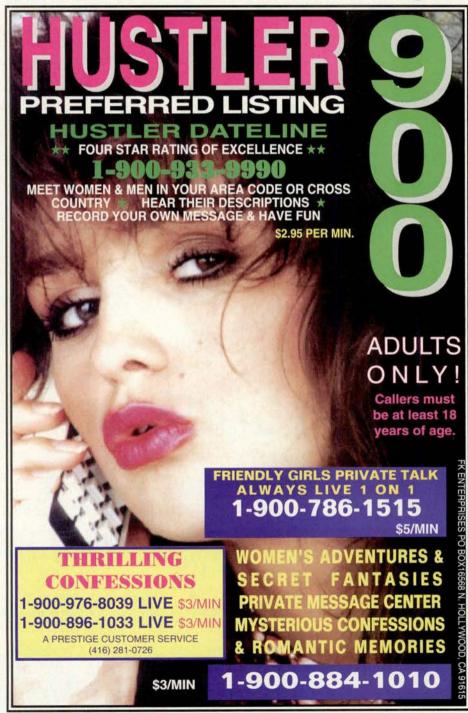
With a quick move, she yanked the paper clip from my dong and wrapped her tongue around the shiny metal. "Now you'll get your reward," she smiled. Sitting in a catcher's crouch, she rubbed my cock against her clit. Drops of pussy dew slithered down my shaft's opening, soothing the burning urinary tract. She sat on my cock with force, and she tipped over a display of notebooks to regain her balance. The tightness of her bunghole clenched my cock like a firm handshake. Up and down she pumped, her bristling thigh muscles straining to keep the pace. At one point she swiveled her entire body 360° like Linda Blair's head in *The Exorcist.* "Yelp when you're gonna come, baby," she moaned. "I wanna feel your jizz on my face." She must've read my mind, because I was honestly more turned-on than I had ever been in my life. So yelp I did.

She hopped off in such a hurry, a drop of poop popped out of her shitter. She banged my cock against her forehead. I had never felt closer to another woman in my life. I blew in her hair and on her face. Sperm glistened off her eyelids as her warm mouth soothed my rod back to its normal size.

That began the first of many bizarre sexual encounters between Camille and me. We've been married now for 12 years. Even though I have urolithiasis and can't piss without a stinging pain, I wouldn't have had it any other way. Who says our education system lacks? —Ross J.

Palo Alto, California

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ILLUSTRATION BY COOP

HUSTLER IN HEAVEN, AND IN HELL TOO

Being dead isn't all bad. Recent dispatches channeled to the HUSTLER editorial offices by former Managing Editor (February 1977 through July 1978) Jim Heinisch indicate that the afterlife has at least one of the major comforts of home. Heinisch, who was elevated to the position of celestial correspondent in 1989 after years of flirting with the promotion, reports that not only is HUSTLER Magazine the preferred journal of male interests in this world, but in the next one as well.

"Penthouse and Playboy are deader than us," says Heinisch, accounting for the unearthly prominence of America's Magazine. "When the dearly departeds found out that I'd worked for Larry Flynt on the turf-side, I got instant status. Even Jesus Christ wants to get next to me. HUSTLER's the closest thing to a live fuck up here in Paradise, or down below in the other place."

"That's the bitch about being dead," pitches in John Wayne, lighting an unfiltered Camel before signing in on Heinisch's wavelength. "You work so hard to get to Heaven, visions of rice paddies full of pacified slants, pussy-up in a position of surrender, dancing in your head, then you get up here, and everybody's got genitals by Mattel. I'd have forgotten what a real pud looks like if not for HUSTLER."

The Duke's complaint is the one common denominator

between guests of Heaven and wards of Hell. AIDSdepleted porn star John C. Holmes checks in from his suite at the Pandemonium Palms Motel: "I got here and figured that at last I was someplace where unsafe sex would be cool," whines the Wadd, eternally attempting to fix the motel's malfunctioning air conditioner. "And then I look down, and they've taken away my equipment."

Holmes, who minus his appendage often has trouble remembering his own identity, was more traumatized than his modestly endowed brethren at the removal of his sexual parts. Still, no one says goodbye to Mr. Peter without some trepidation.

Saint Peter, from his vantage point at the Pearly Gates, comments on the initial shock of loss: "Verily, even notorious dinks, such as Republican National Committee Chairman Lee Atwater and Napoleon Bonaparte," relates Saint Pete, looking up from a well-thumbed Ruth Carter Stapleton centerfold in the August '78 issue, "mourn the loss of their hose of manhood. How teeny Atwater ever missed that miniscule noodle, I'll never know."

Women, although they lose their inconvenient monthly cycle of irritable bloodletting, are also loath to give up the vent of their sexuality. "To be reunited with Jimmy after so many years of yearning, I felt like I was floating on water," laments Natalie Wood, knocking back a bottomless nirvana cocktail at the Kingdom Come Bar & Grille. "I would have

> cut myself a new slit, except they don't allow sharp objects in this neighborhood."

"She wanted to at least do me orally," drawls James Dean over the clatter of Lynyrd Skynyrd tuning up on the Bar & Grille bandstand. "But I left my shifter in the Porsche. It hasn't been easy for her to adjust. HUSTLER helps."

The transition from a sex-fleshed inhabitant of the material world into a smooth-crotch denizen of the spiritual plane is eased by astral subscriptions to HUSTLER Magazine. Where else can pervs beyond the pale get clearly focused, sharply reproduced views of the prurient anatomy they now lack? "If I'm going to look at a *Penthouse* or *Playboy*," hypothesizes Ms. Wood, throwing back another nirvana, "I might just as well look at myself. I like HUSTLER's *Hot Letters* section best. Sometimes, when Jimmy reads them out loud to me, they make me feel as though I'm living the best parts of my life all over again."

For some sex-starved shades, a HUSTLER in the netherworld beats what they had during their above-ground existence. Deceased nurse killer Richard Speck, attempting to deci-



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pher his private room's thermostat in the Sisters of Vengeance Hospital on Styx River Road, insists: "Mail service is way better here than in



prison. I get my own copy, no warden has taken any of the good stuff out, and the guards haven't glued most of the pages stuck before they pass it along to me.

"I enjoy the illustrations in HUSTLER as much as I appreciate the photographs," reveals Speck. "I'm a painter myself, or I was, and I just wish I could submit some of my work. It would be an honor to have my

art appear with HUSTLER's talented masterpieces. Also, I just wish I could get out into the main population and raise a little hell, like I was born to do."

Free-floating souls in the general atmosphere have their own reservations about the limited opportunities for raising hell. Over a steaming platter of blackened baby-back ribs at Acheron's Infernal Pit Bar-B-Q, former men's-room attendant Malcolm X and Soledad brother George Jackson bewail the lack of affirmative action. "I'm one of those brothers who likes to touch his swipe, just tweak the tip of it, when I walk down the stroll," admits Jackson, "just sort of like some guys will tip their hat. Now, every time I get the urge to signal hello to someone coming my way, I pinch my knee. I'm getting some swelling and bruising in the tendons.

"After I look at a HUSTLER, I scratch my chest, because that's where old bad-boy homey would be resting his head if I still had him. That's a lot easier on my knee."

In Mr. X's case, HUSTLER is more a mental than a physical balm. "People been talking about me even before I was dead," explains Malcolm X. "How would you feel if some other man was taking credit for writing your autobiography, like what happened to me? I have a problem with HUSTLER, in that it doesn't have enough beautiful, black women. Looking at those predominantly white bitches is engrossing, but it's a guilty pleasure, sort of like eating these pork ribs after doing so much work for the nation of Islam. But I'll keep reading HUSTLER as long as they continue to give no serious coverage to capitalist piglet Spike Lee. Wait till he gets home to this motherland: I'll tear him a new asshole and take my residuals out of it-by any means necessary. Button yo' fly now, bitch."

Phantoms of the discarnate go to extreme lengths to approximate carnal intercourse, and HUSTLER Magazine is usually at the center of their attempts. The wanna-be-torrid triad of Jack and Robert Kennedy and Marilyn Monroe is particularly crazed from the lack of orgasmic release. "The Kennedy brothers thought they could come up here and turn this place into their own private fuck pad," tattles J. Edgar Hoover, former head of the Federal Bureau of Investigation and currently gossip columnist for the *Beulah Land Gazette.* "That's how those Catholics are about Heaven. They all act like it's their family estate. I personally don't like HUSTLER. They keep rejecting my 'Graffilthy' ideas. But those Kennedys have every issue."

"HUSTLER is excellent both as a source and an inspiration," opines William Casey, a past director of the CIA who now writes the society page for the *Hades Clarion*. "Both Jack and Bobby recognize the power of graven images. Since they own so many copies of HUSTLER, they can afford to cut out photos of appropriate sex parts and paste them on their own corresponding blank spots. Marilyn plays along. She likes the freedom of changing and choosing her merkin color from the many available in HUSTLER centerfolds."

Casey's only complaint about HUSTLER is the plethora of phone-sex ads. "First of all, AT&T and Sprint don't extend to our zip code, and even if they did, I have no source of wiretapping equipment over here. The idea of phone sex loses all its appeal if it's not connected with surveillance."

"The black dots on the porn ads kill me," bleats Jim Morrison, a well-known bon vivant before breaking through to the other side. "They just remind me that I'm missing something. If it wasn't for R and R junkets, I'd have taken a moonlight drive aeons ago."

R and R junkets, according to Heinisch, are raunch-and-relaxation trips, short vacations from eternity. Passed souls are allowed to return to the living, but only for a limited time.

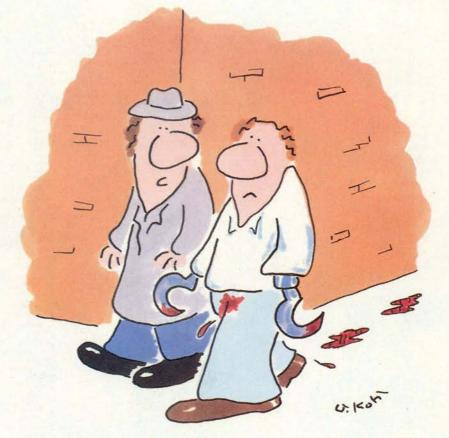
"And we have to go back into a body that's already there," explains Morrison. "The Big Guy probably reads HUSTLER too. He has a sort of twisted sense of humor; I think he got it from Dwaine Tinsley.

"Both times I've been back, He slipped me into the body of Jimmy Swaggart. *Oh, Christ,* I thought, *how in the hell am I going to persuade this preacher to get some pussy?*

"But the Reverend turned surprisingly easily."

"That's funny," chuckles Lenny Bruce, who had not been laughing much at the time of his death. "I got sent back as porn dick Ron Jeremy Boned a lot of groovy chicks, but threw up at the sight of myself. Luckily, I've got my sense of humor back. I keep my outlook healthy in a sick kind of way with the jokes from HUSTLER. You won't know you've missed it until it's gone."

"It's like Janis Joplin sings—two sets in the Limbo Lounge every Tuesday and Thursday night." summarizes Heinisch, signing off. "There's no sex after life; so before you come here, consult HUSTLER Magazine and get it while you can!"



"Ya know, Fred, I'd have a doctor take a look at that jock itch if I were you."



Still Spitting, Kicking and Stroking

1

Larry Flynt's love child has outlived all of its imitators and is the only men's magazine that still gets a hard-on today. It hasn't been easy, and it wasn't always pretty, but it's been worth it.

How We Got This Way by Christian Shapiro

HUSTLER AT 18

The mid-'70s were a time when big boobs sagged and white dudes wore platform shoes. Miller beer and Kool cigarettes advertised in our pages.

In 1974, Larry Flynt recognized a void and filled it. *Playboy* and *Penthouse* were fine as far as they went, but they didn't go far enough. Flynt envisioned a magazine that would embody the high-quality printing, photography and editorial content of the two top runners, but without the stifling pretensions that suffocated everything touched by Hugh Hefner or Bob Guccione. The antidotes to stuffed-shirt sex were irreverent, incessant humor, open-eyed looks at sexual and social topics too real for a soft-focus format, and honey-dripping models who actually wanted to fuck for the sake of orgasm.

Larry Flynt created a magazine for, by and about its readers. The first issue of HUSTLER sold for \$1.25. Since then, the only thing that's outpaced us is inflation.

JULY '74 to JUNE '75: YEAR ONE

The mid-'70s were a time when big boobs sagged and white dudes wore platform shoes. Miller beer, eight-track-tape clubs and Kool cigarettes advertised in our pages. Even Campari liqueur ran an ad, which would provide ironic hindsight ten years down the road.

Our initial year saw the establishment of HUSTLER Humor, Bits & Pieces, Feedback

and *Sex Play.* The girls of HUSTLER were post-'60s, free-lovin' hippie chicks whose snatches were far bushier than what we see today, with the exception of September's shaved beaver.

WORST SHAME: A feature article on musical dwarf Paul Williams.

SECOND WORST SHAME: Not only did we listen to smut director Gerard Damiano spout off about Nixon, JFK and RFK, we printed his ravings.

MOST APPETIZING IMAGE: Jody Maxwell, a cocksucker who actually sang while performing her tonsil art, coughed up this remembrance: "I kept on sucking through this vomit, and chunks of stuff went all over him."

JULY '75 to JUNE '76: YEAR TWO

HUSTLER's motto became "For the Rest of the World." The anniversary cover depicted the *Playboy* Bunny and *Penthouse* Turtle dead beneath a HUSTLER Honey's platform wedgie. "The thing that is going to make HUSTLER stand out," promised Larry, "is its honesty and integrity."

By December '75, honesty and integrity had alienated all our mainstream advertising,



"Are you sure it prevents sunburn?"

but nude photographs of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis propelled our August '75 edition to collector's-item status.

Other visual highlights included a girl with her snake, shaved snatch, a 50-year-old centerfold, black stud Butch dangling over his white Georgia Peach, Joe—er, uh, Josephine (a half-done, brunet sex change), a girl blowing smoke rings from her pussy, and our first blonde on a beach.

On the humor front, "Most Tasteless Cartoon" became an institution, Chester the Molester made his furtive entrance, tampon jokes were in full flow, and hemorrhoid gags flared uncontrollably.

WHY WE CAN'T SHOW PENETRA-TION ANYMORE: A candid snap of war criminal Henry Kissinger with a finger knuckle-deep in his nose.

WHAT WE GOT AWAY WITH THEN: Piss splattering a lovely's face, a mother naked with her naked child, a four-legged dog mounting Linda Lovelace.

MOST IMPORTANT CONTRIBUTION TO THE X-RATED MOTION PICTURE: HUSTLER's hard-on rating system is introduced for fuck flicks.

TWO GOOD FEUDS: *Penthouse*'s Bob Guccione and *Screw*'s publisher, Al Goldstein, picked up Asshole of the Month honors. Goldstein, at least, can take a joke.

OUTBREAK OF MALE FEMINISM: Now-croaked porn meat Mark "10½" Stevens: "It really gets me upset when I have to come all over a girl's face. It's not natural; it's abnormal sex."

LEAST SURPRISING DISCLOSURE: Then-yippie, now-yuppie Jerry Rubin rapping: "I've always had what I considered to be a very small cock."

MOST SWEEPING STATEMENT: "Among women, a large dog is generally considered to be the best replacement for a man."

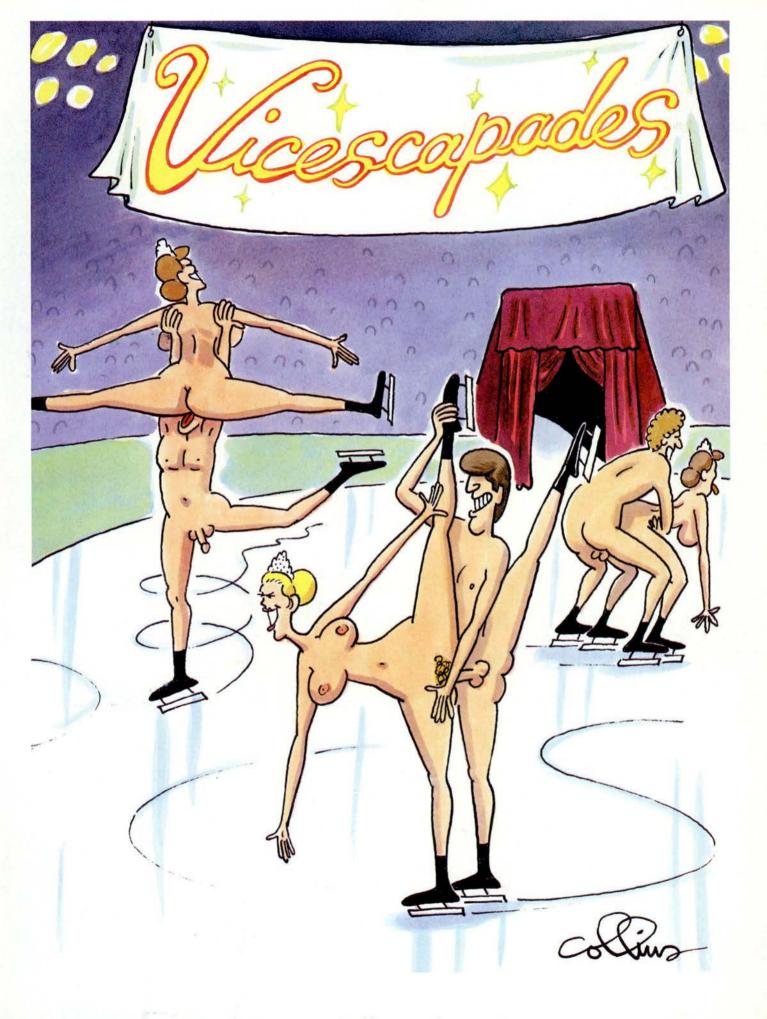
JULY '76 to JUNE '77: YEAR THREE

Our bicentennial-anniversary issue celebrated three years of HUSTLER and 200 years of freedom for the United States. A swatch of pubic hair curled out around Old Glory on our cover, and Bucky Beaver popped up inside as HUSTLER's mascot.

The shit, however, soon hit the fan. Our first-ever Special Prison Issue graced the stands in May '77, with the Publisher's Statement written from the Cincinnati jail. Larry had been convicted of pandering, obscenity and engaging in organized crime for putting out a publication enjoyed by 3 million readers.

On a lighter note, the inimitable Dwaine Tinsley signed on as Cartoon and Humor Editor, taking the turd joke to sublime depths. The Honeys of HUSTLER were prettier, and their pussies were spreading wider and blushing technicolor. This rosy development prompted the rhetorical question: "Who says pink isn't a man's color?"

(continued on page 52)





Pussy juice comes in two flavors. The first ain't exactly caviar; the second ain't exactly lemonade. Both hit the spot for 20-year-old Brigit, whose tissue-tease got this scatfight off the pot. Did Brigit intend all along to lick the bowl? "Every now and then, I get a craving," confesses the saucy minx, with a dirty smile at toilet-trainer Sharelle. "Sooner or later, acquired tastes become required!"

Photography by Clive McLean













Quote of the year: "When I started shooting, I yanked my thumb out

of her ass, which made her travel all over the bed searching for it."

MOST OBSCENE PHOTOS: Grisly pictorials of the charred-meat horrors of war.

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?: A gaggle of next-door labes flashed their first *Beaver Hunt* gash.

QUOTE OF THE YEAR: "When I started shooting, I yanked my thumb out of her ass, which made her travel all over the bed searching for it."

LITERARY PRETENSIONS: An interview and stories from dirty old man Charles Bukowski and full-color views of female author Shere Hite's bushy snatch.

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION: A girlon-girl photo-set with a pair of pregnant pretties. How did they get knocked up doing that?

JULY '77 to JUNE '78: YEAR FOUR

Our subscription ad, a pussy with the flaps slapped back, read: "Larry Flynt continues to widen the gap in publishing." The year saw the world's first Scratch 'n' Sniff Centerfold, the world's hairiest woman unclothed, Larry Flynt's conversion to bornagain Christianity, the infamous woman-ina-meat-grinder covergirl, HUSTLER's move from Ohio to California and an assassin's bullets taking Larry down in Georgia. That much trauma would have killed a lesser magazine.

MOST TRUTHFUL STATEMENT MADE BY A PROSECUTING ATTORNEY: "HUSTLER will blow your mind. It's the nightmare of a degenerate."

MOST OVERRATED MUFF: Sally Struthers is offered \$1 million to flash her gash. That's a lot of Alpo.

HAVING IT BOTH WAYS: The October '77 issue featured a serious, photoillustrated article on the horrors of tortured children and a cartoon feature about the sexual delights of kids.

LEAST MISSED HUSTLER TRADI-TION: "One for the Ladies," a nude male in *Beaver Hunt.*

JULY '78 to JUNE '79: YEAR FIVE

The year started with our first Born Again Issue. It featured ten pages of paintings depicting the sexy parts of the Bible. It was our last Born Again Issue. Chester the Molester picked up a girlfriend named Hester, and we were porn again.

GREATEST BREACH OF NATIONAL INSECURITY: President Jimmy Carter's sister was alleged to show pink in August '78. She did not.



"It's 50 bucks extra if I have to search for it."

DIRTIEST PICTURES WE EVER PRINTED: Living-color close-ups of Larry Flynt's bullet wounds.

OUR MANIA: Assassination was on the editorial mind, with in-depth speculation into the murders of John F. Kennedy, Robert F. Kennedy, Martin Luther King and Malcolm X.

SWIFTEST DUCK OF A TOUGH ISSUE: After we ran garbage-pail-abortion photos, our own Honey Hooker became knocked up and faced the dilemma of having the baby or snuffing her offspring. Her decision was obviated by a miscarriage.

MOST INSPIRATIONAL ANALITY: A threeway tie: a view of a guy with his own dick up his ass, the *Fear of Farting* article and Larry's "We Give a Shit" Publisher's Statement.

JULY '79 to JUNE '80: YEAR SIX

In case anyone should think Larry Flynt was not a man of extremes, he followed his year in Christ with an interview of Atheist Madalyn Murray O'Hair and a profile of Satanist Anton LaVey, as well as a layout of a wicked chick who could tie her twat in a knot.

WHAT, WE WORRIED?: Back in May 1980, herpes seemed like the worst thing that could happen to a fucker.

DOUBLE-VISION AWARD: Identical twins graced the March '80 centerfold.

BIGGEST BALLS ON A FEMINIST: Larry's "Women's Rights" Publisher's Statement endorsed the Equal Rights Amendment.

JULY '80 to JUNE '81: YEAR SEVEN

Country-and-western-entertainer profiles, our first Special Political Issue and stylized girl-sets (a boy/girl with the male as a halfanimal satyr, love with a spaceman coming out of a flying saucer, a female painted silver under the pretense of being a robot). A saving element was Chester and Hester's engaging booger jokes.

FALSIST WARNING: April's Sex Play: "Celibacy: Is America Giving Up Sex?"

TRUIST WARNING: March's President George Bush: Sooner Than We Think?

WHAT TO DO IF YOUR DICK TURNS INTO A PUSSY: "How to Achieve Vaginal Orgasms."

GREATEST LOSS OF THE YEAR: HUSTLER reporter John Sullivan perishes in El Salvador.

JULY '81 to JUNE '82: YEAR EIGHT

Some years are more difficult than others. The April '82 Publisher's Statement announced that Larry, suffering intense pain from the bullets he carried in his spine, had turned HUSTLER over to his wife, Althea. Althea herself had more balls than any competing men's mag.

HOW CENSORSHIP HAS CREPT SINCE 1981: Bits & Pieces in December showed an Oriental gal twisting her entire hand in her twat.

SOMETHING TO REASSURE EVEN OUR MOST ABERRANT READER:



[&]quot;Paper or plastic?"

HUSTLER AT 18 Larry Flynt announced his candidacy for President of the United States. The American government reacted by tossing him into a federal facility.

of the vulva.

MOST DISAPPOINTING PREDICTION: The April coverline that proclaimed: "America's Fastest Growing Crime-Women Raping Men."

JULY '82 to JUNE '83: YEAR NINE

Volume Nine started with a Scratch 'n' Sniff Centerfold and Althea blasting Rolling Stone and National Lampoon magazines in her "I Hate Hypocrites" Publisher's Statement. Visual delights included Honeysuckle Divine shooting an egg out of her cunt, and Kitty, whose clit popped out like a greasy marble. Althea's "I Am a Feminist" stand blazed a way for the likes of Candida Royalle and Gloria Leonard, and Larry was back at the helm by January '83, promising great things for the future.

FIRST MENTION OF A FRESH PLAGUE: "The Deadly New Sex Epidemic," a Sex Play on AIDS in June '83.

WHY HASN'T IT GONE AWAY YET?: David Duke, in September '82, bewailed the doom of the white race.

STILTED EXTREMES IN PHOTOG-**RAPHY:** A girl all painted gold, with her

February's sex-freak photos of varicose veins head shaved on another planet? Wizard of Oz characters Tin Man, Cowardly Lion and Scarecrow dangling fake dicks at Dorothy? The two-and-a-half-foot, stinking toilet snake that won the Bits & Pieces "Flash Before You Flush" contest?

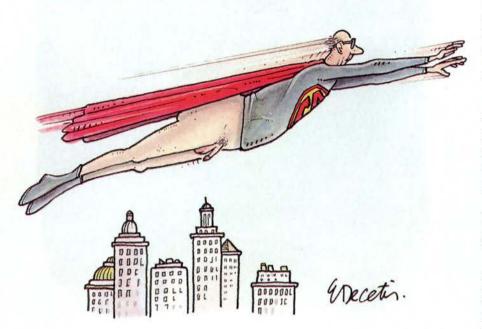
JULY '83 to JUNE '84: YEAR TEN

The most manic and creative period in HUSTLER's history. We skewered Jerry Falwell in a parody Campari ad, we showed Pat Boone with his dick in a box, Prince Albert and Brooke Shields appeared nude, we published the confessions of men who dressed like women and others who wore big diapers, we ran celebrity photo-fantasies from Dennis Hopper and Frank Zappa, and Larry Flynt announced his candidacy for President of the United States. The American government reacted by tossing him into a federal facility.

BEST USE OF AN ANIMAL: The German shepherd sharing an after-sex cigarette and popping a pinky on the cover of February '84.

DUBIOUS TRENDS: Pornpourri, a smut-video review section, heralded the coming ascendancy of tape over film; a

The day Superman first showed signs of Alzheimer's.



November '83 article on phone sex explored the novelty that would become the backbone of our advertising dollars.

MOST TELLING QUOTE: From a conversation with Supreme Court Justice Sandra Day O'Connor's asshole: "As long as Larry Flynt keeps filing petitions, I'll never run out of something to wipe with."

JULY '84 to JUNE '85: YEAR 11

Along with petitions, Larry kept filing HUSTLER Magazine, a vital document for freedom and fun. Photo-sets improved by leaps and bounds: Gone was elaborate fluffery; in its place writhed sweating, gaping, gnashing sexuality.

BEST REASON TO JOIN THE NAVY: According to January's article on Manila's sex shows, "One of the performers slides a peeled banana into her pussy, then pushes it out-miraculously in slices.

RODNEY KING SHOULD HAVE READ THIS: The Dark Side of the Force exposed one L.A. cop as saying: "Instead of being depressed, I go down South and shoot niggers. It's fun."

SIGNS OF DOUBLE-DIGIT INFLATION: Surgically pumped breasts infiltrate the pages of HUSTLER.

JULY '85 to JUNE '86: YEAR 12

A very good year for raunch. The Dark Brothers released New Wave Hookers, Melissa Melendez got hosed down in a champagne-showers set, and Traci Lords showed and told all. Actually, she didn't tell everything, such as her real age, or we wouldn't have shown so much of her.

BEST REASON TO QUIT EATING MEAT: Amber Lynn reveals: "Men who eat vegetables, like celery, and drink a lot of water, their cum tastes good."

GUESS WHAT HE'S TALKING ABOUT: From an interview with a bisexual: "If you tense up, it can turn into a painful experience, but if you let yourself go, it can be a real pleasure."

SPEAK FOR YOURSELF: Billy Idol opines, "I think that we're all pretty dead."

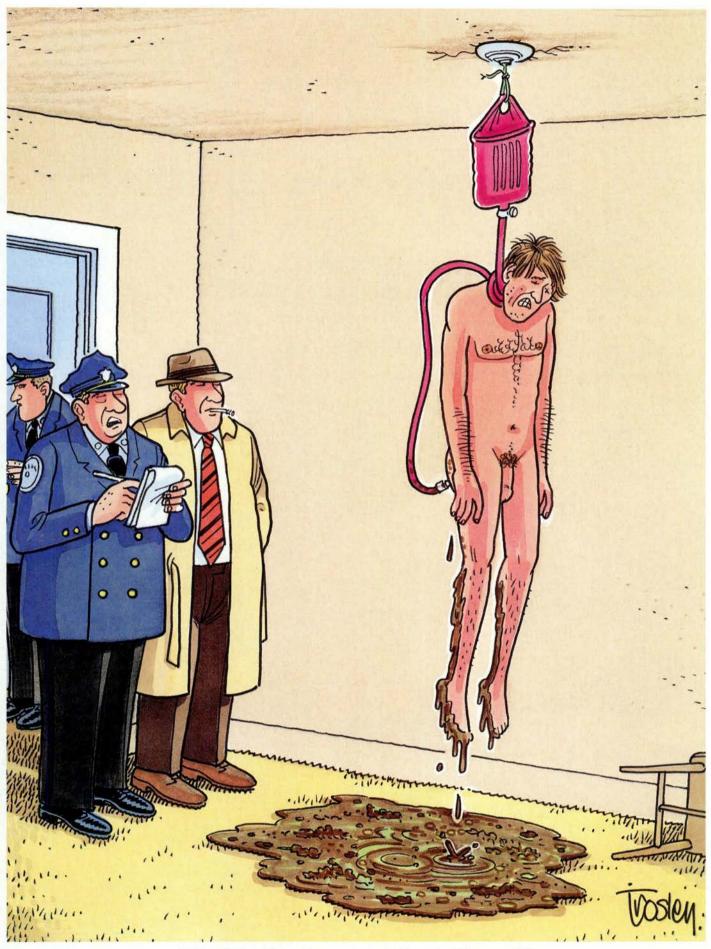
JULY '86 to JUNE '87: YEAR 13

Unlike former Pennsylvania State Treasurer R. Budd Dwyer (who's shown blowing the top of his head off in May '87), HUSTLER hit its teens seeming pretty alive. Slut star Patti Petite had Pepto Bismol jizzed over her body, and Blondi B.'s echo-chamber asshole resonated upon the pages of January '87.

WORDS ALL WOMEN SHOULD LIVE BY: Porn puff Taija Rae: "I'm perfectly happy to lie on my back and get my brains fucked out."

WE NEVER HAVE TO PAY FOR IT: All the same, our April '87 issue had an update on the world's oldest profession, tips on how to avoid soliciting a policewoman, a cathouse-etiquette guide and directions for dialing an escort service.

(continued on page 105)



"What do I put down, Lieutenant—suicide or death by enema?"

Self Serve

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"Ain't nothin' better than breakfast in bed," sighs 19-year-old Gaby, reclining in a luxury hotel suite in Cleveland, Ohio. "There's nothing I love more than being waited on hand and foot." How does a girl who's accustomed to pampering deal with having to wait for room service? "If I do say so myself," she smiles, "Pye got that problem licked."















Health care in America is as sick as it gets. Thank God these doctors don't make house calls.

Report by Larry Wichman • Illustration by Robert Jew

Welby

r.

and



MAD DOCTORS Most physicians would punish a wife's infidelity by canceling her credit cards. Millar surgically sewed shut his wife's vagina.

Although many of these cases have not been proven in criminal court, all allegations were taken from sworn depositions.

In June of 1984, Dr. Glenn C. Millar, a 62year-old gynecologist from San Luis Obispo, California, convinced his wife, Debbie, 32, that because of chronic vaginal bleeding she required a hysterectomy. Although Millar was not Debbie's regular gynecologist, he had her complete trust. His young wife had even agreed to let him perform the surgery, assisted by friend and Millar prodigy, Dr. Robert W. Tatreau.

As Debbie was wheeled into the operating room at the Sierra Vista Medical Center, she assumed she was in excellent hands. What she didn't know was that several weeks earlier her husband had discovered she was having an affair. According to court records, Dr. Millar had only talked her into having the surgery so he could exact his sadistic revenge.

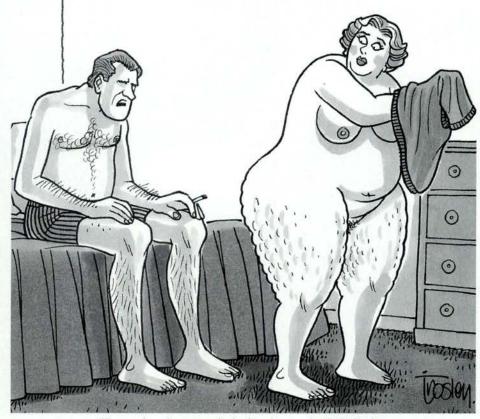
Most physicians would punish a wife's infidelity by canceling her credit cards or spending a week in Vegas with the receptionist. Millar surgically sewed shut his wife's vagina. "I've fixed it so you'll never screw around on me again," the surgeon reportedly hissed as Debbie lay half-conscious in the recovery room. It was a chilling confession witnessed by several attending nurses.

As a result of her husband's butchery, Debbie, who has since remarried, was left all but sexually dysfunctional. Even after reconstructive surgery, sexual intercourse remained unbearably painful at best.

In a 1988 civil trial, Drs. Millar and Tatreau testified that any mistakes they'd made during surgery had been unintentional. The jury decided otherwise and awarded the victim \$6 million in damages.

Nonetheless, criminal charges were never filed, and neither physician permanently lost his license to practice medicine.

In America in 1990, an estimated 234,000 hospital patients were injured and 80,000 died as a result of incompetent physicians and negligent treatment. Yet, according to the Washington, D.C.-based Public Citizen Health Research Group, that same year a scant 2,865 practitioners were disciplined for misconduct, and only 15% of



"Remember those cute little dimples you had? Well, they had babies and moved to your thighs...."

those were accused of providing substandard care.

American health care is a \$2-billion-a-day industry. Seven thousand hospitals, 600,000 licensed physicians and countless dentists, psychologists, registered nurses and chiropractors are licensed to practice in the U.S. The underfunded and understaffed state agencies charged with regulating health professionals are overwhelmed.

There have always been inherent flaws in the system. Principal among them is that the medical community is a predominantly selfpolicing entity. State medical boards, which license and discipline doctors, are chaired by physicians. When investigating a colleague, a secondary panel of physicians pre-evaluates the case while an outside physician runs the investigation.

When Los Angeles obstetrician Milos Klvana was convicted of second-degree murder in the 1982-86 deaths of eight infants and one fetus, the California Medical Board (CMB) acknowledged that the physician had been taken off probation in 1983 even though board members knew of his alleged complicity in two infant deaths. As a result, nine additional infants had died.

The 1989 criminal case against Klvana, conducted by the L.A. County DA's office, was based on evidence that the doctor had repeatedly proceeded with high-risk deliveries in homes and private birthing clinics while knowing that he lacked the skill and equipment necessary to perform the deliveries safely.

"All of the deaths were due to common textbook obstetrical complications that mandate hospitalization prior to delivery," claims prosecutor Brian Kelberg. "For Klvana to have advised the mothers against going to the hospital was criminal."

Equally criminal was the doctor's flagrant abuse of the labor-inducing drug Pitocin, which is meant to be administered only in well-staffed hospitals. "The drug causes perpetual contractions and is very dangerous," explains Linda Vogel of the state attorney general's office. "In one of Klvana's Pitocin cases, the baby's head was battered against the mother's pelvis for hours. The infant died as a result."

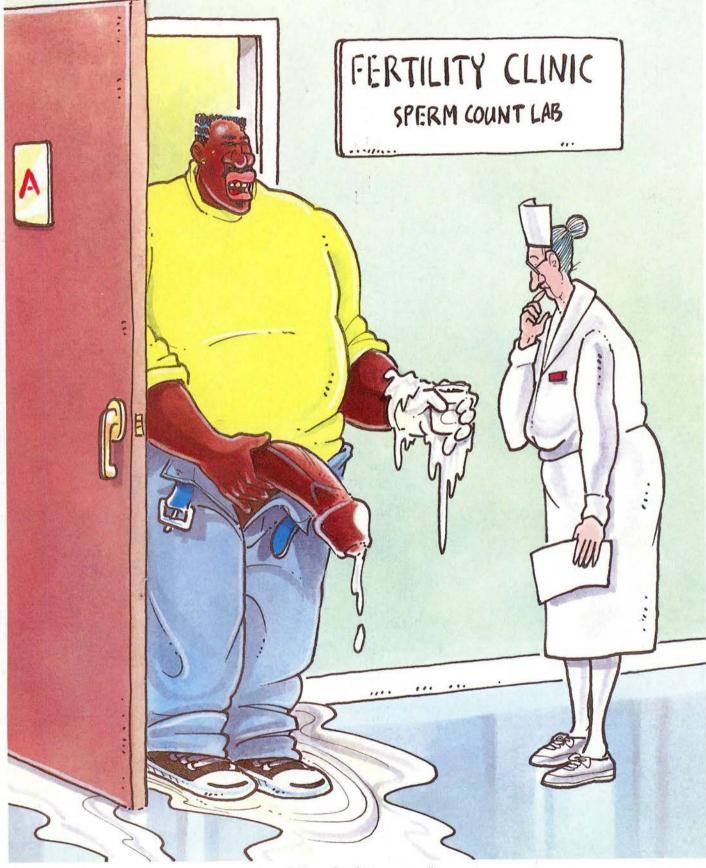
According to Kelberg, L.A. County hospitals began revoking Dr. Klvana's privileges as early as 1978, and in 1980 the CMB placed the physician on probation for illegally prescribing drugs. Nonetheless, in 1983 his probation was lifted despite an ongoing CMB investigation into four cases of alleged incompetence.

According to medical-board documents, the cases involved a botched tubal ligation, the mishandling of a breech birth, and the 1982 deaths of two babies—including Amanda Herrera, who Klvana was later convicted of murdering.

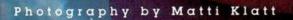
(continued on page 76)

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Weletin.



"Ah needs a bigger cup...."



Band

dunkin' donut

Waterloggin', off-duty cop Bob's a pool shark with a taste for catfish. Twenty-year-old Anne's been broiling in the sun all day. Is she ready to eat? Poke her and find out!













MAD DOCTORS (continued from page 66) In 1990, an estimated 234,000 hospital patients were injured and 80,000 died as a result of incompetent physicians and negligent treatment.

During the 1989 murder trial, Amanda Herrera's death was proven to have been caused by Klvana's use of Pitocin. During contractions, Amanda's head had virtually been crushed while being forced through the mother's birth canal.

In 1983, however, the CMB physicians' panel had found otherwise. They'd discounted testimony from Amanda's mother, who'd told of being given Pitocin, and ignored a coroner's report indicating head injuries consistent with the use of the labor-inducing drug. They'd chosen to believe the obstetrician's claim of innocence, and on September 21, 1984, they'd closed the case.

Just how bad a doctor was Klvana? His CMB rap sheet, compiled only after his 1989 criminal trial, includes 27 cases of fatal or near-fatal negligence, and scores of examples in which Klvana either falsified records or committed insurance fraud:

On December 24, 1982, Klvana discharged newborn Amy J. 25 minutes after delivery, despite the infant's poor color and respiration. On Christmas Day, Amy exhibited seizurelike activity, which Klvana discounted. He also discouraged the mother from taking the

During the 1989 murder trial, Amanda baby to a hospital. One hour later, Amy errera's death was proven to have been stopped breathing and died.

On August 1983, after a 40-hour labor during which Pitocin was used, Joanne F. gave birth to a stillborn infant. Klvana disposed of the remains without preparing a legally required death certificate and without seeking an autopsy. Klvana advised the parents to conceal the fact that the death had occurred.

Upon delivery on August 1984, patient Jason F. was purple and had difficulty breathing. The premature infant was nonetheless discharged by KIvana. The infant stopped breathing and died 12 hours later.

In September of 1986, Klvana administered Pitocin to patient Tosha L., claiming it was only vitamins. He then allowed a chiropractor to perform vaginal exams during labor and to press on the mother's abdomen in an effort to push the infant out of the birth canal. After delivery, the child showed evidence of extreme molding of the head and died the next morning.

Klvana's license was not denied by the CMB until 1991.

The disciplinary leniency shown by the



"It's so refreshing to go out with a gentleman who doesn't see me as just another sex object."

California Medical Board is typical of most medical boards.

Amazingly, physicians have almost no criminal liability. "If you're an incompetent doctor, no matter how bad the care you provide, if you don't rape or kill the patient, there's no crime," prosecutor Brian Kelberg complains. Even when criminal conduct is suspected, it's the doctor's word against the patient's.

The illusion of invulnerability this kind of unconditional professional support creates can lead a doctor to treat his patients with contempt.

For Dr. Pravin Thakkar, an India-born gynecologist practicing in Frankton, Indiana, a license to practice medicine was a license to fondle any female of any age who spread her legs in his office. From 1981 to 1989, Thakkar verbally assaulted, seduced, sexually molested and/or raped 14 female patients.

Thakkar sexually propositioned 16-yearold Beth Ann Robey during a lengthy pelvic exam in 1981, and in 1989 did the same to half-naked Allison Smith, 17, while caressing her nipples.

Thakkar also preyed on addicts, trading pills for cheap thrills. In December of 1984, the gynecologist began treating Teena Frodge, who admitted an addiction to the prescription drug Xanax. Thakkar performed Teena's pelvic exam without rubber gloves and stimulated her clitoris. For being so accommodating, Frodge received 30 tabs of Xanax.

Two weeks later, Teena was back for a refill, and Thakkar's hands were back between her legs. After her visit, Frodge was told that as long as she continued to submit to pelvic exams, Thakkar would keep her well stocked with drugs. Their relationship reportedly lasted until the physician lost his license in 1989.

The rapes began in September of 1983 with patient Susan Bickel, who came to Thakkar to have her IUD removed. As Susan lay with her feet in the stirrups, Thakkar told her he was going to insert an instrument into her vagina. Instead, he inserted his penis.

Recognizing the difference, Bickel recoiled in mid-thrust and looked down to see Thakkar's fully exposed hard-on. Afterward, the doctor warned her to "keep her mouth shut," which she did for five years.

Three months later, Dr. Thakkar sexually assaulted patient Cathy Porter in her home. After repeatedly asking Porter for a date, Thakkar showed up at her door one night and asked to use her phone. He then began wandering around the house. When Porter caught up with him, he was naked in her bedroom where he forced her to have sex knowing that, with her ten-year-old son asleep in the next room, she wouldn't scream for help.

Thakkar's third rape victim was Charlotte Gorman, whom he literally thrust himself upon during a pelvic exam in February of 1984. When the doctor discovered two months



"Aw, Clarence ... I didn't even get my panties off!"

"If you're an incompetent doctor, no matter how bad the care you provide, if you don't rape or kill the patient, there's no crime."

later that Gorman was pregnant with his child, he aborted the fetus without Gorman's knowledge or consent. It was not the first such procedure Thakkar had performed, and it would not be the last. In 1991, the doctor was convicted on criminal charges that he'd forcibly performed unwanted abortions on three of five additional patients with whom he'd had sexual relations. The first was Carmen Singer, whom, according to court testimony, Thakkar began treating and screwing in October of 1982. Singer allegedly became pregnant by Thakkar the following February but wouldn't abort the fetus. She then began squeezing Thakkar for money.

"If you don't shut up about the baby, I have a gun with six bullets!" Pravin was heard to warn his patient during a 1983 telephone call. He vowed to kill Carmen, the baby and himself and take Carmen's father, son and minister in death with them.

In October, Thakkar took matters into his own hands. Even though Singer was by then eight months pregnant, he brought her to his house, drugged her, induced labor and aborted his problems.

Although Thakkar would tell Singer the

baby was stillborn, at his trial the mother testified to briefly waking from her stupor and hearing a baby's muffled cry. She said she never saw or heard the baby again.

For Thakkar, it was a lesson well learned. In July of 1987, upon discovering that he'd knocked up patient Lynn Meyers, he didn't tell her she was pregnant until after attempting an abortion. Under the ruse of starting her menstruation, he inserted what Meyers described as a foot-long, metal instrument into her cervix.

"He wrapped both hands around it and began to shove it with all his might," Meyers recalls. "It was horribly painful. I thought, *He doesn't know what he's doing. He's going to kill me!*"

According to medical expert Joseph Thompson, M.D., of Indiana University, Thakkar's primitive technique was the same as that commonly employed by back-room abortionists. "You shove the instrument into the uterus and wiggle it around," he described. "It causes bleeding and cramping as the uterus attempts to expel the wounded fetus. It's extremely dangerous for the mother."

Thakkar almost maimed patient Kathy



Collins when he used the prong on her in January of 1988. Pravin had been balling the 30-year-old for four years, and when she told him she might be pregnant with his child, he put on the same act he'd used with Meyers.

"He said, 'Honey, you're not pregnant,'" Collins recalled on the stand. "Then I felt an excruciating pain—a kind of pain I'd never felt before. I shouted at Pravin to take the instrument out, but he wouldn't. He said, 'No, I want to check one more thing.'"

Collins bled heavily for 14 days before entering the hospital, where she expelled the dead fetus.

Ultimately, Thakkar did pay a price for his reckless and life-threatening professional misconduct. He was stripped of his license, ordered to pay restitution and sentenced to spend 16 years in prison.

Doctors have good reason to believe they are above the law: They can buy and sell it. "Physicians can afford the best attorneys," CMB representative Janie Cordray explains. "They can pay for a lot of billable hours. So, they file motion after motion. It can be years before a doctor is disciplined by the board."

A 1989 Tufts University study found that malpractice-insurance carriers sanction five times the number of physicians disciplined by states. It's not unusual to find that a doctor who was repeatedly sued continued mangling patients for a decade before his state medical board even opened an investigation.

Although logic dictates that it would be in the American Medical Association's best interest to have renegade doctors like Thakkar run out of business, the AMA has sabotaged the one system capable of doing so: the National Practitioner Data Bank (NPDB).

The NPDB is a federally operated computer repository containing data files on every physician who has been sued or disciplined for malpractice since the system came on line in September of 1990. Its purpose is to ensure that if a chronically negligent physician attempts to jump to a new hospital or state, his past record of substandard care will not go undetected.

Each time a doctor is tossed out of a hospital, settles or loses a big malpractice suit or has his license revoked, the NPDB adds the case to its data base. In turn, each time a doctor applies for work at a new hospital or for a license in a new state, the institution or licensing board is required to access his NPDB file to make sure that he is fit to practice.

Unfortunately, intense lobbying by the AMA has taken so much starch out of the NPDB that it has become little more than an updated version of the ineffective system presently in place. The public cannot even gain access to NPDB files in order to find out who the dangerous doctors are—which means that again this year, 314,000 ailing Americans are going to find out the hard way.



[&]quot;He just keeps screaming, 'Larry won't buy my fuckin' cartoons!' "

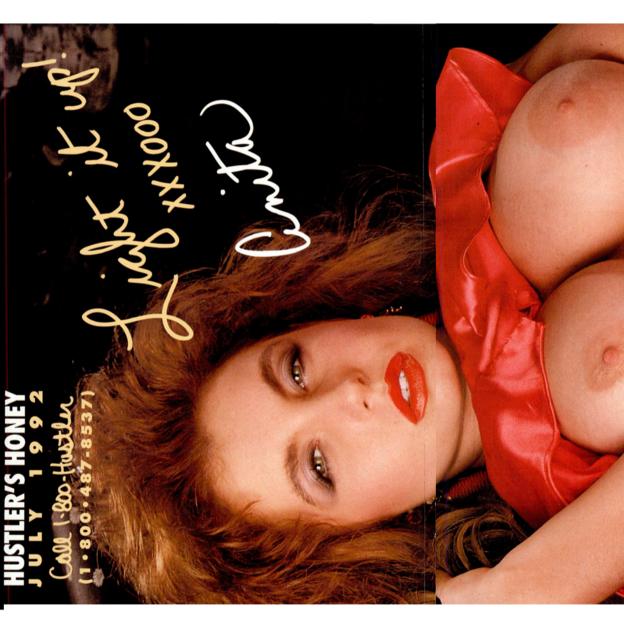


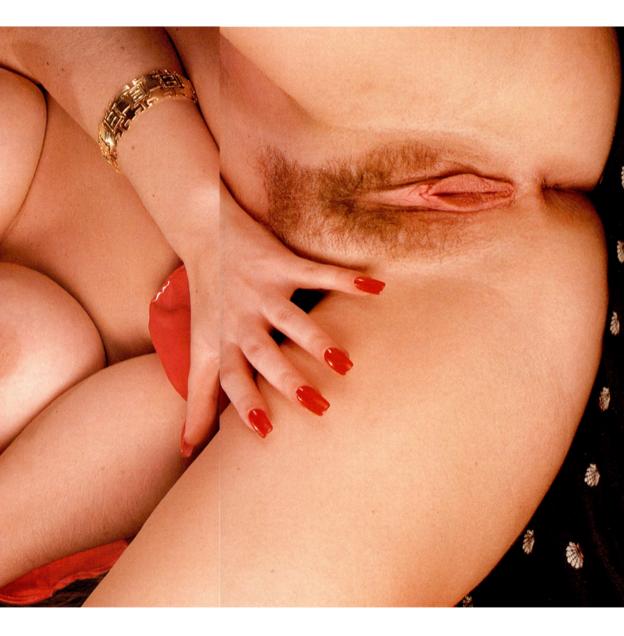


"Sometimes spicy means hot to the taste," explains 19-year-old Anita, "and sometimes it means hot to be touched. Which is why it's a one-word description of me. The only thing it doesn't describe is how sweet I am. The only way a guy's gonna find that out is to risk getting burned." The heat is on.









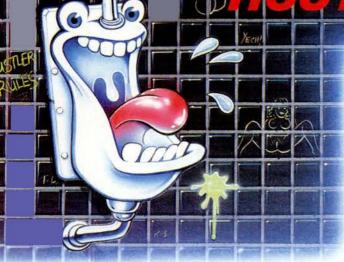


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Come inside and see what you can get them to do! ____ENTER_____



he stud was hanging out at his house one day when the phone rang.

"Hi, this is Cindy," the voice said. "Remember me?"

The promiscuous guy had met too many Cindys in his life. "Uh, no, sorry—I can't place you at the moment."

"You took me home after Jane's Christmas party, remember? You said I was a good sport."

"Oh, yeah, now I remember you. How you doin'?"

"Not so good," she answered. "I just found out I'm pregnant, and I want to kill myself."

Without missing a beat, the slick guy answered, "Hey—I was right! You really are a good sport."

uestion: How bad is the AIDS epidemic?

Answer: Well, it's now safer to skip the sex and go right to the cigarette.

horoughly fed up with his wife's incessant bitching and moaning, Joe finally agreed to accompany her to a meeting with her therapist. Once there, he made his reluctance quite clear, explaining that he had absolutely no idea how she found so much to complain about all the time.

"Well, Mr. Smith," the therapist pointed out gently, "it is customary for married people to have sexual intercourse regularly, even frequently. Mrs. Smith tells me that even on the nights when you don't fall asleep in front of the TV, you never respond in any way to her sexual advances."

"Yeah, well, so?" Joe scratched his head. "So whaddaya recommend?"

"Well, a reasonable minimum might be sexual intercourse at least twice a week," suggested the counselor.

"Twice a week, huh?" grunted Joe, thinking it over. "Okay, I could drop her off on Mondays...but on Fridays she's got to take the bus."

he HUSTLER Dictionary defines an *agnostic insomniac dyslexic* as: a guy who stays awake all night wondering if there's a dog. diod looked down from Heaven one day and saw a man exercising. The guy was counting off as he worked out. God was in a playful mood that day and decided to do a little experimenting. First He took out the left side of the brain. The man counted, "One, three, five...." After He put the left side back, He took out the right. Now the man counted, "Two, four, six...."

Suddenly God got a mischievous urge and decided to take out both sides of the guy's brain. Now the guy counted off, "Uno, dos, tres...."

henry had been a staunch Republican all his life. At 95 years old, his health was failing fast. One morning, he asked his son to take him to the courthouse downtown so he could change his registration from Republican to Democrat.

"But, Dad," protested the young man, "you started this town's Republican party. Why would you want to become a Democrat?"

"Son," replied Henry, "if someone has to die, it might as well be one of them."

"he's great on the court," a sportswriter said of a college basketball player in an interview with the coach, "but how's his scholastic record?"

"Why, he makes straight A's," replied the coach.

"That's great!" said the sportswriter.

"Yes," agreed the coach, "but his fucking B's are still a little crooked."

uestion: What's the difference between a woman and a washing machine?

Answer: After you dump a load into a washing machine, it doesn't follow you around for two weeks.

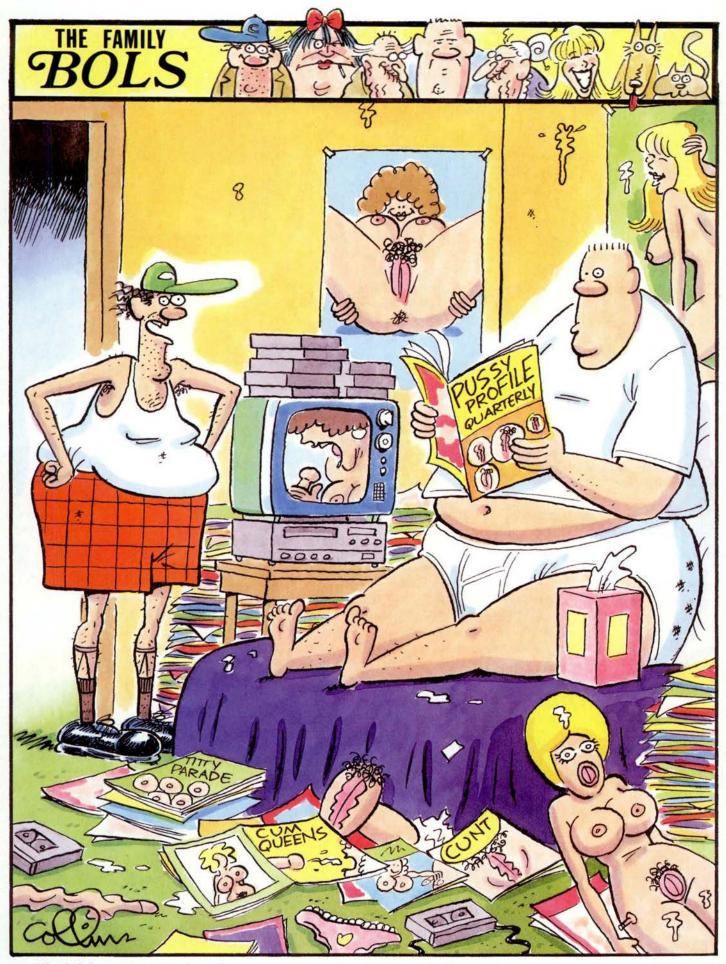
hree friends were walking around town when they came across a prostitute soliciting on a street corner. Attracted to her good looks, they inquired about her rate.

"Actually, I operate on a sliding scale," said the girl. "You see, I charge \$10 an inch."

The men accepted and went off to her apartment. They took turns with her. The first man told his friends proudly that he had paid \$70. The second guy announced that he had not received any change from a \$100 bill. The third man declared that it was by far the best time he had ever had for \$20. The other two stared at their feet and began to snicker uncontrollably.

"I don't know what you two fools find so funny," said the third man. "Neither of you had the sense to pay on the way out...."

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"You kids have it so easy today. When I was your age, all we had to whack off to were Playboy and National Geographic."





NEW LESBIAN In 1984, most owners of feminist-book stores would have rather drunk semen and died than sold smut. Attitudes have changed.

It's June, but the wind off the Bay is a coldass murderer. Inside San Francisco's lesbian community, things have never been hotter.

The cutting-edge, lesbian magazine *On Our Backs* is a smut rag for women who love women. Copublishers Debi Sundahl and Nan Kinney hawked the first issue on Gay Day, 1984, in Frisco's Castro District streets, and later moved copies through porn shops.

In 1984, most owners of feminist-book stores would have rather drunk semen and died than sold smut. Attitudes have changed. From a first printing of 2,000 copies, sales have soared to 10,000, with an estimated readership of 30,000.

"Some people have compared *On Our Backs* to a lesbian HUSTLER," says Nan, "because of the satire, the in-your-face attitude. We're not into romance novels. We like it raw. We like it rough. And that," she adds, "is why we started *On Our Backs.*"

"I didn't really get turned-on by masculinity at all," says Debi, "until Nan and I got together. Put the suit on a woman's body, and suddenly the suit takes on a different light. This turned me on. That's how genderbending works for me. Being with Nan is like being with a guy. We're lesbians, but [in our sexual role-playing] we're as straight as anybody."

Debi sees this decade as the Gay '90s. "Lesbians are on the vanguard of sexual expression, and we're gonna influence the mainstream," she states. Nan agrees: "Here in San Francisco a lot of lesbians are running for political office. [They're ready to challenge] stereotypes that lesbians are unattractive. [Such stereotypes exist] because ugly people are easier to hate."

A photo of a woman on her knees, sucking another woman's cunt, squeezing her breasts under long, red fingemails, hangs in the New York home of Joan Nestle (rhymes with *wrestle*). The picture transfixes repairmen, says Joan. "I can't ever get them past it to get to the telephone," she laughs. Nestle lives with this work, which she calls "Even Femmes Go Down," along with other pieces of art and artifacts and a 10,000-volume library of books by and about lesbians. This is the Lesbian Herstory Archives—*her*story, as opposed to *history*—which Nestle cofounded in 1973.



During the '50s, when Joan came out, lesbians were criminals—if not legally, certainly socially. If a butch woman didn't wear three pieces of women's clothing, she could be arrested for transvestism. Even in most queer social settings, women weren't allowed to dance together or go to the bathroom more than one at a time. She tells how women would bring a shopping bag to the gay beach. If they found a lover, they took it into the toilet stall with them "so the other woman could stand in the shopping bag, and the police wouldn't see two pairs of legs."

Joan is talking to us by phone from New York. The city "is under siege," she decries. "We have fewer lesbian bars than we did in the '50s. There are more cases of lesbians being beaten in the streets." At Queens College, where Nestle has taught writing for 24 years, there's a graffito urging passersby to "kill the homos." While acknowledging the gay-antidiscrimination laws in New York and other cities, Nestle still fears a rising tide of homophobia from Fundamentalists and others. "Whether America is any more accepting of a proud and lustful queer person today than 30 years ago, I am not so sure," she sadly states.

As far as the "new lesbian" is concerned, Nestle encourages young women to connect to the past, not deny it. "There are [gay] grandmothers and granddaughters. The lesbians of the '40s who dressed to announce whether they were butch or femme were the forerunners of the 'lipstick lesbian'-the new sense of style now," she says. "Yet today, everything's being deconstructed, and it's a wonderful thing. You can have a butch woman who wears lipstick. In a single lesbian bar you can see butch women, leather women, flannel women. And you have punk lesbians," she laughs. "There's always the rebellion of youth, even in the 'deviant' community, and long may they live."

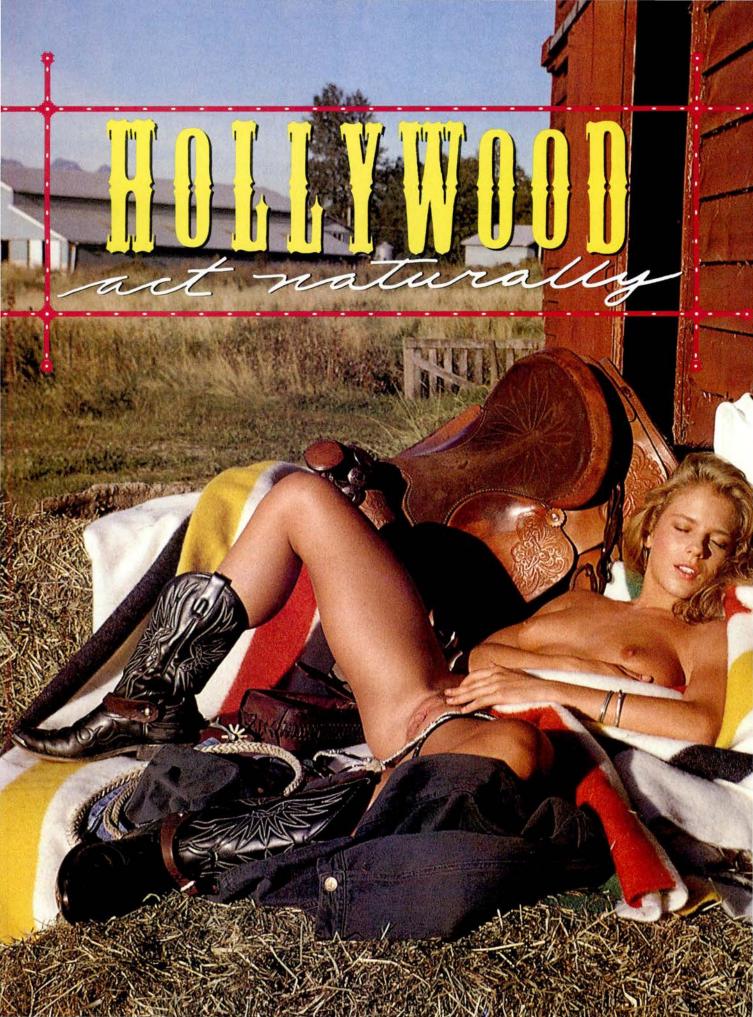
Do the young kids who are cavalierly enjoying the benefits of a visible and politically active gay movement piss off the old guard—the ones who've been through the shit? No way, says Nestle. "When I was part of lesbian sex parties in New York in the '80s, we were aware that what we were doing in that basement was a political act. It didn't impede the fun. In what I call the 'armored world'—the world of metal and money and power—for any woman to achieve orgasm is a political act."

A San Francisco sex shop called Good Vibrations is decorated with hanging plants. Bonnie Raitt's music is coming over the speakers. There are girl/girl videotapes from Debi Sundahl and Nan Kinney's Fatale label, among others, as well as books, mags, dildos. It's just like hard-core stores everywhere, except there's no manly smell

(continued on page 100)



[&]quot;These days everything's computerized!"



E

Nineteen-year-old-Hollywood's a dancer in Vancouver, Canada. A country girl at heart, she's got stars in her eyes and show business in her blood. "I want it all, and/someday I'm gonna get it," promises the silky blond natural, who's itchin' to get her show on the road. Why doesn't she take matters into her own hands? Holly grins and kicks back awhile. "Dreaming's enough for now!"









NEW LESBIAN (continued from page 92) After years as a lesbian, she was still hot for men. "Hey, this is fucked," Carol remembers thinking, "I'm sneaking around to have sex with boys!"

of Pine Sol. This one's owned, operated by and intended for women. On the walls are pen-and-ink drawings of genitals. The pussies go for around \$1700, the penises for \$500. One beautiful sign on the wall catches the eye: "Clinical Tests Have Proven That the Brain of Most Men...Is About Six Inches Long." Hand-lettered. In italics.

The calligraphed sign above a row of battery-powered dildos explains: "Perfect for Camping Trips or While Trapped in Rush-Hour Traffic." Close by are dildo harnesses—one called the Texas Two-Strap, in a girly shade of lavender leather.

The cover of a prominently positioned magazine proclaims Andrea Dworkin, ringleader of the femi-Nazi, antisex, antimen brigade, now has a male lover. And here's a xerox-and-stapled little rag called *On Our Rag. On Our Backs* wasn't filthy enough for these dykes. The cover features photos of chicks pulling used tampons out of their cunts.

Behind the counter, Cathy, the manager, talks on the phone. She's wearing a tank top under an open shirt, unfettered breasts much in evidence. She's giving a customer the lowdown on female sexuality: "By and large, most women get stimulation from their clitoris...."

A dildo purchaser comes to the counter. "Does it only come in that pukey-brown color? Do you have terra-cotta?" She buys the pukey-brown-colored cock anyway. Her plastic member is placed in a bag lettered "Plain Brown Wrapper."

Good Vibrations caters to women, but 30% to 40% of the customers are men, says Cathy. The clientele includes heterosexual as well as lesbian couples. When asked what's the weirdest thing she's ever seen here, she's stumped. "Trouble is," sighs Cathy, "nothing's off the wall to me anymore."

A maraschino cherry of a girl comes to the counter. She's in her early 20s, with a mouth like two pink wings. She looks athletic, dressed in lace pants and black basketball shoes, and she's carrying armloads of love goop—"sensual lubricant" say the containers. She confesses she's stocking up for an orgy. A plump, little dyke waits outside for her. They've got a kid too. Things get confusing in Frisco. No wonder Jerry Falwell gets upset.



Carol Queen works at Good Vibrations. She's an academically trained sex educator and writer, dressed on this occasion in a space-age-cowgirl costume made of denim with silver studs.

Now in her early 30s, Carol came out in 1974 when, as she says, "Very few lesbians would say sex was more important than love. In the last ten years the new breed says, 'Bullshit, sex is just as important to us.' Today, the tendency among women in their late teens and 20s is to be more sexual and wild than their big sisters of a generation ago."

Carol is a veteran of what she calls the "sex wars" between the casual-sex lesbians and their more righteous sisters, a war which was hottest in the late '70s and early '80s and is still raging. "Women would see a woman walking down the street with her girlfriend on a leash and be furious—people got crazy."

For Carol, following the politically correct agenda of '70s lesbianism helped free her from traditional social and sexual roles. "Running around in a crew cut and flannel shirt felt good, because it proved that what [society] told me about being a woman was bullshit. Whatever a woman is or does is being a woman."

Trouble was, after years as a lesbian, she was still hot for men. "Hey, this is fucked," Carol remembers thinking, "I'm sneaking around to have sex with boys!" She subsequently resolved to be openly bisexual with the attitude that, she says, "If anybody wants to give me shit, they can. I used to hear things about bisexuals among lesbians: 'Bisexual women will steal your energy and give it to men.' It sounded like something you'd need a witch doctor to protect you from. After people got done giving me shit, some of them-even some separatists-would sidle up to me and confess that sometimes they thought about [fucking men] too. Just because somebody chooses to be with women doesn't automatically mean that she doesn't desire men sometimes."

She talks about women's masturbation parties—"jill-off parties," "jack- and jilloff parties" and "the new radical thing, all-women play parties." In other words, lesbian orgies. "These things wouldn't have happened ten or 15 years ago," Carol says, promising to put me in touch with Basja, the orgy entrepreneur. "She's an interesting character; I'm not sure if she'd be willing to talk to HUSTLER. It's not most lesbians' favorite magazine...."

Mid-40s, all in black—black-brimmed hat; black, phony-fur, bolero jacket; black, skintight pants—Basja's a refugee from Russian Communist oppression against the Jews.

Inside her building, the tacky darkness of a long railroad flat is divided into fuck



"So that's what it looks like! I've never seen one-my wife's Catholic."

"I have the utmost respect for sleaze. Sleaze is not about being a scumbag. It's about being really out and bringing the sweat to your lips."

nooks in basic black plywood-the "labiarinth," Basja calls it.

"I've been having orgies every Tuesday night—pussy parties. Never say *club*, ever. Big trouble with the law, if you say *club*. Sex party, pussy party. It's not a club. We had a Klitz Blitz last week for Gay Pride. I called it *Klitz* to let people know that's where the main action is."

What goes on right here, on these motheaten couches?

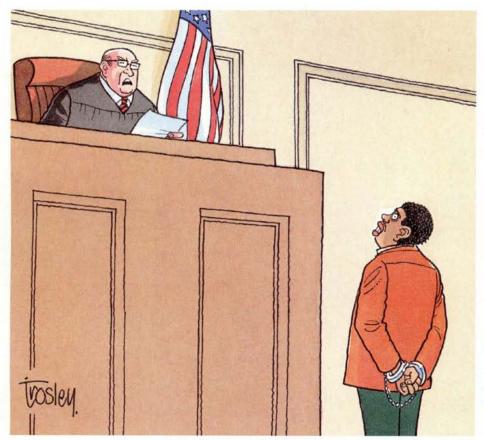
"Women have made love right here!" exclaims Basja. "They've done videotaping, put on shows. There's lots of dildos, fist-fucking, S&M—nipple torture, wax. They come in with their bags of whips and chains, wearing strap-ons. They call it *packing*: 'Are you packing tonight?' Dildo therapy, I call it. Of course, in the days of the political lesbian, dildos were taboo. Now it's a perfectly acceptable tool of pleasure. In some shows I've seen women perform fellatio on a dildo, which completely baffles me!"

The orgy-goers are mostly new lesbians in their 20s. They get into group sex, daisy chains of three, four, five. Couples come to add a third. One week a birthday girl got done by everyone who was interested.

Basja doesn't get laid at her own parties, an "occupational hazard" of the orgy biz. Just being the perfect hostess takes all her time. "Women have fallen on my neck in gratitude," she says, bringing up her nonorgasmic rewards. "Just recently a woman came in from North Carolina, and she's in heaven that this place exists, because it's hard to get sex with women in North Carolina."

The idea that women can have anonymous sex at Basja's—possibly for the first time in their lives—is shocking to many lesbians. "They're scared," explains Basja. "The truth is that the new lesbian—the young lesbian—is much more sexual than the old lesbian, who was more political."

There's a party at a bar called the Snatch to honor and support Lily Braindrop and her porn mag *Taste of Latex*, "Entertainment for the Sexually Disenfranchised." The bar has no identifying neon sign. There's just a smoky glass door, looking like the entrance to a typical walkup. The dyke bouncer and the ticket seller give men blank, malicious stares.



"This court has no recourse but to sentence you to be first in line at the locked doors of a sold-out rap concert."

Ms. Braindrop peddles her mag from one of the bar tables, wearing a peaked cap, corset, black stockings and five-inch spike heels with two inches of sword-grade steel on the ends. Calling herself a typical Castro Street trendbag and a leather dyke ("Dyke, not lesbian. Dyke is a little more 'fuck you,' "she says), Lily came out gay a year ago, at 22.

She gives us a guided tour of the highlights of *Taste of Latex*—"Look at these gender-fucked beauties," she croons in her punked-out, dominant-bitch monotone, as she riffles through drawings of chicks with dicks. "The porn I want for *Taste* must make me totally slide off my seat," she says. "I like tough-talking women—I couldn't live in a better city for that women who are very articulate about their sleaziness. I have the utmost respect for sleaze. Sleaze is not about being a scumbag. It's about being really out and bringing the sweat to your lips."

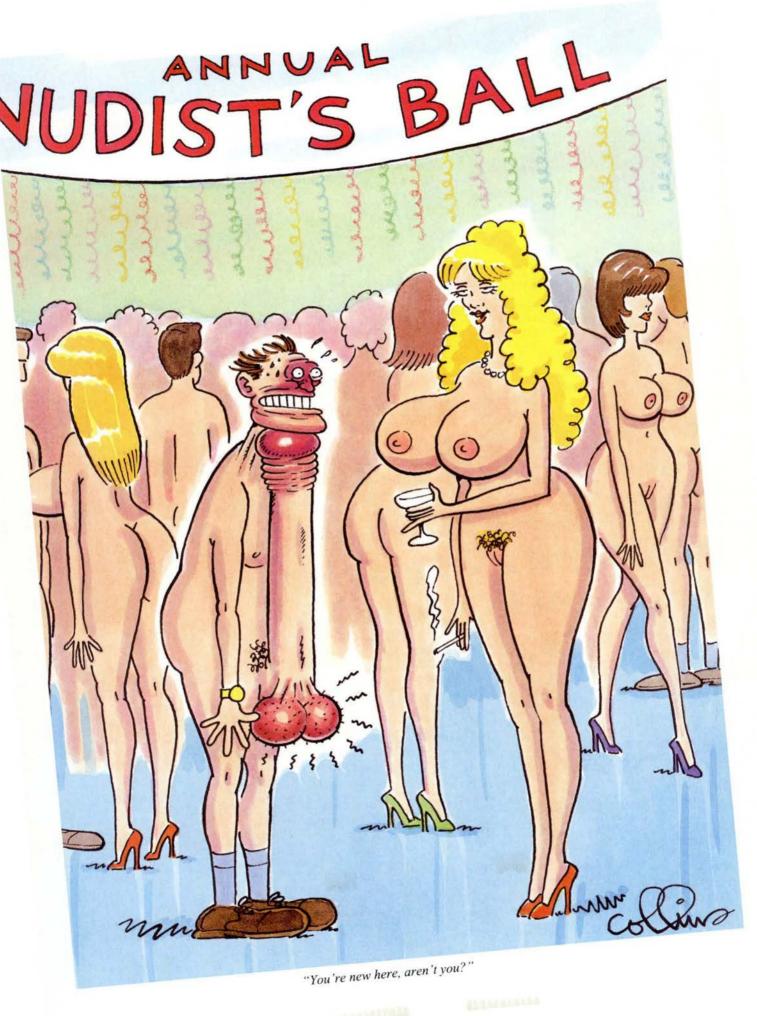
Braindrop on men and women: "Fuck how a woman or a man is supposed to act. Gender blur is where the people I associate with live." However, "Men just don't pull my trigger the way women do. Even women who identify as men are just different from *men*. I can't exactly name those differences, except the obvious things, you know—men and women smell different, and the physical geography's not the same. I find women more interesting."

Will she ever have a male lover again? "Never say never," laughs Braindrop. "Never for me means three weeks!" And finally, does she enjoy the taste of latex? "It's an acquired taste, by all means. But I really, truly love it."

Two women in their 50s are shooting pool in torn jeans over flowered, long underwear. The first one meditates over the pattern of balls. It's her shot. "Nice leave, bitch," she comments. "I love you too, honeybunch," comes back.

Nearby a bunch of girls are dancing together. They're in combat boots, pixie shoes, tattoos. One wraps her legs around another. She's suspended in midair. They bounce to the rhythm. A third babe leans her back, kisses her. Her T-shirt is up. Her brown nipples show. They all dance, ass to crotch, ass to ass, by twos, threes, fours. They just got deposited from the Mother ship. There's a frenzy of exuberance, primitive, tribal. These girls are the polymorphously perverse, the ones who have sex for fun, not babies, not duty. On the eve of the Gay Pride Parade you can't help wondering if these little dancing dykes can overthrow the patriarchy. There's that feeling in the cold air of this San Francisco summer, the autumn of the old order.

Jesse Helms's scrotum hairs are twitching tonight.



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TALK TO ME! Late 20's executive F wants a nice man. I'm not easy, but I'm worth it. Ext#: 1085

SF, 25, 5'2" Blue-eyed blockbuster. Wants to be wined and dined, wooed and wanted. Ext.#: 1087 Plain Jane, 30, kind, considerate warm, special talents not far beneath the surface. Seeks new friend

for affectionate fun and frolic. Ext.#: 1089 Mellow F, 27, drop-out chemist. Love music, hiking, mountain air. I'm seeking fellow hitchhiker on the road of life. Ext#: 1090

Very deep, 20, SF, seeking adventurous S/MM who can really reach my farthest point. Looks are not my priority. Fun, warmth, and passion are. Ext#: 1091

Lois, passionate, 22 fair-skinned, brown- eyed, seeks superman for dating and good times. Not afraid to fly. Ext#: 1093

SF, 31, ready to take the plunge. There's only one special thing that I haven't tried yet. Could you be the one? Small men only please. Ext#: 1094

Dancer F, 30. Seeks delicious M or SM, any race, age ok for open and relaxed good times. I want to dance for one special guy with lots of warmth and imagination. Must have a good heart. Ext#: 1095

Lovely & large, busty F, 24, loves the outdoors. Seeking easy-going S or MM 29-50 for fun times. I prefer men with hairy chests and hard muscles with a good sense of humor. Ext#: 1096

Frustrated about not meeting honest, fun-loving people? Me too. 36, F, energetic and attractive seeking fellow who enjoys good times with his woman. Ext#: 1097

Wild and crazy lady, 28, brunette, seeks counterpart for all fun times. Be ready for anything, except marriage. Ext#: 1098

Adorable, SBF, 23, devilish laugh, seeks kind, respecting, hard-working BM for loving and living. Love to work out, play cards and play rough. Ext#: 1100

Fox, 31, who is tired of being hunted down, seeks stallion for some down-home horsin' around. Mid 30's or much older. Ext#: 1067

Thai woman, 21, seeks lighthearted male for companionship and sensuous fun, Want a strong, sensitive, lusty man. Ext#: 1068

Reckless, strong/gentle, dom/sub, F,27, seeking man who loves life and prefers to live it with rock and roll. Ext#: 1069

S Native American F, 26, seeks SM, race unimportant for down-to-earth intimacy and possible marriage. Ext#: 1074

Single Asian F, 22, seeks American 25-35 for sincere exploring relationship. I am marriage oriented and very innocent of the ways of love. Ext#: 1071

Just don't ask me to dance. Attractive SF, 25, petite, with 2 left feet, warm heart, seeks a very laid-back type of guy for quiet, intimate evenings. Ext#: 1072

My big mouth has gotten me into trouble I need help keeping it occupied. Got any ideas? SCF, attractive blonde, blue eyes seeks fun, giving man who'll keep me out of trouble. Ext#: 1073

If you are a sensual, mysterious, dark man, who loves dancing until dawn, and watching the sun rise over the ocean, then I'm the girl for you (20-30) Ext#: 1075 Big girl, 29, 5'8, gourmet cook, enjoys reading romance novels and feeding my man whatever he desires. Ext#: 1076

Young, quiet, stunning, SWF, with long legs, tight turnmy, and deep blue eyes, seeks SM for discreet relationship. Ext#: 1077

5'7 brunette, 32. Good in all the rooms of the house. Wants strong sensitive, caring, and hard-loving man to please, capable of sharing deepest desires. Ext#: 1079

RN, 27, recently arrived from Ireland. Strawberry blonde green eyes. Looking for trouble. No doctors please. Ext# 1080

Deal me in. Vanna look-a-like. 5'10", bod to die for. 24 yr. old interior decorator sks. dating relationship with slim ego-less older gentleman. Ext#: 1081

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 - repeat steps 2-5
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Country girl loves farm fresh life of leisure and stolen kisses in haystacks. Seeks man who appreciates simple virtues, earthly pleasures and who still loves to wear blue jeans and boots. Ext#: 1082

F, 20, college student. Petite and slim. I love to party, go dancing, dine out. If you love rock and roll let's do it together. Be friendly and romantic. Ext # 1066

American born Japanese professional lady, into beach, music, barbecuing, and lazy good times. Seeks 30's interesting non-Asian M to learn secrets of the Orient Ext#: 1084 SWF, seeks a fun-loving, sexy, romantic young man to share intimate times with. Love for good wine, good food, and good times. Ext#: 1051

SWF, 5'8", 118bs. brown hair, green eyes, interested in sailing and the ocean, seeks SWM who doesn't get seasick. EXT#: 1052

Discretion is advised with this 29 yr. old F, but for any young M, it's definitely worth it. I'm athletiec, 5'4", trim and love adventurous, passionate fun. Ext#: 1053

Irish beauty, long red hair, 32, loves horses travel, the country cozy cabins, seeks mature man with similar interests who knows how to kick back, relax and enjoy life. Ext# 1054

SF, 5'6", 24 yrs., brown hair and eyes, very tender and lovable. Wants to meet other loveable male with a love of water, reading and hottubs. Ext# 1056

Looking for excitement and able to handle gentleness, passion and intimacy without strings or commitment? MBF, 34 great body and no inhibitions, seeks MM, 30-40 with great body and wonderful personality for afternoon rendezvous. Ext#: 1057

Beautiful S Oriental F, 28, slender figure, waistlength hair, seeks tall, attractive SM 25-35, fun, with traditional values for romance. Ext# 1058

BiF, 30, curvaceous, tall sensuous, slim, seeks male counterpart for open-minded romantic fun. Right man can meet my girlfriend too. Ext# 1059

Are older men really worth it? I'm, 23, F, who wants the company of someone more experienced. Been around the vlock a few times? Take me with you. Ext#: 1060

SF, light black, green eyes, one-time model, loves exercise, shopping, esp. for gifts, and sharing romantic affection, seeks any race SM for fun and pleasure. Ext# 1061

Creative SF, 28, with no outlet, seeks an energetic, caring, music-lover, with whom I can share my creative urges-Easygoing and open-minded with sense of adventure required. Ext# 1062

Tall, Japanese F, (5'10), seeks gentle man any height, for romantic candlelit dinner and tender first time. Ext#: 1063

SF available, and very sexy, construction worker, loves to sweat, seeks outdoorsman, who is outgoing and likes to work hard and play hard too. Ext#: 1064

S bad F. I'm the type of girl your mother told you to stay away from. Fair skin, great buns in tight jeans. If it's wicked I like it. Show me something I don't already know. Ext # 1065

F clerk, 20, seeks good-looking, aggressive bad boy, bored by day, prowls by night. If you know how, show me. Ext# 1083

22 year old. Hot blooded Italian female, 5'4", dark hair and eyes. Seeks romantic man for serious dating. Ext# 1050

Lisa, blonde, 27, into hot times with older guys. Leave detailed message for call back. Ext#: 1048

Sensuous BF, 34, warm and adventurous. Seeks M for unique, mutually satisfying friendship. Ext#: 1047

Phone talk? SF loves it. Ext#: 1049

PRIVATE MESSAGES • PRIVATE MESSAGES • PRIVATE MESSAGES

HUSTLER AT 18 (continued from page 54)

Good news for regular guys: Barbara Dare reveals: "I don't think a woman could satisfy me totally now. I need a man. I need his cock."

JULY '87 to JUNE '88: YEAR 14

Not even death can stop us. Althea Flynt's passing was marked in the October '87 edition.

GOOD NEWS FOR REGULAR GUYS: Barbara Dare reveals: "I don't think a woman could satisfy me totally now. I need a man. I need his cock."

WHY WE KNOW GOD IS ON OUR SIDE: According to Junkmail From God: "Jerry Falwell told me he 'prayed that God will lead [me] to send a gift of \$10, \$25 or even \$50.' God didn't."

A PAUSE THAT REFRESHED US: In a walking tour of New York fetish clubs: "A wan strumpet rides him like a horse, pissing all down the back of his head as she dismounts."

JULY '88 to JUNE '89: Year 15

Larry Flynt invited the world to "Fuck You if You Can't Take a Joke," a First Amendment screed celebrating our vindication at the Supreme Court over Jerry Falwell, whom we had made fun of. For those in the world who *can* take a joke, fuck you too, but in a friendly way.

DENIAL OF THE DECADE: "I'm dying of colon cancer, not AIDS," bellowed smut's biggest dick, John C. Holmes, as he lay dying of AIDS. "Make sure everybody understands that."

LEAST FAVORITE STORY OF KORE-AN CONVENIENCE-STORE OWNERS: Our guide to sex at the Korean Olympics pointed out: "The Western visitor to Seoul will be astonished to find armies of strapping, young whores."

WHY OUR EDITORS HAVE ALL BEEN AUDITED FOR THE PAST FOUR YEARS: A March '89 article reported that the IRS seized a nine-year-old's savings, \$70.76 in pennies, to satisfy a lien against her grandfather.

JULY '89 to JUNE '90: YEAR 16

Fifteen years of controversy, sizzling sex and success deserved a look back, and we took it. The indomitable Larry distilled the essence of his philosophy: "Dammit, have balls. Don't be a nerd. Stand up for what's right—not what you think is right, but what really *is* right."

MORE GOOD ADVICE: Our cop-etiquette article, written by a cop, warns: "If you startle a cop, he's liable to knock you on your ass and stick his gun in your ear."

FASCINATING DIALOGUE: "Sometimes," revealed chesty, blue-screen legend Christy Canyon, "I say, 'Pull out and come on my face.' I like to keep sex interesting."

NOTHING TO SHOW AN IMPRES-SIONABLE GIRLFRIEND: Photographic documentation of a female-to-male sex change.

IT'S YOUR THING, OR IS IT?: From

Perverts Unanimous: "Some people get into enemas. Some people get into throwing up. Your imagination is your limit."

JULY '90 to JUNE '91: Year 17

The Berlin Wall came down, and Dolores French, HUSTLER's working-girl correspondent, went down with it. Her account of selling sex in the recently liberated Communist zone was participatory journalism at its most vivifying. We also brought to life the horrors of existence in a nursing home, the fervent faith of West Virginia's Fundamentalist snake handlers and letters from lonely troops hunkered down in Desert Storm.

THE CONNECTION BETWEEN ATTOR-NEYS AND MAGGOTS ILLUMINATED: According to *Fucking Sick: Casing the Sexual Case Study:* "The patient, a lawyer, was in the habit of catching live flies and pressing them to his penis while masturbating."

THE HEIGHT OF OUR SENSITIVITY: Uses for women other than sex: bottle opener, dental floss, emergency airbag, rodent trap, voice-activated TV remote.

ONE REASON TO PUT OFF MARRIAGE: Death Row inmate Jerry Stanley: "I caught my wife with somebody. She wound up dead, and I wound up in prison."

A GRAND OPENING: "Sissy, the Texas Tunnel," our most talked-about *Beaver Hunt* entrant ever.

JULY '91 to JUNE '92: YEAR 18

This past year, we've gone to France (with sex-screen sensation Sandra Scream) and back to bring the best in sex and sensationalism; we even had a reporter spend 47 days in the hole of the Riyadh, Saudi Arabia, jail, just so we could all see what our boys were over there fighting for.

The battle of the sexes continued, and we did our bit with A Handy Guide to Fucking Around Without Getting Caught, "Fucking Nuts: Sex With Crazy Women" and Fall in Love and Keep Your Testicles.

HIGHEST-CALORIE PERVERSION: Deep-throater Jeanna Fine reveals how chocolate syrup leads to blushworthy sex.

HE SAYS IT, BUT DOES HE MEAN IT?: An interview with Afro-American Supreme Court Justice Clarence Thomas's little, white wienie: "Sandra Day O'Connor's got nice tits. But I've got my eye on David Souter. That cracker's cuter than my wife."

WHY WE NEVER WANT TO WAKE UP: Zara Whites's *Leather Dreams* layout.

BEST REASON TO GO ON LIVING: Bucky Beaver has returned, and a whole new year is just beginning.





year one nom son jose, cantonna, men she's not dancing professionally, she likes to take knowled be builded and the canton beckmark involved by the source of the source o sne s not aaneing protessionawy, sne mes to take are are her lucky man. Her sexual fantasy involves her boyfriend and given to this pink and pristine 22-Peren wine purs and provine LL^e. When Year-old from San Jose, California. When Angel is the name nor new man, mer sexan runnes meruwes ner a analter bland babe in a nasty threeway. Define nosty, Angel.

Looking luscious in her lavender leggings, 24-year-old Amanda collects glass miniatures and would someday like to have sex on a Hawaiian beach at night. To earn enough money to get there, she currently works as a medical secretary in Thousand Oaks California.

0

Photo by Boyfriend

FLASH FOR CASHI Attention, ladies! The 1992 Beaver Hunt Grand Prize Competition is Anomon, wonost me terri convertinin orana ritre comvenianto locking for you! Snap a deal, color picture and mail it to HUSTER Beaver here 97.71 Wildow Reuberger Come and Reunder Hale CA analia, General noking na your, sing a deal, coar picture and main it to nustrek bearer Hunt, 9171 Wishine Boulevid, Suite 300, Bereity Hills, CA 90210, Every John Hunt, 9171 Wishine Boulevid, Suite 300, Bereity Hills, CA 90210, Every John whose picture we pint gets \$250 and a chance of the 1992 Grand Prize-o nose picture we print gets 5250 and a chance of the 1992 yand mixe-or photo-feature watch 55,000. Grand Prize finalists win \$1,500 each. Their case is a case to be a chance of the second seco photographies with 55,000, orange rate matices with \$1,500 each. There photographies with \$250, the owned for the photographies of the Grand Prize Warman & CCOV, CH and the model advances indexes and realistics. Winner is \$500. Fill out the model release below, and include a photocopy of (1) a photo ID and (2) another form at ID. Al photos become the unretunnable property of

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Fiedde Fillit	Sexual Fantasies
Model's Name	
Any Alias, Nickname, Stage or Pro Name	
Name to Be Published	Include Separate Sheet if Necessary
Date of Birth Phone (include area code	Photographer

Model's Social Security Nur	nber	Address	Model's Legal Signature	Date
Color State of the	The second s		the second s	and the second

Photo by Friend



Hosing down one afternoon in Surrey, British Columbia, is 22-year-and tenar the mention of stars management by days and in a management Nosing down one afternoon in Surrey, British Columbia, & LEyear-old Tracy. She works as a store manager by day and in a gym at night. Her sexual fantasy begins with a sloppy, female mud fight before returning to the showers to clean off her competitors. Since the leaves the rest to our imministion minist we wish for a langer before returning to me snowers to clean off ner competitors. Since she leaves the rest to our imagination, might we wish for a longer

nozzle with warmer water?

y Friend

Sporting a creamy, mid-heel pump, Jezra shows off the body that models and dances for a living in Bay City, Michigan. This 22-year-old babe boasts the noble fantasies of spreading it all for Larry (as in Flynt), and later starring in a sex video opposite Jeanna Fine. Get in line, honey.

Photo by Friend

When men aren't submitting to the creamy thighs of 20-year-old Theresa, they're watching her dance in Detroit, Michigan. Sh enjoys exercise, photography and making home movies. He specific fantasy involves making love in the rain after a day of horseback riding. Crack that whip, baby!

With a poutiness reminiscent of Victoria Paris, 27-With a pouliness reminiscent of Victoria Paris, Ll-With a pouliness reminiscent of Victoria as an exolic Vear-old Goldie flashes her best parts as an exolic dancer in St. Charles, Nissouri, Modeling, shopping dancer in St. Charles, Missouri, Modeling, Shopping and watching adult movies occupy her spare time, while she'd ultimately like to be a HUSTLER model and adult-movie star. Hey, Goldie, call us—we'll do lunch do...lunch.

> Lady Godiva had nothing on lovely Ebony, who fantasizes about riding nude on horseback by the moonlight. This 26-year-old model from Chicago, Illinois, also enjoys dancing and art.

Shapely Chris must know a lat about badies since she's an auto reconditioner in Orrington, Maine. Working out and traveling are hobbies for this 21-year-old, who'd someday like to have hot sex in a black limousine. Why discriminate?

Shapely Chris must know a lot about bodies since she's an auto

Photo by Friend

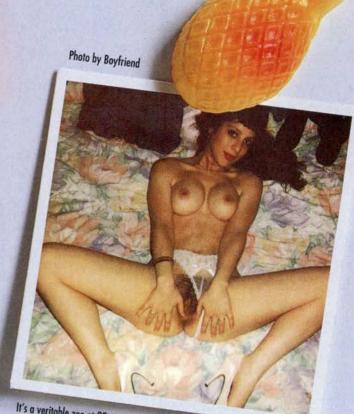
photo by Husband

Photo by Friend

Photo by Friend

After she dries off, Dee likes to relax by listening to music and having fun with friends. She works as a waitress in Flint, Michigan, and celebrates her birthday along with HUSTLER. She'll be 25 in July and fantasizes about being in a room full of men who all want her. Our

address is....



It's a veritable zoo at 22-year-old Maria's house, as she cares for a pet bird and iguana named Iggy. Otherwise, this spike-heeled beauty works as a data-entry operator in Pacifica, California, and fantasizes about being a stripper for just

Photo by France

Hitmithitsatte

Imil

"Naughty but nice" is the motto of Mariah Star, who longs to be dominated by a female while her fiance watches. On a daily basis, this 29-year-old delivers her goods to customers at a breakfast cafe and enjoys Harleys and erotic sex in her spare time.









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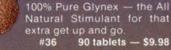


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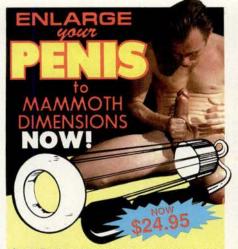


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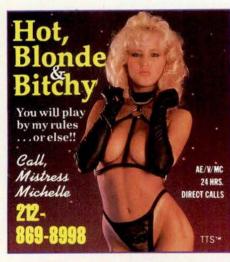
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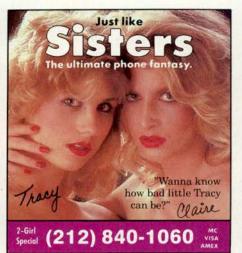
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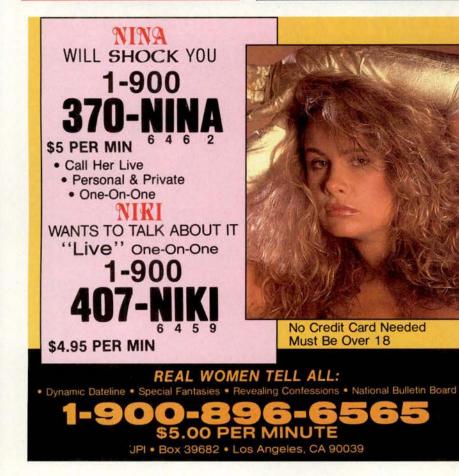
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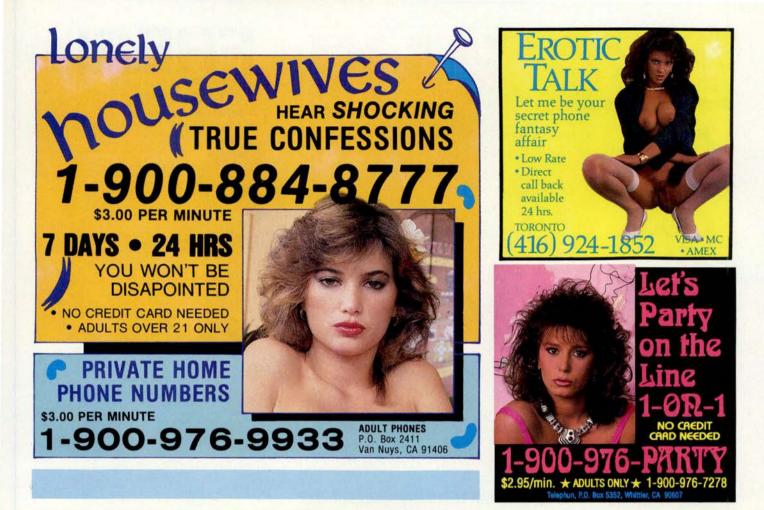
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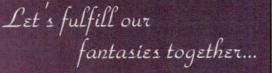
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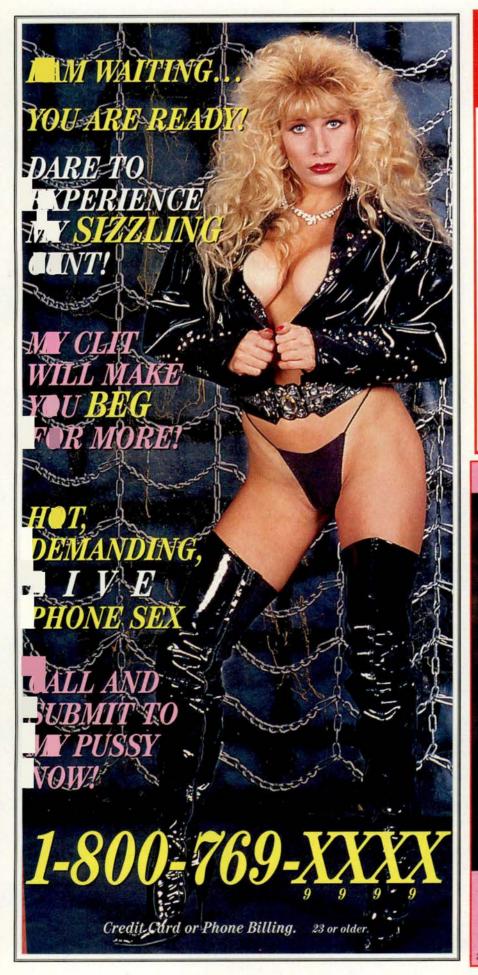
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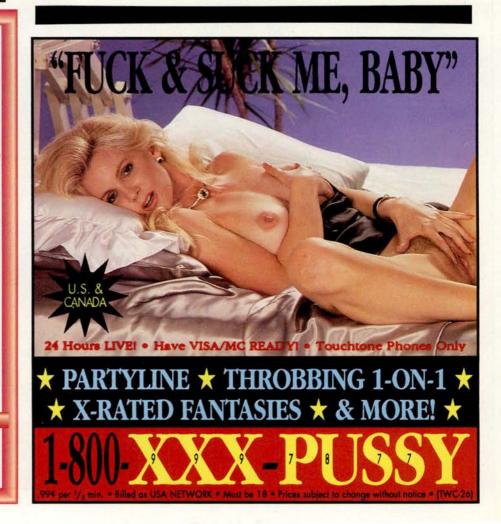


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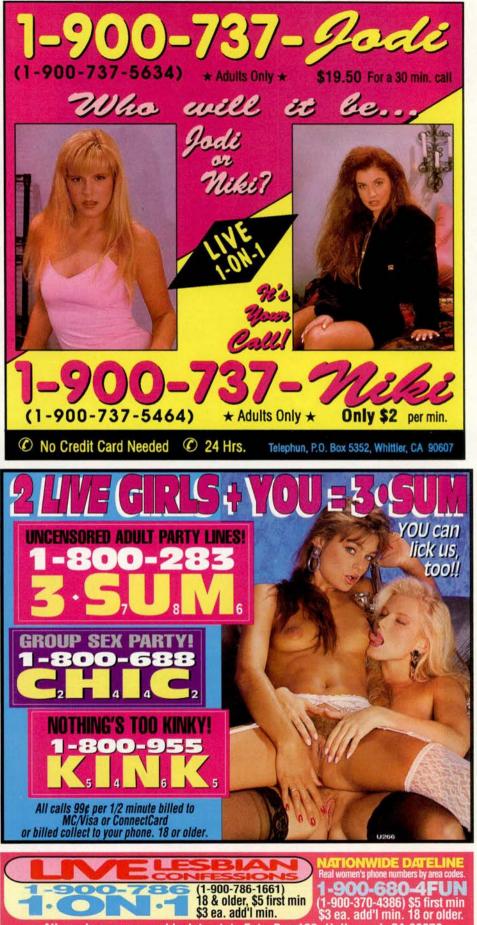
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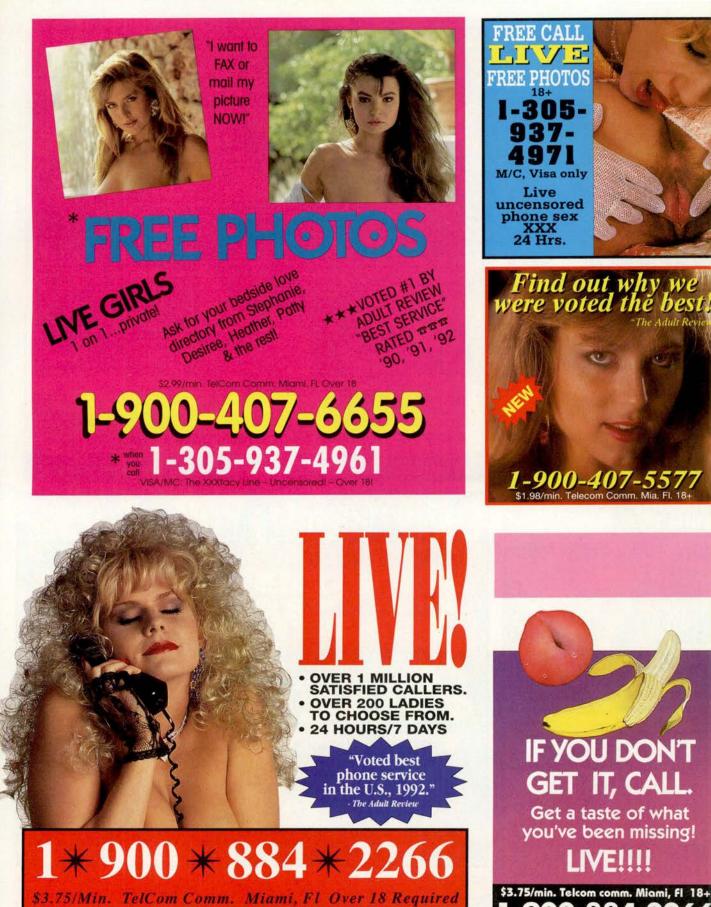








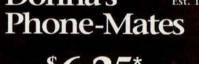
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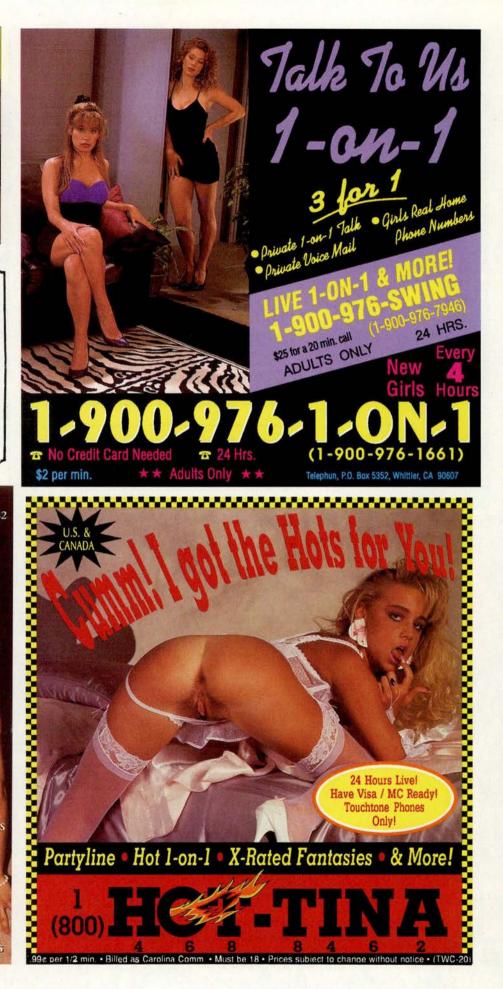
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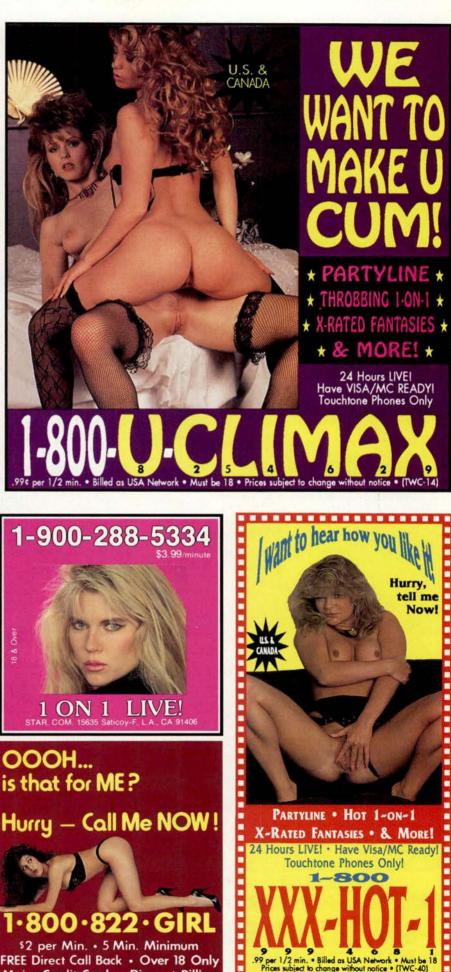
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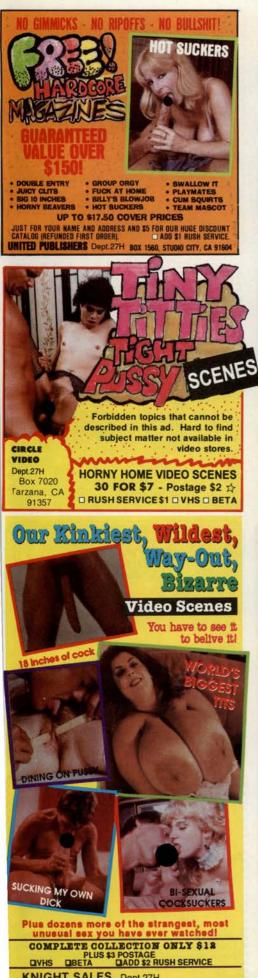








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BOUNCING BOY

Professional bully-boy Eugene Robinson embodied the term one-man security system, but knew no protection from pain. A Stanford graduate who could dead-lift more than 500 pounds, Robinson rode the recession the hard way down, from bruisin' gigs as a nightclub bouncer to ass-kicking jobs as a freelance thug. Pay for Punishment is his soul-searing, firsthand account of the deterioration of a strong-arm's weakest muscle: his heart.

NO SWEAT

The difference between rape and rape fantasy is the difference between yes and no, explains writer Anne Bianchi in "Force Play," HUSTLER's Sex Play for August; Hot Letters steams open the scaldingest, scrotumscribbled salutations from abroad; Beaver Hunt continues its cum-crazy quest to photo-document every American woman spread-eagled; Bits & Pieces makes blue humor a healthy shade of pink; and gutter-roaming porn-scribe Cheezboy dishes down-and-dirty at the Adult Video News's porn awards in Las Vegas. HUSTLER in August is sparkin' a crotch conflagration. Gather 'round.











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