



HUSTLER

volume 18 number 3

september

- Jokes for Jag-Offs

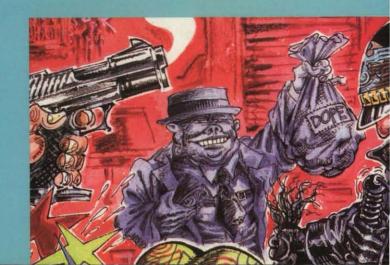
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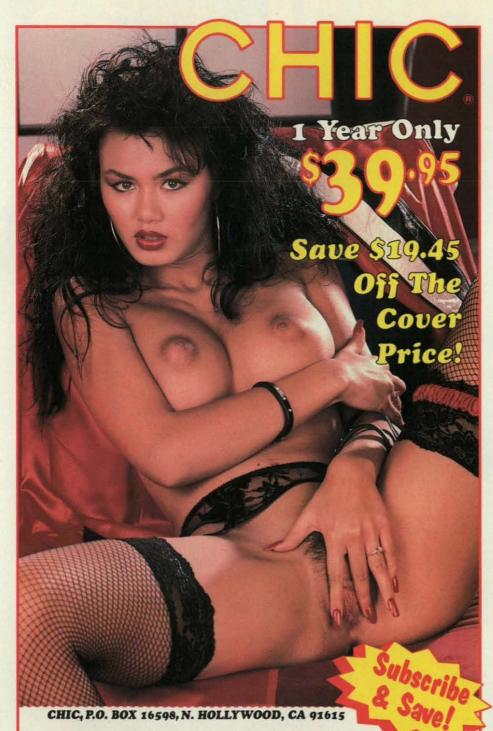


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HUSTLER SEPTEMBER 1991 VOLUME 19 NUMBER 3
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Cover photo by Clive McLean



MONTH ASSHOLE

Power has its privileges. Some exalted personages, such as the President of the United States of America, are too high and mighty to shit directly upon the rest of us. That's why George Bush has J. Danforth Quayle as Vice President. Dan Quayle is George Bush's asshole, the one the President uses when he wishes to shit in public. But more than that, Dan Quayle is also HUSTLER's Asshole of the Month for September of 1991

Troop morale in the Persian Gulf never dipped lower than when "Danny Boy" was flown in for a photo-op tour of the crisis area. Citizen morale on the home front never dipped lower than when the veep made it back to the U.S. safely.

Dan Quayle, how do we deplore thee? Let us count the ways.

Is it the prep-school mama's-boy arrogance that allows him to see himself as in some way comparable to John F. Kennedy? Is it the perversion of libido that leads his wife (a woman with the sex appeal, spontaneity and facial features of a cigar-store Indian) to assert he'd rather play golf than get his dick wet? Is it the chicken-bully instinct that drives him to shrill hawkishness despite having taken a softer, easier way out of military service in Vietnam? Is it the shallow intellectual capacity? The academic career distinguished more for charges of incompetence and family influence than for scholastic achievement? Is it the groomed-eunuch look and preening mannerisms of a coddled son of the ruling class?

J. Danforth Quayle

For all this, and more, we do thee deplore, J. Danforth Quayle.

Quayle is one of the most pampered, deodorized Assholes in recent memory. A legion of highly paid handlers prompts and cossets the Number Two man through his every public moment, and no doubt many private ones as well. Still, the V.P. stinks like hyena sphincters clamped on the putrified, undigestible remains of a large, rotted rat. Sure, it's rancid now, but the stench will be poisonously worse if the butthole ever lets go.

Many political observers were baffled by George Bush's choice of the illequipped Mr. Quayle as a running mate, but the pick was an indication of Bush's shrewd instincts for survival.

Like any head of state, Bush must confront the possibility of attempts upon his life. A Chief Executive can't be too careful, and Dan Quayle's imminent succession to the most powerful job on earth is part of an elaborate precaution against Bush's assassination. Certainly, the specter of a President Quayle has America's allies and enemies alike quivering with concern, to the point where otherwise antagonistic nations will band together to assure Bush's continued vitality.

A wild-card possibility exists that some whacko might take out Bush to impress a remote lesbian movie starlet, but even the most deluded sensibility would sober at the prospect of J. Danforth taking over the top slot. Furthermore, the elite Secret Service guards charged with preserving President Bush are more motivated than at any other time in American history. Any one of them would rather sacrifice his own life in the line of duty than to survive and work for Dan Quayle.

Bush uses Quayle as a shield for more than bullets. Quayle is like a protective sponge, a sop who soaks up any free-floating criticism that might otherwise attach to the President. Who's to notice Bush's appallingly empty rhetoric when airhead Danny (whose cranial capacity uniquely qualifies him for his post as head of the National Space Council) routinely lets his tongue roam free of any cerebral restraints? Why question matters of complex national policy when it's so much simpler to point the finger at Quayle's golf junkets and hoot derisively that his 18 holes cost taxpayers more than \$20,000? Why should the Arsenio Halls of mass-media commentary direct their barbed gibes at the puppet master behind the strings when J. Danforth Quayle is an easy clown in the center ring?

Dan Quayle has been funny long enough. He is now dangerous. Though the voters thoroughly dislike him, and his GOP cronies and handlers concede he has as much chance of winning a national election as he has of tying his own shoes, Quayle is only one severe arrhythmia away from a position of national catastrophy. George Bush's heart isn't what it could be; consequently, his spare set of sphincters is an Asshole we can all fear.

Harry Reems: Reems's characteristic dog-shitting-glass grimaces during orgasm have not been missed since his departure from the porn world, but he's back in the public face. What's worse than Reems being yet another reformed celebrity boozehound doper? A bornagain porn star clutching a Rible in

again porn star, clutching a Bible in People Magazine, fully clothed, but ex-posed as an Asshole nonetheless.

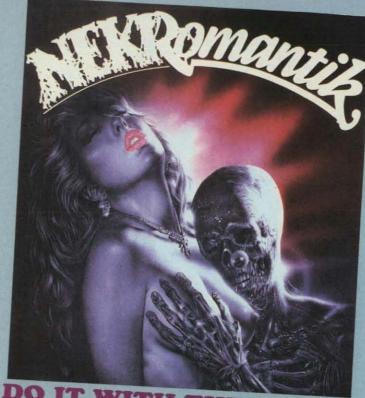
FARTS IN THE WIND

Steve Acquairesca: Colorado State Representative Acquairesca introduced a bill that would permit food producers to sue consumer groups who speak out about health hazards of such products as apples, beef or grapes. In Acquafresca's mind, the First Amendment guarantees free speech, but not when critical of carrots. He may be

part vegetable, but Acquafresca's got an Asshole anyway.
Dicarlo Peel: A convicted rapist/robber, Peel is now bringing suit against his victim, a 26-year-old hospice volunteer, claiming the woman infected him with the AIDS virus when she bit him trying to defend herself from his attack. Peel's disease fits his crime but he deserves an ease fits his crime, but he deserves an Asshole as well.







The disenfranchised youth of Deutschland find inventive uses for the not-so-recently deceased. This weird movie is love story. To see this video nasty, Nekromantic is available (Add §3 for shipping) from: Film Threat Video, P.O. Box 3170, Los Angeles, CA 90078.

CONDOM SUBSTITUTES PORT





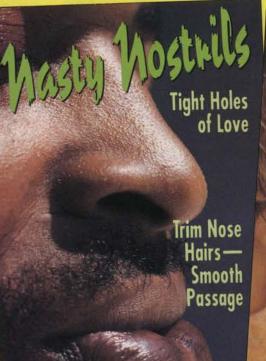
Sometimes you've got to work it in. We'll pay \$150 for any photo we use, Send your dassic smut to "Porn From the Past," HUSTLER Magazine, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. Enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want to have your material returned. For this month \$150 goes to William Long.

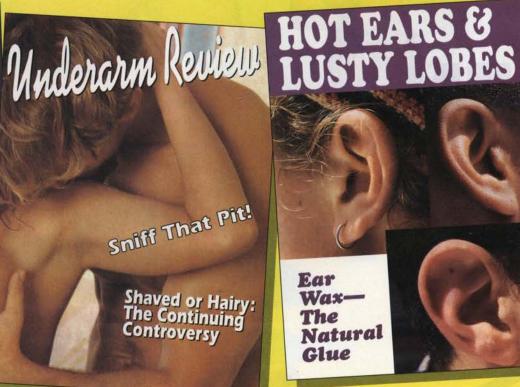


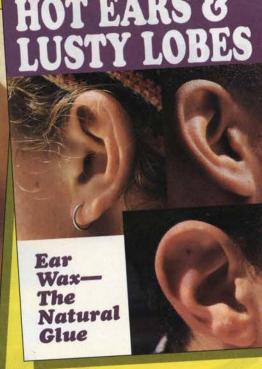


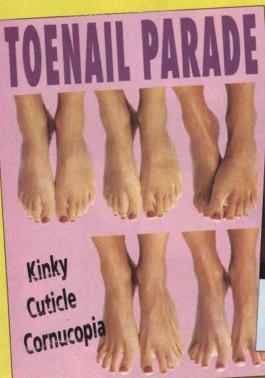
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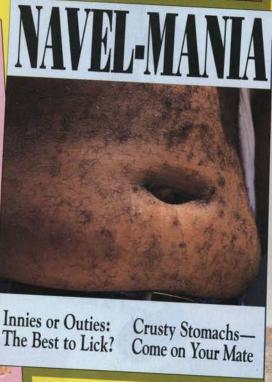
HUSTLER publishes many other magazines besides our proud flagship. Here are a few that didn't sell too well at the newsstand.

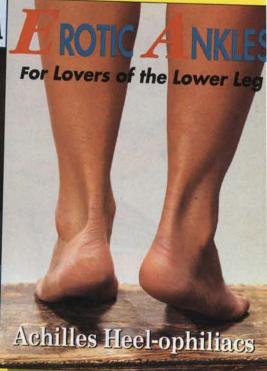












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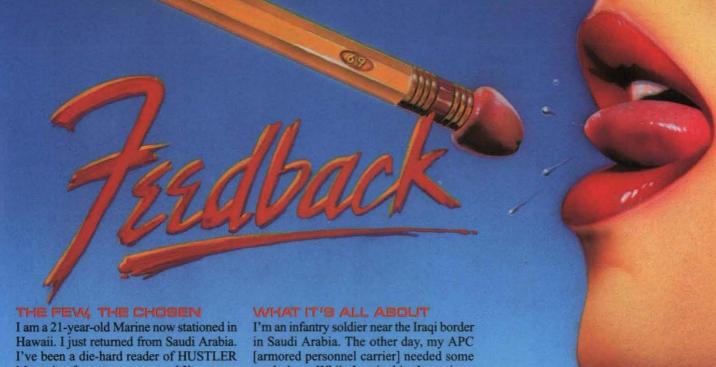
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Magazine for many years, and I've never been so outraged in all my life. I'm talking about "Pass the Soap," the letter from the chicken-shit deserter ragging on the Desert Storm patrol (Feedback, June '91). HUSTLER kept me and my buddies company on many lonely nights, and kept us motivated up until the June issue, where we found some liberal coward with the balls to ask the ladies to write to him instead of the U.S. troops. This is a kick in the nuts to all the men who have served and are serving this great nation. This so-called unrecognized hero is being let off easy by being allowed to live. He and all the gutless, chicken-shit, conscientious-objector sons of whores should be tortured and slowly killed, but only after they witness the death of family and friends who follow their spineless trail. There is no honor in claiming that you're a gutless pussy! Each and every military deserter signed a contract knowing what they were getting into. I'm sure some pussy liberal will spout off over this. All I can say to them and their kind is fuck you! I wish they were the few who didn't return! —S. F. S.

Kaneohe Bay, Hawaii

NO DINNER, NO MOVIE

I just read Feedback in the July 1991 HUSTLER, and I'd like to tell B Co. 3/7 Infantry to shut their fucking punk-ass mouths ("Rick's a Dick," Feedback, July '91). All you faggot-ass punks in uniform suck dick! I'm doing time in state prison for blowing a punk away. The only good thing about you Operation Desert Storm punks is your cute, little asses. I'd like to fuck all you queers!

—Two-Shot Peckerwood Vacaville, California work done. While I waited in the maintenance area, a friend pulled up in his APC. I headed over to shoot the bull. As I passed his back door, I noticed one of his crew members reading an adult publication. I proceeded to check it out. I asked the trooper, "What'cha got?" He replied, "Nothing but the finest." I figured he had a Playboy or a Penthouse, but as I closed in on him, he swung the front cover into sight. To my heart's delight, it was a brandspankin'-new January 1991 HUSTLER Magazine. I did not have time to go cover to cover, but Beaver Hunt, I must say, sticks in my mind as a definite highlight. -Skinny Kenny Keep it up, guys!



Naomi: Cuban Slide

SCHOOL FOOL

I am a great fan of your top-quality publication. I needed to write a personal business letter to a company for an assignment in my English class, and I couldn't think of a better opportunity to express my feelings about your literature. I think it is the best product of its kind, and I would like to express my gratitude for your devotion to excellence. Great job! Keep up the fantastic work.

I would also like to inquire about any complimentary items you may have available to persons much like myself. Do you have any type of souvenir you could send me for proof of completing my assignment? Anything would do—a hat, T-shirt, key chain, etc. Anything at all, if it wouldn't be too much trouble. Well, once again, thank you for your great work and taking time for reading my letter. Thanks!

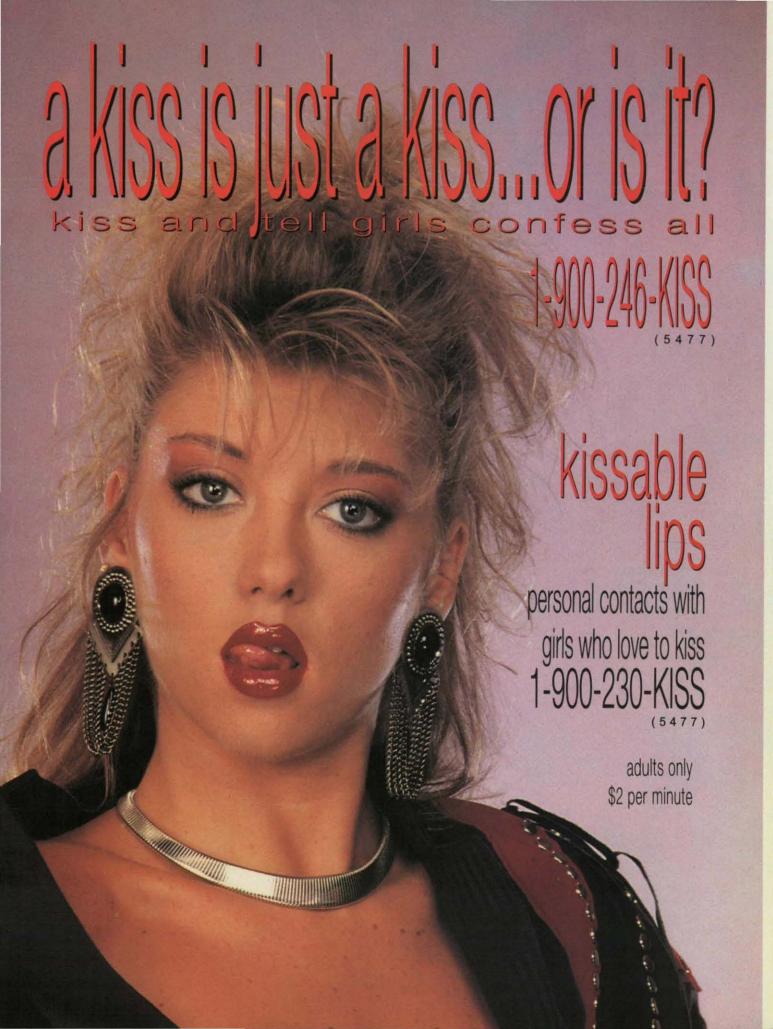
— W. P. H. Latrobe, Pennsylvania

You deserve an A for sucking up to us, but a C for execution, because your writing

just doesn't have that certain zing that ensures we mail out a shitload of free stuff. HUSTLER gives it a B. Good enough to be published in Feedback!

DREAM ON

I want to be in your magazine. I've read HUSTLER for six years now. You have the best magazine in the country. I was looking at your October 1990 issue the



other day. There was Kelly and Marina in No Man's Land—the best pair of women I have ever seen in my life. I've never had sex with a woman. I guess you can say I'm a virgin. I do not know what kind of pleasure a woman can give me. I am not a homosexual! I get out of prison soon. I've had many fantasies looking at HUSTLER for the past six years. Give me a shot. HUSTLER forever!—J. A. E.

Indianapolis, Indiana

DREAM ON, THE SEQUEL

I'm an avid fan of HUSTLER Magazine. It's the best. I'd like to know how I could meet some of the porno ladies that I like to watch. I worship their lovely bodies, pretty faces and foxy bodies. I'd love to make a video with some of today's stars. Could you give me a connection?

—T. T. G.

Peekskill, New York

KUDOS MATTI KLATT

Thank you for your pictorial of Naomi in your June 1991 issue (Naomi: Cuban Slide, June 1991)! All the ladies in HUSTLER are sexy, but Naomi has got to be the hottest woman around. HUSTLER's photographer really captured her true beauty. In my opinion, Naomi is the most perfect woman on the face of the planet. Thanks for bringing her to my attention!

—C. A.

Dallas, Texas

HARD TIME

What's up? I just wanted to let you know you guys are my favorite adult mag. But you're hard on us poor white boys in jail! It seems you make us the joke every time. Your cartoons always got the white-boy cellies takin' the dick. Case in point: the John Billette cartoon on page 67 of the March 1991 HUSTLER, which shows a white inmate talking to his wife while riding a big, black dude. He's saying, "It's not so bad, honey. I've made a few friends." I admit, I only read your mag for one reason: the jokes. Ha, ha. So keep up the good work! -W. J. M. Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Me and two friends of mine are sitting here going through another issue of HUSTLER Magazine. We always seem to find a lot of jokes about inmates. All three of us are doing time here in Kentucky. We think it's fucked-up that HUSTLER keeps cracking on inmates. Especially considering that the inmates here buy every copy every month! Please don't get us wrong. HUSTLER kicks fuckin' ass! Just slack up on the inmate jokes, will ya? P. S. We want more asshole shots!

—R. C. C. La Grange, Kentucky

NO IMAGINATION

I just picked up your June issue and got pretty sick when I read the article on self-imposed castration ("Self-Castration: A Cut Below," Sex Play, June '91). I can't imagine how any man could be so desperate to be like a woman that he'd chop off his hardware!

—D. J.

Dallas, Texas

Read on, D. J. There's a major guilt trip on the way!

IMAGINATION TO BURN

Until today, I had never given much thought to pornography or HUSTLER Magazine. Today I attended a lecture on pornography that enlightened me to the sick, racist, sexist and despicable propaganda that circulates among white men in our society. I am writing to you because HUSTLER is insulting to all women and members of the black race. I saw one of your so-called cartoons. It made me as ill as your photos. How can you ridicule blacks the way you do? You have no morals whatsoever. Only taste for money.

I am a white woman who finds your publication (and all who are associated with it) to be atrocious. The whole thing is characteristic of nazism, i.e., that white males are superior.

Pornography is a crime. I hope you do not carry your titles at HUSTLER with pride. Educate yourself. Give it up.

With hate,
—Boston resident
Boston, Massachusetts

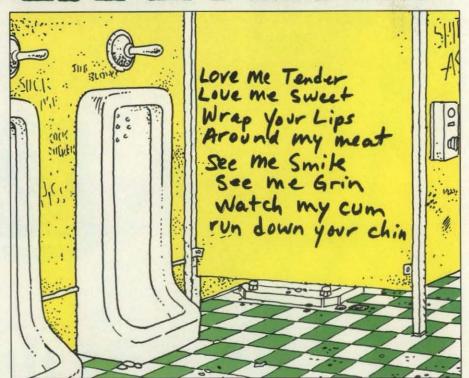
Aw, Mom—I hate it when you write the office!

GEE WHIZ!

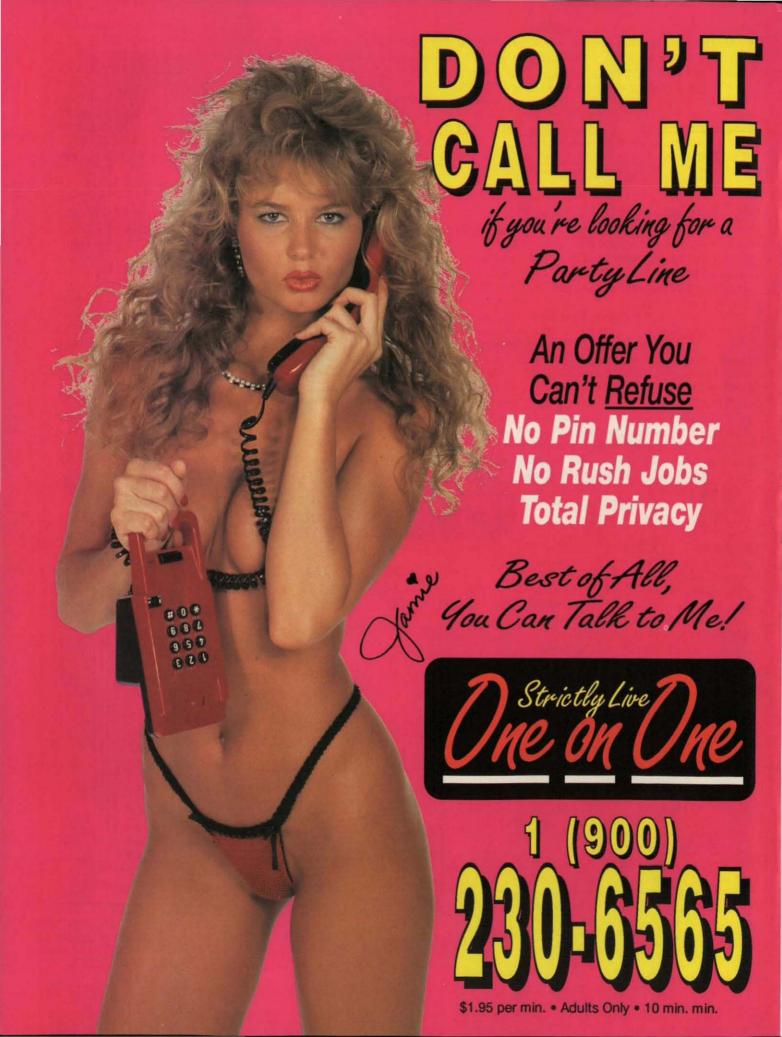
HUSTLER Magazine is morally illiterate. Its purpose is to show naked women. I admire that in a magazine. I like your publication, especially the cartoons. I figure it's the people who can't laugh at the world who do the most damage. Most of the people who work for HUSTLER must be really sick. Tell them all I said thanks. P. S. Please show more really hairy assholes. —R. R. Fairbanks, Alaska

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.

GRAFFILTHY



Thanks and \$50 to Steve Rohwedder





WEDDING BALL

I'm a hot-blooded, 27-year-old brunette who loves to party, and no one was more surprised than I was when I fell in love with a Fundamentalist Christian almost twice my age. Let me tell you, true love can spring from the most unlikely places. After four months of the most respectable dating imaginable, we got engaged, and I resolved to live my married life by his rigid rules of Christian propriety. I also resolved to make damn sure I had the time of my life first.

We scheduled our wedding at a sleepy Southern Baptist retreat in his parents' hometown, Mobile, Alabama. The Sleepy Bear Motel was jammed with sharptongued frumps and tight-assed morticians—his relatives. Since I don't have any family to speak of, I was a lone sheep in this den of stuffed wolves. Lucky for me, I had convinced my college friend Louise to suffer through the ceremony as my maid of honor. She and I had shared some of the wildest times on record at the University of Alabama, and she promised to help me make my last night as a bachelorette a time I'd never forget.

The night before the wedding, we snuck out to a male burlesque show—the kind of place where hairless hunks of muscle shake and shimmy in the hope that some used piece of kitchen trash will stuff a dollar into the depths of their lifeless G-strings. Half a dozen margaritas later, I was drunk enough to stop bullshitting. It was the night before my wedding. I wanted to get royally fucked.

Louise and I took off for a pickup joint, where our liquor-fueled, filthy-mouthed conversation attracted a group of upwardly mobile, lowlife admirers. Four clean-cut guys in expensive suits, dropping their hands in our laps and "accidentally" brushing their crotches against our skirts—just your basic bar scum. Exactly what I was looking for

Two more margaritas, and I was over the line. Whether from the excitement of the wedding or I don't know what, I felt drunker than I'd ever been in my life—completely out of control. I popped a tit out

of my dress on purpose. The company immediately pressed closer, and I started grabbing dick wherever I could. Whenever my fumbling fingers found a zipper, I yanked it down. Boners were sprouting like a garden in spring. "Fuck me!" I nearly screamed. "Here, now, please!"

Before I knew it, I was stuffed into a brand-new Mercedes. I remember smelling the fresh leather before burrowing my hungry face into scratchy pubes and stiff cock. Probing fingers rudely explored my sweaty cunt and asshole, slipping my underwear past



my red-leather pumps. My \$20 satin panties are probably still under the seat of that car!

The driver pulled up to an apartment building. He must have, because the next thing I knew, I was on my knees in an elevator blowing a different guy, with three other hard rods poking at my face. Before he could paint my face with the hot spunk I yearned for, I was carried like a sack of potatoes into a tastefully decorated, contemporary apartment unit, complete with wet bar and dry martinis. Gin on top of tequila turned my brain inside out. I surrendered completely to sexual desire. I was nothing but a raging pussy at one end, a burning, itching asshole on the other.

I was so sloshed, I couldn't speak. I

didn't have to. These animals knew exactly what I wanted. Things were on the right track when I felt a cock up my cunt, a cock up my ass, a cock in my mouth and a cock in my hand. Things got better when I found myself on the kitchen floor, when a cold glob of red hit my nipples, and they shot into the air, stiffer and harder than I'd ever seen them. A drop of this goo splashed on my mouth. I stuck out my tongue to catch it, no matter what it was. Ketchup. With perverted eagerness, these fucking degenerates smeared it across my tits, soaking my underarms into slippery, smelly pits.

I felt like a filthy pig, and I loved it. I dragged my ketchup-wet ass across that fucking linoleum, four hot cocks in tow. Suddenly I heard laughter—low and dirty. I opened my eyes and saw that the wiener just coming into my cunt was the real thing-100% kosher beef. These pricks were stuffing me with hotdogs for a sick thrill! In two seconds flat, the dog disappeared inside my pussy. This made me feel like the lowest form of human scum-and the erotic charge was too much for my pussy to take. I threw my head back and screamed as my cunt went into the most penetrating series of orgasmic contractions I had ever experienced. "Give it to us!" yelled one of the pigs. I sat up and opened my mouth, expecting a welcome throatful of spooge, and what did I see? One of the assholes holding an open hotdog bun an inch away from my throbbing snatch!

"Give it to us, babe!" The dorks were stroking their purple rods, breathlessly riding the line between control and immediate discharge. I gave my pussy a squeeze. The hotdog shot out of my cunt like a torpedo, landing smack in the middle of the waiting bun. Someone scooped enough ketchup from my tits to moisten the bread, which was then unceremoniously shoved in my face. "Eat it! Eat it!" chanted the slobs. Still quivering with lingering ecstasy, I ate the gamey dog. As I swallowed the last bite, I felt the first scalding drop of what turned into a torrent of cum, as the four dudes shot their heavy loads all over my naked body. I

(continued on page 29)

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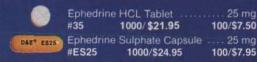




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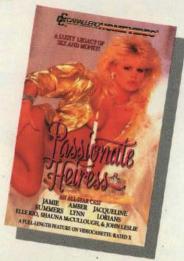
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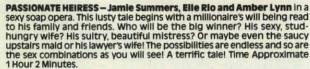
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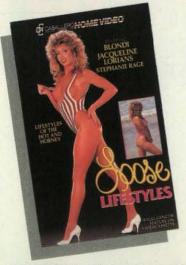


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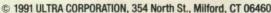
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SNATCHED TO THE FUTURE

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Bruce Seven; starring Sandra Scream, Angela Summers, Victoria Paris, Jamie Leigh, Erica Boyer and April Rayne. Videocassette: Elegant Angel.

The films of Bruce Seven aren't for everyone. A man who has just had a double-hernia operation, for instance, will be in danger of popping his stitches if *Snatched to the Future* happens to play on the hospital monitor. Of course, if the patient is a hard-core devotee of butt-boring, pussy-slurping, bush-bumping lesbo tag-ream action, the rapturous release will be worth the inconvenience of re-rupture. *Snatched* mixes the vintage juices of sin-screen veterans Erica Boyer and Victoria Paris with the fresh-squeezed nectar of three nookie nubiles in a frothy brew of blended muffs that's all the future anyone needs.

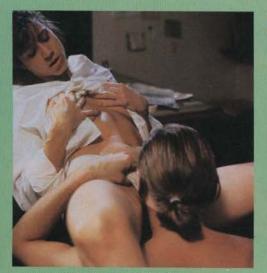
— Christian Shapiro

Plenty of pussy-slurping, bush-bumping lesbo tag-ream action.





A frothy brew of blended muffs that's all the future anyone needs.



Wallice face-deep in Wilde's Tool.



Debutantes: Four nasty blondes and cum-swallowing serve the viewer well.

MORE DIRTY DEBUTANTES

Half Erect. Directed by Jamie Gillis and Ed Powers; starring Racquel Darrian, Derrick Lane, Lance Heywood, Randy West, K. C. Williams, Sheri Stone, Tanya Honey, Yolanda Knight, Staci Lee and Keri Kelly. Videocassette: 4-Play.

This is not the greatest in the Dirty Deb series. Debutantes 4 featured more enthusiasm, but nine sex scenes, four nasty blondes, plus Racquel, six creamed-upon countenances and some cum-swallowing serve the viewer well. However, a Randy West striptease that straight men will find repugnant, atrocious editing and camerawork, a desperate need for a soundtrack, and a generally slow, dispassionate pace spoil the coming out of these Debutantes.

— Woody Hood

TOOLS OF THE TRADE

Half Erect. Directed by Kenji; starring Kym Wilde, Ray Victory, Fallon, Krisstarah Knight, Renee Summers, Randy West and Marc Wallice. Videocassette: Western Visuals.

Though its title might lead the prognosticating pud-puller to anticipate a video sexual experience replete with a gamut of handy sex toys, *Tools* actually relies upon exploration of forbidden and funky bodily orifices for whatever crotch power it does pack. Kym Wilde, a trim brunet quim who has the look of a stuffy slut who thinks she's too good for the porn pile—except that Marc Wallice's curved schweenie slices into her WASP face—opens her poop-exit for the entry of Wallice's condom-sheathed schlong. Krisstarah Knight snakes a tube steak up her turd tunnel the old-fashioned way—with a little lube and no rubber, which are the only tools needed in her particular trade.

— C. S.

~

BUNS AND ROSES

Half Erect. Directed by Milton Ingley; starring Erica Boyer, Nina Hartley, Melanie Rose, Leanna Foxxx, Biff Malibu, Sean Michaels and Austin Moore. Videocassette: Las Vegas Video.

In romance, it's best to say things with flowers, but a good poke in the ass gets the message across just as well. Of course, Erica Boyer loves 'em both, as she proves in the opening scene with Austin Moore. The two take turns slamming each other's sphincters, with Boyer wielding a mean strap-on dildo. On the lezzie side, Boyer and Leanna Foxxx nearly swap fisties, as each plunges multiple digits deep into the other's honeypit in a simmering slit slurp, while the closing cooze cuddle finds Boyer giving some serious tongue to Nina Hartley's asshole. Technically, the tape is as cheap as they come, but enough of these *Roses* makes for a decent back-door bouquet. ——Sam Lowry

NIGHTCAP

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by C. C. Goode; starring Barbara Woods, Jerry Butler, Stella Blue, Don Fernando, Jennifer Gold and T. T. Boy. Videocassette: Executive Video.

Ever been in a bar near closing time and seen two soused broads leaning over each other with leering grins as they recount their miserable sexual pasts? If not, check out *Nightcap*. Barbara Woods and Stella Blue are the gals in question, slugging down cocktails as they trip down memory lane. Considering the quality of these recollections, Woods and Blue would be better off with Alzheimer's. This *Nightcap* is enough to make Alcoholics Anonymous look good.

——Buster Slade

~

CROSSING OVER

Half Erect. Directed by Henri Pachard; starring Moanna Pozzi, Jon Dough, Jeanna Fine, Zara Whites, Ava Orlouskyu, Joey Silvera, Rick Savage, Sharon Kane, Rocco Siffredi, Troy Richards, Chaz Vincent and Dizzy Blonde. Videocassette: Intropics.

Crossing Over makes a leap into the realm of drag queens, cocksucking beach boys and a libidinal oddity who has big, female tits and a dick, but for director Henri Pachard and his longtime screenwriting partner Raven Touchstone, Crossing doesn't stray from a rut of unimaginative plot tedium that advances through dialogue that moves with the urgent pace of a hobbled slug. A full-insertion Jeanna Fine face-fuck, a glob of stinging cum plopped down directly in a squinting blonde's eye, female tongue flickering between clit and toilet seat, the hungry lips and delicious tits of Zara Whites, all attempt to salvage Over from its excesses of drab blab, but without crossing over.

—C. S.



Crossing: Too much drab blab.



Half Erect. Directed by S. V. Hanna; starring Lois Ayres, Paula Price, Eric Price, Sean Michaels, Marc Wallice, Domonique Simone, Patricia Kennedy and Talia James. Videocassette: Western Visuals.

Bad Habits are the only kind of habits that a porn film can really be about. Good habits, such as chewing each mouthful of cum 28 times before swallowing, flassing the teeth after every orgasm or tallying the checking-account balance prior to each new phone-sex transaction, are just not video-genic. Habits such as spilling wad on dirty girls, talking with a mouth full of dick, scratching libidinal itches in public and on tape, moaning loudly and rudely and sniffing out the orifices of practical strangers are a pleasure to the eye. Bad Habits is good enough.

— C. S.

•

CANDY STRIPERS 4

Half Erect. Directed by Stuart Canterbury; starring Tracey Adams, Rachel Ryan, Lee Carroll, Tonisha Mills, Sabrina Dawn, Cameo, Biff Malibu, Cal Jammer, Eric Price and Eric Monti. Videocassette: Arrow.

A hospital as the setting for carnal capers has been done to death, but the sight of Cameo, then Eric Price, licking the stripes right off sweet Tonisha Mills is worth checking in for. Watching Biff Malibu drill the daylights out of Sabrina Dawn, who deep-throats him, humps his face and grinds her box on his bone, her booty flexing to a primal rhythm, ain't a bad way to start a new day either. But before those two shots of sugar can effect a cure, the viewer must endure too much ridiculous dialogue, cheapo Muzak and lifeless photography and editing. This hospital visit is only halfway healing.

— W. H.



Half Erect. Directed by Patti Rhodes and F. J. Lincoln; starring Zara Whites, Marc Wallice, Sandra Scream, Miss Pomodoro, Bridgette Monroe, Woody Long, Tom Byron and Tony Montana. Videocassette: Caballero.

Model Wife might just as easily have been titled Homo Husband, but then none of us would have gone out and rented it. Marc Wallice acts like a fag who weds comely brunette Zara Whites in a marriage of green-card convenience, then discovers that he wants to dick chicks after all. Thankfully, Wallice's pud-huffing past is not shown. Seen instead are a pair of delightful, dipsy former teenyboppers hopping onto Wallice's bone; Tom Byron slipping the shaft into a hair-hedged honey hole; aptly named Woody Long taking a stand-up blowjob and dick-to-tit massage; and Whites turning pink bones purple for Tony Montana first and Wallice last. Wife has no grounds for divorce, but then no reason to marry it again either.



NO STRINGS ATTACHED

Totally Limp. Directed by Michael Carlisto; starring Sabrina Dawn, Sasha Gabor, Carol Cummings, Kim Alexis, Susan Vegas, Steve Vegas and Tony Montana. Videocassette: Erotic Images.

If there were any rating below Totally Limp, this fecal fuck vid would most certainly deserve it. This thing is so incompetent in every detail that it boggles the mind, while chilling the meat. The sex scenes are so poorly shot and so listlessly performed that the background music (some nice, classical selections) is more exciting than watching Kim Alexis fuck while comatose, or Steve Vegas taking a double-donged dildo up his ass. These Strings play a horrible tune.

—Sam Lowry



Dirtiest: Why didn't they just can this shit?

DIRTIEST HOME VIDEOS 3

Totally Limp. Directed by Wolfgang Mahler; starring an all Thai cast. Videocassette: Parliament Video.

Fools who rent this stinker find themselves asking these questions: Why does the director bark orders throughout the tape? Why didn't the editor cut out the many frames flawed by the constant intrusion of crew members? Why didn't they use competent camera operators and light men? Why didn't the cast try to be sexy? Why didn't they just can this shit instead of showering it on us?

— W. H.



Bad Habits are the only kind to have.



Wife: No reason to marry it again.

FORBIDDEN GAMES

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Jack Stephen; starring Danielle Rogers, Kelly Royce, Ashley Dunn, Randy West and Joey Silvera. Videocassette: Cinderella.

The quotient of screeze-spray potential in Forbidden Games is sunk by two S words: stupidity and scarcity. The set-up (Joey Silvera being held captive in an in-home jail by three bimbos and Randy West) and the story's final resolution (Kelly Royce dreamed the whole thing) are lame. At least two-thirds of the trio of slits is poke-worthy, and the carnerawork is good—if less than inspired—but how much good camerawork can be included in a flick that only has five performers? Not enough. Royce's yawning legs and pursed-lipped snatch are picture perfect, as is the rod-enhancing and cum-enhanced face of eager mug Danielle Rogers, but Games needs more scenes of more sin sirens in more sleaze.

— C. S.

Even on the Phone, Viper is a scary fuck.



Girlfriends needs more Tori.

DEEP INSIDE CHARLI

Half Erect. Directed by Jack Stephen; starring Charli, Tom Byron, Randy West, Cal Jammer, Cameo, Jeff Golden and Jon Dough. Videocassette: Cinderella.

Charli is a cute, prick-pleasing, ball-sucking piece of female flesh whose conjugal comings and goings are chronicled by consummate camerawork and aided by a simple story that doesn't waste time embarrassing the actors with excessive dialogue. Charli is the star, and she's worth a stroke or two, but Cameo and Cal Jammer provide the most heat. Shooting a meat-missile payload across the bed, Jammer creams Cameo's chin. After the curn-shot would normally come the kiss and fade-out, but Jammer sticks his prick back in, humps for a while, then pulls out and fucks her mouth. There are worse places to be than inside *Charli*.

— W. H.

PHONE SEX GIRLS 5

Half Erect. Directed by Woody Johnson; starring Misty Regan, Viper, Barbi Dahl, Chaz Vincent, Angela Leah, Dizzy Blonde, Ty Winters and James Lewis. Videocassette: Parliament Video.

Big, South Pacific island girl Angela Leah may be the most voluptuous slut in porn, and Viper may very well be the scariest fuck in the business, but they aren't enough to save *Phone Sex Girls 5* from video oblivion. Viper starts off in a lesbian tryst with Misty Regan, who rams a strap-on dildo into Viper's mouth and twat, and finishes with James Lewis, who delivers a near-invisible cumshot on her belly. Leah begins the video's final scene by licking Ty Winters's love log. Winters eats her pussy while shoving his thumb up her bunghole, and she loves every minute of it. Finally Winters dumps a load of goo on Leah's heaving chest. The rest isn't much more exciting than dialing information. Don't hang up on *Phone Sex Girls 5*—but don't bother calling back either.

-Augie Michaels

GIRLFRIENDS

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Tori Welles; starring Cameo, Bionca, Jamie Leigh, Trixie Tyler, Domonique Simone, Taylor Wane and Missy Warner. Videocassette: Paladin Video.

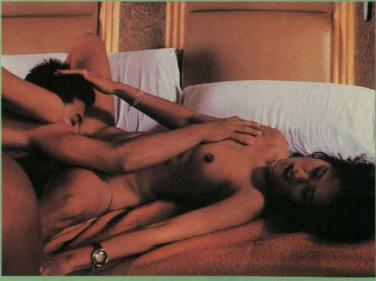
Not a single one of the cunt-munching smut squacks of *Girlfriends* has the buffed-beauty stroke appeal of its director, Tori Welles. Welles slaps her name all over the box, but what she should have done was slap her cunt on some sweet-treat faces and worm her tongue into hot, stinky, pheromone-rich flesh creases. Welles was so valuable as a goop-slurping porn goddess precisely because first-rate porn can only be made with first-rate fuck idols. The second-string vaginas of *Girlfriends* need more from Tori than her direction, writing and production company. They need her sex, and they don't get it.

— C. S.

BANGKOK MASSAGE GIRLS

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Wolfgang Mahler; starring an all Thai cast. Videocassette: Parliament Video.

Director Wolfgang Mahler and his German crew travel halfway around the world to capture onlocation footage of Bangkok, Thailand, then rarely shoot anything outside the hotel room. Six Thai boy/girl scenes parrot their Western porn counterparts to the point of featuring standardsmut pull-out wet-shots. Nothing vaguely Eastern or kinky occurs. The girls are relatively cute the only beauty never gets drilled—but only sexual anthropologists who dig Thai disco music and have a fetish for Oriental pussy in general will be rubbed right by these girls. — W. H.



These girls Massage you the wrong way.

TEFI WEIGEL

Playboy Playmate Does the Bunny Slop



One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Scotty Fox; starring Rayne, Tom Byron, Tiara, Randy West, Krisstarah Knight, Eric Price and Cassandra Dark. Videocassette: Soho Video.

The magic box of the title is not a cunt that grants wishes. It's a prop that supposedly transports people in and out of their clothes. This could have been interesting, but isn't. Neither is the cast, except for Rayne, who makes Eric Price's magic wand perform a number of sensual tricks right before our eyes. Watch as she makes it dance and weave, and then disappear in her juicy mouth and pulsating pussy. Shiver with anticipation as her hands and lips pump up and down the glistening shaft, seemingly willing the hot juices in his balls to erupt. Watch Rayne and then make this tape disappear.

— D. B.

BIG

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Milton Ingley; starring Patricia Kennedy, Raven, Sunny McKay, Madison, Holly Ryder, T. T. Boy and Randy West. Videocassette: Las Vegas Video.

See Raven in a pith helmet sitting at a table on someone's redwood deck. She's writing in a journal. Supposedly, she's a Jane Goodall-type on safari in Africa, and her observations detail the many erotic similarities between the animal world and human sinners. After Raven's insipid rumination on the cheetah, watch T. T. Boy being blown and fucked by Raven in what must be assumed to be a cheetah-like manner. Thus, the rest of the tape concerns Raven stumbling upon one brilliant zoological realization after another: Sunny McKay fucks Don Fernando like a gazelle; Patricia Kennedy laps up Randy West's jizz like a snake: and Holly Ryder hunts down T. T. Boy like a lioness. The bottom line: People are just like animals. Fucking amazing, isn't it?

ike nuns, it's difficult to imagine *Playboy* centerfolds

picture it. Hefner's sweet meats are like statues of feminine Greek deities: We know they are supposed to represent an idealized form of woman, and we feel an overall awed arousal from gazing upon them, but where are the holes? Other than an occasional parted pair of mouth lips, there's nowhere to stick our perplexed rods.

The enigma of the sexless goddess is demystified

in Inferno, an otherwise stark fuck video brightened by flesh ornament Teri Weigel, Playboy's Playmate of the Month for April 1986. Weigel had ambitions "to be a successful model and eventually make it as a screen actress." Turnons included "thinking of different ways to be sexy," and she listed one of her biggest joys as: "To make people happy."

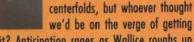
Weigel will certainly be making people happy with her penetrated performance in *Inferno*. A girl who once described *Playboy*

as "art" and Penthouse as "filth," Weigel would seem to have fallen on hard times. Why else would a stunningly stacked brunette abandon her career as a Married...With Children semiregular and B-movie supporting beauty to dive into the scum-pond of porn? Still, Weigel doesn't appear to have been suffering, and it sure doesn't hurt to look at her.

An eye feast of radiant physical perfection,

Weigel's figure and face surpass the abilities of *Inferno*'s production team. The camera falls short of giving her the obsessive caressing that a real, live, naked *Playboy* centerfold demands. About the only thing they do right is have somebody fuck her.

The moment Marc Wallice makes contact, all critical viewing stops, hitting a pulsating wall of libidinal wonder. Everybody deep down instinctually realizes that somebody is fucking Playboy



to see it? Anticipation rages as Wallice roughs up Weigel's regal bust; she squeaks with alarm and arousal. Suddenly, she's standing with her slit split on Wallice's straining, crotch-wedged face. He rises up her back, going teeth first along her spine and mashing his mouth against her sex-swollen lips. His hands molest her hole valley, one assaulting frontally, the other infiltrating from her behind.

Weigel takes a deep breath and heads down, lipping Wallice's chest en route to his blue-veined snorkel, which is not even entirely hard. She kisses it tentatively, trying to make up her mind whether to commit herself to the blowjob or not. What the fuck, she's gone this far. Bunnyland is an eternal exile, especially once Wallice's sickle-schween slices into her face, her hand working furiously to save wear on her lips and tongue. Weigel cannot bear to open her eyes and look upon

Wallice's cock as she sucks it.

The high point of prurience comes as Wallice lifts Weigel's legs and hoists her from the floor with his prick pinioned in her pussy. The camera sneaks around behind, where Wallice is holding Weigel aloft by digging his hands into her butt checks, lifting and separating the pillows of nirvana so that Weigel's formerly air-brushed rose-nugget winks wide and

unobstructed, directly into the eye of the beholder. This is the same asshole she shits with. What? Playboy centerfolds shit? Not only that, they take a load of jizz on the belly and rub it in.

Now that Weigel's ambitions have turned from screen to screeze actress, she can concentrate on "thinking of different ways to be sexy." Some of her best ideas will be seen in an upcoming HUSTLER photo-set. Watch for it.







SEX TREK: THE NEXT PENETRATION

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Scotty Fox; starring Randy Spears, Mike Horner, Jeanna Fine, Patricia Kennedy, Devon Shire, Joey Silvera, Peter North and Marilyn Rose. Videocassette: Moonlight Entertainment.

It's stupid, silly and doesn't make much sense, but *Next Penetration* is an enjoyable X-rated send-up of the popular television series. Spock is Mr. Sperm, Sulu is Screw You, Uhura is U Whore, and so forth. The mission of the cosmic travelers is to penetrate the planet Uranus and learn about a race of female assholes, setting up a series of fuck acts that never get kinky but provide plenty of lunar heat. The boning has an appealing levity

to it, especially the snatch-packing episode between good space doctor Joey Silvera and Devon Shire, a perky little fuck who is still new enough in porn to have some honest cock lust. Jeanna Fine, a tramp in any universe, displays her extraordinary deep-throat trick on Peter North and gets a phaser-blast of ball sap on her lip. Beam me up, Boner.

— Rusty Knox



TIT TALES

Half Erect. Directed by Loretta Sterling; starring Suzy Bartlet, Linda Corsica, Chessie Moore, Shane Hunter, Kassi Nova, Jeff Golden, Trinity Loren, Cindi Adams and Rod Garetto. Videocassette: Filmco.

Shane Hunter is the lucky dude who gets to play doctor with Chessie Moore and Trinity Loren. First he examines Loren's massive, milk-squirting melons, using his dick as a vaginal/rectal thermometer, and later he strokes up the same prescription for Moore. Between these two office visits, tit worshipers are given ample opportunity to show stiff devotion to their favorite body part, including an oil bath of Suzy Bartlet and a Kassi Nova rooftop twatrub, but it's Loren and Moore who bring out the breast in Tit Tales 2.



Estimated Tit weight: 35 pounds.

STROKER'S GUIDE

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



FULLY ERECT Superior. A top production.

Curse of the Cat Woman The Masseuse Wild Goose Chase



THREE-QUARTERS ERECT Above overage. Hard-on material

Bonfire of the Panties Buttman's Ultimate Workout Jail Babes The Landlady Rear Admiral Sleepwalker Tori Welles Exposed Young Buns 2



HALF ERECT Standard fare. Has moments.

All That Sex
Bad
Clean and Dirty
Designer Genes
Dr. Jeckel and Ms. Hide
Fantasy Nights
Growing Up
A Journey Into Darkness
Kittens
Love Ghost

The Mark of Zara Oh, What a Night Shifting Gere Sunny After Dark



ONE-QUARTER ERECT

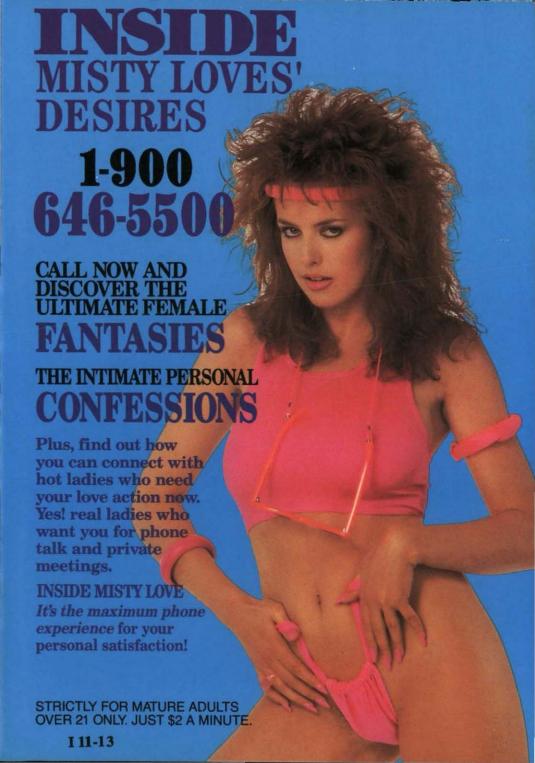
Angels By Day, Devils
Bi Night
Assinine
Beat the Heat
Easy Pickings
Eat 'em and Smile
Edge of Sensation
Girls, Girls and More Girls

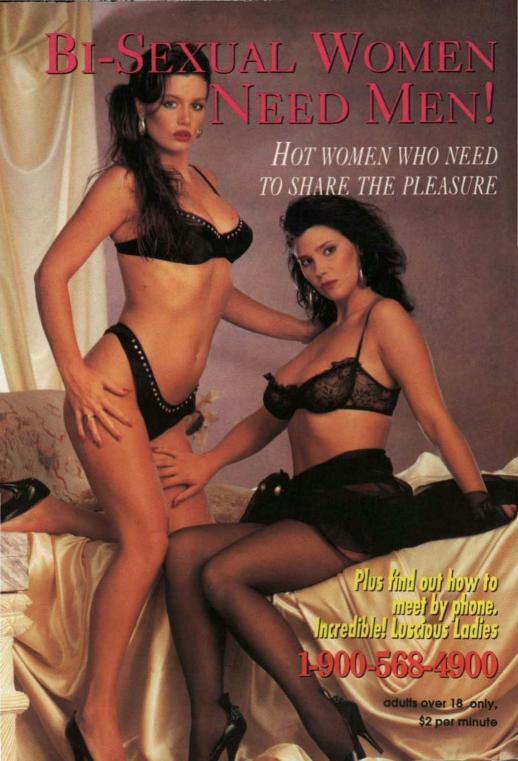
Hotel Transylvania 2 Images of Desire Le Sex de Femme 5 Lesbian Lingerie 4 Lifeguard We're No Angels Welcome to Hotel Transylvania

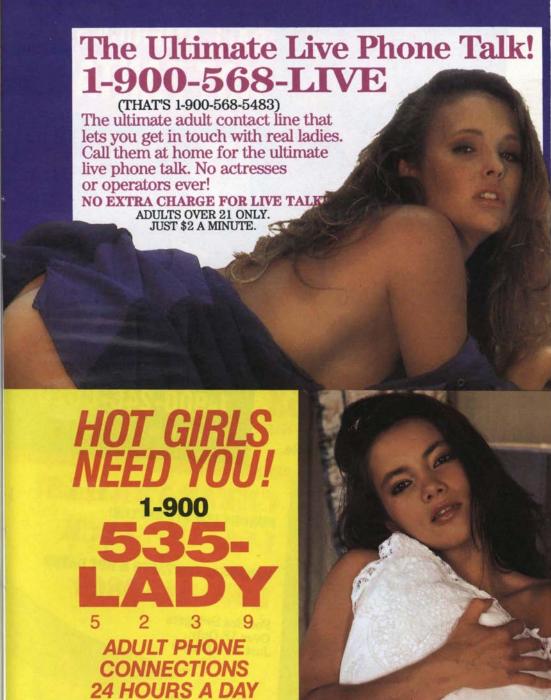


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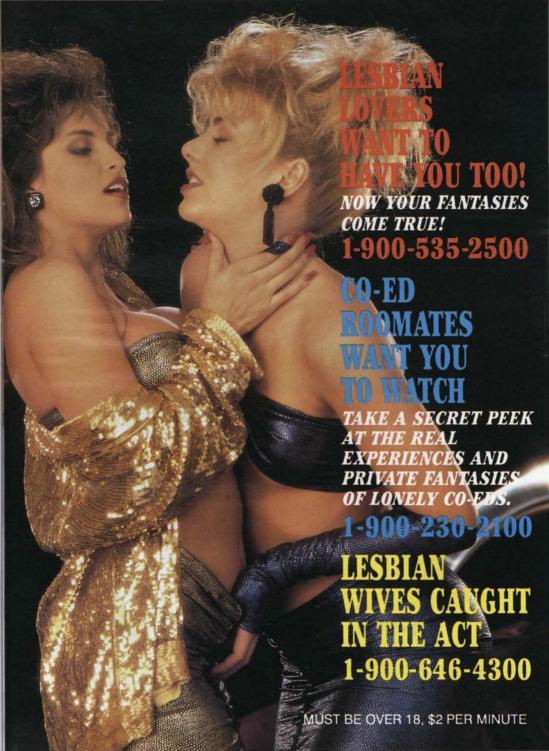
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HOT LETTERS (continued from page 17)

I gave my pussy a squeeze. The hotdog shot out of my cunt like a torpedo, landing smack in the middle of the bun. "Eat it!" chanted the slobs.

frigged myself furiously in the sudden sperm shower, gasping and heaving and shooting milk myself.

I was married the next day as if nothing had happened. Of course, I knew nothing would happen for my whole married life, but it didn't matter. You could say I'd had Kay B. my fill.

Montgomery, Alabama

FIT TO BE TIED

"First off, I'll tell you there's no hope of escape," said my date for the weekend, as coolly as if she were sucking ice cubes in the sweltering September heat.

Escaping wasn't really the first thing on my mind. She had my arms hoisted over my head with a length of steel chain. The whole thing was padlocked onto an eye hook in a ceiling beam. I wore a helmet and a gag; so the conversation was one-sided in more ways than one. At least she hadn't placed the blindfold over the eyeholes yet. I could still enjoy the way her black-leather corset, which was open at the crotch and nipples, hugged her wasp waist like wet paint.

"No matter how hard you thrash, no matter how desperate you are to escape, you're wasting your time even trying," she continued. She may as well have made the point that, even if I did escape, I wasn't getting my money back.

Since I was buck naked except for the helmet over my face, my balls swung free and my cock stood out, as stiff and as vulnerable as a dried worm in the morning. My high-priced tormentor was a bitchgoddess with long, brunet hair, high, firm breasts and a neatly trimmed pink muff. I thought I saw a drop of cunt cream slip down the inner side of her thigh.

"Don't try to fool me. Give it a try. I know you're holding back," she purred. I was. She stepped forward. I saw a bottle in her hand. There was an eyedropper in the cap. She held it up for my inspection.

"This little concoction is going to drive you crazy," she said happily. "I think it will encourage you to use your intelligence and resourcefulness."

She put one drop on each of my nipples. I felt a tingle, an itch. One drop on the center of each thigh. Again, the same itching sensation. No, no! I thought as she held it over my sensitive glans. Please, no!

She squirted an entire dropperful across my pee slit. The liquid immediately started burning me. I shook my head violently and struggled with all my might to pull my chained arms from the ceiling hook, but to no avail. What will I have to do to get her to scratch this hellish itch? I wondered, perfectly willing to take an hour of whipping-or even a session with one of her spike-headed dildos, if need be! To my absolute horror, she went for the door.

"Scream, if you want," she said sweetly. "I won't hear you."

Her footsteps faded beyond the door. The itching juice mounted its campaign of torture. Every time I thought it couldn't possibly get any worse, it proved me wrong. My cock got harder and harder, as if it could get relief only by its own constant movement, swelling like tender flesh after a bee sting.

By the time my bitch dominatrix returned to our cabin, I was red from head to toe, sweating blood. She smiled. "I think you've learned something. But I'd better take a closer look to make sure '

Her electric tongue flickered across my cock head and down the length of my straining shaft. She coiled her oral digit and itched my sensitized rod with her teeth,

sending shattering vibrations of pleasure to the very core of my being. I thought I must have died and gone to heaven. I'd never known such relief.

As she slid a careful finger inside my bunghole, I exploded in her mouth. Cum filled her cheeks, streamed out the side of her mouth, splashed the front of her corset and continued to pulse from my dick even after she dropped it and let it hang.

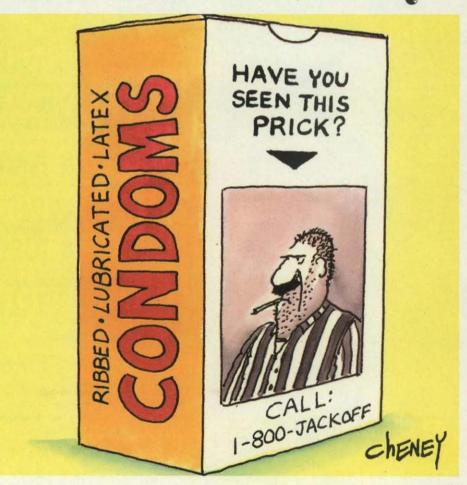
She spat her mouthload onto the floor. "Too bad," she said, with an evil grin. "You're not as well trained as I hoped." She slapped my ass with her strong right hand. I jerked on the chains, aware of nothing but my own satisfaction. My cock twitched with the remainder of the burning concoction. I wanted to feel her lips around my shaft a second time. I groaned, bucking my crotch forward, begging for more.

"Sorry," she said. The bitch was gone. She was all business, sounding like a tax accountant disallowing a particular deduction. "You came. It's over. If you want a second chance, you've got to pay for it."

Yeah, yeah, I know-I get what I deserve. Which is why I'd brought my checkbook, just in case. Carl T.

Charlotte, North Carolina

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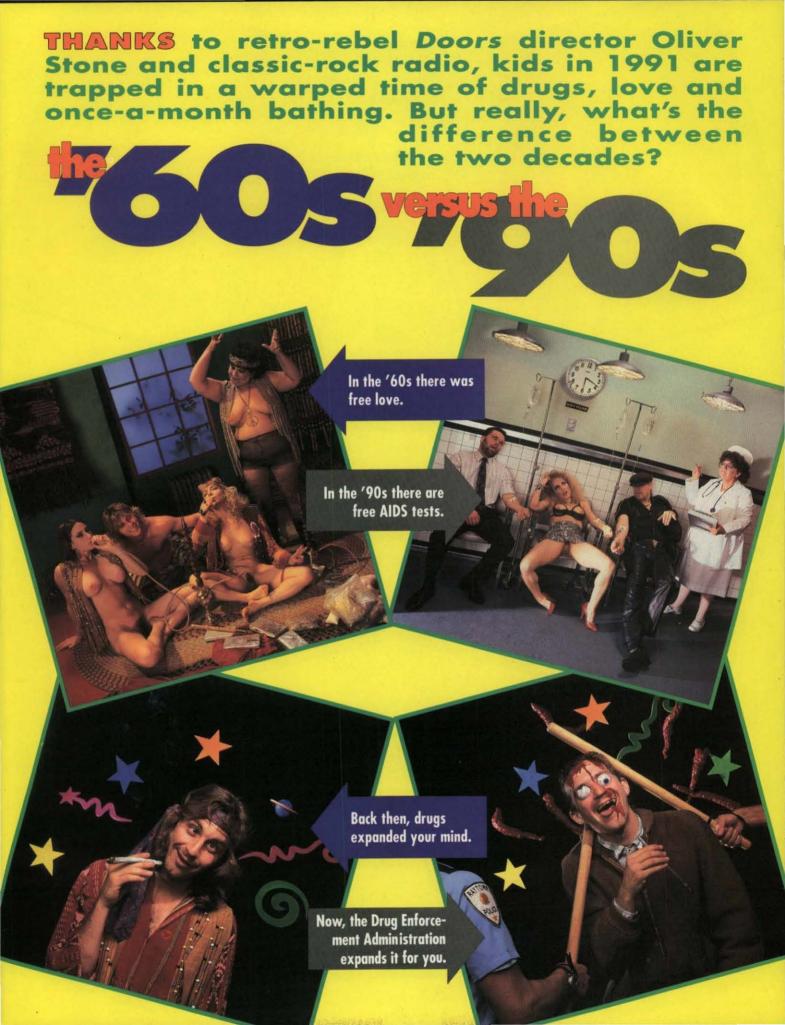
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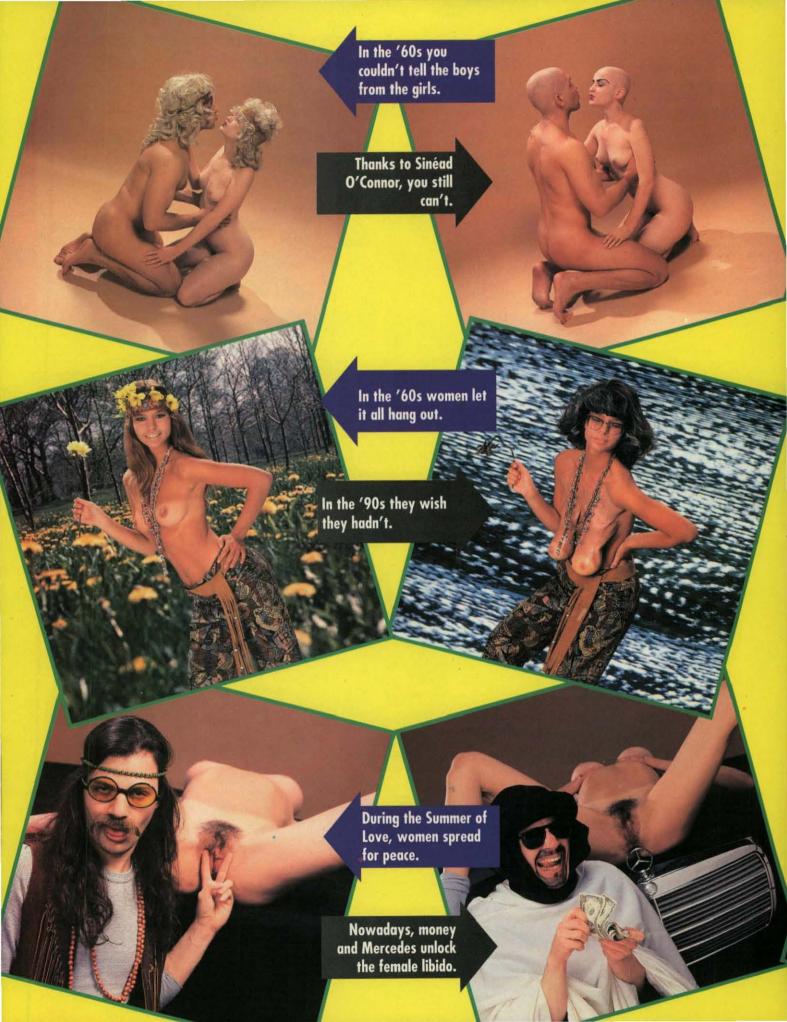
HOT CONFESSIONS

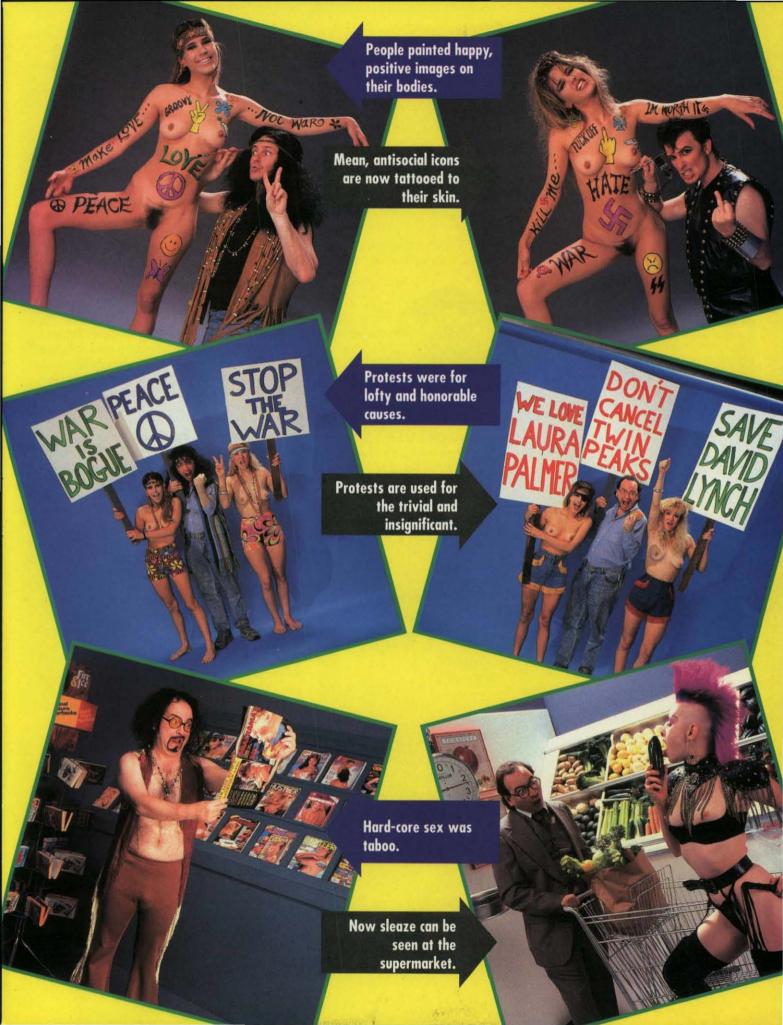
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and hypocrisy have repressed sexual awareness, leading to the ignorance that spreads disease and creates violence, in addition to hindering our natural enjoyment of sex. This series opens the door to current sexual knowledge and expression, and improved lovemaking.

PUT IT ON THE LINE A PHONE TRAMP TALKS

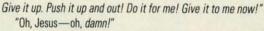
his is Jamie. Give me your ear, baby. Now, listen—I am not naked. I'm wearing something....'

"What? What are you wearing?"

"I'm wearing a smile, baby. A sexy smile. Pretty pink lips smiling for you. I've got two hands, honey, and they're all over me. Bare shoulders, bare breasts,

bare ass...I'm rubbing a big, thick dildo between my legs. Back and forth until it shines. I have to work it in. It takes a minute, but I get it in. You want to help me, baby? Fucking myself with a toy isn't enough. What do I want, lover? Do you know what I want?" "You want to fuck me." "I want to fuck you, and I want you to fuck me back. Don't just lie there and

take it. I'll bend over in front of you. You can do me standing up.... Give it to me.



If at the end of a conversation like this I didn't exactly hear a glop of hot cum hit the walls and ceiling, I couldn't help but imagine. After all, working my imagination was my business and my pleasure.

The following rap is the lowdown on phone fucks from a woman who has brought more men to orgasm with just the sound of her voice than the Roman tramp Messalina did with years of open pussy. For the happiest year of my life, I was head mama at a phone-fantasy service providing a live female operator 24 hours a day. Five party lines were connected through a switching machine in an empty downtown suite. I hired housewives, students, exotic dancers, clerical workers, you name it. The only prerequisites were drop-trou-sexy voices and dirty minds. We were paid by the hour, not by the call; so there was no motive to hustle the callers, other than blind, raging lust!

I trained my operators on the phone by practicing conversations about blowjobs, anal sex, cross-dressing, etc. Some of the girls specialized in sound effects, providing realistic slurps and moans. Others excelled in lively descriptions. The best mixed a little of both.

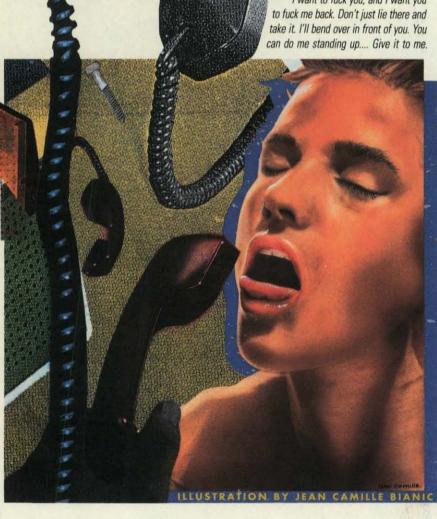
These are the top-ten fantasies specifically requested by male callers: 10) Let's pretend we're in an adult-movie theater, getting it on in the center seats, while all around us people watch us instead of the movie; 9) I'm soaking wet in the bath when he comes home from work, and he gets so excited that he ruins his good blue suit plunging his hands in the water to get at me; 8) I make him wear my bra while we screw; 7) I tell him I went out shopping, but when he eats me, he tastes sperm; 6) I tongue him while he watches aerobics on TV; 5) We're watching an X-rated movie I had specially made for his birthday, and I'm the star; 4) He lies on the floor, and I squat over him, and he can see and smell me, but he can't even lick me until I say so; 3) He's the first man up my ass; 2) We're strangers, and we dance once. When he dances with me again, he realizes I've taken off my bra. By the third dance, he can't feel panties under my skirt; and 1) I'm under his desk at work eating his cock when his boss walks in and gives him a promotion.

The art of describing oral sex to a hot-minded male is in the detail. Where exactly are my arms and legs? Can he reach my breasts? Am I kneeling next to him, or is he standing? Is someone watching?

Many women misunderstand the nature of oral sex and consider it a "lick quick" situation-gentle, romantic and of short duration-when, in fact, most men appreciate long-term, intense stimulation. My mouth must grip his dick and move up and down on it from tip to base smoothly and aggressively. His balls and ass can be stroked and prodded with my hands and tickled by my long hair, and, done right, he should actually fuck face-as long and as hard as he wants.

Oral sex is portable. A girl can do it in a kitchen, in a car, in a shower, etc. I'd start each description with a choice of location. Tell him I met him at a party, dragged him into a closet and vanked

(continued on page 41)







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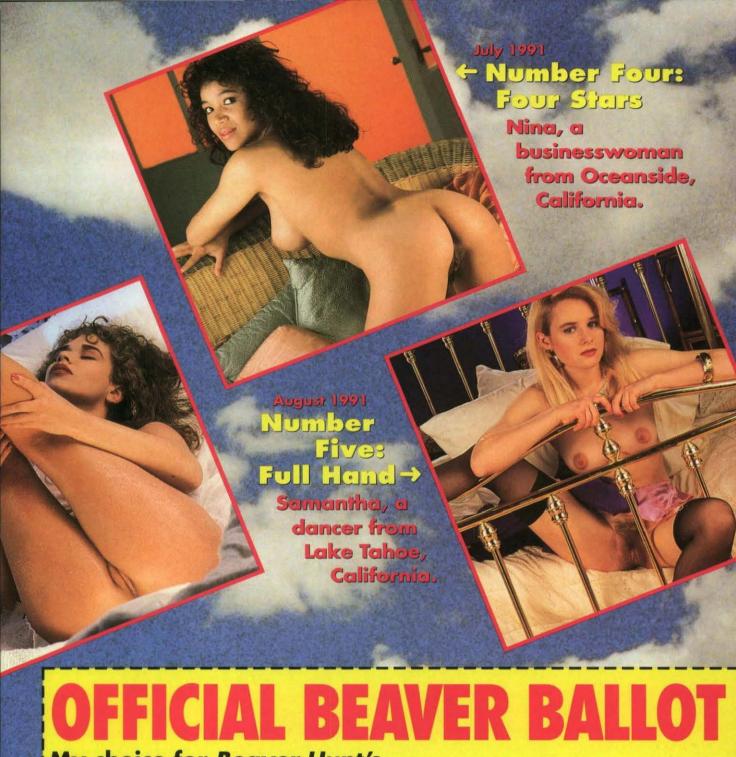
> March 1990 Number One: **Horny and Historic** Dancar Marti, from West Hollywood, California

> > **Number Two: Too Hot**

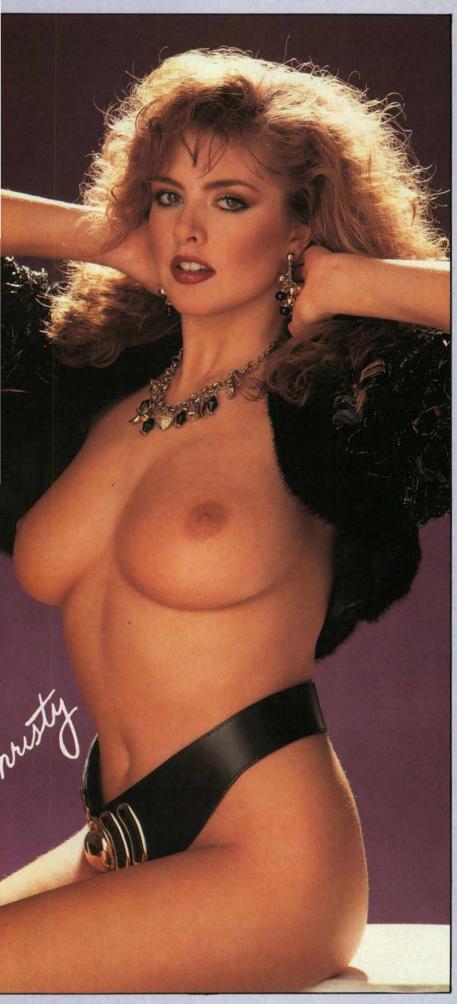
Marissa, a teacher from

November 1990 Number Three Is a Charm Numer lepou emit-tres

from St. Louis, Missouri.



My choice for <i>Beaver Hunt's</i> Grand Prize Winner is:	NAME
☐ Marti—Number One: Horny and Historic	
Marissa—Number Two: Too Hot	ADDRESS
☐ Tammy —Number Three Is a Charm	
Nina—Number Four: Four Stars	
Samantha—Number Five: Full Hand	SIGNATURE BY MY SIGNATURE, I CERTIFY THAT I AM 21 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER.
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24 HOURS

(continued from page 34)

down his pants. Or maybe he's just waking up in the morning to find my lips already around his hard cock!



I altered the sensation of oral sex by changing the temperature of my mouth. A drink of icy water or gulp of hot coffee did wonders. I even held small pieces of ice in my mouth as I went down on a hot piece of meat. The contrast of warm lips and tongue and the ice is a turn-on. I never neglected to mention to him that my mouth stayed moist and glided easily over and around the stiff cockflesh.

I'd describe in loving terms stroking a lucky caller's thighs, cradling his balls, sliding my hands palms-up under his ass so I could lift him closer to my mouth. I'd rub his nipples, hold on to his hips. I'd sometimes close my fist around the base of a cock, combining a handjob with oral sex for maximum stimulation, my lips and tongue concentrating on the head and rim, my smooth hand providing the power up and down the shaft. Many men liked their asses included too, to have my delicate hands parting their cheeks, a slim finger nudging at their assholes.

Occasionally, a group of guys would gang up on an operator and bombard her with salacious suggestions. Usually, if there were multiple callers, one would engage the operator's attention, and the others would listen along. One of my favorite calls involved four guys who—we fantasized—had played poker to win various prizes from me. The winner got to fuck my ass, the runner-up fucked my pussy, the second runner-up got a blowjob, and the loser had to watch. It was a case of spontaneous combustion. I could almost smell the wads of cum.

Some of the callers were offended to have an operator presume they were jerking off. They insisted they just wanted to talk about dating, for instance, or marriage. Sex in theory, in other words—not sex in hand. Inevitably, at a certain point in the conversation their voices would stiffen, and I'd hear an orgasmic gasp.

Most callers, naturally, wanted to talk about seeing, touching, tasting and fucking gorgeous, sexy women. Some wanted it wrapped in romantic language. We would make love, not fuck, on satin sheets, not the bathroom floor. Our kisses tasted like sugar on each other's lips. Others wanted to cram their raging cocks up fragrant, dripping cuntholes. Spanking and bondage were popular sideline attractions, but being tough was risky. One push in the wrong direction, and I risked losing the call.

My favorite callers were preheated. They were familiar with the service and primed themselves in advance. They'd call out a topic—"Dog-style"; "You be a whore, but I'm so good you give it to me free"; "Tell me about your first time with another girl"—and right away I imagined them on their backs, phone cradled in pillows against their ears, hands stroking and poking at themselves. Some groaned along. Others were absolutely silent. I'd encourage them to say something, not only to hear what they'd say, but to judge how it sounded. I was always listening for the breathless, insistent, low voice of the nearly com-

ing. Every good sex spiel has a finale, and I timed them as best I could. One thing I learned was to extend the ending, because men don't come with a splat—they can spurt and spurt if you inspire them! Some said thanks, good job, got it, did it, done, wow. Others never said a word, silently disengaging. Fairly often a guy would drop the phone while trying to hang up, and I'd hear him fumbling to get it back on the hook. I found that endearing.

Callers liked the idea of having more than one woman at a time. Some wanted the ladies to concentrate only on him; others wanted the two to play together, but do the real good stuff with him. Still others wanted to watch two females from a hiding spot. I liked to make use of an extra girl as a demonstrator. I'd tell the guy how to touch her and where, what might work, what probably wouldn't. I'd offer to strap on a dildo and show them how to fuck, how to lift up and out, slide down and in, dipping it for extra pleasure.

Callers were curious. How did it feel to have a man inside? At what point was it proper to yank off her panties? Did women need big cocks? I stressed the idea that the best thing to do was to be thorough and patient. If you lower your head to her breast, make sure you devour it. When you slide your hand between her legs, feel all over—the tops of her thighs, the folds of skin, the curve from front to back. Take time to learn how she's built so you fit yourself into her better when the time comes.

My final call? Who could forget?

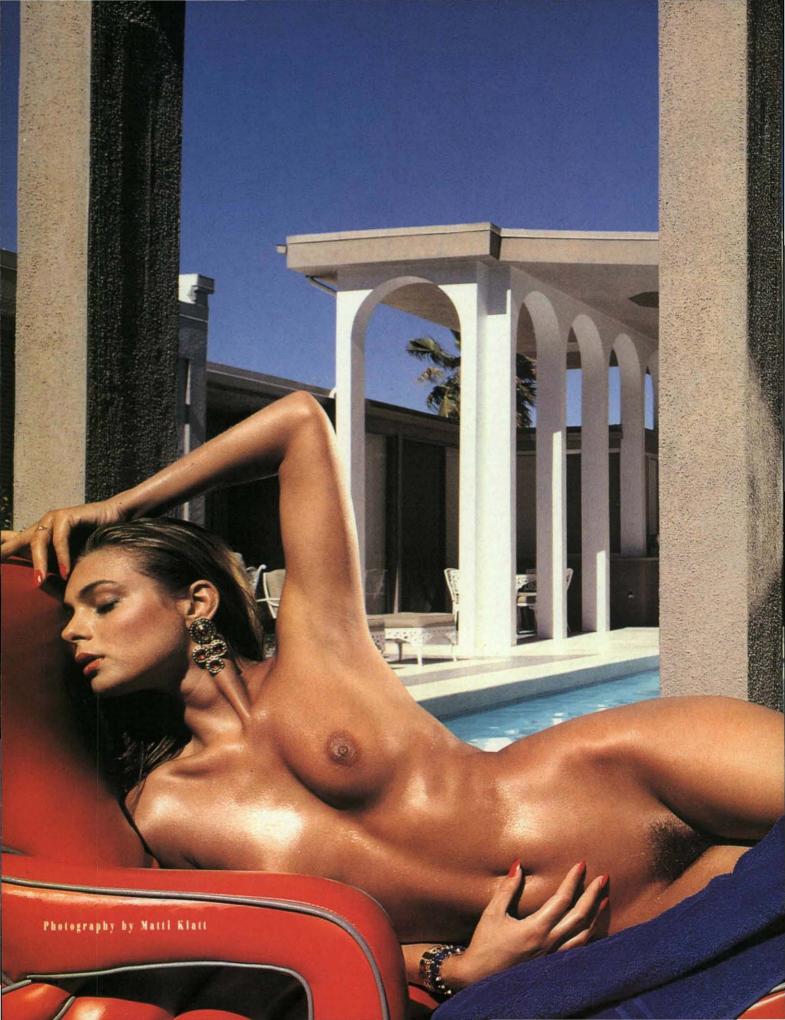
"I'm Jamie. What's on your mind?" "I want to tie up my wife." "Okay, but I'll use ribbons—it's more decorative. I'll tie her ankles to her wrists so she's open for us." "She's for you. I'm going to watch. Her name is Karen."
"Karen, you're trembling. Don't be shy. I'm here to help
you. I want you to respond to me, to feel my hands on
your breasts, to sense my lips on your nipples. I want to
see you, Karen; that's why you're tied open for me—so I
can look at your pussy. You like me looking. I can tell.
Your pussy is mine, Karen. Your old man gave it to me."

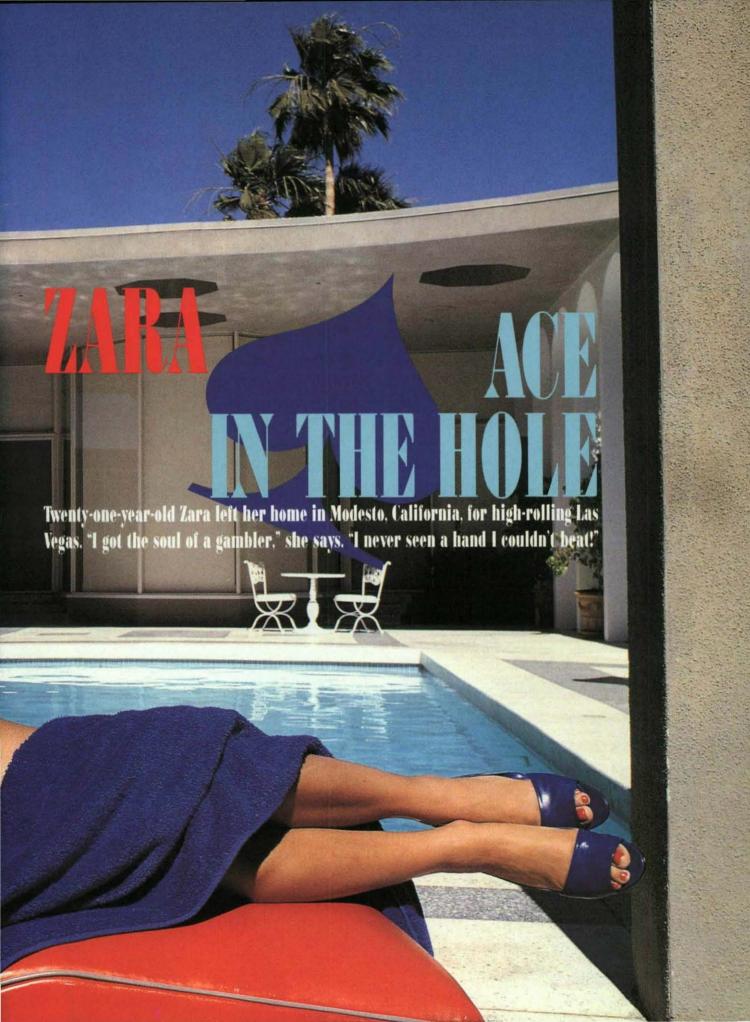
"Stick your fingers in her." "Hey, baby, you like digital sex? You like fingertips splitting your cunt lips apart? That man has you spoiled, Karen. He's way too nice, isn't he? You want me to jab you with these fingers, and you want them now, deep inside and moving. Look at that sweet ass grinding down on the bed! You can't lie to me, angel. You're a bad girl, oozing juice around my fingers. That's all the proof I need."

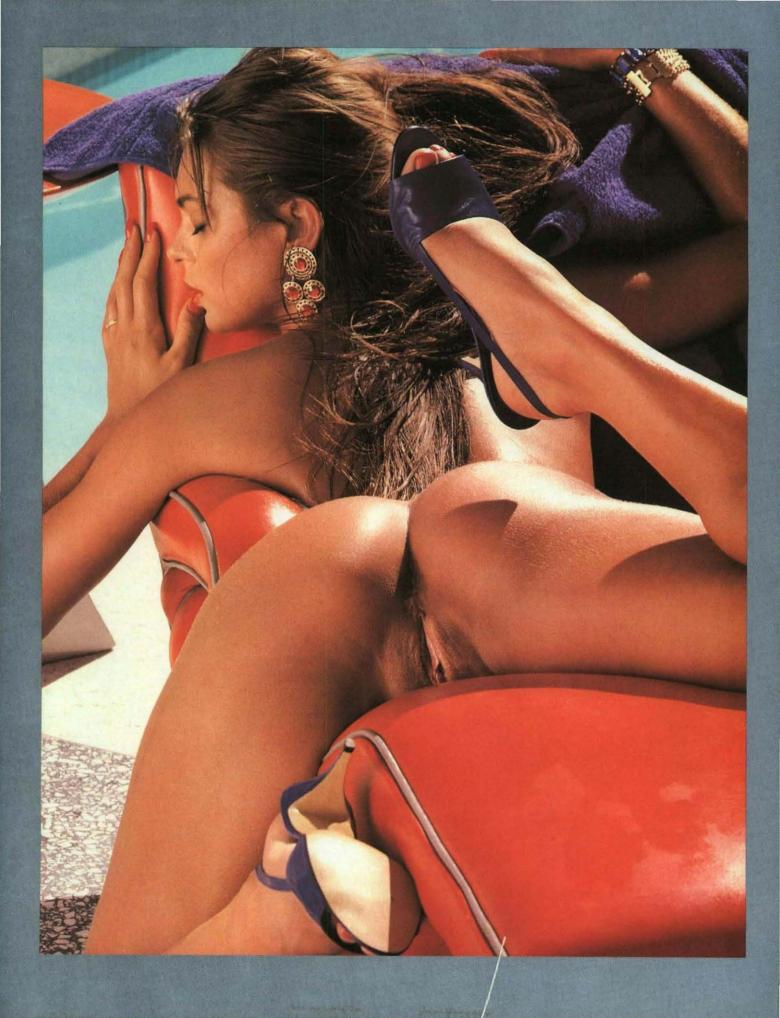
"Eat her out." "Mister, you eat your way into a pussy, not out of one. You start kissing and licking real lightly. Take your time. Make it open up. Less rush, more gush. It's okay to eat with your fingers. Pry her apart. You can see she likes it. Watch my other finger slide down the crack of her ass. She acts like she doesn't like it, but she does. Know how I can tell? Her pussy's getting hotter. I can poke my finger right up her ass and feel it in her cunt. I like your wife, man; she's fun to play with. Think of her open and wet and waiting for you, wanting your dick. Take that thought to dreamland, darling, your luscious wife spread wide and waiting, and me watching every move. Show me how it's done, babe. Bang the fuck out of her. You're the fucker, you're the cock, you're all fuck. Take that thought to bed tonight. You're out of time. Thanks for calling Sweet Talkers. Remember—I'm Jamie."



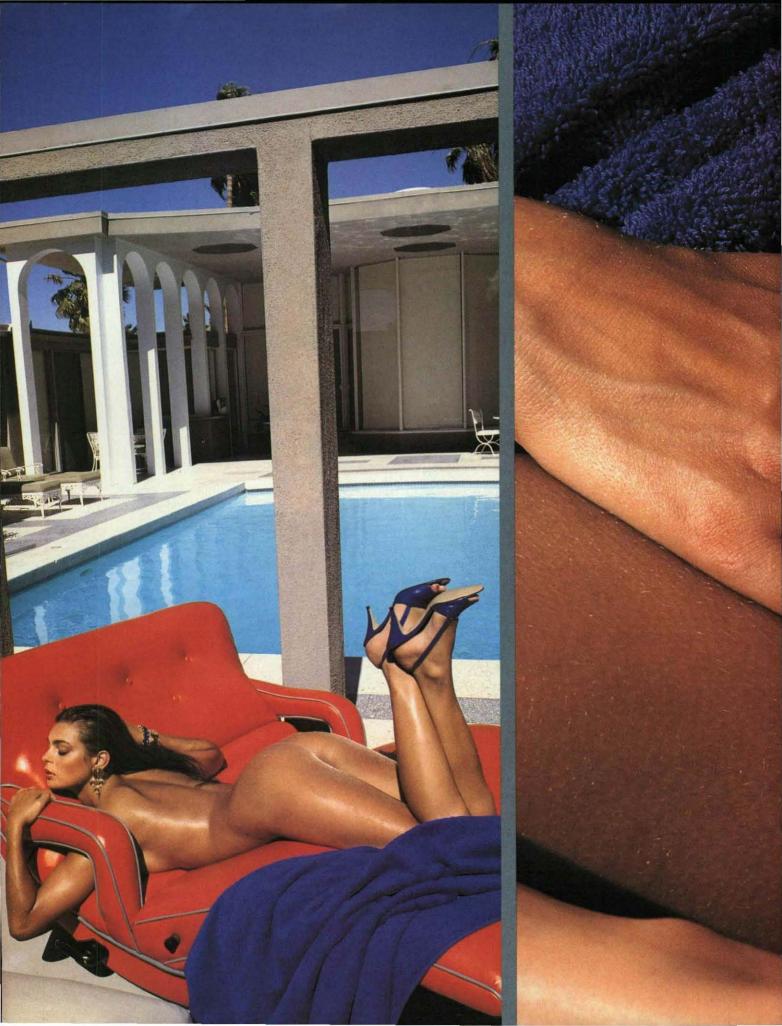
"Mr. Finster! Long time, no see!"





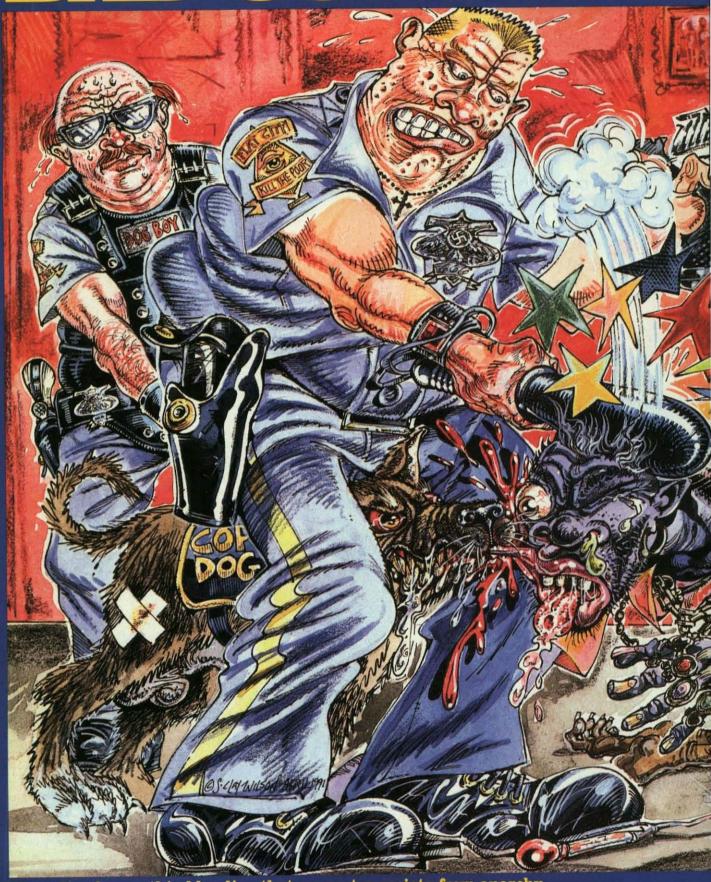








BAD COPS: The



The police form a thin blue line that separates society from anarchy.
Unfortunately, the cops sometimes get so close to crime that they're committing it.

Poison Blue Flu



Report by J. R. Nelson Illustration by S. Clay Wilson

BAD COPS

Sheriff Henson was under arrest for conspiracy to manufacture and distribute crank and accepting over \$13,000 to set up a laboratory.

The LAPD reached national prominence with the candid-camera beating of Rodney King. Detroit's police chief has been relieved of office and charged with stealing. But police crimes are nothing new, nor are they confined to big cities.

A row of brown patrol cars sat empty in front of the jail in the North Georgia town of Ellijay. A posse of news reporters stood on the steps of the justice building as police officers filed out one by one, smiling into the cameras as they accompanied a group of men in civilian clothing to unmarked cars waiting in the parking lot.

The "civilians" were agents of the United States government. The uniformed police officers were in trouble. Sheriff Larry Henson and several deputies were experiencing the criminal-justice system firsthand, being whisked off to their arraignment.

An hour earlier, there had been an active police presence in the county. Suddenly, the county coroner was the highest-ranking public-service officer in the county. The state police took over patrol duties until coroner-turned-sheriff Billy Reinhardt could reorganize the sheriff's department.

The community was shocked. Sheriff Henson was a cop who, according to one bystander, "didn't mind bending the rules a little to help a boy in trouble."

Even the new sheriff had kind words for his predecessor: "He's a good old country boy who treats everybody fairly."

Sheriff Henson was seldom found behind his desk. Instead, he was out in the field, patrolling side by side with his deputies.

Constituents witnessed him stopped beside the road talking to neighborhood kids about the evils of illicit drugs. Occasionally, he'd give a particularly obstinate youngster a tour of the jail "just to put a little scare into him."

These drug lectures proved ironic when Henson was placed under arrest for conspiracy to manufacture and distribute 75 pounds of methamphetamine, street-named *crank*, and accepting over \$13,000 from a federal undercover agent to set up a laboratory to manufacture illegal drugs.

While Sheriff Henson was hogging the news in Ellijay, Dough Adair, Camilla, Georgia's chief of police, was facing trial on charges of taking payoffs to protect illegal liquor sales and shielding drug traffickers. He was convicted of the first charge, acquitted of the second.

Why all this activity in the historically laid-back South?

The rural locale and numerous unmanned airstrips are custom-made for smuggling illegal drugs. From the mountain towns, the dope cargo trucks north, along I-75 through Tennessee, Kentucky and on to Ohio and the northern states.

Interstate 75 has been nicknamed "the Cocaine Corridor" by law-enforcement officers responsible for patrolling it.

As one trooper puts it: "We used to be basically traffic officers; now about half the time we're working for the DEA."

In many small mountain towns, the sheriff is the most powerful and trusted official around. All the dopers have to do is get him on their side, and they can operate quietly as the police pretend not to see.

"It's the money that gets them," a North Georgia cop advises. "We're typically underpaid in this area, and sometimes even an honest cop gets to thinking about what he could do for his family with an extra \$20,000 or \$30,000 a year."

Twenty years ago, street-level corruption was often related to prostitution or gambling operations. Sometimes illegal booze or unstamped cigarettes entered the picture. In the '90s, it's almost always dope. Many cops fall for the big bucks. Some become addicted to dope; then corruption becomes a matter of survival.

Few cities have survived the onslaught of corruption unscathed, but some have been hit worse than others. Detroit, for example.

At least 100 Detroit cops are reported to be under investigation for suspected drug ties. One detective told a reporter, "It's not as bad as it looks—it's worse. There's stuff going on here that you wouldn't believe."

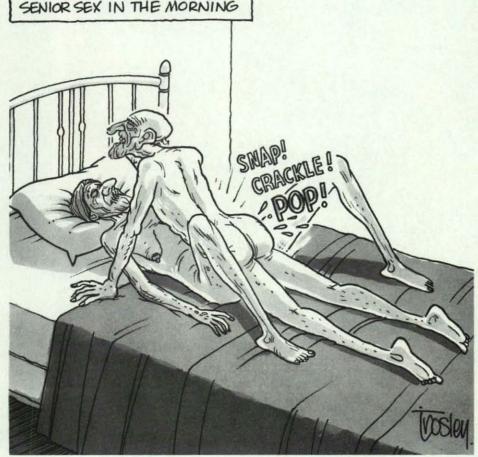
Police radios and department-issue sidearms have been found in crack-house raids. Allegedly, addicted cops are trading these for crack cocaine.

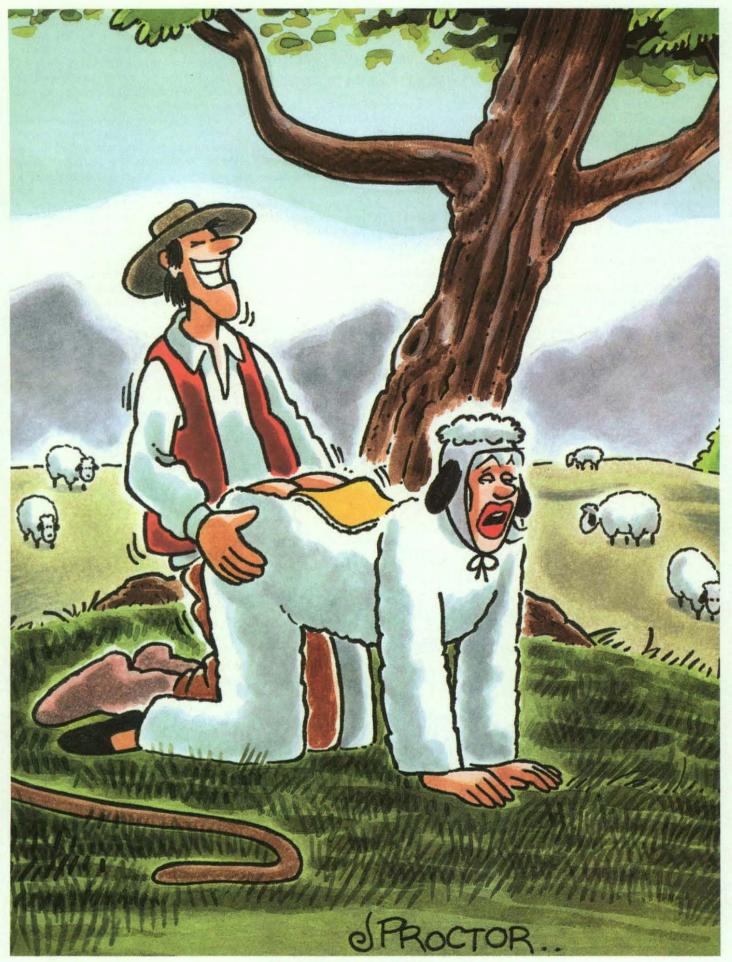
Police may be stealing from drug-buying funds. Large sums of money have disappeared from police custody, and rumors suggest that the perpetrators may include high-ranking officers.

A cop summed up how he was able to break the law continually without getting caught. When finally apprehended for selling his gun to buy drugs, he said, "We had the keys...we were the police."

In Astoria, New York, a 23-year-old police officer was arrested for allegedly selling cocaine and an Uzi submachine gun to a New York undercover drug officer.

Cleveland cops allegedly allowed a drug dealer to sell drugs in return for information he fed them, information that served to cut down his competition.





"Baa-a-a. This shit's getting old, Milt! Baa-a-a!"

BAD COPS

At least 100 Detroit cops are reported to be under investigation for drug ties. Allegedly, addicted cops are trading sidearms for cocaine.

And in Miami, Florida, three Metro Dade officers have been charged with conspiracy to steal over \$1 million in currency as well as 110 pounds of cocaine and ten tons of marijuana from drug dealers. One of the accused holds the rank of major.

This type of crime isn't new in South Florida. In one year alone, \$150,000 in cash disappeared from a police-department safe, and a corrupt gang of police officers codenamed "the Enterprise" by investigators was discovered operating within the department.

According to police records, the group started small, stealing drugs found in the possession of motorists pulled over for minor traffic offenses.

They moved on to bigger game, allegedly making \$1-million dope ripoffs as well as racketeering and drug trafficking. Two officers were apprehended early in the game for allegedly stealing 150 pounds of cocaine from the evidence room.

But that was the tip of the iceberg. Six men were guarding 300 to 400 kilos of cocaine in a boat on the Miami River when the Enterprise struck. During the ripoff attempt, three dopers were allegedly murdered by rogue cops. One officer involved was quoted by witnesses as saying: "It was funny as hell how they drowned."

In the next few months, three officers were arrested and charged with first-degree murder. A fourth was charged with racketeering and cocaine trafficking.

As the case grew, cops were charged with home-invasion robberies and drug-related crimes, including ripoffs, assaults, kidnappings and the unpardonable sin in the eyes of their fellow cops, selling their badges.

A ten-man task force dubbed the Professional Review and Investigation Detail was formed to study the problem of corruption in the department.

The task force found problems. That was their job. But they also found honest cops who were totally pissed off that some of their fellow cops had brought dishonor to the badge. At this time most of the charges haven't been settled, and the cases remain open.

New York's 77th Precinct experienced a similar epidemic of cop crime. The problem first came to the attention of the Internal Affairs Division when they received a memo

from the commanding officer of the precinct, Captain Donald Bishop. In part, the memo read: "I believe crimes are being committed by members of the service in uniform."

By the time the smoke had cleared, at least a dozen cops had been indicted, and one cop was dead.

The 77th Precinct patrolled one of the worst beats in all of New York. The men who worked there had nicknamed it "the Alamo" because of their feeling of being constantly under siege by the drug dealers, robbers, rapists, murderers and other crooks who were controlling the streets.

Many of the officers assigned to the 77th had messed up somewhere else. Others liked the excitement of the war zone. A third type of cop in the 77th stayed because it was financially lucrative.

A few cops figured out that if you ripped off a drug dealer, he couldn't squeal on you, and if you didn't rip him off too often, he probably wouldn't be pissed off enough to shoot you in the back.

The scams got bigger, with groups of cops teaming up to hit specific dealers who were known to hold large amounts of cash and drugs. Enough of the haul would be turned in to prevent suspicion. The rest would be put to personal use, the money pocketed and the drugs sold to another dealer for more cash.

Word leaked out. Two cops were apprehended and convinced to wear wires to catch their fellow cops on the take.

The investigation succeeded. A number of officers confessed on tape to robbery, stealing cash and merchandise from crime scenes, taking payoffs to protect drug dealers, and in one case, a cop from another precinct incriminated himself in a double-contract murder.

When the case broke, every officer associated with the 77th Precinct was transferred elsewhere.

One side effect of corruption is a change in attitude toward the human beings who populate the area the cop patrols. When the officer loses respect for the citizens, brutality often follows.

A man lying on the ground was suspected of selling narcotics. He had no drugs on him, but a packet of cocaine was found near where he'd been standing. Several cops swarmed over him and cuffed him, then hurried on to see if he might have had accomplices.

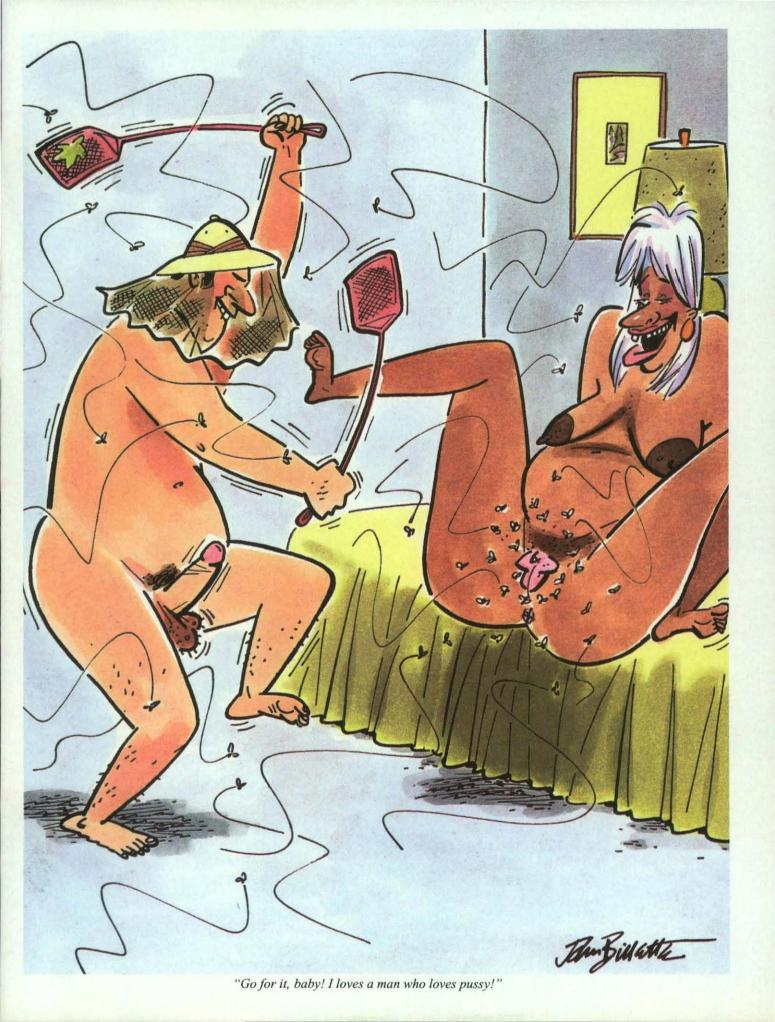
One cop was not so anxious to leave the "perpetrator." Although the suspect offered no resistance, he was kicked and beaten with a flashlight by the uniformed cop, then hauled to jail even though no illegal substance was in his possession.

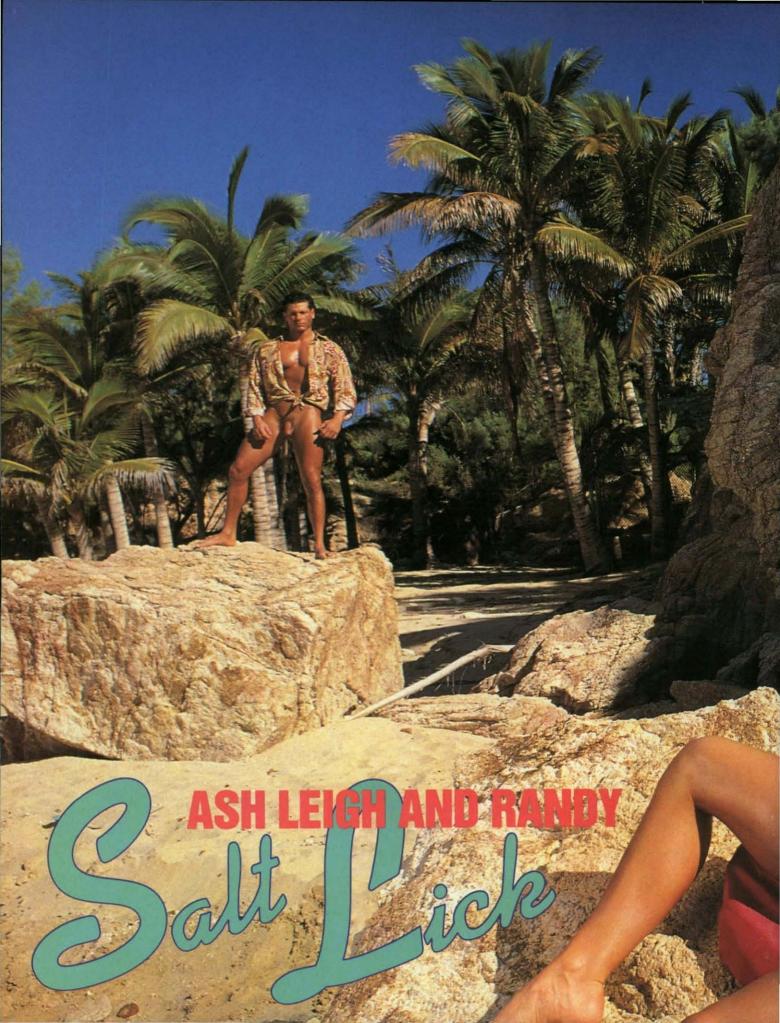
Of the \$500 that was on his person, only \$270 made it to the police department where he was booked.

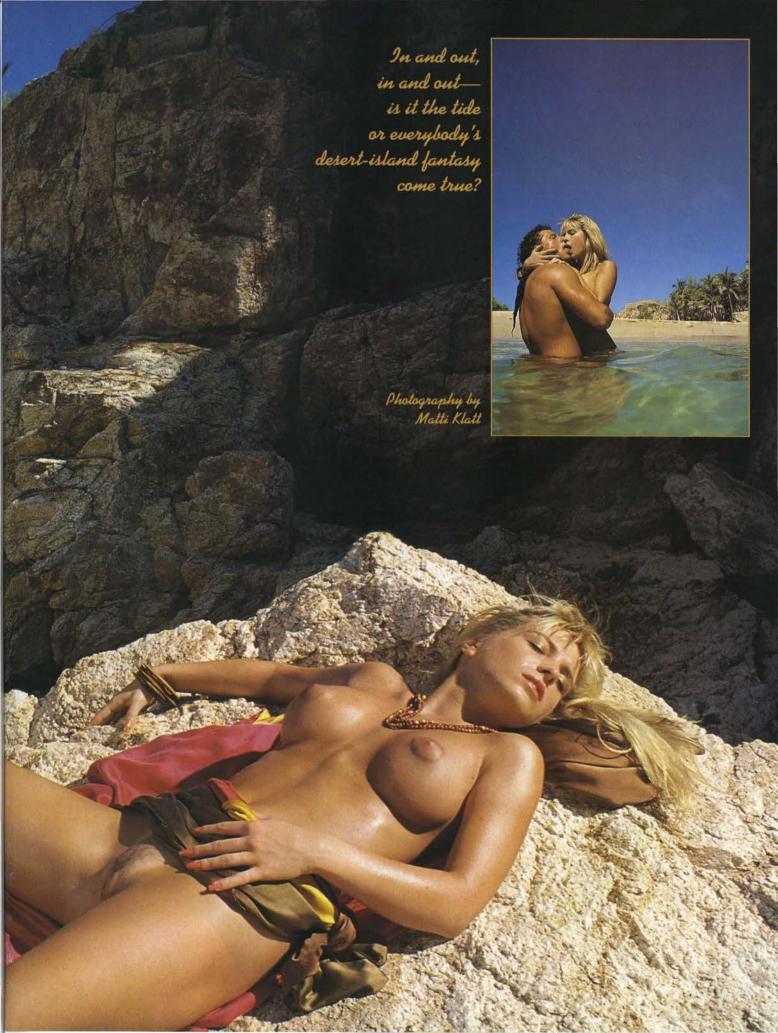
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"You have the right to an attorney. If you cannot afford one, one will be appointed for you...."

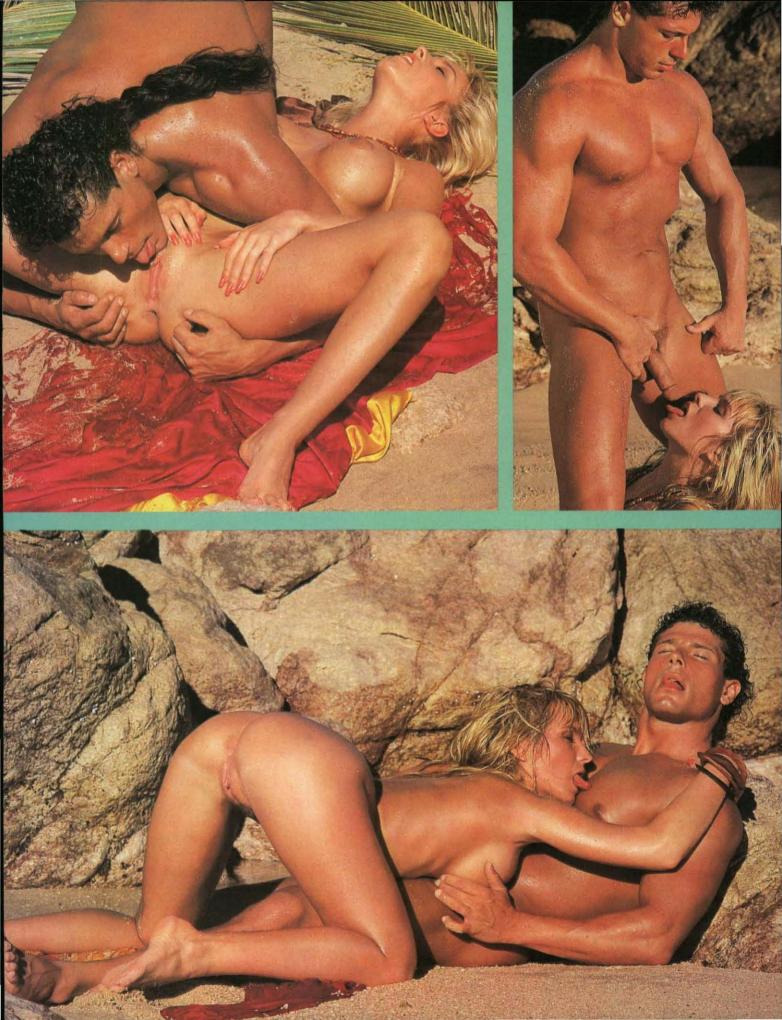




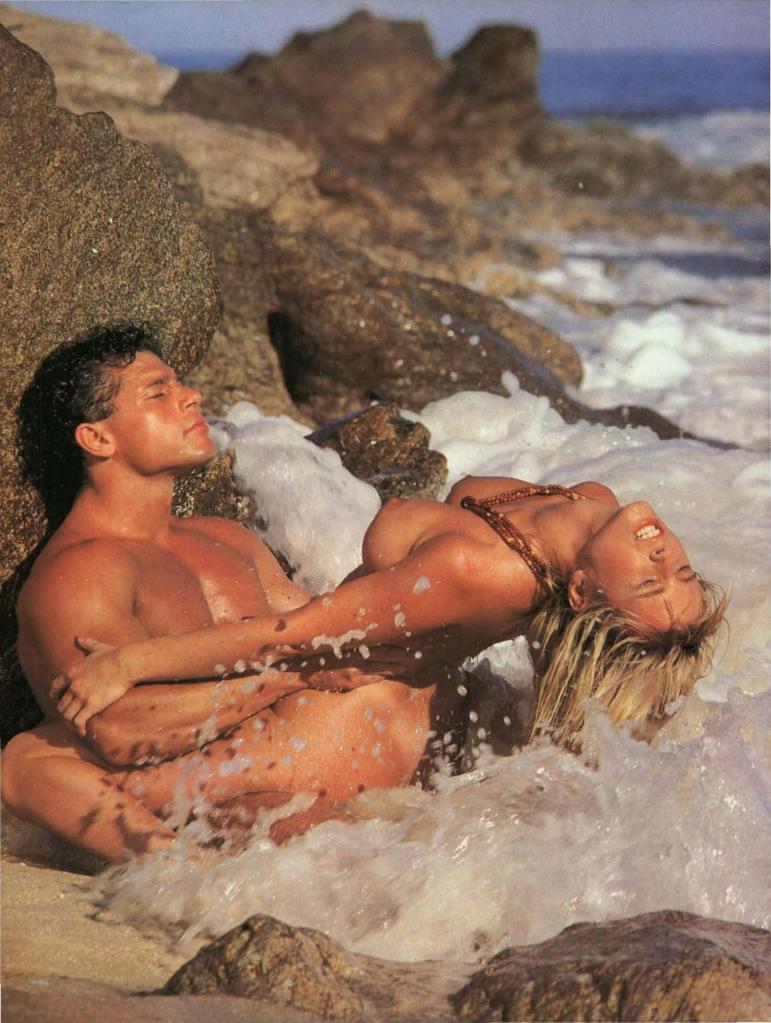


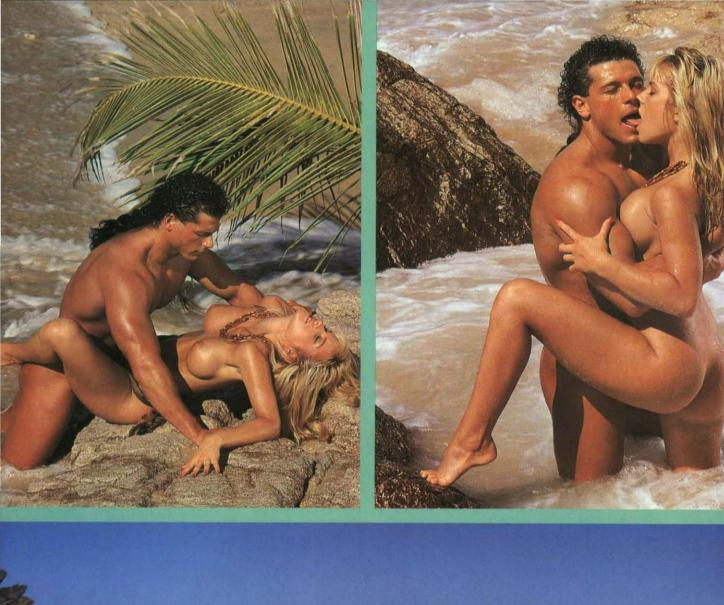














BAD COPS (continued from page 54)

Three dopers were allegedly murdered by rogue Florida cops. One officer involved was quoted as saying: "It was funny how they drowned."

The man on the ground was a police undercover agent investigating brutality by the Housing and Urban Development police drug-enforcement task force in Oakland.

A video camera was rolling. The DA's office was watching. Several officers found themselves in deep shit.

The investigation began after numerous citizen complaints of brutality and complaints from local hospitals concerning cases of people who were beaten up while in police custody.

Officers were said to have worn "sap gloves," lead-lined gloves that have the kick of a blackjack, and used their flashlights to administer beatings.

The videotaped sting operation brought everything to a screeching halt. It is possible that as many as one-third of the department will face felony charges.

Many of the drug cases made by the HUD officers, legit or not, have been dropped by the DA's office as untriable due to the alleged cop misconduct.

Brutality is the most common complaint made by citizens against police. Usually, it's a matter of someone being arrested a

little more physically than he thinks he should have been. Seldom is it so blatant as in the case of two NYPD officers convicted of felony assault for using an electronic stun gun to torture an 18-year-old who was arrested for selling \$10 worth of marijuana to an undercover agent.

Like the drug trade, police corruption goes on with little hope that it will ever be eradicated.

As one officer puts it, "You control it one place, and it pops up somewhere else. In some precincts, if you find an honest cop, you get him transferred fast so that he doesn't mess up your scam."

Cops are taught from the first day of academy that there are "no blacks and whites in uniform, only blues." No matter what, you stick up for your fellow cop.

A cop who would kill another cop is considered the lowest scum, way lower than a regular murderer.

On October 12, 1987, police discovered the body of 31-year-old Alabama State Trooper Elizabeth Cobb behind a church 11 miles south of Selma. She had been dead for five to six hours.

So little evidence was on the scene that investigators surmised the killer was someone who knew his business, like a hit man—or a cop. A \$350,000 insurance policy was the break detectives were looking for. Another state trooper, John Duncan, was the beneficiary on the policy, which would pay \$250,000 upon the death of the insured with a \$100,000 accidental-death rider.

Her head slumped against the doorpost

Visible on her head were two small holes, the kind made by a small-caliber

Trooper Cobb would go into history as

of her patrol car. Her hat was in place on

her head, and her hands lay in her lap. She

weapon. A trickle of dried blood ran from

the first female U.S. state trooper killed in

had been taken by surprise.

each hole.

the line of duty.

Trooper Duncan was in bad financial trouble. Child support from two previous marriages left very little to live on from his \$18,000 yearly salary.

It was also discovered that Duncan and Cobb had been carrying on a secret relationship. They kept it under cover, according to Duncan, because of departmental policy against fraternization. Duncan denied any knowledge of the murder, but his actions seemed suspicious.

Although he knew Trooper Cobb was missing on the night of October 11, Duncan had shown little concern. He invited a couple of female dispatchers over to play cards and drink beer. One of them asked: "Won't your girlfriend get mad?" He replied that there was no need to worry; she wouldn't be by tonight. According to the dispatchers, he acted as if he hadn't a care in the world.

Duncan first denied being anywhere near the church where Cobb was discovered, but fearing that he might have been seen, he told a bizarre story.

According to Duncan, he had made plans to meet Cobb at the church. When he approached he saw that she had not heard him come up; so he sneaked up behind her and hollered, "Bang!"

Then he smelled gunpowder, he stated, and saw the wounds in her head. After that, he "ran like hell."

An hour later he was cutting up with the dispatchers, according to testimony. Stranger still, when word came that Cobb had been found, Duncan didn't even go to the crime scene.

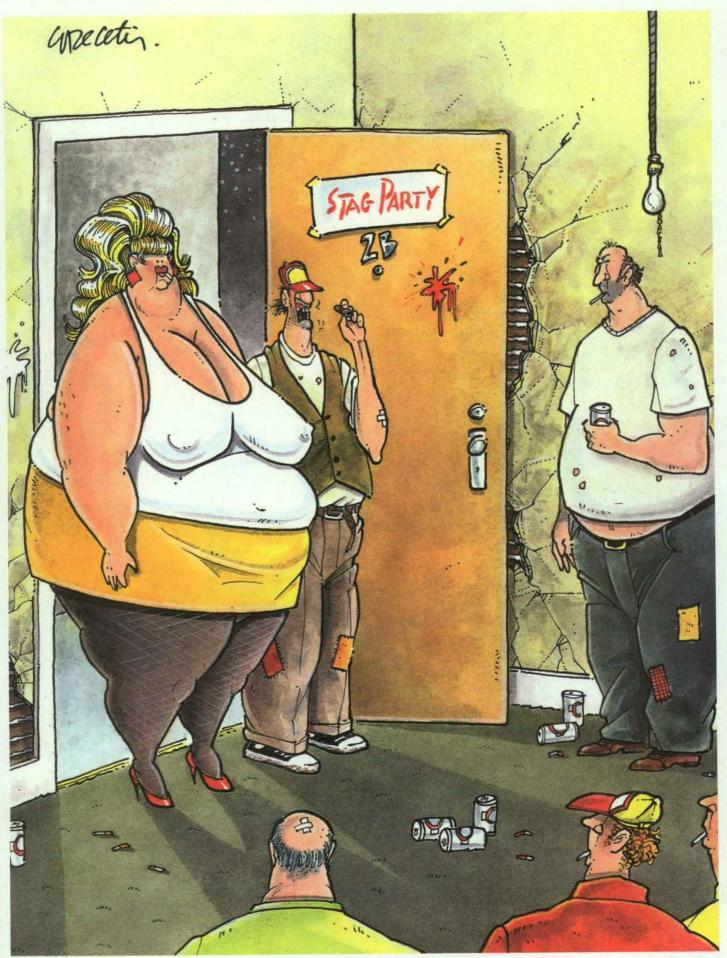
Duncan's defense was thin. The jury didn't believe him. This is the story they believed: Trooper John Duncan was heavily in debt. He had to find money somewhere.

Trooper Cobb happened along at just the right moment to be his patsy. Offering her love and marriage, he put the wheels

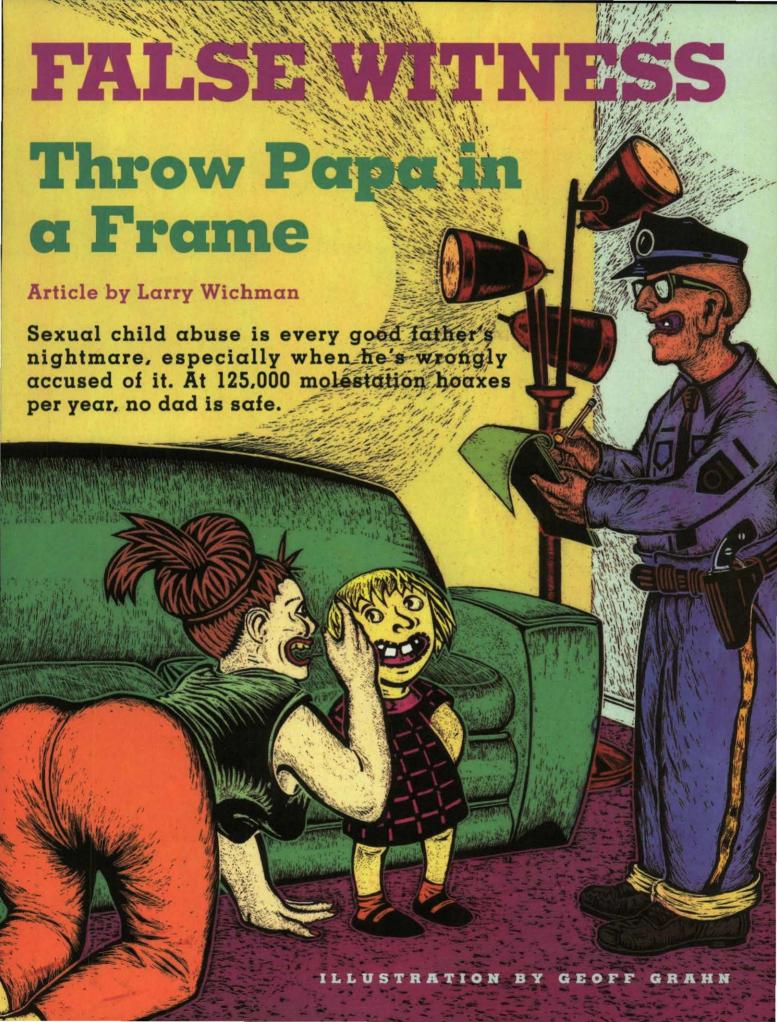
(continued on page 109)



"H-hi, my name i-is M-M-Mau-r-rice, and I-I'm a-a chr-chronic m-m-mas-t-tur-b-bator..."



"Quit bitchin'—she's the only hooker I could get with food stamps...."





"All your wife has to say is, 'My child was molested,' and you won't see your kid for a year...automatic," explains Seattle PI Larry Daly.

When Jacqueline Belton discovered that after nine years of marriage her 37-yearold husband, Larry, was sleeping with a younger woman, the Sacramento, California, mother of three decided that divorce alone was not punishment enough. She didn't want just the car and the kids and Larry's federal retirement pay. She wanted to see her husband rot in prison.

Her plan was as malicious as it was effective. Before filing for divorce, Jacqueline went to the police and falsely accused Larry of molesting her 12-year-old daughter, Monique. The girl hated the way her stepdad was always disciplining her for wearing too much makeup and talking to boys. She was easily persuaded to corroborate the lies.

Within hours, Larry Belton was taken into custody.

At the preliminary hearing, Monique's testimony proved so convincing that the judge raised the charges from three counts of molestation to well over 50. She even fooled Belton's defense attorney, who was overheard congratulating Superior Court jurists on their verdict minutes after they'd found his client guilty.

"I couldn't believe the panel bought her story," recalls Sacramento private detective George Wimberly, a defense investigator. "The child made so many bizarre allegations. She claimed Larry got her pregnant and performed an abortion with a coat hanger-which she then said had to be surgically removed from her vagina at the hospital! There was no physical evidence, no hospital records, nothing."

Although several alleged participants in Jacqueline's conspiracy have recently come forward, Larry Belton remains behind bars. He has 105 years left to serve on his 111-year sentence.

Belton's is not an isolated case. An estimated 40% of all reported incidents of sexual child abuse in the United States spring from bloody divorce/custody battles, with 80% of the allegations being vindictive hoaxes.

"All your wife has to say is, 'My child was molested,' and you won't see your kid for a year...automatic," explains Seattle, Washington, PI Larry Daly, whose firm averages 60 new false-allegation cases each month. "As soon as there is an accusation, there is an immediate assumption of guilt."

For falsely accused fathers—an estimated 125,000 each year—the repercussions are devastating. Although saddled with crippling legal fees, 80% lose their jobs or get laid off. They become prone to deep depression and suffer public humiliation. Many spend months in jail awaiting trial.

A false allegation is quick, efficient and brutal. All a mom needs to do is turn the child against her father, rehearse a few lines of testimony and let the county Child Protection Service (CPS) rubber-stamp the charges. Presto, Dad's hung out to dry!

"Our judiciary resolves everything in what it perceives as the best interest of the child," explains attorney Peter Sokaris, a men's-rights activist from Albany, New York. "False allegations are considered

unimportant in comparison."

The rules of evidence in family court are looser than in criminal court. "If you're the defense, you've got everybody working against you," says Chicago, Illinois, familylaw attorney Alan Hoffenberg. "Chances are, the judge will admit every piece of evidence and then decide a case on evidence that should never have been allowed."

"We definitely sacrifice civil liberties," admits Howard Davidson, director of the American Bar Association's Center on Children and Law. "The alternative is to sacrifice the ability to protect children."

The moment a father is accused of sexual abuse, he is forbidden to have any contact with his children until the court decides whether to file criminal charges or otherwise modify his custody rights.

Meanwhile, the alleged victim undergoes evaluation by CPS. If she's assessed to have been abused, she's put into therapy, where, as Daly puts it, "she spends six months learning with other little girls about how daddies molest."

Once prosecutors get a conviction, they won't give it up, despite a valid recantation by both the mother and the child.

Thirty-four-year-old Robert Glenna is presently serving 36 years in Folsom Prison for allegedly molesting his nineyear-old daughter. During his 1986 criminal trial, the girl tried to retract her testimony, but was told that if she did, she would be prosecuted for perjury.

The original charges were leveled against Glenna shortly after he left his wife and child for another woman. The girl, seeing how devastated her mother was over the breakup, lashed out at her father, accus-

had been secretly watching an uncle's porn videos. When investigators asked her to describe the sex acts her father had allegedly forced her to commit, she easily

ing him of abuse. For months, the child and her cousin rattled off lurid details. (continued on page 78)

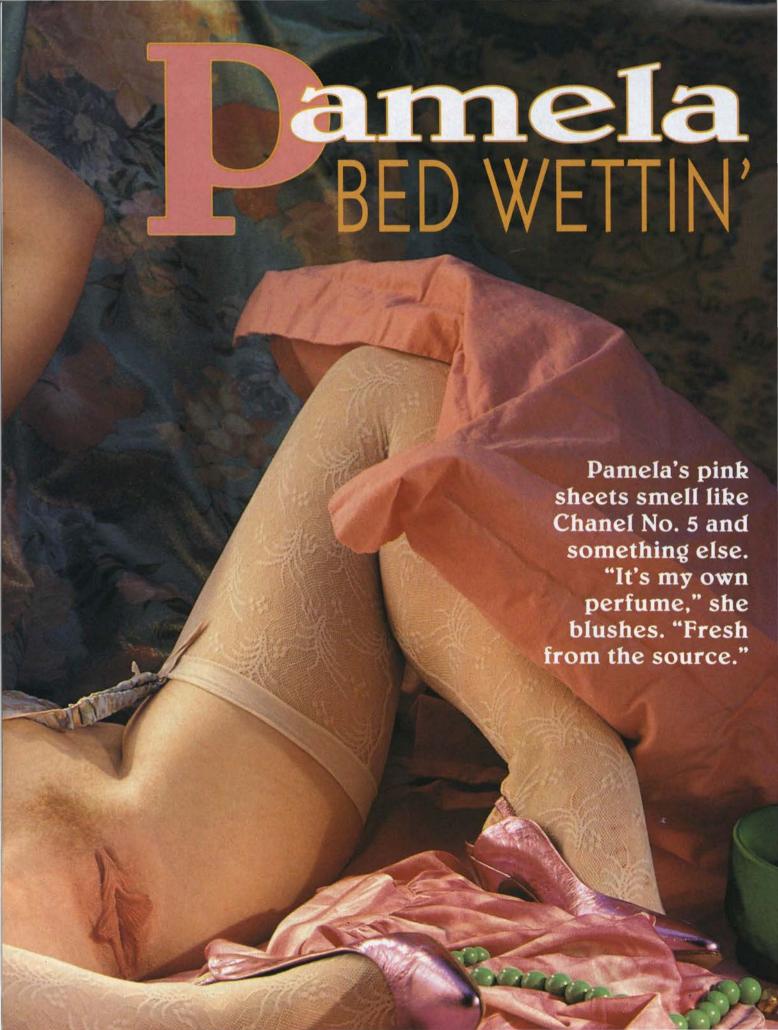


"Lenny, we've got to lay off on the fist-fucking."



"This your first time in Pervo, Utah?"



















Gianino reportedly advised a client that the only way to gain custody of her daughter was to claim her ex-husband molested the girl.

The jury only heard the child's account as stated in transcripts of the preliminary-hearing testimony. Two months prior to trial, the girl had admitted to her mother that she had lied on the stand and that her father was innocent.

"Jill Glenna called and told me there might be a problem," explains Wimberly, who'd been hired to investigate the case for the defense. "When I interviewed the girl, she broke down and cried and said, 'I can't sleep. I can't go to school. Daddy didn't do anything!"

Glenna's attorney filed a writ of habeas corpus with an affidavit from the mother attesting to what the child had said. Yet, the mother and daughter soon had second thoughts.

Neither the girl's counselor nor the investigating officer believed her when she told them she'd lied. According to her mother's sworn statement, they scared the girl out of recanting.

"She said she was afraid that by telling the truth she would go to jail for lying in court or be put in a foster home," Jill said.

A week later, police warned Jill that if

Robert was released as a consequence of her actions, they would see that she lost custody of both her children.

"They definitely got the message," says Wimberly. "Robert is still in prison, and the child and her mother are too afraid to speak out. It's a nightmare."

According to Larry Daly, the financial cost of defending against even blatantly false accusations runs anywhere from \$50,000 to \$75,000. "The investigation costs \$5,000 to \$10,000," he explains. "Attorney fees are another \$10,000 to \$45,000. Then your psychologist and court costs. I have a client who's already paid out \$200,000. And if you don't have any money, you go to prison."

Some divorce attorneys actively advise their clients to use false charges as a weapon. "It occurs regularly in New York State," admits Peter Sokaris. "We don't have joint custody as an option—it's winner take all. Unethical behavior is widespread among attorneys and clients."

"If an accusation is made," adds Larry Daly, "the lawyer stands to earn more money for the additional litigation. He's assured of making \$25,000 minimum.

"I've begun to pinpoint attorneys in Seattle who are doing this. I'm onto one right now, and I'm going to make her ass suffer."

According to news stories, attorney Peter Gianino of Stuart, Florida, reportedly advised a client that the only way to gain sole custody of her four-year-old daughter was to claim that her ex-husband, Cecil Don Smith, molested the girl.

A week later, Gianino's client, who'd initially lost custody of the child after attempting suicide, filed the charges. Within hours, a judge had returned the girl to her mother's care.

As a result of his ex-wife's allegations, Don Smith was charged with capital sexual battery, which carries a mandatory sentence of life in prison with no parole for 25 years. Although a jury eventually found Smith innocent, he spent over seven months in jail awaiting trial.

"I spent the first five weeks in maximum security with rapists, armed robbers and murderers," recalls Smith. "It was degrading. Inmates threatened to beat me up."

Many states have made it a crime to deliberately file false accusations of child abuse. Sokaris notes, however, that in New York the law proved ineffective. "Authorities are reluctant to enforce it," he says. "To my knowledge, no one has ever been prosecuted."

Left unpunished, there's no limit to the atrocities. For the past six years, 37-year-old Kevin Shea has been serving what amounts to a death sentence at the California State Medical Facility in Vacaville.

Kevin was not a bad husband. He didn't beat his wife or drink his paycheck. His only sin was that at 24, he met another woman, fell in love and got divorced.

For this, neither his first wife, Stephanie, nor their three-year-old son, Christopher, ever forgave him. When the time was right, they took their revenge.

The ax didn't fall until Stephanie decided to remarry six years later. By then Kevin and his new wife, Cheryl, had a family of their own—two girls and one boy. Christopher lived with his mother and saw his father during regular weekend visitations.

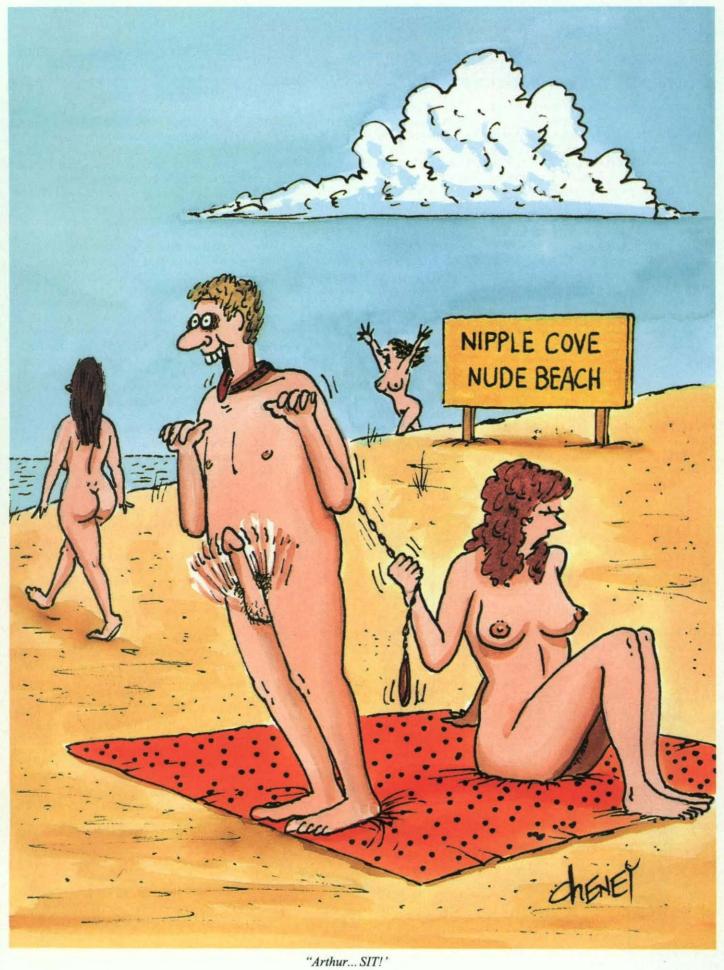
Stephanie announced to Kevin that Christopher wanted to be adopted by her new husband. Wishing to retain his right to see his son, Kevin refused to allow it. A month later, he and his wife were arrested and charged with 25 counts of child molestation.

As Sacramento police officers drove off with his children, Kevin suffered a mild heart attack and was rushed to the hospital. Neither he nor his wife—against whom charges were eventually dropped—have seen the children since.

"Christopher claimed his father molest-



"Send a patrol wagon to 21st and Baker. We've nabbed the hickey bandit."



Framed Fathers

Pitts's niece blamed her perjured testimony on pressure from the prosecution: "I told them it didn't happen, but they kept after me."

ed everyone, including his ten-year-old niece," Kevin's mother, Elaine Shea, recalls. "But she kept saying she'd never been molested. She said so on the stand, but no one would believe her.'

The trial was a nightmare. According to Mrs. Shea, the judge, Benjamin Diaz, was on probation because he'd been caught getting head from a hooker in an alley. "It was as if he was proving to the world that he was sorry," Elaine says. "It was hang Kevin to save himself."

And hang Kevin they did. The jury even found him guilty of having molested his 18-month-old son for a period of over three years.

Stephanie was delighted. When the judge sentenced Kevin to 30 years in prison, she reportedly turned to her mother-in-law and laughed.

Tragically, eight years ago Kevin underwent open-heart surgery, at which time he received a heart valve that doctors said would last ten to 15 years. But Kevin has another nine years to serve before being eligible for parole, at least two years too late to save his heart.

Defending against trumped-up childmolestation charges means battling a threeheaded monster. In addition to a vindictive ex-wife and a judiciary that errs on the side of children, men face a potent child-abuse industry.

"They've helped put many people in prison who don't belong there," claims Leslie Wimberly, president of the National Association of State VOCAL Organizations (P.O. Box 1314, Orangevale, CA 59662).

VOCAL (Victims of Child Abuse Laws), a nonprofit organization with 14,000 national members, was established to provide moral and professional support to those falsely charged with child abuse.

Wimberly decries privately operated social services that profit from unwarranted findings of molestation. "A lot of people are deliberately abusing the system," she says.

Many communities rely upon quasi-independent investigatory agencies. One such operation, California's Child & Family Institute (CFI), is under a grant by the Sacramento County Board of Supervisors to investigate allegations of child abuse, and to provide counseling for those involved.

CFI runs a slick operation. When charges of sexual abuse arise in court, the child is sent to CFI for evaluation. Should CFI find evidence of molestation—which it reportedly always does—the father is told that unless he wants to drag his child through a traumatic trial, he must plead guilty and enter a therapy program that lasts four to eight years and costs a minimum of \$485 a month—payable to CFI. Should the father drop out of therapy at any point, he goes immediately to prison without a trial.

"CFI," Wimberly charges, "has literally built itself into the system. It makes a tremendous amount of money by creating

its own caseload."

A state fund to aid victims of crime allows CFI to make money off the children as well. If a child is assessed to have been abused, the agency can put him or her into therapy and bill the state for up to \$42,000.

"We interviewed a girl who was sent to CFI when she was nine years old," Wimberly recounts. "Her mother wanted her to falsely accuse her father of sexual abuse. She said that during group therapy at CFI, the children would sit in a circle, and each would tell the group how they'd been molested. If a child claimed nothing had happened, she was placed in the center of the circle and stared at until she finally admitted to being molested."

According to Berkeley, California, psychiatrist Dr. Lee Coleman, most interviewers use a subtler coercive technique. "They take the iron-fist-in-a-velvet-glove approach," he explains. "If a child says that nothing happened, they'll say, 'Well, we know something happened. We know it's hard to talk about, but you would make your mom proud. So, let's put on our thinking cap. If something did happen, what do you think it might have been?

"Pretty soon, the child comes to believe that something did happen, because this powerful grown-up who knows all these things believes it did. That's how you send an innocent man to prison."

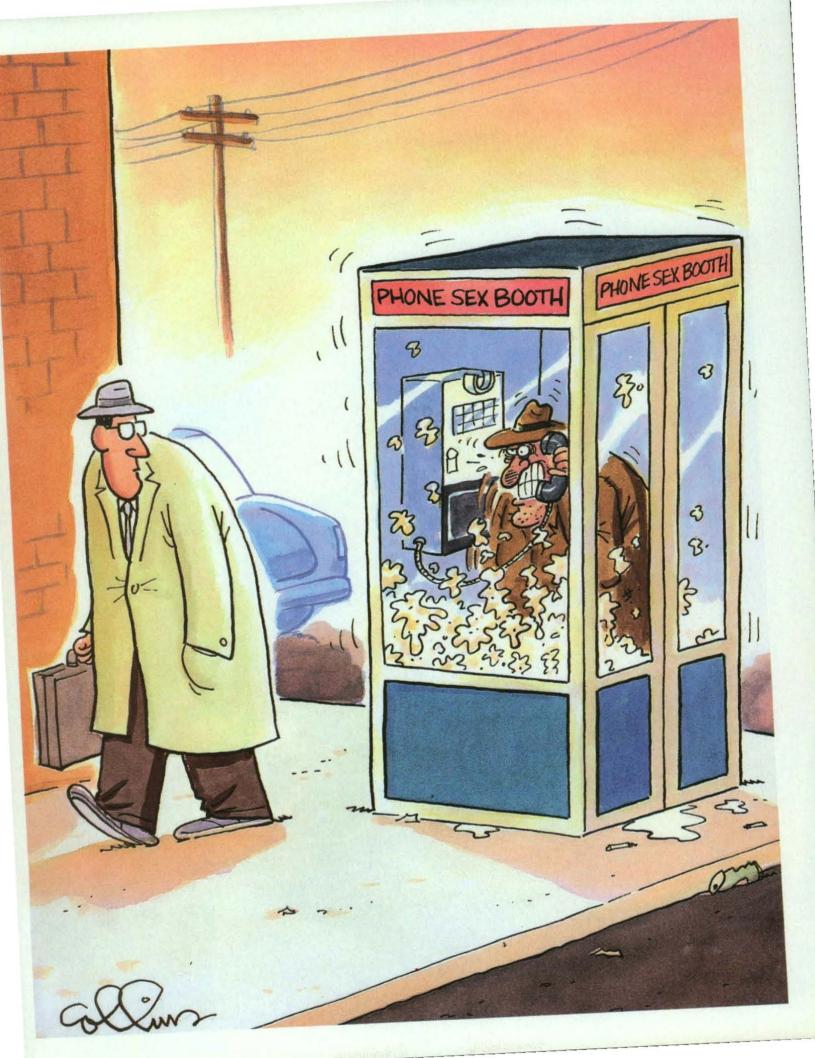
Interviewers assume that children don't lie about being molested.

In 1983, such unwarranted assumptions lead to an outbreak of child-abuse hysteria in Bakersfield, California. At one point, law-enforcement officials believed that 77 local residents had formed a satanic molestation ring that had sacrificed 30 infants and subjected 60 children to physical and sexual abuse.

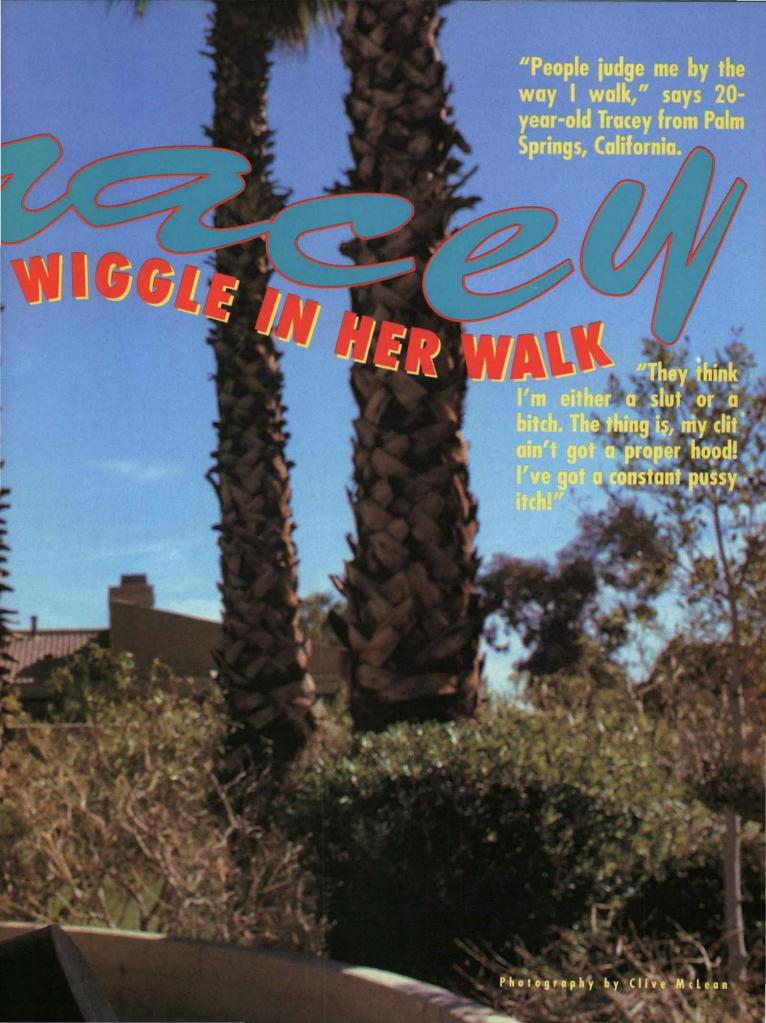
The insanity began with the Dill-Pitts case. Ricky Pitts and his wife, Marcella, were falsely accused of sexual abuse while trying to gain custody of two sons by a previous marriage. By the time the case went to trial, the number of charges stood at 377, and the list of defendants included Marcel-

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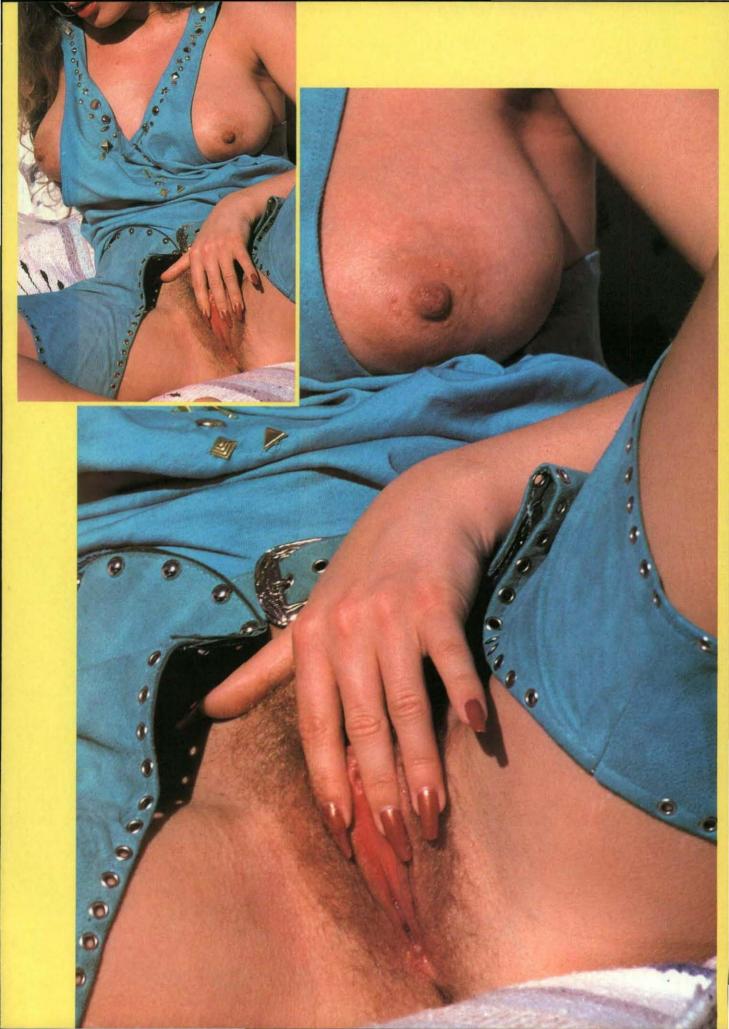














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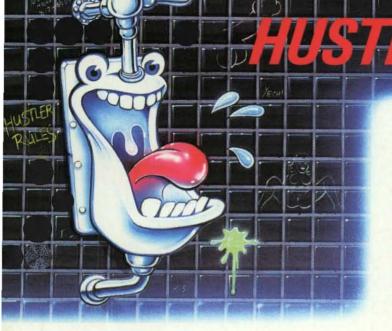
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A sodbuster in Missouri called up the sheriff and informed him that he'd just run over three lawyers and that the sheriff could come see about them if he wanted to. When the sheriff showed up about three hours later, he asked the sodbuster where the lawyers were.

"I thought you wouldn't want to bother with 'em," he said. "So I just went ahead and buried 'em."

"You buried 'em?" asked the sheriff. "Are you sure they was all dead?"

"Well," the sodbuster said, "they said they wasn't, but you know how those lawyers lie."

hick from a small town was forced to take a blood test to determine if he was the father of a local teenage girl's baby. He was scared shitless beore taking the test, but when he left the lab he was all smiles.

"Well," asked one of his buddies, "can they prove you're the father?"

"No fucking way!" gloated the hick. "That dumb-ass lab technician took the samples from my finger!"

uestion: What do you call two black highway patrolmen? Answer: Chocolate chips.

I wo Arab terrorists were driving through the streets of Jerusalem when one turned to the other and nervously asked, "Abdul, what if the bomb in the backseat blows up before we get there?"

Abdul smiled and said, "Hey, don't worry about it—I've got another one in the trunk!"

The young Irish bride made her first appointment with a gynecologist and told him of her and her husband's wish to start a family. "We've been trying for months now, and I don't seem to be able to get pregnant," she confessed miserably.

"I'm sure we'll solve the problem," the doctor reassured her. "If you'll just get up on the examination table and take off your underpants...."

"Well, all right, Doctor," agreed the blushing young woman, "but I'd rather have my husband's baby."

Two men were having a drink when one asked, "I heard you and your wife split up. What happened?"

"Hey," he answered, "would you put up with someone having wild parties, coming home at all hours of the night and having friends over to stay as long as they liked?"

"Nope," the first said, "can't say I would."

"Neither would my wife; so I left."

uestion: Did you hear Poland decided to send 6,000 troops to the Gulf?

Answer: Unfortunately, Mexico has no idea what to do with them.

ne day while out shooting grub, a backwoods hillbilly found a mirror which had been lost by a backpacker.

"Well, if it ain't my Pa," he mumbled to himself as he picked it up and gazed into it. "I never knew Pa had his picture took."

Taking the mirror home, he stashed it away in the attic, but his actions got his wife suspicious. That night she slipped up to the attic and found the mirror. "So this is the old hag he's been slippin' off to see!"

Ben and Doug were out deep-sea fishing when their boat struck a reef and sank like a rock.

To make matters worse, as they started to swim for an island in the distance, a shark attacked Doug, mauling both his arms and legs. Ben swam back for him and said, "The island's not far off now, pal. Climb on my back, and I'll dog-paddle us both to shore."

Finally reaching the island, Ben hauled his partner out of the water and onto the beach, where they both collapsed.

"Holy shit," Ben said, exhausted. "I'm fucked!"

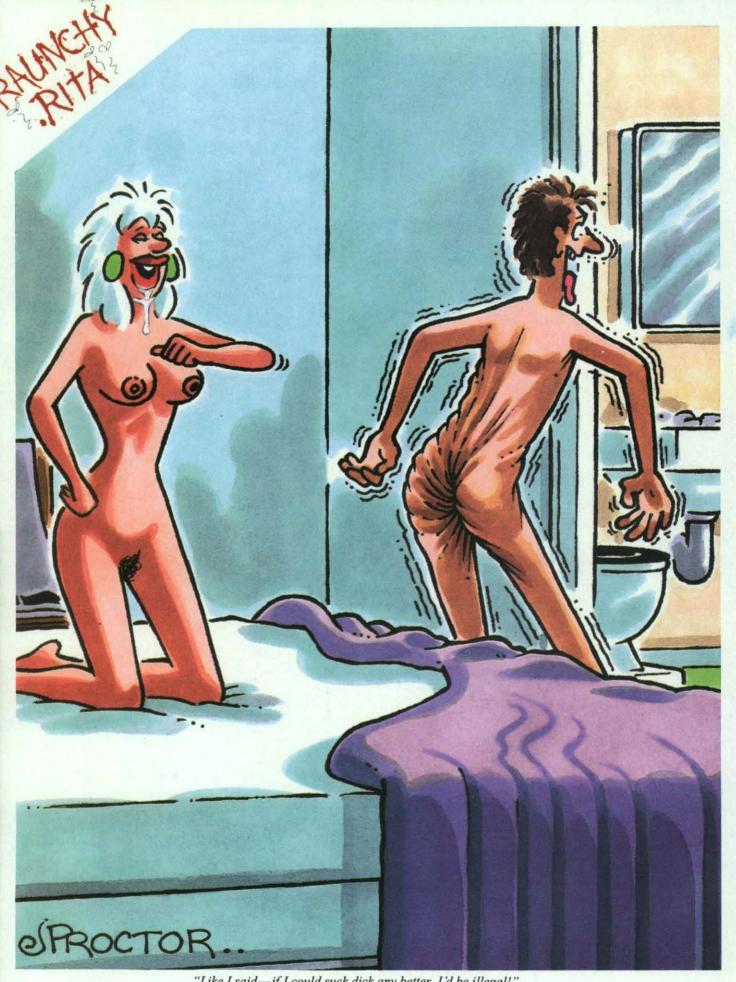
"Sorry, Ben," Doug said sheepishly, "but it was the only way I could hold on."

uestion: What's the difference between a Jewish American Princess and a Mexican American Princess? Answer: With a Mexican American Princess, the jewelry is fake and the orgasms are real.

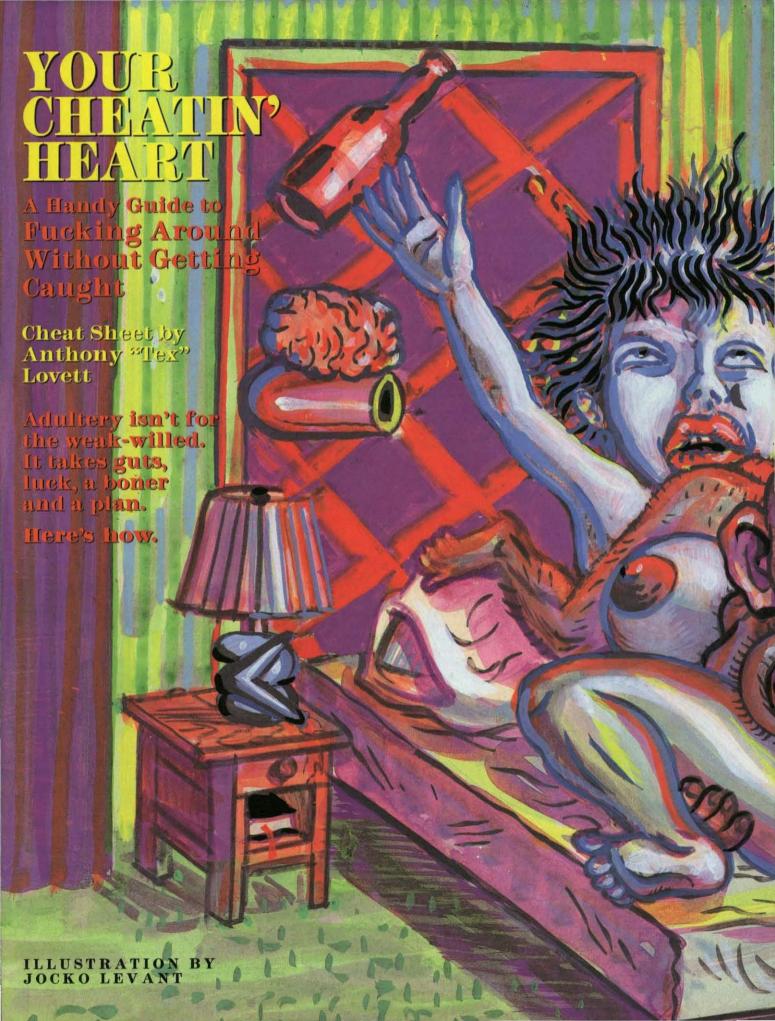
wo Polish citizens walked into a brand-new post office in Warsaw, and the first thing that caught their eye was a bunch of "Wanted" posters, in particular a shot of one mean-looking Russian beneath a banner that read: WANTED—SERIAL RAPIST.

"You know," said one Pole to the other, "that really pisses me off. They still get the best jobs!"

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



"Like I said—if I could suck dick any better, I'd be illegal!"





CHEATIN' HEART

The bar has two simple advantages: 1) She will drink enough to entertain sexual advances. 2) She will drink enough to forget his name.

Jack's been fucking around on his wife for over two months now, and she's none the wiser. Jack has covered all his bases: He's accounted for all his "late nights at the office," avoided making any calls to his lover from his home phone, serviced his wife sexually and brought her the occasional flowers and candy to keep her in the dark. Yes, Jack has the best of both worlds—a wild lover and a willing wife—and it looks like it's never going to end.

Then one day Jack comes home, and there's the little missus waiting for him, a rolling pin bouncing off her open palm.

She doesn't look happy.

"You've been fucking around on me, you worthless piece of shit, and now I'm going to kill you!" she wails, embedding the rolling pin in Jack's skull, causing severe brain damage and turning him into a drooling vegetable for the rest of his life.

Jack may have thought his bases were covered, but somewhere along the line he got sloppy. All it takes is one lapse to bring even the best-guarded streak of fucking around to a tragic conclusion. Cheaters, and anyone thinking about joining the infidelity

club, would do well to consult the following "cheat sheet." Its practical tips on how to keep infidelity under wraps will ensure that wandering balls remain attached to the philandering body. Use it, have some cake, and eat it too. At least for a while.

(Writer's note: The word wife as used in this article is interchangeable with fiancee, live-in, steady or any other monogamous ball-and-chain situation.)

WHY WE CHEAT

According to people who spend inordinate amounts of time in university libraries, men and women cheat on their loved ones for different reasons. Men do it for the physical pleasure of sex in itself; women do it to feel better emotionally about their lives and who they are. Once she's established herself as a two-timing tramp, the woman is fully validated as a member of the female sex.

Where There's a Will, There's a Way

The U.S. and the Russians relieved the impotence of the Cold War by covertly fueling hotspots across the globe. The drudgery of monogamous marriage has

been eased traditionally by the man's covert pursuit of hotspot pussy, i.e., cheating. With the demands of feminism for equal rights, women have sought their own share of stray dick outside the home. Their numbers are growing.

Ten years ago, an estimated half of all women between 18 and 34 had indulged in at least one extramarital affair. In the '80s, that figure rose to around 60%. The gals are catching onto the rules and, consequently, playing the game more often.

One big difference in the way men and women have affairs is that men try their damnedest to keep the side pussy under wraps, while women invariably bring the stray schlong home, intentionally creating a scene. The resultant homicidal hoopla is often precisely the attention they are looking for. But for guys, lesson one is: Discretion.

LESSON ONE: BE DISCREET

Finding the Right Girl: It's best to avoid fucking a best friend's wife, or a wife's worst enemy. Being women, they will undoubtedly find some overwhelming need to tell the cuckolded spouse all about it. She will claim guilt drove her to confess. Don't believe her. Women cherish gossip more than life itself.

Likewise, stay away from women who seem to be obvious targets for philandering, i.e., the babes a wife already suspects, such as that gorgeous, single, supplicating secretary the wife hates so thoroughly.

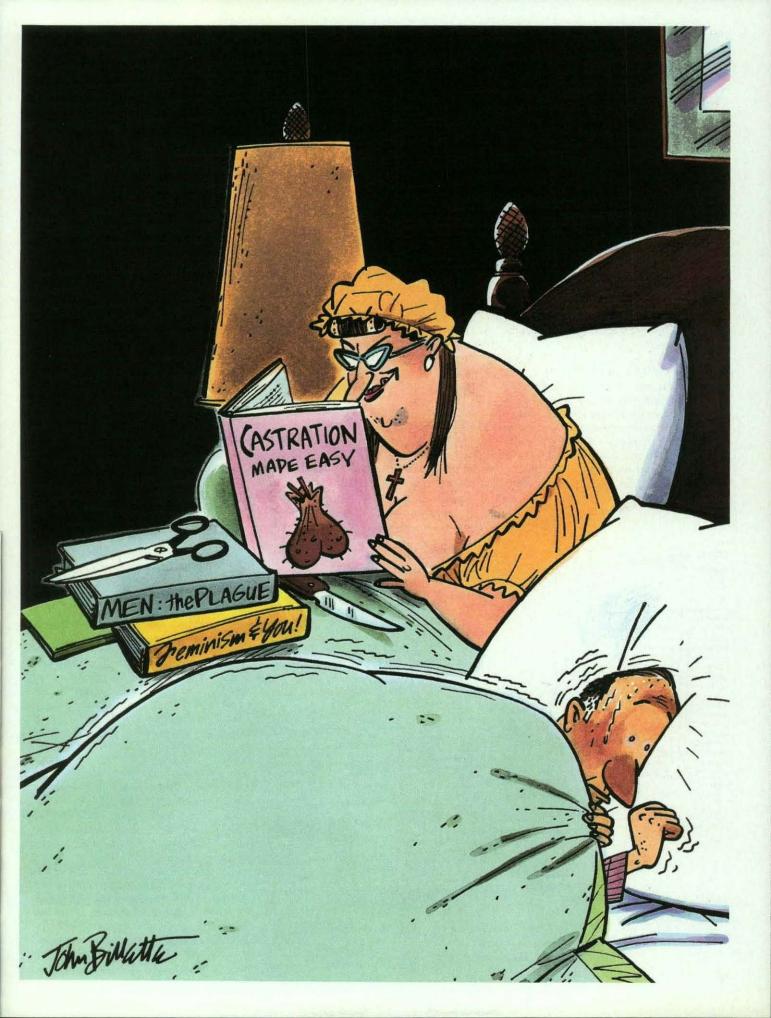
The ideal girl would be a complete stranger who can be kept as far from home as possible. Traveling salesmen have the advantage in keeping their liaisons distant. Local philanderers need to be extra careful in whom they approach and how much information they share with their co-adulterers.

Where to Look: New women can be met in a number of places, but the best place is still a bar. The bar has two simple advantages: 1) She will hopefully drink enough to entertain sexual advances. 2) She will hopefully drink enough to forget his name.

Nondrinkers, and boozers willing to pretend to be teetotalers, might try attending Alcoholics Anonymous meetings. AA is a notorious haven for people who give up one highly addictive drug and replace it with something allegedly less detrimental—such as coffee, cigarettes or mindless, free-ranging sex. Remember, however, that screwing someone who is sober raises the probability of blackmail, since she'll be capable of remembering names. Worse, she'll also recognize a lousy lay when she feels it.

Finding the Right Place: Even fans of the movie sex, lies, and videotape should under no circumstances take a new lover back to the home base for a roll in the hay. Why? Because in the heat of passion or the torpidity of postcoital numbness, a fuck-up





CHEATIN' HEART

The cheat must put himself in the wife's untrusting shoes. Assume the absolute worst, multiply it by 100, then imagine how to get around it.

will occur, leading to the affair's discovery and, consequently, crippling legal fees.

Her place is another matter, especially if she lives alone. If she cohabits, it's still cool, unless her roommate is: 1) a larcenous drug addict, 2) her child (or worse, children), 3) her pimp, and/or 4) her husband or boyfriend. Do not go back to her place if she's still living with her parents, unless her mother is particularly attractive.

Motels remain the best place for an affair. They are cheap, sleazy and built for people whose passions are furtive and illicit. Always use a pseudonym and pay cash. Strange charges from motels will wreak havoc when the little lady gets her hooks on the bills.

LESSON TWO: HOW TO LIE

Most men can skip this part, because they already know how to lie like a cheap hairpiece. Male mendacity is why so many more men are successful than women in politics, big business and law. It's why men are, well, men. But for those myopic saps who were misled into always telling the truth, and who have nevertheless drummed up enough courage to throw off the yoke of pussywhipped domesticity and have a fling, here are the secrets to dissembling with the conviction of Olivier...or at least Oliver North:

 Believe the lie, whatever it is. Deliberate self-delusion makes for Oscar-winning performances and landslide victories. It can work for hiding pussy too.

Pretend to be telling the truth, which may seem like believing the lie, but it isn't.

 Don't embellish the story more than usual. Liars tend to throw in excessive detail as if quantity constitutes truth.

 Don't be secretive. She'll only want to know more, and that means coming up with new lies.

Ponder what would happen if she found out the truth. This is what method actors call finding their motivation.

LESSON THREE: PLAN AHEAD TO AVOID MESSY SCENES

Some men are just plain stupid and think with their dicks all of the time instead of 90% of the time like the brightest among us. The cerebral 10% is reserved

for coming up with new ways of getting away with what our dicks think about the other 90% of the time.

For example, let's plan to spend an evening with the new sex bunny. The "working late" line is still a classic, but this is no time to take chances. The cheat must put himself in the wife's vicious, untrusting shoes and assume the worst. She will call the office to check up. She will contact the restaurant where the alleged sales meeting is being held. She will track down the supposed squash-playing buddy. Assume the absolute fucking worst, multiply it by 100, then imagine how to get around it.

The trick is to create a pattern of legitimate extramarital activities before beginning the affair. Once the off-duty time is being put to adulterous use, it won't be missed at home—and a built-in alibi is on tap. Pretend to take up biking or jogging. Have a "secret trail" and "private time to be alone and think." Above all, avoid giving the spouse a time or place she can verify, because eventually she will.

Fumbling fuckers prone to fucking up should memorize a few premeditated excuses. If the wife asks for a re-creation of the past 16 hours: 1) "Somebody parked behind my car and then went to a Jerry Lewis retrospective." 2) "Two men came up to me on the street and asked me, 'What's the frequency, Kenneth?' then pounded the crap out of me." 3) "I took a long walk and realized something important. I think I want to become a woman."

Any of these should buy some time. If she asks about the smell of booze: l) "I've been drinking." 2) "I found out I was adopted." 3) "I'm an alcoholic, and I need to start going to secret meetings. I can't tell you when or where they are, and sometimes they take all night, even a whole weekend."

LESSON FOUR: COVER YOUR ASS

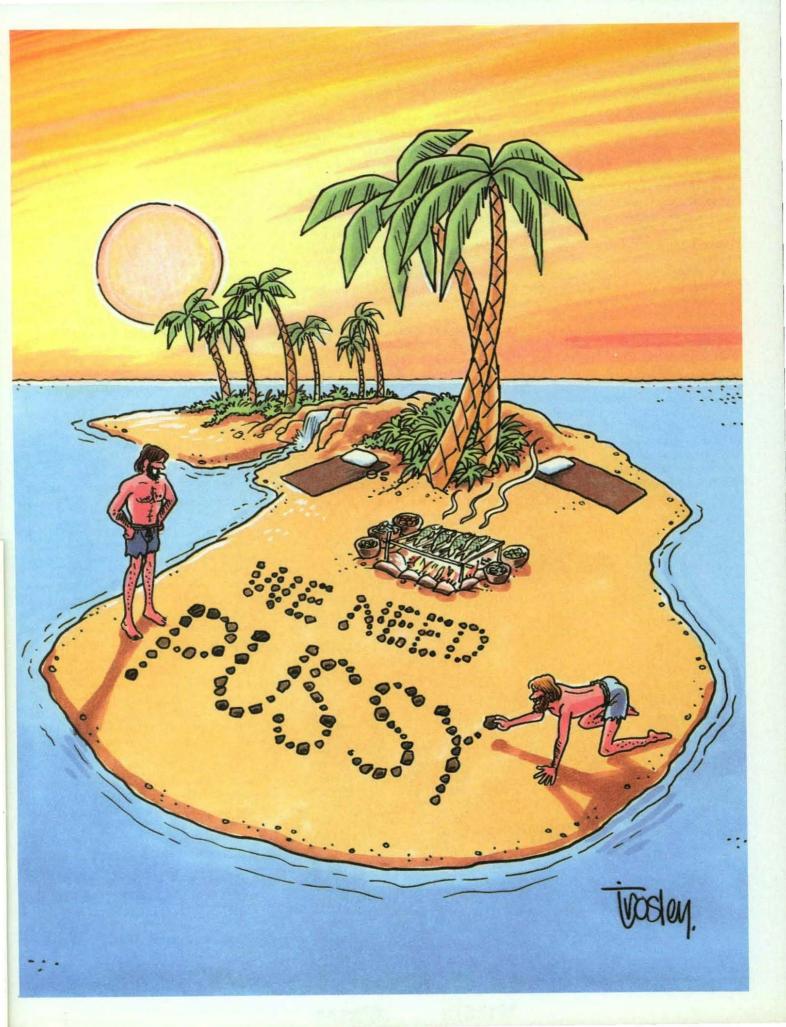
Contrary to popular belief, obvious clues like crotchless panties in an attaché case and dried cum stains on a tie are not the first giveaways a significant other will notice. Like dogs sense fear in humans, women are gifted with an uncanny ability to detect guilt in men, which, coupled with the feminine tendency to twist any form of male behavior into a possible indicator of infidelity, spells a minefield of trouble for he who has wet his willy outside the connubial bed.

Don't Go Changin': Women notice little things, especially changes. Odd permutations in behavioral patterns, tastes, moods and habits prick up the wife's ears.

Specifically, women note an increased preoccupation with work, particularly when combined with vague mental distance and decreased interest in matters concerning home and family. She'll raise her eyebrows if her man starts paying more attention to



"What? You don't like the color? What? What?"



CHEATIN' HEART

Physical evidence is the hardest to disavow. Nothing is so vengeful as a wife coming across a bra that she could never fill.

the way he looks. If he makes himself less available for talk, for sharing emotions and spending time together, she'll suspect something. If he suddenly tries new things in the bedroom—innovation is as much of an omen for her as if he'd lost interest altogether. The key is to not reveal any changes in personality or behavior that will alert wife or family to the newfound hobby.

Don't Keep Souvenirs: A sentimental slob may be inclined to keep a memento of his humping session, but this is imprudent. Physical evidence is the hardest to disavow. Nothing is so vengeful as a wife coming across a bra that she could never fill. Leave the souvenirs at the amusement park.

After the fun is over, spend some time under a good light. Get rid of any hairs she has shed. Check for lipstick and makeup smears. Does the shirt smell like her? Change it if possible; if not, leave it near a burning cigarette. Take a shower, just in case the wife is suddenly in the mood back at home—and be sure to use the soap she's familiar with.

Lastly, remember not to bring home VD and AIDS. Wear a condom until ascertain-

ing the other woman is disease-free (as in seeing the paperwork personally), or risk waking up one morning with a dick looking like a piece of driftwood. And a wife calling a lawyer.

Know Your Friends: Most men brag among themselves about whom they've been screwing, but many acquaintances would be better left in the dark as to extramarital activities. As a rule, it's safe to confide in a best friend. Avoid spilling the truth to anyone who couldn't resist the temptation of ruining another man's life. Best plan: Don't tell a soul.

LESSON FIVE: HANDLING THE OTHER WOMAN

Having obtained a woman with morals low enough to help cheat on a wife, what can be expected from such a bitch? Mindless, nasty sex. Aspirations for anything greater will lead to later perspirations in divorce court.

Don't start promising the new bimbo all sorts of things that won't be delivered once the boner subsides and she becomes less likable—a bothersome tramp, in fact. Tell

her you work with the government, you're always on the go, and you'll call her whenever you can get together.

Married women are good candidates for affairs. They're often as horny as their dissatisfied husbands and are equally at risk, balancing the blackmail factor. Then again, married women have husbands to contend with. Only have an affair with a married woman who is either: 1) sure her husband is gay or 2) married to him because he paid in order to get his citizenship papers.

College girls make for wonderful affairs: 1) They are young, and 2) a married guy means as much to them as any one of their other sexual partners—very little.

Finally, the biggest mistake a man makes is assuming his lover won't tell her significant other (if there is one) about the affair. Because men are natural sneaks, we presume our lovers will keep mum as well. Wrong. Always remember to ask if a new lover has any intentions of running home and blabbing; a vengeful man will hunt a connubial interloper down and kick the shit out of him—if not kill him.

LESSON SIX: WHEN YOU GET CAUGHT

Sooner or later, everybody gets caught. It's the law of averages. When faced with the bald truth, when alibis won't hold water, be prepared for a lot of grief. Despite the agony, there are three methods of damage control.

The Sympathy Ploy: This one requires a great deal of *cojones*. Basically become a whimpering, pitiful, lying sack of Jell-O, willing to blame the whole affair on job stress or bad things Uncle Percy did during a sordid childhood. Better yet, turn it on the wife and put the blame on her. Tell her she wasn't being loving anymore, that she didn't act like she felt any attraction, that she'd caused a horrible inferiority complex, etc., etc., until she's crying and begging for forgiveness. Once accomplished, go back to fucking around once more.

The Weak Male Ploy: Otherwise called "Blame It on the Bitch." Shift all blame to the other woman, personified as a temptress on par with Marla Maples, a woman whose evil charms were held off for months, and then vigilance somehow slipped. Most women are looking for someone else to blame, and this will give them the perfect person.

The Hooked on Drugs/Booze Ploy: Selfexplanatory. It works in court all the time.

CONCLUSION: HOW TO FUCK AROUND ALL THE TIME WITH-OUT GUILT

This is perhaps the easiest lesson of all to learn, but the most difficult to practice:

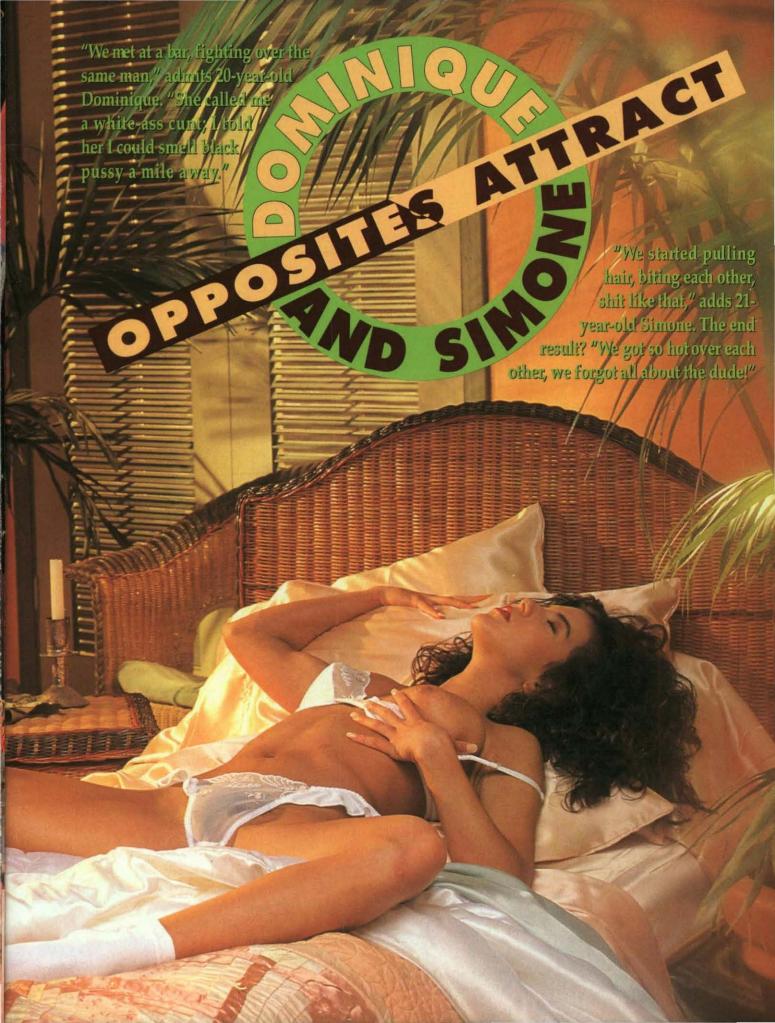
Don't get married.



"I was really scared there for a while!"

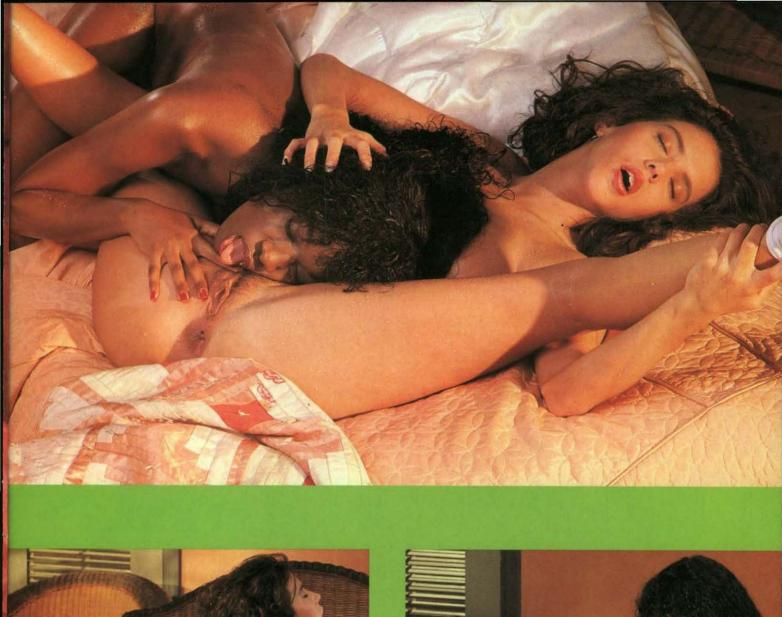


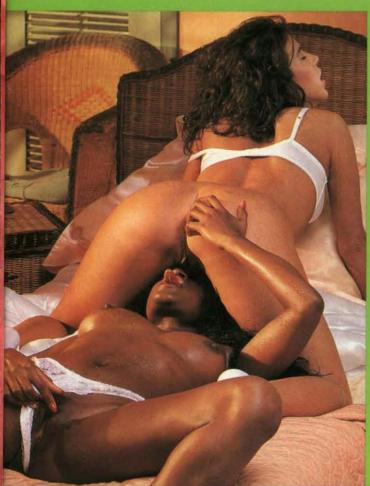




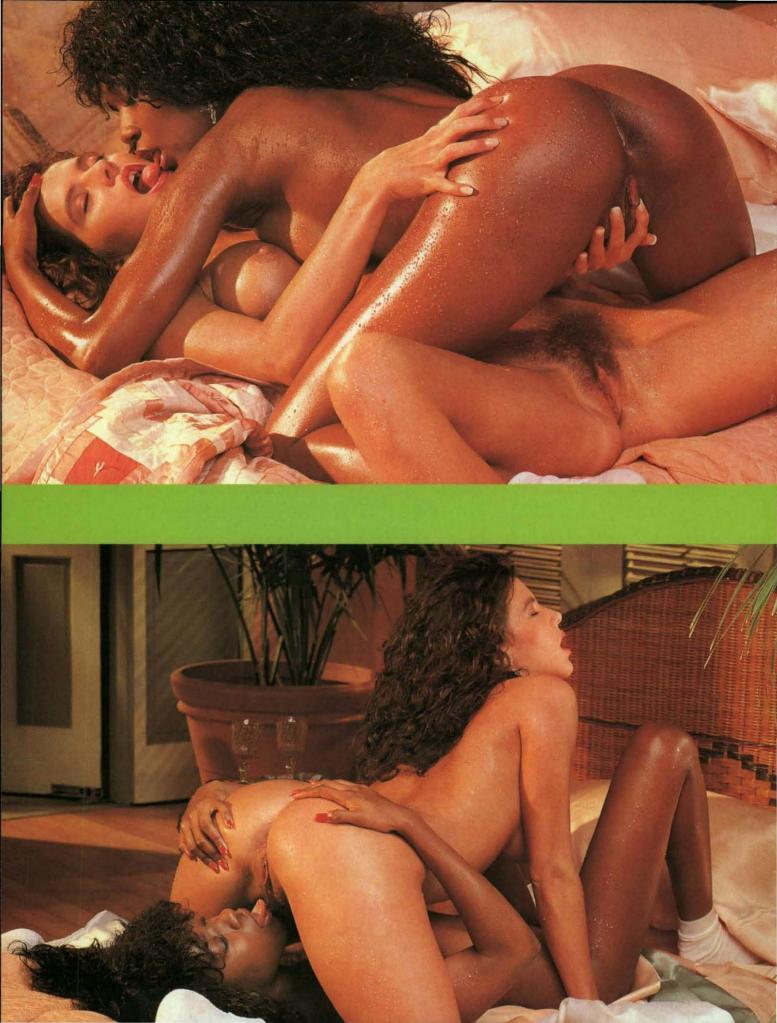
















FATHERS

(continued from page 80)

la's mother, brother, sister, brother-in-law and a close female friend.

It was alleged that the Dill-Pitts family had sexually abused six young children and had assaulted them with guns and knives and made kiddie-porn films. Despite testimony from two of the girls who swore under oath that they had never been molested, the seven defendants were found guilty and sentenced to a combined 2,619 years in prison.

Within two years, children began to retract their statements. The first to recant was Ricky Pitts's 13-year-old niece, who blamed her perjured testimony on pressure from the prosecution. "None of it's true," the girl, who'd been ten at the time, admitted. "I told them it didn't happen, but they kept after me and after me."

The girl estimated that during the six weeks prior to her testimony, the DA's child-abuse coordinator, Carol Darling, had interviewed her 30 times. "She told me that she knew I was molested," the girl recalled. "I told her I wasn't, but she said that all the other kids had been saying that they had seen it happen.

"She kept saying, 'Why don't you just tell me it's true?' Finally, I did, because I was sick of her questions."

The seven defendants remained in prison until December 1990. After six years, California's Fifth District Court of Appeals overturned their convictions, citing 500 counts of prosecutorial misconduct.

"I've handled over 120 felony appeals," says local Shingle Springs attorney Richard Power. "I've certainly seen misconduct before. But I have never seen anything that was within telescopic sight of this case."

The prosecution's case hinged on accusations that the children had been subjected to frequent intravenous drug use and bondage, but there were no needle marks or bruises to show the jury.

So, they brought in Dr. Bruce Woodling, a family practitioner turned child-abuse expert who claimed he could detect evidence of prior molestation by interpreting such anomalies as anal-sphincter reflex (a/k/a perianal wink) or unusual patterns of blood vessels on the hymen. With Woodling on the stand saying he had seen physical evidence of abuse, the jury forgot all about the nonexistent bruises and needle marks.

"Much of the testimony presently used to support false accusations in these cases comes from supposed medical experts like Woodling, who don't know their butt from a hole in the wall," says Powers.

Woodling, whose views are so widely

accepted that they're taught in medical schools, developed his theories without performing a single scientific study. He simply examined children who were molested, never looking to see if his indicators for abuse were also present in children who hadn't been abused.

Recognizing the value of Woodling's techniques in securing convictions, law enforcement and child-protection workers began to seek out medical examiners who subscribed to his teachings. Soon, Woodling-trained "specialists" were in such demand that professionals came from far and wide to be tutored by the Master and his disciples. Each would then return home to teach the theories to dozens of others, who have since testified against falsely accused fathers nationwide.

It wasn't until 1988 that the first solid data disproving Woodling's theories surfaced. A study of 300 prepubertal children performed in Fresno, California, by Dr. John McCann, found that most of Woodling's indicators for molestation were present in up to 50% of all unabused children.

By then it was too late to mend the shattered lives of countless men and children who'd been victimized. According to Lee Coleman, plenty more carnage is yet to come. "Anyone who thinks the problem is going away," he warns, "doesn't know what's happening."



in motion that would end with her death.

In June, his insurance agent met with both Cobb and Duncan and set up the policies. He named her as beneficiary; she named him.

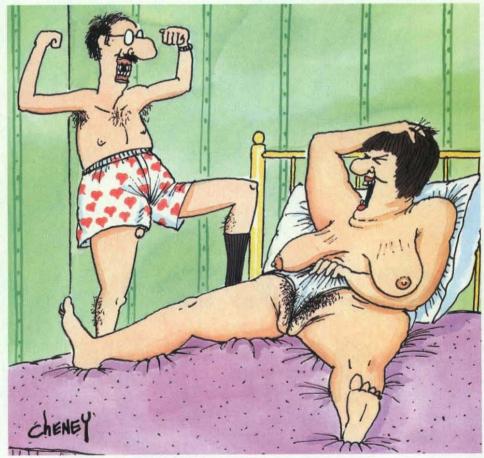
The insurance policy was Trooper Cobb's death warrant. After a suitable length of time, John Duncan killed Elizabeth Cobb in cold blood to collect the insurance money.

The jury recommended life in prison without chance of parole. The judge didn't buy it. Citing a clear case of premeditated murder, he sentenced Duncan to die.

Police corruption has been around for a long time, and it's not going away by itself. Some bad cops are going to jail. Others are going straight or leaving their departments due to increased vigilance by internal-affairs investigations and civilian review boards. Still others will indulge in illegal business as usual.

An internal-affairs investigator told a recent academy class: "A police officer stands out in the community. People want to be like him."

Lots of people, including the neighborhood's budding young bullies, sneak thieves and homicidal thugs.



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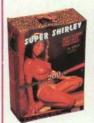


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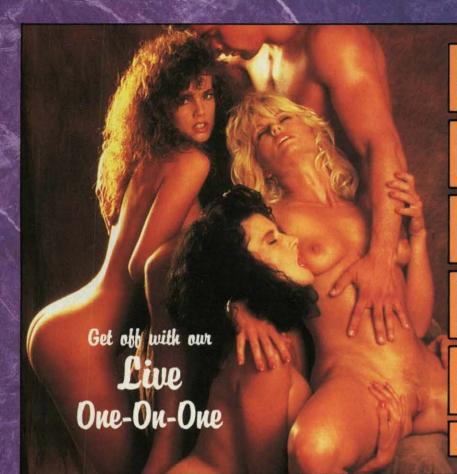
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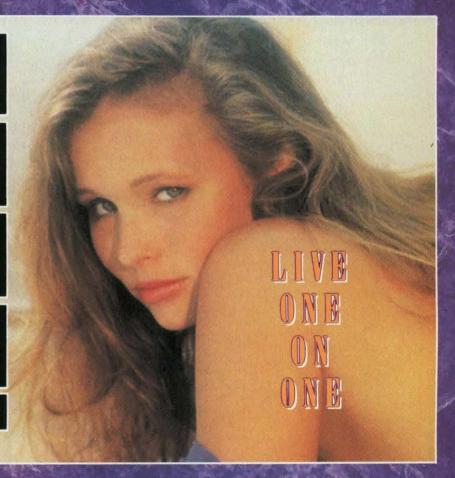
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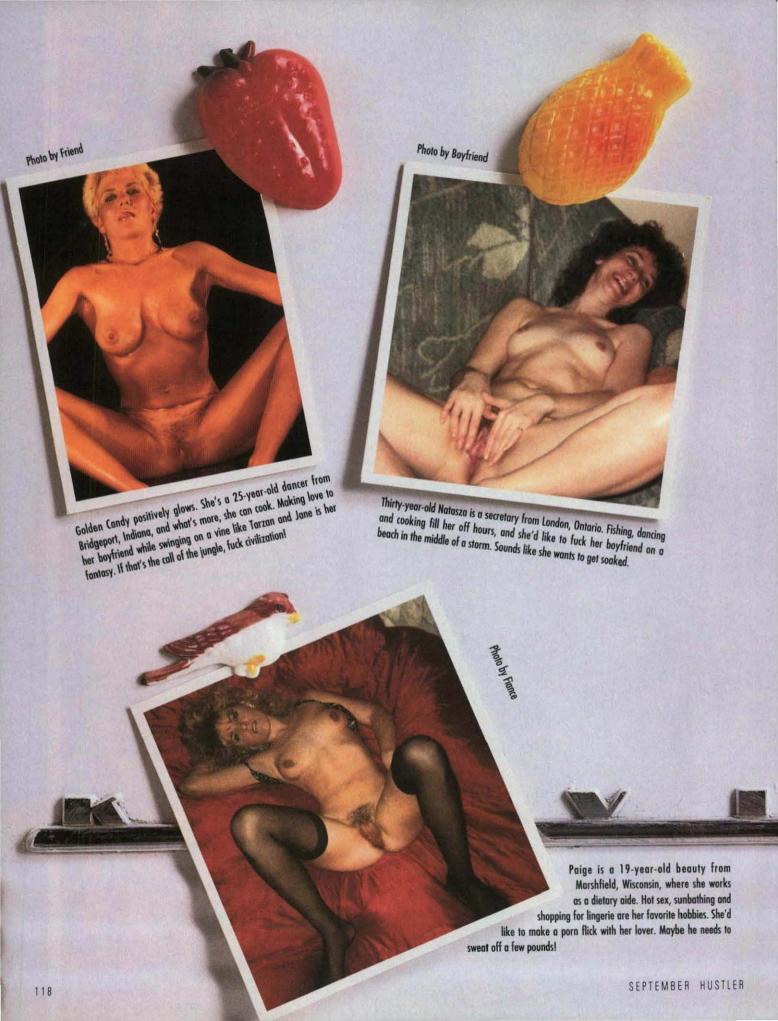
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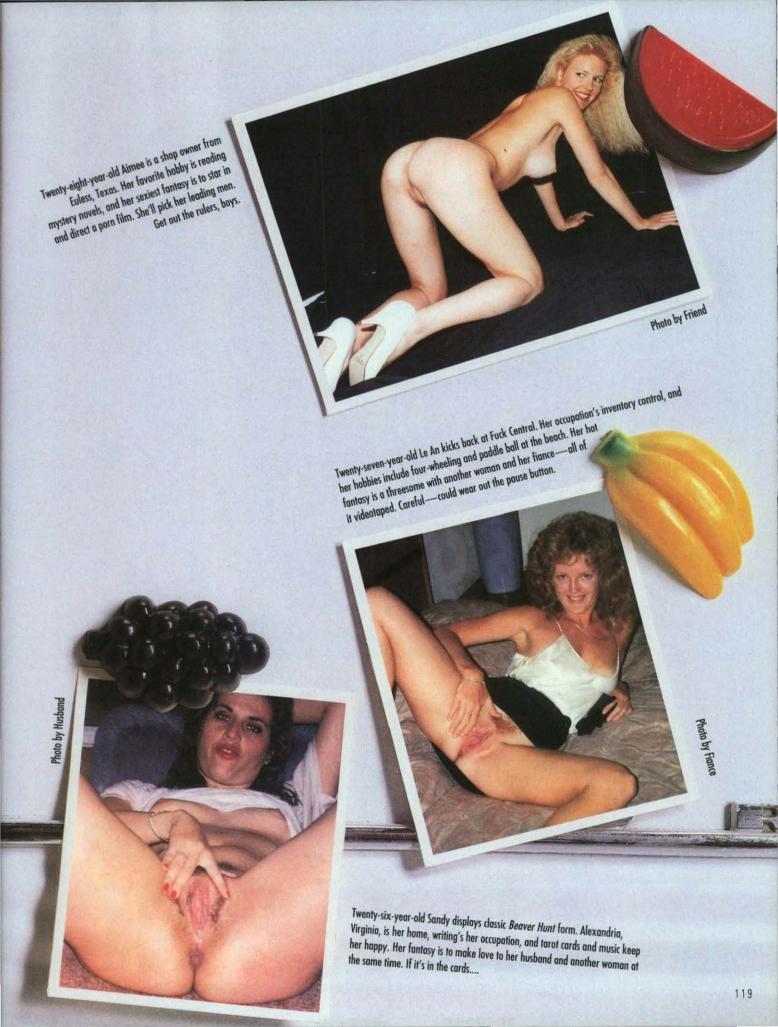
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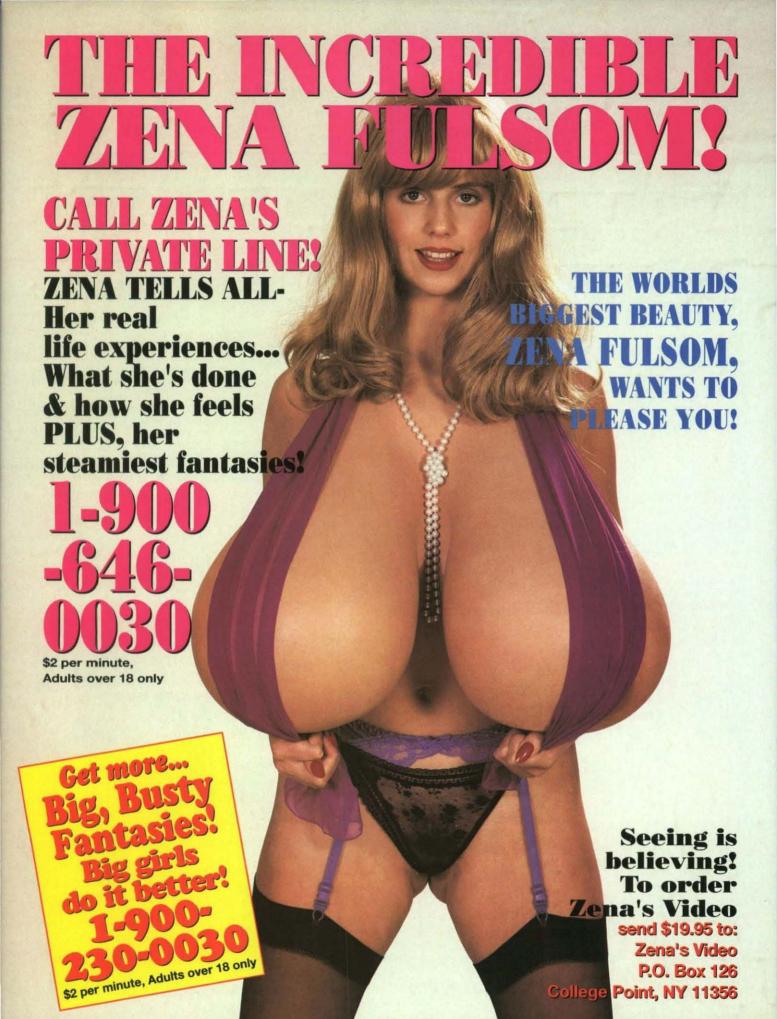














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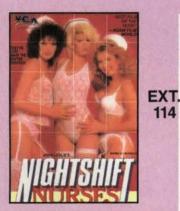
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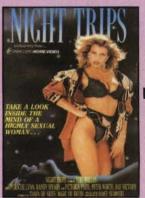
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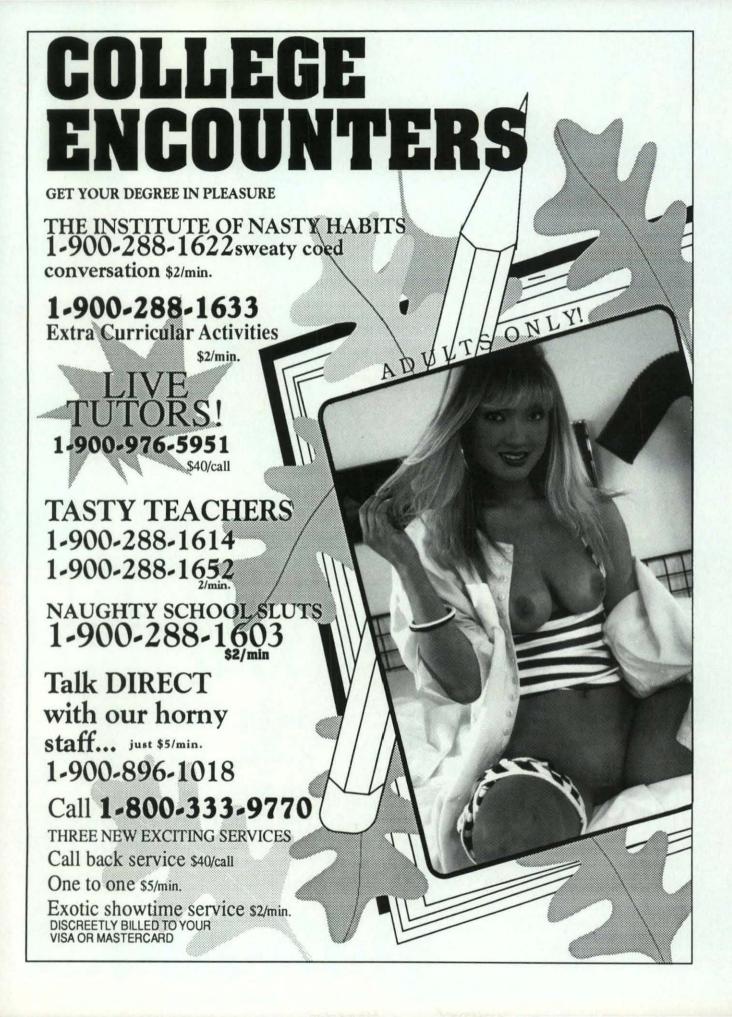
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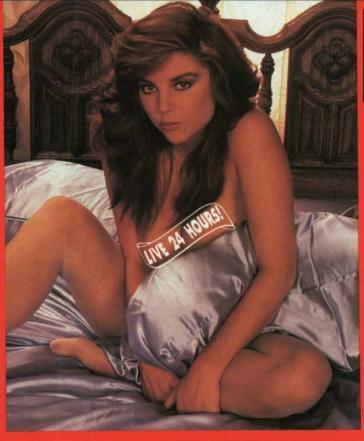
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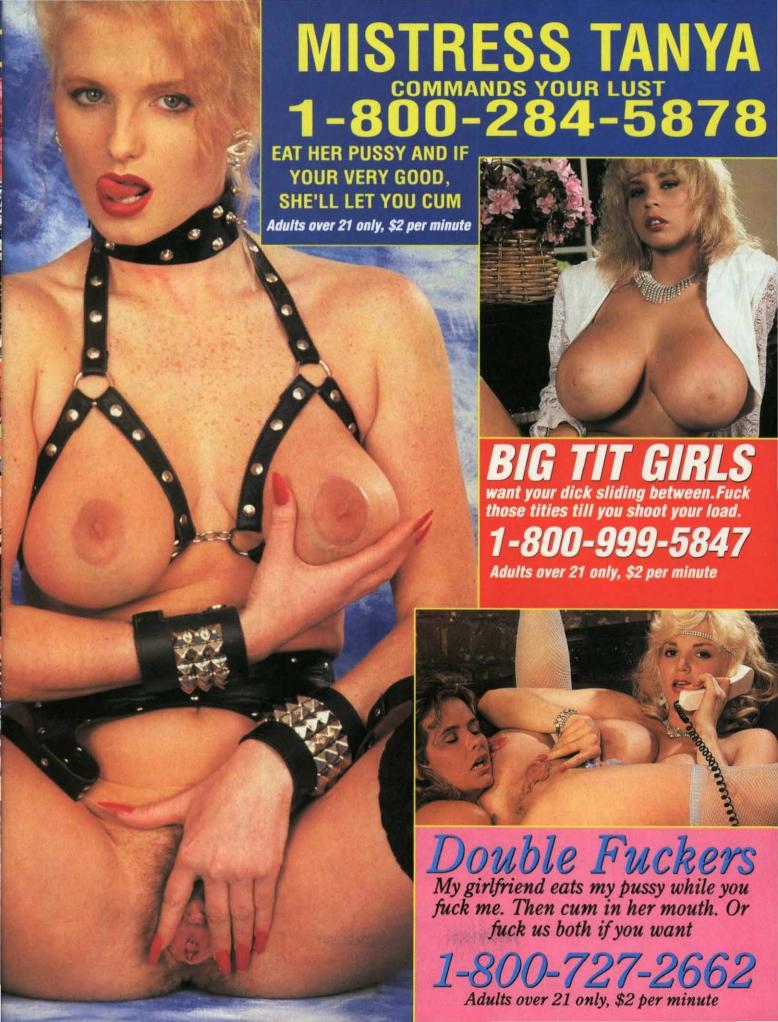


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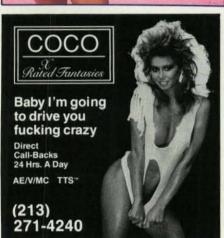
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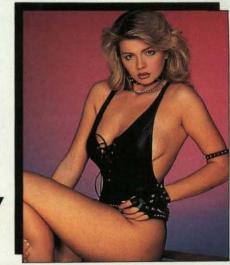
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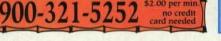




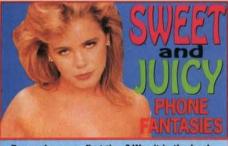












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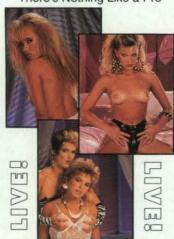
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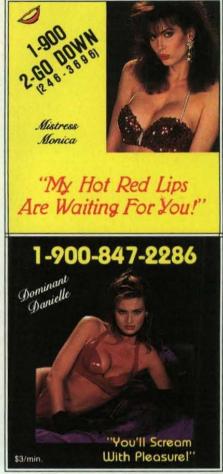
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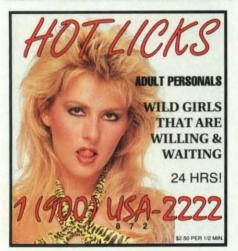
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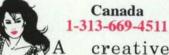












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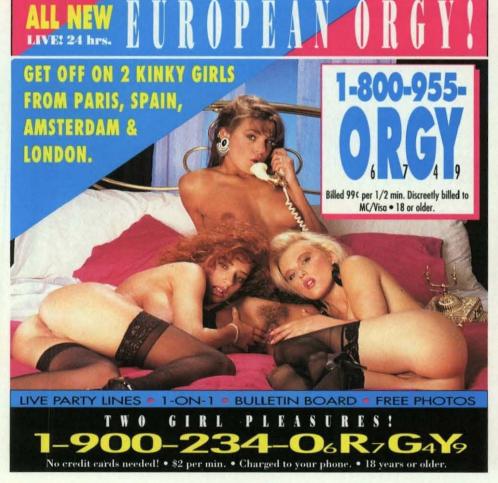
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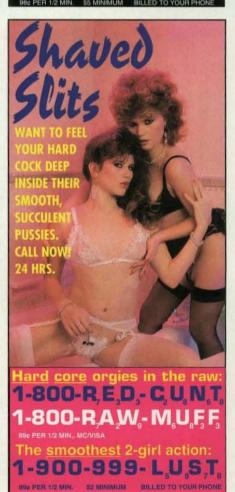
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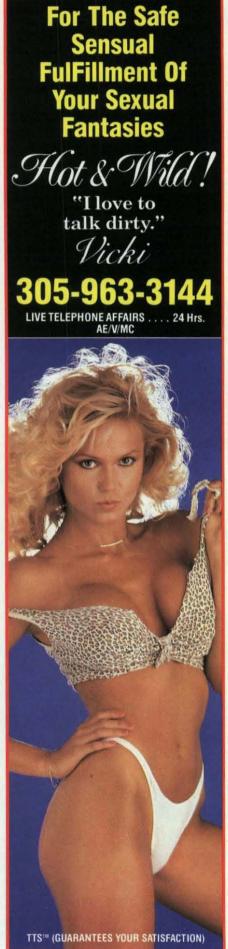
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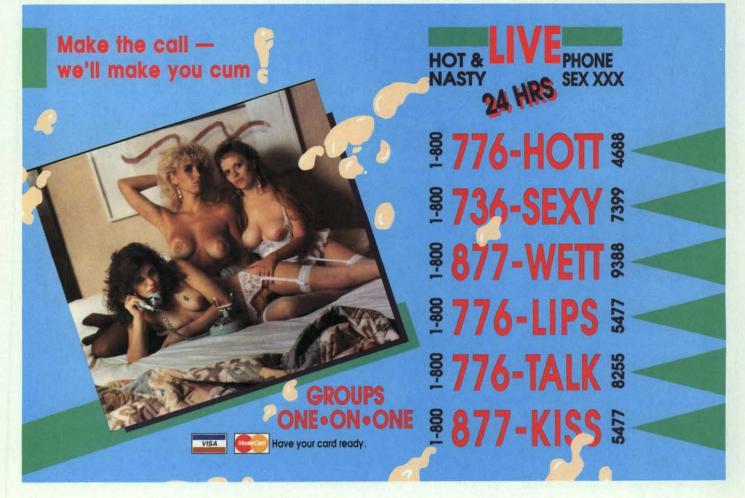
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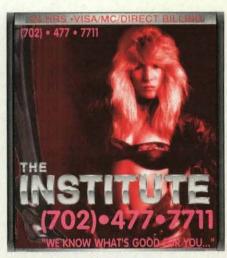




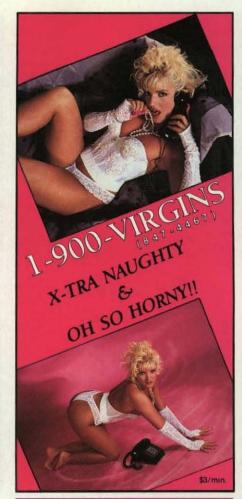




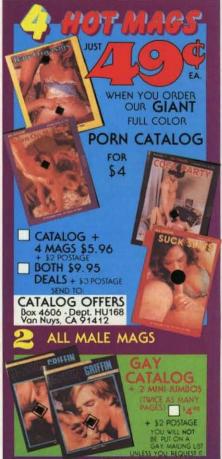












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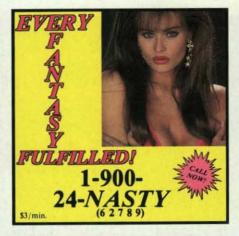
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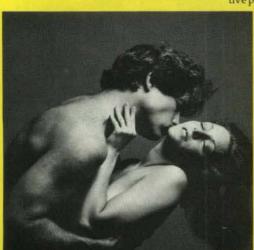




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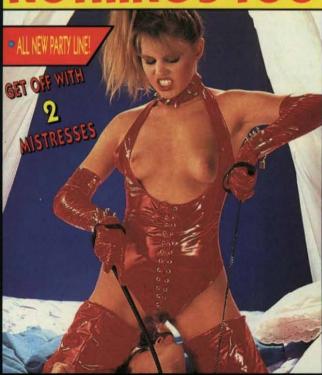














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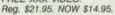
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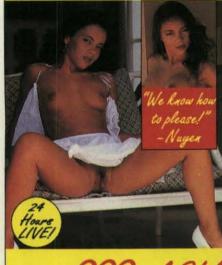
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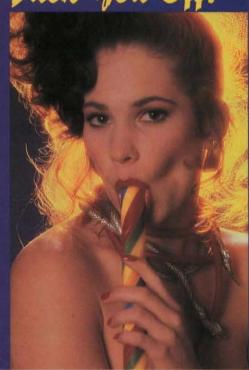
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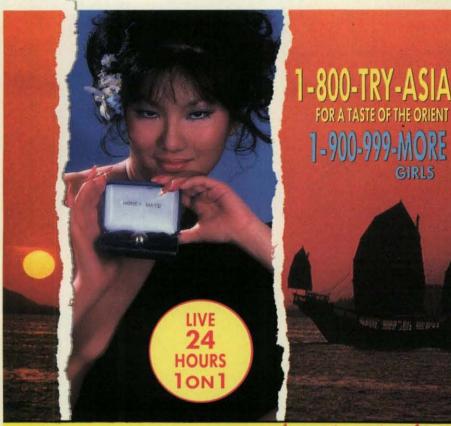
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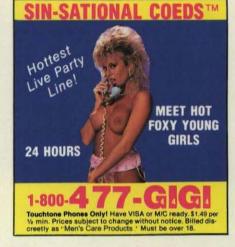
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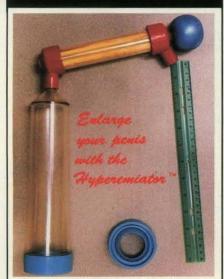
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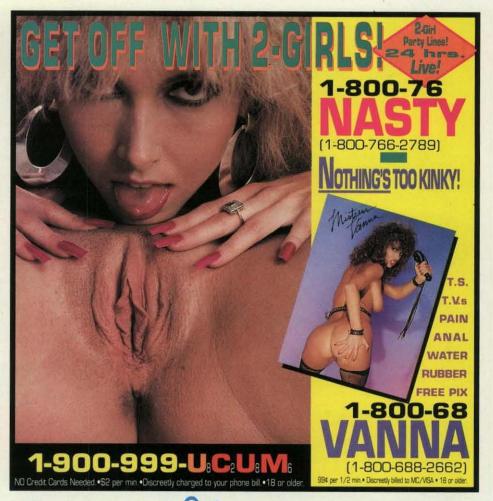
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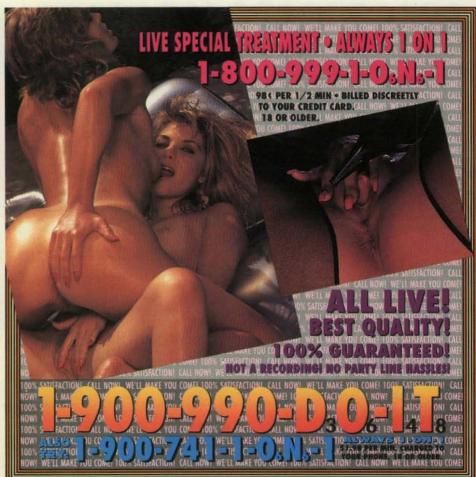
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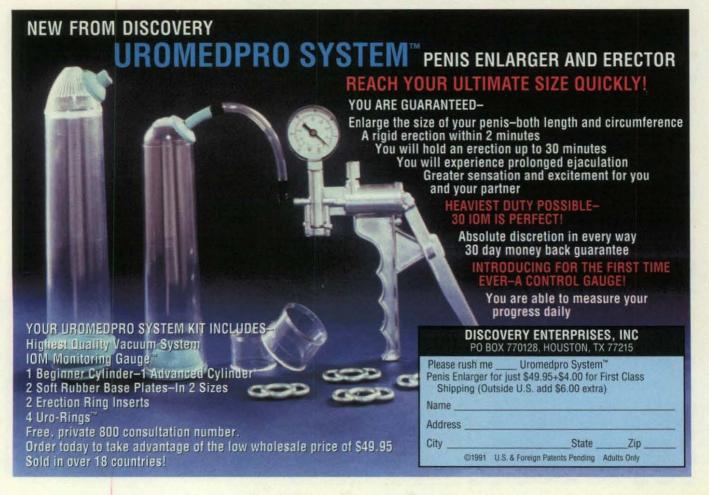
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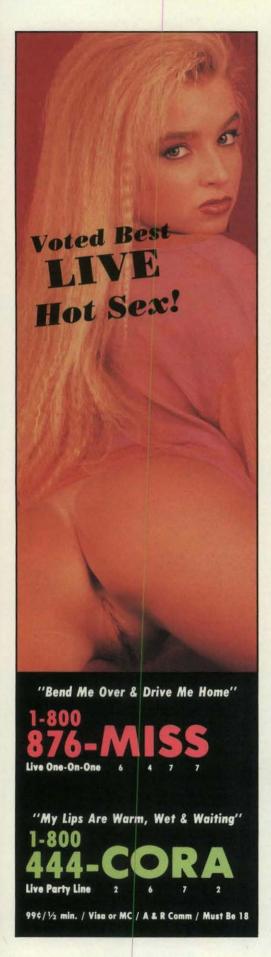
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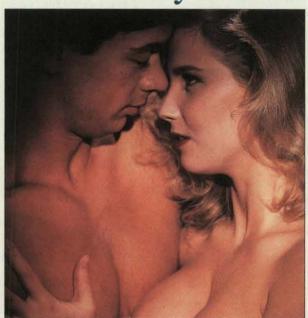
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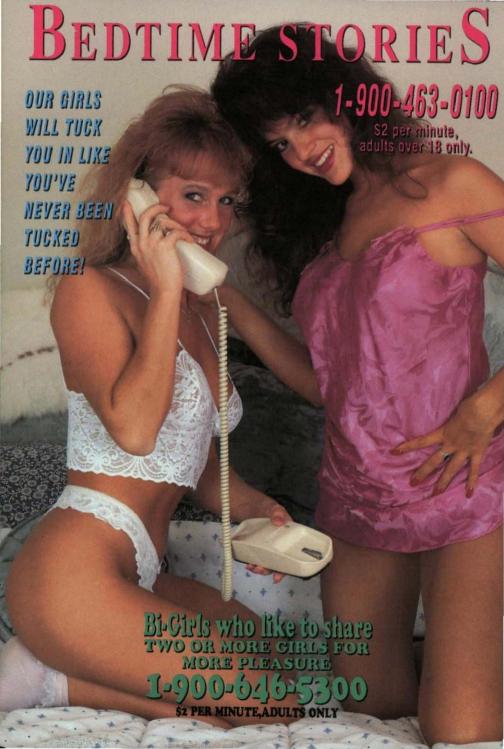
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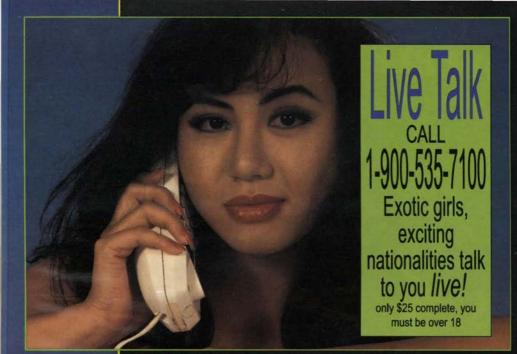
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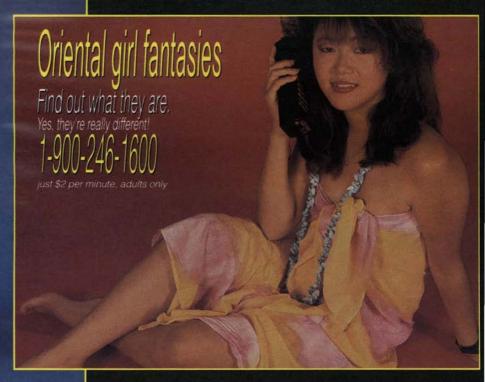
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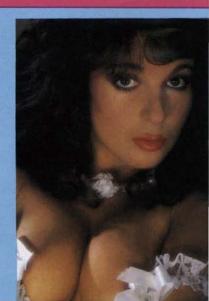
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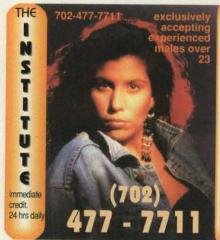
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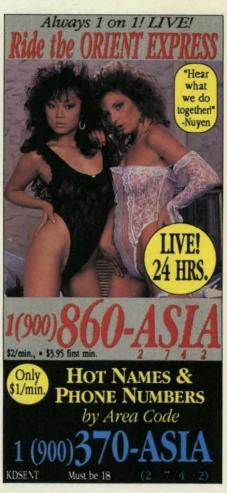


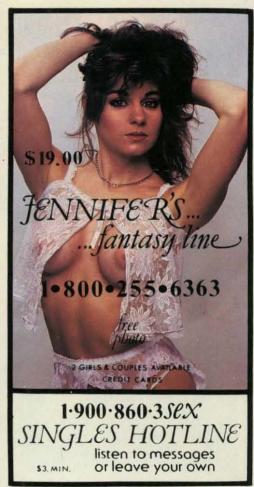
















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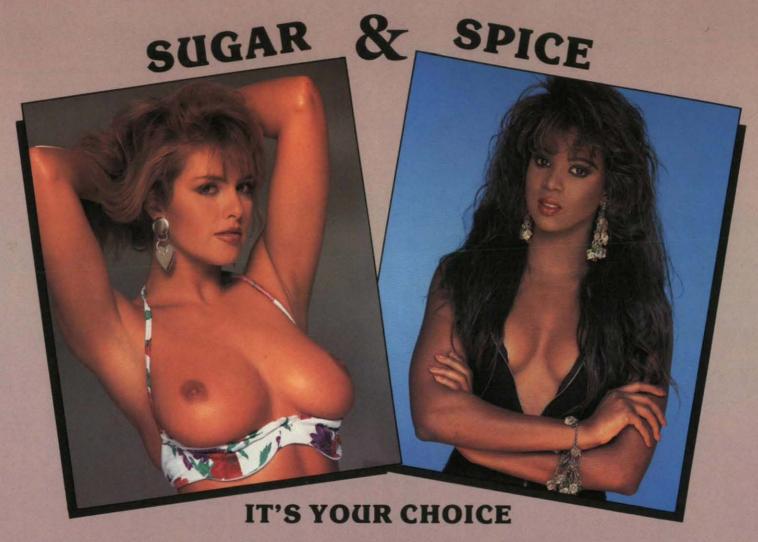
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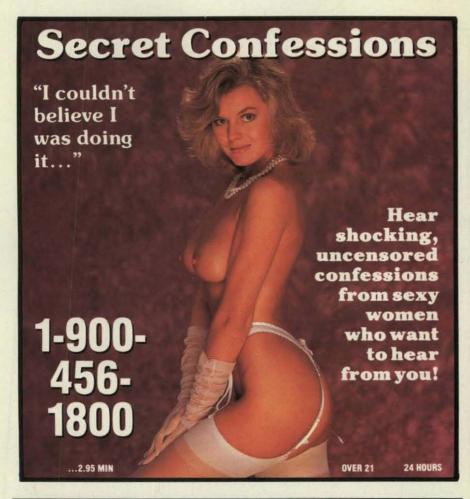


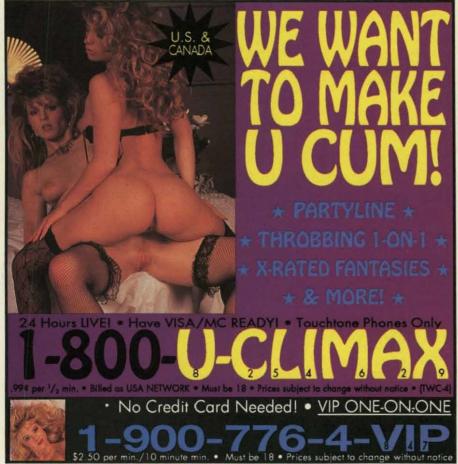
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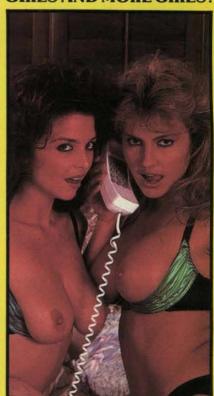
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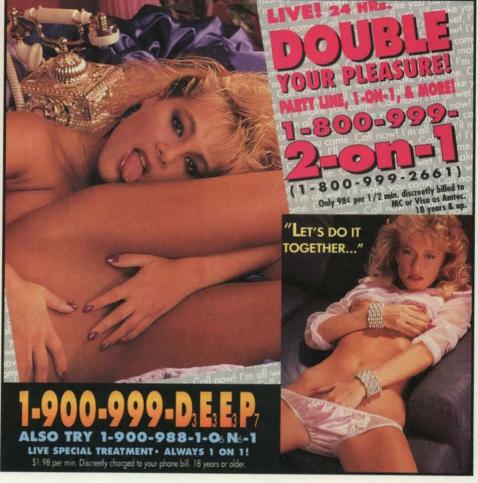
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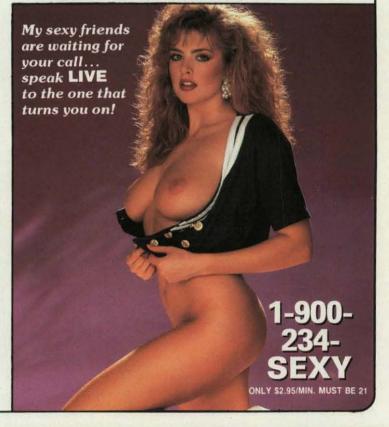
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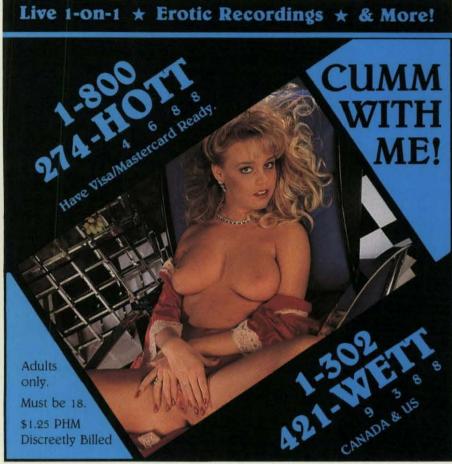
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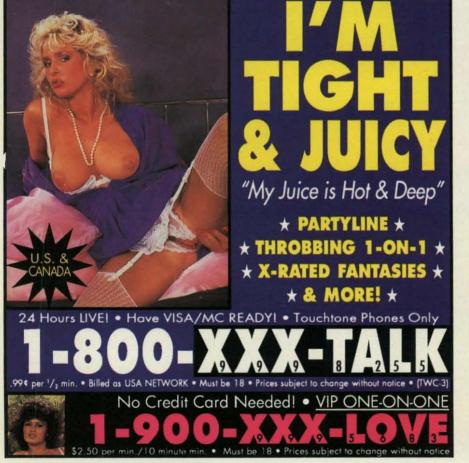


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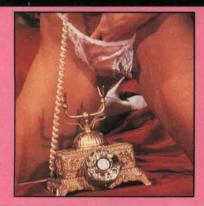
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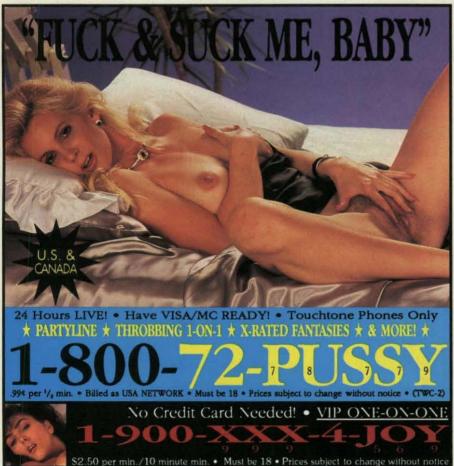
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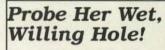
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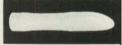


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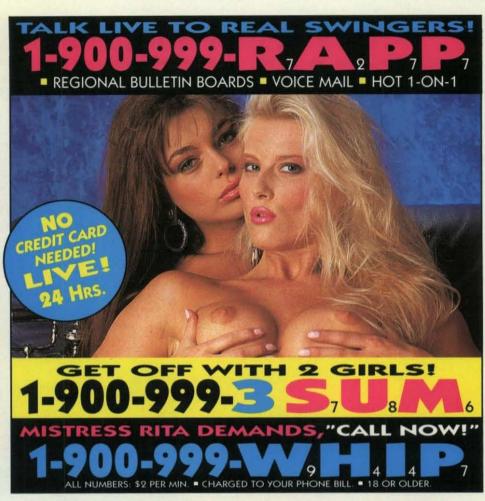
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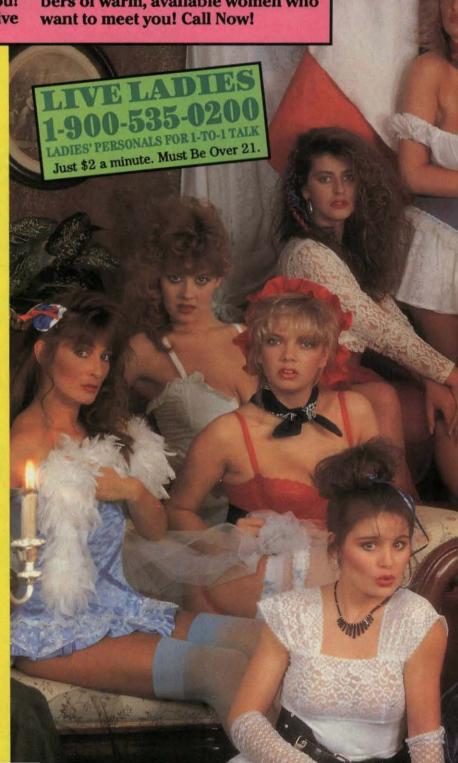
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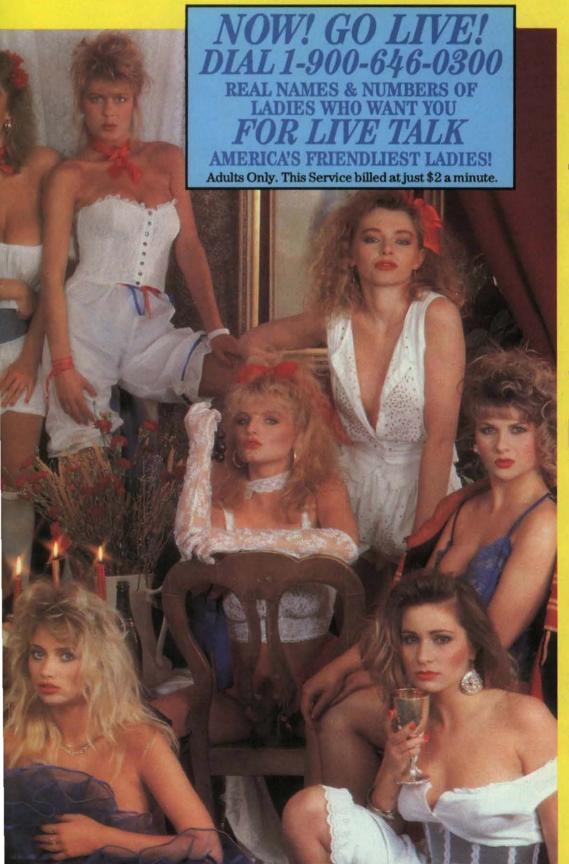
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October HUSTLER on sale August 6, 1991



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After sleepy, small town Corry, Pennsylvania, woke up one Sunday to discover the churchgoing wife of a town-bank manager had been kidnapped and brutally shot to death, no one slept easy again. Writer Mike Hudson reports on the harrowing hunt for a killer in a community more accustomed to the simple lives of farmers in The Man Next Door, a chilling account of the killer in Corry.



OUT WITH A

The end of the trail for any self-respecting bachelor is a blowout he can spend the rest of his married life recalling with fondness and shame. Cultural correspondent Scott Schalin details the latest fleshand-fantasy kicks for bachelor partiers in Crocked, Cocked and Bullocked, a how-to for the fuckingest in last hurrahs.



NO TRICK; ALL TREAT

October's Sex Play chronicles the bizarre attachment of a sperm donor addicted to an electric cum-sucker in C. Wall's "I Gave at the Office"; Hot Letters routes more dirty secrets; Beaver Hunt proves there's nothing average about the average woman when she flashes her gash; and the sick-joke commanders of Bits & Pieces liberate a fresh batch of hostage funny bones. No joke. HUSTLER in October is over the top.







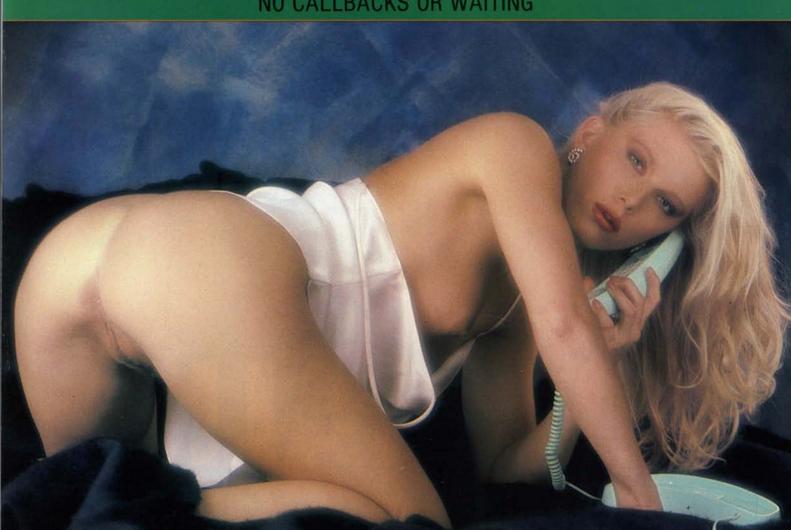


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