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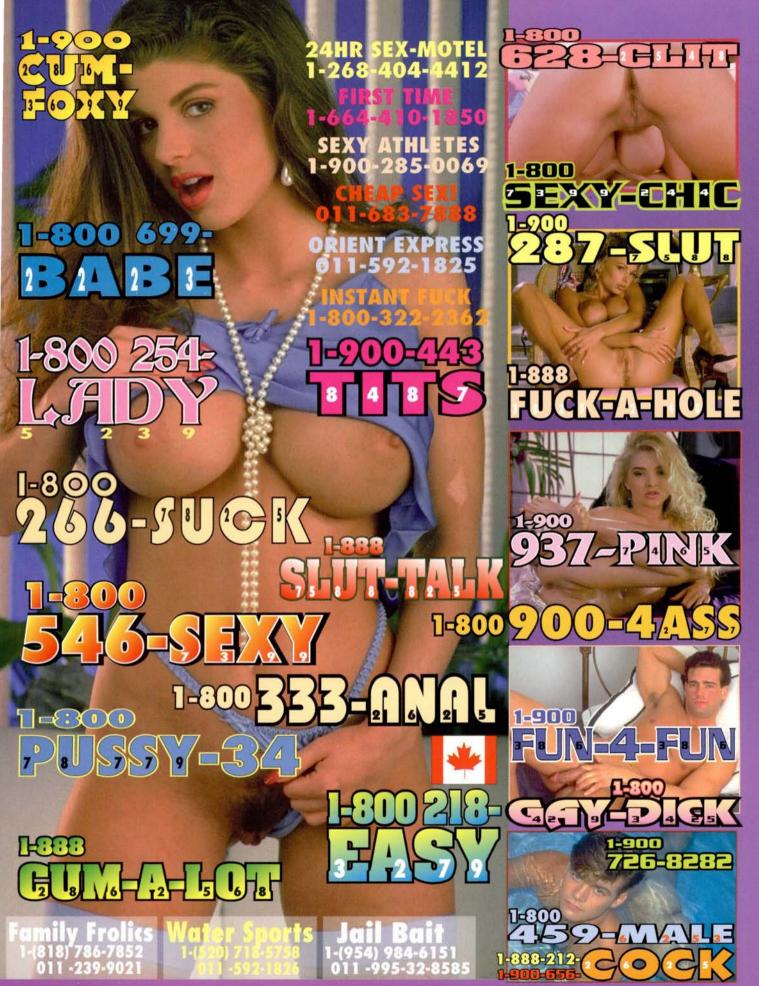
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HOLIDAY ISSUE 1996 \* \$5.99 DISPLAY UNTIL NOVEMBER 19, 1996 WOMEN WHO TAKE STEROIDS MUSCLES, MADNESS AND A CLITORIS BIG AS A THUMB

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#### 5 Bits & Pieces A Sleigh Ride With Bucky Edited by Aaron Lee

- 12 If Only They Had a Brain HUSTLER Holiday Brain-Cell Drive
- 13 Feedback Seasoned Greetings
- **19 Erotic Entertainment** Pornographic Panorama: 3-D T&A *Edited by Evan Wright*
- 28 Hot Letters Christmas Horning
- 38 Sex Play Red-Wing Snatches: Going Down on Dirty Pussy by Roberto Santiago
- 42 Dr. Eva and Frank: Sweet Tooth Photography by Clive McLean
- **50** Sex on the Beach Seven Days and Six Nights in Jamaica's Swingers Paradise Journal by Tim Spencer
- 54 Jessie and Staci: Camera Sly Photography by Matti Klatt
- 66 Kimberly: Fun Drive Centerfold Photography by Matti Klatt
- 76 HUSTLER Humor Edited by Evan Wright
- 78 Steroid Sisters The Juiced Highs and Rotten Lows of Female Bodybuilding Report by Alice Joanou
- 82 Amelia: Pretty in Pink Photography by Clive McLean
- 97 Beaver Hunt Furry Christmas
- 128 Titzianna: Ciao America Photography by James Baes

#### VOLUME 23 NUMBER 7

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# HERO OF THE MONTH

Let us now praise one infamous man. In the space of a single week, Dick Morris went from laboring in relative anonymity as President Bill Clinton's top campaign strategist to being the world's most famous unemployed political guru. Morris has been elected Hero of the Month for HUSTLER's 1996 Holiday Issue.

Only once in the annals of publishing has HUSTLER's Asshole been preempted for a declaration of heroism. In November 1995, nancy man Hugh Grant was lauded as a Hero for his arrest in a car with his dick in the mouth of a hooker. History has repeated itself, as history does.

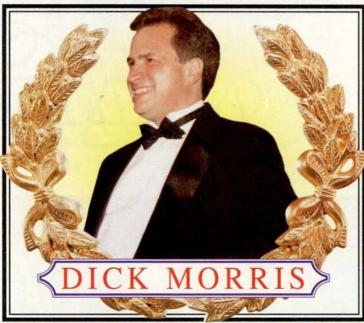
"Politics is an uncertain business," said Dick Morris two days before his elevation in the eyes of every American who has ever pissed on his own shoes. Few things are certain on this earth, and Morris is living proof of life's most definite lock: A man, no matter how smart he might be, lets the big decisions be made by his dick.

A muckraking journal, Star, reported that 48-year-old Dick Morris, close advisor of President Bill Clinton, had engaged in a yearlong affair with a \$200-an-hour prostitute. Morris, at press time, is married to Eileen McGann, a lawyer. Star quoted the hooker, 37-year-old Sherry Rowlands, as claiming that Morris would take phone calls from the Oval Office while sprawled naked and would hold the receiver up so the callgirl could eavesdrop on the President's conversations.

"[Morris] gets a kick out of me listening in," says Rowlands.

According to the leggy, mercenary

John Deutch: Director of the CIA, John Deutch, as deputy secretary of defense, was point man in the apparent coverup of chemical-weapons exposures among U.S. military serving during the Persian Gulf War. As many as 80,000 veterans from that conflict have complained of afflictions that indicate chemical warfare. Many afflicted servicemen were



Farts in the Wind

told they were crazy; others

were allowed to perish. Newly

released documents indicate that

the Pentagon was aware of

chemical exposure as early as 1991, when Deutch was making

unequivocal denials. As head of

the CIA, he'll certainly deny being

Anne Rice: The dowdy author of

lady, Morris's kicks included sucking her toes, licking the bottoms of her feet, having her rub her feet all over his face and press her soles into his gonads. If this man, with his pedestrian foot fetish, managed to gain access to the President of the United States, what heights might the typical HUSTLER reader scale, propelled by his own sexual guirks?

A short, paunchy schmoe, Morris dreamed large. Says Rowlands: "He told me that if he ever wanted an affair, it would be with Hillary."

Hillary's moony, sardonic face, her sensual, simpering lips, those eyes that are pools of veiled meaning, those meaty thighs, that ass like the rearend of a 1985 Seville, the very hole that Chelsea popped

an Asshole.

out of; Dick Morris, our Hero, has been close to Hillary. If he were just a little bit more of a dog, he would have been able to smell her pussy on a hot day. We believe that Dick Morris is our kind of sniffing man, one who made that attempt.

Star published photos of the illicit lady and Morris smooching in bathrobes. A canceled check signed over by Morris to Rowlands is reproduced, as is the key to room 205 of Washington, D.C.'s Jefferson Hotel, a \$440-a-night suite reserved for Dick Morris and paid for with Clinton campaign funds.

Morris's reaction to Star's lurid story was worthy of the Svengali who guided President Clinton to soft issues such as school uniforms, youth curfews and teen smoking. When Star hit the fan, Morris was inspired to resign immediately and attack the messenger, saying, "I will not subject my wife, family or friends to the sadistic vitriol of yellow journalism."

Morris's statement brilliantly denies the reality that his own actions have subjected his wife, family and friends to the sadistic vitriol of yellow journalism. See if you come up with an excuse half so sweeping next time your penis is caught flapping.

Smart guy Morris bravely soldiers on, swearing that he "will not dignify such journalism with a reply." Morris's job is to tell politicians what to say in order to persuade people to vote for them. Whether or not what these politicians promise is true has never been seen as Dick's concern. Unlike *Star*, no court of law can hold Morris accountable for the half lies that he has scripted for his candidates.

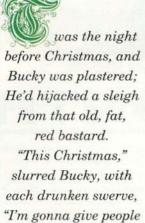
Morris has shilled for right-wing Republicans and left-leaning Democrats. His client list has included Jesse Helms and George McGovern, with every slippery gradation of elected weasel in between. A camp follower, Morris pitches tent where the money is. He prostitutes ideals, tricks beliefs.

A courtesan has laid Morris low. In his fall, he has pulled aside the curtains behind which our country is run by a confederacy of whores. Morris has exposed our leaders for the soul-haggling sluts they are, and for that he is a HUSTLER Hero, whether he likes it or not.

Interview With a Vampire has taken out full-page ads in Variety and the Hollywood Reporter, attempting to dictate policy to President Bill Clinton. This same woman purchased full-page ads to denounce the movie version of her novel and took out more ads to praise the film. Everybody has an opinion; our opinion is that Rice is a full-page Asshole.

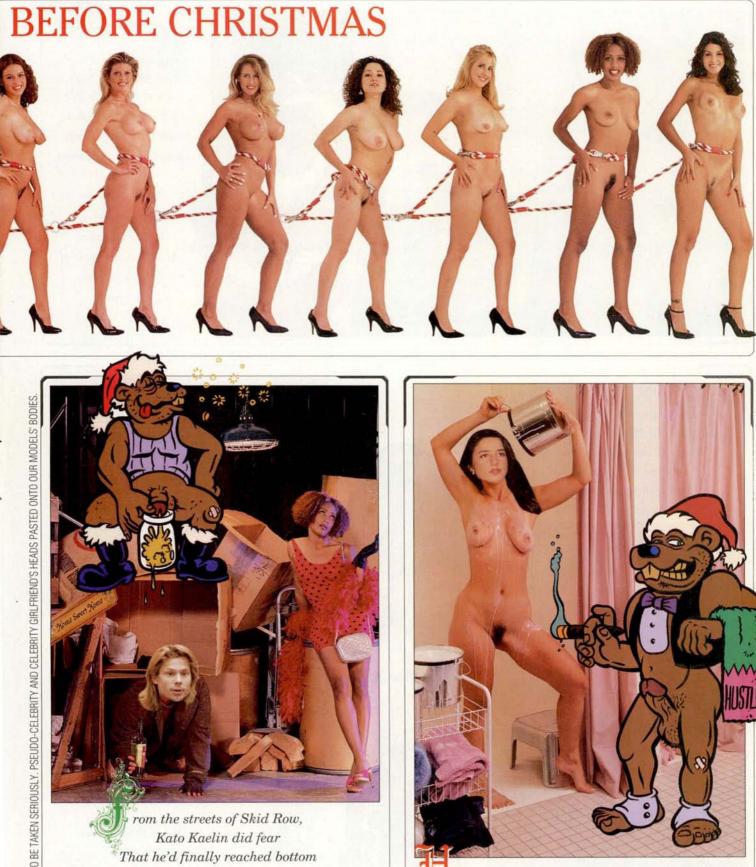
Holiday Issue HUSTLER

Bits & Pieces is proud to present a Drooltide classic from one liquored-up rodent who's not afraid to wreck the halls....





irst stop, Pamela Lee; Buck gave the new mommy A shiny camcorder and a message for Tommy: "The next time you slip your hot wife the baloney, Send the tape in to HUSTLER; fuck Bob Guccione!"



USTLER's Editors asked Buck to drop off a gift For Shoshanna Lonstein, Seinfeld's mega-jugged quiff. In return for making their dicks very hard, The boys sent three quarts of their warmest regards.

in his scumbag career.

But his presents from Bucky were surely the capper-

A new cardboard box and a

Mason-jar crapper.

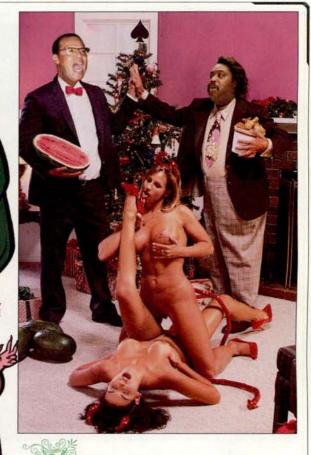
PARODY. NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY. PSEUDO-CELEBRITY AND CELEBRITY GIRLFRIEND'S HEADS PASTED ONTO OUR MODELS' BOD



# raise Bucky,"

cried Falwell. "He gave me two tickets To the Larry Flynt movie I once planned to picket!" Now Jerry can reminisce about losing in court, Along with a pair of Mom's panties to snort.

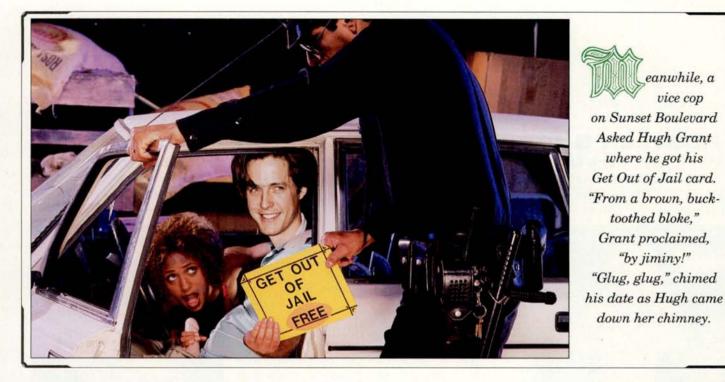
at Buchanan's the antiminority king, But the old Mick might give integration a fling When he sees what Saint Bucky left wrapped in a bow— One immigrant mama and one horny black 'ho.

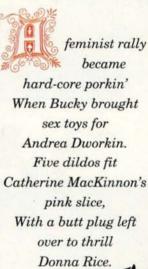


nd just to be fair to those kooks Al and Lou, Who hate every honkie and cracker and Jew, Bucky stuffed Sharpton's stocking with melon and chicken And left Farrakhan two white devils a-lickin'.

8

PARODY. NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY. RELIGIOUS SHILL, RIGHT-WING POLITICIAN AND RACIAL SEPARATISTS' HEADS PASTED ONTO OUR MODELS' BODIES.





NE

hen Bucky exclaimed when his duties were done, "I fucked shit up good, and I had lots of fun. But the best gift of all is for HUSTLER's believers, 'Cause they get to choose from the year's bossest Beavers!"

### HUSTLER'S 1996 BEAVER HUNT GRAND PRIZE WINNER

After a year's worth of elections and erections, there's only one ballot HUSTLER readers need pull

to decide which Beaver Hunt Grand Prize Finalist will be awarded \$5,000 and a ticket to Beverly their levers for. The time has come Hills, California, for the photo lay-

> Felicia (Grand Prize Finalist #1: One-Up, February 1996) This leggy blonde from Fort Lauderdale, Florida, is small on top, but big on mouthwatering sex appeal. Felicia's a student with a perfect ass, a drop-dead figure and the kind of come-hither stare that guarantees lots of after-school sessions. And she's 21 years old-iust the right age for a nightcap or two.

> > Madison (Grand Prize Finalist #2: Two for the Load, May 1996) At the tender age of 19, strawberry-blond Madison proved so ravishing, she was chosen by the HUSTLER Editors as a finalist before her Beaver Hunt photo even hit the stands. Judging by the mail for this Wichita, Kansas, cutie, Madison has captivated guite a few readers interested in stuffing more than just the ballot box.



Sadie (Grand Prize Finalist #3: Haystacked, August 1996) For down-home fun and a roll in the hay, nobody beats sexy Sadie. The 24-year-old filly from Corpus Christi proves that everything's bigger in Texas: big boobs, big butts and big, beautiful eyes that lasso every stud in sight. An extended layout of Sadie's country charms just might make HUSTLER readers forget the Alamo.

> Camille (Grand Prize Finalist #4: Four-Star Find, November 1996) She collects exotic birds and lizards and also happens to possess an adorable little pussy. Camille knows how to flaunt all the steamy sensuality of her 26 years, and she's dying to give HUSTLER a longer look. Those magnificent Baltimore, Maryland, mams make getting close to Camille an irresistible proposition.

out of a lifetime. Check off your favorite Beaver's box below. Voting is not only a privilege; it's every reader's God-given booty duty!



Now that you've seen the candidates, get it up, get into it and get involved! My choice for 1996's Beaver of the Year is: Fill out the ballot and send to HUSTLER's Beaver of the Year Contest, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.





# If Only They Had a Brain....

USTLER'S HOLIDAY BRAIN-CELL DRIVE is the first charity to offer direct results and a better way of life for everyone. Our plan is to reduce the number of morons, psychopaths and mental defectives that you'll encounter in the coming year. It's no coincidence that many of these feebs are involved in the entertainment industry. It's also no secret that dealing with their empty-headed stupidity can literally aggravate years off your mentally competent life.

Here in the HUSTLER labs, we've been working night and day on the problem of half-witted celebrity, with extremely satisfying results. Currently, we have the technology to transplant new brain cells from normal humans into the heads of those luminaries who were shortchanged in the cerebral department.

But we need your help. Just think: If every HUSTLER reader were to donate even one brain cell to our cause, some of these unfortunates could double, or even triple, their intellect.

Once they've undergone our incredibly painful intelligence-augmentation procedure, these famous fatheads stand a fairly reasonable chance (in our opinion) of becoming relatively productive members of society.

## **OUR FIRST FOUR CANDIDATES:**



#### **KEANU REEVES**

"Stupid? I'm just passionate about my art. Fuck *Speed 2*. Me and my band, Dogstar, have loaded up the van for our European tour. Where's Europe?"

------



PAULA BARBIERI "People say I'm dumb for dating Mike Tyson after 0. J. Simpson.

When does that Menendez kid get out?"



#### DAVID CARUSO "I had the foresight to abandon that sinking ship *NYPD Blue* to star in *Jade* and *Kiss of Death.* You think that's the work of a stupid man?"



PRINCESS DIANA "I'm not stupid. I'm a barfing British divorcée who could have been Queen."

### GIVE UNLESS IT HURTS, STUPID

#### CHECK ONE:

□ I'm in. Tap my head like a keg for the betterment of humanity.

I'm not ready to donate at this time, but I would like to nominate for treatment.

-

MAIL TO:

HUSTLER BRAIN-CELL DRIVE 8484 WILSHIRE BLVD. SUITE 900 REVERT V HILLS, CA 20211

#### **Woman's Liberation**

I am a 27-year-old housewife who enjoys your magazine very much. After being married for nine years, the "same ol' thing" just isn't the same, at least not for me. I especially like the features such as *Bettina and Lucy: Cafe Kink* (September '96) that show women together. I've never had a sexual experience with another woman, but it's my biggest fantasy. Until my wet dreams come true, keep up the good work of satisfying women like me as well as men. —L. S.

Cerro Gordo, North Carolina

Thanks, L. S., you're clearly a woman of discerning taste. But why not share your fantasy with your old man? You might find that his "same ol' thing" shares your craving for a new, young thing.

#### Cum One; Cum All!

I think you should put more cum-shots in your magazine. Then it would be the greatest on earth. I have included a petition for more cum-shots. —C. H. Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

I wish you had more cum. —J. S. Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

I wanted to say what a great magazine you guys have; but I would like to see more facial cum-shots in the pictures. —D. H. Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

I just had to ask if you could please put more facial cum-shots in the magazine. —D. C. Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Okay, OK! We get the message. In the future, more of HUSTLER's pretty faces will come with extra sauce, courtesy of the boys back home.

#### **Sick Minds Think Alike**

I just saw the movie *Striptease*, and it sucked; so I thought I'd give you an idea. Since Demi Moore is a money-hungry tramp and looks like a bushpig, how about

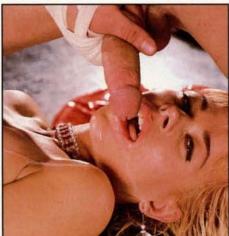
having your artist put his mighty pen to work and calling it *Stripsleaze*, starring "Do-Me More"? I think it's funny. I don't want money. Just a thanks will do. —P. Woodland Hills, California

Any offer that seems too good to be true is probably untrue.

We think it's funny too. That's why November's <u>Bits & Pieces</u> featured an ad for <u>Stripskeeze</u>, starring "Demi Whore." No thanks are necessary. Just the money will do.

#### **Brownie Points**

Congratulations for producing the best magazine in the world. My favorites are Tabatha and Lailai (*Tabatha and Lailai*: *Going Native*, November '96). I'm a



Dolph and Clarissa: Rocky Hard

white man who's partial to dark-skinned ladies, especially when they're showing affection for each other. I'm hoping to see more. My hormones would be very grateful. —S. D.

Garden City, Kansas

Tell your chocolate-craving gonads that relief is on the way. HUSTLER's January '97 issue will feature a black beauty sure to melt in your mouth as well as on your glans.

#### **Stealing Booty**

CONSUMER ALERT: When ordering merchandise through any mail-order supplier, minimize your risk of being disappointed

by dealing only with mail-order merchants who accept credit-card payment and have a working phone number in their ads.

I went to a porn shop to look around, and I picked up this lame mag called *Gallery*. The photos were very lame, but, lo and behold, I saw this girl. What a hot babe! The first thing that caught my attention was her face. Then, looking at the rest of her, I knew I had to see her in HUSTLER, where you always do the best work to show off a woman's booty. I went behind some shelves, pulled out my knife and cut these photos out. Please, you must find her. —J. C. Bridgeview, Illinois

Don't worry, J. C. We already had her in HUSTLER's kid sister magazine, BARELY LEGAL (Jaqui: Kitty's Got Claws, August '96), where her charms are given the artful treatment they deserve. We think you'll like it so much, you'll actually (continued on page 16)



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## FEEDBACK

(continued from page 13)

want to steal the whole mag—or even pay for it—and leave slashing the competition to us.

#### **Beaver Boy**

I am 19, and since the fifth grade I've loved HUSTLER's jokes, cartoons and Beaver Hunt. I know it was wrong to read it, but you interested me, educated me morally and brought a smile to my face. Can I possibly request more Beaver Hunt material in future issues? Is there a way you can publish all Beaver Hunt photos, maybe 1,000 or so? Also, what does it take to get a letter printed in HUSTLER, and how do we know what you think of us, whether we're assholes, dipshits or on the right wavelength in life? -B. G. Erie, Pennsylvania

You're coming through loud and clear, B. G. Due to popular demand, HUSTLER has just decided to expand <u>Beaver Hunt</u>, beginning in January of 1997. We're damn proud of you, son. Maybe more American boys should be raised on a nourishing diet of Beaver.

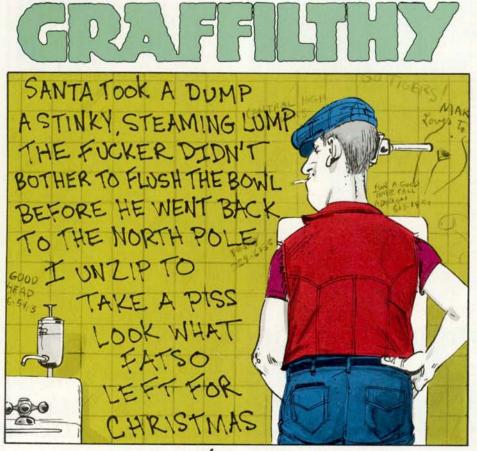
#### Am I Blue?

The August '96 Sex Play mentions having female friends (Female Friends: Why Bother?). I had a female friend who was my friend's widow. Just the other day I got pissed because she's got this answering machine that I have to phone five times long distance to get in touch with her. She never bothered to call me because she figured she could get me to pay for the call. Then she got pissed because I swore on her machine. Women as friends? Shit, why even have people as friends? Dogs are much better company. Hey, by the way, what specifically is the condition blueballs? -S.S. Grass Valley, California

Blueballs is common among those whose only contact is with dogs. Until men learn to lick their own nads, S. S., we'll always need friends.

#### **Bigfoot Fetish?**

I've noticed how frequently your models go barefoot. I have a very severe foot fetish. Please keep showing their pink toes along with that pink gash. I masturbated to HUSTLER's October issue from cover to cover. My only complaint was the centerfold (*Kathleen: Savage Heart*, October '96). In the con-



THANKS AND \$50 TO DANNY G.

Holiday Issue HUSTLER

tents Kathleen was barefoot. But when I got to her spread, she had shoes on. Don't get me wrong. I'll spend enjoyable hours jacking off to her red high heels, but maybe you could do a photo shoot of lesbian foot love with gorgeous Kathleen. —A. C.

Monticello, Kentucky

The ladies in your photo layouts are to die for. They are more real than the sterile, whitewashed girls portrayed in those other publications. I do have one request: Could you possibly run another photo layout of gals who are overly endowed with forests of pubic and body hair? This is truly eroticism to the max! —B. H.

Lakeview, Arkansas

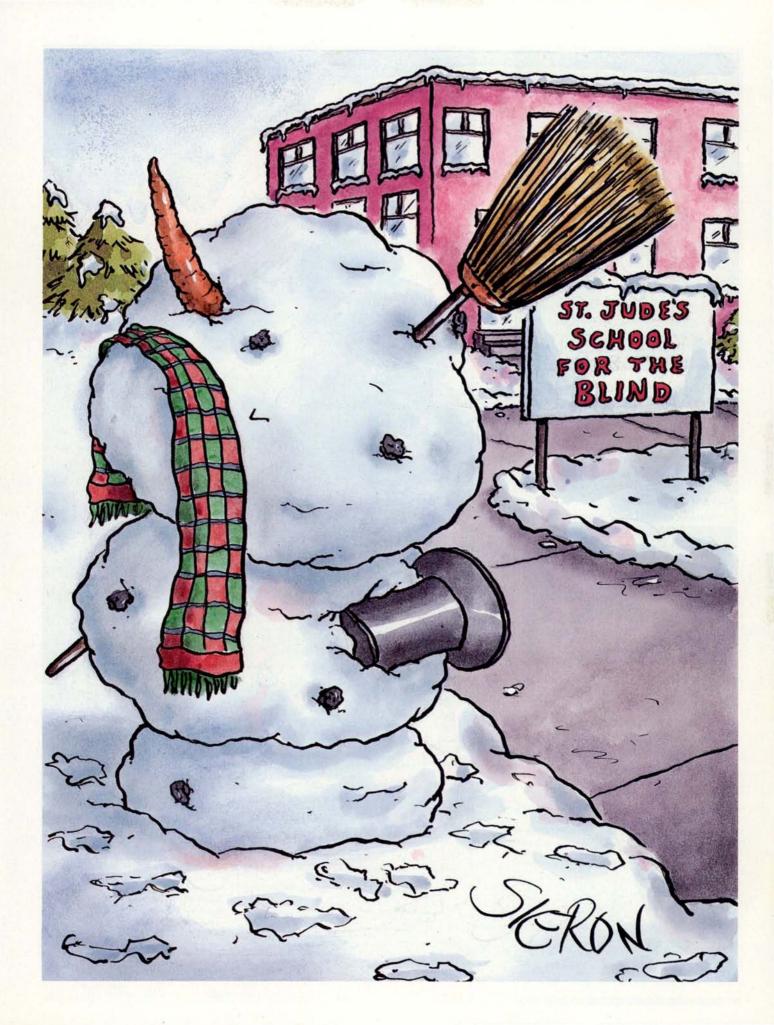
And feminists say HUSTLER only cares about women's tits, pussies and asses. Not true. Any part of a woman's body is equally revered by us.

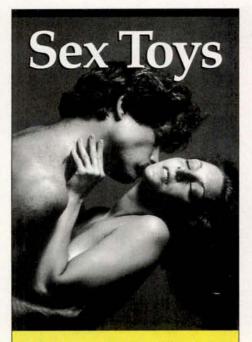
#### An Ounce or Two of Prevention

I want to thank you for all of the great, down-to-earth articles on health-and-safety issues. Being a subscriber has even greater benefits. For example, I receive my copy weeks before it arrives at the newsstands. In your March '96 issue on male rape (Cold-Cocked: The Horror of Men Raping Men), I was glad to be the first man in my neighborhood to know that most male rapes are not reported. The reason I am writing now is because of the October '96 article on prostate cancer (The Unkindest Cut: Prostate-Cancer Patients Under the Knife). It was a good article, but it did not address prevention. I would like to see a follow-up article on what factors could lead to prostate cancer. There must be studies of risk factors such as too much sex, coffee, beer, sitting on hard chairs or listening to loud music. Some things I would be willing to give up. -D. W. Portland, Oregon

We hope you didn't take advantage of your neighbors and misuse your advance knowledge about the reluctance of men to report rapes. As to preventing prostate cancer, one thing you can do is keep reading HUSTLER. Our medical advisors inform us that ejaculating daily reduces the risk. Yet another benefit of subscribing.

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





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	Whoppers Video 2.	Randy West Video 8.	& Derrick Lane Video 13.	Samantha Strong & Peter North	
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	Candice Heart & T.T. Boy	Avalon & Candice Heart	Samantha Strong & Bick	Strong & Jerry Butler	
	Video 5. LUST AND THRUSTI Barbi Dahl &	Video 11. WRITHING WETNESSI	Video 16.	Video 20. SPREAD 'EM' WIDE!	
	Peter North Video 6.	Sharon Kane & Rick Savage	BLOW ME AWAY1 Samantha Strong, Tom	Zara Whites & Buck Adams Video 21.	
	3-WAY CONFIDE Brittany Morgan, I Monroe & Tom By	Bridgette	Byron & Jon Dough	D.P. HUNGER! Mercedes, T.T. Boy & Marc	
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Whipped Cream

edited by Evan Wright

FULLY ERECT. Directed by Rocco Siffredi; starring Rocco Siffredi, Bobo, Bella, Sandy, Five New Girls and a Bunch of New Guys. Videocassette: Rocco Siffredi Productions/Evil Angel Video.

erta

Rocco Siffredi knows how to party. A consummate host, Rocco has invited blond, squeeze butt Sandy, she of the marble-white flesh tones, strawberry-tipped cupcake tits and clever, naughty school-yard slut smirk, to hang out on the lawn at his house. Rocco sits at a patio table sipping his breakfast coffee with a cameraman, a makeup person and a congregation of studs raring for solo, double and ganged bangs. Also on the guest list is a dishy selection of Euro slatterns. Much of the fucking takes place on a blanket on the grass. Rocco casually monitors the action, tossing his bone into some wincing bella's butthole whenever momentum threatens to wane. Rocco and pals lick, spit and piston penis into sphincters, saturate comely sunshine smiles in semen and kick back and wait to get hard again, while Sandy fellates the tiny penis of an Asian man. After tiny meat shoots, the cum cannons come out again. *Whipped Cream* is easy to beat to. —*Christian Shapiro* 

4



WHIPPED CREAM: Sandy solos with studs.



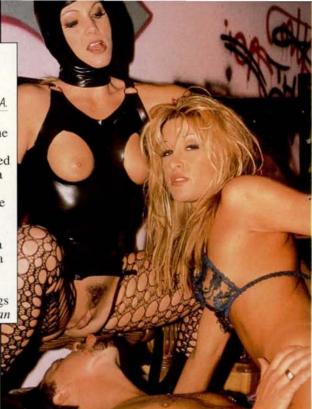
WHIPPED CREAM: Rocco and Bobo boink Bella.



THREE-QUARTERS ERECT. Directed by Edwin Durell; starring Juli Ashton, Asia Carrera, Jill Kelly, Stephanie Swift, Missy, Michael, Vince Vouyer, Jake Steed, Bobby Vitale, Peter North, Sean Rider, Tom Byron, Alex Sanders and Michael J. Cox. Videocassette: VCA.

*Masque* is a portrayal of the sexual fantasy life of yuppie couples that somehow manages to not be as boring as it ought to be. Juli Ashton stars in the video's most uplifting scene of degradation when she gets clobbered in a blistering gang-bang atop a boardroom conference table. Five dudes, led by the fount-of-jizz Peter North, shellac her kisser with splooge, pork both her bottom holes at once and forcefully ram her tongue into the awaiting clam hole of sultry strumpet Stephanie Swift. Jill Kelly claws the sheets as a red-masked dominatrix drives a plug up her ass, then makes Tom Byron fuck it. Some bozo in a black-rubber hood chews Kelly's panties, gets his knob gnawed until it bursts and is rewarded with a spanking. There are six other sex scenes, some of them passable, some of them laughable. Alex Sanders keeps popping up dressed in drag, with lipstick and a beaded Cleopatra wig that makes him look like Sandra Bernhard. Despite such gaffs, *Masque* will keep viewers' eyes glued to the screen and their schlongs glued to the sheets. —Mack Assarian

MASQUE: Missy unmasks clam for Byron's tongue; Kelly rides shotgun.





MAUI WAUI: Metro aims for Stevens's slit.

### **Maui Waui**

HALF ERECT. Directed by Alex Metro; starring Tabitha Stevens, Farrah, Dawn Burning, Nico Treasures, Shawn Ricks, Alex Metro, Chase Manhattan and Island Boy. Videocassette: Plush Entertainment.

Alex Metro takes a squad of porn buddies and bunnies for a vacation in Hawaii. The studs and slits behave exactly how the porn fan would hope they would. A professional, blond pussy is poked by a paid prong on a hotel balcony as straights on a facing balcony sip iced tea, unaware of the sexual depravity occurring almost directly beneath their noses. The oblivious onlookers are real, not props, and much of *Maui Waui*'s charm comes from all of its fuckings being set under the skies of the great outdoors. While the rest of the sex occurs in places less public than the opening balcony tryst, the possibility of discovery is always at hand and is played up in a scenario that features two XXX ginches in a pup tent joined by a hired prick who happens upon them. *Waui* would pack more *powee* if the harsh glare and deep shadows of the intense Hawaiian sun had not blotted out the highlights from much of the photography. —C. S.

### Max: Maximum Anal Perversions #9

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT. Directed by Max Steiner; starring Lovette, Barbie Angel, Cinderella, Davia Ardell, Gerry Pike and Max Hardcore. Videocassette: Xplor Media Group.

Max Steiner, a/k/a Hardcore, hasn't been arrested or locked up in a mental hospital yet, and that's excellent news for perverts everywhere. Hardcore begins the video with a disclaimer admonishing viewers never to use force, then forces his prong down the throat of cheesecake blond Cinderella, whom he sodomizes alongside her slutty pal Barbie Angel. Both pigtailed blondies suck choad sticks until they choke, coughing up sputum that hangs from their chins in lathery strings. Hardcore keisters them both, comes in Cinderella's mouth and orchestrates a loogie exchange in which the blondes perform mouth-to-mouth regurgitation of spent semen; Davia Ardell roller-skates into a public rest room and another rectal reaming; and Lovette licks balls in the European hotel room before Hardcore and cohort Gerry Pike split her sphincters in a hardon-rending DP. Will Max Hardcore ever be stopped from committing such atrocities of cinematic sodomy? We hope not. —*M. A.* 

MAX: Angel drools on dick head (Hardcore); Cinderella licks nads.



### ON THE SET WICKED PICTURE SATMA res, in conjunction with

Wicked Pictures, in conjunction with award-winning adult-film director Michael Zen, undertook one of the most ambitious projects of its history: to turn the classic tales of Greek mythology into XXX sleaze for modern-day fistfuckers. The result is *Satyr*, a shot-onfilm costume epic starring critically acclaimed carnal queen Jenna Jameson.

Satyr turned out to be one of the most costly productions Wicked has ever embarked upon, in part because nothing but the highest standards were



Snake charmer Stacy Valentine. Hairy Armstrong boffs hairy Jameson.

accepted. Porn stars ordinarily accustomed to performing key dramatic roles buck naked had to endure hours of costuming and makeup for their appearances. Jenna's co-star, Stacy Valentine, had her head fitted with a crown of rubber snakes for her transformation into a cocksucking Medusa. Hired hard-on Brad Armstrong spent six hours in the makeup chair as prosthetics and fur

pieces were glued to his physique from head to toe. He emerged looking part satyr, part gorilla and part Ron Jeremy.



Jenna waited outside in a diaphanous gown. Told filming of the nightmare sequence was about to begin, she leapt for joy. "Cool! I get to be violated against a tree!"

Armstrong shuffled up, dong flapping in the satyr fur of his loins.

"Jenna, do you think his fur is going to tickle?" a crew member shouted from the darkness.

Jenna appraised the polyester tufts covering Armstrong's body. "Believe me, I've had a lot worse."

Dream Works can dream on; this is entertainment.

## **Prim**

ONE-QUARTER ERECT. Directed by John T. Bone; starring Summer Cummings, Skye Blue, Ron Jeremy and uncredited. Videocassette: Metro Home Video.

Silicone-titted savages Summer Cummings and Skye Blue swing from ropes, howling like monkeys, swatting each other's butts with palm fronds and slinging fistfuls of mud at each other. Covered in clumps of craplike filth, they shove beads up their asses and gigantic, wobbling rubber prongs up their snatches. Morally and aesthetically speaking, this is the high point of *Primal*. The rapid descent into depravity begins the moment a chick with fishnet stockings and prisonlike tattoos on her hooters whips out "her" schlong and shoves it up the shitter of a cigarette-smoking Oriental tart. A fat pasha gets a harem hummer as lesbians orgy. Ron Jeremy pokes around the perimeters, but seems to be hiding his face, as if ashamed to be seen. Those looking for a gruesome spectacle of tastelessness will get their money's worth with *Primal*, but they probably won't want to be seen renting it. —*M. A.* 

PRIMAL: Filthy sluts Blue and Cummings.





## The Comix

HALF ERECT. Directed by Austin Ellison; starring Janine, Jill Kelly, Krista Maze, Bridgette, Missy, Madelyn Knight, Ian Daniels, Steven St. Croix, Vince Voyeur and Nick Knight. Videocassette: Vivid.

Either working-class humjob star Jill Kelly is looking better all the time, or elitist über-snatch Janine's bloom is on the fade. In *The Comix*, Kelly is assigned to play foil to Janine, doing the dirty work of actually fucking guys. Janine cavorts tauntingly in the background, gyrating, grabbing her crotch, ultimately munching a brunet snatch, who must feel like the blue screen's most chosen person to have mashed her nether lips in the face of

THE COMIX: St. Croix sits for a sucking from Kelly.

haughty Janine. Kelly meanwhile is giving diligent head to Vince Voyeur, wagging her tongue beneath a shot of Vince's hipster jizz. The tape ends at a stuffy party. Janine harangues the crowd about her option to fuck whomever she wants, whenever she pleases. Kelly lets her pussy do the talking; her mouth's too full of cock to speak, which, funnily enough, is how more chicks in *The Comix* should be. —*C. S.* 

## Underground

ONE-QUARTER ERECT. Directed by Henri Pachard; starring Racquel Lace, Louise Sherry, Abbey Lane, Montana Gun, Lacy Love, Alex Sanders, John Decker, Paul Cox, Dave Hardman and Rod Fontana. Videocassette: Sin City.

In the age-old tradition of promising one thing and delivering another, *Underground* lures the viewer in with an opening scene that features a cunt-fingering blonde perched on a toilet, making a foul-mouthed pitch for the pleasures to come. This is the bait. The switch occurs moments later when the film cuts to a series of shoddy copulations. Cushiony Louise Sherry suffers through a DP inflicted on her with the grace and precision of a Chinese fire drill. A semiflaccid prong keeps popping from her anus. Straining, quivering male legs keep blocking the camera. The soundtrack goes out of kilter; so Sherry appears to be talking while her mouth is closed. Experienced clam jockey Alex Sanders performs his double trollop penetration with skill and aplomb; it's not his fault the cameraman kept filming his hairy asshole, but that doesn't make it any prettier. The bait-and-switch tactics of Underground will force viewers to make a switch of their own: from On to Off. Walter Gahagan



UNDERGROUND: Lace tonguing Sanders tonguing Gun.



PUSSYMAN'S HOUSE PARTY: Party girls Renee, Palmer and Richards.

## Pussyman's House Party

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT. Directed by David Christopher; starring Laura Palmer, Lana Sands, Ashley Renee, Lovette, Nyrobi Knights, Nina Cherry, Ruby Richards, Tia Yasmine, Sahara Sands, Taboo, Steve Hatcher, Paul Cox, Dave Hardman, Nick East, Julian St. Jox, Mr. Marcus, K. T., R. Jefferson and Joey Silvera. Videocassette: Snatch.

A party at *Pussyman's* house doesn't have much variety of activities. A bunch of cunts get royally fucked, one after another, two and three at a time, and then they all get royally fucked again. Balls are licked with ravenous hunger by long, wide, wet, pink tongues. The camera crawls up snout-first into moist, toasty trim of all colors. The party hits stride in a blur of interchanging hot, pumping sex. Fucking couples are joined in midhump. No small talk at this

party, no mention of weather trends or currents in politics. No getting-acquainted period. Nobody cares what anybody else does for a living, because everybody knows-everyone has been paid to show up and fuck. The party climaxes in a hysteria of dildos and dicks. A string of plastic sea anemone is pulled from a wide-gauge pussy. Cum splashes off the dusky furrow of dark-brown buns. The party ends. Turn off the TV. They've all gone home. -C.S.

## Dream House

FULLY ERECT. Directed by Tim Lake; starring Julianna James, Crystal Wilder, China Cat, Olivia, Dick Nasty, Nancy Vee, Blake Mitchell, Cherise, Shawnee G., Anna Malle, Vanessa Yoni, Stephanie Swift, Jeanna Fine, Nikki Sinn, Ian Daniels, Shelby Stevens, Ariel Daye, Dave Hardman, Tim Lake, Mike Horner, Sophia Ferrari, Chad Thomas, Morgan Le Fay, Gina Rome, Kim Kummings and Dave. Videocassette: Xplor Media Group.

Artsy-fartsy touches—i.e. the pudgy troll men sanctifying fuck scenes with candles—intrude, and the cheesy, pseudopsychedelic video effects can irritate. But *Dream House* delivers topnotch raunch. A butt-fucking brunette kicks off the opening, her pointy naturals gyrating wildly as she rocks her rectum over a massive, upraised prick; an orgy montage ensues, featuring close-ups of blood-engorged labes and cock-mauled jugs spattered in sperm; Stephanie Swift breaks a sweat as several prongs pummel her pussy lips and oddly prim mouth, then soak it with chunky ball slop; a fat-lipped bitch gets waylaid in a nightmarish warehouse by a half dozen dudes who gang-bang her face; Jeanna Fine leads a coterie of cocksuckers in yet another orgy; a couple of sluts jerk off some dude on the street in broad daylight; Olivia, no stranger to on-screen selfabuse, dribbles hot candle wax onto her pierced tongue as she nibbles a girlfriend's poop chute. A grand finale of wad-shots fired into a dozen celestial faces, cunt mounds and rumps ends this ambitious work of filth with a gooev bang. -M. A.



DREAM HOUSE: Fine and Stevens play cock twister.



Chintzy, gimmicky 3-D goes with smut like hairy backs and black socks. The most successful 3-D film of all time remains *The Stewardesses*, a groovy piece-and-love adult epic that's tame by today's standards.

Digital Media Group (DMG) intends to make a few dicks hard with the introduction of the Virtual Max System. The first commercially available unit in any media to exploit technology

#### Tom Chapman and Gina Delaney.

developed for the 3-D Imax Theater chain, Virtual Max consists of black-plastic goggles and an Interface Box, which plugs directly into the user's VCR. Throw in any of DMG's 17 available tapes ranging from Ass Poppers and Pom-Pom She-Males to a few gay titles—and experience povertylevel porn footage with lifelike 3-D effects.

Virtual Max works with liquid-crystal "shutters" (the goggles, that is—not the "shudders" caused by being up close with some of the skankiest skeeves ever to pop out of the blue screen). The constant, strobelike flicker can be distracting. For the most part, DMG has unleashed some hot stuff; viewers will find themselves ducking pop-shots, grasping for silicone-inflated mammaries and risking electrocution to lick the TV screen. *Boudoir Babe*, one of two free tapes that accompanies the \$119.95 starter kit, features a particularly scorching scene of sodomy when an anonymous French fuck doll sits on the oversized wang of a handlebar-mustached mook—*in the miracle of 3-D.* 

Call 1-818-597-9191, or write the Digital Media Group at 5320 Derry Ave., Agoura Hills, CA 91301.





Kaitlyn Ashley tongues a steely dan.

## **Piglitz Pudgy Porkers**

ONE-QUARTER ERECT. No Director; starring Rod Fontana, Roxy Boday, Star-Ling and Mercy. Videocassette: Glitz.

"Over-sexed, over-fed, pot-bellied princesses with a craving for cock!" blurts the box copy for *Piglitz Pudgy Porkers*. Glitz has a reputation for putting out scummy crap with lousy production values. Put the tape in, reel through a plethora of phone-sex ads. Expectations are not disappointed. Quality is uniformly bad. A guy, who a lot of people would think is ugly, gets off the phone to maul and poke a young, chubby chick. Her belly rolls are bigger than her tits. She's better-looking than he is. A pair of lard-carrying cuties about the size of porpoises wobble and wallow on each other, chomping on snatch, licking tits. But it's plain to see that, though they do enjoy the sex, their minds are somewhere else: at an all-you-can-eat buffet. Aside from fat, these girls are dark; our friends in Central America will lay down their arms for these sexy cows. The last fuck is of a medically obese creature and goes beyond fun to outright creepy, contemptuous, serious fat sickness. —*C. S.* 

### John Dough's Dirty Stories #5

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT. Directed by John Dough; starring Timeo Kiss, Mariana Kiss, Betty Anderson, Claudia Peterson, Ivy Crystal, Jeanny, Nikita, Queen Victoria, Mark Davis, Mike Fontana, Zhol Walton, Sean Michaels and Frank Mallone. Videocassette: Plush Entertainment.

Thanks to the fall of the Iron Curtain, sluts in Budapest now earn cash fucking for friendly American pornographers, such as John Dough. Budapest, scenic locale of John Dough's Dirty Stories #5, is a treasure trove of fresh-faced, firm-assed ginches unmarked by the years, unblemished by the plastic-surgeon's scalpel. Doe-eyed brunette Ivy Crystal enters with shy smile and exits a couple of blowjobs later with a not-too-shy shot of her rearend being DP'd; Queen Victoria, a carrottop with conical knockers and a rosy gash, offers Mark Davis a ride on her log run, ending with a sudsy splash on her chops; doll-faced Nikita of the wavy blond hair has a habit of

cringing sweetly and chewing the air as her bottom is boinked; identical twins Timeo and Mariana Kiss match snatches and rubbery butt rings for side-by-side DPs that close with stringy wad-shots aimed across their identical smiles; Jeanny is a busty blowhard who shows her desperation to please the nice American visitors by painfully crawling across a marble floor while giving a hotel hummer; and Betty Anderson and Claudia Peterson, perfect as a pair of never-before-opened college coeds, spread sphincters on a pool table, with Sean Michaels providing an interracial twist. In Dirty Stories #5, John Dough does all the traveling; everybody else gets to stay home and beat off. -W. G.



DIRTY STORIES: Twins Timeo and Mariana (or Mariana and Timeo?).

## Buttman's Bubble Butt Babes

FULLY ERECT. Directed by John Stagliano; starring Katarina, Sabina, Dolly Golden, Davia, Jonna, Valentino, Sean Ricks, Mark Barret, Marc Thomas, Ben Dover, Ian Daniels, Robert Rosenberg, Nick East, Steve Hatcher and Michael J. Cox. Videocassette: Evil Angel.

As the originator of stalk-'em-and-immortalize-'em XXX vérité, John Stagliano's reputation is at stake with every tape he produces. The porn world is full of pretenders to Buttman's throne. With *Buttman's Bubble Butt Babes*, Stagliano takes the challenge seriously, setting the standard to which the Rodney Moores of the sleaze realm aspire. Part of this tape is filmed on the French Riviera, but Stagliano's exotic, panoramic settings are secondary to his in-tight, grinding, camera-boggling capturing of women who drip sex and the men who spray splooge upon them. One of *Bubble*'s most effective scenes follows a comely brunette along a Mediterranean seawall to a hotel room that could be a Michigan Holiday Inn. The sex that transpires there is generally seen only in a John Stagliano video. Her shitter is fingered and abused by two dudes who shower her with loogies of cum, blotting out the bottom half of her face with milky testicle jelly. That description may sound like any other highwatt, high-wad, roving-camera production, but take a look at this two-hour serving of jizz and jubilance and spot the difference. -C.S.



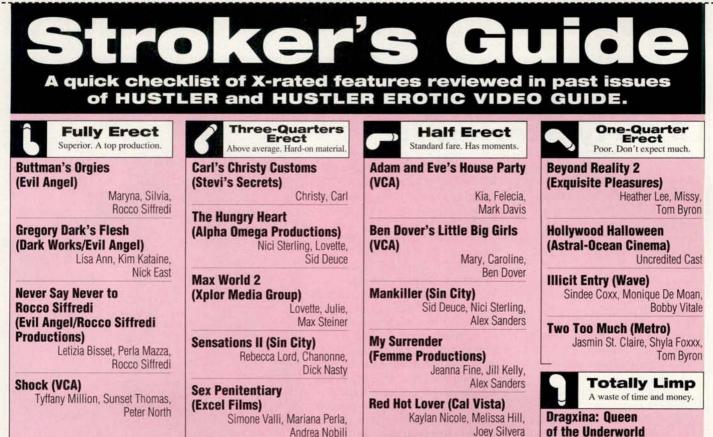
BUTTMAN'S BUBBLE BUTT BABES: Jonna spreads jam for javelin.

BUBBLE BUTT BABES: Golden smiles.

(Metro Home Video)

Chris Cline, Adam Young,

Kalina Lynx



Holiday Issue HUSTLER

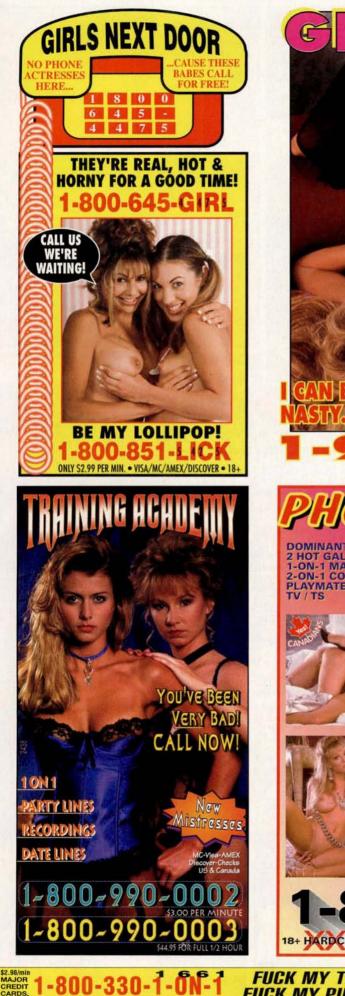
Jenteal, Kirsty Waay,

Alex Sanders

**Smokescreen (Wave)** 



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**Hot Letters** 

#### JIZZ THE SEASON

Going home for the holidays is not exactly my idea of a good time, especially now that I've experienced the nonstop sex-andbooze orgy known as a college education. I usually deal with my parents by getting royally ripped on the Greyhound to Portland and hopefully banging a transient in the Port Authority's toilet. By the time Mom and Dad pick me up, I reek of beer, pussy and sometimes vomit. And you know what? I'm happy.

Recently, however, I decided not to get shitfaced so often. It started when I picked up a DUI and got put on academic probation in the same week. The capper was a kegger where I finally swapped spit with Paula Kozanski, a knockout blonde I've been after since grade 12. She's got a face like a fucking angel, the most perfect tits and the proverbial young boy's butt cheeks. There was Paula, sprawled out nude before me like a pussy buffet, literally begging me to fuck her-and I couldn't even get a partial loaf going. She blew me for half an hour before she gave up in complete disgust. What's strange is, after Paula stormed out, I beat off thinking about bending her over the keg and screwing her ass. Is that fucked up?

Last Christmas Eve, I came home and passed out on my kid brother's bedroom floor, but this year I was determined not to cause any scenes. I met my parents sober.

What a miscalculation that was. I never noticed how much they bicker about the pettiest shit. Dad forgot to set the VCR to tape *Dr. Quinn, Medicine Woman.* Mom should have picked up more roast beef at the grocery; there's never enough roast beef. Dad needs to walk the dog *twice* in the morning, *once* in the evening, not *once* in the morning.... Jesus. They were upsetting my stomach worse than any rotgut. Liquid salvation came in the form of a Christmas party at my old friend Booger's place. Booger and I hung out a lot when we were kids, even though I always hated his guts. The guy is a fat, stuttering slob.

6139026

His sisters are a different story: two bigboned brunettes who look virtually identical, though they're three years apart. I fucked the older one, Yvonne, a few times. She was wild. Always acted like it was the end of the world—clawing, screaming, even punching me hard. When Yvonne came, she'd drool. I've never seen a girl do that, before or since. I got off on it.

Booger told me Winnie, his younger sister, was the real hellion. He'd seen her bring home four or five guys at a time. Long ago, I asked Booger to help me take a crack at Winnie, but he just got quiet and weird. So I never brought it up again.

Winnie brought up quite a few things at Booger's Christmas party, not the least of which was my blood-engorged dong. She was sitting in my lap, wiggling her fat ass against the ever-swelling lump in my Dickies, pouring Jägermeister down my throat. The chick was crazy. You could see it in her eyes; all the fucked-up, miserable things she'd done, and had had done



to her by assorted scumbags. I intended to add my name to that long roster with a quick bang in Booger's bathroom.

"Where's my brother?" asked Winnie, as I lifted her onto the bathroom sink. Ignoring her query, I pulled her jeans down her strong, muscular legs. Winnie wasn't wearing any underwear; her bushy, black pubes bristled above a meaty slice of poon. I couldn't resist throwing her ankles above my shoulders and diving in facefirst. The taste was sharp and acrid, like mild battery acid. Maybe she was riding the crimson wave. If so, she didn't seem to have any complaints about my tongue probing every inch of her steamy clam.

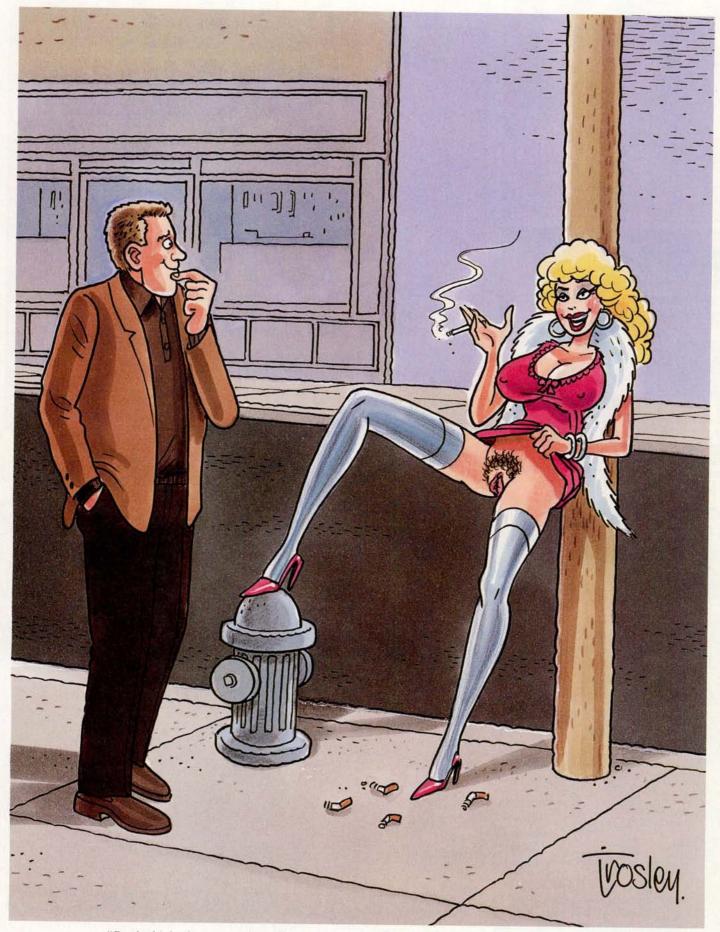
First a series of guttural growls escaped the back of Winnie's throat; then her breathing became tortured and heavy. She reached down and spread her cunt lips apart even further with trembling hands. My whole face was buried in that brightpink pie, and Winnie seemed to be reacting quite nicely. That's when her body went still, and the wheezing stopped. For a second, I thought she might be dead, but then remembered I usually pass out once or twice while climbing a flight of stairs let alone fucking. Sure enough, turning the sink's cold water full blast on Winnie's face revived her to full, horny splendor.

"Get your cock out and fuck my pushy," she slurred. This was the moment of truth. I unzipped my fly, unveiling a raging, seven-inch boner. It felt more like a mile of muscle as I grabbed the veiny, throbbing monster in my right hand and tickled Winnie's clitoris with the left. She ground her hips in slow motion; the glazed look in her eye had me worried about her next fainting spell. I staved off the forces of blackout by tearing into her vage with the head of my peter.

Within seconds, I was buried to the hilt in Winnie's sex. She gasped and pulled me closer, wrapped her legs around my back, dug her fingernails into my bare ass. *This is what it's all about*, I thought. I fucked her nice and slow at first, savoring the tension of her sopping-wet pussy stretching to caress my shaft. The way Winnie's head nodded forward and then rolled back reminded me of trying to stay awake in class. I'd give her something to stay conscious for.

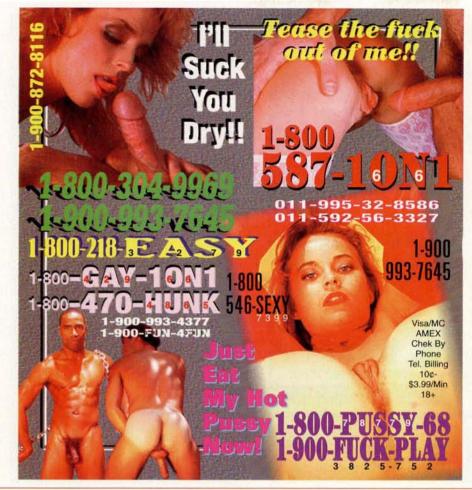
I slid both hands up the front of Winnie's dirty T-shirt. Her tits felt gigantic and warm. Just from the texture underneath my fingers, I could tell she had big, fat nipples; the kind that swell up all at once with the gentlest of prodding. These fucking nerps were stiff before I even got (continued on page 33)

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#### (continued from page 28)

Hot Letters When she bit my earlobe, I felt the spark of an orgasm travel all the way down to my balls, slapping their way merrily across Winnie's ass.... It was time to pull out and blow a load.

around to sucking them between my teeth.

Winnie pressed her mouth against my ear and babbled, "Ahh, shit, fucking baby, good baby." When she bit my earlobe, I felt the spark of an orgasm travel all the way down to my balls, slapping their way merrily across Winnie's ass. Much to the chagrin of my two testicular pals, it was time to pull out and blow a load.

The skank underneath me had a different idea. "I'm gonna come," she shrieked. "Deeper, put it in me deep, deep ohh .... " Winnie's clutch on my backside was rigid; I couldn't withdraw before the contractions of her climaxing cunny got me off in the splashiest way. I gushed blast after blast of splooge into her womb and felt my frantic strokes squish in and out of the spermy leavings. The warm afterglow of a decent pop faded almost immediately, replaced with the fear that I had just knocked up Booger's sister. My woozy head was filled with visions of Winnie squatting over a home-pregnancy test, demanding \$250 for my share of the abortion.

While I was frantically tugging my pants back on, Winnie cooed, "Aren't you going to spend the night, lover?" I started to unspool some lame excuse about getting up early for Christmas morning, but the sweaty, spermy sex kitten was already asleep or unconscious or something. I could've cared less. All I cared about was getting past Booger's smoldering, angry stare at the front door, driving back to my folks' house without wrecking and passing out. Somehow I managed.

While opening presents with my family, I threw up all over the new bathrobe Mom bought me. I know she's pissed. But, hey, -G. E. I got laid.

Tumwater, Washington

#### MISTLEHO

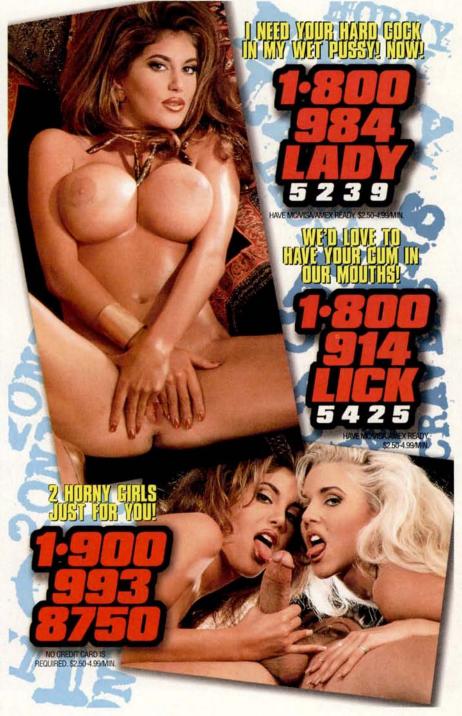
My boyfriend is such a shithead. His name's Paul, and he likes to tell everyone he's an inventor. He even printed up a little business card that reads, "Genius at Large." Can you imagine how embarrassing it is when he hands that out at a cocktail party? I just want to crawl into a hole and die. Thankfully, Paul happens to crawl into my hole every night with his foot-long wiener. Otherwise, I would have dumped the schmuck months ago.

Take last night. He walks into the bedroom, butt naked except for a belt around his waist. The buckle looks like there's a sprig of parsley stuck to it.

Paul announces, at the top of his lungs, "I have revolutionized the concept of mistletoe. Never before have oral sex and the Christmas season been united inulp!" When Paul starts rambling about gold-toe socks, dish detergent, toilet seats or whatever bullshit he claims to "revolutionize," I always shut him up with a fat titty in the mouth. Soon the clown is sucking almost as hard as most of his ideas.

I gave his already erect plank a few playful tugs and was shocked to see the mammoth growth become even larger. Paul must have been particularly hormonal-or maybe he was just revved up about the mistletoe belt. Whatever. I wasn't about to let the biggest trouser snake I'd ever seen go wasted in Paul's "laboratory" (which is really just a bathroom, with tools and circuitry all over the toilet). I swallowed an inch or two, lovingly lapping my tongue across the rough, veiny terrain. He groaned in response.

Paul panted, "See how well the belt works?" What a douchebag. As if I'd be there on my knees, rolling his balls between my fingers and deep-throating his manhood, if the chump wasn't hung like an elephant's trunk. He grabbed the back of my head with both hands, and his





Hot Letters As if they had a mind of their own, my sopping pussy lips rubbed up and down his length, making sure that fleshy beast was well lubricated before it ripped me in half.

rigidity battered my tonsils. In response, I snuck a middle finger up Paul's ass. He claims he hates that, but I know he's just a fucking anal slut at heart.

After a sufficient amount of slurping, I laid Paul's nude form back on the bed. "All right, Edison," I growled. "Showand-tell time is over." With a rough yank, I tore off Paul's cheap leather belt and used it to tie his right arm to the bedpost.

"My invention," sobbed the big pussy. As I expected, Paul stopped crying the moment I dropped my nightie and stood naked before him, bare snatch and all. I must admit, the sight of my nude, 5-10 frame and D-cup jugs, topped off with a mop of curly, platinum-blond hair, can be a little overwhelming. Sometimes I just stand in front of the mirror and masturbate for hours, wishing I had a twin to 69. This night, however, I had Paul's twitching hard-on.

I turned my back to him and sat in his lap, allowing him a nice view of my firm bottom. As if they had a mind of their own, my sopping pussy lips rubbed up and down his length, making sure that fleshy beast was well lubricated before it ripped me in half. Paul couldn't wait any longer; he grabbed the base of his cock in his free hand and guided it up my twat. I allowed my full weight to slide down his rod.

"Oh, hell yeah," I exclaimed. I bounced my butt cheeks up and down against Paul's loins, propping myself up on my knees. Playfully, Paul slapped my behind, then pumped in and out of my cunt like the mechanism in that hydraulic pooperscooper he was working on last week. That gave me a playful idea of my own, and it involved his schwanz in my pooper.

I eased off his prick, marveling at the size of its slippery goodness. After a few friendly sucks for extra-slick action (and as an excuse to taste my delectable pussy juices), I hunkered down over Paul's angry erection once again—this time aiming its girth straight for my sphincters. With a single buck of his hips, Paul slammed his meat balls-deep into my behind. I lay back and fingered my drooling snizz furiously, reveling in the rhythm of his hot breath against the back of my neck.

"Play with my tits," I demanded. Paul obeyed like the good little tramp-bitch he is. Maybe that sounds harsh, considering the guy is considerate enough to plow my rectum nightly with his mighty column of cock, but you have no idea how annoying Paul can be. A good example would be the moment I felt my bung stretched even further by the fattening of his bone, ready to blow at any moment.

I pulled Paul's hose out of my shitter in

midspray. The first burble of jism leaked over my fingers as I jacked him to a ferocious climax. Without a second to lose, I aimed his tip toward my wide, inviting mouth and drank what seemed like a gallon of man milk. The opaque spill dribbled down my chin and onto my heaving chest.

"All right, laughing boy," I said with a sticky leer, untying Paul's hand, now purple from the lack of circulation. "Time to get your head between my legs and return the favor." Instead, Paul turned whiter than the mess on my mams. He screamed, "You're getting sperm all over the mistletoe belt!" With that, Paul snatched the stupid piece of leather away from me and stormed off to his "laboratory." What a lame ass! I got stuck diddling myself with the Vibra-2000...but that's another one of his stupid inventions and another story altogether. —J. M. Pagedale, Missouri

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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.

### **Red-Wing Snatches** Going Down on Dirty Pussy

by Roberto Santiago

In the darkness, Greg buries his face in Nimia's black-sugar pussy. Her scent is strong, musky and metallic. Nimia's frothing cunny tastes like warm copper. The twat juice that drips down his chin is brackish, tangy, similar to rare beef liver. Greg's tongue traces frantic circles inside Nimia's slippery cooze, and Nimia's fingers grab the back of his head. His hands grip the cheeks of her ass. His tongue spins quicker and quicker. Nimia screams out her orgasm, not caring who in the world hears her. Her breathing is heavy, ebbing little by little.

"Gregory, that was wonderful," she coos. "Not every guy is willing to do that."

Greg's body stiffens. "What do you mean?" he asks. "I been eating your snatch for weeks now."

"Yeah," Nimia laughs, "but not like tonight—couldn't you tell I'm in the zone?"

She turns on the lamp by the nightstand. In the light, Greg wipes his mouth. His hands are thick with blood. It's not a nosebleed. He looks up at Nimia in horror.

"Are you disgusted?" she asks, surprised at Greg's sudden cluelessness.

Bewildered, Greg shakes his head slowly. "No, girl. I'm not." He licks his lips, shocked by his own reaction. "I loved it. I've never seen you come so hard."

Nimia smiles. "Baby, you have never made me feel so good."

Emboldened, Greg dives back into her bloody snatch, licking and sucking down the funky, red pussy juices. Nimia writhes again. Greg feels powerful, hard. The blood of his lady's cunt has nourished and exposed his animal nature.

Nimia's breathing quickens as Greg lashes her clit with his tongue. Soon she peals out another orgasm, this one even more rapturous than the last.

"Once you go red, it's full steam ahead," says Matthew, a 41-year-old hardware-store manager from Brooklyn, New York. Matthew earned his red-wing patch 20 years ago—by accident. "That night, my girlfriend

ILLUSTRATION BY SHINO ARIHARA

was hornier than ever," Matthew remembers. "Her passion and the stronger scent and strange taste of her pussy both aroused and repulsed me. She came really hard. Afterward, she confessed she was two days shy of ending her period. I wasn't angry. Eating her out during her period became a regular thing. I learned that what gives me the most pleasure is pleasing a woman."

Dr. Sondra Lynne Carter, a New York City-based gynecologist, says that going down on a bloody poon can be a perfectly safe sexual practice. "As long as both partners are completely healthy—free of sexually transmitted diseases and bacterial and viral infections—then performing oral sex while she is on her period poses no health risk," she says. "The only thing you should have to contend with is the potential messiness."

Margaret Harter, a spokesperson for Indiana's Kinsey Institute for Research in Sex, Gender and Reproduction, agrees that ingesting menstrual blood is not dangerous. "The excretory and the sexual functions are separate," Harter says. "Sexual secretions in the absence of STDs are harmless."

Despite these assurances, Kwame, a 56-year-old attorney in Minneapolis, Minnesota, is disgusted by the thought of eating the remnants of a woman's uterine wall. A native of the West African nation of Ghana, Kwame says that in his country, it is taboo to even think of such an activity. "My father would not even let my mother handle food when she was on her period," he says. "A menstruating woman is revolting!"

Clarence, a 40-year-old cabdriver from Boston, Massachusetts, spews invective at the men who stoop to suck bloodshot cooze. "It's bad enough them fools eat pussy at all. What kind of a man degrades himself by eating out a bitch on the rag? I got to believe these guys are faggots. Stupid faggots. How do they know the bitch doesn't have AIDS or some shit? Drinking blood can't be safe, and tongue condoms are hard to find."

George, who has been married for 20 years, quotes Scripture to defend his penchant for chowing sanguine snatch. He equates eating his wife's menstruating pussy with a religious experience. "In John 6:53-54, Jesus Christ says to his apostles: 'Let me solemnly assure you, if you do not eat the Son of Man and drink his blood, you will have no life in you. He who feeds on my flesh and drinks my blood has life eternal.' Extending the metaphor, my wife's blood is my sustenance, both nutritional and spiritual." A 46-year-old Catholic-school teacher from Cleveland, Ohio, George claims he feels as strong as an ox after a meal of menstrual fluids.

Leonard, a 27-year-old electronics-store assistant manager from New York City, has a different religious perspective. An Orthodox Jew, Leonard says that his religion strictly prohibits George's treasured kink.

"It is against God's law," he argues. "Leviticus 18:19 clearly states: 'You shall not approach a woman...while she is unclean from menstruation.'" When told of George's biblical defense of vaginal bloodsucking, Leonard (continued on page 41)

Holiday Issue HUSTLER



"Hi, I'm a taxpayer, and I think if I have to pay to support you and your illegitimate children, I ought to be able to get a little too!"

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#### (continued from page 38) Sex Play "I have a goatee. I always wipe it after eating period pussy because the blood hardens and cakes in my beard. I don't want to scratch a girl's face or tit with her own dried menstrual blood."

reacts with horror and disbelief. "What's the consecrated body of Christ got to do with his wife's menstrual cycle!"

Keith, a 25-year-old coffee jockey from Sacramento, California, says he will eat out a girl on the rag to show his adventurousness and sexual exuberance. "Chicks today dig guys who don't have any hang-ups. Acting freaky loosens them up and lets them drop their defenses. It also eliminates issues of pride. I mean, coming up for air with a face full of cunt blood is about as demeaning as it gets. A girl figures, *Hey, this guy is a dog with no sense of shame; I can be as slutty as I want with him.*"

Keith admits that this psychological approach has the potential to backfire. "Once, I pulled down a girl's panties and saw a little tampon string dangling out of her cooch. I got worried that she wouldn't let me fuck her; so I tried to assure her that the blood didn't bother me by acting like an animal. I grabbed the tampon string with my teeth and pulled it out of her pussy. Then I kind of went overboard. I climbed on top of her with the thing in between my teeth and shook it like a dog with an old sock, growling like a Doberman. Little drops of blood splattered on her tits and face. The chick screamed and wriggled away from me like I was psycho. She didn't let me fuck her."

Hank, a 29-year-old recording-studio engineer from Los Angeles, California, is a self-proclaimed cunnilingus connoisseur. He shudders at Keith's caveman techniques, insisting that licking a menstruating cunt is a delicate operation demanding certain protocols.

"Rule number one: Never fuck before you lick," Hank counsels. "There is a taste, but never a rush of blood when a woman is being eaten. A heavy blood flow starts during intercourse. What you want is a reasonable amount of blood—which you get prior to fucking.

"A towel to lay beneath the leaking pussy is necessary," Hank continues, "or both you and the woman will spend your time worrying about staining the bed and mattress in the heat of the moment.

"Lastly, a box of tissues should be on hand to wipe the mouth of excess blood before you go up to kiss your partner. Most girls are grossed out by their pussy juice alone. Their menstrual blood is totally mortifying to them."

"I have a goatee," adds Matthew. "I always wipe it after eating period pussy because the blood quickly hardens and cakes in my beard. I don't want to scratch a girl's face or tit with her own dried menstrual blood. I take a second to clean up so I can enjoy more sex without having to worry about discomfort."

Hank argues that these kinds of considerations help put at ease women who are nervous about how they smell and taste. "Women are extremely vain and self-conscious creatures," he says. "They'd have you believe their shit doesn't stink if they could. It's difficult for them to reveal how stinky their pussies can be, even if they are getting the pleasure of being licked. Controlling the environment as best you can allows them to get over their embarrassment."

Kimberly, a 26-year-old graduate student, doesn't care what the "environment" is. "I don't want any boy near my pussy during my time of the month," she says. "Boys who consider themselves liberated think they're being chivalrous when they tell me the blood doesn't bother them. They are gross and disgusting. My period is when I'm totally dirty and smelly. The idea of a boy whom I like going down on me then makes me very uncomfortable."

Other women are less sensitive about what their sexual partners think of their physical realities. Naomi is a 32-year-old secretary who lives in Seattle, Washington, with her husband, Stephen, a 36-year-old journalist. She allows that she and her friends are horniest when they are on their periods.

"I have the best sex in my life when I'm on the rag," Naomi says. "My breasts, my skin and my pussy are at their most sensitive. My body literally aches to be fucked. When Stephen goes down to lick me, I feel two or three times more sensation than normal. He says my clit swells to a larger size as well." "I always love oral sex, but when it is done while I am on my period, I come so hard, I nearly black out," says Lynn, George's 40-year-old wife.

George likes to eat Lynn before and after intercourse. After fucking her, George thrusts his tongue deep inside his wife's pussy and slowly sucks the juices intermingling in her snatch.

"Most men cannot handle the heavy blood flow afterward that is mixed with their own cum, but to me, it's glorious," George says. "In the Old Testament, God cursed Onan for spilling his seed on the ground. I don't waste a single drop."

"He takes it slow," Lynn smiles. "That's the secret. Take it slow. Tease, kiss, lick, suck...use your hands and fingers while your lips and tongue are down there. Turn off the phone, the pager, the alarm clock. Let yourself be absorbed by the moment."

Dr. Carter says that she is not surprised that men who enjoy performing oral sex on their lovers during menstruation consistently report fulfilling sexual relationships.

"Sex is all about being responsive to each other's needs," Dr. Carter says. "If both partners receive pleasure by giving each other pleasure, that is the best kind of sex: a unity of body, soul and mind."

Keith agrees. "A special bond develops if two people are willing to experiment together. After you eat out a girl who's on the rag, she doesn't have much else to hide."



"Y'know, hon, I think that was one of the best orgasms you've ever faked!" Holiday Issue HUSTLER



Dr. Euz, & Arans

Frank hasn't been to the dentist since he was a kid, and he's more than a little anxious. He hopes a woman dentist will be gentler.

10.9

"Climb in the chair and open your hole," Dr. Eva barks, drawing giggle juice up into her hypo. "Let's take a look." She leans over Frank. Her touch is sure and firm as the heavy tits swaying in his face.

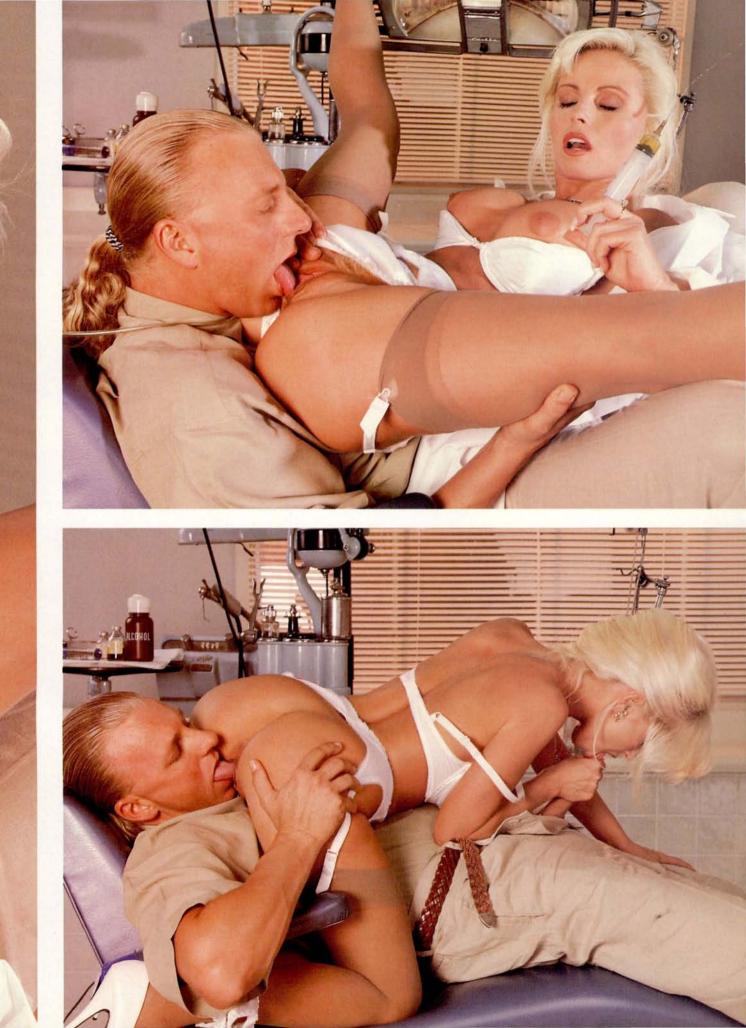
"Your mouth is filthy," Eva says, lowering her equipment over his jaws. "We need to find the root and do some drilling."

"Will it hurt?" Frank asks, probing between Eva's spread lips. "It had better," says the doctor.

11.11



















## Seven Days and Six Nights in Jamaica's Swingers Paradise

JOURNAL BY TIM SPENCER \* ILLUSTRATION BY COOP

Hot tubs, fat reefers, anonymous blowjobs, endless booze, sand, sun and another man's cock in your girlfriend's pussy—it's all included for one low price at Hedonism II. The clothing-optional

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Jamaican resort is so laid-back that housewives act like hookers while their old men go buck wild. HUSTLER's dirty diary takes you to a vacation spot where the swingin' is easy.

to



## **Hedonism** The gorgeous young woman whom I will marry in six months is sucking another man's cock, while his 35-year-old wife licks my fiancee's pussy in front of God and everyone.

I sit on the edge of a pool-size hot tub, surrounded by 30 bronzed, naked bodies stretched out to worship the tropical sun. Taking a hit off a cartoonish joint and sipping a fruity cocktail, I try to convince myself the scene before me is not a mirage. Less than ten feet away, the gorgeous young woman whom I will marry in six months is sucking another man's cock, while his 35-year-old wife licks my fiancee's pussy in front of God and everyone.

A woman in her 40s, whose name I'll never know, is stroking my dick with oiled hands. I didn't notice her when she first cupped my cock because I was too caught up in watching my girlfriend, Kayla, whose tan skin flushes crimson as she closes in on orgasm. Oil mixed with sweat and saltwater beads on the curves of her tight body as she tongues the man's hairy balls. He's big and muscular, with a beer belly that can't hide his straining erection. His head tilts back in ecstasy as she takes his shaft all the way down her throat, still squeezing and fondling his balls with her hand.

Around us, several couples are in various stages of lovemaking. One woman is being fucked doggy-style, kneeling over the Jacuzzi's edge; two others team up to lick a man's balls and asshole; and a group of three women rub one anothers' pussies as they rock in the frothing water.

The scene is Hedonism II, an adultsonly, swingers-welcome resort, located in Negril, Jamaica. The motto: "If it feels good, it's included; if it would shock your mother, it's included. For the mind, spirit and soul, be wicked for a week."

The people aren't all supermodels. Many are in their 30s and 40s, paying the wages of time—receding hairlines, stretch marks, love handles, tits that hang an inch or two lower than they did in high school. Some fuck like car wrecks: loud, disturbing and difficult to avoid watching. But at Hedonism, openness, enthusiasm and a grab-life-by-theballs attitude go a long way, even if you are ugly as hell.

The woman playing with my cock replaces her hand with her mouth. My dick is so sensitive, I'm worried I might come, but Jamaican weed has a great side effect of helping a man hold off his orgasm for at least the time it takes to burn one of the cigar-size spliffs making the rounds at the orgy. As the older woman licks my shaft, I look up at Kayla and catch her eye.

She winks at me as she gives the dick in her hand a kiss on its head. The



"It's always wise to start a speech with a little joke ....."

woman licking Kayla twists my baby's hips around and snakes her tongue into Kayla's asshole. Her face contorted with pleasure, Kayla wraps one arm around the man's waist and jacks his cock with her free hand. Moments later, the man comes, splashing hot, white jism on Kayla's shoulders and in her hair.

This is day four of our weeklong vacation in the swinger's paradise on earth.

Four days earlier, during our bus ride from Montego Bay Airport, we weave through the foothills of the Blue Mountains, a full-fledged rain forest famed for its rich coffee beans and rich-

er crops of marijuana. Rivers rush down the mountains, forming spectacular waterfalls. The forest, brimming with an infinite variety of plant life, is crisscrossed by a network of small tributaries. The trip takes about two hours, factoring in stops to buy full branches of marijuana from the natives for \$10 a shot.

Arriving at the resort about 6 p.m., a dozen stoned, drunk American tourists stagger to the check-in desk. Heavily impaired, Kayla and I eventually make it to our room and collapse on our beds.

Later, I lock up our cash, return tickets and other valuables in the room's safe for the week. Hedonism II is allinclusive: Everything is paid for—from food to drinks to water sports—and tipping is discouraged.

#### MONDAY

Awake at nine, I notice our room's mirrored ceilings for the first time. My fiancee lies beside me, naked. Kayla is 26, slender, with a long mane of auburn hair and a muscled body in which she has invested countless hours of aerobics classes. I nudge her out of her slumber. We came here to swing, and I'm anxious to get started. After a gluttonous breakfast, we strip down, grab towels and a few joints and commence to mingle.

"I'm a nudist. Mostly for health reasons," says Carl, 50, as he wolfs down a cheeseburger and fries at the poolside bar. An insurance salesman from West Virginia, Carl has an ass like a watermelon and a dick shorter than his pubic hairs. He also represents an element at Hedonism we want to avoid: the strictly nudist, nonswinging population that looks down their zinc-oxided noses at those of us who came to fuck.

Sick of Carl's prudish banter, Kayla wanders over to a palm grove to look at the ocean. Swaying to the reggae music (continued on page 62)



"So, you have an uncontrollable desire to tongue men's asses .... Hey, who's to say what's normal?"

# Jessie & Staci amera Staci Photography by Matti Klatt

Staci is thrilled that she was asked back to model for another HUSTLER layout, but she's nervous about giving Jessie, the new photographer, everything she wants. "How does this look?" she asks, trying different poses. "I'm so scared that the Editors won't like me."

Jessie likes what she sees through the eyepiece. "We'll take a couple of rolls to loosen you up, then zoom in for a few tight shots." As Jessie approaches for a close-up, Staci shows what she can do. "You're a natural," Jessie moans, tossing the camera aside. "I can always smell talent."

Jessie hopes that when the real photographer shows up, Staci won't be mad.







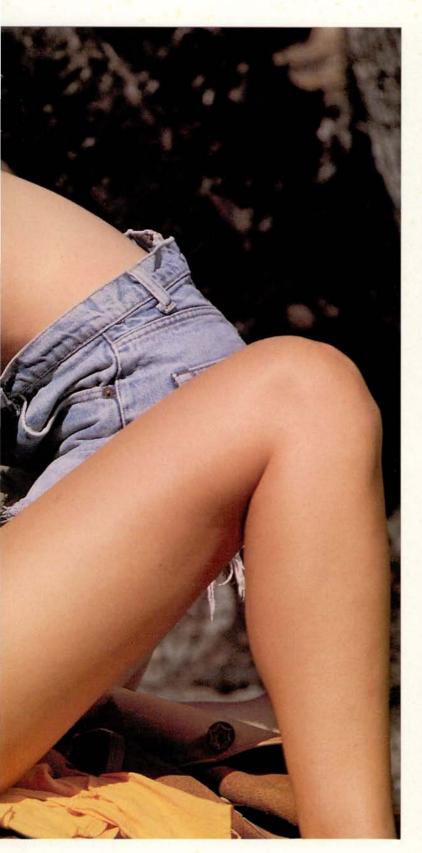










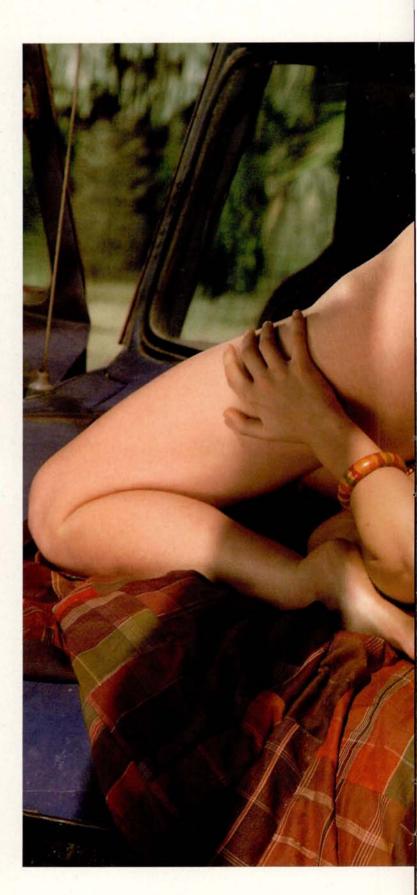














#### (continued from page 52) Hedonism The brunette has pulled my dick out and is stroking it discreetly when Kayla reappears on the dance floor. She has unsnapped her bodysuit, and the guy is fingering her pussy as they dance.

piped throughout the resort, her round, naked ass swivels back and forth, freezing Carl midsentence. She is holding a drink in one hand, and the other is on her pussy, gently rubbing. I walk up behind her, my cock rock-hard in the breeze.

Wrapping my arms around her waist, I replace her hand with mine. As I grind my dick in between her ass cheeks, she turns her head and sticks her tongue into my mouth. I gently motion her over to a patch of sand 20 yards away. A few people rafting in the surf watch as I lay Kayla down on the beach and lick her salty pussy. By the time a waiter walks by with a plate of nachos, I am sliding my cock into her tight hole. A dozen onlookers have edged up from poolside to cop a vicarious thrill. Boning for an audience supercharges the sex, but, despite everything you've seen in the movies, sand is a bitch to fuck on.

#### TUESDAY

Today Kayla meets Harvey, a sickthin, chicken-necked leech who has been relentlessly pestering each woman at the resort, begging them to pose for his "private collection." Harvey has all the charm of a child molester and the persistence of a staph infection. His habit is to sit naked in the hot tub, drink in hand, and wait for an unsuspecting man to leave his girlfriend unattended, at which point Harvey pounces and makes his slimy pitch. Kayla had no trouble brushing him off, but word is getting around about Harvey. Were it not for the oozing cold sores encrusting the length of his lower lip, Harvey looks like good fist fodder for the next guy whose lady the scumbag tries to back-door.

Later, we are rafting in the surf when we drift near another couple. Carmen, 20, is blond, with gorgeous tits and a cute smile. Michael is 30 and being eyed appreciatively by Kayla. They are friendly and outgoing, and we assume they are into the lifestyle. Kayla and I catch each other admiring Carmen's tanned little body, and our shared look intimates that we may have found our foursome. We drop veiled hints until...

"The only problem with this place is all the swingers. It's totally gross," Carmen says, explaining that she and Michael are nudists only. Kayla looks crestfallen.

"Yesterday evening we saw this couple doing it on the beach. Right there. It was disgusting," she continues. Kayla turns red. I shoot half my drink up my nose.

Tuesday night there is a pajama party



in the disco. Guests are told to wear whatever they want. People are clad in silk pajamas, lingerie and, before the night is over, nothing at all. By midnight, the timid have scurried back to their rooms; people who came dressed are now naked; people who came naked are now fucking around to the music. One guy snorts a line off a black girl's titties. A woman in the middle of the dance floor grinds her naked body against two wire-lean rednecks sporting buzz cuts with frizzy ducktails. She has each of their cocks out of their shorts and is stroking them as the men kiss and lick her.

Kayla dances with a dark-haired guy in his late 30s. His girlfriend, a brunette with a toned, muscular, olive-skinned body, offers me some coke. I lose sight of Kayla and start necking with the brunette, her hands creeping under my shirt to pinch my nipples while the coke numbs my tongue.

Kayla and I love each other. Watching my fiancee get fucked is my favorite sexual kink. We have three ground rules we swing by: Kayla must be willing to drop whatever she is doing at any time and pay attention to me, and vice versa. I'm always the last person to kiss Kayla, reclaiming my territory in a way. Lastly, I try never to be the first man in a foursome to come. I feel cheated if the other guy gets to go on fucking with the attentions of both women.

The brunette has pulled my dick out and is stroking it discreetly when Kayla reappears on the dance floor. She has unsnapped her bodysuit, and the guy is fingering her pussy as they dance. After slowly shuffling over to our table, the guy holds out his fingers for his girlfriend, who licks them clean. Shouting over the music, the couple say they had a good time, but want to go back to their room to fuck. I invite them to go with us to our room, but they decline, saying they aren't ready for that kind of thing.

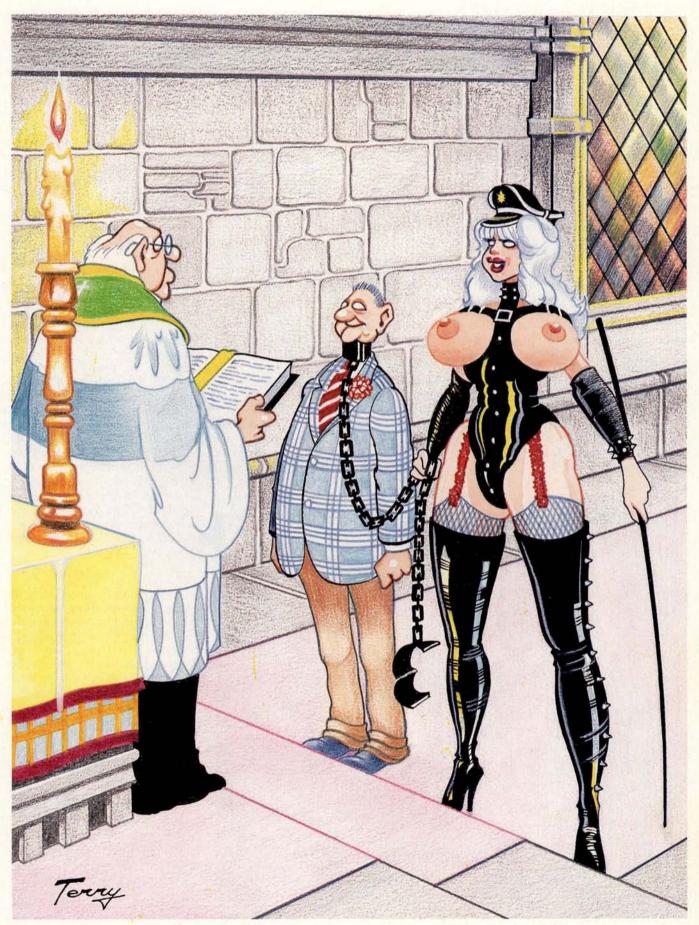
Kayla and I go home alone again, having struck out, left to fuck all by our lonesome.

#### WEDNESDAY

Today we stay sober and take a threehour cruise. The cruise is three hours too long. Not a prospect in sight.

#### THURSDAY

Hedonism earns its name. A new batch of guests arrives, and the resort takes on a different feel. This group of about 40 people is younger, fitter and more hedonistically inclined. After a



"Maybe he won't love me or honor me, but the scumbag will definitely obey me!"

# **Hedonism** I sock my tongue into the mouth of a black girl who is masturbating herself behind us. Bodies are all around me; within an arm's reach are legs, asses, tits, lips and cunts.

morning of lying out in the sun, a couple in their early 30s invites us for drinks over at the hot tub.

"We read about this place in *National Connection* magazine," says Sam, a burly Texan with a Marine Corps tattoo on his biceps. "You ever read it?"

We came to find out later that this was polite code for "Do you party?" *National Connection* is a swingers magazine, and all the new arrivals were swinging subscribers.

Sensing we are game, Sam's happysexy wife, Deidre, slides next to me and puts her hand on my thigh under the water. Her other hand dips between Kayla's legs. Sam stands a few feet away, a big, shit-eating grin widening across his face. All four of us start fooling around, massaging one another in front of the other couples at the Jacuzzi. In another corner of the pool, two passably pretty housewife types make out while their husbands cheer them on. The women kiss tentatively at first. With deliberate caution, hands slowly move to caress shoulders, tits, legs. Swingers are generally respectful of any limits and never want anyone to do something they aren't comfortable with. Testing limits is a matter of trying something gently; if the recipient says stop, you stop. No one

is offended. It's a necessary code, given that there are so many types of swingers—those who have no taboos at all, those who will do everything except fuck, those who like only to fuck in front of others, etc.

The two women getting it on rise up out of the water, and one licks the other's nipples. The show the women put on triggers a geometric progression of perversion among the crowd in and out of the Jacuzzi. A minute later, a second couple is fucking on the pool's rim.

Deidre kisses me and strokes my cock. Sam sweeps up Kayla in his big arms and lifts her out of the water. He kisses his way down her body until he gets to her pussy, where he licks her into shivers of pleasure. I feel another woman's hand grab my ass from behind and then reach around to join Deidre in stroking my pole. I turn around to find a 40ish woman with a decidedly good body. I heave myself up onto the edge so she can suck my dick, which she does like a lamprey. Meanwhile, I watch Kavla blow Sam's fat cock and lick his balls as Deidre eats her cunt. Some naked guy walks by and hands me a joint to hit. A resort waiter walks past and nonchalantly stacks fresh towels.

After Kayla gets Sam off, I kiss the



woman who had been sucking me, hoping Kayla is watching. I slide my cock into her shaved pussy and fuck her slowly. A third woman appears and drags me back into the pool and draws my unit in between her legs. I lean back and sock my tongue into the mouth of a black girl who is masturbating herself behind us. Bodies are all around me; within an arm's reach are legs, asses, tits, lips and cunts.

Kayla comes over and pulls me out of the tangle. I still haven't come. She leads me back to Sam and Deidre's room. At this point, we are both so fucked up, we have trouble finding it.

When we get there, we shower off and tumble into the bed. I lie back while Deidre sucks my cock and watch Sam slice his dick into Kayla's pussy. Deidre and I move around below them so we can watch Sam's cock slam into my girlfriend's cunt. I set Deidre on all fours and fuck her as she licks her husband's balls and shoves her tongue between his ass cheeks. Sam then picks Kayla up and fucks her doggy-style. I dismount and slide underneath Kayla to play with her tits while Deidre straddles my cock and rides me. Sam comes first, filling my girlfriend's pussy with his hot spunk. Kayla and Deidre then take turns sucking my cock until I explode all over their faces and tits.

Back in our room, Kayla and I fuck slowly and softly until sunrise.

#### FRIDAY

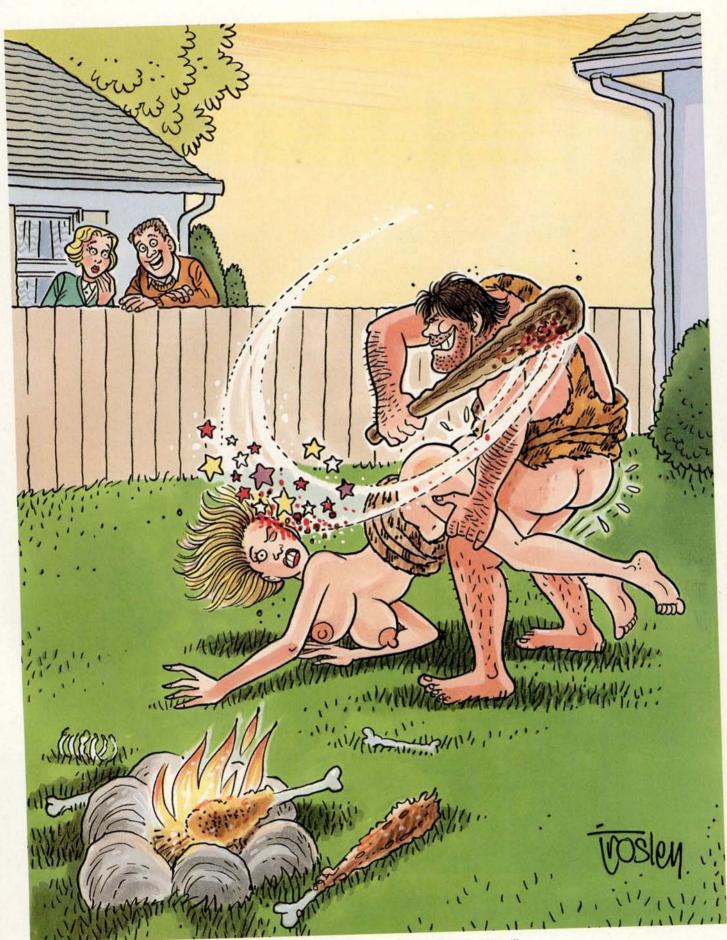
While Sam is out snorkeling, Harvey, the leprous amateur photographer, approaches Deidre about doing a naked spread for him in his bungalow. Deidre expresses honest disgust at the proposition and promises Harvey that her husband will hear about his offer. The reptile slinks away, but not far enough. Later, we are sitting on the beach when we see Sam stalk up behind Harvey and grab him by the arm with his beefy Marine Corps hand. Sam says something in his ear, and Harvey turns from sunburn red to damp, ashen white.

"What was that all about?" I ask Sam as he stretches out next to us.

Sam grins. "I told him if he bothered anyone's wife again the rest of the week, he'd go home carrying one less bag—the one his testicles came in."

#### SATURDAY

I get to see Kayla suck two men off at the same time, something I have always fantasized about. We're back at the (continued on page 112)



"It's nice to see a return to old-time family values!"





















Kimberly's sorority house is trying to raise money. "We have a bed shortage. Not that I mind sharing with the sisters, but what if I get a date?" While the other girls hold bake sales and organize raffles, Kimberly started a one-woman car wash, and every guy on campus lined up.

"It looks like fun," the breathless cheerleader huffs, "but it's really a lot of work. The more guys I do, the hotter I get. And the hotter I get, the more guys come around."

Can we lighten Kimberly's load?

"After I work up a good thick lather, you can hose me off."

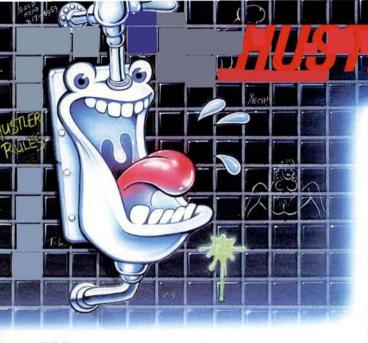


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while cashing his paycheck at the liquor store, John was approached by a woman soliciting donations for charity. "Excuse me, sir, but I represent the Feed the Africans Foundation," the charity worker began. "Before you throw away all your money, I thought you might want to know that for \$10 a month, you can feed an entire family in Africa. Will you please just think about that, sir?"

John walked out a changed man. Instead of blowing his money inside the liquor store like he normally did, he headed straight for a travel agency and bought his wife and three children a set of one-way tickets to Africa.

Question: What did one tampon say to the other? Answer: Nothing. They were both stuck up bitches.

A biker couple was strolling down Main Street, gazing in the shop windows. Passing a jewelry store, the girlfriend spotted a pretty turquoise skull ring. "Shit!" she exclaimed. "I'd love to have that."

"No problem, honey," her old man replied. He threw a brick through the window and grabbed the ring.

Passing a clothing store, his girlfriend gazed at a leather jacket. "That's so fine!"

He smashed the window with a brick and hauled the jacket out.

"Oh, man!" exclaimed the girlfriend outside a shoe store. "I've gotta have those boots."

"Shit, baby," groused her old man. "Do you think I'm made of bricks?"

A rich old man went to the doctor with his young wife. "Let's see," said the doctor, "I need a urine specimen, a stool and a sperm sample."

"Eh? What'd he say?" the old man asked, turning to his wife.

"He said he needs a pair of your underwear."

A big slob with prison tattoos walked into a bank and approached a teller. "I'd like to open a fucking checking account," he announced.

"Excuse me, sir?" the teller huffed.

"I want to open a fucking checking account."

"Sir," came the nasal reply, "that kind of language is inappropriate. You'll have to speak to our manager."

As the manager approached, the slob caught his eye. "Hey, man, I just won \$20 million in the lottery, and I want to open a fucking checking account."

The manager greeted him with a broad grin. "And this cunt won't help you?"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *alimony* as: the price of freedom.

Coming back from the ladies' room, the bimbo stormed up to her boyfriend at the bar. "That man by the pool table just insulted me!" she fumed. "He told me he wanted to tear my shirt off and suck my tits."

"Yeah?" Her boyfriend jumped from his stool.

"Then he said he was going to rip off my skirt and kiss my pussy!"

"I'm gonna kick his ass!" Her boyfriend pulled his jacket off.

"You better!" the girlfriend egged him on. "Because then he said he was going to turn me on my head, fill my cunt with whiskey and drink it all down!"

Her boyfriend sheepishly took his jacket back and resumed sitting on the bar stool.

"What's wrong?" his girlfriend whined.

"I'm not going to mess with any guy who can drink that much whiskey."

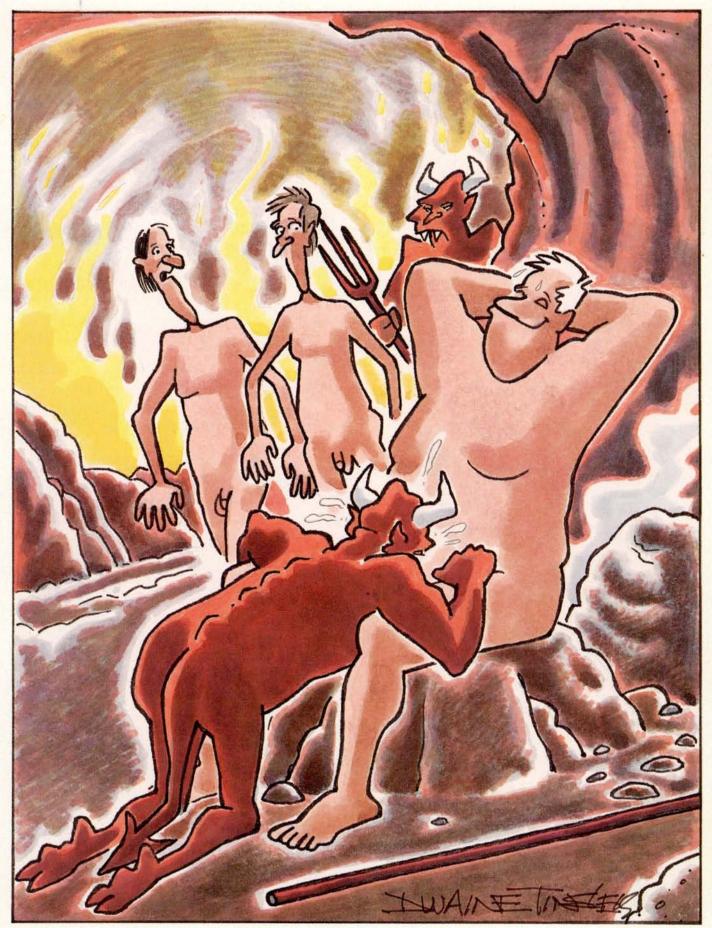
Question: What does a blonde wear behind her ears to attract men?

Answer: Her ankles.

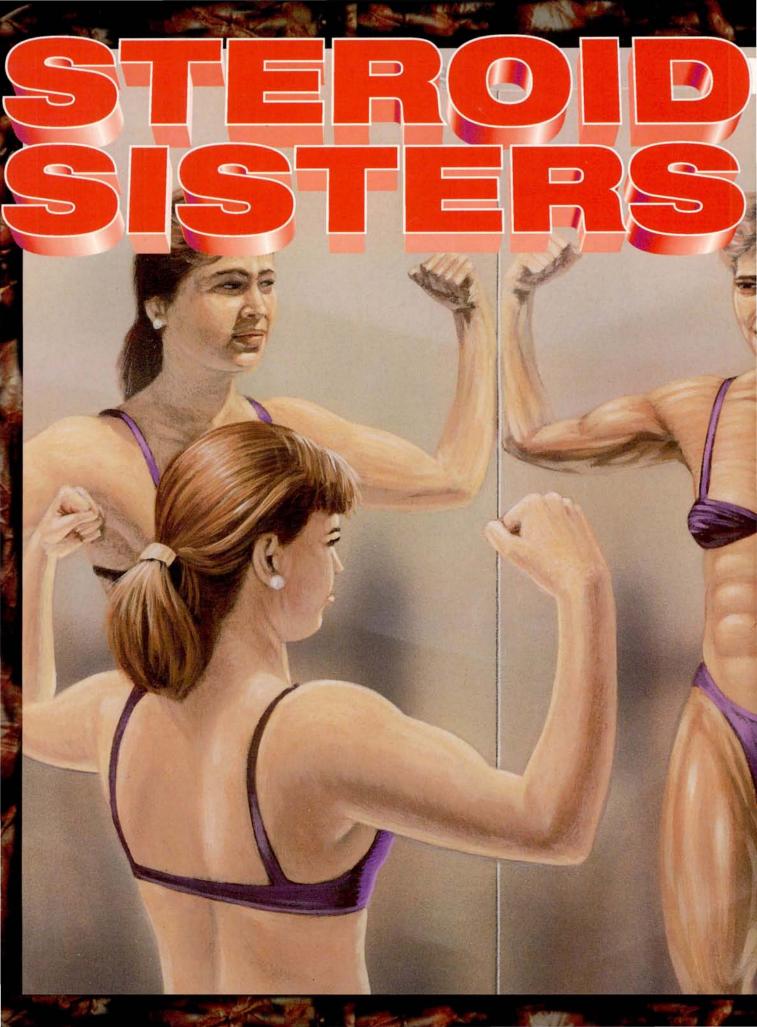
im's boss accosted him for the third time that week. "Do you see that, Jim?! All the other guys are carrying two buckets of cement, and you're just carrying one. What do you think that means?"

"Looks like you ought to yell at those guys for being too goddamn lazy to make two trips."

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes on 3" X 5" cards, mailed in a sealed envelope, to <u>HUSTLER Humor</u>, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for \$50. Sorry we cannot return submissions.



<sup>&</sup>quot;It was part of the deal for his soul .... "

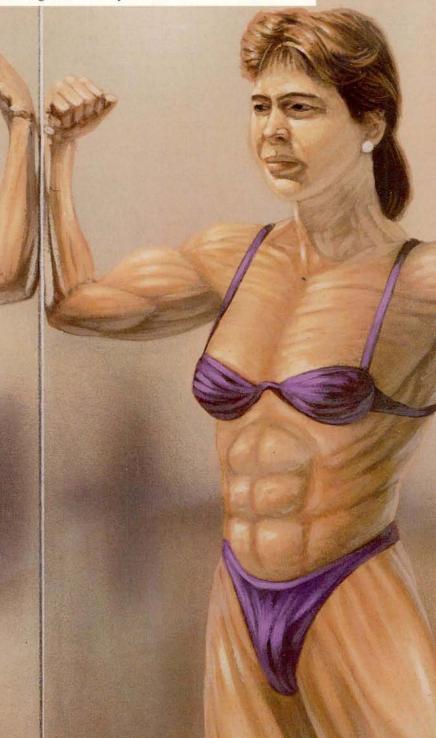


#### HE JUICED HIGHS AND ROTTEN LOWS OF FEMALE BODYBUILDING

REPORT BY ALICE JOANOU \* ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT JEW

More and more women bodybuilders are resorting to powerful muscle-building drugs to pump up their mammoth physiques. The gains in mass and strength enabled by anabolic drugs are

undeniable; so are the grotesque and debilitating side effects. In a sport devoted to the ideal body, ripped 'roid divas are blurring the line between beauty and beast.



## **Bodybuilders** Professional bodybuilding has evolved into a circus showcasing incredibly overdeveloped physiques that are rotting from within.

A female bodybuilder abusing steroids can expect the following changes in her physique: Anabolic steroids such as Deca-Durabolin, Dianabol or Depo-Testosterone will increase both the mass and strength of her muscles. She will exhibit improved muscular definition and striation. Her voice will deepen. Her breasts will shrink. Thick patches of hair will sprout on her legs, torso and around her anus, while the hair on her head thins and falls out. Her skin will spot with purple and red blotches and become increasingly sebaceous, leading to bad acne. Her breath will stink. Her body odor will increase and become more pungent. She will experience menstrual irregularities, vaginal drip, and her clitoris will grow up to four inches long.

Some of these side effects are reversible.

As she ages, the "juiced" bodybuilder will be at increased risk for cancer, heart and liver disease and high cholesterol. She might be sterile. She will experience wild emotional swings, ranging from deep depression to energized euphoria. She will be prone to bouts of destructive anger called "roid rages."

If an athlete chooses to abuse Clenbuterol, a veterinary drug developed to build muscle in exhibition livestock, she will burn fat and enjoy significant size and strength gains at the price of an accelerated heart rate, muscle tremors, headaches, dizziness, nausea, fever, chills and serious cardiovascular complications.

Human Growth Hormone (HGH), harvested from human cadavers, is another drug popular with bodybuilders for its anabolic (tissue building) effects and because it is undetectable by drug tests. An abuser of HGH will suffer acromegaly, or "Frankenstein syndrome," a condition marked by the outsize growth of the hands, feet and face. If she is worried that her broadening, bulky nose or encroaching lantern jaw is hurting her showings on the contest circuit, a female bodybuilder can try to remedy the situation with cosmetic surgery.

"There are procedures where the bone can be shaved down," says Dr. Bruce J. Nadler, a plastic surgeon who advertises his services in *Flex* magazine. "The problem with acromegaly is that it's a general increase in bone size. One of the typical things you start seeing is that space between the front teeth. The whole dental arch is widening. The other thing you'll see with the women bodybuilders is that hollowing of the cheeks that develops, mostly from Clenbuterol use. [These women] get a total loss of...the fatty tissue that gives a natural fullness to the cheek."



"Oh, yeah? Well, you can tell Michael Eisner to kiss my black ass!"

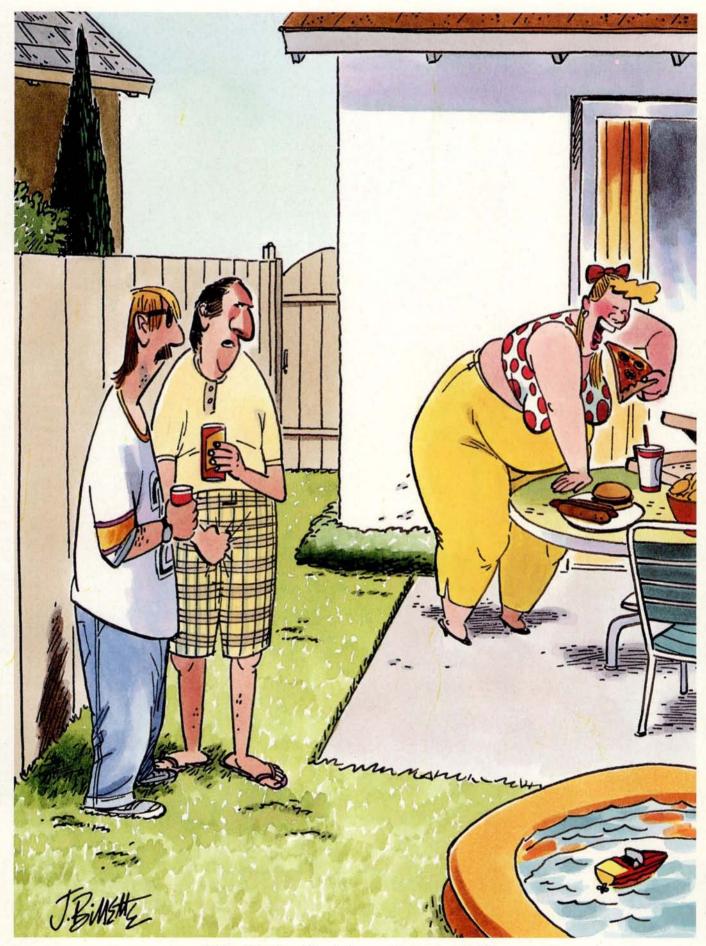
For a bodybuilder exhibiting the gauntfaced symptoms of Clenbuterol abuse, Dr. Nadler inserts "sub-maler" implants just below the athlete's cheekbone, "to get away from that skeletal look." The procedure Nadler performs most regularly, however, is breast augmentation. "Those who use anabolic steroids totally depress their natural estrogens...essentially bringing their bodies out of balance. The most common thing [I do] for female bodybuilders is to try to bring back some femininity to the body."

Anabolic steroids are synthetic compounds that mimic the natural male sex hormone testosterone. They were originally developed after researchers experimenting on dogs in 1935 discovered that testosterone administered under certain conditions would increase muscle mass. Injected or taken orally, steroids are usually used in cycles: six weeks on, two weeks off. Up to five types of anabolic steroids can be used simultaneously, a method bodybuilders refer to as "stacking." In addition to the positive yields the drugs produce in muscle mass and strength, studies have shown psychological or placebo effects on athletes, resulting in increased stamina and energy.

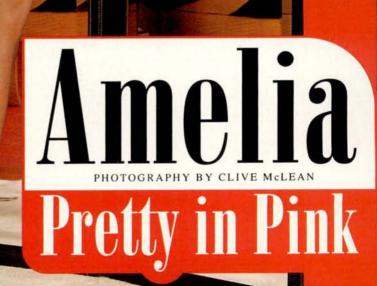
A sport purportedly based on the achievement of the ideal body, professional bodybuilding has evolved into a circus showcasing incredibly overdeveloped physiques that are rotting from within. Contest to contest, the biggest monster takes first place. Dianne Arransen, a former competitive bodybuilder, claims that the proliferation of performance-enhancing drugs drove her from the circuit. "I'm not into steroid usage; so I had to understand that I would not win anything on a large scale. You have to make the decision to compete [clean] and look like a fool, or compete and do steroids and maybe win or just stay away from those contests."

B. C. Cliver, another competitive bodybuilder who also trains other athletes at her gym in San Francisco, California, says that professional contests expressly prohibit the use of steroids and other drugs, but that organizers rarely take the necessary steps to ensure that competitors are clean. Drug tests are conducted, but easily circumvented. "They test in cycles," says Cliver. "They don't test before a show and not nearly as often as they should. If there were random testing on a regular basis every two months in the pro echelons, there wouldn't be any pros."

Despite the fact that Arransen and Cliver are "natural" bodybuilders, they appreciate and understand the motivations (continued on page 88)



<sup>&</sup>quot;Babs will put anything in her mouth except my dick!"















Santa showered Amelia with gifts on Christmas. "I wasn't even a good girl this

"I wasn't even a good girl this year," she giggles, unwrapping her brand-new things. "Still, St. Nick brought plenty of stockings and garters, which I need, since they're so often torn from me." Eager to show off her abundant treasures, Amelia spreads out and plays with her goodies.

"I like everything to be extra tight; so I asked Santa for a small size. Now all I need is something to fit my pussy." She uses her finger to check and see what size she takes. "It feels like a small, but please, daddy, let me try on your extra large."

### **Bodybuilders** Women with Popeye forearms offset their muscularity with

#### prom-queen hairstyles, thick makeup, thong bikinis and high heels.

of the juicers. "[Bodybuilders] are always blasting the muscle groups, trying to get them bigger," says Arransen, observing that an athlete in heavy training leads an isolated gym-rat's existence. "You're not really out in the world and don't have anything to compare to except other monsters. You have different standards. You look in the mirror and say: 'I'm not big enough.'"

Cliver concurs. "I'll be honest. I want to get as big as I possibly can. But I refuse to use a lot of artificial stuff to do it."

This consuming drive for size was not always a major part of women's bodybuilding. The rocky career of Australian pro Bev Francis testifies to the reluctance of the bodybuilding establishment to accept a woman with the muscles of a man. As documented by the 1985 film *Pumping Iron II: The Women*, Francis's appearance at the 1983 Miss Olympia (now the Ms. Olympia) contest, in Las Vegas, Nevada, spurred a controversy that would send the pro circuit fitfully into a new era.

Obviously the most developed and muscular entrant in the competition, Francis didn't place in the top ten. The reason: In addition to scores for muscle density, definition, overall symmetry and proportionality, posing style and fluidity, female contestants were also ranked for "femininity," an indeterminate quality that Francis, a former world-champion powerlifter, lacked in the eyes of the judges.

Ironically, first place in the 1983 Miss Olympia initially went to Rachel McLish, a "pouty-lipped sexpot" who was subsequently disqualified for padding her bikini bra in an attempt to assure judges that her femininity was intact. The judges' final ranking was clearly a reactionary response to a new breed of female competitor. Despite Francis's disappointing finish, the splash made by her masculine musculature signaled a new direction for women's bodybuilding that culminated in her crowning as the World Pro Champion in 1987. The legacy of Francis's success is the five-time and current Ms. Olympia, Lenda Murray, whose hugely muscled physique has dominated female competition in the 1990s.

Paradoxically, at the same time that judges' decisions have evolved to reward muscles over beauty, an insistence on feminine flourishes in the contest posedowns has persisted. Women with Popeye forearms offset their muscularity with promqueen hairstyles, thick makeup, thong bikinis and high heels. According to Dianne Arransen, these cream-puff consolations are necessary "because the judges tend to be threatened by overly muscular women;



"One large pizza—mushrooms, anchovies and extra Christian chunks!"

so [the contestants] have to have the teased hair, the lipstick and the silicone implants. The steroids make [the women] so masculine, they have to do this feminine thing that makes them look like drag queens."

B. C. Cliver, who is gay, avoids straight contests for this reason: "If you put me in one of those postage-stamp bikinis that you have to wear onstage at a bodybuilding contest, it's going to become apparent that I'm a big ol' dyke. It shows in my posing and in my walk. I'm not going to place very high [in straight contests] because I'm not characteristically feminine."

Cliver also resents the pressure to go under the knife of the cosmetic surgeon. "Since everybody's got this view of femininity that says you've got to have something resembling a breast, [women] go out and get fake ones—which are ten times more absurd on a bodybuilder than the average woman because you've got these big suction cups stuck on top of a slab of muscle. It looks stupid and pointedly unattractive."

The men generally credited with perpetuating the emphasis on the feminine in an increasingly masculinized sport are Joe and Ben Weider, publishers of Flex, Muscle and Fitness and Sensuous Muscle magazines and founders of the International Federation of Bodybuilders (IFBB). It was Joe Weider who, in addressing the Bev Francis controversy at the 1983 Miss Olympia, stood before his judging panel and tried to set guidelines for the contest's future. "We must define the feminine as it applies to our sport," he announced with a strangely delicate lisp. "Women are women, and men are men, and thank God for that difference."

In recent issues of Flex, the copy accompanying photo-features of women bodybuilders includes a disclaimer that embodies the spirit of Joe Weider's 1983 announcement: "Women bodybuilders are many things, among them symmetrical, strong, sensuous and stunning. When photographed in competition shape, repping and grimacing or squeezing out shots, they appear shredded, vascular and hard, and they can be perceived as threatening. To exhibit the ... natural side of women bodybuilders, Flex has been presenting pictorials in softer condition. We hope this approach dispels the myth of femalebodybuilder masculinity."

Despite the fanatical stress on the feminine in Weider periodicals, the pictured pros look like men in lingerie. According to many bodybuilding insiders, the chiseled physiques are often augmented by the (continued on page 96)



"I don't care if you are innocent, kid-no one's gonna believe you. You look too much like Bill Clinton!"

#### Black Sto

Mystery, intrigue and sizzling XXX sert Succident Table James coos as she and hot-bodied Ashlyn Gere share. Tom Byton's man taken. Then Ashlyn bendsover to receive James Lewis' lasty thrusts. Camby Madison slides hig stud Joey Silvera down ber furord, feen pleasares him with her wormanly muscles over the climactic brink. 77 X-rated minutes.

#### Good Things Come In Small Packages

Bodacious, petite Tami Monroe will do whatever it takes to Document provide the second se

#### Deep Throat Fantasy

Who will be the next deep throat queen? While executives wait, Keisha and Misty Regan play with each other's large breasts and marvelous muffs! Keisha takes Scott between he magnificent mammeries. Fellatio trails start and Delia Moore's excited cli-toris gets very large as she 'throats Peter North to a spectacular finish! Includes hot multi-racial action. 76 X-rated minutes.

#### **Dirty Movies**

In the year 2729, a time capsule is opened revealing a hot stash of blue movies. These borny futurists get off watching our carnal 20th century ways. Dressed in black, Kassi Nova double pene-trates her depth worth two large didos, and then gets on all forces for Peter North's hot love, plus see Sharon Kane given her all as Tom Byron puts shaver to labla for a clean as a whistle sexual scorther. Also darming loves Eastern, Nicki Kinghis, Holly Dae and more. Directed by Gerard (Devil In Miss Jones) Damiano. 84 X center directors 84 X-rated minutes

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HUSTLER sounded the call for women of every race, creed and color to take it all off, grab a video camera and show a nation what they're made of. America responded with a deluge of entries for the Beaver Hunt Video Contest. Now it's your chance to make \$500 and take a shot at the \$5,000 Grand Prize. Simply throw a VHS tape into the camcorder and capture your Beaver doing what Beaver does best-whether it's fucking, masturbating, being shaved, being sucked, or simply looking pretty. The only limits are your kinky imagination! All participants must fill out the Model Release Form on the next page (make photocopies of the Form for friends if activities turn to group sex). Be sure to include photocopies of two forms of identification for everyone on camera, and send entries to Beaver Hunt Video Contest, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. The hottest tapes of the finest ladies will be included in the upcoming Beaver Hunt Video series, and the winning gals receive \$500-not to mention that \$5,000 reward for the Grand Prize Winner. If you've got what it takes to light up the Beaver screen, then let the cameras roll-the video Hunt is on!

(continued from page 88)

#### Bodybuilders Schmoes pay to be dominated, wrestled and beat up by female bodybuilders who've resorted to prostituting themselves and the monstrous physiques they have suffered to create.

use of steroids, HGH, Clenbuterol or other muscle-building drugs-drugs that produce the results that win Weider-sponsored contests.

In recent years, the Weiders have lobbied hard for the inclusion of bodybuilding as an Olympic-medal event. Their case is hurt badly by the sport's dirty reputation and the widely reported stories of steroid abuse among the top pros. Flex and Muscle and Fitness are strangely silent in the ongoing debate over the best ways to clean up bodybuilding competitions, but continually run articles detailing strategies to combat steroid side effects in men, such as impotence, heart palpitations and gynecomastia (the formation of breast tissue, or "bitch tits"). A recent column repudiated the notion that steroids were responsible for the unsightly manliness of the sport's iron maidens, suggesting that masculine traits might arise in women taking birth-control pills.

One periodical that has weighed in on the destruction wreaked by performanceenhancing drugs on female competitors is Muscular Development Magazine. In an article titled "Women on Steroids," John Romano describes in intimate detail his

relationship with an "oiled" girlfriend who suffered severe androgenic (masculinizing) effects from her drug use.

"Clitoral enlargement...is another irreversible side effect. I've seen more than one as big as my thumb.... When a woman so endowed becomes aroused, her clitoris becomes erect and sticks out just like a penis does. Some women argue that this condition results in more frequent and intense orgasms. Others contend the added size increases sensitivity to the point where climbing the stairs in tight pants is a problem."

In addition to her outsize genitalia, Romano's former girlfriend reaped huge gains in muscle mass and power from her drug use. She also garnered abundant, thick body hair; a hoarsened voice; a bloated, distended stomach; scathing body odor and an increased tendency to erupt in fits of rage. Romano also noticed a decided increase in his lover's sexual aggressiveness.

"Testosterone makes women horny," he writes. "Before you go putting Dianabol in your girlfriend's oatmeal, picture this: The girl weighs 150 pounds, can do an hour on the StairMaster and

bench two and a quarter. She's all worked up...and she wants you-now! I'm not talking candles and soft music here, I'm talking total, aggressive, instant gratification-several times a day."

In fact, many men do fantasize about the woman in Romano's description. Known as "schmoes" among the bodybuilding community, this group of fetishists gets off on big, strong women, whom they often refer to as Amazons. Schmoes pay to be dominated, wrestled and beat up by female bodybuilders who have resorted to prostituting themselves and the monstrous physiques they have suffered to create. The prevalence of this particular fetish is reflected in the proliferation of cat-fight videos and magazines in the soft-core market. Amazon Web sites on the Internet post pictures of behemoth women in contest poses, along with the models' scheduling information for private "fantasy wrestling," "muscle worship" and "role playing" sessions.

Many female bodybuilders pursue this kind of prostitution because there is so little money to be made on the professional circuit. While Lenda Murray and a handful (continued on page 112)

#### Flash for Cash!

Attention, ladies! The 1996 Beaver Hunt Grand Prize Competition is looking for you! Snap a clear, color picture and mail it to HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Every lady whose picture we print gets \$250 and a chance at the 1996 Grand Prize—a photo-feature worth \$5,000. Grand Prize Finalists win \$1,500 each. The award for the photographer of the Grand Prize Winner is \$500, and the Finalists' photographers win \$250. Fill out the model release below, and include a photocopy of (1) a photo ID and (2) another form of ID. All photos become the unreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine.

Golden-brown and dusted with cinnamon, lovely Lexus is a nail tech and dancer from Chicago, Illinois. The 28-year-old enjoys swimming, working out and traveling. Her fantasy is to meet strange men and women on an island and have wild sex. When trying to trap this Beaver's fur, watch out for the claws. This patriot's named Shelly, and she hails from Atlanta, Georgia. A 19year-old exotic dancer, Shelly enjoys shopping and spending time with her family. Her fantasy is to have a big orgy with five gorgeous ladies. Cuddling up with Old Glory, Shelly's got everything an all-American gal needs: a cute, button nose, rosy cheeks and a wet, pink, open pussy. Photo by Husband

#### Amateur Photo/Video Contests \* WIN \$5,000 CASH!

MODEL RELEASE / ENTRY FORM

To enter HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt* or HUSTLER *Video Beaver Hunt* you must fill out and send this release and COPIES OF TWO FORMS OF ID, ONE WITH PHOTO (i.e., driver's license, passport, work or school ID card or photo ID issued by state). Second ID can be birth certificate, Social Security card, credit card, marriage certificate or immigration card. Send photocopies, not originals. Send two or more sharply focused color prints or sildes. Send videotapes in the VHS format. Showing pink is optional at entry stage. All photos and videos become the unreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine, which buys all rights in perpetuity to photos and videos we purchase. Win \$250 if we publish your photo, or \$500 if we choose your video, and win the chance to be in an extended pictorial or feature video worth \$5,000. Send photos, videos, IDs and release to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Ste. 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

Model's name	Hobbies		
Any alias, nickname, stage or pro name			
Name to be published	Sexual Fantasies (Include separate sheet if necessary)		
Date of birth Phone (include area code)	The second s		
Model's Social Security number			
Address	Photographer/Cameraperson		
City State Zip	Address		
Occupation	City State Zip		

NOTE: PRIZE MONEY SENT TO MODEL ONLY.

In consideration of \$250 for photographs or \$500 for a video, I hereby give HUSTLER Magazine, its affiliates, successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, full worldwide rights and exclusive permission in perpetuity to copyright and/or publish any photographs or videos of myself with or without my name and to make any changes or any additions whatsoever to such photographs, video footage, portraits or any of the above information, whether true or fictional. I understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos, and that my video footage may be accompanied by commentary and can be distributed with other affiliated videos, and that my photographs or video image can be published in other HUSTLER affiliated magazines. I certify that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

WARNING: ANYONE SIGNING THIS RELEASE FORM OTHER THAN THE MODEL WILL BE SUBJECT TO MONETARY DAMAGES AND/OR CRIMINAL PROSECUTION.

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Laura's a little camera shy. The 24-year-old student from Sioux Falls, Iowa, likes drag racing and mountain biking and wants to have wild sex with her best girlfriend and her husband. Laura may be bashful, but with her lean form, pink-tipped tittles and beckoning bush, she's got nothing to be ashamed of. Photo by Husband



Say hi to Elissa. This 20-year-old receptionist lives in Tustin, California, where she enjoys sunbathing and dreams of making love on a beach by candlelight. Day or night, Elissa's got the kind of winning smile that makes you want to pinch her round, firm cheeks and kiss her pink, fuzzy lips. Photo by Husband



Amy, 19, comes from Layton, Utah. This sumptuous data transcriber fantasizes about ordering up a threesome with "the works": chains, whips, leather and dicks. Her hobbies are hanging out with bands, drinking and having sex, often all at the same time. Photo by Friend Sulky, brunet Brittnie is 21 and lives in Atlanta, Georgia. This dancer's hobby, of course, is reading HUSTLER, and her fantasy is to have a harem of women at her beck and call. With Brittnie ruling, no doubt they'll be prisoners of love. Photo by Boyfriend



Brainy beauty Jacky works as a bus driver in Loves Park, Illinois. The 33-year-old likes horseback riding and longs to fuck in a hot-air balloon. With software and a pink input like that, she must be a hard driver.

Krystal is 27 years old, and she works in public relations in St. Louis, Missouri. Her hobbies are physical fitness and exploring exual possibilities. One possibility she'd to explore is posing in HUSTLER with two sexy guys. Krystal gets wet thinking about thousands of men staring at her body while she submits to a double penetration. Now that's public relations. Photo by Husband

Jerri, 29, is an ER tech from Hamlet, North Carolina. When she's not saving lives, Jerri likes to jog and work out with her husband. Her fantasy is to make love on the hood of her Trans Am. She's seen here showing off her prize possession. It's a beauty. The car ain't bad either.





Candy's from Old Town, Maine. The 23-year-old hairdresser likes to dance and fantasizes about having hot and steamy sex on the beach. From her pink-frosted buttercups to her cherry-flavored sucker, Candy's one sweet piece. Photo by Fiance



Jennifer is a student in Columbus, Ohio. The 24-year-old likes dancing nude, watching the rain and driving her car. Her fantasy is to have her man walk in on her and her girlfriend and join in. With a delightful pair like that waiting to greet him, how could he resist? Photo by Husband Racking up her triangle is Heather, 21, a homemaker who dreams of sex with another woman on an isolated beach. Here, she combines her hobbies of pool and sex. Grab your cue and call your shot—two ball in the corner pocket. Photo by Boyfriend



Cream queen Patty is a housewife from Lancaster, California. The 40-year-old's wideranging hobbies include making love to women, exposing herself at dance clubs and giving the best, wettest blowjobs around. Her fantasy is to make a video of several guys filling her mouth and pussy with cum, topped off with a helping of her husband's. She's seen here warming up for the shoot with a throat-relaxing gargle. Photo by Husband



Heather, 22, is a housewife and mommy in Hacienda Heights, California. Her hobbies are stargazing, poetry and driving her Camaro Z28 as fast as she can with music blasting. Her fantasy is to be kidnapped, blindfolded, tied up, slapped and fucked hard by her husband. At least she thinks it's her husband. Photo by Husband











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Jacuzzi, where the same crowd from Thursday night has gathered again. The woman I love has two men slapping their dicks against her face and mouth. The men sit on the edge of the hot tub above Kayla, who is half-submerged in the water. While she jacks one with her free hand, she works her mouth all over the other's cock. I sit across from Kayla and jerk off. I am about to come when one of the guy's wives pulls up out of the water and tells me to fuck her. I lay her back on a towel and thrust my joint into her cunt, keeping my eye on Kayla the entire time. My girlfriend has moved to sit on one of the cocks, and the other guy stands, shoving his prick into her mouth again. Watching the guy shoot his load across Kayla's face puts me over the edge, and I immediately come inside this lady's pussy. A Jamaican guy circulates around the pool with a drink tray.

#### SUNDAY

Sore, sunburned and hungover, Kayla and I barely catch our ride to the airport. The tropical heat sweats the toxins from all we've imbibed out of our skins. The real world is a mundane but welcome prospect. There is only so much paradise a guy can take. Bodybuilders (continued from page 96)

of other top competitors garner lucrative prize money and endorsement deals, the majority of female bodybuilders are lucky to take home a few hundred dollars for a middle-of-the-pack showing in a pro contest. Considering the heavy expenses a bodybuilder incurs for training, diet and cosmetic surgery, a mediocre athlete without any product sponsorships cannot possibly support herself on prize money alone. This top-heavy distribution of wealth in women's bodybuilding explains not only bodybuilder prostitution but also the competitors' willingness to risk the ill effects of muscle-building drugs in order to succeed in the sport they love.

Bodybuilder John Romano suspects another reason for women resorting to steroids. Often, he says, "a boyfriend or husband with higher aspirations, and enough gear to grow a beard on a peach, talks an unwitting competitor into doing everything it takes to win." Romano has witnessed several failed male bodybuilders latch on to drug-free women athletes, through whom they attempt to live out their dreams of a championship. "We've all seen women climbing the ranks and ... remarked on how gnarly they're getting. More often than not, there's a...guy in the wings with a big, dripping syringe who's



responsible for ruining her."

Whether or not Ray McNeil was such a dark Pygmalion will never be known. On Valentine's Day 1995, inside his San Diego, California, apartment, he was hit by a shotgun blast in his midsection that lacerated his liver and severed his aorta. The shooter, Ray's wife, Sally, then walked to her bedroom, reloaded and returned to fire a second blast pointblank into her husband's face. Tests later revealed that both Ray and Sally McNeil had steroids in their bloodstreams on the night of the shooting.

The murder took place four days before Ray, a professional bodybuilder, was to enter the 1995 South Beach Pro Invitational. The previous year, Sally had placed eighth in the middleweight division of IFBB North American Championships. Since that impressive finish, she had appeared as a fighter in several women's-wrestling videos under the tag "Killer" Sally McNeil.

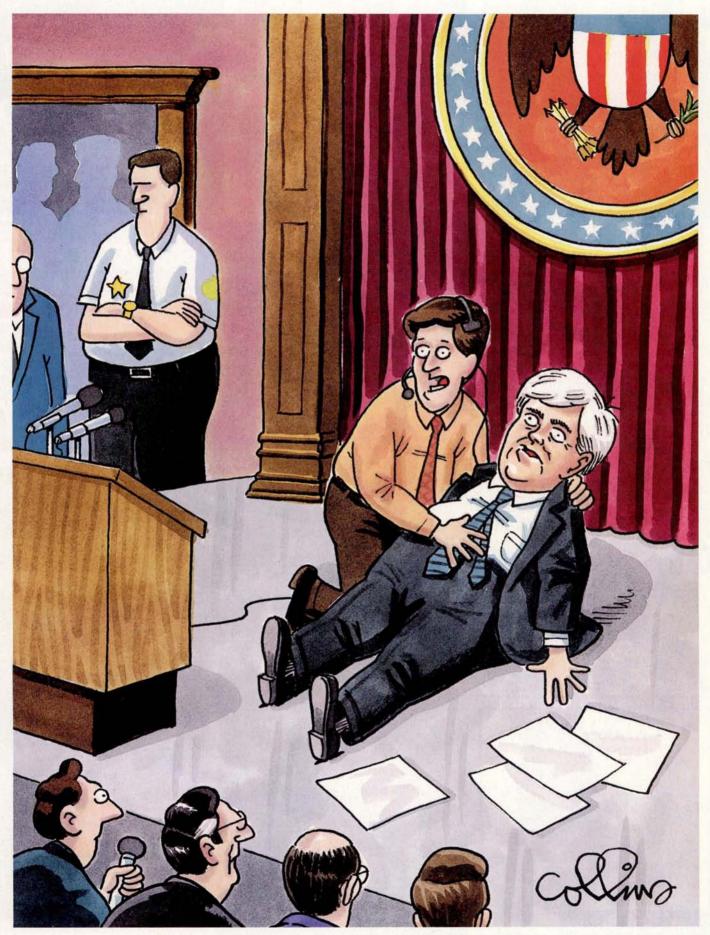
A former Marine, Sally McNeil's past is dotted with violent episodes, including reported attacks on baby-sitters, Marine Corps sergeants, other female bodybuilders, bouncers at bars and her husband. In her defense against first-degree murder charges, McNeil claimed that Ray had been beating her and she shot him fearing another "long night of terror" filled with physical and sexual abuse.

After securing a second-degree murder conviction against Sally McNeil on March 19, 1996, Deputy District Attorney Dan Goldstein commented, "The defendant is anything but a battered wife. She is one of the most violent persons I have ever prosecuted." McNeil, broad-shouldered and thick-necked in her jailhouse denims, broke into tears as she heard the jury announce its verdict.

It is impossible to determine whether steroid use caused or merely contributed to Sally McNeil's violent impulses. Only the murderer knows if her actions were the product of 'roid rage, but McNeil's story has become an object lesson of the dark undercurrents in women's bodybuilding.

These undercurrents rise to the surface because of the almost fanatical commitment of professionals and amateurs alike. "You have to be completely obsessed," says Dianne Arransen.

As bodybuilder B. C. Cliver admits, suffering is an essential part of her sport. "I'm not technically a masochist, but there are certain things I do where I want to feel that pain. I go to the gym with the intention of topping myself. If I don't hurt, I haven't done enough."



"Quick—someone get a spin doctor! This man's lost a lot of credibility!"





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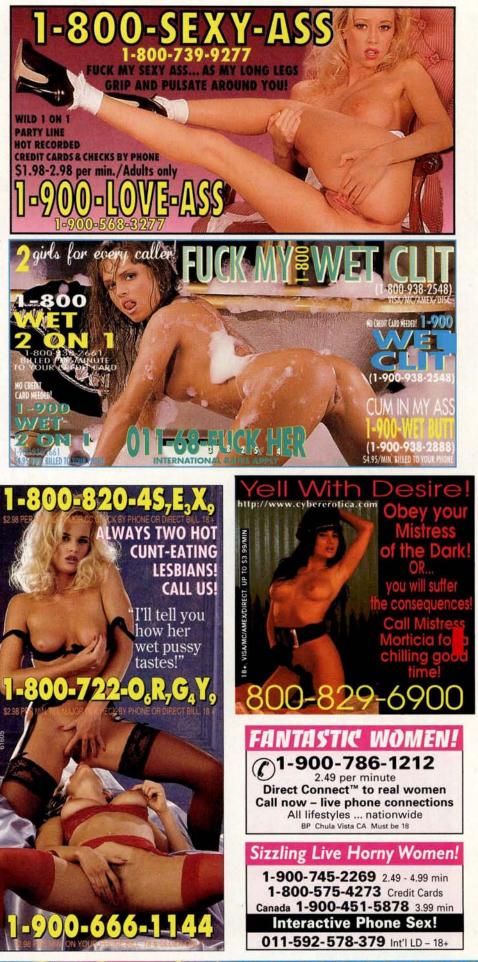


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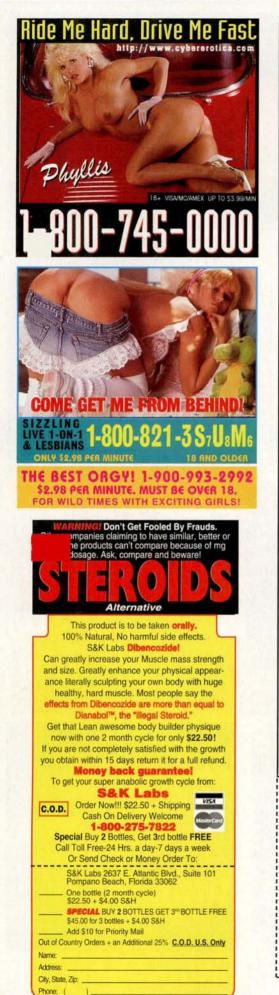












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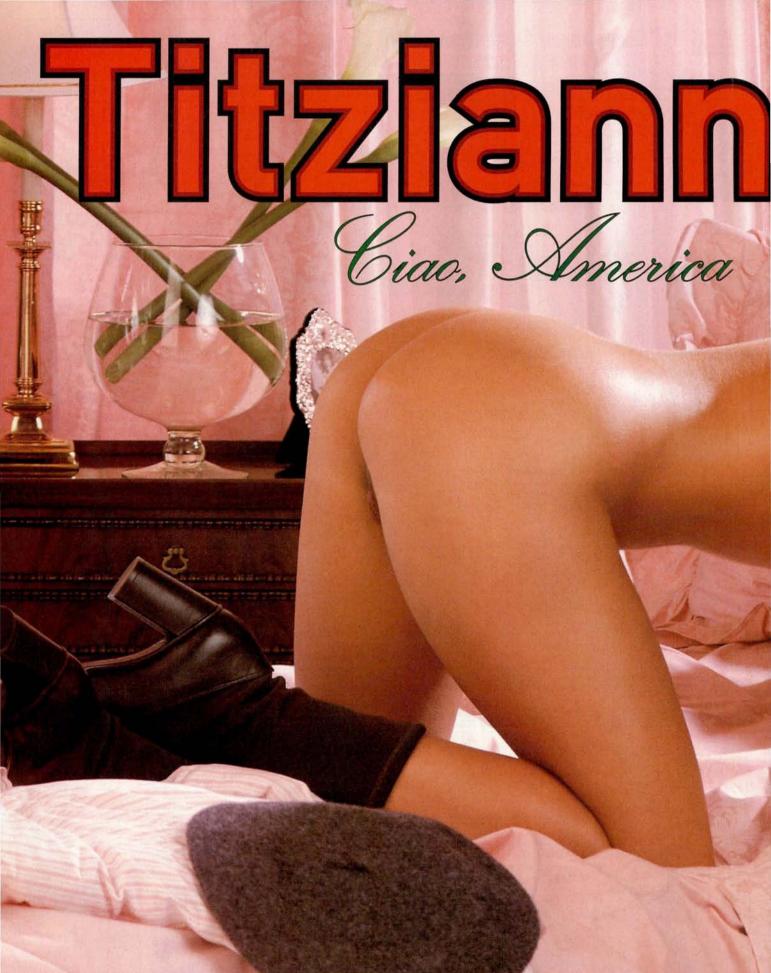












Sicilian beauty Titzianna is hoping to come to the U.S. soon and seek her fortune, but first she needs to brush up on her English. "Men, cars, TV. I love everything of USA. I love also the kicks from taking sexy photos of me. You can see how wet my *coachalina* is when I think of American men hard and feeling to come all over my face."

Titzianna worries that she'll fall by the wayside in hightech America.

"In my little village, all the girls learn is to cook and fuck. Do American men have any use for me?"

































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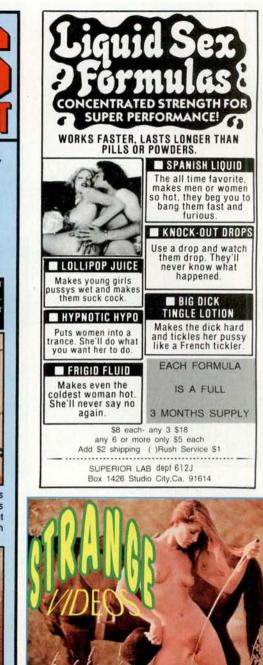
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them to hold more blood, but our revolutionary SENTRY Prolong Ring (included with all models) allows you to keep that FAT, BULGING, ROCK-HARD ERECTION for as long as you want. When you've pumped yourself up to the size you like, slide the SENTRY onto the base of your penis and let it stay there, guarding, maintaining, keeping your POWERFUL, THROBBING ERECTION through intercourse and beyond. When you are satisfied, you simply

release the SENTRY with one hand! It's that simple! ALL THIS ... WHAT MORE COULD YOU ASK FOR? HOW ABOUT A PRICE THAT IS POSITIVELY UNBEATABLE? First of all, if you could even find a system that offers you all that the EXCELO System with Sentry Prolong Ring does, you'd easily be prepared to pay hundreds of dollars for it. That's why our system (2 models to choose from) is a truly unbelievable bargain at the price offered.

#### THE BEST OF BOTH WORLDS: ULTRA-MODERN TECH-NOLOGY AND GOOD OLD-FASHIONED VALUE – THE EXCELO SYSTEM GIVES YOU BOTHI

Made in the U.S.A., these state-of-the-art vacuum pumps are equal or better than those prescribed by doctors that sell for up to \$430. ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES **2 MODELS: ONE TO FIT ANY BUDGET, ANY REQUIREMENT** NOTE: All pump models include FREE Sentry Prolong Ring & "MAXIMUM GAINS" How-to-instructional manual.



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# HOW TO BUILD A GIANT PENISI

If you've wanted to be the man that amazes women . . the envy of other men because of their massive male organ . . . if you've ever craved a long, curving penis that hangs down beyond your balls along your thigh, there's only one sure-fire way to achieve your desires! Millions of men know how huge their penis can be thanks to regular use of vacuum development. And now, at a reasonable cost you can share this exciting experience!

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On your first use of the new HYPER-PUMP you'll watch your penis expand in thickness until the skin is stretched tight and your veins are vividly exposed! You'll watch in astonishment as your organ stretches out further . . and further than you've ever imagined it could. You'll see right away, without any doubt, that despite its low cost, the HYPER-PUMPS really work and work fast to make your penis incredibly bigger!

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You may have seen deluxe pumps costing \$50. \$75 . . . \$100 . . . even as much as \$300! The fact is all pumps work on the same principle so why pay more for expensive advertising! The HYPER-PUMPS were designed for men who want fast, first-class results for a reasonable price. They are engineered for ease of use, with the fewest possible parts (nothing to break or wear out), light in weight, but exceptionally durable. And best of all the regular model HYPER-PUMP costs only \$14.50! Or you may order the SLIM-JIM or deluxe ELECTRIC models for just a little more!

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big." "I like how easy it is to use. Feels natural to use with the squeeze bulb right handy on top." "Have used HYPER for a month with stupendous results. Thank you for a well made machine." These are just sample comments. Let us know about your experiences with the HYPER-PUMP.



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# HUSTLER.

# **ALL TOMORROW'S PARTIES**

HUSTLER in January starts the new year off right, with a calendar's worth of classic cooze crammed between a month's covers. Want to pop a cork? Sample the bouquet of HUSTLER vintage '97: A blues-belting soul sister goes solo on her snatch; a lifeguard saves a drowning beach-slut who's too busy gorging on cock to come up for air; deep in the wetlands, a hillbilly harlot gets down and dirty; out on the road, two renegade muff-munchers snatch and grab, then make off with the goods; and a wild woman gets natural out on the open range. It's going to be a great year for pussy.

## LOADED

Three friends. A cheap gun. A kilo of weird shit. All the bad things we do for no good reason. In *Two Men*, a story from his collection *Jesus' Son*, Denis Johnson, author of *Angels* and *Resuscitation of a Hanged Man*, takes us for a ride down the highway of the American id into the burned-out hole at its center.

# I'M VOTING FOR MY MAN

When prosecutors brought Davon Neverdon to trial for murder, they had eyewitnesses to the shooting and others who had heard him confess. All Neverdon had going for him was his skin color, which matched that of eleven members of the jury. He walked. Lately, a disturbing number of African-American jurors are choosing to acquit defendants they know are guilty because they don't want to send another black man to prison. It's called jury nullification, and there's nothing anyone can do to stop it. In *Twelve Angry Black Men*, HUSTLER correspondent Peter Arno investigates the hidden revolt rising from within the American system of justice.

## PENIS IN FURS

Penile-augmentation surgery is big business, but is anything other than the doctor's wallet getting fatter? In next month's *Sex Play*, HUSTLER correspondent Alex Marvel weighs the risks and rewards of doctored dicks in "Half-Cocked: What You Should Know Before You Get a Penis Enlargement." *Bits & Pieces* parties at Lyle Menendez's wedding, *Erotic Entertainment* counts down the strokes of midnight, and *Beaver Hunt* starts the clock on the search for 1997's Beaver of the Year. HUSTLER in January makes one prediction you can count on: The future looks bright pink.

January HUSTLER on sale November 19, 1996 HUSTLER's Web site is coming now at http://www.hustler.com







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