



## volume 16 number 12

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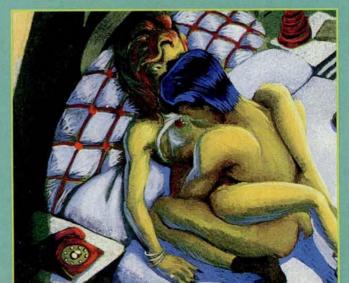
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june



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## BY POPULAR DEMAND!!

## MELISSA MOUNDS POSTER

If you like big boobs, HUSTLER BUSTY BEAUTIES' most visible personality, Melissa Mounds, is just what you've been waiting for. BUSTY's advice columnist and two-time centerfold, Melissa and her eye-popping 55FFF bazooms are now pictured on a full-color, unfolded,  $16'' \times 21''$  poster for a special introductory price of only \$5.95 apiece postpaid. Just use the coupon below, and Melissa will soon be hanging on your wall.

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Actual size 16" × 21"

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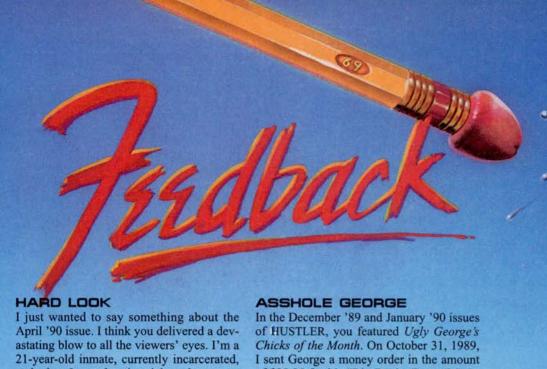
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#### HUSTLER JUNE 1990 VOLUME 16 NUMBER 12

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All nude models are 18 years of age or older.

Cover photo by James Baes



I just wanted to say something about the April '90 issue. I think you delivered a devastating blow to all the viewers' eyes. I'm a 21-year-old inmate, currently incarcerated, and when I saw the pictorial on those poor little babies with AIDS (*Lil' Faces of Death*, April '90), I hurt. Some people will probably criticize you guys for putting that pictorial in there, but I think it's about time people look AIDS directly in the face and quit trying to avoid it.

—Bullet

Salem, Oregon

It's a sure bet some of the youngsters in our pictorial aren't around anymore. One thing's for certain: Many more AIDS babies arrive every day. Let's keep them in our prayers.

## OUR KIND OF GUY

Two things, folks, just couldn't wait. First of all, thanks so much for the Barbara Dare interview and photo shoot (Nasty Talk With the "Uh-Huh" Girl, March '90). I liked the way Mal O'Ree handled himself, and his questions were right to the point. Apparently, not one inch of Miss Dare is short of perfect, and I thank her for sharing herself so unselfishly. My second point is a question: Why is it that each month people write in to say how shocked they are at what they saw in HUSTLER? Do these people walk into an adult-book store and demand to see the sections where the auto repair books are? At a time when the entire world is beginning to taste freedom for the first time, here in the good old USA some of our own citizens are trying to end it. I personally love you guys and my freedom, and I hope that both last forever. -E. D. Oakland Park, Florida

Stupidity has plagued honest pornography since the beginning of time. HUSTLER counts its blessings that sensible persons like yourself exist.

of HUSTLER, you featured Ugly George's Chicks of the Month. On October 31, 1989, I sent George a money order in the amount of \$29.95 for his "Big Boobs Tape #3." As of yet, no tape. I've written numerous times, including a registered letter with a photocopy of the money order, but I've had no response. I realize that you cannot be

held accountable for your advertisers, but

needless to say, I'm disappointed. —K. S. New Baltimore, Michigan

As far as HUSTLER's concerned, Ugly George is dead meat. Here are his phone number and address: (212) 677-2200; 314 West 52nd Street, New York, New York 10019. Contact the Postmaster General if George continues to disregard your inquiries. Mail fraud is a felony.



Barbara Dare: Nasty Talk With the "Uh-Huh" Girl

## LEGITIMATE BEEF

At one time HUSTLER was innovative and shook up the establishment. However, after the February '90 issue, I'll never again spend good money for a magazine that publishes 48 pages of ads out of 136 book pages. I realize you've taken a stand against cigarette ads, which is commendable, but you overindulge in sex ads. There are too many ads and not enough articles and photos. It seems your primary purpose is to get a dime whichever way possible. It's sad to see HUSTLER go down the drain. —R. J.

Chandler, Arizona

Have a heart, R. J. Things aren't as rosy at HUSTLER as the world would like to believe. Competition has gotten fiercer since the glory days you mention. We pay a lot of lawyers. Censorship zealots are always on the attack. There are more of them than there are of us. Help us out a little.

#### ON THE OTHER HAND . . .

I want to thank you for the spread of Deidre Holland in your February '90 issue. If you only knew how many cocks she has made hard here in this prison system. I can truly say that I would love to have her living on my face, butt-naked, creaming in my mouth every couple of seconds. I've been in prison a few years now, and the only sex I have is in my mind, with your mag in one hand and my hard cock in the other. Please tell Deidre to keep the prettiest pink pussy I've ever seen nice and clean and to keep the photos coming. If she gets lonely, she can cum this

(continued on page 10)









## **FEEDBACK**

(continued from page 5)
way. Here's one tongue that's willing to milk
her pussy of all its love juice. —R. T.

Ione, California

We take it you don't need an apology for the number of ad pages, R. T.

### KILLER GEORGE

I've just read your inside scoop on the CIA (CIA Brainwashing: Experiments in Terror and Death, March '90). It would be nice if someone did an investigative report into their more recent tyrannies in Central America. I find it disturbing that in two countries in Eastern Europe the citizens have done what people in America have failed to do. They've broken into the secret-police buildings, arrested the men inside and confiscated the records of their tyranny and brutality! I think Americans would do well to take a lesson from what's happening over there. When I think of all the men waiting on Death Row, it makes me wonder how many people George Bush had murdered when he was head of the CIA. Why isn't he on Death Row for his 10,000 crimes? I guess it's legal to kill if you're rich and well connected. And people wonder why the poor feel angry and disenfranchised! -M. A. S. Columbus, Ohio

## LAST RESORT

I'd like to see HUSTLER run photographs of the recent riots in Europe followed by the headline, "This won't happen in the USA because Americans are too afraid of the CIA, the FBI and the IRS!" U.S. citizens have ample reason to riot. HUD scandals, bank frauds, the Savings & Loan scandal, selling our forests to Japan, cuts in Medicare, Reagan's union busting-it's all just the tip of the iceberg. Americans only dare protest issues that are put in front of their noses by the media control agencies, such as abortion, drug control, gun control, etc. Not one of us is immune to Big Brother. The pressure's been put on Martin Luther King Jr., Jerry Lee Lewis, Larry Flynt, Eartha Kitt, Joe Louis and others too numerous to mention. No one dares do anything about it. The rich want riches. Heaven forbid that the middle class should get a piece of the action.

Duluth, Minnesota

## THUMBS UP

This letter is in response to the statement on HUSTLER's rating system by your video critics (*Erotic Entertainment*, March '90). I've been a paying viewer of adult films and videos for the past 12 years. I have 200 tapes in my collected inventory, and I can't sit back and listen to the video companies cry about unfair criticism in HUSTLER

Magazine. Hell, without your help, I'd have shit I couldn't give to the trash man. I use HUSTLER reviews to pass up most of the crap that is flooding the market. Most of the shit isn't worth two cents. I spend lots of money on tapes; so I'm careful to get my money's worth. I say to the video companies, "Keep your shit in your bathroom and start producing better tapes." HUSTLER critics, stick to your guns. This shit has got to stop.

—The X-Rated Nose Metairie, Louisiana

Attention, Adult-Film Industry: This is one of several letters received at HUSTLER supporting the high standards by which HUSTLER critics review adult films and videos. We stand by our readers. No critic at HUSTLER Magazine will bow to pressure from the industry to soft-peddle their cheap-ass mediocrities.

### HOLD THE COOKIES

I noticed a picture of a blond bimbo feeding milk from her tits to another cute cunt in your January '90 issue (*Bits & Pieces*, January '90). Since my own tits are currently swollen and just waiting to be pumped (I'm pregnant), I thought the photo looked pretty interesting! I can't wait to offer myself to my husband for milking. Have you heard of a more unusual bedtime snack?

—C. S.

St. Petersburg, Florida

Doesn't sound unusual to us. We're used to drinking milk right out of the container.

## CANYON SCORES AGAIN

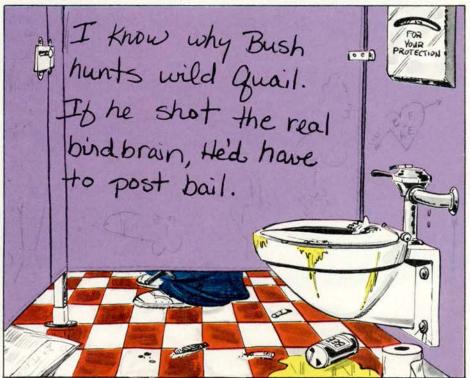
I've never written a letter to you before, but after reading "Panned Canyon," the letter from C. M. and B. M. from New Hampshire (Feedback, March '90), I just had to write to clarify a few things. I met Christy Canyon at an autograph signing. She was exceptionally nice and extremely friendly. I waited in line for quite a while, and although she was supposed to leave at five o'clock to catch a flight to her next destination, she cancelled it so everyone could meet her. Christy Canyon left me with the impression that she is a true professional. So why don't you two fuckheads get some information before you open your mouths and the shit rolls out? Does C. M. stand for Cow Manure, and B. M. stand for Bowel Movement? -B. H.

Lakeside, California

HUSTLER readers never stand for shit!

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

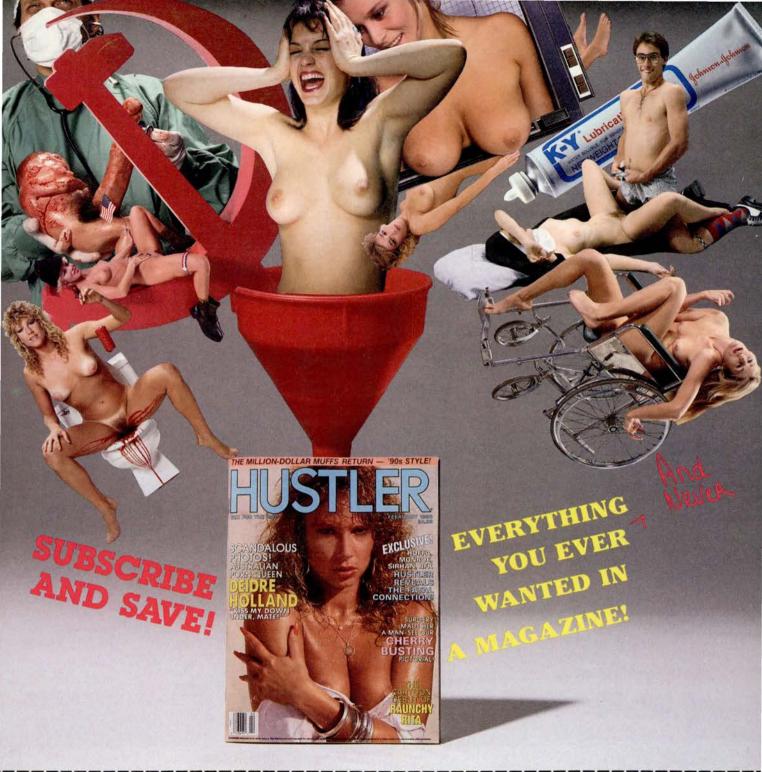
# GRAFFILTHY



Thank and \$50.00 to Rick the Prick

10

JUNE HUSTLER



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## ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

If fright-wigged boxing promoter/ manager Don King has a saving grace, it's that he can be seen coming a long way off. When a rancid, rabid whirlpool of a sewer soul is spotted in the far distance and kept downwind, its mephitic emanations lose much of their putrid power. Unfortunately, this early warning system hasn't saved the sporting world from Don King, nor has it kept Don's spiky-gray burrhead from being crowned Asshole of the Month for June 1990.

Professional boxing is rich in pungent scents. The acrid bite of stale and fresh sweat, the thick, organic odor of blood and spit, and the reek of bullshit pre-fight name-calling, all combine in an odoriferous cloud-covering thicker than the smoke of 10,000 high-rollers' cigars, impenetrable by any single aroma, except the piercing stench rising from Don King's rotting scheming.

Every circus needs clowns, but the traveling geek show that pugilism has become is at least one jester over the limit. King, who has referred to himself as the "world's greatest promoter," may very well be the world's most parasitic self-promoter. "There ain't no others like me," he boasts, and the universe could probably not survive the existence of two Don Kings.

Just look at the formerly invincible Mike Tyson. Marriage to a publicly feeding barracuda couldn't bring down Iron Mike. Injuries picked up in spur-of-the-moment street fights didn't slow the fury of his punches. As an underdog, Tyson even KOd full-grown automobiles, walking away from those mismatched



clashes completely unscathed.

But Mike was infected with mortality on the day Don King clamped a tentacle upon his career. That's the problem with lower life forms such as King—their defects are contagious. King took a champion of the world and recreated him in Don's own image, a wheedling, niggling, excuse-making sore loser.

King put his reverse-Midas touch on the Tyson corner when Iron Mike, in the emotionally charged wake of then-wife Robin Givens's miscarriage, fell out with manager Bill Cayton. Despite Cayton's proven record of looking out for his fighter's best interest, King inserted himself in the breach, terming Cayton "an inveterate liar," a "power zealot,"

an "evil man, Satan in disguise" and a "hypocrite of the first order."

King, who had been attempting to lure Tyson into signing a promotional contract behind Cayton's back, might well have been talking about himself. The smokescreen never cleared, and Tyson became the property of Don King.

"We will not allow Don King to abuse Michael and control him," vowed Robin Givens at the time.

In the ensuing divorce settlement, King retained custody of Tyson.

"When I see Don King," witnesses former heavyweight champ Larry Holmes, "I see the devil. That's why his hair stands up— to hide the horns."

Though he may, in fact, not be the Prince of Darkness, King is a man of murky shadows. Convicted of manslaughter for killing a numbers runner working for him, King was Inmate No.125734 from 1967 to 1971.

In the late '70s, King contracted with ABC Television to stage the U.S. Boxing Championships, only to have the tournaments disintegrate in allegations of kickbacks and fixed bouts. A federal grand jury castigated King for "a good deal of unethical behavior."

King's seemingly habitual questionable dealings have made him the target of numerous probes of corruption and links to organized crime. In 1984 he squeaked out of a tax-evasion conviction, though his longtime secretary was found guilty on three tax counts.

And in 1990, after turning the world's most efficient fighting machine away from proven handlers, King put the ill-prepared Tyson into the ring against James "Buster" Douglas. Tyson's sound drubbing and conclusive knockout at the fists of Douglas ought to have been humiliation enough, but King heaped disgrace upon defeat.

After the battle, King attempted to strong-arm boxing's governing bodies into reversing the outcome, as if a knockout were a contestable decision. "We want what's fair," claimed Don, who would die if he ever got what he truly deserves.

King has already done time for killing an ex-employee. Iron Mike should make sure his insurance is paid up if he continues working for the Asshole King.

UGLY GEORGE—After wheedling five free pages out of HUSTLER to promote his sex videos of whores-next-door, Ugly George has caused dozens of nondelivery complaints. If you've been had, call Ugly at (212) 677-2200, or better yet report his negligence to the post office. This Asshole should be taken out of circulation.

## FARTS IN THE WIND

WILLIAM BENNETT—Though the federal drugwar czar can't keep the mayor of Washington, D.C., off crack, he'll try to parlay his dope service into a bid for the Presidency, an office held by many Assholes before him. DANA ROHRABACHER—This Republican congressman from Torrance, California, is calling for an end to the National Endowment for the Arts, claiming the NEA funded a performance by Annie Sprinkle's cervix. Rohrabacher has been informed repeatedly that the NEA supplied no such funding; his persistent disregard of facts is the mark of a true Asshole.

# Toodley

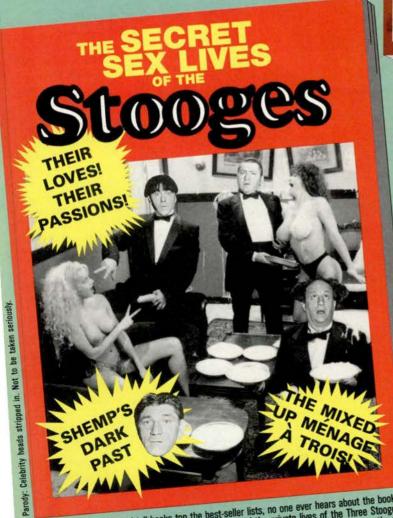




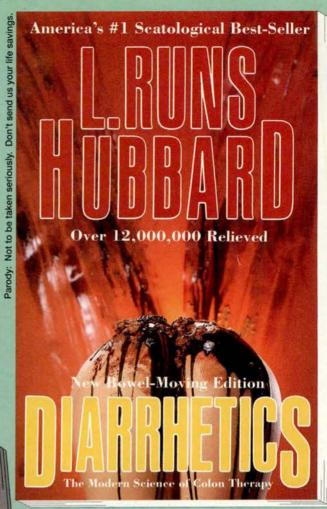
Stuck in Tokyo, Japan,

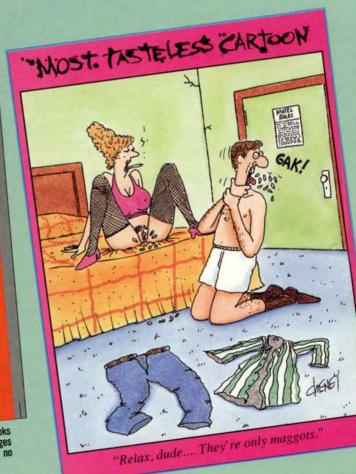
with a raging case of yellow fever? No problem.

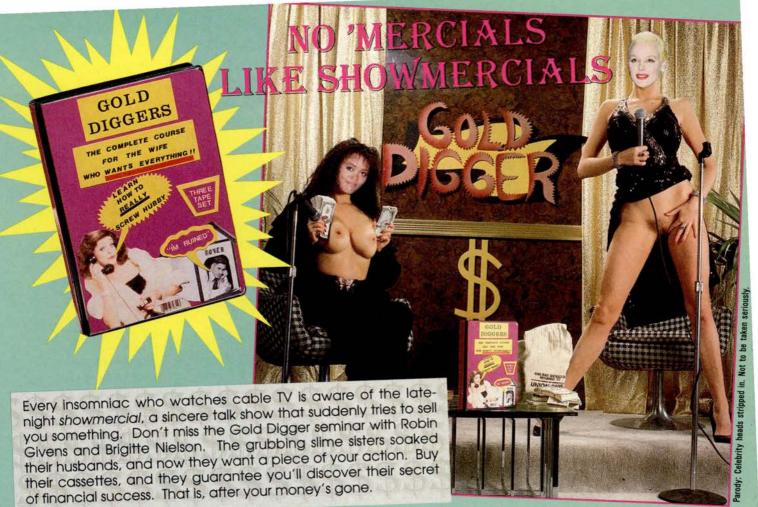
Any street in the Roppongi district of the world's busiest city has hundreds of these mini-ads for Japanese out-call services. The Y25,000 (or about \$175) fee gets a geisha to your room. Anything of carnal interest that takes place after is extra, and sources tell us amounts run into the hundreds for sucky-sucky and fucky-fucky. Amelican Expless, prease.

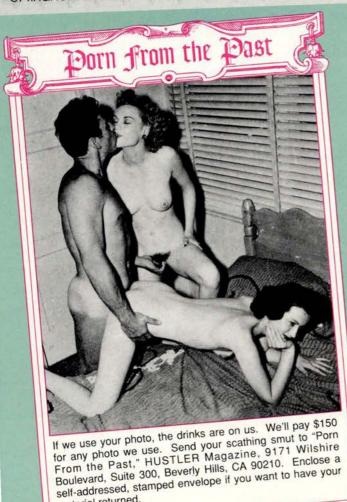


While celebrity kiss-and-tell books top the best-seller lists, no one ever hears about the books that didn't sell. HUSTLER came across this glimpse of the private lives of the Three Stooges in a bookstore garbage bin. This shocking expose was all pictures, no words. Apparently, no one who kissed the Stooges ever wanted to tell about it!

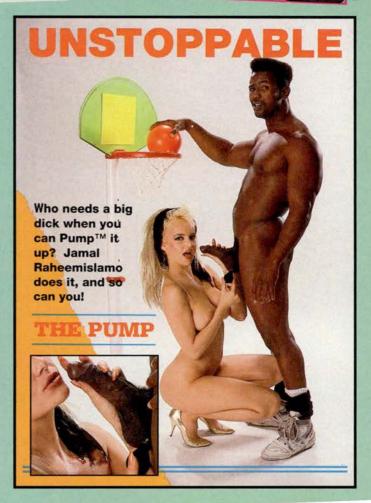








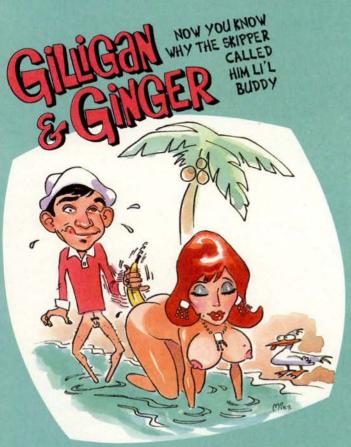
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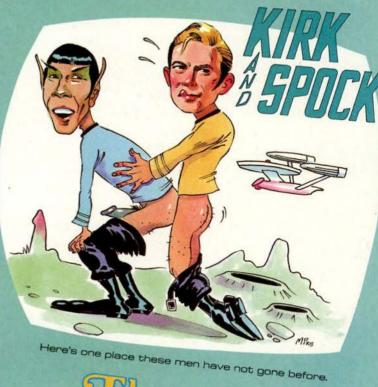


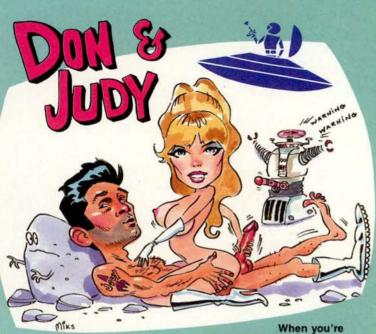


# THE GREAT LOVESOFTV

What would it be like if Bobby, Peter and Greg gang-banged Alice on <u>The Brady Bunch</u>? Do lurid thoughts of TV personalities boffing one another crowd your sex-twisted mind? Cathode carnality is something we ponder quite a bit, especially with so many tired reruns and revival shows on now. HUSTLER breaks another taboo by revealing what the great unconsummated loves of television were missing.

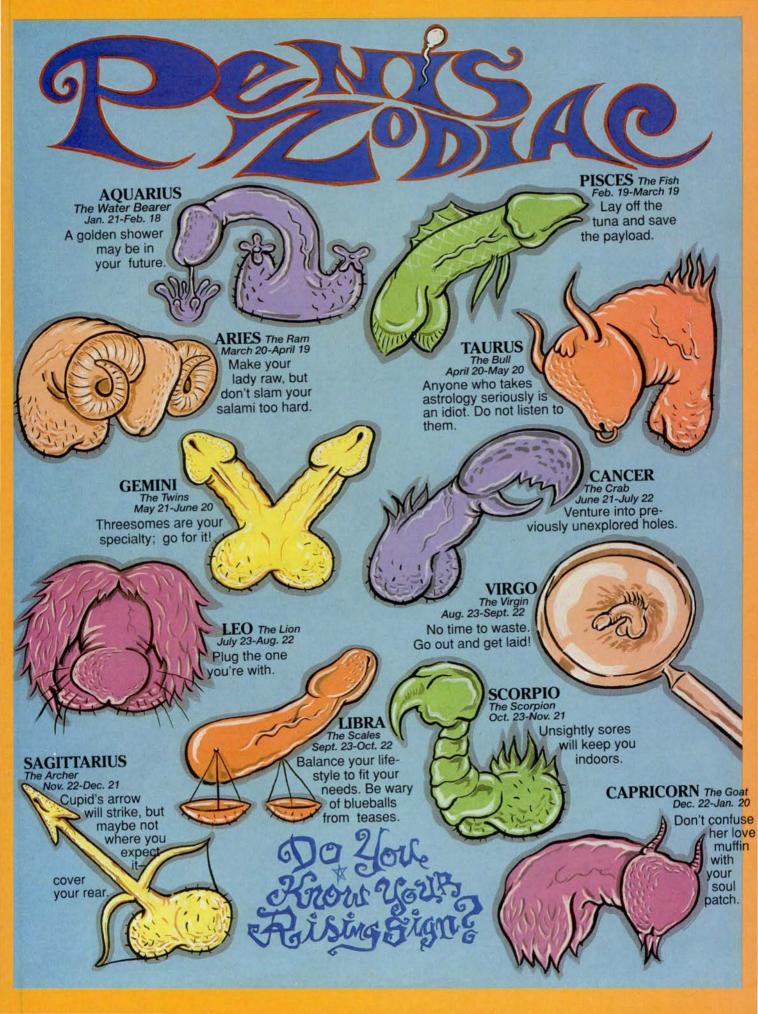






Susan Dey and Shirley Jones never put on a lesbo-lickin' show in the series. We know that Reuben wanted to do a bit of Partridge porkin'.

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Please note: Due to the extremely unusual nature of this offer we reserve the right to return any order, unopened, after the first 5,000 sets have been sold.



LIKE A VIRGIN II - Christy Canyon and Bunny Bleu star in this sexy blockbuster release. Christy is as well-packed and eager as ever while Bunny Bleu literally charms the pants off the men! Together they are dynamic. The screen virtually combusts from the raw beauty and volatile sexual energy these two lovely ladies have. The rave reviews were really understated...this is a classic adult release! Time Approximate 1 Hour 22 Min.



SURFSIDE SEX - Sharon Mitchell, Tiffany Blake and Kristara Barrington are all set to get wet! The ladies never realized that a weekend getaway to the beach could turn out to be the wettest and wildest two days of their lives. The formula is really simple...sun, sand and surf = sex! And from beginning to end this sex-packed classic delivers where others have only promised! Time Approximate 1 Hour 22 Min.

ULTRA CORPORATION, P.O. BOX 3812, MILFORD, CT 06460-0399 Dept. FNB22 Sirs, I have enclosed my check, M.O., Visa, M.C. information. Please rush me the 4 videos under a 30-DAY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. (CT res. add sales tax.) #6100 06460 CANADIAN RESIDENTS: Available from Ultra Corp. 4944 Decarie Blvd. CP305 Montreal. Que. H3X 316 please add 30% plus \$4 00M & H to prices shown. All orders shipped duty-free from within Canada. (Que. Residents add 9% sales taxi C NOTICE: I declare that I am an adult, 21 years of age or over (19 years of age or over for Canadian residents). I am purchasing these for my private use in my own home and will not sell the material or furnish it to min S Signature . NOTE AVAILABLE IN Mr. Mrs. Miss. Ms \_

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# VIRGIN RELEASE: DIDN'T LOSE I GAVE IT AWAY

his girl walked in dreams, living in a world of her own. This girl was a child, existing in a playground of stone. Then one night her world was changed. Her life and dreams were rearranged. And she would never be the same-again." -The Everly Brothers

What a lovely way to describe the transformation of child to woman. Too bad it's a crock of shit. Too bad that a girl's first pop-one of the most important times of her life, if not the most important-is often an exploration in futility, especially if she gives it up to some highschool slobber factory.

I'm here to set the guidelines. Why should it take females years of trial and error with some putz in wolf's clothing to finally achieve the perfect orgasm, when some 10-year-old male kid can look at the spring bra collection in the Sears catalog and get off better without even yanking his wang? Why? Because we listen too much to the inane excuses of sexually inexperienced little boys: "All you have to do is lie there. I have to do all the work. What's your problem? Why can't you come?" The problem is, girls, that we have to lie there until they get it right! And that could take years.

So here's my solution. Never fuck a boy your own age. And I'll explain why. Let's say you decide to put the cher-

ry up for sale at about 18, for example. Nine times out of ten, some silly little virgin spreads her legs for this pimple-necked, pencil-dick squirt who couldn't find his bellybutton with a flashlight. Usually, this guy will come from just fumbling with his dick while trying to get it out of his pants.

See the problem? You could be 35 years old before you find out what a solid piece of meat feels like, and most of you, I know, will give up at least ten years before that, figuring that it ain't worth knowing about. And let's face it, the more you age, the harder it'll be to find someone willing to show you what it's like.

## **GETTING STARTED**

Shun the teenage losers. Where do you go next? The nearest college campus? No! Unless you trap a professor or an aging teacher's assistant, college pricks are just as useless as elementary schoolboys when it comes to sex. They're still busy sowing their oats, usually all over your neck or cashmere sweater.

I'd suggest hanging around some down-

town office buildings, or getting a job that caters to businessmen. Get the picture? Men: That is the operative word here.

A good way to spot a man (there are lots of poseurs out there) is to follow these handy guidelines:

a. First clue is that he treats you like a kid, not a possible sexual partner. But don't take that as a put-down, he's just protecting his ass.

b. He treats his girlfriend or wife like a kid, not like a sexual being. That doesn't mean he's gay, he's just protecting his ass.

c. He doesn't believe you when you tell him that he looks like someone you could trust and that you have no money to take the bus to where you live, but he offers to drive you home anyway.

d. He doesn't drive off the road in a panic when you reach over and grab his dick just as you're approaching the freeway off ramp to your house.

e. He doesn't get mad in the Holiday Inn when you tell him it's your first time and ask him to take it easy.

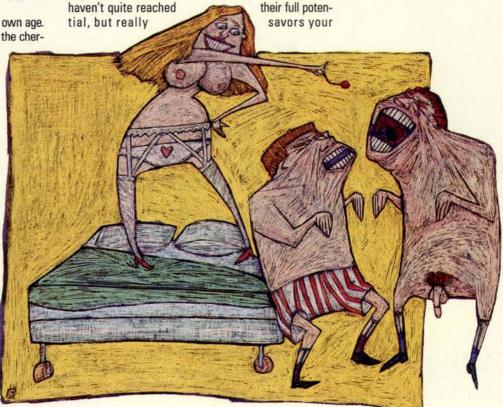
f. He makes you turn the TV off.

g. He doesn't seem to care that your breasts their full potensavors your



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

> Jacki Bartlett

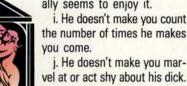




young, nubile flesh because he realizes how hard it is to come by now that he's over 30.

h. He goes down on your fresh muff without

holding his nose, and he actually seems to enjoy it.



continued...

vel at or act shy about his dick.

k. He fucks you for what seems like forever, and in every position possible on every piece of furniture in the room.

I. He explains to his wife on the phone why he has to work all night and won't be home

while you sit naked on his stiff pecker and lick his neck.

m. He lets you soak in a hot tub for a while before he joins you to teach you how to give head, which you have to do until you do it right.

n. He pokes you another slow one before he showers for work in the morning, then lets you go back to sleep.

o. He orders you room service, slips a few twenties into your purse, then leaves for work without waking you.

p. He never calls you, but he doesn't mind if you call him as long as you are discreet and not pregnant.

DOING IT

Sounds good, eh? Once you get done by a man. you'll never go back to the basics. While some stupid, prude-ass bitches have been known to bemoan their loss of innocence, they are also the ones who have never been done right. Think of it this way: Ignorance may be bliss when it comes to working, having children and dying. But it is absolutely a crime of nature when it comes to having sex. It is your duty as a free woman to demand a perfect orgasm every time. And you will, once you know how you want to be done. WHAT TO ASK FOR

Every girl has her own favorite position; favorite sex act; and favorite dick length, width, color and foreskin options. And once she really gets into doing the dirty deed, she'll pick up her own sexual peculiarities, i.e., whips, handcuffs, watersports, spreadable cheese foods.

But let's stick to the basics for now, keeping in mind that these are the foundations on which to build a total orgasmic lifestyle.

Positions: Where do you fit in?

Missionary position: This is what you'll most likely end up doing your first time. Lie flat on back and raise knees until feet are flat on bed. Spread knees until there is enough space for partner to enter between them. Relax, keeping eyes open.

Doggy-style: Okay, it sounds gross, but this position is not wholly unsatisfying. A word of caution: Be aware that the proximity of your bunghole can be tempting to some of the more adventurous types. But I'd really advise not to let him pave the Hershee Highway just vet. Take it one hole at a time. Assume the position of a dog (down on all fours), making sure knees are open wide enough to allow partner access. Relax and wait for the beep.

Sex Acts: What's a girl to do?

Getting head: There's a good possibility that you won't come from fucking the first time; it's very complicated. But trust me; there's all this technique stuff that you'll pick up along the way. like how to work your hips, different ways to swing your legs, etc. So you've got to, got to, got to ask to get licked.

Usually they'll do it automatically because young muffs, on the whole, are sweet muffs. Men know this too. But if you get a dud that tells you to work your clit for a while or someone who suddenly squirts lotion into his hand, start asking for head. Try any one or all of these:

YOU No. 1: "You know what I found out all by myself once in the bath tub? That if I touch this little button right here (touch your clit), I get a funny feeling down there (start to diddle self slowly). My girlfriend told me if a man puts his tongue on this little button and moves it around and stuff, that you get all flushed and excited and want to do wild things (giggle cutely). Is that true?"

YOU No. 2: "Maybe you should fuck me with your tongue first to get me used to something inside me since you are so big and everything.

YOU No. 3: "Lick my pussy; would ya, huh?" Giving head: Grow up! You'll have to do it sooner or later. Besides, next to typing, this is the single most important skill you'll ever need to be able to perform. No, fuck that, If you can master gobbling the purple-headed monster, you won't even need to know how to type-ever.

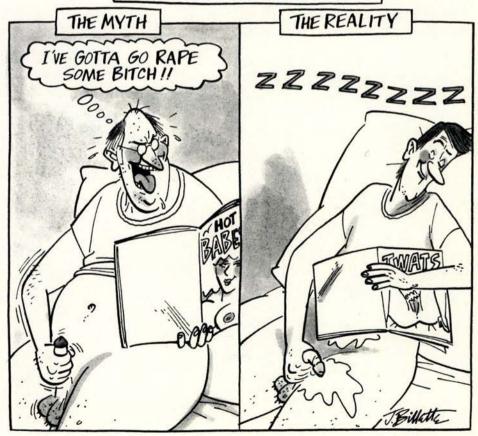
Nobody is a natural at this. If anything, everyone is naturally disgusted by the thought of it. at first. But keep your cool, never let him know how much you'd rather be putting a blow torch in your mouth, and don't be afraid to ask for help. "I want you to show me how you want it" is a good place to start.

You can acquire a taste for dick-cum is another story. If you absolutely think that you can't handle swallowing his love muck, ask him to spray it on your boobs or stomach—somewhere you can wipe it off easily. Or just tell him that you promised your boyfriend you wouldn't swallow anyone else's spunk but his. He'll think that's cute and direct his pud elsewhere.

The rule to remember when looking at a penis is: If it's yours, it's beautiful. Meaning if that's what you've got to work with for the moment, that's what you concentrate on.

As far as size goes, I'd say for your first time you'd be better off not worrying about size, unless, of course, you've hooked up with Mr. Ed. If you happen to notice that his hard-on reaches his bellybutton or beyond, you might want to reconsider. Um, make up an excuse about just getting your period, or mention the fact that you're only 13. Or you could just give him my number.

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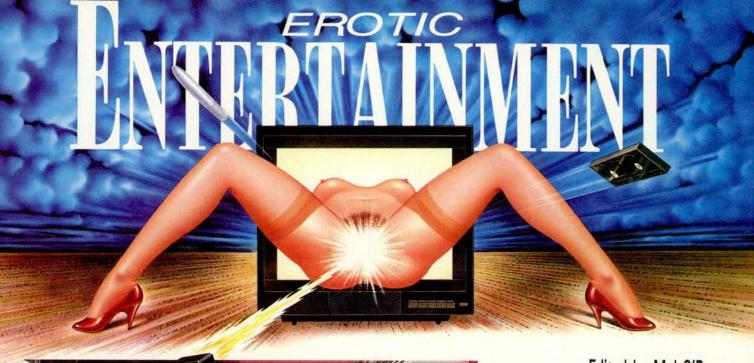
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Windsor and Charisma look for God.

## DEVIL IN THE BLUE DRESS

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Scotty Fox; starring Cheri Taylor, Jacqueline, Charisma, Scarlet Windsor, Randy West, Tom Byron and Gregor Samsa. Videocassette by Moonlight Entertainment.

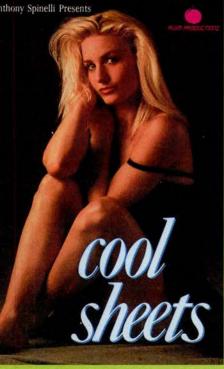
Fundamentalist Christian fanatics are as fun to ridicule as any other group of pathetic humanity, especially when the mockery includes graphic, imaginatively lensed depictions of their prurient peccadilloes. Righteous Randy West stars as a praying, pecker-happy fool whose family is no less prone to wad worship than he. The sleaze services open with West kneeling reverentially to tongue-ream the raunch hole of godly creation Cheri Taylor, who eventually proffers her tight-skinned buns for West's penile anointment. Light-brown, with large, soft chest mounds, Charisma plays the couple's sex-curious college daughter. She learns the ways of lust by splitting a double-headed dong with scrawny blonde Scarlet Windsor. After the girls have satisfied the plastic dick, they pool their poons to satiate the flesh-and-cum prick of Gregor Samsa. Meanwhile, Mama's stuffing her muff with the jizz-stick of Tom Byron, after which Daddy brings home slut-in-a-red-bra Jacqueline for a porking in the parlor. Is this the true picture of religionists and sex? Let us pray.

-Christian Shapiro

## Edited by Mal O'Ree

Taylor serves up salvation.







Half Erect. Directed by Anthony Spinelli; starring Tianna, Victoria Paris, Cheri Taylor, Randy West and Jon Martin. Videocassette by Plum Productions.

Anthony Spinelli has several great pornographic accomplishments in his putzdirector past-The Dancers, Talk Dirty to Me, etc.-but his greatest recent contribution to the cinema of onanism has been Tianna's hairstyle in Cool Sheets. Forget the depth of the cast (three blondes and two old guys), disregard the incipient male homosexuality that permeates the storvline (the two old guys again), and concentrate on the gonadal dynamics of live-wire Tianna's erectifying tryst with gentleman Randy West. The sizzle starts as West plays an ice cube along Tianna's simmering skin. Caparisoned in red lingerie, red pumps and hair that gives her face more appeal than she has shown before, Tianna

bends over backward to stand on her hands while arching pussy into West's face. Propped on her neck, she opens her legs in wide splits, daring the chicks in this or any other tape to match the heat she spills on her sheets. —C. S.



Half Erect. Directed by Judy Blue; starring Julianne James, Champagne, Jon Dough, Tianna, Cal Jammer, Alex Storm and Joey Silvera. Videocassette by Vivid Video.

The one constant of Vivid's Brat series has been the theme song, a piece of pop pabulum crooned by director Paul Thomas (a/k/a Judy Blue) that is every bit as sprightly as a glass of flat club soda. Though the song remains the same, the snatch forever changes. Current Brat Julianne James, for instance, seems to fill out more with each picture, blossoming into a mouth-watering, full-figured, succulent morsel of muff, breasts, lips and buns. In Beach Blanket James bestows her spreadable feast upon Jon Dough (who chews her carnal chow from both front and back), Joey Silvera (who spreads her dreamy drumsticks by the ankles and makes a squishy wish with his bone) and Champagne (who, with a ring in her pussy, feeds as much as she gets fed). Non-James jisms include Tianna's tight butt winking at the camera as she throats Dough, and Cal Jammer jamming a poozle pair. Sounds pretty good, except Blanket is directed by Judy Blue, which means more of the same old, lame old. —Hakim Whithers

Do: Hyapatia does





Half Erect. Directed by Paul Thomas; starring Hyapatia Lee, Sharon Kane, Jon Dough, Robert Bullock, Jacqueline, Cheri Taylor, Tom Byron and Ron Datsun. Videocassette by Vivid Video.

If only Paul Thomas had gotten that part on Gilligan's Island all those many years ago. If only he had gone on to flourish as an actor in legitimate venues, rather than being relegated stunt-cock status in the reasty realm of raunch cinema, perhaps we, the long-suffering paying porn public, would be spared the excess histrionics of I Do. Though still burdened with many elements of dreck as only Thomas can direct it, I Do at least boasts an aggregation of fully realized fuck scenes. The pud-wielding participants are allowed full vent to their labors of amour; libidos warm up, heat to a simmer, mount torridly and ultimately bubble over with searing splashes of molten bone lava. Particularly intemperate are the Hyapatia Lee/Jon Dough/Jacqueline gonad royale, Tom Byron butt-nuzzling Lee, and Robert Bullock eating Sharon Kane as if to save his life. But, for every moment of I Do that does, two more don't. -Alex Marvel



## TROUBLE

Half Erect. Directed by F.J. Lincoln; starring Tori Welles, Victoria Paris, Jamie Gillis, Jacqueline, Randy West, Brittany and Tom Byron. Videocassette by Vidco.

Trouble starts smartly with Tori Welles as a compromised, boozing broad in an opening premise brilliantly ripped off wholesale from a minor Jane Fonda film. Unfortunately, once the plot goes off on its own, it veers toward inanity, soon arriving at stupidity. Luckily, Trouble has some nice scenery along the road to its ruin, specifically: Jacqueline and Randy West portraying raunchy lawn jockeys as a sprinkler sprays down upon them; Welles and Victoria Paris as condoling cunts in a jail-cell romance; Tom Byron and Paris celebrating her orgasmic release from stir; Jamie Gillis finger-buggering Welles in Trouble's must-see ream; and Welles left with two lips full of load after a vengeance screw of West. Lincoln's gems are often surrounded by dross, but these are worth the Trouble.

—Kurt Blume

Welles is Trouble for West.



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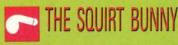




One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Buck Adams; starring Susan Vegas, Jacqueline, Elysse, Jade East, Nikki Knights, Purple Passion, Nick Dalton, Steven Vegas and Don Fernando. Videocassette by Las Vegas Video.

What does silicone-fortified whoriental scuz kitten Jade East have in common with squeaky-clean millionaire baseball pitcher Orel Hershiser? She throws high, hard ones, she takes showers, and she plays for losers. East has the most work of any of the six ill-exploited sluts in Virgin Busters, and her quandary is much like that of the hardball hurler whose teammates don't give him any hitting. Plus, she basically pops out herself. Opening the proceedings with a long shower, soaping her immobile mounds so that suds run down her chest crevice to the crack between her thighs. Jade invites a nondescript slit into the steamy stall, and the other bitch soaps East where she's already been cleaned, then to be triply sure washes down all

the same spots-from nipples down to twat-with her tongue. That's the same tongue she uses to yawn, after which Jade opens up for a typical stuffing. This ordinary sexing sets a slow pace, and the rest of Virgin busts ass to keep up. -Aron Cope



Half Erect. Directed by Dean Wallace; starring Fallon, Jessica Bishard, Arcie Miller, Tony Montana, Elysse and Dan Cooper. Videocassette by Arrow Films.

The Squirt Bunny asks the credulous crud viewer to fall for a few things that will strain even an inveterate stroker's habitually suspended disbelief. First off, who's gullible enough to fall for that big, stupid fake wig perched precariously on Fallon's head? Then, once the bogus peruke has been assimilated into our reality concept, we're supposed to swallow a story that Fallon can't get laid, when all around her scags of an inferior caliber are scarfing up choad and gobbling snatch? On top of all this stretched plausibility, we're expected to believe that Bunny's casting director was only able to scrounge up squack that's less presentable than star Squirt Fallon? No matter. The whole premise may be a lie, except for the salient sales point of Fallon's spurting snatch hole, a pussy phenomenon that is exploited right at the start of Bunny. Fallon, alone, fondles and frigs her fur pie until the flaps open wide, revealing the pink depths and unleashing a spurt of girl jizz. Bunny may be second-rate, but at least it squirts. -C. S.

## HEAVENLY HYAPATIA

Half Erect. Directed by Bud Lee; starring Hyapatia Lee, Megan Leigh, Jacqueline, Mike Horner, Joey Silvera, Kimberly Kane, Scott Wainwright and Scott Preston. Videocassette by Vivid Video.

In keeping with the spirit of glasnost, Heavenly Hyapatia offers us Megan Leigh as the first female President whose initial order of business is to establish intimate relations with the Russians. She does so by throating the commie cock of Scott Wainwright, and then accepting his Muscovite love muscle in a searing summit slamming. Unfortunately, that ball-burning boff appears last in this so-so stroke 'n' poke. The story is some drivel about Hyapatia as an angel who has to see things are run correctly on Earth. Lee has a trio of muff maraudings, the most potent being a slit stabbing by Joey Silvera, but they can't hold a dildo to Leigh's frenzied finale. All of the lusty ladies here are prime poon, including luscious blonde Kimberly Kane. Although Hyapatia is heavenly, any more like this, and there'll be -Sam Lowry hell to pay.

Heavenly: Commie cocks and American cunts.





Leaky Alexis has a Tit for Jeremy.



Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Loretta Sterling; starring Trinity Loren, Shane Hunter, Ron Jeremy, Susie Bartlet, Eric Edwards, Kim Alexis, Cassandra, Peter North, Jessica Bogart, Jerry Butler, Nikki King and Liza Cruz. Videocassette by Filmco.

A woman fucking Ron Jeremy somehow reassures the rest of us. If she'll open her cunt, mouth and mind to a freak-bone bristle brush like him, we reason, maybe she'll consider putting out for us. Sure, she'll consider it, if we have a dick like Ron's and pay her to play. Oh, the prospects are all too discouraging. The unfairness of the fairer sex makes the sensitive male ego yearn to degrade a bitch, but again so many of us are in no position to do so, which is why Tit Tales performs such a valuable service. With its head and upper-torso, heavy-artillery cum-shots, instant replays of poignantly savory debauchery, flipping and flopping mammary masses and the lactating milk sacs of leaky Kim Alexis, Tit Tales has all the sleaze a testosteronesaturated satyr can shake his stick at, and he won't have to dirty -C. S. anything but his grip hand.

HUSTLER JUNE 27



Prime pussies West and Dare in Love.

## BARBARA DARE'S TRUE LOVE

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Paul Thomas; starring Barbara Dare, April West, Brett True, Eric Price and Jacqueline. Videocassette by Vivid Video.

People used to have to come all the way out to West Hollywood, California, and visit a macrobiotic restaurant full of sensitive lesbians suffering from diverticulitis in order to become a party to the type of whimpering, wilting wheat-farmer feminist conversation captured here by director Paul Thomas and star sapphists Barbara Dare and April West. Why do they call it gay if the people are all so ineffectually miserable? And why must we, the heterosexual-male porn-viewing public and our dick-licking girlfriends, be bombarded with a lifestyles-of-the-dreary-and-dickless testimonial? Granted, any testosterone-blooded snatch fanatic can see the appeal of two prime pussies packing cunt together, but let's leave it at that. Who

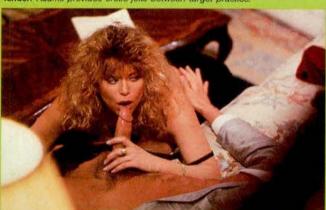
cares about the inherent failings in the relationship dynamics of gay women in America today? Not even them, probably. But a lack of quality quim and prick work in a fuck flick is a concern for us all, worries *True Love* does nothing to allay. —A.M.



One-Quarter Erect. Directed by J. T. Monroe; starring Aja, Victoria Paris, Carol Cummings, Jade East, Tom Byron, Randy Spears and Jon Dough. Videocassette by Dreamland.

The action of Temptations is well shot, it takes place in a variety of settings, sound and lighting are true and telling, some of the bodies displayed are actively attractive, and a complete crew of extras was employed for the big party scene. Despite these extras, Temptations dogs out, due in large part to four specific fuck failures. First down is the opening stiffing of Aja, which gets about a quarter way to fruition and is interrupted by a phone call, never to be resumed. Second in the hole is a lessthan-consummated blowiob of Jon Dough by Jade East. Third in the toilet is the second chance of the sorry dick with Aja, who through faulty editing is revealed to be totally limp despite her ardent humping of his belly. Fourth down the drain is the climactic fuck of Victoria Paris, which lacks not only the most fleeting insertion shot, but also all traces of hard dick. Though Temptations has at least four real reams, it won't be hard to resist. -H. W.

Tender: Adams provides erotic jolts between target practice.



## **LEGAL TENDER**

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Buck Adams; starring Victoria Paris, Aja, Tracey Adams, Mandi Wine, Jerry Butler, Buck Adams and Peter North. Videocassette by VCA.

Director Buck Adams has unintentionally made one of the funniest shows of the year. It's so ludicrous, so improbable and so full of raw, irrational energy that it's actually watchable. Adams was trying for a gritty, street-wise takeoff on Miami Vice. but the action sequences are so childish that it's like handing a video camera to a bunch of Cub Scouts with cap guns. Adams stars as a Don Johnson clone chasing killer Jerry Butler, whose evil spree has taken him to Las Vegas. The body count is higher than the fuck count. Fortunately, the sex is professionally shot, and they didn't skimp on any of it. Aja, beautiful as ever, is sleek and sweaty as she spreads to get eaten. It's obvious that Buck loves fucking Victoria Paris, and he does every chance he can. There is a wonderful blowjob-only scene as Raven Richards, playing a Latin drug smuggler, sucks off a guy in the cab of a pickup. The overall effect is one of benign amusement, with a few erotic jolts tossed in between the target practice.

-Rusty Knox



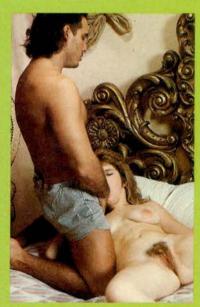
Half Erect. Directed by Ron Jeremy; starring Aja, Kimnick, Rosemary Dillon, Mandee, Busty Belle, Tiger Lille, Rod Newkirk, Rock Dilorenzo, David Morris, Rick Savage and Ron Jeremy. Videocassette by Arrow Films.

Ron Jeremy rounds up a bunch of girls who've never done porn before, sits them down, interviews them (which means he does 90% of the talking), then the viewer gets to see these "virgins" fuck on camera for the first time. While Ron gets a few provocative responses—those rare moments when he stops talking—from the girls, don't expect any ingenious questions. He asks all the typical stuff such as why they got into porn and what will Mom and Pop think if they ever found out. There

is no problem believing that most of these girls have never been in porn. They have the chubby faces, doughy bodies, hairy cunts and pimpled asses to prove it. This is porn in the strictest sense—harsh lighting, no makeup for the girls, simplistic camerawork and minimal editing.

Despite all the cons, there's a strange, compelling heat in this video, precisely because it's so cheap and the girls really are porn first-timers. They introduce a certain erotic nervousness that the pro sluts have long since lost.

-Lenny Wilde



Virgins: First-timers give it up.



## 🗪 SHADOWS IN THE DARK

Half Erect. Directed by Bruce Seven; starring Tianna, Randy Spears, Bionca, Victoria Paris, Randy West, Tom Byron and Cherri Bush. Videocassette by 4 Play.

Dime-store fangs—the kind of plastic vampire teeth that every kid on the block sticks in his mouth before he screeches in your placid face as you struggle out of your car after a long day at work and a torturous drive home-are a really cute, clever invention, but are plastic choppers alone gimmick enough to support a full-length fuck feature? Throughout Shadows Randy Spears's glowering face is superimposed upon writhing naked-body action so he can glare like a hashish-emboldened Arab in the underwear department of Bloomingdale's and ominously flash his pathetically fake plastic teeth. Dark's best sexing is its first, in which Spears keeps his absurd mouth hidden behind a bandanna as lubricious log slurper Tianna tongue polishes his bone and works his

wad onto her neck. Of course *Shadows* has more than an overused, dumb prop. It has a stupid story, PMS bitches and Bruce Seven's requisite shiny dildos in slimy asses. Go ahead, turn out the lights for *Shadows*, but don't forget to set your alarm.

-Adam Gelt

# Orm in the Desert



Group photo at VCA's opening-night bash. Left to right: Randy Spears, Lauren Hall, Randy West, Heather Hunter, Deidre Holland and Barbara Dare. Photo: Chris Forgerson.



Beverlee Hills (a/k/a Gina Gianetti) plans to increase her onscreen fucking in the '90s. Photo: Chris Forgerson.

The poke 'n' stroke biz made its annual trek to Las Vegas earlier this year, supposedly as part

of the Consumer Electronics Show, but as usual the purveyors of porn were shoved to a back room of the Sahara Hotel, far from the main floor of the convention center, the show's official headquarters. As always, the Sahara was the CES's most popular spot—something to do with fancily dressed (and undressed) porn queens parading around—and business was brisk, with the industry still fresh from the success of 1989, porn's best year since the video explosion.

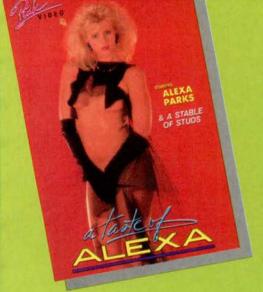


## SILVER TONGUE

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Henri Pachard; starring Sharon Kane, Jamie Gillis, Victoria Paris, Nina Hartley, Natasha Skyler, Jon Dough, Rick Savage and Peter North. Videocassette by Caballero.

Even with more than a decade as a professional fucker, Sharon Kane manages to put in some gutsy, nasty moments, with more genuine lust and heat than many beginners. Here she puts Victoria Paris to shame, but Vic's got such bulbous boobies that she has never had to do much more than wallow around like a beached porpoise, which she does quite well. Kane and Jamie Gillis are a couple of bumbling private eyes who, after fucking each other by mistake, start a detective agency that gets the goods on sexual degenerates. Sex scenes tumble one after the other. Peter North waxes creative as he attempts a little-known sexual position. Natasha Skyler rolls up on her neck, sticking her feet in the air as North gets into the potless shitting crouch and shoves his dick into her cunt. Then he pumps away as if he's been fucking like that for years. He whips her around and shoots a big ball goober the full length of her body. Just where North gets all that nut juice is one of the unsolved mysteries of modern times.







Half Erect. Compilation; starring Alexa Parks, John Leslie, Jon Martin, Krista Lane and Joey Silvera. Videocassette by Pink Video.

For those unfamiliar with lovely blonde Alexa Parks, this compilation will be a thrilling introduction. She's one of the happiest cocksuckers around. smiling and giggling like a loony when she gets a hard pecker anywhere near those luscious lips. But when it's fuck time, Alexa gets serious, wiggling her hips and ass onto a willing dick. Taste of, though lacking as a portrayal of Alexa's lively career, does have one fine boff. John Leslie rolls and tosses her around like a rodeo cowboy wrestling a steer. He finishes the fiery fling by grabbing her head and sticking his thumb into her mouth while he jerks himself off with his other hand. Then Leslie drips his gooey pecker slime between her gaping jaws, and he rubs the excess all over her face. It's not the sort of lovemaking NOW would admire.

## THE GIRLS ARE BUSTIN' LOOSE

## Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by John T. Bone;

starring Carol Cummings, Cheri Taylor, Stella Starr and Tanya Foxx. Videocassette by Ambassador Video.

For about the first 15 minutes this video seems like just another bottom-of-the-barrel fuzz festival, complete with bad acting, terrible production values and pathetic flashback fuck scenes. At about that time, though, the quartet of cuddly quim begins an all-out assault on each other. Stella Starr plugs both of Tanya Foxx's holes with a double-donged destroyer. Cheri Taylor's oil rubdown of Carol Cummings escalates into orgasmic ecstasy. Curvaceous Carol returns the favor, boffing Taylor senseless with a strap-on dildo. The grand finale is a strap-on extravaganza that finishes with Foxx feasting on yet more pink plastic as Taylor and Cummings stuff her holes. At the same time, Foxx is face deep in Starr's sloppy box, licking and sucking like she hasn't eaten in a week. Forget that it's a shambles every other way, The Girls Are Bustin' Loose has made the best use of rubber since Michelin.



## **BREAST SIDE STORY**

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Scotty Fox; starring Lauren Hall, Brittany, Raven Richards, Kimberly Kane, Randy West, Eric Price, Gregor Samsa and Scott St. James. Videocassette by Legend Video.

The Great American Tit Video this is not. Aside from Brittany's luscious chest, there aren't any truly big-boobed babes with humongous hooters that a guy can shove his face into and smother to death. But the girls are far from dogs, Lauren Hall and Kimberly Kane are sexy, sleazy, hot fuckers. They have "nice" tits, but medium at best— not at all what one would expect from a cassette with Breast Side in its title. Near the end, a bone is tossed for the tit fan. Randy West whips out his pecker and cranks it between Brittany's fluffy teats, cramming boob flesh around his wanker, then lets a steamy gusher fly into her cleavage. It's a bigger pop than usual for Randy, but one fleeting shot of a jug fuck doesn't a tit movie



Richards tells Brittany a Breast story.

A quick checklist of X-rated films (F) and videos reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER and HUSTLER EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE

## **Fully Erect**

The Adventures of Buttman

## Three-Quarters Erect

Cheeks 2: The Bitter End The Dresden Diary Number 50 Ways to Lick Your Lover Gang Bangs II Head Lock Night Trips (F) Red Hot Fire Girls Swedish Erotica Volume 2 Undercover Angel

## Half Erect

A Taste of Stephanie An Innocent Obsession Big Melons 27 Body Music Coming of Age Hot in the City I Do Legend of Sleepy Hollow Low Blows Naturally Sweet Oral Addiction The Phantom of the Cabaret Part 2 Shadows in the Dark Slick Honey Slumber Party

## One-Quarter Erect

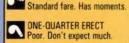
Barbara Dare's True Love Bratgirl Black Voodoo Invitation Only
Le Sex de Femme Volume 3
The Mystery of the Golden Lotus
Temptations

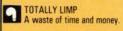
#### RATING GUIDE











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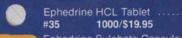
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## ORAL IS BETTER

The wildest thing that ever happened to me was the time two suburban women—both strangers to me—told me I could suck their pussies provided I did nothing else. I'm just an ordinary guy, and I still get lost in a trance whenever I think of it.

It happened one afternoon in a shopping mall in downtown Livonia. I went there to return a present my girlfriend had given me, a sweater with a faggy pattern I couldn't tolerate. While I was standing at the table looking at other sweaters, I noticed two attractive women in their 30s. One woman had reddish-brown hair. and the other had dark hair. They were both typical suburban ladies, but betterlooking than the average housewife. These two good-looking broads happened to be looking at sweaters on the same table, and before long we were making small talk and getting friendly with each other. I complimented them on their looks, figuring they'd be amused because it was coming from a 20-year-old college kid. After a few more minutes of chatting, they invited me to have a drink with them in a cocktail lounge outside the department store.

Jan, I found out, was the redhead, and Kay was the brunette. I learned they lived next door to one another in the nearby suburb of West Bloomfield, I continued flirting with them in the cocktail lounge, thinking it harmless, but as I really began to lay the charm on, they asked me what I was up to. I guess I stuttered as I tried to find an answer. I finally said I didn't know what I was up to. They laughed at that and said, "How would you like to come home with us for a few hours?" I was surprised, but I played it cool. I shrugged and said, "Sure, why not?" But then Jan said it might not be what I expected. If it was sex I was thinking about, they'd let me suck their pussies-but only if I promised not to try anything else. She said it in a low voice, the word *pussies* almost a whisper.

So I did it. I drove my car behind theirs and followed them to Jan's house in West Bloomfield. She lived in a big, elegant house near the lake. The first thing I learned was that she had kids at school, and I'd have to be out of there by three o'clock. Kay fixed us something to drink at the bar in the living room, and Jan left us to change her clothes. When Jan returned to us a few minutes later, she



was wearing a Chinese silk robe that looked really sexy.

She sat down in an easy chair and parted her robe to expose her thighs. It was obvious she wasn't wearing anything under the robe. She pulled the robe apart some more and opened her legs to show her pussy. She had a shaved cunt, completely hairless, nothing but smooth skin and pink cunt lips. She raised her knees and spread her thighs wide apart to reveal everything. Her cunt and her pink asshole were waiting for me. I hurried to get down on my knees to suck her sweet pussy. I dove in, clamped my mouth on her cunt and feasted on it as Kay sat back in her chair to watch us.

Jan had a heavy flow of cunt gloss. I

licked her cunt hole, gathering up the juice and gulping it down. I sucked her clit while I probed two fingers inside her canal. Finally she came, humping her pussy against my face.

"Suck Kay," Jan said, pulling quickly away from me.

I moved over to where Kay was sitting. She had her shoes and pantyhose off, her dress pulled up and her feet up on the seat cushion. Her thighs were open, and her cunt was exposed. She had dark hair around the red slit, long lips and a prominent clitoris. She opened her cunt with her fingers, and I moved in to suck it. She had less juice than Jan, and she seemed less excited about the sucking, but I could tell she liked it. After a while I knew I was getting to her. She started moaning, and the juice flowed freely. She tossed her head from side to side as she came buckets into my mouth.

Now that both women had had theirs, they covered their cunts and started asking me about my cock, teasing me about it and soon coaxing me to bring it out and show it to them. I unzipped my fly and brought my cock out, hoping I'd be able to fuck one of them, or even both of them if they wanted it. But what they wanted to do instead was jerk me off. I said okay; I'd made an agreement with them, and I would keep it.

They sat next to each other on the sofa, and I stood in front of them with my pants and shorts down at my ankles. Kay brought out a wad of Kleenex, and Jan pumped my cock into it until I shot off. Then they wiped off my rod and helped me get my shorts and pants up. After that they kissed me, and then Jan said something about the kids coming home. Before I knew it, we were saying goodbye, and I was out of the house.

I was in a daze all afternoon. In the evening I began to think that maybe it hadn't happened, but it happened, all right. I hang around the shopping mall all the time now, waiting for another connection, another pair of suburban wom-

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## HOT LETTERS

## He craned his neck upward to keep his face stuffed in my crotch. Pretty soon the climax hit me like the ninth wave hits the shore.

en with a yen to have their pussies sucked. Who can blame me? —Jerry V. Livonia, Michigan

## PISSING FOR PLEASURE

The gnarled CEO lay faceup on the wooden conference table, his arms and legs spread-eagle so that I could bind him in position with thick lengths of heavy rope. As I bent to touch him, his cock registered like an extra-sensitive piece of machinery. I hadn't realized that it was possible for an older man's cock to stand up that hard and high.

It was late at night, and his office building was quiet. Mr. Big had obviously waited until everyone else had gone home before phoning for my services. Having himself bound and humiliated on the same conference-room table where he'd doubtlessly humiliated scores of underlings gave him a boner to be proud of. If that's what it took for him to get off, I understood. Like most dominatrixes—and unlike most garden-variety whores—I have a vast capacity for enjoying my work.

I smacked his bare butt with my riding crop. He made a soft strangled sound as he choked back the urge to defend himself. His cock jerked and grew even larger. The skin was stretched so thin over that stallion-size fucker that I could see tiny blue veins running underneath the skin.

I climbed gracefully onto the conference table and squatted over his face, my feet planted firmly on either side of his ears. "Suck me," I commanded. "And you'd better do a damn good job."

Mr. Big stuck out his tongue and swished it all over my muff. I relaxed a little, swinging my pelvis downward so that the tip of his oral digit would connect with my engorged clitoris. Somehow I never fail to get excited when I'm sitting on a man's face.

"That's right," I purred. "Drink me." My knees trembled as he stroked his tongue around the sweet, saucy interior of my burning cunt. My hips bucked a little, but he didn't lose me. He craned his neck upward to keep his face stuffed in my crotch. I couldn't stop myself from twitching; so I didn't try. Pretty soon, the climax hit me like the ninth wave slams the shore.

When I regained control of myself, I stood on the table and considered my captive. Cunt cream glistened all over his lips,

and a look of evil satisfaction lit his face. His cock was bigger and harder than ever.

"You horny old goat," I said. "Let's see if you get off on this!" Taking aim, I pissed on his belly.

He yelped as the first gush of hot pee connected with the knob of his incredible hard-on, but he was soon thrashing in such a way that he wasn't missing a drop of my golden emission.

"Yes, Mistress!" he moaned. "Give me more! Please, Mistress! Let me drink your golden shower!"

I knelt down and gripped him by the hair to lift his face to mine. "Did I tell you to speak?" I screamed.

"No, Mistress," he whimpered in a very soft voice.

"Then shut up!" I released my hold on his hair and let his head bounce off the table. I cracked my whip across his flabby thighs. He groaned, but he didn't dare say another word.

"How shall I punish you for your disobedience?" I asked, making him shiver with anticipation. "I know what I'll do.... Open your mouth, slave!" His mouth flopped open. I poised my crack above him for a few seconds, letting him look directly up my wet, sloppy pussy. Then I began to pee again, this time aiming my stream at his face. I didn't have enough practice to get it all into his open mouth, and some of it splashed against his chin and ran down the side of his face. But he didn't seem to mind; in fact, he licked his chops like a cat in a bowl of cream!

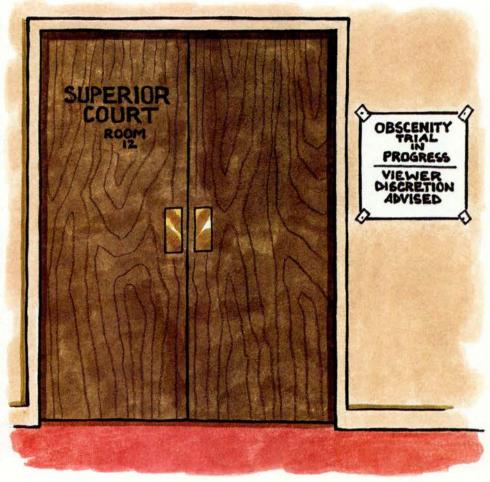
A little mouse-squeak escaped his lips. He knew I was going to do what I damn well wanted to do. And what I damn well wanted was to saddle up that hot cock meat and ride him off into the sunset.

I used my mouth to roll a rubber onto his stick—that's a little specialty of mine. Then I sat right down on that thrusting shaft and wiggled my hips around as I settled into place.

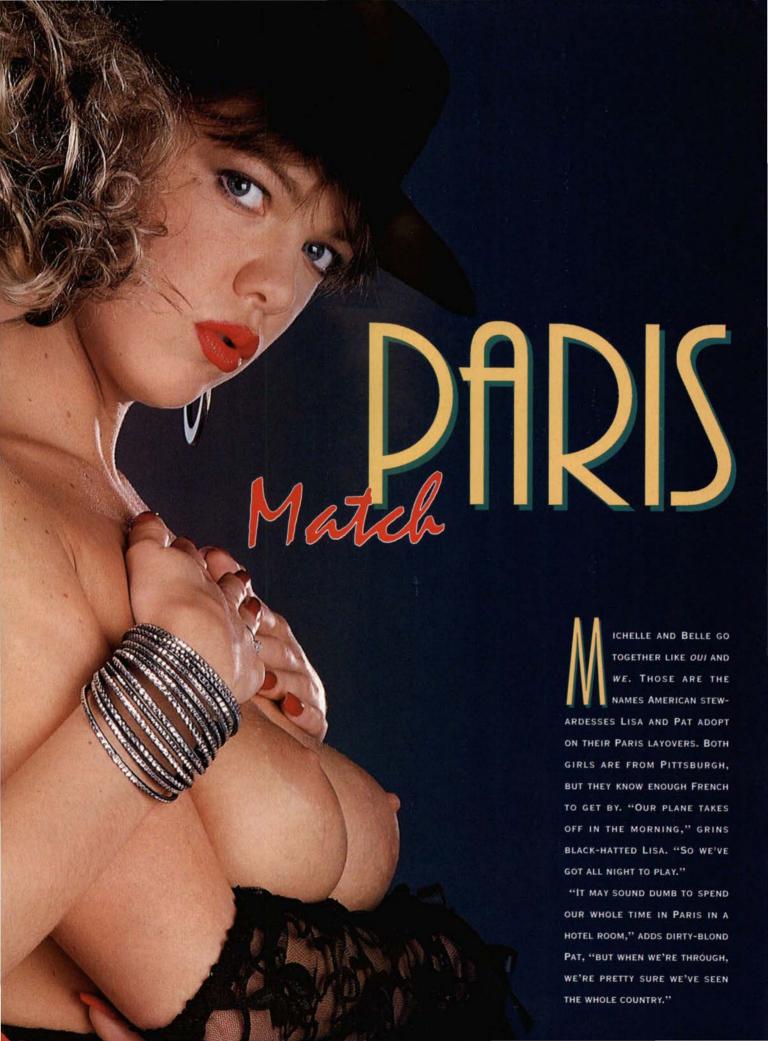
I came at least five times before his experienced cock shot off. The last thing I did before I left was to release his naked butt and to make him lick up any piss he'd missed when he'd been tied up. When I left, he was still happily licking the last droplets off that old conference table!

-Mistress Florence Birmingham, Alabama

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









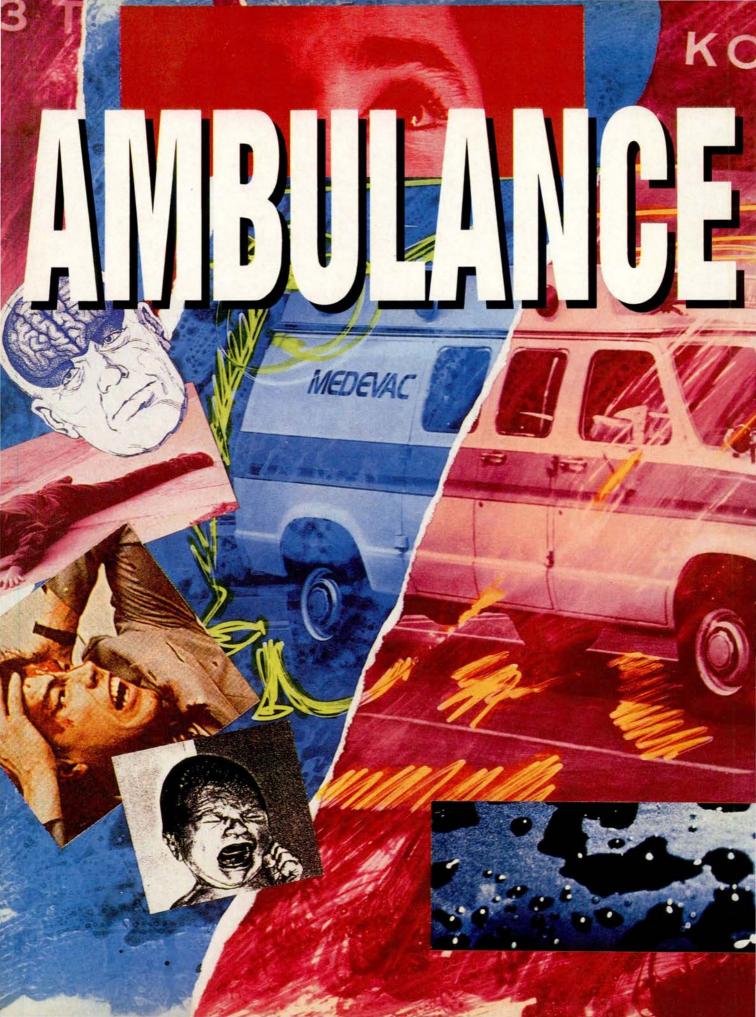


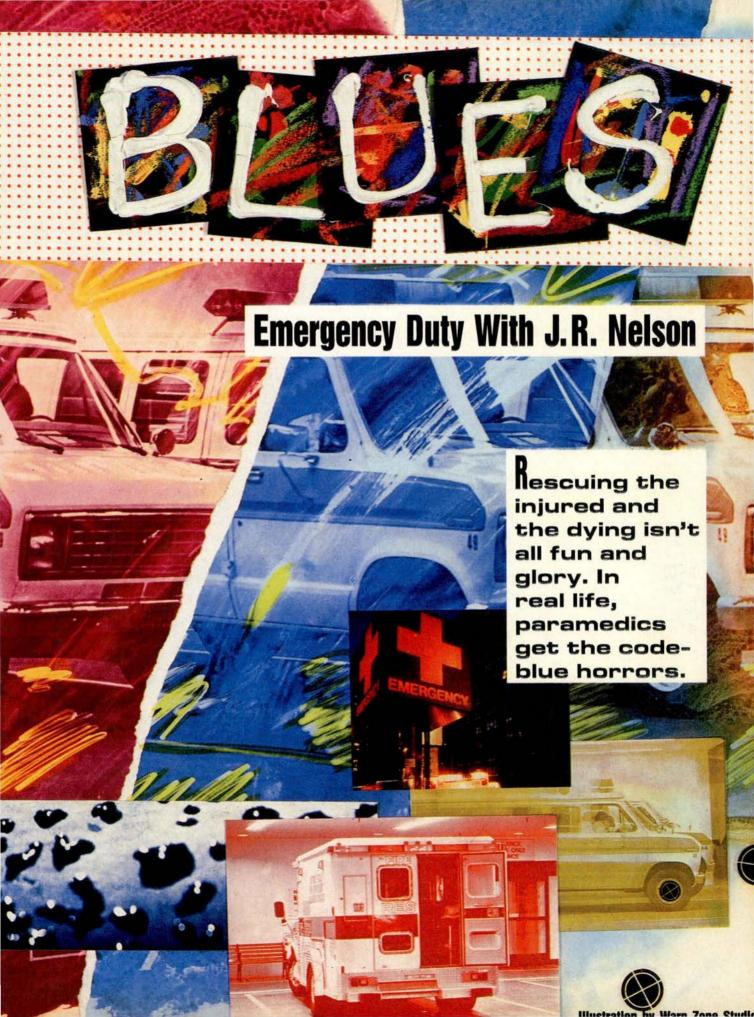












#### AMBULANCE

## We put up with being shot at, sued, cursed and spit upon. We are exposed to hepatitis, herpes, AIDS and who knows what else.

I'm a paramedic.

Rescue 911 and Emergency are two TV shows that regularly feature paramedics at work. Actual news footage and reenactments don't begin to represent the real thing. TV is too one-dimensional. You see and hear, but all of the other senses are left out. Where's the smell of burning flesh, urine and feces, whatever, and the feel?

Even the sound can't be conveyed over the tiny TV speaker. You can hear the screams, but you can't hear the struggle for life as it drains out of the victim.

Paramedics don't think, talk or live like anyone else. Everything they say is in code. 10-4 means "okay." 10-33 means "emergency!" There's even a code for taking a shit. We work 24-hour shifts.

In the hundreds of hours I have sat in front of the tube watching *Emergency*, I never once saw Gage and Desoto drenched by a drunk projectile-vomiting. Nor did I see them crawling on their bellies through a crack house while rival gangs exchanged gunfire over their heads. Nor did I see them comforting a ghetto mother after her three children burned to death

in a tenement fire. Whatever precinct they worked was the garden of Eden compared to where I'm stationed.

In the real world, in just about any city of any size, we can't guarantee the closest hospital will take you. We can't guarantee that *any* hospital will take you, particularly if you happen to be a street person with no insurance. Health-care facilities, especially trauma centers, are closing in record numbers as the cost of healing skyrockets. This puts a tremendous caseload on those that stay open.

The emergency room was once operated like a clinic, with the most important piece of equipment being a well-trained physician. Today, ERs are meccas of progress with million-dollar machines that breathe for you, pace your heart, scan your entire body and present you with a bill.

Ambulances have also changed. Twenty years ago we rode in converted Cadillac hearses without the benefit of oxygen, splints, bandages or anything except a stretcher on board. Ambulance attendants were either extremely low paid or volunteers, with the exception of those who

worked for funeral-home services. They got paid for embalming bodies between runs.

Now ambulances are \$80,000 "Mobile Intensive-Care Units," with another \$50,000 invested in cardiac monitors, defibrillators, intravenous fluids and drugs, and just about anything else needed to sustain life. Attendants are highly trained professionals who have chosen their field, not people who took the job because it was the only one they could get.

Today's paramedics take courses in trauma, cardiac disease, pulmonary problems and pharmacology, just to name a few. But all of this training doesn't do the public any good if there's no place to take a patient.

Each city has a different way of saying it. Some hospitals call it *diversion*. Some call it *relay*. In my city they call it *bypass*. Whatever they call it, it all boils down to the same thing: "We won't accept ambulance patients."

We're forced to keep a human being alive while we canvas the city for a hospital. We travel to outlying hospitals that have a lighter patient load than the inner-city hospitals. The delay may mean the difference between life and death.

Our job is no bed of roses.

We also put up with being shot at, sued, cursed and spit upon by those we are trying to serve. We are exposed to hepatitis, herpes, AIDS and who knows what else, all in the name of saving your life.

Some cases leave you feeling so dirty, you wish you could wear gloves all the way up to your shoulders. Take, for instance, the call we received last year from a kid who said, "I think my daddy's sick."

He was sick all right—terminally. He had been dead for five or six hours. His 400-pound body was facedown on the bed. His hands were underneath his immense belly. A Harley was parked in the middle of the living-room floor.

Everywhere we looked were beer cans. In the corner of the bedroom was a substantial amount of vomit—some of it hours old, some not so fresh. The stiff himself was also filthy. We turned him over and found that he had died facedown in a bikermagazine tattoo issue. The magazine was open to a photo-spread of a chick with pendulous tits, hair under her arms and half a dozen strategically placed tattoos.

His rigor-mortised right hand held his pecker. Evidence on the front of his gray work pants showed conclusively that he "came and went" at the same time. His heart just couldn't take the ecstasy.

Every shift has its cast of characters. Some days we get nothing but drunk calls—drunks passing out, drunks falling off barstools and hitting their heads on the floor. We also get drunks on the road. They usually take someone else with them.



"Now here's a little heartbreaker called 'Loving You Is Harder Than a Nigger's Head."



"What can I say, gentlemen? Show business is my life!"

#### AMBULANCE

#### Their guts are all over: their faces have been chopped into mincemeat by shotgun blasts at close range. We request lunch break.

Other days we get "granny calls." The old lady calls in and reports that she is in pain. When we arrive, she meets us on the front porch, suitcase in hand and ready for her "long stay at the hospital."

Nine times out of ten nothing is wrong with her. We take her back home in an hour or two. She feels much better. All she needed was a little company and reassurance.

The only way to get an idea of what we get into out there is to ride with us for a while. My partner Bill and I have been on the job for an hour. We ran a wreck at 0715 hours, but there were no injuries. It's a little after 0800 hours, and we're on our second wreck of the day.

As we immobilize the only injured person, she raises a fuss because she doesn't know where her purse is. The car is completely crushed. There's a good possibility that it is still inside the mess. She finally says: "If I don't get my pocketbook, I ain't going to no hospital." She must have a hell of a lot of money in it to be that concerned. A nearby policeman helps me retrieve it. We find the purse on the floor of the car, and as the patient looks on in horror, the cop opens it. The only thing in the purse is a plastic bag containing at least a kilo of pure, uncut cocaine. After this young lady recovers, she will have a room reserved for her at the "gray-bar inn."

She's better off than the last "purse freak" I encountered. When we arrived at the accident scene, she was ambulatory, appearing unhurt except for a small laceration over her eye. When we tried to check her for other injuries, she wouldn't let us. She protested that her purse was in the car, and she had to get it.

Due to a small fire showing under the hood, this didn't seem advisable. Before anyone could stop her, she pushed past a policeman and dived into the wreck. A split second later there was an earshattering explosion, and this sweet, young lady became a "crispy critter"-that is, a person so badly burned that it is no longer possible to recognize her as human.

The purse was thrown free of the fire by the blast. There was less than \$20 inside.

A little before noon we get a call to a shooting on the ball field of the local high school. It's obvious as soon as we arrive that there

isn't anything we can do. Three black teenagers, all wearing gang colors, are very dead. Their guts are all over; their faces have been chopped into mincemeat by shotgun blasts at close range. As soon as the coroner takes over, we request lunch break.

But we have another emergency waiting.

We are greeted at the front door of a clean, middle-class residence by a nineyear-old boy. Quite excited, he keeps babbling about his father. We hear muffled moaning and whimpering inside. The noises are coming from inside the sofa.

The kid's mother, fed up with her husband's late-night drinking and womanizing, decided to take action. When her old man came home in the wee hours, she had her bags packed and was waiting. He unfolded the hide-a-bed sofa and passed out across the bare mattress. She quietly folded the hide-a-bed up with him inside it. There he remained until Junior woke up and decided to watch cartoons.

The kid sat down on the sofa and heard the first moan. It about scared the daylights out of him. After gathering his wits, he called 911. This is one of the easiest rescues we've ever encountered. We merely open the hide-a-bed, and he stands up. Except for some sore muscles and a hell of a

hangover, he's okay.

For every dangerous call we run, we get a crazy one. The most unusual domestic I ever ran was the case of the man who. tired of his wife's alleged whoring around, decided to glue "it" closed. While she slept, he opened a tube of Superglue and went to work. Fortunately for her, she'd fallen asleep in a position that made it impossible for him to get at her snatch; so he'd rubbed the glue all over her thighs. By the time she woke up, they were firmly cemented together. It took a couple of hours and a gallon of Superglue remover to get her legs apart. Except for a lot of red skin, she was okay.

At 1330 hours we request lunch again. We get clearance, but we've hardly sat down when we get our next call. Looks like candy bars for lunch again.

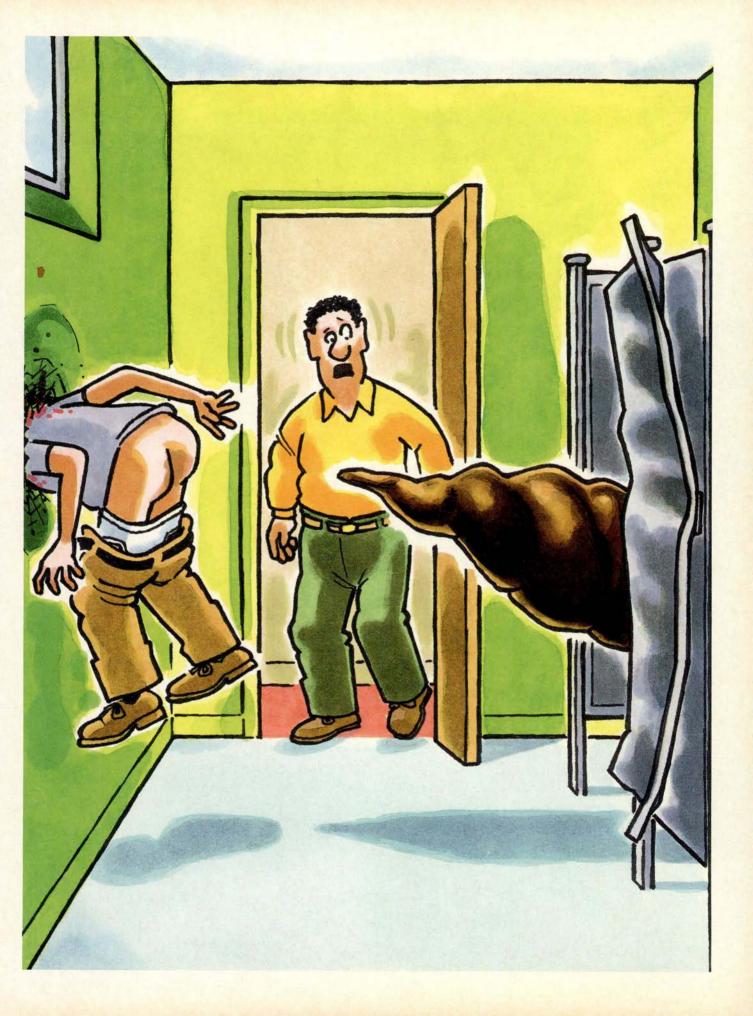
"Medic 36, be en route, motor-vehicle accident, multiple injuries, Tenth and Central, Medic 31, back up Medic 36."

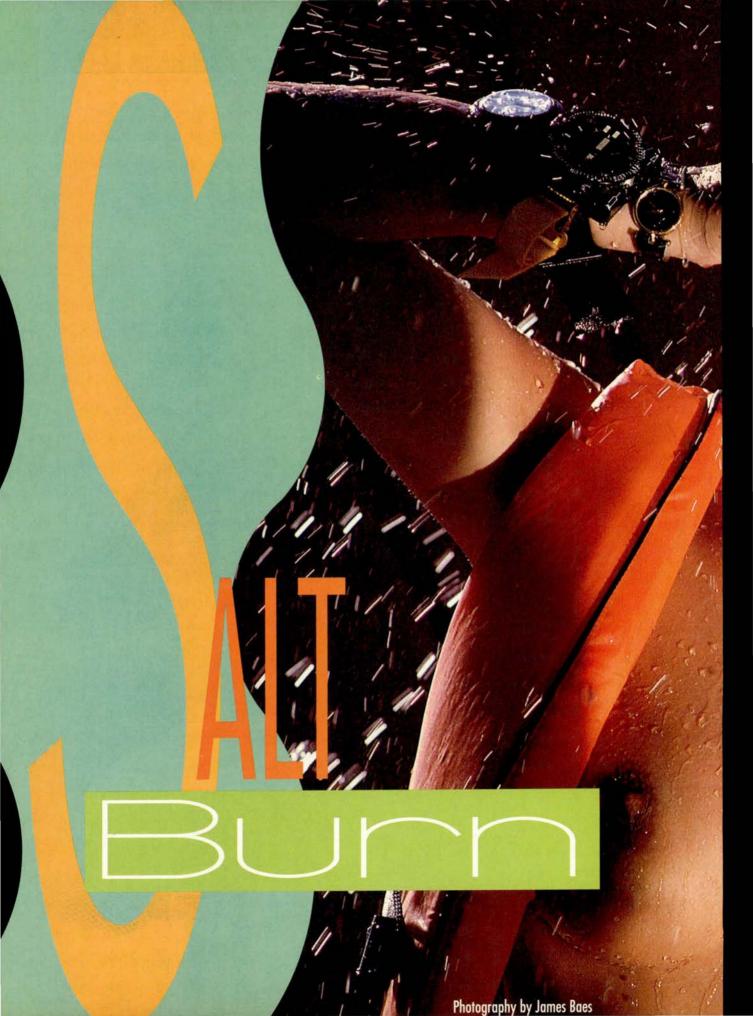
The car is a real mess. It had been hit from behind by a delivery truck and forced into a steel telephone pole. The front-seat passengers of the car are fine. Although most of the vehicle damage is in the front, they are not even scratched.

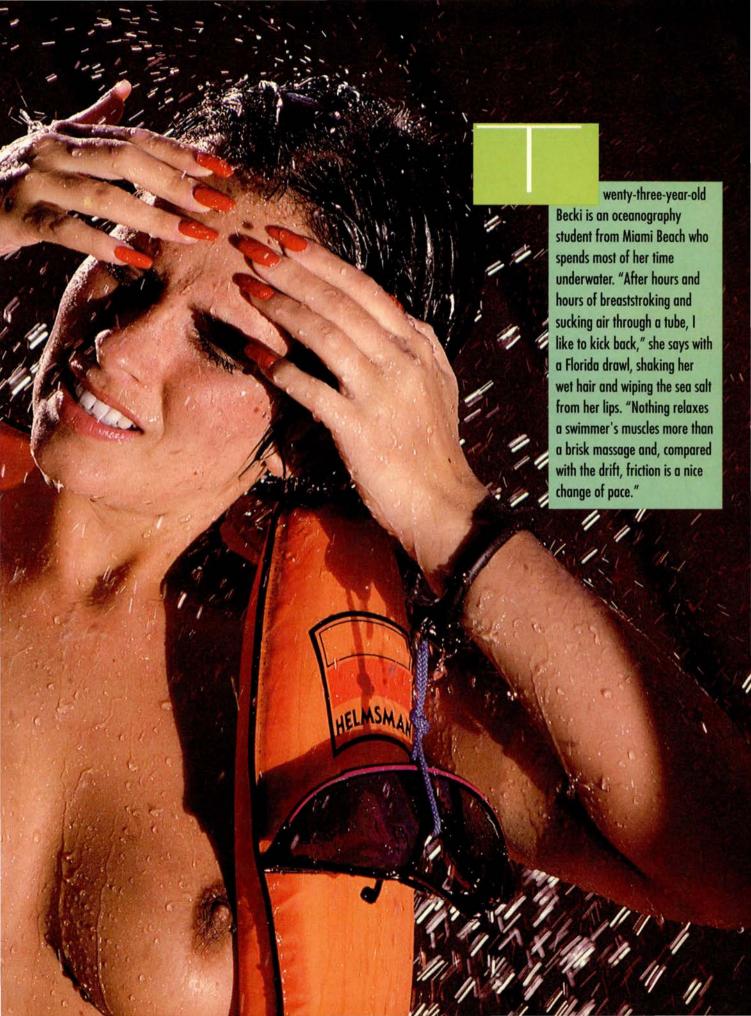
The backseat passengers were less fortunate. The woman sitting in the middle is just bruised up a bit. The two children sitting in the window seats on either side of her are both dead, their small bodies

(continued on page 92)



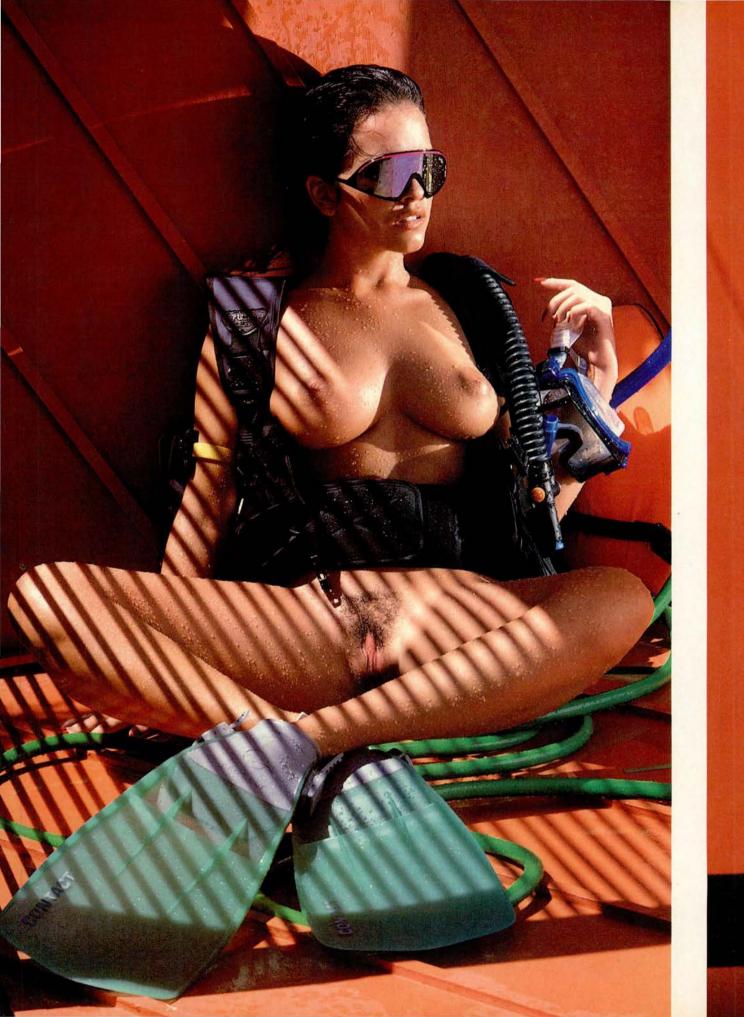














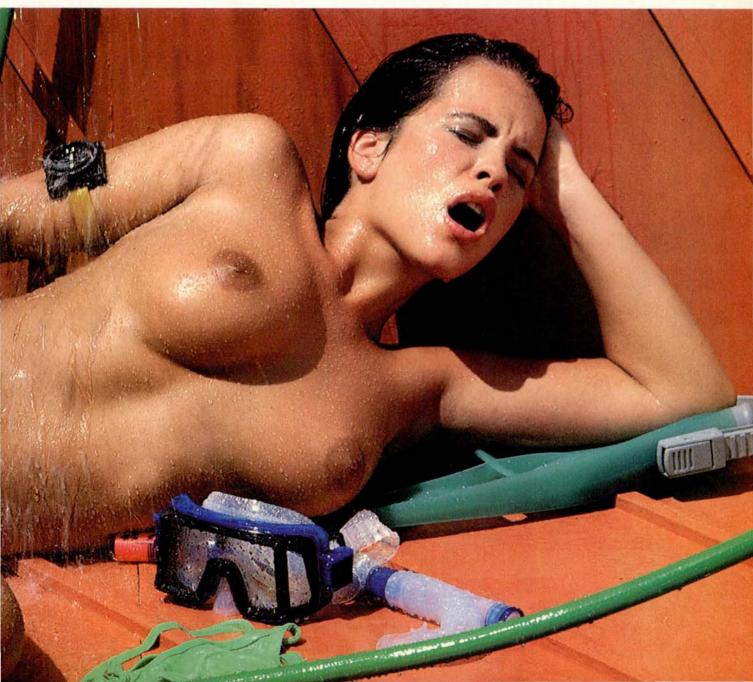


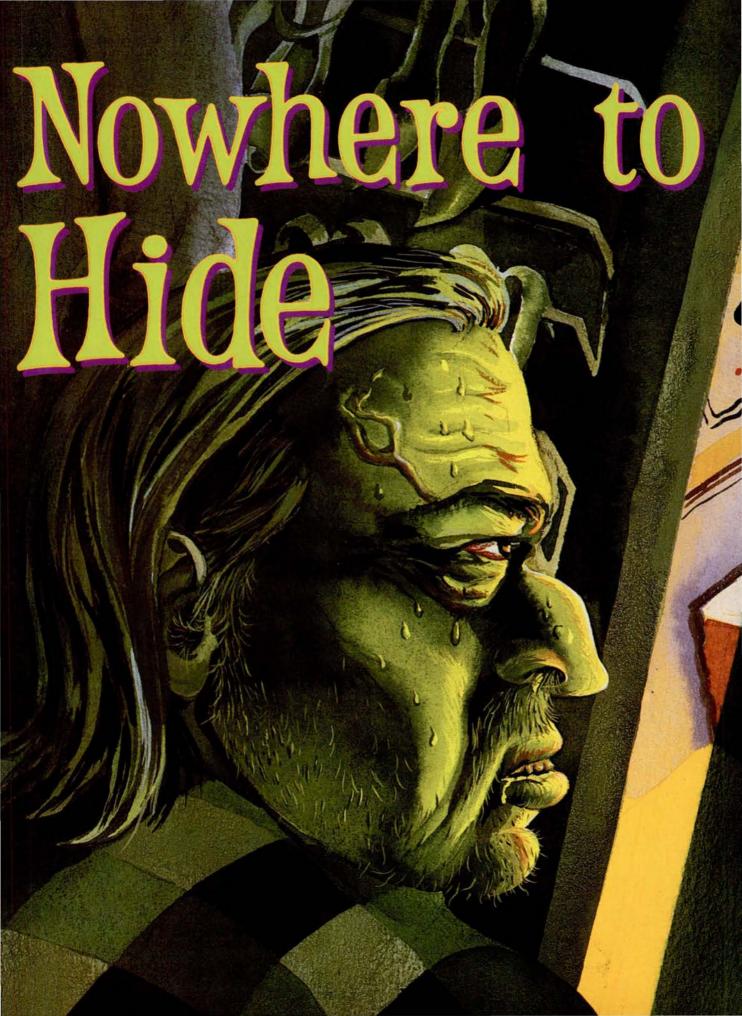














### NOWHERE TO HIDE

## It was like forcing a little girl to eat her vegetables. If you shoved them down her throat long enough, she'd learn to like them.

She was the sexiest broad he'd laid eyes on since he walked out of San Quentin a free man. *Jump my bones* was written all over her face.

Her auburn hair was stacked atop her head like a beehive, her makeup flawlessly applied. She looked to be in her midtwenties. Her posture was graceful, he noted, like a model or some high-society cunt.

Floyd Burns shifted on his feet for a closer look. His eye twitched. Damn! He wanted to see straight. Having thirstily sauntered into the local Food Giant with the meager proceeds of a mugging, he relished the sight of her standing ahead of him in the checkout line. She had money. Everything about her said upper class. Fuck them! Floyd balanced a couple of six-packs in his palm, hiding a crusty patch of dried blood on his coat. Rich bitch! She emptied her shopping cart onto the counter, her buggy full of health foods, vegetables and wines. Repeatedly, as she bent over her cart, her skirt tightened around her ass.

Floyd felt a rush of excitement. It had been years since he'd last gotten laid. A growing erection strained against his zipper as he combed long strands of dark, oily hair back over his thinning scalp. He rubbed his whisker-stubbled cheeks, grinned and lightly nudged his elbow against her arm.

The Rich Bitch pivoted to face him down, as if she had known all along what he was thinking, her blue eyes sparkling with disgust. He locked stares with her, but the Rich Bitch's glare held firm.

His eye twitched again; he made it look like a wink.

She raised her nose high into the air and turned back to pay for her groceries.

Hey, now, that ain't very friendly, Floyd thought. Fuckin' cunt. What she needs is a good poke behind the panties.

He assumed that she had never had a real man. Most rich guys were faggots. If he could catch her alone, he could show her what she'd been missing. She might struggle at first, but she'd learn to appreciate it. It was like forcing a little girl to eat her vegetables. If you shoved them down her throat long enough, she'd eventually learn to like them.

Floyd shuffled close behind her, sniffing

a faint trace of her perfume. She took a checkbook from her purse and leaned against the counter to write. Floyd watched attentively from behind. *Jonathan L. or Sherrie M. Johnson*, 4216 Mohawk Lane was printed in the upper left corner of her checks.

Floyd memorized the address and savored the sleek movement of her ass as she waltzed away. *See you later, babe*, he thought, his face sporting a shit-eating grin.

For two weeks, Floyd watched the Johnson house closely. Now, as he watched from an undeveloped lot nearby, he emptied another Coors and listened to the initial stir of night creatures in the surrounding woods. He spat and let loose a sour belch, satisfied that he knew their weekly routine.

Tonight had passed like the two previous Tuesdays. Her old man had already trotted off in his preppy tennis outfit. Jonathan Johnson was a big, muscular bastard, but when his weekly tennis outing was under way, Floyd knew the man of the house would pose no threat for a couple of hours.

The Rich Bitch would arrive soon, as always. There would be plenty of time to knock off a nice piece of ass, then rummage the house for money and guns, maybe even drugs.

Floyd downed another beer and surveyed the darkened neighborhood. His eye twitched. Shit! He wanted to see clearly. He crept across the yard and crouched behind a row of azaleas outside the garage door. Floyd lay on his stomach, feeling himself swell with arousal. He liked the feel of the dirt against his face. The night he'd waited for had finally come. Shit, he had never been more ready.

He positioned himself behind the shrubbery as the familiar Mercedes rounded the corner and stopped at an idle before the double garage door at the back of the house. With a dull thump and an electrical hum, the automatic door rattled up.

Floyd lay low until the door stopped, then peeped over the shrubbery to make sure she was alone. Satisfied, he crouched beside the passenger door and skittered alongside the car as it slowly rolled inside.

The engine died.

The garage door slowly rumbled down.

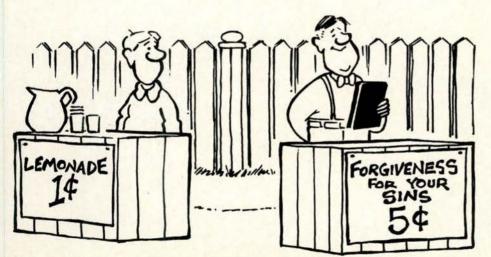
Floyd slid beneath the car, burning himself on the hot muffler and stifling a curse. A key chain jingled inside the mass of hot metal above his head, then the driver's door swung open. Her muffled voice sounded from above.

"You can get up now," she said.

Floyd froze. Had the Rich Bitch seen him? *No way*, he thought. But then the car swayed gently from movement inside, and a man's voice came from the backseat.

"We need to think of a way to smuggle

### JERRY FALWELL AS A BOY ...





"Tonight's topic: Voodoo Curses—Fact or Fiction?"

### NOWHERE TO HIDE

# Bill raised his head and took a nipple into his mouth, sucking it hungrily. The Rich Bitch moaned louder, her ass grinding with passion.

me inside your house that's easier on my back," he groaned.

The back door on the driver's side swung open. A pair of man's shoes touched the floor at the rear; high heels tapped the concrete in front. Both doors clunked shut.

"I've missed you, Bill," the Rich Bitch said. "Once a week is not enough."

"It'll have to do for now," Bill answered. Their footsteps paused at the door before going inside.

Son of a bitch! Floyd cursed to himself. The big-time cunt plays hide the salami every week while her hubby is away! Floyd listened intently as the two hurried upstairs and wasted little time. Within minutes, squeaky bedsprings sang from an overhead bedroom.

Floyd eased through the basement door to the downstairs den. *High-society slut*, he cursed to himself. He should be the one sticking it to her. Quietly he crept upstairs. The sound of their lovemaking was clearly audible as he neared the bedroom. He found the door partially open and cautiously peered inside.

They were naked, lying on their sides. The Bitch was facing away from Bill, away from the door, and he was pumping her from behind. She groaned with every thrust until finally Bill slowed the rhythm.

The Rich Bitch rose to her knees on the mattress and straddled her lover, then planted a long, wet kiss on his lips. Now Floyd could see her magnificent body. She had the thinnest waistline he'd ever seen. Her tits were only average in size, but they stood firm with full, hard nipples highlighted by a thin, white band of untanned flesh. Bill raised his head and took a nipple into his mouth, sucking it hungrily. The Rich Bitch moaned louder, her eyes tightly closed, her ass grinding with passion.

Floyd watched jealously from the hallway. He was horny as hell, the tension throughout his body unnerving. But they would be leaving soon, and he had to get away undetected. He retreated downstairs, scrambling to find an unscreened window low to the ground in the dining room. He crawled over the sill, then closed the window from the outside, leaving a safe point of entry for a later return.

The next two Tuesdays, under the cover of darkness, Floyd T. Burns slipped

through the unlocked window and waited inside a hall closet for the lovers to arrive. The young couple progressed through exotic new positions, but after three such visits, the excitement wore off. Floyd decided it was time to take her himself when, one night as the two were humping away, the doorbell rang. The Rich Bitch panicked. "Oh, my God. It's John," she gasped as she rolled off the bed. Bill grabbed her arm and pulled her back.

"Don't be silly. John wouldn't ring the bell," Bill said calmly as she struggled to get away. "Just ignore it," he whispered.

The Rich Bitch hesitated. "But the neighbors might have seen me drive up. I don't want any questions."

"What neighbors?" Bill asked irritably. "Hardly anyone lives around here."

The Rich Bitch jerked away. Floyd slipped back into the hall closet just before she flung open the bedroom door and hurried past, wrapping a bathrobe around herself and pushing her tangled hair into place. It was only a kid selling cookies at the door, but the show was definitely over.

Back in the bedroom, the Rich Bitch appeared nervous. She sprawled naked across the bed and shared a cigarette with Bill as he massaged her back. Floyd eavesdropped again from the hallway.

"When are you going to leave him?" Bill asked.

The Rich Bitch sighed at his touch. "When the time is right," she said. "Sometimes I feel as if it won't even bother him. He hardly touches me anymore. All he cares about is tennis. But I guess I'm really afraid to tell him. He has a violent temper. I'm afraid of what might happen if I push him too far."

Floyd shook his head as he spied on them from outside the door.

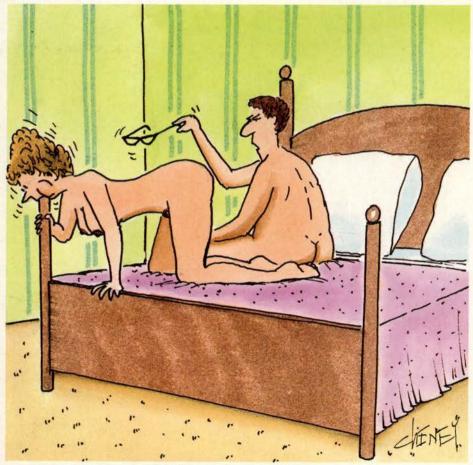
Then the perfect plan came to mind, like a cold slap in the face. So the hubby has a violent temper, huh? And the Rich Bitch is afraid of what he might do if she pushes him too far. . . .

Floyd laughed inside, knowing exactly what to do. Next week the lovebirds would have a surprise guest. They'd both get the shit beat out of them.

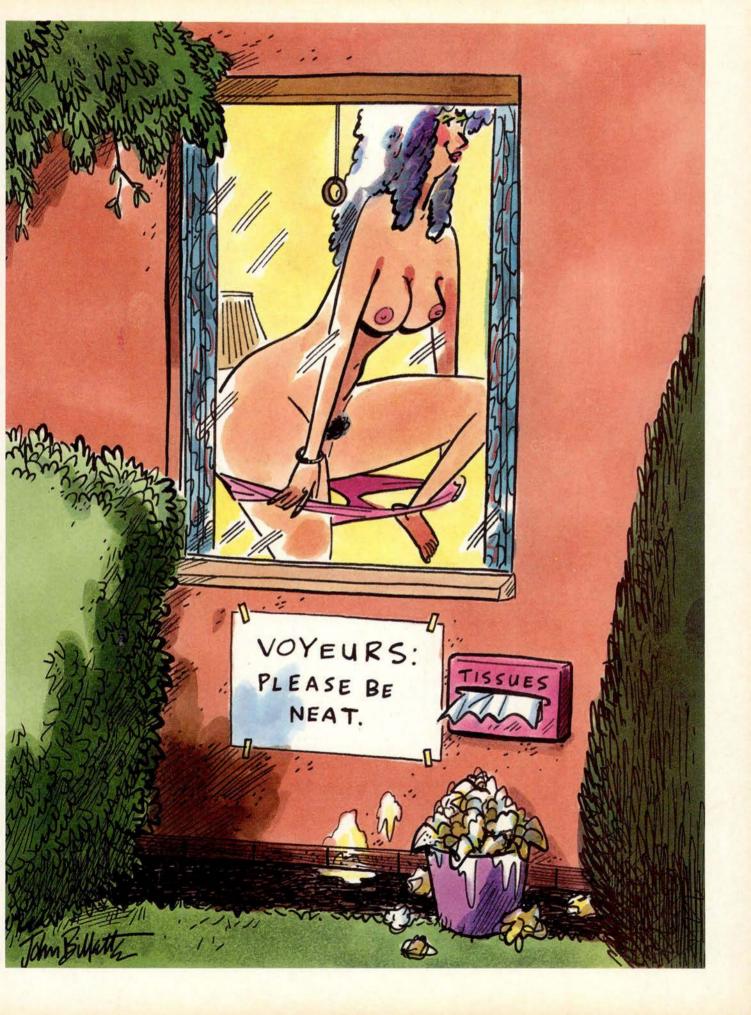
Floyd would watch the whole thing and walk away scot-free.

The following Tuesday, a rainstorm canceled Johnson's tennis appointment. Floyd was disappointed, as he knew both Bill and the Bitch were too. But a week later, Floyd put his plan into action. He scribbled a note and gave a teenager a beer to deliver it to Jonathan Johnson at the tennis court. The message read:

"Hurry home quick! Your wife is making it with another man's dick!"



"Put your glasses on, Eunice."



### NOWHERE TO HIDE

#### Don't shoot her man, Floyd thought. Make her suffer. Fuck the shit out of her. Then wait till Bill gets here and shoot 'em both.

Then Floyd raced back to the empty picked a fine time to fight, he thought. house and slipped inside before the lovers arrived. Recalling how he'd almost gotten caught in the hall before when the doorbell rang, Floyd hid inside the bedroom closet, positioning the door slightly ajar to watch their reflections in the dresser mirror across the room.

Within minutes, the Rich Bitch's car wheeled into the driveway. Moments later she stumbled into the bedroom, alone and crying, heaving so hard that she could barely breathe. Floyd watched as she unbuttoned her blouse and removed her skirt and underwear. Her body was perfect, her appearance flawed only by the worry in her eyes. For an instant Floyd regretted that he hadn't already taken her himself. There might not be another opportunity. But this could still be a good show tonight, he realized as he settled among an assortment of women's shoes on the closet floor. The Rich Bitch sat on the bed and dialed the telephone.

"Bill?" she muttered between sniffles. "I didn't mean what I said. Please don't leave me alone tonight. I need you . . . "

Floyd huffed in disgust. You assholes

The Rich Bitch stood beside the bed. her ass begging for a surprise attack. "I don't care what the neighbors will think," she sobbed into the telephone. "Park on the next street over." Nodding in apparent relief, she hung up the phone, then collapsed on her pillow, a smile finally spreading over her face.

Downstairs, the front door squeaked open. Floyd suddenly grew nervous. A weak, wavering male voice called out, "Sherrie?"

The Bitch froze, her eves as big as doughnut holes, then she frantically reached for her clothing strewn across the floor. She was too late. Before she could even get her panties on, her husband had already bounded up the stairs and burst into the bedroom. Tears streamed down his cheeks as he reached out for her, wincing at her nakedness.

"Sherrie?" he sobbed. "Please tell me it's not true."

The Bitch casually dressed herself as her husband's emotional condition worsened. "I had planned on eventually telling you, but yes, John, I'm afraid it is true."

gust from inside the closet. Johnson struggled to regain his com-

posure. "Who is it?" he sobbed. "Is it someone I know?"

The muscular hulk of a man blubbered

at his wife's feet as Floyd looked on in dis-

"I'm really sorry, John," the Bitch sniffled. "We've been together for so long. But you know as well as I do that our relationship has suffered for the past couple of years."

"Jesus, Sherrie," he interrupted. "Couldn't you at least have talked to me about it before you went and did something like . . . like this?"

The Bitch shook her head. "We've done a lot of talking, John. I'm afraid you just haven't been listening."

Johnson swallowed hard. "I love you, Sherrie. You'll always be mine. No other man can have you." As he spoke, Johnson eased over to the nightstand, pulled open a drawer and withdrew a .38 Special.

Don't shoot her, man, Floyd thought. That'll be over too fast. Beat her around the room awhile. Make her suffer. Fuck the shit out of her. Then wait till Bill gets here and shoot em both.

Johnson glanced around the room, a blank expression on his face. "He's still here, isn't he? The son of a bitch is still in

Floyd tensed. His eye twitched.

"No, John. I swear, there's no one here." "The asshole heard me at the front door." Johnson slammed the bedroom door shut. "He won't get away," he snarled, an insane grin curling between his cheeks. "I'll kill the son of a bitch, and you'll love me again."

A cold sweat danced across Floyd's brow. His eye twitched like mad. Shit! He could hardly see!

The Bitch leaned over and raised the bedspread from the floor at the side of the bed. "See, John?" she said in a tone of sarcasm. "There's no one under the bed."

Floyd's heart pounded wildly. She was looking at the closet door now. He fumbled for the knife in his back pocket, but he knew there would be no time to use it.

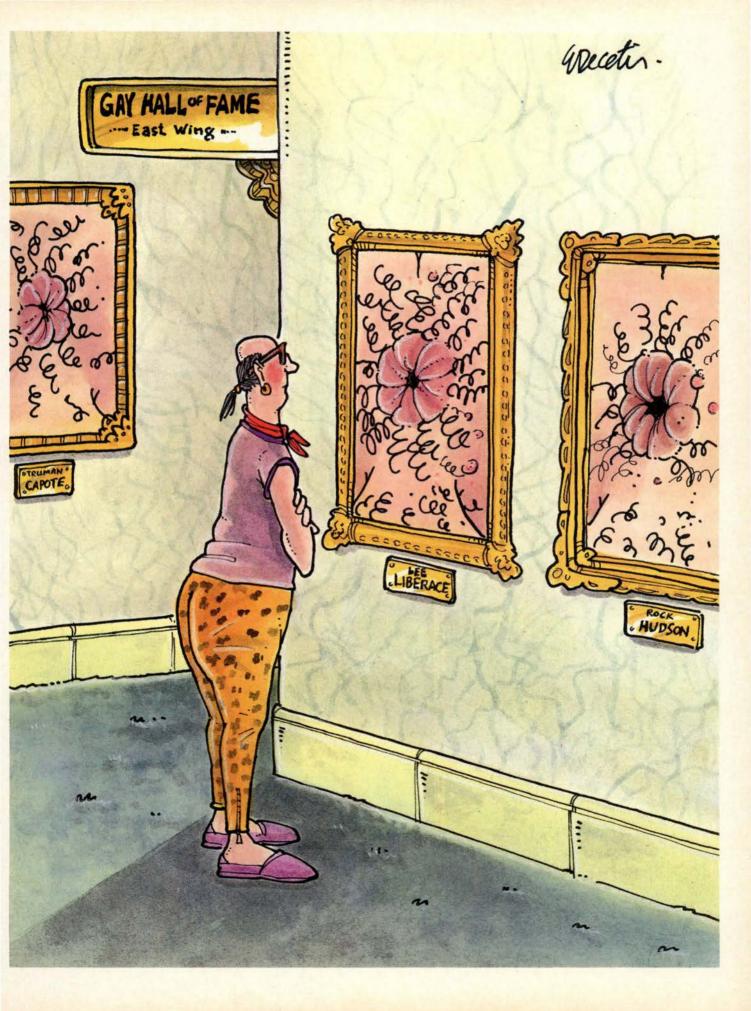
"Come on," the Bitch sniffled, "let's search the house if you don't believe me." No. Not now. Not here.

Johnson's muscular hulk loomed over the Bitch from behind as they stepped toward the closet. A large, blue vein bulged at the side of his neck. Floyd held his breath, his eyes glued through the small crack of the partially open door. The revolver wavered in the big man's sweaty grasp as a warm, wet stain spread across the crotch of Floyd's jeans.

The Bitch reached for the closet door. "Go ahead. Look inside," the Rich Bitch said as she jerked the door open wide. "I've got nothing to hide."



"Here is Lorenzo Irwindale with tomorrow's weather picture . . . . "





## ROPICA MCH licia is a barmaid at a Waikiki hotel who's sick and tired of conventions. "Boring, old men and their boring, cheap wives make me want to puke," she scowls. "The cocktail dress I have to wear pinches my tits. I hate my fucking low-paying job." But Hawaii ain't all bad. Just a half mile from the hotel is an employees-only getaway, where no one but Alicia ever goes. She can pretend she's all alone on a deserted island. "I'm not necessarily looking for a young man," she says. "But I want a man who acts young. Until one comes along, I want to be left the fuck alone." Photography by Matti Klatt

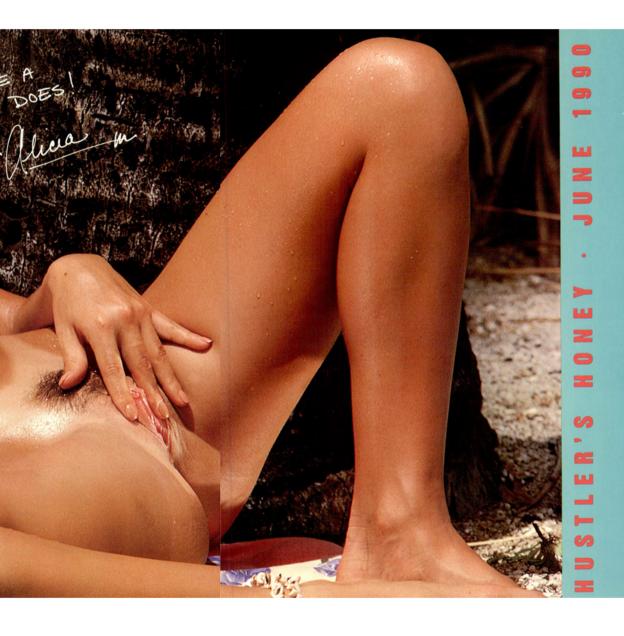


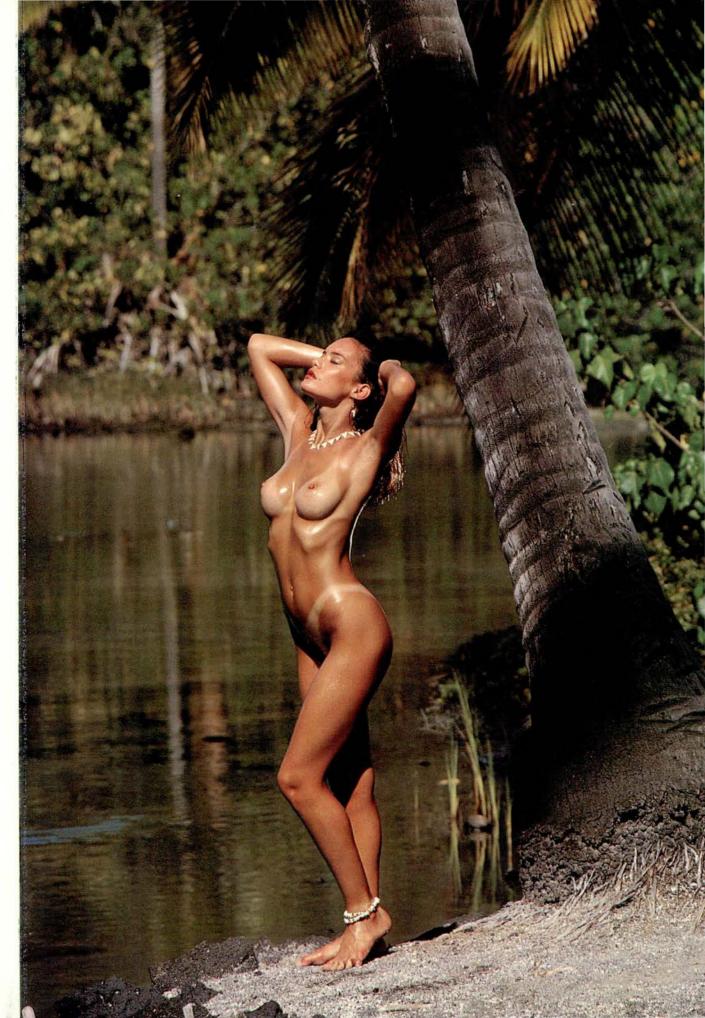














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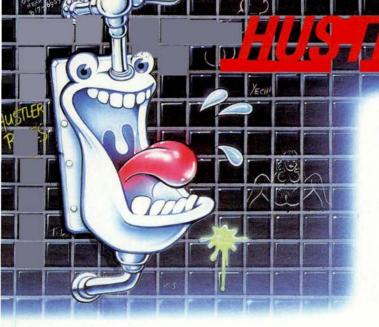
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Sunday was to be the day of Phil's wedding, and he and his father were enjoying a nightcap together. Lifting his glass in a toast to his father, Phil asked, "Any advice before I take the big step, Dad?"

"Yes," the father said. "Two things: First, insist on having one night out each week with the boys. Sec-

ond, don't waste it on the boys."

One night, an angel walked into a bar and approached three men on barstools. To the first, the angel said, "If you believe in me enough to give me 20 dollars, I can promise you everlasting life."

"I'm an atheist and don't believe in angels," he said,

getting up to leave.

The angel made the same offer to the second man. "Well," the fellow said, scratching his chin, "I'm an agnostic, and I'm not sure if I believe in you or not, but here's 20 dollars."

The angel then walked up to the third man.

"I'm Jim Bakker, and I heard your offer," he said. "I don't care whether you're an angel or not—just show me the trick with the agnostic, and I'll give you 50 bucks."

Question: How do you make Polish sausage? Answer: Use retarded pigs.

t had been one helluva long night of drinking, raising hell and chasing women for Jim. When he managed to drag his ass home at 3 a.m., his furious wife was waiting up to let him have it. "I suppose you've been out whoring around with that slut Betty from the titty bar, haven't you?"

"No way!" said the shitfaced Jim.

"No? Then it must have been that Wanda bitch from the pool hall, wasn't it?"

"Never, baby," vowed Jim.

The tirade continued until Jim, pickled as a herring, finally passed out cold on the living-room floor.

The next day, his drinking pal, Rick, dropped by and asked him how he'd made out when he got home. "Did she give you hell?" he asked.

"You got that right," said Jim, grinning. "But she also gave me two hot leads on some foxy babes for tonight!"

The young priest was being coached on the confessional procedure by the retiring priest. To get the hang of it, he sat silently in the booth, listening as his predecessor received confessions.

After several routine absolutions and blessings, a sexy redhead entered the confessional and admitted, "Father, I've had sexual relations with a man."

"How many times?" asked the priest.
"Three times," confessed the redhead.

"Say five Hail Marys before you leave," said the elder priest. "Go, my child, and sin no more." As he slid the partition shut, the priest asked his novice if he thought he could handle it from here on out.

"No sweat, Pop—leave it to me," the young priest responded; so the elder priest turned the confessional over to him and left for a well-deserved fishing trip.

The young priest's first solo confessional session turned out to be with another sexpot. She tearfully confessed, "Father, I've had sexual relations with a man."

"How many times?" asked the young priest.

"Once, Father," came the answer.

The young priest thought it over and replied, "Okay, say five Hail Marys before you leave, then run out and getcha two more—they're three-for-five this week."

While sitting in the vet's waiting room with his cat, a man saw a woman walk in with a very handsome golden retriever.

"That's a beautiful animal, and so frisky," he said to her. "He can't be sick. What's he here for, a shot?"

"No, not a shot," she said.

"He's sick? What's wrong with him?"

"He has syphilis."

"Syphilis? How did he get syphilis?"

"Well, he says he got it off a tree."

A woman was lying in bed late one night, unable to sleep. Finally, she woke her husband up and said, "Murray, I've got to know. If I died, would you marry again?"

"I suppose so," he replied.

"Would you sleep with her in this bed?" the wife asked.

"It's the only bed in the house," the husband answered.

"Would you make love to her?"

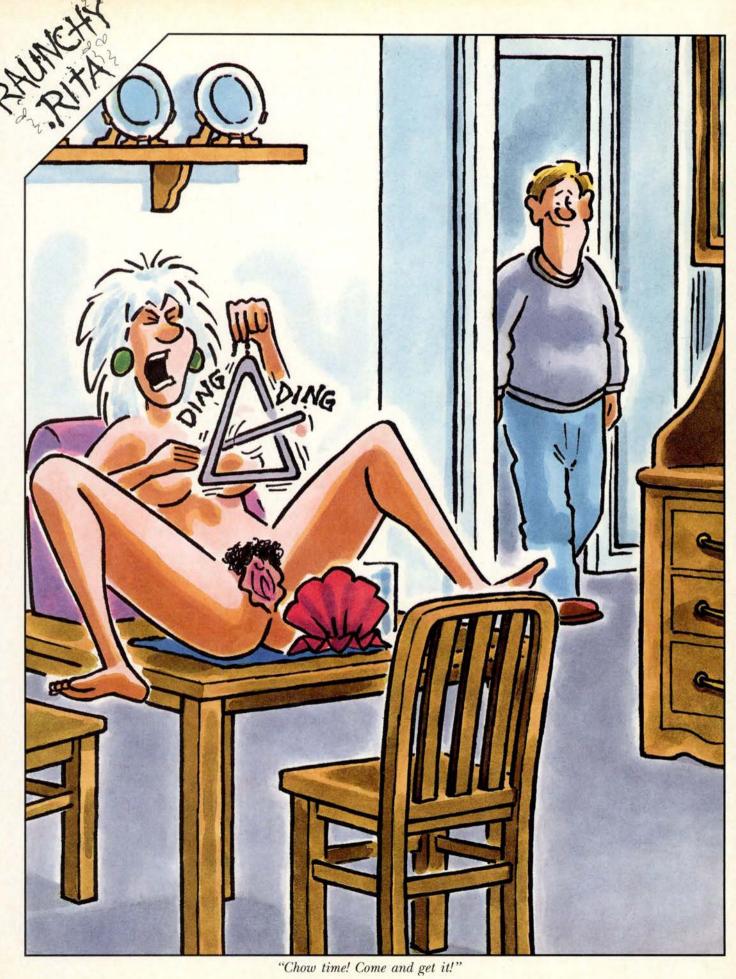
"Honey," the husband replied, "of course—we'd be married. Now, go to sleep."

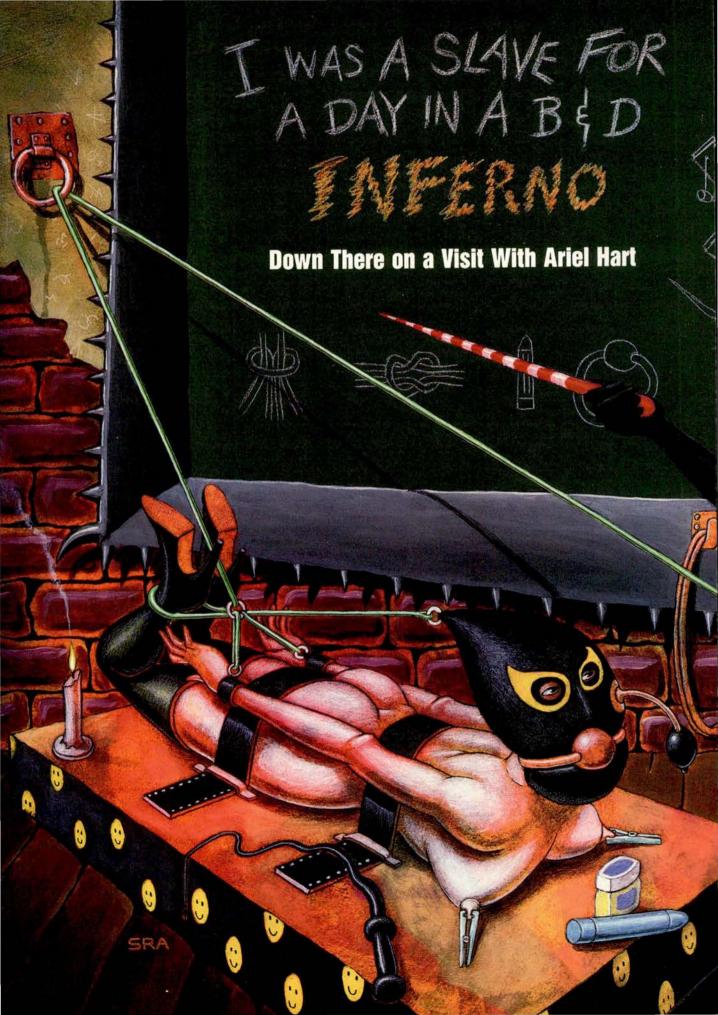
"One more question," she said. "Would you let her

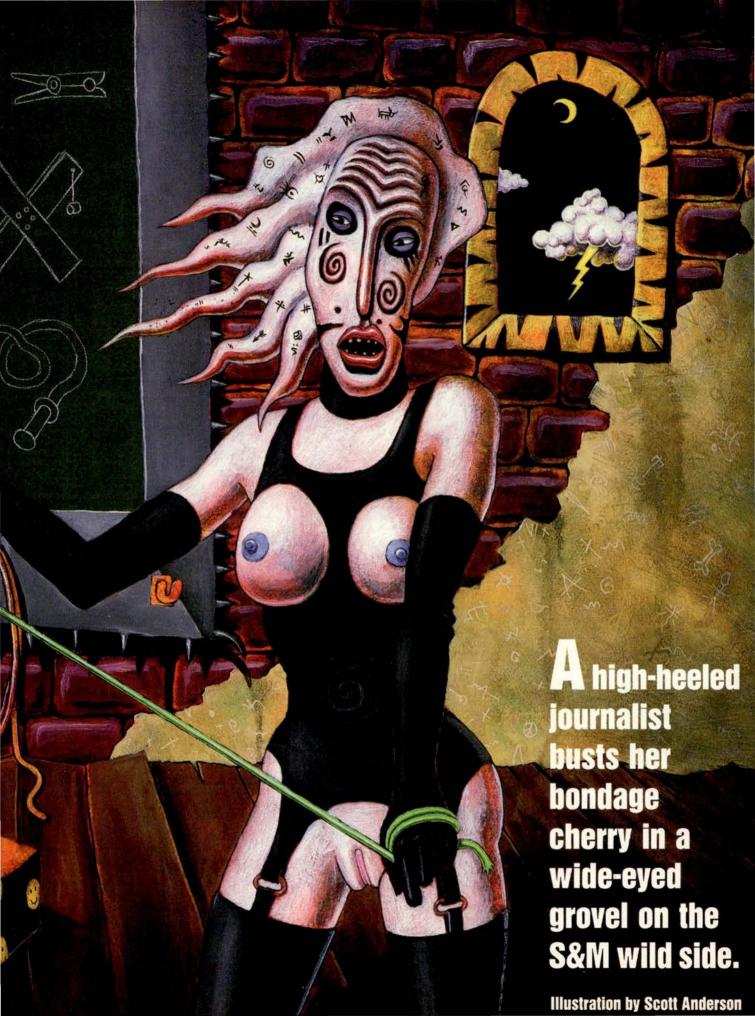
drive my car?"

"No," the husband answered. "She doesn't know how to drive a stick shift."

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# SLAVEFORADAY

# The noises were the sounds of a whip lashing a slave's ass. Male and female submissives were led around on leashes.

My first brush with S&M was by accident. I was an 18-year-old receptionist for a huge advertising conglomerate. All day long I sat behind an ornate desk. Messengers sailed in and out. One in particular left a great impression on me. After I signed for his package, he gazed at me like a lost puppy. "I have a problem," he said.

I told him that things would be all right. "But I'm looking for a woman," he persisted.

"You'll find her," I grinned.

"She has to be very special," the man explained. "She has to whip me two times a day." I tried not to swallow my molars in surprise. "There's something about you," he went on. "You have such an aristocratic face. I'want to grovel at your feet."

My strong Roman nose has been called many things, but never "aristocratic." I almost burst out laughing, but the man was dead serious. "I wouldn't be much trouble, I swear. You could feed me dog food from a dish on the floor. . . .

I held back tears as the security guards I'd summoned carted the hapless worm away. My welcome to the wonderful world of S&M actually scared me. I didn't understand; so I kept trying to ignore S&M. Somehow, it kept finding me. Mistress Jacqueline, CHIC Magazine's Goddess of the Bizarre, contacted me to help write her autobiography. Despite an initial impulse to turn down the offer, I agreed to meet the infamous West Coast dominatrix in a nearby coffee shop. Would she whip me if I were late? Would she snarl at waitresses? To my surprise, Jacqueline was personable, articulate and incredibly sexy in contourhugging black leather. We began to piece together her bio. Thus started my B&D education. Call it Bondage 101.

People who wear costumes in dungeons get excited about Halloween. It's probably the biggest event on the S&M holiday calendar. Mistress Jacqueline coerced me into attending the bash at the Vault, one of Manhattan's foremost B&D clubs. Adult-film actor Jean Valjean (otherwise known as "Big John") had been trying to get me to the club for months, but I was scared. I didn't know what to expect. I didn't want my jaw to drop to the floor. I

"We'd better look to our Christian faith for strength and courage-they're putting dildos on the lions!'

didn't want to get flogged. Well . . . at least not in public.

Big John, thrilled and shocked, bet that I couldn't look like a slut for the evening. I bet him I could. I described my crimson lipstick, my sinfully tight skirt, lowcut blouse, dark stockings and skyscraper heels. "Don't go wearing old-lady panties under everything," he warned me. Would a black-lace G-string suffice? It was settled. Big John would be my protector and guide, but who would protect me from him?

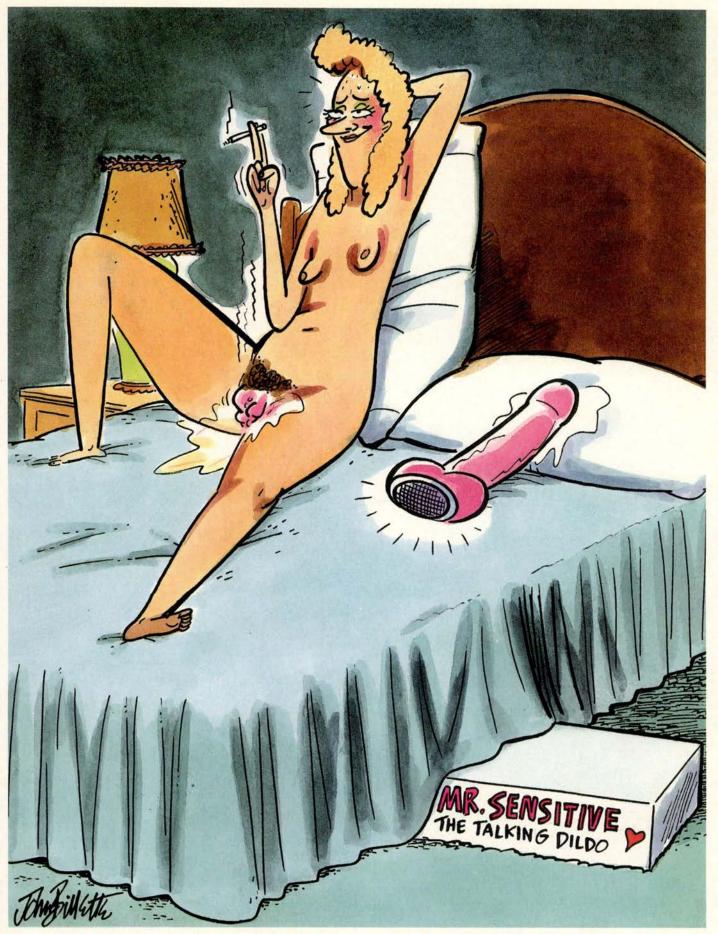
A local sex tabloid sums up the Vault as a page torn out of Dante's Inferno. I carefully maneuvered down the concrete steps into something reminiscent of an unfinished basement. For straight guys, the admission fee was \$25. Women and transvestites paid a mere \$5 to get in. It was the first time I'd been grouped with transvestites.

A man named Matthew stood to my right. I learned that he wrote children's books. "Could I massage your feet?" he wondered. It was a simple, matter-of-fact question, nothing like a relentless, allnight pursuit in a singles bar. With my kind refusal, he left.

The evening transpired in a blur. It was a carnival of S&M veiled in cigarette smoke. I heard something similar to applause; so I assumed that someone was putting on a show. This was true, only the noises weren't claps. They were the sounds of a whip lashing a slave's ass. Male and female submissives were led around on leashes. A dominatrix flicked ashes into her pet's mouth. Danny the Wonder Pony, in a jockstrap and outfitted in a customized saddle, gave a gleeful lady a whirl on his back as he sallied through the crowded club.

Big John prodded me to give Danny a test-trot. We talked. "I'm not into S&M per se," Danny explained, "But bondage clubs like this were the first to accept my act." And just what is his specialty? The handsome Mr. Wonder Pony merely gives ladies the horsey ride of their lives. Sometimes he dances at Chippendales. Sometimes he's Robo Pony at Sweet 16 parties. To date, he's appeared on 25 television shows and in 37 magazines. "You never know who the wild ones will be," he philosophized. "Sometimes the straightestlooking women go berserk when they climb onto my saddle." Danny estimates that three out of ten ladies reach orgasm from his cantering expertise. But don't worry; he never drinks and rides.

The Vault had no liquor license and a BYOB policy. Big John spiked my Cokes with splashes of rum. Bits of conversation sizzled past my head as we explored back rooms and private nooks. "Are you sure



"You're so beautiful . . . and sexy . . . you're my fantasy . . . I adore you, darling . . . . "

# SLAVE FOR A DAY

# My master spit on my right tit. He bit on my nipple, which stood out a full half inch. "Sir, that hurts!" I cried.

you don't want me to massage your legs? I'm not like the other guys. I can't do this to just anyone. But you're beautiful...." Father Time noted everything from his secluded corner. A man squirmed on the floor in delight as his mistress stepped on his body. "Pain is either used as punishment or as proof of love. . . ." Everyone had their own personal theories. "I'll bet that 90% of the guys here have wives and girlfriends at home who aren't into the scene...." Countless devils and witches sauntered by. "I don't care how macho a guy thinks he is. Put him in a room with a sexy, cunning woman, and she can manipulate him.

Like Danny the Wonder Pony, Big John is a regular at the Vault. "The crowd here is no different than at Cheers," he told me. "I'm more of an observer, though." When Nina Hartley and her girlfriend Bobby came to town, Big John escorted them to the club. "Nina had one foot massaged, then the other," Big John recounted. "Since blowjobs aren't allowed, she had the guys get towels so she could jerk them off. One couple got so turned-

on watching that they started dry humping. It was incredible."

I listened attentively to Big John's Vault stories. Lady Godiva tended bar. Porn director Carter Stevens wore an FBI hat and had his female partner, clad in spangled pasties, at his elbow. Danny the Wonder Pony galloped through the bodies with a giggling girl on his shoulders. "Try not to look so shocked," Big John whispered in my ear. A huge hand cradled my ass and pinched. Hard.

I was determined to discover the ultimate S&M relationship. For some slaves, being permitted to perform oral sex on the dominant is the pinnacle of servitude. Legally, no sex transpires with a paid professional; if the customer wishes to get off, it's usually through self-masturbation. The verbal signal is commonly something like, "Now it's time for you to entertain me." Mistress Jacqueline admits, "Everyone seems to know what that means, even first-timers."

S&M can be the safest sex on the block. As Ernest Greene likes to say, "It's almost impossible to get AIDS from a

whip." Many lovers see bondage play as hors d'oeuvres to the main course. If that's true, then I was about to get eaten.

I stood in the middle of the bedroom, wearing a white push-up bra and a clinging cotton bottom trimmed with lace. They were the kind of panties I knew my husband Jesse loved, because they dug into the outline of my mound. Both of us needed a break from our day-to-day roles; so we traded during this game. Since I was so bitchy in real life, I played submissive. Jesse, a patient sweetheart valiantly accepting my nastinesses, deserved a treat.

"Would you prefer me to call you Master or Sir?" I asked.

After a moment's thought, Jesse said, "I prefer Sir."

"Yes, Sir," I echoed, bowing my head. My master was firm. His tone of voice was certain, yet not cruel. He knew exactly what he wanted: to worship every inch of my body. It's not a traditional master/slave relationship, but it was his pleasure. And it was his fantasy; so he could make his own rules. "Spread your legs," was Jesse's next command.

"Yes, Sir." I pushed my thighs apart and played with my pussy just the way he told me. I wet one finger and dipped it into my cunt. I made my nipples hard for him and displayed them, one at a time, over the frilly cups of my bra. On my knees, I drenched Jesse's cock with saliva. "Spit on it," he ordered. I did, but reverently. "Sir, you have such a beautiful cock," I told him. "I'm not worthy to take it into my mouth."

"Slave," Jesse said, "shut up and suck."
My master loved to watch my ass jiggle
when he spanked me. But the noise was
loud, and it was late at night. "Sir," I
gasped. "Mr. Spivak will hear."

"I want the landlord to hear," he said. "I want him to know what I'm doing to you."

My master spit on my right tit. It was as round and firm as an apple, and almost as sweet. He bit on my nipple, which stood out a full half inch. "Sir, that hurts!" I cried.

"It's supposed to hurt...isn't it?"

My master fucked me. Hard, slow, fast, soft. He humped me at his own pace, holding back his eruption. Then he wanted to eat my cunt. "Is the slave permitted to come?" I wondered.

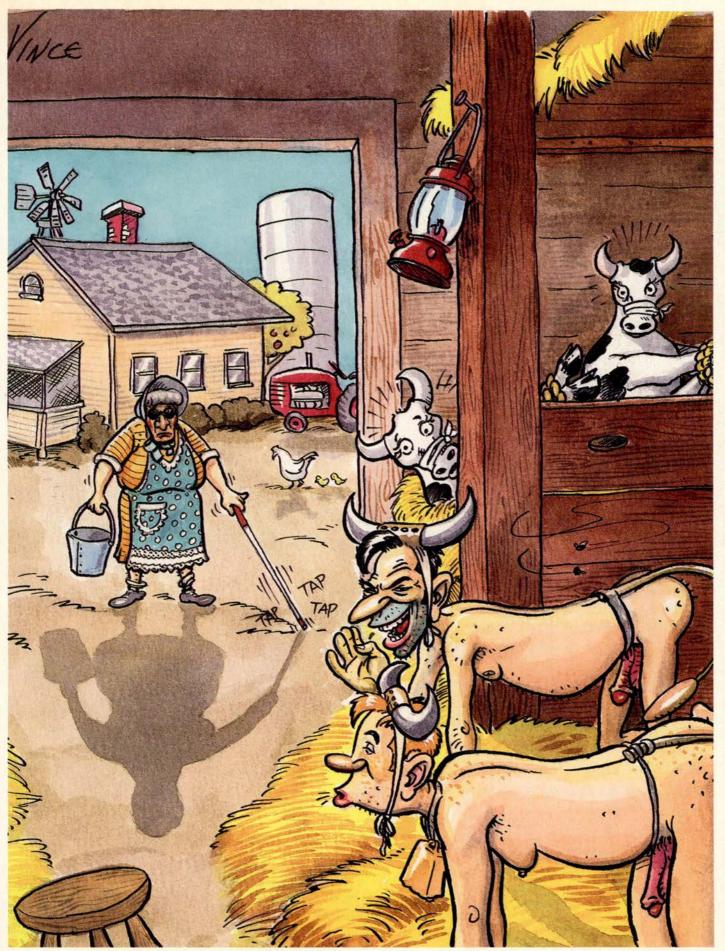
"The slave is commanded to come. And for her master's birthday, the slave is ordered to shave her pussy."

"Yes, Sir...anything for my master... anything to please you..." I hated to shave my cunt. A dark Italian, I was plagued by five-o'clock shadow and porcupine pubes. But when you want to have an orgasm, you will promise your master anything...anything....

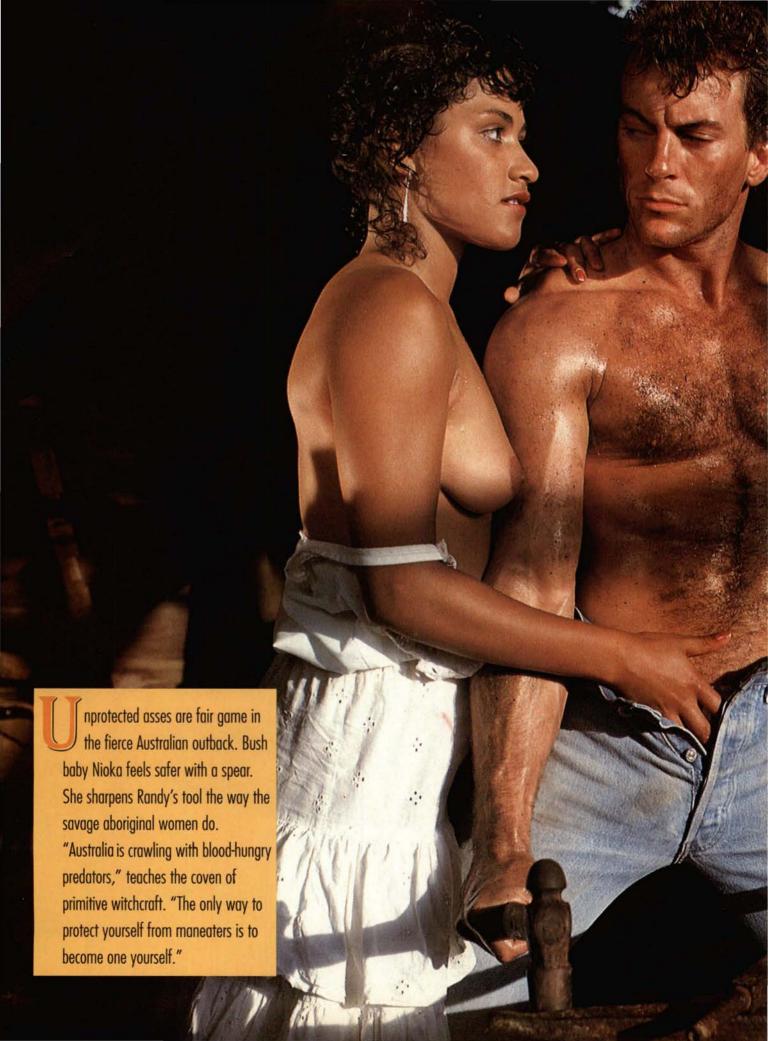
(continued on page 97)



"Yes, it does look like shit. But it's real tasty!"



"Here comes Ma now-start mooing!"



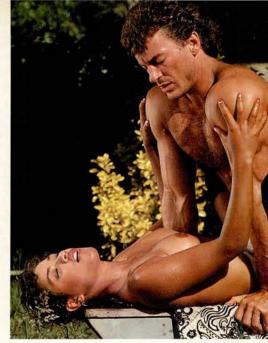


Photography by Matti Klatt





















# AMBULANCE (continued from page 48)

# A hefty black prostitute has a skinny, little old man on the sidewalk, beating him unmercifully with a telephone receiver.

crushed by their mother as the impact of the crash threw her all over the backseat.

Both of the children are carefully buckled in their seatbelts. The mother isn't. Most people have no idea how much people fly around inside a car in an accident. We transport the walking wounded to the hospital to be checked.

Uncharacteristically, three hours go by without a call. We get time to sit down and eat before the next round starts.

We're driving down the road when we notice a crowd has gathered around a hefty black prostitute who has a skinny, little old man on the sidewalk, beating him unmercifully with a telephone receiver, apparently torn from a phone booth a few feet away. Her muscular thighs have the poor fellow locked in a vise grip. All he can do is scream as she attempts to pound his brains into the concrete.

As a patrol car pulls up, Bill and I are in over our heads. Bill has scratches all over his arm, and most of the front of my shirt has been ripped away. This bitch knows how to fight!

As the cops drag her away, she's scream-

ing: "So you want to use the phone, motherfucker? Well, go ahead. Use the telephone, motherfucker." It's everything the cops can do to keep her under control, even when she's handcuffed.

Through the bloody mess that used to be the man's teeth, he explains that the whore was in the telephone booth, but she wasn't using the telephone. He asked her if he could call his wife to tell her he had missed his bus and would be late.

By the time we get the old man safely to the hospital, dusk has fallen. With it comes a whole new type of calls. At dark, the lovers come out to play. Right after supper we get the first one. We arrive on the scene to find two teenagers in a naked embrace in the backseat of a car. The car is running, and they are very unconscious.

If a wino hadn't been trying to get a handout from them, they might have died.

The car's exhaust system is in poor condition, and the floorboard is rusted out. The kids had started sucking face, then passed out from carbon monoxide. Oxygen brings them around. In fairly good condition, except for a little embarrassment, we take them to the hospital for observation.

Other cases weren't so fortunate. Take, for instance, the "Bubble-Up Kids." This couple was fooling around in the vacant area over an abandoned store. It was freezing cold; so they were using a charcoal grill and a couple bottles of whiskey to keep warm. They were apparently well lit and screwing their brains out when they became asphyxiated by the burning charcoal.

When found, they had been dead for some time. Their skin had swollen and burst, and their eyes had popped out of their sockets. All over their bodies were blisters filled with a putrid, yellow pus (thus, the name "Bubble-Up Kids"). As we moved them, the blisters burst open. It was a mess.

Returning to the station, we notice a group of people standing beside the road, shining flashlights up into the brush. As we approach, they scatter-all except one fellow who apparently is the main attraction. He stands there, naked as a jaybird, and doesn't move a muscle.

Our streaker had been in the process of porking another man's wife. The husband walked in on them and went for the shotgun. The lover went out the window and straight into the blackberry patch.

This guy has had a night of it. Every inch of his flesh from the waist down is being pierced by blackberry thorns. A bunch of ripe berries hang from his scrotum.

We hardly have him free when the dispatcher starts yelling about a person choking. We take the call.

The victim is in a room at a cheap hotel in midtown. By the time we arrive, she is in respiratory arrest.

Bill tries to intubate her, but something is obstructing his instrument. A quick visual check and a pair of hemostats, and he's removed the obstruction: a condom.

She's not breathing on her own at all. We get her to the hospital, and they put her on a respirator in the intensive-care unit.

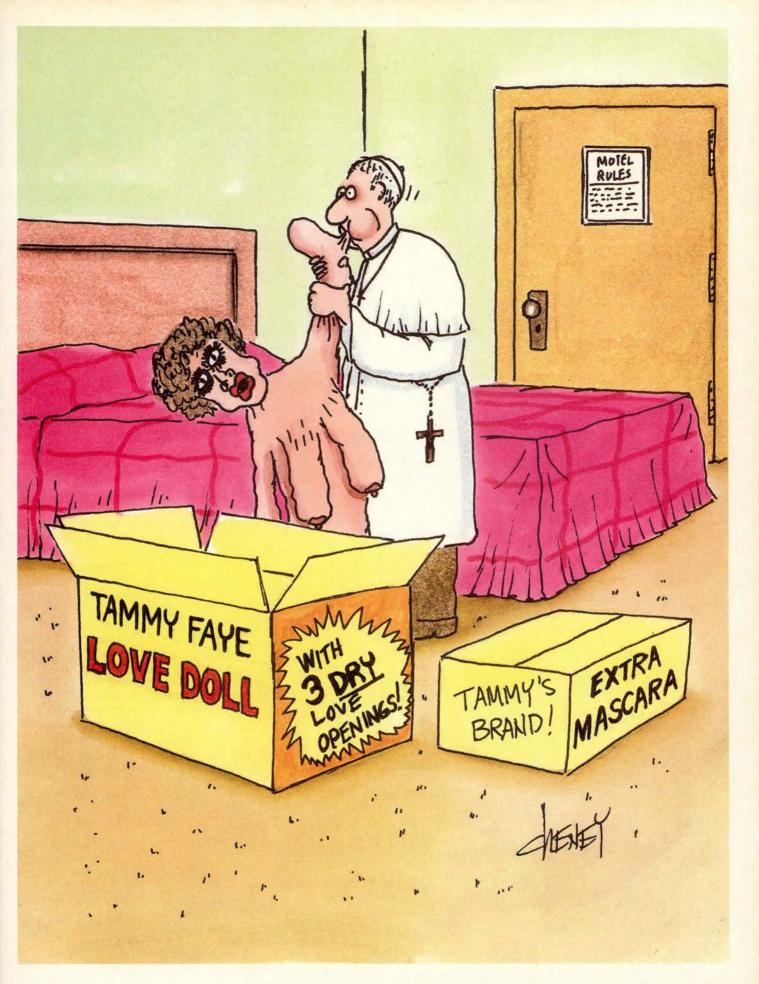
Her boyfriend cowers in a corner of the ER, telling anybody that will listen that things aren't what they seem. "I didn't put my thing in her mouth. I was doing it the regular way. The rubber must have come off in her vagina and worked its way up."

The nurses are calling her "deep throat." It's getting late now. At headquarters a bunch of guys are watching TV. Others are playing cards. We are the last crew in. A couple of chicks are hanging around, trying to get some of the fellows to give them a ride in the ambulance.

A lot of girls get off on fantasies of screwing in the back of the unit as it screams through traffic, lights flashing and siren wailing. It's the easiest way I know to lose my job. I'm a firm believer in the old saying, "Never shit where you eat."



"Send an ambulance quick! Rufus be choking on a pubic hair!"



# AMBULANCE

# A piece of guardrail has decapitated him, sending his head spiraling into the backseat. A girl in the back cradles it in her arms.

After the day's paperwork is completed, we decide to turn in.

At 0413 we're yanked from a deep sleep by the alarm bell. We've got a traffic accident, a real bad one. Two young couples on their way home from a club have struck a bridge abutment. The driver, who witnesses say was quite intoxicated, took out about 50 feet of guardrail before striking the concrete wall. Her speed was estimated at 80 m.p.h. on impact.

We don't have to worry about the guy in the shotgun seat. A piece of guardrail has entered the windshield and cleanly decapitated him, sending his head spiraling into the backseat. A young girl in the back cradles it in her arms.

A second ambulance arrives and takes over the backseat victims. We turn our attention to the driver.

She is screaming loudly, which is amazing when you consider that the steering wheel has crushed her chest. Her blouse has been torn away; every rib is broken. Her abdominal area is turning purple, a sure sign of internal injuries. If we don't get her to surgery quick, she's going to die.

Our patient's legs have both been mashed off just above the knee. Her thighs are a mass of hamburger with splinters of bone jutting out. Blood flows freely from the stumps.

She is breathing okay, and her heart is beating. While I attempt to control the bleeding from her stumps, Bill gets a cervical collar in place and immobilizes her for transport. As we load her into the unit, a fireman runs up carrying her severed legs. I wrap them quickly in a sterile sheet and put ice packs around them.

IVs are running wide open into each arm as we race for the hospital. A fireman drives the unit so both of us can work the patient. It's not just a race for the hospital. For this young girl, it's a race for life.

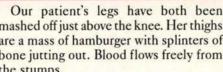
"Central, this is Medic 36. We've got a priority-one trauma."

"Negative, Medic 36. We're on trauma bypass.

I get this feeling of, Shit. Here we go again.

"City, this is Medic 36...."

"36, we're on trauma bypass. You're going to have to take her to Northside."



Northside Hospital is more than 20 minutes away.

"City, this is Medic 36. This patient is a priority one. Repeat. Priority one. She is not going to make it to Northside."

"36, this is the ER physician. We are not able to handle this call at this time. I will not take responsibility for her. You are under direct orders to take her to Northside."

So that's it. We have no choice. Our driver turns the unit toward Northside.

By the time we're halfway there, she's sinking fast. We've pumped so much IV fluid into her that she's bleeding pink. She's a fighter. I'm just beginning to think she has a chance when she decides to give it up. Her screams suddenly stop, and her eyes dart around in terror. Then her look softens, and her breathing stops.

As Bill intubates her, I begin chest compressions. I feel her fractured ribs rubbing together, but if I stop she'll die for sure.

"Come on, honey, try to breathe. Don't give up, honey. Do it for me. Breathe! You've got to help me. Breathe! Breathe!"

But she's only breathing from manual ventilation. CPR continues until we pull up to the dock at Northside. A doctor and a couple of nurses take over, rolling her back into the trauma room.

Her legs are forgotten. She won't need them anyway. Her life ends at 0501 hours.

I'm often asked what we do after we work a particularly bad call-after we give all we've got, and the patient still dies.

There's only one answer. We live with it. At first we hurt a lot. CPR is a physically draining activity. After we do it for any length of time, our arms, chests and backs ache. The fact that we're fighting for a human life makes it mentally draining also. When we fight with everything we've got and still lose, it's hell. We blame the hospital who wouldn't take her. We blame the bartender who served her the drinks that cost her life. Ultimately, we question ourselves. It's a very humbling experience to lose a patient, especially one so young.

When the doctor finally pronounces her dead, a team of surgeons moves in to attempt to save some of her organs for transplant. At least a small part of her will live

on in another person.

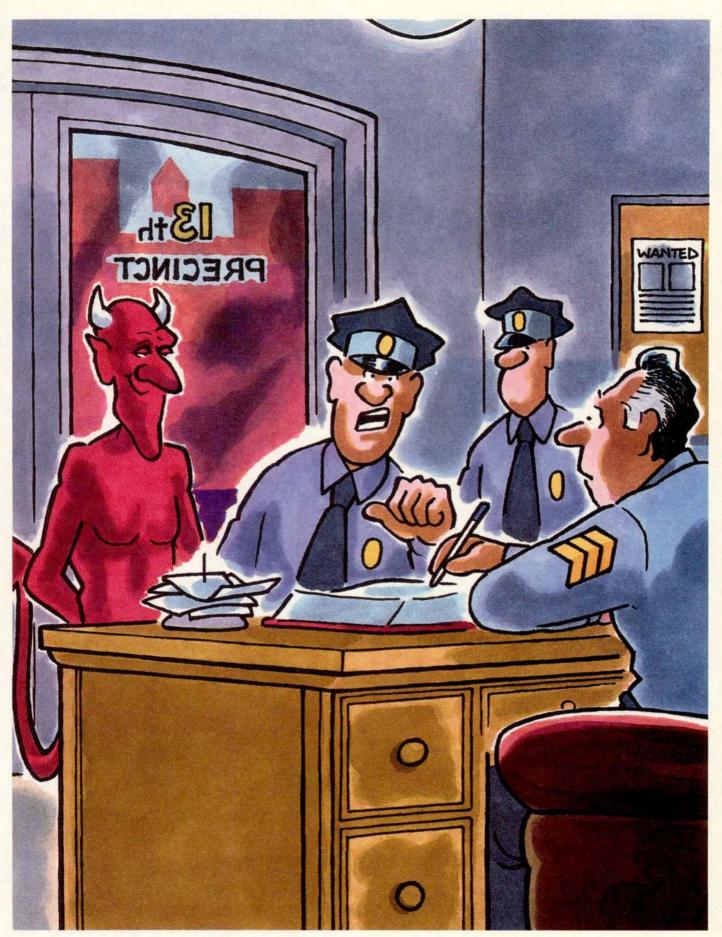
A couple who have obviously jumped out of bed in a hurry and put coats on over their nightclothes come rushing past us into the ER. From the strain on the man's face and the tears in the woman's eyes, I know instinctively they are her parents.

But there's no time to dwell on it. I've barely gotten a clean sheet on the stretcher when the radio crackles, "Medic 36, be en route to 4141 Maple Street, reference stabbing. Time out, 0541 hours."

It's been a long day.



"It's a twist tie . . . can't afford rubbers."



"Throw the book at this scumbag!"

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# SLAVE FOR A DAY (continued from page 82)

Slave posture - Any posture is correct when it's on command, but the most common is on your knees with your eyes lowered.

# 31 Flavors

A Handy S&M Vocabulary List

(Clip this and carry it in your back pocket. You never know when you might need it!)

Birching-Flogging with a birch branch, which victims sometimes choose themselves. Very popular in Victorian literature.

Bottom-One who enjoys playing the submissive role. See Top.

Breaking a slave's will-Getting an obstinate submissive to declare complete obedience. Usually accomplished via whipping or some other type of extreme physical discomfort.

Carpet slave—A submissive who enjoys being regarded as broadloom, i.e., being trod upon, preferably by a mistress wearing ridiculously high heels.

Cock and ball torture—May involve tying up the gonads with laces, hitting the dick with tiny whips or suspending weights from the poor prick and kicking it.

Collar-When a slave wears a master's collar, it signifies ownership. Kind of like an engagement ring, but in leather and

Collar meat—A particularly tasty slave all chained up like human soap on a rope. Cum receptacle-What every slave dreams of being.

Dog training (a/k/a kennel discipline)-Literally treating a slave like a pup-intraining. It might entail sporting a leash, teaching to fetch or licking a master's boots, etc.

Etiquette-Common courtesy reigns supreme, even in S&M. For example, never whip a slave without his or her master's permission. It's simply not done!

Fetish-Something that society considers to be slightly off or kinky. It could focus on a substance (leather) or a situation (an enema-bent hospital nurse).

Golden showers-See Watersports.

Infantilism—Treating someone like a baby. Break out the Huggies!

Leathersex-Yet another term for S&M. Often refers to gay S&M.

Marking-As Mistress Jacqueline phrases it in her Seduced Into Submission, "Someday, slave, you'll see these whip marks on your body as little presents from me."

Nipple torture-Often includes simple twisting, tweaking or christening with hot candle wax, but in its high-tech form, nipple torture can incorporate clothespins or metal nipple clamps.

Passwords-Says Mistress Jacqueline: "If something becomes too intense, you say, 'Mercy, Mistress,' and I stop. If you scream, I might just think you're having a good time.'

Pet-Slaves pay for a master's or mistress's charms; pets don't.

Philosophy #69-"An obedient slave is a reflection of his or her master's skill as a trainer."

Piercing-The S&M equivalent of getting pinned. To signify ownership or as a reward for a slave's devotion, the dominant might have a slave's nipples/foreskin/labia pierced and decorated with a gold ring, which may or may not boast the master's initials.

Scat (a/k/a brown showers)—When one partner likes to take another's shitliterally.

Signs and symbols—A bracelet/ankle chain/cuff worn on the left side signifies dominance, and on the right signifies submissiveness. Could vary depending on time zone and position of the planets.

Slave posture—Any posture is correct when it's on command, but the most

common is on your knees with your eyes lowered at all times. And don't speak unless spoken to.

Slave training-In its purest form, learning how to totally please a master. Sometimes degenerated into doing household chores, but then it merely becomes free maid service.

S/M-On the East Coast, it stands for sadomasochism, but on the West Coast, it could be M/S, which means master/slave. In the Midwest, who knows?

Switch-A lucky soul who enjoys the pleasures of being both submissive and dominant.

Top-The dominant party in an S&M relationship. See Bottom.

Trip-In the bondage circuit, it's not an excursion to the Bahamas but, more specifically, a preference—an act/perversion of choice, i.e., "His trip was being covered with Velveeta and eaten."

Vanilla sex-Straight, missionary-style fucking; non-S&M relations.

Voice training-Conditioning a slave to give ritualistic answers to ritualistic questions. A common scenario might begin, "What are you?". . "I am your slave, Sir."

Watersports-They don't usually involve swimming-pool antics. The allencompassing title includes golden showers (urinating on a partner to his or her squirming delight) and enemas.







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The state of the s

Some people find slippers more comfortable than shoes. Twenty-five-year-old Kim from Quakertown, Pennsylvania, finds it more comfortable to slip into a pair of spike heels. A receptionist, Kim likes to shop, ski and seduce her husband in her spare time. Her fantasy is to make love to her husband on a moonlit beach. Sounds easy. Red and pink is a natural combination.

> Marble collecting and Jell-O wrestling are the offbeat hobbies of Kim from Minneapolis, Minnesota. The 29year-old child-care specialist looks more like a healthfood nut than a Jell-O eater. Her fantasy is to have sex on a mountaintop. That's easier to imagine.

fur is here! If there's a special critter in your life that would like to join the Hunt, snap a clear color picture of the precious pink and mail it to HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. If we print it, she'll get \$250 and a chance at an extended photo-feature worth \$5,000. Finalists win \$1,500 each. Their photographers win \$250, and the photographer of the Grand Prize Winner gets \$500. Fill out the model release below, and include a photocopy of (1) a photo ID and (2) another form of ID. All photos become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine.

Never fear-the



# AMATEUR PHOTO CON MODEL RELEASE/ENTRY

To enter HUSTLER Beaver Hunt you must fill out and send this release and COPIES OF TWO FORMS OF ID, ONE WITH PHOTO (i.e., driver's license, passport, work or school ID card or photo ID issued by a state). Second ID can be a birth certificate, select tive service card, baptismal certificate. Social Security card, credit card, marriage certificate or immigration card. Send photo copies not originals. Send two or more sharply focused color prints or slides. Showing pink is optional at entry stage. All photos become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine, which buys all rights in perpetuity to photos we publish. If we publish your photo, you'll win \$250 and a chance to be chosen for an extended pic torial worth \$5,000. Send photos, IDs and release to HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 9171 Wishire Blvd., Ste. 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210.

# Please Print

Model's Name

Date of Birth

Photo by Husband

Any Alias, Nickname, Stage or Pro Name

Name to Be Published

Model's Social Security Number

Phone (include area code) Photographer

Address

Zip

Occupation

Hobbies

Sexual Fantasies

Include Separate Sheet if Necessary

Address

# NEW ID LAWS, SEE DETAILS BELOW

NOTE: PRIZE MONEY SENT TO MODEL ONLY

In consideration of \$250, I hereby give HUSTLER Magazine, its affiliates, successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, full rights and exclusive permission in perpetuity to copyright and/or publish any photographs of myself with or without my name and to make any changes or any additions whatsoever to such photographs, portraits or any of the above information, whether true or fictional. I understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos and that my photographs can be published in other affiliated magazines. I certify that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

WARNING: ANYONE SIGNING THIS RELEASE FORM OTHER THAN THE MODEL WILL BE SUBJECT TO MONETARY DAMAGES AND/OR CRIMINAL PROSECUTION.

I DECLARE UNDER PENALTY OF PERJURY THAT ALL OF THE INFORMATION I HAVE GIVEN ABOVE IS TRUE AND CORRECT.

Model's Legal Signature



Nineteen-year-old Chris from Suquamish, Washington, poses in little-girl lace stockings in front of an empty fireplace. She's a housekeeper whose hobbies are shopping and roller-skating. Chris wants to make love in the rain on her boyfriend's car. She's got the fire inside.



Photo by Boyfriend



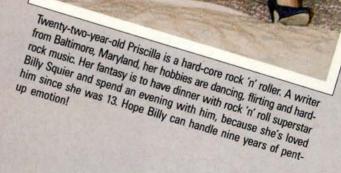


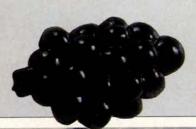
Photo by Priscilla

# Photo by Husband





Feisty American Tara flashes a patriotic spread-eagle from her home base in Louisville, Tennessee. This 27-year-old student is into sunbathing and fantasizing. Her current wet dream is to be blindfolded and fucked in a cave by her husband. She'll get what she wants. Look closely—there's a V for victory.

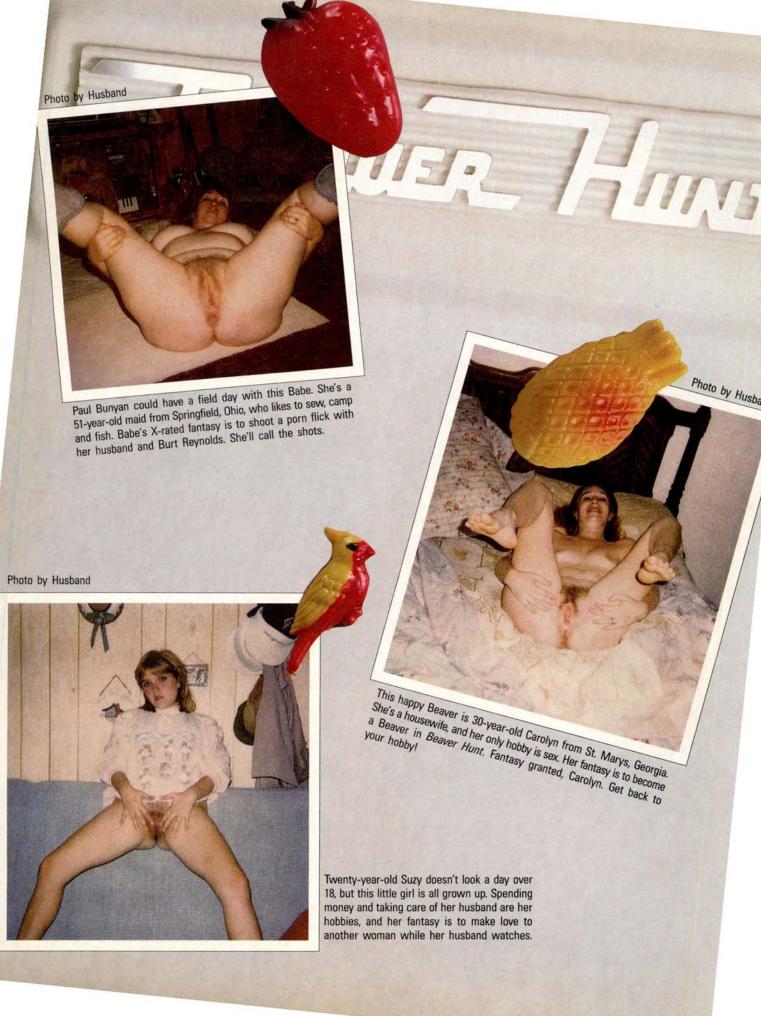






Sweet and wholesome Chrissie is a 22-year-old housewife from Woden, Iowa, Whose hobbies include embroidery, making love to her husband and reading to have a romantic interlude. Whose hobbies include embroidery, making love to her husband and reading HUSTLER Magazine. Chrissie's Beaver Hunt fantasy is to have a romantic interlude that refraches by a bubbling brook with her husband. It's the pause that refreshes.

Twenty-one-year-old Lisa knows that blue doesn't necessarily mean sad. She's an assistant manager of a construction company, and her hobbies include dancing, sex and bowling. Lisa's fantasy is to have sex behind a waterfall. Water's blue too.



# **Incredible Sexual Discovery!**

# Chemists perfect amazing Sex Scent that makes 3 out of 4 women give

aris. – Using the discovery of two famous and respected Professors, chemists have succeeded in synthesizing the sex hormone that triggers arousal. They have blended it into a perfume, and the results are astonishing. They have been the subject of tests, articles in the newspaper, with surprising revelations.

This unique scent works equally well for attracting women (Exit 1) and men (Exit 2). It also works even if you have never had any success, or if a man or woman has already turned

The results are guaranteed 3 times out of 4 (4 contacts = 3 successes). In most instances, a "normal" man only succeeds 1 out of 4 times.

## IT'S TRUE - A SEX SCENT THAT REALLY TURNED ME ON

(as told by Mrs. M. Dumit, reproduced with her permission).

This happened about a month ago. I was having a drink at a sidewalk restaurant when a man came up to me. Not good looking, not ugly, and

not my type.

He held out a piece of paper with an address scribbled on it Suddenly, I was aware of the odor. The next minute, I started to tremble and my mouth went dry.

The man asked me if I knew where the street was that was written on the paper. I looked at him without understanding what he was saying. I only wanted one thing; for him to take me into his arms. The odor penetrated me more and more. It was hot, sensual and comforting.

I tried to react and looked around me. But no one seemed to notice

what was happening to me.

The man took me by the hand and drew me to him. I got up like a robot. He paid. I couldn't take my eyes off him and he pulled me against him and put his arm around my waist. We went about 100 yards to his car. I got in without hesitating. When his hand caressed my knee and slid up my thigh, I felt a powerful desire knot in my stomach. I grabbed him and sought his mouth

Fifteen minutes later, we were in his apartment and I gave myself to him in delirious pleasure.

# I BECAME HIS SLAVE

When I got home that evening, I asked myself some questions.

Suddenly, I remembered an article that had appeared in a magazine. Some chemists had succeeded in synthesizing the hormone that triggers sexual desire. Apparently, it was unstoppable, and no one could resist it.

I quickly called Frances, a girlfriend who is a biologist. I told her about

In her calm, precise voice she confirmed for me what I already knew: I I didn't regret my adventure. But I decided there and then to be more careful in the future. had been the victim of a sex scent which had been perfected by the chemists

# OTHER REAL-LIFE EXPERIENCES

The following experiences have been related in the news, or have been the subject of private tests.

In a dentist's waiting room, some sex scent was sprayed on a chair.
 During the course of the day, 11 patients out of 13 either sat on that chair

- A man of average build, with Exit 1 on his shirt collar and under his arms, walked back and forth among the tables in a tea room for three

Here are the responses of the customers who were discreetly questioned by a co-worker: 9 women said that the man excited them tremendously One woman refused to reply, and two said that they had been indifferent to the man.

- On a cattle farm, spraying the females with some sex scent tripled the

- A female hamster was placed among several males. One of them had been sprayed with sex scent. After moving about for a few minutes, the female approached the male who had been sprayed, with obvious signs of

# 3 OUT OF 4 SUCCESSES OR -IT'S ALL FREE

(while a "normal" man is only successful 1 time in 4)

All our tests, personal tests of friends, and many experiences in the United States, England and France prove this:

The sex scent acts regardless of the person, physique (even unattractive) and even if he is timid with women. It attracts and makes 3 women out



of 4 surrender. Which is incredible because everyone knows that a "normal" man is successful one time out of four (look at your own life or ask your friends).

This is what you have to do. Put some scent behind your ears, on your collar or under your arms. Approach the person you want to seduce and start talking to them, using any pretext... and write to us right away to tell us what happened.

If three people out of four have not said YES, if three out of four have

not surrendered to your caresses, then your sex scent will cost you absolutely nothing.

Just write and tell us, and you will receive a full refund check by return

This is a signed, written guarantee that provides you with complete legal

# 2 FREE GIFTS

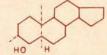
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### 1st Free Gift

- An exceptional discount of \$10.00

# **HOW IT WORKS**

Molecular structure of the sex molecule.



It has now been established that an odor contains a message.

This is received by the brain, decoded, then causes anyone to react automatically according to the message contained

The success of the Exit scent is explained by the fact that it contains very potent sexual molecules (pheromones). They excite the neurons that control sexual behavior.

### IF YOU HAVE NEVER HAD SUCCESS WITH WOMEN AND THINK IT'S IMPOSSIBLE. AT LEAST READ THIS:

would be willing to bet that you blame your lack of success on two things: 1- You are not very handsome. 2- You are not

very rich. Let me share something with you. Several months ago, a large women's magazine surveyed its readers about Seduction. Here are the results.

Half of those responding said that they themselves don't know why they get 'turned on'. Only 10% said that they are concerned about physique. As far as money is concerned, they don't even mention it. What they do care about is a tolerant man who is not aggressive. So you can see that only one woman in 10 is concerned about looks, and those who are looking for a millionaire are in fact very rare.
When you read that Exit scent makes three out of four women

surrender, it's really true.

Spray a little Exit 1 behind your ear, or on your shirt collar, then smile and walk up to the first pretty girl you see. And you'll see - it's unbelievable!

Jean Aubert

### 2nd Free Gift

The confidential revelation of a recent discovery. It transformed one woman without much sexual appetite into a passion-filled volcano, and gave other women 10 times more enjoyment.

PLEASE NOTE: Strictly limited quantity. Return this COUPON right away,

Exit scent is not commercially available. You can only obtain it through

JEAN AUBERT, 8 West 36th Street, New York, NY 10018

# 3 OUT OF 4 SUCCESSES -OR IT'S ALL FREE

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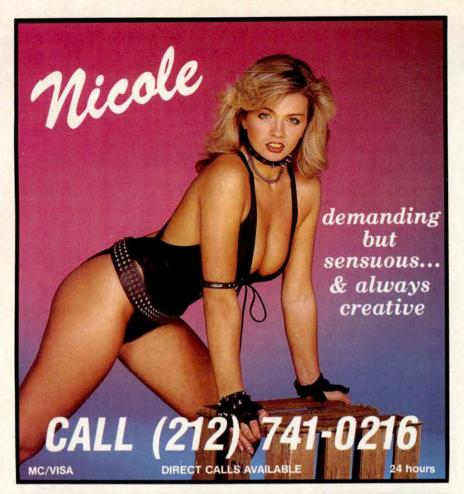
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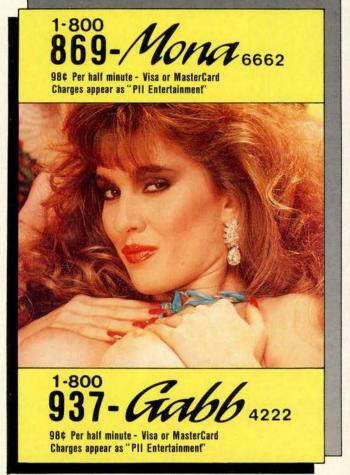


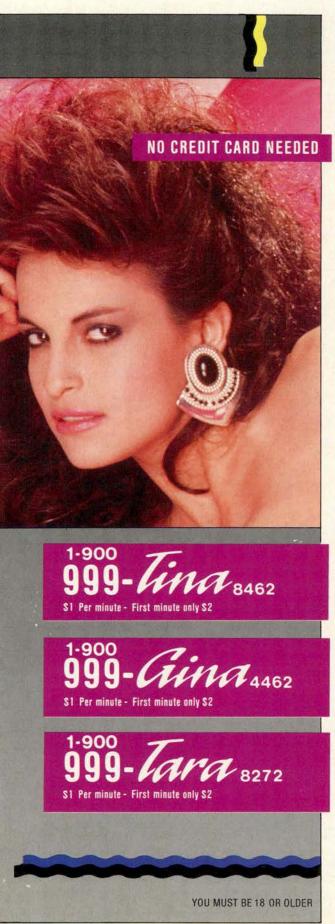


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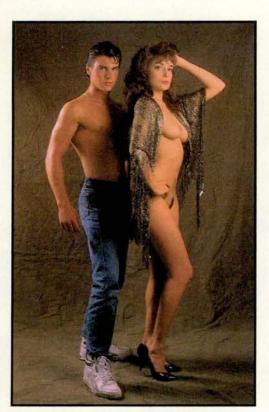
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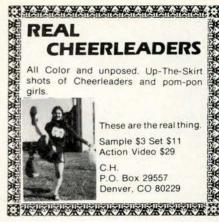
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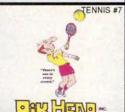
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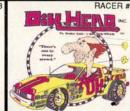
















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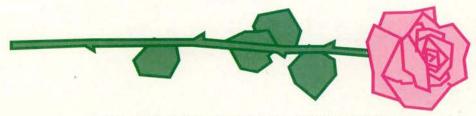
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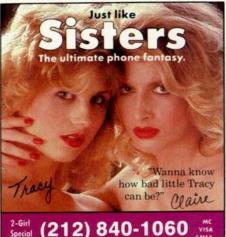
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259K 259H

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152C

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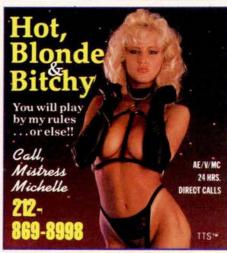
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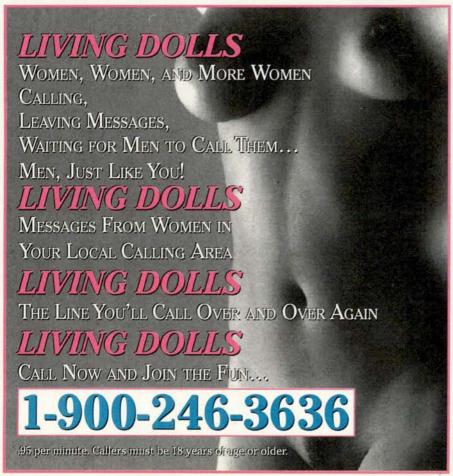
















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STROKE JOB ANAL ACTION SUCK ME OFF CUM BATH FINGER FUCK WET CUNTS **BIGGEST BOOBS** CLIT FUCK ANAL PLUNGE LUBE JOB BODY EATING LEZ LICKING HAIRY HUMPERS MAMMOTH TITS KEEP PUMPING CUM GUSHERS RUMP HUMPING COVER MY TITS PUMP IT BLOWING LIPS PINKEST TWAT SUCK IT TO ME LIQUID LIPS STRIP POKER BLONDE ANAL GREASE FUCK UPSIDE DOWN STUFF IT STICK IT DEEP PLAY WITH IT THROAT CUM GROUP GROPE FAMILY FUN DOGGIE STYLE DOGGIE STYLE MAKE IT BIG HARD STROKER CUM PUMP ANAL ACTS BLONDE TWATS WOMB BROOM THREE WAY SEX LESBO PUSSIES SLICK CHICKS BANTY CHEIN

K-Y STUFFERS PANTY STAINS BIGGER DICKS PANTY CHEW CLIMAXING BIGGER DICKS
TITS AND MORE
DRIPPING TWAT
ERECT NIPS
BOOB CLIMAX
HOT PANTS
MILKING IT
DRIPPING PUSSY
HOT ROCKS
PUSSY PUSHER
EAT MY DICK
LOVE PUMPERS
ANAL SNACK
LUNCH TIME
LIQUID LIPS
PORNO QUEENS HOT HOLES WET SHOTS BLACK BALLED HARD & HORNY ORAL SUCK OFF COCK THROB HEAVY LOADS BLACK BALLS BLACK BALLS SUCK SLUTS HUGE TITS HOTEL HOOKER HORNY SUCKERS WET WOMB CHUNKY CHICKS BUTT FUCKER PETER PUSH WELL HUNG HORNY PRICKS CUNT LAPPING CARNAL DESIRES ANAL ANGEL 00000000 PORNO QUEENS ASS LOVERS PENIS ENVY STROKE MINE HOTTER, DEEPER! HOTTER, DEEPEI ALL OF IT FILL ME UP GO FOR IT PUSH IT HARD LIP LICKERS SHAVED SLITS GROUP ASSING HOTTER RODS ANAL ANGEL SHOOT IT ALL RUMP REAM RAUNCHY SLUTS BLONDE LEZ'S FEEL IT HOT GUSHERS PINK HOLE LUST

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CLIT SUCKING PLAYTHINGS SNATCH SNACK HARD & HAIRY BEAVER POKE PANTY RAID

BUN BUTTER

BUN BUTTER
REAR ENTRY
SHOVING SEX
WET & WILD
SHOOTERS
HOT & PINK
LIP STRETCH
SALAMI STUFF
UP MINE
COOZE QUEENS
WINE LIPE

WIDE LIPS
ANAL LICKERS
CUM CRAZY
SLOPPY SEX
CLAM DIP

**PUSSY PLENTY** 

CUNT CRAVERS WET WOMEN CUMMING COCKS

GROUP JERK CUM SHOOTING ACE SQUATS

SHAVED & SEXY HARD SCREWING COCK RIDERS FOURSOMES GUSHING IT WET PANTIES DEEPER YET FUCK BATH PUSSY GROPE SHAVED SLUTS DOWN MY POLE WATCH IT CUM STROKE ME PUSSY EATING HAIRY TWATS DOING IT

STROKE JOB
STROKE JOB
STROKE JOB
LOVING IT
HUNG STUDS
GUSHING LOADS
PINK PASSION
GOOEY GIRLS
SLOPPY SLUTS
JERKING IT OFF
99 ACTION
SUPER SUCKER
ASS LICK DILDO DIPPING SEX SHOVE SEX SHOVE
ANAL ORGASMS
HOT LOADS
SEX POTS
BELLY BUMPING
CLIT CHEWING
LIT CHEWING
UP HER ASS
CUM ALL OVER IT
PUMPING LOVE
YES I CAN
HAIRY AND HORNY
GROUP STROKE
PUDLESS LOADS
COCK RIDING
PUMP OFF COCK RIDING
PUMP OFF
HOT SHOWER
LIQUID LOVE
ASS HEATERS
HOT TWATS
SUCKING SISTERS
SMOOTH PUSSY
ANAL MAIDS ANAL MAIDS BOYS TOYS PLEASURE PARTY ACTS OF LOVE LET IT LEAK LONG TOYS LAPPING LEZ'S DRINK IT □ LET IT LEAK
□ LONG TOYS
□ LAPPING LEZ'S
□ DRINK IT
□ MAKE HIM CUM
□ TWAT TRAP
□ SUCKING PUSSY
□ ALL THE WAY IN
□ ANAL HOLES
□ BIG. IUGS □ TWAT TRAP
□ SUCKING PUSSY
□ ALL THE WAY IN
□ ANAL HOLES
□ BIG JUGS
□ SNATCH & JERK
□ PULL OFF
□ COCK CRACK
□ HAND JOB
□ POKING PRICKS
□ DUELING DICKS
□ STAINED SHEETS
□ WILD AND WETTER
□ DRIPPING LEZ'S
□ CLIT TWIST
□ GREASE PIT
□ POINTED POKE
□ NOOKY GNOSH
□ PUSSY PIE
□ RIM REAM
□ WET DREAMERS
□ ALL NIGHT LONG
□ BALL DRAINERERS
□ SHOOTING LOADS
□ PUSSY PUSHER
□ DICK LICKING
□ SAUNA SEX
□ HUGE COCKS
□ RICH BICKY STILLS

□ SAUNA SEX
□ HUGE COCKS
□ BIG BLACK STUDS
□ RUMP FUCK
□ BI-BI-LUSTING
□ ANAL TOYS
□ PUBIC POKING
□ BUTT BLAST
□ ASS CUMMING
□ HOT GUSHERS
□ FANNY FUCKING
□ SLICK PUSSIES
□ TIGHT TWATS
□ PRICK PULLING
□ PEEP HOLE LUST
□ FUCK FEVER
□ HAND LOVERS
□ BIG BLOWERS
□ SOILED PANTIES
□ FOUR WAY FUCK



SEX LESSON

BALL BLOW
BLACK STUDS
LEZ LICKING LUST
LOVERS BALLS
TOO MUCH JIZZ
WET SHOWERS
PORNO POKING
RUMP HUMPERS
DEEP STROKERS
TAKE IT ALL
UP HER PUSSY
SHAVE MY PUSSY
ALL BY HIMSELF
RIM SHOTS
ASS BALLING
HOT COCKS
SLOPPY SECONDS SLOPPY SECONDS SEX PUMPERS

GIRLFRIENDS MISTRESS OF SEX BUTT FUCK ME DILDO HOLES UP HER ASS TIT MEN MILK MAIDS BOOBS FOR SALE CUM SHOWER BOOBS FOR SALE BUSTING OUT PUSSY PLEASURE SHAKE IT UP BREAST FEVER CUMMING HOLES MAKE HER HOT SEXY TALK STROKE MINE GANG BANG SEX GAMES HOT DREAMS LADY LUST SEX STARS JUICY SUCKOFF COCK LOVERS GOOD VIBRATIONS TOOL JOB CLINT TICKLER SPANISH FLY HAIRLESS HONEY HORNY GIRLS HUGE BRAS BIG TITTERS TIGHT FIT SOLO MAN CANDY GIRL 0000 SEX STARS SUCK HUNGRY ANAL VIRGIN MORE CUM SUCK HUNGHY SLURPING CUNT SUCK OFF GAMES COCK CRAVING WHORES IN HEAT 000000000000000000 KINGSIZE TRIPLE TWATS WET PUSSY BIKE BITCH PUSSY CITY SEX SLAVES 3-WAY CLUBS SLICK SNATCH FUCK FRENZY COCKSTROKERS SHOVING IT WICK DIPPING SNEAKY SNATCH SMELL THIS SMELL THIS
DRIPPING COCKS
CUM CRAMMERS
ASS ANTICS
SEX SHIFT
ANAL BITCHES
TONGUE MY HOLE
OPEN CUNTS
SHAVED PIES
SECOND SERVICE
MOUTH MOUNDS
JIGGLING TITS
MONSTER MAMS
HARDBALL ORAL ORGY HOT RODDERS LONELY LUST WIFESWAPPERS

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HARD CLITS
KEPP CUMMING
COVER MY TITS
BATHING BOOBS CUMSPURTERS HARDCORE FANTASIES DUSSY POSING
PHOTO SHOOT
NASTY NYMPHS GANG GIRLS SIS'S BATH TIME CHOKE ON CUM

CHOKE ON CUM STIFF RODS TENDER TWATS CHERRY BUSTERS BLACK BITCHES GIRLS WHO ORGY ASS REAMERS JERKOFF SHOWER 10 INCH STUDS DIRTY DESIRES BIG RAD DOLLS DIRTY DESIRES
BIG BAD DOLLS
SINGLES SEX
SEX SEDUCTIONS
DEEP STROKERS
KINKY AND HORNY
SQUEEZE THESE DAILY DICKING CUMSHOOTERS LONELY LINDA HUGE LOADS BODYWARE DOUBLE DONG

MR. PERFECT STICK THIS TURNED ON TWAT ORAL ORGY 2 BIG DICKS BIG DICKS
WET ACTION
ACT OF LOVE
BLACK AND WHITE
LUSTY LEZ'S
ANAL ANNIE
TRI-FUCK TWATTERS SHAVED ASSES BIZARRE ORGY

HARD SLAVES HARD SLAVES FUCK FANTASY ORAL & ANAL SPLASHING WARM COCKS NAKED NIPS WET AND WAITING LOVE DROPS LOVE DROPS
PUSSY PARTY
BIG AND HARD
X FOR SEX
SUCKING SNATCH
FILTHY FUN
GOLDEN GIRLS
TRI-FUCKING
NASTY GIRLS
MAG CHICKS
FRESH FUCKING
FANNY FUN
TALK DIRTY TO ME
PECKER PULL
HOT & NASTY
SWAP TWATS
FUR BURGER
HOT LICKS

HOT LICKS HOT LICKS
HUNG AND HAIRY
HOT LEGS
ASS FANCY
BLONDE & BUILT
NIPPLE GNOSH

MOUNTING MAXI PASSIONATE PLUG DOUBLE DICKIN' HAREM GIRLS RED GARTERS LUSTING LESBO ANAL FETTISH ROMPING RAW LICKING LOVERS

FACE SITTING EAT MY TWAT FEELING HEAT DIAL-A-PORN SCREWIN' SALLY

FEELING FUN SEX DOLLS BEAD PULLING

I HACY ALDAMS
I TAIJA RAE
I SAMANTHA COY
RACHEL ASHLEY
PATTY PLENTY
NIKKI CHARM
LOIS AYRES
LEAH LYONS
LORELEI
JASMINE
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BETTY BOOBS
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TAIJA RAE
SAMANTHA COY



FAT FUCKERS
HARD NIPS
EROTIC PLAYING
DO IT AGAIN
BED BALLING
PUSSY DICKING
MADE IN BED
UNDRESS ME

SUGAR LIPS

CHERRI HILL
FALLON
CASSIE NOVA
NIKKI KNIGHTS
TAMMY REYNOLDS
LYNN LEMAY CHRYSTAL PEAC SANDY BEACH BOBBI SOX STELLA STARR JADE EAST HOLLY DAZE KRISTI LEIGH ROBIN LEE TIFANY STORM LISA CRUZ CARLA FERRARI BUNNY BLEU RITA EROTIC ALEXIS PARKES SHEEN HORNE CHRYSTAL PEACH 0000000000 AMY BERENS BETTY BOOBS PORSCHE LYNN APRIL MAY ONA ZEE BEVERLY GLEN BELLA DONNA 0000 BREEZY LANE **BUFFY DAVIS** 

BUNNY BLAKE BRANDI WINE SEKA

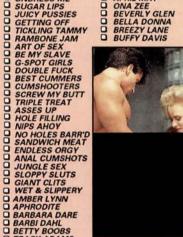
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GINGER LYNN KARI FOXX KAY PARKER TRINITY LOREN

TANYA FOXX STEPHANIE RAGE

SIEPHANIE RAGE SUNNY DAYE TAMARA LONGLY SHARON MITCHELL ROBIN CANNES CHERRI HILL

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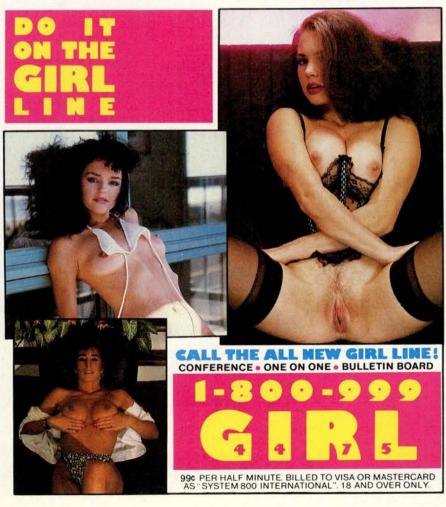
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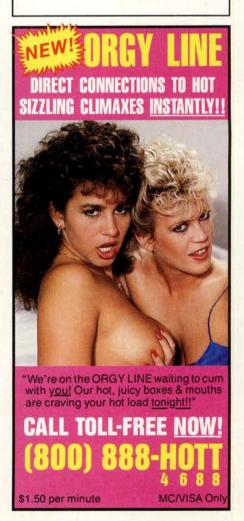
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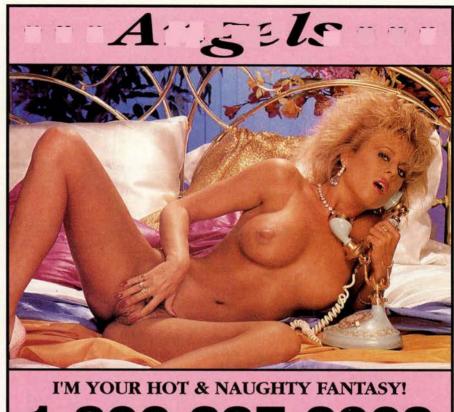
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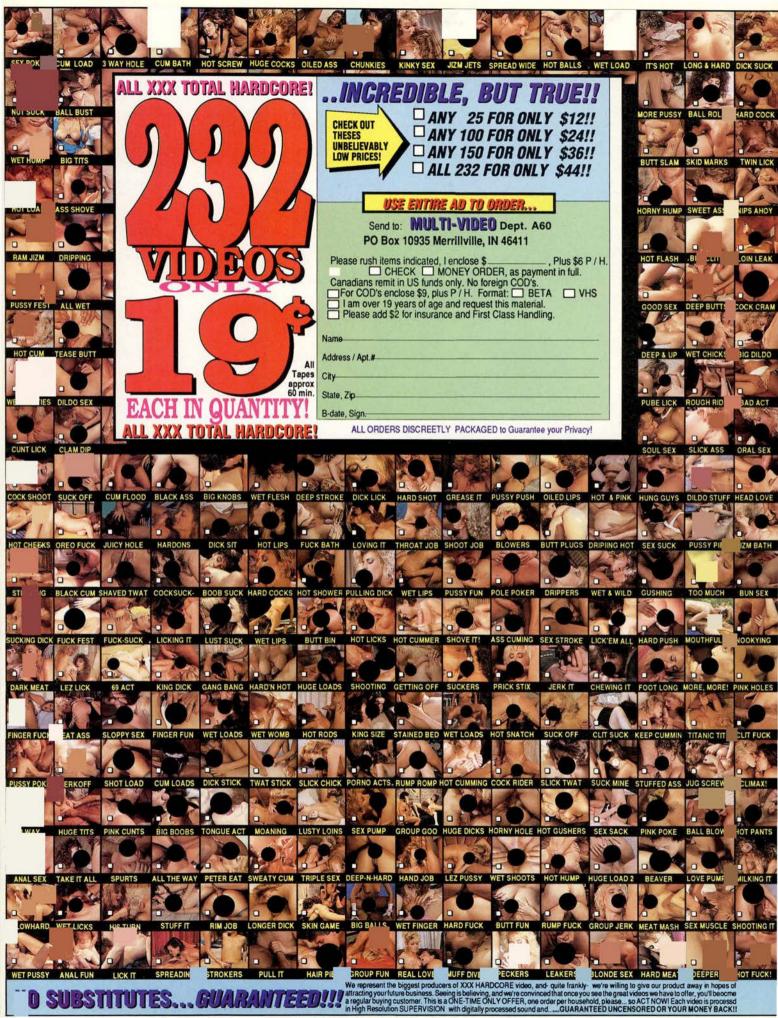
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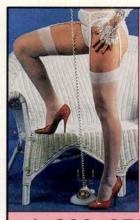


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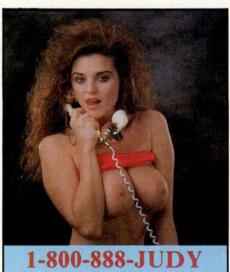
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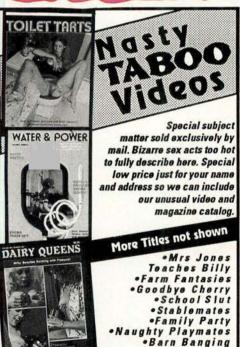
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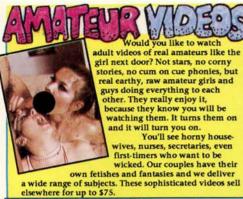
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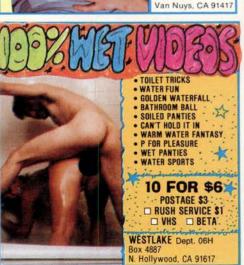












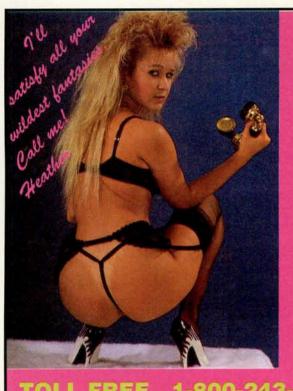


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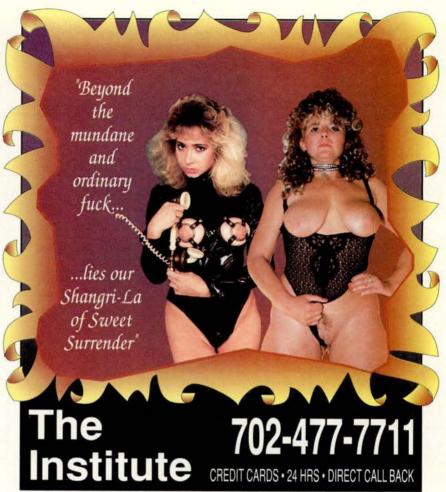








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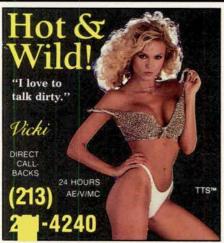
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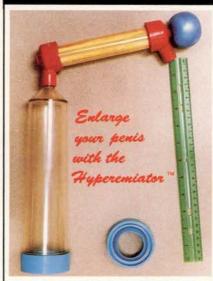
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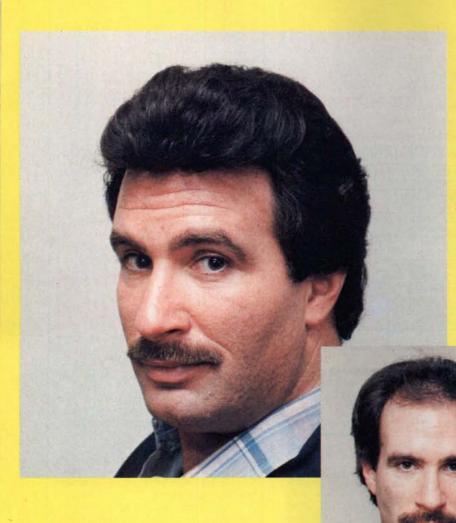
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# HUSTLER

July HUSTLER on sale May 22,1990



## BLOWING HOT AND BLOND

July's HUSTLER opens the door for five lovely ladies, and each one is a golden-titted opportunity. A honey-colored biker doll luxuriates in leather, a white-collar professional works up a sweat at a solitary surfside frig, and a high-society debutante goes tail-slumming with a dark-skinned harlot. Then long legs, velvet skin and dizzying pink go from blond to brunet with a dark-eyed honey in a candy-colored pastel fantasy. It's a warm welcome to HUSTLER's 16th Anniversary issue. The present is yours. Take off the wrapping and come as you are. Two simple words are the key: "HUSTLER, please."



Grampa and Gramma need more care than you can give them; so you arrange for them to stay in a nursing home. *I don't like it*, you think, *but it's the best thing for everyone, isn't it?* Think again. Dogs and cats get better treatment in animal shelters than U.S. citizens get in American nursing homes. Reporter Antonio Smith uncovers the tragic inside story in *No Place Like Home*.



Churchgoers in Jolo, West Virginia, know more about the effects of rattlesnake venom on the human body than many doctors and herpetologists. As part of their Christian worship, many of them handle poisonous snakes and allow themselves to be bitten. Writer Lawrence Grodsky documents this Appalachian anachronism in *Test of Faith*, a hair-raising account of a deadly method of separating the lambs from the goats.



Chicken fucking unnatural? Nose fucking impossible? Where there's a will, there's a way. The world is full of poor, sick fucks, and *Basket Casebook* is a catalog of actual case-study fetishes compiled by writer Adam Parfrey.

# SIXTEEN CANDLES

July marks the 16th year of HUSTLER Magazine. Expect some birthday treats and surprises. Sex Play's Alex Marvel takes aim at sex with dumb chicks in "Dicking Stupidity"; Hot Letters sizzles with orgasmic disclosures from the home and the workplace; Beaver Hunt brings out the best of its neighborhood watch and unveils a \$1,500 Finalist; and the crack-ups behind Bits & Pieces present Getting Head, the very first HUSTLER porn-horror movie. All in HUSTLER's anniversary issue in July. Mark your calendar.









