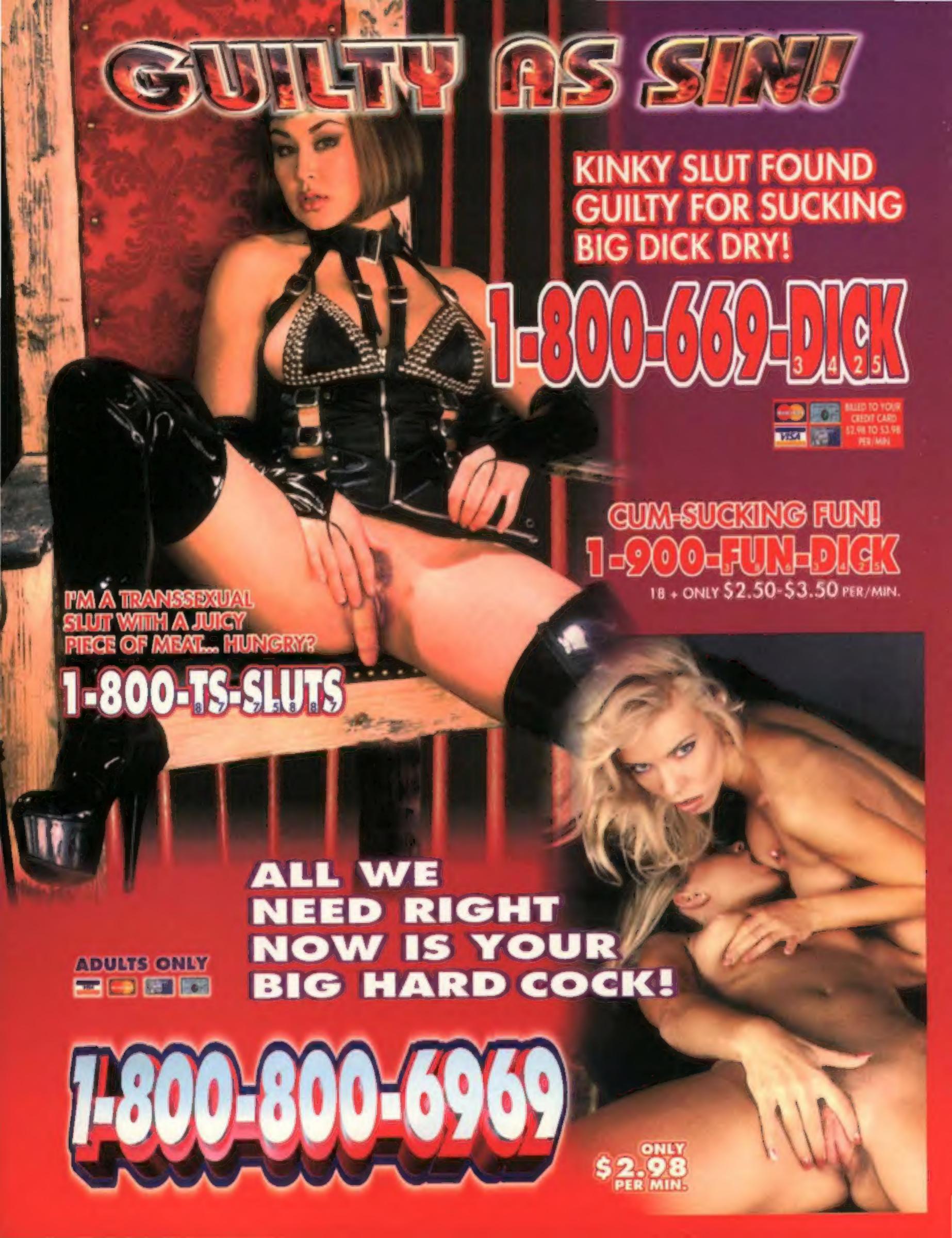
WELCOME TO AMERICA'S HARDEST NEWSSTAND PUBLICATION AMERICA'S BEST **AUGUST 1999** MASSAGE-PARLOR HOOKERS **ASIAN FLOOZIES** WORK OUT THE KINKS ILLEGAL DEEP SOUTH **HUSTLER EXPLORES** SOUTHERN BELLES THE BLACK MARKET SEARCH FOR IN CRIMINAL SEX **ALTERNATIVE VIBRATIONS** RIPE AND JUICY LADIES HONEYS WHO TAKE LOVE IN THE FACE 24 PLEASURE-**OOZING BABES** 26 CARTOONS **FOR TWISTED** SICKOS **AUGUST 1999** WARNING: Material is of an adult nature. This literature is not intended to they to view in pussess it or place orders for merchandise offered herein.

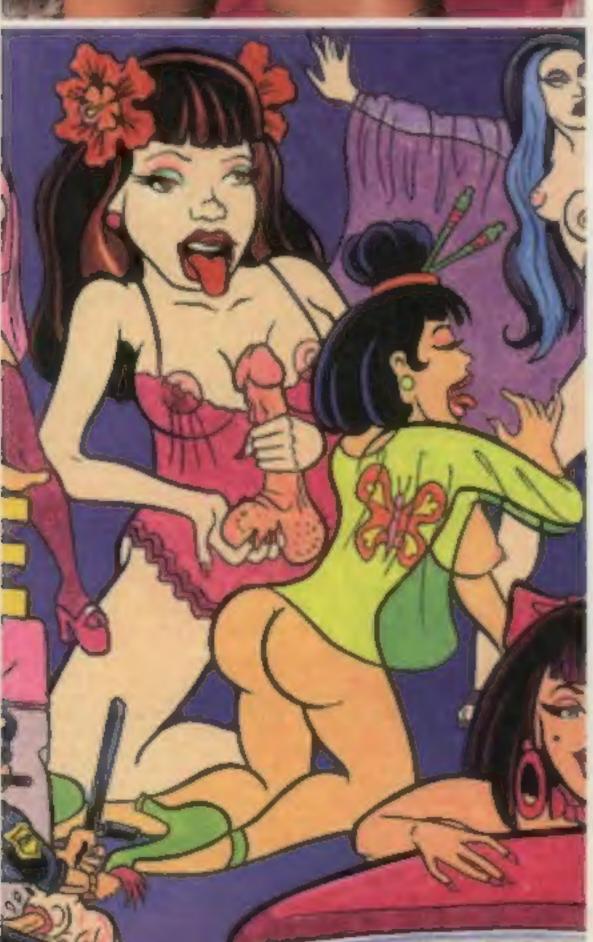


# HUSTLER

**AUGUST 1999** 

**VOLUME 26 NUMBER 2** 





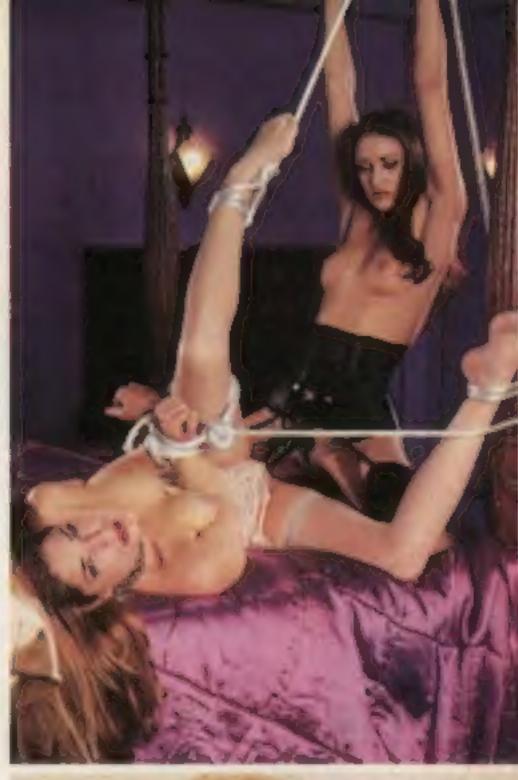
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Cover photo by Matti Klatt

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## ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

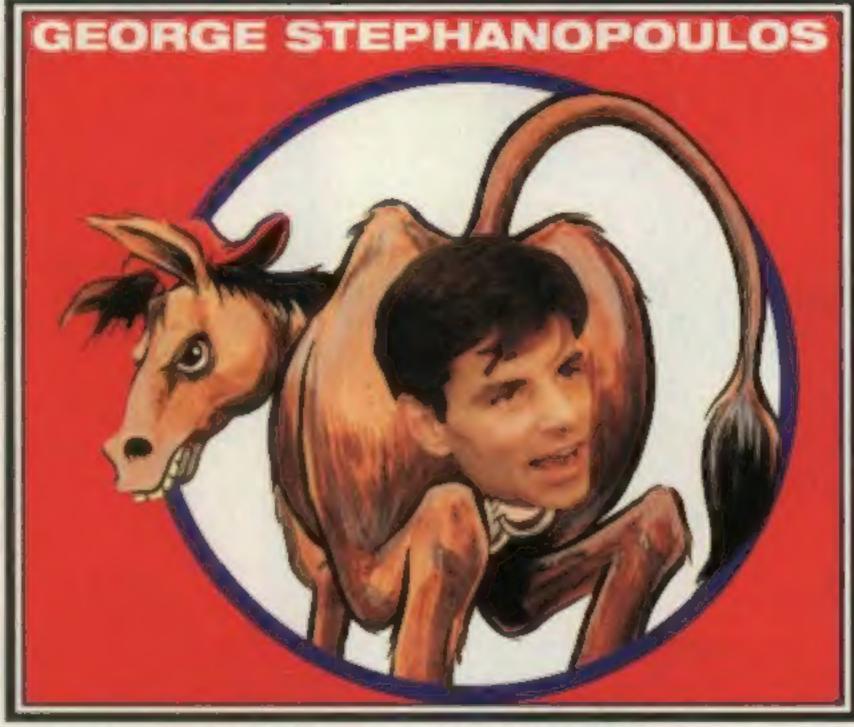
The standards for achieving American celebrityhood have sunk to historical lows. It is only a matter of time until some attention-starved punk rises to prominence through five years of literally eating the shit directly out of a famous man's sphincters and barfing out the feces for the consumption of a mass audience. HUSTLER predicts that once this turd-gobbling wannabe tastes the limelight, he will denounce his fecal benefactor as a moral failure for having secretly farted.

Until such a diarrhea-gargling turncoat comes along, former altar boy and lapsed Presidential advisor George Stephanopoulos will be the world's most renowned shit puker. He also serves as HUSTLER's August 1999 Asshole of the Month.

Whoever said "hell hath no fury like a woman scorned" failed to take into account little man George's hissy wrath. In his memoir of shattered romance, All Too Human: A Political Education, Georgie's queenly fury is exactly that of a woman scorned.

All Too Human is tiny Georgie's recollection of the five years he spent swallowing Bill Clinton's lies and spinning them into sound bites for the general public. The author appears on the book's cover, posing with the pursed lips and puppy-dog gaze of a gay porn star. At the conclusion of the tome's 443 pages, simpering Stephanopoulos denounces his benefactor's moral failings, carping: "if only this good President had been a better man."

George's conception of a "better man" might coincide with Monica Lewinsky's view of Bill Clinton as a



sensuous soul mate. "From the day I met [Clinton] in 1991," mew!s George, "he was the dominant figure in my life.... It was how I felt around him: uniquely known and needed. Clinton spoke to the me yearning to be singled out for a special job."

If Clinton had singled out Georgie for that special job, instead of calling Monica Lewinsky to deliver a pizza, perhaps Stephanopoulos would not have so eagerly predicted impeachment when Lewinsky's special intimacy was revealed.

"You know," says Stephanopoulos, sounding like a Monica scorned when he speaks of Clinton, "you don't feel you have over time this deep personal bond with him, even though when you first meet him,

you kind of think it."

The word bitch is always an insult when applied to a male, and never more appropriately so than in reference to George "Queen Bitch" Stephanopoulos. Snippy George criticized the published memoirs of rival Presidential advisor Dick Morris by saying, "You have a responsibility not to embarrass the President. It hurts the country. It's just stupidity and weakness." Stephanopoulos's sense of responsibility didn't stop him from pocketing almost \$3 million to write his own embarrassing, stupid and weak book.

"The charges of disloyalty were the most painful," whimpers George in All Too Human.

The backstabber admits that he

has availed himself of therapy and medication to ease his stressed emotions, and he can sound just like an ex-girlfriend who uses half-baked analysis to justify her psycho behavior. First, insists Stephanopoulos, the accusation that he cashed in with All Too Human is "just wrong."

George further rationalizes, "I think the test for a book like this is, is it honest and is it fair and is it a contribution to history? And I think my book passes that test."

The best history is written in retrospect. Without the perspective of time, a book is current events, and current events are not George's strong suit. George's grasp of issues as they happen includes his mistaken hunches that the Democrats would suffer "disastrous" losses in the 1998 midterm elections and that the House of Representatives would not vote for Clinton's impeachment.

George could have waited until Clinton leaves office to write a good history book, but bad current events pays far better, George lives in a \$550,000 Manhattan apartment designed by Ralph Lauren. The boy needs the money.

In 1996, Stephanopoulos, who might be a bathhouse attendant if not for Bill Clinton's patronage, left the White House "Oval" for a commentator's chair at ABC. Looking like Andrew Cunanan before an ambush, George described the President as "not consciously disloyal."

In All Too Human, Stephanopoulos quotes Theodore White: "Closeness to power heightens the dignity of all men." That proximity only brought out the Asshole in George.

Jerry Falwell: The Reverend Jerry Falwell can't make up his mind if he wants to be remembered as a liar or as a fool. When he accuses the Teletubby Tinky Winky—Teletubbies are puppetlike characters seen on children's TV—of being a homosexual, Falwell firmly establishes himself as an idiot. By propagating the

### FARTS IN THE WIND

malicious fantasy that Clinton campaigner James Carville provided Larry Flynt with stolen FBI files containing sensitive information on Republican hypocrites, the Reverend proves himself to be a liar. Whether remembered mainly as a liar or as a fool, Falwell's certain legacy will be as an Asshole.

Mary Daly: Mary Daly is a 70year-old bag who teaches at
Boston College, a Massachusetts
university that admits both males
and females. Daly has refused to
allow men to attend her classes
on feminism. "There has to be a
separate space for women,"
argues Daly. So get back in the
kitchen, Asshole.



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# AMERICA'S MOST WANTED BAD GIRLS JAIL BREAK!! Cover-convict those Spreads-Her Super Vides Open in Out-First Issued CHARLIE'S ANDELS See Inside the Marson Family PRISUN PRINTING OVERAUE IRESPA JAIL BABES: The slam-bang first issue.

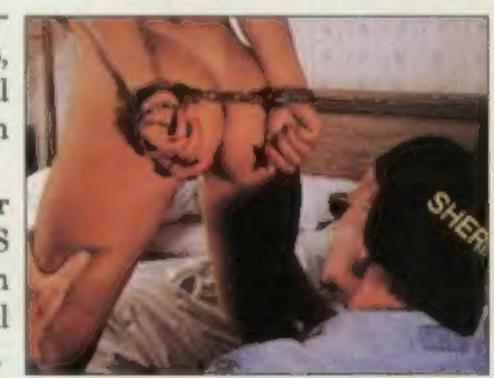
# Hard Time With HUSTLER'S JAIL BABES

Take your hand off your dick for a second, and think: Where do your barrio's dirtiest, nastiest sluts end up? Behind bars, of course. When the locked-down bitches come out, they're fuckfamished. Hoosegow hootchie can screw the nuts off a Harley. At that moment of release, in the time between hitting the pavement and checking in with their PO, the formerly incarcerated cunts are fair game for HUSTLER'S JAIL BABES.

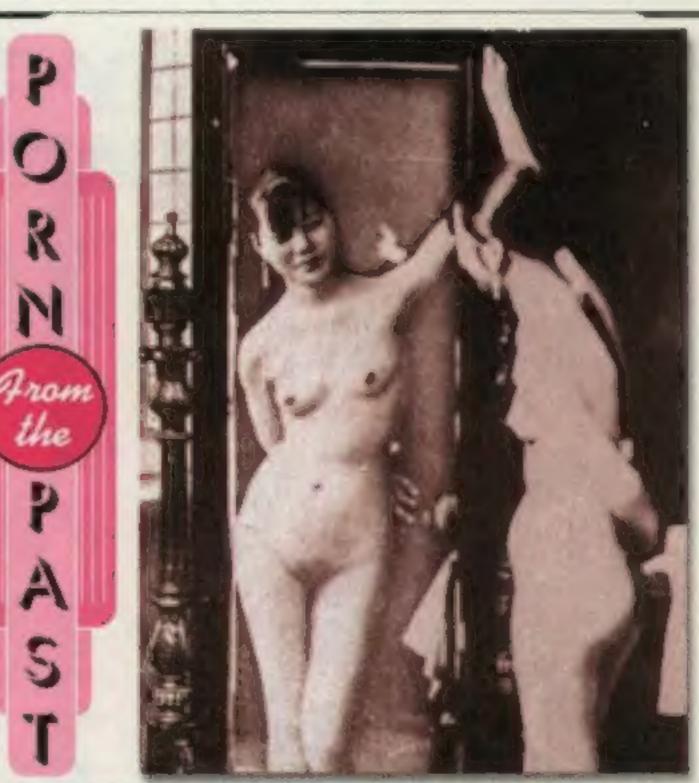
Every issue of JAIL BABES is like a women's prison: filled to capacity and then some with real criminal cooze. Check the rap sheets on these girls, and see what they went down for. Let the undiluted sexuality of prison-yard bitches mug you in the profes-

sional photo shoots. See amateur photos of actual inmates, straight from a correctional facility near you. Bust rocks on the evils that do men.

Okay, feel free to grab your pud again. HUSTLER'S JAIL BABES is available on newsstands right now, or call 1-800-328-6704 to subscribe.







In the 1880s, it was rumored in Asia that a photographer's camera could steal a woman's hole. Brit-infested Hong Kong's first porn star, Tali Ho, always kept a close watch on her Chinese thumb cuff when she posed.

James M. of Fairfield, Connecticut, earns \$150 and the respect of pornographers everywhere if this really is his grandmother, as he

pornographers everywhere if this really is his grandmother, as he claims. Send a slice of history to HUSTLER's "Porn From the Past," 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

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# Somebody Said McRacist



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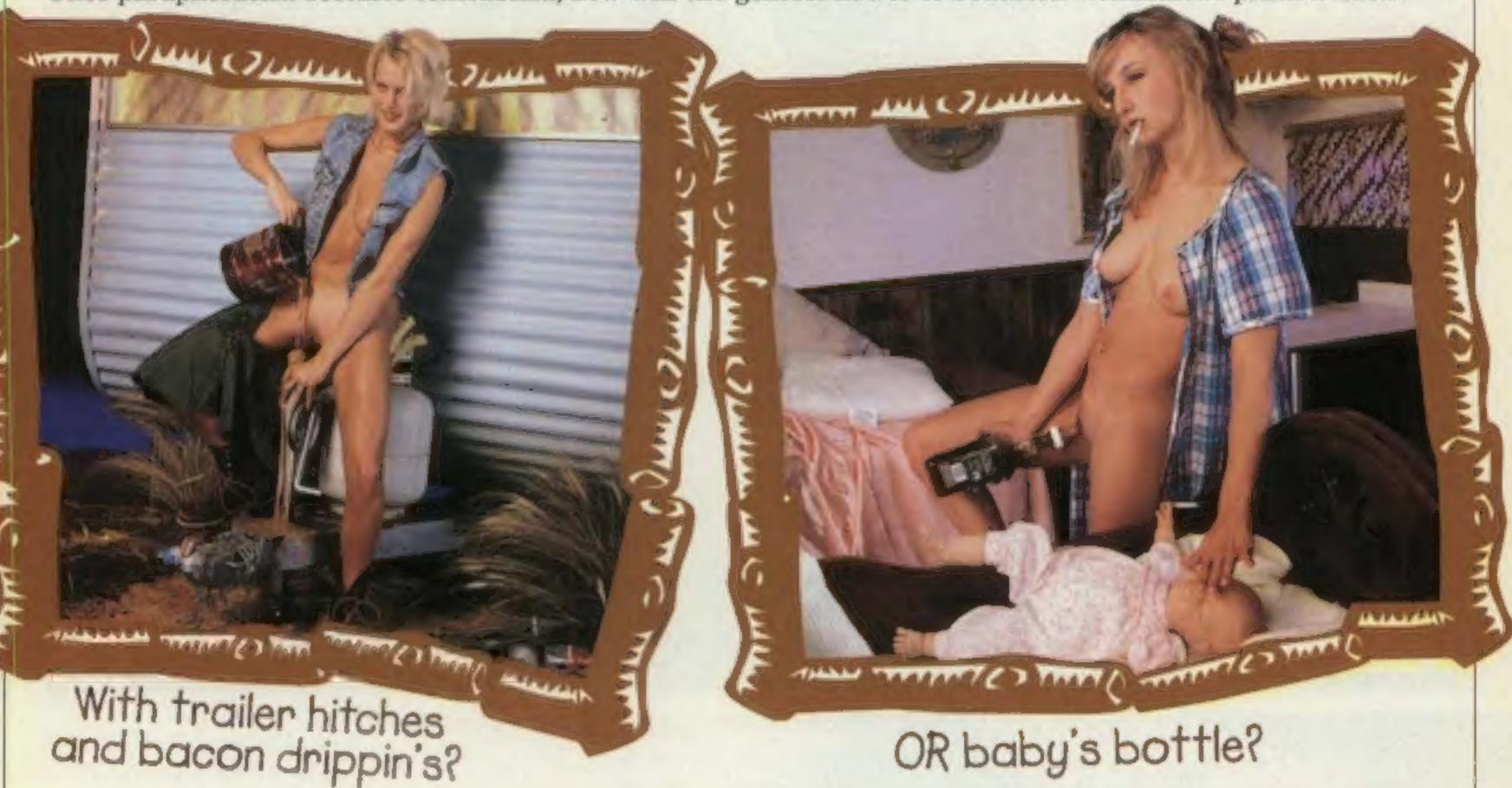
Imagine a fast-food restaurant cleared of black people. As impossible as it seems, a recent lawsuit against McDonald's alleges that African American customers had the doors locked in their faces. Considering how many sun people dine in the shadow of the golden arches, McDonald's should nip these allegations in the bud with a public apology.

Mc DARKIE'S

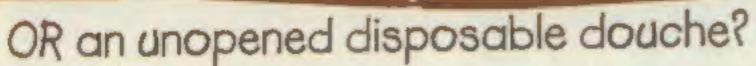
Come on back, y'all!

# Dong of the South

Alabama has banned the sale of "any device designed or marketed as useful primarily for the stimulation of human genital organs." Texas and Georgia have similar laws. The wording sounds as if Viagra has been declared illegal, but the good of politicos of Dixie only preach repression for others. The statute primarily stops the sale of vibrators and dildos. Once paraphernalia becomes contraband, how will the genteel flower of Southern womanhood pluck herself?









OR a partial denture and hair grease?

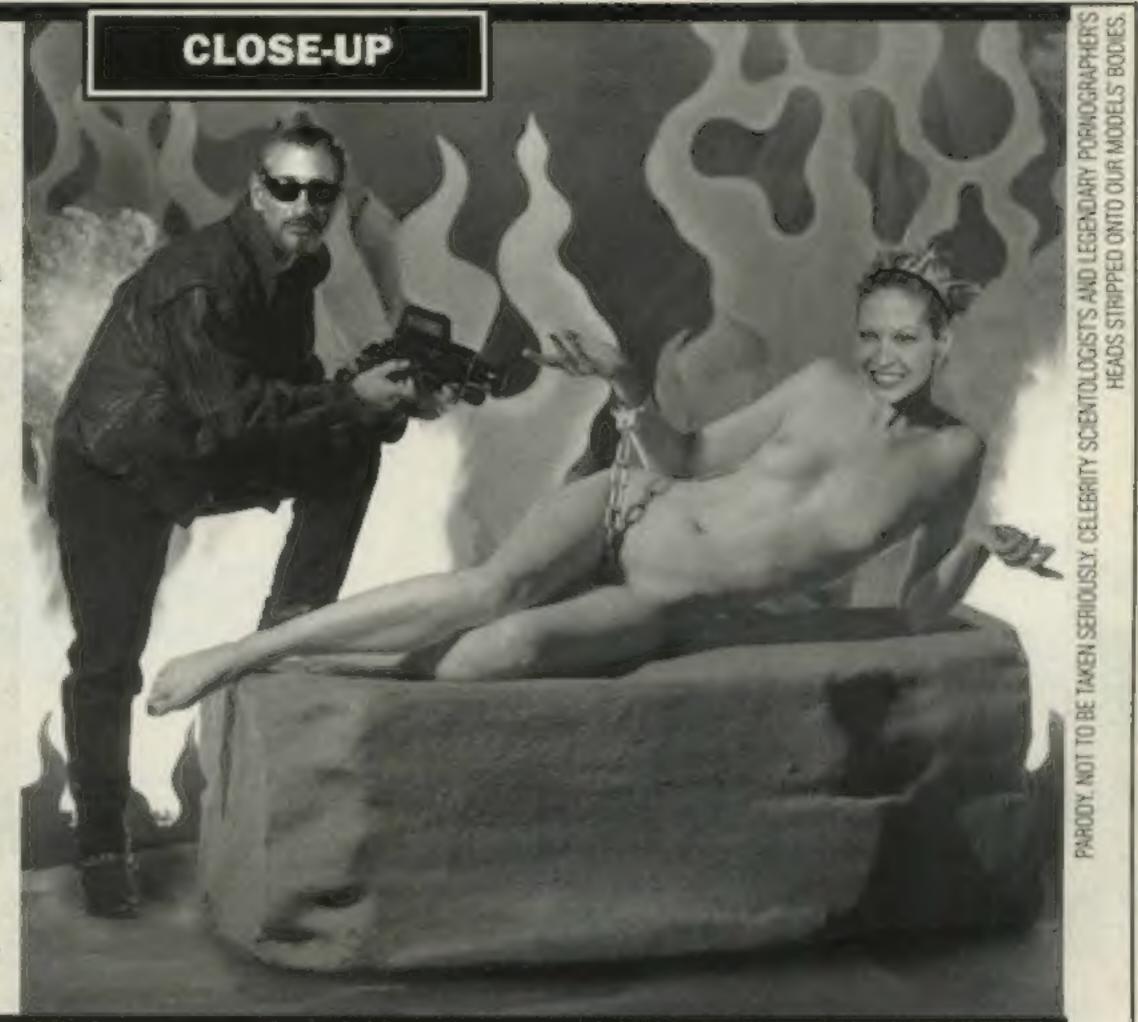
### DHARMA AND GREGORY DARK

(CC) 🔀

WED. 8 PM 7

The most talked-about sitcom since Who's the Bitch hit its sidesplitting stride this year. The madcap season finale promises to bring the toprated show to new heights: When Dharma accidentally handcuffs herself to her IUD, her pornographer husband goes to jail for selling the hilarious fisting video in Cincinnati. Dharma: Jenna Elfman. Greg: Gregory Dark.

Jenna Elfman, Gregory Dark







### Wham-Bam-Thank-You-Pam

In the January 1999 issue of HUSTLER, I saw the most beautiful centerfold (Pamela: Pleasure Seekers Anonymous) Just below her gorgeous body, she asks the question, "Do you want to see some dirty pictures?" Yes, I want to see some more!

> -N. G Seattle, Washington

Huff the Pam at the bottom of this page for a quick fix.

### Freedom and Pussy

I am an 18-year-old female and an avid HUSTLER reader. After all of the bullshit regarding President Clinton's blowjob, I lost a lot of faith in our government. I'm concerned about the future of our socalled free nation. Larry Flynt has given me a reason to believe again, HUSTLER, now more than ever, represents everything that our great nation stands for: freedom -R. Y and pussy.

via Internet

You ain't just whistling Dixie, sister

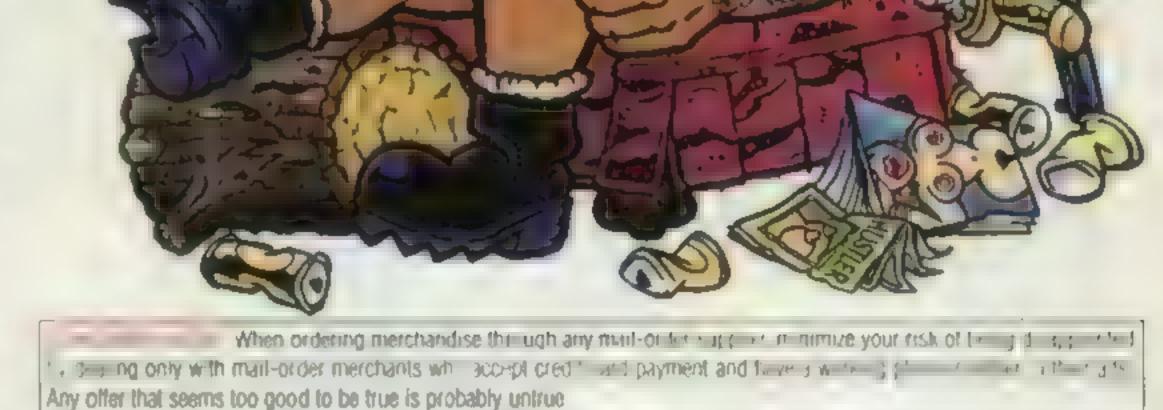
### **Beaver Hunter**

I really enjoy your magazine, especially Beaver Hunt, Every month, I look forward to seeing the newest Beavers grace your magazine. In your May 1999 issue, there was one contestant that deserves some special attention. Michelle from Los Angeles is one of the rare natural beauties to grace your magazine. I only wish that there were more beautiful women like her who would send their pictures in. -J. C Fontana, California

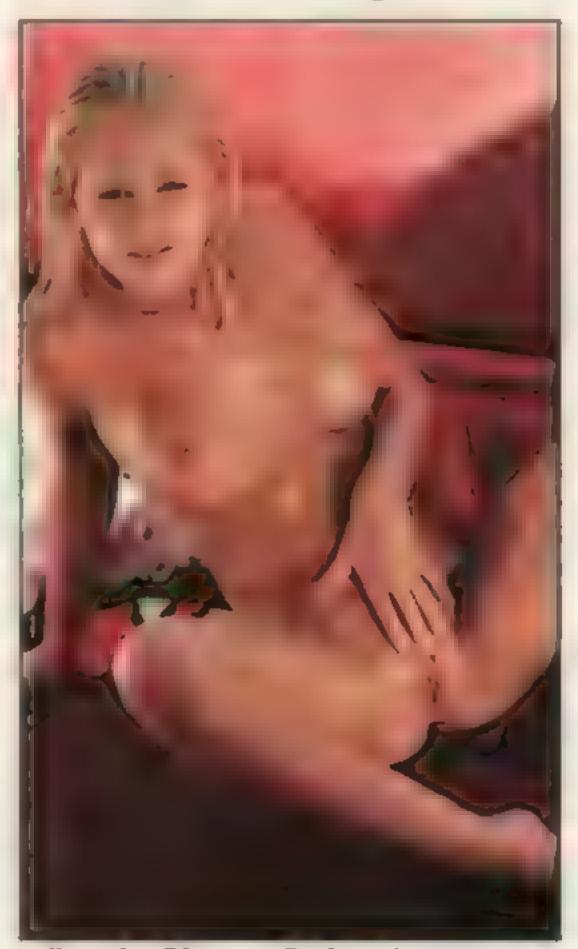
Hey, J. C .- you wouldn't happen to be Michelle's brother, by chance?

### Smokin' Bitches

The material that graces the pages of your tine magazine is always exciting, new and fresh. I have been a reader for several years now, and I've seen quite an evolution. There are, however, a few points I'd like to address: 1. The pee thing. I'm sure some guys like it, but now it's old and



unappealing. 2. What's with the chick with the dick in the April 1999 issue (Gta: Portrait of a Lonely Lady)? As a subscriber, I was a little shocked. In the interest of fairness, kudos to Larry and the HUSTLER staff for listening to the reader



Pamela: Pleasure Seekers Anonymous

feedback. You printed what the readers wanted to see. You guys have balls and, apparently, so do some ladies. I myself don't care for she-males. 3. Hove to watch a hot, young female smoke. Would it be too much to ask for a nice hard-core layout with a naked chick smoking a cigarette? I know HUSTLER takes an anti-smoking point of view-hey, I don't even smokebut naked girls look so incredibly sexy while smoking that I've got to see it. I know that a lot of female porn stars smoke (even your own Jeanna Fine admits to smoking). So, what do you say? Could you dump the chicks peeing and the chicks with dicks and show us some porn fems who smoke? ~ J. O.

Delray Beach, Florida

What if we set fire to a peeing transvestite?

### **Manson Maniac**

I just recently discovered your kick-ass magazine. I love how you plow headfirst through society's concept of good taste. You speak what's on your mind and spit in the face of political correctness. A young man, such as I am, could not ask for anything more. Except, perhaps, one little favor. I collect Marilyn Manson photography. The other day, while browsing on the Internet, I came across some naked Manson photos I had never seen before. The Web designer only knew that the pictures had appeared in your magazine, but he



### FEEDBACK

couldn't tell me which one. I absolutely must have this issue of HUSTLER.

−B. V.

Port Allegany, Pennsylvania

The perverted porn pictures of Marilyn Manson appeared in HUSTLER's <u>Bits & Pieces</u>, August 1997. This issue can be yours by calling 1-815-734-1142.

### **Gay for HUSTLER**

I'm a gay male writing to tell you that I love HUSTLER. I especially like the couples (male/female) you have in your magazine. I'm overjoyed to finally see penetration. I especially liked Elizabeth and Drew: Piss Stop, May 1999). Is there any way I could receive an autograph from Drew? Does he have a fan club? Has he been in any porn movies? Thanks, and keep up the good work.

—M. B.

via Internet

Sorry to disappoint you, but Drew is in prison for beating up some fag who wrote him a fan letter.

### **Navy Hustle**

I am currently in the United States Navy stationed onboard the USS Chevenne, a submarine. My fellow sailors and I are currently deployed overseas and are unable to obtain your fine publications. Because of bleeding-heart, Bible-thumping liberals, we are unable to purchase your fine magazines on any military base. All 14 members of my division are devoted readers of your many publications. Seeing how we are bored limp (and I do mean limp), we were wondering if you could send us some magazines for free?

USN

The fuckwad behind the antismut amendment that banned HUSTLER from multtary exchanges is anything but liberal. As for the free porn, if we gave you free HUSTLERs, we'd have to share with the rest of the class, and we wouldn't have enough to go around. Now, that wouldn't be fair, would it? You still have the right to subscribe, seaman.

### Madonna vs. Courtney

My fiance buys your magazine. While he reads it more than I do, we both enjoy reading it together. I was, however, offended by the contest you ran to determine whose daughter, Madonna's or Courtney Love's, would be made into a

whore first (Bits & Pieces, December 1998). It is inexcusable to speak of little girls in that manner. Why is it that men are admired for their sexual experience, while women are condemned as sluts? Aren't you contradicting your editorial approach with this kind of attitude? I guess some men are still intimidated by sexually powerful women. —R.

Temple, Texas

The contest foreshadows the inevitability of these two media whores pimping their offspring to the insatiable fame fuck. The headline clearly states: "Which Media Slut's Daughter Will Whore First? Frances Bean Cobain vs. Lourdes Ciccone." The contest still stands. The first HUSTLER reader who provides proof that either of these celebrity daughters has crossed the line to active whoring will win a free HUSTLER subscription and gift pack. Time will tell if Madonna and Courtney Love exploit their children as they exploit themselves. Regarding your slut observation: Who said life was fair?

### I Wasted Time on a Slut

I was involved in a long-distance relationship with a girl who recently dumped me. We were together for nearly a year—five months of that time away from one another. Upon our breakup, she told me details of her slutty behavior. I had no idea she was sleeping around on me. I was so mad that I made a T-shirt that reads: I WASTED MY TIME ON A SI UT. I've worn it every day for a solid week. I've been asked to leave restaurants and was kicked out of a casino because of it. I will continue to wear this T-shirt until I am no longer pissed or until a woman comes along that is not offended. If you want to know more details, I'd be happy to sell my story to HUSTLER. —C. G.

Calgary, Alberta, Canada

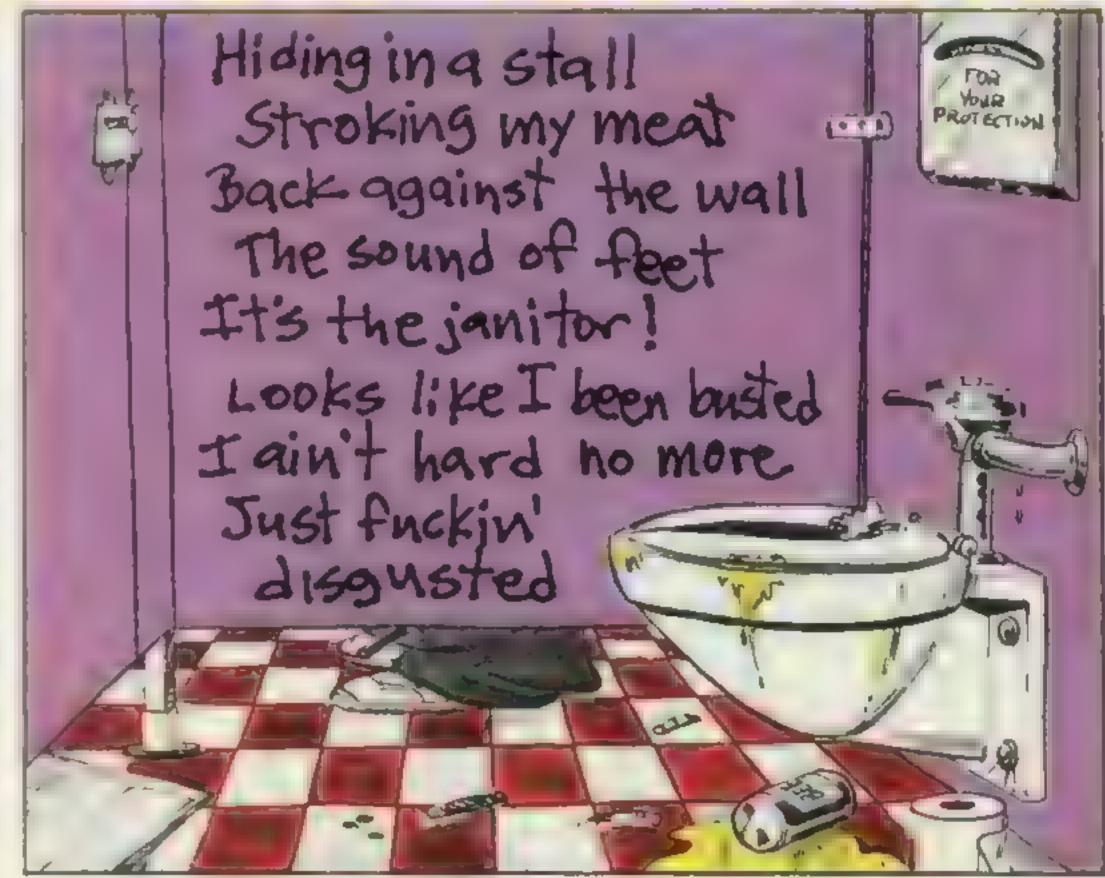
Guess what? You are a psycho. No one at HUSTLER wants to hear about the tears you shed in your beer. Be glad you plowed some pussy for the time you did. If you expect to lay any pipe in the future, burn that stupid shirt, and behave.

### **Commie-Loving Flynt**

I am a boiling pot of fury! Bill Clinton is your President, not mine. That fat, draft-dodging, justice-obstructing, intern-banging bastard can kiss my patriotic ass! As for you, Larry Flynt, how dare you support King Clinton. Not only did Clinton have his old dick sucked by Monica, he's

(continued on page 39)

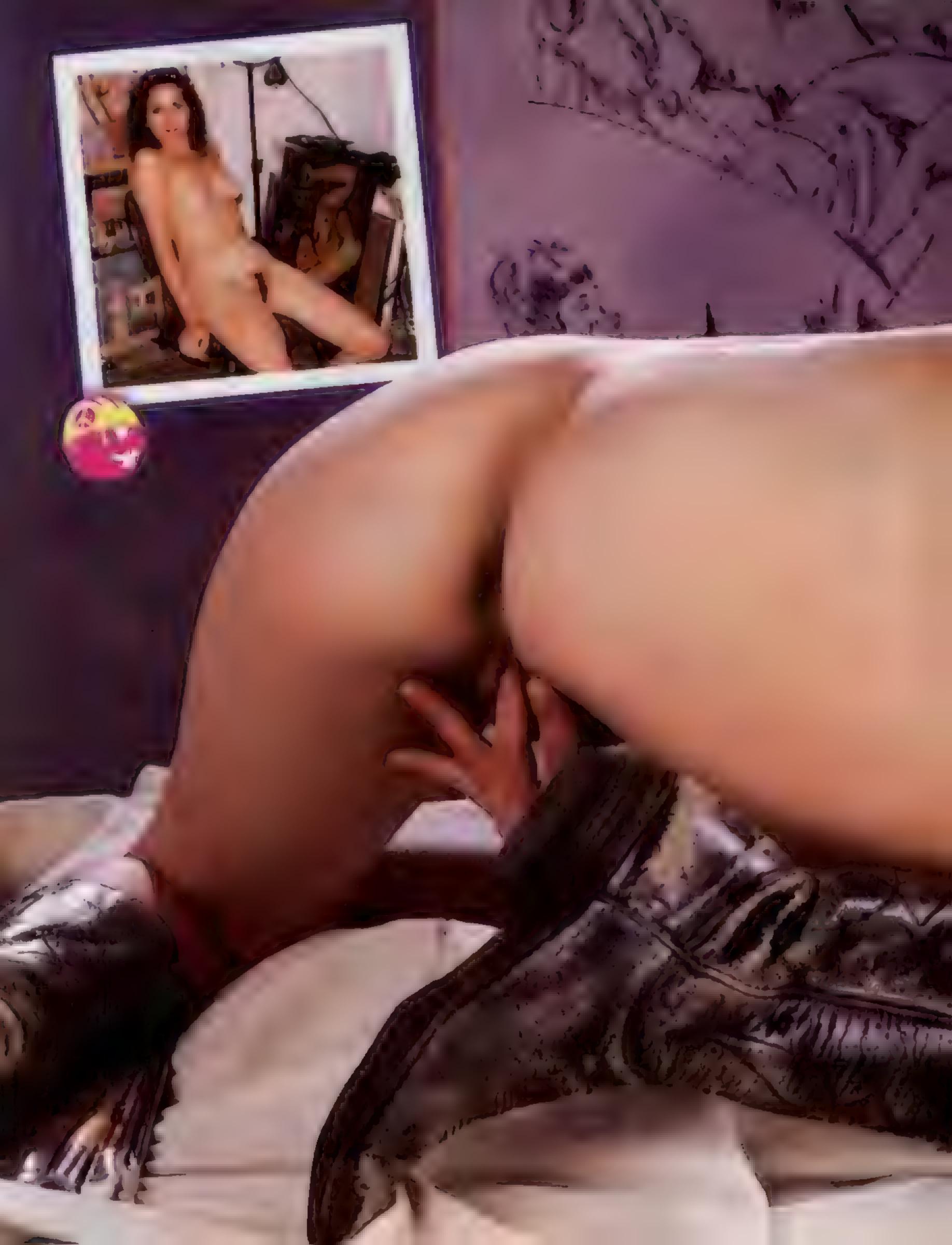




Thanks and \$50 go to Thomas L.











cate matter. How close are you with your friends? Do you talk openly about sex? You can't hop from the subject of what you ate for dinner last night to saying, "I'd really love to screw your wife." Test the waters first. Invite them over for a dinner party; open a bottle of wine. Have the girls assemble in one room, where your wife can figure out who's game. Nothing will happen unless the women want it to. Have her show the ladies a videotape of an orgy while you're schmoozing with the guys in the other room. When the temperature seems right in both rooms, ask. Hopefully, no feelings will be hurt. The worst thing they can do is say no and maybe never see you again. There's no such thing as risk-free life. Swingers groups exist if you can handle sex with strangers. Check your local adult papers for parties with people who are looking for the same kick you are. Just remember that for every weirdo on the Internet, there are real couples looking to fuck you and your wife. Happy hunting.

### NEEDS A JUMP

I have a terrible problem—it's been more than two years since I've been with a woman. I was with this chick for four years until we broke up. I've had a couple flings since then, but I've forgotten how to flirt or even strike up a conversation. I'm really out of touch with today's singles scene. I swear I'm not a loser; I just need a push start.

-K. J.

Pottsville, Pennsylvania

I thank my lucky stars every day that I'm in a relationship and not in the singles scene right now. Today we have a climate where you literally have to ask permission to place your hand on a girl's knee or you're slapped with a sexual-harassment suit. When you do find a partner, there's the risk of disease. It's frightening out there. A one-night stand could be a death sentence. Just remember that anyone worth screwing is worth knowing first. There's nothing more satisfying than sharing an orgasm with somebody that you know, as opposed to a stranger. What are your interests? Do you like to see old movies or ride bikes? Try joining a club. It's best to meet somebody that's into doing the same things you like to do. You'll find that conversation will come naturally because you won't be starting off with a blank page. When you meet somebody in a bar, the only thing you have in common is alcohol and loud music. Take it slow, and gain confidence. There's a woman out there bemoaning the same situation you

have. Maybe you're both looking for each other at the same time.

### UNDERWHELMING

What goes through girls' heads when they're about to sleep with a guy with a small penis? Do they mentally burst out laughing? What can a guy do to make up for not being as blessed as a porn stud?

-R. T. via Internet

Any woman who would immediately base her experience on the size of the man's dick has no imagination and probably isn't worth her salt in bed either. Sex is so much more than the size of a man's dick. Any woman will tell you, it's not length, it's girth. Having said that, if you don't have girth either, what you do have are hands and a mouth. No matter what size or shape your penis has, pressure, thrust and rhythm have everything to do with a quality sexual experience. There are so many guys with big dicks who are shitty lovers. These guys think sex is all about their size; they just stick it in and pound. I'm here to tell you that good sex is a much more (continued on page 29)

August HUSTLER

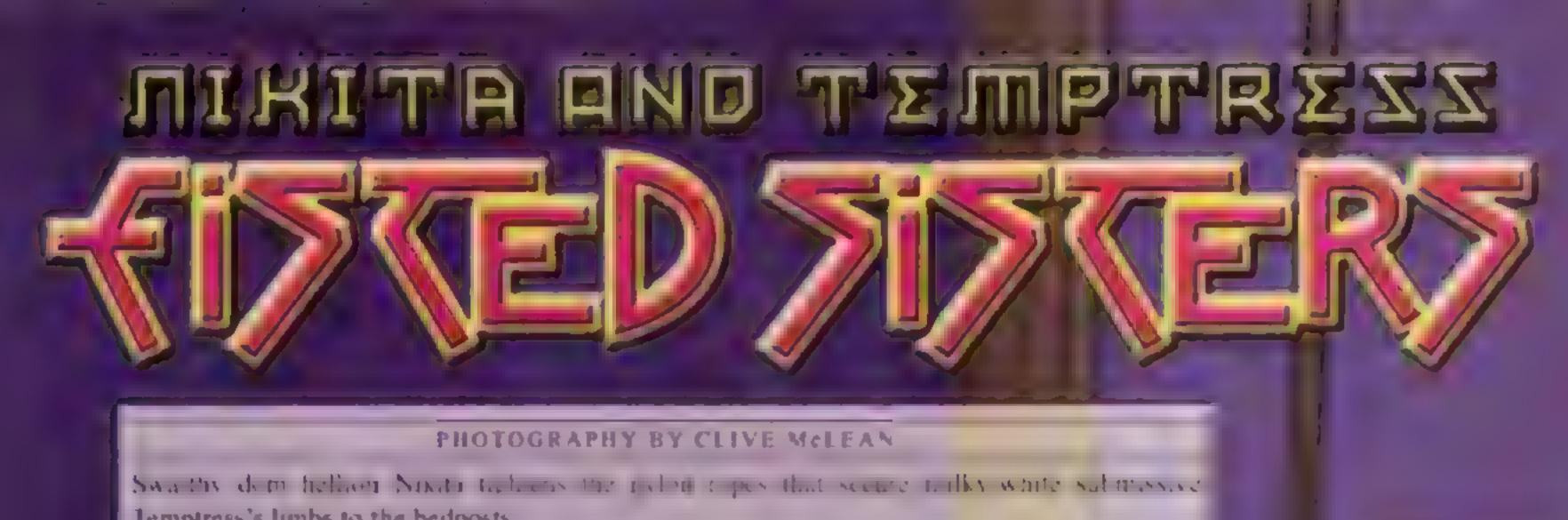


NEW BRINE PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS AUSTIN SHOWERS. THE SPY WHO SOAKED ME STARRING MIKE MIRES HEATHER SPRAYEM PISSBIN JOHNSON LUCY LOO FEATURING ROB LOWE AND ROBERT WAGNER AS "NUMBER TWO" WE THEN AND DIRECTED BY LOUIS B. LEAKY



STARTS RUNNING ALL OVER THE PLACE FRIDAY





lemptress's limbs to the bedposts

"When Leemin and yout his sais to get Nak tall issue a real to note out proushment. In canthe one on my finger, not the ones between my ass cheeks-unless I specity as such."

"Please be gentle," Temptress replies with quivering voice and quim.

Her board servint's pleas aisplease Niki amore. Lite back child tigress scatters list disappears. into Temptress's eleft. Spuring no rod. Nikita turther discipances the errort vissal's womb with hard, plastic vengeance.

"I'm sorry Mistress," Teraptress warmpers already thanking of wass to pass off the brune" bitch further























### (continued from page 18)

### It's always been an inside joke with me that unless you have at least one zit on your ass, you can't be a porn star. My skin will be absolutely flawless until it's time to go to work.

involved situation than that. Sex is a package deal. Licking and sucking fingers, toes, earlobes and nipples are very important, A consistent rhythm has much more to do with satisfying your partner than dick size. Don't sell yourself short.

### GOT PIMPLES?

How do you maintain a pimple-free butt? I'm a serious anal chick. I love bone from behind, but I hate the notion of my husband looking at my pimply ass. He loves to look down and watch his awesome cock do the hard drive. I will only turn over when I'm zit-free, which is rarely. I don't have zits anywhere else but there. Any suggestions? -M. M. Everett, Washington

It's always been an inside joke with me that unless you have at least one zit on your ass, you can't be a porn star. My skin will be absolutely flawless until it's time to go to work, and then, whether it's hormones or nerves, I will invariably bust a fuckin' zit either on my chin or on my ass. I recommend you start using dye-free and scent-free laundry detergent. Use fabric softener, and give your load an extra rinse. When you shower, use a loofa scrub sponge on all parts of your body. Your underwear should be 100% cotton Polyester is fine for the boudoir, but don't wear it for hours underneath your clothes; it'll just trap sweat and bacteria. If you have vinyl car seats, sit on a towel. Your problem basically boils down to sweat and irritation. Treat the skin on your ass as lovingly as you treat the skin on your face. Moisturize your body, and never pick your zits. In a short period of time, you will notice a difference. If all else fails, see a dermatologist. They're as used to treating pimply asses as they are pizza faces.

### FAKE VIRGIN

Every time I have sex with a new guy, I pretend I'm a virgin. The problem is, my current boyfriend asked me to marry him, and I've not only porked his brother, but the guy who would be the best man as well. Who knows what those boys will say to each other? I feel like killing myself. Do you think I ruined my life? I'm only 19. —Е. C.

Nogales, Arizona

Oh, my God, chick. What are you thinking? There's nothing so bad as basing your entire life on a lie. Especially a lie and a secret you can't even keep. It sounds like you have a complete no-win situation. Either you get real with the man

who's asked you to marry him, or return his ring. You obviously don't even know yourself well enough to share your life with somebody else. A marriage needs to be based on truth and respect, two things you obviously don't have for your mate, since you've screwed his brother and his best friend. Tell your fiance the truth. If he can't accept you for what you are, which is a misguided liar, then you need to cut your losses and start over. Maybe lay off the dating scene for a little while. The next time you begin a new relationship, remember to start with the truth.

### CHOAD: GOOD OR BAD?

I love guzzling my boyfriend's cum, but since I'm concerned about my figure, I need a definitive answer to the question: Is semen loaded with essential vitamins and minerals, or is it just fatty tapioca —J. M. pudding?

Boston, Massachusetts

It's not like you're eating a billion little babies. Semen is pure protein, but you are neither going to a) supplement your diet nor b) gain enough fat or calories to need Jenny Craig's help by swallowing it. At the very most, we're talking about a

tablespoon of splooge. Unless you are engaging in gang-bangs and swilling bucketfuls, I recommend you still take your supplements, honey.

### ANAL CHERRY POP

I've found that some girls like anal sex more than vaginal sex. It's like they're addicted to it. When a girl has anal sex for the first time, does she bleed? —B. A. via Internet

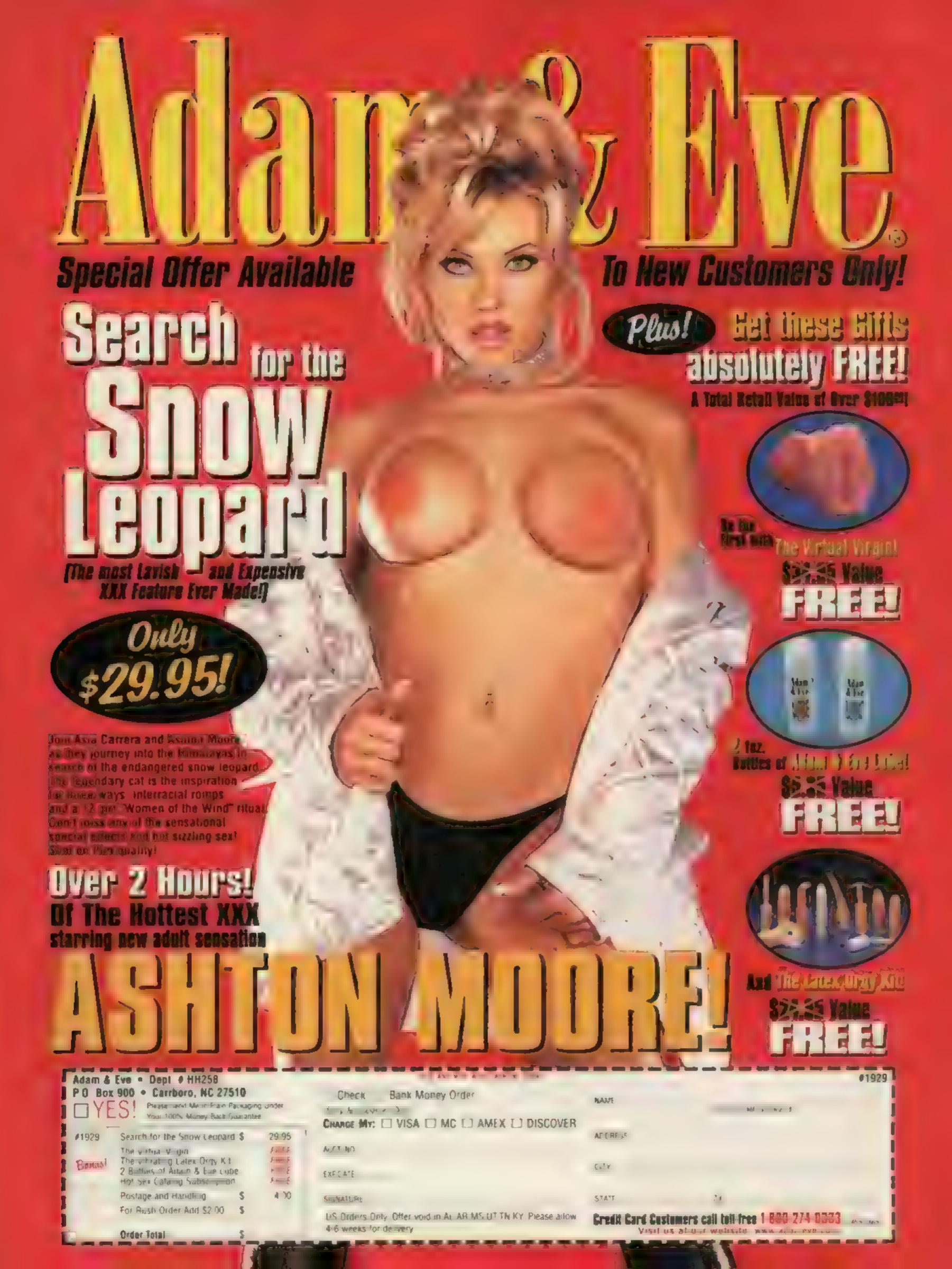
An ass does not have a hymen that breaks and bleeds like a deflowered vagina. Without ample lubrication, an ass will bleed when roughly fucked. As far as women loving it, I can't say as I blame them. If anal sex is done properly, with love and patience, then it is yet another beautiful aspect of healthy sexuality.

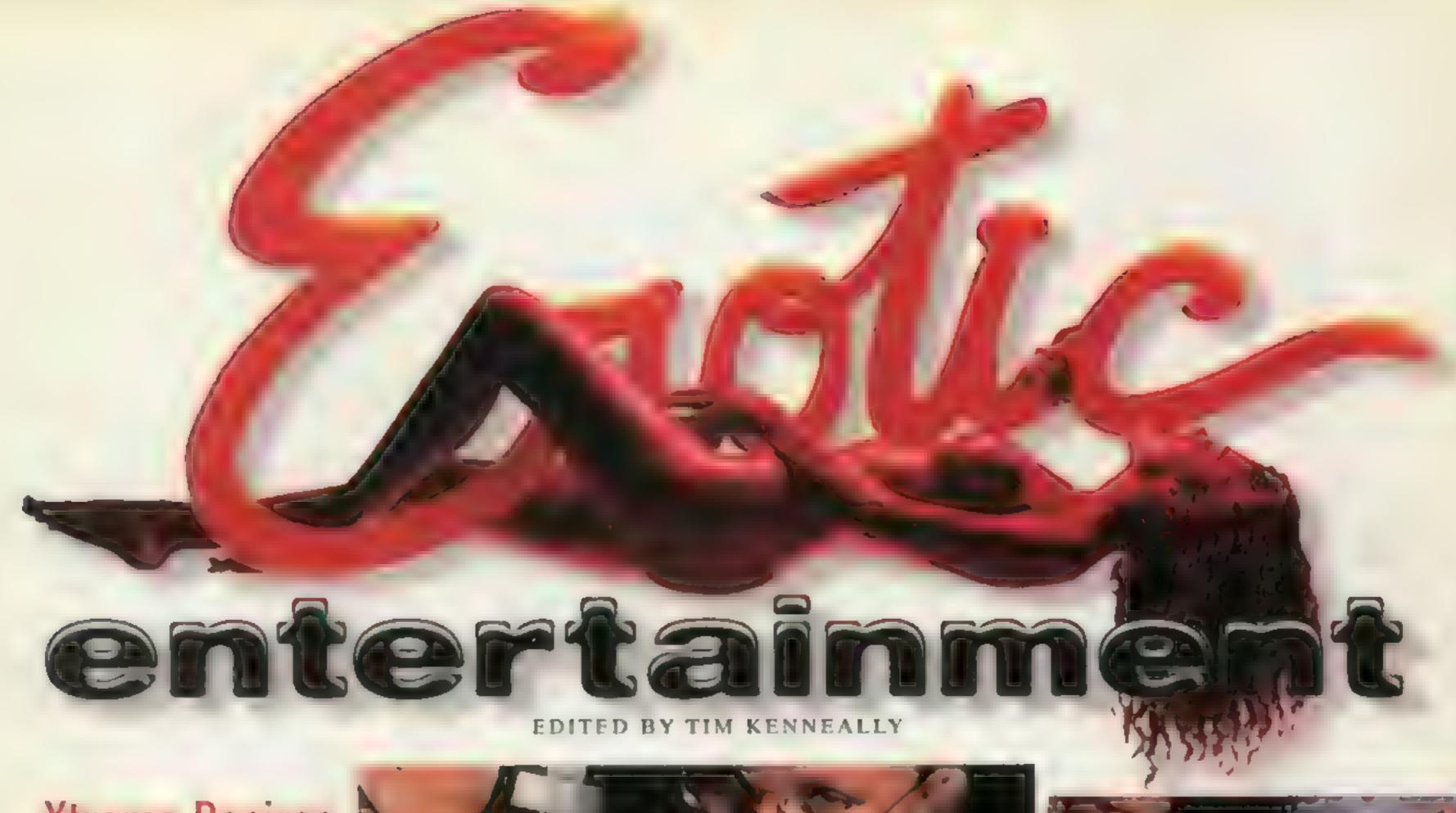


Do you have a question for Jeanna? Write to Dear Slut, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or E-mail at slut(a lfp.com.



"But, your Honor, it was only oral sex!"





### Xtreme Desires



FULLY



Directed by Tanya Hyde starring Monique Covet, Silvia Saint, Mina Laura Angel, Fovea, Sirrocca, John Walton Mike Foster, Kevin Long and Tony Deserge o Videocassette: Private Video Deluxe

A Spanish-produced sex epic filmed on location in London's sex-club underbelly, the fiendishly twisted Xtreme Desires will leave viewers throbbing on the floor like bithering toads. Director Tanya Hyde's series of raunchy sex fantasies mixes humor and irony into a lascivious stew that bubbles over to new heights of decadence bombshell Explosive, blond Monique Covet stars in this rollercoaster ride of perversion, submitting to double anal penetration in a London dungeon. Two hot lesbian nuns wear rubber habits, garter belts and gloves while they slobber on a doctor's veiny tongue depressor. As the benevolent sisters take turns bouncing their faces on the physician's tool, a terminally ill patient springs to life and launches nut gunk on one of their thighs. Three model-beautiful superbitches deep-dick one another with strap-on schlongs. Xtreme Desires has the power to lift you to new heights of hedonism and beyond.

-Dan Panorama



XTRI ME DESIRES: Saint checks puss for pulse



XTREME DESIRES: Schwinging nuns Mina and Fovea



XIRLME DESIRES: Angel is prepped for invasive procedures.



Bring a New Virra

Rivated only by kamikaze pilots for career brevity, porn sluts' expiration dates generally coincide with their 25th birthdays. Despite this perfectly reasonable brand of ageism, severa recent adult-video releases highlight the sexual exploits of grandmotheraged ginch. Offerings such as Fuckin' at 50, Four Ways Over Forty and the Older and Anal and Mature Kink series abound with withering cock hounds Wrinkle-etched faces reveal deep crow's-leet as they strain to devour

With fresh, young fuck meal entering the porn business on a daily basis why would any self-respecting jackoft willingly view these movies? Not even Jeff Steward, creator and producer of X-Traordinary's Mature Kink series, knows for sure. "I'm a total fucking pervert, and I wouldn't want to watch old ladies fuck," Steward admits, speculating that his audience comprises young men with older-woman letishes and middle-aged

turgid cock. Thick wads of ball batter

and on liver-spotted skin

masturbators yearning to see harlots their own age perform unspeakable acts. of litth

Personal preferences notwithstanding. Steward notes, the aged spurn tar gets often make ideal employees "They're not prima donnas; they just wanna have sex on camera, so their scenes tend to be a little hotter [than those leaturing less ancient sluts] I wish some of the younger girls would take a fucking note from them."

Take, for instance, Mature Kink 2's jowly, blond Greta, who bails a Gen-X swordsman (whom she actually addresses as "son") with a fuck-pig abandon that belies her cottage-cheese thighs and wrinkled, vein-etched milk bags

Nauseating, perhaps, but hardly unusual According to Steward, there's no shortage of cronish cooze willing to fuck on camera. "It's really easy to find taient," he enthuses. "It's surprising how many horny old broads there are out there that want to get fucked for money." Which is either a cause for joy or dismay

Crack of ages: Senior slittzens receive fresh blood horn in Mature Kink series





### Flesh Peddlers Number 4



HALF ERECT



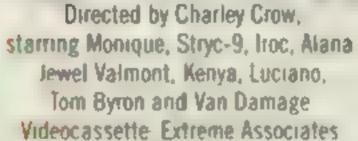
Directed by Greg Alves, starring Amber Michaels, Sydnee Steele, Tina Thomas, Jina Perry, Wendi Knight, Shelby Myne, McKayla, Julie Meadows Alexandra Nice, Ursula, Marc Davis Vince Votiyer, Brandon Iron and Pat Myne Videocassette Metro

Mare Davis jabs two fingers into Amber Michaels's shahole straight out the chute in Flesh Peddlers Number 4. Her throat impaled on his flesh sword, Michaels bobs, breaking her rhythm only to slather Davis's balls with spit. While the action is hot, Amber is not. Undeterred by Michaels's bleachbottle-bimbo haggishness, Davis relishes the moment. He pounds balls-deep between her pierced, played-out beef flaps. Davis reaches inside the porn gorgon's ass and caresses his shaft through the thin membrane that separates pussy from colon. He switches holes and pokes Amber's ass. Davis twists the haggard harlot to face his rod and dribbles his essence on her sunken cheek. The next round of silicone sluts appears: Sydnec Steele and Jina Perry savor each other's cooze butter. Four fingers pump Steele's cunt; two are Perry's, and two are her own. The dildopopping, strap-on action between these two girls lifts Flesh Peddlers Number 4 above mediocrity, but not by much.

### Archer's Last Day



THREE QUARTERS 1



A requiem for the common man, Archer's Last Day casts Tom Byron as a hapless everyschlub whose job is downsized and whose marriage is in shambles. Byron plays the Joe Lunchpail role skillfully, but it's the carnal performances that steal this show Revisiting his former workplace, Byron spies svelte blonde Alana Byron jams his proletariat pronger into Alana's craw, sti-

fling her sobs with sharp tonsil stabs. His subsequent routing of her colon and salvo of angrywhite-male seed gratifies on both sociological and sexual levels Killed off and cast into limbo. Byron encounters devil-doll duo Iroc and Stryc-9. Cut-rate surrealism and top-shelf filth meld as Byron heartily plumbs the pair's nether holes. Denied salvation, Byron is shuttled off to hell. Apparently, eternal damnation consists of Jewel Valmont and Nubian horndog Kenya, who tongue-bathe Byron's turd cutter before granting him access to their juicy clefts and crap hatches. Viewers will be too busy pumping their crotch puppets to ponder such metaphysical inconsistencies, Archer's Last Day hits the -Shane Andalou hull's-cyc.

### Sexual Addiction





Directed by Thomas Paine starring Temptress, Raquel Devine. Regan Starr, Alexandra Silk, Mairtia, Chriss Cannon, George Kaplan, Alec Metro and John West Videocassette- Odyssey Group Video

Sexual Addiction depicts the sordid lifestyle of a scrunt junkie desperately trying to maintain a constant pussy high, "I can't help myself; I've gotta fuck every five minutes," the sex addict confesses to a bartender. "I love all kinds of pussy: harry pussy, bald pussy, big pussy, small pussy, slutty pussy But my sex addiction is fucking up my marriage." In walks Temptress, who has long, lithe legs and knows how to spread 'em; the addict sucks down his angry pussy fix. A cockoholic herself, Temptress swallows the pussy addict's meat thermometer Soon, the codependent copulators are bumping uglies, sweaty and vulgar, Post-pop-shot remorse sets in, and the addict seeks help He finds counsel with an aversion-therapy group that believes a cure can be achieved only after sexual overstimulation. A weekend-long orgy ensues; partners are traded like pork bellies on the stock exchange. Is there a cure for Sexual Addiction? For the moment, sure. But will they relapse? Let's hope so. -D.P.



FLESH PFDDIFRS NUMBER 4: Steele, Thomas and ass cube



ARCHER'S LAST DAY: Byron manhandles Alana



NEXUAL ADDICTION: Metro tames Temptress

### Stop! My Ass Is on Fire



THREE-OUARTERS ERECT



Directed by Quasarman starring Azlea, Mikki Taylor, Wendi Knight Taylor St. Claire, Nikita Cash, Alexandra Silk Angela D Angelo, Teri Starr, Marc Davis Pat Myne, Dave Hardman and Jake Steed Videocassette: Toxxxic/Metro

Like mathematicians chasing down the square root of pi, the makers of Stop! My Ass Is on Fire! seek to determine the equal ly elusive maximum capacity of a porn slut's anal cavity. In this tribute to dilated sphineters, cocks cram colons like college students of yore clambering into a phone booth. Melon-mammed, blue eyed, brunet Azlea squats on Pat Myne's lap hammer. Myne pistons her twitching fudge tunnel with preacher-man zeal; the cornholed cock hound hops and huffs as if giving anal birth to a prize pumpkin. Like a research engineer testing a product for durability, Marc Davis digitally drills Wendi Knight's and Mikki Taylor's crap traps before bestowing them with hearty ass crammings. Blond uber-tramp Teri Starr comes closest to achieving anal nirvana, In Starr's sodden girl eleft, Jake Steed's loglike choad elicits rolled eyes and eestatic moans. In her puckered, brown pinhole, the same thrusting trunk conjures electroshock spasms and Linda Blairish grunts Stop! My Ass Is on Fire! smokes -5A

### Just Fuckin' N' Suckin' 2



ONE-OUARTER



Directed by Dale Jordan and Dion Giarusso starring Victoria Del Rio, Barbie Blazer Phaera Alexis, Wendi Knight, Tina Thomas Violet, Kim Alexus, Maren, Jennifer Leigh Chriss Cannon, Chris Charming, Marc Davis Andre Maddness. Chuck Martino and Aim Sanders Videocassette: Elegant Angel

Ever wonder what the bastard daughter of Howdy Doody and Walter Matthau might look like? Probably not, but Jennifer Leigh offers a pretty good idea anyway The blond, grade-Z pile of stripper trash launches Just Fuckin' N Suckin' 2 with a dick-deflating scene that proves prophetic for this distressing skankfest, Leigh's partner suckles at her liver-colored labes and burrows a digit into her rancid fuckhole. Leigh moans with faux abandon, exposing a crowded mouthful of horselike teeth. The swordsman takes willynilly stabs at Leigh's oozing cooze, frothy globs of spit clinging to his flesh mallet like cottage cheese. The horrors continue Boyish, brace-faced Violet nearly vomits as she crams her craw with cock. Withered, gap-toothed witch Barbie Blazer elicits a similar effect in viewer stomachs as she gnaws on half-flaccid man root Wendi Knight and Tina Thomas provide temporary respite as they contort into Escheresque positions around Marc Davis's lap hammer Mostly, though, Just Fuckin' N' Suckin' 2 just sucks. -S.A



STOP! MY ASS IS ON FIRE: Silk bends over backward for bone



JUST FUCKIN' V'SUCKIN' 2 Anonymous stinkhole, just gapin'.



Turned out in sartorial spendor throngs of luck-lick auteurs, screen sluts and the professional pricks who bang them crowded into the Century Club in Century City, Canfornia, on March 4 for the 15th annual X-Rated Critics Organization (XRCO) awards ceremony

Linde, Fine Fr.

Moling about in the lobby prior to the handing out of the awards, which are voted on by "major writers for all legitimate adult publications," sirens posed for smut-rag shulterbugs and compared notes on recent onscreen double penetrations. After much exhortation, the assemblage of hithmongers settled into the stand main hall of the ciut

'Are you ready to roll?" mistress of ceremonies Jenna Jameson chirped her voice as perky as her countenance was haggard

"My God, she looks like a train wreck," whispered one industry profes sional to his peers

Infamously loquacious emcee Jim Holiday (who peppered his onstage rants with, among other irrelevancies Bob Seger and Del Shannon references) aside, speeches were mercifully short

tor an absent of a time By a sent a surry flurry of "blah blah blah blah's Numerous thanks were given to directors, video companies, critics and, of course, the lans who made it all possible

Snagging the Best New Stariet award Vivid Girl Raylene gushed with school girl glee, "This is the first thing I've ever won in my whole entire life! I've miver even won a game of tic-tac tile." I'm newly victorious professional cocksucker rushed offstage to flaunt her heart shaped plaque to her fellow porn sluts.

Other honorees included Stacy Valentine for Female Performer of the Year and John Leslie for Director of the Year Masseuse 3 won out for Best Film while Cafe Flesh 2 took Best Video honors World's Biggest Anal Gangbang picked up the Worst Movie of the Year award, much to one attendees dismay

"Fuck Jim Holliday up the ass!" ranted Mila, whose Ass Artist was also in contemtion for the dubious honor. "That piece-of-shit, motherfucking, no-good drunk-ass dip fuck!" Its a pity they weren't handing out an award for Most Congenial Stut of the Year

Winning sluts Valentine and Raylene (above); trump enjoys booty buffet (below left); Mr. Marcus with heart-on (below right)





### **Acid Sex**



ONE-QUARTER ERFCT



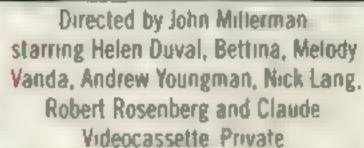
Directed by Robert Black, starring Jasmin St. Claire, Tiffany Mynx Lizzie Borden, Eiena, Mikku Taylor, Tom Byron Luciano, John Strong, Earl State and Leo V deocassette- Extreme Associates

In Acid Sex, director Robert Black attempts a salanic-costume sex epic on the cheap. At best, the results are mixed. Black's MTVstyle take on the Dark Bros. formula is so frenetic and choppy that the vex becomes foggy and impressionistic. Bloody pigs' heads hang from the ceiling. Razor wire surrounds the surrealistic orgy. Jasmin St. Claire stars in this trippy, satanic fuckfest wearing a crown of barbed wire. She offers her body to demonic swordsman Tom Byron; Byron grinds his turgid love bomber deep inside St Claire's chocolate-brown flaps until it's greasy enough to plug her ass pipe with. Byron pries St. Claire's mouth open as he drills her turd well, intensifying her equine countenance, Tiffany Mynx brandishes a strap-on and takes Byron's place St. Claire rims Byron's sphincters while Tiffany rides her browneye. After Byron sprays St. Claire's whennying mug with his load, it's stigmata time. Mynx stabs Jasmin's hands with a knife; blood and sperm swirl together into a pinkish muck. Right color, wrong medium Acid Sex is a bad trip, man. -D.P

# Secrets of Kamasutra



HALL



Tangentially based on the ancient Indian sex manual, The Secrets of Kamasutra loses much in the video translation. Bottle-blond porn crone Helen Duval, who was probably around to help draft the original, provides tranquilized narration that lulls viewer laps to sleep. "You must first accept love from yourself," Duval instructs Were the ensuing vignettes more inspiring, such a blissful state of

onanistic grace might be achieved. Per Private's usual standards, Kamasutra's honey-skinned, leggy Euro snatches put their American, Frankencunt counterparts to shame. Grossly undenstilized in this production, the Continental wenches inspire an ambivalent mixture of arousal and fury Opportunities for double penetrations go unexploited. Familiarity breeds limp-lingamed contempt as copper-haired vixen Vanda's your is plied in three consecutive scenes, Anal sex-usually a given in Private offerings-was apparently a no-no in ancient India; only Duval's Jurassic ass hatch is plundered. Is one to believe that India's rampant overpopulation was born of such tepid carnal procedures? The Secrets of Kamasutra teveals only its own ineptitude.

### Jail Babes Volume 2



HALF



Directed by Elliot Heathcoat and Rick Rage starring Ginger, Sparky, Angela, Goldie, Gypsie, and Jack Hammer Videocassette: LFP Video

Jail Babes Volume 2 features real interviews and real sex with real lady criminals. Of course, these bitches ain't no ladies. Sparky is a hot, 22-year-old Chicana with an armed-robbery rap. The big-house betty's saga unfolds: Her gangbanger father was shot four times in the chest and once in the head right before her very eyes when she was four. She was first popped for grand theft auto at 13; her carnal initiation came at 14 with her best girlfriend, Only part lesbian, Sparky springs inked-up swordsman Jack Hammer's package from its zippered prison. Sparky grabs Hammer's stiffening schwang with one hand and clutches his orbs with the other. Sparky spreads her swollen folds for Hammer's equally swollen root and bucks hard to meet each thrust Hammer pulls out and pops, spraying Sparky's swarthy mug with ball lather Freedom never tasted so good for Sparky. The rest of the jail babes are even harder than Sparky, but, deep down, every ex-con quim has a soft and creamy center.



ACID SEX: St. Claire and mane clown posse



SECRETS OF KAMASUTRA: Fuckers prove interconnectedness of all living things

### **Country Comfort**



ONE-QUARTER FRECT



Directed by Cleo Edwards
starring Devon, Gwen Summers, Hadi Aston
Phyllisha Anne, Raquel Devine, Julian
Herschel Savage and Bobby Vitale
Videocassette Vivid Film

The pastoral-themed Country Comfort is yet another entry in the gilded-turd category of porn beautifully lensed, loaded with lovely gamines and largely devoid of heat. Flagship tramp Devon, blessed with preternaturally blue eyes and fine, nymphiske features. nonetheless proves to be a flawed slab of fuck meat. She frolies with Bobby Vitale; her dress drops, revealing surgically swollen, rock like chest bags and pea-size nipples that rest unpleasantly close to her collarbone. Receiving Vitale's blood horn in her puffy-lipped flue, Devon issues a barrage of cock-shriveling chihuahua yips Similarly uninspiring ruttings follow. Inadvertent comedy abounds, as sluts doff Little House on the Prairie castoffs and utter quaint country savings, such as, "Smear it all over my big tits." Humor turns to horror as Julian, dressed in a nightgown, prances nellylike across the screen and allows his kisser to be painted with lipstick. An appropriately queer moment for a generally imp-wristed effort. this blatant display of swishery makes Country Comfort most discomforting. -S.A.



JAH BABES VOLUME 2. Hummer does time in the hole with Sparks



COUNTRY COMFORT: Devon done doggy-style

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

Annual Property States



Backseat Briver 6: Anal Whiplash (Toxxxic/Metro)

Wendi Knight, T. J. Hart, Jake Steed

California Cocksuckers #4.

Straight Outta Cumtown
(Sinister/Sin City)

Gina Ryder, Inan Vachs, Ian Daniels

Lewd Behavior 3rd Strike (Extreme Associates)

Jewel Valmont, Stryc-9, Van Damage

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



HUSTLER's Beaver Hunt #5 (Vivid)
Frisky, Brittany Fox, John Drago

Booty Duty Number 7 (Elegant Angel)
Jill Kelly, Alexandra Nice, Enc Price

Chasin' Pink 4: Superpink
(Vivid Raw Video)

Chasey Lain. Katie Gold Melanie Stone

Oversexed Video Magazine 2 (Prime Video Productions) Silvia Saint, Martina, Hunza

Slutwoman (Elegant Angel)
Roxanne Hall, Cassandra Knight, Rich Masters

The Violation of Teri Starr: A Lesbian Gang Bang (Cream Entertainment)
Teri Starr, Gina Ryder, Gwen Summer



Daydreamer (Cal Vista/Metro)
Claudia Chase, Dee, John Decker

Desire (Legend Video)
Tina Tyler, Randee Lee, Alec Metro

Dirty Secrets (Wicked)
Rayveness, Kelsey Heart, Tony Tedeschi

Intrigue (Sin City Entertainment)
Liza Haiper, Heaven Leigh, Herschel Savage

Manic Behavior (Vivid)
Raylene, India, Steve Hatcher

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



Ladies' Night (Sin City)
Asia Carrera, Alexandra Siik, Herschel Savage

Madam Kitty's Fantasy Ranch (Arrow)

Brooke, Mystical Maggie, Max Cady

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



LUTALLY

Jenteal, Ruby, Jon Dough

Search for the Snow Leopard (Adam & Eve)

Asia Carrera, Stephanie Swift, Alec Metro

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

### Farmer's Daughters Do Hollywood



ONE-QUARTER ERECT



Directed by Jerome Tanner; starring Inan Vachs, Ten Starr, Kelly Orion Timber, Gina Ryder, Eric Price, Tony Tedeschi and Jon West Videocassette: Legend Video

Screen sluts fake hick accents orgasms in Farmer's Daughters Do Hollywood, a tired addition to a threadbare porn formula. "Y'all mean to tell me the outhouse is right here in the motel room?" squawks Timber to bellhop Eric Price in their dumpy motel accommodations. Timber and Kelly Orion do Price in the indoor outhouse. Orion hikes her dress up, attempting to hide her stretch marks. No such luck; Price's nut chum crisscrosses the stretchy skin discolorations to nauseating effect. Inari Vachs rides Gina Ryder with a strap-on, Ryder squeals as Vachs lodges an anal probe deep inside the brunette's bowels. Their girl/girl intensity temporarily tantalizes, but a plot handily derails viewer interest. A sleazy photographer snaps the humping bumpkins in action and hawks the shots to a skin rag "What will Papa say?" Vachs whines while examining the published layout. He won't care; he'll be fast asleep before Farmer's Daughters Do Hollywood reaches that point. -D. P.

### Sex Commandos



HALF



Directed by Michael Danze; starring Stacy Valentine, Flower, Emily Jewel. Rebecca Wild, Christi Lake, Kelsey Heart, Julian, Alec Metro, Ian Daniels, John Strong, Brian Surewood and Chris Handsome Videocassette: VCA

Undoubtedly spurred by an army-surplus-store clearance sale, Sex Commandos features a band of camouflage-and-dog-tag-clad cunts who thwart an evil plot to destroy the world's sex drive Leading the quim crusaders is Stacy Valentine, who ably proves her worthiness of XRCO's Female Performer of the Year award. The doll-faced, flaxentressed vixen subdues Julian's





SEX COMMANDOS: Heart, Flower and Jewel form tramp truin

spum gun with two-fisted fury, twisting and choking her veiny, spit-soaked captive. A fierce, multipositional skirmish breaks out between Valentine's immaculate, pink trench and Julian's bloodbloated bludgeon; eventually, Julian hurls a victory salvo of protein pudding onto Valentine's chest balloons. Amerasian cutie Flower and blond spitfires Emily

Jewel and Kelsey Heart heatedly rout one another's slick clefts with tongues and dildos. A video-ending orgy yields a pleasantly chaotic swirl of writhing flesh Sex Commandos offers nothing out of the ordinary—the sex is as vanilla as the script is retarded—but it respectably commands stift attention throughout its duration

-S.A.

















# DOPA BUREUR CLUB



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# FEEDBACK

(continued from page 13)

also been reaming the assholes of the American people. You, Flynt, gladly take his greasy prick up your ass, smiling all the way. Are you afraid that if an honorable man became President, it would hamper your ability to publish cartoons that dishonor Christianity or the disabled? Afraid you won't be able to print pictures of sexy women anymore? Don't you realize that Al Gore has ties with hard-core Communists? Communists hate porn. ' Open your cock-stretched ass wider, Flynt, so Bill, Al, Ted Kennedy and the rest of the socialist cocksuckers can fuck you harder! HUSTLER flies to the left as the true enemies of your right to publish porn fuck you. Just you wait and see, First Amendment boy. Porn is not a form of free speech any more than yelling "Fire" in a crowded movie house is free expression. Clinton's Communists need rich butt lickers like you, Larry Flynt, to support their agenda and give them more power to take away our guns, our land and our real rights. I'm sure I'll never see this letter in print because your balls have probably shifted to the far left as well!

-M. M. Louisville, Kentucky

Since when did it become possible for a businessman to become a Communist? Would you rather read porn published by Pat Buchanan? All politicians fuck the people they serve; it's just a matter of how often and how hard. Clinton's pretty passive; just ask Monica Lewinsky.

#### **Mom Loves HUSTLER**

I know you probably will never read this, but I think you're pretty cool. I am a 26-year-old mom of three. There are a lot of people out there who disagree with what you do, but I admire who you are. You believe in what you do, and no one can stop you. I just hope that my sons show the same drive in whatever they choose to do in their lives.

—K. P

via Internet

#### **Tinky Winky Stinky**

Jerry Falwell is being a fucking prick, even more than usual, and I'm pissed off. My six-month-old son has a doll named Tinky Winky—one of the Teletubbies. My son loves the Teletubbies. Teletubbies is a fun and wholesome children's program on PBS, but Falwell says that the name Tinky Winky is perverse. He even thinks that Tinky Winky is a faggot simply because

the character is lavender. The creature is fucking purple, for Chrisake. If Tinky Winky is a fag, then Barney the dinosaur is a big homo too. Why doesn't Falwell sit in the back pew of some church and just shut the fuck up? He must have gaydar to be able to sniff out Tinky Winky as homo. Why doesn't that fat boy come out of the closet and bring his hidden porn stash with him?

—L. F. Jacksonville, Florida

Jerry is obviously more concerned about your child's well-being than you are. How dare you allow a faggot-alien Teletubby to drag your infant son into the evil nether world of homosexuality? Shame on you.







### **Number-One Position**

I'm very fond of sex. Please tell me which is the best position for sexual satisfaction. Please tell me as soon as possible. —J. via Internet

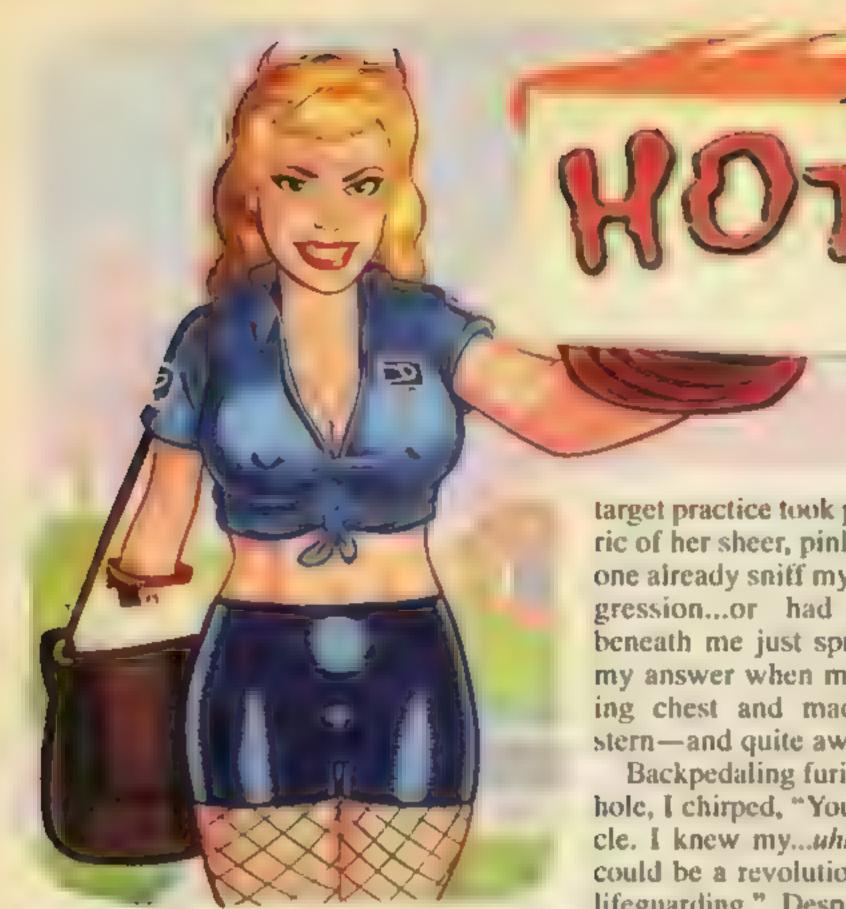
The position where the dick is in the pussy is, by far, the best.

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





August HUSTLER



#### HUMMER IN THE SUMMER

Yesterday, I had my lips locked upon the two bright-red mouth cushions of a wet and willing blonde. Of course, she was wet because she just came out of a pool...and willing because she nearly drowned. Who cares? I love my new lifeguard gig!

My friends laughed when I said I was donning the red trunks at the public pool down on Martin Luther King Boulevard. They insinuated I would spend the day watching underprivileged children turn blue. Well, explain the aforementioned Barbie-doll clone with the C-cup bazooms! I forced my hot air into her lungs while slipping a few fingers past the clastic band of her bikini bottoms. With the door of the lifeguard quarters locked, I didn't have to worry about a repeat of last summer's embarrassing interruption.

I massaged the unconscious beauty's flat, drenched pubes. She kept a neatly trimmed patch down there; I appreciated her fine bush work. Just an inch or two below, soft, yielding labes blossomed at my touch. The way they parted and oozed surprised me. Most women need to be awake to react so palpably. Juices covered my palm and filled the air with a funky scent. Her comatose poontang was so intoxicating, I simply forgot about the mouth-to-mouth treatment. Hand-to-crotch was infinitely more fun.

Suddenly, I heard a voice demand, "Would you please remove your pinkie from the asshole it's buried in?" That was funny—I had hooked a little finger toward the bombshell's bad place, but the

target practice took place beneath the fabric of her sheer, pink bikini. Could someone aiready sniff my stink-fingered transgression...or had the beach bunny beneath me just sprung to life? I found my answer when my eyes left her heaving chest and made contact with her stern—and quite awake—expression.

Backpedaling furiously from her brown hole, I chirped, "You're alive! It's a miracle. I knew my...uhh...prostate maneuver could be a revolutionary breakthrough in lifeguarding." Despite my savior status, the blonde remained unimpressed.

"Don't be an idiot," she sneered, standing up and adjusting her tiny, borderlineobscene swimsuit. "I wasn't actually drowning. I've been trying to get your attention ever since I noticed the gigantic bulge in your shorts. But everyone knows you won't make a move on girls who haven't swallowed a gallon of chlorine." I wanted to indignantly ask how she could be so sure of the fact, but I already knew. Hell, that picture of me with my dick in old Mrs. Kendrick's piehole even circulated on the Internet last summer. Usually, chicks simply call me a sicko pervert; at least this skank mentioned my giant horse cock.

FIFERS

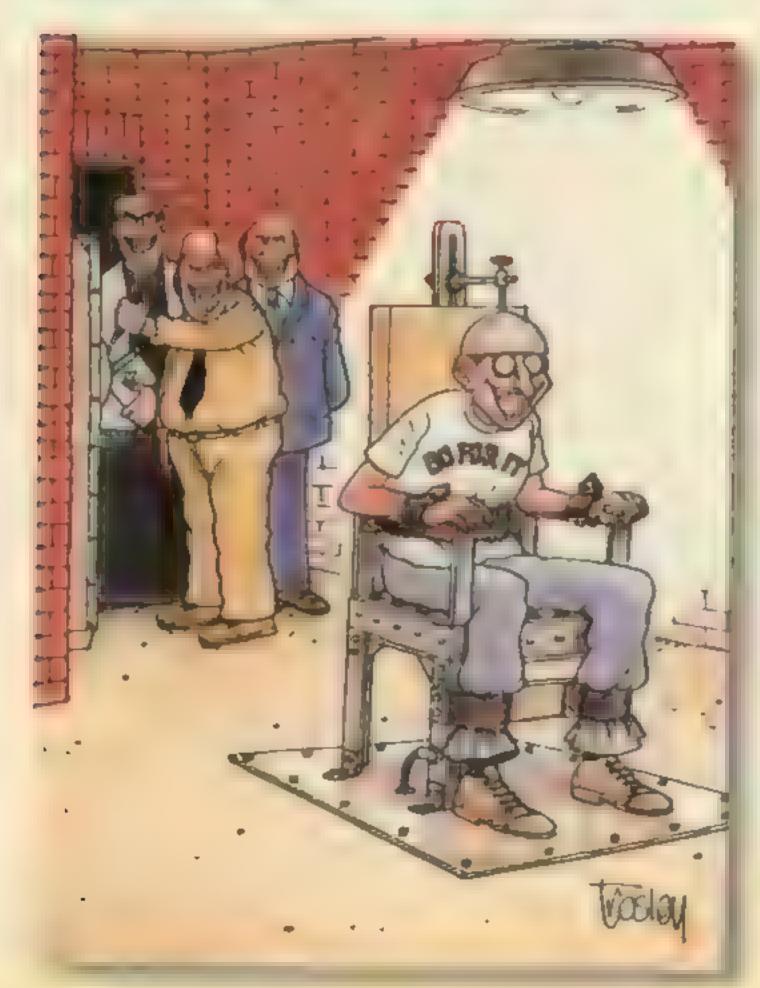
"Well," I exhaled, pulling out the increasingly blood-engorged tool that had caused all the fuss, "here's my prick,





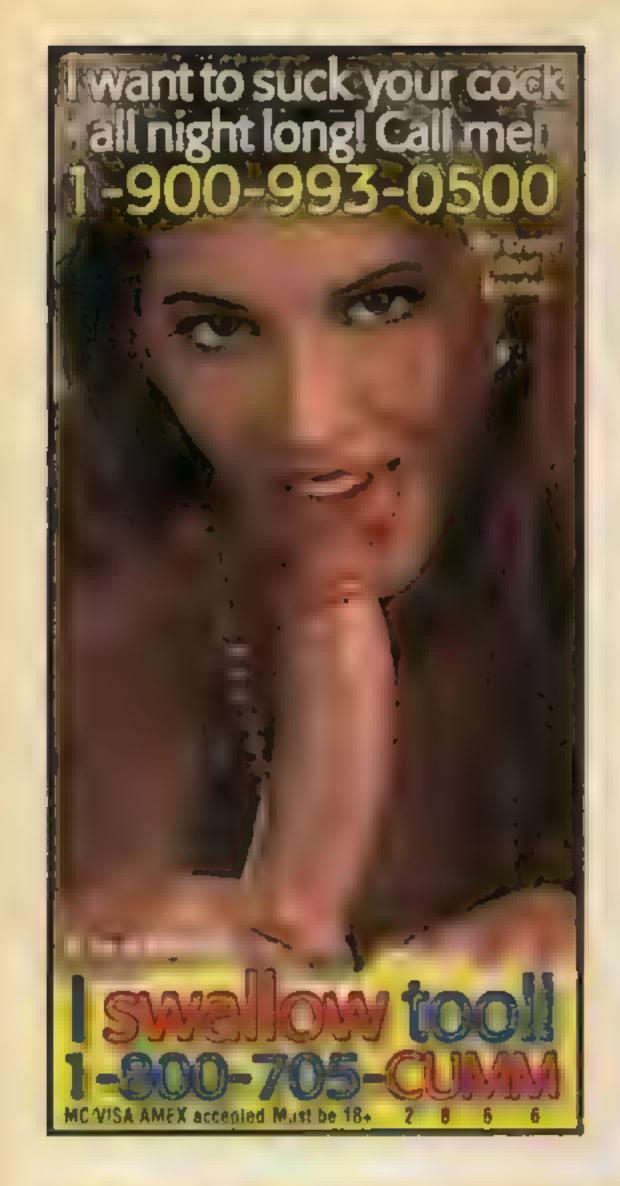








"C'mon, Romeo, our blanket is this way!"









# Hot Letters I stopped fondling her hooter to slip a finger into the loosened butthole.

Instantly, the digit sank deep. I've fucked enough female asses to know that means the pound cake is ready.

live and uncut. You have two choices: Either cry rape, have my name splashed all over the front page for another summer and watch my father the judge clear all the charges again. Or suck me off." Blondes may share a reputation for numbing stupidity, but this golden girl barely needed any time to debate. She fell to her bronzed knees and kissed my angry, throbbing tip.

"This is why I faked a Natalie Wood in the first place," she insisted, swallowing three inches in a single gulp. The other seven inches would simply need to wait; my oral administrator popped her head from my lap to add, "Just don't try to get in my asshole again, buster. I hate when guys try pulling that anal-sex bullshit. Just what the fuck is so appealing about rooting around in a dirty rectum anyway?"

I murmured in pretend agreement, although my pinkie stood as an immaculate testimony to the decidedly clean nature of her bunghole. Why press the issue? She was delivering the single greatest blowjob I've experienced in my adult life. The bitch's peroxide locks bounced up and down against my groin. Although she couldn't seem to ingest every inch, she did a fine job with the mass lodged in the back of her throat. Perhaps she possessed a set of extra muscles just behind her tonsils. Something was tickling my pisshole in the most pleasurable way.

"Fucking awesome," I muttered as encouragement. I grabbed the back of her head, causing my suckmate to gag loudly. Then her esophagus seemed to spasm open, almost involuntarily. The rest of my shaft sank inside. A squeal emanated from the very depths of the blonde, but was stifled by my veiny intruder. Muffled grunts resulted each time I pushed further.

I don't know how that little cocksucker accomplished such impressive fellatio; judging by the mess dripping from her lips onto her big, healthy chest, excessive saliva may have been the key. At one point, I uncorked her mouth to scoop up a dick head full of goop from her chin. I painted the bodily fluids onto her cheeks as she gasped for air. Once I felt she had suitably recovered from the first round of deepthroat, I rammed my sticky member back into the warm, drippy hole. She slurped noisily on her own regurgitated lubrication.

Still, I didn't think my bomber was reaching quite deep enough. I wanted to dip my dong in the pit of her stomach. A tug on her stringy hair tilted the blonde back nicely. With her face at a perpendicular angle, I could stand above her and drill that mouth in a jackhammer motion.

Now she was really gagging, and loudly too. Thank God the cries outside of poverty-ridden children drowned out the noisy suck session.

The blonde caught me by surprise when she reached up and clenched my swinging nut sac in a kung-fu grip. After a violent twist of the testes, she barfed out my hard length and gasped again for lifegiving air. Her next move came as an even bigger—and more arousing—shock; after rasping and wheezing for a solid minute, she replaced her tongue on my body...this time inside my shitter, with both hands spreading my cheeks.

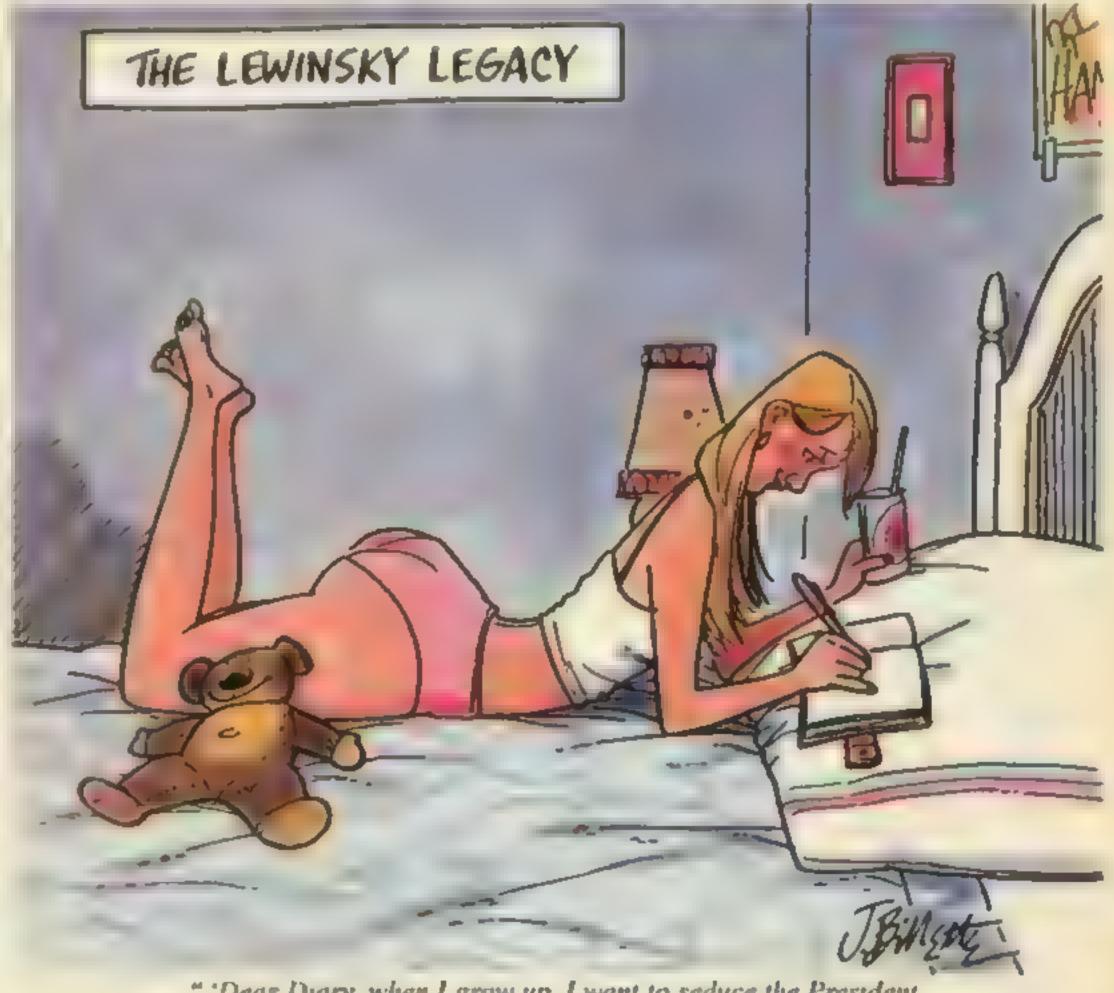
"What the-" I erupted, astounded by the seemingly endless procession of taste buds snaking inside my plumbing. I stood and sat on her face at the same time. So much for her professed disgust about butt sex. The chocolate kisser was a rimjob queen. Maybe some of you guys out there would never allow a blond slut to proficiently suck your poop chute, but don't knock it until you've tried it. Personally, I was rubbing my ass all over her pretty features.

She stopped exploring my lunch to proclaim, "I'll admit it: I love it in the ass. But I swear to God, lifeguard, if you let this get around like you did with Mrs.

say another word; her incredibly brutal yank of my balls said so much more. My testicles were still throbbing as I watched her peel off her flimsy excuse for a bathing suit and fall onto all fours. Toasted-brown butt and an upside-down clam jiggled before my delighted eyes.

Before mounting the big-booty bimbo, I returned the sphincter-licking favor. Each thrust of my tongue caused her rump to rise higher. She moaned and led my mitts toward her hanging boobs, which spilled from her sides while mashed against the floor. The teat meat was soft and good. I pinched both nipples and continued to kiss her colon. This time, the blonde was reaching to part her own pillows, allowing me further access within her shit box. I stopped fondling her hooter to slip a finger into the loosened butthole. Instantly, the digit sank deep. I've fucked enough female asses to know that means the pound cake is ready.

"Uhhhh," she huffed when my tip submerged inside her rubbery orifice. The blonde manually stimulated her turgid cunt, and I let her become more excited before pushing deeper in. Sensing a further relaxation of the turd ring. I dropped a few more inches-then froze. Sphincters clenched around my manhood Kendrick...." The blonde didn't need to in retaliation, and the blonde cried.



" 'Dear Diary, when I grow up, I want to seduce the President, then, like, write a book and get real rich and famous!"







## Hot Letters I'm only 20 years old; even young girls with children still need constant sex. It's not like our libidos shoot out of our pussies along with all that placenta and bloody shit.

"That's it, you fucking ass-fucker!"

Turns out, all that spew from her messy hummer made for quite a lube. I was able to aggressively pump ass. At first, I only allowed the first half of my length to ravage the surrendering passage. Eventually, we worked our way up to long, swift strokes that enveloped all the cock I had to give. I swear, she could have taken a few more feet of dick. She rocked beneath me, diddling herself silly and angling to accept the most devastating butt blows possible.

"Oh, my God," she howled. "I can feel it in my pussy and...it feels like I'm coming in my ass!" I don't know about her, but I was certainly coming in that tight pooper. Two squirts filled her backside with scum. I pulled out as quickly as possible to wank the rest all over those perfectly tanned cheeks. My absence left a gaping, raw opening which I continued to fill with blasts of sperm. In response, a comical raspberry blew a sperm bubble from her butt. I pushed my dork back inside to savor the anal flavor one more time. Gratefully, the blonde turned around and sucked my softening joint to a clean shine

Turns out, all that noise from outside was the result of some little rug rat drowning. All the papers demand to know how the lifeguard could possibly be preoccupied. Looks like this is a job for my dad the judge. He'd better get me off in time for my date next week with that buttsucking blonde. —S. F.

Sacramento, California

#### THE TOY OF SEX

My son, Adam, wanted one of those robotic Furby toys for Christmas very badly. Unfortunately, ever since his scumbag daddy left to start porking that black bitch who cleans his office. Santa hasn't been paying too many visits. Too bad...I'm so horny these days, I'd even fuck that arthritic, fat bastard. After all, I'm only 20 years old; even young girls with children still need constant sex. It's not like our libidos shoot out of our pussies along with all that placenta and bloody shit.

Since the craze has died down a little. Furbies are quite a bit cheaper. I saw one of the hairy little fuckers in a toystore window for only \$20! Of course, Adam and I wouldn't be able to eat for a few days. There had to be some sort of compromise—and when I saw the zitfaced teenage boy alone behind the counter, I knew the exact position of that compromise.

"Hey," he said, checking out my long. chestaut hair and slim yet curvy figure. "I know you! You're Gina, the chick

two classes ahead of me who got knocked up." I smiled as I locked the store's door behind me and turned the sign in the window to read CLOSED.

"And you're Phil Melnick," I cooed, pretending the name was the sexiest thing ever to leave my lips. "You used to stare at me in the hallway and try to peck inside when I went to the bathroom. Didn't you, Philly Steak?" I don't know if that stupid old nickname caused Phil to turn red or his realization that I knew who was pecking in the window while I tinkled. Something told me blood was rushing to a more vital part of his body—the Furby below his belt.

Silently, I approached the trembling nerd and unzipped his fly. I reached in and fumbled for his cock. The surprised organ grew in my palm...and instantly twitched in a quite specific and familiar manner.

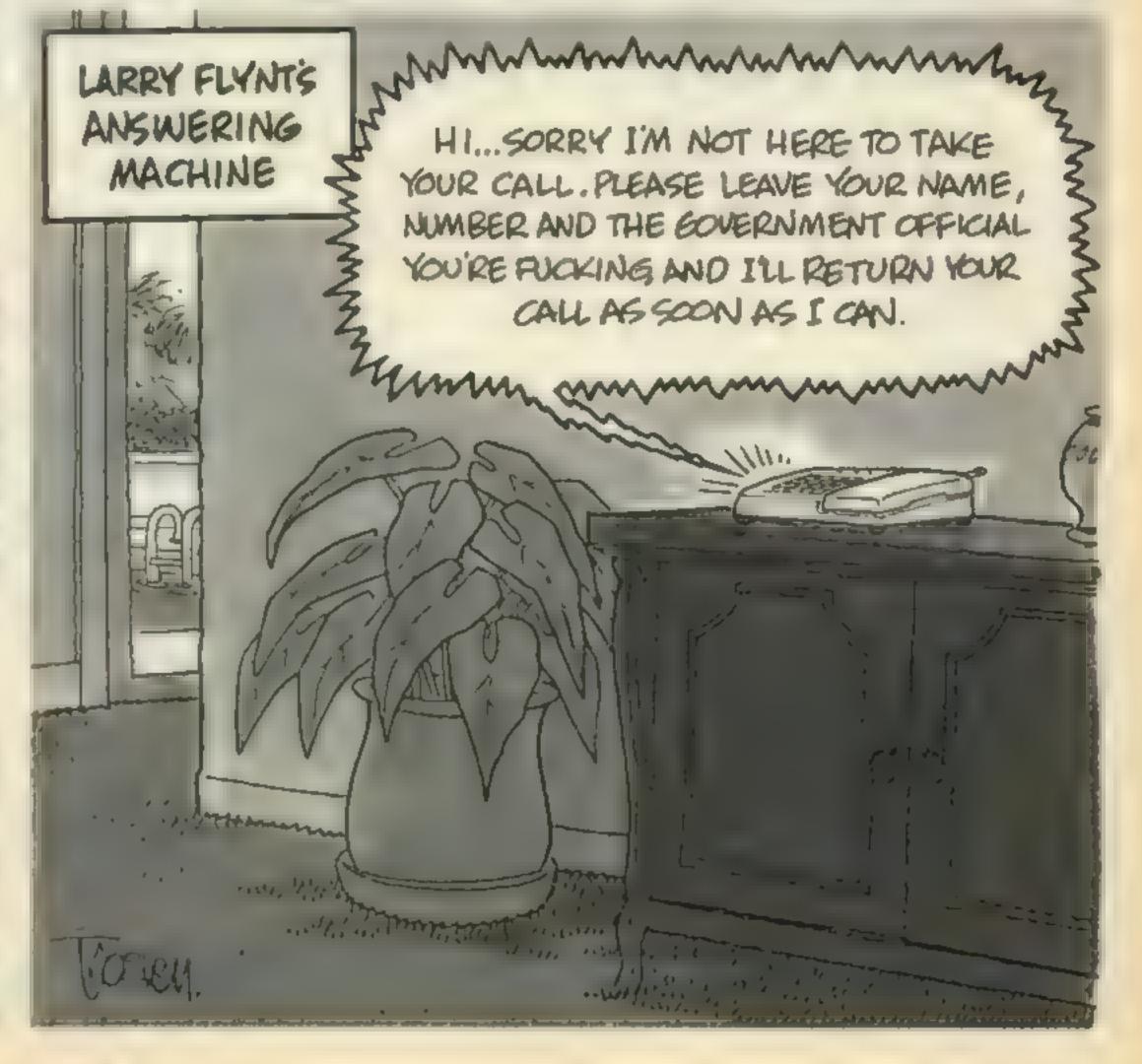
Phil yelled, "Yaaaughhh!" Hot spunk drenched my fingers. Talk about a loose cannon, I could have traded that two-second handjob for the talking toy of Adam's dreams, but I really needed a decent tuck even if the donor was a major fucking loser. In order to coax Phil to a hard state again, I filled his ear with scorching sex talk. The dirty words caused a stiffening faster than I thought possible.

"That's it," I purred, careful not to

absolutely necessary. "Now bend me over this counter, and give me what I need. Don't worry; I had my tubes tied after the first kid," Frantically, Phil pulled the shades to prevent any preteen customers from seeing adults at play. He lifted my tight, black skirt and slowly pulled down my panties. An unbridled gasp of joy escaped Phil upon sight of my bare bottom; you would think he was a big kid who just unwrapped the world's greatest present.

Phil had some trouble entering my damp cunny, but I guided him as tenderly as possible. If I simply forced his dong into my vage right away, he was sure to go off. Like that old board game Operation, I slowly and exquisitely stretched my snatch to engulf his decent-size hard-on. A sigh of relief seemed to ripple through my cooch. I wanted to be fucked so bad, I ached. Although Phil wouldn't know what to do with my womanhood, he would suffice as an ultra-quickie.

"Tuck," he burst, jerking spasmodically under the wet heat of my womb. "I never knew it would feel this good. Goddamn it, I'm going to enjoy this!" With that rallying cry, Phil rammed to the hilt in my flue. He pistoned in and touch the hair-trigger spout until out at a surprisingly fast rate; although





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# Hot Letters I know Wendy claims to have "penetration issues," but I thought she might dig a tiny bit of diddling. I jammed two fingers all the way up her steamy booger.

Phil had no particular rhythm, he did show beginner's enthusiasm. I played with my clitty and began to enjoy the clumsy beginner's fuck.

"Oh, Phil," I moaned. "Not bad, Not bad at all...not...unnnghh!" My twat felt as if the depths had exploded. I don't know if my virginal fuck buddy had suddenly grown harder, but he hit a wall I didn't even know existed. Phil proceeded to truly tear up the pussy, slapping my ass and pulling my hair with an expert's abandon.

"Little whore," he screamed, pushing my face into the counter's cool glass. "Beg for it! Beg for my fucking cock in your sloppy, stretched-out hole!"

I responded with an enthusiastic and sincere, "Yesss! Please give it to me! Phil, you big stud!" Next thing I knew, Phil pumped oodles of cream that spilled out of my nonny and dribbled down my legs. I exploded in a thrashing, swearing climax.

Adam loved his Furby, but I can't help wondering: Is the little creature supposed to repeat phrases such as, "Take it, bitch," "Slam that hungry pussy" and "I want to feel those hairy balls slapping against my pale, perfect ass?"

—G. P. Des Moines, Iowa

"G" WHIZ

I think I finally found my girlfriend Wendy's G spot, but I'm not sure. Could any of you female HUSTLER readers check out this letter and let me know?

I'm kind of new to the whole lesbian scene. I mean, I had experiences with other lattle girls, just lake everyone else. However, I fucked guys until my current ripe-old age of 19. When I met Wendy, she seemed so experienced and exotic to me. I knew the dark-eyed, small-tittied punk rocker had been tonguing snatch for years. She confessed as much to my brother while the two of them were tripping on acid.

Wendy and I hung out and went to shows together before we ever actually had sex. I guess playing with each other's clean-shaven snizz seemed like a natural extension of the drunken kissing and fondling we always tried as a joke. Only, I wasn't joking. Each time she grabbed my big melons and playfully licked my lips, I felt an A-bomb detonate between my thighs.

Then we progressed to the 69 position. I love having Wendy on top; her ass is as white as paper, and the drooting wound in my face is bright fucking pink. I can lick

that fishy, pungent hole for hours and often do.

In fact, Wendy was flat on her back with my face in her muss when I made my exciting discovery. Usually, I'll go down on her for hours with nothing but a tongue on her clit. I lick the pusty labes up and down like an ice-cream cone, then dart for her love button in teasing stabs. She loves not being able to come immediately. After torturous teasing, I might introduce a finger to her butthole, but that's about it. Every screaming orgasm from Wendy's cunt is delivered solely from my light tonguing.

Our poon dive was proceeding according to the norm until I felt a little mischievous and cocky. I know Wendy claims to have "penetration issues," but I thought she might dig a tiny bit of didding. I jammed two fingers all the way up her steamy booger.

"Arrrhhh," Wendy barked like a pussy-licking pirate. "What the fuck are you doing? You know I don't like...unnnh...don't like fingers...ohhh... hit it lower." Aha! Wendy was enjoying the gouging of her sweet, hot little slit. I continued to tongue-whip her clitoris while poking her sugar walls with the two brave invaders.

"You like it," I asked, "don't you?"

No reply other than cestatic howling was necessary. I went ahead and added another finger and another. My lonely thumb was the only one left out of the sticky party. I worked the crevice in a steady, mechanical fashion, loving the way Wendy thrashed with each assault. My traditional pointer finger in the ass sent her over the edge.

"Jesus Christ," she shricked. "Pull them out!" I wouldn't listen, My hand sawed at her gash with the same determination. Wendy used her greater strength to her advantage and finally forced out my four tiny didos. Then an eruption of fluid poured from her hole. I don't know what the briny mess was; could it have been piss, or was it some female ejaculate? All I know is that she screamed like a banshee, and I got soaked.

Wendy and I have enjoyed the messy fun a few more times. Sadly, she still has those issues about taking my whole fist. Maybe I need to start fucking guys again. They'll do any fucked-up, perverted thing I ask!

—T. L.

Annandale, Virginia

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



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

# Face-Cream Fanatics

IN PRAISE OF THE FACIAL CUM-SHOT

BY JASON ALLEN \* ILLUSTRATION BY ARTIMUS DUCK

If Mr. McBride weren't so arrogant, he might be thankful for the stacked hand destiny has dealt him. High school was about balling cheerleaders, and throughout his young-adulthood, pretty girls fell prey to his good looks and unctuous charm. By the time McBride was 28, he was driving a BMW Z3 and pulling down scads of cash as a high-powered Hollywood publicist.

Liz, a 19-year-old thespian intent on making the transition into Hollywood films, is on her knees in McBride's glitzy, Beverly Hills office. Liz's blouse is open; her heavy tits loll loose. Unlike many of the ambitious bitches whose smiling mugs hang in 8x10 glossies on the walls of McBride's reception area, Liz has acting talent. On this day, however, it is her sucking talent that could make her career.

With both hands on either side of the actress's head, McBride pumps her pretty mouth on his dong. This feels good; so he continues to fuck her fuce, in spite of the gagging sounds that gurgle from the girl's throat. Finally, McBride pulls out and beats his meat with his pisshole aimed directly at the bull's-eye in the center of Liz's face; her slightly upturned nose,

The initial spurts of semen crisscross the startled girl's cheeks. A thick curd splashes on her wagging tongue. A final blast blows a dollop of mayonnaise onto her forehead, just below the hairline. Liz spoons jizz into her mouth with her fingers. Sticky tendrils droot from her lips.

"I never thought a guy could come so much. I guess we must have gotten pretty heated up, Mr. McBride."

Her face flecked with cum, Liz bats her eves covly at the star maker. When her head shot is installed in the photo gallery in McBride's reception area, Liz imagines that she will stick in the publicist's memory with the splooge that now coats her face. Little does Liz suspect that with few exceptions, every head shot is a cum-shot to McBride.

Men are mystified by the alternately narcissistic and self-critical hours that women spend making up and contemplating their faces in mirrors. A woman's face is her calling card, her identity, and she will pluck, powder and paint her features to maximize her allure. For this reason alone, generations of men have sought to convince girls to place their faces in front of incoming loads of pressurized ball batter.

Firing bolt after bolt of semen into a girl's face is raunchy and nasty; therein hes the facial's charm. Add to a painstakingly made-up face four or five ounces of splooge, and the result is an archetypal Madonna/whore.

The act of spilling sperm on female faces is supremely crotic; so it comes as a surprise that some regard the facial as a crime against humanity. Psycho feminists aside, even the likes of XXX encyclopedist Patrick Riley

as against him," says the compiler of The X-Rated Videotape Guide, apparently on the horns of a wrenching identity crisis. "He doesn't just want to screw a porn star; he wants to rectify the position life has placed him in. To do that, he has to degrade her. What better way than to seize on something she's proud of—her face—and desecrate it? 'Take that, you bitch'"

The unfortunate consequence of the facial's undeservedly unsavory reputation is that men who want to appear politically correct deny themselves the joy of coating a female face in gonad grease

Ira, a pudgy 40-year-old interviewed outside a grocery store in Los Angeles, California, is long in the face and short on insight into the female animal. "Women think that coming on their face is the same as























# On your face." A shoot-first-and-ask-questions-later attitude is not likely to win favor with the ladies.

pissing on them," he says. "I love facials, but I'm afraid my wife would feel degraded. I wouldn't know how to ask."

A woman bound to a man by a bond of trust is more likely to see a facial as a turn-on than a put-down. Also, women who have no demonstrated aversion for prick porridge are those who are most likely to enjoy a sperm spattering. Cum swallowers, for instance, can easily be approached with a phrase such as, "I want to come on your face." A shoot-first-and-ask-questions-later attitude is not likely to win favor with the ladies.

As sex enters the 21st century, more and more women are comfortable with their lovers jerking fuck cream all over their lips and cheeks. Liberated, fun-loving ladies have thrown off the old-fashioned feminist insistence that sex is degrading. Conservative career girls by day are cum sluts by night; they take hypersexualized showers in fuck fluid and love every drop.

"Should you let a man come on your face?" asks Raven, a 24-year-old beautician. "Shit, yeah. Whenever he wants." Raven regards her passion for facials as a symbol of brash sexual independence. "It separates me from the stuck-up, catty bitches who would never let a man come anywhere near their face. Can you picture that Helmsley bitch or Ivana Trump taking cum on her withered mug?"

"When I was growing up, I never imagmed I'd allow guys to do that to me," says Jeri, a 29-year-old housewife in Mobile, Alabama. "It took me several years of taking it in the face to get to the point of really enjoying it. In the beginning, I did it out of love. Now I actually ask my husband for it, and I enjoy it, even when it's one of his huge loads."

Kirsten, a piano tuner in New England, remembers a date with a music teacher from a local high school, "He took me to Mahler's Symphony, 2nd see Resurrection," she says. "He drove me home. I hadn't been with a guy in a while; so I gave him a blowjob. I felt playful and said, 'Do you like my lipstick?' I freshened up a nice red coat. The look on his face was priceless. I lowered my head into his lap and sucked him off. He asked me to look at him while I sucked. We made eye contact, and he shot a huge load all over my face. I was speechless. My face was a mess. So was my dress. He had shot all down the front of it. When I masturbate, I still fantasize about that night."

"The most guys I've had come on my face at the same time is five," says Yvette,

a habitué of an Internet chat room dedicated to facials. "I was 22 at the time. I was drinking and feeling horny at a frat party. I started talking about sex with the guys and told them I liked facials. Things started to heat up, and I had them jerk off on me at the same time. I took off my top and bra—I didn't want them to get messy. After all five came, I had to wipe the cum out of my eyes. The guys loved it. It was something I had to try at least once. I was always turned on by it in porn movies."

For her part, Susan, a police officer in Texas, is thrilled by "the fear factor" of the facial, "You don't know when it's going to hit you in the face. But the waiting part is so exciting. I'm thinking, How much and how long will he squart on my face? When it hits me, I feel a warm, wet sensation. I like to talk when he comes so I can taste it too."

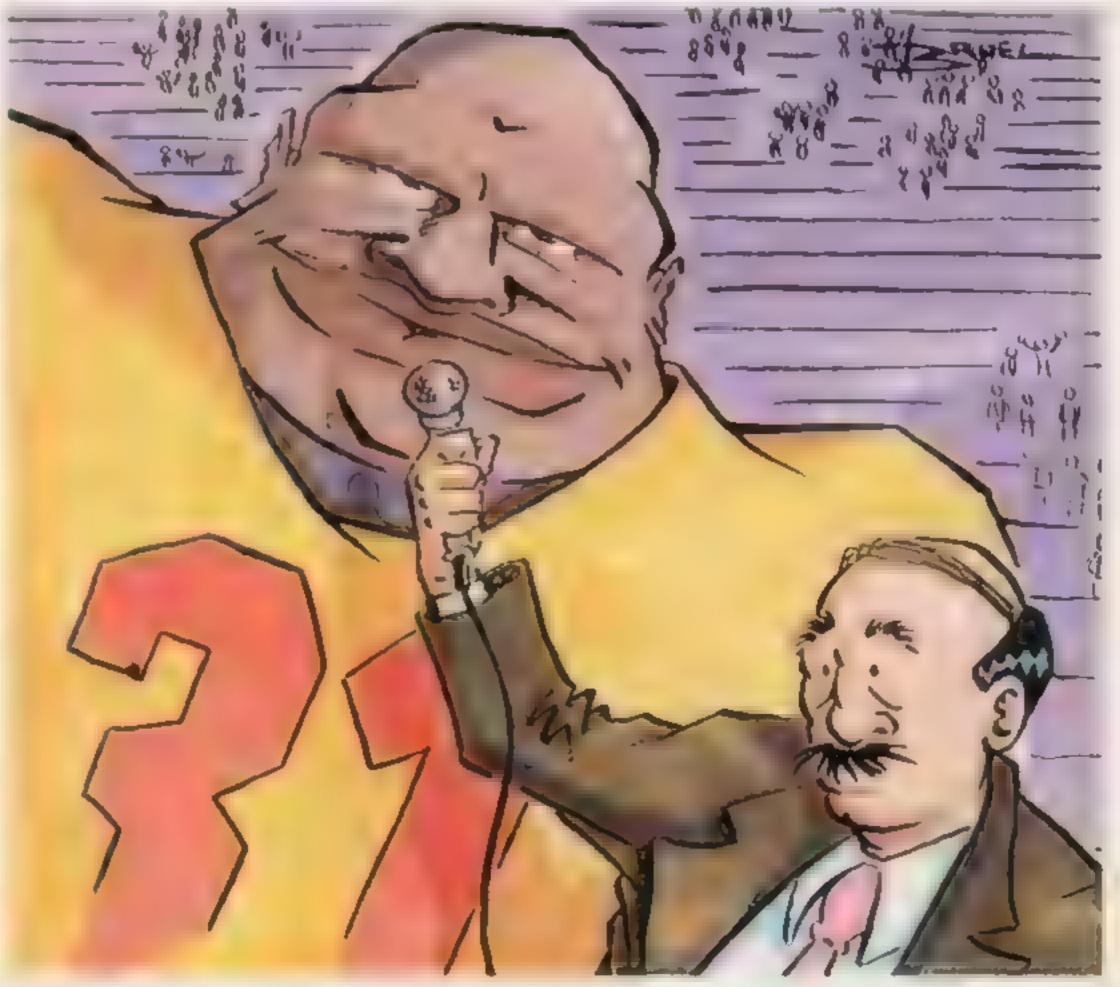
Because men regard the facial as an E Ticket among erotic experiences, women are well aware of its manipulative potential "You let a man come on your face, he's like a puppy in your hands," says 24-year-old Raven. "I think any man who gets a good facial from wifey or girlfriend two or three times a week is less likely to wander, if that's a concern."

A male intent on drenching his lover's

face with dick drizzle would do well to remember that an errant blast of chromosome cream could result in a stinging bout of temporary blindness; even born facial queens will sometimes have to spend half an hour cleaning crusty cum out of their hair after stopping the slop. They'll want indulgence in return.

"My only hang-up is when the guy is only a taker and not a giver," says Tara, a Midwestern physical therapist. "I like having a man come on my face, but if he never wants to go down on me or screw me good and hard, then he's selfish, and I don't feel like putting out for him."

The duties of a give-and-take raise a prickly point of cum-shot etiquette: A girl who has taken a facial wad slap is likely to want to cuddle afterward; how does a man avoid nuzzling the rivulets of spuzz that coat his partner's face without making her feel alienated and demeaned? Offering a fresh towel resolves this dilemma and also scores points as a seemingly thoughtful gesture. Also, an after-sex eigarette is an excellent deterrent to scummy intimacy, at least until the semen has dried. Each facial is unique, like a snowflake, and as wholesome as apple pie. Consensual defilement isn't abuse-it's goocy, all-American fun.



"First of all, Jim, I'd like to thank Jesus for making me the multimillionaire, superstar sex god I am today and not some pitiful white-boy, punk bitch like you is. Thank you, Jesus!"



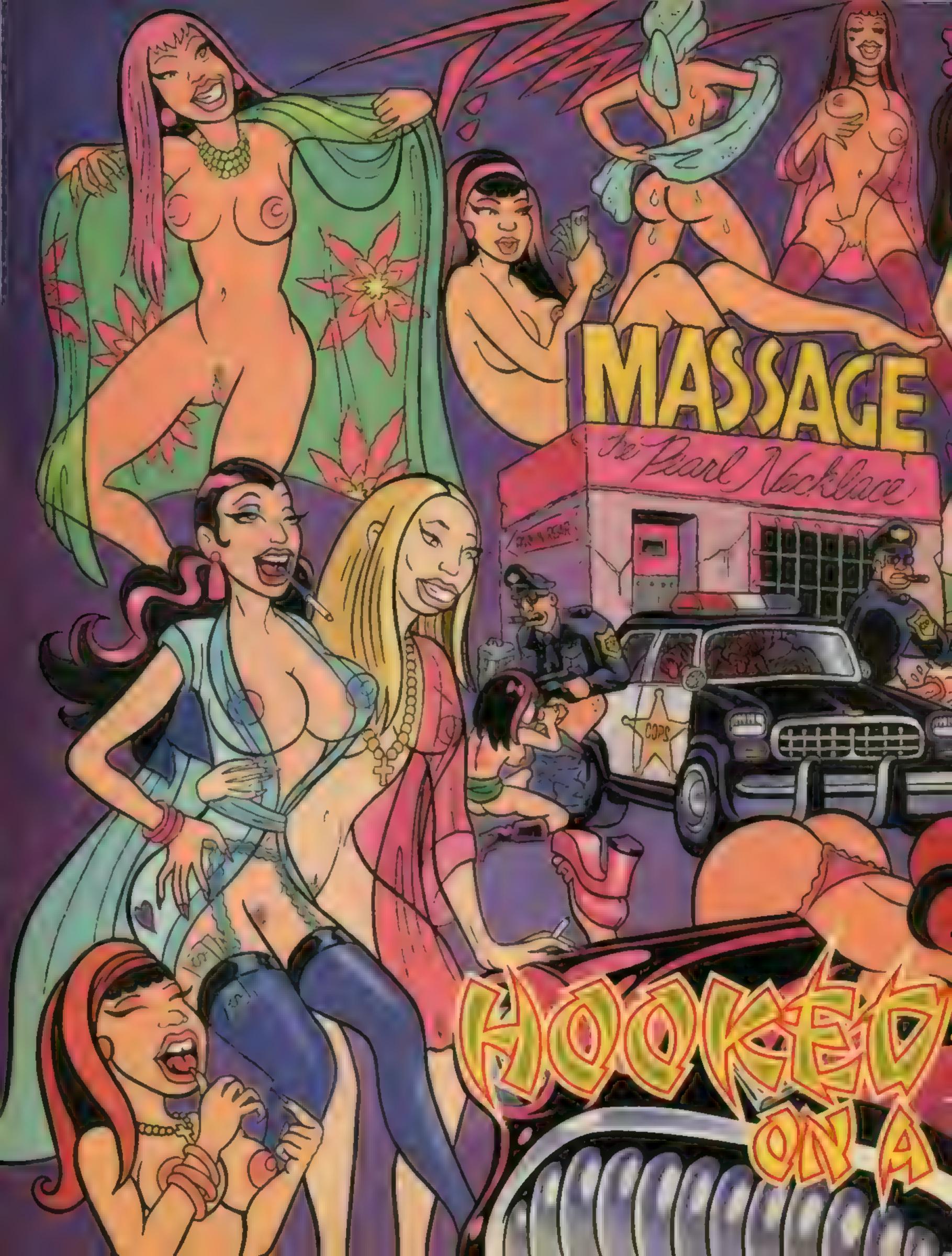














# Handjobs It's not a rule that the only decent handjobs are at the Asian places, just that

the less the girls are able to communicate, the better the experience.

Money is so short, I am going to have to give up drinking. My credit-card bills top \$500 a week, and I give no thought to paying them off at the end of the month. Each time the bell rings on a maxed-out MasterCard, a new Visa comes preapproved in the mail. Problem is, whenever I come across an orange-neon MASSAGE sign, my resolve to moderate my handjob habit dissolves, and there I'll be, inside another parlor, lying on a table, waiting for a girl to come in and jerk me off. My answering machine still blinks with the bullying threats of collection agencies from the time I found a cluster of parlors in Bloomington, Indiana. Last week, a lawyer called to say she was going to come after my assets, but how do you repossess a handjob?

Handjob parlors tend to be damnably convenient. A survey of the classifieds in any city newsweekly will usually turn up a few. (Ads describing whirlpools, hot tubs or jacuzzis tend not to signal sex emporiums.) There are nearly 1,000 handjob establishments scattered throughout the country, though they go in and out of business with little notice. I have patronized more than I can count.

Girls at handjob parlors use a threetiered tip system, usually priced \$40, \$60 and \$80, based on 30-, 45- and 60-minute sessions, respectively. I never hand over the money until the girl has milked the last spurt of my semen. A decent handjob usually includes the pleasure of removing the girl's top and fondling her breasts.

I tend to stick to places with Asian names because an ugly Asian woman is still an Asian woman—they carry age better, and their bodies are tight, compact and agile. It's not a rule that the only decent handjobs are at the Asian places, just that the less the girls are able to communicate, the better the experience.

I was an under-control patron of handjob parlors until I stumbled upon Oriental Treatment in Oak Ridge, Tennessee. I had been living at the Motel 6. There aren't a lot of Asian women in Oak Ridge. After patronizing the local spots for a couple of weeks, I went to the public library and scoured the phone books from nearby counties. Nothing much, mostly legitimate-sounding places, except for Oriental Treatment—no address listed. Sounded like a decent handjob to me. Usually if there's no address, it's because the massage takes place either as an out-call at a private residence or at a motel (a very expensive deal, usually with a nervous girl clutching a cell phone and a black guy waiting in a Lincoln in the parking lot

with the engine running).

I called up and took down directions from a heavily accented female voice. The place was a ranch house deep in the verdant folds of the mountains. I thought I was in the wrong place until I saw that familiar neon MASSAGE sign burning truly.

Oriental Treatment was a collective—a group of women working out of their house. I could feel the air of gossip as I walked in.

The woman who answered the door wore a silk bathrobe with a butterfly pattern. She took me to a waiting room, where five or six men sat reading magazines or staring at the floor. All awaited a Vietnamese girl called Dolfy. I could be seen immediately by one of the girls in the waiting room, or I could wait for Dolfy. The wait for Dolfy would be about two hours. The girls in the waiting room all seemed beautiful and willing to please in a submissive way.

"I'll wait for Dolly," I said and sat down on the floor under a lamp made out of a deer head.

The minutes ticked by. One by one, the men cleared out of the waiting room. I worked my way through an eight-year-old copy of Reader's Digest. Finally, I was called

Dolly looked like a college girl. She was athletic, but had retained the roundness of her ass and the heavy basket of her breasts. Dolly put me into oversize boxer shorts with a tie in the front that she fixed into a genital straitjacket.

"What do you want?" she said.
"Straight sex starts at five."

"O'clock?"

"Hundred. Half-and-half starts at three."

This girl talked like one of those street blondes new to the indoor business. Or casino whores. I had dealt with the kind before—fucking unreasonable.

"What about if I feel you up a little, and then you jerk me off?" I said.

"How much do you have?"

I took out my wallet. I knew there was only \$20 or \$30 in there. She grabbed the wallet and pinched the money, along with all my bank receipts.

"Twenty-eight dollars," she said, laughing. "You worthless man. I wouldn't shit on you for \$28."

That gave me pause, but as I have steadily run out of cash, I have learned to be resourceful in stretching my dollars.

"Would you piss on me for \$28?" I asked.

She shook her head. "Sure," she said.

I have never been too excited about

(continued on page 70)



"Blessed are women, for they control the pussy supply....."



"Clinton hasn't signed a bill with a pen since he beat the impeachment thing!"

# PHOTOGRAPHY BY CLIVE McLEAN "My friends always tell me I should leave this tiny fishing village; they say I need a place with more available men," knorts blond angler Jenny. I hook tons of guys here. Of course, most of them are my friends' husbands. "Last week, I was easting lines with Jim, Bonnie's man. His calloused ruggedness reeled me right in. Now I understand why Bonnie's always smiling; Jim's trouser trout was enormous "No matter how big they are, I always throw them back. There are plenty of fish in the sea, and I plan on luring one of each into my clammy cove before I'm through."















(continued from page 60)

Handjobs Her piss came in a stiff, straight line. It splashed back up on her, soaking patches of her dress. "You fucker," she screamed as she stood up, still dribbling pee. "You came on me."

watersports, but I wanted to give it a chance.

Dolly peeled her panties over her heels, bunched her dress around her waist and squatted over my face. Her hairy avocado was three inches from my tongue.

"Are you gonna drink it?" she asked.

I hadn't thought about it. I braced for the eyeful I feared was coming and jerked my cock eagerly.

"I can't do it facing you," she said, turning around.

Her piss came in a stiff, straight line, as clear as egg whites. It splashed back up on her, soaking patches of her dress

"You fucker," she screamed as she stood up, still dribbling pec. "You came on me."

"That was all you, baby."

She squatted down again. Her vulva shined and stank. She let go of her bladder again, this time taking aim at my face.

I squinted, blocking the stream with my left cheek as I fought my way up, following the hot stream up to its source. I clamped my lips to her pussy. Her piss tasted faintly bitter, but passable. I sucked on her wrinkled pussy flaps; she started to get up, then slowly sank back down and let it happen. I swallowed a gulp of piss; the stream dwindled to a dribble. I sucked her twat for two or three minutes before

she stood up and showed me the door. Anything can happen at a massage parlor, and this is the essence of the handjob experience.

There are certain rules that I always try to follow at a new place: I let the girls solicit me, because they invariably will, and I try to remember that my future handjob karma depends on how big I tip.

I was drinking all afternoon at the Best Western in Scottsdale, Arizona, I had about \$100 cash, and I went out to buy food, but ended up at Accupressure Japan instead. A blonde in a monogrammed bathrobe answered the door. I asked for a 30-minute. She stood there, not saying anything. Then I noticed an earpiece in her ear.

"Thirty of what, sir?" she said, stiffly. "Is this Accupressure Japan?" I asked.

"I want 30 minutes."

She spoke into the lapel of her robe. "You're asking me for sex? You want to give me money for sexual intercourse. A money-for-sex-type deal. Is that an affirmative?"

"Rubby rubby," I said.

"Exactly what type of sexual contact do you require for this money transaction?" she said.

I just looked at her.

"Oh," she said. "Don't worry. I'm real

hot, baby. I'm good." She licked her lips-a cop's cartoonish imitation of a slutty come-on. "I'll put your penis in my mouth and blow it off. Hand-mouth,"

"Listen," I said, "I'm gonna get the hell outta here."

As I turned to leave, a cop car came roaring around from the back with its lights twirling. The bastards gave me a warning for soliciting. A few weeks later, the same lady was there trying the same shit. I had to sign something that time. I think it was a ticket.

I have lost several girlfriends in recent years because of handjobs. I can't remember a damn thing about Melita the blonde, except that she owes me money. Kate was a redhead. Whatever, I know they hate me. What good are memories? None of the girls I have met through handjobs strike a chord either. They are as wholly unmemorable as the shits I have taken in my life, which, I grant, at the time seemed noteworthy.

On my first visit to the House of Hand, which I found in the Cleveland phone book, a stunning, Japanese woman answered the buzzer. She introduced herself as Yukiko. After perfunctory negotiations, she stepped behind a paper screen and dimmed the lights. I watched her undo her white robe, stripping to her bra and panties. I could see the black cunt hairs poking through her panties. She squatted down and pretended to rub my shoulders. Then she slapped me on the ass for me to turn over and offered me a beer. She produced a half-smoked cigarette from under the bed. "I suck your cock," she said, demonstrating with the cigarette. "Ummm. I make your cock real cock, baby."

She played with my half-creet dick, pausing to draw from her eigarette. Her attention was split between two separate areas of disinterest. I grabbed one of her tits and cupped it in my hand. "I love you," I said.

"Oh," she said. "First time here?"

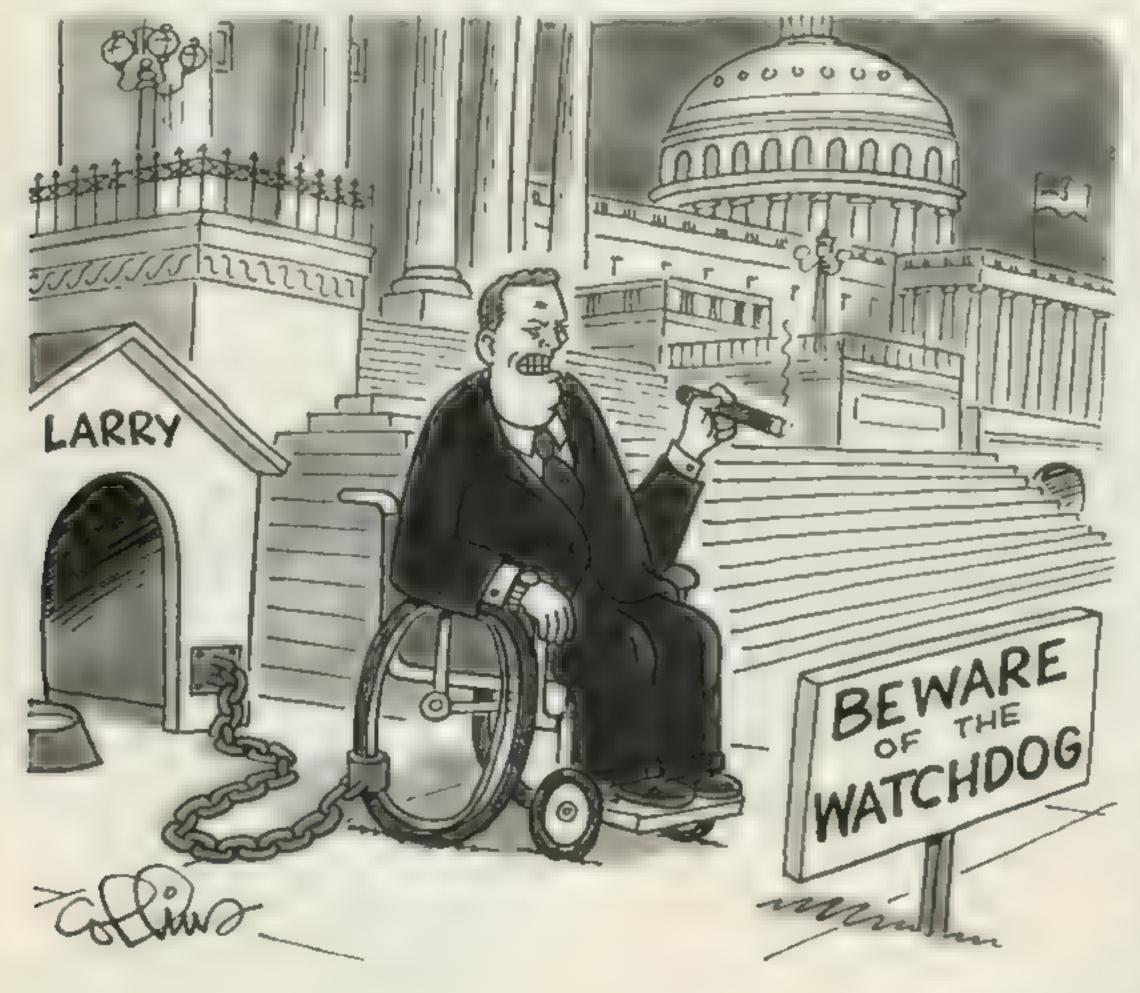
I slipped the tit out and started licking. The nipples were firm as bullets, I pushed my luck and went for her black cunt hairs.

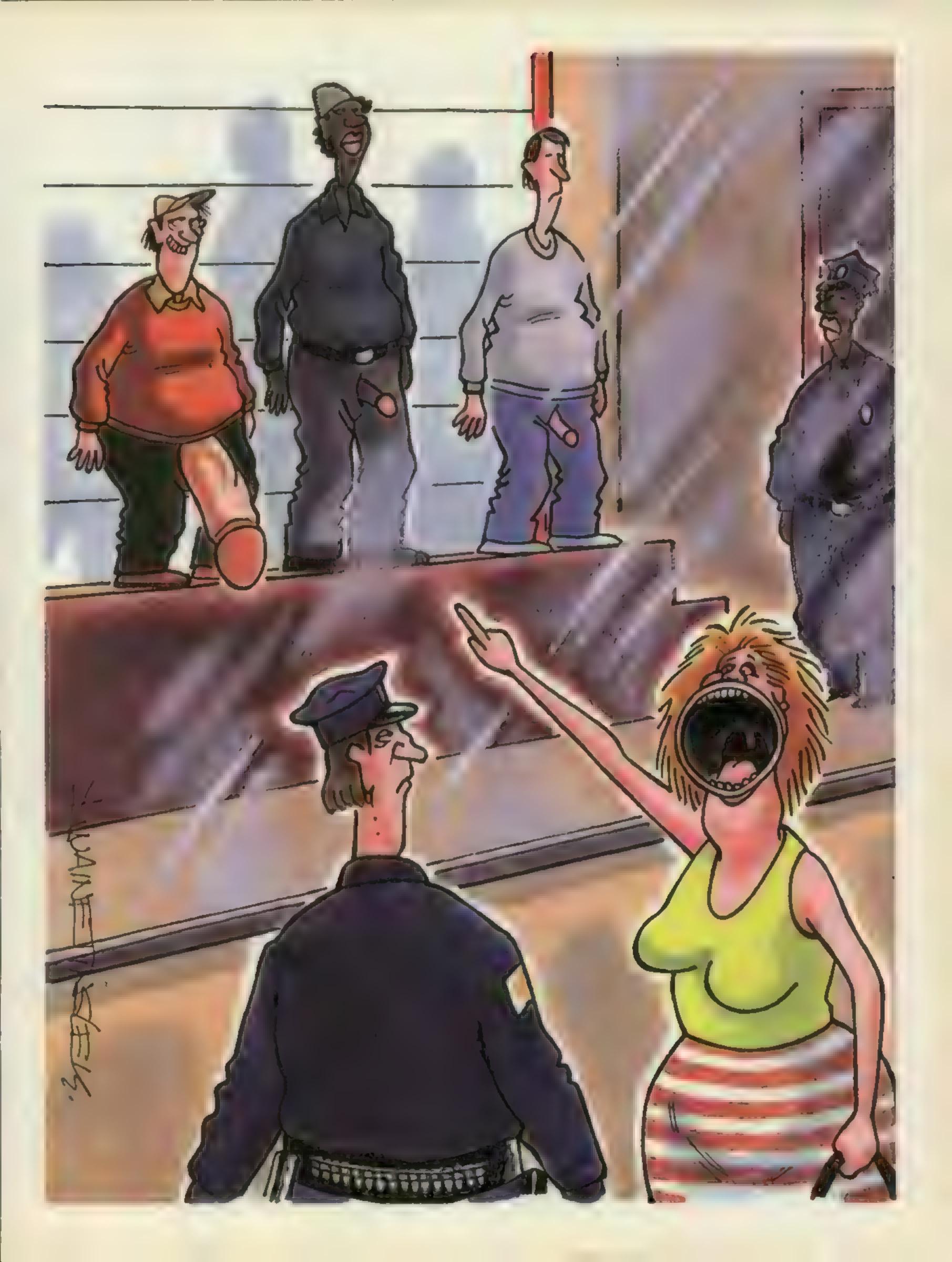
"Be nice boy," she said.

"I am nice," I said.

Smoke flared from her nostrils. I kept at the tits. She seemed unwilling, but the more I sucked, the more she let go. She unhooked her bra and set it aside. I reached over and buried my face in her panties. She moaned, then turned around on her stomach and lay there submissively. I placed \$160 meaningfully on the table.

Handjobs are the least of what's available





Handjobs Something felt strange—heavy. I looked down at my dick. It was brown,

shit-covered. And not just a little. Yukiko saw it and laughed. "I get hot towel," she said.

at a massage parlor. Part of the fun is pushing for more. A blowjob with condom can usually be had for a \$40 to \$60 tip; only a fool pays more. Vaginal sex will run \$100, and not all girls will do it. Anal sex is a tough proposition; the willing girls are not always the most attractive ones. The standard price for butt sex is around \$150 or \$200. I thought I might be able to work Yukiko.

"You give me massage," she said, snubbing her cigarette out on the floor.

I slopped some baby oil onto my hands and rubbed. I started at her shoulders and worked down to her waistline, rubbing closer until I was rubbing her ass exclusively. Her ass was loose, like a halfdeflated birthday balloon. My finger found her asshole. I worked the oil around inside a little. I uncapped a tub of Vaseline and lubed my dick.

"Oh," she said.

She pulled her panties down just below her ass. I parted her cheeks and entered her bunghole to notch my sixth Third World butt-fuck. I looked down and watched my dick slide between her cheeks. She started fingering herself.

"I'm going to come in your asshole," I told her.

"Oh," she said. "Be nice boy."

"Tell me how you want me to come in

your asshole," I said. "Say it."

"Oh," she said.

She looked relaxed staring at the floor, as though she were casually reading the paper, even as I pounded her from behind.

"Say it," I said. "Tell me to come in your asshole. Just say something that indicates participation."

"Oh," she said.

I moaned and came in her asshole. I lay there on top of her a while, until I felt stupid, and I pulled out my putz and rolled off Yukiko's limp form. She turned over onto her back and reached for her beer. Something felt strange-heavy. I looked down at my dick. It was brown, shit-covered. And not just a little. Yukiko saw it and laughed.

"I get hot towel," she said.

I've been to hundreds of massage parlors; I've enjoyed oral, anal and vaginal sex, but never once have I had a massage. The closest I've come was the time in Tijuana when a chubby, Mexican woman with a necklace of chins balanced one foot on my shoulder and cracked my back.

Tokyo Shiatsu is in the rear of a halfleased industrial mall in San Bernardino, California. The graffitied shell of a school bus sits up to its rusted rims in the gravel turnout at the far end of the fence line. It

seems as though I am the only one keeping Tokyo Shiatsu in business. I feel responsible and, to some worthless degree, important.

On a recent afternoon, I signed in on a clipboard and handed two 20s through a sliding window the size of an envelope. Framed massage licenses are pasted above the window, each with a picture; the Tokyo Shiatsu massage girls all seem to have been photographed underwater, their hair drifting squidlike around their faces.

A door opened in Tokyo Shiatsu's drywall waiting room, and hot, perfumed air rushed in. Miyako, a Japanese woman with long, red-tinted hair, waved me in. A pearly bead of semen clung to her check. I followed her through a plaster-patched hallway of numbered doors into a changing room. In the corner by the toilet was a parking lot for worn-out, pink and orange slippers.

"First time here?" she asked.

"No," I said, looking into her eyes. Even if it was my first time, I'd claim to be a regular to avoid an excruciating, impersonal back rub through a towel. "Who saw you first time?" she asked.

"Coco."

"No," said Miyako, "No Coco here."

"Flora."

"No," she said. "No Flora here. What she look like?"

"Dark hair...brown eyes...this tall...."

"Suzie?" she asked.

I nodded, "That's her."

"No Suzie here," she said. This geisha was cagey; perhaps she took me for a vice cop.

"Listen," I said. "I've got money." Miyako softened and put her arm around me.

"Okay, baby. Okay. What you want?" Miyako whispered. "Sucky sucky, pussy pussy, rubby rubby?"

"How 'bout massagy?" I said.

"Oh," said Miyako. "Rubby rubby."

"No. Not rubby rubby. Massagy. My back. It's killing me."

"How much you have?" she asked.

"Seventy," I said.

Miyako's eyes and mouth went flat. "No massagy for \$70," she said. "You get rubby rubby. Too much work."

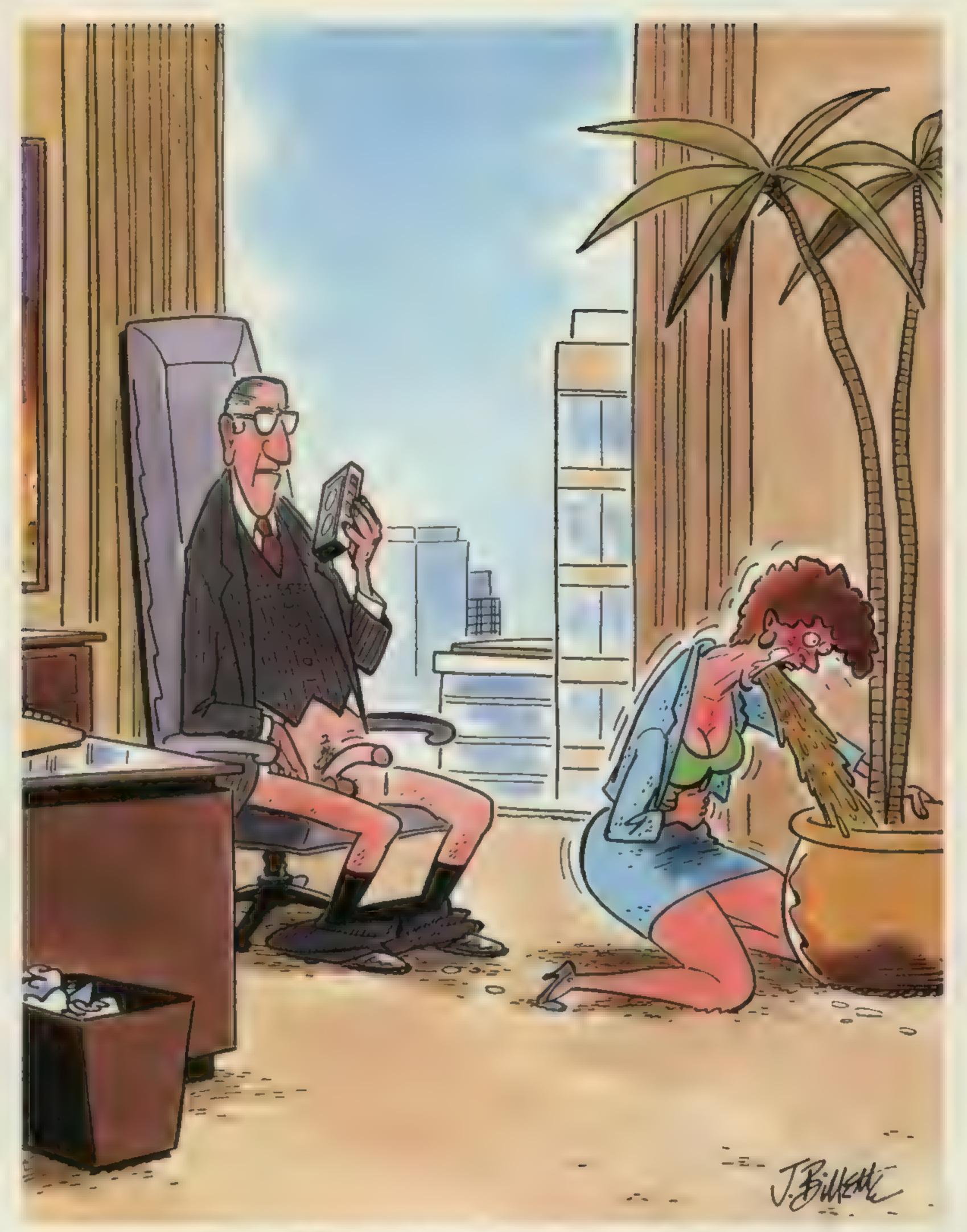
She knelt down at the basin of the tub. "First you shower," she said. "Then rubby rubby."

I took my clothes off and threw them onto a folding chair. Miyako stood and pulled her silky, red robe over her head as though performing a giant sexual yawn; her hair spilled down over her shoulders. Miyako stood in white-cotton, flower-print





"Saint Peter is on vacation, I'm Saint Testicle,"



"Memo to self. Fire secretary, hire temp that swallows and can keep it down."



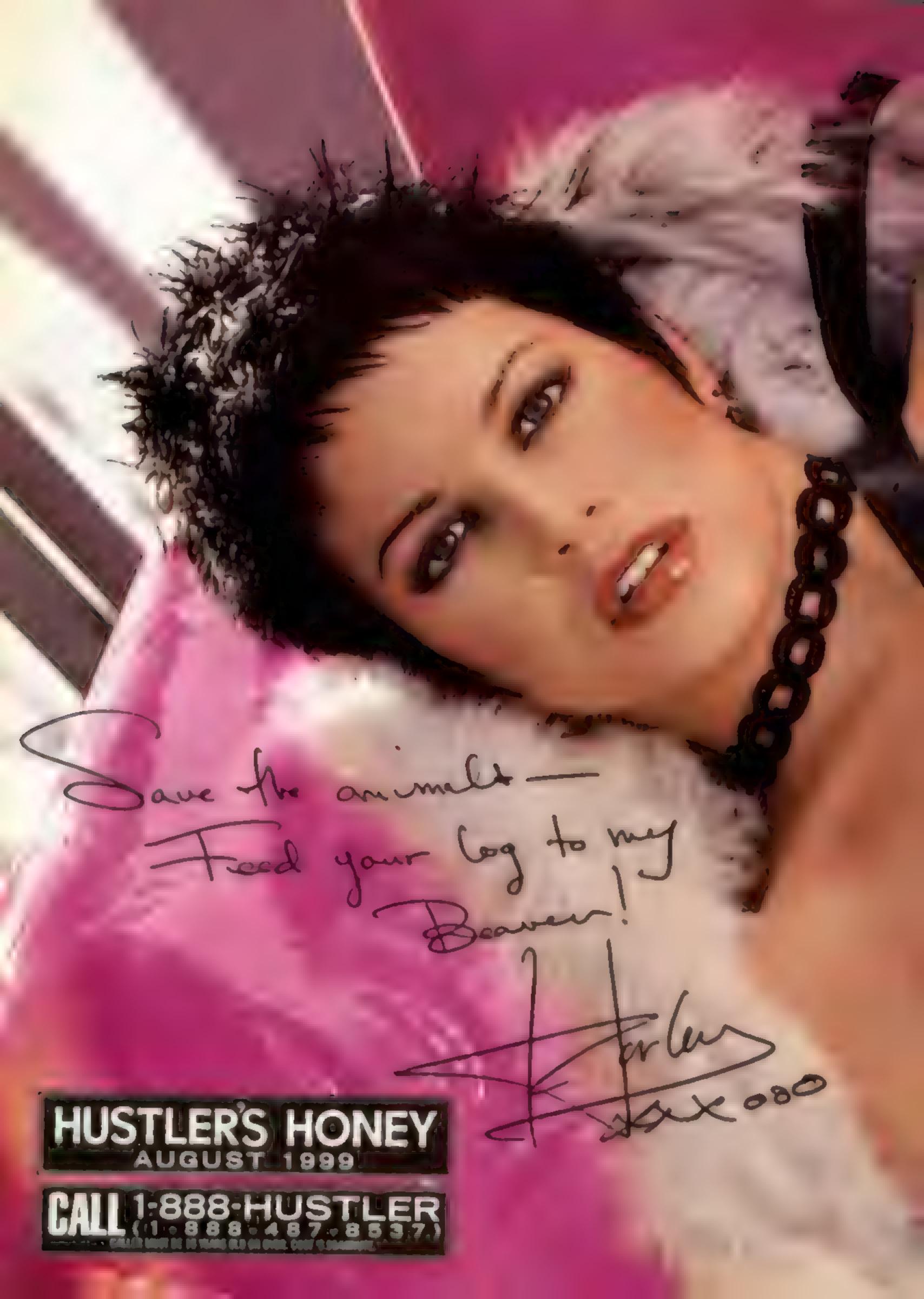




















A teacher asked the children in her class to discuss what their fathers did for a living.

Mary piped up, "My dad is a policeman. He puts all the bad guys in jail."

Jack chimed in, "My dad is a mechanic. He fixes all the broken cars."

Every kid took a turn until only little Johnny was left.
"What does your father do, Johnny?" asked the teacher.
Johnny hung his head. "My dad is dead."

"I'm sorry. What did he do before he died?"

"He turned blue and shit on the carpet."

Question: How can you tell when an Ethiopian woman is pregnant?

Answer: Her Tampax comes out half-eaten.

When it came to Italians, Clem was prejudiced beyond belief. One day, Clem was walking down the street with his friend Nick. When Clem passed an Italian organgrinder with a monkey, he threw \$20 into the monkey's hat. Nick was surprised. "I thought you hated Italians."

"I do," Clem cooed, "but they're so cute when they're little."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines Monistat-7 as: four ounces of Monistat and two ounces of Seagram's.

Phil had surgery to lengthen his penis. The day his stitches came out, he picked up a sweet little waitress at a Polish restaurant and took her home.

After about 20 seconds of foreplay, Phil's new cock burned like fire. He ran to the kitchen and called his doctor

"You'd better cool it off," the doctor advised. Phil opened a carton of milk and plunged his sore rod to the bottom.

The waitress came into the kitchen, looking for him. When she saw Phil's dick in the milk, she became upset.

Phil tried to calm her. "I know this looks odd, but-"

"But, nothing!" the waitress cried. "Why couldn't you load that thing before we started?"

A pregnant woman wearing a very short skirt got on a crowded subway car. Nobody gave up a seat for her until, finally, a rheumy old bum struggled to his feet.

"Thank you," the mom-to-be nodded. "At least some people still have manners."

"You're welcome, lady," the burn coughed out, "and I know you'll have a beautiful boy."

The woman carefully eased herself into the seat. "How nice," she grunted to her newfound friend. "What makes you think it's a boy?"

"I can see his beard right now,"

Question: How do you get a blonde off your lap?
Answer: Come.

Louie went to the sideshow and hit on Sally and Sue, two performing Siamese-twin midgets. The threesome went back to his apartment and got shitfaced.

Louie fucked Sue, then started to work on Sally. He worried that Sue might get bored just watching, but the resourceful little bitch whipped out a harmonica, stuffed it into her snatch and started to play "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." As she fucked Louie, Sally sang along with Sue's harmonica. Pretty soon, Sue started rimming Louie in time to her own cunt music. When Louie came, Sally screamed, "Fire in the hole!" Sue's snatch spasmed, and the harmonica shot out, bouncing off three walls. The trio collapsed in a satisfied heap on the bed.

A few weeks later, the Siamese twins walked past Louie's apartment building.

Sally said, "Let's stop up and see that guy."
Sue said, "Do you think he'll remember us?"

Moss, an Arkansas farmer, lay in bed one evening with his wife as he read the latest issue of Animal Husbandry. He looked up from the page. "Did you know that women are the only female creatures that achieve orgasm?"

His wife gave him a playful look. "Oh, yeah? Prove it." Moss frowned for a moment, then got up and ran out.

About half an hour later. Moss stumbled back in all tired and sweaty and said, "Well, I'm sure the cow and sheep didn't come, but the way that pig squealed, it's hard to tell."

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 to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or E-mail jokes to hustler(alfp.com. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for \$50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.







# Porn Moore's everyday routine may seem felonious, but a film of a busty porn slut making whoopee with man's best friend is not explicitly against the law.

Chessie Moore, a porn star with a 44H rack, is on all fours in front of a hound with a shimmering coat of white fur. Lassie mounts Chessie; the camera zooms in on his swollen, red prick penetrating the 40year-old blonde's pussy. The canine cock pulls out of her slit with a loud popping, and Chessie grunts. A stream of dog cum shoots out of her cooze. Another girl enters the scene and sucks the pooch's stillengorged cock. Chessie joins her human co-star in fellating the dog; within moments, her mouth is a willing receptacle for another stream of thick and pasty puppy spunk, -Oh Lucky Dog Bazaar Video

"If my four-legged co-stars could talk, I'm sure they'd let you know that they had a good time," says Moore. Indeed, her canine companion in *Oh Lucky Dog* appears to be an enthusiastic participant in the interspecies copulation. Moore does not sell her dog videos on her Web site; nor will she trade links with those who do. Her reticence is not to avert a boycott from the ASPCA, but because Chessie fears federal obscenity prosecution.

"To stay within the law, since my Internet service providers are both U.S. companies, I don't post any illegal material on them," says Moore. "Here in the good old USA, there's a lot of sex acts that are still illegal, even if they are considered everyday routines to some."

Moore's everyday routine may seem felonious, but a film of a busty porn slut making whoopee with man's best friend is not explicitly against the law.

Child pornography is outlawed by section 18 of the U.S. Code; no such clear-cut federal statute exists regarding the filmic depiction of pissing, shitting and bestiality. The laws relating to the fictionalized accounts of incest, necrophilia and nonconsensual sex, including bondage accompanied by intercourse, are also hazy.

Some producers sense that fisting, for example, is legal up to four fingers; others believe that the line lies at the wrist. Still more avoid the practice altogether.

What winds up being depicted in porn is determined by the prudence of attorneys and the daring of producers. As a result, it is left up to each video outfit to conjecture how far its product can go before it becomes vulnerable to prosecution.

Mainstream distributors, eager to insulate themselves from legal reprisals, do their best to screen the tapes they carry, functioning as a de facto board of censors.

William Simard peddles an extensive collection of pissing, shitting, S&M, enema, fisting and rape videos from a

"One community has different standards than another," he says. "One state has different standards than another. I have not got a clue what the laws say because they are so confusing. That is why you need to have everyone you do business with sign a full-page disclaimer—to protect yourself from the man."

In one of Simard's films, Hospital S&M, a girl is handcuffed to a medical table, with her legs spread and tied. Two men whip her directly on her pussy and tits. Other films show bloody scenes of pussy abuse with needles.

"We still have to worry about the lawenforcement agent who wants to make a name for himself by busting a few distributors of obscene material," says Simard, "Some people think HUSTLER is obscene. Others think the Bible is obscene. Where do you draw the line?"

In the landmark 1973 U.S. Supreme Court case Miller v. California, the Court, unable to answer the very question that Simard poses, deferred to "the average person" applying "contemporary community standards."

As a result of this juridical cop-out, a film made in sex-crazed Los Angeles may have to answer to the community standards of a Catholic enclave in lowa.

"There are some parts of the country where the climate of fear is so great that they don't carry hard-core," says Jeffrey Douglas, a criminal-defense attorney and executive director of the Free Speech Coalition, an adult-film-industry trade group. "In that kind of environment, it's ludicrous to think that someone could assert their First Amendment rights."

The process of deciding where to ship product takes on ominous overtones.

"Based on a history of busts, we don't ship tapes that have a white woman in a gang-bang with black men to Utah, Mississippi, parts of Ohio, parts of Louisiana, parts of Texas and parts of Florida," says Toshi Gold, owner of Eurotique Productions, a producer of fetish lines. "But we could ship a black woman in a gang-bang with white guys to those same places and not have a problem."

"Basically, we red-line certain parts of the country," says Ernest Greene, a producer at Apex Entertainment and a lecturer on obscenity issues in the fetish industry.

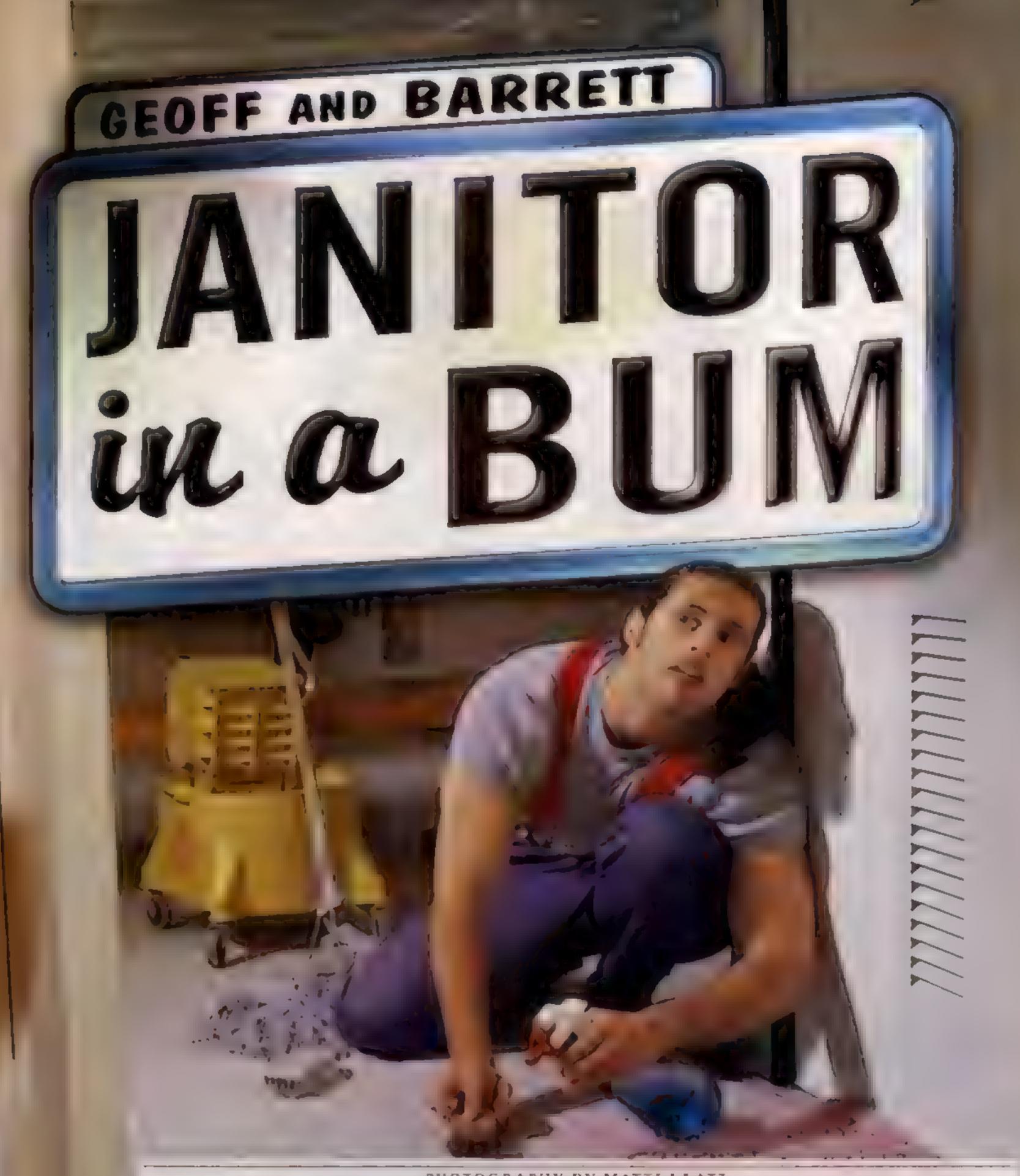
Much of the deep South is under a porn blackout. Two of the traditionally most aggressive judicial districts are Louisville, Kentucky, and the western district of Tennessee, which includes Memphis.

(continued on page 98)









## PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTEKLATI

Scrubbing the floor of Barrett's hotel suite, custodian Geoff spies the conventioneer cramming for her afternoon presentation

"I'm so nervous," Barrett confesses, plying her glistening cleft with an ersatz schlong. "I keep picturing my audience naked, but that just makes me nervous and homy."

Ever the dutiful professional, Geotf continues cleaning. His spongy tongue burrows into Barrett's nether

holes, swabbing her split peach and sepia button until she squeaks

My God, this bitch is filthy! I'll be here all day, Geoff silently grouses. His plunger plumbs the depths of Barrett's colon. Fortunately, her seminar awaits. Geoff hurriedly dispenses a smattering of solvent onto Barrett's face and chest and continues on his route.

"Strange," Barrett muses breathily. "I feel dirtier than before, but at least my nerves are calmed."













(continued from page 88)

# Hiegal Porn Although a video is said to have been made of the rape, torture and murder of several women in a Serbian prison camp, snuff films appear to be the stuff of urban legend.

Christian Mann, owner and president of Video Team, an adult-film production company, was busted in 1990 in Dallas, Texas, informally known as "the buckle of the Bible Belt," for interstate transportation of obscene materials. Among the offending tapes were Interracial Anal and All Anal, Vol. 4.

"You'd have to commit human sacrifice to get anyone to notice, let's say, in New York, but Dallas is more conservative," Mann says, "The jury pool consists of not just Dallas, but also Mesquite, Irving, Fort Worth—these little cow-dung communities. You've got a lot of right-wing. fundamentalist citizens. Our case was lost before it started."

A pretty Japanese girl is forced to eat shit by a masked man. Then he pisses in her mouth and rubs his piss all over her face. She gags and almost throws up. Another man wearing a mask eats the girl's shit and rubs it all over her ass, then kisses her with his shit-stained mouth.

In another scene, a girl is forced to squirt diarrhea into a water-filled bathtub and is then dunked. She gags and sputters in the fouled waters. -Exodus #9 Exodus Productions

Due to the vagaries of community

standards, many major cities, most notably New York and San Francisco, have the hardest publicly available video materials in the country. The Giga Maniac Company of Tokyo, Japan, puts out a catalog of shit-themed movies, such as Excretion High School, where "a high-school girl is forced into scat play by her kinky teacher," along with Scatological Secretary and China Dressed Girl Plays with Shit. The combination of scat and coercion makes Giga Maniac's products very risky. Even so, they are available at selected video stores in New York City.

The capital of fringe filth is San Francisco, not only for the extreme hardcore that is available in its video stores, but also because it is the home of the Institute for the Advanced Study of Human Sexuality. The Institute provides expert witnesses for the prosecution in federal obscenity cases; in exchange, the government donates to the Institute pornographic materials used in those prosecutions.

The second-floor library of the Institute is a maze of bookshelves weighed down with thousands of books, magazines and periodicals. The Institute's president, Ted McIlvenna, Ph.D., has collected more than 3 million items of erotica for academic study and use, including 380,000 films and videos. Among the films in his possession are Dutch bestiality movies, Japanese scat-themed flicks, a collection of kiddie porn produced in Nashville, Tennessee, in the 1930s, porn produced in Nazi Germany and a film of a clitoridectomy performed in Tijuana, Mexico.

In almost 40 years, McIlvenna has never seen any snuff films. Although a video is said to have been made of the rape, torture and murder of several women in a Serbian prison camp near Sebrenica during the Bosnian war, snuff films appear to be the stuff of urban legend.

Mellvenna, a gruff and graying scholar, believes that "all manner of erotica should be available to anyone who wants it in a free and open society."

To gain a deeper understanding of the sexual maladies they someday hope to treat in a clinical environment, graduate students at the Institute are required to watch extreme, fetishistic porn.

"I made it through everything except the shitting videos," says Institute graduate Toni Weymouth, Ed.D. "I lost my lunch on those."

Mclivenna downplays the extent to which the government polices the fringe dwellers of the porn world.

"I see such a small number of people being busted," he says. "If you're going to advertise it in the front of your window someplace in Alabama, you might get busted. They're still more concerned with vibrators in Texas than they are with sex films and obscenity. Unless it has to do with kids, it's not worth prosecutors' time and energy."

According to public records, McIlvenna is right. Obscenity prosecutions on the federal level are down some 86% since President Bill Clinton took office. According to the Transactional Records Access Clearinghouse at Syracuse University, an independent statistical database, the United States Justice Department notched only six convictions in 1997, as compared to 1992, when they bagged 42. In 1997, federal law-enforcement agencies referred only 24 obscenity cases to U.S. Attorneys' offices for initiating prosecution. In 1992, there were a whopping 161 referrals.

"The lack of prosecutions in the past few years does not reflect any diminution in the power of the government to do it; it's just a lack of interest," says criminal defense attorney Jeffrey Douglas. "That can change with an election. Obscenity prosecution is inherently both arbitrary and politically motivated;

(continued on page 106)



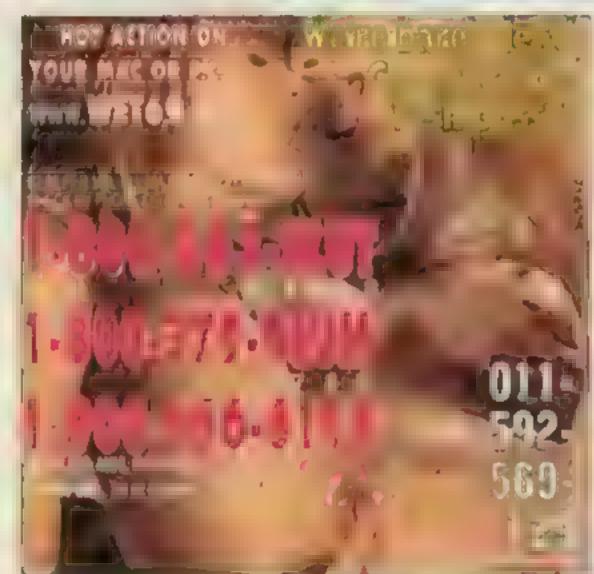
"You kids have fun, but remember—there's only one sure way to avoid getting pregnant, and that's anal sex!"



"You've got one last chance to talk, or Officer Washington sits on your face!"





















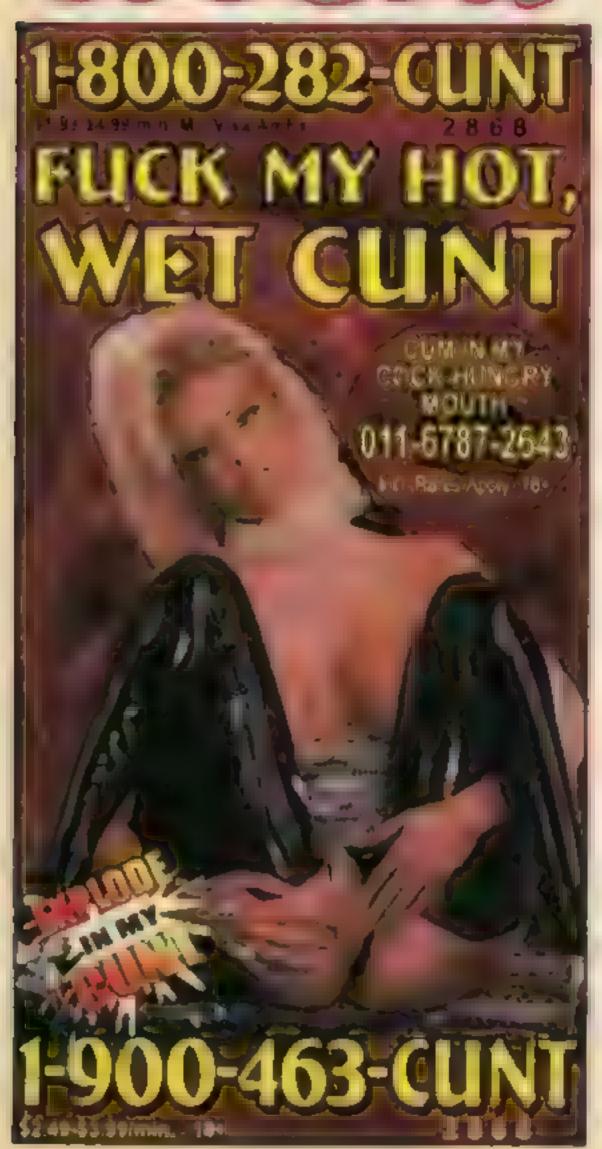




































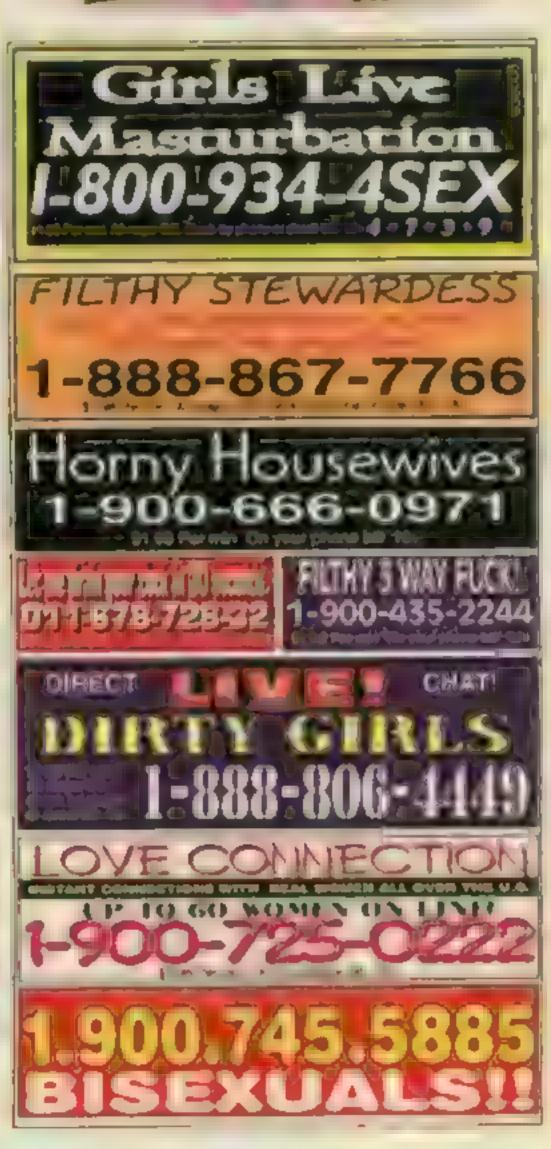
















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easing And \$2.00	\$ \$
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(continued from page 98)

# Porn Low-budget, low-profile outfits that have neither assets nor reputation to lose to an obscenity bust frighten more established players in the porn industry.

it is almost impossible to predict."

Enforcement may be volatile, but today's lenient climate allows producers and distributors of edgy sleaze to flourish and prosper.

Some of the material, such as the legally risky bestiality and rape videos, is brought in from Europe, where just about anything goes in XXX videos, but plenty of hardcore "specialty" videos are produced and distributed within the United States

Alone at home, Selena strips down to her burgundy thong underwear, then reclines in bed. Downstairs, a man in jeans and a black jacket opens her front door, then surreputiously cheks it shut and creeps upstairs. In his hand is a pistol with a long silencer barrel, Selena leaves her bedroom to investigate; she is startled on the stairwell by the intruder, who fires three quick shots. Blood sparts out of wounds in both breasts. Selena slumps to the floor, leaving a trail of blood smeared on the white wall behind her. The gunman fires three more shots into the dead woman's belly, then slips away. Blood seeps from her wounds.

> —Snuffing Sclena Perfect Shots Video

"are about control, dominance and sub-

106

mission," says Dr. Don, 44, Perfect Shots' president and founder, "but we don't use real bullets. There's a difference between fantasy and reality, and it's the people that can't make that distinction that are the sick ones among us.

"The women that do my videos make an informed choice," Don says. "They are told that the movies will depict fantasy violence involving murder, death and killing scenes, which we are trying to make appear crotic."

X-rated film is ratcheting toward the mainstream at the same time it is flirting with disaster-mixing sex and violence, sex and drugs and shooting wall-to-wall sex flicks which would be hard to sell to a jury as having redeeming social value. Formerly taboo, urmation movies have flooded the market.

"Community standards have loosened," of Apex says Ernest Greene Entertainment. "Our public has been conditioned by innumerable afternoons of Jerry Springer and just doesn't see these things as terribly shocking or threatening."

The prohibition against showing bondage and intercourse in the same film remains sacrosanct. However, Shadow Lane, a fetish outfit, depicts spanking and Video fantasies such as Snuffing Selena intercourse in the same film, once an inviolate no-no.

"A lot of mainstream companies will have a little bondage in the beginning of a scene, have foreplay and teasing, then they let everyone loose and fuck," adds Greene.

Product that falls outside the mainstream channels of distribution and production leads the industry's dive into the untested waters of extreme pornographic expressiveness.

Eschewing large distributors, much of today's extreme, fetishistic product moves through networks of classified ads with hidden codes, credit-card orders to dummy corporations, P.O. boxes and, most notably, the Internet.

Taking a trip to the dungeons of extreme, fetishistic porn is a matter of entering a few key words in any standard search engine. A Net search using a word such as scat, rape, bestiality of necrophilia, followed by the word videos and enclosed in quotes, will locate dozens of pages of shit caters, rape victims, dead chicks, self-mutilators and dog fuckers.

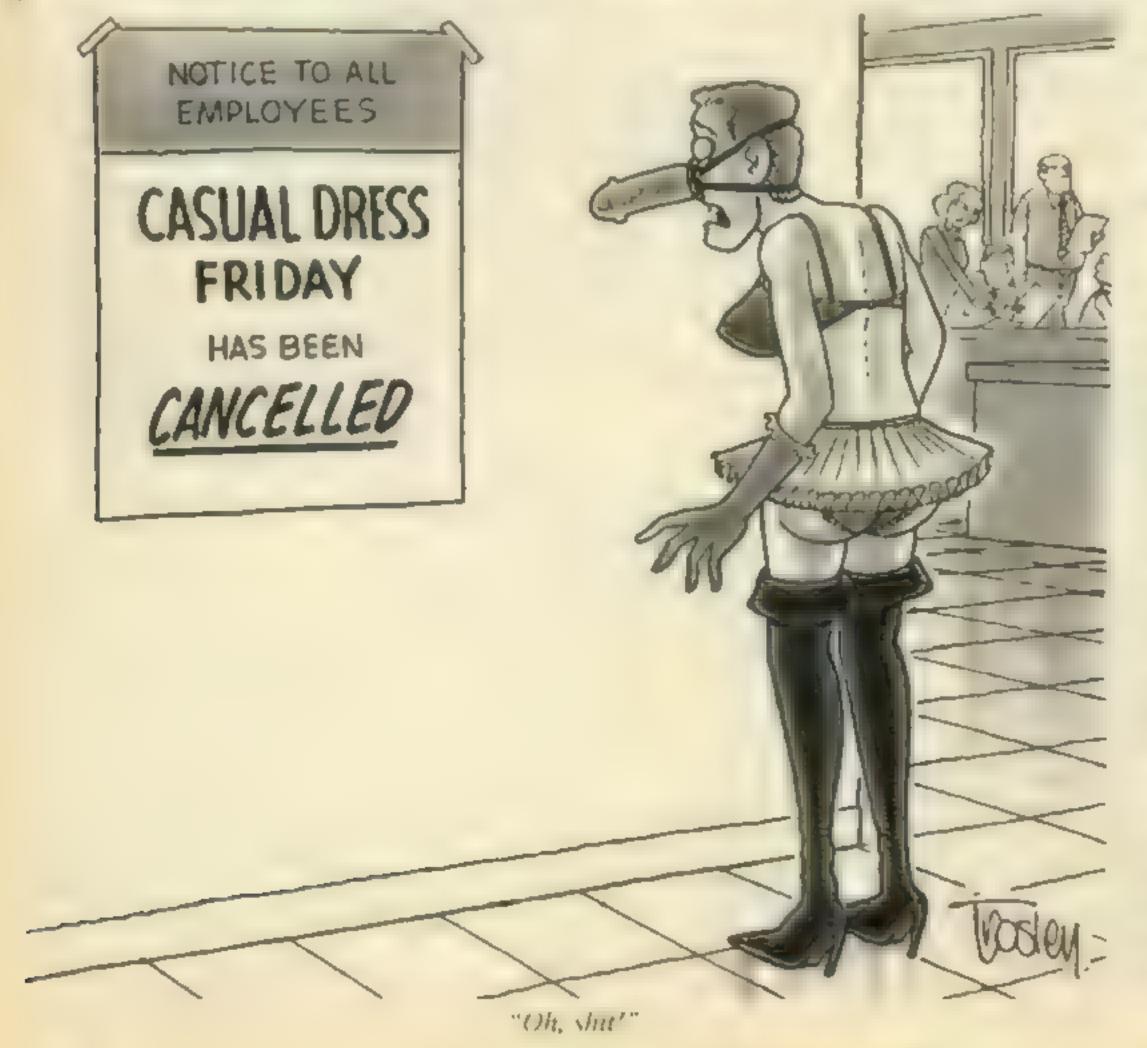
Low-budget, low-profile outlits that have neither assets nor reputation to lose to an obscenity bust frighten more established players in the porn industry, who are concerned that legally risky porn will invite a new crackdown.

"When the next round of prosecutions comes down, nobody's going to play fair," says Jeffrey Douglas, "It's going to be as arbitrary and malicious as the last one, fueled by politics or some sort of religious morality—those people are not going to distinguish between extreme and [mainstream] porn; it's all the same evil to them."

A young blonde wearing a miniskirt and fishnets is an unlikely hitchhiker. Soon after she is picked up by a man driving a red Volvo, she is dragged into the woods and hog-tied with white-nylon ropes. Her assailant cuts open her tights with a kitchen knife and jams a long, aluminum pole into her pussy. Facedown in the dirt, the girl cries out in pain. Her assailant laughs, splits her ass cheeks, then jams the pole into her anus.

Next, he throttles her, then clamps a hand over her mouth to stifle her screams. Her hands are tied to the base of a small tree, then the man's uncut dick is pushed into the sobbing girl's mouth

Later, the girl awakens in her assailant's home, tied to a chair, with an ankle lashed to each chair leg. Blood runs from her mouth. The man draws the kitchen knife across her pule tits, leaving long, red cuts, then holds the knife to her throat. A rote litary of sexual positions follows, (continued on page 122)







Winnipeg, Manitoha, Canada, is the place to ace the shimmy shake of Amber Wine, a 26-year-old dancer. This soutful hedonist with the redheaded mane enjoys riding horseback whenever she can and anal sex whenever she wants it. Amber Wine's fantasy is to watch "my husband fuck another redhead." You are selfiess and sublime, Amber Wine.

Photo by Friend

medical field someday. This Lafayette, Indiana, native has many hobbles: dancing, diving, skiing and fucking. Sexually aggressive, Letta describes her fantasy as "finding a beach babe and bringing ber back to the hotel to fuck my boyfriend and 1." Spread the

Luscious Leila is a sleek 21-year-old who hopes to work in the

word, and the legs will follow. Photo by Boyfriend

# Amateur Photo/Video Cantents \* Will SC,000 C/Kill

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Medar's local persolets laws supersta shorts for more than one moder.



Secretary and personal slave, 22-year-old Darcy from San Antonio, Texas, qualifies for the open Presidential-concubine slot. Darcy's other pursuits include drag racing, writing and sex, In keeping with her obsession with politics, Darcy's sexual fantasies include Jell-O wrestling with Hillary Clinton and playing with "my newt." There's nothing like slurping things slimy!

Photo by Friend

Nikki is a 29-year-old housewife from Katy, Texas.
The domestic pleasures of family life consume this hot mom's days. Reading and masturbation are hobbies Nikki enjoys on her own time. The Texas rose fantasizes about "having sex with two women while my husband watches," Spread your petals, Nikki; the Photo by Hashad

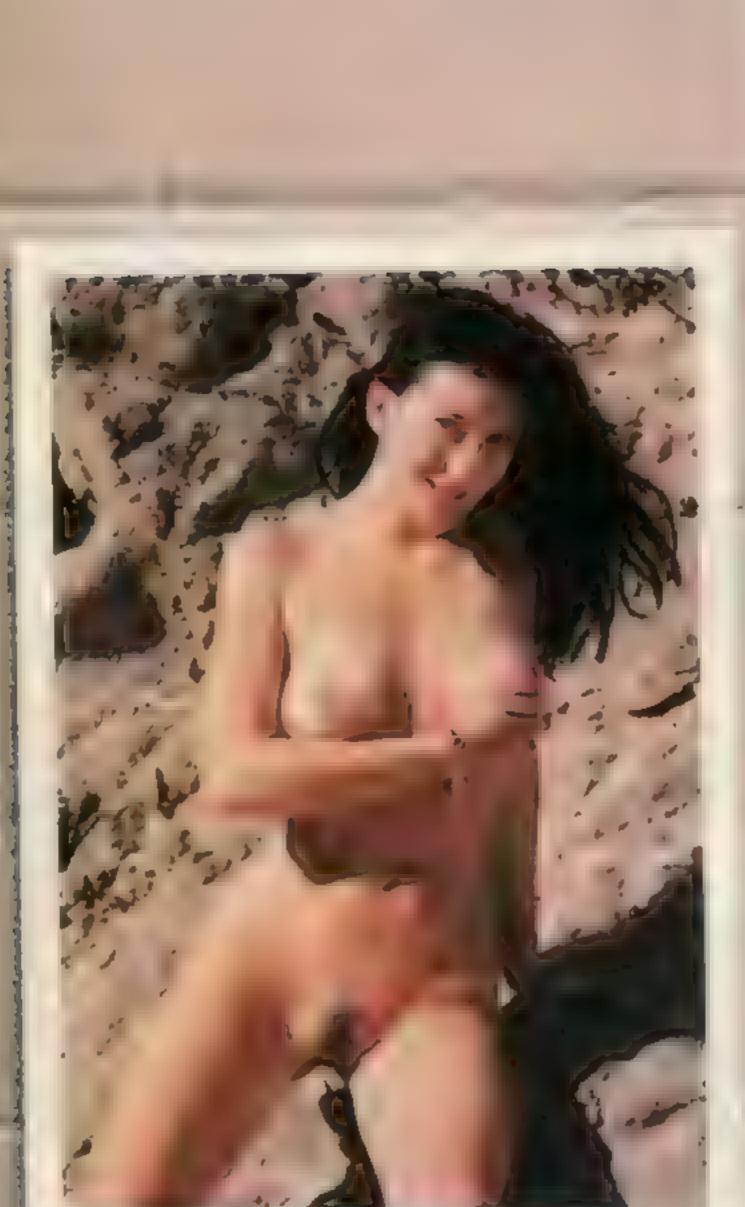


Sasha is a vibrant 24-year-old from
Fort Lauderdale, Florida, who
loves nude beaches. A computer
programmer by day, Sasha likes to
fack all night. She describes hersexual fantasy as "having my
roommate eat me while my
boy friend facks her in the ass."
There's nothing like a good bump
in the night, is there, Sasha?



Thick, reddish hair and hard nipples set
Devon apart from the pack. This exotic
25-year-old works her charms as a salesclerk in Kansas City, Kansas, For fun,
Devon enjoys dancing, playing soccer,
watching movies and reading. The
thought of "swimming in a pool filled
with champagne and strawberries" is a
major turn-on for sultry Devon, You drip
with class, babe.

Photo by Friend



"All wet sports" are hobbies for Amiee, a 27-year-old videographer from Phoenix, Arizona. The dry descritandscape intensifies Amiee's water fixation, but with tits like hers, she'll never go thirsty. This brunette's sexual fantasy is to be with a beautiful, blood woman. Sounds slippery, but you'll regain traction and forge ahead.





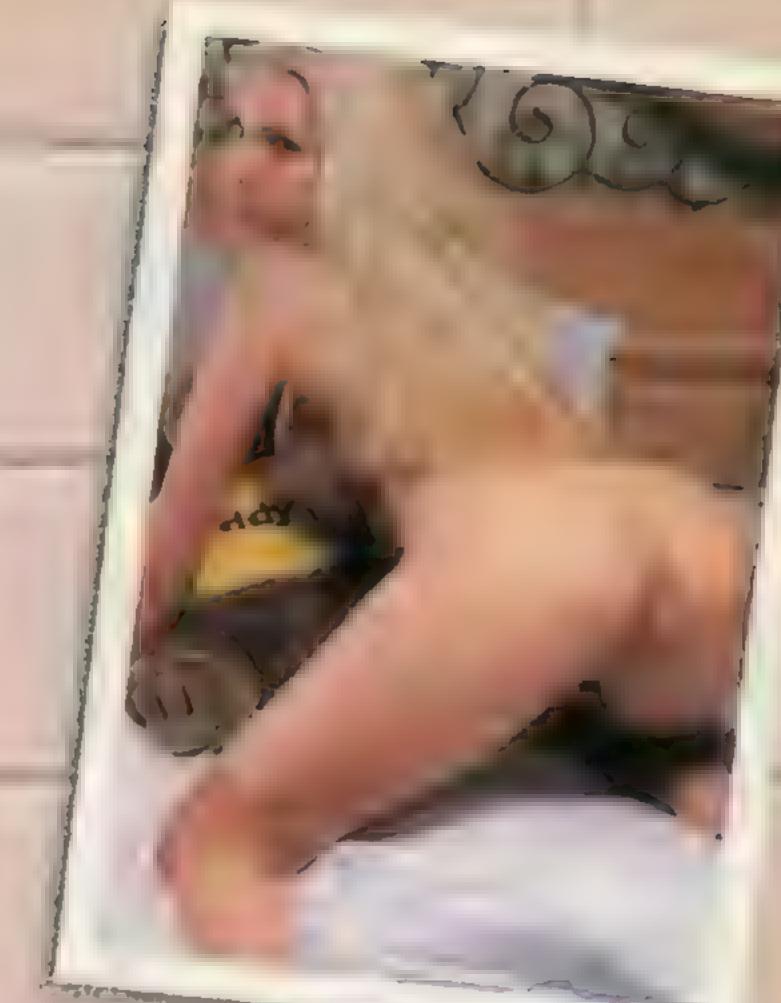
Diana is clearly the princess of her own garage. This 27-year-old San Francisco, California, girl is a customer-service agent who lists working out and sex as her hobbies, Squats are important to train for Diana's fantasy—a threesome that includes her boy friend and best friend. Here's hoping that Diana is crowned princess of the love triangle.





An entertainer by trade, Samantha Marxx dreams of being a III STLER centerfold. "That would be my ultimate fantasy. That, and to have sex with Jenna Jameson onstage in a packed club." When Samantha isn't daydreaming about munching Jenna Jameson's carpet, this 29-year-old from Myrtle Beach, South Carolina, enjoys hiking, camping and cooking. How about a piping-hot

Phot ky kard



Bungee Jumping, boating, sunbathing, working out, volley ball and karnoke keep this energetic model's blond pumping. Gabrielle is her name, and Akron, Ohio, is her stomping ground, "To have Howard Stern and Steven Tyler in my bed at the same time" is Gabrielle's secret sex fantasy. Here's hoping you'll join them, Gabrielle. Photo by Bovfriend

Paisley Dawn screnms, "Orgies," as her sexual fantasy, One can only hope her dream becomes reality very soon. Vancouver, British Columbia, is the place to join the fun with this raven-baired, 29-year-old Canadian, Paisley Dawn is a dancing Canuck with a onetrack mind, "Sex, see and more sex," she proclaims is her hobby. If you're good at something, why stop? Photo by Friend





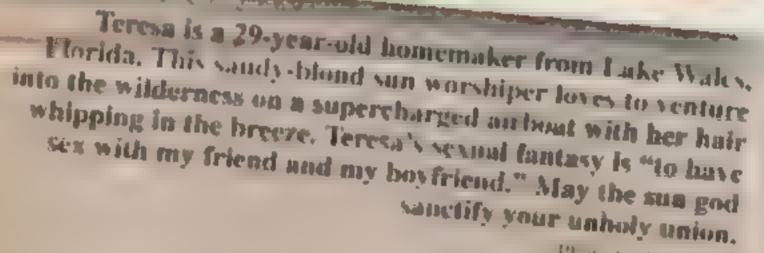


Photo by Service nel



Emerald is a 20-year-old private dancer from Jacksonville, Florida. Sex is this gem's hotbby, and she loves to steal a few moments of carnality in public. "1 especially love oral sex outdoors with my man," Emerald confesses. This copper-headed vixen hopes to fulfill her fantasy of having "wild sex on a boat" within her lifetime. Unfurl the sails, and open up the porthole!

Photo by Hoytriend

Kyan Essa from Forestville, California, is a multitalented 20-year-old who wants to be a movie actress someday. Poetry, pruse, guitar, piano; singing and dancing are the bouquet of talents that blossoms from the well that is Kyan Essa. In her sexual fantasy, Kyan Essa sees berself surrounded by three Polynesian ladies at a communal bath. "One woman is nibbling my inner thigh; another is stroking my pussy with her tongue; the other is sucking on my nipples. My fantasy doesn't have an end; it climaxes and plateaus." Beautiful.









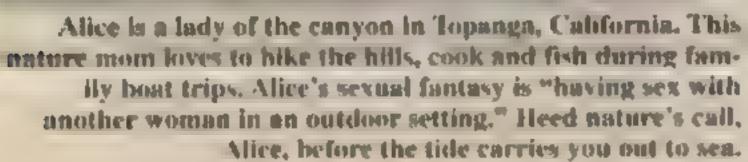


Photo s History



Redheaded Robin is a reservationist by day who loves to crochet and read when her husband isn't begging her for sex. "Making love with my husband on a bed of rose petake" is the fantasy of this 32-year-old Elmwood Park, New Jersey, sweetheart, Robin: No flower can outpower thy scent.

Photo by Hosband





















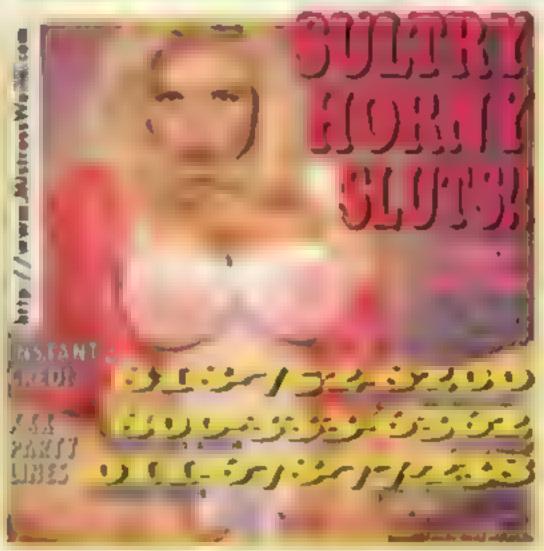
















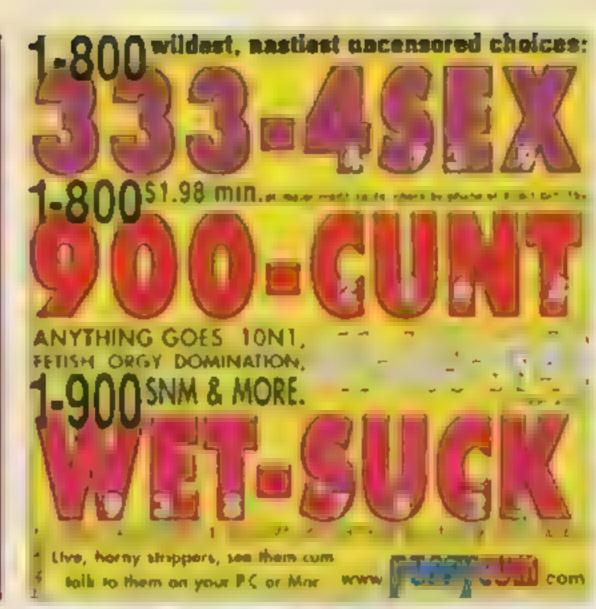






















































































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## Handjobs

(continued from page 72)

panties. Her skin was taut, Even her breasts were pulled back; they were mainly nipples.

I wanted to grab her narrow hips and fuck her right there. She was like a little bathroom whore; a little bathroom whore who needed to be fucked. I touched her shoulder gently. She growled and jumped back. My back flared, and I grabbed at it in pain.

"Get in the shower," she said.

She stepped into the shower with me, her underwear still on. She scrubbed me with a brush and then blasted me with icy water from the jet sprayer. On her legs were patches of goose bumps. Her stark, black pussy hair was visible through her wet panties. I grabbed her ass; it was firmer than I had imagined. Miyako blasted my dick with the jet sprayer.

Afterward, she wrapped me in a towel and led me to a wood-paneled sauna the size of a pantry. She turned a timer dial in the wall and shut the door. Steam sizzled menacingly from a black bucket of water on the floor. An oversized thermometer read 170°.

The door was locked by a timer. I gave the handle a hard kick and threw my back. The air was on fire; it was hard to breathe. Sweat poured from my pores. I reclined on a bench and passed out. When I came to, the timer on the door had expired. The door opened smoothly. I wrapped a towel around my waist and pulled another over my head. My back was hurting from trying to open the damn door. I needed a fucking massage.

The hallway was empty. I smelled fried rice and walked toward the food

A paneled door opened into a living room. An old, Asian man in an undershirt sat in an armchair watching TV.

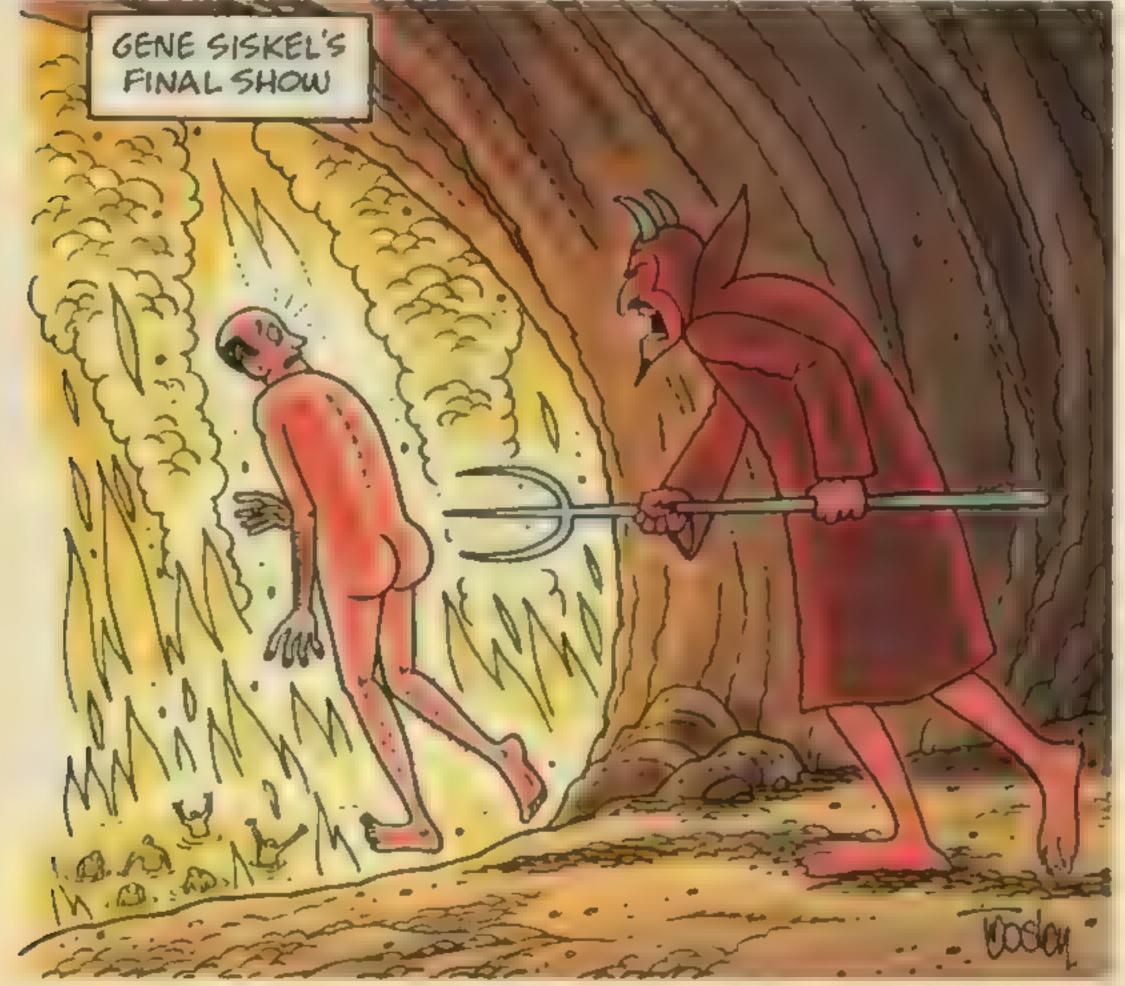
"One of your sluts locked me in the sauna," I said

The old man laughed. An unlabeled bottle of booze sat uncapped on a tray in front of him.

"I'm going to ass-fuck her for it," I said.
The old man turned toward the TV
"Ass-fucka," he said, laughing.

He was watching football. The Patriots and the Bills were tied in the third quarter, I didn't own a TV; all my money went to handjobs.

A giant, white-vinyl Osaki Massage Boy chair sat next to the old man. I exhaled as I reclined, satisfied, like a banker at the end of a good week. I flipped a red button on the massage console. Nothing happened. I flipped the white switch and waited. I could hear an electric hum, but felt nothing. I switched the thing off and watched the game.



"Remember when you gave The Devil's Advocate thumbs-down?"

## Illegal Porn

(continued from page 106)

accompanied by the whimpers and cries of the young blonde, —Brutal Rape
Panther Video

"Want a video of a real rape?" asks the box copy for Real Rape Vol. One. "This is no joke. They actually raped a girl and made this video. She is about 20 years old, a very loud screamer, and cries like a baby. In the beginning of this bootleg sex video the girl is a willing participant, but she quickly realizes that she is in way over her head."

"Tom Blatt" distributes the Real Rape series out of Forth Worth, Texas. On July 9, 1998, Blatt tripped the wire of obscenity enforcement: His home-based business was raided by the FBI and the Dallas Police Department. He has spent thousands of dollars to avoid indictment on charges of interstate transportation of obscene materials and other state and federal obscenity charges. To date, his indictment is still under seal. (Blatt does not want his real name revealed. "The authorities have left me alone for seven months, and I sure hate to throw it in their face," he explains.)

Blatt contends that none of the rape videos he carries are illegal or nonconsensual, although he admits that the women in the tapes are at times "uncomfortable."

"If I go to court, and I win, it will cost me between \$150,000 and \$200,000; if I lose, it's three to five years in federal prison," Blatt says. "Kinda scary with a wife, a son, a 1998 BMW and a two-story house on the line."

Some of Blatt's main adversaries are in the adult-entertainment business. Alex Henderson, a Canadian who operates adult-themed Web sites, fears that Blatt's site could invite restrictions on the entire Internet. For Henderson, stopping Blatt is a "personal and professional campaign."

"I've probably seen more films than anyone else," says Dr. Ted McIlvenna. "The
people that have had the most exposure to
a whole range of sexual activity manage
their sexualities better. I have yet to see the
person that is benefitted by somebody else
drawing the line for them."

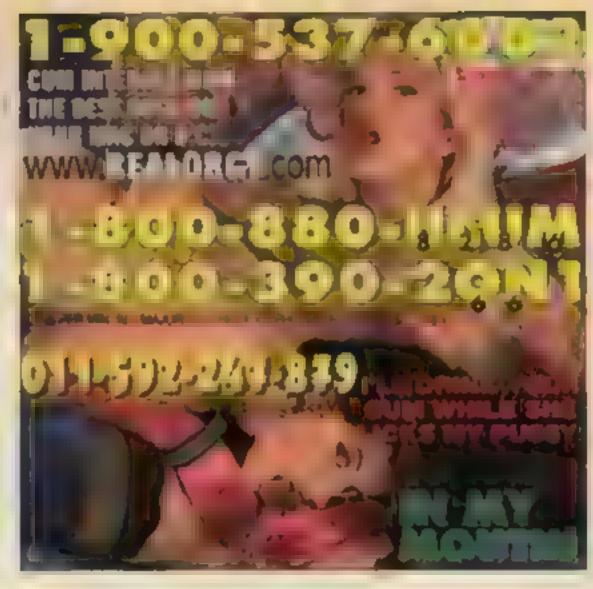
While members of the porn industry might hope that extreme, fetishistic porn helps people blow off steam, a hirst Amendment absolutist would argue that art is under no obligation to be socially responsible.

"You don't support free speech because ideas are harmless," says Ernest Greene. "They obviously have an effect on how people think and act. The greater danger lies in trying to collectively suppress ideas "



"Back off, gringo! The North American I ree Trade Agreement does not mean I gots to give you a blowjob for free!"













































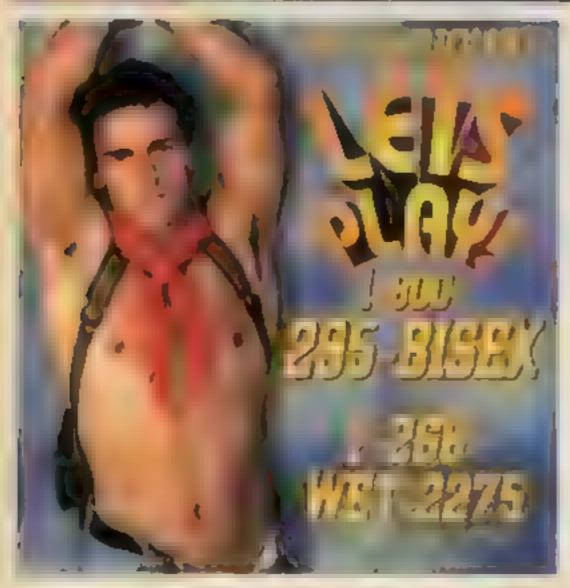




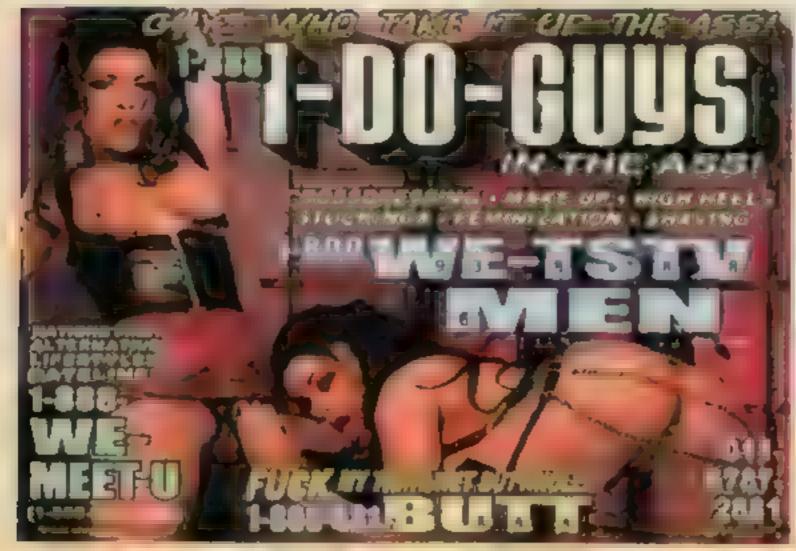




















































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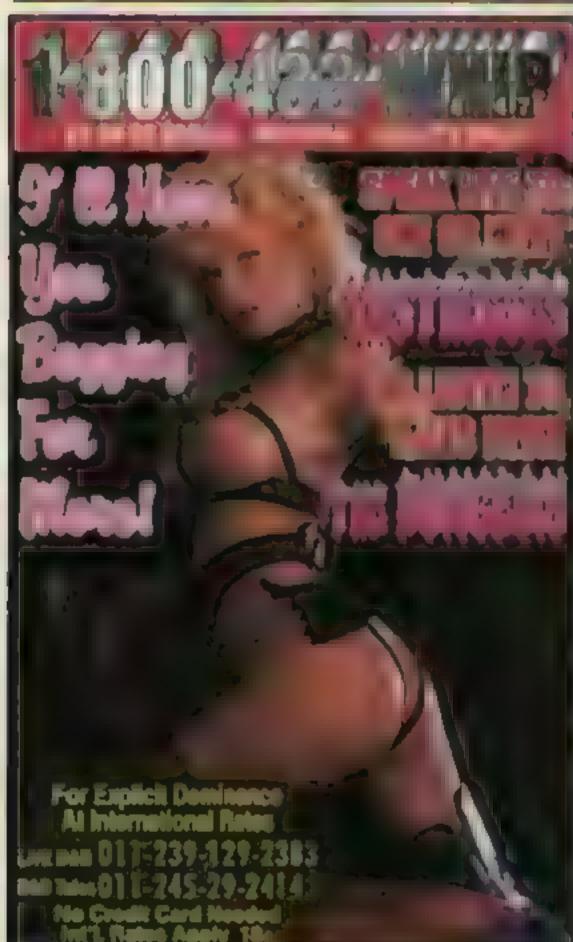
































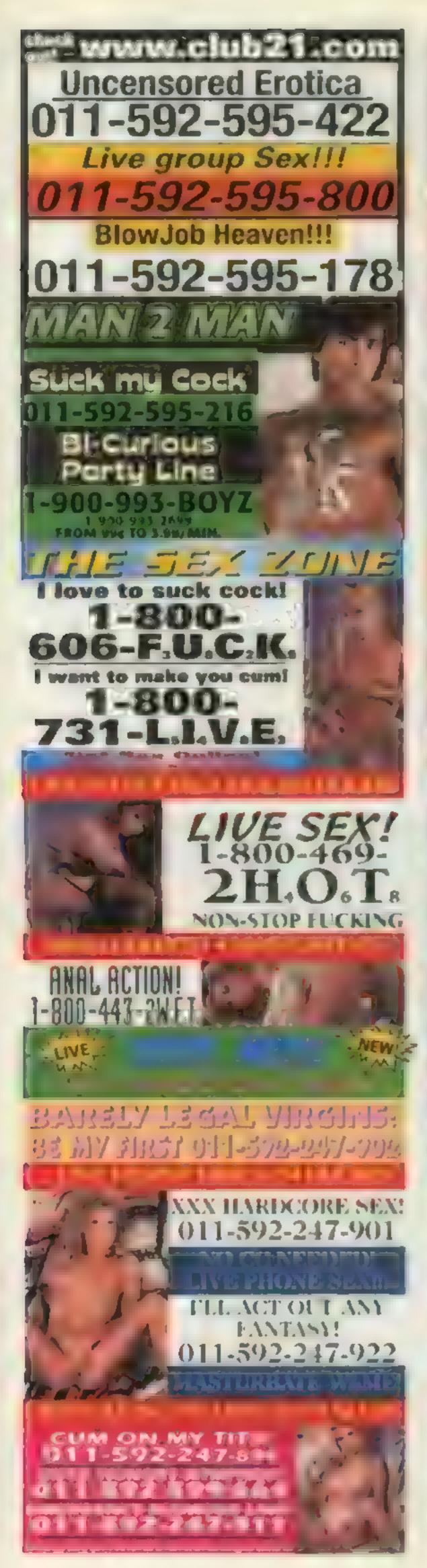






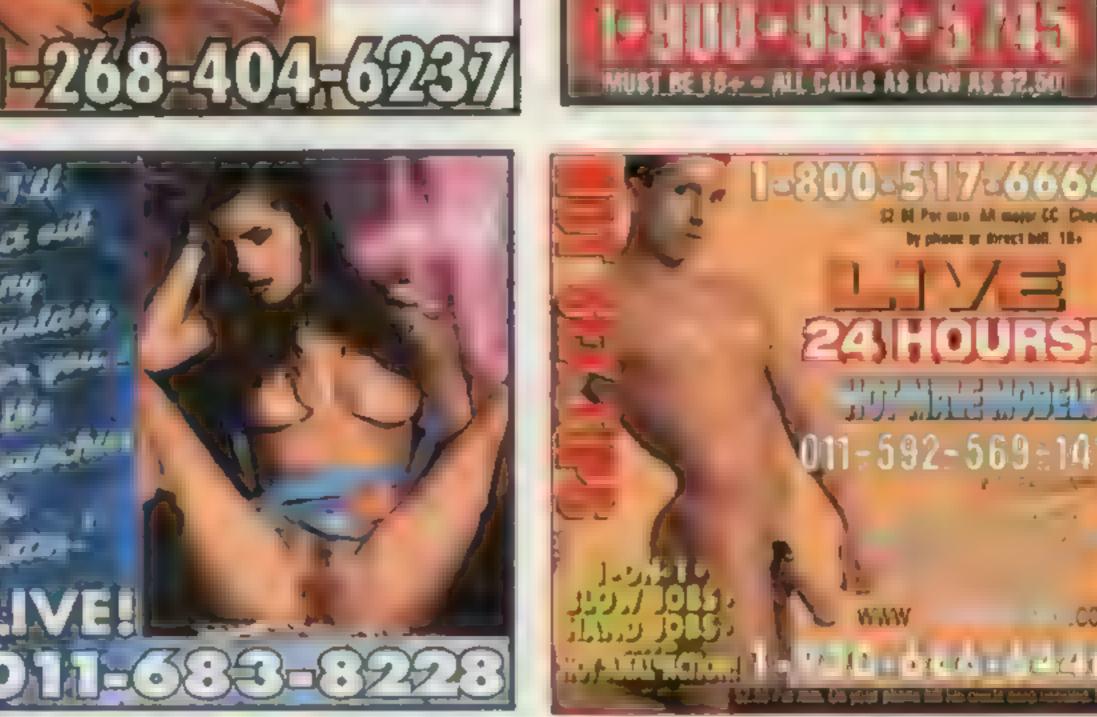


















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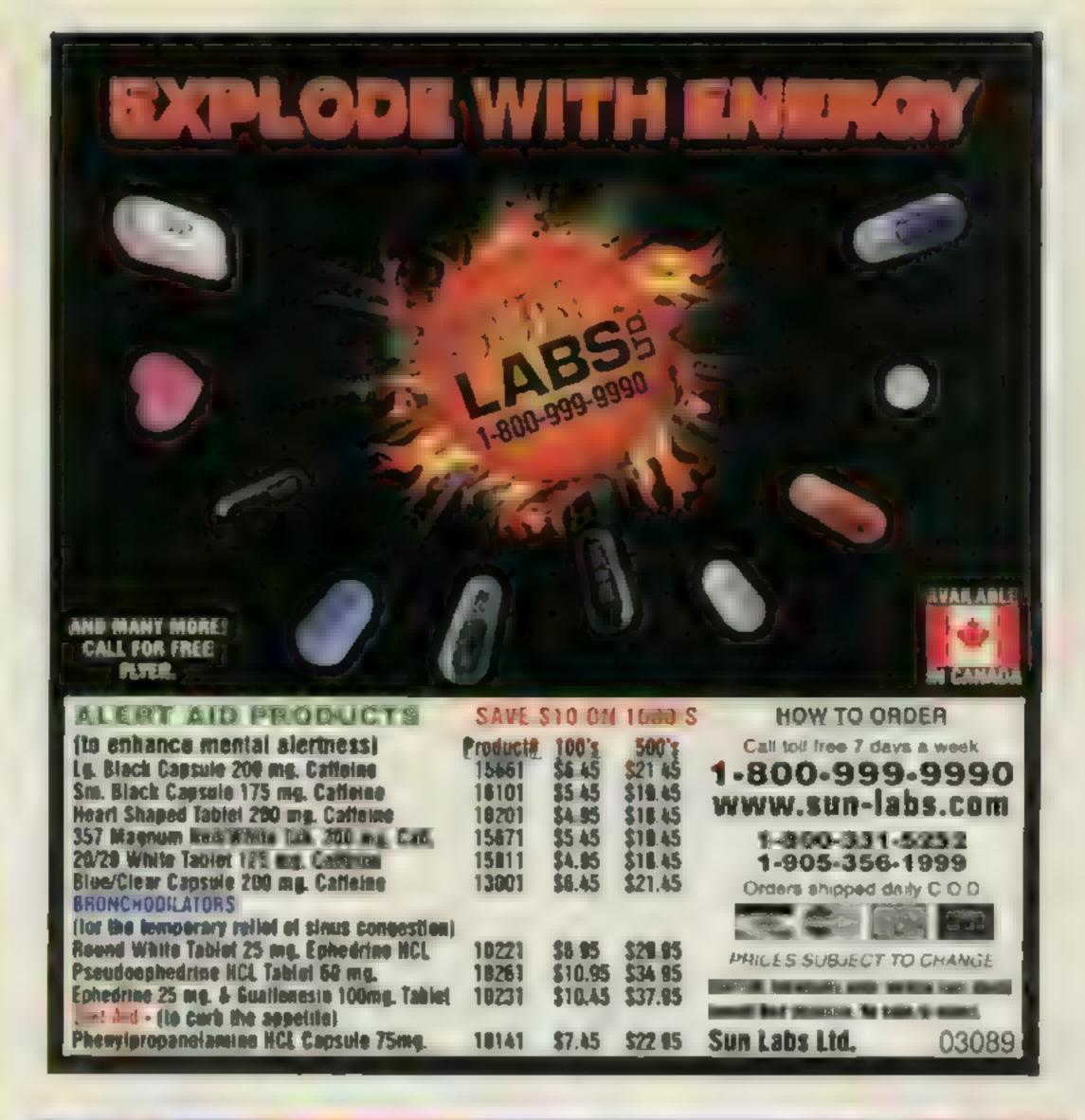
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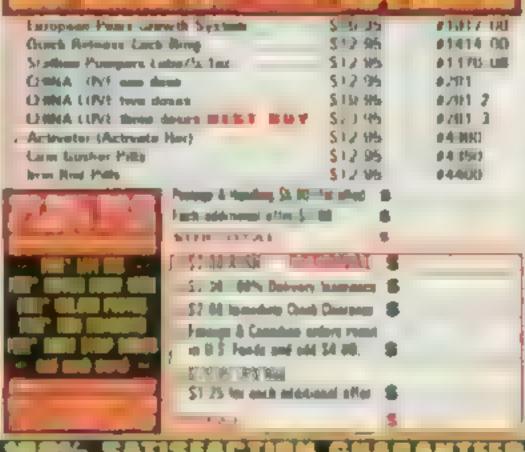
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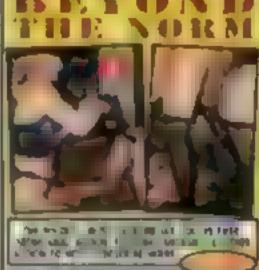














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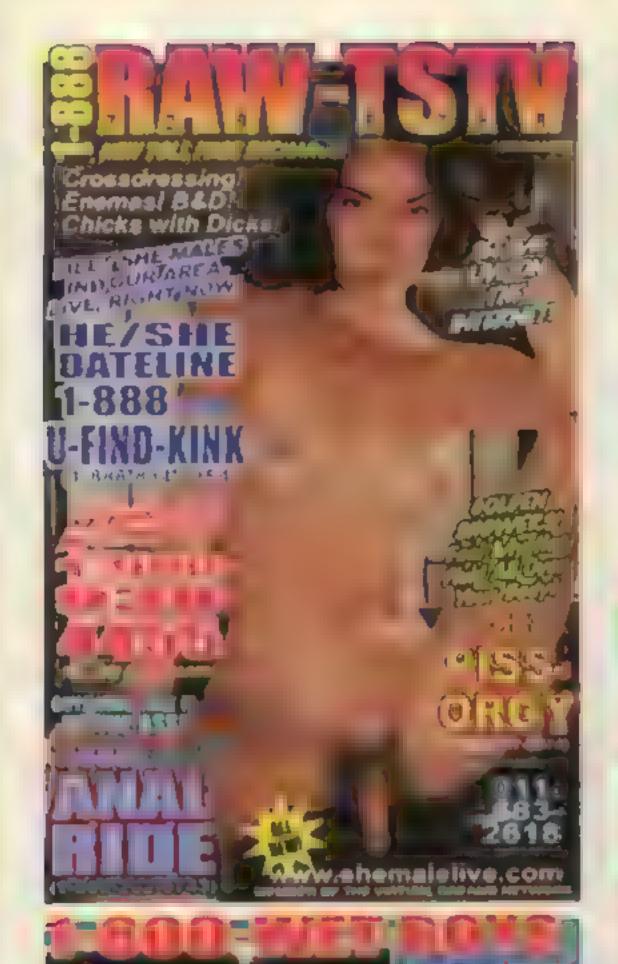


























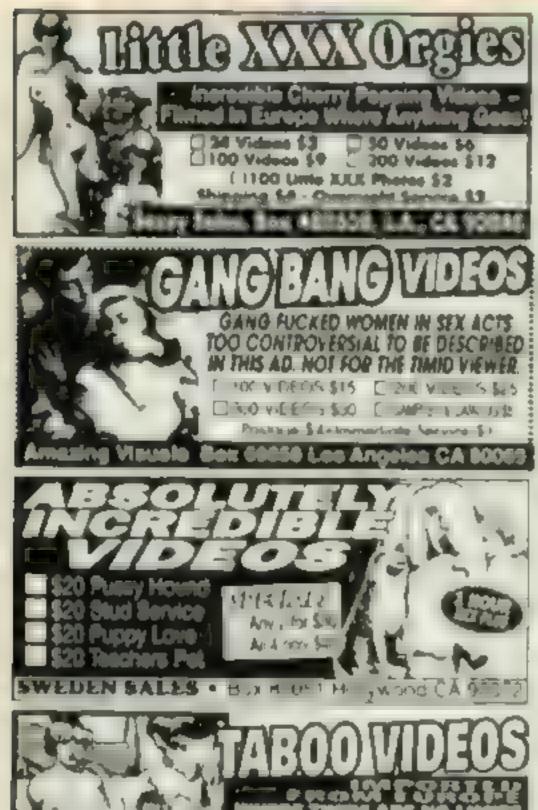










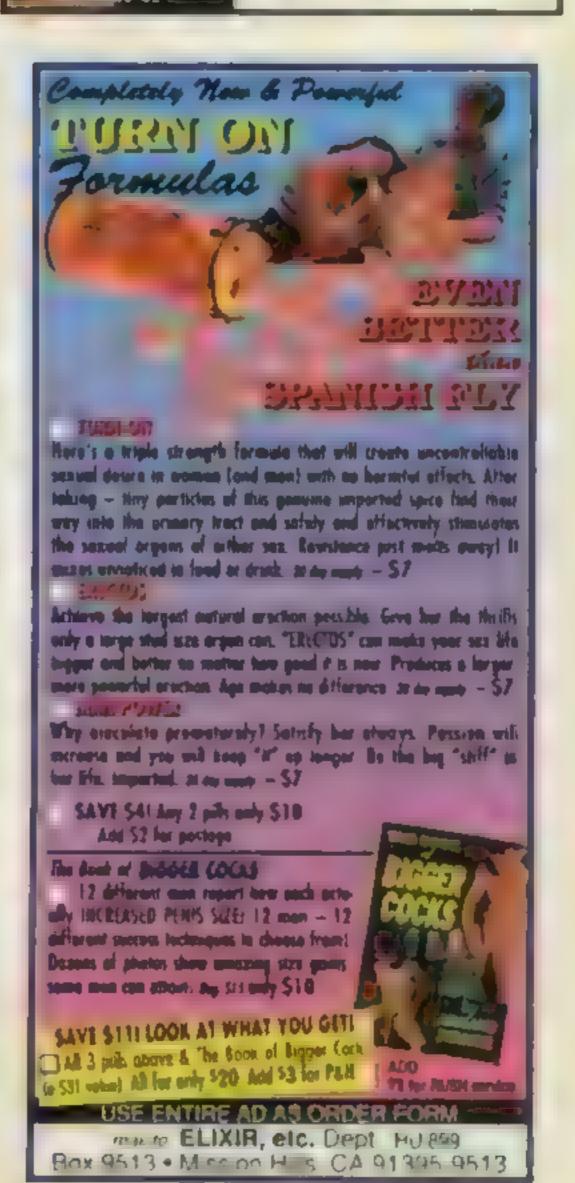




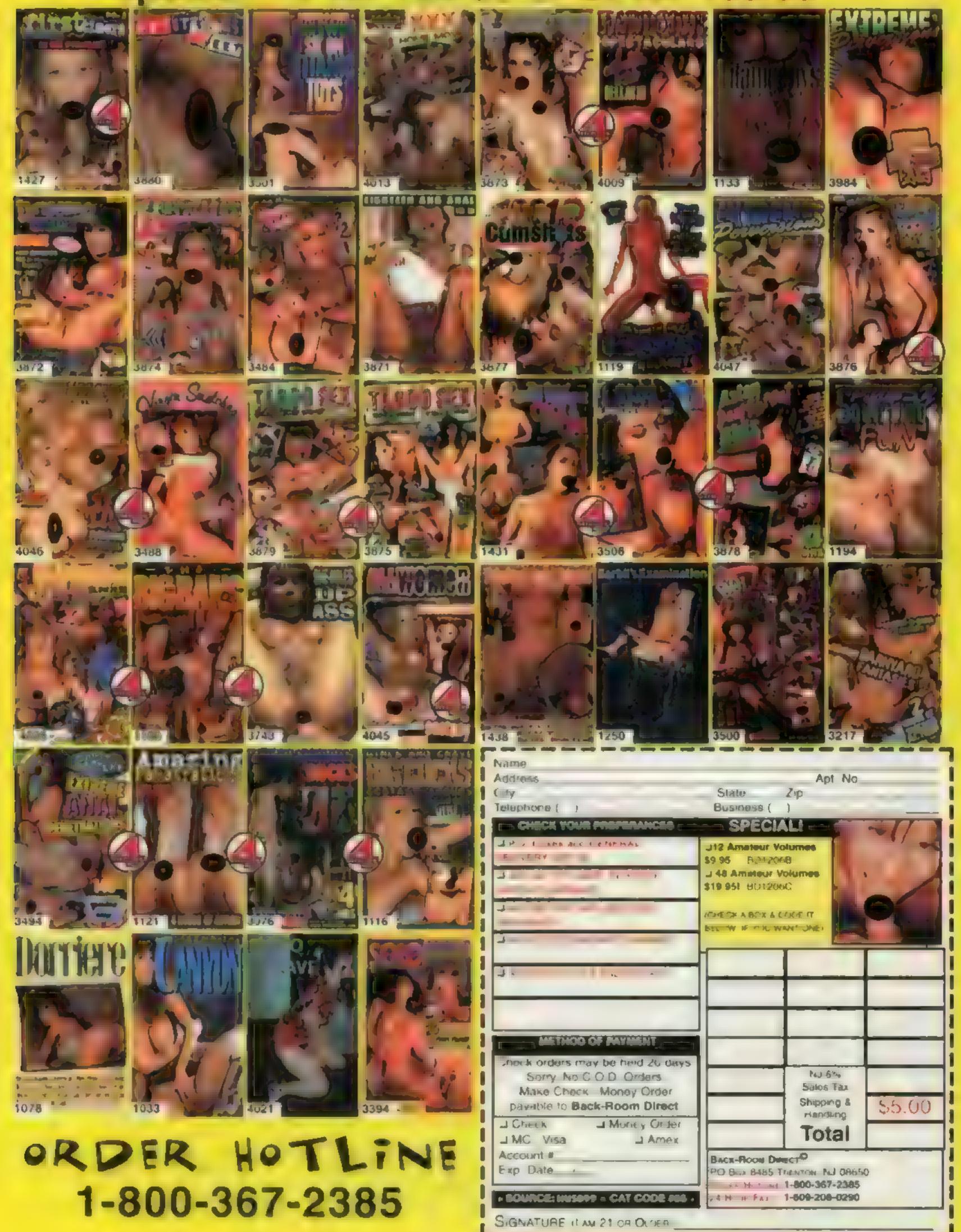


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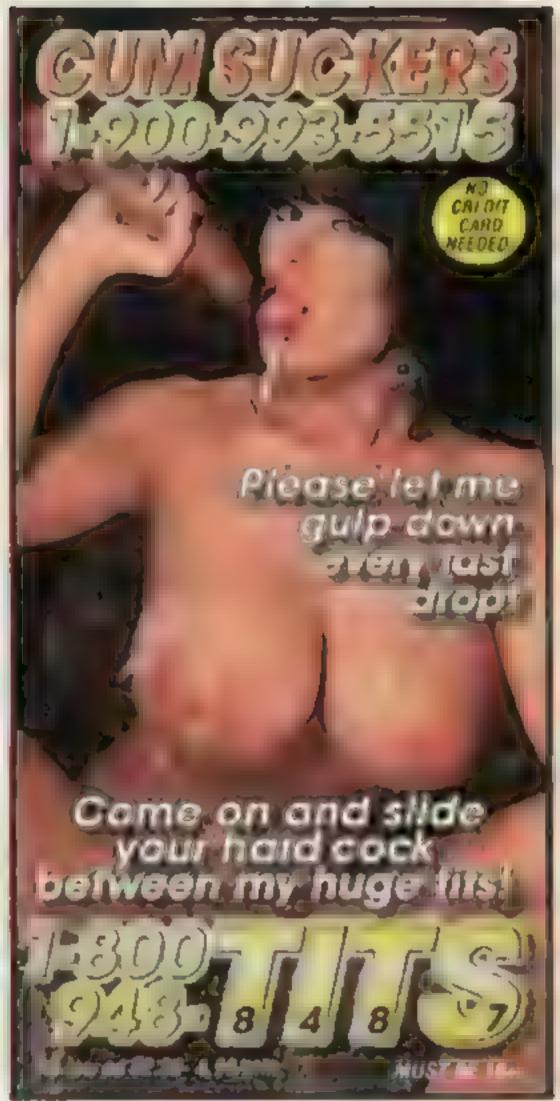






















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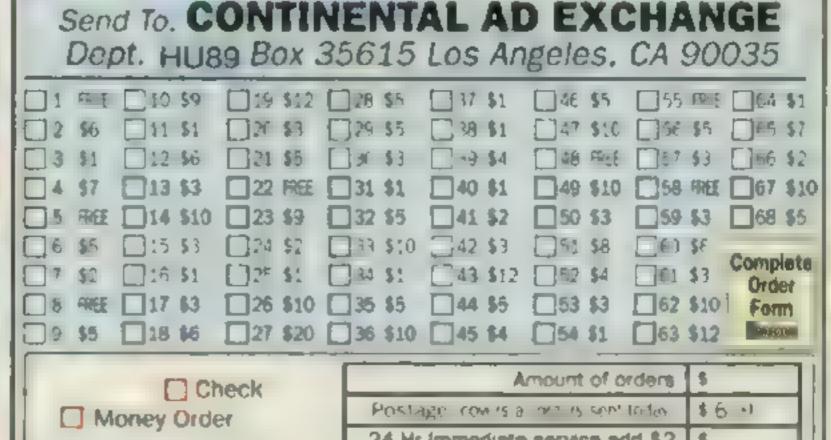






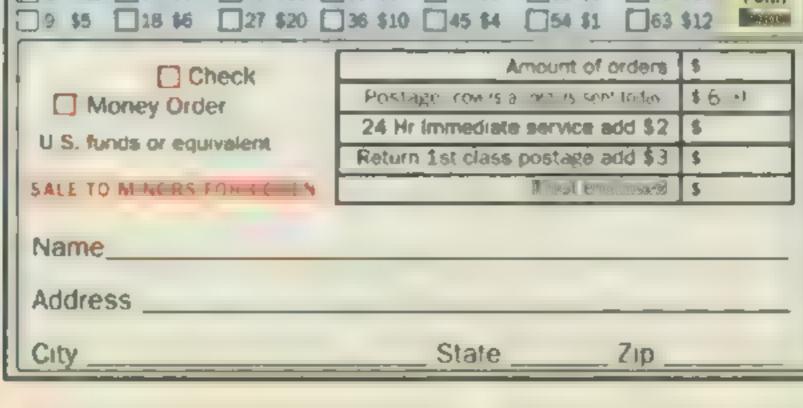
















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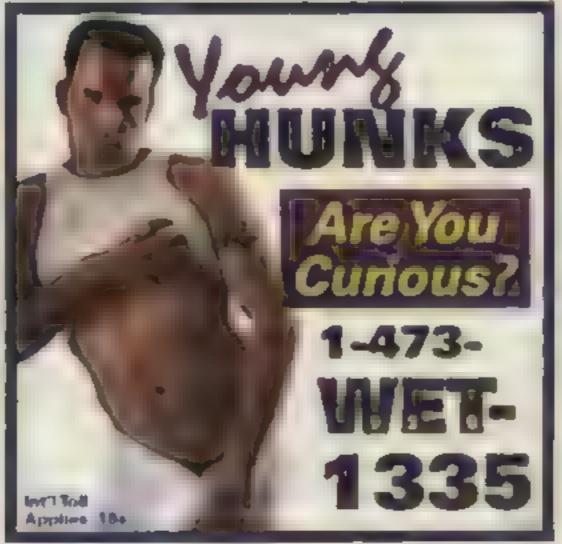
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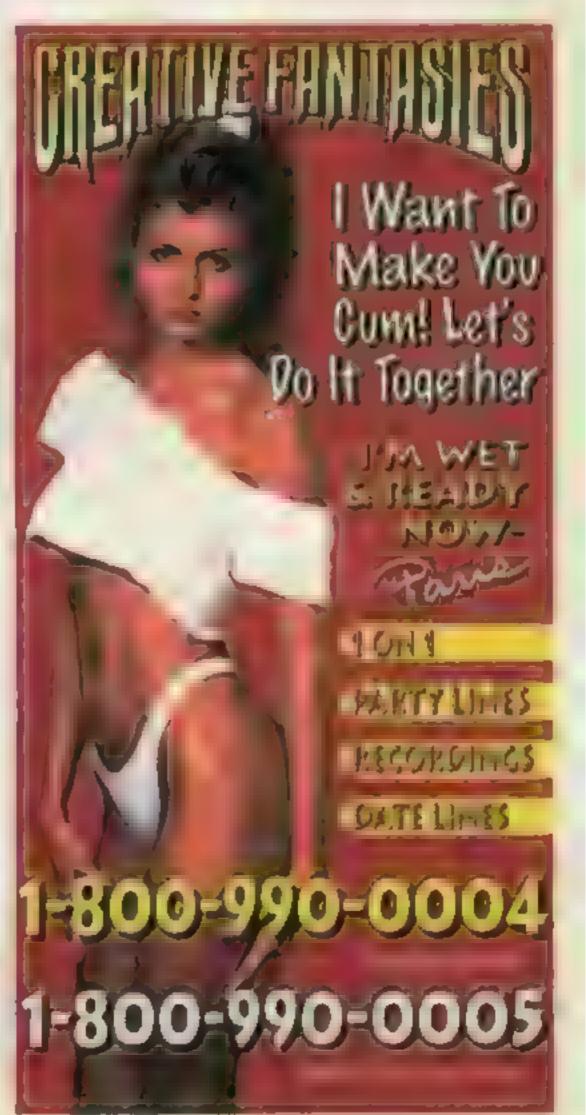


































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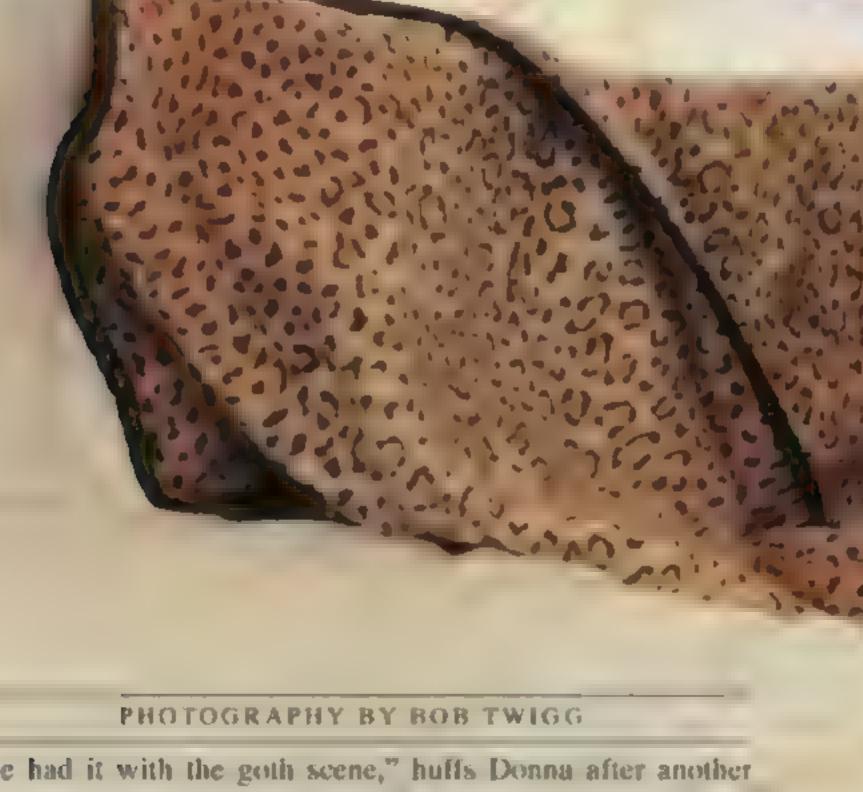
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"I've had it with the goth scene," huffs Donna after another frustrating evening at the Eternal Darkness nightclub, "Those little vampire boys have been emulating the undead for so long, their cocks have actually died.

"Tonight, I backed this cute, brooking guy into a dark corner of the dance floor. I lifted my skirt, exposing my bare cooch, and begged him to bury his young stake in the heart of my womb. He shricked and ran like I was the first rays of the morning sun.

"I'm going to take up line dancing tomorrow," Donna promises herself, stroking her neglected honeypot. "If none of those pasty-faced anemics will tend to my womanly needs, I'll find a two-stepping ranch hand who will."















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# next month in

# HUSTLER

# SEPTEMBER SONGS

As the summer heat cools, and the autumn winds begin to blow, HUSTLER's September songstresses breathe a fresh fall tune. Petra, with her chestnut hair, spreads her legs to the open air. Chained to bedsprings in an industrial warehouse, Petra squeals a sweet song of submission. Spunky Jenna hums a merry melody as she rides her bike to a private-picnic, five-finger orgy. Will Jenna let you sniff the seat? Perhaps after she tastes herself for dessert. A strap-on lesbian liaison on a deserted beach causes sirens Venus and Jamie to wail mating cries to the four winds. Sluts sing songs of pain, redemption and beauty in September.

# THE WHORES OF PARIS

The City of Light has been a beacon to horny men for centuries. Paris prostitution is an institution of lust. Of the 20,000 prostitutes in Paris, half work the streets, and all are ripe for picking. Tradition dictates that you can do whatever you want with a Parisian prostitute, provided you have the money. Join HUSTLER's French correspondent on a stroll down the Rue Saint-Denis, one of the most famous red-light districts in the world. Discover what's available on the carnal menu, and sample the full spectrum of French-tart cuisine. Learn where to find the freshest young girls who fuck simply to earn summer-vacation money. Taste the delights of seasoned pros who offer the most sophisticated blowjobs known to man. Trace a Parisian encounter from the first hello to the fuck of your life in September's HUSTLER.

# WHEN DICKS ARE TOO BIG

In the September Sex Play, HUSTLER attacks a problem headon that polite society refuses to talk about: How much dick can a pussy take? Average women can handle average endowment, but what if a man is blessed (or cursed) with eight inches or more? Never satisfied, women usually complain. Why are men always to blame when, in truth, women's pussies are simply too shallow? Mega-hung porn swordsman Lexington Steel, as well as other plus-size males, discuss this problem at length. Discover why bigger is not always better as monolithic men share personal hardships. Where can a penile outcast fit in when he's hung like a gorilla? This question and other large revelations are exposed. Can the secret hurt be healed?

# NAKED MEDLEY

Venture to Uranus for the very first zero-gravity cum-shot as Erotic Entertainment samples Private Video's outerspace XXX sex epic, The Uranus Experiment. What little who hops on pop's cock? Find out in HUSTLER's Bits & Pieces Dr. Seuss parody in September. Neighbor girls proudly display cunts o' plenty in the Beaver Hunt slut parade. September's HUSTLER is a concert of carnal delights that will have you singing for mercy.

September HUSTLER on sale June 29, 1999. HUSTLER's Web site is coming now at http://www.hustler.com







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