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HUSTLER

volume 17 number 3

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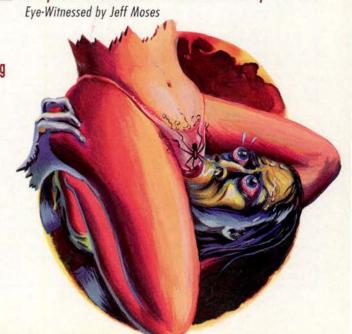
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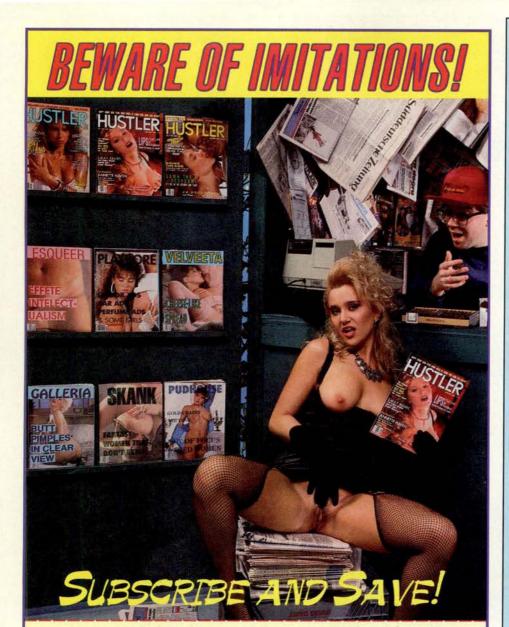
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PHOTOGRAPHY

CLIVE McLEAN, senior photographer MATTI KLATT, LADI VON JANSKY, photographers ERICKA JOHNSON, talent coordinator BOBBIE KAMINSKI, photo administrator STEVE HOPKINS, studio administrator

PRODUCTION

DONNA HAHNER, vice president, production GREGORY ROSATI, production coordinator TIM CONAWAY, editorial director

ADVERTISING

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SUBSCRIPTIONS

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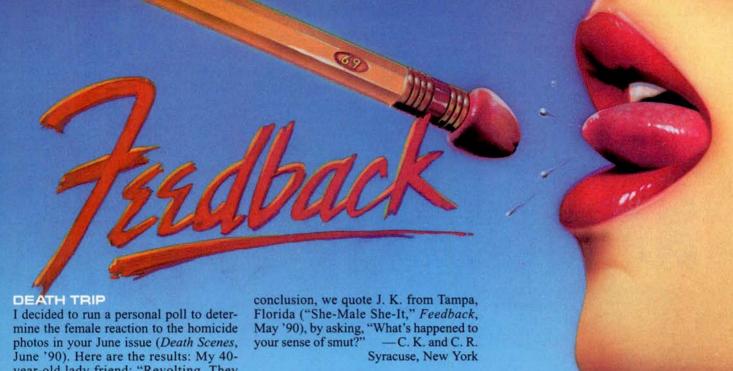
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HUSTLER SEPTEMBER 1990 VOLUME 17 NUMBER 3

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All nude models are 18 years of age or older.

Cover photo by Suze Randall



I decided to run a personal poll to determine the female reaction to the homicide photos in your June issue (Death Scenes, June '90). Here are the results: My 40-year-old lady friend: "Revolting. They make me want to puke." My 35-year-old secretary: "Gross beyond description." The 21-year-old in the mail room: "I think they're hilarious!" My 18-year-old daughter (and her girlfriend): "Cool!" I offer these results without comment, leaving you to draw your own conclusions.

—P. W.

Colorado Springs, Colorado

Hmmm. Has Nature made women under 25 more immune to the effects of violent Western society? Let's see what men have to say.

Enclosed is the June issue of HUSTLER you recently mailed me. Please cancel my subscription and return my payment. I never thought I'd be sending a letter like this, but your printing of the homicide photos (*Death Scenes*, June '90)—along with an ad for videos—is more than I can stomach or justify. I want to get turned-on, not grossed out.

— M. B. Rockville, Maryland

Just what are you thinking? My friend and I would like to express our outrage as two avid readers of HUSTLER. The Death Scenes pictorial in the June 1990 issue is completely unacceptable. We represent the college-age readers, and our HUSTLER collection is the pride of the dorms. We let you slide with I Love a Woman With a Cock: Busting a Sex-Change Cherry in the February 1990 issue because HUSTLER dares to go where no magazine has gone before, and we respect that. But we do not feel photographs like those in the June '90 issue have any place in the world of smut. In

<u>Death Scenes</u> struck quite a few live nerve endings. We lost Washington State distribution over it—and pissed off untold numbers of faithful readers (forgive us, guys)—but if we made just one 18-yearold girl say, "Cool," it was worth it!

THEN CAME JULY...

You are some sick motherfuckers. In your 16th anniversary special, you show a white cunt getting her head ripped off, and a dude sewing it on a black chick's body (Getting Head, July '90). That's fucking sick. The only good thing about that whole ordeal was the blood and neck mus-



Sabrina and Selena: Toe Jammers

cles hanging out of the cunt's head. Keep up the good work.—Psycho 6-4 Shorty Immokalee, Florida

WAY BACK IN MAY

In your answer to "Even More Disgusting" (Feedback, May '90), you stated that sometimes you'd rather hear complaints than compliments. Well, you got your wish. I haven't the faintest idea how any magazine could print a letter such as that. In my opinion, the mother of the man who wrote this letter would have done the world a great justice if she had opted for an abortion. The person who wrote that letter must be a very sick individual. Imagine, asking for pictures of fetuses, so he can do God knows what with them! He states that he is kinky and artistic, but painting an aborted fetus and making it the star on his Christmas tree? Let's face it—this person is not kinky or artistic, just very, very sick and in need of professional help. I'm grateful that the abortion clinic would not let him have the fetus. If this person can get turned-on by an aborted fetus, he can be turned-on by anything. I would not want this person to be anywhere near my child. The most appropriate place for his letter is the paper shredder. -S. E.

Kansas City, Missouri

MAN AT 19

Congratulations on your great mag, but Jacki Bartlett is a bitch! She has got to go!

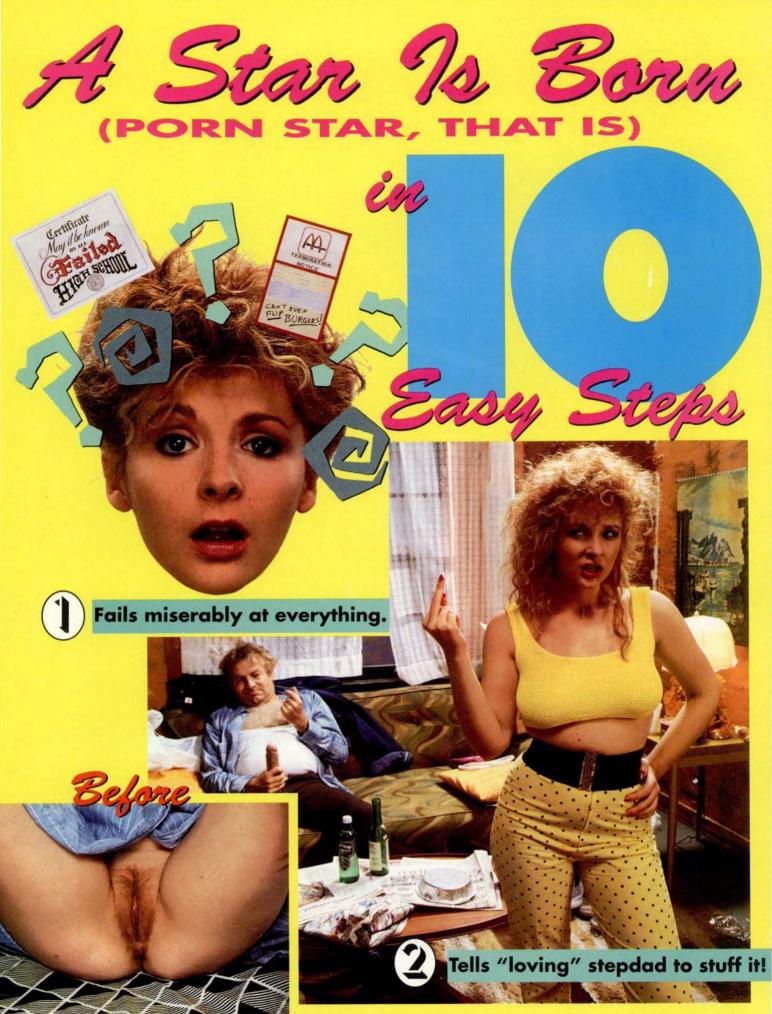
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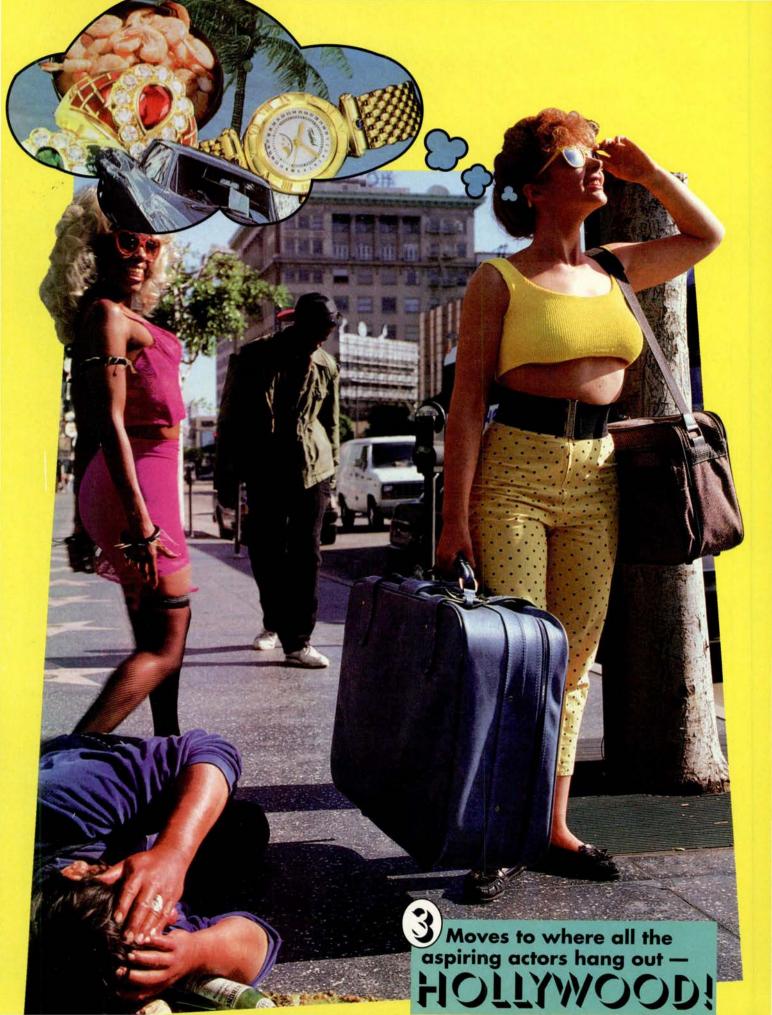


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FEEDBACK (continued from page 5)

I don't suppose us 19-year-old men (that's right, Jacki-men) are human, too, are we? You might have guessed that I'm referring to bitch Bartlett's Sex Play article ("Virgin Release: I Didn't Lose It, I Gave It Away," June '90), in which she advises young virgins to stay away from teenage boys if they want their cherries cracked correctly. How could you pass along such trash, Mr. Larry Flynt? I thought HUSTLER was the last glimmer of sunlight in a horribly snotty, stuck-up generation. Now, you too are jumping on the bandwagon. Thanks a lot! Yours truly, but highly pissed off. — J. W. H. Winchester, Virginia

Jacki Bartlett has held a grudge against teenage boys ever since a 19-year-old man broke her heart. So mind your behavior with the women out in Winchester—or you could turn another innocent girl into a ballbreaking Bartlett!

GEEK LOVE

I have just read the May 1990 HUSTLER. And I like it very much. It get my dick on hard by just watch Selena lick between Sabrina's toe (Sabrina and Selena: Toe Jammers, May '90). I want to know could you show some more woman suck toe. Because that is a turn-on for me and I'm like to see more in other issue of HUSTLER woman suck woman toe. Keep up the work. I enjoy look and read HUSTLER each month.

— E. R. Cincinnati, Ohio

Are you by any chance related to M. R.?

HAIR HEAD

While reading your article on sex cults (Weird Sex Cults, April '90), I was hoping like hell that there would be one devoted to guys who dig girls with hairy underarms. I have a feeling there are lots of guys who dig hairy girls. Why doesn't HUSTLER print some photo-spreads of this fabulous fur?

— V. J.

Indianapolis, Indiana

HAIR SPREAD

Thank you for my many orgasms while fingering through your magazine. I'm heterosexual, but I fantasize a great deal about being with another woman. Hopefully, someday my dream will come true. I have a question—something I just have to know. How do the women in your book get their beautiful, smooth, hairless pussies? I've shaved mine, but it comes out anything but smooth, and I'm uncomfortable shaving by my anus and on my

outer lips. I try to cut it to keep it short, and it still looks messy. I've got beautiful, big, pink lips I'd love to show off without this mass of hair interfering. Please, let me in on the secret!

— D. P.

Nashua, New Hampshire

Many of our models have dancing backgrounds, and, with every profession, practice makes perfect. But consider the previous letter and take heart. A lot of men out there would like you to throw away your razor for good.

FINGER LICKING

I am a young man in my 30s, and I need to lick a woman's asshole. I have never read an article in your mag about people eating assholes. It may sound crazy, but some people like to lick rectums. Some say it tickles and feels good. Can you find a female who wants her asshole licked? Let me know. I need to try it. —M. R. Washington, D. C.

ng to hear from you.

We've been expecting to hear from you, M. R., and we think it's real appropriate that you live in Washington, D. C. Assuming your query's on the level, here's a hint to find the girl of your dreams. Look for a girl who's scratching her ass. This is the underground signal of all rim-craving women. Where there's an itch, there's a need for your kind of relief.

BEATING BEATS

This is a rebuttal of holier-than-thou people who think self-gratification is sinful and unhealthy. I agree to a certain extent, but, while I may have the urge to choke the chicken, fondle the flounder, milk the monster, jerk the joint, grip the groin, pound the pud, yank the crank, slam the ham, whack the weasel, lube the tube, beat the boa, squeeze the cheese, pull the plumbing, strain the vein, wring the wad, misuse the membrane, flick the dick or even grease the piece, I would never, ever jack off.

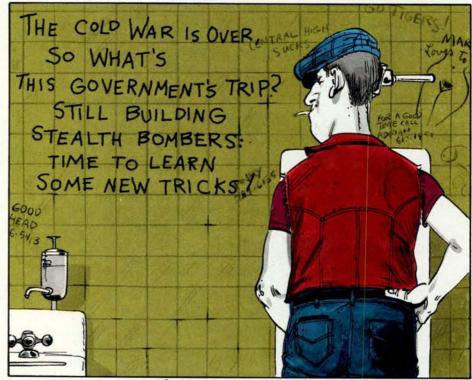
—M. B.

Mount Clemens, Michigan

Glad you managed to find the time to write, M. B. Looks like your schedule keeps you pretty busy!

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

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ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

Senator Jesse Helms

Why are we holding our noses? Because Senator Jesse Helms is HUSTLER's September 1990 Asshole of the Month. Just take a whiff. The Republican Senator from North Carolina has been a fixture in the lower regions of American bowel politics for longer than many lesser butt brains have been alive. Despite his longevity, Helms's rank work smells just as freshly shitty as an asshole-slime baby newly whelped from an AIDS-infested faggot's dog-fucked turd tunnel.

Jesse's sick stink became an odor of public record 40 years ago when the fledgling pustule assisted racist Senate candidate Willis Smith. "White People Wake Up Before It's Too Late — You May Not Have Another Chance" read one of the posters that mud-slid Smith into office. Jesse, for his part in the turd-slinging, was put on the payroll.

Jesse adapted and perfected sewer-level electoral tactics in his own subsequent bids for office, belly-crawling like a cloaca-dwelling reptile to the post of United States Senator. A Helms campaign is always occasion to dust off the old gas mask, and his upcoming bid to retain incumbency promises to singe the nose hairs off even the most toxin-inured political observers.

The noxious spoor of Helms's vote-gathering trail is a sprinkling of rose water compared to the noisome deeds done once he gets elected. A sphincter of uncommon elasticity, Helms is able to fart chunks concerning a full slate of mutually contradictory issues.



Rabidly pro-life, Jesse is a strident tobacco-industry lobbyist, an industry linked by the U.S. Surgeon General to "the single most preventable cause of death" in our country.

Helms's moral schizophrenia extends to Central America and fascist strongholds beyond. What kind of man could oppose abortion due to the sanctity of life; yet turn around and support death-squad regimes in Third World hellholes? It takes a rare mentality to grasp the realm of Helms's dearly held beliefs. If his browneye is as open as his mind, Jesse's best ideas might just be running down his trouser legs.

On the home front, Jesse is a crusading knight for decency, as *he* sees it. His meddling in projects sponsored by the National Endow-

ment for the Arts has resulted in a climate of stifled expression in an environment intended to cultivate creativity. Helms pushed a bill that would forbid NEA funding of "indecent materials...material which denigrates the objects or beliefs of a particular religion or nonreligion; or material which denigrates, debases or reviles a person, group or class of citizens." Unless, of course, that class of citizens is suffering from AIDS.

In keeping with his own quirky brand of pro-life ideology, Helms consistently opposes federal funding to fight AIDS. The Senator's unstinting support of the retrovirus has been a courageous and lonely fight, earning him little or no thanks. In fact, Jesse's noble stand has gone

largely ignored, except by a menacing crowd of hysterical, limp-wristed, fatally thin deviates.

Helms may be brave, but he's not an idiot. He knows they are out to get him. Claiming to be a target of the "homosexual community," Helms contends that he needs the protection of Capitol security forces to keep frothing fags off his butt, at least until he can pass a bill prohibiting "the denigrating, debasing or reviling of a public official by any person, group or class of citizens."

Most news agencies, detecting a trill of paranoia and realizing the unlikelihood of any self-respecting gay wanting to fuck with such an Asshole, dismissed Helms's fears as the rantings of a right-wing crank. HUSTLER Magazine's investigative team, however, delved further into the story and confirmed Senator Helms's direst suspicions.

Deep in the wilds of the University of California at Berkeley zoological-research labs, a cadre of carp-lipped, extremely neat and sensitive, young men, spending funds siphoned off from the National Endowment for the Arts, has bred the ultimate weapon to attack Jesse Helms. "We wouldn't touch Jesse Helms if he was the last rosebud on Earth," the effete researchers lilt. "but Roscoe, our 6-3, 320-pound mutated gerbil will. He's specially trained and programmed to traverse the tobacco fields of North Carolina, and he can't wait to burrow up Jesse's feces junction."

Run, Jesse, run — the rodent wants your buns, and it's HIV positive.

Neil Bush—The 34-year-old son of President George Bush, as director of Silverado Banking, Savings and Loan Association, approved \$106 million in toilet loans to one of his business partners. Bush denied any wrongdoing or conflict of interest, and a whitewashing is in progress. Representative Jim Leach (R-lowa), a member of the House Banking Committee investigating S&L collapse, alleges: "It is inconceivable that Neil Bush wittingly did anything wrong. He is a

FARTS IN THE WIND

fine young man." And a finer Asshole.

Effi Barry—Wife of May 1990 Asshole of the Month and embattled mayor of Washington, D.C., Marion Barry, Effi is attending France's Cannes Film Festival at D.C. expense. Some women are content to marry Assholes; others prefer to be one themselves.

The Girls of Mills College—It's tempting to think

of these penis-panicked coeds as a bunch of cunts, but they're Assholes as well. Their hysterical resistance to admitting male students is more than a simple case of incipient lesbianism and libido shock. This school of budding feminists would be at the forefront of pickets protesting men-only institutions, forcing pussy where no one asked for it; so why shouldn't they be expected to take some dick along with their own Assholes?



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- Fuck That
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- Toe Jam Delight

- Flotum Scrotum
- Lube That Eye Socket
- Corose Caressing
- Bring May Flowers
- The Family Dog
- The Neighbor's Cat

- Hamster Lust
- Flowerpot Fun
- Insert the Rodent Richard Gere's Roadway
- Barney Frank's Zany Videos Ted Kennedy Watersports
- George Bush's Locker
- Flap Happy Jodi Fostex
- Load Lickin
- Loadmaster
- Let Go of My Load!
- ☐ Load My Face
- I Did a Load in My Pants
- Load the Van
- Why Are You Reading
- Boy, Are You Dumb!
- Blank Video Cassette
- Your Name Here
- Porno Plants
- Sewage in My Shorts

- Naked Nudity
- Raw Nakedness
- Menstrual Munchin'
- Turd Touchin Tish Spawnin'
- Chuck Waggin'
- Senior Suckin' Self-Suckin'
- Selfish Suckin'
- I Just Kissin'
- Just Jerkin' Justice of the Peace
- Tube Bar Orgy
- Red's Hot Phone Sex
- Fuck Yer Own Mudder Fer a Nickel
- TEat Me Out
- Let's Go Out to Eat
- No, I'm Tired
- Nerds With Big Dicks
- Dicks With No Balls
- Balls With No Dicks ☐ Shameful Crotches
- Crunchy Sex
- Gizzard Lickin'
- Gnaw the Slaw
- Cry Near My Crotch Weeping Weanie
- Cold Plate of Pus
- O Dog Head in My Ass

Searchin

Schwanzes

Clits With Zits

Drool Party

Leather Up the Nose

Tongues in Bondage

Mucous Has Its Charms She's Ugly, But I'll Fuck Her

Weasel in the Poop Chute

Using Vomit as Lubricant

Mastectomy Mamas Beckoning Priests

Lawyers in the Nude

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Ignore That Twat Tits With No Nipples

Pimple Pumpin'

Sit on My Face

Ummph, can't breathe!

Squeeze That Eyeball

Swallow That Hair

Sexual Intercourse Grampa Ira's Trip to Israel

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Amputees in Heat

Sexy Insects

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Phone Booth Orgy

☐ Bra Swallowing

- C Kidneys in Drag
- Scumbags on the Pizza
- Don't Flush Yet Asses With No Cracks Leeches on My Cock Pussy Pukin'

T Leprosy Lust

- Jizz on the Whizz Kid
- Grampa's Dried Cum Leisure Suit Lust
- Lunch Is in My Bowels Lick the Gravy From My Hair

Sitting Alone in Your Room

You Pump the One You Love

Beating Off to a Magazine

Is Really Pathetic,

But Everyone Does It

Come in the Fireplace

Negro Nostril Nookie

MASTURBAT A COOL, DR

KEEP RAG

Beyond the Handshake

See the Dick

See Dick Run

See Jane Come

Piss in My Soup Grope the Grocer

Unused Genitals

Atrophied Anus

See Soft Dick

Moldy Cocks

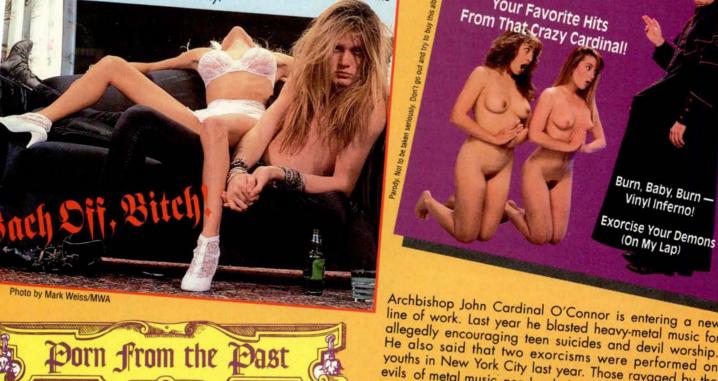
See Jane Suck Dick

- The Toilet Looks Good
- Urethra Franklin
- Gonad Debate
- Umbrellas up the Asshole Rabbis with Big Lox
- Semen Demon
- Rectal Belch
- One on One
- Two on One
- Three and Two. Ninth Innin Buy One, Get One Free
- Sloppy Seconds
- Greasy Deli Beasts Tuna in My Trousers
- Whisper to My Monkey
- Mystery Bladder Orgy for One
- Tereskins Forever
- Robots With Cocks
- Cocks With Cocks Pricks With Cocks
- Dicks With Pricks
- Chicks With Chickens
- My Tits Fell Off
- ☐ You're Still
- Reading These Dumb Video
- Titles, I'll Bet You Were
- Desperate
- ☐ Enough to Buy Some!
- Ha! Ha! Ha!

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After 18 months on the road, sold-out shows around the world and 4 million plus in LP sales, what's a rock star to do with a little time off? Well, for Skid Row's Sebastian Bach, reclining at home in New Jersey with the little woman suits just fine. "I'm just kickin' back for a while, dude," the 21-year-old metal bad boy told HUSTLER. "Watchin' some vids, readin' HUSTLER and being mellllooww. Hey, I'm fuckin' exhausted!" Judging from the loins

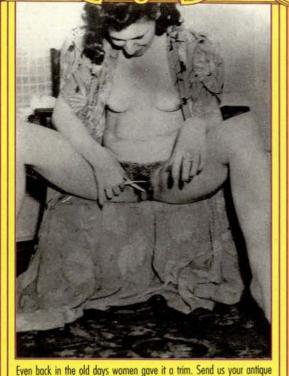




Archbishop John Cardinal O'Connor is entering a new line of work. Last year he blasted heavy-metal music for allegedly encouraging teen suicides and devil worship. He also said that two exorcisms were performed on youths in New York City last year. Those ravaged by the evils of metal music need only listen to J. C. O'Connor's

O'CONNO

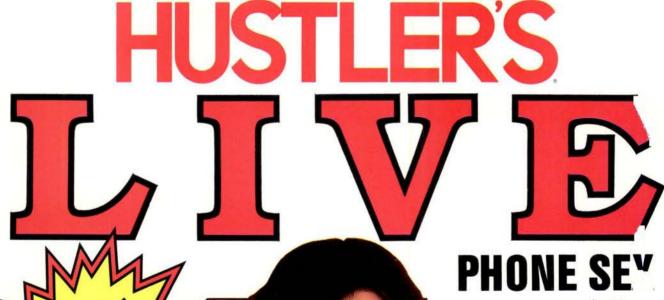
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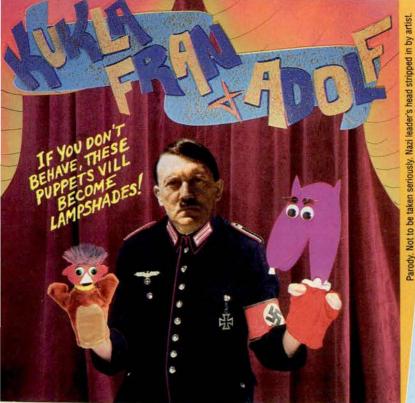


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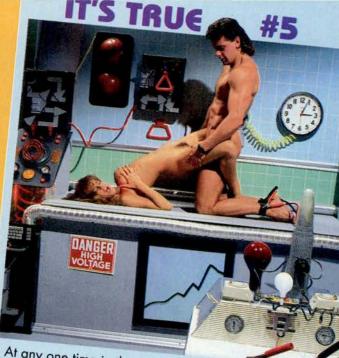








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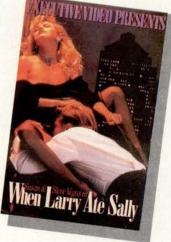


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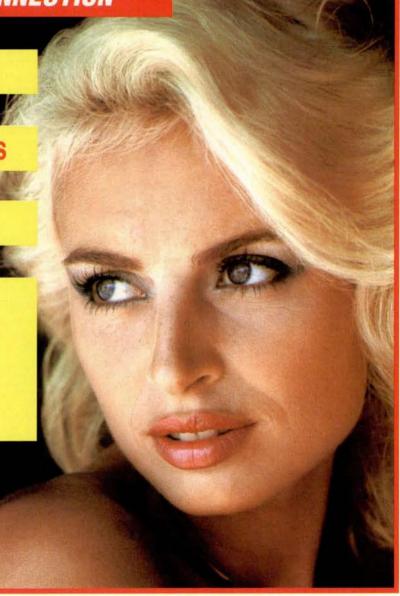
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BITCH BITES

I'm a tall, aloof redhead who picks up guys, fucks 'em cross-eyed and kicks 'em out when I'm done with 'em. I don't take no for an answer. If I see a guy I want to suck, no power on earth can stop me having his cock in my mouth and my finger up his asshole. I've got big-nippled tits and a pair of legs that won't quit, and if my figure isn't enough to get a guy to agree to my desires, I use muscle. Foreplay and small talk are not my style.

The drive from the bar that I frequent to my apartment is the only time I allow for get-to-know-you bullshit, and even then I'd rather put a tit in his mouth and a hand down his pants than talk about the weather. You might say I've got a permanent case of pussy itch.

I've been called a female barracuda, but I don't give a fuck what people think a girl should or should not do. I don't feel a need to hang out and socialize the way other people do. I'm a ballbreaker, but I make damn sure to milk some healthy wads out of the nuts I crack, and not many so-called dainty girls can say the same.

When a scruffy blond dude I picked up at a trendy bar suggested taking me to a friend's party before balling, I was skeptical, but he promised to get me some excellent blow. Unfortunately, he'd had too much to drink, and the stuff didn't take. I've fucked a lot of drunken pricks, but I draw the line at puke-breath. I dumped him against a potted plant and was prepared to hit the bars again for a fresh face when, to my astonishment, I realized that the party was turning into a group grope.

A hairy man with a big, hairy dick shook it in my direction. "Show your tits, baby," he said. "Let it all hang out." He was almost 50, a throwback to the swinging '60s. I turned away and backed into another guy's naked, ten-inch boner.

"I'd sure like to plant this thing between your cheeks," said the curly-haired owner of this massive rod. I'd been lubing over the idiot blond for the previous hour. My pussy was geared for action, already quivering and ready to roll. My mouth began to salivate. I unbuttoned my blouse and pulled it off. My high-riding tits didn't need a bra. The nipples were as hard as rubber erasers. Kicking off my shoes and slithering out of my leather skirt, I slipped to the floor dressed in a pair of black panties that were rapidly becoming soaked. "Feed it to me," I said.



He put his oversized ramrod against my wet lips, but he didn't push it in. I suppose he knew from experience that he could really choke a girl with that pigsticker if he moved too fast. I wrapped my hot tongue around his swollen glans and drew him closer. The action going on in other parts of the room caught my eye. Two guys shared a girl in one corner, one guy tooling her ass while the other fucked her pussy. Three girls not two yards away

were kicking and squirming in the throes of lesbian raunch. People were twisting and wriggling in a most tantalizing way, their legs flopping apart to reveal everything and then suddenly snapping back together. As I watched a brunette's head dance over a slab of meat, my own mouth completely devoured my partner's tenincher.

My expert mouth swiftly pounced on the fuckmeat like an eagle on a mouse. I blew that guy like his dick was no bigger than my thumb. He moaned in ecstatic disbelief. "No one's ever done it like this for me, baby!" he panted. "Bite it—bite it at the base!"

I couldn't believe my ears. All my life I'd wanted to bite down on a hard cock—not to hurt it, just to feel it. I frigged my sweaty pussy and bit this guy's rod as far down the shaft as I could go. Immediately it spewed a scalding fountain of jizz. My pussy jolted like it had been touched with a live wire and blessed me with one of the longest orgasms I've ever had. I didn't fuck or suck anyone else at that party, but I got my fill of the orgy.

—Ruby K. Baltimore, Maryland

SPANKING IMAGE

I ain't got any reason to write HUSTLER except to tell about the time I went to Los Angeles—what happened to me there had never happened to me before, and I sincerely doubt that it could ever happen to me again.

All my life I've dreamed of slipping my country-boy boner into a golden piece of California pussy, but I didn't go to L.A. to screw around—I went because I play guitar. I went looking for a band to hook up with. I didn't bring much else with me besides my harvest-gold Fender Strat, and I figured I didn't need anything else.

Golden California pussy was every-

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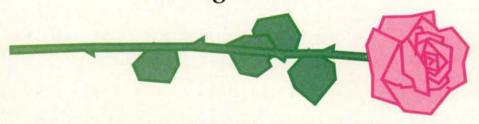
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HOT LETTERS

I spanked her as hard as she could stand it. She ground her sweet, wet pussy into my crotch and soaked it with juice. I blew my load.

where I looked, but after two days in L.A., I was heavily bummed. I'd bent some ears with my tunes, but the only offers I got were from people who wanted to buy my guitar. I just wasn't a good enough musician to earn a living in L.A. Only problem was, I was broke, and there was no way in God's holy hell I was going to sell my Strat; so I didn't know how I was going to get home.

One night I was swigging a brew that a fruit bought for me at a ritzy bar in West Hollywood. I found out quick enough that fruits are the friendliest people a new guy in L.A. meets. Soon as I had the beer in my hand, I told him to fuck off. I ain't no barnyard buddy, and I was depressed enough as it was.

Two gals blew into the place like twin hurricanes, hanging onto each other's arms and making a big scene. From people's reactions, I could tell they were a couple of L.A. celebs, but I didn't know shit about Hollywood types and already had a lot on my mind. One was a tall brunette with a big nose and a loud mouth, the other was as sexy a woman as I'd ever seen, a little blonde with a hacking kind of laugh as ugly-sounding as she was good-looking.

They spotted me and came over and acted thrilled to hear my hard-luck story. The tall one made a lot of bad jokes, and the blonde kept telling her to shut up. The blonde was real sympathetic. She told me she knew exactly where I was coming from and bought me a half dozen foreign beers, only she didn't have to pay. "On the house, Ms. Chickadee," said the bartender. I'd never heard of anyone called Chickadee, but I guess she was a big-shot.

Well, these two hustled me out of the bar and drove me to Ms. Chickadee's house in a Jeep, the big-nosed loudmouth complaining all the way. When we got there, the little blonde put on a tape of some horrible-sounding disco music that almost made me spew. She took her clothes off and started to dance on her dining room table, rubbing her tits and making the sexiest face I've ever seen. She looked a lot like the blond movie star whose pictures are all over the guitar shops on Hollywood Boulevard. I got a boner. She was hot, hot, hot. The tall brunette kept trying to touch her, and Ms. Chickadee kept slapping her hands away. She hopped off the table and grabbed my boner like it was the handle to some kind of container and put me on her bed. She

yanked off her skimpy panties and lay across my lap, bottom up.

"I've been bad," she cried. "Spank me." I didn't think I heard her right. "Spank me!" she screamed. "Spank her!" commanded the loudmouth brunette. I didn't know if I should—I mean, she was a fullgrown lady! "I'll do it, honey," said the brunette, and slapped her hand on the powder-soft bottom, but Ms. Chickadee pushed her away. "Please?" she asked me in a little girl's voice.

I did it. I spanked her as hard as she could stand it. She struggled and cried and tried to escape, but I knew she was faking, and continued to hold her down. She ground her sweet, wet pussy into my crotch and soaked it with juice, and although I was still wearing my pants, I'm ashamed to say I blew my load.

The loudmouth brunette ran to the bathroom and came back with a big rubber dick. She sat down beside me and poked Ms. Chickadee's butthole with it. The little blonde exploded like someone had splashed water into a pan of boiling oil. "Get that fucking thing away from me!" she screamed at the terrified brunette. "Grab her!" she yelled. "Hold her down!"

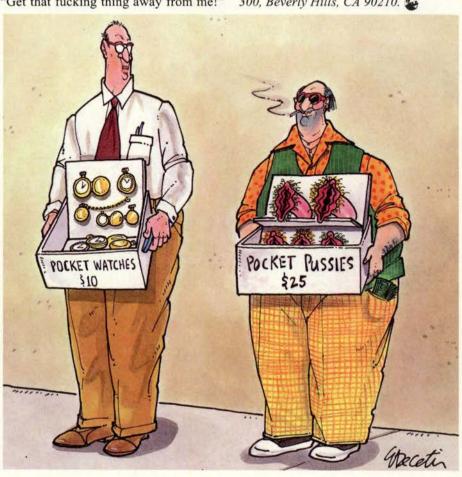
The loudmouth had nothing to say. I pinned her onto the bed, just as Ms. Chickadee had asked me. The brunette was a big girl and strong, but no match for a healthy country boy. Ms. Chickadee took the rubber dick and greased it with Palmolive. She yanked off the loudmouth's boxer shorts. "Hold her tight!" she told me. She spread the tight cheeks of the loudmouth's bunghole and inserted the rubber dong, jamming it up to the hilt. The brunette squealed like a stuck pig, but she stopped struggling. She actually seemed happier than she'd been all night.

Ms. Chickadee took me to the bathroom, where she stripped me and cleaned me up like a baby. I got another hard-on. She wouldn't touch it, but she told me I could suck her tits and jerk off, which I did with no complaint. Then the lady gave me enough money to get a bus ticket back home and then some. The loudmouth cleaned up and drove me to the station without a word. In my opinion, L.A. is as weird as people say it is. I'm going to try New York.

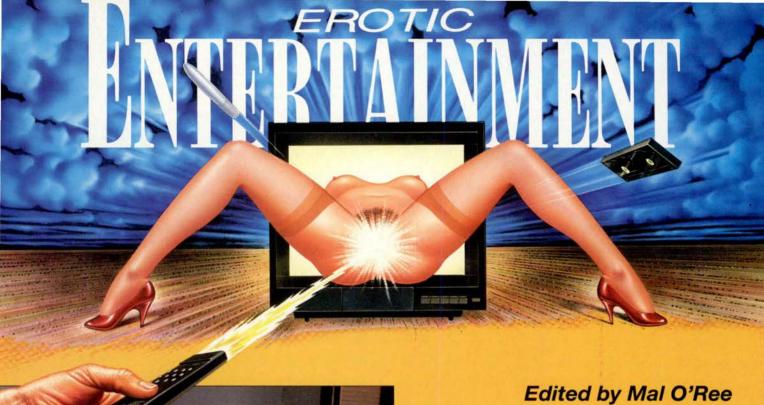
—T. R.

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upright flagpole of Randy West. After dispensing oral preliminaries, West and Tianna slide into a heated, hard-clasping hump that leads to slick eruptions of sweat and semen. This opening ream, like all the Identity schtups, features a fluid exchange of pistoning positions viewed from a variety of pud-pleasing angles. Charisma, Heather Torrance and Staci Lords, a trio of mobile-breasted lazy-boning bimbos, each have their gashes hauled, their separate but equally perfect mammary sets (one white as snow, another olive tan, the third a muted Negress brown) roiling with the force of an inspired prodding. Identity satisfies nothing more than minimum porn requirements, but it satisfies them well, and won't be mistaken for something else. - Christian Shapiro

Charisma is seen from a variety of pud-pleasing angles.

Torrance is one of three mobile-breasted, lazy-boning bimbos.



MISTAKEN IDENTITY

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Tina Marie; starring Charisma, Heather Torrance, Staci Lords, Tianna, Randy West, Billy Dee and Scott Irish. Videocassette: Coast to Coast.

Mistaken Identity has only one thing going for it, and make no mistake about what that is: Sex that's worth a fuck, or at least a wrist flicker and stroke. Forget about the plot and character credibility or a story with any interest. Focus on Tianna's butt peeking brown-eyed out at the camera as she wags her rear in a mirror, her face fastened to the





Intruder: Ryan's oft-filled fecal-hole gets plowed



ANAL INTRUDER IV

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Patti Rhodes; starring Rachel Ryan, Rebecca Steele, Suzy St. James, Joey Silvera, Jon Dough, Chaz Vincent, Dizzy Blonde, Marc Wallice and Cal Jammer. Videocassette: Coast to Coast.

This is a confusing world, full of confused cock-chokers, and this title is only going to cause more confusion. What is an intravenous anal intruder? wonders the bewildered wanker. And why do I want to see it? Read carefully, perplexed pud pumpers: This is the fourth of the Anal Intruder series. It is worth seeing because a few of the girls it preserves for posterior-tainted posterity are genuinely attractive and relatively underexposed in the XXX Greek-show. Rachel Ryan, of course, has her oft-filled fecal-hole plowed, and old-timer butt-bud slimer Marc Wallice curves his choad into a cute and puckered shit-chute, but the bulk of the bunger-boning is of three easy-access slick chicks who haven't been around long enough for anyone but the most jaundiced jack-off artiste to have gotten tired of them yet.

— C. S.



GIRLS OF DD 10

Half Erect. Directed by Gordon Meer; starring Kimberly Kane, Debi Diamond, Busty Belle, Dee Dee Diamond, Jon Dough, Marc Wallice and Tom Byron. Videocassette: Cinderella.

Every Communist country worth its weight in stale bread has taken a seat on the capitalist bandwagon, but Cinderella is still hell-bent on saving us from the Red scourge via large-breasted, patriotically promiscuous harlots. The DD girls favor Stealth Beavers and Mammarial Missiles in lieu of more conventional weapons. Peroxide doxies Kimberly Kane and Dee Dee Diamond represent the forces of goodness; Debi Diamond and Jon Dough play the baddies in what are unquestionably the video's most palatable performances. Dough and Debi open the show with a nasty, wet groin-grinder. Debi pours sweat as she enthusiastically fingers her asshole while taking all of Dough's roto-rooter first in her muff and then in her mouth. Not happy with swallowing just one load, Debi goes for overtime by fucking Wallice's circuits silly, accepting his penile robotic lubricant on her mouth and tits. After a completely forgettable lesbo collision, Tom Byron teaches a recalcitrant Dee Dee the joys of rectal spelunkering. Robot Wallice gets his wires crossed by Kane for the big finale, unloading on her butt as she — and we — drift into disinterested slumber. — Jody Davis



SWINGERS INK

Totally Limp. Directed by Michael Craig; starring Tracey Adams, Sharon Kane, Champagne, Jacqueline, Rick Daniels, Scott St. James and Jon Dough. Videocassette: VCA.

If Jon Dough's magazine, Swingers Ink, is anything like this sexvid, it's easy to see why it's near bankruptcy. Limp and listless, this is also worthless. Sharon Kane, a physical-fitness freak. and Scott St. James, the womanizing photographer, are the only hot spot. Sworn enemies on sight, the two become a smoldering mass of flesh at the slightest incidental touch. But they're only human, and aren't able to ignite fires under the rest of the cast. The low-budget blues affect wardrobe (the cast never changes clothes in a story that supposedly takes several days), sets (most are in a one-room



Swingers: Low-budget blues.

"office") and the sex drive of the cast. They may have gotten paid for this one, but no one says you have to pay to see it. — Don Birman



ORIENTAL TREATMENT 2: THE PEARL DIVERS

Half Erect. Directed by Rhonda Sanders; starring Mai Lin, Lee Carroll, Lin Shia, Mona Lee, Jinny Sing, Alex Storm, Samantha Hall, Marc Wallice, Tom Fox, Hank Greene, Frank Ward and William Margold. Videocassette: Arrow Video.

Two names from humpdom's hall of fame, Lee Carroll and Mai Lin, show that while they're no spring chickens, they still can teach some of today's sinema strumpets a thing or two about setting scrotums on fire. Carroll plays the brass-balls madam who takes over a bar and turns it into a whorehouse, with Lin one of the tantalizing tarts. Lee gets things off to a voluptuously vulgar start with her dirty-talk boffing of Marc Wallice, a savage screw in a restaurant where she insults him as he ravages her pussy. Lin has a sizzling slit-slurp with a fellow China doll - the two make chop suey out of their cunts. Lin's finale with a condom-clad Wallice also stokes some strokes, as the two go at it in front of a barful of bored onlookers. Except for a blowiob a black buck gets from a Sino-slut that causes him to spill such a load that he looks like a runaway Dairy Queen dispenser, the rest of the sex is blah. - Sam Lowry



Lin serves pungent chop suey in **Treatment.**

HOT IN THE CITY

Half Erect. Directed by Tina Marie; starring Christy Canyon, Sasha Strange, Staci Lords, Arcie Miller, Peter North, Billy Dee, Tom Byron and Johnny All. Videocassette: Canyon Video.

It doesn't take any special genius to show Christy Canyon to her best advantage. Along with a surprisingly fine, aesthetically rounded ass, an eager-to-please face with a greased-vacuum suckhole, and a crotchful of the chewiest cunt jerky in the adult-video pussy pool, Christy has monumentally gargantuan tits. Christy's chest melons are the type that a man can glimpse one time in his early teens, and he'll carry the sight with him to his grave 70 years later. Well, that old sucker had better be



Christy's Hot fucking titties.

able to look quick, because whoever guided the camera for City has some sort of special genius—a genius for missing the obvious. Canyon is in two couplings and one tripling, yet for much of the action she might as well have left her swaying milk sacs at home. Sure, there are a few peeks at dangling peaks, and dick does drool on Canyon's dirigibles. A Christy fanatic may be able to wring a bitter satisfaction out of these few scenes; the rest of us will just be too frustrated. — C. S.



Half Erect. Directed by Judy Blue; starring Tori Welles, Sabrina, Rebecca Steele, Nikki Charm, Randy West, Tomi Steele, Eric Price, Gregor Samsa and Cal Jammer. Videocassette: Vivid Video.

Except for maybe Miss Guided they couldn't have chosen a better title for this hackneyed sexvid. The premise here is that Tori Welles takes charge of a porn shoot to do it right. Wrong. To give her the benefit of the doubt, perhaps if her performers had more life and the storyline wasn't so disjointed, she might have gotten things done. As it is, the only thing Welles does right is fuck. After ignoring the initial advances of Randy West, she gives in and lets him hold on to her



Miss: Sabrina in the middle of a disjointed story.

big tits for dear life. She's quick with her tongue, too, as she turns to gobble his love droppings—and then shares the load with him in a "loving" after-sex kiss. Juices also flow hot and heavy when Welles takes sloppy seconds off Nikki Charm. Tori's tongue is too much for the blond munchkin, and she counts down to a wet-shot that sends a stream—not a spurt, not drops—of pussy juice into Tori's mouth. Welles shines on her back and on her knees, but not in the director's seat.

— D. B.



A TASTE OF TIFFANIE

Half Erect. Compilation. Starring Tiffanie Storm, Amber Lynn, Peter North and Keisha. Videocassette: Pink Video.

Trash-gash wonder slut Tiffanie Storm is remembered vividly for a number of reasons. Many recall, with a sharp and savory fondness, her frenetic and euphoric way of taking turgid prong up her distended dung hole. Others recollect in exacting detail the chromatic contrasts of glistening black dicks slithering into her pinkness or round brownness. And everybody who's ever seen them can picture Tiffanie's nipples, large, dappled dabs of permanently puckered tit covers. A Taste of Tiffanie has the nipples. To be fair, if a viewer was unaware of Storm's past of black-eel loving and rectal receivership, such acts would little be missed. An opening twat-and-tongue tackle of two dudes in the back of a spurt utility vehicle; a one-on-one hetero suck; a teasing, tantalizing lesbo twat lick; cooperative carnality with Amber Lynn upon the cock of Peter North; and combining chests with Keisha to cream a big-choad blond dude—only someone who's seen much more could want much more.

— Hakim Whithers



THE LOVE NEST

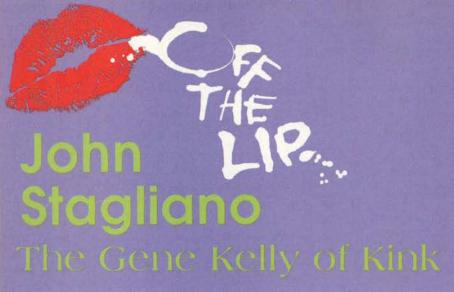
Half Erect. Directed by Jim Malibu; starring Rachel Ryan, Randy Spears, Sharon Kane, Jon Dough, Nina Hartley, Peter North and Kim Alexis. Videocassette: Caballero.

The Love Nest, which might just as well be titled The Spunk Pit, gets its nonsex setup out of the way with commendable brevity. Homeless yuppies Rachel Ryan and Randy Spears are in competition for the lease to the same apartment. They strike a compromise, vote to share the dwelling and immediately invite a bunch of old friends—and one nubile, newish acquaintance—over for spur-of-themoment spew encounters. Schtuppers of long-standing are headed up by perennial poozles Sharon Kane and Nina Hartley. Kane first screws her cooze in the face of raunchy Ryan, secondly gives Peter North's pointer mouth-to-head resuscitation, and thirdly holds her legs up and spread for Jon Dough's dong. Nina's knob-work is confined to a single slime upon the primed pole of Randy Spears, with an oral/genital assist from Ryan. Ryan also does a generic nasty with Dough. Nest's newcomer (actually Kim Alexis as a returnee), a busty brunet Kewpie hair pie, takes Spears's wad on her belly, and will excite the most lust of anything in Love.

— Kurt Blume



Kane roughs up North's Nest.



No smut helmsman gets into the sensual, sexual rhythm of erotic dancers quite like John Stagliano. At least one sequence features a half-dressed (he likes them with clothes on) girl teasing and gyrating to some funky beat in every one of his videos. Some of his productions, such as Shadow Dancers, take place exclusively in a nudie bar. Producing for his own Evil Angel label, Stagliano is doing something right—he was chosen 1989's Best Director in the recent 14th Annual HUSTLER Readers' Poll. We cornered the Baryshnikov of beaver and asked him how he felt about the award and what he likes about nasty two-steppers.

"I think it's the best award I could probably get, period," John gushes. "It tells me that people are watching my stuff and liking my stuff. It's better than getting a 'best video' or whatever from some awards organization. This is the people.

"As for sex, I'm more visual than physical. I enjoy nude dancers. They'll bend over right in your face. The single most interesting thing in the world is to have a girl in high-heeled shoes bend over right in my face—with a nice ass. I don't have to touch anything, just have to be looking. They're putting on a show, in that personal way. I enjoy looking at a girl's ass probably more than I enjoy actually doing anything to it. I get turned-on if I put my finger in a girl's asshole, and I really enjoy licking asses and burying my face in girls' asses. That gives me a hard-on. Don't ask me why. I don't bother to think about it." That's okay, John. We do.





Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Henri Pachard; starring Victoria Paris, Joey Silvera, Kelly Royce, Jon Dough, Natasha Skyler, Talia James, Michelle Monroe, Sean Michaels, Keisha and Chi Chi Larue, Videocassette: Zane Entertainment.

Sleazy blondes, like good taste in lingerie, flashes of hetero kink and long, wet blowjobs, never go out of style. Laze is loaded in the sexy strawhead department, with at least four flaxen-haired floozies-some real, others chemically induced. An extra attraction, unusual for a Henri Pachard video, is that none of the yellow-top trollops is Nina Hartley or Sharon Kane. Along with Victoria Paris's nylon stocking being peeled off by Joey Silvera's teeth, a pair of

sisterly golden-tressed teasers teaming on Jon Dough's dork, Silvera's wrists temporarily bound in a length of clothesline, Dough licking the tip of a pointy, black stilt-heel shoe, a tramp-tongue trailing along Dough's clenched scrotum and weighty wand from behind, a pair of poozles preening and penetrating, and a big black dude chucking his mighty spear into a flighty whitey's twat, teeth and tits, Laze features less gaseous windbags than a typical Pachard production and a chunky drag queen in a nonsex performance. Laze sets a blaze.



SAVAGE FURY 2

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Tina Marie: starring Christy Canyon, Tianna, Brandy Wine, Kimberly Kane, Ron Jeremy, Tony Montana, Blake Palmer, Randy West, Wayne Summers and Jon Stallion. Videocassette: Canyon Video.

Good-looking girls and nasty fucking overcome the imprecise directing, lame writing and amateurish acting of Fury 2. Like old-time porn, everything is distorted to accommodate a fast fuck. Christy Canyon - and those fucking tits - joins up with Tianna to go undercover to wipe out a band of sleazy

white slavers. Every turn of the plot pivots on hot squat. After fucking wedge-dick Blake Palmer, Christy and Tianna get nasty with each other and then fuck the FBI agents. After nabbing the slavers, and watching them both fuck Brandy Wine and Kimberly Kane, Tianna and Canyon go for another round with the G-men, but this time they trade partners. That's the cleverest turn of the plot, actually. Ron Jeremy jams his slimy dick up and down Christy's cleavage like a starving man. The titty creamer is a classic example of this dubious art form. Tianna is no less convulsive than Christy. among the hottest porn sluts in Xrated video. Lenny Wilde



With Brandy Alexandre in Mystic Pieces.

CHARMED AGAIN

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Paul Thomas; starring Nikki Charm, Staci Lords, Rebecca Steele, Joey Silvera, Wayne Summers, Dizzy Blonde and Chaz Vincent. Videocassette: Vivid Video.

Retired scum sirens return to the screaze screen for any number of reasons, seldom because they've gotten their acts together and simply must come back and share the mega-success of life beyond porn with the smut fans who gave them their start along the uphill trudge to sexual esteem. Nikki Charm, after an extended hiatus from the hump-go-round, is no exception to this sad, true rule as she comes belly crawling back to



Nikki gets Charmed again

the venal video arena, male tail between her legs and her butt up in the air. Nikki has retained her petulant prurience and characteristically tweaks her trademark nipples as she lies back and opens her tiny crack for the intruding thrusts of massive man-meat missiles. She's put on a little weight in the several months since sinking from the slime surface—the added heft looks good on

her butt and hips, though it tends to minimize her nibble-size tits—and lost much of her jailbait insouciance. If any of her three *Charmed Again* jammings had been worth mentioning, they would have been mentioned.

-H.W.



THE GIRLS ARE GHOST LUSTERS

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Bruce Seven; starring Tianna, Bionca, Cheri Taylor, Victoria Paris, Lauren Hall and Rene Fox. Videocassette: Evil Angel.

Director Bruce Seven loves women the way women ought to be loved. He loves them singly, by twos and threes and in groups of six. He loves their saucy, tart-tongued faces. He loves their scrumptious-cheeked, dimpled, free-flexing buttocks. He loves their taste-treat titties, whether tiny, hanging or silicone pumped. He loves their neatly trimmed wisps of cunt



bush, and he loves their holes. front and back. He loves the way women lovingly lick, slap and finger-stick other women. He loves a reptilian femme tonque snaking out to slither in a demure doxy's shitter. He loves a snatch that takes three or more fingers at a time, with another in the butt. He loves demented dames dripping hot candle wax on another debased sex angel's writhing torso and clenching buns. He loves a hard-bodied harlot hanging upside down and naked as a pair of perv poozles feed bush to her. He loves handcuffs and hot-oiled goils, and he loves sharing it with the rest of us, and we've just got to love it.



Half Erect. Directed by Paul Thomas; starring Deidre Holland, Jon Dough, Jenny Blue, Kim McKay, Randy Spears, Steve Vegas, Susan Vegas, Ray Victory and Paul Thomas. Videocassette: Vivid Video.

Deidre Holland is one of those rare commodities in porn: a beautiful boff bunny who hasn't gone under the knife to enhance her physical attributes. She's a natural wonder whose passion for prick and poon seems 100% genuine. Her three scenes in this otherwise sluggish whodunit are pulse pounders. Jon Dough plays a detective investigating the murder of Deidre's boyfriend, but thankfully he can't control his gonads and reams the delectable Holland. (Columbo never did this.) Her snatch slam with Randy Spears is also a lethal load launcher, as he burrows first into her mouth and then her moist muff. Unfortunately, the camera misses most of Spears's scuz oozing onto her face, the only drawback to a potent porking. Her



Deidre in Danger.

hot-tub labe-lashing with Kim McKay is also a lovely bit of lusting. The rest of the sex is routine raunch. Deidre may be in *Danger*, but watching her peril becomes the viewer's pleasure.

— S. L.



DEEP THROAT 4

Half Erect. Directed by Ron Jeremy; starring Victoria Paris, Tianna, Chessie Moore, Debi Diamond, Krisstarah Knight, Marie Monet, James Lewis, Wayne Summers, Eric Monti, Don Fernando and Tony Montana. Videocassette: Arrow Video.

In this sequel to the classic Deep Throat, Victoria stars as a tongue-tied, throat-blocked version of Linda Lovelace. The stammering isn't on purpose, but it just comes out that way as Victoria lackadaisically ambles through her lines. Linda/Victoria is now a famous writer, basking on the coattails of her erotic infamy. Director Ron Jeremy tries for a lavish video production, but it ends up looking cheap. The limo drives through the shabbiest areas of Beverly Hills, and Victoria's supposed mansion looks like some dumpy back-room apartment. To top it off, Victoria does no deep-throating. The cock-swallowing is done by co-starring slits Tianna and Chessie Moore. Tianna, a combustible babe, is never still when a naked dick is in the room. Moore is a new girl with awesome hooters, and her cocksucking is as marvelous as her titties. She takes a vanker all the way to the back of her gullet, twitching and jerking around, holding it for a few seconds, then pulling back and doing it all over again. After a clumsy orgy of cocksucking and pussy sticking, the tape ends with a Linda/Victoria promise to finish the tale (and maybe gag on cock) in the next part.



Morgan plays Dirty with Wallice.

Half Erect. Directed by John Leslie: starring Rachel Ashley. Renee Morgan, Selena Steele, Tom Byron, Heather Torrance, Sasha Strange, Jamie Gillis, Marc Wallice, Ron Jeremy and Joey Silvera, Videocassette: VCA.

Whenever Hollywood comes up with a winning movie formula. porn producers churn out a ripoff. John Leslie tackles Ruthless People and, despite a seriously embarrassing script in which every good joke of the original is bungled, he somehow manages to infuse his version with hot chicks and fervent fucking. Topping the sheer nastiness list is Renee Mor-

gan, who shoves her wet, shaved snatch into the face and nuts of practically every male in the show. She fucks Ron Jeremy (and even seems to enjoy it), gets mouth-boned by Jamie Gillis and ass-humped by Marc Wallice. She's simply bone-stiffening. The show starts with three biker chicks (Heather Torrance, Selena Steele and Sasha Strange) wildly dicked, manhandled, tossed around and frantically gooped. As in any good porn video, they take a perverse thrill in the rough fucking style.



AUSSIE MAID IN AMERICA

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Tracey Adams; starring Alice Springs, Kelly Blue, Aja, Kimberly Kane, Marc Wallice, Don Fernando and Cal Jammer, Videocassette: Down Under Video.

If they'd only let these beauties from Down Under talk in that erotic accent of theirs - and, of course, suck some dick-we'd be treated to the perfect Australian erotica. Alas, some schmuck decided to put the likes of Alice Springs and Kelly Blue in the midst of a meandering story of a white-trash girl (Kane) who marries into money, wealth and prestige. Who cares? Apparently not the writer,



Maid: They never should have left home.

who here weaves a flimsy web tangled on too many characters and not enough sexual energy. Director Tracey Adams, if she really did direct this. fails to motivate her players into a sexual frenzy. On the bright side, Kelly's blue eyes look brilliant as she bobs on Cal Jammer's knob, her saliva sticking and sliding all over his dick. Alice Springs is fit and tanned and willing to put her best pink forward. Jammer is again the recipient of Down Under loving, and he's only too happy to smack his belly against Aussie ass. But why go to the other side of the world for this? - D. B.



DRFAMWAI K

Half Erect. Directed by Cecil Howard; starring Nina Hartley, Paul Thomas, Tom Byron, Stacey Donovan, Tasha Voux, Rhonda Jo Petty and Ron Jeremy. Videocassette: Command Video.

Like most of Cecil Howard's recent releases, this was shot so long ago that everybody in it except Nina Hartley and Tom Byron has retired. The draw here should be Stacey Donovan, but she has only one scene, a disappointing girl-grind with Tasha Voux. The rest of her screen time is spent "acting" - never her forte. The plot is so cryptic and moody, and Paul Thomas's zombie-like character is so guilt ridden, that by the time the final scene rolls around and he comes upon-and on-Nina, who's been cutting roses with the biggest pair of scissors in North America, you'll find yourself thinking about her using them on you. Why not? You won't be using your dick for anything while you watch this anyway. Nina sucks cock like the pro she is (Thomas's, Byron's and Jeremy's), and Rhonda Jo's twat has an encounter with a hairbrush handle that will make you wish you were a grooming accessory, but when all's said and done, this Dream is a snore.

- John Cooper

TROKER'S GUIDE

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

Fully Erect

The Adventures of Buttman

Three-Quarters Erect

Bimbo Bowlers From Boston Cheeks 2: The Bitter End Devil in the Blue Dress Hard Sell **Hungry Hearts** I Dream of Christy Legend Low Blows On the Prowl Play Me Pyromaniac Saturday Night Special Silver Tongue Smoke Screen Studio Sex Swedish Erotica 3 Talk Dirty to Me 7 Torch

Half Erect

Amazing Tails 4 Backdoor to Hollywood 11 Black Cobra Cool Sheets

Dirty Lingerie Kiss My Grits Late Night for Lovers Oh! You Beautiful Doll Rainwoman 2 Rearing Rachel Strange Curves Super Tramp

One-Quarter Erect

Breast Side Story California Taboo Debbie: Class of '89 Easy Way Out Gillie's Isle 1 Hot Palms The Mystery of the Golden Lotus

Temptations

Uncut Diamond

ONE-QUARTER ERECT Poor. Don't expect much. TOTALLY LIMP
A waste of time and money.

RATING GUIDE

FULLY ERECT Superior: A top production.

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT

Standard fare. Has moments.

Above average. Hard-on material.

HALF ERECT

EXPLODE WITH ENERGY



EN	ERGY TABS & CAPS	TO RESTORE MENTAL ALERTNESS) CAFFEINE	100 CT	250 CT	500 CT	2 LOTS OF 500 *
4.	357 MAGNUM TAB	200 mg	\$7.00	\$16.00	\$24.00	\$34.00
22.		200 mg	8.00	16.00	24.00	34.00
14.	LARGE PINK HEART	200 mg	7.00	14.00	22.00	24.00
2.	30/30 TAB	175 mg	7.00	14.00	23.00	29.00
15.	BLACK MOLE CAP	175 mg	8.00	16.00	24.00	34.00
17.	WHITE MOLE CAP	150 mg	7.00	14.00	22.00	29.00
11.	WHT/BLUE SPEC TAB	150 mg	7.00	14.00	22.00	29.00
3.	20/20 TAB	125 mg	7.00	14.00	22.00	29.00
DIE	T AIDS PHENYLPROP	ANOLAMINE (TO CURB THE APP	ETITE)			2 LOTS
-		PPA HCL	100 CT	250 CT	500 CT	OF 500 *
18.	RED/CLEAR CAPSULE .		\$8.00	\$16.00	\$25.00	\$35.00
20.	36-24-36 TM CAPSULE .		8.00	16.00	25.00	35.00
21.		75 mg	8.00	16.00	25,00	35.00
BR	ONCHODILATOR (FOR	THE TEMPORARY RELIEF OF PAROXY	SMS OF ASTH	MAI		2 LOTS
		EPHEDRINE HCL	100 CT	250 CT	500 CT	OF 500 *
1.	MINI PINK HEART	25 mg	\$7.50	\$14.50	\$17.50	\$25.00
5.	THIN OR THICK	25 mg	7.50	14.50	17.50	18.00
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19.						
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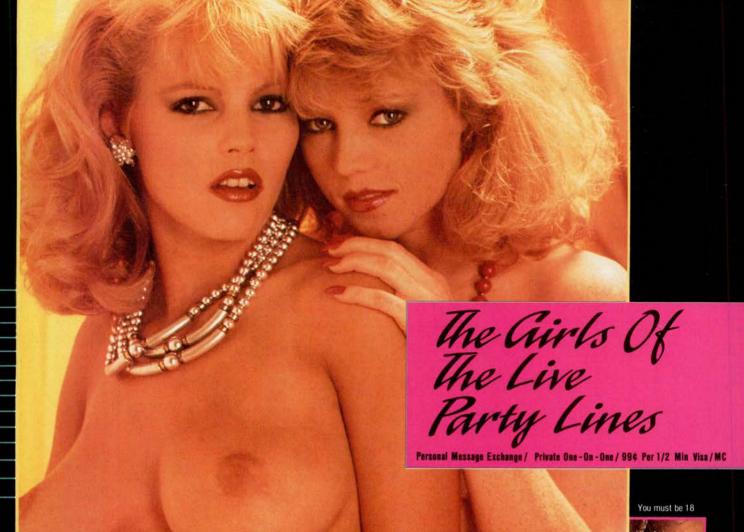
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Panty-Smothering ISN'T FACE-SITTING

Ithough face-sitting and panty-smothering have a lot in common, most notably the proximity of a woman's pussy to a man's salivating mouth, the distinction is simple and direct: One is for pleasure, the other for torment. Nancy Novak, a 43-year-old blond beauty and self-proclaimed gueen of the face straddle, explains:

"In a lot of ways, face-sitting is a ritual to me. There's a lot of anticipation and prolonged teasing before I get down to it," Nancy says. "I'm always naked, and I straddle the face of the moment, knees on either side of his head so he can look up at the exquisite beauty of my nakedness. I wiggle around, move up and down, give his nose a few rubs of the wetness so he gets the scent. When I'm ready, I push down on his mouth, and he licks and sucks me until I come. When I'm on a face, all I'm after is sheer pleasure."

Is panty-smothering more of the same, with lace? Not quite. Picture a dainty piece of cloth wrapped snugly around a woman's taut butt cheeks. See the puffy pouch between her legs. Envision those panties descending faceward, wiggling down to tightly cover nose and mouth with moist material. At first the taste and smell is wonderful: the face chair is in heaven. What happens when he needs to take a breath, and those panties covering his face push down harder, and those onceadmired butt cheeks squeeze and pinch his nose, cutting off his air supply?

"The art of panty-smothering is in keeping the man just on the verge of passing out," reveals Nancy, whose over-40 shape would shame most women half her age, the result of a lifelong commitment to weightlifting and aerobics. "Knowing that I control this person's breathing gives me a tremendous feeling of power. Men enjoy my treatment. I like to lean back with my pussy crushing their chins and feel them throbbing against my shoulders. Some guys even come like that. It's a thrill to know I can turn a man on so much without even being naked."

Nancy has been getting that special thrill since grade school.

"I used to go out during recess and hang upside down on the bars. Of course, my dress would fall, and I'd make halfhearted attempts to keep covered. When a boy would come around, I would get mad at him for looking at my panties. I'd swing off the bars and knock the boy down. Then I'd put him under my skirt and tell him that if he wanted to see my panties so badly, he could take a good, long look."

Nancy discovered that sessions under her dress had a particular effect on boys. After a boy spends some time trying to breathe with my panties in his mouth, there's no question in his mind about who's in control," sasses Nancy, owner and star of Video Vortex (5699 Kanan Road, Suite 320-HQ, Agoura, CA 91301), a company that specializes in woman-on-top videos. "And nothing's changed. Thirty years later men are just as pliable as the boys used to be."

What does a guy get out of turning his face into furniture? Jim Weaver, a construction worker and one of Ms. Novak's regular co-stars, offers an explanation. "I've had my face used as a seat cushion so many times, I should have "Lazy Boy" tattooed on my forehead. It has nothing to do with being a slave. It's very simple. The best position for eating pussy is with the woman on your face. You've got your hands holding her ass, and if she's turned around right, she can do you at the same time."

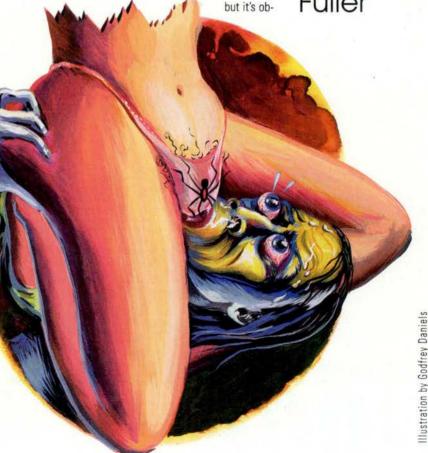
That explains face-sitting. But what about pantysmothering? "That gets scary," Jim admits. "I was doing it with Nancy a little while ago, and she knocked me out and kept right on humping my face."

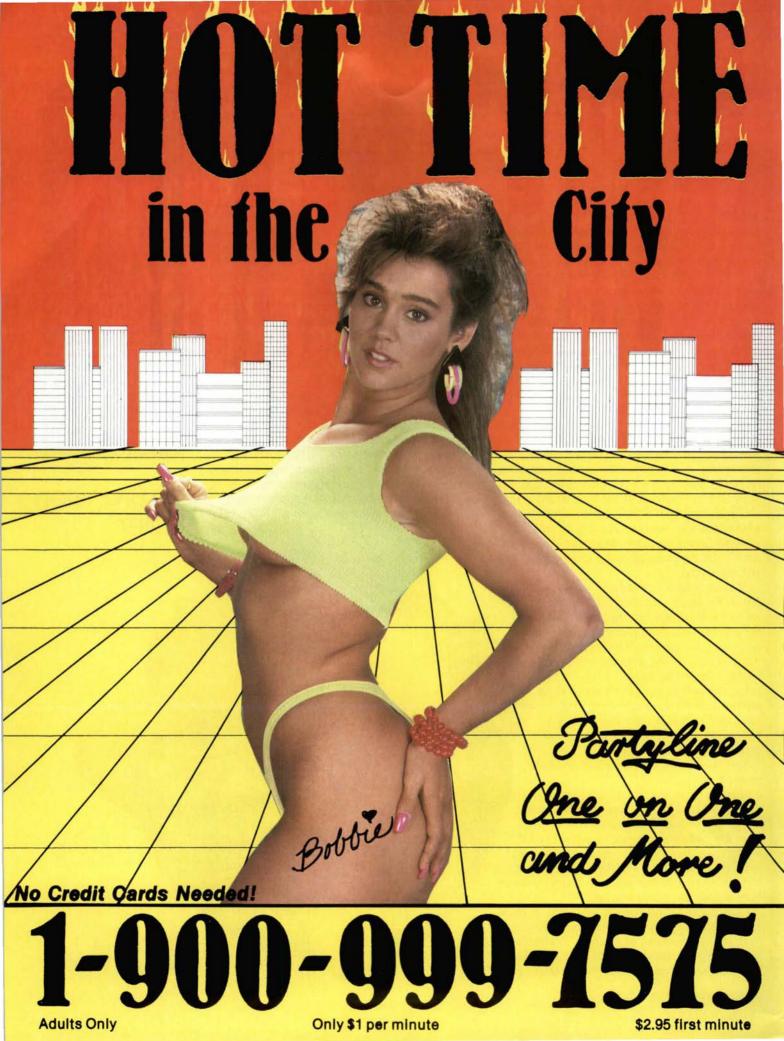
"I got carried away," Nancy confesses. "It's not as dangerous as you think. I always keep a bottle of smelling salt just in case. I can tell when one of my victims goes out - the body surges, gets tense. Then I raise up

By Brandon Fuller and give them a little breath, and I'm right back down." The word victim makes me a little uneasy.



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 love-





vious to Nancy that I'm interested in a firsthand experience. She invites me to her studio to tape a video with her and her frequent partner in

smothering, Racquel, who I am to learn takes head-riding very seriously.



When I arrive at the studio, Nancy and Racquel are in the middle of a wrestling scene. Nancy is in red bra and panties; the first sight of her naked thighs and firm butt cheeks puts a tingle of anticipation in my balls. Racquel, a sturdy brunette with a pair of hefty titties, has on black bra, panties, garter belt and nylons.

After the match, Nancy and Racquel relax with a cold drink. They tease me about the treatment in store for me. I notice with some trepidation that neither lady intends to shower.

"Although the subject is panty-smothering, we may get into some domination as well," Nancy tells me. "We won't rough you up too much," she laughs. "Don't you wish."

"I'm here for research." I say.

A wrestling mat is rolled out in a corner of the studio. The lights and camera are adjusted while I strip to jogging shorts. I ask about a script, and Nancy brushes me off with a wave of her hand. "Just do what we tell you," she commands.

The first scene has me on my hands and knees with Racquel using me as a chair. She puts on a new pair of nylons. She rolls me on my back, and the panty-smothering begins.

Racquel sits the full weight of her panty-clad posterior on my face, her crotch moist and pungent with sweat. She smells powerful, her scent scratching against my face like fumes from overripe jalapeños. I close my eyes to keep them from getting burned. Racquel is rough, wiggling on my face, working my nose up snugly against her pantied cunt. Only a thin layer of material separates her wet pussy lips from my mouth. Usually, I start chomping away, but I'm more concerned with how long I can hold my breath. My nose and mouth are plugged with wet, peppery panty, and Racquel isn't going to hop off anytime soon.

Racquel waits until I squirm in panic. She raises, gives me a quick gasp of air, then plops back down. "That should hold you for a while," she cackles, seesawing on my face.

This goes on for several minutes. I'm allowed just enough air to stay conscious. Expecting to get a little lightheaded, I'm not ready for the loss of strength. I'd assumed that if things got too heavy, I could simply toss whomever was sitting on me off. Not a chance. When you can't breathe, that's all you think about.

Eventually, the continued limited access to air drains me. At about 140 pounds and with her weight fully pressed on my head, no way can I get out from under her.

About then Racquel's overheated cunt starts to smell good, an earthy combination of sweat and arousal. I figure out that if I eat her cunt through the panties, a little air will sneak into my lungs. You haven't really eaten cunt until you're sucking and slurping on one to save your life. Racquel doesn't seem to mind my mouth work and begins to hump my face.

Tired of that positon, Racquel turns around to face my feet. It seems strange to say it, but for the brief moment her crotch is off my face, I miss its smelly warmth. In this new position, my nose fits right in her crack. Except for the panties, my nose would be buried in her asshole, the spicy scent of which assaults my senses.

"Oh, look, Nancy, he's all hard!" Racquel giggles, and pinches my dick through my shorts. What the hell does she expect? I think. I've just spent 20 minutes with my face full of her dripping, pantied cunt. Of course I'm hard. What are you going to do about it?

The answer comes quickly and painfully. Racquel slaps it. Several times. Not hard, just enough to make it swell up even more. She bounces on my face with each swing of her hand and takes great delight in my groans of pain as my traitorous dick eagerly throbs for more. When she tires of slapping my cock, she twists her fist around its base and uses it as a handle while she humps my head. Although I can barely breathe, Racquel's stroking and pulling is about to bring me off when she abruptly stops.

"Ooh, he's dripping," she says. "He's got a spot on his shorts." Racquel gets off me and steps behind the camera. "He's all yours," Racquel leers.

Nancy smiles down at me. "I like it when a guy's lips are puffy and his face all red. It looks like he's been using it. Do you like my legs?" She does a slow three-sixty to give me a good look at her bronze pillars. She stops with her back to me and sticks out her ass. Wispy, blond curls twist out from under the crotch of her panties. My jaw hurts, and my lips are swollen and tender from Racquel's treatment, but I want more of it from Nancy, who teases me by squatting over my face, her damp panties inches from my mouth. I stick out my tongue, straining to get a taste. Suddenly she drops down and presses herself into my open mouth. She leans forward so my nose is blocked. She keeps me sealed for what seems an eternity, lifting up only at the last minute. It's true. When you're about to pass out, your body spasms involuntarily.

The filming ends. I'm left with a dick so stiff, it will shatter like a clay pipe if touched. Nancy and Racquel know I'm desperate to come, but neither lends a hand, both enjoying the frustration. "Just from our panties," Nancy teases. I beg them to please jerk me off, abandoning what shred of dignity I have left. It will hurt when cum finally blasts out, but at least I'll be able to pull up my pants. "No," purrs Racquel. "It'll give you something to remember us by."



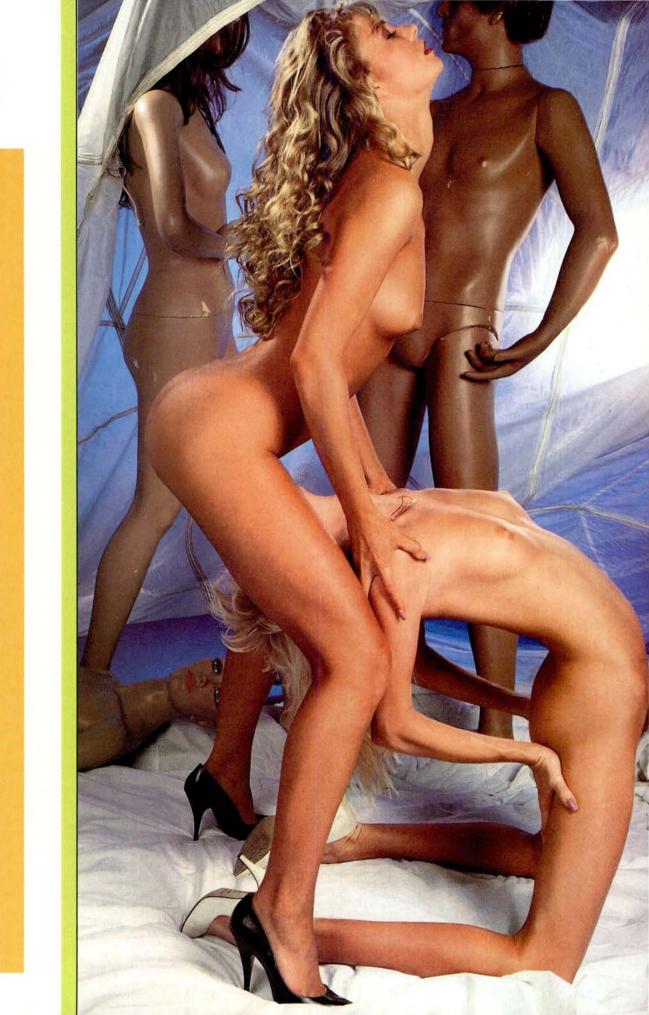






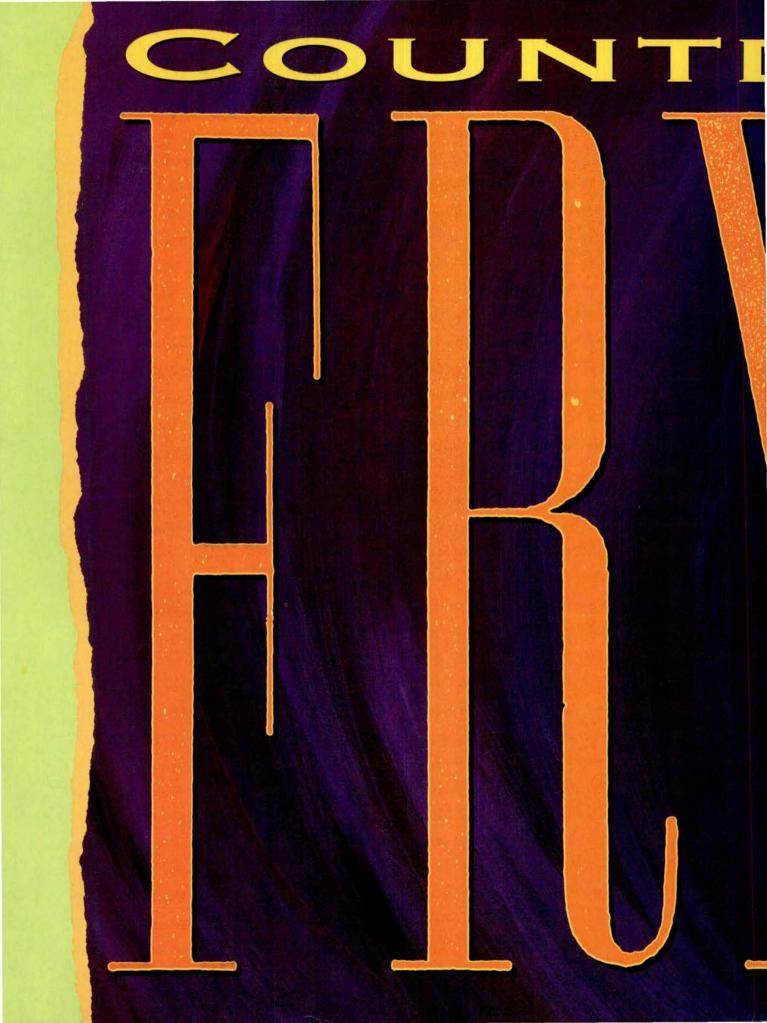


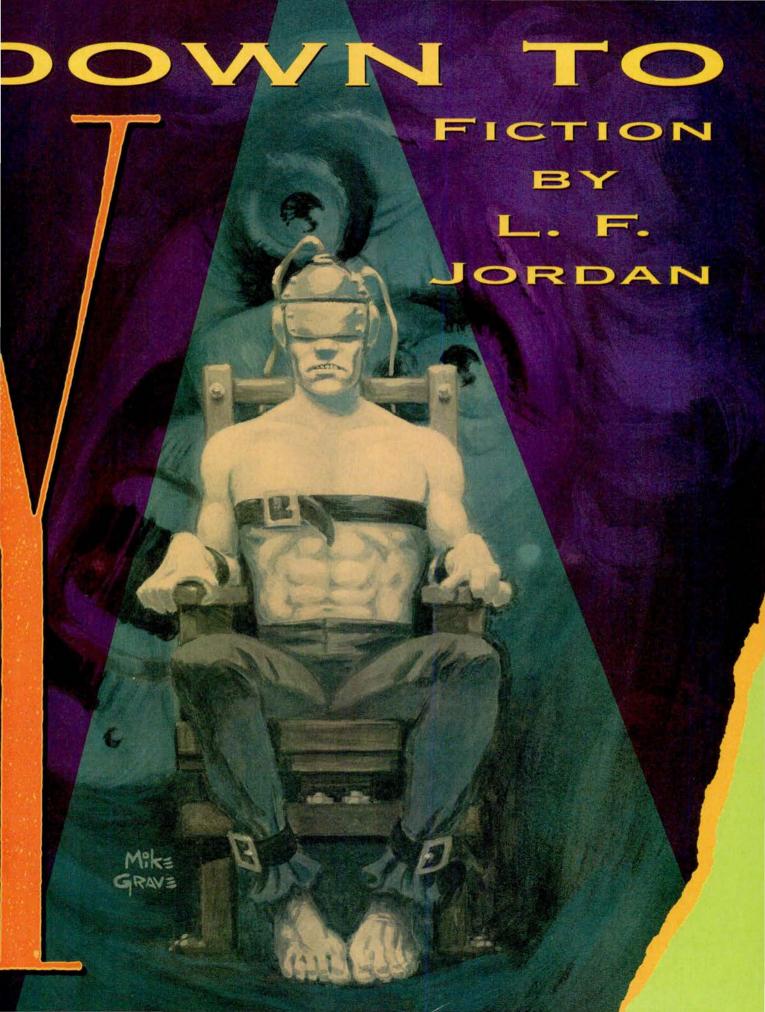












COUNTDOWN

I didn't give a fuck. I wasn't one of those innocent guys condemned by some dick-brained jury. I deserved to die.

There are no guidebooks written on what to do just before you're fried in the electric chair. The priest said I should pray for forgiveness for my sins. There wasn't that much forgiveness in the universe. I was here for a reason, and it wasn't because I won last prize in a dogshit contest.

The priest left me awhile ago. His mind wasn't on the Bible words he read to me, and he didn't bother to fake it. It wasn't a wedding or a proper funeral where a tip could be expected. I had three hours left out of life and not a nickel on me. Even if I'd had a million dollars, I wouldn't have given that priest one penny.

One hundred eighty minutes. One hundred seventy-nine. The counting is what drives a man crazy, filling his head with numbers when there were better things to think about. I had to stop it.

I heard sounds coming from down the hall—in that little room. I saw the executioner ready the electric chair for my comfort. The son of a bitch was grinning as he checked the straps. Soon they'd come to shave me like a lamb to the slaughter.

"Mr. Callum, it's time to prepare you,"

the guard said as a couple of minimumwage flunkies entered my cell to start shaving. I hoped the razor was dull. I wanted to feel it.

One hundred twenty minutes to go. The buzz of the electric razor ricocheted around the stone walls as they mowed my head from side to side. The razor had been freshly sharpened. I didn't feel a thing.

At one time my hair was long enough to tie back in a ponytail. My wife Suzy loved to run her fingers through the curls. Her own black hair hung as straight as falling water. How I longed to feel her naked body straddling my cock, her long hair draped across my chest....

One hundred minutes.

Does every condemned man hope for a miracle? I wasn't waiting for anything but my final breath. Half a dozen court-appointed lawyers exhausted every legal means to get me a stay of execution, but to no avail. I didn't give a fuck. I wasn't one of those innocent guys who's condemned to die because some dick-brained jury doesn't see straight. I deserved to die.

"Mr. Callum, please get dressed in these

clothes now." The guard handed me a plain set of shorts with a pajama top to match.

Man, I once owned the most beautiful pair of silk pajamas in the world. My wife Suzy smuggled them through customs when we left Korea. The only thing I ever felt that was softer than them against my skin was the feel of her lily-white flesh.

Eighty minutes.

My cell did not contain what should be near a dying man. I had no family to claim me. One of my relatives had changed his name after my story hit the papers. He was afraid of negative repercussions.

The papers called me Mad Dog, the brutal killer of the parson's wife. Raped her, killed her, cut her tongue out. Hell, I didn't want to live anymore. That's why I

gave myself up without a fight.

I had only one private possession to treasure. I picked up a photograph from under my pillow, a photograph of myself and a little Korean girl taken 12 years earlier. She had her arms around my neck, and she was smiling as broadly as her six-year-old mouth would let her. My eyes sparkled with pleasure just looking at her.

I hadn't seen her for over ten years. I wished for the millionth time that she had made it out of Korea with her mother and me, but her dad was a proud man. Not prouder than me, but more worthy in the eyes of the law.

I married her mother, Suzy, 23 years ago this November. Neither of us will be around for the anniversary. She's in heaven. If I'm sent to hell for killing a defenseless woman, I'll never see her again.

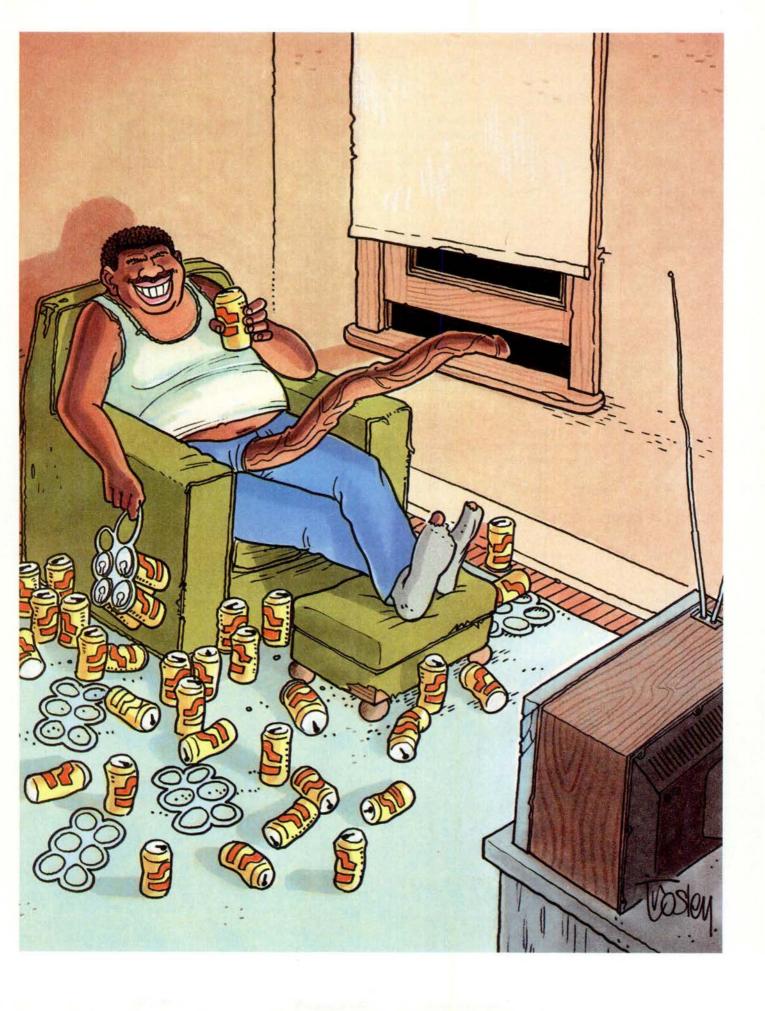
Suzy's been in my thoughts every minute of the 12 years I've been down, but since I arrived on Death Row, she's been harder and harder to find. Now I have to think hard to remember any little detail.

I tried to remember the sweetness of her loving embrace. The last time we made love was the last time I made love to anyone. I'd had a long day laying bricks, and my back was hurting bad. Suzy stripped me and led me to a steaming-hot shower. She scrubbed every inch of my sunburned flesh, then she put me on the bed and rubbed me with sweet-smelling oil. Her practiced Oriental fingertips removed every knot of muscle tension, until I was floating on a cloud of pure relaxation.

Then she took my cock in her mouth and sucked tenderly. I buried my face in her long, silky hair, my eager tongue searching her skin for the hard, rosy knobs of her nipples. I licked and kissed her, thanking her with my body for being so good to me. She took my cock in her tight cunt and rode me like a farm girl on a wild stallion. We came at the same moment, certain that we'd always be together.

I heard an entourage coming toward my





COUNTDOWN

They taped my eyes closed, so when they popped out and exploded, they wouldn't make a mess. A helmet thing fit over most of my face.

cell and knew that I had under an hour to live. They appeared in front of my cell: the warden, two guards and a different priest. Unlocking the door, the guards motioned for me to follow. They positioned themselves on each side of me as we walked down the long hall toward the chair.

It was standard practice to let a condemned man wait out his last hour away from the other prisoners in a room next to the execution chamber. The prisoners called this the "warming room."

My compatriots in the cells along the hall yelled encouragements and catcalls at me.

"Hang tough, man!" "Fuck 'em all, man!"

"I know you didn't do it. Just like me."

I looked at the prisoner who made this last remark. "I did do it," I said.

The priest stopped babbling from that book of his when he heard me say that. He nodded at me like we had a secret pact, then continued reading until the guard opened the door to the warming room. The warden started a conversation with a man holding a reporter's notebook. Every so often he glanced over at me and shook his

head from side to side. I smiled at him like a perfect angel. I'd see him later in hell.

He got all flustered and cleared his throat. "Is there anyone you'd like me to notify afterward, Mr. Callum?" he asked in that squeaky, faggot voice of his.

I thought for a moment. A guard offered me a cigarette, and I took it. I inhaled deeply, feeling the hard smoke wind its way through my lungs.

"Yeah," I said. "I got a couple of messages you can pass along, Harry." The warden hated it when prisoners called him by his first name. Too friendly, like maybe me and him had something in common.

"First, tell my lawyer I appreciate his not coming to my execution. I'm sure he had more important things to do. He'll be better off when I'm out of the way.

"Second—see, Harry? I do count—please relay to Mr. Davies my heartfelt wishes for a happy anniversary this year." At this, the man who'd been writing my words down in his reporter's notepad stopped writing and looked down at the floor.

"I killed her," I said, without apology. "I hurt her very badly. I raped her. I deserve to die." I looked the crummy warden in the eye. "But here's something you don't know, Harry. All the lawyers and detectives in the world couldn't figure out why I did it. 'No motive,' I kept hearing. Well, there was a motive. I wouldn't have killed her if there hadn't been a motive."

I took another drag off the cigarette. All the pinstriped suits that I'd seen in years of due process couldn't figure me out. I'd never said one word about it, just clammed

up and watched them squirm.

"It's simple, really. Certainly selfcentered, Harry-a favorite phrase of yours. It wasn't greed, though, or for some religious cult. Not even for the sex, or because I wanted to do it." I took a long pause, puffing my cigarette like the cons in old black-and-white movies. This was the most fun I'd had in two years. "Ever go to the movies and see a young couple in the back of the theater making out, giggling and talking and snuggling? I've seen it.

"I've seen a lot of things that would make you stop and wonder if there is a God, and if there is, why things are as fucked-up as they are. I equate it back to the theater lovers. God, and for that matter the rest of us, may as well keep dreaming, because dreams are the only things in the universe that don't mean a damn."

I knew these idiots would spend a minute or two trying to figure out what I meant, and at least one night on the news a bunch of freeze-dried reporters will wonder out loud what I really meant to say.

Fifteen minutes to go. Just about the time it takes to send a load of shit down the crapper. I tossed the cig onto the cold stone floor and crushed the life out of it.

"One last thing, Harry," I said. "Tell your wife she gives the best rimjob I ever had."

It was a lame joke, but what do you expect? The guards smiled as much as they dared to, and the warden's face turned a beautiful crimson color.

He turned to the guards and nodded.

They escorted me to the chair and shackled my arms and legs.

Five minutes.

They taped my eyes closed, so when they popped out and exploded, they wouldn't make too much of a mess. A helmet thing fit over most of my face.

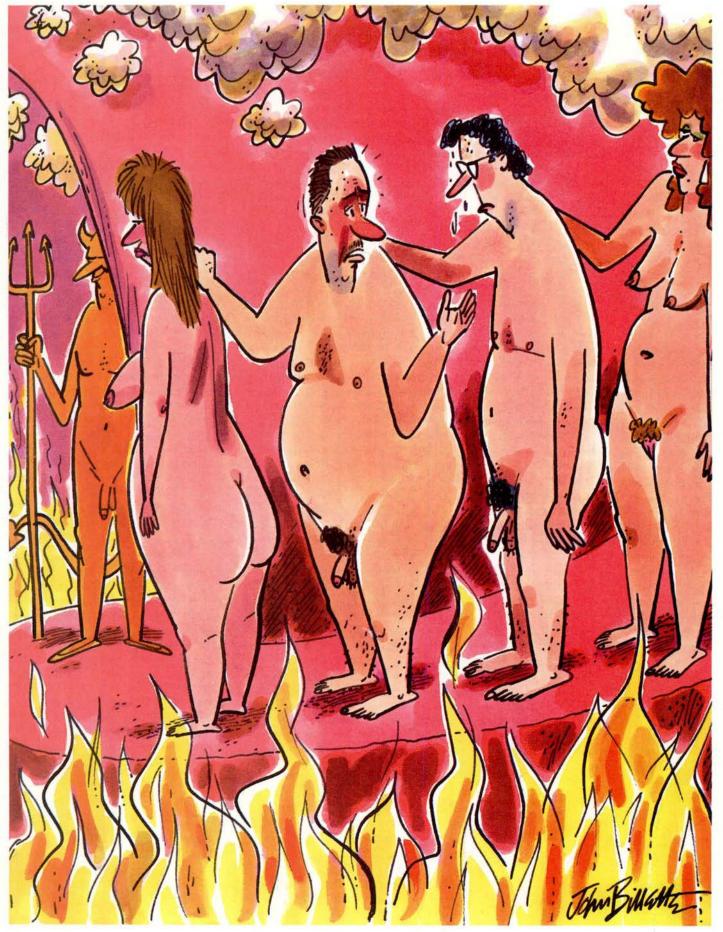
I waited patiently while they connected the wires.

The priest was reading louder now.

Mrs. Davies popped into my head like a thunderbolt. Strange that I should think of her at this moment. She stared at me with accusing eyes. Why did she still accuse me? I was getting what I deserved. Maybe she didn't want me to join her in hell.

I pictured my hands around her neck, squeezing the life out of her again. I could barely remember what she looked like.





"Geez, you fuck one little poodle...."

COUNTDOWN

I fucked her like a savage animal. It wasn't making love. It was making hate. I took my hand from her mouth and creamed all over her face.

There was no changing my fate. If I could turn back time, I'd kill her again.

One memory of mine hadn't faded one iota: the last time I saw Suzy.

Suzy and I had gone camping at Lake Tahoe in California. I'd waited two long years to save enough money to take her there. The cross-country drive took eight days. I wanted her to really see America. Everything was new and fun for her.

Tahoe was as beautiful as I remembered. We pitched our tent in a grove of shady pines. Ten glorious days went byten happy pieces of heaven on earth.

On the last day of our vacation, Suzy went for a swim. I lingered in the tent, changing my clothes and enjoying a beer. Forty minutes or an hour later, I sauntered down the winding forest path to shore.

The sight that greeted me seared itself forever in my memory.

Suzy lay on the muddy bank. A grayhaired matron stood over her. I ran quickly to the shore.

"What happened?" I cried. "Suzy?" I knelt by her side. She wasn't breathing.

Frantically I tried the lifesaving tech-

niques I learned in the service.

"What are you doing?" I screamed at the old lady. "Call an ambulance!"

"Won't do no good," she told me. "That girl's dead. Looked like she swallowed a lot of water. She came up to the shore choking on something. She struggled awhile, and then she died."

I couldn't believe my ears. "You stood here and watched her die?"

"I wouldn't touch that girl," said the old cunt coldly. "She's Asian. I'm not touching a yellow gook."

I was too blinded by sorrow and rage to think of a reply, but I remembered those words long after I took Suzy in my arms and carried her to the ranger's station.

The bigoted old cunt was a parson's wife. She testified that Suzy was dead when she found her. I knew better, but there was no point trying to contradict the testimony of a woman of the cloth. I had a criminal record. Breaking and entering in '67. Who'd believe a con in Tahoe? I got her name and address from the police file. Her name was Mrs. Davies. Her husband had a ministry in Tampa, Florida.

I buried Suzy in the cemetery of my Illinois hometown. Then I packed my gear and split for Tampa.

I found that old bitch alone at home. I broke the lock on the door and grabbed her by her ratty mane before she could reach the phone. A quick snap of my hand broke her arm. She fell to the floor, crumpled with pain. Not a sound escaped her lips. I wanted her to gasp and choke like Suzy did, so I could watch her die. She recognized me. Glared at me with hateful eyes.

I tore off her dress. I wanted to humiliate her. Grind her into dust.

She spat in my face. I mashed her mouth shut with a heavy hand. Then I spread her crotchety legs and stuck my dick in her cunt. Still she didn't make a sound. All the rage I'd stored in my heart for the last five weeks came pouring out in a torrent of physical abuse. I fucked her like a savage animal. It wasn't making love. It was making hate. I took my hand away from her mouth and creamed all over her face. It was like pouring gasoline on a spark.

She leaped forward, scratching and clawing. I slapped her to the floor and wrapped my hands around her scrawny neck. I wasn't thinking of Suzy. I was thinking about how angry I felt, how much I hated bigotry in the country that I'd

fought for in Vietnam.

When the red cloud passed, Mrs. Davies lay lifeless beneath me, a broken, abused, empty shell of humanity. Without the ugly spirit in her, she looked as innocent and kindly as anybody's granny.

I cut out her tongue with my army knife. The foul, fucking dirty bigot's tongue.

Now I was getting what I knew was coming even as I turned the car onto the road to Tampa. I knew it'd be over soon.

There was a metallic sound, like a clip being lifted on a switch. My heart pounded madly. I panicked. I could feel it trying to tear itself from my chest.

My mind started to scream. Mrs. Davies's dead face leaped to life like the devil himself. She began to laugh. Fucking witch! My soul was pierced with fear.

No! I couldn't move my mouth, but I felt saliva bubble out and run down my chin. Jesus, God, help me!

Suddenly, there she was. Suzy—my wife-thank God. All the pain and terror vanished like flames without fuel. I started to cry. She came closer. She was real. Memories had never been so clear. I saw tears in her eyes. She was happy to see me. She'd missed me as much as I'd missed her.

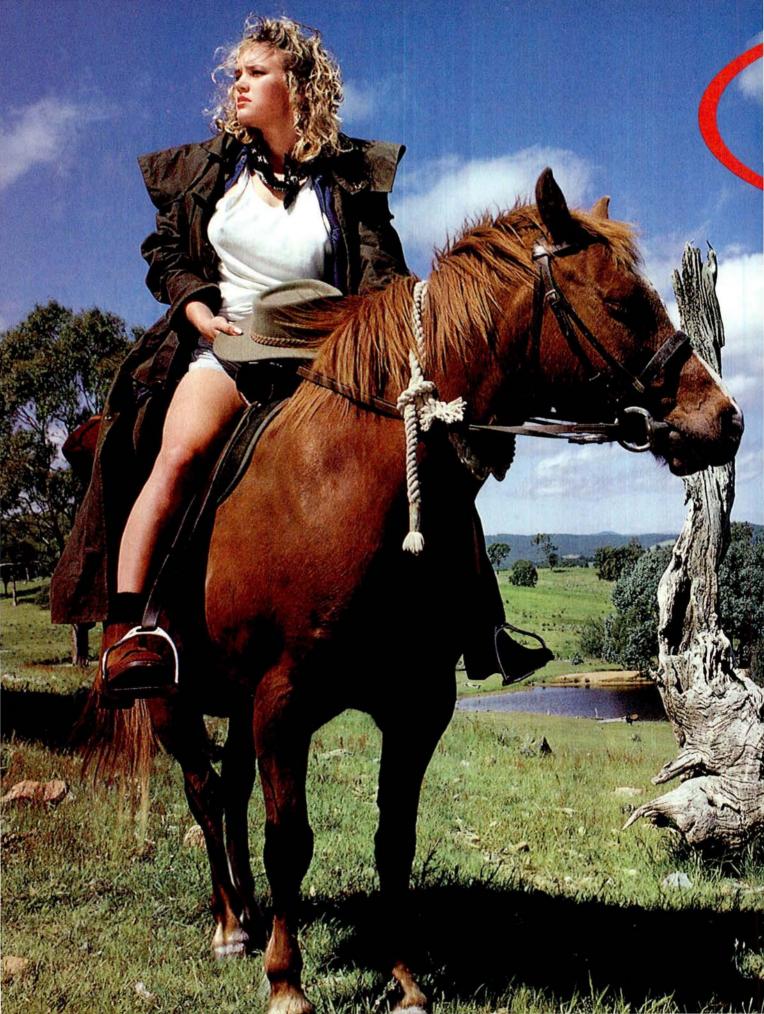
I took her hand, so soft and fresh against my gravelly beard. She ran her fingers through my hair. We were together again.

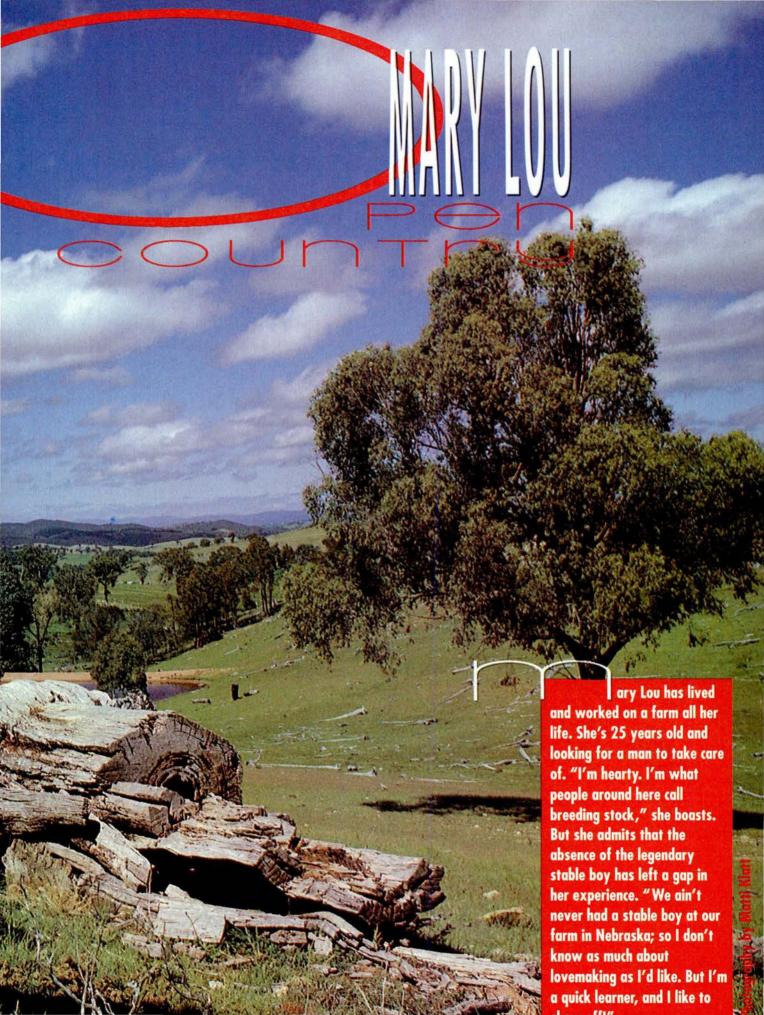
Electricity shattered my brain as the executioners threw the switches.

Click! Lights out.











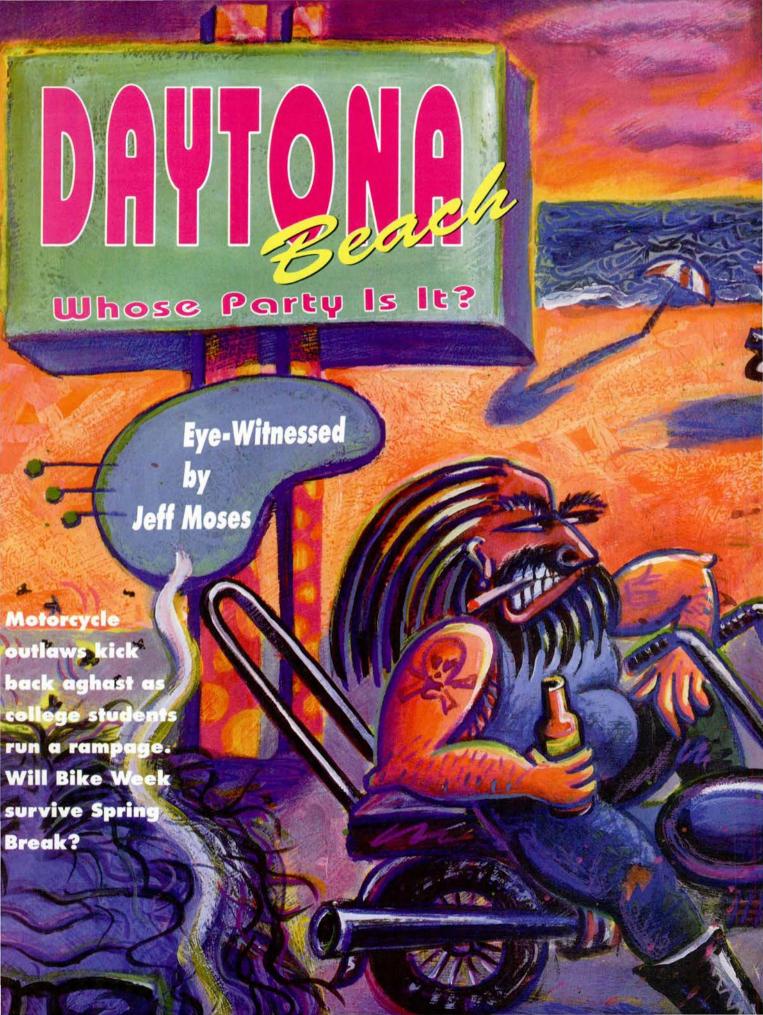


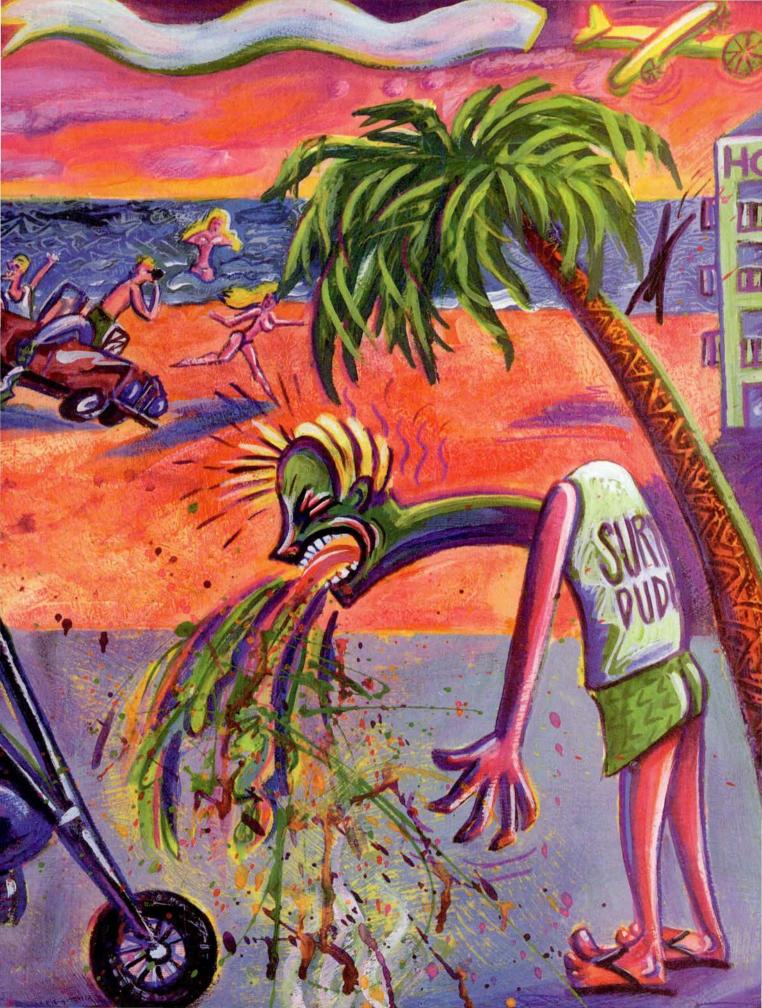












DAYTONA

Vandalism, theft, attempted rape and falling off hotel balconies are the activities of our future doctors, lawyers, business magnates and felons.

An endless stretch of white sand glimmers with a downy sheen as thousands of firm, tan young women sun themselves in the perfect 78° weather. Sweat beads and runs down hardbody thighs, tracing a dewy path to and from deliciously soft pubic mounds. The girls flex and stretch in the caressing solar rays, their double-scoop breasts rolling with melt-in-your-mouth allure. Drive-by admirers hoot and cheer. The sticky-sweet coconut smell of tanning lotion hangs thick in the humid air.

Night cools. Salty, damp breezes refresh partiers as they hit the streets. Music seeps out of Atlantic Avenue nightclubs, promis-

ing sexual paradise.

Main Street, toward the center of town, is lined with thousands of the finest motorcycles in the country. Ancient Harleys and Indians share the sidewalks with Triumphs, BSAs, Moto Guzzis and BMWs. The gleam from the paint and plating stabs the eyes of the curious. Exhaust mingles with the tang of brine and spilled beer in the warm air. It smells like a party.

Daytona Beach, Florida. Hundreds of thousands of wild revelers gear up for two of the most radical party scenes in the country, Spring Break and Bike Week. These events provide fodder for titillating T&A movies, panic scenarios for teenage girls' petrified parents and the raw material of every college boy's beach-bimbo wet dreams. So what's the problem?

A bikini-clad bartender pulls her sweatshirt on and begins the short walk home. It's 3 a.m. and chilly. She lights a cigarette as she nears the pedestrian tunnel. Two men approach her and ask for a light. At first she is wary, but as they come closer, she sees that they are not tattooed, bearded Bikers swarming the area for Bike Week. Rather, they are two well-dressed, goodlooking Spring Breakers whom she noticed earlier in the bar. As she digs through her purse to look for a match, they grab her and wrestle her to the ground, pulling at her clothes while she struggles and screams. Her shrieks grow louder as they try to force-fuck her. Before they can succeed, they are scared off by some voices nearby. She doesn't report the incident. "I didn't want to say anything bad about Daytona Beach. It's really a nice town."

"Alvin, why do we always have to do it doggy-style?"

Welcome to Spring Break at Daytona Beach, Florida. It's a nice town all right, except between March 12 and April 21 when its miles of drive-on-the-sand beaches, resort hotels and nightclubs overflow with more than half a million inconsiderate, drunken louts. These are the students. Although Spring Break began nearly 30 years ago in Daytona Beach, no sense of tradition keeps the locals from loathing the young cretins. Vandalism, theft, attempted rape and falling off of hotel balconies are just a few of the annoying activities of our future doctors, lawyers, business magnates and felons.

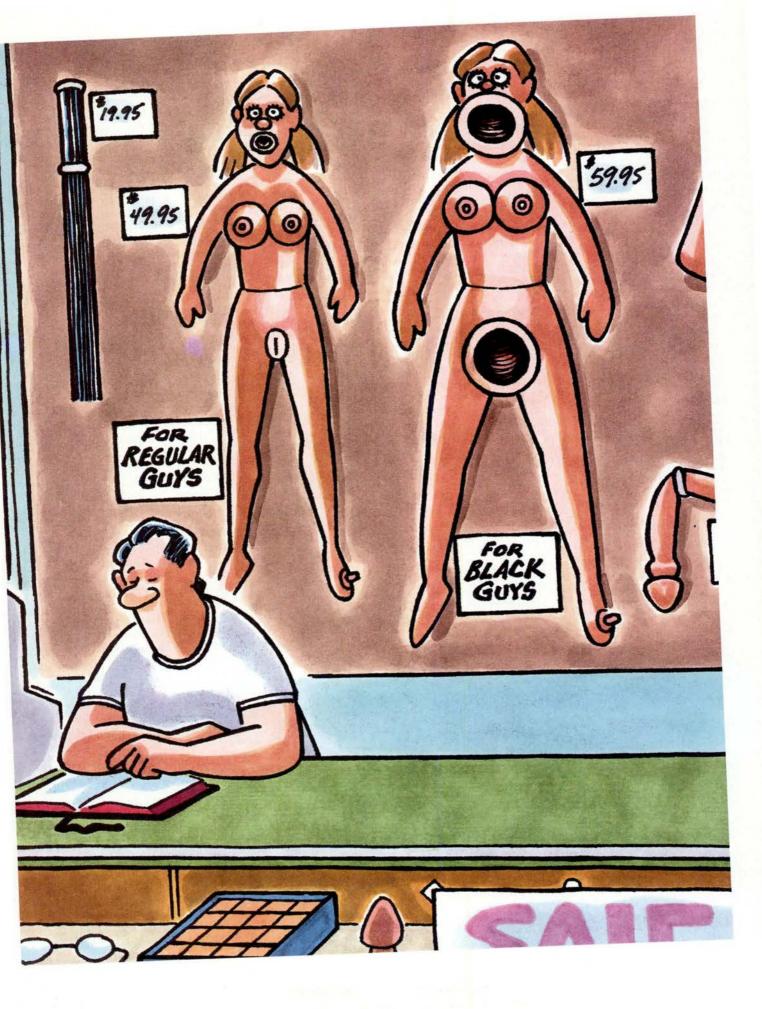
Through the decades, Fort Lauderdale, Florida, became the premier Spring Break destination, with Daytona Beach still attracting its fair share. But several years ago, Fort Lauderdale implemented a campaign to oust the uninvited guests. As one community-relations official with the Daytona Beach Police Deptartment puts it: "The business community of Fort Lauderdale decided the benefits weren't worth the aggravation. They sent out letters to colleges and universities, letting them know they were not welcome. They put up a concrete and steel barrier to keep them off the beach, which is very short and narrow. So in the past two years, the kids have moved to Daytona Beach."

In the early '60s, students flocked to Florida's beaches to sample adult sins. Drinking, rowdiness and sex were the order of the day—Where the Boys Are in all its toss-the-girl-on-the-blanket innocence. Crowd control, property abuse and alcohol offenses are still the primary concerns of the law community, but the number of students makes performing these simple chores a Herculean task. This year, during the 40-day Spring Break period, more than 600,000 students will run roughshod through Daytona Beach. And that's just part of the problem.

Predating Spring Break by about 20 years is the Daytona 200, one of the world's most prestigious motorcycle events. During the '50s, bike clubs made semi-organized "runs" to Daytona Speedway to see and be seen. Bike Week, as it is now referred to, is one of the mandatory Biker to-dos of the year. From March 3 to March 11, Bikers roar into town, park their Harley-Davidsons and stand around, look-

ing ugly.

In the center of the peninsula that constitutes Daytona Beach, running perpendicular to the coast, is Main Street. Countless Harley-straddling Bikers congregate along its quarter-mile stretch to ogle each other's rides and throw back a few beers. The sidewalks are motorcycle parking lots and impromptu grandstands. Bikers cruise slowly by, trying hard to look tough. Noise



DAYTONA

The back alleys of Main Street smell like piss and puke and, occasionally, a burning joint of cheap weed and singed beard hairs.

from the straight pipes rattles the fillings out of many spectators, while jostling crowds of sweaty road-whores enjoy the parade. The back alleys of Main Street smell like piss and puke and, occasionally, a burning joint of cheap weed and singed beard hairs.

The Biker bars on Main Street are usually rustic places with bare wood floors and little or no ornamentation. Boot Hill, across the street from the town cemetery, is a bit more picturesque than most hawg saloons. The pavement in front of the tavern is wet from regular hosings needed to spray vomit into the gutter. This gives the place a very pungent odor, especially around four o'clock, after the sun has been beating down on the puke soup bubbling in the potholes. If the stench outside doesn't make a visitor retch, the Biker women's soiled undergarments that line the ceilings will.

Far from resembling the hell-raising ruffians portrayed by media and legend, these pleasant, if unkempt, men and women are more concerned with commerce than causing problems. They roam Main Street where every Mom-and-Pop shop has been converted into a T-shirt, leather or Harley-parts emporium. Bikers come to spend money, mill around and look tough.

One reason for their general civility is Daytona Beach's "no colors" policy. Members of rival bike clubs have difficulty recognizing the enemy without descriptive patches. Some may complain that the policy is an infringement on their rights, but the cops dig it. Daytona Beach has seen very little gang-related trouble since the edict went into effect.

Outside of Froggy's, a Main Street hangout sporting three bars, a cop sums up his attitude toward the hairy, sun-charred riders: "These guys are adults. We keep the cars mixed in with the bikes so they don't show off. We try and keep the girls' tops on and keep the drunks off the streets. We have more trouble with the college kids."

Daytona Beach P.D.'s communityrelations officer shares the same views: "We like Bikers better. They're not 16 to 20 years old. They're reasonable, and they aren't as silly or crazy as the students. If we could have them here all year 'round, with no students, I think we'd be happy."

Breakers outnumber Bikers by roughly three to one. Arrest statistics reveal the bigger menace: Each mobile police unit processes on the average between 100 to 150 students daily, as opposed to the six to eight Bikers in the same period. The disparity is Biker women, who make up about 80% of Daytona's titty-flashers.

Indecent exposure is a strange business in Daytona Beach. Entrapment seems legal in Florida, although the cops have another term for it. The slobbering fool in the bar, who begs a girl to follow him into the bathroom so he can get a picture of her tits where no one else will see, could be a cop snapping a bit of photographic evidence.

Daytona Beach is, of course, a drive-onthe-sand beach. The sand is probably a beautiful powdery white, but years of traffic have grimed the shore considerably. Sunbathers report the unusual feeling that one is lying out on a sidewalk. Exhaust, engine noise, horns and the threat of being run over by a drunk all detract from what should be a natural, wholesome experience. But it does offer the horny photog an excellent vantage point to scout tit and tail. Girls in G-string bikinis are fairly common, some even willing to bend at the waist for the sake of a photo. This is legal. Chances of snapping a coaxed-up bikini top without being caught by one of the zillions of undercover cops are much better from a car. Be warned. Leaping out of a rolling vehicle to get a close-up of a particularly nice pair attracts instant attention.

Boob-flashers should be sure to have nice tits. The city ordinance for indecent exposure is \$40; the state statute calls for a \$95 fine. It is widely understood that if the officer approves of the offending chest baggage, the tits fall under city jurisdiction and pay the lesser fine. On the other hand, if gravity, time and nature played a cruel trick on the busted hooters, they'll be looking at a \$95 ticket.

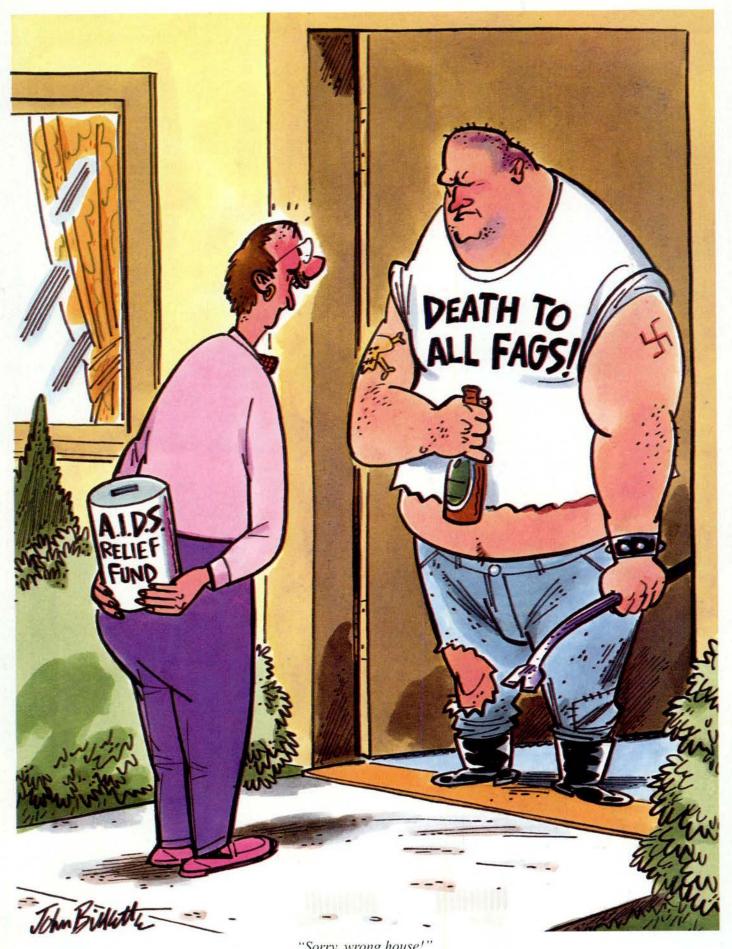
Disorderly conduct is a similar affair. State fines are about double what the city charges. In other words, when a cop asks a rowdy what the fuck his problem is, the wise dummy up and kiss some ass. Not only do problem visitors pay more, they may also be obliged to spend a day or two in the city's holding facilities.

While drugs are a problem at Daytona Beach, the real trouble is alcohol. Many Breakers are underage and stupid. The students come bent on destroying as many brain cells as possible and sometimes destroy them all. A standard practice is "balcony diving." Breakers jump, fall and dive from hotel balconies: 1984 had three falls, no deaths; '85 saw the highest ratio of fatalities, with seven falls resulting in three

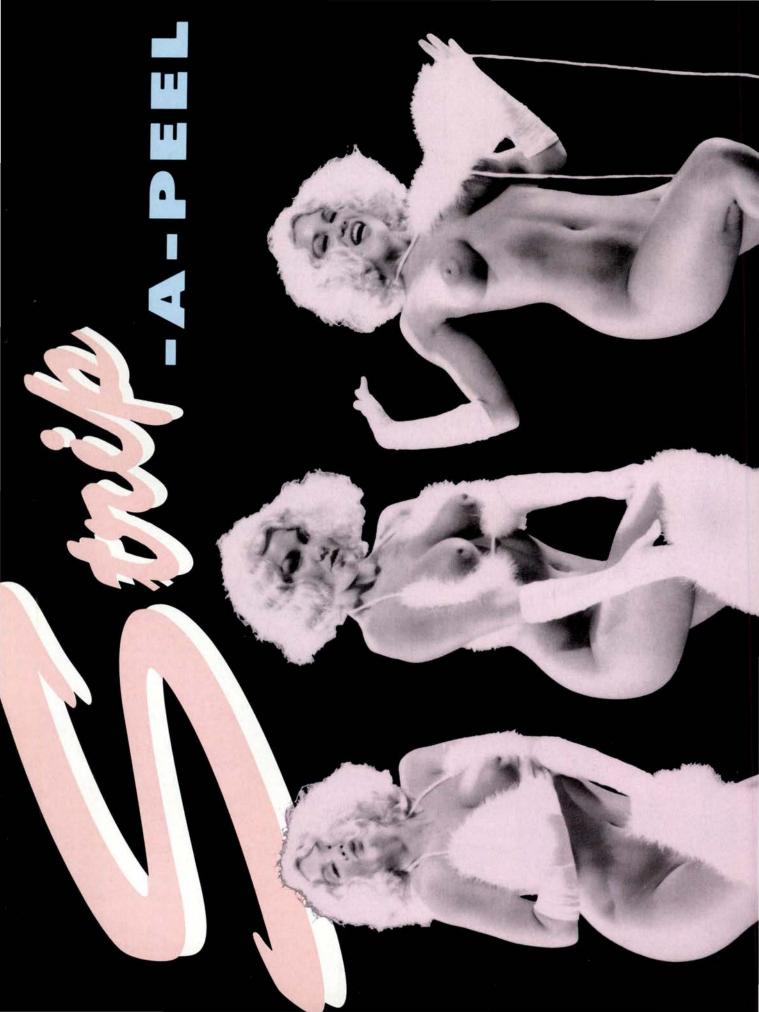
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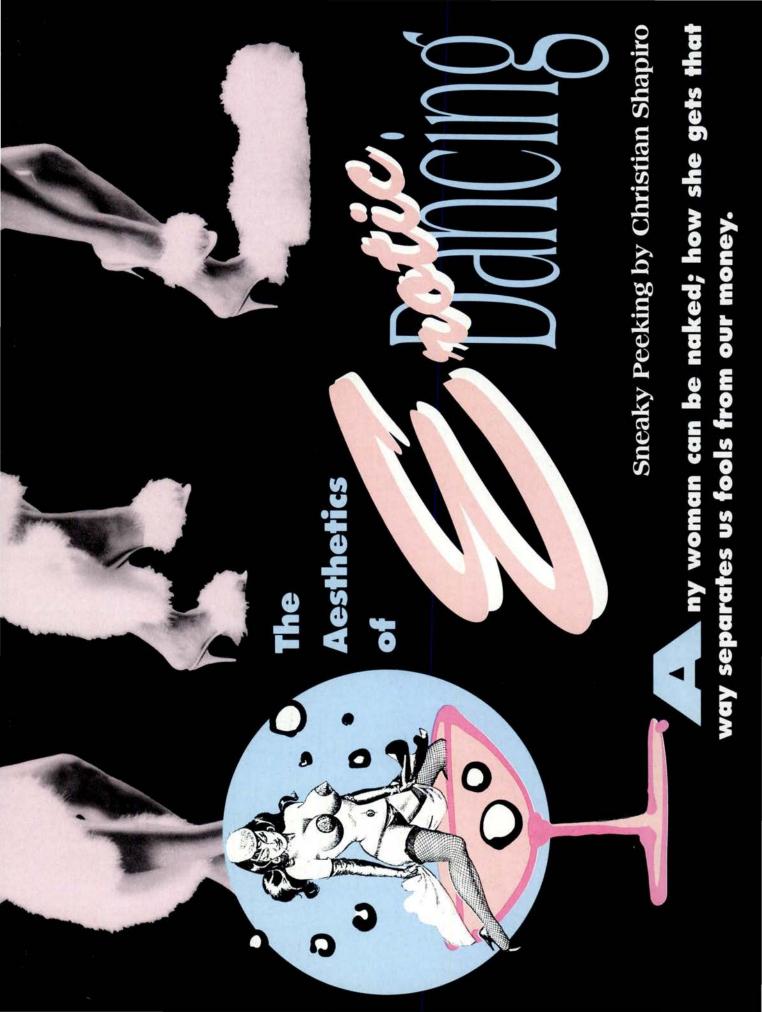


"Then I said the hell with it and dug out my old bikini...."



"Sorry, wrong house!"





STRIP-A-PEEL

Her chest is the sun, her buns the moon, her eyes the stars. The suds-slurping spectators are worshiping the cosmic mama.

The allure of the striptease is one of life's most enduring joys. As little boys, our grammar-school eyes instinctively look up the skirts of the classroom tarts.

Approaching puberty, a youngster will reconnoiter his older sister's slumber party. In high school, he will spend much of his time lurking eagle-eyed in the proximity of the girls' gym.

Of course, once the young buck matures into adulthood, he outgrows the compulsion to gawk upon the titillatingly exposed epidermis of every unclothed woman his eyes chance upon. A real man sees plenty of snatch and boobs in his own bedroom. Peeking—looking without touching—is kid stuff, right?

Tell it to the crowd.

The smoke and the noise are no more intense than at any three-alarm fire. Growling all-male conversation rumbles beneath the hard edge of high-decible rock 'n' roll. Men sit at tables, in booths and on stools at the lip of a low, curvy stage. Old, young, well-dressed and scruffy, drunk, sober, handsome, ugly, geek and studly;

aside from penis possession, these males have one thing in common: They are completely alert, gleaming eyes trained upon an empty stage.

Four floor-to-ceiling brass poles break up the show space. A sunken bathing enclosure with phallic spigots and a plexiglass champagne glass, large enough to contain one full-grown, stacked female, gleam beneath the spotlight.

The rowdy music cuts off; the deejay's smoothly modulated voice announces: "Get your hands out of your pockets and welcome Stripper of the Year Veeeenus Deeeelight."

A hidden fog machine ejaculates a milkywhite cloud along the stage perimeter, and a classic brassy stripper tune blares out from the sound system. Venus Delight, one of the brightest burlesque stars of the Vegas dancer cosmos, takes the stage in a flash of silver sequins and body energy. Expanses of flesh ripple and flex in the caressing red light. Wielding butt-length blond locks and a sinuous feather boa, Venus sashays from pole to pole, hooking her arm and spinning on stiletto heels through the turns. Hips and breasts sway wide like independent comets describing searing arcs through a voluptuously rounded solar system. Her chest is the sun, her buns the moon, her eyes the stars. The postindustrial suds-slurping spectators are transformed into a pack of primal pagans, worshiping the cosmic mama.

Who says we've got no culture?

Venus is a seasoned pro of the stripper circuit. With her husband/manager, a former high-wire artist from the Circus Circus casino, she spends much of the year crisscrossing North America, peeling off satin, lace and sequins to the intense gratification of armies of fans. Venus pulls in more loot than most corporate execs, and she looks much better while doing it.

Just watch.

Effectively naked, Venus crawls, slinks and squirms across the floor, running her hand along the rim of her woman-size champagne glass. Spectators gape mesmerized, pounding fists rhythmically upon the stage apron as if in some transport of religious ecstasy.

Beers go flat and forgotten as their owners gaze upon bottomless abysses of cleavage and butt crack, pondering divine imponderables. Venus and her implausible pontoons plop into the water and suds of the prop cocktail glass.

"Splish, splash," sings the voice of Chuck Berry, "I was taking a bath." Venus splashes around, soaping herself with cherubic abandon. Her tits are capable of washing themselves, scrubbing up against one another in a soapy, slick show of concentrated coordination.

Venus spins on her butt, her squeakyclean crack clearly visible through the spotless plexiglass. She lies stomach down, curving her torso to the contour of the cup, and slides slippery and slick like a bigtitted fish in a bubble bath. The crowd rises to sing along with the rendition of "Tiny Bubbles" seeping from the p.a.

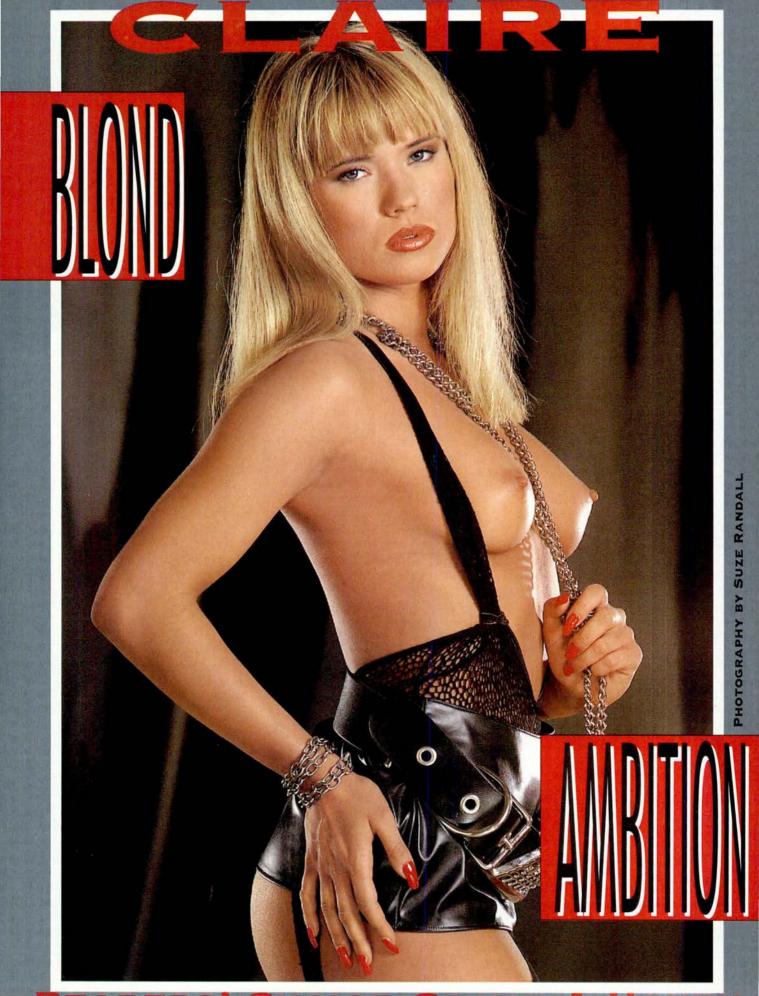
Naughty girl Venus sneaks from her bath, slapping her hands and twisting her pelvis. A chorus line of guys claps along. Truly, it is a magic moment in the history of away-from-home entertainment.

Rick Roming, president of Stripper, North America's Entertainment Agency, could be AC/DC's road manager. He's got the shag haircut, the square-featured, regular-guy mug, the tight jeans, the cellular phone and the pager. He answers another of the constant beeps that attend him wherever he goes. Club owners and girls who take off their clothes professionally are not by nature insecure, but they require a lot of reassurance.

"Rick, this is Shawnee," purrs a feline (continued on page 82)



"I wasn't cut out for the priesthood. Every time I read the Bible, I get a boner."



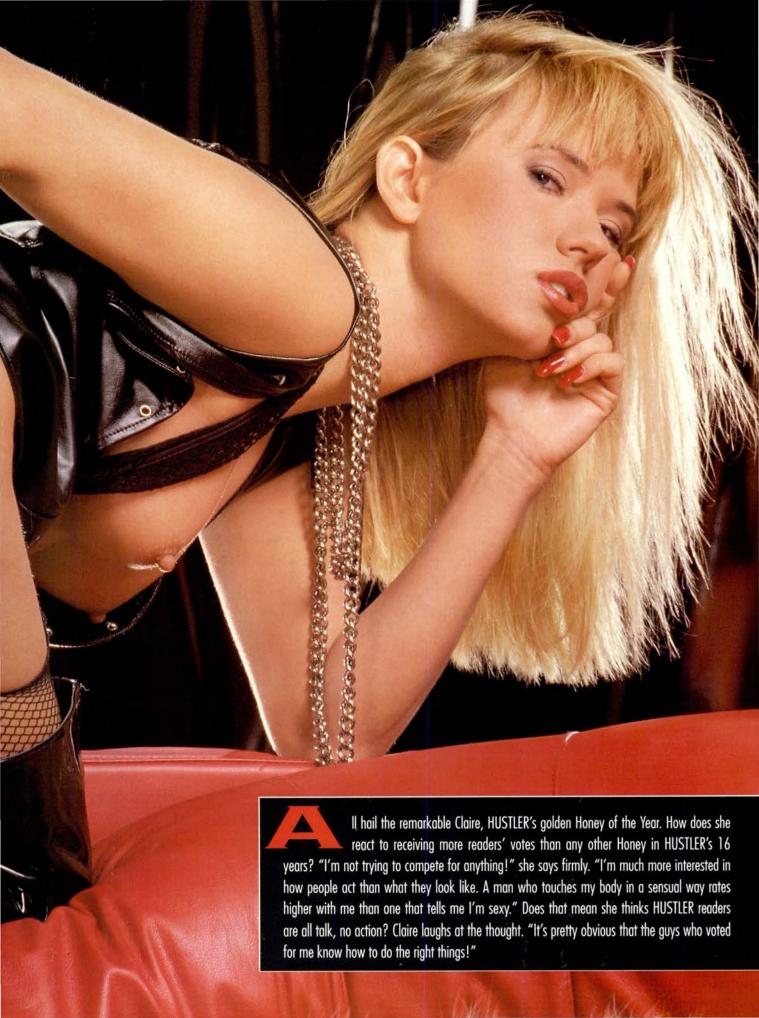
READERS' CHOICE GRADE A HONEY



















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Two miserable inhabitants of hell were taking a walk when a frigid breeze blew. A moment later, a storm dumped several inches of snow, reducing the blazing fires to sizzling steam. The men looked around in amazement.

"What do you suppose is going on?" one asked.

"Only thing I can figure," the other said, "is that the Cubs went to the Series."

uestion: What did Dan Quayle say when Mrs. Quayle blew softly in his ear?
Answer: "Thanks for the refill."

A man was recovering from a heart attack. His doctor told him, "No more drinking, smoking or carousing for you."

"How about sex?" asked the patient.

"Well, okay, I guess so. But only with your wife—I don't want you getting excited."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *foreplay* as: a premature ejaculator's nightmare.

A young farmer was having trouble with his wife. He went to see the family doctor, who told him, "You've got to be more loving and affectionate. When you feel romantic, go up and give her a big kiss."

"But, Doc, I can't. I'm out working in the fields from dawn to dark."

The doctor thought for a moment, then said, "I've got it. Take your shotgun with you. Whenever you're in the mood for some loving, fire a blast into the air. When she hears it, she can come running."

The farmer agreed to follow the advice and didn't see the doctor for four months. Then the farmer appeared at the office, depressed again.

"What's wrong?" the doctor asked. "Did you follow my advice?"

"Yes, indeed," the farmer said. "Worked great for a while. Then hunting season started a month ago, and I haven't seen her since!"

Sorry I'm late," the biker told his boss, "but my ol' lady passed out in the bathroom this morning and fell over the sink."

"Holy shit!" exclaimed his boss. "So what did you do?"

"At first I couldn't really think of what to do," said the biker, "but finally I just started shaving over the bathtub."

A man with leukemia insisted upon telling all his acquaintances that he had AIDS. Finally, a friend stopped him and said, "I know you've got leukemia, and that's plenty bad, but why are you telling everyone you've got AIDS?"

"Because when I die, I don't want anyone fucking

my wife."

uestion: What is the difference between a pussy and a cunt?

Answer: A pussy is soft, warm and inviting. A cunt is the woman who owns it.

Mrs. Verciglio reported her shipping-magnate husband missing, and became a daily visitor at the morgue. One day as the morgue attendant uncovered the face of a corpse, the woman thought she recognized her spouse, but she wasn't positive.

"Pull the sheet down a bit lower," she requested.

The attendant brought the sheet down to the waist and asked, "Lady, is this your husband?"

"I'm still not certain. Pull the sheet lower."

The attendant pulled the sheet off completely.

"Now, lady, is this guy your husband?"

"No," she answered, "no, he isn't, but somebody certainly lost a good man!"

uestion: What's the difference between a rabid pit bull and a woman on the rag?
Answer: Lipstick.

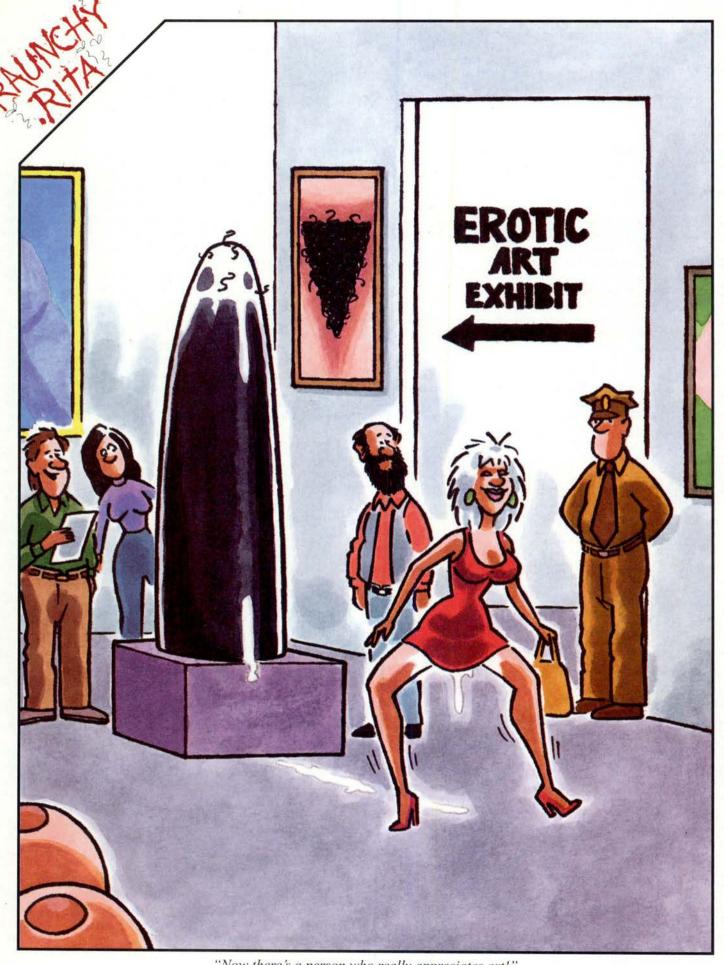
esse, a utility company president, recounted a recent experience. His wife had been out of town when their beautiful European housemaid sleepwalked naked into his bedroom.

"What did you do?"

"What could I do? I love my wife. I turned her around and headed her back to her own bed. What would you have done?"

"I would've done exactly what you did, you lying son of a bitch!"

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"Now there's a person who really appreciates art!"

STRIP-A-PEEL (continued from page 70)

The girls towel up their spills from the stage and shower stall. Guys like to see a woman who's capable of cleaning the bathroom floor naked.

voice. "Call me right away at the Empress. It's important?"

"You have a girlfriend, don't you?" asks 34-year-old Rick rhetorically. "How often does she get her rag? Once a month. Well, I have 350 women I work with. I get it from 50 a day."

Rick's 17 years in the peek biz give him a perspective on the women: Coming from all spectrums, the theoretical dancer makes a grand a week by strutting her stuff out on a stage. No one touches her; no one bad-mouths her or harasses her after her stint. She goes from dressing room to stage to dressing room, with no unwanted interference. Why should she squander her days as a legal secretary?

"Twenty years ago," explains Rick, "the dancers were all hookers, getting six bucks a show, the rest in tips. But the clubs cleaned up. Very few dancers are hookers now. Some stop hooking to become dancers. The reverse, where dancers become hookers, is always drug oriented."

One 30-year-old dancer has a home complete with boat and dock and a kid at boarding school. Other girls are studying

for their doctorates, another is almost a lawyer.

But the 45 Vancouver, Canada, clubs that comprise Rick's west coast territory also see their share of party girls, free-spirited floozies who get paid more than \$1,000 cash Saturday night and are mooching bus change to get to Monday's job. They succumb to the band influence, the male-stripper influence, the drug influence.

Temptation is, after all, the whole point of the strip-club milieu.

The main temptation is to make some generalizations concerning the high-visibility stripper cooze. Top girls universally possess a limber athleticism—necessary to execute the requisite snatch splits, flying-fish pole swings and other feats of carnal contortion—and a blanket. When a mostly nude lady spins on her spike heel and twirls her quilt out upon the floor, it's get-down time.

While the Mr. and Mrs. dine with the nippers at the Coach House Inn, Corey Adams and Danni Stevens—the Lady and the Tramp—are downstairs in the lounge

simulating intimate contact upon a blanket built for two. The stage is shaped like some amorphous internal organ, a cross between a kidney and a heart. NHL playoffs rage on a large-screen TV, virtually ignored.

Gyno Row, swiveling bucket seats lining the stage lip, is packed with amateur internists, elbows propped upon the very stage that supports the writhing flesh just inches from their flexed and lifted noses. Corey and Danni (Which is the Lady? Which is the Tramp?) crawl on their knees, one shaking her mall hair in the butt crack of her partner. Guys whistle, hoot and holler. Steve Tyler belts out "Love in an Elevator," as the gyrating girls reveal a bottle of oil.

The broads, somewhat distracted, drip streams of oil upon one another's pelvis with perfect, dispassionate accuracy.

Some dudes lap it up more than others.

"Shower! Shower!" they chant.

"Welcome these two lovely vixens once again," modulates the smooth-voiced deejay, "into the shower zone."

Careful not to wet their precariously coiffed heads, the Tramp and the Lady squat upon a mushroom-shaped spigot, using a sponge to soap up one another's tender vitals.

The experience obviously means much more to spectators than participants. One irredeemably lost soul in a tractor cap and sag-ass Levi's has made a steep emotional investment. It's not paying off. Beer overspilling the side of his askew lips, he screws his face into a cartoon mask of determination. He leans forward to express beery appreciation to an offstage dancer. She edges her red sequins away as he ardently advances. A bouncer hustles his haunted eyes out to the parking lot.

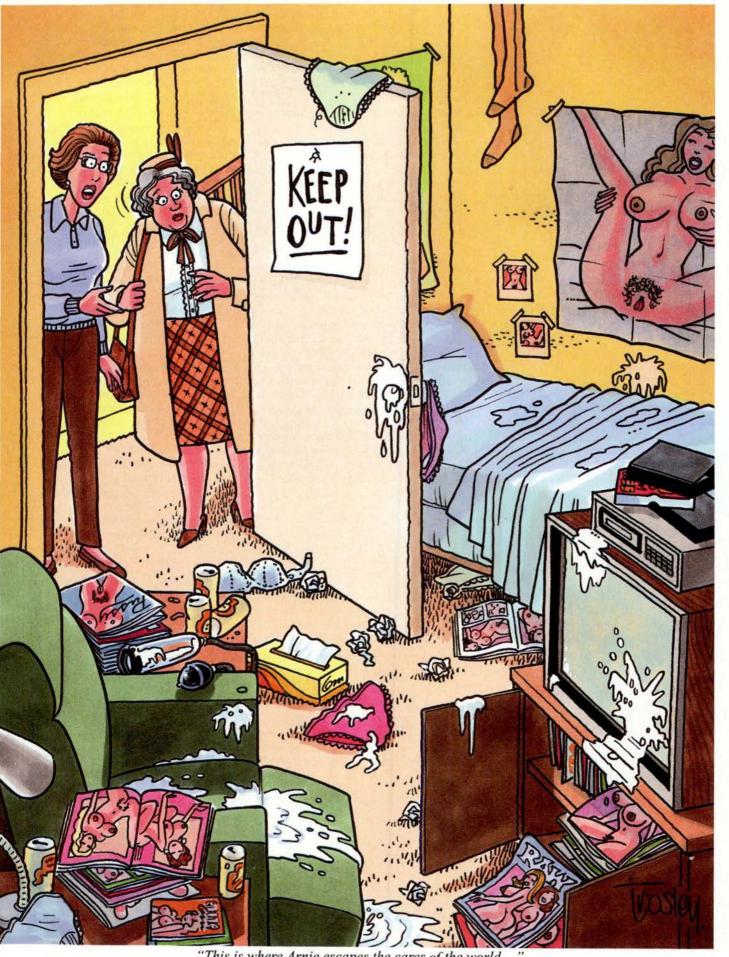
Après shower, house lights come up. The girls dry themselves, then towel up their spills from the stage and shower stall, wiping all pole surfaces clean of fingerprints and butt grease. This duty could be raffled off to the lucky 69th customer to come in the door. For a few extra dollars, he'd be allowed to keep the towel.

The dancers display a subjugated contempt while swirling cleaning rags on their knees, naked asses poised in the air. Guys like to see a woman who's capable of cleaning the bathroom floor naked.

"The dancing's okay," proclaims a representative of progressive feminist sentiment, "but this mopping is degrading to women."

A man's libido can only take so much stimulation before it requires comedic relief. The Cecil, a gleaming, mirrored showcase of the hottest flesh available, also throws in the occasional joker. You can't





"This is where Arnie escapes the cares of the world...."

Strip-A-Peel

She's 6-6, pitch black, "Refrigerator" Perry in spike heels and a red camisole; she spins like a black tornado, jiggling her tits and belly.

miss Septra Fontaine. She's 6-6, pitch black and weighs in at close to 200 pounds with a 67EEE rack of ebony mammary. "Refrigerator" Perry in spike heels and a red camisole, she spins like a black tornado, jiggling her tits and belly.

Some of the guys aren't too sure about this one. The sushi bar savants lean back from her bulk. She balances a full martini glass on her stilled, exposed bosom. Spilling nary a drop, her tits lift the glass

to her lips, which drain it.

Tongue loosened, Septra is handed a live microphone: "I'm going to stretch my cunt," she announces with no prologue, "over your head and let your two friends fuck some sense into you.

"The more you applaud, the bigger my tits get. I'll sit on you and make your four

friends disappear."

Is it a promise? Is it a threat? Whatever, it keeps coming: "I have ten minutes to be laughed at; you have the rest of your life. Would you mind closing your legs? I've seen more meat on a Barbie doll."

"Shower! Shower!" chants the crowd, but Miss Fontaine disdains to remove her panties, perhaps in order to protect the weak of heart.

"It looks like 50 pounds of liver," she confesses, "with a bad fur coat. Do you eat with that mouth? Last time I saw a hole like that, I shoved a Tampax into it."

They love her; she loves them.

"Let me explain this to you as delicately as I can," she says with thick and true affection, "fuck you!"

The Cecil marque touts Flex Appeal by Masters of Muscle Motion. Wheels Teniel, petite and packed with pussy power, delivers on the promise.

All traces of the previous dancer are wiped from the field of display. But surely the departed doxy lingers within the witnesses of her twat-twisting, lip-smacking, tongue-lashing, ass-slapping, tit-bouncing offering. Some essence of her eroticism must be stored down deep in the spectator, adding to a cumulative erotic charge, an impetuous, inexorable pulsing toward orgasm that is to be taken home and channeled whole into the wife or girlfriend, or perhaps spilled down the kitchen sink.

The mind has no room to hold such noble thoughts as Wheels rolls onstage, shooting from pole to pole like a largebreasted pinball in hotpants and a crop top. Wheels is a woman with more than the ordinary gimmick-she does her routine on roller skates, at red-line velocity.

Wheels spins through the smoky stratosphere. One minor slip, and the munchkin's mounds could land on some lucky pinhead. The white-bread faces, looking like Mormons who've lost their morals, gape transfixed. If their noses were a little longer, the whirring wheels of Teniel's skates would clip them right off.

Smirking like a playground wanton, Wheels puts a finger to her impish dimples-presaging dimples down below? An air of speculation descends upon the straining audience. Teniel hooks her thumbs in her top and teasingly pops out her nips, only to cover them again. Is she ever going to take her clothes off? Will we last that long?

If Teniel were in a porn film, the fastforward would be whizzing, but she's stripping in real life, and nobody wants to rush the experience. The primary difference between tape-based fantasy and realitybased fantasy is that real flesh actually creates anticipation, heightens enjoyment and fulfills expectations.

Fittingly enough, Teniel's body turns out

to be everything promised.

"Over here! Over here!" cry the impassioned voices of the sushi bar, suffering mild whiplash as the flesh fillet slaps her nipples to make them pucker. She's worked up a sweat-beaded there in her cleavage—but she's only begun to work.

Teniel hooks a leg around a support pole and spins upside down, her secondary sex characteristics buoyantly illustrating the uplifting effects of centrifugal force. She slowly winds down, braces her hands on the stage, opens her legs in a wide splits and does a naked handstand push-up with the pole sliding betwixt her butt loaves.

Wheels thumbs her nose at the nasty boys: "Nya-nya-nya-naa-na!"

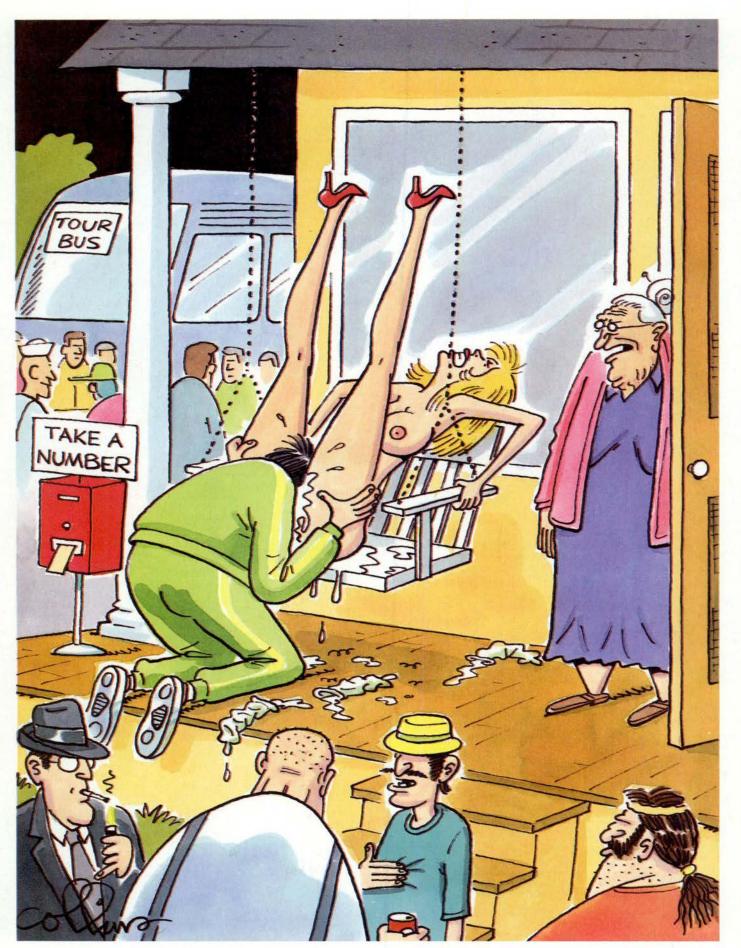
"Leave 'em on! Leave 'em on!" hollers the crowd as Wheels grabs a blanket and unlaces her skates.

Stripped except for knee pads, Wheels dangles by her legs on a trapeze. Her tits and thighs clench as she flips into a shooting-star dismount, dropping to the floor in a cunt-bumping splits, somersaulting into another splits and capping the smooth moves with another handstand push-up.

Wheels tries to treat the appreciative revelers to a shower, but the water just steams right off of her.

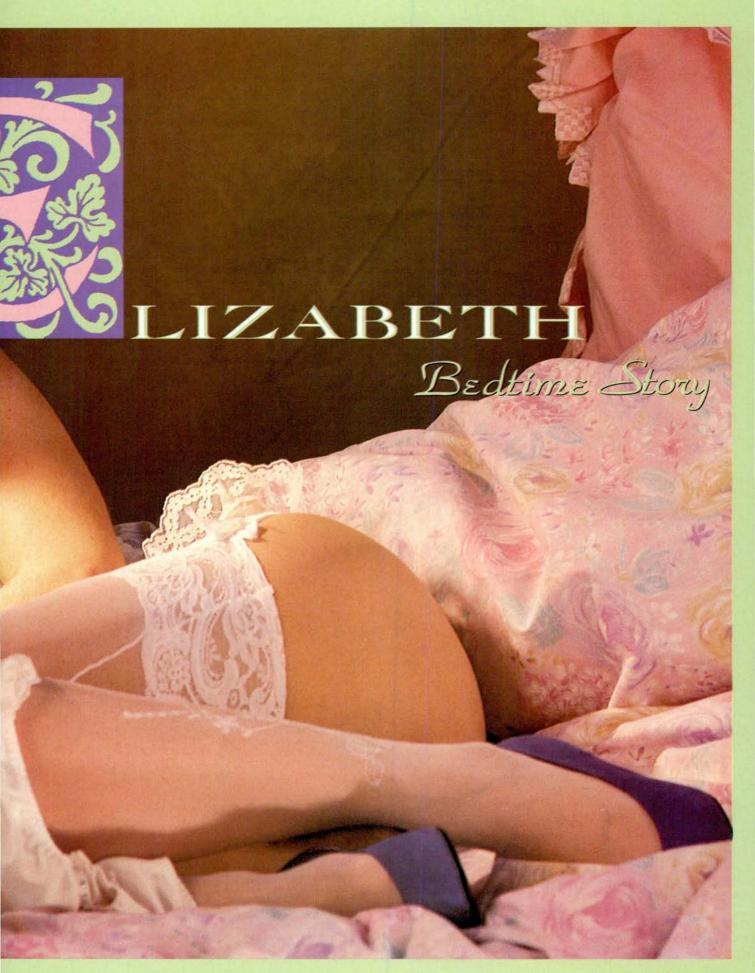
The world is full of strip bars, of all different types. Vancouver alone boasts a full (continued on page 102)





"There are more important things in this world than being popular, young lady."

















DAYTONA (continued from page 66)

The real trouble is alcohol. The students come bent on destroying as many brain cells as possible and sometimes destroy them all.

deaths; 1986 topped the list in number of falls with 11, two resulting in death; '87 must have seemed calm with nine falls and no deaths; one death in six falls in 1988; and '89 saw eight falls, with seven victims seriously injured and one poor sap dead.

This year saw the results of a new policy: Hotels have locked their balcony doors. The first two weeks allowed only four falls; all injuries were minor, and all falls but one were from the first floor. Here's the kicker: every fall, except one in '86, was alcohol-related.

Breakers may be drinking so heavily because they are striking out. Miserably. With 300,000 members of the opposite sex roaming Atlantic Avenue looking for a good time, getting laid should be impossible to avoid. But pitifully few male Breakers possess the couth and know-how it takes to bed a Breaker bitch. One Day-Glo surfwear-clad loser claims: "The girls are down here to be ignored."

A typical Breaker hangout features noisy groups of boys clustering together, eyeing quiet groups of sheepish girls. It looks like a junior-high dance. At Kokomo's, a popular bar with a large patio, one such group of guys is the self-proclaimed Rad Dudes From Hell. Actually, the Dudes are none too rad. Nor are they from hellthey are from a small community college in the Northeast. Out of the eight Dudes, not one has gotten laid all week. They are typical of the party crowd: wanna-be frat types whose testosterone imbalance has poisoned their sense of reason. In fact, these geeks actually spend more time beating their chests and head-butting each other than trying to meet girls. A standard advance toward the opposite sex goes something like, "Yo', babe! Great tits!"

One pixie-ish cocktail waitress seems to tolerate their most annoying comments with detached amusement. "The girls here are looking to scam too," she says. Then why isn't anyone getting laid? "Just look." It's true. Any chick who would sleep with one of these knuckle-draggers must have a serious Dian Fossey complex. But at least the junior Neanderthals tip her well.

Another insightful observer, a seasoned Biker named Rodent, says, "That's why this country is fucked-up-all the college kids are assholes. They grow up and become bigger assholes."

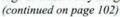
Assholes they may be, but not all Breakers go without scoring some pussy. One evening, in a hotel rented out by a Christian youth group, two guys, one scantily clad girl and an empty bottle of champagne exit an elevator that has been stuck between floors for half an hour. In the bar at the Holiday Inn Speedway, three losing Canadian sportbike racers drown their sorrows. Their cocktail waitress sets her cross hairs on the big blond with a moustache. She asks the bartender if the racer would go home with her. "Look. He's had three Bacardi 151 doubles already. If you bring him his fourth, even if you do get him, you won't get him." He makes it till the end of her shift and, with some help, into her car. Next to a hotel pool, three greasy, corn-fed Breakers with lobster-bright burns beam happily at two fine blondes and one brunette on lounge chairs next to them. Either they are related, or the oldest profession in the world is thriving in Daytona Beach.

Another profession, this one legal, is circuit dancing. Surgically enhanced bimbos travel around the continent in search of bikini, wet-T-shirt and weenie-biting contests. These girls know exactly what to do for the judges to be considered for the cash prizes. Spring Break and Bike Week to these girls is like sloppin' time to hogs. They come from everywhere to bare their augmented flesh in front of leering Breakers, Bikers and jiggle-flick TV cameras.

Bikers' and Breakers paths usually don't cross. Breakers showing a shred of good sense instinctively steer clear of Main Street, and Bikers have no business on Atlantic Avenue-surfwear just isn't their bag. There are occasional confrontations.

In the Winner's Circle, a Biker bar on the beach end of the Daytona Beach Fishing Pier, one Breaker forgets his place. The jock is big, at least 220 pounds. The bar is full of Bikers at least his size. Butt-faced drunk, the Breaker vents his ire toward one particularly disinterested Biker who refuses to turn from his drink. The Breaker finally grabs him, spins him around and throws one punch. Within three seconds, the Biker lands six punches, and several of his comrades have escorted the student outside. Expecting a bloodbath, the bartender calls the cops. When the authorities arrive, they find the Breaker unharmed, being held for them by several Bikers.

A group of college boys wanders too close to Main Street. One is dressed headto-toe in hot pink. Several Bikers verbally speculate about the fashion renegade's sexual preferences. "I mean, what do they care what he's wearing? For that matter, who cares if he is a fag? It wasn't anything



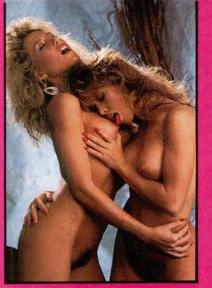


"Just whip it out and step over here, please."



"I told you, Rosa—don't bring your work home with you!"

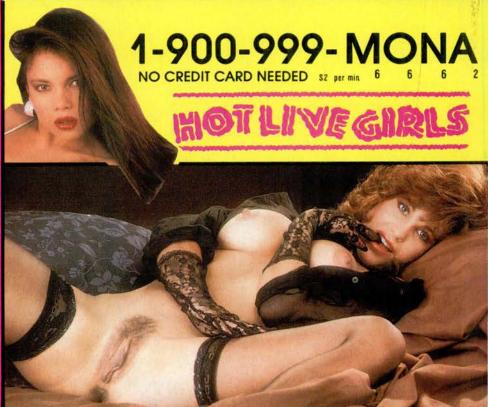




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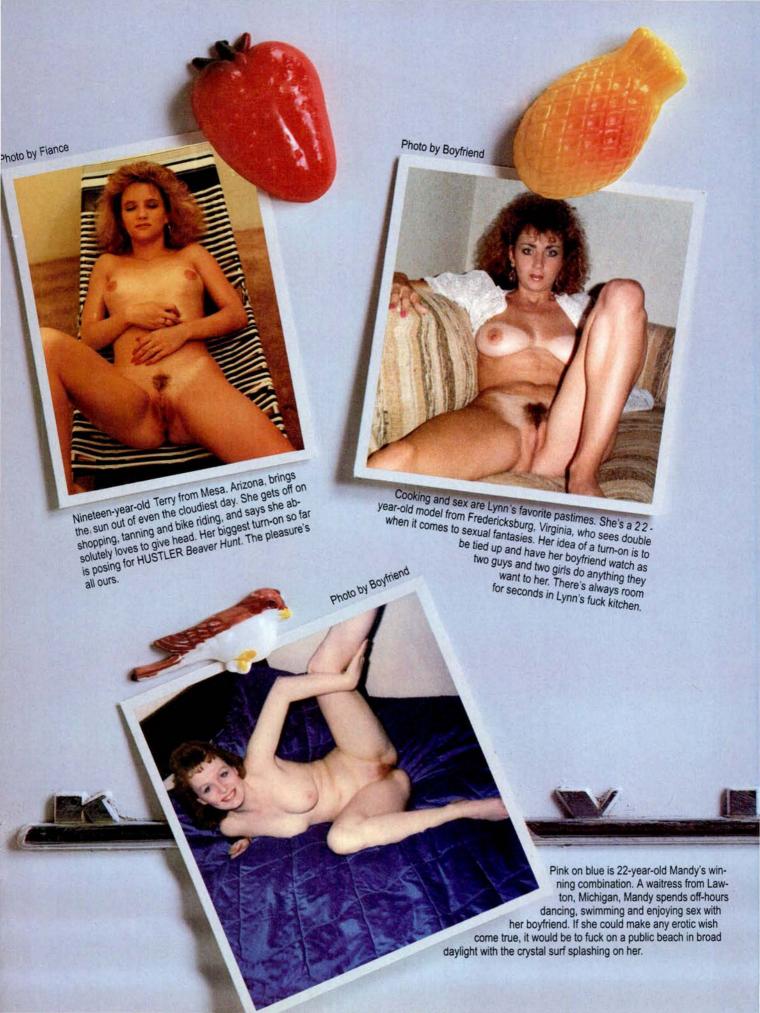
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DAYTONA

(continued from page 94)

to get our asses kicked over, so we ran," comments one of the students.

In the end, Spring Break doesn't satisfy the expectations of the hundreds of thousands of horny students looking for the ultimate party. Buying into a myth perpetuated by cheesy sexploit films, bad Biker movies and yellow-TV journalism, these saps are annually bilked out of millions of dollars by a town that hates them. And no wonder. The students, realizing that they will never make the pilgrimage to Daytona Beach again, treat the town as if it were a house party where the parents will never come home.

Bikers, who have garnered the worst reputation of any subculture in American history, are scruffy angels contrasted with the peach-fuzz demons. The Harley crowd returns to Daytona Beach every year, building friendships with local Bikers and merchants, treating the place as a home away from home. They don't shit where they eat.

Next year will mark the 50th running of the Daytona 200. If the city, the locals and the cops have anything to say about it, the Bikers will have Daytona Beach all to themselves.

STRIPPERS

(continued from page 84)

gamut. If the Cecil is a gourmand's ecdysiast review, the Gaslight Showroom serves up junk-food jezebels. Currently celebrating Toilet Week, the Gaslight is what happens to a working-class dump that sees third-generation unemployment.

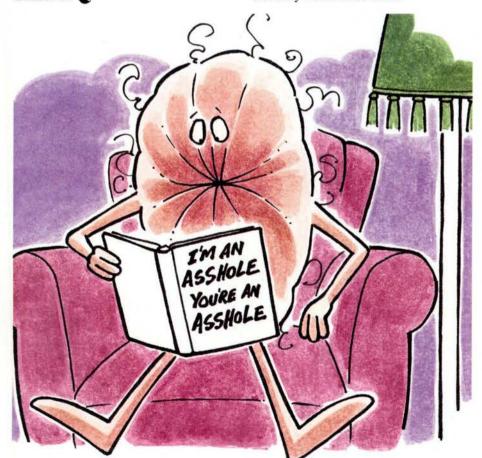
There's a long time between shows at the Gaslight. The scheduled girl has run out to do a stag. The patrons sop suds, not noticing the absence of a live naked lady. Some flaky bitch out fucking a dogsled team isn't about to diminish their enjoyment.

The stage is taken by a rabidly rank raunchette. The cream dream flops on her back, tossing her bush up from the floor as a dude pushes his pal's face down into the bouncing booty.

"Okay, guys," she announces, "we're gonna liven up here."

She grabs a chair, a bottle of lotion and a dildo, complete with balls.

"A few years ago," informs a helpful guide, "her name alone would pack any club. She used to pull eight feet of pearls out of her twat. She'd stick popsicles up there and shoot them out into the crowd. Now all's they let her do is suck off an erotically cream-filled dildo."



Saturated and stultified, the studs swallow Molsons and Labatts, thinking of days that used to be as the formerly infamous Toilet Lady strokes fake dick juice onto her chest.

Clubs in the east of Canada have table dancers. Some areas of the U.S. allow dancers to receive tips from patrons, usually placed directly upon the pleasing body—in New York City dancers step down off the stage to perform right in the audience's lap.

Despite all the variations of venue, the prancing pussies have only a finite number of moves to choose from. It's either this, or be an aerobics instructress, their quivering butts seem to say.

A brunet bombshell bites her lower lip in concentration, mouthing along to Madonna—"You're a superstar, that's what you are." She fondles her pussy. Her asshole, clipped clean of hair so as not to snag any toilet-paper scraps, winks, blows a kiss and knocks back the mustache hair of a guy at the sushi bar.

She has a very nice smile, but she's bored and dispirited. Anyone who's seen her act more than twice, and isn't obsessed with her, knows it.

She unhooks her bra and holds it aloft with mammary uplift alone. A glimmer of real interest comes as she catches sight of her own profile in the back-wall mirror. She has emotional needs no single man could ever hope to meet; yet she can satisfy the combined appetites of 100 snatch-starved jamokes at once.

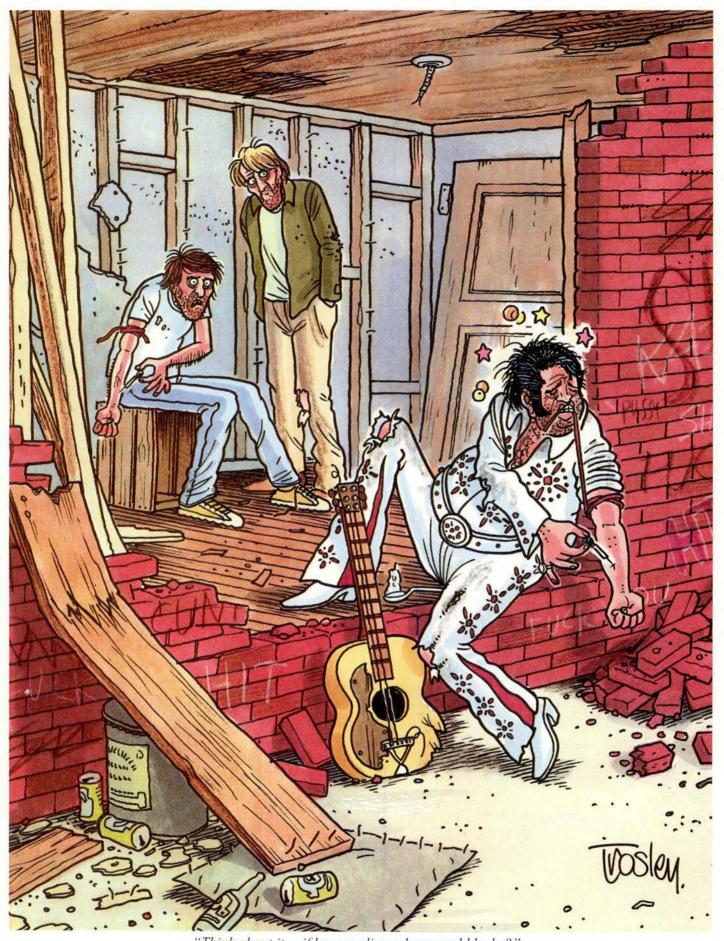
With her blanket on the floor, she pulls off her panties and twists them around her ankles in a mockery of bondage.

"Tie it to the bedpost, baby," moans a mook in the audience.

With a smile of confident cooze assurance, she incites a ringside Romeo to reach up and tug an edge of her blanket, pulling her closer and closer to his face. He leans forward toward her pinkie ring, his wolfish tongue out and hanging for action, but she fleetingly flips back from contact at the last possible instant.

Like a charmed snake, her hips rise from the floor, contracting and shaking with orgasmic shudders. Her arms are open, her tits beckoning as climax racks her torso. Her level of sophistication is just superior enough to her frantic fans that they cannot see the contempt in her curled lips and hard, gleaming eyes.

She fakes a splendid orgasm, all alone. No real female climax will ever match the intensity of this siren's snatch antics. If it did, only a chump would believe it. But when a man can have the expertly simulated perfection of erotic-dancing strippers, who needs the real thing?



"Think about it—if he was alive, where would he be?"













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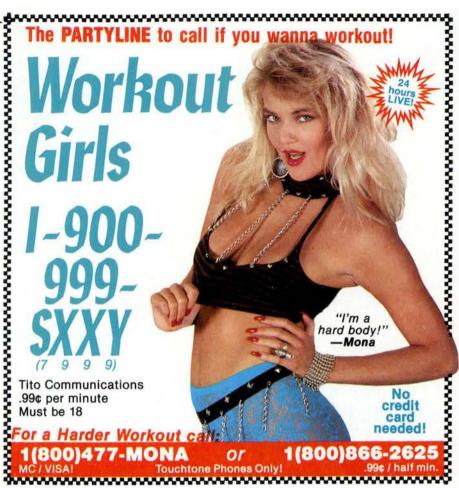
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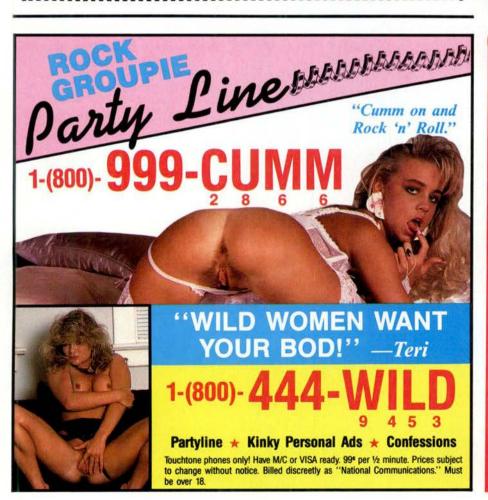
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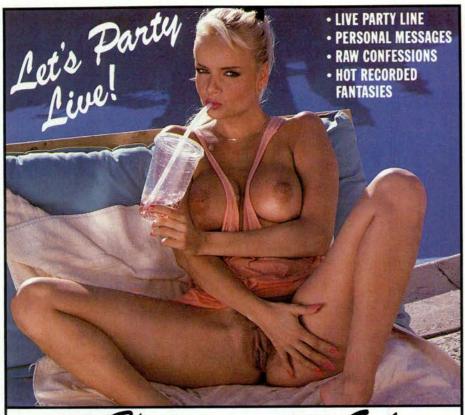
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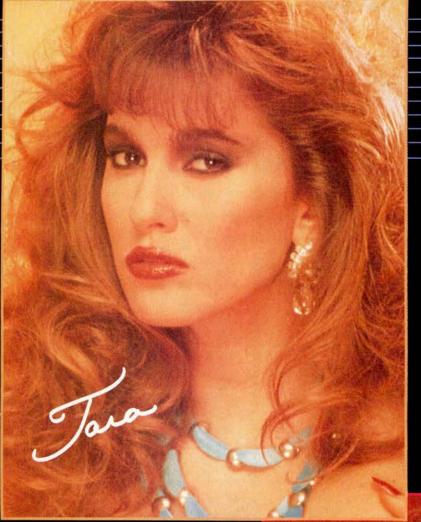
FREE ACCESS

PARTY LINE!

- Personal ads of swinging GIRLS, GUYS & COUPLES, in their own voice!
- Every ad is a Phone Ad!
- Place your own phone ad we provide FREE VOICE MAIL BOXES!
- Talk to ANY of our advertisers on our FREE ACCESS Party Line!
- Join the fun in a GROUP CONVERSATION and then if YOU choose
- Break off from the others and hold a PRIVATE CONVERSATION!

SO GET PERSONAL!





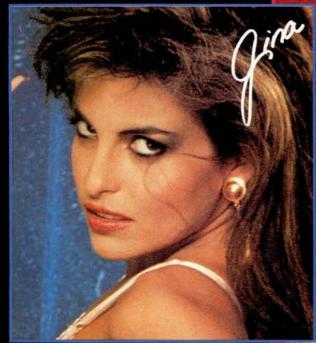
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Personal Message Exchange / Private One - On - One

1-900 999-*Lina* 1-900 999-*Lina* 1-900 999-*Lina* 1-900 999-*Lina*

S1 per minute - S2 First minute only You must be 18 or older

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from our vast catalog of over 800 XXX titles. Order now...this is a limited time offer. Your order will be rushed on its way to you!





WET PREVIEW TAPE 1

Amber Lynn, Candy Evens, Angel Kelly and many other horny vixens spread for dick in 14 scalding previews of Wet Video fuck features! **60 MINUTES**



WET PREVIEW TAPE 2

See Angel Kelly, Erica Boyer, Nikki Randall and dozens of other supersluts in 14 red-hot fuck and suck Wet previews! 60 MINUTES

THE REAL THING!

WET PREVIEW TAPE 3

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NO SCAMS!!

VCA PREVIEW TAPE 4

DARK BROS.!! Devil In Miss Jones 3 & 4, New Wave Hookers and Black Throat, plus 14 others. Unbelievably hot fucking & sucking! 60 MINUTES



VCA PREVIEW TAPE 5

MORE DARK BROS.! White Bunbusters, Deep Inside Vanessa Del Rio. Between The Cheeks. Black Chicks, plus 12 other giant hits! 60 MINUTES

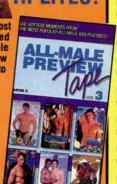
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EACH PREVIEW TAPE IS A SEPARATE 60-MINUTE CASSETTE RECORDED AT STANDARD PLAY SPEED!!

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I Prefer: BETA VHS

☐ CATALOG ONLY — NO CALLS!

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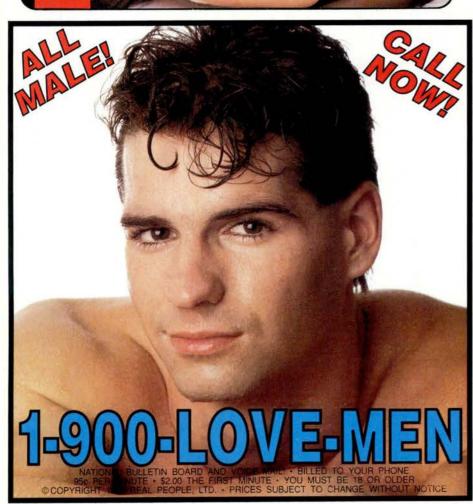
X Signature

VCA Prev. 4

VCA Prev. 5 HIS Prev. 3 By signing. I hereby certify that I am 21 years of age or older and desire to receive sexually oriented material for my own use.











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For European Flavor

\$1.49 per min.

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NEW! DIFFERENT! INCREDIBLY EXCITING! That's the VENUS BUTTER-FLY MASSAGER!! Developed exclusively for women, it can be worn anywhere providing maximum freedom of use, with the ultimate in privacy and pleasure!! Remote power pack, variable intensity control, comes complete with batteries Something to remind your lady of you, when you're not around!! Absolutely undetectable when worn, she'll get her jollies all day long, with the VENUS BUTTERFLY MASSAGER!!

\$14.00 266D

JACK HAMMER



Give her a 110 Volt charge. Just plus this eight-inch electric plunging penisshaped vibrator into the wall - and watch her climb the walls. Soft-latex covering a ribbed, springy go-getter. Get this and get her going!

\$28.00

ORO-STIMULATOR ULTIMATE



Strokes up and down, up and down, with a degree of control from a feather touch to a definite squeeze!! Once the ORO STIMULATOR is in place, your hands never need touch your penis!! You can change positions, lie on your back, kneel, stand up, sit ... the ORO STIMULATOR will still gently, or firmly, stroke you!! NOTHING can mold itself to you like this exciting device!! Excitement you can hold in your hand!!

268F

\$25.00



The most incredibly life-like cock you've ever seen, felt, or had an orgasm over! 7" of unbelievably real pussy-stretcher (or asshole puckerer) ever offered anywhere! The ULTIMATE COCK really for really feels like the REAL THING you should be so lucky! Wrinkled, realistic scrotu and a veined, circumcised shaft and head. Soft, "feel "feel-offlesh" plastic, with just the right amounts of firmness a "give". The ULTIMATE COCK and will take your breath away, or make your lover explode with wild orgasms! Don't leave home without it!

100E

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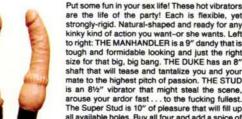
209A

\$6.00

MAN HANDLER DUKE STUD

259H

SUPER THE BOLD BUNCH



are the life of the party! Each is flexible, yet strongly-rigid. Natural-shaped and ready for any kinky kind of action you want-or she wants. Left to right: THE MANHANDLER is a 9" dandy that is tough and formidable looking and just the right size for that big, big bang. THE DUKE has an 8' shaft that will tease and tantalize you and you mate to the highest pitch of passion. THE STUD is an 81/2" vibrator that might steal the scene, arouse your ardor fast . . . to the fucking fullest. The Super Stud is 10" of pleasure that will fill up all available holes. Buy all four and add a spice of pleasure to her life.

\$13.00 EACH

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The PENIS ENLARGER comes complete with that famous book: "How to Enlarge Your Penis." Make the girls cry - for MORE! Do you dream of gagging Linda Lovelace with your huge dong? Do it to it. It's helped thousands of men, why not you, too?

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Are you in for some FUN! A new process and heavyduty construction creates CANDY, with exciting new skin textures and enormous firm breasts, hard nipples, open mouth, ready pussy, willing ass. You won't believe it till you feel it, then you'll never let go. GET HER. GET DOWN. GET GOING! She stands 5' tall. blonde, blue-eved and a real

darling

\$49.00

ANAL AROUSER

259K 259Y



Is that tight little bunghole a little tough to get into, without a quart of KY and a broken back? Try the ANAL AROUSER - it slips in nice and easy, then by using the bulb you can pump it up, and your partner's asshole opens. It also vibrates, and has a remote control that will quiver your balls while you watch him (or her) squirm with pleasure

141P

259G

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SLIM-LINE VIBRATOR



This handy little VARI-ABLE SPEED VIBRA-TOR delivers BIG, BIG SENSATIONS where you want them. A solid 6" of sturdy plastic, it's powerful pulsator will **DRIVE HER WILD! Small** enough to take anywhere and use anywhere-on her CLIT, in her PUSSY, or up the ASS! Cums in RED or BLACK BAT. TERIES INCLUDED!

264D

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stands rigid yet is soft and supple. hollow inside and LOTS of FUN!

DEPT.

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Six, seven or eight-

inch ersatz penises. Strap one on her

over your cock and

drive her wild with

dreams. This is a

lifelike penis that

for that she-male

look! Or slide it

double-dick

\$7.00 ea.

103A 103B 103C

PULSATING PUSSY



The newest edition of the bachelor's friend! Something warm, and wet, and wonderful, designed to make even the softest of schlongs get up and hold its head high! Far be it from us to advocate masturbation, but in the event you car't find a willing pussy that's attached to a hot body, use the new PULSATING PUSSY and take your troubles in hand! Battery operated, vibrator driven, natural appearing and feeling, the new PULSATING PUSSY is definitely designed with the 'one-hand' reader in mind!

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534A

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Card No				Exp	
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□ 266U	28.00	☐ 259Y	13.00	☐ 103B	7.00
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"I'm Naughty Niki - Suck my soapy wet nipples"

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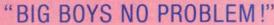
"Cum lick my lips" Hola

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(1-800-669-5652)

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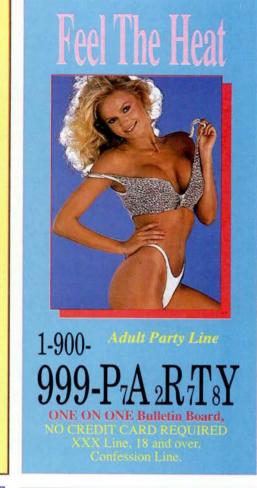
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999-1 T₈ O₆1

Adult Party Line.

NO CREDIT CARD REQUIRED \$1,98 first minute/.98 each additional minute. XXX Line, 18 and over Confession Line.





Hi! I'm Lisa. I'm hot, wet and horny! I like to cum 4 or 5 times.



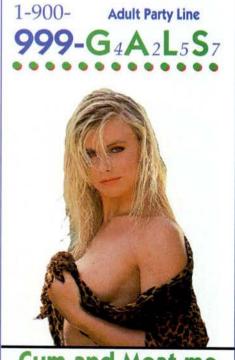
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HOT AND REAL! SEND \$20
FOR USED PANTIES AND

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IGNITE YOUR PASSIONS, NOW!

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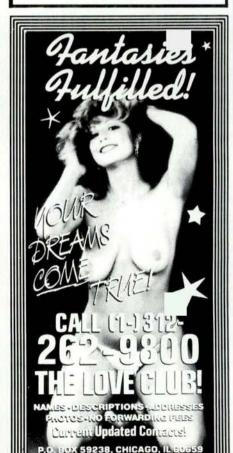




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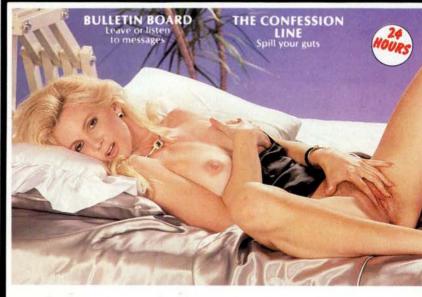
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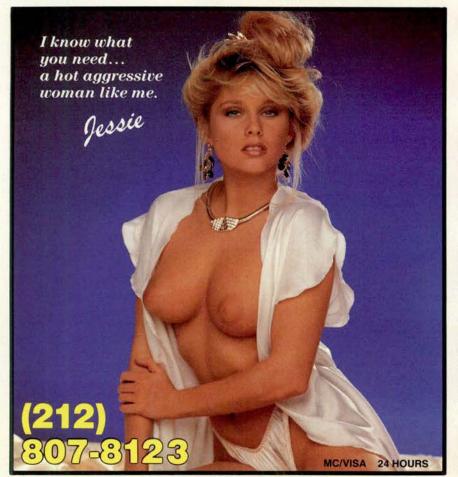
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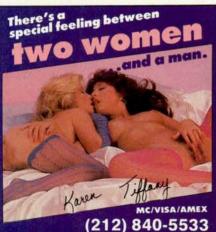


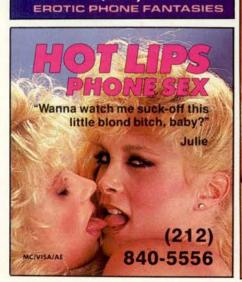






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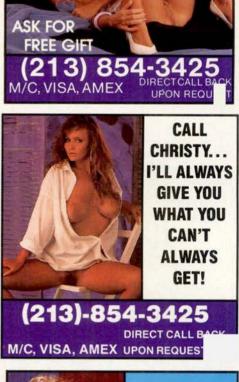


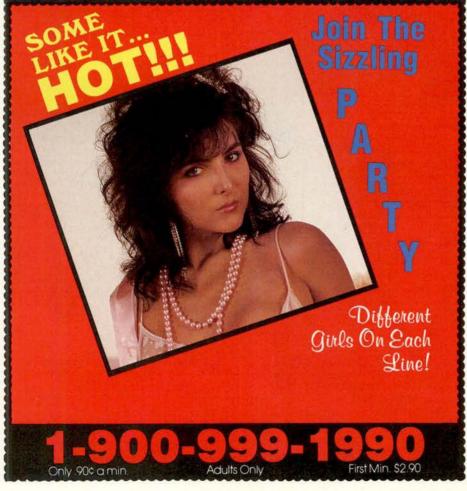














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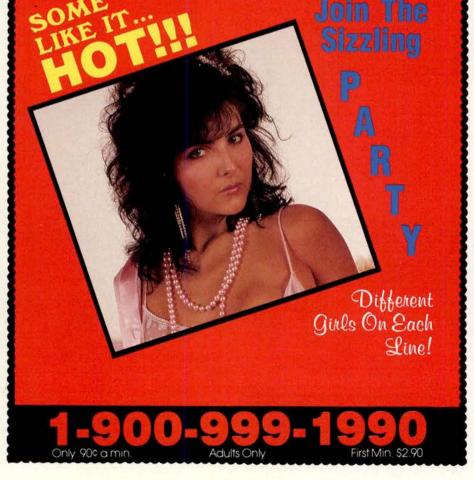






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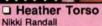
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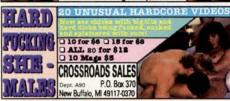
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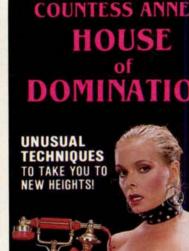






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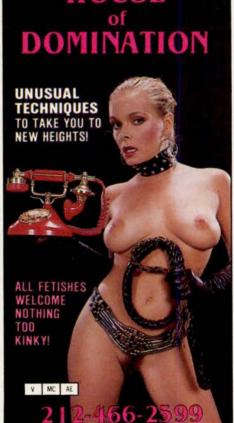














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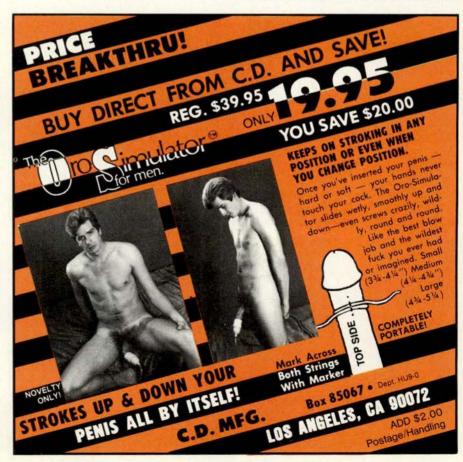
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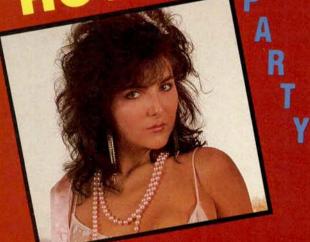


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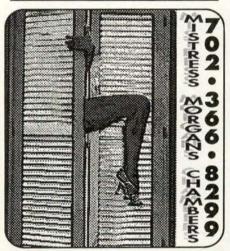
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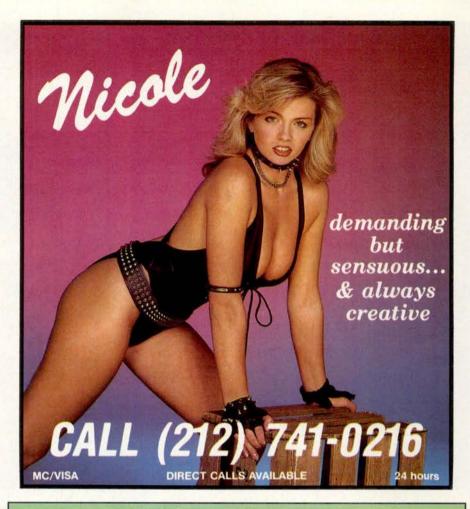
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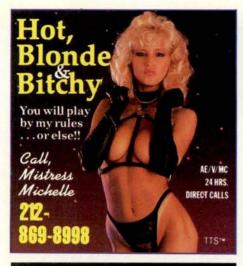
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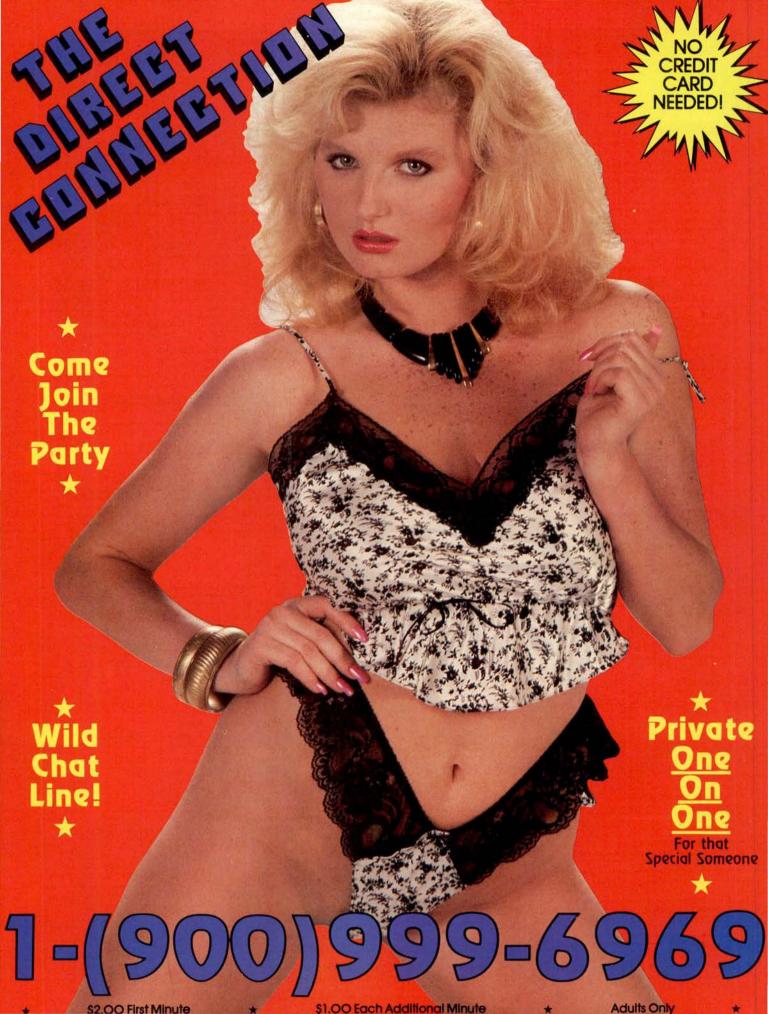
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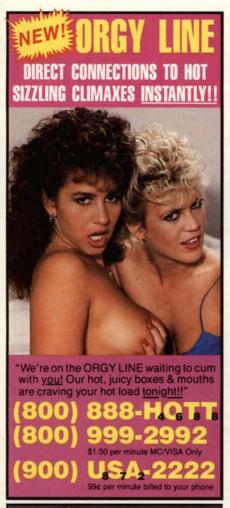
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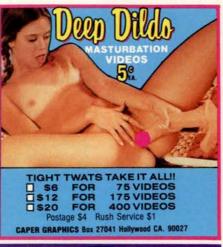


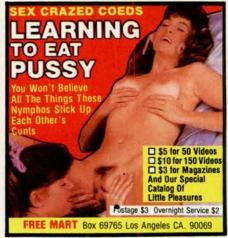














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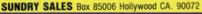
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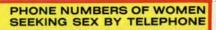


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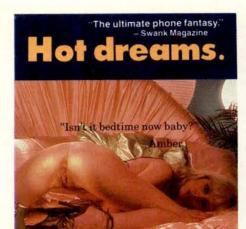
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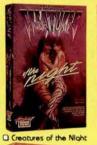
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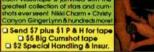


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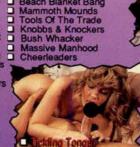
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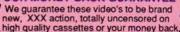
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Swallowed Hole
Sucked Dry
Down & Dry
Down & Dry
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G-Spot Gals
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Anal Heat
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Pussy Pals
Up In The Air



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Suck My Nuts
Luscious Lez's
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Wet & Juicy
Back Attack
Pink Inside

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□ Bang-A-Thon
□ Suck My Ass
□ Eat my Twat
□ Butt Bash
□ Clit Flick

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Sperm Bank
Cunt To Cunt
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Gor For It Dude
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Shoving Sex
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Gooey Gonads
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Weenie Riiders
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Gooey Gonads
Hard And Hot
Weenie Riiders
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Leaking Loins
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Backside Balling
Oriental Balling
Oriental Balling
Oriental My Pole
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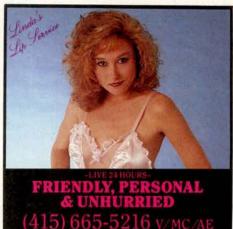
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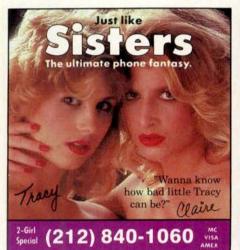




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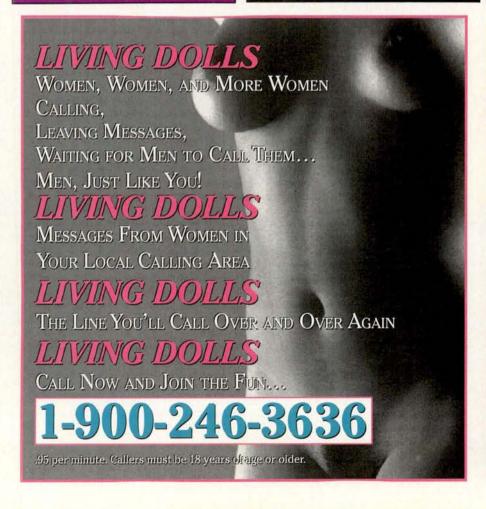


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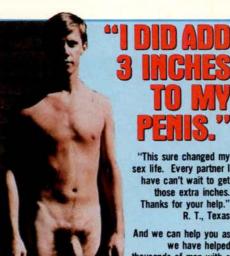
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NEXT MONTH IN

HUSTLER

October HUSTLER on sale August 21, 1990



For the witching month, HUSTLER introduces the fairest of them all. Give a drink to a wet-lipped, honeysuckle college coed poolside in Palm Beach; lend a hand to a girl/girl body search at a freshly shaved pit stop in no-man's-land; see bad-girl Barbara Dare press the best part of her career against the inexperienced loins of a lanky, lucky longhair; and stir the pot with a fantasy sorceress who wiggles her labia, not her nose, to cast her spells. Is this much pulchritude a blessing or a curse? October's HUSTLER has the pink to beat all Halloween blues.



Triple-X legends the Dark Brothers, makers of the hottest sexvids in the history of Western degeneration, left a void in fuck films when they packed up and called it a lay. HUSTLER reporter Chas Beatty chronicles the Darks' return to the forefront of X-ploitation and the making of *Between the Cheeks II*, with photos and minute-by-minute, on-the-set scrutiny. A HUSTLER exclusive.

EQUAL IN CRIME

Murder isn't just for men anymore. Arrests of women for the ultimate crime have more than doubled in the past decade. That few juries invoke the death penalty for a female killer underscores the paradox: Women are supposed to bring life into the world, yet they take it with a ferocity that causes even the most street-hardened cop to cringe. J. R. Nelson uncovers the little-told truths in *Mothers of Death*.

BOTTOMS UP

In spanking-fetish circles, good girls get spanked, and good boys, too, if they've been especially good. Writer Alex Marvel explores the blushing world of disciplinarian kink and interviews Eve Howard, editor of the butt-smackers' journal *Stand Corrected* in *Dappled Cheeks*, the absolute latest in what's up down below.

TRICKS AND TREATS

October's Sex Play reveals "Chauvinist Sex Is Best," the gratifying results of a survey by Mary Quant; Beaver Hunt takes the skirts off the Joneses; Hot Letters opens bedroom doors and minds; and Bits and Pieces presents "Fuck the Earth Day"—HUSTLER's final solutions to the Earth's environmental problems. Light up a pumpkin and see.









