

HUSTLER

SEPTEMBER 1999

VOLUME 26 NUMBER 3





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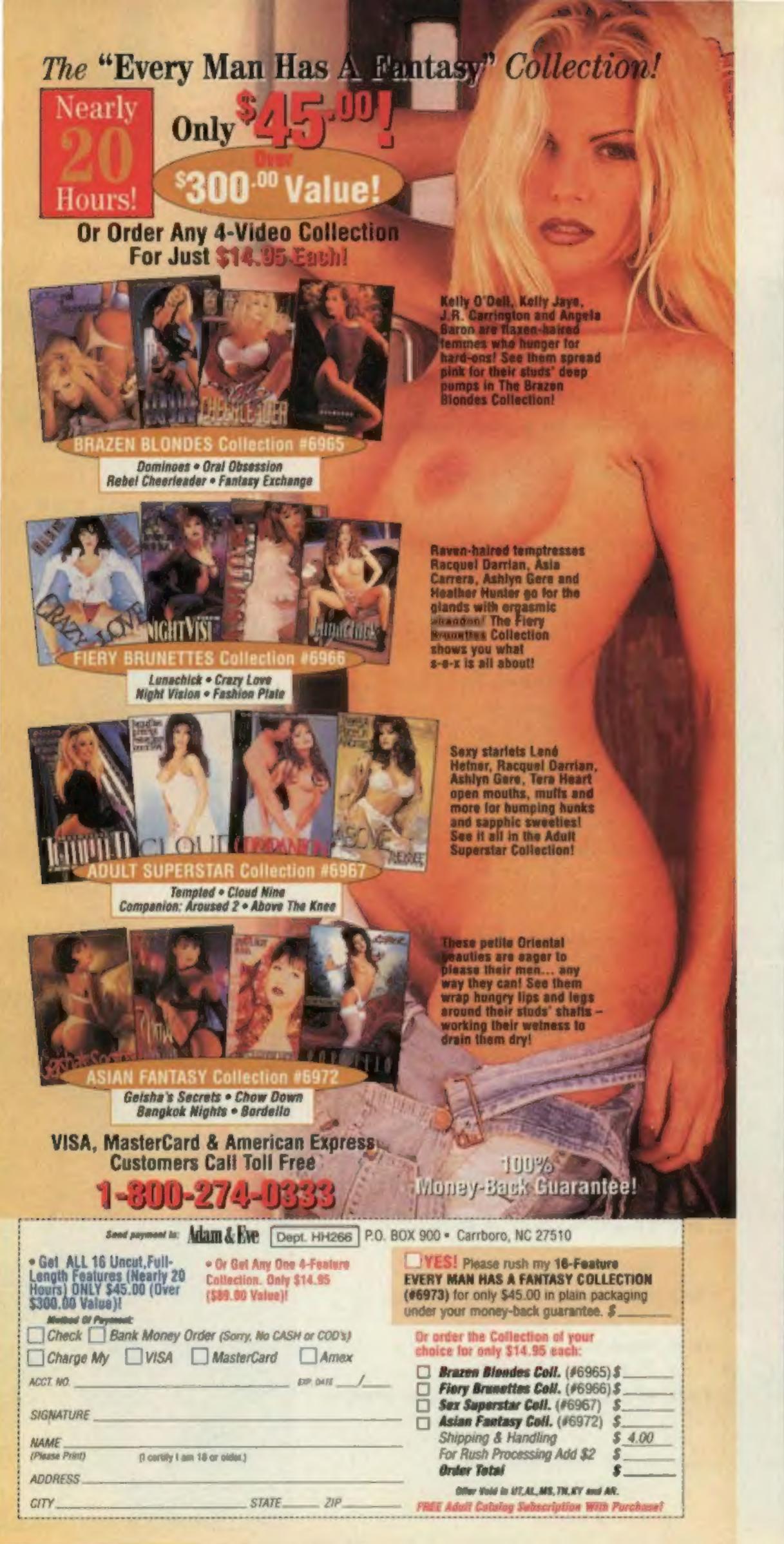
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ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

Like every other half-ass movie star, old ham Charlton Heston appears larger than life when his craggy face is magnified on the silver screen. But strand the actor among a group of actual men, and his attributes shrink proportionately. Away from the film set, Heston's most striking characteristic is his uncanny resemblance to a giant rectal swelling. Charlton Heston is an O-ring of Biblical proportions, big enough to qualify as HUSTLER's Asshole of the Month for September 1999.

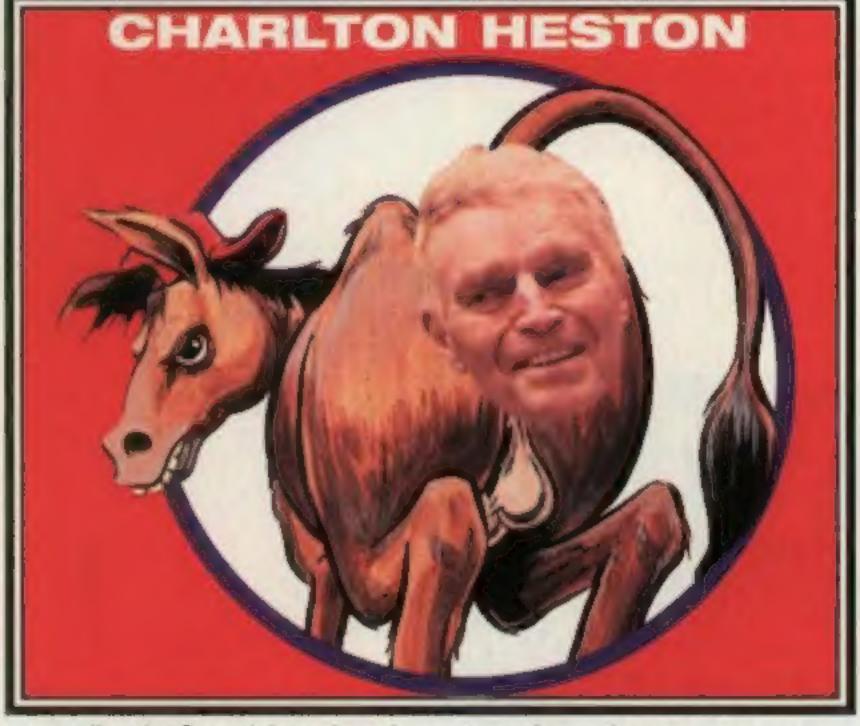
Many, many years ago, September's Asshole came to fame while wearing a long, flowing gown as Moses and a thigh-slapping skirt as Ben-Hur. The cross-dresser now uses his deep-throat voice to project an image of himself as the stern national grandpa. Heston is fond of invoking "those wise, old, white dead guys who invented this country." He seems to infer that he belongs among them. Heston is old, white and, in many important aspects, dead, but wisdom eludes him.

In 1998 Charlton Heston was elected president of the 2.8-millionmember National Rifle Association. Heston vowed to improve the NRA's image. "I think we'll find ourselves back in the mainstream of American life," he predicted.

"We have been demonized by the media," said NRA vice president Wayne LaPierre. "This is a way to say, hey, Moses is on our side."

Heston has characterized all history's great leaders as actors, but, as NRA stalwarts have complained, not all actors make great leaders.

Heston toes the NRA party line



regarding the Second Amendment's importance. "There is no such thing as a free nation where police and military are allowed the force of arms, but individual citizens are not," he says.

But Chuck also believes that "AK-47s are inappropriate for private ownership, of course."

To extend Heston's own logic, if the police have tanks, and the populace is denied a measly assault rifle, how free can our nation be?

On April 20, 1999, two gunmen shot themselves to death after massacring 12 students and a teacher at Columbine High School in Littleton, Colorado, Almost before the children were finished bleeding to death, Charlton Heston had

stepped upon the corpses as upon a soapbox, proclaiming, "If there had been even one armed guard in that school, he could have saved a lot of lives." Heston should have held back his promotional zeal for one hour. He would have learned that the school indeed had an armed guard on duty at the time of the shootings.

The Columbine shooters were reportedly obsessed with the "firstperson shooter" video game Doom, a form of entertainment that has a progenitor in Omega Man, a film in which Charlton Heston stars as a lone human in a world of mutants. The plot consists of Heston shooting everybody who is not like him.

In the wake of the Columbine

tragedy, officials and citizens of Denver requested that the NRA reschedule a convention to be held May 1 in their city.

"This is our country," responded Heston, speaking in an official capacity as the gun lobby's Moses. "We're free to travel wherever we want." Heston was insulted by "offensive" and "absurd" suggestions that the NRA should show sensitivity to mourning locals.

Only 3,000 of the NRA's 2.8 million members attended the convention, an indication that the group's rank and file are decent people who honor the grief of their countrymen.

Marilyn Manson showed greater kindness than Charlton Heston. "People are trying to sort out what happened and to deal with their losses," stated Manson, postponing five concerts out of respect for the dead of Littleton.

Why couldn't Moses have displayed the compassion of Manson? After all, Heston claims to be a student of Jesus, Gandhi and Martin Luther King. The NRA president is fond of ending his speeches by saying, "If Dr. King were here, I think he would agree."

Dr. King-like Gandhi-was killed by gunfire and cannot respond to Heston's assertion of solidarity.

Simple concepts baffle Charlton Heston. If "we've got to take the bullets out of the gun to put on the safety lock, then we don't need the safety lock because the gun is empty." The point of the lock is to prevent a child from putting bullets into grandpa Heston's gun and shooting him in his doddering Asshole.

Pamela Anderson:

Pamela Anderson destroyed the fantasy lives of countiess American males by reconciling with ass-kicker Tommy Lee and removing the implants from her tits. HUSTLER recognizes that nothing is more uplifting than a buoyant set of natural-grown titties. Still, we must cry foul to Anderson's voluntary

FARTS IN THE WIND

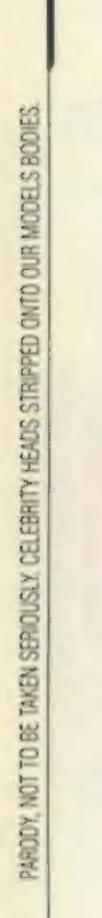
downsizing. Surgically stacked celebrity skanks have been quick to jump on the no-silicone publicity bandwagon, claiming that they too will cut the falsies out of their fronts, and Pamela is Asshole by association.

Alan Dershowitz: Alan Dershowitz is a lawyer who worked to free O. J. Simpson. In the June issue of Penthouse, Dershowitz condemns Larry Flynt as a "fellow traveler on the river of muck." This comment is in regard to Mr. Flynt's exposure of hypocritical politicians and exposes Alan Dershowitz as a fellow traveler with Penthouse publisher Bob Guccione on a river of Assholism.

Half-Assed Competitors



A decorator's 10

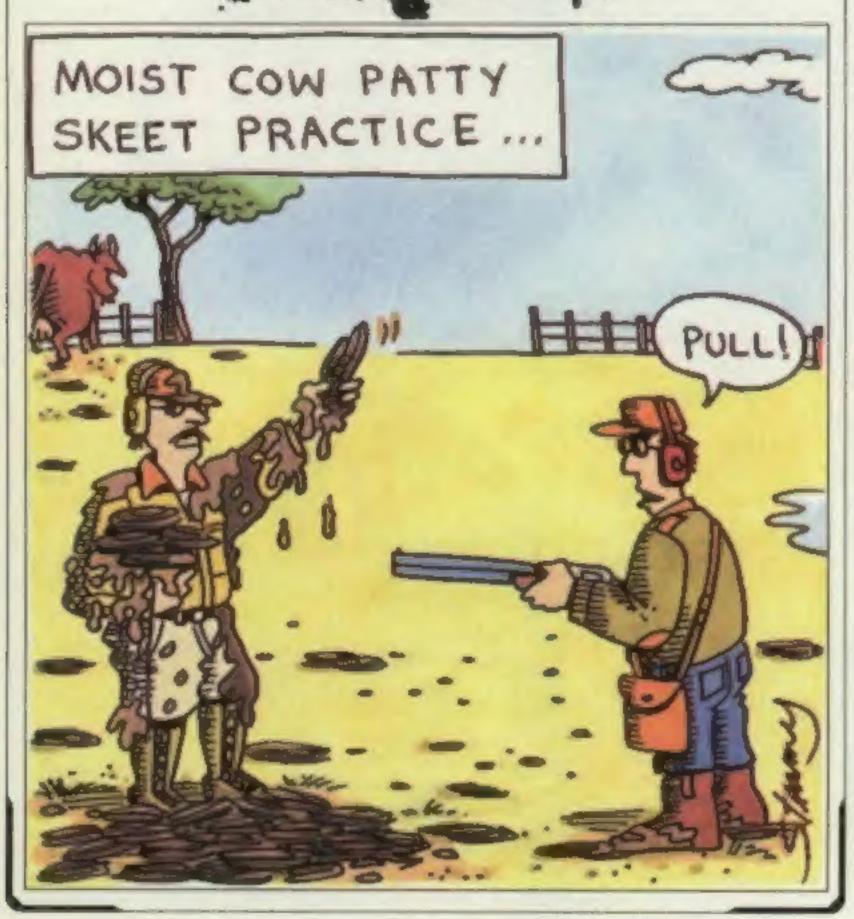


there's something about harvey

Loose rumors are spurting from behind the scenes of Stanley Kubrick's last film, Eyes Wide Shut. Feisty little squirt Harvey Keitel was brought off the set—unloaded—released—for undisclosed reasons.

Keitel's intuitive, seminal acting style may fly out of hand sometimes, but scrubbing Harvey's shoot must have blown a wad of cash. Tom Cruise and Nicole Kidman play head doctors in the movie, but have nonetheless kept their mouths shut when it comes to Keitel's ejection. Why did Harvey come and go so quickly? We may never know.

"MOST. TASTELESS







HUSTLER made history with the first scratch-and-sniff centerfold in 1977. Earlier, the journal of the Rhodesian revolution, *Biafraweek*, ran a scratch-and-sniff pictorial of sorts: Native model Shanise K'bwebwebwe happened to have a cunt that smelled like printer's ink.

Meanwhile, back in the States, Bernard F. of Baltimore earns \$150. Umgawe your classic manewea 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.

Want a tough minority out?

I'm so
happy now!
I've been raped, and
all my males are
killed, but I don't
smell like a dirty
Muslim!

Turn your atrocities into good, clean fun with Slobodan Milosevic's

Ethnic Cleansers







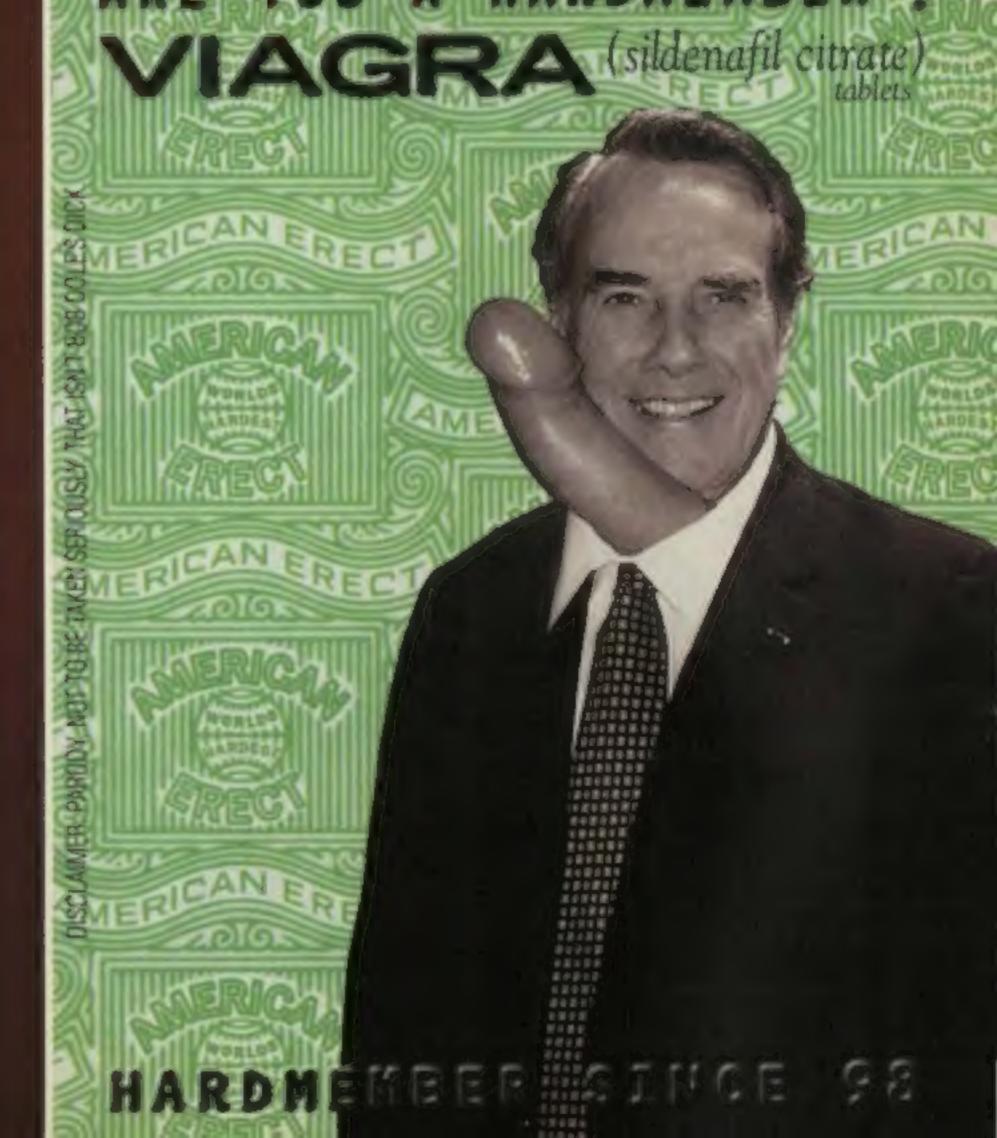
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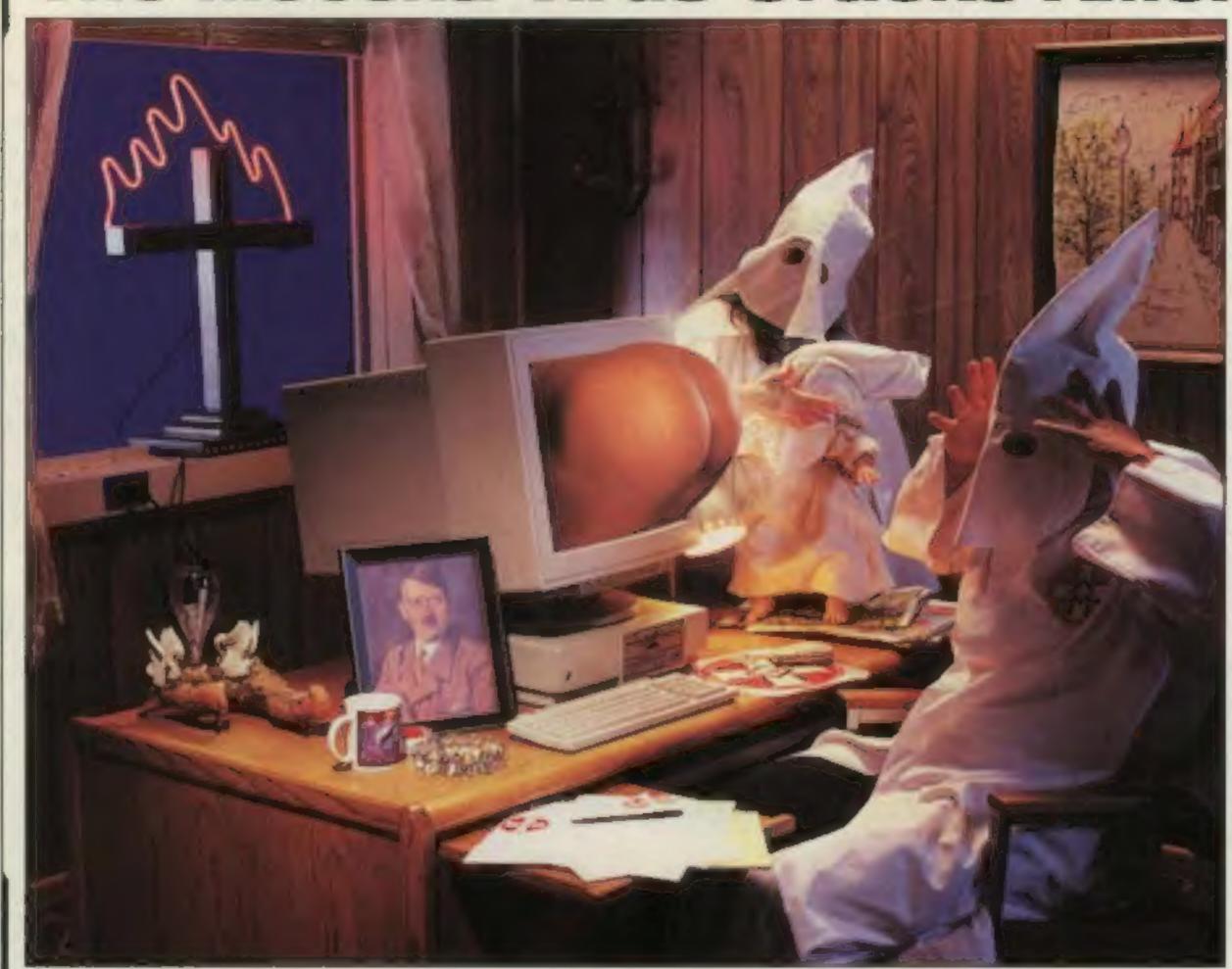


CHANGE IS BAD

CHANGED HESHE'S SINCE 1992



The Moesha Virus Cracks America's PCs



The Melissa virus made headlines this year, using E-mail to jimmy the Windows in thousands of home, office and government computers. The Moesha virus likewise performs an end run around software safeguards and installs a big, black ass among the family computer's values.

As Moesha spreads, Internet-porn fiends will find themselves unable to access any but the darkest crevices of the Web. Users may have to replace their whole systems to be rid of Moesha's taint. The most chilling effect of the virus: Many fear that once a computer hits black, it never scrolls back.

Better Than Time Off: HUSTLER's Prison-Art Contest

HUSTLER considers it an honor and a privilege to remind our nation's great inmate population of the thrill of sex with a real bitch. Now, guests of the state can show their artistic stripes in HUSTLER's Prison-Art Contest. The winner receives a year's subscription to HUSTLER; the runner-up receives a carton of cigarettes and a letter of recommendation to the parole board.

If you are currently doing time, send your most fuck-friendly drawings or paintings to: HUSTLER's Prison Art, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. All entries become the property of LFP Inc. and cannot be returned.



NOTPLAYING



A gutter religion? Let me count the ways:

- International Jew bankers suck all the sugar out of doughnuts, then sell them to my people as bagels.
- 2. Our hard-earned public-assistance money goes right to their slumlords.
- 3. Non-Jewish lawyers are so rare, I have to split mine with David Duke.
- 4. The Million Man March was audited by a Jewish accountant.
- 5. If Malcolm X had a Jewish agent, he could have played himself in the movie.
- 6. Jews think a five-percenter is a schwarze who overtips.
- 7. I know why Jewish women smell like fish, but why do the men?
- 8. Come Saturday, you don't get a lick a work out of them.
- Jews send all that money to Israel, but the black man has to buy his own gams.
- 10. They pretend they Catholics.

OY, VEY! DOT'S SOME CRAZY SCHWARZE!



STARTS YOM KIPPUR EVE

"She can't talk! You can't smell her cunt! If only I had lived to see it!"

-Gene Siskel

COURTNEY LOVE

"The coming-of-age comedy comes of age!

I watched the whole movie!"

—Jeffrey Lyar, ABZ-TV



TANPONS

"I want to see Ben Affleck naked." —Peter Bitchkin, Entertainment

D-12 NOBODY OVER 12 ADMIT TO GOING

THERE'S ONLY ONE REASON TO COME.

EWAD SQUAD

SNITCH

BC-X NOT EVEN IF IT'S ON BASIC CABLE

Fuck?em.

FED BACK

Jungle-Fever Lover

The pictures of Billy D. and Charlene (Billy D. and Charlene: Lust Knows No Color, June 1999) are the hottest I've ever seen! Anyone who wonders why beautiful, young, white women love black men should pick up the June HUSTLER and see what the fuss is all about. Billy D. is a stud. Interracial fucks forever! — K. T. S New York, New York

Scatman Lives?

Who the hell decided Scatman Crothers was gonna fuck that white chick in your June 1999 pictorial (Billy D. and Charlene: Lust Knows No Color)? Don't get me wrong—I have nothing against big, black dicks, but couldn't you find a brother under the age of 60? The chick was cute enough, and I liked the pee-in-a-cup routine, but I thought Scatman was dead.

—D. P Pensacola, Florida

Racist Rips

Government should kill the ugly niggers.
You keep this.
—Anonymous
San Francisco, California

The enraged reader ripped HUSTLER's most recent interracial pictorial, <u>Billy D</u> and Charlene: <u>Lust Knows No Color</u> (June 1999), out of his magazine and sent it back

Hates HUSTLER Racism

I've been a loyal fan of HUSTLER since I first discovered it when I was 16 years old. I always thought it was America's number-one mag until I realized how much racist bullshit was packed between the pussy pics. These past five years, I've noticed that every issue has some racist cartoon, joke or comment. I had hoped that HUSTLER would step in pace with the rest of the world, and the racist crap would stop. I've read complaints about your so-called humor, and still you refuse to change. From now on, I will never give your company another penny until you racist motherfuckers learn to respect other races, especially blacks. If you were



When ordering merchand se the suph any may order supplier in minimize your risk of being it sappointed by dealing only with the protein merchants who accept credit-card payment and have a working phone number in their ads.

Any often that powers the good to be true is probably untrue.

smart, you'd update your approach and be making money from all Americans and not just the no-pussy-gettin' white folk.

-U. T. Fort Carson, Colorado



Billy D. and Charlene: Lust Knows No Color

Black Man Understands

I'm a black male who knows that your humor crosses the line from a good laugh to blatant racism. Am I upset? No. I understand that the majority of your readers are crackers who have no problem with your black humor (pun intended). I just received my June 1999 subscription copy, and you failed me not. Despite the insults, you never fail to arouse me. For that, you can count on me renewing yearly.

- K. W. Yardville, New Jersey

We Are the World

I just received my new subscription copy of ASIAN FEVER. What a hot magazine! For my money, Asian women are the best. I love to see the races mix in couples pictorials too. The mere thought of blacks, Asians and whites together spreading pink twat and dicking deep makes me bust a nut. I'd be very disappointed if HUSTLER became a parade of white women only. It would be a bitter irony if America's Magazine became a rag that only the GOP, the Klan and neo-Nazis could love during this amazing time when Larry Flynt is attacking right-wing-Republican hypocrites. A white-only society is wrong, and a white-only HUSTLER is wrong too. Didn't it used to say "For the Rest of the World" on HUSTLER's covers? Well, let's see more of a variety of women from (continued on page 18)





THE GOLDEN AGE OF PORN

HUSTLER SALUTES A DOZEN PORN QUEENS WHO ROCKED THE '80s

In the oft-told jizz-biz tale, swingers in the '70s ignite the golden age of porn. They make real movies with real plots and real acting (or at least try). Then the big, bad video producers storm in and turn every hairy-back, black-sock production into bottom-of-the-line crap.

That's the way self-proclaimed "porn historians" remember the adult-video boom of the mid-1980s; the party line is popular enough to serve as the basis for a mainstream Hollywood hit starring a prosthetic penis. HUSTLER, however, was actually paying attention to Reagan-era smut flicks—and jacking off. A lot.

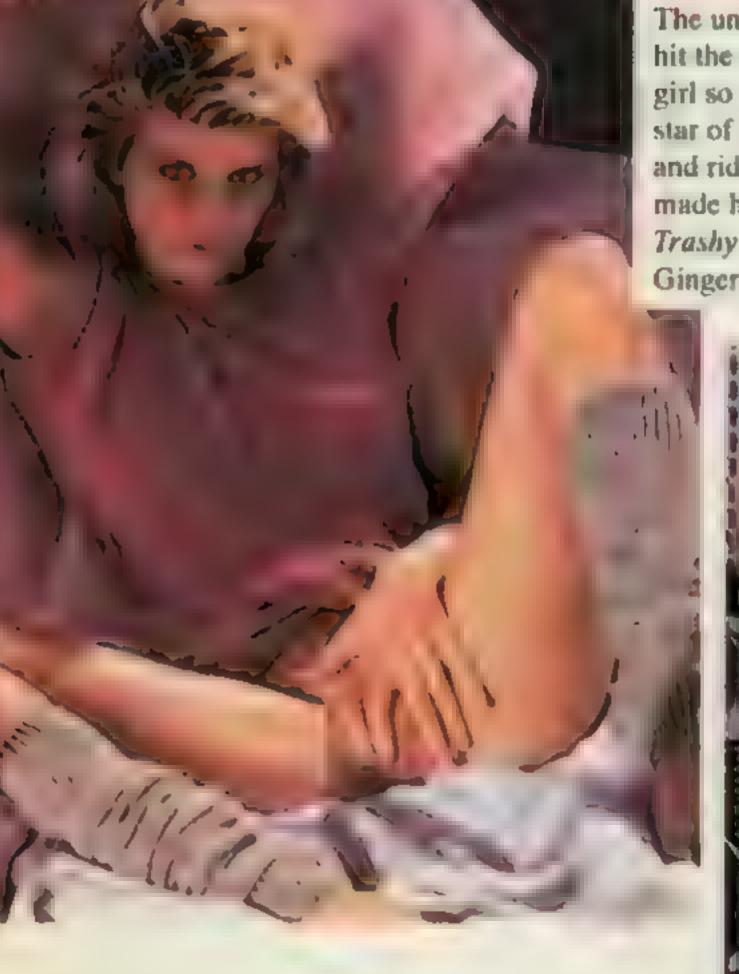
Why? Hotter sex. The immediacy of video made for spontaneous action that obliterated the stagy, static, insert-riddled

shoots of yore. In addition, the crackdown on verboten activities, such as fisting and watersports, led to a greater emphasis on straight-up, sweaty fucking, anal scenes and performers who could generate genuine heat.

Oh, yeah—the chicks. Porn in the '80s produced a bumper crop of fuck-doll superstars who were honest-to-God gorgeous (as opposed to Linda Lovelace and Marilyn Chambers, whose audiences must have been whacked on pot). Unlike today's bizarre plastic-surgery disasters and clonelike blondes, the blow-dried queens who came upon the screen 15 years ago were natural beauties with the leftover sexual enthusiasm of their hippie foremothers. The proof is in the pictures.

GINGER LYNN

The undisputed champ of second-wave screen sluts. When blond, blue-eyed Ginger hit the scene, an ante had been upped—along with a few other things. How could a girl so pretty and so sweet commit acts so nasty on camera? She looked like a sit-com star of the era you'd love to see naked...except Ginger was naked, swallowing jizz and riding a cock the size of her forearm. Features such as Gentleman Prefer Ginger made her a real, live, Charlie Sheen-dating star. Yet Ginger reached her peak in Trashy Lady, Between the Cheeks and other appropriately titled epics that showed Ginger doing what Ginger did best.





Amber Lynn was not Ginger's sister—although she is the sibling of wad dispenser Buck Adams. Hard to say what was going on in that household, but the product was the era's quintessential raging slut. Although Amber's Valley Girl features placed her among the cream of the cuties, she was pure peroxide trash, seemingly loving the raunchiest scenes possible. In Devil in Miss Jones Part 3, Amber clearly takes a pair of massive pricks inside her quim...then later denied that the astonishing penetration occurred. She also claimed her every anal was faked. Somehow, Amber's Clintonesque protestations only make her seem sluttier.

ERICA BOYER

A hard body, hard face and an undeniable ballbuster. So why was Erica Boyer so god-damned fuckable? She was famous for her girl girl scenes and vocal about her preference for snatch. That didn't stop Erica from spreading her tan thighs and butt cheeks in devastating double penetrations. Today's pussy-only prima donnas could take a lesson from the copper top's blistering performances in *Black Throat* and *Loose Ends*. Her classic lesbo scene remains a yellow-fevered munch upon the slanty slit of Asian slut Kristara

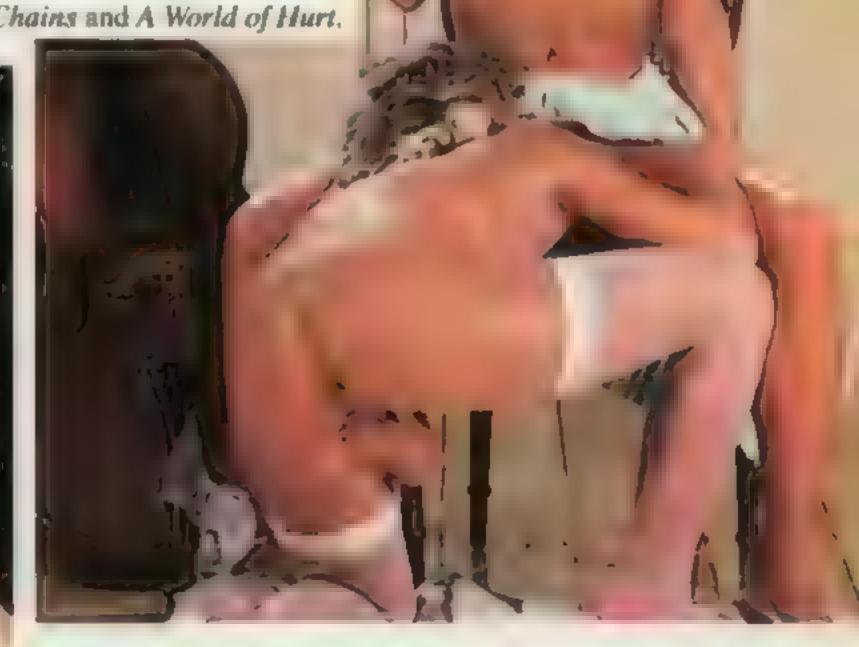
Barrington in Every Woman Has a Fantasy.



Real Men Eat Keisha, proclaimed one memorable title. The rest of us simply prayed for the opportunity. Keisha was a torrid Latina who oozed sensuality before she even dropped a stitch. Her breasts and butt were big, and her weight fluctuated to outrageously curvy extremes. No one complained. Viewers were too busy spanking themselves silly to the spicy pepper's howling, clawing sex scenes. Ay, chihuahua, this Keisha was a screamer! Best of all, she was reputedly notorious for banging fans after her personal appearances. Keisha's still on the dance circuit; think you can take her?

CAREENA COLLINS

Careena's tits weren't the biggest, and her waist was kind of thick. The appeal of this small-framed brunette lay in her eyes. She looked like a kinky freak trapped in the body of a college girl. Usually, she was east in innocent, teach-me roles (Baby Face 2, Dressed to Thrill). By the end of her character's first encounter with a cock, the lady was revealed as a sperm-gargling slut. Small wonder that Careena's still going at it in increasingly perverse tapes, including brutal, red-tailed efforts such as Whips and Chains and A World of Hurt.



BARBARA DARE

Those icy good looks would be at home next to any strungout-waif model on a Calvin Klein billboard. Barbara Dare, however, was pure '80s—meaning, she sported a shaggy coif of amber locks, a meaty yet toned physique and a former swinger's insatiable appetite for fucking. Often, she seemed to wear her partners out; one imagined her continuing to boff every grip and fluffer behind the camera. An incredible body: perfect boobs and a perfectly round butt. If there's any possible bone left to pick with Barbara, it's that she didn't make enough movies. She left at the top of her game in 1990.



CHRISTY CANYON

Ginger Lynn may have been more famous, but Christy Canyon launched more loads. There was something about Christy that was so...big. Big, natural breasts, as gargantuan a rack as horndogs have seen before or since. Big hair. Big, brown eyes—and a big browneye. Many of today's porn fans went through puberty after one look at Christy. She was 19 when she tore off a scorching 69 with Traci Lords in Battle of the Stars-a scene literally botter than the law will allow. That same year, Christy portrayed a college coed who made rape appear uncomfortably sexy in the infamous Savage Fury. Christy Canyon was like butter who made everything she melted on better.

Another hot Hispanic who seems to have been forgotten, despite a recent comeback attempt. Your loss, jackoffs; Melissa's tits wouldn't quit, and strokers could almost smell her dark, hairy pussy. She liked to start out cool and reserved, like a typical coked-out starlet. Suddenly, that Latin magic took effect. Melissa heated up more visibly than any other scuzz siren, growing wetter and more frantic by the second. Her body exploded in a hormonal frenzy; every caramel inch jiggled. Believe it or not, she had a sister named Lisa in the business. Tragically, they never shared a scene together.



Much was made of Marilyn Chambers as the archetypal whore next door. Taija Rae was the first whore next door who was also totally fine. The fact that she had chubby, chipmunk cheeks and a bubble butt only made her more groinsearing to fans. Taija conveyed accessibility and naiveté while still coming off as a horny little tramp. She was equally at home playing the nubile, baby-faced innocent (Taboo American Style) or the manipulative cunt (Raw Talent). Maybe because—like the whore next door—she was a little of both.



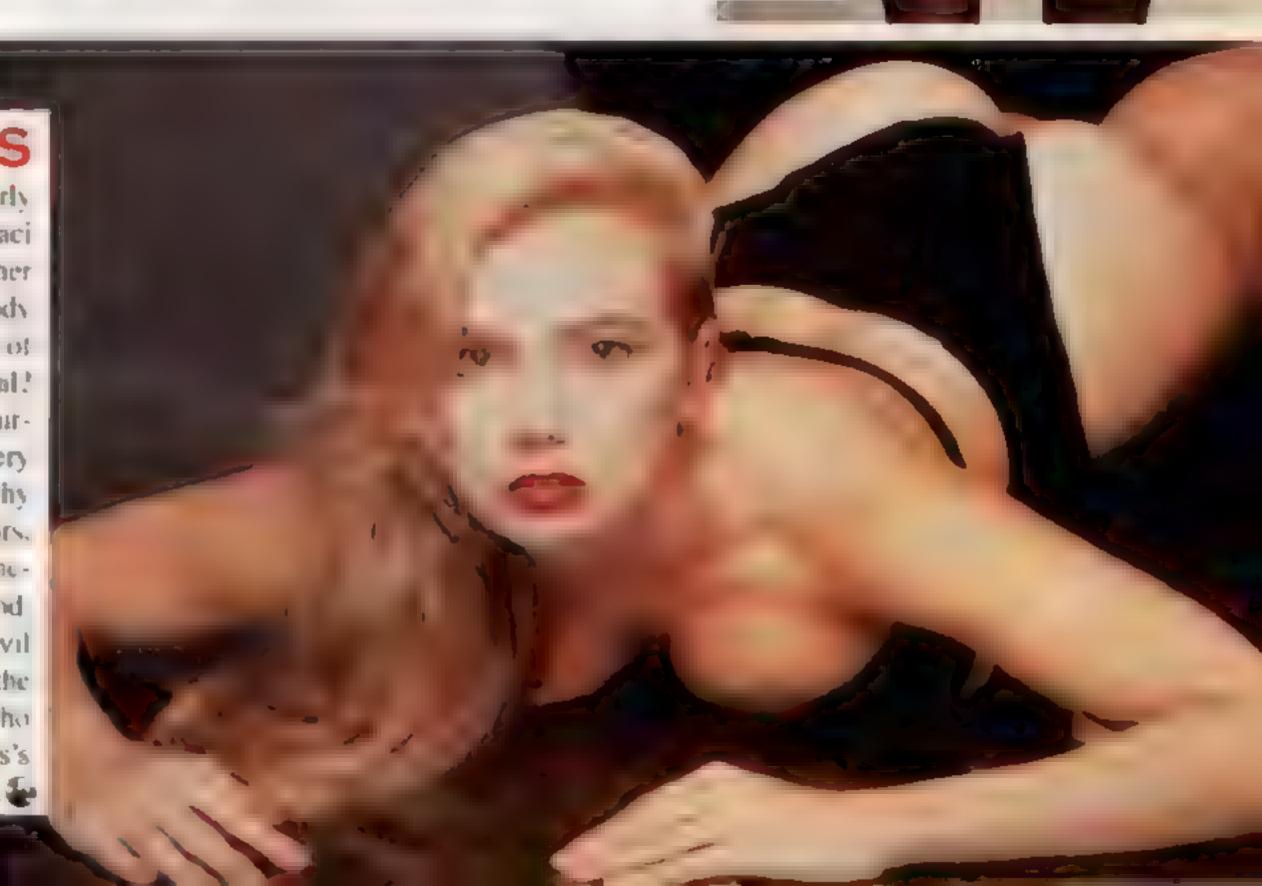
more and more disgusted by herself when she can't help fackers everyone in sight. Loss showed a defi-

nite predilection for the wearder side of sexuality, we iring a Nazi uniform in Deep Inside Vanessa Del

Rio and banging out She-Male Desires, She-Male Whorehouse and Trisexual Encounters in a tow

TRACI LORDS

Finally, the queen bitch who nearly took the rest down. When Traci revealed she made nearly all of her adult titles while underage, everybody acted shocked. Wasn't the promise of chicken sexuality her entire appeal. The child-in-front-of-the-makeup-marfor pout she wore throughout every raw, raunchy fuck. The floppy, blotchy teats, so maligned by her detractors, but so beloved by her legion of oncfisted admirers. The baby-fut bod Traci in her New Wave Hookers devil costume is an image burned into the conscience of every smut hound who guiltily beat off to her tapes. Lords's Satan is a vision of what awaits us.



FEEDBACK

(continued from page 11)

this great big, miraculous world. As a member of the white race as well as a subscriber, I feel the need to share my views. Racism is a hard thing to fight, and HUSTLER belongs in the trenches of this fight and not stuck in the segregation era of a horrible time gone by.

Massapequa, New York

Black-Dick Grandma

I like racially mixed pictorials. If possihle, I would like you to feature a hung black man stud one of the following ladies in an upcoming issue of HUSTLER Gloria Leonard, Sally Layd, Vanessa Del Rio, Seka, Tempest Storm, Nina Suave, Tonya Harding, Crystal Wilder, Diana Richards, Lacy Rose, Kathy Willets, Annie Sprinkle, Ebony Ayes and Nina Hartley. Thank you.

Kansas City, Missouri

Psst—you forgot to include Martha Washington

Rerun Ripoff

I was reading my June 1999 HUSTLER and, much to my amazement, found a

rerun! Josie: Whore Next Door was originally printed as Josie: Think Pink in March 1992. I would rather see fresh and new faces than what you have termed "HUSTLER Classic." While it's hard to be too dismayed by photos of such a beautiful creature, I see this sleight of hand as being a cheap, dishonest ripoff. You can make it up to me, however, by setting me up with one of the babes from any of your pictorials. Does anything like that ever happen? -- W. S.

via Internet

You've caught us with our pants down. and we're truly sorry. To make things right, HUSTLER is trying to arrange a date for you and the ever-popular Miss Gia from HUSTLER's April 1999 pictorial, Gia: Portrait of a Lonely Lady. We're confident the two of you will discover that you have a lot in common. Good luck!

Hermaphrodite for Gia

I commend HUSTLER for having the balls to show Gia (Gia: Portrait of a Lonely Lady, April 1999). As a biologically born hermaphrodite, who at five years old was surgically corrected in order to maintain the political and social correctness of the time, I believe that your Gia pictorial was a courageous step for-

ward in confronting society's ignorance of gender identity and total reality. It's all too rare to see transsexuals and intersexed individuals in print for all the world to see. It's hard for people to grasp and accept what nature oftentimes creates Complete sex-reversal occurs in one out of 5,000 people. Partial sex-reversal. where a hermaphrodite possesses both testes and ovaries, occurs in about one in 1,000 individuals. My father was the only person who supported me as a young teen when I decided to nurture my female side I took testosterone-blocking hormones. and my curves became more pronounced and feminine. I worked the clubs in Chicago as a dancer and escort. I'm now 37, still blond, trim and living my life as a transgendered lesbian. Thanks for your attempts at making people aware of reality without trashing it. Keep up the great work and educational awareness. -J. C.

Jackson, Michigan

Gia-Marry Me

I became sad after reading about the lovely Gia (Gia: Portrait of a Lonely Lady, April 1999) and how she is never asked out on second dates from her men Those men are fools. Given the chance, I would give foxy Gia more than just a second date: I'd ask her hand in marriage. If you are reading this, marry me, Gia. You are so pretty. I would spoul you, cuddle you, fondle and caress your lovely body forever.

Santa Fe, New Mexico

Schlong All Wrong

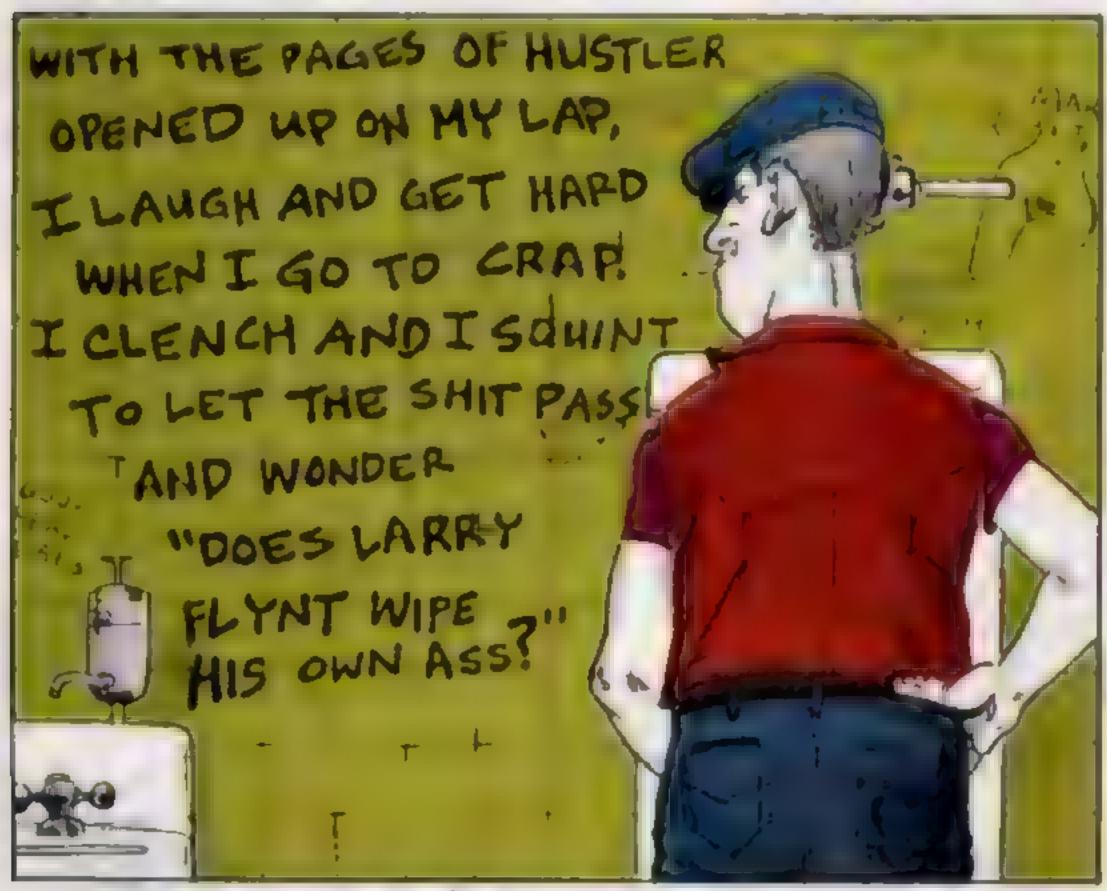
I was thumbing through the April 1999 issue of HUSTLER and came across Gia. She seemed strange—something was familiar, yet not quite right. After turning a few more pages, I discovered the truth—Gia had a schlong! I believe this is the same guy who fooled Howard Stern on his syndicated radio show. I have to admit that Gia looks like a real girl with nice tits. Although freaks like Gia might be what some guys are looking for, I think it's safe to say that most guys don't want to see a tranny shove a dildo up his ass and blow his load across his leg. -J. B Hicksville, New York

Not a Fag, But....

I'm 100% heterosexual, but your April 1999 issue with Gia blew me away. I had a major stiffy before I realized that she was a he. By that point, I had such a hard-on that I didn't care. I'm comfortable enough in my manhood to admit that Gia's womanly features turned me on, despite her dick. You should feature

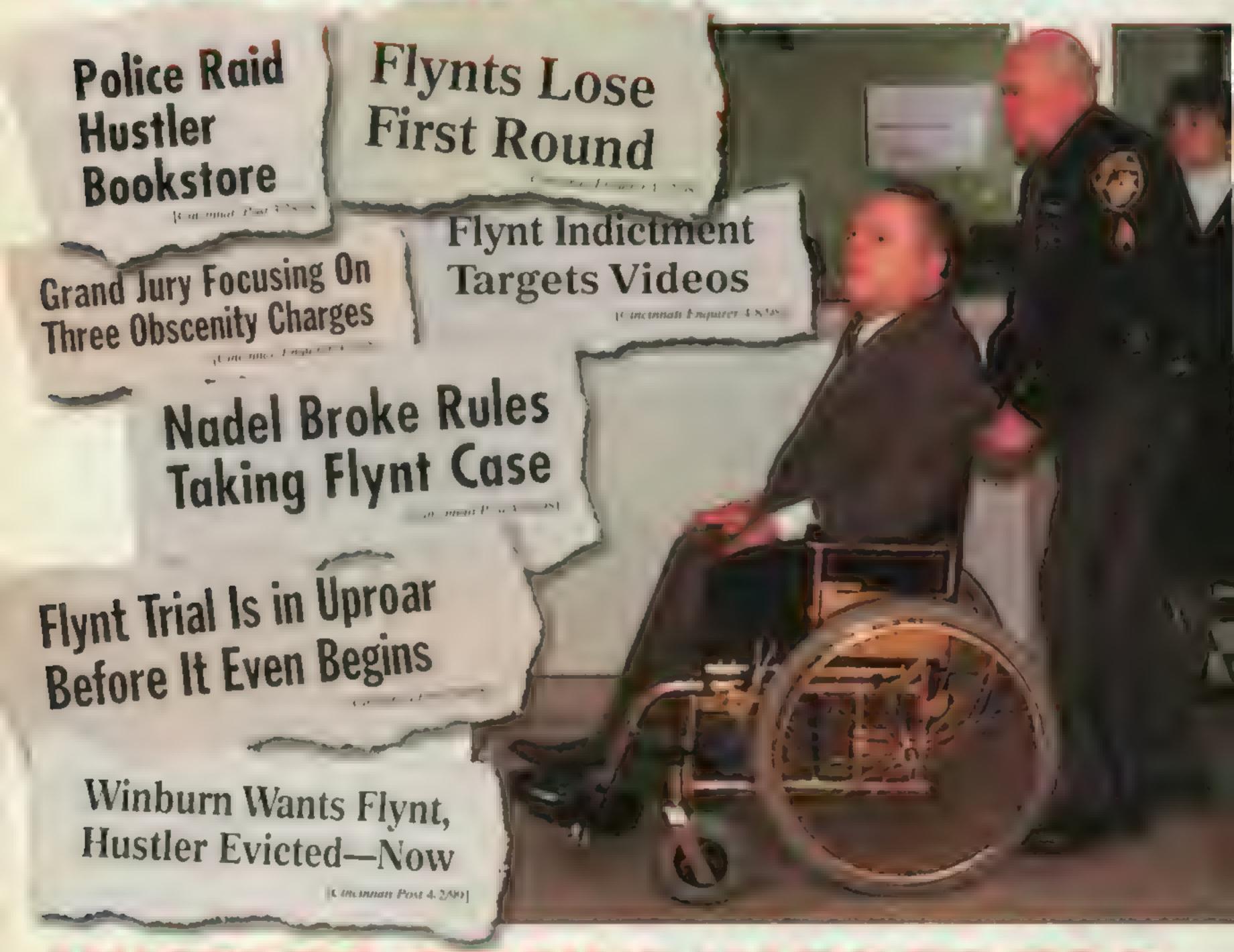
(continued on page 41)





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THE FIGHT FOR FREEDOM GROWS HARDER ALL THE TIME



HUSTLER GROWS HARDER TOO

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Cincinnati's intolerant prosecutorial reg me has once again trumped up a case against Publisher Larry C Flynt and his brother Jimmy, ignoring the Constitution of the United States and the will of the citizenry

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So, alune **WOMEY BACK ON ALL UNMAKED ISSUES IF NOT SATISF ED**

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www.hustler.com

reyna, joey a milch PHOTOGRAPHY BY CLIVE McLEAN Part time lesbians Reyna and Joey consult grease monkey Mitch for an expert diagnosis "She's been running kind of funny lately," Joev explains "I think her rearend is out of alignment." "I et me poke around under the hood," Mitch mumbles. He peels back the blonde's pink folds "She's leaking like crazy," Mitch grunts, cranking his verny wrench in Reyna's sopping gearbox. "Let me just plug this gap; she'll be humming in no time." "I think I'm overheating too," Joey confesses, planting Mitch's dipstick in her oily flue. Mitch concurs, flooding the pair with high-viscosity coolant. "We usually run on cooze control just fine," purrs Joey, "but the occasional tiger in our tanks is essential for proper maintenance "





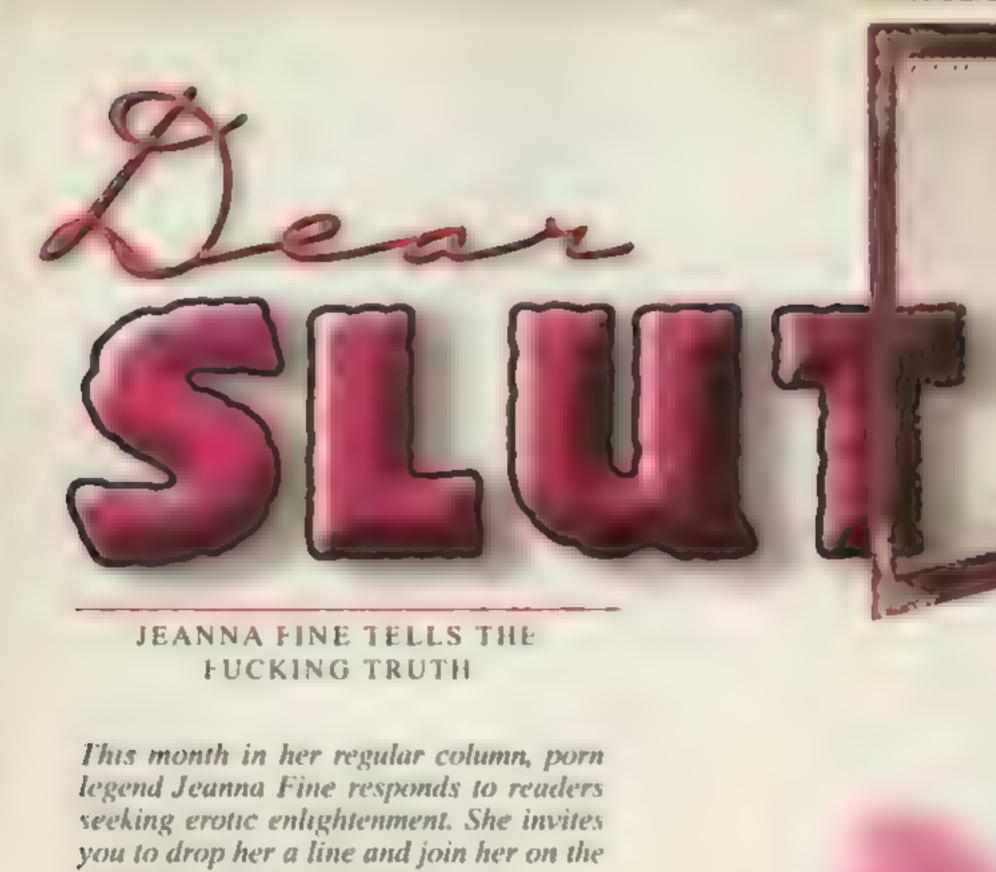












fearless quest for the fucking truth.

LOVE VS. SEX

I believe that sex almost holds back some people from true love, especially if they've had bad experiences with sex in the past. How do you feel about sex outside of your job? —B. B.

San Antonio, Texas

I don't want to depress any of my fans or would-be lovers out there, but after years of having anonymous, nameless, faceless, countless partners of every size, shape and color, I am here to tell you that I am having some of the very best sex and orgasms of my life in a monogamous relationship. There is definitely something to be said for being with somebody who truly knows every inch of you, mentally, physically and spiritually, for many years. A long-term lover knows what buttons to push and is aware of cues that you didn't even know you were giving. I really do believe that love and sex go hand in hand. You don't just fall in love with somebody because of the sex. Love takes the entire package into account. The combination of respect, trust and knowing somebody inside and out makes for the best sex I've ever had in my entire life.

A MAN'S G SPOT

My boyfriend and I have been together four years, and we like to try new things. Is it true that if you stick a finger up a man's ass, he will come harder? How can I find that special spot and not physically hurt my man? -J. A.

Frankfurt, Germany

I am a huge advocate for the male G spot—it is called the prostate gland. I always say a man's clit is in his ass. Dur-

ing oral sex, while you have a lot of spit going, and it runs down the crack of his ass, make sure that you also discretely have some lubrication, such as K-Y or Astrophide (the lube to the stars) standing nearby. Don't forget to trim your nails. You can start with your pinkle or your pointer finger, whichever is most comfortable for you. In the heat of the moment, when you have a steady rhythm rolling, and his stiffy is throbbing, and you can tell by his breathing that he's close to popping—at that point, gently and rhythmically insert your finger, and curve it up, ever so slightly, and you will feel a little peanut—this peanut is the prostate gland. Hold right there, massage firmly, and your man will come through the back of your head. Take your finger out of his ass immediately afterward. Just like a clit after you come, a man's prostate is sensitive at this point, and it's time to leave. To all you guys out there who protest too much and say there's no way, I say you're full of it-you're begging for it. One time, okay, and you'll come like a fire hose. You'll be hooked.

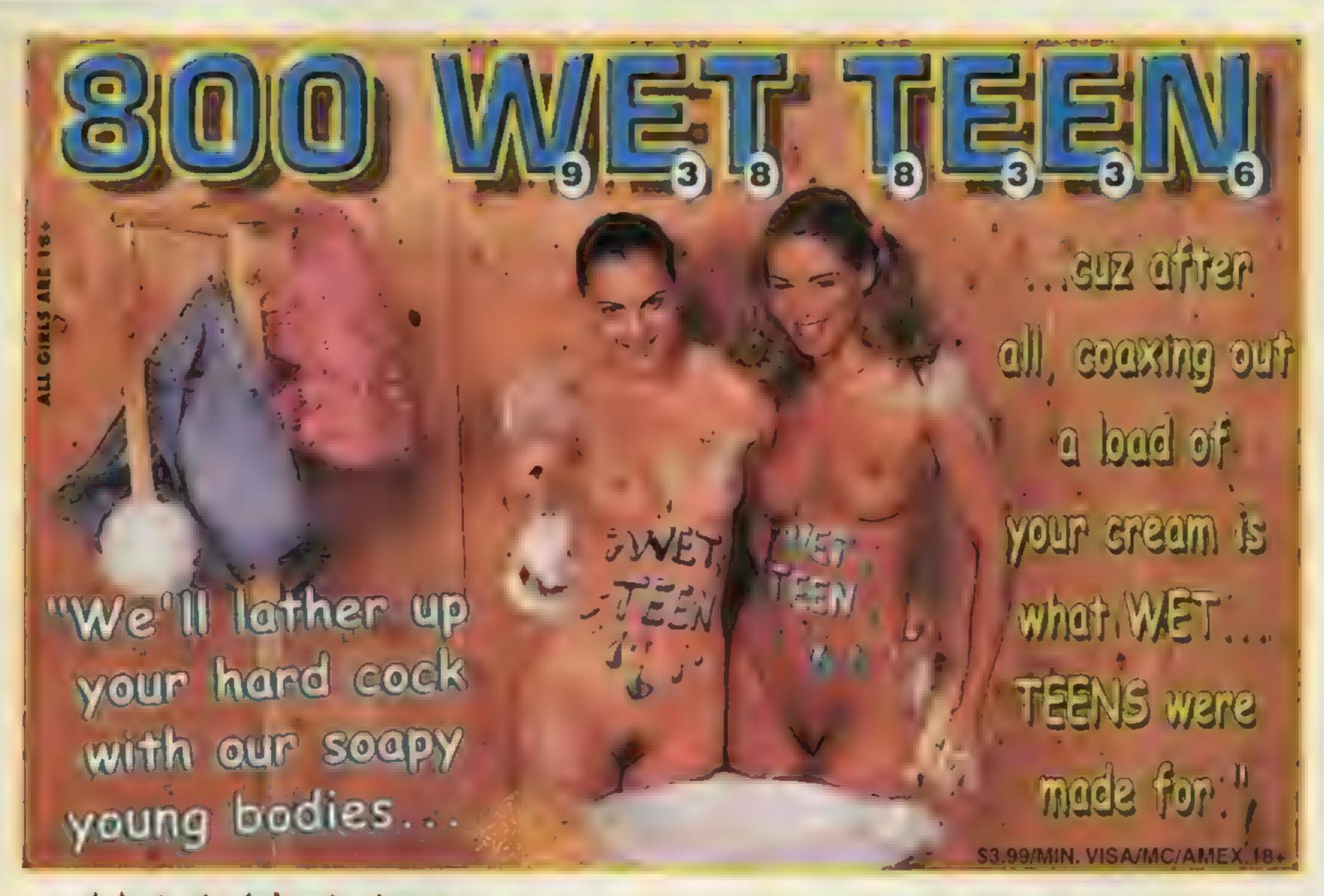
DRIBBLE MAN

When I come, it's very little compared to porn stars. How do they squirt so much? I've been involved in threesomes, and men

with less dick than I have squirt four to five times more than I do. How can I increase the amount of spum I spurt? -R. B. Theodore, Alabama

Maybe your girlfriend should finger your asshole! You've got to realize that in porn there is a certain degree of movie magic that takes place. You see a shot of a guy actually coming, cut to the facial reaction of the guy coming, cut to the facial reaction of the girl being juzzed on, back to the dick coming—he's not coming that entire time. Furthermore, these porn studs are bred for sex. When Peter North or Vince Vouver aren't on the set, they're at the gym. Their bread and butter depends on them taking care of their bodies. They eat well, gobble handfuls of vitamin and protein supplements and drink plenty of water—you should too. Healthy living leads to a healthy sex life. The amount of spode you ejaculate, you must remember, does not equal the amount of pleasure you're giving your partner. Long ropes of cum are great for visuals, but the reality of such a downpour might translate into











Dear Slut I don't even want to know what possessed you to drop BBs down your dickhole—whatever floats your boat. I am concerned, however, about a stray BB in your system.

more crusty laundry to do later on.

BB PEEHOLE BLAST

I'm in the Marine Corps, and ever since I was 12, I've enjoyed putting BBs down my urethra before masturbating. It was slightly painful when I first did it, but like anything, the more you do it, the easier it becomes. When I pop with BBs inside my dick, the sensation is more than intense. The BBs slow down my flow and make my orgasm last longer. It burns so good. My problem is, my new girlfriend wants me to fuck her without using condoms. I'm so used to my BB technique that I think it would feel weird if I didn't do it. I really like this girl and don't want her to freak out when the BBs slide out of her cunt with my load. Should I tell her about my needs?

−P. V. USMC

I don't even want to know what possessed you to drop BBs down your dickholewhatever floats your boat. I am concerned, however, about a stray BB in your system. Are you counting how many you're putting in and making sure that that many are coming out? I'm even more concerned that you are considering fucking a girl without a condom simply because you like her. Haven't you heard of cooties? I can't give you the go-ahead on that score, especially with BBs down your urethra and the burning you describe. That burning is caused by scraping and tearing of the fragile tissue of your peehole lining. To not use a condom under the circumstances you have described could possibly be the worst decision you could ever make in your life. Remember, when you're fucking without a condom, you're not just fucking this one girl, you're fucking every guy she's ever fucked plus every girl that he's ever fucked and so on. Don't even think about fucking someone without a condom unless you and your girl pledge to be monogamous and are both willing to have strict DNA testing. If you both pass, and your doctors find you 100% diseasefree, only then is it okay to begin condom-free sexual relations. Worrying about telling your girl that you put BBs down your dick is the least of your problems. Go ahead and stuff your dick with BBs, but keep your willy wrapped up.

SHITTY ORGASMS

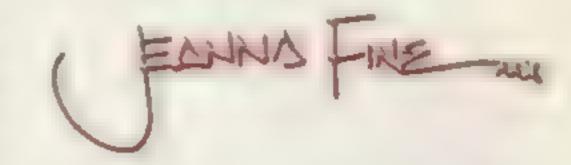
I'm an attractive woman with an embarrassing problem. It seems that in the past year, every time my boyfriend plows me

really hard, I suddenly have to take a shit. Just as I start to enjoy a pleasurable schtup, I have to refocus all of my concentration and try to not poop the bed. The odd thing is that it happens just about when I'm ready to pop, when my boyfriend is porking me really hard. Could it be the way my boyfriend is fucking me? I don't have incontinence problems any other times. It is taking the pleasure out of sex, and the only thing I can think of doing is giving myself an enema prior to intercourse. Kind of kills the mood, huh? Please help me before I give up sex (unless 1 just masturbate on the toilet). -W. H.

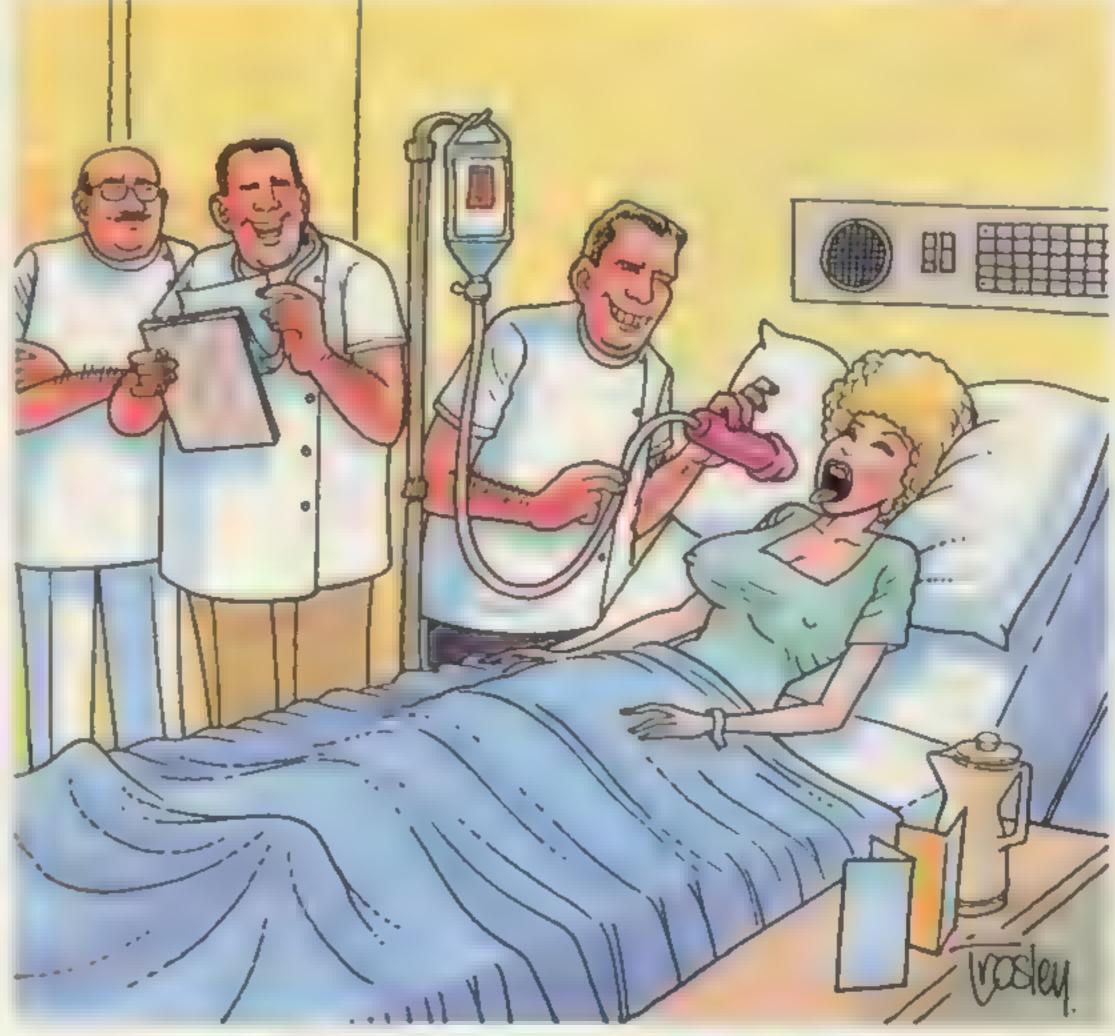
Lansing, Illinois

I totally sympathize with you. Nothing kills the mood more than worrying about soiling the sheets. Unfortunately, giving yourself an enema before intercourse will only make matters worse. If all the enema fluid has not been expelled—and it isn't always possible to squeeze it out after a single dump—there almost definitely will be some leakage and aftereffects from the enema. If you choose the enema route, you must do it 24 hours prior to, not simply moments before, sex. Have you probed

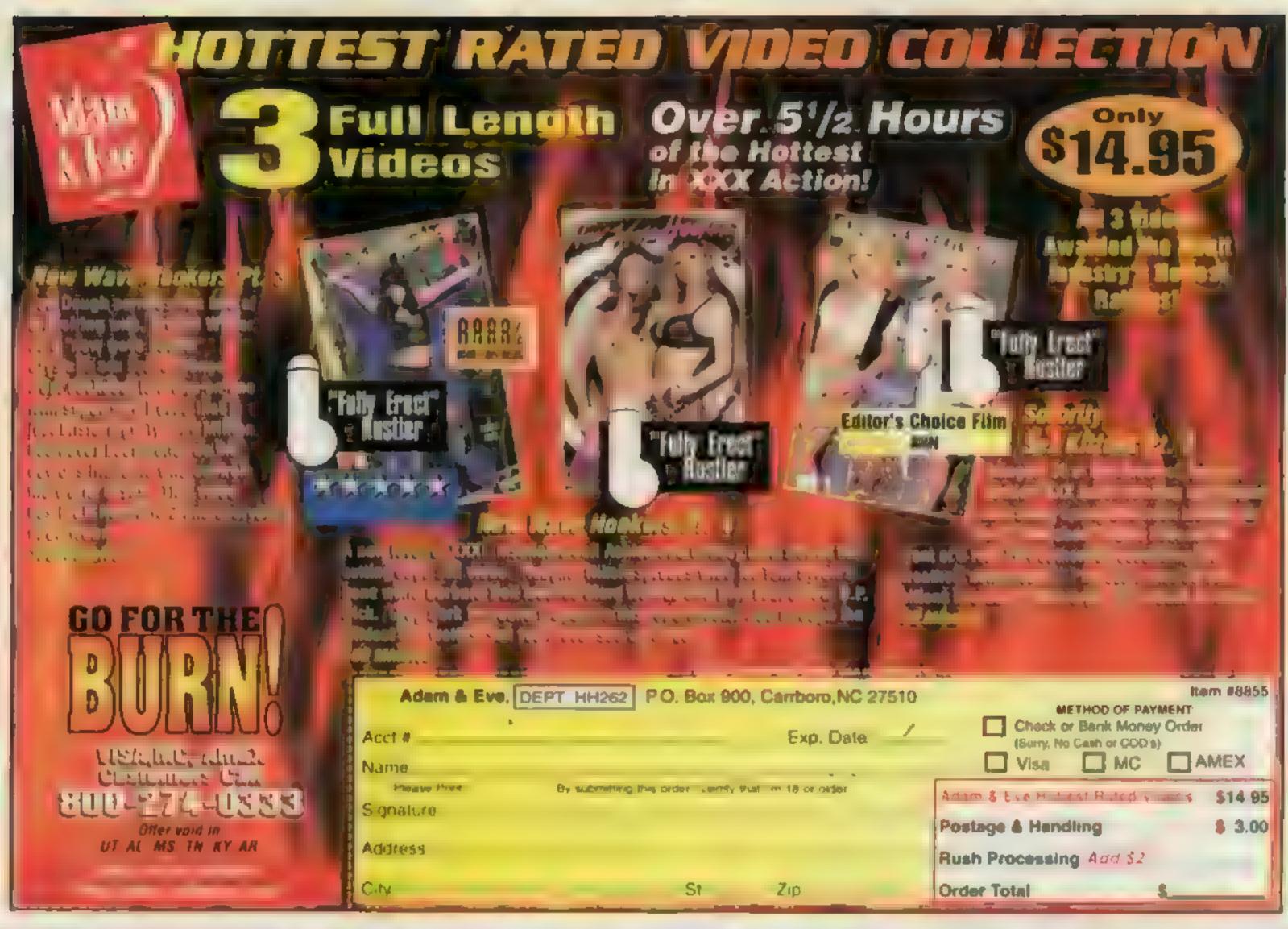
your butt with your finger to see if there's actual feces up there? You may simply have the sensation-a ghost shit, if you will. If there isn't any poop, then you need to ignore this feeling. Take care of business before your fuck session, and be confident that you're not going to launch a turd between your boyfriend's knees. Eat properly, and make sure to shit every morning or at least every other day. Your problem definitely has something to do with the position and the force with which your lover is pounding you. Experiment with different positions. Tell your boyfriend to speed up or slow down his ass slapping according to your internal signals. Try not to worry so much, and enjoy the moment. The bottom line is, do whatever it takes to help yourself relax and enjoy your orgasm before you give up hope.



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



"We've decided to put her on a feeding tube "









Nothing to Hide 3: Justine's Daughter



FULLY FRECT



Directed by James Avalon starring Gwen Summers, Melissa Hill, Wendi Knight Marylin Star, Claudia Chase, Dee, Phyllisha Anne Shelby Myne, Marc Davis, Billy Glide, Brandon Iron Michael J. Coxx, Pat Myne, Herschel Savage and Napoleon Videocassette Metro

Nothing to Hide 3: Justine's Daughter is a Twin Peaks-style soap-opera thriller, abounding with fantasy sequences that discombobulate viewers. Amazingly, the combination of convoluted plot and twisted sex works, keeping sexual tension peaked throughout Disoriented by a car accident, Gwen Summers is transported to the Middle Ages. She spies princess Wendi Knight being dragged to an executioner's chopping block. "Wait!" yells Knight, offering a deal. "Head for head?" The executioner nods; Knight blows her captors away with expert oral witchery in the subsequent orgy. A guard wedges two fingers into her pussy and tongues her royal browneye. Knight straddles another captor on the baystrewn floor while hoovering her executioner to the root of his ax. A third medieval jailer ships his torch into her budding sphincters. Knight rides the guards before feasting on their cum. "Head for head," the executioner growls. "Now it's your turn." Knight screams. Summers jolts out of her dream and into the next. A rare, successful merging of plot and porking, Nothing to Hide 3 has much to offer

-Dan Panorama



NOTHING TO HIDE 3 Chase splits for Glide's shaft

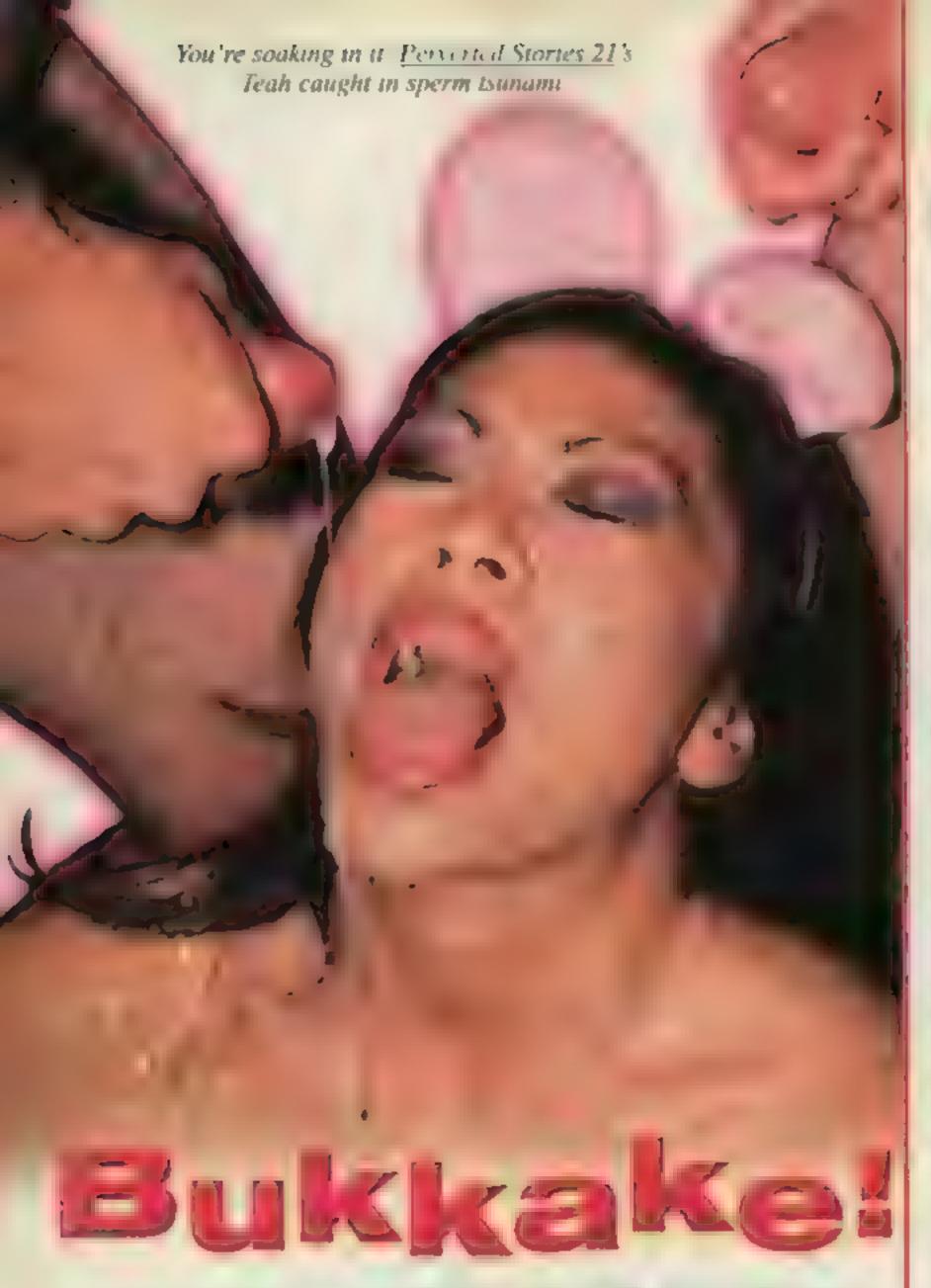


NOTHING TO HIDE 3: Knight shines lances



NOTHING TO HIDE 3: Summers and Star smother Davis.

33 September HUSTLER



Japanese Spenn = in Finderivia

Big Splash in U.S

On the set of Jim Powers's American Bukkake 3, 75 men line up, amnously waiting for their turn to jack off on Vivian Valentine's face. As the cameras roll, the first two marksmen stroke their schlongs until their jizz hits its target. They retreat and two more take their piace—and so on until the grinning redheads face, hair and clown costume are soaked with spunk

Bukkake, when translated, means "to aggressively or rudely splash." Its also Japan's most recent perverted export to the U.S. following three years of over seas popularity. As befits its Japanese origin, bukkake follows a strict order. The men line up, clapping and chanting recalling images of kamikaze pilots preparing for battle. The woman kneeds before them, remaining perfectly still as the men drench her in semen, No direct physical contact is allowed.

Since a bukkake scene in Perverted Stories 21 (also lensed by Powers) spearheaded the Stateside craze severa months ago, a number of adult-video companies have picked up on the trend Gang-bang pioneer Annabel Chong catches a communal ball blast in Extreme Associates' Asianatric, Alison Kilgore recently received the super-

Soaker treatment for an upcoming Notorious Productions release

Powers's version of the ritualistic degradationlest is Americanized for shorter attention spans. Unlike their Far East counterparts, the girls are allowed to squirm and fuck themselves with didos

Powers recruits male participants through an ad in the LA Weekly. The cinematic sperm donors' pay is a meager \$25 (which basically covers the cost of the required A DS test), but the director insists that money isn't the motivating factor.

Why go see someone like Jenna Jameson dance when you can bukkake on her?" asks Powers, directing the next group of soum shooters toward the rapidly saturating Valentine

Adding controversy to the bizarre new subgenre, Powers definitely shocked the ndustry when he cast Brooke Ashley in the American Bukkake series' premiere nstallment—her first firm since testing positive for HIV

(Additional information on the American Bukkake line can be obtained from J. M. Productions' Web site at www. Frk. 15, 19. In.

Guttermouths 11



Directed by Jim Powers,
starring Brigette Kerkove, Claudia de Corazon,
Vivian Valentine, Deianey Daniels, Kyle Stone
Alec Metro, Pat Myne, Dave Hardman,
J. J. Michaels, Hercules, Brunno, and
Jack Hammer

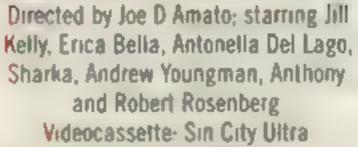
Videocassette: J. M. Productions

True to its title, the trash-talking tramps of Guttermouths 11 weave a tangy tapestry of obscenities. Thankfully, the toilet-yapped bimbos also put their cunnies where their mouths are. With her tousled. blond curls, bulbous schnozz and meaty lips, Brigette Kerkove uncannily resembles Courtney Love, making her debasement that much sweeter. Kyle Stone and Alec Metro manhandle the filthflinging cock hound, treating her neon-pink conch as mere garnish while they dilate her turd well The pair's prongers gouge and stretch Kerkove's sphincters until one can almost hear the wind whistle through her chasmic innards. Two dongs convert Latina lust puppet Claudia de Corazon's tuna tamale into a seething snake pit, simultaneously slithering into her beleaguered slot. This intriguing spectacle is quickly outdone by a hole-hopping extravaganza featuring brunet devil doll Vivian Valentine. As if engaged in a game of carnal three-card monte, Jack Hammer and Brunno slip their trunks into Valentine's various orifices in a fast-paced, seemingly random sequence. Guttermouths 11 -Shane Andalou rolls a strike.

Revenge



HALF ERECT



While conventional wisdom suggests that porn's appeal to man's most primal impulses renders it impervious to cultural differences, Revenge proves that much can be lost in the translation. A mobilised in the translation, A mobilised sex romp by recently deceased Italian director Joe D'Amato, this stylish offering boasts most of the elements that

normally make for satisfying stroking fodder. Chief among them is Erica Bella, an Italian sexpot with a deliciously natural voluptuousness and luminous blue eyes that burn into a man's soul via his scrotum. Bella likewise takes a penile pummeling with wholehearted enthusiasm, grinning and grinding through a double penetration in Revenge's early stages. Sadly, D'Amato's Continental approach fails to exploit Bella's feral performance. Slow-motion footage derails the animal pacing of the scene; overly polite editing sands off the delectably rough edges. Marred throughout by a cheesy pop soundtrack and toocute nuances, the video has the overall effect of a feature-length Mentos commercial. Revenge is sweet, but not sweaty, too tasteful to be truly tasty. -S.A.

For His Eyes Only



ONE QUARTER ERECT



Directed by Jerome Tanner, starring Amber Michaels, Timber, Raquel Devine, Jessica Jewel, Shelby Myne, Phyllisha Anne, John Decker, Tony Tedeschi and Herschel Savage Videocassette: Legend Video

When Herschel Savage accidentally slams his swarthy meat in the car door after an adulterous rut, he's confined to a wheelchair at home. Bored out of his skull, with his gnarled, knotty dick in a cast, Savage stares out the window and spies on his naughty neighbors with binoculars. Thus begins For His Eyes Only, a blucscreen nod to Hitchcock that might be more appropriately titled Rearend Window, Herschel first spies on a gaggle of strippergrade ginch engaged in naked aerobics. After a sweaty set of squats, the four porn vixens team up for pelvic thrusts with doubledong dildos. Three of the girls gang up on the ugliest of the four, Phyllisha Anne, penetrating her spit-soaked holes with fists of dildo fury. Savage further surveys a bone-brandishing mook lazily poking a thoroughly typical, silicone-injected porn skank. The surreptitiously viewed parade of utterly common fuck fare elicits yawns from bored laps. For His Eyes Only is an eyesore. -D.P.



GUTTERMOUTHS 11 Open-ended slut Kerkove



REVENGE: Bella's breasts bury bone



FOR HIS EYES ONLY: Timber and Michaels plunder lewel's treasures

Hawaiian Blast



ONE-QUARTER FRECT



Directed by Raiph Parlait starring Heather Hunter, Kobe Tai, Lexus Mila, Alexandra Silk, Holly Body, Jon Dough Peter North, Vince Vouver and T. T. Boy V dencassette Vivid

Only slightly more alluring than Don Ho in a thong bikini Hawanan Blast does much to dis credit the Aloha State's reputation as a paradistacal oasis of volcanic sensuality. Tour guide Peter North's enterprise goes awry when his van is sabotaged. stranding his entourage. As goes the tour, so does this plot-heavy plodder. In between marathon stretches of inane dialogue, wor tully inadequate hump sessions dull laps numb. A raunchy ren dezvous between North, Mila and Lexus (boasting a tangled hair style that resembles gold-plated Brillo) is undermined by the latter's nasally whine of passion Jon Dough and Holly Body bare ly register a pulse as Dough languidly plugs the pock-faced bowser. When erotic potential is broached (e.g., Asian flesh doll Kobe Tai's bout of lingual acrobatics on swarthy sexpot Heather Hunter's writhing conch), directorsal ineptitude quickly intervenes. Perhaps inspired by William Burroughs's cut-up style of prose, helmsman Ralph Parfait jumps from scene to scene, leaving one's lap hammer contused and angry. Hawanan Blast is a Hawaiian bust. -S.A

Sensually Haunted



ONE-QUARTER FRECT



Directed by Victor Crimes, starring Gwen Summers, Claudia Chase, Shelby Myne Azlea, India, Candy Hill, Gina Ryder, Kyle Stone, Tony Tedeschi, Marc Davis, Billy Glide Rich Handsome and Tice Bune Videocassette: Cal Vista/Metro

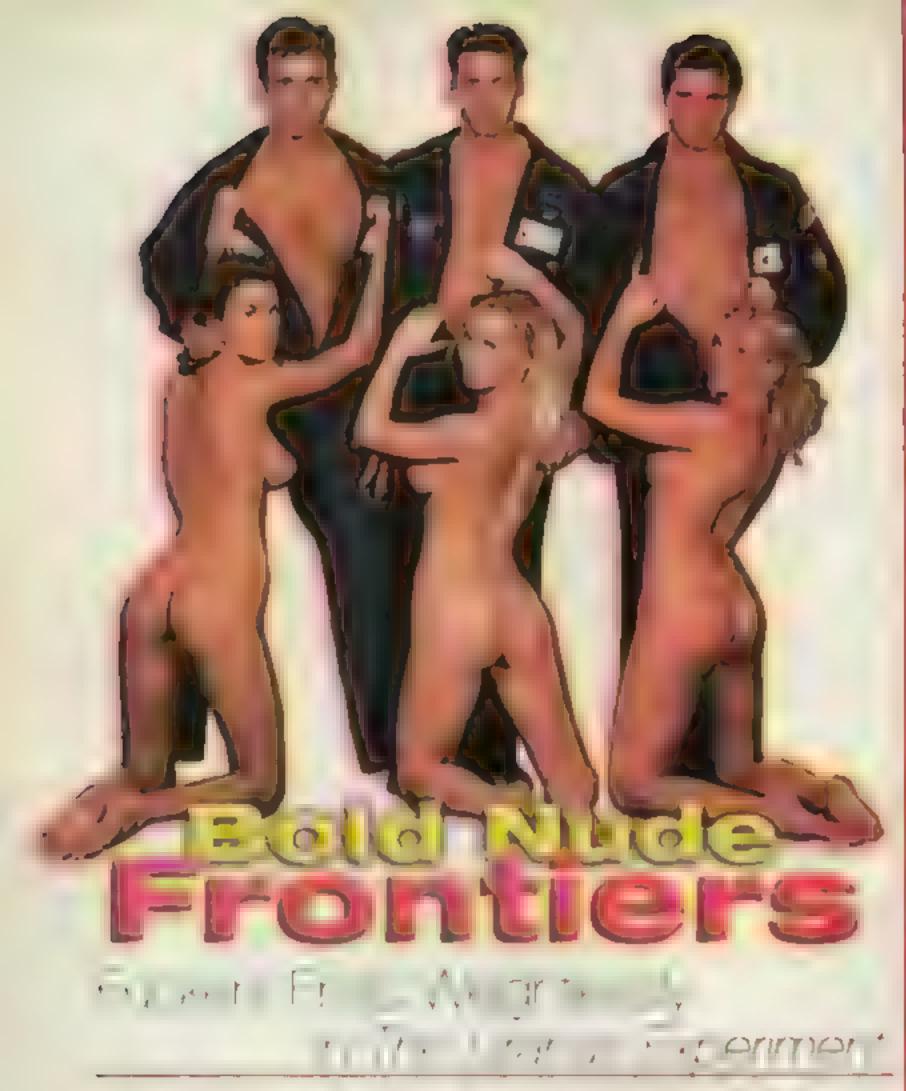
In Sensually Haunted, Gwen Summers buys a haunted former bordello and revels in the sexual shenanigans of the house's spectral inhabitants. This ghostly premise is hardly original, but it frames the unlively nittings presented within it. Kyle Stone plunders needle nosed, billow-busted screen whore Azlea's furry crevice from behind, his seum orbs pounding out a live ly backbeat on her bung. Azlea responds with porn-bitch autism, too focused on issuing a rote series of yips and moans to genuinely acknowledge Stone's presence in her snatch. On a superficial level. flagship slut Gwen Summers makes an adequate spurn target, sadly, the pouty-lipped, pear-teated tramp's performances belie her appearance. Cocoa-colored sexpot India pays a vaginal visitation to Summers in a bathtub. With a mixture of apathy and contempt, the pair gnaw on and stretch each other's labra like so much taffy Blond, schnauzer-faced troglodyte Candy Hill's razor-burnt beef flaps bring the proceedings to a gruesome end. Sensually Hounted kills hard-ons dead.



HAWAIIAN BLAST: Hunter, speared by Vouver



SENSUALLY HAUNTED: Summers is cuckoo for cocoa butts



In the world of porn, the concept of thinking big rarely extends beyond bust size and penis length. Private Video's new The Uranus Experiment stands as a rare and extreme exception

Like The Phantom Menace, George Lucas's much-anticipated return to the Star Wars saga, The Uranus Experiment is a big-budget, sci-li epic, the first in a projected trilogy, and has generated a fever-pitch prerelease buzz in industry circles. The vast majority of that buzz can be attributed to 25 seconds of its two-hour running time, in which the world's first zero-gravity cum-shot is captured on videotape

To achieve this unprecedented moment of weightless ejaculation Uranus Experiment director John Millerman employed the same method used by NASA to train astronauts Millerman, along with cast and crew boarded an airplane that climbed to an altitude of 11,000 feet before nose-divng, temporarily sending its inhabitants ahoat Euro-gash Wanda Curtis then had approximately half a minute to coax a helping of ball butter from Nick Langs spuzz gun and make blue-screen history

While the surreal sight of Lang's slop drifting free-form from his urethra and across the plane cabin is an inspiring testament to testicular courage under pressure, ils value as erotica is less certain. Given the film's astronomical cost (estimated at \$750 000 by Private), one might even accuse Uranus Experiments makers of unduly expensive gimmickry Millerman himself downplays the high tech smoke and mirrors. "It is done as the old-fashioned musical movies. Fred Astaires type," the Swedish helmsman notes, citing its fusion of plot and sex

For Lang, the experience was less momentous than might be expected. "If you want me to teil you the truth, I cannot rearly say what I feit," he recalls. "I do not remember the sensation of floating or anything similar." Its curiosity factor notwithstanding, The Uranus Experiment's muchbailyhooed breakthrough leaves viewers similarly underwhelmed

Fuck pigs in space: The Uranus Experiment's cust prepares for reentry



City of Anals



ONE-QUARTER ERECT



Directed by Michael J. Cox. starring Timber, Liza Harper, Katie Gold, Barett Moore, Julie Meadows, Amber Woods, Shell Rene, Tiger Lily, Ian Daniels, Michael J. Coxx, Kyle Stone and Rod Fontana. Videocassette: VCA Xplicit

Michael J. Coxx directs and stars in City of Anals, an amateur hour and a half in which run-of-the-mill screen skanks show off their pimply booties against squalid tableaux. Coxx drives up Katte Gold's driveway, handicam in hand; Gold climbs into the passenger seat looking like hell. Coxx speeds away to the sleazy site of his porn crime: a pile of sleeping bags next to the industrial wash of the L.A. River. As cars roar over the bridge above, Gold joins fellow tramps Timber and Barett Moore The three bitches pig out on girl gash, surrounded by gang graffiti and dirt. Another depressing scene features Amber Woods, who can't pay her rent and offers her ass for double penetration. Unfortunately, Coxx can't afford a pro swordsman. His receptionist takes to the street in search of willing man meat. Rejected by more selfrespecting cocks, the desperate secretary fishes a burn out of the gutter. The poor slob, more in need of hooch than bootch, bobbles over to Woods using a walker. A bleak commentary on urban decay, City of Anals stinks worse than its garbage-strewn settings. -D. P

Filthy Attitudes #4



THREE-QUARTERS



Directed by Brian "Cheeks" Williams, starring T. J. Hart, Orsolya Varga, Bobbi Bliss Regan Starr, Omu'Nique, Michelle Kaire, Cartier, Jake Steed, Tice Bune, Pat Myne, Paul Cox and Dave Hardman Videocassette: Elegant Angel

Of the many milestones that mark a human's passage from crib to hearse, few resound more poignantly than the rupturing of a porn slut's anal cherry. Filthy Attitudes #4 director Brian Williams lovingly captures this rectal rite of passage as it occurs to svelte, blond minx Regan Starr. Assisting Starr are Pat Myne and redheaded fellatrix extraordinaire Bobbi Bliss. Starr and

Bliss stiffen Myne's spum pump with face-pounding intensity. A cock-crazed Bliss pushes Myne's flesh hammer to the back of her throat and coats his lap with foamy waves of spittle. Ensconcing his beef baton in Starr's twitching crap hatch, Myne commences drilling; Start hops frenziedly and effuses porn poetics such as "Poke that pinner!" The viewer applauds Starr's spirited colonic debut with the sound of one hand slapping Elsewhere, Paul Cox and Tice Bune treat raven-tressed, Budapest beauty Orsolya Varga to a molten double penetration, while litheand-lovely sluts of color Michelle Kaire and Omu'Nique strain to accommodate Jake Steed's monster schlong. Filthy Attitudes #4 is dirtily delicious. -S.A

Whoriental 2



ONE-QUARTER ERECT



Directed by Jim Powers, starring Tokyo Rose, Rosy Rocket, Teah, Saki, Cumisha Amado, Bof, Weed, Tony Eveready,

Brunno, Roy L. Shaft and Dave Hardman Videocassette: J. M. Productions

Damien Michaels, Michael Wright, T. J. Rock

culturally insensitive The Whoriental 2 begins its assault on East/West relations with pan-faced, Oriental bitch Tokyo Rose handcufling a bumbling white man to a bed frame. The honkie hostage is left hanging until a friend comes into the room and lectures his huddy as he frees him. "My daddy was in the Korean War," he says. "He taught me that you have to disrespect these Whortentals," Tokyo Rose reenters the picture: She looks old enough to be Dad's whore from the war. The duo of dicks simultaneously stuff the slattern's face. She hungrily slobbers on the doublesausage happy meal. The boys bend the aged, slant-eyed madam over and double-penetrate her ass and hairless nookie. After feverishly pounding the yellow peril, the pair pop splooge in her snaggletoothed sushi hole. Soon afterward, pointyfaced Cong women with fake tits initiate a whoriental orgy; blue gash splits to reveal that there are no more mysteries of the Orient. Whoriental 2 captures the reality of a Korean-rice-farm brothel, and that ain't a good thing. Sucky sucky, fuck you. -D.P.



CITY OF ANALS: Meadows licks lap hammer.

Puritan Video Magazine #23



THREE-QUARTERS ERECT



Directed by Jim Powers and Sam Peckerpaw starring Eva, Francesca Lipps, Jade Harley Raine, Rebecca Lord, Nakita Ka\$h, Temptress, Dwayne Dewher, Don Fernando, Brunno, J. J. Michaels, Chris Charming and Alec Metro Videocassette: Legend Video

A rich man's German wife is bored, horny and thirsty for choad as the first chapter of Puritan Video Magazine #23 unfolds. A handyman stacks cords of firewood nearby and notices the lonely lady writhing in a sexual feeding frenzy. In a plot twist that will surprise absolutely no one, he fucks her. The lady bends over and guides the hired hand's rigid length into her dripping cooch doggystyle. The monster-titted Frau twists around and climbs onto the handyman's pole; she smacks her pussy down on the worker's blood bratwurst and enjoys a Hitleriffic ride. Another hot segment features a lady hairdresser who sculpts a Mohawk onto a customer's head before sexually servicing his lap spike. In an outdoor primal fantasy, a gas-mask-wearing redhead appears decked in trashy, rubber lingerie. In a double-penetration blowjob orgy, the rubber mistress successfully satisfies three trunks at once, Puritan Video Magazine #23 doesn't reinvent the porn wheel, but it does give it a satisfyingly salacious spin. -D.P.



FILTHY ATTITUDES #4 Dongs double up on Varga



WHORIENTAL 2 Stud plants stem in Tokyo Rose's dirt chute.



PURITAN VIDEO MAGAZINE #23 Temptress, Lord and friend: fake dick, real sluts.



A quick checklist of features reviewed in past issues
of PASSTURE and RUSSPURE ENGINE WITHIN SUITE



Backseat Driver 6: Anal Whiplash (Toxxxic/Metro)

Wendi Knight, T. J. Hart, Jake Steed

California Cocksuckers #4.

Straight Outta Cumtown
(Sinister/Sin City)

Gina Ryder, Inan Vachs, Ian Daniels

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

Monique Covet, Silvia Saint, John Walton



Archer's Last Day (Extreme Associates)

Monique, Stryc-9, Tom Byron

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

Booty Outy Number 7 (Elegant Angel)
Jill Kelly, Alexandra Nice, Eric Price

Sexual Addiction (Odyssey Group Video)
Temptress, Alexandra Silk, Chriss Cannon

Slutwoman (Elegant Angel)
Rozanne Hall Cassandra Noight Rick Masters

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



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

Flesh Peddiers Number 4 (Metro)
Amber Michaels, Shelby Mine, Marc Davis

Jail Bahes Volume 2 (LFP Video)
Ginger, Sparky, Jack Hammer

The Secrets of Kamasutra (Private) Helen Duval, Vanda, Andrew Youngman

Sex Commandos (VCA)
Stacy Valentine, Flower, Julian



Acid Sex (Extreme Associates)
lasmin St. Claire, Tillamy Minx, Euciano

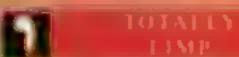
Country Comfort (Vivid Film) Devon, Halli Ashton, Bobby Vitale

Farmer's Daughters Do Hollywood (Legend)

Inari Vachs, Teri Starr, Eric Price

Just Fuckin' N' Suckin' 2 (Elegant Angel) Victoria Dei Rig, Jenniter Leigh, Avez Sanders

Ladies' Night (Sin City)
Asia Carrera, Aircandra S.lk. Herschel Sava, e



Jenteal, Ruby, Jon Dough

Search for the Snow Leopard (Adam & Eve)

Asia Carrera, Stephanie Swift Alec Metro

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



NAKED ANGEL: Cameron rides Decker

Naked Angel

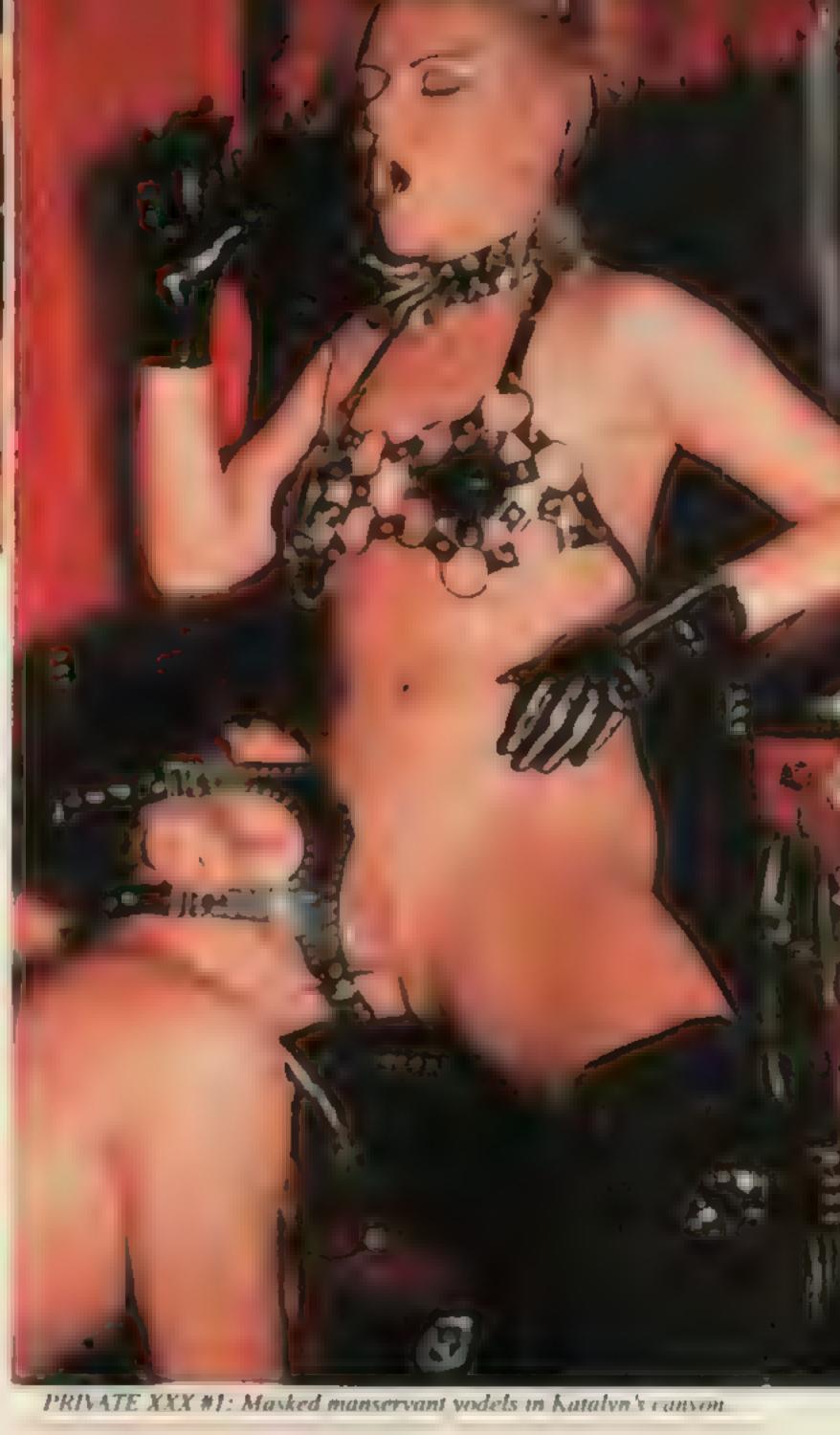


HALF



Starring Capri Cameron, Johnni Black
Kay Parker, Elle DeVine, Jennifer Leigh
Caroline Pierce. Elena Alexandra Nice
Eva, Brian Surewood, John Decker,
Ron Jeremy, John Strong
Damien Michaels and Kyle Stone
Videocassette- Arrow Productions

Nuked Angel star Capri Cameron has been dubbed "the most beautiful girl ever to do porn" by Adult Video News, Hyperbolic, perhaps, but Cameron's golden curls and luminous, aquamarine eyes are a welcome sight for sore palms Sadly, the makers of Cameron's XXX debut stingily withhold her lone sex scene until the video's final moments, assaulting the viewer with a mixed bag of vignettes in the meantime. Puggish, stuccoskinned Johnni Black eases her forefinger down her throat while stroking her nubbin. This attempt to entice only mirrors the viewer's reaction to her wizened gash, A subsequent orgy is too fraught with momentum-destroying cuts to be of substantial stroking value Cameron's debutante dicking final ly occurs; she brings John Decker's meat stick to its full upright position with slow, sloppy bobs and slurps. Cameron's voluptuous, alabaster frame shimmies and bucks atop Decker's lap before he tosses protein pudding onto her dimpled chin. Alluring and all too brief, this highlight underscores the video's squandered potential Naked Angel could've been heavenly; instead, it's mediocre. -S.A.



Private XXX #1



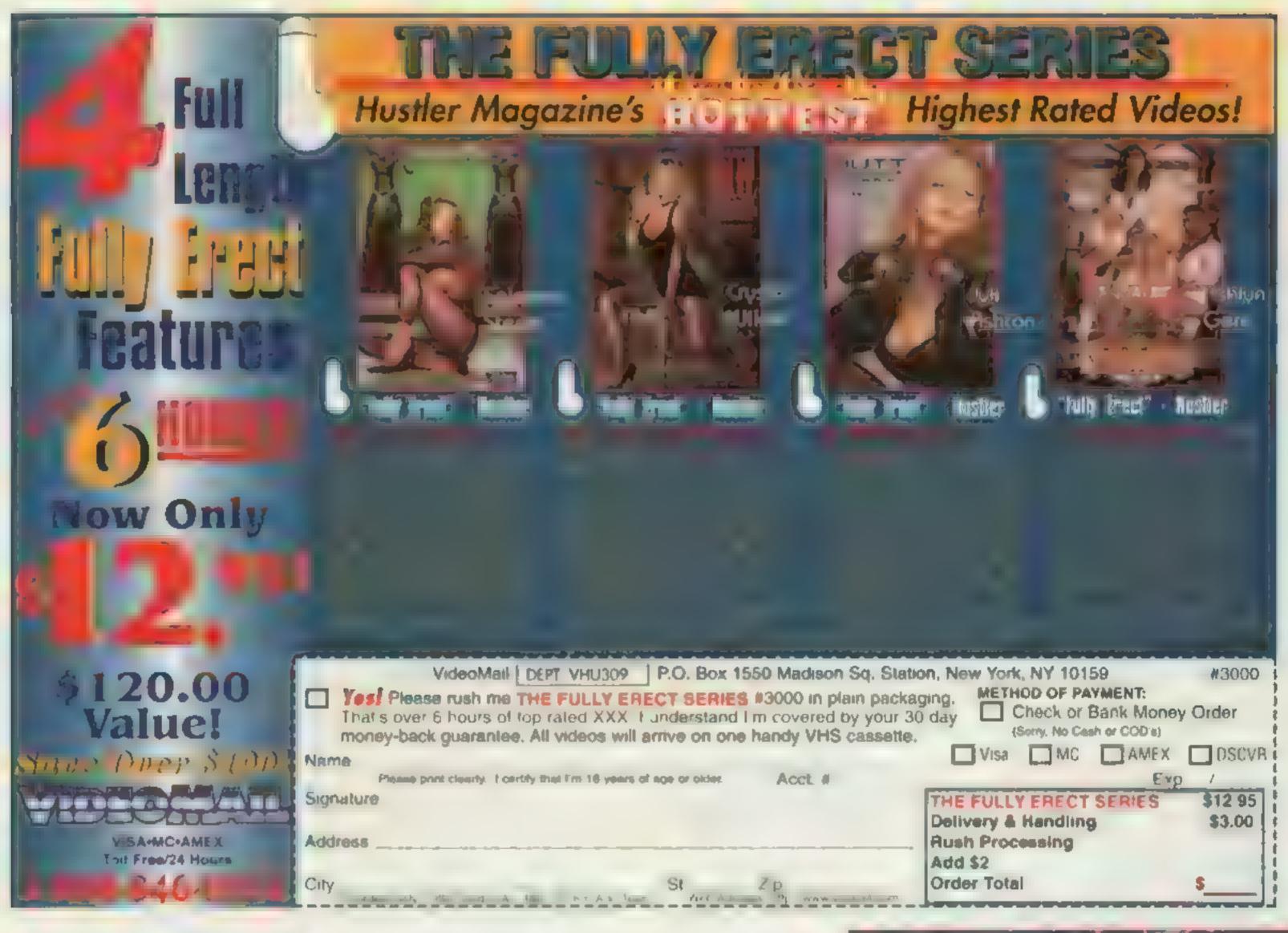
FULLY ERECT



Directed by uncredited starring Mistress Katalyn, ten uncredited mystery girls and their studs Videocassette Private Media Group

The porn war is over, and the Europeans have the Americans beat. Spanish-based Private Media Group consistently offers the most gorgeous girls engaged in outrageously naughty fantasies. Provide XXX #1 is Private's first video magazine and a worthy addition to the company's generally excellent catalog. Six fantasy sequences feature 11 of Europe's finest pink

in scenarios that circumvent threadbare porn convention. Two burglars enter the master bedroom of a house they are robbing. The lady of the house pulls a gun on the two thieves, forcing them to stuff her eager holes in landem. A dildo salesman pitches his wares to three horny models. When one of the models husbands returns home from work, an orgy is already in full swing on a spiral staircase. A subsequent chapter features another group rutting at an outdoor cafe. By the time Mistress Katalyn cracks her whip and submits to anal probes from her rubber-clad slaves, Private XXX #1 has viewers licked and spurting. -D.P.

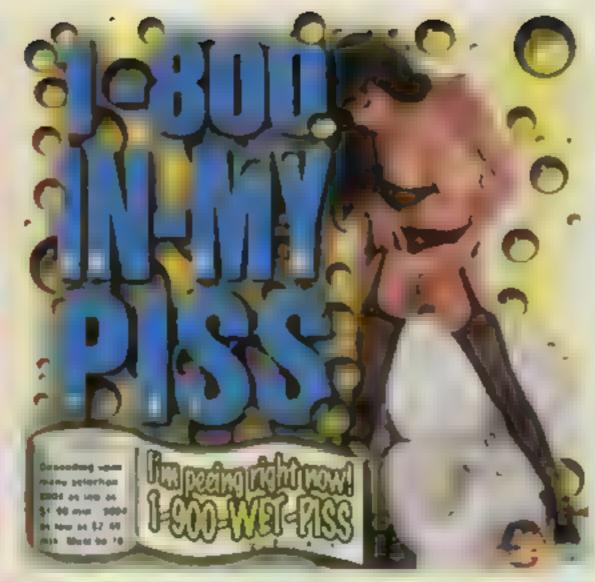














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FEEDBACK

(continued from page 18)

her again in a couples spread. It would be incredibly hot to have Jeanna Fine deep-throat Gia's cock. Have Jeanna plunge a finger knuckle-deep in Gia's asshole while she wraps her lips around Gia's prick. As long as you keep your pages filled with shocking pictorials, you'll have a customer for life. —A. L. via Internet

Pee Lover Wants Poo

As a regular HUSTLER subscriber, I've noticed a lot of golden showers sprinkled throughout the pictorials. I love it! Any chance we'll see a hot lady take a dump in an upcoming issue?

—L. F.

Jacksonville, Florida

Probably not soon enough for you, You might want to invest in a sheet of turd stickers (ask for them by name at fine stationery stores). Stick the turds on our HUSTLER Honey bungholes for custom dump delights.

Lady Reads the Articles

I am not very interested in pictures of naked girls, since I am female and straight, but I do find that the rest of your publication is the best, It is probably the finest and purest form of the First Amendment in print. Thank you, Larry Flynt, for having the balls to say what needs to be said. You may piss off some hypocrites in politics, but the fight to erase censorship in this country is a good fight. Keep up the good work.

-K. W

Faith Restored

Having just finished reading THE FLYNT REPORT, my faith in democracy has finally been restored. You have done nothing less than save freedom and justice on Earth. THE FLYNT REPORT was hard-core journalism, poignant sattre and spitting rage packed into 84 pages of the most scathing indictment of hypocrisy 1 have ever had the perverse pleasure of reading. I savored every word and feel utterly redeemed. It's up there with the Gettysburg Address and the Ten Commandments. THE FLYNT REPORT is perhaps the most powerful political manifesto of our times. Truth is precious and rare. I am so extremely glad people like you have the guts to tell it like it is. You're my fuckin' hero, Mr. Flynt. I can't express my gratitude enough. —S. T. P. via Internet

Has the Goods

THE FLYNT REPORT exposes the devil in God's clothing. Congratulations on a fine job well done. My concern is that most people are not aware of it. Perhaps you might consider buying air time on the radio so others will know it is available. Jesus talked against hypocrisy, and the Bible says, "Your sins will find you out." Apparently, this truth does not merely apply to liberal Democrats alone. I hope you will continue to divulge the discrete sins of both liberals and conservatives alike. Jerry Falwell says he hates the sin, but loves the sinner. It seems like hypocrites like him love the sin and hate the sinner. Actions speak louder than

words. I'm very much looking forward to THE FLYNT REPORT PART II. Fight the power and fight apathy.

—L. V.

via Internet

Thanks for the rave reviews. THE FLYNT REPORT can be yours by calling 1-815-734-1142.

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@ifp.com. Include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication.















LITTLE TONGUE, COLORADO

If you ask me, those two kids who shot up the high school were probably redneck fags, driven to kill by their redneckfag tendencies. Look at the evidence: They were into Marilyn Manson, They were into Nazi regalia, and we all know Hitler was a leather-loving fairy. Perhaps most damning, those pillow biters in Colorado held an entire high school at gunpoint-and didn't try to fuck any of the chicks! I mean, did you see some of those fleeing teenage cuties on the news? What would you have done?

I know what I would have done; after weeks of massacre-related media coverage, my intentions remained the same Score teen pussy! Those three beautiful words echoed in the horniest recesses of my brain, drowning out the bleating newscasters and hand-wringing commentators. Score teen pussy! I felt as if a cheerleading squad had taken up residence in my skull. They practiced their perverse, minimal cheer incessantly, leaping in the air so high, I could see their pink panties. Score teen pussy! Score teen pussy! Score teen pussy!

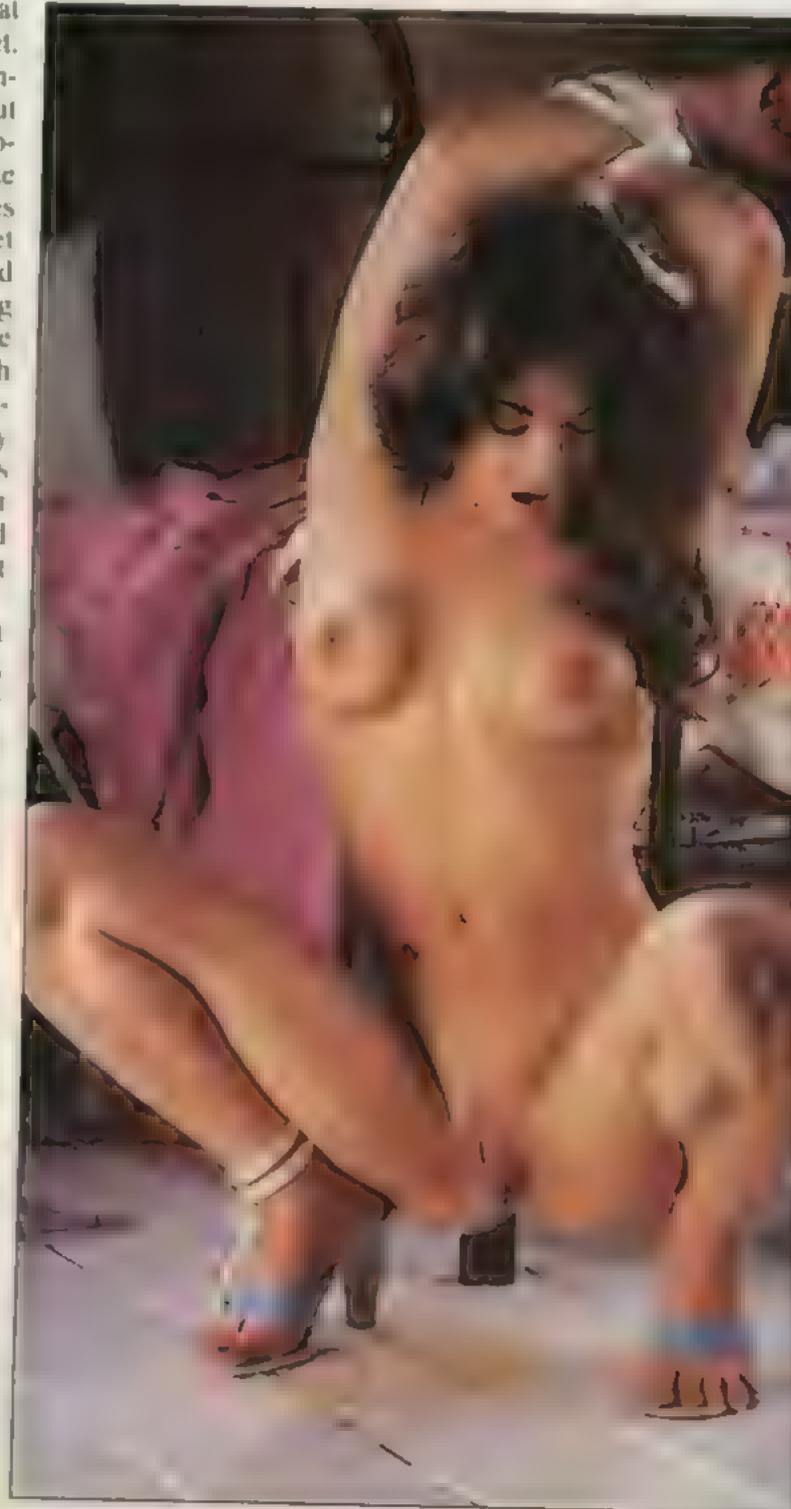
There was only one way for me to quiet the voices and vaginas in my head. I donned a black trench coat and marched to the local school yard. Of course, it's been 13 years since I was in high school, and I'm quite a bit fatter and scarier-looking since then. I ran the risk of being rejected on a playground, which could trigger all sorts of primal anxieties and cause me to go on my own murderous

When what to my chickenhawk eyes should appear but three nubile teenagers, skipping class to hang around the coffee shop, smoke cigarettes and do whatever it is sweet young things in halter tops and short-shorts do when traveling in packs. I couldn't believe the sight of their tan, ripe flesh bursting out of those ultrarevealing outfits. Do they really allow high-school girls to dress that way? No wonder guns are popping off left and right; you've got to shoot something.

Judging by the somewhat predatory look in the tall, brunet babe's eye-undoubtedly the leader of the jiggling, giggling girl gang—these were delinquent types, whose little holiday was probably the result of expulsion. I cozied up on the couch next to the surprisingly big, amber goddess. She smelled like bubblegum and suntan lotion. At first, she reacted to my boldness with an exaggerated look of shock. Her friends giggled even more uncontrollably, causing tiny titty quakes all around me. Then I turned deadly serious, and the laughter stopped.

"I'm horrified by what happened in Littleton, Colorado," I began. "I don't know what's going on with your generation. But I care.

I really, really care. And I want to make a difference. Maybe if you three young ladies come back to my apartment and help me dramatically recreate the events of that terrible day—complete with a medical examination for the effects of stress on your blossoming bodies-we can find an answer." I tried to look like I was valiantly fighting back tears. My

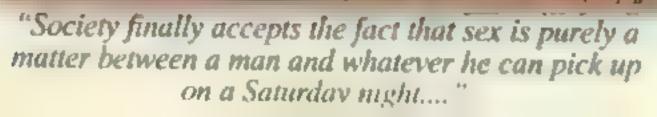


HISTLER

















Hot Letters An alcoholic mother—who was probably my age or younger—an absent

father and an empty house. This was teen-pussy jackpot!

acting abilities didn't make much of a difterence; the pubeless audience cracked up laughing.

"Dude," said the long, leggy vixen I had targeted as ringleader. "I've flunked so many times, I'm hardly even a high schooler. You think I care about those snot-nosed kids? I'm, like, 18 years old." I couldn't believe a girl of such tender appearance could actually be the legal age to engage in sex. To dispel my skepticism, she produced two forms of identification, adding, "I don't know what all this re-creation bullshit is about, If you just want to fuck, we can go to my place. My mom's on a bender; she won't be home for another few days." An alcoholic mother—who was probably my age or younger—an absent father and an empty house. This was teen-pussy jackpot! Nevertheless, 1 decided to press my luck.

I begged, "Can we still bring your two friends? You know, just to watch."

"Dude," scowled one of the tempting tarts, "You don't even want to know how old we are." Fair enough. I loaded my new playmate—whose name was Winnie, by the way—into my cramped Toyota, C-cup breasts and all.

"Most of the guys I bring home drive nicer cars," she groused as we pulled into her suburban driveway.

l retorted, "Most of the guys you bring home probably don't rip your panties off, stuff them in your mouth and fuck your sweet little ass until internal damage occurs." Winnie couldn't argue with that. We practically ran for her bedroom, which was decorated with posters of hairless teen idois. In stark contrast, I pulled off my clothes to reveal my flabby, hirsute frame.

"Ugghhh," she groaned. "Put the trench coat back on. Pretend you're holding a gun on me. Make me hot." I had certainly picked a winner. Mustering a psychotic intensity that came quite easily, I shoved Winnie to the floor and tore off her shorts. My foot stepped onto her smooth, bare abdomen.

"Stay down there. Don't you fucking move. Do you hear me? Lick my asshole while I jack off on those gross tits." I squatted over Winnie's pretty face, simultaneously slashing open her skimpy top with a box cutter that just happened to be in my coat pocket. Her bazooms bounced free and wiggled happily. The brownish nipples stood at attention; so did the acres of creamy teat meat. Amazing how young mams can be so big, yet so firm.

Winnie's tongue snaked inside my shitter. She grunted and slurped beneath me, playing with my balls. As promised, I wanked furiously, occasionally rubbing one of Winnie's erect nerps against my piss slit. Her rimjob technique was accomplished; my prostate was quite literally tickled to no end.

"Hold on," muttered Winnie, momentarily abandoning her fudgy explorations. I watched in erotic awe as her naked form crawled from under me. When Winnie stood before me, I was astonished by the vision in fresh flesh. She insisted, "If you really had me at gunpoint, I'd be scared. So I'd piss all over you...like this." Before I could offer any resistance. Winnie spread her legs above me and let loose a sloppy, steaming stream. Splatter is a more appropriate description. For an obvious watersports freak, she had no sense of aim; simply the enthusiastic gush of youth, trickling down her leg into my open mouth and onto my trench coat. The bladder juice kept coming and coming and coming. A damp, acrid stench rose from the puddle around me. I had never been so turned-on in my entire life. The moment her geyser ran out of pee, I knocked her onto the bed and jumped on top of her screaming, wriggling body.

I insisted, "Don't fight it. You know

Rather than answer my questions, Winnie played up her high-school-victim role. She kicked and punched at me so violently, I almost believed I was raping her. That uneasy feeling melted away when my fingers slid into Winnie's quim like four hot pokers into cherry ice cream. Her howls were replaced by low moans and heavy breathing. I removed my hand and shoved the gooey digits into Winnie's mouth. She sucked up her juices ecstatically, writhing and reaching for my rock-hard cock.

"Auuuggh," Winnie erupted when my girth tore open her scalding walls. I rocked the cunny with a few fast and brutal opening strokes to get the deepest regions nice and wet. Then I took my time, allowing myself to savor the teenpussy sensation I had worked so hard to achieve. I never wanted our encounter to end—and yet the way she started moving her baby-fat ass guaranteed an immediate climax. The best thing I could do was ride out her groin-pleasing vibrations and ignore the volcano building in my testicles.

I delayed the inevitable as long as possible by cupping her butt cheeks and jamming my middle finger up her bunghole. The intrusion produced a great wail



"Baseball bores the ol' lady."









Hot Letters I pulled all the way out of her turd ring and jammed back in, causing her to shriek something in Chinese. She was babbling up a storm as I increased the ass-ramming pace.

from Winnie, as if she had just been informed of her best friend's shooting death. Out of respect, I removed the offending knuckles and cleaned them on her taste buds. Again, Winnie went for the finger like a chocolatey treat. Wait until I dismounted and crammed my hose down her throat.

"Oh, fuck," I yelled. The flood was pouring from my meat cannon. I withdrew, blasted one sperm volley across Winnie's chest and dumped the rest onto her tongue. She swallowed every drop, licked my nuts and tried to suck my ass again. After coming, I don't usually want a woman anywhere near me; so I pushed her head away and threw on my Rammstein T-shirt.

I say usually because Winnie's mother was indeed home-and drunk. What the three of us did was way too kinky for such a subdued letter. —D. P.

Prescott, Arizona

MASSAGE PROWLER

Does the media influence our behavior? Well, I will say this: I never thought about visiting a massage parlor until I read HUSTLER's stroke-shack feature (Hooked on a Feering: 1 Am Addicted to Asian Massage Handjob, August 1999). I was so intrigued by the author's tales of bargain-basement blowjobs and anal sex that I decided to sneak inside my neighborhood's "Health Spa" and see what was cooking. The answer was Asian booty.

You may have noticed I mentioned slipping inside the massage parlor surreptitiously. That's because I'm broke as fuck! I figured the old mama-san who ran the joint would be too out of it to notice my sneaky entrance...and I was right. Silently, I made my way down a long hall and slipped inside a room whose door was open. A small closet proved difficult to squeeze into but just right for peeping. I was giddy with anticipation when some fat, middle-aged businessman entered and dropped trou, unaware of my presence.

Christ, he was a disgusting, hairy fucker, I instantly felt a wave of compassion for the poor women who make the hard journey to the United States only to wind up pulling the tiny puds of beasts like the 250-pound mess before me. Then the hottest little slant-eyed slut I've ever seen in my life walked in, and I lost my train of thought.

"Harro, Anthony," she chirped to the water buffalo in the white towel. A firstname basis ought to be a good sign.

"What you want today?" Not wasting any time, Tony cupped the Asian flower's yellow crotch in his apelike hand. She peeled off her tiny, black skirt and tube top, revealing smallish booblets and delectable, white panties. For a Chinese, the little lady had a nice, round, firm ass, made all the more tempting by the cotton restraints. I unzipped as quietly as possible and jacked myself into a frenzy.

The ginch stripped off her underwear and playfully placed them on her customer's head. She reached between her legs and produced a condom. I'm not sure if she had the thing taped to her inside thigh or shoved up her crack, but I saw the scumbag's magical appearance with my own eyes. The beached whale didn't even notice; he was too busy muttering to hirnself and drooling. After his tiny tally whacker was properly encased, the glandrubbing geisha gal hopped on top and pumped her loins like a fucking machine.

"Oh, Anthony," she moaned. "You so good. So big. You'come for today? You come?" From my vantage point behind the action, I stared obsessively at her dark-chocolate asshole. There was no way she was actually managing to eke any sensation out of Chubby's little peter, despite the way she thrashed and wiener. I was silently congratulating clawed the massage table. I couldn't

stand to see the almond-eyed sweetic put in so much work without receiving some kind of payoff (other than the fat guy's \$100). That's why I emerged from the closet, subtly doused my big dong in baby oil and pushed all nine inches up her honorable backside.

The next scream my anal Asian emitted was the real thing. She looked back at me over her shoulder with an expression of shock and perverse delight. Pressing a single finger to her lips, she let me know the big one beneath her was utterly unaware; if I remained quiet while firing a load in her pooper, I could get off scot-free.

I pulled all the way out of her turd ring and jammed back in, causing her to shriek something in Chinese. She was babbling up a storm as I increased the ass-ramming pace. Apparently, my co-fucker came, because the sizzling slab of jade between us clenched her loins in a milking manner. Before I knew what was happening, I had spurted a gallon of jizz into her sphincters. When I pulled out, the scum dripped from her open rectum and onto her client's shriveled balls. He probably wouldn't notice if she took a dump on his nads.

I returned to my hiding space with a greasy, toasted and utterly satisfied (continued on page 149)





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

When Dicks Are Too Big

THE PROBLEM PEOPLE JUST WON'T TALK ABOUT

BY CINDY SPECTOR . ILLUSTRATION BY ROB ORZECHOWSKI

Hank can't face another Saturday night at home cozied up with an analgang-bang video and a bottle of lube. On the other hand, yet another rejection at the hands of a would-be fuckmate would be a staggering blow to his already-abyssal self-esteem. Daphne, a chatty waitress at Snooky's, a nearby bar, is an excellent prospect: She has huge tits for a petite girl and soft, brown hair that stretches down to her perfect ass. She and Hank have had an ongoing flirtation for about three weeks; seducing her should be easy, but Hank worries that Daphne won't be understanding about his special problem. With high hopes, Hank splashes on cologne, dons his shinlest rayon shirt, coils his dick around his balls and drives to Snooky's.

Daphne is drunk and touchy-feely. After the bar closes, she invites Hank up to her apartment for a nightcap. An hour later, Daphne is lying with her legs spread wide on her bed, wearing nothing but white tube socks. Hank gently pries open her clam with his fingertips and laps her flowing pussy juices with the tip of his tongue.

A sudden inrush of blood engorges Hank's dong, leaving him light-headed. Hank gobbles Daphne's candy apple until she squirms in anticipation of his logjammer. He plans to keep his straining stallion in his pants, out of Daphne's view, until she begs him for cock. His penis pulses impatiently, like a thoroughbred at the starting gate.

Finally, Hank unzips. His broadsword leaps from his jeans and fixes Daphne's dripping-wet, drooling slice with a one-eyed stare. Hank prepares to plunge, but hears a familiar phrase: "There's no way you're putting that inside of me."

Daphne stares at Hank's freakishly large member in disbelief. The shaft is as fat as a kosher salami. The purple head is swollen like a clenched fist. Blood courses through distended veins.

Hank assures Daphne that with a

gentle warm-up, she could be in for the best fuck of her life. After another half hour of cunt-flap lapping, he fits the plum-size head of his dong into her sloppy hair pie. Daphne's eyes widen.

"This isn't going to work," Daphne says. "This is uncomfortable. Let's stop."

Hank returns home with his tail between his legs. He drains his testicles of sperm with the only two things that never turned him down: his VCR and his oily left hand.

For the average American man, a key component of guy talk is inspiring inadequacy in credulous peers by spinning improbable yarns about penis dimensions. The same average man in our size-obsessed society wishes he could double the size of his 4 Q-inch baby maker.

Just as some dubious fish stories are true, on occasion, a lucky schmoe is born with a prize-winning trouser trout. The other 99% of the penis pool feels acute locker-room envy or lines up for costly and risky penislengthening procedures. Mere mortals can't understand that a horse dork can be less of a blessing than a curse. There is no compassion in the hearts of the mediocre masses for the silent shame suffered by a monstrously well-hung stud. The guy who is cursed and blessed with a King Kong schlong must endure his lot alone.

"Having a large penis hasn't done me much good," says Manny Toerteta, whose ten-inch johnson is considered a small fry in big-dick circles. "Girls are scared of it. I try to





"I did not have sexual relations with that woman."



1. Black Beauty - Super flexible 1" thick 7" for g black vibrator Multi-speed vibes with cittoral stimulator.

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"I'd rather have a small dick and have girls lie to me about how big it is while they're sucking it than have a big dick and not enjoy any poontang at all."

convince them that I won't hurt them, but some girls don't want to hear that, I'd rather have a small dick and have girls lie to me about how big it is while they're sucking it than have a big dick and not enjoy any poontang at all."

The average woman's vaginal canal is three to four inches long; anything above an average-size penis makes for a poor fit. As strange as it may seem, there may be such a thing as being too well-hung.

"The basic problem is that it hurts," says Daisy, an exotic dancer. "I love sex, but not when it feels like I'm being split open. Having the tip of some guy's dick banging against my ovaries feels about as sexy as being kicked in the balls. Some men's dicks are just too big."

"I had a boyfriend who thought he had that problem," says Ginnie, a busty security guard. "I've been stuffed with some hefty wieners, and I can't really see a woman having a problem, at least with width. A really long dick, on the other hand, will bump up against the cervix, and that could take the pleasure out of fucking."

Prodigiously endowed men may not be able to enjoy one of life's greatest pleasures: the feeling of having a penis loaded to the balls in a chick's willing, wet mouth. Deep-throat skills vary, but the chick who can swallow nine-plus inches of cock is a rare catch.

"I used to try really hard to deep-throat my boyfriend," says Julie, an enthusiastic but modestly skilled blowjob fan. "But he was at least nine inches, and I would just gag. I don't think a girl can take more than seven inches into her mouth and not want to throw up."

"Every woman would like to try having sex with a guy of massive size at least once in her life; it's a fantasy," says Cyclops, a 74-year-old lowan who starred in stag films in his youth. "But a woman might not want a massive penis all the time. A lot of times, the women are not up to fucking a guy with a dick my size. Women get used to it, of course. If a woman can deliver a child, what kind of damage can I do with a foot-long dick?"

"Girls like the look of a horse cock, and they might like to jerk it, but when it comes to taking a pounding or blowing me, it starts to seem like a lot of work," says Randy, a plumber with a 12-inch snake. "It's unsatisfying being unable to bury my stick in a chick's mouth or her snatch. The trick is to have anal sex—the pussy is only a few inches deep, but with the anus, after the first couple inches of

butt muscle, you're in the open bowel. You just have to find the girl that digs having a gargantuan cock up her ass."

Lexington Steele, an affable, 29-yearold New Yorker, is in the clite company of men who are capable of autofellatio. His chocolate-dark prong, 12 inches long and seven inches around, makes him one of the most sought-after actors in porndom. Steele knows how difficult it can be to soothe the fear that his foot-long fuck pole inspires in women.

"I tell the girls, 'I know it looks like it's gonna kill you, but it's not the car that kills people, it's the driver,' "Steele says. "I don't try and murder the girls I work with because then they won't want to work with me again. Once we start, things usually go well. I've been told by a lot of girls in the business that working with me makes them feel like a virgin again, because there are areas of their vaginal canal that they never felt until they were with me."

While Steele may be speaking frankly about his God-given gift, his comments could be construed as egomaniacal, which for some women is another strike against the big of dick.

"If I know a guy's got a big dick, I don't even go near him," says Doris, a 20-year-

old theater-arts student at a university in New York. "They are such egotistical jerkoffs. They always have a huge attitude to go with their oversize wieners."

"A lot of people think that a person with what I have would wear his penis on his shoulder," admits Rob "Too Big" Spilletti, whose 14-inch tube steak has made him one of the most talked-about celebrities in big-dick Internet chat rooms. "My ego is not in any way based on the size of my dick. I just happen to have one of the biggest dicks in the world, and I think I should be treated accordingly.

"Women are never satisfied," adds Too Big. "Why are men always to blame, when the real problem is that women's pussies are too shallow?"

Fortunately for the abnormally endowed man, a subculture of fun-loving women exists with equally freakish, extra-long vaginal canals. When two such misfits meet, a match is made that is worth hanging on to.

"I guess I'm a size queen—eight inches is nothing to me, literally," says Kim, a regular in the Atlanta swingers circuit, "After I had my first ten-incher, I never went back. Single-digit dingalings need not apply. I've never seen a 12-inch dick, but if I did, you can bet I'd try to ride it."



















Screwed "In truth, there's no such thing as being taken advantage of in this industry. This is a business of cockroaches; it's predicated on exploitation."

On her third day as a professional screen slut, Cheri Swelz learned her first lesson in hard-core exploitation. Swelz's employer that day was Stan Brent of Raw Talent Productions.

"I walked in there, and there were 40 guys waiting for me," says Swelz, a 28-year-old brunette. "He didn't even tell me it was a gang-bang."

Perhaps the film's title, Bang'er 40 Times, should have aroused Swelz's suspicions. The hefty \$2,000 fee she was to receive for the day suddenly made sense. She went through with the scene.

"I was taking four or five guys at a time, jerking guys with both hands, sucking one, having one in my pussy, one in my ass, nonstop for six hours," says Swelz. "One guy tried to fuck my ear or come in my ear—I don't know what he was doing. Another guy tried to stick a foot in my pussy."

Under duress, Swelz sucked and fucked in good faith that day, but she was unpleasantly surprised when she received her paycheck.

"I didn't get the \$2,000," she says with disgust. "I got \$750 or something. To this day, I've never been paid what I'm owed."

The battle of the sexes is serialized in the glut of hard-core product that pours out of California's Porn Valley each year. Directors and producers, for the most part male, want to expend as little money as possible on production costs, while the predominantly female talent pool is conversely intent on being paid more to do less.

"The young girls don't realize that these men have been doing this for a long time," says Pamela Dee, the tight-bodied, Hawaiian star of more than 100 X-rated films. "A lot of new girls tend to be too eager. They want it really bad—that's an advantage for guys.

"They'll nickel and dime you until they get what they want," Dee adds. "You gotta know what your limitations are and stick to them, because you can easily get bamboozled into doing something you don't want to do. Until you get some experience under your belt, you have to learn the hard way."

Porn years are telescoped like dog years; given the notoriously short shelf life of the average career in the jizz biz, teenage skin stars are as prized as southpaw pitching prospects. A teenybopper new to the ranks of sperm gurglers is easy to play for a sucker in the bottom-line-oriented, every-slut-for-herself world of hard-core porn.

"People think they know what they're in for, but it's worse than they think," says Randi Rage, a busty veteran of three years in fuck films. "Only the strong survive."

"Some girls are afraid, and if they get in there, and someone starts hurting them or something, they don't want to say nothing because they're afraid they ain't gonna get paid," says Peach Puddin', the Southern-born star of dozens of X-rated films. "I'm not prissy—you rough me up, I'm going to turn around and knock the shit out of you too.

"There's good points and bad points about porn," adds Puddin'. "You get in there, and you got the guts and the gungho, and you're pretty, and you get on the A-list, they'll start wanting you, and they'll start kissing your butt. But the feminine ones, the shy ones, they'll be chewed up bad by the sharks."

Some observers believe that it is naive to expect honor and fair play in a profession where girls trade sex for cash.

"I'm not sure that when people take advantage of them that it's done with any kind of malicious intent, because it's so expected, it's almost done by rote," says Bill Margold, longtime woodsman, agent and current director of Protecting Adult Welfare (PAW), an adult-industry counseling service. "In truth, there's no such thing as being taken advantage of in this industry. This is a business of cockroaches; it's predicated on exploitation."

Margold's office is in Van Nuys, California, and is adjacent to World Modeling, the biggest talent agency in the business. On a recent afternoon, while super-agent Jim South snaps Polaroids and processes new girls next door, Margold does his damnedest to dissuade 18-year-old Cheric Carter from diving into whoredom.

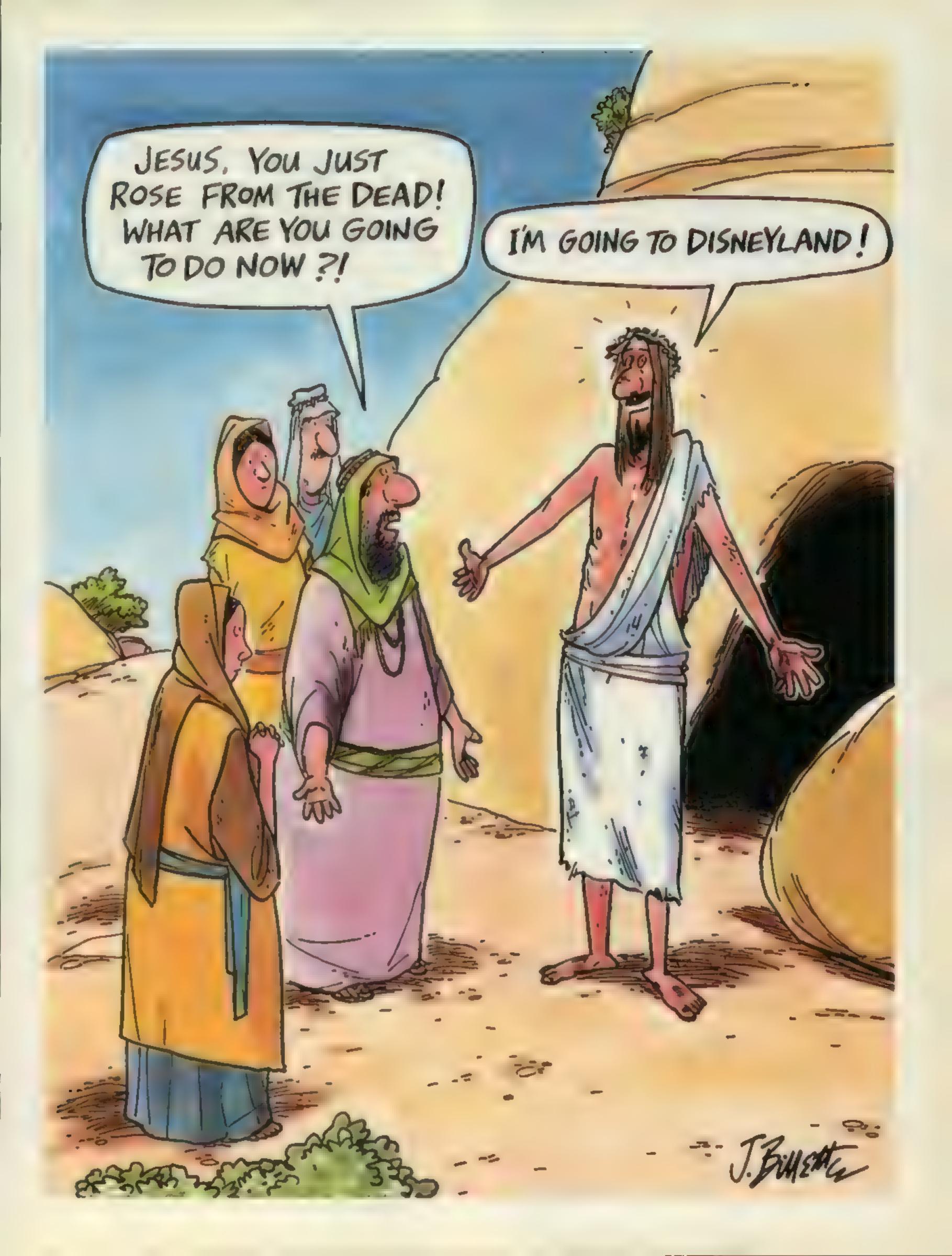
"You start out as hamburger, and you work your way up to various types of meat," Margold warns Carter, ravenhaired and pretty. Carter, though, has already performed in two X-rated films and is confident that she already has all the life experience she'll need to handle the rigors of being a working slut.

"I've been in stripping, I've been a runaway, I've dealt with boyfriends hitting me, I've dealt with guys that I totally care about totally fucking me over, and I was very sexually liberated at a very early age," Carter retorts.

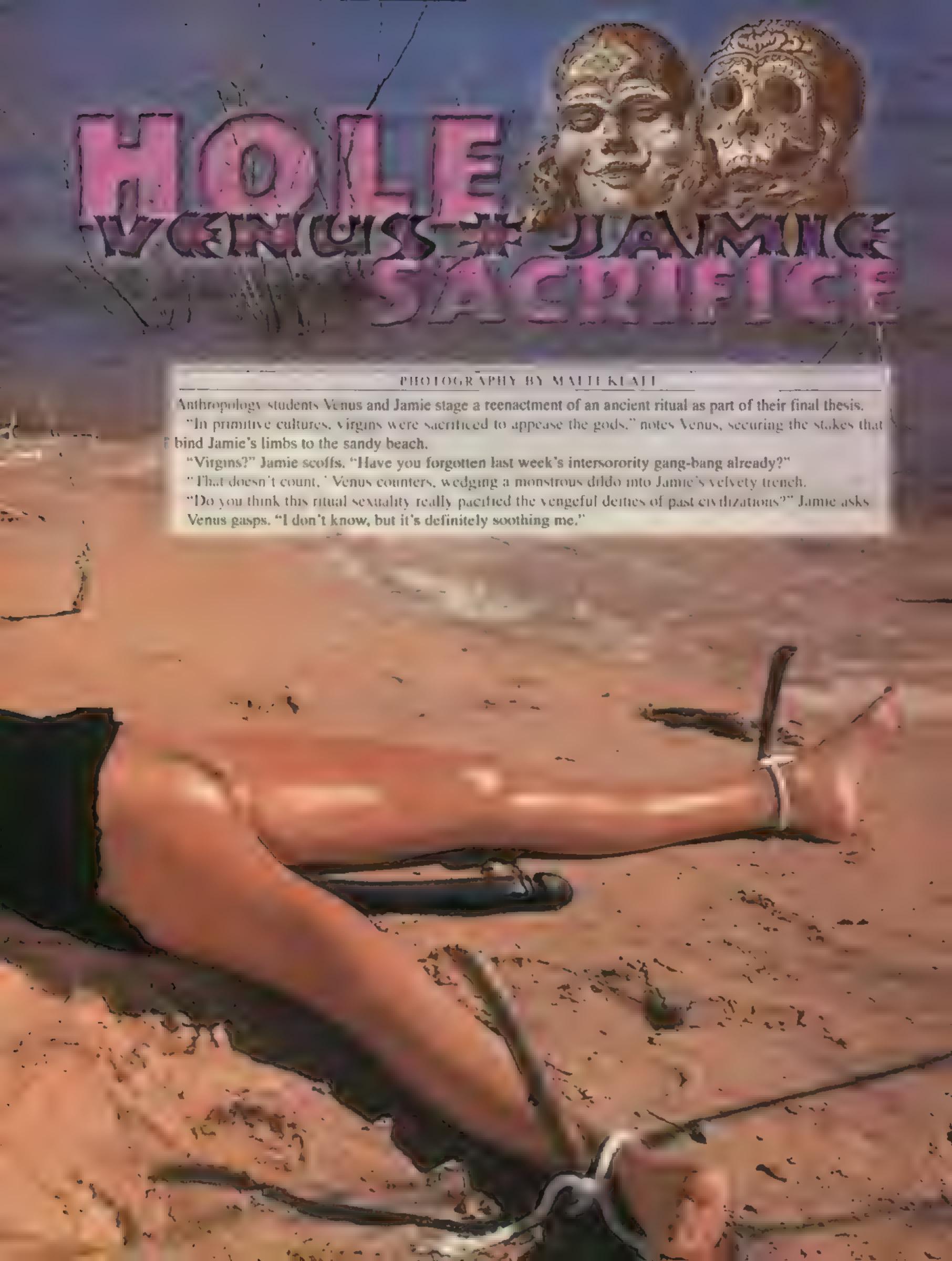
"Bill will try to talk you out of it," says Peach Puddin', "But you're all eager to do it at the time, and no one's going to talk you out of it."

Some girls navigate the shark-infested waters of porn without so much as a scratch. Alexandra Nice, a 26-year-old (continued on page 70)





















(continued from page 60)

Screwed Blowjobs are like handshakes in blue-film circles. Porn chicks have been sucking producers' dicks for as long as there have been box covers to grace and fuck flicks to star in.

Pole, has been in the industry for four years and has no complaints. "I've had a good experience," Nice says. I've never met abusive people in this business."

Others seem to encounter trouble at every turn.

"Some girls come into the business and are almost predisposed to being abused," says Max Hardcore, maker of X-rated films so rough that many starlets refuse to work with him. "Some girls will let you piss in their mouth while you're fist-fucking them. The worse you treat them, the more you degrade them, the better they like it."

"These are the Calamity Jane girls," says Sharon Mitchell, the star of more than 2,000 adult films. "It's like they've got LOSER tattooed on their forehead. Trees fall on their cars, and the first time they have sex without a condom, they get chlamydia,"

Mitchell cofounded Adult Industry Medical (AIM), a nonprofit HIV-testing clinic. Together with Margold's PAW, AIM makes up the safety net for porn stars. Part of Mitchell's intake for new girls is distributing copies of Nina & Sharon Explain It All, a video orientation in which Mitchell and porn veteran Nina Hartley warn viewers about the business's predators.

"They are not your friends," Mitchell says in the video. "They only want to get you for the best price so they can put another mirror on their Mercedes."

While porn attracts its share of unscrupulous operators, an easy mark will be taken advantage of in any line of work, and there is no evidence that porn harbors a greater percentage of sleazy people than any other walk of life where money changes hands. However, there is evidence to suggest that if there is a shark prowling porn's waters, Cheri Swelz has met him.

Now a veteran of almost 80 films, Swelz is still getting screwed, she says, most recently by Jim Malibu, director of Metro's record-setting gang-bang flick Houston 500.

Swelz claims that Malibu agreed to cast her as a fluffer for the gang-bang and that he invited her to his house to seal the deal.

"He wants to test me out or whatever, and he takes out a camera," says Swelz. "I just thought he was going to take some sample photos. He was like, 'I want a couple shots of you doing this," and then he took out his dick. I've given lots of head to get jobs in this business, but you shouldn't have to do anything for a fluff job. I gave him head, and he came all over my face. So he has a whole entire roll of that. Then he calls me the next day, and he goes, 'Don't go to the gang-bangyou're not hired anymore.' He had 200 other girls that wanted to do it, or so he says. I love giving head; so the head part I really don't mind. I'm really upset about the deal, but it's about the roll of film. I'm still trying to get that back."

Blowjobs are like handshakes in bluefilm circles. Porn chicks have been sucking producers' dicks for as long as there have been box covers to grace and fuck flicks to star in. Sometimes, these offcamera dalliances are virtually contractual: The throat work is performed explicitly in return for a role in a movie.

"The guys are like, 'Hi. Get on your knees," says Swelz. "Blowjobs come with the territory. There are some business-oriented companies that won't pull that shit for all the money in China. Then you get these jackoff dirtbags that want to be the next biggest porn director. Every girl in the world sucks their dicks."

"Don't give a blowjob to get a job," says Sharon Mitchell. "You're supposed to get paid for that in front of a camera, and there's always a girl behind you with a better blowjob."

While a fuck slut may be given to understand that although she doesn't have to suck anyone's dick, doing so often helps. Refusing blowjobs, on the other hand, can jeopardize jobs, as Peach Puddin' claims to have found in dealing with Philip and Christian O'Toole, two brothers from England who shot under the name Philip Christian in the mid-'90s.

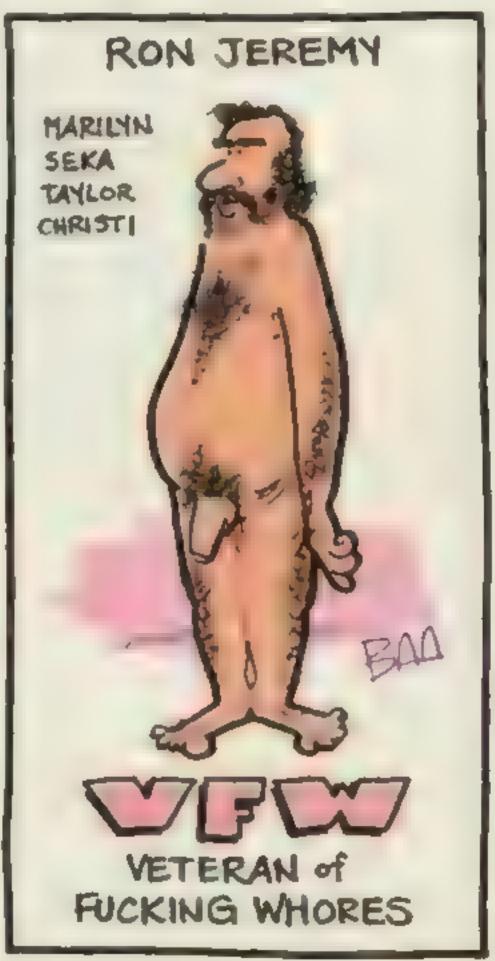
"Me and another girl were at their warehouse," Puddin' recalls, "One of them took the other girl, and one of them took me, and he was like, 'What about a quick blowjob?' I said no, because that's not what I do. I didn't get the part, because I didn't give the blowjob, but it went around in the industry that I did, and I didn't get work for a while. So I got screwed twice. If you don't do exactly what they say, they'll blackball you for a while. You hang in there, you can get deblackballed."

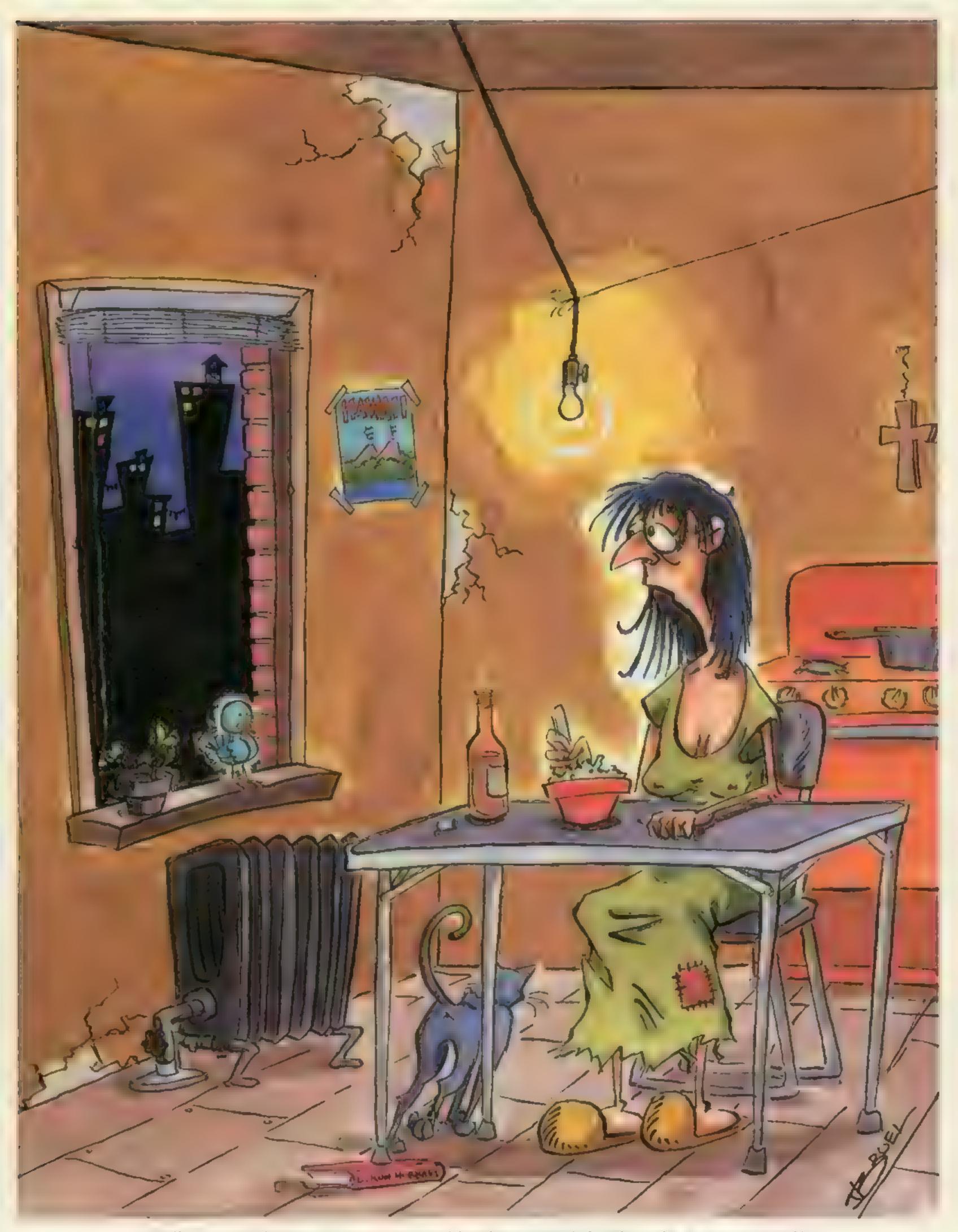
Performing sexual services appears to be an absolute requirement for doing business with some porn outfits.

Regan Senter, of Beautiful Models International, is perfectly open about the policies that cause many girls in the industry to label him a sleazebag.

"Compared to the kinds of things that even the highest echelons of the adult industry ask them to do, what I ask them to do is practically nothing-except a few positions and a little bit of oral," says Senter.







"Hello, I'm the bluebird of desperation and loneliness, Mind if I take a shit in your oatmeal?"

Screwed "Max Hardcore is propelled by demons," Dee says, remembering the night she visited Hardcore's house in the hills above Los Angeles. "He doesn't feet. He needs to have his balls blown off."

Part of Senter's intake procedure is taping a sex scene starring himself and the prospective talent.

"The demo tapes show a girl coming into a casting bureau, and the head of the casting bureau is saying, 'Okay, honey, let's perform sex right now. Don't worry, it will only take a few minutes,' " says Senter.

"Ninety-eight percent of my performers have performed a demo tape with me," Senter adds, though he concedes that, "I don't sign that many people."

What accounts for the general lack of fight in porn's doormats? How can there be such a thing as a surprise anal or a surprise gang-bang, for that matter? Just because a girl is a suck slut doesn't mean she doesn't have free choice. Why do geeks walk into punches, agreeing to work for less than their established rates or performing sexual acts they may not be comfortable with?

"There are a lot of pieces of our puzzle that we haven't put together yet," offers Sharon Mitchell.

"Most of the girls aren't as stupid as everyone thinks they are—they just know they're caught," says Peach Puddin'. "They're doing it because they need the money, and they're afraid that if they say something, they'll get fired or if they don't

finish a scene, they won't be paid. It's a position they got themselves in, and the only way to get out of it is to go through with it. If you stick up for yourself, they'll say you're too bossy or too bitchy."

"What happens is you get tired, and you just want to leave," explains Pamela Dee. "You're thinking, All right, fine—let's get it over with. What you really want to do is go home, and the fastest and easiest way to do it is give them what they want so you can get out of there."

Porn chicks cave in to pressure, but they may also be vulnerable to a daddy complex or a need to please.

"They want to be told they're pretty," says Pamela Dee. "They'll do whatever they can just to hear those words."

The widespread notion that porn chicks are damaged goods may itself lead to abuses. Checks can bounce, promises can be broken and boundaries can be disregarded because a porn slut can be expected to take such abuse lying down.

While women in the industry may suffer their fair share of injustices, many in turn fail to extend basic human compassion to those who stand below them in the pecking order of the disenfranchised.

Tardiness and no-shows are epidemic among talent and can cost production companies thousands of dollars. A mem-

ber of a production crew is paid a flat day rate; a porn star who flakes or shows up four hours late can ruin the days of a dozen working stiffs who may earn a tenth of an actor's salary.

"The day in the third grade when you learn that the planets revolve around the sun, they didn't go to school that day; the planets revolve around them," says James Bilich, a production manager with 13 years experience on porn sets. "I make a schedule to take care that everything is going in a straight line, but we can just wipe our ass on it every day because a schedule means nothing to these people."

While the oppressed may pass injustice on to others with even less power, there is a wide gulf between a no-show's lack of professional courtesy and the kind of abuse Pamela Dee claims to have suffered at the hands of bad-boy auteur Max Hardcore.

"Max Hardcore is propelled by demons," Dee says, remembering the night she visited Hardcore's house in the hills above Los Angeles four years ago. "He doesn't feel. He needs to have his balls blown off.

"I had to take my clothes off, because he wanted to see what I looked like," she recalls, "He had me sign a piece of paper, which of course I hadn't read, which of course was a release. The next thing I know, his partner had a whole room set up with all this video equipment. I was like, 'What is this, a camera test?' I was stupid—I was only assuming, not asking questions. The next thing I know, he weaseled himself into me, and he's doing a scene with me. Nowhere along the line did I say, 'Hey, wait a minute, this was not what we talked about.' He wound up putting me in the hospital.

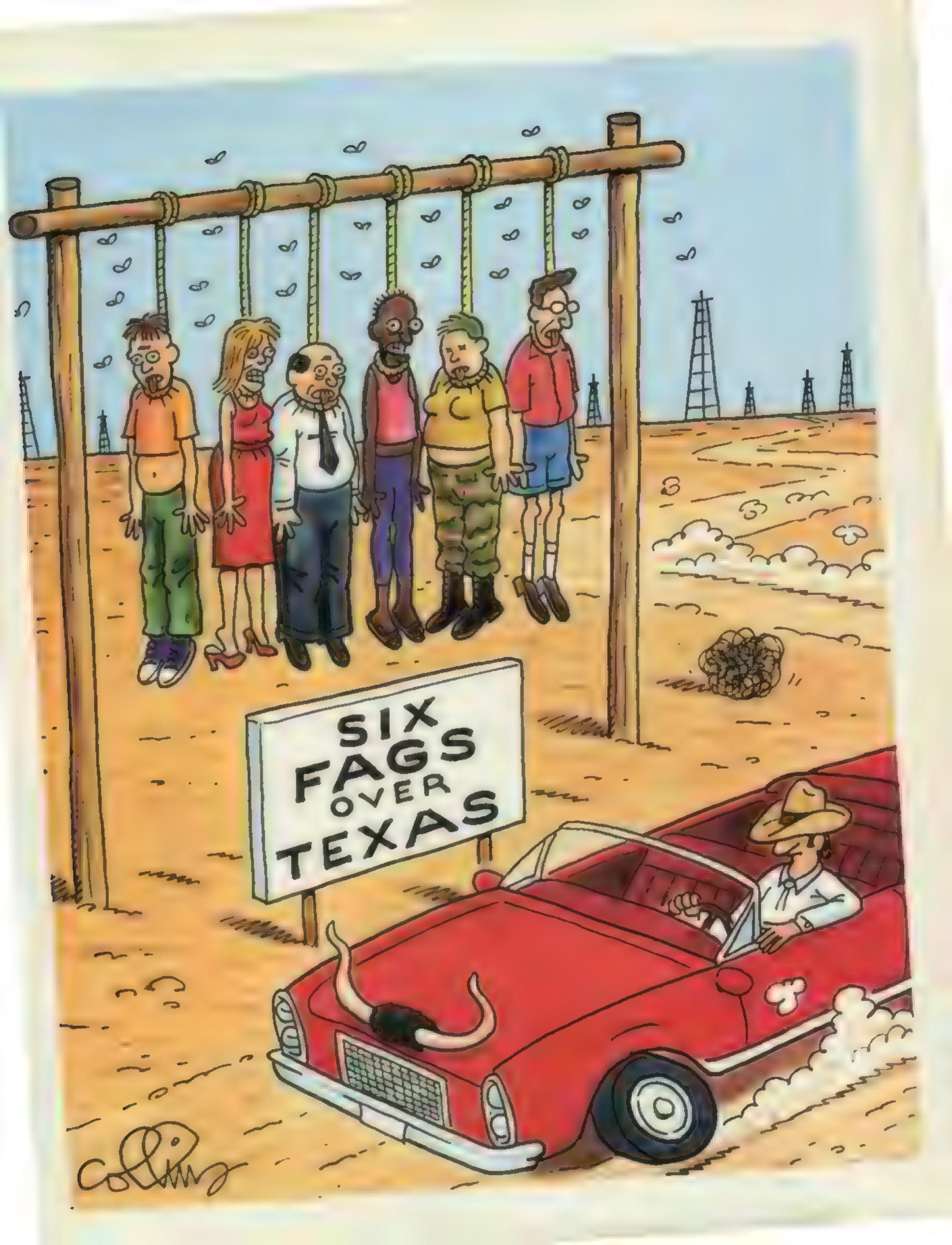
"He had me from behind, doggy. One finger became two fingers, and then there was a thrust like I have never experienced before; I screamed. He had jammed his hand up inside of me—a fist. I went to the bathroom; blood was coming out. First I was thinking that I had gotten my period. Then I could tell that his partner was very scared, because they more or less pushed me out the door. The next morning when I woke up, I was lying in a bed of soaking-wet, bloody sheets. He was supposed to pay for the hospital bills, but I never even got a phone call."

If what Dee says is true, Hardcore could have been liable to criminal prosecution. Dee complained to her agent, Jim South, but the matter was dropped, and she has since retired.

"It's true that I did fist-fuck her," admits (continued on page 122)



"So what kind of penis implant you looking for? Freddie Friendly, Butchie Bootybuster or Henry Horsecock?"



























One year, a guy bought his wife a cemetery plot for her birthday. The next year, her birthday came and went, but the husband didn't even mention it.

"I'm a little hurt," she complained. "How could you forget to buy me something for my birthday?"

"You never used what I got you last year," the husband growled.

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines canned fruit as: a faggot who propositions his boss.

Nick had a black eye when he boarded a plane bound for Pittsburgh. He noticed that the guy next to him also had a black eye.

Taken aback, Nick said, "Hey, this is a coincidence. Mind if I ask how you got yours?"

His companion shook his head. "Just a silly Freudian slip. See, the ticket agent was a chick with these enormous boobs. Instead of asking for a ticket to Pittsburgh, I said, 'I'd like a picket to Tittsburgh.' Pow! She socked me."

"Mine was a Freudian slip too," said Nick. "I was at the breakfast table, and I wanted to say to my wife, 'Please pour me a bowl of Wheaties.' But I accidentally said, 'You ruined my life, you fucking bitch.'"

Question: Why is the space between a girl's tits and her hips called a waist?

Answer: You could fit another pair of tits in there.

An elderly gentleman went to the local drugstore and asked the pharmacist for Viagra. The pharmacist said, "That's no problem. How many do you want?"

"Just a few-maybe four-but please, cut each one into four pieces."

The pharmacist laughed, "I know they're expensive, pops, but you look 80 years old. You can't fuck on a quarter of a pill."

The old guy bristled. "Fuck? I just want it to stick out far enough so that I don't piss on my shoes."

Dr. Wendell, a sex researcher, was conducting a survey and had to call one of the couples back.

"Mr. Finlayson, there seems to be a discrepancy between your responses and your wife's. For example, under 'Frequency of Intercourse,' you said, 'Three times a week,' but your wife said, 'Four times a night.'"

"Right," replied the husband, "but that's only until we pay off the mortgage."

Question: What do you call a retard with a hard-on?
Answer: A slow poke.

A black guy was holding his baby while his wife took a dump. The baby smiled up at him, burped and gurgled, "Mother."

The guy ran to the bathroom door and started pounding with his free hand. "This is the proudest day in my whole life," he yelled to his wife. "The baby just said half a word!"

Wendy and Tim booked a hotel room. Before they fucked, Wendy confessed, "I've only been with one other guy—Tiger Woods."

"Tiger Woods the golfer?"

"Yeah," Wendy grinned.

Tim decided to believe her, and soon they were balling like crazy. When they were through, Tim jumped up and dialed the telephone. "I'm hungry. I'm going to call room service to order some food."

"Tiger wouldn't do that," Wendy cooed. "Tiger'd come back to bed and do it a second time."

Tim had no problem coming back, and soon they were making the windows rattle. When they finished, Tim went for the phone again.

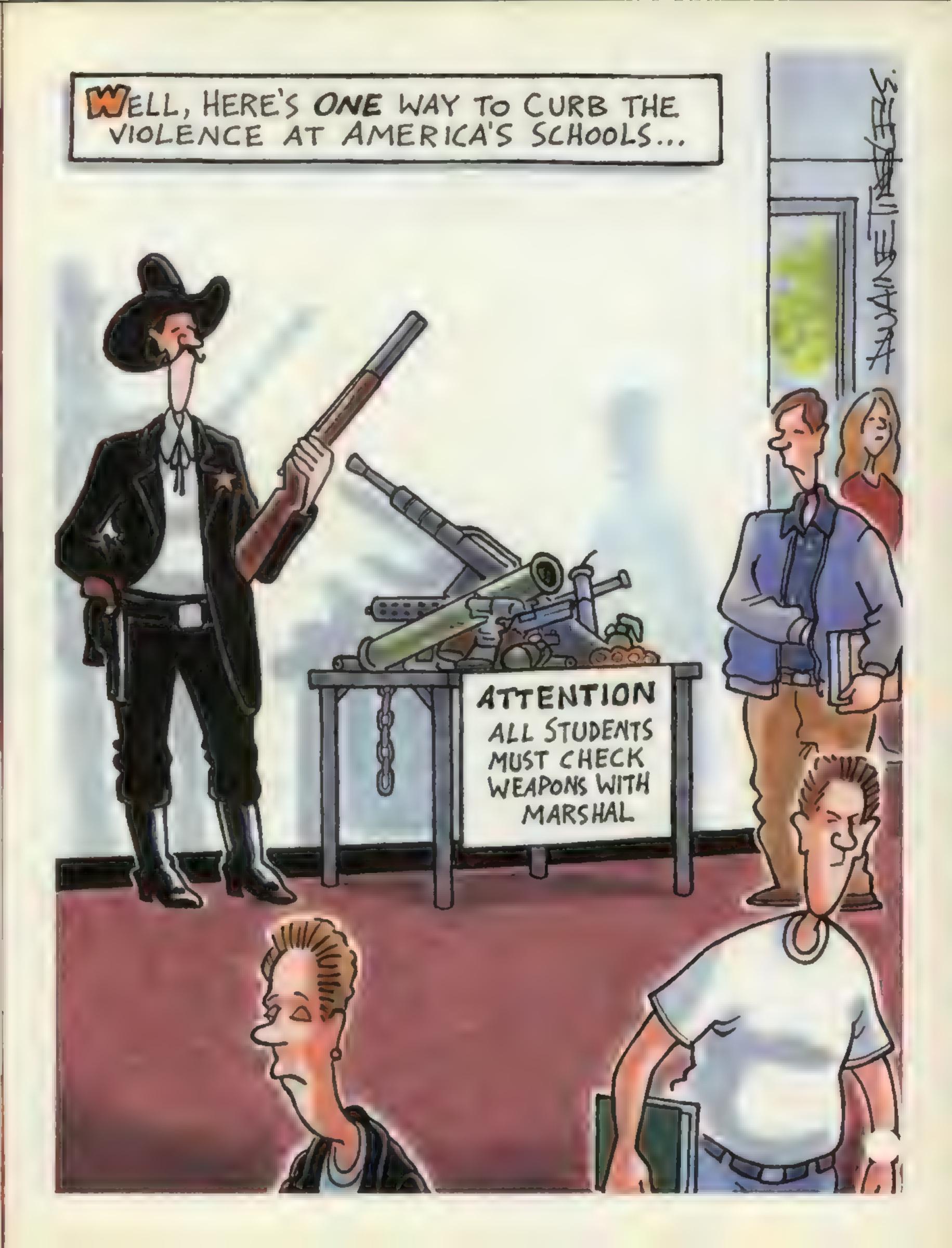
"Tiger wouldn't do that," Wendy teased.

It took some effort, but Tim brought her off twice more and eventually came himself. Tired and beat, he dragged himself to the phone.

"Tiger wouldn't call room service just yet," Wendy scolded.

"I'm not calling room service," Tim groaned. "I'm calling Tiger Woods. Maybe he can tell me what's par for this hole!"

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Fuck the HTChine



A FORNICATOR'S GUIDE TO FROG WHORES



Paris More than making up for this cultural lapse of courtesy is a small army of sluts working overtime sucking, jerking, fucking and opening their asses for dicks from the four corners of the world.

It is a balmy, spring evening in Paris. I have wined and dined a vagabond American girl to no avail and decide to take a taxi home. As I ride along the broad, empty boulevards, I spy a tasty pair of sluts standing under a street lamp. Recognizing a pleasant cure for blueballs when I see one, I pay the cabbie and approach the surprisingly pretty street whores. One is tall, with red hair platted in long braids, and the other is a pale-faced, empty-eyed blonde.

"What's on the menu?" I ask.

"Fellatio, 200 francs."

"Penetration, 300 francs."

They sound like bored waitresses at the end of a shift. I decide on the blonde.

Across the street stands an automated public toilet that looks like a space capsule. We climb in, and the door slides shut behind us, "Wannabe," by the Spice Girls, clicks on the overhead speakers.

"I'll take the blowjob," I say.

"Do you want it with or without a condom?" she amazes me by asking.

"Without," I tell her, and stuff a 200franc note in her cleavage.

The blonde licks a thick paste of saliva down my shaft. She jacks me until I'm very hard, then bobs her head slowly in my lap. She is a talented cocksucker and, within minutes, I shoot my all-day load in her mouth. She spits my wad into the toilet. When I walk to the corner to flag another cab, my knees almost give way beneath me.

Ah, Paris, romantic City of Light—home to some of the finest museums, opera houses and cathedrals in the world and, for hundreds of years, a center for art, literature and architecture. Some 60 million tourists visit Paris each year to sample the fine wines, excellent restaurants and charming cafes. Unfortunately, a legacy of the city's prerevolutionary class system is a poorly developed service ethic. Parisians are notoriously rude to tourists; even a waitress or a shopkeeper may think she is too good to serve a loud, crude goof with a camera strung around his neck.

More than making up for this cultural lapse of courtesy to strangers is a small army of sluts, some 20,000 strong, working overtime sucking, jerking, fucking and opening their asses for dicks from the four corners of the world. With no pesky vice laws outlawing hooking in France, Paris's whores are busy providing service with a smile to paying pricks of every shape and size.

Street tramps can be found strutting the rue de Budapest, near the SaintLazare train station, and on the streets surrounding the big department stores, such as the Galeries Lafayette and Au Printemps. Higher-priced and prettier whores can be found walking around the Place de l'Etoile, where the Arc de Triomphe is, and on adjoining avenues. Many prostitutes cruise the streets in vans or even campers and pick up johns in rolling bedrooms. The poorer suburban areas surrounding Paris have correspondingly sleazier whores, mainly junkies.

Siuts who speak abominably poor French and no English are likely to be part of a wave of central and Eastern European hookers that has flooded France lately. Russians, Poles, Hungarians, Serbs, Croats, Romanians, Gypsies, Ukranians, Lithuanians and Latvians work the city's streets, bars and hotels alongside their native-born colleagues.

About 80% of the city's filles de joie are women, but many of the floozies, even an occasionally fine-looking piece of ass, are he-shes. The key to avoiding a Crying Game-type surprise is knowing which areas of town to leave alone.

Fags troll the Bois de Boulogne for North African transvestites; straight-seeming men work the Porte Dauphine. Just outside the city, transvestites suck and fuck their clients in Queen Margaret's Alley, right behind center court at Roland-Garros, where the French Open is held each year. While Pete Sampras or Stetfi Graf zing aces on the clay courts, Brazilian and Peruvian queens take fudge packings from johns in the bushes not 200 yards away. Near the Porte de Clichy, where Henry Miller used to bang girl whores, North African queers now hold sway.

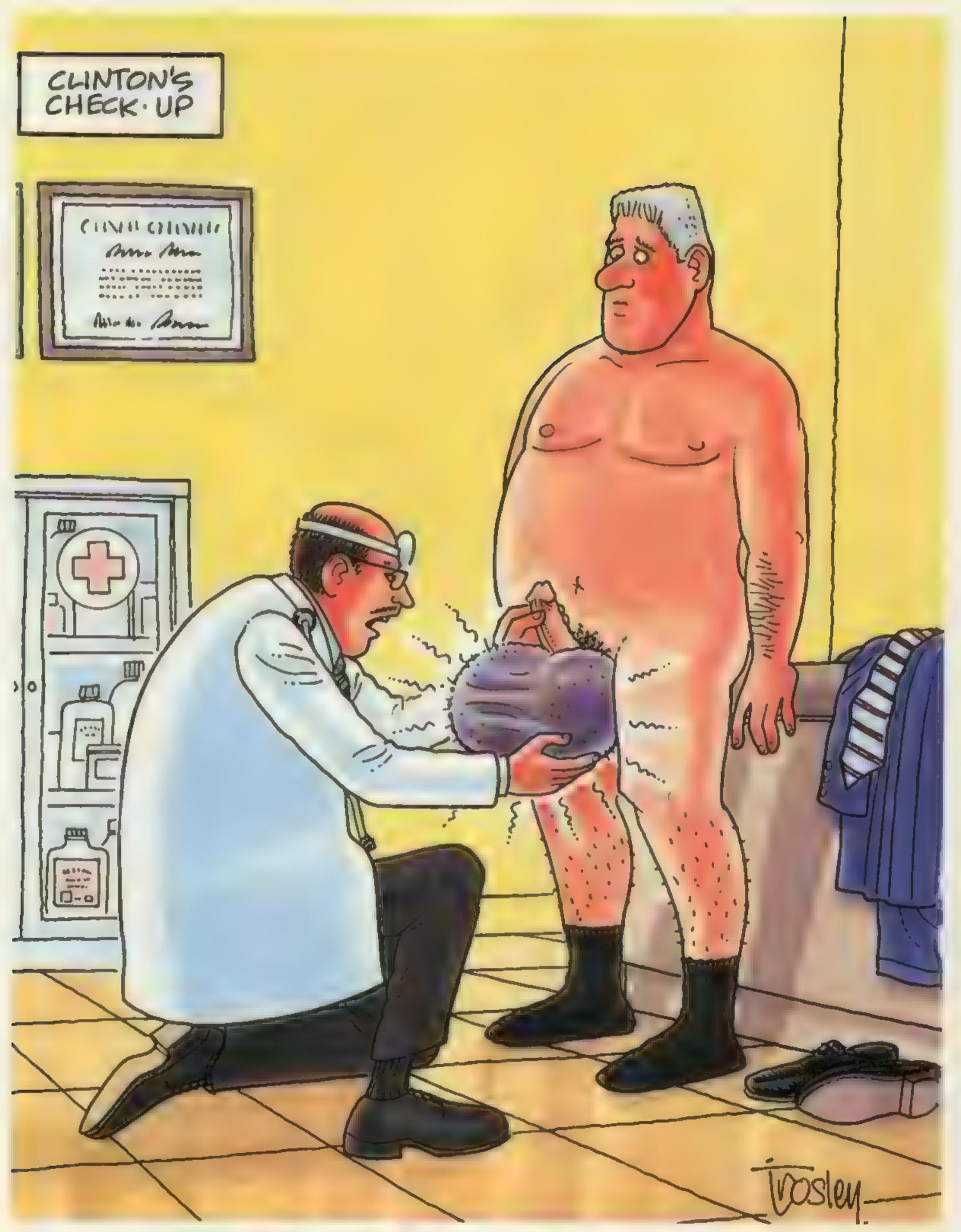
As visible as Paris's street trash may be, they represent only half of the sluts who are available for sex. Many more slatterns work from sex shops and peep shows, massage parlors, hotels and the Internet. Thousands of pros, semi-pros and amateurs operate over the Minitel, France's crude, computerized-phone-mail system, or through ads in sex magazines.

Paris's most famous alley of snatch, rue Saint-Denis, is a tourist destination so storied that it stands in good stead with other attractions such as the Eiffel Tower, the Champs Élysées and EuroDisney. The rue Saint-Denis stretches for three miles from the banks of the river Seine to the arch of Saint-Denis, built by Louis XIV, deep inside the city.

The street, which passes through a (continued on page 98)



"And will you, Roger, be content humping only this hole for the rest of your natural life?"



"You're slightly overweight, have high blood pressure and need to call Monica."

















Paris A pretty teenager slouches in a doorway. She wears little makeup. Her long, slender legs are naked, and she chews her gum like a Brooklyn girl. Her name is Sophie.

medieval part of Paris, is easily accessible by public transportation. The Metro stations at the Centre Pompidou or Chetelet les Halles are both very close. From either, a short walk up rue Rambuteau will intersect rue Saint-Denis. From there, the narrow street becomes progressively seedier as it stretches north, away from the river. Rows of decrepit, 17th century town houses with balconies and shuttered windows give way to adult theaters, peep shows and sleazy clubs. Within the space of a few blocks, the street enters a garment district, the whore's main drag; during business hours, streetwalkers compete for sidewalk space with workers wheeling racks of clothes into trucks.

If a tourist's gaze falls on a whore, she will answer with a greeting, but there is no pressure to buy. A blanket ignorance of the French language is by no means an impediment to doing business.

I have just cashed a paycheck, and I am burning to spend it on pussy. I decide to be systematic, starting at the bottom of the rue Saint-Denis and working my way up.

The whores near the river Seine are the cheapest because they are almost exclusively old or ugly, often both. I spy a scuzzy-looking slattern in a doorway. Her loose belly and lined face advertise her age as well past 50, but she seems full of beans, and I'm drunk—what do I care?

"What's your name?" I ask.

"Delphine. Three hundred francs."

Old whores like Delphine don't bother with chitchat. Her price quote of 300 francs, about \$50 to \$60, depending on exchange rates, is standard for a half-andhalf with a decent-looking girl, but is an outrageous price coming from a used-up skag such as Delphine. I can usually haggle the whores working the lower Saint-Denis down to 200 francs, but Delphine is frisky and eager and probably hasn't worked yet tonight. We climb a flight of stairs to a studio the size of a van where she entertains her johns.

Delphine's one-room whorehouse is reasonably clean, but depressing. A red light burns beneath a battered lampshade, and lace curtains frame a tiny window. A radio plays soft, meaningless music.

"Let me wash your wee-wee, cheri," says Delphine. She takes me by the hand, leads me to the washbasin and lathers my dick with warm, soapy water. With a few of her skilled strokes, my shaft floods with blood. With the definess of a 50year-old whore, she slips a condom onto my dong. I know what to do from there, since sex is always the same with Paris whores: The set price buys a preliminary blowjob, then a vaginal fuck, any style. Anything else costs more money. Sometimes, the girls are in too much of a hurry or too lazy to strip completely naked. That too costs an extra tip, say 100 francs.

Delphine lays me back on her creaky bed, mounts my balf-hard boner and eagerly works her rump and thighs. She is good at talking dirty, which makes up for her flabby tits and striated belly.

"Fuck me. Fuck me, you bad boy," she yells. "I like your American cock."

Delphine bucks efficiently on my rod, intent on triggering my balls to blow spunk so she can return to her doorway to fish for more johns, but I'm too drunk to come. I reach for my wallet, stopping Delphine's gyrations cold, and buy my freedom with the agreed-upon 300 francs.

On the street again, I stop at a food stall and order a gyro to build up strength for my next lay. It is a warm, spring evening; the air is redolent of French fries and garlic.

This is a good night to be on the rue Saint-Denis for nailing young pussy. During the winter months, when tourist traffic is slow, the pickings are slim, but school has just let out, and some very young girls work to earn summer-vacation money. They show up for only a few days after final exams before heading off to the Riviera for the holiday.

A pretty teenager slouches in a doorway, dressed simply in a blue-denim mini-dress and matching denim jacket. She wears little makeup. Her long, slender legs are naked, and she chews her gum like a Brooklyn girl. Her name is Sophic. Even though she's young and sexy, she charges only 300 francs, the standard price.

"You are American?" she asks. "My U.S. tricks have big cocks. Come on up,"

Sophie takes me to her studio, which is outfitted with the bare basics: a king-size bed with a terry-cloth towel in the middle to catch cum, a red light glowing on the bed stand and a boom box purring Lionel Richie tunes.

Sophie slips out of her clothes in a second and lies down lazily on her bed, buck-naked and legs spread. I admire her pale, taut, teenage body, her candy-red toenail polish and her Mohawk of black pussy hair.

With her chewing gum pinched between two fingers, Sophie opens her mouth. My cock fits inside nicely, and she vacuums my length down her throat.

(continued on page 106)





"Drop the dick, scumbag, and step away from the pussy!"





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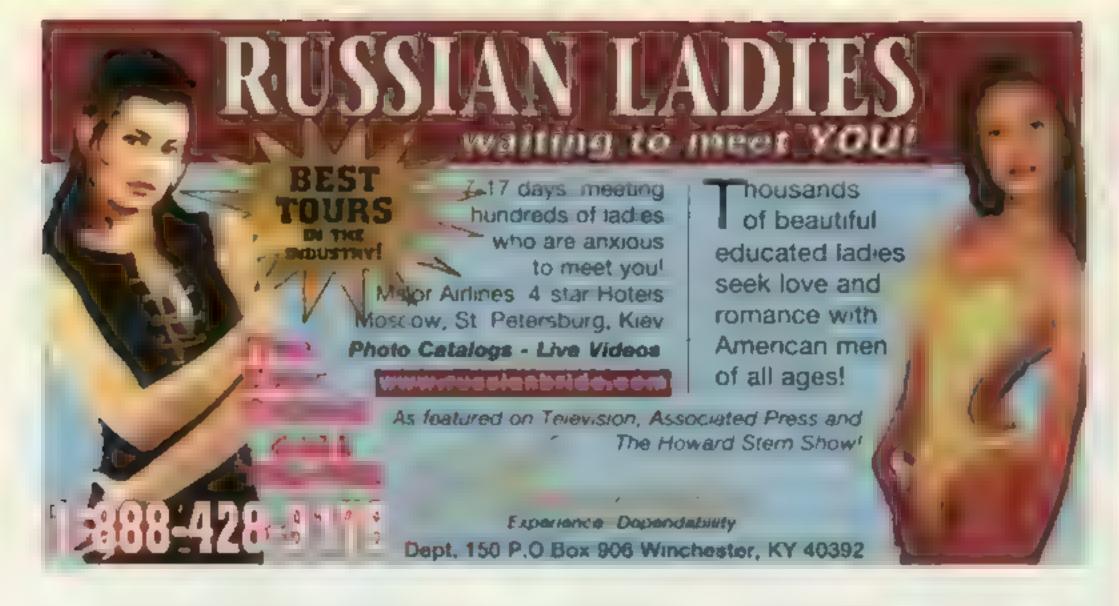
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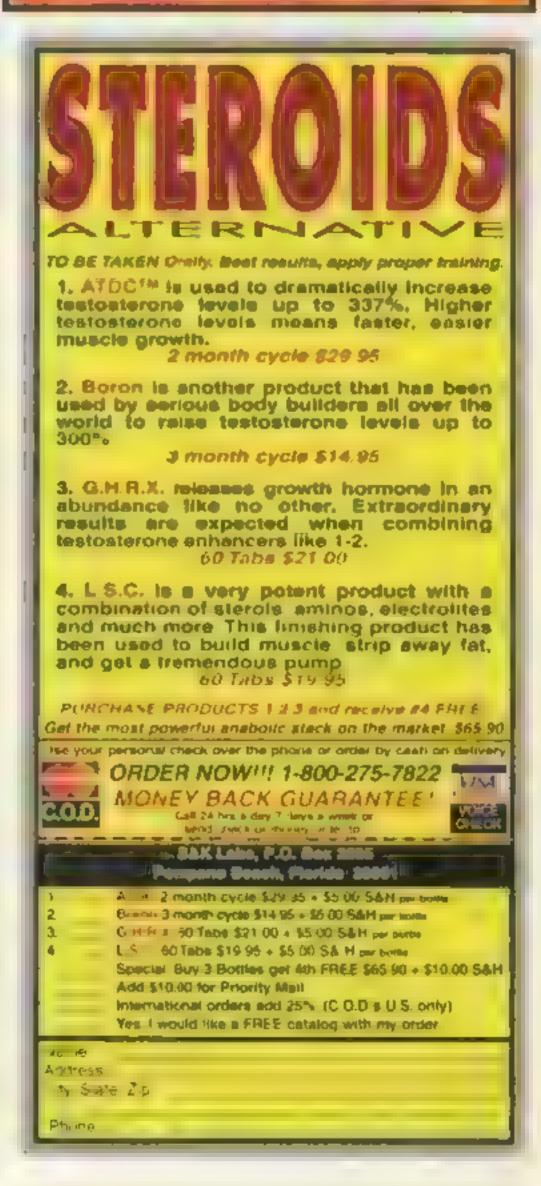
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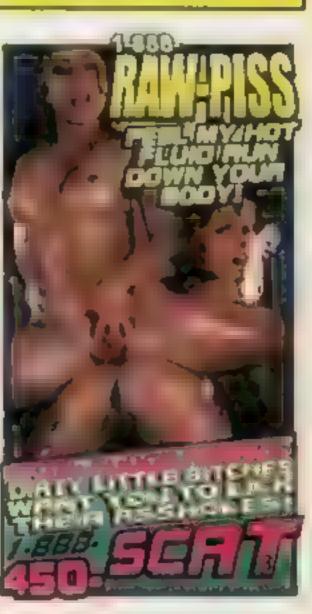






















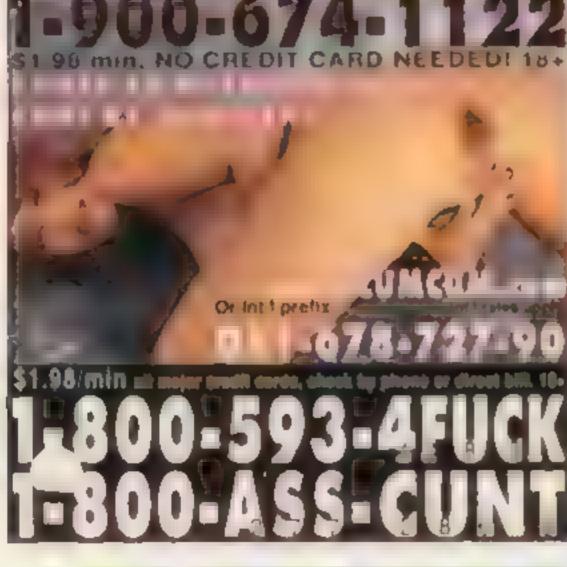


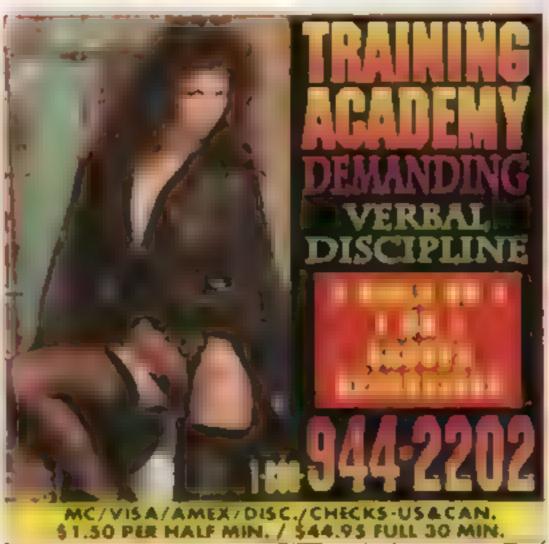






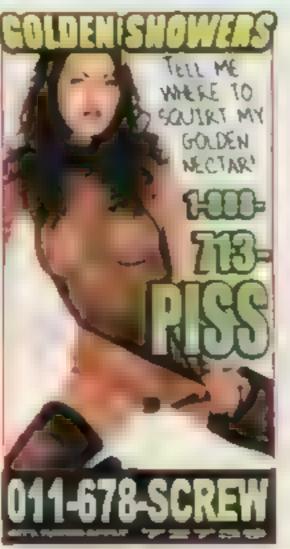














Paris Nathalie pulls off my jeans and jerks my cock with the tip buried in her mouth. I am very hard watching her heavy tits jiggle; after only a few minutes of pumping her wet mouth, I'm ready to blow gunk.

I am impressed with the cocksucking skills of this young tramp.

She spits out my dong and motions me toward her snatch, but I utter the single phrase a visitor intent on sampling French fish holes must commit to memory: Peux-tu continuer de me sucer? Sinon, je crois que je vais être un peu plus long.

Roughly, I tell her that I'll come faster if she blows me a little longer. This is a good trick for prolonging preliminaries, since it costs no extra, and no whore will refuse, since it means she will be able to move on to her next trick that much faster.

After I almost blow in her mouth, I strap on a condom and take my fill of Sophie's snatch. She chews gum the whole time I fuck her and stares at the ceiling.

"I want to come in your asshole," I inform her.

"But I'm not going to fuck you there; I
just want to blow my cum."

Sophie agrees to take 200 francs for this, which I throw down on the bed. I jerk my dick while Sophie lubes her bunghole, and I turn her over onto her stomach. I ram my cock up as far as I can and come like a motherfucker. Sophie goes right on chewing her gum.

All this takes about 20 minutes. We dress, and I walk her down the stairs to her spot on the street. I wish her a happy holiday in the sun. She smiles and takes up a slinky stance in her doorway.

While the vast majority of Paris sluts operate a wholesome, above-board business, it is good to be able to recognize ripoff artists.

Whores don't give discounts. Through some form of informal price controls, 300 francs is the standard fee. A hooker who offers to fuck for less than 300 francs, especially if she is half-decent looking, may be a swindler. Many a chump has watched with his pants around his ankles as a slut, usually a drug addict, bolts with his cash.

On the other hand, a tart may offer to do "extra" for an extra couple hundred francs, but this is not likely to buy a commensurate amount of pleasure.

Peep shows are notorious for ripping off suckers. Always find out the price of drinks before ordering at a peep show; some tourists' jaws drop when they receive a \$200 check for a couple of rounds of drinks. A beer at a chintzy hole-in-the-wall could cost \$20, and a glass of cheap wine could cost as much as \$40.

A Canadian tourist told me the story of

being scammed at a peep show. For 1,000 francs, he was promised a blowjob and penetration. He paired off with a slut, who put a dildo in his mouth and then fit the toy in her snatch. When he reached for her tits, she demanded another 1,000 francs for any sexual contact, insisting that the blowjob and penetration had already occurred.

Nathalie is a French version of an overgrown cheerleader. Her blow-dried, bleached-blond hair frames a cherubic face with big, green eyes and rosy cheeks, but instead of a pleated skirt and pompoms, she sports a black miniskirt, a sleeveless, leopard-skin top and a blacksilk jacket with a feathered collar.

I ask her price. As usual, it's 300 francs. She walks ahead of me up the winding stairs to her studio. She has long, sculpted legs under sheer-silk stockings, her ample rearend has a saucy bounce to it as she climbs the steps.

"It's a few more flights, cheri," she coos. It is, in fact, six more rickety, wooden flights until we finally reach her door.

Her studio is a palace compared to the cramped closets the average whore on the rue. Saint-Denis does business in. Nathalie's room is spacious, clean, well-lighted and well-furnished. At the top of a short staircase is a wooden mezzanine, with a bed populated by a collection of pink teddy bears.

Nathalie chats openly as she puts her purse down on a coffee table, slips out of her silk jacket, unhooks her black miniskirt and folds them neatly over the back of a chair. She is 30, although she doesn't look it, and has been in Paris for 15 years; she has worked the streets for four of them. Naked except for her silk stockings, she reaches for my hand and leads me up the steps to her bed.

Nathalie pulls off my jeans and jerks my cock with the tip buried in her mouth. I am very hard watching her heavy tits jiggle; after only a few minutes of pumping her wet mouth, I'm already ready to blow gunk. Nathalie strips off her stockings and plays with her freshly shaved pussy like a professional exhibitionist. I ask if she does porn flicks too.

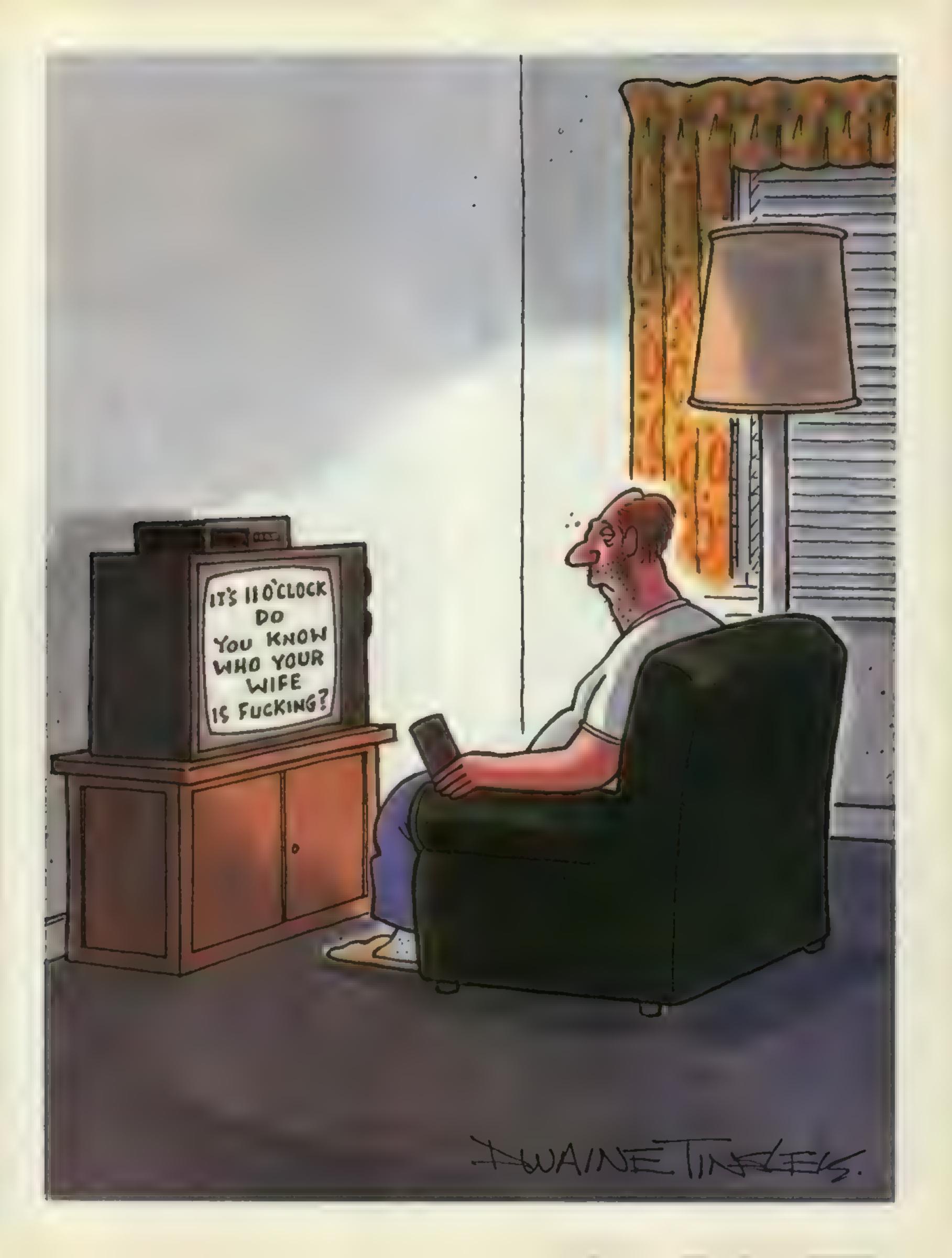
"God, no," she says. "This is quite enough."

After only a few minutes of fucking her waiting, wet snatch, I blow a huge load of spew into a condom.

Prostitutes own the studios where they work; those who operate out of hotels risk exposing the hotel owner and manager to (continued on page 122)



"I'm not a racist. I hate all people equally."





Sapphire is a 28-year-old dancer from Ann Arbor, Machigan, who lists painting, photography, reading and smiling as her hobbies. This multifaceted brunette fantasizes about finding herself "In a room with a full-blown orgy in full swing." Here's hoping that a handful of HUSTLER readers leads Supphire into that room.

Photography by Friend

Occupation

Happy birthday, Mia! This gorgeous college student from Fontana, Wisconsin, turns 20 this month. Besides drawing, reading and athletics, lovely Mia enjoys "driving fast as often as I find the chance." Built for speed, Mia fantasizes about "sucking my boyfriend's cock while driving down the interstate while truck drivers watch." You

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Kickboxing is the hobby of this ferocious babe from the Motor City. In harsh contrast to her employment as a machine operator, this aggressive viven has a lovely name—Lilly. Don't let her sweet scent fool you, however. This 30-year-old, chestnut-haired beauty fantasizes about "finger cuffing two men together." If kickboxing is involved, turn yourself in, Lilly, before Phor r. Frait



Honest Aubry lives life all-holes-bared. Ever active, this 20year-old college student from Minneapolis, Minnesota, lists skiing, dancing, reading, shopping and fucking as her hobbies. Always on the go, Aubry can only be tamed by "being blindfolded and tied up." Thanks for sharing. The truth shall set you free, Aubry.

Photo by Friend

Masturbating to HUSTLER's Beaver Hunt is only one preoccupation of many that turns on Tina, a 29-year-old personal trainer from Indianapolis, Indiana, Tina enjoys mental stimulation as well, which she satisfies by watching talk shows and reading. Tina's sexual fantasy is "to screw my boyfriend on every piece of equipment at the gym." Sounds like an uplifting experience, Tina. Photo by Friend



Tyler, Texas, is the great land that spawned this patriotic yellow rose. Marie is her name, and cooking is her claim to fame. A chef by trade, 26-year-old Marie also enjoys gardening and passionate sex with her "gorgeous" husband. This blond Texan describes her crotic fantasy as "having hard-core sex in an elevator with windows," Will you be going down, Marie?

Photo by Husband



Seky, petite and orductive, 23 year-old Claire Is one school teacher to have the hots for. On her time off from class, Claire is an athletic nymph who enjoys snowboarding the mountains of her Denver, Colorado, home. A threesome, Claire's sexual fantasy, includes "my boyfriend and my best friend all at once!" Claire receives an A for addition.





Fun-toxing Marie is a happy housewife from Watertown, New York, Nurturing by nature, Marie feeds her husband pussy on a regular basis, "I love to be eaten by my husband," adds the 27-year-old. Marie smiles like the cat who ate the canary. This may be because Marie smiles like the cat who ate the canary. Here's hoping your "all my sexual fantasies have been fulfilled." Here's hoping your husband continues to fill them.

Photo by Husband



Dancing "country line" is the favorite hobby of leggy
Tina, an assembly worker from Rochester, New York.
Tina, an assembly worker from Rochester, New York.
When two-steppin' Tina is tired of dancing, she retires to
the sack for some humpin' action. "I want to have a hot
the sack for some humpin' action. "I want to have a hot
threesome with my boyfriend," admits Tina, 26. Tina's
threesome with my boyfriend," admits Tina, 26. Tina's
threesome with my boyfriend, admits Tina, 26. Tina's
fantasy is incomplete without a third partner. Take your
pick, Tina. The world is your rodeo oyster.



Silver DeNiro, 24, is a Fort Myers, Florida, surf kitten who rides Mother Nature's waves. Besides surfing, Silver's hobbies include winter-ski trips and sex. Posing nude in a threesome spread for HUSTLER" is but she can always use bigger tips. If you ever spot her Photo by thishand.

Open wide and say, "Cheese."

Naughty Nikki is a 30-year-old loan processor from Houston, Texas. A bundle of hot energy, this blond beauty enjoys a wide assortment of activities that includes skydiving, horseback riding, tennis and volunteer work. "Making love in a water fountain," is Nikki's sexual fantasy. Would that scenario take place under a full moon, Nikki?

Photo by Friend





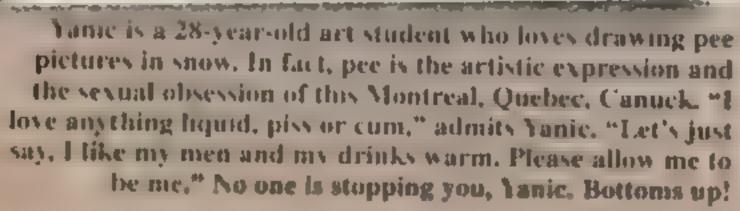


Photo by Friend



Ever wonder who you're jacking off to online? The ultimate cyberslut, as she calls herself, is Legacy from Las Vegas, Nevada. A genealogist by trade, Legacy's hobbies include "working on my Web page, concerts, philosophy, drinking margaritas, writing erotic poetry, flushing guys and teasing the boys in cyber-pace." Legacy, 26, is a proud mother of six whose fantasy includes public sex. "I'd love to have someone fuck me from behind at my next Metallica concert." Rock on, cybermom.

Photo by Friend

Hot Lips is the name of this redheaded, nature-loving homemaker. A native of Los Angeles. California, Hot Lips is a 38-1 year-old who loves to dance and show off her bitchin' bod. "Having a double-penetration," threesome with my husband and his best friend" is the fantasy that Hot Lips needs to fulfill. Don't let those boys neglect your mouth, Hot Lips.

Photo by Husband







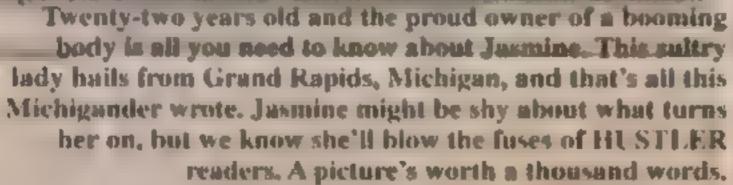


Photo by Husband



Sandy is a dancer who loves to travel, gamble and rock 'n' roll.

Caiumet City, Illinois, is the stomping ground for head-bangin' Sandy,
26, "I love to be naked," proclaims this spontaneous she-devil of the
wild. A greedy little fucker, Sandy's sexual fantasy involves "two guys
fucking me on white sand." Is that why they call you Sandy?

Photo by Friend

Snuggles is not the real name of this 30-yearold Green Bay, Wisconsin, native. Should the Puckers tackle her for fibbing? Most definitely! Snuggles works as a bank teller and enjoys horseback riding and hunting on her off hours. Sexually speaking, Snuggles fantasizes about "being pleasured by two men at the same time." Someone call the Green Bay Packers immediately!











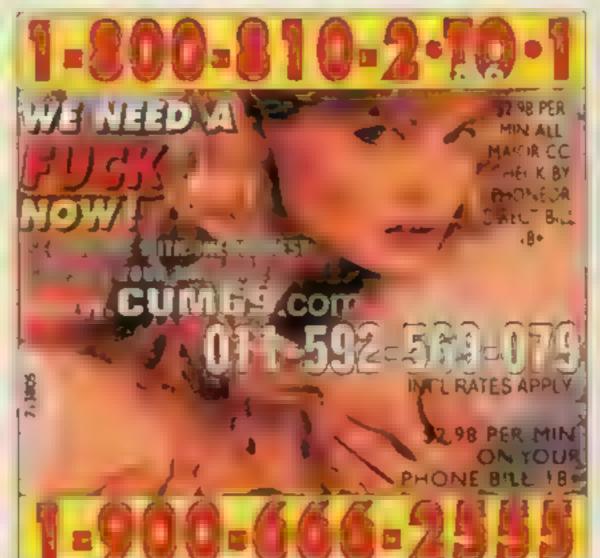




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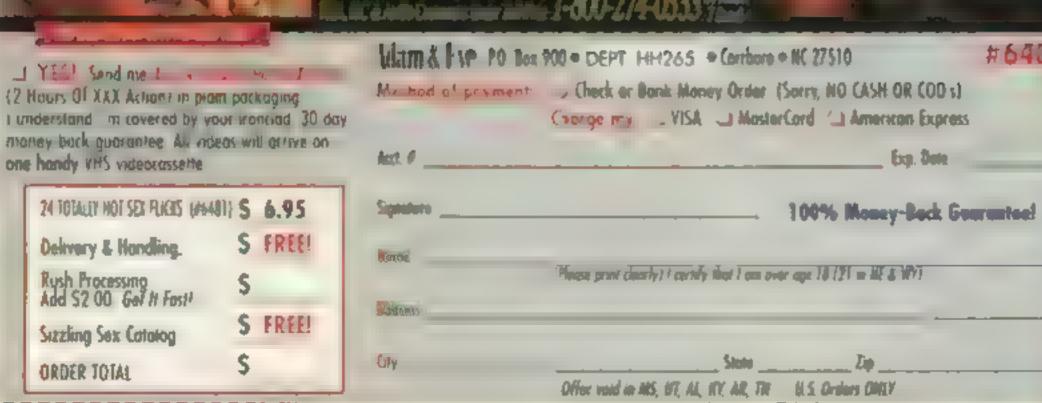


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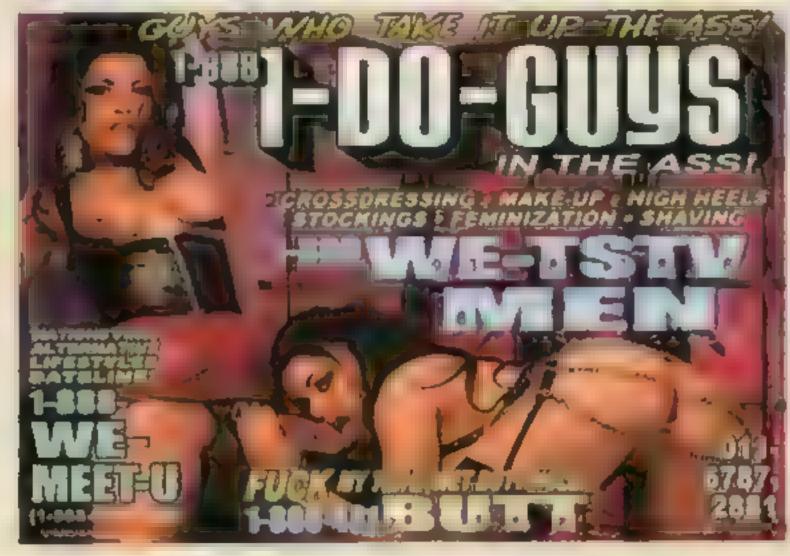
























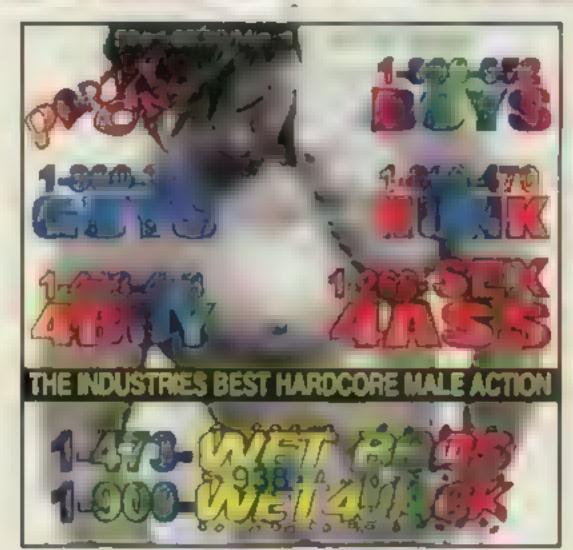


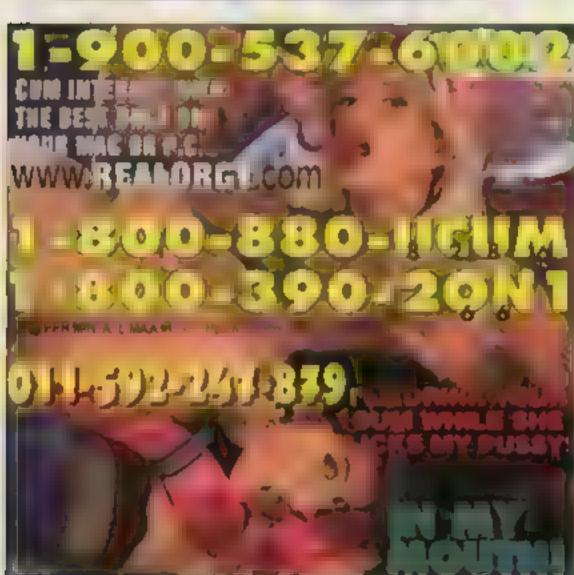




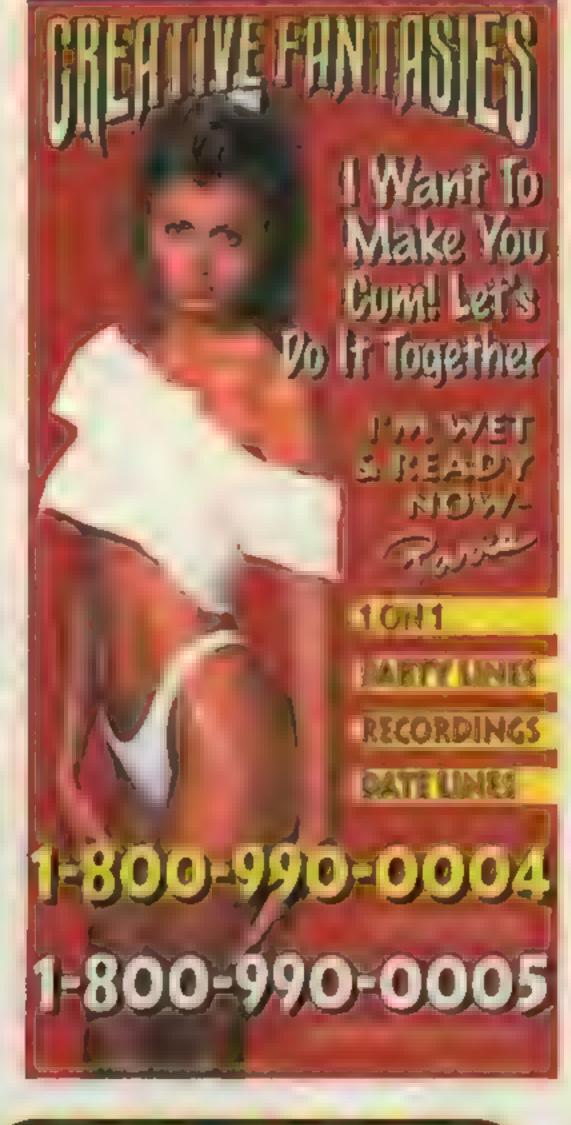














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Screwed

(continued from page 72)

Hardcore, "but I fist-fuck a lot of girls with no problem. Some girls have medical problems that a good, hard fuck brings out."

Hardcore maintains that Dee's first experience with him couldn't have been as traumatic as she puts it, because she returned to shoot a second scene with him a month later.

"It was another pretty brutal scene, I believe, with a DP with a dildo," says Hardcore. "I guess some people are just natural-born victims. That girl could really take a pretty good beating.

"I'm a nice guy and a straightforward businessman," adds Hardcore, "I am also a cold-hearted fighter. You need a killer instinct to succeed in this business,"

With experience, some porn chicks have developed the skills necessary to stick up for their rights in a field dominated by men with finely honed killer instincts. When a director tried to strongarm starlet Brandy Alexandre into accepting a cut rate for a scene, she practically held a production hostage.

Alexandre received a late-night phone call from producer and woodsman Buck Adams asking her to fill in for Victoria Paris on the set of My Wildest Date. Only when she arrived on set was she informed that she was expected to do anal, which she refused to do.

"He did it anyway," Alexandre writes in her unpublished autobiography, Being Brandy. "I didn't say anything then, but I refused to sign the model release until they coughed up an extra \$200. They said I had agreed to so much money, and that's all they would pay. They couldn't release the movie without my signature, and they knew it; so they had to give in. I'm sure the incident damaged my reputation (it's always the girl's fault), but it was a shitty thing for them to pull."

Where hardball is not enough, Brandy Alexandre, like several others after her, including XXX superstar Kylie Ireland, turned to the courts to mete out justice.

A dispute between Alexandre and her former boyfriend John Stagliano over royalties for the film Buttman Goes to Rio was heard before Judge Joseph A. Wapner's People's Court. Alexandre won her case, an episode titled "Porn to Lose."

Porn stars do not constitute a family, as much as they may say they do, but they can watch one another's backs.

"It's like a sister thing," says Pamela Dec. "The other girls don't bite. Women will be there to help each other and be supportive when you're in trouble, and when they're not, always remember that it is your right as a human in the United States of America to say no."

Paris

(continued from page 106)

prosecution as pimps for abetting prostitution.

Although prostitution has always been legal in France, pimping isn't. According to French law, anyone who aids and abets a prostitute in her calling or who accepts anything—money or otherwise—from a whore can be charged with pimping, which in France can be serious business: up to three years or more in the slammer for a pimp with a stable of tramps.

The biggest pimp in France, though, is the French government, which squeezes working girls through heavy taxes and fines. Former French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing was particularly ruthless in taxing hookers; during his administration, French whores actually banded together to bring class-action suits against the state.

Funky Arabic music wails in the rue Saint-Denis as dawn breaks. I still have some money and am not yet fucked out. The streetlights shine with that lurid-yellow sheen that gives Paris its B-movie feel at night.

A slender, black bitch with fine, jutting tits and a high, round ass catches my eye. She has café-au-lait skin and tribal scars on her brutal, pretty face. She swings her long, black braids at me and switches her weight to one hip.

I ask how much she costs and if she'd get completely naked for me.

The price is 300 francs. She will be happy to strip naked for an extra hundred.

Nancy leads me along a seedy corridor, up five flights of stairs to her whore's studio. Her bubbly ass rotates under her cutoffs. I can already see myself slowly and steadily fucking her.

She smiles and mumbles a mixture of funky French and funkier English as she stretches out naked on her mattress.

Her pussy is tight, and I am very hard and horny. I push into her black-lipped, hairy quim, and she pulls me into her with her thighs around my ass, her toes caressing my bunched and straining calves. The music emanating from her radio enters a long bongo solo, and we work our organs together like a piston and its cylinder in the cheaply scented room, warm with spring. I shoot my load way up her snatch in a toe-curling orgasm.

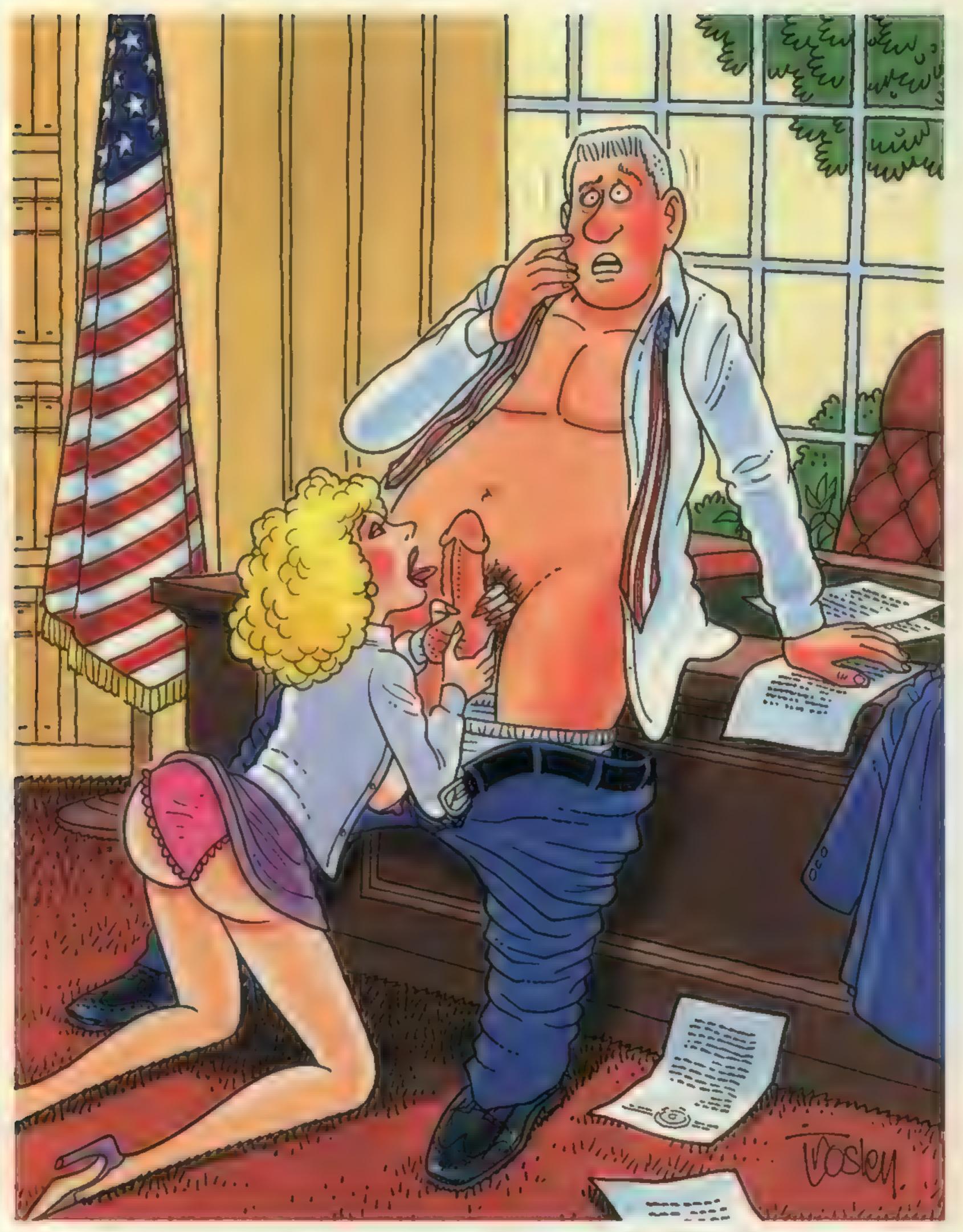
We walk downstairs together with our arms around each other's waist.

"You good, man. Très bon, cheri." She laughs.

As I hit the street, the streetlights all click off. It is dawn in the City of Light.

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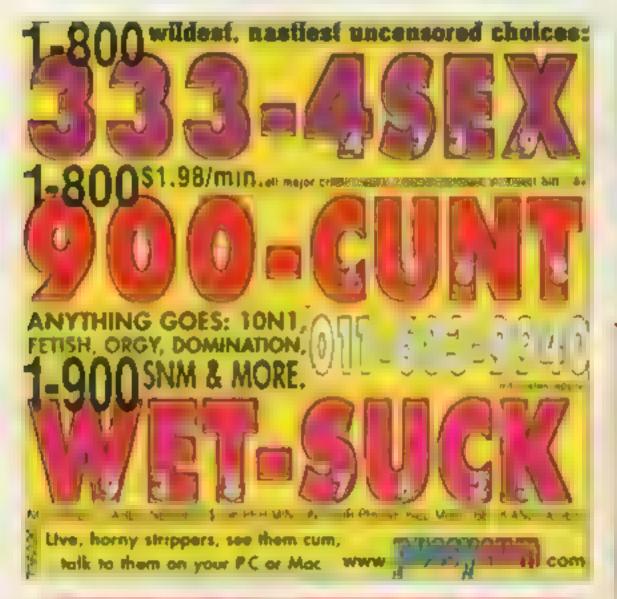






































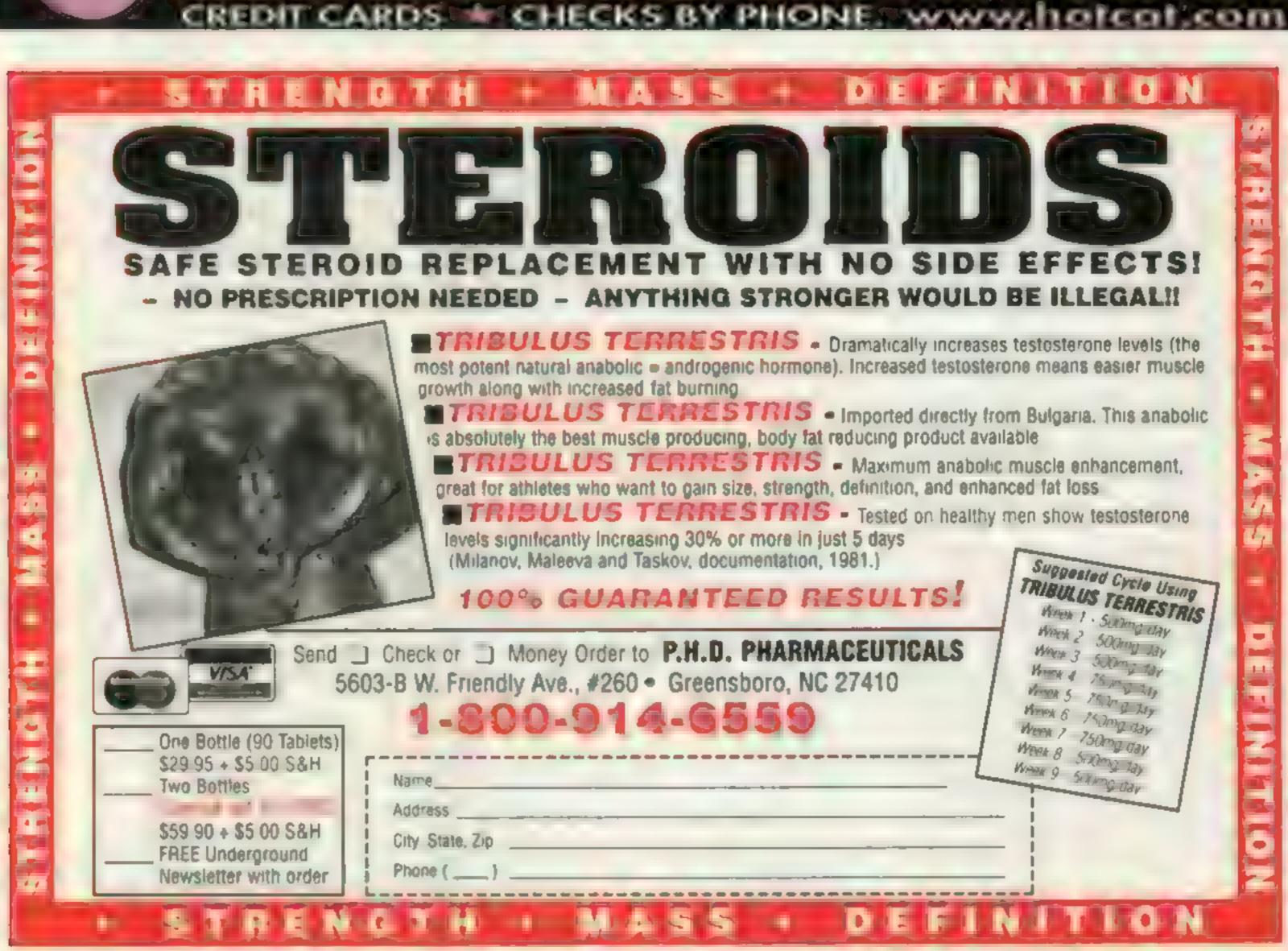
































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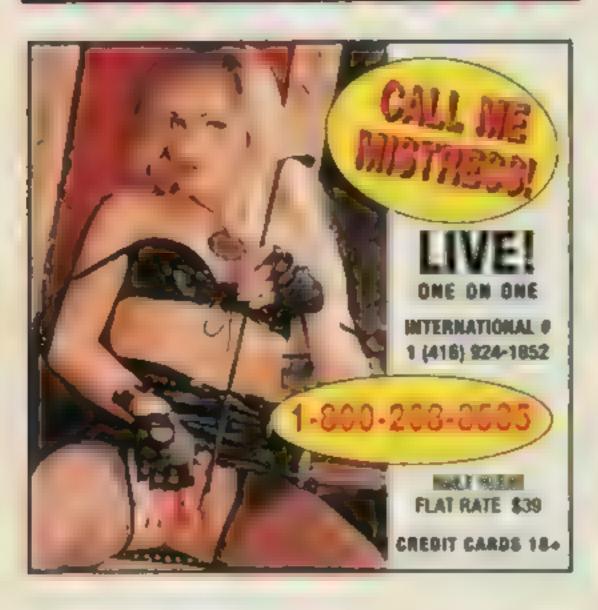














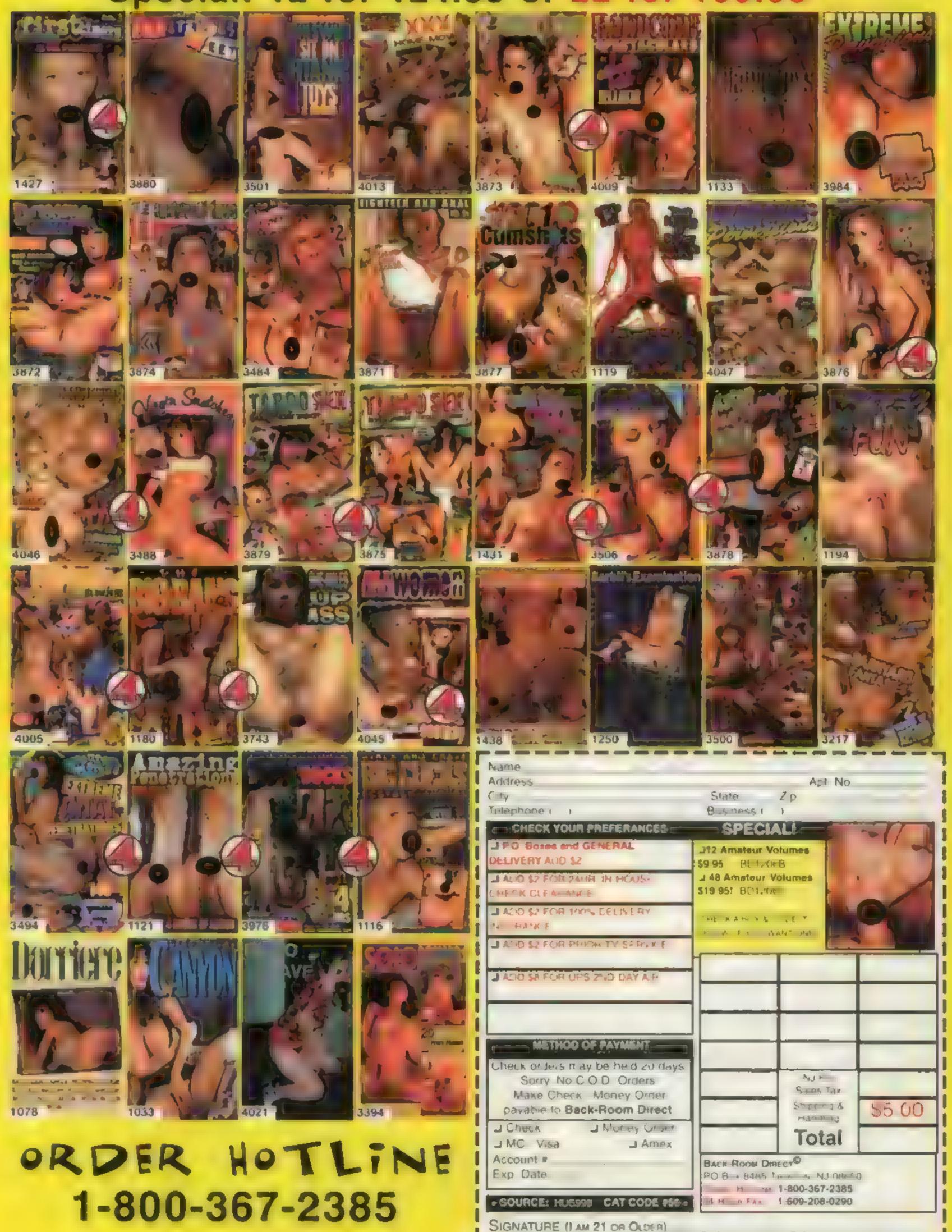








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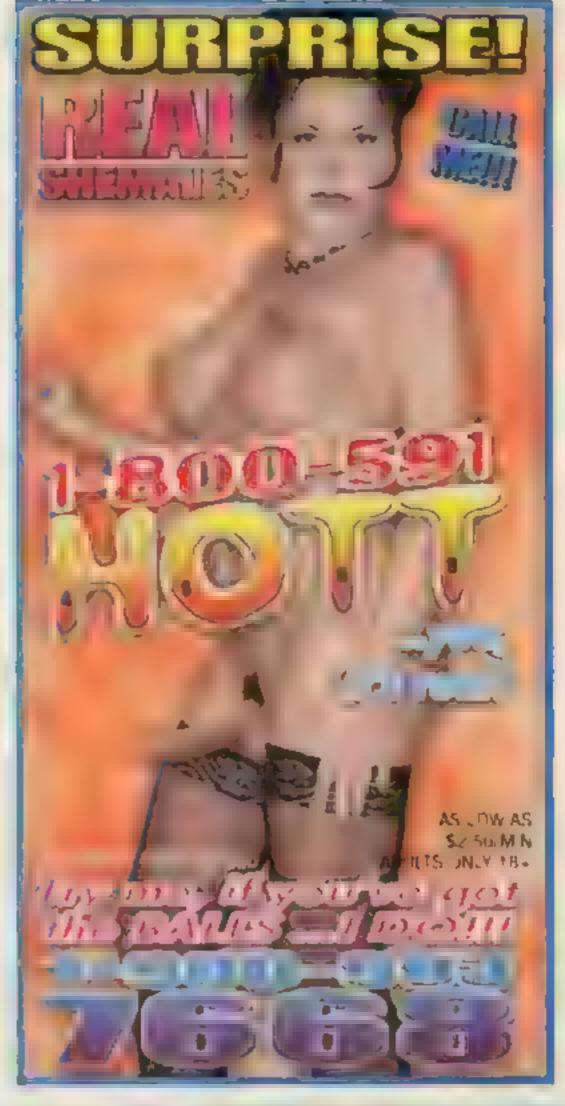








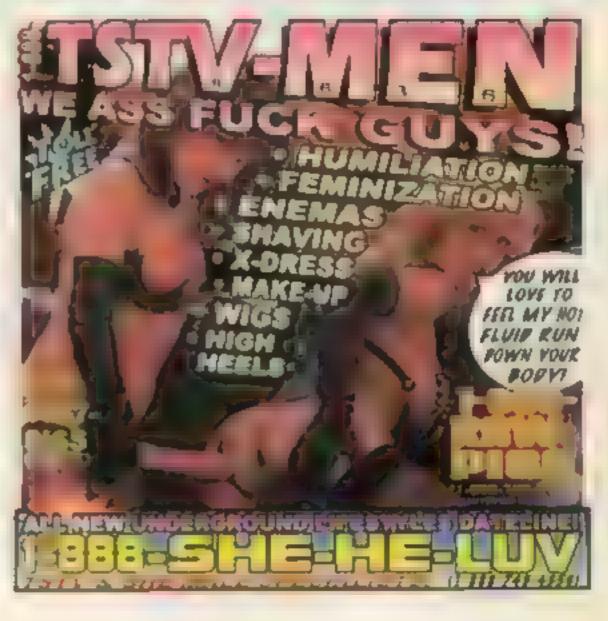








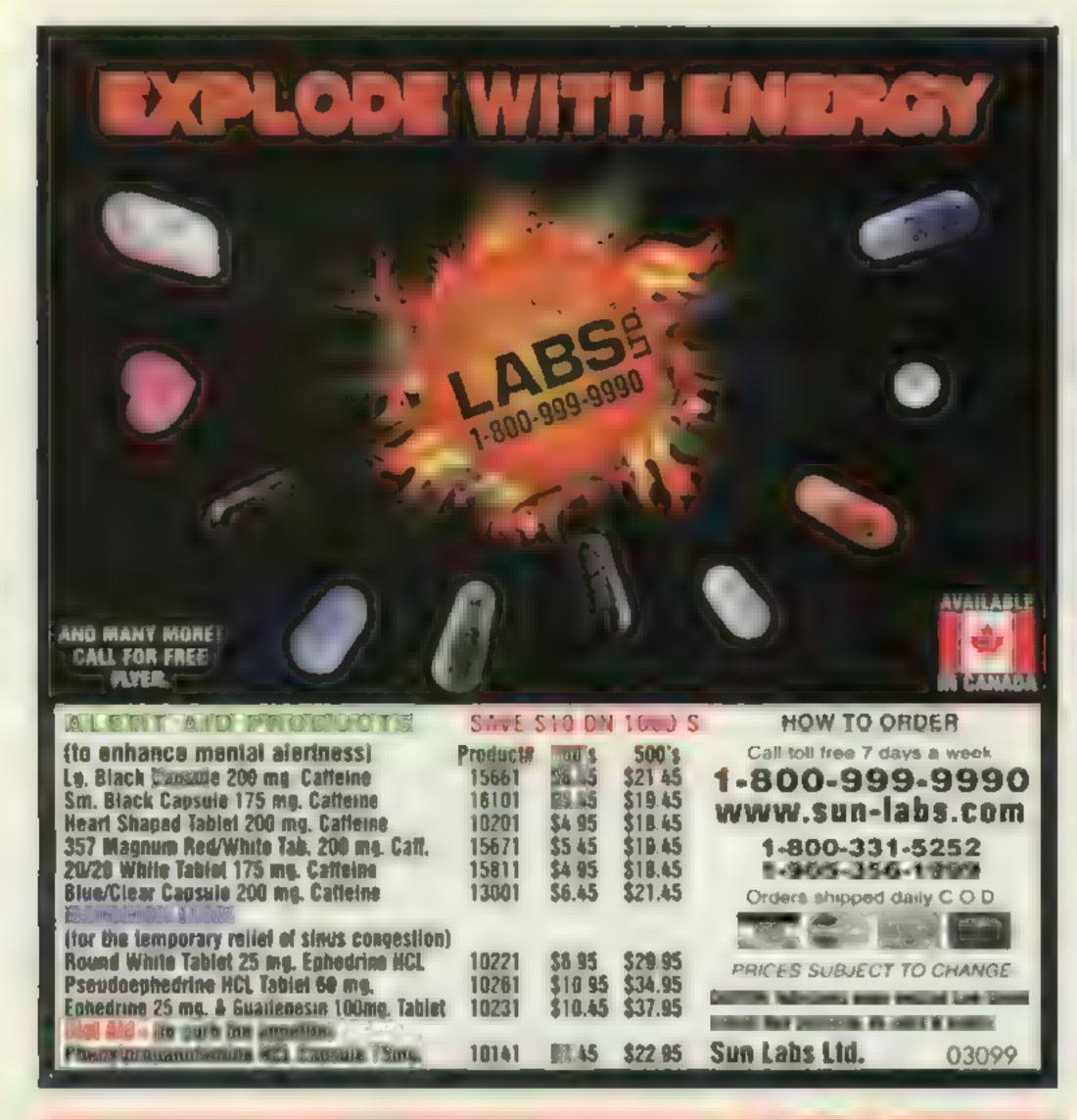




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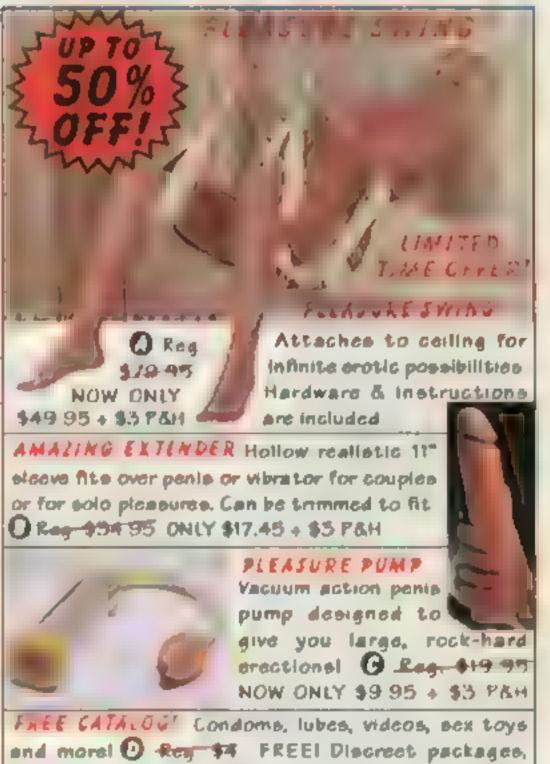


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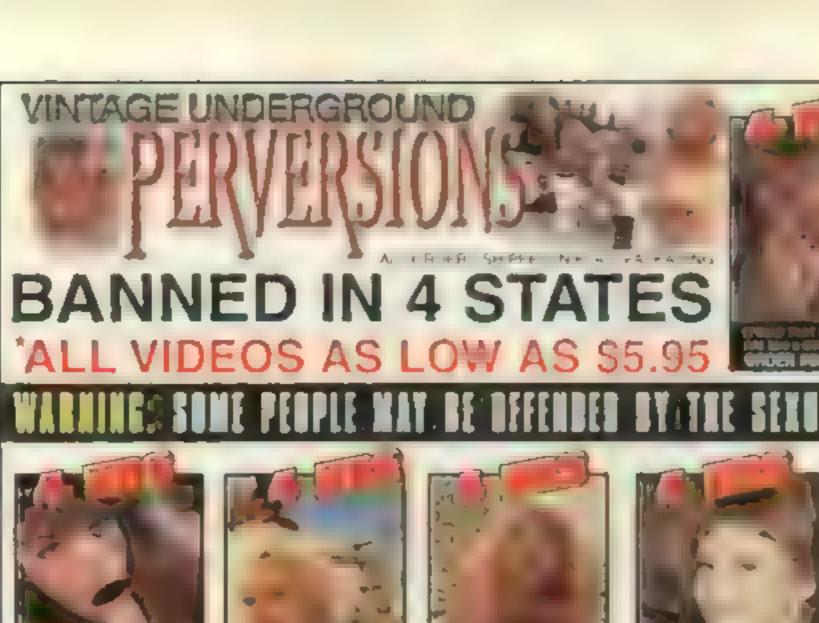
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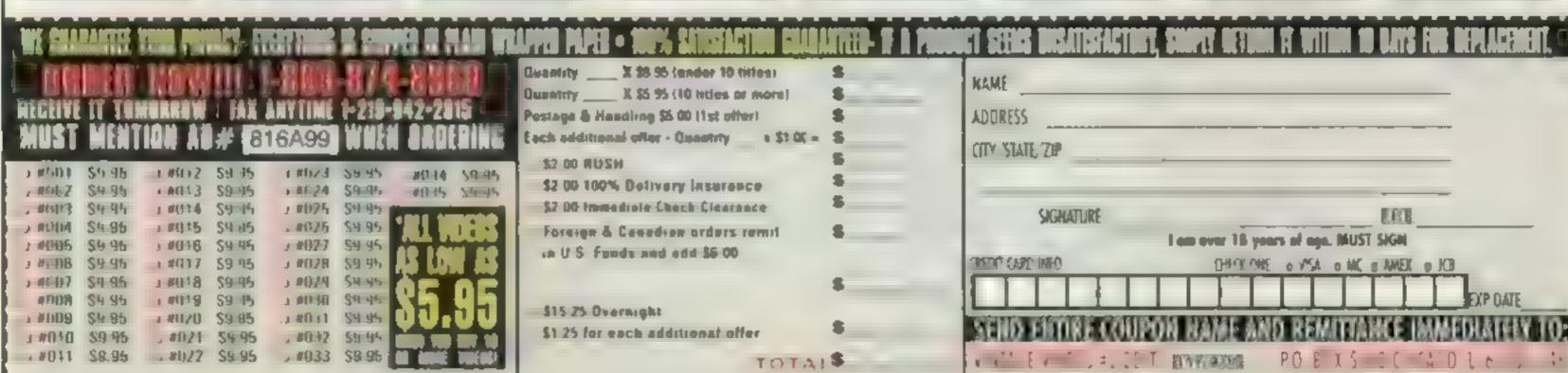




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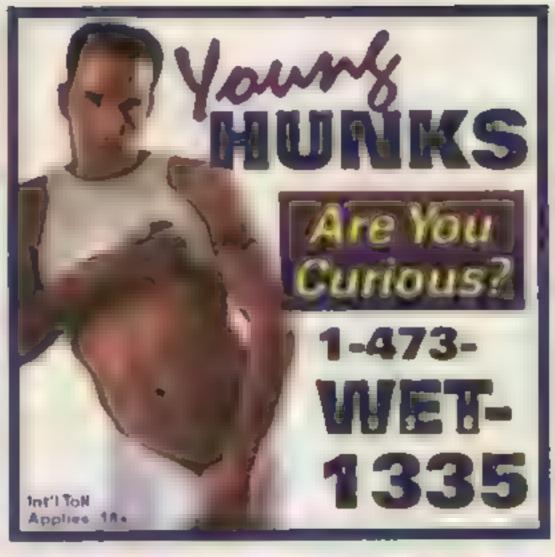






















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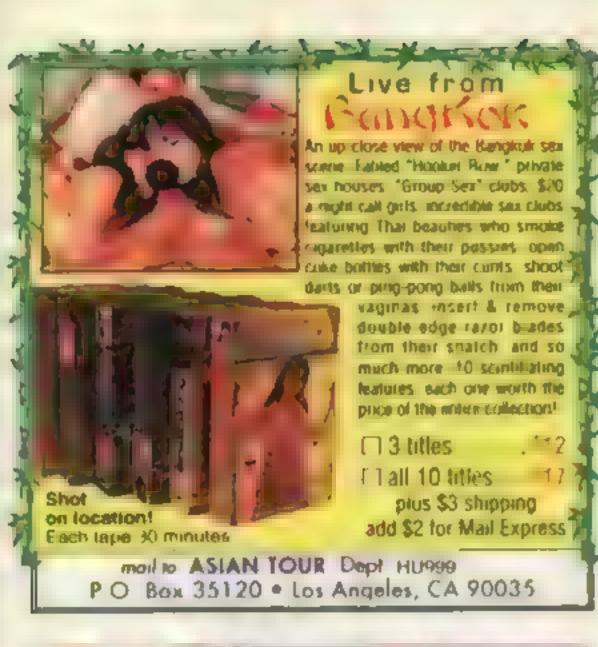
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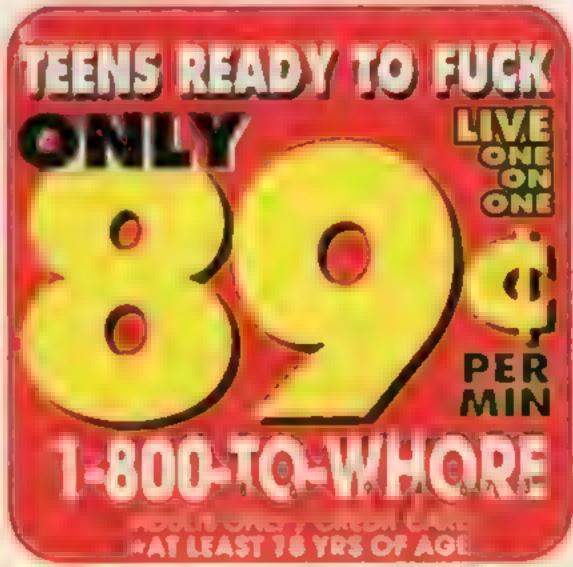




















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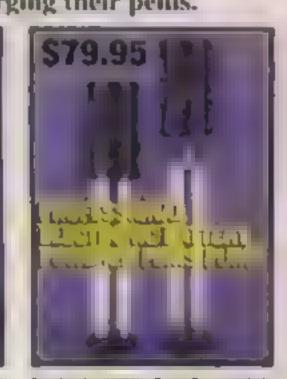


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(continued from page 47)

Hot Letters "Ahhh," I heard Derek sigh as his stream of urine hit the bowl. He may have been pissing, but he just about shit when I burst in and grabbed his dangling python.

myself for my brilliant plan. Perhaps I could stop by every day and break off a piece of my little fortune cookie! All those dreams went down the toilet like a soiled cum rag when the little chink flung open the door...with Mama-san right behind her.

Rather than call the police, they agreed to overlook the incident if I worked off my debt. My question is: Can I sue HUSTLER since I ended up jerking off fat guys all day? -R. H.

Akron, Ohio

SISTER IN RAW

Whenever I watch shows like Jerry Springer, I see guys who fucked their girlfriend's sister. The crowd gangs up on the poor slob and hoots and hollers like he's the lowest dog who ever sniffed a butt. Well, I blew my big sister's man...and I'm here to say the sucking incident was entirely my idea.

People are so uptight here in the South. I almost got arrested for stripping down naked with a few of the other girls at my community college and performing a witchcraft ritual in the woods. In reality, the fireside dance was just an excuse to show off our trim bodies and big, bouncing jugs. We weren't really trying to resurrect Jeffrey Dahmer! The dumb hicks in blue uniforms didn't see things our way, and I almost spent a night in jail. Thank Beetzebub my sister, Janice, and her husband, Derek, donate money to pig funds every year and were able to talk the incident off my record. Although I'm a mature, responsible 19-year-old, my parents still freak over petty shit like arrests and restraining orders.

Derek was so cool, the way he threw a blanket over me and offered to let me stay in their guest room. I could tell my big sister wasn't too happy about the whole thing, but she kept quiet. Now I know it's because she wanted to go home and resume fucking. Apparently, my 1:30 a.m. phone call interrupted quite a hump session.

I was lying in bed thinking about my next tattoo when I heard the two of them start up. Judging by the headboard's bang and my sister's sobs, Derek was really giving it to her in a brutal way. Which just happens to be the way I like to be fucked! I swear, somehow I could tell by the sound of Janice's climax that her husband sported a freakishly large wang. There was only one way to find out. I waited until I heard Derek walk down the hall to the bathroom...accompanied by a reassuring soundtrack of Janice snoring. "Ahhh," I heard Derek sigh as his stream

of urine hit the bowl. He may have been pissing, but he just about shit when I burst in and grabbed his dangling python.

"God," I coocd, loving the way his tinkle interruptus created sudden, unpredictable blasts of pee that flowed down my arm. "You haven't washed this monster yet, have you? I want to taste my big sister's pussy. Mmmmm...." Derek was still trying to push my head away until the last minute. What a good husband! He was finally powerless, however, to resist the warm kiss of my full lips upon his swollen head.

"No," he demanded. I wouldn't listen, swallowing a few inches of shaft. He must have been packing more than a foot of ween! "No, you don't understand!" Assertively, he yanked my hair and popped my mouth off his manhood. The reason for the roughness: "I was fucking Janice's ass tonight, not her pussy! Who knows what kind of germs you could catch?"

I didn't care. I gulped his steamy log anyway, loving the smoky flavor and the dirtiness of the entire scenario. Soon, Derek was only grabbing my head for balance; he pumped in and out of my esophagus like an oil driller. I diddled my naked cunt to help my throat muscles relax. Believe it or not, the smallest amount of vaginal stimulation calms my entire body. I suppose that's the sign of a natural-born slut.

I needed all the help I could muster to deep-throat Derek's tool. Gagging sounds filled my ears; yet I was so preoccupied that I didn't realize the choking was coming from me. I swear, my brother-in-law could kill someone with that thing! He battered my tonsils repeatedly, standing over my face with his balls on my chin.

"Fuck," he whispered. "Suck that shitty dick. Suck your sister's.. shriitit...I'm coming!" An explosion of snot filled my windpipe. Sperm seemed to be oozing out of my ears and nostrils. I choked again, this time so bad, I had to spit out Derek's johnson. My oxygen supply cut off. I was freaking out! Eventually, I managed to cough up enormous globs of spunk onto the toilet seat. I nearly blacked out.

Too bad all that retching and wheezing woke up Janice. I thought she'd be a lot more sympathetic—and maybe even let us hook up a threeway. Instead, I've got to meet her on the Springer show next week. Wish me luck when I throw a chair right in her fucking face. -D. W.

Wolf Pen, Kentucky

Send your sexperiences to HUSTLER Hot Letters, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. 20



"I'm sorry, son. In World War II, it was my duty to eliminate people like you."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DENYS DIFRANCESCO

Sexual libertine Missy has but one request of her potential bedmates. "I'm up for anything, but I do have one rule: If you fuck me in the ass, take it slow.

"Most men don't last very long once the meat stick wedges into my airtight sphincters. Last night, a guy drilled into my colon so hard that he blew his nut gunk immediately. My disappointed asshole twitched and wept frustrated tears of semen.

"I don't think a long, leisurely ass-fuck is too much to ask for, do you?" Missy queries. "Slow and steady wins the race—and a repeat ride on my narrow dirt road."

















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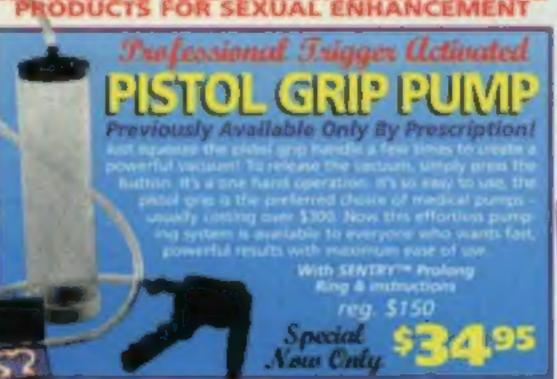
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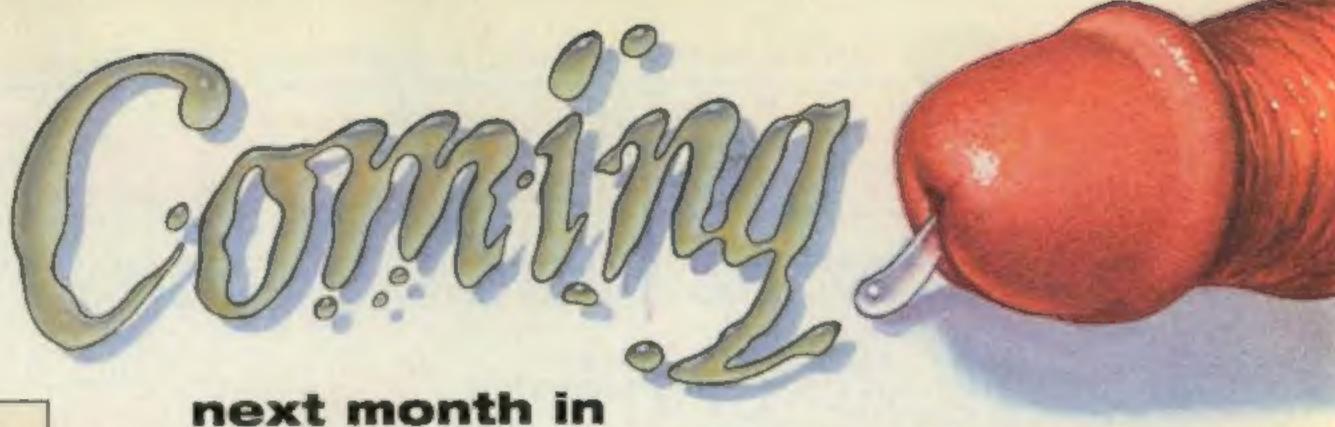
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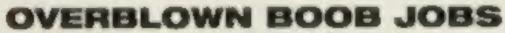




HUSTLER

HALLOWEEN WITCHES

Fall into the clutches of HUSTLER's October witches for soul-redeeming, autumn lust. Tremble at the sight of a sadistic Melissa. Witness this raven-haired ice queen lure her man prey into a strap-in chair of sexual hell heat. With locked wrists and ankles, this dark vamp allows only one way out—and that is deep within her wet, female flesh. Alisha is another chestnut-haired beauty who transforms internal demons into liquid heights. Dipping her hand deep inside her dripping pit of desire, female ejaculate crupts from Alisha's well. The most deceptive witch of all is Joey—a golden blonde who twists and writhes in rumpled, white sheets. Beware of the fair-haired one—her pink panties and bobby socks restrain wicked beauty that is to die for. Drink of the witches' brew in October's HUSTLER and be reborn.



A huge demand exists for big tits. Real or fake—men love 'em, and women want 'em. It's been more than 100 years since the first breast-implant operation attempted to outdo Mother Nature. Now, more than ever, women are racing to the plastic-surgery assembly line to exchange hard-earned cash for plastic-titty perfection. Is bigger better? Is there such a thing as too much silicone? What are the real dangers? Learn the answers to these and other provocative questions in Overblown Boob Jobs, an unflinching and revealing look inside the silicone-tit valley by HUSTLER contributor Georgia Miles. Suck on it in the October HUSTLER.

MISSING LIMBS/HOT BOX

Most people find the sight of an amputated limb in the sexual context especially upsetting, but many become sexually aroused by the mere thought of a gorgeous gash with a hot stump. Does the sight of an amputee excite you? Do you fantasize about having sex with the wheelchair-bound? HUSTLER reporter Chris Lovenko digs deep into the limb pile and unearths the hidden fetish of the broken people in October's Sex Play. Whether you are repulsed or attracted, you will be shocked to discover the long and detailed history of limb-lopped-off sex icons. Unravel the stigma and discover hot stumps in October.

SPOOKY SEX TREATS

Costume capers come just in time for Halloween as Tinky Winky spears for Britney in HUSTLER's Bits & Pieces. Is it a trick, or is it a treat? You decide as the Beaver Hunt sluts spread open their meat. October's HUSTLER will have you beating yours.

October HUSTLER on sale July 28, 1999.

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







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