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## HUSTLER

**Volume 22 Number 10** 

March 1996



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All nude models are 18 years of age or older. Cover photo by Clive McLean



## ASSHOLES OF THE MONTH

Love is a beautiful thing. Except when it's ugly. The love shared by filth-wallowing pigs and the romantic surges of a woundful of maggots are only two unattractive manifestations of the life force. The most unappetizing love link of all is the feces-cemented codependence of human sphincters, the crap-spewing type that walks upright on hind legs. Clouds of soul poison waft in the wake of the sleazy, scummy connubial bond of Enid Greene Waldholtz, 37, a member of the House of Representatives from Utah, and her husband, 32-year-old politico Joe Waldholtz. Enid and Joe are shitring soul mates and HUSTLER's jointly filed Assholes of the Month for March 1996.

"Do I need to know this fat guy from Pittsburgh?" said porcine Enid Greene upon first seeing her future husband, 300-pound blubber mouth Joe Waldholtz, at a 1991 Young Republicans convention in Newport Beach, California. Enid was campaigning for election to the chair of the Young Republican National Federation. Joe controlled a fat block of votes. The couple sizzled, like when fatback meets bacon.

Joe and Enid's 1993 wedding took place in Salt Lake City, Utah. The young GOP biggies—she was a former aide to Utah Governor Norman H. Bangerter; he had been director of the George Bush Presidential primary campaign in Pennsylvania—were pronounced man and wife by Utah's governor. Guests, 700 of them, waited in a two-hour receiving line to meet the bride and groom.



"It was overdone," recalls a Salt Lake City lawyer who would serve as Enid's campaign adviser.

With Joe in her corner, Enid made two waddles for Congress, winning in 1994. Late in the '94 race, Enid trailed both the incumbent, Democrat Karen Shepherd, and an independent candidate.

A sudden influx of mystery dollars, an estimated 1.8 million, bought an advertising blitz that hoisted Waldholtz over the top.

Opponents, the media and federal investigators want to know where the money came from. Waldholtz's first story was that they'd "made" it: "We've worked hard," gurgled Enid. "And we're very blessed."

Those blessings continued once

she lumbered up to Capitol Hill. Pregnant, the freshman lawmaker weaseled her way onto the powerful House Rules Committee. A darling of House Speaker Newt Gingrich (R-Georgia), Enid was granted a baby shower held in Newt's office. Enid whelped after 27 hours of labor, with hubby Joe bedside calling radio and TV stations with hourly updates and arranging for a birthsite news conference. Scarcely home from the hospital, baby was used as the feature in a \$500-a-ticket "fund-raising shower."

The shower of blessings is over. Joe faces FBI allegations that he is involved in a \$1.7-million checkkiting scheme. Salt Lake City newspapers are listing a long trail of bounced checks, unpaid rent and creditors angry with the so-called conservative couple, including a \$60,000 rubber payment for jewelry. Joe is accused of charging \$45,000 in personal expenses on a staff member's credit card. American Express sued Joe for payment of a \$47,000 balance. Enid claimed thieves had stolen Joe's checks and credit cards and run up bills.

Joe's family fears he may have bilked his 87-year-old grandmother out of 600 grand. Enid has given three different explanations for her mystery campaign coffers, blaming "bookkeeping errors" for appearances of illegality, but never correcting those errors, just as she has never honored her promise to refund her 1989 congressional pay raise.

"The Democrats have nothing to say about the issues; so they're resorting to personal attacks," huffed Enid.

Like a politician switching issues, Enid picked a new scapegoat: Joe, formerly "my Adonis." An experienced corporate lawyer who had banks for clients, Enid now bleats that she was Joe's dupe and is filing for divorce: "I want this man tracked down, arrested and punished for what he has done to me."

The sow is calling the hog fat. Again, greedheads posing as family-valuing moral superiors are exposed as grubbing parasites. The stench is guaranteed to become uglier as both Waldholtz Assholes attempt to deodorize their stink with a coverup of rationalizations and excuses that won't work any better than a cheap hooker's perfume.

#### Farts in the Wind

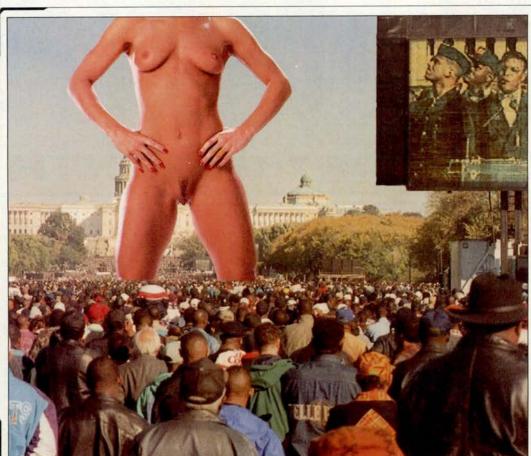
eral one of the richest former civil servants in American history. Colin Powell did hear and follow the call of the Asshole.

Robert Perez: As the sex-crimes investigator of Wenatchee, Washington, a quiet community of 24,000, Detective Robert Perez has used allegations made by his own 11-year-old foster daughter

to accuse more than 80 adults of sexual abuse. With more than 20 adults in jail, the town has become skeptical. Says Kathryn Lyon, a public defender who has investigated the charges and written a 250-page report: "Perez has abused the children in order to persecute the adults. Anyone can see he's dangerous." Kids don't need another Asshole.

Colin Powell: Withdrawing his name from contention for United States President, retired general Colin Powell begged that "the Presidency requires a calling I do not yet hear." What is that sound we do hear? The tinny ring of opportunism. Propelled by speculation of Powell's run for chief executive office, sales of his autobiography made the ex-gen-

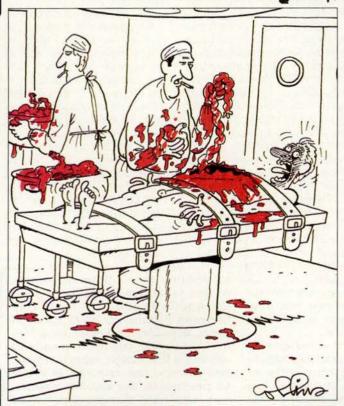
HUSTLER MARCH 5



#### The Two Million Man March

As the ravages of drugs, gangs, domestic violence and rising malt liquor prices take their toll on the African American community, it's reassuring to witness the one thing that can unify black men from all over the nation under a common cause. No, not the rantings of a four-eyed, bow-tied, Jew-baiting, queer-bashing, honkie-hating kook. The innate charm and charisma of Minister Louis Farrakhan is outdrawn, 2 million to one, by a colorful march for white pussy. We shall overcomeor at least come.

### Most tasteless Cartoon



"Look, did you or did you not sign your donor card?"





Many women have said they would bend over backward to appear in HUSTLER, but here's a rubber-limbed lady who took the challenge quite literally. This salty human pretzel provides a novel twist on posing nude—without getting all bent out of shape. Thanks and \$150 go to poon preservationist J. Corey Shore for dig-

Thanks and \$150 go to poon preservationist J. Corey Shore for digging up a flexibly furry beaver. Send historical smut to HUSTLER's Porn From the Past, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

## Colon Blow



Feeling as bloated as a suck-up, Washington bureaucrat wanna-be these days? Try Colin Powell's new all-fiber, no-substance cereal, Colon Blow. Colon Blow's patented Two-Party Blockage system stops up the works for months on end, until everybody figures out you're completely full of shit. Colin Powell says, "Blow it out your ass, America!"

#### **Put It in Gere**



A disturbing new trend in Hollywood has moviegoers retching in their popcorn: rape as a plot device to spice up tawdry old melodramas. Major-studio releases such as Rob Roy, Showgirls, Strange Days and Leaving Las Vegas have all featured gratuitous scenes of forced boning. Predictably enough, has-been actors are jump-

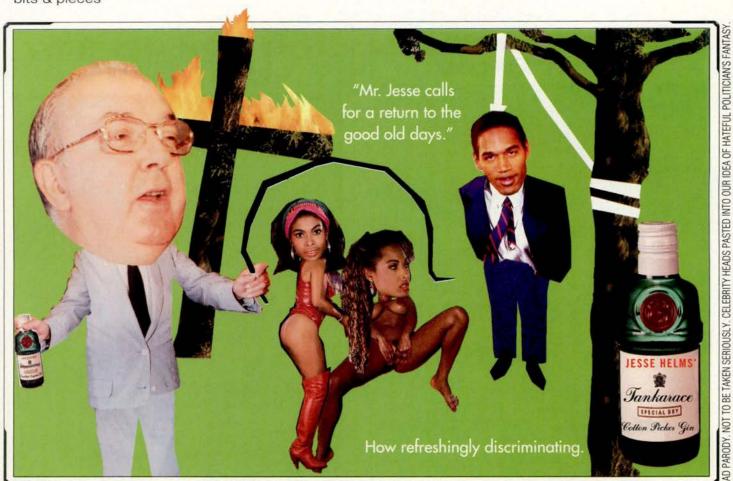
ing on the rape bandwagon. The imaginary new film *Deliverance 2: Up the Old Dirt Habitrail* features Richard Gere in a shocking scene of sodomized vengeance, when two furry fornicators force the aging not-so-pretty boy to squeal like a dying gerbil. Method actor Gere proved surprisingly adept at imitating the sound.

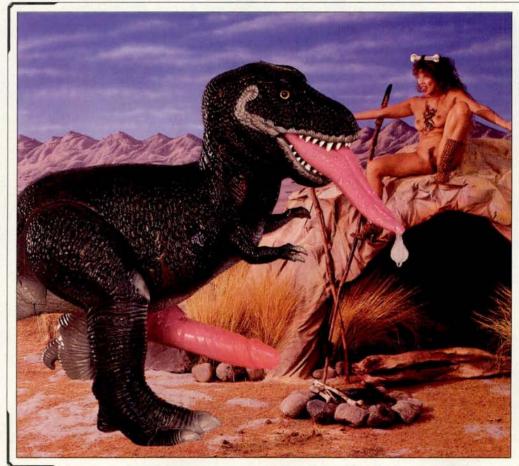
#### The Ron Jeremy Hair Shirt



Why should Oprah Winfrey be the only fat, ugly, obnoxious celebrity who gets to design a line of department-store clothing? That's the question professional porn buffoon and dick-wilter Ron Jeremy posed before signing a major three-figure contract with the Only-a-Buck retail chain. The Ron Jeremy Hair Shirt has already raised a commotion on the fashion runways of New York, where many models mistook the designer for a giant hedgehog and abruptly resigned from People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals (PETA). Unruffled, Jeremy plans to go ahead with an expanded product line, including Ron Jeremy's Asshole Astroturf, the Jeremy Velcro Vest and Ron Jeremy Dental Floss.

PARODY. NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY. IN REAL LIFE, THESE MODELS WOULD PROBABLY HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH RON JEREMY



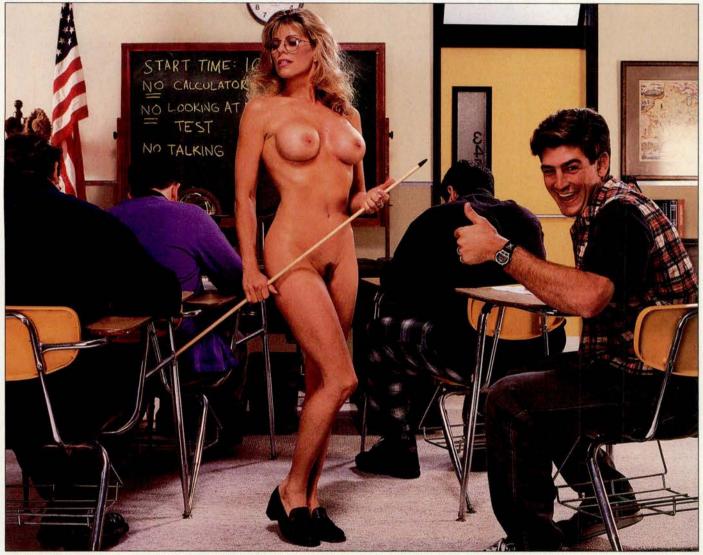


#### Jurassic Pork

For generations, Tyrannosaurus rex, at six tons, was thought to be the biggest meat-eating dinosaur on record, but the fearsome beast is a wimpy salamander compared to the fossils of Giganotosaurus, an eightton carnivore recently unearthed by paleontologists. Now HUSTLER astounds the scientific community with photographic evidence of the Fuckingiganotosaurus, a 69-tongued ladies' lizard who thrilled Paleolithic poons with his vagivorous (pussy-eating) diet. Cavewomen laid down their clubs and opened their legs for the Fuckingiganotosaurus, back when dinosaurs drooled the earth.

MARCH HUSTLER

#### **HUSTLER's Sexual Aptitude Test**



It's that time of year again, when HUSTLER tests reader sexual aptitude and separates the studs and swingers from the hopelessly hormonally challenged. You will be given 15 minutes to complete this test.

#### DO NOT PROCEED TO THE REST OF THE MAGAZINE. NO TALKING, AND NO JERKING OFF.

#### 1. DICK is to PUSSY as

- (A) FIST is to TOMATO
- (B) HAMMER is to PEACH
- (C) SAUSAGE is to FISH PIE
- (D) O. J.'S KNIFE is to NICOLE'S NECK

#### 2. Eating pussy is a form of \_\_\_\_\_ that often results in

- (A) gratification...orgasm
- (B) torture...bad breath
- (C) blackmail...blowjob
- (D) nourishment...smegma
- 3. Choose the antonym of the word heterosexual.
  - (A) Homosexual
  - (B) Barbra Streisand
  - (C) Billy Crystal
  - (D) What the fuck is an antonym?

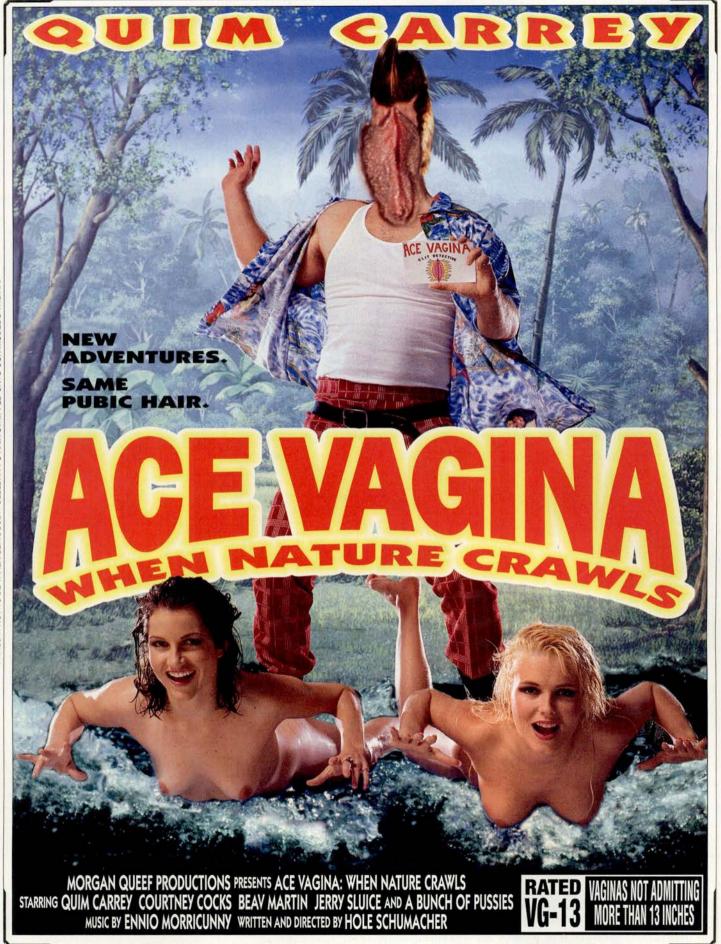
#### 4. What is this?



- (A) Mother
- (B) The root of all evil
- (C) The only way to get six black guys to stop playing basketball
- (D) All of the above
- 5. If Frank fucks Sally for 15 minutes, jerks off for five minutes while driving over to Betty's house, fucks Betty for 25 minutes, jerks off for another five minutes on the ride back home, then fucks Sally in the ass for 20 minutes, where the fuck does Frank get all that sperm?
  - (A) What was the question?
  - (B) Sperm-Mart
  - (C) The Sperm Fairy
  - (D) Can you get me Sally's phone number?
- 6. Write a five- to ten-paragraph essay on the following topic: Who farted?

#### STOP

If you actually filled out this test, put down your pencil. Grab your dick. Proceed to jerk off over the beautiful girls of HUSTLER. You have now passed the Sexual Aptitude Test.



## FEED BACK

Flynt 1, Simpson 0

I am the wild and crazy political activist, R. H. J.! As the one-dollar bill enclosed with this letter should prove, I put my money where my mouth is-unlike most of our politicians. I'm just writing to tell you how much I appreciate HUSTLER. The girls are cool, and the humor is funny, but the best part is "Asshole of the Month." Here's hoping HUSTLER pokes fun at the O. J. Simpson verdict. O. J. Simpson should be found guilty of being a wife-beating, scumbag loser! There are plenty of black people I admire, such as General Colin Powell and Avery Brooks. O. J. Simpson, Johnnie Cochran, Louis Farrakhan and F. Lee Bailey, however, are all putting race relations back and making it worse! Good luck to Larry Flynt, a great American with big brass balls! He stands up for what he believes in, and never backs down. I heard the rumor that Oliver Stone is making a movie about Mr. Flynt's life, and I'm looking forward to seeing it. In the meanwhile, I hope Mr. Flynt sees this letter and saves it. -R. H. J.

National Park, New Jersey

No doubt Larry Flynt is keeping his eyes on you, R. H. J. Keep your eyes out for the forthcoming, Oliver Stone-produced film version of Mr. Flynt's adventures.

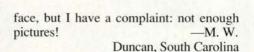
#### More, More, More

I am writing to praise HUSTLER for the pictorial of Jason and Kianna (Jason and Kianna: Island Hop, Holiday Issue '95). Kianna's exotic looks are incredibly beautiful. She and Jason make a good couple; they are obviously horny and enjoying themselves. My only complaint is that the layout contained a mere ten photographs. The photographer couldn't have possibly resisted snapping a few extra shots of Kianna's gorgeous ass. Is it possible to purchase any of the additional photos from HUSTLER shoots?

—M. L.

Gaithersburg, Maryland

I've been an avid HUSTLER reader for many years. I just saw the pictorial *Laura:* Raunch Hand (Holiday Issue '95). Laura has an unbelievable body and a beautiful



HUSTLER is always sure to give the most bang for the buck with a comprehensive selection of each photo shoot's hottest highlights. However, there are only so many magazine pages per month. Computer-friendly readers who simply can't survive without an extra glimpse of their favorite models might want to check out



Jason and Kianna: Island Hop

HUSTLER Online, Simply point your web browser to <a href="http://hustler.onprod.com">http://hustler.onprod.com</a> and enjoy high-resolution, steaming screens of cybersex—complete with additional, unpublished photos of the HUSTLER Honeys. Go ahead and jack in!

#### **Come Together**

First of all, HUSTLER is the best. My wife and I are very much in love, and we have sex together three or four times a day. She is a good-looking, kinky woman in her early thirties who is always up for trying something new in bed. We go through a lot of role playing, such as her with another man, or me with another woman. How do we contact other couples who are into sharing multiple partners? My wife knows how much I would love to see her sucking on a hard cock while I fuck her from behind, HUSTLER, can you -Horny Couple help us get started? Address Withheld Upon Request

All horny couples looking to jump into the sex-swapping pool should pick up a copy of HUSTLER's May '95 interview with the leaders of the swinger set (Swapping Stories: HUSTLER's Q & A with the Swingers Next Door, May '95). A wet new world of willing partners awaits—just don't forget your rubbers.

#### **Nagging Feeling**

I have something to say to two complainers in your December '95 Feedback. First of all, to J. M. C. from South Bend, (continued on page 15)

## Forbidden Fantasies

Cumadian Callers Welcome!









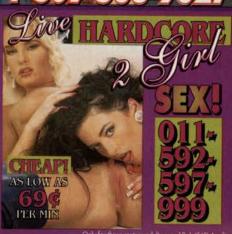








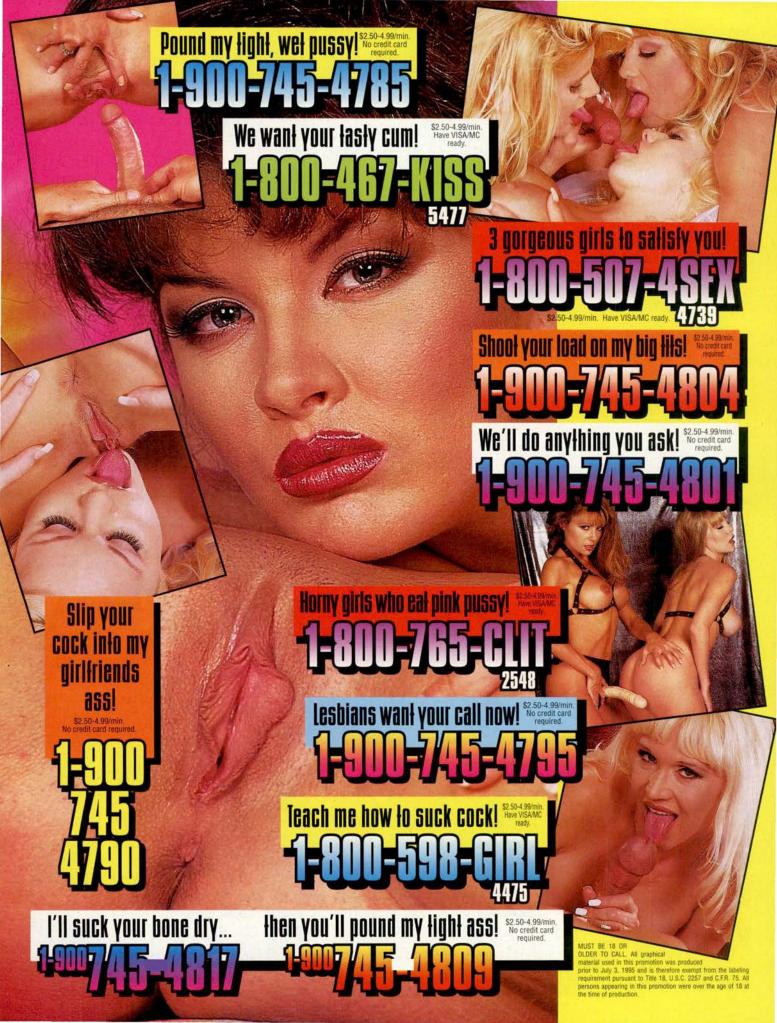








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#### FEEDBACK

(continued from page 11)

Indiana: If you're so interested in tattooed male bodies, please subscribe to some tattoo magazines and leave HUSTLER alone ("Left Is Right," Feedback, December '95). In response to G. M. from Honolulu, Hawaii: Does your middle name start with a W or a B ("In the Mix," Feedback, December '95)? Racial problems are not caused by pornography. Divisive shit like the Million Man March leads to discrimination and strife. America can't fix the past; as a country, we need to look at today and what tomorrow may bring. —D. C. Deer Lodge, Montana

Anyone who checks out the veritable rainbow coalition of cooze in each issue of HUSTLER ought to know that we really can all get it on.

#### **Grand Canyon**

A few years ago HUSTLER Magazine featured a spread on porn actress Christy Canyon. I lost my copy when I separated from the Army. Could you please tell me the issue Christy appeared in, and how to order a copy? Thanks.

—W. S.

Heidenheim, Germany

HUSTLER's December '89 issue featured the delightful Ms. Canyon as covergirl, centerfold and celebrity interview. Mach schnell to the nearest phone, W. S., and call 1-800-220-0314 for subscription and back-issue information.

#### **Cum-Happy Canucks**

On a recent trip to Florida, another couple coaxed my husband and I into buying HUSTLER for the first time. The pictorials are hot, and all of us enjoyed the multitude of girls getting their faces splashed with cum. As a woman, I particularly loved the humorous ideas for Christmas presents, such as the Cum-Kiss Shield and the HUSTLER Snowblower (HUSTLER's Holiday Gift Selections, Holiday Issue '95). Since reading HUSTLER, I have introduced it to several other women who enjoy it just as much as I do. You definitely have support and subscriptions up here in the North!

—The J.'s Ontario, Canada

#### Stink-Finger Science

I need the assistance of HUSTLER's female audience for a project I'm working on. My research will concern the subject of self-gratification. I have read many books, articles and reports on masturbation to keep educated, but I want to hear from individual women about how they gratify themselves. What kind of emotions do these women feel, and what kind of toys do they use? The information I collect will be used in a professional manner, and is in no way intended to degrade women. I will not use any name without written permission, and all reports will be kept in the strictest confidence. Please ask your female readers for their help.

—R. R.

Cameron, Missouri

Let's get this straight, R.R. You're flipping through the latest issue of HUSTLER, and you can't figure out what women fixate on when they diddle their clams. If you were any kind of a man, the answer would be in the palm of your hand.

#### **Insert Feet**

My choice for Beaver Hunt Grand Prize Winner is Pamela. HUSTLER is a great mag, but you need more foot shots. I'm sorry, but there's nothing that makes me hard like a hot babe with beautiful feet. Of course, if your models have some funky toes, then by all means, make them wear heels or socks! Pamela has sexy feet. Later.

—D. D.

Address Withheld Upon Request

Of course HUSTLER's Honeys feature tantalizing tootsies, D. D., but sometimes you ought to check out the action above the ankle.

#### **Indian Giver**

I just got out of a year in jail without seeing any pussy. I happened to get a hold of HUSTLER's November '95 issue. Shit and goddamn! That hot little bitch Shannon made my dick harder than a diamond (Shannon: Skin Deep, November '95). I am a Native American man, and if she really is sincere about racial harmony, I am all too willing to do my part by giving it to Shannon! She is such a sweet, sexylooking young black woman. Her little pussy looks so inviting. I am serious as hell in what I say. I went and gave my girlfriend a serious fuck, but in my mind it was Shannon I was fucking. Let Shannon know this red man's sexual craving for her. HUSTLER forever! - K. B.

Chandler, Arizona

#### **Dead Feds**

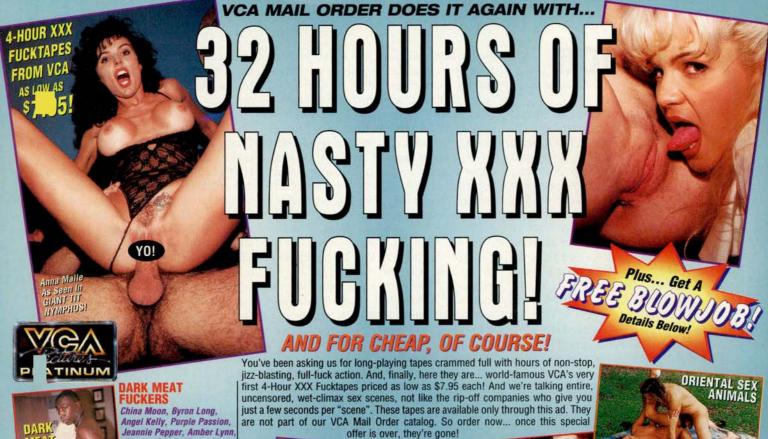
HUSTLER Magazine is a missing communication link for the unknowing public. I'm referring to Larry Wichman's recent article about militias (Misunderstood Militias: Are They America's True Patriots?, (continued on page 25)

## GRAFFILMY



THANKS AND \$50 GO TO NOEL REUCROFT

15



INTERRACIAL

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Jeannie Pepper, Amber Lynn Nina de Ponca, Ebony Ayes, Lois Ayres, Many More A soulful collection of those sex-crazed humans who are literally addicted to fucking studs and girls of the opposite persuasion! 4 Hours #13790 \$9.95

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Sahara Sands, Kelly Royce, Nina Hartley, Keisha, Bionca, Barbara Dare Porsche Lynn, Angel Kelly, Selena Steele, Vanessa del Rio, Annette Haven, More. Clam lappers who don't know

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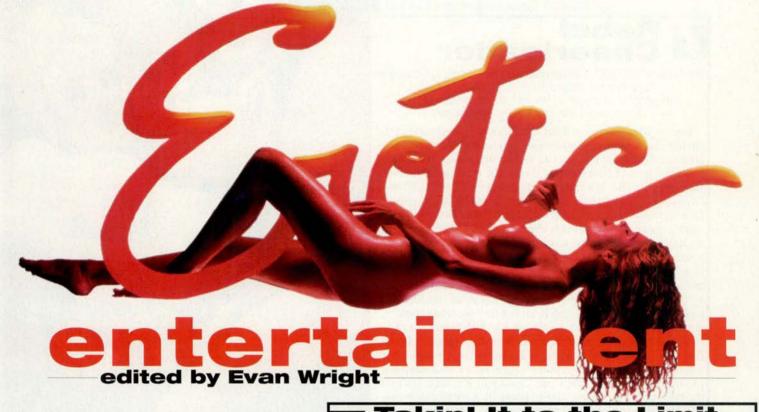
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## Takin' It to the Limit 6: Nastier Than Ever

FULLY ERECT. Directed by Bionca; starring Careena Collins, Felecia, Jill Kelly, Misty Rain, Traci Allen, Missy, Marine Cartier, Channone, Jake Steed, Tom Byron, Mark Davis, Alec Metro, Mickey, and John Stagliano. Videocassette: Bruce Seven Productions.

In porn, we are all reaching for the ultimate jerk-off inspiration. In our search for boundless incitement to ejaculation, the only limit that matters is Fully Erect, which is why searchers for infinitely scorching smut will return again and again to Takin' It to the Limit 6. Is this latest installment of fabled pery-purveyor Bruce Seven's ongoing collaboration with filthy-minded director Bionca truly Nastier Than Ever? Who, after one cock-wrenching viewing, has the stamina to care? Taffy-skinned pussy puller Careena Collins is certainly nasty enough, pushing and shoving like the prime pup of a pedigree litter through four fuck-frenzied chicks to latch her lips upon the snatch spout of the mother bitch. Stringy blonde Missy gets mean and messy, gripping her shitter on the tongue of a bearded mook, licking his ass, reaming him with a strap-on while shoving his head into a toilet, sucking his dick, spitting his cum onto the toilet seat and directing him to wipe the jizz up with his tongue. The formidable prongs of Jake Steed, Tom Byron and Mark Davis make a meaty mangle of a single tattoo-ass blonde, and the tape opens with two dudes pinching, poking and probing a pair of prime female ass cracks, all of it as nasty as anyone ever wanted. —Christian Shapiro



THE LIMIT 6: Missy toilet trains Mickey.



THE LIMIT 6: Blonde meets meat.

#### Rebel Cheerleader

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT. Directed by Paul Norman; starring J. R. Carrington, Dallas D'Amour, Rebecca Bardoux, Sindee Cox, Olivia, Roxanne Hall, Bobby Vitale, Nick East, Jay Ashley, Chaz Chase, Tom Byron and Alec Metro. Videocassette: Wave.

Anyone who's never had his dick sucked by a cheerleader should check out this high-quality production from Paul Norman. Of all the billions of sluts on this planet, there are just two types of cocksuckers: those who do it and those who love to do it. This is a film about bitches who love to blow boff-stick. Check out the way ice goddess J. R. Carrington's face melts the moment dong is dangled under her nose. This stately queen of quim kneels before dick like she's praying at an altar, then goes to work in an unholy trance: tickling scrote with fingers, kissing the head with drool-smeared lips and feathering shaft with tongue before she opens wide and takes it to the tonsils. While J. R. may be the star of this pic, all the bitches shine. Olivia shows off her metal-studded navel, tongue and pussy lips in an outdoor bleacher bonk with Alec Metro, then turns tail-filthy with bleacher crudto have Metro wash it off with jets of testicle juice. Rebecca Bardoux, Sindee Cox and Dallas D'Amour tangle tongues, mash gash and probe each other's poon-holes with strap-on plastic. Bobby Vitale and Chaz Chase nail Roxanne Hall in the back of a van, taking care to pump dick meat into every hole. Nick East blows ball sap across J. R.'s lips to show his thanks for her offerings of choice chick meat. Tom Byron and Jay Ashley score touchdowns with Dallas and J. R. An excellent retelling of an ancient story: cheerleader chicks chugalug choad. A stroker's delight. -Evan Wright



CHEERLEADER: Countdown to cunt licks.

## Sorority Sluts: Passed Out

ONE-QUARTER ERECT. Directed by Uncredited; starring Marki, Alabama, Lovette, Rick Masters, Johnny Thrust, Bret Singer and Dick Nasty. Videocassette: Zane.

Not much is needed to make a porn film: sluts, dudes and a camera. Zane brings these elements together and presents a porn film that altogether is that: not much. In the role of a drunken, scrowly slut with floppy, wobbly tits and a belly rippling with beer fat, Marki takes on two erection-challenged dudes on a pool table. Marki's first feat is to take a rock-hard cock in her mouth and suck it limp, leaving its owner to disengage from her mouth and back off in silent shame mixed, perhaps,



#### Erika Bella: Euro Slut

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT. Directed by Patrick Collins; starring Erika Bella, Kristina, Valentina, Nicolet, Susanne, Frank Mallone, Mike Foster and John Walton. Videocassette: Elegant Angel.

Europe, a historical continent on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean, has many points of interest for American visitors: art, architecture, tits and asses. Too bad a trip over there is so damn expensive. Thank God for Patrick Collins's Erika Bella: Euro Slut, which takes the VCR traveler overseas and up the buttholes of exotic, floppy-breasted foreign bodies at a fraction of the average vacationer's expense and without the monotony of looking at all those dreary paintings and castles. Erika Bella is the primary field of study on this educational cross-cultural journey. Bella is a big, blowsy brunet broad; her overfull tits are so round and huge and hanging that nothing can confine them, not even the definition of pendulous. Whore-faced Bella's belly and butt are big too, as is her appetite for cock, jizz and jizzing cock that's popped fresh from her poop hole. Bella bones in many of Euro Slut's eight sex scenes; her sister fuck-holes are wholly scum friendly and open anally. Take a trip and see.

with relief. Meanwhile, the other hapless dude manages to bungle his bone into the bitch's bung, but she cuts his ride short to get up and blow chunks on the floor. Both dudes come back and finish her off doggy-style while mopping the vomit off the floor with her face. The only thing to be said for the meager scenes to follow is that the other sluts make it through without losing lunch. But even if they had, nobody could blame them; this stinks.

—Mack Assarian



Bionea's toe treats.



Falcon Foto babe eats feet.



Bizarre man gives head to toes

#### TOE BIZ: FOR MEN WHO

Sales of foot-fetish films have been marching steadily upward in recent years, making them the second-best-selling category of all fetish films after bondage.

With titles such as Feet Treat, Toe Nuts, Toe Jam and Arches of Triumph, Larry Ross's Prestige Video finds the sweet smell of success in its series of foot films. "The story of

foot fetish is simple," Ross explains. "Once upon a time, a boy kissed a girl's foot, and he liked it."

"Foot worship is really about female worship," says XXX starlet-turned-director Bionca, whose sweet feet have starred in several Bruce Seven and Exquisite Pleasures footfetish productions. "A lot of men out there, if

given the choice of getting a blowjob from a chick or the chance to suck on her toes, would rather suck on her toes."

Fast on the heels of this trend, a variety of companies are jumping into the foot-fetish fray: Falcon Foto, Bizarre Video and Eurotique Video have all put out tape that reeks of feet.

Look out world; this fetish has legs.

#### F

#### California Sluts

HALF ERECT. Directed by Zane; starring Julia, Alabama, Laura Palmer, Raven, Jake Steed, Big Red, Billy Clyde and Destroyer. Videocassette: Zane.

The word *slut* is not the most flattering appellation for a sexually free female, but no term better suits the broads and bones of *California Sluts*. From the looks of *Sluts*' action, just about everybody in this tape would fuck just about anything. A white broad with burnt-red hair, her ass flesh as pale as paste, takes Jake Steed's XXX-tra large mamba up her shithole on the ground in a deserted parking lot. A mustachioed dandy crowds the ton-

sils of a mixed-blood broad with his cock, then pries his thick wedgie up her crapper. A brunet chick in pigtails and sailor cap slobbers on wide, white dick; yes, it ends up in her shit pit. Two trash gashes, one blond, both with droopy udders and bloated bellies, stretch their pussies for a rude cock—one lovely slides a cucumber through her turd rings. The *Sluts* part is self-evident, but why are they called *California*?

—C. S.

## Fire and Ice: Caught in the Act

ONE-QUARTER ERECT. Directed by Paul Norman; starring P. J. Sparxxx, Jill Kelly, Niki Darling, Channone, Vince Vouyer, Dick Nasty, Tom Byron, Dr. Dan and Nick Knight. Videocassette: Wicked Pictures.

Sex can be many things-hard and filthy, soft and sweet, beauteous and uplifting, degrading and slimy-but it should never be unpleasant. Aggravating fucking should be avoided, except when nothing else is available, which is also the appropriate time to view Fire and Ice: Caught in the Act. Aspiring to chronicle the sexual shenanigans of sex-show performers and some people who watch them, Fire and Ice doesn't aspire much. Tom Byron is facedown in an alley, pretending to be a bum. Some chick gets out of the passenger seat of a Mercedes and sucks his dick and gets fucked by him. Pleasing in concept, but the camera repeatedly cuts to the irritating face of the car's male driver, and the soundtrack carries his annoying shouts of derision. A short-cropped brunette promises sensory delight, but all joy is destroyed by a lingering study of Dick Nasty's sallow, sagging, libido-suffocating ass cheeks. The dubbed moans of delight are far louder and more pronounced than the action warrants. Anyone who catches this act will release it quickly.



FIRE AND ICE: Channone caught chowing bone for Nasty



ASSES 13: Savage gets her licks in.

## Hot Tight Asses 13

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT. Directed by Michael Carpenter; starring Davia Ardell, Caressa Savage, Shonna Lynn, Jamie Lee, Kim Kataine, Eden, Max Hardcore, Alex Sanders, T.T. Boy, Nick East and Peter North. Videocassette: TCKS Entertainment.

The perverted camera strikes again. This 13th iteration of Michael Carpenter's sphincter-expanding series is the story of Davia Ardell. What Davia wants is to have her ass pried open and pummeled by Max Hardcore's poop-shoot savvy prick, but first she must take the perverted camera on a quick tour of Sodom, California. First stop is a pool where Davia finds Eden at play with Alex Sanders. He primes Eden's butt-lips with spray from a garden hose, then leads her inside and tail nails her freshly cleaned ass. Super sluts Jamie Lee and Shonna Lynn treat Nick East and Sanders to a twin twat fest-ending in Lee's rear end. Sanders power plugs Lee's ass, then pulls out just in time to filthy her face with a choad load. Peter North fucks comely Caressa Savage's smile, then explodes on her face—spraying nose, eyes, hair, a wall and nearby Davia with jets of jizz. Davia muff dives Kim Kataine in the shower, then jams jumbo boob between Kataine's thighs and nipple-tickles her clit. Davia's turn to play buttslave to Max Hardcore's cock is well worth the wait. He turns her on her head and fucks her upside-down, ass-end-first until tiny, doll-like Davia's shit-hole hangs open in slack surrender. Shonna Lynn's poolside DP with T. T. Boy and North is almost an afterthought, until once again, North proves that he's made of yogurt as he drizzles her from snout to snizz with ropey links of jizz. Hot Tight Asses delivers so much anal, you can almost smell it.

## Comeback

HALF ERECT. Directed by Paul Thomas; starring Christy Canyon, Jen Teal, Asia Carrera, Shelby Stevens, Christa Rain, Dallas, T. T. Boy, Steven St. Croix, Michael J. Cox, lan Daniels and Tony Tedeschi. Videocassette: Vivid.

That Christy Canyon has returned to hard-core porn is good news. Within that good news is good news and bad news. The bad news is that Canyon is signed to a video company notorious for its no-penis princesses. The good news is that Christy does get dicked. The bad news is that she appears to be working under a condom, no-facialcum-shot clause. The good news is that Christy Canyon is a wholepackage hot fuck, ordering Tony Tedeschi to pull her hair, to pull it harder, as he heaves his meat into her pussy hole from behind. The bad news is that director Paul Thomas seems to labor under the impression that he and his filmic technique are as big an attraction as is Christy Canyon. The good news is that Christy Canyon is still a very big attraction, big in the ass, big in the mouth, big in the gut, big in the tits, big in the lap of the viewer who watches Canyon's big flesh swinging and swaying to the tune of her hungry sex howls while Steven St. Croix and Asia Carrera worshipfully slurp her legendary big stuff. Take our advice: Take Comeback's good with its bad.

COMEBACK: Yodeling in Christy's canyon.



ASSES 13: Watering Eden's turd garden.



#### **Private Video Magazine 26**

ONE-QUARTER ERECT. Directed by Uncredited; starring Monica and Various Unknowns. Videocassette: Odyssey Group Video.

The series slogs on. The formula is simple: Take a compilation, package it as a magazine and hope nobody notices it's still just a compilation. The best ten minutes of this compilation are in the first scene with pretty, tiny-tittied Monica drowning in a shallow pond. She is rescued by two studs who proceed to check her for leaks and plug up all her holes, ending with a sphincter-stretching DP before they squirt her with caulking, topside and bottom. Then it's on to Europe, where two blond Euro-lezzies grind gash at a lingerie shop and dabble with a double-dong dildo. A tattooed stud with uncircumcised manmeat slow pokes a bespectacled bitch then cum-sprays her face and eye glasses. A skanky brunette in maid's garb hoovers two human hoses at once, then takes each in her brown eye and slit. Three chicks blow three studs who tool them from ass to gash. A slender beach bitch gets snatch stuffed by a jumbo salami. A poolside babe opens wide and gets tongue-tied over two dongs, then bends and spreads for a rush DP. A trip to Europe; not much to write home about.

—M. A.

## E UNSTOPPABLE FLOW OF



Anabolic babe: Open for business,

Ever since the adult-film industry caught the first whiff of success from the anally oriented Buttman series a few years back. it's been open season on porn-star sphincters.

Not only do performers in anal films put themselves at a higher risk for AIDS, but the work itself can get downright dirty. Prior to filming a big anal scene, many porn starlets use enemas to flush out their bowels. Even so, messy accidents sometimes do spill out and bring production skidding to a stop.

The bottom line on anal, according to Mike Carpenter, whose wildly successful, all-anal Hot Tight Asses series is now up to Volume 13, is: "We will continue to put out hot, nasty all-anal adult features because that's what people want to see."

"You can understand it this way." muses back-door conquistador Max Steiner, a/k/a Max Hardcore, "every man wants to be a king, but in society, a man is shackled by rules and responsibility until he's nothing. Fucking a woman up the ass is all about breaking rules and taboos. It's a fantasy about having absolute power to do anything. It's about a man feeling like a king."

Kings will have much to wave their meat scepters about in the coming months as the video industry releases a whole slew of new butt-grinding features.

Evil Angel's Gregory Dark, master of the surrealist sex spectacle, is now releasing his nastiest, most extravagant feature to date, Gregory Dark's Sex Freaks, which includes at least two allanal gang-bangs. VCA is releasing its third installment in its top quality, all-anal Plunge series, Cyber Anal, a "hi-tech, all-anal adventure." And of Nasty Nympho notoriety, Anabolic Video is forging ahead with its multipart World Sex Tour series, featuring European beauties getting butt-slammed in scenic locales across the Continent.

To porn starlets everywhere, the message is clear: Your ass is cash

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT. Directed by Toni English; starring Asia Carrera, Melissa Hill, Jordan Lee, Nikole Lace, Rocco Siffredi, Jon Dough and Tony Tedeschi. Videocassette: Wave.

Sometimes the quality and production values in a XXX film are so good, the average run-of-the-mook stroker might not be sure he's getting real, hard-core porn until the first salvo of cum-shots is streaking down some chick's lips. Luckily, none of Bed and Breakfast's fancy film techniques get in the way of the XXX action. Tony Tedeschi comes into town looking for a job as a cook, but gets his cock pressed into service by Nikole Lace-who sears his sausage with a flaming-hot fuck. Jordan Lee gets dickhappy for Jon Dough and Rocco Siffredi in the film's only DP-Siffredi buries his rolling-pin prong deep into Lee's rectum, while Dough rides out the storm with his dick parked safely in her snatch. Both

bust rods over Lee's gulping mouth, festooning her face with cum streamers. Melissa Hill munches Asia Carrera's cunt mound, while Siffredi schtups same, busily bouncing his balls onto Hill's snatch-sniffing snout. Lee makes quickie-lickee on Tedeschi's tumescent tool before the film's climax: Dough's poonpunishing fuck with cheating wife Carrera. Dough's biggest feat is to keep his misogyny in check long enough to tool the raging Asian. After she performs bounce and blow on his mean member, Dough blindfolds Carrera, pushes her into doggie submission and force feeds her his bone. A choad churner, this film is just a scene or two shy of HUSTLER's highest rating.

LONG AT LARGE: Moon lands on Long

## Byron Long At Large

ONE-QUARTER ERECT. Directed by Don Franken; starring Byron Long, Gina Rome, Claudio, Porsia, Sabrina, Kira, Geof Coldwater and China Moon. Videocassette: VCA Pro-Am Plus.

This friendly exercise in low-tech dreck is an easy-to-watch document of racial harmony in sexual relations. Charismatic Byron Long, though probably not the Harvard grad, Pulitzer Prize-winning author he is made out to be, is a likable black man whose hard dick extends sufficiently to warrant the name Long. Byron inserts his charismatic cock into the nappy dugout of a dignified sister who looks like Whitney Houston after a few months of binge eating. Long also pigs out on China Moon, a tiny Asian twat who keeps her porcelain physiognomy wholly impassive as Long drains dong juice across her lips. Bald old white man Claudio, trying to pass as a young guy, pounds and pops with thin, pretty, billowing boobs Gina Rome. A red-headed, yellowish Afro chick inhales bald Claudio's bone, takes it up her bung and drains it on her mug. The tape contains another white-on-black genital slap, and a black-on-black squack-on-squack in a bubble bath. Long at Large is living only a little. -C.S.



BREAKFAST: Handfuls of Carrera.



CRAVED: Sparxxx extracts cream filling of meatsicle.

#### Harder She Craved

HALF ERECT. Directed by Wesley Emerson; starring Kaitlyn Ashley, Kirsty Waay, P. J. Sparxxx, Melissa Hill, Jill Kelly, Vince Vouyer, Melissa Monet, Mike Horner, Peter North, Alex Sanders, Missy and T. T. Boy. Videocassette: VCA.

The opening credits of Harder She Craved flash over scenes of direct, in-chick-mouth cum splashes, each spermy gush frothier on femme lips than its predecessor; all are repeated later in the course of the flick. This emphasis on semen flying thick, furious and free partially offsets the involuntary sink of disappointment many viewers will experience upon realizing that every dick that slides into female hole in *Harder* does so with a sheath of latex. Peter North burns the first rubber in the tight quim of toned, trim Kirsty Waay, who smiles under a cascade of splooge. A couple of chicks share one dick, and the cock spits on a pretty face licking pussy slit. Mike Horner lamely dumps his load on a belly. North nails two trollops, launching extra wad dollops to the flinching face of Melissa Monet; scrappy blond Missy smiles and gets happy in a mist of Alex Sanders's testicle spray; and fuck doll Kaitlyn Ashley bravely waggles her tongue beneath a messy load of T. T. Boy's milky choad. Still, the viewer craves something harder.



CRAVED: Slut sings song of dick up her ass.

## Stroker's Guide

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



#### Fully Erect Superior. A top production.

Superior. A top production.

The Bottom Dweller 33 1/3 (Elegant Angel)

Careena Collins, Nici Sterling, Jake Steed

Compulsive Behavior (Odyssey Group)

Tiffany Mynx, Sharon Kane, Mike Horner

Gregory Dark's DMJ5: The Inferno (VCA)

Juli Ashton, Vanessa Chase, Rip Hymen

Takin' It to the Limit 6: Nastier Than Ever (Bruce Seven Productions)

Careena Collins, Felecia, Tom Byron



#### Three-Quarters Erect

Above average. Hard-on material.

**Bed and Breakfast (Vivid)** 

Asia Carrera, Melissa Hill, Rocco Siffredi

Cover to Cover (Wicked Pictures)

> Jenna Jameson, Jill Kelly, Brad Armstrong

Erika Bella: Euro Slut (Elegant Angel)

Erika Bella, Kristina, Frank Mallone

Hot Tight Asses 13 (TCKS Entertainment)

> Davia Ardell, Caressa Savage, Max Hardcore

Rebel Cheerleader (Vivid)

J. R. Carrington, Olivia, Alec Metro

Sperm Bitches (Zane)

Nikki Arizona, Shonnalynn, Max Cady



#### **Half Erect**

Standard fare. Has moments.

California Sluts (Zane)

Julia, Alabama, Jake Steed

Comeback (Vivid)

Christy Canyon, Jen Teal, T. T. Boy

Dear Diary (Wicked Pictures)

Kaitlyn Ashley, Jordan St. James, Steven St. Croix

**Generation X (Wave)** 

Sindee Cox, Kia, Alec Metro

Harder She Craved (VCA)

Kaitlyn Ashley, Kirsty Waay, Vince Vouyer



#### One-Quarter Erect

Poor. Don't expect much.

Byron Long at Large (VCA)

Byron Long, Gina Rome, Claudio

Private Video Magazine 26 (Odyssey Group Video)

Monica

Sorority Sluts (Zane)

Marki, Alabama, Lovette

Totally Limp
A waste of time and money.

Public Places 2 (Wicked Pictures)

Rebecca Wild, Brittany O'Connell, Buck Adams

Western Nights (Wicked Pictures)

> Tera Heart, Anna Malle, Jonathan Morgan



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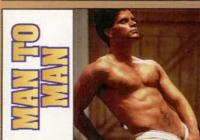
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#### **FEEDBACK**

(continued from page 15)

Holiday Issue '95). Finally, someone has the balls to let the people of America know they're being cheated. It should be obvious that the so-called War on Drugs is an attempt by law-enforcement agents to disarm the very taxpayers who supply their salary. If this cycle continues, soon it will be illegal to exercise the most basic freedoms, such as voting. I am from Pocahontas, Arkansas, 11 miles from Walnut Ridge, where Gordon Kahl was murdered. Lawenforcement agents poured gas down the chimney of Mr. Kahl's house, burning and killing everyone inside. Why is it that lawenforcement agents who kill a tax protestor and a mother with a baby in her arms are simply given a job transfer? -D. J. Bastrop, Texas

Hard questions, D. J., deserving of hard scrutiny.

#### **Rhythm Method**

Here's a message from the rapper and the outlaw Mad Mike. I think HUSTLER is near perfect. With a little improvement, it could be even better. The magazine should have more women bent over at 90-degree angles. Those pictures really make me horny. I enjoy doing it from the back as much as most ladies do.

I wanna stroke I wanna do it hard-core I wanna stroke it hard I'm coming in the back door.

—M. C. West Palm Beach, Florida

Yo, Mad Mike, it's HUSTLER's duty to always bring the bent over, bare-naked booty.

#### **Asking For It**

I am deeply saddened that a HUSTLER cartoonist chose to trivialize the issue of domestic violence on page 64 of the magazine ("The Woman's Inability to Shut the Fuck Up," November '95). To treat this issue in such a flippant manner is unbelievable. Nobody deserves to be abused! I think that is the cartoon's most disturbing suggestion. I urge you to please rethink what you have done and do something about it. Domestic violence is destroying our families.

—Name and Address Withheld Upon Request

Since its conception, HUSTLER has been devoted to satirizing every aspect of these troubled times. A cartoon that provokes dialogue about an important issue is not offensive; keeping domestic violence a

dirty little secret that no one's allowed to talk about is dangerous.

#### **Gay Watch**

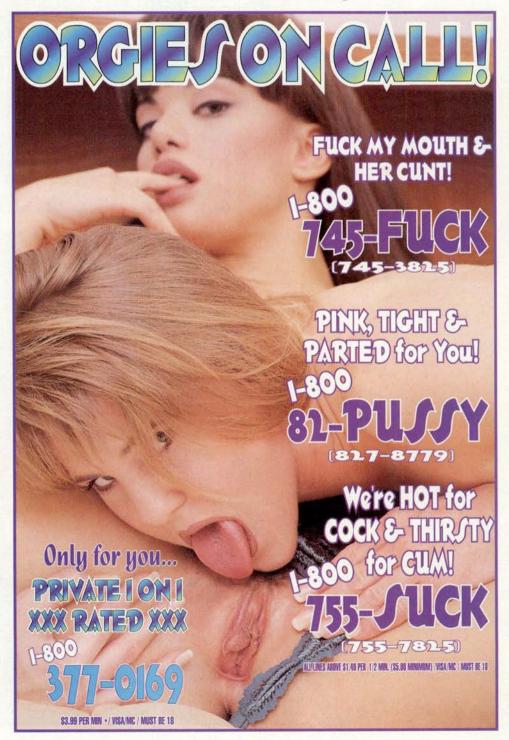
I have a slight dilemma that I hope you young fellows at HUSTLER can help me with. I own a hotel and restaurant on the beach in north Florida. The problem is that I am a bisexual man, and although I've been having an affair with the guy who took over as night manager, I can't keep my eyes off the other male employees on my staff. I'm afraid that one day I won't be able to control my urges. I could run the risk of losing my business. My boyfriend has been a real trooper, but I

don't know how much more I can take. Please help! —B. A.

Atlantic Beach, Florida

The best way HUSTLER can help, B. A., is to offer up a magazine's worth of fuckable naked ladies. The pictorials in this issue ought to straighten you out.

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.







## **Hot Lette**



#### WHORE LEAVE

I've been stationed in Tennessee for the past six months, serving with the soldiers of the First Cavalry Division. Many enlisted men dream of a cushy office job pushing paper, but there's nowhere I'd rather be than on the field with my bros. We work hard, play harder, and when there's a spare moment, chase pussy. Most of the time, however, grunts have to entertain themselves by swapping stories of past conquests. That's what Blaine, Scott and I were doing at our favorite bar, Bertha's, last Saturday night around 2300 hours (11 p.m. for all you civilian types).

Blaine claims Asian chicks are the hottest lays on God's green earth. He told a story about receiving the legendary Vietnamese spin-basket fuck at a whorehouse in Hanoi. Scott tried to top him with some bullshit tall tale about banging Bruce Lee's daughter. Supposedly her handjob was so fast, Scott came before his dick even got hard. As Bertha's watered-down booze took effect, I had less and less patience for these children's stories.

"A kung-fu grip on the dick is all well and good, boys," I barked, "but when it comes to hot snatch, there's nothing like porking an officer of the goddamn United States Army." Cheap scotch flew everywhere as I punctuated my sentence with a drunken salute.

Scott wiped himself off and snorted derisively. "Unless you're talking about the time the Sarge cornholed you in your sleep, you must be dreaming. Every grunt knows the rules-if poon wears a uniform, it's off-limits."

I growled, "Fuck the rules," but the sight of a chesty, redheaded Lieutenant at the bar gave me an idea of something her freckled skin and pug nose had caught my eye at the base's medical clinic a few times. Unfortunately, base policy does indeed forbid fraternization with the officers; so my flirtatious overtures were usually rebuffed with a silent, tight-lipped smile. Tonight I was determined to loosen those lips, and sink my ship in her briny depths.

Ditching Blaine and Scott with a couple of toothless hookers by the jukebox, I pulled up a seat next to the hot-bodied LT. She was already three sheets to the wind, saluting me with one hand and running the other up my leg. My cock sprang to attention.

"At ease, soldier," gasped the LT, her eyes bulging at the growth in my pants. "You're that bedpan changer who always makes goo-goo eyes at me in the clinic. I was wondering how long it would take you to come over here and buy me a drink." Her hand continued its upward march toward my crotch, then stopped for a playful squeeze of my swollen testes.

"With all due respect, Lieutenant



Dixon, this is strictly official military business," I announced loudly enough for a shifty-eyed soldier at the door to hear. He was probably a CID agent (Criminal Investigation Department the two-timing Army assholes who turn in their bros in exchange for promotions). Leaning in close enough to smell Dixon's intoxicating, musky perfume, I whispered, "My buddies and I have a little bet going. They believe women of the upper-brass are frigid, man-hating dykes who wouldn't know what to do with a dick unless a drill sargeant barked out instructions. I say you'll come back to my barracks and play 'Taps' on my meatbugle. If I lose, I've got to stick my nose up my buddies' asses while they beerfart. If I win, well...I just fucked the hottest piece of ass I've ever seen in green drabs.'

Dixon licked her lips, obviously intrigued. "I'll do you one better, soldier," she slurred with her lusciously pink tongue. "I'll save you cabfare back to the barracks." In full view of the CID weasel. Dixon let down her hair and dove under the table. She freed my wang and swallowed it voraciously; cock must have been quite a tasty treat compared to the slop they serve in the mess hall. Her tongue tickled up from the base and around the shaft with the dexterity of a freak show contortionist. I looked over to see if Blaine and Scott were witnessing my triumph, but those two mooks were finger deep in their whores. Their loss: the sight of this redheaded, ice-goddess Lieutenant with my crank in her yap was so exciting I'm still jacking off over it.

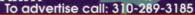
After a few throaty sucks, I was harder than the barrel of an M-16. Dixon coughed out my rigid member and wiped the glaze of drool from her chin. Quickly, as if not to lose a drop of saliva, she stuck a hand in her unzipped pants and lubed up her bare pussy.

"Unless you want to spend a night in the brig, you'd better make this quick, soldier," Dixon commanded. "Now get fucking!" Somehow she managed to turn her kneeling body around, and lift her smooth, perfect ass up to my lap. Taking the hint, I parted her cunt lips and drove in dick. The first thrust made her entire body shake, scattering empty beer bottles and full ashtrays to the floor. Dixon was a buck-and-scream kind of gal, and after plowing into her snatch a few more times, the sound of our moaning overpowered the blaring jukebox.

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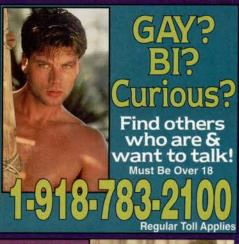


















PR3120

#### Hot Letters "Fuck me faster," she groaned. "Count those strokes off! Hup, two, three, four...." I tried to keep up with the furious pace of Dixon's grind, but my load was demanding to blow.

"Spank that ass, soldier!" she exclaimed. I slapped her butt firmly, then dug in with both hands. Dixon wasn't satisfied.

"Did I say you could stop spanking my ass? Now spank the left cheek! Now the right! Left! Right!" Her white skin turned bright red under the mutual battery of my palms and wang. I was hypnotized by the disembodied rump bouncing between my legs, but I had to get a look at those monster titties. Lifting the tablecloth, I pulled out of her gash and joined her on the floor. As if reading my hormone-addled mind, Dixon unhooked her bra and freed two gargantuan knockersthe kind that look bigger than you even expected. I sucked at her nipples like a greedy baby while she threw her ankles over my shoulders. Dixon's smooth honey pot engulfed my meat like a pink pit of quicksand.

"Fuck me faster," she groaned "Count those strokes off! Hup, two, three, four...." I tried to keep up with the furious pace of Dixon's grind, but my load was demanding to blow. Instead of bringing an end to the best sex I'd had since Desert Storm, I slowly moved my mouth from mams to muff. Her back stiffened at the first trace of my teeth on her clit. Swabbing her puffy labia, I soon had Dixon wet enough to accept four fingers into her hungry hole. Her ass gyrated in calisthenic circles, twisting faster by the second. This baby was ready to blow.

Sure enough, sharp fingernails dug into my scalp with an urgency that seemed to say, Don't stop giving me head if you want to keep your head. I obliged by sucking even harder at the protruding clit. With a banshee's wail, Dixon's legs kicked straight into the air, knocking the table down on top of us. Most of Bertha's customers were too plastered to notice, and Dixon was too busy unrolling her eyes from the back of her head.

"Thanks, soldier," she said, her dazed smile already hardening back into the officer's look of steely contempt. "Now hand me my bra! Sit up straight! And for God's sake, put that worm back in your pants!"

"What about my needs?" I whined, cringing at how many times I'd heard that line from some dumb broad. "I didn't even get off!" Dixon threatened me with a court-martial for insubordination and stormed out.

Back behind the jukebox, Blaine and Scott were double-penetrating the last remaining bar slut. I got sloppy seconds (or was it thirds?) and a beer fart in the face when they didn't believe my story. Enlisted men, take warning: Even when officers let you fuck them, they're still fucking you over.

Johnson City, Tennessee

#### DOGGY STYLE

People seem to think being a dogcatcher is a pathetic job. They say things like "That guy couldn't get elected dogcatcher," and "All dogcatchers are queer." These ignorant fools would probably be interested to find out that canine retrieval managers such as myself bag some pretty hot bitches-and I'm not just talking about the ones on four legs.

Recently I was involved in a lowspeed chase with this wiry Airedale terrier. The furry bastard led me ten blocks out of my usual district into the ritzy part of town. I had just decided to run over the mangy cur with my truck when a good-looking, leash-wielding redhead jumped into the street.

"There you are, Poopsie-Woopsie," she squealed, cradling the quivering mutt in her arms. I almost vomited. People who give their dogs cutesy names should be put to sleep. The only thing that kept my lunch down was the sight of this rich snob's tight exercise uni-

form, which clung to every curve of her perfect bod. I decided to have a little fun, and maybe get my hands on her hoity-toity casabas.

"Sorry, ma'am," I called from my driver's seat. "Your dog just killed and ate an innocent child playing on the corner of Ninth and Vine. I'm afraid state law demands I blow Poopsie-Woopsie's brains out right here in the street." For added effect, I pulled out the toy gun I nabbed from that crybaby brat on Vine Street. I wish the dog actually had eaten him.

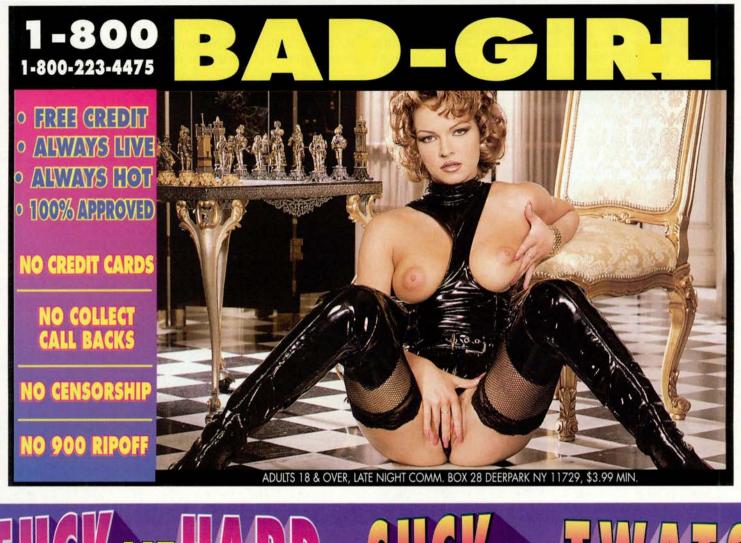
"Oh, my God," whimpered the upperclass bimbo. "Can't we work out some kind of arrangement...say, in the back of your cute little white truck?" She didn't have to ask me twice. I made space by throwing out nets and bags of Alpo, and threw Poopsie-Woopsie in his very own cage. Then I led the fiery-haired debutante with the big, round ass into my own personal boudoir on wheels.

"Call me Cindy," she said with a ditzy smile. "All my friends-ulp!" I cut off her babble by porking my schlong into her chatterbox. Her eyes lit up like that Vine Street kid with his ice-cream cone (which I also stole). Cindy slowly nibbled down to my balls while Poopsie-

(continued on page 39)



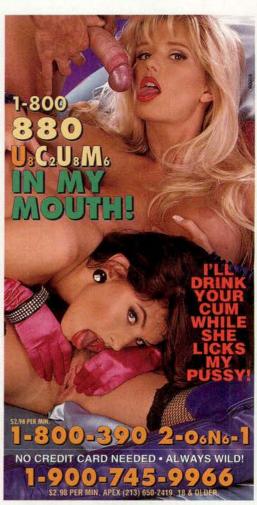
"Oh, for goodness sakes, Rex! Don't you know any other positions besides doggy style?"



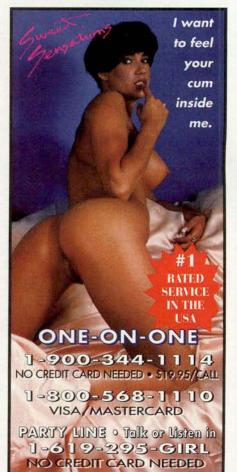


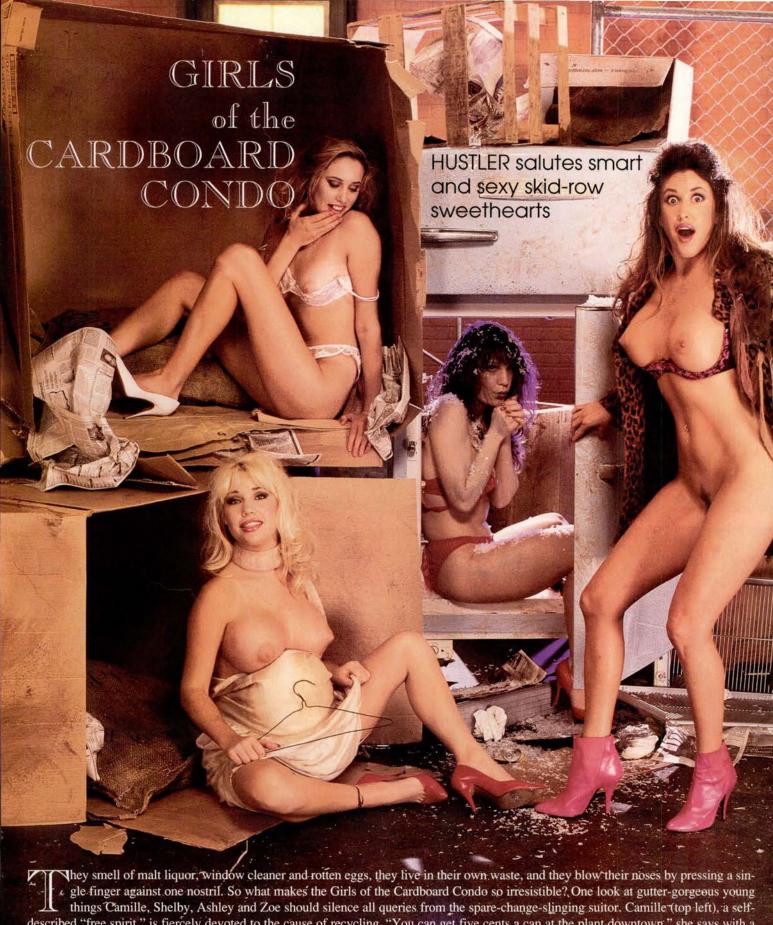






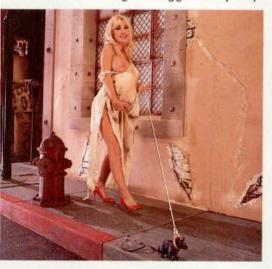


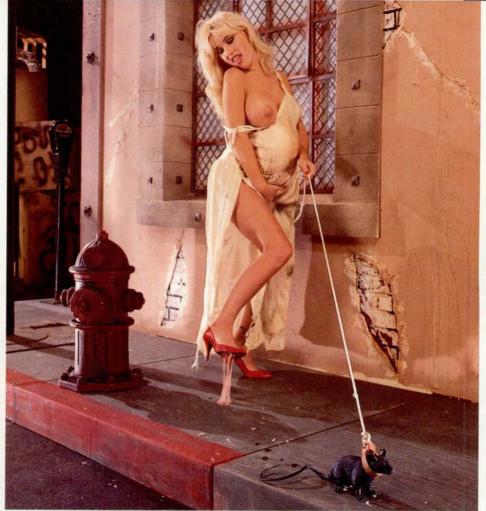


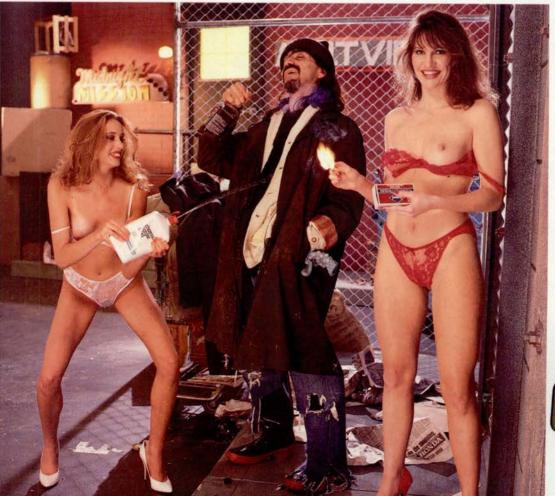


gle finger against one nostril. So what makes the Girls of the Cardboard Condo so irresistible? One look at gutter-gorgeous young things Camille, Shelby, Ashley and Zoe should silence all queries from the spare-change-slinging suitor. Camille (top left), a self-described "free spirit," is fiercely devoted to the cause of recycling. "You can get five cents a can at the plant downtown," she says with a coarse, phlegmy laugh. Shelby (bottom left), currently between jobs, is a creature driven by her appetites—usually to the nearest trash can. "Lately I've had the strangest cravings for half-eaten nachos, rotten pickles and spoiled meat. Oh, wait," adds the full-bedied blond bombshell, "that's what I always eat." Part-time private-relations manager Ashley (standing) finds bosom pal Zoe (bottom center) enjoying the Cardboard Condo's newest wing, a discarded refrigerator. "We should put a handle on the inside of the door, too," suggests pragmatic Zoe through chattering teeth. HUSTLER spends a day following these homeless honeys with more than just a hand out.

As the city's working stiffs suffer through smog and traffic jams, Shelby takes part in a different kind of rat race—walking her faithful pet Boris. "Oh, damn," pouts Shelby, sensuously lifting her shapely leg out of a sticky, pink morass of chewed bubble gum. "Why couldn't I miss that wad of Bazooka the way I missed my last three periods?" Boris looks up from pinching off the morning's first dropping as if to say, Just don't let the sparkle vanish from your beautiful, blue eyes. HUSTLER readers are probably too busy admiring Shelby's bounteous, milky breasts, which seem to grow bigger every day.







Across town, Camille and Zoe display the playful abandon that has made Cardboard Condo Girls known in back alleys around the world as the leaders in fun and frolic. "This isn't what I had in mind when you promised me a hot time," needles the lucky bum who won the attentions of our derelict duo. "Come on, Zoe, light my fire!" squeals Camille, her girlish giggles giving way to a hacking, croupy cough. Wonder if she handles a man as wonderfully as she wields that bottle of lighter fluid.

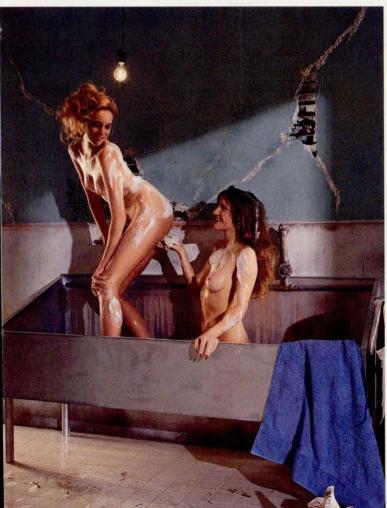


While the rest of the Cardboard Condo crew play, dark beauty Ashley is hard at work. "Selling fruit by the freeway entrance isn't always the glamour job it appears to be," sighs the statuesque brunette wearily. "The competition is murder, not to mention the gang members and random psychos. I found a way to blow off a little steam—among other things—by supplementing my income with therapeutic mouth-massage." The self-made magnate of the off-ramp escorts clients back to their cars for "five- or ten-minute therapy sessions," during which Ashley uses her well-studied technique to coax deep-rooted solutions from satisfied customers. "I'm not asking for a Nobel Peace Prize or anything, but I look at cocksucking as a public service," beams Ashley. "Except I charge \$40 for it."





In addition, Ashley's windshield-washing business saves money and "perfectly drinkable Windex." "Most guys will shell out an extra ten-spot to get a pool of splooge wiped off the windshield before driving home to wifey." What type of man would it take to make Ashley an honest woman? "Someone who respects my work, and is willing to move into the Cardboard Condo. All my boyfriends back out when they see the mason jar bathroom facilities."







Meanwhile, at the local Port Authority, Camille and Zoe scrub away the day's misadventures. "We went down to the blood bank, where I threw up all over an orderly," remembers Zoe with a crusty grin. "The blood donor money went toward crack cocaine and a can of corned beef hash. Camille smoked up all the crack and then stopped breathing. I had to kick her in the stomach a few times after she turned blue." Tubbing was shunned by the Cardboard Condo Girls as a waste of time until a police officer cleaned up their act. "He pointed to a sign that read URINAL and said, 'That's French for public bath,' "Zoe recalls, seductively scrubbing out new discoveries from Camille's hard-to-reach places.

Convening back at the Cardboard Condo around midnight, the girls are delighted to find a little surprise cooked up by Shelby—dinner! And not just the usual Dumpster buffet of watermelon rinds and chicken bones. Tonight, Shelby's squeezed out a prime serving of fresh, Grade A mystery meat. "Let's just call it fruit of the loins," she smiles, roasting another shank on a handily bent coat hanger. "Don't talk with your mouth full," chides Ashley. The flames from an emptied oil drum reach up to the night sky, joined by the sounds of laughter and Cardboard Condo camaraderie. When bidding adieu to these girls, don't be surprised if they've stolen your heart—along with your wallet, watch and any loose change.





### Personals

### STRAIGHT FEMALES

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

### BISEXUAL FEMALES



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

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

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

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

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

### LESBIANS

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

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

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

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

### TRANSVESTITES

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

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

### COUPLES

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

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

### **GAY MALES**

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

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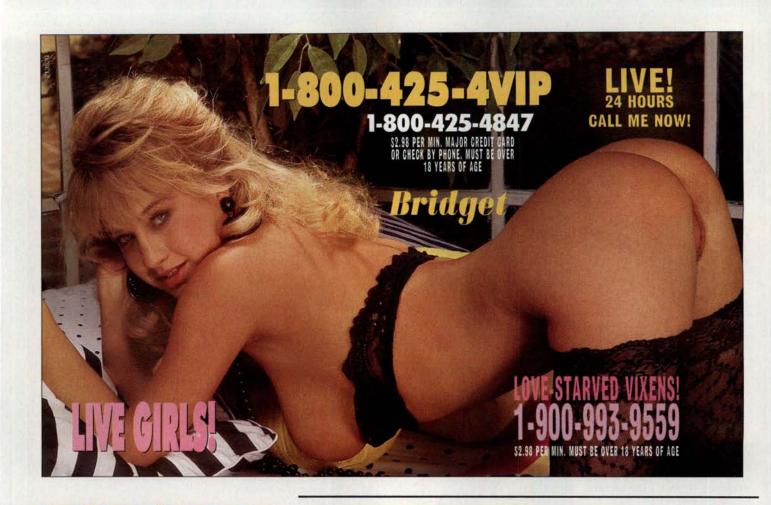
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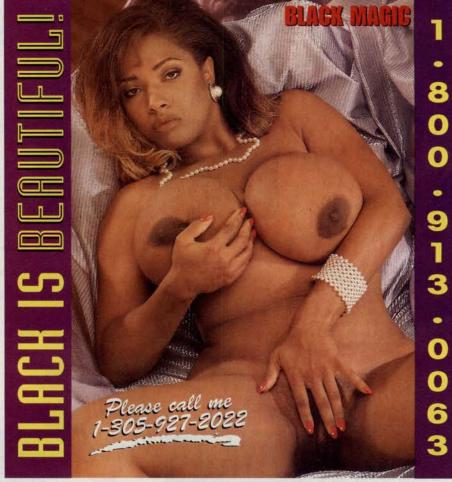
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(continued from page 29)

### Hot Letters My dick isn't the longest, but it's a particularly fat little fellow; stretching her bung to engulf the girth wasn't easy.... In heat, she gasped, "It's like sitting on a fire hydrant!"

Woopsie clawed to get out of his prison. I couldn't blame him; Cindy was one gorgeous lady, and the sight of her nipples stiffening under spandex nearly made me gush.

We reclined into a 69 position with Cindy on top. I pulled off her gym shorts to reveal a perfectly pruned shrub of crimson pubes. The thin, bright-pink labia seemed to smile in ecstasy as I laid a soul kiss on Cindy's snatch. Meanwhile, my dong was pistoning in and out of her hot, wet throat. Somehow I wasn't surprised that this society type would deliver the nastiest, slurpiest blowjob of my life. I showed my appreciation by sliding a single finger into her puckered shitter.

"Oof," grunted the sword-swallowing slut. "How about stuffing something more substantial back there?" As if in agreement, Poopsie-Woopsie barked loudly. I mounted Cindy, reaching around to her pendulous, hanging breasts for leverage. My dick isn't the longest, but it's a particularly fat little fellow; stretching her bung to engulf the girth wasn't easy. As I forced the first few inches inward, Cindy howled and shook her ass.

In heat, she gasped, "It's like sitting on a fire hydrant!" Poopsie-Woopsie's ears perked up at those words, but my withering glare quashed any thoughts of a doggy golden shower. I rammed Cindy's rectum full, then pulled out slowly, teasing the fuck-starved housewife. She vigorously fingered her clam as I drove in again and again, slapping my balls to her beaver.

Cindy tossed her red mane back and stared at me with glassy eyes. Gnashing her teeth and growling in ecstasy, she truly seemed to be in an animal state. I became concerned that she might bite her tongue like another girl I was with last month; so while still focusing on pumping Cindy's butt, I found a rubber chew toy shaped like a bone to stuff in her mouth. She chomped on it so aggressively I almost regretted the fact that my manhood had been there. Finally the wad bubbled out of my nads, and hurtled up to fill her colon.

Sensing the stiffness of my thrusts, Cindy spit out her toy and begged, "Come on my tits!" Scrambling to lay on her back, she hoisted her shirt and bared the freckled floppers that had won her a coveted fuck with the county dogcatcher. Wave after wave of pasty splooge flew from my tip and landed in globs on her chest and chin.

Even when glazed like a doughnut,

Cindy wasn't finished. She greedily pawed at my semen and sucked it off her fingers. The rest of her digits were twiddling her love button to a whopper of a climax. She propped up on her elbows, lifted her ass, and sprayed a long arc of steaming pussy juice all over the truck.

"Jesus Christ, you sloppy cunt," I yelled. "I just had this floor cleaned! At least I shot off on you!"

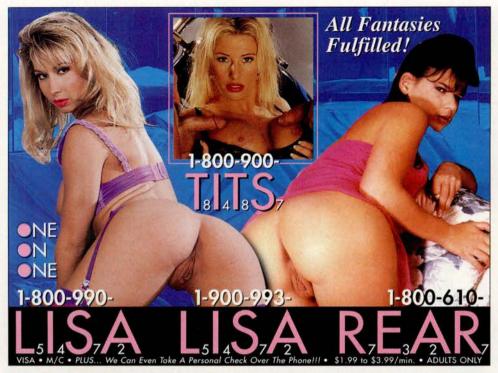
All Cindy could do was keep fingering her quim and laugh. "I guess I'm not housebroken," she chuckled. That was the final straw. I gathered her clothes, pushed her out of the truck and drove off-Poopsie-Woopsie and all.

By the way, Cindy, his name is Rex now. If you really are as interested in getting him back as those flyers all over town say, maybe we can work out another arrangement. -G. S.

Chicago, Illinois

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





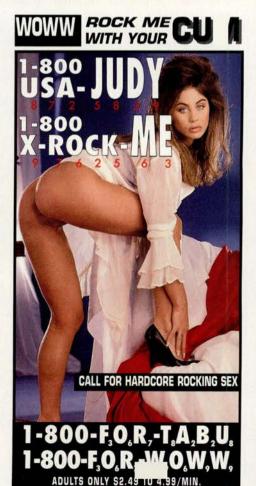


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# SEX PLAY

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.

### **Casting an Ex**

### **Putting the Screws to an Old Girlfriend**

By Alex Marvel

Nostalgia for lays past comes strongest to Danny Boomer during the evenings, when he is alone at home—just he, his stack of Hank Williams records, and his fossil-hard bone. He has been broken up with Candy Generax, his most recent set of significant udders, for eight weeks. Precisely enough time has elapsed that the relief of Candy being gone no longer wipes out Danny's need for her poon.

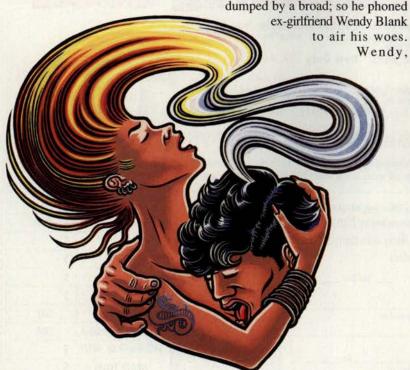
Danny's mental VCR rewinds to a loop from the days before he had known Candy Generax. In slow-mo replay, Mona Slack, Danny's steady hump of three years back, rolls onto her taut belly, opens her honey-hued buns with both hands, looks over her shoulder at Danny with big, woeful brown eyes, and offers her rosy sphincters for their virgin penetration by the Boomer pole.

Danny remembers better than if it were yesterday. He feels the squishy grip of Mona's craprings, he hears her outraged screeches of abhorrence and delight.

Danny still has Mona's phone number. He'd seen her last week, sitting alone in a coffee-house. She'd looked good. Why not give her a call, for old times' sake? What harm could it do?

A free piece of ass is the great obsession of every man. The lure of humping for nothing reduces sensible adult males to doing stupid things, such as trying to snatch no-cost heat from an old flame. What could go wrong?

Alfred Beat found himself in a pickle every bit as sour as Danny Boomer's. Beat had been



who retained a soft, self-lubricating spot for Alfred Beat, invited the castoff swain to her place for hands-on consoling. Beat arrived, got his dick into the familiar caressing folds of Blank and never left. The couple is now married, has two kids and a dog that Alfred did not choose and does not like. Asks Alfred: "What could be worse?"

Let Michael Lost answer that: "I was feeling pretty ballsy," recounts Lost, "and also heavy in the sack because I hadn't slammed any gash for a week. I'd just blown off this truly hot chick, Joy Pepsi. She was weeping, on her knees, clutching my legs, licking my shoes, offering to let me fuck all her friends if I just wouldn't toss her ass out. So I tossed her out. It was great for my self-esteem.

"After that ego boost, I thought I'd take another shot at Miranda Me. Miranda is the one girl who got over on me so bad that I felt like killing myself. She'd strung me along for about six months, wrapping me around her finger, then cut me loose with no safety net. I found out that she'd been going behind my back to fuck everybody I knew, giving anal to the guys I particularly hated. For weeks after that, I couldn't look at a chick without wanting to hang myself. Then Joy Pepsi grovels, begging me to piss on her, and I figure I'm ready for Miranda Me again.

"Though she seemed surprised to hear from me, Miranda was pleasant enough. So I invited her over, and she accepted. I was very cocksure, but she arrived an hour and ten minutes late, looking marvelous, and my confidence waned a bit.

"She claimed to have missed me. I couldn't believe it, but I did. All through dinner, which I had catered, she professed an undying devotion to me. To ever part from me had been a mistake, the biggest of her life.

"I was instantly re-infatuated. I craved her. I needed her. She became like oxygen. My life would be nothing without her. If she cut me loose, it would be a knife slicing off my scrotum.

"After dinner, I got down to her pussy. It tasted weird. She pulls out a cellular phone while I'm whipping my dick around and places a call. I ask who it is. She tells me it's Marcus Hiphop, switches on the light and points to rivulets of chalky white crud oozing from her snatch. 'That's his cum. You've got it smeared all over your face,' she tells me, cackling. Then she jumps on her broom and goes, leaving me to jack off with no nuts. Nothing could be worse."

This opinion is not shared by Jonathan Doom. Doom recently moved his ass into the protective custody of solitary confinement at a prison for sex criminals that is his home. Doom solemnly regrets giving in to an impulse to renew carnal acquaintance with Helen Younger, a woman he had not quite married.

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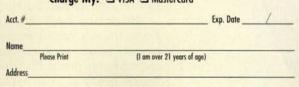
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### Sex Play A woman is unsuitable for recycling unless she is at least two girlfriends back. Any closer to the present action, and she will taste the vaginal secretions of the woman who replaced her.

The jilted Younger, though initially chilly, rapidly thawed and warmly encouraged his verbal advances.

"I figured Helen was thinking she had a chance to get me back into her life," says Doom now. "What the hell. I'd use her for a few screws, then dump her again."

Younger fell sweetly into Doom's scheme, agreeing to meet him at a bar the pair had frequented in their days as a couple. At the bar, she was self-contained, but dropped hints of encouragement. She urged Doom to drink heavily and ultimately offered to show him the apartment she had taken upon their split.

"I'm going to leave first," Helen said, standing and facing Doom rather stiffly. "The bartender here keeps hitting on me, and I don't want him getting the idea that I go home with strange men."

After she left, Jonathan lurked around, mad-dogging the bartender. All the waitresses saw that Doom meant business.

Jonathan arrived at Helen's crib partially drunk and wholly pounding in the heart, the head and the crotch. She'd told him to bang extra loud on the door, and he did. He hit so hard that the door popped open on its own. He went in, and Helen flung herself into his arms, whacking her eye on his chin and knocking a candelabra off the dining table.

Either he'd gotten very drunk or Helen had become embarrassingly clumsy. She stumbled and struck her other eye against his elbow. That would bruise, but it didn't slow down Helen.

"I want rough sex," she hissed. "Tear off my clothes."

Jonathan was in the mood for hardball himself. He shredded Helen's costly outfit, tossed her down on the throw rug and ripped a back-burning screw into her. She was hollering, something intense. He was too involved to make out the words, nor could he make out what the cops were saying when they came through the beat-up door in response to a timely 911 call and clamped the irons on his wrists.

"According to the trial testimony," moans Doom, "I was drunk at the bar where she had begrudgingly met me due to threats. I acted belligerently to everyone, followed her home, pounded the latch off the doorjamb and raped her violently.

"In the past 16 months I've been the girlfriend to a lot of guys. I don't know if I want a new girlfriend when I get out."

The old girlfriend may look like a free

hole, but she will always exact a toll. Is she ever worth the cost? Yes, says male-self-empowerment guru Clarence Sixties: "Any single man who is considering a romantic link-up with a charming and seductively supportive woman he has recently met should spend some time with an old girlfriend before the new one hooks him. His ex will remind him of reality."

With an old girlfriend, the relationship cycle is vastly speeded up. A rekindled affair progresses from initial anticipatory courtship to fresh heights of erotic ecstasy to carnal complacency to taking each other for granted to resentment to all-out war within 38 minutes, condensing the events of a normal eight- to ten-month spin into the span of a single lunch break.

There are common-sense, largely unheeded guidelines for old-girlfriend eligibility.

Never approach a girl if she has a current restraining order against you. To be safe, do not refan any romantic flames that were extinguished with the help of police officers, even if she makes the first overture.

A woman is unsuitable for recycling unless she is at least two girlfriends back. Any closer to the present action, and she will taste the vaginal secretions of the woman who replaced her on her former old man's dick. Better she should taste the bitch who stole him from the bitch who stole him from her.

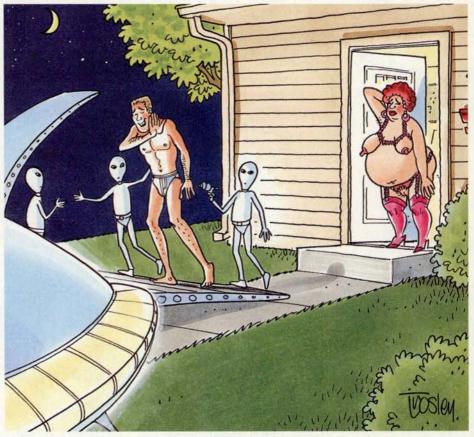
As in any field of battle, jousting with former mates has a few rules of conduct.

Do not bring her into the home front, particularly if history as a couple has occurred on the premises. Women are sensitive. Screwing in the same bed that she screwed her lover in before, and knowing that a progression of sluts has popped and slopped in those sheets in her absence, will hurt her feelings. Once her feelings are hurt, she'll start snooping, critiquing, asking questions and stealing a stash of Polaroid fuck shots that a guy might need to beat off with later.

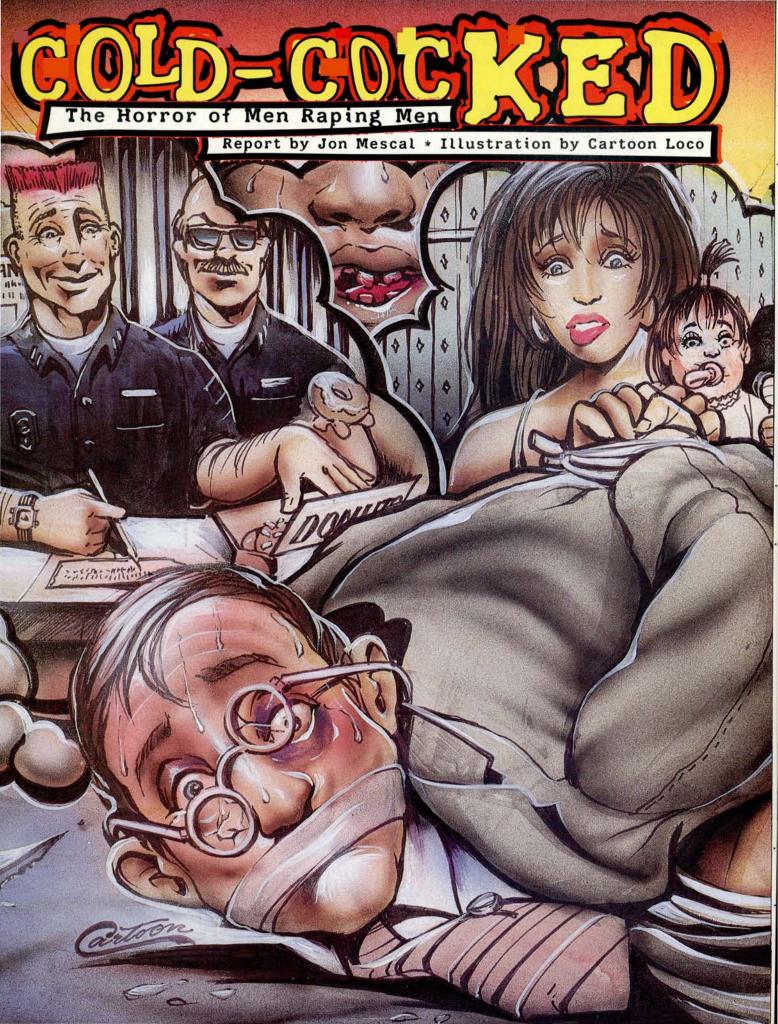
Do not disclose details of personal pain during vulnerable early moments of false bonding. It is easy to be lulled into a rosy exchange of familiar intimacy. Don't forget that she will put a knife into any soft spots during upcoming real recriminations.

Make sure the pussy is really and truly needed. She probably will not fall for a dude's line of shit again, she will be cruel to him on his way out, and she will know where to hit.

The old girlfriend may look like a familiar, sweet chocolate bar, but she's akin to taking a fresh bite out of an old turd.



"Thank you...thank you...thank you...."





### Male Rape Bill's two attackers dragged him into an alley, threw him over a garbage can with his butt in the air, ripped his pants down and took turns ramming their dicks up his ass.

Bill (not his real name) was knocking back a few one Friday night at a downtown bar in a big Midwestern city. It had been a shit week at the shop, but at least he wouldn't have to look at the foreman's face for another 48 hours. Feeling a little fuzzy-headed by closing time, he decided to sober up in the night air before getting into his car.

While Bill was walking, he heard, "Hey, buddy, you got a cigarette?" As he turned, he was clocked in the head with a lead pipe. He landed on the cold pavement. His wallet slid away, and his watch came off. Okay, he thought. As long as they don't kill me.

Death would have been a relief. Bill's two attackers instead dragged him into an alley, threw him over a garbage can with his butt in the air, ripped his pants down and took turns ramming their dicks up his ass. Bill was so torn up that he bled every time he sat on the can for the next two weeks. But he was too humiliated to go to the emergency room, or to his doctor, or to anyone else. He just went home, and didn't tell a soul.

Sound like an urban legend? Like the alligators in the sewers? Guys don't rape guys, right? Wrong.

Bill's story is true; it came from Mic

Hunter, a St. Paul, Minnesota, therapist who treated him years later, when Bill realized he was so fucked up by what had happened that he needed some help. And men get raped every day—straight men, men who are minding their own damn business.

The latest Department of Justice survey shows that in 1993, about one in every 11 sexual-assault victims older than age 12 was male. According to Tucson, Arizona, clinical psychologist Dr. Larry A. Morris, the medical literature similarly indicates that between 6% and 10% of adult U.S. rape victims are male. But clinical experience and talking with colleagues make Morris suspect that the real figure is somewhat higher-between 10% and 15%. And Stephen Donaldson, president of the New York City-based national organization Stop Prisoner Rape, and a former rape victim, maintains that as many as 25% of all community rapes in America are against men.

But men don't talk about it.

"Typically, males don't come forward unless they're severely injured," says Morris. Even then, he notes, "Sometimes they'll come into a medical facility really banged up and talk about being assaulted, but say nothing about sexual assault."

"I think it's harder for male victims to

report a rape," asserts a Los Angeles Police Department (LAPD) detective working in the Hollywood division. "I had one that was in here crying—a very big guy, in tears. He told me flat out that he was scared to death to come in here. This is a terrible thing for a cop to say, but if I were to get sexually assaulted by another male, I don't know that I would have the guts to walk into a police station."

The cultural belief that men should always be able to take care of themselves prevents many victims from reporting.

"It's amazing what you see in selfblame," declares the detective. "Every sexual-assault victim feels that he should have done more to fight back." That notion leads men to stay silent out of shame, but the officer urges them to be realistic. "If somebody put a gun to his head and raped him, would even Arnold Schwarzenegger fight back?"

There is also a stigma of homosexuality associated with sex with men—even sex forced at gunpoint. Male victims fear that others—their wives or girlfriends, the police, the courts—will question their masculinity after a rape. They often question it themselves. A patient of Larry Morris's, who had been randomly assaulted in a parking lot after leaving a bar, asked the psychologist if there was a reason "why this guy thought that I was gay."

Adding to the victim's confusion about "gayness" is the fact that many get sexually aroused during an assault, even though they're scared shitless. As one therapist points out, "nerve endings don't have brains." A perpetrator may flaunt his control by, for example, jerking off the victim while reaming his ass, then using a taunt such as the one Morris reports: "You must've liked it. You really got off on it. This was really good for you. I'm gonna do it again."

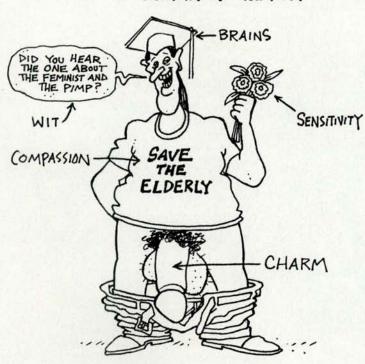
So instead of reporting the assault and going through the ordeal of a long investigation and trial, many male victims deal silently with the problems that can follow being raped: sleeplessness, sexual dysfunction, anxiety, fear, rage. And male rape remains an underreported, underrecognized and, therefore, nearly invisible crime.

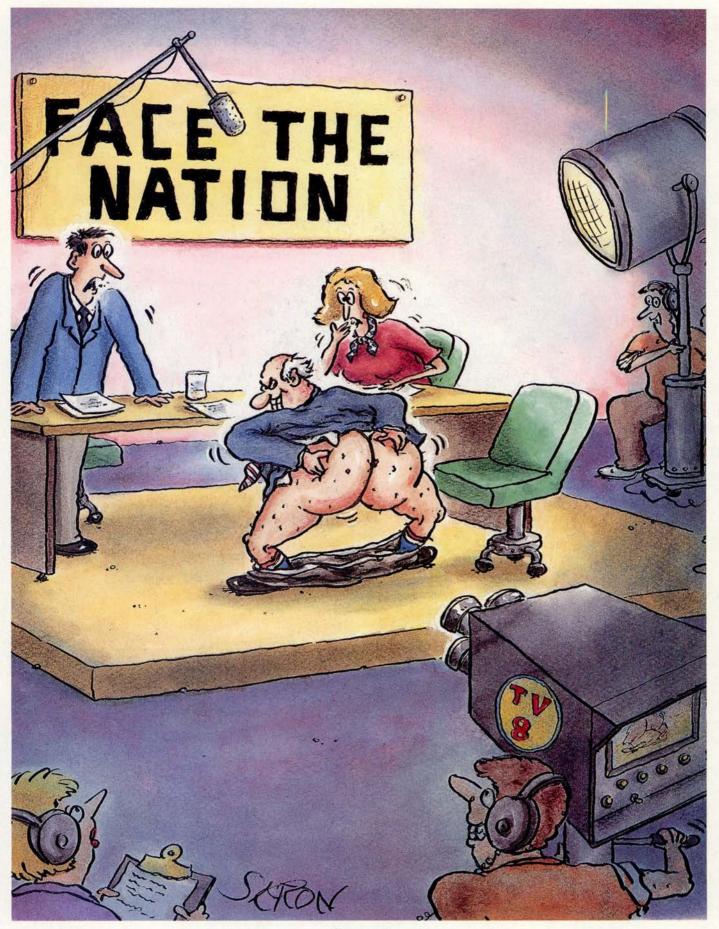
Prison is the tabernacle of male rape, where some men learn to mete out sexual violence, others to receive it. Stop Prisoner Rape estimates that 530,000 imprisoned males are sexually assaulted each year.

In one case presented in the psychological literature, a 19-year-old in a Louisiana prison, Ron (not his real name),

(continued on page 56)







"Senator!"





## Last Ball FRANK LAURA Photography by Clive McLean

"Do you know how to make a Sufferin' Bastard?" asks barfly
Laura, slinking in at two minutes past two.
Frank should know—he hasn't gotten laid in weeks. But he
can't serve alcohol after closing.

"Please?" begs Laura. "I'm dry as a bone."
In that case, Frank will join her for a cocktail.

















### Male Rape "This is rape, not sex. 'I'm gonna overpower this person and do something to them.' That's not homosexuality. That's not even sexuality. That's power and control."

saw 14 guys rape another inmate. "Man, they did everything to him," he reported, "and they wouldn't even use no grease."

The young victim whose assault Ron witnessed went to the hospital to be sewed up, and eventually to a mental institution. To avoid a similar fate, Ron became the "wife" of a tough man who could protect him. But when that man left prison, Ron was no longer safe. The other prison wolves tried to take him. After two months of constant fights, there was only one way out: Ron killed a man. He got a life sentence for it, but that was the price of making his ass his own.

In another case, five inmates in a jail tank in Texas attacked a young prisoner as soon as he entered. They knocked him out, tore off his clothes and drilled his ass right there, shoving burning pencil erasers into his skin so the unconscious man's agonized writhing would give them a dick massage. When it was over, one of the rapists stuck his fingers deep into the kid's rectum and pulled out a string of bloody hemorrhoids.

All too often, prison authorities do nothing about the violence. It is a tradeoff—the tougher prisoners get what they need so that they won't make trouble.

When Stop Prisoner Rape's Stephen Donaldson went to jail in Washington,

D.C., for trespassing during a political demonstration on the White House lawn, the authorities set him up for rape—or so he was told by the two corrections officers who finally pulled his bleeding ass out of the cell block. Tensions had been running high in the jail that summer, and Donaldson was thrown in like a slab of meat to the tigers. For two days, he was raped in the mouth and the ass by 50 men, he was urinated on, and his mouth was pissed in. There were the more sadistic rapists, Donaldson recalls, and the gentler ones. Some of them even nibbled his neck and called him by girls' names while pumping into his anus.

But what is the nature of this urge to forcibly dick some guy's messy butthole? The simple explanation, that these perpetrators are gay men with a violent bent, doesn't fit the facts. Some rapists of men are indeed gay, but most are not.

"They don't see themselves as homosexuals," explains Morris. "The individuals they seek out primarily are not homosexual. This is rape, not sex. 'I'm gonna overpower this person and do something to them.' That's not homosexuality. That's not even sexuality. That's power and control."

Many men who rape men think of themselves as the opposite of homosexual; rather, their ass-fucked target is the queer. Raping another man demonstrates virility. Attackers are often "young men in their late teens and early 20s wanting to show themselves to be 'men,'" observes San Francisco, California, clinical social worker Susan Wachob. "If you were to get into a boxing match with me, you wouldn't feel as victorious as if you got in a boxing match with Muhammed Ali and won."

This exercise of power is not limited to prisons. It exists wherever men interact. Men are raped on the streets, in their homes, in cars. Sometimes gangs of men seek male prey.

"There are people who will go out in pairs or trios," notes Morris, "and they will just patrol, look around and try to find somebody.'

As in the case of Bill, who got robbed and then sodomized over a trash can, criminals who rape their victims get the bonus of being less likely to have the crime reported. Reports Stephen Donaldson, "I have heard from prisoners that burglars who get caught in the act by male residents will rape the householder in order to keep him quiet."

The armed forces, especially in wartime, can have some of the lunatic brutality found in prison.

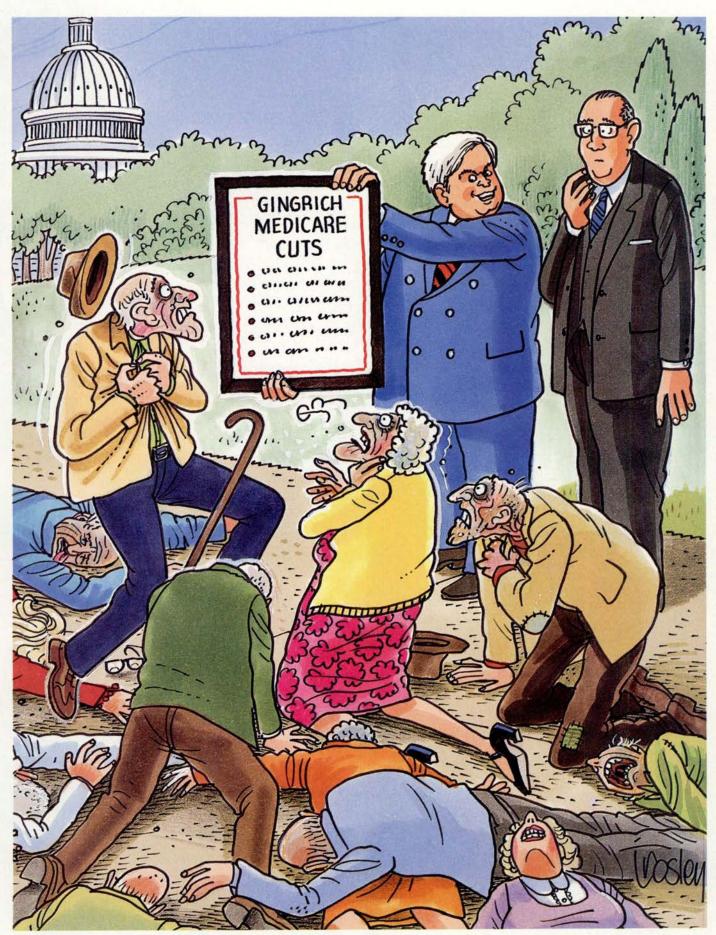
"I worked with [a Vietnam veteran] who was told by a lieutenant that either he could be on base servicing this officer and doing paperwork, or he'd be put on point in a mine-sweeping unit or on a sniper-infested road-pretty much a guarantee he'd get killed," relates therapist Mic Hunter. Other patients-men attacked in basic-training barracks or on board naval ships-were threatened with murder, says Hunter. "'If you report this, they'll find you dead.' And people die in the military all the time."

Two Navy psychiatrists have reported a couple of very special forms of camaraderie in that branch of the service: the "blanket party" and the "greasing." An 18-year-old patient of theirs was treated to the former on his first day aboard ship. Several sailors wrapped him in blankets so he couldn't tell who or how many were drilling him in the butt. A week later this same poor mook got a greasing—his shipmates shoved a tube up his ass and pumped him full of thick, black machinery lubricant.

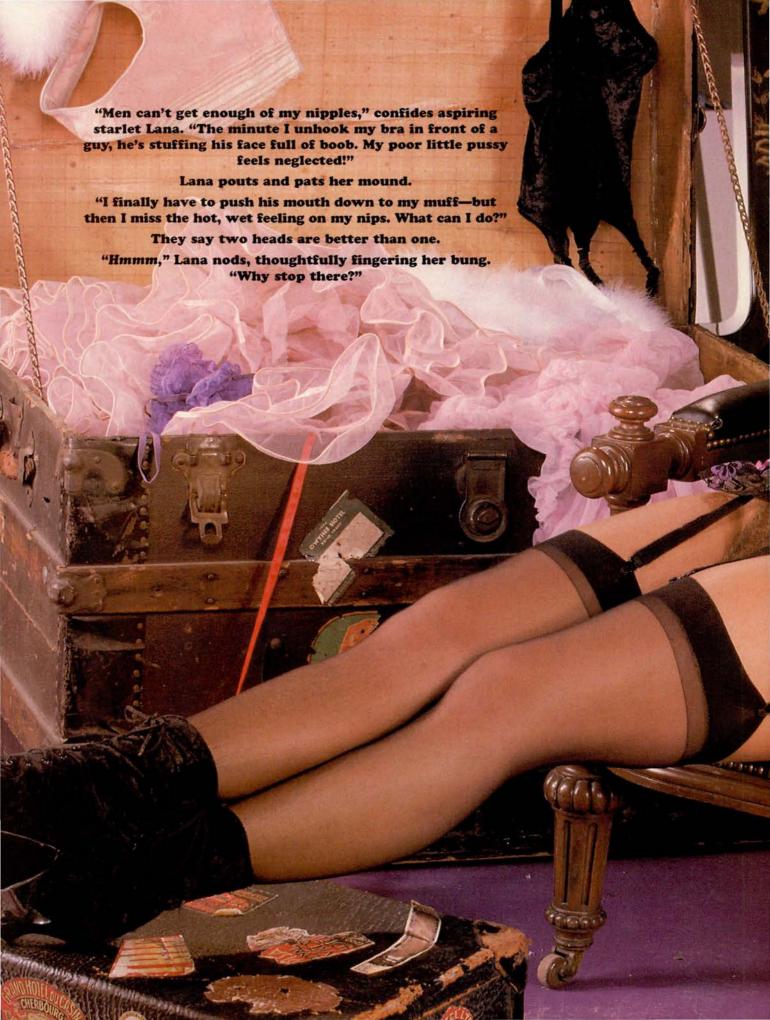
If the armed services have a dark side, so do good old college frats. From time to time there's a news story about some kid getting killed in a fraternity hazing. Rape is never reported, but Mic Hunter hears about it in his practice. Typically

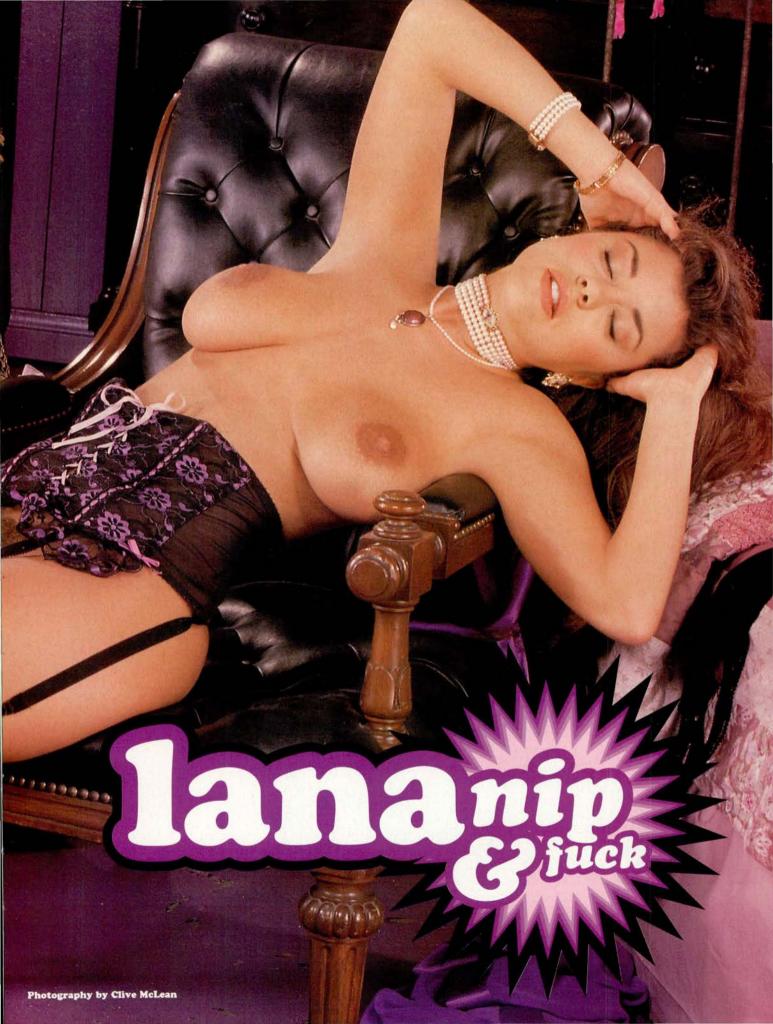
(continued on page 64)





"It's a great plan: I show seniors my Medicare cuts; half immediately have heart attacks, thus cutting the rolls by 50 percent."













(continued from page 56)

### Male Rape He got a "rush" from another man's struggle to resist or get away, and the victim's fear pushed Frank to cause pain: to beat him up, to twist the scrotum, to use clips on the nipples.

the new pledge is plied with alcohol, taken to a place where he can't get help—like the woods, or a basement ordered to strip, then perhaps spanked on his bare buttocks. The recruit goes along, thinking that it can't be that bad, only to scream in pain as some of his beloved new frat brothers fuck him in the ass. Sometimes, Hunter says, the victims join the attacks on the next inductees, reasoning, "Well, if I lived through it, by God, the next person is going to.'

Random attacks against men can happen almost anywhere. Tom (not his real name), a client of social worker Susan Wachob's, was in his early twenties when he was traveling cross-country by train. During a two-hour layover, a guy in the station started a conversation. Tom is hetero, and there was no talk about sex. but when the stranger said, "Hey, let's go outside and smoke a joint," Tom went along. In an isolated area, the other man pulled a weapon, beat Tom brutally, sodomized him and forced him to perform oral sex. When it was over, Tom took the train out of town and never mentioned the incident, until much later, when he joined Wachob's male survivor group.

There's a report in the psychological literature of a young man who was taken from behind by three men while standing

at a public urinal. Several items about hitchhikers are also on record, such as the case of a man who got in a car with four male passengers, had a gun pulled on him and was forced to suck the whole carload. Assaults have been made on guys alone out in the wide-open spaces of the West-what Stop Prisoner Rape's Stephen Donaldson calls "automobile country."

Wherever a man is, drug and alcohol use increases his vulnerability. The LAPD detective recalls one victim who "did drugs to the point where he couldn't remember what happened, but woke up with rectal bleeding and called the police, because it was obvious that he had been sodomized."

To Stephen Donaldson, the urge to rape is in the genes, one of the "darker aspects of male nature that aren't put there by culture. It's part of our heritage as animals"-as evidenced when a stronger ape shows his erect penis to, and even mounts, a weaker male. Donaldson also points out, "In the ancient world, it was common for victorious soldiers to rape defeated enemy soldiers right on the battlefield.'

But therapists experienced in sexual violence disagree, believing that rapists are made, not born.

"I would weigh in on the nurture rather than nature side," says Mic Hunter.

Larry Morris, while acknowledging that there are "factors we don't understand"-perhaps including the biological—emphasizes that "anywhere from 30% to 80% of rapists, depending on whose studies you're looking at," were molested as kids. The molestation might have also been combined with beatings and emotional abuse. Morris has seen profound "depths of anger in some people, power and anger fused together with sex." He quotes one patient: "I just like to beat the shit out of people, and then butt-fuck 'em."

While a forensic psychologist in prisons and mental institutions in Massachusetts and Connecticut over about three decades, Dr. A. Nicholas Groth saw an estimated 3,000 sex criminals-around 1,500 of them rapists, and perhaps 30 or 40 rapists of men.

Groth and his co-workers identified three basic motives for rape. Some rapists commit the crime mainly to express power or control, others mainly out of anger. The third and smallest group comprises those who get sexual pleasure from inflicting pain, even hideous deaths, on their victims. These are the sadistic rapists.

A man Groth calls "Frank" falls into the last group. Frank is a brick, standing 6-2 and weighing 180, 190. He's a man's man, into car racing and boating. If they met him, says Groth, most people would like him. "Frank saved people's lives. He rescued people who were drowning.'

Although he was married and enjoyed sex with his wife, Frank would pick up men on the side. Sometimes it would be straight homosexual acts. But he got a "rush" from another man's struggle to resist or get away, and the victim's fear pushed Frank to cause pain: to spank him, to beat him up, to twist the scrotum, to use clips on the nipples.

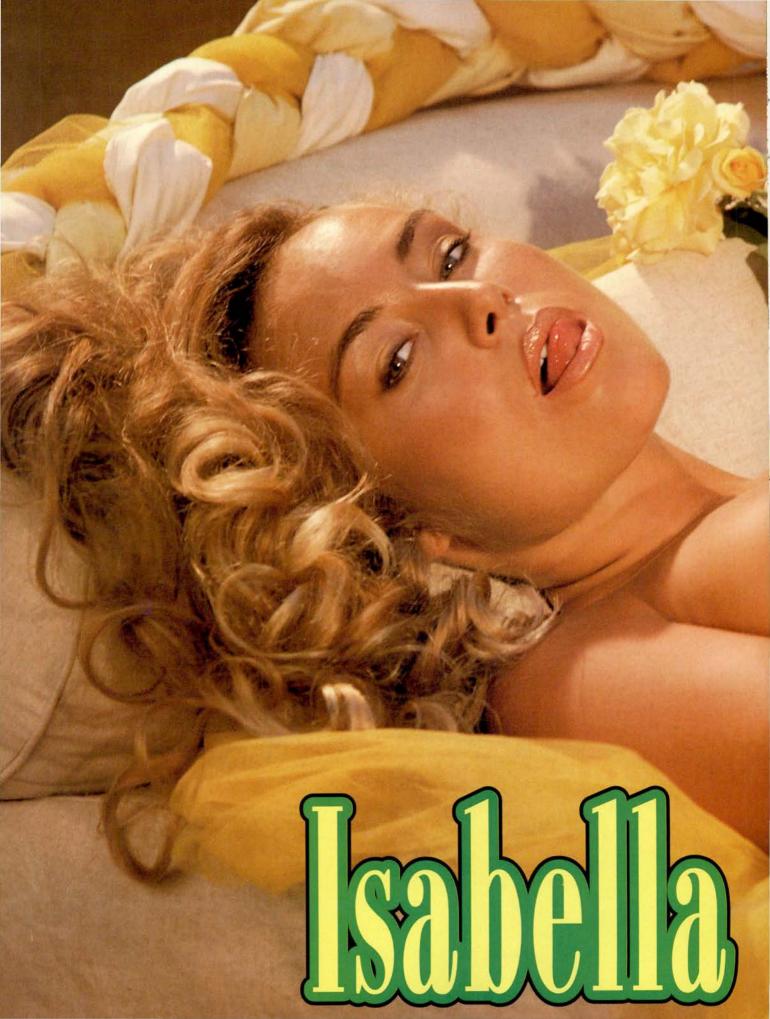
"He had urges or impulses that he didn't fully understand, that were certainly unwanted, but irresistible," relates Groth. "The guys themselves didn't mean anything to this offender. They were just there, available to him when he was in this state of mind. He would talk about a sense of losing control in his life; that's when the urges and fantasies would become stronger. Over time, the fantasies were getting more extreme, and he was spending more and more time 'hunting,' as he put it." Finally, Frank bought a gun.

In the past Frank had chosen smaller (continued on page 146)





"That's Euglena. She been like that since the Million Man March."





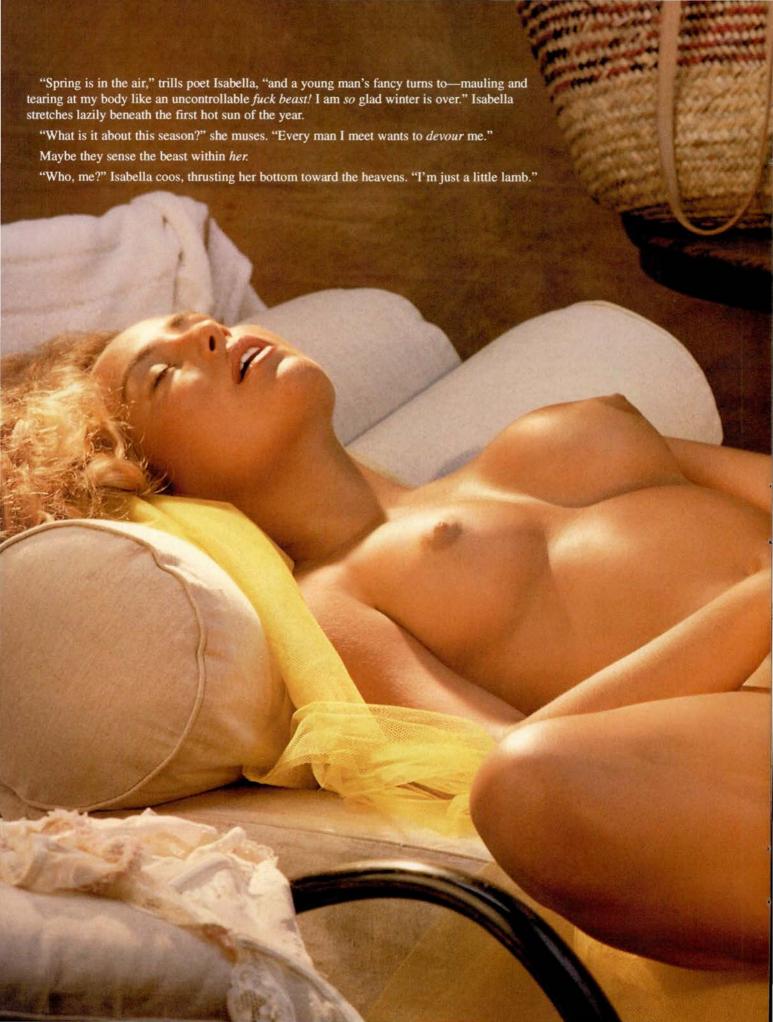




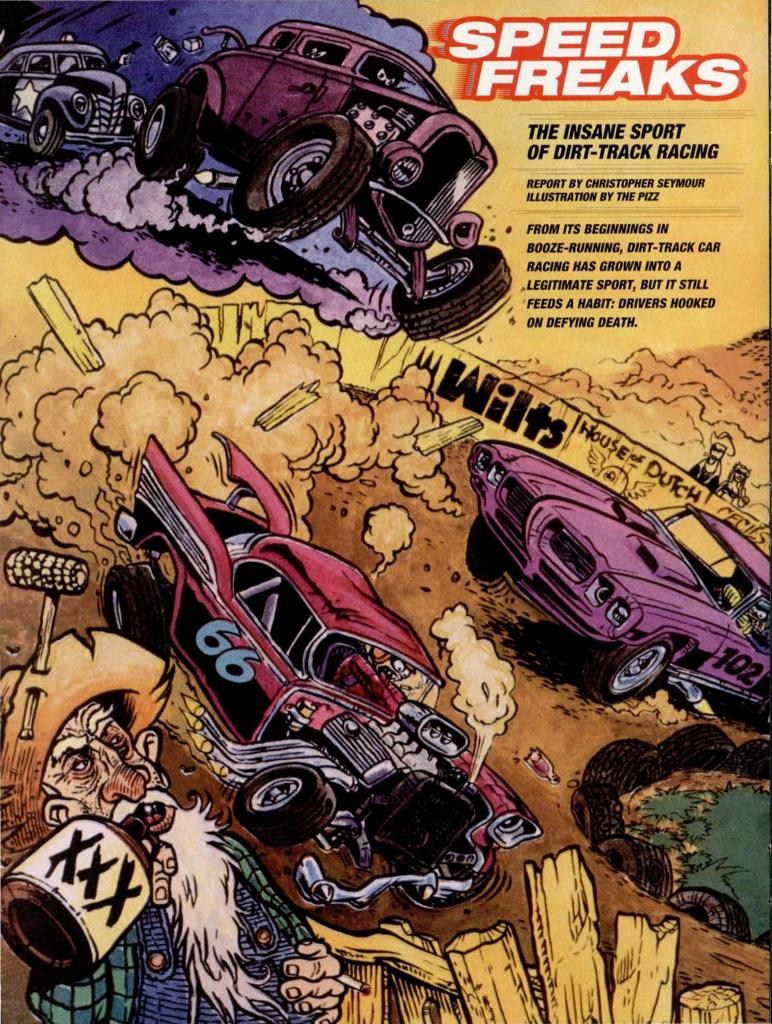














## Dirt Track "I'm divorced, a stranger to my own daughter. I'm workin' two jobs to keep my car runnin' and make entry fees. But when this stuff gets in your blood, there ain't much you can do about it."

In hundreds of God-fearing towns throughout the American South, Prohibition lives on. You can't, for instance, get a legal sip of bourbon in Jack Daniel's Tennessee hometown. The same is true in scores of dry counties along the highlands of Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina and Kentucky. But as a result of brownbagging and the ascendence of pot as a more lucrative cash crop, the days of illegal stills are just about over. Extinct, too, are the hero delivery boys who, in customized cars with trunks full of white lightning, outran federal agents on the dusty back roads of Appalachia. What remains is the sport of dirt-track racing.

Junior Johnson, the North Carolina booze runner turned stock-car champion immortalized in the writing of Tom Wolfe, the music of Bruce Springsteen and the television series *The Dukes of Hazzard*, maintained that dirt-track racing was the greatest test of a driver's mettle. Though there have been attempts to civilize it, dirt-track racing still comes off as uncouth—almost barbaric. What bullfighting is to Spain or sumo wrestling to Japan, dirt-track racing is to the American South: an organic sport misunderstood and derided by

outsiders. Like bullfighting, dirt-track racing is best appreciated in person, and, at 3,000 tracks nationwide, that's what more than one million people do every weekend.

"For dirt-track fans, there's a huge difference between dirt and asphalt racing," explains champion dirt-track racer Ronnie Johnson. "On pavement, the cars tend to look just like they're out on the highway, but the dirt cars slide around, sometimes there's contact, and I think the fans like to see the dust and the tire smoke."

Although some of the drivers come from the Midwest, there's a palpable Dixiecrat disposition to almost everyone drawn to dirt tracking. It's in the cigarettes (in which everyone seems to indulge), the National Rifle Association bumper stickers and the Christian temperance that relegates beer consumption to a small area far from the pit here at the St. Augustine Speedway in Florida.

Above all, the South resonates in the voices of dirt tracking's fans and its drivers—especially heavy in the drawl of self-described redneck Jody Hanson, a local driver in the "street style" class. Street-style drivers are the proletariat of dirt-track racing, usually running old

cars they've bought, rebuilt and drive themselves. They are beholden to no one, and that's the way they like it. A veteran of "'bout a thousand" dirt-track races, Jody's lost count of his victories. He wears his straight, brown hair in a long ponytail and sports a bushy goatee, in the middle of which an ever-present Marlboro smolders.

"Man, I've sacrificed everything for dirt racing," Jody spits with a hint of resignation. "I'm divorced, a stranger to my own daughter. I'm workin' two jobs to keep my car runnin' and make entry fees. But when this stuff gets in your blood, there ain't much you can do about it.

"For some men, it's booze or drugs," he coughs. "But I just gotta race every Saturday night, or my life ain't worth a shit. That's my vice."

"Listen, Yankee," Jody barks as we rumble onto the empty track about six hours before the real racing will begin. "Just brace yourself and try not to scream. Hold on and enjoy the ride." We roll onto the backstretch straightaway, hitting 95 before reaching the banked south turn. My heart's in my esophagus as Jody slides his battered '77 Camaro through the 180-degree turn.

This technique—the so-called power slide—is what separates dirt trackers from the wimps who race on nice, smooth asphalt. Even at speeds pushing 110 mph, a real dirt tracker never touches the brake in a turn. Instead, he jerks the steering wheel left and floors it, using the slide, not the brake, to slow down. About halfway through the turn, he picks up top speed again. Jody had explained something about how the power slide "maximizes torque," but it feels like a way to maximize suicide. As we ride up high into the turns, I can almost feel the wall brush my shoulder. On the straightaway, I'm pinned back in my seat, my tears running horizontally into my ears. My gut tells me I'm about to die.

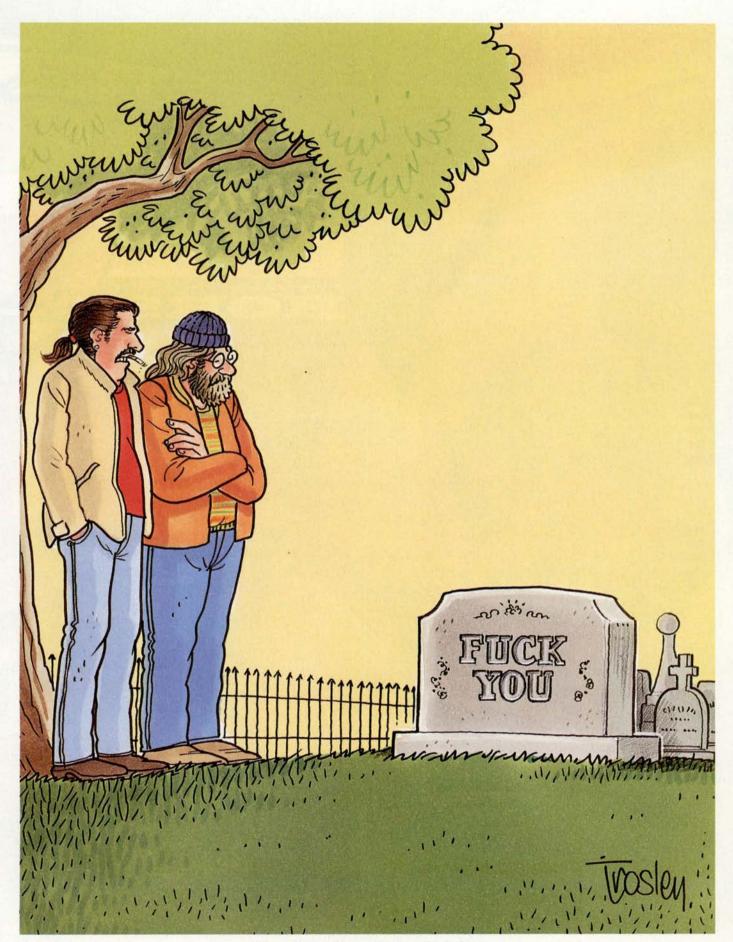
"It's like heaven" is how Jody interprets the sensation. "Complete freedom from all the goddamn problems of life. The sound of the engine drowns out all my thoughts. If there's any fear, it's not the fear of crashin' and hurtin' myself—it's that I'm gonna total my car.

"It may look like shit," Jody allows, "but my car is my salvation."

The St. Augustine Speedway was recenly rebuilt at a cost of \$1.5 million, (continued on page 112)

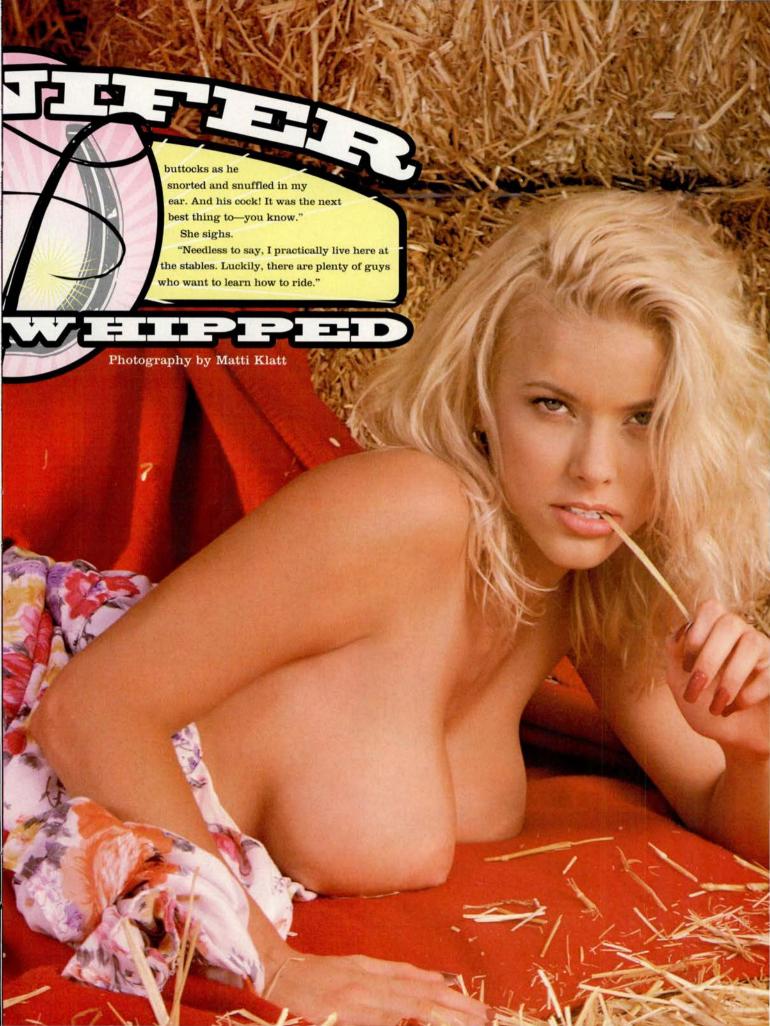


"What you described sounds like the clitoris. Stay clear of that or you could accidentally give the bitch pleasure!"



"There'll never be another one like him..."









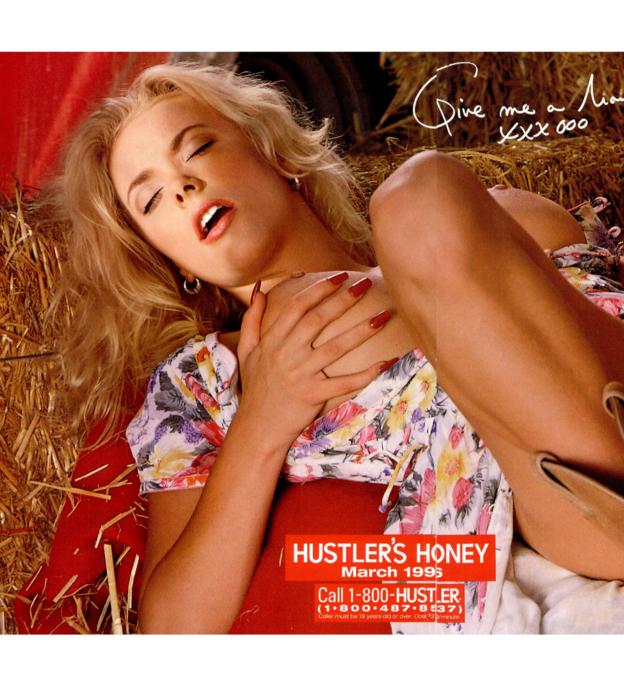










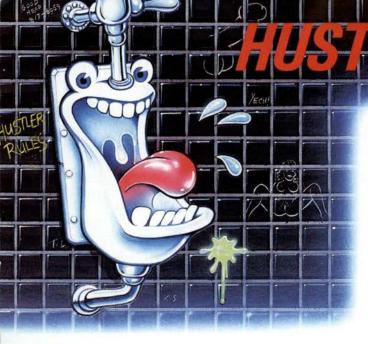








Blackjack • Texas Hold'em • 3 Card Poker



One morning a customer came into Sam's doughnut shop wanting to know how they put holes in all the doughnuts.

"Come in the back," Sam gestured. "I'll give you a full tour of our state-of-the-art production facilities."

Sam took the customer into the back of the shop where fist-sized wads of dough moved down a conveyer belt. A gorilla sat at the end of the conveyer grabbing each wad of dough, poking a hole in it with his dick and throwing the wad into a vat of boiling fat.

"Wow! That's amazing!" the customer blurted out.

"That's nothing at all," Sam retorted. "You should see how we fill the eclairs!"

Question: What's the difference between your old lady yelling at you from the front porch and your dog barking on the back porch?

Answer: When you bring your dog inside the house, it shuts up.

An old man had his buddy from the retirement home drive him to the doctor. "Doc," the old man said, "I'm old and tired, and I just can't get it up anymore."

The doctor handed him a bottle of pills. "Take these for a week, and you'll have the strength of a bull."

The old man's buddy from the retirement home turned to the doctor: "I've got a worse problem. My wife's going crazy because I still get it up four times a night. My penis is like a painful rock."

"That's a different problem than your friend's," the doctor said. "But we have a cure for you." The doctor handed him a bottle of clear liquid and a syringe.

"What's this?" the old guy asked.

"Truth serum."

Question: What did the blonde say when she found out she was pregnant?

Answer: "I hope it's mine."

ate one night a slut was walking home when a man grabbed her and dragged her into the bushes.

"Help me! Help me!" she screamed. "I'm being robbed!"

"You ain't being robbed, slut!" her attacker interrupted. "You're being screwed!"

The slut looked down at her attacker as he unzipped his jeans. "If you're screwing me with that," she fumed, "I am being robbed!"

he HUSTLER Dictionary defines wife as: An attachment you screw on the bed to get the house-cleaning done.

After years of trying, the dirty old boss finally managed to get his secretary drunk and woo her into a motel room.

She stripped off her clothing, looked up with a sexy smile at the older man and purred: "Once my clothes are off, anything goes; the kinkier, the better."

"How about fetishes?" the dirty old man whispered excitedly.

"I've got just one fetish," the secretary said, "a foot fetish."

She stuck her hands under the dirty old man's belt and felt up his dick. "But don't worry," she said, "I can get by on five or six inches."

After arresting a man for murder, the detective asked: "Why did you chop your wife into tiny pieces with a hatchet?"

"That's easy," the murderer replied. "The man at the sporting-goods store told me there was a seven-day waiting period to get a gun."

one morning, a woman ran into the 19th Hole bar next to the fairway. "I just got stung by a hornet!" she screamed.

"Where'd you get stung?" one of the golf pros asked, wobbling on his perch at the bar.

"Between the first and second holes," she responded.

"See, lady," said the pro, sucking down his fifth

"See, lady," said the pro, sucking down his fifth drink of the morning, "it's like I've always said: Your stance is too wide."

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes on 3" X 5" cards, mailed in a sealed envelope, to HUSTLER Humor, 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.







## Dark turns onto the most infamous blacktop in the Golden State. "Hollywood Boulevard is a shitty, disgusting joke," Greg Dark points out. "Hollywood, period, is a sad nightmare. I like living here though."

Gregory Dark mans the steering wheel of his 1995 Corvette. The creative force behind the Dark Brothers entertainment juggernaut knows the urban byways of Los Angeles as well as he knows the murky crevices of his own soul.

"Check out those bastards," Dark snorts at the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and La Brea Avenue. A trio of extremely coarse-looking street toughs convenes under a street lamp, swilling from 40-ounce bottles.

Dark thinks hard for a moment, then decides: "I could kill all three of those motherfuckers inside of one minute with my bare hands.

"I'd pop that tall brother with the flat of my hand-bam!-square in his face," Dark elucidates. "Then I'd hit him with two elbows-bop! bop! At the same time, I'd take the fat one down with a swing kick, then do a choke hold on the third cocksucker and break his neck. Then I'd tear the windpipes out of the other two, and be done with it. I might get hit pretty hard, but they'd be dead. No fuckin' question: dead. But I don't go looking for that kind of trouble."

Dark turns onto the most infamous blacktop in the Golden State. "Hollywood Boulevard is a shitty, disgusting joke," Greg Dark points out. "Hollywood, period, is a sad nightmare. I like living here though."

Rock'n'Roll Denny's is the fitting moniker of an always-busy branch of the restaurant chain on Sunset Boulevard. Long-haired retro-rocker boys pop in at all hours for bad coffee at unbeatable prices. The teased, tattooed strutters don't impress Greg Dark ("Man, I can't stand fuckin' longhairs!"), and the rock dweebs genuinely outrage the hyper-spewing, jewelry-strewn, Jheri-curled pimp known as Yellowman.

"Mo'fuckin' white boys be done up prettier than my bitches!" Yellowman fumes, staring directly at a table packed with poodle-maned metal mooks. "Spend so much money on they makeup and hairdos, they don't never buy no pussy!"

"You got it wrong, dude," a member of the tressed-up throng calls back. "We don't need to buy pussy!'

"Muth-a-fuck-a-" seethes Yellowman. "Y'all be needin' to buy a hospital bed, ya'll keep talkin' shit like that!'

"Yeah," Greg Dark interjects. "It's not like they don't have plenty to shell out for heroin."

Yellowman turns to Dark with a preposterous Who asked you? stare.

"Keep laughin'!" Yellowman nods, leveling his finger at Dark's midsection and mimicking a pistol shot.

"I've seen that insane black bastard around for years," Dark says, returning to his coffee. "He's a pisser, but I can never get to talk to him because he always sticks near the real badasses-guys I'd have to kill if any shit started. Yellowman is sort of like their mascot."

Yellowman gathers his prize moneymakers-a pair of African American princesses crammed into gold-and-silver lamé scraps designed for women hundreds of pounds lighter than they areand escorts them toward the front door.

He is distracted along the way.

"Day-amm!" Yellowman shrieks. "You back, bitch?"

The object of Yellowman's inquiry is a tall, gorgeous, dusky-skinned woman in her mid-twenties. She is dressed like a graduate-school student, carries herself elegantly, and she stares Yellowman right the fuck down.

"Keep lookin'!" Yellowman grumbles on the way out. He slides his index finger across his throat. The distinguished young lady flips him the bird.

"Oh, good," Greg Dark says, rising from his seat. "This is that streetwalker I was telling you about."

The elongated looker slides into the booth and extends her satin-smooth hand.

"My name is Elizabeth," she grins. "I suck cock for a living, and I'm very good at what I do."

Greg Dark's Corvette comfortably holds two, but three of us are in it. Dark drives, Elizabeth sits on my lap.

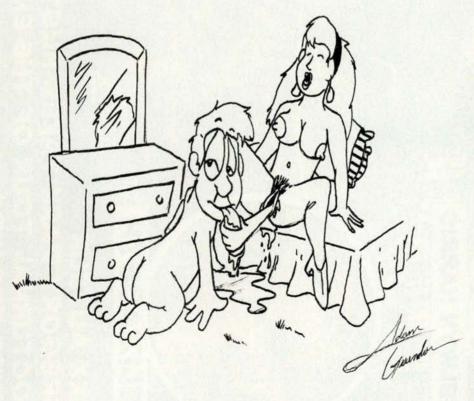
"Your penis is long," she pronounces, grinding her denim-encased anus and vagina into my growing groin, "and thick-nicely proportioned. I would enjoy working with it-you know, if you came to me as a client-so I'd likely take a little extra time getting you off."

Greg Dark cackles. "You really are a whore, huh, Elizabeth?"

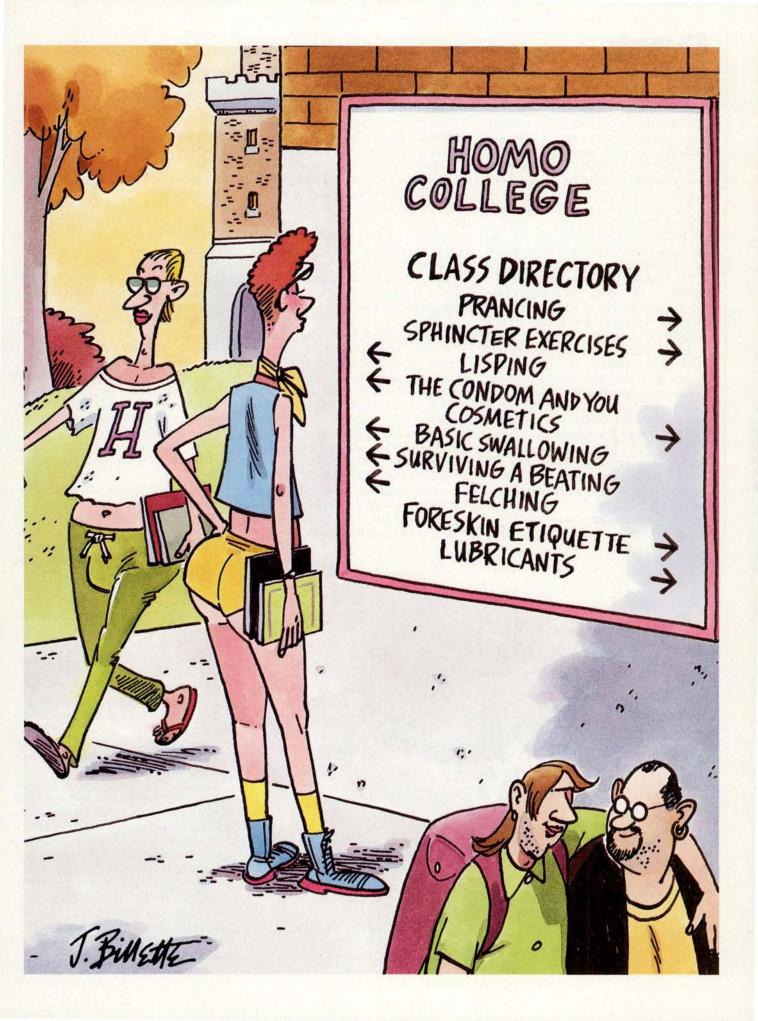
"I am what I am," Elizabeth retorts.

"Not to sound like Popeye."

Elizabeth is plainly smart and, even more plainly, a drug addict: Long sleeves carefully cover her arms in the August heat. She stands nearly six feet tall, sports enormous, high-hanging mammaries and a lush mane of sandy corkscrew curls atop her mocha-colored body. Elizabeth's luscious looks-which she breaks down as "Scottish, Italian, Irish and, um, Venezuelan"-make her alleged past as a fashion model believable. Her looks also make the fact that



"I thought you said we were alone!"



## Tricking's not about *money*," Elizabeth counters. "Not entirely, anyway. Not for me. It's about the street, the players, the ego zoom I feel when a car slows down for *me*, the danger."

she puts dozens of pricks in her mouth every day all the more *un*believable.

"Elizabeth, baby, why don't you act in my movies?" Dark queries. "Let me hook you up with the manager of a strip club. You'd make so much more money dancing than you do out here tricking."

"Tricking's not about *money*," Elizabeth counters. "Not entirely, anyway. Not for me. It's about the street, the players, the ego zoom I feel when a car slows down for *me*, the danger.

"My rules are very strict about whom I will date," she adds. "No young white guys, no *cholos* and no black men, period. Quite frankly, I don't care for the behavior of dogs.

"Case in point," she says, directing our attention to a pedestrian. "That nigger son of a bitch over there. Gregory, please stop the car. I have business."

Dark pulls to the curb, and Elizabeth leaps from my lap. She turns and squeezes my hand. "I hope I've been of assistance," she says. "Call my pager if you need anything else. And I do mean anything."

Elizabeth dashes to the gent of color. Wearing a yachtsman's cap and carrying a clipboard, he radiates an evil that practically makes him glow.

"Shit," Dark mumbles. We ease back

into traffic. "She's going to the Skipper. He's probably the meanest pimp out here."

"She kept insisting that she doesn't work with a pimp," I remind him.

"First off," Dark clarifies, "Elizabeth is a whore; so you can't believe a word she says. But I happen to know that she does hustle without a pimp, which is crazy. Pimps murder girls for that, if the johns don't beat them to it. Skipper's all tied in with the drug dealers. Elizabeth's looking to cop dope. Hopefully, Skipper won't beat the shit out of her first."

The Corvette cruises past Gardner Street, and Elizabeth is no longer visible in the rearview mirror.

"Oh, now you need Yellowman's help!" the squirty, jaundiced lunatic raves in the third person. "Before you just eyeball me like the motherfuckin' five-oh—but you keep passin' Yellowman the bills, and I hook y'all up. I is the *may-ann* of Sunset."

Dark and I have approached Yellowman because I am obsessed with finding Elizabeth before dawn.

"That fuckin' bitch, Lizbeff," Yellowman spits. "She think her shit don't stink. But you know it do—all junkie shit stink to high fuckin' hell!"

Yellowman guffaws hysterically.

"Fuckin' Lizbeff," he goes on. "She been scorin' from Skipper's boy lately, but you didn't hear shit from me, and I kill ya's boaf if you say you did."

"Where'd the Skipper go?"

"Don't y'all go chasin' Skipper," Yellowman warns us. "Ask around for Gemini."

"Gemini used to be a leader in this Mexican gang," Dark recalls. "He's a bigtime drug lord now."

Naked, female private parts are pressed against my window like a runny suction-cup. A crazy, dirty hooker is hawking what she's got.

"What's up, baby?" Greg coos to the saleswoman, amused.

"You lookin' for company tonight?" the ravaged creature solicits.

"No," Greg tells her. "We're looking for Gemini. Selwyn, give her some money."

I power the window down and wedge a rolled-up \$20 bill into the gaping, wiggly opening next to me.

"Ooh!" its owner giggles. "Gemini? Try Hollywood Boulevard. Then be sure to come back!"

"Wipe your fingers off, man," Greg Dark yells as we pull away. "They reek!"

We turn the corner of Hollywood and Cahuenga Avenue and nearly commit vehicular genocide on a gaggle of wandering punk-rock teenagers as they spill off the Walk of Fame.

"Watch out!" they whine in unison. "Spare any change?"

"Look," I announce, "hair dye and LSD for the next month to whoever tells me where to find Gemini."

"I can take you to Gemini," a tiny voice squeaks. The pip belongs to a wispy, multiply pierced blond chick who looks 12. I wave a five at her. Against the protests of her crusty compadres, she hops into the Corvette.

"Don't worry," the birdlike lass sings to them. "I'll get some rolling papers and lipstick, then I'll come right back."

The girl, Tarantula, tells us that Gemini hangs out at a doughnut shop near Highland Avenue. I can barely feel her on my lap: She's much lighter than Elizabeth.

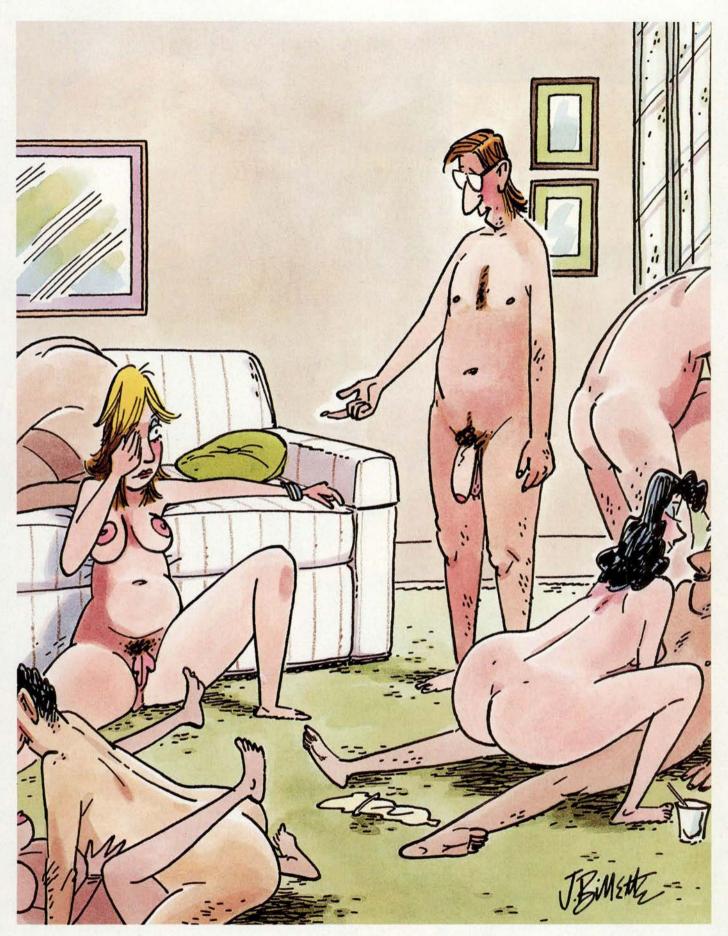
Tarantula sticks the five-dollar bill into a little knapsack. I glimpse an Ohio driver's license with her face on it. She's 19. My right hand inches further up Tarantula's milky, farm-girl thigh.

"I guess I'm a runaway," Tarantula supposes, "but I'm too old for any of these child-help organizations to give a fuck about."

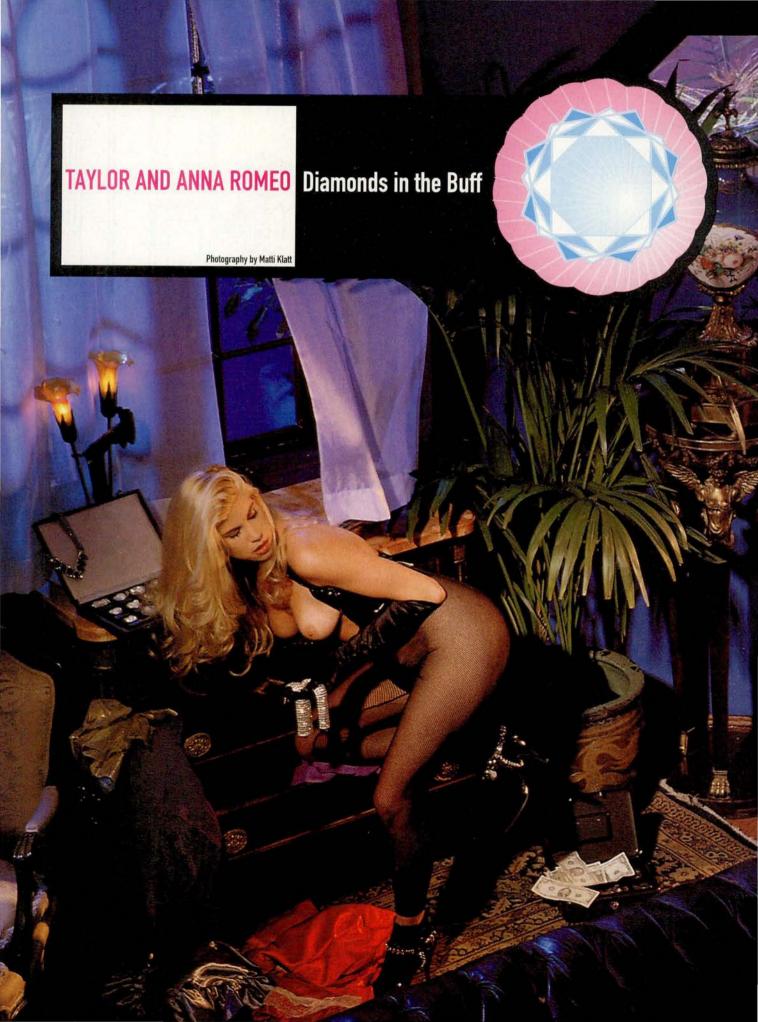
"We care about you, baby," Greg smiles. (continued on page 104)



"My wife left me for another foot!"



"I found your contact lens. It was under my foreskin!"



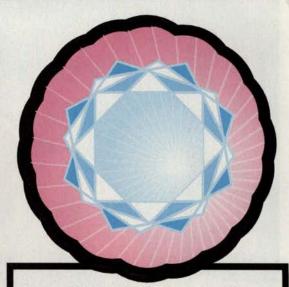










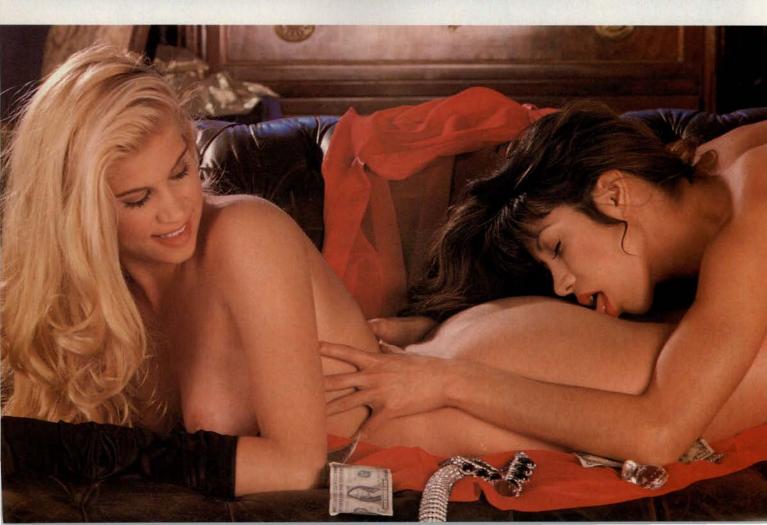


"Do you think I'm stupid?" demands mistress of the house Anna Romeo.

Startled, diamond thief Taylor drops her booty.

"You won't find anything real in there," taunts Anna. "My most precious jewel is hidden on my person at all times. You'd have to be pretty slick to find it."

Before Anna can blink, Taylor pinches the glistening gem. She's always had sticky fingers.









## Dark My hand slides under her tattered plaid skirt.... Tarantula's undies are coarse with filth, her pubic bush is an overgrown jungle, and she doesn't smell like a flower, but the overall effect is mesmerizing.

"We care a lot." My hand slides under her tattered plaid skirt and rests directly on her cotton-covered snatch. Tarantula's undies are coarse with filth, her pubic bush is an overgrown jungle, and she doesn't smell like a flower, but the overall effect is mesmerizing.

"Have you ever considered nude modeling?" I inquire.

"No," Tarantula says. "I don't like sex." Not yet, you don't, I think. My index finger penetrates the fabric barrier between me and Tarantula's big hairy.

"Do they call you Tarantula because you keep a live spider in your underwear?" Dark jests. I withdraw my hand.

"No," giggles the petite urchin. "They call me Tarantula because I'm poisonous. I tested positive."

Dark and I cough simultaneously.

"I'm not in the fucking grave yet," Tarantula chides us. "I've only had the virus for about six months. I got it from screwing my boyfriend, Sewer, who's a junkie. That's how I know Gemini."

"That's heavy, baby," Dark offers. "What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to die!" Tarantula huffs. "Sewer went back to his family. The reason I split Ohio was my family; so here I am. The gutter punks take care of me. I don't have to turn tricks anymore. We have a pretty fun time—going to shows, scamming change, scrounging food. It's like camping in the city."

The Corvette rolls into the doughnutshop parking lot, and I place two \$20 bills in Tarantula's tiny, shaking palm. She thanks me and departs for the nearest

"She's full of shit," Greg Dark opines. "The whole HIV crock-she's a fuckin' liar. Forty dollars to her is like winning the lottery."

Gemini's no longer at the doughnut shop.

"Gemini get bored," a thirtyish Latin crack peddler divulges. "Gemini got a big house, 40 people working for him, but he miss the old game, you know? Sometime he come down and work the street, like back in the day."

Was Elizabeth with Gemini tonight?

"The mulatto bitch? Yeah, she been around. She don't go up to Gemini's house, 'cause she think she above it all."

He says that Gemini hasn't been bringing any pussy home lately because his prison bitch is out of jail.

"What do you mean, his prison bitch?" Dark asks. "A dude?"

"Yeah, man," snorts the low-rent pharmacist. "He a dude, but he a bitch. Check it: He got tits from hormone pills, and he dress up pretty. He take good care of Gemini when he was locked up. A lot of esés stick with they prison bitches these days. Check this out."

The dealer opens his shirt and reveals a heart-shaped tattoo with the name RICHIE etched in the middle of it.

"My bitch still on the inside," the dealer continues. "I ain't no maricon, but Richie been better to me than any fuckin' woman ever been."

"A lot of shit's changed from the old days," Dark marvels.

'You don't even know," the pusher says. "The oldest Mexican gang in Los Angeles let a motherfucking white boy in last year. That shit is fucked up.'

"Maybe he's somebody's bitch," Dark

The dealer is not amused. "Maybe it's time for you two to leave."

Frankenstein is a tall, powerfully built black man with hands the size of his head and a head that is twice as large as an average human's. He is seated atop a garden wall on a dark side street. In the unkempt grass by his side, Elizabeth lies unconscious.

"Liffabeff sleep," Frankenstein intones. "What you business?"

"We're Elizabeth's friends," Greg Dark says. "We don't want anything from her."

"She will sleep for some time," Frankenstein guesses. "It is a bad night when Liffabeff collapse on the sidewalk. It happen more and more lately. I think maybe one night she will die."

"Is she all right now?"

"Liffabeff will not die tonight," Frankenstein assures us. "You talk to her tomorrow." He gestures for us to move along.

A car door slams across the street. Yellowman's manic yammer follows it. He's with the Skipper. They head in Frankenstein's direction.

"It's time to call it a night," Dark proposes.

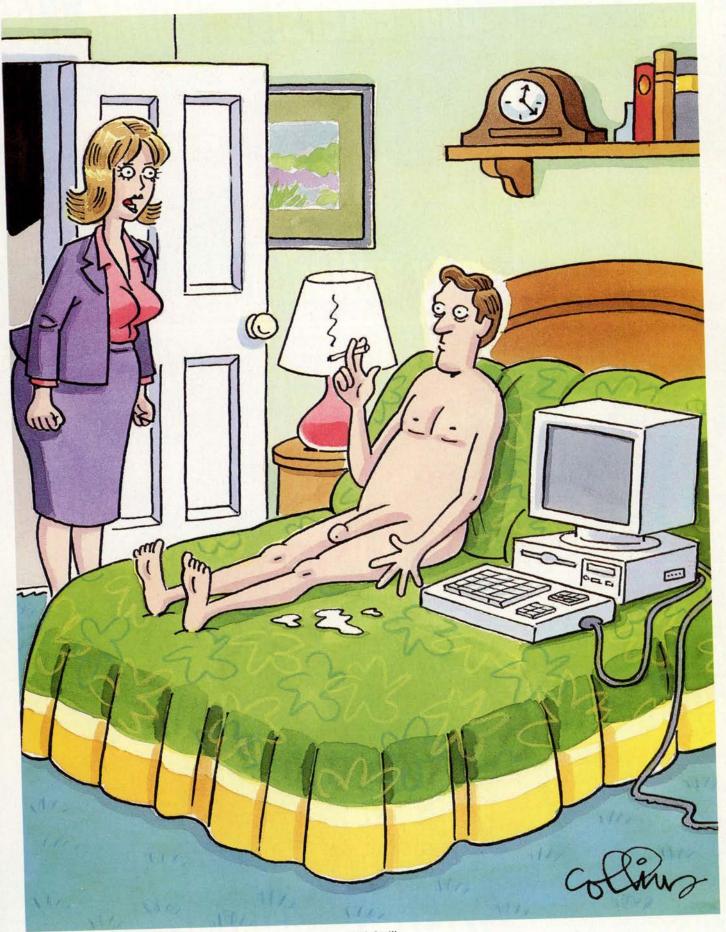
Greg Dark's gone home. He has movies to make and weird shit to think up.

I gas my '88 Toyota down Sunset and I think about smart, beautiful women driven to prostitution by smack, and I think about beggar kids who are either dying of AIDS or using it as a marketing gimmick, and I think about dope peddlers and pimps and pornography. Then I think about the two huge, creamy breasts spilling forth from a bustier pressed against my window.

I have a hard-on and a wad of cash in my pocket, and I don't think about anything else for a while.



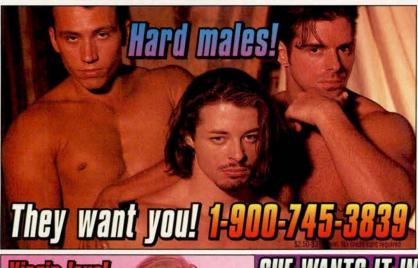
"So that's why they howl like that!"

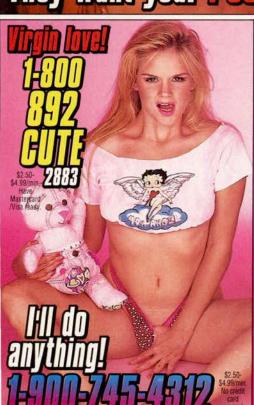


"Ah ha!"

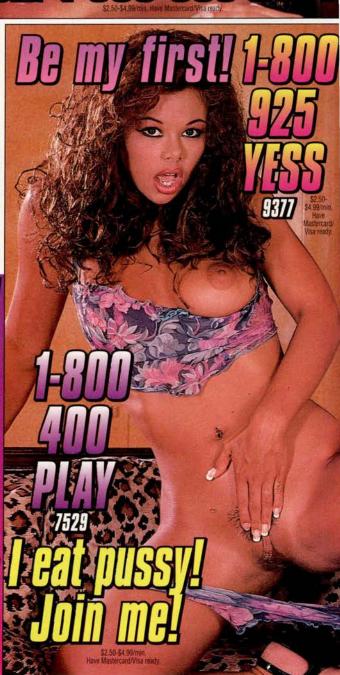


























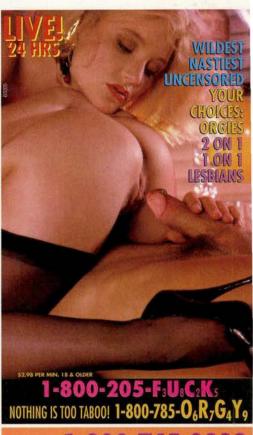






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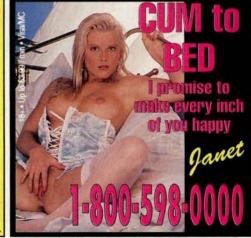
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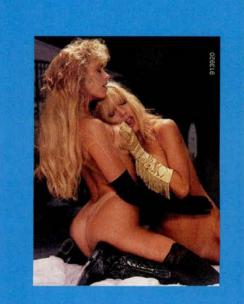










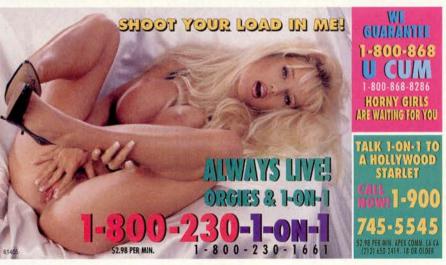


**COLLEGE COEDS** 





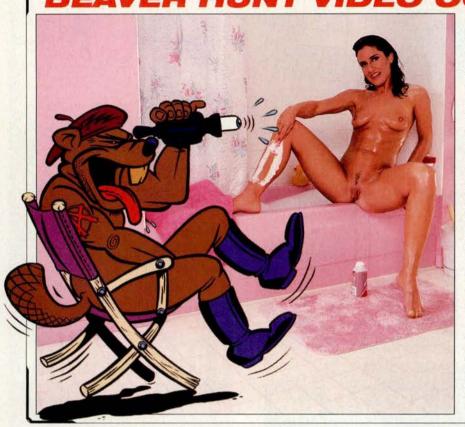






#### LIGHTS...CAMERA...

### BEAVER HUNT VIDEO CONTEST IS ON!



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 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 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 \$250—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!

## Dirt Track "Dirt-track drivers must possess a combination of skill, confidence and insanity.

(continued from page 76)

Running a race car that can hit 140 mph on a short, narrow dirt track is not for the fainthearted."

but it still looks like a sandlot with concession stands. Spanish moss hangs in heavy, gray clumps from the oaks arching over the entrance. Hand-painted billboards for Bernie's Septic Tanks, Trent's Used Trailers and Skoal cover the fences. But in the sprawling pit area, the honky-tonk ambience gives way to cutthroat competition fueled by a mixture of the latest technology and the oldest grudges.

The designated pit for the street-style cars is left unlit, and is partitioned from the pit of the well-heeled, corporatesponsored "super-late-model" teams. As a light rain begins to fall, the drivers and families of the super-late-model teams take cover in the backs of their vast haulers while the street-style folk get wet.

From the outside, the hauler rigs look like conventional 18-wheel trucks, but inside they're outfitted like state-of-the-art automotive shops. Computer monitors blink while Honda generators whir. Lap times and electronic engine analyses are sent by modem to team owners across the country. To light up the undersides of gorgeous super-late-model machines, banks of glowing halogen lights are set on tripods in the grass, where the mechanics fine-tune the cars with just the right tools from their limitless arsenals.

In the darkness of the street-style pit, Jody holds a flashlight in his mouth while he tries to tighten a timing belt with his greasy fingers.

"I wish those rich bastards up there would share some of that goddamn light." Jody glares up at the super-latemodel teams as a voice over the PA instructs his heat to hit the track. "For the price of one of their bumpers, I could make my hunk of shit into somethin' sweet."

Low to the ground, doors sealed shut and primed the color of shark skin, Jody's Camaro looks straight out of the local junkyard. A Confederate flag shines where a license plate should be. Indeed, veteran dirt trackers like Jody are rebels who have problems with life's little rules—even the St. Augustine Speedway's regulation against smoking near the track. While idling in a lethal puddle of gasoline, racing oil and Mello Yello, Jody slumps against the padded steering wheel of his heap smoking a Marlboro. He lets the chin straps from his ancient crash helmet hang loose so he can sneak a few last hits before tossing the glowing butt into the surrounding muck. Then, with an official's nod, his Camaro shoots down the backstretch into the banked north turn.

Jody catches up to the pack of fellow street-style cars waiting to take the full-speed, race-condition practice known as "hot laps." An oval halo of sandy dirt rises into the yellowish lights as the pack completes the first lap. As they get up to full speed, Jody's Camaro spins out on the north turn. The twisting of Jody's car seems like slow motion—until it smashes against the cinder-block retaining wall. A yellow caution flag flutters as the wrecker rolls up to the Camaro. Though he's absolutely furious on the inside, Jody just chills in the driver's seat. He lights up a fresh Marlboro, content to smoke as he and his machine are pulled off the track.

"Dirt-track racing is the most dangerous and difficult kind of racing there is," (continued on page 130)



Hunt. Her bodacious breasts and perfectly pink pussy couldn't hide in Spring Lake, Michigan, for long. Like most girls her young age, 19-year-old Lindsay can't get enough of "toys, toys, toys," Somebody come and play.

Photo by Friend

Floating gently on a sea of pink, Camille is a soft vision of innocence and red-hot sex. She's a 25-year-old artist in Baltimore, Maryland, with a thing for "owning exotic birds and lizards." Does anyone in the audience have a snake for Camille to pet?

Photo by Boyfriend

### 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 slides. 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. If we publish your photo or choose your video, you'll win \$250 and a chance to be chosen for 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.

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Occupation

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)			
Model's Social Security number	THE RESERVE OF THE PARTY OF THE		
Address	Photographer/Cameraperson		
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Whoa there, pardner. Get back in Sissy's saddle for the buckingest Beaver way down in Waco. The 32-year-old Texas cowgirl teaches aerobics when her happy trail's not astride a mighty steed. Ride 'em, Sissy-but keep in mind what happened to Christopher Reeve and Catherine the Great,

Photo by Friend

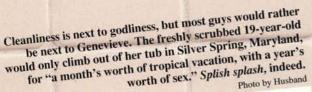
Deep in the heart of Texas, Sadie waits for a rodeo cowboy to lasso her and ride her "like a wild mare." The Corpus Christi native has spent her 24 years exercising, horseback riding and cultivating a Texas rose that's pink, not yellow. Take a look between Sadie's legs to see her in bloom.

Photo by Friend



Roxanne assumes the position of a Beaver in heat and nabs a coveted spot in our cunt-filled kennel. Even when she's on all fours, the 35year-old office manager from Annandale, Virginia, manages to come out on top; her fantasy, to "join the Mile High Club," would put her on top of the world. Photo by Husband









Meanwhile in Milwaukee, a 21-year-old homemaker flashes the winning smile that ensured her a place in the pantheon of beautiful Beavers. When tantalizing Tina isn't doing jigsaw puzzles, this wanton from Wisconsin puzzles over how to get two guys in bed at the same time. Any fellows out there care to help her put the pieces together? Photo by Husband

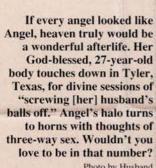


Photo by Husband







Envy the sofa to be humped by Princess. The 23-year-old mill worker shows off her royal assets, displaying the kind of poise and charm that Queen Margaret and her inbred clan can't hold a crown to. When the peasants of Bend, Oregon, aren't waiting on her hand and foot, Princess indulges in "driving big trucks and doing my man." Nice Beaver, your majesty.

Photo by Boyfriend

Here's a little lady who looks proud as punch and, if her name is to be believed, twice as sweet. "Tasty Tami' hails from Anna, Texas, where the culinary delights range from armadillo chili to hair pie. Her husband takes a slice "with hundreds of people watching" in Tami's sexual fantasy. HUSTLER readers get a front-row seat. Photo by Husband



In Hacienda Heights, California, sexy thing Marisa has struck oil—and it's a gusher. The greased-up 19-year-old student enjoys "in-line skating and showing off my body." Engaging in both activities at the same time could cause some serious accidents. Photo by Boyfriend



That giant, sucking sound in Clearwater comes from Carol, a 33-year-old saleswoman with a heart as big as all outdoors—and the snatch to match. She calls herself the Florida Sinkhole, and her avowed intention is to "go deeper than the Texas Tunnel,"

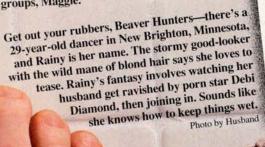
Beaver Hunt's previous queen of the wide-open spaces. All hail the new behemoth Beaver!

Photo by Boyfriend



An exotic, tattooed beauty with an able tongue, Magdala spends her San Francisco nights "psychoanalyzing sexuality." In layman's terms, the 24-year-old California girl writes erotica, gets bound and blindfolded, then enjoys having vegetables stuck in some rather unorthodox orifices. Don't forget the other three food groups, Maggie.

Photo by Friend













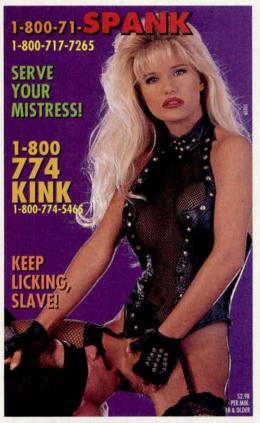




























































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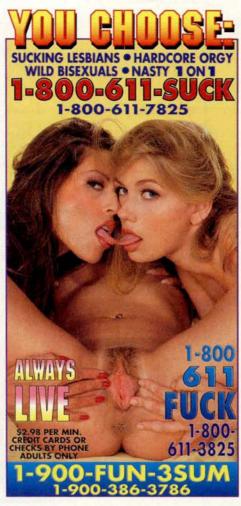














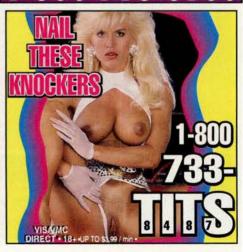


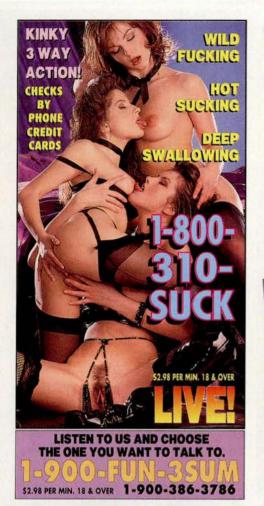


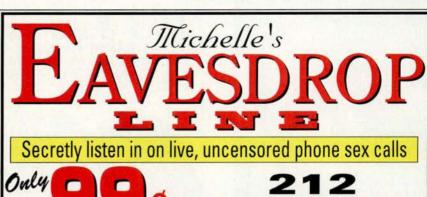












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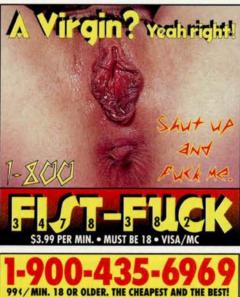
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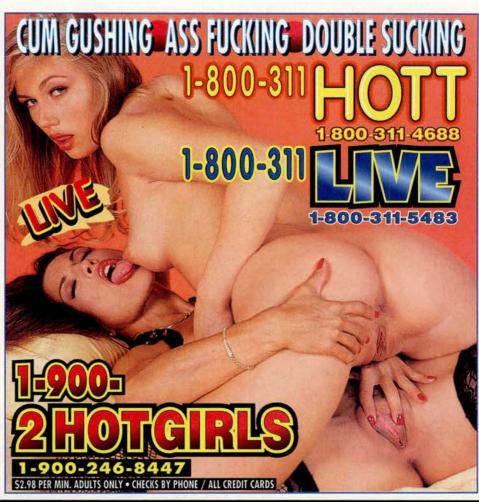


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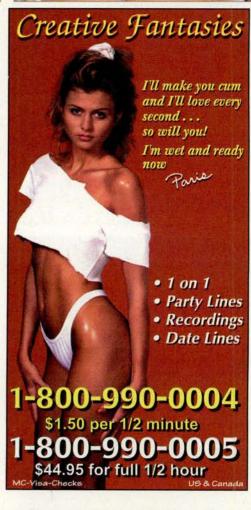








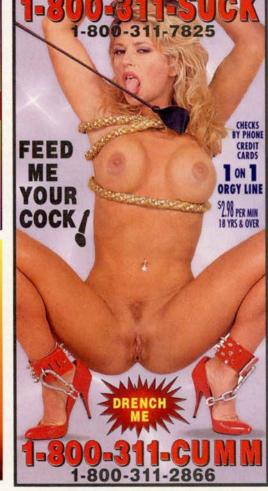






















(continued from page 112)

### Dirt Track Each of the cars packs about 700 horsepower into its 430-cubic-inch engine. Their collective rumble at the starting line shakes the ground like a passing locomotive.

says Nick Masters, the racing director for the Hav-A-Tampa Super-Late-Model Racing Series. "Dirt-track drivers must possess a combination of skill, confidence and insanity. Running a race car that can hit 140 mph on a short, narrow dirt track is not for the fainthearted. That there can be up to 23 other cars out there doesn't make it any easier.

"In dirt tracking, there's a real intimacy between the race teams, drivers and fans that you don't get in other kinds of racing. For the common man, the fact that dirt-track racing began as a hillbilly sport with roots in whiskey running makes it easy to relate; whereas asphalt racing like Indy and NASCAR has created prima donna drivers far removed from the average guy. You've met Ronnie Johnson. He's one of our superstars, but he's a very approachable, humble guy.

"And then there are a few cocky kids like Shane Yoder, who are the future of the sport," smiles Masters. "You might say Shane drives with a swagger."

"Never turn your back on the pit," Shane Yoder admonishes as a superlate-model Lumina clips my elbow. "If you're going to hang with me, you can't ever let your guard down."

Shane Yoder, 28, is a four-year super-late-model dirt-track driver from Toledo, Ohio, who looks like a young Brando and possesses the same taciturn disposition and potential for greatness. The son of a former drag racer who built a multimillion-dollar business, Shane has the resources to fuel his insatiable need for speed. A rich kid like Shane didn't skip college without a good reason.

"It's an addiction," he confesses. "Racing is such an adrenaline rush, it's unbelievable. I've never experienced anything else like it."

Over the past few years, Shane has had a lot of success on Midwestern dirt, especially at his home track, Eldora Speedway in Rossburg, Ohio. After garnering Rookie of the Year honors in 1992, he won his first feature race in 1993 at Eldora; most racers need a decade to nail their first feature race. These last few weeks, Shane has been crisscrossing Florida with his extended family in tow, testing himself against the cream of the super-latemodel drivers.

"When you climb into that race car, you can't be thinking about girls. You can't be thinking about financial problems." Shane points at his head. "You can't be thinking about anything but

"I've got to keep telling myself 'calm down, calm down!" he laughs. "But it's hard to do when your adrenaline is flowing like crazy. Sometimes I find myself hyperventilating in my helmet. It's insane! But that's why so many people come to watch us."

"Softer rubber, damn it! We need softer rubber!" barks Shane Yoder as he rips off his racing glove with his teeth. He presses his bare palms on the wide tire and shakes his head at Randy Harper, his brother-in-law/crew chief. Shane looks furious at Randy, the mechanic, Tim, and even me. He's pissed because his car had clocked a killer 17.2 second lap during practice, but he couldn't break 18 in the qualifying heat. Now, to crack the lineup of tomorrow's feature race, with its \$10,000 prize, Shane has to place in the top three in a ten-car consolation heat.

"Well, if we don't make the cut," Randy muses out loud to no one in particular, "we can take the kids to Disney World."

"We are not going to fucking Disney World!" Shane snaps—to Randy in particular. "We are going to win."

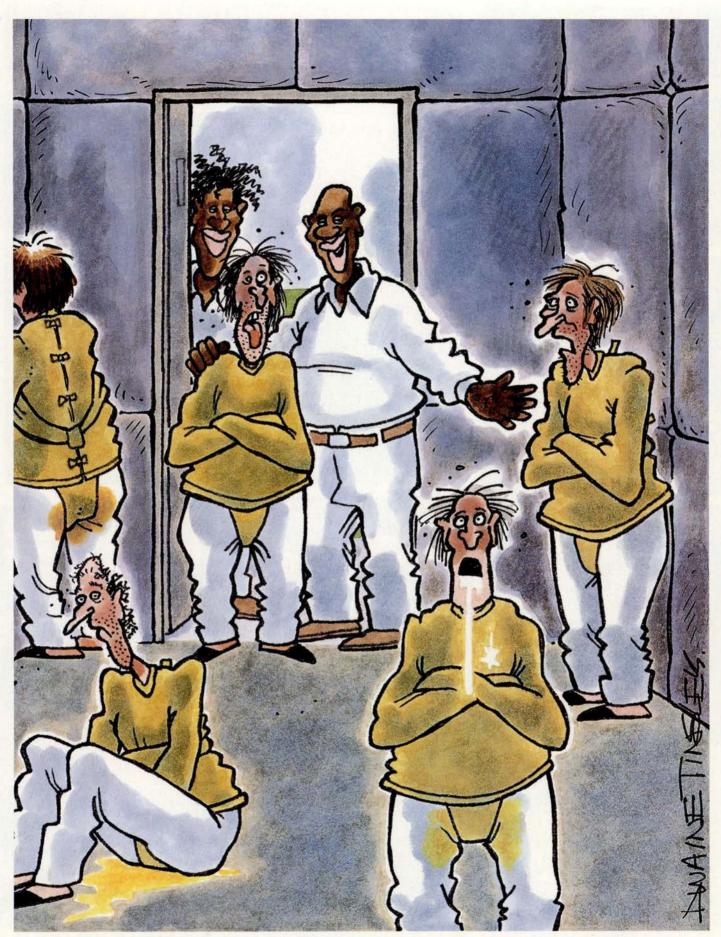
"You!" Shane growls at me as a set of radio headphones hits me in the chest. "You're going to make yourself useful!" I, along with Randy and Tim, will be able to communicate directly into Shane's helmet. My assignment is to crouch behind the third turn's low retaining wall, keeping my eyes peeled for "potential trouble from behind."

I work myself a spot up against the fence along with representatives from other crews. With their clipboards propped on their bellies and a stopwatch clenched in each hand, these reps-chaw-spitting guys in too-tight satin racing jackets, their lacquernailed girlfriends in too-tight jeans track the times (splits) of all the superlate-model cars. Numbers are meticulously entered in notebooks beside cryptic insights such as "34 slides wide"; "44 drops low"; "12 drags ass"; "71 knocks."

I had spent the better part of two days watching five different classes of dirt-track cars run dozens of heats, time trials, practice laps and bonafide street-style races, but it's not until Shane rolls onto the track with the nine other super-late-model cars that I see what's so insane about this sport: It's

(continued on page 146)





"Shuffle on in here, my man, and hang out with some other white folks who think O. J. is guilty...."





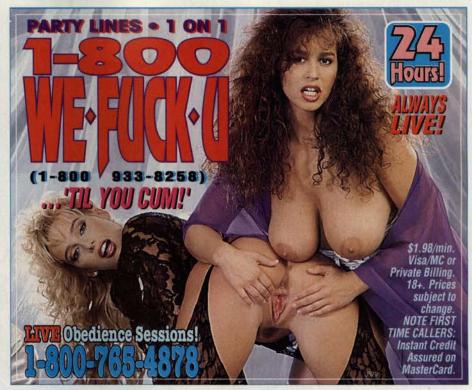


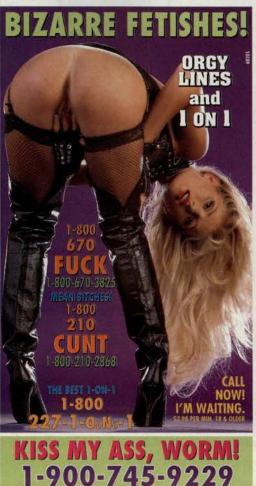




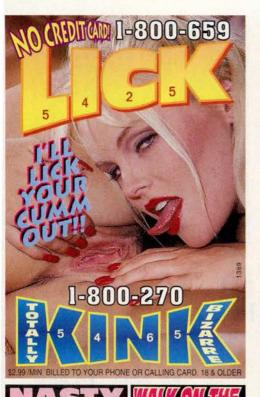
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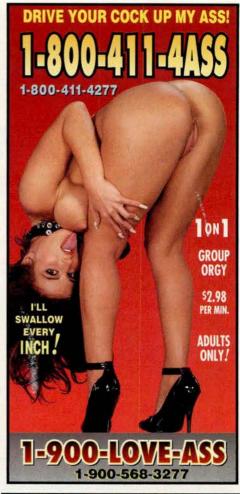


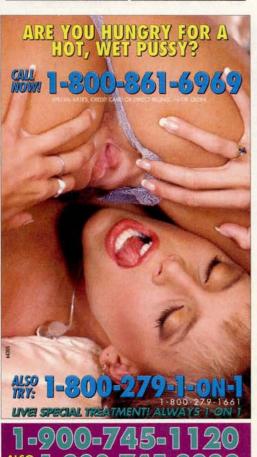












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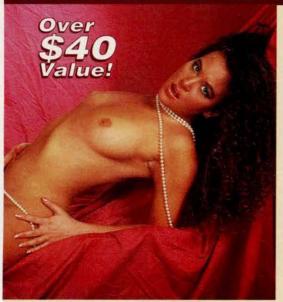








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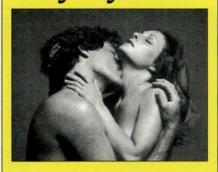
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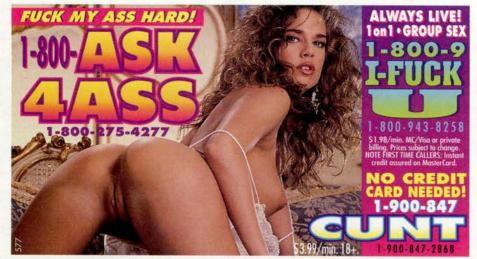
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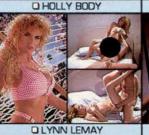




















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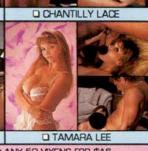












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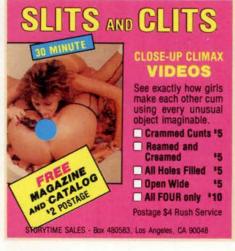
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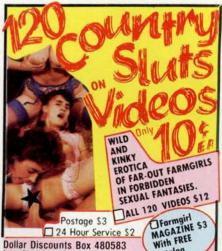


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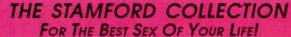








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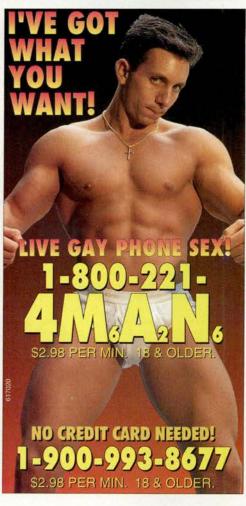




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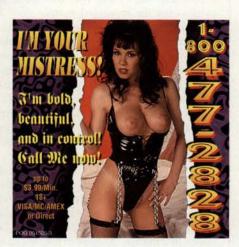


















#### **Male Rape**

(continued from page 64)

men whom he could control by his intimidating size. For his last crime, he picked up a man as big as he was. "If you saw these two men," Groth notes, "you might think they were brothers."

As he was butt-fucking his victim, just as Frank climaxed, he pulled the trigger of his pistol four times and watched the bullets rip into the man's back. "It was part of my fantasy to kill him," Frank told Groth later. Fortunately for both men, the shots missed all vital organs. The victim recovered, and Frank was sentenced to prison only for attempted murder.

Frank later explained to Groth, "I feel that there are two different me's"—the one who had saved people from drowning, and the one who could commit murder. Groth saw evidence that Frank experienced at least two completely different frames of mind: At times telling his sexual horror stories in counseling sessions, Frank would be embarrassed; other times he'd get an erection.

A follow-up study of men Groth worked with in Connecticut shows that treatment cut their recidivism rate in half. While Groth doesn't consider those results conclusive, he's hopeful. It's to be hoped that therapy changed Frank, because he's been out on the streets since 1992, after doing 13 years of a 20-year sentence.

So far, he has stayed out of trouble, and continues to get counseling voluntarily.

Since his teens, Frank had come to the attention of authorities again and again, long before he had attempted murder. There are five or six victims on the official record, but in reality there were more than 100.

Frank might have been stopped sooner, but male victims don't report, and all too often law enforcement and the justice system downplay the significance of the crime. In New York and North Carolina, for instance, it is a lesser offense to rape a man than it is to rape a woman. And, although this may be changing, rape-crisis centers have often not recognized the male victim. One man who tried to get help on a rape-crisis line was told, "We don't work with offenders." When he explained that he was the victim, he was accused of making a crank call and was hung up on.

The feminist movement has helped bring the rape of women and, more recently, the molestation of children to the public's attention, resulting in fairer treatment of victims in the legal system and tougher sentences for offenders. But adult male victims of sexual assault have a long way to go before they are given the same recognition.



"Sure I only lasted two minutes, honey, but in dog years, that's nearly 15 minutes!"

#### **Dirt Track**

(continued from page 130)

the mismatch of these wide-bodied, high-powered cars on a very narrow track. There's barely room for two abreast. Each of the cars packs about 700 horsepower into its 430-cubic-inch engine. Their collective rumble at the starting line shakes the ground like a passing locomotive.

As the green flag waves, the pole-sitter—Black 88—pulls away, charging hard and high into the south turn. His power slide sprays clay over all of us pressed up against the pit-area fence.

The cars drop into a 120-mph single file. By lap three, Shane's Red 8 passes the pole-sitter and threatens to pull away from the pack. But then Blue 48 widens the gap between himself and the pack. Suddenly, Shane has a threat on his ass.

"You know 48's right behind you," I hear Randy shout to Shane over the radio.

"Yeah, I see him!" Shane yells before driving 48 high into the north turn, forcing the pretender to pull back. But on the backstretch, 48's nose looks to be tapping Shane's back end. Suddenly, right before the final turn, 48 tries an unlikely inside pass and Shane cuts him off. As they slide into the final bank, Shane pushes the tenacious 48 to within an inch of the wall. But 48 counters with a ballsy inside move that puts him dead even with Shane. Around me the die-hard locals are going nuts for 48—a Floridian. Their screams drown out my radio.

Two hundred yards from the finish line, the cars barrel past the grand-stand, straining for the slightest advantage. The checkered flag comes down as 8 and 48 rocket by—in that order. The Florida fans groan, and I hear Shane let out a rebel yell of his own.

"Your rich friend was damn lucky," says Jody, who has just appeared at my side. It's the first I've seen him since his crash. "The way 8 drives is fucking crazy. I guess rich guys can get away with that kamikaze shit. But it's just flat-out crazy."

The body damage to Jody's beloved Camaro had been put at \$600—about three times its book value. To make the cash, Jody is going to hock his TV and lay Sheetrock over the next few weekends.

"Yeah, tell your friend that he drives crazy." Jody lights a fresh Marlboro from the butt of the last and reflects. "I guess that's what makes this sport so special: We're all crazy drivers, not just your rich friend. And you can quote me on that: We are all crazy."



"Oh, not again! What's your excuse this time, limp dick?"





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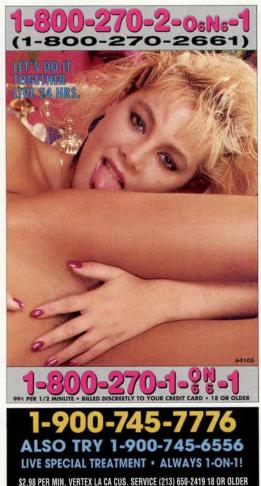


















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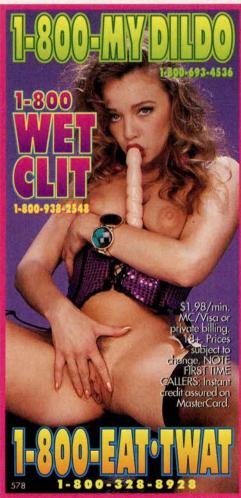
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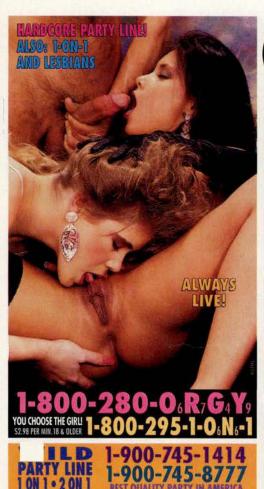




























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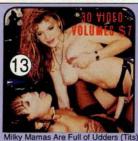
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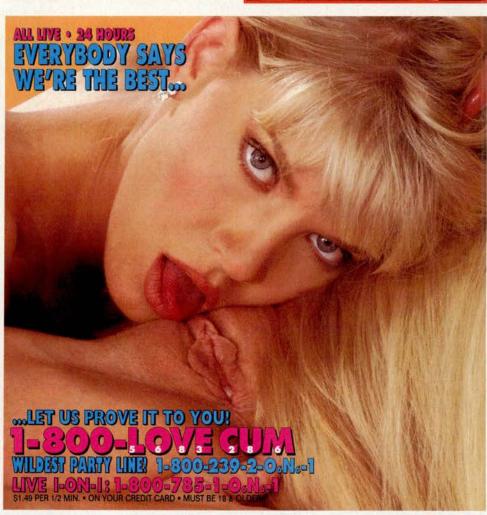


























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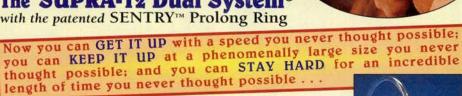
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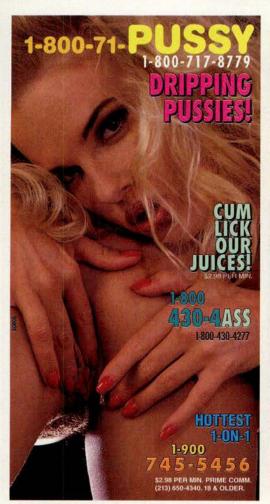
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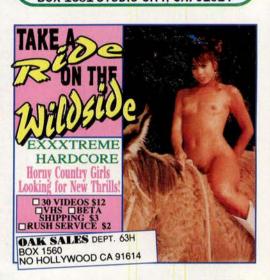
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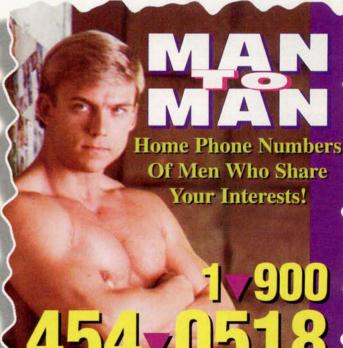
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#### GROWING

A garden of pink-petaled lovelies bring showers of jizz this April in HUSTLER. Plant your seed across the mugs of a downy-headed pair of pussy-swillers; savor the pungent perfume spilling from a blond bathing beauty's dewy rosebud; turn green with envy as a lucky stud plows the fertile ground between the thighs of a sun-soaked slut; gasp at the wonders of nature as a baby-faced brunette coaxes her bud into full bloom; and lay a garland of gunk over the tits of an exotic hothouse miss, ripe for plucking. HUSTLER in April grows wild.

#### SHOWING

"She leans against me, her back against my chest. Her lips brush my neck as she slides down and up, throwing her hair across my shoulder and leaning back in abandon. The way her tits fall as she's splayed across my body—I just want to touch them. But I sit on my hands." Holding still for a lap dance is nothing new to HUSTLER's readers, but it was to Jennifer Kabat. In *Strip Search*, the former exotic dancer tours San Francisco's infamous sex palaces and discovers how the other half lives—and lusts.

#### **OVERTHROWING**

On the street corners of Algeria, young men in jeans and leather jackets exchange fire with ninja-style, black-clad security forces. In the Philippines, rebels lay waste a captured village, killing and wounding unarmed citizens. In the Gaza Strip, Palestinian suicide bombers drive their vans, packed with explosives, into military convoys, killing scores of Israeli soldiers and settlers. These are not random acts of violence. This is a war—a holy one being waged by fundamentalist Muslims against secular governments around the world. The bombing of New York City's World Trade Center is proof that even America is not immune. How severe is the threat of Islam? Read Kambiz Foroohar's *The New Crusade* in April.

#### AND MORE

Don Vaughan reports on the sad state of sex education in April's Sex Play, "Fucking Scared"; a naked chick reduces our conception of Quentin Tarantino to a pulp in Bits & Pieces; Erotic Entertainment separates the fully loaded from the limp; and Beaver Hunt brings some hidden talents to light. April HUSTLER springs into action—no foolin'.

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