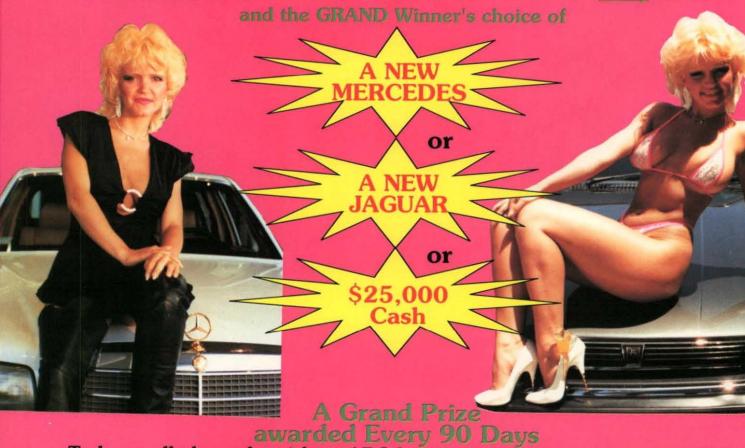


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HUSTLER

volume 17 number 8

- Feedback
 Letters From Our Discreditors
- Nude and Knotty: Her Lips Are Tied Exploratory Photography by Clive McLean
- Bits & Pieces
 Perverse Humor, With a Twist
 Edited by Christian Gore
- The Balls Have It: Testicle Transplants for Youth and Virility

 By George Callas
- 27 Erotic Entertainment
 The Best in XXX; Also the Rest
 Edited by Mal O'Ree



- Bubble Trouble

 Centerfold Photography by Matti Klatt
- HUSTLER Humor Edited by Susan Tinsley
- Bamiano, Pachard and Bone Discuss the Blue-Movie Blues

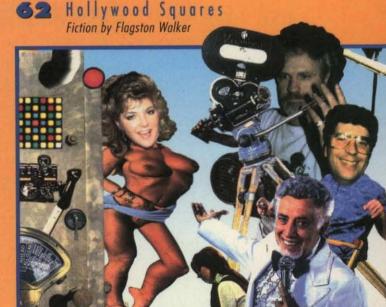
 Q&A by Dix Handley
- Ashlyn and Rocco: Condo Cooze
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 A Bonus Page of Beauteous Babes

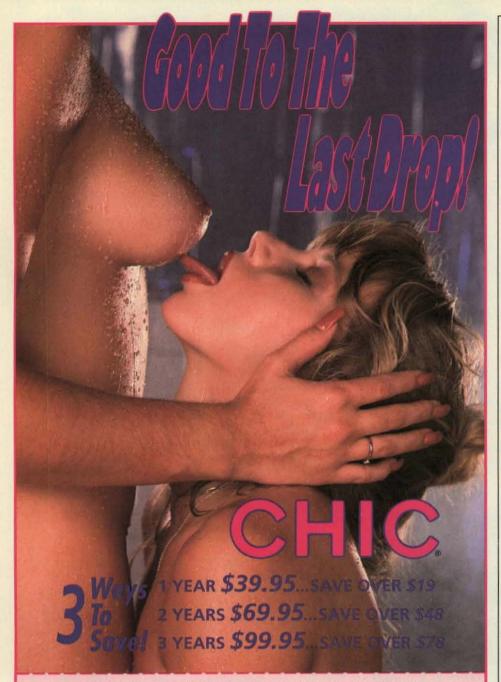


- 35 Hot Letters
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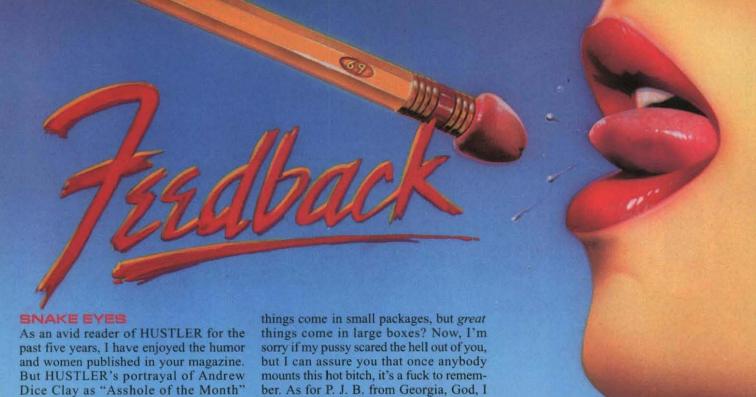
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HUSTLER FEBRUARY 1991 VOLUME 17 NUMBER 8

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All nude models are 18 years of age or older

Cover photo by Matti Klatt



As an avid reader of HUSTLER for the past five years, I have enjoyed the humor and women published in your magazine. But HUSTLER's portrayal of Andrew Dice Clay as "Asshole of the Month" made me sick to my stomach (Bits & Pieces, November '90). If Dice is an Asshole, what does that make Larry Flynt? Every month your magazine offends all the same and more of the races that Dice offends. Dice has more class in one fuckin' finger than your whole editorial staff has in all their pea brains. —J. S.

Ashburnham, Massachusetts

I've been reading HUSTLER for nine years, and for the most part you have been very entertaining. But with the penis who wrote Andrew Dice Clay as "Asshole of the Month" (Bits & Pieces, November '90), I lost a lot of respect for your magazine. The Diceman is the real king of comedy and, I might add, the most hardworking. I hope the guy who wrote that shit rots in hell. As for the rest of the magazine, keep up the good work. —C. C. Kalamazoo, Michigan

If we squirt a few tears, will you forgive us? After all, we HUSTLER people aren't really like the magazine. It's just a schtick, dig? We're scraping along, trying to make a living, just like everyone else in this crazy world of showbiz.

SISSY SPEAKS!

Hi! It's me, the notorious Sissy, the Texas Tunnel (Beaver Hunt, January '90)! I'm writing in response to the statements about me that appeared in the April '90 issue of HUSTLER ("Superstar Sissy," Feedback, April '90). First, let me say that C. F. and R. P. W.'s comments show just how little their brains are, as well as other things. Gentlemen, don't you realize that good

things come in small packages, but great things come in large boxes? Now, I'm sorry if my pussy scared the hell out of you, but I can assure you that once anybody mounts this hot bitch, it's a fuck to remember. As for P. J. B. from Georgia, God, I love you already. You are the kind of openminded person who makes life fun. Now the real disappointment. Guys, I'm bi, and it's because of assholes like C. F. and R. P. W. that I love women too. As far as you two needle-dicks are concerned, I'd love to meet you, because I'd steal your women away from you in a heartbeat. —Sissy Orlando, Florida

WHAT ELSE IS NEW?

I looked in your magazine, and I just had to write a comment. I saw some pictures of porn flicks in *Erotic Entertainment* having a woman being fucked by two and



Sissy, the Texas Tunnel

three men at a time. These women are really being dissed, and they act like they don't give a damn. The reviewers call these women bitches and whores. They're being totally dogged out, but, hey, that's how the porn business works, huh?

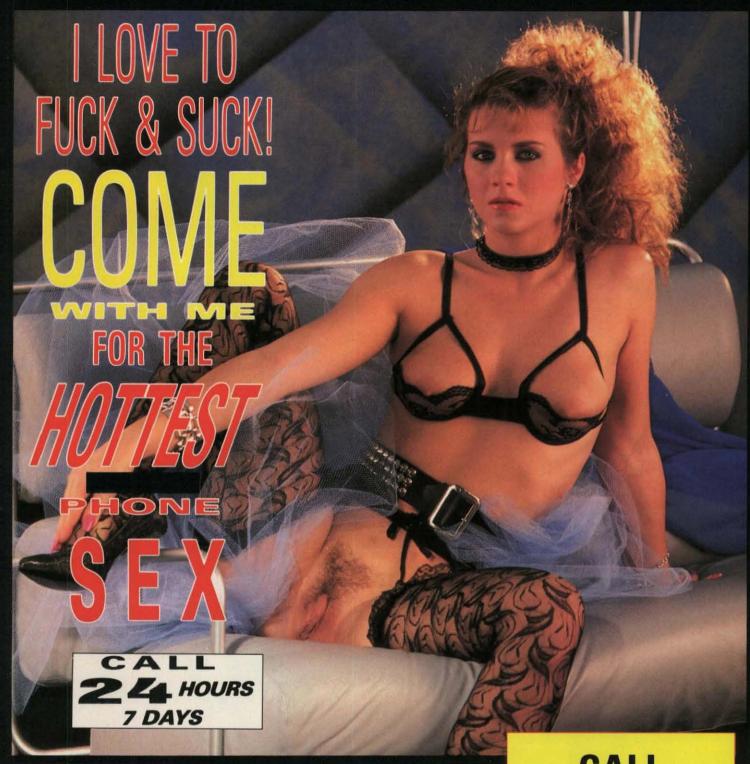
I do enjoy sex a little, but I could never do it on camera. I enjoy a little music too, especially Karyn White and Paula Abdul. If Paula Abdul decided to turn porn, I'd flip; but I don't think she'd do that, 'cause I know she "ain't the one." She's got so much dibs, she can buy her own porn production. But I think she's happy doing what she's doing now. I think she ought to teach those female porn stars how to dance, because they need to learn something else besides fucking on camera, making asses out of themselves. — N. T. Phoenix, Arizona

HITS HOME

After reading Domestic Warfare (Domestic Warfare: The Bride Wears Bruises, November '90), I felt compelled to write a letter to all those men (?) who believe that "their" women have to obey them.

First of all, the wedding vow should be to love, honor and respect — not obey, and it works both ways! If you want respect, you have to give respect; otherwise you don't deserve it. Some women seem to ask to be hit. I've seen it, but that doesn't make it right to break bones or put them in the hospital, or even worse, to kill them.

(continued on page 21)

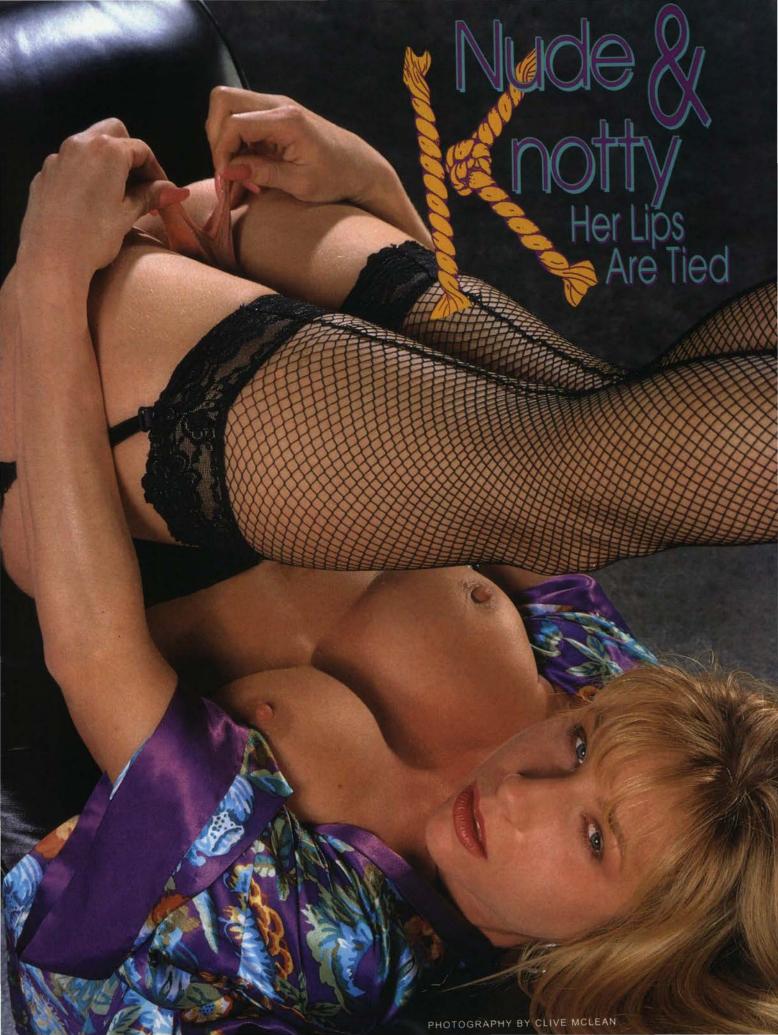


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ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

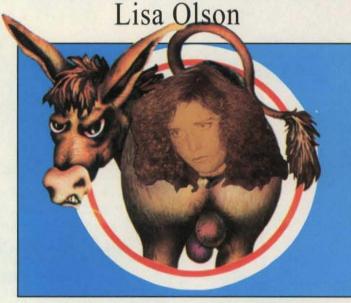
Women and men have many fundamental differences, undeniable divergences in physical and psychological makeup, but in some aspects the sexes are essentially identical, and should be treated alike.

Assholes, for instance. Not only do male and female both possess assholes, each also has the capacity to be an Asshole. HUSTLER, in keeping with a policy of equal access regardless of gender, accordingly presents its Asshole of the Month Award for February 1991 to Boston Herald sportswriter Lisa Olson, a 26-year-old biological lady. Her fame will hopefully be fleeting, but Lisa's Asshole is forever.

The world has indeed become an impoverished place when the owner of an NFL football team is forced to apologetically deny having called a tabloid reporter "a classic bitch," particularly when said reporter displays so many base attributes of the archetypical ballbuster ginch.

The annals of professional sports are rife with name-calling feuds between athlete and media representative. One injustice of the furor surrounding the New England Patriots' penises-on-parade fiasco is that dame Olson—a strident, harpy-like wraith whose thin, fleshless lips, smattering of angry facial blotches and rusty-Brillo-pad hair conspire in a witchy, vinegar-puss aura of soursnatched acrimony—received treatment that never would have been extended to a man in her position. She was offered an apology.

"How can I accept his [Patriot owner Victor Kiam] apology after he



questioned my professionalism in front of hundreds of thousands of viewers?" responded Olson, who, just like a stereotyped shrew, took six hours to tell her version of a 15minute ordeal to NFL-appointed special counsel Phillip Heymann.

"I'm the victim here," insisted Olson, following an incident in which Patriot tight end Zeke Mowatt and four stable mates reportedly behaved just like anyone marginally qualified to chronicle the activities of paid Neanderthal combatants would expect them to behave, dangling their dongs near Olson's face, inviting her to take a bite.

"They're going to put me on trial," she predicted, claiming that Patriot players had subsequently warned her of a New England plot to link her romantically with various players in order to offset the scandal.

In seizing the "victim" mantle as though it were her cloven-sex birthright, Olson assumed a position of power, appointing herself prosecutor, judge and executioner. At times adopting the imperial "we," she ticked off demands, dictating conditions and punishments to suit her whims. She asserted that the action of Mowatt and his teammates, which Olson unequivocally stated was premeditated and orchestrated, "would have been sexual assault if it had happened anywhere else" other than a locker room, terming herself "humiliated and degraded...violated and disgusted" by what she called "mind rape."

While the naked display of male aggression indisputably took place, some portion of blame for the "rape" effect must certainly be placed in Olson's own "mind."

Imagine the damage if one of her violators had actually made physical contact or kept her in the vicinity of the swinging cocks against her own free will; Olson's projected trauma would have been so severe as to preclude her reaping the benefits of book offers and movie-of-the-week deals, a victim-rights bonanza certainly sweetened by Olson's dramatization that she has been forced to flee the country due to booing at a Patriots game and death threats against her.

HUSTLER has an offer of our own for Olson, one we hope she'll find impossible to refuse. Though she missed the cut in our Million-Dollar Muffs contest, we hereby offer Lisa Olson the amount of Zeke Mowatt's Patriot-imposed fine, \$2,000, to pose nude for our photographers and appear HUSTLER-style in the pages of this magazine.

Lisa, we beg you. Take this chance to get back at those five degrading football players and show what a true pro you are to those hundreds of thousands of viewers to whom your professionalism was impugned. Be a man about it! You have a right to be in the dressing room, and you have a right to wiggle your waggle in the face of any man who sticks his nose into your affairs.

"Take a bite out of this," you should taunt. And show us your Asshole.

FARTS IN THE WIND

Richard J, Sproules: The former police chief of Brockton, Massachusetts, took time out from his vehement antidrug crusading to steal \$170,000 and a five-year supply of cocaine from his department's evidence room. From snorting to sniveling, the junkie cop blamed "demon" powder for his two-faced larceny, but he really did it because he's an Asshole.

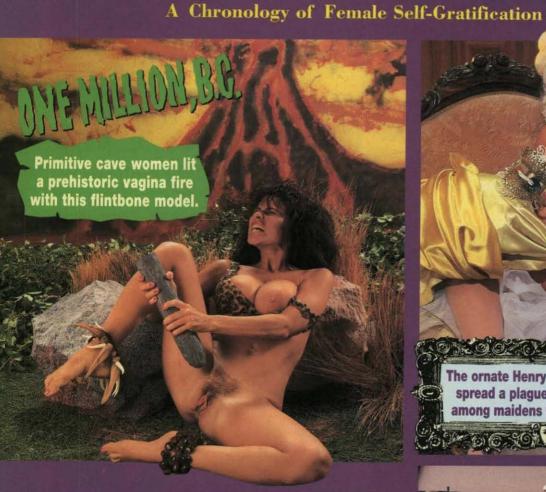
Jerry Hodge: The vice chairman of the Texas Board of Criminal Justice took two bear-hunting buddies on a horse-and-dog pursuit of Texas state convicts, then ordered commemorative jackets emblazoned "The Ultimate Hunt" for his pals. When questioned concerning his judgment of hunting "dog boys" as a form of slave sport, Hodge replied: "You know how much this job pays? Zero." But it earns him an Asshole.

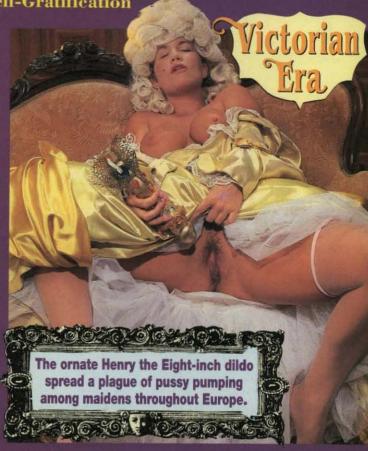
David Duke: The plastic surgery, the cheesy sex

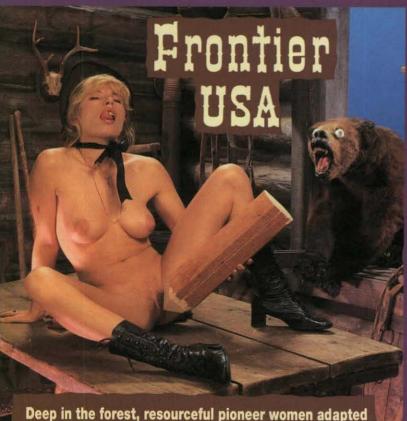
manual he ghostwrote, the Nazi literature sold from his office, his youthful, rascally indiscretions with the Klan, David Duke denies none of it. Can we deny him a big, white Asshole?

Yitzhik Shamir: His Israeli police forces disrupted the critical imbalance in the Middle East by gunning dead 21 Palestinians. Shamir put his official stamp on the provocation by clamping off a U.N. investigation of the killings, a clamp-off worthy of a real Asshole.

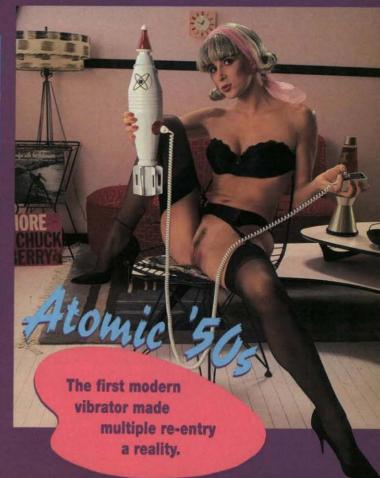
HISTORY OF THE DILLDO







Lincoln logs and ax handles to pleasure themselves.



COUNTRY STYLE ORNING TOURS We leave the pulpin! Country STYLE ORNING TOURS We leave t

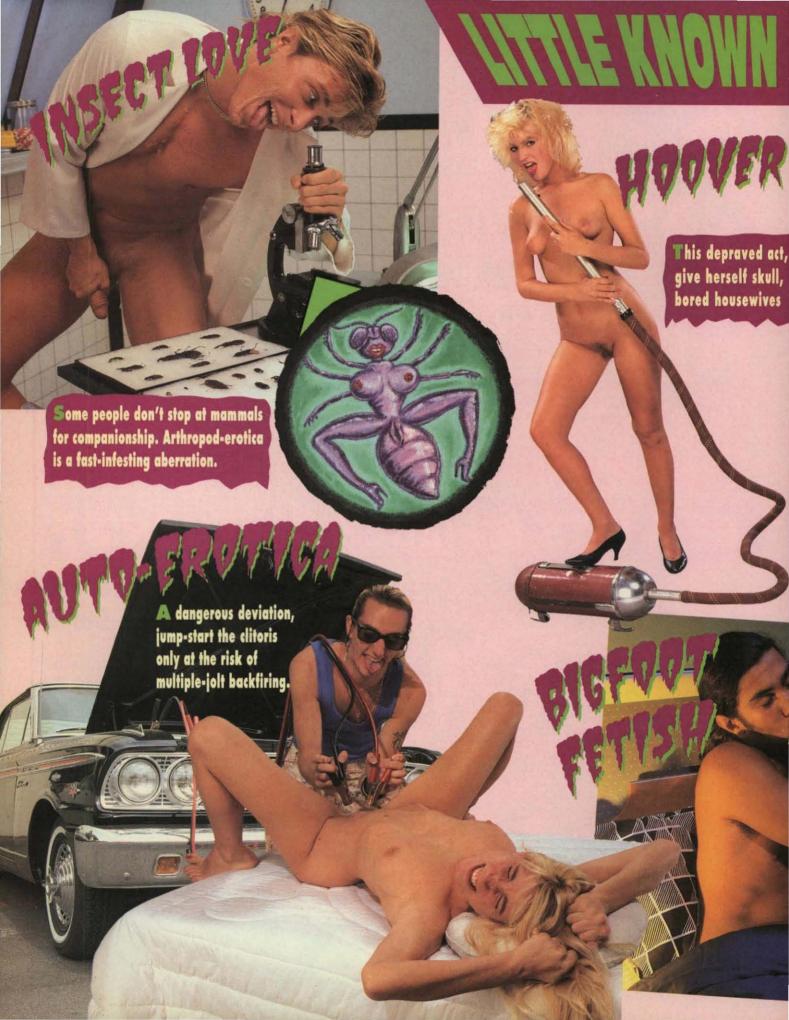
PORN FRANDAST



Crank out that old-time pornography. Make us pop a tent in our trousers, and we'll pay \$150 for any photo we use. Mail your antiquarian smut to "Porn From the Past," HUSTLER Magazine, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. Enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want to have your material returned. This month \$150 goes to Ed Sutton.

BE A BITS & PIECES CARTOONIST







Million-Dalla

SINEAD O'CONNOR: She's bald on top, but does she shave below? Oh, say, can we see?



MELANIE GRIFFITH:
Hard-working girl Griffith deserves some easy, sleazy money to support slumping hubby Don's johnson.

It's that time of year again — our annual list of Million-Dollar Muffs.

HUSTLER Magazine hereby offers \$1 million* to the first of our specially selected twats who opens up and says pink for our hot-slot photographers, posing HUSTLER-style for publication in our fine family of periodicals. Fame and looks don't last forever; so c'mon, girls, call us while you can.

This offer expires December 31, 1991, and only the first respondent will reap the rewards.

Who will be the one to lip off to HUSTLER? off to HUSTLER?



CONNIE CHUNG: Connie wants a baby; we want to come face-to-face with poppin'-mama Chung's pussy.



JULIA ROBERTS: The pretty woman must have a pretty pussy!



LEONA HELMSLEY: Tax on \$1 million isn't much. (She should know that.)



TIPPER GORE: Show us the kind of generation gap that really inspires warning stickers.





DIANE FEINSTEIN: The California sob-sister politician can give the money to the homeless.



The MTV VJ can boogaloo her nappy dugout uptown for a load of cash.

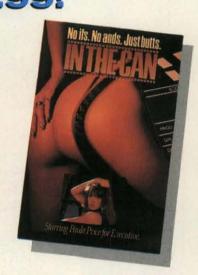


CYBILL SHEPHERD: We promise, Cybill; we'll touch up the photos.

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THE SEARCH FOR PINK OCTOBER — Kelly Royce, Sabrina Dawn and Rayne. The Search is on and the action is hot! Meet Kelly Royce, the girl that goes down like a submarine! She's hot, willing and always ready to please! This brand new release will have you on the edge of your seat as the ladies do what they do best. It's into the deep blue with these beautiful bodies. Gorgeous newcomer Rayne steals the show. You'll see why! Time Approximate 1 Hour 5 Minutes.

IN THE CAN – Paula Price, Roxanna Ferre and Krisstarah Knight in this sizzling new release. It's a steamy story of beautiful women, super-hung heroes and a killer plot! It involves a hack writer in the skin trade and a murder-mystery designed to further his career! Paula, Roxanna and Krisstarah are right in the middle of all of the action. You might get a little sidetracked once these lovely ladies reveal their wares but who cares! Time Approximate 1 Hour 5 Minutes.

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BLAZING MATTRESSES – Nina Hartley, Keil Richards and Jerry Butler in the second episode of the classic "Debbie Duz Dishes" episodes by Damon Christian! You may think the life of a suburban housewife is predictable and boring. Well, you obviously have never met our girl Debbie! Her place is always "open house" and she is the most accommodating hostess you've ever met. Sex in suburbla takes on a whole new meaning when Debbie comes to town! Time Approximate 1 Hour 5 Minutes.



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| RED HOT — Cameo, Danielle Steele and Ashley Dunne in a real-life ler packed with lots of red-hot sex! Imagine what would happen CIA and KGB stopped spying on each other long enough to be partners—in the war room and the bedroom! The answer is ir brand-new video release that is topical, sexy and a whole lot of Find out if the Russian ladles are as open-minded about sex a | ome this fun! s the |
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FEEDBACK

(continued from page 5)

These men, if you can call them men (most of them think having a dick between their legs automatically makes them men), are probably pissed because their brains and dicks are too small to ever please a woman. Or maybe they are gay and hate the lies that other men make them live. I'm not a dyke. I love men (real men), and these wife beaters all qualify for Assholes of the Month. -S. P.

Key Largo, Florida

PAPER MOON

My November '90 subscription copy of HUSTLER is printed on a real cheap grade of paper. Why? The newsstand edition is printed on what seems to be a better grade of paper, but still not as glossy as the regular stock that you normally use. Could any of the following be an explanation?

The Top Ten Reasons Why My Subscription Copy of HUSTLER Is Printed on Cheap Paper:

10) The money saved on the dull stock will go to pay for Larry's subscription copies of Leg Show.

9) Fallon got into the warehouse where the November glossy stock was stored and squirted all over it.

8) Cheap, self-destructive-if-wet stock is hoped to reduce masturbation by sloppy masturbators who can no longer clean up and reuse an issue.

7) Lesser men had trouble holding on to the formerly slick HUSTLER.

6) The jokes seem funnier on the dull paper.

5) The advertisers got together and decided that good, glossy stock made their ads invisible.

4) The cartoons kept slipping off the slick stock.

3) The paper workers' union that supplies glossy stock voted not to allow their paper to be violated by the lard-asses that appear on page 21.

2) Swank bought out HUSTLER.

1) The old stock irritated the models' sensitive skin.

Seriously, whatever you're up to-cut -N. M. it out!

La Jolla, California

If you knew the trouble it takes to get every issue off the ground here at HUSTLER, you'd know that adding one more complicated step would hurt more than help. Each and every issue is printed on the same quality stock. The President of the

United States of America and the lowliest chicken farmer jerk off to the same great, completely democratic HUSTLER.

SPACE CASE

I am writing to express my disgust over your lack of attention to detail. As always, I look forward to your next issue, as I am an incarcerated nitpicker who relies on your rag for his daily fisthump. In the November '90 Beaver Hunt (where I always turn first), beautiful C. J.'s baby-doll features and pert budding tits immediately caught my full attention. The underlying caption states that you could see "her matching red lips, nails and red heels." If you fuckwads can relay those details, then you got to see her pretty, pink rose pedalsthe ones a million-plus readers got fucked out of seeing.

I would personally like to kick the dummy dust from the ass of the scissorshappy faggot in the layout department. Get it right! -E. S. L.

Pendleton, Indiana

We're with you, E. S. L. - and damn unhappy about it. It ain't the kind of mistake you'll see twice.

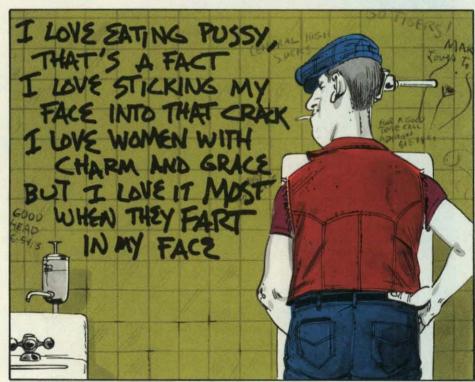
Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to Feedback, HUSTLER, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. Include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication.

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Statement of Ownership Management and Circulation (Required by 39 U.S.C. 3685). 1.A. Title of Publication: HUSTLER, 1.B. Publication No. 01494635. 2. Date of Filing: September 19, 1990. 3. Frequency of Issue: Monthly, 3.A. Number of Issues Published Annually: 12. 3.B. Annual Subscription Price: \$39.95. 4. Complete Mailing Address of Known Office of Publication: 16. Publications, Inc., 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210-5515. L.A. County, 5. Complete Mailing Address of the Headquarters of General Business Offices of the Publisher: H.G. Publications, Inc., 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210-5515, L.A. County, 6. Full Names and Complete Mailing Addresses of Publisher, Editor and Managing Editor: Publisher Larry Flynt, H.G. Publications, Inc., 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210-5515, L.A. County, Editor: Allan MacDonell, H.G. Publications, Inc., 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210-5515, L.A. County, Management of Stockholders Owning or Holding 1% or More of Total Amount of Stock Larry Flynt, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210-5515, L.A. County, Names and Addresses of Stockholders Owning or Holding 1% or More of Total Amount of Stock Larry Flynt, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210-5515, L.A. County, 8. Known Bondholders, Mortgages and Other Security Holders Owning or Holding 1% or More of Total Amount of Bonds, Mortgages or Other Securities. None, 9. Does not apply, 10. Extent and Nature of Circulation: Average number of copies of each issue during preceding 12 months: A. Total number of copies of each issue during preceding 12 months: A. Total number of copies of each issue during preceding 12 months: A. Total number of copies of each issue during preceding 12 months: A. Total number of copies of each issue during preceding 12 months: A. Total number of copies of each issue during preceding 12 months: A. Total number of copies (net press run): 1 made by me above are correct and complete.
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THE BALLS HAVE IT

Testical Transplants for Youth and Virility

iddle age for many men is the time when the physical facts of aging can no longer be ignored. It's harder to get up in the morning, harder to get it up for a good piece of ass. Old age represents a time when even the basic amenities of day-to-day exercise are compromised by willing but incapable flesh. How much would a guy give to recapture the lively days of young manhood and feel again the overwhelming optimism of endless energy and health? To feel more vital and athletic than he ever remembered? Would he trade his scrotal contents for the sex organs of a chimpanzee?

It is said of daring and virile men that they've got "balls." Rarely has a cliché bared such a fundamental truth of nature. For without two healthy sex glands hanging in his scrotal pouch, a man could be called anything but a man.

In an amazing, yet completely factual, chapter in radical surgical techniques, one man came close to providing a key to the treatment of failing masculinity.

In Egypt, just prior to World War I, a Russian surgeon by the name of Serge Voronoff served as attending physician to the eunuchs of Khedive Abbas II's harem. Doctor Voronoff made the firsthand discovery that the castrated harem eunuchs had lost more than just the ability to sire children when they lost their balls. Beyond the baleful side effects of corpulence and a lack of joie de vivre, few of the eunuchs lived past the age of 60.

Any 4-H member can tell you that a lazy, fat capon is produced by castrating a bellicose rooster. Geld a belligerent bull, and you've created a placid, agreeable ox. Reverse the process, Voronoff hypothesized, and it's possible to breathe orgastic potential into the impotent and listless.

He began his experiments by borrowing the interstitial glands of a young and lively ram and grafting them to the sex glands of aged sheep. The results were nothing short of miraculous:

The horns start growing again, becoming unusually large; the excess fat disappears, the muscles develop, the bodily vigor becomes evident at the most cursory glance. The animals again become aggressive and bellicose, and again seek the females which, evidently comprehending that they possess masculine attributes, display complacent attitudes.

Doctor Voronoff was anxious to apply his findings to Homo sapiens. All the way from his Italian chateau. Voronoff had heard news of the stirring experiments of an old sawbones at San Quentin prison in the United States. Doctor Leo L. Stanley was granted permission to rescue "perfectly good" body parts from those who hung from the penitentiary's "gallows of the

13 steps" and transfer those parts to his quite captive patients. In his memoirs, Men at Their Worst, Stanley recalls the first such operation, hacking off the considerable gonads of a freshly executed "young Negro" and transferring them via surgery to a senile prisoner who was 72 years of age:

Patient since his operation has improved mentally and physically. His eyes are brighter, and he is more active mentally and physically than a man many years his junior. Appetite is excellent. He is anxious to be about doing something of interest. Before operation he was naturally reticent, but now is positively emphatic. An odd result was that for the first time I found him able to comprehend jokes.

Encouraged by this success, Stanley went on to carry out hundreds of human testes transplants, and because the amount of human material was limited, he began to sew rams' balls on all those prisoners who desired their testosterone kick, or time off for good behavior under the blade.

Voronoff was envious of Dr. Stanley's pre-Mengele laboratory, well-stocked with human glands and organs. But unlike Stanley, Voronoff had no supply of live young Homo sapiens testes for his doddering rejuvenees.

"Fortunately," wrote Voronoff, "we have in the animal world a close relative from whom we can make such a loan with a minimum of scruples: orangutans, chimpanzees, gibbons."

The technique of the Voronoff gland transplant was

HORSE

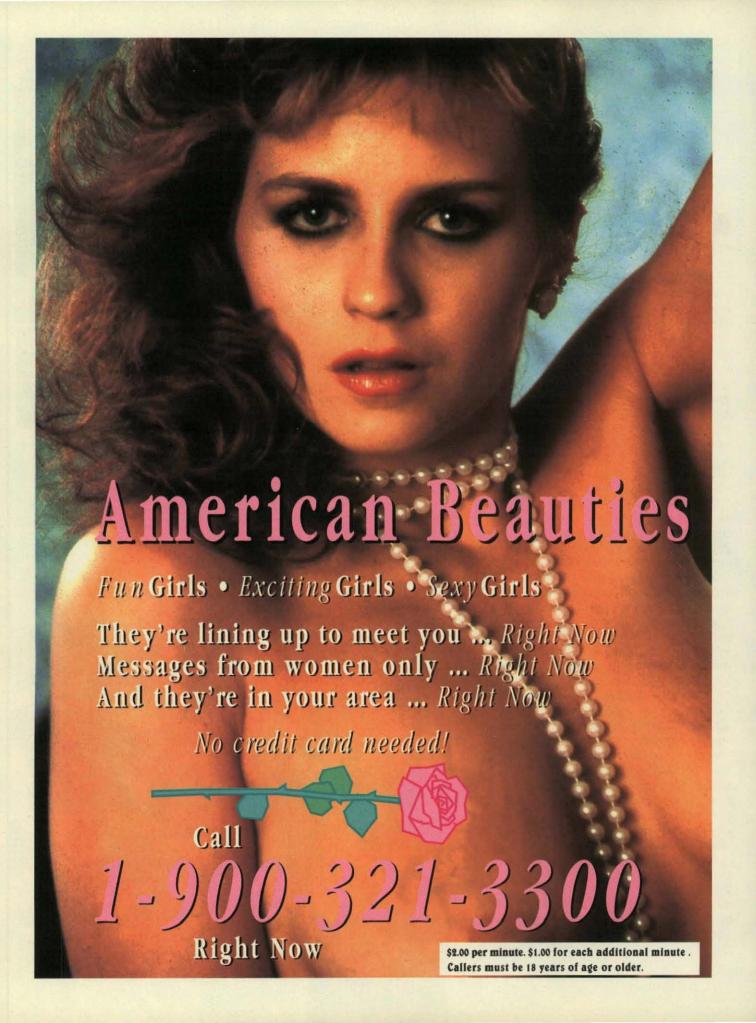
RAM CAUCASIAN BISON

simple. He would remove the huevos of the donor

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. by George Callas PITBULL BABOON APE ASIAN BLACK



Fear and hypocrisy have repressi



monkey, slicing the gland into six parts. These six fragments would then be stitched directly to the surface capillaries of the human recipient's



own testes. Doctor Voronoff recalled his first success in the human sphere, the sight of his rejuvenated patient, who once appeared so lifeless and now stood before him like a man reborn. Overcome with emotion, Voronoff was certain of his conquest over nature: "I saw realized before me the legend of Faust without the subject having had need to sell his soul to the devil."

Voronoff the romantic, who lamented the cruelty of time and physical deterioration on the human spirit, imagined that he had evaded giving the devil his due. But beyond his chauvinism about the value of a senile human life being greater than a monkey's. Voronoff was mistaken about realizing the legend of Faust-for the Russian doctor possessed a greater resemblance to Count Dracula. In the Voronoffian operation, the life-giving substance is hacked from one animal to empower another. Voronoff had not found a secret of vitality so much as discovered a method of transference. Whoever could afford Voronoff's operation would endow himself with the life-force of animals conveniently lower in the food chain.

Voronoff declared that he had successfully subdued nature. But ultimately he could not subdue public opinion. A cabal of antivivisectionists sided with more conventionally minded gerontologists to vilify Voronoff's work. Scientists held Voronoff's surgical techniques up to ridicule, claiming that human testes would immediately reject such foreign material as a monkey gland. The claims of Voronoff's published papers were scoffed at due to the lack of appropriate statistical procedures, such as the use of control groups. Though improvements were noted in the health and mental condition of many human and animal graftees, very few scientists besides Voronoff were willing to attribute their renewed well-being to gland transplantation.

The response of the public was largely one of incredulity. The marriage of human and simian sex glands was too much for the public to handle, especially in the shadow of the Scopes trial. Caricatures of Voronoff appeared in popular literature and in the movies, usually bathetic melodramas in which mad scientists transformed nice guys into Mr. Hydes, with the attendant tragic circumstances. Instead of tempering his views, the independently wealthy Voronoff radicalized them. He suggested to a conference in Budapest in 1927 that bright children should be gland-grafted early in life to be endowed with even greater powers.

"I call," said Voronoff, "for children of genius. Give me such children, and I will create a new super-race of men of genius."

By the 1930s, Voronoff's stock began to diminish. The vulgar began to associate the great Voronoff with the notorious and colorful Dr. John Brinkley, whose farm of Toggenburg goats provided the glands for all those with the \$750 he charged for a transplantation operation. Brinkley's gland operations revived the Texas town of Del Rio and powered the million-watt Border Radio station XERA.

Gland transplants began to give way to a new sort of rejuvenation treatment-Dr. Paul Niehans's vaunted technique of cell therapy. Rather than transplanting gonads, the Swiss genius mashed and liquefied the glands for subcutaneous injection via an intimidatingly large horse needle. Niehans's greatest hour of triumph came in 1954, when he was summoned to the Vatican bedside of Pope Pius XII, then at the brink of death. Niehans brought two pregnant ewes to the Vatican and had them slaughtered, injecting the animals' sex glands into the Pope's sickly tissues. The demonic sacrifice was accorded a success, the Pope's health improving measurably. Among Niehans's more celebrated patients were Gloria Swanson, Somerset Maugham, Noel Coward and the Duke and Duchess of Windsor.

Niehansian therapy exists today in the resort towns of Vevey and Gstaad, Switzerland. The very

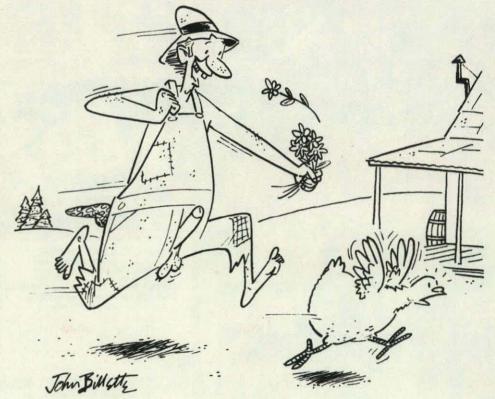
rich flock to the clinics twice yearly for their rejuvenation injections, composed these days of liquefied human fetuses aborted and flash-frozen in Germany for export to Swiss cell-therapy clinics.

Genesis West is the name of a clinic located in Baja, Mexico, which today administers live-cell therapy to all who can afford the nearly \$4,000 price tag. The Swiss clinics, where billionaire Adnan Kashoggi was captured for extradition to the United States for the Imelda Marcos trial, cost quite a bit more.

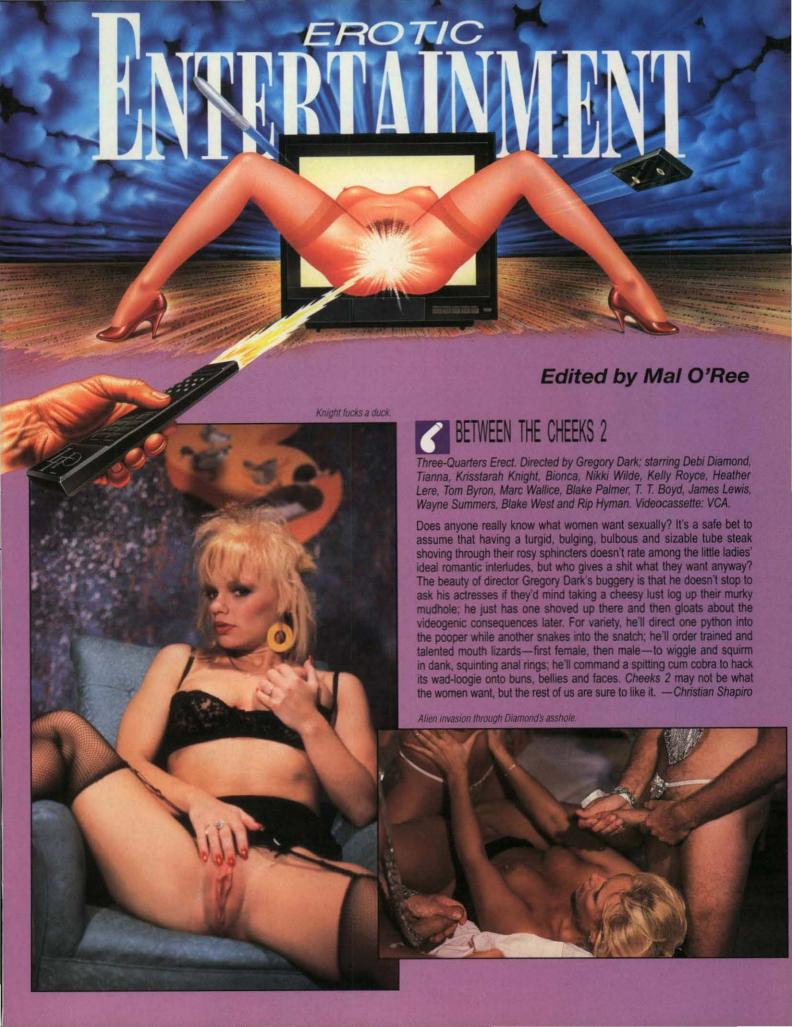
Meanwhile, might we not take up Voronoff's suggestion to avail ourselves of the vast storehouse of reusable body parts available from those who have met with car crashes or other fatal accidents of fortune? Sex glands can survive six to eight hours beyond their owner's death. For, as Voronoff reports in *The Conquest of Life*: "When the guillotine cuts off the head of a criminal, this head, severed from the trunk, remains alive for some minutes; the brain does not deteriorate instantly; and this head thinks.... If they are removed in time...organs retain all their vital properties and, if transplanted in another body, they are capable of again accomplishing their former functions."

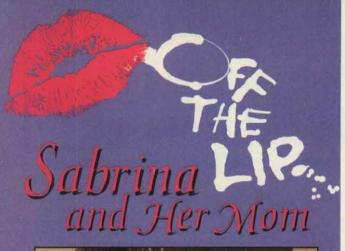
Maybe in a future time more inclined to nurture the spirits of its middle-class elderly, this promising bank of rejuvenation can be put to use. Imagine Grampa out on the basketball court with Junior, beating him at one-on-one.

COUNTRY COURTING











That's right, her mom. Sabrina and Deliha Dawn are porn squack. They do a strip act together and are planning an X-rated video based on their lives, sort of All in the Family with wet panties. "My mom taught me how to give head," Sabrina tells us. "This is something that will come out in the movie we're going to do, Like Daughter, Like Mother. My mom has been following in my footsteps. I got her into porn, and I've been teaching her about the industry." Deliha, star of Grandma Does Dallas, admits that she was a bit intimidated during her first video, "It wasn't much fun, I never got off on it," Deliha says. "I want to keep doing it, because being new, I feel I haven't experienced the fun part yet." Maybe so, but now we know where Sabrina got those great tits. Sabrina's credits include The New Barbarians, Blondes Like It Hot, The Book, Kinky Couples, Westside Tori, Miss Directed, Parting Shots, Monday Night Ball and The Scarlet Mistress.



TOTAL REBALL

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by William Black; starring Ashlyn Gere, Raven, Madison, Nikki Wild, Peter North, Randy West, Rocco Siffredi and Beau Michaels. Videocassette: Coast to Coast.

The first rule of successful theft of themes from legit flicks for the smut screen is to keep it simple and make it slimy. Director William Black sticks to basics in Total Reball, neatly filching the premise of Arnold Schwarzenegger's Total Recall and twisting it to his own prurient purposes. Reball is a stylish celebra-



Gere is a Total fuck.

tion of flesh in heat. The mercury rises with the opening flutter licks of Ashlyn Gere's tongue upon the buffed bulb of Randy West's beating bone, and just keeps shooting up through the moody, involving bonings of mystery women in dark glasses by menacing dudes in shades until it bursts out of the thermometer just like the overflowing fire-hose spurt of Peter North that leaves Madison's face a paste-dripping memory of its former self. $-C. \ S.$



RACHEL RYAN EXPOSED

One-Quarter Erect. Compilation; starring Rachel Ryan, Mike Horner, Janette Littledove, Jon Martin, Joey Silvera, John Leslie, Rachel Ashley, Keisha, Champagne and Shanna McCullough. Videocassette: Western Visuals.

At least a compilation tape is honest about retreading porn, but this choppy mess is headache fodder if watched straight through. A fast-forward fanatic, however, can catch a few moments of frenzied fucking. Rachel Ryan getting her pussy stuffed by Billy Dee while Jerry Butler rams her up the ass is good for a few quick strokes, as is Rachel Ashley and Keisha's mean twatto-twat tryst. Janette Littledove refuses to kiss Jon Martin, but has no problem wrapping her mouth around his cock, and then yelping like a true porn slut while he sticks his dick up her snatch. As good as these are, *Ryan* is overexposed.

— *Rusty Knox*

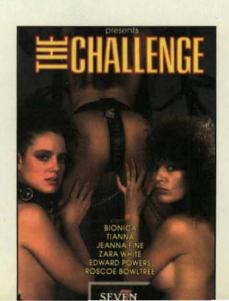


THE CHALLENGE

Half Erect. Directed by Bruce Seven; starring Bionca, Tianna, Jeanna Fine, Zara Whites, Edward Powers and Roscoe Bowltree. Videocassette: Bruce Seven Productions.

A woman doesn't need to be a dog to look good on the end of a leash, but even the most craven mutts are much more attractive when tethered, teased and tortured. When the slattern has an ass so perfectly firm and round as the apple-cheeks of tight-tush Tianna, the red ridges that rise from a spanking hand or whipping leather only serve to form an outline of enhanced beauty. Strap Zara Whites into slinky lingerie, tie her to a desk and let her writhe, rump twisting high and vulnerable, and suddenly she's the most mesmerizing vision since Tianna. Bruce Seven's private reserve of video raunch is legendary, with stories of trussed and fist-fucked bitches shoving dildos up one another's clamped-open holes as demented dudes slap their tits and buns raw. None of that hard-core action happens in *The Challenge*. Seven provides the chicks and the rope, but everything else is left to the viewer's imagination.

— C. S.





A Grand bit of couch wrestling.



SUZANNE'S GRAND AFFAIR

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by R. U. Hardyet; starring Suzanne St. Lorraine, Kimberly Kane, Dusty, Cindy Labare, Renee Morgan, Renee Summers, Sukoya and Ron Jeremy. Videocassette: Cal Vista.

Like most of the fuck tapes being pinched off these days, *Grand Affair* is a lesson in how to package a sow's ear in a silk purse. Those hoping to see tantalizing covergirl St. Lorraine scarfing dick and begging for more will be disappointed by her single girl/girl scene—then her disappearance from the video. The best this tape has to offer is the shockingly attractive Kimberly Kane, but she gets fucked by hairy pig Ron Jeremy. The only thing grand about this tape is the piano on the front cover.

—Jody Davis



The Swap: Sex traded away for story.



THE SWAP

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Paul Thomas; starring Jennifer Stewart, Sharon Kane, Jerry Butler, Joel Shultz, Madison, Patricia Kennedy, Paula Price, Heather St. Claire, Bridgette Monroe, Axel Wolf, Max Steed, Tom Byron and Lance Carrington. Videocassette: Vivid Video.

Paul Thomas fancies himself as being a cut above the typical slut lenser, harboring pretensions to aesthetic considerations that the rest of the field is just too base and ignorant to appreciate. Apparently Paul has felt stifled with the video genre; so he's stepped up to shooting product on film. Unfortunately, the quality, at least where the sound is concerned, borders on atrocious. Everybody in the entire movie has the same malady—terminal scumbag-mouth mumbles—as if someone didn't know where to put the microphone. Listening requires concentrated effort. Who wants to concentrate on the dialogue in a Paul Thomas movie? Wouldn't you rather concentrate on noteworthy fucking?—C. S.

Classics Erotical From the Past



Classics: History as fresh as today.

No HUSTLER Rating. Videocassette: Parliament Video.

Next time some pretentious porn hack spouts off about the advances made on the goop-slop genre by his or her putz product, take a look at *Erotica From the Past*, and put the self-aggrandizing scum dilettante's boasts into perspective. Shot in France by cutting-edge carnalists between 1899 and 1929, *Erotica* has everything today's avant-garde gonad directors have and more, or less. Of course, the clips are all brown- or black-and-white; the world hadn't been completely colored in back then. Luckily, the pigment deficiency didn't prohibit the nonchromatic natives from stripping down and sticking it in on film. Once the clothes are off, and everyone's in the boff, history is as fresh as today. — C. S.

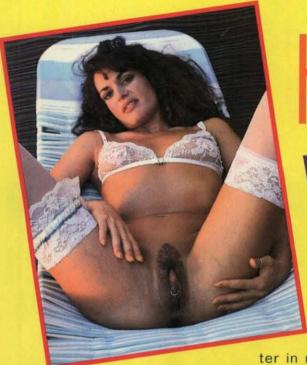


KING TONGUE MEETS ANAL WOMAN

Half Erect. Directed by Bobby Hollander; starring King Tongue, Rachel Ryan, Trinity Loren, Racquel Darrian, Derrick Lane, Kimberly Kane, Ray Victory and Barry Wood. Videocassette: Pleasure Productions.

Move over Gene Simmons, King Tongue is here! Boasting a hunk of mouth flesh almost as long as his johnson, K. T. proves the old adage that not only is black beautiful, but bountiful as well. He's the dream man for Kimberly Kane, who wants his sepia stick and tongue shoved in her dunghole. King also obliges Rachel Ryan, but he plunges into her poon rather than her pooper. Not to worry, though; Ryan does have her rear packed by Ray Victory in the stroker that starts the tape. The rest of the reamings can't hold up the heat, though they try. Racquel takes a nice spritz on the face, hair and mouth after a ho-hum hump from the monogamous meat of Derrick Lane, while a very pregnant Trinity Loren gets plugged from Rod Stewart lookalike Barry Wood, ending with a jet of jizz across her motherly mams and mug.

HUSTLER FEBRUARY 29



HOT Spot Brigitte Aime

This nasty French-Canuck spread from Montreal has a ring in one cunt lip and prefers a cock in her butt. "I think it almost feels bet-

ter in my ass than in my pussy," Brigitte confides. "I like it that way." Enough said.

Watch Brigitte get fucked in *Dougie Hoser: World's Youngest Gynecologist*, and get tied up and whipped in Bruce Seven's *Power Play*.



LESBIAN LIAISONS

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Angel Kelly; starring Jeanna Fine, Lois Ayres, Lauren Brice and Natasha Skyler, Videocassette: Soho Video.

Liaisons has no discernible story, offers only four sex scenes and runs a brief 70 minutes, but there's enough torrid sex here to put most bloated bone-a-ramas to shame. Jeanna Fine. sporting new dark locks, teams up with roommate Lois Avres for a food frolic that'll have viewers reaching for napkins by the bundle. After some steamy soloing on their slots, Lauren Brice and Natasha Skyler frazzle each other's fur in a bathtub. In the closing gonad-grabbing threeway, ladies Fine, Ayres and Brice take turns making their pussies purr, with Fine wielding a mean strap-on to slam Avres senseless. These Liaisons are more than dangerous; they're downright dickdraining deadly.



BUTTMAN GOES TO RIO

Half Erect. Directed by John Stagliano; starring Isabella, Angela, Daniela, Carolina, Sylvia, Denise and Brandy Alexandre. Videocassette: Evil Angel.

Shot on location in Rio de Janeiro during carnaval, this homemovie tape features six cute Brazilian beach babes who bounce about in the briefest of bikinis and less. They fuck and suck with amateur enthusiasm, and there's plenty of long, loving shots of delicious derrieres that are licked and fingered, but left unfucked. Too much nonsex beach and carnaval footage between the reams furthers the frustration. A Brandy Alexandre facial is as kinky as this tape gets. Don't blame it on Rio; blame the butthead who made it.

— Woody Hood

Foreign butt in Rio.

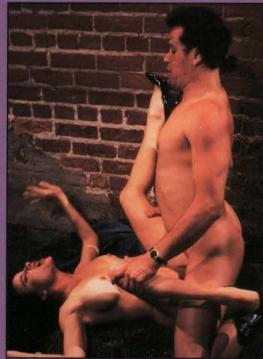




PRINCESS OF THE NIGHT

Half Erect. Directed by F. J. Lincoln; starring Lauren Hall, Jamie Gillis, Madison, Heather Lere, James Lewis, Tom Byron, Tony Montana, Max Stryde, Blake West and Viper. Videocassette: Vidco.

Vampires and porn stars share sort of a strange kinship. They're both constantly thirsting for more of something, whether it be blood, bone or bush, and are never sated no matter how often they score. This latest entry of blood-suckers finds Lauren Hall, Jamie Gillis and Madison as nocturnal neck-nibblers starving for virgin blood. Hall gets a few pints pumping in her opening slot-shot with James Lewis, and Viper closes things by fucking three corpses dry, but between those bookend boffs, Princess is pretty paltry. The tape does have a nice, brooding Gothic feel to it, with some good sets, makeup and music, but not enough to make it a night to remember.



Princess: Madison after virgin blood.



Divorce: Fleshy evidence won't stand up in court.

LIFE, LOVE AND DIVORCE

Half Erect. Directed by Michael Carpenter, starring Victoria Paris, Kelly Royce, Jillian Amore, Stacy Waller, Randy Spears, Gregor Samsa, Jesse Adams and Matt Lancing. Videocassette: Las Vegas Video.

With a title more apt for Oprah Winfrey than a porn film, this routine gash-bash about a woman whose hubby is suing her for divorce is just as generic as its name. Wifey wants to get some dirt on hubby, but most of these grinds won't make the fleshy evidence meter stand up in the most lenient of courts. Although the script is semi-intelligent, any seasoned stroker will take lust over literacy. a dictum this soap opera has backward.



Rogers, Cunt sucked, but not Wild.

unexciting camera angles, salamis slow to slam and a film editor who's in desperate need of a vacation all combine to undermine this uninspired tale. If only Danielle Rogers, Brianna Rai and Julianne Amore could fuck as good as they look, if only Raven Richards looked as good as she fucks, if only everyone would just shut up and hump, maybe the animal in us would be released.

HEATHER, HUNTED

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Judy Blue; starring Heather Hunter, Kim McKay, Madison, Heather St. Claire, Mike Horner, Rex the Wonder Horse and Max Stead. Videocassette: Vivid Video.



Heather: Not worth the hunt.

Be forewarned about Heather, Hunted, an exercise in flaccid acting, moody lighting and typical Judy Blue (a/k/a Paul Thomas) pretension. The story is some kind of murder mystery, but forget about such ridiculousness and concentrate on the only fuck worth a fuck: Heather Hunter getting royally reamed in the garden by Rex the Wonder Horse (yes, that's his name). Other than that, the only thing worth hunting for on this tape is the end credits. -J. D.



WILD ONE

One-Quarter Erect. Di-

rected by Scotty Fox;

starring Brianna Rai.

Raven Richards, Juli-

anne Amore, Danielle Rogers, Randy Spears,

Eric Price and Jerry

Butler. Videocassette:

This tape starts sloth

style and never really

picks up much speed.

A verbose opening,

an unclimactic lez lap,

a sloppy, soused slut,

Legend Video.

BEHIND YOU ALL THE WAY 2

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by A. H. Lawrence; starring Susan Vegas, Steve Vegas, Randy West, Simone Lash, Brandy Alexandre and Lucinda, Videocassette: Soho Video.

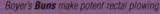
To see a chick fuck on tape, watch this Susan Vegas bitch. Pretty as an angel, but with the heart of a whore, she tackles any sexual obstacle head-on until she and her partner lie sprawled in exhausted triumph on the wet sheets. As the host of a photographers' getaway, Susan offers the best fucks-including a messy ass-and-pussy penetration - in a tape filled with good banging. Assholes and pussies get dicked and licked, and cum gets slurped. The ending is hokey, but the slippery, sticky, steamy sex before is well worth a watch. —Don Birman

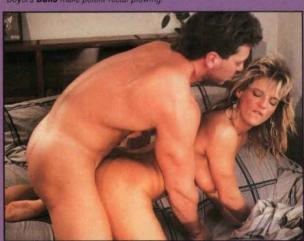


THESE BUNS FOR HIRE

Half Erect. Directed by Roy Karch; starring Erica Boyer, Debi Diamond, Jesse Eastern, Mandi Wine, Chaz Vincent, Dizzy Blonde, Blake Palmer, Jason Lynn and Satina. Videocassette: Las Vegas Video.

If These Buns accomplished nothing else, it at least got Jesse Eastern into a bathtub, probably for the first time in months. Joining him in the tub are some water, his dick and Mandi Wine. Eastern eases around behind Wine and appears to slip his wang into her S-rings, his stomach bloating out as round and firm as her buns. Erica Boyer was formerly known for her indiscriminate butt-depravity, and she makes a return to assdebauchery in Buns, but only upon the gland of her real-life steady stud, which makes for a discriminating but potent rectal plowing. The Blake Palmer porking of Debi Diamond's pooper is intercut throughout the shit-sticking proceedings, and never really gets going before it's gone. Hired glands aren't what they used to be. - Kurt Blume







Taylor catches West in a Meltdown.



Half Erect. Directed by Duck Dumont; starring Rachel Ryan, Cheri Taylor, Randy West, Tiffany Storm, Jamie Gillis, Bridgette Monroe, Peter North, Don Fernando and Edward Powers. Videocassette: Las Vegas Video.

It's so hot-we're talking Africa hot-that the last thing on anybody's mind would be fucking, but that doesn't stop the hardy hussies and stiff-sticked studs of Meltdown. And two scenes make it even hotter: Rachel Ryan gives up a back-alley banging to Peter North; and Gillis and North team for a pool-table pounding of Cheri Taylor, finishing her off with a creamy body wash. The rest is stock stroker's material, although director Duck Dumont deserves kudos for creating a sultry atmosphere, even if the majority of the cast never sweats a lick.



DENIM DOLLS 2

Half Erect. Directed by Gordon Vandermeer; starring Debi Diamond, Tracey Adams, Tamara Lee, Marilyn Rose, T. T. Boyd, Marc Wallice and Eric Price. Videocassette: Cinderella.

Forget about using Spanish fly or any other aphrodisiac; just throw on a denim jacket and let the fucking and sucking begin. That's the premise here, as Tamara Lee brings home a jean jacket that starts off a series of hit-and-miss muff maulings. The film picks up pecker points during a Debi Diamond/Marc Wallice encounter. Diamond grunts, groans and grimaces, getting off as Wallice alternates between sticking his dong and a dildo inside her. A nice labe-lashing with Diamond and Marilyn Rose also churns choad, making Denim a comfortable fit.

Diamond and Rose are Denim's best fit.





SHE'S GOT THE JUICE

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Gordon Meer; starring Chaz Vincent, Lynn LeMay, Lauren Brice, Brittany, Marc Wallice, Tom Byron, Dizzy Blonde and Wayne Stevens. Videocassette: Cinderella.

Actually, nobody in this dismal excuse for porn has any juice. The only life is Lynn LeMay. She plays a bikini-clad bimbo out getting some sun and being pestered by Wayne Stevens. She keeps refusing his sleazy advances, but finally gives in, and they get down for a couple of minutes of heated fucking. After that, the show slips back into the Limp Zone. Brittany doesn't even get fucked, but she slicks down Marc Wallice and Tom Byron with her mouth for unexciting blowjobs. and then tilts her head out of the way when Byron squirts her mug. If the bitch doesn't want to be despoiled, why the hell is she in porn?

A quick checklist of X-rated films (F) and videos reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER and HUSTLER EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE.

Fully Erect

The Adventures of Buttman Shadow Dancers 2 Where the Girls Sweat

Three-Quarters Erect

Black Stockings **Buttman's Ultimate Workout** Earthquake Girls Mistaken Identity Party Doll Sorority Pink 2 Those Lynn Girls The Wrong Woman

Half Erect

Family Affairs

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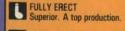
One-Quarter Erect

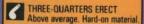
The Bottom Line The Hot Lick Cafe Mummy Dearest Out for Blood Tug o' Love Vegas Vice Wet Paint Where the Boys Aren't 3

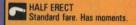
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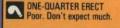
The G Squad Swingers Ink Where the Boys Aren't

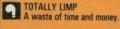
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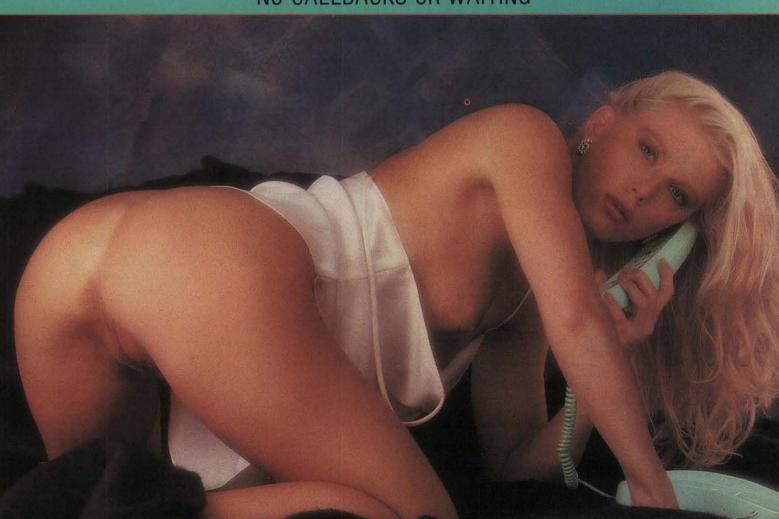
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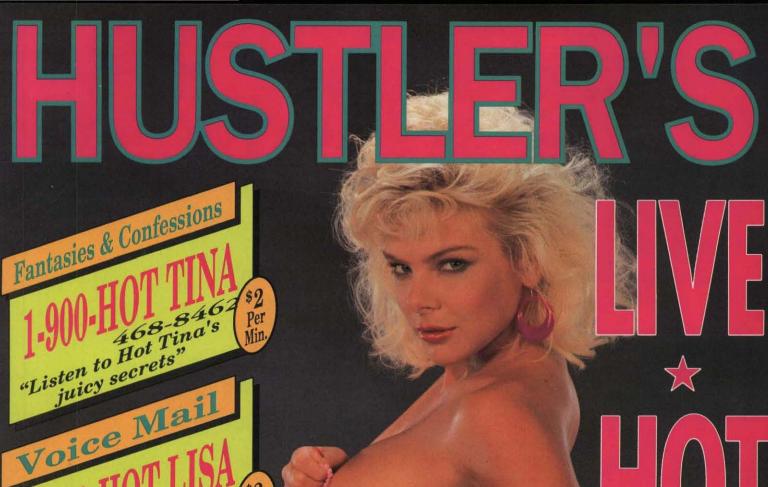
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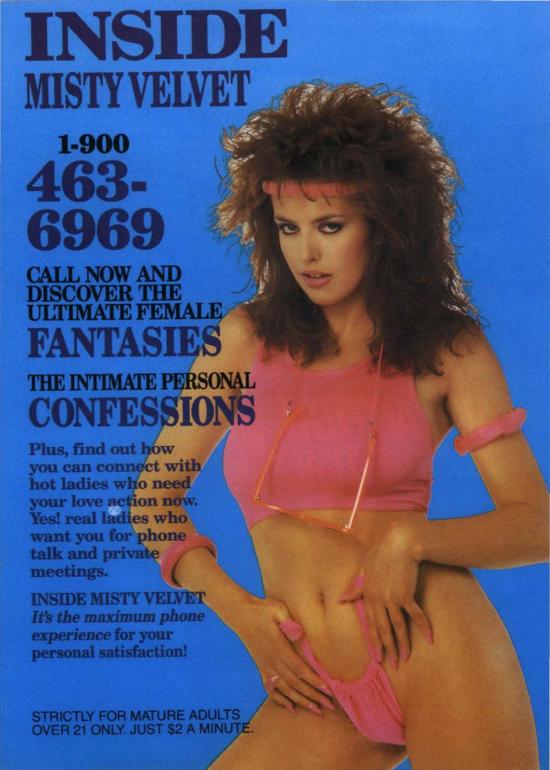
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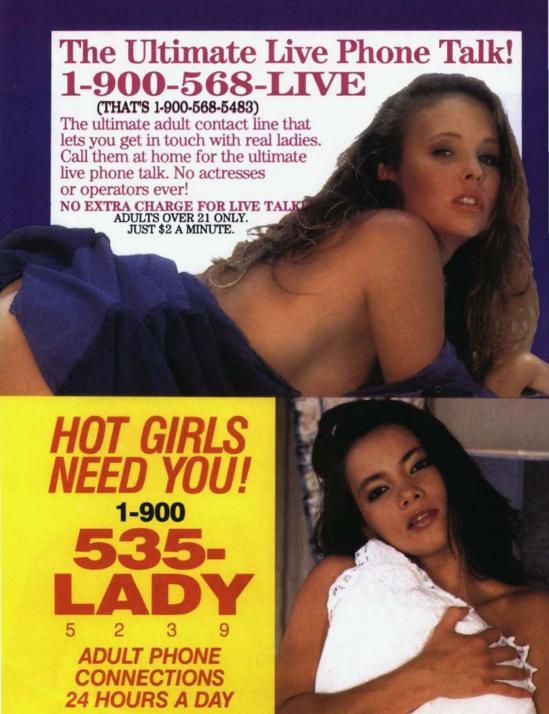
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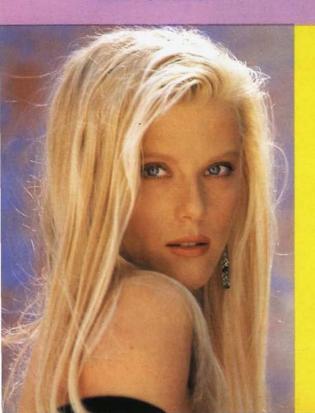
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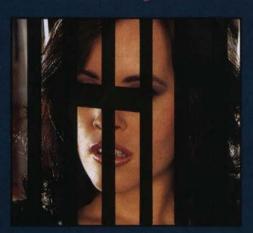
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THE END OF INNOCENCE

There's a certain kind of guy that makes me want to tear my clothes off and jump on top of him in a 69. My new boyfriend Neil is that type of guy.

We were sitting in his living room watching videos. I was too busy looking at him to give a shit about Tom Cruise. Seriously! Christ, his innocent face was an open invitation to my pussy. My cunt juices leaked down the crack of my ass as I imagined lowering my twat over his mouth and swallowing his prick to the root. His innocence turned me on, but it was also a problem. He was so naive that he didn't realize I wanted more than hand-holding and kissing, even if it was only our second date. I'd have to make the first move.

The perfect opportunity showed itself moments later. "Don't you like the movie?" he asked me.

"I'm looking at what I want to look at," I told him. To make sure he got the message, I squeezed the inside of his thigh. Hard. He closed his eyes briefly, like I'd sent an electric shock through him.

"I didn't know you liked me like that," he said bashfully.

"You didn't know that I wanted to cram your dick down my throat and suck out every drop?" Fuck, I loved the shocked, helplessly aroused expression that passed across his face when I said that! He was so sweet. He had no idea how to keep himself from showing how turned-on he was. "You didn't know that I've been aching to wrap my lips around your cock from the very first moment I met you?" I continued.

"No, I didn't," he moaned. He wasn't interested in Tom Cruise anymore either.

I knelt on the floor in front of him, my hands working to unzip his jeans and pull them down to his knees. He lifted his butt from the sofa to help me along. I could see that nothing would stop me from ravishing him completely. He was the type who'd let me do anything I wanted.

"Shit, I'm getting so fuckin' hot," I said. "I've got to take my clothes off too." I stood up and ripped off my shirt. Neil

sucked in his breath with admiration as I revealed the splendor of my body. I don't like to boast, and I'll be the first to admit that I have a pretty ordinary face, but from the neck down, I'm a perfect 10. My large, high-riding breasts with their berry-size nipples make an excellent contrast to my tiny, wasp waist and full hips. And my clean-shaven pussy is a calling card to oral lust.

"I want to see you naked too," I told him as he gazed open-mouthed at my body. He stood to take off his clothes, but moved awkwardly, like he hadn't had



much experience undressing in front of women. Well, I helped him catch up.

When I had him down on his back on the floor, I climbed on top of him in a 69 position. Shit, Neil may have looked innocent enough, but his prick certainly wasn't. It was a thick, long stallion of a monster, and I couldn't wait to savor the way it felt in my mouth. I arched my butt high up in the air so that he couldn't lick me right away. I wanted to concentrate totally on his dick first, and I didn't want to get distracted by a tongue on my pussy.

I moved my lips down his rod. Poor Neil could hardly hold still for my patented sword-swallowing deep-throat job. His butt bounced hard against the floor as he squirmed underneath my talented tongue. "Uh, ah, arghh," he cried, thrashing his legs.

When I'd sucked him down deep enough, I felt the crown of his cock nudging the back of my throat. Sometimes I gagged, just to put a little extra pressure on his dick. When he came, I was more than ready for it. My throat was already working up and down in eager anticipation of his warm juices.

He looked embarrassed when I finally rolled off of him. "I didn't mean to come," he started to say.

I shut him up with a kiss. "Fuck you. I wanted your cum. I wanted to taste you." I stuck my tongue in his mouth so he could see how warm and juicy his jism felt to me. He squirmed away.

"Can I eat you?" he asked politely.

I flopped back on the floor and kicked my legs open. Neil squatted between my knees, burying his innocent face in my wet pussy. I felt shivers all the way to my toes when he stroked his tongue across my fat, hard clit.

"That's the way to do it," I purred. "Oh, yeah, you really know how to suck pussy, don't you, boy?"

He made a soft moaning sound as he swirled his tongue across my twat. My hips heaved deliciously. A lot of guys act like they're too macho to suck out a woman's cunt, but let me tell you, Neil was never more of a man to me than when he was fucking me with his flexible tongue.

I came hard, right in his face, but he kept on licking. The tiny muscles inside my twat squeezed his curled-up tongue again and again. Shit, he milked me out of everything I had!

When he'd sucked me to two more strong orgasms, he finally lifted his face from my snatch. His mouth and cheeks were smeared with my flow. As I watched, he stuck out his tongue and carefully licked his lips, like a cat licking up cream. His cock was harder than ever.

"I think I'm wet enough to fuck," I said softly. "What do you think?"

"Oh, yes. Oh, fucking yes," he replied. A glimmer of a sex demon came to life in

The Wild Ones



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HOT LETTERS

She slapped her jutting, jelly boobies against my face and continued jerking my cock, but she didn't put her finger back into my butt.

his shy eyes. I'm proud to say I lit that fire. I shut my eyes and spasmed like mad when I felt him skewer into me. Give me a puppy-eyed, bashful guy over Tom Cruise any day.

—M. I.

Kansas City, Missouri

LESBO LEARNS

From what I heard, lesbians are notoriously loyal when they are coupled in a nasty girl-girl relationship. But now I know that nothing's written in stone.

I'm a 22-year-old guy who recently got his discharge papers from the U.S. Army. A knee operation never really healed right, and I've got a bum leg. I didn't mean to get myself involved with two cunt-lapping females, but that's what happened.

From the moment I expressed interest in sharing their big, two-story apartment, Connie and Sharon made it clear that they liked the idea of having a man live with them for protection and appearance's sake, but that neither of them had any use for men in a sexual sense.

Six weeks later, I was in the bathtub of my new living quarters, soaping up my prick and nuts, when Sharon, a five-foot, red-haired goddess, walked into the bathroom. She was a 19-year-old nursing assistant at the local hospital.

"What's that you got there?" she drawled seductively as she stared at the rod hardening in my hand.

"I imagine you've seen one of these at the hospital," I replied as my prick embarrassingly popped out to full erection.

She looked away and fumbled in the medicine cabinet, pretending that was the reason she'd ventured into the bathroom.

As I sat there in the tub, my cock overflowing the grasp of my fist, I couldn't stop staring at her honeydew-melon tits. She was just wearing a tank top, and they were sort of just hanging there, begging to be fondled.

I reclined back in the tub and angled my hips so that my cock and balls were totally out of the warm bathwater. Almost without knowing what I was really doing, I slid my hand up and down my throbbing cock.

Sharon brazenly watched my jerkingmonkey act. Suddenly my sense of nakedness and shame was incredibly overwhelming. I flushed red in the face, but continued beating my meat anyway.

She stood there for a long moment, her cold, green eyes meeting mine, her breasts dangling just out of my reach. She put a

finger to the corner of her mouth, tugging at her cherry-colored, pouty lower lip.

Finally she squatted down by the tub and reached for my cock, which pulsated harder as her hand made skin contact. I thought I'd blow my wad right there, but only a couple of drops of pre-cum popped out of my cock slit. She plucked away the pre-cum with her thumb and forefinger and dissolved it in the bathwater, then gripped my cock with her right hand and rubbed it vigorously, pausing occasionally to pat and squeeze my balls and that sensitive area underneath the back of my cock head.

It felt good. I eased back and enjoyed it. Without warning, the little, innocent-looking lez sunk one of her fingers into my soapy asshole and wiggled it around. My cock inflated even further until it was as taut and tight as a balloon about ready to pop.

Just as I was about to blast away with a gigantic load of jism, she pulled her index finger out of my asshole and stopped pulling my pud. She took off her soppingwet T-shirt. I noticed a wet spot in the center of her panties that wasn't bathwater.

She slapped her jutting, jelly boobies against my face and continued jerking my cock, but she didn't put her finger back into my butt. I missed that. It was the most shameful thing I ever had to do, to ask for what I wanted: "Sharon, will you please put it back in there?"

She acted like she didn't know what I meant. "Put what? Where?"

"Put your finger back in my shithole."

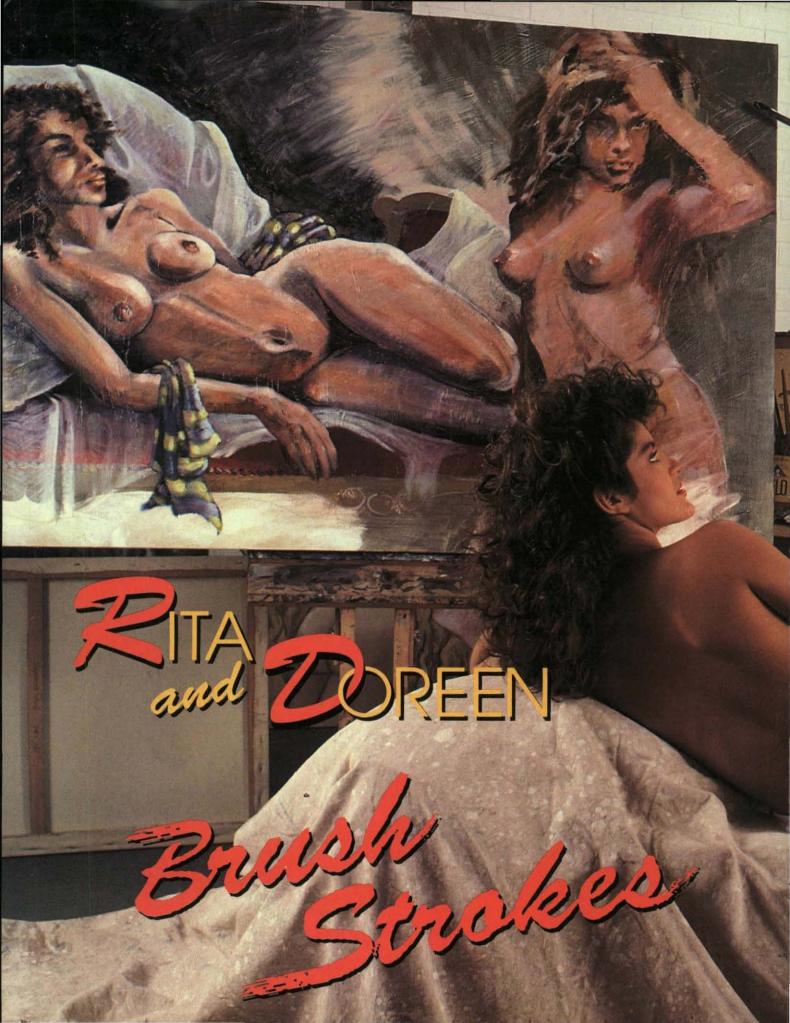
She motioned for me to stand up in the tub. I did, and this wild, young miss promptly wrapped her pouty lips around my rod, sucking and lashing at my meat with an eager tongue. She crammed her finger into my asshole, and I emptied my balls of jizz, squirting into Sharon's hot mouth. She swallowed almost all of my massive load.

She got into the tub with me and soaped herself clean so her girlfriend Connie wouldn't smell my sex on her. She and Connie still sleep together, but that day Sharon discovered that she likes sex with men too. So far I have been the only male recipient of her cunt, mouth, tits and ass. The secret's a pleasure to keep. —D. N. Mobile, Alabama

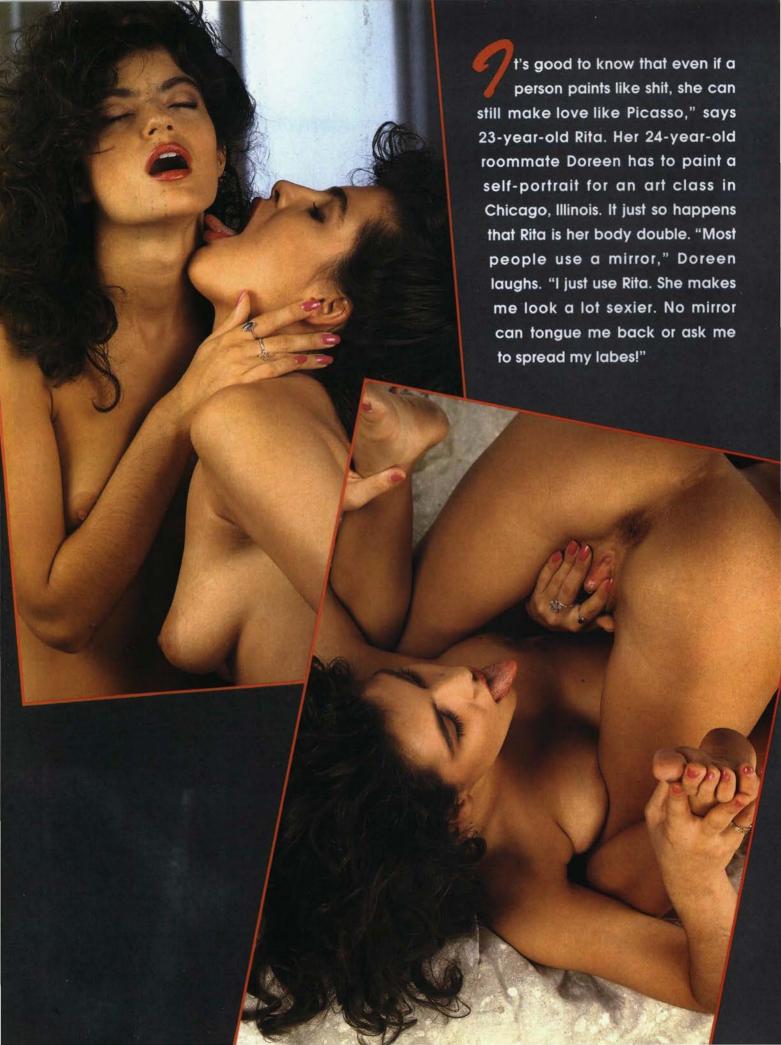
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"I miss the good old days when men were real men!"



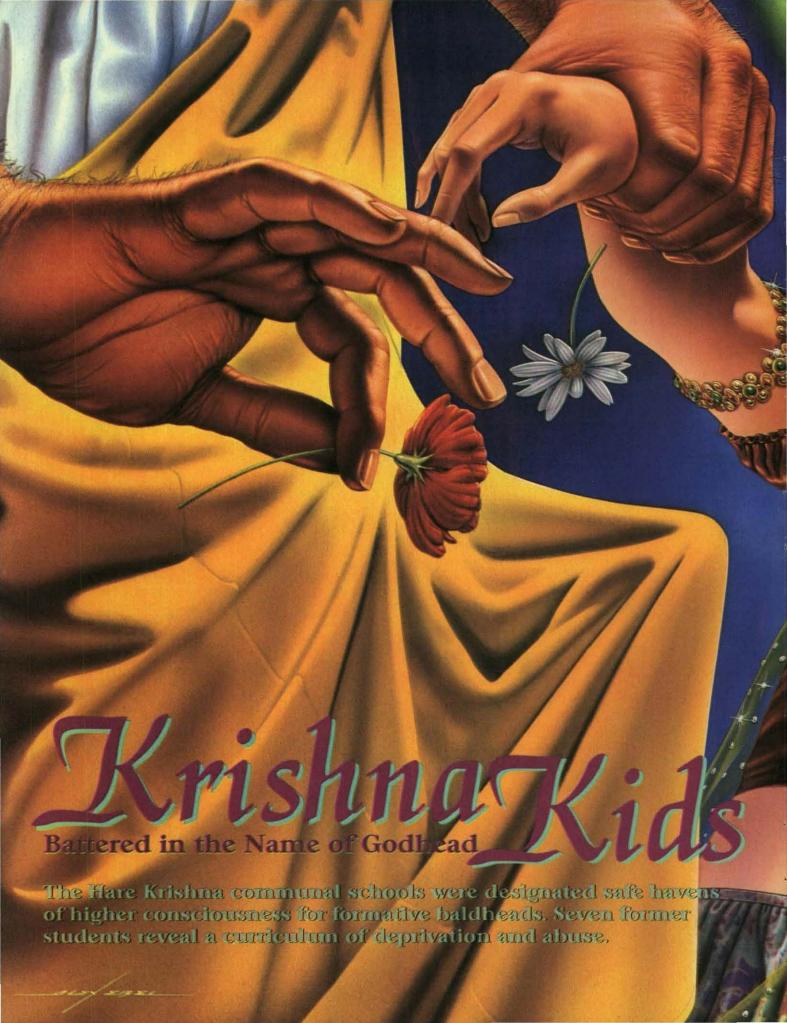


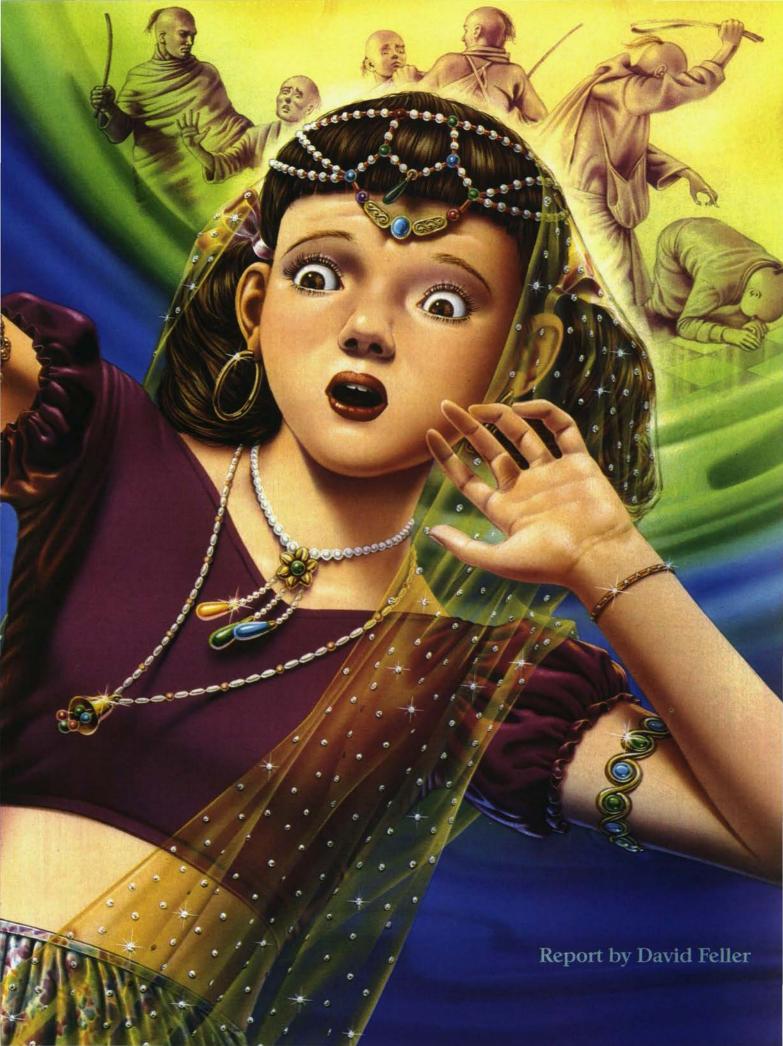












Before she was 18, Lisa tied the knot a third time and had two children. She went through her first labor on a barn floor at the age of 15.

At 12, Jennifer Parker was married—to a man in his 20s, whom she had never met. When she refused to talk to him, she was beaten. Her friends were married to men over 40, and they were beaten for not having sex with their husbands.

At 13, Lisa Weltmer wed her second husband. She wasn't given much choice in the matter. He tried to rape her, and he fractured her ribs in one of their regular spats. Before she was 18, Lisa had tied the knot a third time and had two children. She went through her first labor alone, on a barn floor—at the age of 15.

At least nine girls, most of them 11 or 12, were railroaded into strange June-December tie-ups with adult men. These young girls had fallen into the hands of the International Society for Krishna Consciousness, ISKCON—popularly known as the Hare Krishnas—and were victims of the movement's abusive school system.

Jennifer Parker's little pals, coerced into bed with middle-aged Romeos, thought that Jennifer was lucky. Since her groom did not follow the common Krishna practice of shaving his head, her school chums told her, "At least yours has hair."

In the beginning, it wasn't meant to turn out that way. In 1965, Indian spiritual master, His Divine Grace, A. C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada, a direct disciple of God—Krishna—"landed in Manhattan with saffron robes, a suitcase and \$7," a follower wrote, and begged money in the streets to pay rent on a little storefront temple on the Bowery. He only knew one tune, "Hare Krishna, Hare Krishna," and so forth. His dance routines were limited to the "Prabhupada step," the familiar one-two Krishna rag. And he wasn't much to look at. But the swami had a hit on his hands.

It was the '60s. Fed up with "the system," protesters, freaks, college students and pop icons joined Krishna's chorus line.

Prabhupada and his mantra hit the top of the charts when George Harrison recorded it on the Beatles' Apple Records. The septuagenarian heir of God took his show on the road, and San Francisco's Avalon Ballroom booked him to headline an all-star concert, with the Grateful Dead, Big Brother and the Holding Company, Moby Grape, Allen Ginsberg and Timothy Leary doing the warm-up.

Prabhupada sent out missionaries to people the earth with happy worshipers. Under the battle cry voiced by one temple president, "We will try anything to trick people into...Krishna Consciousness," apostles went to Europe, Canada, all over the U.S. and even back to mother India. ISKCON's membership rose to an estimated 3,500. Onward, Krishna soldiers!

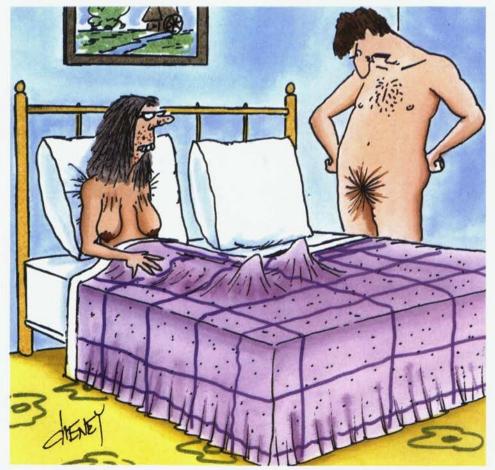
By the guru's direction, the first Krishna school, or *gurukula* (pronounced "guracool") was set up in Dallas in 1971, a "school designed to produce great men," the leaders of a "nice" new world.

Krishna-conscious parents got the word about the horrors of worldly, or *karmi*, schools, and the transcendental good vibes of gurukula, where "developing pure love of God is great fun." The kids came in for something else, a weird psychology experiment that might have been carried out by Dr. Frankenstein.

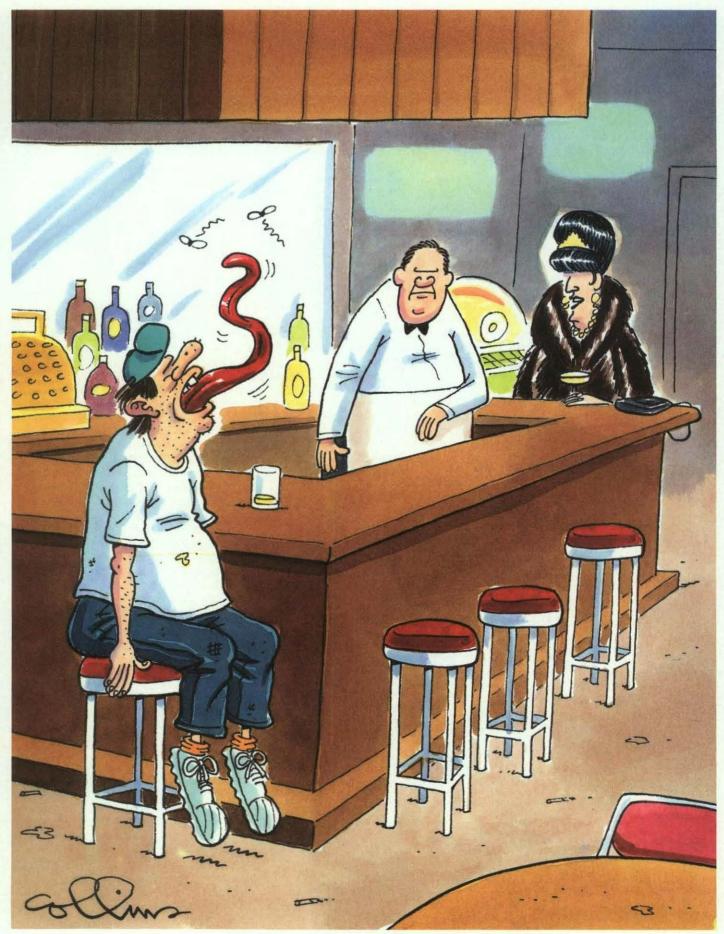
Seven Krishna-raised young people, ranging in age from 17 to 26, are hungry to speak of the experience. Ragz—that's his Krishna nickname—now 24, says, "You're the first person interested in hearing the gore and wonder of the children of the Hare Krishna movement."

It began in Dallas, Texas. Joseph Fournier, 26, "the first gurukula boy to join the temple," remembers that the eats weren't much. The people who ran the place weren't into "unnecessary sense gratification." The kids had to fast—their souls were more important than food. "That's why we're all pretty lean," Joseph says. "We all looked like little crickets, with our shoulder bones that stuck out." Adds Ragz: "They made me fast for three days because I would not eat my dahl [bean dish]. Dahl was so disgusting. And if you didn't eat it, they would save it for the next meal, and so on. Four days, they didn't let me eat. I was so hungry, and this dahl stunk so bad by then. It was putrefying." Joseph's brother David, who goes by his Krishna nickname Devz, remembers a teacher who made him choose his own punishment, either to be whipped or to go without food. "We'd be sitting there, and he'd have the plate in front of me, but I'm not supposed to eat. I'm supposed to be chanting. I'd get one grain of rice, and I'd roll it up my sleeve. Somehow I'd get it in my mouth and still be chanting. The next day in japa [chanting] period, I'd be throwing up, right in the middle of the temple room. It was all water; there was nothing else coming out."

Beyond the austerity was craziness. The teachers, "good old American cowboytype" people, were giving up meat, sex and sleep, and waking up at three or four in the morning to chant. The *ashram* ("dormito-



"Oh, picky, picky, picky!"



"Tell that gentleman I'd like to buy him the bar."

One teacher was thrown in the slam for sucking off students. Another allegedly took little guys on his lap and butt-fucked them in front of the class.

ry") teacher had to live with 15 kids night and day. Things could get very serious very fast. "One time this red-haired guy, Mohonananda.... This guy was crazy," Devz relates. "He was threatening to cut off my ear. He was on top of my chest with his knees, pulling my ear, and he had this knife there. I was freaking out. I was holding his hand back. That was the most traumatic thing that happened in Dallas."

When the Texas gurukula closed in the mid-'70s, the scene shifted to India—Mayapur, and then Vrindaban, near Delhi. "We were animals," says Damian Weir, 19. "India is the worst. In Vrindaban, I was beaten every third day, by bamboo stick or by hands. I was only nine and ten. It was like a jail. There were bars on the windows. All we ate every day was rice and beans, and one piece of fruit. And there were worms — this isn't just talk. You could sit there on any particular day and pick little white worms out of your food."

"To really understand the horrors of India," Ragz tries to paint the picture: "No water, in the middle of the desert, no electricity. You cannot imagine how torturous it is to be thirsty, and the only water available is salty. One time I was sick with malaria. There were five of us. Three had temperatures of over 105°. Anyway, the bathroom at that time...practically every stall was filled up with crap, every toilet. And there is no water on top of it."

But the real Krishna-conscious shit was in the mind, according to Devz: "I don't mind punishment, if it's right. But mind games and submission—it was too much." Devz committed the sin of not paying attention. "[They thought], *This guy is doing something else in his mind*. They didn't like that." One teacher, Manihar, Devz recalls, "really did like to break me. So he had all the kids pick up shoes and beat me. I never broke a bone or anything, but it's the most painful thing to see how this guy could turn all your friends against you. It was hellish for them too, having to do something like that."

Ragz was being groomed for leadership; he was a sort of student torturer: "I was probably one of the most brutal monitors in the history of our movement." One of his victims was Devz. "I organized a whole system of breaking the guy down psychologically. I said, 'Yeah, let's put him in the bathroom, that will humble him.'

The bathroom was where 40 or 50 kids beat their clothes clean every day. All that dried, crusted soap had to be scrubbed away. "You'd have to use a toothbrush or take a razor blade," Ragz continues. "To clean the tile work could take hours. Not to mention the grossness of cleaning out the stool that kids spray throughout the entire area of the bathroom floor. So I just worked up a program." Devz cleaned the bathroom every day before breakfast.

Why was Ragz so brutal? "There was a kind of competition to smash the spirit of any retaliation. That was the way our teachers worked. I wanted to be the most popular and powerful teacher. I wanted to kick ass and reform these kids. I did it very expertly," Ragz says. "I could really break people down and get their loyalty."

Early on in life, Ragz was "dragged in" to the Krishnas. "My mother kidnapped me from my grandmother," he says. Devz had a softer childhood. People remember his mother for her gentleness. As a gurukula teacher, Ragz says, "She could discipline the kids without raising a finger, practically."

Recalls Damian Weir: "India was the bad one. The kids couldn't wait to get out. It was like deliverance from hell."

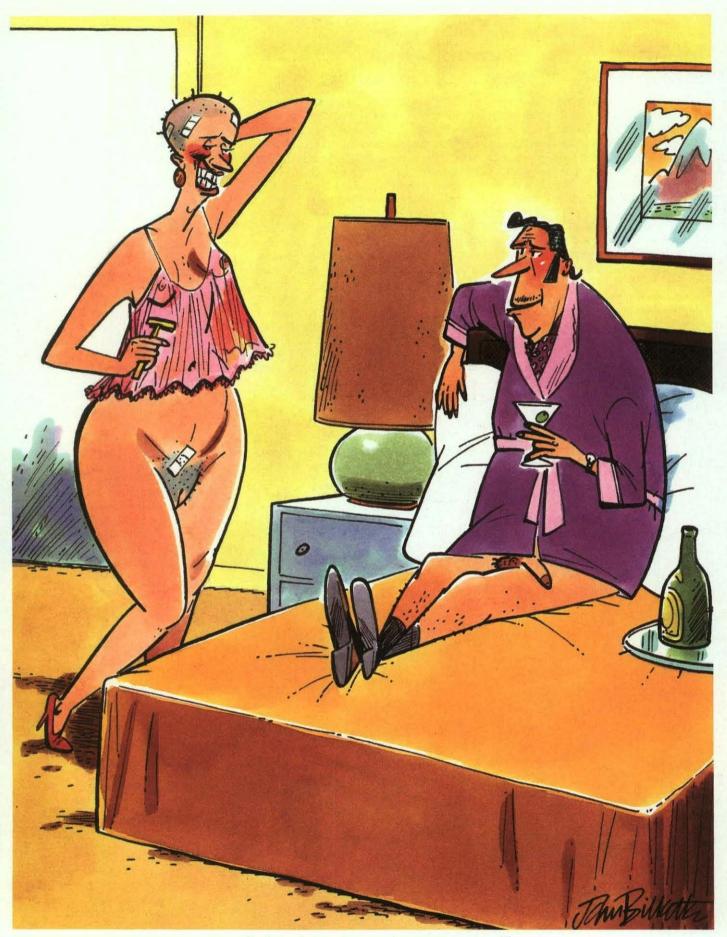
In New Vrindaban, things truly went to hell. This Krishna commune in the green hills of rural West Virginia was supposed to be where "the kids can play with cows, pick berries and play the pastimes of Krishna." It was also where the "Palace of Gold" was going up, and where cops were digging up corpses, and kids were infected with parasites and neglected (at least three died in accidents). One teacher was thrown in the slam for sucking off students. Another one, who allegedly took little guys on his lap and casually butt-fucked them in front of the class, took it on the lam to India. He finally returned and faced charges, but he was acquitted.

New Vrindaban was the domain of one of Prabhupada's original disciples from the first temple on the Bowery. His real name is Keith Ham, but he goes by Kirtanananda Swami Bhaktipada. The most stomach-turning photo of Ham shows him with his reputed lover, a postpubescent, shave-headed boy with hollow eyes reminiscent of Holocaust survivors, supposedly the son of Ham's former homosexual partner and best friend.

Damian Weir remembers the Palace of Gold as a teenager: "I was forced to work to help the Palace. There was no choice, no money. I was building fences, big fancy gates, waterproofing the whole ceiling. During the winter, there was no ride home. By the time I got home, I couldn't feel my face or my fingers, because they



"Run down to the slut's room and get me some more trash bags...."



"Actually, babe, I wanted you to shave just your pussy!"

"There was no toilet paper. You could wash a bucket out with urine, or the stool, and it would be considered clean. That was like the soap."

didn't even give us proper winter clothing."

Shannon Welton, 19, was seven when she first went to New Vrindaban. She recalls the odious sanitary conditions of the gurukula: "There was no toilet paper. You wiped with your hands, and you ate with your hands. There was a really bad cockroach problem. Once I had to eat my oatmeal, and I ate cockroaches." Cow piss and shit were all-purpose products. The stuff was used to "sterilize" the food buckets. "You could wash a bucket out with urine, or the stool, and it would be considered clean. That was like the soap."

When seven-year-old Shannon wet the bed, "[The teacher] would make everyone pee in my mouth. Everyone was scared. She'd lay me on the ground, and she pulled their pants down. They wouldn't; so she pulled them down. She'd squat them over me and say, 'Now pee in her mouth.' She was yelling. But no one would. She'd hit them all, and she said, 'I'll show you how it's done,' and she did."

Kirtanananda Bhaktipada, or Keith Ham, is enshrined in Shannon's memory from the darshans, or offering ceremonies. "You'd sing to him, and you'd offer him things, like incense and flowers. He'd throw cookies back at you. Everyone would crawl on the floor to get cookies. They were supposed to be special cookies."

Jennifer Parker, 21, remembers Kirtanananda too. "When you see him, you're supposed to bow down, just in awe." When she was nine, Jennifer was left at New Vrindaban by her mother. She tells us that it was common to marry girl children to older men. "If someone wanted to get married to a young girl, they'd marry them to her to keep them there." At nine she was courted by an adult "pervert," Ralph Seward, or Radhunatha. The commune leaders wouldn't let him marry her, because "he didn't have any power. But he used to bring me gifts, animals, rabbits, baby birds he found without moms, stray cats. He knew I like animals. Once, our toilet wasn't working. We ran out into the field to go to the bathroom, and he was out there. I was already undressed, lifted up my dress to go to the bathroom, and he was standing right there, which scared us, because it was a woman's area. What was

he doing there? He told us that he was chanting his round, japa."

Jennifer's friend Jannapuri was 11 when she was married. "They made her marry someone, and every time he came over, he was pleading with her to try to get her to do it, what she was supposed to do," Jennifer recalls. And on one occasion, "I thought she had her period. She was really upset; she was bleeding. She wouldn't tell me why, and she just laid down and didn't talk about it."

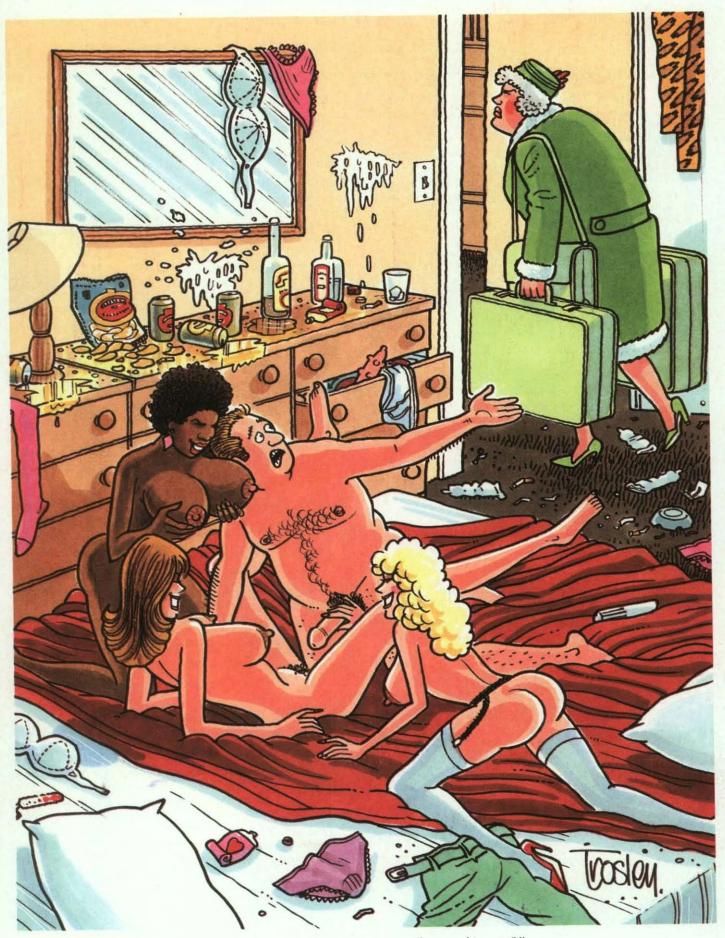
Jennifer herself was married to Javadava. At least she thinks that was his name. She was 12 and had not reached puberty. The bridegroom was in his late teens or 20s. "He was very rich. If someone had money, they had their way with people. He used to give me gold necklaces and stuff. I gave them to other girls." The young man suddenly went from wearing the yellow clothes of a bachelor to the white of a husband, and eventually Jennifer realized that she was considered married to him, "without me even knowing it. I refused to talk to him. So one day this teacher got mad and slapped me. They did things like that to get me to cooperate. Finally, as a threat, she told me I had to leave, thinking I would have nowhere to go. I was kicked out. But I had made friends with some people who lived near the property. They arranged to contact my parents, and they got me out of there."

Jennifer escaped New Vrindaban. Lisa Weltmer, whose story is typical, did not. Lisa was married when she was 12. (The ceremony included "switching flowers," an exchange of garlands.) At 13, she was expected to have sex with her husband, who was four years older. But she "rebelled a lot. I wouldn't let him touch me, and I'd lock him out of the room. So after a while he started beating me up. If he hit me, I'd hit him back or throw things at him. I wouldn't let him come near me. When Bhaktipada found out, he realized that it wasn't going to work; so he called it off."

But soon afterward, she was a wife again. "When I turned 13, there was this teenage boy who had problems sleeping with other married women. Bhaktipada asked me if I would help him out by marrying this boy. Well, I said okay, you know? Bhaktipada always told me I was one of his favorites, but he told thousands of girls that."

This young rake, Kalanidhi, started hitting Lisa too—standard seduction practice in Bhaktipada's Krishnaland. "Bhaktipada wasn't against hitting your wife," Lisa tells us. "He said if you have to set your wife straight, do it. You slap your dog on the nose and hit your wife on the cheek. His attitude was that every now and then, your wife needs a good beating." Eventually Kalanidhi "took me out way back in the very back pasture. And he said, 'Well, this





"You can't leave me, dear! Who's gonna clean up this mess?"

"Someone found me on the bathroom floor when I was ready to give birth. The nurse made it just in time to catch the baby as it came out."

is it, take your clothes off.' And I said, 'I'm not lettin' you touch me.' He came at me. I kicked him in the nuts, and I went screaming down the mountain. I had to run about a mile." She made it to the barn where she worked, and a friend hid her in a pickle barrel. When Kalanidhi got there, he "threw the boy against the barrel. I was sittin' right there in the barrel listening to it all."

After more of the ups and downs of a typical 13-year-old girl's marriage-Kalanidhi fractured Lisa's ribs in one scrimmage-she began dating a man in his 20s, Pavrita. When Kalanidhi wanted to take her to California, she felt that she "would have been a prostitute." So she "jumped into a marriage" with Pavrita. She managed to remain a virgin for a while, but just after her 15th birthday, there was a movie Lisa wanted to see in town. She made a deal with her husband-the movie date for sex. "When it came time to do it, I was real scared, and I kind of went back on my word. And he said, 'Look, you've been holding me off for so long. If you don't do it, I'm going to tell Bhaktipada you're wrong for me.' He would have kicked me off the farm. Where

would I have gone? I was only 14 or 15 years old. So I laid down, and he did it for about two seconds, and that was it. I ripped a lot; so I had to go in the hospital, because I was hemorrhaging."

After one or two Krishna quickies, Lisa was in a family way. "He said he wouldn't get me pregnant." When she was eight months along, her husband hit her in the head with a board. She began to bleed, to miscarry. When she went into labor, she didn't want to go to the local hospital where she'd had prenatal care. "The doctors there were really mean to me, because I was a Hare Krishna. They hurt me when they did tests and stuff, and I just refused to go. I didn't tell anybody I was in labor. It went real tough. It took ten hours. Someone found me on the bathroom floor when I was about ready to give birth; so they ran and got the nurse. And she made it just in time to catch the baby as it came out.'

Lisa and all these kids ended up where they were because their parents gave up the children to save them from the degradation of godless modern America. Today, these kids are strangers here. They stick together and understand one another. They room with each other, have dates and sex with each other, marry each other. Joseph Fournier says, "You don't really have 'world skills,' like for supporting your family. The only thing you really know how to do is sell." Joseph's brother Devz says, "We were thrown into submission. Being told you're gonna be a burn your whole life, you're gonna turn into one."

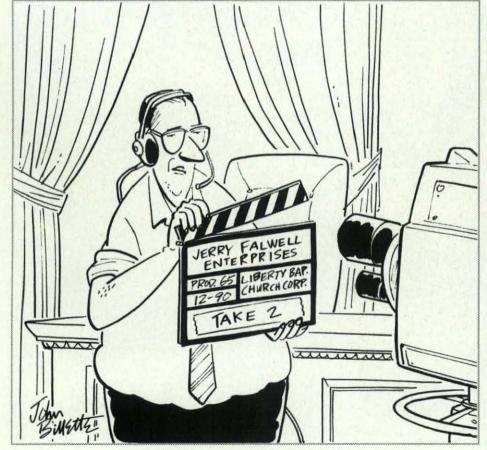
For Ragz, it's been rough. He was the true believer. Now out of the temple, he still calls himself "a very inseparable devotee of Krishna." He spends a lot of time trying to figure things out. "He loves to mull over all this," says Joseph. Ragz puts out newsletters and tries to stay in touch with other Krishna kids. With no work background ("I've only been preaching my whole life"), he has gone on welfare. He has a deep need to explain to others and to himself how a heaven-sent way of life ended up smelling like a Tijuana sewer. "People do strange things for love," he says. It all sounds like the love practiced in a big dysfunctional family. Yet most of the young guys are exuberant, exploding with laughter, high on life. Joseph Fournier tells why: "The suffering is temporary; the happiness is temporary. Since it's temporary, you should not be down. Even when you're down, you should be enthusiastic and not project suffering. You should uplift them some way, everywhere you go, so they'll say, 'Hey, that guy was happy.'

The women got the grimier end of the shit stick. "I'm completely illiterate," Jennifer says. "That's something I'm still pretty pissed off about." At 21, she can read a little, but doesn't "write too good." It makes it hard to support her six-month-old baby. "Some kids, mostly the boys, came out pretty educated. But [the teachers] really make you feel stupid. They suppress you. You're afraid to say something, 'cause you think you're gonna get smacked. When I came out of it, I went to psychiatrists for years. I tried to kill myself about five times."

"I feel it ruined my life," says Lisa. "I mean, I went [to New Vrindaban] at ten years old. In the period of 12 years, I've been married three times, and I've had two kids. I have no education. I had no self-esteem when I first left; I had nowhere to go. I couldn't even read. I was trying to survive with my kids; I didn't want to leave them there and let the same thing happen to them. I wanted to be someone who could live on their own."

Kirtanananda Swami Bhaktipada could kiss her ass.

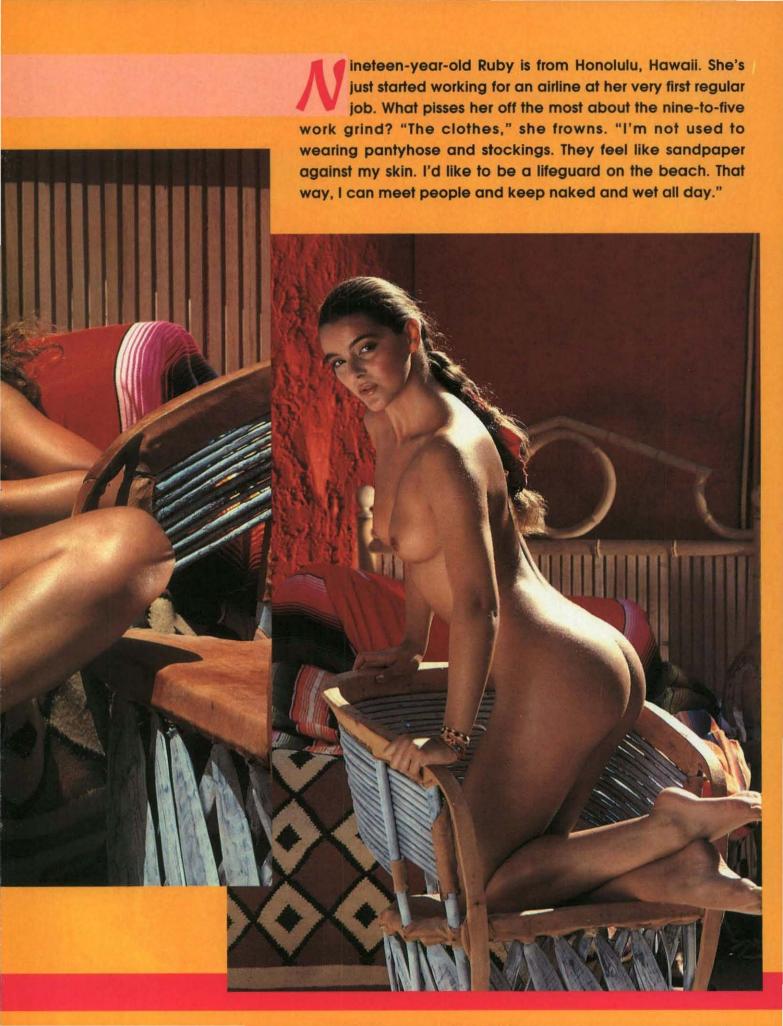
They'd broken her—the near rapes, beatings, children. She didn't have the education to make it in America. Hare Krishna is all she knows. At last report, Lisa is back in the movement.

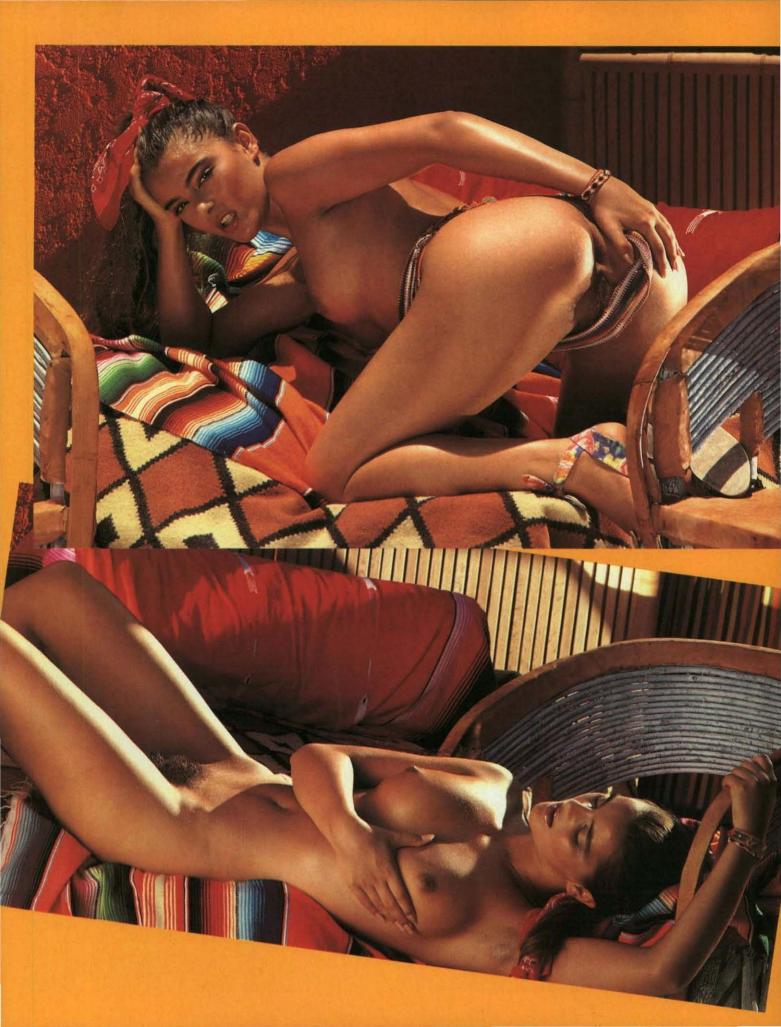


"The Rev begs for cash—take two."





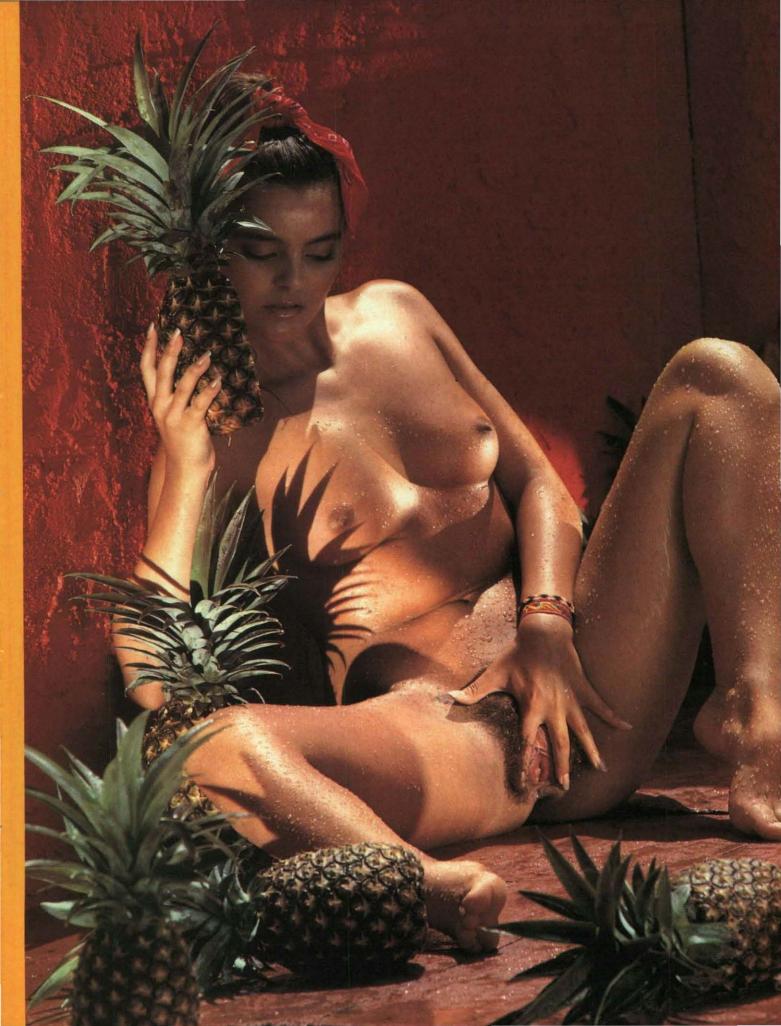




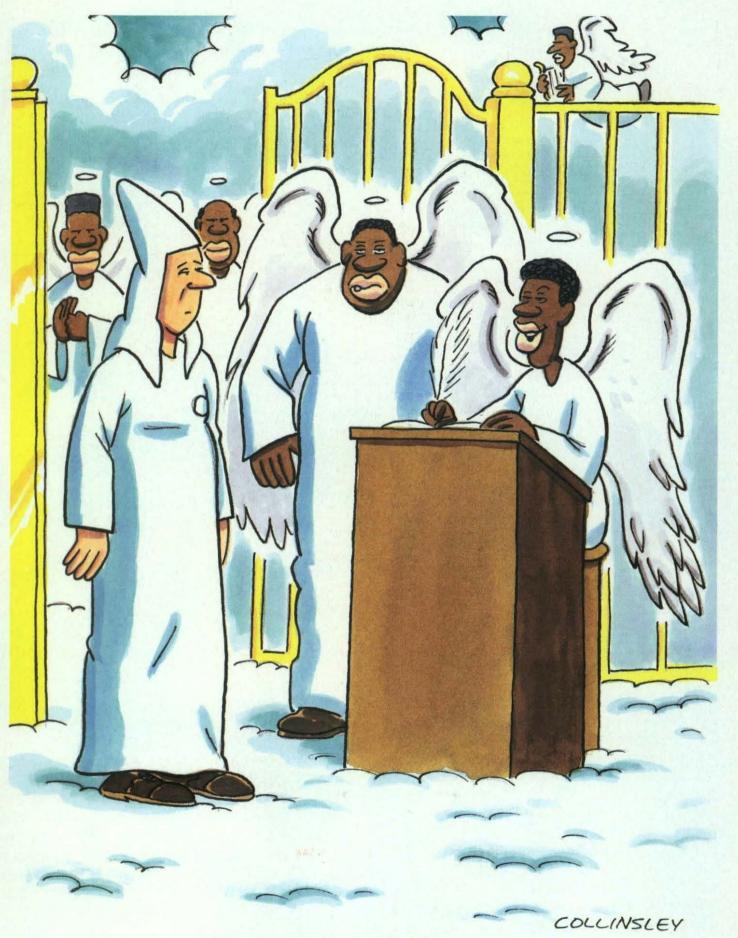






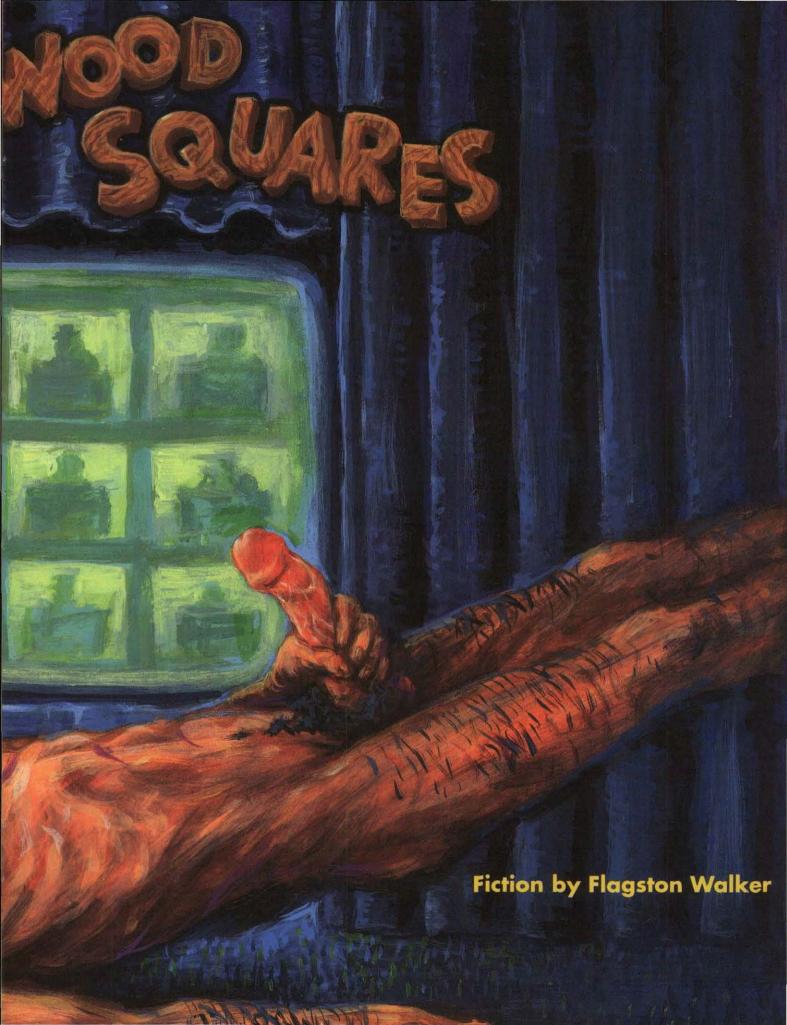






"Yes, you've got the right place. This is Negro heaven, and we're gonna kick your white ass for all eternity."





SQUARES

"You're worse than a slave." She coughed up a loogie and spit on his head. "A slave has dignity and will revolt. You're a dog with no bite."

Fast-trackers who raked in the money cutting property deals in Los Angeles walked tall, but they didn't walk often. Like Jack Borden, they preferred to ride in convertibles.

Jack made 50 calls a day, just from his Mercedes. At his office, he never stopped moving, never stopped talking, never stopped selling. Five red lights continually blinked on the genuine marble panel of his brass-lined office switchboard. Five calls always on hold. Five desperate people waiting for the good word from Jack. Even his enemies were awed by his ability to "wheel, deal, steal and close," as Millionaire Jack modestly described his workday.

Jack's business was real estate. A sure bet in the '80s. Now the market was slipping. It took a bigger shark than ever to fill up at the feeding frenzy. Jack expected 150% of his staff. He expected it of himself. He dealt industrial properties mostly, but his conversation revolved around the houses he sold in Beverly Hills, Brentwood and Bel-Air. That was class. That was show business. For Jack Borden hated dealing with industrial properties. He was desperate for a shot at the Hollywood

Hills. Every chance he got, he dropped the names of stars he'd never met. One time, at the Santa Monica Grill, he actually wheedled 20 or 30 seconds with Cheryl Ladd before the maître d' and a bodyguard escorted him away.

On the rare occasions when he did sell a house to a celebrity, the deal went through the star's manager, and went down at some star-treatment venue, usually a three-hour lunch in a Venice cafe where Jack ordered baby octopus in a sea of gray sauce and a bottle of Vouvray. For dessert he treated himself. Chocolate mousse.

Jack wasn't a company man anymore. He had his own business. Properties by Borden employed 17 agents. He had to know when to let loose and when to pull tight. Just last week, he fired a couple of agents who just weren't giving their all for him. Sure, they had families. They had mouths to feed. Who didn't?

Every Thursday afternoon he spent an hour at a seedy motel on Sunset and Fountain. Mistress Sarah lived there. The curtains in her room never opened. They were nailed to the walls.

The summer of the state of the

"Bad politician! Dirty, rotten, crooked politician!"

He knocked at 3:10, during the middle of Hollywood Squares. For three happy years, he'd never missed a Thursday episode.

Mistress Sarah came to the door wearing a patent-leather bustier and knee-high stiletto-heel boots. "You cherry-picking, faggot motherfucker!" she screamed, genuinely enraged to have missed a classic rejoinder from center-square Paul Lynde to red-face, eternally boyish *Squares* host Peter Marshall. "It's *classics* week! There'll never be another center square like Paul Lynde! I've waited all year for this! You're wrecking every fucking minute of it!"

"I'm sorry," pleaded Jack quietly. "I need it now."

Hollywood Squares cut to a commercial. Mistress Sarah stood in the middle of the room, shaking with anger. Jack sheepishly took off his shirt. He put it neatly over a chair. Except for his hands and face, his entire body was covered with burns, lash marks, bruises, welts and puncture marks.

"Stupid, stupid, stupid!" she hissed, unfastening his belt and snapping it out of the belt loops. "Give me your ugly butt!" She dangled the belt in her hand while Jack pulled his pants down, bent over and exposed his flabby, white ass to her. She lifted the belt in the air and whipped him hard, trying with all her might to break the skin.

"Is that hard enough?" She allowed herself some faint sarcastic amusement.

"Do whatever you want," whispered Jack, involuntary tears streaming down his cheeks. "I'm your slave."

"You're worse than a slave." She coughed up a loogie and spit on his head. "A slave has dignity and will revolt. You're a dog with no bite." She lashed him again.

He whimpered, tasting salt. She reached for one of four leather whips hanging on the wall behind the TV set and took the shortest one, with a steel stock and a series of metallic-studded knots woven into calfskin thongs. Jack Borden's whip of choice.

Her eyes burned like glassy volcanic rock, her vein-snaked biceps throbbing as she squeezed the hard handle.

"Take your pants off, idiot."

Jack took off his shoes and socks and pulled off his pants.

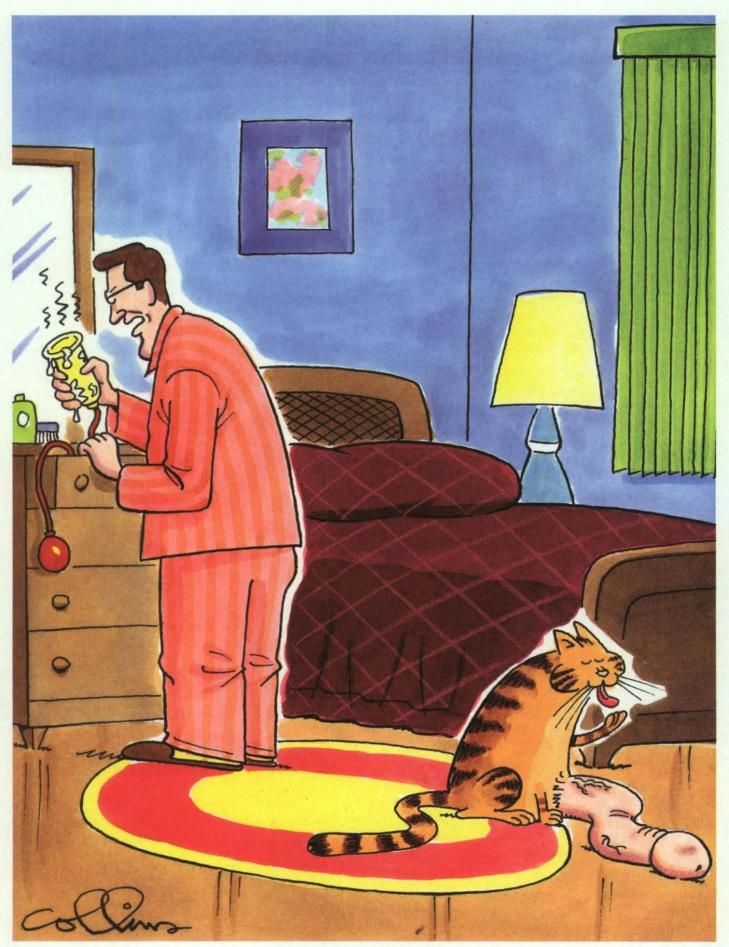
"Down, Porky," she commanded.

He stretched out on the floor on his stomach. He buried his hands in his face and whined.

"Please forgive me. Don't hurt me. I know you love *Hollywood Squares* more than me, but I couldn't wait to see you!"

The whip cracked the stale air. Nylon carpet fibers scratched his nose. The whip snapped again, a little closer to his quivering flesh. It would hurt bad. He cringed. "Now—" he squeaked.

Nothing came. "When I'm good and ready, you pathetic dicklick," said Mistress



"Hey! Who's been using my penis enlarger?"

SQUARES

"Lick the carpet clean," she coaxed. "Come on." She slid her pussy toward his face. "I'm on my period," she said. "Lick this too. Eat me, asshole."

Sarah. Hollywood Squares was back on.

"Totie Fields to block," said a fry-haired suburban kitchen-witch.

"Totie," said Peter Marshall to the nowdead, then-vibrant gargantuan entertainer. "True or false: In ancient Rome, physicians prescribed, for a long-lasting erection, a donkey's right testicle and a vulture's right lung tied together with strips of stork meat."

The studio audience howled with laughter. Mistress Sarah brought the vicious whip full onto Jack's tender thighs. The blow was unexpected. It hurt twice as much!

"True or false, carpet pig?" she shouted. "True or false?"

"False!" shouted Jack.

"I'll say true," said Totie Fields. "Although it sounds like the Milton Berle special at Canter's!"

"True it is!" confirmed Peter Marshall.

"You're wrong!" crowed Mistress Sarah to Jack Borden. Audience applause barely muffled his gasps as she whipped his red ass roundly. Each cut sank deeper. His butt was a marshmallow in flames.

She stepped aside to wipe the sweat from her brow. Dominatricing took a lot out of her. She gave him his money's worth, that's for sure.

Jack Borden made Sarah Burnside what she was today. She was just a cleaning lady at the Beverly Hills Hotel the day she walked into his bungalow to change the sheets and he ordered her to beat his ass with a long pair of ice-bucket tongs. He paid her \$400. Changed her life forever.

Now it was \$500 for 15 to 20 minutes. They'd both come up in the world.

She nearly vomited each time she looked at his blubbery butt lined with puncture wounds, red scars and short, black, curly hairs. She started lashing with a fury Jack had never experienced. She suddenly seemed to have the strength of Rambo, laying on slice after slice, lashing his legs, his back, his butt, his arms, kicking him in the side with the steel points of her boots.

He screamed in agony. He crawled away and curled up in a corner.

"I can't take any more," he cried out, covering his face with his hands.

"Would you like a nice, soft massage?" asked Mistress Sarah kindly, dropping the whip and running her hand gently

through his thinning, sweat-wet hair.

"Yes, please. I'd love that," he replied.

He lay down. She sat over him with her knees by his sides. She leaned over and pressed her breasts against his blushing back.

"I've got some wonderful massage oil. Don't move."

She got up and picked up a shaker of salt from the kitchenette. In the bathroom, she picked up a razor blade. She returned, got down on one knee, touched his back with the edge of the blade, pushed ever so gently and ran a six-inch slice across his skin.

Jack felt no pain, only a wild sensation running through his veins. She scooted forward, held the bloody blade in front of his eyes and rubbed some red on his chin.

He moaned softly. She tipped the salt shaker against his fresh cut and rubbed the sharp crystals into the wound. He jerked like a fish on a line, gritting his teeth.

"Now get on your hands and knees," she commanded. He did. She stood up.

"Look at what you've done!" she screamed. "There's blood on my carpet! The motel manager's not going to like that! Clean it up!"

Jack started to get on his feet. Mistress Sarah kicked them out from under him. He fell on his face.

"I just wanted to get a towel!" he cried.

"No!" she ordered. "Lick it up!"

"I will not!" he protested.

She kicked him hard. "Lick it up with your slimy tongue, or you get no more whippings from me."

Jack gingerly put out his tongue and lapped at the dirty, rough rug. Mistress Sarah pulled off her boots, stripped off her miniskirt and squatted down in front of him.

"Lick the carpet clean," she coaxed. "Come on. Get into it." She slid her pussy toward his face. "I'm on my period," she said. "Lick this too. Eat me, asshole."

She grabbed a few strands of hair on his balding head and jerked them out. She stuck her ass in his face.

"Lick my ass!" She shoved herself backward, forcing his tongue to perforate her asshole, then rolled him over and sat down hard with her asshole closing down on his nose. She farted. He tried to squirm away, but she held him down.

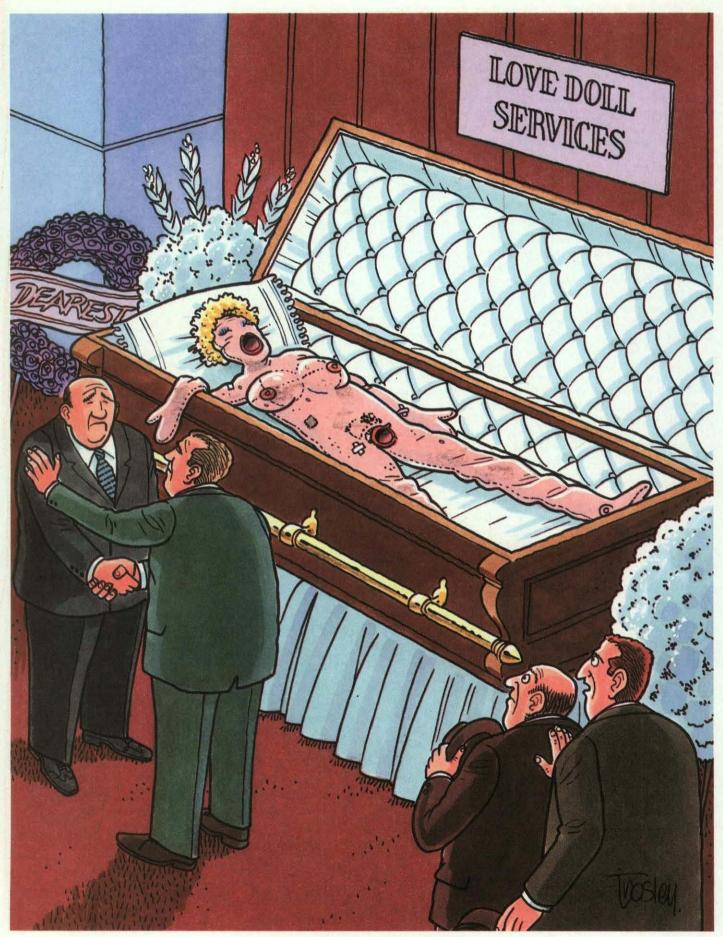
"Commercial," she announced. "Time for a break."

She got up to freshen herself. Jack lay on the carpet in a delicious puddle of humiliation.

She returned with an armload of roughbristled rope. She tied one end of a rope around Jack's left wrist and the other end to a doorknob. She tied another rope from a hook on the wall to his right wrist. From a pulley attached to the ceiling, she slowly reeled off a third rope, gathered the loops in her hand while idly watching Phyllis



"I want my money back! This fucker chases cars!"



"On the other hand, she was with him for 33 years...."

SQUARES

She calmly lit a Virginia Slims, took a puff, then ground the burning tip against his thigh. The acrid smell of burning body hair stung his nose.

Diller make an obscene hand gesture in a corner square on TV.

The board was lit up with two Xs in a row. Mistress Sarah quickly fastened the third rope around Jack's ankle and turned her attention to Peter Marshall and a nerdy computer-salesman contestant.

"I'll take Michael Cole to win," said the nerdball.

"I sold that guy a house," said Jack. "Michael Cole, I mean. I loved Mod Squad."

"Shut up!" reprimanded Mistress Sarah, striking him across his legs with the whip. "Let's hear the fucking question!"

"Michael," asked Peter Marshall. "Is anything perfectly white?"

"These ropes hurt," Jack whimpered. "They're too tight."

Mistress Sarah's eyes blazed. She grabbed a pencil off her coffee table and jabbed it into his arm, just below the elbow. Jack screamed. Mistress Sarah returned her attention to the TV just as Michael Cole answered the question.

"Nothing is perfectly white," he said. "That's right," agreed Jack Borden. "That's wrong!" sneered Mistress Sarah.

"All sorts of stuff is perfectly white!" Two seconds before the game buzzer

rang, the computer salesman sputtered: "I agree with Michael Cole. Nothing is perfectly white."

Lights and bells went off. The audience cheered. Peter Marshall yelled, "You win! Not even snow is perfectly white!"

Jack coughed a little. "See," he told Mistress Sarah, "I told you so."

She tightened her grip on the rope attached to his ankles. She ran her hands rapidly back and forth along the shaft. Jack's body rose into the air until his feet almost touched the pulley embedded in the ceiling. Her muscled arms jerked on the other two ropes. With each jerk, Jack's limbs stretched almost to the breaking point.

When his body was suspended in midair at about 45°, with his head below his feet, Mistress Sarah removed her patentleather bustier. She rubbed her nipples against his legs. His cock began to stiffen, heavy with gravity.

She calmly lit a Virginia Slims, took a puff, then ground the burning tip against his thigh. The acrid smell of burning body hair stung his nose. He shuddered, trying not to cry out, lips twisted in agony.

She stepped into the kitchenette and returned with a large chocolate truffle wrapped in gold foil. "Need to get burned with cigarettes to get hard, don't you?" she said quietly. She waved the chocolate truffle close to his face.

He craved it. He was as addicted to chocolate as he was to her whip. She took the chocolate, unwrapped it, spread her legs and dipped it into her bloody pussy.

He didn't want it now. She mashed it in his face, then shoved her chocolate-coated finger down his throat. He sucked her finger. She pulled it out quickly and slapped his face as hard as she could.

Jack barely noticed the whip. It came down fast, unexpected. Fire consumed his ass. His pulse raced. His breath was like a wild stallion's galloping across open prairie. His cock was ready to burst.

Mistress Sarah licked his prick, starting from the base and working up to the tip. She placed his aching prick in her mouth, shoving her lips all the way down to the hair in his crotch. Then she pulled away.

"Do me!" begged Jack.

"I'd sooner do the Elephant Man," she answered, disgusted. She raised her naked foot and kicked his chest. She wiggled her toes in front of his open mouth and shoved her foot inside. He sniffed her toes like they were fresh roses and licked her foot like a lollipop.

She vanked her foot away and picked up a pair of pliers. "Ready for this?" she asked.

"No!" he shouted. "Not yet! It's too soon!"

She held the open pliers over his right nipple. The expression on Jack's face was one of sheer terror. Her cruel hands squeezed hard on the handles. He screamed and bucked, swinging like a piece of hanging beef in a meat locker.

A load of white cum shot in the air. She rubbed her free hand in it and smeared it all over his face.

She quickly untied the knots. He fell to the floor. She massaged his wrists and ankles. He put on his clothes.

"Nothing visible," he said approvingly.

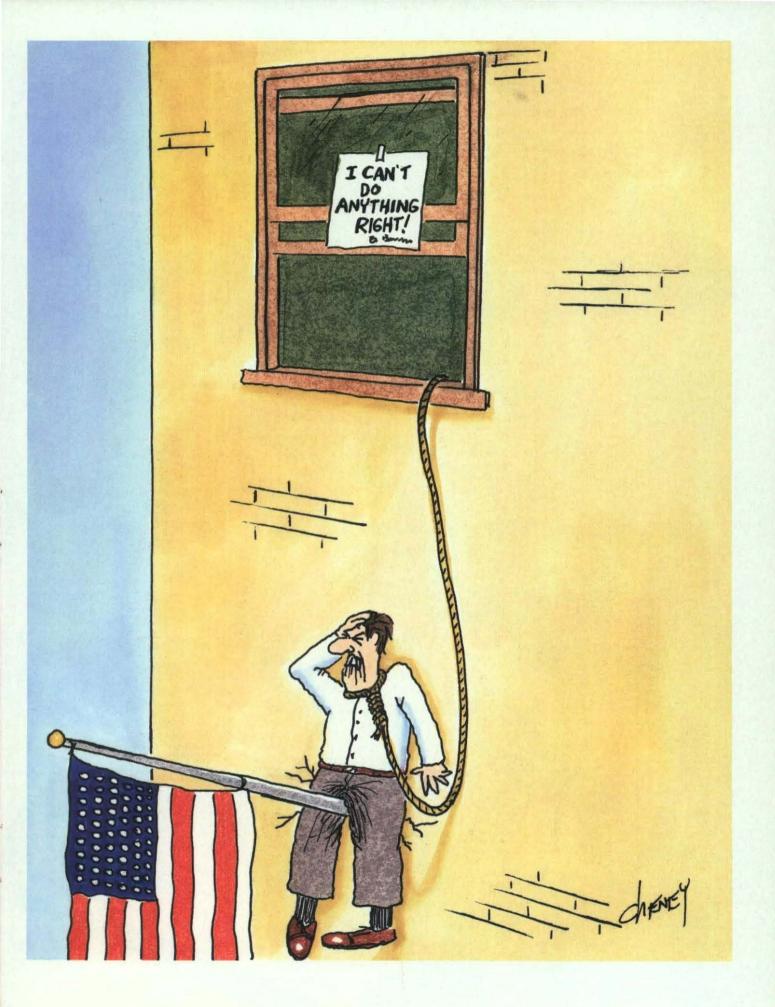
It was Mistress Sarah's turn to be insulted. "Have I ever left a mark where it might be seen?" she asked.

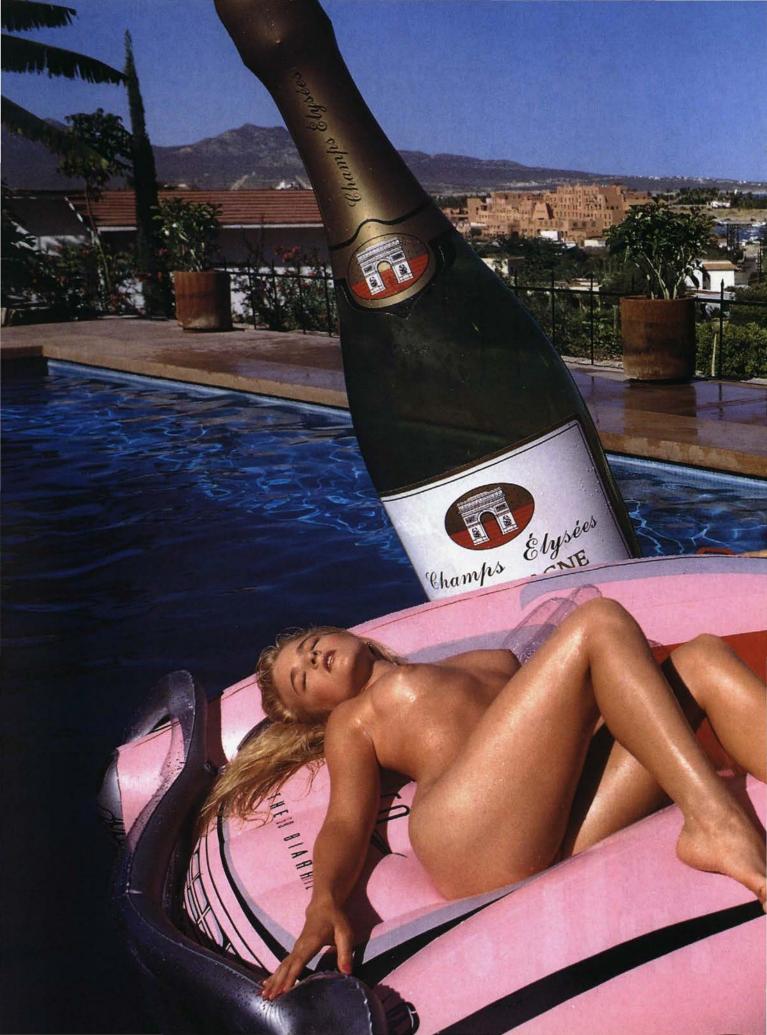
"See you next week," he told her, stuffing a wad of crisp bills between her tits.

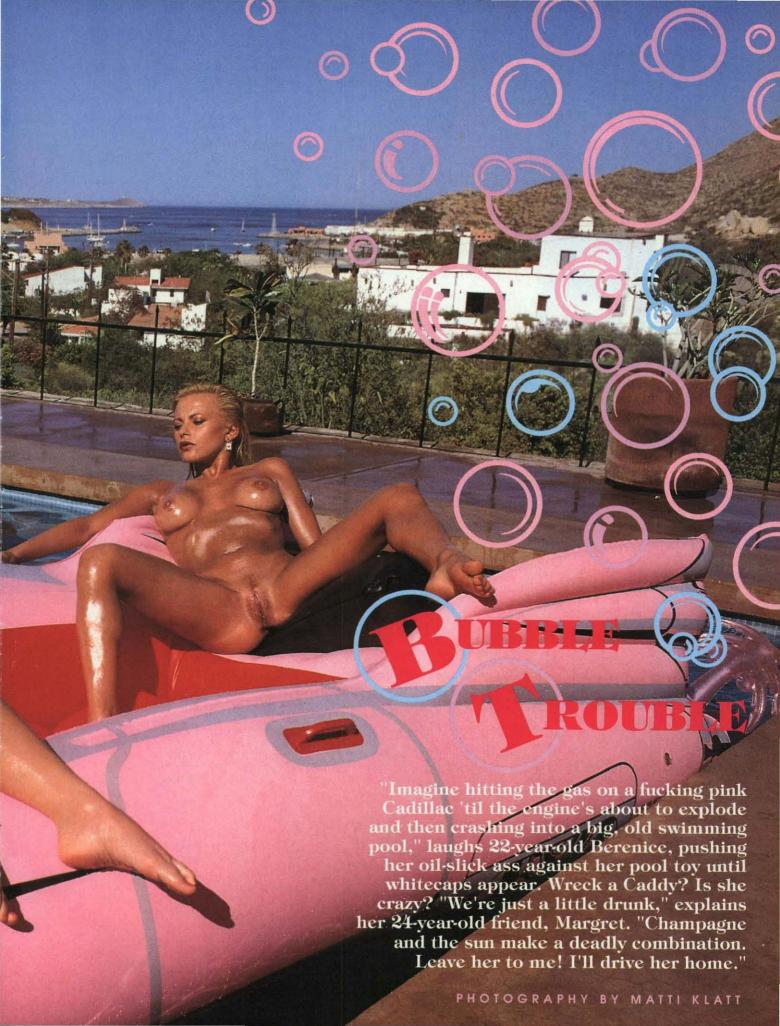
He stepped into the blinding light of the afternoon and marched to the limousine, where the pansy chauffeur sat snoozing.

Jack pounded the side of the car with his open hand. The chauffeur woke up with a start. "Let's get going!" commanded Jack Borden with the authority of a ruling tyrant in the Third World. Filled with humiliation, aching from head to toe, he was once again the toughest son of a bitch in town.





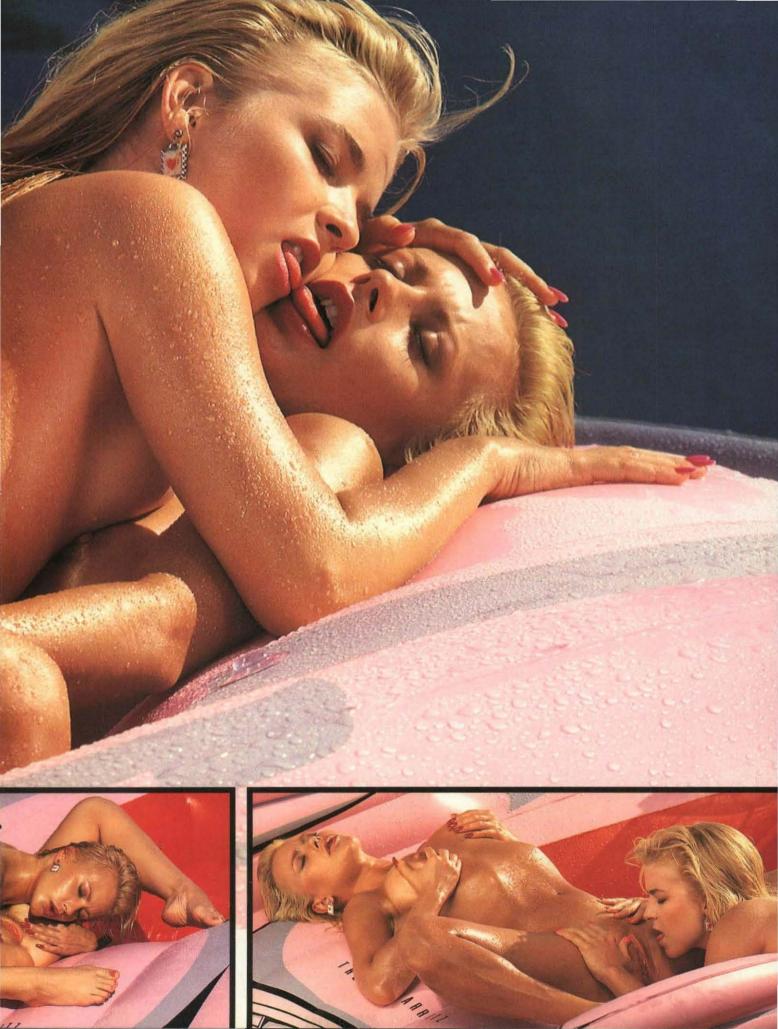


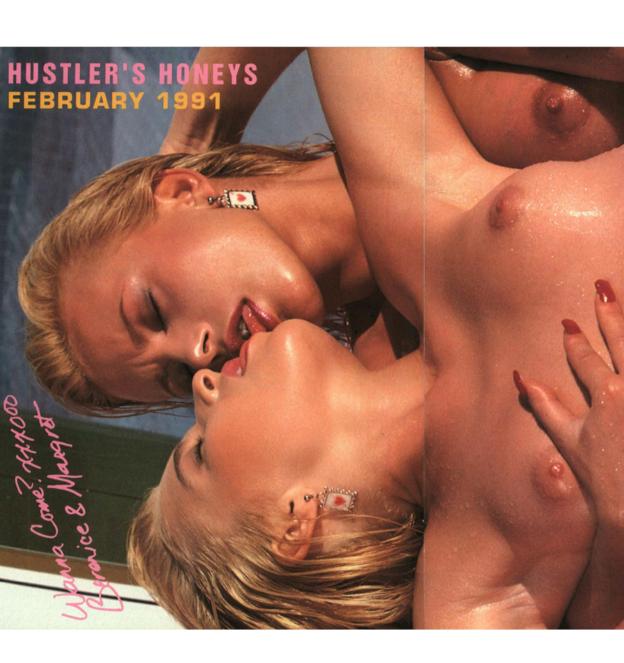


















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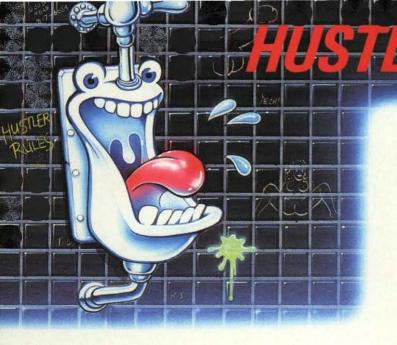
NEW YORK, NY SAN FRANCISCO, CA NEW ORLEANS, LA BALTIMORE, MD

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Due to a ticket mix-up, a recent Ivy League graduate had to fly coach instead of first class. After eyeing the hick he was seated next to, the young man disdainfully told him, "I'll bet you're a farmer from the Midwest, where you raise hogs and plant corn."

"That's right on the money, stranger. How'd you

know all that?" asked the hayseed.

"Easy. Our next stop is Des Moines, you've got manure caked on your boots and overalls, and you stink to high heaven."

The young farmer then told his astonished companion, "And you went to Yale, where you graduated in 1989 with a B.S. degree in electrical engineering."

"Why, that's amazing! How'd you know all that?"

"Easy. I saw it on your class ring while you were picking your nose."

uestion: What's the best way to blind an Oriental? Answer: Put a windshield in front of him.

'm so ashamed of the way we live," Betty sniveled to her husband. "Ever since the day we got married, Dad has paid our rent, Mom has bought our clothes, and my sister sends us money to buy food. I'm ashamed we can't do better."

"Ya fuckin' well oughta be," said her husband. "Ya got a grandmother and two brothers who haven't given us a cent."

uestion: Why do cavemen insist on pulling their women by the hair?

Answer: So they don't fill up with dirt.

ast winter, Pete, a construction worker, was trying to figure out a way to beat the ball-numbing cold in Nebraska. A buddy of his who happened to be into scuba diving suggested he try wearing a wet suit under his clothes to keep warm. Later on in the week, his buddy called up to see if the idea had worked.

"Fuck, man, I couldn't even get out of the house," Pete said. "Every time I farted, I blew both my boots off."

A Polack was jumped by two muggers and, although he gave them hell, he was finally beaten. The muggers went through his pockets. "You mean you fought us like that for only 65¢?" asked one of the muggers, incredulously.

"That's all you wanted?" groaned the Pole. "Gee, I thought you were after the \$500 in my boot."

he HUSTLER Dictionary defines *obscenity* as: anything a 70-year-old Republican can't do anymore.

oseph went to the doctor for a physical exam. At the end of the exam, the doctor called the patient into his office and shut the door. With a very grave look on his face, he said, "Joe, I hate to be the one to tell you, but you've got cancer. You only have about six months left to live."

"Oh, my God!" shrieked Joseph, paling. After he had regained his composure, he said, "Doc, you've known me for quite a long time now. Do you have any suggestions as to how I could make the most of my remaining months?"

"Yes, Joseph. Why not get married?" asked the doctor. Joseph explained that he'd been a bachelor all his

life and had gotten comfortable being alone.

"You might think about taking a wife now," the doctor proposed. "After all, you'll need someone to take care of you toward the end."

"Good point, Doc," mused Joseph, "and with only six months to live, I should make the most of my time."

"Might I make another suggestion, Joe?" asked the doctor. When Joseph nodded yes, the doctor said, "Marry a Jewish woman."

"How come?" wondered Joseph.

"It'll seem like an eternity."

ave you heard about the dreaded Texas Chili Torture? You're force-fed 20 pounds of Texas chili and then sentenced to be shot at dawn. The torture begins at sunrise...when they refuse to shoot you.

As Carl and Nick were unloading their gear at the golf club, a funeral procession passed by. Turning, Carl tipped his hat and paused as they rolled past.

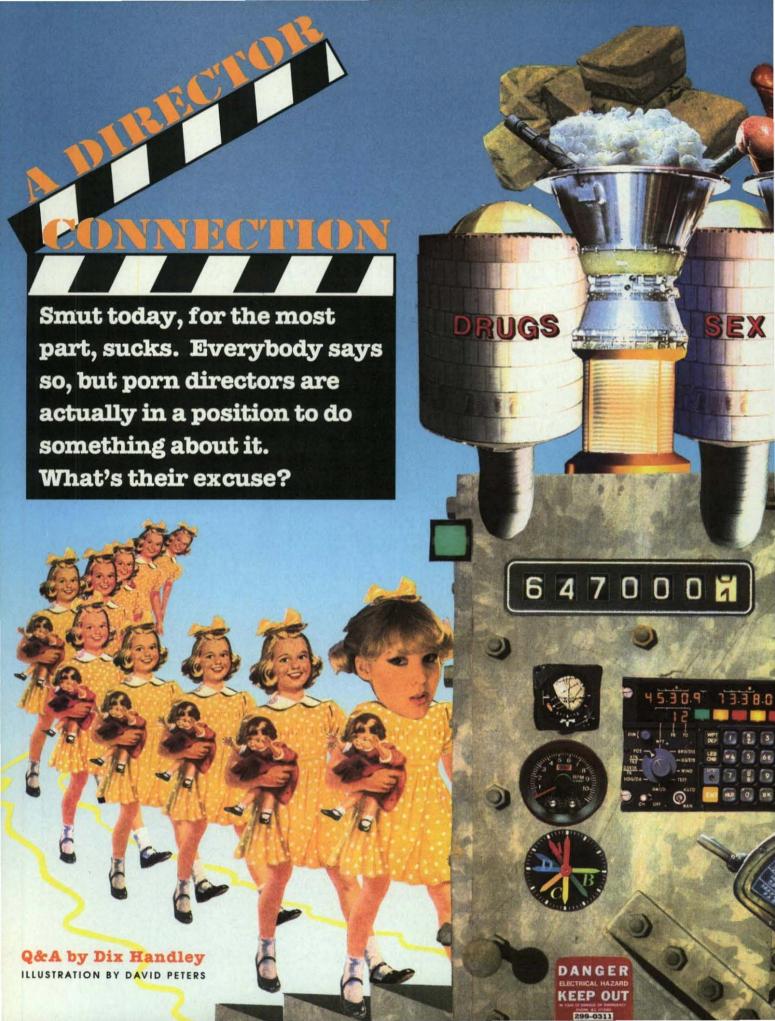
Surprised, Nick remarked, "That was a right sensitive thing for you to do, Carl. I never knew ya had it

in you."

Carl shut the trunk of the car. "It was the least I could do. A week from tomorrow would have been our 40th wedding anniversary."

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DIRECTORS

DAMIANO: "I no longer waste time developing people, because by the time we're ready to shoot, 80% of them will not be on this planet."

Twenty years ago, Gerard Damiano changed the face of the jizz biz with *Deep Throat*. Henri Pachard has toiled nearly two decades in the adult arena, churning out 200-plus fuck flicks. Scum-meister John T. Bone has cranked out crud videos on four continents.

Among the three of them, we'd hoped to hear some solutions to the dire state of contemporary cooze tapes. The three sexshowmen gave us a little cause for optimism, and a shitload of candid opinions guaranteed to shock, amuse and arouse.

HUSTLER: What's the matter with smut these days?

BONE: We have a no-talent industry.

DAMIANO: No. There is a great deal of talent. I'm not talking about these 20-year-old bimbos that just came in ten minutes ago. They just got brand-new tits; they got a nice-looking ass—but no talent.

But in our industry, people have paid their dues. Fine actors, great technicians, good camera people, good directors—but none of them have a chance.

BONE: Every talented group has disap-

peared to low-budget [mainstream] film-making. I had a crew that was with me for five years. This year, they've gone to these [mainstream] \$2-million movies.

DAMIANO: I beg to differ. I haven't seen my cameraman in 15 years! I work with good people. I work with people who are shit. But in this industry, you go out and make magic! These people who suck cock, some of 'em can act!

PACHARD: That's how some of them got the job!

BONE: Which blond, blue-eyed, bigtitted bimbo is the fuckin' star this week? I've been away.

DAMIANO: I'm not talkin' about the Taras, the Tanyas, the Wingoes and the Wandas—all the 20-year-olds with 15-minute-old tits! A lot of other people have been around 15 or 20 years. They're not kids anymore—but they've got talent!

HUSTLER: Are strip clubs a problem, tying up porn queens for in-person appearances?

DAMIANO: It doesn't affect me one bit. I no longer waste my time pre-planning, rehearsing, going over scripts and developing people, because by the time we're ready to shoot, 80% of them will not be on this planet. They're all space cadets.

BONE: The clubs are not a problem. Girls who dance for, say, 100 bucks a day, see a star passing through at 2,500 a week. They come to us, make some movies, get on some box covers, then go back as a feature act, making much more money.

PACHARD: After they do enough videos and get on enough box covers, they're stars! On the dance tours, they make big dollars that we can't compete with.

HUSTLER: What is your responsibility toward girls who are ill-equipped emotionally to handle this business?

DAMIANO: Not to hire them.

PACHARD: It's our responsibility to tell them to not get into it. You can usually see it right away. Clearly, it's part self-defense.

BONE: Yes, not to hire them. People that work in my movies want to fuck on film.

HUSTLER: But the troubled gals do wind up in your shows. There have been several suicides: most recently, Megan Leigh, and before her, Jennifer McNeil, Diana Hardy and Shauna Grant.

PACHARD: There is an obligation, if you recognize it. I don't have a lot of experience on it. I worked with Megan Leigh, I think three times. And the last time I was about to use her, she called me at midnight prior to an 8 a.m. call, demanding new terms that were non-negotiable.

I wished her a nice life. Her demands were unreasonable, which told me she didn't want to be doing what she was doing.

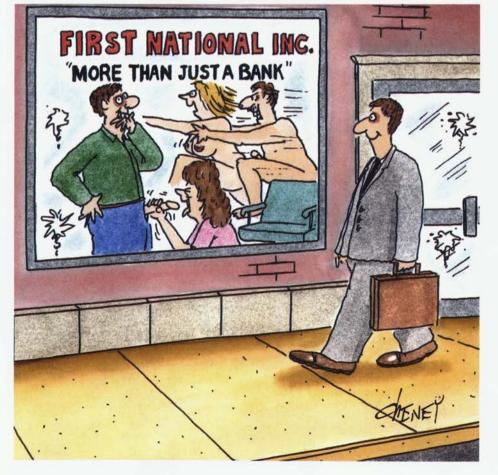
The director has to look out for the performer who really doesn't wanna be doing what she's doing. Something else is driving them to the set. Their hearts are not in it.

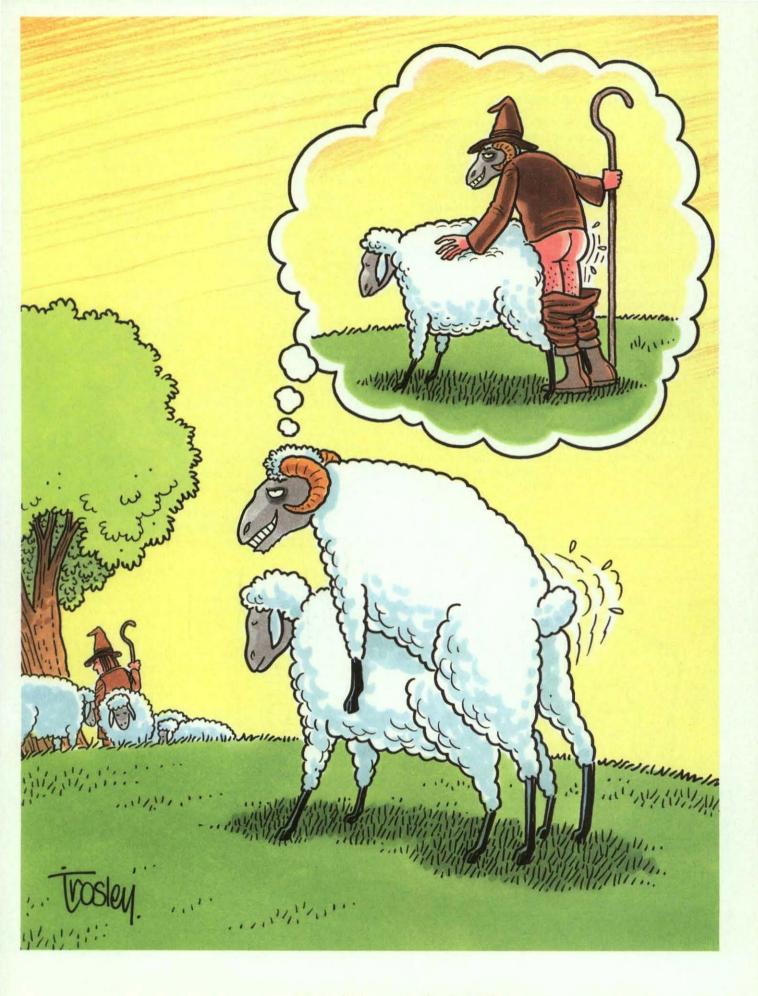
The best example is Shauna Grant. She was taken to my office in New York two different times by Bobby Hollander. A very beautiful girl. Sat there very quietly staring at me, and at the decorations on the walls, while Bobby talked to me about her great virtues and strengths. I would look at her; she would look at me, then look away. I never cast her! People would ask me, "Why don't you cast Shauna Grant?" I kept saying, "I don't know."

I didn't know! Finally, somebody cast her for a movie that I was to direct out here in California. She called the night before she was to perform and said, "I guess I better come up, because if I don't come up, I'll disappoint a lot of people."

I spoke to the production manager and said, "I think there might be a problem with Shauna Grant. We better look around for a replacement. I don't think she wants to be here."

I went to bed. I got a call at five o'clock the next morning, from Laurie Smith, telling me that she had an accident, that





DIRECTORS

PACHARD: "I would have two or three girls in my office getting drunk on fuckin' vodka and high on cocaine, and having these girls abusing my body."

she shot herself in the head. End of story.

BONE: As a pornographer, I feel that the only responsibility I have is to my public, for the quality of my product.

As a human being, I feel responsible for anybody I'm in contact with who's in trouble. I didn't know all of these girls, but the ones that I did—their problems were drugrelated, not pornography-related. I didn't know Shauna Grant, but I knew it was [drugs]. Megan Leigh, of course, I knew well.... The girls have buried themselves in drugs to try and resolve their problems.

They have buried themselves in the adulation and the attention that the girls get in pornography. The girls are primarily seeking the limelight, seeking attention.

It comes very easily in pornography. Any girl who is pretty—without any education, training background or acting ability—can become an instant star in two and a half weeks! And have photographers, writers, producers and directors wining and dining them and kissing their backsides.

HUSTLER: Some directors are notorious for being in the business to get their wicks wolfed. Henri, the rumor is that you were really wild in the old days. True?

PACHARD: I would have two or three girls in my office at the same time, after five o'clock, getting drunk on fuckin' vodka and high on cocaine, and having these girls abusing my body all over the place! Wonderful! I only spent about \$200,000 doing it in one year!

HUSTLER: Are you gentlemen happy with the porn you're seeing today?

DAMIANO: It's total crap. It's destroying itself—and it should die. The shame of it is that a lot of people, like myself, have the capability of turning out decent work.

BONE: But how often do they pick up the phone and tell you that they want one of your greater pieces? "Gerard, baby, we want you back; money is no object. Loved your last picture. Can you do me another one, cheaper?"

That's the way it's been for the last three years. From three days to two days to, "Can you do me two pictures in a day?"

DAMIANO: I have not worked as a director in over a year, because I have too much respect for myself.

BONE: The companies used to say, "Joey,

I got a better movie than you!" Now it's, "Hey, Joey, mine are cheaper than yours!"

Now the critics and public have lowered their standards with this influx of poorquality talent. When I pick up AVN [Adult Video News], I see people like Buck Adams getting four stars, Jim Travis getting four stars, and fatty, what's-his-name?

HUSTLER: Gordon Vandermeer.

BONE: Yes. And Ron Jeremy! These people are getting good reviews. There is no such thing as a good pornographic movie. We don't even make good ones. But at least there's something in our movies that quantifies the critics pretending that we do good work.

Any plumber can make a movie in Los Angeles. You can pick up a phone and book actors; any moron can pick up an

8mm camera.

DAMIANO: So do you blame the equipment because it's become easier?

BONE: As soon as we started shooting video instead of film, idiots won fucking Best Director of the Year! Guys who were selling jewelry door-to-door one year are winning Director of the Year for Best Video the next!

HUSTLER: Throw a name.

BONE: Jerome Tanner. I can put a movie together now, while you're asking the next question. I can walk into the next room, put a cast together and shoot it tomorrow. That's accountancy, not filmmaking.

HUSTLER: John, tell us about the kinky stuff you shoot in Europe that U.S.

laws prevent here.

BONE: To them [Europeans], we do television soaps, that subhuman mentality, with people fucking. For starters, Germany does not produce couples-oriented pornography. Pornography is watched by men.

And they are exceedingly diverse. And perverse! They've gone through pissing! And fist-fucking! And shitting! The current fad is piercing, with sex. So you watch a guy fucking a woman while sticking needles through her nose! This is not my particular bag, but this is where the German market is. It's symptomatic of too much.

PACHARD: And probably shows why they can't win a World War.

BONE: The greatest problem of sex is: Is this all there is? Pornography exists because the general public believes there is a greater orgasm, one that is better than what they are doing.

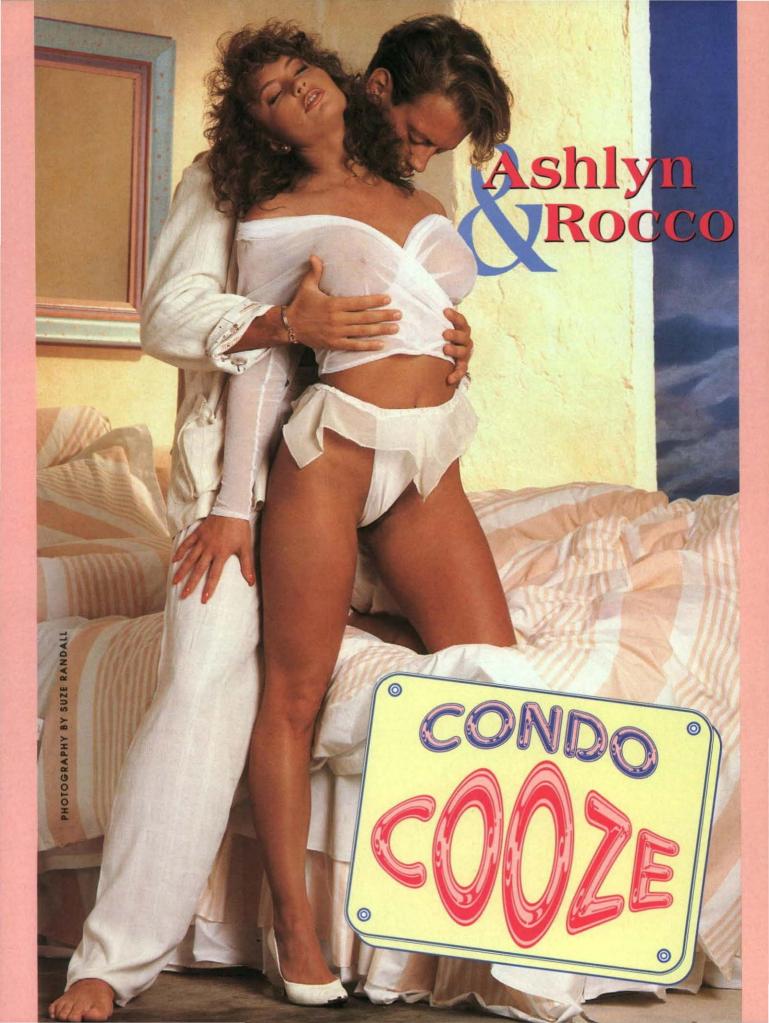
DAMIANO: The fact is, there *is* more. We're no longer driving cars that go 50 m.p.h. A Porsche has been developed that will do 140. If there wasn't more, they would have stopped at the Model T.

BONE: You're diversifying technology against the human body. By the time you've fucked her in the mouth, pussy and

(continued on page 96)



"Carlos Esposito, number 72, senior linebacker. Cocaine-management major."



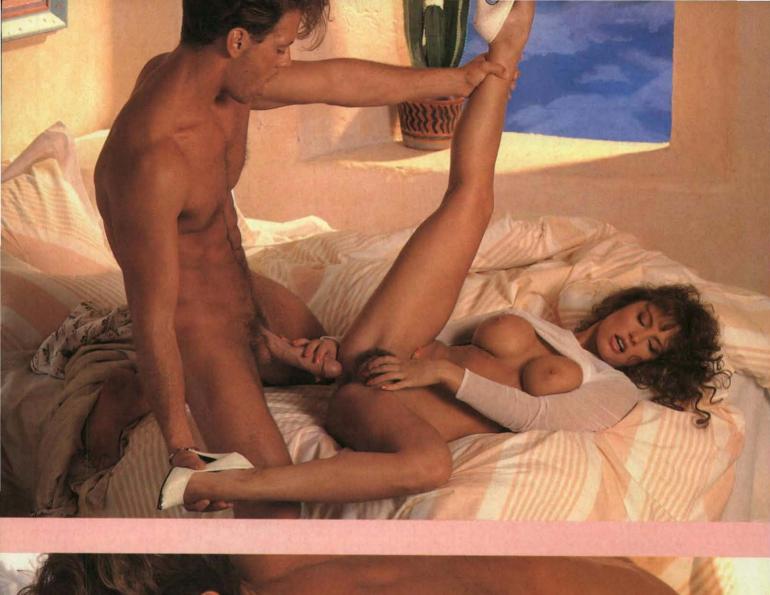






've lived in condos all my life," says siennaskinned Ashlyn from Phoenix, Arizona. "Absolutely the only good thing about them is that they're a great place to fuck. My neighbors consider me a model tenant because I never make a sound. My pussy does the screaming!"



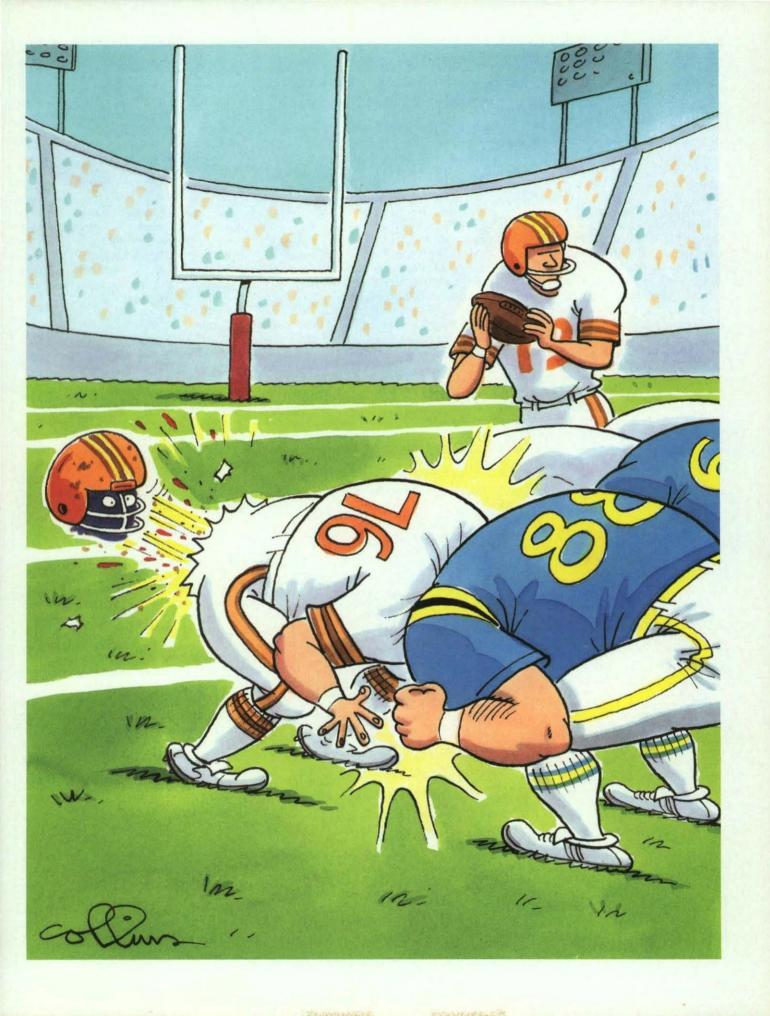












DIRECTORS

(continued from page 86)

BONE: "By the time you've fucked her in the mouth, pussy and ass, that's it! If you've got to piss on her, that is not a loving relationship!"

ass, that's it! If you've got to piss on her or stick needles through her nose, that is not a loving relationship!

PACHARD: What if she's piercing your nipples or pissing on you?

DAMIANO: I'm not saying that "more" is pissing and shitting and piercing.

BONE: I just left a movie yesterday, shot in 1890, and it had bisexuality, lesbianism, deep-throating—didn't have the *Deep Throat* title! People were fucking people in the ass 2000 years ago.

DAMIANO: But now we can do it better. BONE: Ah, Gerard Damiano on the better anal.

DAMIANO: Years ago, they were talking about snuff films being a viable product.

BONE: With some of these actors, I'd be glad to accommodate them. Our industry is 90% documentary transcribers of a sexual act, who stand behind a camera eating chicken bones and falling asleep while somebody shoots two people fucking and commits it to tape! There aren't enough filmmakers to warrant a small dinner party!

HUSTLER: What about John Leslie?

BONE: Leslie's never made a film. He's shooting video. The publicity that goes with his product far supercedes the end product. I love John to death. I count him as a really good friend.

HUSTLER: He won't be after he reads this interview.

BONE: But his product does not live up to the myth! I love all the bullshit and the myth, but before pornography was legal, they used to sell stuff that wasn't pornography and pretend it was. This industry is rooted in fucking the public over! The mentality is: Fuck 'em, they'll buy anything!

Well, we fucked 'em! And they bought anything, for ten years. And we disenchant one more fan every day.

DAMIANO: We have fucked the public, but I think our industry, like the phoenix, will be reborn. All these assholes in this industry now are in it for only one reason—money. The minute that you show them a way to make more money, they'll stop doing what they're doing and do what makes more money.

HUSTLER: If you were forced to watch your own shows, what percentage of your time would be spent on fast-forward?

PACHARD: I fast-forward all the sex in all of my pictures. I have anywhere from four to five pictures being edited at the same time. I've already seen it. I have watched other people's porn pictures, to see if I could get aroused. But nothing has happened.

DAMIANO: I not only watch my own stuff, but I'm my own editor.

BONE: I don't watch my own work. I used to sit in with my editor, when the budgets were higher on my first 40 or 50 pictures. But today, I'm just producing a product. I'm not really happy with what I'm doing. I'm doing it to pay the mortgage. And I personally do not get sexually aroused by watching the sexual activities of people I know.

HUSTLER: How do you psyche yourself up for each show?

PACHARD: I walk in, and I have no idea how I'm gonna shoot the sex scene. I see how I react to the women, and I go! I'll get an idea from what they're doing—what I call *porno vérité*. I keep my mind open for ways to take away predictability.

BONE: It's a devastating situation for me. I have to reduce my shield against the world. I have to become very vulnerable to be creative. It's almost like being effeminate or being a wimp. If you prod me, I can cry on a set, because when I bring myself down to earth....

DAMIANO: I'll be sure to get a good night's sleep the night before.

HUSTLER: How can the viewer tell if the director is not really into it?

BONE: Watch Ron Jeremy movies.

DAMIANO: A viewer's going to look at a scene, and it could be a terrible scene, but the girl had big, floppy tits, and that's what turned him on.

PACHARD: If the viewer is bored, chances are the director was bored.

HUSTLER: What other directors shoot especially hot?

DAMIANO: The piece of work that I did admire was Alex deRenzy's original *Pretty Peaches*. It's one of my favorite films. With Desiree Cousteau, that was magic. The only other one I can think of is [Anthony] Spinelli's *Talk Dirty to Me*.

BONE: I don't watch them at all, but Spinelli, for me, is the greatest director this industry has ever seen.

PACHARD: John Leslie is quickly becoming my hero. I think he's waking up the entire industry. I think he's the hottest; I admire his work, and I see shots that make me say to myself, "Geez, I wish I had shot that."

HUSTLER: Ah, Bone, Pachard was in the loo when you expressed your thoughts about Mr. Leslie's work. Would you repeat them now for his benefit?





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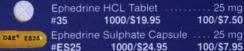
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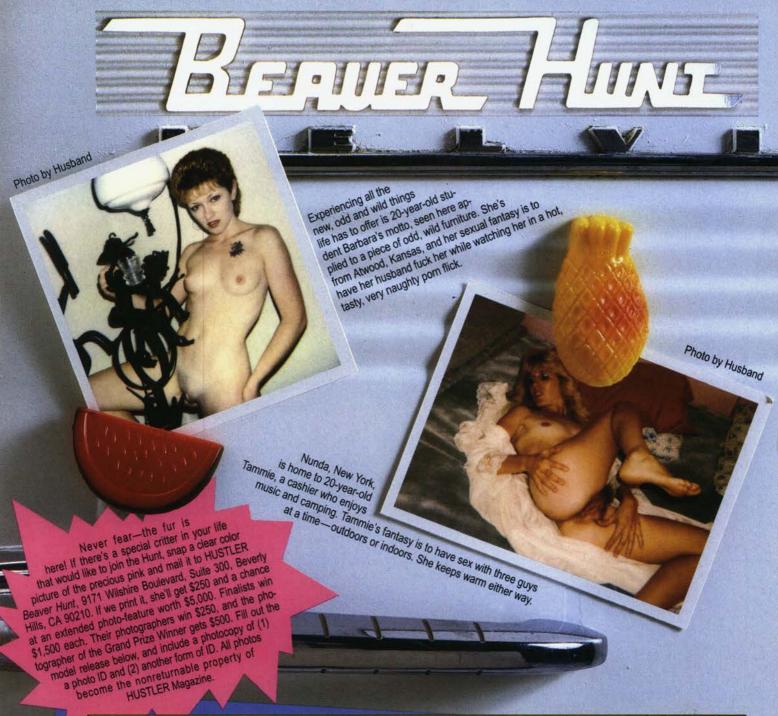
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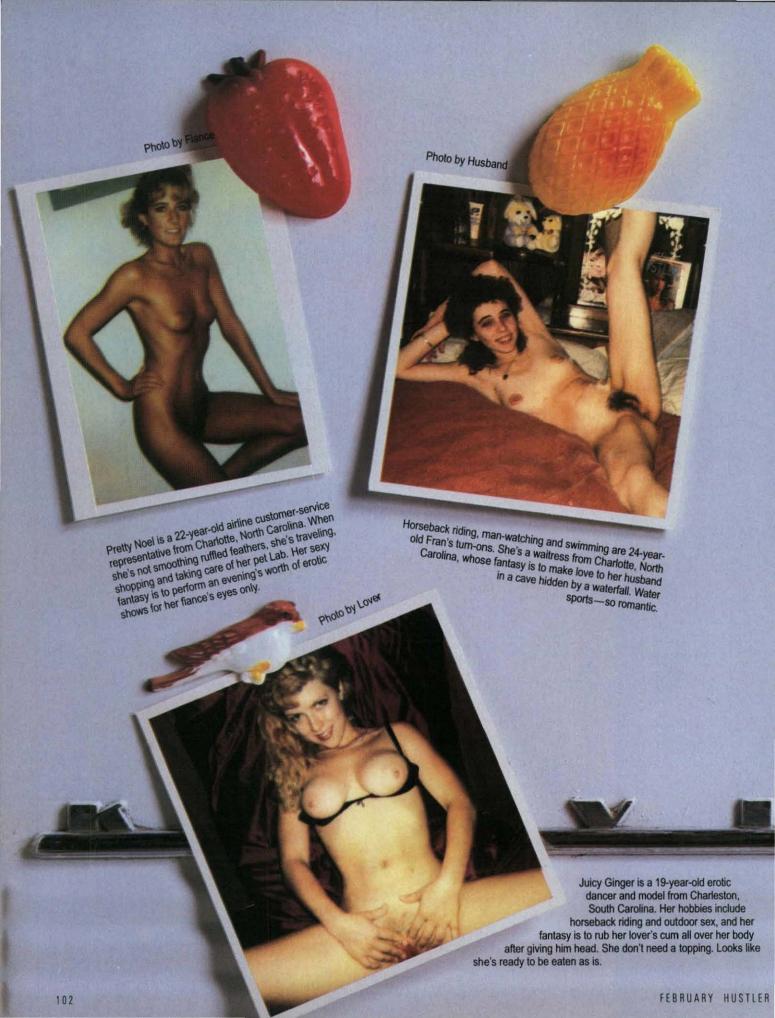
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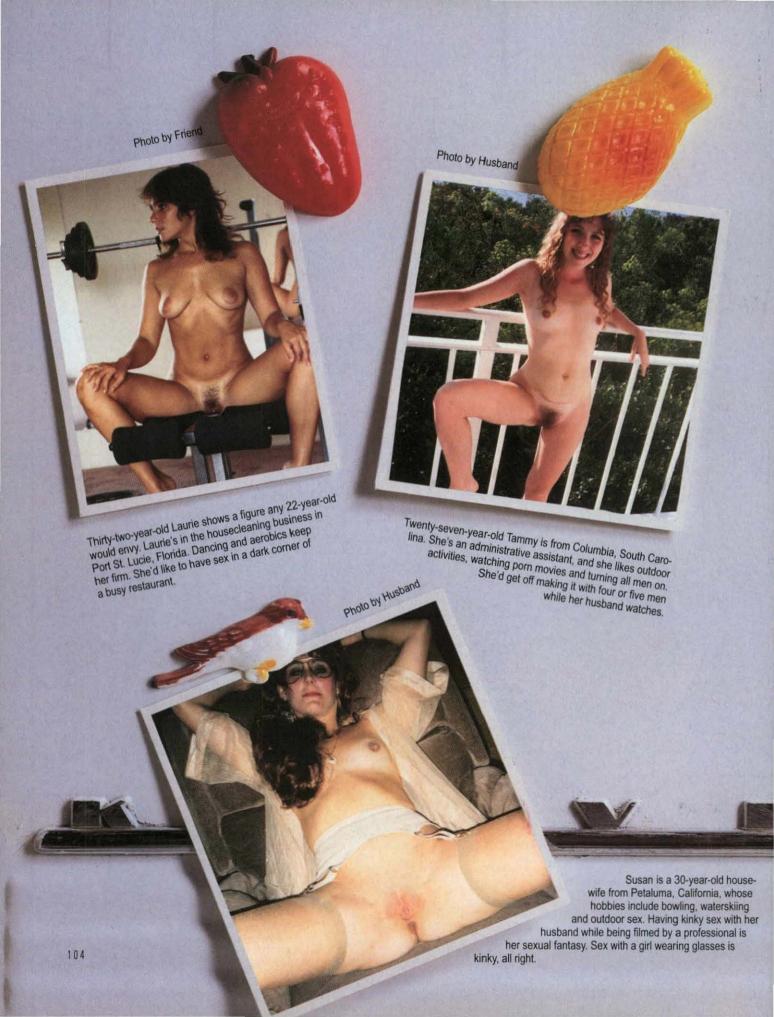
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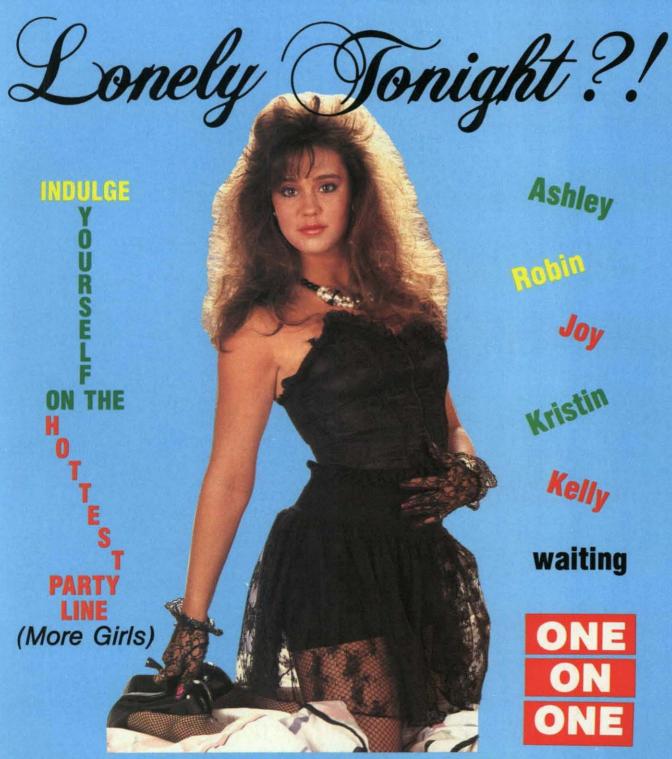
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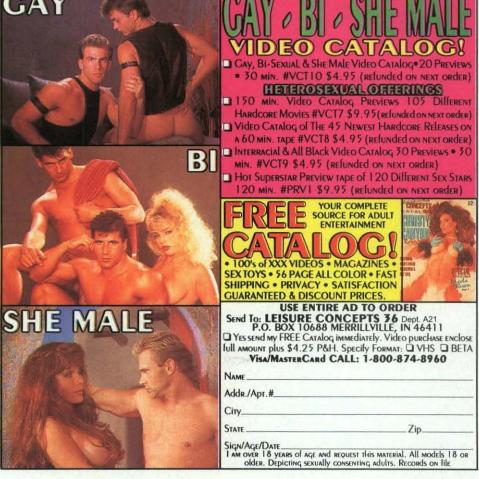
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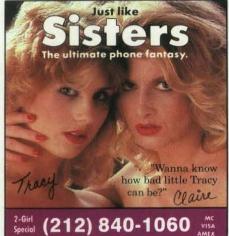








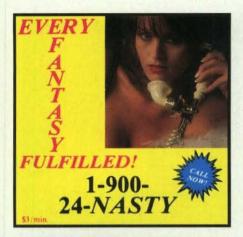








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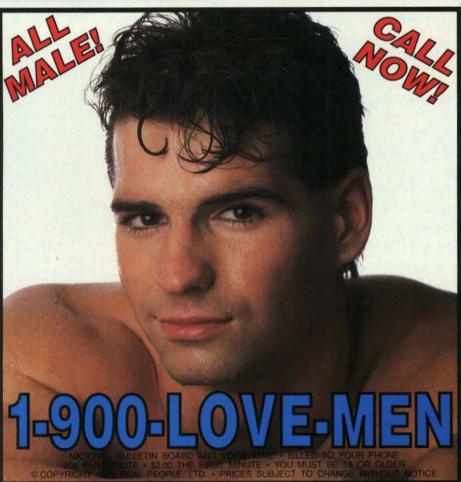
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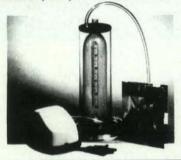
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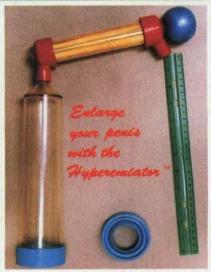
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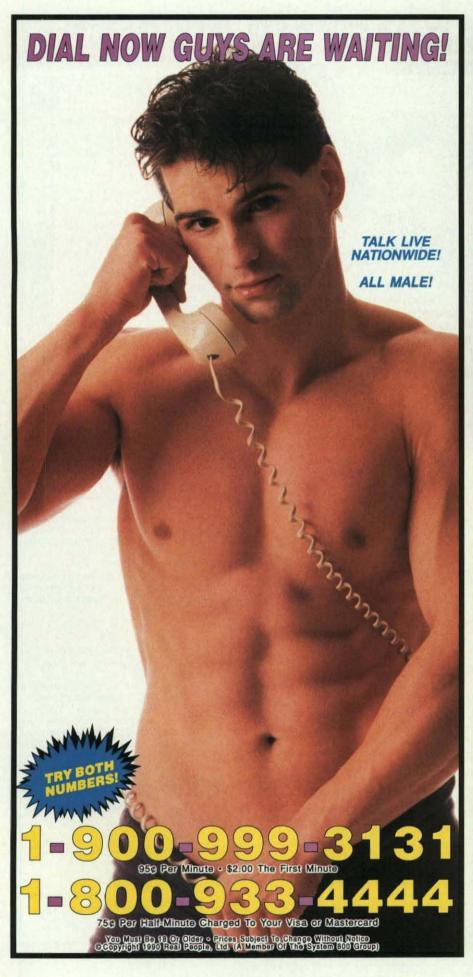
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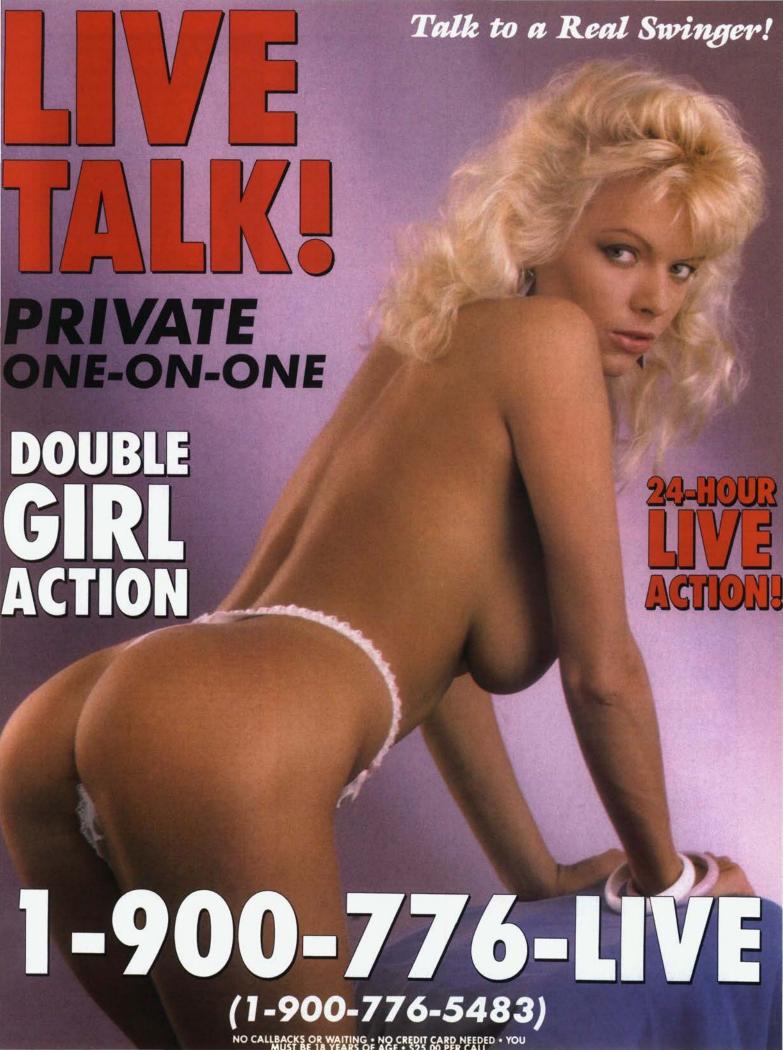
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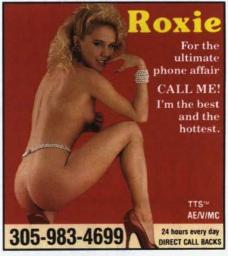














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YES!! SIMPLY insert the MEPHISTO SUBLIMINAL CASSETTE (car-homeportable), She will only notice music, BUT inaudible, hidden

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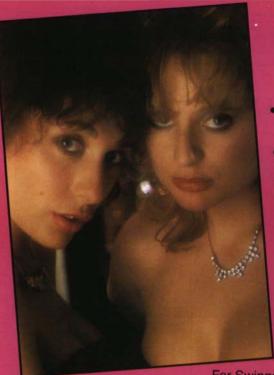
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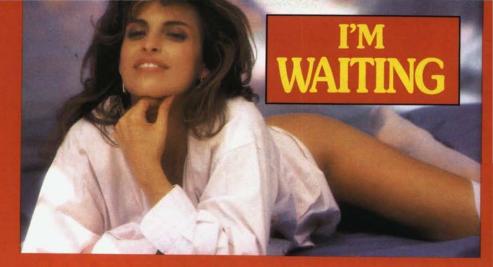
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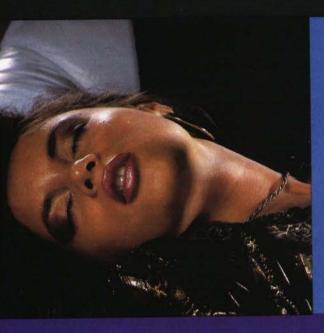
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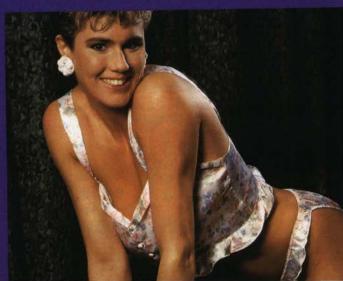
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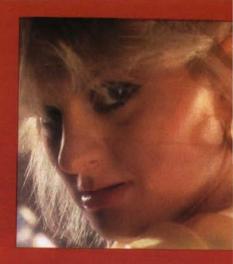
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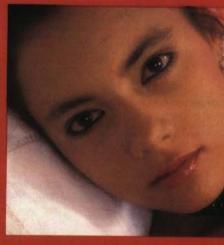
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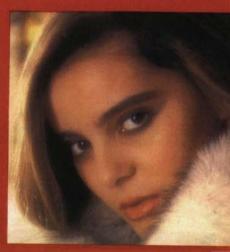
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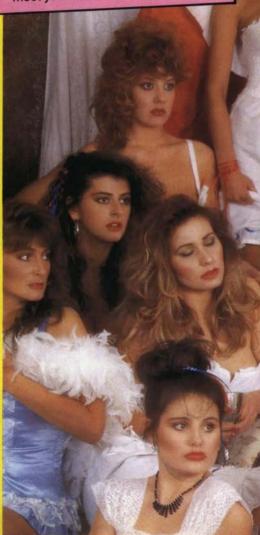
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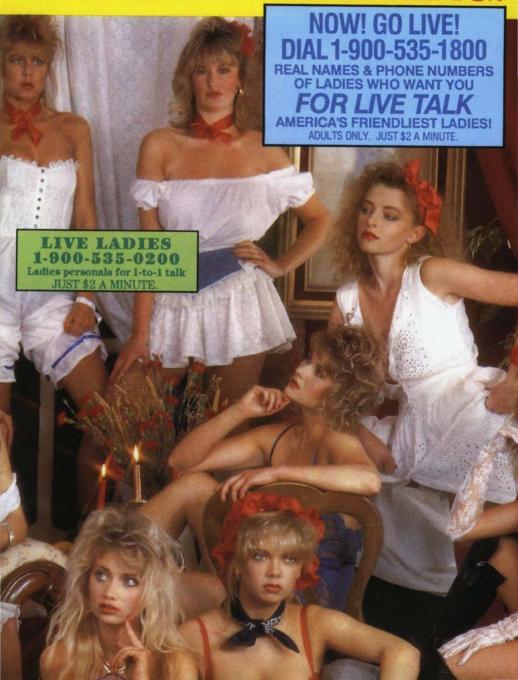
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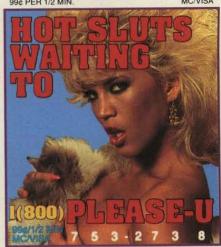
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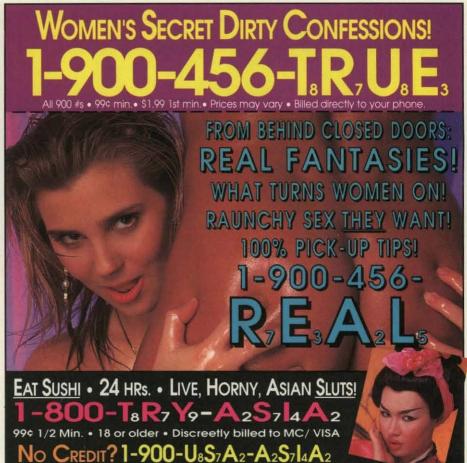
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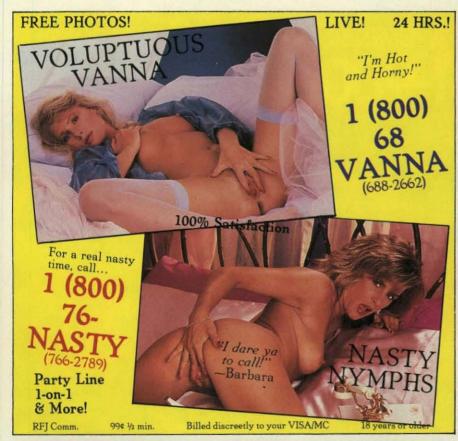
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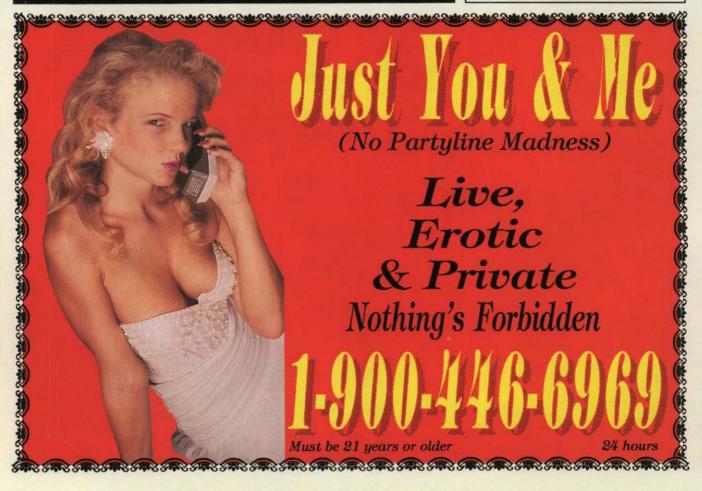
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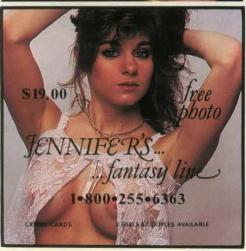












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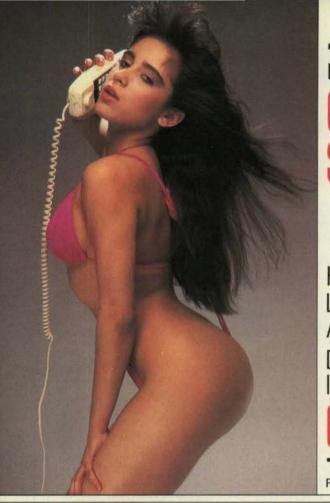


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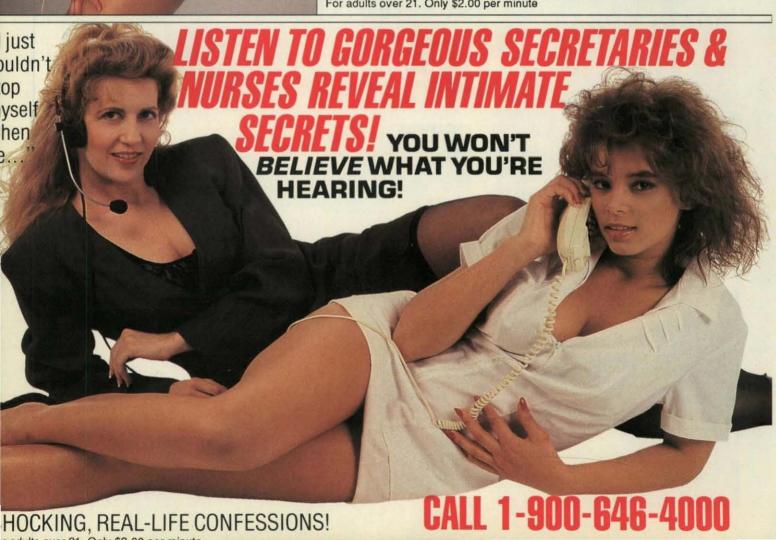
"I DON'T SEEM TO MEET ANYBODY EXCITING ANYMORE..."

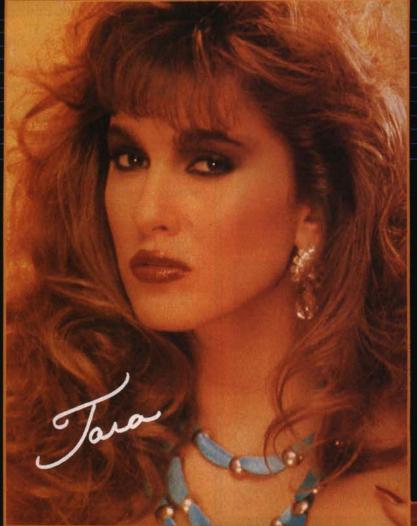
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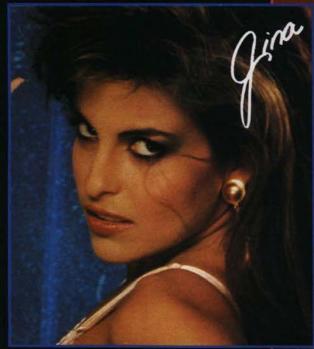
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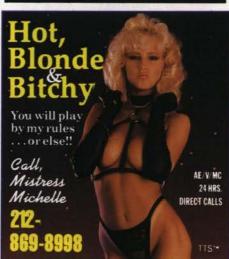














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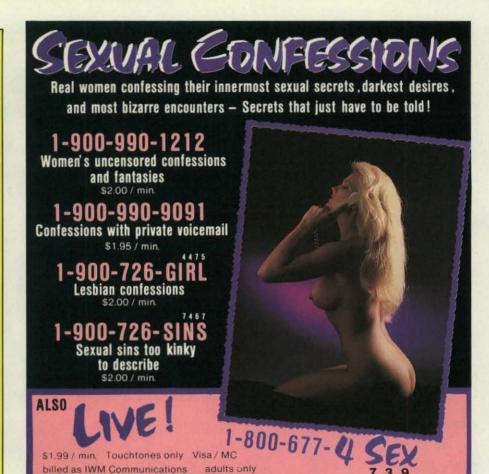
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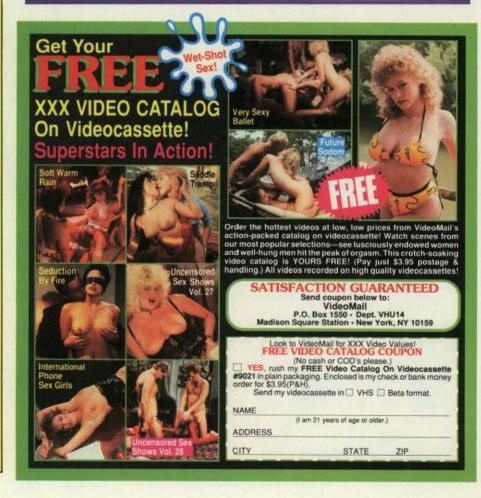
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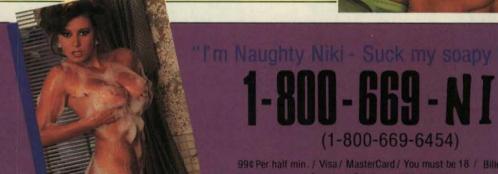




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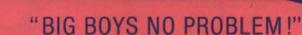
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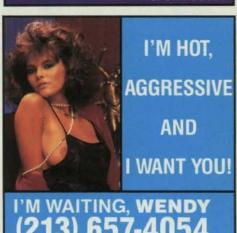


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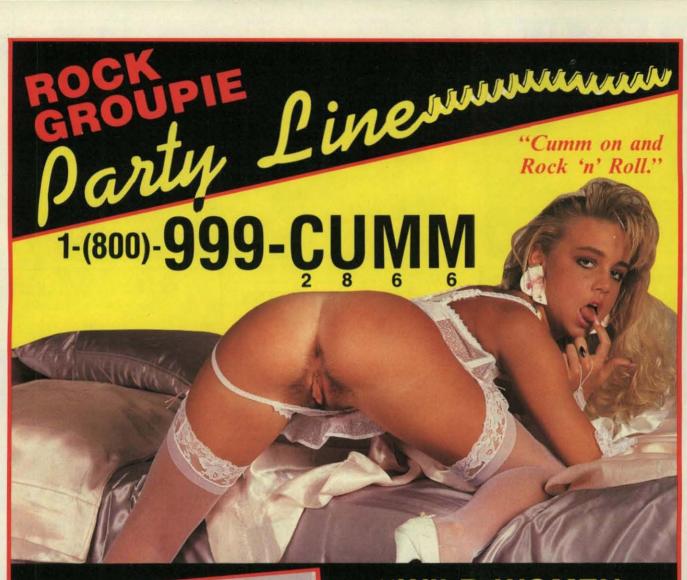


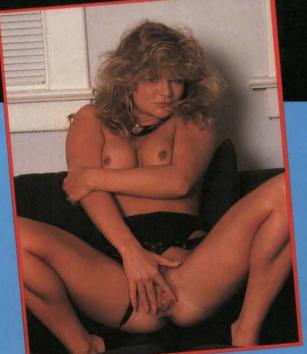












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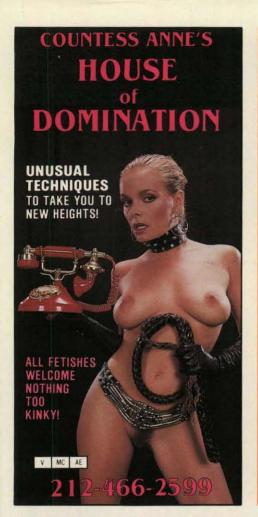
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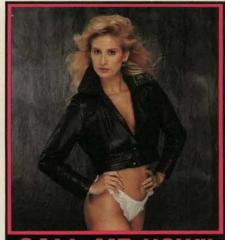
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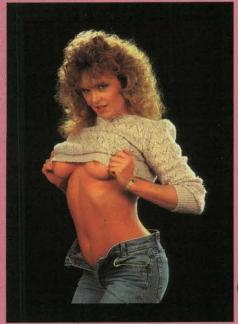
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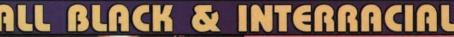
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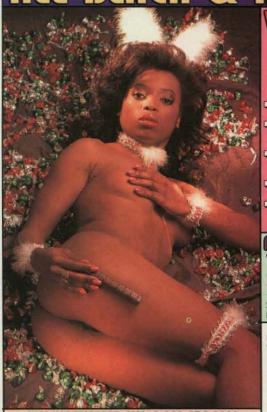
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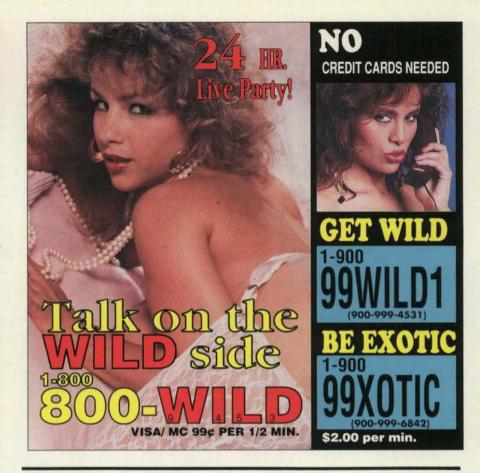
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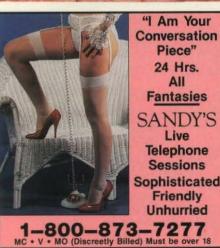
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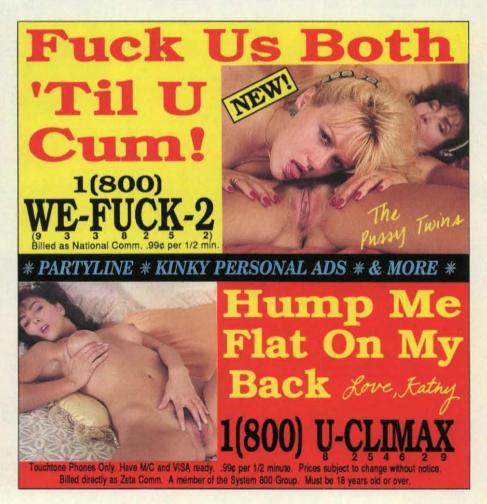


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272D

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259G 259H 259K

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152C

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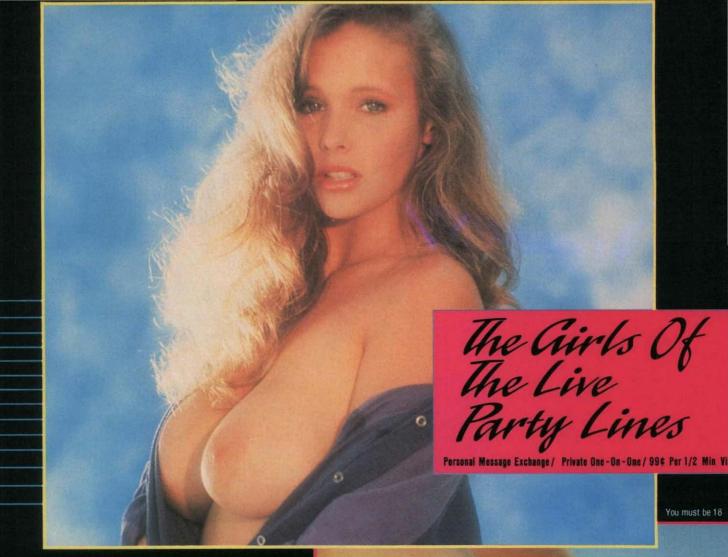
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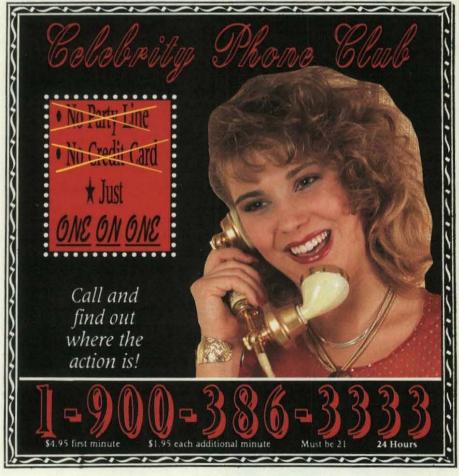


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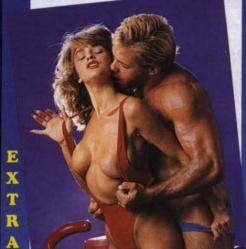
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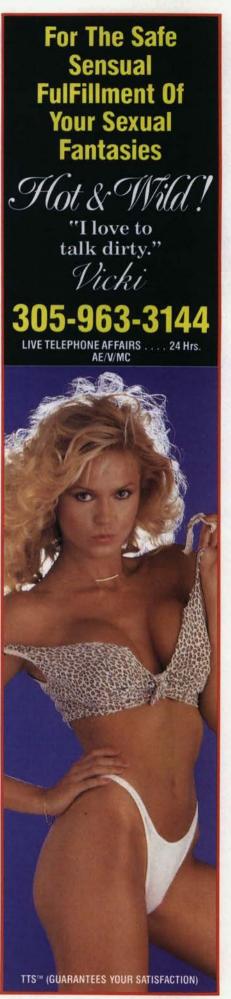
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HUSTLER

March HUSTLER on sale January 22, 1991



FOR MEMBERS ONLY

The body bank is never broke for HUSTLER readers. HUSTLER in March brings out five gorgeous ladies to quintuple your investments with more than healthy interest. Join the sexiest pair of wave-makers that ever dipped tits and toes into sparkling water; meet a fuck-eyed, vanilla-titted bedmate in her midnight boudoir; watch a slim-hipped rodeo fan grind the best of her 19-year-old admiration against the hungry hands of a prize-winning bronco buster; and kick back with a sun-dappled blond butt up on the beach. Crazy? HUSTLER in March will have you flipping.



Whether to avenge a President's death, save Dallas's reputation, make the Jews look good or spare Jacqueline Kennedy the horror of a murder trial, Jack Ruby took the law into his own hands when he shot and killed Lee Harvey Oswald on November 24, 1963. Now, in the year that marks Ruby's 80th birthday, writer Josh Alan Friedman illuminates the little-known shadows of Ruby's notoriety. *Dallas's Original J. R.* presents a bully, a cutthroat and a soft touch as the man whose shot capped a murder mystery that still fascinates the world.



PLEASE, MR. POSTMAN

American girls may be the most beautiful in the world, but bedding them is often more trouble than not. But the world is filled with pretty, young *foreign* girls who'd give anything to shack up with horny, nerdy American men. One such horny American nerd has reaped the bedroom benefits of his international Help Wanted ads for years. Jerry H. has shown a fair number of Bavarian beauties his purple mountain's majesties. His true story, *Handle With Care*, is good news for any guy who knows how to lick a stamp.



Writer Jeff Moses expounds on the recreational pleasures of massive mammaries in a chest-promoting essay, *Pillow Lock*; *Beaver Hunt* continues its neighborhood peephole parade; *Hot Letters* proves once again that, while ordinary men and women fuck each other every day, it's heroes who write about it; *Erotic Entertainment* hits the pause button on every memorable fuckvid scene on the shelf; and *Bits & Pieces* presents a look at the eye-popping anomalies of a real-life circus of sex freaks. All in HUSTLER in March. Ready?

