24 WILLING WOMEN AND A WHOLE WORLD OF BAD ATTITUDE

FOR THE REST OF THE WORLD **NOVEMBER 1999**

PORN STREET, USA

XXX DRIBBLES INTO THE MAINSTREAM

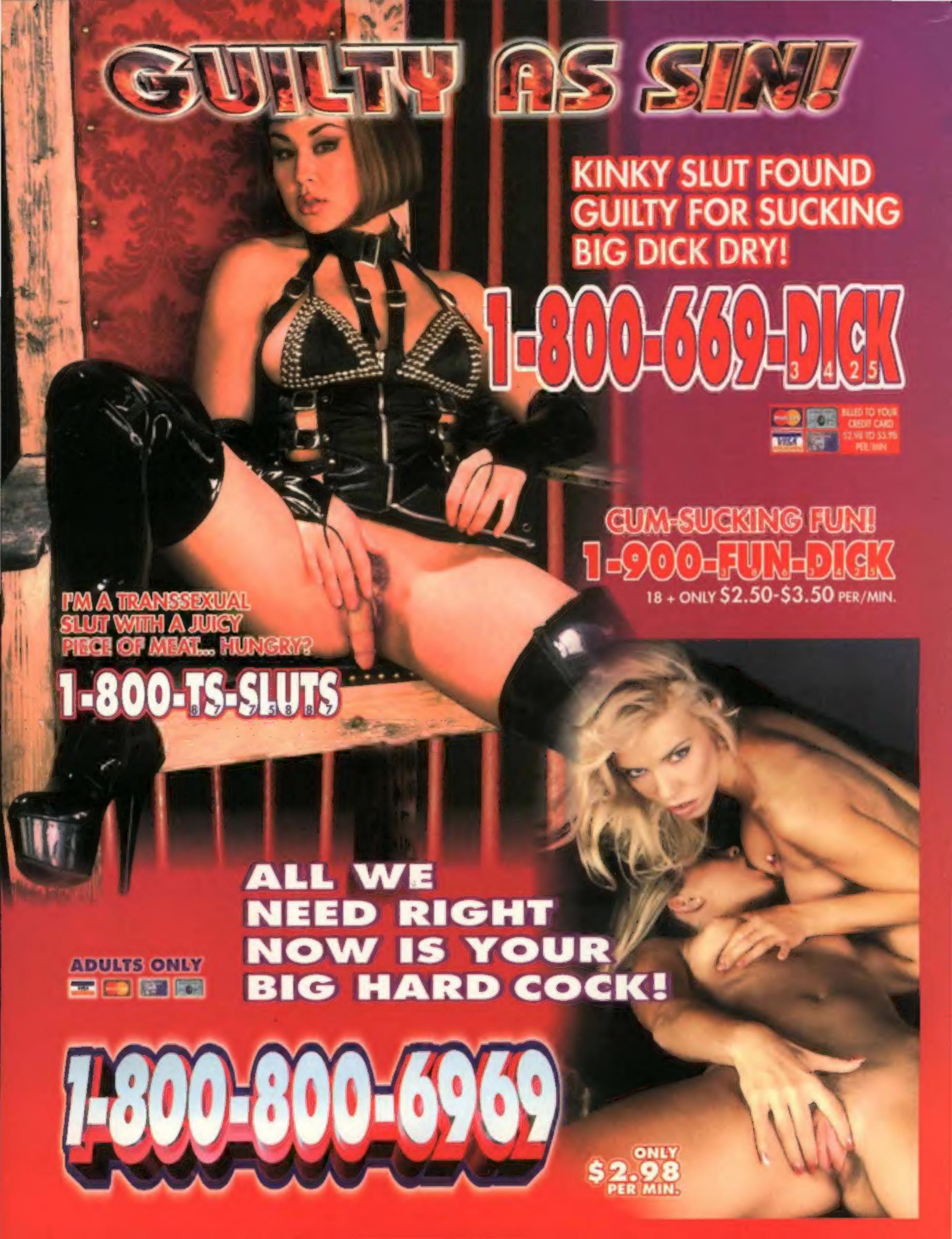
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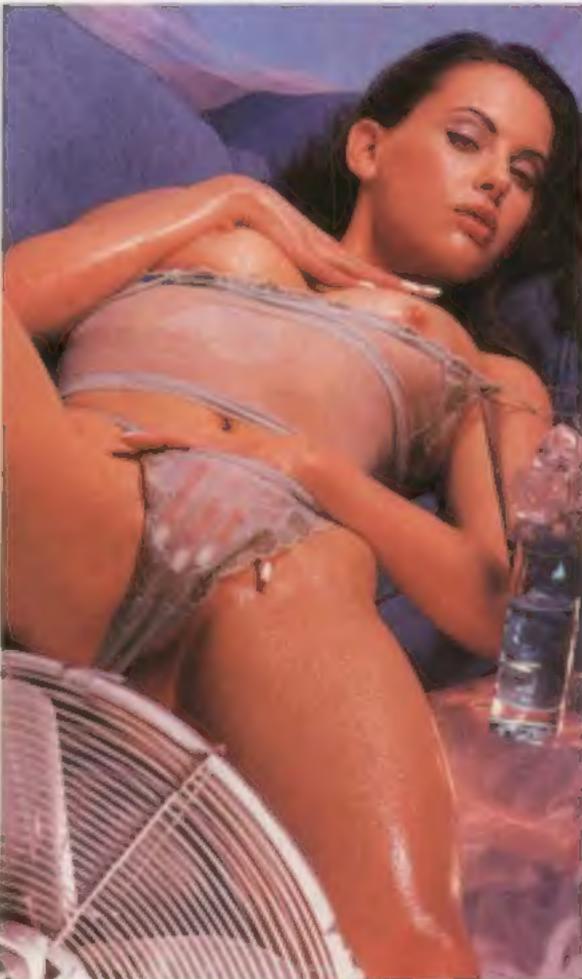
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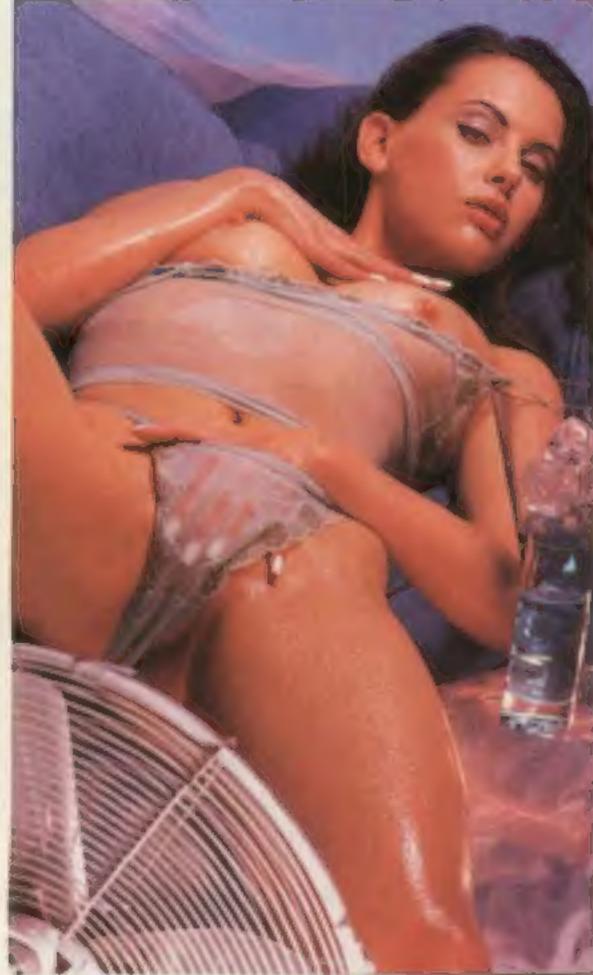
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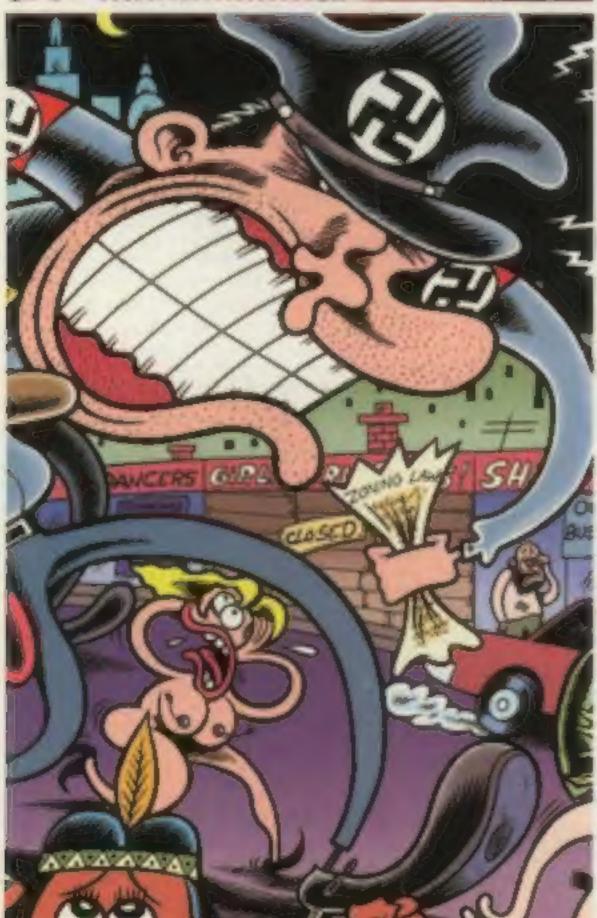
VOLUME 26 NUMBER 5



- 5 Bits & Pieces Flog the Hedgehog and Win Edited by Matt Wayne
- 11 Feedback Postal Kudos and Kicks From HUSTLER Readers
- 12 Ad Parody Naive: L'urinal
- 14 Dear Slut XXX Star Jeanna Fine Tells the Fucking Truth
- 20 Melanie and Nicole: Law and Ardor Photography by Clive McLean
- **30 Hot Letters** Tasty T&A Turkey-Day Tales
- **33 Erotic Entertainment** Big Apple Sex Biz Proves Rotten Edited by Tim Kenneally
- 44 Sex Play Newfangled Fuck Fun: Sexual Depravity for a Jaded Age By Derek Bauerstool
- 48 Cassandra and Anthony: **Contract Labia** Photography by Clive McLean
- **56 Socially Acceptable Sleaze** Porn Stars and XXX Profits Dribble Into the Mainstream Report by Richard Linnett
- 62 Pamela: Fire in the Hole Photography by James Baes
- 70 Jackie: Hot Flash Centerfold Photography by Matti Klatt
- 80 HUSTLER Humor Edited by Matt Wayne
- **82** No Jerk City Manhattan Tramps Looking for a Place to Go-Go On the Street With Guy Gonzales
- 86 Ashleigh: Womb With a View Photography by Matti Klatt
- **104 Beaver Hunt** Open House for Neighborhood Crotch
- 142 Mindy: Raging Waters Photography by Flamingo Photo

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ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

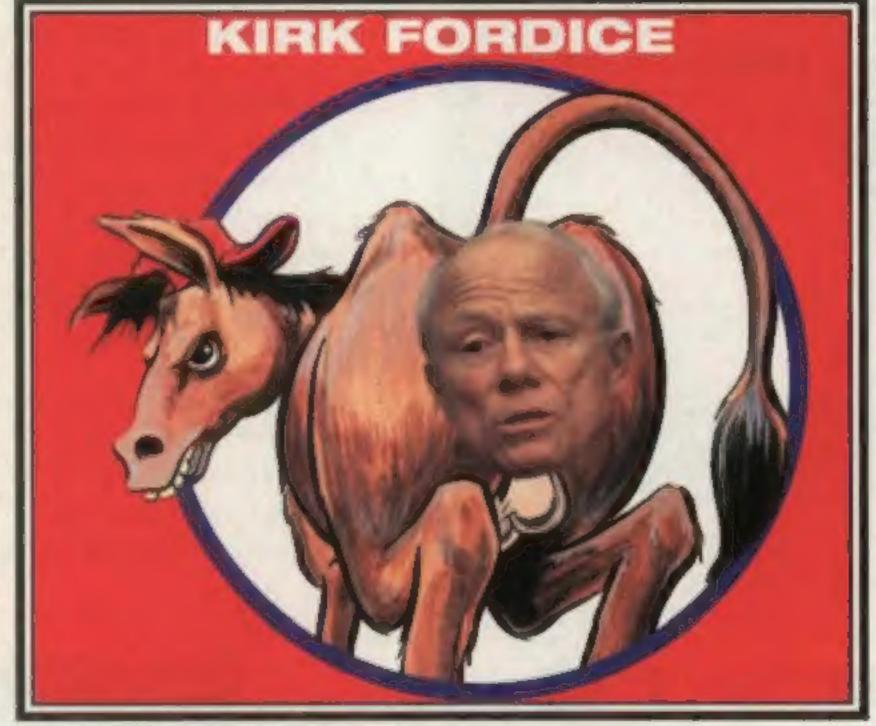
America is the land of shitheel opportunity. We live in a magical kingdom where the most insignificant little turd, if spewed with sufficient force, can create a splash that grossly magnifies its actual size. In 1934, when Kirk Fordice was shat out of a twat in Memphis, Tennessee, his proud parents may have dreamt that their little squirt might eventually become a two-term governor of Mississippi, the first Republican elected to that office in 118 years. But how could Ma and Pa Fordice ever have anticipated that their slimy, blood-coated discharge would one day slither upon the world stage as HUSTLER's Asshole of the Month for November 1999?

At first sniff, Kirk Fordice is just another 65-year-old wet fart of a state politician, nothing more than a big bowel movement in a small bowl. But nose around in Fordice's business, and the rising stench screams out for national infamy.

During his eight years as Mississippi's chief executive, Fordice maintained the Magnolia State's delicate balance of ingrained poverty, mounting racial animosity, and school systems in which up to 93% of the students fail to achieve eighthgrade proficiency.

The governor's preferred method of addressing his state's many and obvious problems is the veto, a tactic that ensures no new policy is enacted. Fordice, who took office in 1992, vetoed more bills than his past two predecessors combined.

Colleagues in the Mississippi legislature have characterized the governor as "an equal-opportunity antagonizer."



"When people talk to him," said Republican State Representative Ken Stribling, "he gives them the verbal equivalent of the middle finger. That's Republicans, blacks, whites, Democrats—you name it."

Blacks, in particular, feel the indignity of Fordice's finger. The governor is a champion of the white-supremacist Council of Conservative Crtizens, an organization that even Dixie stalwart Trent Lott distanced himself from when documented evidence of the group's hatemongering came to light. "All this stuff about them being racist, that's hearsay," says Fordice.

Fordice's convictions have been known to waver. As a Christian candidate, Fordice vocally opposed legalized gambling. Casinos, Fordice said, had turned a good city into "a rather tawdry little gambling town." But, in 1993, as governor, he accepted nearly \$75,000 in contributions from gambling concerns. A few months later, two of those contributors were rewarded with rather tawdry little appointments to the state Gaming Commission.

Fordice's biggest flip-flop has come in his family-values crusade, a program that consisted of deriding President Clinton for "going to bed with people other than his wife."

In June 1999, Fordice's long-suspected adultery with Ann G. Creson, his junior-high sweetheart, was finally proved. The couple was photographed returning from an eightday French vacation. Fordice's wife of 44 years had stayed home.

"This is different than people who have a known history of jumping in bed with women," quibbled Fordice.

In August 1998, Fordice condemned Clinton for trying to conceal an adulterous affair. Said Kirk: "He's been stonewalling, totally, all the way."

On November 5, 1996, the governor crashed a state-owned car in a
one-vehicle accident after being
seen holding hands at lunch with
Creson. Fordice's wife was out of the
country on a state-sponsored jaunt.
After the crash, Fordice stonewalled
his lunch date by saying, "I have no
memory of what happened on
November the fifth. I mean, I have
absolutely no memory." Months
later, he further stonewalled, claiming he had made no effort to retrace
his steps prior to the crash.

After the vacation photos appeared, Fordice refused to concede that he was a liar: "Of course it was [Creson at the Memphis lunch]. Did you ever doubt it? I told you the absolute truth. I had no clue what was going on. I still don't."

Fordice made a further distinction between himself and Clinton. The Ole Miss governor had never been seen "wagging my finger on TV."

He did, however, flash a side arm, and he told a reporter, on camera, "I will kick your ass."

"You know it's wrong for you to invade my privacy," complained the public official, a view in sharp contrast to an earlier assertion that "When folks enter public office, they're due all the scrutiny they get."

Kirk Fordice is one overdue Asshole.

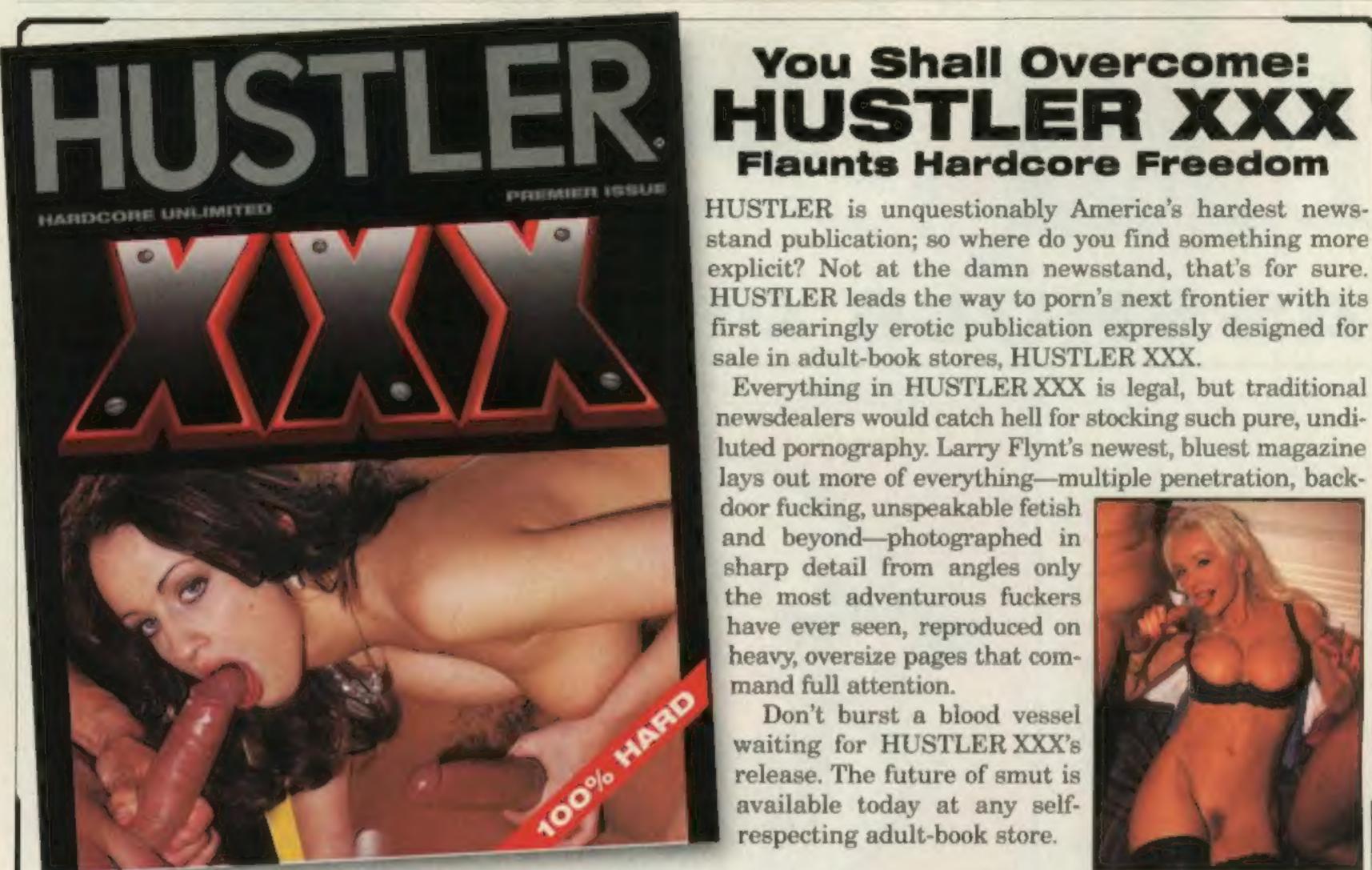
more like television wrestling, Minnesota's Governor Jesse Ventura would still look like a big, loud, self-serving, opportunistic fake. Rather than taking personal responsibility for increasing the tax burden of his constituents, Governor Ventura blamed the media for calling attention to the

Jesse Ventura: If real life were

FARTS IN THE WIND

use of more than \$16,000 in state funds to pay for travel and lodging costs of security personnel during Governor Ventura's tour to promote his autobiography. Ventura faulted reporters for not holding Presidential candidates such as Vice President Al Gore and Texas Governor George W. Bush to the

same standards. The difference is that Bush and Gore are touring in hopes of becoming United States President, a position of service to America. Ventura is touring in the hopes of making bundles of money from a self-aggrandizing book, which is of service to nobody other than the Asshole from Minnesota.



You Shall Overcome: HUSTLER XXX Flaunts Hardcore Freedom

HUSTLER is unquestionably America's hardest newsstand publication; so where do you find something more explicit? Not at the damn newsstand, that's for sure. HUSTLER leads the way to porn's next frontier with its

sale in adult-book stores, HUSTLER XXX.

Everything in HUSTLER XXX is legal, but traditional newsdealers would catch hell for stocking such pure, undiluted pornography. Larry Flynt's newest, bluest magazine lays out more of everything-multiple penetration, back-

door fucking, unspeakable fetish and beyond-photographed in sharp detail from angles only the most adventurous fuckers have ever seen, reproduced on heavy, oversize pages that command full attention.

Don't burst a blood vessel waiting for HUSTLER XXX's release. The future of smut is available today at any selfrespecting adult-book store.



MOST. TASTELESS



"Just for you, Ricky, I haven't wiped my ass in a week!"



Although this model probably isn't Liza Minelli, she looks ready to turn good genetic material into shit. Chas Z. of Slatington, Pennsylvania, faces \$150 for this blaptippling celebrity lookalike. Send grandfather's cock fodder 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.

ANYTHING TO BE IN HUSTLER! Whe seve stur

Add Insult to Iniquity and Win!

HUSTLER's Flog the Hedgehog Contest

When Ron Jeremy begged the HUSTLER editors for his million-andseventeenth appearance in the pages of America's Magazine, we were stumped. How could we take the pudgy fur ball up on his generous offer and make him pay for it at the same time? What degrades a porn legend most?

SOME EDITORS ARE DEMANDING THAT TWO HOT TAMALES BEAT RON LIKE A PIÑATA.



OUR PHOTOGRAPHER IS INSISTING THAT THE EXOTIC CHICKS EAT BURRITOS AND FART ON THE HEDGEHOG.





We decided to throw the question of Ron's fate open to HUSTLER's readers: What indignity should the hairiest dick in showbiz be forced to suffer in the pages of HUSTLER?

To enter, simply write down whatever gross injustice you'd like to see done to porndom's wire-haired terror, Ron Jeremy. Each entry must describe a nonfaggoty act that can be captured on film. The winner will see his or her idea presented in HUSTLER and receive a framed 21/3" patch of Hedgehog trimmings.

Send your Ron Jeremy degradation ideas to HUSTLER's Flog the Hedgehog Contest, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

HUSTLER Reports: HDTV

Fuck it—you might as well dump the old Zenith. High-definition television (HDTV) has replaced the digital video disc (DVD) as the most efficient technological method of running up a credit card (IOU). As broadcasters scramble to conform to the new standard, HUSTLER wonders aloud whether anything that costs several thousand dollars and doesn't provide pussy can ever top the far cheaper items that do lead to sex. The HDTV picture may be twice as sharp, but can the consumers who shell out megabucks make the same claim? Let's consider....

HDTV PRO

The best argument in favor of HDTV: HDT & A. The new medium reveals current underclothed classics such as VIP in detail not previously thought possible. Viewers not only see their favorite cunts dodging explosions, but they also catch an ultraclear glimpse of the "cunt within a cunt."



HDTV CON

With HDTV, the unfuckable bitches of TV become twice as unfuckable. The wider picture frames a wide load much too closely. Exposure to the cons of HDTV may render viewers unable to raise a bone for the system's benefits.

Even if HDTV doesn't shock you into impotence, a set may cost more than your car, and you can't fuck it. At least the old Zenith occasionally blows a tube.

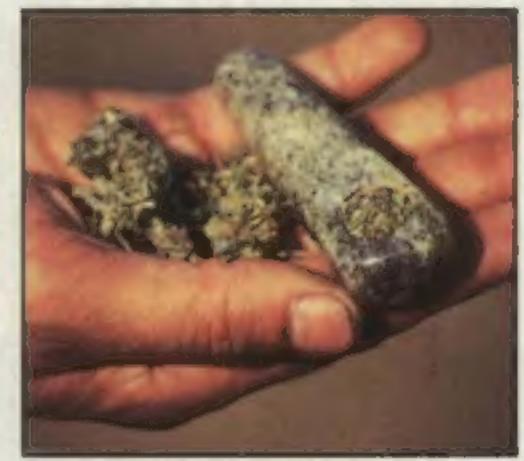


WHAT KEEPS A YOUTH FROM OPENING FIRE? HIS BUDS.

Want to keep American high schools safe?

Treat your violent, death-obsessed teens to choice marijuana. Unlike automatic weapons and explosives, a spliff goes off in the head, not in the halls. Once all of your child's energy is channeled into trying to hide the fact that he's zooted in math class, psychotic schemes of vengeance fall by the wayside.

Talk with your kids. Let them know how you feel about shooting sprees. Slap them



It's never too early to start.

around a little. Say, "You want violence! I'll show you violence!" Use your fists. Throw your weight into the punches. It won't help, but you'll feel much better.

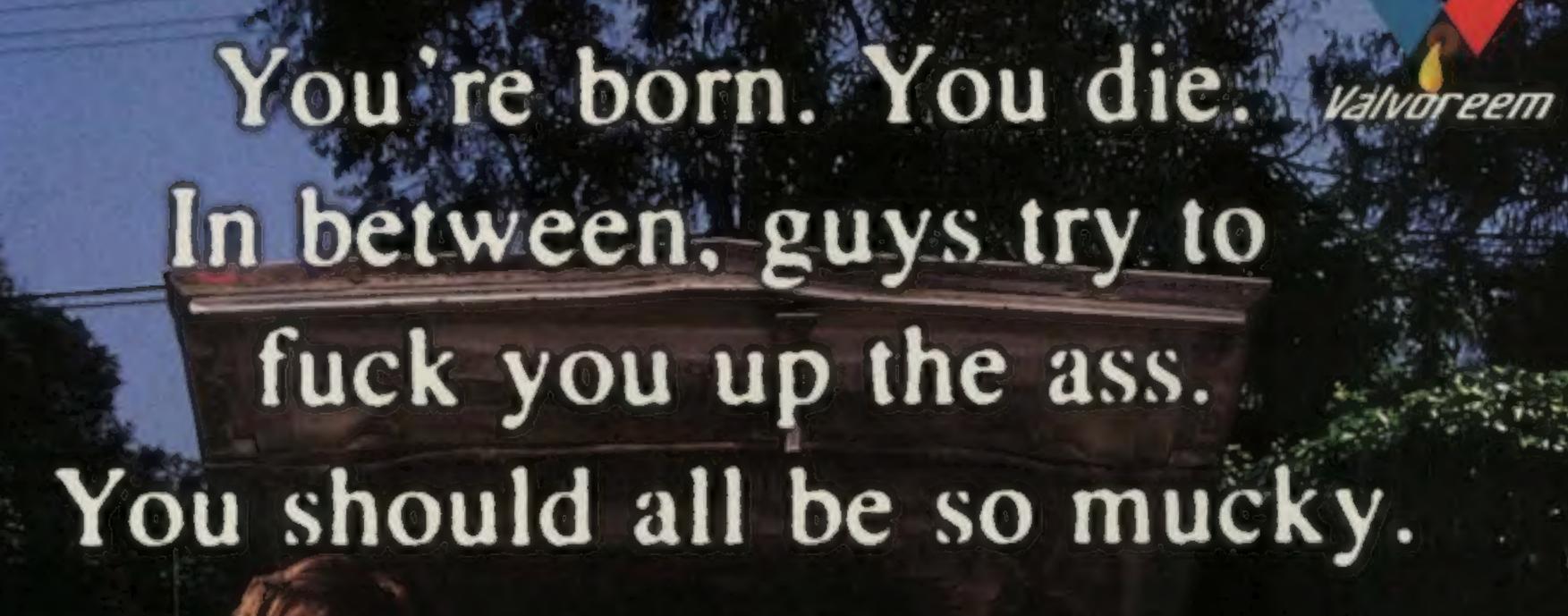
Once you fail to knock any sense into them, try putting some sinse into them. Explain how much easier life will be if they spark up a laid-back bowl, bong or doob.

And the next time your kid empties a clip, it'll be a roach clip.

Smoke Joints, Not Jocks

Partnership for a Drugged-Out America/Humboldt County Marijuana Growers' Association







FERM

Total Nympho

Thank you for turning my wife into a total nympho! Her frenzied lust went into overdrive after she found my copy of your July 1999 special 25th Anniversary Issue. I stashed away that copy because I can't get enough of gorgeous model Alana (Alana Keyed Up, July 1999). She reminds me of my wife. My wife is petite, at 5 feet tall, 92 pounds. She's a natural blonde and was born and raised in the deep South. I confessed to her that I thought Alana was very sexy, like her, and she made a confession that shocked me. She had been fantasizing about "that huge, gorgeous, sexy black stud, Butch," (Butch: A Black Stud and His Georgia Peach) from the very same 25th Anniversary Issue. She described in lurid detail how beautiful she thought his big, black cock was, and how, when she first saw it, her pussy became soaked with passion.

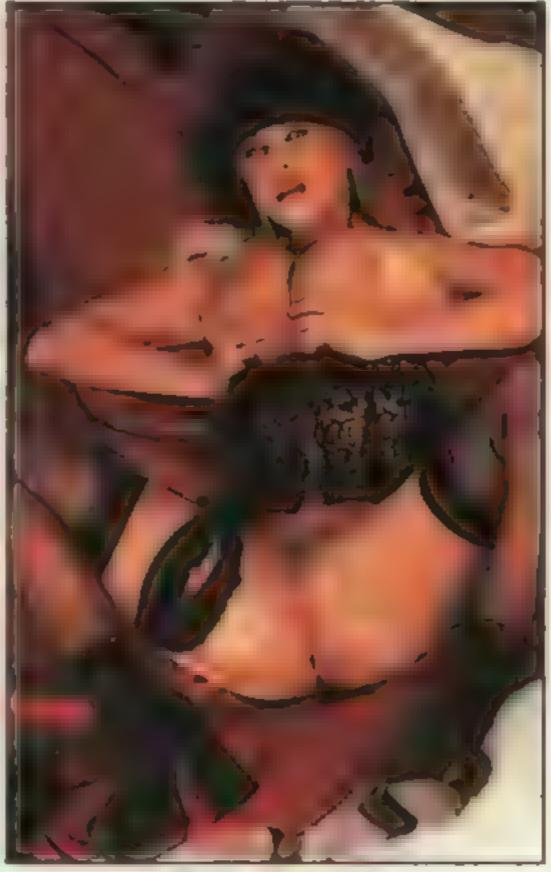
The night after she first discovered black Butch, my wife Interally raped me! We had the best sex ever and have been fucking like crazy ever since. I must admit that when she showed me the picture that made her so horny, I felt a little uneasy She had always told me that my cock was big, but, after seeing Butch's enormous dong, I must admit I felt a little bit inferior. She told me all of her fantasies with Butch, such as "sucking his gorgeous black pole for hours until he explodes." She went on to describe swallowing every last drop of his "potent, precious sperm," That really put me in my place. When she sucks me (which is a very rare occurrence), she never even considers swallowing my cum. My wife says that several of her girlfriends also fantasize about big. black studs stretching and deepening their tight, white pussies, giving them what their husbands can't

The only reason I've been able to overcome my inferiority complex is that my wife has become insatiable. Why, just last night, she gave me the best blowjob ever, and she actually swallowed my cum Afterward, I asked her why, and she said, "I had Butch on my mind." I don't fully understand it. All I know is that whatever works is fine with me. It's easy to swallow

** 1 give to the property of the supplier, minimize your risk of being disappointed to the control of the contr

my pride when my wife is swallowing my load. Would it be possible to run a pictorial of Butch fucking Alana? How about a new magazine devoted to interracial sex fantasies? I would see to it that my wife "found" such erotic material, and how.

—B. & W. Durango, Colorado



Alana: Keyed Up

You're a big man to swallow your own pride. You should order the June 1999 back issue, which features the interracial exploits of Billy D. and Charlene; Lust Knows No Color.

I Want My Pee-Pee

HUSTLER'S BARELY LEGAL. I love them both, but I must complain about the lack of piss pics in the August 1999 HUSTLER. Where were the sweet puddles of pussy piss? There's nothing like a hot and steamy golden shower to stiffen the rod. Where did the golden flow go? I hope it isn't gone for good; please say it isn't.

—T. T.

Fort Washington, Maryland

Your golden fixation took a brief vacation. Check out page 27 for continued urination vatisfaction.

Liquid-Gold Hoarder

Keep the liquid gold flowing! I have subscribed since your first issue and haven't missed one yet. Your best work is certainly the most recent addition of peeing beauties. How about asking the Beaver Hunt girls to submit pissing pies?

—A. J. P. Schenectady, New York

Peeing Beavers do stream into <u>Beaver</u> <u>Hunt</u> from time to time. How did you like Yanic, the Canadian from Montreal fea-



FEEDBACK

tured in September 1999's <u>Beaver Hunt</u>? Yanic's liquid love overflowed. Did you catch any?

Darling Nikki

With so many hot women sending their pictures into Beaver Hunt, it seemed a daunting task to pick out one who is hotter than the rest, but I have done just that. Nikki, from your August 1999 issue, is an incredible piece of ass. Her fantastic body, beautiful face and wild, fuck-me hairstyle brought me off more than any of the others. Mr. Nikki is a phenomenally lucky guy. I beg you to make her a finalist-1 crave to see her cunt open for me. Since she admits to enjoying masturbation, I'm sure you can talk her into sticking a finger or two inside her hole for us all to enjoy. —E. R.

via Internet

Beaver Hunt Archives

I live for HUSTLER's Beaver Hunt. Please develop a new online magazine featuring all the ladies who spread their legs in Beaver Hunt. Show every contestant, finalist and winner since the very beginning of HUSTLER, I guarantee that a receptive audience awaits the parade of neighborhood nookie.

—F. S.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

You have an intriguing idea. Perhaps www.hustler.com will add to the rich collection of amateur gash already assembled. Until then, look for the BEST OF BEAVER HUNT on newsstands now

Porn-Fiction Writer

I'm a married 28-year-old woman who's been reading your magazine since, well, long before I was legally old enough to read it. At first, for the cartoons and the occasional article, but once I realized that I was bisexual, for the terrific photos of your models. I want to commend you guys for putting out the best adult magazine on the market. Even when I see something I don't personally agree with, I appreciate that you credit your readers with having the intelligence to know that they can enjoy the material or turn the page, I have but one request: more long-haired brunettes with piercings. I also need some advice. I'm an aspiring writer, and I've had the pleasure of having led a fairly adventurous sex life. Now I'm ready to combine my talents with my past exploits and try making a little money. What's the best way to break into the erotic-writing market? Where do I send my work? I consider HUSTLER the authority on these matters. I'll wait for your response before I send out that first manuscript. Keep up the good work.

—W. M.

Frederick, Maryland

HUSTLER doesn't buy much freelance erotic fiction, but HUSTLER FANTASIES, HUSTLER'S TABOO, BARELY LEGAL and HONEY BUNS do, Read the durty stories in these fine periodicals and decide which magazine features stories like the ones you would be willing to share. Write an original story sample and send it to 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Be sure to put the magazine editor's name above the address. L. Moss edits HUSTLER FANTASIES; Ira Levine edits HUSTLER'S TABOO; J. M. Heaney, BARFLY LEGAL; and Rick Woods, HONEY BUNS, Good luck.

Black Muslim Attacks

Attention scum: As a consequence of the November 1997 HUSTLER "Asshole of the Month" article featuring Mike Tyson, I say, "Fuck you!" Mike Tyson should massacre all non-Muslims on the staff of HUSTLER! Mike Tyson should massacre all Anglo-Saxons on the staff of HUSTLER! Mike Tyson should massacre any and all Kikes on the staff of

HUSTLER! Mike Tyson should massacre all Papists on the staff of HUSTLER! Mike Tyson should slaughter all non-Muslims on the staff of HUSTLER! Mike Tyson should slay Larry Flynt for being an Anglo-Saxon! I will smash your faces! HUSTLER Magazine has nothing to say about Mike Tyson, nor anything to say about anyone or anything else! Fuck you!

North Miami, Florida

You are a racist. Mike Tyson is a rapist. You can both rub wieners and wrap them together with your silly little bow ties.

NRA Yahoo

Charleton Heston as the September 1999 Asshole of the Month; he is both an asshole and a hypocrite, but fuck you for your attack on the NRA itself. The NRA is the only organization that protects the Second Amendment. The NRA protects the entire Bill of Rights, which includes your own precious First Amendment. An armed population is the only effective deterrent to total government domination and loss of personal freedom, which includes the right to read your magazine. If the helpless faculty of Columbine High School were allowed to defend them-

(continued on page 29)





Thanks and \$50 go to Paul B.



Because the penis is a muscle, it stands to reason that masturbating constantly will, over time, increase its size. Penispump manufacturers claim their products can suck cocks to gigantic proportions. There are men who claim that hanging weights on their dicks increases lengthwhich is all that can be increased. Girth is another matter. Like most women, I'd rather have a thick dick than a long and skinny one any day. A woman can only feel the first two inches anyway; so girth is really what is important. The only way to increase girth is through surgery. Since you have time on your hands, and your hands are available, you might as well put your dick to the test and prove once and for all what maniacal jerking off can do. Keep a chart on your daily

GYM-SHOWER SHY

progress and publish your own how-to

manual. You have nothing to lose and

everything to gain. Good luck.

I have quite a large cock (a tad over eight inches). The problem is, in its flaccid state, it looks like the pee-pee of a little boy. Nothing hangs except the head. When I'm showering at the gym, it's embarrassing. I know this sounds childish,

but I don't want the guys to think my schlong is that small. I usually play with it until it shows what's really there, but I don't want everyone to think I'm getting off being in the shower with other men. Please tell me how I can keep that "hung" look.

—T. D.

Daytona, Florida

Every man is concerned about the image he projects to the world. Men believe penis size is proof of their virility. Women, on the other hand, do not take a flaccid penis at face value. In fact, there is a name for small, flaccid dicks that become huge when erect. In my circle of friends, they are called sleepers. We know that, given the right circumstances, sleeping schlongs have the ability to spring to life with surprising results. Do you really have to prove to the guys at the gym that your dick is huge? Those guys are less concerned about the size of your dick than they are about their own, believe me. Besides, your size is your business. The only people who need to know its maximum greatness are you and the women you love. The boys in the shower don't fucking matter.

JERKOFF SHOW-OFF

Two years ago, I had one of the most exciting sexual experiences of my life, I was making out with this girl on her couch for quite a while when she pulled back suddenly, looked at me with a smile and asked if I'd share a fantasy of hers. She wanted me to take off all my clothes, while she kept all of hers on, and continue kissing and touching each other. This went on for a while until I thought I was going to explode. She pulled back again, looked at how hard I was and asked me if I'd masturbate for her, using both hands while she watched. At first, I wasn't sure if I could, but after her coaxing and sensual whispers, I said yes. To my surprise, I enjoyed it far more than I ever thought I would. She told me there were lots of women who love to watch men masturbate, but were afraid to ask. This became a regular part of our sex life until she moved back to California a few months ago. Since then, I have met another woman who really turns me on. I would love to jack off for her, but I'm afraid she'll think I'm a pervert. Is there something wrong with me because I like (continued on page 18)

HISTLE BANK













DOWN BRANCHEUR CLIPS



TALL SEXY BRUNETTE WITH DEEP BROWN EYES IS LOOKING FOR FUN THIS PICE REWAS TAKEN BY MY FX BOY FRIEND HE NOTE OT HANDLE ME COULD · UPIL WITH BELIEVE AND ANYTHING WHEN IT DMES TO SEX ORAL ANAL MA SITTE TOSTIC RC LOOK NG FOR A REAL MAN THE PARTY COUNTY BY SCREAM ALL NIGHT RACE NOT IMPORTANT PLEASE CALL ME NOW FL AF RES CRET L



HEARS O D BAR ALE R

FROM N WIER IT HAND

HIOMELINA R W. T. O. S.

ETES HAVE C. . . . O.

THAT WILLIAM S. T.

WORN YOU DVOR . S. T.

WORN YOU DVOR . S.

COCKS S WHAT HILL IS A

GAMES THON A





MY NAME IS GINGER. I'M AN OLDER WOMAN MAILE ED AND VERY BURLED I AM LOOKING TO SPEND TIME WITH SOMEONE DUR NUTTHE DAY ONLY I HAVE A HIGH SEX DR VE AND IM NTERESTED IN FINDING A YOUNG WHITE STUD INCOME OVER 25 PLEASE PLEASE CALL ME NOW



HEY GUYS THUS IS JENNA IM

N SEARCH OF HOT KINKY
TIMES IF YOU ARE LOOKING
FOR A BLOND BOMBSHELL
WITH A NICE BODY HER.
AM I'LL WRAP MY LONG LIGS
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BEEN TOLD TO BE VERY
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NO FIME TO WARP PORT

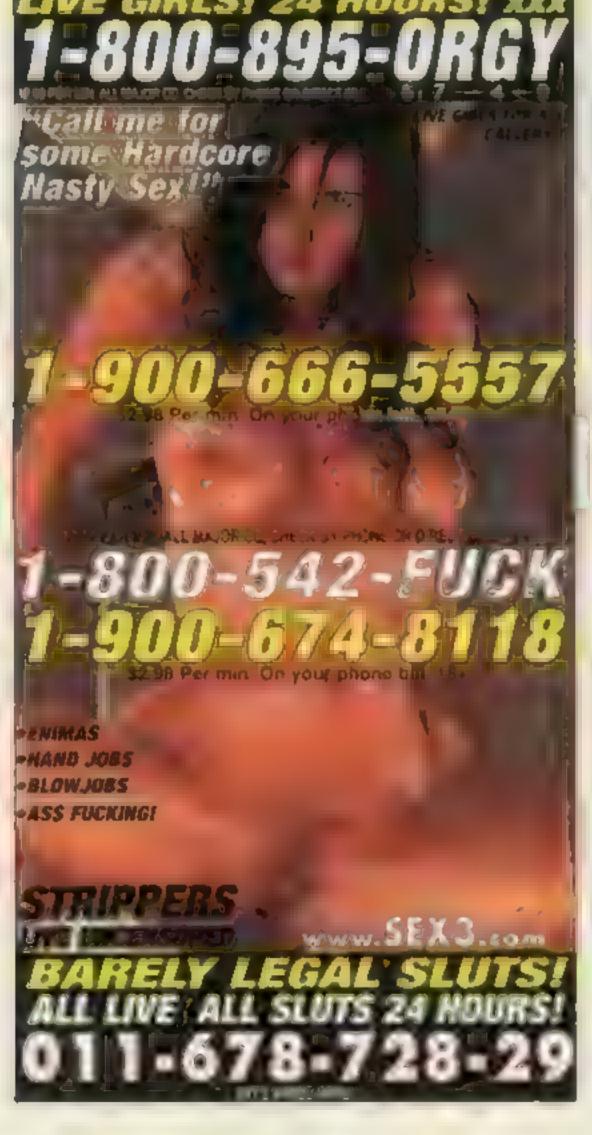
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MAKES MY TIGHT PUSSY ALL
WET I LOVE IT ALL AND
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SOMETHING NEW WITH
YOU BIG COCKS A PEU-

1-888-WET-SPOT







(continued from page 14)

Dear Slut My husband is too embarrassed to jerk off for me; I have to catch him pleasuring himself in the shower. I love to watch and hate being left out. No, you are not a pervert for wanting to show off.

doing this? Could a normal woman enjoy making and watching a man masturbate -J. L. M. for her?

Chicago, Illinois

Kudos to the lady who brought exhibitionistic masturbation to your attention. Yes, in fact, it is extremely true that every woman I have ever spoken with about sexual matters has indeed agreed that it was fun to watch her man masturbate. It's frustrating for women to discover that their men are masturbating behind their backs and never in their presence. When I was 19 and with my first live-in boyfriend, he used to hint that he had jerked off while I was away, and I was dying to know what his pud looked like when he was spanking the damn thing. In fact, my husband is too embarrassed to jerk off for me; I have to catch him pleasuring himself in the shower. I love to watch and hate being left out. No, you are not a pervert for wanting to show off. Yes, women love to see what you can show them, but you shouldn't spring into fist-pounding fury without advance notice. A way to broach this topic might be to inquire about mutual masturbation. You can judge by her expression whether

or not she's responsive to this experiment. Say that you want to watch her while she watches you. The key to everything in life is communication. You need to be able to tell each other what turns you on, or other aspects of your relationship will also suffer. Here's hoping your proposal puts a smile on your gal's face. Good luck.

HOLE IN FACE

Piercing is in your country and in Germany. As psychiatrist, is for me clear the piercing of sexual organs. But there is another phenomenon: young girls who pierce their faces, nose especially. Can you answer my question, why?

> -Dr. N. S. Frankfurt, Germany

I myself pierced my nose ten years ago. I wore a nose ring for about two years, became tired of seeing it every day in the mirror and took it out for good. I now have a hole in the side of my nose that looks like a little earring hole. In many cultures, facial piercings of the nose and eyebrows are incredibly sexy. East Indian and Arab women, ethnic types and primitive ladies from the exotic past as seen in

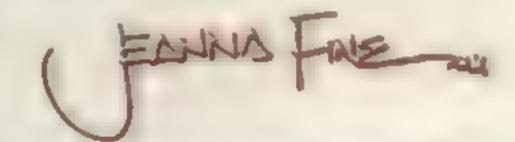
primitive art have inspired this trend. Now, the other day, I saw this extremely white, trailer-park girl with freckles, pimples and a barbell hanging from a hole in her eyebrow. It was hideous. Something has gone awry in our world culture so that ugly is now in fashion. Recreating oneself to look as physically unappealing as possible is the latest way to rebel. I swore I would never be one of those middle-aged folks who shake their heads in disgust and say, "What's with kids these days?" but, dammit, what is with kids these days? Five to ten years from now, these girls with holes in their faces will be very upset with themselves. Some holes don't close.

HYSTERICAL FUCKER

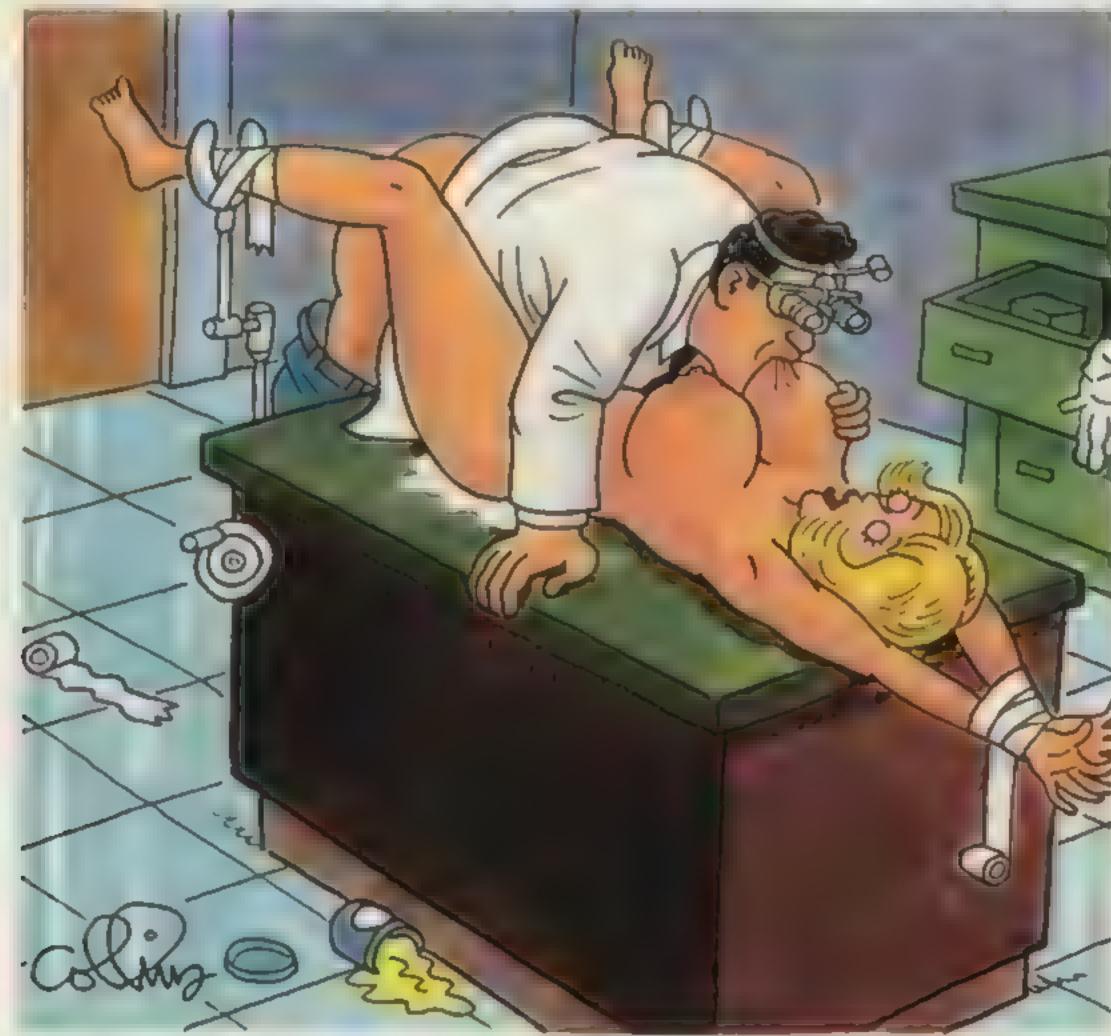
I'm an emotional girl. Sometimes after orgasm, I cry or laugh hysterically. My boyfriend is confused. I told him it's just how I release tension, but I think he feels I'm laughing at him, or I'm hurt. In any case, he immediately becomes soft. How can I reassure him that I'm telling the truth? —V. K.

Ecorse, Michigan

Let him know that Jeanna Fine does the same thing. I, too, am reduced to uncontrollable sobbing after an earth-shattering orgasm. When this emotional surge first started happening to me, I thought I was going nuts. I was uncertain where all this feeling was coming from, and I asked my friends if they thought I should see a psychiatrist. The intense rush I felt was so good, I didn't want to fuck with it. I realized that the fucking I engaged in was just damn good sex. My orgasms were simply more intense than they had been. You and I are wired to react with great emotion; that is all. While I have never collapsed into hysterical squeals of laughter, the crying jag has happened to me quite a few times and continues to surprise me. Don't feel like you have to change; you're not going crazy. Just keep on pushin' the way you've been pushin', and cry and laugh yourself silly. Make sure your boyfriend reads this column. Perhaps if he knows that you aren't the only girl out there who cries after sex, he will believe you and accept you just the way you are.



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



"We can't go on meeting like this. My HMO is getting suspicious!"



























FEEDBACK

(continued from page 13)

selves as the Constitution intended, the attack would have been quickly stopped. The firearms industry and the pornography industry share a common enemy—Big Government. I am proud that my meager paycheck helps support both the NRA and HUSTLER. Both the NRA and HUSTLER kick ass. Don't kick the NRA. —C. L.

Oakland, California

Reread what was really said about the NRA, and you will find that Heston is the only Asshole under fire.

Shuck She-Male Shit

Why would you want to fuck up the best magazine in the world by printing shit like Gia (Gia: Portrait of a Lonely Lady, April 1999)? I have nothing against him/her, but if I want to see a chick with a dick (an option I don't care to exercise), I will buy such a magazine. The same sentiment applies to all of those goddamned she-male ads throughout my precious HUSTLER Magazine. Knock that shit off! I thought HUSTLER was a pro-hetero magazine. What kind of a hypocrite are you, Larry?

—C. P.

Henderson, Nevada

Larry Flynt can't help but fuck with everybody, including his readers.

She-Male Makeover

I've been a reader of your fine publication for many years. I've loved gazing upon your fine-looking women, but lately, my outlook has changed. In fact, I wish I were one of them. I've realized that there is more pleasure in actually being female; so I've decided to become one and endure a sex-change operation. These days, I become hot and bothered when I see a good-looking guy with a nice body and swell cock. I have a few girlfriends who are helping me with my transition. They love to see me in action, taking cock up my ass and sucking dick. They say I love dick as much as they do, maybe even more. Girls just wanna have fun, even if they show up late for the party. Please show more transsexuals in future issues. Gia was a fantastic surprise. Chicago, Illinois

Dog Lover Has Limits

I've recently returned to the ranks of your loyal subscribers. Your August 1999 issue was amazing; yet I was somewhat disturbed by your article Illegal Porn: Teasing the Law With Abomination Erotica. I am 100% in favor of protecting

individual rights, but having sex with dogs is just plain sick. I'm a dog owner, and I can tell you that, no matter how drunk or stoned I might become, I never would consider having sex with him. The other sex acts described in the article may be repulsive and disgusting, but they are committed by consenting adults. My fear is that the sick dog-fuckers will open up the floodgates for the prosecution of legal sexual pursuits. America's beauty is in her diversity. We should celebrate our differences, but I feel that I must stand up and be a voice for the voiceless dog population and say, "Leave the dogs alone."

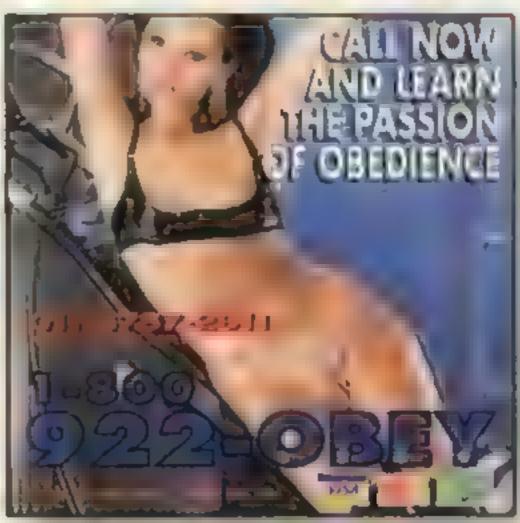
-C. G. New Paltz, New York As a dog lover, you should know that some dogs beg for sex with humans. Who are you to deny their sexual freedoms? A terrier should be able to marry the human pant leg of his or her choice, regardless of race, sexual orientation or species. America is, after all, a free country.

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











TURKEY SHOOT

Usually, I hate Thanksgiving. My wife, Sara, drags her parents over to our tiny apartment, which is hotter than the flames of hell—thanks to the turkey Sara has inevitably overcooked. I stand there with sweat dripping down to my dopey, frozen smile, trying to impress Dad and never mention the glaring tumor on the end of his nose. Then I retire to the kitchen in solitude and whip up my special, secret gravy...by unleashing the baster in my shorts and wanking thick spurts of jizz all over the big Butterball

Hey, I need to derive some pleasure from goddamned Turkey Day. My glaze release is twice as sweet when I think about Rudolph the Red-Nosed Father-in-Law swallowing my seed. See, he also happens to be my boss, which is the reason Sara is so determined to keep the cancerous old coot happy. After all, she wouldn't want her father to stumble upon the anal beads I shove up her shit chute every night—and fire my perverted ass. She even forces me to take down all the HUSTLER Centerfolds from my workstation in the garage. I tell her that's a sacred area; she tells me the small, brown hole between her butt cheeks is a sacred area too. If I want to continue visiting that holiest of holes on a regular basis, I must obey her every ball-busting command. Being married to the boss's daughter sure is a fucking nightmare. Good thing Sara's blond hair, tight body and ripe, perfect burn cushions are such a dream.

This November was no fantasy, how-

ever, and I didn't need the imaginary company of a HUSTLER Honey. Reality was almost as good. Sara's dad dumped her aging, hatchet-faced mom and tied the knot with an 18-year-old piece of ass named Keene. The little tramp is as peachy as her name, with pink baby-fat perfection busting out of her short shorts and tight T-shirts. At first, Sara didn't want to allow Keene in the apartment, which I understood. I suppose I might feel kind of weird knowing my new mom was eight years younger than me. After we sat down for an intimate, husband-and-wife heart-to-heart, I convinced Sara that potentially alienating her father was a greater danger than petty, unwarranted jealousy. Of course, I had to interrupt the

soulful conversation every few minutes to run to the bathroom and spank my monkey. Hallelujah—an entire evening staring at the teenage slut! I love Thanksgiving.

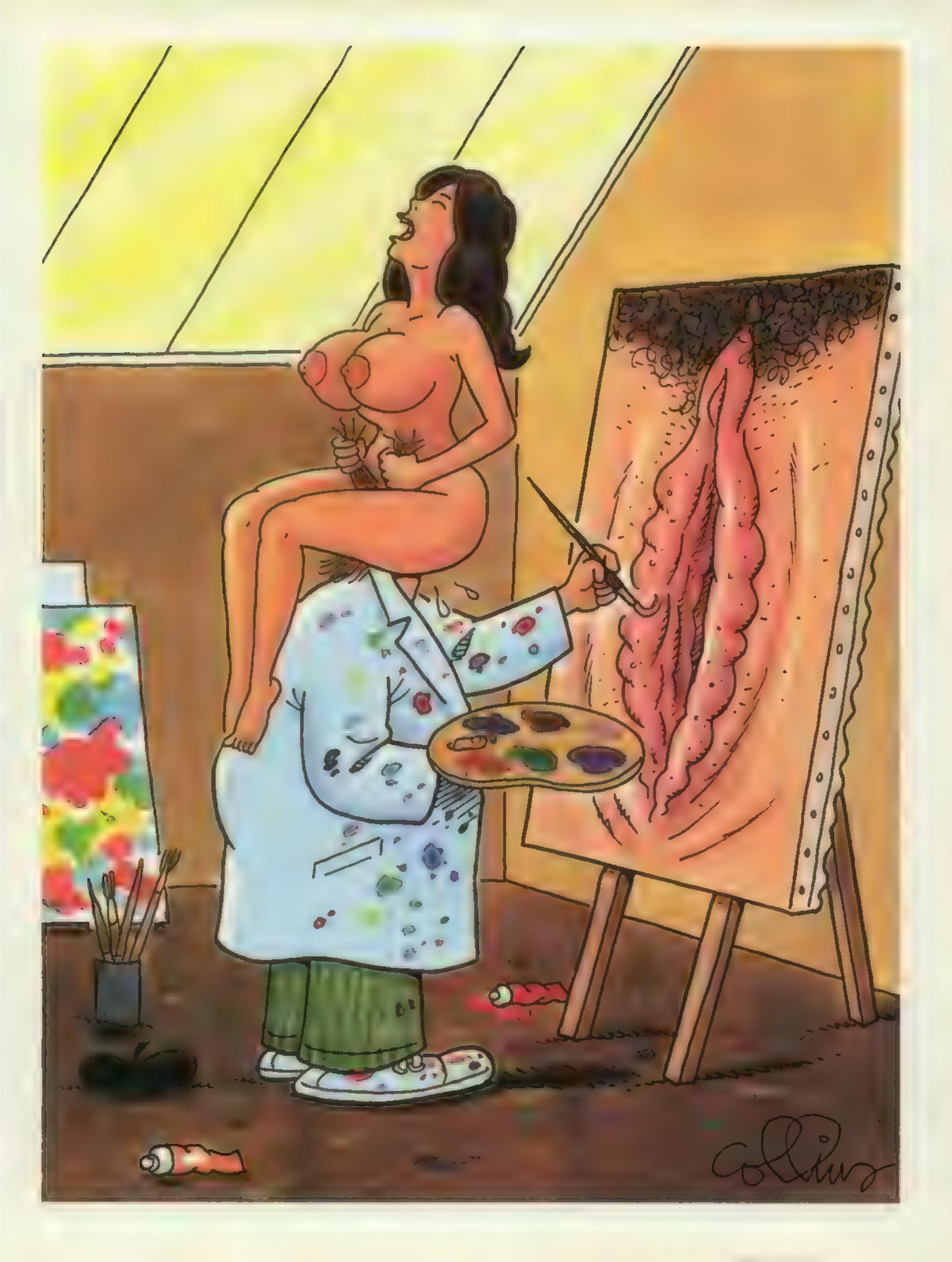
FETTERS

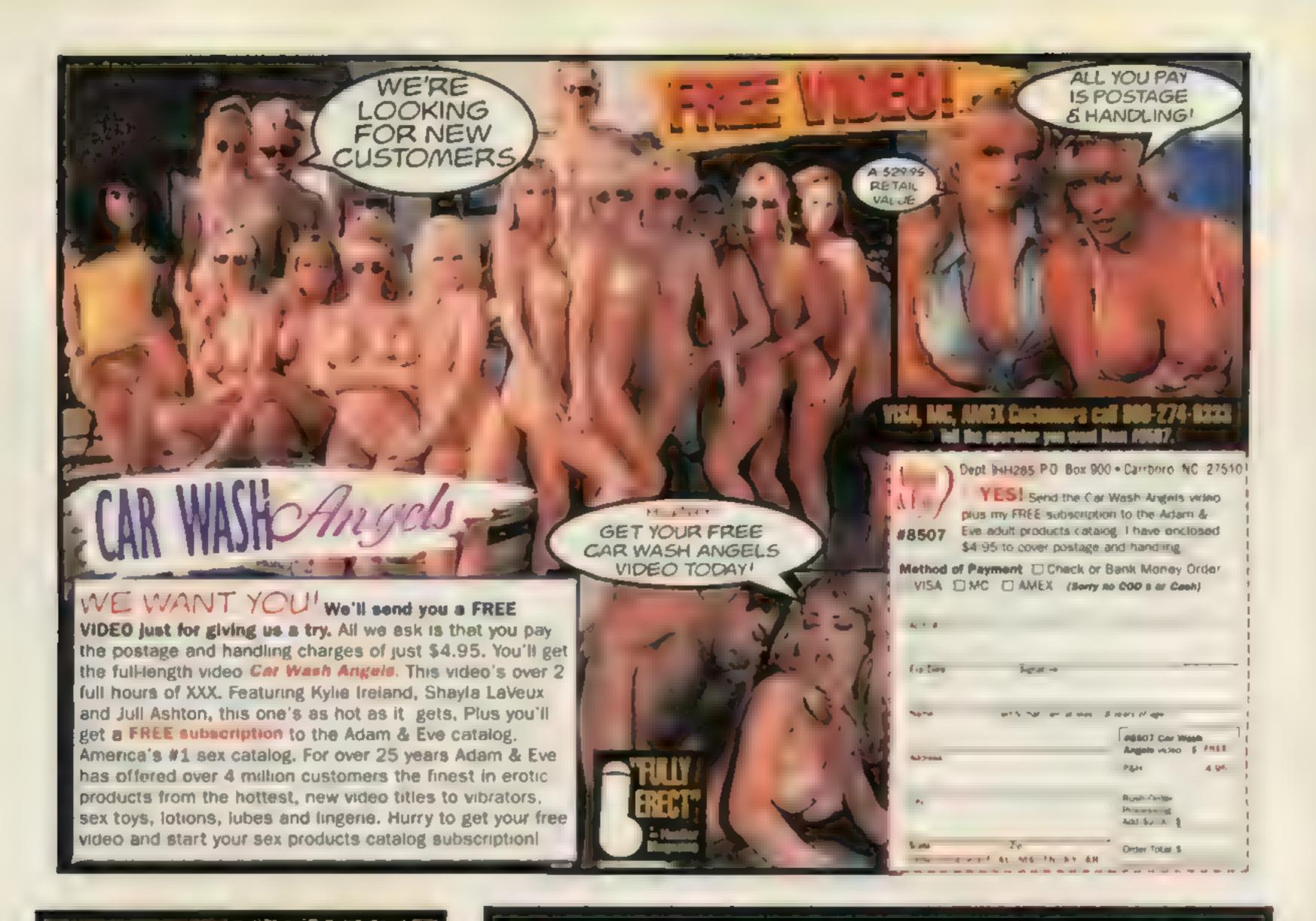
"Rad place," cooed Keene upon setting foot in our cramped one-bedroom. "Kind of reminds me of the place I share with my ex-boyfriend, Rico."

"Oh?" replied Sara, relieving Keene of her garish, faux-gorilla-hair jacket. Good God—the young cunt was bra-free, and her tits were enormous. I felt the room spinning as Sara asked our guest, "Are you and Rico still living together?"

ly. "Naaah. Rico's doing ten years for child molestation. Now he's the one tak-(continued on page 41)













Skin Flick



THREE-QUARTERS ERFCT



Directed by Michael Raven
starring Inari Vachs, Julie Meadows
Jill Ke ly, Teri Starr, Jessica Jewel Shelbee Myne
Raquel Devine, Charlie, Eric Price, Brandon Iron
Dante, Lexington Steele, Pat Myne,
Chuck Martino and Ron Jeremy
Videocassette- Sin City Ultra

Julie Meadows narrates Skin Fluk, a quasi-documentary that lays bare the world of XXX porn videos in a selfmocking yet celebratory style. "You want a job? Fuck a producer. It's just like Hollywood," Julie informs us from her pedestal. The easting-couch saga unfolds; stiff rods disappear into hesitant, cash-strapped sluts. "It's about time you showed up, we already started the scene," says Ron Jeremy, playing director. Surrounded by lights and crew, Pat Myne grinds his rigid pork into wife Shelbee's trough. Pat pops between his partner's lips. "Cut! Print!" Jeremy barks before extolling the virtues of his profession. "The fringe benefits make me happy, and boy am I happy right now," he tells Meadows's camera as a porn slut hoovers his schwang. Skin Flick honestly portrays the porn lifestyle: the business, the drugs, the broads, the studs and the parties. Like the industry it details, Skin Flick eventually wears thin, but offers more than a few thrills along the way

DanPanorama



SKIN FLICK: Steele impales Meadows



Skin Flick Starr trains for Special Slut Olympics.



SKIN FLICK: Vachs makes rent the hard way

November HUSTLER



Before it even began its four-day run at the Jacob K Javits Convention Center in New York on April 15, Erotica USA 1999 was already generating controversy. Billed as "a major consumer expo on romance and sensual adventure," the convention promised to bring an army of dildo manufacturers, adult-video representatives and anallubricant pitchmen into the heart of Mayor Rudy Giuliani's recently neutered New York. "This is one big orgy bash," whined one Catholic group leader in a Daily News article that ran prior to the event

As it turned out, the defenders of New Puritanism need not have worried; Erotica USA 1999 bore all of the white-hot sexuality of a Star Trek convention with different, only slightly more risqué costumes

The sale-as-mi-k assembly leatured more than 70 exhibitors displaying allegedly arousing wares that ranged

from the ridiculous (erotic chocolates). to the irrelevant (International Tours, "the official travel agent of Erotica USA 1999"). Myriad letish-lashion and accessory manufacturers provided comic relief with silly leather-andchain accoutrements. A smattering of stroke-vid luminaries dotted the exhibition floor, but even the screen sirens failed to entice the conventioneers turry porn lardbag Ron Jeremy clearly attracted more autograph seekers than professional sluts Anna Malle or Lexus. The strict no-nudity policy was faithfully adhered to-not that many people would have witnessed any breach of that rule; television crews and reporters nearly outnumbered the paying public (who laid out anywhere from \$30 to \$150 for tickets), trolling for a hot story that failed to materialize WHAT IS SEXY? read the convention's official T-shirts. Apparently, the organizers of Erotica USA 1999 don't know

Cybershill Jackivn Lick (below left); an overdressed Juli Ashton with fan (below right).





Touch



ONL QUARTER TRECT



Directed by Nick Orleans, starring Nicolette, Taylor St. Claire, Gina Ryder. Shelbee Myne, Amaretta, Azlea Antistia, Shay Sweet, Claudia, Charlie, Pryce Leigh Brick Majors, Ian Daniels, Paul Coxxi and David Steele

Videocassette Adam & Eve/Ultimate Pictures

A blue-screen version of The Beverly Hillbillies, Touch features Nicolette as a country bumpkin obsessed with the sexual ways of sophisticated urbanites. The blond strumpet, whose scrawny body could compel Sally Struthers to launch a fund-raising drive, perfeetly accessorizes this wafer-thin concept with her torpid performance, Ian Daniels feeds his meat mallet to the semi-emaciated tramp's yap. Displaying her obvious aversion to eating, Nicolette takes a few cursory licks of the turgid wand before spitting it back out. Undaunted, Daniels hovers above the greyhoundesque slattern and saws into her hatchet gash. A few rote moans and grimaces aside, Nicolette reacts with the store detachment of a Buckingham Palace guard. This is understandable, as the bony harlot is probably depleted from malnutration, but her near-necrophilic response withers wood dead. Slow-motion cinematography, meant to intensify the seene's alleged croticism, only prolongs the agony. Touch fails to nourish raunch-hungry strokers.

-Shane Andalou

Deception



ONE QUARTER ERECT



Directed by Mike Quasar,
starring Madelyn Night, Alexandra Silk,
Taylor St. Claire, Dee, Lola, Violet Love,
Charmane, Brigette Kerkove, Emilia, Kyle Stone
Tice Bune, Pat Myne and Brick Majors
Videocassette- Metro/Cal Vista

Certain warning signs indicate a lackiuster porn vid. Deception throws up three red flags—a one-word title, a tinkly piano score and a narrative voice-over—in its opening seconds. "The passion is gone," Kyle Stone grouses of his marriage to Madelyn Night. He might as well be describing the video itself. Centered around a boilerplate plot (boy neglects girl and fucks

whores; girl becomes whore in retaliation; boy somehow revives relationship by screwing girl for cash), Deception is equally lacking in its effort to harden. Stone watches dusky, white-hot vixen Dee and brunet sexpot Taylor St. Claire devour each other's tails. Stone furiously pumps his crotch wand. By all rights, the viewer should be doing the same; sadly. clinically rote camerawork renders the tryst passion-free. Subsequent scenes are similarly mangled When Deception does sidestep mediocrity, it lamentably veers into homo territory, offering the pudfrightening sight of Tice Bune in a rubber dress with cutaway tits. Deception is aptly titled but otherwise lacking. -S.A

Lone Star Virgins 7

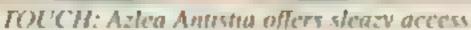


THREE-QUARTERS ERECT

Directed by uncredited, starring Andrea, Vivian Flame, Mandy Zachory Lee Miles and Doc Videocassette X-Traordinary Pictures

Lone Star Virgins 7 offers a fresh alternative to dried-up Valley porn skags by tapping Texas's rich natural resources of amateur screen whores. The video's deep-South fillies aren't necessarily the juiciest peaches on the tree, but their unassuming sluttiness charms groins into appreciative tumescence. Priming her hairless conchwith a battery of buzz toys, swarthy cock hound Andrea takes on mullet-headed stunt cock Zachory Lee Miles's veiny longhorn. Ridiculous coif aside, Miles turns Andrea out admirably, vigorously fucking her throat and nether holes into a frothy mess Pigtailed redhead Vivian Flame, whose hillbilly mien delightfully recks of trailer park, receives a penile pummeling and an analbead workout with gusto. Mandy, a plain but pretty brunette, provides Lone Star Virgins 7's crowning moment. Miles crowds into her moth-wing cunt flaps with a thick, ridged dildo and his own considerably girthful crotch rocket, tandem-sawing her babyshooter into a Texas-sized chasm Like a Houston oil well, Lone Star Virgins 7 yields gushers of spume in viewer laps -S.A







DECEPTION: St. Claure licks Dec



LONE STAR VIRGINS 7: Miles gives Andrea hairstvling tips

Pussyman's Campus Sluts



Directed by David Christopher starring Taytor St. Claire, Inam Vants Azlea Kelly O Rion Natasha Blake Charlie Shanna Steele, De a 8 ew Dalia, Charlese L'Amour, Kyle Stone Dave Hardman, Nick East, Guy DiSilva Brian Surewood and the Pussy nan-Videocassette: Odyssey Group Video

Implausibility abounds Pussyman's Campus Sluts, which presents a stable of fuck-flick regulars as horny collegians and paunchy, pumpkin-headed auteur David "Pussyman" Christopher as the frequent object of their lust Still, if one can suspend one's disbelief, numerous onanistic riches Svelte, model-pretty awast. brunette Dalia shaves her snapper for Christopher's (and the view er's) leering eye. Freshly shorn. Dalia engages in a strap-on freefor-all with dark-haired lovely Taylor St. Claire and snout-nosed, meaty wench Charlie. Clearly rev eling in their plastic empowerment, Charlie and Daha skewer St Claire from both ends like a pig on a spit drilling her cooch and yap vigor ously with their store-bought schlongs. Flaxen-tressed, five-star fellatrix Inari Vachs performs sev eral scenes throughout, repeatedly gracing the viewer's lap with her unfettered sexuality and skilled oral ministrations. The occasional lapse in judgment (i.e., the gorgonian duo Shaena Steele and Deja Blew) aside, Pussyman's Campus Sluts easily makes the grade, —S.A.

Panty World Issue 6



Directed by Don Marque starring Rebecca Lord Amia More Sherbee Myne, Kendall Waxx, Melridy Love. Pat Myne, Steve Taylor and Michael J. Coxx Videocassette Dane Productions

Panty World Issue 6 offers four tease-heavy fantasies specially woven for panty fanatics. Ravenhaired sexpot Rebecca Lord reigns supreme in chapter one, "Panty Pervert." A heavy-breathing panty fiend stalks the leggy porcelain beauty. He slinks into Lord's house and hides behind the curtains, watching his prey undress. Lord draws a bath, through the intruder's eyes, the viewer leers as she tenderly washes her breasts and lathers her delicate nether lips. Lord frigs herself to a climax and saunters naked into the bedroom Opening her lingerie drawer, she tries on several ensembles. As she evaluates each in front of a mirror, the anticipation heightens. Lord climbs onto her bed and administers self-love with a dildo. Her stalker fumbles with his crotch and moans. She shrieks. The fiend says nothing, allowing his erection to speak for him. Lord's initial fear morphs into arousal; she tastes his pleasure poker, and the two combine in lust. Panty World Issue 6 is a prickleaser at first, but the goody dividends it eventually yields are worth the wait. -D.P



PUSSYMAN'S CAMPUS SI UTS: Bitches bone up for Cocksucking 161



PANTY WORLD ISSUE 6: Coxx crushes Lord



The expression "All the world's a stage" has never been truer than in this modern age Las Vegas-based VidBidness Inc. has released Lovers Caught on Tapel and More Lovers Caught on Tape! which complie salacious moments stearthrly captured by the nation's inconspicuous but ubiquitous security cameras. Coming across like a grainy raunchy version of Candid Camera, the videos document couples happiny humping in various public venues oblivious to the immortalization of their furtive rutting. What the compilations lack in high-definition clarity, they make up for in seedy, voyeuristic thrills. Gritty anonymous sexual adventurers cavort in, among other places, an office-build ing stairwell, a parking garage and the nosebleed sections of sports stadiums

The majority of the material was pur chased from detective agencies and private security firms by VidBidness, which brokers footage for several of the reality-TV offerings currently proliferating on network television. "What we've been doing is collecting the footage that the

VidBidness's Jim Spen er Vide a sime taces are blurred due to legal necessity. Spencer and his associates, when possible, contacted the illicit fuckers involved to obtain their permission to use the tootage unaftered "Most of them told us to take a flying leap," Spencer recalls. The remainder were convinced, with varying degrees of hesitancy, by the promise of compensation, "Its amazing what a dollar will do," notes Spencer

Though the unintentional blue-screen debuts presented in the videos have yet to faunch any full-scale porn careers. Spencer is clearly pleased with his entre preneurial foray into the jizz biz. "We're having a hoot with this live never done anything of an adult nature before, but boy howey, this thing's just taking off!"

in addition, he's learned a valuable lesson, "If you're gonna have an affair with somebody at work, do it in a carrier in Nome, Alaska; otherwise, you might get caught."

ng onto www.LoversCaughtOnTape.com)

Peekabooty: Ballers busted in Lovers Caught on Tape!



The Cost of Lust



HALF



Directed by M. D Angelo and Marc Dorcel starring Laure Sainclair, Matalana, Eva Falk, Kathy Kash, Cassandra Zenga Raggi, Oceane, David Perry Roberto Malone and Mike Foster Videocassette: Wicked

The French may have a reputation as a passionate people, but if The Cost of Lust is any indication. they don't know Jacques shit about making decent porn. The video shows initial promise with the casting of Gallic porn phenom Laure Sainclait. A waitish, wideeyed blonde with high, jutting cheekbones and perky milk bags, Sainclair earns her francs throughout, taking a multitude of veiny baguettes in her yap, squack and shitter with a combination of childlike innocence and whorish abandon. Were the video's supporting cast of cock sockets of Sainclair's caliber, The Cost of Lust would cause an outbreak of mass priapism. Instead, the viewer is assaulted with an endless procession of gaptoothed, beak-schnozzed, chillinducing skanks. The truly mannish Oceane, in particular, brings to mind a pig rooting for truffles as she gobbles choad. Almost as bad is The Cost of Lust's inept editing, which hacks the scenes into a jumpy celluloid confetti that's about as alluring as an epileptic seizure. The Cost of Lust is a rip-off. -S. A

Tight Shots



ONE-QUARTER ERECT



Directed by Ed Powers,
starring Veronica, India, Sofia, Haili Aston,
Candi Daze, Inari Vachs, Shaena Steele,
Katie Gold, Jennifer Leigh, Alana, Lola, Elena
Ed Powers, John Strong and Tony Tedeschi
Videocassette- Vivid Video

In Tight Shots, aging gonzo proneer Ed Powers sings past
glories. "I was the king, and the
women were really into me."
Powers whines neurotically to a
Russian cab driver. "Now I'm old
and fat, but I think I still have
what it takes—and I'll prove it!"
Powers eyes a streetwalker and
orders the cabbie to pull over. He
leads the hooker into an aliey and

schlups her on a grimy mattress. Potbellied Powers trades places with the cabbie, who plants his warhead in the hooker's silo Leering approvingly, Powers promises to make the hack a star Cut to the pudgy director on a porn set, conducting interviews with a quintet of quim. The interminable inquisitions are made even more excruciating by Powers's has-been shtick. When the cabbie finally samples the sluts' slits, fatso Ed insists on waddling into the scene, yanking his shriveled meat and shamelessly mugging. An exceptional interracial opening segment featuring model-beautiful India just barely lifts Tight Shots above DP Totally Limp status

Misty Cam # 5: Bus Sluts

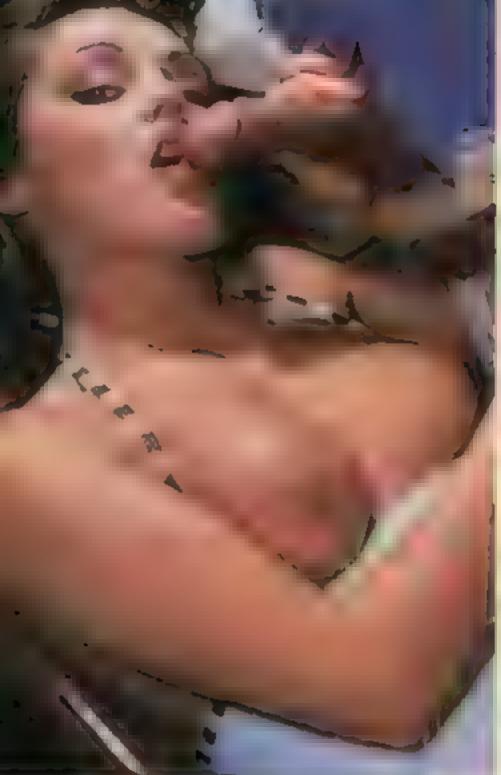


HALF



Starring Misty Rain, Rebecca Lord, Dee Inari Vachs, Melanie Stone, Coral Sands. India, Tawny Ocean, Chad Thomas Marc Davis, Ian Daniels Jake Steed and Tony Tedeschi Videocassette Metro Home Video

Metro's Starlet Express tour bus transports featured dancers on a whirlwind Southwestern tour in Misty Cam #5: Bus Sluts, Misty Rain directs the action, taking part whenever she can. On the road to Phoenix, Misty goes cross-eyed while blowing Marc Davis's one-eved monster at the back of the bus-no wonder Rosa Parks refuses to sit there. Misty fiendishly digs into her shitter while Marc feasts on her spitslicked pussy. Davis primes Rain's sphincters with two fingers of his right hand and the thumb of his left before flopping his pecker down the well-worked orifice. After swimming around in Ram's sinkhole, Davis climbs out to pop in her mouth; an instant replay reveals a slow avalanche of splooge. The Starlet Express ushers sluts into a radio station in Phoenix, a lesbian dildo jamboree in Tucson and a behindthe-scenes tour of the Houston 500 gang-bang. Misty Cam #5 Bus Sluts is a cheap road trip with cheap thrills and jizz spills -D. P.



THE COST OF LUST Samelair sucks froggy-style

Come Now



Directed by Thomas Paine starring Alexandra Silk, Raquel Devine Angela D Angelo, Randi Storm, Chris Cannon Steve Hatcher Ian Daniels Michael J. Coox and John Decker. Videocassette- Odyssey Group Video

Come Now is an order, not a request. Alexandra Silk demands to be satisfied. Clearly up to the task, Chris Cannon massages her labin with his lips and firmly forces fingers between Silk's blood-red peach halves. With alternating flicks of the wrist, Silk bursts into grunts like a rutting docin the throes of a sexual feeding frenzy. Silk returns the favor by feasting on Cannon's girth, slamming his tapered root down her greedy throat. Silk rears up and swallows her mate's meat vaginally. She bucks at a fever-inducing rate, but another void needs to be tilled: her ass. The ravenous choad fiend climbs aboard her mate; his mast pierces her puckered star and disappears into her murky depths The pace intensifies until Cannon extricates his blood horn from Silk's crap hatch. He unloads into Stik's cupped hands, and she drinks her lover's pearly brew The lovers part ways but promise to be true to one another Naturally, Silk breaks her vow; she must Come Now, again and again. So will the viewer. -D. P



HGHT SHOTS: A refreshingly Powers-free moment



MISTY CAM #5: Dongs climb aboard the India Express



COME NOW: Silk performs the mandatory twice-monthly scouring of Storm's ass pipe

A quick checklest of features reviewed at past issues of HUSTLER and HUSTLER EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE

The second second

Katja Kean's Sports Spectacular (Wicked Pictures) Katia Kean, Stephanie Swift, Brad Armstrong

Nothing to Hide 3: Justine's Daughter (Metro) Gwen Summers, Claudia Chase Marc Davis

Pickup Lines 37 (Odyssey Group Video) India, Charmane Star, Steve Drake



Archer's Last Day (Extreme Associates) Manique, Stryc-9, Tom Byron

Devil or Angel (Legend) Chevenne Silver, Temptress, Randy Spears

Flesh Peddlers 5 (Amazing/Metro) Vanity, Inari Vachs, Marc Davis

Guttermouths 11 (J. M. Productions) Brigette Kerkove, Vivian Valentine, Nyle Stone

Private XXX Number 1 (Private) Mistress Katalyn, uncredited sluts and studs

Puritan Video Magazine #23 (Legend) Francesca Lipps, Rebecca Lord, Alec Metro

Stop! My Ass Is on Fire (Toxxxic/Metro) Azlea, Wendi Knight, Jake Steed



Crybabies 2 (Zane)

Sabrina Johnson, C. J. Bennett Steve Halcher

Naked Angel (Arrow Productions) Capri Cameron, Johnni Black, John Decker

Perfect Pink #2: Purrfection (Jill Entertainment Inc./Astral Ocean) III Kelly Alexandra Nice Chris Cannon

Sex Commandes (VCA) Stacy Valentine, Flower, Julian

Wet Spots 7 (Elegant Angel) Isbatha Stevens, Douby Gorden Andre Maddness



Another Man's Wife (Vivid) Taylor Hayes, Mila, Tony Tedeschi

Cumback Pussy Number 16 (Elegant Angel)

Alexandra Nice, Sana Fey, Kyle Stone

Jimmy Bone: The Search for Awesome Pussy (VCA Xplicit)

Sylvia Saint, Nicole, J. J. Michaels

Whoriental 2 (J. M. Productions) Tukyo Ruse, Saki, Dave Hardman



A Little Bit Pregnant #4 (Soho/Metro) Elexa, Kalı, Randy Detroit

Kid Vegas Whoremaster (X-Traordinary) Mara Pleasures, Priscika Jane, Kid Vegas

Search for the Snow Leopard (Adam & Eve)

Asia Carrera, Stephanie Swift, Alec Metro



SODOMANIA 28 Anderson clips toenails.

Sodomania 28: Tainted Reputations



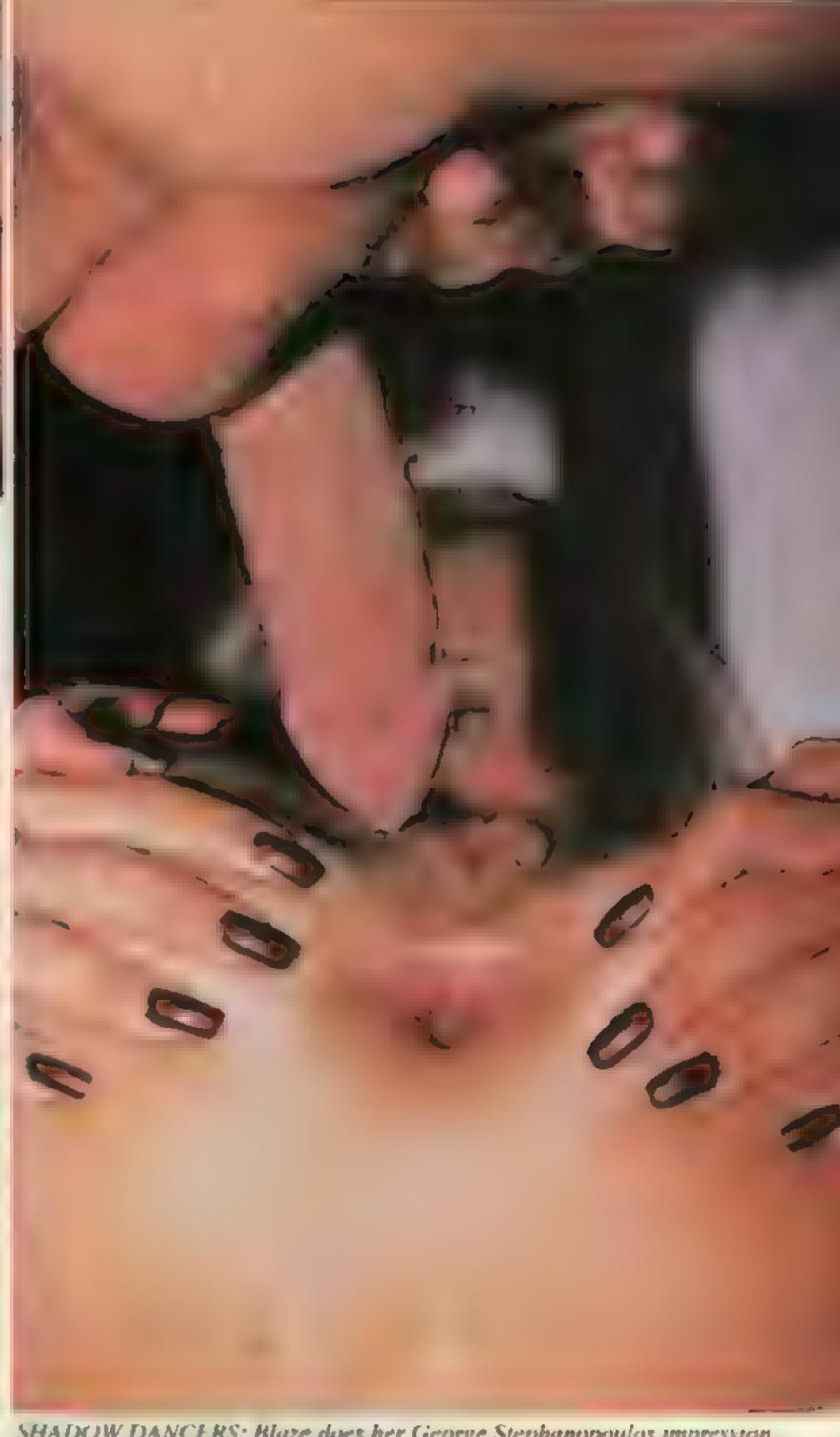
THREE-QUARTERS **ERECT**



Directed by Patrick Coilins, starring Danielle Rogers, Biondie Anderson Susy Q, Jane, Ailson, Amanda, Phyllisha Anne Phaedra Alexis, Randy Spears, Jon Dough, John Walton, Mike Foster, Marc Davis and Alex Sanders

Videocassette- Elegant Angel

Sodomanta 28's assault on common decency unfolds as Randy Spears assails Danielle Rogers, a professor who has corrupted Spears's son. "He says you made this mold of him after class!" Spears bellows, throwing a foamrubber male midsection on her desk. Rogers laps at the faux schlong, coaxing an erection from Spears. In short order, Spears's lap mallet is ensconced in the toy's browneye, plowing his son's bung in effigy, while Rogers rides its lifelike pronger. Such scenarios invite cheesiness, but Spears's and Rogers's convincingly disturbed performances produce guilty hard-ons on at-home jerkoffs Continuing the incest theme, nymphish Blondie Anderson details her underage dalliances with Daddy as she toots Jon Dough's blood horn. "He forced me and told me I didn't do a very good job," Anderson recalls between mouthfuls of choad. Again, the potential for botched execution is ripe, but Anderson's dazed, detached delivery (and fishlike features, suggestive of fetal alcohol syndrome) lends the scene a gritty realism. Sodomania 28: Tainted Reputations is satisfyingly sick. -S.A



SHADOW DANCERS: Blaze does her George Stephanopoulos impression.

Shadow Dancers



FOTALLY LIMP



Directed by Alex Sanders: starring Militia, Blaze, Elena Kary Evers, Mikki Taylor, Doomy Moore, Alex Sanders, John Strong Leo and Steve Taylor Videocassette: VCA Xplicit

In Shadow Dancers, potatonosed porn pusher Alex Sanders attempts to pass off second-rate pussy as prime meat, obscuring the goods behind shadow screens so that the fornication is shown in silhouette. Given the lowgrade ginch that populates this shady effort, this is actually a relief; no one needs to see bayonet-face Militia clearly. Still, the

shadow effect plays out like Channel soft-core Playboy drivel; Emmanuelle this is not The shadow screen eventually descends, and the stark visuals offend in an all-senses attack Militia would better serve humanity fighting on the front lines in Kosovo than bobbing in slow motion for hair-farmer cock. Sanders really ought to avoid close-ups of the truck-stop hookers he's discovered in muddy potholes around town. With any luck, he'll quietly return these monstrosities of femininity to where he found them and wander off into the blinding desert sun Shadow Dancers is a dark blotch on the porn landscape. D. P





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(continued from page 30)

Hot Letters I had to keep her quiet. Rather than attempt a rational approach, I grabbed an apple from a bag on the floor and shoved the dirty fruit into my fuck pig's mouth. She grunted her approval.

ing it in the ass from a big black guy instead of me." Although the blood rushed from Sara's face, her father laughed uproariously and spanked Keene's jiggling rump.

"She's a handful," he leered, grossly palming her rump with a liver-spotted, bony hand. I couldn't wait another moment to deal with my own handful.

When I excused myself to baste the turkey, Sara blurted, "The bird has barely started cooking!"

"Well," I mumbled, struggling to keep my eyes from the magnetic pull of Keene's succulent baby-T meat, "looks like it's going to be extra juicy this year."

Thirty seconds later, Keene's naughty young bottom was bent over the hot stove, and my throbbing hard-on was plowing her hot gash. So what if the appetizer of ass was simply a serving in my fervent imagination? My cock couldn't tell the difference; in fact, I was so preoccupied with stroking my nineinch salami that I didn't hear the door open behind me. The crack of chewing gum and a childish voice sent shivers up my bare-assed spine.

"Hey, dude," chirped the object of my groin-slapping affection, standing centimeters away in the perfumed, jiggling flesh. "Got any tequila or-oh, my God!" Mortified, I fumbled for my zipper. In the confusion, my dong landed on the pipinghot turkey, singeing the head...which was promptly snagged in my zipper's cold, steel teeth.

"Pull it down," I begged, gesturing toward my fly. Without a moment of hesitation, Keene's single, powerful yank saved me from a fate worse than death. Unfortunately, she would probably turn right around and tell my decrepit fatherin-law that I had sexually harassed his teenage trophy. To my shock, the first word out of Keene's tempting, greedy mouth was not rape.

Instead, she whispered, "Dude, you've got to take better care of that thing. You're hung like a fucking horse! Let me kiss his little boo-boo." Believe it or not, I recoiled from her oral offering; my soldier was wounded, and I didn't want a little blood to ruin my fantasy scenario come to life. Keene was actually more excited by the red stuff, squealing, "Blood—that's so cool! I dated a vampire guy who got me totally hooked on the taste. Mm-mmm...."

The thirsty bitch must have sucked me dry, because I know every single fluid in my body rushed to my manhood. I braced myself against the wall as she noisily slurped on her knees, swallowing each

hairy inch of my ever-growing joint like a new treat. My hands found their way to the back of her head; I fucked Keene's face like a sloppy snatch. I knew the gurgly, sloshy hummer would eventually arouse Sara's cars in addition to my groin. For safety's sake, I lured Keene to the pantry. The way she wagged her tail as she crawled after my bone on all fours left only one option for our ugly-bumping: doggy-style.

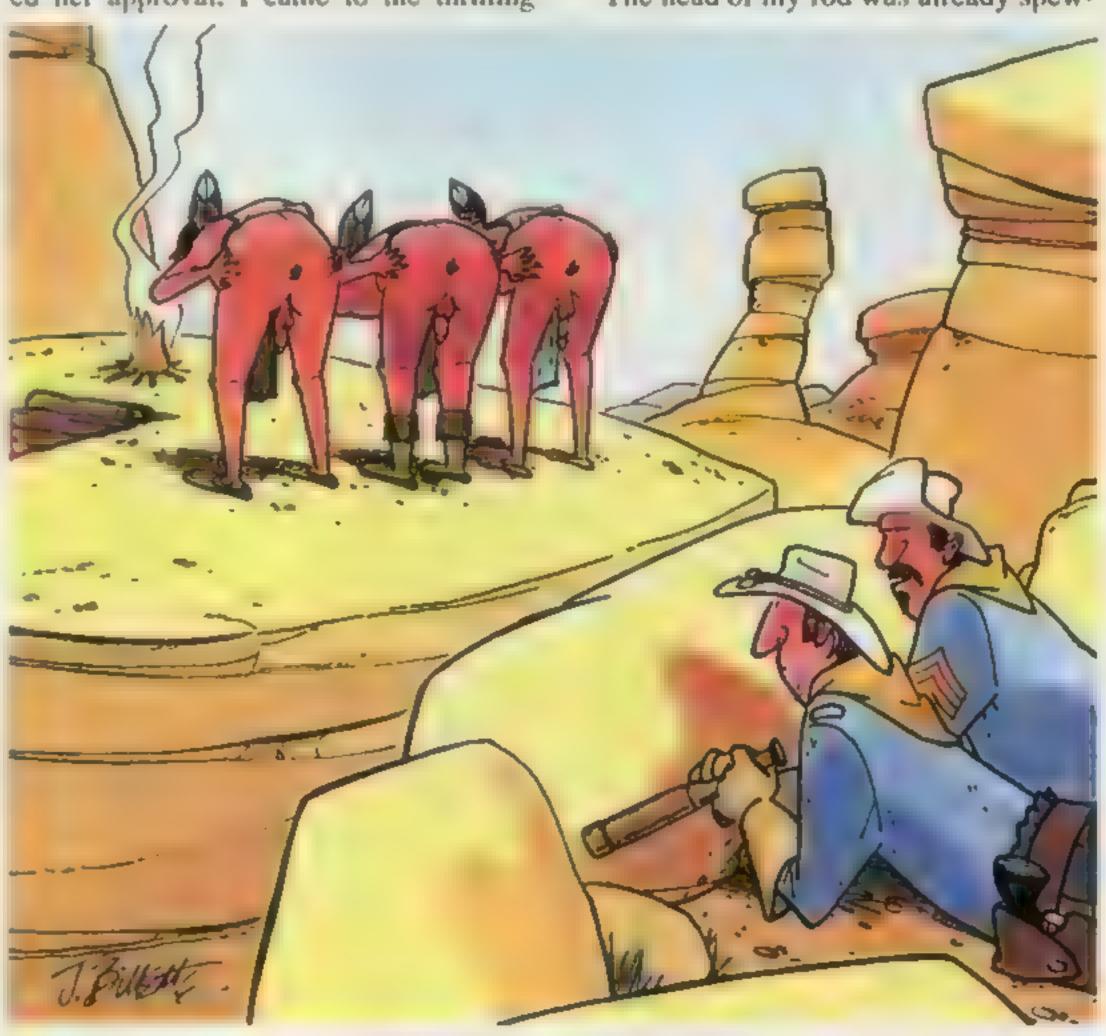
After locking the pantry door, I peeled back Keene's paper-thin shorts to reveal her raised rump. The twin hams looked like a satisfactory alternative to the turkey I fuck each year. I spanked her a few times and primed her tiny, hairless twat with two probing fingers. Keene squealed. Her vage convulsed, and a gush of brine erupted from her burning clam. I pulled out my fingers, examined their gooey goodness and proclaimed Keene's canal ready for the stuffing.

My shaft sank inside her upturned quim. "Hunnnghh," she groaned ecstatically. I was glad the cock-mad cutie enjoyed the intrusion, but I had to keep her quiet. It's so difficult to make kids behave. Rather than attempt a long-winded rational approach, I grabbed an apple from a bag on the floor and shoved the dirty fruit into my fuck pig's mouth. She grunted her approval. I came to the thrilling realization that Keene would probably let me get away with any filthy, despicable act my groin could conceive. At the pussypounding moment, we only had time for the most basic grinding of genitals.

I grabbed both of Keene's bubbly cheeks and pulled them apart for a better view of my tool ramming my mother-inlaw's young flue. The opening looked so tight and fresh. Every thrust of my hips produced another squishy eruption of girl juice. I had no idea a womb could become so wet! Keene was doing everything she could to keep her interior damp for my brutal ham slams; her right hand rubbed her clit in incessant circles, and her hind end rose to accept more dick. I supplied the biggest boner of my life.

"Unn gahhh kahhh," screamed my incoherent little chickadee. I've bound and gagged my wife enough times during sex to know the translation-which is roughly, "I'm going to come." My language skills proved impeccable when, from behind the apple, I heard Keene cry: "Ahnn kahhn-inng! Huuuhck nee!" The lips below her waist did the real talking. Those rubbery labes swallowed the very base of my dong, twitching and massaging the shaft until I couldn't hold out for another sweaty, ball-blazing moment.

The head of my rod was already spew-



"I think they've spotted us, sir!"







Hot Letters Georgina wailed, "What the fuck are you doing? I wanted to know if you'd shove that stump up my snatch!" Relief washed over my body—along with a fresh coat of goop for my vage.

ing sperm as I withdrew from Keene's sheath. I aimed for her angelic face, splattering massive gobs of scum all over her chipmunk cheeks—and glazing the apple she clenched between her teeth. As soon as the last drop of wad dribbled from my spent nozzle, Keene ate the jizz-candied fruit down to the core

Good thing she saved room for dinner. The turkey was delicious; it actually tasted better without my jacking off all over it first. Who knew? Next, I want to set up a threeway with Keene and Sara. Technically, I'll be banging my wife and her mom at the same time. Talk about happy fucking holidays!

—T. D.

Sun City, Arizona

STUMPED

I'm an extremely attractive 22-year-old female. My skin is creamy and glows with health, My tits are big without being cartoonish. My long, blond hair hangs down to my ass. Sounds like a pretty appealing package—until you take a look at my right arm; then you notice a stump where my hand should be. Still want to fuck me, HUSTLER readers?

Some guys are simply too freaked out by my so-called defect to do me like the dirty girl I am. I brought home an executive from my office who seemed to be really turned-on. I ordered him to take all his clothes off, hunch down on all fours and lick my overheated sht. About 30 seconds into munching my rug, he turned into the real pussy.

"I'm sorry," he mewled, collecting his clothes. "Your stump just—well, it looks like a big dick. I'm afraid you'll try to ram it up my ass." As a matter of fact, I had been planning to! Too bad the dude wasn't more open-minded...or open-sphinctered. He has no idea what kind of boundless pleasure he's missing

Like this cute girl I met at a trendy dance club last Friday. She and I recognized each other from the gym. Since we were both alone, we agreed to team up for cock-catching purposes. For some reason, men are easier to snag when chicks are in a pack. Maybe it's because you shitheads suspect you'll bag more than one bimbo. If you had seen Georgina and I shaking our goods on the dance floor that night, your suspicions wouldn't have been far from the truth.

I was entranced by her dark features and short, tight build. She was packed from her big jugs to her meaty ass. Georgina was the kind of lady some guys might think too fat, while others would declare her "curvy." I found myself fantasizing about enjoying a bisexual experience with the red-hot pepper. I hadn't been laid in longer than I'd like to admit, and she had yet to make a single reference to my being five fingers short of fully equipped. That deficit is a major setback for a lesbian, but I intended to make up with tongue what I lacked in digits.

Perhaps Georgina could read my mind, because she stopped gyrating to the techno music and grabbed me by the stump. Our eyes met; my cunt leaped. She led me to the ladies' room, where our mouths fused and our clad chests masked together.

"Honey," she panted, pushing me away right when my good hand hit her panties. "I want you to know—I don't normally do this type of thing."

"Me neither," I mouned, tearing off her silky underwear and running the few fingers I had over her downy thistle of black pubes

"Wait," she whispered, then louder and definitely not kidding: "Wait! It's just...you see, your...your stump...." Georgina turned bright red and hid her burning face in my chest. The level of heat between my legs dipped to arctic. She was sure to provide the week's umpteenth brush-off. I sighed and removed my pinky from the center of her pie.

I whispered, "I understand," and patted

her on the head gently. Then I took a deep breath and walked away with as much dignity as possible.

Behind me, Georgina wailed, "What the fuck are you doing? I wanted to know if you'd shove that stump up my snatch!" Relief washed over my body—along with hormones and a fresh coat of goop for my vage. Without a word, I made sure the bathroom door was locked and rubbed my physical blessing all over Georgina's plump thighs.

She moaned; her wound left slick slime all over the head of my stump. Distracting her with a deep tongue-kiss, I rammed my arm elbow-deep. Georgina exploded in my arms and nearly fell over. I held her steady, sucking her rigid nipples as I pumped the stump in and out of her ohso-yielding sex.

Meanwhile, Georgina's busy fingers were dancing upon my clit. I shuddered and fucked her a little bit harder, sensing convulsions that seemed to start in her flower and travel to mine. Our bodies moved together perfectly, sometimes catching the pounding beat of the music outside. Eventually, I realized that the pounding was pee-frenzied ladies at the door. I needed to get Georgina off in a hurry.

Gently, I lifted Georgina's skirt and (continued on page 141)



"Of course I still love you. I told you, it just needs new batteries."



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

Newfangled Fuck Fun

SEXUAL DEPRAVITY FOR A JADED AGE

BY DEREK BAUERSTOOL . ILLUSTRATION BY VAN ARNO

As the millennium draws to a close, vanilla sex is a faded relic from a bygone era. Boy on girl, girl on boy, boy behind girl, girl licking boy's ball sac—ordinary coupling has come to resemble the bland functioning of mathematics. The permutations of the straight screw are so limited that most fuckers have tried them all by the age of 16.

Like the grown-up version of twistedly precocious children who play doctor, sexual adventurers are the shoulders upon which America's sexual future rests. These erotically charged creative types are ever-driven to devise new, and often disgusting, sexual acts.

How many orifices does a woman have, after all? To the Catholic, she has one; to the average married slob, she has two—he only wishes for a third; but to the visionary pervert, she may have no less than five, with seven possible.

HUSTLER's in-house team of researchers has compiled a list of fringe sex practices. Some variations are now becoming quite familiar, such as plain-Jane Donkey Punching; other aberrations are less commonly practiced and are perhaps even impossible. A word to the wise: These maneuvers may not be suitable as first-date material.

Airtight: A woman is be said to be airtight when her anus, pussy and mouth are filled with penises.

Bananas: Two black men beating a woman in the face with their penises. See also: Zebra.

Bismark: Pulling out of a woman's mouth and spewing into the eye of choice, then punching her in the same eye. Known to strain relationships.

Bottom Blast: An ass-fuck enhanced by the passing of gas

Bouillabaisse: Fucking a woman who has both her period and a yeast infection yields bouillabaisse.

Bronco: While fucking a girl from behind, the man grabs her ponytail and yells another girl's name, then holds on as she tries to buck him off. Busywork: Fist-fucking the pussy and anus at the same time.

Butter Fucking: Anal sex lubricated with butter. Popularized by Marlon Brando.

Cataracts of Venus: A man pees as hard as he can on a woman's clitoris.

Chauggle: To shit in a sexmate's drawers. In common usage, this is giving someone "chauggle pants."

Chicken: A woman, while riding a man's cock, chokes him to unconsciousness.

Chili Dog: Dropping a load of shit between a woman's tits, then tit-fucking her. See also: Hot Lunch.

Creamsicle: A frozen, semen-filled condom used as a dildo.

Crossed Swords: Sucking two cocks at once. See also: Jawbreaker.

Dirty Sanchez: Requires fucking a woman in the ass, then drawing a

mustache on her face with the soiled tip of the penis.

Docking: A popular gay practice in which one man fucks another man's foreskin.

Dogs in a Tub: The act of sticking one's nuts into another's anus, so called because it is as difficult as keeping a dog in a bathtub.

Donkey Punching: While fucking a girl in the ass, smashing her on the back of the head so that her asshole clenches

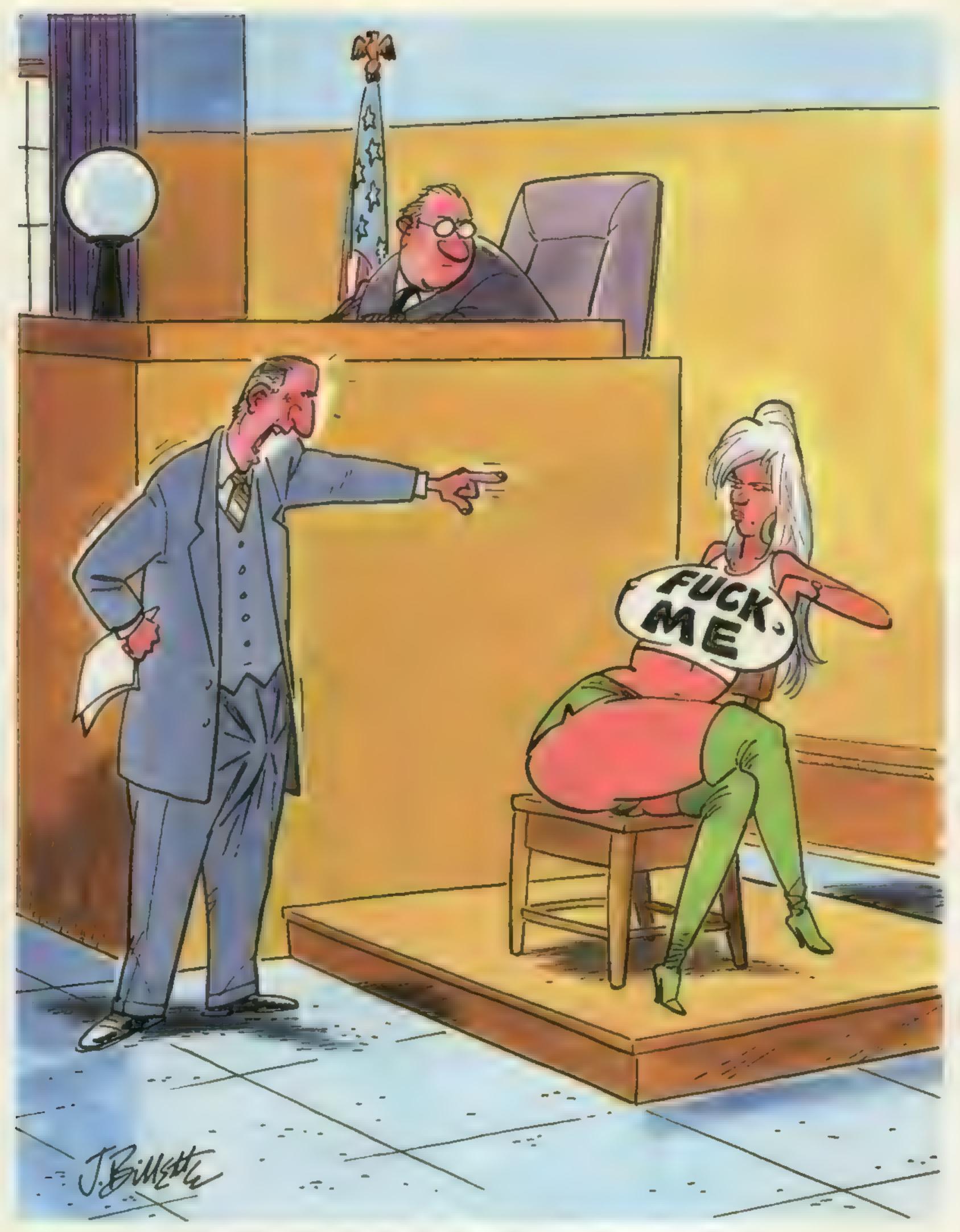
Doppelgänger: Gang-banging an inflatable sex doll.

Double Decker: Two penises are inserted into one vagina—a deft pun on the phrase double-deck her.

Double Header: Receiving a blowjob from identical twins.

Dutch Oven: When a man receives a blowjob under the covers and





"...and I put it to you that your attire invited the alleged rape and gang-bang!"



Sex Play Perfect Ten: The maximum number of guys a chick can fuck at one time: one in the mouth, pussy, anus; one in each hand; one with both feet; one in the crook of each elbow and in the bend of each knee.

breaks wind.

Fishhook: While pile-driving a girl doggy-style, hooking both index fingers into her mouth, baring her teeth.

Fountain of Venus: A woman with a full bladder receives cunnilingus from a man, then pisses all over his face at the moment of orgasm.

Forty Acres and a Mule: A gang-bang involving black men and a white girl.

French Dip: Menstrual blood used as a lubricant.

Fudge-Topping: The act of putting a glass plate over one's face and having a loved one dump a bowel movement onto it. A purported favorite among the Japanese. Also called a Platejob.

Fudge Pop: A frozen dildo of fecal matter.

Gerbiling: Using the rectum and lower intestines as a human Habitrail.

Goose-Stuffing: Forcibly shitting in someone's mouth.

Hot Lunch: Dropping a load of crap into a chick's hands. She then becomes the Lunch Lady.

Helmeting: Inserting one's head into another's anus. An extremely rare practice requiring muscle relaxants and plenty of lube.

High-Fiving: When two men enjoy a woman from opposite ends.

Hot Carl: Withdrawing the penis from the ass and inserting it into the mouth for a cleaning.

Kazoo: Describes a blowjob accompanied by humming.

Icy Mike: A urine-filled, frozen condom used as a dildo.

Jawbreaker: A three-cock-in-one-mouth blowjob.

Log in the Amazon: A woman pees on a man's erect penis, moving her stream up and down the shaft.

Lucky Pierre: When three men are butt-fucking each other, the one in the middle is said to be the Lucky Pierre.

Mixed Nuts: Two guys stick their balls into one girl's mouth. A great way to kick off a little double decker.

Mocha: Semen that is expelled from the anus into another person's mouth.

Monkey Monsoon: Describes the act of numerous men—preferably black—ejaculating on one woman's face.

Nasal: Spraying semen into a woman's nostrals. Sometimes occurs at the same time as its cousin, the facial.

New Jersey Meathook: While fucking a woman from behind, a man hooks a finger in her anus in order to pull her up and down on his cock.

Pantyliner: The act of ejaculating onto

a woman's underthings, then delicately putting them on her.

Perfect Ten: The maximum number of guys a chick can fuck at one time: one in the mouth, pussy, anus; one in each hand; one with both feet; one in the crook of each elbow and in the bend of each knee. Very rare.

Pooper Loop: Mutual ass-eating in a 69. Powderpuff: Inserting a rabbit into the pussy or anus.

Red Wings: A man receives his red wings when he performs cunnilingus on a menstruating woman. A rite of passage.

Rootie-Tootie: The act of shitting in someone else's ass. Taco-Filling is a variation that involves shitting into a woman's vagina.

Roman Shower: Sex-related puking.

Salt Lick: When a woman salts her pussy in order to attract the licking contact of animals, most often dogs.

Shanghai Surprise: When, following a good fucking or sucking, a man discovers he has not been with a lady, but a very ladylike man, he has received a Shanghai Surprise.

Stranger: Sitting on one's hand until it falls asleep, then jerking off. Feels like a stranger.

Snowjob: A blowjob with ice cubes.

Stumping: Describes the insertion of an amputee's stump into another person's orifice.

Taint Fix: The taint is the area between the balls and the anus, so called because 'tain't the balls, but 'tain't the anus. A taint fix occurs when a chick sucks on a guy's taint.

Tea-bagging: The draping of the ball sac across a woman's nose as she licks the penis or asshole. A variation is Party Tea-bagging, in which a chick passed out at a party with her mouth open is tea-bagged.

Titty Plunger: The act of inserting a nipple into the anus. A Milk Plunger involves lactation.

Tootsie Pop: When a little morsel of dookie is left on the penis after anal sex.

Truffle: To insert the nose into the pussy and snort like a pig. Chocolate l'ruffle is the anal variation.

Xylophone: The act of rubbing one's penis against the teeth.

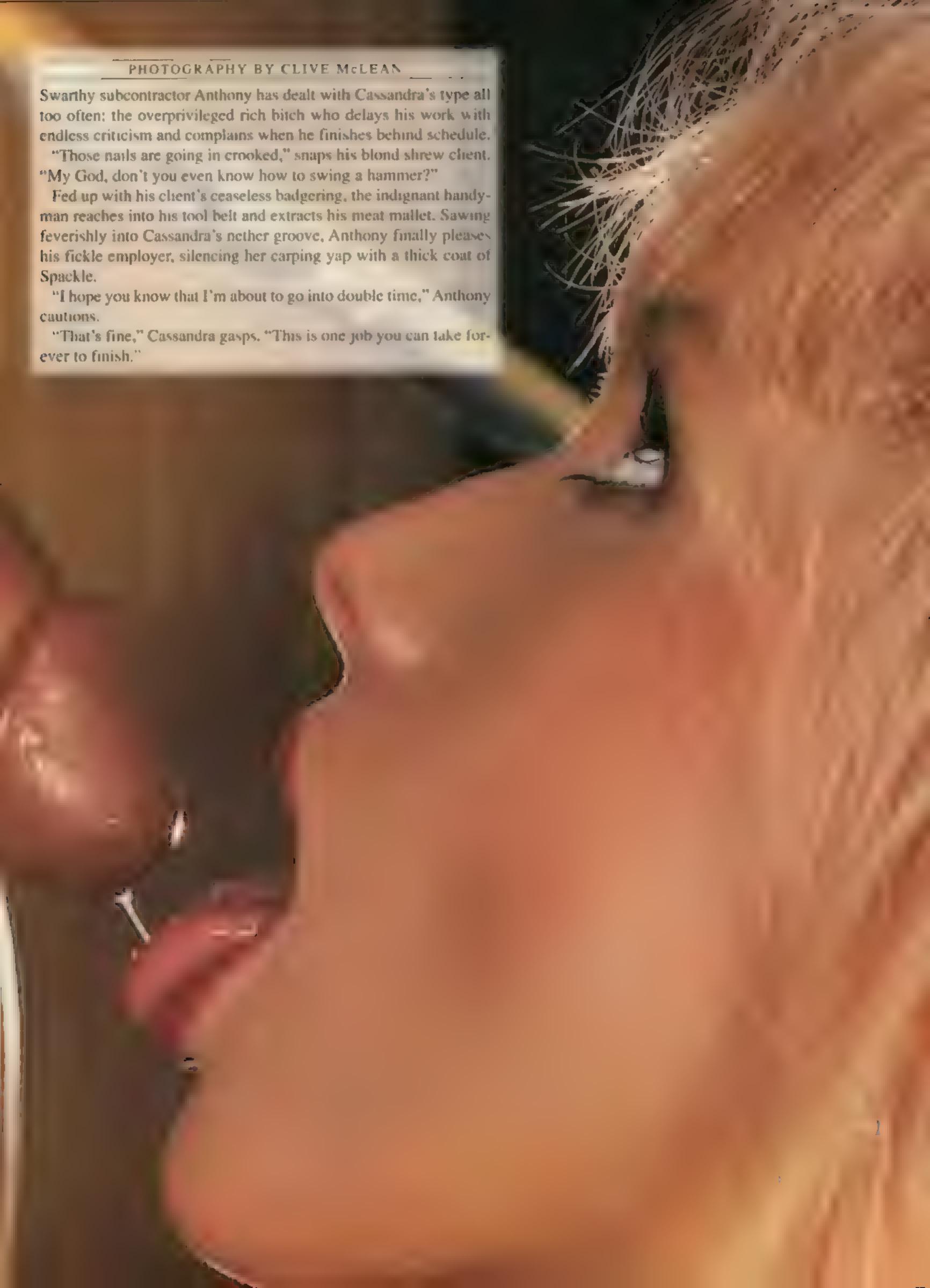
Watering the Oak: A woman sits on a man's penis and releases her bladder.

Zebra: Two black men double-penetrating a white woman. Frequently follows a session of bananas. Variations include the Homo Zebra, which is a black-on-white Lucky Pierre.



"Let me have a double. Fuck a bitch on the rag!"









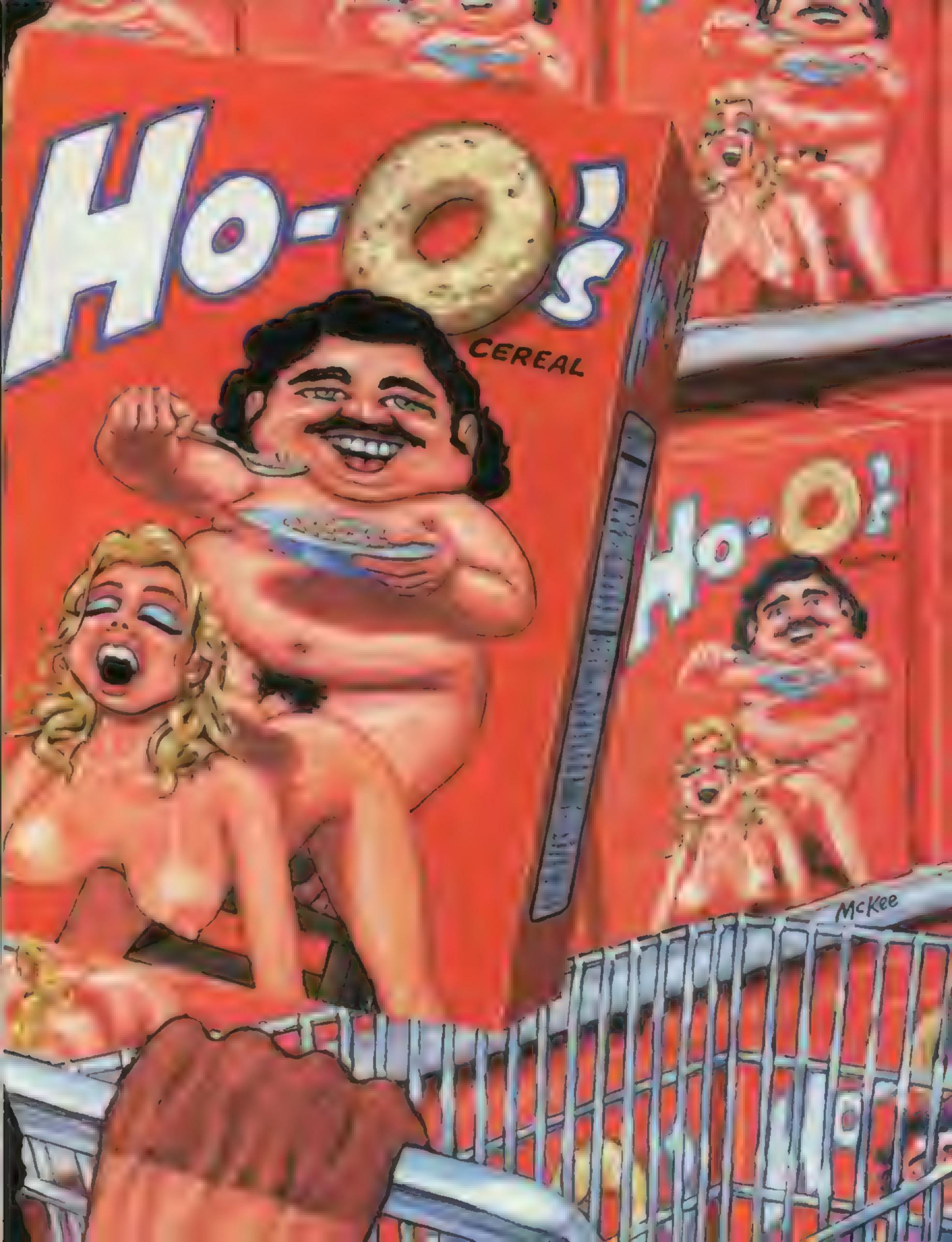












Mainstream A Hollywood casting director might never guess that Kendra Jade's perfectly round ass, according to its owner, holds the world record for the most anal penetrations in one day.

RELAX. IT'S JUST SEX is emblazoned across the back wall of HUSTLER HOLLYWOOD, a sleek boutique with an adjoining café, located on the west end of the Sunset Strip in Hollywood, California. The store's buffed-wood floors and Danish Modern wood-and-chrome cabinets call to mind a Banana Republic more than a smut shop, even with a butt plug the size of a small parking cone on display.

"My dad calls it an adult department store," says Theresa Flynt-Gaerke, Larry Flynt's second daughter and Vice-President of Retail Operations. "I call it! The adult store meets the new millennium."

Hard-core videos are the store's top-selling item, even though skin flicks cost as much as \$50 to buy and can be rented for three or four dollars at a video store. Shopping for smut with dignity instead of shame defines HUSTLER HOLLYWOOD and other retail stores like it.

"We have all-glass walls," says Flynt-Gaerke, "That sends a powerful message that sex is not dirty."

Pornography is steadily creeping out of the shadows and can even be found in the once-stuffy pages of the New Yorker, which recently featured Helmut Newton photos of a wanton bitch in dog tags and unbuttoned fatigues splayed over a barracks cot. Newsweek, the New York Times, Variety, the Hollywood Reporter, Vogue and even the dowdy British Economist have breathlessly weighed in on the subject of the mainstreaming of porn as if smut's ubiquity were the last cultural scoop of the millennium. Highbrow scribblers have finally discovered what pussyobsessed observers have known all along: Porn is big business.

Estimates of the annual revenues of the adult-film industry range from \$4.2 billion to as much as \$9 billion. At either figure, sex flicks are clearly a major rival of the mainstream-film industry, which cashes in at some \$6 billion per year.

The sex industry has traditionally been the province of sleazy people on the fringes of society; changing that perception could clear the way for exponential growth of the industry.

Several porn companies, including Metro and Europorn powerhouse Private, are publicly traded. If average American consumers start to demand more pornographic, sex-related products in their stores, porn stocks may someday be as hot as Internet stocks are today. For a XXX gold rush to transpire, porn must either raise its profile or wear down society's moral integrity; just to be safe, porn strives to accomplish both.

The Erotica USA convention, which was held at the Jacob Javits Center in New York this past April, amounted to a PR campaign for the adult-entertainment industry. Organizers Fred Bari, a Long Island trucking-insurance broker, and Dean Kaltsas, a club promoter, aggressively billed the event as a "mainstream sexpo." The ploy worked. Barnes & Noble, the nation's largest bookseller, and Tower Records were among the exhibitors in the same convention hall where freelance Broadway hoofers performed thong-and-chap dances and porn stars mingled with the sizable crowd.

"My partner and I decided to take a hard-core show and make it mainstream," Bari says, shouting above the din of a press preview party for the event in a Times Square nightclub. "It's softer, something that the general public would feel more comfortable coming to."

Part of Erotica USA's marketing angle was to tie in self-help and sex-positive themes, both of which are popular and palatable to the nonporn public.

"There's a void that needs to be filled, which is that of the everyday person," says Kaltsas. "The everyday person doesn't want to have to walk into an adult store, but there are sex-related products they're interested in."

The goodwill ambassadors in the adultfilm industry's battle for the hearts and minds of the American people are the select few choad swallowers who manage to land roles in feature films and TV shows.

Talk to almost any porn starlet, and she'll say that she is crossing over into mainstream films and television, or she has crossed over and, more than likely, has already crossed back again, daunted by the immensity of the task.

Kendra Jade, very attractive in a young-Hollywood way, works the massive crowd at the Erotica USA sexpo, signing comic books featuring her likeness. Like so many of the girls at the event, she bubbles over with mainstream aspirations.

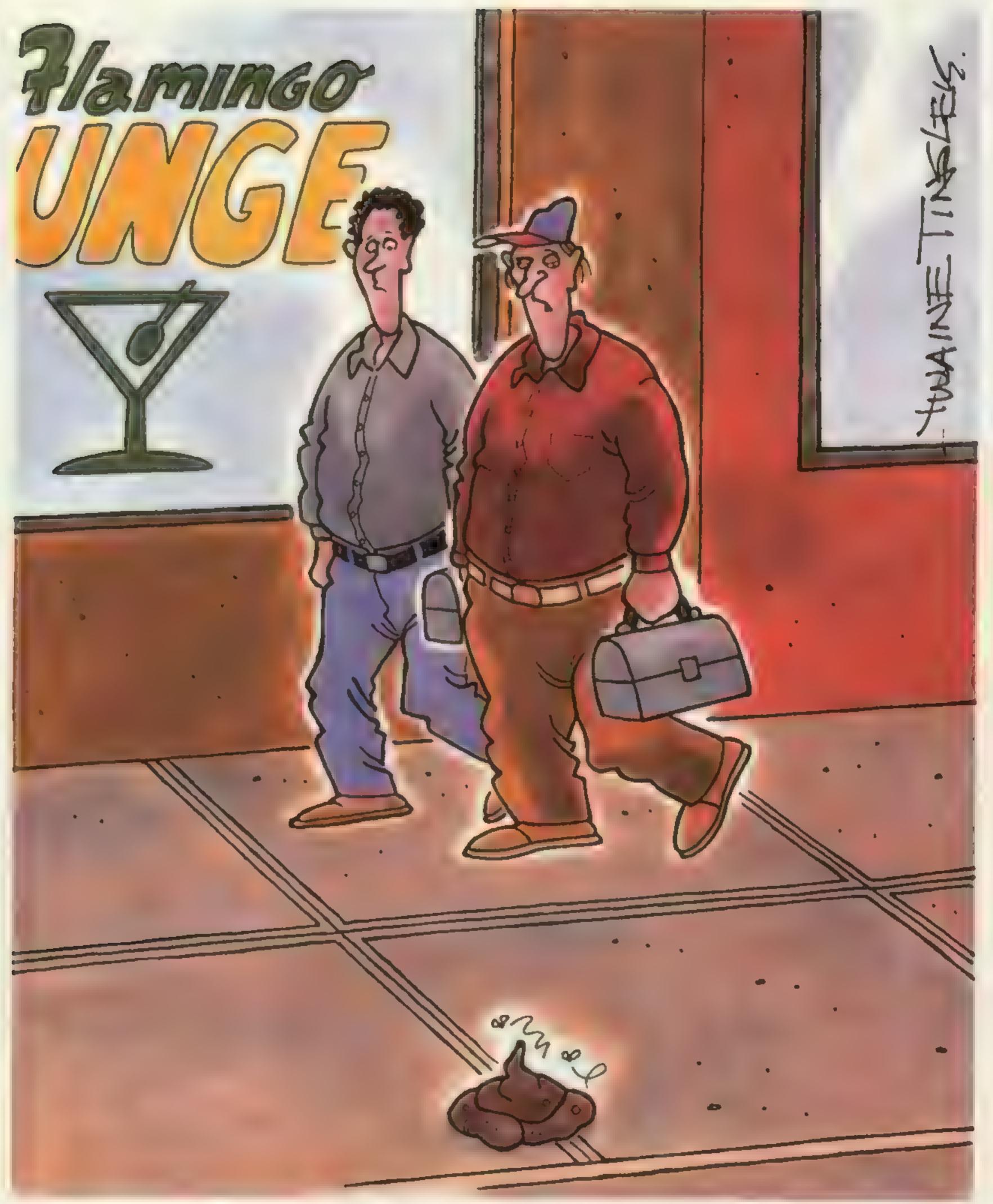
"I've done something for Cinemax, and I've actually been doing a lot of auditions," she says. "I've been on three or four callbacks, and I still have to audition when I get back to L.A."

A Hollywood casting director might never guess that Kendra Jade's perfectly round ass, according to its owner, holds the world record for the most anal penetrations in one day.

"Porn and mainstream are, like, getting so put-together," says Kendra, who wears a T-shirt and low-slung jeans with pink



"This one we call the 'Al Gore.' Not very imaginative, but guaranteed to be stiff!"



"They're so cute when they're small...then they grow up to be Republicans."

Mainstream "We're having a nice sexual heyday, but you're not going to see me

and Jenna Jameson promoting Ultra Brite or household appliances on TV. We might, however, sell tube or rubbers."

doily panties riding up her hips.

Is Jade planning on a full-time mainstream career?

"If the mainstream comes along, I'll do it, but I'm not going to pursue it," she says, Jade's tone of resignation is probably due to the many close calls and outright rejections suffered by talent who have attempted to make the transition from porn to Hollywood. For most porn chicks, a career on the silver screen is no more than a delusional fantasy.

Christi Lake, the slim, blond star of the Fan Fuxxx series of sex vids, helps man the Free Speech Coalition booth at Erotica USA. Lake was nearly hired to be the stand-in for Nastassja Kinski in One Night Stand, directed by Mike Figgis, but was instead cast in a ménage à trois.

"I iggis was loving it, and he kept moving us in front of the camera every time it rolled," Lake says. "Unfortunately, we wound up on the cutting-room floor."

But is crossing over worth the trouble? An independent film pays anywhere from \$50 to \$250 a day for 12 hours of work. A scene in an adult film requires an average of four or five hours on the set and pays anywhere from \$600 to \$1,000.

"It's really a lot more work to get the more time; you have to go in and do a

reading, whereas, for adult, you go in. they take a Polaroid, and they say, 'We'll call you,' and you're done."

"This is very, very, very hard work," says Ron Jeremy, the star of 1,600 adult films and the most recognizable porn star on the planet. "It's hard to become a movie star, period, no matter where you come from. Don't ask me how many people from the Academy of Dramatic Arts are doing mainstream film; there won't be a lot."

The barrier between the Hollywoodbased mainstream-film industry and porn, its dark sibling over the hill in the San Fernando Valley, is more porous than many porn stars believe.

Porn legend Ginger Lynn has starred in numerous straight-to-video B movies, including Sorority House Murders and Wing Commander: Prophecy. As is often the case with crossover stars, Lynn was battered back to starring in dirty movies after a moderately successful mainstream career. Onetime underaged porn slut Traci Lords has regularly appeared in John Waters films, including Serial Mom; Georgina Spelvin, the Golden Age star of The Devil in Miss Jones, appeared in Police Academy 1 and 2. Nina Hartley parleyed a long career of onscreen fuckwork," says Christi Lake. "It takes a lot ing into an appearance as an onscreen fucker in Boogie Nights. Rocco Siffreddi is so popular in Italy that everyone knows who he is, but an appearance in Romances, a mainstream film, has flushed out so many closet fans that his popularity has skyrocketed.

Radio and TV schlock jock Howard Stern is a regular launching-off point for porn stars. Porn queen Jasmin St. Claire has appeared on Stern's show 13 times; mainstream actresses would give their left arms for that kind of exposure.

Ron Jeremy is a crossover success story. He has held a SAG card for 16 years and has appeared in 45 feature films and eight rock videos. He is such a recognizable figure in American pop culture that he has been referred to in gags by David Letterman, Jay Leno and Conan O'Brien.

Jeremy's likeness sells T-shirts, cigars and, soon, a brand of beer, "Things go in waves and, right now, things are great," he says. "We're having a nice sexual heyday. The taboo is down, but you're not going to see me and Jenna Jameson promoting Ultra Brite or household appliances on TV. We might, however, sell lube or rubbers,"

Jeremy, a hirsute, chubby woodsman, speculates that part of the reason for his broad appeal is the fact that he looks nothing like a stud muffin.

"No one looks at me and thinks sex appeal," Jeremy says. "Put me on an item, and it doesn't have to be sleazy: it can be a joke—goofy, funny. Women are different. You're not going to want to see them unless their tits are hanging out."

Porn stars may have taboos to overcome, but they also enjoy some advantages over mainstream stars. A porn chick's greatest gift may not be her ability to act, but the case with which she drops her drawers.

Jacklyn Lick, star of The Blowjob Adventures of Dr. Fellatio 7 and Boohwatch 3: Land Ho, has observed that many mainstream actresses are not comfortable with nudity.

"Directors have a real problem with them on the set," Lick says. "I've heard more directors tell me over and over again, 'cause I asked them, 'Why do you hire me?" and, over and over again, they tell me, 'I don't have a hassle with you over the nudity. You're easier to deal with." "

Lick recently landed a speaking role in 8mm, the Nicolas Cage thriller, though her time onscreen was minimal.

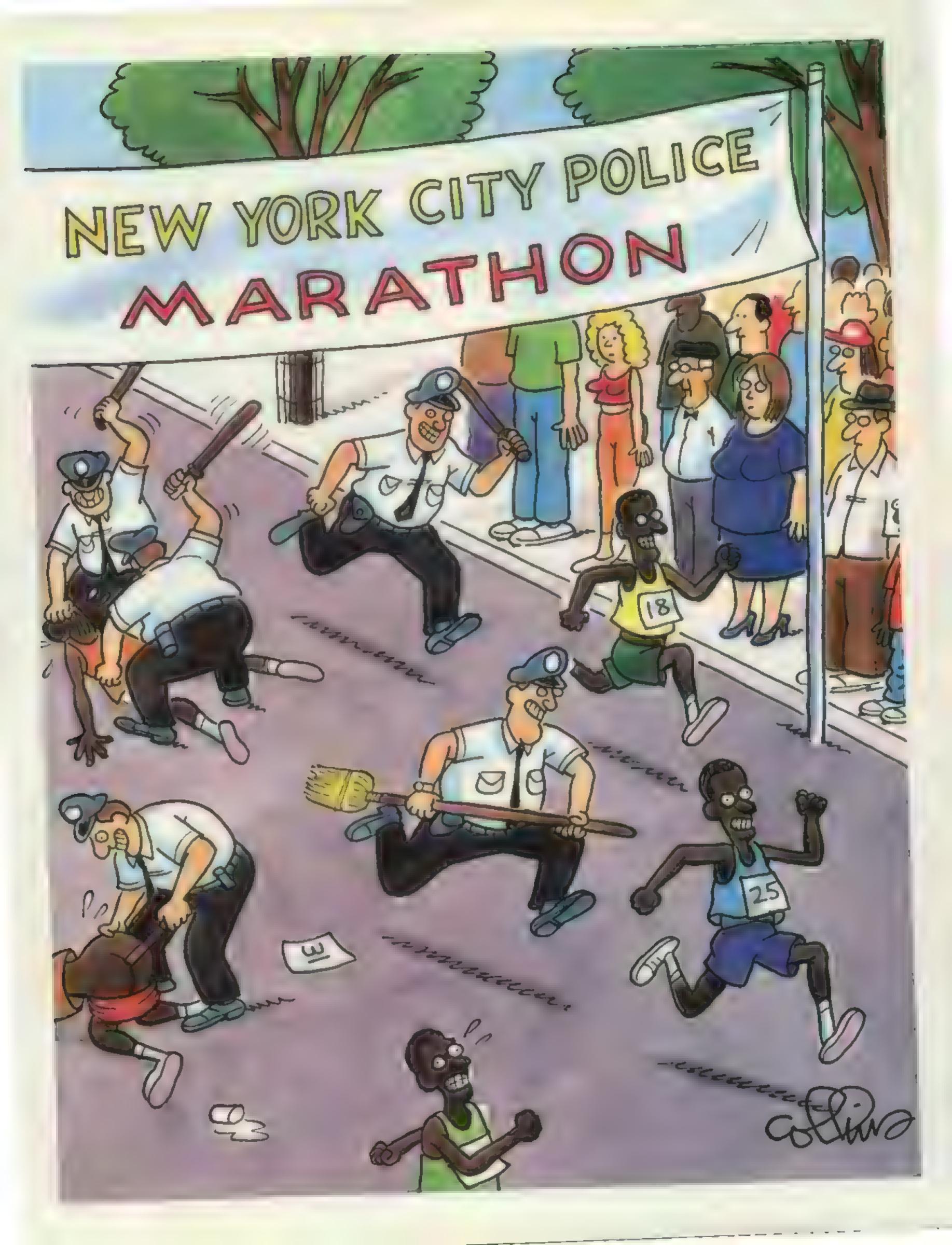
"I was the bound woman," Lick says. "The only reason I got that part was because I've done adult films."

Another reason that mainstream producers may be inclined to audition adult-

(continued on page 68)



"It's a new treatment called 'aromatherapy'!"

















Mainstream Another reason that mainstream producers may be inclined to

audition adult-film stars is the widely held belief that porn stars will be willing to suck dick on the casting couch.

film stars is the widely held belief that porn stars will be willing to suck dick on the casting couch in order to make a good impression.

Last year, Alisha Klass, a pretty, bubbly brunette who specializes in anal sex and double penetrations, played an 18-yearold cheerleader in the feature Cruel Intentions.

"'Oh, Alisha, you owe me big time now," " Klass recalls the producer saying after she scored the role. "I said, 'I'm not one of those porn girls who's going to go around sucking dick." Unfortunately, Klass's scenes in the feature were deleted.

Klass, like Traci Lords before her, did, however, manage to land a part on Aaron Spelling's Melrose Place.

"I took my movies into Spelling Productions to audition for Melrose Place," says Klass. "And I said, 'This is what I'm all about, and I'm not going to hide it.' So far, I've gotten callbacks from every director I've ever auditioned for."

Klass describes a favorite scene from an upcoming Showtime series, The Hoop Life, which she recently finished shooting: "I'm sucking the shit out of this guy." Klass has a reoccurring role as, of all things, a porn star.

"So it's really cool because I really do

the acting," she enthuses. "Hopefully, I can become a girl who proves herself able to pull all that shit off."

Porn queens may be goddesses in Van Nuys, but breaking into a Hollywood lineup requires tenacity and determination, often just for the privilege of being typecast as a raging slut. Most skin stars never make it that far.

Serenity, a Wicked Pictures contract girl and the star of such hits as Anus & Andy and Indigo Delta, is living proof that porn stars are versatile enough to portray more than just bimbos in bikinis. Besides her adult work with Wicked, Serenity has been making a decent living as a television correspondent for E! Entertainment's Wild on the Riviera series.

"It's very mainstreamy stuff," Serenity says. "In Amsterdam, we went to the diamond factories and to a restaurant, and I talked to a chef."

Serenity says she was given the job, not because of her mouthwatering set of knockers, but because she is well-spoken.

"I think it is more of a personality thing," she says.

In addition to her work with E!, Serenity has also appeared in a few skits for The Man Show on Comedy Central, "I do household tips for men," she says.

"For the first show, I actually demonstrate how to get the bed sheets to stay on. And in the second one, I show guys how to get red-wine stains out of their clothing. So here's a porn star, playing it absolutely straight to the camera. There's a certain dry-humor value there."

Jenna Jameson, currently America's most famous female porn star, has made the bulk of her money in adult films for "couples"-in other words, videos that fold sex scenes into melodramas. It would stand to reason that her porn résumé, heavy with melodramas, would be helpful practice for any crossover attempts, but Jameson sees things differently.

"To do a sex scene, you have to have a happy-go-lucky attitude," she says. "Then to go to a scene in which you have to be crying and dredging up old memories-it's a little hard."

Nonetheless, Jenna Jameson's porn prominence helped her wedge her foot in the mainstream door.

"I'm good friends with Ivan Reitman, who did the Howard Stern movie [Private Parts, in which she made an appearance]. Whenever a good part comes up, he calls me," she says.

Jameson also landed a part in My Name Is Durt, an independent film. "I play a porn star," says Jameson, "Go figure." Jameson calls the film a black comedy, "which is what I like to do," she says, "because I'm wacky."

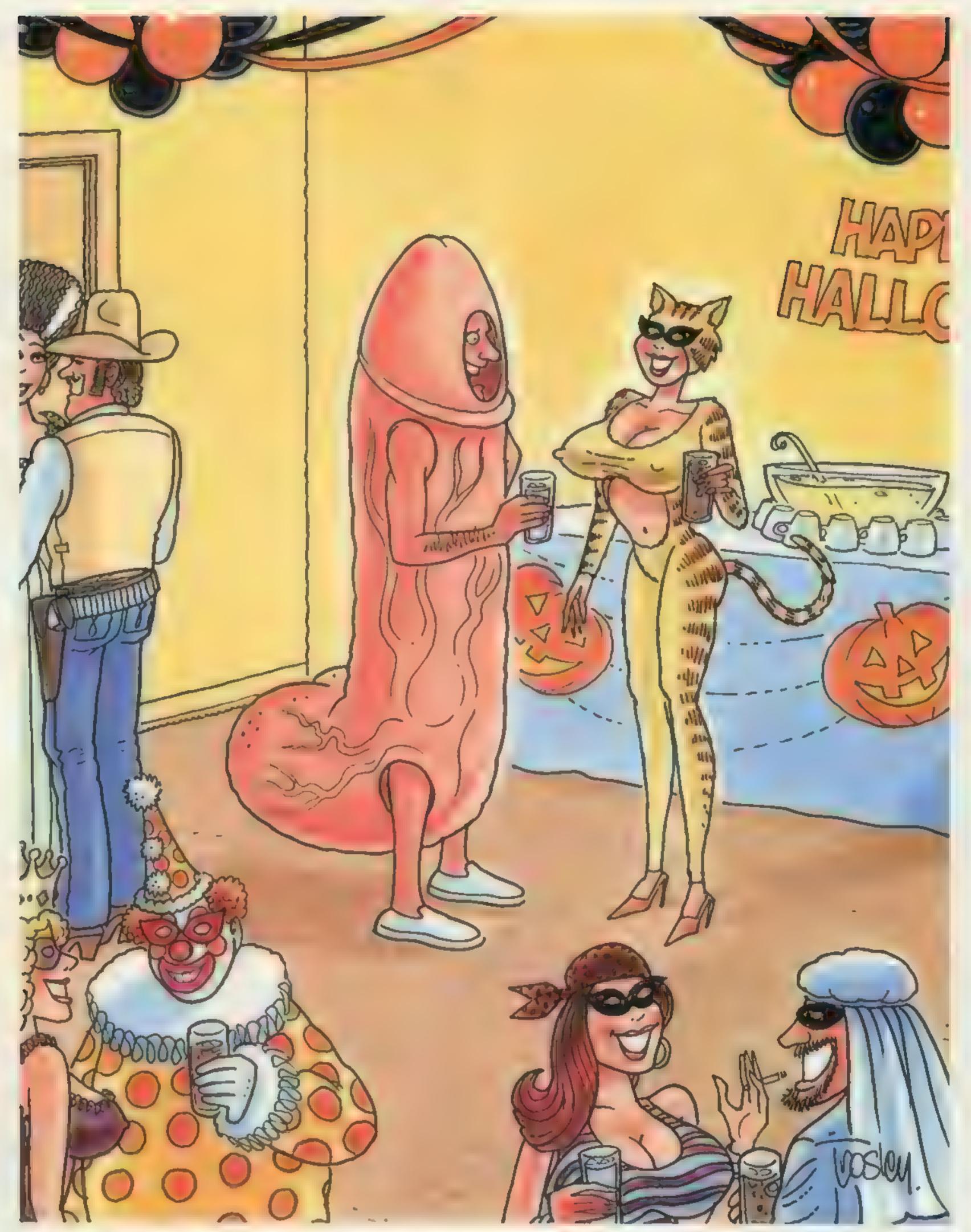
Will Jameson drop out of the adult business and go mainstream full-time? "If it happens, it happens," she says. "I have so many irons in the fire that I don't think I'm going to have to be doing this for much longer,"

Time will teil whether Jameson has the broad-based appeal and the moxie to be a successful porn-to-mainstream transplantee, but she couldn't ask for a more tolerant cultural environment. Pornography was once something to be hidden under the mattress, but customers at stores such as HUSTLER HOLLYWOOD stand up for their porn, literally wearing smut on their sleeves. Responding to demand, Theresa Flynt-Gaerke recently expanded her stock of HUSTLER-logo gear and Porn Starbrand T-shirts and tank tops.

"People say to me, 'How do you feel about growing up around porn?" " says Flynt-Gaerke, "They forget that this is legal, that we don't twist anybody's arm. Porn is all about consenting adults making material for consenting adults. People are always going to have sex, and everybody is starting to realize that that's nothing to be ashamed of."



"I'd like to sign up for Pussywhipping 101, Mental Castration 102 and Advanced Male-Bashing 203."



"This is perfect! I was hoping to meet some pussy"























Jack, an attorney, visited the same Aspen ski lodge every year. On his last trip, he managed to fuck the innkeeper's shapely daughter, Andrea. This year, however, the lawyer arrived to find Andrea holding a young infant.

Jack cried, "Why didn't you tell me you were pregnant? I would have married you, and the child could have had my name."

"I talked it over with my folks," Andrea sighed, "and we decided it was better to have a bastard in the family than a lawyer."

Question: How can you tell if your wife is dead?

Answer: The sex is the same, but the dishes pile up.

A woman was in the examination room with her doctor. Suddenly, she shouted out, "Doctor, kiss me!"

The surprised doctor said, "That would be unethical,"

About 20 minutes later, the woman again yelled out, "Doctor, please kiss me!"

Once more, the doctor refused. "I'll admit I'm tempted, but, as a doctor, I simply cannot kiss you."

Fifteen minutes later, the woman pleaded, "Doctor, Doctor, please kiss me just once!"

"Look," the medic said, "I am sorry, but kissing would confuse the doctor-patient relationship. In fact, I probably shouldn't even be fucking you."

A man walked into a pharmacy and asked the woman behind the counter, "Is there a male pharmacist available?"

"No," she said. "My sister and I own this place, and we are both pharmacists. How can we help you?"

The man stepped back and opened his coat, revealing an enormous bulge in the front of his pants.

"It's been like this for seven days now," the man complained. "Can you give me anything for it?"

"Hmm," grunted the woman. "Let me talk to my sister."
Moments later, she returned. "Okay," she said, "we'll
give you \$400 cash and a half interest in the pharmacy."

Marge walked into a bar and ordered two shots. She downed the first one: "This is for the shame." Then the second one: "This is for the glory."

She called for two more shots. As the bartender set her up, he asked, "Ma'am, I was just wondering.... What's this about shame and glory?"

"It's like this," Marge replied. "I like to do my housework naked. But when I bent over to pick something up, my Great Dane mounted me from behind."

"Oh! That is a shame," the bartender said.

"No, that was the glory. The shame was when we locked up, and he dragged me out into the front yard."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *IUD* as: a dyslexic drunk driver.

Two Englishmen in darkest Africa got hungry and dropped into a native restaurant in a small village. The Limeys received menus and noticed a fair variety of cannibalistic dishes. Broiled Spaniard was \$3.50, including salad and dessert. Fried Frenchman, with a side order of vegetables, cost \$3.75; stewed Swiss ran \$3.25; but baked Arab was listed at \$10.50.

The Brits called the waiter, "Why?" asked one, "Are Arabs that delicious?"

"No," replied the waiter. "They all taste the same."

"But the price is so high," the Englishman protested.

"There must be some reason."

"There is," the waiter said. "Did you ever try to clean an Arab?"

Question: Why is it so hard for women to find men who are sensitive and caring?

Answer: Those guys already have boyfriends.

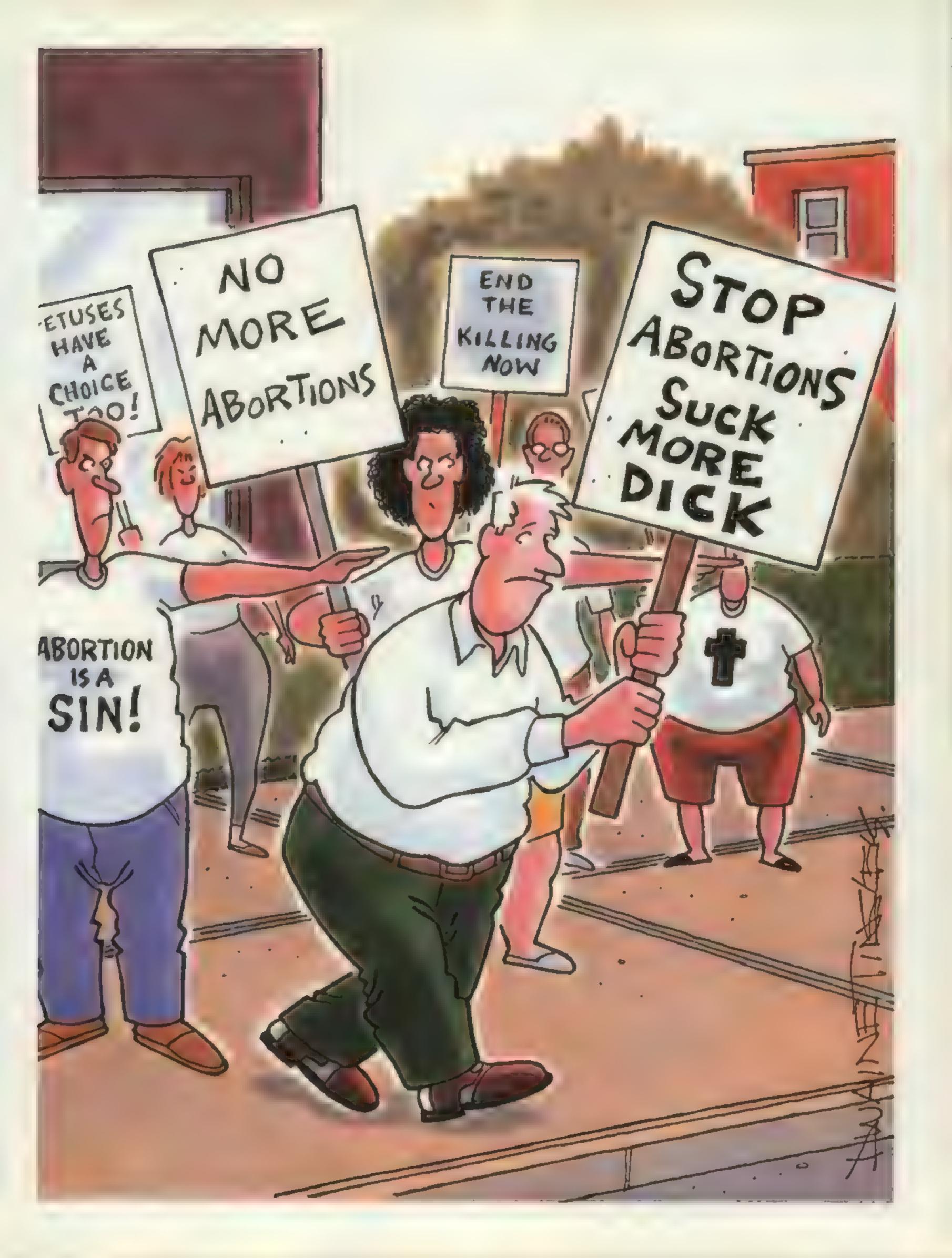
Dale was ashamed to tell his girlfriend about his wooden leg. On their wedding night, he knew he'd have to face the music. Unable to say a word, he turned out the lights in the hotel room, unstrapped his wooden leg, slipped into bed and placed his wife's hand on the stump. "I hope you're not too surprised," Dale whispered in the dark.

"It's a surprise, all right," his wife whispered back.

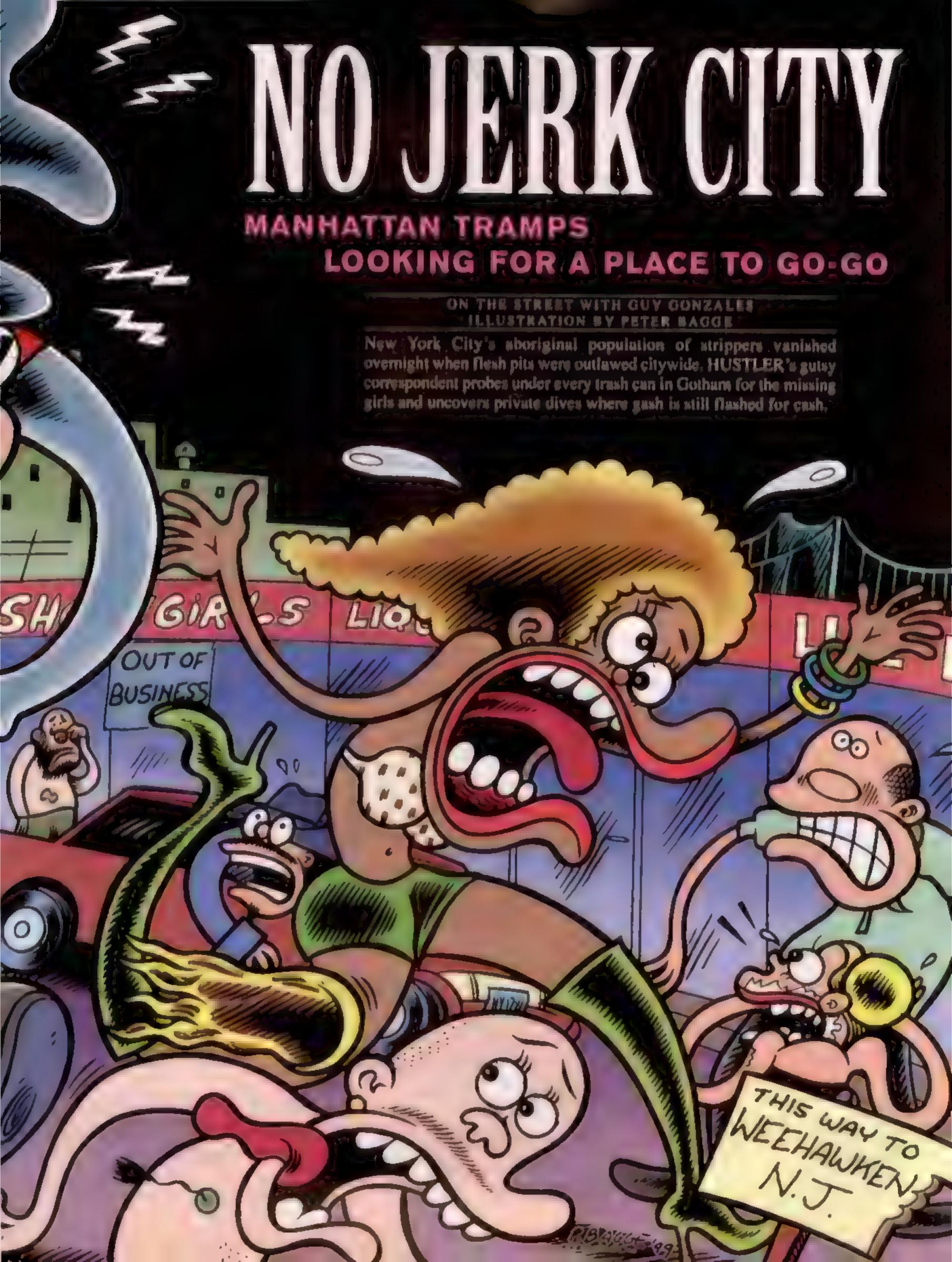
"But pass me the Vaseline, and I'll see what I can do."

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or E-mail jokes to hustler@lfp.com. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for \$50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

80 November HUSTLER







No Jerk City "I can't buy Versace sports bras anymore," she says. "If I don't have money, it hurts. It hurts like a lover leavin' you. Instead of Liz Claiborne, I gotta buy Tommy Hilfiger."

There is a kind of enlightenment that only a bare-assed babe on a rope-lit runway and a sip of Budweiser can provide. For decades, 42nd Street in New York City was the place to find every kind of girl providing every kind of service, but in the wake of a fanatical cleanup by New York's misguided despot, Mayor Rudolph Giuliani, the Deuce is no more.

Like the buffalo that once roamed the western plains, New York City's exotic dancers have all but disappeared. Working girls seem to have left the city in a great migration, bound for greener pastures.

Have strippers stripped of their livelihood fled Gotham for the bottomless
Batcaves of New Jersey? With the hopes
of getting the poop on the purged performers, I contact Laz, an inked and
pierced rock musician and a good friend
of mine who lives in Hoboken, New
Jersey. Laz enthusiastically agrees to drive
me to a couple of Jersey clubs. He fetches
me in his jet-black Lincoln Continental,
and, soon, we're speeding through the
Lincoln Tunnel toward go-go land. Our
destination: the Squeeze, in Weehawken.

When we emerge from the tunnel, the dramatic New York City skyscape looms in the near distance. On Jersey soil, I feel like a burden has been lifted from my shoulders. It's a relief to be out of the leg-

islative shadow of the seemingly omnipotent Herr Giuliani.

The Squeeze is located on a quiet residential block. Flashing neon and loud noise are noticeably absent. The low-key approach keeps the Squeeze a well-kept secret. Laz lurches into the parking lot and screams to a screeching, almost crashing halt. It occurs to me that Laz might be having trouble with his brakes, but then I realize that this is how he makes an entrance.

All races are represented at the Squeeze, from Afro American goddesses to Jewish American princesses, all scantily attired, bawdy bad girls. A rectangular bar surrounds a center stage, ringed by bikini-clad fleshpots. Despite the nonremoval of their tops, these go-go girls do not fail to titillate.

I'm introduced to Mike, the owner, who agrees to be interviewed. When I mention my microcassette recorder, he balks.

"Tape? What fuckin' tape? No taping. Me and tapes, we don't get along."

"Gotcha," I say, and prepare to scrawl his responses on my notepad. I ask some preliminary questions about Giuliani's ethical-cleansing campaign. It feels good to bitch about the Mayor with a fellow member of the sex underworld, but, as we talk, it seems that Mike couldn't be hap-

pier; what's bad for Manhattan is apparently good for Weehawken.

"We're the Gold Coast, the hottest real estate. There's no one else in this area; no other go-go bars in the water, Everything you touch here in real estate—fuhgedda-boudit."

Mike breaks away to take care of some business; I approach a pretty girl at the bar. Her name is Star

"What's a girl like you doing in a place like Jersey?" I ask. Turns out, the Garden State is not Star's first choice for a place of employment.

"I danced in five different clubs in Queens," she says, "Every last one got closed the fuck down, one after the other. Where do you go after that? You go to the Bronx. Well, they be closin' them down in the Boogie Down. You go to Manhattan; it's fucking hard to get a job as a dancer in Manhattan. Next is Jersey, and that's where I am now."

"Star," I ask, "has your lifestyle changed radically since the closures of the New York City adult clubs?"

"I can't buy Versace sports bras anymore," she says. "If I don't have money, it hurts. It hurts like a lover leavin' you. Instead of Liz Claiborne, I gotta buy Tommy Hilfiger."

Star, like many other crotic entertainers, is a yuppie. Strippers may be outcasts, but people forget that a sexy girl can make as much over the course of a six-minute song as a big-shot attorney earns for an eighth of an hour of drafting affidavits.

"What has happened to all the girls that used to work in the city?" I ask.

"A lot of girlfriends, those I've worked with in less classy clubs than a bar like this, a lot of them have gone to prostitution, as sad as it may be," she tells me. "Why go from \$300 a night to \$300 a week? No way."

Star has confirmed my worst suspicions: Tossed out of paying jobs by Giuliani's Reign of Error, the girls have taken to the streets.

Taking our search for the missing showgirls deeper into Jersey, Laz navigates his pimpmobile to a club called the Navel Base, in North Bergen.

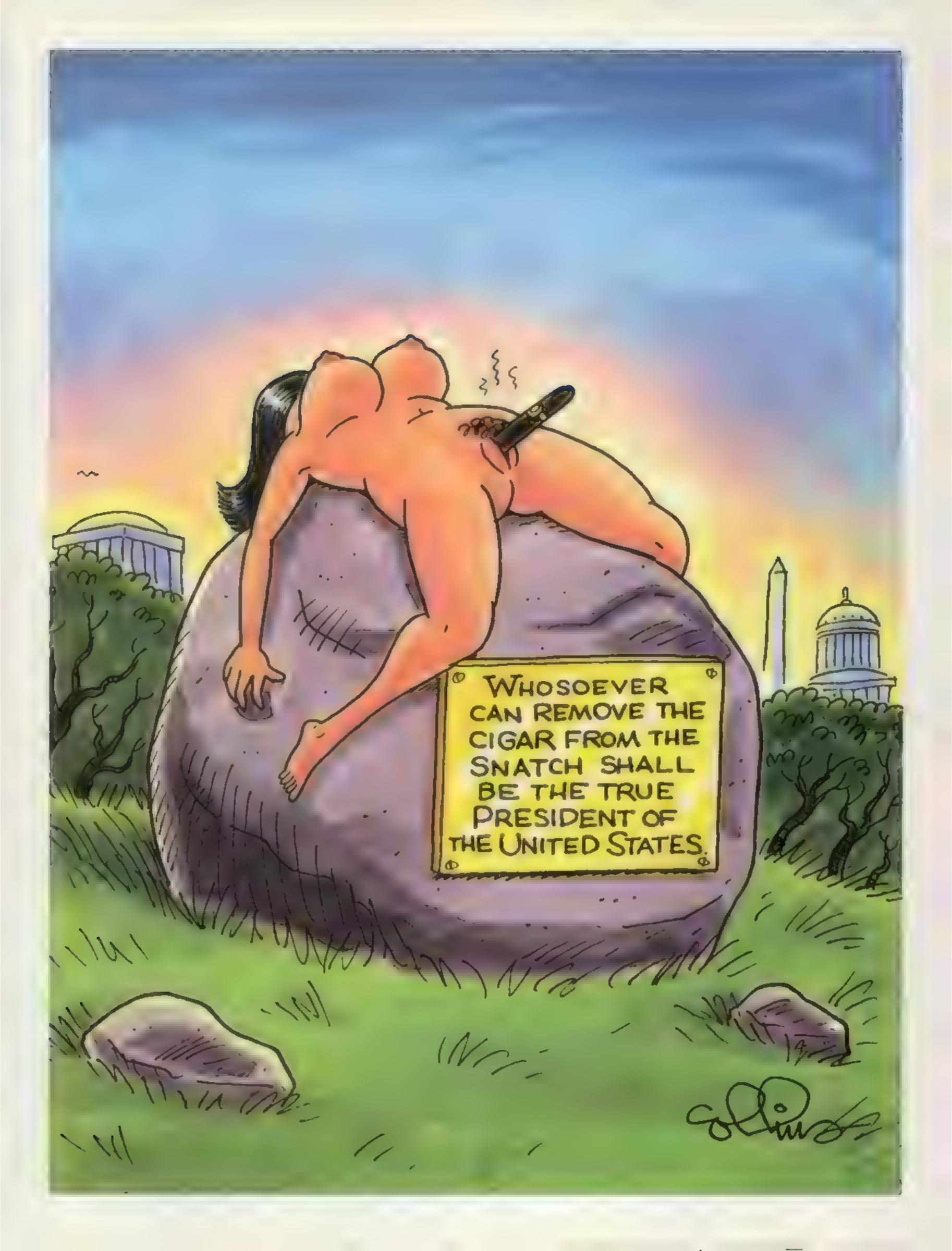
The Navel Base serves a full slice of beaver pie on a platter of pussy. A procession of swank showgirls parades down a large, rectangular runway with nothing on. Liquor is not served, unfortunately, but a BYOB policy is in effect, and a juice bar dispenses soda and near beer.

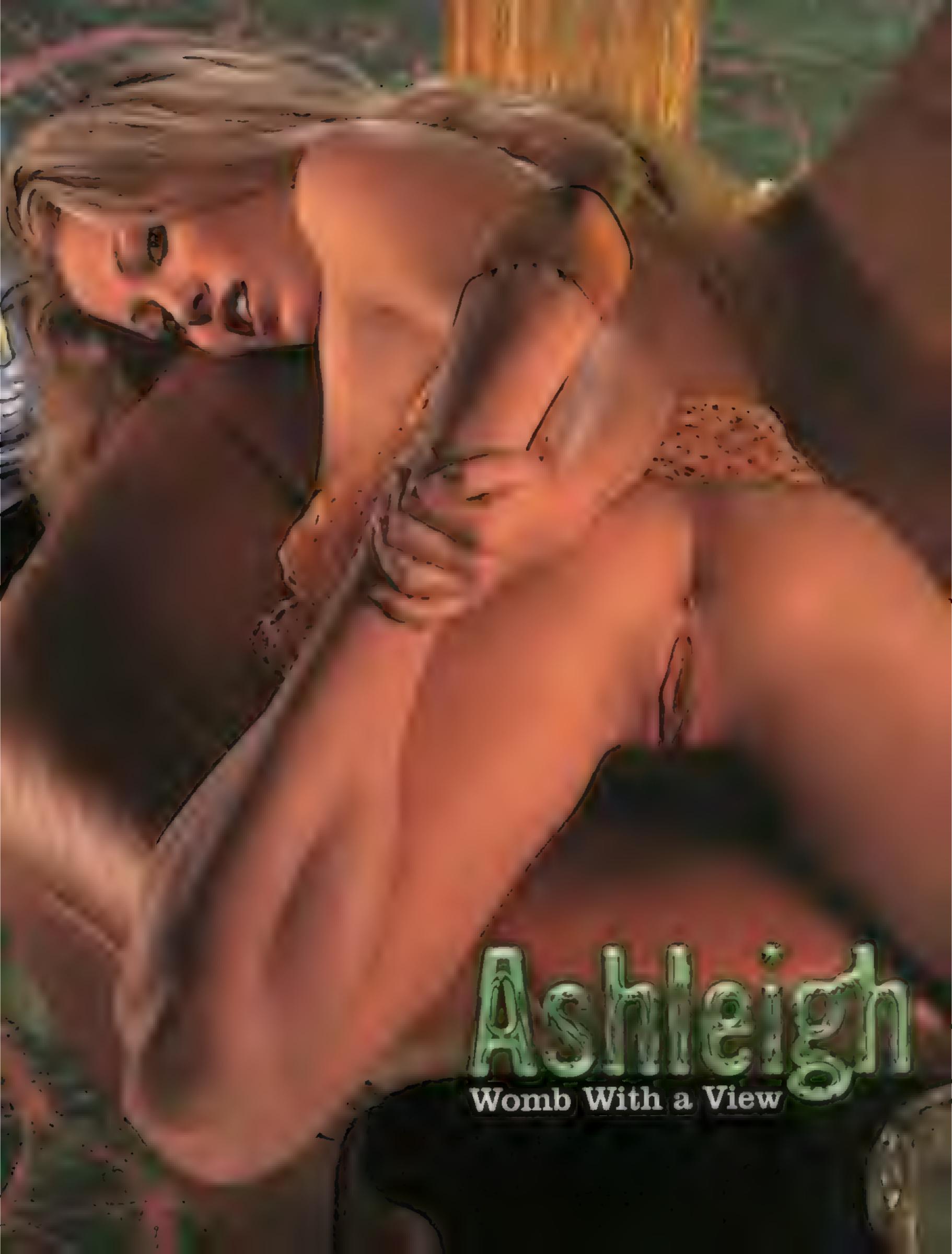
While Laz and some of his hooligan friends generously tip the ta-tas onstage, I

(continued on page 94)



"You've sunk to a new low, Sam!"



















(continued from page 84)

No Jerk City I am aware of Harlem's reputation for vice, gambling, numbers, narcotics and murder, but so what? I feel like Shaft, like a bad motherfucker.

chat up Allison, who danced in the city for five years and knows lots of the girls.

"All my girlfriends are not around anymore," she says. "They all split up and moved around; so I don't see them as much. Anywhere you gotta go to make money, that's where you're gonna go."

Allison introduces me to Electra, a former hot-oil wrestler who is in charge of hiring and booking girls in three Jersey clubs, including the Navel Base. She hasn't seen the New York girls either.

"It's just a sprinkling," she tells me. "They hear the word New Jersey, and they ain't coming."

Thousands of showgirls are out there somewhere, and I am determined to find them.

A couple of days later, I'm ready to go to a place where I know there will be girls: uptown, deep in the heart of Harlem, which ain't the heart of Texas. Harlem, where the tradition of dancing topless for tips and hustling drinks still exists.

Fortunately for mc, Michele Cappozzi, an Italian with a grizzled, white beard who gives sex tours of the city to tourists, is more than willing to chauffeur me to my destination. Michele, blessed with a radarlike ability, is able to locate the whereabouts of prostitutes, even antici- white that gives them away, nor their pating their movements.

We cruise 125th Street, Harlem's main drag, in Michele's beat-up, four-door sedan. I am aware of Harlem's reputation for vice, gambling, numbers, narcotics and murder, but so what? I feel like Shaft, like a bad motherfucker.

The club, which shall remain nameless, is located under the vaulted steel struts of an elevated subway platform; it is a mother lode of big booty. On the stage, a darkchocolate freak wearing a hot-pink bikini demonstrates uncanny muscle control. Michele joins a wall of men who watch the performer clench a rounded butt muscle in time to the music, then switch to the other butt cheek and do double time. Her talented tochas lures a pager-wearing hiphopper from the crowd, who places a hand on each ankle, then slides a dollar bill up her bikini bottom, following the smooth curve of her black ass.

I introduce myself to the owner, who smokes a cigar and is dressed in Italian sportswear, complete with a fedora. We'll call him Marky, since he reminds me that if I disclose his real name, I'll be a marked man. He informs me that New York's finest have dropped by this evening and gestures to a trio at the end of the bar. It is not the fact that they are crew cuts, nor their T-shirts tucked into

Gap khakis with a belt. None of them are checking out the girls.

While three soul sisters shake their thangs to pumping music on the stage, Marky ushers me into the dressing room. I can't help but stare at the showgirls, who are in various stages of undress; all are knockouts, but some are simply sense-shattering. One siren sits at the counter next to a snack pack of Kentucky Fried, curling her hair with an iron. Another bare-assed bitch freshens up for the kill by dousing herself with perfume.

Luxury, foxy beyond belief, exudes sensuality from her erect nipples to her polished fingernails. She is not happy about the club closures.

"All of a sudden, all the clubs are gone," she says. "And in the clubs that are open, you can't even touch your breasts If the guys can't touch you, that's fine, but you can't even bend over in a sexy way. That's just crazy."

These naked warriors tell it all and don't give a fuck about the consequences.

"This city is not supposed to be like the country down South," Luxury says. "It's supposed to be the city of New York that never sleeps. People comin' here to see the girls. Beautiful girls, It's the first thing they do when they check into the Marriott, the Hilton. They have to have girls in these nice, exquisite hotels when they payin' all this money. Then what? You have whores traffickin' through your little hotels, your Marriotts and Hiltons. Now what are you gonna do? Better open up some titty bars, because it's gonna get hectic. It's gonna get cold, and when bitches get hungry in the cold, they gonna revert to prostitution. Tellin' you too, It is no joke."

Prostitution. I know this is the fate that has befallen many of these girls. Do any of the girls in this club trick? Probably some of them. Some mention Hunts Point, the warehouse area in the South Bronx that is the notorious ending-up place of girls who are willing to give it all up for cheap.

Silkie, a very pretty mulatta with twin pigtails, sits with me and Luxury and shines some light on this problem. Silkie's heavy tits are stuffed into a black tube top. Her name is written in flowery cursive in a smudged tattoo on her chest.

"There are girls I know for a fact are just straight-up tricking; they just want the money," Silkie says. "They have no shame in their game, but I don't knock nobody hustlin'; I'm sure they're like, 'Fuck it. Why should I bust my ass and try to run around the clubs when I could

(continued on page 102)



"Really, Al, trick or treat. Here's your candy. Now take off your mask!"

















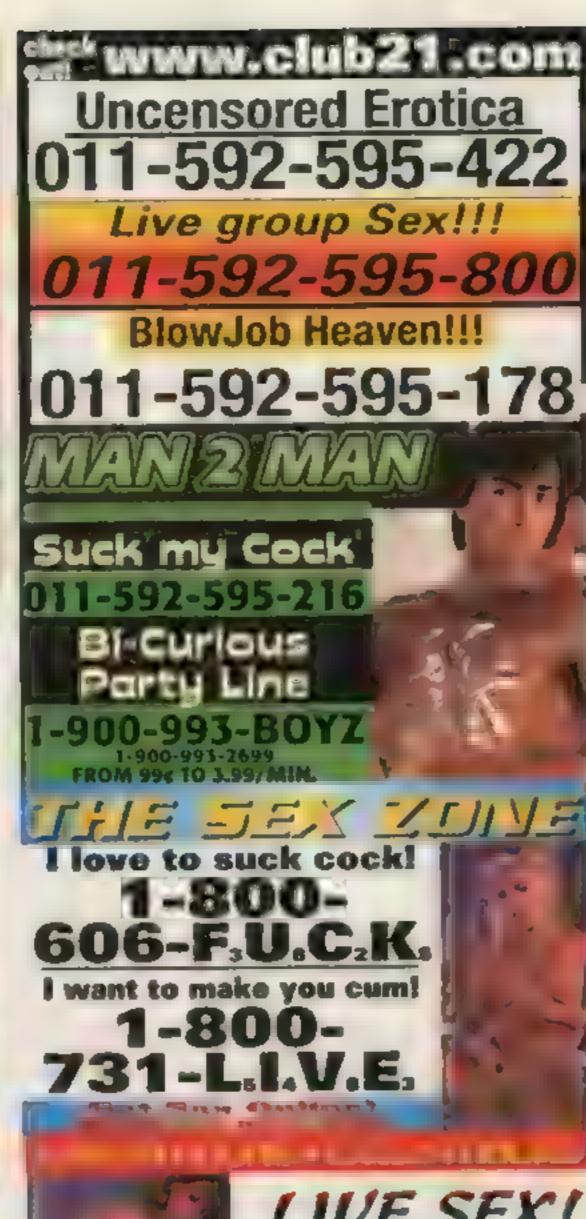


















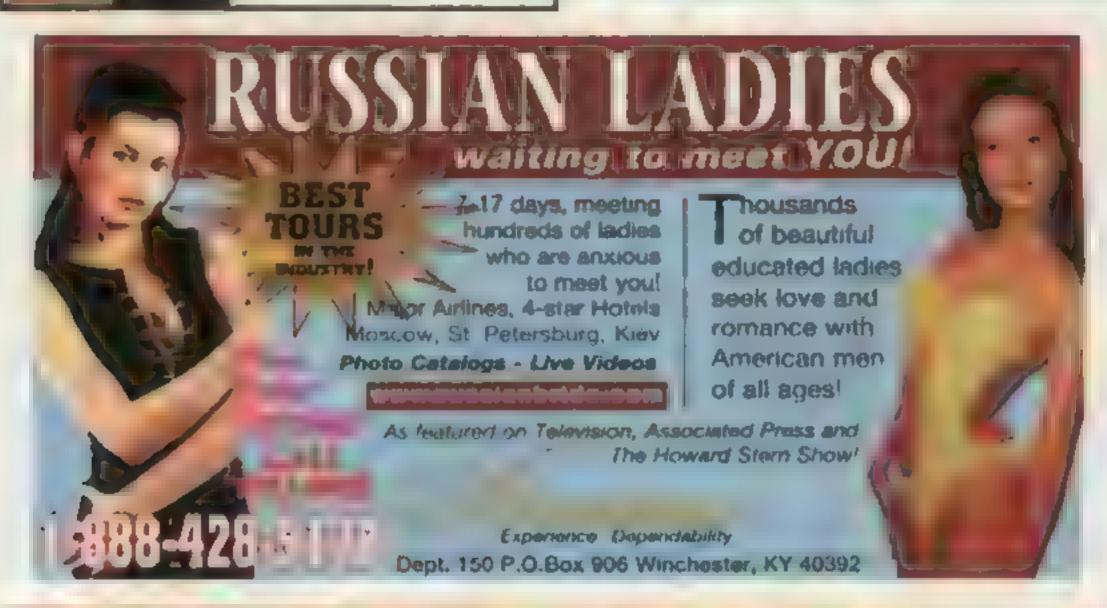
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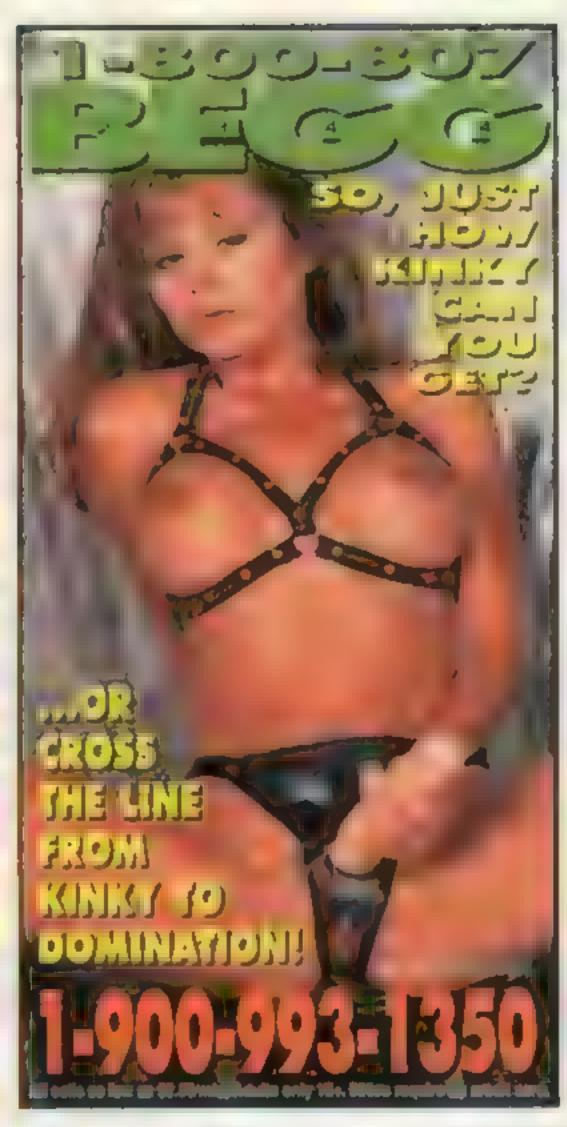
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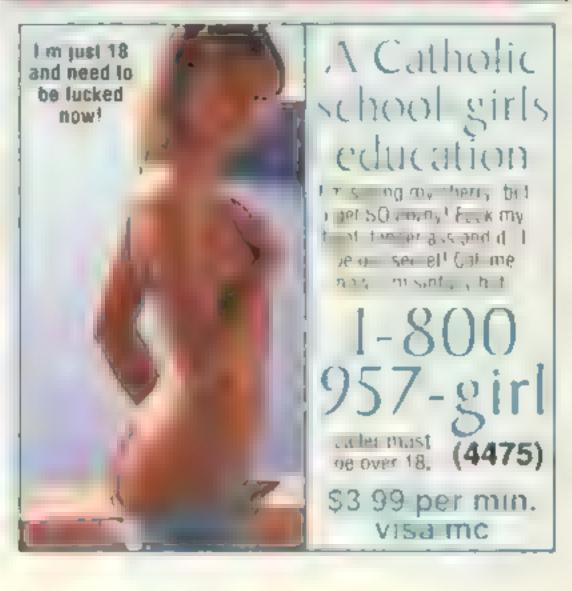






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(continued from page 94)

New Yorkers are going to party at any expense. Club owners pay off city workers to find out the schedules of cops and inspectors; they've got the whole thing wired.

do something on the side?"

"The guys are comin' to the clubs knowin' the girls are hungrier now," Silkie adds. "They like, 'Oh, you not makin' no money tonight. It's kinda wack in here, you know, why don't we go hang out, get something to eat and have a little fun?' It's hard to walk away from easy money."

The topic of dancers turning to hooking is obviously high on these girls' minds. Our backroom coffee klatch grows as sweet things in bad-girl getups join the conversation.

Luscious, who is tall, elegantly dressed and noble as an African queen, sees more and more girls hooking.

"It's spreading much wider, like a virus, and it's unstoppable, because these women are hustlers," Luscious says. "That's what we are. We gonna get our money, regardless. If a guy comes up to you and say, 'I see you're not makin' that money, sweetheart. I'll give you \$500,' she gonna be like, 'Well, I didn't make no money, and I can go for that \$500. It ain't gonna be nothin'; it's only for an hour or whatever." It's that simple."

It is Silkie's turn onstage. As she exits the dressing room, she says, "The only thing the girls can do is work in the clubs, shakin' their ass or whatever, or layin' on their back and gettin' pumped."

These girls are the real deal; their sincerity shines through me like a beacon.

Gina K, sits with us. I had examined her pert titties and flawless bottom in a mirror while talking with Luscious and Silkie.

"In this business, you come across a lot of cash," Gina says. "Some people have resorted to regular jobs, paying seven or eight dollars an hour, if they're lucky. It's hard to survive on that when you're used to making \$40 or \$50 an hour. For someone like me who hasn't cooked in a year, it costs approximately \$100 or \$200 a day to live. I need things: shoes, nails, hair, facials, etc."

"But why hook?" I ask.

"They'd rather exploit their bodies in the clubs if they could," says Pocahontas, a Latina goddess whose dark eyes look like they have seen it all. "If they could do it here without standin' on the corner half-naked, they would. You understand what I'm saying? But they can't do it now 'cause they closed the clubs; so they're like, 'Frig it, lemme just go out on the street."

Fortunately, the girls who don't want to trick can find work in the after-hours spots that have proliferated since Giuliani's crackdown.

Pocahontas introduces me to a deft dee-

jay named Sweet, who is the man in the know about the private dives where drinking and debauchery take place.

"Sweet," I ask, "can you tell me what the deal is with these underground clubs I've been hearing about?"

"It's a neighborhood thing," Sweet says. "It's like a who's who. It's a well-kept secret from neighborhood to neighborhood."

Rappin' and scratchin' while several dark-skinned debutantes dance onstage, Sweet reveals everything I need to know about the vast underground of illicit afterhours clubs

"Guys don't care where they party at; all they want to see is girls, and they ain't gotta be the most decent girls—it's just girls," Sweet says. "These girls gotta go where the money's at, where the action's at, and the action is in the down-low clubs,"

"What specifically is going on?" I ask.

"Everything is going on: lap-dancing, tricking, illegal alcohol, drugs. It's a whole new game now."

Sweet tells me something I already know: New Yorkers are going to party at any expense. Citywide, self-styled entrepreneurs rent out rooms in hotels, or what they call "spot digs"; dance clubs on dead nights. According to Sweet, club owners pay off city workers to find out the schedules of cops and inspectors; they've got the whole thing wired.

"It became a race for a dollar, especially up here," my deejay friend says. "Daytime, nighttime, whenever. It's like, to hell with the law."

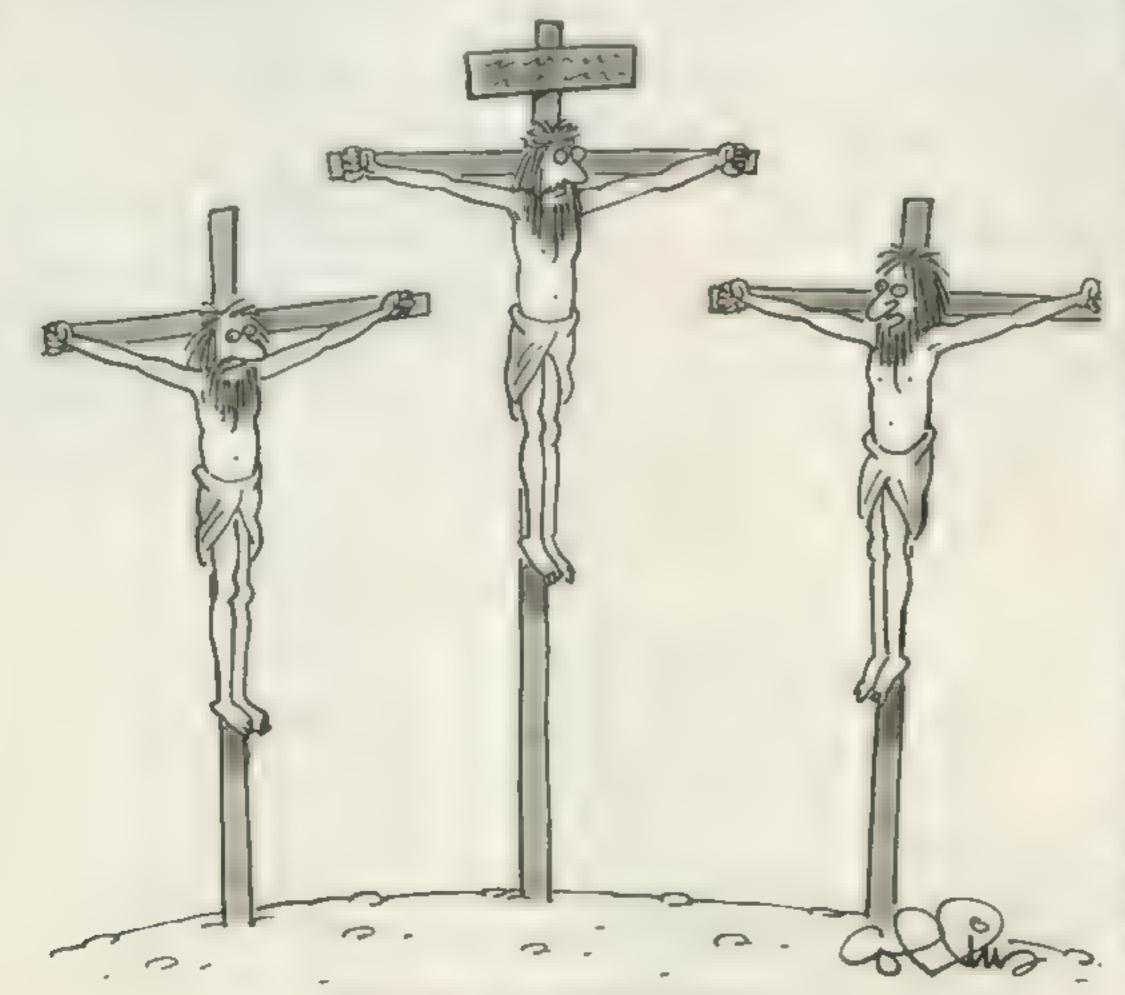
After the bar closes, Sweet arranges for Luscious to escort me to the G Spot, one of the most popular illegal clubs. With Michele behind the wheel, we wind through the streets of Spanish Harlem. Finally, the lead car stops on a residential street. We walk into an apartment building. You could walk by the place every day and never know it was there.

Luscious knocks on a door at the end of a hallway on the ground floor of the building. The door opens a crack, and a brief conversation ensues. After a minute, the door opens all the way, and Michele and I are allowed to enter. Luscious takes off; it's the end of a long night for her. Michele and I are now on our own. Our night is just beginning.

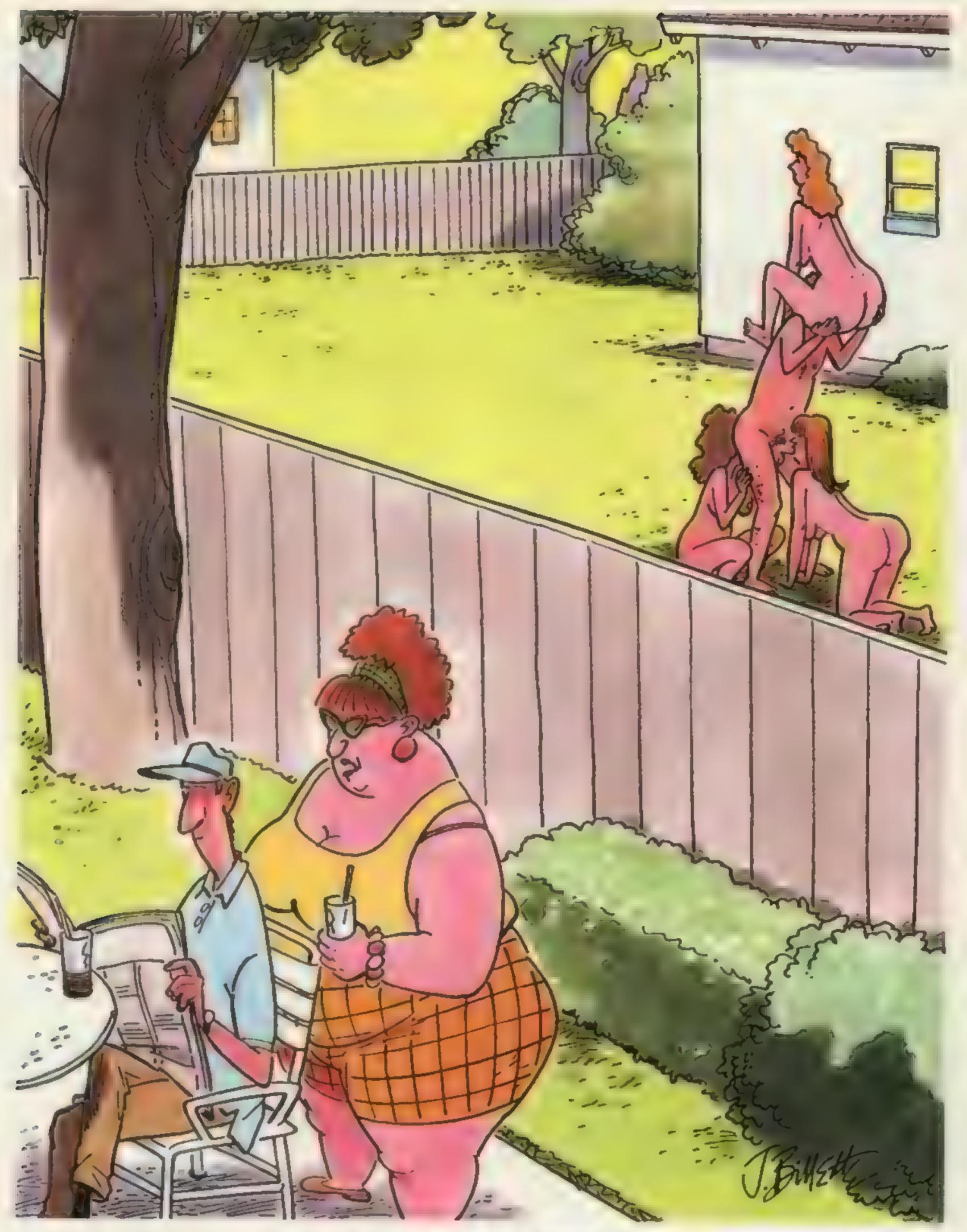
There is no light in the front of the apartment. The flashing glow of video games being played in the next room illuminates four or five guys in baggy tracksuits.

"We lettin' them in?" a voice asks.

(continued on page 118)



"Me? I paid off my credit cards early!"



"I wonder how poor Bob is holding up since his divorce?"



"Riding dirt bikes, camping and sucking dick" are the favorite pastimes of 23-year-old Amanda. This tantalizing Diamond Bar, California, blonde is a dancer by trade who has a very special Christmas wish. "I want to have two women cat honey out of my ass," admits Amanda as she tinkles in front of the Christmas tree. Will you be serving your homemade Christmas pussy pudding for dessert, Amunda?

Photo by Boyfriend

Attention, ladies! Are you an armateur nudist over 18 years of age? The 1999 Beaver Hunt Grand Prize Competition is looking for you! Snap a clear, color picture, and mail it to HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900. Beverly Hillis, CA 90211. Every lady whose picture we print gets \$250 and a chance at the 1999 Grand Prise -a photo-feature worth \$5,000. Grand Prize Finalists win \$1,500 each. The award for the photographer of the Grand Prize Winner is \$500, and the Finalists' pholographers win \$250 Fill out the model release below, and include a photocopy of (1) a photo ID and (2) another form of ID All photos become the unreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine



Lisa is a paramedic who proudly opens a wound that will never heal. Mountain biking, working out and trips to Vegas bring a smile to Lisa's lips. A native of San Francisco, this 23-year-old confesses to watching adult movies with her husband. As a result, Lisa now has an urge to engage in "same-room sex with other couples." With a paramedic in the room, safe sex is assured.

Anustra Photo/Video Contasts *

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Tammy is a sonpy seductress from Mt. Morris, Michigan.
"Kinky sex and singing," are the pastimes of this bathtub
"Exchel. As an assistant manager at a tanning salon, the 24year-old blonds can use her golden voice to lure beautiful
year-old blonds can use her golden voice to lure beautiful
maidens into sharing her bed. Tammy's sensual desires
involve "lots of women, hot sun, cool water and, of course,
involve "lots of women, hot sun, cool water and, of course,
my husband." Sing a sonpy lust song, Tammy.

Photo by Husband

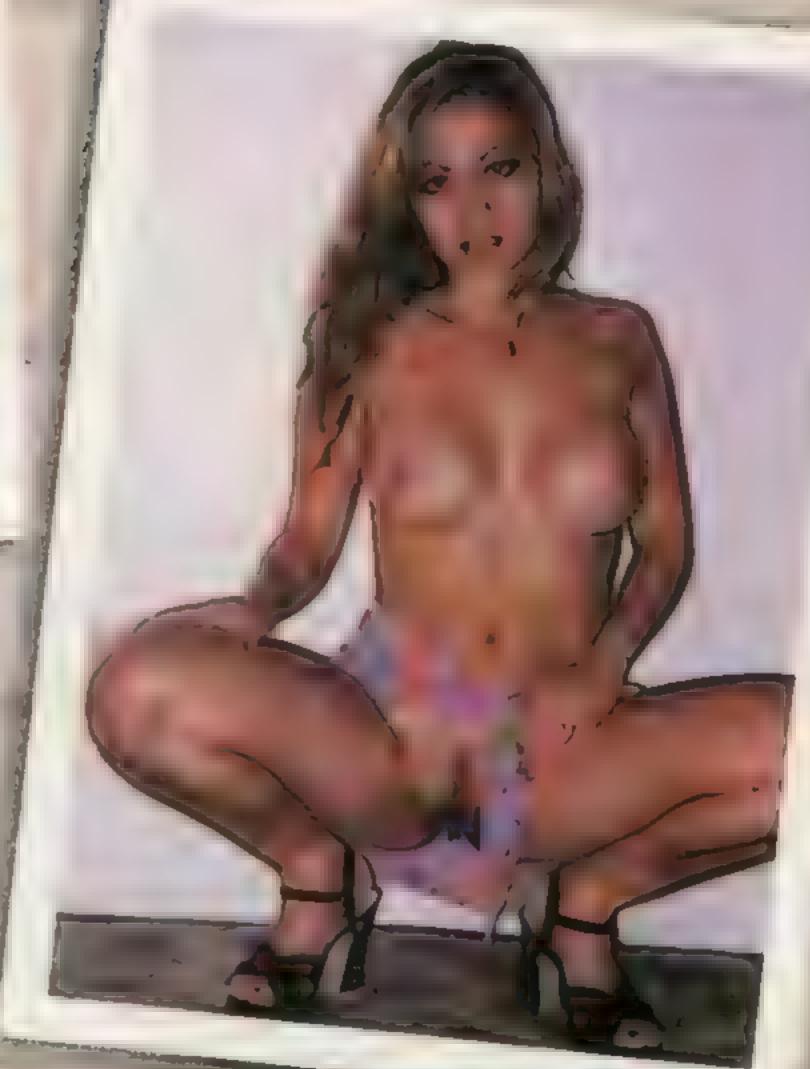
Nicole, 24, is a public-relations coordinator in Las Vegas, Nevada, who likes dancing, music, rock concerts, camping and making candles.

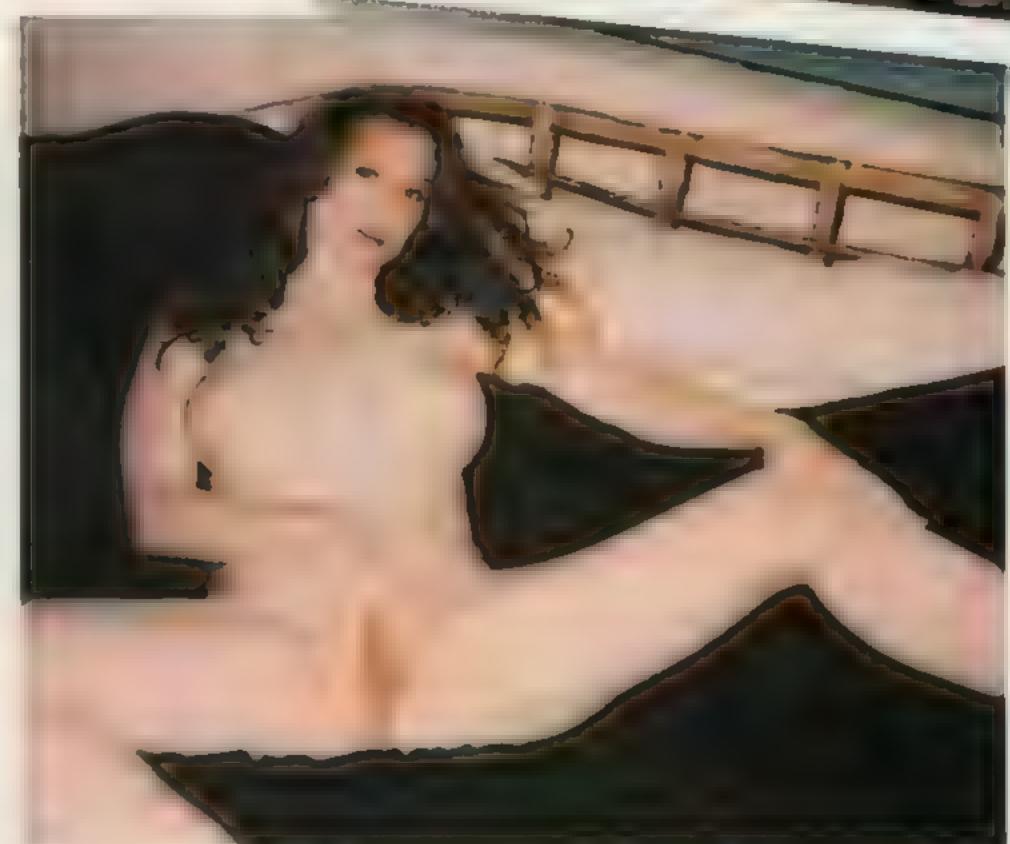
Nicole's obsession with arts and crafts has inspired the coppertopped vixen's crotic funtasy. Nicole confides a desire to be "covered with purple- and pink-latex body paint while being spanked and fucked from behind." A colorful fantasy for a very bad girl.

Photo by Bosfnead

Busty Shandra is a waitress in Fremont, California, whose friends call her "Shandra Slit." An animal lover, 24-year-old Shandra is also fond of swimming and posing nude. Shandra has fulfilled her fantasy of "having wild, passionate sex in the upper Yosemite falls," yet it's a sure bet that Shandra Slit would love to relive that soaking.

Photo by Energy





Trish is a 25-year-old exhibitionist from Dover, Delaware. This health-club administrator keeps in shape by "working out, dancing and going to the beach." Trish trains her body in anticipation of public fornication. "I want to have sex with my lover on my balcony while my neighbors watch and jerk off," announces Trish to the world. Here's hoping you appear nightly with a weekend matinee.

Photo by Friend





Here, kitty kitty! Which pussy is softer? Only P. J. and her girlfriends know for sure. Dreaming of starring in all-girl porn movies revs P. J.'s motor. Auto racing is P. J.'s weekend passion, which leaves plenty of time for her other hobend passion, which leaves plenty of time for her other hobendes. They include "group sex and eating pussy." Thirsting hies. They include "group sex and eating pussy." Thirsting for new experiences, this open-minded 29-year-old from for new experiences, this open-minded 29-year-old from yieldita, kansas, fantasizes about "being done by another girl with a strap-on dildo." 3, 2, 1—GO:



Rose, 23, is a fiery and curvaceous redhead from Madison, Wisconsin. Wild and mysterious, Rose leads a double life as a receptionist by day and a dancer by night. This busty beauty enjoys hiking and long walks to relax, but when an aggressive mood strikes, she'll jump into a game of volley-ball or football and attack her opponents. Rose secretly fantasizes about making love to her best friend in a HUSILER girl-girl pictorial. Is her name Violet, Marigold or Iris? Rose would surely stand out in a lesbian bouquet.

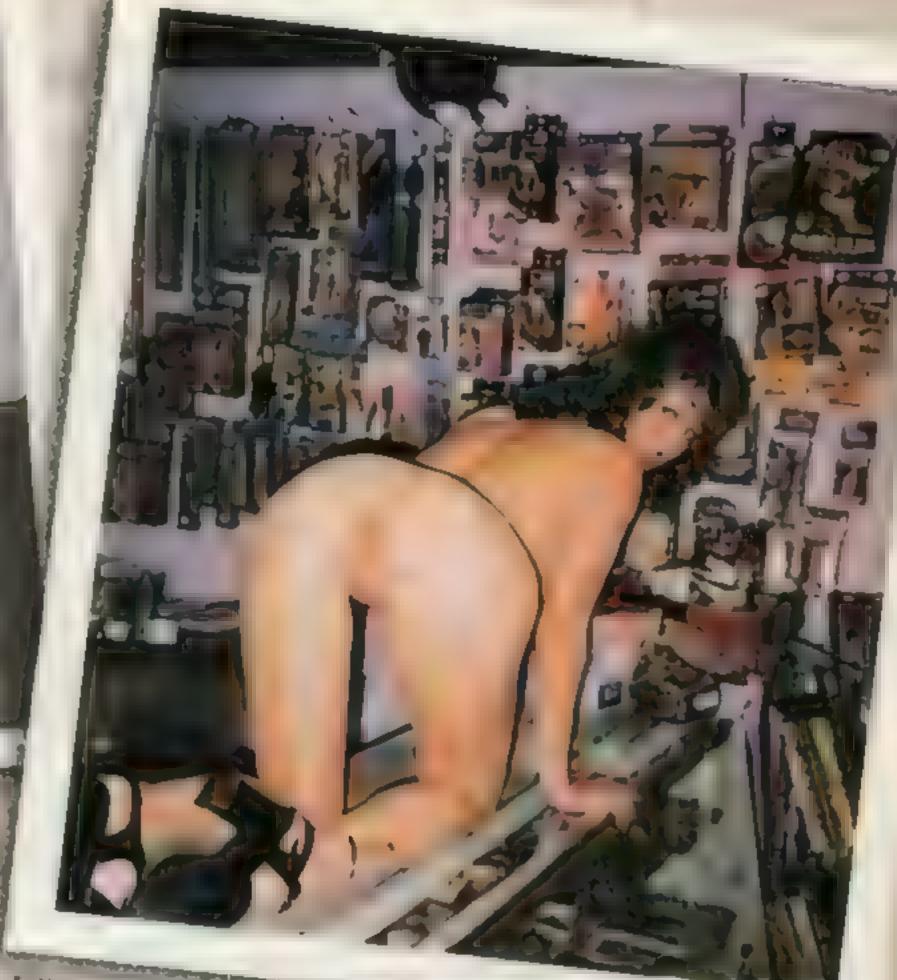
Photo by Friend





Iwenty-one and ready for tun, Amanda rears up for some afternoon delight. "I love making love during the day," confesses the wavy-haired waitress from Lincoln, Alabama. Amanda's secret wish is to "have sex with Alabama. Amanda's secret wish is to "have sex with another woman while my husband watches." Surely you another woman while my husband watches." Surely you can recruit a sexy girlfriend from your restaurant. Tell can recruit a sexy girlfriend from your restaurant. Your boss you need to swap shifts so y'all can swap spit.

Phote by Husband



Fill up this Chevelle and burn rubber. Chevelle, 33, works in the "adult-entertainment-sales industry," and she gushes that "there's nothing like selling a sex toy to a hot chick." Orlando, Florida, is Chevelle's stamping ground, and she lists "lingerie, flashing and looking at all the beautiful women" as her preoccupations. Many Pheno by Local





Nobody leaves the house until Jennifer is satisfied. This 22year-old loan processor from Fairfield, California, demands that her plan for romance be fulfilled. "Having sex on the beach during a moonlit night as the waves caress my legs" is Jennifer's secret wish. Here's hoping Jennifer is whisked from Fairfield to eternity.

Photo by Husband

Tanned, petite and fun-loving, Jessie craves horseback rides and four-wheel-drive adventures. A barmaid by trade, this 33-year-old College Park, Maryland, native lists the ingredients for her own personal sexual adventure: "Two guys, one girl and a pizza place." A pizza sex party can only be a satisfying meal with a deep-dish like Jessie. Photo by Friend

Little Red is a 22-year-old warehouse worker from Omaha, Nehraska, Besides running, Little Red informs us that she enjoys "lots of exercise in the bedroom." This redbeaded girly from the heartland funtasizes about being "harvested in a cornfield." Will you allow some lucky Cornhusker to cornhole you? Let's hope so. Go Big Red!

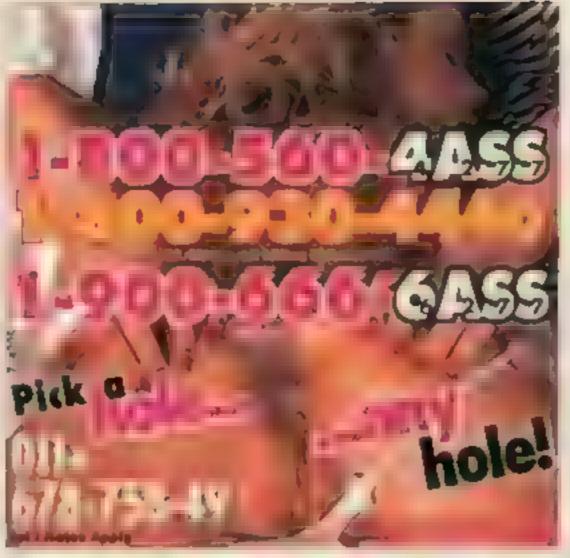
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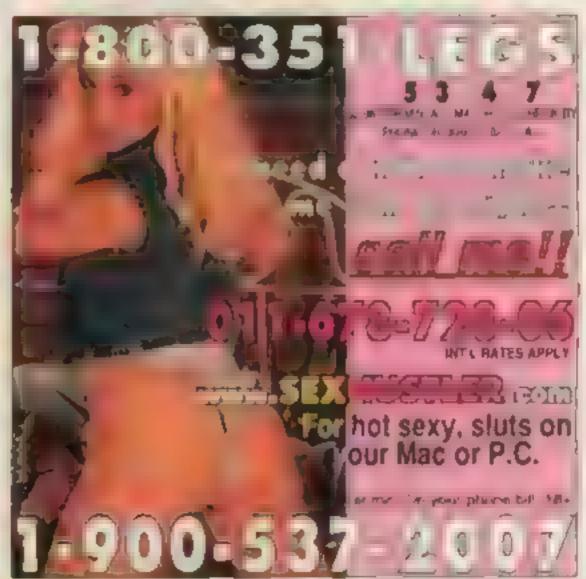


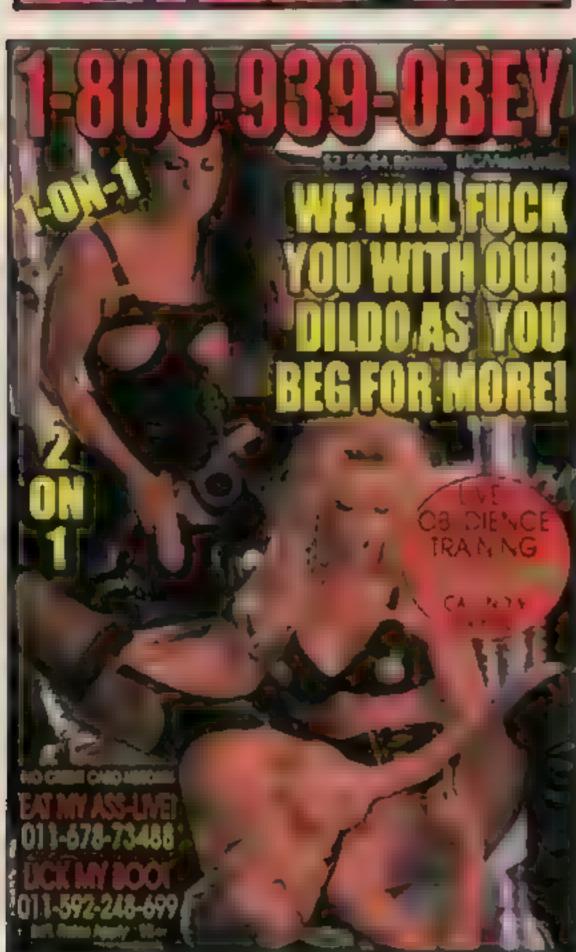






























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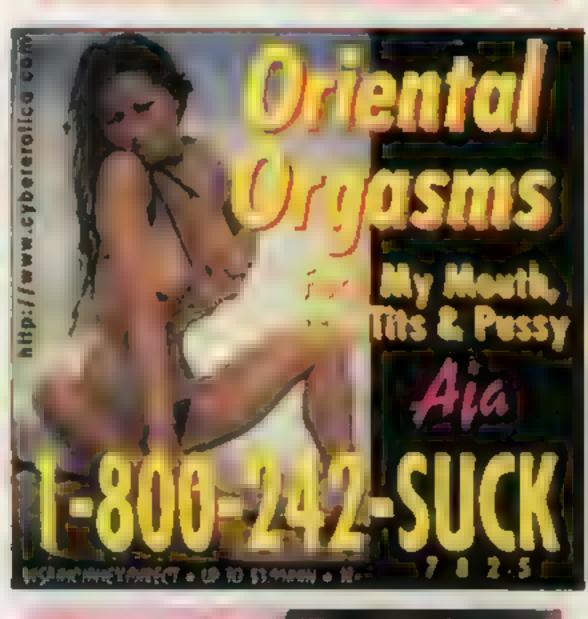
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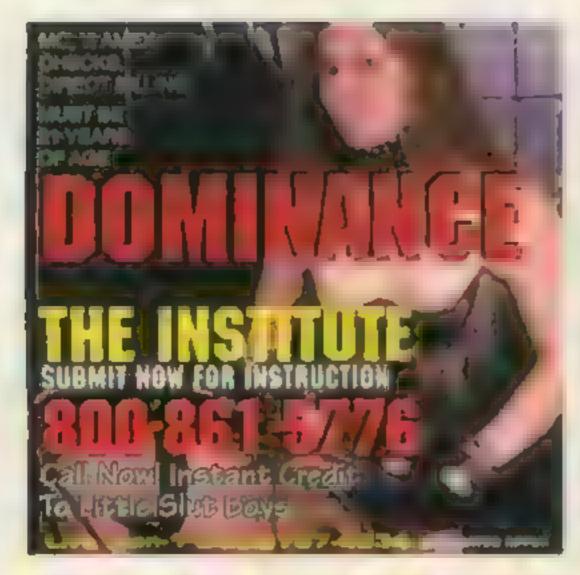




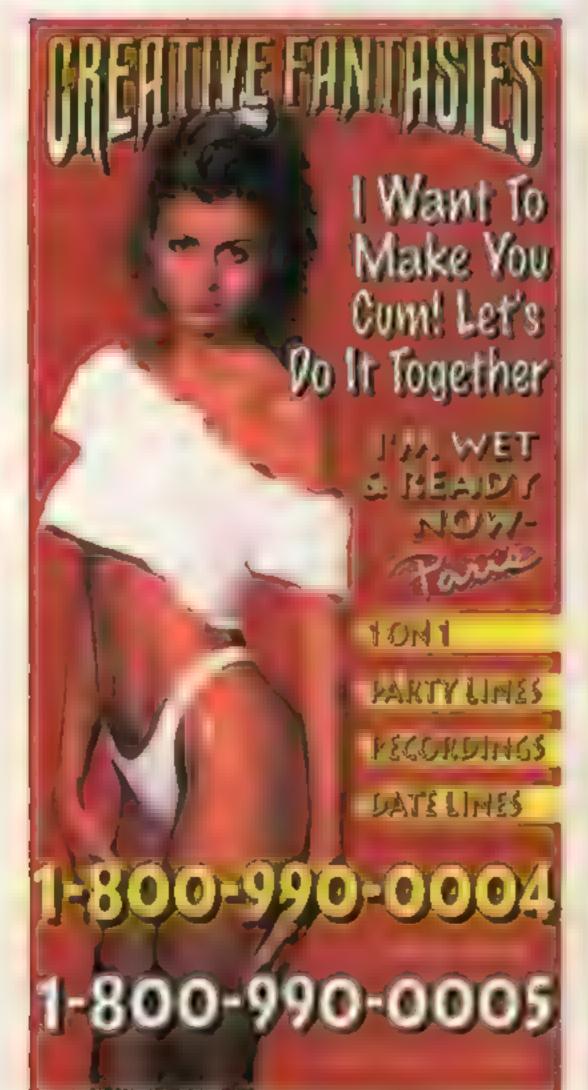






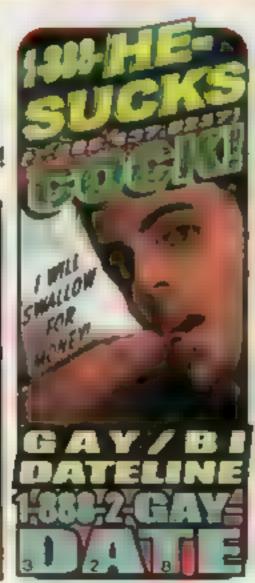


















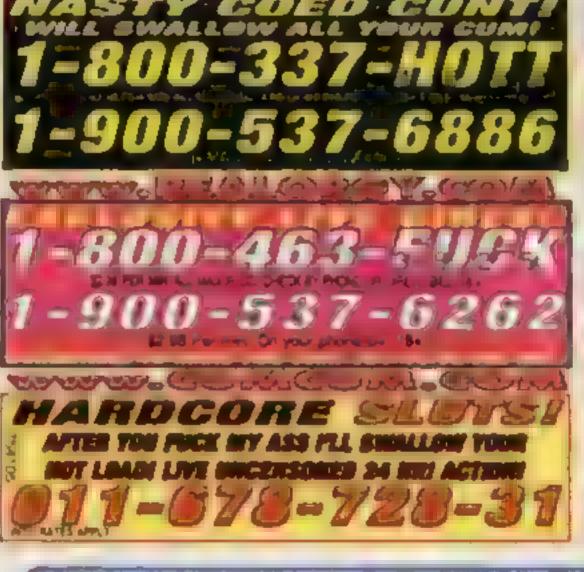




























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(continued from page 102)

No Jerk City One portly prostitute wears turquoise Spandex, tightly wound around her thunder thighs. In spite of a few missing teeth, she is ravishing, with cherry-red lipstick and a Chaka Khan-style wig.

"Yeah."

"They payin'?"

"Yeah."

We are frisked. After we fork over 15 bucks apiece, we are handed a scrap of paper that reads: THE G SPOT. ONE FREE DRINK, NO HENNESSY.

Michele and I walk through the empty apartment toward the heavy thump of rap music. At the far end of the last room, there is a hole in the floor and a handmade wooden staircase plunging almost straight down into the basement. This is the G Spot.

Michele and I climb down the treacherous stairs into a hand-fashioned strip joint, Store-bought, full-length mirrors are spaced a couple of feet apart on the walls. In one corner, a light is trained on a brass bar on a small platform, but no one is dancing. A few guys sit in folding chairs against the walls, and a few girls sit too. No one's talking. Everyone seems tired, like it's the end of a long night of partying, even though it's only three in the morning.

I hand my coupon to a heavily muscled guy sitting behind the bar. He pulls a Heineken out of a cooler and cracks it open for me.

next to her.

She leans over and whispers in my ear. "Wanna fuck?" she asks.

I take a gulp of my beer.

"Fifty bucks," she adds.

Now I understand why there's no one dancing. The G Spot has a busy backroom scene.

Fifty bucks is a bargain, and I could probably talk her down from there, but I'm down to my last 20 bucks. With it, I huy a lap dance. Precious guides me to a chair at the end of the bar. She sits on my lap and grinds her big, black ass on my crotch for the duration of a song. There is little art to her grinding; I grab huge handfuls of her buttocks

Low on cash, Michele and I decide to take off. We have yet to visit the notorious Hunts Point Market.

Precious calls out for all the room to hear, "Come back again. I will fuck you,"

We drive to the Bronx in Michele's jalopy. As we approach the remote industrial area, it is obvious that Giuliani's quality-of-life crusade does not apply in no-man's land. We cruise down Lafayette Street and spot several tramps on parade at the end of the block.

It's colder than a witch's teat on this A big girl, Precious, beckons to me avenue of disgrace; blazing ashcans fan with a finger. I sit on an empty barstool the flames of promiscuity and ward off

frostbite. The flickering flames cast light on lives of complete abandon and act as a beacon for johns.

A pair of hookers advances in the direction of a yellow cab that has discreetly pulled up. (It's well known that hos and cabbies love each other. It's a fare exchange: blowjobs for cab rides.) We spot other bitches on this block with helicopter head: on the lookout for tricks and cops. As a slut approaches our car, wouldn't you know it? A blaring siren cuts through the night, and an NYPD patrol car screeches down the block at high speed. The hookers scatter like antelope. Michele and I maintain our course toward Manida Street.

Michele sidles up to a pair of harlots plying their trade on their assigned corner. One portly prostitute wears turquoise Spandex, tightly wound around her thunder thighs. In spite of a few missing teeth, she is ravishing, with cherry-red lipstick and a Chaka Khan-style wig. Her look intensifies the thrill of this safari to darkest Africa, by way of the Bronx. Another working girl decked out in latex and lace appears. We signal her over. Before I can say shit to her, a pimp pounces on her with a bitch slap, and an argument in some sort of dialect I find unintelligible ensues. This is the nature of the game, for better or for worse.

We decide to split this scene, but not until we take one last look. Back on Hunts Point Avenue, a Land Rover that wasn't there before is parked. We approach surreptitiously. One woman seems to be commuting from the back to the front seat. As we come around for another pass, I can see that she's being banged doggy-style from the backseat while sucking off the driver. This is the kind of performance that makes Michele and me very proud to be New Yorkers. This has made our fucking day. By now it's quite late, and I tell Michele I've had enough.

"Let's get the fuck out of here," I say.

From what I can surmise, plenty of former showgirls were lead astray from the eurythmics of nude dancing to a pitiful Hunts Point "ho-down," They were falsely indicted for being a corrosive element in our society. Found guilty by a kangaroo court, the girls were then sentenced to the streets. I wish them well on their misguided journey.

While I'm lost in this thought, Michele, using his Italian-born mental telepathy, has procured an innocent-looking Puerto Rican streetwalker named Nadia, Soon, she's in the back of the car giving Michele a handjob. I sit in front and wait my turn. 🧽



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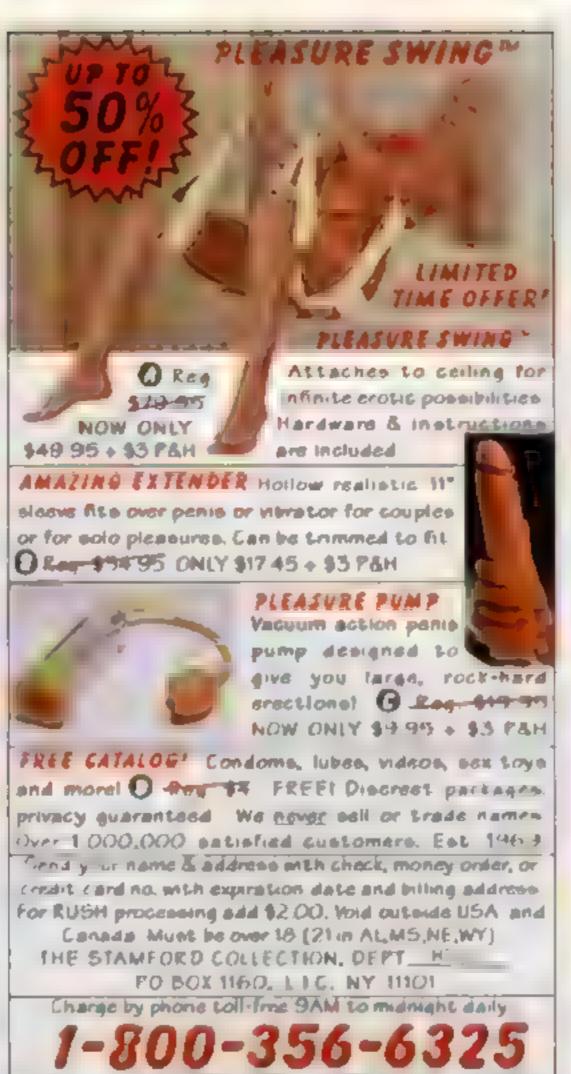
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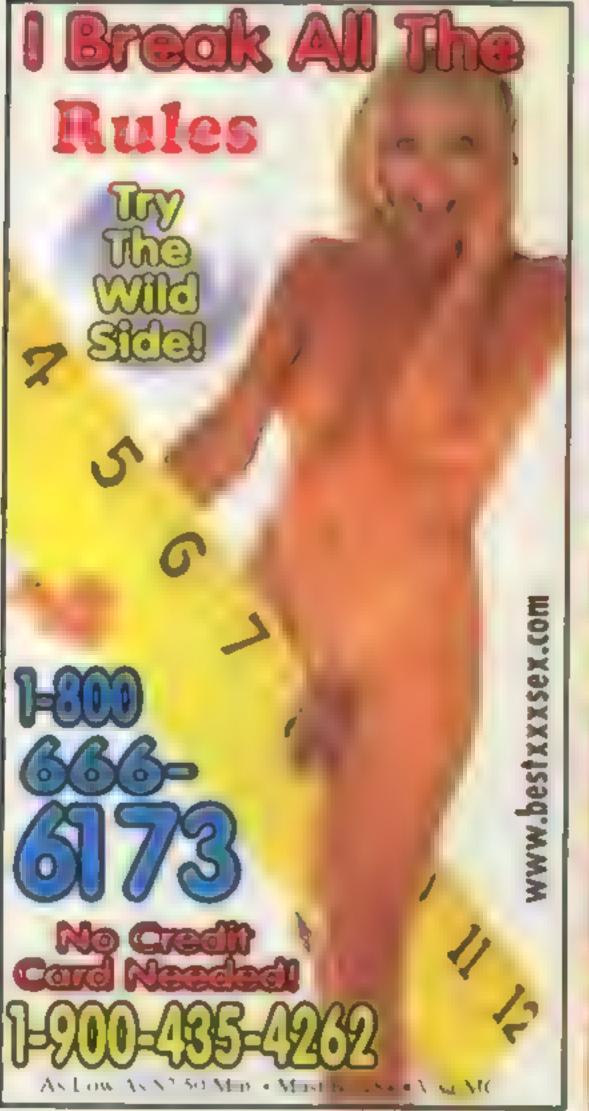
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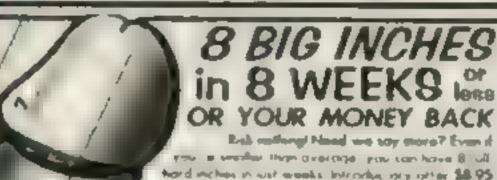
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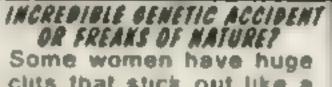
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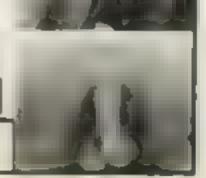
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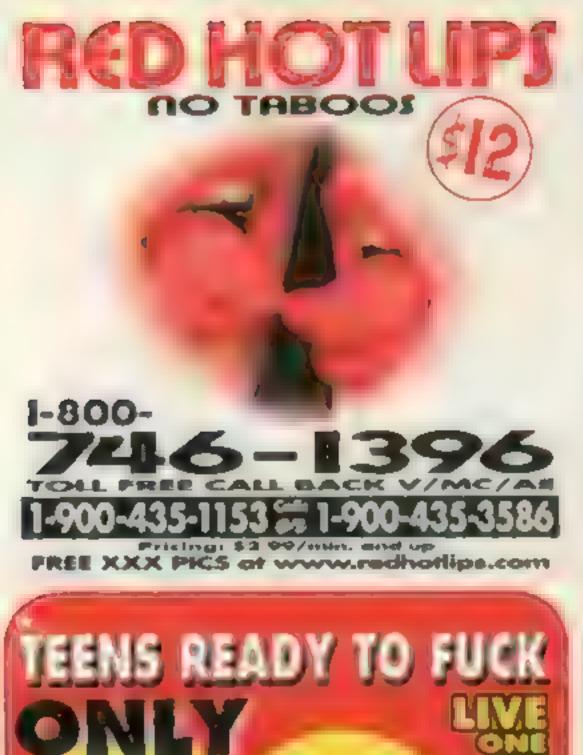


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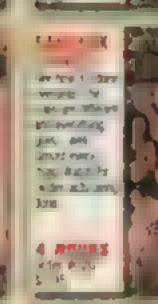












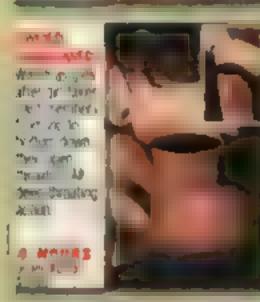












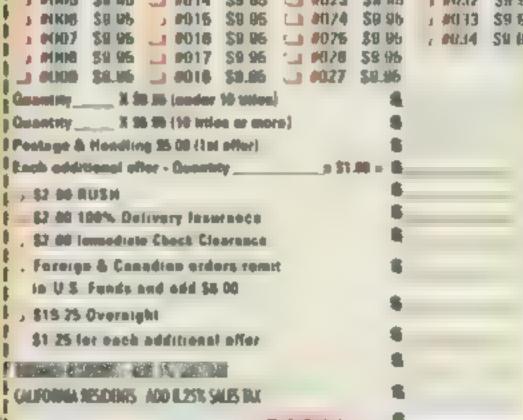




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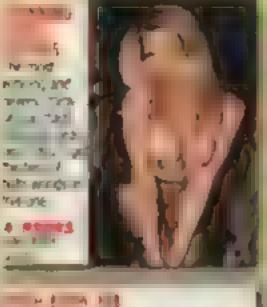




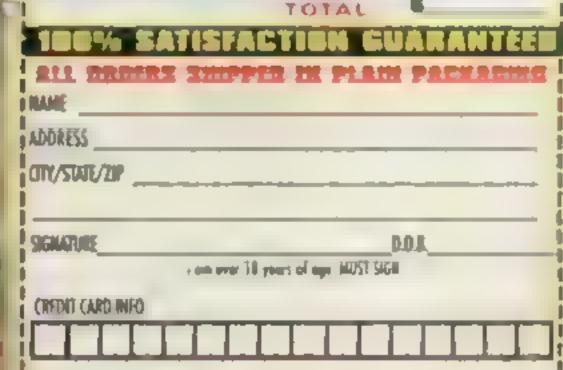
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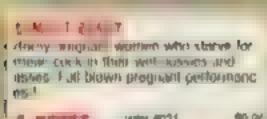






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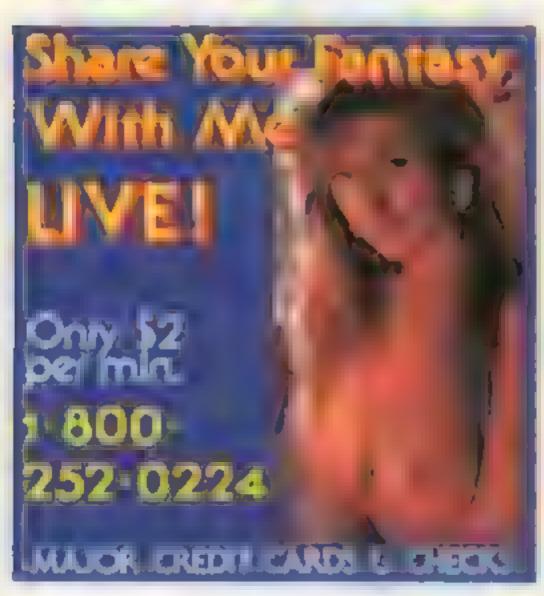
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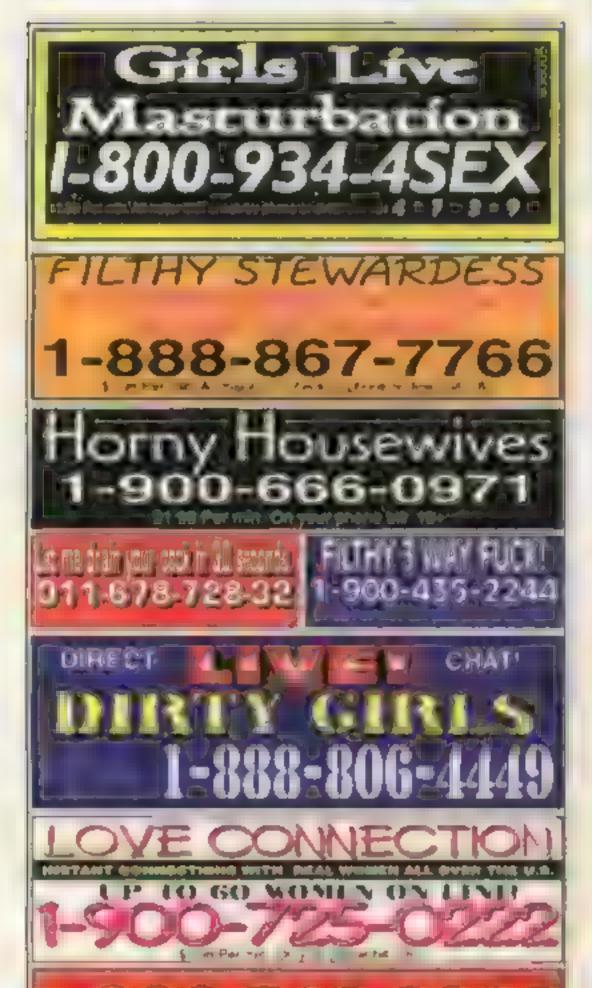








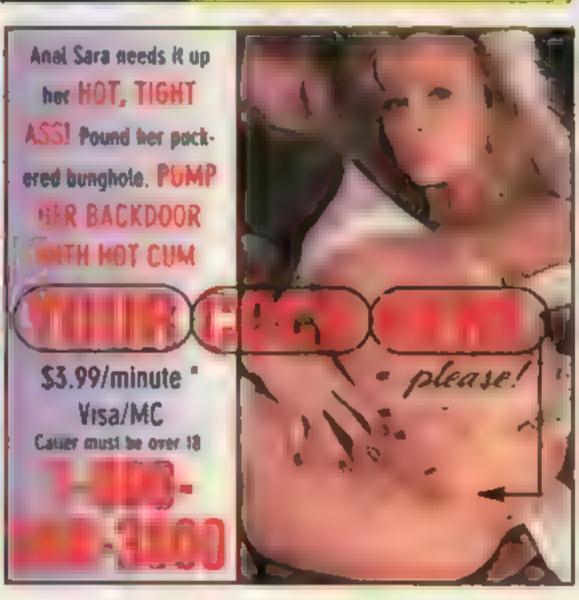














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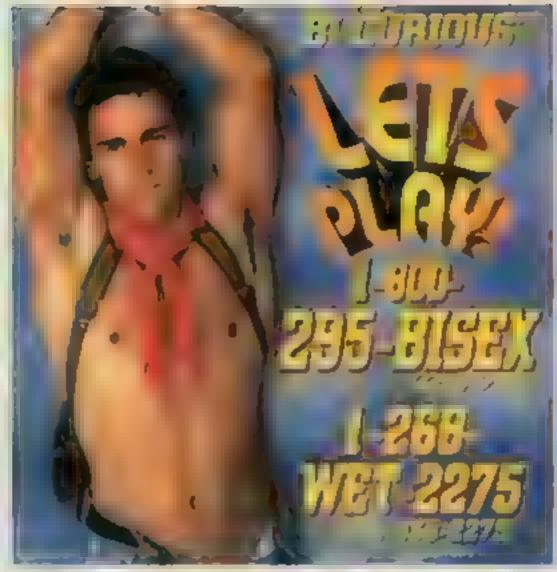
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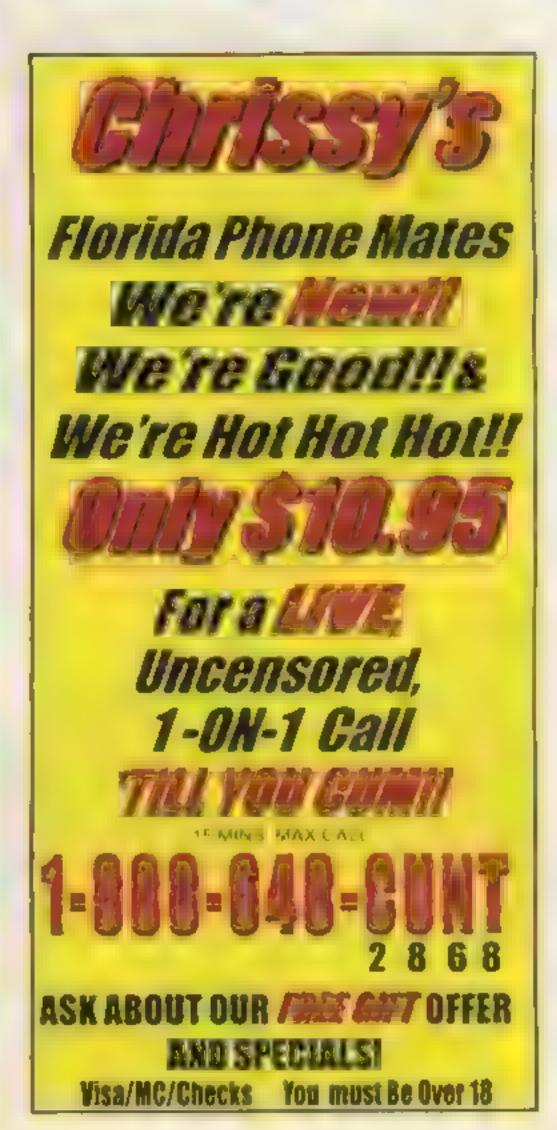


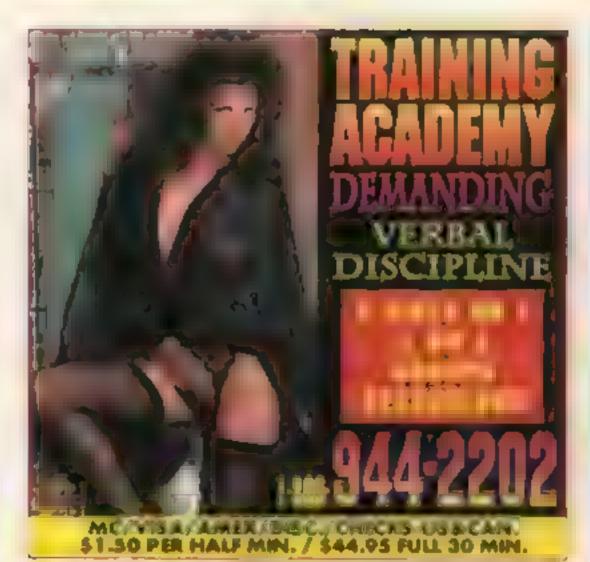




























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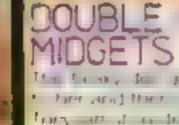
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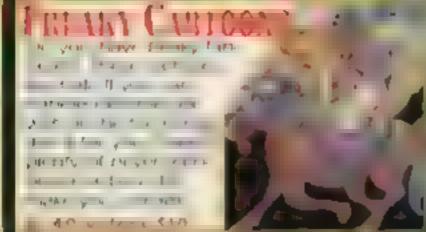


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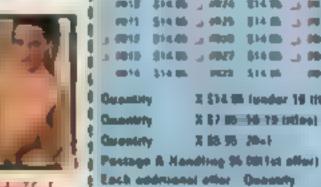
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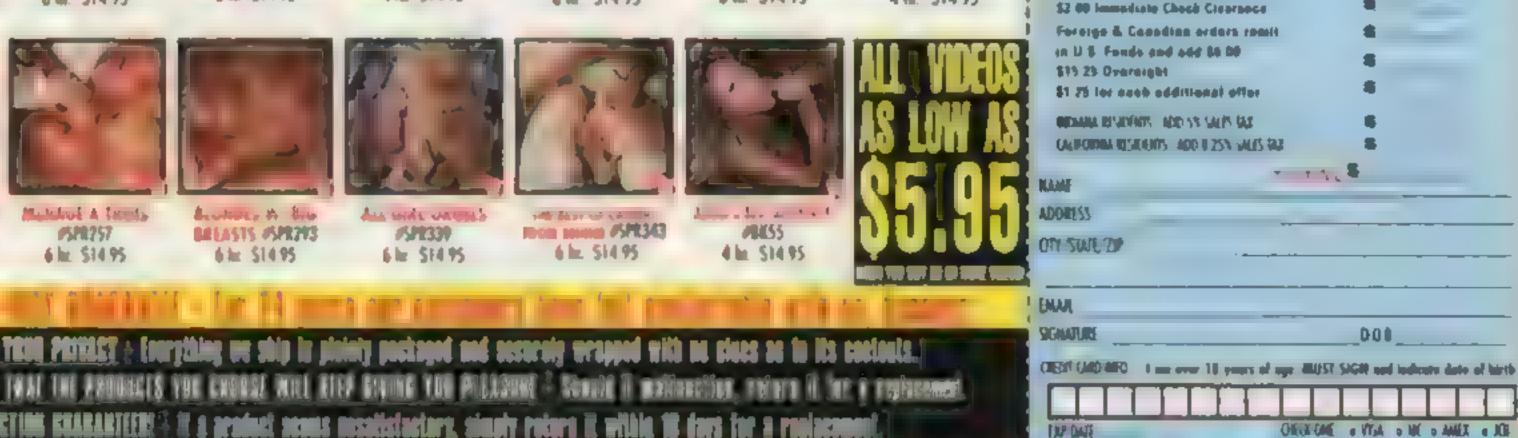
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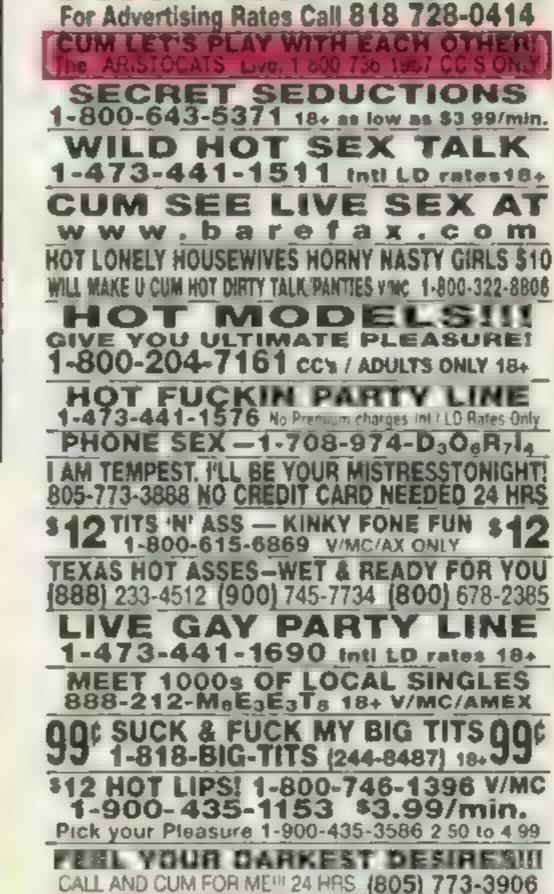


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(continued from page 43)

Hot Letters Kam's love lips were as turned out and chewed up as one-dollar orange chicken. I suppose that's what happens when you fucky-fuck horses for a living.

kissed her wide, pale ass. I bent her over the sink and instructed her to hold on tight; then I punched her uterus like a onearmed Muhammad Ali.

With every stab, she howled, "Yes! Yes! Yesss! Oh, my gentle Jesus!" Just as quickly, Georgina wriggled away and curled into a postorgasmic ball. I figured it was my turn for a little lez love, but Georgina declared herself "too weirded out."

Fucking bitch! The good news for HUSTLER readers is that I'm hornier than ever. Whichever one of you sees me on the street first and offers to fuck is in for the ride of his life - and I promise not to stick it in your ass. -11 V

Mifflin, Pennsylvania

BABES IN THAILAND

Recently, I met the most incredible Thai woman through a dating phone line. Her name is Kam. As you can imagine, Kam doesn't speak a lot of English; so our initial conversations weren't so great. Thank God she speaks the international language of money. When Kam heard that I drive a brand-new Lexus, she was ripe and ready to gobble my gonads. Naturally, I had to pick her up and take her to an actual dinner first.

Kam's apartment was a shitty little hovel in a bad part of town. The dump looked like the Taj Mahal to me...because Kam was standing in the living room without a stitch of clothing.

"Me not ready," she said haltingly. "You early. Close eyes; Kam dress." I obeyed. The image of her bare, golden skin, chocolate nipples and perfectly trimmed bush were already burned into the back of my eyelids. Even without a visual, I could smell her sweet-and-sour slit.

I babbled, "Ahhh...so...what brings you to the United States? You said you were an entertainer back home." Using such typical pickup speak was pointless with a ginch who barely understood me, but my Asian fever had my mind on automatic. I would have said anything with the woody I was sprouting.

"Kam fuck," she stated in a simple and eloquent fashion. "Me fuck horsey. Men watch Kam and horsey fucky-fuck. Okay...you open eyes now." I did, and my horny peepers enjoyed the same sight they had closed upon: Kam's trim, lithe body in the buff. Something told me she was ready to fuck. I didn't want to struggle with our language barrier for half an hour to find out. Instead, I threw her onto a mattress and prepared to plunge my all-American beef inside her vaginal barrier.

"Ah-ahh," she scolded, grabbing my

testicles in a kung fu grip. "Let me see your wallet first." I was amazed at the way her command of English improved for the necessities. She took a look at the hundreds within and smiled. "Okay. You, Kam fucky-fuck. But either put on condom or fuck ass if you know what good for you," Fine with me. Kam's love lips were as turned out and chewed up as onedollar orange chicken. I suppose that's what happens when you fucky-fuck horses for a living. A bottle of skin lotion was conveniently located next to the bed; I pumped out a fistful of the yellow mess and smeared it all over her yellow ass.

Eve butt-fucked babes with skin cream before. The problem is absorption. Only a few minutes of sodomy tend to go by before it's time to grease up again. I squeezed nearly the entire bottle onto my rigid, white schween. The sticky stuff felt nice and cool dribbling onto my balls and her bed. My foot-long had grown nice and fat; Hifted Kam's ankles to my shoulders and allowed my swollen head to poke her bunghole.

"Nee-ho-mahhh," she exclaimed-or something like that. Whatever she said must have been an exclamation of pain. Her already-narrow eyes were scrunched so tightly, they seemed to disappear. Kam expelled breath in quick, hot bursts, like a

woman giving birth. She used both hands to spread her cheeks wider.

I sank more gourd in her shitter, allowing my pole to settle within her rectal muscles. Finally, Kam opened her eyes and rolled further onto her back. I was nearly lifted off my feet by the movement. What the fuck was the little butt slut doing?

The answer came close to the same time I did. Somehow, she was able to wrap her legs around me, balance perfeetly and lift me in and out of her asshole. She used me like a human butt plug! I was completely caught in her iron grasp, half terrified and half orgasmic. Her rubbery rectum blossomed to take me to the hilt; I hit brown and unleashed a torrential load. Roughly, Kam dropped me to the floor, rolled until she was in a near handstand and blew my spunk—in addition to about a gallon of moisturizer—out her ass! The blast caught me in the face and stung like hell.

I was impressed and left Kam more than \$500. However, I'll probably wait a while before our next date; I want to regain my full eyesight first. — R. H.

Bellingham, Washington

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





PULLUL RAGING WATERS PHOTOGRAPHY BY FLAMINGO PHOTO Beautiful but alone, Mindy stretches out on her bed and ponders the lack of male suitors in her life. "I think I intimidate men," Mindy offers, stroking her neglected honeypot. "They see my wholesome looks and figure I'm a shrinking violet. When they take me home and realize I'm a pee freak, they trip out. A few weeks ago, I asked a guy to cap off our all-night fuckathon by serving me a piss cocktail. His frightened weenie couldn't spill a single drop of bladder juice into my mouth. The pussy

actually cried! I laughed in his face and told him to get the fuck out.

you can't give me a mouthful, you'll definitely hear about it,"

"I'm beginning to think that there aren't any real men out there," sighs the lonely deviant, "Of

course, if anyone wants to prove me wrong, I'm more than ready to take them on. Just be warned: If





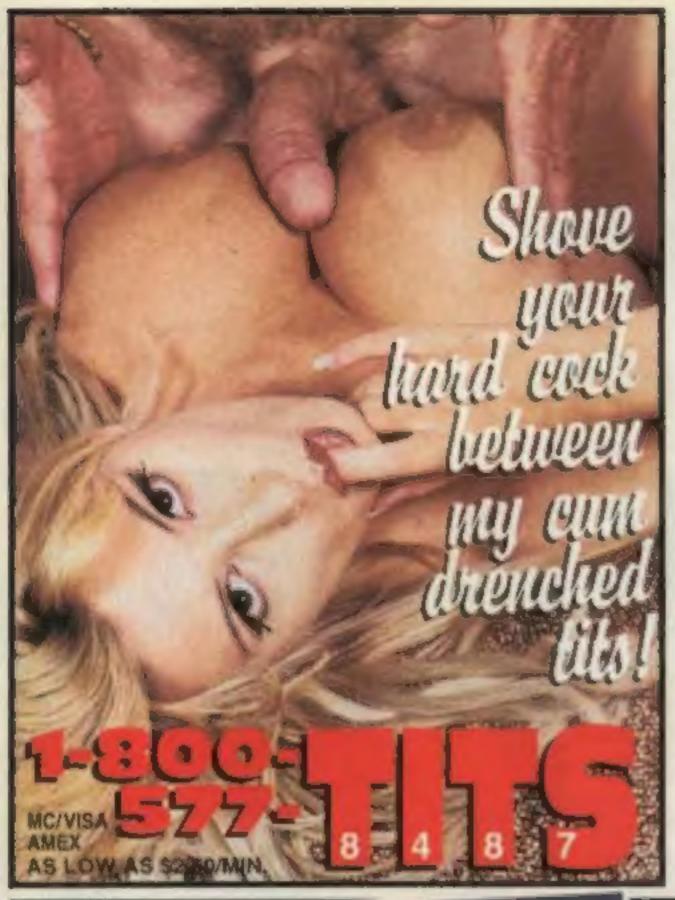




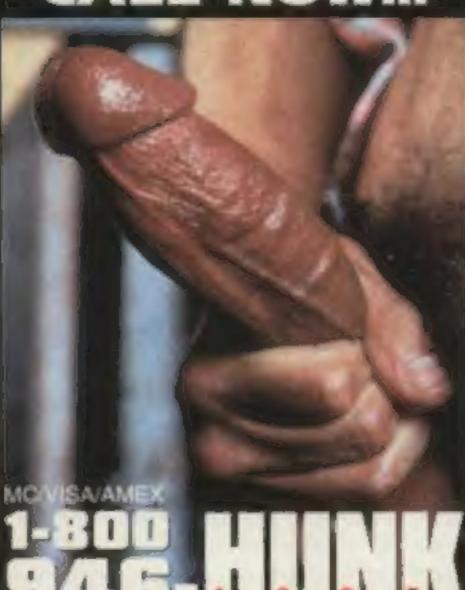








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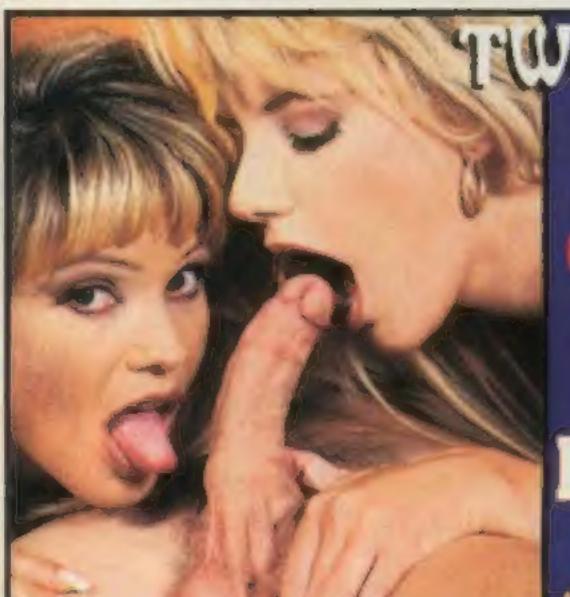
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HUSTLER

WINTER WONDER-BABES

Winter wonder-babes melt in your hands as well as your mouth in the December 1999 HUSTLER. Feast on fiery, redheaded Sarah, who struts through an apocalyptic land-scape in fishnets, corset and dog collar—apocalypse wow! Catholic schoolgirls Tess and Tyson tussle on a cold restroom floor. The catfight for dominance culminates in a toilet-flush swirlie for one unlucky girlie. Petite Asian Mia submits to her tattooed, roughneck boyfriend on a dirt floor for some cum-guzzling, yellow-slitty fucky-sucky fun. For those who yearn for simpler pleasures, sunny Summer is a leggy blonde who pleasures herself on her blue, gingham blanket. Summer in winter, handcuffs and chains—December's vixens launch pussy flames.

KNOCKING HER UP

Upon losing their virginity, men spend years shooting hundreds of loads into rubbers, onto women's bellies and into their girlfriends' sensitive eye sockets. Besides simply getting off, their top priority is to avoid knocking up their partners. Sometimes, when finally deciding to create Junior, a man discovers that he's been shooting blanks. How can a man with dead seed reinvent himself as a baby-making machine? Discover the latest medical advances and the drastic measures many men have taken to become a daddy in December's Sex Play, "Knocking Her Up: Overcoming Male Infertility."

HEROIN FOR ALLAH

A reign of terror exists in the wake of the Afghan-Soviet war as the extremist Muslim Taliban movement abuses its newfound power. Stadium-capacity crowds witness amputations, floggings and executions at the hands of the Taliban in Kabul, Afghanistan, all in the name of virtue. Taliban soldiers gleefully parade the severed limbs around the stadium and stir the crowd into a frenzy. New evidence suggests that these spectacles are funded by a heroin trade that has more than quadrupled production under Taliban rule. Witness the sordid truths as HUSTLER's overseas correspondent James Emery unmasks the reinvigorated huns in December.

SCATTERED CUNT FLURRIES

December's HUSTLER also features Butt Secrets of the Anal Queens. Who wears the sphincter-fuck crown? Find out in December. Porn-star action figures make excellent stocking stuffers. HUSTLER's Bits & Pieces displays a wide variety of plastic porn pussy to choose from. Frozen neighborhood slits thaw and open wide in December's Beaver Hunt. Whether the gash is wet and clumpy or soft and fluffy, HUSTLER's December cooze will warm winter willies.

December HUSTLER on sale September 21, 1999.

HUSTLER's Web site is coming now at http://www.hustler.com







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