

HUSTLER

VOLUME 19 NUMBER 2

AUGUST 1992

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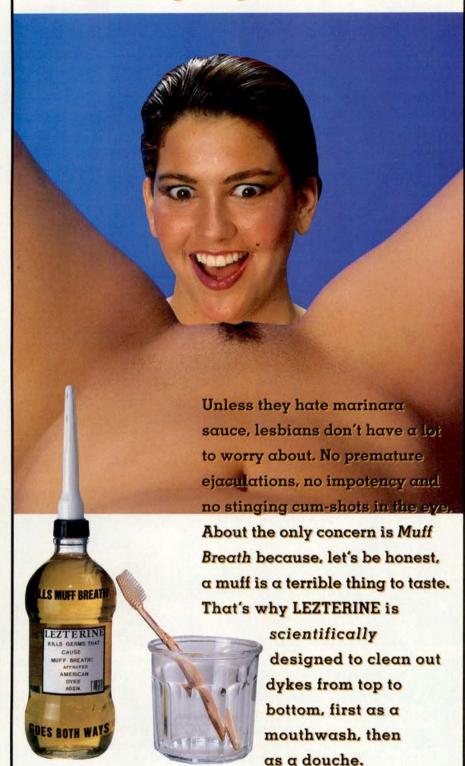
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Beaver Hunt Won't You Be My Neighbor?



ezterine

A new way to fight Muff Breath



Lezterine. It goes both ways.

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Cover photo by Randi Trench



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

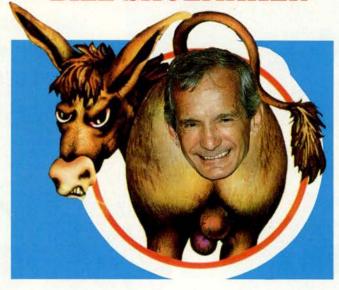
Personal disaster and tragedy can either ennoble a man's spirit or bring out the shit that lurks in his soul. Every human lifetime has its dark stretches, shut off from the sun and sky by black walls of despair. All that can be done is to hunker down and trudge on toward the light at the end of the tunnel. Unfortunately for Bill Shoemaker, HUSTLER's Asshole of the Month for August 1992, that tunnel might more aptly be called a rectum.

Bill Shoemaker, the winningest racehorse rider in history, cannot be accused of having lived an easy life. Shoemaker was born near the town of Fabens, Texas, on August 19, 1931. At birth, he weighed only 2½ pounds. The doctor who delivered him at the family home believed the baby would not live through the night. That he made it alive to the following morning was Willie the Shoe's first upset victory.

Bill Shoemaker grew up in a working-poor family during the Great Depression. The Shoemakers moved around a lot, going wherever Bill's father found work. When Bill was still a kid, his parents divorced. The young boy eventually left Texas to live with his father in Southern California.

Willie got used to beating long odds during his years at El Monte Union High School. Despite his diminutive stature (as a full-grown adult, the Shoe stood only 4-11 tall and generally weighed in at less than 100 pounds), Bill determined he would compete in school athletics. All 80 pounds of him entered the wrestling and boxing programs.

BILL SHOEMAKER



Driven to excel, he defeated bulkier, taller opponents to become a Golden Gloves champ, and he never lost a wrestling match, right up until quitting school in the 11th grade.

At the age of 16, Bill made a career decision that would define his life's work and earn him fame and honors. He took a job hauling hay and mucking out stables at the Suzy Q Ranch, a thoroughbred farm in La Puente, California.

While still in his teens, Shoemaker made the jump from stables to saddles. He helped train and work out horses, and his natural gift for riding was soon spotted. Shoemaker's first win was on April 20, 1949, at the age of 18. It was only his third race. Despite missing the first three months of the year, Silent Willie—as a 19-year-old apprentice rider—finished out 1949 with 219 wins, the second-highest victory total of any jockey in the country.

The Shoe never looked back from his rookie year. His riding career is a towering achievement in the history of organized competition. He may well be the winningest athlete of modern times. In his 20-plus years with the whip, he rode 40,351 mounts, bringing home 8,833 first-place finishers. He had four Kentucky Derby winners, two Preakness winners and five victories at the Belmont Stakes. He was the first jockey to win \$100 million. His career purse earnings were \$123,398,882.

Willie's stats are truly staggering, especially coming from a 2 ½-pound baby that wasn't expected to live through the night. However, a different set of numbers for 1990 are just as sobering: A drunk-driving arrest was made every 17 seconds that year. Alcohol-related driving deaths topped out at 22,083. Half of all driving deaths involved booze. Of all deaths in the 16- to 20-year-old age group, one-quarter were attributed to drunken car crashes.

On April 8, 1991, Bill Shoemaker, recently retired as a jockey and embarking upon a new career as a racehorse trainer, was involved in a one-car accident that crushed three of his cervical vertebrae and left him virtually paralyzed below the neck. Willie's blood-alcohol level was recorded as 0.13 at the time of the accident, .05 above the legal limit. Also, he'd apparently neglected to fasten his seatbelt.

Though friends have remarked upon Shoemaker's ability to sock away hooch, Bill admits only to a few beers earlier in the day. They may have been a few too many.

The man whose hands finessed many of the world's most powerful racehorses claims to have lost control of his Ford while reaching for a cellular phone. Another likely story is that he'd been given alcoholbased drugs that created an artificially high blood-alcohol level. Shoemaker is suing the State of California for \$20 million, saying it was responsible for his accident.

The light at the end of Shoemaker's tunnel has turned out to be a reflection off the toilet-bowl porcelain.

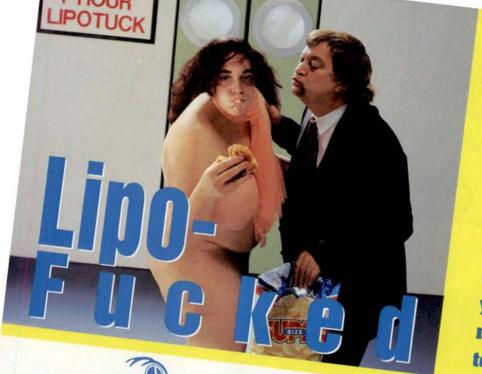
FARTS IN THE WIND

Jerry Brown and Bill Clinton: This Punch and Judy team has done more to guarantee the stagnation of the American Presidency than any committee to reelect George Bush could ever hope to accomplish. Together, they form a two-headed Asshole.

Barbara Bush: The First Lady visited L.A.'s Skid Row to demonstrate her compassion for our nation's ill-advantaged citizens, but first police cleared the area of its inhabitants. Dispossessing a homeless community is an Asshole's idea of a photo opportunity.

Bruce Springsteen: A self-styled, blue-collar rocker and friend of the working man, mega-millionaire Springsteen's new record has been released as two separate albums, rather than as a reduced-price double record—which means his fans must fork out extra recession dollars for the

package to support Bruce's aristocratic Asshole. George Peach: Missouri's chief state prosecutor, George Peach spent his 15-year tenure crusading against the sexual rights of adults, endorsing ordinances that would mandate jail time for prostitutes and their customers who are secondime offenders. Peach, 49, busted for patronizing a prostitute, admitted he had solicited a decoy cop. He's one arrest shy of a jail cell, but fully qualified for Asshole accommodation.



West Hollywood plastic surgeon Richard Ellenbogen is attempting to franchise liposuction clinics in malls throughout the country. Considering the possibilities of such a shop, imagine trading in your old wife for a new model in the time it takes to digest a greasy burger.

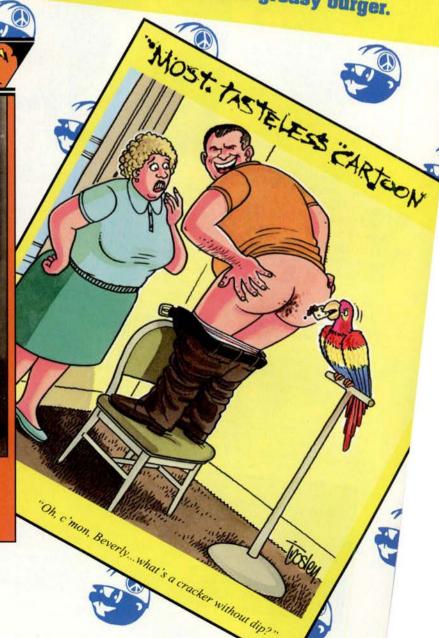
PORN from the PAST

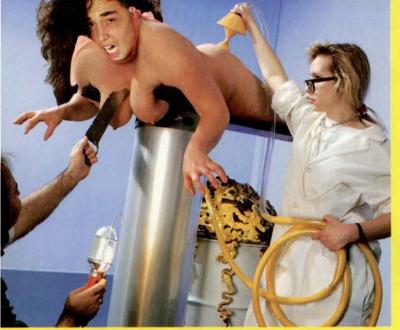


There's certainly no crime in a little punishment, and for Walter Branche, who sent us this intriguing, classic pose, it's even profitable. Walter will receive \$150, and you can too by sending your antique porn to HUSTLER Magazine, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210—with a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want your material returned.









Atop the jumbo jack, your better-heifer undergoes a fastfood make-over of plastic surgery and de-flabbing.



The wife emerges looking fit, trim and exactly like every other media-obsessed object of perfection, leaving you the problem of picking your wife out of the post-lipid lineup.

The Candidate's Companion

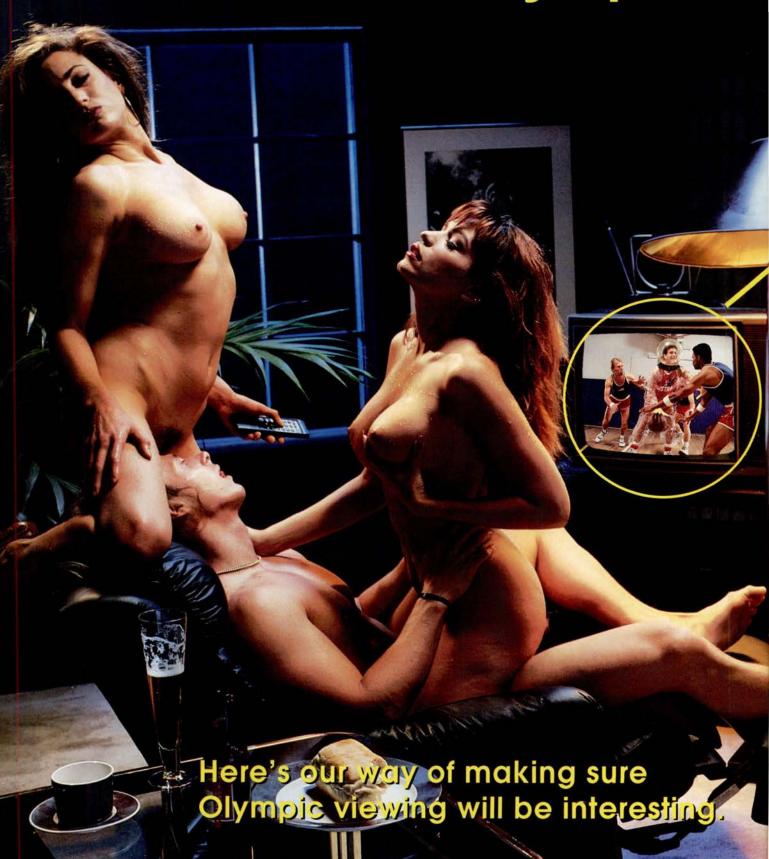


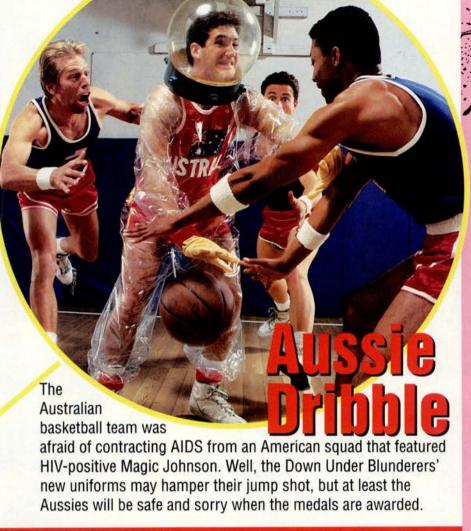
You're a front-runner who believes in better education and reviving the economy. You want forests instead of factories, and you respect women's rights. There's only one problem—you have a penis. And it likes pussy.

Don't let your sex drive spoil your chances for President, and don't get caught with your platforms down. Instead, drop a donation inside one of our silently sexy Candidate's Companions. We squeal in bed, not in the media.

(REVOLVING ACCOUNTS AVAILABLE FOR CARD-CARRYING LIBERALS.)

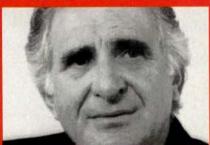
HUSTLER'S Guide to the Olympics





Spot the CHARITY GANGSTER









One of these men is not a retired mafioso. Instead, he's a former United Way Chairman whose syndicate squeezed the paychecks of hard-working Americans to support his annual salary of more than \$460,000. Can you spot him? Hint: He's the only one who looks alive.

The answer is William Aramony, who's only spiritually dead.)

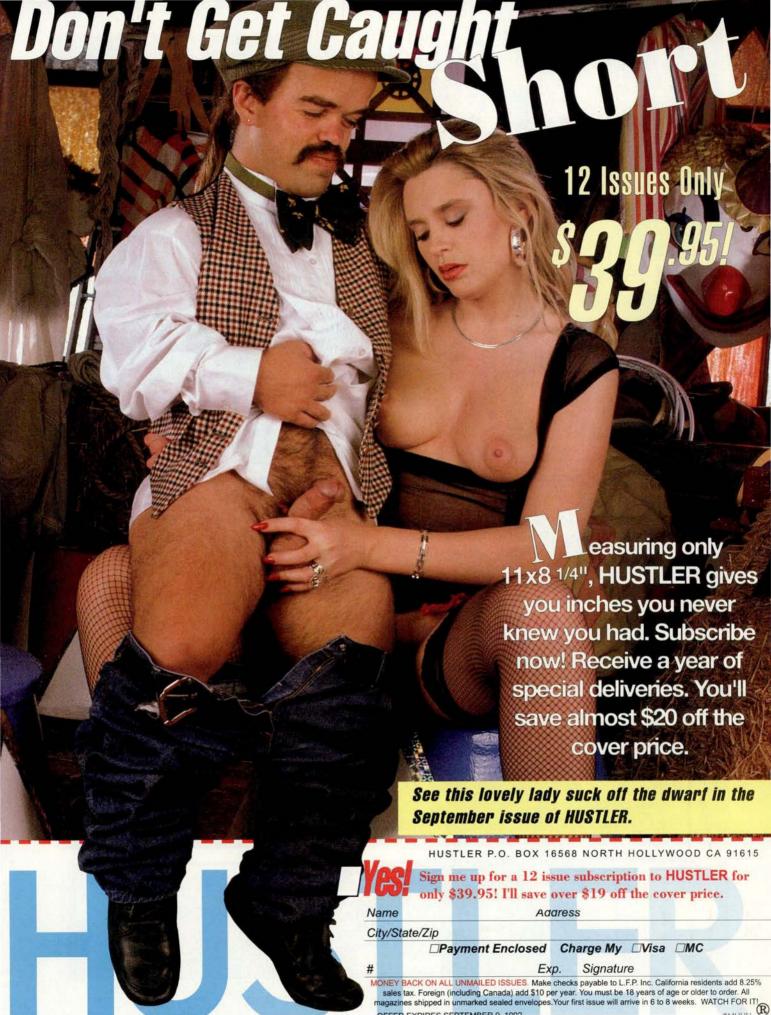


the perfect martini and a woman's

love of the lash, CAD redefines the

sexual kitsch of generations past.













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May '92). Although he may well hate the feminist movement for possibly the same reasons I do, I can see the feminist view-YELLOW JOURNALISM point when it comes to men (and I use the

To HUSTLER, the best magazine in prison: I'm from a Filipino gang in Los Angeles. I bought your mag for 20 ducats (\$20 of prison play money) 'cause it concerned Asian gangs (Asian Street Gangs: The Home Invaders, March '92). Writer B. Gordon Wheeler says all the negative stuff, but he didn't explain when he mentioned the Bahala Na Gang that bahala na means whoever (or whatever) gives a mad fuck in Tagalog. Also, the majority of Oriental gangs don't extort money or do burglaries—they just throw house parties with rap music and fight each other. My gang, for instance, fights Crips, Bloods, Mex and whites gangs, but mainly other Oriental gangs.

My homegirls don't spit razor blades or rob people. Most work and go to school. One I know is a teller in a Korean bank. Another works as a counselor at the Echo Park Boys Club to support her three-yearold baby. My homeboy cousin works as a gofer at a law firm on Wilshire. I used to deliver the L.A. Times from midnight to afternoon. When I got hard up for money, I'd ask my grandmother for some.

Sure, we crash parties. Who doesn't? And yes, I've made mistakes in my life. My latest beef was murder two, but I went back to court and got manslaughter. Five Mex tried to rob me and my girlfriend back in '87; so it was rightly self-defense.

I'll be 21 in April. When I go home in '93, I'll have a welcoming party and be put on Veterano status (nonactive duty). I'll try to school the young ones. You give me Amber Lynn's address! Later, homeys! — C. L. Vacaville, California

STAR FLACK

Dear HUSTLER Feedback: I really need to direct this letter to D. F. in Muskegon, Michigan ("Bitchin' Bitches," Feedback,

term loosely) like him. It has to do with being referred to as bitches.

Obviously, this man has absolutely no respect for the women who go against their families and upbringings to show their bodies and fucking ability to him. We are professionals who are the absolute key to the entire erotic-entertainment industry. Without us bitches, there wouldn't be a damn thing for D. F. to stroke his lonely penis to.

Hey, we're women. We are intelligent, and we are in this business fully informed, with our minds opened along with our legs. It's unfortunate that the porn world is such a boy's club. It's the respect that's unlikely to be forthcoming that accounts for attitude from an actress or two. It's your fault, D. F., not ours.



Ricki and Justine: Furnish a Fetish

Okay; so now you can call me a bitch. At least know that in this case it's for an entirely different reason. Lust always,

-Brandy Alexandre Hollywood, California

DO PROCESS

I recently ordered a videotape from an adult-video company I have been doing business with for many years. Eight weeks after I mailed my request, my check was finally returned with a note that read: "We are not able to process your order at this time due to the fact that our company is under legal scrutiny in vour area.'

I called the customer-service number. Company officials informed me that my state's legislature had just passed an antipornography bill prohibiting hardworking, taxpaying, law-abiding individuals such as myself from viewing such materials within the confines of my home!

As you might have already figured out, I live in the great state of Florida, where bluenose, Bible-thumping jerk-offs would rather stop so-called pornography than the immense flow of cocaine into this country! They must want to see that their children are drug addicts with wholesome moral fiber.

I feel this law is a serious violation of my rights. What, if anything, can I do? What will be banned next, Playboy, Penthouse or even HUSTLER? -B. B.

Gainesville, Florida

WE TRY HARDER!



What do you want us to do, hit you over the head with the Bill of Rights? Write your Senator, B. B.! Every HUSTLER reader worth the balls between his legs should mail his (or her) thoughts to the U.S. Senate, The Capitol Building, Washington, DC 20510.

HOG BY ANY OTHER NAME

I find it disturbing that in the April issue of HUSTLER Ron Jeremy is compared to a hedgehog ("Hog on the Run," Feedback, April '92). It is true that both are squat, fat, hairy, flea-ridden creatures that possess the ability to lick their own genitals; however, the hedgehog is by nature a meek and gentle creature that does not seek to offend a soul, which is not true of Mr. Jeremy!

So lay off the humble hedgehog. If you must assign a nickname to Ron, pick one that will not offend any of the Earth's creatures—perhaps an inanimate object like "Hairy Fucking Piece of Shit." Oh, and as for my vote, I say send Ron packing.

—S. D.

San Ramon, California

Duncan Falls, Ohio

READY TO LISTEN

I just finished your article I Cried, You Didn't Listen (I Cried, You Didn't Listen: A Survivor's Exposé of the California Youth Authority, February '92). It really hit home. As a juvenile, I was locked up three times. Everything Dwight Abbott said, I could relate to. I was never raped or anything, but it happened around me. I would just like to say that I really enjoyed the article and couldn't stop reading until I was finished. I would also like to know where I could pick up a copy of I Cried, You Didn't Listen.

—K. H.

The book-length version of <u>I Cried</u>, <u>You Didn't Listen</u>, complete with photos and coauthor Jack Carter's report on the scandalous conditions of American juvenile prisons, is available from Feral House Press. Send check or money order for \$10.95, plus \$1.75 postage fee, to Feral House, P.O. Box 861893, Los Angeles, CA 90086-1893.

GIRL'S IN THE MIST

I don't know if Feedback is the correct department for this letter, but here goes. My girlfriend is unique in many ways, but one of them amazes and somewhat concerns me. At irregular but rather frequent (two or three times a month) intervals, her vagina "smokes."

When she's sitting on the toilet urinating or defecating, and she "pushes" to get it over with, a mist comes out of her pussy. At first, I didn't believe her, but it is true. I've witnessed it. It's not just a little wisp—it comes and comes like a cloud.

What is this, what causes it, and is it rare?

—F. G.

Evanston, Illinois

For entertainment purposes, F. G., <u>Feedback</u> is definitely the correct department for your letter. For medical purposes, best consult a doctor.

YOU GOT THAT RIGHT

To whom it may concern: Your magazine gives people the wrong impressions.— J. J. St. Louis, Missouri

WRONG IMPRESSION

I am writing to say I was disappointed by HUSTLER and the May 1992 issue because you put so many guys on the shit list for similar offenses. I thought you would have more integrity.

After buying the issue with the hope of finding out how to get free sex, all I found out was how false promises would get a guy to part with \$5.

—H. N.

New York, New York

H. N. must be referring to "Farts in the Wind" ("Farts in the Wind," Bits &

Pieces, May '92). The shit list included Senator Orrin Hatch; Broward County, Florida, sheriff Nick Navarro; and Israeli Defense Minister Ariel Sharon, all for abuse of office. Farts pretty much smell the same, don't they? The coverline describing free sex referred to May's Sex Play ("Can't Beat Beating: Masturbation Comes Out Swinging," Sex Play, May '92). No false promise intended.

PITPICKER

Thank you very much for Michelle (*Michelle: California Creamin'*, April '92). There are two very good reasons why I want to express my feelings about her.

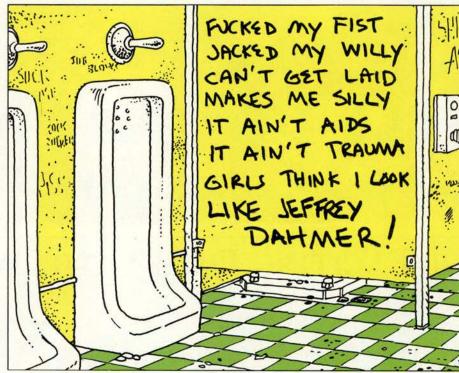
One: Two weeks ago, when I bought a copy of HUSTLER and saw Michelle's carefully shaven, smooth and sleek armpits, you can't understand what delicious vibrations I felt in my iron-hard cock. And then, how generously, willingly, almost defiantly she shows them to her adorers!

You understand now, I am an armpit adorer. My compliments to photographer James Baes for some very nice, close shots of her smooth and sleek armpits.

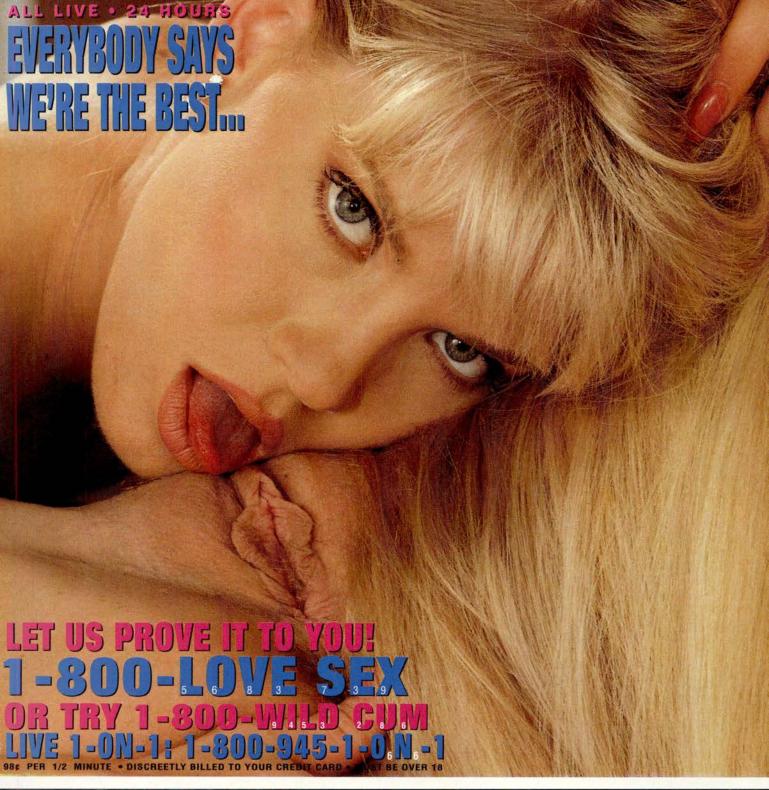
Two: I want to talk about Michelle's

(continued on page 25)





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1 DO 3

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Paul Thomas; starring Hyapatia Lee, P. J. Sparxx, Kym Wilde, Jon Dough and Scott Irish. Videocassette: Vivid.

Director Paul Thomas is a romantic at heart, a sentimentalist who favors emotional attachments over one-night stands. He's also a pessimist and a bit of a masochist; so his stories place characters into situations that twist their heartstrings and put their minds through a psychological house of mirrors. In *I Do 3*, Hyapatia Lee is the "other woman" to two married men, a circumstance she thinks she can handle, but really it tears her up inside. She's sad and lonely. In an exceptionally melancholy masturbation sequence, her hidden rage and haunting self-doubt envelop her in a blanket of lost love—as thoughtful a moment as is to be found in porn. The sex is tangible and real (especially the very-married P. J. Sparxx and Scott Irish couch-wrestling), the dialogue rings true, and the visual artistry and symbolism of Kym Wilde and Hyapatia Lee's lesbian love is a breath of fresh air in today's schlock market.

— Switch Bulger



As thoughtful a moment as you'll find in porn.



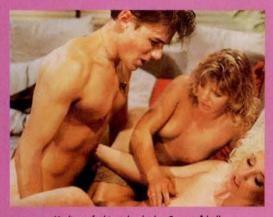
Lesbian love as art.



Beaverlake: No worse than the original.



Backseat: Get out and give this flick a push.



Mediocre fucking clouds the Crystal ball.









Half Erect. Directed by Stuart Canterbury; starring Danielle Rogers, Cameo, Marilyn Rose, Mercedez, Sharon Kane, Sunny McKay, Randy Spears, Ron Jeremy, Biff Malibu and Dick Nasty. Videocassette: AFV Releasing.

Although the sex in the first Camp Beaverlake was a bit hotter and the girls a bit younger, Part 2 has as many sex scenes and a stronger plot, though a similar, desperate, what-do-we-do-next? atmosphere pervades. There's no swimming pool this time, but there is a paddock where two fillies get pumped. A couple indulges in an impromptu pud/poon picnic, Sharon Kane and Sunny McKay share a fevered, tongue-to-twat lunch, and one gent risks having his thighs crushed as a hefty-hammed strumpet bounces on them. Beaverlake 2 is one of the few sequels that is no worse than the original, but we probably won't be able to say that about the next one.

— Chas Beatty

BACKSEAT BUSH

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Jean-Pierre Ferrand; starring Angela Summers, Raven, Brigitte Aime, Summer Knights, Stacey Nichols, Ted Wilson, Nicholas Rage, Cal Jammer and Steve Drake. Videocassette: Las Vegas Video.

This 1950s-period piece of crap centers around action occurring in a retro-pink diner and a stationary, pink, vintage convertible. The initial sandwiching of super-slut Brigitte Aime ends with an anal/vaginal DP, but the momentary heat of this tri-schtup is soon lost. Raven slumbers through a quick kitty-lick with featured muff Angela Summers. Summer Knights butt-fingers herself while her swain grunts and pumps. Stacey Nichols's deflated tits are as depressing as the rest of this flick, and even the hosing she allows her anus can't revive strokers' waning wood. Although fairly thick with sex, the incredibly irksome segues between sexual-position changing, lighting that illuminates every crack in pancake makeup and stretched dick pore, and listless boning will have limp viewers wishing that some of the lazy performers would get out of the backseat and give this flick a push.

— Dewey Huevos

SCENES FROM A CRYSTAL BALL

Half Erect. Directed by Jim Enright; starring Tonisha Mills, Melanie Moore, K. C. Williams, Rose Hunter, Tony Tedeschi and T. T. Boy. Videocassette: Zane Entertainment.

Surprisingly, one of porn's great assets is its realism. In mainstream movies, characters looking into a crystal ball are always on some obtuse quest, though anyone with even semifunctional gonads knows they would secretly watch friends fuck—and that's exactly what Tony Tedeschi does with trollops Melanie Moore and K. C. Williams. But just as crystal balls tend to get cloudy after time, the fucking here tends to freeze over as well. Not even Melanie Moore's gigantic ginch swallowing T. T. Boy's tongue can halt the film's decline. By the time Tedeschi bones Moore and K. C. Williams, most viewers will abandon director Jim Enright for another muff-mystic.

—Kent LeLak



One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Paul Thomas; starring Savannah, Jeanna Fine, Christy Canyon, Jon Dough and Mickey Ray. Videocassette: Vivid Video.

Corners were cut and expense was spared in *On Trial*. Approximately one-quarter of this movie is taken up with scenes from *Part 1*. The remaining 45 minutes contain Jeanna Fine providing all the energy in a lackluster, mostly soft-core scene with Savannah, who licks Jeanna's pussy maybe twice; a threeway with Fine, Jon Dough and—ho hum—Savannah; Savannah fucking Mickey Ray (she actually sucks his dick!); and Christy Canyon teamed with some lousy-lay dude who takes so long to come that they fake an interior cum-shot just to get the scene over with. *On Trial* is a trial.

— C. B.



Watching Savannah fuck is a Trial.

Buttman needs an editor.

BUTTMAN'S EUROPEAN VACATION 2

Half Erect. Directed by John Stagliano; starring Nikki Pearce, Louise Armani, Joy Karins, Christine de Bausseand, Flavia Voltige, Sara Walker, Louise Pike, Tracy Gibb, Rocco Siffredi, Anthony Marko, Phillip, and John Stagliano. Videocassette: Evil Angel.

Somebody please take up a collection so John Stagliano can hire a film editor! *European Vacation 2,* shot in England and France, has nice stuff in it, but nothing that cutting 60 minutes wouldn't improve. Stagliano's movies have always run long, but this trip comes in at 140 minutes, twice that of a standard fuck film, and contains only five sex scenes. The best part is that we get to see new girls. They're not always the youngest or the prettiest, but at least they're not the tired, old squack that turn up with numbing regularity in U.S.-porn snooze-alongs. While we see ass cheeks and bungholes aplenty, there's no butt-fucking. The hottest scene has Rocco Siffredi slamming rag doll Tracy Gibb, but, of course, even this goes on too long.

— C. B.

GRASS ROOTS RUT

FOXE IS THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE OF PORN

he 2nd Fans of X-Rated Entertainment
(FOXE) awards show rocked and rolled
Porn Valley February 16, 1992, from
the vast interior of the Country Club, a
hobbling, former show palace with no
liquor license and overstaffed with
coldhearted security guards who only smiled
when they were kicking the crowa out at the



end. Nearly 800 civilians and celebs jammed in to acknowledge what organizer William Margold hailed as the "people's choice of porn." FOXE doesn't mess around with a lot of awards—only three were handed out: Fan Favorites, Christy Canyon, Ashlyn Gere, Nina Hartley, Selena Steele, Tom Byron and Peter North; Vixen of the Year, Teri Weigel; and a special nod to Ginger Lynn, as recently deceased smut scribe Mark Weiss's all-time favorite. What FOXE does best is entertain, and anyone who saw Laurel Canyon squatting and spreading and showing why she's a headlining erotic dancer, or Madison's dazzling transformation from a dowdy



housewife to a strutting, whip-wielding pussy freak from hell, was far from bored. For sure, Fan of the Year Howard Hurley was anything but blasé when a squadron of half-dressed porn queens descended upon him and covered him with their affection. To get on the track for next year's bash, contact FOXE, 8033 Sunset Boulevard, Suite 851, Los Angeles, CA 90046; or call the FOXE hot line, (213) 656-6545.





Goddaughter: Cameo speaks an international language.

GODDAUGHTE

Half Erect. Directed by Fred J. Lincoln; starring Cameo, Joey Silvera, Alicyn Sterling, Stacey Nichols, Randy West, Marc Wallice, Summer Knights, Nick Knights and Fred J. Lincoln. Videocassette: AFV.

Cameo is about as Italian as a hotdog and fries, but her inch-long nipples speak an international language all their own. As the video's dangerous lead bod, she inadvertently causes Marc Wallice's death when her godfather (Fred J. Lincoln) discovers Wallice's nose wedged up Cameo's comely cunt. At the don's request, Cameo emigrates to America, where director Lincoln zooms in tight on pink, puckering assholes. Otherwise, the plot crawls to a forgettable cliffhanger while the looped dialogue sounds like it was mixed by a deaf man. But who needs words? Summer Knights tosses her gymnast's body over a sofa and earns a perfect score for an exuberant orgasm with Nick Knights that's more genuine than the movie's use of locales and garbled, Italian accents.

— Luc Faucette



Whackable lusting in London.



Maddams: It's better than it looks.



Screwballs tries to be funny, but is uninspired.

LUSTING LONDON STYLE

Half Erect. Directed by Frank Thring; starring Sandrine, Lee Francis, Jule Lockes, Arthur Potts, Linda Brown, Christophe Clark, Madison, Caroline Du Barre, Julia Lodge, Christy Donn, Gregory Mann and Steve Perry. Videocassette: VCA.

Crumpet-stuffed bellies, pasty uncut dinks, furry trash cunts and Madison—that's what Lusting's got going for it. Those bored with the usual San Fernando Valley, fake-tit/fake-tan tarts might enjoy this taste of the Old World. There are plenty of foreskin-swizzling blowjobs, cunt-stuffings and bottom-plungings, with a little kink thrown in. Actually, the film is written, acted and directed in a most Yankee way, thus avoiding the strange, displaced feeling some foreign films convey. Of particular note is French fuck Sandrine, who obviously prefers Greek; Christophe Clark, another frog who's a handsome, virile stud; Linda Brown, a nice English girl whose cunt looks deliciously plump and comfy; and Christy Donn, a trashy blonde with a hair-trigger twat. Nothing too spectacular sexually, but definitely whackable Lusting.

—D. H.

THE MADDAMS

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Herschel Savage; starring Ona Zee, Charisma, Kim Angeli, Deidre Holland, Mike Horner, Jon Dough and Ron Jeremy. Videocassette: X-Citement.

While *The Maddams Family* remains true to the original characters, the fuck scenes are as comatose as Jon Dough's caricature of Lurch. Ona Zee and Mike Horner are Horticia and Cortez, whose failing investments force them to open a bordello. Hooker-in-training Charisma, as the aptly titled Cousin Tit, slaps her enormous mams against Kim Angeli's paunch in an uncomfortable lesbo tryst overshadowed by the girls' combined girth. Ron Jeremy's Uncle Pester smacks his infamous flab against Charisma's rippling thighs. A sweaty Horner sums up the proceedings best after spewing on Angeli's fair-skin flab: "It feels a lot better than it looks."



SCREWBALLS

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Stuart Canterbury; starring Taylor Wane, Steve Drake, Alexandria Quinn, Jerry Butler, Ron Jeremy, Domonique Simone, Ashley Nicole and Biff Malibu. Videocassette: AFV Releasing.

Taylor Wane deserves some kind of award. Not for her lethargic performance in this feeble comedy, but for echoing the viewer's sentiments with her mumbled aside to Jerry Butler, "Boy, you've really put some weight on." Why doesn't Butler do the industry a favor and retire his limp dick and endless patter? Between a couple of uninspired fucks, only Biff Malibu and black beauty Domonique's kitchenfloor romp seems like the real thing. In addition, the reliable Steve Drake gives an over-18 and enticingly overweight Alexandria Quinn a mouthful of chum in exchange for a messy, slobbering blowiob.

—L. F.



AWAKENING IN

Half Erect. Directed by Rick Savage; starring Ginger Thomas, Patricia Kennedy, Samantha York, Ron Hightower, John M. Thomas, Rick Savage and Paige Pilar. Videocassette: Pleasure Productions.

Fans of double vaginal insertion will find a sweet spot in the middle of *Awakening* where eager cunt Ginger Thomas temporarily houses the salt-and-pepper schween tandem of Ron Hightower and John M. Thomas. This dual dorking takes place during a very strange, extended scene at a surreal strip show, complete with meandering saxophone accompaniment. *Blue* ends with a heartwarming pump wherein Rick Savage's long pussy cork and an ominous black-and-chrome vibrator both take up residence deep inside Samantha York's wide-open pussy. Although *Awakening* fluctuates between bythe-numbers sex, lingering shots of feet and Stagliano-style body worship, the theme of Savage's boner amnesia ties it together fairly well.



There's a sweet spot in the middle of Blue.

Prisoners puts your joint in solitary confinement.

PRISONERS OF LUST

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Edwardo Dinero; starring Sabrina Dawn, Laurie Landry, K. C. Williams, Devon Shire, Marilyn Rose, Lauren Brice and Sunny McKay. Videocassette: VCA.

Women behind bars should be a cause for carnal celebration, as all the pent-up passions of no cock should explode in a torrent of twat-trysting. The quartet of quim doing time in this pallid poonfest are jaded jailbirds. They've all wound up in the can because of sex crimes of lesbian lust, but it's the viewer who'll be calling for the chair after being sentenced to some snore-filled slit-slobberings.

— Sam Lowry

HEAD 'EM UP, MOVE 'EM OUT A PORN CATTLE-CALL MEMOIR

ilmmaker Alfred Hitchcock once said, "All actors are cattle." In the porn world, all actors are genitalia—more or less. And when it comes to shopping for genitalia, more porn producers turn to World Modeling than any other "talent" agency. Located on the second floor of a skeezy office building about 30 miles north of downtown Los Angeles, World's engine is an avuncular Southern gentleman named Jim South. Through his portals have passed such luminaries as Traci Lords, Ginger Lynn, Tori Welles—a virtual who's who of Guttertown ginches. But before they become stars, they must first bare all for the sundry SX-70 snapshots taken by producers (and interested bystanders) looking for tomorrow's new superslut.

Here's a sampling of such impromptu pix from a recent World Modeling cattle call:



Heather Lere



Christy Wade



Cassidy



Bianca Trump



Michelle Monroe



Alexis DeVell



Titty Slickers: Diver sucks cock until the cows come.

TITTY SLICKERS

Half Erect. Directed by Scotty Fox; starring Tonisha Mills, Angela Summers, Terry Diver, Jamie Leigh, Randy West, Tom Chapman and T. T. Boy. Videocassette: Legend Video.

Blond covergirl Tonisha Mills is the headliner with the marvelous headlamps, but she doesn't show up until the tape is half over. She tries to make amends in the final fuck by getting the best of T. T. Boy while disguised as a masked cowgirl, but his cum-shot on her butt deflates an otherwise bone-busting scene. If Angela Summers isn't the best cocksucker in the business, she certainly makes a case for the distinction, with some eye-popping, oh-my-fucking-god! mouth artistry on Boy's wanger. Terry Diver's happy (and loud) acceptance of a Tom Chapman facial is the highlight, but an overemphasis on plot and some weak stabs at comedy, with not much titty-fucking to boot, will keep six-shooters holstered.

—Augie Michaels

PUTTING HE THE LINE

TTING HER ASS ON

Half Erect. Directed by Jerry Ross; starring Brandy Alexandre, Steve Drake, Kym Wilde, Candace Heart, K. C. Williams, Randy West, Angela Summers, Joey Silvera and Trixy Tyler. Videocassette: Dreamland.

Porn's eternal solution to marital boredom is to fuck as many other people as possible to reawaken the true worth of the marriage. Steve Drake and Brandy Alexandre are the listless couple. Drake seems to make the most out of their wanderings in his fevered flogging of Kym Wilde's fudge factory. Alexandre's anal offering, a rump-ream without a penetration, fares less successfully. When Drake and Alexandre finally reunite, their cornhole-coupling is good enough to jump-start any stalled marriage, with a facial to seal the deal. — S. L.



THE DIRTY LITTLE MIND OF MARTIN

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Scotty Fox; starring Tracey Winn, Jonathan Morgan, Jenna Wells, Randy West, Alyssa Jarreau, Mickey Ray, Sonja, J. B., Cyle Mitchell and X-Man. Videocassette: Moonlight Entertainment.

Barely a step above raunch reviewers on the literary food chain are the sex-cinema scribes themselves. The Dirty Little Mind of Martin Fink chronicles the coital conquests of failed playwright Jonathan Morgan as he tries to write in the cum-crusted world of video smut for cynical producer J. B. This may be Morgan's first assignment, but he's no novice at noshing on the nookie of Alyssa Jarreau, who seems to like her new career as a porn bimbo. With only a few feeble dribbles of cum on just-fucked bush and a lousy denouement, Fink never should have left the storyboards.



Alexandre doesn't clearly put her Ass on the line.

STROKER'S GUIDE

A QUICK CHECKLIST OF X-RATED FEATURES REVIEWED IN PAST ISSUES OF HUSTLER AND HUSTLER EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE.



FULLY ERECT

Superior. A top production.

Wild Goose Chase (Evil Angel)

Julianne James, Angela Summers, Jeanna Fine



THREE-QUARTERS ERECT Above average. Hard-on material.

Safecracker (Coast to Coast)

Jeanna Fine, Britt Morgan, Angela Summers

Manbait (VCA)

Moana Pozzi, P. J. Sparxx, Leanna Foxxx

Dream Creamin' (AFV Releasing)

Cameo, April Rayne, Sunny McKay



HALF ERECT Standard fare. Has moments.

A Lacy Affair 4 (Hollywood Video)

Trinity Loren, Tara Hart, Alexis Stone

Blonde Forces (Coast to Coast)

Candace Heart, Savannah, Valhalla

Bush Pilots 2 (VCA)

Ashlyn Gere, Rayne, Sharon Kane

Twilight (Zane)

Melanie Moore, Holly Ryder, Mona Lisa

Bikini City (Coast to Coast)

Tonisha Mills, Terry Diver, Charisma

Lust for Love (VCA)

Angela Summers, Alicyn Sterling, Devon Shire

You Bet Your Ass (Bruce Seven)

Bionca, Porsche Lynn, Heather Hart

Genie in a Bikini (Zane)

Madison, Monique Hall, Britt Morgan

ONE-QUARTER ERECT Poor. Don't expect much.

Anal Fever (Zane)

Melanie Moore, Holly Ryder, Flame

Anal Leap (Coast to Coast)

Alicyn Sterling, Nasty Natasha, Anisa

Cheesecake (VCA)

Trinity Loren, Nikki Wilde, Taylor Wane

Sex Nurses (Visual Images)

Kelly Blue, Terry Diver, Debi Diamond

D-Cup Dating Service (Moonlight)

Vivianna, Tracey Adams, Paula Price

Two Hearts (Vivid)

Racquel Darrian, Kym Wilde, Ona Zee

Vow of Passion (Vivid)

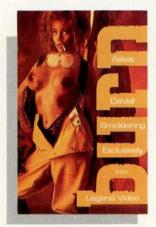
Savannah, P. J. Sparxx

J

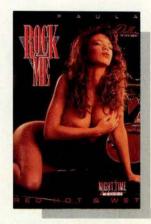
TOTALLY LIMP A waste of time and money.

Brainteasers (Zane)

K. C. Williams, Terry Diver, Monique Hall



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BURN - Alexis DeVell Stacev Nichols and Danielle Rogers. Alexis DeVell is about to spontaneously combust right in front of your very eyes. When a string of unexplained fires puzzle Squad 4, the investigation uncovers more than arsonists! When there's something burning, it's love. And when there's smoke there's fire. Get ready to be barbecued!

ROCK ME - Paula Price, Cameo and Cassandra Dark. From the streets to the sheets, from the Cathouse to the China Club they're playing all night long. "The Dolls" soft skin and long legs, hot lips and tight buns will leave you rock hard. It's a deep, driving, hard rockin' girl to girl skin dance that's red hot! So lay back and let those beautiful ladies rock you all night!

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LEGEND - Lauren Hall, Brittany, Sabrina and Jacqueline. Filled with sexual intrigue and riveting scenes that are reminiscent of thrillers of days gone by. This adult drama is the first in a series that started it all with some of the best performances on and off the sheets! The plot twists around a would be actress's rise to stardom until that dream is strangely interrupted. Lauren Hall is at her sultry best!

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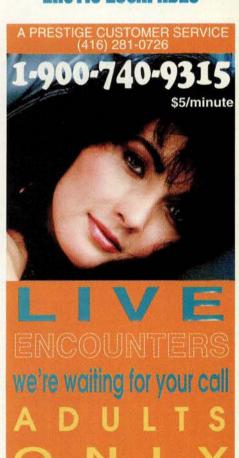
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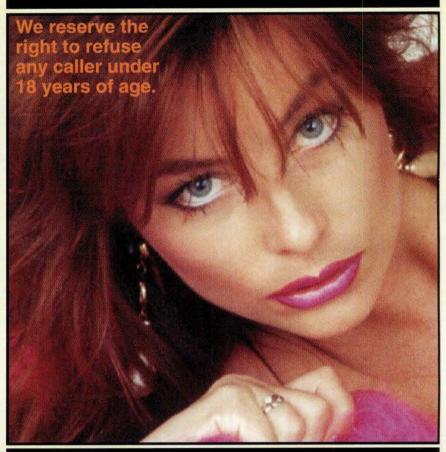
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FOREIGN AFFAIRS - Tracey Wynn, Melanie Moore and Alexis Devell are in the midst of a sexual-political uprising. The threats. The intrigue. The dark world of espionage unfolds before your eyes as dignitaries take you on a sexual travelogue. The international flavor and red-hot sex will have you glued to the screen in this top-notch release! Watch out, someone's after your top-secret briefs!





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Feedback

(continued from page 15)

breasts. They are as perfect as one can imagine. You know, Michelle, I have all my life been a small-breast, as well as armpit, adorer. Do you want to hear how I describe your breasts? Listen! Here is how I analyze them. Small, very firm and perky. Your cup form is A. Your breasts are a little bit concave underneath your nipples, and a little bit convex above them.

I am with you, Michelle. I am thinking about your wonderful cunt. Please, let me suck your wonderful cunt, and at the same moment allow me to adore the smell of your sweet-smelling armpits. —A. G. Rauma, Finland

THE USUAL RAVES

I've gotten horny from the slits and tits of the women in HUSTLER for years. I just wanted to say job well done. I've never been disappointed looking at HUSTLER.

—L. C. Falmouth, Maine

I'm writing to say that my wife and I love HUSTLER. In your May 1992 issue, I loved the pictures of Darlene and Pete (*Darlene and Pete: Whore Ashore*, May '92). My wife fingered her pussy while looking at the pages of Paula and Jo (*Paula and Jo: MaxiMa'am Overdrive*, May '92). Yes, she's bi, and she's proud of it.

Keep up the great work! How about showing more gals wearing spiked, highheel pumps? We love your girl/girl action!

—B. N. Windsor Locks, Connecticut

I've been buying HUSTLER on and off for about three years now, and this week I decided to send in my subscription. I've seen all kinds of magazines during the years, but HUSTLER always beats them by far. HUSTLER is sexier and more fun to read than any other. The Ricki and Justine pictorial was breathtaking (Ricki and Justine: Furnish a Fetish, April '92). I'm looking forward to receiving HUSTLER in my mailbox every month.

—V. T.

Tierp, Sweden

TRY WASHING!

I'm a real HUSTLER fan. I really enjoy reading the *Feedback* letters. I've been married four years, and when my wife and I have mutual oral sex, I always bring her off first, because she says it hurts her mouth to do it longer than a minute. I think it's really selfish of her

not to give me pleasure as well. What do you think?

—J. A.

Cleveland, Ohio

CAN'T TAKE A JOKE

Many readers are under the impression that what is written in HUSTLER is true simply because it appears in print.

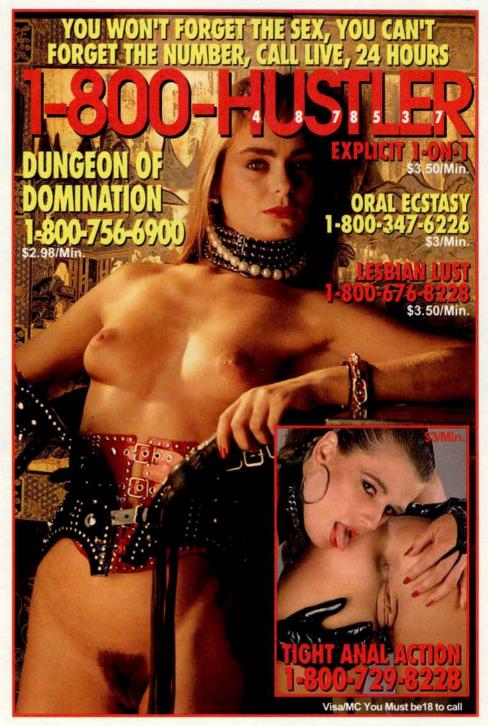
While HUSTLER has the best photography in men's magazines, the humor remains scatological and racist. It is definitely time to embrace a new standard in HUSTLER—a standard that has higher regard for your readership.

C'mon, HUSTLER. I dare you to embrace good fellowship as your journalistic goal. — S. A.

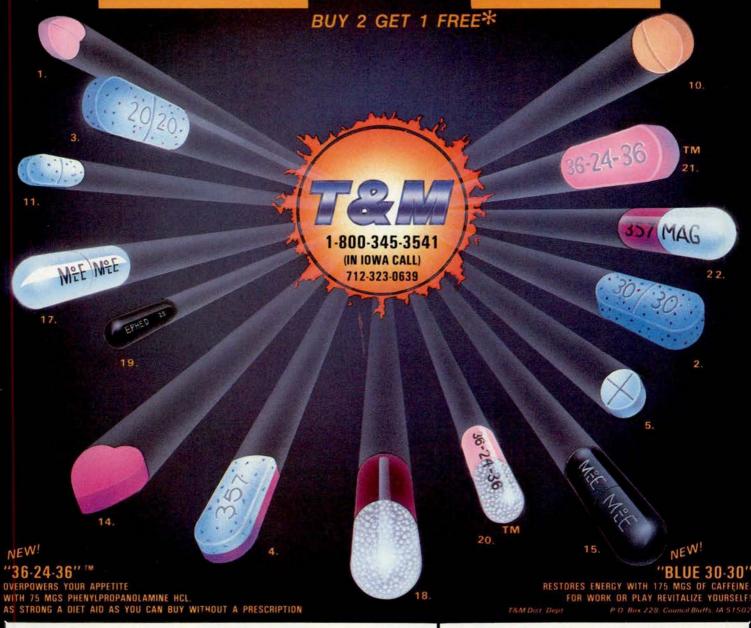
Guelph, Ontario

Fuck off!

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to Feedback, HUSTLER, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. Include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication.



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SEX PLAY

Fear and hypocrisy have repressed sexual awareness, leading to the ignorance that spreads disease and creates violence, in addition to hindering our natural enjoyment of sex This series opens the door to current sexual knowledge and expression, and improved lovemaking.

ILLUSTRATION BY LENNY MACE

DREAMS VS. NIGHTMARES THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN RAPE FANTASIES AND RAPE

BY ANNE BIANCHI

doorbell rings, and I answer it, thinking it's going to be my boyfriend. Instead, three big guys ram through the door and wrestle me to the floor. Two of them hold me down. One takes out a switchblade and very neatly cuts the clothes off my body until I'm lying there totally naked. He spreads my legs and plays with my clit. The other two lower their lips and suck on my breasts. When I scream at them to stop, they tell me they work for Chad, my high-school sweetheart—a guy who ditched me because I refused to have sex with him. Chad, they say, has spent the past few years dreaming about me, but finally decided he would only fuck me if I begged him. "Fat chance," I reply. "Get the fuck off of me and out of my house!"

"Just you wait," answers the one working my clit between his thumb and forefinger.

They work me over, sucking and rubbing till my juices start flowing. I can't help wetting myself. "That's right. Just let yourself go and enjoy it. That's what we're here for," says the one with the trigger finger. With his other

pocket. "Chad?" he says. "Head on over, boy. It won't be long now."

I can no longer pretend. The finger's working. "Stop!" I cry. "Get your filthy hands off me!" At that moment, Chad walks through the door.

"There's only one way to get them to stop," he says, looking me full in the face. "Say you want it—now."

"No!" I scream, making one last effort to squirm away. It's no use. Although tears are falling down my face, I'm creaming.

"Fuck me, Chad," I whimper, groveling for relief. "Fuck me now!"

Rita, a 31-year-old accounting analyst from Phoenix, Arizona, speaks freely of her sexual urges and describes her erotic taste in men in graphic detail, but one aspect of her world of sensual delights she considers so taboo, her voice barely rises above a whisper: She enjoys rape fantasies. Even when told nearly every woman has them, Rita can't entirely brush away a feeling of wrongdoing.

For anyone —men *or* women —the erotic selling point of rape fantasy is freedom. For women, it provides the added titillation of disposing with a wives' tale with which little girls are routinely indoctrinated, despite the advances of so-called women's lib: *Women aren't supposed*

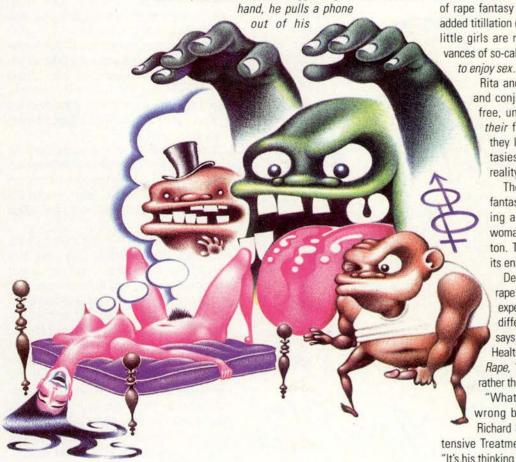
Rita and millions of women go to bed at night and conjure up rape fantasies that let them be free, uninhibited, orgasmic and—because it's their fantasy, and they can twist it any way they like—in control. But never do their fantasies obscure the dread and loathing of the reality of rape.

Therein lies the difference between rape fantasies and rape: control. One is about enjoying a forced sexual experience, because a woman knows she's got her finger on the button. The other is about loss of control—and its ensuing humiliation, hatred and pain.

Despite the continuing debate over whether rape is an act of violence or an act of sex, many experts now see it as both—but with a crucial difference in emphasis. "We now see rape," says Nicholas Groth, director of Forensic Mental Health Associates and the author of Men Who Rape, "as the aggressive expression of sexuality rather than the sexual expression of aggression."

"What's wrong with a sex offender is what's wrong between his ears, not his legs," adds Richard Seeley, former director of Minnesota's In-

tensive Treatment Program for Sexual Aggressiveness. "It's his thinking that's dysfunctional, not his sexuality."



Groth divides rapists into three broadly defined motivational types: anger rapists, power rapists and sadistic rapists. With anger assaults,

SEX PLAY

according to Groth, the rapist feels he is getting even for some sort of wrong he's decided has been done to him, which he imagines has been perpetrated by anything from life in general to a particular event or specific person, who then usually becomes his victim. The expression of his rage is channeled into sexual assault.

"Anger rape is usually premeditated," says Groth. "The vic-

tim is many times punched, choked and kicked into submission." In the end, such rapists receive little pleasure from the act, their prime motivation having been to degrade the victim in any way possible.

Power rape is a form of compensation most often committed by men who are unsure of themselves, who consider themselves incompetent. Rape gives them an artificial sense of control. By overpowering their victims and forcing them to do something against their will, power rapists see themselves as having mastery over at least these isolated acts of aggression. Their victims are usually sought in advance and often have a special air of weakness or defenselessness about them. Most power rapes happen in

the course of other crimes. A robber, for example, may come upon a small, frail woman cringing in the bathroom and power-rape her.

Groth categorizes sadistic rape as eroticized aggression. Here, forcible sex is more exciting than consensual sex, of which, in many cases, such rapists are incapable because of problems of impotency in so-called normal settings. "If the anger components of aggression are eroticized," says Groth, "then you see sadistic acts, such as deliberate sexual torture, [for instance] using an instrument to rape the victim." Sadistic rapists, he says, oftentimes travel in packs, baiting one another into monstrous acts none of them would commit if they were alone.

One common element seems to define all rapists: the feeling that, in some way, their victims wanted or deserved to be raped. Doctor Gene Abel, a professor of psychiatry at Emory University in Atlanta, Georgia, who has studied rape motivation for the past 20 years, describes patients who claim to have never raped a woman despite an arrest record showing repeated rape charges. When he asked one rapist how he would know whether a woman wanted to have sex with him, the man replied that she would obviously be willing if she spoke to him or invited him to her apartment.

This aspect of rape, the feeling that women who extend themselves are asking for it, is the most pernicious, many times finding a voice in

courts of law as well as on the street. Judge Archie Simonson of Madison, Wisconsin, delivered the most notorious ruling in this regard in 1978, acquitting two teenage boys who raped a 16-year-old girl and dismissing charges against a third. Simonson then proceeded to justify his decision by saying, "This community is well known to be sexually permissive. Should we punish a 15- or 16-year-old boy who reacts to it normally?" Later, in an interview, he added, "Women's activist groups concerned about rape should follow the old saying that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. I'm trying to say to women: Stop teasing. Whether women like it or not, they are sex objects."

Whatever the abstract merits of Judge Simonson's remarks, the *Chicago Tribune* reported that this particular rape victim was wearing blue-jeans, tennis shoes and a turtleneck sweater with a blouse over it—hardly provocative clothing.

Jonathan Kaplan, the award-winning director of *The Accused*, a 1989 film starring Jodie Foster as a foul-mouthed waitress who winds up being raped by three men on a pinball machine, puts a political spin to the way headline rape cases such as William Kennedy Smith's and Mike Tyson's are characterized by the media. "Ever since the Reagan years," he says, "there's been a blame-the-victim mentality [in this country]. We blamed the poor for poverty. We blamed the homeless for being on the street." Rape, he asserts, is simply another instance in which victims are blamed instead of perpetrators.

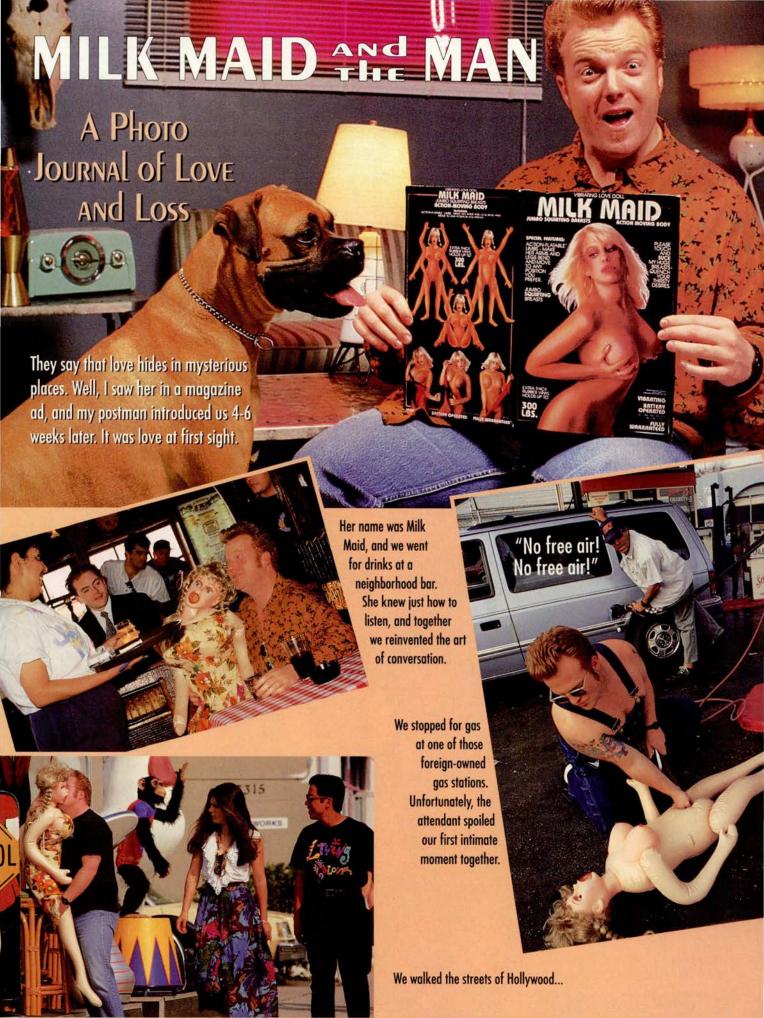
To many women, the enemy has become men in general. "When I have occasion to be out late at night, I'm always aware of one thing," states Sheri, a retail clerk from Long Beach, California. "If the person on the other side of the street is a woman, I breathe easy. If it's a man, I instinctively go on alert."

Still, Sheri admits, when a dateless Saturday night ends with a bubblebath and a vibrator, her favorite fantasy involves two burly musclemen dragging her out of the tub, tying her wrists and ankles to the bedposts and forcing themselves between her legs.

"Some men have this idea that, because women dress in miniskirts and Lycra tops, they want it," says Robin Scher, a licensed therapist from San Francisco. "Two things are important: one, to understand that women have the right to say no at any time, and two, that most men understand the difference between a no that really means the woman is open to changing her mind and a no screamed repeatedly during an all-out battle. To suggest otherwise is to discredit the overwhelming majority of men who can differentiate between the various guises of romantic flirtation with the same skill they routinely differentiate between hundreds of other confusing situations that, no matter how they wind up, never, ever lead to mounting an assault."



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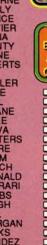
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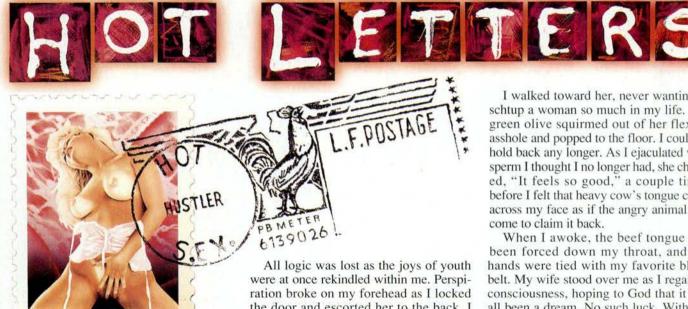
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LOX, STALKS AND BEEF TONGUE

The Purim holiday was always the biggest time of the year at my deli. Jews from every nook of the neighborhood would waddle in to buy briskets, birds and kugel. By the end of the day, my register was loaded and, when my wife would finally go upstairs to our apartment above the shop, I'd stay late to count the register and enjoy a good cigar. God knows, after 33 years of marriage there was no reason to hurry home.

Anyway, this year's Purim was one I'll never forget. I was putting away the salmon late one night after my wife had gone upstairs, when a black-haired beauty with deep-set, hazel eyes pushed through the front door. She wore a black, strapless dress and long, black gloves that would've appeared festive were it not for the black veil that obscured her face. Now, I'm 57 and well past my prime but, believe me, the porcelain fragility of her shoulders, punctuated by a small, dark mole between her petite breasts, made something of an exclamation point under my smock.

She asked for a pound of pâté and, as I stood on a stool to bring down the heavy vat, I noticed that she had moved behind the counter and was holding me around my waist. "I don't want you to fall," was her explanation. Man, oh, man, was she smooth. I was old enough to be her father and began feeling a little frisky.

"Thank you, miss, that's very kind," I said, doing well to hide my chutzpah.

"You're very virile for a man your age," I think was what she said, and as I stepped down from the stool, her gloved hand slid underneath my smock and toward my crotch. "Why don't you close shop a little early?" she blew into my ear.

the door and escorted her to the back. I attempted to cover the awkward silence with conversation, but she remained silent about her name and occupation and instead slid the tip of her tongue along the little hairs of my outer ear.

Once in the back, she took control. My smock was torn away and my trousers loosened to fall to the ground. She scraped her teeth ever so carefully against the head of my cock before she swallowed it down to my balls. Her eyes were catlike, never straying from my face, even as she turned around to unzip her dress.

She sat on the meat counter next to the large bonesaws. She talked of "putting on a show" and grabbed a thick roll of kishke. She slid her sheer pantyhose down below her vagina and spread her long, white legs wide. "Let me see you play with yourself, baby," she purred as she stuck one end of the meat in her black, bushy lunch box. Her pussy must have been spread a good six inches apart. After each inward thrust, she'd pull the meat out of her snatch, take a healthy bite and hungrily chew before sticking the roll back in.

I felt like I was dreaming. This was unlike any Times Square peep show I'd ever seen, and she could see the effect it was having on me. "Don't come just yet, darling," she said quietly. "Let me go on."

She went to the front and returned with a container of green olives and the large cow's tongue that had been delivered that morning. She sucked the pimentos from the inner olive and stuck a little green ball into her anus. With her legs raised over her head, the opening of the vegetable peeked out from the darkness of her asshole. She moaned a bit, like she was really getting off, and rubbed the cow's tongue against the brown folds of her pussy. When she stuck the severed end of the tongue into her pussy and scraped the former animal's taste buds against her clitoris, I'd seen all that I could stand.

I walked toward her, never wanting to schung a woman so much in my life. The green olive squirmed out of her flexing asshole and popped to the floor. I couldn't hold back any longer. As I ejaculated with sperm I thought I no longer had, she chanted, "It feels so good," a couple times before I felt that heavy cow's tongue crash across my face as if the angry animal had come to claim it back.

When I awoke, the beef tongue had been forced down my throat, and my hands were tied with my favorite black belt. My wife stood over me as I regained consciousness, hoping to God that it had all been a dream. No such luck. With my pants below my waist and the register emptied of what must've been nearly \$5,000. I had no choice but to lie and say I was beaten by a group of men. I could never tell her the true perpetrator because of what we'd shared. As a result, the cops



would never find the money. Of course the guilt sometimes overwhelms me, but at least I have an interesting memory to -Name Withheld share. Crown Heights, New York

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I gave up on finding a real job some time ago. Instead, I stand on freeway off-ramps and beg like any good American does. Sure it's a pathetic way to make a living, but you wouldn't believe the amount of money I get from the rich, liberal do-gooders who rid themselves of guilt and selfloathing by feeding me wads of tax-free cash. Then again, I do occasionally meet some dumbfuck who actually thinks that

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LETTERS

my WILL WORK FOR FOOD sign is meant to be taken literally. Shit, you meet all kinds.

A couple weeks ago I was working the driveway of a trendy gourmet-food store in a wealthy suburb of L.A. I never shower the night before I "work," to let that grimy look set in. I sat forlornly with my dog, Joe, and throughout the morning received wads of cash from people inside BMWs and Jaguars. I had already earned close to 80 bucks when a woman in a white Rabbit rolled down her tinted window.

"I have a little painting you could help me with back home, if you're interested," she said, scratching her neck with long, red nails.

"Painting?" I replied incredulously.

"Say a hundred bucks and a six-pack," she said. A little bell went off in my head. I really couldn't afford to leave my spot, but this rich little bitch had aroused my attention.

She asked me to wear a blindfold on the drive to her place, for her own protection. What the fuck, I thought, and complied. The only other thing she asked was if I'd bathed recently. Figuring my pathetic ploy was working, I told her that I hadn't had access to water for the past week. All she said was, "Perfect." It sounded pretty strange.

Anyway, I commented about her beautiful house as my eyes adjusted to the brightness of the Hollywood flatlands that rested below. We walked to a room and stepped onto a giant drop cloth. "Take off your clothes and put these on," she said, tossing me a pair of blotchy overalls.

She left the room and returned stark naked, holding a long-bristled brush. I wasn't really surprised; I'd heard about these rich babes who fantasize about the underclass. She bent over and picked up a painting palette. Her pert ass mound flattened and faded into the tops of her muscular thighs. Her tiny, pink asshole opened and closed as if it were alive and breathing.

"All right," she said matter-of-factly, "paint me."

"Excuse me?" I squinted.

"I want you to paint my body," she repeated.

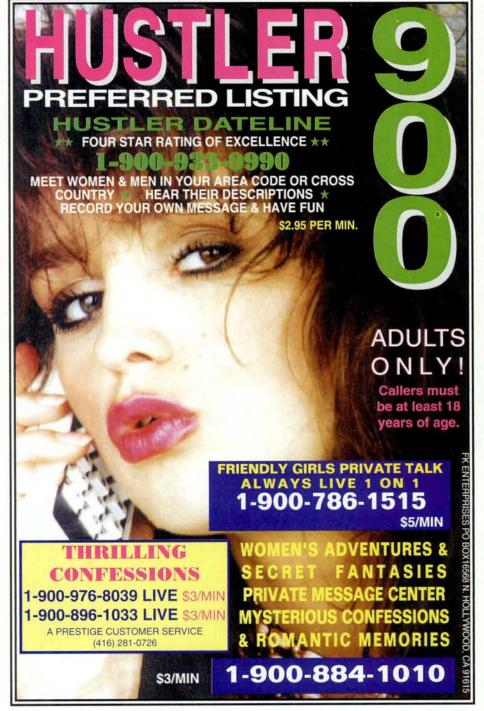
She lay on the tarp with her arms and legs tucked tightly against her bod. I dipped the brush into a gob of red paint and slowly turned her white skin ruby. The brush acted like an extension of my cock. With each long stroke, more blood surged through the stem of my rod. She began to look like Michelangelo's murder victim.

She spread her thighs as the brush flitted between her legs. She reached down and pulled her lips apart, fondling a large clitoris that jutted between her index and middle fingers. Traces of the deep-red paint coated her outer labia, and I continued the smooth strokes all the way down her meaty thigh to the knee. I pushed her legs back over her head and painted between her ass cheeks until droplets dripped from the crevices of her anus onto the white cloth below.

She said she loved the toxic smell of the paint and asked me to sit over her face. I obliged by removing the overalls, but paused as I began to squat. In my line of work, it was a necessity to reek, but as the day-old cock and anus fumes wafted to my nostrils, I now wished I were clean. But she was persistent and pulled my ass to her

nose. "I want to inhale you," she moaned and, like a dog in heat, stuck her nose between my ass cheeks while her tongue lapped against my balls. She took long, deep inhalations, practically chewing the pungent odor of dried shit.

Enough was enough. I returned to my original position, only this time I tossed the brush aside and slowly set my dick inside of her and, inch by inch, probed deeper. Tiny waves of red paint spilled out of her pussy and splashed against my balls. The rough walls of her inner sanctum told me that she probably just finished a period. But when I looked closer at what I thought was paint, I realized she was actually emitting dark, purplish blood. I pumped harder,



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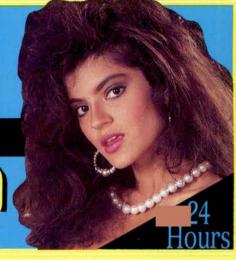
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HOT LETTERS

The tightness of her bunghole clenched my cock like a firm handshake. Up and down she pumped, her thigh muscles straining to keep the pace.

power-fucking this goddess in heat. My arms were fully extended from the ground as sweat from my chin splashed against her goose-bumped nipples.

We maintained the furious pace for what must've been two or three minutes. Between my b.o., her menstrual flow and the wet paint, I felt woozy and hoped I wouldn't spew chunks before I could shoot my load. My lower back started to ache, as it always did prior to orgasm; so I pulled out and coated her red belly with white cum that curdled and settled in her deep naval.

As my grand slam breakfast moved swiftly from my stomach to my throat, she wiped a hand through the belly puddle and scraped some jizz into her long fingernail. With one hand still massaging her clit, she stuck the finger up her nose and kept breathing in weird rhythmic patterns. This babe was a pig.

Her heavy breasts heaved in and out for several seconds until, like a runner cooling down after a race, her breathing finally slowed and stabilized. I sat still for a second, arching my sore back and swallowing back my wandering stomach acids. She offered me a cigarette, and we smoked in silence.

She slipped into a white terry-cloth robe and offered me \$100, which I refused for some reason. A shot of bourbon I did take. Then we dressed and she drove me—blindfolded again—back to the parking lot. She let me off without a word and quickly sped away. I untied my dog Joe from the tree where I'd left him and sat again in the store's driveway. After a few minutes I walked home. I'd received enough hand-outs for that day. —S. S. Sherman Oaks, California.

rubbing the obvious bulge in my jeans.

"So what have you been up to, my dear?" she asked licking the cherry red lips that I seemed to notice for the first time. In her thigh-cut jean skirt and white cowboy boots, she looked hotter than I'd ever seen. Then she saw the porn box and whispered in my ear, "Let me be your movie slut." I just about creamed my jeans.

She unflinchingly dropped to her knees and took my cock in her mouth. Although she'd been reluctant to do so in the past, she sucked like a demon, circling her tongue under the lip of my shaft that had been aching to explode two minutes ago.

Reaching underneath her legs, she unzipped her skirt at the crotch and asked me to turn the movie back on. I took a swig of beer and, damn the torpedoes, brought Angela's celluloid incarnation back to life. As Ms. Summers stuck a giant dildo in her snatch, my wife took the nearly empty beer bottle and did the same. Suds dribbled out the side of her tiny ice box. Then, Angela turned backward to the camera on all fours and shoved a pre-moistened finger in her asshole. My wife did the same,

making the video experience more than three-dimensional.

"Fuck me from behind baby," the video vixen moaned and my wife echoed the sentiments. Mere inches away from the boob tube, I fucked my good wife doggy style, practically knocking her over with each forceful inward thrust. Continuing to duplicate the actions on the screen, my wife reached below her snatch and tugged on my ball sack, while wiping a long fingernail against my hairy sphincter. The tip of my cock slammed against my wife's uterus. Angela begged for "Come on my face," and my wife duplicated the dialogue.

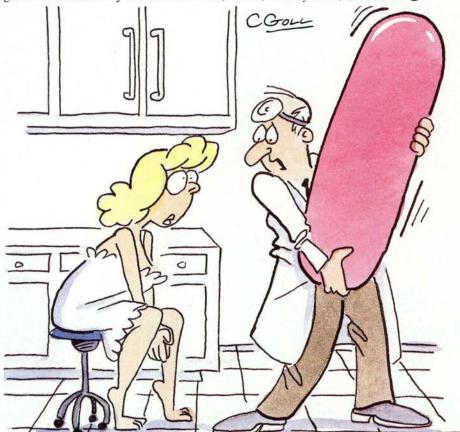
She laid on her back with her face just below the TV screen. My pent-up semen exploded onto the close-up of Angela's video face, while the flying cum splashed the lightly-freckled forehead of my wife.

After the last few drops had dribbled onto her lower lip, there was a moment of uncomfortable silence, until my wife asked if we could watch that scene again. Now we spend a great many evenings entering new areas of sexuality that, I'm happy to report, were advanced thanks to an adult video.

—T. M.

Bellevue, Washington.

Send your sexperiences to <u>HUSTLER Hot</u> <u>Letters</u>, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210.

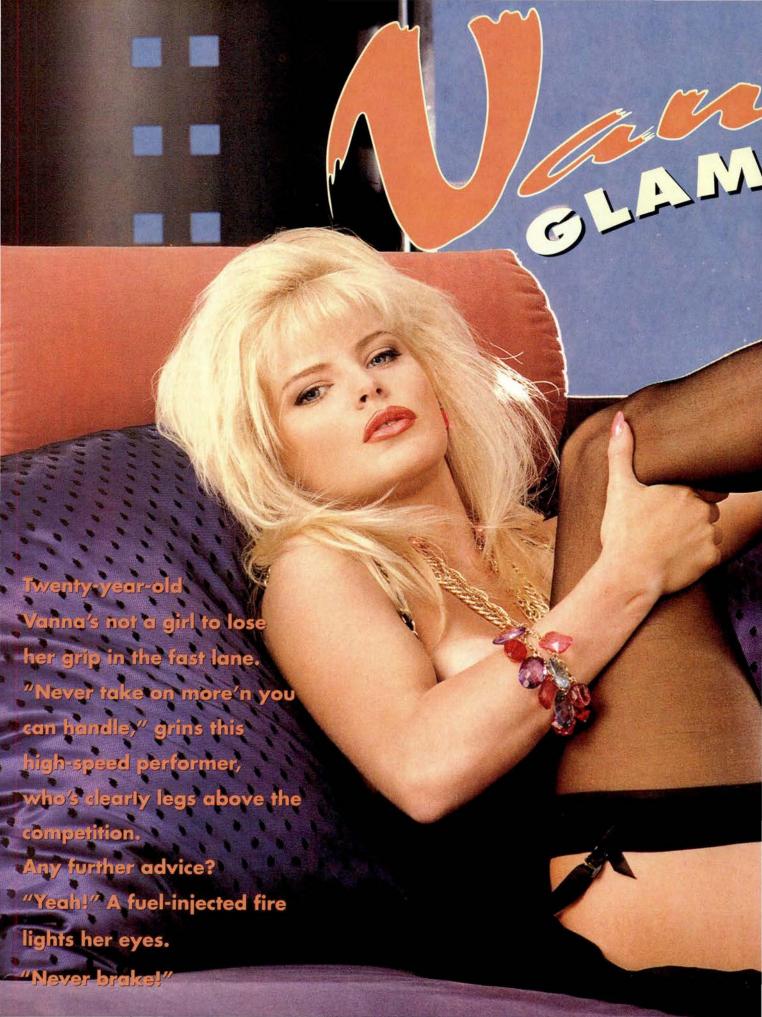


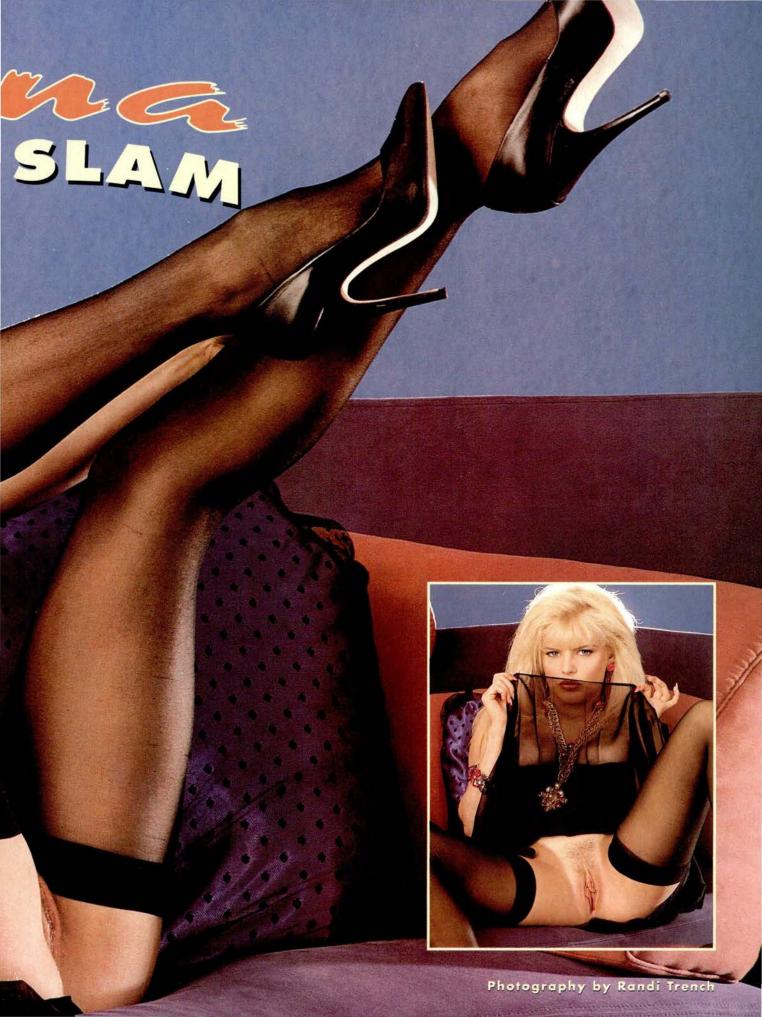
"It's the smallest abortion pill the Supreme Court will allow."

WIFE IMITATES ART

I love to rent porn movies because, like most guys, they let me see what I assume my wife would never do. But a couple nights ago my "wholesome" Catholic wife of 16 years proved me wrong.

Tuesdays are my wife's night out with her sister, and I had rented a movie starring Angela Summers, whose work and enthusiasm I'd always enjoyed. Anyway, the movie was about half over and I had my dick in my hand ready to shoot into a bath towel when I heard the key turn in my front door. I scattered to put my dick away and turn off the flick in the same motion, but my wife had already entered. Boy, was my face red until she sauntered over to me and began







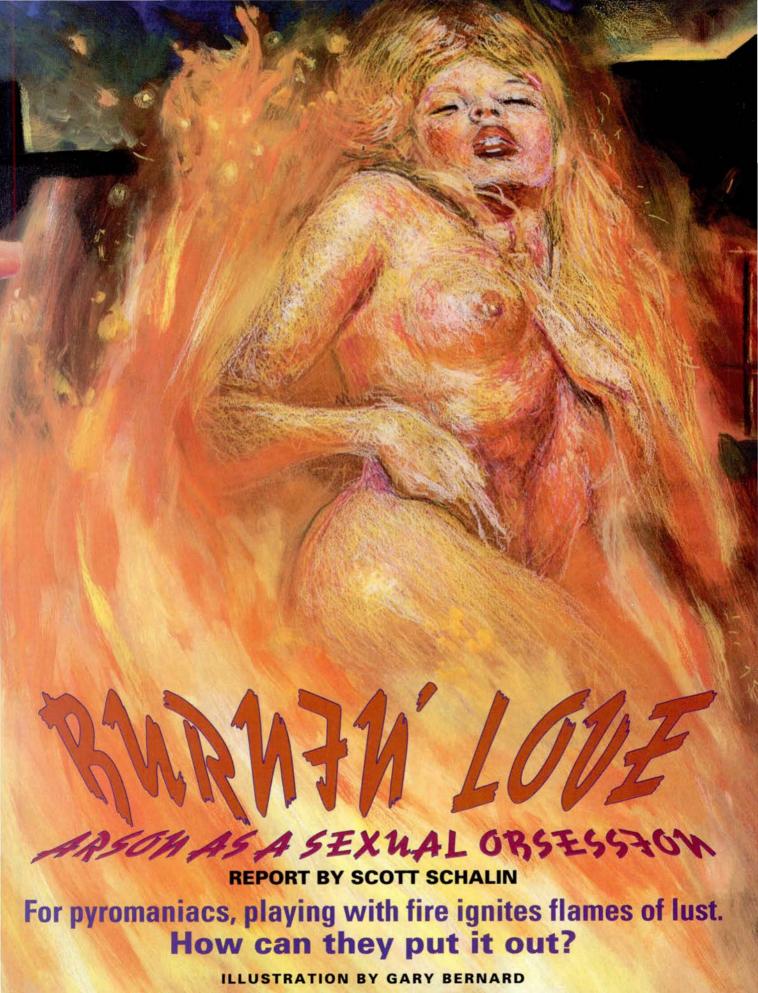


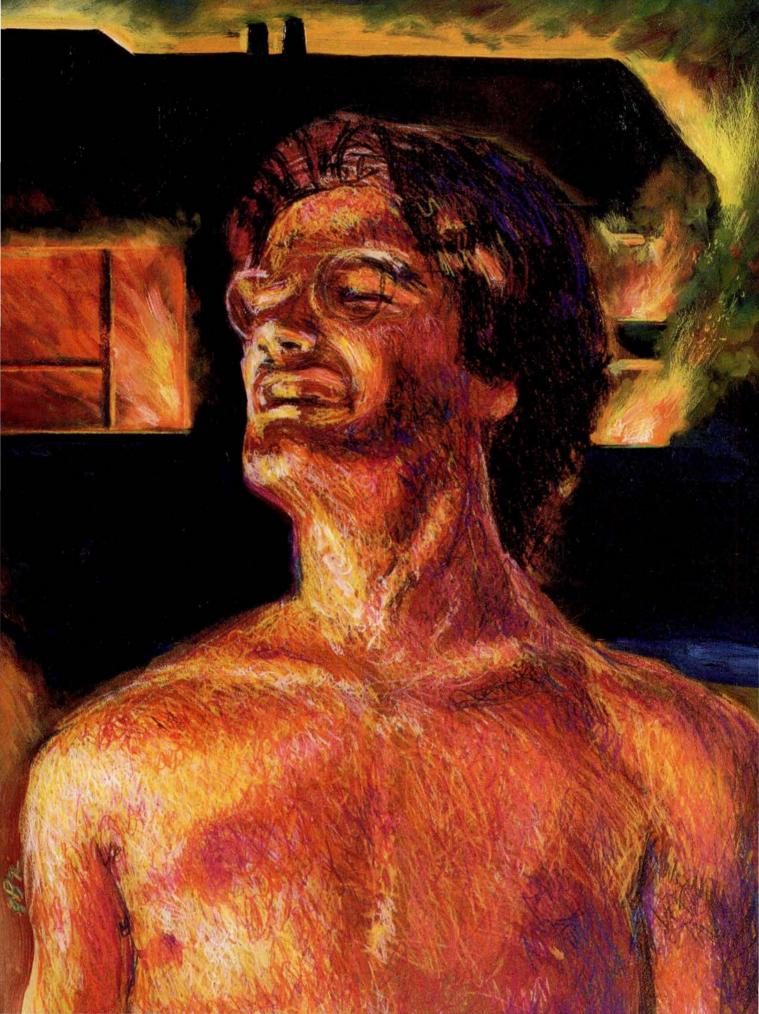












ARSON

As the blaze spreads up the hillside, he pulls out his dick and pumps it. He spews his pent-up frustration onto the face of the nearby flames.

A man sits alone in a shabby downtown apartment. The walls are bare. A fifth of whiskey and a pack of smokes provide his only companionship.

Frustrated and upset, he grabs his keys and splits. He drives through the city's concrete landscape. Lighting another cigarette, he guns the engine and heads for the serenity of the nearby hills.

He parks the car and carefully surveys the hillside's seductive curves. Minutes pass before he kneels at the base of the hill and looks upward at the wealthy homes that majestically grace the upper lip of the slope. Slowly, methodically, he drags one final time on his glowing cigarette and drops the butt underneath a patch of kerosenedrenched bush.

A moment passes before the crisp night air flutters the dry grass to life. In an instant the fire has begun, bobbing and weaving to the syncopated throbbing in his head.

As the blaze quickly spreads up the torso of the hillside, he pulls out his dick and pumps it hard. His mind reels. The throbbing builds to crescendo as he

spews his pent-up frustration onto the face of the nearby flames.

His eyes stare unblinking. The glint of the flash point irradiates a face transfixed by demonic fixations. In the distance a siren can be heard. It takes a moment before the sound registers in his head. When it does, the shrill tone further excites the carnival atmosphere of a world he alone has created and now controls. He returns to his car and quickly leaves undetected.

Sometime later, the man cruises back to the now-blustery inferno and parks a safe distance away. He walks inconspicuously toward the commotion. Choppers whip the sky above. Firemen scurry about below. The scent of musty flame retardants counteracts the acrid smell of soot and sulfur. The arsonist blends in among terrified homeowners, many of whom soak rooftops in a valiant but futile attempt to halt the destruction.

The arsonist joins with others to fight his fire. He helps a man untangle a rubber hose, assists an elderly woman in filling buckets with water. Soon he leaves for the final time. At last his quest for control and

then again, tomorrow is another day.

urge for release have been quenched. But

In 1988, fire-by-arson accounted for \$2.1 billion in damage and cost nearly 1,000 people their lives in the U.S. alone.

"Arson is definitely on the rise in this country," says Dean Cathey, battalion chief of the L.A. City Fire Department. "It's one of the major fire-service problems we have to deal with. The problem is that the arsonist has the upper hand. He can pick the time and location and, in many cases, has to be caught in the act [to be prosecuted]."

Some people make a lucrative living as professional "torches," hiring out their firesetting prowess to the highest bidder. Others create conflagration in a spontaneous display of anger, like the three disgruntled kitchen employees of the Dupont Plaza Hotel in Puerto Rico who set fire to a portion of the structure on New Year's Eve 1987 in a brutal act of mutiny against management. The flash-fire protest mushroomed out of control and eventually killed 97 co-workers and guests.

The more curious, and complex, firesetters are those who act out of a psychological need to vent frustration or to quell a sensual urge that cannot be satisfied through normal channels.

Firesetting for psychological reasons appears most prevalent within a white, middle-class, male sociological group, according to studies by Drs. Wayne Wooden and Martha Lou Berkey, authors of *Children and Arson: America's Middle Class Nightmare* (Plenum Press, 1984). Underneath a juvenile firesetter's appearance of healthy normalcy many times boils a need to burn away the frustration that builds in the pressure cooker of preadolescence.

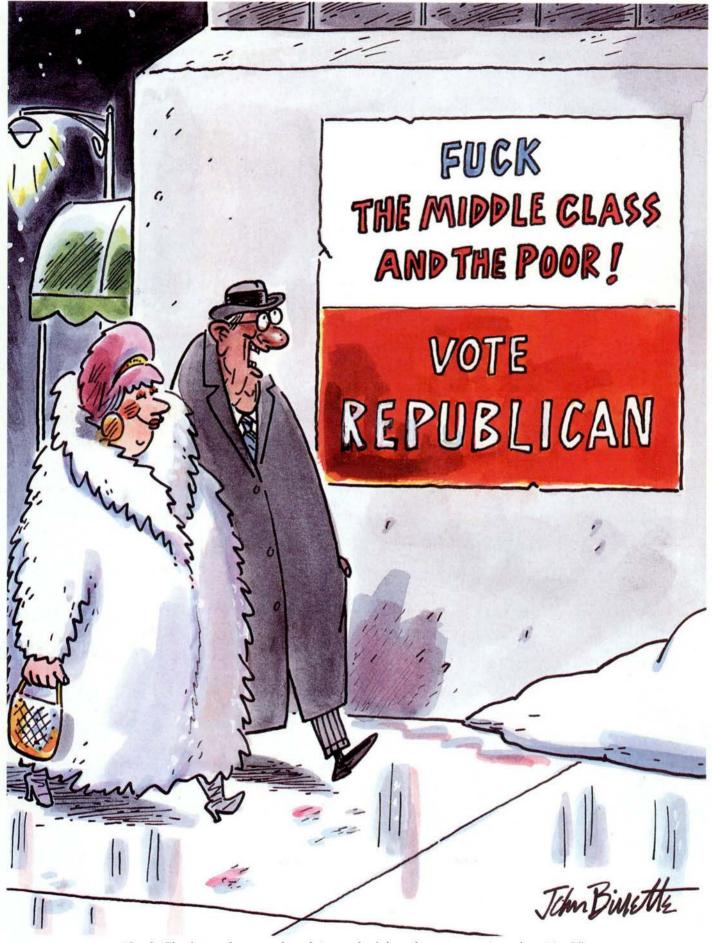
"Some younger kids can remember setting fires when they were very young and then abruptly stopping when they reached puberty and could masturbate instead," Dr. Wooden explains. "The means of releasing whatever tension they had when they were young shifted from playing with fire to sexual fantasy and masturbation."

When firesetting continues into adolescence, it usually underscores a deeper, angst-ridden dilemma, what psychologists call the "severely disturbed" category of arsonists. The term *pyromania* was coined to label this group, since the firesetter has no practical nor material reason to reduce property to ashes other than to satisfy his own sensual needs.

The character profile of the arsonist is broad, to say the least. "We found that there were at least 33 significantly different behavior clues that separated the firesetter from the non-firesetter," explains Dr. Wooden, who also works as a professor of sociology at Cal Poly Pomona.



"All right, the truth: I really don't love you, I never mailed you a check, and I deliberately came in your mouth."



"Look, Charlotte-how can they claim we don't have honest campaign advertising?"

ARSON

"Some kids remember setting fires when they were very young and then stopping when they reached puberty and could masturbate instead."

Among the more common characteristics (which varied according to age group) were truancy, stealing and antisocial behavior evident in an inability to maintain healthy peer relations. A more obscure component of the juvenile firesetter is an unbalanced sense of sexuality. A 1979 report by Robert G. Vreeland, called "The Psychology of Firesetting," concluded that arson "was most likely to occur when natural outlets of sexual impulses are thwarted." In addition, the report concluded that "most firesetters were young and at a time when sexual awakenings were most vivid."

"There have been many instances where a person will set a fire, leave the scene, then return to witness it later," explains Dr. Kenneth Fineman, a psychiatrist who treats arsonists in Huntington Beach, California. "He derives a vicarious, sensational thrill out of watching the destruction."

The arousal quality of fire itself borders on the passionate for most people, but clearly within limit. "It is a very small subgroup within the borderline personality who do receive a sexual thrill out of it," admits Dr. Fineman. "When it does appear, it tends to be somebody who, if it's a male, is having difficulty in his sexual relationship with a girlfriend who actually gets turned-on by fire."

If the arsonist is female—a much rarer occurrence—then the specific association of sexual problems and firesetting proves even more closely linked. According to Dr. Wooden's study at the San Bernardino California Youth Authority (CYA), female firesetting behavior tends to occur in conjunction with sexual-related anxiety, whether it be sex abuse, pregnancy or menstruation. In fact, one 13-year-old girl set her fires exactly one month apart, precisely at the time of her menstrual cycle.

Dr. Wooden performed a study of what he called "sexual pyromaniacs," where fires were set to study individual reactions toward sexual stimulation and orgasm. In these cases, arson enhanced an overwhelming sexual appetite that, without fire, would have remained unfulfilled. In others, acts of starting fires were used as a substitute for sexual acts altogether. "Some ritualistic firesetters would either masturbate before setting the fire, or during," says Dr. Wooden. "Occasionally, fire investiga-

Colons

"Ol' Ralphy boy here's a vagitarian—he only eats pussy."

tors will actually discover sexual emission of some sort at the scene, which is used as evidence to prove that these were started by some erotic-oriented pyromaniac."

Arson investigators often scan the blaze-gazing crowd, hoping to detect suspicious behavior. In one case, a man was questioned at a fire scene for nothing more than a wet stain near the crotch of his pants. Although it turned out to be water from a hose, one anonymous investigator related the story of an arsonist who had actually cut out the pockets of his trousers in order to masturbate unobstructedly into his slacks as the blaze raged nearby.

"They [arsonists] watch fire as if they were watching pornography," claims a counselor of juvenile firesetters at the CYA in San Bernardino. "They have an intense fascination and satisfaction with fire."

"It's a power trip," agrees Dr. Fineman.

"I flick my Bic, and I get everybody to come and watch what I've done. I got all these fire companies working, and I can sit here and [laugh], and nobody knows all the control I really have."

A 17-year-old named "William" was one example provided by Dr. Wooden. William represents an exception, rather than the rule, of the arsonist profile. William was born the youngest of two boys. He grew up tall and physically awkward. His parents were extremely strict and demanding. At the same time he was a chronic masturbator who had jacked off at least ten times a day over the span of two years.

When family pressure became too much for him to handle, he would get on his bike and ride, but would often stop and masturbate to relieve the tension. Sometimes he would even light a small fire during these instances, and a destructive pattern soon developed. Dr. Wooden called it a "stimulus-response" that linked masturbation with lighting fires as a means of releasing the tension and anger he felt toward his parents. He was later convicted of setting several major forest fires.

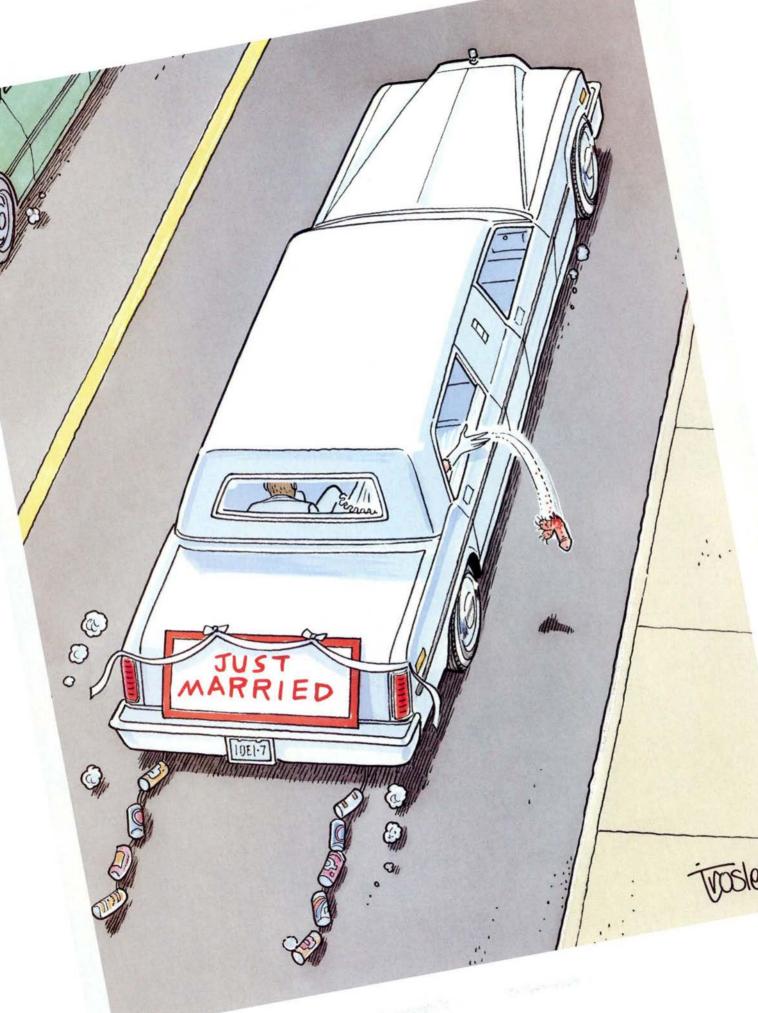
"One fire may quench their need for control for a while," admits media psychiatrist Dr. Carole Lieberman. "But just like someone who needs to masturbate again, these urges come back for firesetters too."

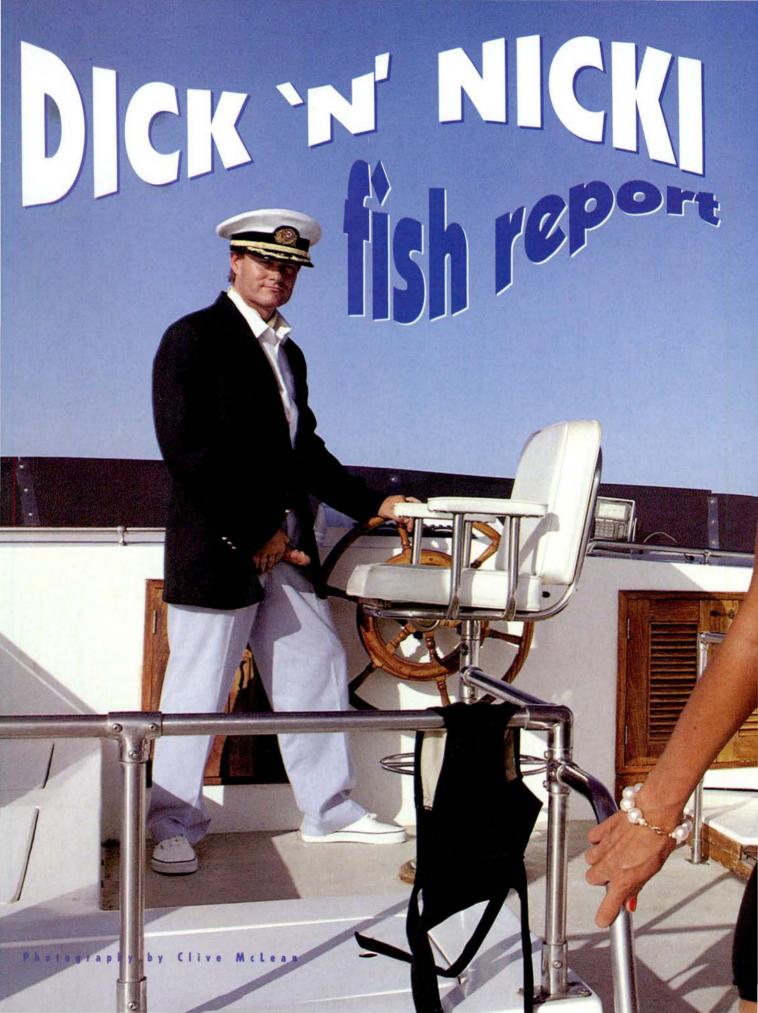
But rather than receive a sexual thrill out of the flames, there are those juvenile arsonists who torch in response to a distressful sexual experience.

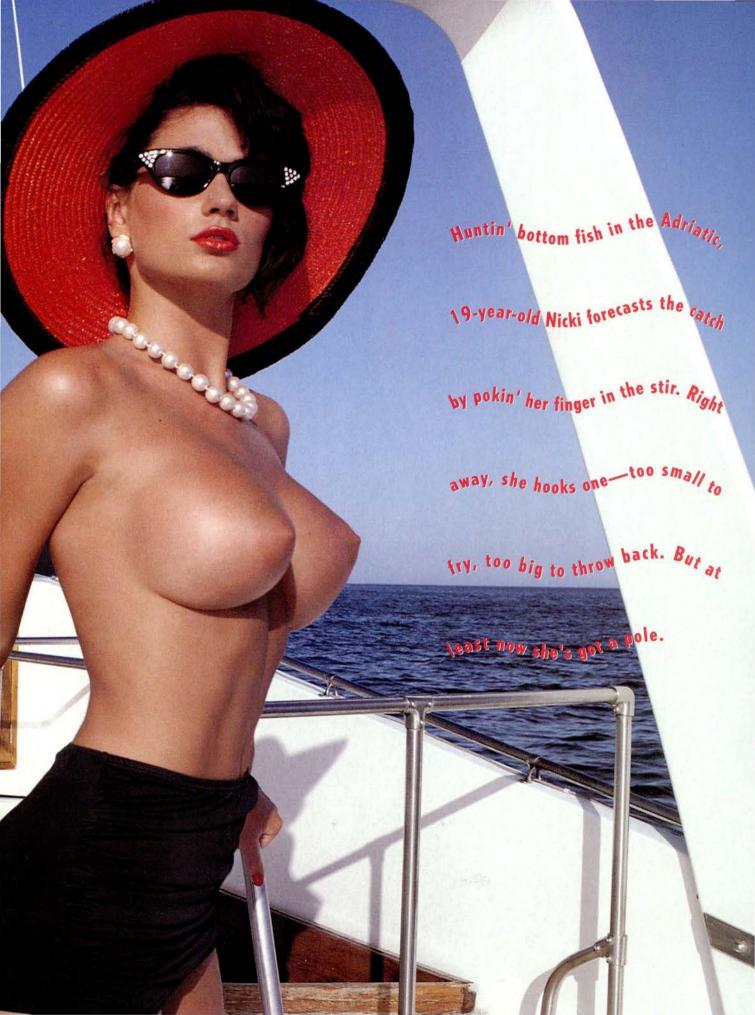
More than 90% of all convicted serial killers were juvenile arsonists. David Berkowitz, the infamous "Son of Sam," admitted to setting more than 2,000 fires between 1974 and 1977. He would even call in the blazes he set to police, identifying himself as the "Phantom of the Bronx."

Ironically, childhood friends of Berk-

(continued on page 62)



















ARSON

(continued from page 52)

An arsonist actually cut out the pockets of his trousers in order to masturbate unobstructedly into his slacks as the blaze raged nearby.

owitz recall him dreaming of becoming a firefighter when he grew up.

"Stocking Strangler" Carlton Gary was born with a near-genius IQ, but his potential for brilliance was quickly snuffed out by abusive parents and stepfathers.

He was malnourished to the point of starvation and was often seen by neighbors rummaging through trash cans in search of discarded scraps of food. According to the book *Serial Killers* (Doubleday, 1988), Gary quickly developed a propensity for violence and antisocial behavior that led to his first arrest for arson when he was 16 years old. As the turmoil escalated in his mind, so did the crimes. When he was ultimately arrested for the final time, he was sentenced to death for the sexual assaults and strangulation murders of at least three elderly women.

What makes a psychotic or borderline personality choose fire as their means of release? In many ways, the arsonist is the ultimate introvert. He's deeply antisocial, especially in his relationships with women. Through fire, he hopes to harness the power that lacks in his empty, everyday encounters.

A profile of one arsonist quoted in a

1987 Los Angeles Times Magazine article supported Dr. Wooden's findings. This pyromaniac had been physically and sexually abused as a child. Since he could not attack his tormentors directly, he began setting fires as a cry for help. "I could build a fire and burn up anybody I wanted," he said in that story. "If I was mad at my mother, I could destroy her without touching her. I'd pick out a box and say, 'This is for you,' and watch the fire destroy it. After the fire went out, the problem was solved."

Like many rapists, arsonists plan in advance and operate alone. They are driven by an overwhelming, internal rage and are unconcerned by the possibility that their fires might destroy other people's lives.

Whereas the arsonist who acts out of anger or revenge will torch specific structures that to him symbolize the individual who incurred the wrath, the delusional or erotic arsonist will select locations that are much more remote.

Secluded areas allow the arsonist time to enjoy the fire in uninterrupted peace, before the chaos of crowds and firefighters begins. Often, he will walk or drive

fore he is confident enough to begin. The firesetter will then wait for ideal conditions, such as high winds during a dry season, before initiating the blaze. Once the chaos begins, if the arsonist does surreptitiously return to the scene, he may even assist the firefighters in extinguishing a fire he has set. Firefighters themselves have come under scrutiny of what is known as the "Hero Theory," where an individual purposely sets a fire in order to be the first to discover and hopefully extinguish it, and thus reap the subsequent praise.

"I think a lot of times, through exces-

through the targeted area several times be-

"I think a lot of times, through excessive special effects, the media represents fire in an even more exciting way than it is in real life," says Dr. Lieberman, who also works as a Hollywood script consultant and hosts the radio talk show, Real Talk About Reel Life on KWNK in Los Angeles. "A lot of directors use fire to add power to a scene, whether it's a lot of candles to make a scene more romantic, or explosions to underscore violence and destruction. It's interesting that we have so many metaphors that relate fire to sex. Someone you lust after is described as 'hot,' or you talk about the 'burning in your heart."

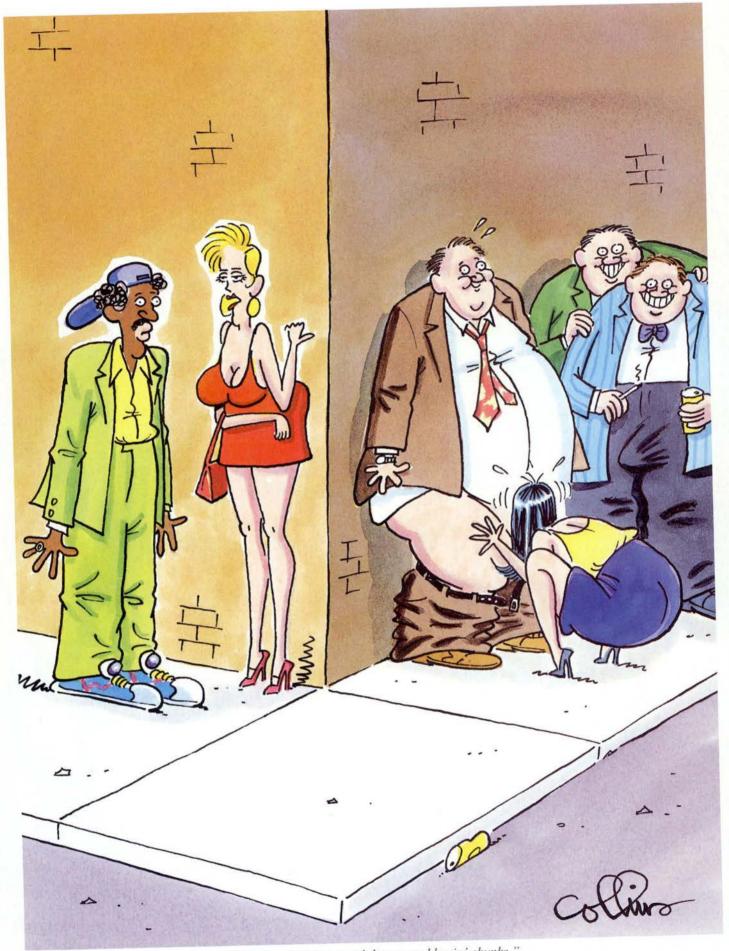
Certainly, a long list of artists could be tallied who've used kindling metaphors to represent passionate feelings. Jerry Lee Lewis had his "Great Balls of Fire," while Jim Morrison of the Doors paid homage to his vision of an "L.A. Woman" with the lines, I see her hair is burning |Hills are filled with fire | If they say I never loved you | You know they are a liar.

Fire-fetishists have also been well represented in literature. From Shake-speare's references in Romeo & Juliet: One fire burns out another's burning; one pain is lessened by another's anguish, to Vladimir Nabokov's forty-something character, Humbert Humbert, who described his sexual obsession with a 13-year-old girl in the opening sentence of Lolita with the words: Lolita, light of my life, fire of my loins/My sin, my soul/Lo-lee-ta.

The juvenile arsonist has often had less exposure to the prose of Shakespeare than to mainstream music-video symbology. What heavy-metal band has forgone a burst of fire?

If sexual unrest were the preeminent motivator of arson, nary a city nor forest would remain uncharred. But whatever the motivational factors, arsonists go to tremendous lengths to summon the psychological force of the flame. Unlike a loving couple who light a communal cigarette after sex, the arsonist operates on the fringes of society and forces others to unknowingly participate in his lonely, primal purge.





"Monique? She's around the corner blowin' chunks."





MUFF MECCA

In walked Mona Lisa and Trixy Tyler, whose cow-eyed, vacuous stare made my slumbering midget roll over in my tight whities.

Friday evenings, on their way home from work, countless bachelors, frustrated husbands and a few wet-pantied others dart into the "Adults Only" section of their local video-rental emporiums. Later, they spend a few hours cuddled up with the cathode approximations of their objects of desire.

Think of what the porn-viewing public would do if they could meet their whack aids in the flesh. Would they simply gawk at the bulging tit-flesh? Leer silently at the rounded buttocks barely hidden beneath stretched Spandex? Play pocket pool with one hand while holding out a glossy for an autograph with the other? The following is an account, slurred by alcohol abuse, sleep deprivation and dysfunctionally hyperactive hormones, of a porn purist, a walking hard-on—Cheezboy.

Along with his guide, Mal O'Ree, editor of HUSTLER EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE, Cheezboy met the women who make his forehead sweat.

This perfect adventure needed a perfect setting. Once a year, the porn industry's notables gather in Las Vegas at the Consumer Electronics Show. Featured fuckers sit in booths, meet their public, sign box covers and autograph glossies. There's even an award ceremony, presented by *Adult Video News*, which for many is the highlight of the long weekend. For others, like Cheez and Mal, it isn't even the cummy frosting on the carnal cake.

The hair on my back prickled from the warmth of the sun's desert glare against my floral print Hawaiian shirt. Mal had just informed me, as we met at Vegas's airport, that I'd ridden on the same plane as K. C. Williams and Randy West. Although my knowledge of porn stars' names is nil—he could have meant Casey Jones and Dottie West for all I knew—I still felt the rush of having been, albeit unwittingly, in the presence of greatness. It was a feeling that would visit me often throughout the long weekend.

My main objective was to fuck, suck, diddle, schmooze and whack as much as possible. We checked into the Sahara and paid twice the rate we were told we would. The first star I saw was Victoria Paris, signing autographs. She's beautiful; I felt myself growing hard immediately. Off to the right was a bar. It was

there that we set the precedent for the whole trip. We met this chick, Lee Carroll, who has huge tits. Mal said she was a star. He said, "Look at those tits. Let me get a picture of those tits. Cheez, stick your face right in those tits."

She was a bit tough-looking, but I stuck my face down there and kissed her jugs. She started blabbering about getting a bus ticket to L.A. She had to go home to feed her cats. She said she had to leave right then, to see Phil.

Phil? Phil who?

No, she said. She's got to pay the *bills*. This went on in circles. She was talking like a schizo. I grabbed Mal, and we made

our getaway.

As we battled our way through the throng, Mal introduced me to every fucking body there. He spread the word that there was going to be a huge HUSTLER blowout in our room later that night. I remember meeting Nina Hartley, Carter Stevens, Mistress Cherry Orchard-who bent me over and paddled my ass pink right in the middle of the convention— Bill Margold, Samantha York and Stan Butt. We met John Stagliano and Bruce Seven. As I ogled succulent women, Mal announced that it was futile, as every woman was another man's woman. I still don't know what the fuck he meant. It had all become a blur.

Digging loot from our pockets, we hit the store and bought tons of overpriced booze for the party. We iced down the beer and headed for Bally's, to the Celebrity Lounge. On stage was the most confused human I would see the whole trip. This guy was at least 50 years old, looked like Mick Mars from Mötley Crüe from the neck up, businessman to the waist, and hooker from there down. I'd never seen anyone in a sport coat, tie, black tights and red-vinyl, thigh-high fuck-me boots. The poor mook. Everyone in the joint was having a big laugh. I was too dumbfounded. Despite his appearance, he had a voice like a god. I was very impressed.

Ed Powers was there with Randy West. "Cheez Balls!" Ed yelled. "Come heyaaa, Cheez Balls!" I'd met Ed a few months earlier at a party. I was running around with my shorts on my head then. He thought I was a party guru. He was scary.

Near Ed Powers and the over-perfumed West were Marissa Malibu and Flame, a couple of comely starlets. Despite the fact that the bar was patronized by 95% straight businessmen, these chicks were mashing tits, sucking spit and dueling tongues smack in the middle of the action. The gaggle of ogling non-sex-industry geeks seemed shocked and a little embarrassed, but the offset nature of their trouser pockets told a different story.

My balls pumped pure dick adrenaline,





"Damn Jap imports!"

MUFF MECCA

I might have been a walking bota bag full of JD, but I wasn't a fool. In a heartbeat I had wedged my tongue up Summers's juice spout.

and I hoped that I'd soon be balls-deep in a porn poon. Mal and I headed back to our room. It was midnight, but no one had shown up yet. We readied ourselves with more alcohol, hoping that the evening would end in sperm-drenched ecstasy.

There was a knock.

Mal and I were all tittery as we opened the door. At first I was struck dumb, deaf and blind by the tidal wave of cologne that hit me. It was Frenchman Sergio, from *Hot Video* magazine, and a horde of his toiletwatered compatriots. Shocked by the lack of snatch, they lurked for a while, cursing us in their garbled tongue and drinking our free booze before slinking out to whence they came. As if by magic, the swarthymen's departure triggered a flood of pussy.

In walked Angela Summers and Tom Byron. In walked Mona Lisa and Trixy Tyler, whose cow-eyed, vacuous stare made my slumbering midget roll over in my tight whities. Stagliano and Seven cruised in. It was a fucking party. Lynn Lemay, accompanied by her titanic tits, dropped by. Photographer Scott St. James grabbed a Polaroid and started egging the girls on. Tonisha Mills whupped up her top, and I was there, suckling like a baby pig. Even the girl from the wheel-of-fortune gizmo down in the casino was in our room, turning her panties into cotton paste.

Lynn got her tits out; Angela got her tits out. I managed to wedge my head between the four battling mams. It became apparent that Angela had taken a hankering to Lemay's bazookas. Always the photo slut, though, she let Scott's crafty lens catch it all. During their lez munch, Bruce Seven proved to be most nimble, using Summers's sloughed pantyhose to tie her wrists above her head. Scott abandoned his lens work in favor of getting an oral close-up of Summers's delicious box.

Hovering behind Scott's busy head was Mal. He kept trying to cut in on the slurp action, but settled for sucking toes. After the party, though, he whined about not having sucked enough toe. Scott and I decided we'd shoot our own film, featuring O'Ree as Mal Bundy in *Death of a Shoe Salesman*.

But he finally got his chance at Summers's wet trough and dove in. I was getting extremely firm in the pants, watching

Model Man and the second of th

"Oh, yeah...this is real fair! And I guess the snake gets to stay, right?"

the nibbling, poking, chomping. O'Ree waved me over, beckoning me to hunker down in front of his split-mound prize.

"Eat, Cheez, Eat," he offered.

I might have been a walking, schmoozing bota bag full of JD at that point, but I wasn't a fool. In a heartbeat I had wedged my tongue, deep as could be, up Summers's juice spout. After a few minutes of gnashing at her snatch, I realized that she was the star of the one and only porn vid that I have at home. Her tits were new, which threw me for a loop, until I went eye-to-box with her. I giggled to myself as I plunged a thick finger up her sopping hole. She was struggling like hell against her restraints and soon wiggled free. That was it. My fun was finished. Of course, Mal gave me a lengthy scolding, explaining that when eating out a porn star, one ought not stick one's fingers into the vagina.

I didn't think that my digital probing put her to flight; it looked like she was just sick of having the circulation to her hands cut off, but what did I know? I had just supped at the cunt that I had so often saluted, late at night, with a stream of white, arcing across the TV's bluish flicker.

The party went downhill from there, and by early morning our room was empty-except for the alluring funk of Angela's ripe clam. Lying on my belly, I buried my face in my pillow. It intensified the pussy aroma to the point where I started humping the mattress. O'Ree must have thought I was going for a facedown whack, and he called me on it. I explained the pillow's odor-enhancing power, and soon we were both on our backs, cocks in hand with pillows smothering our mugs. I could hear the sticky slap of limp meat being spanked. Even though we were both nothing more than two puddles of raging fuck hormones, Mal was, due to extreme inebriation, unable to translate this into wood. I fared only a bit better, coughing up a few weak drops of dick spittle from my semifirm prick.

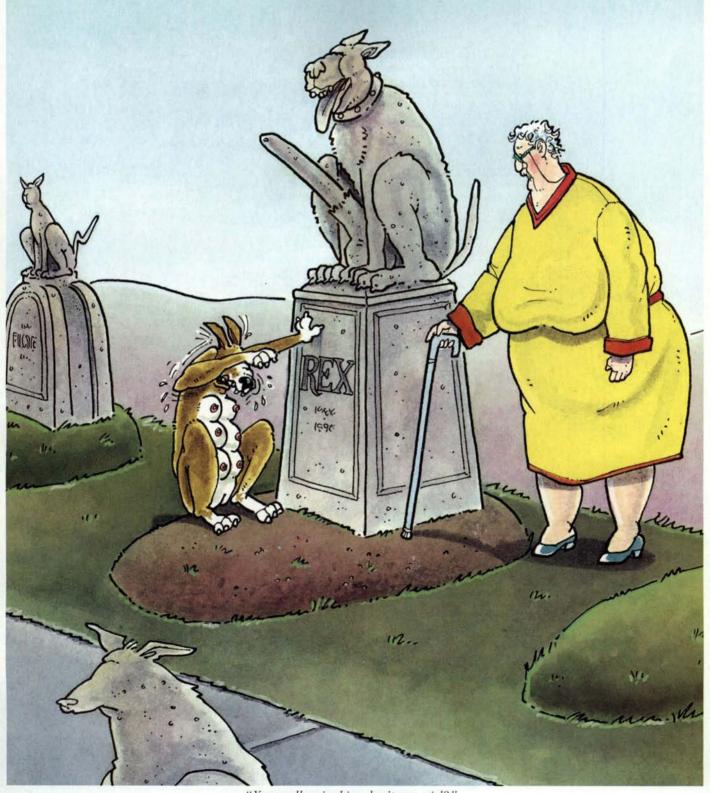
The next morning, Friday, we got up at nine. We decided to make the rounds, now that the porn convention downstairs was filling up. We saw everyone from the night before, plus Goddess Sondra. She's a beautiful blonde whose huge tits strain against her latex top. She has mile-long, red fingernails and a nasty attitude. My mind plotted and schemed, trying to mentally locate an alcove or closet where I could fuck her silly.

Mal introduced us. The first thing she said to me was, "Have you ever fantasized about being murdered?" I knew there would be no bending her over, no nuzzling her warm bosom, no pumping her ripe snatch.

While milling around, I also got to meet

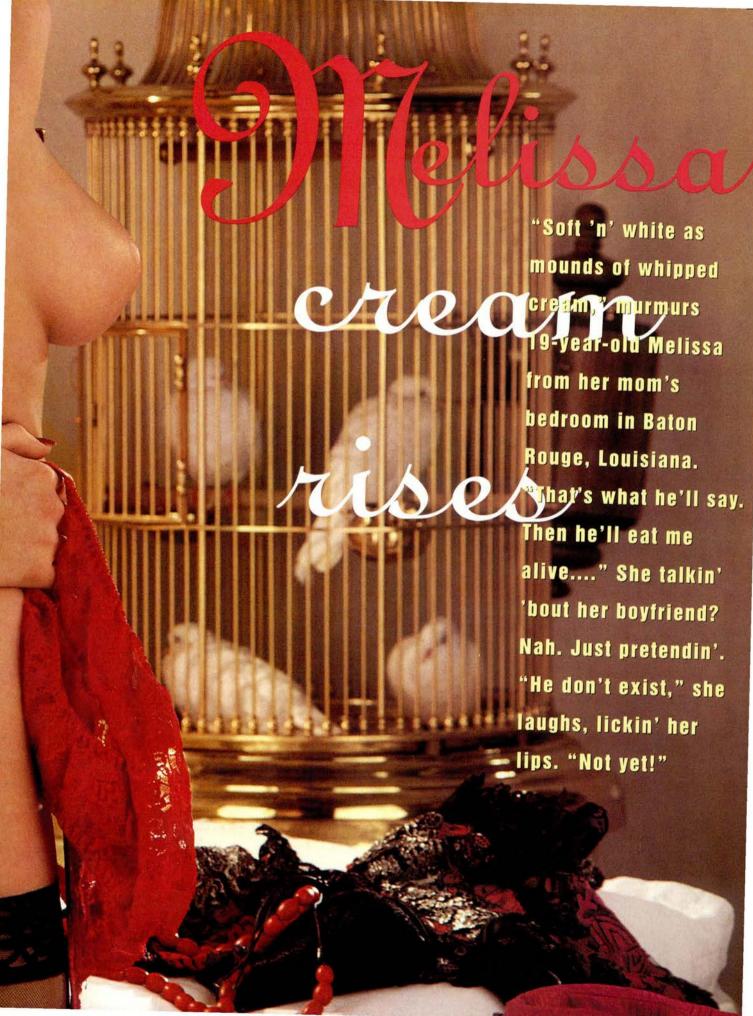
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meatin.



"You really miss him, don't you, girl?"





















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After a few years of marriage, a young woman became increasingly dismayed by her diminishing sex life. She tried everything from greeting her husband at the door in Saran Wrap to purchasing sex toys from a mail-order boutique. Nothing had the desired effect on her husband's libido. Eventually, she persuaded him to consult a psychotherapist. The therapist was well known for the use of hypnotism in his practice.

The woman was delighted when, after just a few visits, her husband's ardor was restored to honeymoon dimensions. There was only one annoying side effect. Every so often during sex, he would jump up and run out of the room for a minute or two before returning to finish their lovemaking.

At first his wife didn't want to rock the boat, but soon curiosity got the best of her. Following him into the bathroom, she saw him staring into the mirror, muttering, "She's not my wife...she's not my wife...she's not my wife..."

Question: What did the Jewish mother ask when she learned that her daughter'd had an affair?

Answer: "Who catered it?"

A hooker went into the bank to put away some newly acquired earnings.

"I happen to know something about jewelry, ma'am," confided the teller, "and I know that these are not genuine rubies."

"Oh, my God!" screamed the hooker. "I've been raped!"

After confessing to a psychiatrist that he had an unusually active sex life with his wife, his mistress and several girlfriends, a sexaholic also admitted to frequent masturbation and wet dreams.

"Which activity gives you the most pleasure?" the shrink asked.

"Wet dreams."

"Why wet dreams?"

"Hell, you meet a much better class of people!"

A young stockbroker on his first business trip was determined to do a great job for his firm and to give an impression of cool professionalism at all times. Needless to say, it made for an exhausting day, and by the time he returned to his hotel room, he was so wired and tense that he decided to jerk off.

He was stroking at it when the door was opened by a bellhop carrying a drink intended for the room next door. "Pardon me, sir," said the flustered servant, "but where would you like me to set down your cocktail?"

"I didn't order a drink!" retorted the broker. Panicked about his reputation and thinking fast, he quickly added, "Can't you see I'm already so drunk that I'm taking advantage of me?"

Question: What's the difference between a drunk and an alcoholic?

Answer: A drunk doesn't have to go to those fuckin' meetings!

Frank, a cheating gambler, was in Vegas shooting a hot game of craps. The pot was enormous. Frank shook the dice, rolled 'em and, as luck would have it, a third die slipped out of his sleeve and fell on the table with the other two.

No one said a word until Big Buzz, the baddest guy in town, picked up the third die, slipped it into his pocket and handed Frank the other two.

"Roll 'em," he said, grinning. "Your point is 14."

While on vacation, an elderly couple stopped for gas. The attendant walked up to the car and asked, "May I help you?"

The elderly lady leaned over to her husband and said, "What did he say?"

Her husband replied, "He said, 'May I help you?' " Now the attendant asked, "Fill 'er up?"

"What did he say?"

The husband replied "yes" to the attendant and then repeated the question to his wife.

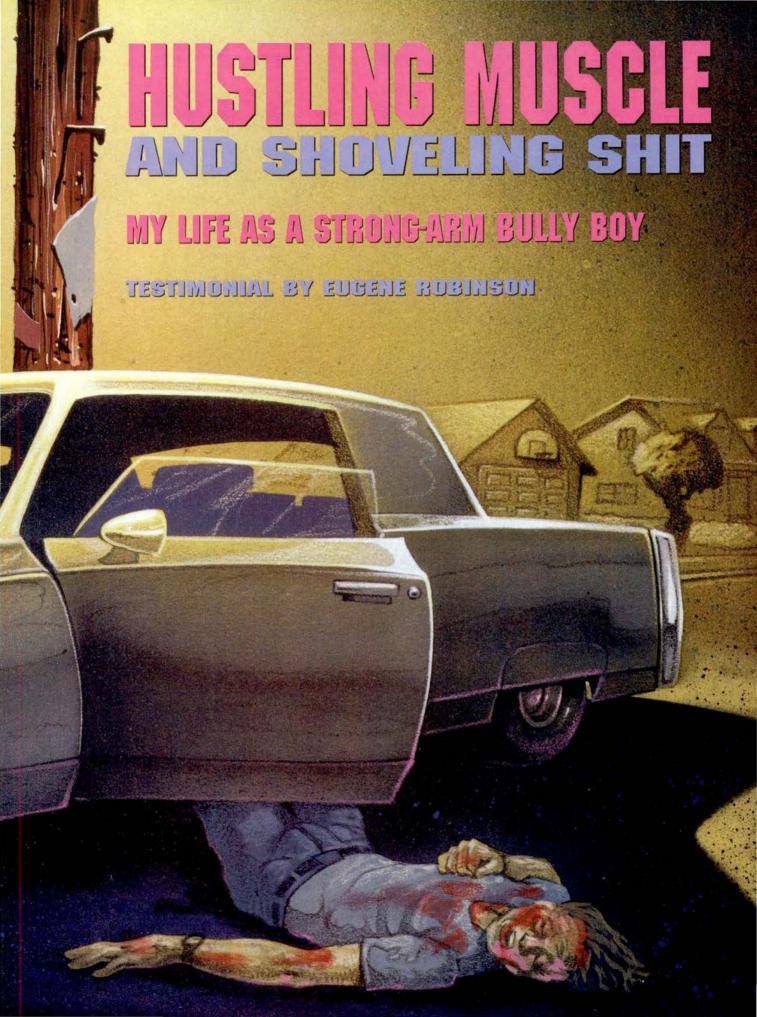
As the attendant was pumping gas, he engaged the elderly gent in small talk. "I see from your tags that you're from Arkansas." The old man nodded in the affirmative, and the attendant continued, "I once went with a gal from Arkansas—laziest piece I ever got. All she did was just lie there while I got my nut—what a pig!"

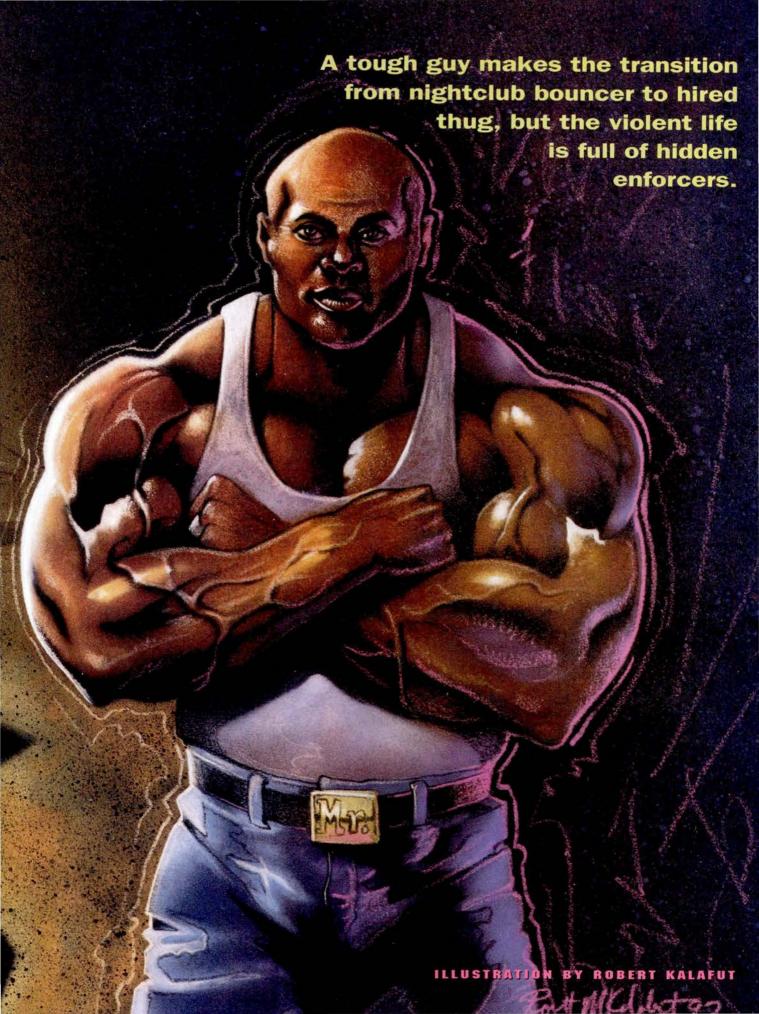
By now, the old lady was tugging away at her husband's sleeve. "What's he saying?"

The man just shrugged and answered, "He thinks he knows you."

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes on 3" X 5" cards, mailed in a sealed envelope, to HUSTLER Humor, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for \$50. Sorry — we cannot return submissions.







BULLY BOY

During the interview, they asked how comfortable I was with violence and how great I considered my self-control. There my training ended.

The girl shifted uncomfortably against the brown burlap of the fake palm tree. Mr. Toughfuck faced her down with the shove and muscle of an overgrown, schoolyard bully. In two steps I'm standing behind him. At 6-1, 220 pounds, I cast an easy shadow over his six-foot, 185-pound frame. It's a shadow he will not remember until the next day.

My hands strike him in the throat. My fingers shoot into the fleshy pulp of his neck like dull talons.

"Leave, or I will kill you." There is no trace of levity in my voice. No evidence of the boys-will-be-boys wink and nod that his now-frightened eyes are so desperately searching for. In the measured and steady tone of my voice is the intimation of my ability, almost godlike, to make the word flesh. The rush of that power has me trembling like a drunk.

I deposit him on the sidewalk in front of the club and remove my fingers from his neck. They hurt from clenching. It takes some doing for me to hurt. I'm not only big, I'm strong. Can dead-lift more than 500 pounds. I smile when I think that my fingers ache because of the effort I'd expended choking this man, ejecting him from the club I'd come to think of as mine.

Inside come congratulations, highfives from strangers, the good word from the gawking crowd and my fellow bouncers. I want to tell them not to praise the returning gladiator, because the dumbshit sucking pavement with the imprints of ten of my fingers 'round his throat could just as easily have been them. But no warning comes. I'm an equal-opportunity asshole.

GOT MY MOJO WORKING

In the summer of 1991, after gamely working to make a go of the business I own (CFY Records) and the degree I'd earned (a bachelor degree from Stanford University), I found myself needing a second job to feed the hungry (me). Being an editor, actor, publisher and singer got me nothing but the hard end of soft shit in the recessionary workplace. Being a weightlifting, karate-punching sweetheart of a guy got me a \$7-an-hour gig working nights on the nightclub seas of Lycra, Spandex, boys, girls, furtive bathroom fucks, canned disco music, \$1 Kamikazes

fingers ache because of the effort I'd exfucks, canned disco music, \$1 Kamikazes

"Wow...so this is the executive bathroom!"

and assholes that have had too much of all of the above and have forgotten how to stop before they slide from stupid to sad to belligerent. Because of my shaved head, I was called Mr. Clean. And I did.

I stumbled into this line of work, tripping on the heels of my ambition to check out the trophy circuit. During its off-hours, the nightclub hosted powerlifting and martial-arts competitions. It was the latter that bumped me into months of muscle work in the nightly, neon throb of alcohol-incited transgressions and the need to suppress 'em. I lost the karate competition I'd come for, but I found a new line of work.

During the interview for the job, the manager and general manager wanted to know above all else that I was *stable*. They asked where I lived (a bad neighborhood—good 'nuff), how comfortable I was with violence (nobody likes violence, right?) and how great I considered my level of self-control (I can stomach *this* shit without puking). There my job training ended. Having already studied kenpo karate and the deadly Southeast Asian Muay Thai (Thai boxing), as well as being a bonafide, barbell boy, my qualifications more than made do.

I found out quickly enough that bouncing was the same as any other job, in the sense that having your heart in it made the difference between a job and a job well done. I sure as fuck didn't have a heart for it, but a lump of hot coal burned in my chest, and the more I needed the money, the more I hated the job and the angrier I got. Which made me one hell of a conscientious bouncer. I was one motherfucking, red-hot "point of light."

GETS WORKING ON YOU

Unlike every single bouncer who ever beat me to a pulp before shit-canning my ass in the days when I was all mouth and no muscle and liked getting cracked, I made an effort to communicate before pulling a strong arm. Especially with big guys, who usually felt more secure and were consequently more likely to listen to reason. On the other hand, big guys were the only real challenge I had. Recalling Eli Wallach in *The Good, the Bad and the Ugly*, I like "beeg guys because when dey fall dey make more *noise*."

He's about 6-5, approximately 250 pounds. He's tearing down the canvas banner that announces dollar drinks, that hangs behind the lifeguard chair where I sit. I step up to him. Say as nicely as possible:

"Excuse me—did you pull this down?"

"I'm baaaddd," replies the over-theline, subhuman locomotive.

"I don't think you heard the question, sir. I asked you if you pulled this down."

"I'm baaaddd."



"Lights out, Tyson."

BULLY BOY

I ram the knuckle of my thumb into the soft curve of his Adam's apple before catching him in the much-maligned sleeper hold.

"A very simple question has been asked. It required a very simple answer. You've not given it to me. So now you must leave."

Staring into his chest, ignoring his three friends and their pleas to back off, I announce that it's time that they all take a hike. Because I hate these motherfuckers so totally and completely that the feeling comes closer to approaching purity than anything I've ever known. My entire universe has funneled into hatred for this man.

He places his beer bottle down. First mistake. Starts for the front door with me right behind him. Swaggers and leans back into me. I'm trying hard to maintain. My control is slipping fast. The best part about having control is losing it. And I do.

I ram the knuckle of my thumb into the soft curve of his Adam's apple before catching him in the much-maligned sleeper hold, cutting the blood flow to the brain from direct, brutal pressure on the carotid artery. His attempts to fight back are dulled by lack of oxygen, but he bucks like a fucking bronco while I ride him like a pony. I drop him on the outside pavement,

and the beast that makes me hateful and crazy has exploded behind my eyes. I begin to stomp him into unconsciousness before being stopped by some of the city's finest, who privately reprimand me as the duly appointed public servants that they are: "You can be arrested for that kind of shit." I care not at all. I figure that is really the least of my problems....

One night after work, the boys in blue decided, at the behest of the club's general manager, to have a tête-à-tête with me. It dawned on me at this particular point in my head-banging career that I was ass out in the wind and the nightclub, whose hazily defined standards I so fiercely tried to uphold, was not going to jeopardize their big-money operation by supporting in any way the bone-crushing actions of an overamped, \$7-an-hour hood. No club-appointed lawyers for me. Not even cab fare.

Faced with the double-pronged tongues of club owners and cops clucking about protecting a public they professed to serve, I promised the boys, "From now on everybody goes out the side door or the back." I had to be able to work in peace, so to speak.



"We just got the news that your insurance company no longer covers extended illnesses."

LIE DOWN WITH DOGS, GET UP WITH FLEAS

Years of hassles at the hands of fourfisted fuckers in uniforms made me cringe every night I pulled up to the club and wended my way through a phalanx of the men in blue. Bouncers may act like cops, but they're just getting a job done. If cops are pigs, it's because they're doing the same job, but badly. Whereas I wouldn't soil my knuckles if my economic outlook hadn't been so bleak, the cops who worked the club seemed well adjusted, happy to have drawn such a cush assignment. They were all in their late 20s or early 30s and seemed more worried about pensions and prostate cancer than whether I'd been too rough on another muscle boy and his drunk-bitch girlfriend. They'd sneak occasional glimpses of the strapped-and-strutting ginch parade and, for the most part, come off sad and small.

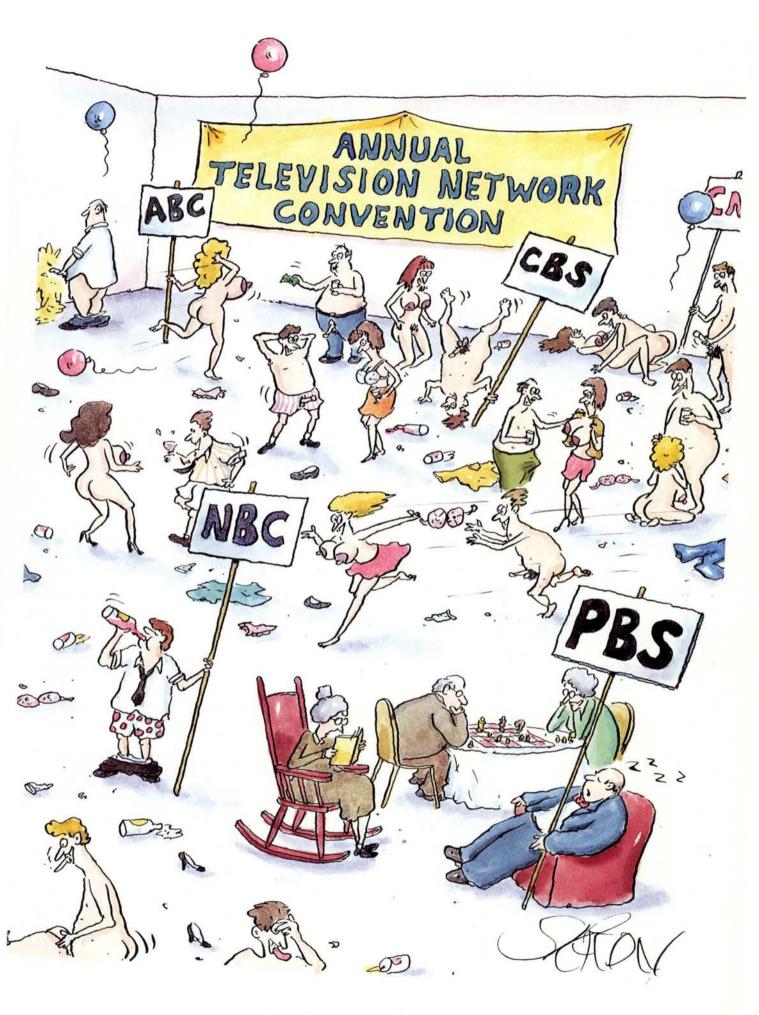
Those were the times I'd feel something for them. Call it empathy; I wouldn't. In this bruise-colored wash of brotherly love, we started sharing stories that would make peace-lovin' brethren shudder: heads cracked, noses broken, kidneys burst, martial-arts practitioners choking suspects into unconsciousness. We were the lost battalions, the army of the rich's secret police. I soon discovered there was only a slight difference in what I did in the club and what they did on the street: They were paid better. Everything else was justification.

WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME?

To make a long story longer, the recession deepened—that of my personal trough as well as that of the nation's economy. The likelihood that I might soon return to the conventional work force grew more remote. I could handle the picture in one of two ways—either crack up or not. I did both.

I applied for editorial jobs and learned the buyer's market the hard way. I auditioned for TV commercials and scored, playing a gym instructor in a bank spot, but the money was gone in a week. I found myself back at the club more bitter and hateful than when I first arrived. I'd gone from \$65K to maybe \$15K a year, and I wasn't happy about it. Perhaps a pretty petty concern, considering I hadn't suffered something as tragic as the loss of a limb, but my mind was wasting away just the same....

Watching a gaggle of subhuman trash burning money was like holding a blowtorch to the pathetic last shreds of my low self-esteem. I wanted to shake the black souls of every last one of them loose from their bodies. Misery loved company, which was why they were there—and why I was there too. I wanted to make



BULLY BOY

He fell to the seat. In the darkening shadows of his car, I beat his face to a pulp, then slammed the car door on his legs and walked away.

them suffer because I was suffering. So I waited. And watched. Fingers fairly itchin' for action.

If I ever felt worried, it was more for myself than for them. I was becoming a predator. Being hungry and poor will do that. I found myself wanting to rape all of the women and kill all of the men, and this—I was still able to appreciate—was not good. My pit boss came over every now and then to ask if I was all right. I mumbled that I was okay. I wasn't okay....

The whole country was collapsing into a foul-smelling sinkhole while Reagan O'Bush made the world richer for the rich and more wretched for the rest. People wondered when the bill for the fat years was gonna come due. Well, it had already come due for me, and there was an ugliness in my soul that fed off it. I didn't enjoy being a headcracker. But I liked it very much. That was the nature of my special Hell.

FINAL DESCENT

Six months later, I was still starving, I couldn't afford health insurance, I couldn't fend off credit-card charges or

student loans and could barely pay my rent. I attempted to conceal this fact from everyone, including myself, pretending it simply wasn't happening. And then there came a phone call and, almost as quickly, another step down.

The voice on the line offered \$100 for a half hour's work. I agreed. Took the information: name, address, height, weight, make and model of car. Out of sheer curiosity, I asked why. The reply: "He owes me money, and if he doesn't pay *me* what he owes me, *you'll* pay *him* what he owes me."

I waited across the street from his house, my car pointed in the direction of the nearest freeway entrance. He came out of the house. I began walking toward him. Not too fast. Not too slow. He was shoving a box of cassette tapes into the car from the door on the passenger side when I asked for the time....

He glanced at his watch without looking at me. I cracked him behind the ear with my elbow, shouting, "Who's a faggot?"

I bent over him, smacking away the hand he'd raised to protect his face with a brutal swipe of my clenched fist.

HELP! HELP! I'M CHOKING ON MY OWN VOMIT!

"What are you doin', man?" he cried in a terrified bleat. My knuckles cracked his cheekbone and knocked the sense out of his head.

His upraised hand flapped like a bird in my face. I grabbed his fingers and bent them back.

An animal cry of pure agony escaped his lips. It was a horrible sound. It hadn't yet become music to my ears.

He fell to the seat. In the darkening shadows of his car, I beat his face to a pulp, then slammed the car door on his crooked, puppet legs and walked away.

Later, the ramifications of what it was that I had done came home to roost, and I wanted to die because of this. But right then, immediately afterward, speeding to the nearest pay phone the farthest I could get from the scene, I started rubbing my crotch. My dick was hard. Oh, God....

I only said two things to him. The first—to ask the time—was to get him to look at his watch and away from me. The second—to call him a faggot—was to justify the beating in the eyes of any nosy passersby. He'd be seen beaten ostensibly because he'd insulted another man's manhood. Forget the fact that I was much bigger than him. Forget the fact that he spent most of the encounter on his knees and on his back. Sense of fair play would not have been violated because he had asked for it.

Since this was my first job, I figured to cover my ass. If caught, I was in the clear, or at least in an explainable situation: the common street fight. It was a stop-gap measure, but the thought of capture and punishment was the furthest thing from my mind—I was more worried about my *soul*.

IF I HAD A HAMMER

The \$100 from this job was gone in a day. Groceries and gasoline were greedy motherfuckers.

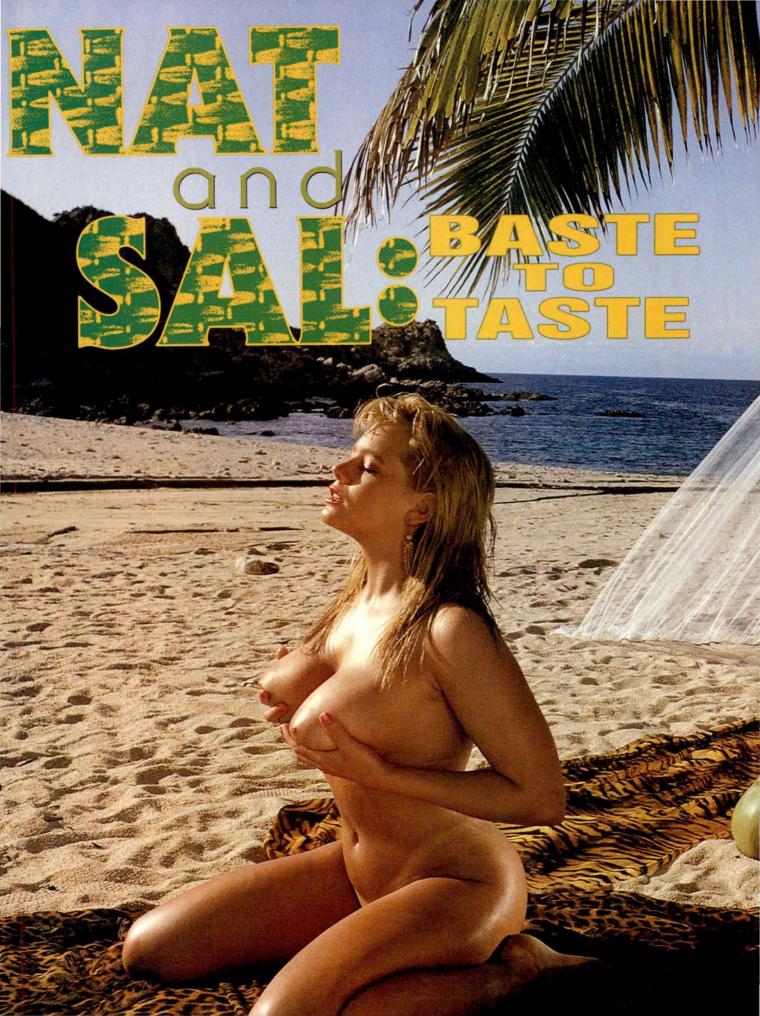
But jobs came regularly after I explained to my initial phone source that random street crime was an inner-city curse that could strike at any moment, especially for those who left debts unpaid. Raising my price with every job helped me avoid admitting to myself that I felt like doing what I was doing.

The violence was chillingly anonymous, but highly personal. I knew nothing about my victims except that they owed money to somebody rich enough to pay to get it back. As of this writing, I'd made 11 collections. The least I've been paid for a single job has been \$100. The most was \$600. I suspect that at a certain point I'd have done it for free. The substance of

(continued on page 101)



"Mother, he put my wedding dress on, and I'm wearing something called a dildo!"

















MUFF MECCA

(continued from page 68)

I'd never make it as a porn stud. Instead of filling her mouth, my cum caromed off her tits and ruined her hairdo and, I think, our friendship.

Christy Canyon. She was the sweetest porn goddess imaginable, my private Our Lady of Guadalupe. I keep her memory stashed in my mind's future-whack-material file.

Later I met up with an assistant for Stan Butt. They were supposed to be working with a new black actress, but the deal got canceled. I tagged along and ended up luring my dusky prize up to my room. Mal had gone back to the room beforehand to nap. As quietly as I could, I took her into the bathroom and asked her to strip. She peeled her clothes off while I made use of the Polaroid camera we brought. By the time she was totally naked, I almost couldn't breathe. My heart was thumping, and I felt dizzy. I hadn't eaten all day, unless you count munching ice cubes from my cocktails. The chocolate starlet's name was Jaguar. I had popped a pillow under her ass on the toilet, and she fucking went to town. Diddling her pussy, squeezing her fat jugs, she even made all the requisite porn facial contortions. I was clicking shots with the Polaroid and trying to be cool and considerate, like it was a frigging date or something.

She leaned back, spreading it. "Hey, can I eat your pussy?" I blurted. It just came out.

Before I could relax my throat enough to take another breath, she said that would be fine. Relieved, I got to business, slurping on her juice slash. After a while I pulled my pants off and, feeling brave, asked her if I could fuck her.

"No, I gotta do a shoot later and don't wanna be sore."

Fair enough. But I was disappointed. "Mind if I whack while you play with your tits?" I asked.

"Fine," she said. I got to work, knuckles whistling across my flute. She pulled her nipples, rubbed her bouncing tits. When I felt release approaching, I threw a leg over her belly and aimed my barrel at her mug.

Huzzah!

It was a legendary load, hitting her chin, neck, tits. The white goo drizzled across her dusky skin like a work of art. Of course, we woke the slumbering humbug. Mal raged in, pissed that his beauty sleep was interrupted. We finally placated him by offering him a taste of Jag's black crack. After a few licks, he dropped his spitty attitude.



Then it was off to a party thrown by a video company. Even though they were generous hosts, offering the finest drinks and snacks to be had at the whole shindig, the memory of *Crime Story*-style thugs by the door will prohibit me from naming the company. We did have a hell of a good time there, and I met an agent, Reb, whose rosy outlook on porn took the sleazy edge off my opinions. Temporarily.

Reb, who had driven his own car, gave us a lift to Bunny Bleu's glorious blowout. I got to sit next to Hyapatia Lee, who is even more beautiful in person than on film. We decided, once we surmised that we'd be denied puss by all at this particular party, to head back to our room at the Sahara and ready ourselves for another

night's slaughter.

It was another blowout. This time, however, I was a bit overwhelmed. A cute doll of a girl was getting her ass pummeled raw. Everyone but me thought this S&M display absolutely hilarious. I alone objected and, in doing so, drew jeers and hoots from those who knew that it was all consensual and, therefore, okey-doke.

I escaped to the john for a breather, but was followed by a pretty gal named Michelle. She insisted that I feel her ass. I did. It felt fine, and I told her so. Soon we were joined by Dallas St. Clair, her pal and budding pornstress. Lo and behold, tits flopped out, spit was swapped, and the bathroom filled with other horny geeks looking for a cheap thrill. It got too crowded; so I bailed. The party dragged on for a bit, then fizzled.

Saturday, as I was resting up for the AVN awards that night, Dallas dropped by with some corporate geek in tow. I managed to show him the door, and her my dink. Again, I played off the exhibitionist streak I knew lurked within her. She was nude, on my bed, putting on a show for me as I stroked in her honor. I climbed up, gave her a quick cunt-suck, then started rubbing my cock tip on her pink bead. Without announcing my intention, I let my cock slither deep inside her tight snatch. Oh, lordy, was she good. When it came time for me to unload, I pulled out, as I thought was right, and aimed for her open mouth.

I'd never make it as a porn stud. Instead of filling her mouth, my cum caromed off her ample tits and ruined her hairdo and, I think, our friendship.

That night I learned why Mal wasn't so eager to get into the Adult Video News awards show. Neither of us had passes; yet this didn't bother him. He'd been before, he said. I weaseled a pass and suffered through the preposterous ceremony. Everyone was drunk as hell, and the awards were ludicrous, but the salami with the cream cheese in it was

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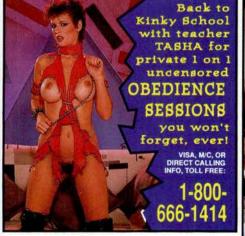
















MUFF

really good. I also had strawberry cake and some coffee.

I caught up with Mal afterward, and we arranged an impromptu photo-shoot in a back room with some big-titted, willing honeys. Guarding the door was a security cop. She looked pretty good; so we coaxed her into posing with us. In a jiffy, we were up in our room taking naked photos of her. Mal ripped her pantyhose at the crotch and dove in like Tarzan. She came so much, the bed was soaked, literally. I doffed my duds and went for it. She went down on me, swallowing like a circus geek. Scott was getting it all on Polaroid, and that slowed me down. I had intended to partake but didn't feel right about the existence of photographic evidence of my schween in action.

Nonetheless, I propped her up on the vanity in the bathroom and stuck it in her flooded tunnel. Scott was still taking shots and wanted to know when I intended to come. Soon my balls tensed, and I let Scott know that the trigger was about to be pulled. He clicked right as the sputum whizzed out of my peehole.

I panicked. Scott wanted to show the pics to the partiers in the other room. I pleaded like a spineless wuss. Luckily, he bent to my request. In the other room, I let Mal know that I intended to destroy the evidence. He was looking at them at the time and told me no, he wouldn't give them up. He said it was hypocritical of me to make money covering the to-do of the porn world, to sup at its table, to feast on its twat and then deny my participation.

I admitted all the above. Of course, I also would have admitted to killing JFK, being an alien or rimming Barbara Bush—as long as I got those photos. Mal forked them over, and I ran to the bathroom. I lit them on fire and threw them into the bowl. I flushed, but like my selfloathing at the moment, they refused to disappear so easily. Mal slunk in and took a picture of the evil, floating Polaroids in the toilet. I wigged and went into the other room, then returned to the toilet with new resolve. Someone, no doubt to mock my weakness, my hypocrisy, had pissed. I dipped my shaking hand into the yellow water anyway and tore the photos into tiny, flushable bits. And that was that.

The trip was within hours of being over, but my shame would last forever. While I respect those who toil in the flesh-mesh industry, I learned that I didn't have the stomach for it. But I think I'll go back next year anyway. Like I said, the salami rolls filled with cream cheese were really good.

BULLY

(continued from page 88)

what has passed between me and my marks has started to weigh on me. It's not conscience. It's boredom. I'm tired of the pleading and the whining. I'm tired of feeling as though I should sympathize with this great, unwashed familyhood that we know as the human race. I've revealed myself to be part of the breed that sucks and fucks and would probably kill for money: sorry-assed, money-grubbing, hard-hearted pieces of shit.

"Please don't hit me again...." And I hit him again anyway. I have him by the hair, and I swing his head like a ball on a string into the meat of my knee.

He'd collapsed like a rag doll. Utter terror had burned the last drop of adrenaline. It was like bashing a dog or a helpless child. He's got the body of a 40-year-old and the voice of a four-yearold child.

"Fuck, please, stop. I didn't do nuthin' to your shit, man! Why'nt you just leave me alone?" At least that's what I think he says. With all of the blood and snot bubbling out of his face, it's hard to be sure. Spatters of goo from the source coat my fists. I don't dare wipe 'em on my pants, which is my first thought. I yank open the bum's shirt. Wipe 'em on his fresh T.

In 1992, I was a very different man than I had been a year earlier.

FINAL CHAPTER

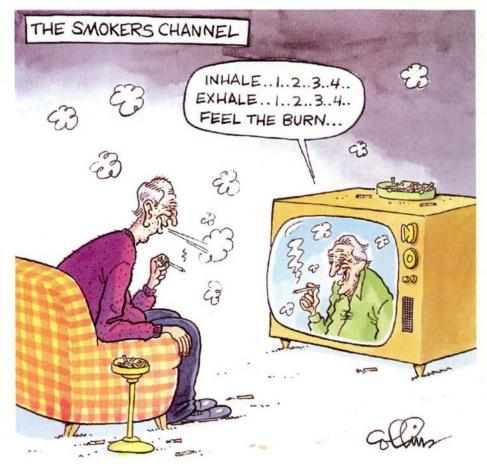
The phone rang. Recognizing the voice on the message machine, I picked up. We had another job. We had the jobs; I did the work. The situation was explained. Somebody was getting mouthy, threatening to let loose lips sink ships. I was to go over and deliver a message.

"There's only one small thing though." The voice was unusually serious.

"It's a she."

"No, I'm not gonna do it." I surprised myself. Here I was drawing a line.

I used to have a friend who would have huge, often very physical fights with his girlfriend, after which they would fuck like crazy. He liked his sex, for want of a better word, rageful. And though I may have found violence sexy, I never mixed the two. I had no interest in trying. The voice on the phone said to beat her, not to fuck her, but the beatings had become so sexual, so intimate, that I feared an invitation to make my sex violent. So ended my career as a collections thug. Money is still desperately tight. I'm still as fucking crazy, angry and hateful as before. Butand read my lips—at least there is no suckface moral to my story. I didn't learn a fucking thing from the entire experience. Not a damned thing.







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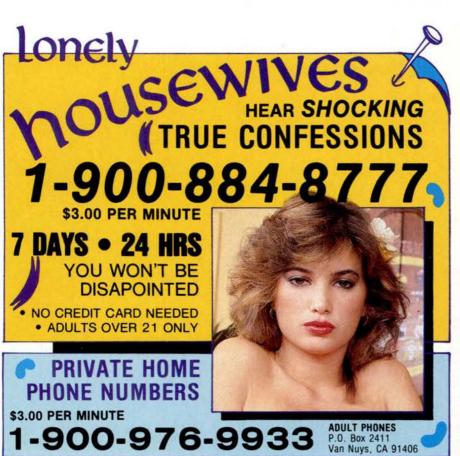
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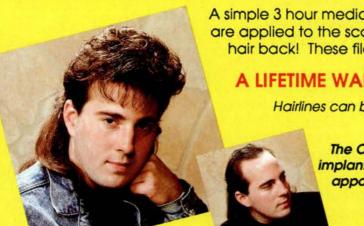








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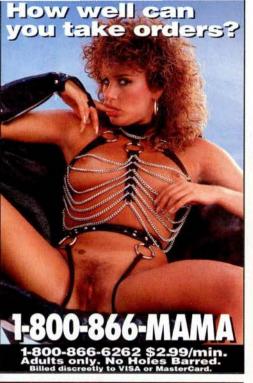
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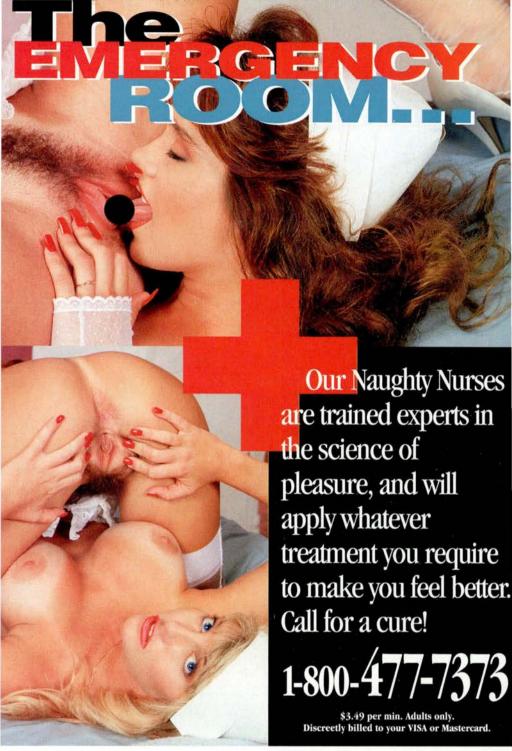
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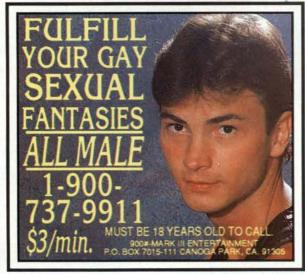


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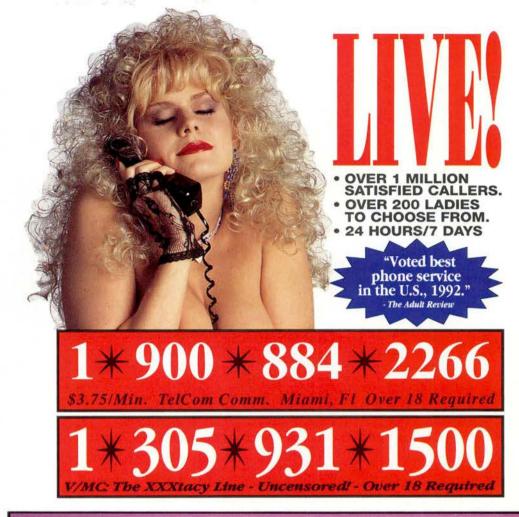














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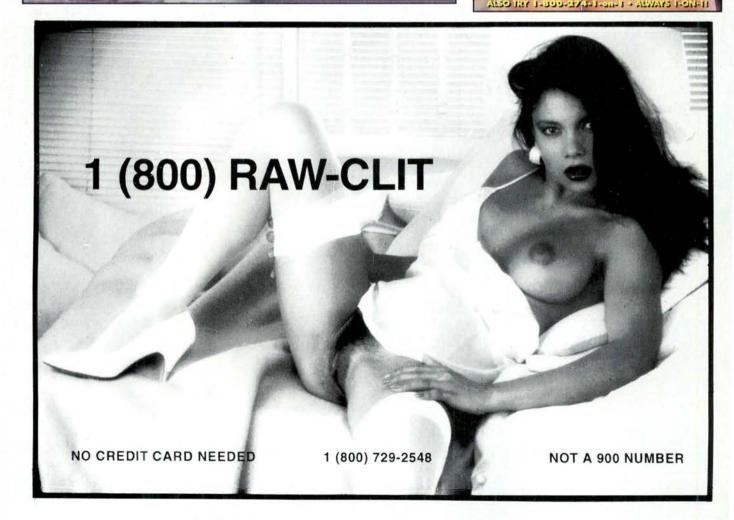
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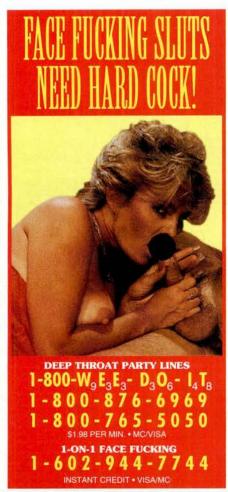




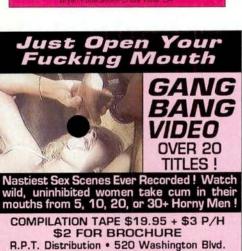












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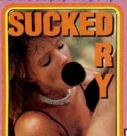
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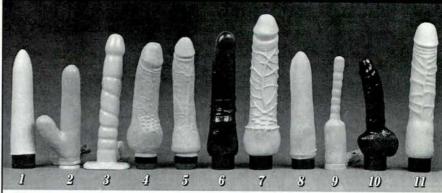
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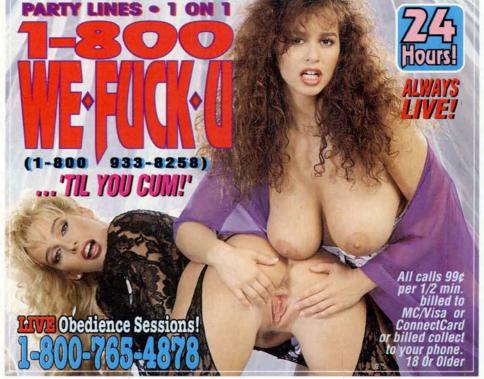




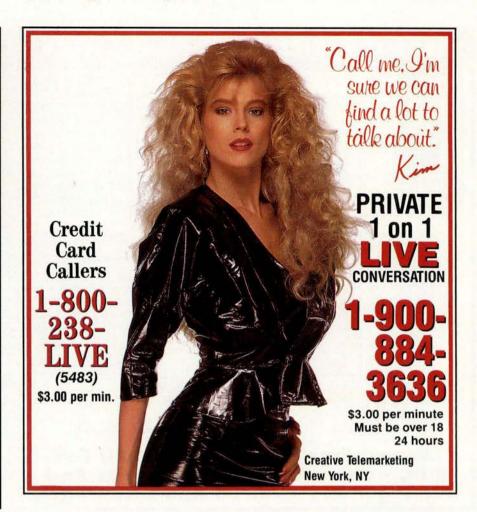


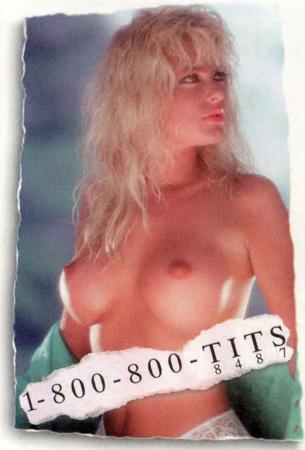


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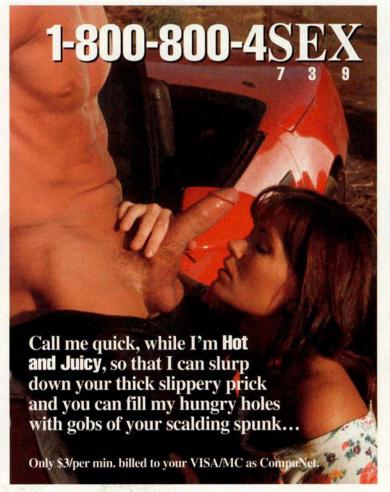








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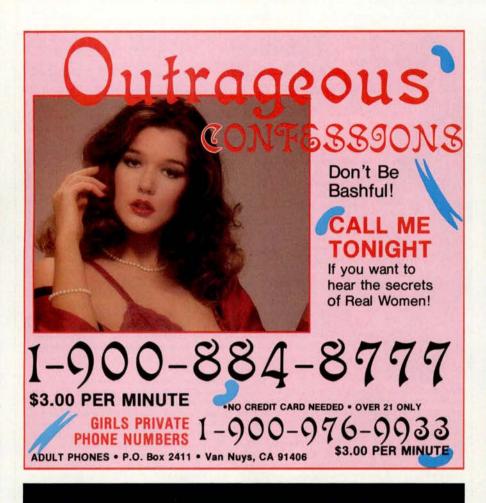
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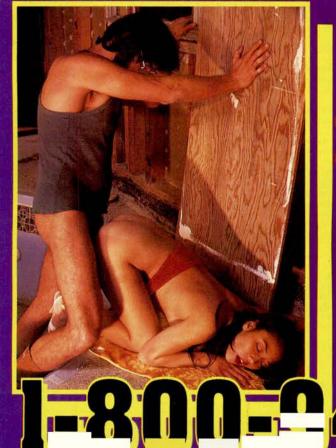
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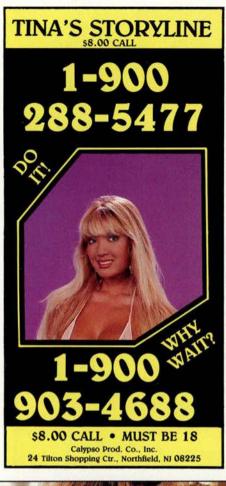
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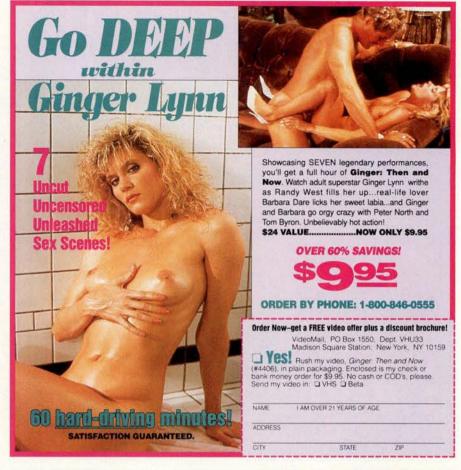
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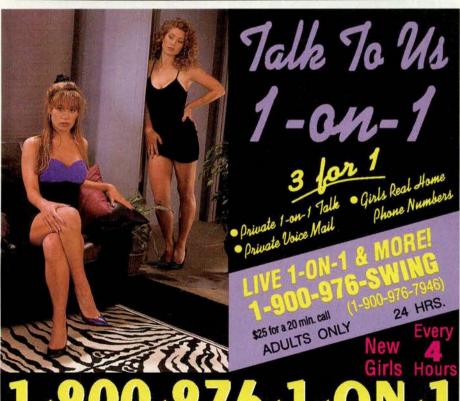
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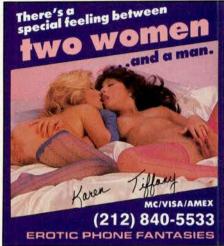
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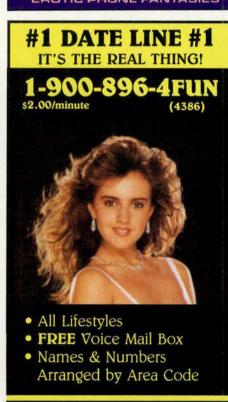
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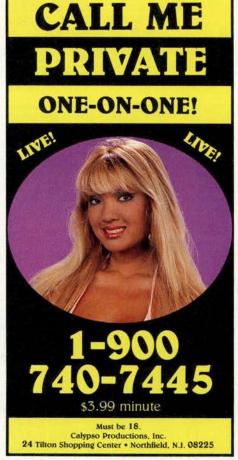




















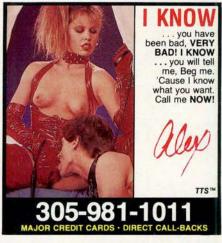




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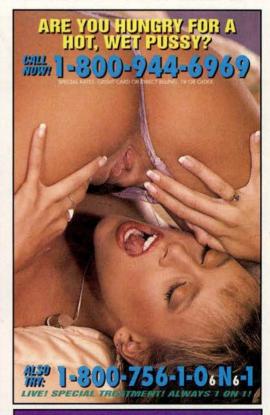




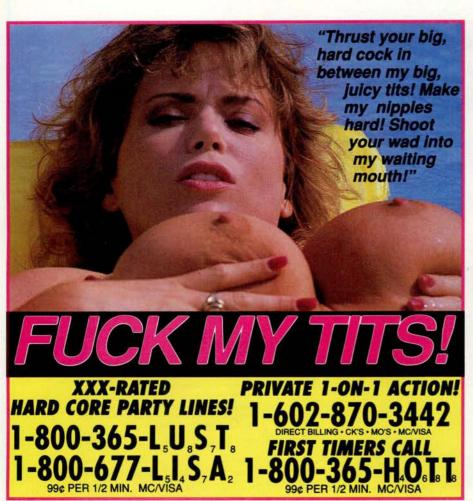














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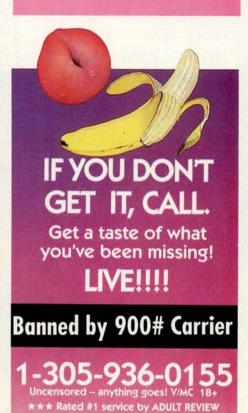
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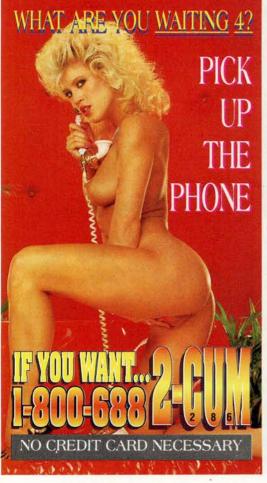


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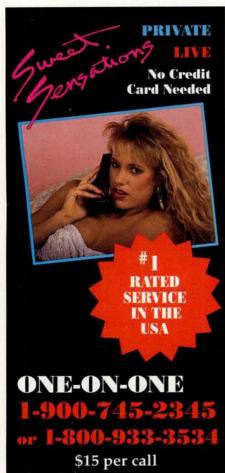
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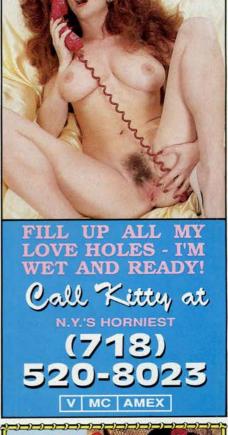
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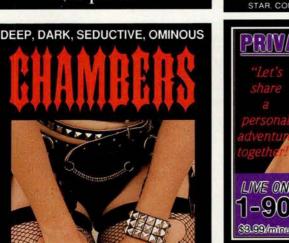
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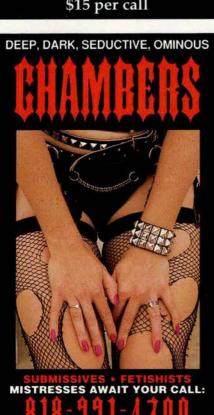
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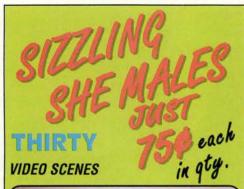


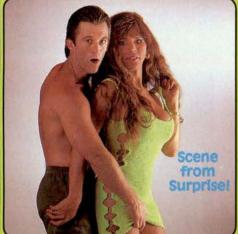




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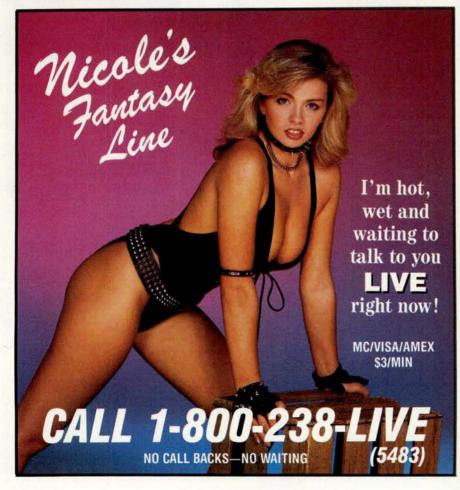
















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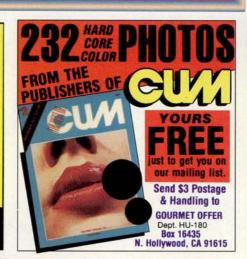
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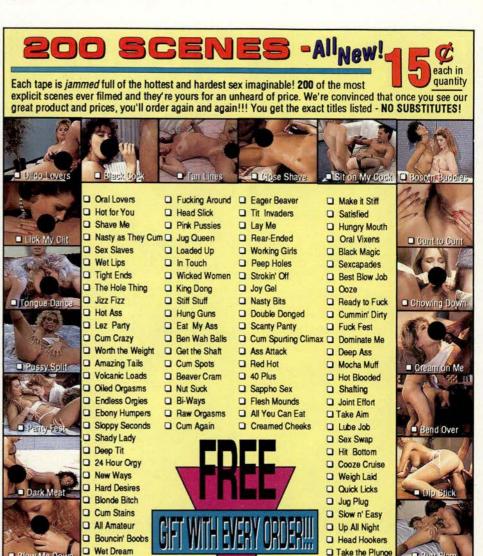




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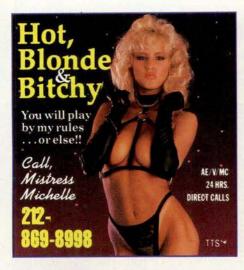
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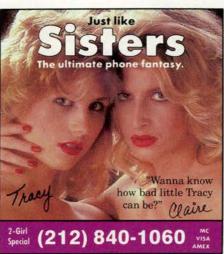
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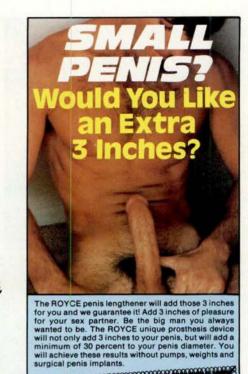
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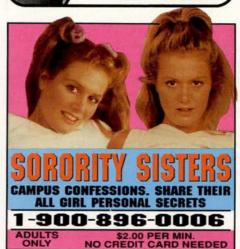








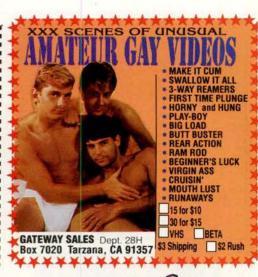














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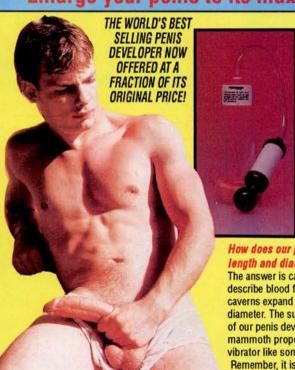
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September HUSTLER on sale July 7, 1992

BACK TO POON ISSUE

HUSTLER's school of hard cocks takes a feel trip in September. The assignment: Site-see with two scarlet-draped, bare-anatomy students groping for a hands-on explanation of how they spent their summer vacation; stay up to study a strawberry blonde's latest look at the crotch-caressing mechanics of lace lingerie; worship at the spiked heels of a thigh-thrashin', big-titted musicologist makin' hard rock harder; calibrate the sweat dew 'tween the legs of a honey blonde in Baja paradise; and investigate fuck-anomalies in the kinkiest dwarf/goddess slit-clench of the year. Reports are due in the moanin'. Better hit the book.

FOSTER FREEZE

Up to 69% of America's prison population spent childhood time in foster care; yet child welfare is a poor relation in Washington's legislative priorities. No one wants to shepherd America's disenfranchised youth into the big house, but good intentions can't overcome a flawed process. Writer Larry Wichman's No Place Like Home is an infuriating, inside look at the failings of what many believe to be the most destructive social system in the nation.

THE LADY AND THE LAW

Nymphomaniac hooker Kathy Willets bumped world news off the front pages with her sordid testimony of debauchery in sleepy Tamarac, Florida. The domestic-prostitution angle paled beside the prominent names on her score sheet, the added charge of blackmail—and the fact that her husband and pimp was a Broward County sheriff's deputy. Getting to the bottom of this delirious morass of more-ass immorality is *Between the Legs of the Law*, writer Donald Vaughan's over-the-top account of the dirty doings of the deputy's wife.



EXTRA CREDIT

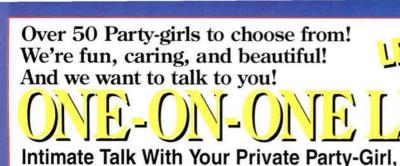
Hey, is that a penny-ante stripper, or a woman writer looking for the je ne sais quoi of real-life experience to pepper her art? Trend-watcher Jennifer Blowdryer describes the phenomenon of art-school tit-shakers working two jobs at the same strip gig in "Portrait of the Artist as a Bad Stripper," HUSTLER's Sex Play for September; Beaver Hunt flushes a bevy of buffsters from the autumnal camouflage; Hot Letters sizzles on and off the page; and Bits & Pieces greets the fall with a banana peel. HUSTLER in September more than makes the grade. We pass with flying cum-shots!











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