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Anaheim Hills, Ca 92817

HUSTLER

volume 17 number 6

december

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- Gina: Tucked Away

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HUSTLER DECEMBER 1990 VOLUME 17 NUMBER 6

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Cover photo by Matti Klatt



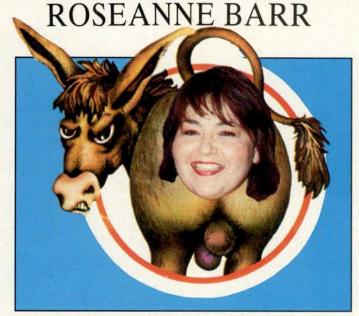
ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

She's fat, she's ugly, she's loud, obnoxious, pretentious and hated by a growing list of unfortunates unlucky enough to have worked for her. Her humor is wearing increasingly thin, and she tries to turn our national anthem into cheap comedy shtick while 50,000 Americans are being shipped out to be contaminated with poison gas in some Middle Eastern hell while defending her overstuffed lifestyle. Roseanne Barr is Asshole of the Month for December 1990. Any arguments?

Public acclaim has a way of swelling latently bloated sphincters. Flaws that might be inconspicuous in an anonymous, local bigmouth are magnified by the limelight of fame, blown up into world-class Asshole proportions. But Roseanne, we suspect, has always been an extra-caliber shit ring. Though she may wish to fault supermarket scandal rags for her reputation as a loathsome, selfish, inconsiderate megalomaniac, Barr's infamy is actually a direct result of her own actions.

Already behaving as though she is sulking over losing the part of Miss Piggy in a new Muppets movie, rotund Roseanne will surely belly up to the trough for a double helping of "comfort food" when she learns that her ass-wiping version of "The Star-Spangled Banner" has cost her a cool million dollars.

The February 1990 HUSTLER Magazine, in our "Million Dollar Muffs" feature, offered Barr 1 million smackers to bare herself in a HUSTLER-style layout. We envisioned Roseanne, resplendent in her



ample nature suit, lolling about on a beach, a harpoon stabbed between her legs

HUSTLER has long been an advocate of alternative erotica, defending the right of any consenting adults, even dysfunctional lardos, to grease up and strap on a bone. Besides, we pitied the suet-rippled hefty bag and offered her the money as a sort of hands-off mercy fuck.

However, as Barr's public behavior grew increasingly unattractive, we regretted the offer and prayed that the showbiz giant would be too busy mooning baseball stadiums to strip for our photographers. Roseanne, to our horror, disclosed that her crotch looked like Arsenio Hall's head. The idea of Barr in any

sort of prurient pose so repulsed us that, when given a chance to buy purloined love letters purportedly penned and illustrated by Barr (grade-school obscenities scribbled in a grubby, childish, grasping scrawl), we rejected the vulgar missives with no more debate than it would take to decide to throw away a sheet of soiled toilet paper.

Sorry, Roseanne, the nudemodeling offer has lapsed, and we do not wish to pick up the option.

Think of what happiness those mega-dollars could have bought poor, little, rich, big, fat girl Roseanne. A veritable mountain of doughnuts for the larger than lifelike blowhard to wallow and lose her enflamed self in. Tons of Mrs. Fields

cookies, enough for a week. Properly invested, the cash could be turned into a sandbox full of cocaine to contain her drug-susceptible new husband, an opportunistic, hackwriting, wanna-be ham who has stooped so low as to sell quotes of his porky wife to the National Enquirer scandal sheet.

Not content to lie low and root like barnyard critters mud-bathing in their own ordure, the Barrs have gone hog-wild, instigating a lawsuit against the *Enquirer* for its coverage of their porcine doings.

"It's going to cost a lot of money," admits Mr. Tom "Arnold" Barr in reference to the litigation, "but we've got a lot of money." Mr. Barr neglected to indicate what portion of the couple's stockpiled loot originated as checks from the Enquirer.

In defense of her insensitive and arguably treasonous mangling of "The Star-Spangled Banner" at the San Diego Padres Jack Murphy Stadium, Barr attempted to shift accountability to the baseball players, claiming that they had suggested she ought to scratch her Arsenio hole and spit. Barr further avers: "I represent a certain part of America that probably nobody else represents." The part of America that refuses to take responsibility for its own actions.

"Nobody's [been] treated worse than me," oinks Barr, an easy target who should not go wasted. HUSTLER hopes the San Diego Padres pick up the tab to send Roseanne Rosebud to Baghdad, where she can sing an Iraqi anthem, and also throw out the first grenade.

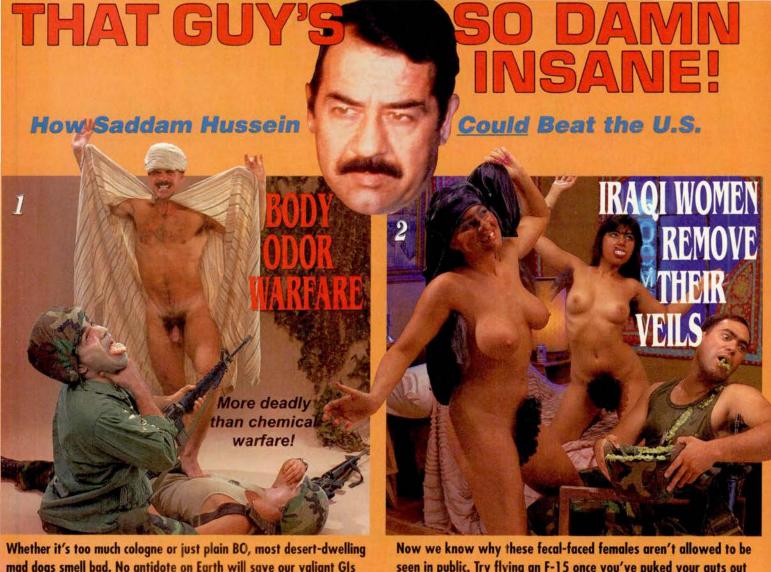
FARTS IN THE WIND

Saddam Hussein — Aside from being an oily, bombastic camel jockey, riding roughshod over desert-dwelling petro-trash, tyrant Saddam has orchestrated a situation in which George Bush is able to present himself as savior of the free world. For that, Saddam is an Asshole.

Buster Douglas — When Buster Douglas KOd Mike Tyson, he had the sense not to gloat. Twentysomething million dollars later, he spouts off every chance he gets. Buster's another heavyweight Asshole.

Shahrazad Ali — Black and female, the author of The Blackman's Guide to the Blackwoman recommends that black men slug black women and put them in their place. Ali's research methods make Shere Hite look like Johns Hopkins University, which makes Ali look like a prime Asshole.

Arthur Laffer—As an economic adviser to Ronald Reagan, Arthur's Laffer Curve was one of the most laughable pitches of Dutch's regime. A recently resigned board member of FundAmerica—a marketing group facing fraud and racketeering charges—Laffer, taking a cue from the Gipper, claims he was unaware of FundAmerica crimes. With the proper tutor, a butthead becomes a major Asshole.

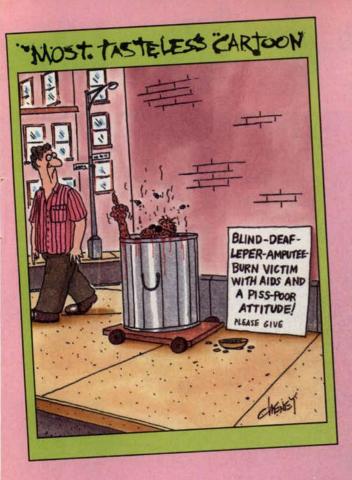


mad dogs smell bad. No antidote on Earth will save our valiant GIs from the reek of a terrifying Iraqi armpit.

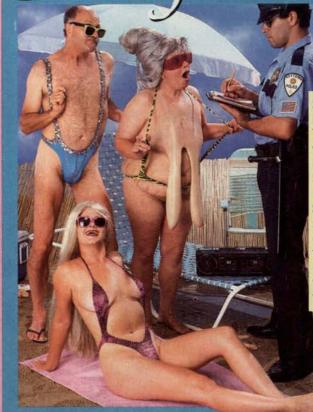
seen in public. Try flying an F-15 once you've puked your guts out after gazing at these sorry specimens!









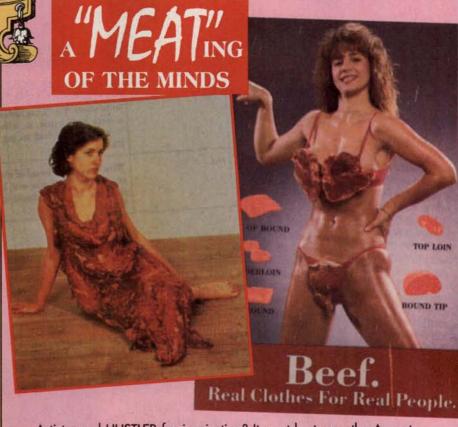


String bikinis are banned in Florida! The fine for wearing skimpy beachwear in the Sunshine State can be as much as \$200. But if you saw some rotted-out crone wearing this revealing bathing suit, wouldn't you want to see her pay?

Porn From da Past



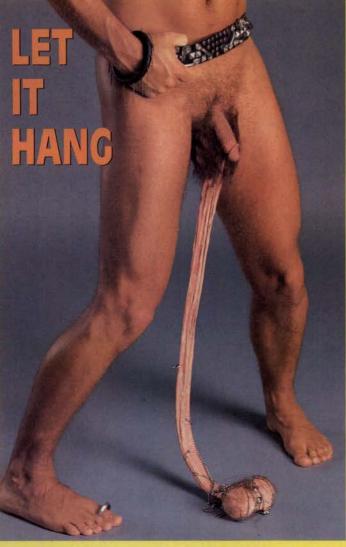
Bend over and say cheese! Get a rise out of us, and we'll pay \$150 for any photo we use. Mail your scathing smut to "Porn from the Past," HUSTLER Magazine, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. Enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want to have your material returned. This month \$150 goes to Milt Nash.



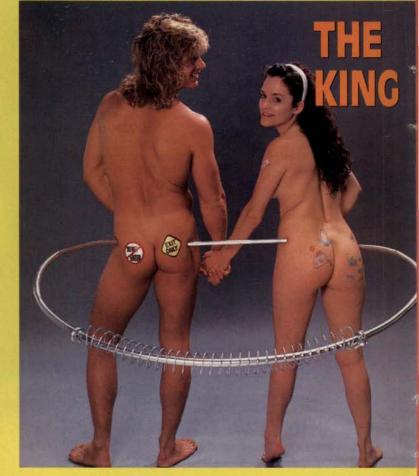
Artists read HUSTLER for inspiration? It must be true—the August '90 issue of *Harper's* printed this photo on the left from an art exhibit in Montreal, while the April '90 HUSTLER contained this *Bits & Pieces* beef parody on the right. We'll just serve up wine and cheese at our next photo-shoot and invite the press.

ierced

hat do piercing enthusiasts do when there's no room left for that extra nipple pierce? They find a spot. We've found a collection of holier-than-thou people who've taken it as far as it can go.



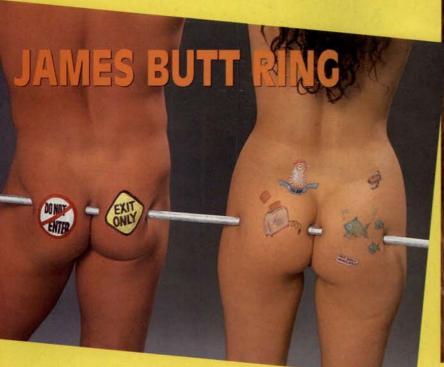
Too many accoutrements can make life a drag. The disadvantage to piercing is the stretch it puts on the love sac.





Grab 'em like shish kebab and take a bite.

o pieces



This penetrating piercing is a reverse hula-hoop — just spin around the outside of the circle. The girlfriend will never stray with butt ring attached.



When every part of the body is covered with holes, why stop at skin? You can see the difference.



"Go ahead, yank my chain," taunts this heavily metalled clam. Her gristle decoration started with a single prick, and now houses 1,000 pins.





otential date rapists in the workplace and on college campuses, beware! When we want to pump, we'll let you know. But until then, back off, buttheads! Remember, girls, the guy most likely to rape you is someone you know; so strike first! Take some lessons from these tactical

IPUN NUNCHAKUS

It's a lethal weapon and a super absorbent feminine maxi-pad! Conceal it in your love cave, and the prick will never see it coming. Feel fresh and knock assailants on their asses!

HIGH KARATE SPIKED HEELS

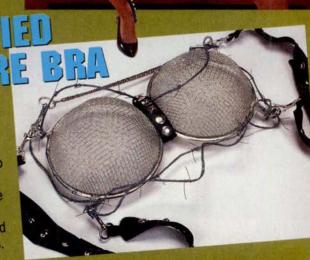
Go ahead, let him spread your legs. Pretend to enjoy it. Then stab the fucker! After you rip the slime a new asshole, be forcibly penetrated.



show him what it's like to



This protective lingerie is for girls who wish to avoid physical combat. Just let an attacker try to touch your tits. The would-be pervert will be shocked to find your breasts safely cordoned from his greasy hands.









run in packs. Even with guns in their hands, these no-dick punks don't have the guts to walk up to their targets and blow them away. Instead, the chickenshits kill innocent children. Cowardly, stupid, wanna-be badasses killing our children! How long will American citizens stand for it? We don't need gun-control laws-we need gang-control laws. We need to exterminate every punk, coward s.o.b. who's wearing a rag and killing our children. These people are not Americans. They don't belong in our country. When will we

Talking to ignorants doesn't work. Feeding their sorry asses in jail doesn't work. Crying doesn't help. As sad as it sounds, there are times when violence must be met with violence. Crips, Bloods, B.G.F.—this is my country, and you better stay out of my part of it, because I will -M. N. kill for my children.

show them what real badasses are?

Hull, Georgia

RALLY 'ROUND THE GAG

I just received the September HUSTLER. and I can't believe the Feedback letters in response to the Death Scenes pictorial (Death Scenes, June '90)! Don't these people know that if they are not interested in a photo they can turn the page? Don't they realize that police, medics and firemen see worse than that every day?

This summer, I saw three blockbuster movies that featured decapitation, people being cut in half, a man who must have been shot about 100 times and even more gross depictions. Which is more disgusting in this day and age, Hollywood movies or K. W. **HUSTLER?**

Vancouver, British Columbia

Reverend Jim Bakker is God! Smut. garbage, raunch, trash, degrading, sick, downright slimy filth-keep it coming, HUSTLER. Long live the King (Larry Flynt)!

Muskegon, Michigan

MODERN MATURITY

My husband for 37 years passed away a couple of years ago. When I finally cleaned out the garage and his bedroom, I found hidden copies of HUSTLER Magazine, many dating back 15 years. I had a vard sale and sold some of his possessions, but I couldn't allow the community to know he was such a pervert; so I



Elizabeth: Bedtime Story

hid them away. I was too embarrassed to send them to the dump.

My husband was a good provider, and we shared a reasonably good sex life. After looking through some issues of your magazine, I began to realize some of his turn-ons and fantasies. I found myself becoming more aware of my own emotions, and I'm now buying HUSTLER through the friend who is writing this letter for me.

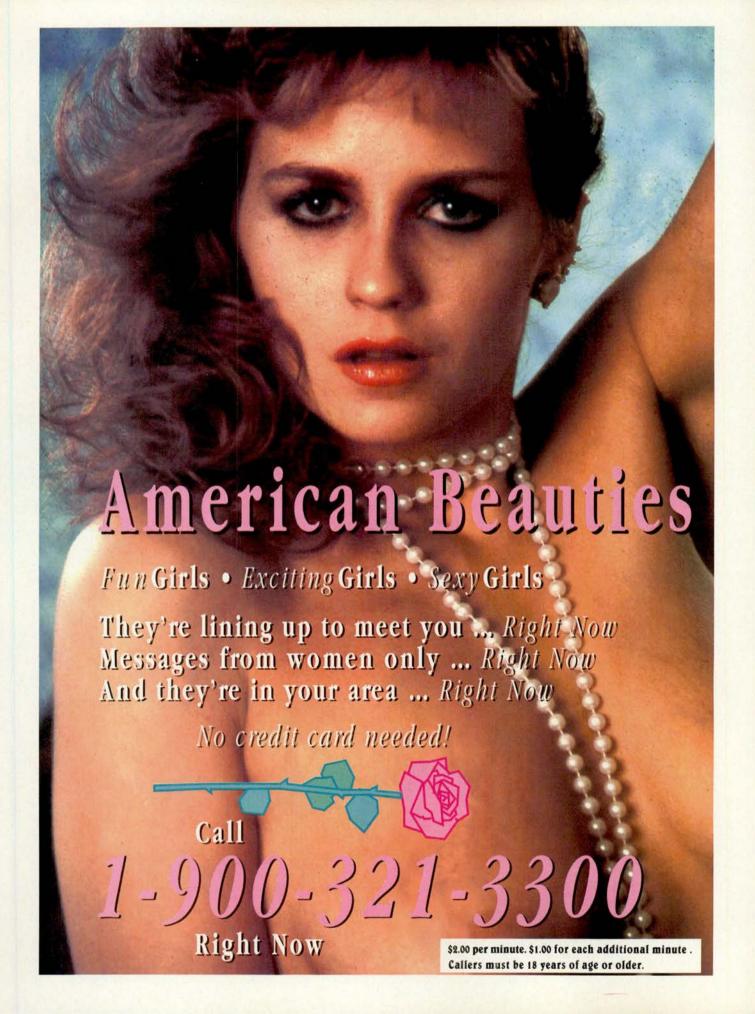
I am 67 years old. I like your parodies and good jokes, and I especially enjoy "Porn From the Past." Recently, two of my best girlfriends were over, and I showed them several different copies of HUSTLER. To my astonishment, they enjoyed looking through them. We acted like high-school girls again, giggling uninhibitedly. We had a stimulating verbal exchange about ourselves and our husbands.

Each month, your publication glamorizes 19- to 25-year-old Miss Americas exploiting their nakedness. When you do a photo-layout including a male, he's of this same tender age. If an alien from Mars viewed a copy of HUSTLER Magazine, the conclusion could be drawn that only those under the age of 30 were experiencing human sexuality.

You state that HUSTLER is not a gay magazine. I compliment your staff, however, for providing trade names and addresses of other magazines featuring this interest.

The fact is, Larry Flynt has said more

HUSTLER DECEMBER



than once that HUSTLER is an innovative, progressive magazine catering to a broad range of subscribers. If so, please feature senior citizens once in a while, and show these kids what life in the fast lane is all about.

—A. W.

Palm Springs, California

Apparently, you aren't aware of how timid a vocal portion of our readership can be toward new experiences, A. W., but look to our March 1991 issue for a full-spread layout of a 40-year-old hardbody who'll give the kids a new perspective on age.

EARTH TO VACAVILLE

I'm looking for the Book or Books were the Model that appear in HUSTLER I believe in 1970s has long black hair a pimple in her skin her eyes are Brown or Hazel she pose on a red bathtub on a big ole Poster I never saw the book but in the Poster she's sitting with a folded Towl in her leg and in one of the pictures in the back she has the Towl in her Mouth and the Towl is not folded I'm looking for her name

—R. E.

Vacaville, California

Not even Larry Flynt himself has the resources to figure out what the fuck you're after, R. E.!

SAYONARA

I am sick of HUSTLER ripping me off. I buy your magazine for good photos of women and well-written articles. I want to see more meat and less trash. My August 1990 issue had 160 phone-sex ads. You fuckers are trying to get rich, while I have to sift through all the bullshit in your magazine! I will buy elsewhere if you satanic perverts don't wise up.

—J. L. C.

Camden, New Jersey

Our reply: "Why so bitchy, J. L. C.? Run out of Vaseline?" Satanic reply: "We're sorry you're disappointed, and we'll try to do better next time!" Which sounds more sincere?

LAUGH TILL IT HURTS

I've been digging your book off and on for about ten years, but recently the issues have been pretty weak. You guys are too hard on the black people and the Polish people. You dog them cold-bloodedly too much! So, for all the white niggers out there in the HUSTLER Co., I've decided to cancel your book. The classics are the best, anyway. Long live *Playboy*. Take care now, ya hear!!

—A. H.

Chicago, Illinois

You really had us going there. Man, we

took you seriously until the gag bit at the end about Playboy! Thanks for the laugh.

Thanks for the shit jokes and ethnic jokes, even though you've been a little shy on the Jesus jokes lately.

We all love shit jokes because it's the first joke we learn when we paint our cribs with shit and laugh at our mothers' reactions! Please run more black beaver in Beaver Hunt.

—J. J.

Ventura, California

LOVES LIZ

I just had to write to you about Elizabeth (Bedtime Story, September '90). I don't think I've ever seen a more beautiful or more sensuous woman featured in your magazine. If she'd agree to stay with me, she'd never have to worry about paying rent. She could stay in bed all day if she wanted, as long as she kept her word about me never sleeping alone. Keep up the good work.

—K. D.

Cleveland, Ohio

NAME THAT POON

In the July '90 HUSTLER, there is a photo of Heather Hunter on page 19 of *Erotic Entertainment*. Then, you feature, in the same issue, Heather Hunter and Giselle in *Bang Tango*. Excuse me, but

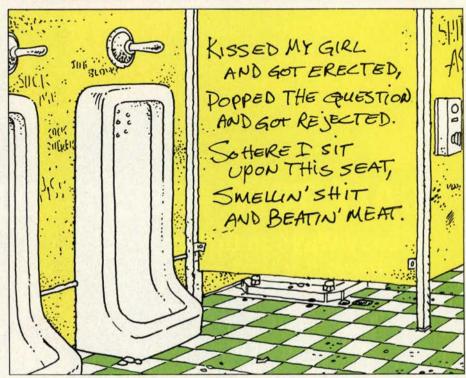
the Heather Hunter I know is none of the two in the Bang Tango pictorial. Why is it that you guys are always changing the names of the ladies you portray? Another example of many is Kascha. In your November '89 issue, you call her Shaney. In Bang Tango, the blond beauty called Giselle was also portraved in Penthouse in May 1990, and her name there was Jisel. Are these girls so hard up for the money that they change their names or pretend to be someone else for the purpose of being or appearing to be firsttimers? Give us a break! We readers are not that gullible! -S. H.

Green Bay, Wisconsin

Who is the Heather Hunter you know? The Heather Hunter we know starred in Torch and also appeared in Bang Tango. Giselle, Jisel—trust Penthouse to get it wrong. Some girls, like Kascha, change their names for fun. There's something Hollywood about it. Show biz, you know.

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

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THANK TO DAVID L. POSTON

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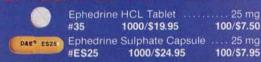
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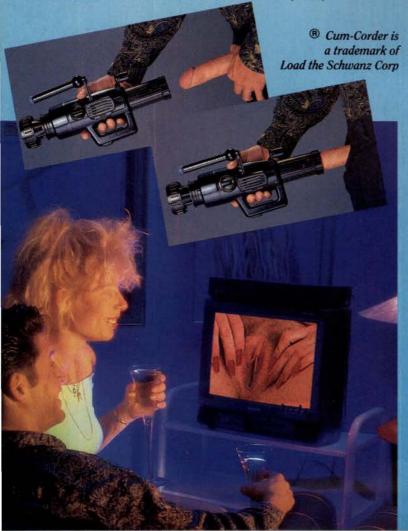


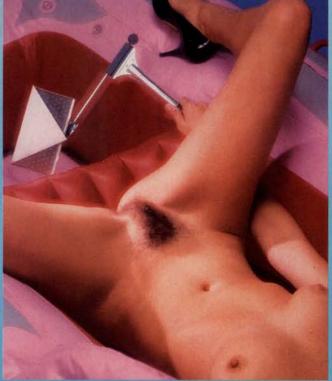
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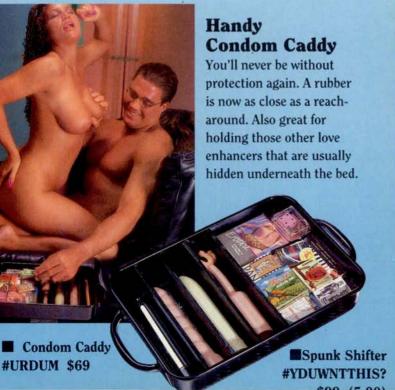
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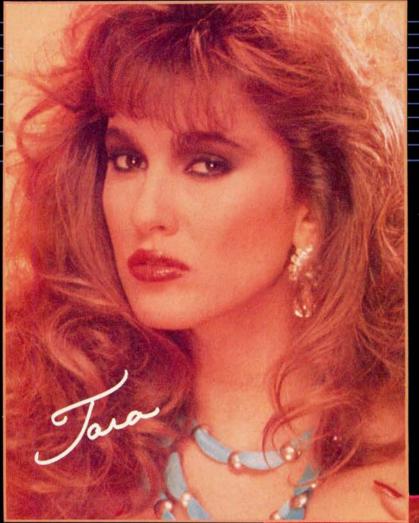


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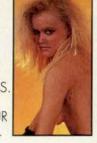


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BODY DOUBLE

I'm a 19-year-old cocktail waitress for a casino in Las Vegas, Nevada. My boyfriend Steve and I share the same apartment. We scheduled our workweeks so that we're always home at the same times, but sometimes it doesn't work out that way.

One night I was feeling down because Steve had called and said he was going to be late; so I decided to spend the time soaking in the tub. My pussy was puffy like it is when it wants to be fucked, and I thought I would relieve some of the pressure. The hot water worked like a tranquilizer. I picked up the soap and rubbed it into a good lather, smoothing it over my arms and chest. I slid my hands across my tits and teased my nipples to hardness. I pushed my fingers through the hair of my muff to grab my clit. I pinched it and pulled it and pushed it back into its tissuethin pink hood as far as it would go. The hot water brought my blood to the surface of my skin. In no time at all I had half my hand jammed up my cunt, rocking slowly, building up speed. Water sloshed over the edge of the tub, but I didn't care. I was moments away from a beautiful climax.

Just then, I heard the bathroom door open behind me. I smiled and thought to myself, I'll surprise Steve when I meet him like this! I crept out of the bathtub wearing nothing but bubbles. I reached for a towel to wipe the soap from my eyes and felt someone's arms around me. I was the one who was surprised! I was held against a hard, male body that was definitely not my boyfriend's. The stranger held my arms, and a blindfold was wrapped around my eyes. I froze. I didn't know what to think.

I felt familiar lips against my own. This was Steve, thank God! "Guess what, babe?" he said. "Tonight's the night." Waves of erotic excitement zipped up and down my spine. I heard laughter. Two pairs of masculine hands on my naked body, and I nearly creamed myself.

Steve and I had often talked about

adding another guy to our sex forays. It had been my hottest fantasy ever since I was a kid, but I never expected it to happen when it did. The surprise made me hotter. Every nerve was jumping. My pussy was sopping, and it wasn't bath water.

I was carried to the bedroom and tossed on the bed. Strange hands grabbed my wrists and secured them to the bedposts. I drew up my knees, but Steve pulled them down, tying them to the bottom of the bed.



The stranger ran his hands up my legs and brushed his palms over my pubic hair. I bucked up my crotch to feel more of the delicious pressure. I felt a drop of pussy juice slide down the crack of my ass. He took a tit in each hand. I expected him to be rough, but he caressed me, lowering his lips to lick and bite gently.

Steve put his hand against my pussy and continued to do to me what I was doing to myself in the tub. I got even wetter as he stroked me. His familiar touch put me completely at ease.

The thought that two men were ravishing my defenseless body filled me with indescribable desire. I wanted them to untie my hands so I could touch them. I wanted them to take off the blindfold so I could see

them. I wanted to feel their hard cocks sliding in and out of my mouth. I wanted them to fuck me! I arched my back toward them. I was so close to coming—I wouldn't be denied again! They took their hands away from my hungry body. I felt the waves of my orgasm receding. I just wanted to scream; I was so sick of being teased! I started to cry. Steve put his hand against my pussy again. He went to my asshole, rubbing my wetness into my bung. He pushed his finger inside me as I leaned toward him. I needed to feel him inside of me, filling me. I wanted to lick and bite him, to swallow a mouthful of his cum.

They untied me. I whimpered with relief. The stranger turned me around. My pussy throbbed in anticipation of his hot cock. He took my hands and placed them on his body. I brushed my fingers through his pubic hair, and he shivered when I took his cock in my fist. I rubbed the head of his dick in the slick folds of my pussy, shifted my waist and impaled myself on his cock. I was so grateful to have a hard cock buried inside of me that I laughed out loud!

Steve got on the bed behind me and squirted baby oil on my ass. I knew what he wanted. He rubbed the oil, warming it with his hands against my cheeks. I couldn't wait to have both cocks inside me at the same time! I didn't move a muscle as Steve pulled me onto his eight-inch cock.

Every thrust from behind brought me closer to the dick inside my pussy. Every thrust from below pushed the dick in my ass deeper. I rocked back and forth, faster and faster, and was rewarded with the feel of the stranger's cum exploding inside of me.

I rode him until the last bit had been milked from his thick dick. Steve was still teasing me, giving me a little at a time. I leaned forward and rested my head on the hot chest of the man beneath me to give Steve better access to my tight ass. I pushed myself to meet his every thrust. It felt wonderful to have him so deep in my butt. Suddenly, out of nowhere, delicious waves of orgasm racked my cunt. I clenched my ass muscles around Steve's

HUSTLER DECEMBER 23

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HOT LETTERS

He unzipped his pants and offered me his big cock. He played with my clit and told me his favorite thing to do was to lick and suck pussy.

cock as he moved faster and faster. With one great motion, he bathed the inside of my rectum with his stuff.

I immediately tried to remove my blindfold so I could see the man who'd just fucked my pussy, but he held my arms and said, "No," and retied my hands to the bed. I heard the sound of him dressing and then the sound of the door.

Steve untied my hands and removed my blindfold. I was too overwhelmed to speak and too exhausted to move. I relaxed in his arms, and that's where I was when I woke up. Steve won't tell me the name of my mystery date. It's been eight months, and I still don't know! — S. B.

Las Vegas, Nevada

the while, he stared at my hard nipples. I stretched my arms above my head, making my nipples peek out from under the top.

Judging by the bulge in his trousers, his cock was rising from what he saw and wanted. I slipped my halter up and over my arms, exposing my chest to the neon light of the garage. He came to me and kissed me, long and hard, then took one of my stiff nipples between his teeth, moving his tongue against the tip.

He unzipped his pants and offered me his big, juicy cock. His fingers found my wet pussy. We both moaned at the feel of his fingers going inside me. He played with my clit button and told me his favorite thing to do was to lick and suck pussy.

Teddy turned off the lights over the outside pumps and put the "Closed" sign in the window. He stepped into the back room and opened a beer. I drank some as he slowly undressed what little clothing I had on.

I lay down on a cotton car mat. He poured cold beer on my thighs. I gasped and laughed at the unbelievable sensation. He licked the brew off me sensuously, finally finding my wet, throbbing pussy.

He gently spread my legs open. His hot tongue felt good on my clit. He swirled his taste buds in circles around the hard button, then down to my love hole, in and out and back to my clit again.

I started licking underneath his balls, and he quivered with pleasure. He stuck his whole face against my cunt and burrowed his tongue as deep as it would go.

I slipped his cock head and shaft past my lips and down my throat. He fucked my face until a heavy wad of cum shot into my mouth. I licked him clean, and he was still rock-hard; so I kept sucking, wanting to get his stiff hunk of cock inside me.

I pulled him on top of me, face to face, rubbing his red dick against my pulsating cunt. He gave a tremendous thrust and tooled my engine with varying speed, fast, then slow, then fast again. He lifted my legs in the air and went in even deeper. I grabbed his ass and pushed him hard against and inside of me.

I wet his thighs with the fullest, most intense pussy flood I have ever experienced. I came more times than I can remember. Teddy was right. He ate me so good, I could barely walk back to my car. —S. J.

Longview, Washington

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

FULL SERVICE

I would like to remind HUSTLER Magazine that not every hot fuck takes place in a big city.

I'm a 25-year-old secretary in a small town in Washington State, and I have a story every bit as hot as any metropolitans have to tell.

One hot summer night around 11 p. m., I stopped at my local gas station to buy cigarettes. A single guy runs the place—tall, dark, muscular, blond hair, deep green eyes, and the kind of ass that I could tell would fit perfectly into my hands.

Every time I showed up at his station, he told me he'd like to eat me until I couldn't walk for a week. Most every garage man treats a good-looking woman like a sex object, but I wasn't offended. I wanted his body so bad it hurt. Every time I visited him, I left wet, itching to accept one of his carnal invitations.

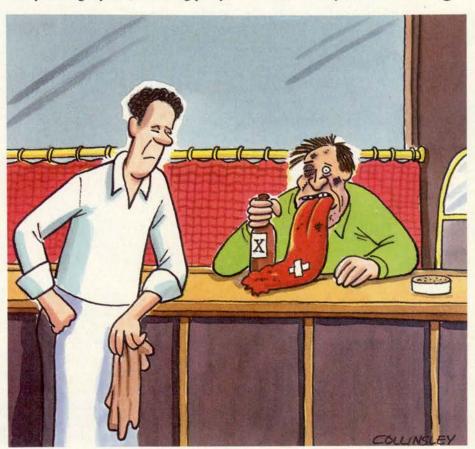
On this particular evening, I teased him right back. It was late, and there wasn't another soul around. I wore a sun top with thin straps and no bra. The halter fit my 38DDs very snugly; my nipples hadn't been soft for hours. He noticed that.

"What's your name?" I asked, even though I could see it on his coveralls.

"Teddy," he said, eyes bugging, tongue thick in his mouth.

"That's a nice name for a bear," I said, smiling prettily. "Smell any honey?"

He eyed my tits with undisguised hunger. We chatted for a while, and he invited me into the doghouse. I sat down in a chair next to the cold draft of a refrigerated Coke machine, and we talked some more. All



"All women want to do is sit on my face...."





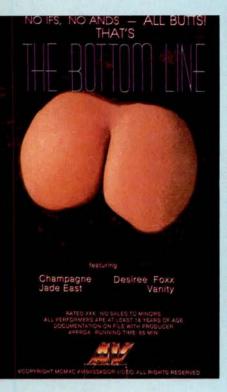
Lost River College is one partying school. The women of Upsilon Sigma are driven by pussy power, and their wide-open twats are poked and stroked from the opening sequence, with Angel Kelly and Nina Hartley humping Porsche Lynn's outstretched thighs, to the 11- or 12-girl daisychain finale, a clit-sucking frenzy. Sorority bigwig Sharon Kane feeds cunt to a scarce Barbara Dare, extra-horny Megan Leigh, silent but sensuous Bionca and torrid Tianna in the ultimate tribute to sisterhood, justice and American fur pie. Peter North and Jon Dough wage sword battle over Trinity Loren's monster boobs, jizz-smear on her massive mounds, leaving them looking like snowcapped mountains. Director Amanda Tyler combines witty dialogue with clit-popping sex into a damn good tape that forces the hand off the fast-forward button and back into the lap where it belongs. — Don Birman

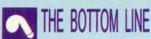
Dough and North battle over Loren's monster boobs.





HUSTLER DECEMBER





One-Quarter Erect. Directed by R. U. Hardyet; starring Champagne, Vanity, Jade East, Marc Wallice, Don Fernando and Tom Byron. Videocassette: Ambassador.

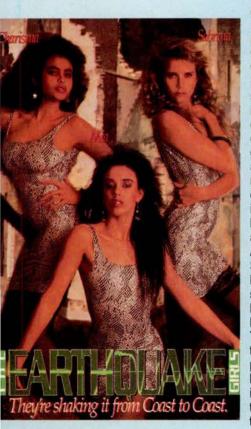
The Bottom Line actually delivers the title's promised goods, but the heinie-humping is buried beneath so many bungled bloopers that creative fast-forwarding is the only hope of getting off. A slow, talky opener introduces a group of Roto-Rooter conventioneers contacting their usual outcall service. The sluts remember the plumbers' preference for turd-tunnel pummeling with dread, which isn't a smart setup for an anal tape. Horrible direction, editing and sound-the same bad songs shriek out over and over - put this Line on the bottom.

-Woody Hood



EARTHQUAKE GIRLS

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Bob Vosse; starring Charisma. Mia Powers, Sabrina, Randy Spears, Natasha Skyler, Jon Dough, Joey Silvera, Sharon Kane, Sean Michaels, Randy West, Brandy Alexandre and Mike Horner. Videocassette: Coast to Coast.



Following San Francisco's earthquake, newsman Joey Silvera sends a female reporter roving to cover various victims of the quake, such as the couple who were fucking in the shower when the world shook, or the bartender boning a female customer. The earthquake has manners. It only strikes right after the guys unload their spat. The active nature of the sex makes the plot work. Charisma demonstrates slick cocksucking, wrapping her voluptuous lips around Randy Spears for a wicked bar-top romp. Brandy Alexandre can suck cock too. She gives Mike Horner great head, flips her perfectly heartshaped butt onto his cock for heavy hip-pounding, and ends by taking a gooey lip creamer. The bad moment is Sabrina turning her head when Spears pulls out to squirt. She should have the decency to let it drip into her mouth. What does she think this is. Shakespeare in the park? -Lenny Wilde



Half Erect. Directed by Judy Blue; starring Heather Hunter, Jacqueline, Cameo, Kelly Royce, Eric Edwards, Peter North, Jon Dough and Cal Jammer, Videocassette: Vivid Video.

Meryl Streep thinks she's got it tough, forcing tears to drop on cue from her glittering eyes and pretending to be romantically aroused by suave Neanderthals such as Robert DeNiro. Sure, being an Oscar-nominated millionaire actress is tough work, and it takes a real woman to carry on, but Meryl could never fill the shoes or sheets of adult-film flesh props such as Heather Hunter. In a feat of acting tougher than any graduate from the Strasberg Institute should ever have to face. Hunter and her three cohort cunts sit at the feet of acting teacher Eric Edwards and hang rapt upon his every word, something the home audience will have difficulty doing. Hunter not only listens to Edwards, she licks him, too, sucking his balls and mouthing his member to rigidity. Edwards responds with



Jacqueline puts on a Performance.

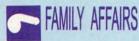
the rod of a man half his age, lifting Hunter for a midair fuck, propping her on his penis, prodding her on the couch and plopping a wad of bone mulch on her wagging tongue. If Heather can pretend to be so turned-on by such an old dude, imagine how she'd be with young studs like us. - Christian Shapiro



THE HOT LICK CAFE

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Frank Della; starring Victoria Paris, Porsche Lynn, Bionca, Rick Savage, Scott Irish, Leo La Rue, Phillie the Hammer, Steve the Dude and Mark de Jew. Videocassette: Ambassador.

Though boasting some of the nastiest chicks in porn, Hot Lick Cafe is disappointing. Victoria Paris, the hottest big-tit bod since Christy Canyon, is a lousy fuck. Paris plays a young woman trying to break into the stripping biz. Her friend, Porsche Lynn, a veteran cockteaser, calms her down by shoving tongue up her snatch. Paris blows club owner Rick Savage, and she's in. During the big show-just another dumb striptease act-Bionca fucks a couple of dudes onstage, then one behind the bar while Porsche Lynn wraps things up by screwing Scott Irish. Aside from lowangle shots of jiggling tits and wide-open butts, and tight shots of Paris getting fucked doggy-style, there isn't a truly cock-jolting moment in the whole Cafe.



Half Erect. Directed by F. J. Lincoln; starring Brittany, Nina Hartley, Joey Silvera, Kelly Royce, Tami Monroe, Jon Dough and Mike Horner. Videocassette: Vidco

This isn't an incest film. The "family" fuckers are brought together by marriage, such as Jon Dough confessing his transvestite urges to one of his pop's wives, Nina Hartley. She, of course, is all willing to prove that he isn't gay, and pow! they're in the sack fucking. The story wraps around sexual affairs of son and stepmom, a father dicking his kid's teacher, wifey catching him then running off to get her twat stuffed by the black butler. Meanwhile, hubby's impotent brother-in-law rekindles his erotic desires with a rubber fuck doll. Most of the sex is average, but Kelly Royce and Joey Silvera, feeling some onscreen chemistry, light into each other with mindless intensity. Tami Monroe is the highlight, her new titties popping out like knobs on a bedpost as she offers the nastiest, most spontaneous fucking in the whole Family.

Family: Silvera and Royce feel the chemistry.



•

RACQUEL ON FIRE

Half Erect. Directed by Gordon Vandermeer; starring Racquel Darrien, Debi Diamond, Derrick Lane, Kimberly Kane, T. T. Boyd, Bridgette Monroe and Jeff Golden. Videocassette: VCA.

What's the best way to save a woman who is on fire? Put a hose on her, fool. With such simple direction to success, this should have been an easy triumph for director Gordon Vandermeer and his cast of mercenary debauchees. Unfortunately, Fire runs into a few snags. Even the most disinterested heterosexual dude cannot help but doubt the sagacity of placing Jeff Golden in the role of leading male lust interest. Golden is more often seen between the lard-laden thighs of piggy behemoths in grotesque fat-lady fuck tapes. So why does Debi Diamond suddenly find this sad sack so desirable that she slips his dick out of her face and sits back, whipping fingers to clit and watching as he wanks his rod? It doesn't make any more sense than do Racquel Darrien's new tits, so fresh at the time that she didn't even know how to use them. By now, they probably truly smolder. — C. S.

Bye-Bye Megan

It wasn't porn that killed Megan Leigh. It wasn't even sex. As far as police investigators could determine from an eight-page letter she left behind, it was the emotional stress of never being able to truly please someone near and dear to her—an ongoing problem that she could no longer cope with.

But that's speculation. These are the facts.

On Saturday, June 16, some time before noon, Megan Leigh, the 26-year-old star of more than 100 adult videos, was found by her mother in their home in Suisun City, some 40 miles north of San Francisco. There was a gunshot wound in her head and, police later determined, a large, though not lethal,



quantity of Valium in her system. She was dressed in a nightgown and wearing full makeup, as if expecting a visitor. Paramedics worked on her for more than an hour before giving up and declaring her dead. The bullet that killed her came from a small handgun she carried with her on her dancing tours for protection. The following Tuesday a small memorial service was held for family and friends. Actress Britt Morgan, Megan's closest friend in the adult industry, gave the eulogy.

Although she had only made one movie in almost a year, Megan was busy on the U.S.-Canadian striptease circuit, where she was a superstar attraction. The one movie she made in 1990, *Jail Babes*, an all-girl feature directed by Morgan, will be released soon by Pleasure Productions. Her final scene was a threeway with Morgan and Brittany. Ironically, her very first scene before the carnal camera, in *Behind the Censored Door* in 1987, was also with Morgan, then a newcomer herself.

First billed as Caroline Chambers because of her supposed resemblance to Marilyn Chambers, Megan soon established herself as a fan favorite. Though small-breasted, she had a beautiful face and sparkling energy. She never achieved Ginger Lynn-type star status, but she worked constantly, usually in supporting roles, from 1987 to 1989. Her bigger stardom, achieved before she entered porn, came as a dancer.

Some of her best-known adult videos are Beauty and the Beast, Loose Ends 6, The Wild Brat, Jamie Loves Jeff, Sorority Pink, Nicole Stanton, Sex Lives of the Rich and Famous, Romeo and Juliet, Girl World and Prom Girls.

HUSTLER DECEMBER

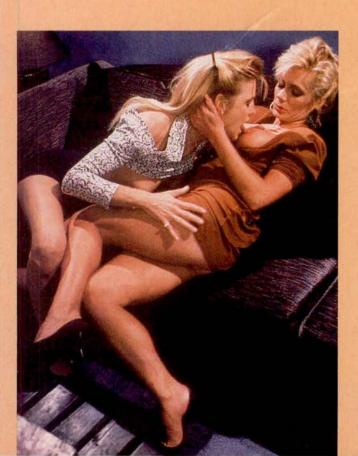


Welles after Blood.



One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Paul Thomas; starring Tori Welles, Racquel Darrien, Cheri Taylor, Randy Spears, Derrick Lane, Tantala, Kelly Royce, Eric Price and Nick Random. Videocassette: Vivid Video.

What's a poor vampire to do when she loves to fuck and suck, but can't help it when she digs her fangs into some poor schlub's schlong? That's the dilemma facing Tori Welles, as she slogs her way through this marginally arousing sexvid. The offspring of a mortal and a vampire, Welles has to look for love through the singles register, resulting in routine reaming with Eric Price, an unwitting donor for Welles's blood lust. He does get to fuck that marvelous minx, but is the lethal hickey she lays on his hose really worth it? Why the director doesn't infuse the bonings with a little more passion is the main concern, however; Tori's closing coupling with Randy Spears is the only fuck worth a fuck. A couple of nice facials help, but most of this is a bloody bore.



HOT SPOT Ashlyn Gere

What to say about this hardbody beauty? Take a look at her wickedly wanton face, her squeezywet cunt and her titties pointing north. It's all anyone needs to know. Get the mes-



sage? Watch this triple-X newcomer make cum fly in The Last Resort, True Sin, House of Dreams, Secrets, Pleasure Seekers, Swedish Erotica 5, Getting Into Gere and John Leslie's Bad.



- ANAL WOMAN MEETS BLACKMAN 2

Half Erect. Directed by Duck Dumont; starring Jeannie Pepper, Bionca, Susan Vegas, Mia Powers, Ray Victory, Steve Vegas, Gregor Samsa and Cal Jammer. Videocassette: Pleasure Productions.

Anal Woman actually has very little to do with Blackman—Ray Victory in a mask running around shoving his dick in any hole wide enough—but it is heavy on sphincter-pounding. The sex revolves around female shrink Jeannie Pepper's clients' fantasies, her nympho secretary (Bionca) and Pepper's own crotch-stuffing escapades. The butt-fucking is better than average. All the chicks try it, starting with Susan Vegas getting hubby Steve's massive tool up her rectum. Gregor Samsa tries to wedge his big dick into Mia Powers's backside, but it won't go; so he settles for coming on her face. Despite the abundance of sex, Blackman 2 never rises above the routine. —L. W.



ALL THE RIGHT MOTIONS

Half Erect. Directed by Jim Travis; starring Tracey Adams, Keisha, Carol Cummings, Sabrina, Steve Vegas, Susan Vegas, Eric Price and Peter North. Videocassette: Dreamland.

The motions in the title pertain as much to those of the legal variety as to the bump-and-grind kind, and that is just one of the crimes committed in this tale of lawyer lust. Other infractions include unlaunched loads and midfuck scene changes in more than half the couplings. Too much talk. Who wants a bunch of porn actors pretending to be lawyers whining about their problems? An attractive cast, crisply shot action and a few meat-heating moments (such as Peter North applying an across-the-room geyser-facial to Tracey Adams, and Susan Vegas's awe-inspiring deep-throating of Steve's big dick) give the viewer a modicum of justice. *Motions* is half right. — W. H.

Vegas and Cummings go through the Motions.

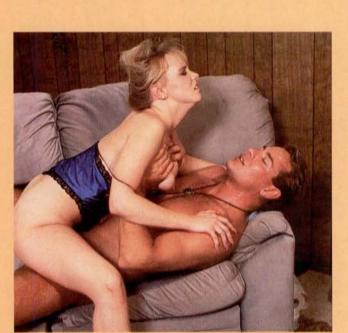
HEAVENLY HYAPATIA

Half Erect. Directed by Bud Lee; starring Hyapatia Lee, Megan Leigh, Jacqueline, Mike Horner, Kimberly Kane, Joey Silvera, Scott Wainwright and Scott Preston. Videocassette: Vivid Video.

The U.S. and Russia are headed toward a showdown, and it's up to Hyapatia, an angel from heaven with her own special brand of diplomacy, to set matters straight. Moments in this silly nonsense will arouse patriotic pricks everywhere, most notably Megan Leigh's slit-stuffing by Scott Wainwright that closes the tape. Leigh is the first female President, and her eager acceptance of Wainwright's wang proves that hers is the *bush* we need in the White House. Hyapatia offers her hole for a trio of trim-torquings—a cumless coupling with Joey Silvera, a brass-bed banging by Mike Horner in the middle of the great outdoors, and a labe-lashing with Kimberly Kane, all adequate, but none angelic. Another diddling debit is the underuse of Jacqueline, premier poon whose grind with Silvera is all too brief. Although it's filled with celestial bodies, *Heavenly* never comes close to nookie nirvana.

Face deep in Hyapatia's Heavenly twat.





Vegas: Price gives Rose a hard eight.



VEGAS VICE

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Gordon Vandermeer; starring Victoria Paris, Eric Price, Raven Bates, Tamara Lee, Randy West, Marilyn Rose and Ron Jeremy. Videocassette: Cinderella.

If a porn film is going to make you wait 15 minutes before the first fuck, it better have a script worthy of Molière, or have sex hot enough to boil an Eskimo's balls. This has neither. It does have delectable dish Victoria Paris playing a down-on-her-luck private eye bottomed out in Vegas. She's befriended by blackjack dealer Eric Price, who turns this queen of hearts out with a hot clubbing, coming in spades. Unfortunately, it's the only scene that cashes in; although a boob-to-bush frolic and subsequent dildo assault on Marilyn Rose by Paris pushes the ante up. The rest of the sex craps out, rolling snake eyes, with Raven Bates sleepfucking her way through two dreary drillings, and Tamara Lee, looking more like Sara Lee, throwing her weight around in a shiftless slam with Randy West. This is one Vice definitely not worth making a habit.



RAINWOMAN 3

Half Erect. Directed by Patti Rhodes; starring Fallon, Cameo, Joey Silvera, Jon Dough, Dan Cooper, Rene Fox, Karen Dior and Delilah Dawn. Videocassette: Coast to Coast.

Though Fallon has star billing, Britt Morgan unleashes the liquid fun in her wet wiggle with Jon Dough midway through the tale. Britt deep-throats Dough, worshiping his wang, and she responds with writhing passion when he eats her. They do a dirty, wild doggy-style, and she finishes him off in her mouth, making sure to swallow some and let the rest run down her face. Unfortunately, rotund Fallon only provides two splashes - one with Dan Cooper is marred by a side view of snatch spew instead of head-on, and the other suffers from a slow, snore-inducing self-strum that



Cameo and Fallon are dry in Rainwoman.

only ignites when the waters come. A girl/girl with Cameo and Fallon ends without wetness, and the opening Joey Silvera and Cameo fuck is long on romance, but short on raunch. The finale, featuring Dough, Silvera and Fox, ends the flick on a hot Fox cum-facial, her glazed face glistening and grinning. Good camerawork (for the most part) and sound (though the music sucks) provide the proper climate, but this woman suffers from a drought.

— W. H.



Wrong: Byron shoots on Rai.

THE WRONG WOMAN

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Scotty Fox; starring Brianna Rai, Paula Price, Sabrina, Sandy Sonners, Randy Spears, Eric Price and Tom Byron. Videocassette: Legend Video.

Brianna Rai gets involved in a case of mistaken identity in this ball-burning bonanza, certain to strain a stroker's wrist. Whether tonguing a twat or bouncing on a pole, Brianna is one hot porn nymph. The story revolves around hot-holed honey Sabrina, who gets her bush whacked by political bigwig

Randy Spears. Sabrina tapes the fiery fuck for blackmail purposes, but soon turns up missing. That's when Brianna stumbles onto the scene, with everyone thinking she's part of the scheme. Meanwhile, Spears continues to get scandalous, devastating Paula Price's dickpit in a scene that will leave doggy-style lovers howling. Brianna convinces Sandy Sonners she's not in on what's going on with a tasty lezzie lunch, and then gets cop Tom Byron to discharge his bullets with a frenzied fuck finale. Just missing top-shelf status, Wrong proves right.

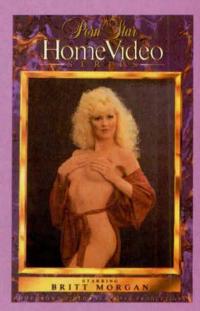
— S. L.



AT HOME WITH BRITT MORGAN

One-Quarter Erect. Starring Britt Morgan and Tony Salumeri. Videocassette: Homegrown Video.

Ever wonder what porn slits do on their days off? They make home movies. Lean, mean, blonde Britt Morgan gets nasty with novice stud Tony in a vid that has amateur-herky-jerky editing and shots with crew members in frame - written all over it. There are some sensual shots of Britt sucking cock, the slurping, lipsmacking lingam-licking sounds adding to the visual appeal, and few porn queens can match the beauty between her legs, but with just two performers and two dickly discharges, the viewer has few reasons to stay At Home With Britt. - W. H.





Spears gets Wet with Rayne



WET PAINT

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by J. T. Monroe; starring Kelly Royce, Rayne, Rachel Ryan, Tonisha Mills, Eric Edwards, Randy West, Eric Price and Randy Spears. Videocassette: Dreamland.

This load of preposterous phone conversations between two ex-roommates is difficult to take without grimacing. Usually the redeeming value of a lousy script and flat acting comes by way of torrid sex with hot chicks hell-bent on getting their gashes gouged. The sex here is no better than the script. Aside from new dickthrob Tonisha Mills's sizzling threeway romp with Rachel Ryan and Eric Price, there's hardly a fuck worth wagging a wang. Kelly Royce has a sultry sensuality and a likable screen presence, and her scenes are good, but fail to really burn bone. Rayne, despite a slick model's bod and an energetic handjob technique, is a disappointment. This dreary mess is a far cry from Dreamland's glory days of big-budget sex films. — Rusty Knox

TROKER'S GUIDE

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

Fully Erect

The Adventures of Buttman Shadow Dancers 2 Where the Girls Sweat

Three-Quarters Erect

Life in the Fat Lane Ravaged Shadow Dancers The Whore (F)

Half Erect

Backdoor to Hollywood 12
Back to Nature
Frat Brats
The Girls of DD 13
The Girls of the Third Reich
Juicy Lucy
Midnight Fire
Mummy Dearest
The New Barbarians
The New Girl in Town
The Night Temptress
Night Trips 2 (F)
19 & Nasty

Only the Best of Barbara Dare Parting Shots Roadgirls Search for an Angel The Secret The Shaving The Taming of Tami A Taste of Purple Passion A Touch of Gold Unchain My Heart Where the Boys Aren't 3

One-Quarter Erect

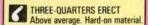
Blame It on the Heat
The Luscious Baker Girls
Porn on the Fourth of July
Public Enemy
Single Girl Masturbation 3
The Sorceress
Touched
Tug o' Love
RAT

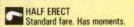
Totally Limp

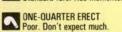
The G Squad Swingers Ink

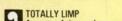
RATING GUIDE











A waste of time and money.



The Place-The Line-The Girls
1-900-234-2340 \$2.00 per minute. \$1.00 for each additional minute

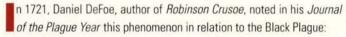
Caller must be



AIDS ATTACK

ASSAULT WITH A DEADLY VIRUS

by Woody Richards



"There was a seeming propensity or a wicked inclination in those who were infected to infect others.

"There have been great debates as to the reason for this. Some will have it to be the nature of the disease, and that it impresses everyone who is seized upon by it with a kind of rage, and a hatred of their own kind, as if there was a malignity not only in the distemper to communicate itself, but in the very nature of man....

"Others placed it to the account of the corruption of human nature, who cannot bear to see itself more miserable than others of its own species, and has a kind of involuntary wish that all men were as unhappy or in as bad condition as itself.

"Others say it was only a kind of desperation, not knowing or regarding what they did, and consequently unconcerned at the danger or safety, not only of anybody near them, but even themselves also."

In an era of increasing AIDS fatalities, DeFoe's *Journal* is disturbing food for thought. A society that undermines the AIDS-infected while feeding a denial that promotes the epidemic almost deserves to have its disenfranchised retaliate with the weapon at hand, doesn't it? What is the loss of an AIDS carrier's sense of moral worth in the face of national indifference? Fuck it—why not grab a little more mindless pleasure before the curtain drops forever?

In the late spring of 1989, Sam R. woke in the happy glow of the best sex he could remember. The woman he'd met at the singles bar the night before was a pussy lover's dream. Tall, blond, curvaceous, with a big, natural pair of tits, she was also the most high-spirited gal he'd come across in a long time.

Sam was a construction worker. His days were filled with long, hard labor. On weekends, he liked to get wild, liked to forget his day-job drudgery in a cloud of good liquor and good-looking women. He and the tall blonde he met on the dance floor had hit it off like gangbusters. They seemed to share an almost desperate eagerness to forget their troubles.

She was gone in the morning. Sam woke up alone. His customary

morning shuffle to the bathroom to relieve his aching piss-bone was the last walk he took as

a free man. His mystery date of the night before had left him a death sentence. Scrawled across his bathroom mirror in smeared crimson lipstick were three words that froze his blood—"Welcome to AIDS." Five months later, Sam tested HIV positive. In nine months, he had full-blown AIDS.

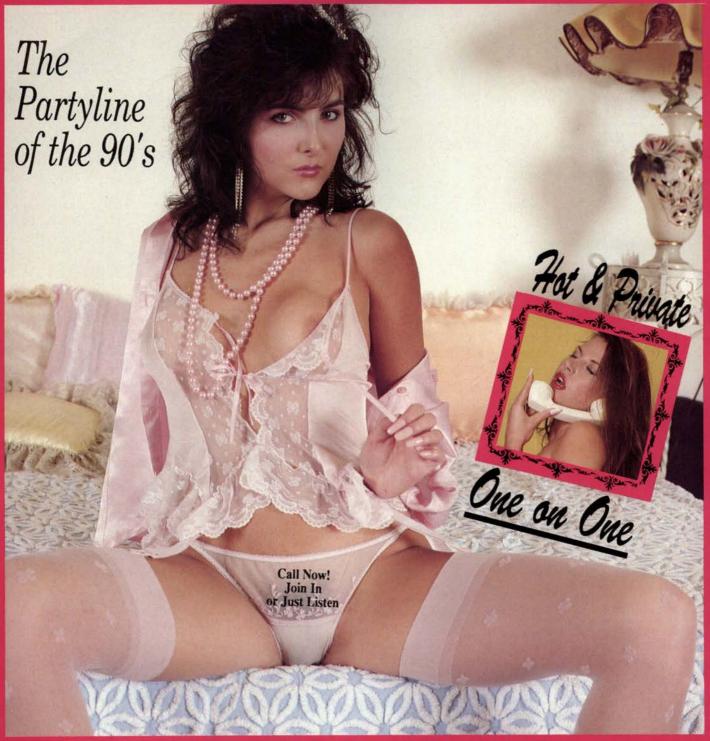
Sound improbable? "People who are aware that they have AIDS continue to have sex—lots of it," reports Benjamin Bowzer, Director of Multi-Cultural Inquiry and Research on AIDS, who has been conducting an ethnographic research project on women in the sex trade. "The AIDS risk isn't viewed on the street the way nice, middle-class people view it."

The most notorious case of intentional AIDS transmission comes from the public files of the private life of the late John C. Holmes, a porn legend who rode the sexual revolution of the 1970s into a dead-end of financial depression and cocaine addiction. Reputedly diagnosed with AIDS in 1986, Holmes went on to appear in the fuck film *The Rise and Fall of the Roman Empress* in 1987. The feature was shot at the same time as a Holmes postmortem companion piece, *The Devil in Mr. Holmes*, and costarred then-Italian Parliament member Cicciolina. According to Laurie Holmes, the porn star's widow, "John was diagnosed as having AIDS in 1986...before he traveled to Europe to appear in two porn movies there." Holmes reportedly confided, "Cicciolina fucked Italy; now I'm gonna fuck her." Whether for the money, vengeance, or out of ignorance, John Holmes consciously engaged in sex after he knew of his fatal affliction, an action tantamount to murder.

"I do not want the world to remember Johnny Wadd looking like Rock Hudson," he cried, maintaining a front line of denial and deception even on his deathbed. "I am dying from cancer of the colon, not AIDS!"

Obsessive escapism is the central factor from which radiates the behavior patterns most conducive to contracting the AIDS virus: indiscrimi-

The Wild Ones



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nate mainlining of narcotics and casual, promiscuous sex. Due to their inability to cope with themselves and the world around them, the players of these fantasy games uncontrollably draw themselves toward an ever-hungry goal of ignoring everything. They're addicts of the void.

Drug abuse remains the epicenter of casual AIDS transmission. Randy S. is a heroin dealer on New York's Lower East Side. "A dope dealer who knows he has AIDS has even more reason to get high," he says. "A person doesn't care about sterilizing needles when he knows he's gonna die already. As far as looking out for fellow mainliners goes, most junkies only care about one thing: the next high."

Druggies spread the disease through pure thoughtlessness. In the past few years, there have been more than 30 different civil and criminal cases involving people accused of purposely trying to transmit the AIDS virus. In Minneapolis, despite the fact that the Centers for Disease Control report no documented cases of transmission of the disease through saliva, AIDS carrier James V. Moore was convicted of two counts of assault with a deadly weapon for intentionally biting two prison guards. In New York, a prostitute who claimed she had AIDS was charged with attempted assault and reckless endangerment for a bite that did not even break the officer's skin.

An Army investigator recommended Private Adrian Morris Jr. be court-martialed on two counts of aggravated assault for having sexual relations after being notified that he had tested positive for AIDS, even though none of his partners became infected with the virus as a result.

In Los Angeles, Joseph Edward Markowski fared even worse. Not only was he charged with two counts of attempted murder for having sexual relations, but he was also charged with two additional counts of attempted murder for selling AIDS-tainted blood.

One of the problems with AIDS-antibody tests is that it takes anywhere from four to six months after contamination for the infected individual's body to create antibodies to the virus. Any sooner than that, and the test won't show it. Doctor Terry C. Gautier, a spokesperson for the American Red Cross's national headquarters in Washington, D.C., describes a "window period." "Say you had a risk exposure to AIDS last week, and you are tested this week. Your body would not yet have had sufficient time to de-

velop antibodies to the AIDS virus. The AIDSantibody test cannot detect the disease during this window period. We believe we've narrowed the period to within a six-week span. Hopefully in time it will disappear, as the antibody test increases in reliability."

Capable, responsible persons find every shred of sanity and moral fiber strained to the breaking point when diagnosed with AIDS. What are people addicted to avoiding reality expected to do under such circumstances? It's not hard to suppose that persons already unable to deal frankly with the troubles and responsibilities of day-to-day living would construct similar cocoons of denial around their medical emergencies and refuse to acknowledge any real danger to themselves and to others. It's not hard to imagine these psychological drifters unconcernedly going about their usual businessseeking faceless partners in casual sex or joining the shuffling faces around the bubbling spoons in shooting galleries, never minding the consequences. Foremost in their minds is the banishment of pain and complication.

"The rise in new AIDS cases clearly illustrates the vital need for continued explicit sexual education, something that reactionaries like Senator Jesse Helms continue to fight, which makes them culprits in the spread of the disease. As for deliberate infection, clouded judg-

ment is the crucial factor, not conscious intention," says Dr. Leonard Simpson, a member of Doctors for Human Rights, the San Francisco Medical Society and the Community Consortium on HIV and AIDS.

Every AA member knows that the hardest part about dealing with an addiction is admitting there's a problem. Few of the people most likely to contract the AIDS virus have the initiative or resource to solicit diagnosis. They may harbor and spread an infection for years unintentionally. HUSTLER Magazine urges its readers to take stock of the sexual responsibilities mandated by the age of AIDS. There's more to the game than just playing. In order to win, we've got to play by the rules. The fear of death and the craving for sex remain the primary facts of life, but the number-one concern will always be staying alive.

AIDSlines:

Public Health Service AIDS Hotline

800-342-2437

AIDS Action Council

2033 M Street, Suite 801

Washington, D.C. 20036

202-293-2886

National Association of People With AIDS

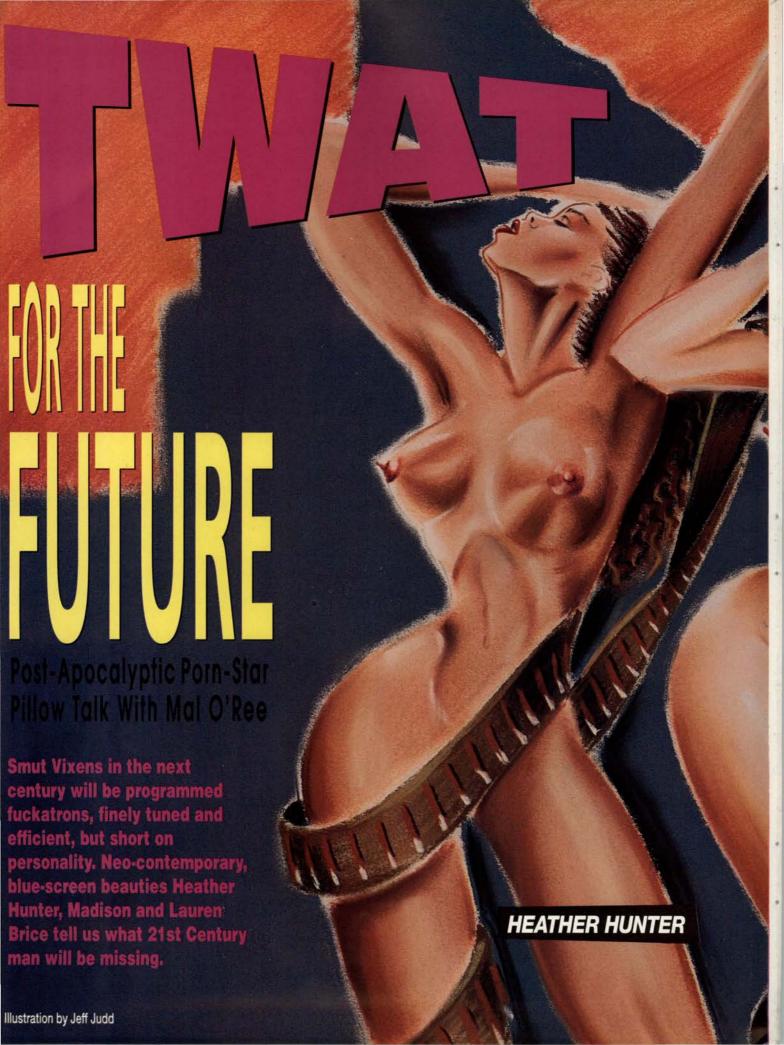
P. O. Box 18345

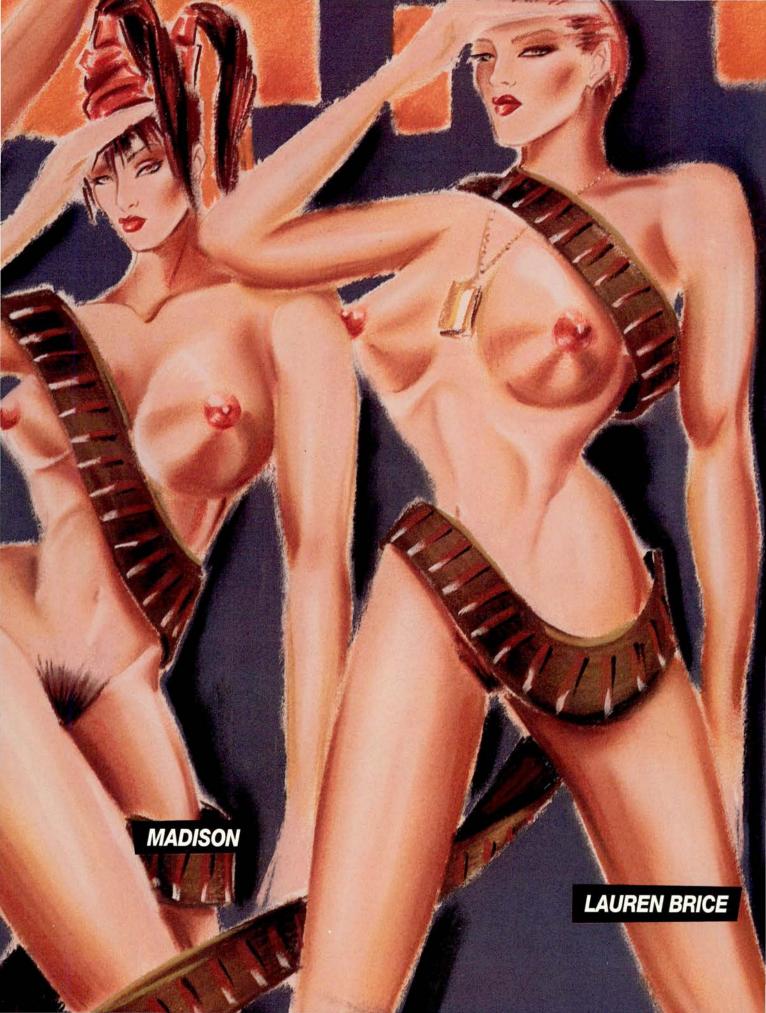
Washington, D.C. 20036

202-429-2856



"Remember when the bride would just throw her bouquet?"





FUTURE TWAT

"I work one day per month," Heather brags. "Making movies. Even if I wasn't dancing, I can live off that one movie for three months."

Heather Hunter, a quiet, swarthy ravager who blossomed in Harlem about the same time Mike Tyson was prowling 125th Street; Lauren Brice, a tall drink of former teenage fashion model from outside Chicago; Madison, a confident motormouth from Atlanta who can bounce a quarter off her hardbody stomach. Three of the freshest fish in the fuck-flick talent pool. Neonookie, newer than new. The perfect triumvirate of 21st-century twat for HUSTLER's vision of fuck vixens prowling for strange in the wake of sexual Armageddon (see Chemical Peel, photography by Clive McLean on page 42). Of course, wherever girls gather, they talk. Mal O'Ree was there to listen.

Before you started fucking for the camera, did you know anything about the adult-film business?

"Yeah," Heather readily admits, "and I always wanted to do it. When I was little, I planned to be a Playboy Bunny."

"Well, let's see," considers Madison.
"I've been a stripper for several years, in
Atlanta; so I'm an exhibitionist at heart.

Years ago, I'd look at porn in amazement, like, 'Oh, wow, look at these people, and we're watching them. How embarrassing.' But I became a stripper, and it was like, 'Yeah, I like my body. Look! Look!' So it's kind of evolved in the business. I look at it with a whole different attitude now. It's very comfortable. It's something natural. I'm fulfilling people's fantasies."

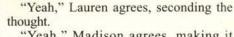
Lauren, you've also been a stripper.

"Five years, out of Denver," Lauren summarizes. "I was approached by a photographer, and he says I could make a lot of money at adult films. He kept wanting me to come out here to California. And I finally said, 'Look, if I'm going to make that much money, then I guess you won't mind flying me out there.' He said he'd buy me a one-way ticket. So he did."

Is porn all fun and games?

"Everybody has just been really fantastic," ventures Madison. "They look out for you, because if they don't, you're not going to work for them."

"I've never come across a bad attitude in this business," claims Heather, straightfaced. "But there are some bad sides."



"Yeah," Madison agrees, making it unanimous. "What about the 20-hour shoot we were on?" she reminds Lauren.

"That was a nightmare," Lauren recalls. "Sixteen hours, and we still had two more sex scenes to go, a threeway and a girl-girl."

"You did this all in one day?" asks Heather, incredulous for some reason.

"Yeah," Madison sighs.

"For Vivid, the company I work for," exclaims Heather, "that's a three-day shoot. I don't think it's good for people to work that much in one day."

What motivated you to get in the porn biz?

"I was doing bachelor parties here in L.A.," recounts Madison. "I saw an ad in the paper for models and actresses, and I knew it was for porn. I told a girlfriend, 'You're not going to believe what I'm fixing to do.' And lo and behold, she works for Jim South, and she says, 'Just come on the set with me Saturday.' I walked on a girlgirl set and worked right then and there. It was like, 'Hi, Madison, go to work.'"

"I wanted to do something in entertainment," reveals Heather. "I got a SAG card for a movie, *Frankenstein 1990*, which will be out this year, and I've done a lot of TV talk shows and game shows. I wanted to dance and sing, which I'm doing now. That's why I did it. I do like showing my body."

Lauren?

"She's thinking, she's thinking. Tell the truth. Cattle prod, cattle prod," Madison teases.

"Oh, God," Lauren moans.

"Bucks, I think," Madison speculates.

"Yeah, money," Lauren confesses.

"That doesn't matter," consoles Madison.

"Yeah, needless to say," Heather says needlessly, "the money's good."

"How many people do you know that can go in and work for five days and take a week off?" Lauren asks rhetorically. "And afford it. Am I right?"

"Right," asserts Madison.

"I work one day per month," Heather brags. "Making movies. Even if I wasn't dancing, I can live off just that one movie for at least three months."

"Gosh, she just bought a Beamer," marvels Madison. "She doesn't even know how to drive—"

What the hell. I guess you might as well learn in style.

"Might as well," giggles Heather, a little shy about it all.

"I'll trade you for my motorcycle," Madison offers. "I'm dying for a car."

"Don't worry, you'll get there," encourages Lauren. "Trust me."

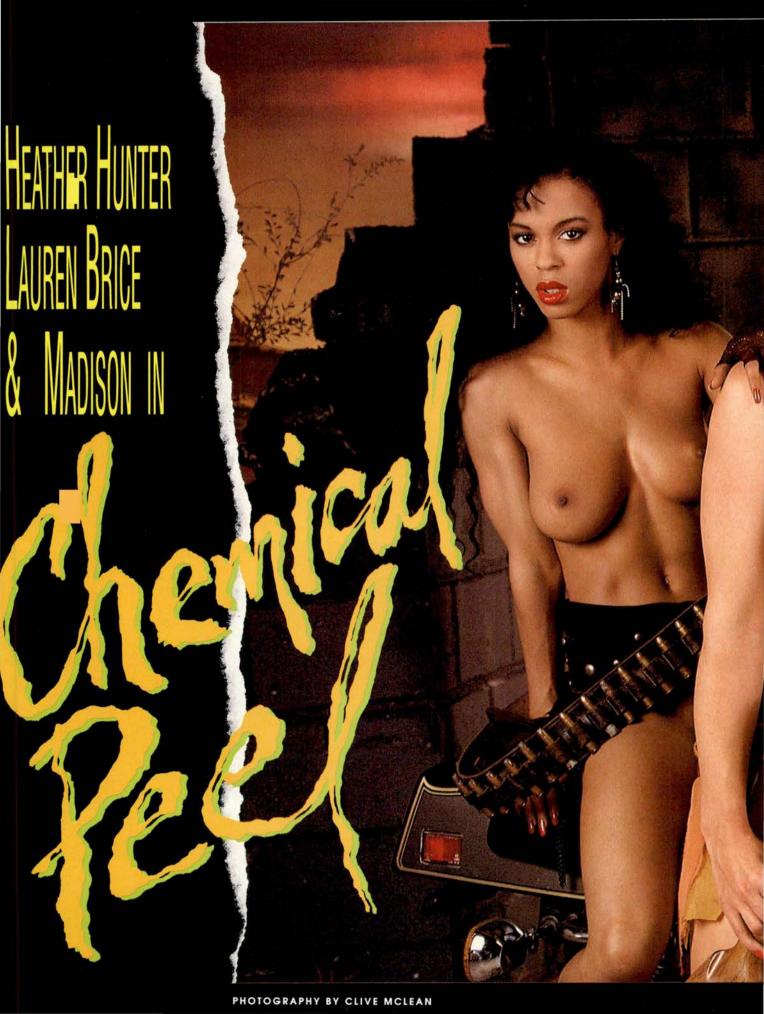
"Next month is going to be carbuying month," predicts Madison.

(continued on page 50)



"Shit...more fuckin' homeless!"









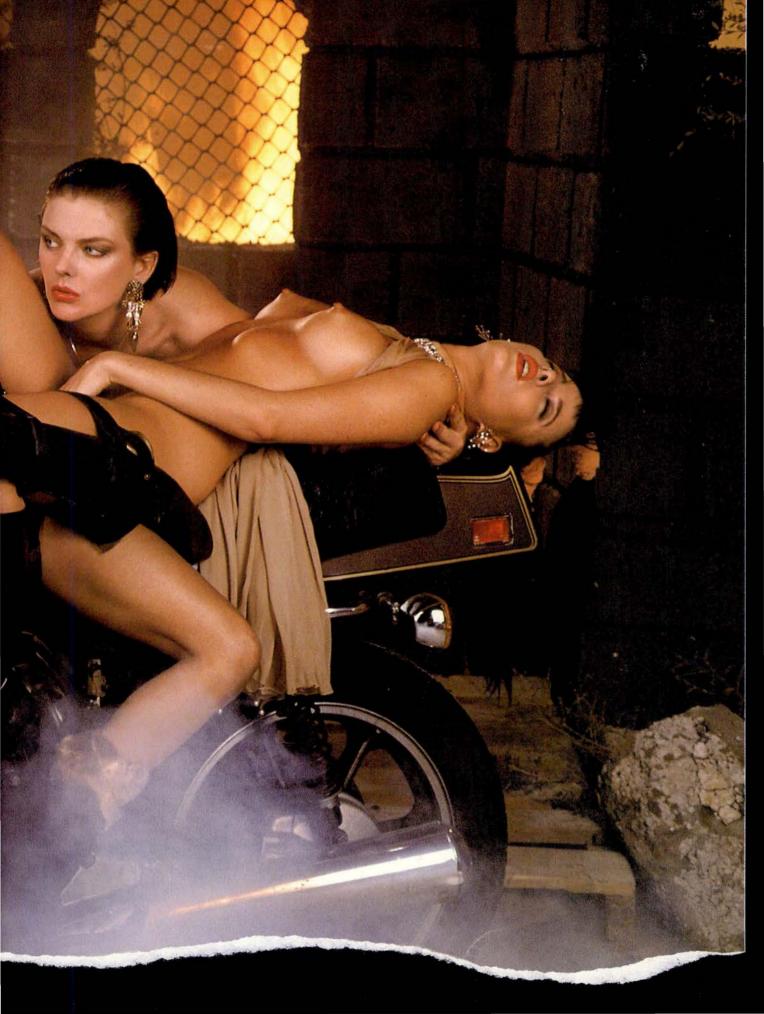






firefighters stop fires by starting their own? Well, with some help from my friends, I started my own fire inside."





FUTURE TWAT (continued from page 40)

"Some guys are scared of you because you do this," reasons Lauren. "For other guys, that's the only reason they're with you."

How many films have you made?

"I've been in the business about eight months," counts Lauren, "and I've made about 28 films."

"Wow," Heather blurts. "In a year and a half I've done 13 films. I work under contract to companies. I don't freelance."

"I'm the baby of the group," Madison says. "I started about three weeks ago, and I'm booked up through the end of the month. Box covers and everything."

Are you going to push your careers and become big porn stars?

"Yes," Madison vows.

"I know exactly what I want," avers Lauren. "I will stop doing this at 35 years old, and I will— quote me—have my own clothing store. I was a runway model at age 12, and I stopped at 16, but I have a taste for fashion. I just live and die for it."

"Yeah," Heather declares positively. "I'm a fashion illustrator. I draw clothes."

"I went to the Fashion Institute," announces Madison. "I design clothes."

"I can hire these guys," Lauren laughs. "She can do my artwork, and she can design."

Within a year, chances are none of

you will be making porn films. Girls come and go, but it's always the same guys. John Leslie just got out of acting, but he's been around for 20 years. Eric Edwards made his first porn film in '69.

"And that's when I was born," Heather reveals. "And I just worked with him. Wow."

Why do women come and go, and men stick around?

"Shit, we have more opportunities to do things," figures Lauren.

"True," concurs Heather. "And the men love what they do. They don't work a lot. Sometimes they just work one day at a time."

"In this business, you're your own boss," Lauren says. "That makes it so nice. It is a hard business, though. It's very demanding."

"It's very stressful," adds Heather.

"You have to be careful with yourself," cautions Madison.

How does it effect your social life?

"What social life?" demands Lauren.

"Yeah, that's true," Heather echoes. "What social life?"

"I find that I'm tired when I get off of a shoot," Madison complains. "I used to go out all the time, you know, bands and all that stuff. I've calmed down on doing that because—"

"You can't," Lauren interrupts.

"I never go out." states Heather.

"And you can't start a relationship by not telling the person," Lauren says. "You can't look at the guy and go, 'I'm a model,' and let it go at that. It's just like anything else: You tell a lie, and you end up telling 20 to get around it."

"Some guys are scared of you because you do this," reasons Lauren. "For other guys, that's the only reason they're with you."

"You never find an in-between," bemoans Heather.

Are porn studs intriguing to the average woman?

"I'm intrigued by the guys," speaks up Heather. "I've dated Randy Spears and Jeff Stryker. I've talked to Randy, and I know Jeff, 'cause I lived with him; so I know that women love these men."

"They're so gorgeous," swoons Madison.
"Women love them. They're intrigued
by them," observes Heather. "You see the
mail, and you see how many people call."

Let's talk about something that's difficult to talk about: AIDS.

"That's why I'm under contract to a company," advises Heather. "I choose. I work with who I want to work with. Everyone's tested."

"The same with me," professes Madison.

So all of you work with someone who
you know has been tested for the biggie?

"You know," reckons Lauren, "I hear a lot of, 'Yeah, I've been tested.' But I've never seen a piece of paper."

"That's the thing," Heather proclaims. "Some places, when you freelance, don't do that. I'm not doing a movie until I see tests."

"I have walked off a set before," recalls Lauren. "I will not work with the guys who do bi movies. I'm not going to take the chance. But do you test every woman you sleep with? Do you ask her how many men she's slept with and for medical records?"

"We're probably more cautious than the general public," contends Madison. "They go out on Friday and Saturday nights, and the whole purpose is to go to a club, have a bunch of drinks and get laid."

"It is our job, and we're more aware of what's going on," posits Lauren. "Before we even go down on a guy, the first thing we want to do is see his unit. We check it out."

Have you learned any new sex tricks since you've been in porn?

"A reverse cowgirl," Lauren and Madison scream together, laughing. "Go ride. Whoo."

What's a reverse cowgirl?

"The girl is on top, but she's got her back to him," explains Madison. "It is really difficult."

"Really, you all," blurts Heather, laughing about it being difficult. "Ah, come on."



"My! You have a lovely smile!"



"He's 84 years old—you should have warned him."

FUTURE TWAT

"You know when we were complaining about our social life, how it's nil?" reminds Lauren. "If it wasn't for porn, I'd never get laid."

"Guys can help you," annotates Lauren. "They just cup your little butt in their hands and do this here."

"I know, I know," assures Heather. "I've done it many, many times. I just didn't know you never-"

"Try being 5-11 and weighing 140 pounds, and have a guy try to do that to you," challenges Lauren. "It just doesn't work. I think there's maybe one guy in the whole industry taller than me with my heels on, and that's Jon Dough."

"He's a sweetheart," intensifies Heather.

"I love working with him 'cause he's the only one who makes me feel like a woman," Lauren reveals. "I feel like an Amazon compared to every other guy in the business."

How does your family react to what you're doing?

"My family loves it," Lauren assever-

ates. "They're digging it."

"I don't know," Madison hesitates. "My mother knew I was a stripper. She really doesn't know about the movies. I'm sure she'll find out. She's really cool. She's very open-minded about everything. She's like my best friend. I love her to death, and

she loves me. I don't know if it'll be her favorite career choice in the world, but I don't think she'll condemn me."

"I just got close to my mother about a vear ago. I've been on my own since I was 16," shares Heather. "And before then, we weren't really close because I wasn't doing what I was supposed to be doing. I was a little wild. But since I've been getting my life together, it's like we're sisters now.'

What about brothers and sisters?

"I don't have any at all," reflects Madison.

"I have three sisters, one is two years old, one is seven, one is 26, and I have four brothers," spills Heather.

How do the brothers feel about you being a porn star?

"My brother wants to be a porn star," discloses Heather. "I have another one who's going to be working for Vivid, but he's doing gay stuff. I have a gay brother."

"Cool," coos Madison.

"I have four brothers—two older, two younger," Lauren murmurs. "And all of them are happy for me."

Have you ever had any good sex while you were making a film?



"We still don't know all we'd like to about pussy farts."

"Yes," yelp Lauren and Madison.

"I had the best sex of my entire life," Heather enthuses.

"Me too," gushes Madison.

"I look forward to my movies," hypes

"About the only time I do have sex is when I work," weeps Madison.

"There've been a couple times," Lauren cries. "There was one time that I worked with Randy Spears-"

"Randy is excellent," praises Heather.

"Randy Spears got me so good that by the time he got done with me I was 'that bitch,' " pants Lauren. "Man, he got me-I was going for my third come, at the end of the sex scene, and I collapsed. Everybody broke for lunch, and Lauren just laid there on the mattress trying to get her breath back."

"He's good," appraises Heather. "But you know who's real good? Peter North,"

heaves Heather.

"Yeah," Madison growls. "I swear to you. When we did it, I hadn't been with a man in, like, two months. I thought I was going to die."

"You know when we were complaining about our social life, how it's nil?" reminds Lauren. "If it wasn't for the porn industry,

I'd never get laid."

"We'd never have sex," Madison rejoins. "I go to work to have sex."

"It's so true," snaps Heather.

What's weird about porn?

"The people," laughs Heather. "The people are weird."

"The only thing that got me, you know, was having a camera about three inches from my...my muffin," Madison flushes.

Your muffin?

"Well, I figure you go muff-diving; so it's got to be a muffin, right?" explains Madison. "So that was really strange for me to get used to. You've got all these people sitting there watching you."

"The thing I have problems with is trying to make noises," fesses up Lauren. "Heaven help, when I'm having good sex,

and I'm enjoying it-'

"I hold my breath," Madison endorses.

"I hold my breath too," chirps Lauren, happy to know someone else does the same thing. "And you hear the director in the background saying, 'I can't hear anything.' And I'm thinking, 'You're not going to hear shit for the next ten seconds if I come."

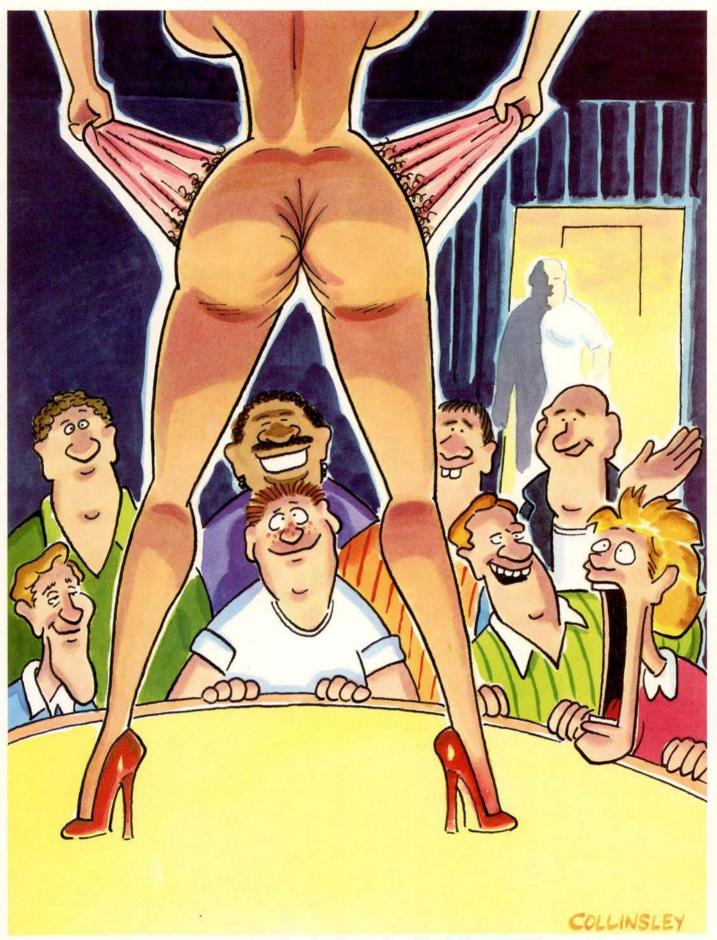
"I know," Madison says. "And they're going, 'Make noise.' But usually I hold my breath, and the guy's like, 'Are you okay?' "

"I'm a screamer," promises Heather. "You can hear me in the next room."

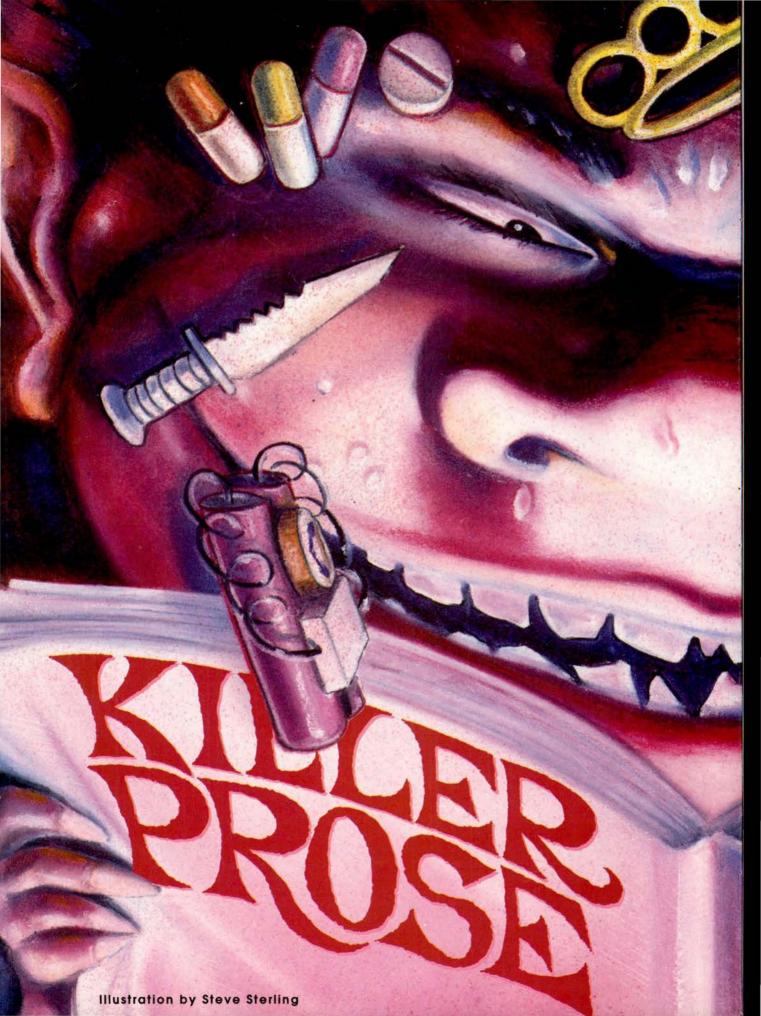
"The better it gets for me," taunts Lauren, "all you can hear is me breathing."

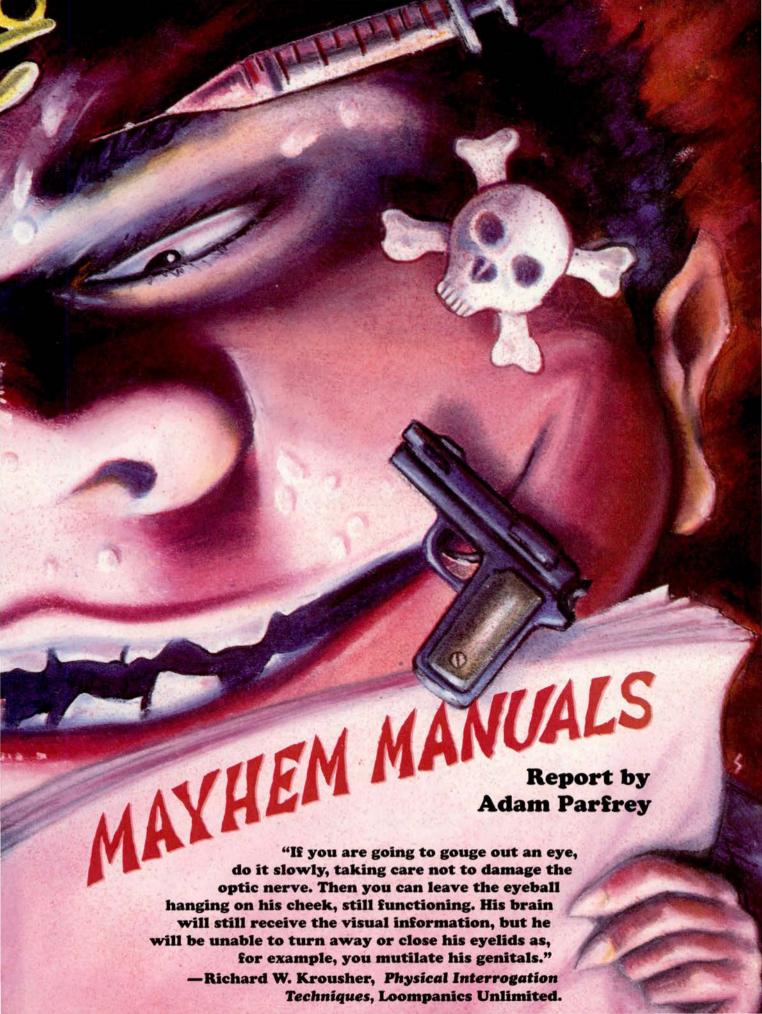
"My muscles just totally shake and shatter all over," Madison teases.

(continued on page 68)



"Now, doesn't this beat the shit out of watching ballet on PBS?"





KILLER PROSE

"I was mixing potassium chlorate, sulfur and red phosphorus. Blew the flesh off my fingers and my hand into hamburger."

Only a thin tissue of self-restraint holds us back from torturing and slaying those who cheat and abuse us; from maining the rude and unpleasant; from ridding ourselves of psychic and emotional leeches.

At the Larder, a survivalist-goods store in California's San Fernando Valley, a sunburned scrub in camouflage fatigues and a "Death From Above" T-shirt leafs through Volume 3 of N. Mashiro's *Black Medicine*, a how-to-kill manual detailing regions of the human body most vulnerable to lethal blows.

"All fucking hell is gonna break loose," prophesies the doomsayer. "These mall pigs are gonna see how fragile their fat, white bodies really are when the niggers come up with their AKs and Uzis butt-fucking their grandmas and doing target practice on their girlfriends." He puts the book back on the shelf containing other sundry manuals of mayhem available to anybody with the price of purchase.

"You can't tell the good guys from the bad guys," says Larder owner Nancy Litwack. "I sell to them all. Besides, killers are not going to be reading on how to kill, they're just going to do it. The people who read these books are ordinary folks who need instruction in self-defense."

Are they ordinary folks or 2,000 maniacs? The following founts of information are available from the Larder (to name but a few): Brass Knuckle Bible; The Dark Art of Death: Advanced Mantrapping Techniques; No Second Chance!; Deal the First Deadly Blow; I Hate You!: An Angry Man's Guide to Revenge; Up Yours!; Forgive? Forget It!: Screw Unto Others: The Joy of Cold Revenge: Sexy Girls and Sexy Guns; Principles of Quick Kill; Home Workshop Silencers; Knife Throwing: A Practical Guide; Balisong: The Lethal Art of Filipino Knife Fighting; Kitchen Improvised Plastic Explosives; Booby Traps; Improvised Radio Detonation Techniques: Coup d'Etat: A Practical Handbook: Killshots; Physical Interrogation Techniques; The Poisoner's Handbook; Hit Man: A Technical Manual for Independent Contractors; The Death Dealer's Manual.

A million and one ways to turn our fellow bipeds into stinking sacks of sinew. We must thank the U.S. Armed Forces for the original primers on the art of murder—many World War II and Vietnam War-era military handbooks have been reprinted by Paladin Press and Loompanics. Nineteenth-century German anarchist Johann Most was the first to popularize death manuals for civilians. Most's *The Science of Revolutionary Warfare* was a handbook on the use and manufacture of nitroglycerine, dynamite, gun cotton, poisons and other ways to fuck up the works of the state.

In the bra- and bank-burning 1960s, one William Powell threw together a copycat manual, adding instructions on the manufacture of psychedelic drugs: *The Anarchist Cookbook*. This infamous work has sold nearly 1 million copies, even though cursed with dangerous misinformation. "Can you believe," exclaims the Ozark apocalyptic Kurt Saxon, "that *The Anarchist Cookbook* recommends firing Molotov cocktails through a shotgun? It proves that dope and explosives just don't mix."

Saxon—the man who coined the term survivalist-had his own brush with death while tinkering with explosive mixtures: "I was mixing potassium chlorate, sulfur and red phosphorus. Blew the flesh off my fingers and my hand into hamburger." Laid up in bed, he got the idea to write a right-wing version of the then-popular Anarchist Cookbook. In 1970 he self-published The Poor Man's James Bond, which gives instruction in the manufacture of poisons, pyrotechnics and hand-to-hand combat, combining reprints from turn-of-the-century formularies with Saxon's own home-tested nastiness. Though Canada lists The Poor Man's James Bond as one of its banned books, Saxon professes to having little trouble with American authorities: "During the Tylenol scare, the FBI wanted to get my mailing list. I was selling cyanide through the mail. The FBI thought that maybe this Tylenol killer bought his cyanide through me, which is ridiculous. It's commonly available through other sources.

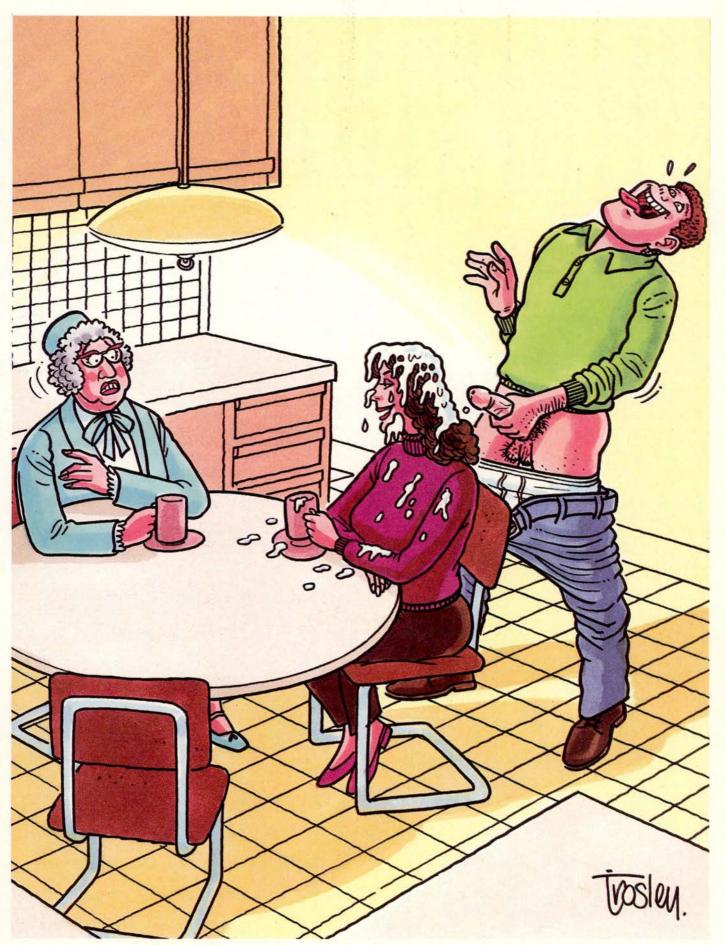
"A psychiatrist once contacted me. After reading *The Poor Man's James Bond*, he concluded that the book is therapeutic—it gives people a sense of power and self-sufficiency. But neither the right-wingers nor the lefties will carry my book, because if you run around with the Ku Kluxers or any of those dizzies, and you read *The Poor Man's James Bond* or *The Survivor*, you'll find out you don't need [the group].

"The Poor Man's James Bond pays my bills," says Saxon, "but my main focus is The Survivor.

"They called themselves retreators before I came along, but that carried a cowardly connotation. I didn't want to retreat, I wanted to survive; so I called it survivalism." Saxon shoulders the blame for the burgeoning survivalist fad of the late '70s



"Shit, Jake, just look at the big ol' moon!"



"On the other hand, he doesn't drink, smoke or run around with other women..."

KILLER PROSE

"The author of Hit Man tells you to lubricate bullets with WD-40 so they don't jam in the magazine. This information could kill you."

and early '80s, but has nothing but disgust for what the movement degenerated into.

"First of all, survivalism isn't a movement. It's just a term to describe an individual who wants to prepare himself to survive the coming calamity. Anyone who calls or writes me asking how they can join a survivalist group, I tell them to blow out their brains and get it over with.

"All these so-called survivalist stores, publishers and advisors are nothing but people trying to make a buck off of people's anxieties. They don't even believe in what they're selling. If you have my books, you don't need anything they've got. Their books are all misinformation and trash. The author of *Hit Man* tells you to lubricate bullets with WD-40 so they don't jam in the magazine. Well, WD-40 can seep into the bullets and render them useless. This type of information could kill you."

"I'd publish the worst stuff in the world: How to Torture Puppies or How to Say Mean Things to Your Grandmother," rejoins Loompanics Unlimited proprietor Michael Hoy to the question, "Is there anything you wouldn't print?" Hoy's catalog of noxious, heretical and incendiary titles amply proves the boast of its introduction: "So controversial are the books we offer that most magazines will not allow us to advertise. Bookstores and distributors will not carry our publications. Periodicals refuse to review our books. We have contempt for censorship, secrecy and dogmatism. We don't care about anything except your right to find out anything you want to know...."

The Loompanics catalog comes off like an acid trip on the field of Armageddon. Psychedelic conspiracy theory such as the infamous Principia Discordia is sold alongside Basement Nukes; Secrets of Methamphetamine Manufacture abuts Rants & Incendiary Tracts; Successful Armed Robbery shares the same newsprint with The Resurrection of Aristocracy. The Loompanics catalog throws open the doors to human possibility, for good or ill, and proves just how constricted and mechanical modern man has become. Though Loompanics's bias against the mass mind is largely exhilarating, it seems to have, at times, dulled Hoy's critical judgment on

the usefulness of certain titles. More than a few books seem outdated or redundant; others promise more than they deliver, merely parroting common-sense banalities. A few instruction manuals are reputed to contain false, and thus dangerous, information. But as with all things explosive, one must approach the Loompanics catalog eagerly but gingerly, appreciating its daring; yet keeping a vigilant and wary eye to the veracity of its information.

Though several of Hoy's authors are jailbirds, such as lock-picking expert Eddie the Wire and How to Make Crime Pay's Harold Long (should we trust the advice of a jailed criminal?), Loompanics Unlimited has never fallen afoul of the law. Our fastdiminishing First Amendment seems to have hung in there, insofar as killer prose is concerned. National FBI media officer Carlos Fernandez claims that mail-order books with instructions on how to commit illegal acts don't fall under the jurisdiction of that agency. "Check with the postal inspectors," advises Fernandez. Los Angeles area Postal Inspector Donald Obritsch reveals that the Post Office isn't looking for mayhem texts, only legally obscene material.

Loompanics's Hoy has shied away from printing only one potentially illegal manuscript, a how-to-rip-off-the-phonecompany manual. Hoy realizes that it just doesn't pay to fuck with Ma Bell.

Boulder, Colorado's Paladin Press call themselves "Publishers of the Action Library." Improvised weapons and fighting techniques abound, the sort of information that could be useful to amateur private dicks, would-be bouncers, psychopathic paranoids and patriots put off by the antiauthority bias of Loompanics. Their latest catalog offers a \$1,000 "reward" for "the best original how-to manuscript on the topics of New ID and Personal Freedom, Locksmithing, Espionage and Investigations, Military Science, Weapons, or Explosives and Demolitions." Larder owner Nancy Litwack reports that Paladin's books on erasing bad credit have lately outsold the ordinance titles. Despite their reputation as forward-thinking types, survivalists have trouble resisting the decadent charms of consumer goods.

Fatality-attracted readers interested in getting more bang for their buck should consult the following consumer guide. Books are critiqued on the basis of lethal potential, accuracy and breadth of information, and style, utilizing a rating system of 1 Dead Commie (Poor) to 5 Dead Commies (Excellent).

Disruptive Terrorism, Victor Santoro, Loompanics Unlimited, 1984. Not a how-

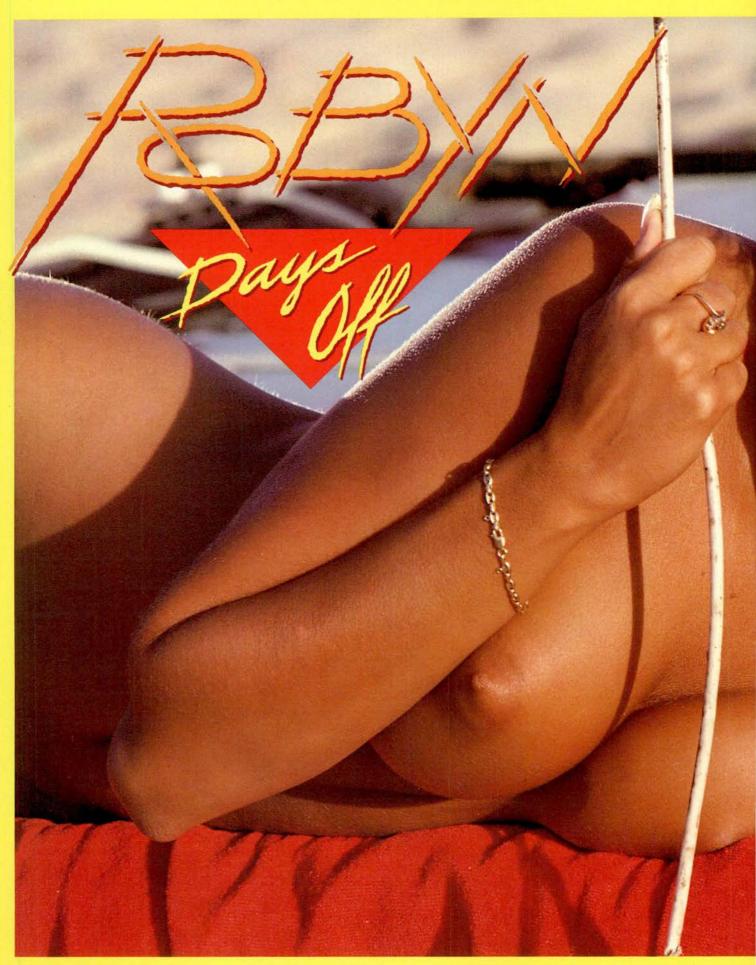
(continued on page 67)



"The trouble with rapists is that they're never around when you need one."



"He bent over to change the channel, then I heard a loud, farting sound!"







wenty-one-year-old Robyn is originally from snowy Butte, Montana. She's now a cocktail waitress in San Pedro, California, who works the night shift so she can sleep in the sun. "Bar work suits me," she says. "I meet a lot of fun people. A lot of nice guys. I'd die if I had to work a day job. A sunny beach is my favorite place in the whole world. I used to swim naked when I was little. I still do, when the coast is clear."



















KILLER PROSE (continued from page 58)

Making Crime Pay is a con's advice: "If you are shooting at a pig, be sure to hit him. He will not hesitate to put a bullet in you...."

to, but a what-if. The approach is coy, like a lot of Loompanics books, carefully not giving the emphatic endorsement to illegal activity, but suggesting many ways to go about it. *Disruptive Terrorism* advances that the terrorist holds the cards, as modern society is increasingly specialized and reliant on the smooth operation of so many variables: energy, computers, communications, etc. **3 Dead Commies.**

Making Crime Pay and Successful Armed Robbery, both by Harold S. Long, 1988 and 1990, Loompanics Unlimited. Making Crime Pay is a con's advice on how to talk to cops, how to get your girlfriend to cover your ass on questioning, and common-sense counsel on what to do at a crime scene. ("If you are shooting at a pig, be sure to hit him. He will not hesitate to put a bullet in you....") Successful Armed Robbery goes through the steps on setting up a hypothetical robbery of a nightclub. These are sparse Dick and Jane readers for low-IQ bad apples, but there seems to be some good information here based on things the author failed to accomplish when he was nabbed. 3 Dead Hostages Each.

Survival Guns, Mel Tappan, 1987, Janus Press, sold by Loompanics. Excellent overview on the varieties of firearms and ammunition available. The author's suggestions for a personal survival battery seem tailored for those who can afford to buy a small armory. 4 Dead Commies.

How to Start Your Own Country, Erwin S. Strauss, 1984, Loompanics. This book actually shows how to create sovereignty out of an ocean barge or a deserted island, with examples of successful and unsuccessful attempts. 4 Dead U.N. Observers.

Put 'Em Down, Take 'Em Out: Knife-Fighting Techniques From Folsom Prison, Don Pentecost, 1988, Paladin Press. This book might save your sphincters in Sing Sing. 3.5 Dead Prison Rapists.

Reborn in the USA: Personal Privacy Through a New Identity, Trent Sands, 1990, Loompanics. This is basically an outline, covering different methods of obtaining fake IDs and alternative identities. The big trick in getting a new identity is in using the social-security number belonging to a dead infant. Maybe the satanic breeders will keep the writers of these books in business. 3.5 Dead Postal Inspectors.

The Poor Man's James Bond, Volumes 1 to 3, Kurt Saxon, Atlan Formularies. The original and ultimate do-it-yourself de-

struction kit. A favorite prank from this series is a room-clearing, explosive smoke and stink bomb made with muriatic acid. Large format. **4.5 Dead Commies.**

The Survivor, Volumes 1 to 4, Kurt Saxon, Atlan Formularies. Lots of excellent information dredged up from the glory days of American ingenuity. A word of caution: Some of Saxon's plans, such as construction of a maggot farm, could be ruinous to the appetite. 5 Dead Commies.

The Computer Underground: Computer Hacking, Crashing, Pirating and Phreaking, M. Harry, 1985, Loompanics. Hopelessly outdated, but gives a fascinating jargon-heavy glimpse into communications pirating. 3 Dead Utility CEOs.

The Anarchist Cookbook, William Powell, Barricade Books, available from Paladin Press. Good as a conversation piece, but extremely dangerous to the pinkos who swear by it, which gives this book, paradoxically, 5 Dead Commies.

Dead Clients Don't Pay: The Bodyguard's Manual, Leroy Thompson, Paladin Press. Nuts and bolts advice for simpletons. A big gap here—no suggestions on loosening up broads for the sex-crazed boss, which leads to the suggested title for a companion volume: *Undrugged Bimbos Don't Fuck.* **3 Blue-Balled Bosses.**

Finder's Fee: The Skip-Tracer's Text, Ralph D. Thomas, Paladin Press. How to find missing persons for fun and profit. The author claims the potential to make \$1,000 a day in this field. Not for those who have trouble finding their car keys, much less a milk-carton kid. 3.5 Dead Lindbergh Babies.

How to Beat Honesty Tests, Sneaky Pete, Loompanics, 1989. Good insight into this growth industry. Because lie detectors are so unreliable, such tests are disallowed as evidence in criminal trials. But this hasn't stopped corporate America from playing Father Confessor to their rapt slaves. If you have the kind of job that requires these kinds of tests, read this book, pass the test, and promptly steal a stapler or electric pencil sharpener. 4 Dead Polygraph Specialists.

Black Medicine, Volumes 1 to 3, N. Mashiro, Paladin Press. Figure 5 reminds us: "A finger jammed into a nostril is very painful." Presumably someone else's nostril. A classic of its kind. 4.5 Dead Vulcans.

Home Workshop Explosives, Uncle Fester, 1990, Loompanics. Covers the manufacture of nitroglycerin (which the author claims to have dropped in the snow while



"Reminds me of my ex-wife's pussy."

IWAT

(continued from page 52)

"Oh, yeah, the quiver," Lauren quivers. "The quiver lock," Heather vibrates.

The quiver lock?

"The quiver lock," announces Madison. "When my screaming goes into my muscles, and my muscles lock up and quiver and shake, and I can literally just lift you off the ground. That's the way I scream.'

Is this just from intercourse, or do you need outside clitoral stimulation?

"I want it all," broadcasts Lauren.

"I want it all," Heather telecasts. "I'm like an oral-sex type of person. I love oral sex."

"If you can't eat it, you sure as hell can't fuck it," Madison simulcasts.

"That's right," declares Lauren. "It always blows me away when a guy tells you he won't go down on you, but he'll fuck you all night long. Give me a break."

What's good about the way men come?

"I love the reaction," creams Heather. "It makes you feel good," mewls Madison.

"For some reason, I think I can feel what they're feeling. It's really weird," muses Heather. "I think they have the stronger orgasm."

"Yeah, 'cause they only get one," theorizes Madison. "It's intense."

"Yeah, they get it all at once," Lauren be-

lieves. "And my best orgasm is my second one, if a guy can get it out of me. The first one's cool; the second one's phenomenal."

In your personal life, has anybody ever pulled out and come on your body like in a porn film?

"No," denies Lauren.

"Yes," admits Madison.

"I sometimes-" stammers Heather, "sometimes I ask for it."

Do you like to watch it squirt out?

"I like that," drools Heather.

"Yeah. I like to rub it all over my body and my skin," luxuriates Madison. "Do you know how good it is for your skin? Actually, I like it inside me, 'cause I can feel it, choo, choo." Madison's hands motion something shooting inside her.

"Well, I won't tell you where I like to feel it," Heather laughs. "I told you I'm an oral type of person; so-"

Ah, you like it in your mouth.

"Yeah, I like it like that," Heather licks her chops.

"The only reason I don't like it in the face is that every time I get semen in my eyes—" Lauren squints.

"It burns," Madison interrupts.

"I get a sty," insists Lauren. "Then I can't work for a week. So when it's time to do a cum-shot, shoot it up my nose, in my mouth or down my chin, but please stay away from my eyes."



Prose

drunk out of his mind), nitroglycol, nitromannitol, PETN and cyclonite. Those with a special fondness for their fingers may hesitate before following these relatively easy-to-follow recipes. Jeff Gaither did the slavering Rat Fink chemical-mixing maniac on the cover. 4 Dead Junior Chemists.

Techniques of Burglar Alarm Bypassing, Wayne B. Yeager, 1990, Loompanics. An excellent overview on all the current alarm systems. In the chapter "Pavlov's Dogs Effect," Yeager points out that systems prone to false alarms will be ignored after a while. 4.5 Dead Rent-A-Cops.

Loompanics Greatest Hits, 1990, Loompanics. Provocative selection of essays providing a good overview of the kind of material found in Loompanics books. 4.5

Dead Moral Majoritarians. Cheap Shots, Ambushes and Other Lessons, Marc "Animal" MacYoung, 1989, Paladin Press. Amusing and nononsense street-defense tips. In the chapter "Mostly for Women," Animal muses: "Women seem to accept responsibility for something that has to be done over and over better than men do. Must be the fact that men have short attention spans. Usually the length of some other portion of their anatomy." 4 Dead Street Scum.

The Outlaw's Bible: How to Evade the System Using Constitutional Strategy, E. X. Boozhie, 1988, Loompanics. Excellent and comprehensive treatise by a self-taught con on how to manipulate law to one's own advantage. 4 Dead District Attorneys.

Physical Interrogation Techniques, Richard W. Krousher, 1985, Loompanics. How to impart terrific pain to the reticent of mouth, with handy tips for those who do not want to leave marks on the interrogee; the take-no-prisoners approach is covered in detail as well. Don't allow your dentist to get hold of this book. 4.5 Torn Fingernails.

Might Is Right, Ragnar Redbeard, Loompanics. Amazing invective by a turnof-the-century Nietzschean and Social Darwinist, reprinted by Loompanics. 5 Dead Limousine Liberals.

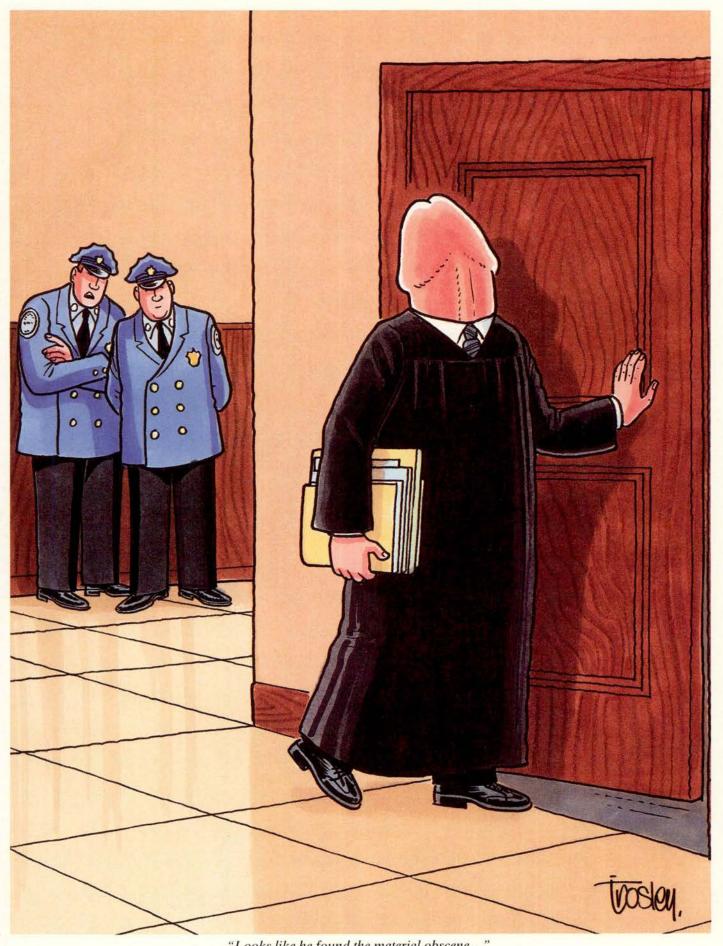
SOURCES:

Books by Kurt Saxon are available from Atlan Formularies, P.O. Box 327, Harrison, AR 72601.

The Loompanics catalog is available for \$3 from Loompanics Unlimited, P.O. Box 1197, Port Townsend, WA 98368.

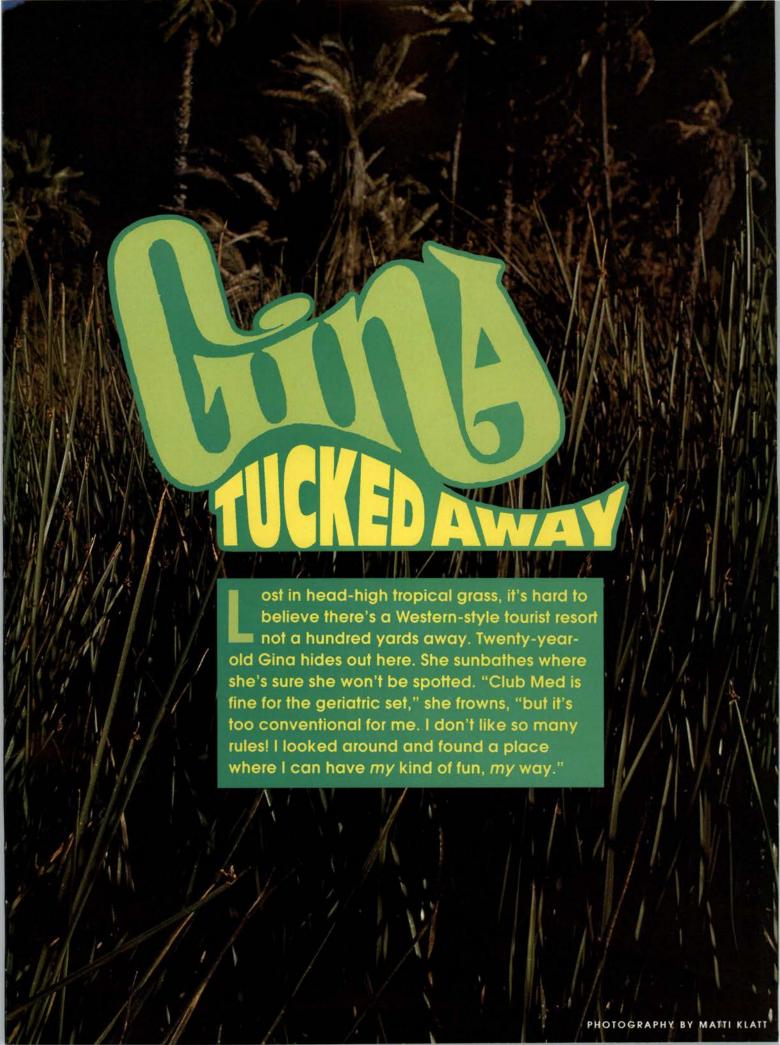
Paladin Press, P.O. Box 1307, Boulder, CO 80306.

Survival Books/the Larder, 11106 Magnolia Boulevard, North Hollywood, CA 91601.



"Looks like he found the material obscene...."























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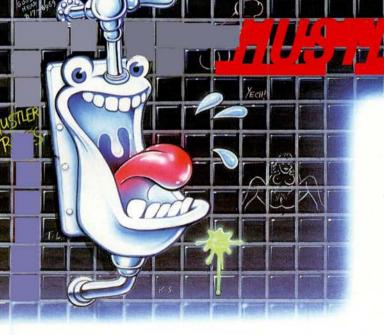
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The farmer's 13-year-old son rushed into the house one morning, waving his first-ever hard-on. "Hey, Pa, look at this!" he exclaimed excitedly. "It's all hard, and I can't get it soft again."

"Don't worry, son," said the farmer. "Go 'round to the cow shed and get two big, heaping handfuls of

cow shit - that'll soften it up fer sure."

The boy did as he was told and scooped up two steaming handfuls of cow dung. Just then, the shed door opened, and in walked the buxom dairymaid. "What are you going to do with that stuff?" she asked.

"Rub it on here to soften it," said the boy, pointing

to his swollen pecker.

"You don't need to do that," she said, pulling her skirt up and opening her legs wide. "Put it in here instead."

So he did...both handfuls.

Sleazy Suzie was the picture of calm as the doctor confronted her with a barrage of questions after completing her pregnancy test.

"So you honestly mean to tell me," snapped the doctor, "that you have absolutely no idea who the

father of your child is?"

"Aw, gimme a break, Doc," retorted Suzie. "If you backed into a buzz saw, would you be able to tell me which tooth was the sharpest?"

he HUSTLER Dictionary defines disgusting as: anything that's too embarrassing to admit being turned-on by it.

A woman with 14 children, ages one through 14, decided to sue her husband for divorce on grounds of desertion.

"When did he desert you?" the judge asked.

"Thirteen years ago," she replied.

"If he left 13 years ago, where did all the children come from?"

"Well," said the woman, "he kept coming back to say he was sorry."

The old farmer was having a hell of a time getting his prize bull to mount his cows; so he called the local veterinarian for some advice. The vet examined the bull carefully and concluded, "Looks like your bull just can't get it up, but we can fix that easy enough—watch this shit!" With that, the veterinarian reached over to one of the cows and dragged his hand through the cow's pussy, and then he rubbed the same hand on the bull's nose. The bull took a deep whiff, snorted twice, got a terrific hard-on, and immediately plowed away on a cow.

That night, the graybeard farmer crawled into the sack with his wife, who was already asleep. By and by, he began to reminisce about the horny days of his youth. Remembering what had happened with his bull earlier, he reached down between his wife's legs, gave her snatch a good rubbing, then rubbed his hand on his nose vigorously.

Sure enough, his pecker started getting hard; so he rubbed his nose again. His tool grew bigger still. Excited, he shook his wife by the shoulder and whispered urgently, "Wake up, woman! Wake up and take a look at this!"

His wife switched on the bedside lamp, took one look at him, and said irritably, "You old fool—you mean to tell me that you woke me up just because you got a bloody nose?"

he HUSTLER Dictionary defines *premature ejaculation* as: when you start squirting while she's still flirting.

Three women arrived, one right after the other, at the gates of heaven, and were greeted by Saint Peter. "There will be a place for each of you once you have confessed your sins," he assured them, looking at the first woman.

"I married one man, but I loved another," she confessed, embarrassed; "so I divorced my husband and married the man I loved."

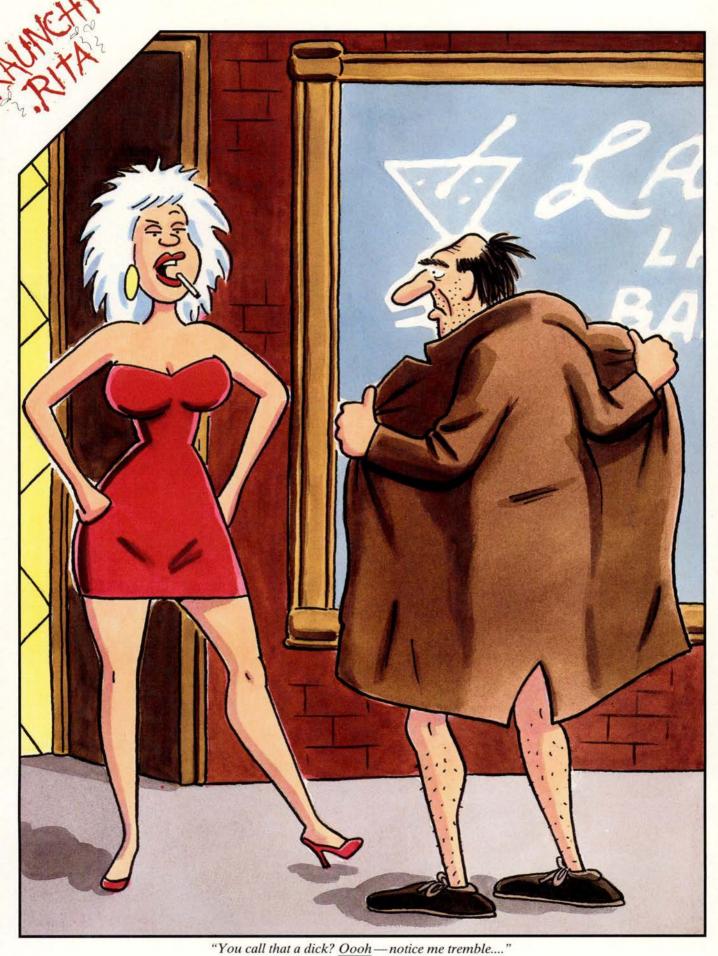
"Show her to the silver gates," Saint Peter instructed, and turned to the second woman.

"I loved one man, married him and lived happily ever after," was her story. Saint Peter directed her to be shown through the golden gates, and then he looked at the third woman.

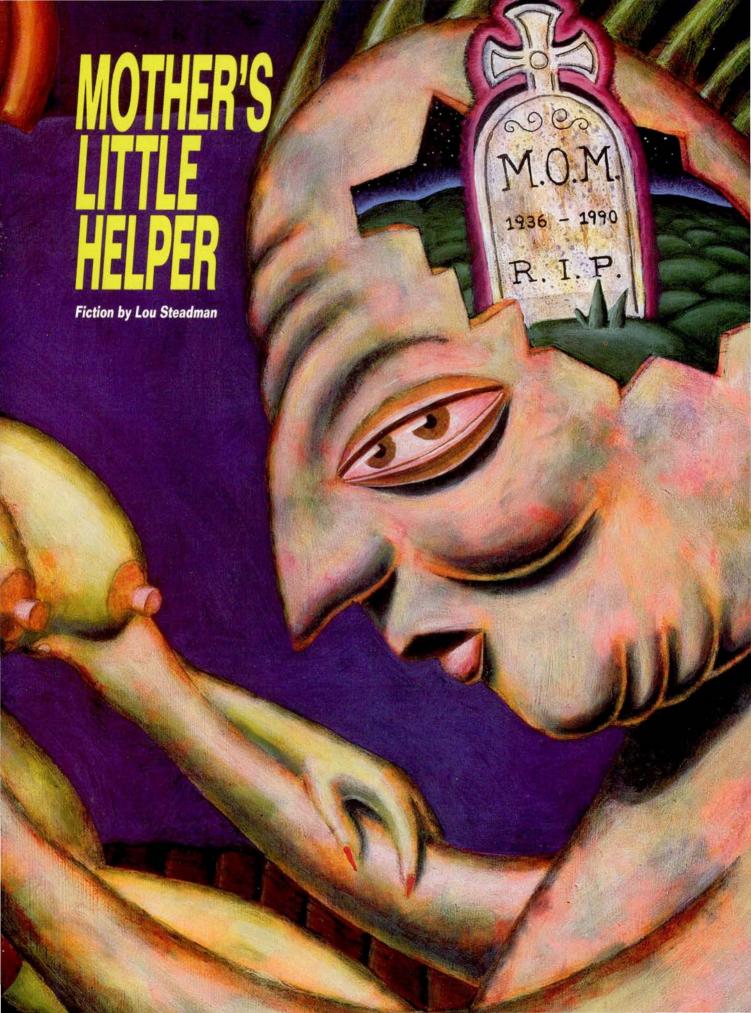
"I was a dancer in a cabaret," she admitted with a blush, "and I pleased every man who came to see me—satisfied them to the max for the right price."

"Show her to my room," said Saint Peter.

HUSTIER 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 HUSTIER 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.







MOTHER HELPER

Don't you have nothing better to do than to fuck with gutter trash? his poor, dead mama would ask him, if she only had the breath.

Lewis Prettyman's dick did most of his thinking, and it didn't have much of a head. A red-headed piece of tardy pussy was responsible for his anxious vigilance this sunny day in Echo Park, nervously walking the cardboard walls of the one-bedroom fleabox that he rarely called home, least of all in the daytime. Not the kind of woman his *liebe Mutter* approved of, that's for sure. The drops of salty sweat that beaded his cheeks could as well have been tears. Lew Prettyman felt like crying. He just didn't have the guts. Or had the stifling heat already sucked every ounce of moisture out of his eyes?

Don't you have nothing better to do with your time than to fuck with gutter trash? his poor, dead mama would ask him, if she only had the breath. Like earning a decent living, so maybe you could buy me flowers sometime! Sorry, Mama. Poor, old Mama! Plot 1264, Hollywood Memorial, without even so much as a dandelion to brighten her day. Plastic flowers would melt on a day like this. Better make 'em stainless stee!! All-weather flowers, Mama, I promise. Stainless stee!! It was the hopeful

tone of voice he used when maybe it looked like he'd done something right. All-weather, so you don't have to visit my stone more than once? she cried, curling her wrinkled, yellow fingers into fists and pounding her forehead.

"No, Mama, no! Every Sunday and twice on your birthday!" said Lewis Prettyman out loud to the empty air of his stifling apartment. Jesus Christ! He was losing his mind! It was 100° out, for Christ's sake, and the goddamn window wouldn't open! Already the leftover cheese sandwich from the night before had turned into a puddle of goo. The smell of the drippy Limburger made him dizzier than the homegrown Pico weed he was sucking into his bleeding lungs. Pot had never made him this paranoid! This weed had something in it. PCP, maybe!

Red-haired Wanda Lewitzky rang the scabby little doorbell. "My God, Lew," she said when he opened the door. "It's like an oven in here. Do you know how many Jews died in ovens?"

"More of 'em stick their heads in ovens every day," Lew told her. "You know why? They feel guilty when they do a sin."

She was too cool to be insulted. "You still paying for gas?" she asked, blowing a teasing snort of chewing-gum breath through her nose.

Wanda was dressed for the weather. Sheer chiffon wrapped her voluminous tits just enough so that they didn't spill out the front of her dress. Vermilion-red hair tumbled from her milk-white face. Vermilion. The color of poison.

She pressed her scented tits in his face. He brushed his hand against her smooth, cool thigh and squeezed. His dick was thinking for him, goddammit. Plenty of good thoughts left inside.

Her long, scissor legs cut the room into little bits of burning filth that made his eyes hurt. She wrinkled her nose and scowled. "You're stupid enough, Lew. You got no business smoking dope."

"I ain't been smoking dope," he said, and pointed to where the Limburger lay rotting. "It's that fucking cheese you smell."

Wanda went into the kitchen. She took a dishrag from the sink and scooped the vomity puddle into the trash. A bead of sweat formed on her powdered brow. She noticed the marijuana roach in the ashtray. "So who smokes the dope in this place, if you don't?" she asked. "Some dirty little huaraches-wearing greaser? How big are her tits? What kind of shit does her dirty brown pussy smell like?"

Lew swung a fist to hit her, but she grabbed his hand and bit it hard. He reached around and pulled a fistful of red hair from her flaming top. She lifted her leg and brought the spiked heel of her dress pumps down on his foot, twisting it, grinding it to the floor until he let go of her hair.

"You ain't ever going to hit me again, do you understand me? And you never ought to pull my hair," she snarled. A glimmer of pleasure danced in her eyes.

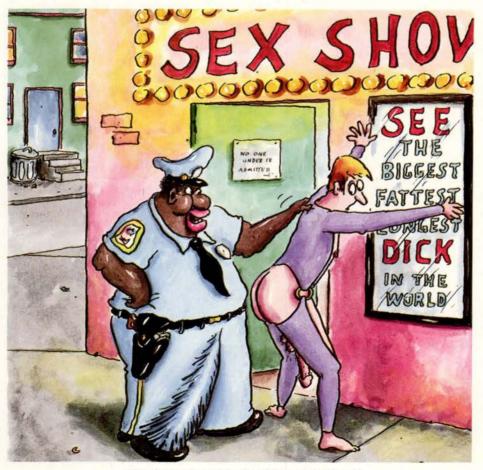
Lew sucked his bleeding hand. The bitch had broken the skin. She must have had her teeth sharpened since the last time she was over.

"I'm a married woman now, Lew," she said. "You better remember that."

Remember it? He couldn't get it off his mind. He had a conscience, you know. A haggly, cotton-top Mum-mum mummy.

Classy, cried Ma, moaning and banging her elbows against the satinlike lining of her faux-walnut dirtbox. You bring shame to our family, fucking with a <u>verheiratet</u>. She mustered up a bit of dribbly sputum, but didn't have the strength to spit. Which only made her more upset.

Wanda Lewitzky was the hottest fuck Lew'd ever known. Fifteen years ago, when he was a new face in town and greener than grass, just a 22-year-old dumbass Jewboy who needed a courtesy



"You're under arrest for false advertising!"



"You're starting to piss me off, Gladys."

MOTHER HELPER

"Fuck my ass, Lew," she said. "Smell it. It's clean." He smelled it. She'd washed it with some kind of lavender soap. Pretty.

job from one of his parents' family friends. Lew had worked for her father, a bigshot L. A. lawyer, sorting mail and making deliveries

He and Wanda emitted complementary pheromones. They noticed a heavy-duty chemical attraction the very first moment they met, when she came to the office one day to take her father to lunch and ended up fucking the Prettyman stalk in a puddle of hot sex slime in the mail room.

Now, 15 years later, in this pathetic hovel in East L. A., the same cock that had reduced Wanda Lewitzky to a quivering, jellylike mass of orgasmic catharsis so many times before was poking her stomach through the paper-thin acrylic-polyester of Lew Prettyman's Sunday slacks. Her eyelids fluttered, and she made a sound like the air being squeezed out of a bicycle tire. "Lew-" she whispered. She parted her lips. The gates of heaven.

From outside came the sound of a car alarm, the exact, same sound she had paid \$550 to burst from her dashboard speakers at the slightest touch of criminal interest directed toward the Rolls-Royce Silver

Shadow she was fool enough to drive into the poverty-stricken nightmare of Echo Park, the absolute limit of hell itself, the farthest east of Beverly Hills that she ever dragged herself in sunny L. A.

She pulled herself from Lew's tight grip, stumbled toward her Gucci bag and pulled out a pearl-handled handgun. She made her way to the window.

"Won't open," said Lew. "You think I'd have it shut on a hot day like this?"

"What do you mean, it won't open?" said Wanda. "Let's get some air in here!" She cracked the butt of her gun against the sill. The window shot up to the top of the frame with an ear-splitting crash.

She stuck out her head and pointed the gun at the street. A band of mean-looking punks surrounded the Rolls. She'd parked in front of a water hydrant, but who cared about that? Parking inspectors weren't one of this neighborhood's familiar features.

"Get away from the fucking car!" screamed Wanda. The kids didn't hear her. Apparently her voice was drowned out by the piercing din of a dozen ice-cream trucks circling the park. She lowered the gun and took aim. A fist-size chunk of sidewalk inches away from the smelly Nike shoes of the nearest gang member exploded into chalk dust.

The gang disappeared like midnight cockroaches when a kitchen light is turned on, "We call the cops, bull-fucked loca gringa!" threatened the bravest of them. cowering behind a graffiti-damaged mailbox. Wanda only laughed. "You don't know who you're dealing with!" she shouted. "I'm a JAP!" She shot the legs off the mailbox, sending him scurrying onto his belly under a greasy, old roach coach.

She turned back into the apartment and tossed the gun into her purse. "Actually, I'm not a princess anymore, am I?" she purred, "I'm a queen now, Ain't I, Lew?" She undid the back of her chiffon wrap. Twin mounds of refined white sugar, each with a fat, pink strawberry stuck on top, flopped down against Lew's cheeks. His dick involuntarily wasted a fat drop of ball-milk into his terry shorts.

"Let me see the ring, Wanda," he said. She brought her left hand in view. A diamond as big as the Giorgio shop on Rodeo nearly scratched out his eyeballs. "What's the matter, Lew?" she whispered in his ear. "Won't vou fuck a married woman?"

"No," he said, frowning like a diamondtrading Hasid at a sale of cubic zirconia.

She looked puzzled for a moment, a little panicked, a little unsure. She slipped the ring off her finger and tossed it aside. "There," she said soothingly. "That better?"

Yes, it surely was. Lew breathed a sigh of relief, not entirely convinced, but unable to stop himself. He took her frilly dress in both hands and pulled it off her body. She undid her stockings and slipped them from her long, loose legs. He stripped to his underwear.

"Fuck my ass, Lew," she said. "Smell it. It's clean."

He smelled it. She'd washed it with some kind of lavender soap, Pretty, He brushed a hand against her muff, looking to wipe some scented lube onto her tight, pink bung, but it was dry.

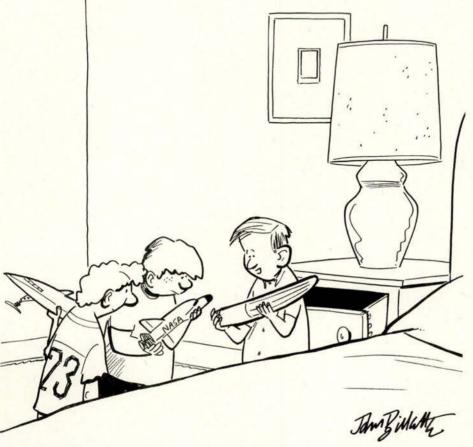
"You better use some Vaseline or something," said Wanda sweetly. She started to sound like a baby girl. Started to coo like a dove. "You know my dryness problem."

He wiped his hands under his dripping pits and rubbed the slick sweat onto his cock. He pressed the head of it against the door of her flowery-smelling butt boudoir.

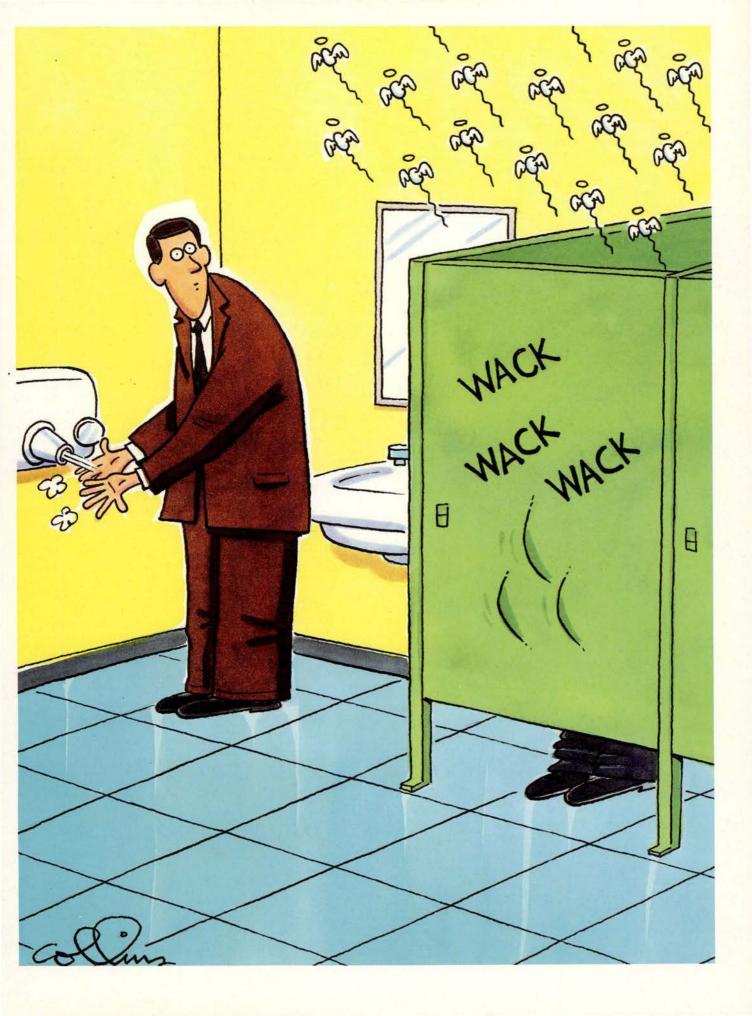
"No, Lew!" she said. "Not with sweat. With Vaseline!"

He grabbed her ass with both hands. She ground her face into his stained bed pillow to smother her screams. With a shove, he was inside her, drawing out the deep, bashful slime of internal lubrication.

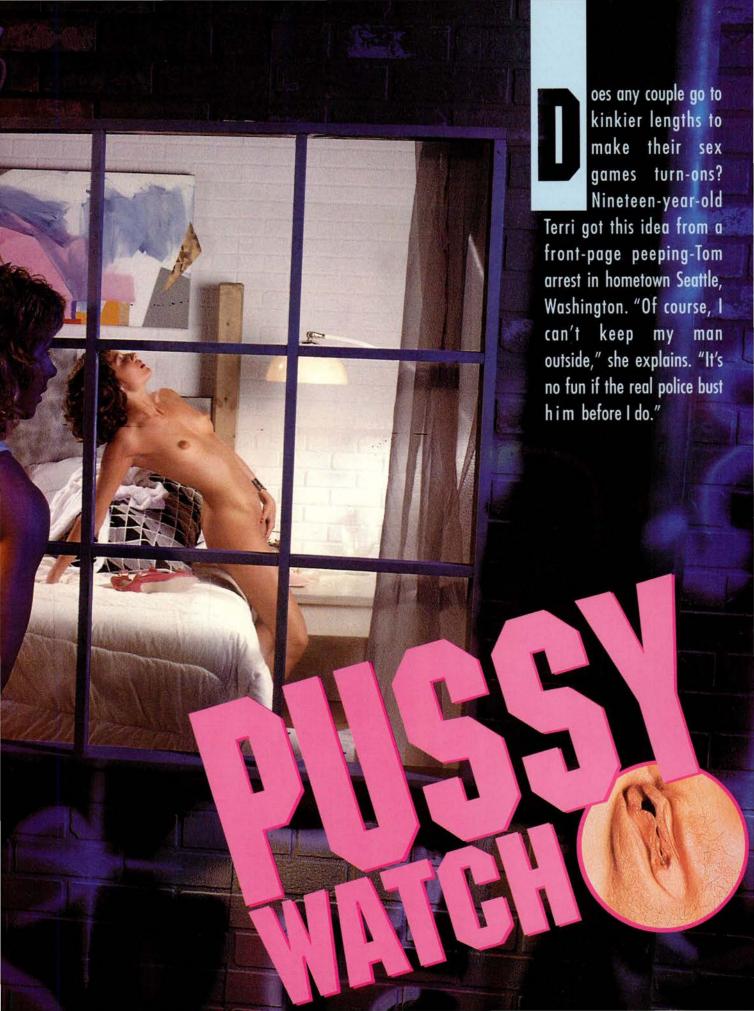
(continued on page 96)



"This is my mom's rocket. It's neat, but it sure smells funny."

















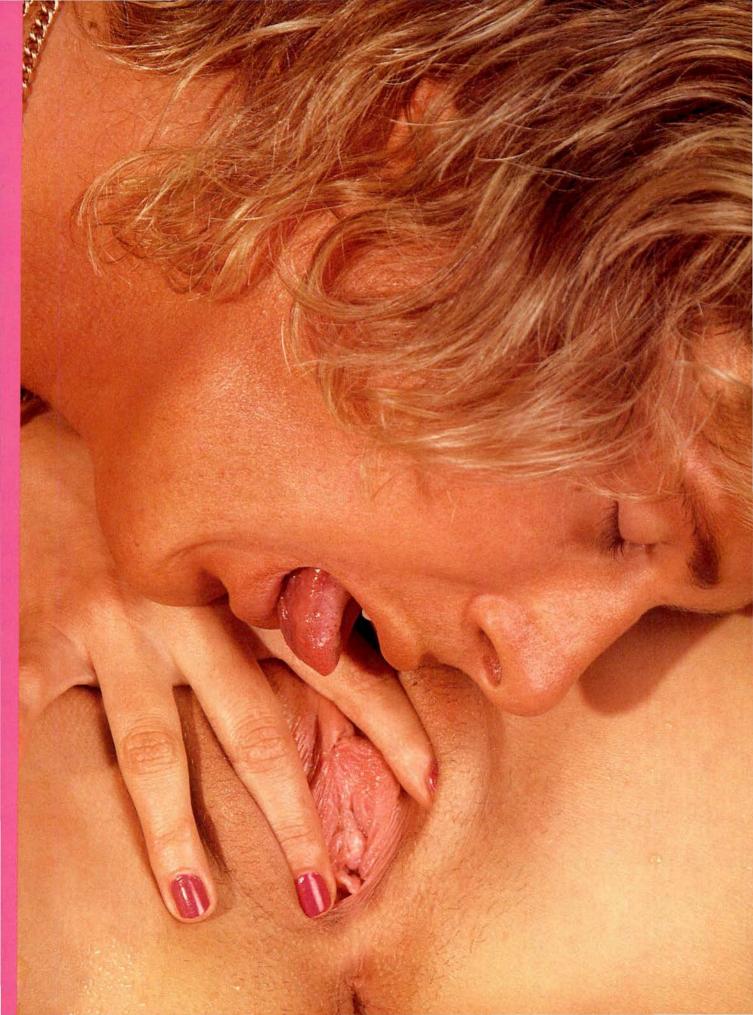












MOTHER HELPER (continued from page 86)

"Don't come, Lew," Wanda urged him. "I want you in my pussy. I want you in my mouth." She guivered in anticipation of scatological ecstasy.

She swung her hips like the thick, fleshy pendulum of an erogenous timekeeping mechanism, meeting each thrust of his vein-popping organ with an undulating counterbalance that quickly drew the bubbling spunk from his high-riding balls and sent it coursing with a searing flash against the tender reaches of his lower brain. His eyes rolled back in his head. His tongue waggled out of his mouth. Little popping farts of compressed ass-wind broke the iron grip of her sphincters.

"Yes, Lew, that's absolutely perfect," she panted. "Only you. No one makes me

hot but you. No one."

Lew was in an easy rhythm now, enjoying the casual stroll of a man in an uncrowded center lane of passion, his destination in mind, but not yet in sight. Wanda's ass became tighter and slicker with each grinding stroke. He passed his hands over her powder-smooth chair cheeks, pinching every now and then, lovingly marking a trail of thumb-size strawberry patches.

"Don't come, Lew," Wanda urged him. "I want you in my pussy. I want you between my tits. I want you in my mouth." She quivered in anticipation of scatological ecstasy. Every Jewish princess knows that fellatio is the dirtiest sex act there is. To touch a guy's schlong is filthy enough, but to taste it? Disgusting!

"Doesn't your husband do anything right?" asked Lew.

"Melvyn makes money," answered Wanda, a tad guiltily.

"And that ain't enough for you." He knew what her problem was. She'd had a taste of his long, cut cock and just didn't want to give it up. Lew knew about temptation. He knew about making money too. The illegal slot machines he'd put inside the Mexican tiendas in the darkest reaches of Echo Park made him as rich as a South American drug lord for a few sweet months, before the Vegas Federales tracked him down like the paid Kodak vigilantes who attempted to squash the renegade movie industry in the early days of Hollywood. No mogul dreams left for Lew Prettyman. No more shots at the big time.

The ugly squall of the car alarm again pierced the walls of the apartment. Wanda

got up out of bed like a shot. Lew's dick slipped out of her ass with a loud splorch.

She went to her purse. "If those goddamn spics have touched that car, I'm blowing their brains straight out of their chinos!"

She came back from the window with a bemused expression. "So they do have parking attendants in East L. A.," she said. "I just got a ticket."

She suddenly cried out in pain. Not looking, she had stepped on her diamond wedding ring. "Damn, oh, damn," she moaned. "Did I cut myself?"

Lew surveyed the sole of her foot. "Nah. Didn't break the skin."

"Take my mind off it?" she cooed, lying back on the bed.

He slipped his hand inside her soft, white thigh and parted the pink lips of her vagina, which blushed a deep crimson red at his touch. He lifted himself onto the bed and inserted his butt-marinated meat inside her steaming oven, shuddering at the absolute pleasure of entering such a soft, tight fuckhole, which was dry as always, but heating up. Wanda's distinctive sex smell wafted up to his nostrils. Waves of cumspilling memories flooded his loins. At this moment, it didn't matter whether or not they were married in the eyes of the law. Even Mum-mum had no objections.

He teased the edge of her labia with the head of his cock until she squirmed with impatience, then rammed it in to the hilt.

Her breath began to come in the familiar violent bursts that signaled a flood of hot water from her chronically dry cunt. It came right on schedule, dousing Lew's sweaty thighs, making his dick-journey back and forth inside her love canal a hell of a lot easier.

He shot off like a geyser. When she found the strength to clean up and dress herself, the sun was fading in the bright, summer sky.

"Uh, Wanda," Lew stammered, not wanting to sound like a schmuck. "I could use a little bread. Got any to spare?"

"What - pay for it?" Wanda was nonplussed. Typical Jewish dame.

"Give me a hundred," he said.

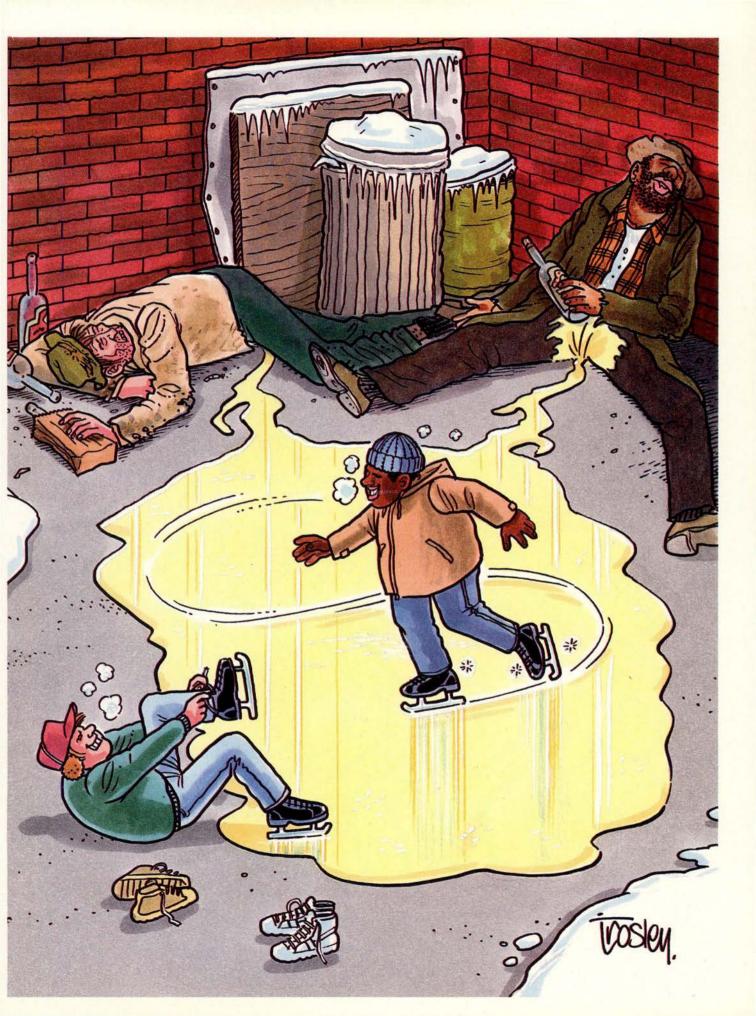
She slipped him the cash with a wounded expression. "I hope it doesn't become a habit, this paying for it," she said.

She stepped out into the night. Don't worry, thought Lew Prettyman. Already he had his mind made up to get out of soreloser L. A. Visit his brother in Philadelphia. Make a fresh start of things.

He took the roach from the ashtray and fired it up. Don't worry, Ma, he thought. I ain't gonna fuck with no married broad

So stop smoking dope, while you're at it! she answered. What do you want to do, kill me again? 🝒





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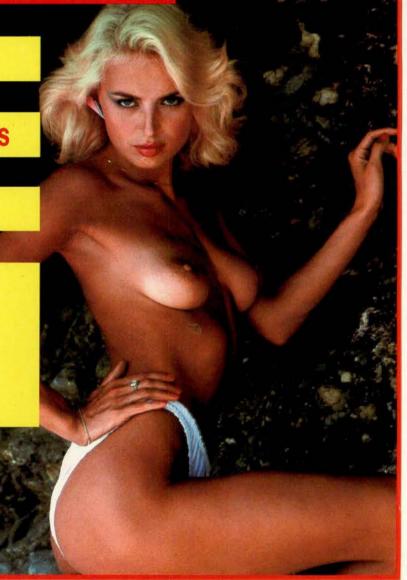
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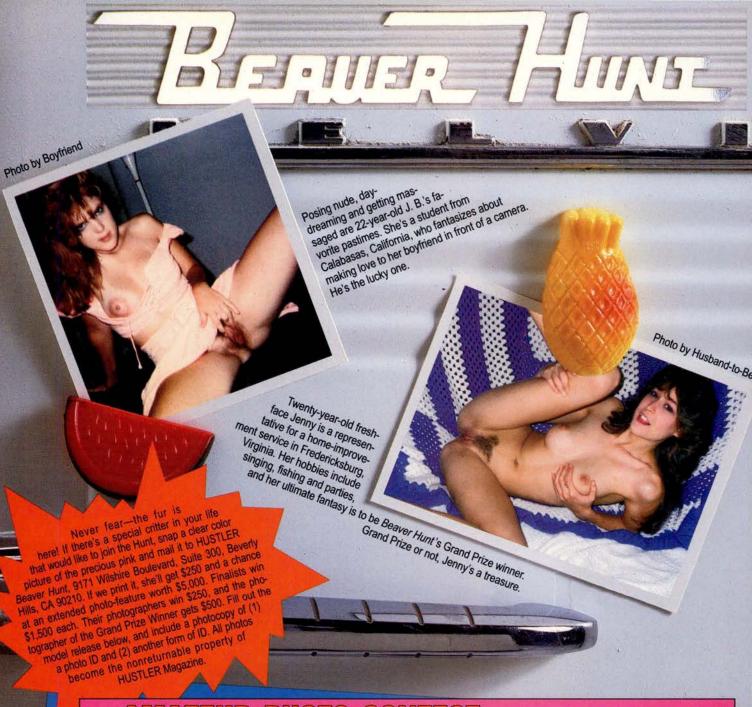
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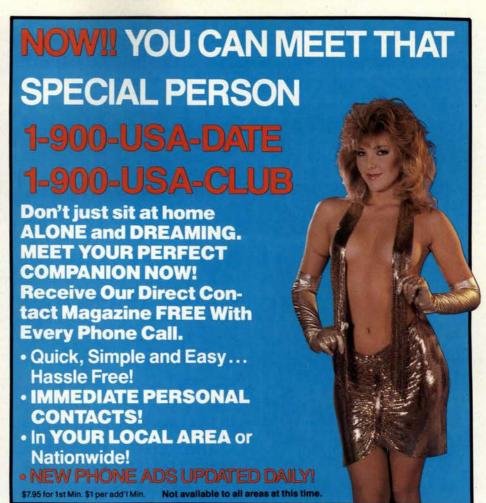


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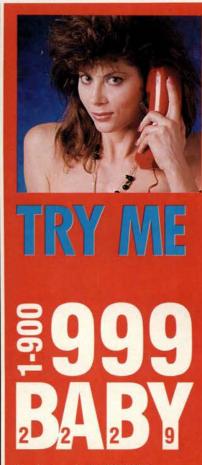
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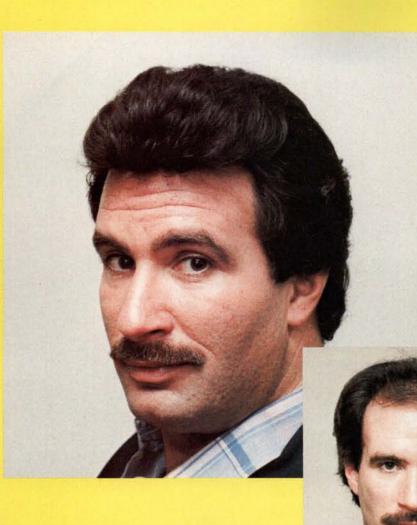
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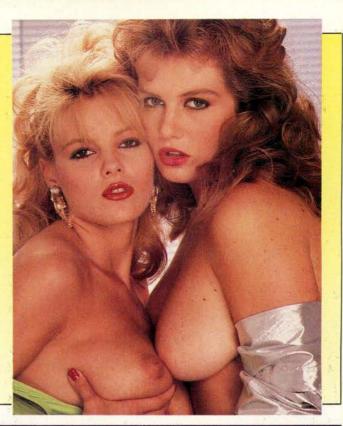
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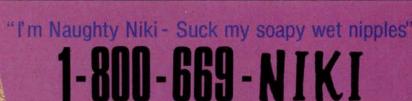


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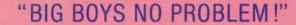
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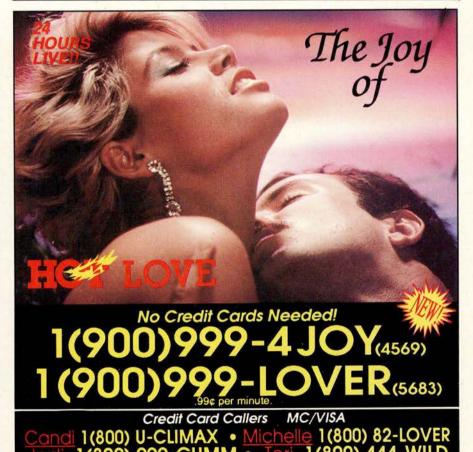
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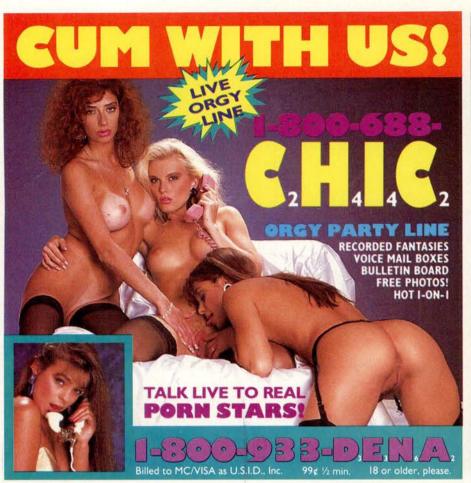
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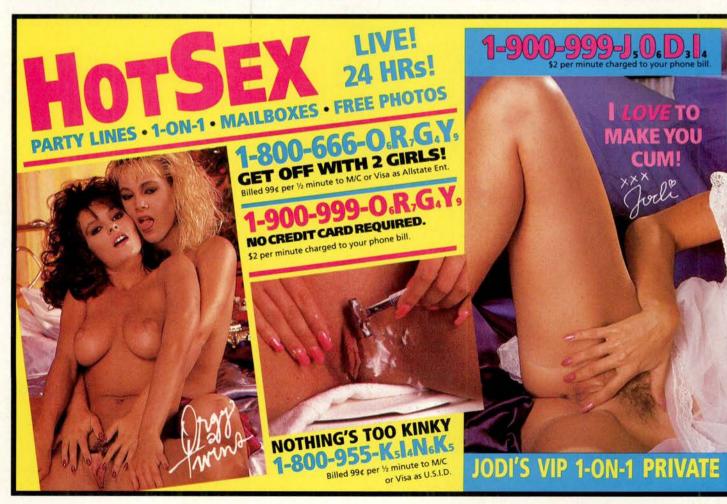
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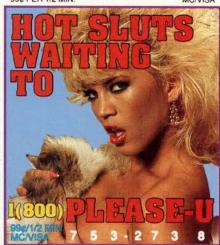
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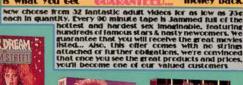
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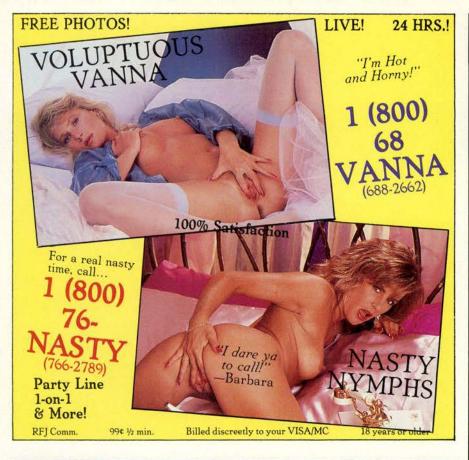
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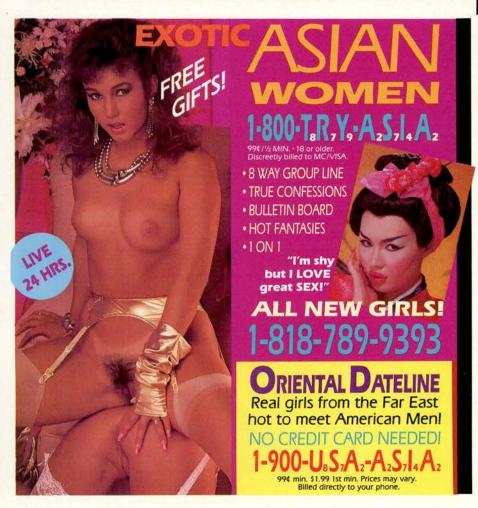
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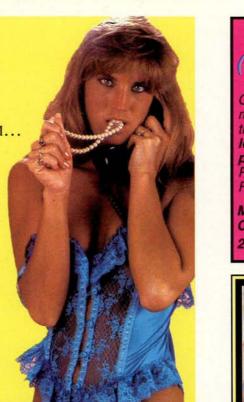
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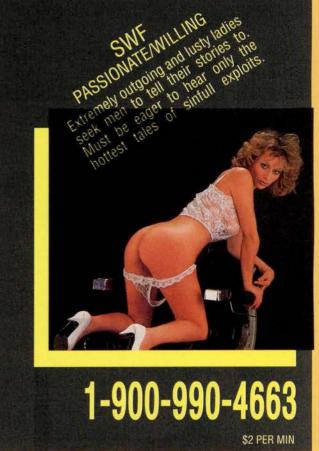
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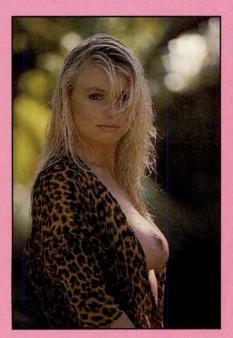
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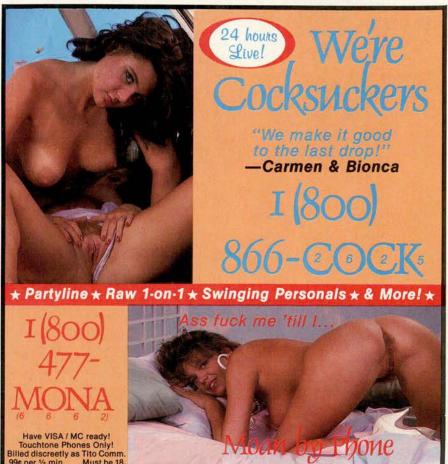
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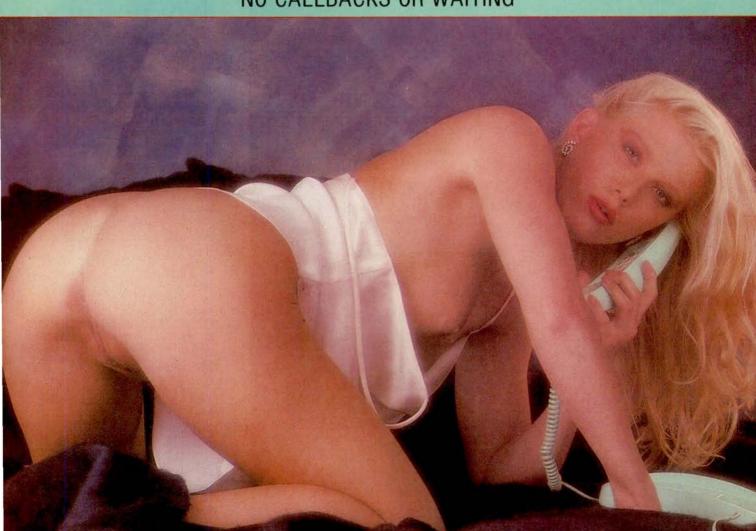
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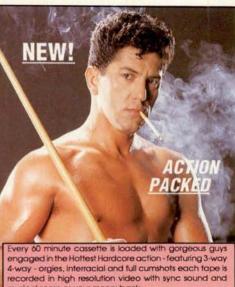
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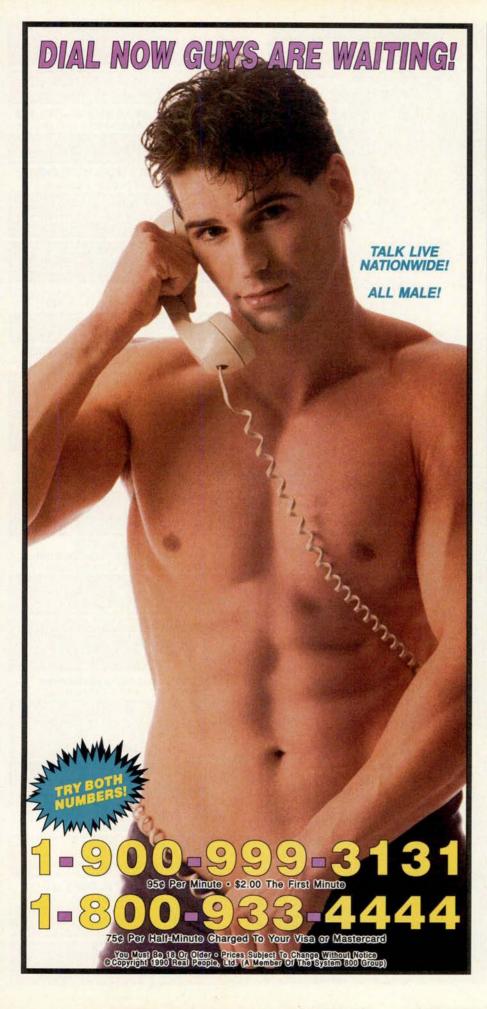
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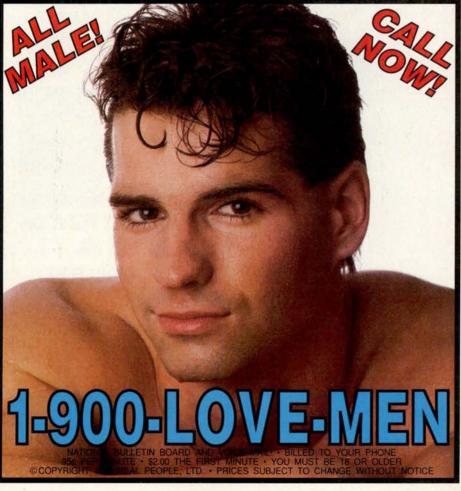
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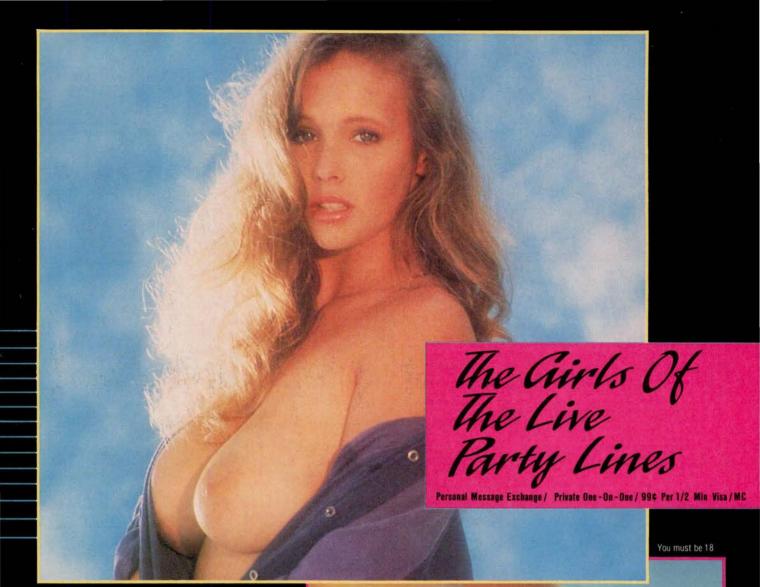
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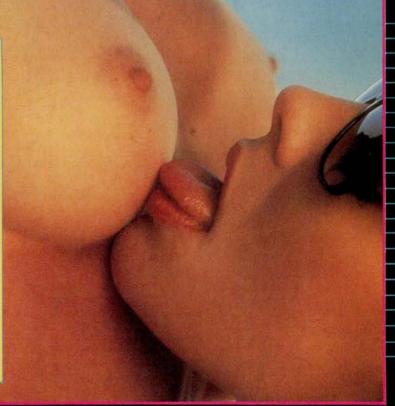
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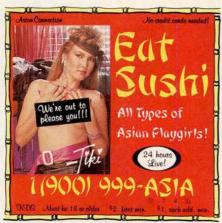


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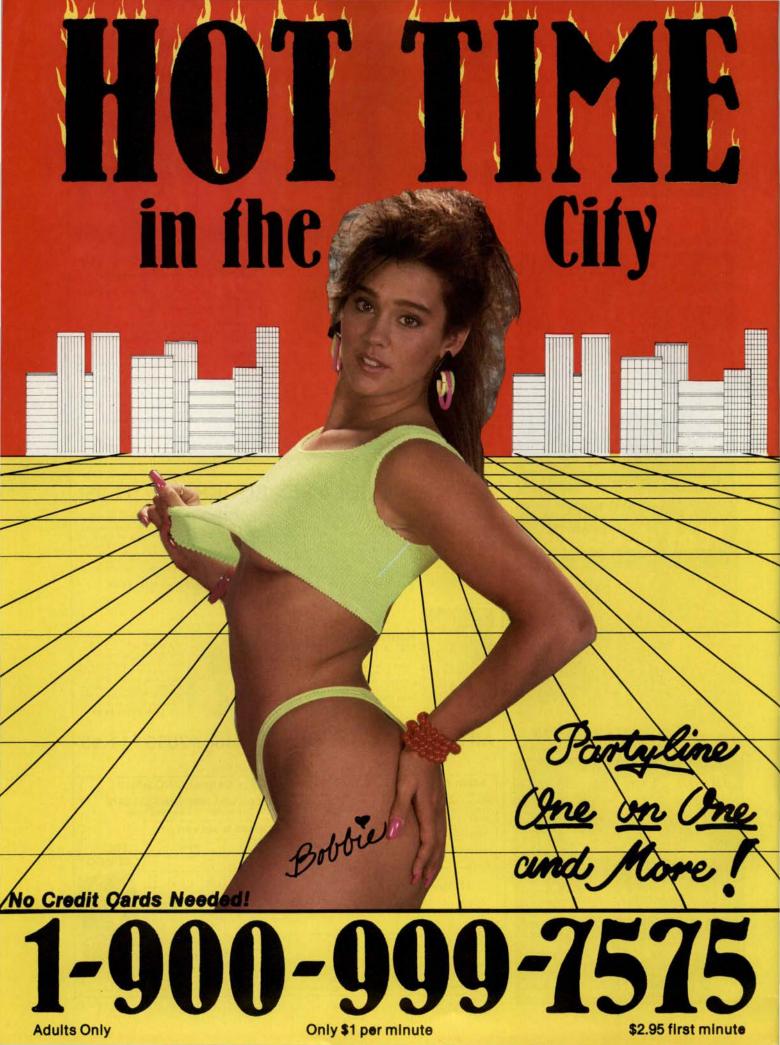
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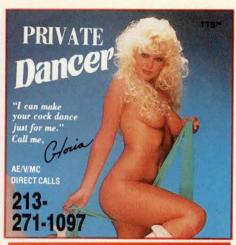


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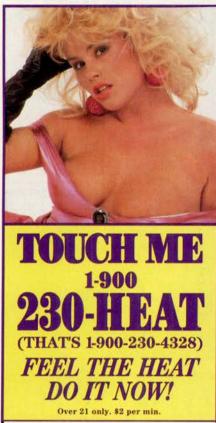
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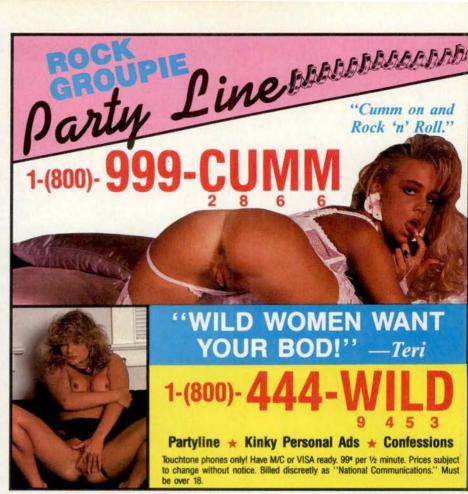


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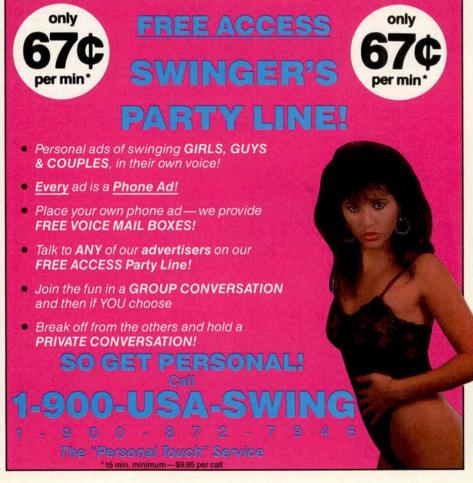
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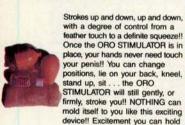
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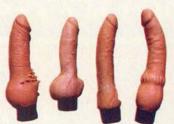


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CUM CRAZY

SLOPPY SEX

CLAM DIP

CUNT CRAVERS

WET WOMEN

CUMMING COCKS

PUSSY PLENTY

ALL OF IT FILL ME UP GO FOR IT ANAL ANGEL SHOOT IT ALL RUMP REAM RAUNCHY SLUTS BLONDE LEZ'S GO FOR IT PUSH IT HARD LIP LICKERS SHAVED SLITS GROUP ASSING HOTTER RODS **GROUP JERK CUM SHOOTING** FEEL IT HOT GUSHERS PINK HOLE LUST NAKED PUSSY NAKED PUSSY HAIRY HOLES CLIT SUCKING PLAYTHINGS SNATCH SNACK HARD & HAIRY BEAVER POKE PANTY RAID

SHAVED & SEXY HARD SCREWING COCK RIDERS **FOURSOMES** GUSHING IT WET PANTIES DEEPER YET FUCK BATH PUSSY GROPE SHAVED SLUTS DOWN MY POLE WATCH IT CUM STROKE ME PUSSY EATING HAIRY TWATS DOING IT

FACE SQUATS

PANTY CHEW CLIMAXING

HOT HOLES
WET SHOTS
BLACK BALLED
HARD & HORNY
ORAL SUCK OFF
COCK THROB
HEAVY LOADS

BLACK BALLS SUCK SLUTS

HUGE TITS HOTEL HOOKER

USUPER SUCKER

ASS LICK

DILDO DIPPING

SEX SHOVE

ANAL ORGASMS

HOT LOADS

SEX POTS

BELLY BUMPING

CLIT CHEWING

BLACK ANAL

UP HER ASS

CUM ALL OVER IT

PUMPING LOVE

YES LOAN

HAIRY AND HORNY

GROUP STROKE

HOT SHOWER

HOT SHOWER

LIQUID LOVE

ASS HEATERS LIQUID LOVE
ASS HEATERS
HOT TWATS
SUCKING SISTERS
SMOOTH PUSSY
ANAL MAIDS
BOYS TOYS
PLEASURE PARTY
ACCESSED LOVE ACTS OF LOVE LET IT LEAK LONG TOYS LAPPING LEZ'S DRINK IT MAKE HIM CUM TWAT TRAP
SUCKING PUSSY
ALL THE WAY IN
ANAL HOLES
BIG JUGS
SNATCH & JERK □ BIG JUGS
□ SNATCH & JERK
□ PULL OFF
□ COCK CRACK
□ HAND JOB
□ POKING PRICKS
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□ STAINED SHEETS
□ WILD AND WETTER
□ DRIPPING LEZ'S
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□ ALL NIGHT LONG
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□ PUSSY PISHER
□ BIG JUGS
□ PUSSY PISHER
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□ PUSSY PISHER
□ BIG JUGS
□ RUMP FUCK
□ BIG JUGS
□ RUMP FUCK
□ BIG BLACK STUDS
□ RUMP FUCK
□ BIBLE LUSTING
□ ANAL TOYS
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□ SOURCE
□ SOURCE SNATCH & JERK
1-PULL OFF
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PUBIC POKING
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LOVERS BALLS O LEZ LICKING LUST
OLOVERS BALLS
OGIVE'M A LOAD
HERE IT CUMS
TOO MUCH JIZZ
WET SHOWERS
PORNO POKING
PORNO POKING
DEEP STROKERS
TAKE IT ALL
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SWAYING TITS
SHAVE MY PUSSY
ALL BY HIMSELF
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PHOTO SHOOT
NASTY NYMPHS



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PASSIONATE PLUG DOUBLE DICKIN'

HAREM GIRLS RED GARTERS

FACE SITTING EAT MY TWAT FEELING HEAT

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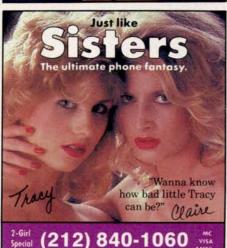


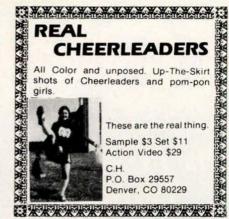






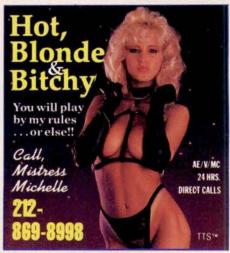






















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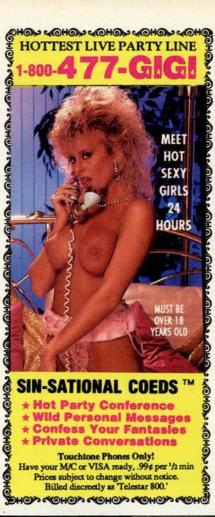
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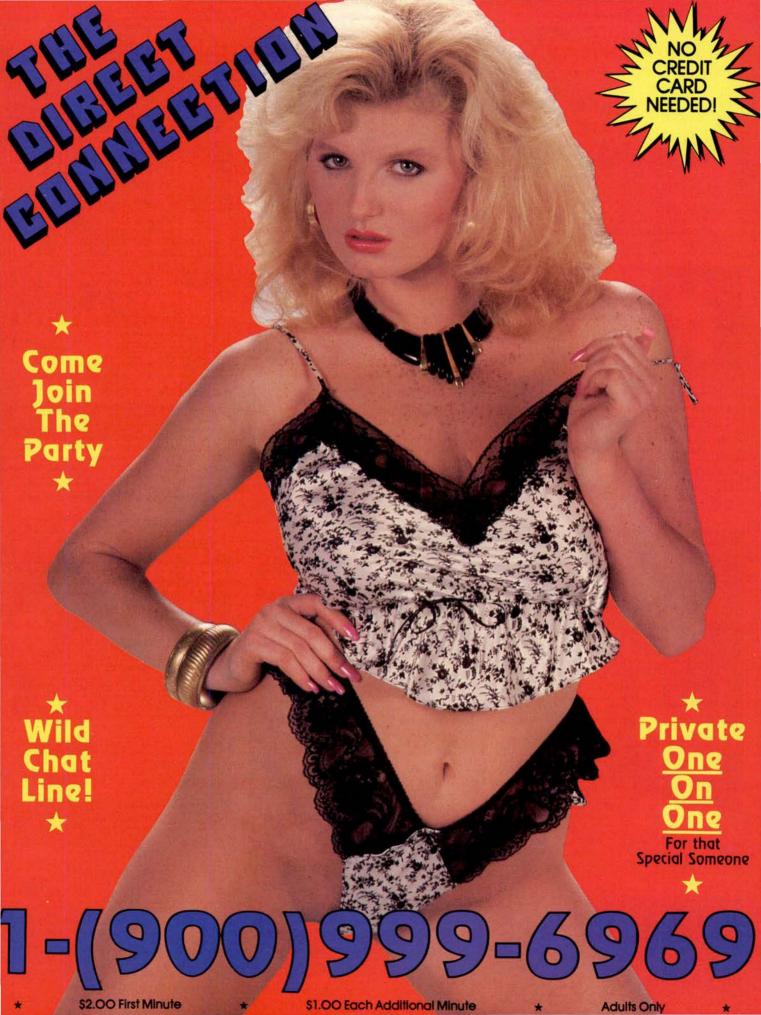








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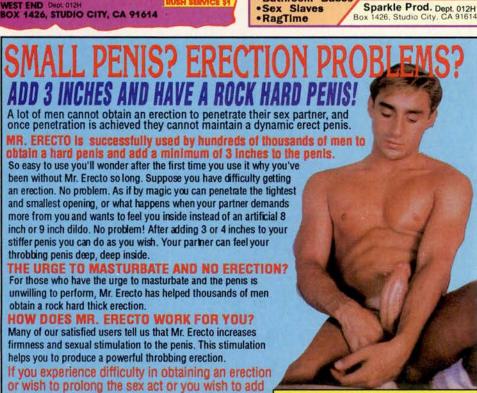
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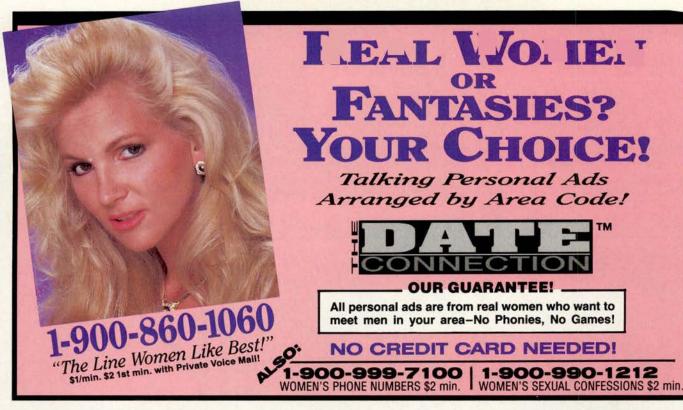
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NEXT MONTH IN

HUSTLER

January HUSTLER on sale November 20, 1990



Stellar rods of pulsating energy light up the winter sky in January as HUSTLER presents its first girls of the new year. A tinywaisted, sea-faring brunette helps the Navy tool its Nautilus; two long-limbed coeds discover the wet side of female companionship in a revealing game of spin the bottle; a bejeweled blonde flashes her gash in the sexiest pair of ripped cut-offs ever seen in America; and legendary Stephanie Rage encounters a pussy-hunting UFO in an eye-popping photo spectacular. HUSTLER in January is a light to bone up by. Stay up for it.



HUSTLER Executive Editor Allan MacDonell enters San Quentin's maximum-security block to talk with down man Jerry F. Stanley about life on Death Row. Row Town Lowdown gives a firsthand look at one con's second thoughts about murder, family, the Oakland Raiders and the final ticket out. Sit with this one. It's as heavy as it gets.

X OFFENDERS

Right-wing vigilante squads have adopted such arm-bending, coercion techniques as extortion and racketeering for a full-scale attack on the legitimate sales of adults-only videos and magazines. Writer Larry Wichman details the illegal intimidation tactics of the moral Mafia in *Righteous Wrongs*, a troubling view from the front ranks of embattled civil liberties.

BATTERIES NOT INCLUDED

Ever heard of the Love Ewe—the inflatable party sheep? How about a barbell for the vagina, or rubber Smother Briefs? Pornaholic Annie Sprinkle stops fucking for a moment to compile a shopping list of sex toys hot enough to make Santa want to stay in the chimney. Toys "R" Fucks comes with a goosmear warranty—the Sprinkle seal of approval.

BETTER THAN EVER

January's Sex Play turns the screws on age-of-consent laws in "Chick or Chicken," a daring what-if? by Paul Desmond; Beaver Hunt rolls out the pink carpet for some new next-door neighbors; Hot Letters makes the mailman drop his load; and Bits & Pieces proves that funny bones get bigger with exercise. All in HUSTLER in January. Welcome, 1991!











