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volume 16 number 11

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HUSTLER MAY 1990 VOLUME 16 NUMBER 11

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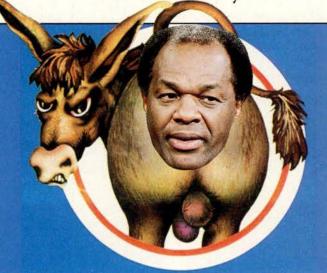
ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

Prejudice is a terrible thing to waste. Why hate a man for his profession, arrogance or squandered IQ when besieged District of Columbia Mayor and freshly appointed Asshole of the Month Marion Barry is available? If Barry is any indication, our negative judgments should be reserved for lying, two-faced, murderously negligent junkie scum.

Nobody likes a doper in the neighborhood. Property values, the quality of existence and expected life spans all plummet when narco fiends move in. No wonder our country is wasting in a morass of dope sickness. A pipe-sucking crack face has been in charge at the nation's capitol.

"I'd never knowingly do anything illegal," swore Marion Barry. "I'm not lying!" he cried. "Here, see my eyes; they ain't hiding no lies." Perhaps the only observer truly surprised by the mayor's bust for crack use was Marion Barry himself. The primary symptom of chemical dependence is the sufferer's inability to see through his own smoke screen.

Other classic symptoms include paranoia and delusions of grandeur, both of which Barry exhibits relentlessly. Claiming alternately to be the Marion Barry



victim of a politically motivated plot and to be invincible, Barry often seems to be two kooks in one.

Marion Barry was not always a jiving, shucking minstrel. In the '60s, as a dashikiswaddled symbol of hope and determination, Barry was the first national chairman of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee. He later cofounded Pride Inc., a multimillion-dollar youth-training program.

During his first term as mayor of D.C., Marion was credited with resurrecting the downtown area and greatly relieving unemployment, but that was eight years ago. In the meantime, 11 city officials, including an ex-wife, have been convicted of financial crimes involving the city. Barry described the prosecutions as attempts to "lynch black people another way."

Aside from cynical and bigoted manipulation of racism, Barry has been cited for everything from corruption to consorting with convicted dope pushers. But Washington, D.C.'s crowning glory during the reign of Marion Barry was to shoot past Detroit, Michigan, as murder capital of the United States. The vast majority of Washington slavings are crack related.

Barry was quick to point out that the city was still safe for tourists. "For the most part, the targeted killings and drug activities take place in a small section of our city," poohpoohed Barry to the National Press Club. In other words: It's just niggers killing niggers; so come on down and enjoy our fair city's cherry blossoms.

Homicide is the leading cause of death among American black males between the ages of 15 and 34. Of D.C.'s 1988 murder victims, 90% were black. Can a mayor compulsively chasing crack be expected to devote his efforts to lowering the death toll? Is this negligence anything short of manslaughter?

If Marion Barry were a paler shade of Asshole, black activists would accuse him of collaborating in a genocide program against African American males. As things stand, Barry is a victim of racist persecution, not a man responsible for destroying himself and the promise of a strong and proud people.

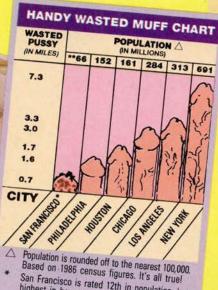
Put that in your pipe, Marion, and stuff it up your drug-butt Asshole.

FARTS IN THE WIND

Dr. Stephen David Herman: An Orange County, California, medico, Herman has been arrested by the Medical Board of California for peddling a fake AIDS cure that has been linked to one death and two serious injuries. Preying upon a desperate, doomed caste who won't be around long enough to sue for malpractice is the practice of a true Asshole.

Donald Kainrad: Mayor of Ravenna, Ohio, HUSTLER MAY Kainrad sends bullying letters to convenience stores, warning of dire consequences of selling magazines such as HUSTLER. Kainrad's epistles, sent on official city stationery, are sprinkled with biblical exhortations. "They have stretched the meaning of the Constitution," whines Kainrad, who has trouble separating church and state. We can separate him from the world of non-Assholes. Charles Wesley Turner Jr.: A grandstanding obstetrician, Turner used forceps to hasten the birth of Myra Kristine Palmer at the Covenant Birthing Center in Anaheim, California. Turner then rushed the child to the Melodyland Christian Center, 150 feet away, in an attempt to have the baby broadcast as the first spawn of the '90s on the *Praise the Lord* show. Turner missed getting television exposure, but he arrives nonetheless as an Asshole.

true 3



San Francisco is rated 12th in population, but * * Wasted Hershee Highway.

Miles Since the average man's penis is six inches and the maximum vaginal capacity is 12 inches, every unassisted fuck wastes six inches of perfectly good snatchway. This handy chart lists the top five cities in the U.S. by population and notes the miles of wasted pussy.

TOP-NOTCH TITILLA ION

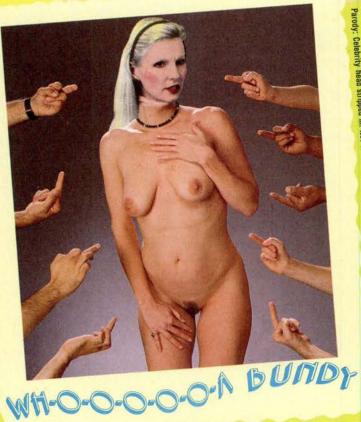
If you're a fan of Melissa Mounds, Bunny Jo Tyler, Suzie Boobies, **Busty Belle or any** of the other classy striptease artists who take it off all across North America, you won't want to miss **HUSTLER's** first EXOTIC DANCERS SPECIAL. With dazzling layouts of these burlesque superstars (plus Beverlee



Hills, Tanya, the lithe Candice O'Neil and a whole lot more), this collector's edition is sure to be a big hit. It's available at newsstands for \$4.95, or order direct from Flynt Subscription Company, Inc., P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, CA 90067. (Please add \$1 postage and handling per copy.)



To say we're damn proud of the fact that rock's greatest crooners number HUSTLER among their fave mags is an understatement. In fact, when we caught up with Aerosmith's Steven Tyler backstage on the band's current soldout tour of America in support of their killer new LP, Pump (love the title too!), we discovered something fascinating. "HUSTLER is the rocker's road bible," he told us with a grin, "It gets ya through those long, lonely nights," Hap-



Terry Rakolta is a Bloomfield Hills, Michigan, housewife who used Gestapo-like tactics to bully advertisers into trying to get TV show Married. ... With Children off the air. Her bid to garner media attention toward her own sour mug failed to convince Married fans to tune out. This postcard is a message for Terry that most Americans wish they could deliver personally.

Perception.

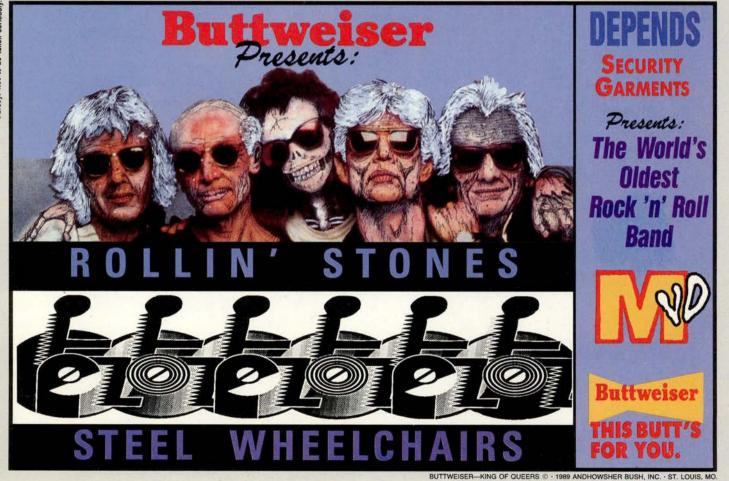






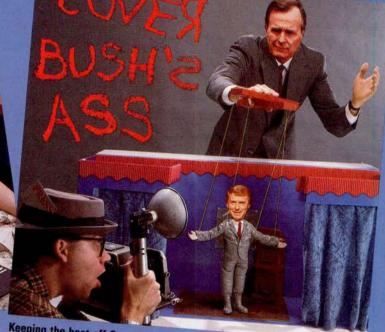
For a new generation of *Rocking Stool*[®] readers, it isn't necessary to tell them the truth about the rock 'n' roll dream. They know it's full of absolute shit. If you're looking for a highly uneducated, gullible audience for your advertising message, you'll find plenty of suckers reading *Rocking Stool*[®].



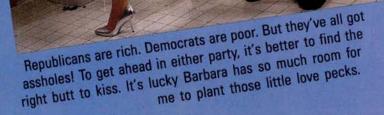


AM SOITIOG

With your narrator, ^{the cutest guy on} Capitol Hill—Dan Quayle!



I'm rich! Why should I know how to read? I make my wife Marilyn do it. Lots of copy with big words just puts me to sleep. You try reading with no pictures! Keeping the heat off George is the fun part of the job. I get to go on trips and be interviewed by the press. It's neat the way they think everything you say is real important. Watch out, though—a real dumb quote can get you in trouble. I've made the mistake a few times myself.



My favorite movie is Ferris Bueller's Day Off, and I like to think I model myself after Ferris. When the going gets tough, the tough go golfing, and that's where you're likely to find me when a report is due! Here's a tip: Keep the press at a distance during R'n'R trips. If they get too close, they can tell you're cheating.

WOMEN. CAN'T LIVE WITH EM. BUT YOU CAN SHOOT EM.

Marc Lepine of Montreal, Canada, recommends:

Nazi

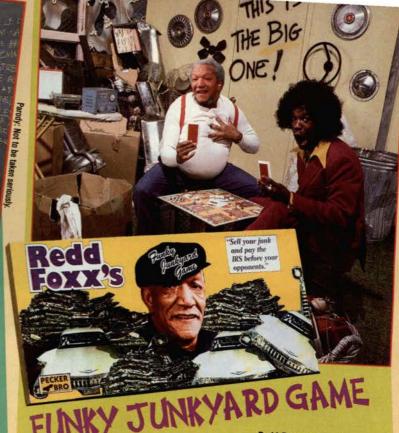
How does Mom send off the little skinhead for a rough day of burning crosses and spewing racial epithets? She feeds him a healthy bowl of Nazi-Os, of course! With toast and juice, Nazi-Os is part of a complete breakdast that gives him all the energy he needs for roughing up inferior cretins.

"When I go huntin' feminists, firepower is important to me. That's why I carry a .223 Ruger rifle. I pegged 14 of them Feminazis in less time than it takes to bring down a squirrel. When you're going for quantity, remember – firepower counts!" Paid for by the Committee to Get Small Arms Into the Hands of the Criminally Insane.

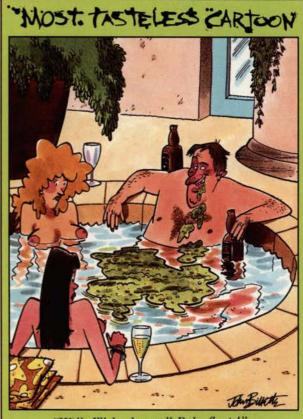
WHITLES BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS

Nazi-Os

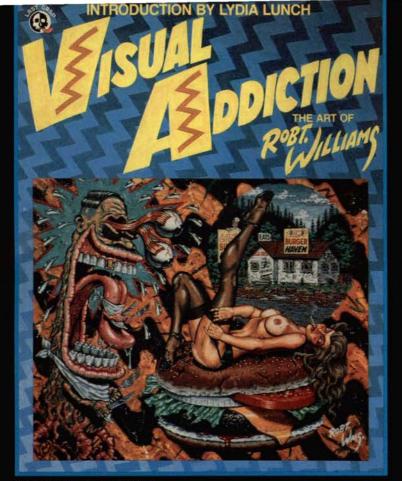
The Racist's CHOICE



Redd Foxx needs a few quick bucks—like a couple of million—fast. The IRS left him nothing but a mattress to sleep on, and they're coming back for more. Recreate Redd's rush to dodge the Feds by playing his tax-free board game. "Sell dis deductible junk and buy some goddamn time," urges Redd in the handy handwritten instruction book. "Land on a fucked-up Audit Square and lose your motherfucking Sanford and Son residuals. Don't cash de fucking chips until the government makes you, and remember, a sweetboy Eddie Murphy Bailout Card wins another roll of de motherfucking dice!"



"Well, I'll be damned! Puke floats!"





ATTRACTION TO ANOMALY

QUEST FOR CHOLESTEROL

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Robert Williams serves up a mishmash of pop culture in his paintings that's guaranteed to blow your minds. Sex, art, food and politics are easily digestible when mixed all together in eye-popping full color. With 60 reproductions and an introduction by cheesecake loudmouth Lydia Lunch, this book is more than worth the meager sum it costs to own it. *Visual Addiction: The Art of Robert Williams* is available for \$19.95 from Last Gasp, 2180 Bryant Street, San Francisco, California 94110.



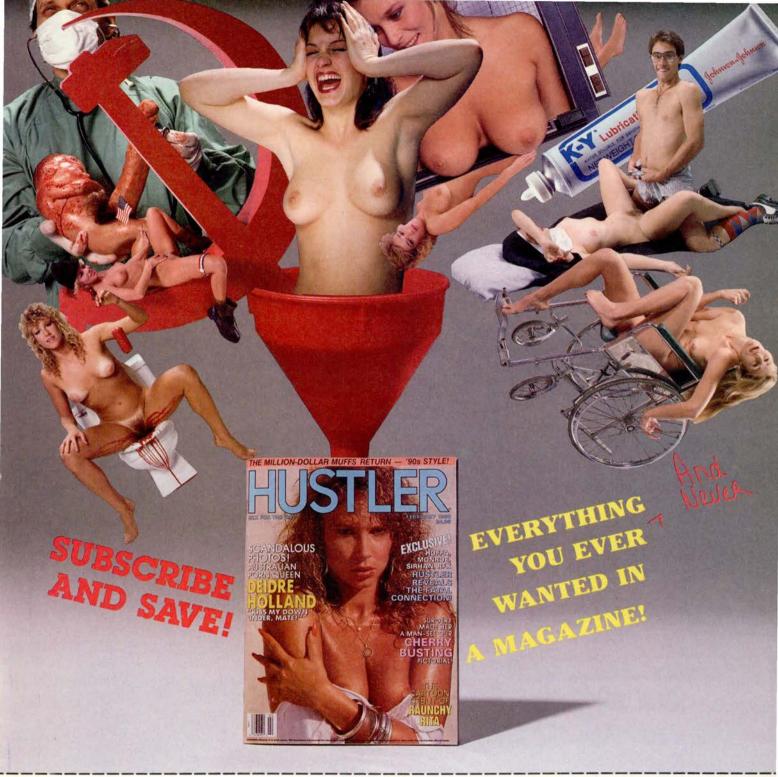
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Michael Keaton is a

smart guy. He would never knowingly stick his bat bone into the same muff that housed such pricks as those of Ron Jeremy, Jerry Butler, Dick Rambone, Peter North, Rick Savage and big, black porn star Field Marshall Bradley. Little did Keaton know that his alleged girlfriend of two years, Serina, was making a living in the porn biz. Serina

Robinson, whose secret identities include Rachel Ryan and Penny Morgan among others, also made some dough posing for HUSTLER. Well, you read about the scandal in the National Enquirer, but here's the stuff they couldn't show you.

DRUG TESTS STILL & MENACE WET PICTORIA TWO GIRLS

ARBARA BUSH'S SPERATE FIGHT **VE HER EYESIGHT**

Exciting 1990s! Your Horoscope for the Next 10 Years

To the

I DIDNT KNOW SHE WAS

PORN STAR !!!

SHE WAS SO TIGHT! TIGHTER THAN

KIM BASINGER

Oprah Saves Her Drug-Addict Sister's Life After Tearful Plea From 14-Year-Old Niece

Nina Hartley teaches her the lesbo ropes in Sex Vision. for th

.

Ċ

Dick Rambone prepares to enter the bat cave.

> Serina goes for men in black and black men, as she proves wholeheartedly in Licorice Twists (VCA).

I CAN HAWDLY WART OL' BLACK DICK UP YO' ASS, BITCH!

> Keaton may have been dating a porn star, but you can't say she was lazy. What a busy gir Where did she find all this time to show us her bat pink?

Holy split beaver, Batman!

- Cine Melean

to

American Beauties



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And they're in your area Right Now

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SHE MALE SHE-IT

I have just read the February 1990 issue. Your magazine has gone downhill. I have been out of the country for the past year, and I had not seen a copy of HUSTLER during that time. What is all this she-male shit? (I Love a Woman With a Cock: Busting a Sex-Change Cherry, February '90.) I do not want to see people who are confused about their genders. That makes me sick! I am a heterosexual male who enjoys seeing straight people having heterosexual sex. I also obviously enjoy seeing naked females and a lot of pink. Two females together is a beautiful artistic expression, and I can get into looking at that. But freaks of nature with tits and dicks or pussies and hairy chests are disgusting and make me want to puke. I'm switching to Penthouse. -A.B.

Panama City, Florida

Penthouse, huh? You really set your standards high.

And I thought Annie Sprinkle was unsightly.... Les Nichols, the she-male in your February '90 issue, is downright repulsive. I see a strange irony in this. I have always considered HUSTLER to be a general-interest magazine that is willing to get into some odd subjects now and then in an attempt to please its readers. I certainly appreciate this. But this time you blew it! No, not because Nichols and Sprinkle are in that issue, but because an attractive (at least nonrepulsive) she-male isn't. I'm not into she-males (in any sense), but you had a chance to turn me on. Instead, you almost made me puke. What's happened to your sense of smut? -J.K. Tampa, Florida

Think we're stupid? We know what's disgusting.

THIS IS DISGUSTING

My husband really enjoys HUSTLER Magazine. I like it too. In your magazine there is a flair for the unusual. My story, which is true, goes like this: My grandfather is a full-blooded Ecuadorian Indian. He is a descendant of the Incas. One day he decided to kill and cook my pet guinea pigs. In Ecuador, baked guinea pigs are considered a delicacy. I said, "Okay, Abuelito (which means Grandpa), I'll help you kill them." We got a hammer and gave them a blow behind their heads. Then we peeled off their furs in very hot water. He cut the animals in the stomach and removed their entrails. Next, Grandpa basted the guinea pigs in a mixture of oil, garlic, anatto seeds and pepper. We preheated the oven, and in about 20 minutes our tasty delicacy was done. My mother, aunt and cousins



I Love a Woman With a Cock

dined on this feast. I tried to give some to my father (who's Anglo), but he said, "Get that damned thing away from me!" Our dogs feasted on the guinea pigs' heads. Their eyes are white when they're baked. Guinea pig meat tastes like a cross between chicken and pork. Bon appetit! -G.M. Eagle Rock, California

EVEN MORE DISGUSTING

Loved looking at "Chillin' Chillun" (Bits & Pieces, February '90). Please send me all the fetus photos you have. They do exquisitely erotic things to me. A girlfriend I knocked up had a 29-week abortion about two years ago, but she was unable to keep the fetus, which was the plan we hoped for. Some law. It got creamed in the abortion ovens, which is beautiful, but we could have painted it, put it as our star on a Christmas tree and made love looking at it. We're kinky but artistic, and we try to be truly erotic. I assume with all the erotic and wealthy girls, procuring embryo fetus babies is easy. What an erotic gold mine! Tell Mama she knows what she's doing, popping her fetus into the oven. To think-instead of having turkey for dinner, I could have been invited over to her place! I would have climaxed to see how Mom's meal looked on the table. Please keep fetuses in your magazine. They're winners. -R.I.

Los Angeles, California

All we can say is that it warms our hearts to know how many HUSTLER readers out there

EXPLODE WITH ENERGY



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enjoy the magazine, but sometimes we'd rather hear complaints.

A NEED FOR ANNETTE

Congratulations to a magazine that has the foresight to do an article on Annette Haven (*A Piece of Class*, January '90). To me, she is the most photogenic person in the porn business. For years I was wondering why no other magazines would search in their archives and uncover her. Thanks again. Just a few brief lines to say I love your magazine, especially your cartoons. Now answer one question. When you do your layout for *Beaver Hunt*, what do the little toys (handcuffs, trucks, etc.) signify?

-J.I., the Bagel Man Long Island, New York

Those little toys are refrigerator magnets nothing more, nothing less. Food and sex are the staples of life. Many readers think their sex lives will improve if they send HUSTLER Magazine a refrigerator magnet.

I've contemplated writing your magazine for years now. I was reading about Annette Haven, and I recalled that the first adult movie I ever saw starred Annette. Sex is not bad or dirty, and reading about Ms. Haven saying it's only sick people who think that brought out my own feelings on the subject. I want to thank you for your magazine and your effort to keep the public informed. I remain an avid HUSTLER reader and will do anything in my power to keep our First Amendment rights intact. -M. D. Gaylord, Michigan

TWO CENTS' WORTH

I was happy to see the return of the Million Dollar Muffs ("Million Dollar Muffs Strike Again," February '90). I was disappointed that all during the 1980s, two of my favorite celebrities, Farrah Fawcett and Jaclyn Smith, never took you up on your offer to show your readers their sexy cunts for a million bucks. How about making one more offer to Farrah and Jaclyn? It would be a peeper's delight to see both Fawcett and Smith totally nude, spreading their legs wide open to give us fans a lusty look at their lickable pussies. It's about time they drop their panties and put on a real show! -D.M.

Fort Lauderdale, Florida

Farrah, Jaclyn. Call us.

Holy Moses! HUSTLER is going to make 1990 the Year of the Bowser. Instead of your February choices (which in my estimation would be worth a box of dog biscuits), try Diane Sawyer, Debbie Thomas, Christie Hefner (to hell with Hef's wife; I've seen *her* before!), Christie Brinkley, Princess Di, Leslie Stahl, Linda Gray and Mary Hart. Now

there	are	some	ladies	worth	money.
Rosea	nne	Jesus!		-	-C.R.M.
		Burr	sville	North	Carolina

What makes you think Roseanne doesn't like dog biscuits?

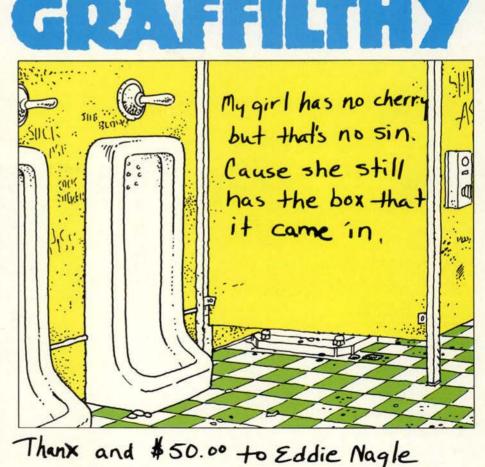
BRAIN-DEAD DYLAN FAN

I have always been a staunch proponent of freedom of the press. It, in part, sets our country apart from more restrictive societies. I do not believe, however, that this gives us carte blanche to publish without regard to social good. I believe you have done just that in your November '89 issue. A cartoon in that issue depicts a potential suicide. Pictured is a high ledge, an anxious man, a policeman and, in the window, a priest. The policeman is addressing the priest, a disgusted look on his face. The caption reads, "He said he's gay and he has AIDS. I said, 'Have a nice flight.' "

To make light of such a serious health epidemic is appalling. At a time when those facing life-threatening illnesses need compassion and encouragement, you offer hopelessness and disgust. Also implied in your message is a condemnation of the man's sexual orientation—that somehow his being gay lessens his worthiness to live. It is estimated that over one million Americans have been infected by the AIDS virus. These include men, women, children, straight, gay, black, white. . .virtually no one is exempt. It is time for this nation and the world to rally to the support of these people and pressure the federal government to allocate funds for research to find effective treatment and an eventual cure. As Bob Dylan expressed in his song, "Times They Are A-Changin'," *Move out of the way if you can't lend a hand.* –K. L. C. Walnut Creek, California

The last thing we need in America is another self-righteous censor masquerading as a concerned First Amendment activist. HUSTLER is pro-sex. Wê're just antistupidity. If you read any of our back issues, you'll know we've had a long and supportive relationship with Donald Embinder, publisher of the gay mag Jock, which is no competition to us or our readership; so stuff your antigay hysteria up your own asshole. If you look at our cartoons and find your own shortcomings, deal with them. Or write Dylan instead. You'd better start swimming, or you'll sink like a stone. Sound familiar?

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



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1. Alex de Renzy's PRETTY PEACHES 2

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DEBBIE DOES DALLAS III Bambi Woods, Joanna Storm & More Deb tuits the "cheer" in cheerlanding eb puts the "chner" in cheerleading, especially a climactic orgy scene! Unforgettable! 80 min

7.BLACK BUNBUSTERS Sahare, Summer Rose, Heather Mansfield & More Meet an internacial group therapy session with the accent on, well, cheeky' behavior. 77 min

BLACK CHICKS IN HEAT! Ebony Ayes, Jeannie Pepper, Purple Passion & More

2 young ladies start their own stripping telegram service —with a special touch! 80 min

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TANA

13. ANNA OBSESSED Annette Haven, Constance Money, Suzanne McBain A woman's quest for pleasure takes her farther than she ever imagined. 76 min

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Ryan and Kelly: Duo-chromatic cunts.

SWEDISH EROTICA VOLUME 2

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Patti Rhodes; starring Cheri Taylor, Honey Moore, Randy West, Porsche Lynn, Joey Silvera, Tori Welles, Angel Kelly, Rachel Ryan, Mitch Egan, Tom Byron and Victoria Paris. Videocassette by Caballero.

What is Sweden known for? Volvos, blondes, suicides and, of course, Swedish Erotica. Of those, Swedish Erotica is by far of greatest interest to us gathered separately in the pud-pumping pursuit of penile pleasures, and it's not even from Sweden! Nevertheless, the Swedish ambassador to California's San Fernando Valley ought to bestow honorary citizenship upon Caballero for their wad-priming contribution to enhancing the European country's image, with special dispensations allotted for the following: Horny Honey Moore and hotpants Cheri Taylor for spritzing and smearing the sperm of supine Randy West; Porsche Lynn's crimson-magic stiletto pump for catching Joey Silvera's loaded cum-dump; Tori Edited by Mal O'Ree

Welles for wringing a cunt-stretching schupping from Randy West; the combined duo-chromatic carnalities of dusky Angel Kelly and pale Rachel Ryan for reducing Mitch Egan to a twitching, sperm-spitting pole; and tumescent Tom Byron for digging into Victoria Paris's soft-and-sultry twat -Christian Shapiro spot.

Welles wrings a cunt-stretching schtup.





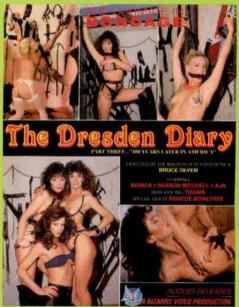
Half Erect. Directed by Gil Kenner; starring Charisma, Jane Tyler, Susan Vegas, Purple Passion, Alex Storm, Eric Price, Steve Vegas, Alan French, Gregor Samsa and Don Fernando. Videocassette by Las Vegas Video.

Anyone who's ever wanted to guit smoking but couldn't, might find solace in this minor surprise of a sex video. It's a hell of a lot more fun to suck on a pretty, pink pussy than a smelly hunk of burning leaves. Too bad the director only pays lip service to the cocksucking and pussy-eating themes. Still, several wick-hardening moments include dark-hued, big-boobed Charisma getting her chocolate asshole rimmed by Gregor Samsa. then turning around to catch a nasty glob of cum on her voluptuous lips. Some of the sex is subpar, but other scenes get nasty. Steve Vegas digs into his cute-as-a-button wife. Susan, as if it's a first fuck. Even Purple Passion, who has been out of the fuck scene for years, displays some active dick stuffing. Coming from a company noted for cheap, nofrills, hacked porn tapes, this is a sexy turn -Rustv Knox for the better.



Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Bruce Seven; starring Bionca, Sharon Mitchell, Tianna, Aja and Roscoe Bowltree. Videocassette by Bizarre.

A ball gag is a wondrous invention. The only thing better to shove into a woman's mouth is a dick, but don't expect prick to slide through the lips of The Dresden Diary Number 3. Local community standards being what they are, B&D flicks that feature constrained women must refrain from manacled penetration. Luckily, some joys are even finer than in-and-out, such as the exquisite pains and pleasures of Dresden Diary, Sharon Mitchell and Bionca alternate as asslashing master and welt-butted bottom. They may not stick fingers, dongs or tongues within bound orifices, but they do spit in one another's rear-cheek cracks, then team up to slap silly the glutei of creatively roped Aja and Tianna,



snapping on tit clips and gags, hanging Aja from the ceiling by her ankles and wrists, opening her twat for a clit whipping and generally treating the roped bitches to deserved, perfervid abuse. -C.S.



Bangs: Puking penile pearls on pretty Debi Diamond.

CANG BANGS II

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by John Stagliano; starring Debi Diamond, Tianna, Victoria Paris, Heather Torrance, Tracey Adams, Randy Spears, Mike Horner, Randy West, Marc Wallice, Jesse Eastern, Blake Palmer, Tom Byron, Johnny Ace and Chuck Brown. Videocassette by Evil Angel.

There's a trick to watching a John Stagliano production: Fast-forward through the first 30 minutes. The sped-up viewer won't miss any sex, nor will any nuances of plot be lost, since Stagliano's storylines are simplistic enough to be followed with the eyes closed and the sound off. Upon reemerging to consciousness, the dozing diddler will be gratified to witness a closing hour and a half jammed with jizz-launching carnal configurations, including a quartet of putzes puking penile pearls on pretty Debi Diamond, an eight-tit setting for Tom Byron's purpletipped diamond cutter, a pair of double-teamed doxy threeways and sundry singular sperm splatterings. Stagliano should whittle his pretentious overkill down to around 80 minutes like everybody else.

-Kurt Blume

🦰 SLICK HONEY

Half Erect. Directed by John Leslie; starring Selena Steele, Rachel Ashley, Sascha, Jamie Gillis, Heather Torrance, Mike Horner, Joey Silvera, Gene Carrera, Charli and Marc Wallice. Videocassette by VCA.

When a porn director gets slick, he can hack out a technically proficient prurience replete with the requisite couplings and triplings and the proper count of semen-slops as easily as one of his star sluts can douche her gash, and he'll probably spend less concentration and imagination in the process. John Leslie has reached that pinnacle from which he need only coast, and *Slick Honey* is proof that he is taking the chance to rest. Leslie treats us to Jamie Gillis slurping at Sascha's back door; Marc Wallice winging his wang into a pair of passable poozles; Mike Horner horning in upon an uninspiring couple; three chicks who seem to have fun with tongues and dongs; Joey Silvera hoarding the cutest crumpet in the tape; and two couples going one-on-one side by side. It isn't bad, but even the slickest among us can coast in only one direction—downhill. —*C. S.*



Rachel Ashley straps it on in Honey.

🔁 A TASTE OF RACHEL

Half Erect. Compilation; starring Rachel Ryan, Tracey Adams, Mike Horner, Tom Byron and Marc Wallice. Videocassette by Pink Video.

Rachel Ryan is yet another of porn's carnal chameleons who seems to change hair, face or body shape at the drop of a G-string. Her versatility also extends to her erotic abilities; the bigtitted bitch is one of the vanishing breed of bimbos who still loves to get her shitter sullied. RR's blazing boff of Tom Byron is the highlight, a sizzler that includes a log ride between her heavenly hooters and a brown-note crapper cramming. Ryan's clit-to-tit rub with Tracey Adams makes for an okay bush banging, as these two heavy honeys make their pussies purr, despite all the extra poundage being thrown around. Routine pole placements in Ryan's pink pie by Mike Horner and Marc Wallice help to round out the tape's essential blandness. This quartet of Ryan ravishments doesn't capture her at her most incendiary, but there are a few moments of molten meat-beating potential. -Sam Lowry <u> TOT' SPOT</u>

HYAPATIA LEE

Yeah, yeah, we know this American Indian beauty has been around since 1983, when she made her X-rated debut in *The* Young Like It Hot; so why is she being

featured in a space usually reserved

for new spreads? Because Hyapatia Lee, after all that fucking, is nastier than ever and still the prettiest woman in porn. As an added treat, she has a new pair of hospital-issue titties, seen here standing proud in *Heavenly Hyapatia*. We knew you'd like to gaze at these majestic mounds. See the new Hyapatia in *Bratgirl, Triangle, The True Confessions of Hyapatia Lee, I Do* and *Lust in the Woods*.

C LE SEX DE FEMME VOLUME 3

One-Quarter Erect. Compilation; starring Kimberly Carson, Lois Ayres, Catherine Crystal, Christy Canyon, Trinity Loren, Cris Cassidy, Susan Nero, Jesie St. James, Tish Ambrose, Brooke West and Lisa Thatcher. Videocassette by Ambassador Video.



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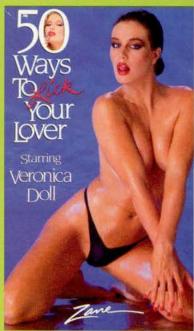
You'd figure that porn is the last bastion of unmitigated filth, unencumbered by the glaring commercialism that has invaded virtually every other form of entertainment. Wrong. At the end of this unendurable collection of rancid lesbo lunches, there's a fiveminute spot that features clothes for the harlot in your life, plus an 800 number you can call to order. Is that it? Is porn's future the Home Shopping and Schtupping Network? Actually, the hussies hustling miniskirts, bikinis and workout outfits are more apt to inspire a bout of bone-bopping than anything offered in the rest of the tape, a cum-curdling compendium of dreary doxy material. -S.L.

🚰 50 WAYS TO LICK YOUR LOVER

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Jim Enright; starring Rachel Ryan, Randy Spears, Veronica Doll, Tina Gordon, Peter North, Anton, Kimberly Kane and Randy West. Videocassette by Zane Entertainment.

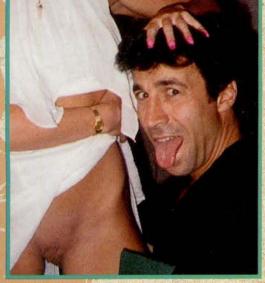
Most porn comedies' jokes are as funny as a dog turd. That's not the case with this titillating video. Randy Spears plays a mad scientist who invents a lick stick that, when applied to

a lady's lips, turns her into a mindless cocksucker. He tests the device on his sourpuss lab assistant (wonderfully played by Rachel Ryan), and in seconds her lips start twitching, and she sniffs out the doctor's wang. Both the lick stick and the plot take off, as one sex scene follows another. The twists are a fagproof version for men lit makes them want to suck pussy and not dick) and an erotic suppository that does for a lady's asshole what the lick stick does for her lips. The show also features a couple of hot new ladies, Tina Gordon and the elegant Veronica Doll, although neither has the nasty verve of Ryan. -R.K.



AFTER HALF A DECADE OF A VIDEO-INDUCED COMA, WORSENED BY LEGAL HASSLES AND THE SPECTER OF AIDS, PORN GOT FUN AGAIN IN 1989. LAST YEAR SAW PRODUCERS OPENING THEIR WALLETS, WHICH MEANT MORE QUALITY PRODUCTIONS; DIRECTORS TAKING CHARGE, WHICH MADE FOR BETTER, TIGHTER, MORE ENJOYABLE SHOWS; AND MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL, MORE BEAUTIFUL WOMEN THAN EVER JOINING THE SKIN TRADE. A LOT OF VIDEOS WERE GOOD ENOUGH TO BE CALLED THE BEST, AND SOME EVEN LIVED UP TO THE WORD <u>EROTIC</u>-BUT ONLY ONE WAS GOOD ENOUGH FOR HUSTLER READERS, WHOSE BALLOTS POURED IN RIGHT UP UNTIL THE POLL CLOSED IN JANUARY.

BEST DIRECTOR



JOHN STAGLIANO. HE COULD SPEND MORE TIME IN THE CUTTING ROOM, BUT NO ONE TURNED OUT CONSISTENT HEAT LIKE STAGLIANO. HIS YEAR'S WORK INCLUDED DANCE FIRE. MYSTIC PIECES, ROCK 'N' ROLL HEAVEN. GANG BANGS 2 AND THE ADVENTURES OF BUTTMAN.

BEST BLOWJOB



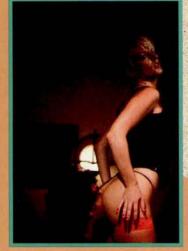
TIANNA TO RANDY SPEARS IN SHADOWS IN THE DARK (4 PLAY). TAKING A HARD, THROBBING, SPIT-SOAKED DICK ALL THE WAY DOWN HER THROAT, COMING UP WITH A GASP AND BACK DOWN AGAIN. SPECIAL MENTION TO <u>BLOWING IN</u> <u>STYLE</u> (EVIL ANGEL), A FACIAL CUM-SHOT EXTRAVAGANZA. **BEST MOVIE**



HOT SCALDING (VCA). PAMELA ROSE IS THE CENTERPIECE OF ONE OF THE MOST AROUSING NO-FUCK SCENES IN PORN, STARTING THIS INNOVATIVE DEBAUCHERY OFF AT A FULL BOIL. GREAT COCKSUCKING BY KATHLEEN JENTRY; MEGAN LEIGH THROTTLES THE HEDGEHOG'S GRISTLE; AND APRIL WEST IS A 69ING BEAUTY QUEEN.



BEST SEX SCENE



TIANNA AND JAMIE GILLIS IN THE ADVENTURES OF BUTTMAN (EVIL ANGEL). NASTY ASS WORSHIP WITH A COMMON STREET WHORE. SPECIAL MENTION TO MEGAN LEIGH'S ASS-AND-PUSSY PENETRATION IN LOOSE ENDS VI (4 PLAY).

BEST ACTRESS



TORI WELLES. A SPECIAL STIFFY SALUTE TO TORI'S VICIOUS FUCKING OF BUCK ADAMS IN THE CHAMELEON (VCA); FOR MAKING JAMIE GILLIS GROVEL TO LICK HER REGAL BUTT IN <u>HEAD LOCK</u> (VIDCO); A TRIPLE SUCK AND JERK IN <u>MYSTIC PIECES</u> (EVIL ANGEL); AND USHERING IN THE "NEW AGE" OF PORN IN THE YEAR'S SMOKY-LENSED TEASE, NIGHT TRIPS (CABALLERO).

BEST PUSSYLICKING

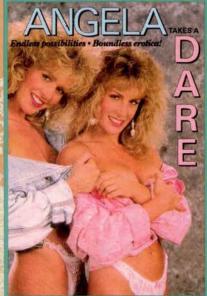


BEST ACTOR



RANDY SPEARS. HANDSOME AND SUITABLY HUNG, SPEARS WAS EQUALLY COMFORTABLE WITH A PUSSY OR A LINE OF HORRIBLE DIALOGUE IN HIS MOUTH. RELAXED AND CONFIDENT, HE'S A GOOD CANDIDATE FOR A DAYTIME SOAP OPERA. CREDITS INCLUDE <u>NIGHT TRIPS</u> (CABALLERO), <u>YOUNG GIRLS</u> IN TIGHT JEANS (VIDCO) AND <u>50 WAYS TO LICK</u> <u>YOUR LOVER</u> (ZANE ENTERTAINMENT). SPECIAL MENTION TO RAY VICTORY, A TIRELESS BLACK COBRA WITH A CHISELED BODY. ANYBODY WHO FUCKS THAT MANY WOMEN DESERVES SOME KIND OF AN AWARD.

Most Disappointing Movie



ANGELA TAKES A DARE (FANTASY HOME VIDEO). ANGELA BARON SHOWED UP ON BOX COVERS A LOT, BUT SHE HAD SEX LESS AND LESS.

HONEY MOORE SPREADS HER LEGS AND OFFERS A TASTE OF HER SINGU-LARLY EXCITING PUSSY IN <u>COMING OF</u> <u>AGE</u> (CABALLERO). SPECIAL MENTION TO FEFE BARDOT SERVING UP FRENCH PASTRY TO MIKE HORNER IN <u>THE</u> <u>PENTHOUSE</u> (PLUM PRODUCTIONS).



Half Erect. Directed by J. T. Monroe; starring Keisha, Tom Byron, Randy West, Victoria Paris, Erica Boyer, Brenda Carin and Peter North. Videocassette by Dreamland.

Randy West the head of a billion-dollar company? Tom Byron the honcho of a major motion-picture concern? Keisha a bigger-than-life Hollywood star with mansion and limo? They wish, and so does director J.T. Monroe, whoever he is. The only problem is that no one will ever believe it. Viewer gullibility is unstrained only during the regulation sexual performances—Byron noshes on the rubbery knockers of otherwise skinny Brenda Carin; Peter North takes a dip in a pool and Keisha, her water-slick tits encasing his slippery dick; Keisha and Erica Boyer grapple gonads; Randy West blesses Victoria Paris with his cock-creme unction; and Keisha catches Byron's bone load in her chest. All else about *Body Music* is out of tune. —*Hakim Whithers*



Gillis enters Welles's Head Lock



HEAD LOCK

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by F.J. Lincoln; starring Tori Welles, Erica Boyer, Tami Monroe, Cheri Taylor, Eric Price, Brad Armstrong, Jon Dough and Jamie Gillis. Videocassette by Vidco.

Reality can often be a meager, piddling thing, particularly in the area of women's chests. Although a pussy is really all a female needs to thrive in this world, knockers-especially big, firm, high-riding, ageless-type hooterscan be an immense asset. So is a flatchested floozy to be relegated to a secondclass existence due simply to an anatomical oversight? Not fucking likely, at least not after she gets a look at the four surgically enhanced boob props featured in Head Lock, a fuck flick in which not one natural, droopy, floppy, sloppy milk sac is to be seen. Tori Welles's righteous rack of mam has been marveled at prodigiously and will elicit only more wad-wallowing wonder in Lock, as will her wild-eyed BJs and fuckings. The supporting busts of Tami Monroe, Cheri Taylor and Erica Boyer, combined with their dickslickening mouths and cum-pulling twats, fill out Head Lock with picture-perfect bodies engaged in exactly the type of misbehavior we could best envision for them. God doesn't make any better tits. -H. W. 26

SLUMBER PARTY

Half Erect. Directed by D.W. Goode; starring Jacqueline, Elise, Mandi Wine, Purple Passion, Scott Irish, Jason Dean, Sasha Gabor, Jake Steed and Alan French. Videocassette by Las Vegas Video.

Any red-blooded male worth his sperm count has wondered what it is women really talk about at slumber parties. Luckily for gonad grapplers, this party is mostly action and little talk. Mandi Wine cops the lion's share of carnal cravings, devouring cock and cunt in three of the five sex scenes. Her lust for lingam and labes ranges from a blazing bushwhacking from Scott Irish, complete with a creamy facial, to a blah beaver-gnawing with Elise. For pipe-swallowing purists, Purple Passion scarfs down a triple-header, with each of the three bucks washing up on her chest. Jacqueline barely gets her jaws working, teaming briefly with Mandi on a quick-coming stud. Underutilization of prime poon and an inconsistent level of heat make this party worth crashing only if you're in the neighborhood. -S.L



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 videocassette.

Fully Erect

The Adventures of Buttman Society Affairs (F)

Three-Quarters Erect

Cheeks 2: The Bitter End Class Act Gang Bangs 2 Head Lock Matinee Idol Night Trips (F) The Outlaw Pretty Peaches 3 (F) Red Hot Fire Girls Undercover Angel

Half Erect

A Taste of Stephanie Big Melons 27 Coming of Age Foolish Pleasures Girls Gone Bad I Do Late Night for Lovers Leave It to Cleavage Legend of Sleepy Hollow The Penthouse The Phantom of the Cabaret Part 2 Retail Slut Shadows in the Dark Slick Honey Snatched Soaked to the Bone Sorority Pink Triangle

One-Quarter Erect

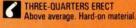
A Taste of Angel Bratgirl Cat on a Hot Sin Roof Virgin Busters

Totally Limp

Girls on Girls Her Every Wish Lingerie Party

RATING GUIDE

FULLY ERECT Superior. A top production.



HALF ERECT Standard fare. Has moments.

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

TOTALLY LIMP A waste of time and money.

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TRICKLE TEASE

Convincing her wasn't too hard. We'd been married six months before I worked up the nerve to ask Lucy to piss on me.

Lucy is a sexy, busty professional woman who's been around. Nothing shocks her after two failed marriages to wimps who resented her big-bucks career and the demands it put on her time. Me, hell I'm happy just helping her spend her fat paychecks and bonuses. So, it wasn't much of a stretch getting her to try my little experiment with watersports on the night we'd been celebrating her latest promotion.

We both got near-drunk, and by midnight we were half-dressed, fondling each other on the way to the bedroom when I whispered the lewd suggestion.

Her blue eyes sparkled as she appraised me and smirked. "You are a wonderfully bent little guy, Frankie," she finally said, snickering. "I guess that's why I like you so much."

I knew the idea intrigued her immediately. She told me to strip and get into the bathtub. She kept me waiting for several minutes as I lay there in the cold, empty tub, stroking my hard dick. But when she joined me, the wait was well worth it!

She had dressed in a black corset, stockings and garter belt. Her black high heels elevated her to a towering height.

"Open wide, darling," she purred as she lowered her pussy inches from my face. "I've been saving all this sweet liquid gold just for you."

Suddenly, her cunt started gushing piss down at my face. It splattered over my tongue and splashed into my eyes and up my nose. I caught most of it with my mouth as I gulped it down. All the while, I jacked myself off with feverish handstrokes, and my cock exploded just as her piss-stream slowed to a trickle.

Suddenly, she shoved my face hard against her pussy and ordered me to lick the drops of piss off her hairy cunt lips. She held my face there in the musky dampness of her twat until she began gasping and panting and shuddering. I then received another fine feast as her nectar gushed over my lapping tongue. By the time she released me, my cock was jutting straight up again, wobbling and ready for the real thing.

"Well, I guess you want me to sit on your stiff little peter now," she said.

When I nodded eagerly, she just laughed and jerked on the cold water



from the shower nozzle above. As the icy spray drenched me, I yelped and wiggled amid her throaty giggles.

"Drink that," she cooed, laughing while she watched me squirming in the tub.

That was the beginning. Little did I know at the time that my wife would actually initiate most of the watersports that took place.

A couple of days later Lucy came in from work with that wild look in her eyes that I've since learned to recognize.

"Hurry!" she gasped, tossing her keys on the kitchen counter and hiking her skirt. "Tve been holding this since lunch, Frankie. Get on the floor now!"

"Hell, Lucy, I-'

"Just do it!" she snapped harshly.

"We've got a mop somewhere around here. What you don't drink you can mop."

Her hoarse chuckle burned my ears as I scrambled down on the kitchen floor and stretched out between her spread feet. I managed to peer up and see that my wife wasn't wearing panties.

She bent her knees slightly as the golden gush flowed from her cunt-hole. Her piss splashed down over my face, soaking me good!

Her pussy was on my mouth before the last drops of her piss dripped out. She began rubbing her twat over my face as the urine puddle spread over the kitchen floor around my head. She didn't leave my face until I'd tongued her to a shuddering orgasm. And it was only after she'd stood up and stepped over my body that she discovered, with a bellowing laugh, that I'd come in my pants.

Now my wife usually summons me anytime she's home when she urinates. Last night we had friends over to play cards, and eventually she flashed me a wink as she excused herself, telling everyone she was going to the ladies' room. A few seconds later she called out to me. Blushing beet-red, I marched into the bathroom as our friends gapingly watched.

"Wipe me, darling," Lucy rasped when I joined her. She had her dress up around her hips and her knees bent.

When we rejoined our friends, Lucy calmly told them about my new duty. The humiliation of it all couldn't conceal the throbbing hard-on tenting the front of my slacks.

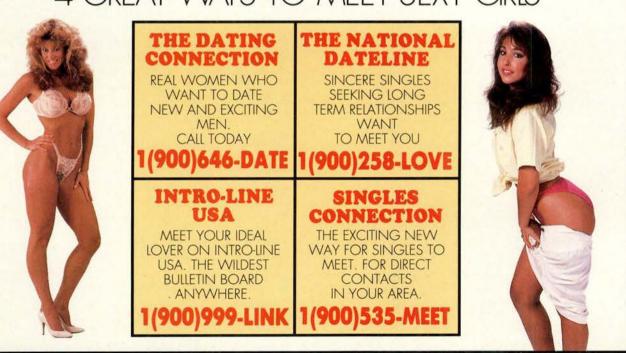
I guess I deserve it. After all, I asked for it. At least that's what Lucy reminds me every time she squats over my face and pisses on me. —Frank G. Royal Oak, Michigan

FOOT NOTE

I enjoy painting my fingernails and toenails to match my lipstick and to coordinate with my outfit. My boyfriend Steve

THE 900 GONNECTION YOUR GUIDE TO EXCITING 900 NUMBERS





HOT LETTERS

Something prodded at my panties. It was Steve's big toe, slipping along the surface of my cunt lips until it reached my clit.

loves it too. He likes to see a different shade each time we go out on the town.

But the last week or so, he hasn't been as interested as usual. Work.

Last night, he almost called off dinner, but he relented, although insisting we had to spend a couple hours afterward in the library while he researched some figures.

Sitting at a table back in a corner, I couldn't concentrate on the magazine I was reading. All I could do was peer over at Steve, head bent over his book, pen scratching on his yellow pad.

I wanted attention. My boobs wanted his fingers playing with my nipples. My cunt wanted his cock. Just the thought of a good fucking opened my lower lips and sent juice soaking into my panties. I was breathing hard. I would have been happy with the sight of his gorgeous prick.

Well, if I couldn't see Steve's tool right then, I could certainly feel it.

We had both long since slipped off our sandals, the cool floor feeling good against bare feet. I scrunched down in the chair and, lifting both legs, reached over with the toes of my right foot and ran them along the fly of Steve's pants.

The pen jerked in a dark line off the yellow pad, and his head rocked back. His eyes bulged slightly.

Under my toes, I felt his prick become a solid column of meat. As a kid, I used to pick up things with my toes, pretending I didn't have any hands. I was still pretty good with them.

Taking the zipper tab between the big and second toes of my left foot, I jerked open Steve's pants. My right toes yanked down his briefs, and his cock sprang out.

He started to say something, but it ended in a grunt of delight as I massaged the head of his dick with the toes of both feet. I let my big toes massage and roll the head, tracing out the opening. My little toes worked under the fringe, pressing lightly on the prick shank.

Steve's breathing deepened, and he sank down into his seat, thrusting his cock hard between the soles of my feet. I slipped my toes along the full length of his engorged bone, and then I clamped the stiffy firmly between the bottoms of my feet and gently squeezed. Steve almost came!

I almost expected someone to "shush" us, but we were too far from anyone else. My busy feet and Steve's rampant cock were hidden by the shadow under the table. Nobody else knew what was going on.

Suddenly, something prodded at my panties, quickly slipping the cunt-soaked fabric aside. It was Steve's big toe, slipping along the surface of my cunt lips until it reached my clit. Then, while rolling my love button with that big toe, Steve stroked the interior of my muff with the rest of the toes of that foot.

Working back down the hard rod, I wriggled my toes over the now-tight sac of his balls. I massaged the flattened rocks with the tips of my big toes.

My toes continued their prick walk as Steve sank lower into his chair. Suddenly, I felt his other foot slide up and under my unconfined blouse. It snaked across my now-heaving belly, slid in and out of my navel and up to my braless tits.

His toes caught and twirled the nipple of my right boob. When it grew erect, he switched to my left tit.

I slid farther down, so that my head was just above the tabletop. I was panting my excitement, and my toes were spasming up and down Steve's cock in response to his efforts on my tits and cunt.

As I worked the length and head of Steve's prick with my right foot, I circled the base with my left. I felt his sweat-slicked hair slide between and over my toes.

Then Steve pulled his big toe off my clit and thrust it deep into my cunt. I began bucking uncontrollably as he fucked me with that toe, my clit stroking along the smooth skin of his foot.

A hard squeeze on my left tit and a toethrust by Steve, and I came, biting down on my lower lip to keep from crying out. My feet clenched hard on his rod, pulling it so it stood straight up.

Steve's cock jerked between my feet as my toes pressed hard along the shank in my coming. I felt wave after wave of jizz erupt from his spewing prick to spatter against the bottom of the table.

Still hunkered down in our chairs, we looked dazedly at each other. I placed the soles of my feet against Steve's.

"Christ," he said. "I didn't realize how good the library was. This was supposed to be my last library visit, but...."

We have a date to meet there tonight. —Minette W. Waco, Texas

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





Travelogue by Chas Beatty HUSTLER's

X

VIII

INTREPID BONER CROSSES INTO A FOREIGN SLIME ZONE AND BRINGS BACK WHAT'S UP DOWN UNDER.

MAL

AND

DOWN UNDER

Parliament's still photographer had cleaned out the town pharmacy of its supply of douches, then ordered a case more.

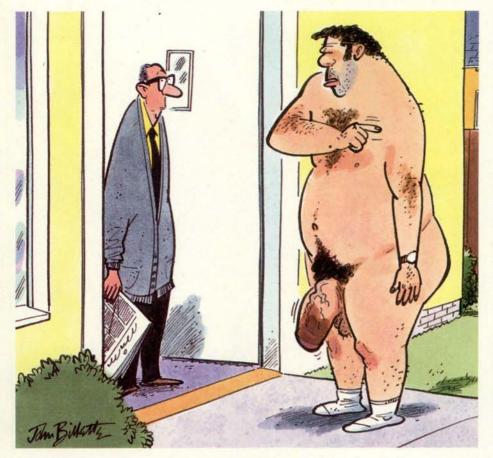
I've just aimed a stream of piss at a tree trunk when I'm suddenly aware of alarmed voices off to my left, where the camera is. I hear my name being called. *God, am I in camera range?* My dick slams shut. Stuffing it back in my shorts, I saunter through the bushes, preparing for the embarrassment of having ruined a shot by answering nature's call. Just at the edge of a clearing, production assistants are brandishing branches to threaten something I can't see. Nude actresses hover a safe distance away.

"There you are." Pointing at the ground in the vicinity of the production assistants, director John T. Bone raises his voice dramatically: "This is a funnelweb, the most dangerous spider on Earth. One bite, and you're dead meat. Next scene!"

The funnelweb *is* probably the most dangerous spider in the world, but not the only dangerous critter in Australia. Most Americans think that Australia is a benign continent of cuddly koalas, kangaroos, silvery beaches, sunshine, barbecues, bungee diving, pretty women and beer. Australia encourages this perception. Who among us, after all, would willingly visit a land infested by 17 known varieties of poisonous snakes; a spider whose bite won't kill you, but does cause great running sores to break open on your skin, which then rots before your eyes; poisonous fish; venomous sea snakes; an octopus whose bite can be fatal; cone shellfish that stab with lethal darts; and mosquitoes that spread Australian encephalitis and a type of dengue fever that causes hemorrhaging and death from kidney failure?

Why, then, am I here? Pussy, mate. Australia is making X-rated movies and is poised to become, after Los Angeles, the most important porn producer on the Pacific Rim.

The players in this enterprise are Australia's Mature Media Group (the parent company of Down Under Video) and an American company, Parliament Video. The plan is to turn Australia into a pornexporting nation. This requires some expertise the Aussies don't yet have. What they do have are new, fresh women, breathtaking locations and government sanction. What they lack—experience producing XXX, porn studs and Stateside



"Hi, neighbor. You seen a naked woman run by holding her butt?"

distribution-the Americans provide.

How could HUSTLER *not* cover such an undertaking, regardless of risk?

Jet lag begins in the jet. The nonstop flight from Los Angeles to Sydney takes 14 hours. My fellow passengers, a rather dowdy group, appear to be related by blood or bad luck. The mile-high club is not an option this trip.

I bone up on Australia by reading the brochures I picked up at the Consulate. I start with the one on quarantine laws. A long list of items can't be brought in due to Aussie paranoia about new diseases or pests slipping into the country. I get as far as animal semen before nodding off. Five hours later it's time for a snack. Twelve hours out of Los Angeles and it's breakfast time. Finally, after chasing the sun through 14 hours of darkness, it sneaks up behind us and beats us to Sydney.

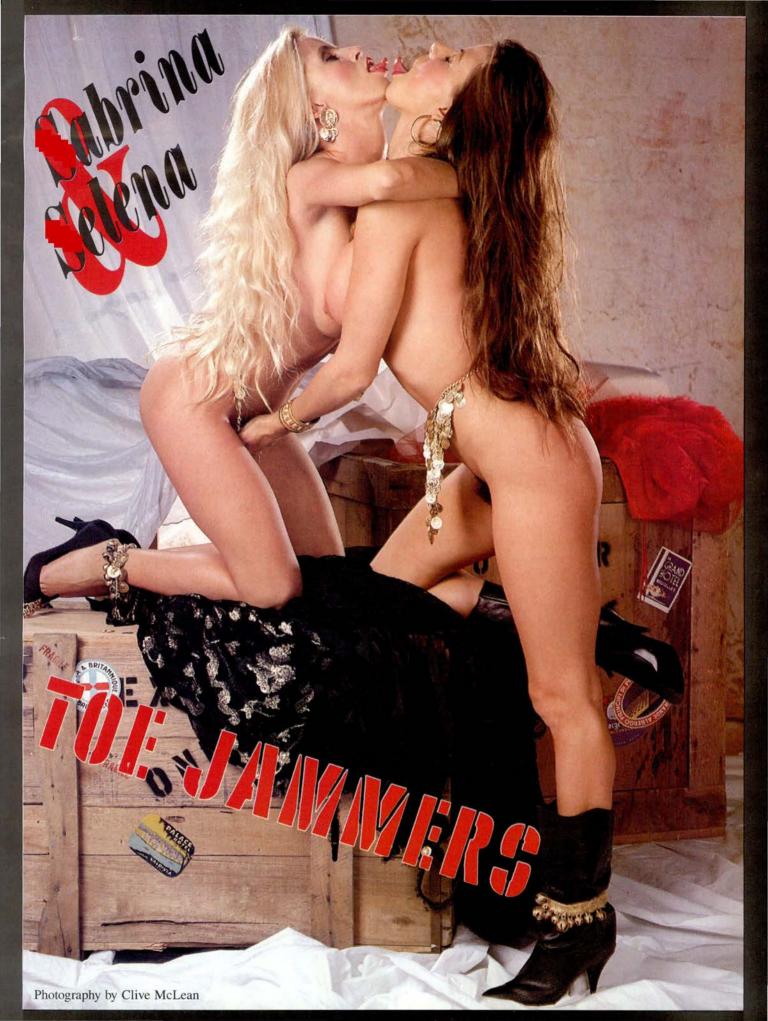
Three hundred deplaning travelers are a nightmare any time of the day. At 6 a.m., with only three customs officials to process us, it's like Auschwitz with matched luggage. I marvel that we're passed through at all: Most of this group look to me like they're smuggling animal semen.

Ulladulla, where these particular Australian sex videos are being shot, is another two hours by car. Two disconcerting hours: Aussies, like the Brits, drive on the wrong side of the road.

Eucalyptus trees, the ocean, blue sky, clean air, sunshine, temperate weather and the occasional Burger King and Shell station give this stretch of Oz the look of the North San Diego coast. Except when flocks of exotic parrots and sulphurcrested cockatoos wing noisily overhead, or when we pass the carcasses of kangaroos and wombats that didn't look both ways before crossing.

The guest ranch that serves as headquarters for the Down Under depravity is in the hills on the outskirts of town. It has horses, rec rooms, a large dining hall, acres of picturesque locations and sleeping accommodations for cast and crew.

I arrive in time for another breakfast. Over eggs and suet I learn that a neighborhood minister found out that fuck films are being made at the ranch and successfully stirred up some trouble in town. Parliament's still photographer had cleaned out the town pharmacy of its supply of douches, then ordered a case more-an amount of snatch cleaner that would normally take a decade to sell in Ulladulla, personal hygiene being a very low priority in Oz. Someone figured there was an ungodly amount of vaginal activity going on nearby. Although making X-rated movies is legal in Australia, the minister intimidated a (continued on page 44)









A girl only has so many holes: Once they've all been sucked and filled, it's time to admit the feet.

"I have a major fixation on Sabrina's scrumptious pussy and rosebud," oozes breathy Selena, her tongue playing across juicy lips.

"Major," echoes Sabrina, adrift in a void of bliss.

"I'd even suck her nose," admits slurping Selena, "but first let me slip between her toes."















DOWN UNDER (continued from page 34)

Although 80 Aussie males answered Down Under Video's recruiting ad, Tom Byron's hard-on is spliced in for close-ups and cum-shots.

local hotel owner into evicting five people connected with the production. Fortunately, other hotels, though alerted by the minister, gladly welcomed the refugees.

In the interest of keeping a low profile among the natives, I book into a separate hotel. A faint blush creeps over the desk clerkette's features as I write HUSTLER in the space marked "Affiliation." Finally, I'm taken to the film location to observe what I'd flown 14 hours to see: Sex.

The performance of this act is pretty much the same from country to country, except when a camera is present, in which case Australia is stuck with female masturbation. Thus, the presence of American porn studs Randy Spears and Tom Byron. Although 80 Aussie males answered Down Under Video's recruiting ad, only two actually ended up on the set. One of those freaked out and left; the other, Mel Bourne (not his real name—duh), appears in three or four movies, but he never manages to get hard. Tom Byron's hard-on is spliced in for close-ups and cum-shots.

At the moment, Randy Spears gamely puts an Aussie bitch through her paces, but something is wrong. Finally, he breaks character, complaining about the lack of importance Aussie women attach to personal hygiene. In this particular case, chunky things are oozing out of her cooze.

The actress, devastated, weeps while the mostly male bystanders stare off into the distance. After she's been comforted and douched, the scene resumes.

"Why is this taking so long?" I ask director John T. Bone. "I haven't seen so much camera coverage since Voyager flew by Neptune."

"We're shooting three versions," he says proudly, "R, Hard R and X. By shooting three versions everyone gets the same running time, and no one feels cheated."

The cum-shot is produced—for the X version—and immortalized on tape, and it's time to call it a day.

The next day, shooting begins on the last of the four videos being made this round. Bone has stepped into the assistantdirector position to give his protégée, American fuck-film star Aja, a crack at directing—the equivalent of a nine-year-



old sitting in Daddy's lap "driving" the car.

Like the third movie, On Assignment, this one is being shot in a rain forest over the hill from the ranch buildings. The location is a scenic wonder, the chirping of the cicadas—hideous winged insects as big as mice—deafening, but authentic.

"Action!" calls Aja, and Mel Bourne and Sheila Kelly swing to it. HUSTLER photographer Matti Klatt arrives and whispers that he's found a girl who is centerfold material. He plans to shoot her on the beach with kangaroos.

"Matti, we don't do bestiality."

Ignoring the joke, he says with Germanic seriousness, "No, no, no. The kangaroos are just there. They hang out on the beach waiting for handouts. Like the homeless. They like potato chips."

Matti has spent five days scouting locations and sizing up girls. Everyone wants to be a HUSTLER centerfold; so there's been quite a bit of unsubtle lobbying. Matti explains his picks as diplomatically as possible, but feelings are still hurt when he chooses Sandi, Mel's girlfriend Kylie and Australia's answer to Nina DePonca, Nioka, the only aboriginal in XXX.

Matti's main concern now is weather. Clouds and overcast are replacing the relentless sunshine of the past few days. Stocking up on potato chips, he heads back to the beach, praying for sun. It's not easy being a photographer for the greatest men's magazine in the world.

Day 3-The Billabong. Today's scenes are being shot on the banks of a *billabong*, Aussie for stream. Sheila Kelly does a solo clit wank while Byron watches and beats off. Encouraged by Aja to get really loud when she comes, Sheila complies. Her piercing cries startle the cattle grazing nearby.

Later, in a seductive dialogue scene with naked Kelly Blue, Byron is asked to get his dick out and get it hard. Annoyed at this deviation from the script, Byron complains, "I count that as a scene, man. I've got enough to do today." The directress backs down. Byron's been doing so much stunt-cock work in addition to his own sex scenes, it would be catastrophic if his overworked peter suddenly petered out.

During a break while the camera is moved downstream for the next setup, Sheila Kelly and Alice Springs consent to a conversation.

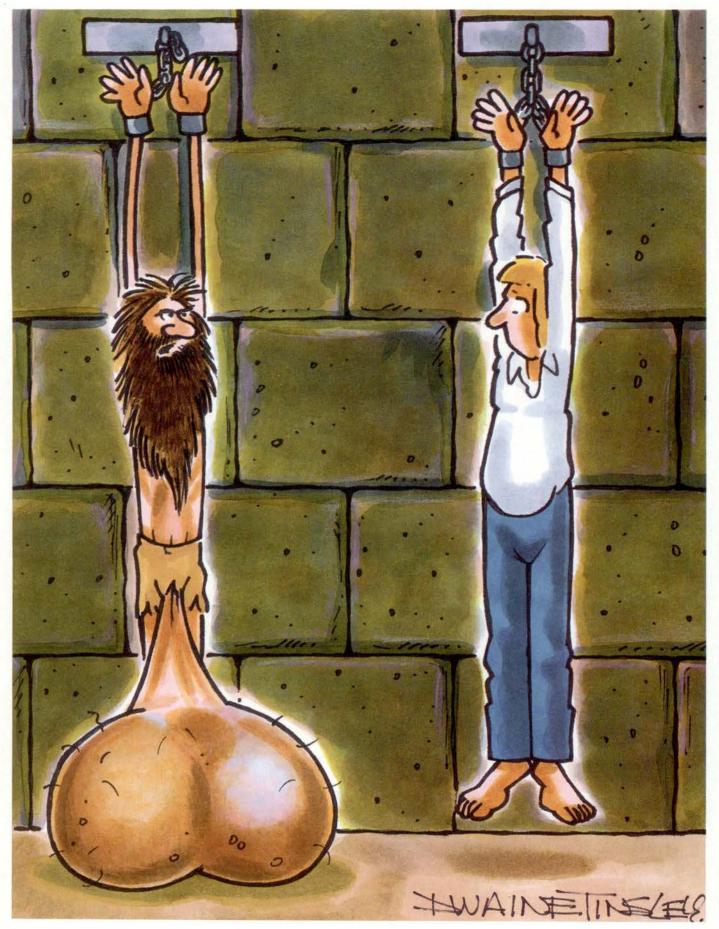
"That's a nice tan you have there, Sheila."

"Oh, thank you. It's fading a bit, though; so I'm going to Bali next week."

"Did you have any experience in videos before you signed up with Down Under?" "No. None at all."

"What's the difference between hav-

"Do you give golden showers?"



"The toughest part is the lack of pussy...."

DOWN UNDER

"Australian men have this macho image. They like to have sex with a girl and then go to the pub and tell their mates about it."

ing sex in a video and having sex with an Australian guy?"

"Video's more fun, actually."

Alice: "Yeah. Australian men are too uptight. They're afraid to experiment."

Sheila: "They've got this macho image to protect. They like to have sex with a girl and then go down to the pub and tell their mates about it. They can't get through it quick enough to get down there and tell everybody about it."

Alice: "If a girl is too aggressive in bed, the guys get really uncomfortable. They feel it's not right."

"So what do you do about it?"

Sheila: "We go to America or we make movies."

Alice: "What else can we do?"

Both girls plan to go to America after filming is completed. Sheila would like to live there and, in fact, was already once deported from the States. She'd crossed over from Canada, swearing to immigration officials that she had no intention of working, but they found her nude portfolio, became rather skeptical and suggested she'd be happier back in Australia. Alice likes the States, especially the sexually liberated males, but she intends to return to Oz where she and Kelly Blue are the big cheese as far as porn *stars* are concerned. She likes the fuss and attention. In America she'd be just another pretty slit.

Back in the dining hall, I meet Robbie Swann, who lobbies the Australian government on behalf of the Adult Video Industry Association (AVIA). This association, created by Mature Media Group chief John Lark, has been influential in protecting Australians' rights to view X-rated material.

In 1984, a Falwell-type moral crusader, Mary Whitehouse, came out from England and convinced all the Australian states to ban the sale of X-rated material. This actually strengthened the cum industry. The jizz companies moved to Canberra in the Australian Capital Territory (A.C.T.), which, like Washington, D.C., is the seat of the federal government. Since the A.C.T. operated only under federal laws, there was no way to enact legislation banning porn in the Territory. And since the Australian Constitution guarantees that if



a product is legal to sell in one state or territory, it can be shipped to all, the pornographers were home free.

Mail-order houses do such a thriving business that porn has become the fifth largest industry in the A.C.T., "right after wood products and furniture," Swann laughs. And don't think that hasn't caught the attention of legislators. "Fifty percent of the postal business that goes on in Canberra is mail order. So if you knock out our business, you knock out half the postoffice system. Not to mention the trucking companies and printers. Imagine all those people out of work."

As we try to imagine it, Swann continues: "When the Territory got its own government, there was a big-shit fight about whether to ban X, but the conservative parties agreed to pass the Labor Party's budget, which included a 20% levy on all Australian videos. They think they'll earn \$5 million a year out of that. The conservative parties are still opposed to them on moral grounds, but they've decided business-wise they just couldn't do it."

Swann recalls times when he had to do a lot of arm twisting. "About a year and a half ago," he says, "the Australian Attorney General and all the State Attornies General met in Darwin and announced that they were going to ban X in Canberra. We had about six months to lobby the federal parliament to stop this ban. Six months later the federal Labor caucus in parliament voted 75 to 25 in our favor.

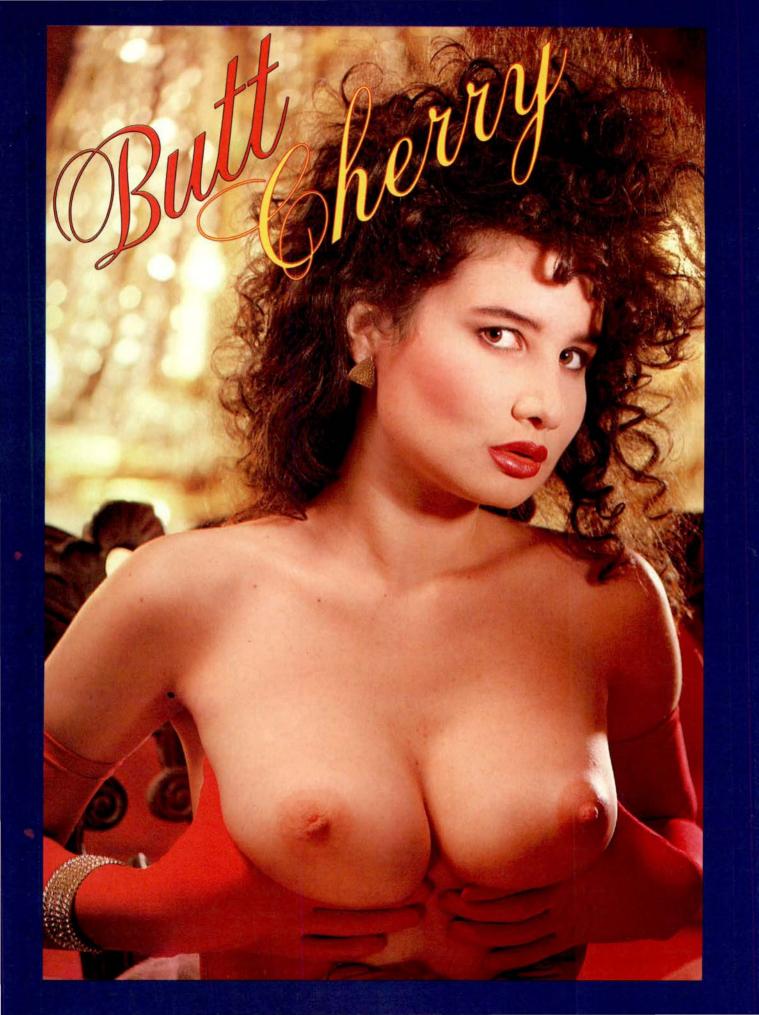
On another occasion before a crucial vote, Swann sent X-rated videos to the ministers. "We sent *Liquid Assets* to the Minister of the Treasury, *Lust on the Orient Xpress* to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and the Speaker of the House at that time, Joan Charles, sat in the Chamber, so we sent her *Memoirs of a Chambermaid*. It had a great effect. The next day they were all asking each other what tape they'd received. It took the seriousness out of the whole debate. Everyone just laughed."

One of the drawbacks to filming in a rain forest is rain. Another is leeches. They fall from the trees and stand up in the grass like cobras searching for victims. After the downpour is over and the sun dries everything, filming resumes. Everyone is careful not to stand under the trees.

No sex today, just dialogue and impromptu dirt-bike riding. After four videos, everyone's ready to go home, particularly the Americans, some of whom have been away more than four weeks.

Matti is shooting Nioka and Randy Spears in an ancient blacksmith barn. In order to get enough light into the barn, (continued on page 54)





Kitty wears red when she wants a cock up her ass, and blue when she wants to tit-fuck. When she tricks, she takes everything, including American Express; but when she throws a fuck for free, she calls the shots. "Stroke it till it can't get any bigger," she directs. "Then fuck my cunt awhile. I don't sit on anything that isn't hard enough to pop my butt cherry, and I like to squeeze."

Photography by Matti Klatt











DOWN UNDER (continued from page 46)

Randy winces from the heat, Nioka slides her hand into his jeans, and Matti snaps the shutter. The rest is up to the lab.

Matti has removed boards from the wall, which enrages the owner. Tempers are wearing thin.

Matti paces nervously, waiting for the clouds to move on so he can get his final shot. Miraculously, the dark clouds part, an assistant throws kerosene on the flames, Randy winces from the heat, Nioka slides her hand into his jeans, and Matti snaps the shutter. The rest is up to the lab.

With filming over and the actors scattered, it's time to head to Canberra, capital of Ozand porn central. Of the three major porn conglomerates—Leisuremail, the Hill Group's Club X Mailorder and Mature Media Group—Mature is by far the largest, raking in at least 50% of the porn dollars, which in 1989 amounted to \$12.5 million. Americans hear about the "\$8-billion porn industry," but considering that the population of Australia is only slightly greater than that of New York City, \$12.5 mil is a fair bit of change.

Unlike the U.S., Australia's porn industry is centralized and politically active. High visibility has been more beneficial than harmful. Porn tapes are hit with an extra tax, but pornographers such as Mature Media's John Lark see this rate as legitimizing the industry. Essentially, the tax makes the government a partner in the proceedings. Furthermore, exporting videos may actually affect Australia's trade deficit. Taking advantage of Australia's program of granting money to exporters who promote their products abroad, Lark could collect as much as \$200,000 from the Australian government simply for advertising his Down Under Video line overseas. This possibility turns the antipornography faction livid.

Also unlike the U.S., Australia has a censor, "which, in many ways," according to MMG honcho Bruce Portmann, "works better for us than the American system. At least we know what's acceptable and what's not. Once the censor grants a license to a tape, that tape is acceptable anywhere in the country. In the States, what you sell in California can get you busted in Tennessee.

"Of course, having a censor pretty much guarantees that you won't be able to obtain any of the more extreme activities, such as



but you can't get that stuff in America either. We do have anal tapes; so even with censorship there's a full range of sexual activity,

"What we're trying to do with Down Under Video is present beautiful women in beautiful locations having beautiful sex. We're not into S&M or violence in any way. I think these tapes are going to be very successful. We're spending money on them they look better than 80% of the product being made in the States; we're really taking advantage of Australia's exotic locales, and the girls don't have that hard, professional porn-star look. They're more interested in sex than camera angles."

Fantasy Lane, MMG's much-touted porn supermarket, is everything it's cracked up to be: aisles and aisles of videos (X- and R-rated), magazines, paraphernalia, lingerie. The merchandise isn't much different from what we have in America, but they have one thing we don't: Traci Lords tapes.

But if X is so legal, why bother with an R-rated version at all?

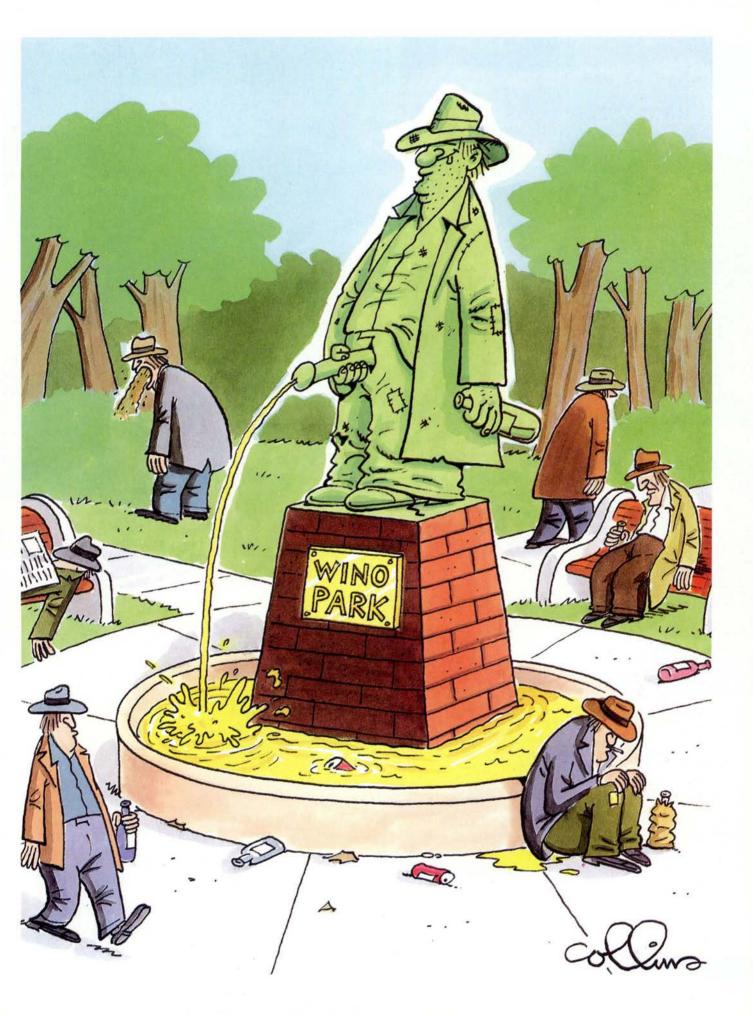
"Remember," says Portmann, "X is illegal everywhere but Canberra. People can buy an X-rated video through the mail from us, but they could never walk into a video store in Melbourne or Sydney, for example, and rent a hard-core tape. If they buy an R-rated video from a store in another state, though, all they have to do is mail it to us, and we'll send them the X version."

So the only way to get the real thing, then, is to buy it?

"Right."

From Canberra it's a three-hour drive to Sydney, Australia's biggest and, presumably, wildest city. It is also the natural home of the funnelweb spider, which has taken to urbanization with glee. Wild? Well, anyone who's been to a really wild city will snicker at the two blocks of the King's Cross district where Sydney's more colorful types, a disturbing number of whom look like their mothers' gynecologists were veterinarians, congregate on weekends, swill beer and horse around to the delighted horror of tourists. Sydney is a beautiful city, maybe too beautiful to be taken seriously by anyone in search of real vice.

The flight back to Los Angeles gives me plenty of time to ponder Australia's importance in porn in the coming years. I read a Kinky Friedman detective novel instead. Aussie porn's impact depends entirely on its product. It looks good from here, but it's up to the viewers to decide. For a preview, keep your eyes on HUSTLER's pages—we've got several Aussie-slut layouts on the way.



In the Ring With Mike Soma

he prowrestling circuit is a circus of blood and sluts. A former combatant tells his war stories.

THE GLADIATORS OF GLITZ

IN THE RING

The razor slipped and sliced deep into my eyelid. Hot blood gushed onto the mat. A jolt of pure panic raced through my body.

The giant wrestler's muscular arm, brushing past the back of my neck, was as light as the touch of a bird's wing. The punch came with all the force of a two-year-old, but I hit the mat like I'd been slammed by a Mack truck at 70 m.p.h., making sure that I landed on my face. My stomach threatened to puke, traumatized almost beyond my professional control by a night of too much Percodan and too many beers. Gasping for breath on the sweat-slicked mat, I reached with shaky fingers for the razor blade hidden in the tape around my hand. I found it, raised it to my forehead and started to slice my face. Suddenly the shit-for-brains referee stepped back unthinkingly and kicked my hand. The razor slipped and sliced deep into my eyelid. Hot blood gushed onto the mat. A jolt of pure panic raced through every nerve in my body. Had some podunk, shithead amateur blinded me? Aside from the urge to kill the bastard, one thought made its way through my boiling brain-What was I doing here?

Ever since I was a little kid, I wanted to be a wrestler. One day I was walking down Archer Avenue in Chicago, and I saw wrestler Tommy DeMarco. I asked him for his autograph and found out he lived in the neighborhood. That was 1975. Sure enough, I saw DeMarco one day sitting across the street from my house. I walked up to him and introduced myself again and said, "Look, I want to know how to be a wrestler."

He gave me the number of a guy who used to wrestle back in the '40s, '50s and early '60s—Bob Sabre. I called him up, and we set a meeting up for a Saturday at a wrestling show in Chicago. I had wrestled in high school, and I told him that, but he said that was a whole different ballgame. He told me that in high school, you're always down on the mat, but in professional wrestling you stand up a lot, and you do things that are absolutely illegal in high school. You can't body-slam anybody, you can't throw them into turn-buckles or knee-drop them in high school.

The first thing Bob wanted me to learn was how to fall. The mat itself is padded; also there's a shock absorber in the center. But Bob's boys were body-slamming me on a concrete floor. Bob looked at me and



"I see . . . and how many years have you worked as a 'vibrator tester'?"

said, "Mike, are you serious about becoming a professional wrestler?" I said, "Bob, you guys have been beating the piss out of me. Do you think that if I didn't want to do this, I'd still be here?" And he said, "Good, because there's something I got to tell you." He told me that they're all fakes and phonies. Everything they do is a sham.

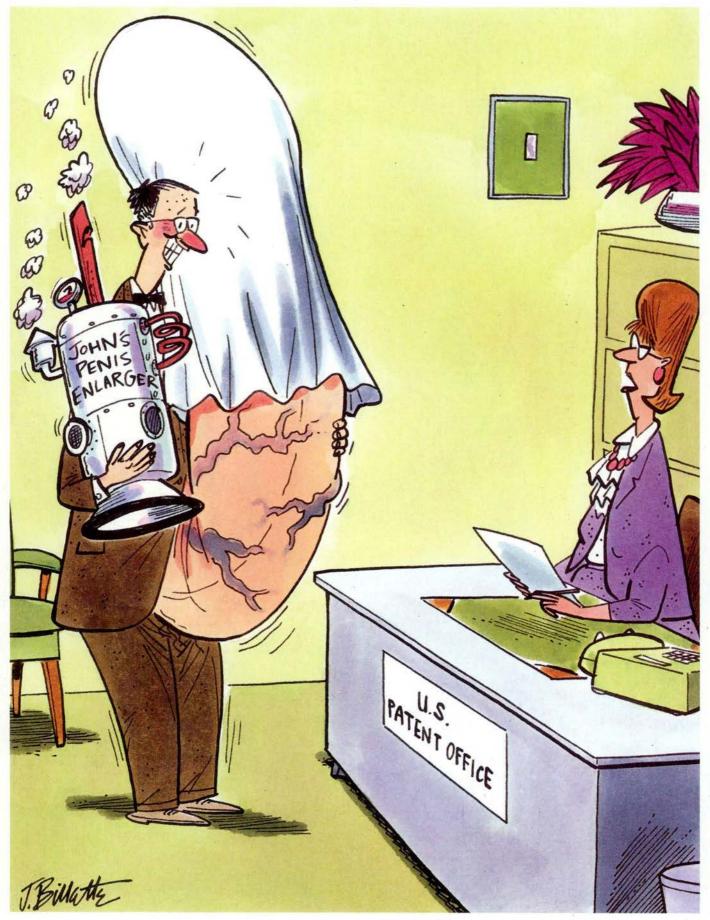
I wanted to hit him! These guys had been using my body as a punching bag, and I couldn't get mine from these guys; I couldn't hit *them*. I said, "You mean to tell me that you guys have been beating me up, and you didn't have to?" He said, "Well, we just wanted to be sure that you're sincere."

If you want to be a professional wrestler, there's a word you've got to learn, and you've got to learn it fast. It's called *kayfabe*. When a wrestler hears another wrestler say kayfabe, he stops doing whatever he's doing and gets like stone. He doesn't say another word; he doesn't look in anybody's direction. If you're talking with a bad guy, and you're a good guy, you both walk away if you hear that word. Kayfabe means shut up. That was my first introduction to wrestling.

Later, I went back to the gym with Bob, we sat down, and he said, "Now, look. Wrestling-we're phonies, we're fakes, but you've got to treat it like it's for real. Wrestling is like stunt work. We're glorified stuntmen. Wrestlers work a hold like a stuntman on TV works a scene. We work our punches so they don't connect with any force. They might hit with the velocity of a slap, but they're not going to do any serious damage. When I punch you, you react, and your reaction is the selling of that maneuver. But if I throw a punch at you, and you just stand there, they won't think there was much behind that, or they'll think I missed completely.

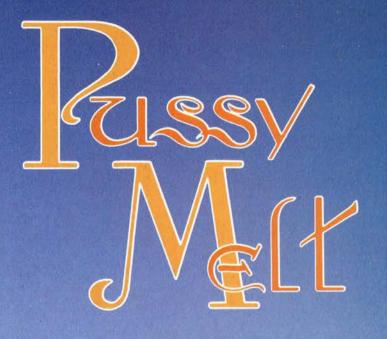
"If I come in contact with your body the stomach and the head or the back you sell that, and you give the appearance of pain. You can do it by screaming, you can do it by facial expression, by throwing your arms up in the air—whatever it takes to get the point across that you're in pain, you go ahead and do it." I did it for ten years. All over the place, from Canada to Mexico, Korea, Japan. It was a nice life until the fact that I was getting the shaft finally hit home, and I decided *the hell with it*, and I got out of the business.

Good times on the circuit. Ah, man, there's a lot of those. Going to Minneapolis with Tommy DeMarco and Renee Grisman was one of them. When you're a new guy and you go to Minneapolis, the first place you stop, no matter if you're hungry or tired or what, is the porno house. That's where we went. We watched a couple of flicks, and I think we spent the whole morning at the *(continued on page 74)*



[&]quot;Do you have an appointment?"





b obbi and Talitha met at college when they joined the same sorority. Both head cheetleaders in high school, they found a lat in common and became best friends right away. After graduation, they drifted apart. By chance they bumped into each other on a sunny beach vacation, "This time we'll keep in touch," whispers Talitha. Bobbi agrees. "I don't think we'll ever be apart again."

Photography by Matti Klatt

























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t was six o'clock in the morning at Marine boot camp in mid-February. The temperature was about ten degrees below zero.

The sergeant said, "All right, scumbags, fall in outside, stark naked! And stand close enough to make the guy in front of you smile!" Despite the freezing weather, the Marines did as commanded.

Now the sergeant said, "Okay, loosen ranks." Everyone stepped back a bit, and the sergeant started walking among the men. He was carrying a riding crop in his hand. Suddenly, he smacked one of the men across the chest. "Did that hurt, soldier?"

The soldier answered, "No, sir!"

The sergeant then asked, "Why not?"

"Because I'm a U.S. Marine, sir!" came the answer. The sergeant nodded and walked around to the next row. Presently, he smacked another soldier across the ass. "Did that hurt, soldier?"

The soldier answered, "No, sir!"

The sergeant asked, "Why not?"

"Because I'm a U.S. Marine, sir!" came the expected response.

The sergeant nodded again and mumbled, "Good platoon." He started down the next row and found one of the soldiers had a huge erection. He walked around it, stared at it, then turned and *whack!* He hit it with the riding crop. He bellowed, "Did that hurt, soldier?"

The soldier answered, "No, sir!"

The sergeant asked, "Why not?"

"Because it belongs to the guy in back of me, sir!"

Usestion: Did you hear about the Puerto Rican who refused to smoke crack?

Answer: He was into classic coke.

A black guy was standing on a downtown street corner, totally naked, when a cop happened by. The cop said, "You can't stand around here nude like that. And if you don't have one hell of an excuse, I'm going to run you in."

"Well," the black guy began, "I was at my girlfriend's house where we were sitting around drinking wine. All of a sudden, she said, 'Let's get naked and go to town!' So, I did, and I guess I just beat her here!" A carpet layer was installing new wall-to-wall carpeting in the family room of a home. He'd had a little too much to drink the night before; so he was a bit disoriented as he worked. Finally, he finished and stepped back to inspect the job. To his dismay, he noticed a lump right in the middle of the floor.

The thought of tearing up all the carpet turned his stomach. He searched his pockets for a brief time, looking for a smoke. Then he realized his pack of cigarettes was missing. He checked his toolbox and jacket, but the cigarettes were not to be found.

Then he had an idea. He got out a hammer and began smashing the lump. It took awhile, but finally the lump was so flattened that it was barely noticeable. Satisfied, he carried his gear back out to the truck.

His pack of cigarettes was on the front seat. Undaunted, he headed back toward the house. As he walked in the front door, he heard a little boy say, "Mommy, have you seen my kitten?"

uestion: What do you get when you mix Samoans with Negroes?

Answer: Some mo' Negroes.

y on this buddy, Donnie, were duck hunting. Roy pointed off to the left and snapped his fingers, and his dog, Warren, ran off into the marsh. Momentarily, Warren returned. He had a twig in his mouth, and he started shaking his head and humping wildly on Donnie's leg.

Donnie screamed, "Roy, call your dog off! This old hound of yours has finally lost his mind!"

Roy answered, "Like hell he has! Can't you see he's trying to tell you that over to the left there are more fucking ducks than you can shake a stick at?"

A hit-and-run victim slowly got to his feet. "My mother-in-law just tried to run me over," he explained to the policeman.

"But how do you know that it was your mother-inlaw?" asked the officer.

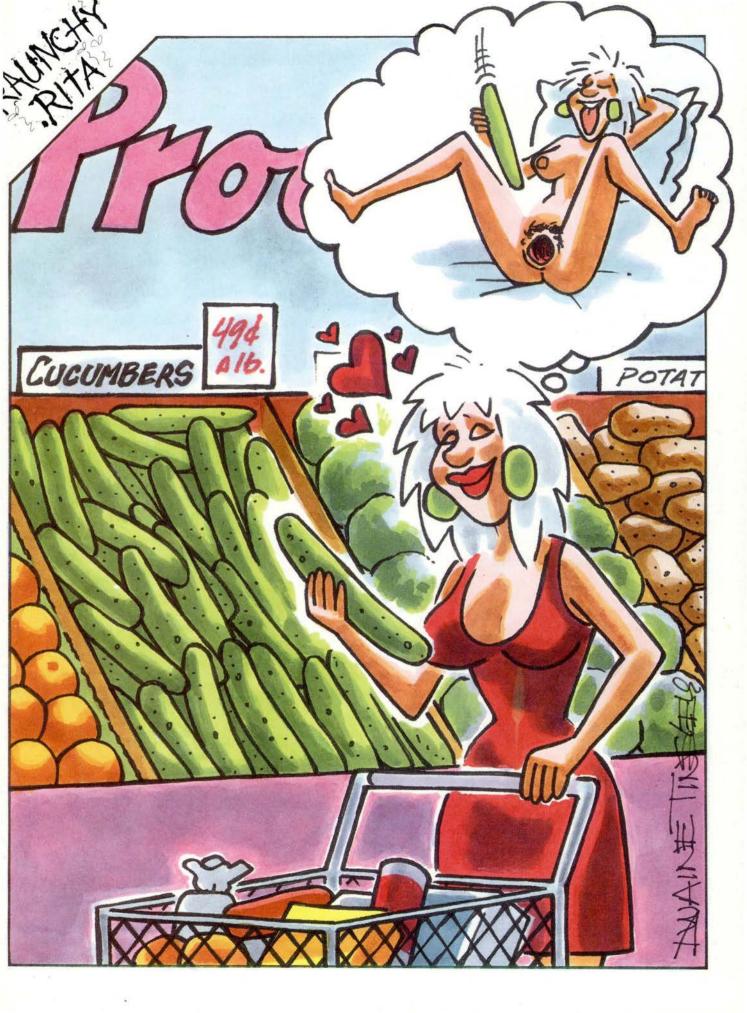
The man answered: "I'd recognize that laugh anywhere!"

wo men and a woman were stranded on an island. After two weeks, the woman was so ashamed of what she was doing, she killed herself.

After two more weeks, the men were so ashamed, they finally buried her.

After two more weeks, the men were so ashamed of what they were doing, they dug her back up.

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This guy didn't like the decision; so he started popping off rounds.

He shot six innocent people that night. Nobody saw anything.

theater. After that, Renee said, "Okay, now we're going to have some fun. We're going to call up a couple of the rats. Those are our groupies. We've got to have those when we come up to Minneapolis."

Wrestlers call their groupies arena rats. They're known as snuff queens at the Grand Ole Opry and buckle bunnies on the rodeo circuit. Renee made a few phone calls, and we had about four or five of them show up at the hotel room. Here I was at the ripe, old age of 17, and I'm going, Wait a minute, one on one in another room is fine, but eight people in one room? I'm not ready for this.

It was a bit of a shock to see this going on, because my idea of these guys was that they were the all-American good guys who don't smoke, drink, swear or kick dogs. That's the image they produced on TV. But when you got them away from the lights and the camera, it was Sodom and Gomorra all over the place.

When I wrestled, I wore pink trunks, and I had blond hair. I would swing my hips. I mean, I was the epitome of the sissy boy. I got through wrestling in Detroitthe week before I'd just bought a brandnew 1978 LTD—and I came out of the gig to see my car was totaled. This was in December. They smashed out my windshield, they slashed my tires, and they wrote *faggot* on the car with pink paint. I borrowed four tires from four different wrestlers, pushed the windshield out the rest of the way and drove home in a damn blizzard from Detroit.

I've also had a woman stab me in Texas. She stabbed me in the hand as I was coming back from the ring. With wrestling, the longest walk is not from the dressing room to the ring; it's from the ring back to the dressing room. After you've had the match, if you're what's known as a *heel*—that's a bad guy— you've done all the nasty things you could possibly do in front of the people, and the *other* guy might have more fans there than you do. In their minds, you have no right to live.

Fans get very emotional if their hero is beaten up. A friend of mine, Black Jack Mulligan, was walking from the ring in New York, and a woman came up to him from the side with one of those razors they



use to cut carpeting, started in his knee and went all the way up and ripped his leg open—just because she didn't like him. That's sick. Unfortunately, we're the cause of the sickness. Wrestlers are supposed to aggravate and antagonize the fans. That's what we get paid to do.

Unfortunately, it's hard to turn that off. Once the match is over, you can't just say, "Okay, folks, it's over; return to normal." They don't. They continue with the rage and hatred, and they're looking for ways of getting you. Wrestlers have had their cars bombed with Molotov cocktails; guys are shot at by fans. I was in Chicago back in 1977 when a fan didn't like the referee's decision at the match and opened fire with a .357 Magnum. He was trying to hit the referee and one of the wrestlers. It was Vern Gagne and Nick Bockwinkel for the world's title. This guy didn't like the decision; so he started popping off rounds. He shot six innocent people that night and, when the police were questioning the individuals in his section, nobody saw anything. How can you not see someone with a gun? But nobody saw anything because, well, the guy deserved to be shot, he deserved to be killed-he beat Vern for the title. That's what the fans thought. We caused them to think like that.

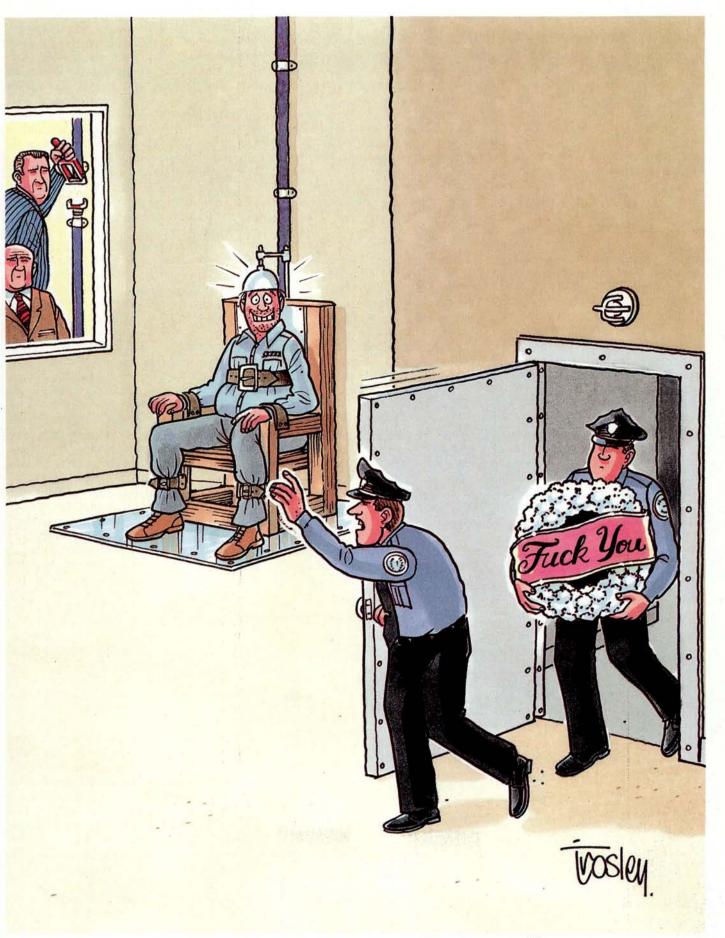
The blood in professional wrestling is absolutely real. The blood is legit. The way we get it is not so good. We take razor blades, and we cut our own foreheads.

If you notice, you never see a wrestler bleed from anywhere but his forehead. When the guy supposedly gets hit with a chair and goes down, he always lands facedown on the canvas—even if he gets hit from the front with the chair. He's doing that because he has a razor blade on his person somewhere, and by this time it's between his thumb and forefinger. While he's facedown on the mat, he's taking that razor blade, and he's cutting his forehead open. Not a lot. It feels about the same as taking a fingernail and running it across your forehead. That's all you feel.

But when he comes up, and the match has been going on for a while, and he's sweaty, and his heart is pumping—that little cut produces a lot of blood. That thing bleeds, man, even gushes at times.

Hiding a razor blade is very simple, considering the fact that we're out there damned near naked. A lot of wrestlers wear tape on their wrists and their fingertips. If they have a match where they need to get color—we call blood *color* in the business—they would have a razor blade either in the wrist tape or in a piece of finger tape, or they would have it in a little pocket sewn into their wrestling trunks.

I hid a razor in a pocket in my trunks, and



"Hold it! We got a last-minute message from the governor!"

IN THE RING

We used to call one guy "the pharmacist" because he had a black bag like a doctor, and this damn thing had every drug you could name.

I also kept a blade in my wrist tape and one on my forefinger. Actually, it was on the forefinger between the first and second joints on the inside. You couldn't see anything there from the outside but two pieces of tape. On the inside was the blade, and all I had to do was take my thumb and press up, and the blade would then be past my finger, and I could cut my forehead.

If you see wrestlers with tape on their fingers and wrists, it's a good bet that's where they hide the razors. It wouldn't make a lot of sense for a wrestler who never wore tape to come out and wear tape only when he's in a match where he bleeds. People would start getting wise.

I almost lost my eye once, and once was enough. I was down on the floor cutting, and this guy was arguing with the referee. The referee stepped back and kicked the hand that held the razor, and it slipped down underneath where I was cutting, and I cut my eyelid. I cut all the way through, which really bothered me. I went nuts in the ring, from the pain and from just wanting to kill the dude for doing this. Luckily, all I have to show for it nowadays is a scar. I didn't lose the eye, which I'm very thankful for.

Brass knuckles aren't really brass knuckles. I used to have a set made out of those little aluminum ashtrays that I got at Burger King. I just put tape around them and kept adding tape until it looked like brass knuckles. It was nice and soft. We never hit anybody with a closed fist, anyway. It's more of a brushing effect. Take a normal punch you would throw at someone's face—we would throw it at the forehead and go up and over. Or we would throw it at the side of the face and go past.

We very seldom throw a punch straight on, because there's so much chance of the guy stepping in or us stepping in or losing balance or whatever, and somebody can get hurt that way. Wrestlers don't want to hurt each other. This is their livelihood. They don't get unemployment or workmen's comp. They have to work all the time to keep the bill collectors happy.

We've used chains in matches, for everything from a Louisiana chain-gang match where you're chained ankle to ankle with eight feet of chain, to a Texas chain-gang



"I save a lot on charcoal starter this way."

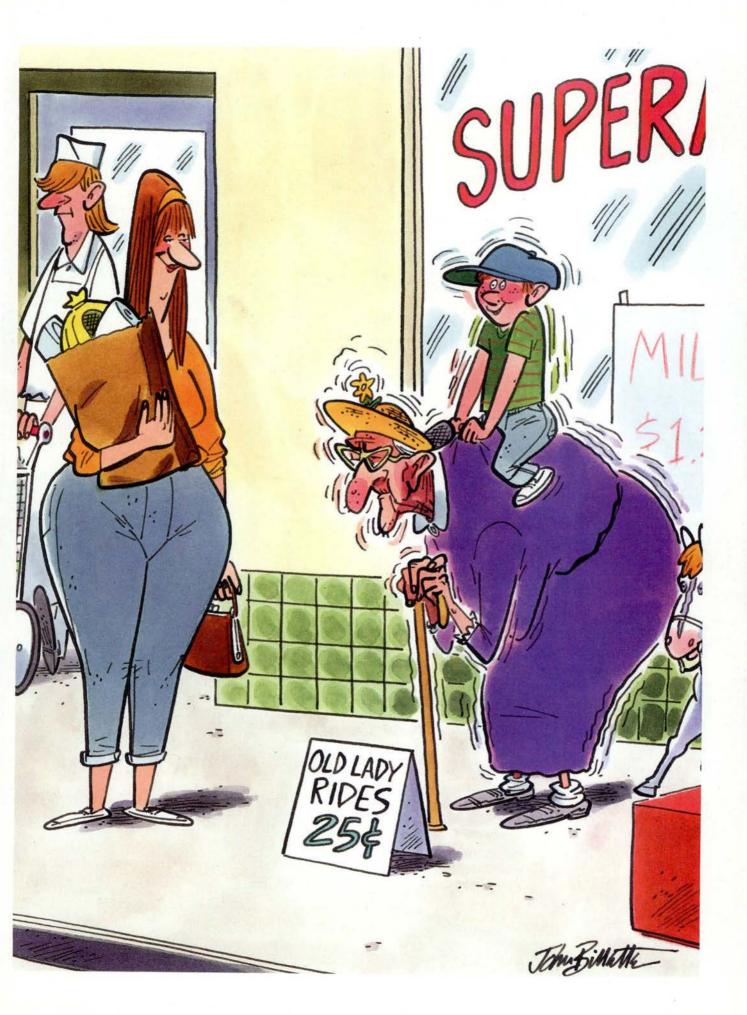
match where you've got chain on your wrist. The chain is half inch, and it's real steel chain. When you go to throw a punch at someone with chain, you wrap the chain around the palm of your hand, not the front of your hand. If you were to close your hand right now and have the tips of your fingers touch just under your thumb, with the fingernails showing, that's how we make a fist in wrestling. The whole object now is to touch your fingernails to this guy's forehead and give the appearance of taking that chain and ramming it into his head. This gives the illusion that you're trying to break his skull open. He falls down and makes his cut with the razor blade and gets back up, and you just repeat the process.

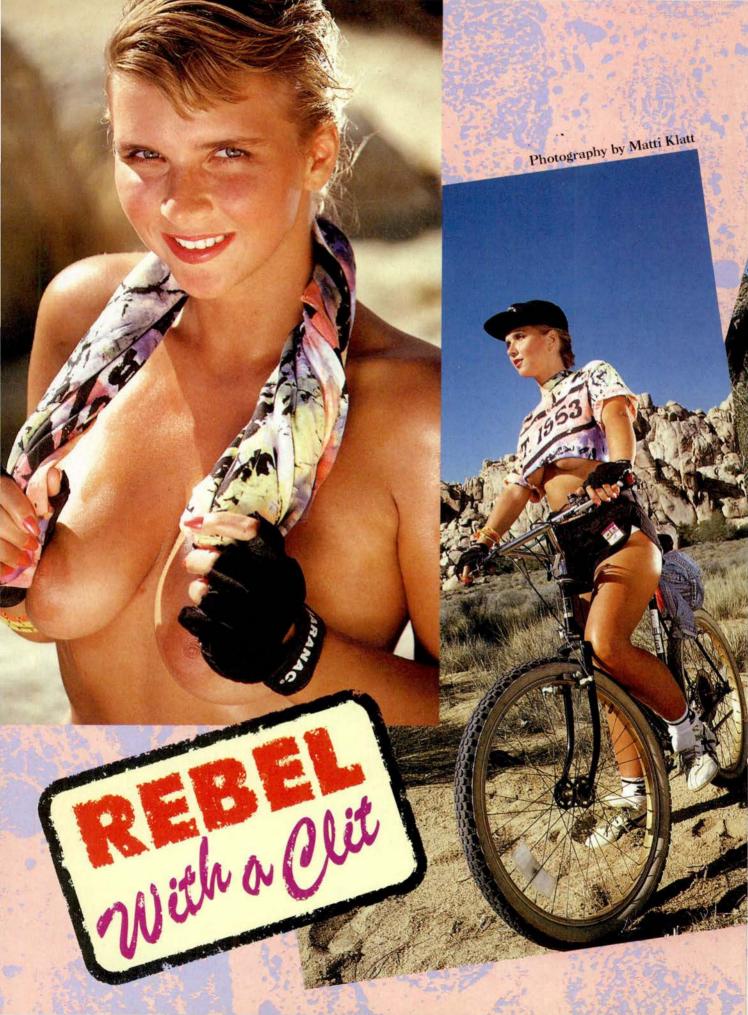
There are a lot of drugs. Steroids galore. When you see a guy who's going bald and starting to get that little thickening of the forehead above the eyes, that's steroid use. When you see somebody who looks so huge that his skin's ready to pop, that's steroids. Steroids get abused because everybody wants to look big.

The drug of choice in wrestling is alcohol. It's known in the business as liquid courage. It's rampant. Every dressing room has beer in it, at least four or five cases, so the boys can have something to drink after the match. Some of the guys can't work unless they've had something to drink.

One guy would smoke a joint laced with cocaine before every match because he couldn't do it straight. The crowds terrified him, what he had to do scared him, and he had to be in his own little world to do that. We used to call one guy "the pharmacist" because he had a black bag like a doctor, and this damn thing had every drug you could name-Percodan, Quaaludes, codeine, everything you could want. After a match, he'd go, "Here, here, have a Percodan." I had six or seven bottles of Percodan, some Quaaludes and some Valium. I can't sleep because I'm taking diet pills to keep me awake while I'm driving to the shows-it was terrible. Guys in the business right now are on that same little rollercoaster ride, and after a while it don't go up anymore.

Memories of crazy shit. I was on the West Coast during most of the '70s. I was working out of Portland, Oregon, at the time. Once, in Seattle, Washington, at the Seattle Center arena, a bunch of wrestlers went in on Monday to get our slips for the week, to find out who we were going to work with and that whole rigmarole. All the heels went in together to get our paychecks. The promoter, Donny Owen, looked at us when we got in the office and said, "You bastards. If you ever bring another 12-yearold into the dressing room, I'm going to *(continued on page 84)*





-year-old Roxanne is an Arizona bookkeeper with a penchant for wide-open spaces. After a week chained to a busy desk, she can't wait to wriggle out of her office clothes and get on her bike. In an hour she's cruising the desert, where the midday sun warms her back, and a clean, hot wind blows between her legs. "I find a place of my own to stretch out," she says. "Sometimes I stay until the sun goes down and ride home in the moonlight."

T. 195

1









One of the Baby Faces stood up and said, "It was me, you son

of a bitch. I couldn't find anything nine years old, so I took a 12."

have you guys brought up on charges."

We sat there stunned. He said, "I got a call from an irate mother over the weekend. This woman tracked me down and got my home phone number. You guys brought her daughter into the dressing room." I went, "No way. That was not us. We had nobody in our dressing room. We were bored to death. We were thinking about something, but we couldn't find anything that we liked. I'll bet you it was the Baby Faces. I'll bet those bastards brought that broad into the dressing room."

Not too long after that, they showed up. Donny said, "Guys, look, these sons of bitches here are telling me that you brought that 12-year-old girl into your dressing room. I'm saying it was them. Tell them. Who was it?" One of the Baby Faces stood up and said, "It was me, you son of a bitch. I couldn't find anything nine years old, so I took a 12." These were the kind of guys that I was hanging around with!

At a wonderful little St. Louis hotel, which I won't name, one of the boys invited me to a party. Usually after matches we'd party. I walked into the room, and there were girls there, not one of them over 15 years of age. I walked over to them and said, "Hey, this is nice. Where are the women? Where are the rats?" He said, "These are it." I said, "How old are they?" He said, "Well, let's see. She's 13, and this one over here is 15, and that one's 12." I said, "Are you out of your mind?" He said, "I like them like this, before they get ruined!"

Along with the sex was violence. About a year ago, a guy named Bruiser Brody was killed in a dressing room in Puerto Rico. A guy he had wrestled the night before, who was also rumored to be part owner of the territory, came into the dressing room and, in full view of everybody, stabbed him in the belly. He died a few hours later of bile poisoning. They didn't do a very good job of fixing him up inside. It all happened because Brody didn't let him do a few things in the ring the night before, and the guy got pissed at him.

Anything can happen. There have been times when a promoter wanted a town, and another promoter wouldn't sell it to him. I know of one personally. The guy told me, "I wanted this guy's town so bad. He wouldn't



84

"Tve been in this situation before. All you can do is wait for a pussy fart."

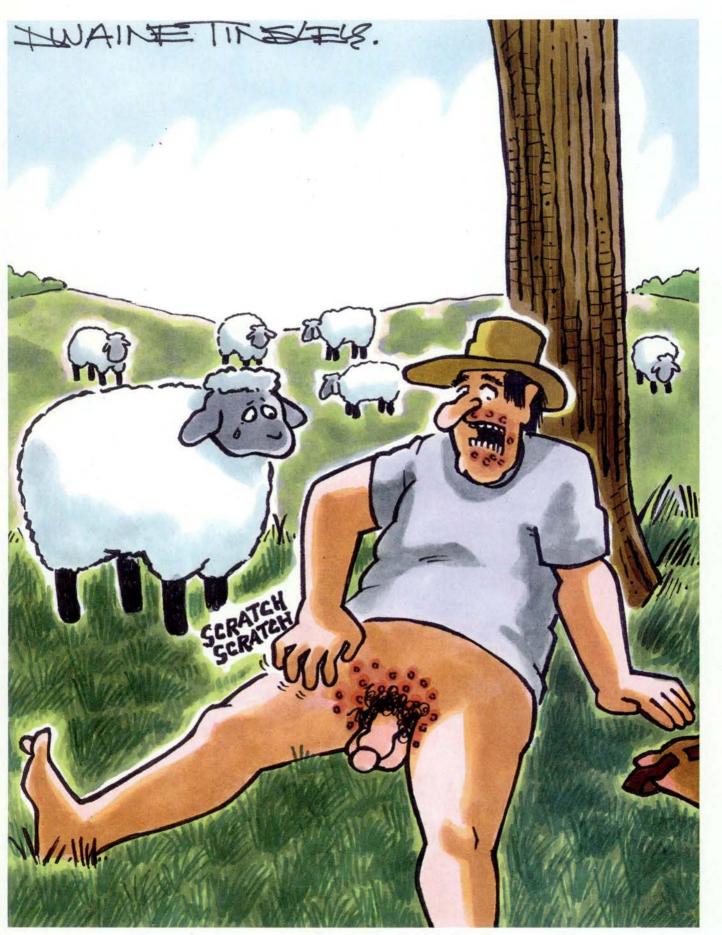
give it to me. It would add another quarter of a million dollars to the outfit every year. So I got a couple of boys, and we waited for him to come out of his office. When he got to his car, we grabbed him. I took a razor, and I started carving on his face until he sold me the territory. I gave him a check right there for the money, and I owned his town. That's how we got to be where we are today." I said, "That's real nice. Remind me not to double-cross you." He said, "That's right. Don't ever double-cross me."

Wrestling supposedly got "legitimate" when Vince McMahon of the WWF brought in Cyndi Lauper and Dick Clark. Cyndi Lauper supposedly bought a professional wrestler named Wendy Richter. Lauper was supposed to be her manager. The shows started drawing people because Cyndi Lauper owned a wrestler. The people got hooked on what they saw. They liked it. It's entertainment, same as anything else.

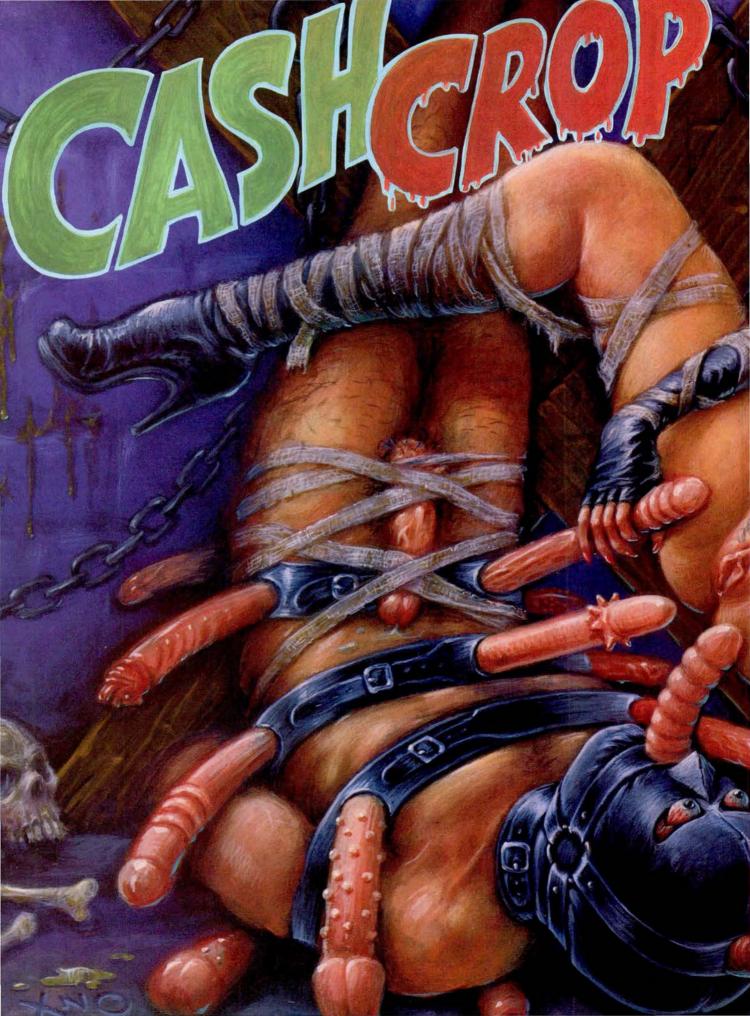
It snowballed. They brought in Mr. T. I've heard that idiot on TV say, "Well, if you think wrestling is a fake, let me give you a body slam." Mr. T is not the greatest actor in the world, and he sure isn't the greatest wrestler, but Mr. T is a name for the younger crowd. When he was a bouncer back in Chicago, I used to go to the club he bounced at. When it came to a guy who had already drunk a fifth, he was real good. As far as being a professional wrestler, the guy stinks. For him to say that it's real, and this guy supposedly has Christian values, give me a break, guy! It's a sham.

Sylvester Stallone got hooked when Hulk made an appearance in one of his *Rocky* pictures. Hogan did the exact same thing in the *Rocky* picture that he does to his opponents in real life, but Stallone got up, and everything was fine. Sly's mother owns GLOW (Gorgeous Ladies of Wrestling). They wanted to throw sex on TV; so they said, "Wrestling's popular. We'll put broads in outfits from Frederick's of Hollywood, and we'll call it Gorgeous Ladies of Wrestling and make some money." Not a bad idea for making money.

One day I said, "The hell with it. Adios. Goodbye." I vamoosed out of the business. Back when I was in it, it was still a family. I used to sit with the old-timers, and they would talk about their days in the '40s and '50s. One of them told me, "Look around and tell me what you see. I see a bunch of guys in their own little world. It's not like it used to be. Everybody sits in their own little corner. The only thing they're concerned about is money, and that's wrong. When you start loving the money more than the business, the business suffers. You guys are going to be relegated to being clowns in the circus."



"We're gonna have to stop seeing each other. I think I'm allergic to wool!"





by Angus MacLise

My obsession with the Dominant Woman began in my traumatic childhood....

CASH CROP

I opened the paper and found what I was looking for: bondage parlors! For a fee I could rent the perfect dominatrix!

My very first sexual fantasy involved my sister's Barbie doll growing to the size of the East German swim team and taking me over her knee for some badly needed, random discipline.

My search for the perfect dominatrix began with my being expelled from college. I was shipped back to my parents and indentured to my uncle's construction firm. A little backbreaking labor might give me some backbone. Added to the physical difficulty of the work was the fact that I couldn't do it.

I was pathetic.

When the lunch truck pulled up, I slipped away. Less than a block from the site was a row of newspaper racks. I bought a sex paper and stuffed it down my pants.

The rest of the workday was less than enjoyable. It's not easy to tack up insulation with a newspaper digging into your crotch. I wondered if anything would be left of the paper to read by the time I got home.

Back in my room, the room I had lived in as a child, I pulled that moist, unsanitary newsprint napkin out of my pants. Apart from being a little damp and wrinkled, it was undamaged. I pulled out all my cash-\$500. There was fun to be had for \$500, and I had the map to the stars' boners right in my lap.

I opened the paper. Scattered among ads for mail-order enema bags, full-body massages and phone sex, I found what I was looking for: bondage parlors! Several of them. For a fee, I could rent the perfect dominatrix! I thought so.

The center spread of the paper was taken up by a two-page ad for "Mistress Ryder's Stable." On the left page stood a black-haired beauty in a riding costume, with knee-length boots, jodhpurs and an ascot, her riding coat open to reveal the swell of perfect breasts, nipples barely covered. Across her pelvis she held a riding crop in gloved fists. This could be love.

I picked up the phone and dialed. "Hello?"

"Hello, is this, um, Miss Ryder's?"

"Yes, indeed, this is Mistress Ryder's Stable. How can I help you?"

The voice was all sunshine and honey, not at all the stern taskmistress I was expecting. I couldn't recover fast enough.



"I was wondering if, um, I could make an appointment to, um...."

"I take it you're not a member. Let's just start at the beginning, shall we? My name is Mistress Lucretia."

"I'm Gu, uh, Jeff."

"How do you do, Jeff? Now, Mistress Ryder's offers a complete bondage and discipline service. A ten-dollar membership fee includes a tour of our facilities and a preliminary interview with one of our hostesses to discuss your needs."

(Ten from five hundred left \$490.)

"At the conclusion of the tour and interview, you can decide what you want to do. A one-hour session costs \$100, and the ladies accept gratuities. Have I left anything out?"

(One hundred from four-ninety left \$390.)

"What sort of gratuity do the ladies expect?"

"One hundred dollars is not considered extravagant. Anything else?"

(One hundred from three-ninety left \$290. My lust budget was rapidly evaporating.)

"When can I come in for a tour?"

"Now, if you like."

She gave me the location and thanked me for calling.

The address Mistress Lucretia gave me was in a hilly residential area about 45 minutes from my parents' house. Mistress Ryder's Stable looked pretty much like all the other houses on the block.

There was a telephone on the wall by the door, and three other buttons, any of which could have been the doorbell. Vibrating with excitement, I took a chance.

"Pick up the phone, you jerk!"

The voice crackling over the intercom admitted no discussion.

"Hello?"

"Are you a member?"

"No, I just spoke to Mistress Lucretia about taking a tour..."

"Figures. Wait for the buzzer and push."

I caught myself from falling face first into the burgundy rug. The place was fussily decorated in Motel Medieval, *faux* flagstone walls hung with shields and crossed swords, overstuffed flocked couches and a full suit of armor guarding the stairway. When I regained my balance, I was confronted by a young woman in black underwear sitting behind an ornately carved desk.

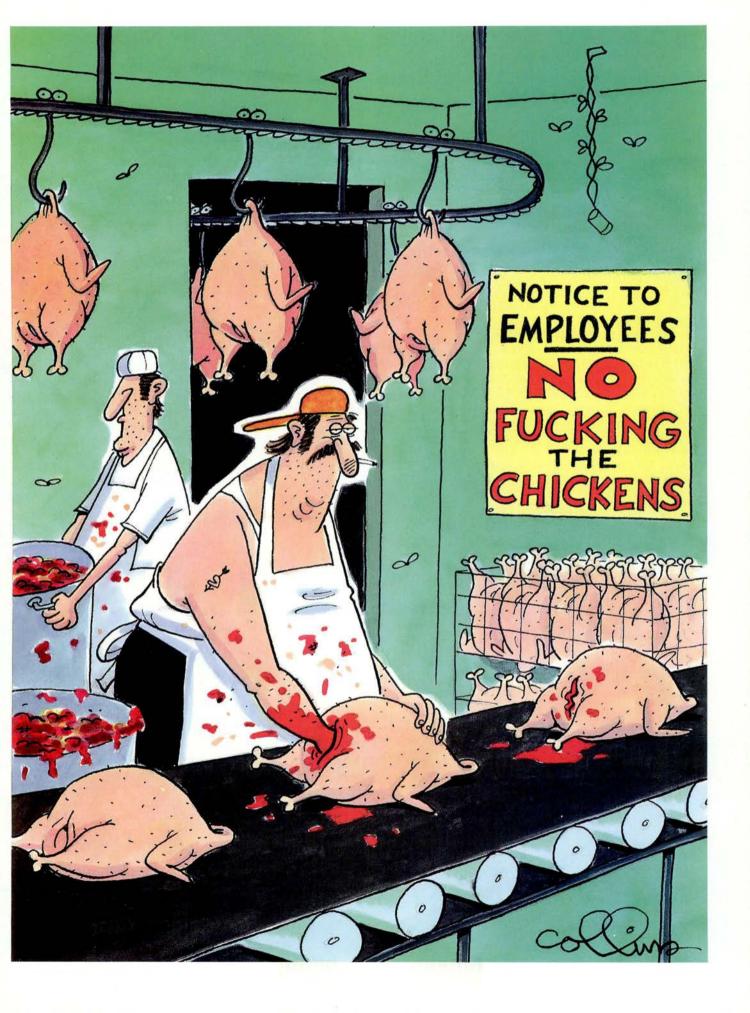
"You Jeff?"

"Yes, I...."

"Ten bucks. Siddown. Wanna beer?"

"Yes, please, that would be"

She left the room to get my beer. I found a seat on a couch in front of a bigscreen TV that glowed with blue snow.



CASH CROP

So this was it: I was in a cramped, ill-lit room that smelled like a Moroccan water closet, with a surly witch in lingerie.

"Here ya go. That'll be five bucks." (Ten and five from five hundred left-) "No tip?"

(Make that ten and ten. \$480.)

She went back to her desk. I took back my seat and kicked back my beer. I stared at the blank screen so I wouldn't have to look at her. I didn't see anyone come down the stairs.

"What have we here?"

That voice! I spun around.

"Hi, dear. I'm Mistress Hermione Ryder, but you can call me Honey."

That face! Mouth painted wide and red, raven hair, scar over the left eye—this was the goddess from the ad.

Inwardly, I dropped to my knees.

"You must be Jeff. You've met Mistress deFarge; perhaps she'd like to take you on a tour."

Mistress deFarge bade me to come. I followed the angry black-satin-clad orbs of deFarge's buttocks down the hall by the stairs. She passed a closed door and banged on it with her fist.

"Looks like Campbell's occupied now. This one over here's called DeSade." I followed her into a small room with mirrored walls, packed to bursting with bondage equipment. An eight-foot cross with straps for restraining commanded one corner. A black-padded sawhorse grazed forlornly in the middle of the room. Against the wall stood a long, low table with iron rings around the sides. Oh, yeah, and a couple of chairs.

"So?"

The air was heavy with incense and disinfectant. I didn't know what to say.

"Huh?"

"Whaddaya think, I do this for my health? Where's my tip?"

"Tip? For what?"

"For the tour, you moron."

(Ten from four-eighty left \$470.)

"Ten bucks. Some sport. Well, anyway, this here's DeSade. Oh, yeah, by the way-dominant or submissive?"

"Oh, I was actually hoping to find a dominatrix to...."

"So that would make you a submissive. Figures. Anyway, we can strap you to the revolving X, we can bend you over the spanking bench and tan your ass, we can



"I suggest you switch to a low-cum diet!"

hang you from the suspension bar and do whatever we want, or...."

"What about the chairs?"

"Oh, that's where we sit and do our nails while you're all trussed up like a turkey."

So this was it: I was in a cramped, ill-lit room that smelled like a Moroccan water closet, with a surly witch in lingerie. This was as close as I'd ever come to heaven.

"So an hour session costs \$100, plus tip?" That seemed completely reasonable. She nodded.

"Can I make an appointment tonight for next Friday?"

She once again nodded assent.

"Would it be possible to have a session with Honey?"

"Miss Ryder don't do sessions no more. You're stuck with me."

That was a bit of a disappointment, but this one seemed to make up in sheer nastiness what she lacked in beauty.

"Miss Ryder'll make the appointment. Friday. Six o'clock. Be on time."

She disappeared, leaving me to find my way back to the desk. I hardly looked at Honey as she made my appointment. It would have been too painful.

The days passed quickly. The sky was cloudy all week, but it didn't rain until Friday at quitting time.

Highway traffic was moving slowly. As the cars finally thinned out, I drove uncharacteristically fast, heedless of the slippery pavement—so fast I nearly missed my exit and had to cut across two lanes to make the ramp, sliding and smacking into the guardrail as I did. The engine died. The clock on the dash read 6:11.

I leapt from the car to assess the damage: My left headlight was drooping, and the left fender and bumper were dented and scratched. The guardrail was undamaged.

I tried to start the car. I was spared. It turned over. I drove like a grandmother the rest of the way. I rang the bell at 6:36.

"Pick up the phone, you asshole!"

Mistress deFarge sounded troubled. "Is this *Jeff?*"

"Uh-huh."

"Get in here!"

Mistress was visibly upset. She was wearing her street clothes—red pumps, tight jeans and a red-and-white-striped tube top. She was pacing.

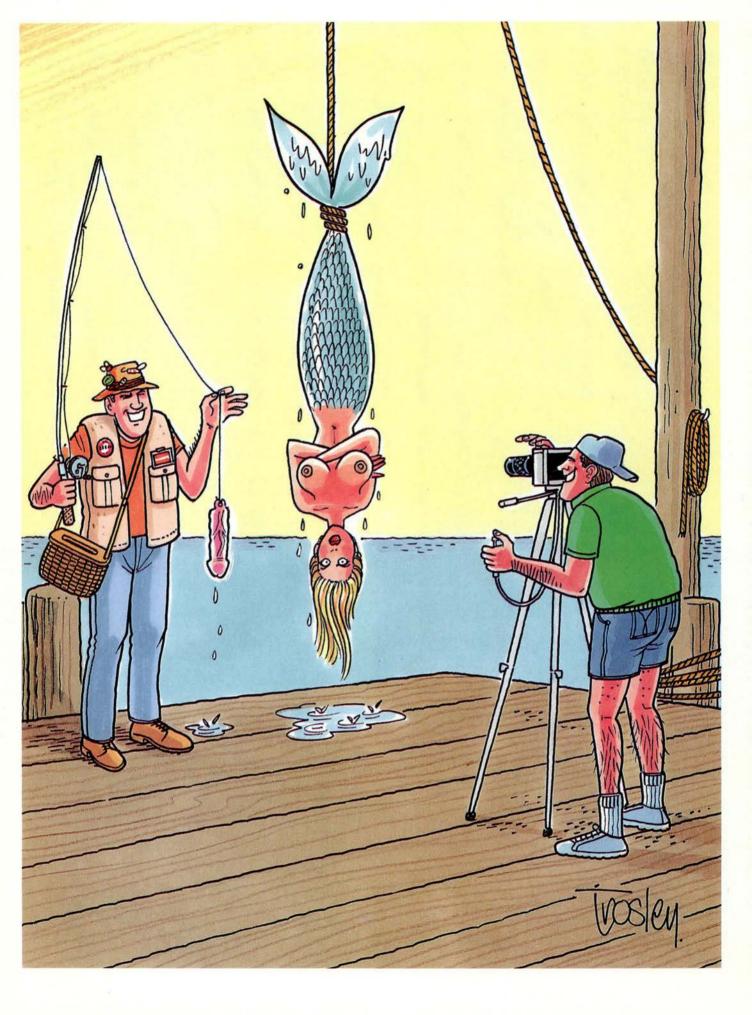
"One hundred bucks, right here!"

She hit the desk with her fist. I fumbled to comply.

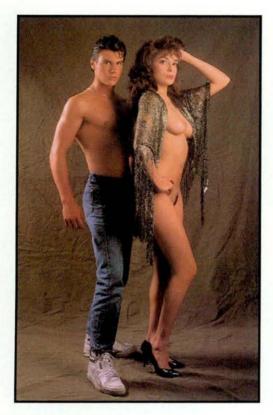
(One hundred from four-seventy left \$370.)

"DeSade, right now, and you better be stripped before I get in there."

I hustled down the hall and tore off my (continued on page 103)



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SEX ADDICTS

onnie K. figured it was time to mingle when the sweet thing she'd been admiring suddenly put on her coat and left the party. Connie came to midnight rock 'n' roll skindigs to fuck, and she was determined to get her horny pussy's worth. She looked on the bright side. People were stoned or loaded, and they were about to eat each other's faces.

Connie went to the bathroom, squatted above the seat and unloaded the water of six or seven beers. The toilet paper she used to wipe her cunt-crack teased the hood of her clit with a delicious little scratch. Involuntarily, her pussy shuddered, and Connie felt the hot flush of vaginal lubrication.

Stepping out of the bathroom, she went back into the party, eager for multiple sex partners. She entered the open door of a dark bedroom. Someone touched her hand. Within the gloom she made out a bed and half a dozen strangers. The door closed behind her, and she heard the click of a lock. She reached for the joint offered her. She laughed when strange hands pulled her down onto the bed and stripped her of her sleazy rock regalia.

Dozens of fingers stroked her breasts while lips sucking her nipples sent a jolt to her itching clit. Her mouth sought other mouths, her tongue plumbed cavities unknown. Hands rubbed her hard belly. Someone whispered, "Open her legs," and two tongues lashed her throbbing pussy. A stiff cock made its way into her love canal. She moved with it and stayed with it for hours. Many cocks became one to her; the bodies of foreign women became extensions of her own. She sucked pussy after pussy and as many nipples as she could find; she even let a woman's long-nailed finger up her asshole.

All the while, Connie knew this type of behavior was dangerous. Her insatiable quest for sexual release was becoming a problem for her. After her fifth round of penicillin shots for venereal disease, she sought help with Sex and Love Addicts Anonymous and its 12 Steps to Recovery program.

The concept of sexual addiction appeared formally in the '70s when a member of an Alcoholics Anonymous chapter in Boston reconceptualized his own frequent masturbation, impersonal sex, emotional dependency and extramarital affairs as manifestations of a disease. The guilt from flagrant violations of his sacred wedding vows was easier to bear when he discovered he was the victim of a physical or mental ailment. He called his disease *love and sex addiction*. He considered his obsessive, compulsive, uncontrollable erotic impulses signs that he was addicted to sex in the same way that others are alcoholics or junkies. The cure came in the form of a modified AA 12 Steps program. He practiced sexual sobriety, rejecting nonrelational sex. When others admitted they too suffered from this new disease, the first chapter of Sex and Love Addicts Anonymous was formed.

News of the disease spread, and the number of afflicted grew. While many legitimate cases of sex-addiction trauma no doubt revealed themselves, so did a large number of provocateurs who adopted the symptoms as the latest in a never-ending series of faddish kicks.

The concept of sex addiction is problematic, especially when it comes to masturbation. The most frequent sexual activity is masturbation, and this is true of all primates, not just Homo sapiens. "To talk of compulsive masturbation is to talk about compulsive massage," said someone I met in a pick-up bar the other night in my endless quest for meaningful data. He claimed to be a licensed therapist who specialized in sexual addiction. Was that a line designed to get his hand under my dress? I



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.



by Dr. R. Johanna

Berad

c

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Illustration bv Jo



Having your clit rubbed is not considered masturbation when you get someone else to do it for you. "Compulsive massage, short of rubbing the skin



raw, is not physically damaging," said my new therapist, slipping his fingers between the folds of my moistening labia. "That it is unhealthy is a fiction of Victorian pseudopsychology. Self-righteous, repressed opportunists say that excessive behavior in any direction is the mark of insanity, but who are they to say?" Reputable therapists, naturally, hedge their bets. We shared data and conducted further research.

Saul W., 31, owner of a Beverly Hills pizza restaurant, tells how masturbation can get out of hand. "When I was 11, my friend showed me how he masturbated," says Saul. " 'Stroke your dick with this lotion until it gets really hard,' he said. Before long I didn't think of anything but coming as many times a day as I could. I used lotion and strokebooks for a couple of years, then moved on to rubbing my dick against anything that happened to be around. I fucked raw liver, mud puddles, banana peels, egg yolks on the kitchen floor, a bowl of chocolate pudding-even a watermelon. I rubbed my cock with fish food and stuck it in the fish tank to be nibbled by goldfish. I rubbed meat on my meat and had dogs lick it. If it's true that when you have sex with a person, you have sex with everyone they've had sex with, then my girlfriend, when I finally stuck it to her, was fucking the whole house.

"I thought having a girlfriend would satisfy my desires. Sure. We could fuck all night and whenever she was around during the day, but she wasn't always here. Sometimes she'd stay in the bathroom for up to an hour. Other times, she'd go shopping. I stooped so low as to fuck oatmeal once. Finally I couldn't live with myself. I sought professional help."

How much is too much? Recognition of the concept of sexual compulsion and addiction came when ex-prison psychologist Patrick Carnes wrote, in his book Out of the Shadows, that sexual addiction was a progressive form of insanity. According to Carnes, sex addicts have a high rate of tolerance and become increasingly out of touch with reality and more and more dangerous to themselves and those around them.

The disease, as mapped by Carnes, progresses from Level One behavior to Level Three. Level One behavior starts with multiple heterosexual relationships, use of pornography and stripshow attendance. Level Two behavior consists of exhibitionism, voyeurism, obscene phone calls and indecent liberties. Level Three behavior is the most heinous of all-rape, incest and child molestation. The need for greater and greater sexual thrills pulls the sufferer along as he loses control. The cigarette smoker who has moved from alcohol to heroin to crack cocaine

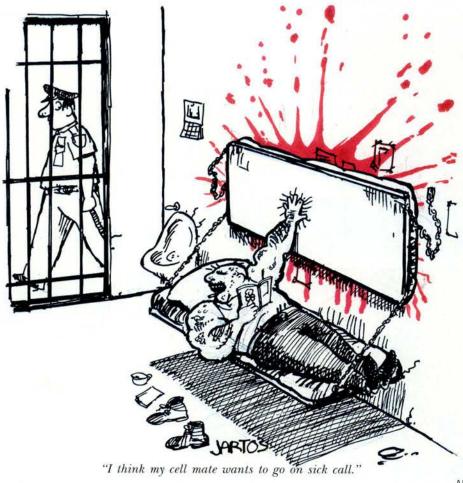
knows only too well what Carnes refers to here.

Others express grave doubts that the idea of sexual addiction is anything more than a faddist alarm preving on people's fears. In our culture, people already feel guilty about sex. It is doubtful that sexual compulsivity, as defined by most programs for sex addicts, has any clinical validity whatsoever. Impulsivity, compulsivity and spontaneity are entities unto themselves. No one can stir them up in a bowl and expect them to blend. Compulsivity is probably a general way of blocking painful feelings by replacing such feelings with compulsive behavior. For example: I wake up in the morning with a person who is coyote ugly. I feel trapped. I want to bite my arm off to get out of there. I jump out of bed and start running, without bothering to dress myself in the proper public attire. That may not be a compulsion; it may be just a mistake.

Carol C. is a 33-year-old aerobics and yoga instructor. She candidly spoke of her recent experiences after learning about sexual compulsion. "One evening," she relates, "after my class, I was on my way to the shower. I was feeling really randy at that moment, stripped in front of the mirror of the studio. I put on a hot aerobics tape and began to work out all over again. My heavy breasts bounced seductively as I savagely bent my body back and forth. I parted my legs and went down into a full split. I felt the carpet rough against my sensitive cunt lips. What I needed was a towel. Where was it? I turned around

and saw one of our new instructors standing near the vending machines, unabashedly watching me and stroking his hard cock through flimsy tights. He moved toward me with the grace of a hungry cat. His cock was long and slim, pointed at the tip. I was mesmerized. He raised me so that his hard cock could enter my pussy while he stood. I put one leg around his slim waist. The other was lifted off the floor about seven inches. He carried me the entire length of the studio toward the vending machines. I was impaled by this cock of the walk. He lowered me onto a hard, vinyl-covered bench. My hot flesh touched the cool surface of the bench with blinding shock, sending me forward, impaling me farther on his pounding ramrod. He turned me so he could see my cheeks and watch his cock go in and out. A feeling of happiness overwhelmed me. He rocked his pelvis to stimulate my clit, and I came and came. I had no control over my desires. At the back of my brain there was always a feeling that perhaps I should develop friendships before jumping into sex. I felt tremendous guilt. But now that I know about sexual addiction. I can choose to be treated or not."

Carol has hit upon my point exactly. Typically we have choice-if we are not psychotic. Pressured by the fears and prejudices of our twisted Western culture, sexuality is being pushed toward procreation and away from recreation. Like everything else, it is defined by those who have power, and that can be dangerous.



"I think my cell mate wants to go on sick call."

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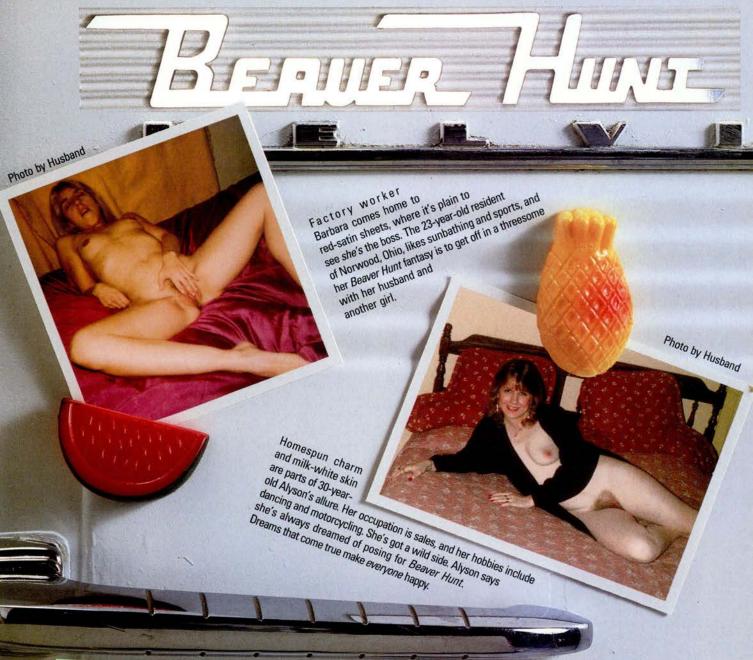


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Photo by Husband

Twenty-five-year-old Kelly is a hairstylist from Washington State who likes ice-skating and watching old musicals on TV. Her fantasy is to be marooned on a desert island with her husband, rolling around naked with him on the white, hot sand as he licks her body from head to toe, then having him make love to her for hours at a time. They'll make the wildlife feel right at home.

Photo by Friend

No wonder 33-year-old, housewife Carmen from Bakersfield, California, looks hot in fishnet stockings. Her hobbies include fishing and camping. It's easy to guess what Carmen wants to catch! Her fantasy is to go to a nude beach and get laid in the sun.

Photo by Husband

22-year-old Stormi, a salesclerk from Tacoma, Washington, likes houseplants and going to rock concerts. Stormi has taken all the chill out of the thought of a night outdoors. Her fantasy is to make love to her husband outside on a wet, rainy night— weather be damned.

Candice looks as sweet as her name sounds. She's a 32-yearPhoto by Boyfriend

old dancer and receptionist from Coquitlam, British Columbia, who likes to swim in the nude. Her fantasy is to make love on her horse, or to ride nude with her husband (in other words!).

Photo by Husband

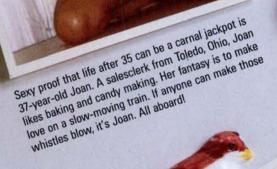
girls can fit on one chair?

mattress make a volatile combination, but 25-year-old Jenny from Ontario, Canada, has it all under control. Jenny's a housewife and seamstress who likes soccer and tennis. She uses her erotic imagination to get as far away from worldly cares as possible. Her fantasy is to have sex on the moon. Chairs are good for more than just sitting on. Twenty-four-year-old T.J. is an entertainer from Littleton. Colorado, who demonstrates how with Chairs are good for more than just sitting on. Twenty-four-year-old T.J. is an entertainer from Littleton, Colorado, who demonstrates how, with Is an enternainer from Littleton, volurado, who demonstrate a little imagination, even furniture can be sexy. T.J.'s hobbies a little imagination, even turniture can be sexy. It us nobul include gournet cooking, and her fantasy is to watch her to be the transmitteness to be the transmitteness of the Include gourmer cooking, and ner rantasy is to watch ner boyfriend have sex with two other women. How many

Photo by Husband

Spike heels and a soft

Photo by Boyfriend



by Husband

Stunning 23-year-old Denise is a knockout in every sense of the word. She's a sales manager from Reading, Pennsylvania, whose hobbies are dancing, sex and just plain jerking her boyfriend off. Denise's fantasy is to have sex in a whirlpool filled with chilled Jell-O and whipped cream. More than mouths will be watering over that one, Denise!

> There's a lot of little girl in 23-yea old A. Dawn from Anderso Indiana. She's a housew whose hobby is collecting ter bears. Her fantasy, however, is no chil play. She wants to have hot oral sex on a pool ta Chalk up your cues, fellas.

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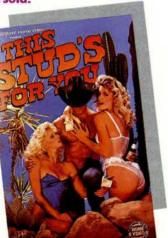
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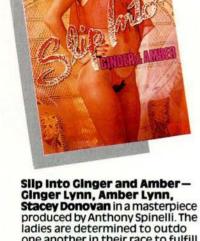
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This Stud's For You – Bunny Bleu, John Holmes and Stacey Donovan. Stacey and Bunny are assigned the task of picking the "Stud of the Year" from lots and lots of entries. The key issue seems to be whether stamina is more of an asset over size. The days before the ceremony are filled with moans of delight even though the girls do their best to remain impartial. Time Approximate 1 Hour 7 Min. Virgin Heat—Gall Force, Brittany Stryker and Lois Ayres go on a sex spree that just doesn't end. They volunteer to test a new aphrodisiac for a slightly mad scientist. The magic formula can cure impotency and turn bashful beauties into blazing hot lovers! Time Approximate 1 Hour 12 min.

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CASH CROP (continued from page 90)

She came back, stuck a penis gag in my mouth and cuffed my hands behind my back. She was stronger than she looked.

clothes. I knew better than to wait for her to ask for the tip. When she entered, I thrust \$100 at her.

(One hundred from three-seventy left \$270.)

She closed and locked the door. What appeared to be an elaborate tie rack behind the door was festooned with numerous black, scary things. She selected a leather thong.

"Get over here, and let's tie up your little cock."

I recoiled involuntarily.

"Do we have to?"

She became compassionate.

"I always tie up their cocks."

Well, in that case.... Up-tied was my little cock. And balls. Very tightly.

Next she grabbed a pair of ankle bracelets. I began to feel sick. Maybe my testicles were tied a wee bit too tight.... No, I daren't ask.

"On your back, you worm—on the floor where you belong."

And there I was, before she could order me again.

"Legs up!"

Up went my legs. She fastened the bracelets to my ankles. Also very tightly.

"Now, follow me. On your knees!"

I crawled behind her to the block and suspension bar.

"On your back. Legs up!"

She fastened my ankles to the suspension bar and began to crank.

"Hey, wait a minute!"

At my protest she turned her back and stormed over to the tie rack. She came back, stuck a penis gag in my mouth and cuffed my hands behind my back. She was stronger than she looked. She cranked me entirely off the ground.

(This was not what I had in mind.)

"You pitiful jerk! Didn't I tell you to be on time? I get off at *six*. I'm working *overtime* for you. Now you can hang there for the rest of the hour."

She slammed the door on the way out. I was hanging upside down, helpless and alone—just like real life. As the blood rushed to my head, my trapped testicles became less painful, but that was cold comfort. I lost hope.

Just then, I heard footsteps in the hall. Mistress Lucretia, the voice on the phone, burst into the room. She was more beautiful than deFarge, less so than Honey—but nobody had ever looked better than she did right at that moment. "Oh, you poor, dear, tormented man!" Lucretia released the ratchet and cranked me down slowly.

"Mistress deFarge hasn't learned that we can't take our tempers out on clients."

She removed the handcuffs, leaving me in penis gag and cock restraint.

"Maybe we'd better extend the hour. Do you have 70 dollars?"

I bent to my clothes and fumbled in my wallet.

(Seventy from two-seventy left \$200.) "I'll be right back."

She left the room with little, quick steps. For some reason I didn't have the presence of mind to remove the gag or unbind my cock. I was so grateful that she had released me. I took the remaining money out of my wallet. She really deserved a tip.

(Two hundred from two hundred left nothing.)

"Oh, is that for me? You're such a dear. Now, up on the table and lie on your back."

I did as I was told. She fastened my ankles and wrists to the corners of the table. I was (here it comes) spread-eagle, bound, gagged, cock-and-ball restrainedbut this time I had some company.

"You poor, dear man. Mistress deFarge can be so *mean*. Let's see if we can't make you feel better."

She removed what little she had on, including her stiletto-heeled shoes, hose and garter belt.

"Your poor, little willie is all tied up. Let's fix that right away."

She removed the thong. My little willie was a little blue, but quite hard. I was, after all, alone in a room with a naked woman.

She began to stroke it. It became less blue, and harder.

"There, now, isn't that better?"

She kissed it. And licked it.

(This was not what I'd had in mind.)

"I knew you were a nice person the first time I heard your voice. But, Jeff, darling, I had no idea you were so *handsome*."

She began sucking it energetically and abusing herself with equal vigor.

(It was getting worse!)

"Had I known, I would never have let that deFarge woman anywhere *near* you."

She climbed up on the table and jumped on my dick.

(HELP!)

My life is simpler now. I've gone back to school. I write my parents once a week. And I've begun a more modest quest: I'm searching for the perfect egg cream.





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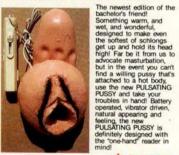
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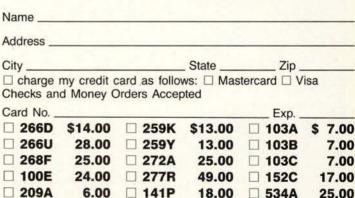
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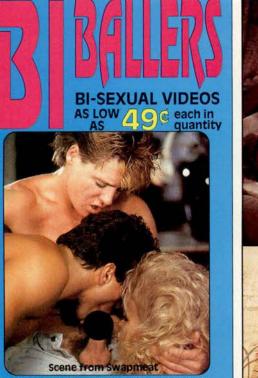
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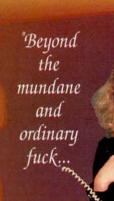
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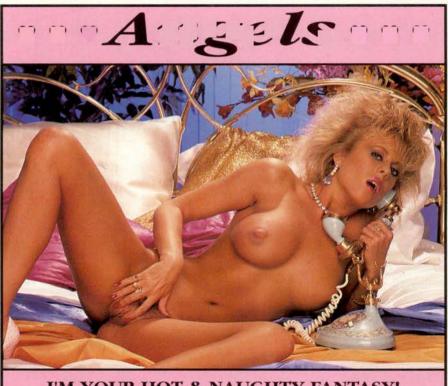
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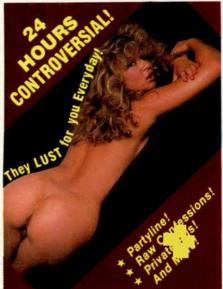
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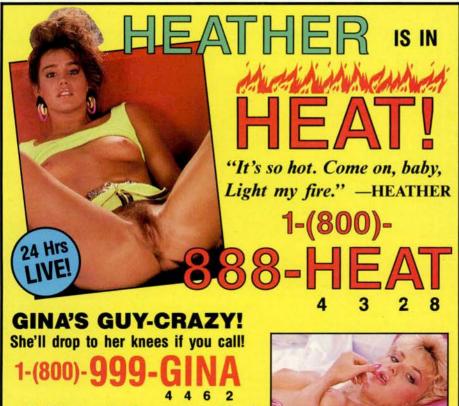
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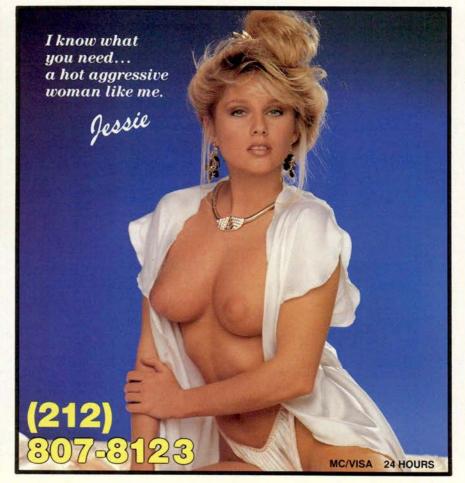
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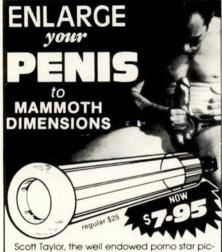
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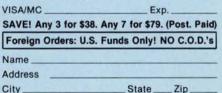
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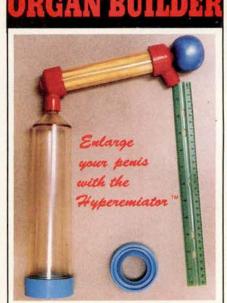




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Not since the goddess Venus rose from the ocean has a more beauteous sea nymph seen the light of day than in HUSTLER in June. Our fresh-face Hawaiian skinny-dipper emerges from the frothy Pacific with a pair of cherry nipples that will leave you shell shocked. Meanwhile, a cold-blooded fish-out-of-water drops her scuba gear for a frig in the sun; miles away from the water, a curvy wench and a hotblooded blacksmith get fired up in a burning fuck and suck; and in more civilized quarters, two virgin French girls bait buttonhooks for fishing indoors. The catch of the day's in HUSTLER.

LIFESAVERS' HEARTBREAKERS

TV shows *Emergency* and *Rescue 911* make a paramedic's job look manageable. But in the real world, the accidents are uglier, the frauma is more gut-wrenching, and the hospitals aren't so friendly to the incoming wounded. J. R. Nelson presents a gripping firsthand account of code-blue life in *Medic 36: Priority One or None*, a must-read for anyone who might ever dial 911.

COLLAR MEET

S&M isn't just for a lucky few anymore. Anyone can join in the balltwisting, nipple-tugging fun, as writer Ariel Hart discloses in her eyepopping under-the-covers report, S&M Through Virgin Eyes. Could anything be more fun than rock 'n' roll? In the world of S&M, twist and shout means a different kind of party. Say yes!

DARK BLUE

Found in a dead cop's rummage sale, this is a genuine artifact: a chilling photo-file of L.A. homicides too gruesome for public disclosure. Never again will you wonder why those men in blue are so unsociable.

BEDTIME STORY

A psycho ex-con's careful plans to terrorize a suburban adultress come to an unexpected end for all concerned in fiction by Michael Garrett, *Nowhere to Hide*. Who can guess where a jealous husband is likely to turn up?

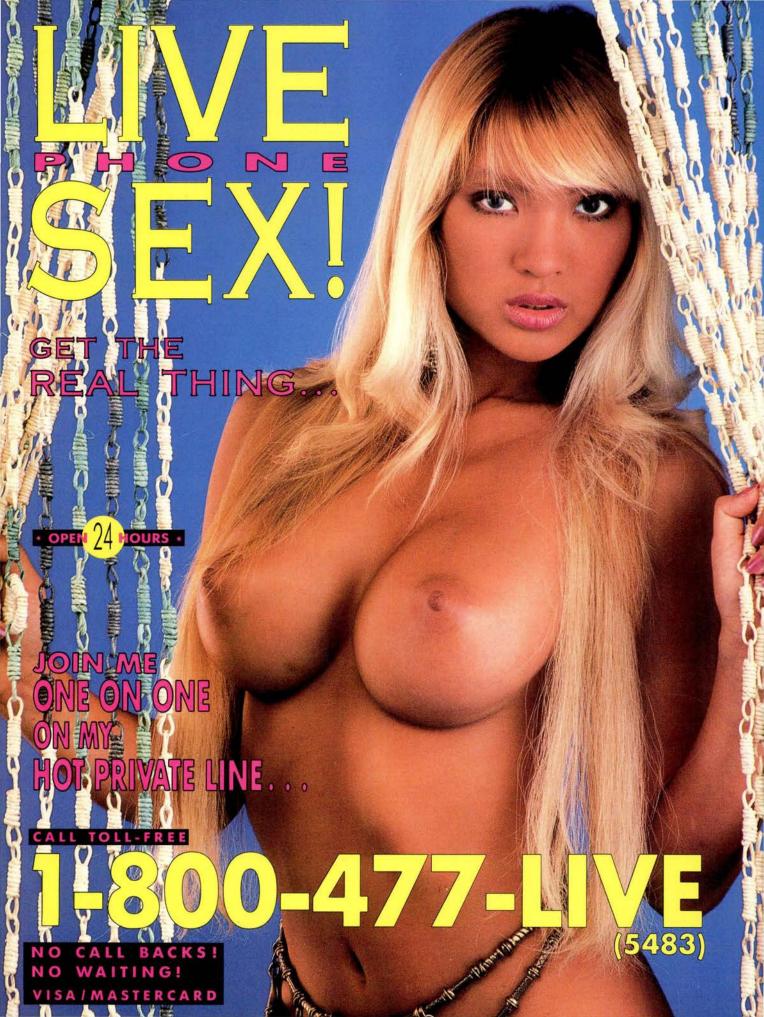
VIRGINS: DO IT RIGHT THE FIRST TIME!

"Getting popped is one of the most important things that can happen to a girl. Don't fuck it up!" counsels Jacki Bartlett in Sex Play for June, "I Didn't Lose It; I Gave It Away." And relax, fellas—she's talking to the girls. Hot Letters comes out with what most of the sexstarved men and women around us only dream about; Beaver Hunt racks up another record for freedom of expression in the home; and Bits & Pieces scores again. All in HUSTLER in June. Come fishin'.









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