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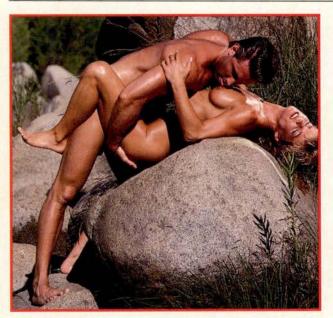
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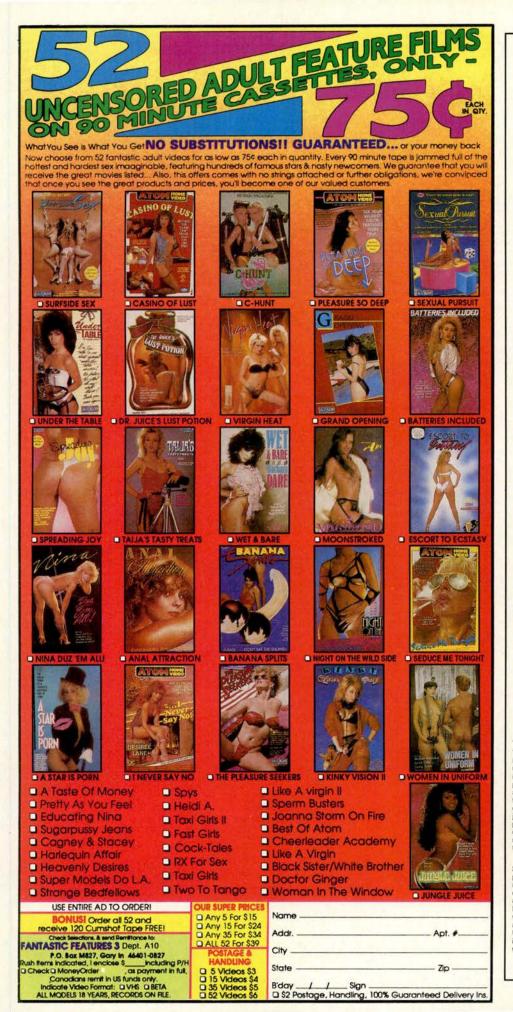


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All nude models are 18 years of age or older. Cover photo by Matti Klatt

CANYON IS PEAKIN'

When scanning the mag, I saw the picture first and my mind clicked: Hey, wait a minute, she never had hair that long. Could it be ...? I looked down and read.

Worm

It is.

Allllll riiiiiight! HUSTLER simply could not possibly have had any more cock-stiffening news even if it had tried! I could be referring to only one thing: the return of Christy Canyon to porn (December '89). But not only that, a centerfold pictorial. And not only that, but an interview too! Many times in the past three years I've wondered what the greatest porn star of them all has been up to. It's been worth the wait! -K.S.M. Dallas, Texas

WRONG NUMBER

Your November '89 article on she-male callgirls (Kitty: She-Male Callgirl) was fascinating. I have always fantasized about making it with a she-male, especially the one you featured, Kitty. She or he is hot! Could you give me her number? I'd love to do a number with her! -W.L. Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

LESBOS REJOICE

HUSTLER has really slipped. It's become a lesbian magazine, not something for -Name withheld men. Salinas, California

STOP WIPING!

Quit airbrushing your girls' assholes. Don't you have any taste? -P. R. Vancouver, Canada

HUSTLER is the only men's magazine that satisfies my kinky fetish-the assholes of beautiful women. Being a choosy consumer, I always check out the product first: I page through each new issue of HUSTLER at the magazine rack,

checking the butt-shots before I lay down my bucks. So far, it has been nearly three vears since I have skipped an issue-only one issue! I'd get a subscription, but my job keeps me moving, and I don't want to miss a single issue of HUSTLER! Can we expect more anal centerfolds? Will HUSTLER, which established the industry standard for men's magazines by showing pussy pink in the '70s, set the trend with rectal pink in the '90s? Let's hope so! -C.L.

San Antonio, Texas

SAND BOX BITES

I want to start by saying that you folks are the very best, without question. Are you open to some suggestions? When I purchase your publication, I expect (and get) the best models and photography in the business. It seems, though, that quite a



Christy Canyon

few of the photos aren't as revealing as I expected. Usually you have two or three photos that are really hot! The rest all seem to have drawbacks. For instance, sand seems to be a popular "prop" for you to use, but to me, sand and sex do not mix. We all know how uncomfortable sand is when it gets into our eating and fucking. Sand in and covering a woman's honey is a turn-off. When I fantasize about licking her sweat and see sand. I just have to turn the page. I want to lick her honey, not eat dirt, if you understand my meaning. I know it looks neat artistically, but not sexually. -Garv Honolulu, Hawaii

Listen, Gary, here's a secret. We don't use sand in our photography. We use kitty litter!

HAIR BALL

HUSTLER's girls are wonderful, to say the least. I love beautiful women and appreciate all that you offer to a man who sometimes (too often) has to resort to his fantasies and your magazine for much needed satisfaction. But I have a request.

Somewhere over my lifetime I have developed a fetish for very long, silky and sexy hair. Just seeing a woman with gorgeous hair to her ass or longer leaves me with a hot load in my pants. I'll not go into detail (unless she's willing to listen) as to what things I enjoy doing with all of that stroking softness, but, in short, I'd love to see more in your magazine. Of course, then I'd want to meet that beauty and do (continued on page 10)



ANNETTE HAVEN A PIECE OF CLASS

Flawless ice-beauty Annette Haven first got fucked on the silver screen in the early '70s, and it was like seeing Jackie O reamed. Seventeen years later, meeting Annette is like meeting old money. You can picture her pristine profile on a \$1000 bill, easy.

When not majestically spread on the video screen, Haven is found snug in a happy house in a green valley somewhere in the magic land of California. She sews her own costumes, doesn't like parties or nightclubs, cans peaches, putters in the garden, studies psychology in college and writes her own film contracts. ("My lawyer says I should be a lawyer.") Meantime, her husband of ten years is trying to get her pregnant, while letting her get some action on the side for us fans to enjoy. ("I wouldn't marry a jealous man. I think it's a sickness. You can't possess another person. Slavery is illegal and out of date.") Whatever sweetness she can suck out of existence, it's been quite

a life. Filmmakers Brian dePalma and Blake Edwards both wanted the motionpicture rights. But she's saved the story for you.

Whatever the topic, Haven pulls no punches. She goes for the gonads. Read it. Tell us what part you like best. The Annette Haven Story, straight out of the American Wet Dream....

HUSTLER: First, we'd like to go over your career....

HAVEN: For the new generation. I did my first film for Alex deRenzy, December of '73, San Francisco. And it just snowballed. I thought it would give me an excellent platform from which to speak about sexuality, something I had an investment in doing. HUSTLER: Why the crusade?

HAVEN: I had seen my girlfriends incestuously raped and forced to give birth. Patricia and Sharon were raped by their fathers. One was 13; the other was 17. The 13-year-old-12 when she was raped-was forced to give birth and keep the baby. Patricia wanted me to find her an abortionist. I was 14. I didn't know how to find one; so I told my mother. She had both

girls come to our house and take refuge, but the police wouldn't allow them to stay.

HUSTLER: Back to your career: That movie directed by deRenzy, what was it?

HAVEN: It was originally *The Prowler*—a pretty good title but he ended up calling it *Lady Freaks* to hook the audience. The plot was about a prowler and my ex-old lady, Bonnie Holiday, and me. We only worked with each other—no males. I thoroughly enjoyed myself.

My second film, Deep Tango, made by Canard Productions,

was really funny and artsy-fartsy. I worked with a fag actor and had my first sex scene with a male, and that went fine. I wasn't ashamed of having sex. No matter what society says, no matter what the church says, sex is not dirty; my body is not dirty. There's nothing dirty about the whole affair, except in the minds of extremely sick people.

HUSTLER: You and Bonnie were living together?

HAVEN: Bonnie and Danny and I. We were in a ménage à trois for three and a half years.

HUSTLER: How did you all meet?

HAVEN: Bonnie and I were dancing at the same nightclub, and I broke up with my second old man. Before that, when I was 18, I sent my husband home to his mother, because he was an idiot and kept trying to strangle me into unconsciousness

and making suicide attempts. He

went to the state mental hospital af-

ter he'd locked himself in the bath-

room and slashed both wrists and

his arm. I decided that being loval

to my marriage vows was something

I could forego. I'd been supporting

HAVEN: No, I worked as a nurse's

aide, until my health collapsed. There

was a phase when I was just doing

nude modeling. And I worked in a

massage parlor for a little bit! They

couldn't touch us on our breasts or

genitals, and we couldn't touch their penises. But, boy oh boy, did they

have a good time massaging around

the edges. Guys will pay 50 bucks

to massage your back, in the hopes they can edge up to the side of your

breasts or just look at them. That's

how frustrated people are. God, it's

HUSTLER: Then you began your

HAVEN: Around '76 I did my first

big-budget film, Desires Within Young

Girls. Then Autobiography of a Flea,

career in X-rated cinema.

him since I was 16 years old.

HUSTLER: Dancing?



Interview by Jon Mescal

ell Brothers ever did. It was just wonderful. Things just got better, and I did a whole list of films I'm very proud of. Video hit in the early '80s. By '84 the films began to die, and video took supremacy.

pathetic.

HUSTLER: How much were you paid in the good old days? HAVEN: I started out at \$150 a day, something that people work for now, apparently. I worked my way up and up, and I've kept it there. Everybody knows that my price is kind of high. If you don't want to pay it, don't fucking call.

HUSTLER: You must have seen a lot of young ladies fucked

HUSTLER JANUARY

over in the business.

HAVEN: A lot of these young ladies fuck themselves over. Producers in the adultfilm industry are generally more honest and dependable than they are in Hollywood—I had a former head of Paramount try to rape me years ago.The adultfilm industry is fairly up front. It's like, "Well, will you work for me for a dime a day?" If you go for it, you're an idiot. If you're in the business, and it disturbs you, that's your own fault.

At one point I was on a set, and a prominent male actor was hurting this relatively well-known female. It was an anal scene. I was over in the other corner, and somebody was giving me head—we were doing an orgy. I heard this, "No, no, stop, please don't. Oh, no, stop." The camera zeroed in on his dick because it was the first time he'd gotten it hard. He got it up by hurting people.

He prefers to work with unknown little girls, because they're so stupid and complimented to be with him that they'll allow him to hurt them.

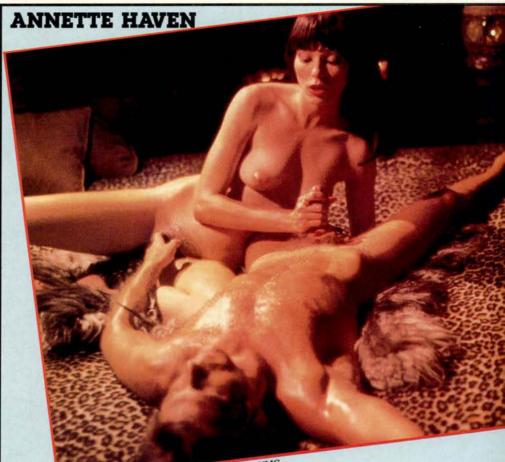
So this female went ahead and did another anal scene three days later. Let's face it, the girl wasn't tied up.

HUSTLER: You said that a head of Paramount tried to rape you?

HAVEN: I was pimped out by this pieceof-garbage publicist in L.A. She set up this appointment for me to go down and see the people at Paramount. She had done this to a number of females. Juliet Anderson told me about her experience. There were a few girls after me.

The premise was that the producer wanted a movie based on a book by Anais Nin, Delta of Venus. So we had this big meeting in his offices, all very impressive. He and his confederate wanted a girl to work with who "loved having fun, who loved to party." After about six hours of badgering, I got them to define what that meant: screwing them. At that point, I terminated the interview. "I screw on screen, but I don't screw producers." Then he starts backpedaling. "Well, okay, that's all right. I still want to work with you. Would you stay overnight, and we'll discuss this tomorrow?" So he put me up at the Beverly Hills Hotel. We were supposed to go out on a double date-his associate had this female. The two men tried to get the girl and me to have sex in front of them, which I wasn't going for and neither was she. Then the confederate and his date left me and the Paramount person alone in the hotel room.

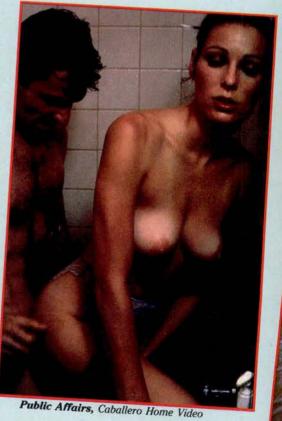
At dinner I had eaten three Quaaludes and drunk a whole bunch of alcohol. So when we got back to the Beverly Hills Hotel, I was really loaded. I know what my tolerance levels are, and I was about at my peak.



Seven Seductions of Madame Lau, VMC



A Coming of Angels, Caballero Home Video







A Coming of Angels, Caballero Home Video

Anna Obsessed, VCA Pictures



I was okay, except that he attacked me. and I wasn't in any shape to fight him off. He was coked up. Normally I'm a real feisty person, but if I take a bunch of Quaaludes. I'm just like a big pile of Jell-O. So this guy stripped me and proceeded to do various things that were rather extraordinary. He's got his tongue stuck up my ass, and he's asking me to shit on him. He thrust his impotent little dick in my face, and it was just about the ugliest thing I had ever seen. I started vomiting. I have colitis, which causes me to vomit and have real bad diarrhea. So I hit the toilet.

This started at around midnight, and they got a doctor in there at about 8 a.m. He was a hireling of the studio. He shoots me up with Demerol. So I nodded out. and I was out until that afternoon, when I flew out.

It's hard to rape somebody who's barfing. The diarrhea would have turned him on, but barf wasn't his cup of tea.

Hollywood hates my guts. I was supposed to star in Brian dePalma's Body Double, right? Brian and I had evolved the characterization, and I was slated for the female lead. And then Coca-Cola found out. Coca-Cola, of course, owns Columbia. And because Coke execs thought that it wouldn't be "appropriate" to have me as the star, I was gotten rid of.

I ended up being a consultant on the project, and working with Melanie [Griffith] was awful. I mean, she's basically playing me, right? A sex star. But she's not willing to do any of the stuff that Brian and I rehearsed. I was supposed to teach her how to dance and do all this other stuff. She couldn't do a back bend and a lot of body things. She didn't want to. I think the term is sexually uptight.

At least I managed to get some things out of the script, like the woman who's gonna interview actresses to fuck the big dog. I told Brian: "Look, nobody does it with dogs. You just don't find it in the U.S." HUSTLER: You seem to be a woman of very strong political views.

HAVEN: I'm conservative in some things and liberal in others. I think sex should be legal, and I think guns should be legal. My people have been in the U.S. since about 1660, right? My people are Mormon. All of those years, we've been carrying guns. And to have the government try to strip me of my right to bear arms is like, "Hey, have you read the Constitution lately?" I have a .44 Magnum, and anybody who walks through my door and tries to molest me will be one dead son of a bitch. And that's the way it should be.

I'll be damned if I'll be one of those people who gets tied up and raped and killed in her own home.

(continued on page 58)

FEEDBACK

(continued from page 5) with her whatever she wanted - I guess I'll have to leave that part to imagination!

Who knows—maybe there's a woman out there who will read this and want to visit a good-looking, sincere, longhair-loving man who lives in a Caribbean paradise. —N. J.

St. John, Virgin Islands

TWO-FISTED TURMOIL

I could not wait until my November '89 issue arrived because I could not wait to see Kascha. I'd seen her once in HUSTLER Busty Beauties, but they didn't show enough of her beautiful body. I knew for a fact that HUSTLER was going to do a much better job. But instead, you gave us her lookalike! Shaney and Kascha looked so much alike, I had to bring out my HUSTLER Busty to compare them together. They both have the long blond silky strands of hair and gigantic tits, full cunt lips and that beautiful blond pussy hair to cover it up. I was wondering if you could get the real Kascha and Shaney together and do a girl/girl photo set. If you can't do it. please try to get Kascha in the near future. If you do get Kascha, let Matti Klatt do it. -M. R.

Jackson, Mississippi

We got enough out of your letter to know what M. R. stands for—and as far as long, blond, silky hair, gigantic tits, full cunt lips and beautiful pussy go, we're with you all the way!

NO PHOTO TO PROVE IT

I'm writing to you for the first time because I'm mad as hell about your "Swayed by Spade" feature in *Hot Letters* (October 1989).

How could you print such unmitigated bullshit? I am a white man, and my cock is more than long and thick enough to fill every woman I've ever fucked so full none of them had to "beg for more." Yes, I'm sure every white woman has heard that load of crap about blacks having bigger cocks. It was probably started by a bunch of monkey-faced niggers who couldn't stand to look at their ugly women anymore and wanted some clean white pussy.

If a white woman really wrote that shit (which I doubt), then I'm sure she is a "feminist." Those twisted bitches are a lot like blacks. They are always pissing and moaning about how downtrodden they are; the truth is they get more breaks in this society than white men, and it's been that way for years now. Sure, they had it bad in the past, but so fucking what? My ancestors were Irish, but once they came to this country, they put all their hate for the British behind

White Pussy, Black Pussy, Red Pussy, Pink. The color doesn't matter, 6000 as long-as it don't Stink !!

Thanks \$ \$ 50 to Jason Bartholomen

them and lived for and in the present.

That's what this whole thing with niggers and white women is all about. It's just another way for women's libbers and niggers to get at white men by trying to hurt our pride.

As for "never going back," I don't doubt that. No self-respecting white man would want a woman who has fucked a smelly, ugly, arrogant nigger! At least that's the way it is here in Texas. Maybe that's why there is almost no AIDS among white Texans. Niggers brought AIDS to the world. It started in Africa. Next time you print an article advocating interracial sex, maybe you should warn these sick white cunts that fucking monkeys may be hazardous to their health. You printed that load of black propaganda; so how about printing a real white man's rebuttal? -C. C. B. Tyler, Texas

NOT A PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT

I have a warning for skinheads. We are an organization who in the coming years will fight skinhead SOBs all over the country. Our group consists of a new generation of Black Panthers, good whites, Mexicans, Jews, Hispanics and all other minority groups who have been victims of bigot shitheads. We also have the services of the Crips, Bloods and the Guardians. Our motto will be Four to One. For every minority who is attacked, we will attack four skinheads. A first attack will result in the breaking of your racist hands; a second attack will end up in having your hand(s) cut off as in Iran. If you ignorant fuckers haven't learned by now not to attack people, then we will break some heads open. As for the dickhead, immature, Communist father-and-son act-the Metzgers: You can be cut up just as quickly as you talk about cutting up others. Just like your idol, "Shitler," you and your young racist scum followers will be defeated both mentally and physically. A pure black man, Jesse Owens, showed "Shitler" that he wasn't superior to anyone, and we will show you punkassed fuckers that you aren't either.

-Hannibal Hampton Roads, Virginia

If you get together with any Tyler, Texas, boys for a tea party anytime soon, count us out. We're flops at these social engagements too much sex on the brain!

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. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication.

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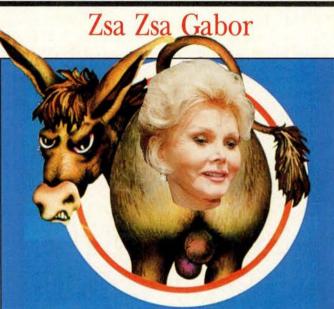
ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

A diamond-studded toilet seat, rose-scented plop water, all the makeup and trick lighting in Hollywood—none of this obscures the fact that former (way former) Miss Hungary Zsa Zsa Gabor is HUSTLER Magazine's first Asshole of the Month for the 1990s.

"People are always picking on me," mewls Gabor from her \$15-million Bel-Air, California, home, and HUSTLER is proud to jump on the Zsa Zsa-bashing bandwagon. The "actress," whose most memorable performance until recently had been as a player on *Hollywood Squares*, will be remembered for starring in an absurdist melodrama played out in the courtrooms of Beverly Hills.

Exercising a ludicrous flair for the dramatic, Zsa Zsa, whose age is reported with varying degrees of credulity as 60-something, 66 and 70ish, inflated a routine police traffic check into a nauseating media circus of self-aggrandizement, replete with press conferences, stampeding court reporters and two hairdressers present to attend the leading lady during jury selection.

On June 14, 1989, Beverly Hills Motorcycle Officer Paul Kramer only wanted to issue



Zsa Zsa a citation for driving her \$215,000 Rolls-Royce Corniche with expired registration. Zsa Zsa, an eight-times married crone whose relative fame devolves from being the sister of a woman who co-starred with a pig in a TV series that was cancelled well over a decade ago, fled the cop in her Rolls and, when he'd caught up with her, smacked him in the face, inciting him to handcuff and arrest her.

Striking a police officer has

never been grounds to be singled out as a shining sphincter, but fatuous self-interest, blatant mendacity, bloated arrogance and frivolous abuse of this country's hallowed institutions are the essential requirements that fully qualify Gabor as Asshole.

Gabor's initial leap to Assholism came with her misuse of our free press. At a news conference staged in her home the aged, reputed glamour queen claimed that her actions were intended to stand up for battered women.

Once in court, Gabor's buttbloom personality came into full flower. Charged with battery on a police officer, driving without a valid driver's license, driving an unregistered car and driving with an open alcohol container in her car, Zsa Zsa explained it all away by claiming "Mexi-cans" had stolen her driver's license, altered it to shave five years off her age and 20 pounds off her weight, and then returned it to her. Gabor further asserted that she was afraid of going to jail: "They are all lesbians in jail. And I'm so scared of lesbians." As if County Jail carpet-munchers are low enough to chomp Gabor's weathered pastrami flaps.

But Zsa Zsa's delusions of royal grandeur outstrip even the distorted conception of her shriveled and bloated physical charm. "You motherfucker," quoted a backup officer on the Zsa Zsa scene." 'I'll have your job! I'll call the Reagans on this!'"

We only hope that Dutch and Nancy refer the call to the Immigration and Naturalization Service. Zsa Zsa may think that she's above the law, but she's not beneath contempt.

FARTS IN THE WIND

WILLIAM BENNETT: The federal drug-enforcement czar is a spearhead of Bush's war on the Constitution. Bennett is privy to such anti-Bill of Rights measures as U.S. military intervention in the U.S., confiscation of assets prior to trial, and the death penalty for addicts driven by what the American Medical Association recognizes as a disease.

BECKY RASNICK: This Missionary Church-spawned woman suffered a sexual assult from Raymond Wilson, who is serving a year for attempted rape. Wilson had recently won \$5.86 million in the California Lottery. Becky Rasnick is now suing Wilson for his 5.86 million, which would make her the most expensive lay in history, even though the guy never even got her pussy. Becky contends that the money, if won, will be used to fight abortion and pornography. HENRY AGONIA: As head of the state parks system of California, Agonla printed an article in *California Parks & Recreation* magazine urging that the parks be used to promote Christianity. Agonla's contention that "it is time to erase the line that separates church and state, a line that never should have been drawn" reveals his ignorance of this country's Constitutional tenets.

JESSE HELMS: The perennial Asshole Republican senator from North Carolina has stuck his head deep up his butt again with sponsorship of a bill that would forbid National Endowment for the Arts funding of "obscene or indecent materials...material which denigrates the objects or beliefs of the adherents of a particular religion or nonreligion; or material which denigrates, debases or reviles a person, group or class of citizens." For this obscene and denigrating bill, Heims deserves to win the censure of HUSTLER Magazine.

HUSTLER'S Fashion Roundup



GARTER SNAKES

F ashion-conscious femmes are going crazy for living clothing. Any nature lover will tell you that there's nothing sexier than the cool feel of snake scales against your skin, and these slithery underthings are also effective insurance against sexual harassment.

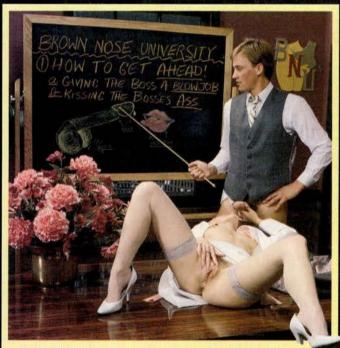


EAR MUFFS nd now something for the men—you can look forward to cold weather with the protection of warm and stylish ear muffs. They're the next best thing to having your head locked between your girlfriend's thighs.



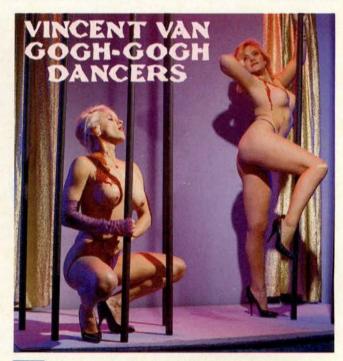
BUTTUX

B ackless dresses are out, out, out this season, but seatless pants are all the rage. Trendy socialites are overcoming their inhibitions and showing off their assets like never before.



BROWN NOSE UNIVERSITY

Finally, an institution that teaches what you *really* need to know to get ahead in business. Women, having been traditionally denied access to the corridors of power at BNU, are especially urged to enrole. The ladies will learn that they have an edge if they're serious about moving up in the world, as can be seen in this typical classroom for Coital Leveraging 101.



ure, Van Gogh could paint okay, but would anybody remember him today if he hadn't lopped off an ear and mailed it to his girlfriend? In honor of that selfless though insane act, the girls at Jake's Print Gallery and Strip Club on Route 1 are performing a little musical self-mutilation of their own. Drop in tonight and get a half-price "Sunflowers" reproduction, a couple of brews, a gander at some fine-looking females and, if you're lucky, a free flesh souvenir—better hurry; they don't have many to spare. A CHINK IN THE ARMOIRE



he Chinese government is doing its best to make amends in the wake of the slaughter in Beijing. A first step has been the establishment of a new student-exchange program with the United States. A number of lucky Americans will get to spend the summer living like typical Chinese students, at work in a forced labor camp. Meanwhile, former young hooligans from China, having been sufficiently "reeducated," will be permitted to spend time with U.S. families. Their government has given assurances that they won't be any trouble at all now.

UD'S

CHARGING



For a change of pace, we thought we'd present this charming memento of the 1941 Struttin' Strippers Prom. Buzz and Sally were king and queen that year. If you have any old sleaze to share, send it to your pals at *Porn From the Past*, HUSTLER Magazine, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. We'll pay \$75 for any photo we print. Please enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want your material returned.

READER'S CORNER

he loyal reader who sent us this photo calls it "24-Hour Service." We can only conclude that many of the folks who buy HUSTLER are Bits & Pieces editors at heart.



AIN'T

ou thought you'd seen it all....In next month's HUSTLER, renowned porn actress cum sexual philosopher Annie Sprinkle talks about the ins and outs of test-driving a postoperative female-to-male transsexual's new penis. Les Nichols, the lusty she-male pictured here, may not be the sort of date you'd write to Mother about. but at least he/she respects you in the morning, even if nobody else ever will again.

FLY ME TO MY DOOM

lying may not be safe these days, but at least it's cheaper than ever under the new DC-10 Frequent Fryer Program: Passengers who survive more than one crash in the aging airplanes are now entitled to a dazzling array of perks. Free flight insurance, a parachute, a life jacket and dental examination (for future reference) are just a few of the benefits to be had for taking your chances on air travel. Leave Grevhound and Amtrak to the sissies.

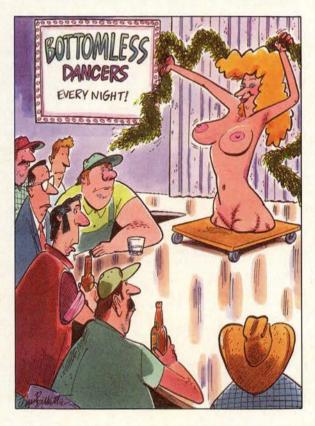
Arrivals



buckets of it!

* JANUARY 1990 * Sex News Bits FINAL

Most Tasteless Cartoon



True Sex Facts

Did you know that . . .

· In the Soviet Union most sexchange operations involve females changing into males, while in the West it's the other way around? • The author of Freedom From Back Pain, Dr. Edward A. Abraham, says an orgasm may be ten times stronger than Valium as a muscle relaxant and that sex may be the best prescription for back pain?

 Rock star Gene Simmons of Kiss claims to have 2,750 photos of nude Kaiser Permanente Medical Care groupies?

• A big day at work makes for big fun in bed, according to researcher Dr. Malcom Carruthers of Maudsley Hospital in London, who says hormone levels increase in men after a personal triumph?

· Women who carry condoms with them are considered by many

men to be "overprepared, hypersexed or apt to have sex with anyone," claims Catherine Hankins, director of the Montreal AIDS Control Program?

· Latex condoms are less likely to leak fluids than prophylactics made from animal skin?

Now That's Safe Sex

of San Francisco recently announced that they will begin free public service classes to teach safe sexual practices and how to use them in the real world. And how should students prepare themselves for this helpful, graphic foray into the harsh reality of contemporary sex? Participants are being asked to bring a banana.

Whoremonger Politico: "Just Say No!"

The Illinois State Legislature recently passed a bill requiring public school sex-education classes to emphasize abstinence as the expected norm and

include instructions on sexual abstinence until marriage, but don't blame Moral Majority types for this one. The bill's author is Representative Gary Hannig, a lawmaker who at one time publicly argued that certain men have the right to solicit prostitutes for sex. That was in 1983 when a Springfield, Illinois, policewoman busted Hannig after he offered her \$20 for some carnal attention. At the time, the inspired Hannig claimed he had a right within the law as a bachelor to seek out female company. He rationalizes that this belief doesn't conflict with his new abstinence law, at least not until the next arrest.

Your Tax Dollars at Work

They blew \$30,000 last year in a sex club, but don't bother calling the cops-they are the cops. Florida's Pinellas County Sheriff's Office claims to have spent the dough during the surveillance of a lapdancing bar called Rapture since May of 1988. Approximately \$3,500 in taxpayer funds paid for 176 nude lap dances purchased by 27 detectives. "It's the cost of doing business," says Sheriff Everett Rice. The police work has netted 87 arrests of dancers on charges of committing lewd acts. But 49 of those arrests didn't involve detectives, and most of the women pleaded no contest, leading to a small fine, and many of the dancers were soon back at the bar for more. Besides the high cost of crotch-hoofing, the huge \$30,000 bill is due to long nights on the job, say cops, including 300 hours in the bar and 374 hours of overtime. Beer, cover charges and tips totalled \$1,500. "You have to play the game," defends one detective. "If you come in and don't spend much money at all, you're definitely a cop."

Man Opens Big Mouth— Gets **Five Years**

Though he was acquitted by a jury while on trial for sexually assaulting his estranged wife, James David Moseley, 34, was convicted and sentenced to five years in prison. Moseley's testimony included statements that he gave his wife head. The judge informed the Jonesboro, Georgia, man that oral sex is a felony in the state under a 156-year-old law upheld by the Supreme Court in 1986. Attorney Clive Stafford-Smith of the Southern Prisoners Defense Committee, representing Moseley in his appeal to the Georgia State Supreme Court, could only guess why the punishment was so severe. "I suppose the repeat-offense rate is rather high," said the attorney.

Contributors HUSTLER pays \$150 for each reader-submitted Bits and Pieces item. In the event that two or more readers' submissions are used in one B&P item, the payment is \$50 for each submission. HG Publications retains all rights to any material submitted, but we'll return any rejected material and original artwork (not including photos) on request if an SASE is enclosed. For this month \$150 goes to Wade Finger. HUSTLER's comments on pictures, people, trademarks and/or copyrighted material ("items") are only its opinion (frequently in the form of parody or satire), based solely on only those facts (including the pictures) disclosed. HUSTLER's use of such items is not authorized by the persons named and/or depicted by the trademark or copyright owners, and no such authorization should be inferred. Said commentary is print ed for the purpose of educating our readers through social commentary, and not neces sarily as a humorous feature designed to en hance our readership.



rank's Chicken House in Manville, New Jersey, featuring nude dancers and chicken dinners, has just celebrated its first anniversary, despite the city fathers' attempts to shut it down. Bowing to pressure, a local Jersey paper, the *Star-Ledger*, dropped Frank's adverts, though they still run ads for XXX material. In addition to super bosoms like Toppsy Curvey and Busty Hart, Frank's place features the talented gals featured here—Baby Doll, Vermeer Lawrence and Selina Stevens (seen giving the powers that be the old two-cheeked salute). Don't chicken out, Frank.

USA

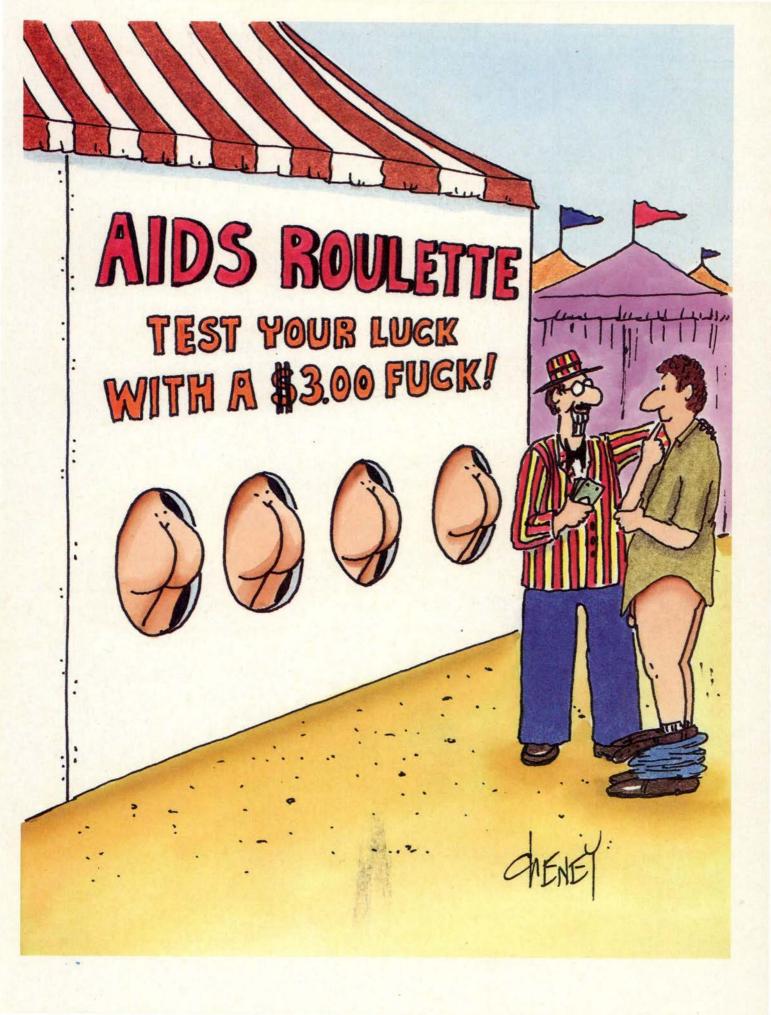
READY FOR LAUNCHING

of the National Space Council. The Bush Administration wants to put a space station on Mars, and we can only hope that Danny is prepared to head up that mission personally as well. If nothing else, it would allow a lot of embarrassed Republicans to sleep at night once more.



ho says clowns are just for kids? A birthday boy of any age would be thrilled to have *this* entertainer show up at his next party. She can't juggle or tell jokes or anything, but at least you'll have no trouble squeezing her into the backseat of one of those funny little cars.

Parody: Not to be taken seriously. Bozo is a trademark of Larry Harmon Pictures, Inc.



TALK TO A "LIVE" HUSTLER GIRL!

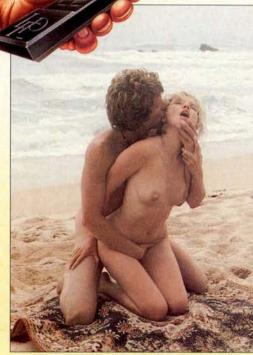
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••I'll talk to you about

Anything you want."

1-900-999-LISA 5472



Only the Best: Romance and heat.

first dark-dick dorking ever—is palpable, as is her ecstasy. Highlight: Keyes opening her pussy, lip by lip, to reveal a sopping wet fuckhole. Tanya Lawson and George Payne's sizzling schtup in a New York subway train is a remarkable reminder of what adult movies can, but now almost never, do. From *Sexcapades*, Sharon Kane's strap-on cunt- and butt-probe of domineering Lee Carroll is an astounding study in slutty lesbo sex. Another offbeat scorcher is the Samantha Fox/Jody Maxwell/Joey Silvera threeway from *Outlaw Ladies*: The depraved ladies are into odors. Romance and passion are provided by the youthful Paul Thomas fucking Kane in *Hot Legs* and the legendary Abigail Clayton in *Seven Into Snowy* (although rolling around in the sand as they do, it's a wonder the result isn't dermabrasion). Threeways from *Nightdreams* and *The Other Side of Julie* round out this excellent compilation that lives up to its title. —*John Cooper*



Three-Quarters Erect. Starring Suzanna French, Paula Wain, John Leslie, Sharon Thorpe, Johnnie Keyes, Dorothy LeMay, Danielle, Jacqueline Lorians, Sharon Kane, Paul Thomas, Abigail Clayton, Samantha Fox, Jody Maxwell, Joey Silvera, Lee Carroll, Tanya Lawson and George Payne. Videocassette by Cal Vista.

Though a little less generous in number of scenes than the original, Only 2 maintains the heat by using clips from films other than Cal Vista's, whose Best resources must be thinning out by now. This volume includes such gems as Sharon Thorpe's wide-eyed encounter with original black stud Johnnie Keyes from Sex World. Thorpe's yearning for black choad—her ith more than a thousand hard-core movies being released each year for the home audience, viewers, increasingly confronted by seductive advertising and slick packaging, are often at a loss when it comes to select-

ing an X-rated tape worth watching. HUSTLER is committed to serious, nobullshit criticism designed to accurately inform readers of XXX-cinema offerings, and to spur the adult-entertainment industry to better productions. Despite their drastic decline, there will always be adult theaters, and we'd never leave a film buff in the lurch: If a review says a production was shot on film, it's probably playing on a big screen somewhere—all you have to do is find it.





Above: Megan Leigh and Britt Morgan ready to eat cum. Top: Loose Ends VI: Motor oil as lubricant in a junkyard.





Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Bruce Seven; starring Bionca, Megan Leigh, Jamie Gillis, Rachel Ryan, Britt Morgan, Randy West, Tom Byron, Marc Wallice and J.C. Rocker. Videocassette by 4 Play Video.

Megan Leigh's butt has turned out to be looser than anyone might have anticipated when her snug, inviolable sphincters first clamped upon the fuck-flick scene. In what is beyond debate the climactic point of Loose Ends, Volume VI, Megan not only gives up her video bum-cherry, she tosses in her cunt with the bargain. If a paid sex performer is going to go anal, she may as well go double penetrant, and that's just what Megan does. As Tom Byron fills the Leigh yoni from below, Marc Wallice pours a quart of motor oil into the cleavage of Megan's quivering cheeks, then revs his rod up her sludge hole. The dicks spurt their gushers one on either side of Leigh's dazzling smile, then she pops both cock heads in her mouth. The debauchery of Megan's browneye deflowering is almost matched in Bionca's prefinale finger-and-bead ass exploration and strap-on straight screw of the formerly cloacal virgin. Rachel Ryan takes some shots in her often-hit shitter; the full-cast orgy is a roiling riot of raunch; and a three-slut dog pile bears director Seven's trademark dildos, grease and multiple sticky fingers. Volume VI is everything the first five Loose Ends has led us to expect. -Christian Shapiro



Half Erect. Directed by Loretta Sterling; starring Trinity Loren, Layla LaShell, Lotta Love, Donna Ann, Ron Jeremy, Jesse Adams, Marc Wallice, Jeff Golden, Shane Hunter, John Dough, Bionca and Sandra. Videocassette by 4 Play Video.

Dream come true or nightmare given flesh (and plenty of it) when it comes to an anal fat chicks tape, it could go either way. Combining the butt-sex and bondage twist of the *Loose Ends* series with the blubbery bovines of *Let Me Tell Ya 'Bout Fat Chicks, Ends* is some kind of ultimate. Whether it's your kind is a personal matter. Would you like to see well-past-plump Trinity Loren scream, "No!" as Jesse Adams splats spootie on her face? Would you like to watch a marginally hard Ron Jeremy cram his rubber-clad reamer between the impossibly large butt cheeks of Layla LaShell? How does a gut-bustingly hilarious (wildly erotic) visit to an S&M dungeon sound? Does watching Layla have hot wax dripped on her flaccid udder sound appealing? Whatever, *Fat Ends* is unique—let's hope it stays that way. *—Tony Chambers*



Fat Ends: Excitement well past plump.





Taylor Made: Cheri's custom-crafted star vehicle.

Half Erect. Directed by David Mann; starring Cheri Taylor, Aja, Champagne, Brandy Alexandre, Peter North, Robert Bullock, Chip Dale, Alex Horn and Ron Johnson. Videocassette by Dreamland Entertainment.

Cheri Taylor has bespoke boobies, an ageless pixie face, a chassis that is the envy of untold stump-calf, retired porn sowlettes ten years her junior, an erotic expertise gained only through years of concentrated carnal application, a cooze-warming enthusiasm most of her sisters in slime have lost well before they hit the jizz screen and—now with *Taylor Made*—her very own custom-crafted star vehicle. *Made* has uncommonly varied and realized settings—an airport departure area, a health club, a shoe store, a Los Angeles beach, a lingerie shop, a Hollywood street, a couple of condos—and pro-quality camerawork. But story and pacing are its fatal flaws. Well more than one-quarter of the way through the tape, Robert Bullock *finally* slips his hand into Taylor's blouse; they fuck in a jetliner cockpit, after which ensues more nonsex and nonsense. Granted, Taylor's skin is the center of attention to a total of six dudes and one dudess, seemingly made to measure, but *Taylor Made* should provide a tighter fit. —*C.S.*

Bionca squats squack on the plastic thing in Diaries' best entry.

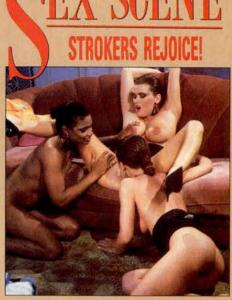


Half Erect. Directed by Henri Pachard; starring Sharon Kane, Keisha, Barbara Dare, Bionca, Rick Savage, Jamie Gillis, Randy Spears, Dominique St. Clair, Caroline Laurie and Vanessa. Videocassette by VCA Pictures.

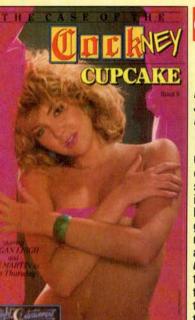
Life can get tough, but it could always get worse: Imagine being married to smutscriptster Raven Touchstone and not being deaf. "Please, Raven," goes the worst-casescenario breakfast conversation. "Get to the point. You've been talking for half an hour now, Raven; what is the point? Christ, it's time for lunch already, Raven; have you got



a point?" And in real life, bound to Raven Touchstone, the sex would never arrive, although it does eventually in *Diaries of Fire and Ice, Part 1:* Randy Spears wriggles a big toe in Bionca's had-it-all twat, then he holds a dildo by its base in his teeth as she squats squack on the plastic thing; Jamie Gillis pulls up the back of Sharon Kane's black stockings and comes inside them; Barbara Dare serves crotch crevice to a dark-haired foreign booty; Rick Savage rams and jams Keisha's cum crumpet, slipping in around her G-string; and Bionca finishes off *Part 1* by freaking in the hole of Keisha. *Fire and Ice* ought to produce more steam. —*Alex Marvel*



Swedish Erotica is back. Four years after it stopped production, the oldest X-rated series in porn is greasing up for the '90s. When the modern age of adult cinema began in the early '70s. a Swedish Erotica 8mm loop was all you'd get in the back room stroke booths of adult bookstores. It was worth the quarter: Swedish Erotica consistently rewarded bleary-eyed. sore-wristed pervs with suitably trashy women getting fucked into next week and loving it. Swedish Erotica made the transition from film to video but lost energy and direction in the sexvid explosion of the mid-1980s. S.E.'s last production was 1986's Volume 73 starring **Candi Evans and Blondi. The loops** are called "Featurettes" now. but judging from the cast lists of Volumes 1-4, the tradition of serving up the best spreads in the business is going to continue. If this edition of porn's granddaddy is anything like its predecessors, these big-budget 90-minute volumes may warrant the purchase of a new wrist brace.





Half Erect. Directed by Scotty Fox; starring Megan Leigh, Jon Martin, Debi Diamond, Nina Hartley, Jerry Butler, Mike Horner, Tom Byron and Raven Richards. Videocassette by Moonlight Entertainment.

Good sex excuses many faults. Less-than-beautiful broads, obnoxious big dicks, a few bad jokes, a few lapses in sound or picture quality, a skeeved-out scum star pretending to be a smart, together, successful, self-actualized human being: All such cracks in the video veneer are forgivable, provided pizzle is put to poozle in a prick-piquing manner. But the one unpardonable sin in scuz cinema, a crime committed continuously during the course of The Case of the Cockney Cupcake, is to encourage jizz hams to affect British accents. Cupcake's plot is lame, poorly told and festooned with yawn-inspiring jokes, as befits the enemic endeavors of any videomaker stupid enough to allow Mike Horner and Nina Hartley to harumph and wheedle at length in their painful overapproximation of Cockney patois. As for Cupcake's couplings, the screws are all there, but no way is anybody going to fucking hear them. -A. M.

TIANNA

Bottled-blonde Tianna's shaved, fleshy petal of delight and slick, squeezy asshole are only part of the reason this hard-bodied Valley Girl is one of the best fucks on video. In less than a year, Tianna's camera nasties are generously greased with a trait often missing in today's grind-'emout productions: enthusiasm; when she sucks a cock up hard and then squats her pretty, puffy pussy down on it, she ain't thinking about her paycheck. Her eyes roll back up into her head, she sticks her tongue out like a snake, makes strange faces and laughs and giggles and bounces on that stiff dick until it's time to jerk cum out of it. And she doesn't shy away from the blast, either. Tianna can be a tough prison slut (Girls Gone Bad) or a sweet cheerleader (Girls of Fur Pi), but either way, she's always ready to get down and do it...with a smile. Credits include Lips on Lips, Sorority Pink, Shadows in the Dark and The Last Temptation.





One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Billy Dee and Sharon Mitchell; starring Aja, Nikki Knights, Jade East, Eric Price, Ron Jeremy, Jesse Eastern and Renee Morgan. Videocassette by Intropics.



Just get the fuck off on Broadway.

Though a rational person wouldn't trust Billy Dee and Sharon Mitchell for directions to a crack house, they've been put in charge of directing a porn video, one that ultimately relies upon the strychnine charm of Ron Jeremy and the blustering hamjob "acting" of Jesse Eastern. Hidden among the painfully excessive histrionics of Off on Broadway are five instances of bare-bones sex, scaling the meat thermometer from tepid to lukewarm. Eric Price has yet to find his semen legs, though he does squeeze out a pop after a stunned one-position drill of Miss Excitement (as in, "I sure miss the excitement") Aja. In a follow-up jerkoff on Jade East's chest, Price's noodle looks about half as hard as her tits. East returns to feed her terivaki beef flaps to Renee Morgan's lick-anything tongue, after which both still look hungry. Nikki Knights knocks off the only fucks worthy of the name in this droopy debacle, her face work on Jeremy's schlong being the pic's only point of potential prurience. Go ahead, get off on Broadway, get off on Fifth and Main, get off on the Bowery, just get the fuck off. -C. S.



Theatrical trappings and hobbled humor obscure the Splendor.



Half Erect. Directed by F. J. Lincoln; starring Cheri Taylor, Aja, Ariel Knight, Heather, Tianna, Staci Lords, Peter North, Tom Byron and Eric Price. Videocassette by Vidco.

Rusty old-time porn director F.J. Lincoln, now either in or on the cusp of his dotage, seems to believe he has become smutvid helmsman Paul Thomas. The Last Temptation resembles a Thomas concoction from its mainstream-ripped title to its endless and pointless A to B to A again and again dialogue to its director's succumbing to the temptation to appear in a nonsex cameo role. At least Cheri Taylor gets to stroke Tom Byron's wang with both fists, enough pud head popping through that she can suck him off too, a penile ministration repeated later by lazy Aja. Ariel Knight wafts the sweet-smelling salts of her twat under Aja's nose to some avail, then torque wrenches the tools of Peter North and Eric Price, who have just side-by-side screwed Staci Lords and a dark-bushed blonde with fake tits. Byron caps the pic with a poke of another vellow-haired poozle. This may all sound tempting, but remember: The pleasure lasts only an instant; penance takes up much of this tape's 90 -Hakim Whithers minutes.

Despite the Temptation, the pleasure lasts only an instant





Half Erect. Directed by Gerard Damiano; starring Sharon Kane, Nina Hartley, Staci Lords, Rachel Ryan, Carla Ferrari, Randy Spears, Tom Byron and Peter North. Videocassette by Caballero Home Video.

Not every eager beater who is anxious to get some lead in his pencil will have enough patience to put up with the theatrical trappings and hobbled humor of Splendor in the Ass. To their credit, Splendor's performers, particularly Tom Byron and Randy Spears, make the best of their blatantly false beards, forced British accents and labored punch lines. Maybe some squeamish ginch who's never seen smut before will believe that Splendor is erotica rather than porn, becoming vulnerable to a subliminal seduction, but nobody wants to fuck a bitch who falls for this sappy trappings shit. The meat of Ass is: Carla Ferrari's milk sacs swaying from the penile reverberations of Spears and Byron; Spears toweling his dick discharge from Sharon Kane's sperm-specked skin; Nina Hartley's cheeks popping out as she sucks Peter North's prick tip; Hartley yanking North's knob from Staci Lords's labes and slobbering around his wad; and Rachel Ryan bouncing her rectum on North's reamer. The turdtamping is not shot with a view to a sodomite's fancy, and one obscured dick in the ass does not a splendor -H.W. make.

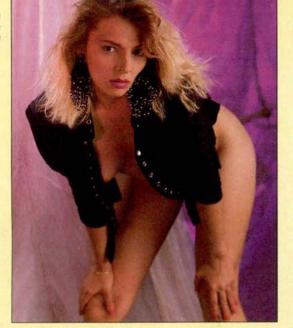


Half Erect. Directed by Paul Thomas: starring Julianne James, Randy Spears, Tom Byron, Champagne, Alex Storm, Eric Price, Claire Tyler, Raquel Darien and Julian James. Videocassette by Vivid Video.



Vivid's long-running Brat series keeps selling strong through Brat after Brat due to a simple formula: captivating box art. professional picture quality and saucy fuck-bunnies in the title role. Current Brat Julianne James is a concupiscent cupcake worthy of the Brat mantle. Impudent and bold, her fresh and snotty natural blond good looks, complemented with natural, bouncy bosoms and a naturally bulbous pair of buns, suit her perfectly for the role of a willful and wayward budding wanton. James is just as cute and cuddly being fucked in the ass by her real-life boyfriend as she is being pussy-eaten from behind by Eric Price. And Nympho Brat throws an extra factor into the success equation: fresh fish. The gash of Nympho-a caramelskinned brunette with a tight, skinny ass; another brunette, this one with reddish highlights, handful tits and a jizz-catching back; and a virtuoso-throated honey-blonde-are all organic, pretty, young, sex positive, shot from more than the basic, easy angles and new enough on the scene to not yet be assigned to their proper names. Our only wish is that director Paul Thomas would have allowed us to get to know them better. Four and a half fucks are insufficient for any Nympho, particularly a Brat. -H. W.

Alex Storm puts wind in a bone-sailor's sails.







One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Anna-Maria Monet; starring Lynn LeMay, Champagne, Debi Diamond, Staci Lords, Micki Snow and Aurora. Videocassette by Eyeshadow Productions.

Some straight dudes worry about lesbians. "Them dykes is stealing away all the pretty chicks," fret the paranoid pricks. *Lesbian Lingerie Fantasy, Volume* 2 in part confirms the feared fox-drain, but it is also reassuring evidence

that the lesbos are relieving us heteros of a few dogs too. Of the three couples of squack-attacking cooze in Fantasy, the firstblond, boobed-out Lynn LeMay and butchy, black-haired Aurorawill spark the greatest ambivalence. While the vast majority of regular guys wouldn't mind putting the pork to either of these seasoned power pussies, it must be admitted that their defection to sapphism is no great loss to red-blooded mankind. The penis desertion of nubile honey-puss nymphettes Champagne and Debi Diamond to Snatch Suck City is, on the contrary, to be mourned by all fag-waiving dicks. A cock may whip considerable consolation from the sight of these two bimbo blondes scampering tongues and fingers over folds and flaps, but Lesbian Lingerie's true service to normal studs may be in stealing Micki Snow from the boys-and-girls bone pool. Staci Lords, not overly excitable in the best of conditions, refuses to put her mouth to Snow's muff, letting her fingers do the talking. Staci probably washed her hand right afterward. Maybe you'll need to too. —K. B.



Half Erect. Directed by R.U. Hardyet; starring Alex Storm, Ray Victory, April Wine, Nina DePonca, Buck Adams and Brett Next. Videocassette by Las Vegas Video.

Storm Warning's first danger sign is Nina DePonca's blasé reaction to her tape-opening balling by Brett Next. DePonca sucks on Next's choad as naturally and nonchalantly as if it were a banana, but her real lack of enthusiasm starts when he sticks it in her. She remains totally unperturbed, looking blandly into the distance as Next porks her pretty poon, eventually laying her head on a pillow to take a little rest as Next squeezes off on her soft, brown, pillowy buns. But wait; that was part of the plot. Nina was supposed to seem bored with the bone. Unfortunately, April Wine has no such storyline excuse for her uninvolved, distracted penetration by Ray Victory's monstrous black trouser eel. Alex Storm, a pleasant-faced, peroxide head with well-formed, medium-size mammaries, finally provides Storm Warning's first hint of emotion when her face grimaces as if in pain from battering Buck Adams's ramming rod. Storm is, however, a competent and avid dick-licker. Her moments of saliva-coating the cranks of Adams and Victory will put the wind in the bone-sailor's sails, but such a squall is no call for a storm warning. -Kurt Blume

TROKER'S GUIDE

This column lists and rates erotic videos and films (F) reviewed in the past issues of HUSTLER and HUSTLER EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE. All titles are available on videocassette.

Fully Erect

Hershe Highway II Hot Scalding Lust Letters

Three-Quarters Erect

Bimbo Bowlers From Buffalo Black Valley Girls 2 Blowing in Style The Chameleon Edge of Heat 1 Lips on Lips Rock 'n' Roll Heaven True Confessions of Hyapatia Lee Unforgivable

Half Erect

Asspiring Actresses Bionca on Fire The Great Sex Contest—Round II Hotel Paradise Kinky Business 2 The Love Mistress Love on the Run Oral Majority 7 Straight to the Top Tail for Sale Uniform Behavior With a Wiggle in Her Walk Words of Love **One-Quarter Erect**

The All-American Girl Brat Force By Day, Bi Night Cat Scratch Fever The First of April Handle With Care Innocent Bi-Standers The Love Button Power Blonde The Red Baron 69 Pump Street Taboo VII Twentysomething III Vixens

Totally Limp

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one another in their race to fulfill

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ladies are determined to outdo

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Ginger Lynn, Amber Lynn,

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

> by Veronica Vera

ARE WE HAVING SEX YET?

s "quality sex, not quantity sex" emerges as a theme of the safe-sex generation, more and more people are looking for ways to understand and expand the concept of sex and, most of all, to have fun. Several artists and teachers now offer everything from far-out rituals and intense orgies to classroom lectures as ways to heighten sexual awareness and bring likeminded, lusty people together. Most of these practitioners have been doing their thing long before the dawn of the Rubber Age, but today they are greeted as new. It is not unusual now to open a newsletter from a local alternative learning center or even a college extension bulletin and find such courses as "Massage for Couples" or "Tao to Be a Great Lover." Sex is a popular subject, especially in a safe, unthreatening classroom environment. For those who are ready to jump genitals first into the New Age, there are many opportunities for a more hands-on approach.

You say your girlfriend is acting like a positive cunt? You might help her to be more cunt-positive by sug-

0

6

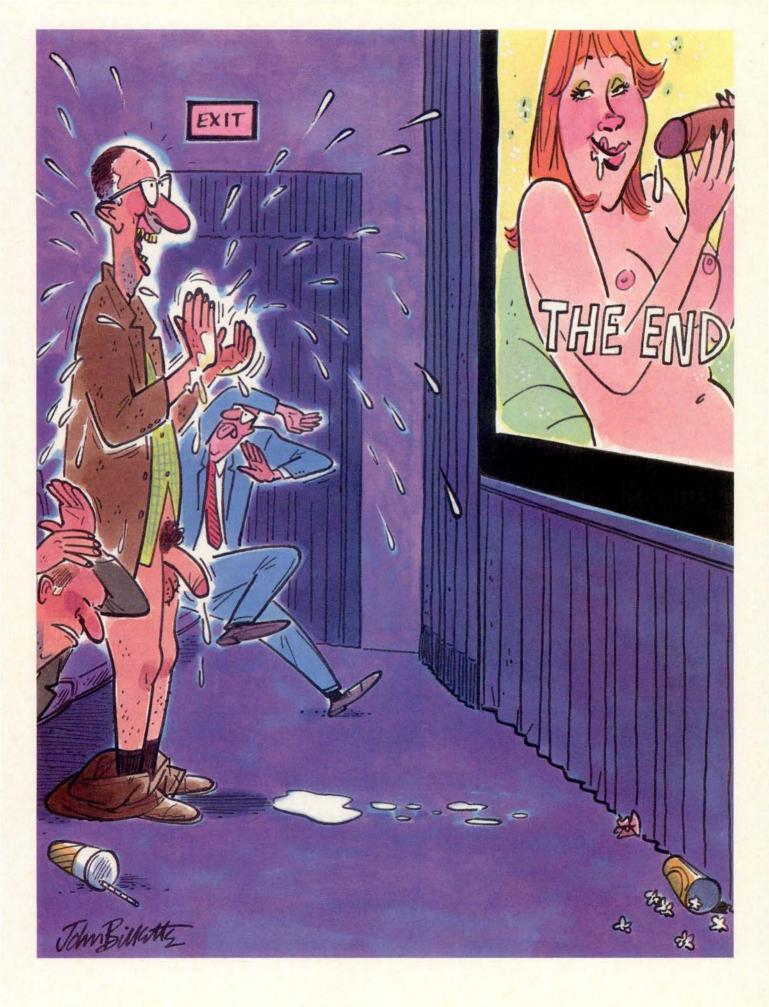
(Betty Dodson, P.O. Box 1933 Murray Hill Station, NY, NY 10156.) A graduate of the '60s orgy scene, Betty's masturbation workshops for women are world famous. Her book, Self Love and Orgasm, has recently been reprinted as Sex for One (Harmony Books), and her ideas of liberating masturbation still provoke controversy. Betty encourages women to get into what she calls "cunt-consciousness." Every month or so, a dozen women participate in the bodysex workshop that Betty holds in her home. Essentially, what Betty Dodson does is guide the women, all of whom are naked, through a circle jerk or, as she sometimes calls it, "jill-off." The workshop lasts for two days and begins with each woman doing a breathing exercise. Then they introduce themselves. By the end of Day One each woman takes a turn sitting in front of a mirror examining her cunt while the other women watch. Since many women have never really taken a look at their own cunts, this has proven to be a very liberating experience. At a recent workshop, one woman remarked that she left after the first day's cunt examination feeling really good about herself. "I walked down the street with this big smile on my face, thinking, Gosh, I've got a pretty cunt."

gesting Betty Dodson's Women's Bodysex Groups.

Betty teaches the women breath and muscle exercises that make orgasms easier. She introduces them to a variety of sex toys they may or may not have seen: dildos, butt plugs, snake bite cups (great for attaching to nipples). Her favorite prop is the vibrator specifically, the Hitachi Magic Wand. "It's real simple to use with one hand," she says. The high point of Betty's workshop occurs when the women lie in a circle facing toward the center, take their vibrators in hand and go to town. At the end of this ritual, each of the participants wears a smile of saintly ecstasy. "I wish I had learned about this in the Girl Scouts," said one satisfied customer.

For a short time Betty ran a similar workshop for men, but she noted that men put too much stock in the idea of a refractory period: "After their first ejaculation they wanted to go to sleep."

How do you have sex if you are afraid it will kill you? What do you do if your girlfriend says she has a headache? "Sex heals" is the motto of Annie Sprinkle. Porn's former "Queen of Kink" now describes herself as a New Age girl. She has spent the last couple of years seeking out teachers who promote sex and spirituality: Tantric, Taoist and Native American. Annie Sprinkle, a sex doctor? Well, why not? After all,



she has always been into bodily functions. Annie says, "Sex can be used as a healing tool. It can cure a headache, relieve stress and



tension, help digestion, strengthen the immune system, help you sleep, give you energy, open you to your emotions, improve concentration, heal different organs in the body, and tons more things."

Annie makes use of her research in a play that she premiered recently in New York, Annie Sprinkle, Post Porn Modernist—A One Woman Show and Tell. In the

first act, "Pornstistics," she is the complete businesswoman—dressed in a hat and suit—using a slide show of charts and graphs to describe the advantages and disadvantages of porn. She moves on to what the *Village Voice* newspaper described as "a public cervix announcement." She spreads her pussy lips with a gynecological speculum and invites the men and women in the audience to take flashlights in hand and have a look. By the end of the show, she is a wild animal goddess rubbing oil all over her body, lighting candles and incense as she masturbates in front of her audience and chants, "Sex heals." The ushers pass through the crowd and distribute rattles so the audience can join her in this modern fertility ritual. Her next invitations will read, "Bring your own vibrator." (Weisser/Sprinkle, 454 West 22nd Street, New York, NY 10011.)

How can sex work for you instead of you working for sex? The importance of breathing, touching (with the focus on energy exchange) and intention-meaning what you do with your sex energy-are principles espoused for centuries by the Chinese Taoist and Indian Tantrics. Modern-day Taoist teachers seem to be the more conservative of the two, especially in terms of teaching methods. They like books and blackboards. The most well-known workshop in America is Healing Love Through the Tao, ancient Chinese sex secrets taught by Master Mantak Chia and his students (Healings Tao International Center, P.O. Box 1194, Huntington, NY 11743). These books and workshops explain how sexual energy can be guided through the body by the use of breath and muscle contractions in a "micro-cosmic orbit."

Indian Tantrics beliefs are similar to Chinese Taoists, but Tantrics have more of a reputation for enlightenment through lots of fucking and sucking. Like all these disciplines, the emphasis is not on the act, but on attitude. In tantra, sexual energy is called *kundalini*. It is likened to a coiled snake that rests in the genitals. When *kundalini* is aroused, it can be



guided over the body through the energy centers or *chakras* to empower the whole human being. Says Jwala, an internationally known *tantrika*, "In the tantra I teach, which is neo-tantra, first people need to really loosen up their inhibitions. They need to have lots of genitally centered or 'peak' experiences, which include ejaculation to free up the sexual energy. Once they have freed the *kundalini*, they can begin to refine it."

When Jwala advises people to have lots of peak experiences, it is so they'll approach orgasm not from a place of need, but from a place of fullness. Her workshops consist of breathing exercises, exercising the pubococcygeus muscle (the same one you squeeze to hold back a piss), eye-gazing, learning different positions or *mudras*, a sumptuous feast and sometimes an orgy, "depending on how juicy everyone feels." Jwala plans to incorporate these ideas in her book, *Seven Chakra Sex* (Jwala, c/o C. Maxwell, 200 E. 36th Street, #16D, New York, NY 10016).

Does this mean you can have an orgasm without having sex as we usually know it? Says Jwala, "I can bring myself to orgasm without touching my genitals. Once in Poona I was having an energy exchange, or *darshan*, with Bagwan Shree Rajneesh, my teacher. He put his hand on my third eye, and I had a seven-chakra orgasm, with fluid running down my legs. Two samurais had to pick me up and carry me to the back of the hall. My orgasm lasted for about an hour."

But you're a red-blooded American and you can't identify with some Oriental swami? Harley SwiftDeer, a Cherokee in his late 40s, was taught sex by a Phoenix Fire Woman (sex teacher) when he was a kid growing up on the reservation. Today he passes on these teachings. Called guodoushka, the principles are similar to tantra. The total body orgasm is called "fire breath orgasm." Porn actress Ona Zee introduced fire breath orgasm to hardcore fans in the movie My Dinner With Andrea. Ona says, "In the workshops we are totally naked. Sometimes there is a lot of genital manipulation. Quodoushka also encourages playfulness through the wearing of masks and costumes designed to help participants reconnect with their sexualities at different ages and in different personas."

Harley SwiftDeer students run the gamut from Hollywood movie stars to Michigan factory workers. Like all of the sex teachers mentioned here, he is available along with his wife and assistant Diane Nightbird to guide workshops all over the country, wherever there is enough interest (Quodoushka, P.O. Box 8204, La Crescenta, CA 91214).

So what's the bottom line? If you've been worrying about getting laid, you can begin to relax. Open your mind, take a deep breath and have fun. There are many tools for pleasure, and they're not all between your legs.



"Yeah, I got it, kid...catcher's mitt, video game and a guitar. Now gimme the goddamn toilet paper!"



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WANTON WELCOME

I'm a woman who recently made a thrilling discovery about my sexuality: I like to eat pussy. It was my neighbor Margo who taught me that I could make love to a woman while still enjoying married life.

My husband and I had just moved into a new neighborhood, and I was home one afternoon unpacking boxes. Margo came over to welcome us to the neighborhood. From the first time I saw her I knew there was something different and exciting about her; she was not only beautiful, but she affected me strangely, in an exciting, confusing way.

While we were having coffee in the kitchen I couldn't take my eyes off her. The soft sensuality of her lips and the swell of her round bust inside her tight blouse brought pangs of desire to my cunt. I was shocked at the sensation of being turned on by Margo, but I couldn't help it. Our talk turned to sex, and she brought up the subject of bisexuality. She was so open and free that I hung on every word. I could tell she knew how she was affecting me. As she talked she would run her fingers lightly up and down the cleavage of her blouse, opening her skirt wider with each stroke. I was beginning to feel flush all over, the itch in my crotch getting stronger and more demanding.

She rose and moved behind my chair. Still talking, her lips pressed against the lobe of my ear. A cold shiver ran the length of my spine, ending in an electric charge at the base of my now-leaking twat.

"I want you," she said softly, flicking her tongue against the sensitive lobe of my ear. "I want to feel you against me." Her tongue left my ear and traveled down the side of my neck. It was wet and hot and sent shivers of desire along the curve of my back and shook my loins. I was helpless.

As if it were the most natural act in the world, she rubbed her hands over my tits, softly at first, then with more feeling and strength. I didn't object. It seemed so natural, her arms reaching from behind me, kneading my breasts. It was as if hidden longings locked away were finally released by Margo's exciting touch.

She freed my tits from the confines of my blouse, pulling at my pert nipples until they were taut and erect. She turned me around and slipped her hot tongue into my mouth. The trickle in my cunt became a flood.

She stripped me with urgency and laid me on the floor. I shuddered when she



pushed my knees toward my chest and spread my legs. My cunt was opening and closing rapidly, my pussy lips throbbing as I felt her hot breath against my thighs. I jerked in surprise and exhilaration when she placed her tongue softly between the swollen lips of my twat and sucked lightly. I groaned loudly and hunched my ass off the floor, grinding my wet orifice against her mouth.

Her tongue flattened and pressed against my clit, and my juices washed over her face. I could hear her slurp and swallow, grinding her face into my open twat. I came, my cunt walls expanding and contracting around her probing, hot tongue.

Orgasms raced through my quivering

flesh, melting me with the heat of multiple climaxes. She continued to suck, lapping hungrily at the steady flow squirting from my convulsing cunt.

Then she removed her face, dripping with the excess of my orgasmic discharge, and mounted me. She grunted when she lowered her sweating twat over my face. The musky aroma of her cunt was like an electric charge, and I lifted my face to meet the open, inviting interior of her slit.

I wallowed shamelessly at the pit of her slippery sexhole and ran my tongue up and down the pink fleshy folds, digging deeply into the moist petals of her squirting flower and swallowing the thick,warm nectar flowing from her open poon.

I held her soft hips in my hands and ran my fingers over the smooth swell of her small buttocks, pulling her cunt against my face. Her hot opening covered me, the velvet folds of her swollen clit rubbing lightly against the bridge of my nose. I felt her come, tensing and shivering to release a sticky wetness into my eager mouth. I buried my face deeper in Margo's fevered hole, lapping greedily, gulping down the juice of her climax.

Margo returned to my twat and began probing her long fingers in and out of my crack. When my cunt was red and pulsating, she dove headfirst between my legs and went to work. Her tongue flicked across my clit, teasing my stiff bud while I wriggled and twisted into another full-body orgasm. I came violently, rubbing up and down on her face with steady grunting.

I sucked her off again—slower this time, exploring every inch of her satiny smooth slit. She came again and again, each orgasm more powerful than the last. For hours we explored each other's bodies, reveling in the pure wantonness of the experience.

Margo and I are lovers now. I regularly get it on with two people—my husband and Margo—each in a different, exciting way. Isn't sex grand?!

> —T. W. Salem, Oregon

HOT LETTERS

Her beautiful, fresh pussy gaped before me, glistening with the glaze of sex.

A FRENCH TICKLE

My daughter Ginger spent her junior year in college as an exchange student in Paris. She stayed with a family there. The way the agreement ran, their daughter would spend her next year of college here in the United States.

Ginger's mother and I had been divorced for better than ten years. When Ginger decided to go to college here, she moved in with me. So when she returned from Paris, she brought the French exchange student, Michele, with her.

I don't know what I expected, but I was impressed with the cargo that came home with my daughter.

Michele was slim and dark. But there was something incredibly sexy about her. Maybe it was her packed, tight little body that swayed seductively with every step. Perhaps it was the way she flicked her tongue over her lip when she met me.

A couple of weeks later, Ginger decided to spend the day out of town with a friend, where she would stay overnight. Michele remained home to study. Late that night I heard some sounds down in the kitchen. Quietly investigating, the lights off, I peeked around the kitchen door. Michele had opened the refrigerator to look for a snack.

The wedge of light from the refrigerator fell across the young French girl, illuminating her firm, 22-year-old body. She wore a little pink negligee that was deliciously transparent. There was a dark hint of snatch—a provocative little triangle—behind the pink cloud. She wore no panties. Michele had creamy thighs, slim legs. Her areolas were immense dark coins. They looked so delectable that I had to lick my lips.

So as not to startle her, I backed away a few steps, then made a sound as if I were just arriving, and I came into the kitchen.

"Hello," she said, with that slightly musical French accent of hers.

She continued to hold the door open, exposing light on her magnificent pussy. My cock grew as I gazed at her body.

When she saw the tent my stiffening cock made in my robe, she giggled, jiggling her breasts as she stared at my hard-



"We're looking for something with a padded headboard."

on. She kept the door open and walked slowly by me, but close enough to brush against the tip of my erection. That was all I could take. I pulled her toward me.

Her mouth was sweet tasting, and the subtle fragrance of her body drove me wild. Purring, she nibbled my lower lips. She slipped her tongue into my mouth. I returned the passionate probe.

Michele rubbed her saucy tits against my chest as she opened my robe. The sharp cones seemed to stab me with their heat. She moaned as I pushed my pecker against her moistening crotch.

I crushed the young girl against me. Her little negligee had hiked up to her waist, and her wiry bush rubbed against my rigid staff. Michele wrapped her legs around me.

Lifting her, I backed the girl against the kitchen table.

"Monsieur!" she murmured.

I laid the upper part of her slender body on the table; then I gently pushed her smooth legs apart. Her beautiful, fresh pussy gaped before me, glistening with the glaze of sex.

I pushed my rod into her tight, warm hole, stroking slowly in her snug pocket.

She mumbled something in French as I thrust harder until I pushed completely inside her.

Her mouth was slack. She lifted her negligee and caressed and pinched her erect nipples. Her tits shimmied back and forth as I drove into her. The head of my dick kneaded a sensitive spot in the depths of her pussy, which caused the young coed to squirm and whimper.

Her slit sloshed as I impaled her, and I could feel her juices dribbling down my balls. She was slick and tight. Her thighs squeezed my hips as she rose to meet me with her own powerful strokes. She sucked on her lower lip, concentrating on my cock pleasuring her. The raw, alluring smell of sex filled my nostrils.

My nuts tightened, and my prick began to jerk. Cum pulsed along the length of my rod. Suddenly, a mighty load of jism poured out of me.

Michele twitched and quivered, her pussy muscles gripping me in their velvet hold—a lusty vise. My shaft tightened rhythmically as my climax continued its eruption. The young girl gasped as her own juices gushed out, making a hot, gleaming pool on the kitchen table. She trembled and whimpered.

I lifted the young French girl and carried her into my bedroom. We fucked until dawn. Vive la France!

> -G. B. Long Island, New York

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

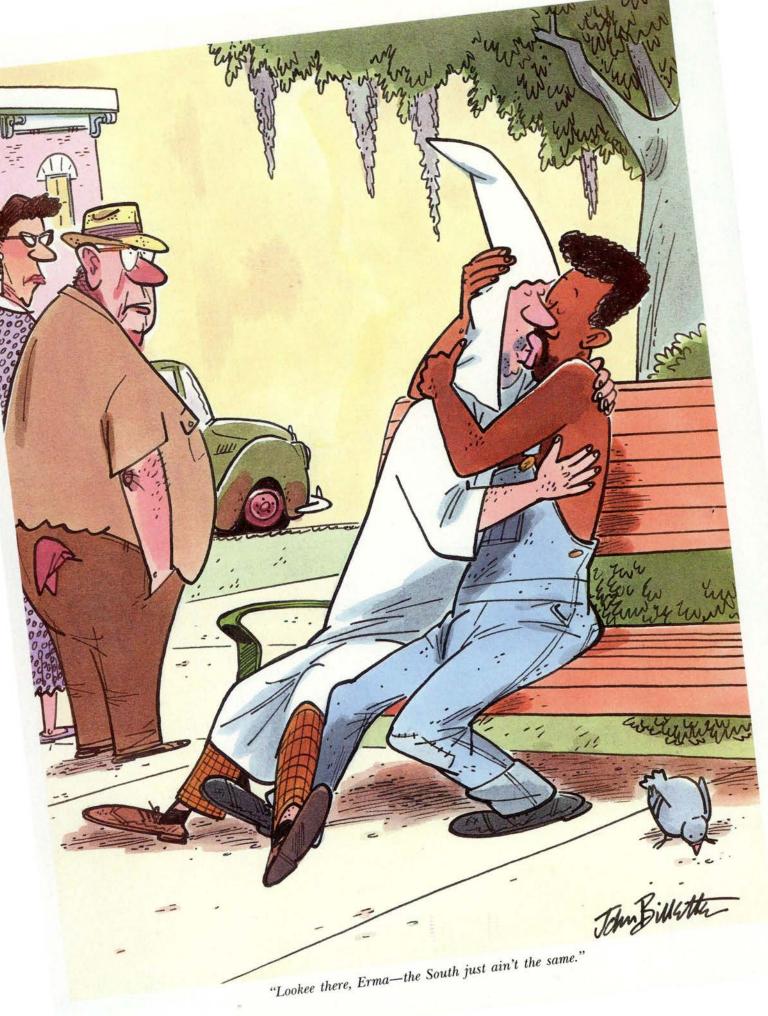


Illustration by Bill Imhoff

MURDER BY SWAT. TEAM Report by Jim Shults

This S.W.A.T. team trainer has serious doubts about the competence and abilities of most special police units. Unfortunately, the evidence seems to back him up.

November, 1986. A 33-year-old man goes off the medication for a head injury he received a few years earlier. He gets into a yelling match with his 24-year-old brother. It looks serious. The argument continues in the small house owned by the man's mother. Finally, the brother calls the police. They show up ready for action with a S.W.A.T. unit. Serious-looking soldier types call for the man, who is now alone, to come out immediately. He doesn't. The police open fire, filling the tiny house with tear gas shells and throwing flash-bang grenades into the backyard.

Terrified and medically confused, the man fires a few wild shots from his revolver, and the standoff begins. Another special unit is summoned. This new unit is armed with fully automatic battlefield assault rifles.

MURDER BY S.W.A.T. TEAM

The press covered up these murders so as "not to cause the public to have a loss of confidence in its police force."

Now it *is* serious. The new unit begins to search through the little house by shooting through the walls and roof with the powerful rifles, not caring that their bullets are passing through the walls and landing elsewhere in the city. Searching the house by shooting through it is called "recon by fire." This technique is used on the battlefield, never in police actions.

During the now-ten-hour standoff, the man has been teasing the police by playing loud music and taunting them. An even bigger and more deadly special unit is brought in. This unit enters the house and searches by firing pistols and submachine guns through the frail walls and doors. Then they pull out, and enough liquid and powder tear gas is introduced to saturate a 30,000-square-foot building.

A decision is made to blow an entry hole into the attic through the roof. A violent explosion rips the end of the house off. Then a $3' \times 3'$ hole is cut into the main part of the roof using detonation cord, a military explosive that must be wrapped around objects. Again the neighborhood is rattled by the explosion. But what to do with the hole? None of the cops want to go up there. After 30 hours the tiny house looks like Mel Gibson's trailer in Lethal Weapon II.

Frustrated by the man's taunts, the police devise a plan. They form a 21/2 lb. ball of plastic explosive, the equivalent of about eight sticks of dynamite-even though the man has only fired 15 shots at random. The ball of explosive is thrown through the hole in the roof. The force of the explosion is so great it blows the little house off its foundation as well as blowing it to shreds inside. The man is in a closet about eight feet from where the ball landed. Probably deafened by the blast, he doesn't respond to police demands. The special unit moves in for the final assault, blindly firing machine guns through the walls and doors. When they think they've found his hiding place, machine-gun fire is sprayed through the wall into the closet. The shots tear up his arms and wrists, and he no longer has the use of his hands. From a distance of just a few feet, a multiple-round burst of 9mm-fire, as well as pistol-fire, is leveled at him. The officer with the machine gun runs out of ammunition and lays it down. Drawing his pistol, he steps directly in front of the man and shoots him once in



the chin and twice in the chest. The man, with nearly a dozen gunshot wounds, dies in seconds.

Several weeks later the members of two of the special units are given medals for their part in the police action. Almost as shocking is that the local press covered up these blatant acts of murder and poor management so, as one reporter put it, "not to cause the public to have a loss of confidence in its police force."

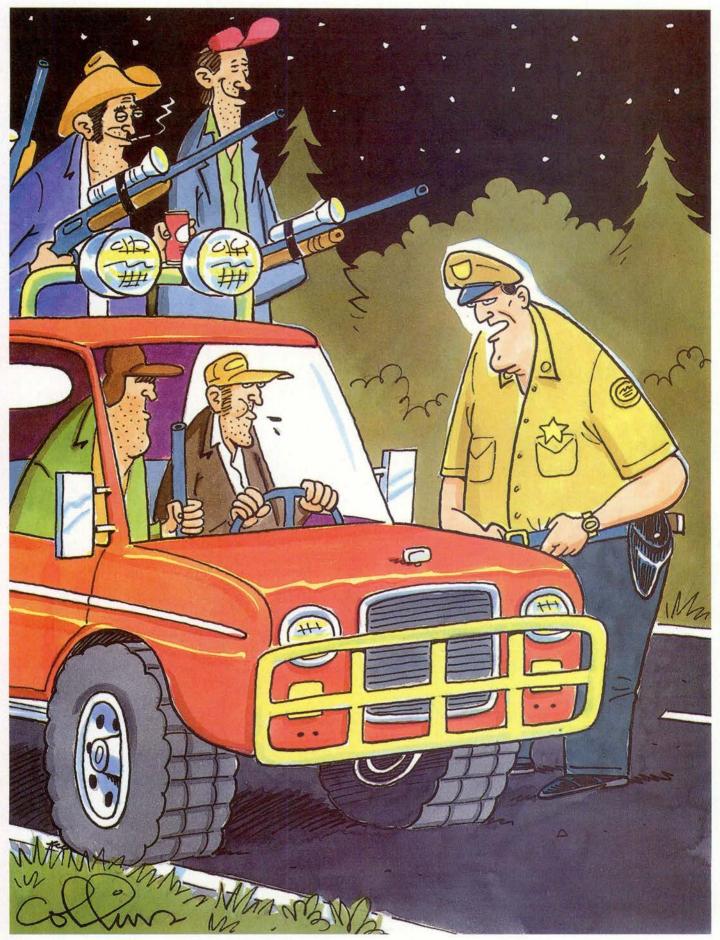
Where did this happen? South Korea? China? East Germany? Guess again. It happened in a suburb of Denver, Colorado. The special units were S.W.A.T. teams.

What is really tragic and scary is that actions like this occur fairly often in this country. Remember the great job the police did in Philadelphia in 1985 when they burned down two blocks of their own city? They poured over 10,000 rounds of gunfire into the building against the relatively small number of shots from the individuals inside who were minimally armed.

These are just two cases of police overreaction. How about underreaction? How about San Ysidro, California, in 1984? A McDonald's was taken over by James Huberty, who proceeded to shoot anything that moved. The police responded, but they wanted no part of this game. Hell, they wanted their \$29,000-plus salary for hassling speeders and petty criminals-a guy could get killed in this deal. So they hid behind their cars and trash dumpsters and waited for the S.W.A.T. team to get there. The mission of the cops was to keep Huberty contained inside the building until the S.W.A.T. team could take over. This is standard procedure with all "barricaded suspects." The problem was that in this case they kept the killer in with the very people he wanted to slaughter, and the killing continued while well over 100 cops cowered outside listening to the shots and the moaning and screaming of the wounded and dving inside.

We know how it finally ended: 21 dead and nearly 20 wounded-if a nine-monthold baby hit with several shots while his mother took a couple of hits and had her eye blown out could be called merely wounded. Again, the cover-up went into high gear, and the truth never came out about such things as the one-hour delay and the last 30 minutes of no action being taken by the S.W.A.T. sniper who had Huberty in his gun sights, because the cops had been ordered to wait for the S.W.A.T. lieutenant to arrive to give his blessing. Even after the sniper put a round of high-power rifle fire through Huberty's chest, the S.W.A.T. team waited for quite some time before they entered the building. How many people bled to death in those moments?

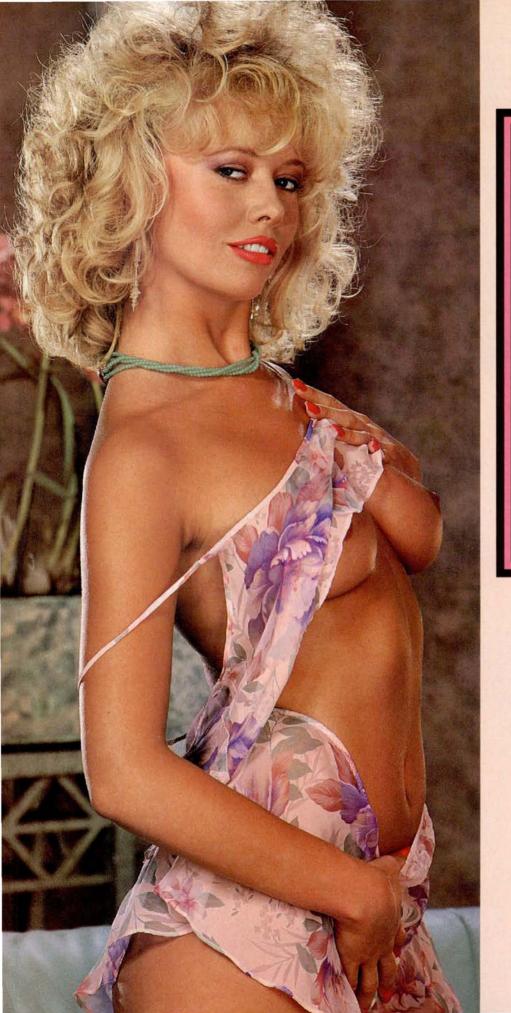
Another example is the 1986 holdup and (continued on page 46)



"Queers? Well, that's different. I thought you said you were spotlighting deers."



SWEDIE PIE

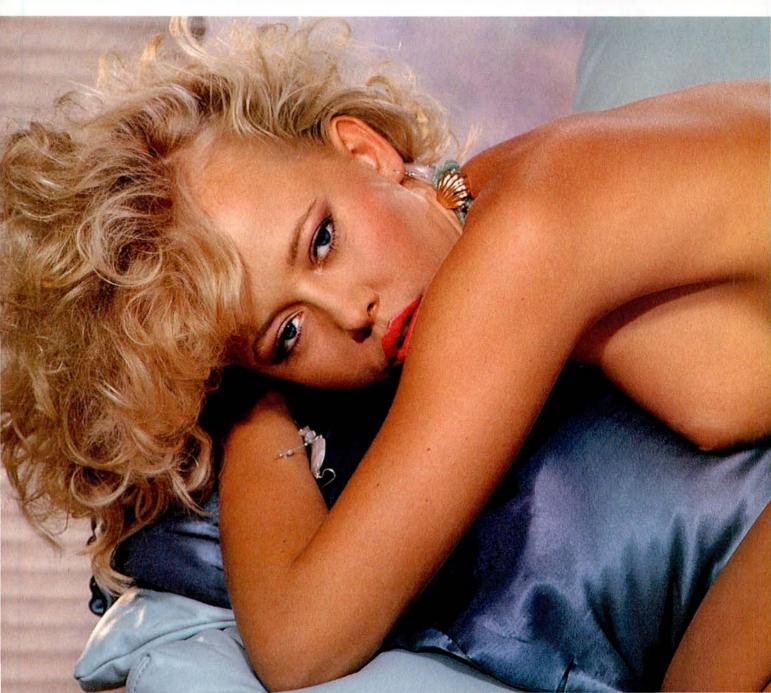


Think of Sweden and you think of neutrality, socialism, pickled herring...and real blond pussy. Take Inga, maybe just another piece of ass in her native land, but don't think that means every Ulf, Dick and Olaf wouldn't line up to jump those beauteous bones. As she spreads her flaxen-framed filet for the camera, there's a look in her eye that says this lady's been boiling Swedish meatballs for years. Sort of hard to remain neutral about Inga, isn't it?















MURDER BY S.W.A.T. TEAM (continued from page 38)

Even though 61 homes in Philadelphia burned down, the police won—and the cover-up worked.

hostage situation at a jewelry store in Beverly Hills, during which a career criminal demanded TV coverage in addition to other requests, or he would shoot a hostage. The coverage was refused, and he killed a young woman. Why the stubborn cops didn't give him a showing is beyond understanding, particularly since it was an opportunity to get to the guy who was holed up in a heavily reinforced jewelry store. Later, as he exited with his hostages, the police sniper shot the store *manager* in the head. The robber was arrested.

Why didn't the truth come out in these cases? The reason police cover-ups work is that the police always win, no matter how much firepower it takes. After all, can you imagine the headlines in the paper the next day? "New York Special Services Unit Surrenders to Armed Gunman. Entire Police Department Ordered to Surrender Arms and to Disperse." Of course not. Even though 61 homes in Philadelphia burned down, they won, and the cover-up—"We couldn't put out the fire due to gunfire danger from the MOVE people inside"—worked.

Another reason the cover-ups work is because the media in this country is total-

ly ignorant about paramilitary actions by the police, and that is what S.W.A.T. actions are. The media has no base or pool of knowledge to draw on to determine what actually took place. The media will simply believe the police, and the police must and always will cover their asses. They aren't stupid. In addition, if a reporter is thought to be too sharp for the police, he can cost his media outlet the coverage it needs in order to make it in the competitive news market. Consequently, the police reporter had damn well better be a buddy to the local police, or else he is out of the game.

The Special Weapons and Tactics concept was developed in the early 1960s. Police special units may have all kinds of names, like Special Service Unit or Emergency Service Unit, but these are basically supposed to be specially trained police officers who use special weapons and tactics that the average cop does not have. The idea is to have an economically viable corps of cops who have the ability to do jobs too difficult for the police department. The concept is good. We live, after all, in perilous times, but the Rambo image that the cops in these units affect is really too



"I don't think she's interested. She's wiping boogers on my glasses."

much. Did you know that while those people were being shot to pieces in the San Ysidro McDonald's, the S.W.A.T. team took the time to change from their patrol uniforms into Vietnam-era military camouflage uniforms? This sort of thing happens all the time. Some teams even put on face camouflage to match the green in their cammies! Picture it: Adult law-enforcement officers wearing military uniforms designed for hiding in the jungle. . . cowering behind a yellow Chevrolet or a white police car, watching a madman shoot people in a red brick building surrounded by a black parking lot with no trees in the middle of a modern city. They even had on combat boots!

The list of new gear for cops includes all types of paramilitary uniforms, combat vests with places for extra pistols, enough ammunition to go on a long-range patrol in Vietnam, sheaths to go along with the approved S.W.A.T. fighting knife and lots of other nifty stuff to fill all those pockets. Most of it is for little boys who want to look and act like the men in the military. The sad fact is that-except for our federal government anti-terrorist teams-no one uses this stuff... with the exception of some S.W.A.T. teams. The flash-bang grenade is one newer device that is beginning to be overused by police on a routine basis. The "flash crash," as it is known in military special units, is a grenade meant to temporarily blind and disorient the person on the receiving end. It is usually in a cardboard case to eliminate the dangers of fragments thrown off by military grenades, which are meant to kill. The flash crash has a one-second fuse, so it can't be thrown back. It creates a flash of light in the 200,000 to 1 million candlepower range. (Your headlights on bright are about 85,000 candlepower.) It also creates a bang that is many times louder than a stick of dynamite. Toss this little baby into a living room and watch the fun as the people inside walk into walls afterwards. But, as the LAPD learned, a grenade blindly tossed into a living room will kill, especially if it lands between a couch and the back of the woman who is sleeping on it. The best place to safely put one of these sweethearts is the bathroom, using the tub as the primary safe target. Sure, the flash is not effective, but the bang will divert attention once the people inside quit wetting their pants. Had this been done, two totally innocent people would not have been burned to death in a resultant fire in a Midwest city last spring. The cops never thought to alert the fire department or even carry fire-fighting gear for the mission in which they used the grenades. Your P.D. probably wouldn't either.

When a cop who knows about law enforcement becomes an officer "on the line" during a S.W.A.T. call, he is no longer in law enforcement as we know it—he is in a light *(continued on page 129)*



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BETWEEN A COCK AND A HARD PLACE

Man-eating tigress Erica Boyer needs a lot of elbow room, especially when feasting on the loins of boyfriend Brad. The two titans have been heating up strip-club stages as the circuit's hottest new dancing duo, a career Erica pursues between fuck-film roles. But she's still at her best at the end of a hard cock, and when Brad's bone ravages Erica's shaved snatch, it's outdoors for them lest their weight-trained bodies bust up the furniture. Let's hope they don't screw by any major earthquake faults.



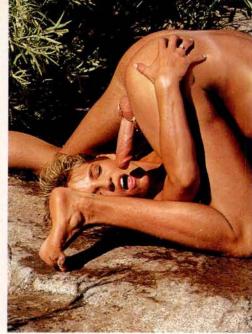




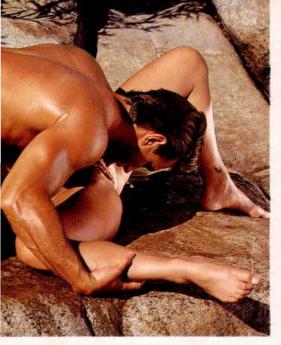
















ANNETTE HAVEN (continued from page 9)

He's got his tongue stuck up my ass, and he's asking me to shit on him.

HUSTLER: Isn't the Mormon church quite opposed to sex?

HAVEN: Not more than any other church. Judeo-Christian religions are down on sex; that's why I'm a Buddhist, a neo-pagan Buddhist. People should be kind and good and lovely to one another. I really am a very moral person. I just don't want anyone telling me how I should have sex. If I want to do it on screen, that's my choice. If people want to watch me, that's their choice. Nobody gets harmed-contrary to the statistics put out by the "Women Against Everything on Earth." A lot of socalled feminists are man-haters and sexhaters. Susan Brownmiller went on TV with me. I was the pro-sex side, and she and two other people were the antisex side. But one of me matches three of them any day. We were all asked to make a concise statement of our stand, and I just sat there and waved the flag. "Look, this is America, and we're guaranteed the pursuit of happiness. And if that happens to mean watching an X-rated video, you have the right to do so." Susan Brownmiller's concise opinion was that sex is the same thing as violence.

HUSTLER: She said that? HAVEN: That's what she said.

After the show, I asked her to elaborate. I said, "You're not referring to consensual heterosexual activity, are you?" So she said, "Yes, absolutely." The stupid bitch! HUSTLER: Those were her actual words?

HAVEN: Well, let's face it, it was after being on a half-hour show with me, and she was probably battered to the point where she actually said what she thought, rather than couching it in language that would make sense to the audience.

HUSTLER: Don't women who oppose pornography ever question how they could ally themselves with the Christian Right? HAVEN: That's a real good question, isn't it? This Fundamentalist wave that we're having is scary. They remind me of the crazy Moslems in the Middle East who put a contract out on Salman Rushdie. Screw freedom of speech, right? But the Christian Fundamentalists in the United States are willing to do jihad, to go out and kill people if you don't believe the way they think one should believe. Maybe not kill, but remove your civil liberties and



your right to determine what to do with your own body, like have an abortion, have sex, watch sex or smoke a joint.

HUSTLER: How often do you work in Xrated nowadays, and what's your standard for accepting a job?

HAVEN: They have to hit me at the right time. I'm only up for working every so often. My husband prefers that I don't because it makes me sick. I get colitis really bad-I have stage fright. It really depends on how I feel physically. After that, they have to meet my price, and the script has to meet my approval. I don't do anal sex-I've never done it in my life—it's painful. I don't do cum-shots in the face. There's a big list of things I won't do-S&M, B&D and anything that I find to be offensive or lacking taste. I'll only do safe sex and a little bit of stuff with girl-girl, because I think that's relatively safe. That limits me. Most directors aren't willing to do safe sex. They all want to have people risking their lives. We've had men in the business die from AIDS, Holmes being the most notable.

HUSTLER: Who else?

HAVEN: Well, real early in the '80s, a guy named Wade Nichols died. He had stopped doing X-rated films in '78 or '79, and he had gone on to do The Edge of Night in New York. This is all scuttlebutt, but I see no reason for anyone to lie. Apparently Wade blew his brains out because he knew he had AIDS, and he didn't want to die a long, ugly death. And [another AIDS victim was] a fellow whose stage name I don't remember, who was bisexual. And of course Holmes screwed just about everybody, and if you didn't screw Holmes, you screwed somebody who did screw Holmes. I don't think that people in the business have AIDS, because they'd be dropping like flies. But there are people in the business who do needles, and there are people who do bisexual or gay films. As far as I'm concerned, any risk is too much. I love my life, my marriage and my future children too much to endanger them. For a few bucks? Who cares? HUSTLER: What do you mean by "safe sex"?

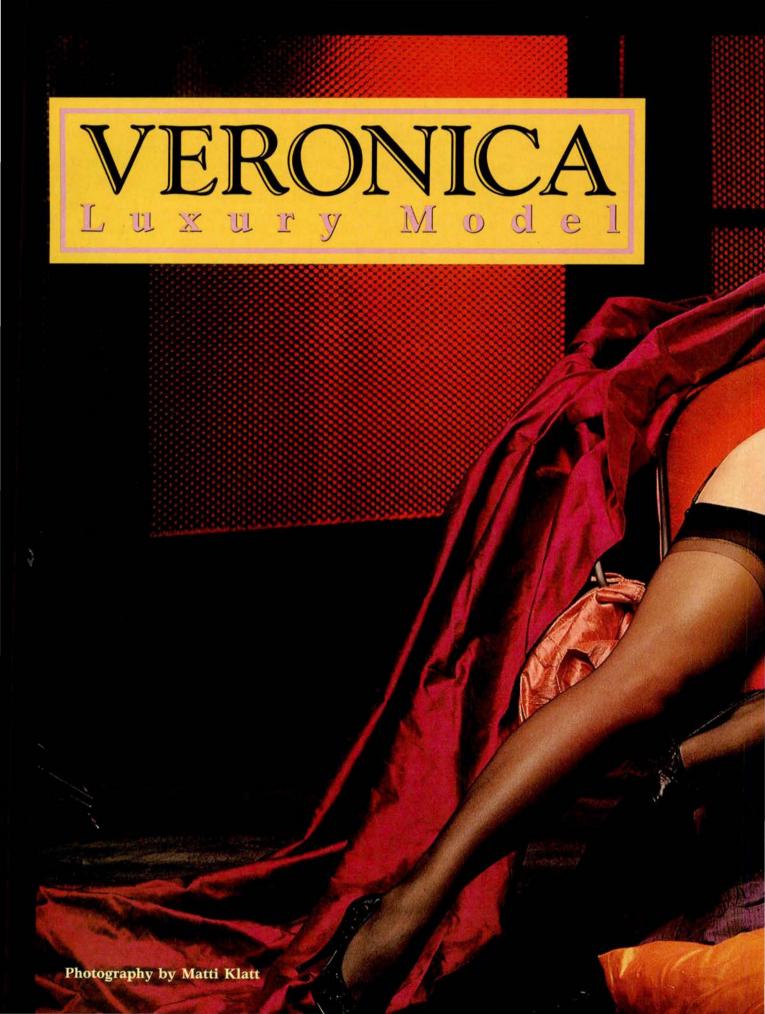
HAVEN: A condom. No fellatio. No French kissing. I haven't heard the final word on saliva yet. If you rub each other's tongues, who knows? I want a rubber condom, I wear a diaphragm, and I stuff myself full of nonoxynol-9. That way you've got two barriers and chemicals that kill it, and that's about as safe as you're going to get in this day and age.

HUSTLER: You said you'll still do girlgirl. Do you recall an outstanding sex scene with a lady?

HAVEN: Scenes with women aren't meant to be outstanding. They're the same old same old. You give each other a little bit (continued on page 98)



"Your mom wanted us to have a little talk about sex, Son. Get it up, get it in, get it off, go to sleep. GOT IT?"







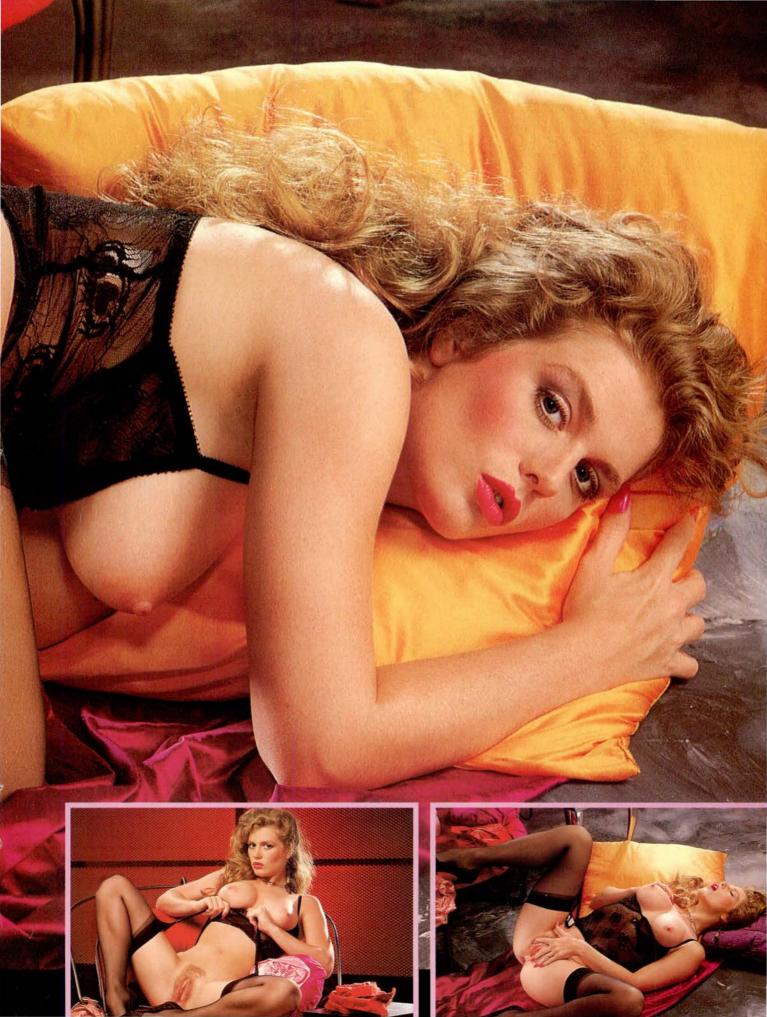
A lot of imports are puny little things, easily damaged. Not Holland's Veronica Dol, a lusty, luxury model built for comfort and handling, who scores highest on the bumper test. A pornstar of some note, you may already have seen how this torrid tulip's impressive hood ornaments and plush seat stop traffic. You know, if there are any more Dutch-built models like this one, we have a feeling we'll never drive American again.

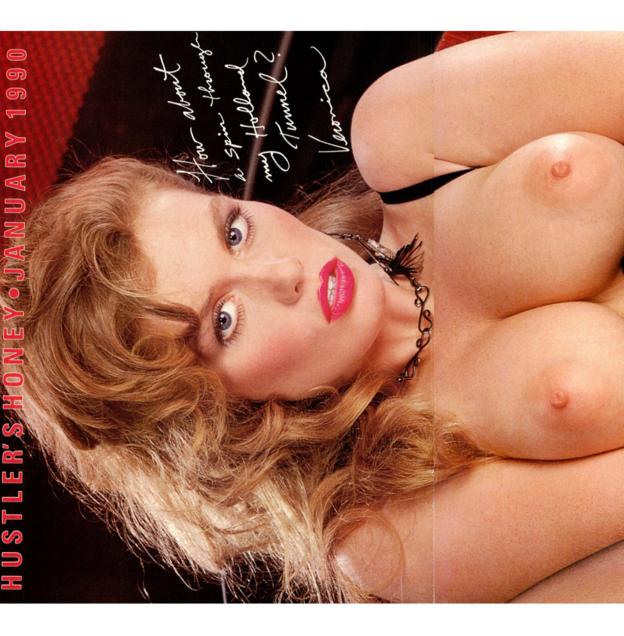
















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bown in Cajun country, a deputy sheriff finally found the old man he'd been looking for all day. The deputy said to him, "I have some good news and some bad news for you. Which would you like to hear first?"

"Give me the bad news first," the old man replied. "Well...we just found your wife in the river, drowned," the deputy answered.

The old man broke down and, crying hysterically, walked away from the deputy to grieve. A few minutes passed, whereupon the old man hobbled back to the deputy and asked, "If that was the bad news, what's the good news?"

"Well," said the deputy, "when we fished her out of the water, there were two big blue crabs attached to her...so we're sending her back down in the morning."

uestion: What do you call getting your ass licked in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Tokyo, Seoul and Taiwan? Answer: A Pacific rimjob.

■r. Hutchinson had just had a major fight with his wife. As he was leaving the house, he turned to her and barked, "You're a rotten wife, a crummy mother and a lousy lay!"

That night, when he got home, he found his wife on the living-room floor with another man. "What do you think you're doing?"he yelled.

"Getting a second opinion, you asshole!" she answered.

he slim, sixth-grade girl strode purposefully up to the pharmacist's counter. "I want a package of unlubricated condoms, please," she said.

The druggist stared for a second, then collected himself. "Do you know what condoms are used for, young lady?" he asked her.

"Of course I do. I learned about them in school," she replied.

"In sex-ed class?" the man queried.

"Naw, in gym," the teen explained. "All of us girls blow them up halfway and stick 'em in our bras!"

he HUSTLER Dictionary defines diarrhea as: shit lite.

he HUSTLER Dictionary defines *shrunken head* as: what happens to a guy when he is caught in bed with another guy's wife.

he businessman pulled up his pants after screwing his sexy new secretary on his desk.

"I don't know what got into me, Miss Wilson," he stammered, genuinely frightened. "I've never been unfaithful to my wife in 25 years of marriage!"

"Relax, Mr. Thomas," soothed the bimbo. "It was just a little office hump. I fucked my last boss all the time!"

"But you don't understand—my wife will find out, she'll be able to tell!"

"Get hold of yourself," the secretary said. "Just go home and act like nothing happened. Your wife won't have a clue."

He was full of guilt and fear as he made his way to the suburbs. His pounding heart nearly burst through his chest. He tried to look as normal as possible as he walked into his house.

"Honey, I'm home!" he choked.

His wife appeared in the kitchen doorway asking, "Hello, dear, hard day at the office?"

The poor man broke out in tears. "How did you know? How did you know?" he cried.

he HUSTLER Dictionary defines *premature ejaculation* as: a spoilspurt.

A man came home to find his best friend in bed with his girlfriend. "You bastard!" screamed the man, grabbing his shotgun, "I'm going to blow your balls off!"

"Shit, man, give me half a chance," pleaded his exfriend.

"All right," replied the man, "swing 'em!"

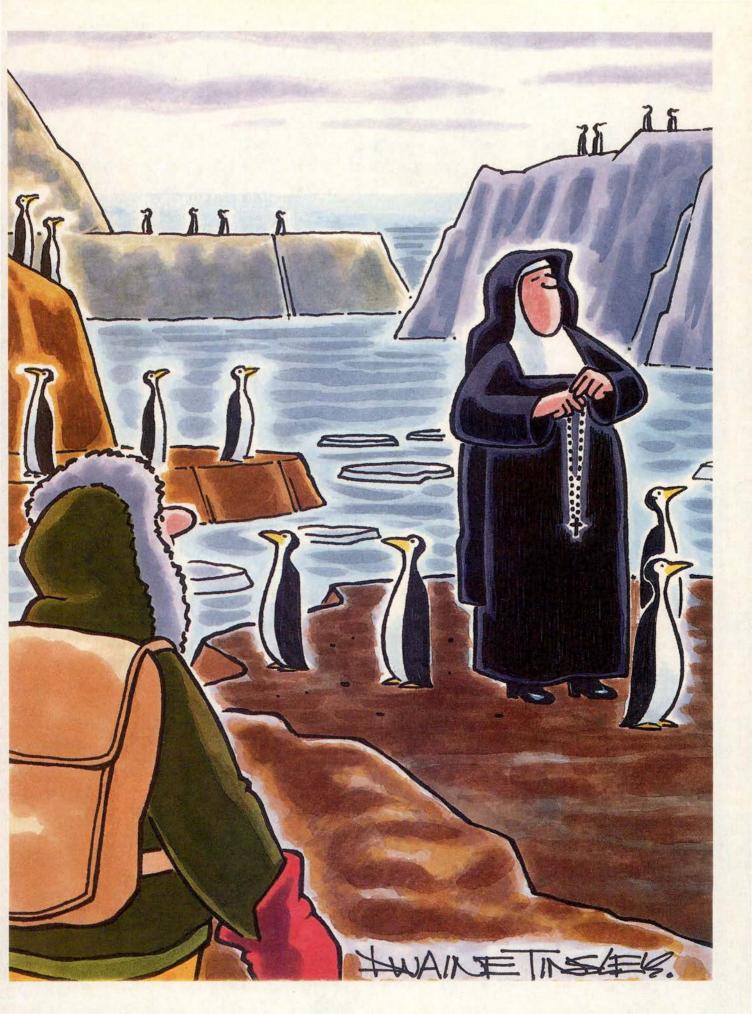
uestion: How can you tell if you're in a gay church? Answer: Every other person is kneeling.

odney stopped in the bar on his way home, pulled up a stool and ordered a beer. After finishing his beer, Rodney pulled open his shirt pocket, looked in and ordered another beer. He downed his beer, pulled open his shirt pocket, looked in and ordered another beer. The bartender noticed, but didn't comment. Time and time again Rodney would finish his beer, look in his pocket and reorder.

Finally, the bartender asked, "Why do you pull open your shirt pocket and look in before ordering?"

"I have a picture of my wife in there," explained Rodney. "When she starts looking good, it's time to go home."

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



Consumer Test by Allan MadDonell

SHOPPING SPREE

1111

For some people, pussy and cock are not always enough. Though unadulterated flesh may satiate a pair of consenting adults most of the time, special occasions do arise that require stimulation beyond the sensuous significant other's unaided physical attractions. Hence, marital aids, an innocuous euphemism covering a multitude of erotic implements, from basic crotchless undies and canvas straitjackets to latex training panties with built-in butt plugs. Erotic toys and trappings grant adventurous carnalists a measure of exclusivity with their sex partners while adding spicy variety to the libidinal menu, an option that more and



SEX TOYS SHOPPING SPREE

Anyone who mistakes the multi-liter butt-douche bags for hot-water bottles should slink on out the door.

more crotch-motivated couples are going to great lengths to exercise. Even so far as West Hollywood, California's Santa Monica Boulevard...after dark.

The section of Santa Monica Boulevard between La Brea and Fairfax Avenues is one of Los Angeles's most infamous and nefarious thoroughfares. Curbside meat markets, peepbooth malls and hard-core homo dives attract flocks of cruising two-legged debris, including males, females, straights, gays and transcendent genders. A one-legged perv (buying or selling?) plants his crutch on the sidewalk, swings himself up over the gutter and hobbles into a clan of butt-peddling runaways. An urban safari vehicle careens onto the boulevard, speeds past a bar called the Spike and scatters a claque of crack dealers with a hasty left turn at the Pussycat Theater, swaying into a full offstreet parking lot. The car pulls into the handicapped-designated spot. The parking lot services the Pleasure Chest, a department store of depravity, and any customer might very well qualify for handicapped parking.

The sidewalk leading up to the Pleasure Chest is lined with news boxes, each loaded with stacks of gay papers, but no heterosexuals who've gotten this far are going to let a little homophobia keep them from the gonadal goodies inside. A sign posted at the entrance to the sideshow-sex emporium stipulates that all who enter there must be of legal age and possess the ID to prove it. There is no comparable IQ restriction; consequently a constant and varied array of mind-sets in singles and couples (couple of *whats*—who can be sure?) streams through these portals to playful perversion.

The bizarre bazaar is laid out with its least threatening stock confronting the customer first. Shoppers acclimatize themselves with a wall of naughty greeting cards, after which they step into a shelved foyer devoted to cutesy nookie novelties, after which, should the shopper wish to continue farther, comes a section devoted to neatly arranged X-rated videotapes. A glass case at this juncture contains a hint of kinks to come: a full selection of enema equipment.

Anyone who mistakes the various multi-liter butt-douche bags and hoses for hot-water bottles would do well to backtrack to the greetingcard section and slink on out the door.

The purposeful customer will not pause un-



til he hits the extensive glass cases of enema paraphernalia. His mate may wander over to inspect a breast-festooned coffee mug, but the male concentrates on the really dirty business.

The fairer gender little understands the primal importance of copulation, and it cannot be explained to them — don't even try. They will remain obtuse to reason, even when a dick is up their ass. This difference in male and female prioritizing accounts for the preponderance of men's magazines full of fantasy gash, with no corresponding literature for women. It accounts for the disparate urgencies in *needing* to get laid (men go crazy without pussy—women are crazy despite having a monopoly on it), and it explains why the serious customer at an intense sex shop is almost always a man.

Look at him now. He lingers over the spread of rectal irrigation supplies. One particularly commodious bag is designed to empty into a double hose. The fluid, bowel-swelling experience can be shared by both buttholes of any drainage-fixated duo. The cerebrally sinful male thinks the dual anal purge through. He imagines his entrails floating in an inserted tide of warm, soapy water. Vividly, he pictures himself and his hole mate, sphincters ardently clenched, retaining the tepid intestinal flood. *We'd better have some waterproof sheets for this*, he realizes, anticipating possible situations that might arise.

The brackish waters beat at his weakening browneye grip, and he can see they are beating at his girlfriend's as well. He tries to remember what they've had to eat in the past few days. Surely it will come out in a rush of relief, an ecstatic lavage, but how happy will he and his beaver be to see the shit hit the bedpan? Perhaps they should hurry off to separate bathrooms to enjoy their blissful expulsions in private. That would be the sensible and less noisome routine, but why then purchase an enema bag with a double hose?

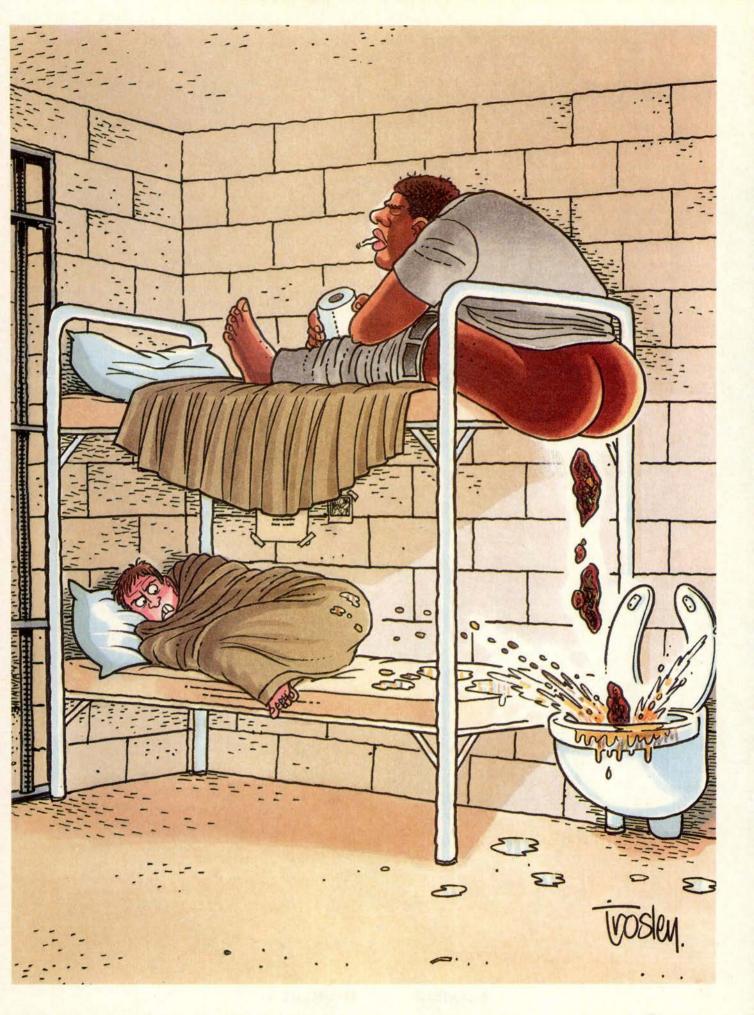
No, decides the cranially oriented male, this item is less than practical.

He moves farther into this large shop of whore tools.

The Saturday-night crowd mills about, looking for a bargain and a thrill. Patrons range from casual and curious to hard-core and serious.

"This is really disgusting," snips a trampylooking young tart, indicating the entire cornucopia of fuck hardware. Her boyfriend, conscious of what side his twat is buttered on, hastily concurs, but the couple accompanying them, clutching and nibbling on one another, wide-eyed with pud-tingling wonder, would obviously have rather come with someone else. They'll be back.

Our man with the thoroughly dirty mind moves through the merchandise, mulling endless erotic possibilities. The range of raunch implements is dazzling. The dildo spectrum alone will suffice to stun the novitiate. Uninitiated magic wanders should be careful



SEX TOYS SHOPPING SPREE

Pseudo phalluses vary in size from the length of a man's pinky to the mass of an exceptionally well-hung horse.

not to look directly at the blinding array of meat substitutes. Even opaque sunglasses will not shield delicate eves from the sheer wattage of alternative wangs lined up. Pseudo phalluses vary in size from the length of an average man's pinky finger to the mass of an exceptionally well-hung horse; shades of pecker darken from pale flesh to fleshy pink to mocha brown to pitch black, then back to fluorescent hot pink. Vibrators are powered by battery, electrical outlet or human hand. Dongs are two-headed, to be enjoyed by two putz riders at once, or double-pronged for simultaneous vaginal/anal invasion, or strapon to bestow the pride of penile ownership upon the congenitally deprived, or sleekly styled with minimalist high-tech chromium trim, or fleshlike with veiny shaft details and a realistically etched head.

The mindful male browser picks up a shopping basket and tosses in his first few selections as casually as he would pick a peck of carrots. What man can look upon such a multitude of buzzing, lengthy twat-stuffers gathered in one spot and not recall his own schlong-shortage at home?

Once his first items have been chosen, the buyer's ice is broken, and a real guy is ready

to do some flagrant spending.

He faces a veritable orgy of options. How about a rubber lace-up corset for the missus, a steal at \$82.50? Try on a pencil skirt, also in black-rubber, at a mere \$57.50, with matching bustier going for \$44.95. Blackrubber stockings to complete the look retail for approximately 50 bucks, while over-theelbow black-rubber gloves, for the tire fetishist who has almost everything, are priced accordingly.

The traditionally butch male may accessorize his classic-cut black-rubber polo shirt (also available in burgundy) with one or more of at least 25 different leather jockstraps. Priced from \$17.50 to higher than 60 smackers, the ebony cowhide dick-toters are available with zipped pouches, open frontal holes, studs, snaps and laces. All are arranged about the store a little above eye level so that the cock worshiper in the family can get an idea of what she's in for.

Leather masks get expensive very quickly, going from simple helmet and eye coverings to elaborate, ornate headdresses with exotic feathers and rhinestone-studded eyeholes. Beginners may feel that the rubber hoods on sale cover too much of the mouth and nose,



engendering acute claustrophobia.

For more basic tastes, a hard-leather posture collar goes for less than \$25 and can be matched to any of several leashes of varying lengths and materials. Slave collars are almost always leather; most are decorated with some sort of shiny metallic motif. Switches and whips start at \$22.50, with cat-o'-nine-tails in two or three styles going for around 40 pops.

A pair of hooker types who might be extras on any California porn set giggle and squeal.

"Oh, here's the tittie clamps I was telling you about," trills one taffeta-clad frill, surreptitiously popping out a boob and gingerly testing what looks like an office supply item on her puckered nip.

"That's nice," comments her coke-eyed escort. "I have some in my car that I use to start my battery."

His enthusiasm may wane once she gets him to the counter crammed with cock rings, penis sheaths and other devious pricktorturing devices. There is a cock ring for every taste, from playful to downright sadomasochistic. A deluxe nut-cracker, the 50-buck kind, is a scale wooden model of the stocks as used by Puritans in the early days of our country. The penis and its luggage are imprisoned between narrow boards with wooden screws at either end. The screws are tightened, putting pressure on the enclosed putz until someone either creams or screams.

The intelligent, pleasure-oriented male shopper will spend little time contemplating such an item. He will have moved on to the myriad of bondage devices. Mostly leather straps of different thicknesses, with laces or buckles, designed to safely and securely bind wrists to ankles, wrists to waist, ankles to elbows, elbow to elbow, wrist to wrist and ankle to ankle, these restraints are safer to the circulation than ropes and less liable to need replacement than skinny old ties from the new-wave closet. Iron collars and limb binders, though available and formidablelooking without parallel, are far more expensive than comparable leatherwork and will only scare off the lightweight recreational-torture enthusiast.

It will be a sick man indeed who has not popped a slight bone at this stage in his inventory of the assembled goods. What's left to see? Well, just three sizes of anal beads, various stainless-steel speculums, lubes, rubbers—ribbed, plain, colored, gag and functional—joy jellies, scented oils and erection creams for starters. Bullshit to serious shit. How about a sleep sack, in canvas or leather, which is basically a zip-lock body bag for that unruly overnight guest who needs special disciplining? If it doesn't do the trick, try one of several straitjackets—the real things—also in either leather or canvas.

Beside such equipment, shackles look positively quaint-almost. The Pleasure Chest sells regular handcuffs, thumb cuffs, hinged handcuffs, high-tech flat-black finish hand-(continued on page 86)

Photography by James Baes







Algebra isn't Kim's cup of tea—she'd rather be playing with her horse—but her daddy's a math professor, and she's got to pass that test! While her head is swimming with baffling, transfinite cardinals, she counts with her fingers, at least up to ten, which is as high as she needs to go.





SEX TOYS SHOPPING SPREE (continued from page 78)

Once into the privacy of her own home, a woman will warm to the notion of sex and objects.

cuffs for the yuppie bondage market, precision German handcuffs and a full line of heavy iron manacles that are no more intimidating than a ball and chain.

The driving disco beat on the store's sound system is punctuated by frequent bursts of laughter, some of it shrill, some of it forced and strained, much of it comfortable and sexy. The place has gotten crowded with what is primarily a prosperous after-dinner crowd. Bringing a date to the Pleasure Chest is a below-the-waist litmus test. Will she or won't she slide a catheter tube up your shackled penis as you chomp on a ball gag, squirming within bonds of leather and steel with a lump of rubber the size of a cow's goiter plugged up your butt? No need to spring it on her cold when you can warm her up first at the emporium of erotic excess. Perhaps she too will agree that too much is precisely enough.

"Did you see anything interesting?" asks the piqued male of his long-suffering female. Her reply is tentative.

"I kind of like these," she admits, holding forth a package of open-ass pantyhose. "Did you see anything you liked?"

"Oh, one or two items," he allows, unfurling his shopping list.

The woman's eyes narrow in suspicion. "May I help you?" simpers a salesperson alert to the telltale signs of a couple ready to buy something.

To the devoted girlfriend's credit, she does not run screaming from the store, but follows along as her fevered consort leads the mincing salesperson from purchase to purchase.

"I guess we want one of these wrist-to-ankle leather binders," directs the male.

"I guess we do," mutters the female behind him.

He: "And one of these door hangers." She: "What is that?"

He: "It latches over the door, then you can hang things from it."

She: "Like plants?"

He: "Sort of like plants."

She looks around to see if anyone is paying attention. Some swarthy foreign nationals are openly gawking. Most other spectators are discreet in their observations.

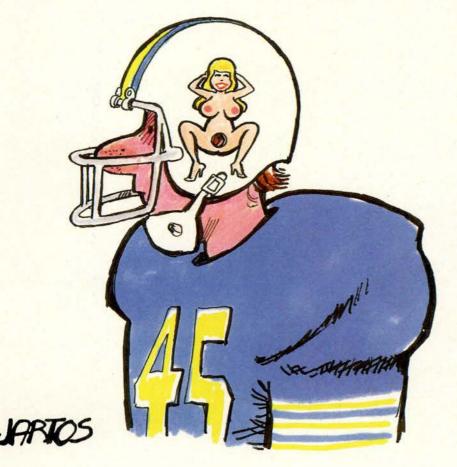
He: "We'll take that leather mask there, the one with the blinders."

She: "I guess we will."

He: "This looks like a nice slave collar."

She: "I guess it does."

The astute shop boy tosses bundles of



clanking joy into the basket.

He: "This could turn out to be a lot of fun. Say, do any directions come with that?"

"Directions?" simpers the shop boy. "No. You don't really need directions."

She: "Well, how exactly is this supposed to go on?"

The attendant dutifully slips the lengths of chain harness over the inquiring female's shoulders and arranges the links so that they drape becomingly, crossed between her breasts. A small crowd gathers; everybody's a voyeur in a place like this.

"Shall I wrap it for you?" inquires the solicitous attendant, "or will you wear it out?"

She: "Sure, I think I'll wear it over to Mom's."

"Well, I'll just start ringing," announces the cashier with a curtsy, lugging the basket of merchandise over to the register. "Wait, you don't have a leash to go with this collar. You've got to have a leash. Is this leash long enough?"

She: "The shorter, the better."

A sniveling, streety-type pervert comes up to the counter and wheezes: "Do you have any poppers?"

"No, that's illegal," responds the clerk tersely, ringing up a wicked-looking whip. The tally comes to just beyond \$500, in exchange for which the shop boy hands over a pile of chain and leather and latex. "This is going to make my week," he sighs. "We're on commission here."

He: "It's going to make my week too."

She: "I guess it will."

The purchase-powered couple exits, squeezing past a gaggle of hysterical jokers. "What is it?" squeals one.

"It's a butt plug!" grunts another. The group chortles. They don't want to believe it.

She: "If you bought one of those, you're sitting on it."

Once a woman has gotten out of the public scrutiny of the store setting and into the privacy of her own home, she will warm to the notion of sex and objects. In fact, surrounded by the armamentarium of lust merchandise spread all around on the living-room floor, she will look like a little girl at Christmastime. She may not know what new toy she wants to use first. Feel free to help her make that decision.

He: "Let me get some film in my camera." She wouldn't; so the following snapshots in words will have to do.

Clothing is optional—and functional. As she slips into her chain harness, he dons a pair of black latex shorts that have a hole in the front for the penis to poke through the builtin cock ring and testicle pouch. The latex conforms to butt crevice and dimples in a way that incites the beholder to bestow a relatively fierce blowjob on her latex-diapered man, sucking his balls up into the little pouch as her chains jangle merrily.

A boner feels much harder encircled in a (continued on page 96)

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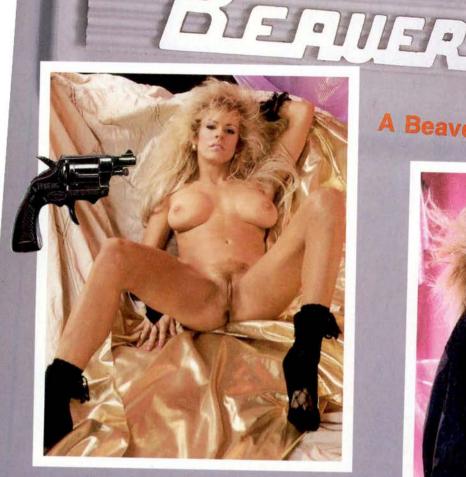
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Ladies, if you're looking to be a *Beaver Hunt* contest winner, take a pointer or two from Nikki here. Note the crisp, clear photography, the tasteful backdrop, the straightforward composition—the fact that the 29-year-old cocktail waitress from Anaheim, California, is a total knockout doesn't hurt her chances either. Nikki enjoys weightlifting, shopping for lingerie, reading and working on her car. She tells us her dreams are "to fall in love with a man I can totally trust and have a threesome every way possible." Now that Nikki has thrown down the gauntlet, we look forward to seeing future submissions of this caliber.

Nikki A Beaver Like We Love to See

Jan









A housewife from Forsyth, Georgia, 26-year-old Darla digs swimming, dancing and, of course, fucking. Says the Peach State beauty: "I want another woman and myself to give my boyfriend a blowjob together." Way to go, Darla. Two heads are better than one.

Photo by Husband



Photo by Husband



Newark, New Jersey, is home to Tiffany, who works in advertising. Her hobby is "finding new and exciting sexual turn-ons to share with my husband." She goes on to describe "extended foreplay sessions that include lots of hot licks and experienced fingers, my passion mounting to a throbbing—" Stop, Tiffany, you're getting us too worked up!

Terry, 31, hails from Cottage Hills, Florida. She's a housewife whose hobbies are swimming, embroidery and reading HUSTLER. (She knew mentioning the magazine would get her into this column.) Her fantasy is to have sex with *three* men at the same time.



Photo by Friend



Mindy, 30, is an electronics assembler in Plano Texas. Asked about her sexual fantasies, the Lone Star lovely endearingly responded, "Make one up." Okay, Mindy, you dream every night about having sex with Danny DeVito and your high school gym teacher in a lacuzzi filled with Jell-O.



Thirty-one-year-old Sissy is a teacher in Texas who likes drag racing, camping, skiing, scuba diving and giving head. Her fantasy is to be a famous X-rated movie actress for a day. May we suggest the *nom de porn* "Texas Tunnel"?

Bert, 23, hails from Azle. Texas, where she gets off on nude modeling and having sex in strange places. She describes her occupation as "nail technician," which means she's either a manicurist or a carpenter. Bert's fondest fantasy is to have sex with David Lee Roth.



Photo by Friend



Big Suzy Q is a 23-year-old student who hails from Los Angeles. She's into travel, photography and sex. Her fantasies revolve around making it with another girl—or four or more guys at once.

Photo by Husband



Photo by Husband



Marissa, 24, is a loan processor from Massillon, Ohio. She has a passion for shopping and a husband who must be a real good sport, since her fantasy is to fuck another man while he watches.

Sherry, a 26-year-old Carbondale, Kansas, housewife, enjoys bowling and fishing. When she fantasizes, she thinks *big*—her dream is to be the star of a gangbang with ten guys.



IN ALL

EROTIC SEX.

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SEX TOYS SHOPPING SPREE (continued from page 86)

I dropped my trousers, my appendages swinging and swollen in my new apparatus.

tight elastic band and stays up long after emission. With an eye on the cock, she puts on a wide leather belt with regularly spaced thin strips of rawhide that are drawn tightly between her legs and across her butt cheeks, fastening in front to a steel ring that is pulled tight over her clit bump. A big moon that's gotten a little sun looks perfect separated by the butt harness and pulled in by the waist belt. Some chain, a hood, a leash—what man could ask more of his woman?

There's something evocative about chest chain touching hard choad. As link contacts cock, he fancies himself a plantation slave chained to his mistress's whimsy, as a Stallone stud in some post-*Red Dawn* America, yearning to lead the freedom fucker forces, or perhaps he'd just like to audition to be an extra in the next Madonna video.

But first, a change of latex. The most important thing a person learns about wearing tighter-than-skin latex garments is to be very careful when removing them. The latex should be pulled out and down, or any body hair in the vicinity goes with it. Legs, pubes, butt crack—all are sensitive spots, and a quick change of latex may be about as erotic as tearing a Band-Aid off those areas. Once the pain subsides, his next latex number looks like a male swimsuit from the 1920s. It has straps around the tights and straps up over the shoulders. The chest and back are covered in the style of a dago Tshirt. The most remarkable difference is that the bottom is cut out of this suit, leaving plumbing and cheeks free in the breeze.

Crack, goes the whip.

"How did I let that out of my hands?" he exclaims.

Whips don't only whip. The leather strap proves to be a wise purchase over switches, paddles and stiff-type rods. The advantages to a pliant, braided length of leather are that it can be wrapped around a neck, pulled tightly around the wrists or placed in the mouth like a bit to serve as reins or a gag.

Dear Ann Landers:

I am a regular guy. All my life I have lived convinced that I am not a pervert. Now I am not so sure. Halloween has never been a big deal with me, but lately I've become preoccupied with dressing up.

The other night, while watching Married...With Children and ironing my shirt for the coming week, I suddenly realized that



"What's it going to be, Beverly, fellatio or widow city?"

under my slacks I was wearing a leather-andsteel contraption. It was like a big, thick belt with leather harnesses that went down around my ass and up between my legs, attached to a metal cock ring in the front. My cock and balls were squeezed in through the ring, and I was very aware of them.

As I ironed and talked with my girlfriend, who was also watching *Married*...*With Children*, my penis and balls became very sensitized. Blood rushed to them, and my prick fluctuated between half and three-quarters mast. The titillation of the wide leather band around my waist and the thin leather strips bisecting my sac and curving around my ass cheeks was so intense that I had to share it. I finished the last shirt and dropped my trousers, walking between the girlfriend and the TV, my appendages swinging and swollen in the apparatus.

"Jeez," she said, momentarily taken aback. But she knew what to do quickly enough. She leapt to her feet and ran to the windows, throwing them all open wide and yelling to the neighborhood at large: "Hey, look at this!"

When I let her up again, she went into the bedroom and came back wearing a latex over-the-chest bathing costume that I am quite fond of for myself. Her bush was protruding out the front, and her buns were squeezed together pertly in the rear. From her hands dangled a pair of thumb cuffs.

I don't know, Miss Landers. I just want to try more. What regular guy wouldn't? Sign me:

Weird, but not Worried.

How will this couple be able to face one another on the morning after?

She: "Where are those cut-out-ass white pantyhose we got at the Pleasure Chest?"

He: "They're in your closet, with all of the other stuff. Down under the overnight bags. Why?"

She: "I need them to go to work. Don't worry; I'm wearing panties too."

He: "When you start leaving for the office in rubber and tempered steel, I'll start to worry."

"Should I be letting you do this?" she asks as her ankles and wrists are cinched tight, rendering her helpless.

Open, honest communication is essential before getting into one of these scenes, but the dominant male shouldn't let his submissive miss know everything that's in his mind, or she'll never consent to being hooked up and may even kick his ass. Furthermore, the superior man should not try to do everything he has in mind the first time he has his subjugated better half in truss. Remember, he'll have to let her out sometime.

It is unwise to leave a woman unattended while she is in bondage. Upon the man's return, he will be demoralized by the look of abstracted concentration on her face. He will



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SEX TOYS

be able to see her thoughts as they center upon grocery lists, that dripping bathroom faucet and the sales down at Neiman-Marcus.

She: "How long are you going to leave me tied up like this?"

He: "Until it's time for you to get up and cook that roast."

She: "Actually, the only thing that hurts is the rug burn. With my hands and feet bound up, when you pump, I move all over the carpet. It feels like a bed of nails."

He starts getting hard again.

She puts on a simple pair of tights, open at the hole and on the sides. The lycra pulls all her stuff together for a compact, no-nonsense look. He opts for the basic strip-of-leather cock ring with classic black-pyramid studs. The ensemble is topped off with a studded dog collar for her.

She is prone to laugh, but a stern slash of the whip wipes any excess levity from her face.

He: "When we're done with this, I'm going to tie you up again and really let you have it."

She: "Tie me up? But I've got other plans."

He will learn to be more careful about what he promises. Post orgasm, most men are as likely to want to take off the belt and call out for pizza as to repeat the whole sex bit again. But what woman really needs a man anyway?

The most embarrassing thing about dildos

is not their superiority in staying power, size and aerodynamic design, nor is it the greater selection of colors. By far, the most devastating dildo humiliation is cleaning them off after you're done. First off, whose chore should it be? She, after all, is the one who got them so messy.

If a compromise is worked out, and the loving couple washes dildos together standing side by side at the kitchen sink, painting an idyllic domestic tableau, the scene will be compromised by a certain furtiveness on the parts of both participants. Nothing brings home the absurdity of circus sex like holding a bottle of dish liquid in one hand and a pile of pile-drivers in the other.

She: "You keep trying to put them up my butt."

He: "No. You keep trying to put them up my butt."

Eventually, a VISA statement shows up in the mail. Prominently listed among the other purchases is a charge from PC Ltd., an innocuous-sounding concern.

"Who are these PC Ltd. people?" asks his accountant. "And what did you buy there for \$503.27?"

He: "That's entertainment expenses."

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"Sure, I like money and sex. That's why after this season I'm giving up football and becoming a TV evangelist."



of head and that's it. The male sex is what really sells the film. The women are the appetizer.

HUSTLER: That's how producers feel? HAVEN: Why do you think they shoot cum-shots? Because the men are watching. Men relate to the male orgasm, not the women. And that's why we see the idiotic external cum-shot to this day. If you don't have an external cum-shot in a heterosexual scene, the producer simply dies. I've gone through three stunt cocks because the male lead couldn't do it. Twelve hours to get one cum-shot! That's ridiculous. That was on Visions of Clare. The male lead couldn't get it up. It was his first film. The minute they turned on the lights and the camera, he was just afraid.

I thought for years that the audience would go for something better if you gave it to them, but that's not true. If you offer them good product, they still go to the wall-to-wall bangers. So much for taste. HUSTLER: Tell us about the "other interests" that occupy you these days. HAVEN: I'm studying psychology. Some people might not believe that I maintain a 4.0 average. I've talked to people my whole life about their problems. People will dump their guts to me. Because I have sex, everybody assumes I'm not gonna judge them, and they're right. I might as well get the pieces of paper and the letters after my name; then I can do it for real. I'm not interested in money; that's why I'm in psychology and not real estate. Rich people aren't very happy. Look at [the former head of Paramount already mentioned], he had oodles of bucks. Do you think he was happy? No. He had to fuckin' try and rape me. Just because you've got money doesn't fix your personality. You don't necessarily get the beautiful woman. Unless you want to buy her, which is truly pathetic.

I really don't care about money. Director Lasse Braun was a person I liked. He came up with some of the first X-rated films that used beautiful locations in Europe. Gorgeous, fairly imaginative stuff, although his film French Blue made me nauseous-I don't particularly want to see people having sex with pieces of cake and pies hanging off their noses. Anyway, he wanted me to do Lady Chatterley's Lover for him. He tried to get me to do an anal orgy and a cum-shot up the nose. People amaze me. You can tell them, "No, I won't do that." You tell them a million times, and they'll still come to you and say, "Well, what if I offer you 50 bucks more, would you do that?" If I'm not going to do it, I won't do it if you offered me a million bucks, and that's the plain, honest truth.

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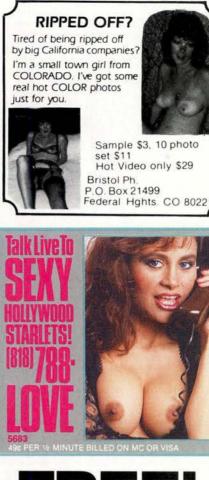








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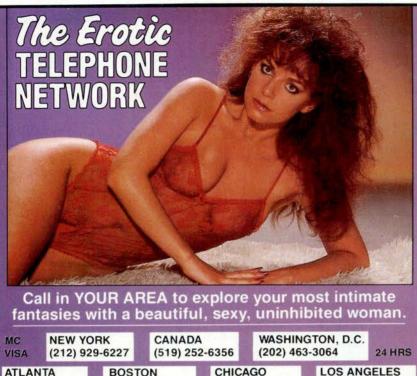
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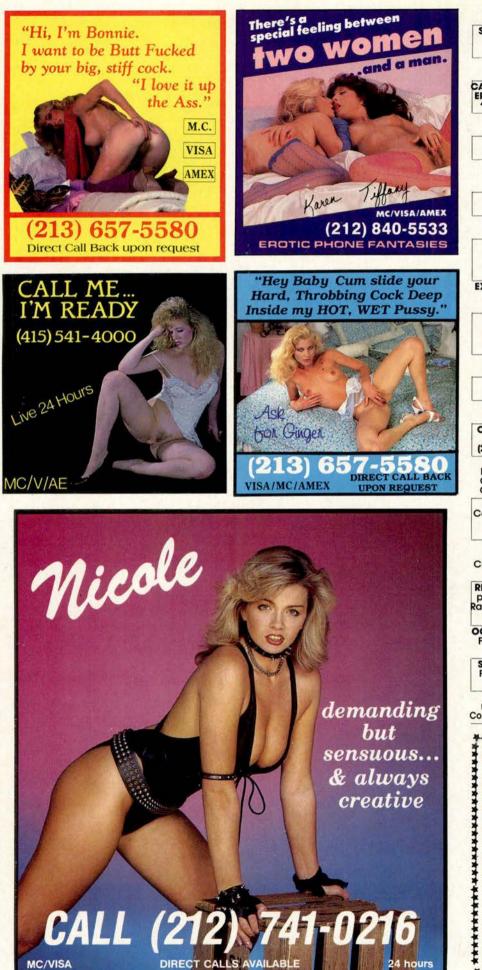


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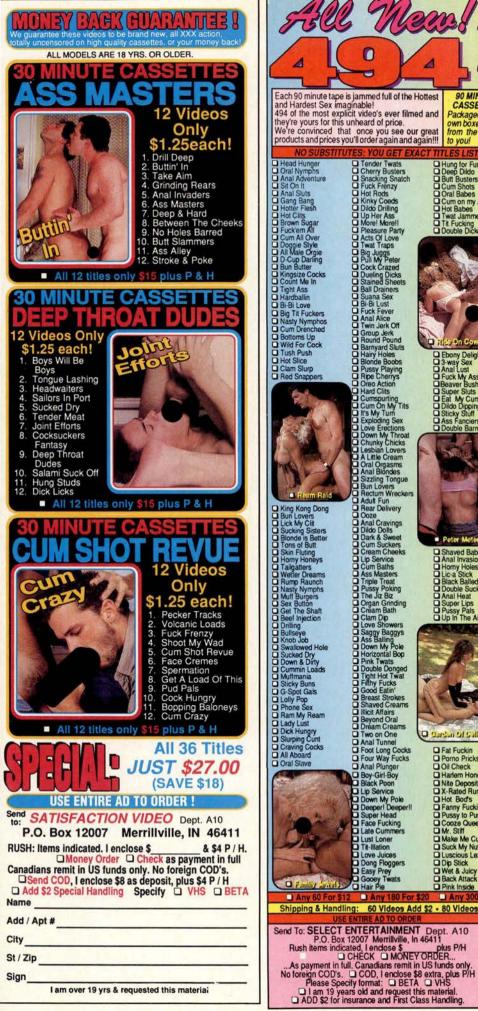
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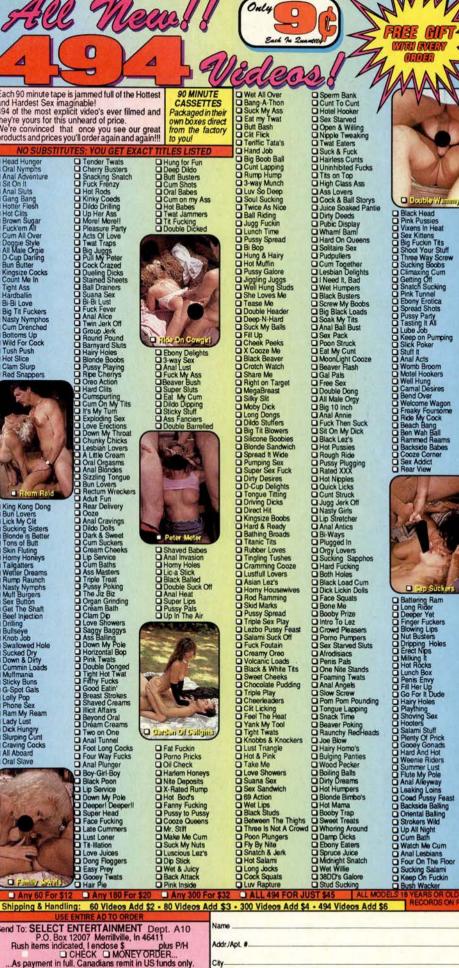
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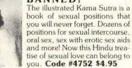
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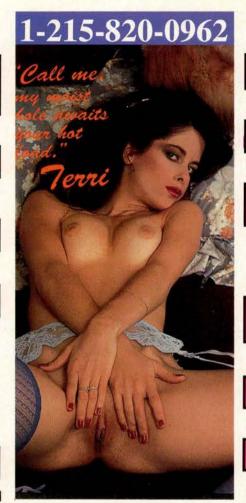
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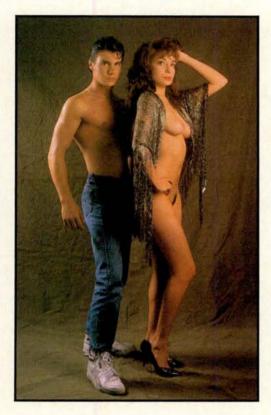
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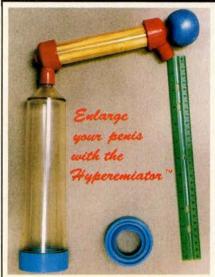
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MURDER BY S.W.A.T. TEAM (continued from page 46)

A lieutenant on the S.W.A.T. team would not wear a tear-gas mask because it would mess up his pompadour.

infantry unit with supposedly totally different tactics and definitely different weapons than his brothers still dressed in blue. But just because he looks macho doesn't mean he isn't the dumbest son of a bitch in the world-only now he has a submachine gun.

Yes, S.W.A.T. teams-well, a few-actually do try for semirealistic training (don't get those uniforms dirty, however). I've damn near had a riot on my hands several times when I've trained these units, thanks to the stress, sweat and dirt factor I sometimes introduced. I know of only a few officers who would consider training as hard as the ordinary soldier does every day. As a lieutenant on Denver's force once said, "Cops are lazy." This opinion is not unique.

Does this mean that cops are worthless? Hell, no. Many people enter police work with the idea that they will be busting robbers, rapists, con men and killers. The truth is that they will be giving nickel and dime tickets for all kinds of small offenses to their fellow citizens. They have to hassle us because the system demands it - and don't ever think there is not a quota system for citizen contacts by beat officers. Ultimately, the officer will settle into a bland routine of dealing with decent citizens on little stuff and an incredible variety of genuine dirt bags and assholes on a more consistent basis. No wonder cops in larger cities get hardened to emotion. Police thinking is also very frustrated when a bad guy in a barricaded building doesn't obey their commands. Lack of control is very tough on a cop who is used to having it. This shows up in S.W.A.T. work. Many cops cannot deal with it, and they escalate the matter to a higher level by the almost always overly hasty introduction of tear gas. After all, once you have gassed a guy to no avail, what can you do? Apologize and start over? The escalation process has begun, and no one knows where it will stop.

What can be done to help these undertrained, poorly led, fully armed men better help us without resorting to overkill? Obviously, better mental screening is necessary. There are enough nut cases on a big city department-you sure don't want them on a S.W.A.T. team. Physical selection is valuable, but given the choice between a streetwise cop and Joe Jock who has only a couple of years experience, I'll take the smart one. Training should not be shooting at static targets or just limited to the firing range. Movement and concealment coupled with proper and realistic communication should be the order of the day. Leadershipnot just commanders, but leadershipshould be stressed. One city has an idiot

who made it to a district command recently. When this boob was a lieutenant on the S.W.A.T. team he would not wear a tear-gas mask because it would mess up his pompadour hairstyle! How can subordinates respect a guy with that attitude?

Also, citizens should demand more of their police departments. It does not take more money to train properly; it just takes initiative and commitment.

Demand more of your elected officials. You put them there-make them work for you. Sure, some police departments have tremendous political clout, but you, as a voter and taxpaver, can make sure it's kept out of the job. You never want the police to be involved in any facet of the political arena except to cast their own individual votes at election time. As soon as your city allows the police to have an effect on your city council in any matter whatsoever, you have given political authority to armed men and women who have arrest powers. You have now let the enforcers make the rules, and that is called a police state. This is carefully guarded against on a national level, but at local levels police are involved in political matters and policy setting from



CITY STATE ZIP gun control to drug politics. Don't let your city fathers do this to you.

Your town or city may not even need a S.W.A.T. team. If it does, however, insist that the members, commanders and the police chief himself be held at a much higher level of responsibility for the team and its actions-or lack of actions. Make sure that your city fathers demand that the police department makes the requirements of being on the team very exacting and keeps the standards as high for the S.W.A.T. commander as they do for the chief of police. It is too important to leave as a plum in the old-boy network. Insist that the team trains in special tactics, moving and communicating-and most of all in thinking.

One point that most of us forget is that the police work for us. We and they are all taxpayers. The bottom line, however, is that no one forced or drafted them into police work-they chose it on their own. Because of this, demand that your police officers operate with dignity and pride and with respect for the citizens they protect. It is not out of line for you to remind them once in a while that they are being paid to put the life of the average citizen before their own when it really gets down to brass tacks. That's what fire fighters do, and that is what cops don't do very often. If they aren't willing to do this-as was the case with every cop in the San Ysidro massacre-get rid of them.



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The farmlands of South Dakota are a long way from the dark subway passages of Gotham; so I was udderly thrilled to find barnyard beauty "Heavy Debbie" who wasted no time shucking her shirt for my lucky lens. "I've been nude with boys in the hayloft since I was nine. Ain't no big thing." Quicker than you can say "slop the hogs." Heavy Debbie was lurching to my basement TV studio to play a little traveling salesman with me. After showing me her floppers and spreading her big ass, she asked if I wanted to plow her. And howi Students, you gotta know where to plant your petunias, and rural wenches like Deb are fertile ground for your seed. "Us farm girls know what we want." she screewed as she nulled me on top. No shill

The Month

My crusading camera saved "Arlene the Stringbean" from a certain "wilding" attack in Central Park. The grateful girl flashed her bush right there in the bushes. Of course, Arlene followed me back to my basement studio where her panties got wet from watching my dork grow bigger as she stripped. Then I did as my mother always taught me: I ate my vegetables. Ugly George or a group of marauding punks? Arlene knew the score, and I ended up scoring!



You learned a lot this time, students. Wealthy or poor, girls will flash their flesh if you have a lens pointed at them. The only thing else you need is a hard-on. Don't forget, watch my TV show, buy my videos and *stay tuned*!

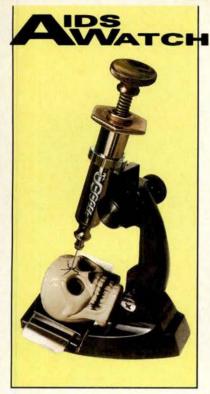
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h director Jim Mitchell, for aiting for all the porn stars fact is, that might very well 't begun heeding the warnwhat precautions they could. and are enough porn stars

ccording to veteran hard-core film director Jim Mitchell, for five years "everyone has been waiting for all the porn stars to drop over dead from AIDS." The fact is, that might very well have happened if performers hadn't begun heeding the warnings of medical experts and taking what precautions they could. But are those precautions enough, and are enough porn stars taking them?

Like the rest of us, the threat of AIDS has forced most eroticfilms stars to tone down their off-camera sex lives. Gone are the days of all-night orgies and magazine-interview blowjobs. Instead, performers have become much more monogamous, which seems to be the main reason AIDS hasn't ravaged their ranks.

"I don't think they're at as great a risk as they might appear to be," opines producer/director Henri Pachard. "The vast majority of the performers forego any outside promiscuity. Most have their own private relationships with people who are in the business, or they're with one person. When you work all day on the set, you don't have the *need* to get laid like the guy and gal who work in the office from nine to five."

Actress Kathleen Jentry takes this even one step further. The only time she has sex is when she's performing for the cameras. "I think it's only fair to the other actors," she explains. "I don't want to be out screwing around and then bring something back with me onto the set. It's a lot safer—and hornier—this way."

There's such a small turnover in actors and actresses, and they represent such a small group that, in effect, they also remain "monogamous" among themselves. However, this means that if any one of the performers becomes infected with the AIDS virus, it would most likely spread like wildfire.

Yet, because their numbers are so small, they're able to keep track of each other's sexual habits and decline to work with performers who are overly promiscuous. In fact, according to retired sex star Shanna McCullough, if a porn personality came onto the set with anything even resembling herpes or AIDS, "word would get out and they'd never be used again."

by Larry Wichman

McCullough, who was active in porn from 1984 to '88, claims that like many of her fellow actresses, she's not at all worried about AIDS. "I made over 150 movies in four years, performing at least two sex scenes in each," she says. "I never caught anything—not even crabs or the clap. This is our livelihood. We take care of ourselves. We take precautions."

Tops on their list of AIDS busters is the use of spermicides, sponges and lubricants that contain Nonoxynol-9—an agent that reportedly killed the AIDS virus in the test tube but which, according to the latest scientific evidence, appears not to affect the hoped for protection during sex.

Many performers have also begun submitting to semiannual AIDS tests to make sure that if they are infected, they don't pass the disease on. But then, most actresses erroneously believe that the risk of being exposed to the HIV virus is low anyway, since the leading



men don't come inside them and all they have to deal with is the supposedly less virulent preseminal fluids.

In addition, most stars are becoming increasingly reluctant to take unwarranted risks. For example, according to Henri Pachard, few of today's performers will agree to do anal scenes. "I can't find any decent talent willing to do it," Pachard admits. "Occasionally, we'll shoot anal sex using condoms, but you'll be seeing less and less of that in future products."

Such steps may prove to be too little, too late, though. According to researchers at the University of California at San Francisco, statistics show that heterosexuals who properly use condoms during vaginal intercourse with a seemingly "safe" sex partner have only a one-in-five-billion chance of contracting AIDS, while the odds for those in special, high-risk groups are closer to one in 500. Furthermore, according to another recently retired porn star, Jeanna Fine, many performers take such a lax attitude toward AIDS that unless things change, her former peers may well slip into the latter category.

"It's a psychological defense mechanism," Fine explains. "They think, *It can't happen to me*. And that's not true. We need to be more aware than we are of what's going on. I really worry about the performers who do unprotected anal scenes and who engage in unsafe sex outside the industry. Those are the people you have to be aware of."

Yet to an outsider, the situation seems even more ominous. To be totally safe, the performers would need to use condoms, which obviously is not the case. Furthermore, the actresses often swallow semen and let their co-stars ejaculate onto their rectums—acts that are right up at the top of ex-Surgeon General C. Everett Koop's list of no-nos. Then there's the seemingly absurd contention that a woman can't get AIDS from a man as long as he doesn't come inside her, which is like saying that she can't get pregnant that way either!

To complicate matters, at least one porn star—John Holmes—has already died of AIDS, and he'd tested positive for the virus months before travelling to Italy to make his final two pictures. Although his American costars are reported to have walked away unscathed, rumor has it that a European actress who performed an anal scene with Holmes has contracted the disease.

"The problem here is that AIDS has a two- to sevenyear incubation period," cautions Fine. "It hasn't shown up yet, but we're dealing with a lethal time bomb. We're not dealing with just a shot in the ass of penicillin anymore."

Fine is a founding member of the Pink Ladies Social Club (12439 Magnolia Boulevard, #218, North Hollywood, CA 91607), an organization established by and for actresses in the adult-entertainment industry. Although intended as a general information service for fellow actresses, according to Fine, much of their time is presently being spent dealing with the AIDS issue.

"We try to advise girls, through our newsletter or at our meetings, about safe sex practices on the set," she explains. "For example, nobody should allow insertion into the vagina immediately after having anal intercourse or have anal sex without using a condom.

But the girls have to stand up for themselves and walk out if the director refuses to comply."

Many performers, however, are too intimidated by directors to confront them on their own. Thus, Fine feels that either the directors or the talent will eventually need to assume a unified stance. "Otherwise," she adds, "nothing will change until either we go out of business because everybody dies or public awareness says, 'This is not acceptable anymore."

Unfortunately, if the status quo prevails, it seems inevitable that sooner or later the stars of porn are going to wake up one morning and find that they've truly gotten fucked.

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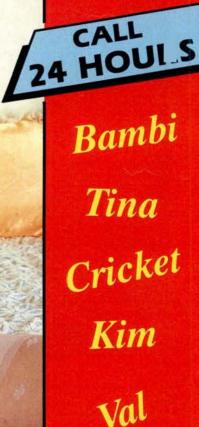
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NEXT MONTHIN

HUSTLER

February HUSTLER on sale December 19, 1989

HUSTLER-IT'S ONLY NATURAL

Tucked away in the sunny hills of Marin, California, is a lonely girl on a sun deck, with only her able hands and a waterspout to help her beat the heat. In New Orleans we spy a buxom groupie bringing out the best of a snake-fingered guitar hack. Palm fronds in Florida cannot disguise the animal sex appeal of our centerfold, Aussie porn princess Deidre Holland, the fastest-rising smutress from Down Under. Then, in the rushing white water of Colorado, a slippery duo of ravening babes slake their thirst at each other's saltwater inlets. All in all, it proves Mother Nature referred to the pages of HUSTLER when she wrote the book on getting off.

BAKKER IN THE BUGHOUSE

HUSTLER never tires of probing the dim, dark holes that others are too timid to approach, but in Jim Bakker's case, we're leery. He's a nutball, and besides, we're more used to something softer, with bigger tits. We followed Bakker into the bowels of a federal mental prison and came back with graphic illustrations of Bakker's hardlyhard-time—a red-hot scoop for HUSTLER readers.

SPRINKLE BAGS A SHE/IT

The women of our liking always get a cock sooner or later—unless they go for a little pussy. Annie Sprinkle found the two stuck together—permanently. One of Annie's girlfriends made a date with a doctor, and now she/he is giving dick to Annie. Join Miss Sprinkle's detailed tour, "I Love a Woman With a Cock," in photos and prose as she deflowers a freshly made hermaphrodite—it's only unnatural.

BOBBY KENNEDY UNION SLAIN?

Who killed RFK and MM? Did the Teamsters hire Sirhan Sirhan? Did he have time to cash the check? Questions abound. But if it's true that the Teamsters arranged to cold-press RFK, as inquiring reporter Larry White contends, then we'd all better think twice about the powers that be—and it's *not* the same old story.

NEXT MONTH-NOT THE SAME OLD HUSTLER

We've expanded *Beaver Hunt*! Yes, the government seems to be saying more homegrown, and we're only too happy to go along with Bush, er, bush; *Sex Play* brings us eye-to-eye with nude modeling in the happy state of Texas; *Hot Letters* is the hearth by which we hot up to a hard night at home, in or outside of Texas; extra pages of *Bits & Pieces* take the sting out of Texas rejection with humor and kink; and a passel of cartoons proves that we don't need Texas for laughs plus, we've got outrageous, wide-grinning *fiction*! February's HUSTLER will have you begging for more—or moving to, or out of, Texas.











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