REAL XXX PHOTOS FROM DEEP INSIDE A NEVADA BROTHEL

HUSTER.

AMERICA'S BEST

JUNE 1999

HARD-CORE SEX IN THE '70s REVISIT PORN'S GOLDEN AGE

CARIBBEANSTYLE
STRANDED ON AN ISLAND OF HOOKERS AND BOOZE

GOT PEE?
HOT PICTORIALS
WITH A YELLOW
STREAK

26 CARTOONS
VENTURE BEYOND
BAD TASTE

THE SEVERED-PENIS BLUES

VICTIMS SURVIVE THE CRUELEST CUT



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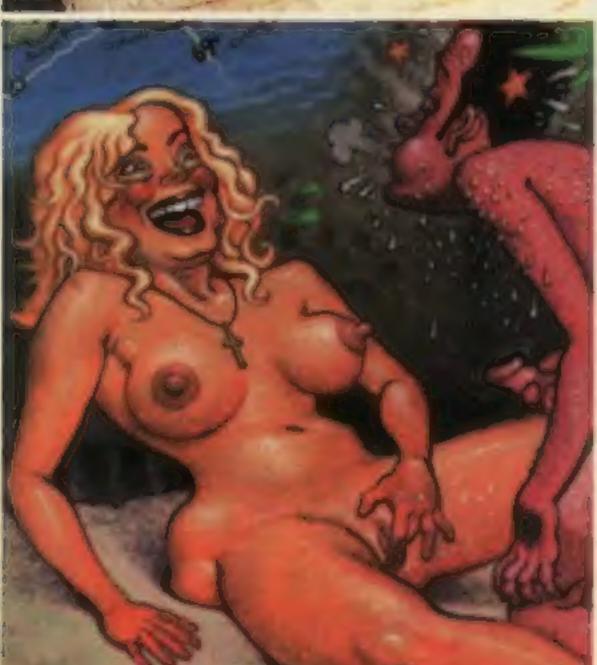


HUSTLER

JUNE 1999

VOLUME 25 NUMBER 13





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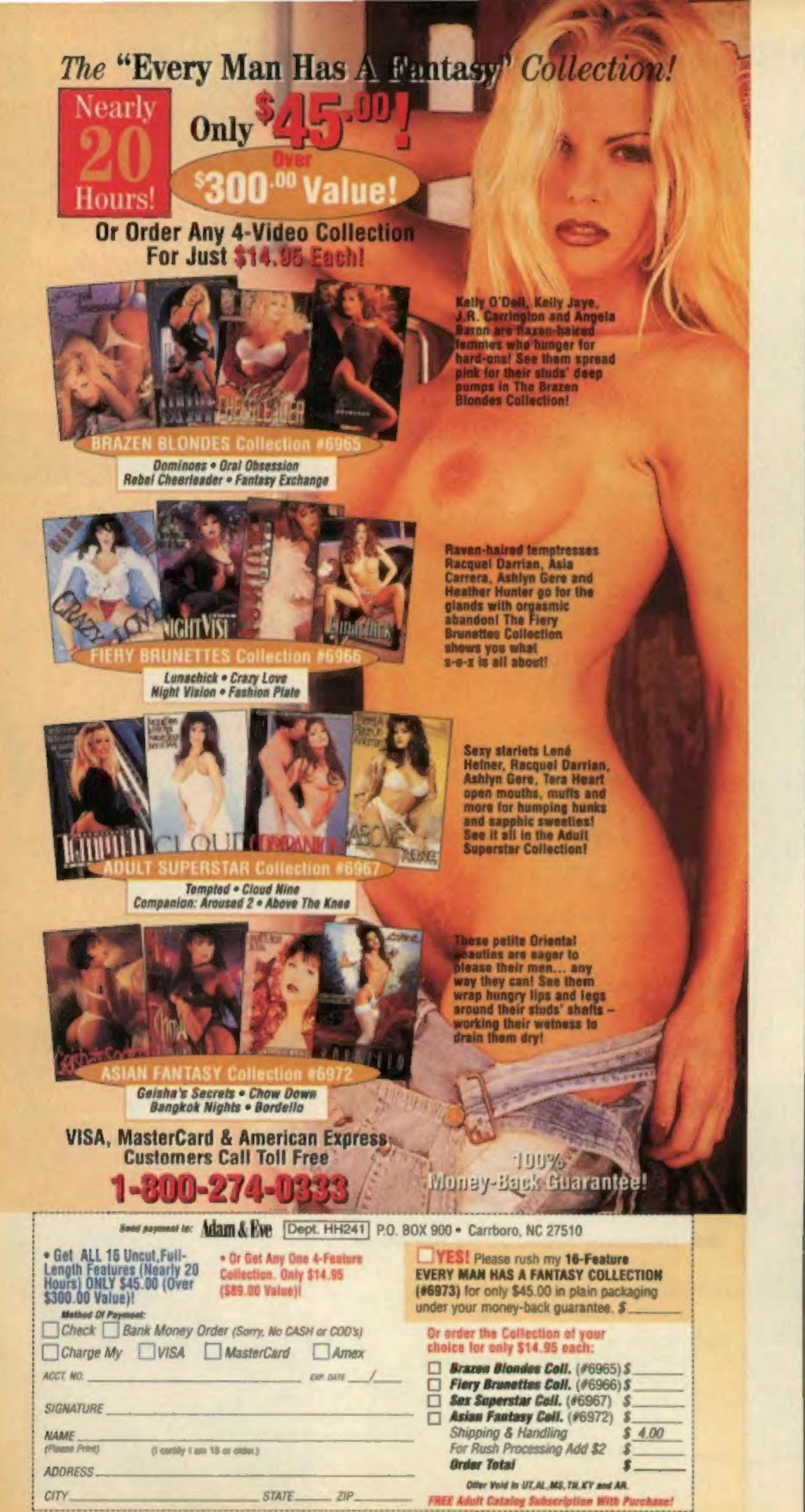
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LARRY FLYNT editor and publisher

JIM KOHLS president

THOMAS CANDY

executive vice-president

Corporate vice-president

LIZ FLYNT

vice-president, administration

executive editor
art director
entertainment editor
cartoon editor
bits & pieces editor
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copy chief
editorial assistant

COMPUTER GRAPHICS

ANDREA LANDRUM, network systems director BRANDON S. PHILLIPS, network systems administrator MARIE B. QUIROS, LISA W. JONES, network systems operators

PHOTOGRAPHY

LAURA CODON, talent coordinator
KARYN PINSKY, talent/photo assistant
JAMES BAES, MATTI KLATT,
CLIVE McLEAN, LADI VON JANSKY,
photographers

MARLENE TURRIETTA, studio administrator KENNETH DeMARTINES, production designer JAMES SMITH, studio coordinator JACQUES CORCUERA, construction coordinator

PRODUCTION

KRISTINA ETCHISON, production director ANA HILDEBRAND, TARA HOBBS, production assistants

CHARLENE LOVE, record keeper/film archivist

ADVERTISING

ALLEN MAINE, national advertising director (323) 951-7907

GINA J. LEE, advertising production director MASUD KHAN, advertising production coordinator

SUBSCRIPTIONS

R. J. SWIRCZ, subscriptions director subscriptions customer service (815) 734-1142

PERRY GRAYSON, vice-president, advertising TONY TANG, vice-president, flynt digital DAVID WOLINSKY vice-president, finance

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Cover photo by Matti Klatt

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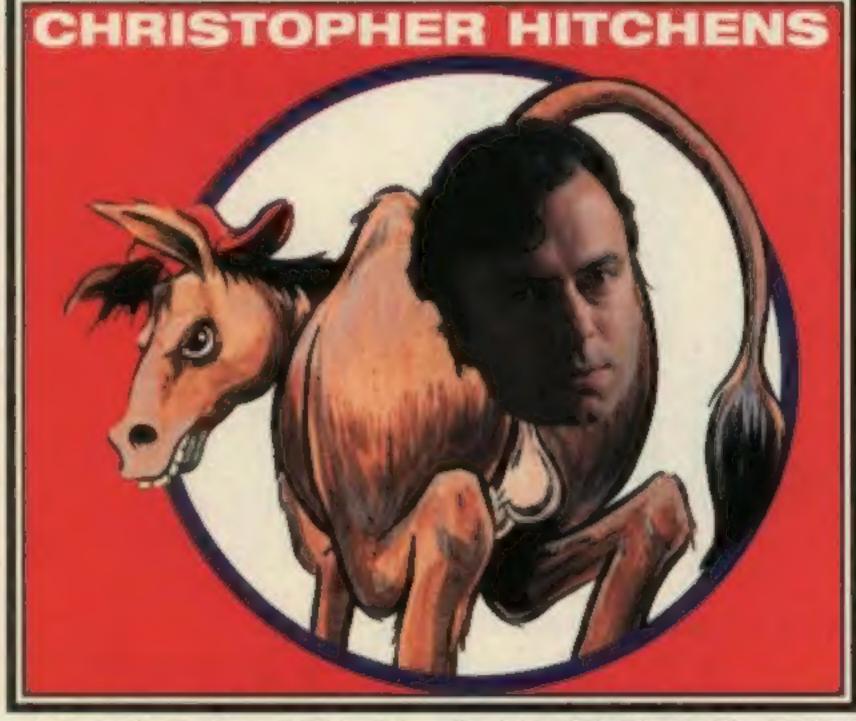


ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

HUSTLER's writers and Editors have long been aware of an honor shortage within the so-called legitimate journalistic community, but, perhaps naively, we have maintained our belief in the sanctity of friendship between men. Male friends don't fuck male friends in the ass, unless one of those friends is Christopher Hitchens, an affidavit author who has confirmed our contempt of mainstream reporters, shattered our illusions about the solidity of male friendship and distinguished himself as HUSTLER's Asshole of the Month for June 1999.

Christopher Hitchens is a 49-yearold British citizen who resides in Washington, D.C. He lists his occupation as self-employed journalist. Hitch, as he is known to his former friends, survives on the credulity of Brit-licking U.S. publishers who print his gaseous prose in American tabloids such as Vanity Fair and The Nation. Hitch (rhymes with bitch) is a contrarian. Contrarians in good standing include the Flat Earth Society and kooks who claim no Jews died in the Holocaust. Hitchens reached his contrarian zenith with Missionary Position, a 1997 book that exposed the dark side of Mother Teresa.

Christopher Hitchens's dark side was exposed on February 5, 1999. That footnote in the history of infamy marks the day Chris Hitchens signed an affidavit at the behest of lawyers from the House of Representatives. Hitchens's sworn statement attested that White House adviser Sidney Blumenthal, a former journalist and close Hitchens friend for 15 years.



had gossiped about Presidential cum-sop Monica Lewinsky during lunch on March 19, 1998.

At the time of that lunch, more than 400 news stories had appeared with similar gossip about Monica "Stalker" Lewinsky. Still, Hitchens declares that "there was no room in my mind for any doubt that [Blumenthal] wanted to leave us the impression that the President had told him this" stale gossip.

Moreover, Hitchens swore that Blumenthal had gossiped about Lewinsky "to other people in the journalistic community," a contention that appears to contradict Blumenthal's testimony in the Senate impeachment trial.

As a friend, Hitchens is like a

feminine Linda Tripp. In his capacity as a reporter, Hitchens has betrayed the responsibility of his profession to protect its sources. American journalists traditionally go to jail rather than divulge a vulnerable source. Hitchens, working under a system of ethics foreign to us, has exposed Blumenthal to charges of perjury that could land him in prison.

"revolted" by the "appailing allegation," "so slanderous of Ms. Lewinsky." Repulsed or not, "I've told this story to many people," prattles Hitchens, like an indignant fishwife who disguises character assassination as moral outrage.

Despite his professed commitment to the ethical high ground, Hitchens was too chicken to phone Blumenthal with a warning of his treachery. "[It] still makes me whimper when I think about it," snivels Hitchens. "I kept thinking, If I get the answering machine, I can't leave it on an answering machine. I didn't know how I could phrase it."

Just say, "Sid, that invasive presence you feel in your rectum is my English prick."

Hitchens's wife, Carol Blue, signed a matching affidavit, but didn't share her mate's squeamishness. She called the Blumenthals on the day of Sidney's impeachment deposition and left a sappy phone message claiming to be worried about them.

"I suppose," whimpers Hitchens,
"this is the time when one does find
out what people really think of you."
This time being defined as "that hour
at which one shoves one's rat prick
up the ass of one's friend," people
will think of one, accurately, as a ratprick ass fucker.

Hitchens, who became a famous author the day of the affidavit, has a new book coming out on April Fools' Day. Is publicity ever coincidence?

In an attempt to raise his stature to that of a weasel, Hitchens vows: "If I'm asked to give testimony to incriminate [Blumenthal], I shall decline. I'm not going to do that."

Is Hitchens, an Oxford graduate, too stupid to realize that the affidavit itself is evidence against his friend?

The idealist boasts: "I'm not a lawyer, don't even have a lawyer. I'm not going to get a lawyer."

It doesn't take a lawyer to conclude that the affidavit convicts Hitchens of being an Asshole.

FARTS IN THE WIND

choice shows that Williams Is niggardly in the brain and living large in the Asshole.

The Reverend Henry J. Lyons:

The 57-year-old Reverend Lyons is running for a second five-year term as president of the National Baptist Convention. The spiritual leader is also facing 30 years in

prison on theft and racketeering charges, including that he stole \$200,000 intended to rebuild burned black churches. Williams is accused of stealing from the Baptist flock in order to finance "lavish" lifestyles for himself and several mistresses. The man known as "the black pope" is looking more like a dark Asshole.

Williams accepted the resignation of a top aide—a white man—who had used the word niggardly within the hearing of a black staffer. Taking a man's job from him due to queer vocabulary

Anthony Williams: As the mayor

of Washington, D.C., Anthony

Williams is sworn to uphold a

tradition of butthead behavior.

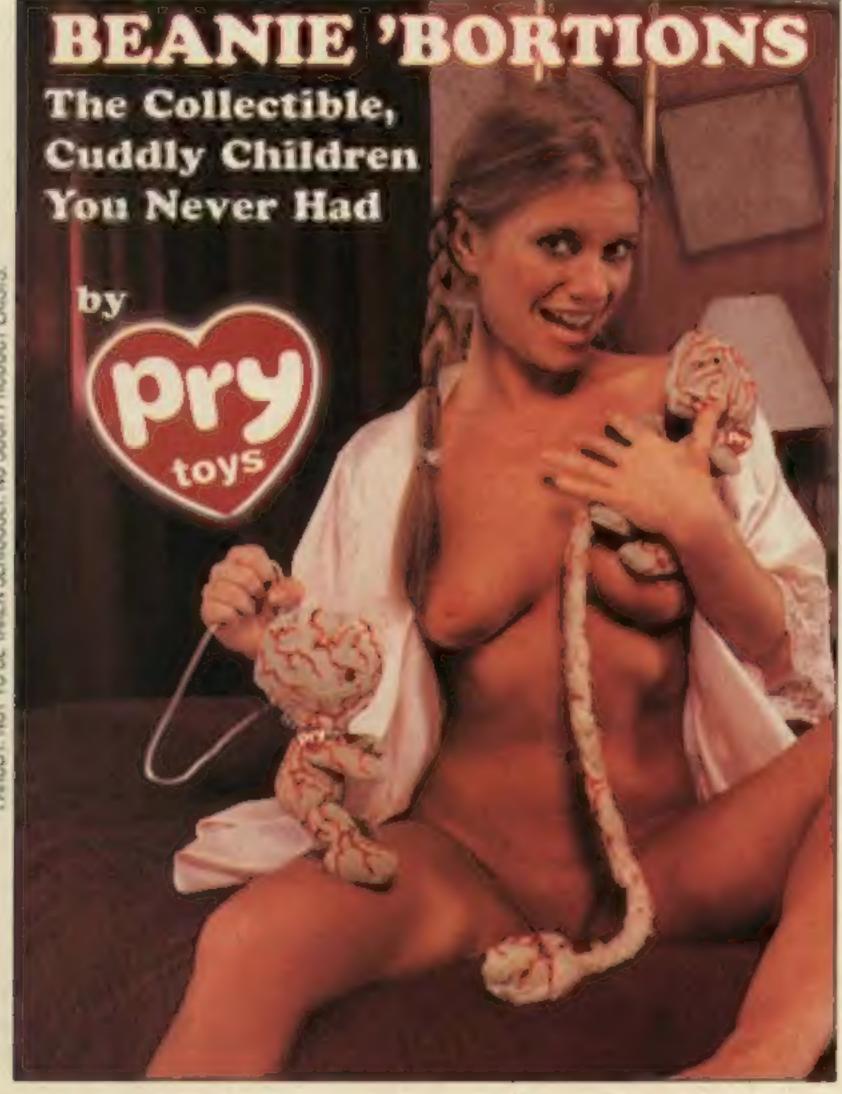
出版 HUSTLER'S 25th Anniversary Party

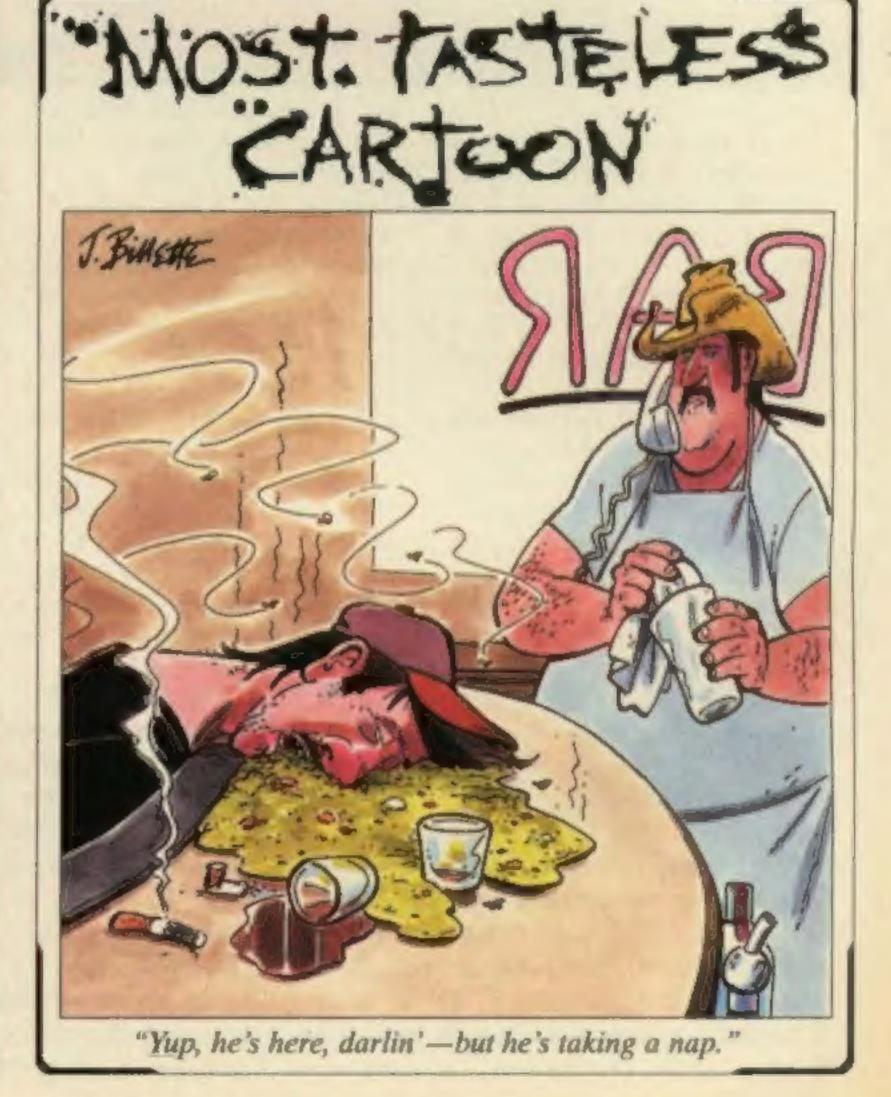


With next month's issue, America's Magazine completes its 25th year of taking no lip and showing plenty of it. To celebrate, Larry Flynt is throwing the party of the century—a sprawling, celebrity-studded event bigger than anything that has gone before. Nothing of this scale would be complete without a great big windfall for some loyal HUSTLER reader.

You could be that reader: Throw a HUSTLER 25th Anniversary party of your own, and send words or pictures describing the event. A blueribbon panel of Editors, Editorial Assistants and passersby will choose the bash that best celebrates this latest HUSTLER milestone. The winner will be flown out at Mr. Flynt's expense to knock elbows with porndom at the official anniversary party.

Hurry! Show HUSTLER how to turn 25 before April 30, 1999. Send your entries to "HUSTLER Party Contest," 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Entries become the property of L.F.P., Inc. and cannot be returned.



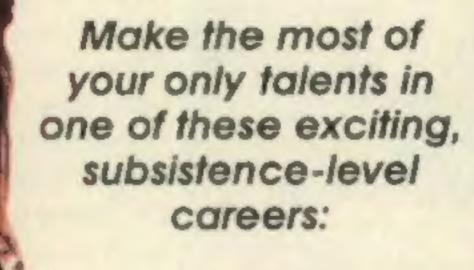


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Can't Y'all Just Get a Schlong?



Both blacks and Asians live in urban, insular neighborhoods; both groups have amusing dialects; women of either tribe make excellent sex workers. With so much in common, why do Mandarins hate Mandingos and vice versa?

HUSTLER proposes a new plan to promote understanding between these two races: Level the playing field. An operation called a glansfusion swaps black and Asian dicks. This experimental procedure has been adopted by prisons on the West Coast with some success. Dozens of black inmates have undergone glansfusions in exchange for an early release. The Asian financiers involved are finding release as well.

Will the two races meld and become a powerful political block? Or will Asian men just trip over a member that's longer than their legs? Whatever the outcome, rest assured that HUSTLER will make fun of it.



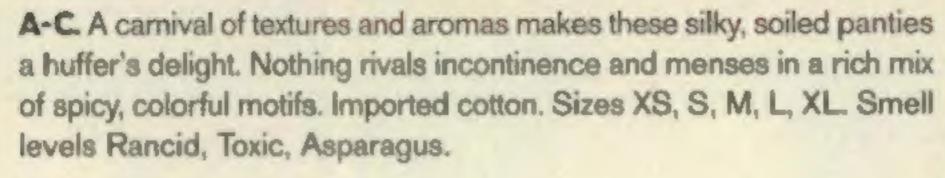


In sexually squeamish times, a bleeding gash was offlimits. Chicks developed other interests during the time lost to the rag every month. Alexandra Contadina used her days as an untouchable to start a musical career as the leader of Alexandra's Ragtime Band.

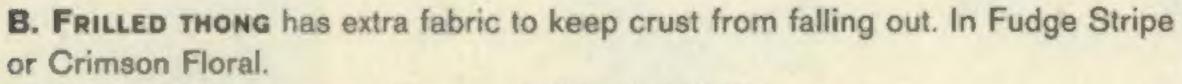
Thanks and \$150 to Mary-Margaret of Lincoln, Nebraska. Send your red-letter splays to HUSTLER's "Porn From the Past," 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Add a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

VICTORIA'S SECRETIONS CATALOG





A. HI-CUT BRIEF, full cut in front and a wet one cut in back. In Fudge Stripe, Lemon Bloom or Crimson Floral. PU147-159 \$70 EACH OR SPECIAL 3/\$180, 5/\$250.



PU187-159 \$70 EACH OR SPECIAL 3/\$180, 5/\$250.

C. CLASSIC WHIZ BIKINI weighs more because the cotton pad is soaked. In Lemon Bloom only. PU167-159 \$70 EACH OR SPECIAL 3/\$180, 5/\$250.

NEXT DAY DELIVERY

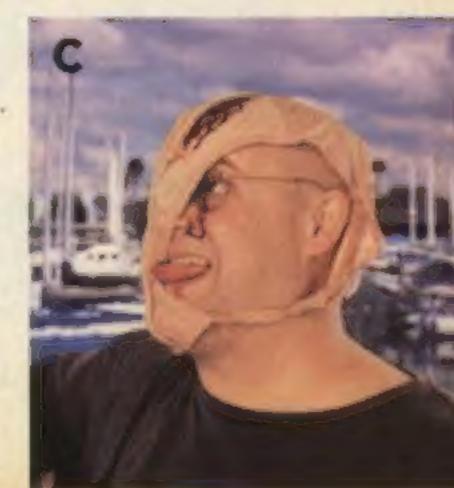
Next Day Delivery Service is available to keep the mail truck from stinking. See order form, or call for details.



fresh expression

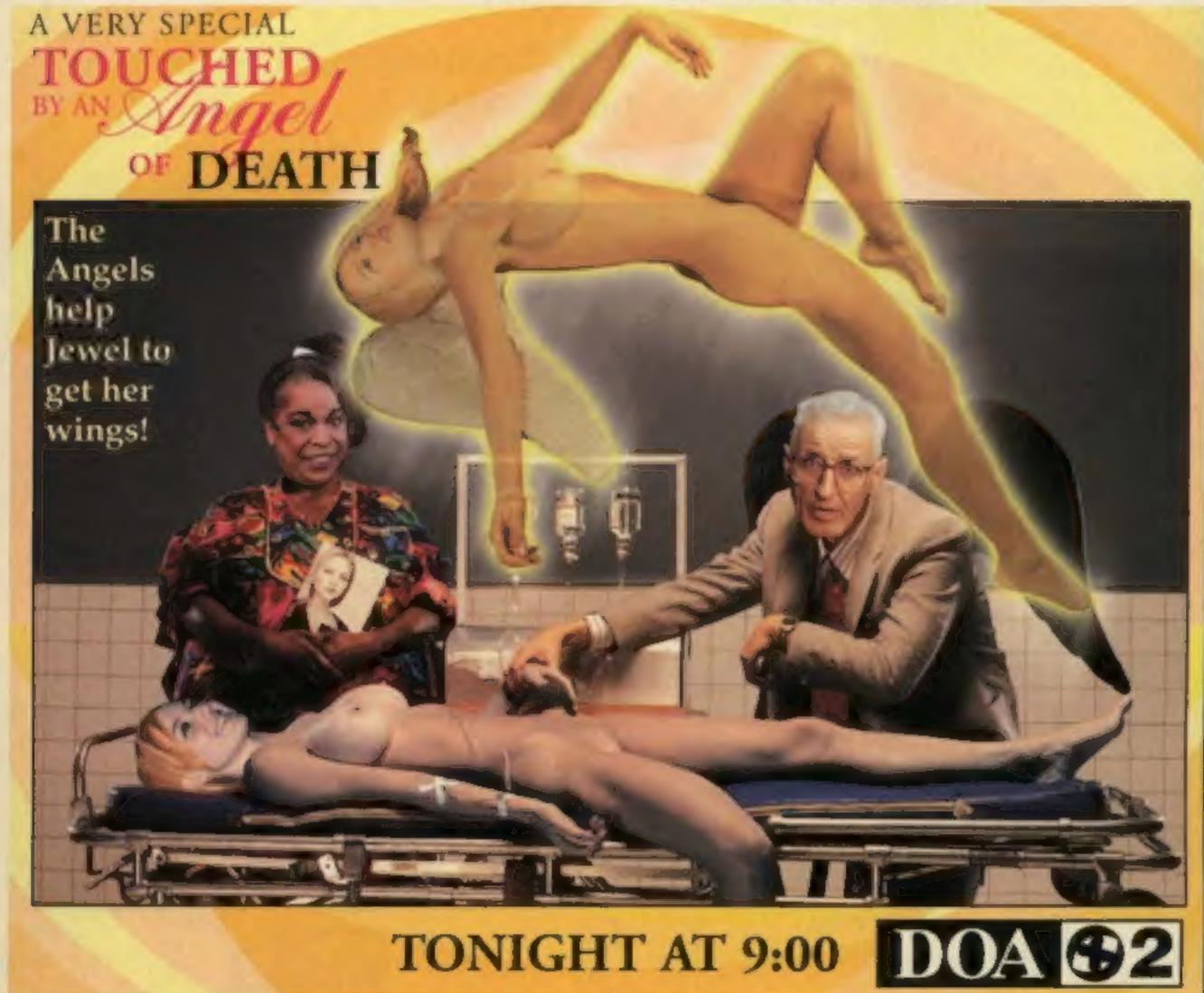
Soft summer skidmarks give odors a whole new attitude

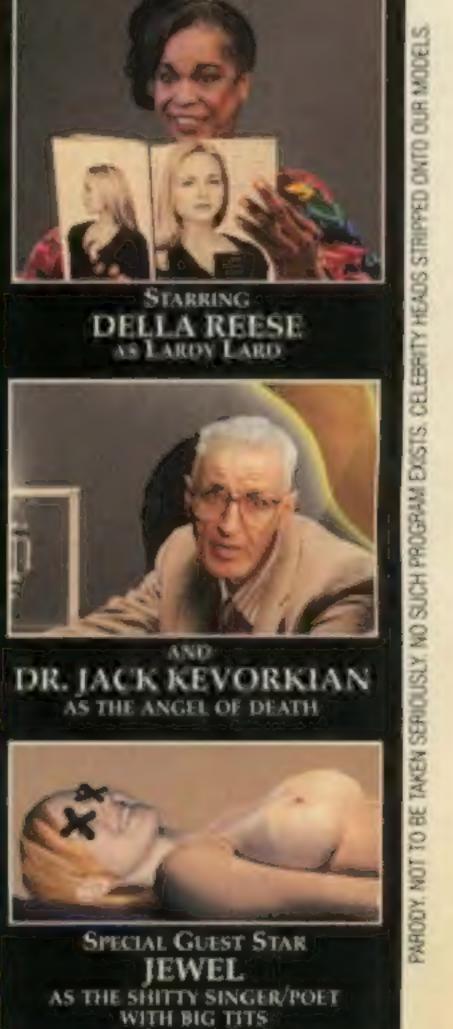






PARODY, NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY.







Hot Bitch on Heels

My wife and I have been enjoying your magazine for ten years. We both agree that *Helene: Bitch on Heels* (March 1999) has the hottest, juiciest pussy we have ever seen. We were so excited by her luscious pussy, we fucked immediately. Thank you from the bottom of my balls. Keep those beautiful pussies spread open wide

B. & M. S Garberville, California

Gia-mazing!

Hats off to HUSTLER. The April 1999 issue is simply amazing. Gia: Portrait of a Lonely Lady is fantastic. She's the most beautiful and sexy creature I've ever laid eves on. Clive McLean did a wonderful job photographing this gorgeous lady. I haven't seen HUSTLER in some years, but if I knew that once or twice a year, it was daring enough to have more layouts like Gia—or better yet. Gia with a HUSTLER Honey—I would subscribe in a heartbeat Gia, I accept you just the way you are. You are one beautiful, sexy lady: I would have loved to see you on the cover.

—O

via Internet

Loving the Transsexual

Another breakthrough! I loved the tranny spread (Gia: Portrait of a Lonely Lady) in the April 1999 issue. Please have more transsexual spreads. I'd like to see a tranny spread with another woman or even another man. Push it!

—T. R

Lowell, Massachusetts

Titty Titty Cock

When I saw the pictorial of Gia: Portrait of a Lonely Lady (April 1999) my eyes and cock—popped out. How did you find such a beautiful transsexual? That was the best pictorial I've ever seen. A lovely lady with huge tits and a nice cock—who could ask for more?

—M. M.

Ardmore, Alabama

April Fooled

It was with great anticipation that I received my first subscription issue of



HUSTLER. I have been a HUSTLER reader for years and have appreciated it for its raw qualities. As I opened the April 1999 issue, I was expecting the usual feminine delights. When I happened upon Gia (Gia: Portrait of a Lonely Lady), I was drawn in and started stroking myself

c ' ' ' bropably outtrue



Gia: Portrait of a Lonely Lady

I was repulsed pages later to find I had been looking at a man. I see no need to pose men as women when there is an ample supply of feminine flesh out there. I am returning these pages to you, and I hope, in the future, you will let the women be women and the men be men. —J. W.

Fayetteville, Arizona

Pre-op Opinion

I'm in prison. I like HUSTLER for the bitches, not fucking chicks with dicks. What the fuck were you guys thinking? For a moment, I thought I was reading HUSTLER'S TABOO. I couldn't believe my eyes when I saw that fag Gia (Gia: Portrait of a Lonely Lady) in the April 1999 issue. I can tolerate the golden showers, but not this homo shit. To the readers who ask for this shit; Fuck you—die slow, fags. Gia is not what I want to see while I'm beating off. You can keep that fag shit.

—N. E.

Somerville, New Jersey

That Thing

I find it disappointing that HUSTLER would print something as sick as that thing you called Gia (Gia: Portrait of a Lonely Lady, April 1999). I've been incarcerated for 42 months. I subscribe to HUSTLER to look at pussies. If I want to look at some faggots with fake tits, all I have to do is walk around the fucking jail! —M. N.

Doylestown, Pennsylvania

11

June HUSTLER







FEEDBACK

HUSTLER's April Fools' pictorial, Gia: Portrait of a Lonely Lady, ignited flames of anger and love. HUSTLER readers were split down the middle on their opinions of the blond she-male. If Gia disgusted you, you're in good company. If she excited you, you're not alone either. We are sorry if we have offended group one and grateful for the praise from group two.

HUSTLER-Quality Cooch

I'm a 23-year-old dancer in Amsterdam, New York. I'm a very attractive girl and have high goals for myself. Recently, I saw Jenna Jameson, the porn star, on the Jerry Springer Show. She said she was discovered by a HUSTLER scout when she was a dancer in Vegas. My picture appeared in Beaver Hunt in June 1998, and I'm a featured dancer at the topless bar where I dance because of this fact. I'm itching for more opportunities to expose my real titties. Can you help me? —A. B. Amsterdam, New York

If you think you're so hot, show us your burning bush. HUSTLER is always looking for exceptional ladies. Take some more naked portraits. Be creative; show off your all-natural bad self. You don't need to wait for a HUSTLER talent scout to stumble into your titty bar. Send a variety of sexy snapshots to HUSTLER in care of our Talent Department. Good luck.

Porn Plot

I'm a big fan of XXX videos that have a plot. It seems that every current video producer follows a similar boring scenario where, seconds into the video, the "actors" rip off their clothes and start pumping and sucking away. Yuck! I like my porn to tell a story. It's more erotic if the clothes come off slowly. Seduction, foreplay and toys play an important part. Old porn movies used to have plot, and the sex came as a mind-blowing climax. Also, the girls appeared a tad innocent and not over-made-up, hardened sluts like in today's porn videos. They were slowly seduced and often grudgingly led to the bed. Can you think of any sources of such videos? Thousands of your readers and our friends in western New York would be very grateful for any information.

> -The Aspen Group Amherst, New York

What happens at Aspen Group gatherings? Do you sit around and watch plotheavy porn while drinking decaffeinated espresso? Do you eat unsalted pretzels? Pour powdered milk on sugar-free cereal? If plot-heavy porn is truly what you crave, simply read HUSTLER's <u>Erotic</u> <u>Entertuinment</u> section, and search for the videos rated Totally Limp, There are always a few stinkers that resemble what you're looking for.

Hates Porn, Loves Larry

I am not a reader of your magazine. In fact, I've never even seen the cover of it. I understand it's pornographic, and that does not appeal to me at all. However, I do approve and praise you for targeting hypocrites in the House and the Senate who bay like hounds on the heels of our President when they have plenty of skeletons in their own dirty closets. I am utterly revolted by their smug, supercilious, pious hypocrisy, and I am proud of you for exposing them one by one. They sure deserve it. —A. Z. Concord, California

And you deserve to see a picture of a naked lady. You've been good; take a peek. C'mon, you know you want it.

Expose the Hypocrites

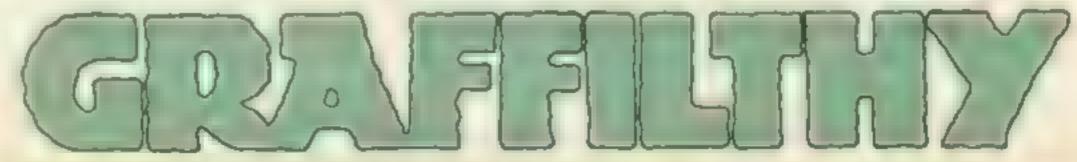
Thank you, Larry Flynt, for exposing those lying hypocrites in Congress: Hyde, Livingston and now Bob Barr. I rolled with laughter after I heard Mr. Flynt's statement

on CNN where he said how the application of money sometimes alters a person's moral attitudes. He was referring to the money he paid Bob Barr's ex-wife for copies of their divorce papers. I'm glad she turned them over to Mr. Flynt after what Barr did to her. What goes around comes around. First, he impregnates her and allows her to have an abortion, even though he's a pro-life extremist. Then he divorces his wife, leaves her destitute and marries his mistress. What a piece of work. I hope Bob Barr has to resign like Bob Livingston did. What's with all these politicians named Bob? Makes you wonder. I was also glad to hear on CNN that Larry Flynt has the goods on eight other Congressmen he plans to expose. Every time he brings a politician's peccadillos to light, I will purchase another copy of HUSTLER in support of Mr. Flynt's efforts to level the playing field. If Mr. Flynt can put his money where his mouth is, I can do the same and buy HUSTLER. -D. R.

Panama City, Florida

Give 'em Hell, Larry

Harry Truman is gone; so somebody has to give the politicians hell. Hang them in their own snares. Shoot their self-righteous, two-faced, forked-tongued asses with (continued on page 39)



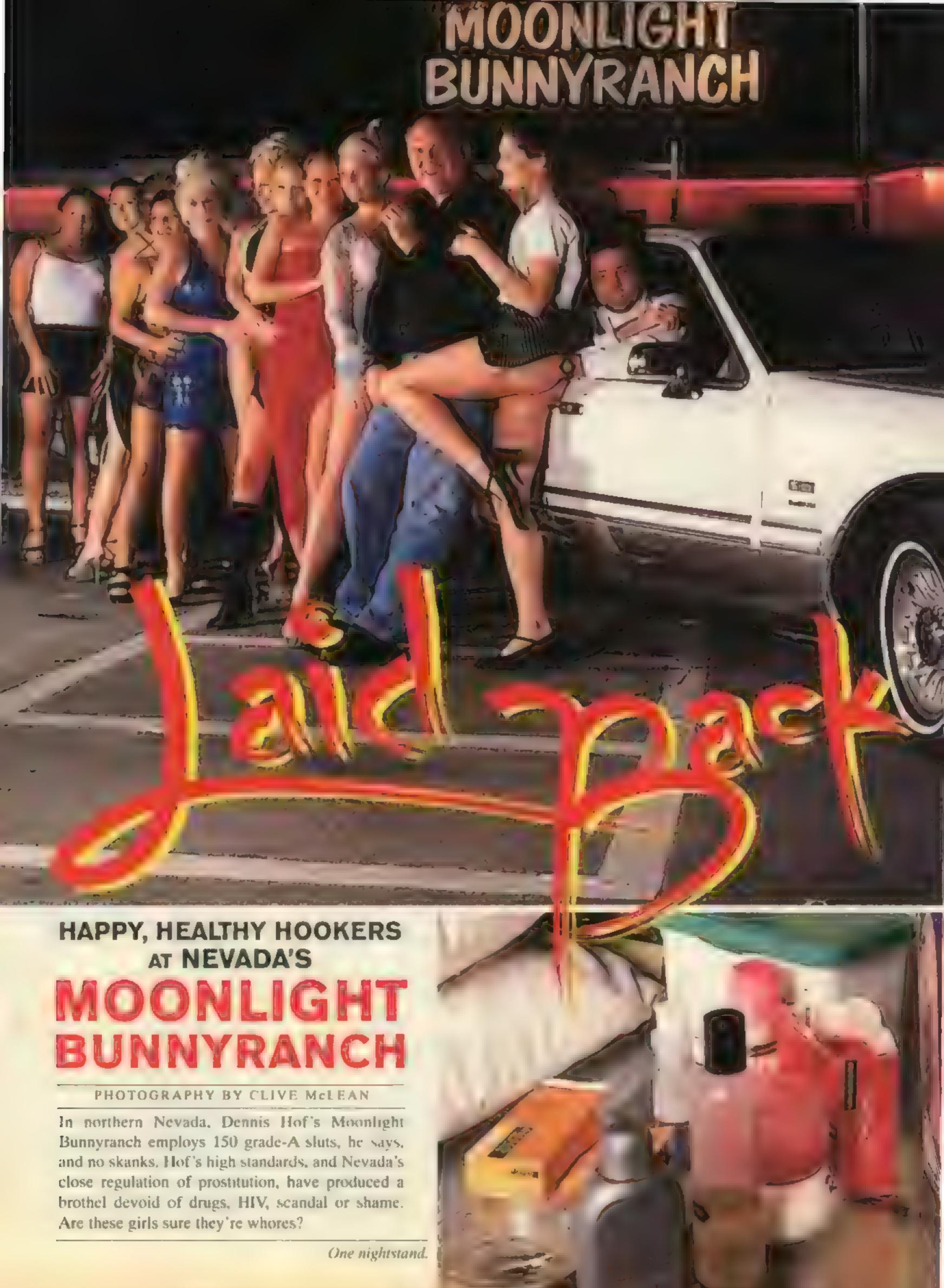


THANKS AND \$50 GO TO DAVID G.

June HUSTLER 13

THECE THE HALL THE HELL HIGH IN THE LEEL HIGHEN IN THE HERE HIGHEN BOOK GOCKII





Krystyn Konrad Gets Bored Easily

"The Julia Roberts movie Pretty Woman got me curious about prostitution last year," 19-year-old, Nordie Krystyn confides. "I've never actually seen a street hooker—what Julia was. I was a dancer in Oregon to pay for school. There were escort services that took tricks, but I wasn't interested in going to jail

"When I heard about the Bunnyranch, I figured, What the heck? It's just like spring break, except instead of waking up with a hangover, you wake up with thousands of dollars."

Krystyn is up for just about anything "I especially enjoy female customers and couples who come in together. It's always something different and new." Bondage? "Sure," she laughs. "Blond hair, blue eyes—I make a great dom. Some of the girls are like Julia; they don't like to kiss the clients, but I do everything. It's all fun, and I'm making a lot of money."

Allison Fixes Wrestling Matches

Athletic, leggy Allison loves exercise and tae kwon do. "Clients respond to my toned body and my martial-arts training," the 23-year-old actress reflects. "One particular guy likes to wrestle me for money. He usually lets me win. Whatever your fantasy is, we fulfill it.

"Sometimes, two guys will want to share me; that's cool." Allison's green eyes flash. "Groups are always a treat. I don't mind putting on a girl/girl show for the customer, but I don't think I'd agree to anal. That's what I like about the Bunnyranch—we don't do anything we're uncomfortable with. The client has the sex of his dreams with somebody just as enthusiastic as he is."

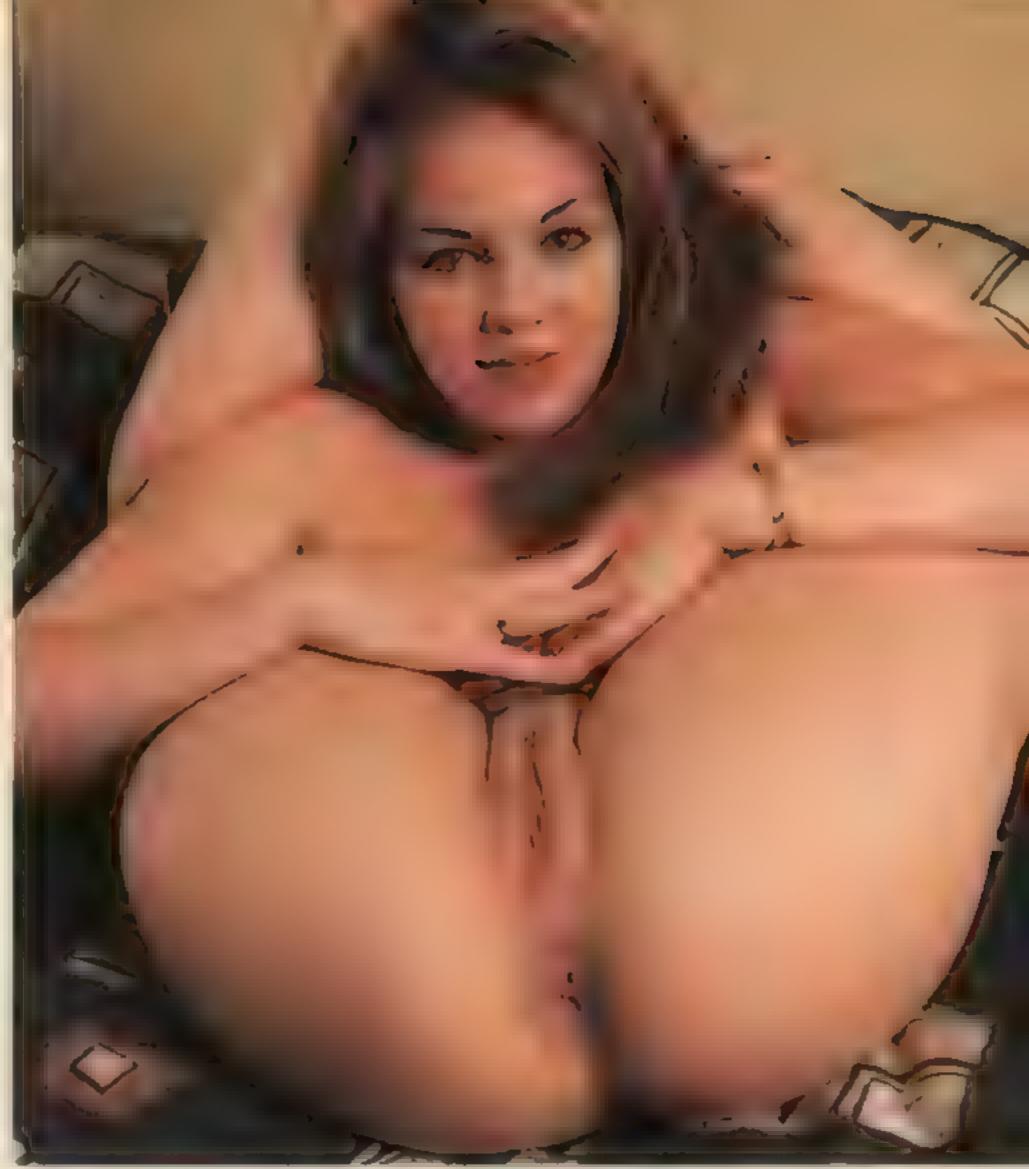
Christina Angel Gives Back to Her Porn Fans

"I've been in *Playboy* and *Penthouse*, and I won two *AVN* awards for my role in *Dog Walker*." For fans of Christina's perfect, Barbie-doll features, her first trip to the Bunnyranch has been a dream come true. "I have men flying across the country to come see me. When I feature dance, there's no sex at any time. Here, men can spend about the same money and get a lot more."

Such as? "Anal. If a guy knows what he's doing, it feels nice. If he doesn't know, it feels like your butt is going to split in two," Christina winces. "Spanking, if he's doing it with affection, is okay.

"The Bunnyranch is cleaner and safer than adultmovie sets. The girls all get tested every week. Nothing happens without a condom. Plus, I don't have to deal with directors in a bad mood and yelling. Porn stars make more money here than from the videos.

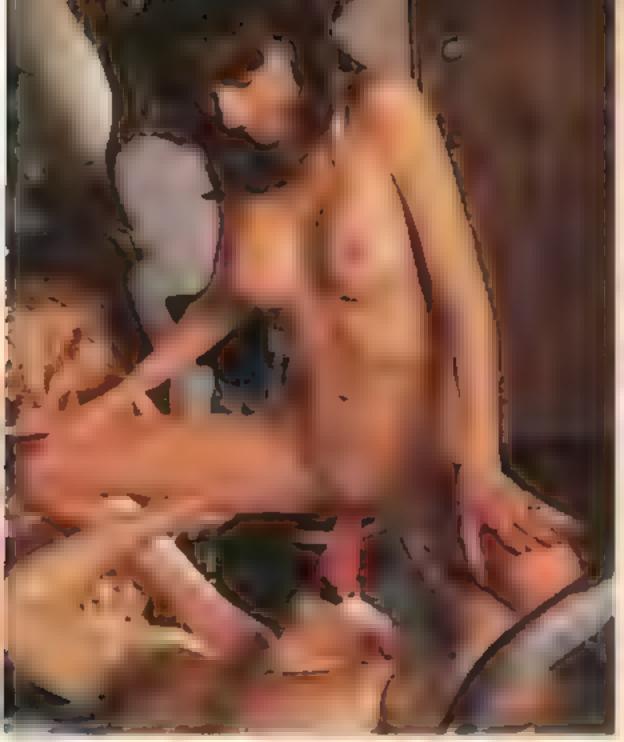
"I hope to do a pictorial for HUSTLER someday," the canny pro beams. "I have more respect for Larry Flynt than for Hugh Hefner or Bob Guccione."



Dylan keeps flexible hours



Don't worry; he paid her to do that



Some lucky customer finds a new way to pump Brianna's cleft



Treasure Chest-'nuff said.





Bruanna kinks around with her Puss 'n' Boots



Veronica shows the dark side of her moon.

Visit the Bunnyranch at 69 Moonlight Road, Carson City, Nevada. Readers who lack access to Nevada can soon experience the licentious Bunnyranch thrill on the Internet: Fivnt Digital has entered into a joint venture with the Bunnyranch to produce live whorehouse Webcasts at www.bunnybrothel.com, Look for updates in coming issues of HUSTLER, and consult www.hustler.com.



My girlfriend's nipples are extremely sensitive. I can make her orgasm simply by touching and pinching them. I especially like to tweak her tits when we're out in public. Sometimes she'll beg me to quit, but I can't help but keep it up. She's like some freaky sex toy, and it's fun to play show-and-tell with my friends. Lately, she's been wearing a padded bra (I tweaked her nips when we were visiting her parents, and she's still mad at me). I'm starving for her nips—what should I do?

—S. S.

Echo Park, California

There's a time and a place for everything. While there's something to be said for sex in public places, your constant tweaking would definitely tweak my last nerve. Do us all a favor, and squeeze your fill of woman before or after public occasions. Your girlfriend has given you a big hint by wearing a padded bra; she's over it, and I would be too.

WET ASSHOLE

All my life I've had to deal with asshole wetness. Now that I'm a single man on the prowl, my private problem has become worse. Every time I pop my load, my asshole becomes so wet that I must wipe it. Is this normal, or do I have a serious problem?

—B. H.

Norristown, Pennsylvania

If your problem is sweat, the French had their heads in the right place when they invented the bidet. A better personal-hygiene regimen should do the trick. Simply shower after sex; you should anyway. If your problem is, in fact, fecal matter, you have a problem with your sphincters or lower colon. If this is the case, seek medical advice. Describe your problem to your doctor. Believe me, he's heard worse.

BROTHER FUCKER

I'm torn between two men whom I love equally with all my heart. One is my husband; the other is his baby brother. My husband doesn't suspect that anything's going on between his brother and me because his brother is gay—except when he's with me. We've vowed never to tell my husband. I want to have children, and there's no way baby brother would want to be a daddy. Neither of us wants to end our relationship. I can't believe how out of control I feel; this situation is so complex. What would you do, Jeanna?

—G. E. Houston, Texas

This is not a complex problem at all—stop seeing your husband's brother. If you were meant to have children with your husband's brother, you would've married him. Let him figure out all of his gay, straight and bisexual issues on his own. You say you want children? I wouldn't dream of bringing a child into this situation until you figure out that you're wearing a wed-

ding ring. Or is your wedding finger up your ass? You want an easy answer; you want it all. It's hard to be moral and responsible. To do the right thing is often the most difficult thing to do. Either stop seeing each other, or divorce your husband and fuck his brother's brains out until you're both so old, you can't fuck anymore. You'll finally realize that you blew a loving relationship, a family and children for a cheap thrill.

IN MY FACE

My sex drive is not very good at all because I'm overweight. My husband is gorgeous and is an absolute sex freak. I'm a mother; I try to be a freak in bed, but I can't be everything for everyone. We have had a threesome twice. He wants to do it again, but I don't want to. Do you think he just wants to be with another woman, but with my approval so he won't have the guilt? If I don't do this, do you think he'll have an affair behind my back?

—R. J.

Lovelady, Texas (continued on page 29)



Ill you pledge him at least 10% of your pay in Whore Bonds?

U.S. OFFICE OF THE CHICKEN INSPECTOR

















(continued from page 18)

It's quite possible that, even though the girls were raping and hurting this man, and he was shouting, "No, no, no," his cock was begging, "Yes, yes, yes."

I totally sympathize with needing to be everything for everyone. Not only am I expected to be a wife and mother, but I must also be a sex goddess for millions of men around the world-and then find time to be myself. Who or what that is, I've completely forgotten. Many married women suffer this same dilemma. Tell your husband everything you wrote to me. Express your fears, and see what he says. If you're not up to having another threeway, try fantasy first. Obviously, you both have a relationship where you can fantasize and share things. Perhaps talking dirty in bed and fantasizing about a third person could help, instead of actually having the person there in the flesh. You could whisper in your husband's ear about sticking your tongue in her pussy, and he can imagine it. Wouldn't he love to stick his cock in her pussy while you licked her clit? You can be very graphic in your details. Do this once or twice a month. Yes, it's difficult to be everything to everyone, but at the same time, I want to see your marriage succeed.

PORN-CHICK BEEF

I love street hookers. I consider it an honor to support the world's oldest profession. I can't understand why cops bust them and not porn chicks like you when you're both doing the same thing. I don't think you're any better than hookers on the street just because you're a porn star. What makes you so special?

Long Beach, California

Am I trash or treasure in your eves? While in theory, it is true that we porn stars are having sex for money, legally, it's not the same as prostitution. The California Supreme Court decided in the late-'80s that fucking on video is legal because the person who is paying us is not receiving sexual gratification. We are paid by a producer to have sex with someone else. What makes me think I'm so special? I'm a diva-goddess-buchwhore, and I'm fabulous!

RAPED BY WOMEN

In a recent legal action, a man claimed to be raped by five women. The physical evidence was abundant; severe bruising, gashes, burns, scrapes, cuts and tears by various strap-on devices. The women did not deny the claim or the man's statement that he struggled furiously to escape their abusive domination. The women responded that the man begged for it and had a large, robust erection during their attack. The fact that he had a hard-on, the ladies' defense attorney claimed, was proof positive the man wanted to be sexually abused. He was enjoying himself; therefore, he was not raped. Is it possible for a man who is raped to have an erection? Rape, by definition, is an extremely involuntary act. Wouldn't violent rape be a complete turn-off and reduce any man's wood to sawdust? — W. S. via Internet

No means no, especially if that poor man was struggling to break free. As we all know, a man's penis is not capable of reason; it doesn't have a brain. A man's penis is an organ that responds to stimulus. It's quite possible that, even though the girls were raping and hurting this man, and he was shouting, "No, no, no," his cock was begging, "Yes, yes, yes."

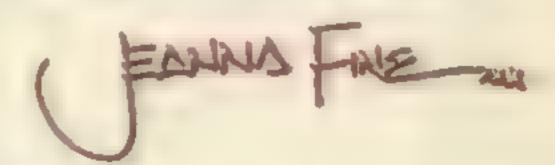
HAIR PIE

Hair hardens my wood. I love to play with a woman's head of hair and stuff it into my mouth and cat it. Gagging on a lady's hair, I'll slip my stick into her and chew and swallow as much hair as I can while I fuck her. I can't come unless I

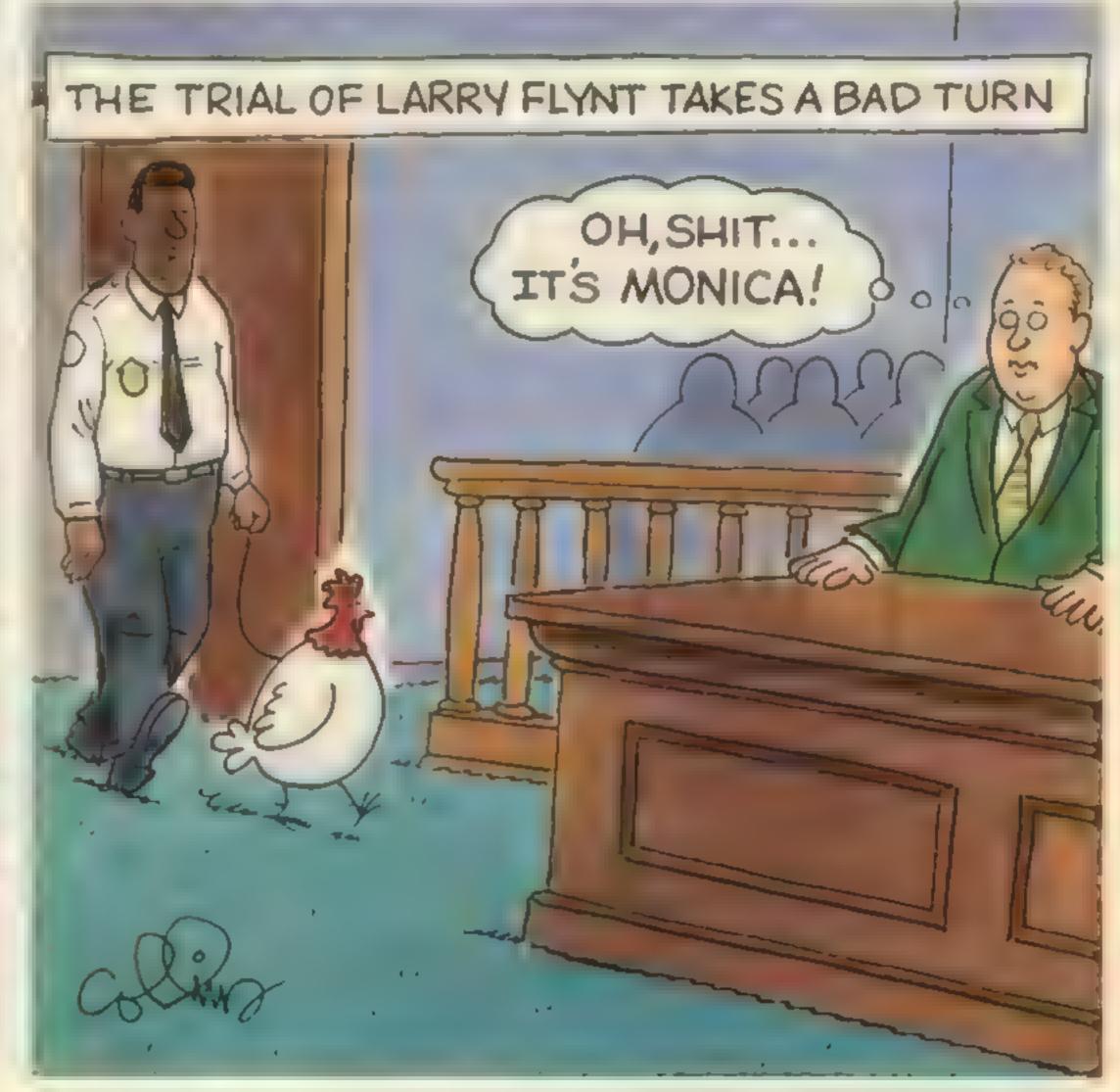
chew all the hair I can, rip it out by the roots and swallow it. My main problem is that it's hard for me to meet women who are into my hair fetish. Any ideas? -L. W.

Arlington, Texas

As a kid during puberty, did you ever masturbate while your cat was choking on a hairball? Just when I thought I'd heard everything, I read your letter and learned of a new twist on the asphyxiation fetish-your hair-choking fetish. Most women I know dislike having their hair eaten off. I'd smack you if you chewed my hair out. Lucky for you, there are wigs. In every mall in America, you will find a salon with a section dedicated to natural-looking falls and hairpieces of every style and texture. Bon appétit.



Do you have a question for Jeanna? Write to Dear Slut, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or E-mail at slut(a lfp.com. 🛶



June HUSTLER

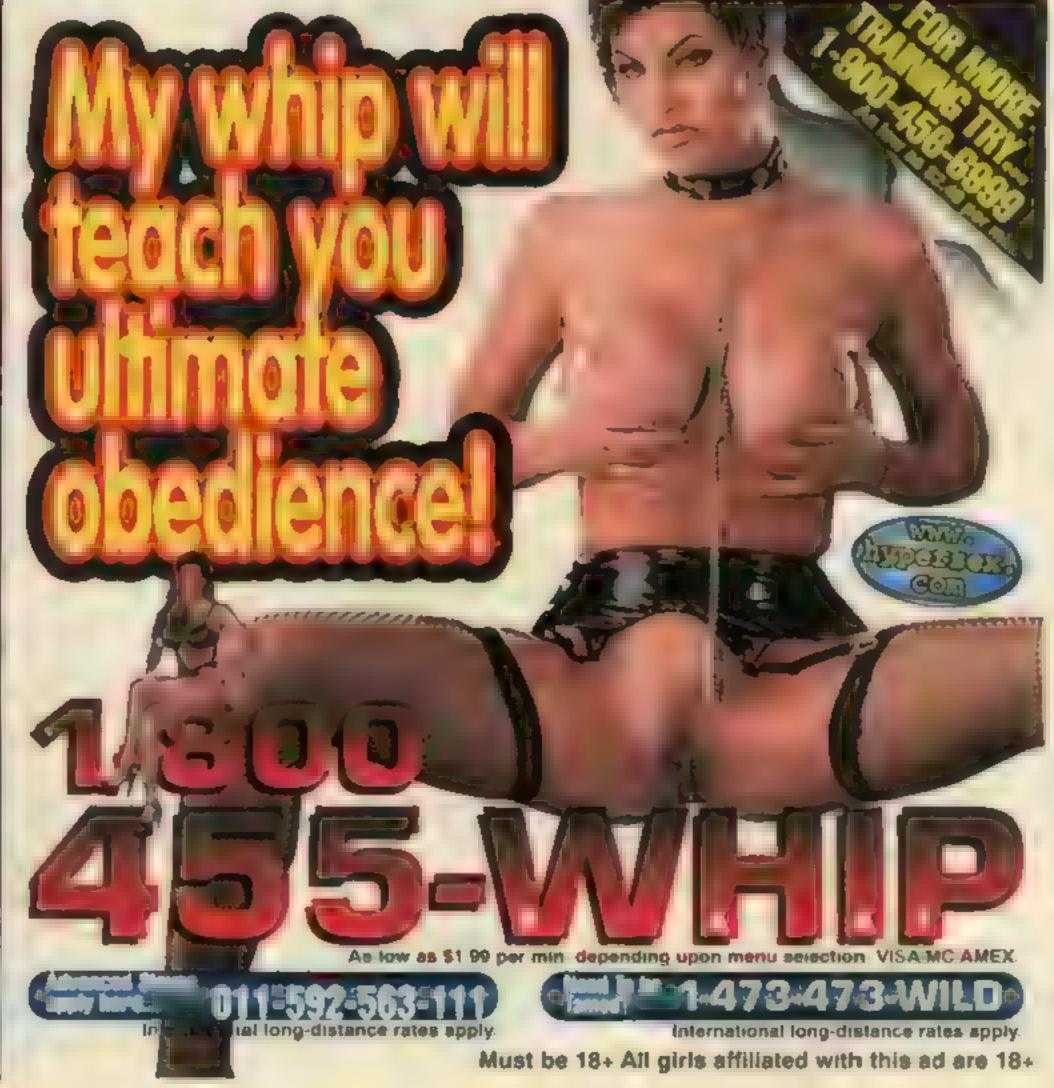


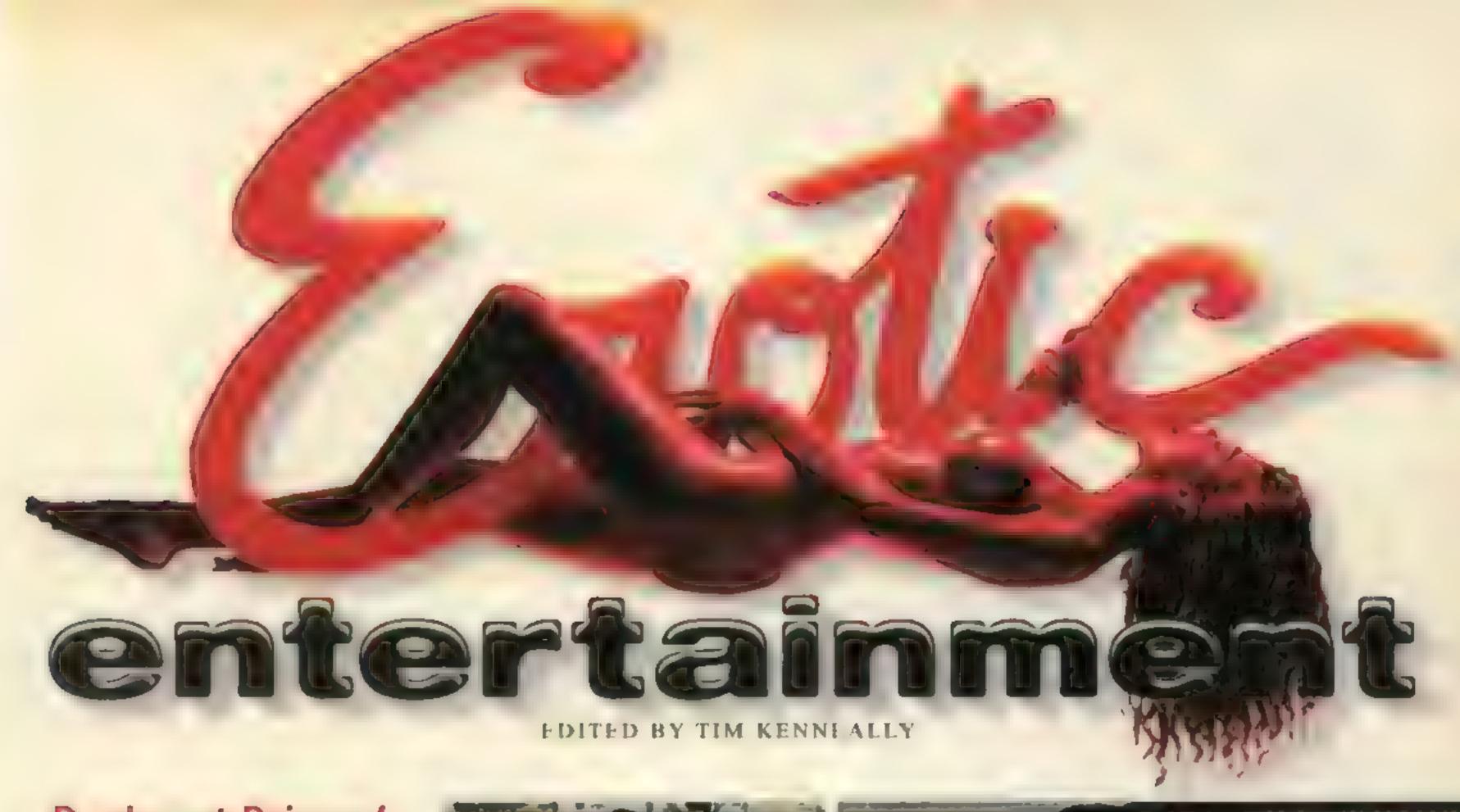












Backseat Driver 6: Anal Whiplash





Directed by Membael Advances starring T. J. Hart, Blair Segal, Wendi Knight Le ann. Le., Elle DeVine, Sheila Stone, Christgen Wolf, Jake Steed, Vince Vouver Marc Davis, Tice Bune and Alex Sanders Videocassette Toxoxic/Metro

Anally fixated in the best possible way, Backseat Driver 6: Anal Whiplash packs the pooper and spares the shit. The full spectrum of porn-slut archetypes is coveted here, from mini-mammed redheads to surgically inflated, blond fuckbots They all find a common thread in their ability to undergo an anal ravaging with wholehearted enthusiasm. Wholesomely whorish, flaxen-tressed T. J. Hart drops to all fours for Marc Davis's anal ministrations. Camera lights reflect in her lube-slathered ass. Her eyes glaze over, displaying the look of a tranquilized tigress. She parts her shit pillows, granting Davis access. The limey woodsman spears Hart's shit chute, stretching her colon like Silly Putty. Hart's face contorts with cock-induced ecstacy. Rivulets of sweat and lubricant run from her stuffed crapper and down her ass crack Wendi Knight and Leianni Lei double team Vince Vouyer. Lei, looking like an ad for Hawanan tourism, rides Vouver's lap rocket, slapping her golden-brown globes against Vouyer's thighs. Vouyer



BACKSEAT DRIVER 6: Let mounts Vouver; Knight lends hand



BACKSEAT DRIVER 6: Sunders ass-pins Segal.

savages Knight's crap rings like a GHBaddled chimp. Catching Vouyer's ball batter in her craw, Lei thoughtfully droofs the shit-flavored spuzz into Knight's piehole There is joy in Mudville, and Backseat Driver 6 displays it delightfully Shane Andalou



BACKSEAT DRIVER 6: Bune plants sword in Stone



Does loday's porn industry discriminate against actresses with disabilities? If so 19-year-old. McKenna hasn't heard about it. But the rising startet can't hear anything at all—she's been a deal-mute since birth.

In a few short months, this sweet natured Latina (who claims to be Italian) has appeared in a handful of gonzo tapes, such as Hollywood Hardcore 3 Maxed Out 11 and Young & Anal 12, and is now shooting a layout for HUSTLERS LEG WORLD. The voiceless vixen was introduced to adult video this past year by her sister and brother-in-law (both deal as well) Her first sex scene was for Jim Powers

The hearing-impaired harlot strips in a San Fernando Valley nude club (where she actually flashes the patrons a little homemade card listing club rates for a

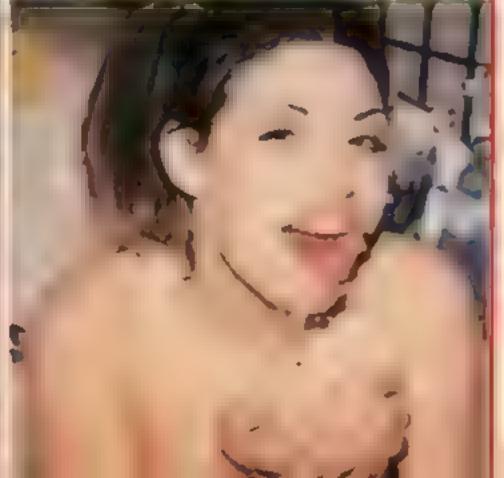
lap dance) Her roles in three Max Hardcore degradation-lests raise his scenes' typically high pathos level. As Max ruthlessly buggers McKenna's tender ands, she emits an inarticulate series of hard-moans/half-howls, bordering on tears. Despite appearances, she insists it "wasn't really painful."

"McKenna has always wanted to be a sex girl. That's who she is," sister/manager Cindy declares. McKenna herself seems determined to impart her silent vision to the jizz biz. "I love sex and dancing This combines it ail!"

will react to McKenna's disability "That was a great scene, wasn't it?" says Max After a long pause, the protomisogynist's voice takes on an uncharacteristic tone of compassion. "I really hope she gets it together."

McKenna's other speechless hole (left); Drowning out the silent scream (right)





Gettin' Lucky

HA1 I-1 RECT

Directed by Toni English, starring Tia Bella, Johnni Black, Roxanne Hall, Maya Chavez, Dakota, James Bonn, Michael J. Coxx, John Decker Nick East, Marc Wallice and Hugh Hampton Videocassette Vivid

There's a certain poignancy to Gettin' Lucky, due mainly to the fact that its box-cover girl, Tia Bella, has announced her retirement from the jizz biz, It's a pity that the Mediterranean-featured knockout's blue-screen career must be marred by this tepid affair. The video's opening scene sets the tone for this hit-and-miss effort. Bella, playing a sassy, New Jersey-bred escort, undergoes a carnal audition for her new employers. Blond, hardscrabble harlot Johnni Black genuflects before the altar of Bella's blacktufted mound. Black's Gorgonlike face, buried in Bella's delectable folds, offers a study in contrasts and little else. As for Wallice's latex-wrapped, HIV afflicted sausage feverishly plunging Bella's brown-edged cunt flaps, can the viewer react with anything but horror? Bella's reverse-cowgirl coupling with Nick East temporarily revives the proceedings, as does Roxanne Hall's hyperventilating hump with John Decker, Overall, Gettin' Lucky is a mostly unlucky occurrence. -S. A.

Creme de la Face #28



Directed by Rodney Moore; starring Allison Kilgore, Tawny Ocean Ryoko, Leah, Tigra, Mimi Starr, Blaze, Red, and Rodney Moore Videocassette- Odyssey Group Video

With Creme de la Face #28, Rodney Moore once again proves how much a man can achieve with little more than a fat, uncircumcised pud and a video camera. Moore lures doll-faced cock hound Allison Kilgore to his apartment. Kilgore's organically mountainous udders and knobbobbing proficiency ignite viewer

laps. She greedily hoovers Moore's hooded scepter. Her big, vacant eyes evoke the innocence of a Keane painting. Moore pummels her meaty wrinkle and puckered turd hatch furiously, then rewards her with a trademark cum gusher to her mug. Slanteyed slattern Ryoko's "rook ma, no hands" tongue-lashing of Moore's crotch rocket is equally entertaining. Elsewhere, the crack-whorish Tawny Ocean and craggy-faced Mimi Starr illustrate Moore's aesthetic-judgment lapses. Also disheartening Moore's use of distracting, splitscreen cinematography. Still, Creme de la Face #28 hits the bull's-eye almost as consistently as its creator's tidal ball blasts.

-S. A.

Dirty Dancers 15



Directed by Luc Wylder,
starring Triple X, Shaena Steele,
Jewel Valmont, Mary Jane, Doomy Moore,
Alexandra Silk, Stevie, Le Sont,
Evan Stone and Luc Wylder
Videocassette-Failen Anger

Despite its drawbacks—tedious.

pre-sex interviews and cheesy graphics-Dirty computer Dancers 15 succeeds at sapping seum from viewer schwang. The parade of strippers turned screen fuckers begins with Triple X, a tattooed, slender Gen-Xer with tousled, two-tone hair, Accompanied by cornea-assaulting waves of color, she peels out of her vinyl wrapping, exposing milky-white palmfuls of teat meat. Wrapping Jips around boyfriend Stevie's trunk, she displays her choke-'n'-stroke fellating prowess. Her luminous eyes lock with the camera. Stevie finger-drills pearly conch and tongues her brown winker; Triple X falls into heavy-hidded cock lust, and the cunt cramming begins. Triple X sits astride lap pole and does feverish twat thrusts. The shoddy production values-a squeaky bed, shaky camera work-add much-welcomed back-alley sleaze. With four other equally enticing vignettes, Dirty Dancers 15 compels viewers to do the jerk funously. -S. A

32



GETTIN' I UCKY: Fast licks
Bella's wound



CREME DE LA FACE #28: Kilgore and dangling carrot



DIRTY DANCERS 15: Moore droots for dong

Dick Nasty's Going Abroad



ONF-QUARTER



Orrected by Dick Nasty starring Cassie Stephanie, Hanna, Sophie Nicki Omar, Guy DiS...va and Dick Nasty Videocassette- Hollywood Video

Ill-conceived and distressingly cast, Dick Nastv's Going Abroad seems to be little more than a clever ruse to finance a British Isles vacation Director Nasty picks up a few whores trolling around Gatwick airport, takes them to a hotel and documents the ensuing nonevents. Hanna is the first limey tart in this sad affair. Her hearty laugh almost compensates for her Phyllis Diller makeup. Dick introduces Hanna to her mulatto fuck buddy, the mixed-blood swordsman sinks schlong into the streetwalker's sphineters. In a failed attempt to tantalize, Hanna claims that this is her first anal experience. A pug-nosed blonde, who resembles a thirtysomething Angela Lansbury, darkens the screen. She accessorizes her abdomen with a nasty, hipbone-to-hipbone cesarean scar. Nasty dribbles a post assfuck load into her wary mouth "So, how did you like your first sex scene?" Nasty asks. Gurgling through cum clots, she replies, "It was lovely." Sadly, the same can't be said for Dick Nastv's Going -Dan Panorama Abroad.

Manic Behavior

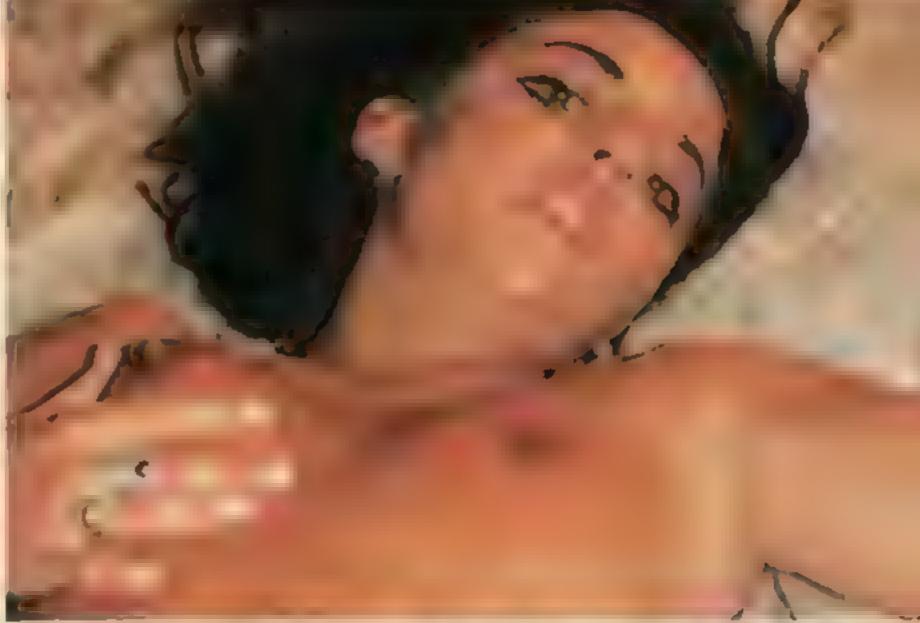


HALL



Directed by Dyanna Lauren
starring Raylene, Teri Starr, India,
M. ntana Gunn Candy Hill Barett Moore
Nick East Tony Tedeschi, Michael J. Coxx,
Burby Vitale Steve Hatcher and Rick Masters
Videocassette Vivid

In Manie Behavior, coppethaired, cartoonishly buxom Raviene plays a psychotic slut. It's tempting to cry typecasting, but she tackles the role with aplomb Tony Tedeschi mauls the beaked horndog's chest zeppelins. Sawing digits in Raylene's bloody-red tolds, he elicits Linda Blair-like wails from his fleshy finger puppet; viewer groins pulse. Raviene's postcostal conniption introduces Manic Behavior's plot and main problem: The average jerkoff, having dealt with enough mentally unbalanced cunts in real life, need not be assaulted with more of them in his blue-screen sanctuary. A laphardening dream sequence follows, during which Steve Hatcher savagely cleaves Ravlene's crap rings in a vaguely Arabic setting Attending a party, the schizoid snatch hallucinates an orgy taking place among the guests and collapses in a bawling, fetal mess. At film's end, our heroine is felled by a speeding car. This is what hardons are made of? Credit Raylene's acting or Dvanna Lauren's directing for Manic Behavior's dick-disturbing effect - just don't expect a guilt-free jackoff session. -S. A.



DICK NASTY'S GOING ABROAD: Sophie, one Nasty bitch



MANIC BEHAVIOR: Raylene undergoes intensive dick therapy



racsis Ascarrenta origina

Controvers, litter [are of Ferri A sea of gawkers parted for a parade of porn stars at Bally's Las Vegas Hotel Casino at the 15th annual Adult Video News Awards. The ceremony, widely

regarded as the Oscars of porn, was held

on January 9, 1999

Accused of rigging its voting process to favor its advertisers in the past, Adult Video News's judges restored luster to the proceedings this year by bestowing awards to deserving nominees. Antonio Passolini's arty Cale Flesh 2 took the honors for Best Video Feature, beating out such contenders as Heartache and Taboo 17. HUSTLER sex-advice columnist Jeanna Fine snagged the Best Actress-Video award for her performance in Cafe Flesh 2, Sadly, HUSTLER **EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE Editor Mike Albo** ost out to scum-porn auteur Robert Black in the Best Non-Sex Performance—Film or Video

"I was pretty confident that I wasn't going to win," rants Albo, citing a number of personal grudges harbored against him by AVN's panel of judges "In fact, if you look at the list of nominees, the only person to spend ad dollars in AVN is Rob Black, who ended up winning Coincidence?"

Most notably, anal specialist Alisha Krass, who belongs to the too-pretty-for-

porn category of onscreen sluts, was named Best New Starlet, rising above a highly competitive roster of nominees that included Jessica Darlin. Dee and Inari Vachs

The brunet beauty, who bears a SEYMORE BUFTS tattoo above her muchplundered derriere, also cohosted the awards, managing to shock the ceremony's seen-it-all, heard-it-all organizers by repeatedly expressing her fondness for "having a huge cock in my ass."

"She's Alisha No Klass," hissed one dismayed attendee "Some peopie brought their parents here tonight."

As cohost, Klass enjoined the jaded crowd to clap for award winners, rousing scattered applause in the massive baliroom

The nearly 3,000 guests needed no encouragement to deliver a standing ovation to Special Achievement Award recipient Larry Flynt

"Don't get so wrapped up in your work that you take your individual rights for granted," Flynt said to the assembled pom tribe during his teary-eyed acceptance speech. "You have to be ready to defend the industry you're in for if to survive."

HUSTLER defends Klass's right to sing the praises of fisting and anal sodomy any time she wants

Award-winning slut Klass (above); special achiever Flynt (below).



Bunghole Harlots Number 4: Ass Fuckers 100%



HALF ERECT



Directed by Dale Jordan, starring Elle Devine, Roxanne Hall, Candy Hill, Dakota, Obsession, Tawny Ocean, Alex Sanders, Sean Michaels, Tice Bune, Mr. Marcus and Pat Myne Videocassette: Elegant Angel

Bunghole Harlots Number 4: Ass Fuckers 100%'s anal antics push the envelope of ass-fuck decadence; too bad the producers couldn't convince a fresh cast of sluts to perform instead of the hoary harlots presented here. Spreading Dakota's fat, thick legs, Alex Sanders slams his pipe into her veiny winker, then samples Dakota's worn-out shit chute. Dakota's stripper-trash gal pal Candy Hill hoovers Alex's beef between her lips; Sanders tastes the banquet of holes. Alex porks Hill's ass while Dakota licks nuts He pops on Candy's dick-drilled detriere; spum chunks cascade over her pussy lips and drop into Dakota's greedy gobbler, Tall blonde Roxanne Hall freshens the air by comparison. Sean Michaels is the lucky black man who slobbers on Hall's pooper. She spreads her sphincter rings with her fingers and guides him into her anal mine shaft. "There's nothing sexier than a gaping poop shoot [sic]," claim the makers of Bunghole Harlots Number 4. As they themselves prove, that all depends on the chute being gaped. -D. P.

Lewd Behavior 3rd Strike



FULLY FRECT

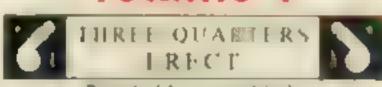


Directed by Van Damage, starring Cherry, Cartier, Alana, Jewel Valmont, Tiffany Mynx, Monique, Stryc-9, Amber Woods, Van Damage and Luciano Videocassette- Extreme Associates

Lewd Behavior 3rd Strike is literally crammed with ball-draining action, lensed with a directorial skill that ably captures every filthy nuance. Baby-faced Stryc-9 leads a dog-collared Jewel Valmont into

view on a chain. Both beauties reek of just-legal, middle-American sluttiness. Valmont slowly draws chain links across Stryc-9's shaven cunt cleft. Stryc-9 assaults Valmont's quivering ass with a riding crop. Loud thwaps, like those heard during fistfights in old Westerns, ring out. Enter Van Damage, schlong at full mast. Stryc-9 yanks Valmont's chain, pulling her face onto the director's man root. Thus lubed, Van Damage ceases the preliminaries and heartily drills the pair's orifices, widening colonic apertures to chasmic proportions. As with this video's subsequent scenes, all pretenses of delicacy are forsaken; Lewd Behavior 3rd Strike strikes a major chord in the hearts of depraved jerkoffs everywhere. -S.A

Totally Amateur Volume 1



Directed by uncredited starring Brandy, Pershia, Stacey, Adam Bill and a mystery amateur Videocassette: Odyssey Group Video

As in college football, the amateur sluts in Totally Amateur Volume 1 aren't in it for the money. They feel a deep need to prove their worth, and their quest for validation yields viewer satisfaction. Brandy is a barely-legal, Asian-mix slut; her slippery snatch is hot for boyfriend Bill's Caucasian cock. Bill bombs the batch's pearl harbor; their youthful energy explodes. He shoots sperm torpedoes into her eager mouth, avenging her ancestors' treachery. Dark, shapely Pershia recounts the busting of her cherry. "It hurt at first," the young slut relates. "Then a wave of pleasure followed." She sinks a big, pink dildo into her flue, jacking with nostalgic fervor. Adam, brandishing a fleshy replacement for her crsatz schlong, steps in. They contort into a 69, feasting on each other hungrily. Other highlights include a horny, pregnant cock hound named Stacey and a mystery babe who pounds a dildo into her quivering quim while her boyfriend dicks her pouty, puckered asshole. Totally Amateur Volume 1 is totally terrific. -D. P.



BUNGHOLE HARLOTS
Hall drops in on Michaels

Nicky Starks' Sugarwalls Number 9



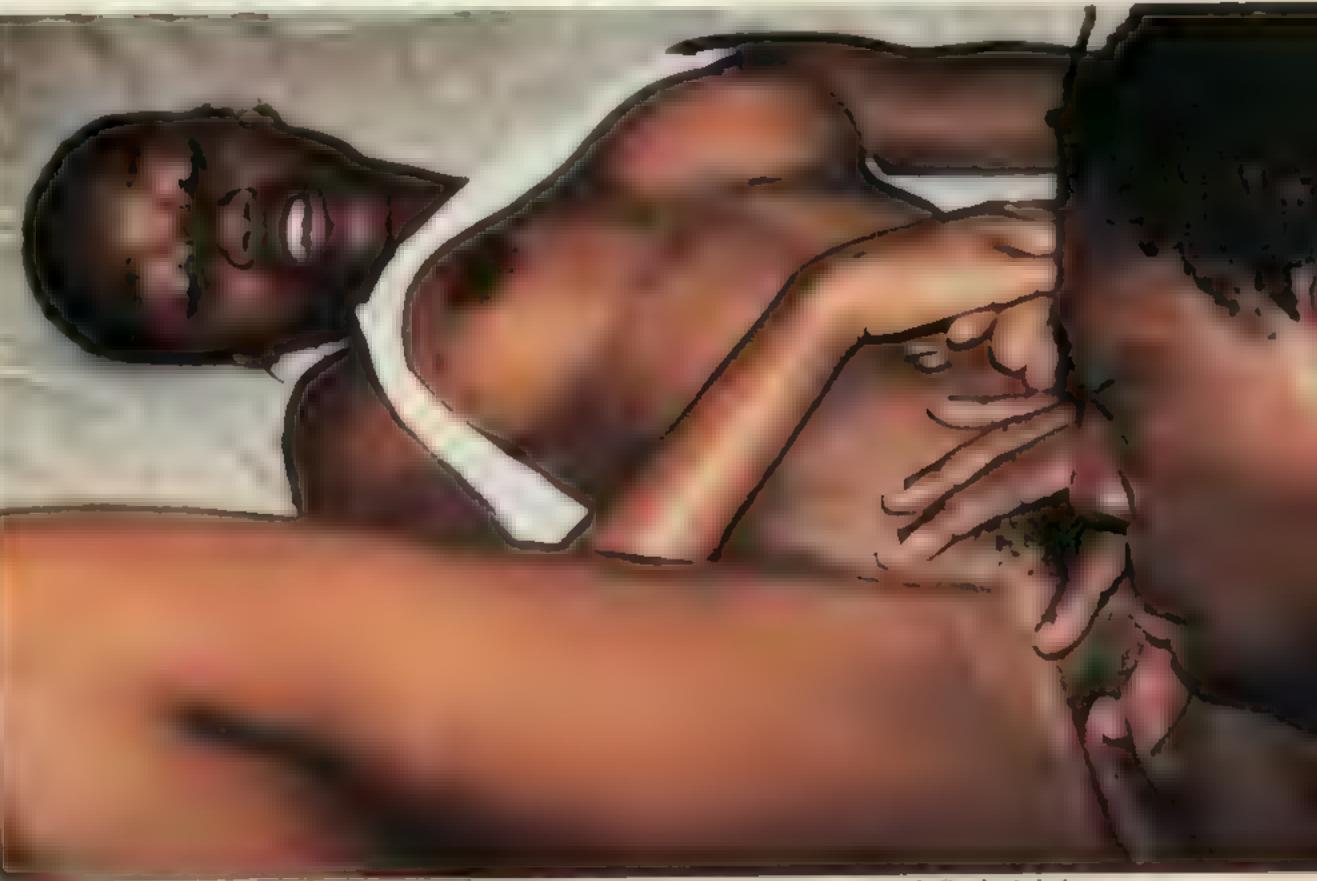
Directed by Nicky Starks,
starring Cherry Lee, Tamia, Cookie, Nicole
Red Passion, Byron Long and Tony Eveready
Videocassette: Elegant Angel

For those whose tastes run toward sweet Negro flesh, Nicks Starks' Sugarwalls Number 9's parade of golden ladies is mouthwatering. "I love to get my pussy ate," notes red-hot, 18-year-old Red Passion before spreading her legs for Byron Long. The nappyheaded string bean feasts on Red's cherry-bomb pussy. She pays lip service to Long's black adder. greasing the joint for the ensuing logjam. Long eases his horse cock into her golden-brown flesh, but only manages to slip half of it inside the viselike, Nubian cooze Maybe more would fit if Red moved her ass a little bit. This bitch is lazy, sho 'null; perhaps she'll improve with age. Caramelskinned beauty Cherry Lee admits that she likes being spanked; her man pummels her brown turd cutter with a few hearty whacks. This tenderizes the meat for a hefty Cherry Lee asshole-pie fuck Chocolate never tasted so sweet as it does in Sugarwalls Number 9

-D. P



TOTALLY AMATEUR VOLUME 1: Novice nookie meets dilettante diek



SUGARWALLS NUMBER 9: Long disproves a stereotype with Cookie's help

A quick checklist of features reviewed in past issues
Lit RUMINES and RUSHLES REGISTOR RUSE EVILLE

for the contract of the latest of the latest



est V (Arrow)

Deep Throat: The Quest V (Arrow) Jeanna Fine Brittany Andrews Nile Stone

(Diabolique Video)

Inari Vachs, Caroline, Oceane

Pick Up Lines #32 (Odyssey Group Video)
Jewel De Nyle, Monic, Peter North

HUSTLER Presents: The World's Luckiest Black Man (Vivid Raw) 101 sluts, Mr. Marcus



HUSTLER's Beaver Hunt #3 (Vivid)
Katie, Toni Reves, Jasmine

Blowjob Adventures of Dr Fellatio #13 (Elegant Angel) Tabilha Stevens, Jenny McArthus, Sheiby Wore

Cashmere (VCA Platinum Plus)
Anna Malle, Jeanna Fine, Brick Majors

Max Hardcore- Extreme Volume 3 (Filmwest Productions) Regan Start, Allison, Max Hardcore

No Mercy: 10 (Pirate Video)
Juditha Bella Laura Black, David Perry

Size Matters 3 (Toxxxic Entertainment/Metro) Deja Biew, Wendi Knight, Marc Davis

Vengeance (Extreme Associates)
Jessica Darlin, Alexandra Nice Tom Byron



Bag Ladies (JM Productions)

Five skanks with a bag on their head," Dave Hardman

Cat Tails #4 (Midnight Video)
Catalina L'Amour, uncredited

Heartache (Wicked)
Missy, Stephanie Swift, Tice Bune
Intrigue (Sin City Entertainment)
Liza Harper, Heaven Leigh, Herschei Savage

Screen Play (Wicked)
Juli Ashlon, Shayla LaVeaux, Randy Spears

Smut #9: Only the Kind (Elegant Angel)
Cassandra Knight Roxanne Hall Chris Cannon



In Your Face 3 (Zane)
Cassie, Mikayla Shore, Ursula Moore

Reflections (Adam & Eve)
Tina Tyler, Alexandra Silk, Randy Spears

Thrill Sex: Sex in Public Places (Cream Entertainment) Kendra Jade, Zasu Knight, Brandon Iron



Grappin' & Gropin' #2 (Odyssey Group Video) Champagne, Cee Cee, Jake

Open Wide (Vivid)
Jenteal, Ruby, Jon Dough

Vortex (VCA Pictures) Shayla LaVeaux, Nikita, Tony Tedeschi

The Violation of Teri Starr: A Lesbian Gang Bang

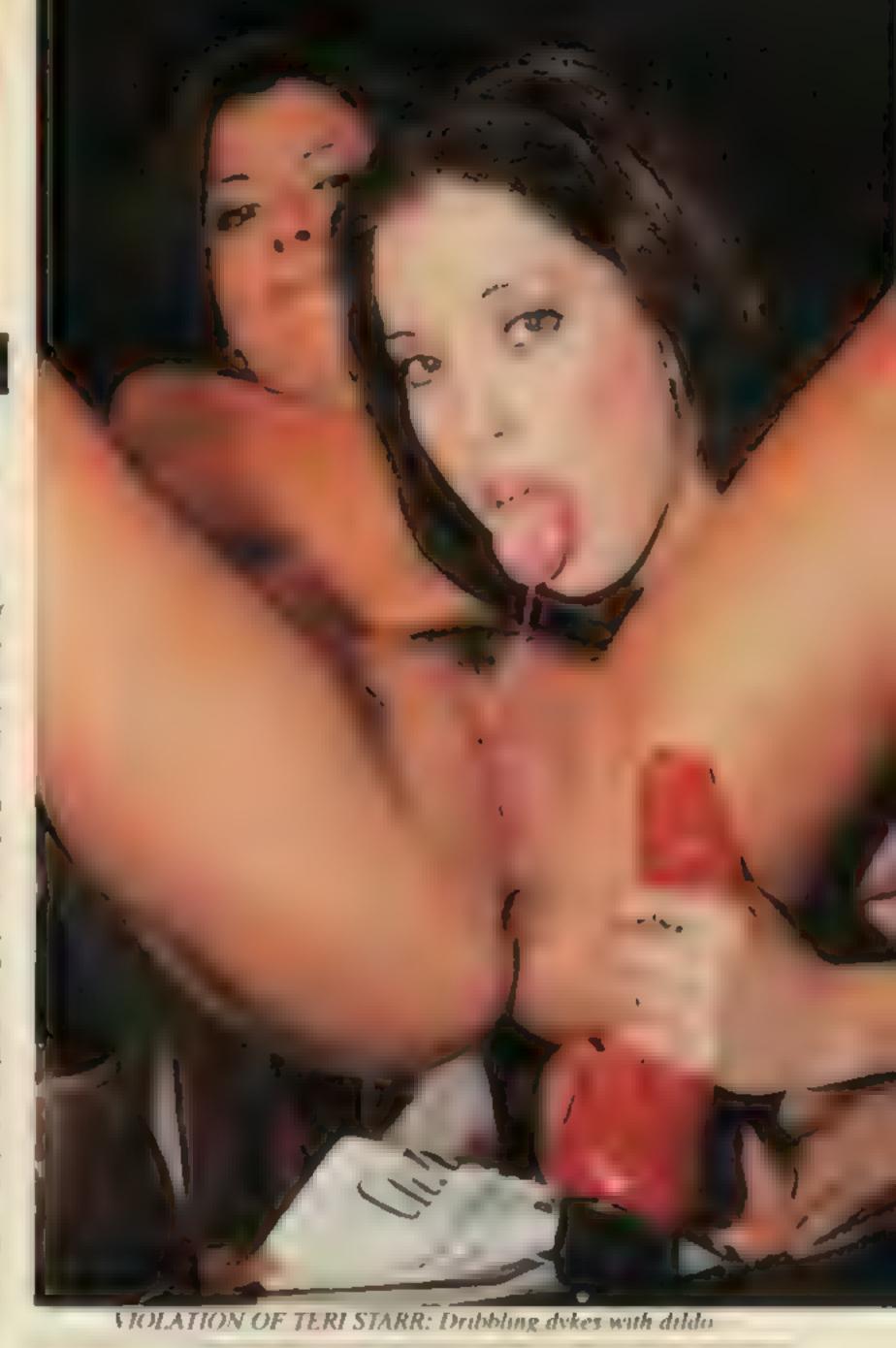
THREE-QUARTERS ERECT

Directed by Jim Powers
starring Teri Starr, Candy Vegas
Heaven Leigh, Alyssa Anure, Doomy Moure
Gina Ryder and Gwen Summer
Videocassette- Cream Entertainment

Like a blue-screen version of Reefer Madness, The Violation of Teri Stare: A Lesbian Gang Bung tinds its title slut paying the ultimate price for partaking in the evil herb marijuana, Blond waif Starr portrays an American college girl on spring break in Mexico. Her taste for bud clashes with the local law enforcement Uh-oh The Mexican police have special jails for dope-crazed, gringo bitches. Starr is dragged to a sadistic, lesbian-rape dungeon Her punishment is fierce. Corrupt female guards frisk the pot-addled Starr and sink a strap-on chia dildo into her wet-pussy holster. A forceful tongue attacks Starr's cht. The prisoner is stripped; a cavity search ensues Rubbergloved fingers probe snapper and crapper alike. Starr grunts, squeals, squeaks and screams, but her jailer is relentless. The platoon of female guards forces Starr to eat their hot tamales. A strap-on dildo crams her craw; the sadistic guard rapes the American with the spittle-slicked, hard rubber dick Let The Violation of Teri Starr be a lesson for all Americans traveling abroad: Smoke a joint, go to jail and suffer sphineter-stuffing rape by beautiful, sadistic, lesbian bitches. Just say 'ho -D.P.



SNOW LEOPARD: Steel, possibly sticking Silver



Search for the Snow Leopard



LIMP

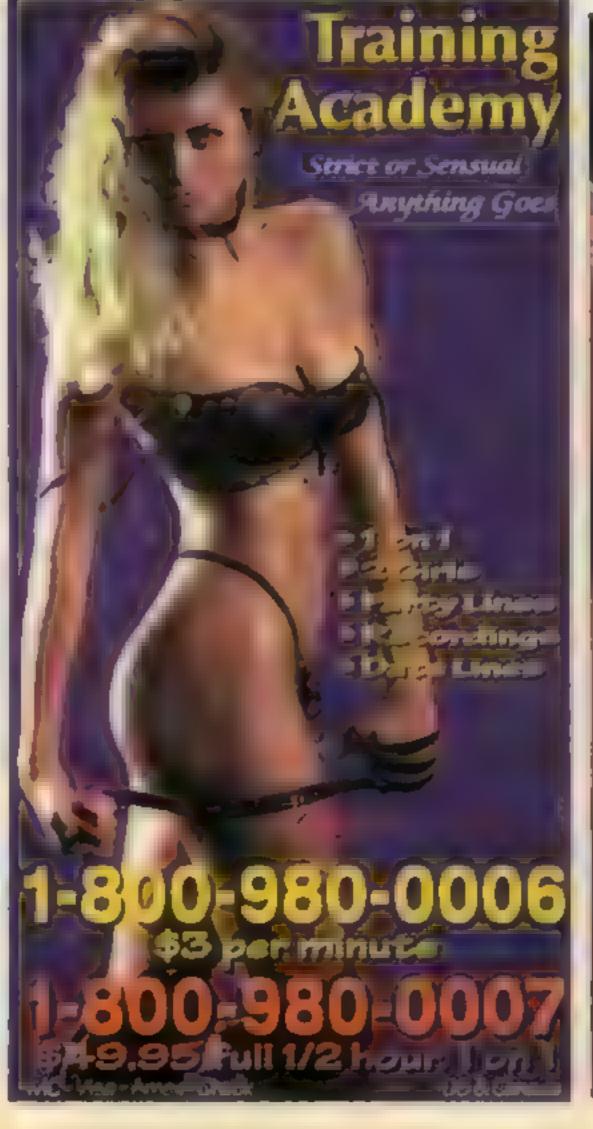


Directed by Nick Orleans
starring Asia Carrera, Ashton Moore
Temptress, Taylor St. Claire, Jennifer
Lee, Natti Aston, Gina Ryder, Cheyenne
Silver, Stephanie Swift, Aiec Metro
Marc Davis, Randy Spears, Lexington
Steel, James Bonn and Brick Majors
Videocassette, Adam & Eve

Playing the dean of a prominent university in Search for the Snow Leopard, Randy Spears speaks to the intelligentsia about the clusive snow leopard and how it must be saved from extinction. When he describes the snow leopard as "the only leopard that does not roar," he could be describing the film itself. This, unfortunately, is not a

tuck flick. There is no penetration The sex could be real or simulated, who can tell? Blowjobs are vexatiously obscured, lensed from behind the woman's head. Asia Carrera plays Eve Taggart, head of the university anthropology department. The Amerasian knockout wins a grant from the university to travel to the fictional land of Bardot to capture the wild thing. She meets a photographer whom she despises, but later falls in love with. Their passion is deep How deep? The viewer will never know; their carnal coupling is damnably filmed from afar. To its credit, Snow Leopard's production values are the highest around, even the script is good. Except for the simulated sex scenes, Search for the Snow Leopard could be a movie of the week. As a fuck flick, Search for the Snow Leopard is merely a weak movie. -D.P



















EEDBACK

(continued from page 13)

Jefferson once said, "To be a rebel to men is to be right with God." The U.S. Civil War II is looming, and the American people are with you, Larry.

—R. B.

Marshall, Virginia

Tall Glass of Piss, Please

What happened to the pee pictures in the March 1999 issue? I searched anxiously through the entire issue, looking in vain for piss. I truly look forward to watching your beautiful women piss all over the floor and each other. Traditionally, piss-shots are the first ones I toss off to. Did you hide them on me, or did my girl-friend write and request you leave them out? Please, I beg of you—more pee!

A. M Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina

Your girlfriend did write. She asked if we could substitute our piss-shots with open crotch-shots of Dr. Laura Schlessinger. See page 20 in this issue to finally quench your urine fix. Bottoms up.

Reverend Porn

I'm an ordained minister and founder of the Children of God study group. First of all, let me say that I absolutely loved the February 1999 issue of HUSTLER. It made this minister explode with pleasure I have nothing against pornography, especially HUSTLER. I can't understand why so many Christians hate pornography when the Bible is replete with sex stories The songs of Solomon are jam-packed with descriptions of sex acts and naked flesh, especially female breasts. I just wanted you to know that you have at least one minister on your side. I'd even pose in a pictorial wearing my minister robes with a HUSTLER Honey underneath!

-Rev. N. B. Lugoff, South Carolina

A man of the cloth takes it off and offers a cock communion. Not a bad idea.

Pleasantly Shocked

Congratulations on all of the changes you've made to HUSTLER. I cut my pornographic teeth on your magazine back in the '70s, and I have always been amazed by Larry Flynt and HUSTLER's ability to present beautiful women and controversial news in a straightforward, no-bullshit fashion. I hadn't picked up a copy in a while, but you always remember what's good. I started buying HUSTLER

again about a year ago, and my jaw dropped. Penetration, piss-shots, sex toys, fisting. God bless Larry Flynt for breaking down barriers and making America's Magazine something to be proud of.

-F. K. via Internet

Fanatic About Feet

Why doesn't HUSTLER publish a footfetish edition? It could feature new pictorials devoted to the foot fanatic as well as HUSTLER pictorials where extra photos of feet are included. Just make sure the feet are clean; I only like clean feet.

> -M. B Rexdale, Ontario

You poor, sheltered Canuck. Don't you know that HUSTLER'S LEG WORLD has the greatest foot photos to grace God's green Earth? Put the brewski down, run to your local Canadian trading post and slap down two beaver pelts in exchange for HUSTLER'S LEG WORLD.

Do you have a comment or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER Feedback, 8484 Wilshtre Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or E-mail to hustler@lfp.com. Include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication







HOT FUDGE

I love my girlfriend, Lynne, because she'll allow me to experiment in the bedroom. When I say experiment, I don't mean wearing feather masks and "roleplaying" about an ice-cream man and a nurse. I mean actually whipping out test tubes, speculums and whatever fuckedup shit I read about in science books.

Recently, my studies into the female form led me to an interesting quote from a shit eater—or scatologist, as he preferred to be called. The dump lover claimed that bowel movements taste like whatever the woman ate most recently...except burned. I was fascinated by the concept, but unwilling to eat crap. That's why I'm so glad to keep Lynne around.

I convinced Lynne to join me in a little pussy trawling at a nearby Italian restaurant. Our search led to a statuesque, darkhaired beauty smoking a cigar in the corner. Her harsh makeup and cruel eyebrows seemed to scream butch dyke. Talking the rug-muncher into sampling Lynne's wares would be simple. Would she be willing to accept my prong in her tight, Italian pooper?

"Hi," I offered by way of introduction. "My girlfriend, Lynne—the very comely, young blonde in that checkered boothwas wondering if you'd join us for an experiment." The big lezzie was intrigued enough to hear me out and tell me her name: Cleo.

After my spiel, Cleo took a long puff of her stogie and exhaled, "I think you're

My girlfriend obviously enjoyed tongu-

ing Cleo's navel and snatch. With no provocation, she positioned her raised bottom over Cleo's sensual mouth and fell into a quivering 69. The two lovelies licked and bit each other's privates; musk drowned out the smell of pine shavings in my lab, alerting me to the ready nature of Cleo's cooch.

I crouched on my knees and stroked my hone to an engorged state. Don't get the wrong idea; I was excited watching the girls do the nasty. Scientific detachment, however, had blocked my hard-on. As soon as I was fully aroused, I plunged into the wet spot Lynne so generously suckled.

Cleo gasped. "It's been so long."

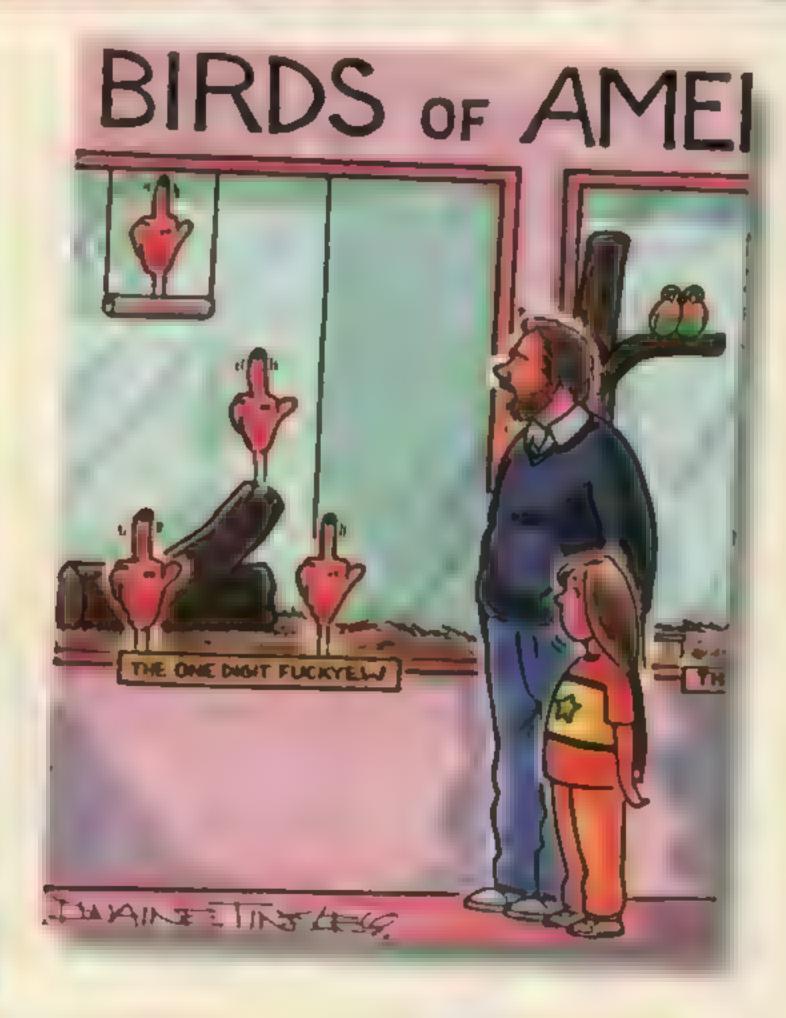
I peeled off a few decent strokes, but did not plan to continue my vaginal plowing. Instead, I simply wet my willy while Lynne continued to mouth the swollen clit above. After sufficient lubrication was achieved, I aimed lower and

lanced Cleo's browneye.

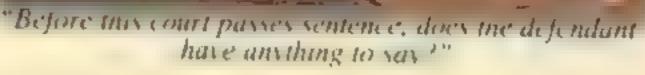
She howled in shock. Although I had explained the arrangement would include anal intercourse, Cleo was not prepared for the full effect of her sphincters crammed with steel. I pumped hard enough to bury my entire bone, then pulled out and popped the dong into Lynne's greedy mouth. Back and forth 1 poked, filling throat and rectum in alternate strokes, until Cleo's nether regions were saliva-slickened enough to permit

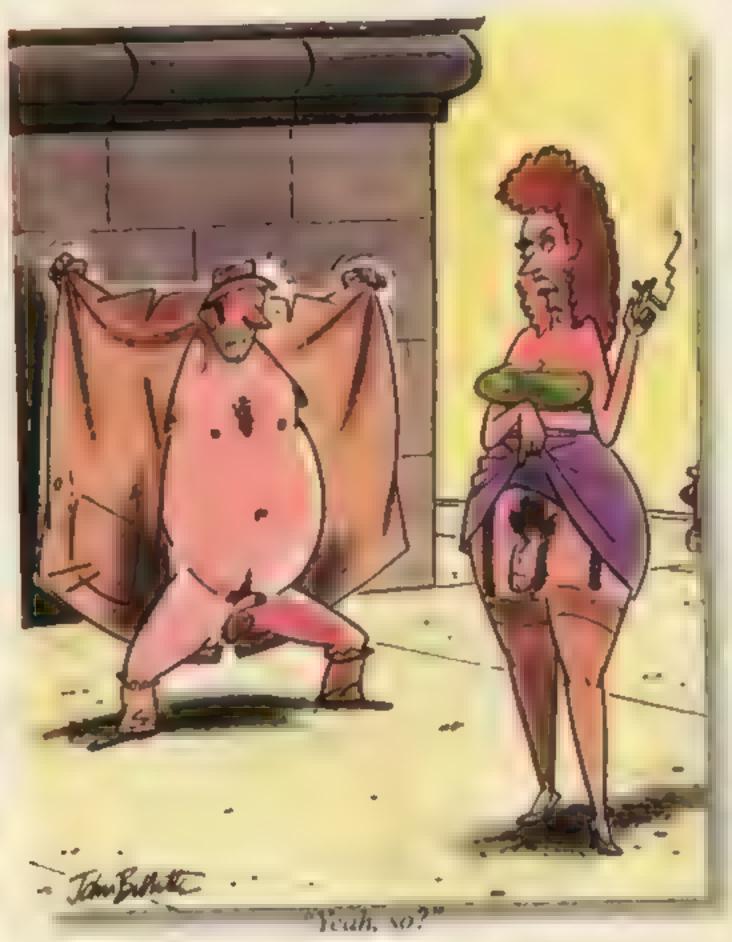
























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Hot Letters Only one thing in life could make me risk a racially motivated beating,

of course, and that thing is Caucasian cunt. I noticed a teenage skinhead with tits the size of twin watermelons.

speedy thrusts. I planted my seed deep in her ass as Lynne fingered Cleo's flower and lip-locked her clitty. The ladies climaxed simultaneously.

Afterward, we provided Cleo with cab fare and waved goodbye. I could finally tally the experiment's results.

Breathlessly, I asked Lynne, "Well?"

"Yeah," she responded. "It did kind of taste like garlic."

Next, I want to learn about douching with Coca-Cola.

—T. K.

Grove City, Ohio

AMERICAN HISTORY XXX

I'm a 21-year-old, black medical student at a local university, but I can't tell you which one. Do I insist upon the school's anonymity because I'm concerned that my tale of racism, butt-fucking and campus orgies will earn my sorry, cocoa ass a great big lawsuit? No—I simply don't want to cause a controversy that could end all the fun! I'm having the time of my life with the dumb, white bitches who populate these ivy-covered walls. Believe me, HUSTLER readers, if you send a daughter off to college, you're basically buying her a ticket on a big, black steam engine...right between her pasty, peach thighs.

A few nights ago, I was knocking back piña coladas at Shooters, a popular campus bar. My hand was provocatively situated betwixt the knees of Taryn, a blond, big-titted bimbo I fucked a few times during my freshman year. Meanwhile, Kim, an Asian ginch who interned with a few of my professors, was whispering dirtyand anatomically precise—shit in my ear. Every once in a while, her tongue darted forward to taste my wax. I was more than a little bit drunk, and the crotch of my Dickies sported a tent big enough to house the Compton Swap Meet. If I had been paying attention to my surroundings, instead of plotting a maneuver to steer Taryn's taste buds toward Kim's sideways sushi, I might have noticed an ominous commotion in the corner. Grandpa always warned me not to be distracted by cracker pussy; he claimed that's how our forefathers were lured into slavery. Now I see the wisdom of the gassy old fool's words.

Over a jukebox roaring Hootic and the Blowfish, a shocking cry was sounded: "Nigger lover!" Scuffling followed, and glass broke. I froze, felt the swap meet in my leopard-skin briefs close up shop and very nearly pissed myself. Quickly, I shoved Taryn off her bar stool and hid behind Kim's tiny form. Any racist is likely to be less incensed by the sight of a black man boning another minority than

holding down a piece of peckerwood ass.

However, Taryn suffered a minor concussion for nothing. The target of the crude, vicious epithet was Charles, my classmate, confidante and practically the only other African American male in the school. Poor, nerdy Charles was being shoved back and forth like a black volleyball between a pack of Nazi skinheads. I had known the skins were a presence in this otherwise progressive city; helping to end their reign of terror was one of my prime incentives for attending the university. As I watched my brother in arms being brutally manhandled by the bald freaks, I did what any self-respecting Negro would do: I made a cautious beeline for the exit.

Then I was stopped in my tracks, despite the Shooters clientele's vociferous support of Charles's attackers ("Get the nigger! He was making out with a white chick! We don't like niggers in Shooters!"). Only one thing in life could make me risk a racially motivated beating, of course, and that thing is Caucasian cunt. I noticed a teenage skinhead with tits the size of twin watermelons visible beneath her baggy bomber jacket. No wonder the child was traumatized and driven to a life of white supremacy; undoubtedly, every male in her family was unable to keep their hands off those massive, ripe hooters.

Her face was stunningly beautiful, bearing the kind of porcelain, Barbie-doll features only a pure, Aryan snizz can possess. Her snarl as she sank a heavy, black boot into Charles's gut was unspeakably arousing. Did I mention her heavy, black boots? All I could think about as I watched Charles turn into a bloody pulp before my eyes was fucking the paper-white bitch's stacked bod from behind—while she wore nothing but those clunky Doc Martens. A hairy-knuckled hand lifted me by the collar of my shirt. Again, the words of my grandfather came back to haunt me.

The behemoth behind me hollered, "I just caught a nigger by the toe!" Shooters erupted in laughter. Many of the patrons I recognized from school turned their heads away. I'm sure they were disgusted by the display, but too uncomfortable to say anything.

"Looks like a strong buck," announced the gang's leader, whose glass eye lent him an ironic resemblance to Sammy Davis Jr. "He'd be good for Leni's initiation. Go on, our Aryan sister...take this nigger to the toilet, and flush him like the walking turd he is. Then we'll invite any white champions here at Shooters back to the compound for your first gang-bang." The crowd cheered; apparently, this method of punanny appearement is the reason so



June HUSTLER 43









Hot Letters "Not all black people are alike. My dick's not so enormous...for a brother." I unspooled my 13 inches of ebony love. Leni's dazzling, blue eyes took their time examining the length.

many hate crimes go unreported. I know I was unwilling to offer protest as the aforementioned big-bazoom babe led me to the ladies' room. There was still a chance for me to do that voodoo I do so well.

She pushed me into a pink stall and barked, "Fucking nigger. I hate all fucking niggers! My stepdaddy was a nigger, and he used to shove his enormous, black cock up my ass every night!" Aha...l'd known she was a victim of abuse. Thankfully, my medical training has included counseling; I knew the perfect approach to calm the knife-brandishing 19-year-old.

"See, that goes to show you," I said in a soothing monotone, reaching for my fly. "Not all black people are alike. My dick's not so enormous...for a brother." I unspooled my 13 inches of ebony love. Leni's dazzling, blue eyes took their time examining the length. She set the knife on the toilet-paper dispenser and picked up my python with both hands.

"Hmmm," pondered Leni, running a surprisingly tender fingertip over a protruding, chocolate vein. "You're right. It's not as big as my stepdaddy's. Maybe not all niggers are the same." Coming from a Nazi skinhead, that last statement was the equivalent of a Martin Luther King speech. I moved in for the kill.

"Why don't you give it a suck? You know, just to make me your subservient slave, which is the onliest thing us Negroes be good for, ma'am." My Stepen Fetchit routine fetched me a slurpy, throaty blowjob. The horny baldy curiously nibbled the head and licked my piss slit before gobbling the whole enchilada. Her deep sucks were psychotically aggressive; I feared she might bite the member off, but was willing to take the risk. Boy, was I living dangerously. I reached down for a handful of those magic mammaries!

Leni spat out my johnson, pressed her knife to my nuts and announced, "No way, nigger! You are not to defile my immaculate body with your mongrel touch unless I grant you permission."

"I can dig it," I gulped, slowly unhanding the teats. Mercifully, the blade left my ball sac, and Leni ingested the first six inches of my peter. She bobbed her skull on my spear at an increasingly frantic rate. I've noticed that honkies are generally better cocksuckers than my Nubian princesses, although white pussy doesn't taste as juicy. Go figure.

The moment I had prayed for arrived: Leni dislodged my log from her esophagus, leaving a long trail of saliva that drooled onto her promptly removed shirt. The giant puppies that attracted my attention in the first place bounced free before me. You truly have not lived until you see a beautiful, bald woman with a big bosom; it's like she's got two whoppers on her chest and one on her shoulders. I thought about the threeway I'd tried to hook up earlier and contemplated greasing Leni's head to shove into Kim's yellow beaver. My chrome-domed skank climbed atop the black mountain.

"Arrrggghh," Leni screamed. My girth tore open her young twat. "Feels so good in my hot, Aryan hole!" She pumped her groin against mine; I shifted my weight on the toilet seat to sink more dink in her depths. Regardless of the pig sticker Leni kept pointed at my chest, I cannot experience white poozle without unleashing the savage within my lap. I roughly grabbed the meat balloons rhythmically swaying before my eyes and slammed their owner's head into the stall divider.

"You love it, white bitch," I cursed, standing and lifting Leni in our pistoning loin lock. "Say you love black cock!"

"I...unningh...love it!" I throttled Leni's creamy neck and bashed her head against the stall one more time for good luck while the head of my manhood battered her G spot.

"You love what, bitch? Sayyy it!"

"I love black cock, Daddy! Please, Daddy, please, I love black cock so much!"

Leni exploded in climax, spasming in my powerful grasp. Her screeching conniption fit was not enough to provoke my nut; my testicles demanded justice. While my rod was still rigid enough to penetrate her bung, I dropped Leni to the floor and forced her round butt into the air. My already-brown fingers spread her shithole. The tip of my prick rooted around her bowels. Years of forced sodomy provided an easy entry. "Yes, Daddy," caterwauled my converted whore. She would certainly never go back. "You know I love it in my tight little ass!" Anal pleasures, however, were not on the menu. And whatever was on Leni's lunch menu was now on my steaming cock.

"Shut up, bitch," I spat, lifting her shiny head to meet my gaze. Using my tool like a brown crayola, I painted a crude swastika on Leni's forehead with the leavings. Satisfied, I beat my club on her smooth cranium in honor of the drums of my forefathers. Then I shot a load that dripped into her stunned eyes.

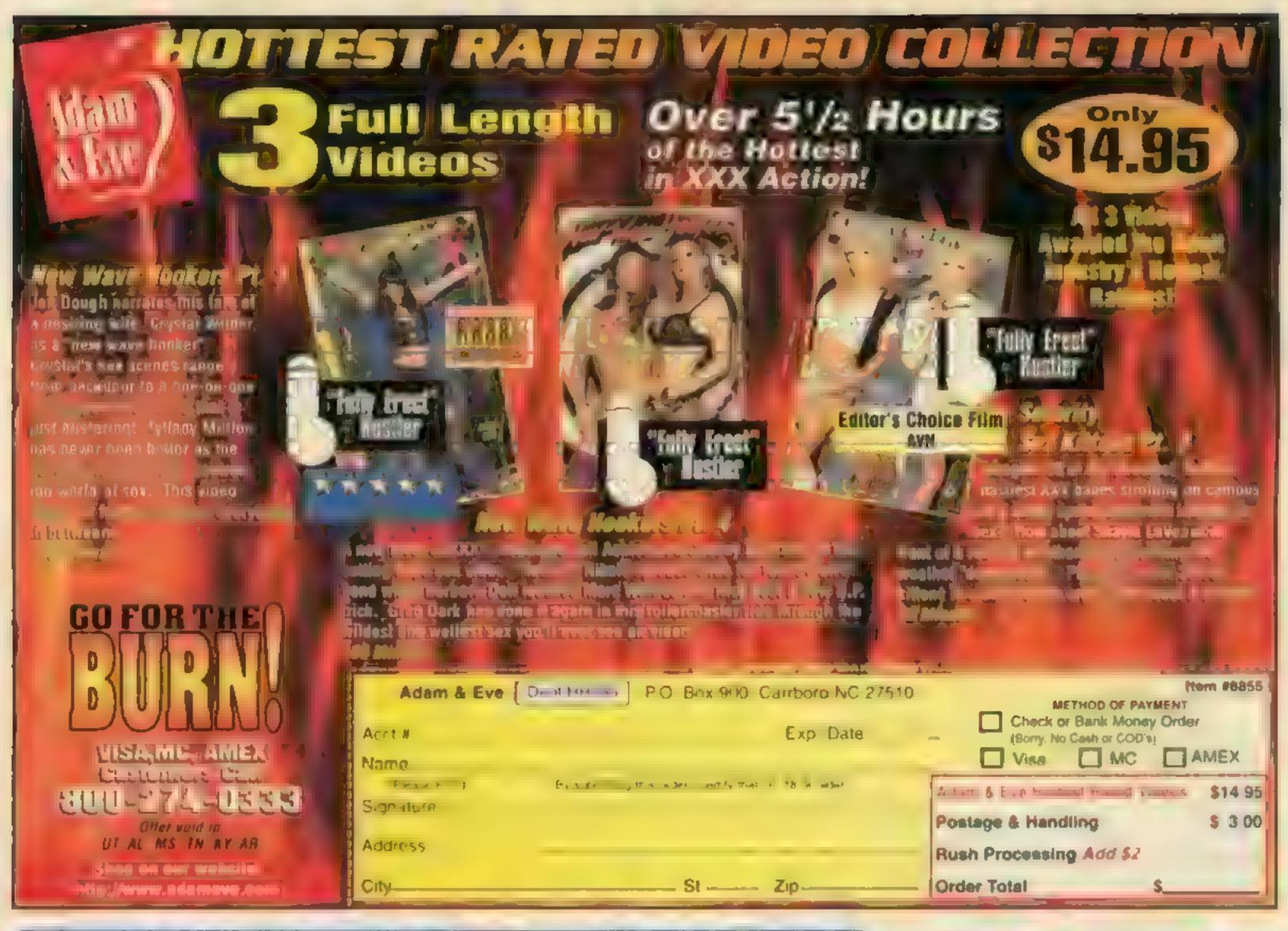
Leni loved the rough treatment and even tried to have me voted an honorary skinhead. Of course, I wound up with an ass beating instead. Believe me, it's worth beating Leni's ass with my dusky hammer every weekend. I love hittin' skins!

-Name and Address Withheld



"This material is disgraceful, pathetic and will destroy the American political system. Print it in the next issue!"

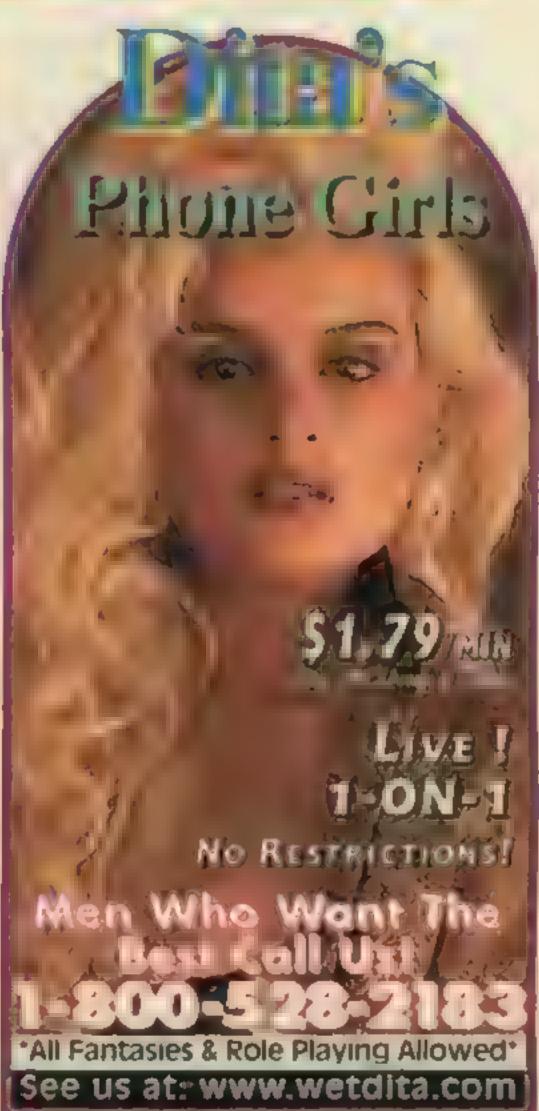
June HUSTLER 45











Hot Letters Sometimes he follows me to the bathroom, and when he passes my tiny desk, I see his nostrils flare. The handsome, gray-suited perv is trying to smell my pussy!

PUBES AND CUBICLES

Hot chicks need to masturbate a lot. It's a fact of life many of us try to keep hidden. We don't want guys to know most of us are insane nymphos, because then they wouldn't buy us dinner. Unfortunately, if a date is particularly good-looking, an entire meal can be difficult to sit through without pussy juice dribbling from beneath our painfully tight and short skirts.

I don't know why physical beauty and a perfect physique equals out-of-control hormones. Maybe because we fuck so much earlier and more often than the rest of you ugly cunts. Whatever the case, I try not to analyze; I simply satisfy my burning gash whenever the need arises. Diddling my clit to a devastating orgasm isn't so easy when tackling a temp position in a corporate office without walls.

Nevertheless, I was forced to find a solution this week; there's an executive down the hall who is too fucking fine to be believed. Daniel, the stud in question, is obviously into me too; sometimes he follows me to the bathroom, and when he passes my tiny desk, I see his nostrils flare. The handsome, gray-suited perv is trying to smell my pussy! I wonder if he ever caught a whitf of my midnight-black bush as the pink lips beneath heat up and secrete passion?

If Daniel really wants to inhale my womanly aroma, all he needs to do is check out my pencil sharpener after hours. I've become a master of cramming the large, electric implement between my legs; good thing I practice with gargantuan vibrators at home. Although I sit in direct proximity to three other loser temps, I manage to straddle my sharpener undetected several times each day. During one such session, Daniel surprised me by approaching with a financial-transaction report he needed confirmed immediately.

"Your hair looks nice today," he purred as I dug through the files in my drawer. I realized the document Daniel needed was in a file cabinet behind me. However, if I stood up, there was no graceful way to lose the office supplies in my thighs. Titiliating conversation was my last-ditch hope for distraction.

"Yeah," I sighed, appearing as casual as possible by rummaging through a stack of blank papers. "I got tired of the blond-and-dark-roots look. Well, the last report's not here; so I'll find it and bring it to your office." The big stud would not leave—or break my gaze. He kept talking about my hair, my outfit and my exem-

plary work habits. Worst of all, I was so aroused, I couldn't wait another second for climactic relief.

Daniel continued to ramble; so I smiled politely and reached for a pencil. My nonny was throbbing. Even before the lead hit the sharpener's hole, love liquid was seeping down into the crack of my ass. I was thoroughly lubed and ready for a jolt. Subtly, I shifted my cushiony rump so the cheeks would help muffle any grinding sound. Vibrations shot up my flue and jolted my spinal cord. I couldn't help stiffening. A puzzled look twisted Daniel's expression, and his tell-tale nostrils flared.

He asked, "Do you hear a buzzing? Could be some loose wiring." I nodded in silent agreement, stifling the screams of ecstasy threatening to leap from my slightly parted lips. The pencil was slowly growing shorter; by the time I hit eraser, orgasm was imminent. Believe me, I've got the timing down pat.

Daniel simply shrugged off his electrical concerns and returned to rambling about productivity and tax rates and adjustments. To my ears, he was begging me to sit on his face and swallow his angry fuck stick. I rode the sharpener hard, clamping down on the cold metal. Convulsions consumed my sex. Keeping my eyes away from the front of Daniel's pants was impossible. First, I shot a darting glance to his prodigious package; then I focused more intently, realizing something stirred beneath the flannel. The sneaky bastard must have cut a hole in his pocket, because he was whacking off right into that expensive, three-piece suit!

We looked at each other in intense recognition and continued our chat about the company's future earnings. Suddenly, I ran out of pencil—and came. Ferocious tremors ignited my very core. I improvised to hide the wash of pleasure that engulfed me from head to toe.

"Oh, oh, ohhhh," I moaned. "I know where I placed that file, I shoved it in my tight little cabinet." Dirty office talk was enough for Daniel. He broke into a visible sweat and clenched his teeth. Later, I broke into his office and found his ruined pair of silk boxers in the trash can. I sucked the drying splooge from the fly. Tastes good, Daniel; I hope you'll read this letter and ask me out for dinner. I'll bring extra shorts for both of us. —P. L. Carbondale, Illinois

Send your sexperiences to HUSTLER Hot Letters, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.



"Just a minute, sugar-gotta call my HMO and see if they cover busted cunts...,"



Restrictive attitudes in the name of so-called morality increasingly take the fun out of fucking. Through good, old-fashioned homespun knowledge, hearsay, scientific facts and outright lies, this series strives to spread the word that rubbing uglies is a beautiful experience

Missing Meat

THE DREAD AND DISMAY OF THE DICKLESS

BY ROS GROSS . ILLUSTRATION BY JIM BLANCHARD

Curious, horny Janet responds to an ad in the back of a local newspaper, fulfilling Jim and Dolly Hanfield's longstanding fantasy of a ménage à trois. Having passed AIDS tests and acquainting themselves over a candlelight dinner, Jim, Dolly and Janet are a three-piece puzzle of penis and pussies, balling with abandon at the Hanfield's apartment.

Jim plunges his meat sword into Janet's tight, young clam, then into Dolly's hungry mouth. "Do you like the taste of another woman's pussy juices?" Jim asks. In response, Dolly swallows his balls.

Janet spills her fat tits out of her bra and laps Dolly from bunghole to bellybutton. Janet's appetite for snizz isn't sated until Dolly erupts in an explosive orgasm. Jim, watching his wife gasp and shudder in ecstasy, uncorks his cum cannon and blows a fusillade of jizz ropes onto Janet's jugs.

Ten minutes later, the three lusty libidos are ready for a second round of fucking. To stay hard, Jim grabs a handful of rubber bands and wraps them around the base of his schlong. Dolly raises her ass in the air, eager to be the first to swallow his throbber.

Three hours of piston pumping and cunt lapping later, Jim, Dolly and Janet bask in the afterglow of a dream come true. Spent and satisfied, Jim drifts off to sleep in a state of bliss, having plunged his pork into all available orifices of two frenzied fuck dolls. Unfortunately, Jim forgets about the rubber bands wound tightly around his swollen dork.

At 6 a.m., Dolly awakens in a fuckme-again frenzy and nearly has Jim's wanker in her mouth when she notices in the dawn's blue light that his dong is blue-black. The rubber bands, which cut so deeply into Jim's cock meat that they are no longer visible, have restricted the flow of blood into Jim's bone. Gangrenous, slightly ripe-smelling, Jim's seven-inch dick is still hard.

At a nearby hospital, the threat that a fatal infection will move into Jim's bladder prompts emergency-room doctors to recommend immediate amputation.

Jim's once-proud penis is now a two-inch stub when fully erect. Jim can still fuck Dolly, and he can still ejaculate, but he prays for the return of the five inches of salami he lost that fateful night.

* * *

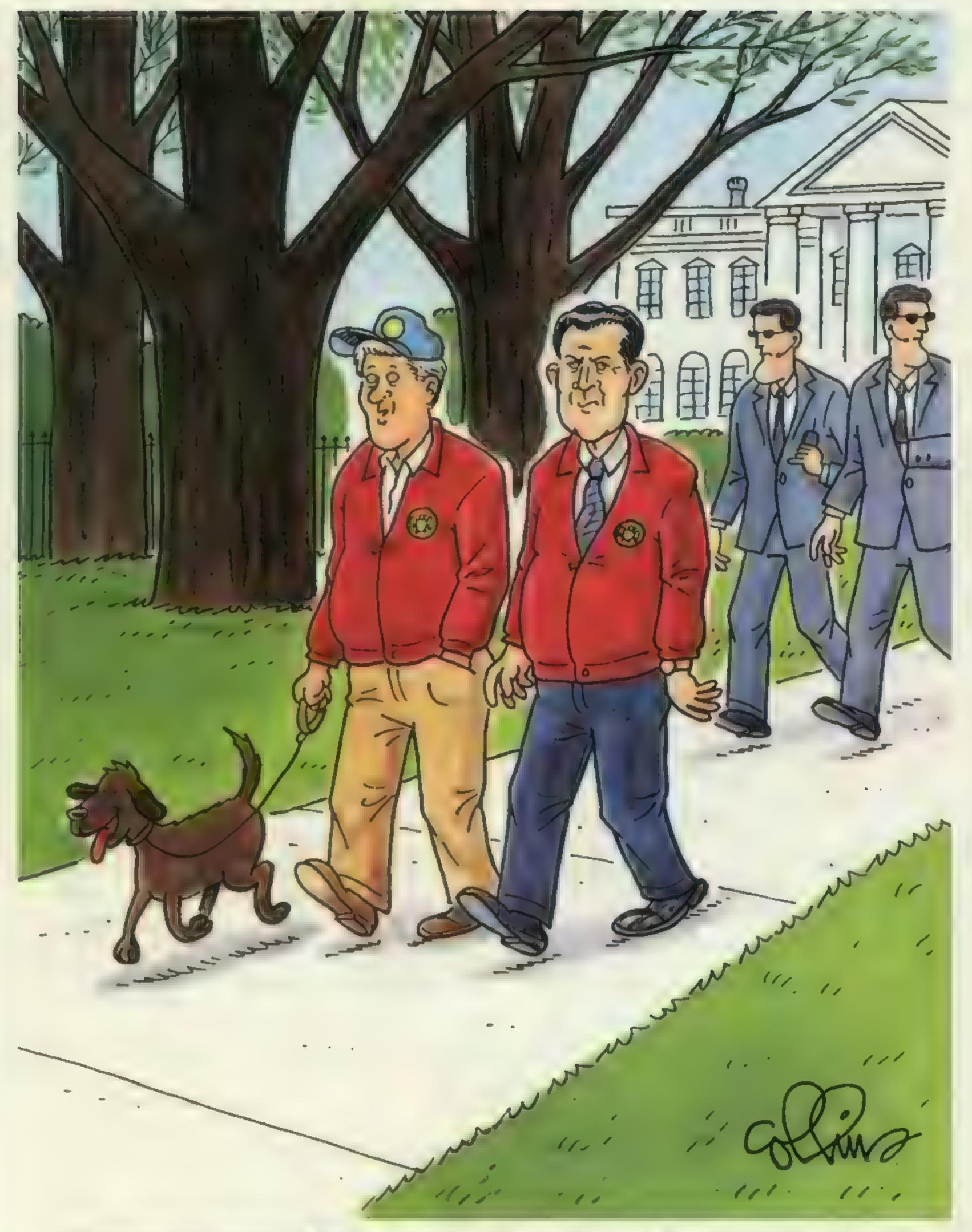
Among the unluckiest men in the world, males who have lost their defining fifth limb to accident or illness find that life goes on—at least for those who don't commit suicide outright.

Medical science has not yet devised a way to return five inches of dead penis tissue to Jim Hanfield, but painstaking microsurgery techniques have been developed to reunite traumatically severed schweens with their discomfited owners. Using microfilaments in tedious, time-consuming procedures, doctors can mend sensitive dick tissues almost cell by cell, making the in-and-out more than a memory for many men who feared that time in the sack was a thing of the past.

While medicine has made impressive advances, plastic surgery on an amputated penis is costly and rare; fewer than 100 such procedures have been performed. Restored sexual function is far from a sure thing.

"Typically, these people will not get nervous regrowth," says Dr. Howard Devore, a clinical psychologist and licensed sex therapist. "The penis won't stand up and get hard and come like they may be used to. They will have something hanging between their legs, something they can pee through, but it's rarely something that has the full





"If you want to be President, Al, learn from my mistakes. If an intern blows you, have her whacked immediately."



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Sex Play Penis removal is a favored revenge technique among women who have decided that death is too good for their variously lying, cheating, scheming, abusing, gambling or hard-drinking pricks.

range of sexual functions.

"There is a population out there that are happy with their genital surgeries," adds Devore, "but I usually see those who have had trouble."

For John Wayne Bobbitt, having his penis sliced off by his irate wife, Lorena, was perhaps the best thing that ever happened to him, bringing national renown and starring roles in skin flicks. Not all men who survive run-ins with a rabid bitch's razor blade share such good fortune.

When Alan Hall was released from prison after serving four years for the strangling death of Denise Denofrio, he seemed to have no problem scoring a piece of ass. Hall claimed a woman who identified herself only as Brenda approached him at a gas station and suggested they go back to his place. After having sex, Brenda invoked the name of Denofrio and cut Hall's penis off. At first, police surmised that Hall's attacker was a vengeful friend of Denofrio's who waited ten years to exact her revenge. But one week later, Hall admitted he mutilated himself with a hobby knife. Paramedics recovered Hall's man meat, but attempts to reattach it were unsuccessful.

In Bangkok, Thailand, when 22-yearold Kowit Bamrungna decided to take a second wife, he provoked the crazed rage of his 27-year-old current wife, Duan. Kowit awoke one night to find Duan sawing away at his pecker with a sharp object; she fled into the night with the butchered organ. Kowit, bleeding too badly to give chase, checked himself into the Police General Hospital instead.

At the hospital, a pre-op transvestite was moved by Kowit's plight and announced that he would donate his about-to-be-removed penis to the young man, who was facing a lifetime with a bobbed bone. Three days later, Kowit became the world's first successful penis transplant.

Penis removal is a favored revenge technique among women who have decided that death is too good for their variously lying, cheating, scheming, abusing, gambling or hard-drinking pricks.

Even so, some penises are cut off without the assistance of psycho females. A surprisingly large number of clumsy, bumbling, addie-headed men only wish they had a jealous spouse to blame for parting ways with their penises.

A 51-year-old man from Long Branch, New Jersey, almost bled to death when he tried to use a vacuum cleaner to give himself a blowjob. The man, who police officials declined to identify, did not realize that a whirling blade immediately inside the hose opening pushes dust into a collection bag. For him, whacking off meant losing the tip of his dick.

Doctors at Monmouth Medical Center were able to staunch the bleeding, but couldn't graft the severed portion, retrieved from the vacuum cleaner, back onto the man's penis. Extremely drunk at the time, the victim was not able to remember the incident.

Domingo Morales, fearful that if the truth were known, he would be institutionalized, originally told New York City police that a prostitute severed his penis. In actuality, Morales, who makes guitars, had the neck of a guitar between his legs and was shaving the wood with a knife when the blade slipped and cut clear through his cock into his thigh.

Doctors were unable to reattach Morales's penis. They couldn't find it in time. In his excited state, Morales forgot that he had put his love pump into a Tupperware container in his cluttered kitchen.

A Wauwatosa, Wisconsin, man was lying on his back, working under a lawnmower that was up on blocks. The rotor blades which was a lot."

turned unexpectedly and severed his wang.

Four plastic surgeons worked for nine hours to attach the severed tissue. Lacking experience in penis reconstruction, the team of doctors sewed the penis onto blood vessels in the man's arm until a reattachment operation could be performed a week later by a specialist.

Many of the surgical techniques used today in reattachment procedures were pioneered on wounded soldiers in battle-field hospitals.

"I was bleeding from a wound in my ass. I didn't notice that my dick was hanging by a thread," states Mel Lebed, a 70-year-old ex-Army sergeant who fought in Italy during World War II. "My jeep hit a landmine. If I hadn't been drunk, I would have died."

Medics packed Lebed's groin in ice while they drove 12 miles to a medical hospital. Three doctors worked for ten hours to reattach and reconstruct Lebed's mangled manhood. "It works pretty good, even if it looks like a pickle slice," says Lebed. "I wonder if I wasn't a guinca pig when I read about the new surgeries to make guys longer. One thing I do know, my doctors made the most of what they had to work with, which was a lot."

PORNO PORNO

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES BAES "I guess I'm too naive," laments sunworshiping slattern Josic, "Men always exploit my kind, generous nature Yesterday, I was lying by my pool, minding my own business. My neighbor, Mr. Stackpole, came over. He claimed my sunbathing habits disrupted his family gatherings, I told him I was sorry. Mr. Stackpole grabbed my hand, put it on his boner and said, 'My wife refuses to satisfy me, Josie." Josie rubs sunscreen into her tanned breasts. "I pulled down his shorts and tongued his nuts. It was the least I could do. Mr. Stackpole was really grateful, but now every guy on the block tells me sob stories about their sex life. I offer them handjobs, but I can't ruin my reputation by giving out another sympathy b.j." Josie removes her bikini bottoms and exposes her neatly trimmed cooze. "I may be the neighborhood slut, but I'm not the village idiot." HUSTLER



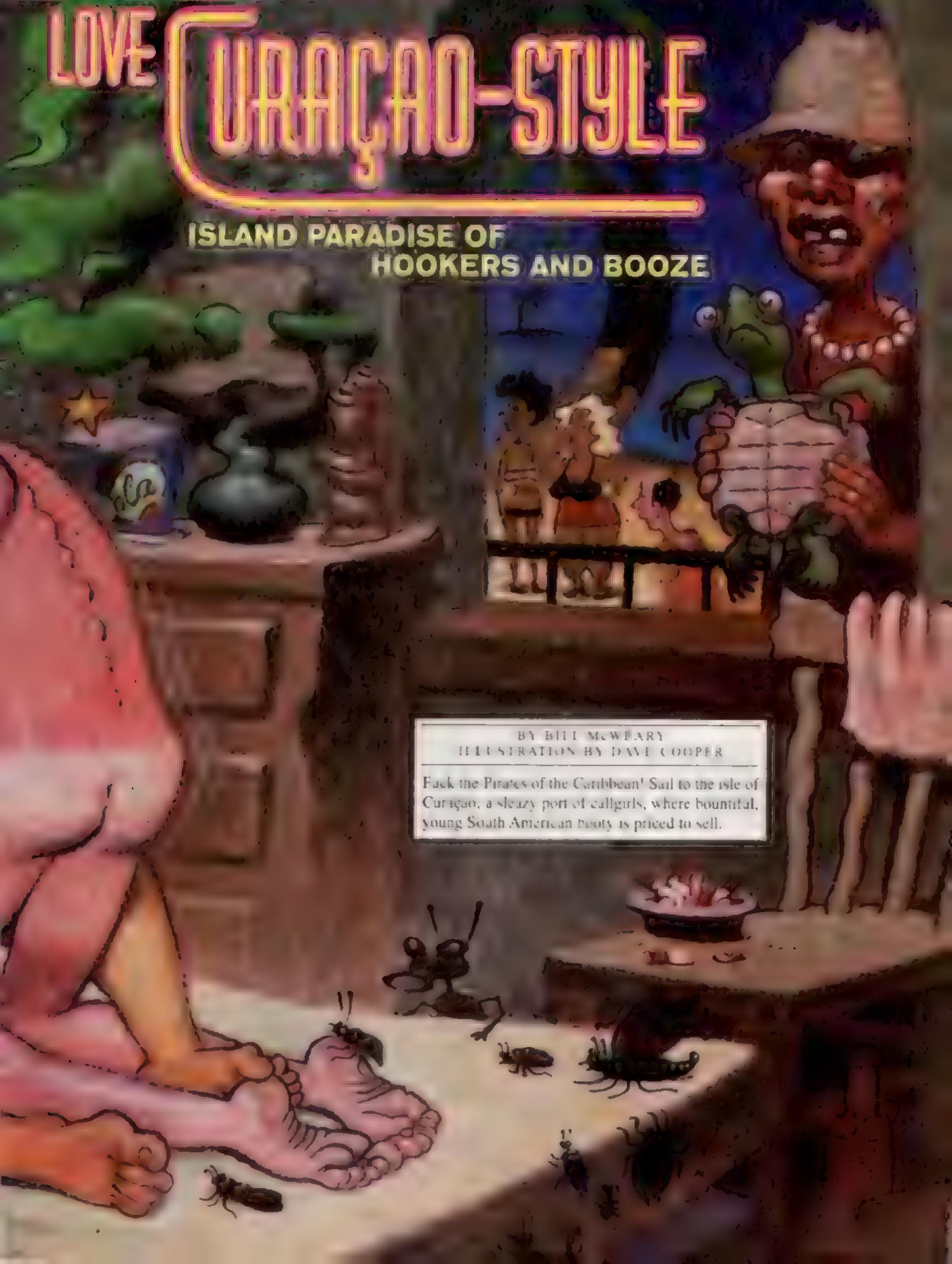












Curação I scan the room to eye the whore's competition. At 50 bucks a pop, I want my money's worth. Finally, I snuff out my smoke and nod to my lady friend. "Let's go."

A fresh-faced, young whore hikes up her skirt and sits on a toilet as I enter the bathroom. The peeing pretty rests one hand on her knee and uses the other to swig a Corona. There is no door on her stall, and although I try not to stare, she makes eye contact with me and winks. I stand over a urinal in the tiny bathroom and try to piss through a now-creet cock. The whore smiles sweetly and pushes off the bowl, opening her pussy to shake free stubborn drops of druzzle. Does she expect to fuck me right here in the shutter? Apparently not. The slattern pulls her pink, terry-cloth skirt down over her ample hips. She applies fresh lipstick in a cracked mirror above a rust-stained sink, winks again, then exits.

Relieved, intrigued, I return to the bar at the Stelaris Hotel and order another rum and Coke, my fourth.

Curação is one of the three southernmost Caribbean islands, lying just 12° north of the equator, only two and a half hours by air from Miami. The island enjoys a warm, sunny climate, and refreshing trade winds blow steadily from the east.

Dutch and Spanish colonizers have left a deep imprint on Curação; forts, wellpreserved plantation houses and cobblestone streets lend the city an old-world ambiance. A dozen well-appointed hotels serve the downtown area, where rooms can be had for anywhere from \$50 to \$250 a night.

My pissing friend from the bathroom at the Stelaris sidles up to me and throws her arm around my shoulder. "Usted me comprará una bebida?" Dumbfounded, I pull a Marlboro red from a soft pack, my last one, shrug my shoulders and light the smoke. "Usted me comprará una bebida?" she repeats forcefully.

"No se," I reply, summoning up the ghosts of junior-high-school Spanish.

"She want that you buy her drink," the Chinese bartender translates. The whore orders something clear with a squeeze of lime, no ice. She downs the drink in one gulp. Braced, her eyes watering, and ready to go to work, she slides her hand up the leg of my Bermuda shorts and curls her painted fingers up and under my balls to tickle the tip of my dick. "You must have been a pianist before you were a whore," I remark, assuming she won't understand

The Stelans Hotel is a renowned hooker hangout a block away from Punda Harbor, the highest-trafficked tourist spot on the island of Curação. At sunset, while Grandma and Grandpa Johannson saunter back to the Norwegian Cruise Line ship docked in the harbor, I eye the plethora of

South American girls who sit at the bar in metal folding chairs like shy prom queens waiting to be asked to dance. A string of shabby, red lights illuminates the interior of the once-opulent lounge. Most fallendown hotels become victims to vermin; the Stelaris has become a whore-infested palace of pleasure.

All along the length of the bar, European and American men in short-sleeved shirts sit with whores. The bar doors swing open and shut with the comings and goings of men paired with their slutty dates for the evening. All norms of civilized public behavior are suspended here. I rub my palms against the girl's tits, checking for size and shape. The merchandise feels firm. She wears a long dress and a tight top that accentuates her softball-size sacks. She looks to be about 20 years old, even though her fake eyelashes and dragon-lady makeup make her look like an aging showgirl.

I scan the room to eye the whore's competition. At 50 bucks a pop, I want my money's worth. Finally, I snuff out my smoke and nod to my lady friend. "Let's go." We walk out the front door and up a metal staircase that winds precariously around the side of the two-story tenement. I climb the stairs, which squeak in protest at every step. The heat outside coats my skin in a sheen of sweat.

Inside a dark room on the second floor. I kick off my shoes, drop my drawers and wait for the grand unveiling. The hooker's tits are large; unfortunately, her hips are larger. I sit on the edge of a squeaky bed. The cheap trick wraps a rubber around my rod and bangs the bone several times against her outstretched tongue. She climbs aboard the bed and straddles my horse. I worry about the creaky box spring. Will it sustain her weight?

The girl bounces on my dong like a monkey leaping for a suspended suitease. She reaches beneath my legs and frantically fondles my balls, as if searching for spare change between sofa cushions.

I grab her bountiful boobs and juggle the fun sacks. Sweat pours off the whore's chest and onto my heaving gut. After two minutes of heavy-duty humping, the bed gives way. I fall to the floor, and the whore collapses on top of me like a linebacker making a goal-line stand, shouting something in Spanish that I understand too late. I have come to rest in a puddle of spum spewed by previous customers.

I fling the condom against a far wall and forgo my chance to come. I pay the slut, grab my clothes and dress on the landing.

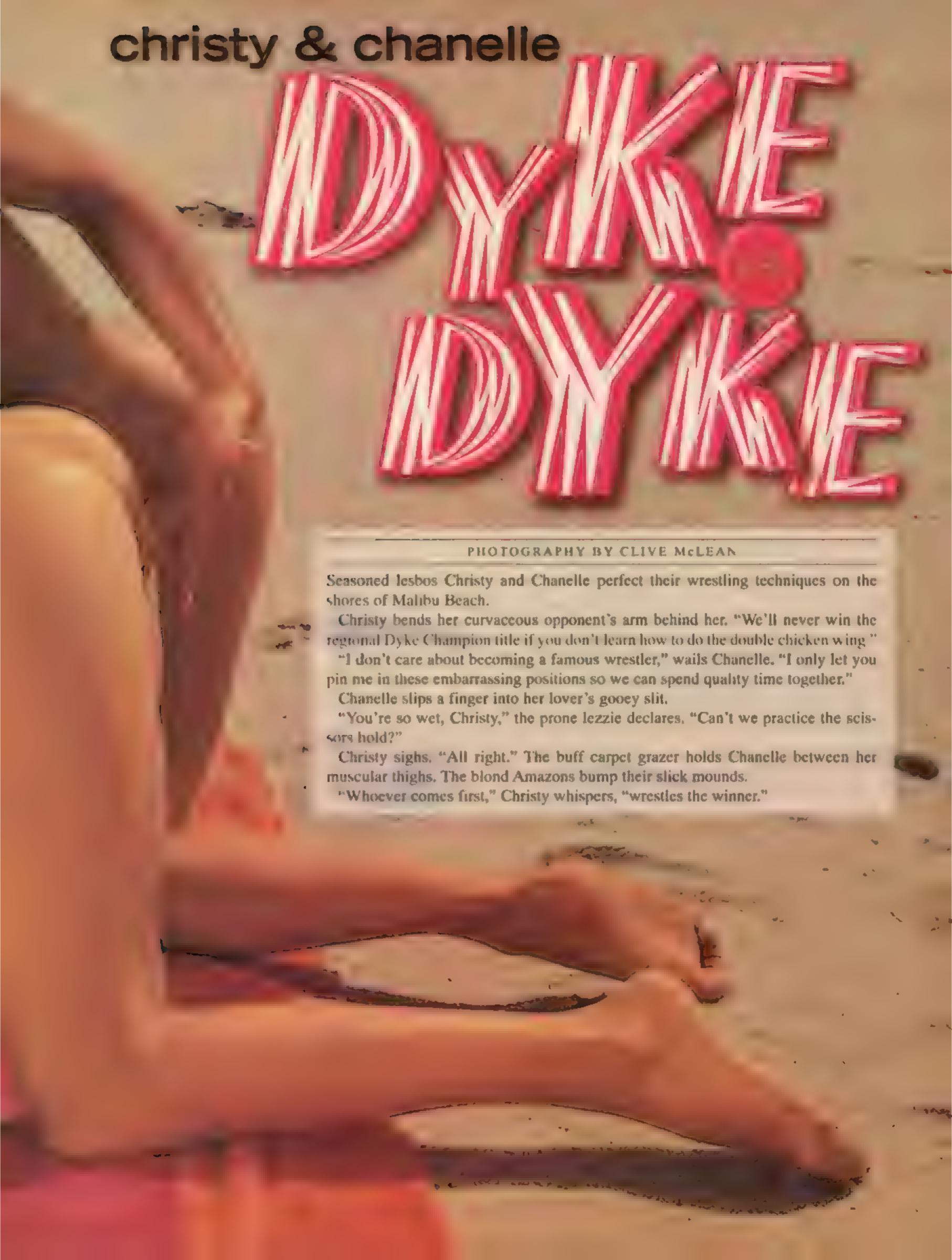
(continued on page 70)





"Let me get this straight, Chelsea. You want to sue Monica Lewinsky for swallowing your brother?"

















(continued from page 60)

Curação After dinner, once the old lady's been bedded down for the night, men, taking much-needed vacations from matrimonial quim, hit the strip clubs that start churning up hormones at midnight.

I flee to the relative safety of the street. My shirt sticks to my chest in the overbearing humidity.

In a stroke of bad fortune, I have left the headlights burning in my rented, twodoor Fiat and killed the battery; this is the perfect opportunity to grab a Grolsch at a nearby bar and plot the rest of my trip. The island journey has just begun.

Curação is an unsung vacation destination for modern-day whoring pirates sailing the Caribbean. Thirty-eight miles north of Venezuela on the South American coast, the moustache-shaped hunk of land is only 38 miles long and five miles wide. Curação, unlike the palm-tree-lined, picture-postcard spots usually associated with the Caribbean, is a desert—a rock, actually. The rock is inhabited by 160,000 mostly black people who speak either Dutch, English, Spanish or a spicy Creole language called Papiamento.

Settled by the Dutch in 1634, Curação remains to this day a prime vacation spot for Hollanders itching to get away from the pot and prostitutes of their homeland.

Throughout the 18th and early 19th centuries, Curação was a prime destination for slave traders and pirates. Fort Nassau and Fort Amsterdam are two standing examples of the lengths to which

Curação natives went to protect their wealth and women against invading marauders.

Today, Curação's most famous exports are the orange-peel liqueur that bears its name and Andruw Jones, center fielder for the Atlanta Braves. Tourism, of course, plays an integral role in the economy.

By day, tourists stroll along Punda, the Caribbean's largest natural harbor, listening to steel-drum music that seeps from every club and storefront. After dinner, once the old lady's been bedded down for the night, men, taking much-needed vacations from matrimonial quim, hit the strip clubs that start churning up hormones at midnight. For the whoring enthusiast, Tasco is a great place to start.

Tasco, like many discos in Curação, doesn't feature stripping, but provides tourists with a harem of 50 different girls working their way through college on their backs. Some are svelte, wearing designer jeans and tank tops; others spill their tits out onto the tiny, Formica tables as they chat up foreigners. One girl, the size and shape of the Stay-Puft marshmallow man, wears a skirt that could probably tent a battalion of soldiers. Since the chiquitas speak little English, money remains the universal language.

The Dutch guilder is the island's mone-

tary unit. One hundred guilders (about \$53 U.S.) buys sex for an hour. Two hundred guilders leases a chick for the entire night. Locals pay less, but Americans always pay full price.

I shoot tequila at Tasco's bar. Girls peddle pussy over the pounding salsa beat, leaving if no immediate interest is shown. Time, in addition to trim, is money. The more Cuervo I consume, the more weight the fat girl seems to lose. After six shots, every chick is as pretty as Daisy Fuentes.

A hooker wearing jeans and a baggy, denim top approaches. A purse hangs from her neck, covering her stomach. "Mi nombre es Carmen," she says. Carmen claims to be a schoolgirl visiting from Colombia. I study the gaps in her teeth and imagine filling each cavity with thick, white, tequila-saturated semen.

Drunk, confident in my atrocious language skills, I teeter toward the whore and whisper into her ear what I plan to do to her. What was intended as a suave pickup line comes out sounding something like, "Ayaba-miento-en-el-loco-de-coco."

Carmen smiles sweetly, takes my hand and escorts me from the bar. We stroll like lovers down a narrow alley that in any major American city would have me clutching my wallet and running for my life. On Curação, the black figures skulking in the shadows are simply there to protect their investments.

Carmen unlocks a wrought-iron gate that leads to a tiny, wooden door. Inside, a room the size of a bed tops out at 800°. A fan roars at the foot of the bare mattress, and I marvel at its furious inefficiency.

The rented piece of ass kneads my shoulders and urges me to sit as she unbuttons my pants and pulls my trousers to the floor. She tugs the T-shirt off my back and tweaks my nipples. Wasting no time, she removes her purse and then her blouse to reveal large, floppy tits. Her elongated nipples are the size and shape of Nerf footballs and black like Frenchroast coffee. Long, horizontal stretch marks on her belly reveal either a recent pregnancy or a map to the long-lost treasure of Sierra Madre.

I have second thoughts about renting this snaggletoothed slut's services. Perhaps sensing my disappointment, Carmen quickly rolls a condom onto my cock and taps my shoulder like a tag-team wrestler. She points between her open legs, where her hairy, black-lipped hole looks more like a slumbering tarantula than a warm pussy.

I close my eyes and sink my ship inside her oily bay. I pump for a second, and the hooker's cunt loosens with wetness.



"I love it when you suck my dick. It's the only time when you shut the fuck up."



"Gee, hon-couldn't we just cuddle?"

Curação We attempt conversation to cover that awkward, self-aware moment when a man realizes he's just fucked a hooker and wonders if condoms really prevent the spread of AIDS.

After only a few minutes of high-speed bucking, Carmen reaches down and rubs my nuts, summoning semen like a genie from a bottle. Out of a sense of duty, I blow inside the condom and dismount.

I wipe sweat from my brow and quickly dress in the room's half-light. Carmen smiles again, and we attempt conversation to cover that awkward, self-aware moment when a man realizes he's just fucked a hooker and wonders if condoms really prevent the spread of AIDS. When the half-Spanish chitchat dissolves into a litany of no comprendes, Carmen takes my hand and walks me out of the room. She forgoes a pussy bath in her determination to get back to business. Inside Tasco, Carmen kisses me on both cheeks and ships off in search of fresh semen.

I order a victory tequila and bum a Mariboro from a German tourist who, sprawled in a red-vinyl booth, also seems to be savoring the afterglow of a run-in with a whore. A girl tugs on my shirt from behind. I turn, and she smiles. Fucked-out for now, I smile back and shake my head. Another girl pulls on the collar of my shirt and laughs. I smile self-consciously as a steady stream of prostitutes tugs at my shirt and laughs.

In some African tribes, a boy who loses

stick to signify his entrance into manhood. I feel as if I've crossed into the realm of manly virility as the hookers tug on my Tshirt with amused, ear-to-ear smiles.

One shot of tequila later, I look down and realize my shirt is inside-out.

Thanks to the liberal influence of the Dutch, all major vices are well represented in Curação. Gambling, drugs and pussy can all be had at the drop of a guilder. Ten minutes from the island's only airport is a cozy place called the Mirage. Known in the 1940s as Campo Allegre, the complex of barracks was a military base until a battalion of scraggly hookers stormed the decrepit shacks to fight the war against blueballs.

Admission to the carnal compound costs two guilders (\$1.10). Inside the cement structure, several rows of rooms reveal a variety of girls—each winking and clicking her lips to attract a visitor's attention. A toothy blowjob can be had for ten bucks; \$30 buys a 20-minute suckand-fuck.

Condoms accompany all sexual contact, but most girls allow an exterior cumshot as long as the man aims low and spritzes the tits. Hitting a hustler's face or worse, her hair—is taboo in the pay-

per-screw code of conduct. his virginity is then beaten by locals with a

"You're blond, and you have big tits. Why are you wasting your time in college?"

Curação's hookers hail from many South American countries, especially Colombia, Venezuela and Ecuador. Girls are shipped to the island under the supervision of club owners (read: pimps), such as Hector Domingo, manager of the Classy Lady strip club in Curação.

"I have friends who recruit girls from the mainland [South America] and send them north," Hector says in halting English. "The girls start here in Curação, since it's so close. After they've learned some English from the turistas, we send

them through the chain."

The chain of hookers starts in Curação and winds through Aruba, St. Martin and Costa Rica, sometimes reaching as far north as Key West. After several months slurping semen, the South American girls return home with as much as \$1,000 U.S. in their bootlegged Levis. Many of these working girls will then spend their cocksucking cash on drugs and clothes. Others save their money to go to school in their native lands or to migrate to the United States and meet up with family members.

Hector introduces me to Rosa, a 22year-old Colombian hooker who speaks some English. Rosa tells me that she longs to join her mother working in America. "But I needs to save enough money for the trip," she says. Siphoning semen, Rosa admits with a gap-toothed grin, beats scrubbing toilets.

The workers inside the Classy Lady are all-night girls, caliente senoritas who will fuck the night away in any man's hotel room for \$150. Unlike the hourly workers, anything goes with the all-nighters, including facials and anal sex. The downside? The lucky stud has to wait until the girls' stripping shifts are over-usually after 4 a.m.—to initiate a one-on-one.

Onstage at the Classy Lady, an 18year-old, Colombian girl, sporting a rose tattoo an inch above her clit, wraps her bare legs around a greasy, brass pole. She performs a nine-song, fully nude set that features only one song replayed over and over: Shania Twain's sappy "You're Still the One."

The Colombian slut's performance begins with a ceremonial spraying of Moët champagne onto her naked body and climaxes when she shoves the neck of the bottle-tinfoil and all-inside her sparkling, wet pussy. The swarthy men in the Classy Lady cheer, "Bon! Bon!"

At the end of the night, when the stripclub waitresses announce last call, the dancers turn into hookers. Four in the morning, high on white grain and selecting from the quickly dwindling supply of

(continued on page 122)





lictoria Cellant a Cargain PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT "I'm not a tease," reveals recently deflowered Victoria, "I just loved having the tightest hole in town. Last night at a party, I finally caved in and let this guy named Mark de-virginize me." Victoria slides two fingers inside her newly christened fuck tunnel, "Mark's cock was so huge, I'm afraid my little twat has lost its grip. Two days ago, I could barely squeeze one-finger inside me; now I can almost fit three." Victoria spreads her flesh petals "Most girls want to be pumped raw by some big dick. I need a gentle guy with a small prick so I'll always stay kind of a virgin."



















An avid outdoorsman, Charles decided to join a fancy hunting lodge. Ned, the lodge leader, offered to show the new member around the club.

"That old man in the chair by the fireplace is Blake," Ned explained, "He can tell you some hunting stories you'll never forget,"

Ned asked the elder sportsman to relate one of his famous adventures.

"Back in 1944," Blake began, "I was hunting lions in Africa. I'd been on foot for three days without seeing a thing. By the fourth day, I was so tired, I laid my gun down and fell asleep under a tree. Suddenly, I was awakened by a rustling in the bushes." The old codger leaped from his chair. "I reached for my gun, when the biggest lion I've ever seen jumped out of the brush at me like this: Rooaarr! I tell you, I just shit my pants!"

"I don't blame you," Charles marveled. "I would have shit my pants if a lion jumped out at me."

Blake shook his head. "No, not then. Just now when I said Rooaarr."

Mary went to the doctor complaining of body odor.

"Do you wash?" the medic asked the rank young girl.

"Oh, yes," Mary answered. "Each morning, I start at my head and wash down as far as possible. Then I start at my feet and wash as far up as possible."

"Well," the physician concluded, "go home and wash possible."

Question: How do you keep a black man out of your backyard?

Answer: Hang one in the front.

A leather fag walked into a dentist's office, pulled down his pants and spread his ass in the doctor's face.

"What the hell are you doing?" the stunned professional cried. "I'm a dentist!"

"I know," the burly queer replied. "There's a tooth stuck in there."

Bob walked into a diner and ordered a bowl of chili.

"Sorry, mister." The waitress gestured to a man seated next to Bob at the counter. "He ordered the last bowl."

Bob asked for a cup of coffee instead. After a few sips, Bob noticed the guy next to him had finished his lunch, but left his bowl of chili half full.

"Are you going to eat that?" Bob asked.

The man slid the chili across the counter. "Be my guest, pal."

Bob devoured the warm food. After taking three huge bites, he bit into a dead mouse. The man at the counter watched as Bob retched into the bowl.

"Yup," he nodded, "that's about as far as I got too."

Question: What did one pedophile say to the other?
Answer: "Do you have two fives for a ten?"

An attractive woman turned to a man in a business suit standing behind her in a hotel elevator.

"Excuse me," she asked, "are you Donald Trump?" The man smiled. "As a matter of fact, I am."

"I've always wanted to meet you, Mr. Trump," she gushed. "Would you like to come back to my room? I'll kneel in front of you, pull out your cock, suck it until you have a giant hard-on, then suck it some more until you come all over my face. How does that sound?"

"Well, I don't know," Trump shrugged. "What's in it for me?"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines slapadicktome as: a blonde's favorite surgery.

Doctor Potts was making his morning rounds at the sanitarium. He noticed a patient kneeling on his bed with his ear pressed to the wall. When the shrink returned for his afternoon rounds, the man still hadn't moved. Day after day, the psychiatrist watched while the crazy guy listened intently to the wall.

Finally, the baffled shrink entered the patient's room and pressed his own ear against the partition.

"I don't hear anything," the doctor declared.

"I know!" the patient exclaimed. "It's been that way for months."

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"Senator, there is a call on line two from a Mr. Flynt."

CHARACTE SIRALE



BASKING IN THE GLOW OF PORN'S GOLDEN AGE

ROSE-COLORED RETROSPECTIVE BY DAVID BUCHBINDER ILLUSTRATION BY HOWIE DARD

Back in the sinning 170s, skin theks had plots, porn sluts were superstars, and XXX snatch had hair. Videotape laid waste to the era of hard-core blockbusters, then immortalized it



Golden Age "The films were full-blown creative productions. They had a plot, they had people who enjoyed the work and had either ambitions or illusions of being actresses."

"We would make an appearance at the movie theater, and there would be 1,000 people standing in line for an autograph. It was champagne, limos, suites at the Plaza Hotel in New York—absolutely gala events and real movie-star stuff. I don't think that era will ever be again."

> —Marilyn Chambers Legendary Porn Superstar

"People were just having a great time. It was very free. When Sodom & Gomorrah came out in the mid-'70s, it turned into a massive orgy in the theater-in the women's room and the men's room. People were hanging off the walls."

-John Leslie Porn Stud of Yore

"In those days, when I did a film, it played for a week or two weeks or three, and then it was gone. I thought, Well, I'll do one, and no one will really see it. Never in my wildest dreams did I think that all the stuff I did would be committed to videotape for fucking ever."

> -Gloria Leonard Gash From the Past

In the '70s era of sideburns and polyester, of big hair and wide ties, pornography may have been an enfant terrible, but you couldn't be a warehouse guy one day,

it was considered a genre of film.

"The films were full-blown creative productions," says Sam Stetson, a widely regarded porn historian. "They had a plot, they had people who enjoyed the work and had either ambitions or illusions of being actresses. Today's market is flooded with inferior product. Distributors literally don't care about content as long as it sells. They may as well be selling potatoes."

Why would a shift in technology from 35-millimeter-film cameras to video stock trigger a cataclysmic decline in quality?

Video-made filmmaking is too cheap for its own good. Ambitious productions became prohibitively expensive, and distributors found they could demand low prices for product.

Twenty years ago, a videotape might fetch \$60 wholesale. Most videos today sell for between \$10 to \$15. "If that's all you can get from the distributor, you can't be dumping a hundred grand into production," says Jim Holliday, a historian of porn and a house director at VCA.

Point-and-shoot video cameras don't require even a minimum of filmmaking skills and the professionalism that goes with film production, "In the old days,

and become a director a month later," says David Christopher, a golden-era auteur better known to '90s porn purveyors as Pussyman.

A love scene: Annette Haven, wearing only a diamond-studded choker, lies intertwined with Paul Thomas on a canopy bed. In the background, goldstriped, beige-velvet wallpaper conveys pure class.

Haven tenderly fondles and strokes Thomas's cock. A piano tinkles. Thomas traces loops on Haven's pink nipples and gently squeezes her pale breasts, then strokes her face with the back of his hand.

The piano music crests. Flutes reach into high registers. Haven mounts Thomas's bone, Her black hair teases her shoulders. Thomas kneads the milky mounds that are her breasts.

Cut to: An extreme closeup of Thomas's pork plunging into Haven's cunt. A spotlight, most likely a flashlight, wanders across the point of contact, throwing garish light on the glistening pudenda, leaving other regions deep in shadow. Thomas blows a gooey load of sperm onto Haven's wooly bush.

-True Legends of Adult Cinema: The Golden Age VCA Platinum

Perhaps out of an abiding nostalgia for corny plots and tacky furniture, perhaps due to the cult worship of blue-screen divas, today's distributors do a brisk business in classic films. Compilation lines, particularly VCA's True Legends of Adult Cinema, lead the pack.

"This particular series tends to sell very well," says Ed Kail, sales manager for VCA, who notes that, industry-wide, reliable sales figures are hard to come by. but by any measure, the True Legends line sells well.

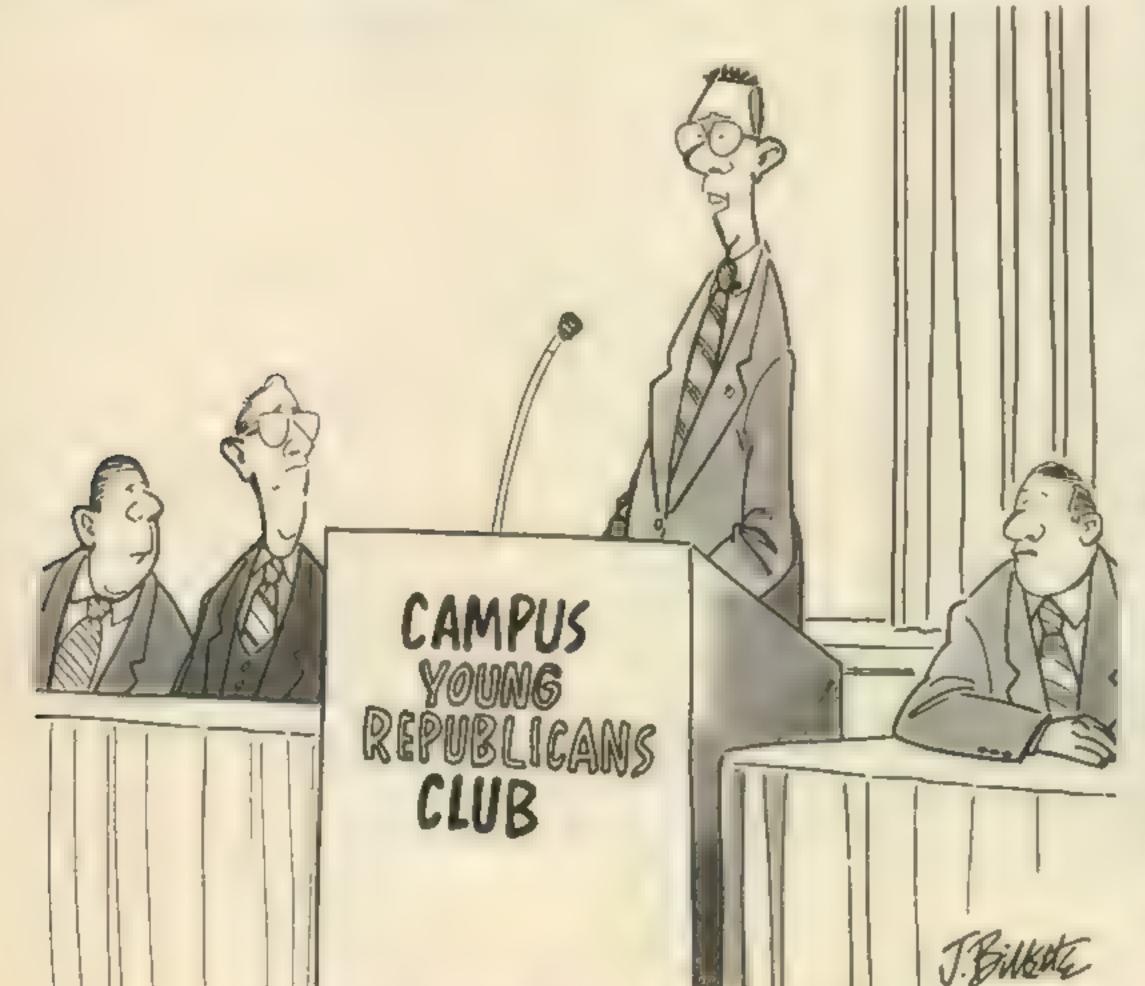
"The public is very curious and has certain stars they want to see." Kail lists Marilyn Chambers, Annette Haven and Vanessa Del Rio as the starlets customers continue to ask for.

"Everyone's looking for Scka," he adds. Names that once graced the marquees of X-rated-movie theaters still put money in the bank.

"You put John Holmes's name on something, it sells," says Ken Lassiter, a merchandiser for Adam & Eve, the largest adult-mail-order outfit in the country.

"There's a collector out there for everybody," says David Naylor, owner of the four-year-old Alpha Blue Archives, a mail-order company based in Oakland, California, About 95% of Alpha Blue's

(continued on page 98)



"Today's topic, as usual: Why don't we get any pussy?"



Free Love for Salls PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT "People call me a tramp, but I prefer the term gypsy," explains choad-crazed drifter Maxine. "Selling my body for money would violate my spiritual beliefs. I live by the barter system." Maxine probes her wet gash. "Yesterday, I pulled into a gas station. A sweet, older man filled my tank. I explained that I didn't have any money. I led him to the men's room, knelt by the urinal and gave him a long, slow blowjob." Maxine sucks on her pussy-slick finger. "He was nice enough to clean my windshield, so I swallowed his load. That hummer gave me enough fuel to make it to the local campground. The lesbians in the next site were happy to share their firewood with me in exchange for a fisting session." The lusty hippie reflects on her unconventional lifestyle. "Not everyone on the road has something to trade. Sometimes I'm forced to accept cash for my services." Maxine rubs her swollen clit. "I know money can't buy love, but my pussy is greedy."

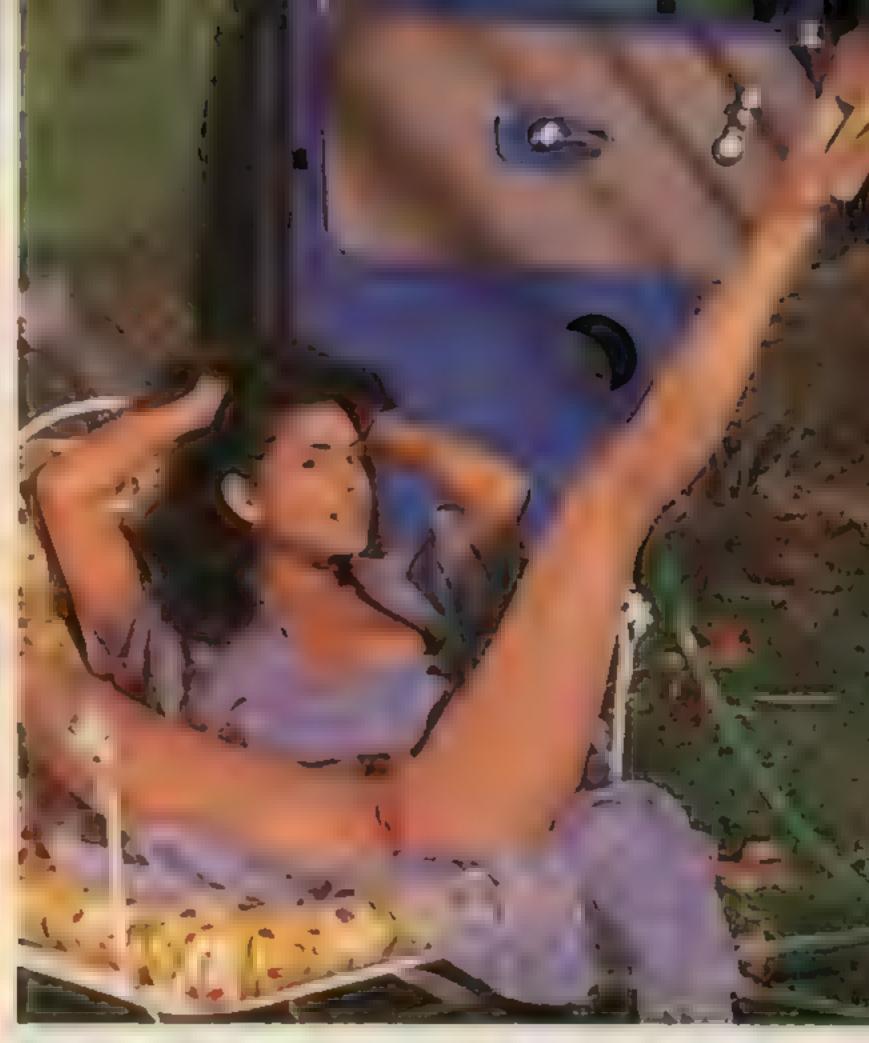


















Golden Age in 1972, Chambers's likeness was chosen to embody cleanliness and purity on the Ivory-soap box. That same year, 99% pure slut Chambers began her X-rated film career.

stock is golden-age porn. Naylor's customers clamor for titles featuring starlets such as Serena, Candy Samples and Uschi Digart, but Naylor finds that content, perhaps as much as star appeal, drives sales.

Following a string of obscenity prosecutions in the mid-'80s, large porn distributors in Los Angeles County agreed not to depict rape and violent sex. As a result, Alpha Blue enjoys a near monopoly on the hard stuff.

Hardgore, a blood-spattered 1973 hardcore horror/sex film, depicts extreme acts of sexual sadism. In one scene, a man shoots a load of nut juice onto a woman's ass as she is beheaded. Hardgore has been out of circulation since its theatrical release, but is available from Alpha Blue.

"Demand is very, very good," Naylor says of the Best of the Roughies line. "If I didn't have those sales, I might not be in business,"

In a mental-hospital dayroom, a woman in a sacklike dress squats on her haunches. Her eyes pop like a frog's. Paint peels from gray-green walls. A man, his face pale as a corpse, stares from a corner, jerking his cock underbackground, a manic synthesizer cas- Thomas and Silvera have moved into pro-

cades up and down scales. Strawberryblond ingenue Jean Jennings crumbles in the corner of the cell. She has been admitted by her Catholic parents for smoking marijuana.

That night, three inmates gang-rape Jennings. They cuff her about the head to silence her squealing. Hendrix-style guitar chords and drumbeats crash in the background. Tears roll down Jennings's face; an inmate's long, hippie hair sweeps over his shoulders as he pounds her virgin pussy. A black hand claps over her mouth; another pins her wrists to the bed. Jennings squirms and whimpers and kicks her legs. Before the third rapist can blow a load on her pale helly, Willie the orderly scatters the attackers and injects Jennings with a sedative. "Shit," he says. "I was hoping to be first."

> —Defiance/1975 Alpha Blue Archives

Porn stars may enjoy enduring fame on video, but only the exceptional performer continues to float in the hard-core talent pool over the course of decades.

Woodsmen such as Joey Silvera, Paul Thomas and Randy West had careers as dependable erections that stretch across neath a white hospital smock. In the the breadth of the industry's existence.

duction, but West, who has appeared in nearly 1,000 films in the past 20 years, is still active. Such longevity is much easier for men to achieve than for women.

Herschel Savage broke into the business in 1976 and starred in Debbie Does Dallas in 1978. Savage quit the business in 1987; ten years later, at the age of 42, he decided to come back.

"I'm working all the time," he says. "My age wasn't an obstacle because I'm in shape. I don't look bad, and I perform. That's the bottom line."

As long as Savage has wood, he has work.

Some female golden-age starlets enjoyed long careers as performers, but they are rare. A few porn sluts survive the transition into careers behind the camera, as in the case of Candida Royalle and Gloria Leonard, If the porn industry is a machine, fresh meat is its fuel.

"I only know two women in the business who work regularly who are over 30," says Savage.

"Reality is reality: At a certain age, this is the wrong business for a woman to be in," says John Leslie, the star of hundreds of adult films who now owns his own production company. "If people wanted to see 60-year-old women in girdles having sex, then that's what we'd have. This business doesn't owe anyone anything."

Superstars with a dedicated corps of fans are the only women who can be confident that they will work past their 20s.

Seka, 45 years old, made a comeback film in 1993, American Garter, and it sold surprisingly well.

"American Garter sold 4,000 units out the door," says Ed Kail of VCA. "That's better than most new releases." VCA plans to bring another starlet out of retirement, though it won't disclose whom, later this year.

Marilyn Chambers, 46 years old and the single mother of an eight-year-old daughter, finished filming Still Insattable, her first hard-core film since 1983, in 1998. In 1972, Chambers's likeness was chosen to embody cleanliness and purity on the Ivory-soap box. That same year, 99% pure slut Marilyn Chambers began her Xrated film career, starring in Behind the Green Door.

"I hate the term comeback," says Chambers, "I never went anywhere.

"When this film comes out, there's going to be plenty of people who are saying, 'She's too fat. She's too old. How dare she do that? Who does she think she is?' As long as it sells, and I'm sure it will, I don't care."

(continued on page 106)



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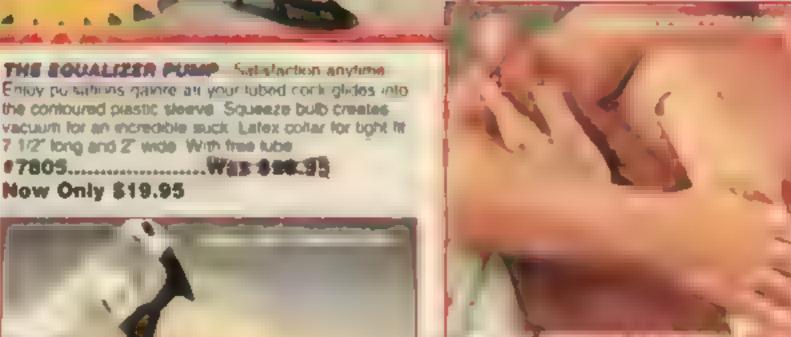


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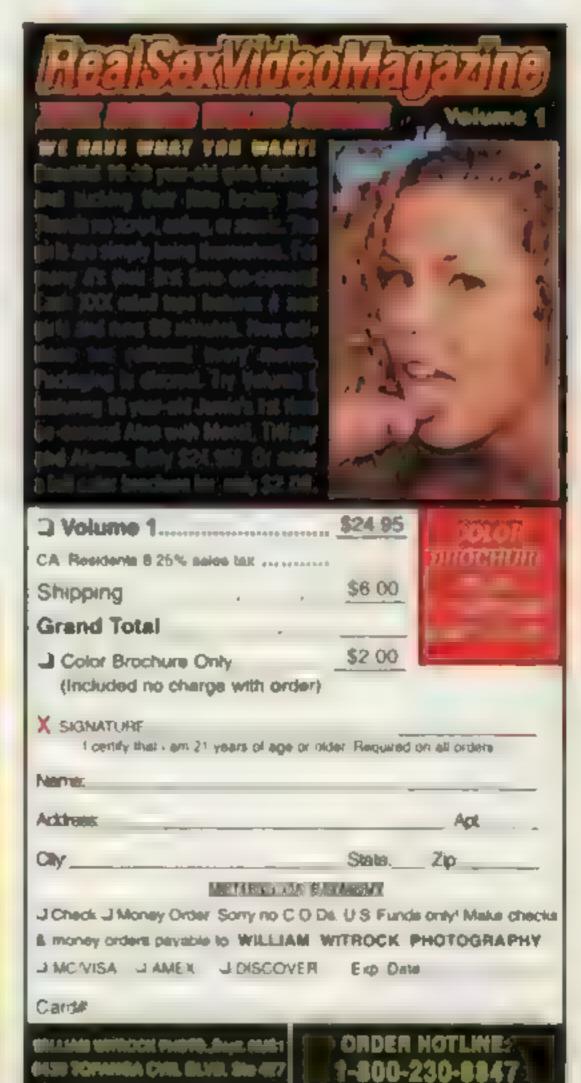












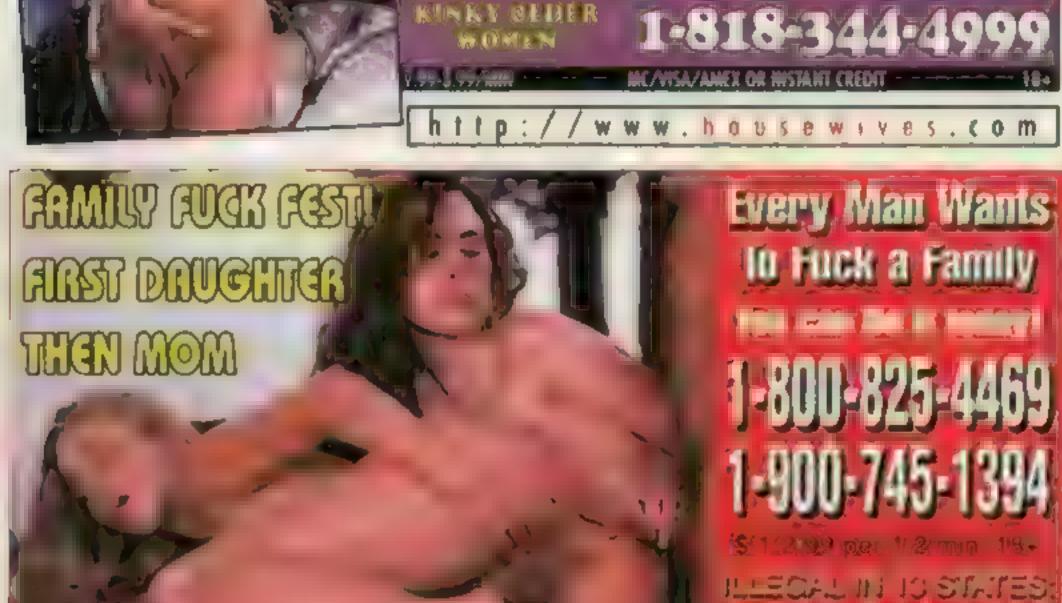
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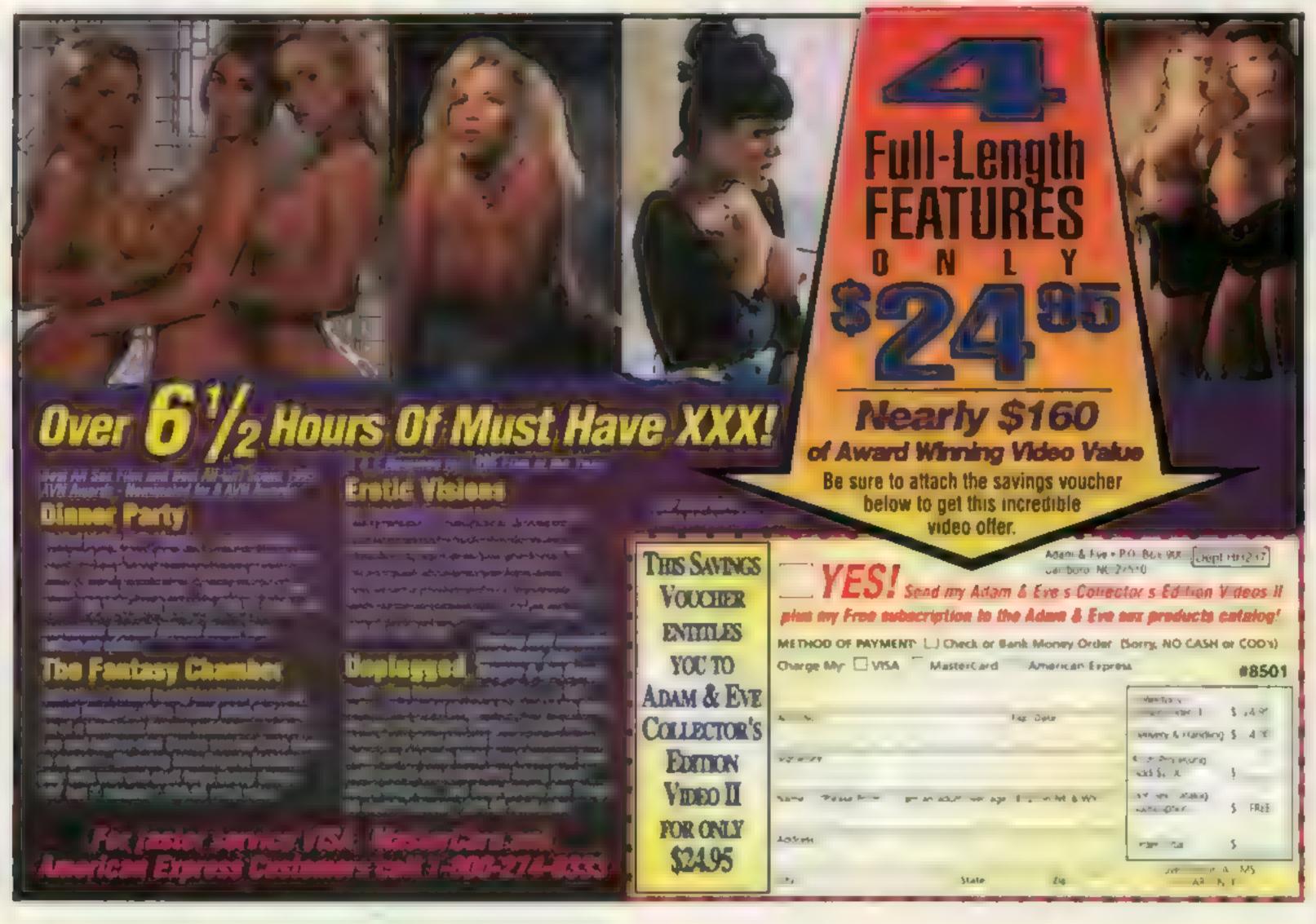










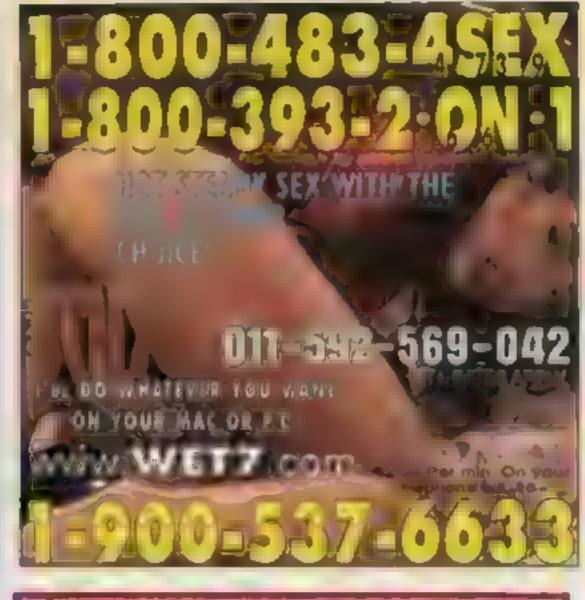




























Golden Age "You don't have stars anymore. In the old days, you didn't have

5,000 girls in 50,000 movies. No one's going to remember today's girls."

Chambers's celebrity has not yet faded, even if she is heavier and has more wrinkles and saggier boobs than the regulation XXX-Barbie clone sucking dick for a living.

At the recent Consumer Electronics Show in Las Vegas, Nevada, the biggest porn-related event of the year, the line of fans at the VCA booth for Chambers's autograph was large even by CES standards.

Chambers worries for the current crop of porn starlets.

"They're relying on this being a fulltime, lifelong career, which is really a sad mistake," she says.

As the nature of porn stardom changes, today's crop of fuck bunnies may not have cult status to fall back on when they are forced into early retirement.

"You don't have stars anymore," says David Christopher, "In the old days, you didn't have 5,000 girls in 50,000 movies. No one's going to remember today's girls."

Posterity may enshrine Jenna Jameson with legendary status. Possibly Shane will stand out in the crowded porn-star field. Marilyn Chambers achieved renown by taking John Holmes's gargantuan penis in her ass. Today's porn chicks match that feat five times before fixed around his throat.

breaking for lunch in a ho-hum day at the mattress, and no one blinks an eye.

"I feel bad, because I know what's going to happen to them," says Chambers. "They're going to be 35; they're not going to be able to work; they're going to drink and do drugs. It's not a pretty sight.

"Believe me," Chambers adds, "fame is flecting."

A woman wearing a feathered headdress rides a motorcycle through the doorway of a stone mansion; a string of nubile nudists follows her into an S&M costume orgy.

Seven-foot-tall, balding, malevolent Enjil Von Bergdof walks out of the darkness and up the stone steps into a trap. Among the revelers are the three women he has raped since his release from San Quentin. John Leslie and his hooker friends are bent on revenge. Bergdof wears a mask and carries a battle-ax. On the way in, he smacks a chick hanging hog-tied from her feet. "Thank you, sir," she says. Bergdof skulks around the perimeter of a daisy chain of cunt lickers and pole smokers.

Desiree West, with a big, puffy Afro and a strap-on dildo, jerks Bergdof's cock. Distracted, Bergdof allows a collar to be

A midget in diapers, wearing a bonnet and sucking a pacifier, relieves Bergdof of his ax.

The whores Bergdof has raped chain him to the floor, straddle his torso and piss on him. Another squats over his groin and dumps a load of shit. A vibrator is jammed up Bergdof's ass, and the revelers dance around his defiled body.

> Femmes De Sade/1976 Alpha Blue Archives

There is no Hollywood Squares for retired porn queens. What happens to XXX stars when they stop making films?

"The one question I try to avoid is, where are they now?" says Jim Holliday. "They don't particularly care for it to be known where they are."

"I don't think anybody who became a personality in the '70s regrets it now," says industry veteran Bill Margold, who now heads Protecting Adult Welfare, "but they certainly don't need to be reminded of it."

Most veterans of the jizz biz fade into anonymity, but for some, just fading away is not a decisive-enough break with the sleaze trade.

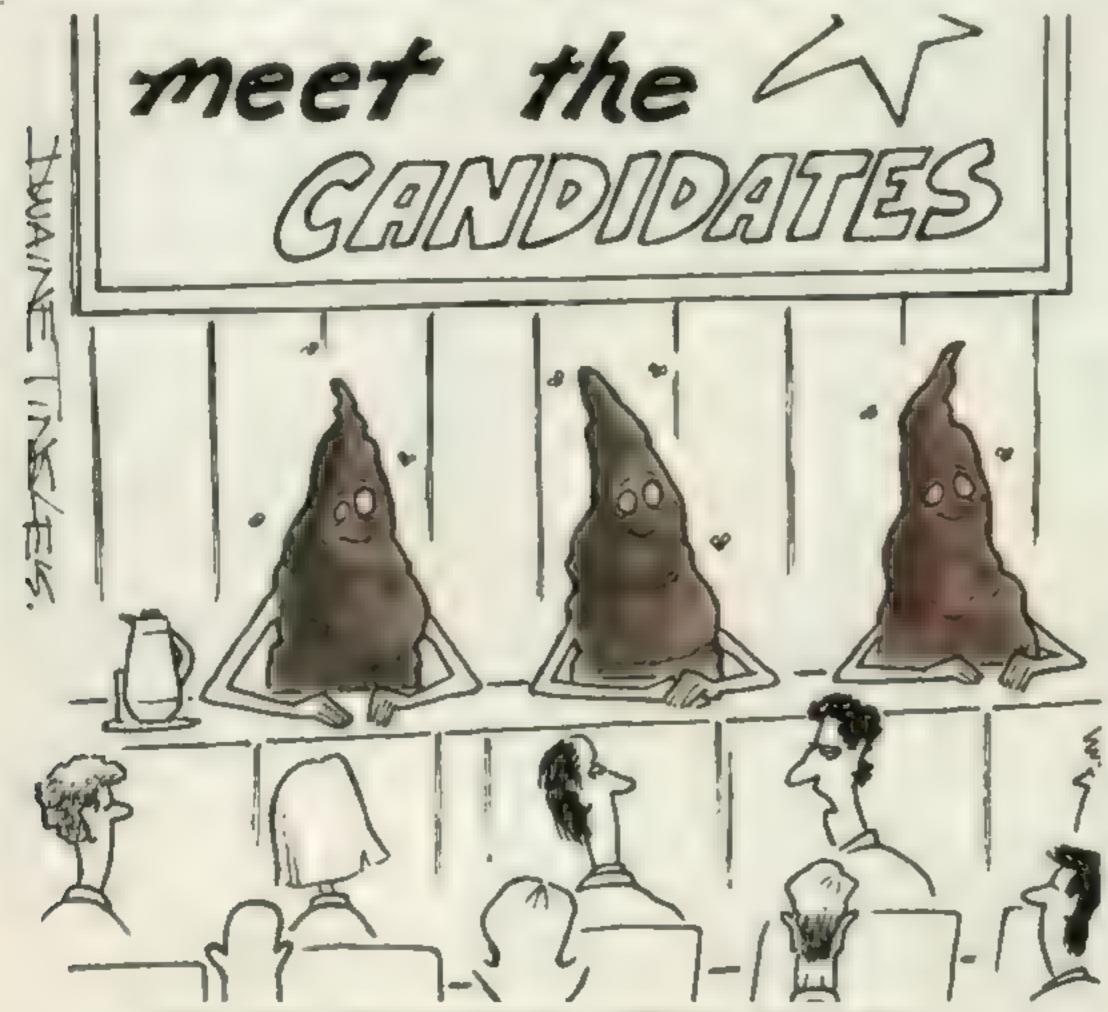
One member of the porn pantheon, who now lives in San Francisco, staged her own death. "I'm not gonna say who she is, because she's the one whose Web site says she's dead," says Carol Queen, who recently tried to round up golden-age performers for Beyond Boogie Nights: A Tribute to the Golden Age of Porn, held at San Francisco's Castro Theater, "She has a posthumous fan club while she has a life. I asked her if she wanted to come back from the grave, but she didn't want to do that.

"Let's face it: Most little girls when they grow up dream about being married," Queen adds. "Most little girls don't dream about being a porn star who is both idolized and vilified."

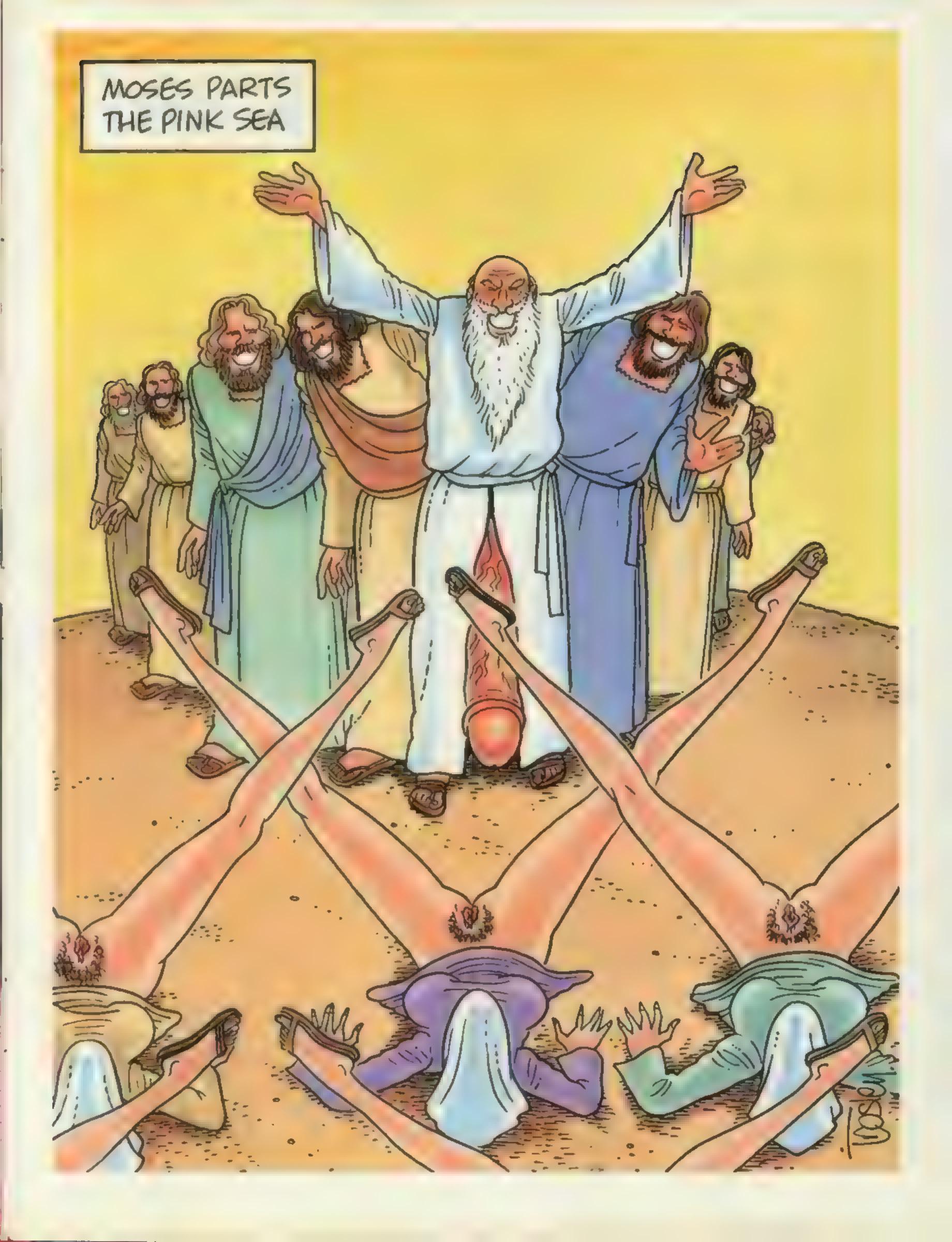
Beyond Boogie Nights was organized by Good Vibrations, Queen's San Francisco-based sex store. A panel of "Golden Age luminaries," as well as clips from 20 classic-porn movies, promised to bring lost legends back into the public eye.

The Castro Theater in San Francisco is the rococo antitheses of the sticky-floored Pussycat theaters, but on November 5, 1998, blue movies played in sperm-splattering glory across the Castro's big screen.

Splooge is notably absent from the Castro's plush, red carpets and red-velvet seat backs. On the walls, epic frescoes (continued on page 122)



"If you ask me, there's not an ounce of difference between them...





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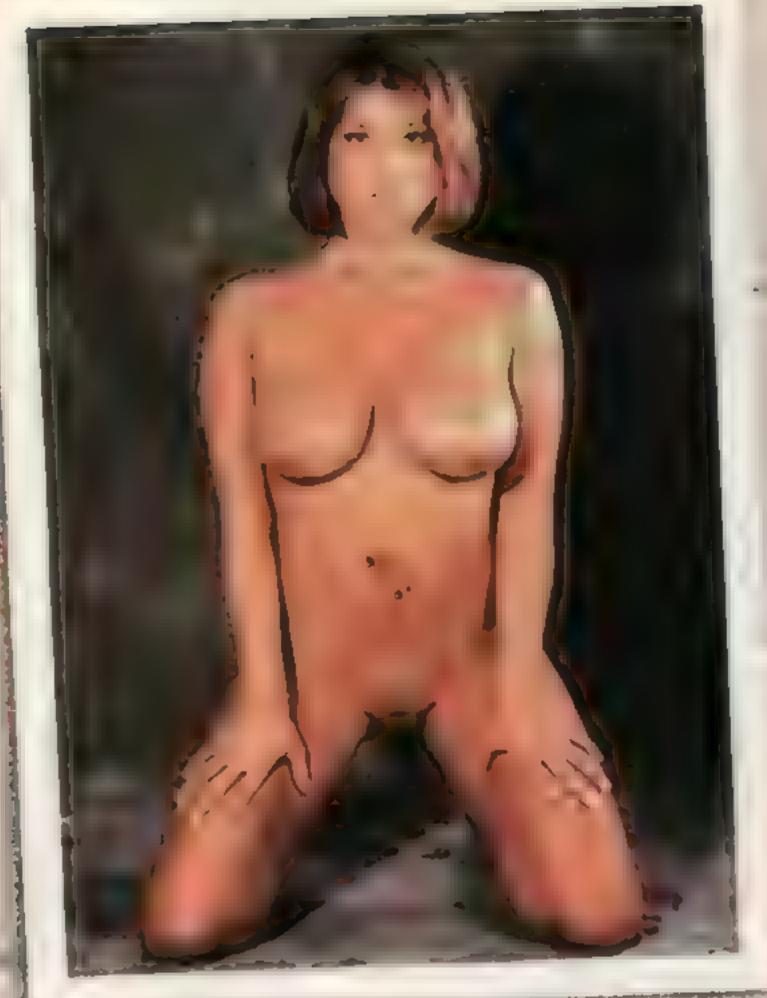
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Raina is a 21-year-old student from San Diego, California, who relishes reading and playing outdoors. The apple-cheeked scholar is studying to become an emergency-room doctor, but Raina's most urgent physical crisis is sex with the lucky lensman who snapped these photos. Photo by Friend

Brazen, bewitching Kym of Buffalo, New York, is a 25-yearold dancer with a yen for cooking and traveling. Kym also wants to have "wild and passionate sex with you." One night in this lady's sticky web is a surefire cure for arachnophobia.

Photo by Friend



This fanciful prisoner of love is 24-year-old Stacy from Washington, D.C. The impish cocktail waitress enjoys dancing, acting and volleyball. Stacy also yearns to be tied up and dominated. 3 Be careful they don't knock you up and throw away the key, Stacy.

Property of the said





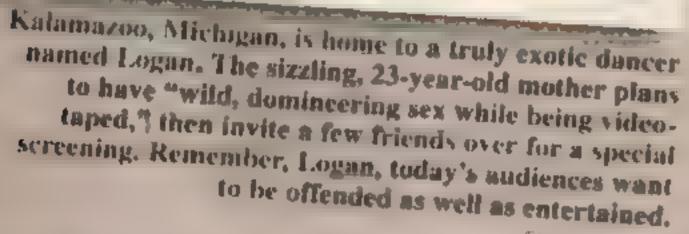


Photo by Friend

Prince George, British Columbia.
The 28-year-old student is totally into the Internet, flirting and window-shopping. Dee's erotic ambition? "To have a threesome with another woman and a guy."

Do Canadian bisexuals qualify for dual citizenship?

Photo by Friend



Infamous adult dancer Emerald of Vancouver, British
Columbia, gives new meaning to the term Star 69. The sultry,
24-year-old Canadian wants to add "sex outdoors" to her
rustic, aerobic regimen of "skiing, horseback riding and
rustic, aerobic regimen of "skiing, horseback riding and
hicking [sic]." You can take the stripper out of the countryphoto by Friend







Ginger of Huntsville, Alabama, is a newly wed adult entertainer who likes to swim and party. The 19-year-old bride would make room in her connubial love nest for a threesome with "a very sexy, petite woman."

Does Dr. Ruth make house calls?

Photo by Husband





Jessica of Dundee, Michigan, is a horse trainer who delights in show jumping and oral sex. When she's not breaking the spirits of unruly equines, 28-year-old Jessica dreams of being instructed in the gentle art of lesbian love. Don't forget to take the bit out of your mouth before grazing in that downy meadow.

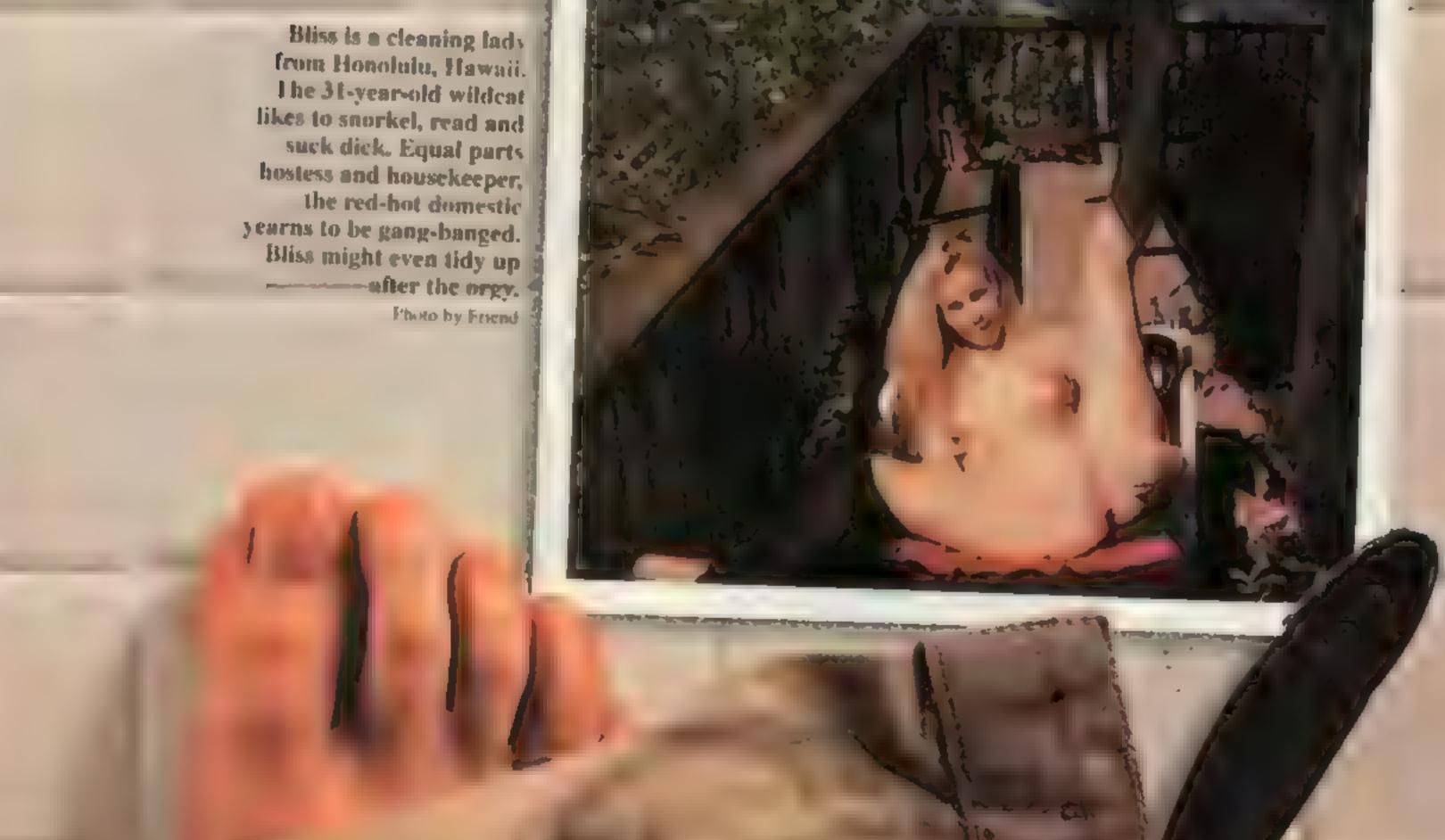
Photo by Friend



Veteran Beaver Shelly from Atlanta, Georgia, appeared in HUSTLER's 1996 Holiday Issue contemplating hot lesbo sex under a waterfall. This time, the 21-year-old student and swinger includes "sex with my girlfriends" as one of her hobbies. Beaver Hunt is more than a joyous celebration of female sensuality; it's a rite of passage.































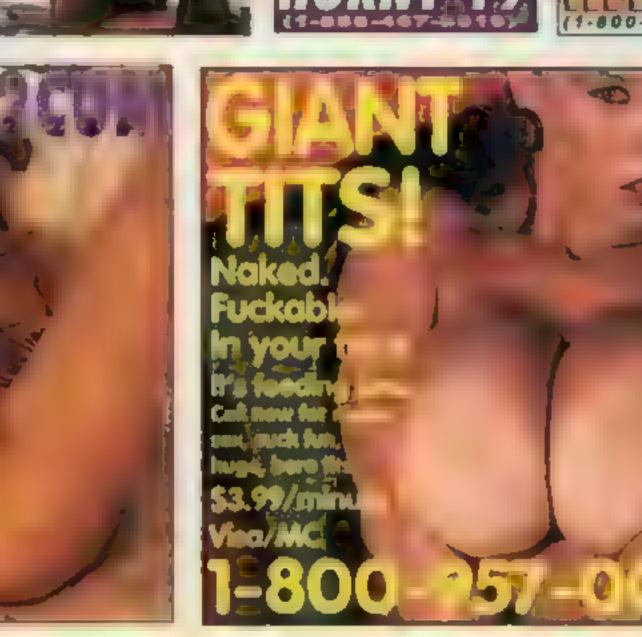


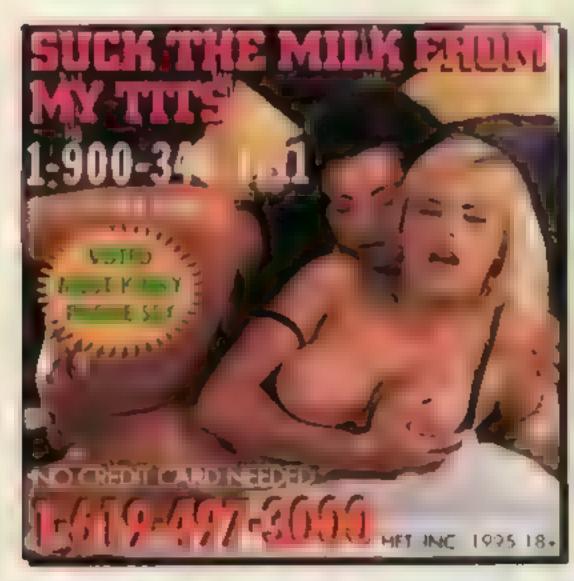


















































































































Curação (continued from page 72)

South American girls, I eye a short blonde with small tits and a perky ass. Her nomde plume is Madonna. Indeed, she sports a tiny, upper-lip mole and a dangling crucifix. This material girl rents out her cunt for 200 guilders a night.

I call a cab, and we ride to the Sonesta Beach Resort. Inside my room, I suggest through sign language that we shower. Madonna mixes a rum and Coke from the mini-bar and peels off her black shortshorts. Her ass is firm, in that bubbly, Brazilian way, and looks even more luscious when thoroughly soaped.

On the bed, I spread the girl's stout legs and plunge inside her young, tight pussy. I'm paying for this; so why bother with foreplay? Madonna tweaks my nipples, a recurring custom with the island girls. A tingling shoots down my spine, and I return the favor by tickling her asshole with an outstretched pinkie.

Madonna's mouth makes a perfectly round target as she moans phony cries of ecstasy. "Si! Si! Si!" I pull out, tug off the condom and shoot my alcohol-thinned semen onto her lips, obliterating the tiny, black mole with creamy whiteness.

Trickles of white paste cling to Madonna's chin as she hops off the bed and saunters to the bathroom to gargle and spit into the sink. She flips off the

light and climbs into bed, curling around me like a lifelong mate basking in cozy afterglow.

Three hours later, we wake. I rub my callused hands against Madonna's soft breasts. She senses my urge and grabs my cock, stroking and suckling the shaft beneath the sheets. I feel the rum and the whiskey and the tequila and the beer swirling in my gut. I try to remember if I have ever vomited on a girl before.

Madonna pokes an elongated nipple into my peehole, then sucks the sensitive tip. Her tongue races around my helmet and, within seconds, I blow. When Madonna comes up for air, a line of spum hangs from her neck like stalactites in a cave.

"Otra vez?" she wonders as I shimmy out from beneath the now-sticky sheets. I lie on the floor, and the girl sits on my still-hard cock.

Madonna rides the rocket, thrusting back her head as if slit at the throat. She feels my cock convulse and spew what's left of my sac sauce into the Trojan. The hooker bends forward and kisses my cheeks, I return the favor, licking the salty stuff still clinging to her chin. I exhale deeply and say for no reason, "I love you."

She smiles and returns to the bathroom to rinse, spit and dress. It's 10:30 a.m. in Curação, and, for Madonna, it's bedtime &



Golden Age

(continued from page 106)

framed in gold leaf give way to red velvet. A grandiose chandelier reigns overhead.

A black-tie celebrity reception is held in the Castro's dimly lit upstairs balcony. The only formal wear is worn by the Latino waiters passing trays of hors d'oeuvres. Celebrities are in curiously short supply.

"You're looking at two of the legends," declares Annie Sprinkle, arm-in-arm with woodsman Jamie Gillis. Sprinkle sounds a tone reminiscent of Norma Desmond laying claim to her lost glory in Sunset Boulevard.

The voluptuous Sprinkle, who starred in dozens of films in the mid-'80s, has reinvented herself as a performance artist. Gillis, who now directs, laments the fact that while his number is listed in the phone book, no one calls.

"Don't my nipples look good?" asks silver-haired Juliet "Aunt Peg" Anderson, an early-'80s Swedish Erotica cast member. Her 60-year-old breasts still flash high beams in her aqua blouse. Anderson has come to the Castro to chat with old colleagues and reminisce about the blowjobs, fistings and rape scenes of yore.

A bald, tattooed grunge punk stands with a spike-haired chick wearing a metal-studded dog collar. The two nurse matching beers and scan the crowd. They have paid \$50 for VIP tickets and want their money's worth of porn legends.

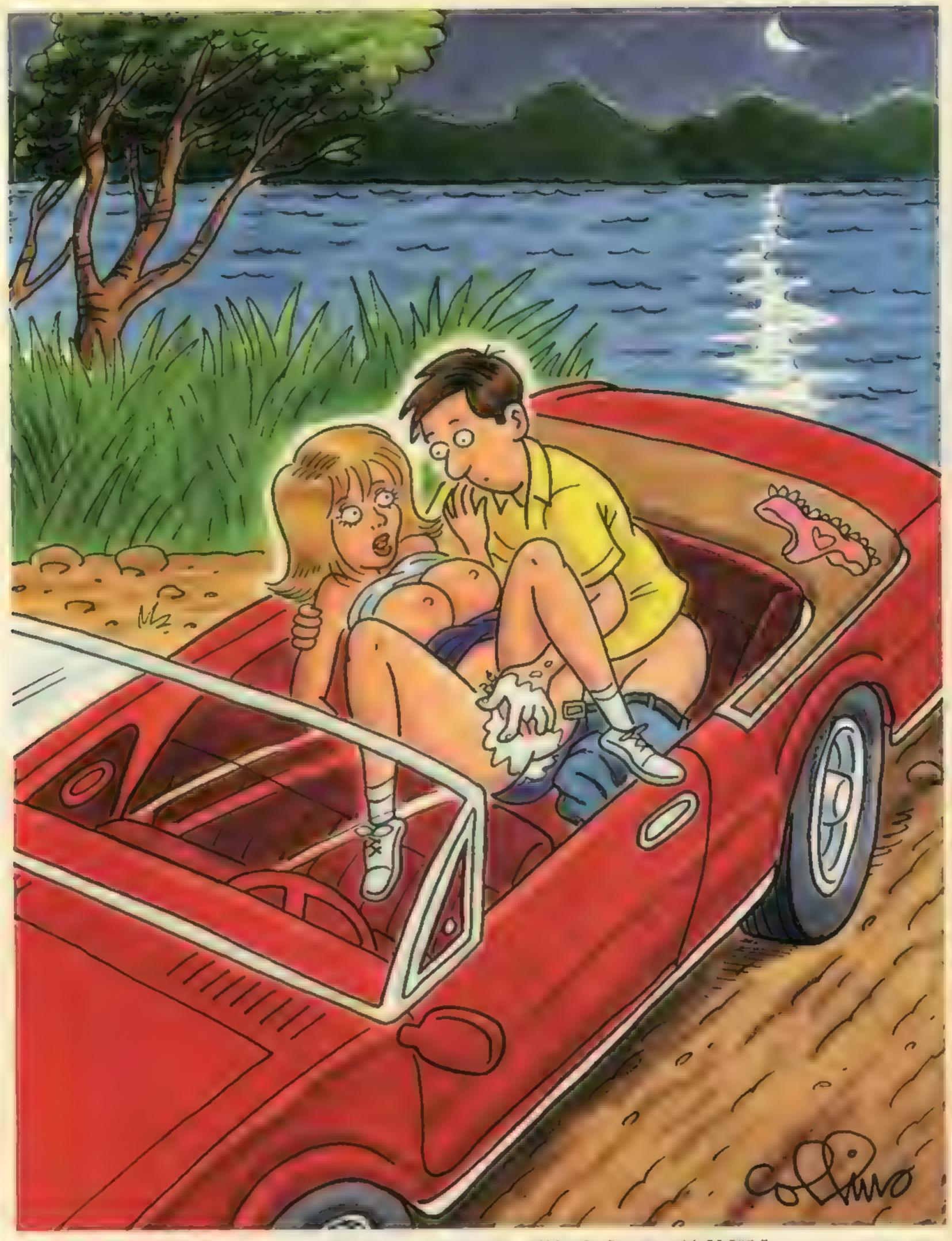
"I think that's Richard Pacheco," the punker says, pointing toward a man wearing a leather trench coat.

An entirely different person on the other side of the room, Richard Pacheco is tan and fit, in a pinstriped, black sport jacket. He has starred in nearly 100 porn movies, and he carries an air of celebrity, but Pacheco is effectively incognito.

"If you call my house and ask for Richard Pacheco, my kids will hang up on you," he says. "They won't know who that is."

Aunt Peg actively pursues anonymity as well. "I would prefer my neighbors not know who I used to be," she says flatly. "I'm this nice, mature grandmother type, and I want to keep it that way."

Over the course of a reception and a panel discussion, only seven golden-age performers are seen in the flesh. More than seven people were fucking during those storied years, but today they can best be found standing in racks in the adult sections of neighborhood video stores, where the legends of the golden age and the freewheeling spirit of the times are perfectly preserved in the formaldehyde of videotape.



"Stop, Jimmy Ray-I told you, I'm saving myself for the first guy with \$1,500."



























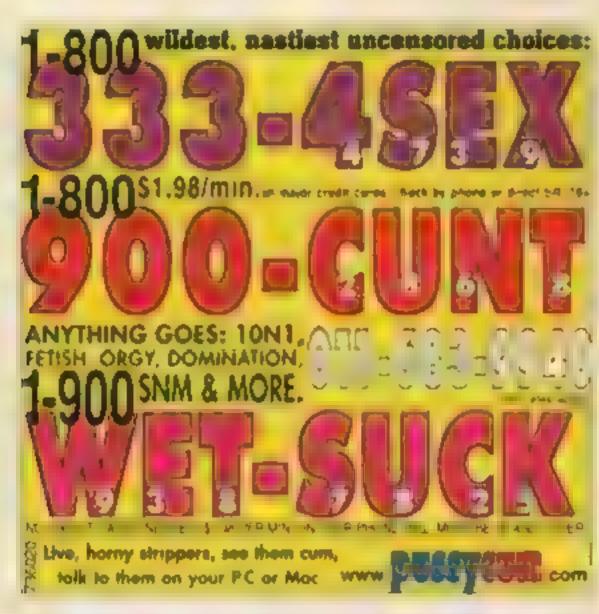




























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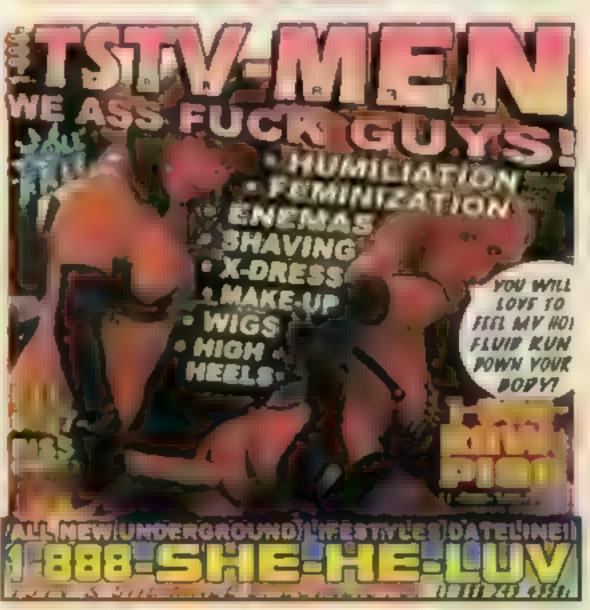
































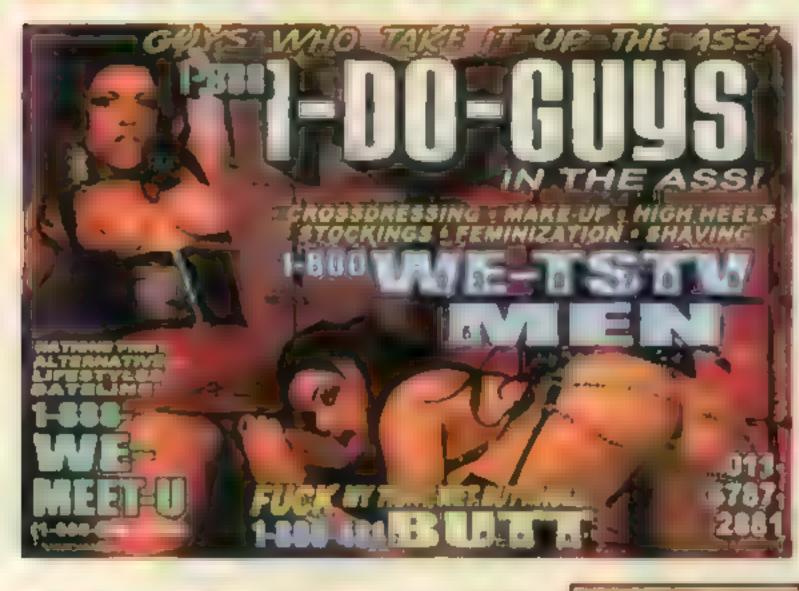




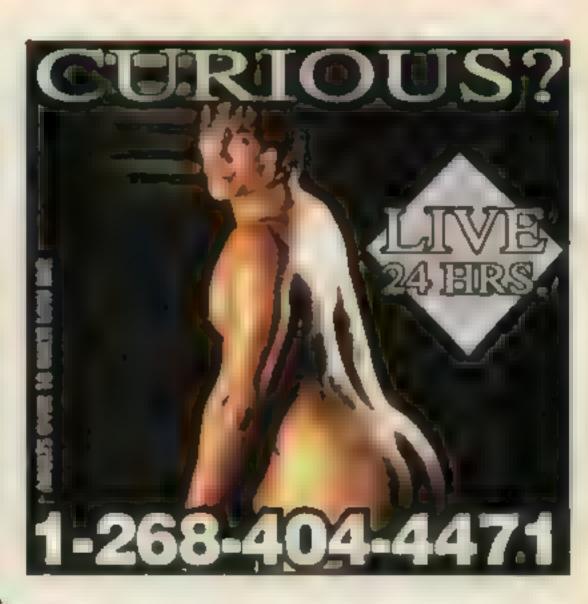


















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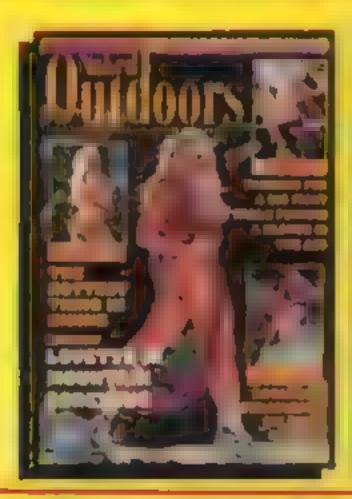
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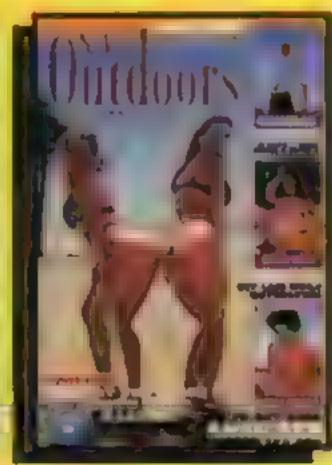
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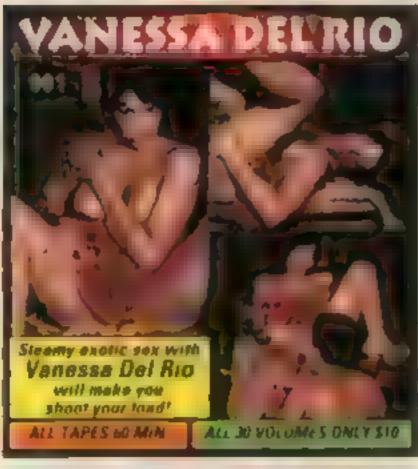








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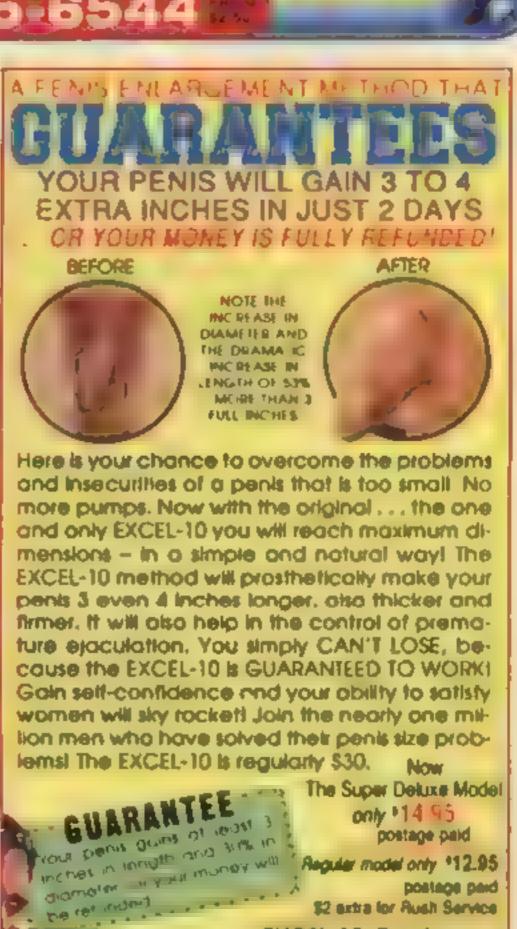
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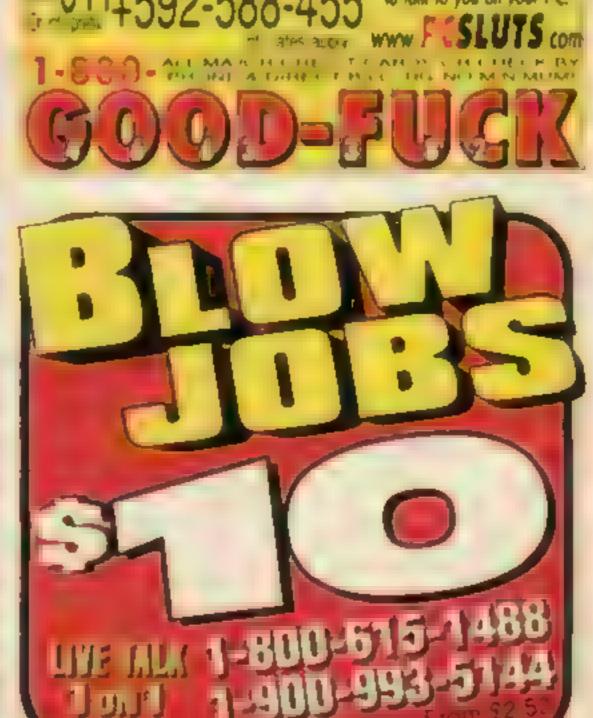
















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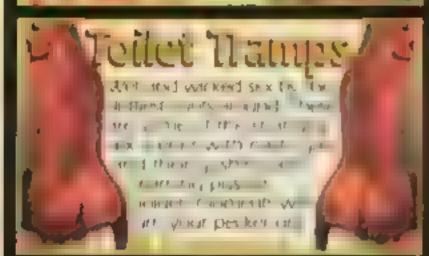
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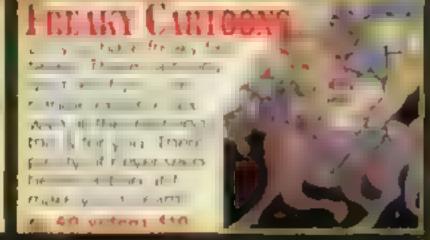


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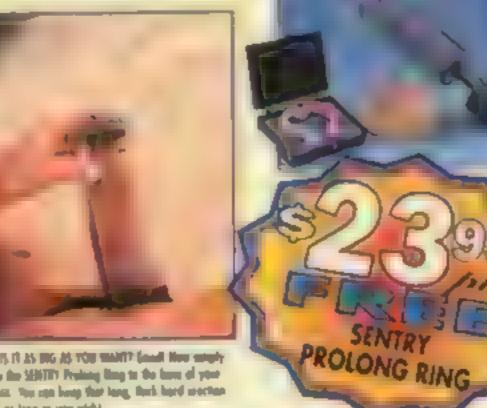
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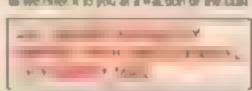
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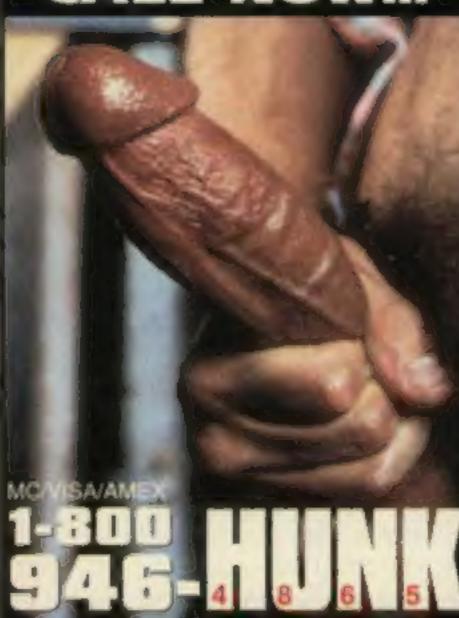




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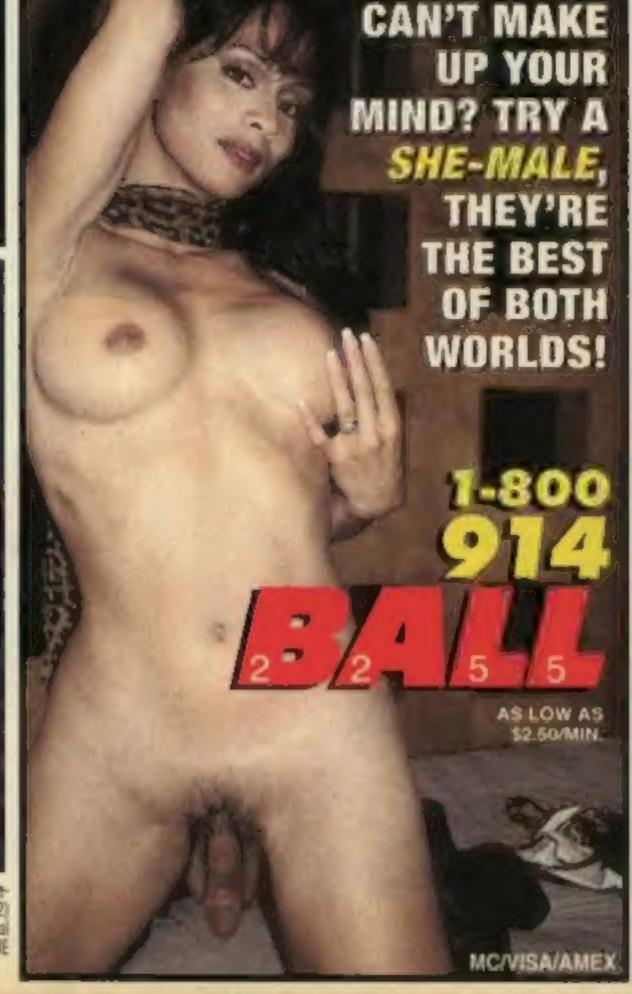
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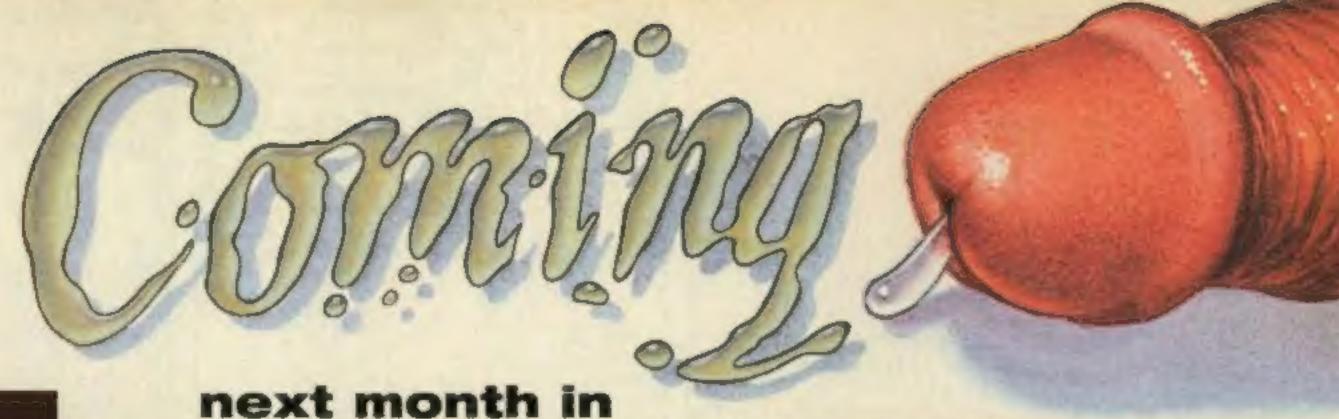
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HUSTLER

STAR-SPANGLED PUSSY

July marks HUSTLER's 25th Anniversary. To celebrate, HUSTLER showcases independent, free-thinking sluts. Alana is a blond lounge pianist whose nimble fingers have a mind of their own. Witness Alana tickle her ivories to an explosive crescendo. Pam is a spirited brunette who masturbates on top of monkey bars while the school children she cares for take their nap. Curious Kelly learns the ins and outs of what a vibrator is all about. Bruno finds relief by exploring his girlfriend Goldie's fuckholes in a cloud of steam at an exclusive spa. Power dykes Vanessa and Jena submit to each other and learn to share double-dong love. The sexual revolution marches on in the 25th Anniversary Issue of HUSTLER. Prepare to polish your rocket's red glare.

LARRY FLYNT'S LEGACY

Twenty-five years ago, HUSTLER began. Larry Flynt opened Pandora's box for all the world to see. Spread-eagle HUSTLER Honeys paraded their proud, pink pussies, and a new chapter of sexual freedom was written. After 25 years, HUSTLER is the best it's ever been. Larry created an empire that not only pushed the boundaries of sexual expression, but also challenged sociological and political realities; this is true now more than ever. In his most candid and comprehensive interview to date, our man Flynt takes a thoughtful look back at 25 years of publishing America's Magazine. What's in the cards for HUSTLER's future? How far does Larry plan on pushing the limits? Find out in HUSTLER's 25th Anniversary Issue.

VEGAS PORN-MOOK SOUP

Porn babes and Chinese computer-geek mooks join forces in an unholy alliance during CES—the Consumer Electronics Show in Las Vegas, Nevada. Every year, CES gains momentum as this convention of adult-video and Internet-porn providers assembles and hawks precious pussy products. HUSTLER's man in the know explores this electronic Sodom and separates the grade-A poontang from the porn-mook slurry.

PURPLE BONERS MAJESTY

HUSTLER has had a profound impact on readers in the 25 years it has been in existence. In July's 25th Anniversary Sex Play, HUSTLER readers share intimate details of how America's Magazine fucked them up or healed their souls. Bits & Pieces features HUSTLER's own Bucky Beaver—the Vampire Layer. Snatch a ringside seat, and witness the Houston 500 Gang-Bang in Erotic Entertainment. Sample the United States of Pussy in HUSTLER's Beaver Hunt. God shed his clothes for thee.

July HUSTLER on sale May 4, 1999.

HUSTLER's Web site is coming now at http://www.hustler.com









