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HUSTLER

volume 16 number 9

march

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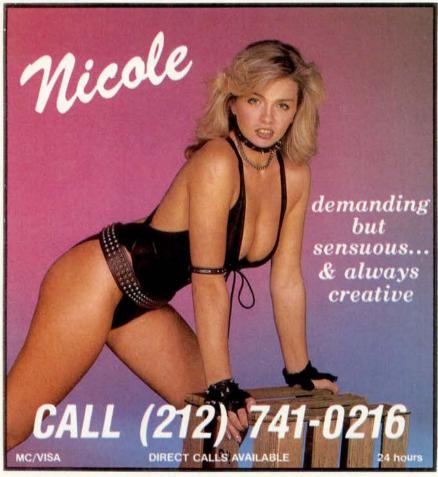




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HUSTLER MARCH 1990 VOLUME 16 NUMBER 9

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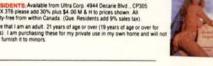
and Stacey Donovan. Stacey and Bunny are assigned the task of picking the "Stud of the Year" from lots and lots of entries. The key issue seems to be whether stamina is more of an asset over size. The days before the ceremony are filled with moans of delight even though the girls do their best to remain impartial. Time Approximate

This Stud's For You — Bunny Bleu, John Holmes



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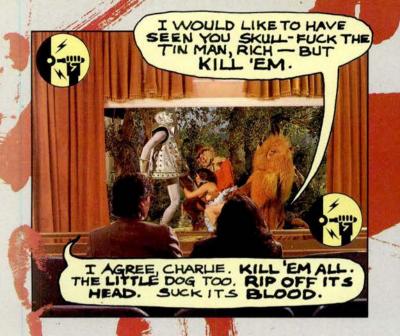
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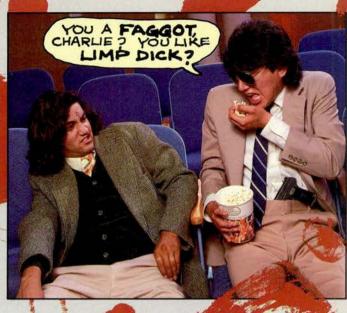


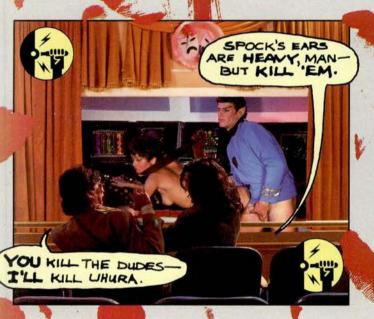
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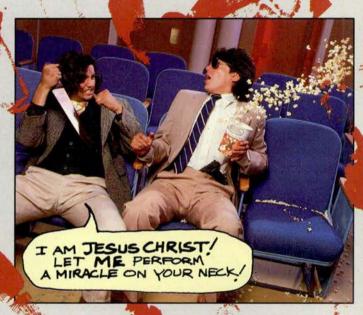
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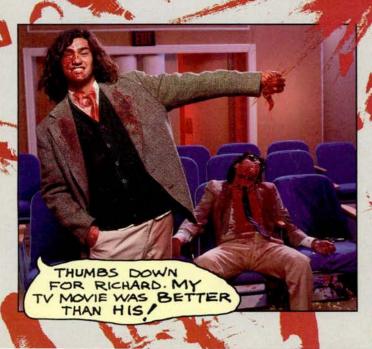


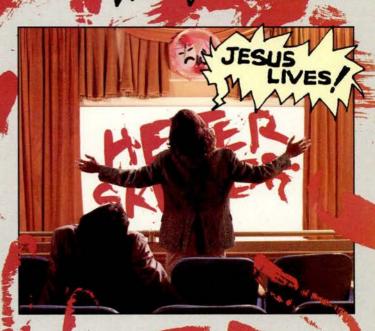














scripts than real conversations. Your interview was professional, to the point and asked all the right questions. Thanks to you, Christy Canyon seems more like a real person to me now-not just a centerfold fantasy. -S. M.

Baltimore, Maryland

Is HUSTLER more like a real magazine to you now that you see your letter in print?

I'm writing to say thanks. I just bought my first issue of HUSTLER Magazine, and I loved it. When I went to the store the other day to get the other magazine I used to buy, I saw the December issue of HUSTLER and my dream girl, Christy Canyon, who is probably the sexiest babe I've ever seen in an adult magazine. I got such a hard-on just standing there looking at her pictures that I couldn't wait to get home and jack off to them. I must have come at least a dozen times in one day, and I'm still jacking off to them. I'm in love; so give me a lot more of Christy, even maybe her own column like the girl in the other magazine I used to buy who would wear a different outfit every month when guys wrote in to tell her what to wear.

-B. C. Oak Hill, Ohio

HUSTLER's a little different than the magazine you used to buy. We tell our models what not to wear.

PANNED CANYON

Christy Canvon is an overrated, snobby bitch. Who does this snatch think she is? She has experience—her loose twat tells

try, swallows cum most of the time, likes it with Ron Jeremy and doesn't bad-mouth her colleagues in public. You're a hasbeen, Christy. Take your own advice and get out now, because you no longer "look -C. M. & B. M. good."

Keene, New Hampshire

Are you friends of Ron?

CUNT ATTACK

In your November issue of HUSTLER, you have an advertisement for a Home Abortion Kit on page 9 (Bits & Pieces, November '89). I think you should fuck-



Christy Canyon: Bigger, Better and Back!

ing kill yourself! It figures a man would come up with this vulgar idea! I'd like you to take a knife to your precious jewels and let us know how it feels, you asshole! If you have any guts, you'll print this in the next issue of your wonderful magazine.

> -Izzy & Sally New York, New York

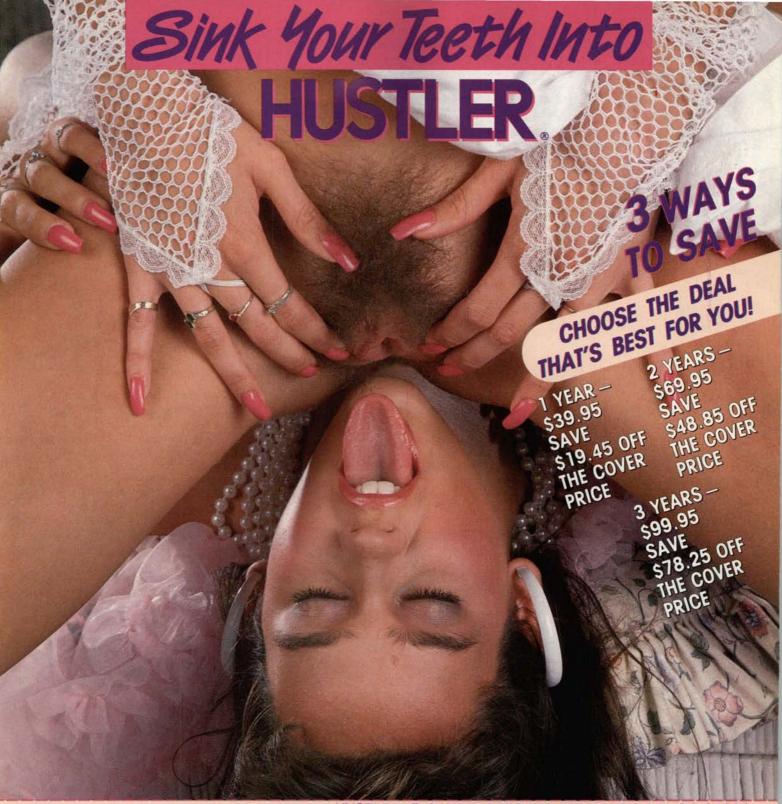
Okay. We stuck a knife in our jewels. We'll take it out again in nine months. Satisfied?

I am a young reader (woman), and I have a four-month-old son. I read your magazine every month, though I did not even know what HUSTLER was until I started dating my husband. But now that I do, I have noticed that in every issue there are more and more cartoons about abortions. Why is this? Don't get me wrong, but can't your cartoonists think of something else, like blacks? Thank you for your time.

-Slightly Disappointed Lancaster, California

I'm writing you this letter about a small article on page 9 of your November '89 issue regarding the Vacu-Suck vacuum cleaner for home abortions. I can take a lot of articles, but this one takes the cake. I think it was in bad taste, disgusting and outrageous. I suppose some people have no morals whatsoever. If my husband hadn't picked up this HUSTLER Magazine, I would never have known how some people have no feelings toward other people.

Georgetown, Kentucky



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OBVIOUSLY A MAN

Years ago, there were so many adult magazines out, I had to decide which one was for me. I had to choose HUSTLER, Sure, I find that you photograph quite a few beautiful babes, but I must say that I love HUSTLER for the humor. What other magazine has balls big enough to be racist, sexist, sick, disgusting and funny? So much bad taste is totally boner material. This next part goes out to all those people harping on HUSTLER for unChristianlike material. I was raised strictly Christian, and so far not one thing in HUSTLER has insulted or bothered me. So to you guys at HUSTLER-keep up the great work and keep going strong on all that awesome humor! Bits & Pieces is some of the funniest shit in the world! -Pink Alamosa, Colorado

Thanks, Pink. Attention, Izzy and Sally: We've taken the knife out of our jewels now.

WHAT'S NEW?

Down here in South Florida, we are forced to see certain assholes close down nude bars. Actually, the truth is: "Nude dancing girls or alcohol, but you can't have both—only one of the two." Get real! That's some real bad shit! I'm a 20-year-old diesel mechanic and skateboarder, and I also see a lot of stupid shit about "No skateboarding" at malls and shopping centers. Yet you have drug pushers in those same places selling their product

and not being harassed for it. I skateboard down a sidewalk pavement in a shopping center, and business owners quickly harass me and call upon "Occifer Friendly" (not misspelled). Finally, Mr. "Faggot Ass" Bakker is finally sentenced. Thank God! Somebody should shut his ugly, slutty wife's trap while they are at it. America is home for all on its soil. Racism sucks. Drugs are for losers. HUSTLER Magazine is #1! —J. C. M. Miami, Florida

ATTENTION, MR. KOHLS

I just bought the December '89 issue of HUSTLER. I have bought almost every issue since the very first one. I am a faithful reader. I never bought a subscription because I always buy them one at a time, and the cost has gone up ever since. But now I am pissed off. Out of 130 pages, there are 47 pages of ads in it. I know ads pay for your books, but why so many? If this continues, you will lose one reader. Me! —R. B. Casper, Wyoming

Direct a letter to Mr. Jim Kohls, President of LFP, Inc. Mr. Kohls controls the ebb and flow of advertising in HUSTLER and, like any dollar-conscious exec, prefers a flow. Call him at (213) 858-7100 ext. 100.

WATCH THAT BAR OF SOAP

HUSTLER is A-sort to us loggers in Alaska, which means high-grade quality. The mag keeps us laughing with the great jokes. The guys up here jerk off so much in the shower, every time it rains they get a woody. Keep up the great work!

-A. S.

Ketchikan, Alaska

CLOTHES?

I buy HUSTLER Magazine every month and envy the women in them. I have for a long time had a desire to either be a stripper or to pose nude for a magazine like yours. However, I have never had the money it would take to buy the clothes I would need to pursue such a fantasy. I have had breast implants, and my measurements are 36(D)-27-36. The kicker is that I am 42 years old, and I never go out with guys that are over 27. Most of them range from 18 to 23. I fulfill all the young boys' fantasies of being with an older woman. Three weeks ago, I was with a 19-year-old whose desire was for me to have 42 orgasms that nightone for each year of my life. I prepared myself mentally and achieved his fantasy. - O. K. Terrell, Texas

Forty-two orgasms in one night is more than okay. Why not take a photo of your prize-winning gash and try your luck in Beaver Hunt? It's an easy \$250, you can turn on thousands of horny 19-year-olds, and you'll have a shot at our \$5,000 grand prize.

RED IRISH

I am surprised at you. In your December '89 issue there was a piece that was not only anti-Irish, but it also ridiculed the IRA (*Bits & Pieces*, December '89). I just wanted to remind you that the two U.S.-backed nations which maintain occupation armies that kill unarmed citizens are the English in Ireland and the Jews in Lebanon. —J. C. New Brunswick, New Jersey

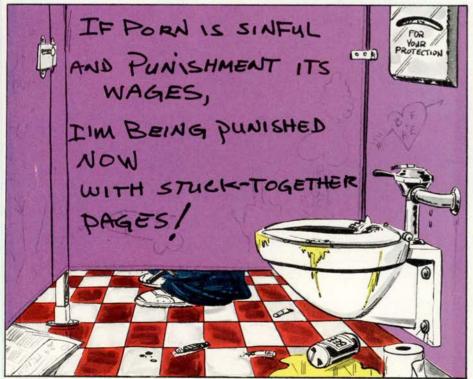
LADIES LAST

I am currently enrolled at Kearney State College in Nebraska. My roommate purchased the December issue of HUSTLER and, to my surprise, the woman of my dreams was featured on page 35 (Holly: Sun Dance, December '89). I had never seen Holly before, but I fell instantly in love. Her pictures now hang on our dorm room wall. Everyone admires her beauty, even the girls that frequent our room. I now know that there is such a thing as love at first sight, because I've experienced it. Thanks, HUSTLER, and Holly—wherever you are—I adore you.

Grand Island, Nebraska

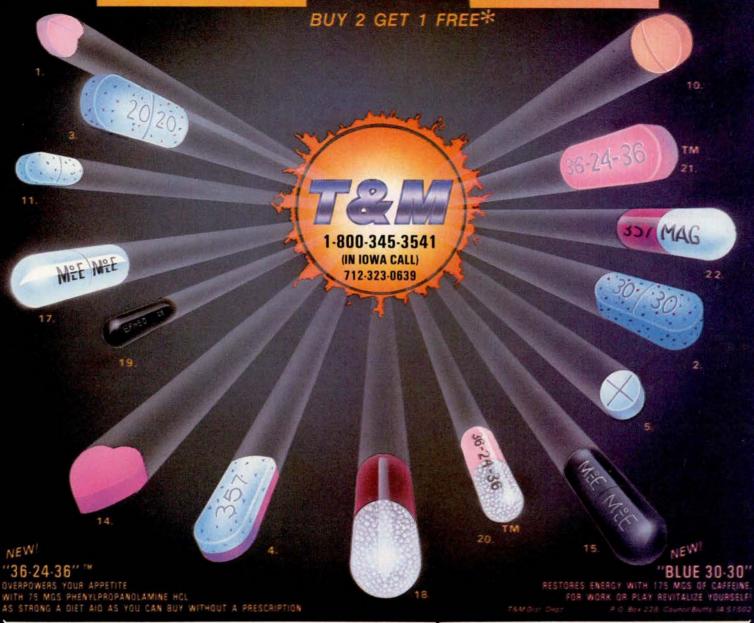
Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to Feedback, HUSTLER, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication.

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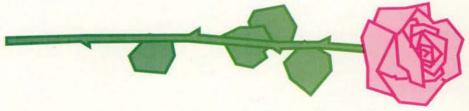
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ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

Old Assholes never die, they just smell that way. Rancid with living rot, the diseased and decaying crap chambers drag their suppurating carcasses to and fro, but never far enough away. The ill winds of their mephitic bloat pop up wherever they go, wafting gaggingly back to home, sometimes all the way from Japan. Such is the stench of March 1990 Asshole of the Month Ronald Reagan.

Reagan's first diagnosis as Asshole of the Month occurred one decade ago last April. Since that manifestation of malignancy, Reagan has popped up like purulent hemorrhoidal feces to sully these pages with regularity, begging the invention of a better toilet. Why do the biggest turds decline to flush?

Ronald Reagan, though out of office, refuses to drop out of mind. Ron besmirched the nation's headlines this past October with news of a lucregrubbing nine-day promo tour of Japan. Sponsored by the Fujisankei Communications Group, Reagan raked in \$2 million on the trip, supposed compensation for hacking out a pair of 20-minute speeches. A Columbia University presidency specialist declared: "The

Ronald Reagan



Founding Fathers would have been stunned that an occupant of the highest office in this land turned it into bucks."

The modern American, having seen Japan's bilateral trade surplus more than quadruple to nearly \$50 billion a year during the Reagan dynasty, is no more surprised than a gang-raped punk is to find blood in his stool.

"Once you've seen one redwood tree, you've seen them all," said Reagan as California Governor. As President, he saw some of the last great stands of California redwoods clear-cut and shipped off to Japan. Or maybe he didn't see it. And maybe the \$2 mill is partial payment for not seeing so much more of our life's sap drained off to the Land of the Rising Yen. If Reagan's smart, after what he and his treasonous droogs have done to the U.S. dollar, he took his deferred bribe in Japanese currency.

Greedy-pockets Ron reportedly wheedled another 2 million clams off the worthy oriental gentlemen to establish his presidential library. Unfortunately, after his ravages to the education systems of first California and then the nation, the coming generation may be incapable of reading a dimestore romance, let alone 2 million bucks' worth of books. Foreseeing such a dilemma, Ron's henchmen hit up the conglomerate Jap Sony Corporation for a fortune in video equipment to preserve the ex-Prez's wisdom on tape.

Though denying that his pending mega-mooch had any bearing on his sentiments, Reagan praised Sony's \$3.4-billion takeover of Columbia Pictures, saying: "I'm not too proud of Hollywood these days, with the immorality and vulgarity. . . maybe Hollywood needs some outsiders to bring back decency and good taste." Perhaps those outsiders might be recruited from the more than 100 Reagan appointees who resigned in the face of scandals, indictments and shady connections.

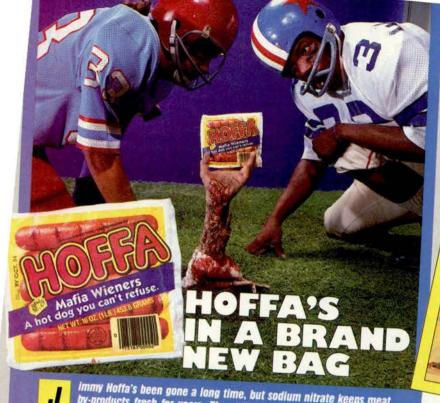
The Japanese may have decency and good taste: Just ask one the next time he and 50 of his ilk troop off a tour bus to snap your photo as you stand saving Asshole Reagan a place in the unemployment line.

FARTS IN THE WIND

JOHN E. FROHNMAYER—Until public outrage reversed his decision, Frohnmayer, chairman of the National Endowment for the Arts, canceled support to an art exhibit focusing on AIDS due to "objectionable political tone." Was the tone any more objectionable than an Asshole commendation?

THE UNITED STATES CONGRESS—While the nation staggers under increasing financial hardships, top federal workers, judges and congressmen sought and granted themselves a 33% wage hike. This is akin to paying weasels to steal chickens and begs Asshole exposure.

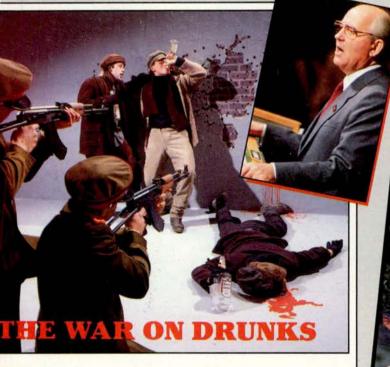
DANNY SUGERMAN—A so-called writer who has exploited Doors singer Jim Morrison's corpse for two books, Sugerman was offered an honest assignment by HUSTLER. He dicked us around and flaked out. We scrapped the feature, and now we're scrapping Sugerman as an Asshole.



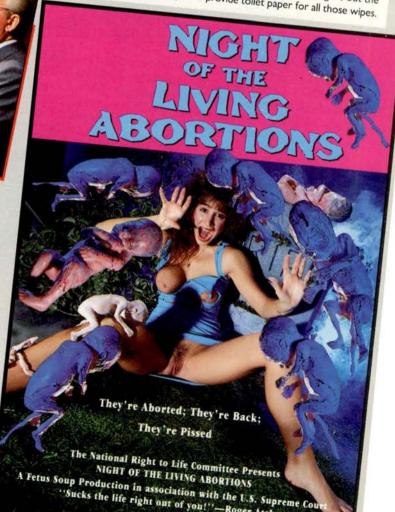
immy Hoffa's been gone a long time, but sodium nitrate keeps meat by-products fresh for years. The striking success of Hoffa hot dogs at Giants Stadium is a testament to the combined efforts of organized labor and Mafia marketing. Hoffa dogs are guaranteed to go down easy.



ur crack HUSTLER fact-finding team is dedicated to digging up unusual true facts from around the world. Garbage lovers take note: In a 70-year gallons of urine, enough for a small island and lake. You figure out the number of trees destroyed to provide toilet paper for all those wipes.



n the spirit of President Bush's War on Drugs, birthmarked Russian leader Mikhail Gorbachev has declared a War on Drunks. Unfortunately, he'll be batling his entire country. Gorby's rehab program has a 100% success rate. No one survives to pick up another drink.





Porn From the Past



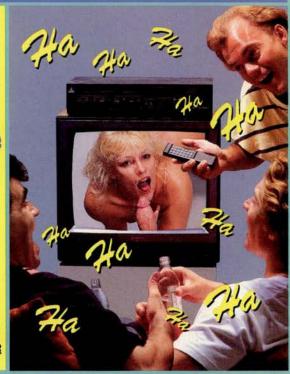
Double dildos move in attack formation around this hairy vintage vulva. A shortage of rubber during World War II didn't stop the manufacturing of sex toys, as delectable Deanna proves in this shot from 1940. If you have some old smut, send it to your friends at Porn From the Past, HUSTLER Magazine, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. We'll pay \$150 for any photo we print. Please enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope if you want your material returned.

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sex, lies, and videotape



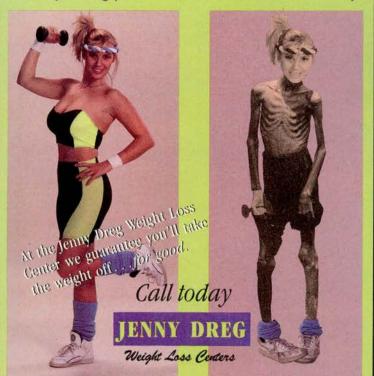




very man likes to bring out the little girl in a woman. If big tits are getting in the way of a successful Electra syndrome, both parties can breathe easier with the aid of a No-Breast Strip. Quick as a wink, off come the cumbersome mams, and a girl can start over again.

books. For info on a subscription, write to Continental Spectator Inc., 147 West 42nd Street, Room 603, New York, NY 10036. If you're looking for friends to share peculiarities, you'll meet them here.

She's not a real model. Jenny Dreg just made her look that way.





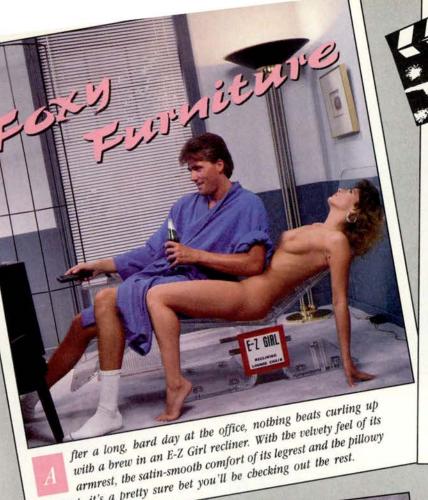
Vintage reats



t's time again for THE BEST OF HUSTLER, and Volume 17 is as good as it gets. Filled to the brim with the year's sexiest pictorials-

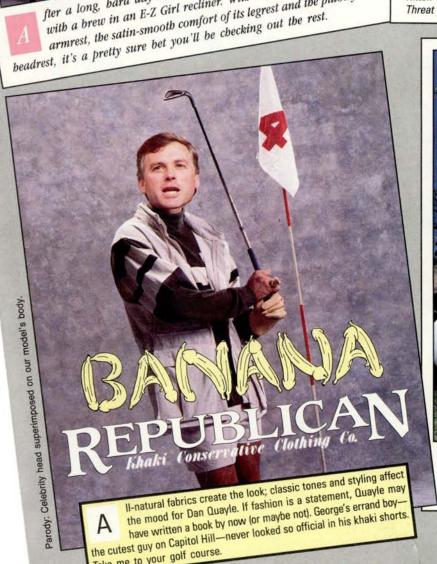
including our bustiest centerfold ever, Toppsy (55FFF) Curveyhard-hitting articles, bawdy amateur nudes and a hearty batch of Flynt-style cartoons, this special collector's edition is a great way to end the year. So how do you start the New Year? If you like your ladies clad in (and spilling out of) sexy, intimate undergarments, there's the HUSTLER LINGERIE SPECIAL Volume 1. It's a coverto-cover turn-on!

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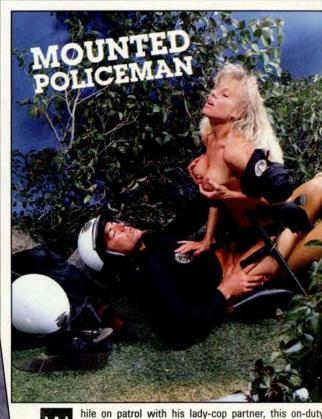




o you pay good money every month to see a movie despite the fact that you haven't seen a good one in five years? For a dose of what's really going on in films today, get a copy of Film Threat. The latest issue features underground Karen Carpenter films, pinups legend Betty Page, the bondage films of Irving Klaw, Steven Sayadian's Dr. Caligari and an interview with Kitten Natividad. Serious and hilarious. \$3.50 sample copy. Film Threat Women Issue, P.O. Box 951, Royal Oak, Michigan 48068.



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hile on patrol with his lady-cop partner, this on-duty couldn't resist copping a feel-but before he knew it, she feeling a cop too. Out came the nightsticks, and they learned the true meaning of the long arm of the law.



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AROUND THE WORLD

Cruise ships are all they're cracked up to be—floating crap games with gourmet food and beaucoup sex. I worked on a Caribbean cruise ship for three summers before breaking a leg and missing a season. When I went back this year, I was expecting great tips and free pussy. But at first all I got was the free pussy. These dames seemed to think that their willing holes were enough, as if I have a high-paying job. I count on the tips; so until these cunts started paying me for my services, I wouldn't put out.

It's not like they gave me blowjobs or rode me or anything. I had to fuck them. They just wallowed there and screamed at me to go faster or slower or deeper or harder. I admit, at first all this pussy sort of clouded my judgment. These were first-class broads, in great shape already or rich enough to buy a great shape. And I was "yesma'amming" myself into an early grave.

Now I'm wise. I won't even bring a maraschino cherry to a room without getting paid first.

I had one bitch who threatened to "speak to the proper authorities about me." She was a haughty piece of ass until I pulled out a picture of her with her silky thighs spread and a toothpaste pump in her bushy cunt. She paid big for me that night. She wanted to buy the picture too, but I'm not finished with her yet.

The other night I charged her 100 bucks to let her suck me. I made her beg for it too. She kept asking me to fuck her as she sprawled there in this pink see-through number. All I could think about was shoving my schlong in her mouth, but I didn't let her know what I was thinking. I told her I'd just popped a friend of hers, and that I was raw because she had a tight cunt.

She opened her legs to show me her crotchless panties and her furry snatch. "I'm so hot for you right now," she squirmed. "Can't you just fuck me a little? Can't you just put your fingers or your tongue in me?"

Was she kidding? I wanted to put my whole body in there when she showed me her little cunt lips glistening with love juices! She got up and grabbed me and ran her hands over my ass and down my thighs, all the while pushing her giant, heaving breasts in my back. I was frozen, but I tried to keep in control. I didn't want to say anything to her. I wasn't sure how my voice would sound. Then she ground her hips into my butt, like she was fucking me or like she wanted me to fuck her. Her hands found my cock. No matter what my mind was trying to make of the situation, my cock was trying to get out. It smelled a pussy, willing and wet. I



tried to press it against the door to hide it from her, but it was too eager for a fuck.

As her fingers fumbled with my zipper, I let out a sigh, like I was yawning. But it turned into a grunt when she stroked my tortured rod. I had to do something fast; so I pushed her backward until she fell on the bed. I turned around with my big cock sticking straight out of my pants and told her again that I was tired.

"You can't be tired," she laughed and peeled her panties off. "You have to do something with that. She pulled her top over her bobbing breasts. Her areolas were as big and brown as pancakes, and the nipples stood out thick and hard.

I pushed her down on the bed, shoved my throbber in her cleavage and pushed it in and out a few times. She pressed her tits tight around my cock and tried to lick the tip of it with her tongue. Then I pulled back. She looked surprised, but she followed me with her mouth. I'd let her get close enough until I could feel her breath on my cock head, then I'd pull back. She got more and more frustrated, until she finally got mad and tried to vank on my cock.

I grabbed her by the hair and brought her to her knees. "You know I don't do anything for free," I hissed. She spit on my leg and threatened my life a couple of times. But while she was down there on her knees, cursing the day I was born, I brought my hard-on down on her neck, wrapped her hair around it and talked softly to her about how good my bad boy's always been to her before.

She crawled to her handbag lying under the bed. "How much do you want tonight, you fuckin' bastard?" she screamed. "I don't have to take this from you, you know. I've got a daddy who could buy this crap ship if he wanted, and—and—I've got a fiance who could throw you in jail for the rest of your life!" She took out her wallet and thrust a bunch of twenties at me.

I took the twenties and started counting. "Yeah, you may have all that," I said. "But if you want me, you're gonna have to cough up another \$100." I sat on the bed with my boner sticking straight up between my legs, wondering if this bitch would spring for such a lunatic demand. Her face was inches from my throbbing cock, and she licked her lips, thinking how much she wanted it.

She handed me the money. I couldn't believe it! I shoved her head down on my cock and watched while she tried to swallow it whole. She was a sloppy sucker, but a real nasty, obedient one. I had to help her out by showing her how to get me off. When I was about to unload, I pushed her back and shot right in her face.

As she rubbed my goo into her squishy boobies, I got up and pulled up my pants. She was still hot and bothered and real sure that I was gonna fuck her, since she'd paid enough for a trip around the world. But she was wrong, and I left.

I know she'll be calling me soon to bring



HOT LETTERS

When I felt close to coming, I pulled the dildo back on and tried to force it past Valarie's cunt lips.

her something else. I like to leave my bitches hot and screaming for more. I was told to be good to these rich princess types; but to me, a cunt's a cunt. If you get one worked up enough, you can pretty much call the shots.

—P. S.

San Pedro, California

MONS TO MONS

My friend Valarie and I are very close. Some might say too close, but I say we can never be too close. Valarie is beautiful, soft and sweet, and I had the good fortune to move next door to her about five years ago. Our husbands work for the same company and are often called away for months at a time. At first Valarie and I would go out to a movie or have dinner together to pass the time. Now our favorite thing to do together is sex.

We're not lesbians. We just get so lonely that we make do with each other. The way that Valarie caresses my breasts, licks my pussy and pumps me with a 12-inch dildo makes me forget all about my absent husband.

Last week Valarie showed me how to wear her strap-on dildo. She likes them big. At first I wasn't too good at fucking her with it. Valarie fucked me a few times herself just to demonstrate how to get it going. Then she did it to me doggy-style a few times, which I found very stimulating. Fucking me from behind, Valarie could manipulate my tits, stomach and bush with an ease that was impossible in the missionary position.

When I felt close to coming, I pulled the dildo back on and tried to force it past Valarie's cunt lips. She suggested that I get her wet first with my tongue. I was happy to oblige—she tastes so good. I felt her inner thighs quiver, and I knew she was coming; so I stopped tongue-lashing her pussy and tried to put the dildo in again. This time her silky, wet vagina slurped up the dildo with no problem. And then I pumped her.

Since I couldn't get the rubbing rhythm right, Valarie grabbed my ass cheeks and pushed me up and down just the way she wanted me to go. After a while I was stuffing her twat like I knew what I was doing. But what hard work! It's a good thing

that men feel something in their penises when they fuck a woman. Otherwise, I don't think they'd want to do it that much. It's very tiring!

One afternoon we were in bed trying to see who could come the fastest diddling herself when suddenly the phone rang. It was Valarie's husband, Duke. He asked her what she was doing in bed at 2 p.m., and Valarie laughed and told him she was having a mons to mons talk. Duke got mad and wanted to know who was in bed with her. Before I knew it, she had handed me the phone. He calmed down real fast when he realized it was me with Valarie. His voice even got a sexy sound to it, and after a while he asked to speak with Valarie again. She talked with him for a minute, then giggled and said, "All right." She told me Duke wanted us to leave the phone on the pillow while I licked his wife's pussy. I picked up the receiver and told him I would eat Valarie out, but I asked him not to tell my husband. He just wasn't liberal like Duke.

As I went down on Valarie's fine blond pussy, she murmured something into the phone to Duke. I started off slowly lapping her lips to make her squirm and whine. She kept moaning Duke's name in different pitches, and when I shoved two fingers in her vagina, she jerked suddenly and begged for Duke's big cock. I was starting to want Duke's big cock myself, but I kept tonguing Valarie's red, ripe clit until she came, screaming into Duke's ear.

Duke was breathing pretty hard on the other end of the line. Valarie said he was jerking himself off, and she asked me to say a few nasty things to him to help him along. I just told him how much Valarie talks about his strong thighs and his long, thick cock and how when he fucks her she wants him to last forever. Then I got caught up in the excitement of it all and told him that I wished he would fuck me sometime.

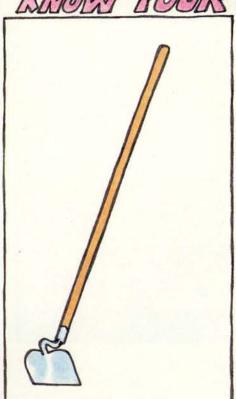
He started to say, "Oh, oh," over and over again. Valarie grabbed the phone and listened. She knew he had come because that's all he can say when he has an orgasm. She waited for him to calm down and talked to him a little more, then she hung up. She said that Duke was looking forward to fucking me when he comes home. I hadn't actually meant what I said. But Valarie insisted that Duke was serious.

"But what about my husband?" I asked her. I know he will not go for a wifeswitching thing. But Valarie told me she would take care of him. And if anybody can take care of my husband, it's Valarie.

—C. J. Fayetteville, North Carolina

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

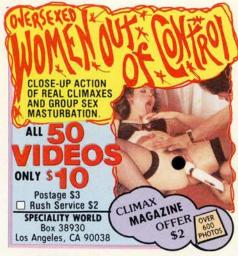




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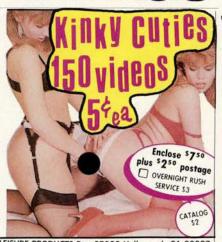


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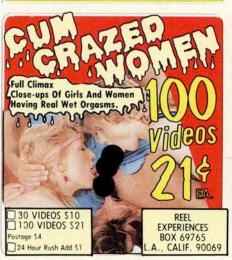
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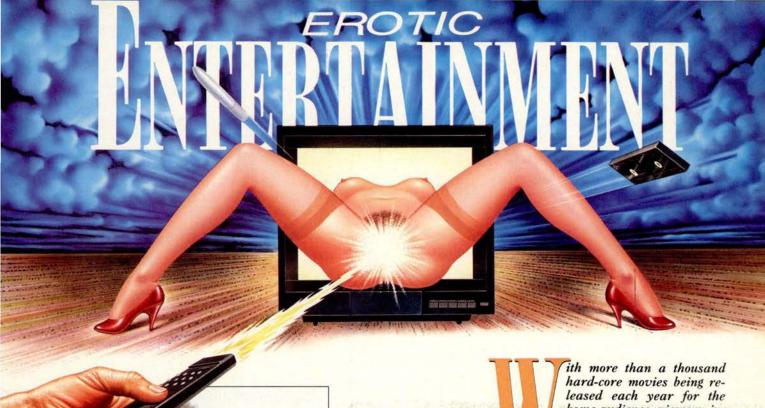
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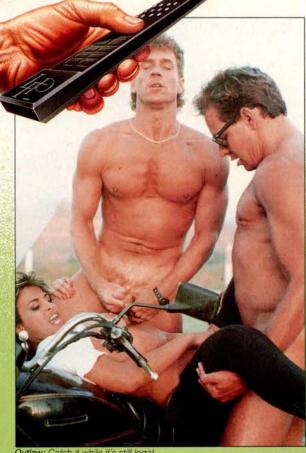


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Outlaw: Catch it while it's still legal.

THE OUTLAW

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by F. J. Lincoln; starring Tori Welles, Tami Monroe, Joey Silvera, Eric Price, Scott Irish, Alex Horn, Honey Moore, Randy West, Chaz Vincent and Dizzy Blonde. Videocassette by Vidco.

Tori Welles is a wanton with a bad reputation, a notoriety exploited in The Outlaw. Cast as the leader of a nefarious criminal motorcycle gang of three (Scott Irish and Eric Price are her long-dong droogs), Welles rides slipshod through the libidos of everyone she meets. Her first power fuck is a command performance from the cocks and tongues of Irish and Price, who peel

Tori down to over-the-thigh riding chaps, chew her undulating ass, fill her snarling face-hole with pulsating pole, pound her quim and jerk off in tandem, plopping a bellyful of dick globs on Welles's twisting torso as she reclines on a lucky motorcycle. Welles next attacks a reticent brunet bitch who comes alive under Tori's oral ministrations, turning into an avid muff-muncher who later shows an impassioned predilection for prick. Tori invites tiny Tami Monroe to overstuff her cunt with Price's long and blunt bone, then helps finish the tape off by playing vacuum face to Joey Silvera's perpendicular prong as Monroe pitches pussy to Randy West on the same bed. Catch The -Hakim Whithers Outlaw while it's still legal.

home audience, viewers, increasingly confronted by seductive advertising and slick packaging, are often at a loss when it comes to selecting an X-rated tape worth watching. HUSTLER is committed to serious, nobullshit criticism designed to accurately inform readers of XXX-cinema offerings, and to spur the adult-entertainment industry to better productions. Despite their drastic decline, there will always be adult theaters, and we'd never leave a film buff in the lurch: If a review says a production was shot on film, it's probably playing on a big screen somewhere-all you have to do is find it.

Edited by Mal O'Ree

HUSTLER CRITICS CRITICIZED: TOO HARD?

no! HUSTLER knows its place-the world's only publications. HUSTLER won't be persuaded to print company is an advertiser. HUSTLER doesn't take the shelves. We are on the side of the consumer, er 700 tapes, which make up the fetid bulk of their entertainment and will continue to support quality



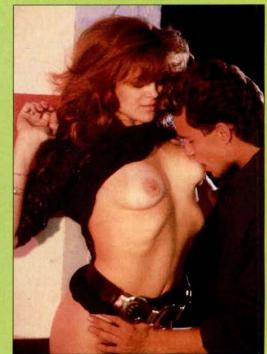
Pink: Study hall for the Big O.

SORORITY PINK

Half Erect. Directed by Amanda Hunter; starring Megan Leigh, Nina Hartley, Porsche Lynn, Bionca, Tianna, Angel Kelly, Barbara Dare, Chrissie Snow, Joey Silvera, John Dough, Britt Morgan, Keisha and Sharon Kane. Videocassette by Cal Vista.

What really goes on in a college sorority house? According to Sorority Pink, it's exactly what we've hoped: lacy dressed, fingerbanging, cunt-slurping nymphs spending more of their time cramming digits and tongues into their pussies than cramming for the big test-more like study hall for the Big O. Sex is all these girls think about, and when they aren't locked up in the house trading twat, they're sliding their juicy, college-educated vaginas up and down greased cock, gasping in gleeful wonder as cum flies through the air. They're an easy invite to any frater-nity bar night. The camerawork is exemplary; *Pink* looks great, but director Hunter's obvious vision of lingering camera angles and slow, easy '70s sensibility that allows time to savor the sex were lost in an editing hatchet job. The result is stroker frustration at what might have been. -Mal O'Ree

Hot chicks and nasty sex make a Class Act.





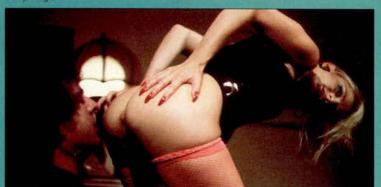
Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Paul Thomas; starring Champagne, Jacqueline, Racquel, Alex Storm, Derek Lane, Eric Price, Randy Spears and Andrew Michaels. Videocassette by Vivid Video.

Like so much of Paul Thomas's work, Class Act has a schizoid edge. One moment it's totally bland and stupid. Then suddenly it explodes a perverse spasm of lewdness. If he can get rid of that "safe" side of his shows, Thomas could very well be the next Alex deRenzy. Act centers around horny English teacher Randy Spears, who, even though his wife is hot piece Alex Storm (a dirty-blond newcomer with an overactive libido), has difficulty resisting the sweet temptations of pupil Champagne (a delicious, big-titted lovely who's at home with a cock between her jiggling love pillows) and the slutty treats offered by the dean's daughter, redheaded Jacqueline (a perfectly shameless tart who knows the easiest way to get an "A"). Jacqueline secures her place in the hearts of pervs everywhere when she looks up at Eric Price and begs for cum on her face, then relishes the shower. The prettiest girl in the show, Racquel, does a sizzling twat rub with Champagne, but she handles no dick. Racquel's body is so hot, she'd only have to lie there and get fucked. Hot chicks and some nasty sex make an impressive show, but Thomas should learn to dirty up the parts in between. -Rusty Knox

THE ADVENTURES OF BUTTMAN

Fully Erect. Directed by John Stagliano; starring Tianna, Sascha Strange, Jamie Gillis, Heather Torrance, Tracey Adams, Tanya deVries, Bionca, Champagne, Randy Spears, Mark deBruin, Rick Daniels and John Stagliano. Videocassette by Evil Angel Video.

Buttman: Jamie Gillis worships at Tianna's consecrated crapper; two offerings to rump religion.





In Buttman, all-purpose prick John Stagliano has triumphed again. This video, with its mesmerizing maximum gluteus camera views; appropriate and brisk story line; compelling and believable acting jobs; sultry, slutty and sensuous slatterns; cum-blasted bottoms and longingly, lovingly kissed butt buds, moves along so quickly and lubriciously that the entranced stroker will not even notice that The Adventures of fills two hours, unless he happens to glance at his watch as he looks down and once again fishes his gland from his freshly wadsopped shorts. From its opening ass-sucking sacrament, with Jamie Gillis kneeling at the altar of Tianna's holy booty and lipping his prayers directly to the center of her consecrated crapper, Buttman is a transcendent onanist's offering to rump religion. Actual rectal reaming is confined to Rick Daniels rooting the dirt chute of Champagne and a host of dildos in dumpers, but Buttman is a derriere fan's best friend.



Few high risers in The Penthouse.



THE PENTHOUSE

Half Erect. Directed by Anthony Spinelli; starring Robert Bullock, Nina Hartley, Tianna, FeFe Bardot, Jon Martin, Joey Silvera and Mike Horner. Videocassette by Plum Productions.

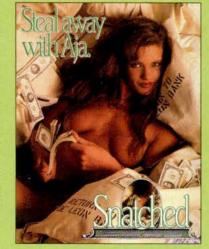
A person can take one of two measures if he finds himself masturbating to a scene of Nina Hartley having sex. He can: A) Close his eyes and pretend he is masturbating to a scene of someone other than Nina, hopefully someone he has seen having sex less than 100 times, or he can: B) Switch the tape and plug into a less familiarly pronged socket. The Penthouse gives a dick-handler with the Hartley dilemma both avenues of recourse. Since the two quick schtup and slop shots on Nina occur near the end, the hard-on in search of a solution can just quit the tape early or rewind it to its first-and onlytwo scenes of note. Feelthy French fuck FeFe starts the screws with an oral and poodle-style wrenching of Mike Horner's meat and is followed up with feeling by the mouth and muff virtuosity of Tianna on the bone of Robert Bullock. The Penthouse offers no further high risers. -Alex Marvel



SNATCHED

Half Erect. Directed by Judy Blue; starring Sascha, Nina DePonca, Aja, Tom Byron, Ray Victory, Joey Silvera and Peter North. Videocassette by Vivid Video.

Vivid is a class company; much of their product is invested with authentic production values, qualities only counterfeited by so many other porn purveyors. Even Vivid's cheap, hurriedly knockout stuff, such as Snatched, comes with exposition at no extra charge, as Joey Silvera and Tom Byron bumble along as nattering private detectives looking for a thread upon which to hang Snatched's story, Luckily, the two hired dicks meet greater success in a more important pursuit: churning the sex slime of dampcrotched smut damsels. Joey struts his shot first, dribbling his



dollops on the belly of cum-greedy slattern Sascha; Byron blasts the second semen salvo, blowing his bone on the buttery buns of creamy crumpet Aja. Peter North has the next detonation, his copious charge triggered up into the face of Nina DePonca and all down her breasts as Aja kisses his ass. Byron takes his second at bat on Sascha's rounded butt, and Ray Victory has the final toss, flinging penis into thrice-injected Sascha. Snatched gets off the launch pad, but it doesn't quite rocket into orbit. —Christian Shapiro

ARIEL KNIGHT ARIEL KNIGHT ARIEL STAR CAST IN ADULT VIDEO



Triangle: Not enough sex.

TRIANGLE

Half Erect. Directed by Paul Thomas; starring Hyapatia Lee, Cheri Taylor, Robert Bullock, Barbara Dare, John Dough, Jacqueline, Sharon Kane, Gene Preston, Nick Random and Bud Lee. Videocassette by Vivid Video.

A TASTE OF ARIEL

Three-Quarters Erect. Starring Ariel Knight, Robert Bullock, Nikki Randall, Peter North, Mike Horner, Tom Byron, Tony Montana, Randy West, Nina Hartley, John Leslie and Laurel Canyon. Videocassette by Pink Video.

Why isn't Ariel Knight in the upper echelons of humpdom? After watching her blister her way through this six-clip compilation of her hottest bushwhackings, you'll wonder why she doesn't get the attention given to lesser ladies of lust. The blond bombshell gets a fast and furious fuck from Peter North and Mike Horner, which is topped off by North plowing her from behind while Horner tit-fucks her. This scorcher is placed back-to-back with Ariel, now as a brunette, getting double dick from Tom Byron and Tony Montana. The kinetic Knight then teams with Nikki Randall to purge Robert Bullock's pole of scuzz. The all-out orgy at the end is multiple meat-mauling at its best. This is one *Taste* worth savoring.

—Sam Lowry

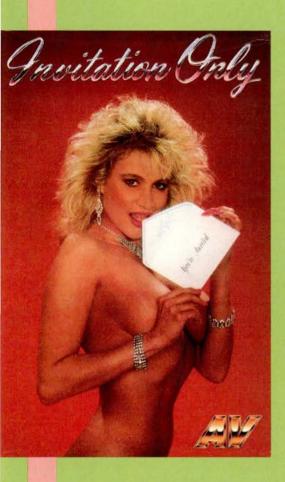
TAMI MONROE



Tami Monroe likes guys to come on her face. She likes it in her hair too. "I just like the release because I feel a release, too, you know." She smiles a cute little pixie smile. "Besides, the protein is good for a girl's skin and better than shampoo for her hair." Tami's preferred method for an organic face-and-hair cream rinse is 69. "That gets me off, gets me off, gets me off," she explains. She squirms in her panties. Tami Monroe is a horny little girl, literally. At 4-10 and less than 90 pounds, she's porn's tiniest spread; it's amazing how much dick she can take inside her. She likes them big. When working at Show World, her partner was a 14-inch dildo. "It was wide too," Tami adds. She squeezes her thighs together. Tami made a few films back East, then headed to California and an exclusive contract with Caballero. Her credits include Coming of Age, Head Lock, Eat My Grits, Swedish Erotica #1 and Good Things Come in Small Packages (pictured).

Triangle follows the relationship of two brothers (Bullock and Dough) as they struggle to handle the pressures life offers them. Although it's as pretentious as it sounds, it's not all bad; there simply isn't enough sex. Nothing is wrong with trying to get porn stars to act—some of them can even do it—but when the women spend more time with their lips wrapped around lines of dialogue than around veiny lines of stiff dicks, you're left with yet another attempt at a "serious" movie by Paul Thomas. Thomas is a fine craftsman and could do well with an after-school special on Channel 7, but most of his X-rated work lacks a sustained level of eroticism. Story can be important to a sexvid, but let's have more fucking, such as Dough impaling wet and wild Hyapatia Lee, on her knees for some slurpy face-fucking; and more redheaded wildcat Jacqueline, a sleek and sassy low-rent spread who knows what to do with that hole. We're after sex; leave the other stuff to the networks.

—Switch Bulger





One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Miss N. Person; starring Bionca, Cheri Taylor, Sharon Mitchell, Jade East, Alise, Randy West and Ron Jeremy. Videocassette by Ambassador Video.

A married couple (Bionca and Randy West) having a friendly game of pool argue about which one fools around the most. The plot, naturally, cuts to their various "episodes." The chemistry between Bionca and Randy is obvious, and, when they finally get down to boning on the pool table, it's a heated match, with Bionca

velping and screaming.

The only real beauty here is Cheri Taylor, a good fuck as well, almost as vibrant and vocal as Bionca. Cheri should be given special praise for her scene with Ron "Porker" Jeremy. Jeremy, with fresh folds of flab and a whole new array of greasy facial expressions, has elevated repulsion to mythical proportions. He hoses down Cheri's silicone globes and Jade East's wiggling ass with his famous sleazed-out detachment as if he's masturbating and the live cunt just happens to be there. As disgusting as it is, that's exactly the kind of fuck-thrill this tape needs more of: unadulterated sleaze, kink and creative nastiness. Unfortunately, -R. K. there isn't much.



One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Eric Edwards; starring Rachel Ryan, Ariel Knight, Peter North, Staci Lords, Jesse Eastern, Alex Storm, Joey Silvera and Ray Victory. Videocassette by Intropics

This world has enough hell already without some marginally talented, former stunt dick tossing in a video representation of his own personal hades vision. The horrors of a biblical hell are open to conjecture; the agony of In the Flesh will be perfectly obvious to anyone who watches. The annoying red suffusion that obscures most of Flesh's fuck action, the wailing and gnashing ululations that serve as a backdrop to much of its sound track, the tawdry black wig and eye



Flesh: To hell with it all

patch that negate so much of Rachel Ryan's sexuality, the stupid black robes that neuter the gang-bangers of a crimson-glowing Staci Lords, the walk-on by directorcum-spurter Eric Edwards, stopping to give commentary at the side of each copulating couple during the closing full-cast orgy-to hell with it all.

This column lists and rates erotic videos and films (F) reviewed in the past issues of HUSTLER and HUSTLER EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE. All titles are available on

Fully Erect

Hershe Highway II Hot Scalding Lust Letters

Three-Quarters Erect

The Chameleon 4-F Dating Service Invisible Girl My Bare Lady Loose Ends VI Leave It to Cleavage, Part II Night Trips **Pretty Peaches 3** Rock 'n' Roll Heaven

Half Erect

Black Cobra Foolish Pleasures Future Lust: A Time to Come Girls Gone Bad Girls of Fur Pi Late Night for Lovers Leave It to Cleavage Legend of Sleepy Hollow Soaked to the Bone Stairway to Heaven Swedish Erotica #1 Wetness for the Prosecution Young Girls in Tight Jeans

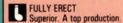
One-Quarter Erect

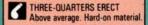
Blazing Nova Bratgirl City of Rage The First of April Getting Off on Broadway To Snatch a Thief What's Love Got to Do With It?

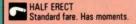
Totally Limp

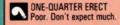
Debbie's Love Spell Girls on Girls Her Every Wish **Hot Numbers** Lingerie Party

RATING GUIDE

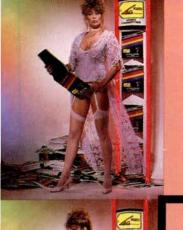




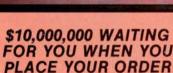


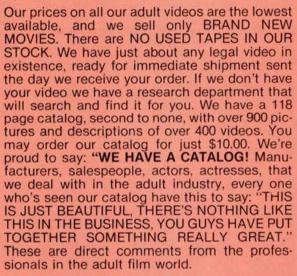


TOTALLY LIMP
A waste of time and money.









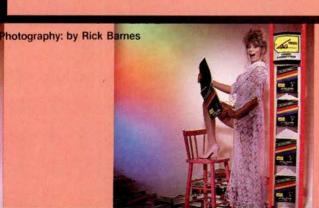
You'll get a FREE update service sent from our office that gives all the information on the latest manufacturer's releases sent to all our catalog holders FREE OF CHARGE. We have a confidential file system and do not give your name to others unless you request that to be done.

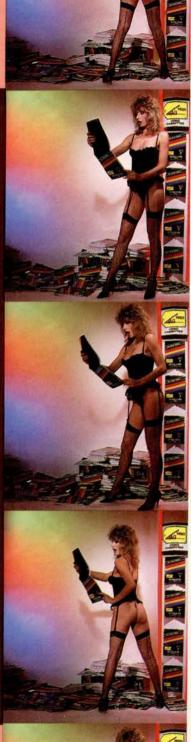
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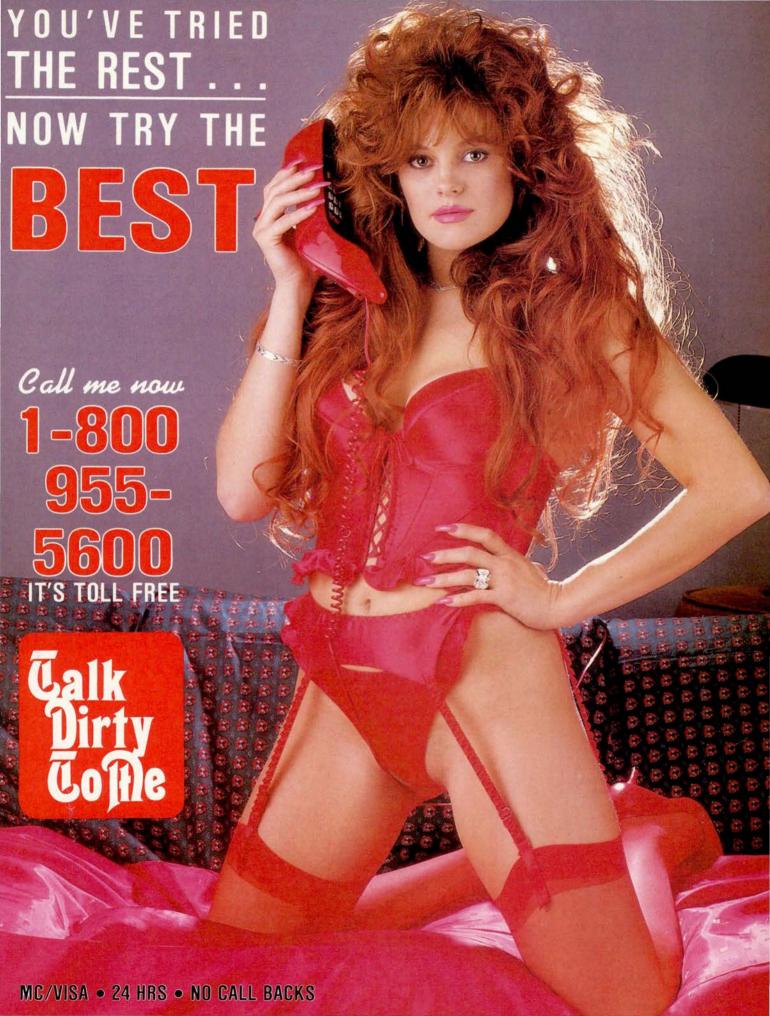
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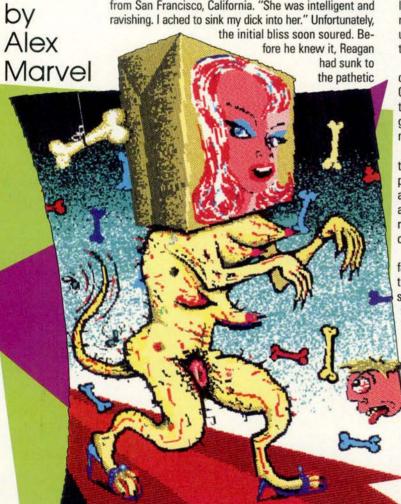
Fear and hypocrisy have repressed sexual awareness, leading to the ignorance that spreads disease and creates violence, in addition to hindering our natural enjoyment of sex. This series opens the door to current sexual knowledge and expression, and improved lovemaking.

DOING THE DOG

SEX AND UGLY CHICKS

eauty isn't everything, except to the bitch who's got it. You see her stalking the aisles of Cartier, stuffing her perfect face at exorbitant cuisineries, tooling her Jag along private-access coastline roads. Never far from her side is the man who's paying for it all. He wakes with a dread of what she will want him to buy her next. His life is a hell of self-abnegation, and how does she reward him? With divorce or palimony proceedings that leave him an emotionally gutted, Chapter 7 eunuch.

Not every man is so fortunate as to have a world-class beauty in his life. "I couldn't believe how perfect Marla was at first," gushes Ronald Reagan, a fine-foods caterer from San Francisco, California. "She was intelligent and ravishing. I ached to sink my dick into her." Unfortunately,



depths of the psychological gelding. "One night she broke a date with me to go off with some smooth-talking Nean-derthal. I tossed in bed while picturing her in his arms. I stared at the phone. Finally it rang, and it was her." The Neanderthal had dumped her at a party.

With the resolve of an abandoned puppy, Reagan drove across town to fetch his beau ideal. He took her to a coffee shop where she made eyes at three other men and, suspiciously, spent 45 minutes in the restroom.

Luckily, it is not necessary to degenerate to castrato level to satisfy a healthy libido. Erotic fulfillment requires only a slight lowering of the lights and a corresponding lowering in standards of feminine pulchritude. Lockerroom braggarts are seldom heard to boast about how ugly their conquests are, but someone must be fucking the homely women of the world.

"I wouldn't say the girls I go after are ugly," prevaricates Edwin Meese, an advertising sales rep from Tustin, California. "They've all got one facet that I can concentrate on when I want to get hard—but they've also all got some sort of flaw." Her precise shortcoming doesn't matter; the important thing is that she be aware of it.

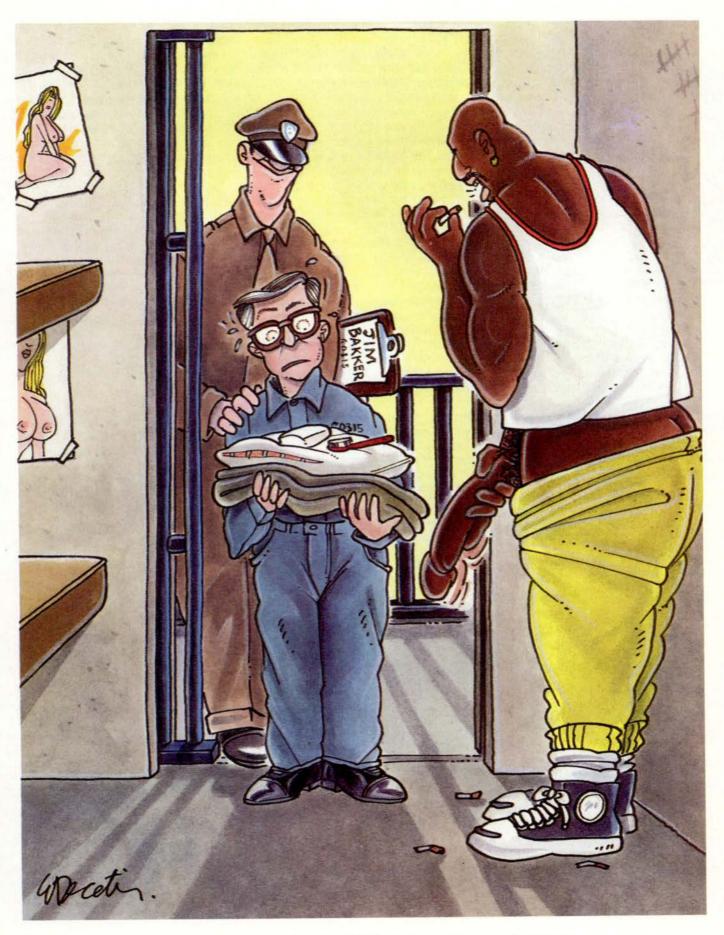
When a woman knows she has a visible imperfection, her attitude toward the pussy-starved male is tempered. Furthermore, a man can use a female's uncomely aspects to his advantage. A lady can hardly pussy-whip a man when he need simply focus upon the wart marring her left cheek and realize that something just as crummy is waiting for him right around any corner.

"I feel safe with a skag," elucidates George Bush, a fast-paced Ohio entrepreneur, "and that's why I screw them exclusively. Even a mousy broad starts thinking she's something special if you bone her enough. That's when the demands start coming. She'll do you like dirt if you can't get up and walk away. I always can; you'll never catch me dating anyone you'd look at twice."

The security of easy disposal is only one of the many advantages of porking candidates for plastic surgery.

"It's the altruistic, giving thing," rhapsodizes George Shultz, owner of a healing-crystal shop in rural Colorado and an aficionado of cosmetically challenged women. "The charity of bestowing one's positive erotic energies upon a woman who is inflicted with a negative carnal chakra is one of the more rewarding experiences to men in the contemporary universe." What the swami is saying is that there's a different perspective of pleasure when a prick feels as if he's doing the chick a favor.

"Gratitude is something I never thought I'd see from a ginch," relates Oliver North, a New York City union official.



"Welcome, Reverend Bakker. I'll be giving all I gots to the PTL!"

"I was always after the babes with show power, but you pay for every bit of that shit. You take a beer out of her icebox; she's gonna charge you

two and a half bucks.



continued

"I stumbled upon the plain-Jane phenomenon at a neighborhood bar on the Lower East Side. I'd been out with this lingerie model who works for my buddies in the garment district. I thought that she liked methen her big, black boyfriend comes home and demands money up front; so I split to go drown my sorrows.

"You know the old saying: 'A few drinks, and any woman

starts looking good.' The one I went home with was an exception. She had scraggly hair, beady eves, a mustache, a bumpy nose-a witch, that's what she was. I knew it, but my lizard needed to get drained.

"After I spilled, I tried to sneak out, I thought she was in the bathroom, but I ran into her out by the door. She was shining my shoes and asked if I needed cab money. I haven't been back, but I do send her my laundry once in a while."

Right up there with gratitude is a substellar squack's sense of indebtedness. They pay a man back-with interest. "I'm not a cheap dude," emphasizes John Poindexter, an apprentice pawnbroker from the South Side of Chicago. "I just

like to get top value for my dollar. Now, I've been out with a lot of girls; some of them you might think you've seen in the fashion magazines. These drop-dead babes are accustomed to having flowers delivered and little 18-karat tokens of esteem; then they'll go out with you...if you buy them something to wear.

"I'd be creaming in my rented suit. I'd pull up in a rented Porsche, take her out for a drink at one of these diamond-and-pearl dives, go on to dinner at Chez Costly, then a show, maybe follow it up at some trendy disco where she can pose and look bored for a bunch of Persian sultans.

"So you get her home, put a smooth move on, and she gets all bent. Acts like you owe her somethina."

Like union official North, Poindexter stumbled upon the ugly-broad bonanza by accident. "The guy I work for, his niece comes into town. He gave me money to show her a fun time—nothing fancy, but neither was she. She wouldn't look at home in a kennel, but she fit in perfectly at Wrigley Field. The Cubbies weren't worth watching that day; so I paid attention to Minette-that's her name. Her biggest defect is a big nose, and if she gets it fixed, she'll be a real bitch. As the innings dragged on, she became more and more interesting. I wondered what that beak would look like burrowing in my pubic hair. I'd been milked of everything except my sperm the night before, and I was ready to fuck a pig, which Minette really wasn't. Maybe a piglet.

"On the trolley back to her motel, she gushes about how much she enjoyed the game and hot dogs and beer. I'd enjoyed plenty of beer myself; so I went in to take a piss at her place and came out to see her on the bed squirming out of her pants. Her eyes were half shut; so I half shut mine, and she looked a lot better. One thing I saw clearly was her clit; it was almost as big as her nose. I chomped down on that nub of gristle, and I got an altered perspective. She humped up enough to pay back everything I'd spent on all those stuck-up sluts-and more.

"I took her out for burgers later, and she let me butt-fuck her.

"The problem is that these women are used to being pumped and dumped. I made one come once, and it was like feeding a stray cat. She was yowling at my door every night for a month."

A man's most sordid fantasies can become filthy realities when he despoils Manufacturer's seconds. "I have a one-tract mind," confesses Alexander Haig, a Boston, Massachusetts, biophysicist, "...that being the urinary tract. My past three girlfriends have taunted me with visions of micturating on their breasts, buttocks and faces. I tried a few times, but I'd always feel silly, and we wouldn't even be able to fuck.

'Recently I got a lab assistant who'd had polio in her youth, and her pelvis and legs were noticeably affected. She wielded a strange fascination over me, and I maneuvered to see her home one night after a research session. We were caught in the rain, and she invited me in to dry off. As we hung our clothes to dry on her shower rod, her legs gave out, and she swayed into my arms. Not surprisingly, she'd been harboring a secret desire for me, which she quickly made known. I responded with fervor, easing her back into the tub and instructing her to manipulate her clitoris for my observation. My bladder had filled and was aching for release. My dream came true as a shower of golden liquid streamed down upon my supine and twisted assistant."

Haig didn't stop at piss. "I've found that the less attractive a woman is, the greater her susceptibility to degradation. I've got one now who's so ugly that I intend to tie her to a Combat Zone motel bed, shave her head, shit on her chest and leave her there with the key in the door."

Once she gets loose, she'll probably call Haig for another date. Reject women, lucky to get any attention at all, know they must overcompensate if they wish to compete with their fairer sisters. "They bend over backward to please you," exults a Detroit, Michigan, parking-lot attendant who wishes to retain his anonymity. "The underdog always tries harder, especially when she's the dog under a fully functioning dude. So what if she's a little homely? Put her to work on your dick and keep your eye on the MTV."

Actually, such a chauvinistic attitude is uncalled for. Just because a girl holds no claim to beauty doesn't mean she's without visual appeal.

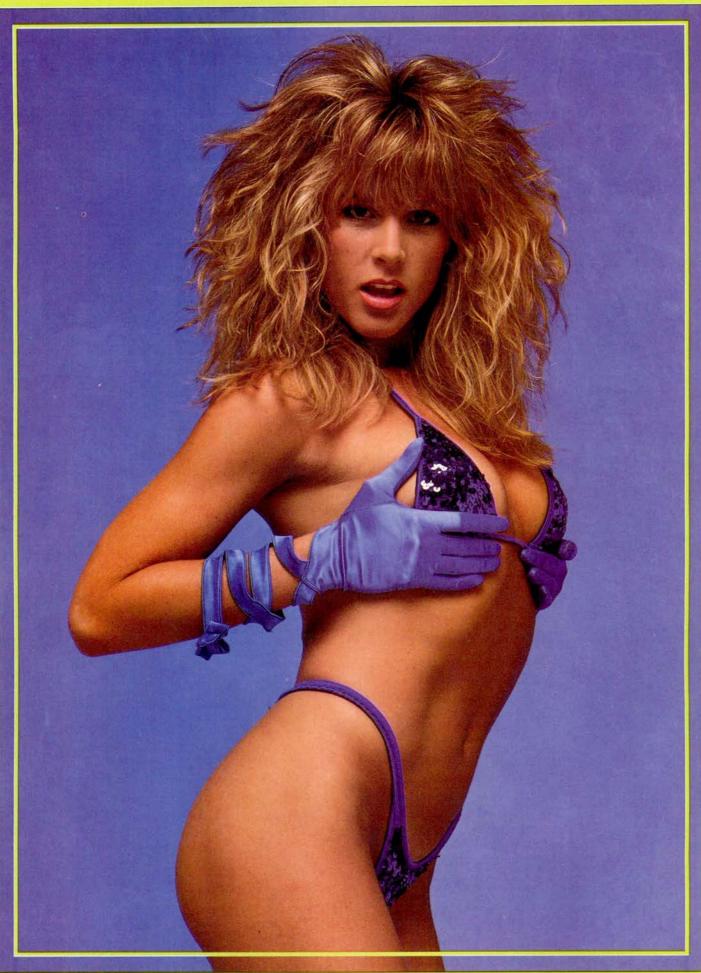
"After all," says Meese, the bowser connoisseur, "they look perfectly natural in a choke chain."



"Why, Mildred!! You shaved your pussy!!!"



"Me no like rude people who no want to hear about Lord Jesus"



Barbara Parc.

NASTY TALK WITH THE "UH-HUH" GIRL

PORN STAR INTERVIEW BY MAL O'REE

When Barbara Dare arrived on the X-rated scene, she brought with her a trademark moan, a pleading chant that signaled orgasm: "Uh-huh, uh-huh," she cried over and over, each time more desperate than the last, ending with a yeah! when she came. Loud and intense, she startled many of her less enthusiastic co-stars and sent tremors through the wrists of strokers everywhere.

"That's me," Dare says. "People used to tell me to be quiet. I'm real...verbal...not verbal, but just into it."

Dare has been into it since 1985, when she was discovered at a Big Apple orgy house; but lately that orgasmic howl hasn't been heard much. In her latest videos, Dare doesn't fuck; she appears solely in pussy-rubbing cameos. She enjoys women, and it's fun to watch her nosh on twat; but there's nothing like seeing this compact bundle—she's only 5-2 and 107 pounds—turn into

HUSTLER Magazine: How did you get involved doing your first film?

BARBARA DARE: Well, I used to go to Plato's Retreat in New York City, a sex club. I met Ron Jeremy, Tiffany Clark and Fred

Lincoln, and they basically said, "You'd be great in X-rated videos," and something about it intrigued me-having sex, making money. So they started flying me out to L.A. from New York, and I started doing a few films. I realized what a good business it could be if I used my brain. **HUSTLER:** Did you see many X-rated films before you started making them? DARE: I used to go to the theater when it was bigger in the theater, and I couldn't take it; I was there ten minutes, and I was so horny. Literally, I couldn't stay there. I would die. Now, I look at it from a professional view, from inside the industry; so it's not as easy to get me going these days.

HUSTLER: Are you jaded?

DARE: Jaded? I guess I'm jaded in the sense that if someone walks in naked or something, I'm not going to look twice. I think the X-rated film business has toughened me up. It's not an easy business to be in because of society, because of being on the road, because of the risks you take; so it takes its toll on

you, but it hasn't made me cynical. I used to be real up and bubbly when I first came into the business. Now, my feet are on the ground, stable, and it's just mellowed me out a bit.

HUSTLER: How do you feel about kinky sex?

DARE: Domination and stuff like that I'm not really into. I'm into slapping.

HUSTLER: Do you like to slap or be slapped?

DARE: I like to be slapped. I'm not really big on beating up peo-

a wailing cum-freak bouncing on a stiff dick. By the time that last uh-huh squeals out of her, it's over—you might as well turn off the VCR because you're a mess.

Dare has appeared in 50 videos, roughly one a month during her career. It's all part of the Dare plan. A college graduate, Dare holds a degree in buying and merchandising from New York's Fashion Institute of Technology. "A lot of people are doing a couple [of videos] a week," Dare says. "I tried to market myself where people would get enough of Barbara Dare, but not too much where they're sick of Barbara Dare."

It could never happen, unless, of course, she continues to do only girl/girl stuff. What's next? Fucking her lover exclusively? To find the answer to this and other questions, Entertainment Editor Mal O'Ree spent a couple of hours drooling, er, interviewing Ms. Dare.

ple. I've done things, especially at Plato's Retreat in my early years. A lot of men there just wanted me to whip them. I had a whip and all that good stuff, but really it was just exploration, nothing major. **HUSTLER:** What is it about being slapped?

DARE: It feels good—pain, but not a lot of pain. Just enough to ouch. You know? HUSTLER: Slapped on your butt or face? DARE: It used to be on my face. It used to be pretty major with a girlfriend of mine. I was 19, and we would just... ah... I can't explain it. Pretty major. But now on my ass and stuff, and sometimes on my face. My boyfriend sometimes does it.

HUSTLER: Are you bisexual?

DARE: Yes.

HUSTLER: You've been only doing girl/girl stuff lately. Are you doing that because of AIDS?

DARE: A lot of people think Barbara Dare's no longer in the business. I never quit the business. I just mellowed out because of AIDS and John Holmes dying. I'm doing a lot more girl/girl stuff than male/female stuff, but I just did a movie called *True Love*, which is a boy/girl film. I'm doing about four or five this year. Anyone I work with is tested. I can't be stupid and have sex every week with people who are having sex with

hundreds of other people. So I'm taking precautions. I've mellowed out a little bit, but Barbara Dare is still around.

HUSTLER: Are you happy with the money you're making?

DARE: Oh, yeah.

HUSTLER: What is your day rate?

DARE: For films, I don't have a day rate. The least I make on a film is \$10,000 because I get royalties.

(continued on page 46)















"I'm thinking about April West. Every time we get together, my feet end up inside her.

HUSTLER: Do you think safe sex can be erotic? DARE: I think any sex can be erotic. I tried to do all my scenes with condoms. I approached Vivid about that, and they said no because they feel, which I also understand, that people want to see their favorite porn stars doing all the things that they can't do or they won't.

HUSTLER: A rather vocal critic once said that nobody wants to see the high-wire act with a net. So that's the chance you take being a porn star? DARE: In this day and age people are very aware of what's happening, and to see a porn star using a condom could be a positive thing. Then I also understand the real kinky people don't want to see a condom being put on: it might turn them off. So it's the chance you take being a porn star. I don't do anal. I don't shoot drugs. We use contraceptive sponges and spermicides now. I'm tested every couple of months.

HUSTLER: Do you have a favorite pair of shoes? What's your shoe size?

DARE: Six and a half. A lot of guys want to know the shoe size. Favorite shoes? Yes, I have a pair of really high black spikes, comefuck-me pumps, which are hot.

HUSTLER: Have you ever had hot foot-sex?

DARE: Yeah, I've gotten into foot-sex. Not in films, but my lover who I've had for over a year, he's major. He loves feet.

HUSTLER: Can I see your foot?

DARE: My foot?

HUSTLER: Red toenails—do you always polish your toenails?

DARE: Yes

HUSTLER: Always red?

DARE: No, whatever color. Red a lot. HUSTLER: Does he massage or bathe them? DARE: Everything. He loves them. HUSTLER: Masturbate with them, on them?

DARE: Yeah, he does. I'm also into putting my feet into women's pussies.

HUSTLER: The big toe?

DARE: Yeah, that's always fun. As I sit here, I'm dreaming about it.

HUSTLER: What are you dreaming?

DARE: I'm thinking about the last movie I did, with April West. She did True Love with me. She's in Sex in Dangerous Places with me and Where the Boys Aren't. Every time we get together, my feet end up inside her. HUSTLER: Did you grow up in New York? DARE: I was born in Texas and raised in New Jersey.

HUSTLER: What do your pals in the old

neighborhood think about what you're doing? DARE: There were people who might have said things, but they're still doing the same thing they've been doing for years; so they have no right to say anything. My good friends are cool. When they ask for autographs and things for other people, it's weird for me because it's like I have two lives. When I'm working, I'm working. When I'm not working, I'm me.

HUSTLER: Are you noticed in public?

DARE: People aren't expecting it. They look and say, "Nah." I was in a video store a couple of months ago, and my lover picked up one of my videos and put it right next to me, and he said to this gentleman who was in the adult section: "Doesn't she look like Barbara Dare?" The guy says, "Yeah, they look a lot alike." People don't think we're human or something.

HUSTLER: If you were a director of an X-rated film, who would you cast and what kind of story

would it be?

DARE: I would cast the old-timers, like Marilyn [Chambers], Annette Haven and Jamie Gillis-people who know what sex is. I came into the business at the end of film-the beginning of video - and it's a drag because what they're concerned about now is their cute little stories and their box covers. The business is getting away from the whole eroticism thing and trying to do takeoffs of things. HUSTLER: Getting away from weirdness? DARE: Yeah, weirdness. That's what I like.

If I were to make a movie, I'd do something very surrealistic-lighting and moods and things like that. That to me is real neat, rather than this yuppie porn they're doing now. HUSTLER: What is your family's reaction to

your career?

DARE: They deal with it. My mom probably deals with it a little bit better than my father. My dad is a Jewish dentist, and his daughter's a porn star; so it's difficult, and I understand that it's difficult. They deal with it. They love me. They're my family. They're there for me. They're not happy about it. They'd rather I was doing something else, which I understand.

HUSTLER: Married to a nice Jewish doctor? DARE: I want my family to accept me and say, "Hey, she's making whatever she's making in a year. She's traveling all over the world." If I was doing something else, making this money, traveling all over the world, people would look up to me.

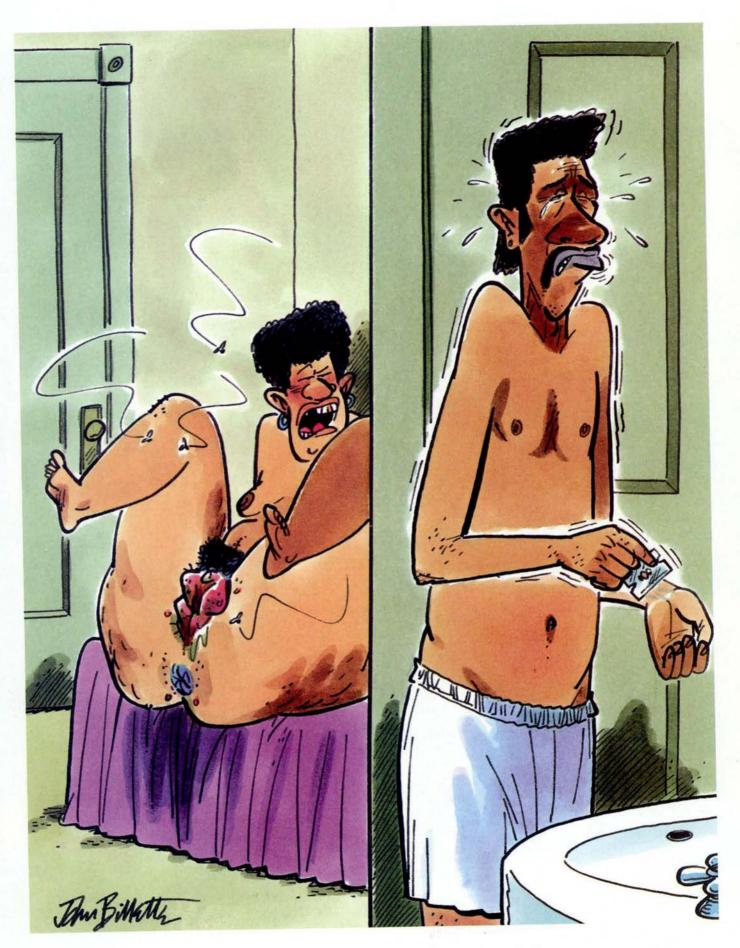
HUSTLER: What do the members of your fan

club get?

DARE: A membership card, an 8×10 color glossy and a 30-minute video-and it's all for \$19.95. The address is: Barbara Dare, P.O. Box 11826, Marina Del Rev, CA 90295. Throughout the year I send newsletters, and there will be posters available, T-shirts, personalized masturbation videos, and I let them know where I'm dancing.

HUSTLER: Personalized masturbation videos? (continued on page 99)





"Quit stalling, Dewayne! You <u>promised</u> to eat my pussy!"





CIA BRAINWASHING

They've served notice that if the CIA wants to fuck with American citizens, it can do so with impunity.

In 1956, 18-year-old Robert Logie was admitted to the psychiatric hospital at McGill University's Allan Memorial Institute in Montreal. He was suffering from a minor arthritic leg ailment which his doctor thought to be psychosomatic.

Within days Logie found himself trapped in a nightmarish treatment program designed to strip away his personality. He was routinely injected with mixtures of LSD, speed and Amytal. He was given powerful electroshock therapy and drugs that made him sleep for 22 hours a day.

"They reduced me to a vegetable," Logie, now 51, recalls. "I tried to escape, but they dragged me back and put me to sleep for 23 days. They played a taperecorded message for me the whole time. All I remember are the four words: 'You killed your mother.'

Logie had fallen victim to one of the myriad CIA-funded brainwashing experiments carried out on unwilling subjects between 1948 and 1973. The Central Intelligence Agency spent \$25 million on over 130 separate research projects at more than 80 universities, hospitals and prisons in the United States and Canada. They ran covert

vet to truly be held accountable.

Although the atrocities were first brought to the attention of the American public during 1977 Senate hearings, the Agency has used every resource at its disposal to thwart full disclosure of the facts. They've deep-sixed almost every record pertaining to their mind-control experiments, and, like Ollie North, they've used the issue of "national security" to undermine a rash of recent lawsuits that would force their secrets into the open.

They've served notice that if the CIA wants to fuck with American citizens, it can do so with impunity. With George Bush, a former CIA director, as President, it's unlikely that the Agency's attitude will change any time soon.

The CIA's preoccupation with druginduced mind control dates back to the celebrated 1949 espionage trial of Joseph Cardinal Mindszenty in Budapest, Hun-

operations here and in Europe in which they dosed unsuspecting bar patrons and johns with LSD. They destroyed the minds and lives of thousands of people. And they have

gary. During the proceedings, Mindszenty

"Your sex-change operation was a failure, but we sold your film rights for two million dollars!"

shocked Western observers by confessing to a succession of political crimes, including espionage and treason.

As Mindszenty gave the testimony, his vacant stare and frequent lapses of memory chilled the hearts of Allied intelligence officers. For years there had been speculation that the Russians had developed a drug that could be used to control men's minds. The Mindszenty confession appeared to confirm their suspicions.

In 1950, the Agency sought to counter the Soviet brainwashing threat with Project Bluebird, which, according to an internal CIA memo from 1952, was described as "the evaluation and development of any method by which we can get information from a person against his will and without his knowledge.

For the next two decades, the CIA poured millions of dollars into research and development. Project Bluebird evolved into Projects Artichoke, MK Ultra, MK Delta and, finally, Often Chickwit. With each code-name change, the Agency broadened its scope until there remained virtually no element of human behavior they weren't trying to control.

A main objective of the program was to develop a way to induce amnesia during brainwashing. The CIA saw such mind control as a very powerful weapon. It would allow them to interrogate enemy agents without the agent or his superiors knowing that he had been compromised. It would also allow them to erase the memories of Allied operatives who were returning from particularly sensitive missions or who were going into retirement.

The Agency determined that the best man to carry out this research was Dr. Ewen Cameron, Logie's doctor at Allan Memorial and Canada's preeminent psychiatrist.

Cameron had been carrying out radical mind-control experiments on unsuspecting patients for years. First, he "depatterned" his subjects-emptying their brains by breaking up existing patterns of behavior. Then, he attempted to reprogram them using a technique he called psychic driving.

During the initial phase of the treatment, patients were so heavily sedated that they slept almost continuously for months at a time. They were given heavy doses of psychoactive drugs in exotic combinations and forced to endure daily electroshock therapy that induced temporary amnesia.

Once he'd turned them into vegetables, Cameron attempted to mold new personalities for his patients by feeding them additional hallucinogens and forcing them to listen to the same tape-recorded message for up to 16 hours a day. To ensure that the subject forgot what had occurred, the taped messages were followed by additional shock treatments.



"...ate it...ate it...haven't seen it...ate it...ate it...."

CIA BRAINWASHING

Admiral Turner attempted to pawn the operation off as simply "a program of experimentation with drugs."

John Marks, author of *The Search for the Manchurian Candidate*—an expose of the MK Ultra project—writes that the initial messages were negative. One woman was reportedly told 150,000 times, "You are a little girl." Afterward, the patient would be fed positive messages designed to make him or her easier to manipulate.

"The work was directly related to brainwashing," Cameron associate Leonard Rubenstein told the *New York Times*. "They [the CIA] had investigated brainwashing among soldiers who had been in Korea. We started to use some [of these same] techniques—instead of using drugs—in an attempt to speed up psychiatric treatment."

Yet, Cameron only managed to destroy the lives of patients suffering from relatively trivial psychological problems who'd

come to him for help.

"I'm so scared," says Janine Huard, 60, of St. Laurent, Quebec. "I have night-mares. I cannot concentrate. I won prizes for writing poetry when I was in school, and now I can't even recognize people if they're in different clothing."

Huard was admitted to the clinic in 1958 for treatment of postpartum depression.

Cameron's staff repeatedly subjected her to electroshock and for seven hours a day played a tape that accused her of being a bad mother. "Life has been terrible. I used to have a lot of friends. Now I can't mix with other people. I became alone," Huard relates.

Velma Orlikow, the now 72-year-old wife of an ex-member of the Canadian Parliament, was sent to Cameron in the fall of 1956—also for treatment of postpartum depression. During her seven-year stay, she was allegedly given LSD 14 times without consent and was forced to listen to abusive tapes for six hours at a time.

As a result, says Mrs. Orlikow, she suffers severe bouts of depression—"black holes." According to her husband, David, "there are times when she can't leave the house for days."

In 1980, nine of Cameron's estimated 100 former patients filed a \$1.5-million lawsuit against the CIA. The court battle raged for more than eight years.

The CIA repeatedly tried to get the case thrown out of court, claiming that "sensitive intelligence sources and methods" from 20 years earlier could be compromised if it went to trial. They refused

ing a regulation that limited public testimony by present or former employees. They forced the plaintiffs' lawyer, Joseph Rauh, to file numerous pretrial motions that took up to two years to resolve.

"The CIA strategy is to stonewall until

"The CIA strategy is to stonewall until I'm no longer able to continue with the case," the 75-year-old civil-liberties attorney contended in 1985. "There's only a limited time left [for me to] practice, and they are stalling for all it's worth."

to allow former operatives to testify, invok-

In October of 1988, the case was finally due to go to trial. Yet, rather than risk disclosure of many still-secret elements of the brainwashing campaign, the CIA chose to settle out of court.

Even then, the Agency got the best of the deal. Although the suit had been refiled at \$9 million, the victims only received \$750,000. Amazingly, it was the largest settlement ever paid out by the CIA.

Perhaps none of the CIA's victims would even have known they'd been guinea pigs if it hadn't been for extensive media coverage of a 1977 Senate investigation into the Agency's covert activities.

The CIA's top brass—including Sidney Gottleib, the mastermind of the MK Ultra brainwashing program—had orchestrated a devious cover-up. Acting on the orders of then CIA Director Richard Helms, who later participated in the Watergate cover-up, Gottleib destroyed all his MK Ultra files. In 1975, during closed-door Senate hearings, he reportedly claimed he was unable to recall many of the details of the covert testing programs.

The facts began to seep out in 1977, when CIA Chief Admiral Stansfield Turner disclosed to a joint hearing of the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence and the Senate Health subcommittee that 5,000 pages of documents pertaining to these projects had been discovered in CIA archives.

Gottleib had neglected to destroy these documents—financial records listing institutions and doctors that were paid and what they were paid for.

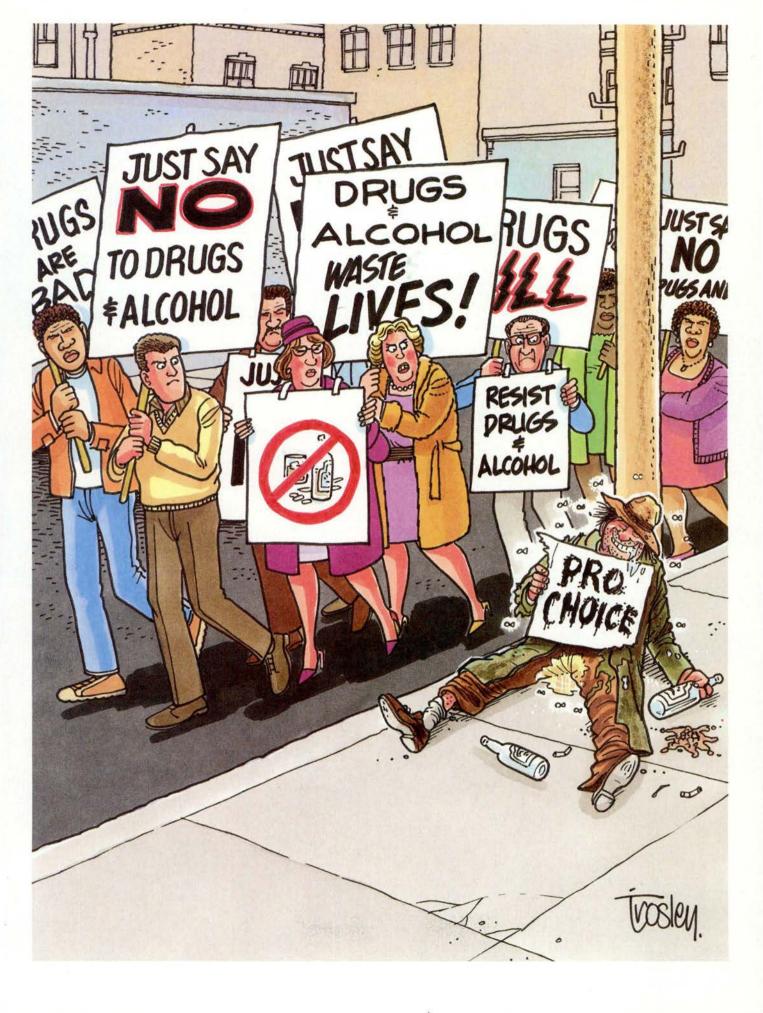
Still the cover-up continued. When the Senate received the material, it had been heavily edited, retaining few clues to the kinds of experiments that had been carried out, where or when they were performed, who participated in them and if they had resulted in any deaths or injuries. Admiral Turner attempted to pawn the operation off as simply "a program of experimentation with drugs." He avoided all mention of electroshock therapy and psychosurgery.

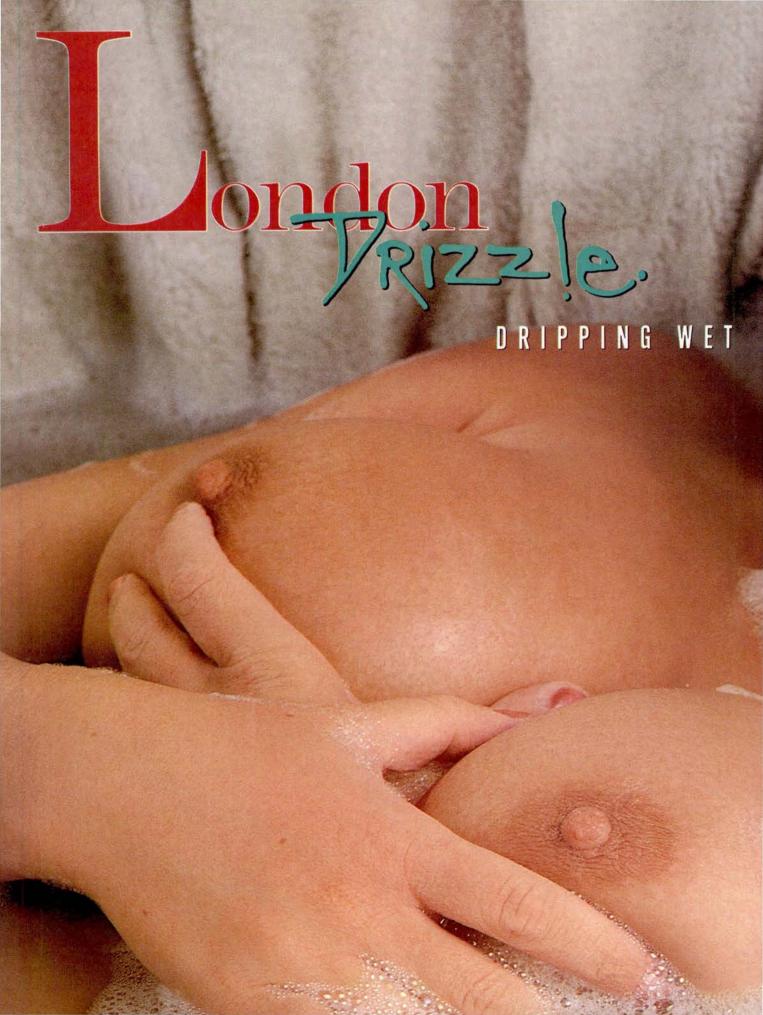
The Agency had used sleight of hand since the project's inception. Much of the research was carried out at prestigious hospitals and universities without the researchers knowing their work was being funded by the CIA.

(continued on page 62)



"The paper bag is optional, honey. I could wear it over my head, or you could puke in it."





















One of the subjects went into a depression that ended when he dove out of his tenth-story hotel window.

"Precautions must be taken not only to protect the operation from enemy forces, but also to conceal these activities from the American public," an early internal CIA memo warned. If not, it added, it "would have serious repercussions in political and diplomatic circles" and signal the end of the program.

Mind-control projects were among the most sensitive operations ever undertaken by the CIA. They had to be. They were in direct violation of the Nuremberg Code of 1947-the first internationally recognized code governing human experimentation. After the Nazi atrocities, it was agreed that medical research on humans should only be conducted on persons who have been informed of the nature and risks of the experiment and who have consented. Ironically, the code was adopted by the U.S. in 1953—the same year the CIA initiated its research into LSD.

The CIA was fascinated by lysergic acid diethylamide (LSD). They thought it might be useful in forcing enemy agents to talk or at least in temporarily putting them out of action. The Agency hoped to develop

some sort of LSD bomb that could be used to disorient mobs of demonstrators or to debilitate enemy foot soldiers.

Being unfamiliar with the drug, they made several key miscalculations. The Agency believed accurate results depended on administering LSD without the subject's knowledge. But they dispensed doses many times the amount needed for maximum effect. As a result, many of their subjects died.

In the fall of 1953, agents dosed a group of unwitting government employees by spiking their after-dinner brandy with LSD. One of the subjects, Dr. Frank Olson, who worked on a top-secret germwarfare project at Fort Detrick, Maryland, went into a subsequent depression that ended when he dove out his tenth-story hotel window in Manhattan.

True to form, the CIA did not tell Olson's family about the LSD cocktail until the incident was disclosed in the press 22 years later. In 1976, his family finally received \$750,000 compensation and an apology from the CIA and President Ford.

Earlier in 1953, in the first experiment sponsored at a civilian facility, Harold Blauer, a professional tennis player, received a fatal injection of a mescaline derivative while undergoing treatment at the New York State Psychiatric Institute in New York City. The drug had secretly been supplied by the U.S. Army Chemical Corps.

Elizabeth Barrett, Harold Blauer's daughter, only began to understand what had happened to her father after she'd tuned in the televised Senate hearings. She subsequently initiated a lawsuit that, ten years later, resulted in a \$702,044 judgment in her favor. Yet, after a decade of fighting the CIA. Barrett's legal fees were so enormous that every penny of the settlement reportedly went to her lawyers.

Of course, in the 1950s the CIA wasn't worried about lawsuits from private citizens, and they weren't about to let a few dead bodies stand in their way. They embarked on Operation Midnight Climax, which ran from 1953 to 1966. Agents in New York and San Francisco dosed unsuspecting disco and bar patrons with LSD. They set up safe houses on both coasts, where male and female prostitutes were paid to lure clients. The johns were served liquor laced with mind-altering drugs while hidden CIA operatives observed, photographed and recorded their reactions on tape.

The Agency wasn't worried about being sued by criminals either. Because of their lack of Constitutional rights, the nation's prison population was one of the CIA's favorite test groups. In fact, it was in a hospital for the criminally insane during the late 1950s that the Agency believed it had finally found the perfect target group: sexual psychopaths.

According to CIA documents, sexual psychopaths had "the kind of motivation for withholding certain information that is comparable to operational interrogation situations in the field." In 1957 the Agency set up a research project at Iona State Hospital in Michigan. They gave LSD to around 140 criminally insane inmates and

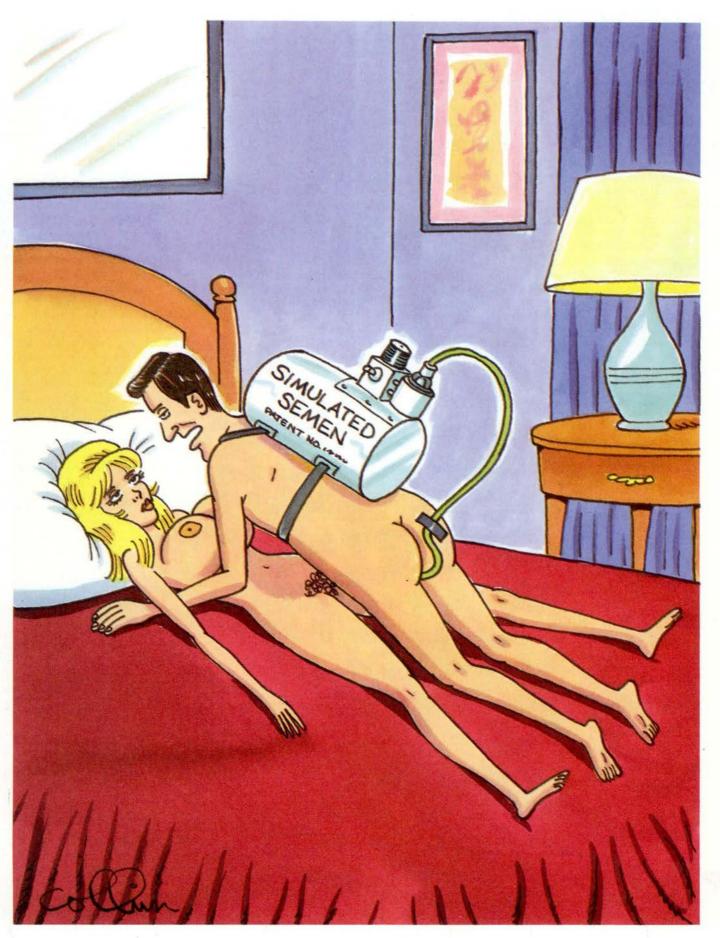
tried to make them talk.

The inmates were given heavy doses of the drug without their knowledge. They were interrogated, given lie-detector tests and made to undergo hypnosis so as to relive their crimes - a portion of the experiment that one doctor found to be "mildly hair-raising."

None of the subjects benefited from the nightmarish experience. In fact, researchers probably did serious damage to some relatively sane minds. At the time of the experiments, there were many inmates at Iona who had yet to even stand trial. Others were later released when the Supreme Court overturned the state's criminal insanity statutes. No one knows if any of these inmates were test subjects.

All records that might include the names of unwitting victims have long since been destroyed or are unavailable for observa-





"I have a confession. I've also been faking orgasms."

CIA BRAINWASHING

The men and women who became CIA guinea pigsdeprived of their freedom and dignity—aren't laughing.

tion. It's quite difficult for any potential litigant to pin anything on the CIA. It's also impossible to identify anyone who happened to be at the wrong bar, in the wrong jail or with the wrong hooker at the wrong timeone who today may need psychological help.

"We believe there are dozens, perhaps hundreds, of victims," says New York attorney Peter Meadow. "We get phone calls regularly.'

Meadow, along with former U.S. Attorney General Ramsey Clark, is representing Stanley Glickman, a promising, young American artist who began to lose his mind just hours after a CIA agent allegedly spiked his drink with LSD in a Paris cafe. Although the incident occurred in the early 1950s, it wasn't until the televised Senate hearings that Glickman, now 60, connected his deteriorating mental state with CIA activities in Europe.

"It was a breakthrough," Meadow explains, "It all came pouring back, Suddenly, he knew why he was crazy."

"It tears my heart out what happened to this man-that the government should behave so callously," says Harvard psychia-

sounds like an LSD experience, which destroyed his life. It makes me so angry; it's difficult to talk about it."

Meadow admits that after a decade, their case is still in discovery. "The CIA has tried to stall for years and years," he says, "with no end in sight."

According to the attorney, anyone who goes up against the CIA in court faces a monumental task. Each bit of classified information-even from 35 years ago-has to be pried out into the open.

"The documents always have massive deletions," he explains. "So, if you're trying to show that your guy was in the hospital in Paris and was given LSD there in some kind of experiment, a document says Mr. Blank was in blank and went to blank." When you then try to get the government to fill in the blanks, Meadow says, "They fight tooth and nail to keep it secret. They claim the name of the foreign country

trist Dr. Lester Grinspoon, an expert on the psychological effects of hallucinogens. "[Glickman was] a brilliant art student full of talent and hope. He went off to Paris, met some Americans in a cafe who insisted on giving him a drink. He had what where they were having activities would jeopardize national security.

"As if no one knew the CIA was acting in Europe in 1952-top secret, right?"

The trial judge makes the final determination as to whether or not the information can be released to the plaintiff's attorney. "He takes it into his chambers and looks at [the unedited document]," says Meadow. "[We] never get to see it. So, you never know if he's just sort of buying what the government says or not. But my prejudice tells me it would take a judge of great courage and integrity to buck the government in one of these cases.

"It's a balancing test between the need for the information versus the government's interest in keeping the information secret," Meadow explains. "And the CIA claims that everything is a secret, even though the stuff has been released in Congressional committees. They'd claim the Civil War is a secret. That's their game."

Compounding the issue is the government's right to give itself immunity from prosecution. For example, members of the armed forces whose lives were destroyed by LSD experiments have absolutely no recourse because of a law that bars soldiers from suing the U.S. Army, even for inten-

tional damages.

The well-publicized case of James Thornwell, an ex-GI who claimed to have been psychologically disabled by the drug, revolved specifically around this issue. When Thornwell was stationed in France in 1961, he was unknowingly given LSD and then interrogated by an Army intelligence unit looking for stolen NATO documents. While on the hallucinogen, he'd been hypnotized, given "truth serum" and subjected to sensory deprivation.

Thornwell had gone 15 years without knowing why his brain was so twisted up. Then, in 1976, the unemployed, former Army clerk received a notice from the government regarding a follow-up study the Surgeon General was performing on members of the military who'd been given LSD.

Thornwell sued for damages, only to have his case thrown out of court. He wouldn't have received a dime if Congress hadn't been persuaded to pass a private bill authorizing the Treasury to pay him \$500,000 compensation.

Could such widespread abuses happen today? "Sure!" says Meadow. "Read Veil, Bob Woodward's book about Casey's CIA. They were doing all that same stuffrelatively speaking.

"But the thing about MK Ultra is that it was a joke. They never accomplished anything. They never got close to finding this notion of the Manchurian Candidate.

The innocent men and women who became CIA guinea pigs-deprived of their freedom, dignity and even life itself-aren't laughing.

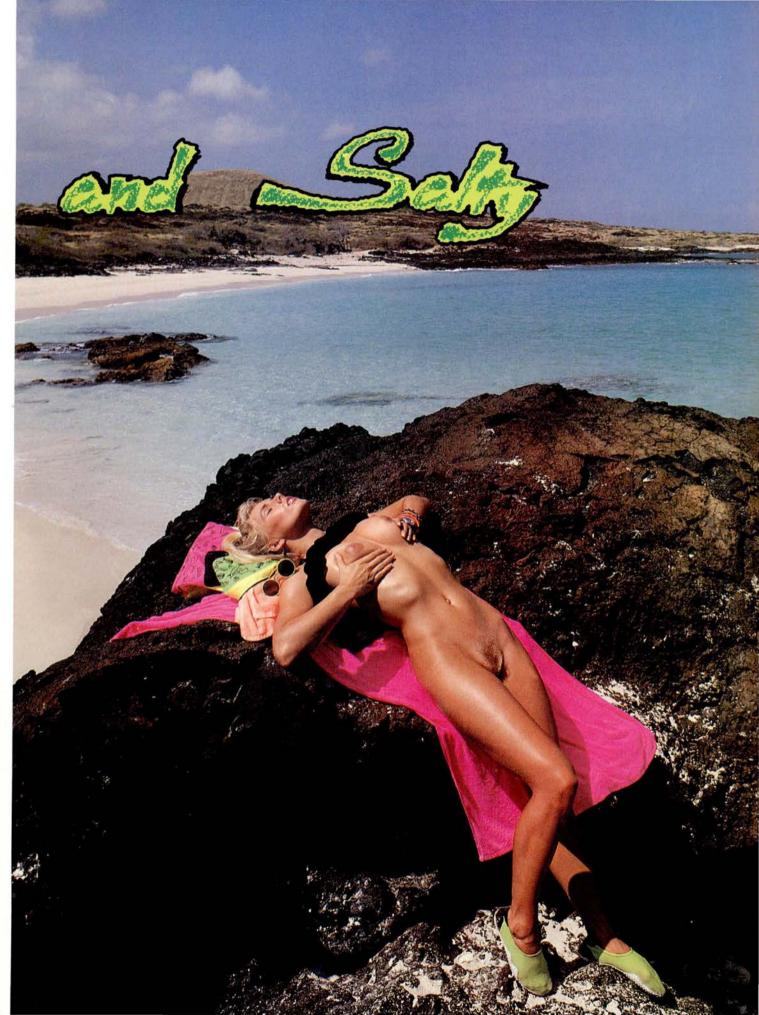


"Oh, you'll love goldfish . . . you stuff 'em in your pussy, and they wiggle until they die.'



"We'll need this resignation in writing too, Henderson!"





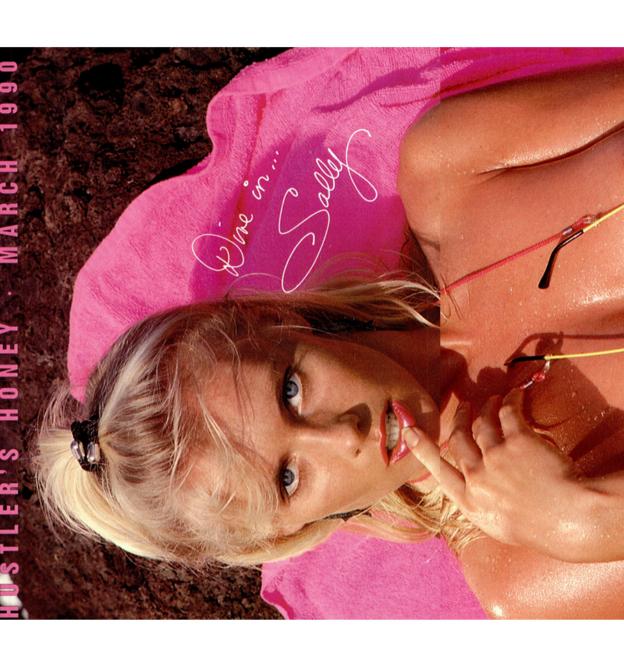


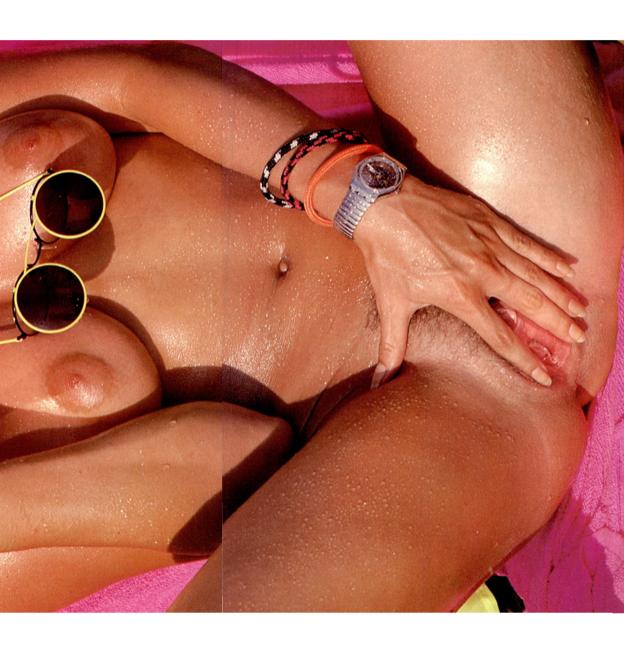






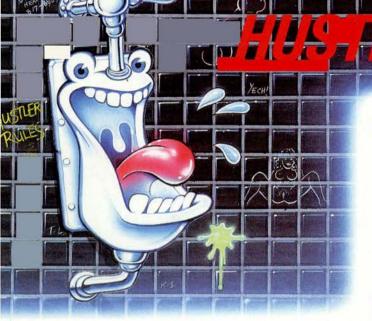












bouncer threw a noisy customer out of the bar four times in a row. Each time, the unwanted drunk staggered back in for more of the same. Finally, a biker who'd been watching it all tapped the bouncer on the shoulder.

"Ya wanna know why that lush keeps comin' back in?" he asked the bouncer. "You're puttin' too much backspin on him, man!"

Responding to an ad in the paper for Bible salesmen, a man arrived for his interview. "I w-w-want to s-s-sell B-B-Bibles," he said. His interviewer was hesitant, but because the man's past sales performance was so good, he hired him.

To everyone's astonishment, within a few months, the fellow's sales were the best in the company. The president called a meeting to congratulate him and to inspire the other salesmen. "Son, tell us your secret for selling so many Bibles," he said.

"It's easy. I just go to the d-d-door and say, 'W-W-Would you like to b-b-buy a B-B-Bible? Or I c-c-could c-c-come in and read it t-t-to you?'"

Question: Now that Jim Bakker is in jail, what does PTL stand for?

Answer: Pass The Lubricant.

Norman and Carl were sipping a glass of wine at the neighborhood bar.

"What's the matter?" asked Norman of his buddy. "You look kind of down."

"My girlfriend just told me that my lovemaking is just like a news bulletin."

"Why's that?"

"Because it's brief, unexpected and usually a disaster."

A couple was necking away like mad in a movie house. The man came in the woman's hand. Not knowing what to do with it, she tossed the cum into the next aisle, where it landed on a man's nose.

The man wiped his nose and turned to his companion. "Do I look like a cunt?" he asked.

"No, why?" answered the companion.

"Because somebody just threw a fuck in my face."

A teenage boy was headed to the drive-in movie with his first date, and in the backseat was his hard-nosed dad, acting as a chaperone for the horny young couple. As he drove, his girlfriend edged over and snuggled up next to him. The kid quickly dropped one hand from the wheel and moved it stealthily underneath her skirt.

Abruptly, his father leaned forward over the seat and said sternly, "Don't you think you should be using both hands, Son?"

"Jeez, Dad," the kid replied. "I gotta steer with one of 'em."

Question: What has 80 legs and an IQ of 100? Answer: The first four rows at a wrestling match.

wo old women were sitting on a bench talking. One asked the other: "How's your husband holding up in bed these days?"

The second old woman replied, "He makes me feel like an exercise bike."

"How's that?"

"He climbs on and starts pumping away, but we never get anywhere."

Question: What's the difference between a woman with PMS and a terrorist?

Answer: You can negotiate with a terrorist.

wo old men, Mr. Klein and Mr. Boyle, met on a bench in Miami. Mr. Klein said, "Boy, I had fun yesterday."

"What did you do?" Mr. Boyle asked.

"I was walking and I met this lady. She's 76; so that makes her two years younger than me. We walked and talked, went to lunch, then we went to my place. There, we sat on the bed, and I sang 'Some Enchanted Evening' to her."

"What then?" Mr. Boyle inquired.

"What then? Why, nothing, that's 'what then.' She went home."

Mr. Boyle grinned. "Did you get her phone number? Maybe I should call her."

Although he was perturbed, Mr. Klein did give the phone number to Boyle. A few days later, they met again. Now Klein began asking questions. "Did you call her?"

"Oh, yeah," answered Boyle.

"Well, what happened?"

"We walked, we talked, we had lunch, we went to my place, we sat down on the bed. I didn't know the words to 'Some Enchanted Evening,' so I fucked her."

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GOD'S GIFT TO WOMEN

The Stud draws the line after drinks. He doesn't have time for dating rituals like dinner or a movie.

Vince Barrio is the Stud's name, a stunt and special effects man in Local 52 of the movie business. At 31, he's been on a 12-year "roll."

The Stud claims to be immune from disease and refuses to wear protection: "The last time I wore a rubber, it ended up in 40 pieces." He further reveals an arrested junior high locker-room attitude when I press as to how he's so sure he doesn't get 'em pregnant: "What? I been fuckin' girls for 20 years," he boasts with annoyance. As if all that experience in itself prevents pregnancy and disease.

While most folks these days don't consider having sex unless they're wearing NASA space suits for rubbers, this guy is bagging more than his share. He is flying against the storm of 1980s abstinence.

As we talk, the Stud's call-waiting device is constantly clicking. These are the frustrated attempts of girls trying to reach him, which Vince demonstrates by clicking one in. Then, he phones a list of women he's bedded down in the past week.

His voice is a haunting reminder of a night in which they slept with a stranger. In a dozen calls, the Stud arranges dates with roommates of girls who aren't home. A secretary will risk being fired to see him that afternoon. A girl with fever will leave her sick bed tonight. Three girls are each assigned to visit a different club that evening—Area, Limelight and the Milk Bar—pick up another female, then come to his apartment at two-hour intervals. Each girl whispers her willingness to sleep with him again.

That Saturday I made the rounds with New York's premier pickup artist. Strike-out kings, read on.

CAFE PACIFICO, 10 p.m.

We rendezvous at Pacifico, a Columbus Avenue cafe which looks like a rejected stage set from A Clockwork Orange.

I spot a dashing couple at the front barstool. The girl is tall, blond, svelte—a cinch for a *Vogue* cover if only she didn't have that slight Quaalude dilation in her eyes. She's percolating next to a gent who appears to be her boyfriend. But then she whines, "Why don't you tell me your name?"

It's the Stud. He's wearing black suede boots, pleated slacks and a T-shirt under a fluffy cockpit jacket that momentarily makes him resemble a St. Bernard pup. He appears like an indeterminable pretty-boy corporate rock star—somebody girls can't quite pinpoint.

We shake hands, and Vince narrates the situation as if the blonde is not present. "I love this chick. Really sweet stuff." The Stud whispers sweet nothings in her ear, to her squealing delight. Then her girlfriend enters the restaurant.

It's the girlfriend's 24th birthday, and they're out to celebrate. "Round of champagne," says Vince, an \$18 pouring for the three of them. The Stud is generous when paying for women's bar tabs but draws the line after drinks. He doesn't have time for dating rituals like dinner or a movie.

"Yeah, I like this chick," he says aloud of the blonde, "but I like her girlfriend better." And voila, the brunet birthday girl, an expensively decked-out lady with profound cleavage, seems slayed by one insincere Vince Barrio smile. The Stud reaches 'round the wall where the bartender unquestioningly allows him to rearrange the mood lighting for the entire bar. In this darkened atmosphere he takes the birthday girl's hands, introduces himself as her birthday present and kisses her. The blond model is miffed, a spurned pout across her once haughty face. I feel like the Invisible Man before both girls. The Stud's girl-mechanic hands travel over the outside of Birthday Girl's body like sonar, taking a reading on what's underneath those Bergdorf threads.

"Let's leave this dump and go to Columbus," demands the Stud to both dames.

"I don't wanna go," whines the rejected blonde, swaying her jewelry to Huey Lewis on the juke. "I wanna dance at the Palladium."

"I don't wanna," sing-songs the Stud in mock imitation. "The Palladium's a dump."

In actuality, the Palladium, Stringfellow's and Nell's have banned Vince from their premises—as pool sharks are banned from pool halls.

Amazingly, Birthday Girl has her hands all over him and pleads with her stubborn friend to follow us guys to Columbus. Suddenly, the Stud decides he's given them both too much of his time and dons his coat. Birthday Girl is deflated. But they exchange phone numbers. She enters his right into her address book in pen. He takes hers on a napkin, which he'll blow his nose with later.

COLUMBUS, 10:45

The way most guys work a bar, Vince explains, reminds him of a moronic stopaction silent film. They flicker around in a circle. Vince centers himself at the middle barstool, where he can track all girls coming through. He sucks them over in twos and threes. "I've got eyes in the back of my head for chicks," he says, surveying the room like a speed reader. "That table's all married; forget the blonde in the corner—she's with a Colombian coke dealer; I already fucked the shit outta that table..."

Columbus Restaurant is this year's





GOD'S GIFT TO WOMEN

"All you women," he announces, "if you didn't own a pussy, you wouldn't have a friend in the world."

celebrity hangout on Columbus Avenue. Its vacuous soul is like that of a mall—there's no hearth, just unadorned windows for celeb gazing. The Stud comes through like a barroom Frankenstein. Ice-breaking one-liners spew out rapid-fire.

"Hey, I like you. What can I do about it?" Bam, one chick at his side. "A woman is a noun. I am a verb." Zap, a second girl takes up position. "I got brand-new bed sheets, never been slept in." Kapow. "Take off your hat, what're you trying to cover up, chemotherapy?" he cracks, grabbing the hat off a passing girl's head. Before you know it, he's got an admiration society. Then he starts asking, "Would you fuck me?" All are dumbfounded, feigning shock, but none say no or slap his face. They are therefore TKOs, any of them ready to leave with the Stud should he so desire. I remain virtually invisible at his side. He even counts the first two at Pacifico as TKOs. "They'll call next week," Vince shrugs. "I'll bang both of 'em."

When Barrio sees a chick he likes, he merely has to "give her one of these." He demonstrates, waving his finger with effortless superiority. This draws the attention of two curious girls. He introduces himself as the "lead singer of Cinderella."

"Yeah, I'm headlining the Garden next week, wanna go?" One of the chicks nervously jots down his phone number, thinking she's scored some heavy-metal clod. "Yeah, gimme a call—I'll be waitin' by the phone *like a dog*."

After several Heinekens, the Stud hiccups obnoxiously into every girl's face at the Columbus meat rack. He intermittently apologizes or snaps at them to "shut up!"

"Whad he say?" demands some guy, joining his girlfriend after a respite in the restroom. "Should I belt him?"

"I hate men," replies the Stud, with a cosmic sigh to the complainant. He leans over in confidence toward two mouseburger girls and out of the side of his mouth says, "I'm so horny. Just gotta get laid. But there's no *good* pussy here tonight, you dig?" He hiccups in their faces.

"Please don't do that in our ears," say the homely girls, unflattered. The Stud gets more obnoxious with each downed beer.

"Would you prefer I do it up your ass? Brrappp. You know, you two remind me of Mutt and Jeff. I won't say who's Mutt."



He continues to challenge girls, making them uneasy by confronting them with imperfections. They respond with interest. As he drinks, he vents more inner rage at womankind. He approaches a group of hardened, out-of-work actresses in their early 30s. They're indignant, having overheard him the past ten minutes. They're onto his game, and they don't approve.

"I'll tell you something, all you women," he announces with histrionic presence. "If you didn't own a pussy, you wouldn't have a friend in the world." After a half-dozen beers, the Stud seems to have slipped. This group doesn't want him. So, he blows his cover and confides to them he's a barroom pickup artist: "I'm God's gift to women, I really am. That's why He put me here—for you and you and you. I live for women. I was born for you. I have a great job in the movies; I work two, three hard days a week. Make lots of money, then come out at night for pussy. If I don't get it here, I go across the street. If I don't get it from you, I'll get it from her. But I'll get it," he shrugs.

Still holding their attention, Vince quiets down to a soulful confession. "Don't analyze me in ten minutes, baby-I got hours." He never had sex as a teenager, he now says, was rejected throughout high school. Then, when he was 19, he fell deeply in love with a girl. They planned to get married. Shortly after, one day, a doctor told him his father had ten months to live. This hit him like a sledgehammer, since his father was closest to him in the world. Thank heavens his girlfriend's father was chief radiologist at New York Hospital; he could provide the saving care Vince's father needed. But on the same day he planned to ask his fiancee for her family's help, she showed up arm in arm with another guy. Vince was dumped on the spot at New York Hospital. "From then on," the Stud recalled, "I decided that I'm the one who'll do the fucking over, not girls.'

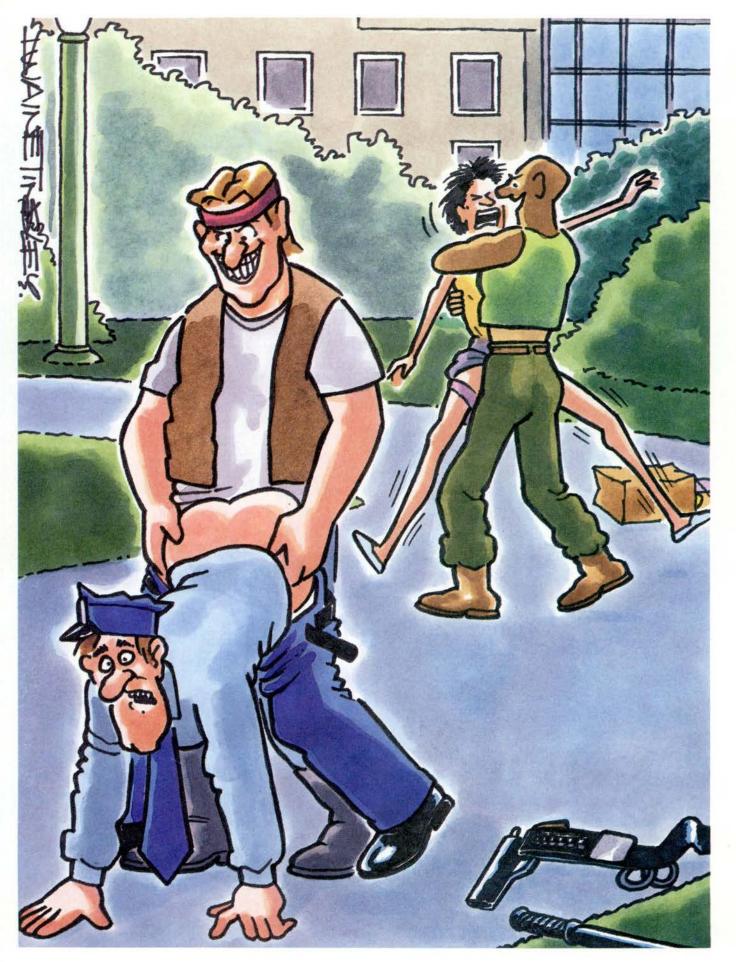
The actresses are moved. They're talking softly with Vince now. Three more TKOs for the Stud. "I'm God's gift to women!" he bellows.

"God's gift to women is a dildo!" screams back some drunk.

"Here, here," toast some hearty male voices at the bar.

Barrio needs some grub before he reaches his second wind. The hostess seems hot for him and gives us a reserved table. This is an exclusive area at night, beyond the meat rack. The table next to us contains four young, high-toned models, strategically placed at Columbus's front window like an advertisement. Some rich Svengali sits with them. At the table in front of them, however, is a big-time beauty with several male escorts. "Point me to whoever you want, and I'll get her," he says, like a hunting dog. I tell him to turn around

(continued on page 92)



"People just got no damn respect for the law anymore!"





















The Stud's routine is so well oiled, he slips and slides women through these seats like a Detroit assembly line.

for the first true ten of the evening. This knockout will become his target for tonight, he decides.

The moment the Svengali goes to the john, the Stud reaches over and taps a model on the shoulder. She's a black-haired nymph with a cute, upturned nose job and pyramid tits.

"What's your name?"

"Courtney."

"Hi, Courtney. Joe Perry," says the Stud, with a sturdy handshake. For the rest of the evening, he'll pose as a member of Aerosmith. "Say, Courtney," he continues, waving her closer in confidence. "Who's that?"

'Why, that's Carol Alt," says Courtney, surprised he doesn't recognize her. Carol has a natural, outdoorsy look, without much makeup. She's wearing something like riding pants, as if she just stepped in from an afternoon of British polo. An elaborate fur is draped around her chair, and she's seated with three males. She's one of the world's five top models, yet she doesn't look so self-consciously modelly as the girls behind her.

"Look how bored she is," comments the Stud with great concern. He's heard of this

perennial Sports Illustrated bathing-suit queen and veteran of 500 magazine covers. He can tell she goes to bed before one o'clock from her clear complexion. "Got to work fast."

Carol starts table hopping. She stops by Mike Tyson's table, and he rises to kiss her cheek, looking prettier than a GQ cover after his three-round KO over Trevor Berbick. She schmoozes with the owners of Columbus. Then she stops at Courtney's table. Warren Beatty takes a table and sits there innocently, not bothering anybody, "Look at him, he can't even get laid anymore," says the Stud. Neither can a member of the heavymetal band Kiss, striking out left and right.

The Stud fidgets over the time the young models are spending with his target. "These chicks are gonna fuck it up for me. They're all like monkeys together." The supermodel returns to her table and slips on her fur. All the minor models at Courtney's table put on their fur coats. "Like monkeys," he repeats, making his move.

Barrio sits right down at Carol Alt's table, introducing himself as the lead guitarist of Aerosmith, about to leave to play with Gino Vanelli and headline the Garden next

month. He blurts out a few lines from "Walk This Way" with a high cackle. Tells her he took lessons from the guitar player in the Tonight Show orchestra as a kid. She says she was about to call it an evening at midnight. The Stud brings her back to our table, offering his last forkful of chicken pot pie.

'No, really, I'm just having one scotch to-

night," she says.

"A scotch in Carol Alt's perfect bod?" he gasps, incredulously. She's sweet, innocent and unsuspecting. One of her chaperones is a bulky ex-Hell's Angel and Vietnam vet, keeping an eye on her. The Stud says how much he would enjoy dancing with her at the China Club. Alt agrees to meet him there.

CHINA CLUB, half-past midnight

Barrio claims to have "lost his pass" to the China Club box office marm. He flashes his Ultrabrite smile and bullshits past the entrance charge.

It is a matter of honor that the Stud never pays the stiff entrance to clubs. Stringfellow's, for example, is the type of joint that considers it utterly uncool to admit people from New Jersey. The last straw occurred when Vince allegedly showed up with a former Miss America, her sister and an Elite model. "Just because you're with three gorgeous girls, you think you can come in for free?" sneered the manager. "That'll be a hundred bucks." The cops ended up hustling Barrio into a squad car and taking him to another club.

Now at the crowded China Club, Barrio has bigger fish to fry. The Stud grabs a reserved table in a cordoned-off side area. Perplexingly, girls flock around-something I now take for granted.

A tall blonde hugs him, saving, "Hev,

how're va?"

Vince leans to me, whispering, "Never saw her in my life." This one's an ex-Playboy Club bunny from the defunct New York branch. He plays it as if he remembers her and even insults her for gaining weight. Her girlfriend eagerly takes a seat on the Stud's right. A third female sits at the table, vving for Vince's attention. She also claims to know him. Reminds him that he fucked her six months ago, a memorable night. "Sorry," he shrugs, "I guess it wasn't so memorable to me."

The Stud's routine is so well oiled, he slips and slides women through these seats like a Detroit assembly line. As the big blonde vacates her chair, the Stud simultaneously reaches over to an adjacent table, clutching the hand of a dark-haired stranger who's conversing with some fellow. She takes his hand while continuing her talk. Neither have even made eve contact. But then she sort of slithers into the vacant seat within seconds of the blonde's departure. An average-looking girl, she's overwhelmed by this groovy guy grabbing her hand. She

(continued on page 95)



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GOD'S GIFT TO WOMEN (continued from page 92)

"I don't wanna fuck you anymore," he says, like he's dealing with total shit. She doesn't believe her ears.

didn't even see the sucker. She must have responded to some primal musk.

"What's your name?" she asks.
"Does it matter?" The Stud isn't interested in names or occupations; he couldn't care less about sentimental dolls that girls keep by their pillows or cooking tips.

"What exactly do you do?" asks the en-

chanted girl.

"Does it matter? I thought you recognized me. . . . Do you wanna fuck me?"

The girl's face closes in until they meet mouth to mouth. She's a goner; you can see stars around her head.

"Your place or mine?" he whispers. She practically comes. She then explains she visits the China Club often. If she's seen walking out with him, it will be assumed she's going to bed with him. If the door bouncers witness this more than once, they'll think she's a slut. Therefore, they should exit separately and meet by the corner pay phone. As she runs her hands through his hair, the Stud's eyes fix on some foxy thing in the aisle, and he excuses himself for a minute.

"You seem to have landed him," I suggest. "I know," she smiles, primping in her

pocketbook mirror. "But who is he? "All I can say is a lot of girls have been after him. Haven't seen him take one yet."

"Oh, yeah?" she glows, confident of her

"Will you go to his place or yours?" "Oh, I'll go to his," she decides.

"What do you see in him? You've only known him five minutes."

"I love long hair. I want to run my hands through his hair all night. You know, I didn't really feel sexy tonight. But he brought it out in me. He's very oral, and so am I," she sighs,

eyes widening, as though I'm not even there. "Are you ready?" she asks the Stud upon his return.

The Stud is intently staring off in the distance, whale-watching for Carol Alt. She repeats herself. He gazes beyond, giving her the silent treatment. She looks at her watch, lights up a cigarette, confused, not yet hip to the game. The Stud turns to me and blurts, "I ain't gonna fuck that," hitching his thumb at her. She tugs his sleeve. He swats away her hand like a fly.

"Hey, what's going on?" she demands.

"I don't wanna fuck you anymore," he says, sour-faced, like he's dealing with total shit. She doesn't believe her ears. "I don't wanna fuck you anymore," he repeats. "Get lost."

"What?" After it sinks in, she puts her hands on her hips. "Kind of brutal, huh?"

But Vince's not even paying attention, spotting his big-time prey at the entrance. The rejected girl mumbles incoherently; she can't quite bring herself to accept the humiliation and leave.

"Look-" says the Stud, with sympathetic compromise in his voice. "You still wanna fuck me, you have to go pick up another girl to come along. One better-looking than vourself.

"Your friend is sick," the wounded girl tells me. Her willing moment is gone and ruined, and I wonder whether she'll ever allow herself to get picked up in five minutes again.

"Sorry," I apologize, "he gets a little carried away."

The Stud sees Alt and follows her to a prime table. He's back to being a pure gentleman. He's also past his feeding time-by now he could have been home and back for seconds. Alt is clearly in charge of her table. The Stud and I are invited to take seats.

"Are we mixing in London or L.A.?" Mr. Aerosmith asks.

"Whichever city will let you in," I say, cringing and trying to change the subject.

The Stud guides the supermodel onto the China Club dance floor, where they appear like royalty. They get along famously, doubled up with laughter after four dances. She even requests "Walk This Way" from the deejay. But then the covergirl reveals she is happily married to hockey star Ron Greschner of the New York Rangers. The Stud trudges back to our table. "Something's wrong with the way she feels," he whispers to me. "She doesn't have as great a body as I thought. If she was available, I would have had her already. . . . There's not a woman on this earth I can't pick up when I'm hot as a pistol."

The Stud's code of honor professes to respect newlyweds or women in love with other men. And so, the Stud disappears into the horizon to divide and conquer new female territory. He leaves me with the supermodel.

God's gift to women reappears ten minutes later to take his last shot. He tugs on Alt's elbow like a child trying to get a grown-up's attention. But she doesn't respond. Nevertheless, he's lined up a pair of sisters, two barroom Doublemint Twins in their early 20s. They look like two dumb little lambs being led off to slaughter. He'll give them their thrill of the year, then show them the door after he comes. A time-honored fantasy of men, the Doublemint Twins are what the Stud settles for. Though when you have your eyes set on Carol Alt, quintuplets would be a settlement.

Maybe he'll hit the Milk Bar before 4 a.m. for another score. Carol, meanwhile, has rejected him. But she engages me in an awfully friendly conversation, and it's the first time tonight I don't feel invisible....



"Admit it, Hardy-you're the Enema Bandit, aren't you?!"

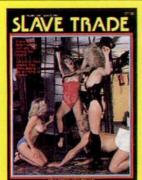
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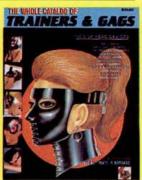


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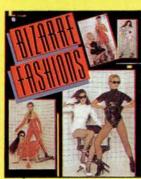












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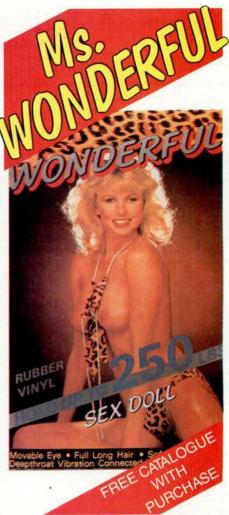
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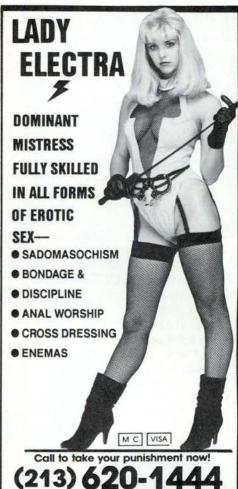
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"I put the chair in front of the window, and I put my come-fuck-me pumps on. And we did it."

DARE: Yes. I think that's going to be a hot one. It's me masturbating to the camera—to the person—and I can pop in their name or something and say, "Hi, Jim" or "Hi, whatever." And this way, you guys can do your thing and look right at me, and I'm looking right at you.

HUSTLER: You like the idea of strangersmillions of people you'll never see—jacking off

to you?

DARE: I think it's great. That gets me hot when I'm in front of the camera-thinking of the guys jerking off. People say to me, "You don't know how many times I've jerked off to you." I say, "That's great; that's why I'm here."

HUSTLER: Are you getting horny talking about all this?

DARE: Can you see me? I'm moving around. HUSTLER: Do you think about marriage and having kids?

DARE: Yes, but I couldn't have babies right now because I'm dancing; once I have a baby, there goes my body. Definitely, I want to have a baby and get married and all that. HUSTLER: Do you have a favorite position in which you like to masturbate, such as lying on your stomach or on your back?

DARE: I like doggy-style. I just like sticking my ass up in the air. I used to lie on my back and take a pillow. I would think that the pillow was someone. When I was young. I was like 15, 14. Then I started pulling out my stuffed animals. Then my Tickle bottle. HUSTLER: What's a Tickle bottle? Is that just a name you gave it?

DARE: No, it's a deodorant bottle. Tickle deodorant. I would go through my room and use anything I could find. Now I like doggy because I probably feel it the most when it's coming in from behind.

HUSTLER: Have you had public sex, but not

in front of the camera?

DARE: The other night. Not really public, but my boyfriend and I...um. We have a big window on the third floor. I put the chair in front of the window, and I put my come-fuck-me pumps on. And we did it. I was leaning over the chair, and I did it just because I figure someone was watching. HUSTLER: Is that all you had on-the comefuck-me pumps?

DARE: Just the pumps. Standing in front of the window because I wanted to be seen.

HUSTLER: Are those stiletto?

DARE: Yeah, and they have metal tips.

"Oh, Reggie, you is so sensitive! Look, you be crying!"

HUSTLER: Would you let me see your pussy? DARE: No. Ha, ha. Good try.

HUSTLER: Have you orgasmed much making your videos?

DARE: I try. The guys get to; so why can't I? A lot of people fake it. I don't fake it. If you see me coming on screen, I'm coming. If I don't come, that means I didn't come. I close my eyes and think about the guys watching me and think about the guys who are filming it, and that turns me on.

HUSTLER: What's the best cum-shot you've seen or caused?

DARE: I'd say Peter North, but everyone says Peter North. In Hanna Does Her Sisters, he came, and the camera crew jumped back because he shot so much all over me. People think it's not really him or that they edited it, but that's him.

HUSTLER: What's your favorite sex game? DARE: I like doing it in strange places, like elevators.

HUSTLER: So you've done it in an elevator? DARE: In the elevator. In the laundry room. We were apartment hunting, and in every apartment we went to, we did it. I like doing it in different places. I like when I'm on the road and need a woman. I was in San Francisco, and I met this woman, who was also a dancer, and we had this major attraction. We went to her car. She opened up her glove compartment, and she had lube in there. I said, "Oh, my God." And we did it. I really like spontaneous things. It's erotic for that five or ten minutes, and that's it. Nothing that has to be major and drawn out.

HUSTLER: Describe the way you like your pussy touched, kissed and sucked. Very detailed, please. DARE: I bet you want it detailed.

HUSTLER: Maybe you like to sit in a chair with your legs draped over the arms and be eaten that way?

DARE: I've never. . . that's good. I like being teased and licked around it. Some people go immediately for the clit or the hole. I like the outer parts being touched and licked. I like each lip to be sucked, tenderly.

HUSTLER: That's four of them-inner and outer or just the inner?

DARE: All of them. And between the crevices with your tongue and around the clitoral area, and when you dart in and out of the hole. I like being purposely teased. I don't like anything automatic; yet, having my legs draped over a chair. . . . To have my legs spread anywhere is fine.

HUSTLER: Say something nasty.

DARE: I'm horny, and I want to have sex right now.

HUSTLER: Me too.

DARE: I know you do. This interview got me going, which is good because hopefully it will get other people going.

HUSTLER: My professional ethics keep me from doing anything. If you really wanted to have sex right now, I'd have to say no.

DARE: I know you would. I figured that. Is there a lock on the door?

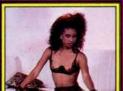
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Photo by Husband



Twenty-two-year-old Angie of Durham, North Carolina, is a married student. Her hobbies are sunbathing, swimming and waterskiing. Although she probably spends all winter curled up beside him, her fantasy is to make love with her lucky husband on a deserted island beach.



Twenty-one-year-old Anji is an artist from Abilene, Texas. Her hobbies include drawing and writing poetry, and her fantasy is to be part of a live sex show. Sounds like poetry in motion!

BERUER HUM

Photo by Husband



Debi is a 35-year-old laborer from Watertown, South Dakota, whose hobbies are riding motorcycles and partying. Her fantasy is to have a threesome with her husband and another man. C'mon, Debi, can't you think of anything hotter than that? You look like you could handle anything!

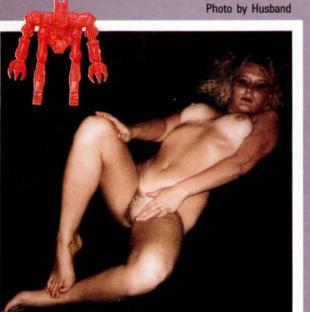
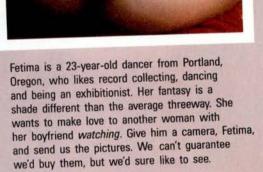


Photo by Friend

Twenty-four-year-old Sammy Joe is a dental assistant and meet people. Her fantasy is to have sex with her threeways, Beavs? Doesn't anyone want to fuck a flagpole or suck off the meter man?

Twenty-one-year-old Sunny from Mobile, Alabama, enjoys boating, exotic dancing and watching football. She says the wildest sex she's ever had was fucking her husband on the front porch in a lawn chair. Her fantasy is to fuck two gorgeous men on a tropical island while someone puts it all on film.



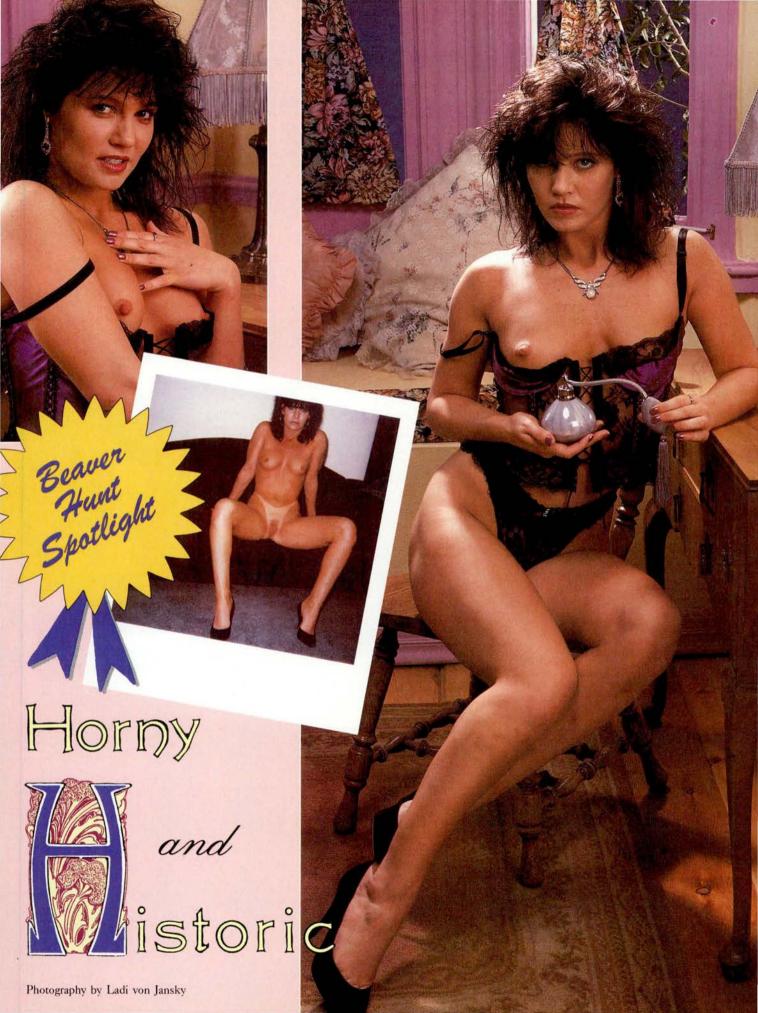








Sly, 37, is a part-time private investigator from New Haven County, Connecticut. When she isn't peeping into keyholes, she likes to design T-shirts, exercise on the Nautilus and go clothes shopping. Her fantasy is to get it on with her husband and her masseuse, who we hope is a one-legged dwarf scopophiliac. Now that's kinky!



















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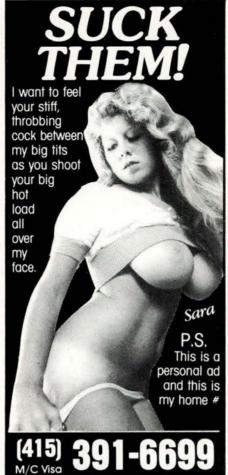
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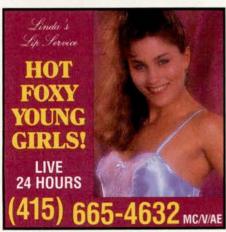


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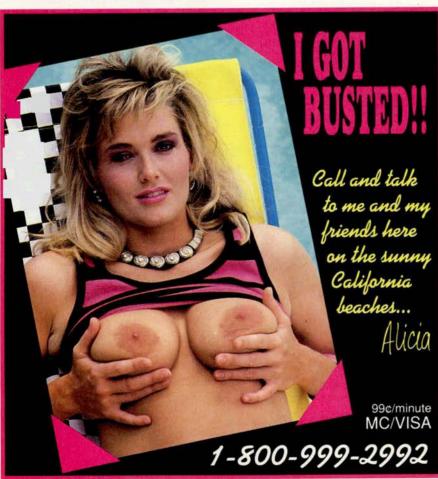
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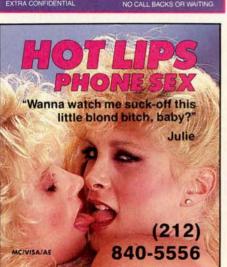
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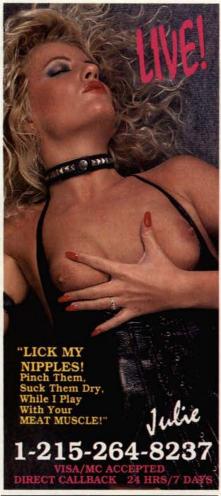
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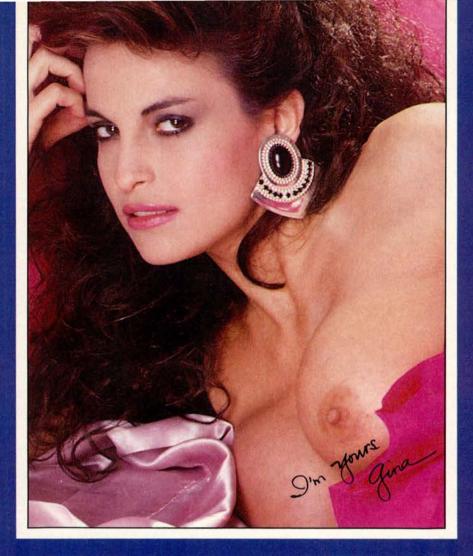














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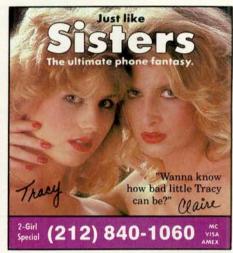
















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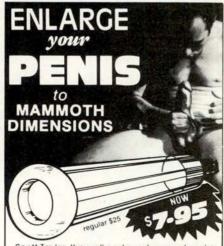
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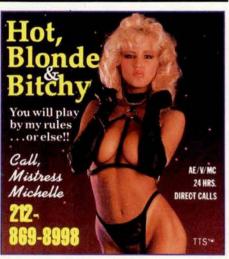
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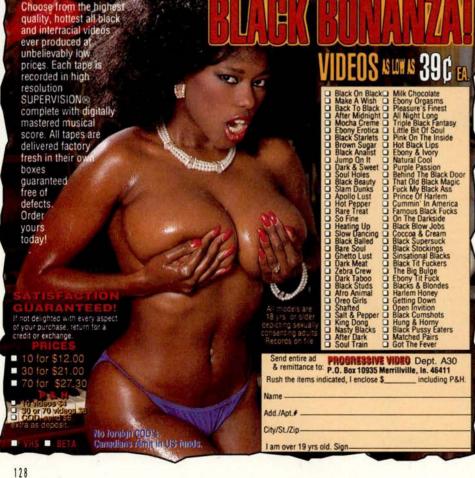
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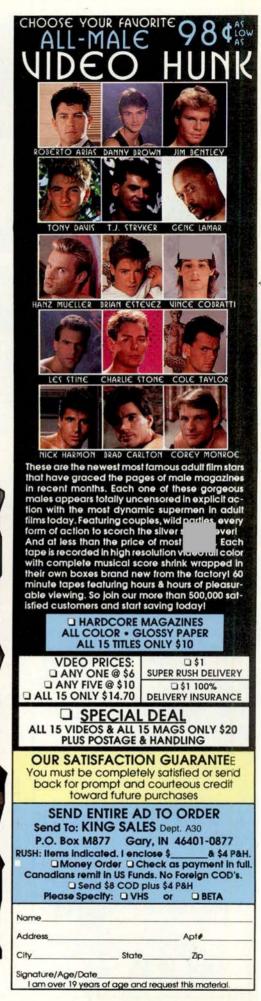
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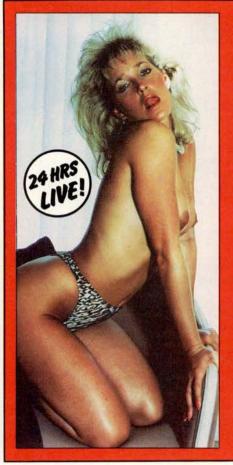


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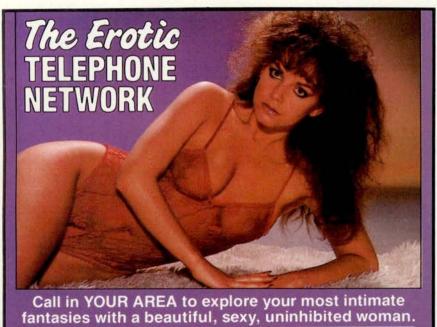
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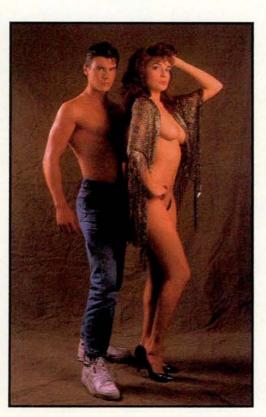
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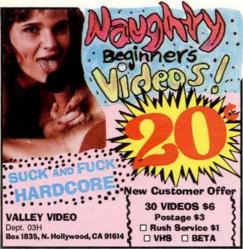
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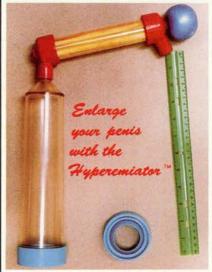
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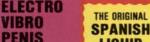




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NEXT MONTH IN

HUSTLER

April HUSTLER on sale February 20, 1990



AMBER SUCKS APRIL DRY

April's HUSTLER pokes deep into the skin-mine for glistening nuggets of cum-draining pink. Crowning it all is the golden head—and tail—of legendary cocksucker Amber Lynn, who does more with a pair of red-leather heels than any centerfold in the history of HUSTLER. Vying with Amber for the upper jerk-off hand, dueling hot-vent Tori Welles and fresh-faced Sabre lock cunts in the raunchiest beach fuck ever. A big-titted French sex instructress demonstrates why black fishnet stockings look so good beside a bare, open gash. For raunch hands, a sunbaked cowgirl comes up against the grit and grime of the wild, wild West with spurs, jodhpurs and a thick, blond muff—and yes, there is a horse in the picture.



Butt-stuffing queers and needle-crazed junkies aren't the only ones dying of AIDS. HUSTLER presents photos of newborn babies afflicted with the modern-day plague—shocking evidence of a horrifying reality that the U.S. mass media doesn't dare expose. These tiny victims can't even talk yet, but they tell more about this fucking sorry mess than 1,000 so-called activists.



Sex-freak muckraker Adam Parfrey brings in the lowdown—that's *low* down—on the kinkiest shit in the world today. *Weird Sex Cults* is a mindblowing tour of intractable perversion. Meet diaper fetishists, clitoridectomy doctors, feces-eating horn dogs, corpse-fucking nymphomaniacs, child rapers and more. Be warned—it's hard-core.



Ever hear of a loving father pouring kerosene on his six-year-old boy and lighting a match? It sounds like sick B-movie terror, except it really happened. Writer B. Gordon Wheeler's sickening scoop on paternal abuse, *Killer Dads*, is a true-life horror story that should have us all looking out for the kids on the block.

HUSTLER SPRINGS INTO ACTION

Male prostitute Alex Coltrane tells about a night of illicit massage in April's Sex Play, "I Hawked My Cock on Geraldo"; Bits & Pieces busts a gut in its quest for the funniest pages anywhere; Hot Letters comes crammed with lascivious licentiousness; expanded Beaver Hunt keeps us jacking to the girls next door; and Planet of the Amber Lynns explores a world where no one can hear you cream. April showers don't come any hotter than in next month's HUSTLER.









