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HUSTLER

Volume 22 Number 4

October 1995



13 Feedback Readers Are Shaved, Furry or in a Fury

14 1995 Beaver Hunt Grand Prize Finalist #3

Pamela: Three Piece Photography by Matti Klatt

23 Erotic Entertainment The World's Limpest Porn Flick Edited by Mike McPadden

33 Hot Letters Spooky Sex Missives

35 HUSTLER'S Hooker Handbook A Guide to Purchasing Pussy

41 Tales From the Clit Fright Flicks the HUSTLER Way

49 Sex Play
Count Your Blessings:
The Truth About Multiple Orgasms
by Jon Mescal

56 Katrinka: Two Lips Photography by James Baes

66 Adam Wilde and Melissa Hill: Carjack

Photography by Matti Klatt

76 Kill to Get In Inside the Aryan Brotherhood Eyewitness Report by Charles Baker

80 Adrianna: Nipped in the Bud Photography by Matti Klatt

90 Taylor: Flash Dancer Centerfold Photography by Clive McLean

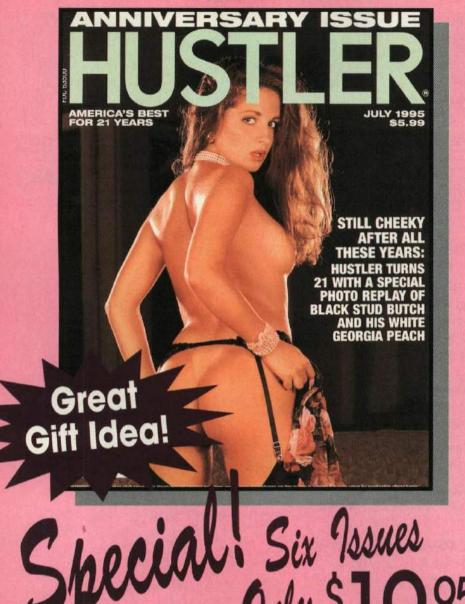
100 HUSTLER Humor Edited by Mike McPadden and Jeanne Diamond

102 Just Say, "Mo" Street Drugs Are Bigger, Badder and Weirder Than Ever Report by Tex Lovett

106 Danni and Nikki: Fishing Holes Photography by Clive McLean

121 Beaver Hunt





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Cover photo by Clive McLean



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

Houseguests, as the adage goes, are like fish—they start to stink after three days. Brian "Kato" Kaelin's three days were up long ago.

The aroma of three-day-old tuna is a bouquet of roses compared to the gust of cannery stench that accompanies Kato Kaelin every place that he, his image or the mere mention of his name appears. Consequently, Kato Kaelin, rather than three-day-old tuna, is HUSTLER Magazine's Asshole of the Month for October 1995.

The best thing that can be said about Kato Kaelin is that he appears weak, witless and harmless. A harsher description of this suddendeath celebrity would be that Kato Kaelin is to friendship what dog shit is to gastronomy; that Kato Kaelin is to loyalty what a Japanese suicide bomber is to Pearl Harbor; that Kato Kaelin is to mankind what a giant, shit-eating tapeworm is to the bowels of humanity; that Kato Kaelin is to sniveling, cringing simpletons what Shaquille O'Neal is to basket-ball players.

It is not enough to note that Kato Kaelin is a 36-year-old adolescent, no-talent leech who has capitalized upon the tragic, gruesome murder of one of his "best friends" to thrust his own coy, effete, simpering image into the mass American consciousness. It is not enough to recognize that Kato Kaelin is a smirking mooch, a weaselly bum, an arrogantly contemptuous idiot with profoundly bad girly hair and a retro-'80s gigolo beach-toy sense of style. We must also point out that the self-promoting actions of Kato



Kaelin show utter disrespect for the feelings of the living and the dignity of the dead.

In his moribundly unfunny stab at stand-up comedy, Kato Kaelin, on the subject of doing his taxes, quipped: "It took me seven hours to answer one question—occupation."

Hey, Kato Kaelin, how about a career as a jackal? There's always plenty of work for a carrion-chewing canine that nourishes itself on decaying flesh, gnawing first at the sphincters of a corpse and chomping up through the rectum from there. Such a delicate, specialized occupation as dead-ass eater usually requires an extensive training period, but Kato Kaelin has demonstrated a natural flair for the job.

Surely, the United Guild of Jackals and Other Dead-Ass Eaters of America will grant a waiver of prerequisites to the prodigy butt scavenger Kato Kaelin.

Some fraternal associations are less readily susceptible to the fecal-toothed charm of Kato Kaelin. Packs of large, aggressive, Japanese-bred guard dogs, for instance, raised their voices in a plaintive wail, protesting the naming of Nicole Brown Simpson's Akita "Kato" as an unjust slur against their fellows. The dog in question, at first opportunity, filed for a change of name.

If only the rest of us could dispose so easily of our olfactorily hostile reminders of Kato Kaelin. It does no good to turn the television channel or flip through a magazine for diversion: Kato Kaelin spills his beans on tabloid TV, 20/20, Dateline and in the grocery check-out pulps. Kato Kaelin pops up as a feeble punch line on The Tonight Show, David Letterman and Saturday Night Live. Kato Kaelin lands shit-bit parts in film, on TV and at openings of midwestern malls. Photographs of Kato Kaelin's loathsomely vapid, morally void face disgrace the pages of People, Entertainment Weekly, Esquire and The New Yorker.

And now, the lingering scourge is even in HUSTLER Magazine.

There it is: the mocking, superior imbecility of a sniggering bootlicker. Kato Kaelin is the moronic court jester who joked and clowned on the witness stand while serious adults attempted to determine who had put the killing knife into a woman who had been kind, selfless and loving enough to treat him like a pet parasite.

Kato Kaelin has, through shameless manipulation of a heinous tragedy, maneuvered himself into position to fart on all that is good and decent. "I knew I had something inside that people needed to see," says Kato Kaelin in explanation of his unlikely and ungodly fame.

What's inside Kato Kaelin is a writhing coil of shit snakes, fangs out as the serpents contract around his venom-stunned soul. We've seen too much of that already.

"If O. J. hadn't happened, [Kato Kaelin would] be a star anyway," says the famous anus's agent. Perhaps so, but then he wouldn't be HUSTLER's Asshole of the Month.

Farts in the Wind

Senator from Kansas is campaigning hard for his party's 1996 Presidential nomination. Avoiding the hard issues that face our country, Dole is using his position as GOP front-runner to moonlight as movie critic and music reviewer. According to Dole, not only do films such as Natural Born Killers and True

Romance suck, the flicks are also sending U.S. kids to Satan. The Senator may, in fact, be correct in his cinematic assessment. His solution? Take the family to see the violent, sexy True Lies and repeal the ban on assault weapons. Not bad ideas, but Dole's rhetoric is cracked with an Asshole in the split.

Cynthia Medina: A 32-year-old former playground supervisor, Cynthia Medina of California, was found guilty of beating her tenyear-old nephew with an electrical cord, burning his tongue with a heated butter knife and sodomizing him with a small baseball bat. Medina pleaded not guilty by reason of insanity. She must have been out of her Asshole.



Don't panic. Your masturbatory symptoms may be caused by a condition known as HUSTLER Subscriptionitis, or HS. HS is not fatal, although it may interfere with your daily boredom. And you do run the risk of over-exerting yourself. Get informed. See your doctor. Let him evaluate your cardiovascular stamina before attempting the rigors of an HS routine.

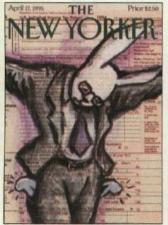
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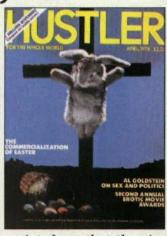
actually lead happier, healthier lives. Stress and tension are diminished completely.

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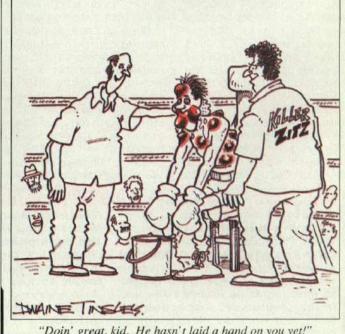
Bad, Art





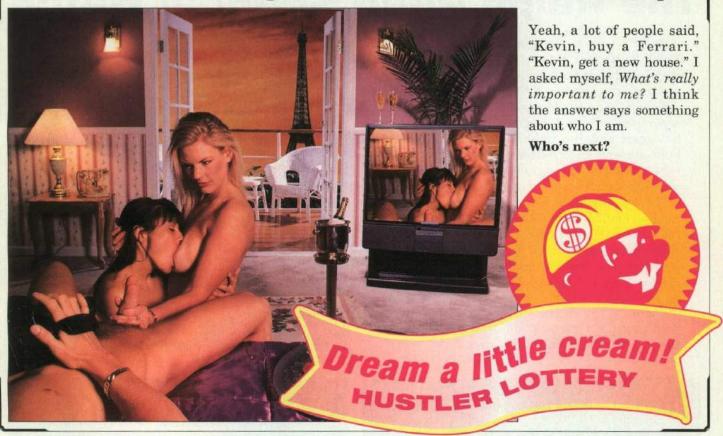
Newsweek magazine keenly pointed out that the pictured New Yorker cover by Pulitzer Prize-winning doodler Art Spiegelman "bears notable resemblance" to the April '78 HUSTLER cover by its side. While Mr. Spiegelman displays excellent taste in inspirational sources, he seems to entertain a fluctuating sense of morality. Spiegelman has been quoted denouncing America's Magazine as "racist," but when confronted with his apparent appropriation of HUSTLER's concept, he weakly pleaded, "Damaged minds travel in the same ruts." Nice try, Spiegelman, but keep your fucked-up brain out of our gutter.

Most tasteless Cartoon



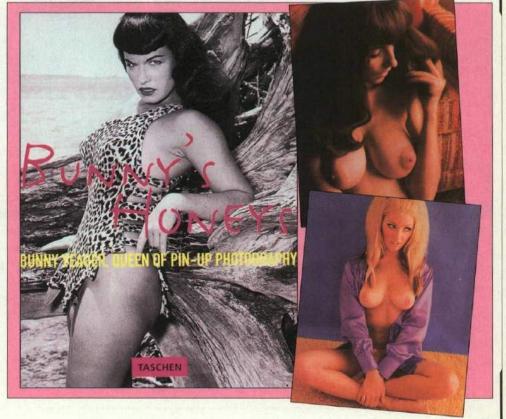
"Doin' great, kid. He hasn't laid a hand on you yet!"

HUSTLER Lottery winner #69. Kevin Phillips



Sweet, smiling faces and voluptuous, silicone-free bodies grace the pages of Bunny's Honeys: Bunny Yeager, Queen Photography of Pin-Up (Taschen Publications). The legendary lens-woman Bunny Yeager, once herself a worldfamous fashion model, opens her photographic archives to take the slavering reader into a fantasy world of pin-up goddesses photographed from the '50s through the early '70s. In a book that provides endless enjoyment, renowned obsessional icons such as Betty Page share the spotlight with many miraculously endowed women whom Yeager "discovered." Bunny's Honeys may be found at better bookstores, or contact Taschen publishers at: 170 2nd Avenue, Apartment 10D, New York, NY 10003.

Yeagermeister



The Ralph Reed Scandal Watch

Take one look at the smug, shit-eating grin on Ralph Reed's face. He's up to something sleazy and underhanded. Insincerity and dishonesty ooze from every pore on the face of the 33-year-old "Christian politician" who would eradicate our government's separation between Church and State. Like Jimmy Swaggart and Jim Bakker, the two hypocritical buffoons who previously occupied the platform of false Christian righteousness that Reed now commands, Ralph Reed is a scandal waiting to happen.

How will the executive director of the Christian Coalition fall? When will he fall? How hard will he fall? Enter HUSTLER's contest to predict how Ralph Reed will be forced to bury his sickening face in shame. The reader who comes closest to forecasting the time and means of Reed's demise will win an application for a six-year scholarship (books not included) to Oral Roberts University. In the meantime, here are a few possibilities as to what lurks in the dark corners of Ralph's personal closet:



1) Stole the collection plate?



2) Screwed a black chick?



3) Jewish grandmother?

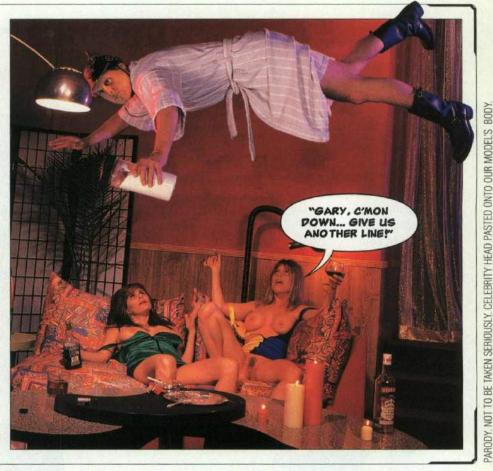
HUSTLER's Scandal Watch Contest

Ralph Reed will disgrace himself and his movement by (enclose separate sheet of paper if necessary)

His public humiliation will take place on (specific date)

Drug a Busey

Whether he's out protesting motorcycle-helmet laws, lying comatose in a hospital bed as the result of a helmetless motorcycle crash, or lying comatose in a hospital bed as the result of too much booze and too much coke, 50-year-old partyboy Gary Busey always manages to stay busy. Recent pastimes include getting busted for possession of blow, shrooms and weed. Wanting to avoid a jail-time hiatus in an acting career that peaked with an Oscar nomination for the lead in The Buddy Holly Story, HUSTLER legal advisers suggest that the marginal bit-actor plea-bargain for community service: Promise the DA that you'll wear a helmet whenever you get high, Gary.





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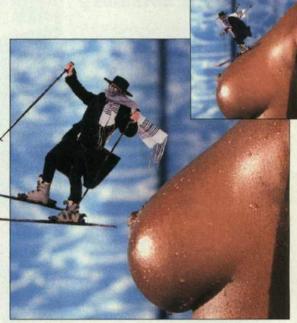
Shoshanna's Philanthropic Front

According to a recent supermarket-tabloid report, the world may soon enjoy a surplus of tit components: Complaining of back pain, UCLA student, barely legal liaison of middle-aged comic Jerry Seinfeld and recipient of prestigious matching endowments Shoshanna Lonstein is considering a surgical reduction of her bountiful breasts. According to the same report, bucktoothed joke man Seinfeld, in a

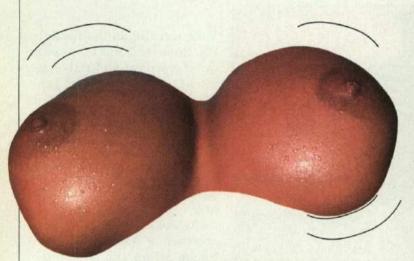
typical display of male selfishness, is protesting his sometime girlfriend's decision to pare down. Greedy Jerry's me-me attitude endangers lovely Shoshanna's mammary comfort, and also deprives the needy, huddled

masses of the useful monuments that might be constructed using Shoshanna's extra breast flesh.

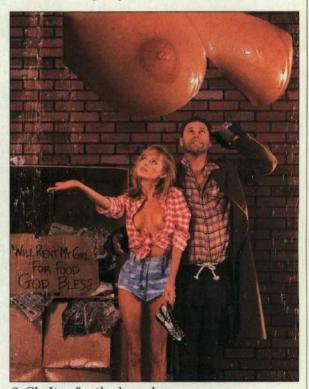
Hey, Jerry, how about...



1. Urban ski jumps.



2. Landing pad for suicide jumpers.



3. Shelter for the homeless.



Hey, Seinfeld, Shoshanna's obviously got more than you can handle. Don't be a boob hog. Keep your gift of laughter and give mankind something mankind can use.

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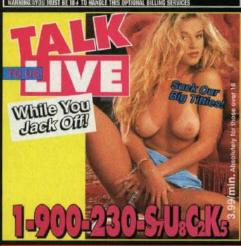




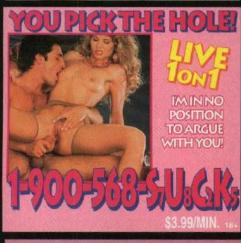






















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FEED BACK

I am an ass man, and damn proud of it. The photo on page 74 of your July 1995 issue may be the best ever published of the female rear end (Katerina: Dental Dame, July '95). My wholehearted thanks go to photographer Matti Klatt. This butt shot of Katerina is an ass man's dream and a cornhole classic. While pushing her firm, muscular buns together, Katerina reveals the tight, brown seam of her crack with a virgin bunghole, the treasure at the end of the rainbow. Her facial expression seems to be saying, Fuck my asshole, and believe me, there's nothing I'd like to do more than stick my pole up her shit-chute. Those half-moons could milk me dry in a second, but I'd keep drilling for chocolate anyway. She's not only the Beaver Hunt champ, she's also the "Anal Hunt" champ of all time. Please give us more ass on every page and more girls like Katerina, who really know how to bring up the rear!

> —Anonymous Springfield, Massachusetts

In all my years I have never seen or been turned on by anyone as beautiful or as hot as Katerina (*Katerina: Dental Dame*, July '95). If I were any one of the other finalists, I would have thrown in the towel long ago. Thanks for finding the sexiest girl on the planet!

—F. D.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Let's take another look back at Kat.

Teen Angels

First of all, I would like to get on my knees and thank the heavens above for the creation of HUSTLER'S BARELY LEGAL Magazine and the angels displayed within its pages. Every night I pray that the editors of this God-sent magazine will find the divine inspiration to enlarge its scope and dimensions. Whenever I get the chance, I spread the good news of its arrival on earth. Secondly, I would very much like your expert advice on where to find quality adult videos depicting golden showers. —J. W.

Westwood, New Jersey

HUSTLER'S BARELY LEGAL is, as you are so keenly aware, J. W., an unparalleled showcase of girls in their coming-ofage prime. Unfortunates out there who have not yet uncovered the beauty within BARELY LEGAL, don't take J. W.'s word for it. Subscriptions may be obtained by calling 800-220-0314. Secondly, J. W., urine videos, due to their clandestine nature and questionable legality, are hard to find and usually poorly produced. Shady advertisements that hint at golden-shower action are usually ripoffs.



Katerina: Dental Dame

Push in the Bush?

I ditto the remarks of C. B. ("Hair Today or Gone Tomorrow," Feedback, June '95) in which he stated he is tired of the shaved-pussy era. Indeed, it is time for a change. It is time to bring back the natural form to women's crotches. I frequented many nude bars in the 1970s and early '80s, prior to the shaved-cunt trend, and found that women with super-hairy pussies received the largest tips. There is a large contingent of men and women who are aroused by very hairy pussies. I challenge HUSTLER to slightly modify the Beaver Hunt section, by making it a search for the hairiest Beaver.

My wife, a slim and attractive brunette in her early 40s, is one of those rare women who has a very hairy pussy. Looking at her in clothing, she appears normal. She does not have excess hair on her arms, nor does she have excessively bushy eyebrows. But when she drops her pants, she exposes a big, dark bush that completely overwhelms her bikini underwear. Her bush is about ten inches wide across her belly, and extends from hip bone to hip bone. Her ass crack is lined with hair that spills out onto her ass cheeks. My wife has more hair beyond the confines of her bikini bottoms than most women have on their entire pussies. Naturally, she hates to wax or shave that much hair. Besides, her big bush is her pride and joy, and it is still expanding in size toward her navel, down her thighs, and beyond her hip bones. My wife's hairy puss has and will keep my











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FEEDBACK

(continued from page 13)

dick hard for years to come. Apparently, judging from the stares and comments she gets occasionally, many women are also turned on by hairy cunts. My wife is proud of her body and not shy. She frequents one or two discount warehouse clothing stores for women, where everyone undresses in one big room without partitions. My wife enjoys the comments she sometimes receives when she exposes her hirsute box. She believes that many women would love to eat her furry love nest. The demand for the natural form of pussy is stronger than ever; so, ladies, let the hair grow. —D. G. Charlotte, North Carolina

This letter is in response to C. B., who wrote in saying he doesn't like the "unnatural look" and that women should let their pussy hair grow ("Hair Today or Gone Tomorrow," Feedback, June '95). Well, they should let their armpit and leg hair grow then too! Besides, most women do trim or shave some part of their pussies, and it does look natural. It is also cleaner for women to shave, so as not to get a case of the crusties. A lot of guys don't enjoy "sopping up sweet juices between furry lips." So, dude, if you want fur balls in your mouth, go and kiss a cat, because that's the kind of pussy you deserve. I'll French kiss a clean-shaven pussy any day! Try it; you might like it! Detroit, Michigan

Different strokes for different strokers.

Butt Serious

I am writing in response to a letter in the July 1995 Feedback section by T. D. from Jacksonville, Florida ("Tails, You Win!," Feedback, July '95) He wrote that when he finally convinced his girlfriend to try anal sex, she not only loved it, but didn't seem to want it any other way. I am a 29-yearold male who absolutely loves anal sex, both giving and getting. So I can understand why T. D.'s girlfriend is so fond of getting her shitter stuffed. As for T. D., maybe he and his girlfriend should buy some dildos and butt plugs. Then he can stuff her pussy with the real thing while her tight little butt gets a toy. She will love it, and no matter which hole gets T. D.'s cock, the other hole can also be stuffed full as well. If T. D. is really adventuresome, he can read my letter in the April 1995 Feedback called "Other Reader's Holes," and then take it from there. T. D., you don't know how lucky you are.

Thomaston, Connecticut

Man's Best Friends

I am trying to find any information on men's and women's experiences of sexual intercourse with animals. I have a few articles from February '76, May '76 and November '76 issues of HUSTLER. Can you possibly give me any information regarding articles or letters over the past years telling of experiences with dogs, ponies, donkeys, chimps or any other animals? I would appreciate any help with info on this subject. Thank you.

—H. H.

Hope, Kansas

Sorry, H. H., but we recommend that you maintain your interest in our non-human friends on an exclusively platonic level. What you are inquiring about is illegal, and, more importantly, it can destroy an animal's self-esteem. Don't monkey around with love.

Shoot Straight

Your magazine claims to be heterosexually oriented. If it is truly heterosexually oriented, then why is it that you show lesbians in your pictorials? Isn't that a double standard? What difference does it make whether homosexuality is practiced by a man or a woman?

—M. A.

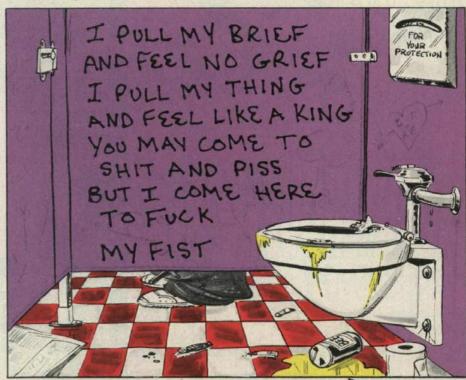
Vineland, New Jersey

It makes a big difference. We'll clarify the facts of life for you, M. A., so that there won't be any further confusion. HUSTLER is not a gay magazine. Our readers are straight men and women with exquisite taste, who are smart enough to realize that a guy having sex with a guy is gay. A girl, on the other hand, doing it with another girl is simply a great thing times two. Get it?

Madder Than Hell

I'm writing this letter in regards to a letter that I read in Feedback ("Mad as Hell," Feedback, July '95). I've been reading HUSTLER for many years now, and I think it's the best magazine on the market. But assholes like that who send letters into your magazine really piss me off! J. H. really needs to be put behind bars himself before he starts talking the kind of shit that he is. I've been locked up for a year and a half now, and I've got 32 more years to go before I will get out. True, I fucked up and did a crime and got myself put in prison. I'm not going to bitch about that; I got myself here. But prison is supposed to be a rehabilitation facility where inmates who want to better themselves for when they reenter society can. Just because we are locked up does not mean we are not human! Does soci-(continued on page 31)

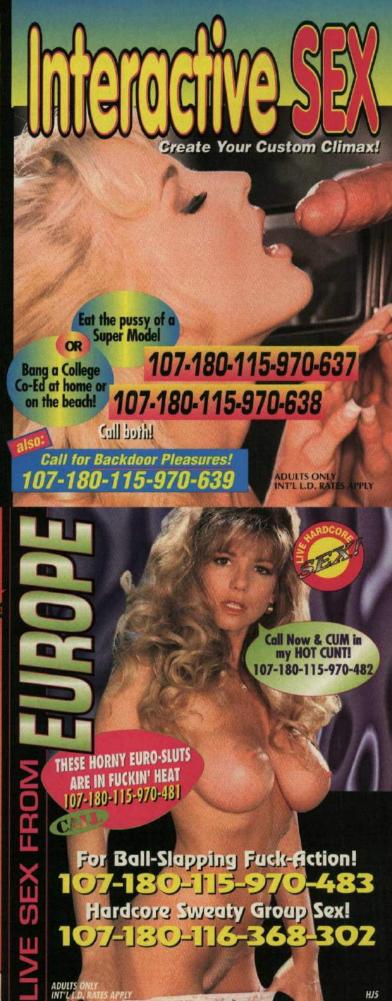
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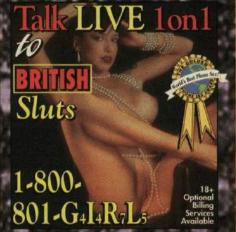








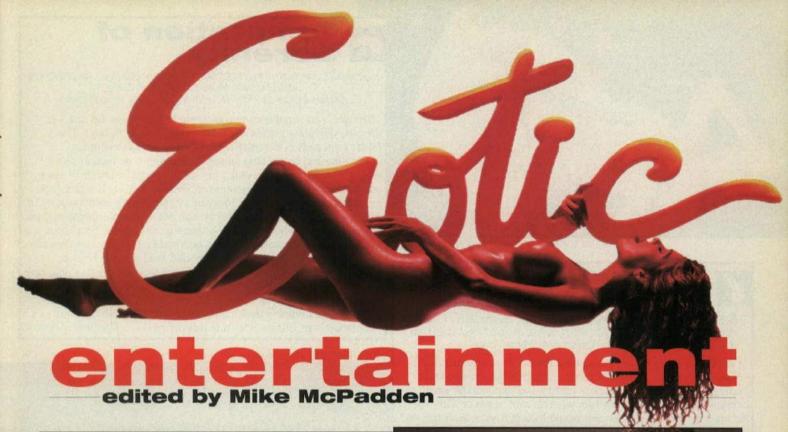
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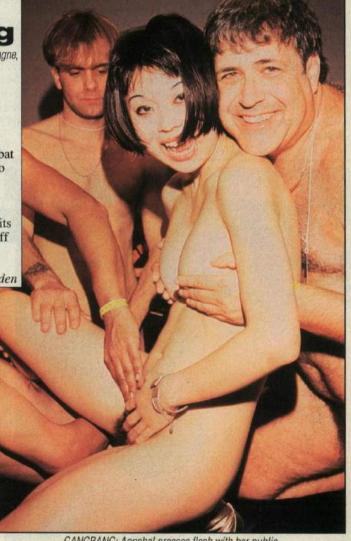
e World's ggest Gangbang

Totally Limp. Directed by John T. Bone; starring Annabel Chong, Kerri Downs, Champagne, Ron Jeremy and many lonely, unloved men. Videocassette: Fantastic Pictures.

This is it: Over a miserably ugly four-hour running-time, The World's Biggest Gangbang relentlessly chronicles Eurasian ultrahole Annabel Chong's day-long tussle with a warehouse worth of rough-and-groady porndogs who penetrate her person a "record setting" 251 times. Director John T. Bone has shot this violation against all things decent in fitting style. With the cold eye of a combat documentarian, Bone edits the scores of (truly) rank amateurs who grope, chew, yank and lay shanks into Chong and a disturbingly distasteful array of "fluff girls." The World's Biggest Gangbang ranks among the least erotic pornography ever assembled, but as evidence of the modern era's over-the-top, unremitting darkness, its value is inestimable. Curious cock-pullers might be wiser to cut off what they've got rather than look too hard: John Wayne Bobbitt Uncut, the previously definitive Totally Limp disaster, makes for -Mike McPadden easier stroking.



GANGBANG: Chong and throng.



GANGBANG: Annabel presses flesh with her public.



TEMPTATION OF SERENITY: Looks like she gave in.

Fazano's Student Bodies

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT. Directed by Patrick Collins; starring Rachel Love, Kirsty Waay, Lulu, Monika, Roxanne Hall, Alona, Szilvia, Melissa Monet, Ursula and Roscoe Bowltree. Videocassette: Elegant Angel.

Charm and charisma are intangibles. Roscoe Bowltree, the dick behind the camera in many of Patrick Collins's one-on-one videovérité splatter-cum exercises, is a scruffy, bearded, middle-aged everyman who is not too far from what most of us are or will become. No competent observer would look at Roscoe Bowltree and conclude that the man was possessed of a natural ease and enchanting manner such that loads upon loads of cuddle-boob porn bunnies would find him wholly seductive. And yet, Bowltree blows through scum-kitten after scum-kitten, bringing them to obvious highs of excitation, all the way up to and including palpable orgasm. The cynic might guess that Roscoe's allure is nothing more than money, but such disparagement only explains half the man's appeal. The fact is, guys are tantalized by watching Bowltree's meaty manhandling of a seemingly endless stream of magnificent muffs, and male approval is not something that can be bought. Roscoe, we love you, man, and we don't care that your dick shoots only a thimbleful of splooge. You do good work, and nobody paid us to say so.

Temptation of Serenity

HALF ERECT. Directed by Jim Enright; starring Serenity, Tera Heart, Amanda Adams, Emerald Estrada, Melanie Moore, Steve Justice, Jonathan Morgan and Tony Tedeschi. Videocassette: Wicked Pictures.

Serenity's ass comprises two exquisitely paired pillows that wet dreams, salivating glands and fatal coronaries are made of. The fleshy twin pads of Serenity's meaty rump are so thoroughly enchanting and bewitching an approximation of perfection, that all male humanity would be under her spell, except for her shrill voice and the impression in Temptation of Serenity that she is a lazy fuck. Speaking of shrill, Jonathan Morgan's hyper, motor-mouth parody of a demonic game-show host may be apt, but it is impossible to endure without the aid of both fast-forward and mute options. Tera Heart is a hard-working fuck, squat-hopping on a rod that bounces into her butt and spills all over her face. A leather-and-stud covered brunette invites a beef wand into her sphincters and accepts its gravy onto her kisser. Morgan gets buddy-buddy with the buns of squeaky cream Amanda Adams, and Serenity's tack-on tits don't do a goddamn thing while a humping dude paints her crack with wad. Serenity as a -Christian Shapiro temptation is resistible, at least in this outing.

STUDENT BODIES: Class is in session.



Buttman's Big Tit Adventure 3

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT. Directed by John Stagliano; starring Rachel Love, Eleanna, Tiaz, Debbie Dee, Shelby Stone, P. J. Sparxxx, Cream Cocoa, Alexandro, Joey Silvera, Roscoe Bowltree, Rocco Siffredi and John Stagliano. Videocassette: Evil Angel.

Buttman's Big Tit Adventure 3 falls short of the superlative, milky götterdämmerung that was Buttman's British Big Tit Adventure, but John Stagliano's latest homage to enormous, surgically unenhanced mammillary glory is a hoot regardless. Debbie Dee sports two Texassize chest-towers. She dabbles with Rocco Siffredi's fuck-stick in broad Houston daylight, then later devours Cream Cocoa's immense chocolate milk-sacks with an assist from Roscoe Bowltree. Shelby Stone swings her sexy, stretchy fleshiness most dazzlingly while bouncing atop Rocco's boffer; mouth-watering, ball-searing Brazilian cherubs Eleanna and Tiaz take a back-alley poking; and, returning to L. A., bottom-meaty P. J. Sparxxx chomps the slick snizz and beyond-awesome fun-bags of the unbelievably endowed Rachel Love. Buttman's Big Tit Adventure 3 offers breast-bent strokers plenty of satisfying—and best of all, silicone-free—meat for the beating.

—M. M.

TIT ADVENTURE 3: Eleanna and Tiaz take it in the alley.





DESPERATE: Fine and Heart wait for fluid

Desperate

HALF ERECT. Directed by Jim Enright; starring Jeanna Fine, Jessica James, Tera Heart, Shelby Stevens, Stephen St. Croix, Jonathan Morgan and Peter North. Videocassette: Wicked Video.

In her current incarnation, the irrepressible, ever-bouncing-back Jeanna Fine has black hair, a flawless street-angel face and a body that can only be obtained through lots and lots of work. She and two over-shadowed twats star in *Desperate* as desperado holes on the lam. The story and acting is too tired to be retold, but the sex, particularly Fine's, is something to perk up about. Joining a supporting blonde on the pole of Peter North, Jeanna demonstrates that she can still deep inhale the longest, widest rod; she can still eat snatch, she can still play with her own meaty pussy and tongue push anal beads up another quim's crapper, all while a power cock pounds her twat from the rear. Fine has added a new ream to her repertoire, taking Stephen St. Croix's lubed log in through her backdoor exit, one of the most muscular sets of sphincters in all of porn. If only her co-cunts were up to snuff. —C. S.

Priceless

HALF ERECT. Directed by Jim Enright; starring Jenna Jameson, Misty Rain, Roxanne Hall, Holly Body, Sofia Ferrari, Krista Maze, Peter North, Steven St. Croix, Tony Tedeschi and Jonathan Morgan. Videocassette: Wicked Pictures.

Few current porn directors more consistently blend bored (and boring) pedestrianism with embarrassing pretension than miserably prolific whack-hack Jim Enright. *Priceless*, Enright's latest, affords him too much opportunity to indulge his trademark lamenesses—in the worn-beyond-all-comprehension vehicle of a (yawn...) dirty private dick flick. Peter North pops off on hooker Holly Body's formidable formica-dugs up front, and closes the show by streaming cream across Jenna Jameson's similarly simulated breastiness. In between, oily Tony Tedeschi secretes ball-sauce on Misty Rain and Roxanne Hall; a tight-lipped Brit dyke licks slim, limber yank-slit by candlelight; Jonathan Morgan reveals the contents of his non-crystal balls to a jugsy Gypsy fortune-teller; and Mr. Enright asserts his incompetence by subjecting his beef-walloping audience to annoying black-and-white flash-back fucks. *Priceless:* Despite some attractive gash on hand, a more fitting title—for the flick and its perpetrator—would be *Pointless.*



PRICELESS: Morgan makes jizz for Gypsy Holly Body.



Barbara Doll-the fuck of death?

Does She or Doesn't She? Only Her Immune System Knows For Sure:

THE BARBARA DOLL HIV SCARE

Prolific, exuberantly sexy French-emigré-turned-premiere-porn-starlet Barbara Doll was recently infected with the virus that causes AIDS...or so the adultvideo industry thought for several panicky weeks last spring after Doll reportedly tested HIV-positive.

"Barbara came up infected on three consecutive tests," claims *Pussyman* creator David Christopher, "and, naturally, everyone in the business was frightened because she's been in so many movies, almost always getting fucked in the ass without a condom."

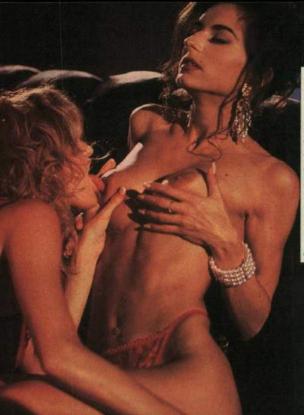
So alarming was Dolf's bad news that, in April, a farcical meeting of big-time smut producers and performers was held in a goofy, retro-1950s diner. No medical doctors were on hand, but Ona Zee and Nina Hartley—who both claim to have been nurses once—insisted there was nothing to worry about.

Despite such assurance, VCA Pictures—the biggest production house in the business—has instituted a mandatory condom policy for all of their upcoming features. An angry-sounding Ed Powers (the genius-gnome at 4-Play Video responsible for More Dirty Debutantes) also stated that he'd be donning dick-bags before diddling strumpets on camera from now on.

The situation changed suddenly in mid-May. Word came that Doll was showing repeated HIV-negative results.

What the fuck is going on?

"Who knows and who cares?" says Christopher. "I truly hope Barbara is healthy, but I'll never work with her again, and I can't think of anyone who would, no matter how many DNA-tests she passes. I also don't think this talk about condom-clauses will add up to anything. I prefer not to use them, but if my actors are insistent, I might consider it. I wish Barbara Doll the best of luck."



De Sade

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT. Directed by Buck Adams; starring Melissa Hill, Holly Body, Rebecca Lord, Misty Rain, Brittany O'Connell, Tony Tedeschi, Alex Sanders, Chuck Martino and Jon Dough. Videocassette: Sin City.

Director Buck Adams's *De Sade* flirts with sadomasochism in a manner uncharacteristically daring for current-day hard-core filmmaking. *De Sade* boasts chicks in chains, choad flowing onto black leather, pelvises violently pumping to an echoey chorus of orgasmic yowls, and dicks delving hard into humbled damsels amid the flick's drearily convincing dungeon setting. Jon Dough gives voice to the spectre of the famous Marquis of the movie's title, and thereby provides *De Sade* with a bogeyman element that's pretty much bogus. Big deal. The female cast is uniformly dairy-fresh and delectable and, better still, they are each fouled repeatedly throughout by verbal abuse, unique employment of candlewax, plain old sperm-hurling or, in the case of Holly Body, getting hung by the wrists and humiliated. Buck Adams has delivered, via *De Sade*, a legitimate eye-opener that's good for a zipper-tug as well.

—S. H.

DE SADE: Misty Rain laps Rebecca Lord.

Stretchin' the Rear

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT. Directed by David Christopher; starring Barbara Doll, Rayveness, Chayse Manhattan, Roxanne Hall, Amanda Adams, Kelly, Alex Sanders, Jonathan Morgan, Steve Drake and Frankie. Videocassette: Plush Productions.

From the Pussyman people comes Stretchin' the Rear, a game butt-fuck festival featuring especially succulent boff-savories biting each other's breasts and spreading delightfully for raging sphincter deluge—and bravo! Nifty, natural-nay-nayed Roxanne Hall accepts a throbbing object up her pooper poolside; couch-potato Amanda Adams bends for a bung-drubbing; real-life marrieds Kelly and Frankie make their own bathtub-scum; Steve Drake spiritedly rectum-rides potentially perilous French fuck-pro Barbara Doll; but Stretchin' the Rear's searing highlight is a girl/supergirl matchup between choice-enough Chayse Manhattan and the ravishing, unenhanced double-D-cup wet-dream-made-flesh (and lots of it) named Rayveness.

Stretchin' the Rear will lead many to stroke up front.

—S. I

STRETCHIN': Ass-fucker Alex meets Roxanne's rectum.



FIRM OFFER: Boy and Byron burn in Hall.

Firm Offer

HALF ERECT. Directed by Jace Rocker, starring Roxanne Hall, Tera Heart, Rebecca Bardoux, Kirsty Waay, Melissa Monet, Jon Dough, Peter North, Alex Sanders, T. T. Boy and Tom Byron. Videocassette: Sin City.

A mountain cabin is up for sale. Couples, no longer interested in one another sexually, come by to view the property. The real-estate agent excuses herself to make a phone call. Upon her return, the erotically apathetic twosomes are fucking like snapping, kennel-crazed dogs. Even the agent's unhappily married bosses succumb to the cabin's sensual spell. Ultimately, the agent lures Tom Byron and T. T. Boy up to the location; they amply stuff her fore and ass and squirt testicle tarter on either side of her face, and she buys the place for herself. Other shopping includes a slithery brunette wrapping full lips around Jon Dough's dong, a three-twat tryst with tongue licking pussy, tongue and butt, large globs of Peter North's nut butter slathering the slot of a big-tit butt-fuck babe, and Alex Sanders tweaking the exquisite nerps of a bump-front beauty, before draining on her doll-girl face. Firm Offer, due to poor framing of the explicit focal points, is about half as hard as what we ask for. —C. S.





TOUCH OF GRAY, SLIP OF PINK

Remember Grandma's sweet kisses, tender touch and the warmth of her hugs?

Imagine that picture perverted into a scene of *multiple* grandmas eating each other's prune-holes, swallowing hot-flung spunk like it was free liquid Geritol and accepting hard, often youthful cock into places usually reserved at advanced age for the rubber-gloved digits of medical practitioners. Imagine no more: Fuck-tapes featuring elderly sex-makers are cropping up with the reg-

ularity of Social Security checks.

Totally Tasteless Video's Bogas Brothers line, whose first release is *Golden Oldies*, sends two pock-marked mooks in search of withered gash, *D.P. Grannies*, from JM Productions, showcases wizened wonders having all their tracts packed; and Hollywood Video offers *Zena's Gang Bang*, which boasts that its star is "Way Over 40 and Oh-So-Horny." Pictures prove it.

The greatest perpetrator of old-people-lasciviousness, by far, is Glitz Video. Like a codger inspired by a gentle-but-effective laxative, Glitz has easily passed Slammin Granny in the Fanny, Geriatric Park, Kitty Foxx at the Fox, Over 50, Sugar Mommies, Sugar Daddies and the two-part toothless blowjob opus Gum Me Bare.

"The skin may be wrinkled," goes an old adage, "but the fruit is still sweet."

That doesn't make it any easier on the eyes.



HALF ERECT. Directed by Mitchell Spinelli; starring Shelby Stevens, Sunset Thomas, Crystal Wilder, Atlanta Rizzen,
Dallas, Rachel Love, Crikila, Tess Newheart, Jake Williams, Mark Davis,
Frank Towers, Vince Voyer, Bobby Vitale and Brick Majors. Videocassette: VCA Platinum.

Starcrossed is the story of a guy who is in love with a broad who is so crazy that she believes her rec room is a public bar, and she is the bartender. Oh, wait. It's the director who expects the audience to believe that a rec room is a real bar. Anyway, the broad serving drinks is played by jut-chest blonde Crystal Wilder, and she wants nothing to do with the mook who pines for her, until the end of the tape, when she rests her ankles upon his ears and he plows a plop of crud splat in the middle of her face. Wilder has a secret for youthful appearance that she utilizes throughout the tape—put a cock in her mouth, and it takes ten years off her face. Varying degrees of juvenation are also supplied by the the greasy bun stuff of a Eurasian slot stuck by a pair of pricks, a splash of jizz on a kewpie moll's extended nips, two blondes sharing a taste of paste-back flaps, and a hammer-dick slamming a sparsely thatched brunet twat while her yellow-head friend looks on. Starcrossed is an average toss.

—C. S.



STARCROSSED: Sunset looms over Davis doing Crikila.

TEMPTATION: Sleek Selena slips between studs.



Temptation

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT. Directed by Wes Brown; starring Sunset Thomas, Atlanta Rizzen, Selena, Dallas, Isis Nile, Abby, Cody O'Connor, Jake Williams, Mark Davis, Zachary Adams, Vince Voyer, Brick Majors and Bobby Vitale. Videocassette: VCA.

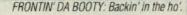
The most irresistible tugging impulses of *Temptation* come from the angel-baby cocksucking face, the overflowing cup-of-heaven tits, the tidy-as-a-clam quim, the high-floating butt bubbles and the stinky-blinking sphincter hole of Sunset Thomas. A sugar-sweet blonde of the luscious-jailbait mode, Sunset rises and sets in *Temptation's* two best enticements: Firstly, she shares her three holes with a punchy male member that applies a copious, appreciative coat of cream to her bum crack; lastly, her lubricious innocence enflames a pair of penis wielders to the extent that they pump twin spurts onto either side of Thomas's twinkling brat smile. Sultry, dusky-eyed brunette Selena opens the open-hole proceedings; a few rather battered blondes bop and blow, a jolt of jizz juices Isis Nile's nates, and Dallas draws a dollop on her solid-state breasts. Agile and accurate throughout, *Temptation*'s camera is a seduction that cannot be denied when focused on Sunset Thomas. —*C. S.*

HUSTLER OCTOBER

Frontin' da Booty

HALF ERECT. Directed by Jim Enright; starring Jordan McKnight, Anna Malle, Nikki Sinn, Heather Lee, Tom Byron, Tom Chapman and Julian St. Jox. Videocassette: Wicked Pictures

There's no shortage of blown-up, balloon-breast front in Frontin' da Booty, a squacksploitation tape that features melanin-tinged starlets, from off-yellow to pitch jungle-cat black, along with a white chick who definitely hails from the murky side of the tracks. Skin tones vary, and not every booty-swinging snatch of Front takes a penile plug in her back hole, but very large, very orbicular, cartoon-quality mammaries are universal equipment in the world of da Booty. A corn-braided slit quits her exercise machine to slurp long, black dick, stuff it up her shitter while her hand climbs her cunt, and sop a shot of wad right in her face. The next spill is a cum-shot straight to the butt slot of a tattoo-tit trailer-park debutante. A coal-complected African-American woman drives a clear strap-on into Caucasian snizz, and Tom Byron's prick decides the best of two girls is to be found by wedging into the poop pit of one. Finally, an outlandishly protruding shelf of ebony mammaries supports a load of ball-oil. Booty is functional up front, but not much to look back on. -C. S.





Stroker's Guide

A quick checklist of X-rated features reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER and HUSTLER EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE.



Fully Erect

Superior. A top production.

Buttman's British Big Tit Adventure (Evil Angel)

Anjelica, Nita, John Stagliano

Costa Rica Studies (Private Video)

> Sally Layd, Brittany O'Connell, Tim Lake

New Wave Hookers 4 (VCA)

Vanessa Chase, Tammi Ann. Jon Dough

Sodomania 9: Doin' Time (Elegant Angel)

Heather Lee, Tiffany Mynx, Cesar



Three-Quarters Erect Above average. Hard-on material

The Butt Detective (VCA)

Rebecca Bardoux, Ariana,

Mike Horner

Cherry Poppers #7 (Zane) Sharon, Candi, Max Hardcore

Creme De La Face #4 (Odyssey Group Video)

Randi Hart, Candy Snow, Rodney Moore

Deep Inside Keisha (VCA) Keisha, Barbara Dare, Scott Irish

Perverted Part One: The Babysitters (Zane)

M, Valeria, Dave Hardman

Young Nurses in Lust (L.B.O. Video)

Vanessa Chase, Olivia, Peter North



Half Erect

Standard fare. Has moments

Babewatch 2 (Coast to Coast)

Sindee Cox, Melissa Hill, Rich Roberts

Lingerie (Sin City)

Amanda Adams, Tera Heart, T. T. Boy

Pajama Party X Number 2 (VCA)

Kylie Ireland, Sheena, Celeste

The Scarlet Woman (Sin City)

Kirsty Waay, Bunny Bleu, Marc Wallice



One-Quarter

Poor. Don't expect much.

Mellon Man 3 (Avica)

Kimberly Kupps, Nikki Sinn, Ian Daniels

Riot Grrls (Sin City)

Sierra, Veronica Sage, Peter North

Totally Limp A waste of time & money

Public Places 2 (Sin City)

Rebecca Wild, Christina West. **Buck Adams**

Sex On the Run Part 2: Sex **Canadian Style** (Totally Tasteless Video)

> Sydney St. James, Monique, Dennis Long

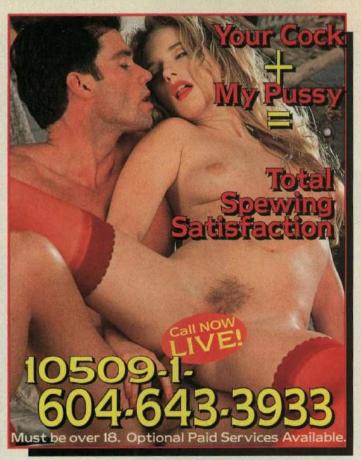




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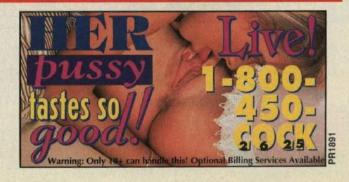






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FEEDBACK

(continued from page 19)

ety want us to come out of prison worse than we were when we went in? Or do they want us to have the resources to be better human beings when we once again become members of society? This goes out to J. H. in Arlington, Virginia: Think about what I've said before you let your mouth override your ass!

—T. C.

Port Orchard, Washington

No one in my family will send me money or write me because they've been threatened. They moved someone with TB next to me a month ago. They then moved a psycho shit thrower next to me, and he threatens to shit me down ten times a day if I won't get a package in my name for a third party inmate so he can get half. I put up sheets on my bars when they let him go to the shower. My sheets were stolen today; my long johns wound up in my new psycho neighbor's bag, along with a single red sock and a large laundry bag the size and shape of a body bag. Cute, huh? This whole area reeks of shit from this psycho's cell. All the guards in this place think this is funny, and they won't move the nut. He throws shit on three people in this gallery, and they don't move him out to a more secure area. Instead they move him next to me, knowing he's going to get shit all over me.

-Name and Address Withheld

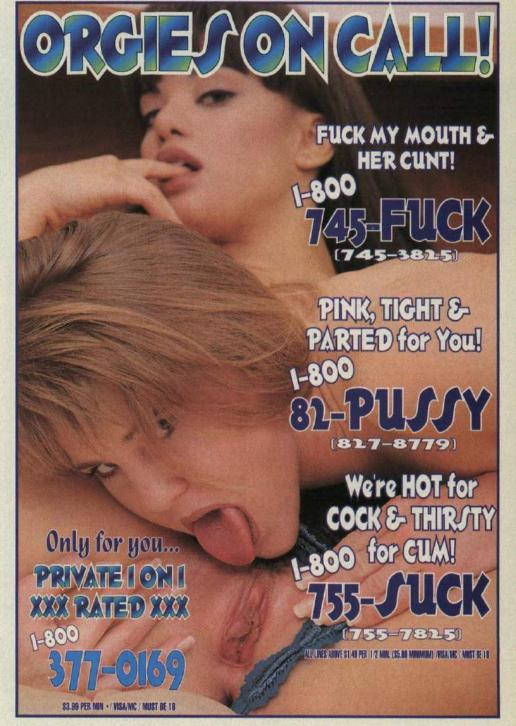
Anyone out there who doubts the difficult nature of prison life, think again.

The Proud, The Attentive

The layout of Kylie and Mason (Kylie and Mason: Army Brats, June '95) is outstanding except for a few minor details. As a proud member of the United States Marine Corps for the past 191/2 years, it is obvious to me that the uniforms Kylie and Mason have on are Marine Corps uniforms, not Army uniforms. Mason is a fine-looking woman, and the uniform she is wearing is that of a Marine Corps captain (or Navy lieutenant), not an Army lieutenant. Her ribbon display is also incorrect. They should be: (starting with the lower right) Service Deployment Ribbon with one bronze star (second award), not a second Sea Service Deployment Ribbon; National Defense Medal; Navy Unit Commendation; Navy Achievement Medal; and Combat Action Ribbon. Most importantly, a Marine Corps captain would never wear a pigtail holder in uniform. She would either wear her hair braided up or have it cut to collar length. As for Kylie, who is also a fine-looking woman, the dog tags she has on are blank. Marine Corps personnel wear their chevrons (rank) on their collar, not on their head gear, unlike Army personnel. As to the boots she is wearing, lord knows where she got them because they sure as hell are not Marine Corps issue. The earrings both women have should be 1/8-inch gold studs, not 1/8-inch pearl clip-ons. Other than that, keep up the good work. We really enjoy the magazine. Semper Fi.

—W. F. SSgt USMC Well, W. F., we stand corrected. Our photographers and editors got so carried away with this heated soldier's story that we missed out on some obviously significant details. However, we are encouraged by your heightened sense of observation, and rest a little easier knowing our nation is in worthy hands. Thank you.

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



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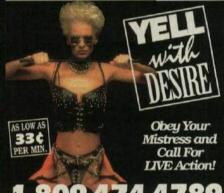






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Hot Letters OT L.F. POSTAGE L.F. POSTAGE PB ME TER PB

HALLO, WIENIE

This is going to sound crazy, but I swear it's true. For months, I had a crush on this guy at my office who worked over in the next cubicle. Richard was just my speed: real tall and skinny, with big, scary hands and the most insane, piercing blue eyes. Unfortunately, he was pretty standoffish—although I suspected that was because he was secretly into me.

Sure enough, when I finally got up the nerve to ask him to a friend's Halloween party, he said yes in a surprised way. He showed up at my place that night dressed as a pirate, looking very cute. I, in the interest of expedition, wore a clingy, low-cut witch costume, like Stevie Nicks used to wear before she got fat. Richard's eyes bugged out at the sight of my pushed-up tits.

Once at the party, I drank about a gallon of deceptively benign hot cider, which had been spiked with applejack. I was completely trashed by midnight. My inhibitions obliterated by alcohol, I fearlessly grabbed at Richard's purple-satinencased cock until, bobbing and weaving himself, he pulled me out to his car.

I don't remember how we got to my apartment, but the next thing I knew, I was on my back on the couch, and Richard's big hands were smothering my boobs. Unfortunately, his alcohol-fueled ardor was not embraced by his penis, which stubbornly insisted on grabbing 40 winks. I was disappointed, but it was just as well. The spins always interfere with my ability to get off. Richard must have been mortified, because he left around 1:30, even though he had a long drive home.

As soon as the door shut, I passed out. An urgent knock jolted me out of unconsciousness. It was Richard. "Had to see you again," he announced breathlessly. He was pale and hollow-eyed, and his clothes were damp—I hoped not from vomit or some other involuntary excretion.

The clock blur read 2 a.m. We both had to get up in a few hours, but his desperation was adorable. Yawning, I let him in.

"Don't like to leave things undone," he murmured, tugging at my neckline with icy-cold fingers. "Never told you how much I really like you."

"Hey, take it easy!" I complained, slapping his hands away. That half hour of suffocating sleep had lodged me midway between drunk and hung over, and I was feeling way too queasy to fuck. "Let's get together tomorrow night. I promise we'll make up for lost time then."

"Noooo!" he howled, his eyes tragic. He clutched at my cleavage. "Tonight!"

Sheesh! "Okay," I relented, "but go gentle. My head's throbbing."

Richard pushed me down on the couch, tore my costume down the middle and methodically groped and probed my body, sliding his hands over my shoulders, down the curves above my hips, up my belly, and finally settling on my tits, which he reverentially squeezed.

"Breasts," he whispered, slowly lowering his mouth to a taut, pink nipple.



"There's nothing like breasts."

"I suppose not," I replied.

His mouth felt strangely cool as he sucked my nips, purposefully shifting from one to the other, as if to keep from neglecting a tit. My pussy ached to be touched, but as soon as I stuck a hand down my panties, Richard stopped nibbling my breasts. He jealously yanked my diddling hand away and plunged nosedeep into my twat.

While his spinning tongue bored into the far reaches of my cunt, he strummed my clit with an outsize thumb, sending hot waves through my still-nauseous stomach and fragile head. My body tossed and turned, itching to come. I was stalled on the brink, too drunk to concentrate. But the more my body jerked, the faster Richard played me with his thumb, until his busy stroking drove me right over the edge into a luxurious half-slumber.

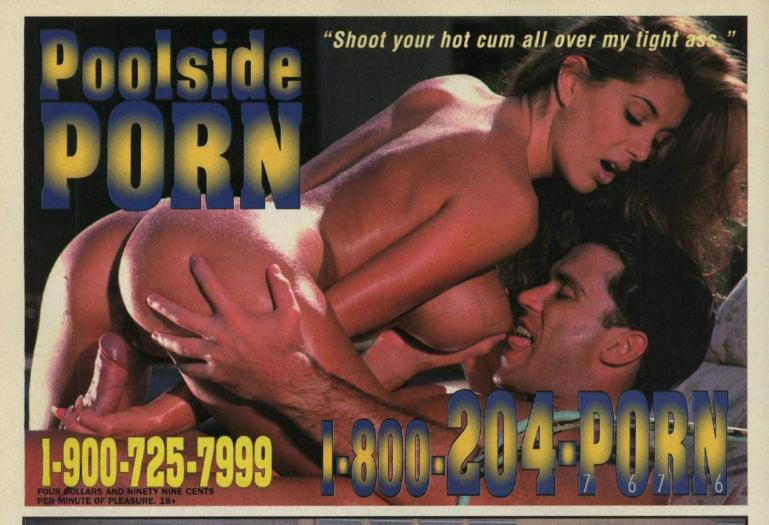
I sighed and blissfully shut my eyes. Immediately I felt an enormous presence near my face. I opened my eyes to see Richard's super-hard dick dangling under my nose. My stomach lurched. Normally, I love to suck cock, but I was afraid that the minute his prick touched the back of my throat, it would be coated with a tasty brew of half-digested cider and caramel popcorn. Still, I wanted to be sporting after the commendable job he'd done on my pussy. I gave his penis a few dry dabs with my cotton-coated tongue.

"Please!" he wailed, pressing his swollen cock head between my lips.

I hate it when guys beg. I backed away from his insistent dick and folded my arms in my most obnoxious manner. Richard, wild-eyed and no longer polite, pinned my shoulders down and shoved his cock into my mouth. Gagging, I desperately held down the avalanche surging up from my stomach. The fucker was lucky I didn't bite his prick off. But his grateful moans allayed my anger, and I settled into the rhythm of his thrusting pecker. God, it was big! My pussy gushed again at the prospect of being plugged by that jumbo joint.

After what seemed like an eternity, Richard reluctantly pulled his gooey cock from my mouth and knelt before my frothing cunt. He took a deep breath, then thrust his rod forward, prying my pussy open and stretching the tender skin to its absolute limits. He furiously drove his tool in and out of my yawning twat. It felt like I was giving birth to a baby that kept trying to crawl back in.

I wrapped my arms and legs around (continued on page 39)





HUSTLER'S

HOOKER HANDBOOK



WHERE TO FIND THEM **HOW TO SPOT THEM** WHAT THEY'RE GOOD FOR

A Practical Guide to

- Prostitutes
- Courtesans
 Harlots
- Working Girls
- Scarlet Women
- · Whores
- · Yo' Mama

Don't trust us: Ask these satisfied consumers, or simply read the fabricated quotes we've made up for them.

IOEY BUTTAFUOCO



"I'm an idiot. I couldn't get laid in a whorehouse not until my wife, Mary Jo, read this to me. Thanks, HUSTLER."

EDWIN MOSES



"This is one book I'm glad I hop, skip and jumped at. Removes the hurdles to a tricky business."

PRESIDENT **BILL CLINTON**



"I could have avoided a lot of trouble if I'd just consulted the experts at **HUSTLER** first."

REVEREND JIMMY **SWAGGART**



"The discriminating gentleman of pleasure will consult HUSTLER'S Hooker Handbook as if it were his bible."

Illustrations by Robert Orzechowski

HUSTLER'S Practical Guide to Painless,

Basic Hooker Types





Massage Parlor Girl

Brothel Dweller





Bar Trawler

Exclusive Call Girl

- Streetwalker (from cover): True to her name, this common trollop can be seen giving curb service in seedy sectors of most half-decent towns. Among the cheapest and riskiest dates money can buy.
- Massage Parlor Girl: This hard-squeezing breed of immigrant handjobber is chasing the American dream through a path of baby oil and semen. Strips for tips; will bone for bonus.
- 3. Brothel Dweller: The most leisurely of all lay-for-pay ladies, the cathouse squack spends her waking hours flat on her back. Doesn't get out much; has just woken up; breath thick with coffee and cigarettes.
- 4. Bar Trawler: Buy this woman a drink, and it's a first installment in an evening's business proposition. Difficult to differentiate from the common bar slut. Neither slut nor trawler appreciates being mistaken for the other.
- 5. Exclusive Call Girl: The term "high class" is invariably tagged to this costly, snooty, fashionably deluded prostitute. If sucking swarthy foreign smegma and movie-industry pricks is classy, then she's high.

Why Are There Whores?

Even a markedly subpar woman can get money from men in exchange for a limited dalliance with her pussy. On the other hand, except for the finest, strapping paragons of handsome masculinity, men never get ladies to cough up dollars for dick. This unfair disparity of sexual supply and demand is one of the most baffling mysteries of all history and humankind.

Men buy sex because men get horny, and sex is right there to be bought. Women get horny too, unless we males are all as a gender victims of a nefarious, globally coordinated female hoax. When women get horny and lonely, they become irrational and go out to buy clothes. We dicks do the logical male thing and go out to pay for a handjob. The woman's approach to sexual expression may seem crazy, but probably she is being very foxy.

The ladies seem to have entered some secret distaff covenant to keep up the price of their commodity. No woman ever truly gives it away. Some strings, demands, expectations are always attached to the gift of snatch. Through their no-free-munch tactics, the entire sisterhood of all women is in league with the hooker sorority. A twat tariff has, in effect, been imposed.

This leveraged state of snatch affairs would be worse than it is if men didn't statistically, as a norm, have more money than women have. So what if the pussy owners have beaten us with cunning, craft, guile and every demonically imaginable combination of sneaky, furtive, conniving strategy known to infamy.

Just leave us our 40 bucks and a blow 'n' go.

Cautionary Maxims

- · Do not leave any money out where she can see it.
- · Be aware of wallet location at all times; she is.
- · Always have exact change ready.
- · Don't wear valuable, tempting jewelry in her presence.
- · Do not eat her pussy.

A Hooker's Five Most Cherished Customers, and Why

- 1) Japanese guys-short dick; long yen.
- 2) Premature ejaculators—raises average hourly income.
- 3) Johns who fear the police—get it over with quicker, better.
- 4) Guys who stash extra money in their sock—self-explanatory.
- 5) Regulars who tip or overpay-duh.

The Five Most Detested Classes of Trick, and Why

- 1) Black dudes-too big; hard on a girl's equipment.
- 2) Hasidic Jews in summer—copious head cheese; very cheap.
- 3) Christian fanatics—hostile; stingy; preachy.
- 4) Cops-don't pay; take liberties; play rough.
- 5) Serial killers-bad for long-term career goals.

Penalty-Free Procurement of Pleasure

How to Tell a Hooker From a Cop

Many prospective johns get caught in decoy or "sting" operations. These losers end up getting their nuts squeezed in jail rather than their cocks sucked in the front seat of a parked car. The prospective buyer need only study these two illustrations, and he will never mistake a pig for a pussy.

Common Whore Common Cop mirror false shades eyelashes walkie pager talkie purse for condoms equibment and ID belt fuck-you fuck-me fake boots shoes handcuffs real handcuffs

Seven Reasons Why Paying a Hooker Is a Wiser Investment Than Taking a Chick Out on a Date

- 1) Whores always put out.
- Whores will not tell a guy's wife that she is seeing him.
- 3) Whores don't ask to stay over until morning.
- Whores don't talk all through dinner about their old boyfriends.
- 5) Whores don't "share" their feelings and issues.
- 6) Whores don't want to marry every guy they fuck.
- 7) No good man ever got dumped by a whore.

The Layman's Book of Hooker Diseases

What She Says About the Symptoms

Real-Life Diagnosis

"That ain't no discharge, honey. I just bin doin' good bizness."

syphilis/gonorrhea

"What bumps, sugar? Them bumps must be from shaving."

genital warts

"Doll, I'm only cruising to make money for my Jenny Craig so's I can keep this figure slim." AIDS

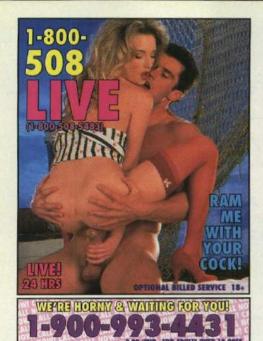
"Was I coughing, sweet thing? Must have caught a cold. Didn't even know it." TB

"That lump down there, homey, that's a lady thing. You wouldn't understand." Is a man

Six Things to Never Do With a Hooker

- Never ask how she got into this line of work.
- Never do anything to annoy her pimp.
- Never take her on an audience to see the Pope.
- 4) Never try to reform her.
- Never give her money for bus fare back to her parents.
- Never, ever fall in love with a hooker.

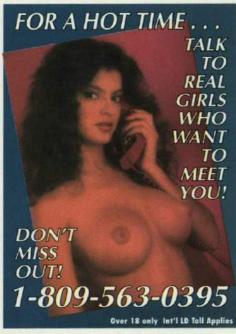


















(continued from page 33)

Hot Letters Each time I thought he was about to shoot his load, he'd twist my body in a different position and continue his frantic pounding. His cock just wouldn't go down.

Richard and pulled him in deeper. His stroking only grew more frenzied. He finally eased up slightly, only to flip me on my stomach and ram his relentless cock into me from behind. Each time I thought he was about to shoot his load, he'd twist my body in a different position and continue his frantic pounding. His cock just wouldn't go down.

My hangover melted away as orgasm after orgasm drained the tension from my body. We were still fucking as the first light of day broke through the window. Impossibly, Richard picked up steam. After a final, spine-tingling thrust, he pulled his prick out and blasted off all over my tits, then looked forlornly into my eyes. "Have to go," he muttered.

I begged him to stay. "We can ride in to work together," I urged. "I don't care what people think." He shook his head silently, a distant look in his eyes. Without another word, he went out the door.

What a dick, I thought. He was probably going to ignore me at work too. But I wasn't going to quibble over someone who could stay hard for four hours.

I dragged my sore ass into work a couple of hours later and headed straight for Richard's cubicle to invite him to a cozy lunch. He wasn't there. I noticed that the office was abuzz. My least favorite secretary waddled over and grabbed my arm. "Did you hear?" she announced self-importantly. "Richard was killed in a car accident last night. He was drunk, and he drove off a bridge."

I was stunned. "He died this morning?" I asked, confused.

"No," Lardass replied. "Last night around 2 a.m., on his way home from a party." —L. P.

Chicago, Illinois

LADIES' ROOM

I recently began reading HUSTLER for the first time and was surprised to find an important question left unanswered-one that I am sure puzzles many fellows.

I used to work as a busboy at a very fancy restaurant. During my seven years of observing the patrons, I noticed that, without fail, a lady will not go to the restroom alone if there is another lady in her dinner party. When I asked my mother and sister why this was so, they told me it was none of my business. But this mystery ate away at me for so long, I had to find the answer.

One night during my break, instead of hanging out in the kitchen "making myself useless," as the chef always playfully says, I snuck out to the alley next to the restaurant. That afternoon, I had noticed a

small window opening into the ladies room. If I cracked it, I would be able to hear the secrets inside, I hoped.

I squatted near the window and waited. Almost immediately, I heard the door bang open and two ladies speaking.

"...so I told him that I hoped he and his hand would be very happy," declared a high, nasal trill.

"You go, girl!" applauded a slightly deeper voice.

"I mean, can I help it if it lasts eight days?" demanded the first lady. Her whining honk lowered to a throaty purr. "You don't mind, do you?"

"That depends on how heavy the flow is," the second lady said in a teasing tone.

I heard a zipper being undone, followed by labored breathing.

"Hmmm," murmured the second lady. "Pretty juicy, but-" There was a pause, and then quiet sucking: "-this substance appears to be of a suspicious nature."

The first lady moaned. "I've been sitting in a sticky puddle all through dinner. I thought I would die when your foot brushed against me."

I heard the click of a lock, and the rustle of clothing.

"You're sticky!" exclaimed the second lady. "I'm spurting enough ova to populate Pittsburgh."

The conversation abruptly ended, and I heard a sloppy, noisy lapping, like a dog at a water dish. The mysterious groans drifting through the window went straight to my member, which guivered no matter how I arranged it in my trousers. I had to see what was going on. Nudging the window in another inch, I got down on my stomach and wedged my head into the tiny space under the glass.

I nearly gasped and gave myself away. Two stark-naked ladies-one dark-haired and chubby, the other slim and goldencurled-lay stretched out on the floor of the bathroom. Each had her mouth buried in the other's most private area, and was nibbling under the dew-laced tufts of fur.

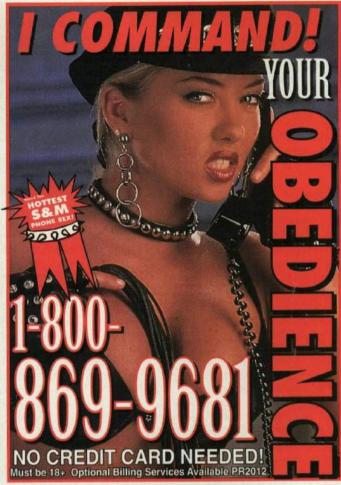
Eyes glued to the fascinating scene, I slid a hand under my stomach and unzipped the fly of my khakis. I shifted my body to press my swollen johnson into the cold concrete.

The ladies squirmed on the bathroom floor, mashing their breasts into each other's bellies. The darker-haired of the two briefly lifted her busy head. I couldn't believe my eyes. It was Mrs. J-, the wife of a prominent doctor in our city, and one of our best customers. Her mouth was smeared with reddish gunk, as if she'd been eating a cherry ice pop.

(continued on page 47)























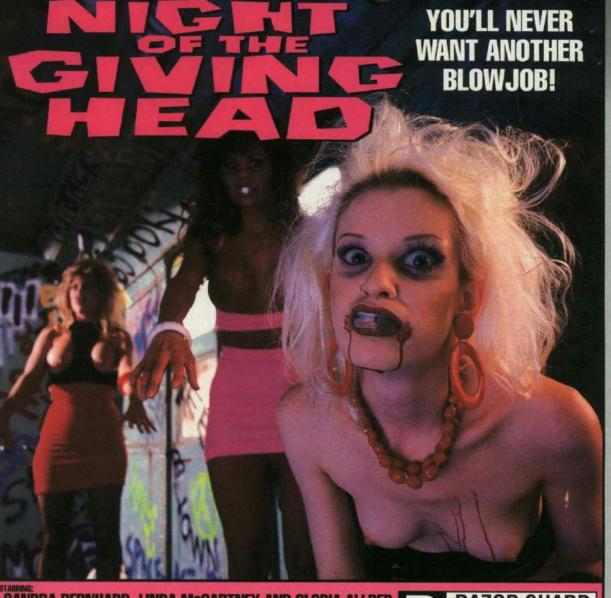
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As Halloween looms, horror fiends brace for another box-office season of unsexy, unscary, unfunny fright flicks. Jason went to hell in 1993, and Freddy died in '91, but rest assured (though they won't), they'll be back for another decade of tired sequels, lazily hacking brainless campers and maiming sleepy coeds by rote.

Moviegoers don't want to see the same overworked bogeymen, chopping up the same unwitting teenagers. They want to see horror so real that they run screaming from the theaters, waking up with nightmares for years to come. And they want pussy. And tits, of course. Lots of both. Welcome to...





SANDRA BERNHARD, LINDA MCCARTNEY AND GLORIA ALLRED
DIRECTED BY DICK GONNER

CHOPOFF PRODUCTIONS IN ASSOCIATION
WITH 20 SEVERED COX

RAZOR SHARP
Parody. Not to be taken seriously.



They Came From WITHIN Debi Diamond's Butt





STARRING: DEBI DIAMOND'S BUTT, SOME SHITTY ACTORS

DIRECTED BY
ROGER
WHOREMAN

RSS REPULSIVE STINKY SHIT
Parody. Not to be taken seriously.

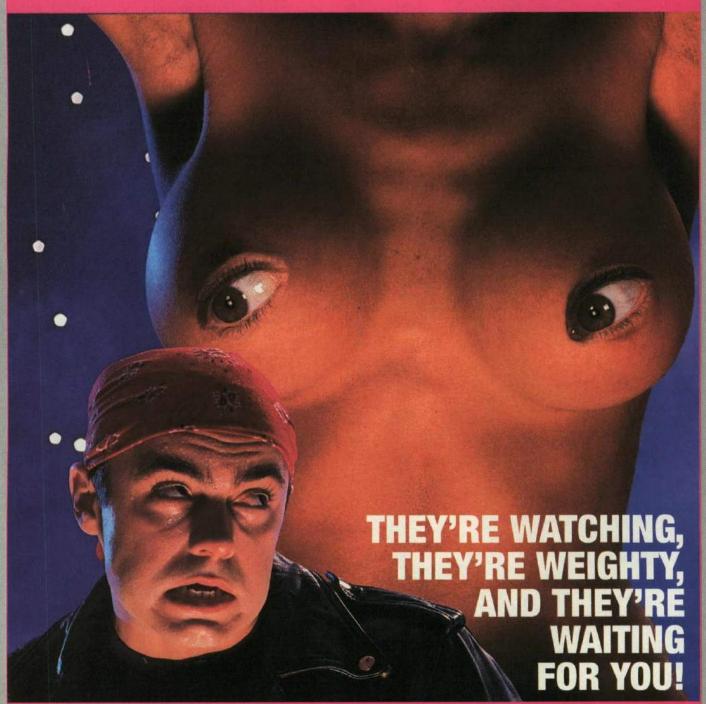
DON'T MESS MASTURBATOR

STARRING: JOYCELYN ELDERS, PEE-WEE HERMAN (AS PLEATHERFACE)

DIRECTED BY FRANK SELFABUSO JR. CREAMWORKS PRODUCTIONS



THESE TITS HAVEEYES



STARRING: A SCALE MODEL OF SHOSHANNA LONSTEIN'S BREASTS; ONE SCARED DUDE

DIRECTED BY A BREAST CRAVING FREAK GP **Paramountains Studios Presentation**

Parody. Not to be taken seriously.

Personals

STRAIGHT FEMALES

23741- Candi - I have short brown hair & I'm looking for a man with a big dick that can be stuck in my tight pussy. All I want is sex. I'm horny & I want sex today. I even fantasize having 2 men at

24179- Wendy - I'm 5' 3" 120lbs. & really cute. I have blonde hair & hazel eyes. My breasts are 38A with sensitive pink nipples. I have a nice size clit & a tight ass. I want to be fucked & I want a man to totally dominate me 100%

25046- Holly - I'm a 26 year old dirty blonde who's tall & leggy. My breasts are 34C with pink nipples. I have a fat pussy & tight ass. I'm very much into group sex, & I like to be spanked. I especially like my pussy to be eaten inside & out.

25343- Alesia - I'm pretty damn good looking. I have such a beautiful ass & I'm in need of a man. My blow jobs you will not believe. I need some help now to be fucked.

24986- Claudia - I'm 5' 10" blonde hair & blue eyed & I work out 5 days a week which is very important to me. My breasts are 38DD & I like everyday anyway you want to do it.

13326- Maria - I'm a 32 year old very practiced & sensual latin lady who stands 5' 4" with auburn hair. I have full lips, long shapely legs & my voluptuous measurements are 44DD-26-36. My butt is nice & round, my pussy is always wet, & I love you to be inside me. I want every hole in my body filled.

19151- Rose - I'm a buxom blonde with blue eyes from Texas. My chest is 38DDD & I prefer to shave my pubic hair. I like to ride my man like a buckin' bronco, to feel his hard shaft up my ass moving faster & faster.

24106- Shelly - I'm a 5' 5" brunette with hazel eyes & I have a good figure. I have firm breasts & beauty marks all over my body. I like it everywhere possible, anywhere. I love a man in uniform & I like to be satisfied, fucked & licked.

19108- Kathy - I'm 5' 7" 125lbs. with 36D breasts & big hard nipples that stick out. I'm waiting to be sucked. My clit is big & it sticks out also when I'm getting fucked. My pussy is wet. Pubic hair is shaved. I like your dick deep in my pussy while I'm waiting for my clit to be sucked. I need to be eaten really well.

ls sex a priority in your life?

Meet people who have the same sexual desires you do!

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Gay Males continued-

26069- Randy - I have blonde hair & hazel eyes & well built. My body is hot & my 9 incher is a hot throbbing piece of meat & needs to be satisfied. I like uninhibited hot & sweaty sex & have it all the time. Anything that turns you on.

25073- Courtney - I'm 19 year old 135lbs. & good looking & clean shaven. I like to frequent the underground sex clubs. I want my 7" dick sucked long & hard. I want to be fucked by a big black dick & be humiliated.

24153- Joey - I'm a 26 year old Italian body builder who's 200lbs. I'm a big stud & I like my 10" rock hard cock sucked. Get on your hands & knees & I'll fuck you all night long. I can get into some pretty rough sex.

BISEXUAL FEMALES

20532- Angel - I'm 5' 2" Mexican with brown hair & eyes with breasts 34B & pink nipples. My skin is soft & my pussy is well groomed. I take real good care of myself. I'm very hardcore & I want it all the time.

25921- Marianne - I'm a 40 year old 5' 4" bisexual weighing 138lbs, who has brown hair & eyes. I have soft, round breasts & shaved pussy that's wet & needs to be sucked on. I'm looking for a sincere friend who wants to be with me & a guy. I want adventure & I want to take care of others.

23147- Tiffany - I'm a light skinned 5' 8" bisexual from Trinidad who's measurements are 36-28-38. My breasts are firm, nipples are brown

& sensitive, my ass is fat & my big pussy is very juicy. I'm looking for a friendship with a bisexual who loves oral sex. I want no dikes or bitches.

24609- Coco - I have dark hair, 41" chest, big wide pussy & a fat ass that feels good when you caress it. I want a woman to make me & my man happy in bed.

LESBIANS

23700- Linda - I'm a 5' 2" black 25 year old who has a body like a model & breasts 38D with nice brown nipples. I get so wet when I'm horny. I keep my pussy shaved in a V-shape & I have a tattoo on my butt. My toes are so pretty & I love to lick pussy. I want a lady to cream all over my face.

21138- Donna - I'm 5' 7" 120lbs. latin lesbian who's interested in being with another woman for a very erotic experience. I'm clean shaven & I have hard nipples.

20408- Kelly - I'm a 26 year old 115lbs. soft skinned doll who wants a bi-curious female. My measurements are 34C-24-36. My pussy is nice & I have large suckable nipples on very firm breasts. I like to be kisses, loved & played with so let's play house.

20130- Dana - I'm 5' 7" heavy set dark skinned lesbian who has lovely lips & very bright & beautiful eyes. My pussy is tight, dark on the outside & pink on the inside. My ass is firm & solid. I want a black woman to satisfy who's soft & affectionate so that I can lick her pussy & make sweet passionate love to.

TRANSVESTITES

25628 - Samantha - I'm 5' 10" 135lbs. with brown hair and blue eyes. I have white, smooth and slender legs and my nipples are pink. I have not started developing yet but I need a man to train me to be a woman with dildo training, bondage, etc.

24263 - Bonnie - I'm 6' 0" 260lbs. American Indian and I have a big chest. I'm hot for some guy. I love sex and I love to have cum run down my big, deep

COUPLES

13717 - Randy & Page - He's 5' 10" 185lbs. and in good shape. She's got big breasts with red nipples and looking good. They're looking for a woman to share their lives with who is very passionate, giving and attractive.

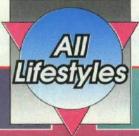
12418 - Joe & Cindy - Joe's a 30 year old with brown hair, blue eyes, hairy chest and stays hard. Cindy has a shaved pussy and she likes to be eaten. They both are very good looking and they like to party with all sorts of people.



GAY MALES

24991- Larry - I'm Asian & a surfer dude who's 5' 7". I have big calves, legs & arms. My cock is 5" which is just a mouthful. When I see guys at the beach, it makes me hot. I want someone to get on their knees & suck me dry & I'll do the same to him.

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(continued from page 39)

Hot Letters Mrs. J— lay on her back exhausted. But Mrs. H— was not about to let her friend rest. She kicked her gently in the butt and flopped back. "Lube me up good," ordered the blonde.

"Could you shift to my spot, under and to the left?" she gasped.

"Of course," replied the blond lady, lifting and cocking her head. It was Mrs. H—, the wife of a local politician. With a sly smile, Mrs. H- snaked a hand around and slipped it between Mrs. J-'s round, artificially tan butt cheeks.

"Ooooh!" squealed the brunette. "Are those Lee Press-Ons?"

"Yes," admitted Mrs. H-, digging in deeper. "Don't you love them?"

Mrs. J-'s plush body jerked helplessly in reply, and she abandoned Mrs. H-'s extra-pink pubis. The blond butt-probing lady did an admirable job of keeping her mouth clamped to Mrs. J-'s wildly bucking, chestnut-tressed beaver.

I, however, could not control my member, which pressed insistently against the rough concrete. I reached under to soothe the chafed skin. My caressing picked up speed as I watched Mrs. J- writhe. Suddenly, her plump ass cheeks clenched, and her body seemed to flatten out and melt into the tiles.

Mrs. H-'s panting, soggy face emerged. A stray, blondish curl was plastered to her smile with goop.

"You are fertile," she snickered, backing away from Mrs. J-'s splayed vaginal lips, which looked like hairy flaps of bologna. This did nothing to quash my throbbing johnson's enthusiasm.

Mrs. J- lay on her back exhausted, but Mrs. H- was not about to let her friend rest. She kicked her gently in the butt and flopped back.

"Lube me up good," ordered the blonde cheerfully, spreading her slim, pale thighs.

Mrs. J- wearily got to her feet and stood over Mrs. H-, who eagerly rotated her narrow hips in anticipation. Working her mouth, Mrs. J-dropped a long line of spittle smack into her friend's swollen, golden-tufted vagina and smeared it around the gaping hole with her foot, before plunging her big toe into the sticky flesh. Pinkish goop sloshed out as she rooted around in Mrs. H-'s privates.

I squeezed my lips shut and hummed to myself. Perspiration trickled down my face and back as I desperately clung to my trembling penis.

Mrs. J- grew agitated as she watched her friend twist on the slick, gyrating toe. Letting go of the sink she'd grabbed for support, the brunette jammed her fingers between her own distended sex lips and rapidly worked them in and out. She swayed and, with a gasp, collapsed on top of Mrs. H-'s heaving body.

"You greedy bitch," pouted Mrs. H-, her pale face flushed purple from wasted exertion. With an effort, she pushed her friend's ample body aside. "What about me?"

"I'm sorry," said Mrs. J .-. "Let's try again. A toe isn't much of a substitute anyway."

"Are you kidding?" giggled Mrs. H-, regaining her good temper. "I'm not used to humping anything that big."

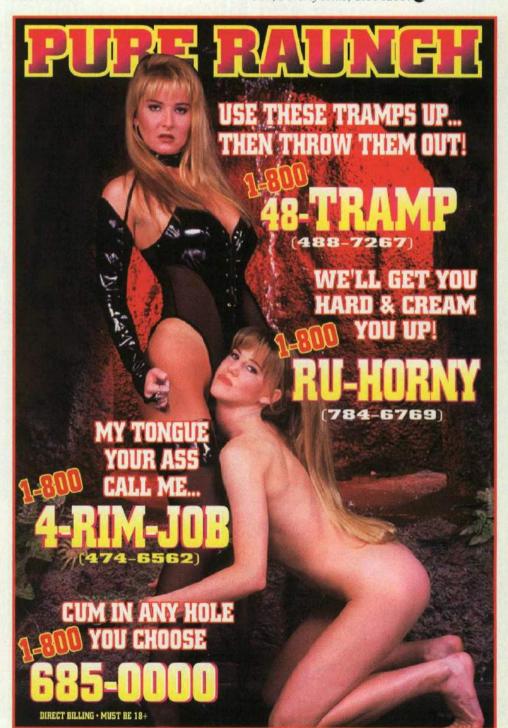
"Oh yeah?" laughed Mrs. J-, turning Mrs. H— over and caressing the blonde's tight ass cheeks. With her other hand, she made a fist.

A hand grabbed my collar and vanked me away from the window.

"Okay, buddy," ordered the lady police officer. "Come with me."

My mother and sister refuse to post bail, but they can't stop me from disseminating information. Please spread the word, HUSTLER. -Name Withheld New York, New York

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



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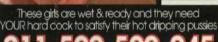












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Restrictive attitudes in the name of so-called morality increasingly take the fun out of fucking. Through good, old-fashioned homespun knowledge, hearsay, scientific facts and outright lies, this series strives to spread the word that rubbing uglies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

Count Your Blessings

The truth about multiple orgasms

By Jon Mescal

His heart pounding, stinging sweat trickling into his eyes, 35-year-old drugstore clerk Danny plows determinedly between his new girlfriend April's splayed legs, watching her face for the sign. After weeks of intensive study, he's discovered that, at the right moment, the simple addition of his pinkie to April's asshole unfailingly brings her to teeth-clenching climax.

At last, the familiar glazed look in her eyes tells him that this is the moment. He applies the finishing touch. Sure enough, April's steaming-hot pussy walls melt around his pulsating cock, and her mouth twists into a tortured moan. Danny grunts with relief. His job done, he releases his prick. But as he contentedly splatters jizz all over April's flushed face, she yelps in dismay.

"I was so close that time!" she whines. "When are you going to give me a multiple orgasm?"

His ego deflating along with his dick, Danny protests, "You actually believe that Cosmo girl myth?"

"It's not a myth!" she insists. "I want one!"

"Well, I've never had one either," he counters.

April smirks. "It's not physically possible for a man to have orgasms seconds apart."

"Maybe if you didn't flop over like a dead fish as soon as you're finished, I could stay hard and come again!" Danny declares.

"That's not the same thing!" sneers April.

"Who says?" fumes Danny.

April smugly reaches for the Masters and Johnson, and Danny silently vows to keep his pinkie to himself from now on.

Rather than waste time arguing and consulting driedup old scientists, Danny and April should take a tip from the real experts. HUSTLER asked porn's horniest starlets

> The answers are varied, but one thing's for sure: The giving's as good as

the getting.



Getting: Have you seen the half-hour multiple orgasm on the Christmas Gang Bang, where I was doing a double vaginal with Rick O'Shay on the bottom, and the other guys were coming in one by one? I was coming even after they stopped shooting-even when I wasn't fucking, when I was walking down the set. I looked bloody stupid. I started crawling so I wouldn't come. I was telling guys, Just touch my clit and watch me come. Don't even play with it; just touch it." I screamed, threw two guys

on the floor, dragged a sofa across the room, had three guys dragging me into the shower.

Giving: I learned how from a gay friend of mine. He said if you squeeze this certain spot on the penis, the guy will have a multiple, and I added my own little trick. I squeeze that certain secret spot-I'm not gonna say where it is-release it, he comes, and then when he shoots into my mouth, I vibrate his dick, and a second shock goes through his system.

CHANTILLY LACE Giving: I was sucking a guy who's just a friend of mine, not in the business. After he came, I didn't let it stop. I love to give head. I just kept going and going. He came three times within maybe 20 minutes. I was a fiend; what can I say?

CAREENA COLLINS Giving: Constantly, I don't do anything. They just want to keep fucking, and I'll keep fucking as long as they do. The guy I'm with now, I'll fuck forever with him, and he'll just not come. Or sometimes he sneak-comes on me. One time he came in my ass, and I didn't even know it. Later he was fuckin' me and came again, and he said, "I've been comin' a lot." And I said, "What?" He goes, "I think I came in your ass earlier." I didn't even know it-I thought I got all soaky, but So I don't know how many times he comes.

ALICIA RIO Getting: I had multiple orgasms on camera only one time, but it was strong and solid. The kind where you go wheeze wheeze wheeze, and then you pass out. Off camera, I come like five times. I masturbate a lot. I know the technique, and it takes me two minutes. The best way for me to come multiply is to think about a big dick going deep inside my pussy and play with myself.

Giving: That depends on the man. Three times is the most: one facially, one all over my pussy, and one just dripping down my asshole.

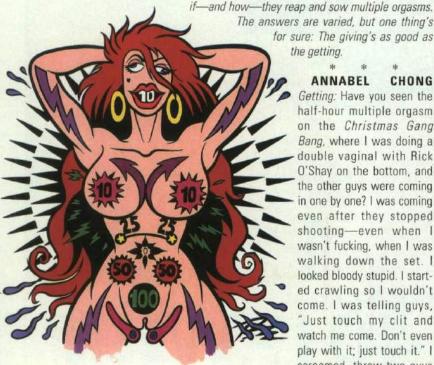
MELISSA MONET Giving: I've never met a man who can come consecutively within seconds or a minute, the way a woman has a multiple orgasm. Usually you need a few minutes to get back on your feet. I spent five years with someone, and we used to play this game to see how many times he could do this. Seventeen times in one night was the most. It was a long night. We were very in tune with each other, and very experimental. One thing I liked to do to him was use a vibrator on his cock while I gave him head. He trusted me enough to let me. Some guys are afraid you might slip it in their ass or something, but it's got nothing to do with that. It's using the penis like a toy and playing with it in every way you can. That's how to get the most out of it.

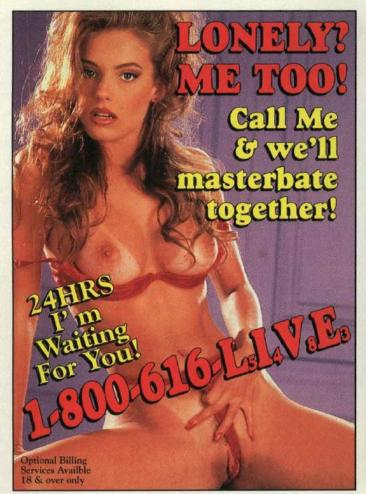
MISTY RAIN Getting: Yes, I do, every time. I like something really big inside my pussy, and someone licking on the outside—that will make me come a million times.

Giving: I can do it, definitely. I just get right back on top after he comes and start all over again.

WINTER LANE Getting: I don't give it much thought. I just keep going until I'm exhausted.

Giving: I believe I have, unless he was a good actor. I got him off seven times, getting him really turned on by being the nasty little porn slut that he loves.









Sex Play "I only like one big load. I like to come ten times and the guy only once, because then there's a lot. You know, like when you're thirsty, you don't want a little Coke; you go in and buy a Big Gulp."

REBEL DEAN *Getting:* The longer we go, the more I have. It gets to a point, after a while, you touch my toe, and I'm gone.

Giving: Oh, that's awesome. I love it. My record was with a friend of mine in Montana. He's got a huge dick, and he's one of these guys who can come on demand and keep it hard and keep going and then five minutes later come again. We had a 12-hour sexathon—we fucked from 20 after four in the afternoon until 5:30 the next morning without stopping. He did me on the floor, up against the wall, out a three-story window—that was cold. It was the middle of winter in Montana, but I didn't care. In the morning I had to go to the bathroom; so he picked me up and carried me and then put me back in bed. I couldn't walk. My legs were jelly.

ANGELLA FAITH Giving: I've had men take a very short break before they've had another orgasm, but there's always that break in there. I give good head.

UMMA *Getting:* I have them all the time. Recently I was with three guys, sucking one's cock and ram-fucking one in the ass while he was sucking the third one's cock. That made me come and come.

Giving: I have to have them come at least two or three times. I'll suck 'em off; I'll fuck 'em; I'll do whatever they want.

JESSIE JAMES Getting: Unfortunately, I don't. I'm kind of like a guy: I build up and build up, and I have one major orgasm. Then, maybe 20, 30 minutes later, I can have another one. I'm too sensitive to even be touched afterward. I can continue to be penetrated, but I can't have my clitoris stimulated.

Giving. There are very few men who can continue after their first orgasm and keep it hard and have another one. I have done that a couple of times orally, but it's not real common.

MIMI MIYAGI Getting: I know how to get those easy—practically every night, with my boyfriend. My clit's very sensitive, and that's my favorite part to be played with.

Giving: I've experienced that. God, that was a long time ago. I was drinking one night and got a little uninhibited; so it was fun for a whole night until five o'clock in the morning. The neighbors in the hotel were pounding on the wall, telling us to shut up, but I said, "Fuck it, no—this is too good."

DOMONIQUE SIMONE *Giving:* Definitely. I have a tight pussy. When I think they're ready to come, I clinch my pussy real tight, and they're like, "Ahhhhh!" You probably think I'm crazy.

KAITLYN ASHLEY Getting: My record for orgasms is 45 in an hour. I passed out after I did it. My boyfriend kept track for me. Usually it's regular intercourse, sometimes with a vibrator on my clit just to keep it going.

Giving: That's hard to do. I've only done it with

my husband. I made him come twice in a row.

AMANDA ADDAMS Giving: There've been so many. I can't count that high. Have orgasms, will travel. But if I tell you how, I'm giving away my secret.

SUMMER KNIGHT *Getting:* Sometimes, but never in front of the camera. It takes too much concentration. I put in so much energy with my first orgasm that usually I'm tired. I'm a little bit lazy.

Giving: I had a guy come four times once within an hour. Usually a mixture of a handjob and a blowjob is the best way to give a man multiple orgasms, if he's mentally stimulated by the situation.

VERONICA BRAZIL *Getting:* I'm very lucky. I always can, if a guy is fuckin' me right, or if I'm playing with my dildos, or with this little vibrator I have that can fuck my clit.

Giving: I only like one big load. I like to come ten times and the guy only come once, because then there's a lot [puts out two handfuls]. You know, like when you're thirsty, you don't want a little Coke; you go in and buy a Big Gulp.

SARAH-JANE HAMILTON Getting: Not all the time; I'm not a miracle worker. It takes a man of stamina, who's willing to keep going—just nonstop sex. For a girl, that usually brings on multiple orgasms. A lot of men, when a woman comes they think, Well, it's my turn.

Giving: Once upon a time, when I was 17, I was seeing a man who could have multiple orgasms. But I don't think it was necessarily me giving them to him—it was just something he could do. Not ten at a time, but he could come twice in five minutes. I think that was his own talent.

NICOLE LONDON *Getting:* Sometimes. It depends on the partner and my mood. With oral sex—multiple orgasms 100%.

Giving: I love doing that. I start again when I'm not supposed to. But I don't count their climaxes—it's not a contest with me.

DANYEL CHEEKS *Getting:* Yeah, multiple, multiple orgasms. That's one thing that God definitely did right by me. It's not a real difficult thing, if you know what you're doin'.

Giving: Recently I met someone who is able to maintain—pop, stay up, pop, stay up. I've never run into that before. It's very addictive!

KYM WILDE *Getting:* Multiple orgasms have happened. If you just let it all out like I do, it's so intense. I've passed out twice.

Giving: God, no. Bring me the man who can, and I'd love to. I've tried. I've just kept doing things over and over again. He'd get erect and come, but not right away. Eighteen-, 20-year-old guys can keep going all day long, but they can't squirt and stop and squirt again a second later. Are you kidding me? If I can find that guy, I'll give him a blowjob for hours.

HIGH SCHOOL SEX





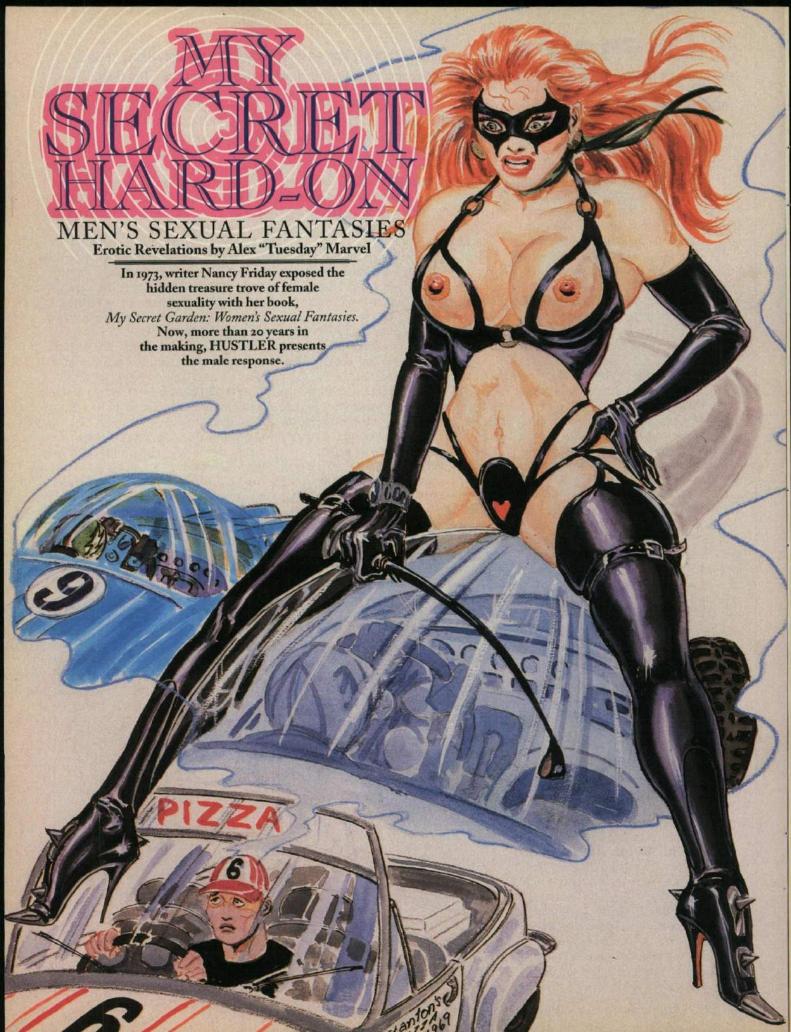




Illustration by Eric Stanton

Secret Hard-on There may exist a place and time, a situation, in which the male human's attention does not turn toward sex. No man worthy of being so designated has ever gone there.

For a pretty long time now, since well before the human race entered puberty, men have been harboring sexual fantasies, but you wouldn't know it by listening to us. Real men don't talk about sensitive issues, such as the filthy stray thoughts that entrance us, though it might help if we did talk about them.

We need to liberate our rugged selves from the feelings of inadequacy and shame that pop up and throb when we indulge our eroticized visualizations.

The purpose of this study is to help fantasy-plagued males to understand the psychology of our compulsively horny imaginings. Hopefully, we can learn to enjoy sexual fascination for its own sake.

"What Could You Have Been Thinking About?" She Said.

In his mind, as in his fucking, Carl Husker is reaching a climax.... Pulled toward him by taut chains attached to dog collars encircling their individual necks, a gang of stripped women crawls through Carl's imagination. Their breasts sway low; nipples puckering from the friction of bathroom tile beneath them. Ten pink tongues lick the floor, twice that many bubble buns waft in the air, squirming closer. Big and heavy-lidded with wonderment and lust, ten pairs of

lady eyes fixate upon the goal of 20 kiss-blowing lips—Carl's hanging balls.

His testicles dangle over the toilet rim. The entranced ginches genuflect one by one, reverentially planting kisses upon Carl's sacred scrotum.

Carl fervently whips plopping dollops of liquid seed from his rod. Splashes of creamy scum blotch the feline, female faces that rise blissfully toward him. A hot flush of ecstatic release suffuses Carl's skin, but is sharply curtailed by a slap to the face.

"What the fuck could you be thinking about?" demands Lisa Lobber, wiping stinging semen from her doe-like eyes.

Since he'd just finished openly fucking her, Carl Husker openly confides in Lisa Lobber precisely what he had been thinking about at the point of ejaculation. Lisa hastily and haughtily dresses to leave, cutting short a planned all-nighter. Carl's thoughts return to ten idealized women. They waver only a leash length away.

The loss is entirely Lisa Lobber's. In her female-empowerment group later that week, she recalls traumas of humiliation, devaluation and unfair comparison. How can she compete with some fantasy figure cooked up in a man's head?

If only Lisa had stopped to ask Carl!

Men draw their dream-date inspiration from real-life females. One woman, Lisa Lobber, brought ten wonder ladies to life in a single man's mind. Astonishing! The only shame is Lisa's failure to take pride in her achievement.

Carl Husker will forever remember Lisa Lobber fondly, and those affectionate recollections will always evoke the warm regard of ten groveling beauties.

The most gorgeous of the group again pushes past her sisters to mash Carl's sweaty balls into her face.

Male Sexual Fantasies: The Where, the When, the Why

There may exist a place and time, a situation, in which the male human's attention does not turn toward considerations of sex. No man worthy of being so designated has ever gone there.

A guy is at the funeral of his mother. While Mom's prim face peeks out above the casket rim, her son's mind sneaks beneath the skirt of cousin Sheila and inspects her underpants for smudges of vaginal discharge.

A guy is in the office of an enraged chief executive officer. The guy is about to be fired, blacklisted, perhaps beaten up. This conference concerns the guy deeply, but not so deeply as his speculations concerning the CEO's siliconestacked secretary and her below-thewaist aromas.

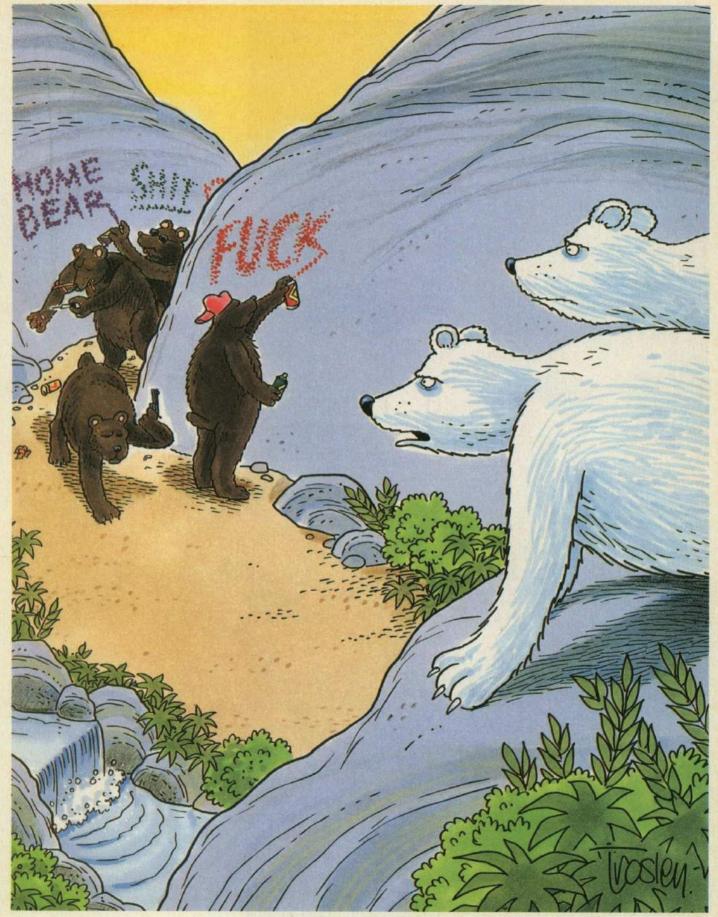
A guy is a passenger on a commercial jet airliner. The plane is going down fast, nose first. Everyone aboard is going to die. Amid perfervid prayers and screeches of panic, the guy holds his own. He pictures terror distorting the stewardess's face into a mask of involuntary contortion as his prick pries into the private recesses of her anus.

Cerebral masturbation strikes a penis brain anywhere: in line at a bank or grocery checkout, festering in a holding cell or among the shadowy cineastes enduring a Woody Allen movie; gawking at broads on the beach, watching the fashion channel on TV, being sworn in as the defendant of a capital crime—one place is as good as any other.

All men think about sex so hard that we can feel it. Many of us spend night after sleepless night, tossing, turning, gazing imploringly at the ceiling and beseeching the room's vague, threatening shadows: Why, why for God's sake, must I be this way? Why do carnal contemplations cruise into my consciousness, waking and sleeping, with a frequency and poignancy greater than that of a dying dog's farts?

(continued on page 64)





"Uh oh..."



"I was terribly homesick my first few days in the U.S.," admits newly arrived Dutch treat Katrinka. "I couldn't even think about sex.

"So my American boyfriend is bombarding me with tokens from my homeland. He's surrounded me with tulips, he feeds me chocolate by hand, and I better not tell you what we smoked earlier today. His plan is definitely working. I could fuck a wooden shoe!"

Well, where is Mr. Diplomat?

"Out looking for a dyke for me to stick my finger into."

Photography by James Baes















(continued from page 54)

Secret Hard-on Inflammatory, groin-centered thoughts insert a swizzle stick into the day-old ginger ale that is mixed with our indomitable spirits. Sex fantasies stir things up.

It is time for the male to stop harassing himself with such loaded questions. Our motives for seeking the solace of sexual imagery are simple and pure.

Boredom: The world holds no shortage of tedious moments. The dull monotony of life's weary, stale, flat and unprofitable interludes is easier to endure with the company of a boner. Inflammatory, groin-centered thoughts insert a swizzle stick into the day-old ginger ale that is too often mixed with our indomitable spirits. Sex fantasies stir things up.

Testosterone Overload: Some men have bigger balls than the rest. Bigger balls carry more spunk. A greater quantity of spunk increases the agitation exerted upon the subconscious libido. An agitated subconscious libido injects notions of wanton prurience into the consciousness. Full testicles make for a full mind.

To Make Free Money on the Boss's Time: Wage slavery is the bane of the working man. Some small freedom from check-to-check tyranny is won by simply being still and pondering the miracle of sexual release while the time clock ticks.

Revenge: A woman can be a police officer writing a young man a speeding ticket he does not deserve, she can be a careless driver who hits a young man's cherry '54 Ford and runs, she can even be a first-grade teacher who flunks a young man's young son. Whoever she is, and whatever damage she does a young man, he can always see her later, in a light that humanizes her and makes him God.

To Adjust Reality's Unfairness: Among life's unsettling injustices is the fact that super models spend very little of their free time fucking gas-station attendants. Any able grease monkey can remedy that imbalance, if he only thinks about it for a while.

The Book of Common Fantasy

The male imagination's sexual shooting gallery has an infinite variety of triggers, but certain themes recur with marked regularity. Spot the similarities among the following dirty daydreams, culled from a diverse selection of men.

Example One: Bob sees himself working naked in the garage. He is approached by a buxom, high-assed brunette in halter top and denim hot pants. She takes the spanner wrench out of Bob's hand and reaches down to massage his flesh tool. By sleight of hand, she pulls the knot of her halter top, and all of her clothes fall to the floor. Her knees follow the garments, landing on the cold cement as her hot mouth engulfs Bob's turgid rod. She sucks deep and fast, banging the head of his dick against the back of her throat. Bob comes, shooting so much load that she back-sneezes scum through her nostrils.

"Lie back," she gurgles to Bob in the afterglow. "I want to do something really special for you."

As Bob reclines voluptuously, the mystery brunette steps out into the driveway and waxes his car.

Example Two: Bill has always been fascinated by anal sex, and his reveries unerringly veer toward the rear view. In his favorite wishful thoughts, an immaculate, Amazonian black chick sneaks through the window of his room. Her asshole is pristine, vise-like and prelubed. Without a word, she lip massages his prick into the configuration of desire, then slides her sphincters along the length of his shaft until he blasts bone marrow deep within her dark recesses.

After her tongue swabs Bill's dick clean, the dark temptress walks his mother's three dogs and picks up their shit so that Bill will not have to.

Example Three: Brad doesn't think anyone should go hungry, especially not since his average ejaculation produces enough gamete yogurt to fill the bellies of any three chippies. The reel within his mind features an anorexic ballerina who puts her ankles behind her ears and jerks Brad off with her toes. She directs his copious splooge onto a slice of melba toast, and devours the treat with relish. Her entire source of protein is harvested from Brad's bone.

After she eats, she runs out to her car and drives away. Ten minutes later, she returns with pizzas and a keg of beer, then she leaves again.

Example Four: Barney has a longstanding obsession with quantity. His fantasies are invariably vertiginous swirls of girl skin. Entire gangs of unreal beauties converge upon Barney's pleasure glands, lavishing extravagant wetflesh smooches upon his sensationheightened epidermis. The multitude of muffs turn their attentions upon one another, swilling snatch, gulping gonads, savoring, swallowing, slurping and slipping and sliding in a whirly pool of pussy and mellow protruding parts.

When that's done, the chicks put on their clothes and venture as a group to shoplift CDs and clothing for Barney.

Where Do Fantasies Come From?

Every thought, feeling or image that flits through a man's brain got in there somehow. Much like an immigration (continued on page 74)



"Shut up! If there's that much blood, he's probably already dead. Get the fuck offa' my back and call the damn coroner!"





Photography by Matti Klatt



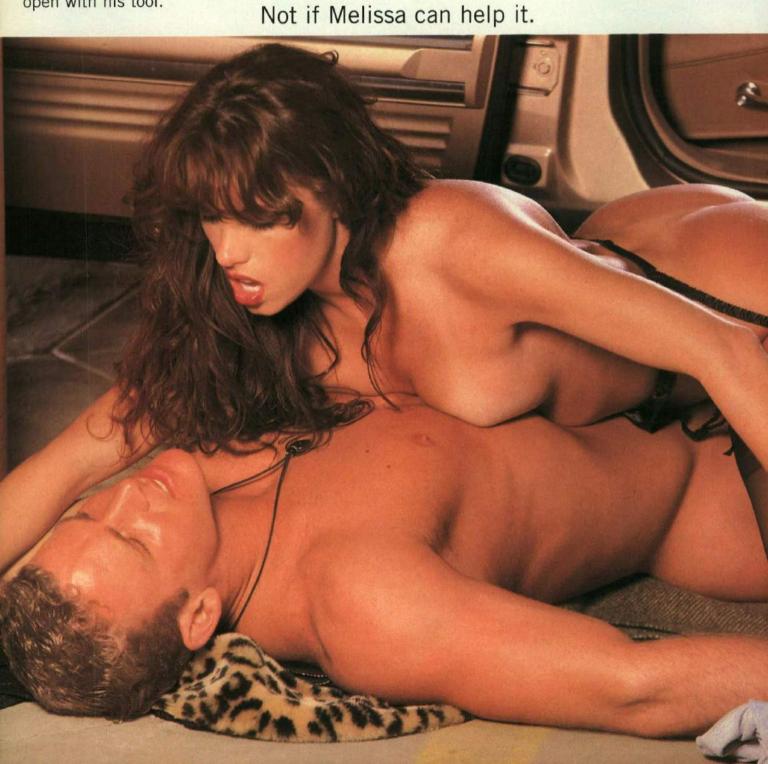






"I don't know how I could have locked my keys in the car," coos Melissa, kicking a ring of bright silver objects into the gutter. "Thank goodness you got here so soon!"

"I always come as quickly as possible, ma'am," declares locksmith Adam, jimmying her door open with his tool.









(continued from page 64)

Secret Hard-on Being a pig isn't so bad. Emerge, hogs. Stop fighting swinish tendencies. Accept the dark, metaphorical nooks and crannies of personal sexual mythology.

officer facing an incoming tide of humanity, the individual male exercises a degree of selectivity, but cannot be expected to keep out every persistent and perverse notion that crashes upon his cerebral shores. In his least-guarded moments of repose, exhaustion or agitation, a guy finds himself fixating upon eroticized behaviors most foul or absurd.

How, he wonders, after the scene of unlikely venery has played out, did that get in there?

Five common points of origination:

Past Experiences: Sexual history can be relived and improved. Ask Boris. Boris has facial warts, a small penis, bad body odor, a full-frontal pelt of fur and unfailing premature ejaculation. No woman has ever been steered to orgasm by the driving of Boris, except in his mind. Boris spends much of his time in his mind. He has had all his best sex there.

Blake, on the other hand, is blessed with a grand penis, smashing good looks, pleasing aroma, the stamina of a stallion and smooth, manly skin. Chicks lapse into climax at the touch of his little finger. At times, all that huffing and puffing is too much trouble for Blake. Hardly bothered, he dips into his private treasure trove of erotic memories, and he's happy to have gone there.

Hostility: Anger expresses itself in a myriad of forms, some of them quite pleasing to the mind's eye. Don't be scared off by hostile fantasies. An element of malevolence in the mix does not indict the fantasizer as a woman hater, not any more than tossing a nasty fuck into the wife indicates that divorce is imminent. A mean bone usually results from the male being pissed off at his boss, his parole officer or some other bastard. Likewise, a seemingly evil fantasy is a perfectly safe and healthy way to release and resolve poison emotions, most of which have been tainted by something other than females.

Wish Fulfillment: No one, not even a studly, swinging HUSTLER editor, gets every piece of ass he wants, at least not in the real, external world he doesn't. The inner landscape, however, is a richly rewarding environment, wherein even the most unavailable female is openly accessible. Marilyn Monroe, Jayne Mansfield, Audrey Hepburn-none will fuck again, unless some bright boy closes his eyes and counts to three.

Movies/TV/Media: Anything from a Max Hardcore butt tango to reruns of Emma Peel tied to a chair in The Avengers will provide an erotic blueprint for the sex-fevered wonderer. Inspiration

is rife in print and video advertising, be it chicks with mud caking their faces or suds spilling down their blouses. Even newsmagazines, chock full of Hillary Clinton's wide behind, give cud to the voracious maw of sexual ruminations.

The Primal Libido: The Earth Mother within that is the pride of gritty feminists has an equivalent deep inside the male psyche. He is the Primordial Papa, and he fathers all manner of carnally charged, semi-conscious thought.

A man can work in a chrome-andglass spire and employ all manner of technology in his daily endeavors. Still, he slips into meditations of screwing in the mud with two women who are hairy as apes. True, our intellects have developed to a plateau that must astonish even our creator. But man is still an animal. No matter how elevated his consciousness, the human male still uses his powerful brain just like a weakminded beast would.

Are All Men Pigs Because of What We Think?

Barry is a fey epigone who makes Alan Alda look like a man. Barry is kind to everyone he meets. He is gentle and gracious. He treats women with mild-mannered deference. Yet, whenever his thoughts go off on their own, they explore bestial avenues of gratification.

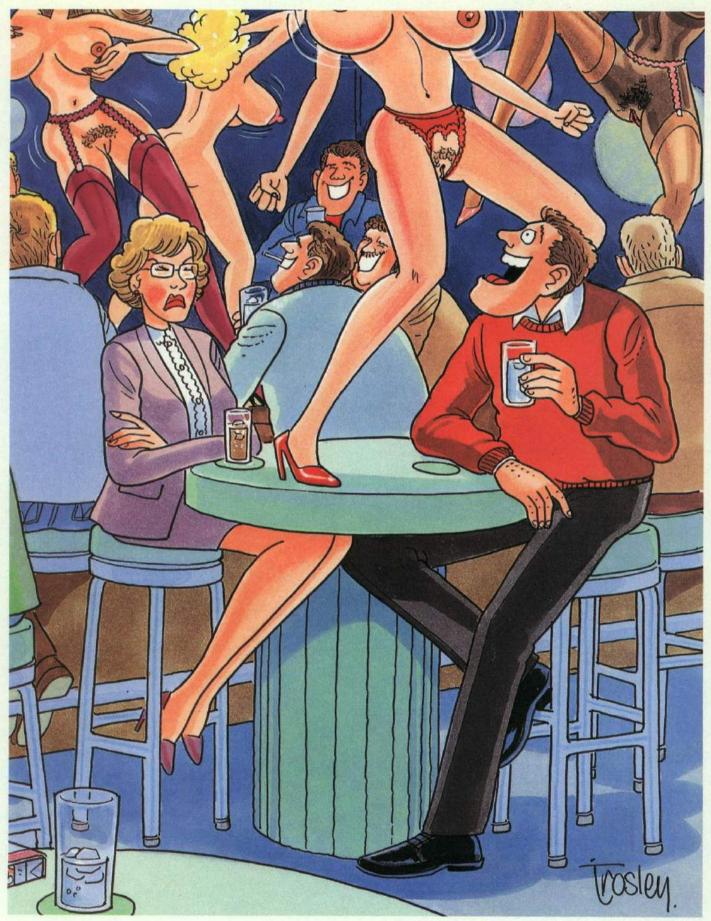
Barry pictures the woman of his dreams, someone much like Joan Lunden. She is in a barnyard, slopping hogs. Her breasts and ass swing from the motion of throwing feed. Her nude toes squish in the mushy carpet of mud and swine shit. She spies Barry sitting on a fence post, chewing a stalk of hay and stroking his penis. The blonde is overcome with erotic exultation. She belly flops into the hog mire and squirms onto her back. Her crud-encrusted belly humps the charged air between she and Barry. Her ass scoots to him. She arrives. Barry's jizz splashes her swollen, grime-slick clit.

A man is not the sum of what his cowardly, constrained, socially acceptable behavior would have him seem to be. A man is defined by what he wishes he could do. Face facts, Barry. You're a pig.

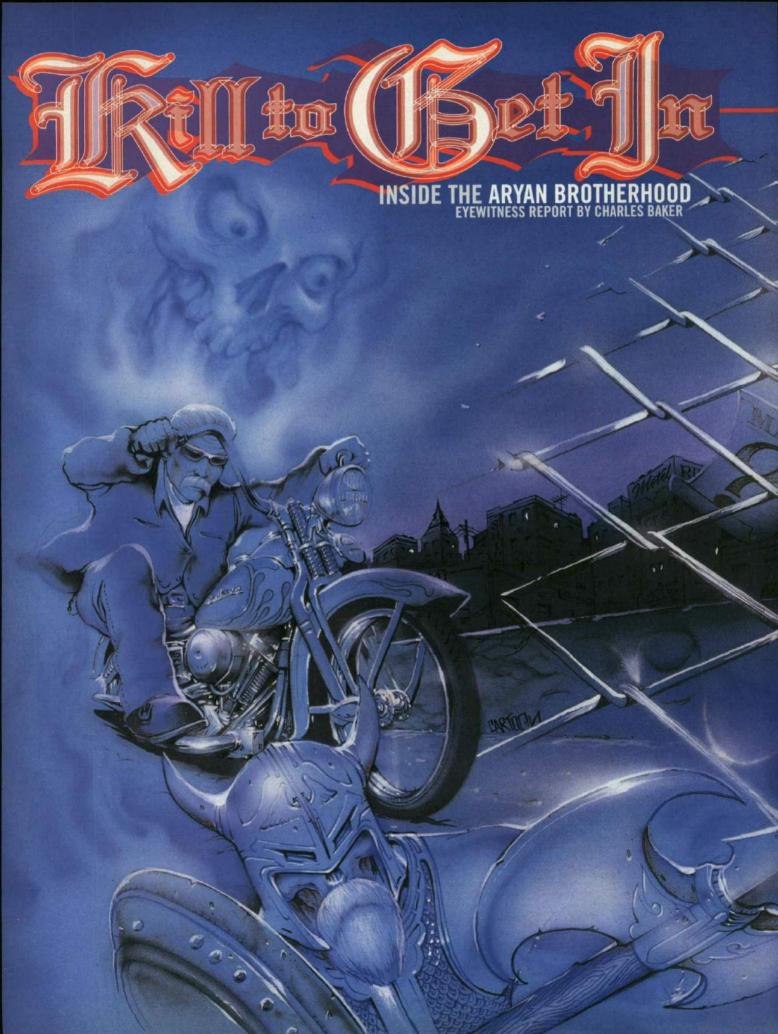
Fantasy as Reality

Being a pig isn't so bad. Emerge, hogs. Stop fighting swinish tendencies. Accept the dark, metaphorical nooks and crannies of personal sexual mythology. Remember, life's most fulfilling hot spots are cultivated in hidden places where the sun never shines.

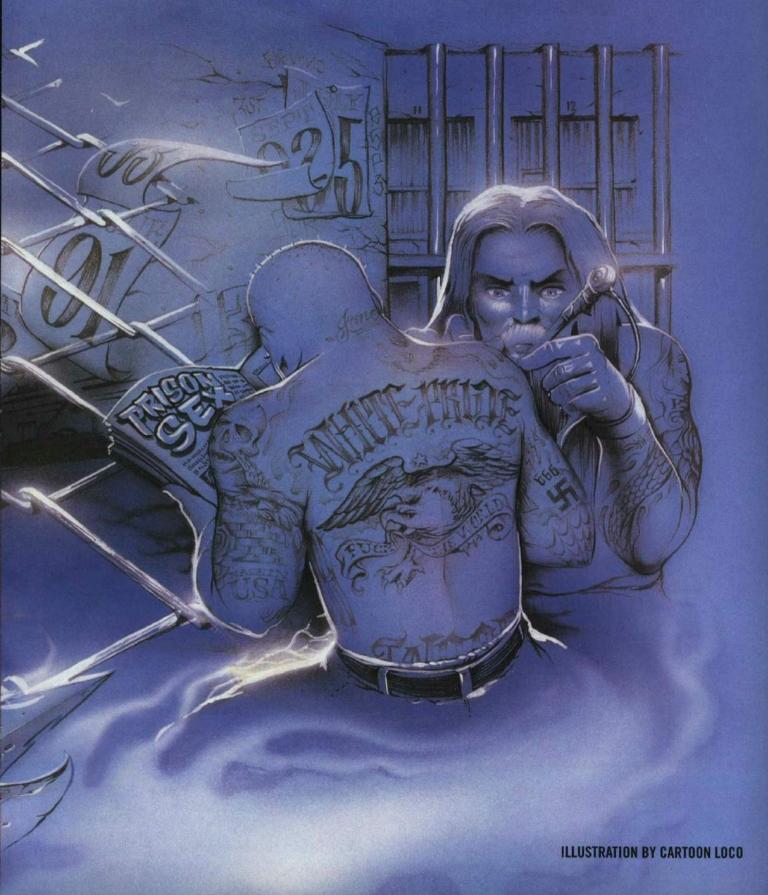




"Oh, yes you did...you said, 'It's your birthday; you pick...take me to a place you really like!"



THE ONLY WAY TO BECOME A MEMBER OF THE HIGHLY SECRETIVE WHITE-SUPREMACY GROUP KNOWN AS THE ARYAN BROTHERHOOD IS TO TAKE A LIFE—AND THE ONLY WAY OUT IS TO GIVE ONE.



Brotherhood The prison officials, as a matter of course, detained several members of the Aryan Brotherhood in the hole whenever a black convict was killed or stabbed.

The Aryan Brotherhood (AB) is one of scores of white-power groups scattered throughout the United States, all driven by their desire to "purify and preserve" the Aryan race and establish a "White Homeland."

Initially formed as a prison group to counter the mounting violence by black gangs, the AB has operated outside of prisons as a sizable, well-structured underground organization since the late '60s. A very select few "free" men, sympathetic to the group's cause, are carefully screened and allowed entry. Other than those select few, nearly every member is culled from the prison system. Because of this, and the "initiation requirements," the AB is virtually impenetrable to would-be foes.

The following is one man's exclusive, first-person account of his experience with the AB. Only the names have been changed.

I met Michael when I began serving a six-month-to-ten-year term in California's Soledad State Prison during the early 1970s. At 25 years old, Michael had been incarcerated for nearly half of his life. He had intricately detailed tattoos from his waist to his head, and referred to them, almost affectionately, as a "time line."

"I got this one while I was doing a bullet [one year] at Nellis," he said, pointing to an elaborate spiderweb that covered the back of his arm from forearm to biceps. (Nellis is a California Youth Authority, or CYA, institution for the youngest of California's hard-core "throw-away" adolescents). A black widow spider occupied the web at the elbow.

"Most of these were done at Preston [another CYA institution]," he said, lifting his T-shirt and turning his back to me. Along with myriad others, a tattoo of a peacock ran the length of Michael's back, its colorful plumage fanning out at the base of his spine. "Took five months to complete," he said proudly.

Michael had done two-and-a-half years on that stint: one year for armed robbery and an additional year-and-ahalf for stabbing a black inmate. "Fucking nigger shorted me on the chow line," he explained.

On Michael's stomach, two-inch-high Old English letters spelled out the words white Power in a half circle. On the left side of his chest, nearly camouflaged amid a swastika, lightning bolts, the letters SWP (for "Supreme White Power") and many other tattoos, were the letters AB. These were the initials for the Aryan Brotherhood, whose motto is,

"Kill to get in. Die to get out."

When I met Michael, he was in his fourth year of a five-to-life sentence for armed robbery. He had already been in AC, or the Adjustment Center (a/k/a "the hole"), a number of times for a variety of offenses, including suspicion of murder. The prison officials, as a matter of course, detained several members of the AB in the hole whenever a black convict was killed or stabbed. Conversely, members of the Black Panther Party and Black Guerrillas were put in the hole when the victim was white.

The hole was a 6' x 8' cell with no windows or ventilation. Convicts entered the cell through a solid steel door, beyond which was another steel-barred door. The solid door was kept closed at all times, except for twice-a-day feedings, thus leaving the convict in total darkness. The toilet was a small hole in the concrete floor with a flushing mechanism controlled by guards outside the cell; the mattress was a thin canvas mat. Three-minute showers were allowed once a week. Michael, during one stay, spent five months there. He emerged pale, thin and laughing.

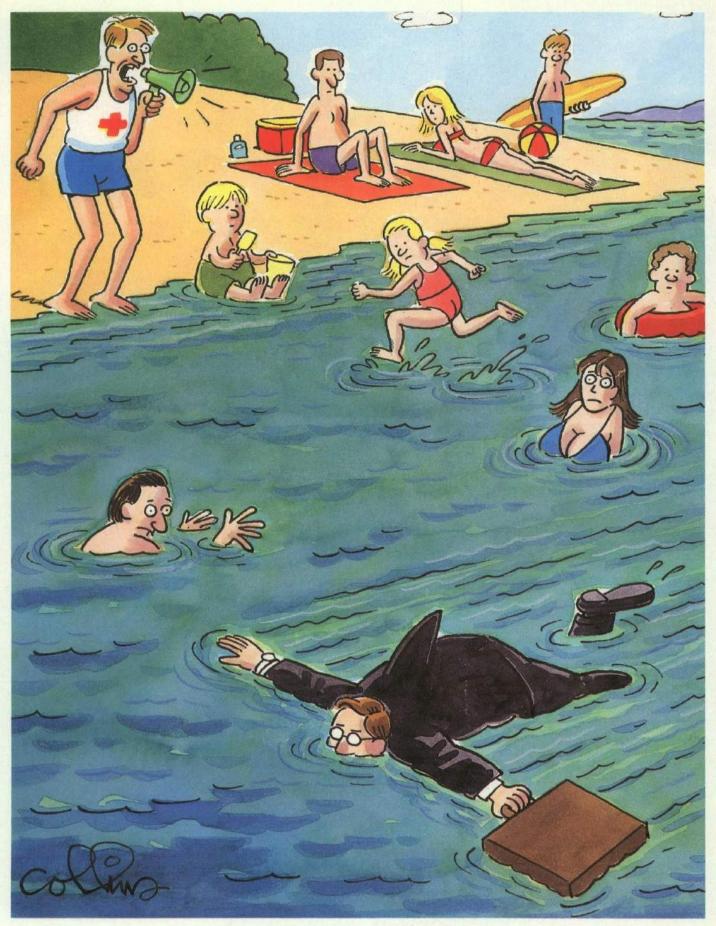
In 1970, George Jackson, Fleeta Drumgo and John Clutchette, later dubbed the "Soledad Brothers," were put in AC and charged with murdering a prison guard named John Mills. They were accused of viciously beating the guard, then dragging him up three flights of iron stairs to the third tier. There, they beat him into unconsciousness with his own flashlight and hurled him over the rail to the unyielding concrete below, where he died in a pool of blood.

Several AB members had seen the incident and were placed in AC as "material witnesses to murder." Jackson was a member of the Black Panthers. Although they were arch enemies of the Black Panthers, all of the AB members refused to reveal to investigators what they had seen, lending credence to the concept, "The enemy of my enemy is my friend." The Aryan Brothers were beaten senseless by guards for their refusal to snitch.

Michael and I became good friends and spent much of our time together. About a year after I met him, he asked me if I wanted to become a member of the AB. I knew that in order to become a member, I would have to kill a black inmate. I have witnessed, and been involved in, some very ignoble aspects of human behavior, and I had no problem with the idea of killing a man if I thought I was in danger, but to kill a man for no

(continued on page 88)





"Lawyer! Lawyer! Get out of the water!"

Nipped in the Bud

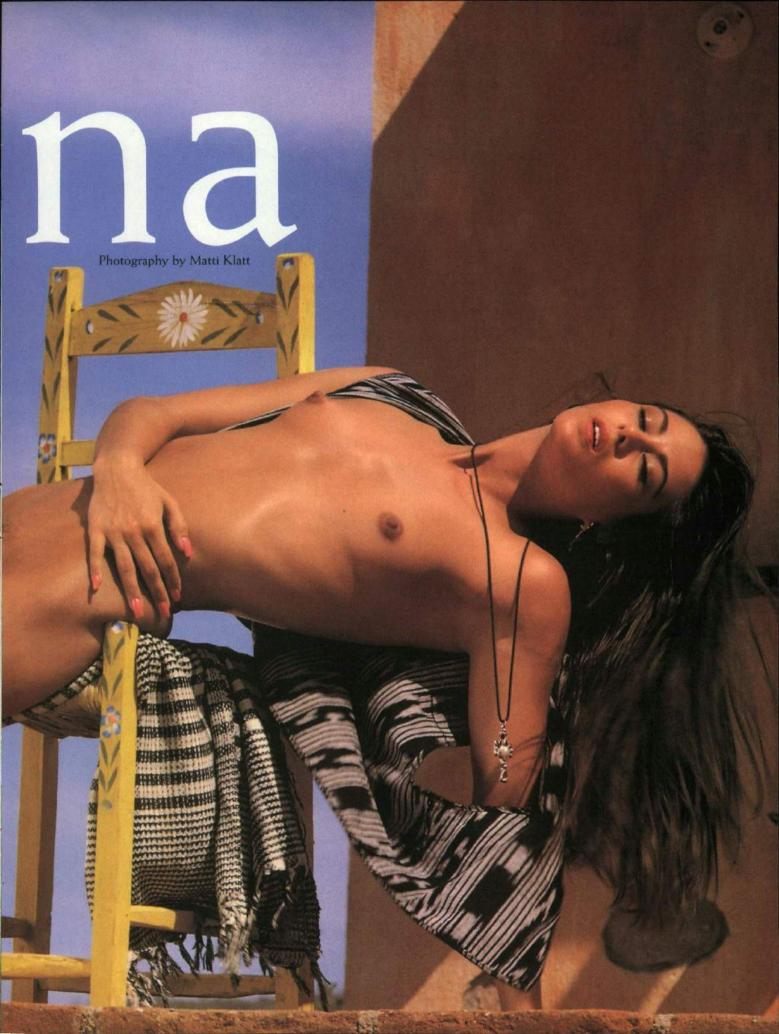
"My nipples are ultrasensitive," confides with black electrical tape so the boys would Adrianna. "The lightest, wispiest fabric brushing against them makes them so stiff they ache. Look, I can drill holes with them." She flicks her finger at a rigid nip, which quivers and snaps back into place.

"You can imagine how humiliated I was in high school. I had to plaster my nipples down

stop telling me to turn off my headlights. Every night, I slept on my stomach to try to push them back in. Nothing worked—lucky for me!

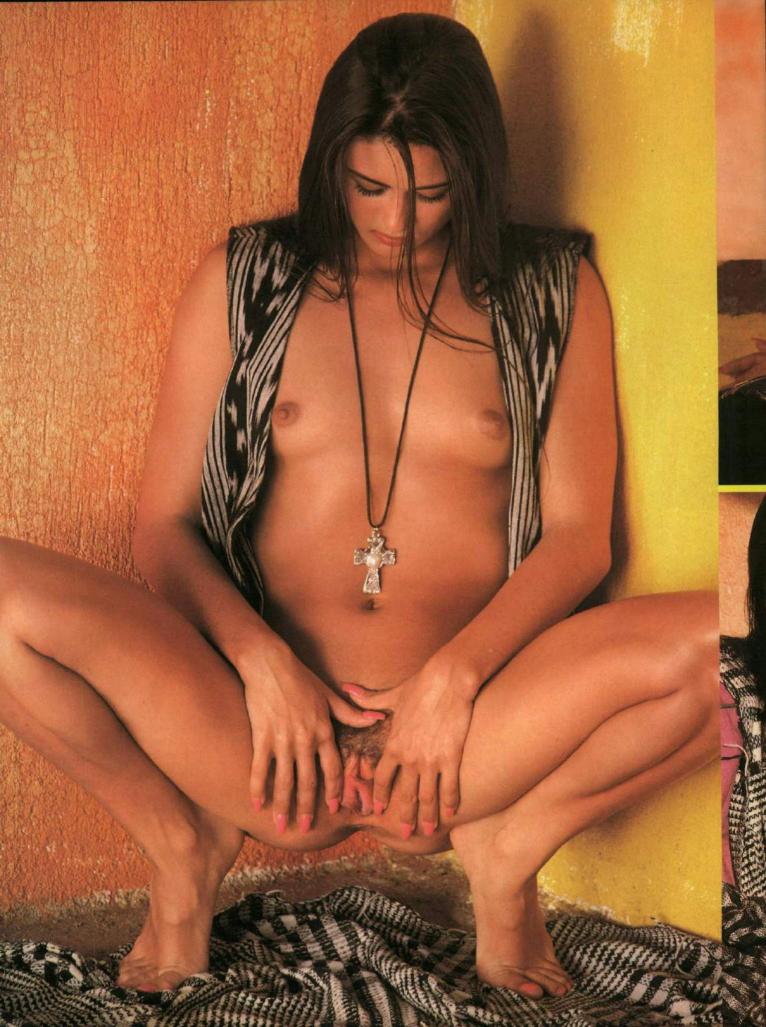
"Because when I got older, I finally learned that the harder my nips are, the harder the cocks. Now I wear only the thickest, coarsest shirts I can find. But I don't wear them for long!"

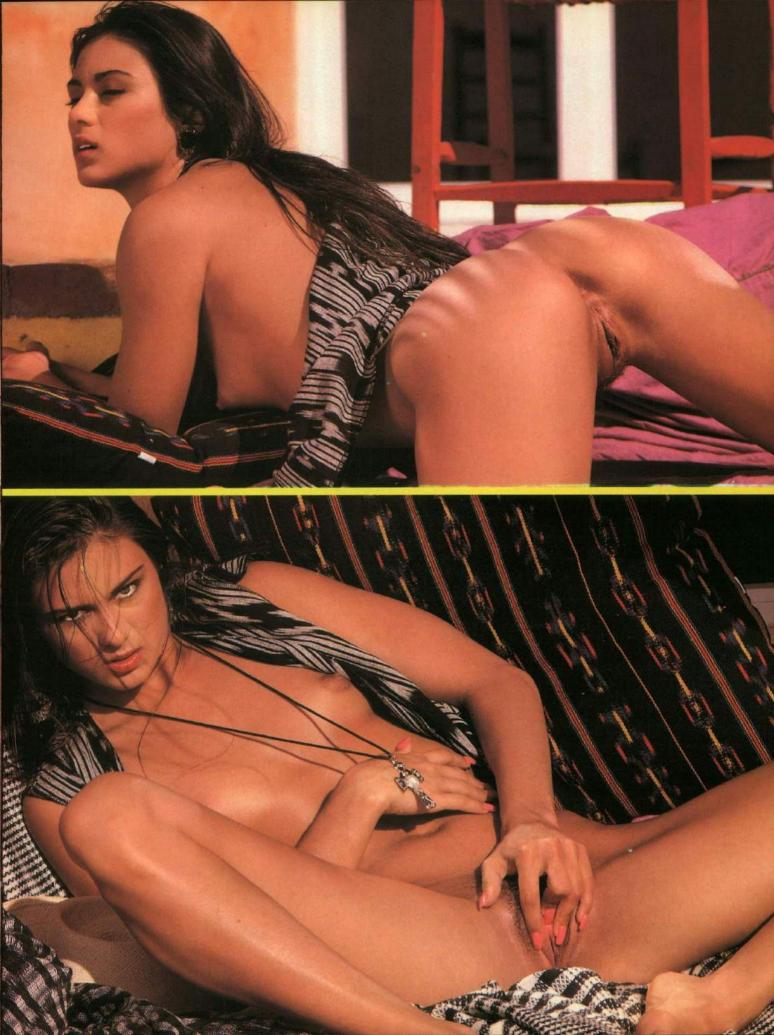
















(continued from page 78)

Brotherhood Less than a week later, a black convict was found dead in his cell

block with multiple stab wounds. Someone had urinated on his lifeless body.

reason.... I also knew that the only way out of the group was in a pine box.

"Let me think about it, brother," I replied.

'Okay," he said, "I won't ask you again. You let me know when you're ready.'

The AB, along with two Hispanic gangs-the Mexican Mafia and the Nuestra Familia-controlled the drug trade inside the prison. In prison, as in the free world, money is power, and the Black Panthers and Black Guerrillas were involved in an ongoing struggle with the three gangs to wrest control of the lucrative drug trade.

Early one morning, I heard that a close friend of mine had been found in his cell with his throat cut. A small packet of heroin had been clumsily stuffed up his nose. "You want me to take care of it?" Michael asked, I shook my head no.

Less than a week later, a black convict was found dead in his cell block with multiple stab wounds. Someone had urinated on his lifeless body.

"Did ya hear about that hammer [black] getting offed?" Michael asked.

"Yeah, I did."

"It's a shame," he deadpanned, "but I understand he was one of the niggers that stuck your homeboy; so I guess what comes around goes around, huh?"

"Michael, you didn't" "Of course not," he said.

Michael pressed a piece of paper into my palm. "Look him up when you hit the streets. He's my cousin, and he'll set you up." I had gotten my parole date and was being transferred to a medium-security state prison in central California to serve out my remaining few months.

In the mid '70s, I left the edgy unpredictability of prison life with a battered old shoebox under my arm containing all my worldly possessions, and paroled out to Southern California.

With no job skills, it was a constant and largely unsuccessful struggle to find employment. I managed to land a couple of low-paying, menial jobs, but quickly discovered that I couldn't support myself with sporadic, minimumwage work in California's economy. Weary of my penurious existence, I called the number that Michael had given me.

"Hi, Steve. I got your number from Michael.'

Steve grilled me for several minutes about Michael, myself and particular incidents that had occurred in Soledad. Finally, satisfied that I was who I said I was, he allowed, "I've been expecting your call."

We agreed to meet at a nearby fastfood restaurant. Before we hung up, he said, "Bring me your prison I.D. and the paper Michael wrote my name and phone number on. And come alone.'

I went to the restaurant, ordered a cheeseburger with fries and sat at an unoccupied corner table. I finished eating and waited for Steve to show up.

A large, beefy man of about 30, wearing jeans and a long-sleeved shirt, slid into the booth. "Steve?" I asked. Ignoring my question, he demanded, "Did you bring the things I asked for?"

I reached in my ass pocket and pulled out my prison I.D. and the piece of paper and pushed them across the table. He looked at them for a moment and handed my I.D. back to me. He then pulled out a folded, white, tablet-sized piece of paper from his shirt pocket and compared my small piece of paper to it. A full minute later, he handed back my paper and offered his hand to me. "Good to meet you, brother. Call me Thursday morning." With that, he got up and walked out. I sat there for a while wondering what the fuck I'd gotten myself into.

I called Steve Thursday morning as instructed, and he asked me to meet him at the same restaurant. "I need you to drive to the Bay Area for me," he said, handing me an envelope with an address and room number on it. I looked in the envelope and saw two fifty-dollar bills.

"What am I going for?" I asked.

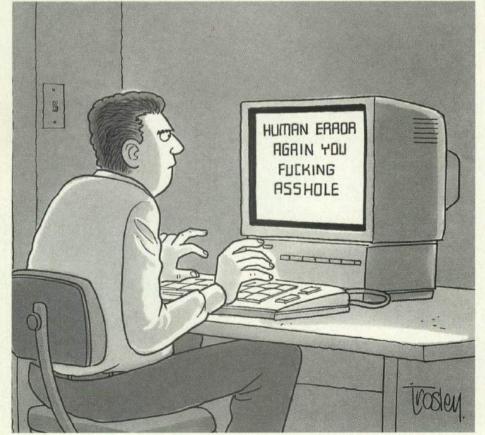
"You're transporting some weapons," he replied matter-of-factly. He explained that I was to meet a man at the hotel room on the envelope, hand over the merchandise to him, spend the night there and come home the following morning.

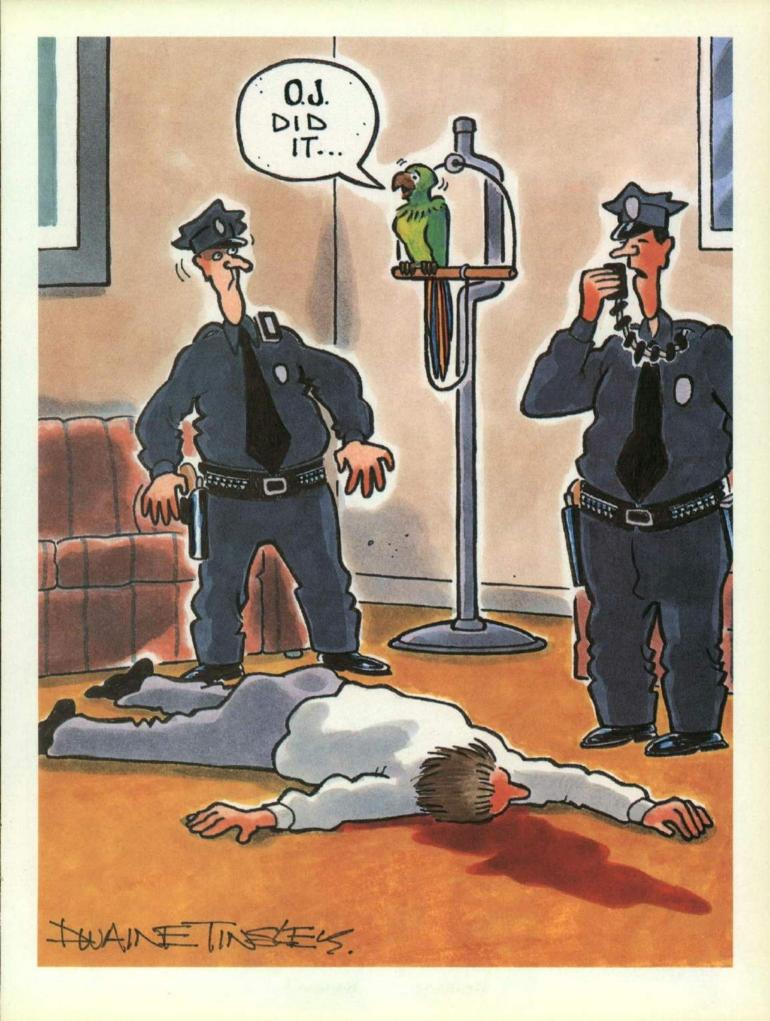
"When am I leaving?"

"Now." He pushed a set of car keys to me. "Take that car," he ordered, pointing outside to a new Buick sedan. "I'll take your car to my place. Give me a call if you have any problems. See you tomorrow."

I did the speed limit all the way up to the Bay Area. When I got to the hotel room, I knocked on the door. Before I could knock a second time, the door slowly swung open. A middle-aged man dressed in a suit asked me for the keys to the Buick. I handed them over, and we walked downstairs to the car. He opened the trunk, and I saw six large, green duffel bags. He shut the trunk, shook my hand, gave me the room key and drove off.

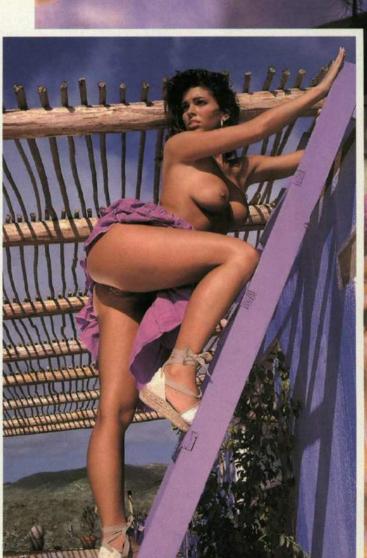
An hour later I got a phone call in the (continued on page 140)





Photography by Clive McLean







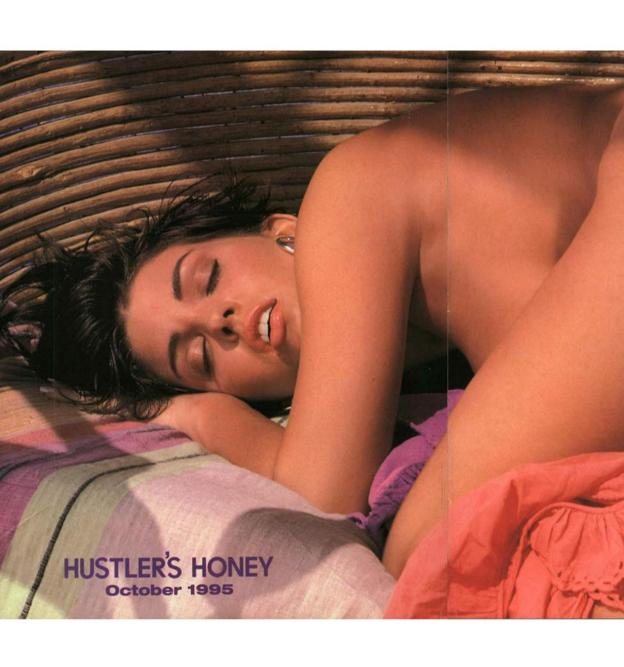


















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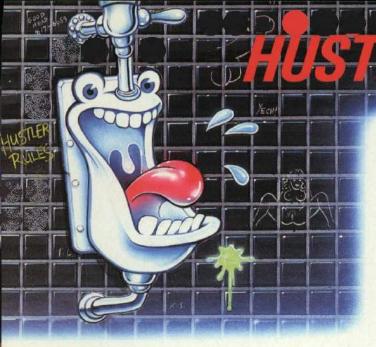
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rank and Fred engaged in a spirited debate one evening at a local saloon.

"My wife is the ugliest woman on earth," Frank proudly proclaimed.

"She can't be," Fred shot back. "My wife is the ugliest woman on earth."

Frank produced a photo of his spouse for his buddy's inspection.

"You're right," Fred conceded. "Your old lady is a real howler, but mine's got her beat. Come home with me, and you'll see what I mean."

The two pals stumbled to Fred's house. Upon their arrival, Fred rolled up a corner of the carpet, opened a trap-door and yelled into the darkness below: "Come on up, darling."

"Okay, dear," a voice responded. "Do you want me to put the bag over my head?"

"No, not this time," Fred called. "I don't want to fuck you, honey. I just want to show you off."

Question: What does it mean when the flag in front of a post office is flying at half-mast?

Answer: They're hiring.

rail, young Harold frantically burst into a tattoo parlor, dropped his pants and inquired of the artist on duty: "Would it be possible to have the words 'Rock Hudson Was Here' permanently inscribed above my anus right away?"

"I could do it for about \$300," the inker replied, "but why would you want me to?"

"Because," Harold answered, trying to choke back tears, "two days from now, I begin serving a ten-year jail sentence!"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines sexual harassment as: Anything you say to a female co-worker that you wish she'd say to you.

Several moments after a serious traffic accident, old Sol Leibowitz approached a woman who was sprawled out on the pavement.

"Oy!" Sol declared as he surveyed the debris. Then, addressing the victim, Sol queried: "Tell me: Have the police been contacted yet?"

"No," the woman moaned.

"Has anyone called an ambulance?" Sol asked.

"No," came the pained reply.

"How about the insurance company?"

"Of course not," the woman coughed.

"Listen, then," Sol chirped: "Do you mind if I lay down next to you?"

Question: What's the most important thing to remember when you go to a cockfight?

Answer: Always bet on the black guy.

A young mother caught her son vigorously working his genital area over with a toothbrush.

"Jimmy!" the stunned mom cried. "What are you doing?"

"Well, Mom," the boy said, "I heard that brushing prevents cavities, and one whiff of the baby-sitter's was enough to convince me to take care of myself."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines unmarked car as: One your wife hasn't driven yet.

Beautiful, bubble-headed Daisy heard the fire alarm in her hotel room go off just as she was stepping into the shower.

Panicking, Daisy fled into the street, and ran until she was picked up by a gent on a bicycle.

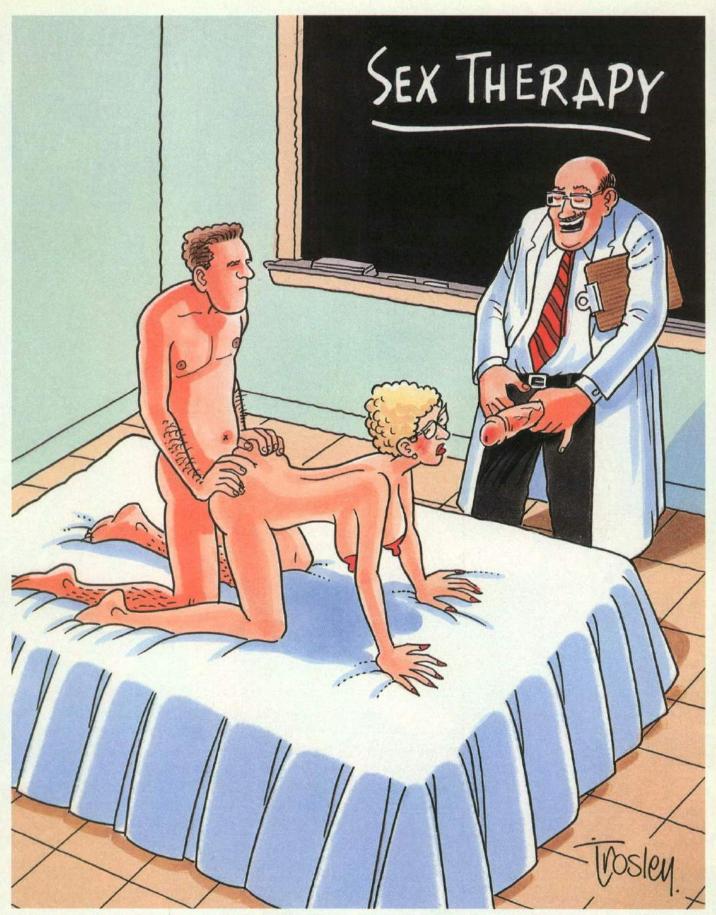
While perched between the man and the bike's handlebars, Daisy chuckled: "You're not very observant—you haven't noticed that I'm naked!"

"You're not very observant either," the cyclist shot back. "This is a girl's bike."

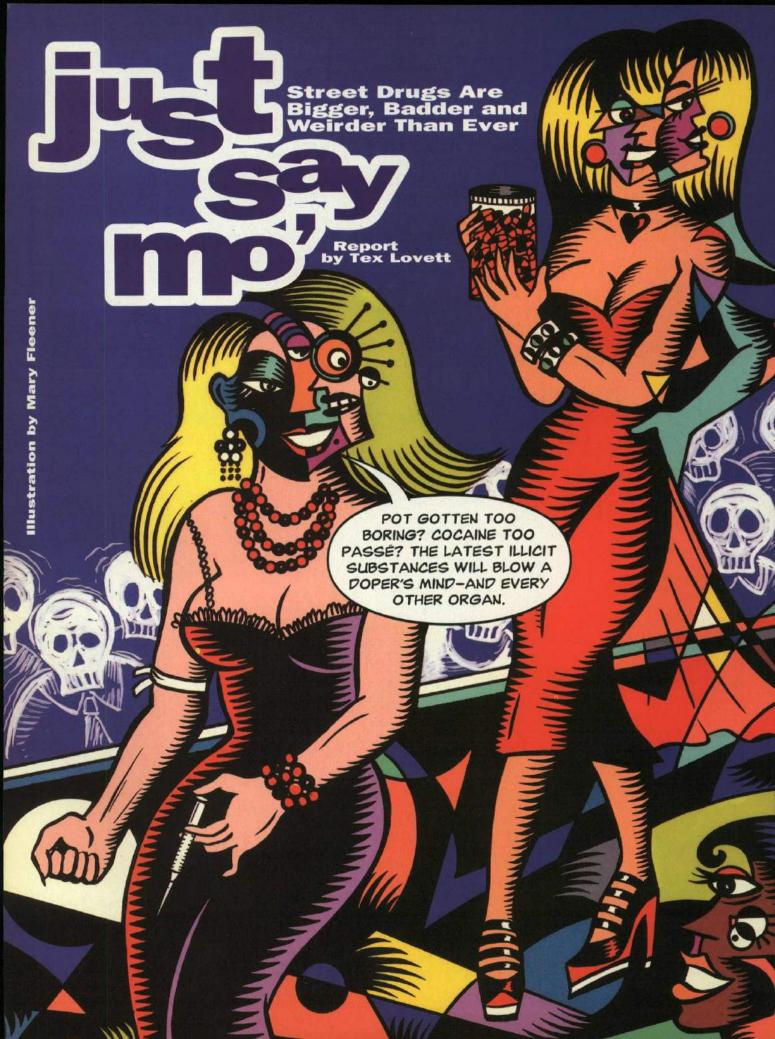
Question: Why do prostitutes make more money than drug dealers?

Answer: Because they can wash their crack and sell it again.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes on 3" X 5" cards, mailed in a sealed envelope, to HUSTLER Humor, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for \$50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.



"Bill—you try to recognize Deborah's needs. Deborah, you try to recognize Bill's needs, and while you're at it, Deborah, how about recognizing my needs...."





Street Drugs After hocking everything he owned—and some of his mother's possessions—Dave finally checked into rehab. He was lucky. Many users never make it that far.

Nancy Reagan lost.

It happened back in 1993, when the National Institute on Drug Abuse (NIDA) tallied the results of their 1993 Monitoring the Future Survey and discovered that U.S. high schoolers were having a hard time just saying no. For the first time in 13 years, drug use was on the rise. And according to the NIDA's most recent survey, the number of kiddies saying yes only increased in 1994.

It's not only teens who are indulging. TV tabloids squawk about "crack grannies," while more and more white-collar folk are dabbling in speed—once the drug of choice for trailer-trash bikers and other Caucasian lowlifes. Pot, meanwhile, grows increasingly popular in black ghettos across the country.

Now, as if coke, speed and pot don't fry brains well or quickly enough, modern-day alchemists are putting new spins on old drugs—from speed to coke to hallucinogens. Users have a greater choice of drugs not to say no to than ever before. Following are the latest mindbenders making the rounds in selected nightclubs, alleys and morgues across the nation.

BAD CAT

Starting at the bottom of the pharmaceutical evolutionary scale is the speed methcathinone—also known as "goob," "morningstar" and, most commonly, "cat." Cat is nothing new: It was patented in Germany in 1928, and Russians used it in the late '30s and early '40s to fight depression. But America didn't get hold of it until a large pharmaceutical firm purchased the patent in 1957. U.S. scientists tested the drug just long enough to find out that it was 1.5 times stronger than methamphetamine and had more than its fair share of negative side effects, then sent methcathinone to its grave in a locked file.

Like the frozen creature in *The Thing*, the formula for cat remained undisturbed in the pharmaceutical firm's archives for decades. Then, in 1989, an inquisitive intern stumbled across the formula and, knowing a good thing when he saw one, stole it. He shared the formula with a friend, who set up shop near the campus of Northern Michigan University—and established what would become a booming market for cat. Students didn't dig the new drug, but the locals sure did.

"Dave" was an ex-con working in construction when he discovered cat. Soon he was jobless, going on five-day binges followed by equal periods of sleep.

"The buzz was like coke," he fondly remembers, "only much longer." He says the drug made just about anything "fun." For Dave, fun came to mean jumping off 70-foot cliffs into boulder-strewn Lake Michigan.

Like speed and coke, cat eventually brought about feelings of extreme paranoia in Dave. He lost so much weight he became unrecognizable. The insides of his nose and upper nasal passages were caked with dried blood from snorting the harsh chemical. He was dehydrated, pieces of skin hung from his lips, and he reeked of the drug, which seeps through the pores via sweat. After hocking everything he owned—and some of his mother's possessions—Dave finally checked into rehab. He was lucky. Many users never make it that far.

Without revealing the magic ingredients, a Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) source said anyone with a third-grade education and the cat formula can make it from solvents and thinners and the like, all of which can be purchased at the local hardware store. "If you can fog a mirror," the fed observed, "you can make cat."

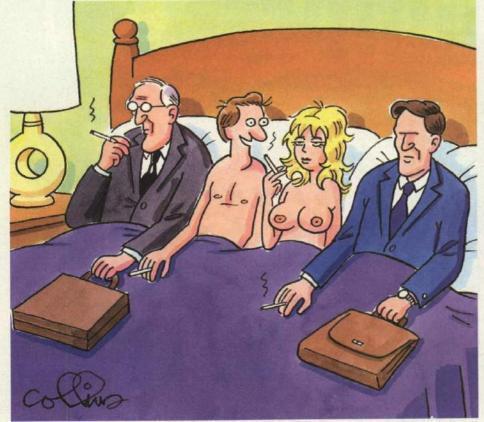
Given the low I.Q. requirement to make the drug, and the filthiness of the speed kitchens themselves, the degree of toxins and impurities in "pure" cat is staggering—and sometimes fatal. But toxicity hasn't stopped people from cooking it up. The formula for making cat is easily available in a book that can be ordered through a post office box in Washington state, and it's been posted on the Internet for more than a year and a half.

DESIGNED FOR SPEED

Slightly less seedy than cat, but just as potentially deadly, is the crystalline form of methamphetamine known as "ice." Ice is chemically the same as crystal meth, but unlike traditional biker crank, this stuff is as pure as the driven snow, and thus perfect for smoking. The rush from ice is equivalent to a volcano erupting through the top of the tweaker's head, and the high can last up to 24 hours.

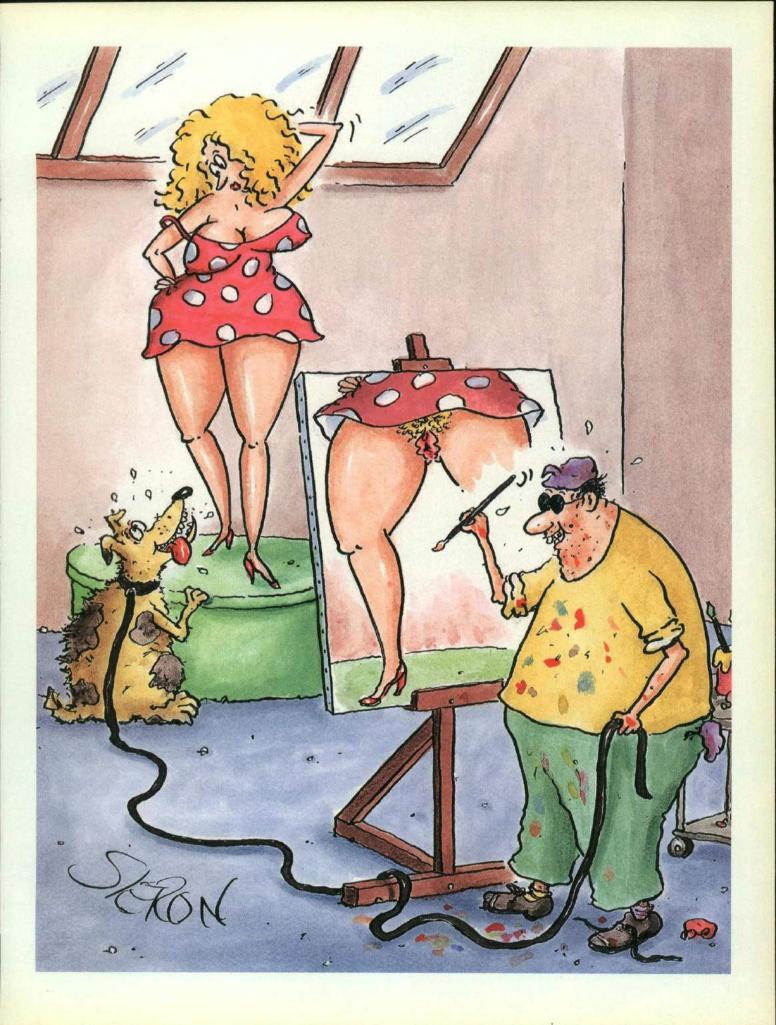
When ice first became news in the early '90s, the media and the feds predicted the pandemic spread of the drug. The message was clear: If you think crack is bad, wait until you see ice. But while ice use has reached epidemic proportions in Hawaii, mostly among residents of Asian descent, most law officials say that the plague never hit the mainland.

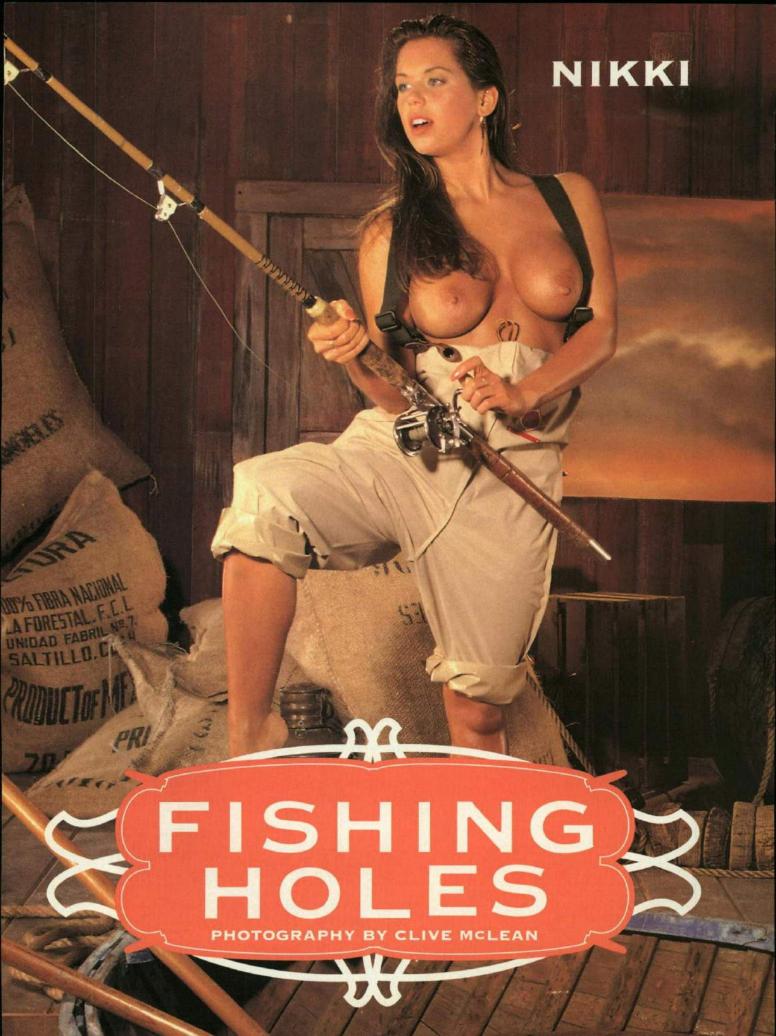
Tell that to ice fans. While crystal meth is typically snorted, injected or ingested, pure crystal meth can be smoked, and any crank dealer worth his (continued on page 114)



"Was it good for your lawyer too?"

OCTOBER HUSTLER



























(continued from page 104)

Street Drugs Golly then went back inside and blew out his brains. The police

found his confession scrawled on the bedroom wall: Friends and Butthead made me do this, hah-hah.

salt is going to try and pass the stuff off as ice, if that's what the customer wants. As far as speed smoking-and sellingon the mainland is concerned, crystal meth is ice, and its use is on the rise from coast to coast. Still other dealers jazz up their speed sales by giving the same old crank a completely new name-something cute such as "tweak."

Whatever the name of the drug, the effects on the long-term user are almost always the same: paranoia, violent behavior, psychosis. It sounds like a great set-up for the show Cops, only the cops weren't amused the night 17-yearold Chris Golly flipped out on tweak.

In the wee hours of Tuesday, February 22, 1994, Golly went into his bedroom in his family's modest Northridge, California, home and blasted the Doors' "The End" from his stereo. Chris obviously had a black sense of humor. When his father, a Nam vet and gun collector, burst into the room, Chris shot him in the forehead with an assault rifle. He then called 911 and announced his deed.

By the time the cops arrived, Golly was waiting for them by the side of the house. He greeted the arriving cavalry with a wilting fusillade of gunfire, turning the cars into Swiss cheese and, by sheer chance, slipped a round through the armpit

hole of the bulletproof vest of rookie officer Christy Lynne Hamilton, Hamilton, the mother of three, had graduated from the police academy the previous Friday.

Golly then went back inside and blew out his brains. The police found his confession scrawled on the bedroom wall: FRIENDS AND BUTTHEAD MADE ME DO THIS, нан-нан.

KILLER ACID

Use of the original designer drug, LSD, dropped off during the coke-heavy '80s. Now, more than 25 years after the Summer of Love, teens are nostalgically dressing up like Mom and Dad at Woodstock and broadening their minds with acid. LSD can open a young wayfarer's mind, but sometimes in ways he might not expect.

Seventeen-year-old Josue Oswald Morales had dropped acid many times before; so when he dropped it again on a warm April night in Lancaster, California, it should have been no big deal. But on this particular evening, the drug took hold of a deeper, darker part of Morales's brain.

After dropping the LSD at a Lancaster park, Morales, his brother Joel, and another youth went to a friend's house. That's when Josue started to become loud and boisterous, making so much noise that his friends escorted him out of the house and to a nearby vacant lot. Josue seemed to calm down for a while, then suddenly attacked his brother, slugging him on the side of the head.

"I looked into his eyes," Joel recalls. "That wasn't my brother." While Joel went to call 911, Josue wandered off into the night, intent on mayhem. He picked

the wrong house.

At about 1:30 a.m., Keith Wood thought he heard some teenagers partying behind his house. He went downstairs and flicked the patio lights on and off as a friendly signal for them to get the fuck off his property.

The reply was loud and violent. Josue pounded on the rear door and shouted loud enough to wake up the neighbors. While Wood went upstairs for a handgun, Josue decided to strip naked and go for a swim. Wood doesn't have a pool. Morales left bloody prints from his head and hand where he dove into the concrete patio.

When Morales tried to break into the house again, Wood fired three times, hitting Morales twice, but knocking him down only briefly. While Wood called 911, he watched through the blinds as the naked, bloody, wounded Morales ranted and danced around in the front yard. Finally, Josue ran away.

But, like something out of The Terminator, he returned, this time smashing through a window on the other side of the house, almost severing one of his legs in the process. Despite this minor setback, and notwithstanding the two bullets in his upper torso and glass shards embedded all over his naked body, Morales still had the energy to fight Wood hand-to-hand. Wood eventually wrestled the teen to the ground and held him there until the police arrived. Morales died about an hour later.

HOOKED ON STEROIDS

Steroids can make your muscles big, screw up your brain and make your dick the size of an acorn. Despite these shortcomings, a synthetic steroid known as GHB-short for gamma-hydroxybutyrate—was popular with bodybuilders as an energy-enhancing, weight-reducing supplement to their regimen until it was removed from the open market in 1990.

Despite the ban, it's still popular—not so much in gyms as in the slick night clubs of Miami and Los Angeles. GHB, also accurately known as "Grievous Bodily Harm," was allegedly passed around the night actor River Phoenix did his last dance with drugs on the sidewalk in front of the Sunset Strip's Viper Room. A

(continued on page 120)



"Fuck, homey—these boys are tough!"





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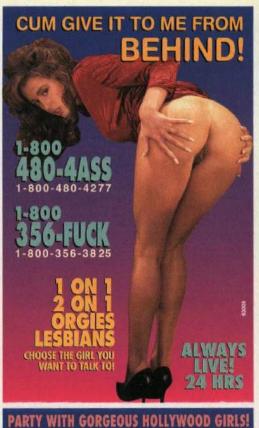


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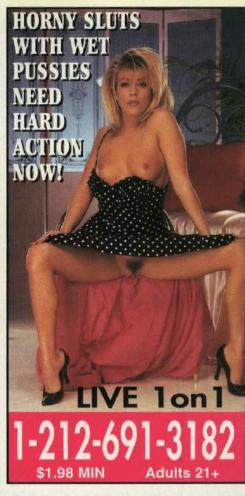




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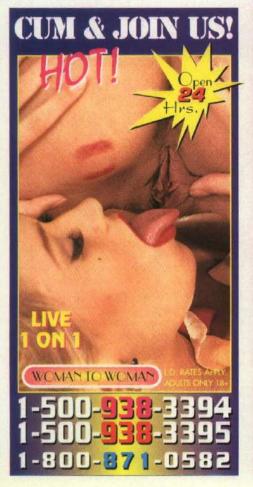


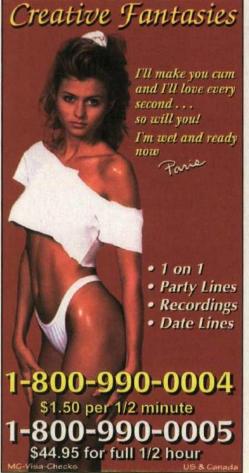


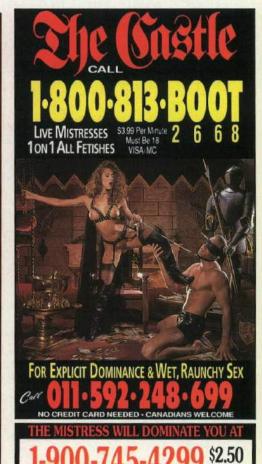












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Street Drugs

(continued from page 114)

depressant by nature, GHB fucks a doper up in a way that some hopheads say is just right for a night on the town.

"It's slightly psychedelic," explains "Dean," a regular L.A. nightcrawler and partaker of GHB. "It gives you energy, but at the same time you feel real mellow. It makes you want to keep coming back for more."

But sometimes once is enough. A Duluth, Georgia, teenager missed out on prom night when, to prepare for the dance, he drank a potion of water and two teaspoonfuls of GHB. Within 20 minutes, the teen dropped past mellow and into coma. His parents were told by the hospital that if they had found him a half hour later than they did, he might have died.

GHB's other side effects can include nausea, hallucinations, uncontrollable shaking, severe respiratory problems and seizures—as experienced by aged rocker Billy Idol, who passed out in a flurry of GHB-induced convulsions in front of Beverly Hills' trendy dive Tatou.

Regardless of its potential for disaster, GHB is still being sold through some mail-order outfits as a "legal psychedelic."

MAKE IT A SPECIAL K DAY

Another drug that's much in demand on the club scene is ketamine, most often known as "Special K" or "bump."

"Special K is not a drug to play with," says "John," currently in rehab for multi-drug abuse. John should know. This isn't his first time in rehab and, he admits, it probably won't be the last. The problem is ketamine. He likes it too much.

Ketamine is used by veterinarians as an anesthetic, but humans prefer it for the whacked-out dissociative feeling it gives them. This preference explains the rash of burglaries of animal clinics in Florida and across the United States in the past few years. The liquid form of ketamine is most desired, since the true bump user takes his drug straight up: intravenously.

"I used to mix it with my speed," reveals John. "It caused me to not be able to move, like there was an earthquake going on in my body. If someone even touches you, it is very intense."

"Terry," another former user currently in rehab, describes the dream-(continued on page 130)

Beavers



As a student dwelling in Austin, Texas, Christi has an obviously sound sense of what makes for fine literature. The blond and brunet 24-year-old likes to paint after classes and fantasizes about being gang-banged. Clearly, a fine way to combine quality and quantity.

Photo by Boyfriend

Attention, ladies! The 1995 Beaver Hunt Grand

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A student in position to get ahead is always an uplifting sight. Haylee makes her home in Palm Beach, Florida, and spends her out-of-bed time doing aerobics and reading "smutty books." She'd like to skinny-dip on a public beach and make love on the shoreline. Need company?

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PLEASE PRINT

Model's name	Hobbies
Any alias, nickname, stage or pro same	
Name to be published	Sexual Fantasies (Include separate sheet if necessary)
Date of birth Phone (include area code)	The second second
Model's social security number	
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Model's legal signature





New York, spends her leisure time basking in the sun at nude beaches and making sure to get an even tan over her ass and pierced pussy lips. She fantasizes about sex in public places, but from this point of view, who could imagine wanting to go

Photo by Boyfriend



A 25-year-old bounty hunter based in New Orleans, Louisiana, Christina's irresistible good looks are inescapably captivating. Christina writes that she will "come all over myself," if her fantasy of having her photo printed in Beaver Hunt is fulfilled.

Photo by Husband

For vivacious Angela, variety is the spice of life: "I like champagne, bubble baths, bareback riding on the beach, sweating and the Cleveland Browns." Oddly enough, Angela lives, not in Ohio, but in Deerfield Beach, Florida, where she works as an entertainer. She turns 29 years old this month and hopefully celebrated with a fantasy fulfillment of three men in a hot tub. Photo by Friend



These poor flowers have nothing on foxy Fiona. This vision of loveliness comes to us from Chicago, Illinois, and if we didn't have a magazine to put together, a couple of HUSTLER's philanthropic editors would be in the Windy City right now, doing everything possible to fulfill the 29-year-old dancer's fantasy of "doing it with two guys at once!"





Luscious Liana is a sexy secretary in Boston, Massachusetts. This pert 22-year-old revealed a sexual fantasy so raunchy and imaginative that the law forbids repeating it. On the milder side, Liana likes to wear sexy clothes and turn guys on. If something is worth doing, it's worth Photo by Husband

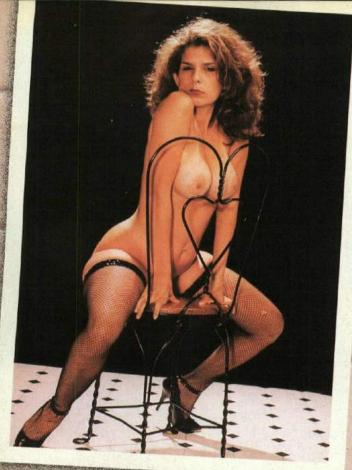
Interpreting our Flash for Cash proposal quite literally, Nikki from sunny Santa Rosa, California, takes a short break from dancing and driving fast cars to bring a little sunshine into the world. She promises that she enjoys "being watched while masturbating."

Anyone want to watch?

Photo by Friend







Naughty Nina knows how to make a chair happy. A 26-yearold student in Dallas, Texas, this lovely lass bikes, skis and fucks two men at a time, when she's not polishing furniture in her own special way.

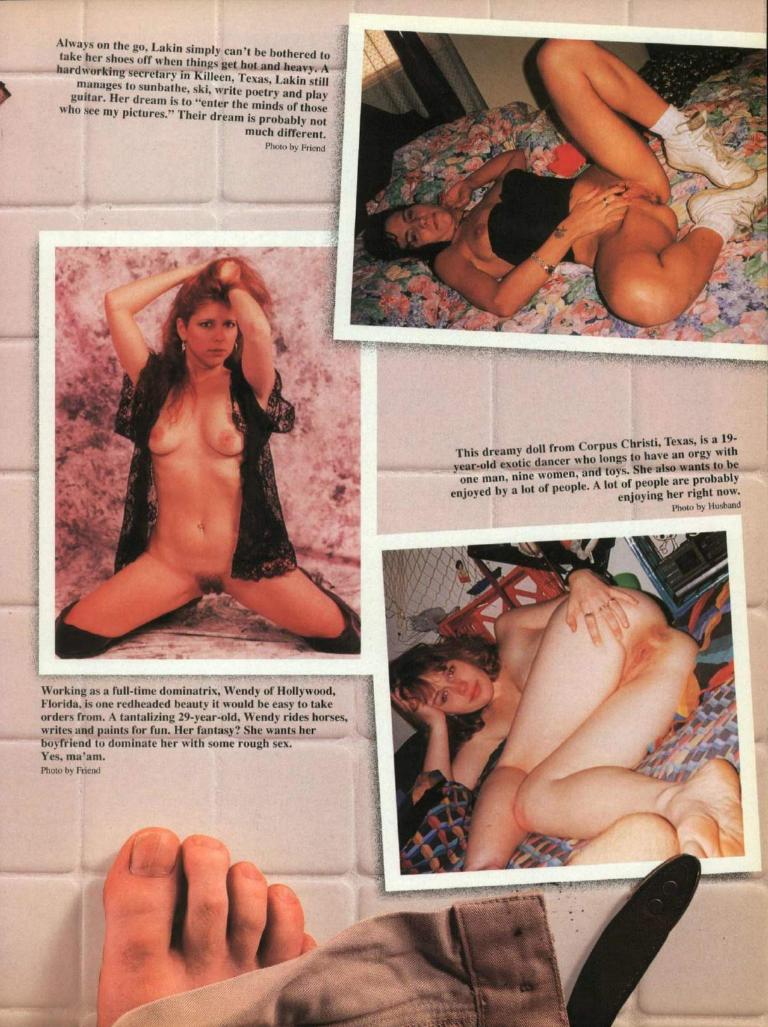
Photo by Friend

A "home mother" and all-around gregarious gal, happy Holly hails from Melbourne, Florida. When she's not busy showing off her complementary smiles, Holly finds time to tone, tan, write poetry and sing. Her fantasy of appearing as a HUSTLER centerfold is a lofty

Photo by Boyfriend



Waiting for her favorite parcel deliveryman to deposit his package in her slot is Kimberly from Denver, Colorado. With sexual fantasies that include five dicks and a brunet pussy ravishing her pierced body-for starters-this highly sensual 28year-old has a box that longs to open up. Photo by Friend





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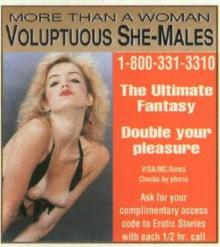
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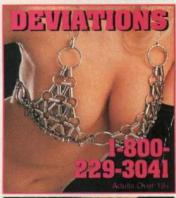
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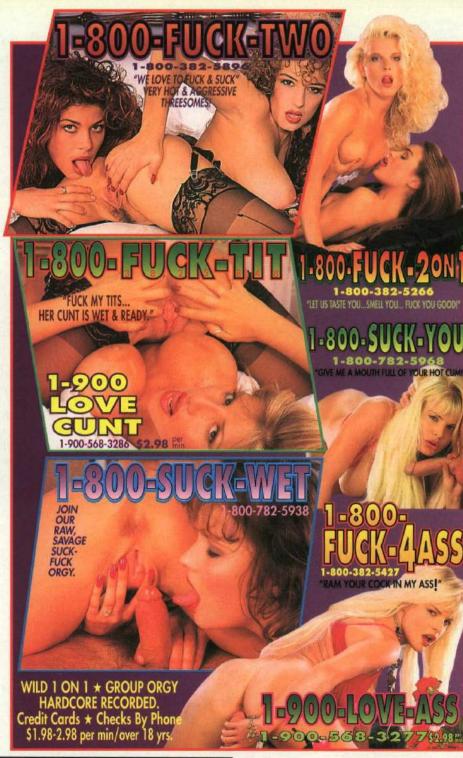
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(continued from page 120)

Street Drugs "My head felt apart from my body. I felt violent and twisted, and I had fantasies of destroying things and killing people. I felt ten feet tall and bulletproof."

like state brought on by ketamine: "My head felt apart from my body. I felt violent and twisted, and I had fantasies of destroying things and killing people. I felt ten feet tall and bulletproof.

Dr. John Crystal of Yale University has been researching ketamine for the past three years, and has seen negative reactions to relatively small doses. A dose as low as .5 mg administered over a 20-minute period caused some patients to experience delusions. As Dr. Crystal discovered, the delusions are sometimes based on a highly focused perception of one's environment.

One test patient became extremely quiet after receiving ketamine, then gripped the bed as if holding on for dear life.

"I asked him what was happening," recalls Dr. Crystal, "and he said his bed was flying through space and planets, and if he let go he would fall off." That's when Crystal noticed the subject staring at a staff member's dress. It was dark blue-the "space" the subject was seeing-with white polka dots-interpreted as the "planets."

Depending on the dosage, Special K's effects usually last from 15 minutes to two or three hours. But, as Dr. Crystal points out, the drug tends to slow the user's perception of time, turning a 15-minute bad trip into a seemingly endless nightmare. Thrillseekers who overindulge can expect any number of side effects, ranging from violent delusions to cardiac arrest.

ATTACK OF THE MEGAVALIUMS FROM COLOMBIA

The latest recreational drug import from Colombia is one that is manufactured legally-by pharmaceutical giant Roche Laboratories. Rohypnol is Roche's brand name for flunitrazepam, a souped-up version of Valium that has been linked to a growing number of drug-abuse problems in Europe, the Caribbean and South America. "Rophies," as they are known, are not approved for use in the United States, but they have found their way into South Florida and a number of southwestern U.S. border cities.

Authorities are calling rophies the "Quaaludes of the '90s." The popularity of the drug spans a number of social groups: teens mixing their rophies with alcohol, junkies looking to turbo-charge their fix, coke basers craving a powerful parachute to ease them down softly. At ten times the strength of common Valium, rophies deliver a mellow comedownalong with a strong potential for overdose.

This drug's one advantage is that it is

presumably made under the strict supervision of Roche Laboratories. The drug is most often sold in the United States in its original bubble-wrap packaging. Accordingly, the dosage should not vary from pill to pill, nor should there be any problems with purity.

None of this, of course, can prevent some idiot from eating too many and overdosing. Those who can read Spanish are advised to ask their pharmacist for the printed information circular that comes with the drug for exact dosageor overdosage-requirements. Few illicit dealers stock the brochure.

WHO'S NEXUS?

Perhaps the best-marketed of drugs is Nexus, one particular parcel of which is accompanied by a flyer touting its uses: "psychotherapy, sexual enhancement, personal growth, mind expansion, spiritual enlightenment and cyber-shamanic experience." Its vendors also claim that Nexus is a legal substance—and some even claim to have the papers to prove it. But the most disturbing claim is that Nexus is something called brominated cathinine-a substance that doesn't even exist, according to sources at the California Bureau of Narcotic Enforcement. In fact, chemical analysis of Nexus has revealed it to be an old drug in a new wrapper: 4-bromo-2, 5dimethoxyphonothylamine, or 2C-B for

First discovered sometime in the late '60s or early '70s, 2C-B was previously sold as "toonies," "bromo" or "zenith." Now, after a brief respite for a makeover, 2C-B has returned swaddled in New Age clothing, bearing a modern buzz name for these modern times.

"Basically, it's a touchy-feely kind of drug," says "Catherine," a bi-coastal regular on the nightclub scene. "It makes me want to dance all night and then fuck into the wee hours."

Raves another Nexus fan: "The sexual connection that I felt with my partner became so intense, at one point I seemed to have traded places with her. It was one of the most powerful moments of my life."

Depending on the dosage, the drug can either be stimulating or downright hallucinatory. Nexus is most often ingested in a capsule form, although it can also be snorted; half-dosage is recommended for the latter method. Ask for it by name. Just don't ask a narc.

SUPERJUNK

First, a hot new "synthetic heroin" called Tango and Cash began showing (continued on page 156)





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- Deaver Dynasty #9397, Ona Zee, Elle Rio. 139 min.
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- * Nightshift Burses #8034, Lois Ayers, Bionca. 90 min.

 The Opening Of Mixty Sectionen #8016. Constance Money.
- #8074, Rachel Ashley 81 min.
- Playin Dirty #8074. Rachel Ashley. 81 mm.
 Portruit Of An Affair #1049. Ona Zee, Nina Hartley. 83 min.
- Secrets #8041, Ashlyn Gere, Samantha Strong. 85 min.
- Sex (Director's Cut) #8207, Nikki Dial, P.J. Sparxx, 115 min.
- * Ster #1050. Teri Weigel, Gail Force. 77 min.
- #1011. Ashlyn Gere, Roxanne Blaze.
- #1080. Bridgette Monet. 95 min.
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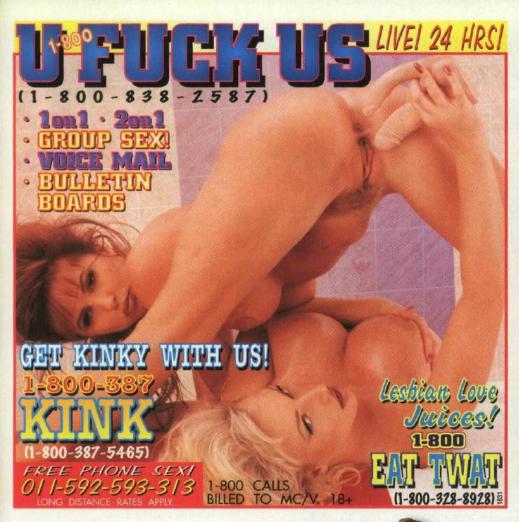
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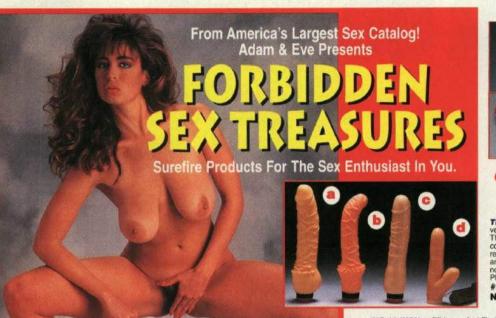
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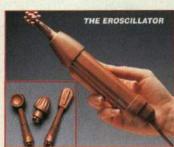












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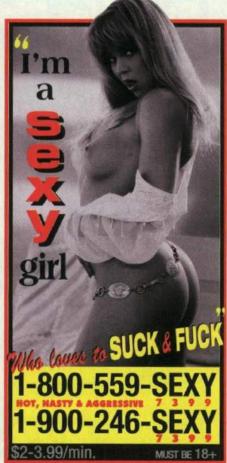






















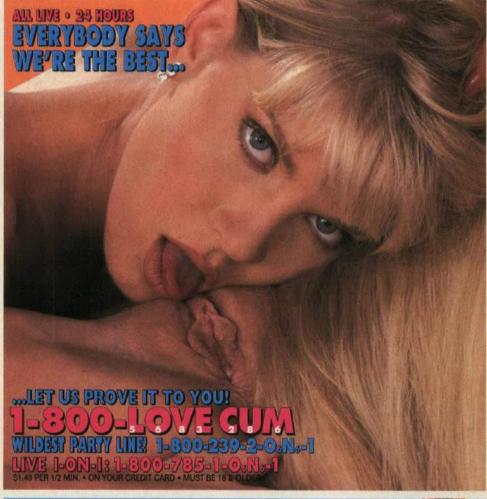


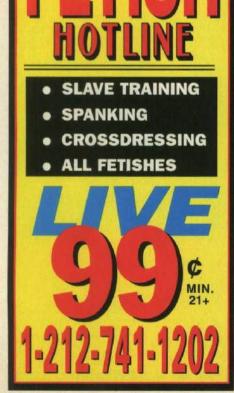








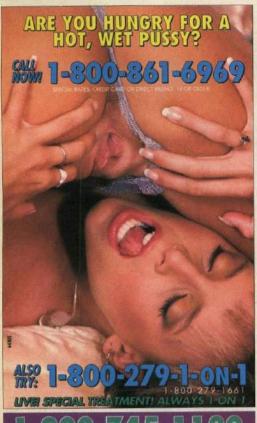








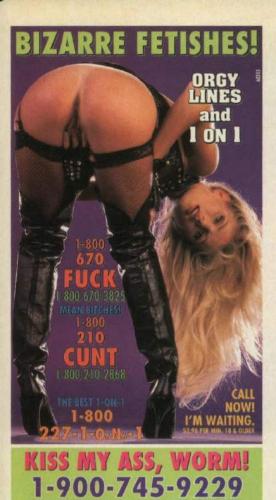




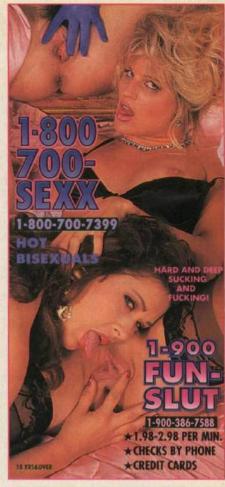






















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(continued from page 88)

Brotherhood He popped the locks open. It was stuffed with cash, neatly stacked

and wrapped. "Don't ask me shit like that anymore, brother," he said. "You already know too much as it is."

room. "Everything go okay?" It was Steve. "Fine," I said.

"Good. There's an airline ticket in the desk drawer for your 10:00 a.m. flight tomorrow. See you then, brother.'

He picked me up at the airport the following day, and we drove to the same fast-food restaurant, where I saw my car parked. He handed me my keys and five one-hundred-dollar bills. "Good job," he said. "Call me Tuesday."

I drove home, cracked a beer and fingered the five crisp bills. Smooth, I thought. Very smooth.

Over the next several months, as Steve gained confidence in me, he began to open up. We became close friends, socializing on a regular basis. But as close as we were, I was never allowed to attend a meeting with him. "Sorry, brother. Members only," he would say.

I once dropped him off at a restaurant in a tony neighborhood for a nearby meeting. "I'll be back in an hour," he said. When he returned, he was carrying a burgundy briefcase. On the way home, I jokingly asked him what he had in the case. He looked at me and rubbed his thumb across the tips of his fingers. I looked at him in disbelief, and he popped the locks open, then shut it again quickly. It was stuffed with cash, neatly stacked and wrapped. "Don't ask me shit like that anymore, brother," he said. "You already know too much as it is."

I drove him to a house about a mile away from his place. Steve placed the briefcase on the kitchen table and asked me to watch it until he got back. "No problem," I said.

I was alone in a house with more money than I had ever seen in my life. I just stared at the damn thing, conjuring up images of a beachfront condo and a sailboat in the Bahamas. Maybe I'd just touch it. Just once.

Steve returned about a half hour later. "Any problems?" he asked.

"None."

I later learned that there had been a gun pointed at me the whole time. "Nothing personal, brother," Steve said, "but we have to know who we're working with."

"I understand," I said.

After I'd worked for him for about six months. Steve invited me to his house for the first time. He owned a three-bedroom home with a pool and a two-car garage in a well-kept, middle-class neighborhood. The inside of the house was clean and neatly furnished with contemporary furniture. A German shepherd roamed the large backyard. Steve subscribed to the local newspaper and mowed his lawn on weekends. The American Dream.

He introduced me to two other members and an associate and showed me literature on several of the white-separatist groups, then asked if I wanted to become an AB member. I told him to give me some time to think about it.

"You'll be well taken care of and have a 'family' for life," Steve said. He explained that the AB had two competent attorneys on retainer in the event of an arrest. The group's business holdings included two print shops, a hardware store, an auto-repair shop, a storage company, a welding shop and various other small businesses. "And you know that fast-food restaurant where we used to meet?"

"Yeah," I said.

"That's ours too."

Steve handed me the keys to a Chevy truck and gave me the address of a house in a town near the San Joaquin Valley.

"What am I hauling this time?" I asked. "Nose candy."

I drove to the address, and two men, both about 35, told me to follow them in their car. We drove to a farmhouse 15 minutes out of town, and they directed me to pull into a dilapidated outbuilding. Inside were a compressor, large rolling toolboxes, a cutting torch, a welding machine and a large industrial fan.

I watched as one of the men removed the fuel tank and sliced out the underside of the truck bed with the cutting torch. He handed out dozens of kilos wrapped in bright-red cellophane to his partner, then slid out and counted them.

"They're all here," he said to his colleague. The entire procedure lasted less than an hour. The first man handed me the keys to another Chevy truck, and I drove back to Steve's house.

"No snags?" he asked.

"None."

He handed me sixteen one-hundreddollar bills.

"Feel like going down to Mexico for an overnighter?" Steve asked.

"For business or pleasure?" I wanted to know.

"I've got a little cabin down there that I use for rest and relaxation."

"I'm game," I said.

Steve, another AB member and I took off for Mexico the following day. It was a warm May afternoon, and I was looking forward to the trip. We started drinking at a local cantina less than three

(continued on page 156)



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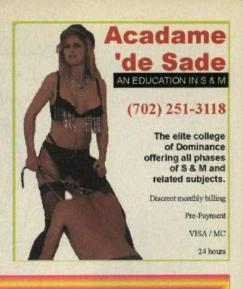














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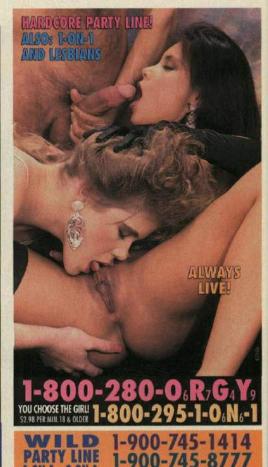
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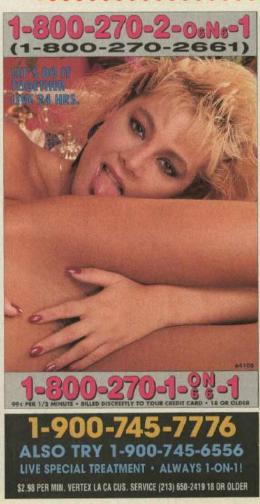


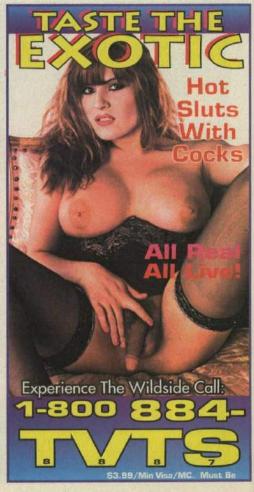
















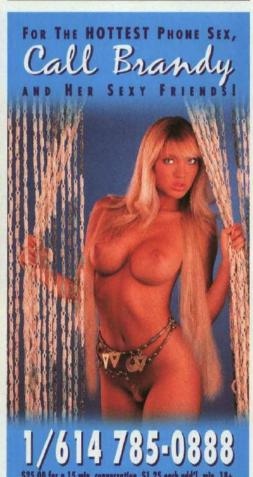


















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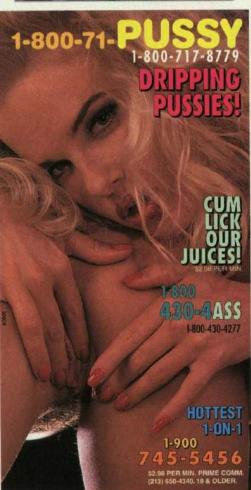










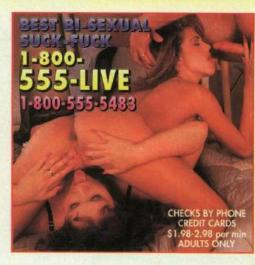






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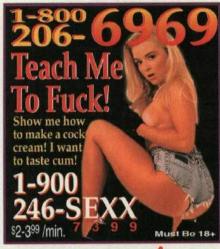
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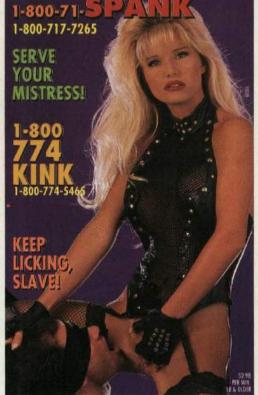




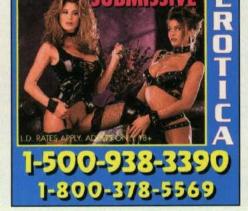












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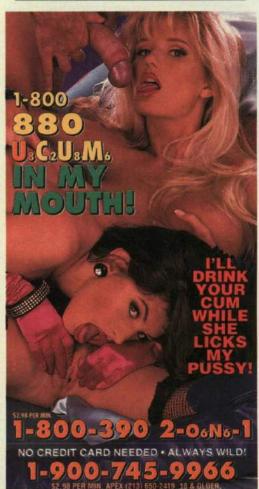


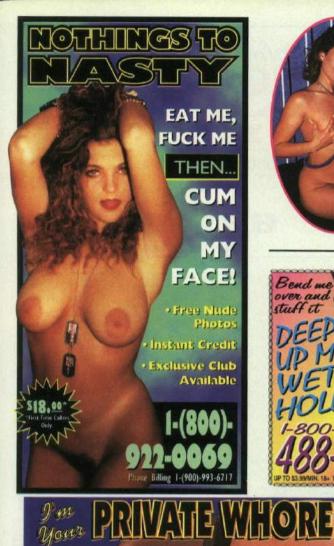










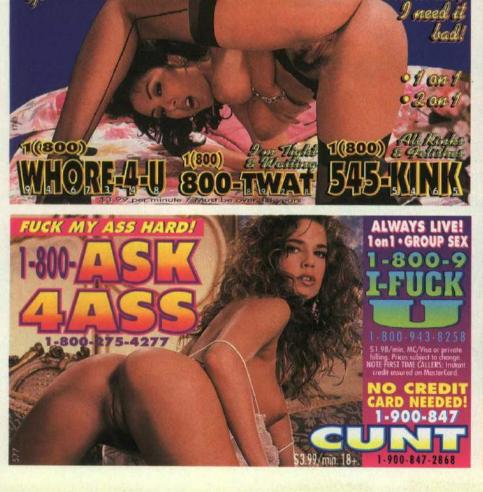


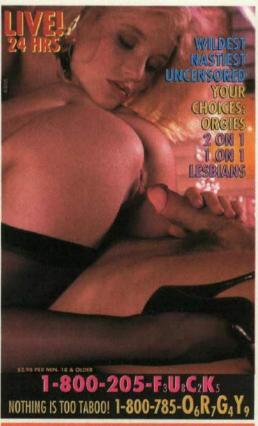




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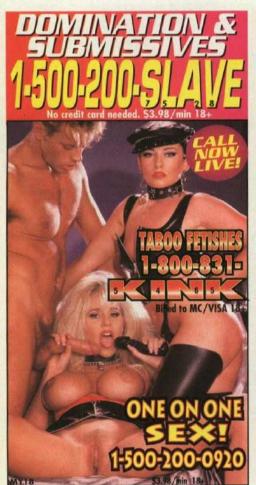


















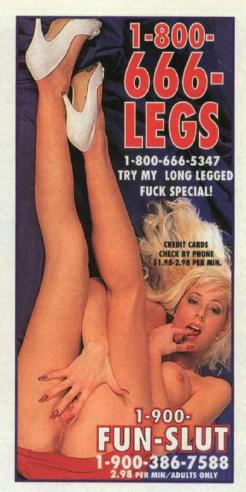












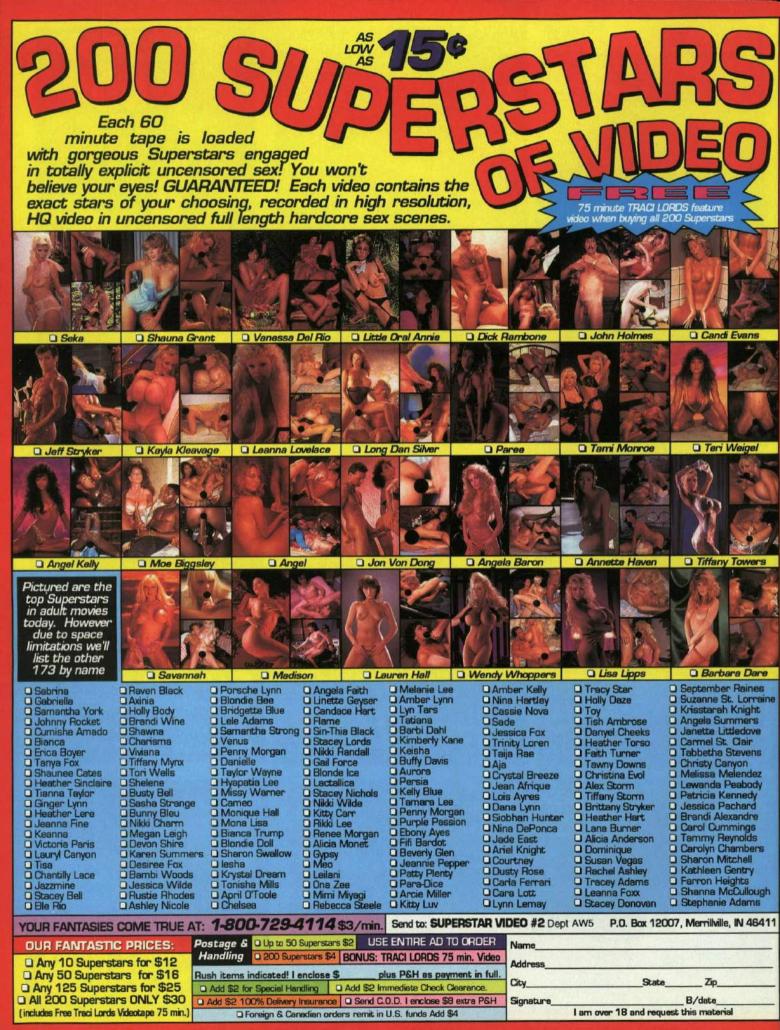






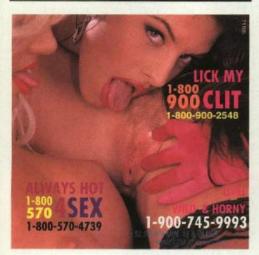














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Brotherhood

(continued from page 140)

hours south of the border. Steve went up to the bar and spoke for a few minutes with a Mexican man. When he came back, he said that he had arranged for three whores to meet us at the cabin.

We made it to the cabin and continued drinking. After he'd had six or seven Dos Equis, the other member asked, "Where are those fucking whores?"

"They'll be here soon," Steve said.
"In the meantime, let's you and I go talk some business."

"Wait here for the whores," he said, turning to me.

"Gladly," I said.

Not long after they left, I heard a faint pop, pop...pop. I blew it off as kids playing with firecrackers.

Steve walked back in a few minutes later and very calmly said, "Let's go home."

"What about-"

"Let's go," he said, interrupting me.

Steve drove, and we completed the trip to the border in near silence. As we neared the border crossing, a young street vendor walked up to the car with his arms full of Mexican wares. Steve bought an eighteen-inch-tall ceramic statue of Christ and a multi-colored serape.

At the border, the agent routinely asked us what we were doing in Mexico. Steve

smiled and held up the statue of Christ and said, "Souvenir shopping." I thought the agent would surely hear my heart pounding in my chest. He waved us through.

I began using heroin.

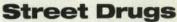
answer. "Yeah, I am."

One afternoon, while we were sitting in his backyard, Steve asked if I was using. He had caught me off-guard with the question. I momentarily considered denying it, but Steve rarely asked a question without already knowing the

We walked into the house, and he put his arms around me. "I gotta cut you loose, brother," he said. We shook hands, and I walked away from the AB.

I've never read about an AB member being arrested for a drive-by shooting. I've never seen one peddling dope on a schoolyard, or killing someone for the rights to an insignificant corner of a city block. They don't dress in gang-identifiable clothing, and they won't be caught driving around town with a loaded pistol under the driver's seat. They just don't make pedestrian blunders.

And if a member were arrested, he would never testify against his brothers, because they kill to get in—and die to get out.



(continued from page 130)

up in a number of East Coast cities. Not long after came the body bags.

As it turned out, Tango and Cash wasn't heroin at all—and it was anything but new. It was fentanyl, a powerful painkiller used in about 90% of the surgeries performed in America.

Like heroin, fentanyl causes intense initial euphoria, followed by a nodding-and-scratching state of bliss. Unlike heroin, a single dose of pure fentanyl the size of a pinhead can cause instantaneous respiratory arrest. Street users who were accustomed to overcompensating for weak, adulterated smack got the biggest—and last—surprise of their lives when they mainlined Tango and Cash. Death often came so quickly that many a dead junkie was found slack-jawed, the syringe still dangling from his arm.

"They died before they could get high," reported an official in the Philadelphia medical examiner's office.

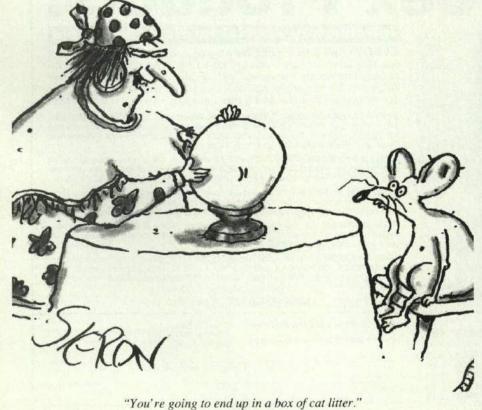
The substance the DEA dubbed "the serial killer of the drug world" has claimed hundreds of lives in the past five years. Although the manufacturers created a product that was approximately 400 times more potent than pure heroin, they sold it to distributors and smaller dealers without passing on a word of warning. Unfortunately for the consumer, the illegal drug trade does not have mandatory labeling requirements.

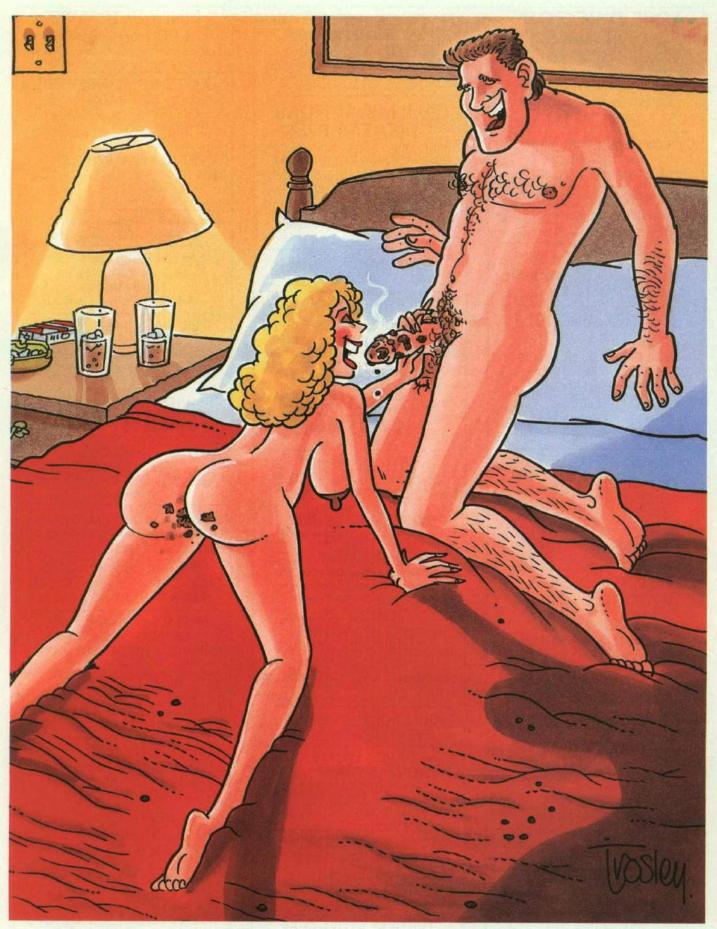
The man most responsible for the spread of fentanyl to the East Coast is George Marquardt, winner of the Wisconsin State Science Fair in 1964 and called a chemical "genius" by authorities. Marquardt was first busted in 1978 for trying to make a "perfect drug" combined of acid and speed.

"It was going to be the hallucinogen of the future," he said at the time. "It combined the best features of amphetamines, but acted more like LSD."

Despite the bust, Marquardt continued his research, ultimately breaking into the fentanyl business with the help of two financial backers. He manufactured the drug from a large warehouse in Wichita, Kansas, then exported it to the East Coast. If one of the backers, on a visit to Wichita, hadn't overdosed on the lab's drug fumes and brought the authorities' attention to the operation, Marquardt might still be in business today.

But only Tango and Cash as a brand name is history; the drug is still being manufactured in other labs, most often sold these days under the name "Tombstone." Who says there isn't truth in advertising?





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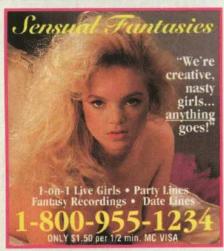
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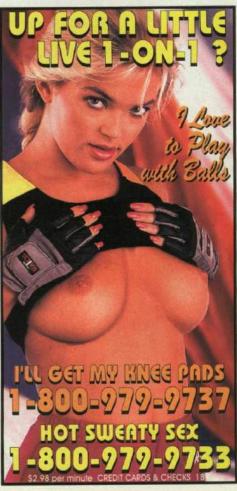












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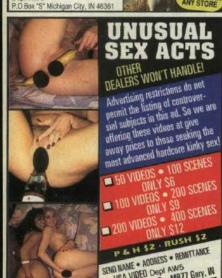
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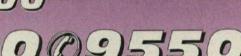
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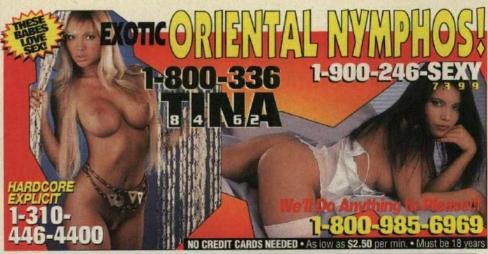
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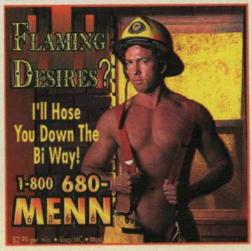


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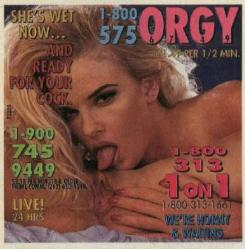














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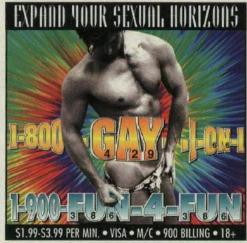














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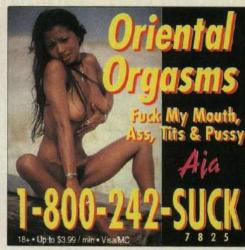
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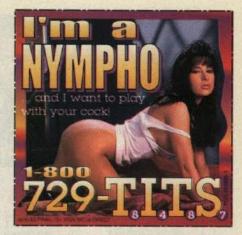
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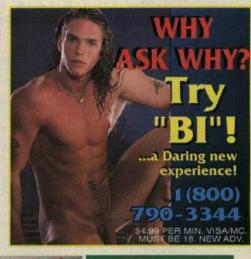
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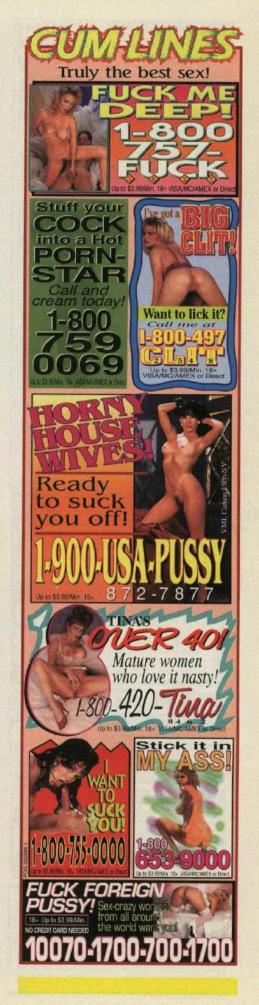
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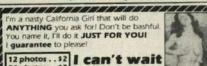


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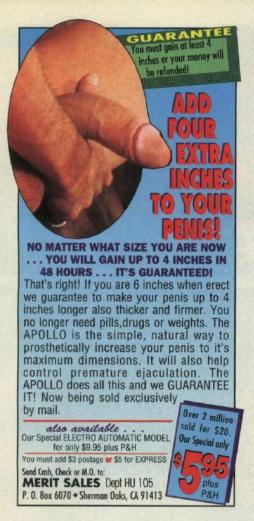
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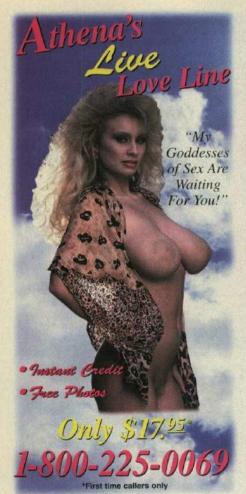






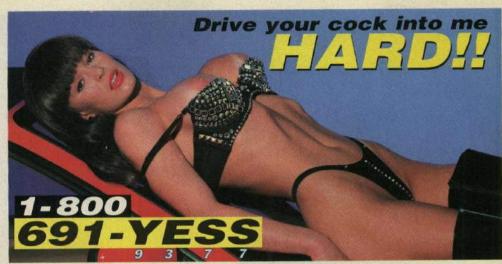


















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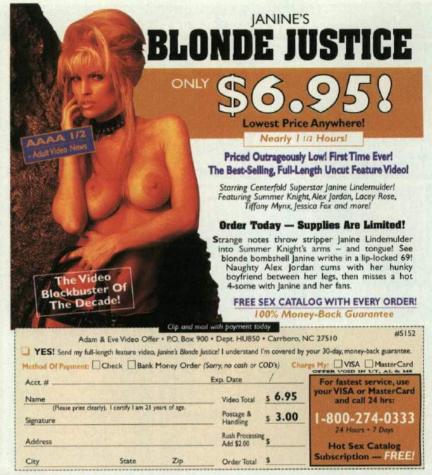
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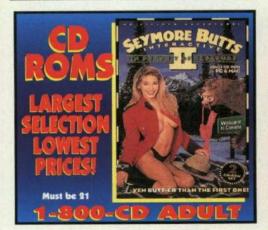




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cybersex n. (sigh-burr-sex)—a sexual encounter that one experiences utilizing the new technology of "virtual reality," i.e. not occurring in reality, but with all the sensations, pleasure, and orgasmic response of real sex so faithfully duplicated, as to be virtually indistinguishable from the real thing. (See also cybersexual intercourse.)

INCREDIBLE NEW BREAKTHROUGH, KEEP READING . . .

Virtual Reality is the most phenomenal breakthrough to emerge from s The whole world is talking about it: The Los Angeles Times Magazine and other major metropolitan newspapers have covered it: Talk-show hosts have experimented with it on national TV in front of millions of viewers; An author made it the subject of his best-selling-book turned-blockbuster-movie. A popular hotel/casino in Las Vegas has a coin-operated system installed that generates more income than most of its black/jack tables; There are even some fast food restaurants that have installed VR systems, to capitalize on the guaranteed, magnetic draw of such an incredible attraction.
What is VIRTUAL REALITY? Quite simply, it is nothing

less than a technology that can virtually re-create reality — every sight, sound, smell, touch and sensation of any human experience can be duplicated, "cloned," with a system that simulates all the sensations of the Real McCoy, and allows a subject (you, for example) to experience and enjoy the little episode as if you were really there; no human being can tell the difference.

Scientists and researchers have actually discovered "the building blocks" of sensory perception, and more incredibly, are able to recreate, or "clone" those patterns, resulting in an experience so indistinguishable from the real thing. that it has been dubbed "VIRTUAL REAILTY."

Since the mind's conscious interpretation of incoming stimulus is what determines the nature of human experience, this means that actual events in human experience can be synthesized, re-created at will, to be "re-played" at any time, with any subject (you), like today's video cassettes, but on

any subject (you), like today's video cassettes, but on a far more realistic level.

As a medium of entertainment, however, its implications were truly astounding, imagine being able to "relive" any situation you desire, whenever you want, as often as you want to? Imagine "custom tailoring" a sexual experience to your own stringent requirements – every detail, every nuance – exactly the way you like it. Not only that, but also available whenever you want it, as often as your body can handle it! Gay or straight, the subject matter is at your total command; the only limitation is the human imagination. Are you beginning to grasp the phenomenal scope of this discovery?

Betty Jo and Darryl Sanderson, Spokane, WA*

A consultant named Peter Webber, whose firm had been contracted by major movie studios to





research new entertainment technologies came upon research new entertainment technologies came upon this systems at a trade show. In a brainstorm, he realized an as-yet-untapped area that would be an instant hit: SEXUAL EXPERIENCES IN VIRTUAL REALITY – so detailed, so true-to-life, it would be a perfect "cione" of the real thing. Every voluptuous curve of the perfect sex partner would be recreated to your specifications; that indescribable "tingling" in your groin; other perfect of a tradity ediction sexual experience. every sensation of a totally satisfying sexual experience exactly duplicated - indistinguishable from the real

if the magnificent implications of SEXUAL EXPERIENCES IN VR are still not clear, let's make a simple comparison between REAL SEX EXPERIENCE and CYBERSEX VR SIMULATOR EXPERIENCE:

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- your dreams.

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- Risk of pregnancy/disease n interfere and dampen pleasure infrequent/not always
- available
 5 Finding and seducing partners can be very expensive.
 6 For your pursuit, you need a nice car, a nice pad, nice clothes, and plenty of money.

- 1. You can enjoy your "dream partner" any time you want.
 2. Frequency depends entirely on you: The words "no" and "headache" do not exist in virtual.
- sexual encounters known to man
- For unlimited experiences, you cur a one time charge that costs less than dinner and a
- 6. You need only an electrical outlet.

Please note - Virtual reality experience is entirely dependent on the orientation of the user – gay, straight, bisexual, groups, "kinky," or whatever – there is no sexual discrimination in virtual reality!

Perhaps the most wonderful thing about technology is that it constantly seeks to improve upon itself. A decade ago, video cassette recorders cost in excess of \$1,000, today they are little more than a tenth of that And the same is true of Virtual Reality technology; the components that used to cost thousands of dollars can now be had for far less. This fact, coupled with the tremendous resources available to our movie and entertainment industry, make the time "ripe" for a breakthrough of this nature. After 3 years of Intensive research. Webber developed the CYBERSEX HOME VR – SIMULATOR SYSTEM. So that the marvels of this new technology could be appreciated first hand by consumers in the privacy of their own homes, at an affordable price.

Kyle Miller, Nashville, TN*

So why isn't this miraculous "DREAM MACHINE" -

It's simple - the "giants" of consumer electronics don't want to release the goodles yet. They have to keep the price in the stratosphere, to "milk" the consumers, just like they did with VCR's CD players, and every other new development they've come out

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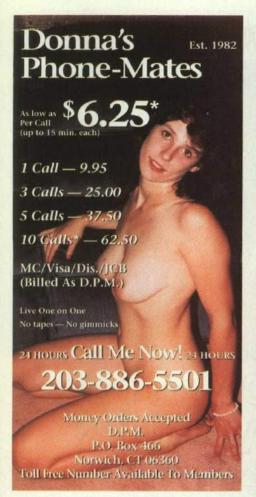
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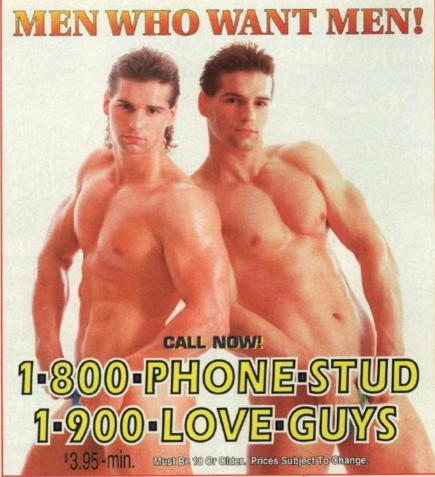
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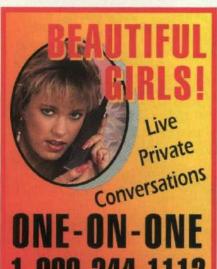
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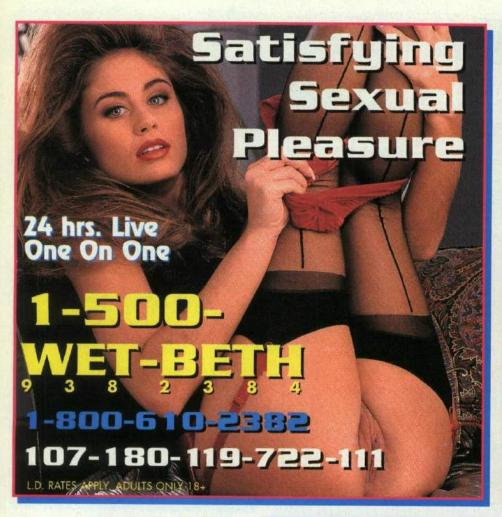
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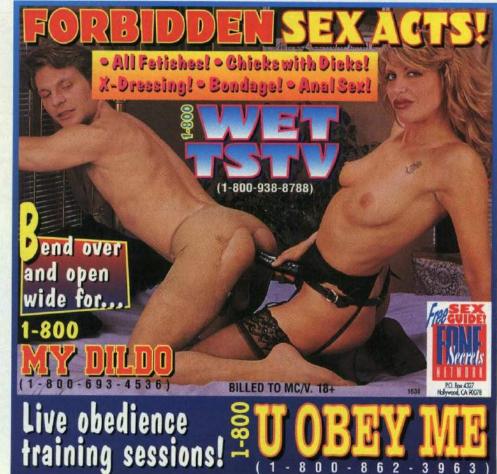
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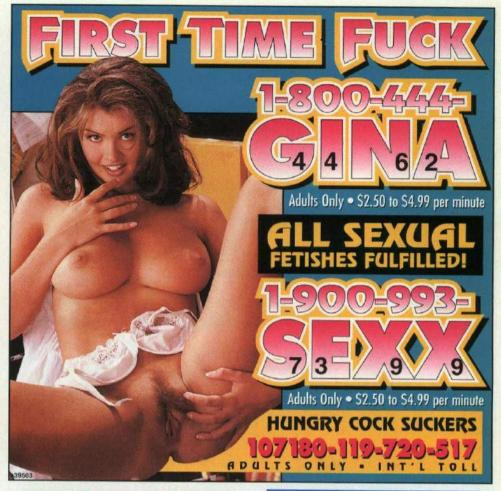
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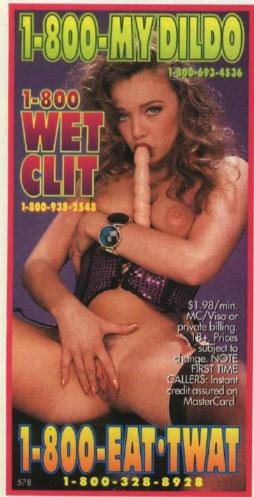


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Before using the Penis Pump, Chris' penis is thin and small, about 3 inches



In this photo, Chris inserts his small penis into the pump.



Chris has Above, grown 2 to 3 inches but has not reached his maximum potential



Chris shows you his penis without the pump. There is a remarkable increase, but he can still grow and reach



Look at Chris now! See how much longer, thicker and harder his penis is!



In this photo, Chris almost fills the entire pump. He is much thicker and 10 inches long!



A close-up look at Chris' thicker, longer, harder penis.



Even without an erection after using the pump, Chris' penis is much thicker and longer.

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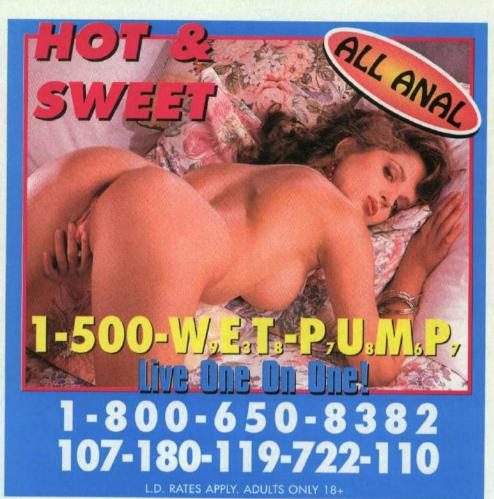
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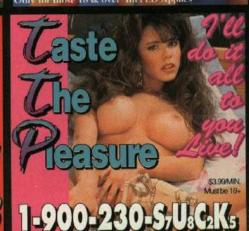




















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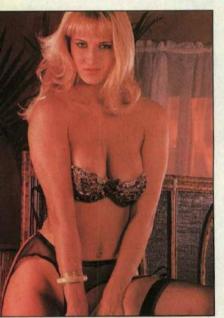
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November HUSTLER on sale August 29, 1995



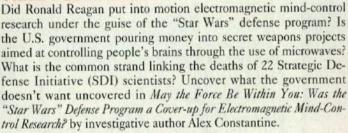
TURN, TURN, TURN

Begin the new season with HUSTLER in November, and watch nature's finest sights fall into your lap. Observe a golden-haired lass finding pleasure in her own company, and accept an open invitation she sends from her eyes, and her ass; visit a sultry cat on a hot tile roof, and decide which shade of pink suits her best; check out a dark-skinned lovely baring her bottom under the blistering sun; take in the warm earth tones of an exotic brunette and an auburnhaired beauty, as they grab and grope each other for your viewing pleasure; witness XXX-star Shelby Stevens receive a lesson on the fundamentals of chess, and skin lotion, from eager-to-inform Vince Voyer. See a side of nature your mother never told you about.



Michael Middleton thought he had seen it all, and he thought he was immune to it all too. He was wrong. The LAPD veteran, who retired as a sergeant after 21 years on the force, writes that he attended more than 500 homicide scenes. He worked some of the toughest streets in the post-'65 Watts-riots area, but on one particular day, he let his guard down, and it was almost too much to handle. Read "...Others You Can't Forget": An LAPD Cop Learns a Hard Lesson About Death, and realize that some things don't get any easier over time.







Sex Play enlightens the uninitiated with secrets of talking nasty in "Dirty Talk: Spicing Up the Sex Act." Hot Letters satiates the pressing need for intellectual stimulation. Bits & Pieces provides the interpretive commentary necessary for gaining a firm grip on current events. Beaver Hunt embarks on an expedition seeking out the world's most loved herbivorous rodent, wherever it nests. HUSTLER in November reveals the truest colors of autumn. Fall in line.







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TINA

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1-800-666 (8462)Jina , ... only if your naughty enough.

tongue and then I'll move my way up your shaft with wet kisses and when you're hard and begging me to take you into my mouth I'll tease you by sucking only your buildging cock head. What cums next? You do when you call me at

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