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VOLUME 19 NUMBER 8

Bits & Pieces Screw Goldstein, Spike and Stern Edited by Scott Schalin

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Randi: Home Vrecker Photography by Matti Klatt

Steff and Scott: Military Position Photography by Matti Klatt

Ripped Out Alive: The Organ-Donor Meat Market Report by Larry Wichman

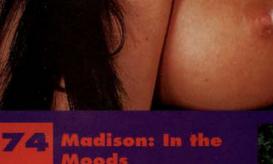
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JANUARY 1993



Centerfold Photography by Clive McLean

HUSTLER Humo Edited by Tim Conaway and Minette Watkins

Strange Fruits and Exotic Meats: 86 Madison's Guide to the Wild Side Kink Tour With Christian Shapiro

> Lo' Retta: Black Cat Photography by Clive McLean

Tina and Tru: Cannes Do Photography by James Baes

wer Hunt Looking for a Few Good Mams





We were shocked by the August 24, 1992, issue of *Screw*—shocked that the ragazine is still published, and horrified by its unprovoked threat against Larry Flynt's life. In response, the HUSTLER publisher requested we flambé corpulent crybaby Al Goldstein with copies of his sludge-mag, a shit-sheet that's about as exciting and relevant as John Holmes's dead dick!



HUSTLER.

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The U.S. edition of HUSTLER (ISSN-0149-4635) is published monthly with exception. Twice a month in September by HG Publications, Inc., 9171 Within's Bolueard, Suite 300, Beverty Hild, CA 30210. Copyright ® 1982. All rights reserved. Nothing may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission of the publisher. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings, photos, etc., if they are to be returned, and HG Publications, Inc. assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material. Letters sent to HUSTLER will be reated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and as subject to HUSTLER's right to edit and comment editorially. Any similarity between persons and places depicted in the fiction sections of this magazine and actual persons or places is purely coincidentia. All photos posed by professional models except as otherwise noted. Neither said photos nor words used to describe them are meant to depict models' actual conduct, statements or personalities.

HUSTLER JANUARY ISSUE 1993 VOLUME 19 NUMBER 8

Single copy, U.S. Edition S4.95, International Edition S5.95 (add S1 postage per copy), Special Edition S5.95. Twelve-issue subscription is \$33.95. These prices represent HUSTLER's standard rate and should not be confused with special subscription offers sometimes advertised. Change of address. Six weeks advance notice, and old address as well as the new are necessary. POSTMASTER: Send change of address to HUSTLER, F. O. Box 1568, North Hollywood CA 91615. Second-class postage paid at Beverly Hills, CA, and additional mailing offices. Printed in USA HUSTLER, is registered in the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office. The International Edition of HUSTLER is published monthly by Island Distributing Company, Ltd., PO. Box 1803, Grand Cayman, B.W.L, with permission of HG Publications, Ine.

All nude models are 18 years of age or older. Cover photo by Clive McLean



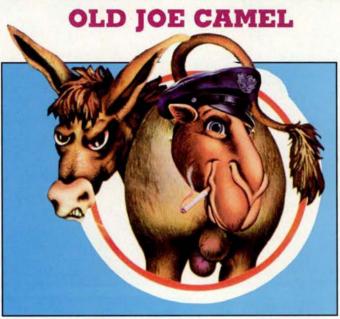
ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

Every amateur proctologist knows that the Earth's population of human shit-rings already exceeds what any one planet was ever intended to support. The good news for crowded turd-clamps is that, thanks to cigarette-hastened mortality, 2.5 million extra poop-chutes croak off worldwide each year, theoretically leaving more room for the rest of us to crap in.

The bad news: As homo stinkus dies off, he's being replaced by larger-than-life sphincters more fatally loathsome than any methane vent that ever drew breath. Such an unreal waste passage is Old Joe Camel, a cartoon character who is two-dimensional and silent, and yet prevails as HUSTLER's Asshole of the Month for January 1993.

The United States sees a steady decline of one million cigarette consumers annually. Each year, an estimated 434,000 quitters kick their nicotine addiction through death attributed to smoking-related causes. At this rate of attrition, America faces the threat of becoming a smoke-free zone within the next few decades.

The tobacco industry faces the unique dilemma of killing off its customer base with systematic regularity. New cancer suckers must continuously be recruited to replace those who have coughed their last. The problem is, where can a deathdealing conglomerate find lung donors willing to pay up to two bucks a pack for the privilege of contracting rectum breath, fouling the atmosphere and dramatically increasing their incidence of innumer-



able life-detracting conditions?

The ideal target group is, of course, children, and with the average age of the start-up smoker at 12.5 years, RJR Nabisco and its Camel cigarettes need look no further than the nearest kid.

"We don't want young people to smoke, and we don't market our products to young people," claimed James W. Johnston, chairman and chief executive officer of R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. in late 1990, approximately two years into the run of RJR's Old Joe Camel "smooth character" ad campaign. "We don't advertise to children."

RJR Nabisco's assertions are contradicted by a study in *The Journal of the American Medical* Association, which found 97.7-percent recognition of Old Joe Camel among kids. Further studies showed that in the three years since Old Joe's simpering, penissnouted face showed up in malls and magazines and on billboards, dangling a fag from his cunt-like lips wherever the air smells like Teen Spirit, Camel's share of the illegal children's cigarette market jumped from 0.5 percent to 32.8 percent. Translated into dirty dollars, Camel's illegal sales are estimated to have risen from \$6 million to \$476 million per year during Joe's tenure.

Further belying RJR Nabisco's "we don't market to children" creed is the company's reported placement of Camels in the Walt Disney movies *Who Framed Roger Rabbit?* and *Honey I Shrunk the Kids*. Tshirts, baseball caps, posters, candy cigarettes and televised sporting events such as the Camel "Mud and Monster" series all promote Camels. All are effective marketing techniques for reaching children.

The hypocrisy of RJR Nabiscowhich, aside from aromatic carcinogens, supplies this country with Oreo cookies, Shredded Wheat cereal, Ritz crackers, Planters peanuts, Del Monte food products, Milk Bone dog biscuits and Life Savers candy-extends to its socalled support of the Partnership for a Drug-Free America.

The Partnership for a Drug-Free America is a coalition of advertising professionals who flush out their resumes with commercials that depict a brain on drugs. Although nicotine is a drug of choice among the teenagers these ads are aimed at, the Partnership has never produced any materials critical of smoking, and it is unlikely to do so soon. The \$150,000 R. J. Reynolds kicked over to the Partnership is a cheap buy-off for its silence on Old Joe Camel's \$476-million share of the wheezing-kids market.

If Old Joe could talk, he'd find a way to justify undermining an effort to educate kids to the perils of chemical dependence. After all, Joe's a figurehead for an industry that still refuses to acknowledge tobacco's link to cancer. He's used to hiding behind smoke rings brown, crinkly, stinky ones.

Kurt Cobain: Leader of the punk-rock money-machine Nirvana, Cobain presents himself as opposing corporate ethics; yet he appears on the cover of *Rolling Stone* (a corporate news sheet), he performs at the MTV awards (corporate advertising function), and his music is distributed by Geffen Records (corporate monolith). Cobain's image-reality gap widens at the topic of drug use. Despite being a two-time heroin-rehab patient married to a dope who admitted do-

FARTS IN THE WIND

ing junk while pregnant, Cobain exhorts kids to just say no. Kurt is a Nancy Reagan poster boy for the '90s, and an Asshole.

Carolyn Sapp: After being crowned Miss America 1992, Carolyn Sapp was revealed to have been hit by a boyfriend. Sapp responded by getting a TV-movie deal and playing herself in the film. Getting paid to rewrite personal history and act it out in a one-sided version of the truth earns Sapp an Asshole. **Richard Dreyfuss:** Actor Richard Dreyfuss is blasting television as a "corrupting influence." "The people who work within it work with a kind of arrogant blindness to their effect on the populace." Dreyfuss delivered these messages while on TV, a medium that features his voice selling hamburgers for McDonald's. While spreading corrupting influence with an arrogant blindness, Dreyfuss buys himself an Asshole.

The Chain Gang Here's fun for the whole family. Guess the nature of this photograph. Is it...

A) A local pizza company's "Find the Anchovy" contest?

B) The cast of *Sorority Blue*, a new video from VCA that features 25 women in the largest lesbian daisy chain ever filmed?

C) Litter from Bill Clinton's campaign trail?

or **D)** An impotent man's nightmare?

The answer, of course, is **B & D.**

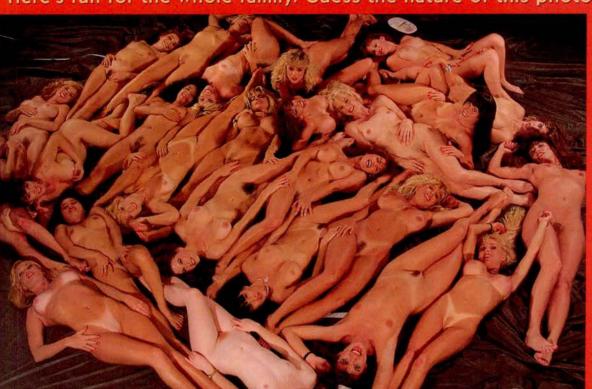


Photo by Clive McLean

Berry Interesting

We were deeply touched by the many entrants to our "Grapes of Wrath" hemorrhoid contest. The winner is this little crinkle tart from Pensacola. Florida, nicknamed "Pootey." Pootey receives a jar of **Tucks anal-wipe** pads and a **HUSTLER 1993** calendar. Congratulations and continued





"Oh, that's not a tampon string, that's my tapeworm!"



For 12 months we've stared at *Beaver Hunt* entries until we're blue in the balls. Frankly, we need your help! Think long and hard about these four fresh figures, and write your favorite on the coupon below. The first 100 postmarked entrants that

include a return address will receive a slick, anachronistic 1992 HUSTLER calendar. The contestant with the most votes wins the grand prize of \$5,000 to spread those victory labes in an extended HUSTLER pictorial. Help us pick the...

HUSTLER Beaver of the Year 1992



Ann was 22 years old when her picture first appeared in our 1991 Holiday issue. She's from Dallas, Texas, and fantasizes about fucking her husband and another man in an elevator. Check out her semifinalist layout in March '92.



In the February '92 issue, Tamara of Evansville, Indiana, fantasized about having sex on the beach while it rained. To see a little more of this tantalizing 20-year-old, open her semifinalist spread in July '92.



Bela, a 28-year-old chauffeur in Cartersville, Georgia, enjoys waterskiing, horseback riding and collecting antique autos. She snuck in as our final semifinalist in our recent Holiday issue, and still yearns to get banged by two cops in the back of a squad car.



Ava from Raleigh, North Carolina, slapped us to attention in August, when she described her fantasy of being spanked by an older man before giving him the wildest fuck of his life. How could we not select this 20year-old lingerie saleswoman as a semifinalist in November?

Mail your selection to:

HUSTLER's Beaver of the Year 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300 Beverly Hills, CA 90210

My favorite Beaver is

Separated Afterbirth?

Andrea Dworkin

They're both festering media sores who possess retarded views of sexuality: She believes men are beasts who commit rape every time they have intercourse; he thinks spanking a woman on the radio compensates for sexual inadequacy. They're also two of the ugliest people on the planet. Were femi-nut Andrea Dworkin and radio boast Howard Stern separated afterbirth? Only their placenta knows for sure.



The X-Rated Malcolm X

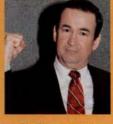
"Yo, button yo' fly now, bitch!"



Jesse Jackson as Chicken Georgette







Pat Buchanan as Mayor Dick Cheese



Dennis Hopper as "the Peepshow Plumber"



Howard Stern

Abraham Lincoln as Percy, the Pizza Boy



and Long Dong Silver as the Plumber's Assistant



WRITTEN BY THE CHOST OF ALEX HALEY DIRECTED BY THE CHOST OF MARTIN LUTHER KING PRODUCED BY THE WHITE MAN Parody. Not to be taken seriously. Celebrity and political heads pasted onto sleazy porn-actor bodies. Porno Pickup Line #13

In a continuing series of spuzz-star come-ons, Ron Jeremy offers the restrained, even polite approach. Interestingly enough, despite his hirsute body, he's never actually said, "I'm the gorilla your dreams."

> "I'll just put the head in."

Dam Those Ovaries

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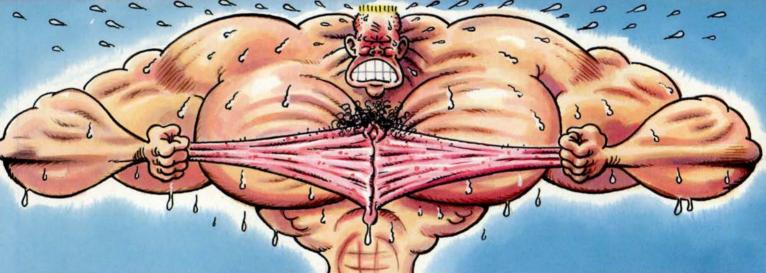
PORN from the PAR

In the original version of this Shakespeare play, King Lear watches as his ungrateful daughter endures a different kind of punishment. S150 goes to Shawn Bulow for showing this old slant in theater. If you have classic poses in your closet, do not get them to a nunnery; send them to HUSTLER's Porn From the Past, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want your material returned. Bucky was furious to learn that an environmental group (Wildlife 2000) has begun trapping and sterilizing female beavers to control species overpopulation. Bucky has a better way to solve overcrowding: Sterilize humans. People create 95 million new bodies every year. Contraception in India could curtail the million babies born there every *month*, and in Kenya iudicious birth control would lower the average whe iudicious birth control would lower the average whe billion people without adequate drinking water, and billion lacking proper sanitary facilities. Buck believes in right-to-life...for the living! Pussy makes men laugh, cry and generally behave like idiots. But perhaps we sell short a pussy's usefulness by merely sticking a dick in it. Artist Dan Collins doesn't believe in limiting a pussy's purpose. He also doesn't get laid a lot, which gives him plenty of time to consider...

OTHER THINGS A PUSSY IS GOOD FOR

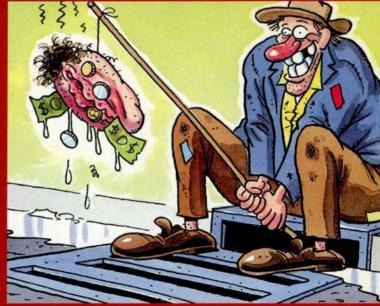


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CHEST DEVELOPER





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THE COW THAT ROARED

Fuck the do-gooders who say meat is murder. I'm a butcher in a local store, and dead cows saved my life—at least, my sex life. I've been married for what seems like 1,000 years, but I still enjoy sex with my babe. It hasn't always been that way.

Last year I threw my back out lugging a side of USDA beef. The doctor prescribed codeine to stop the pain, but it only stopped my erections. Damn! I couldn't get my little cleaver hard, even after my wife sucked the devil for half an hour. Later, even without the pills, I was psyched out of all erections.

My wife, God love her, was supportive, and tried new slants on sex. She'd stick that big, white ass in the air and slide a shiny, silver dildo inside her snatch until the sloshing sound alone should've made me spurt like crazy. But nothing! I'd tug the pecker until it was raw as a chunk of London broil, but it wouldn't get any harder than a wet Rahmen noodle.

As a result, I buried myself deeper in work, begging my shithead manager for extra hours and late-night shifts; anything to avoid limp humiliation. I'd hack sides of beef with tireless energy until my hand and clothes were covered with blood. It was the only way I could (legally) let off some steam.

One afternoon I was chopping a 40pound side of prime Aberdeen Angus when the service bell rang. Waiting by the plastic door was a gorgeous hunk of woman, wearing tight short shorts and a loose-fitting, white tank-top. She obviously wore no bra, as her bouncy boobs floated like tiny water-bed mattresses. Her nipples were erect from the chill of the meat bins and threatened to rip that sheer, slut shirt into orgasmic shreds with every breath she exhaled. Her legs were firm, with an obviously wellearned strip of muscle rippling down each thigh. I heard her talking, but couldn't understand a word she said. "I'll come back in a few minutes," she smiled, handing me a rump roast and running her sharp, red fingernails through her jet-black hair.

6139026

"I'm sorry, I didn't hear you," I squinted, "what did you say?"

"Grind this meat," she said simply, and pushed her shopping cart away. As I wiped my bloody hands across my smock, I brushed against a bulge in my trousers. Yes! I had my first erection in months! I stared at her as that firm butt wiggled inside the cotton shorts. Her calf muscles bulged and receded as she stretched to grab some toilet paper from the shelf.

I returned to the back room and deboned the cut before grinding. As my knife sliced through the textured strips, I imagined her sweet, young pussy, and peeled apart the pink, muscled folds of beef. I set down the knife and slowly ran my fingers against the meat. It was soft and moist, and for a minute I couldn't believe what I was thinking. As the codeine kicked in harder, I scraped a fingernail along the ridges and watched blood-red juice trickle down my hand and over my wrist. My cock was piercing my smock.

Luckily, my assistant had that day off. I locked the door that led to my inner sanctum. I returned to the meat and continued rubbing the fresh, wet slab. I envisioned the customer splayed on my work table, legs in the air and head tossed back. I rubbed my fingers inside the folds of her slit. The more I rubbed, the more juice trickled into my hand. She twisted her nipples and ran that thick, pink tongue along those full, red lips, moaning to my hand's movements.

I slid out of my smock and unzipped my slacks. I spread the folds of her meat wide apart and set my dick between the flaps, like a hot dog nudged inside a bun. She was cold, but well-lubricated, I pumped the meat like a fucking animal, squeezing her pussy tighter around my cock. The friction began to warm my shaft. Her green eyes stared through me; she was like a woman possessed by the devil of orgasms. "Fuck this little pussy," she coaxed me, and I dug my fingernails into her soft ass cheeks and lifted her off the table. She swung her arms around my shoulders and wrapped those dancer's legs around my waist. Sweat dripped from my chin onto her clit, and she rubbed the salty liquid onto my cock as I pumped her like a stud. For at least a minute and a half of ecstasy. I walked around the room, sliding the



mini-carcass up and down my shaft. The inside of the beast had warmed, and my dick began to burn.

When I neared the grinder, I pulled myself out of the meat and slapped my prick against one of the fresh incisions. It had been so long since I'd come that my whole body shook as I spewed a pent-up load of spuzz inside the tender, glistening loins. The glorious whiteness trickled to the center of the roast and down the sides, where my incisions were dripping fresh blood.

What relief! I refastened my smock and held the roast aloft like a trophy. I turned it upside-down to let some of the sperm drip into the sink. I was going to wash it off, but my boner actually increased with the thought that she'd

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HOT LETTERS I scraped my nail against the shit-stained crinkle, bringing the smelly digit to my mouth and licking away like a filthy child in the mud.

unknowingly swallow my white chum at dinner.

I couldn't erase her teasing, little twat from my mind, even as I shoved the meat into the grinder and watched the juicy folds pulverized into a bloody mulch. Glorious, festering fissures of meat were expelled from the whirling blades.

Back in the store, she picked up the package and silently walked away. I took the image of that tight, young ass home with me that night. When I told my wife I wanted to grind her pussy into hamburger, she sprinted upstairs and shoved that faithful ass in the air like the victory flag at Iwo Jima. Tonight, there would be no problem! I secretly set a clean, sharp knife on our headboard. Its blade shimmered in the glow of a streetlight, but she could see neither it nor the tiny piece of carved meat that I rubbed in my hand. That night, I fucked her big, brown pussy longer than I ever had before.

Afterward, as she wiped the overflowing semen from her wad cavern, she asked how I had suddenly overcome my problem. I smiled in the darkness and ran my index finger along the nowraw piece of flank steak. I didn't say a word, but dropped the meat swatch to the floor and poured two fingers inside her snatch. A minute later, I slid my dick back home and fucked like it was our first time. I was cured!

> —Name Withheld Milwaukee, Wisconsin

HOOK IN MOUTH

Alcoholics Anonymous has given me a new lease on life. The meetings are a better place to meet people than bars, and a lot easier on the liver. Sometimes you get lucky and help someone out of their emotional hole; other times you get lucky and stick your dick inside that hole. I keep a journal of my sexual encounters in case I ever need to revise *The Big Book*. This one night would definitely be an entire chapter.

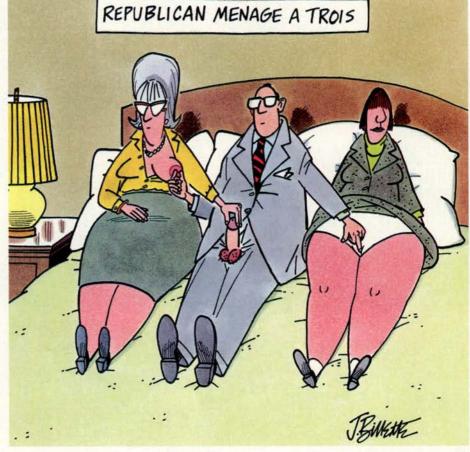
It was the first time I had seen her at the meetings and, through the haze of smoke, her sullen, dark eyes penetrated my consciousness. One thing the Twelve Steps taught me is the power to isolate those in need of support. She sat by herself in a corner. I offered her a smoke and sat beside her. It was her first meeting, a mandatory punishment for drunk and disorderly behavior. She was blond, with dark roots and an innocent, girlnext-door wholesomeness. Yet there was something about her cracked lips that made me both sad and aroused. For a fleeting moment, I imagined semen settling between the cracks like a soothing salve. Her body was thin and her breasts were small; the nipples flashed their circular allure beneath the halfshirt that left her tiny navel exposed. Whenever she leaned to refill her styrofoam cup with coffee, I spied the bottom halves of her round, little breasts. She reminded me of the many nights I'd squandered in titty bars.

Although we talked openly during the meeting, she refused my request for coffee afterward, saying she had to work. "At ten o'clock at night?" I chuckled. "What are you, a prostitute?" She didn't laugh. I had apparently touched a nerve. I lit a cigarette, and stood mesmerized by this fallen angel as she walked toward Sunset Boulevard.

When she turned down a side street, I followed with my car; I wasn't even sure what I was hoping to find. She stood

against a boarded-up liquor store and fixed her gaze on oncoming traffic. When a car pulled to the curb, she crouched and spoke to the driver. I lit a cigarette and inhaled deeply as she glided that sleek, pink tongue over those coarse lips. The door unlocked and she sat inside the car. It pulled down a side street, and I discreetly followed.

The car stopped in a deserted alley. My binoculars afforded me a front-row seat for the horrible debauchery to come, and I watched with growing interest. She unwrapped a condom and placed it in her mouth. Her head bobbed into the driver's lap. The man, an older, conservative type, held the back of her head firmly. She came up for air and pulled that half-shirt over her head. Just as I'd imagined, her tits were small but sharp, the nipples like two tiny razors that he scraped his palms against. Then he tugged and twisted and yanked the tender nips as she winced in obvious pain. I was watching and trying to take notes on the terrible incident to share at a future meeting, but my pen dropped when he slid his hands around her throat. He seemed to be choking her! He grabbed her head again and pushed her throat far down his scumbag shaft. When her head re-appeared, a sliver of slimy lubrication smeared the side of her mouth. As she wiped it away, he removed the rubber and locked her face within his hands' viselike (continued on page 25)



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BUTTMAN VS. BUTTWOMAN

Matthews squeezes out an orgasm.

Half Erect. Directed by Bruce Seven and John Stagliano; starring Tianna, Patricia Kennedy, Lia Baren, Suzi Matthews, Alex Matthews, Bionca, Shawnee Cates, Cassidy, Heidi Kat, Sean Michaels, Ron Hightower and John Stagliano. Videocassette: Evil Angel.

Tianna and John Stagliano engage in a back-alley confrontation to determine porn's premier butt worshiper. Through the lens of John Stagliano: Suzi Matthews models her cock-hardening haunches before doing the stink bug with a stiff dick frantically pile-driving her sopping asshole, squeezing out another classic butt bang from Stagliano's cum-stained Handycam. It's Buttman's only solid punch, and the tape's only true ass-fuck. Although Stag films Heidi Kat's fat cunt lips

and Cassidy's two-can hams pummeling Sean Michaels to a creamy pulp, Buttman is more content to photograph chair melons than to touch them. The images are nice, but even with Matthews's heated hump and a brief spanking of handcuffed Patricia Kennedy, John can't fend off Tianna. Buttwoman challenges Stagliano's assobsessed throne with a series of lewd counterpunches. Tianna scores with a dildo uppercut on Kennedy, whose slick clit grows like a budding flower in time-lapse photography. After a three-finger/vibrator combination on Lia Baren's dark, dank holes, Tianna's knockout punch is her own worship-worthy backside, a pair of rear bricks she wedges open for a string of anal beads and a greasy vibrator, putting Stagliano down for the count and sending strokers to the showers. -Scott Mallory



Kennedy's clit grows before our eyes.



Encounters: Unpopped poopers for our prurient perusal.



Horner's Seduction makes cunts squirm.



Mills's Buns arouse suspicion.

ANAL ENCOUNTERS 8

Half Erect. Directed by William Black; starring P. J. Sparxx, K. C. Williams, Persia, Randy West, Peter North, Sonja, Nikki Sinn, Cal Jammer, T. T. Boy and Sikki Nixx. Videocassette: VCA.

In any list of sin sirens most deserving a sphincter bang, K. C. Williams is right near the top. Anal Encounters 8 answers many a pud puller's prayer, as Williams's crapper is done by Randy West, who dons a condom for the occasion. The lovely bit of logging is shot mostly in closeups, sacrificing the full picture of her dirtbox dicking. Persia and Nikki Sinn open their sultry shitters for sticking. Persia is a butt girl who's obviously been practicing at home, while Sinn gets butt-fucked in damn near every tape she's in. For sheer combustible coupling, the cum churning between T. T. Boy and P. J. Sparxx is tops. Although she takes it in the twat instead of her turd tunnel, Sparxx is a woman on fire, as Boy steadily slams into her. The Encounters will only get better if they keep dishing up unpopped poopers for our prurient perusal. —Sam Lowry

THE SEDUCTION OF MARY

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Michael Craig; starring Victoria Paris, Mike Horner, Jon Dough, Cassidy, Sharise, Terri Diver and Nick E. Videocassette: VCA. Shot on film.

What do bleach-blond sluts think about when they get that lost gaze in their eyes? In Victoria Paris's case, Mike Horner's dick. Horner is a bestselling smut novelist who turns his charm on Cassidy. She follows his orders to strip, suck and fuck with little resistance. Paris can barely keep track of which cock is which as husband Jon Dough bones her and gently spurts on her tits. *Seduction* continues at Horner's apartment with Sharise's sensual and rhythmic blowjob of Nick E. The silent stud rams his rod into her asshole. Paris feels she might finally get a piece of Horner, but she gets cut fruit and Terri Diver's tongue in her cunt while she places an obscene phone-call home. Finally, blindfolded and dripping, she takes Horner's schlong down her throat and up her gash. Any smut writer who can get Paris to squirm is good news for raunch reviewers. —*Kent LeLak*



One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Herschel Savage; starring Tonisha Mills, Danielle Rodgers, Jenna Wells, Brigette Aime, Randy Spears, Wayne Summers and T. T. Boy. Videocassette: Coast to Coast.

I'm Frank Drevin, detective, Poontang Squad. I was fucking my car's cigarette lighter when I received a call from headquarters; it was my turn to watch *Naked Buns 8 1/2* and see if my gun shot something other than blanks. I thought the two scenes with big-breasted bimbo Tonisha Mills would arouse my suspicion, but the sex-by-the-numbers choreography and lifeless cum-shots gave me time to wonder why former porn actors make such horrible porn directors. Fortunately, HUSTLER Honey of the Year, Danielle Rodgers, oozes pussy goo over the nightstick of Randy Spears, and he coats her swollen nips before cuffing and arresting her for murder and bad acting. Director Herschel Savage wouldn't know a funny line if he snorted Drano, and the ever-boring Brigette Aime maintains a similar level of disinterest whether T. T. Boy slides in her muddy shitter, or Jenna Wells fishes a dildo from her pussy gills. Watching this vid is a little like sticking your dick in a pencil sharpener: Sure, it gets you off, but it doesn't make a point.

JANUARY HUSTLER

TO THE VICTOR GO THE LICKS

It was a party to end the summer, and what better way to say *adieu* than a bit of naked, free-style combat in a tub of Jell-O? Two of smut's most athletic twats, Alex Jordan and Summer Knight, jumped into the red goo and went at it with startling fury. This was no tennis match. When the whipped-cream-smeared battle ended, it became clear why the hyper-horny holes were so relentless in their struggle: The winner (Jordan) got her pussy licked by the loser.









Somewhere in Paris love blooms.



Taylor Hurts strokers in the right spot.

LAST RUMBA

Half Erect. Directed by F. J. Lincoln; starring Jamie Gillis, Porsche Lynn, Bionca, Jon Dough, Mike Horner, Robert Malone, Victoria Paris and Stephanie Rage. Videocassette: VCA.

France, famous for romance and assholes, provides the setting for this story-heavy sampling of screwing. Jamie Gillis orders Porsche Lynn to lick his balls. Somewhere in this brutal fucking, love blooms. Years later they're reunited. He's a glorified whorehouse manager, and she's engaged to money-grubbing asshole Jon Dough. Bionca plays Dough's girlfriend throughout his many marriages. Why she stays with him is unclear. She doesn't seem to enjoy sex with him. The top joint-juicing scene comes when Lynn pulls and beads and gold chains out of Bionca's asshole while Gillis tries to kiss Porsche. Mike Horner and Dough are offered \$1,000 to fuck Stephanie Rage, but Horner has trouble getting hard, and Dough's squirt is barely a dribble. The French have attitude but no real balls.



Half Erect. No director; starring Tom Byron, Deja, Alicia Rio, Gail Force, Tianna Taylor and T. T. Boy. Videocassette: Vidco.

Tom Byron plays a heartbroken schlub who keeps trying to commit suicide because Tianna Taylor dumped him, but he just can't get it right. He tortures himself when he winds up bedside to hear T. T. Boy devastate his ex-doll, in the tape's best boff. Boy's hot load lacquers all over Taylor's luscious lungs. Byron also has a good vantage point to see Alicia Rio and Gail Force tongue twat in a steamy 69. Byron's shot at winning Taylor back comes in the finale, where Rio joins them for a threeway. Byron makes a decent pitch, but alas, the fickle Taylor ditches him yet again. Painful though it may be to Byron, *Love Hurts* hosers in the right spot. —S. L.



Only a variety of cheap hair Color.



Adventures: Class and tease are thrown out the window.



Jugsy: Lere fucks only for herself.

WOMEN OF

Half Erect. Directed by Paul Norman; starring Casey (K. C. Williams), Raven, Monique Hall, Terri Diver, Bionca Trump, Miyagi and Tori Welles. Videocassette: Pleasure Productions.

Rug-munch flicks always tread dangerously close to boring, especially when psychobabble is used to segue scenes of flesh- and pussy-prodding. *Women of Color* is no exception. The title's a sham. With the exception of yellow-tail Miyagi, *Women* features only a variety of cheap hair-color. Forget torrid interracial lesbianism; these homogeneous Valley gals just want to "bond emotionally." A nonsex role by Tori Welles threatens to induce penile coma. A few redeeming flashes of gash: Miyagi and Monique Hall fill flesh pockets on a pool table; Diver and K. C. Williams play a vibrator duet; and a five-way tangle offers body worshipers a jerkworthy flesh pile. The group-therapy scenario is lame, forcing viewers to seek self-help in getting off. —Dewey Huevos



Half Erect. Directed by Jackson St. Louis; starring Rachel Ryan, Joey Silvera, Melanie Moore, Nancee Kelley, T. T. Boy and Tonisha Mills. Videocassette: VCA. Pounding butt sex is the bait. Are viewers willing to bite? Rachel Ryan, looking particularly fuckable, stretches and sweats in an outdoor workout that's beautifully accompanied by a guitar and violin soundtrack. Class and tease are thrown out the window when aging Joey Silvera's schlong defies gravity once again to plumb Ryan's murky depths. After bending her over (the audience at this point prepares to view backdoor entrance), Silvera is off-put because she munches a piece of fruit during the schtup. Who could blame her? End of scene. If viewers don't march out at this point, as Silvera and his flubbery ass have, here's what they get: Melanie Moore allows her puckery shit ring to be violated by Silvera; T. T. Boy enters Ryan's box, her slippery dirt ditch, and, again, her box, only to pull out soon after; Moore and Nancee Kelley nosh gash and lick asshole; and Kelley takes Boy's schween up the back road, whimpering and frigging her clit like a porn workaholic. -D. H.



Half Erect. Directed by Herschel Savage; starring Heather Lere, Madison, P. J. Sparxx, Heidi, Rob Tyler, Steve Drake, Sean Michaels and Ron Jeremy. Videocassette: X-citement.

Heather Lere is the female T. T. Boy, grudge-fucking men with such aggressive contempt, she may be the most honest starlet to ever squat on scud. In Jugsy she fucks over a mayor and a boyfriend to gain ownership of the tawdry strip club that employs her. Forget the story, as director Herschel Savage obviously did, and proceed directly to Lere grinding her glorious gash into the face of Steve Drake. She's part hooker, part entrepreneur, and manipulates a cock with the skill of Donald Trump, paying the price with a load on her boobs. Heather also instigates a threeway among Madison (her only scene), Heidi (an ugly brunette) and Drake that culminates in a handjob climax (a recurring problem that proves the vid's major deterrent). Even a decent scene between P. J. Sparxx and new hair-farmer Rob Tyler can't deflect the star power from Lere, a woman poised to fuck the shit out of her men, whether they like it or not. -S. R.



FINE TIME FOR A BLACK WEDDING

Jeanna Fine and Sikki Nixx met a few years ago at a Las Vegas porn convention. It was a match made in rehab, and they've been together ever since, the perfect porn love story. Kinda like apple pie. Only the pie is pierced, tattooed, baked in bondage and served à la mode with a special cream topping. The lovebirds made it official in August, exchanging marriage vows at a rock 'n' roll nightclub in West Los Angeles, as part of a performance show to benefit a local AIDS organization. "We had a license, we were planning on getting married soon, and the promoters asked me to do a performance," Fine says. "It was either do *The Story of O* or get married, and I'd rather be married." Sharon Mitchell was the bridesmaid, and several other porn players were on hand to celebrate the happy occasion.



GETTING BETTER, NOT OLDER

Amber Lynn, looking every bit the country's premier erotic dancer, celebrated her 28th birthday in September with a fancy-dress ball, complete with champagne and caviar and enough attitude to get on an episode of *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous*. Held at an exclusive Beverly Hills hotel, the shindig attracted media from around the world, a handful of mainstream celebs, every porn star worth shaking a dick at and HUSTLER main man Larry Flynt, seen with Lynn and Victoria Paris, who organized the affair. In lieu of gifts, Lynn asked the more than 500 guests to donate to AIDS Youth Foundation, Los Angeles.



Temple: A sweltering shrine to stroking.

OF LUST

Half Erect. Directed by Frank and Ona Zee; starring Ona Zee, Porsche Lynn, Cody (Tanya Rivers), Mike Horner, Melanie Moore, Marc Wallice, Scott Irish, Eric Starr and Robert Williams. Videocassette: VCA.

Stale sex has hit married couple Mike Horner and Cody. His solution is to watch a skin flick together in hopes of putting the pop back in their pricking. First up on the tape is Ona Zee getting a double penetration from Marc Wallice and another stud. The salacious sandwich has Horner ready, but Cody needs a little convincing, and Zee appears to whisk her away to the sacred temple of lust, where sex is the most highly coveted art form. Cody finds out what Horner really wants in a wife: a total, fucking slut. This lesson is learned after seeing Porsche Lynn lay waste to Wallice in a prize porking that features erotic dancing by Lynn, stupendous cocksucking and a slo-mo facial that's a superb soaker. The tape is heavy on dancing and tease, and soars when Lynn and Zee work their gonadal magic, making *Temple* a shrine to stroking. —*S. L.*



Half Erect. Directed by Max Steiner; starring Alicia Rio, Mona Lisa, Sharise, Mereka, Jake Steed, Jeff Ray and Ron Hightower. Videocassette: Zane.

They can stuff a basketball; why can't they stuff a snatch? Do the White Thing opens with three studs playing hoop as their own balls slop against the finest white pink in the advertising community. A message about racism gets lost in all the spew that covers the fine sluts. The first dude jams his tool and his tongue into precious pink. She claps her thighs around his face and squeals. A second babe begs for "love muscle" in her "cootchie," since five fingers don't do the job. The dick bursts gloriously on her face. The next lingerieclad squealer gets so much spew in her mouth, it dribbles out on her face. Hung men, slutty women and a lot of cumdrenched skin-what more can a cheapass porn movie give? -K. L.



Rio's Thing is slam-dunked with cum.



Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Bruce Seven; starring Alexis Payne, Aja, Lia Baren, Marissa Malibu and Bruce Seven. Videocassette: Bruce Seven Productions.

No sound is quite so ethereal as the sharp crack of a whip against flesh-especially if that flesh is female, and hung upside-down from the ceiling. In Bruce Seven's dungeon, a variety of torture tactics keeps the action arresting. Rope wedges between the folds of lovely Lia Baren's pussy as she's clamped to a crossbar, while her pointed nips are clipped and her shapely ass whipped. After the pain, she receives pleasure from sultry mistress Alexis Payne, who showers Baren with foamy beer while grinding vibrator against clit. Later Payne doubles her pleasure, binding together Baren and Marissa Malibu to play a round of spin the slaves. Aja enters the dungeon as a bound-and-gagged prisoner whose naked ass is beaten redder than Communist China by Payne's wooden paddle. Seven's camera hovers so close to the painful action it practically licks the saliva trail Aja leaves along Payne's black-leather, thigh-high boots. The girls won't be the only thing stiff in the morning. -S.R.





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Chameleons (VCA) Ashlyn Gere, Deidre Holland, Rocco Siffredi

Dark Dreams (Western) Samantha Strong, Tianna Taylor, Peter North

Jugsy (Western) Lynn Lemay, Dallas St. Clair, T. T. Boy

The Visualizer (VCA) Selena Steele, Melanie Moore, Mike Horner HALF ERECT Standard fare. Has moments.

Adventures of Buttgirl and Wonder Wench (AFV) Heather Hart, April Rayne, Jerry Butler

Buttman's European Vacation 2 (Evil Angel) Louise Armani, Joy Karins, John Stagliano

Close Quarters (Moonlight) Tanya Rivers, Alicia Rio, Jonathan Morgan

If Dreams Come True (AFV) Taylor Wane, Danielle Rodgers, Randy Spears

Queen of Hearts 3 (Pleasure Productions) Britt Morgan, Angela Summers, Tony Tedeschi The Seducers (Zane) Tianna Taylor, Patricia Kennedy, Joey Silvera

The Sexual Limits (VCA) Jenna Wells, P. J. Sparxx, Randy West

Silk Elegance (Visual Images) K. C. Williams, Tianna Taylor, Woody Long

Sweet Dreams (VCA) Danielle Rodgers, Anisa, Randy West

Tell Me What to Do (Caballero) Alice Springs, Raven Richards, Mike Horner

Titty Slickers (Legend) Tonisha Mills, Angela Summers, Randy West

Tush (Zane) Bionca, Dallas St. Clair, Steve Drake



The Anal Analysis (Zane) Lynn Lemay, Sharise, T. T. Boy

Dark Justice (Zane) Patricia Kennedy, Terri Diver, Sean Michaels

Eve of Destruction (Cinderella) Nikki Wilde, Sharise, Buck Adams

Nothing But Trouble (Cinderella) K. C. Williams, Debi Diamond, Steve Drake

Split Personality (Cinderella) Stasha, Jamie Leigh, Jake Steed



Black By Popular Demand (Zane) Charisma, Terry Diver, Sean Michaels

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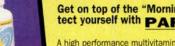
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LETTERS

(continued from page 15)

grip to pour the condom's contents onto her outstretched tongue.

I had seen enough! I drove to his car and flashed my high beams. In a panic, he shoved her out the door and quickly sped off. "Are you okay?" I asked, as she scooped her shirt from the ground.

"You asshole!" she spat at me. "You trying to kill my business or what?"

She was pissed, and stood in that alley with her little tits staring at me with indignation. "I thought he was hurting you," I whispered.

"He was paying extra for that privilege, dickhead," she coughed. "And what kind of fucking pervert are you? Watching hookers on a Friday night, for Christ's sake!"

"I'm sorry," I said sheepishly, lighting up a cigarette. "How could I make it up to you?"

"Well, you could score me a rock." Obviously, I didn't have any drugs, but I did offer her the last 40 bucks in my wallet. She took the bills and shrugged, "All right, follow me."

She walked to a dumpster at the end of the alley. Was I doing the right thing? I wasn't sure. The only light in the alley glared from a neon Budweiser billboard above. "Take it out," she sighed, and dropped to her knees. My legs trembled as she scraped the sides of my cock with her cracked lips. Her sloppy cocksucking wasn't doing the trick; so I asked to see her pussy. My old feelings of drunken revelry swelled to the surface. I felt alive for the first time in years.

"All you get is a blowjob for 40, pal," she said, returning her tongue lazily to the underside of my prick.

I slid my cheap watch from my wrist and dangled it like a prize around my cock. I was through fucking around. "I said, I want to see your cunt." She took the trinket and looked me square in the eye. Silently, she pulled her slutty skirt up her waist and bent over an empty wooden crate. "Spread those cheeks," I ordered. She reached around and peeled apart her skinny ass. A stench of shit mixed with the urine that stained the blacktop beneath our feet. Her left thigh was lined with bruises, and her pussy was small and worn, stinking of drugstore douche.

I shoved my thumb in her puss and banged my dick against her bony ass cheeks. The skin seemed thin as crepe paper. "Now pull it wide open," I said calmly. She dug her nails inside the tiny twat to split the vulva like an overripe melon. Even if I'd had a condom, I wouldn't have used it. This was life and death poured into one glorious moment. I shoved my dick past her gills and banged away, my balls scraping against her pussy stubble. I reached under and grabbed a handful of nipple, twisting and turning the chest key. I ran my finger along her anus and scraped my nail against the shitstained crinkle, bringing the smelly digit to my mouth and licking away like a filthy child in the mud.

Long, black bugs scurried from under a garbage can, and she jumped back, slamming her pussy further down my shaft. The sudden thrust initiated my dick flow, and I pulled out, hoping to dress her in my sperm like a new bride. As I positioned myself to blow on her spine, she suddenly bucked and pushed me backward over a slippery pile of trash. At full gallop, she scampered down the alley and turned the corner at full speed, out of my sight.

With pants still at my ankles, I sat for several minutes in the pile of slimy, rotting vegetable peels, jacking my dick until it was sore. Urine dribbled down my leg, and I didn't care. I will always be an abuser. —Name Withheld Los Angeles, California

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STARS GET MOONED

I have a serious gripe to air with the Hollywood elite. There's only one publication that has balls enough to broadcast it for me, and that is the hottest stroke rag on the planet-HUSTLER Magazine! My complaint is with all the show-business types who are not content with the scores of bleached-blond, bubble-brained, rubber-titted groupies groveling at their feet and instead feel the need to dip their poles into the porno poontang pool. Three most recent examples, according to the tabloids: Charlie Sheen linked to the Queen of Triple Penetration Ginger Lynn "Allen," super-lame comedian Pauly Shore seen with super-slit Savannah, and, most shocking of all, aging TV-sitcom star Richard Mulligan actually marrying Rachel "Rubber Rectum" Ryan!

In my opinion, the sperm-soaked sirens of the jizz biz do not belong to these Porsche-driving, espresso-sipping, New Age-music-listening homos. They belong to us beer-swillin', ball-scratchin', loudfartin' average Joes! All you glamour boys, just stick to your ass-kissing publicists, your fawning studio executives and your \$200-an-hour psychoanalysts and leave the X-rated squack alone. I mean, how would all the Hollywood power brokers feel if Julia Roberts turned up at next year's Academy Awards ceremony on the arm of Ron Jeremy? —J. J.

Brea, California

ROLLING STONED

Brian Jones was a guitarist for the Rolling Stones, not the Who; however, if HUSTLER says he was one of the greatest drummers to ever live, who am I to argue ("Blood, Shit & Tears: The Rock 'n' Roll Hall of Fame," *Bits & Pieces*, November '92)? By the way, *Physical Graffiti* was a Led Zeppelin album. Keep up the good work, the fine bitches and all! But you should cut back on the dwarves, aliens, transsexuals and the like. Stick with the stuff you know best—POON. —P. G. Baton Rouge, Louisiana

Guess you'd have to be a Hollywood power broker to have heard the masterful skins solos Brian Jones recorded in the months before he died. Here's hoping the Jones's tapes find their way into the hands of average Joes one day!

MRS. RACKET SPEAKS

HUSTLER's article on prison-house marriage rackets was full of shit (*Prison-House Marriage Rackets: Putting the Mark on Wedded Bliss*, October '92)! You failed to mention a single prison-house marriage that worked out. It's true that many end in divorce, but there are just as many that work. Like *mine*.

Not all prison-inmate wives are weak, defenseless bitches like those in your arti-



Barbara: Slippery When Wet

cle. Many of us are able to hang tough with our ol' men. True, prison tends to harden a man's heart, but if you give your man the respect he deserves and let him know that you're going to love him and stand by him, he'll love you and treat you with the utmost respect in return.

I've been married for three months. My husband is a guest in the jail at San Quentin. He's got 18 months left to serve. He's been in prison for almost ten years now. My two daughters call him Daddy, a choice they made for themselves. I am at this time pregnant with our first child. Things are rough for me, not having him here with me during this stage of our marriage. But that doesn't affect my love for him, which remains as strong as ever. Let me tell you, life alone isn't easy. My bills barely get paid each month. Food lasts just long enough to keep us from going hungry before the next check. I'm always digging for extra pennies to buy myself a pack of cigarettes. But my husband has money on his books each month when he goes to canteen, and he does what he can. Packages are often small, but appreciated all the same. His demands do sometimes seem a bit overwhelming, but no more than they would if he were out here with me. A wife tries to take care of her family as best she can. That shouldn't change just because her man's locked up. He deserves the same respect from his wife, whether incarcerated or not. That's how I feel about my ol' man. Either way, he's still my husband.

Those weak pussies in HUSTLER's arti-



cle couldn't handle the fact that they had to be strong enough to take care of themselves and their families without having their husbands at home every night to bitch at or talk to or make love to before going to sleep. I think those immature little girls in the article need to move back home with their mommies. Or better yet, maybe they should return to the womb, where they won't have to deal with any of life's harsh realities. —N. T. Sacramento, California

WORD FROM INSIDE

I had sent something to *Feedback* ("Hard Cut," *Feedback*, November '92) and it was in the November mag along with something about an article on prisonhouse marriages you had in the October 1992 mag, an issue I missed (*Prison-House Marriage Rackets: Putting A Mark on Wedded Bliss*, October '92). As I mentioned before, I'm doing time—life without parole. That's a hell of a pill to take, but I'm not crying about it. I did this to myself.

I got a word or two to say to people on the outside regarding HUSTLER's prison-house marriage article. What people fail to see is this: Most cons inside prison blame everyone on the outside for the stupid shit they did. Such tragedies as depicted in HUSTLER's marriage-racket story would seem to me to be the case here nine times out of ten. What's sad is that many prison insiders see others only as what they call a "horse": someone to be used for money, drugs and anything else that can be had.

If an outsider wants someone inside, that's cool, but put them to a test to see where they're really coming from. Don't send money, drugs, whatever, and you'll know within a month or two if the con's for real or not. If the cons are not what they pretend to be, they'll stop writing and go on to better prospects.

I'd been in prison three times before I got this life without parole. I had three chances to go straight, and did not; so I am the only one to blame. That's coming straight. *Feedback*, if you print my letter, do me one favor: Don't print my name. I still gotta live in this place.

> -Name Withheld by Request Atmore, Alabama

ALTERNATE AMATEUR

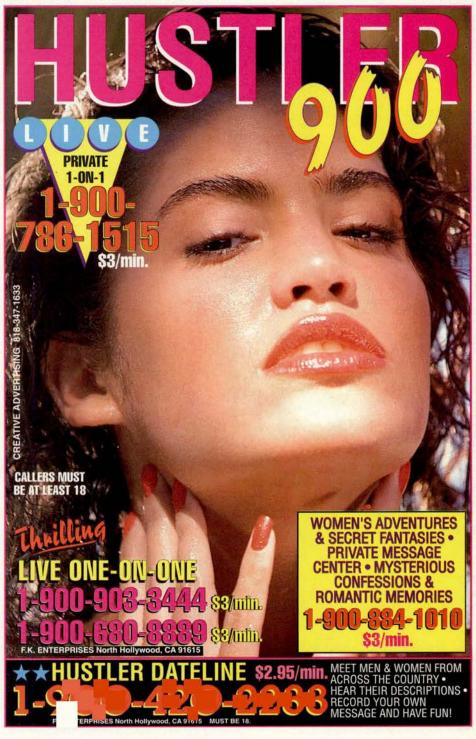
HUSTLER is the best! My husband and I have just started reading porn magazines. Although we've looked through other magazines, HUSTLER is the only one we'll buy. I'm very interested in sending in some pictures of myself and possibly of my husband and me posing together, but I've noticed that there's nothing available in HUSTLER for amateur posing except *Beaver Hunt*. I think *Beaver Hunt* is great, but I'd really prefer to have my identity private, and to only pose from the neck down. If you're ever interested in starting an alternate section for amateurs, please let me know. —T. F. Williston, Florida

Will do, T. F., and remember—if you ever work up to the point where you're glad to go full frontal, there's a spot in <u>Beaver</u> <u>Hunt</u> for your pics. Keep in mind there's a world of camouflage apparel—wigs, makeup, etc.—you can use to help hide your identity and still show the world the real you!

GNARLY DUDE

You bastards at HUSTLER make me want to masturbate myself bloody raw with 30grade sandpaper! You constantly exploit the most voluptuous, most sensationally mouth-watering 'tangs, so that overweight sweathogs like me can have contests with ourselves to see how long it takes to superglue the pages together.

I'll never even see a broad like the kind on your pages, much less have the experience of touching one! Have the decency (continued on page 37)





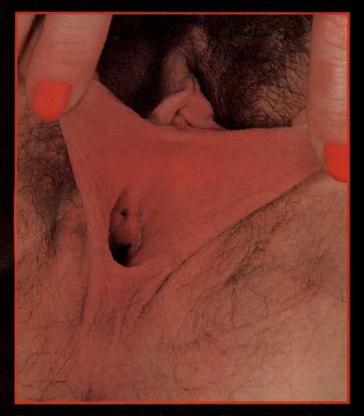
The world is full of pussies—some warm and inviting, some ugly and festering, like the holes that whelped them. Consider these cavernous cunts and help us decide:



Jesse, HUSTLER's wing-tipped centerfold of May '92,



Ross Perot, the Dumbo billionaire who vowed to give government back to the people, but dropped out of the Presidential race like a whimpering dog, shafting the millions of gullible Americans who worked on his campaign?



The Knotty Lady, who had a firm grip on her pussy in October '79,

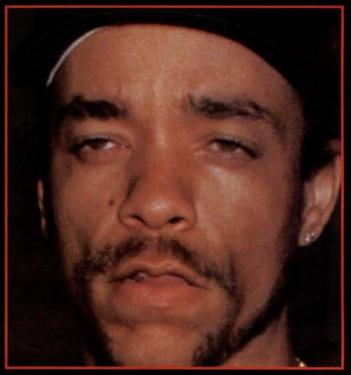


Marilyn Quayle, who would gladly give the male-dominated government control over her Milquetoast twat?

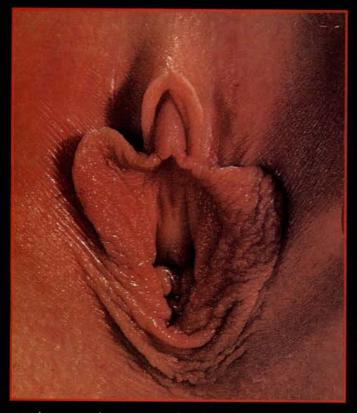


Christy Canyon, who opened her pastrami curtains in December '89,





Ice-T, who stood by his cop-slaughter anthem, "Cop Killer," until the controversy threatened his burgeoning movie career? He subsequently pulled the track, proving slavery has a new color: green, motherfucker.



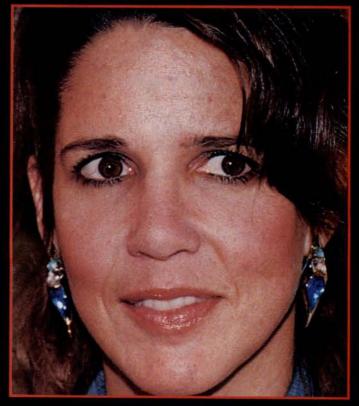
Angela Baron, whose pussy spoke silently but looked for a big dick in March '88,





The "Texas Tunnel," a/k/a Sissy, whose oil well first appeared in our January '90 *Beaver Hunt* section,





Patti Davis, the mealy-mouthed bitch who claims to have endured so much abuse from her parents, former President Bonzo and Nancy Reagan, that she's had to write three weepy, tell-all novels exploiting herself as the simpering brat who probably drove Nancy to pill-popping in the first place?



Texas resident Neil Bush, the President's son, who received over S2 million in loans from the Small Business Administration for oil- and gas-drilling ventures that failed miserably, leaving taxpayers solely responsible for the debts? In the face of his business's looming failure, Bush allotted himself an annual salary that once reached \$160,000. Talk about family values.



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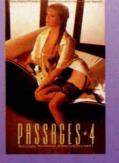














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(continued from page 29)

to print at least two full pages of the most hellaciously hideous swines allowed by nature to jack my stack to! It's a lot easier to see myself pumping an enormous beefrag with my measly six-and-a-halfinch tallywhacker than to tag a model any day! If I blister my fist to a gal from the dark side with more rolls than an Italian bakery, it's a hell of a lot closer to reality than to club my beefstick to a cum-gunner like Nina Hartley! So please, cut us fat, homely guys a fucking break! —E. T. S. Belvidere, New Jersey

Whoa, dude—too much reality! Head to the centerfold page right this minute!

THANKS FOR SHARING

First of all, all due respect to HUSTLER, the best magazine today. I'm writing to say I'm in a federal correctional institution in Michigan, and I'm in heat with a woman guard.

We look at each other all the time. She's a beautiful, hot slut. I'm talking a real animal. She makes my dick hard every time I see her. I jack off whenever she comes to work in my block, which is only three times a week at night, unfortunately. I wish she'd work every night. I let her bust me jacking off three times, and each time she just stood there looking at me until I came. Then she walked away smiling.

She knows I ain't had no sex since 1984. She also knows I'll fuck her like she always wanted to be fucked if she comes inside my cell. If we get busted she'll be looking for a new job. I think we'll get busted, because I'll have my tongue so deep in her asshole, it'll be wrapped around her heart. I'll suck and lick on her for a few hours before I put my dick in her.

In prison, all closed eyes ain't asleep, and somebody is going to hear, then see something, then go tell it. HUSTLER, I want this woman like a fly wants shit. Help me with this problem. --M. S. Milan, Michigan

Dear M. S. Please face reality. You and the slutty guard are doomed to a lifetime of romantic frustration. If fucking you is worth losing her job, then perhaps she'll go for it. But the country's damn near an economic depression, and cush jobs like hers ain't easy to come by. That's HUSTLER's advice. Ann Landers might tell you differently.

YOU SNOOZE, YOU LOSE

I read HUSTLER, and I have an idea to present to you: HUSTLER Trading Cards. Trading cards are a hot seller these days. There are many on the market—NFL, baseball, movies, etc. So why not HUSTLER's Honey Cards?

The idea I'm disclosing to you is a very good one. I've discussed it with a few friends and professionals, and everyone thinks the idea is fantastic. If you're interested in accepting my proposal of starting an exclusive line of HUSTLER Honey Trading Cards, I would be interested in a commission or a percentage of the sales.

The topic of women's trading cards is very exciting to me; the possibilities are limitless. I am eager to meet with you to talk about a marketing plan to make HUSTLER Honey Cards a mutually profitable joint venture. —D. G.

North Tonawanda, New York

No need to wait to see your dream come true, D. G.! HUSTLER Trading Cards already exist! The first set of 100 cards can be purchased entirely or in packets of ten at newsstands and comic-book shops wherever trading cards are sold. To order or find the nearest outlet, call 203-874-6916. Check out our ad in the November 1992 issue!

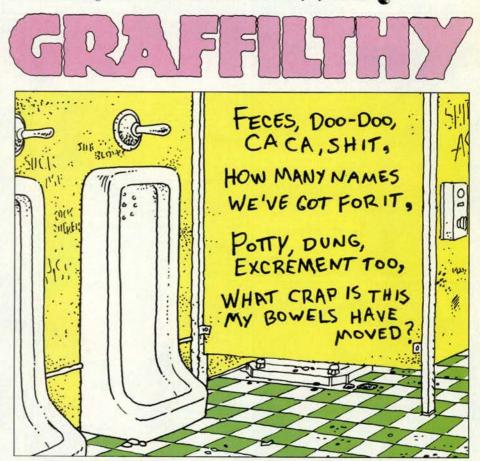
SISSY-AGAIN?

I've been an avid reader of HUSTLER since the first issue, and, in my opinion, Larry Flynt better hunt up the folks who put those first issues out, because the down-and-dirty methods they used were a joy—as opposed to the artistic bullshit in HUSTLER today.

HUSTLER's February 1991 issue, with Sissy, the Texas Tunnel, greeting me as I opened it to the *Feedback* section ("Sissy Speaks!", *Feedback*, February '91) was the closest issue in the last ten years to come to the down and dirty that we all loved to read! You should use Sissy as the model for all the girls you shoot, and can the airbrushed stars and phony layouts. Get back the real deal, and forget the crap you've been shoving on us! —J. L.

Fallsburg, New York

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



CHUCK SWIFT WINS OUR DEEP DOD-DOD CONTEST! HE GETS \$50 AND THE SHIT BUNNY FROM OUR OCT. 192 ISSUE.





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

ILLUSTRATION BY GODFREY DANIELS

SOCKET STUFFERS Sex in the Age of Computer Electronics

by Ron Chepesiuk

hirty-one-year-old Andy, an investment counselor from Redlands, California, sits in front of a computer in a dark room, his eyes tightly focused on the flickering prompts of a laptop computer screen. "Please choose a pseudonym," the computer instructs. <u>Hard Throb</u>, answers Andy via his keyboard. Hard Throb is less what Andy is than what he wants to be. It's Saturday night. He hasn't shaved or showered. His feet stink. He's wearing nothing but sticky, skidmarked briefs. Nevertheless, he knows he's gonna score.

The screen asks if he would like to talk to others. When he excitedly types "Y" for Yes, a series of names appear on the screen: Horny Housewife, Wicked Wanda, Loud Lorraine, Cathode Cathy, Lusty Linda....

Hard Throb smiles when he comes to Lusty Linda. He's been carrying on an electronic conversation with Lusty Linda for two months already.

He types in "Lusty Linda." Moments later, a response in quivering computer script snakes across the screen. "Where were we?" Lusty Linda inquires.

"You wanted to get off," Hard Throb types.

"Oh, yeah. I remember," she types in return. "Didn't I want to suck your dick?"

Hard Throb conjures an imaginary picture of Lusty Linda: curvy, top-heavy, young, blond, in love with sex. His fingers twitch across the keys: "You couldn't handle all of it, Lusty."

Lusty Linda is a 43-year-old, divorced cafeteria cashier. She happens to be brunet and overweight. She likes to think of Andy as a debonair, sophisticated man in his fifties, never suspecting the crude reality of a slovenly oaf in underwear, scratching his balls. Although they've never met, Linda and Andy are nevertheless a happy, sexually active couple. Like thousands of consenting adults across the U.S. and around the world, they are getting off on anonymous computer sex.

Computer sex offers access to a brave, new avenue of libidinous expression—the vast, international communications network. Matching one's innermost erotic dialogue with an imaginative on-line computer partner for dirty, hot, sexual innuendo is just the thing for anyone who hates awkward first meetings, wishes to avoid sexual disease or is too plain lazy to bathe or change the sheets.

"It's just fun, safe sex," says Jim Deal, who operates the Sinbad Shack bulletin board out of Virginia Beach, Virginia. "You can't get AIDS from a keyboard. You are completely anonymous. You don't have to be inhibited; you can just let everything flow."

Computer-sex participants communicate with each other through a computer-based, electronic bulletin board. To play requires a computer, modem, telephone line and access number. One computer serves as the host unit or bulletin board, allowing users to send and receive messages over a telephone line by means of a modem—an electronic device that converts signals from one form to a form compatible with another kind of equipment.

An estimated 40,000 bulletin boards operate in the U.S. No one knows for certain how many of them are sex-oriented, but operators say sex has been a regular part of communication between computers since their invention.

"Computer-sex participation used to be more underground. Now it's going public," says Fran To,





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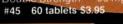


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GASHJEANS

The pants that fit best around her ankles.



(continued from page 39)

these conferences by means of a special access



code, a user may eavesdrop on conversations between others or jump in with her or his own comments or opinions. Two can have a private chat, an exchange participants refer to as a "modem affair."

To ensure anonymity, most bulletin-board players use handles like Ten-Inch Tommy, Keyboard Lust, Ultimate Man or, of course, Hard Throb. "People may act one way in

public, but how they really like to act and behave behind closed doors might be different," informs To. "When they are hidden behind an alias and nobody knows who they are, they can behave as they want and be safe because their identity is hidden."

To started his Orient Express bulletin board in 1989. Orient Express is the largest adult bulletin board in South Carolina; To estimates 95% of the board's 693 users are involved in sex networking and utilize its adult-file section. Orient Express can access 110 nationally linked message conferences and thousands of files.

To tries to provide something for everybody on Orient Express, including adult-topic conference areas for gays, for lesbians, for adults talking dirty, for discussions about AIDS, and even for transvestites. To adds he has few ground rules for Orient Express users: "The only rule I have is for users to stay within the conference guidelines. You don't want people talking about riots in the gay section, and you don't want gays discussing their fantasies in [other] sections."

Adult games via computer are available through nearly every bulletin board system in the country. Fantasy Land, one of the most popular, is played by up to 15 participants. To one preparing to enter the system, Fantasy Land cautions: "If you are offended by raunch, it is recommended you exit and never return." Once a user gets past its portals, Fantasy Land offers a maze of interactive silicon-chip salaciousness elaborate enough to titillate the dirtiest mind and satisfy every crotch craving.

Orient Express includes hard-core photos of buxom beauties as well. Some adult bulletin boards have as many as 15,000 high-quality skin shots from soft-core to hard-core, which can be downloaded on a computer in the privacy of one's home. A computer bulletin board can then be used to send such photos to other users during debauched dialogues.

Many adult bulletin boards use matchmaking questionnaires to pair players. It's not uncommon, say board operators, for a couple to trade photos and phone numbers. Some risk meeting in the flesh. A few have dated and married! Sinbad Shack, which Jim Deal has operated since 1988, has 2,300 users. Deal estimates 50% are involved in computer sex. Sinbad Shack hosts After Dark, a computer-sex bulletin board that is connected to 50 additional bulletin boards around the country.

A sample of After Dark offerings includes Sexual Snickers (jokes), Once Upon a Time (adult stories), Little Shop of Pleasure (sex aids/toys), Blue Review (adult books/movie reviews) and Your Place or Mine (swingers' discussions).

Deal also operates a racier, all-adult bulletin board called "Sleaze Net," which is restricted to users in the Virginia Beach area. Sleaze Net has such conference areas as Bathroom Wall ("Your shithouse poetry," Deal explains), Hairless Honeys and Lip Service.

Here's a sampling of an adult story offered by an adult bulletin board: "She came in the door with my pizza. 'Female delivery service,' I thought to myself. 'Radical.' It was 90 degrees outside and she had on only the minimum of clothing. I could tell she was checking me out; so I decided to give her a little more to look at. Every piece of clothing I unpeeled, she matched. 'Fast delivery, or your money back,' the ad had promised...that was for sure...the pizza got *cold* while we got *hot.*"

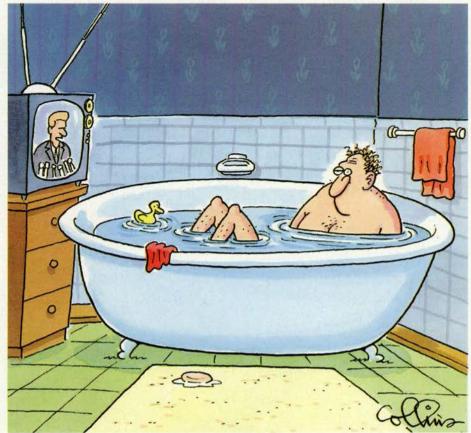
Sex-related, computer bulletin-board systems are a service provided only for users 18 years of age or older. Systems operators are careful to follow the requirements of the Federal Communications Commission (FCC), which regulates the use of telephone systems as well. Each new user is required to sign an affidavit verifying that he or she is at least 18 years old, which must also include a photocopy of a document with photo, such as a driver's license or passport.

"I do not allow anyone in [the system] until I have a signed application with a copy of proof of age," stresses To.

"If a member of the moral majority—or immoral majority, I guess—wants to get on-line, he will see everything everyone else sees on their first call," Deal explains. "If they want the adult stuff, they have to send a form in, and there's a question [asking if they] are involved with any organization that wants to restrict freedom of speech or freedom of expression. If they start causing trouble, then they're booted out."

Even with such seemingly harmless fun as computer sex, there are problems. One 35-yearold woman became so addicted to on-line arousal that her husband left her, complaining she spent more time with her computer than with him.

"There's no doubt it's a fascinating alternative to the normal courtship routine," says Andrew, a clinical psychologist known to computer users as Psychodoc. "I have no regrets," a Midwestern user explains. "Where else can you go and in a matter of seconds meet 40 guys, about half of whom are single and around your age—and you don't have to comb your hair or wear makeup?"



"Yes, it's true, I did experiment with homosexuality in college, but I never swallowed."

What's the difference between a transplanted alien from Venus and a raving lunatic at a space-nut convention. Who knows?

C

STARSTRUCK UFO FREAKS AND THE COMPANY THEY KEEP

2

Fringe-Group Profile by Doug Vincent

GRAHN USTRATI

SPACED OUT Bielek was sent back in time to 1943. There he was brainwashed by military brass, given a new identity and set free to live his life anew.

The audience sits spellbound as the elderly gentleman before them tells his story. His name is Alfred Bielek, he says, and he's a survivor of an incredible, secret U.S. military operation called the "Philadelphia Experiment."

According to Bielek, in 1943 the U.S. Navy used Einstein's Unified Field Theory to successfully turn the warship U.S.S. *Eldridge* entirely invisible. When the ship reappeared, however, some crewmen inexplicably burst into flames. The bodies of others were horribly buried within the metal bulwark of the ship. Those that remained went insane.

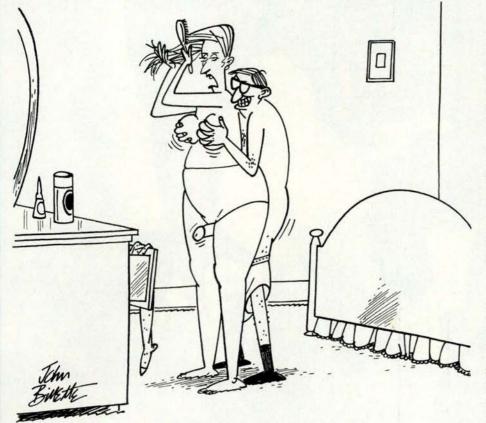
Bielek and his brother, deep in the hold of the ship, were somehow spared the terrible fate of their fellow crewmen. Undeterred by the tragic results of the initial test trial, however, the Navy, anxious to employ this spectacular advantage over the Nazis, involved them in a second attempt three weeks later, this time striving only to render the warship invisible to radar—supposedly a simpler, less deadly ambition.

Again, thanks to Einsteinian, top-secret physics breakthroughs, the experiment worked. The *Eldridge* became radar-invisible for about a minute—after which, to the Navy's consternation, there was a blue flash, and the ship vanished completely.

The Bieleks—apparently protected by a special energy field in the ship's hold—recognized the now-familiar signs of incipient insanity in their defenseless shipmates and jumped overboard. Instead of finding themselves floating in the chilly waters of Philadelphia Harbor, however, they landed on solid ground at Montauk Army Base in Long Island, New York—in 1983—where they were greeted by the project's director, Dr. John Von Neumann, who had waited 40 years for their arrival.

Bielek was sent back in time to 1943. There he was brainwashed by military brass, given a new identity and set free to live his life anew, totally unaware of what had happened to him.

Alfred Bielek's audience at the National New Age and Alien Agenda Conference in Phoenix, Arizona, hangs on every word. After the oldster's disturbing revelation, hundreds jockey for the chance to query him on every sensational aspect of his incredible tale. Many pay an additional fee for his special evening workshop, where



"Back off, Bill-I'm late for work!"

Bielek discusses the Philadelphia Experiment and other government cover-ups.

Bielek's proof that his story is true? Nothing but the sudden recollection of his incredible adventure during a visit to Montauk Army Base after having seen the science-fiction movie *The Philadelphia Experiment*.

Lack of hard evidence doesn't deter conference attendees from avidly supporting Bielek's astounding revelation. Most are convinced he is telling the truth.

"Why would he lie?" asks a fiery conference attendee, a gray-haired, grandmotherly woman. "In light of Watergate and Contragate and all the other -gates, Alfred Bielek's story makes perfect sense. The government will do anything to protect its ass. The cover-up of the Philadelphia Experiment is a prime example. I think poor Mr. Bielek should be compensated for the hell he's been through!"

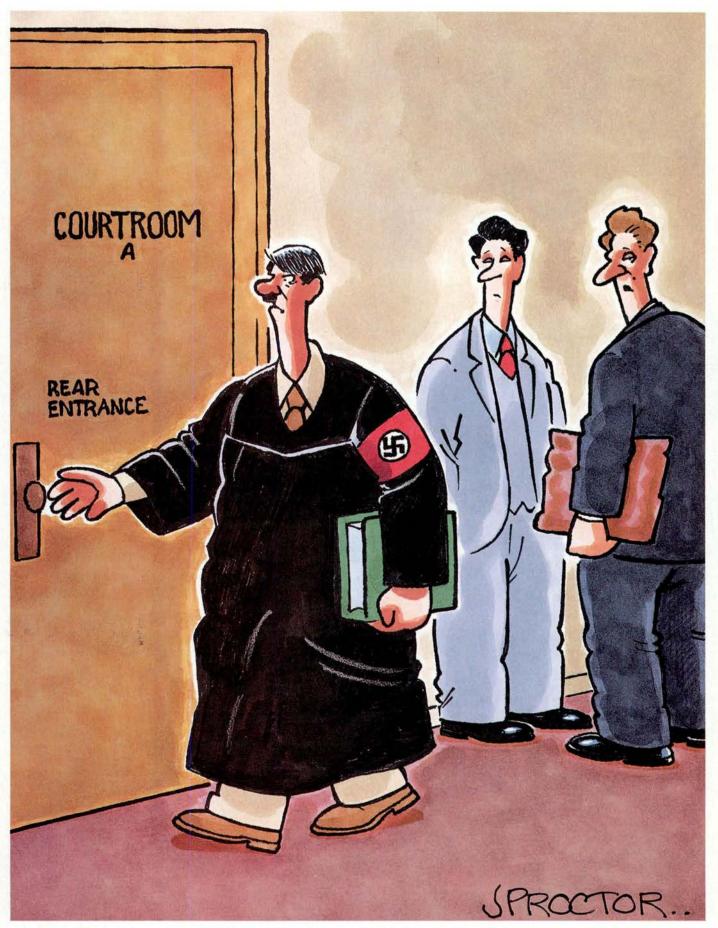
The woman's female companion, her sweater decorated with a We Are Not Alone! button, agrees. "The reality of time travel makes perfect sense," she declares. "I wouldn't be at all surprised to find out that the government discovered how to do it with help from extraterrestrial visitors. How can any ordinary person describe the tremendous technological achievements scientists have made in just a few years? People like Al Bielek should be congratulated for coming forward with the truth."

Following Bielek on the National New Age and Alien Agenda Conference's schedule of amazements, hypnotherapist Calvin Vanness and psychic Jack Stephens, directors of the House of the Dawn, a metaphysics center in Phoenix, Arizona, purportedly channel the spirit of Nikola Tesla, the creator of the Tesla electrical coil and the rumored mastermind behind the socalled Philadelphia Experiment.

Rambling in an odd, middle-European accent, Stephens/Tesla warns that the Earth is going to hell in a handbasket, and that things will get worse unless changes are made, after which dozens of people wave hands in the air, eager to ask the channeled spirit of the long-deceased electrical genius more information on his involvement with the Philadelphia Experiment and the fate of the planet.

The National New Age and Alien Agenda Conference is one of dozens of such symposiums covering the broad spectrum of UFO research, New Age prophecy and high weirdness held each year around the country.

Judging by the vocal testimony of the audiences these assemblies attract, the vast majority of Americans who are fascinated by UFOs and associated paranormal activity sincerely believe in the existence of alien (continued on page 56)



[&]quot;I hear he's being groomed for the Supreme Court."



"I got a great respect for family values," proclaims 19-year-old Randi from Glendale, California. "Married men are the only men I like to date!"
A secretary at a local temp agency, Randi has no problem keeping casual.
"I prefer a lack of commitment," she says. "But I'm not mean or anything. It's up to the man to stay true to his wedding vow. Whichever way, I respect his decision."
Judgment call: Is a weekend with Randi worth a trip to the altar? "You better believe it's worth it," she grins.













SPACED OUT (continued from page 46) Christa Tilton tells an enthralled crowd that she has been repeatedly impregnated by aliens—and that the extraterrestrials later snatched the fetuses from her womb.

spacecraft. Many, in fact, are convinced they've had extraterrestrial encounters of some sort.

Quiet, serene New Ager Jerry Wills claims he used to be a UFO alien, no less. According to Wills, his alien self died when his spaceship crashed in the desert outside Roswell, New Mexico, in 1947. His extraterrestrial spirit wandered through the land for five years before finding a home inside the obliging consciousness of a Kentucky infant named Jerry Wills.

Wills claims his first close encounter with a fellow star-person came when he was 13 years old. Some time later, he fell ill and believed he was going to die. That night, a group of extraterrestrials took him aboard their craft and administered a healing medication. He recovered quickly, and has been relatively healthy since.

Wills says he observed American prisoners being used as guinea pigs during the testing of nuclear bombs in the Nevada desert. These unlucky men and women were promised freedom if they survived, he says, and free medical care if problems arose. Unfortunately, nothing has been heard of them since. Like Al Bielek, Wills has little to offer as proof of his astounding tale. Nevertheless, he is regularly mobbed at UFO conventions by people anxious to tell him they think they were "walk-ins" (stranded aliens) like him. At the 1992 International Symposium on UFO Research in Denver, Colorado, a woman known only as Sheila happily proclaimed that she herself might have been an extraterrestrial in another life, an observation apparently corroborated through hypnotic regression—a form of hypnosis regressing its subject to the reaches of earliest memory.

That wasn't all, Sheila ecstatically related. In another regression, she found out that she'd been Moses's sister in Biblical times!

Joining Bielek, Wills and other firsthand UFOologist pundits at the New Age and Alien Agenda Conference is a gospel minister named Dr. Frank Stranges. Stranges claims to have met a kindly visitor from Venus who had taken part in top-level discussions at the Pentagon.

The alien told Stranges his name was Valiant Thor (though his friends called him Val), and he purported to be visiting



"Do you think I should grow a beard?"

Earth to help the peoples of all nations, though the specific nature of Val's employment at the Pentagon was kept a mystery. Val was obviously an alien, according to Stranges, because he had no fingerprints, could heal people with a single touch and wore an indestructible coat.

Pentagon officials deny any knowledge of the friendly, helpful Venusian, Stranges says, but he feels the information is too spectacular to keep to himself.

A pretty blonde from Oklahoma, named Christa Tilton, tells an enthralled crowd at the National New Age and Alien Agenda Conference that she has been repeatedly impregnated by aliens—and that the extraterrestrials later snatched the fetuses from her womb. Tilton is convinced that the episode was the insidious work of aliens because she became pregnant during a period when she wasn't sexually active.

Tilton claims that in 1987 she was taken into an underground facility beneath the Oklahoma desert, where she saw human military personnel and extraterrestrials working side by side on extremely mysterious projects.

During that visit, Tilton announces, she was taken into a private room and given a pelvic exam by human and alien doctors. Afterward, she was made to forget the entire visit, and returned to her home in Tucson, Arizona. The episode finally came to light when she underwent hypnotherapy to deal with some disturbing dreams.

"That poor girl," laments a tall, lanky man to the woman sitting next to him. "What a horrible, horrible experience. Some of those aliens are real bastards." The woman nods sympathetically.

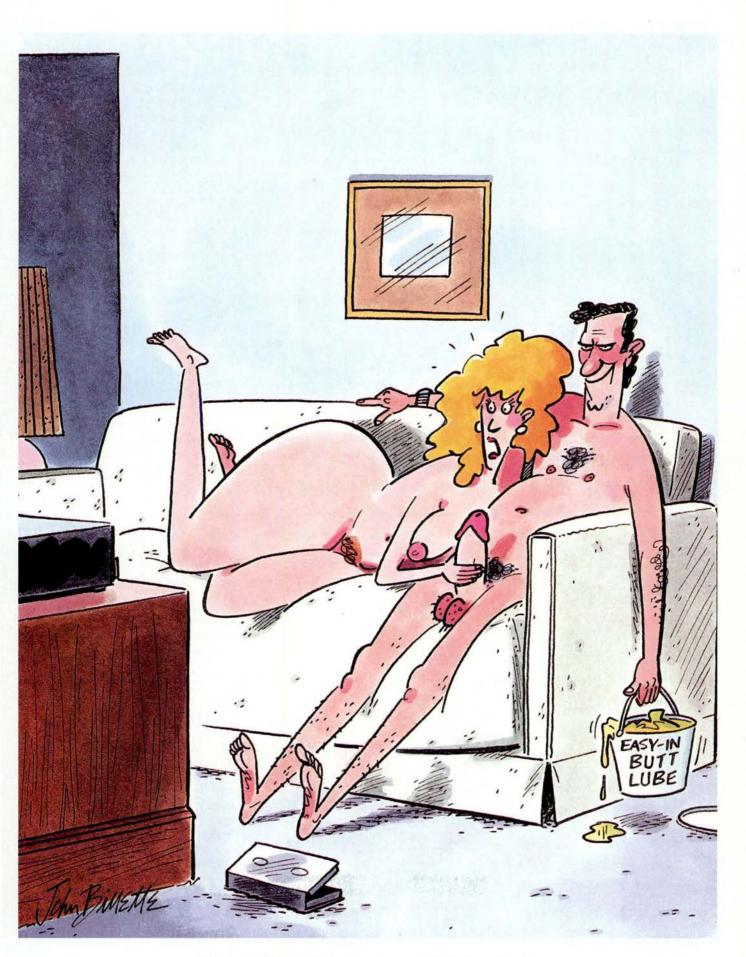
Many UFOologists anticipate the future disclosure of a bizarre working relationship between extraterrestrials and the United States government. According to spacecase symposium rumor, the U.S. government has been in cahoots with alien forces for decades.

•The U.S. military is working hand in hand with ETs to create an alien/human hybrid, which explains why many female abductees report having eggs or fetuses removed from their bodies during examination by extraterrestrials.

•Aliens keep track of the humans they abduct by implanting special receiver/ transmitters in their ears or noses.

•A secret cabal of U.S. military leaders known as Majestic-12 was established in 1947 by an executive order from President Harry Truman, created as a liaison between the U.S. government and extraterrestrial civilizations.

•The military has dozens of dead aliens on ice at installations nationwide, and also dozens of downed alien spacecraft, which are routinely test-flown at a secret part of



"Oh, my God! Is he sticking it up her <u>ass</u>? That's disgusting!"

SPACED OUT

Huggins became angry at being used by the aliens simply as a sperm bank. He masturbated three or four times that day so they wouldn't have anything to take.

Nevada's Nellis Air Force Base known only as Area 51.

A great number of those who attend UFO symposiums are simply looking for answers. Some have had experiences that defy rational explanation, such as witnessing strange craft in the air or recurring, otherworldly dreams. Alien abduction is, without question, the most commonly discussed topic.

Much of clinical psychologist Dr. Edith Fiore's practice is devoted to the treatment of people who believe themselves to be victims of extraterrestrial abduction. A simple poll conducted during a Fiore alien-abduction workshop reveals that more than half of the audience believes they have been abducted by extraterrestrials.

Fiore, who typically induces hypnotism in treatment of such cases, claims to have treated many people plagued by the trauma. She has compiled the ten most common signs of alien abduction:

1. Unaccountable periods of missing time.

2. Persistent nightmares or dreams

about flying saucers or extraterrestrials. 3. Sleeping disorders.

4. The sudden appearance of unusual marks on the body.

5. Awakening with strange bodily sensations, including tingling or temporary paralysis of the limbs.

6. The feeling of being watched or communicated with.

7. Repeated sightings of UFOs.

8. Vague recollections of an abduction experience.

9. The unexplained healing of ailments or diseases.

10. Reacting with fear or discomfort when looking at pictures of flying saucers or extraterrestrials. ("One woman wet her pants in a bookstore when she saw the cover of Whitley Strieber's book *Communion*," Fiore notes.)

During her workshop at the International Symposium on UFO Research in Denver, Colorado, Fiore stresses that such symptoms don't necessarily mean one has been abducted by aliens; but anyone with persistent doubts might want to consider a hypnotic regression for a more conclusive answer—and after say-



ing this, she produces her business cards.

Phenomena researcher Linda Moulton Howe, author of An Alien Harvest: Further Evidence Linking Animal Mutilations and Human Abductions to Alien Life Forms, recalls the bizarre case of a Georgia man named David Huggins who was seduced by a beautiful, female alien and used as a walking sperm bank.

According to Howe, Huggins met his alien lover when extraterrestrials led him aboard their craft. Later, an alien appeared in his apartment and asked to use his body. Huggins said yes, and pretty soon found himself having sex with the alien woman on a regular basis.

Most times, Huggins would be awakened in the middle of the night to find himself paralyzed in bed, a raging hard-on tenting his sheets. While a strange, mantis-like creature watched from a discreet distance, the alien woman appeared, mounted Huggins and rode him until he climaxed, after which she usually climbed off and disappeared.

One night, the alien woman appeared to Huggins with a hybrid baby in her arms the apparent result of having mated with the fertile Georgia man. The woman told Huggins that the baby was dying. Suddenly Huggins found himself aboard her spacecraft. He touched the baby and felt an odd jolt of static electricity.

The baby immediately exhibited signs of reviving. The aliens became very excited about this. They took Huggins to a nursery where hundreds of hybrid babies were being kept in tiny incubators. The aliens told Huggins that all of the babies were his, and asked him to give each a life-saving touch.

The next morning, Howe relates, Huggins became angry at being used by the aliens simply as a sperm bank. He masturbated three or four times that day so they wouldn't have anything to take the next time they dropped by. But an understanding was finally reached, and the climactic close encounters continued until reaching, at last, a more amenable conclusion.

Huggins, who grew emotionally attached to his extraterrestrial lover, is unlike most other abductees in that he didn't need hypnosis to figure out what had happened. Instead, Howe reveals, vivid memories of his erotic experience came flooding back while reading abduction specialist Budd Hopkins's book *Intruders*—especially the seventh chapter, which deals with another man who reported similar sperm-retrieval methods utilized on his behalf by alien visitors.

UFO buffs appear to be, by nature, an open-minded lot, but there's one thing they adamantly refuse to tolerate: debunk-(continued on page 111)



"Sniff, sniff...Miss Nichols and Miss Hampton are on the rag, but all the others...sniff, sniff...are ripe and ready."

STEFF AND SCOTT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

War-torn Army grunts Steff and Scott hunker down in bivouac as if every moment were their last. "Who knows if we'll be alive tomorrow?" cries Private Steff, ripping her specialsystems mess kit from a flap of Army khaki. "It ain't insubordination!" reasons bunk-mate Scott, aiming undercover weaponry. "Not when a guy finds himself in a coed foxhole—staring death in the eye!" These two will pull through. It's only simulated battle. The ammunition's fake, but the shooting's for real. Steff and Scott's Piece Corps scores—and wins!













RPPEDUte Allere

The Organ-Donor Weat Market

Report by Larry Wichman

An organ donor doesn't have to die to lose his vital parts. The cutthroat human-tissue industry has no respect for the living

—or the dead.

ILLUSTRATION BY ALEX EBEL



RIPPED OUT

The deceased's scalp is peeled away, and the top of the skull is sawed off so that the brain can be easily removed. The body is sliced from neck to crotch.

Diagnosis in November of 1987 determined 24-year-old Pascal Louette of Amiens, France, irreversibly comatose as a result of injuries suffered in a violent auto collision. However, the cranial damage he'd suffered was so great that by the time he was declared clinically dead, a massive brain infection had contaminated his system, rendering his organs unsuitable for implant.

Enter Dr. Alain Milhaud, a prominent anesthesiologist and pioneer of techniques to sustain the biological functioning of the bodies of brain-dead patients. While most doctors would have removed Louette from the respirator once all brain activity had ceased, allowing the patient to die with dignity, Milhaud accepted Louette's organ donation in the name of science and secretly embarked on a series of unethical medical experiments.

For several weeks, Louette lay in a deep coma. His body continued functioning on a respirator while Milhaud repeatedly subjected it to lethal doses of nitrous oxide (commonly known as laughing gas). There were no medical benefits to be gained. Milhaud simply wanted to know if death through inhalation of pure nitrous oxide always made a body turn blue—information he subsequently used to clear two colleagues who were criminally charged with murdering a patient during surgery.

When a witness revealed publicly the extent of Milhaud's experiments, the French media and medical community were appalled. French Minister of Health Michele Barzach compared Milhaud's work to Nazi atrocities, while Louette's parents, who'd never dreamed their son's donated remains could be so horribly abused, attempted to bring charges of assault. Unfortunately, according to French organ-donor statutes, Milhaud had committed no crime.

The body of Pascal Louette, which should have survived at most a few days in its brain-dead state, finally expired on February 28, 1988.

According to the United Network for Organ Sharing, approximately 24,000 critically ill Americans presently seek organ transplants. Yet what the American Medical Association, the American Heart



"Well, how about that? It wasn't your heart! I'll try replacing the other stuff."

Association and the National Kidney Foundation, among others, never mention is that donated organs are as likely to end up in an auto-industry crash test as in the body of a kidney patient.

Much of the human tissue used in medical research is obtained from unwitting donors, people lacking a comprehensive knowledge of the organ-donation system who have signed the vaguely worded consent statement on their driver's license. Such people assume they are donating organs strictly for transplant use, and that if they prove unfit as donors, the organs will be left in the body. In fact, they are willing their remains to the donor system in general. Unless they specifically state how their organs are to be used and which, if any, can be taken, tissue procurement teams are free to take-for whatever use-what they want.

According to Sally Shapiro of the Northern California Tissue Bank (NCTB) in San Francisco, the system does provide one safeguard. "Although the donor card is a legal document," Shapiro explains, "you won't find any legitimate transplant organization in the U.S. that won't contact the next of kin."

However, studies have shown that the next of kin tend to be very generous with a deceased relation's remains. A 1990 Gallup poll found 85% willing to donate a loved one's organs, although only 60% said they would donate their own. The figure dropped to as low as 25% when hospitalized patients were polled. Next of kin have the legal authority to donate a loved one's organs whether the deceased would have agreed or not.

Dr. Simon LeVay, of the Salk Institute for Biological Studies in La Jolla, California, is the author of a controversial study alleging that the portion of the brain controlling sexual activity in humans is smaller in women and homosexual men than in heterosexual males—suggesting a biological cause for homosexuality.

During his research, LeVay studied the brain tissue from 41 recently deceased men and women, including 19 homosexual males. "The particular group of cells that I studied were about a millimeter in diameter," LeVay explains. "Standard autopsy procedure involves removing the entire brain from the skull and slicing it into sections about one centimeter thick. I then removed the section that contained part of the hypothalamus—a block of tissue maybe a few millimeters across."

The cadaveric mutilation that occurs during autopsy is the stuff nightmares are made of. The deceased's scalp is peeled away, and the top of the skull is sawed off so that the brain can be removed and dissected. The chest is cracked open, and the body is sliced from neck to crotch, then



RIPPED OUT

Goldsmith's team bolted three disembodied human heads to a table, then clobbered each repeatedly with a seven-pound, metal ball.

stripped of all internal organs—which are weighed, examined and (usually) tossed into the garbage.

The process of procuring tissue from brain-dead donors is so disturbingly macabre that, according to Dr. Stuart Youngner, a psychiatrist at Case Western Reserve Medical Center in Cleveland, Ohio, almost everyone present in the operating room finds the organ retrieval process a little uncomfortable.

In order to keep tissue from deteriorating, dead patients are routinely kept alive on respirators for hours. The plug isn't pulled until every vital organ, cornea, thighbone and transplantable strip of skin has been retrieved.

An article entitled "Approach to Management of the Heartbeating 'Brain Dead' Organ Donor," which appears in the April 21, 1989, issue of the *Journal of the American Medical Association* (JAMA), discusses the methods through which multi-organ donors are physiologically maintained after brain death.

According to the article, most organ donors come from hospital intensive-care units. Maintained on respirators and continually monitored in intensive-care wards, they're fed nutritional fluids, antibiotics and drugs through IVs, while catheters ensure proper urinary output. Should cardiac arrest occur, as it does in 10% of all cases, alarms sound and staff members rush from all directions to help resuscitate the brain-dead body.

In contrast, during the operation to remove the organs, the surgical mutilation is surprisingly brutal. Doctors simply want to get in, get the organs and get out, although it can take up to four hours to do so. With a patient who seems to be more alive than dead, it can be a difficult procedure to witness.

One organ-donor coordinator admits she still can't stand to watch eyeballs be removed. Another speaks of being present during a long-bone retrieval, in which the surgical team removed the donor's thighbones and replaced them with broomsticks so that the legs would remain extended.

Given the butchery of organ retrieval, it's frightening to imagine a patient being misdiagnosed and cut apart while still alive. Yet a significant portion of Ameri-

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"Fred hasn't been the same since he did time!"

ca's doctors concede that it is impossible to say with certainty that a donor hooked up to life support is really dead.

In an April 1989 study done for JAMA, one third of the surveyed physicians responsible for identifying brain death in patients remained unconvinced that only loss of *all* brain function should be equated with end of life. "Though clinicians can tell which patients have permanent loss of all brain function," JAMA editors wrote, "there is no consensus over whether, and especially why, this means they have died."

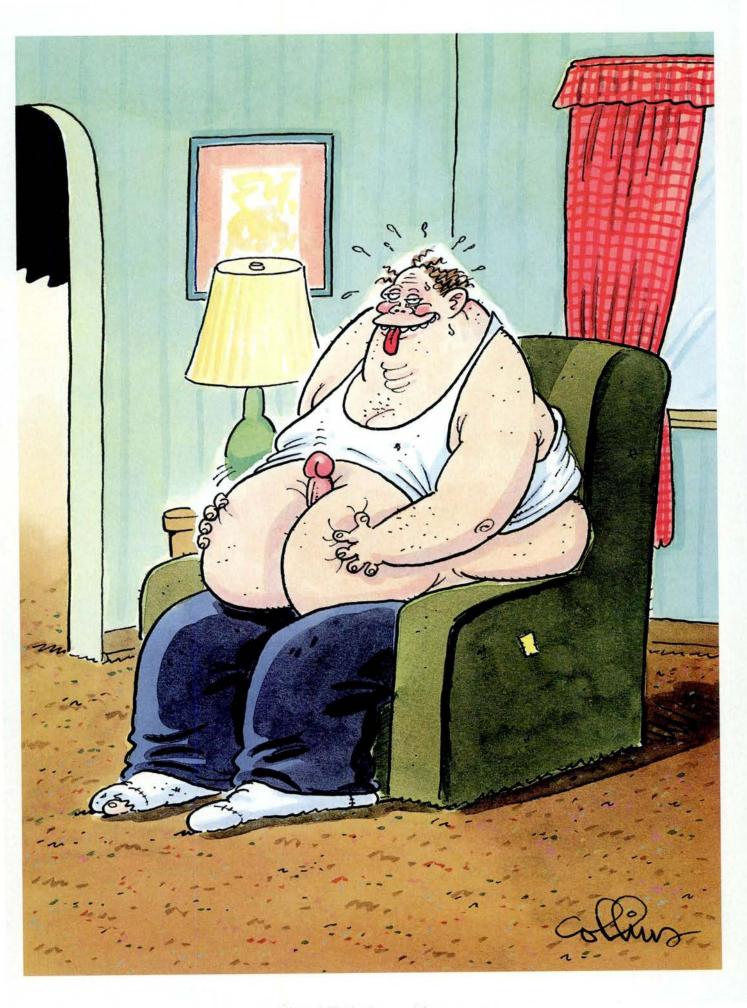
Presently, the legal criteria for determining death—as defined by the 1981 President's Commission for the Study of Ethical Problems in Medicine and Biomedical and Behavioral Research—is the irreversible loss of all brain function. Known as "whole-brain" death, this includes the loss of capacity for consciousness combined with loss of brainstem function, which controls the vital organ systems.

Some physicians have begun to push for the use of a "higher brain" definition, by which the legal criteria for death would be simply the loss of those brain functions that support awareness and thought. Under this definition, even head-trauma victims lingering in what is commonly called a "persistent vegetative state" would become eligible organ donors.

However, there are no reliable tests available to determine if higher brain functions have been permanently lost. In fact, in an interview for *OMNI* magazine, Dr. Julius Korein, professor of neurology at New York University School of Medicine and proponent of the higher cognitive-death criteria, recalled two recorded cases in which patients declared to be irreversibly vegetative came back to full consciousness. The return of function "doesn't mean they dance," Korein explains. "They could hardly communicate and do not walk."

In developing the life-support technologies that make it possible to prolong the biological functioning of donor bodies, experts suggest that medical science has opened a Pandora's box. Dr. John La Puma, a scholar of clinical ethics at Lutheran General Hospital in Park Ridge, Illinois, notes that within a few years we may see even unsuitable organ donors being kept functioning so that they can be used for immunological manufacturing or for medical training. Within the American scientific community, it has already become acceptable to use the living dead for experimentation.

In October 1988, hematologist Barry Coller, of the State University of New York at Stony Brook, published a head-(continued on page 108)







Ø

hotography by Clive MeLean

NADISON N THE NOODS

200

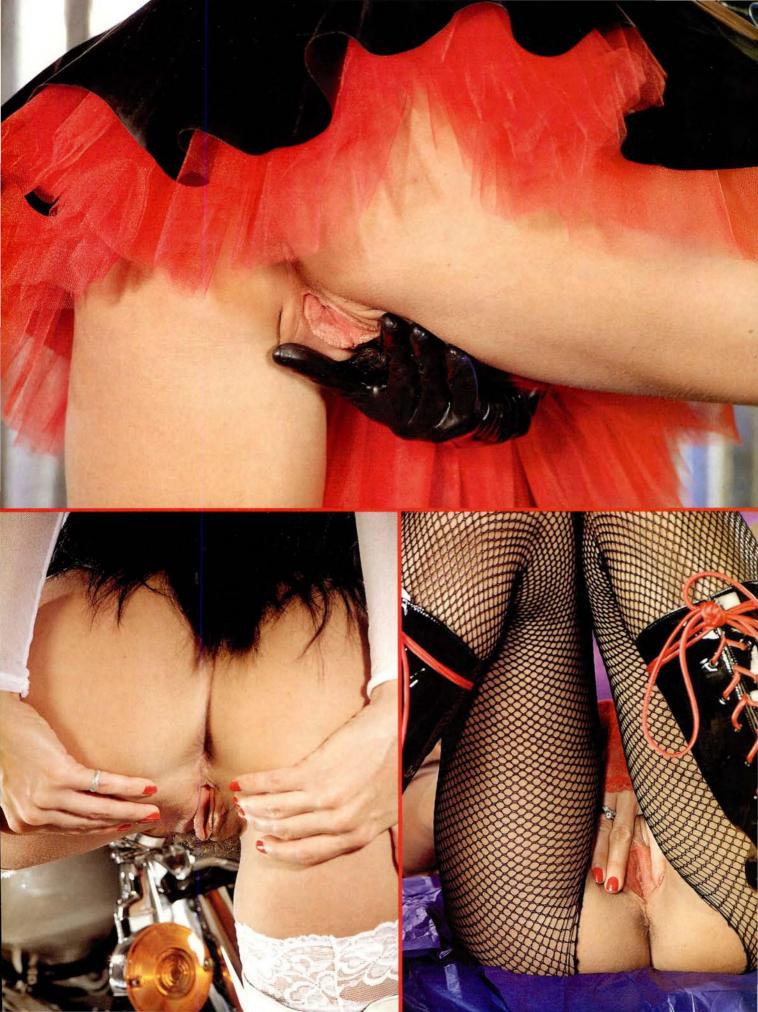
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"I always wear a mask when I'm acting," confides superstar flesh-fantasist Madison. "In my case, looks aren't just deceivingthey're everything! I love all kinds of attitudes, all sorts of costumes. I can look like I'm naked, even when I'm fully dressed!" She obliges. There it is: the Look. But then again, she *is* naked. "Of course, you'll have to take my word on it!" laughs Madison. "I mean, I'm never fully dressed!"















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rorty-five minutes before leaving to pick up his date, a bachelor received a phone call from the girl. She nervously explained that she would not be able to go out with him. It was nothing personal, she explained. She simply had other commitments, and she shouldn't have accepted in the first place.

"Well, I'm disappointed," said the enlightened bachelor, "but there is no need to apologize. It's your perfect right to say no. Believe me, I understand."

The girl reiterated her apology nevertheless, and they both said polite goodbyes.

The bachelor's roommate walked into the room and asked him what he was looking up in the yellow pages.

"Explosives," replied the bachelor.

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *Jewish S&M* as: She sleeps, you masturbate.

After a heavy round of tangling the sheets, Mike's wife purred in his ear, "Honey, what do you like best about me: my pretty face, my great body, or the fantastic way I move in bed?"

"Your sense of humor," said Mike.

oe was a true sports fanatic who studied the sports pages every morning, subscribed to every sports magazine in the country, knew all the relevant statistics and spent the better part of each day switching channels from one sporting event to another.

One night, as he was lying next to his wife in bed watching a baseball game, she got up, walked across the room and unplugged the TV set.

"Hey!" he shouted. "What in the hell do you think you're doing?"

"Listen," she replied, "I'm sick of sports. You haven't touched me in months. I insist that we talk about sex."

"All right," Joe agreed. "How often do you think Orel Hershiser gets laid?" A man lounged in the shade, sucking down a cold brew and watching his wife mow the lawn. His new neighbor stomped over and said disgustedly, "You worthless bastard, making your wife cut the grass while you sit back and watch! You ought to be hung!"

"I am," said the man. "That's why she cuts the grass."

Question: How are playing pool and reading the latest HUSTLER Magazine alike?

Answer: Both activities require stroking your stick while looking at the hole you'd like to put your shot into.

A truck driver smashed into the rear end of a new Lamborghini that Rory and Austin had taken out for a cruise. Rory leapt out and started screaming at the driver. The driver, a well-muscled gorilla, shouted back, "Kiss my hairy balls, you cocksucker."

Rory ran back to report to Austin, who was still sitting in the wrecked sports car. "I think everything's going to be all right. He wants to settle out of court."

he HUSTLER Dictionary defines *laughter* as: the most effective means of birth control to date.

A husband decided to play a little game with his wife, who had recently become a born-again, Bible-thumping Christian. "Honey, is God in the sun?"

"God is everywhere," his wife answered.

"Is He in the moon?"

"Everywhere," his wife repeated. "God is everywhere that you can possibly imagine."

"In my heart?" he went on.

"Yes."

"My stomach?"

"Well, yes, I suppose so," his wife said. "As I said, God is everywhere."

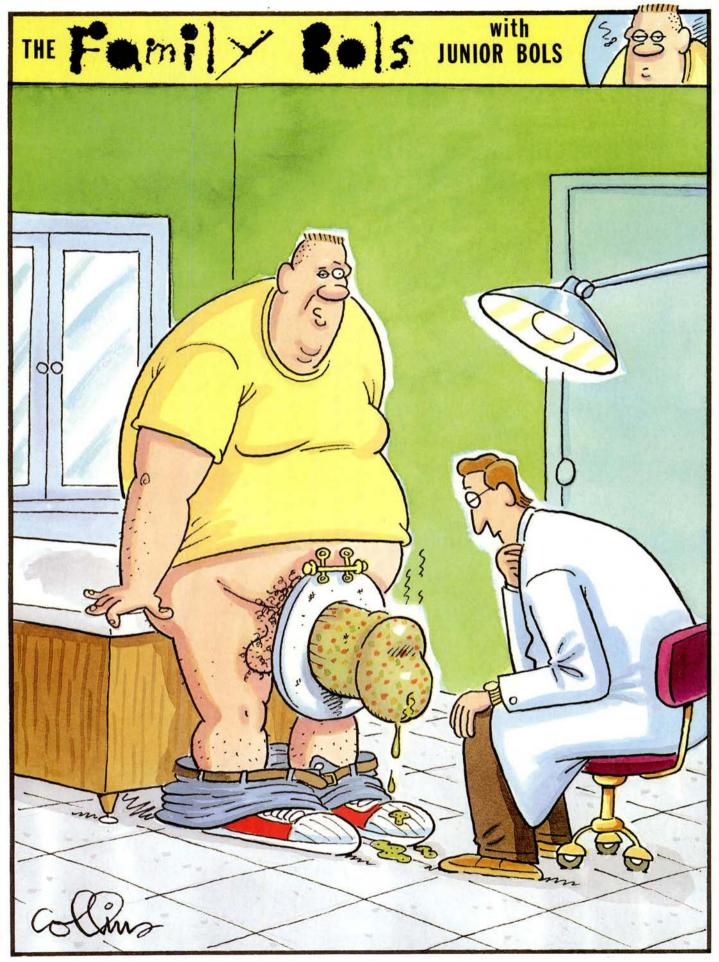
Her husband smiled. "If that's true, then God must be in my penis, right?"

"What-well, sort of, I guess. Why?"

"Because," he exclaimed, pulling down his pants, "God wants some pussy!"

Question: Why are there two senators for each state? Answer: One has to be the designated driver.

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



[&]quot;I caught it from a toilet seat."

STRANGE FRUITS AND EXOTIC MADISON'S GUIDE-TO THE WILD SUB

Kink Tour With Christian Shapiro

ILLUSTRATION BY CHRISTINE KARAS

To a lesser pervert, a day in Madison's life would seem like 24 hours of super freakin'. To the lady in question, it's just an average thing.

dia

MADISON

Madison is a modern primitive, a leading-edge sexual libertine, a spaceage star-fucker and an old-fashioned gal who gets crushes and falls in love.

There's no being halfway unique, just as there's no being halfway Madison. Madison is about as far from being the standard-issue porn starlet as she is from being a typical girl. And yet, everything about her seems so normal—normal for her.

Usually triple-X actresses are described anatomically, and certainly Madison holds her own in terms of body language: hair lustrous and black as a coal gem, a face both waiflike and vixenish with glitters and flashes in smile and eyes, breasts as buoyant and beckoning as life preservers in a dream of drowning, a waist that cinches down to fit snugly in a man's grasp, a pussy like nectarswollen figs, ass halves that combine and divide to form a greater whole, powerful, lean legs with pure-bred lines, all melded and stacked in an aesthetic balance of proportion and exaggeration. In short, Madison's appearance on the physical plane is cause for celebration, and yet her looks are often a secondary topic when she is under discussion.

Madison is a creature of mystique. Her aura wafts about her everywhere she goes, as pervasive and elusive as the cucumberoil perfume she wears. How many other porn girls not only know what the word enigma means, but also fit its definition?

Madison is by turns a hippie peace girl, a tough biker mama, a beatnik chick, a poet, a muse, a modern primitive, a leadingedge sexual libertine, a space-age starfucker and an old-fashioned gal who gets crushes and falls in love. Can any one person, even a person with the constant, dervish energy level maintained by this larger-than-life, 5-3 102-pounder, really be all those things at once?

"So," asks one long-time Madison observer, of a neophyte watcher, "is she or ain't she?"

"Ain't she what?"

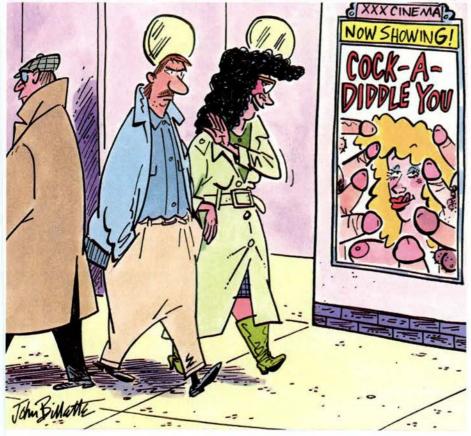
"A phony."

"I wouldn't have thought so."

"You're wrong. She is a phony. But on the other hand, you're right. She isn't a phony because she's a *real* phony. She believes all this crap she believes. You can't talk her out of it."

Madison addressed the question of her authenticity during a stripping tour of Australia. Bloke after bloke asked, "Are those boobs real?"

"Wouldn't you fuck me either way?" replied this decade's answer to Betty Page,



"Wait, Harry-let's go in. I want to see some hard dick for a change!"

Isadore Duncan and Vampirella, twisted into one self-invented icon.

Delusions cannot be cashed in at the bank. Madison, on the other hand, is a valued customer at her local financial institution. In clogs, a fringe vest that squeezes her breasts up like heady, sun-ripened melons, and denim hotpants that press her rear globes into a plush bundle of temptation, the mighty mite peers over her opaque granny-glasses, alternately filling out a deposit slip and fiddling with a multicolored necklace of beads and stones. The necklace is a gift from a fan. The stack of checks is from video companies, publishing houses, photographers and danceclub owners. Clearly, beyond being the total persona, Madison is a bankable commodity.

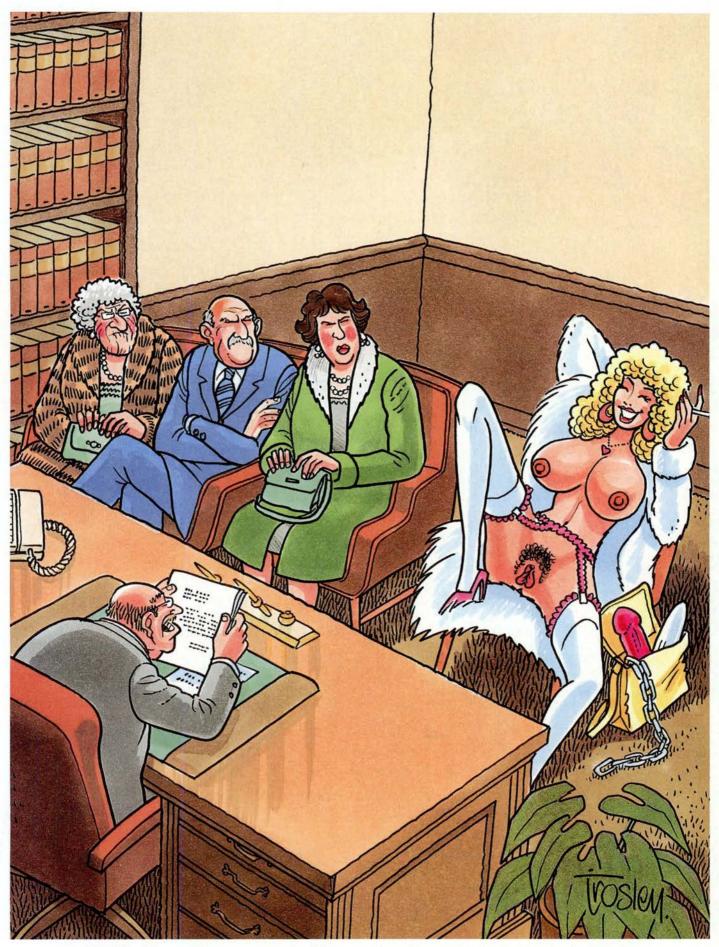
"You're in hell; so make the most of it," she brazens, waiting in line, just another face in the crowd. Although that face is a glamour-puss object of hormonal worship, Madison somehow blends in with the balance of the bank's workaday customers. Except for her nose ring.

"We don't use the nose ring in magazines or movies," she points out in the course of explaining her monster popularity among conservative, midlands sex-show fans. "I appreciate that other people aren't ready for that [the nose ring], and I have consideration for others."

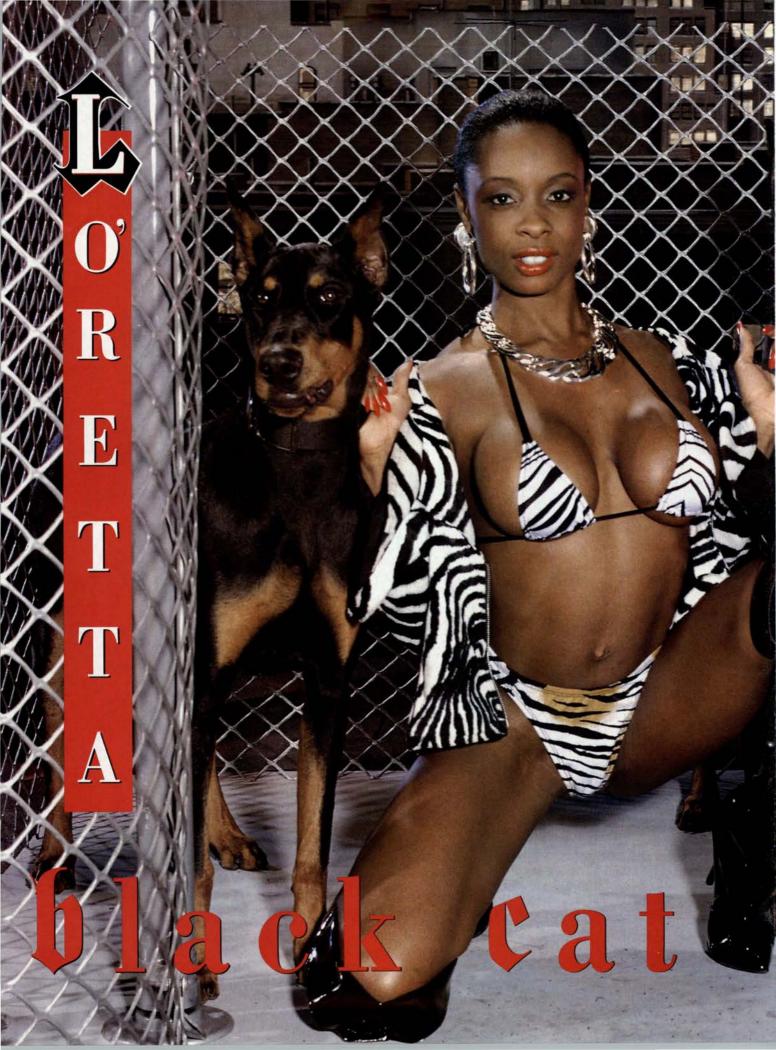
The Gauntlet, a few miles west on Santa Monica Boulevard, is on a different planet from Madison's savings and loan, but she breathes just as easily in either atmosphere. A loft divided into cubicles for tattooists and rooms for body piercings, the Gauntlet caters to cutting-edge fetishists, and also employs them. The staff has enough stainless steel stuck through their exposed body parts to hitch a train, a train of thought that leads to speculation about the quantity of metal embedded in their private flesh.

Everyone at the Gauntlet knows Madison and is flattered to be greeted by her. Madison is a status client. A piercing that goes over the breastbone, enabling the pierced one to wear a medallion on the chest without the inconvenience of hanging a chain around the neck, is now called a "Madison," after the girl whose innovative style made it famous. A blackand-white photo portrait of the star extending her tongue with the tiny barbell stuck through it hangs over the toilet in the bathroom. "We use that to get measurements on guys who are getting penis piercings," confides Elayne Binnie, the Gauntlet's manager and master piercer, going to work enlarging a dime-size hole in Madison's earlobe. Elayne, also known as Angel, has a full-back tattoo of feathery, heavenly wings, nipples tattooed black, several facial piercings and two fresh holes in the side of her neck. "They will heal like the scars from a vampire bite."

(continued on page 96)



"And I, Wilfred Eugene Kingston, received stability, security and companionship from my family. However...."



There's a flash of razor incisors and a deep-throated growl. "I don't take men for security or protection," declares 20-year-old Lo' Retta from her penthouse rooftop in Harlem, New York. "I take 'em for **pleasure.**" Scared? "I'm not a maneater!" she insists. "I'm a pussycat! And any man who turns tail and runs," she warns with a smile, "is meat for my dogs."









Madison is on her way to piss when a group of diners stops her. "They said they were my biggest fans. I'm flattered, but I still had to go."

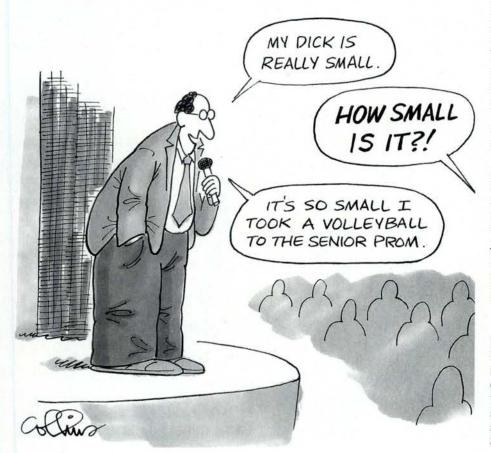
The Gauntlet's sales floor features Tshirts, belts, earrings, cock and cunt jewelry, piercing studs for any portion of the external anatomy, and a selection of books and magazines ranging from *Rubberist: Dressing for Pleasure in Rubber and Latex* to *Skin Shows*, *Tattooed Women* and *Splatter*. Nipple-friendly leather clothespins go for \$8.25 each or \$15.99 the pair.

"You know me," summates Madison. "I want. I want."

The history of Madison is simple, to hear her tell it, somewhat paraphrased: "Born in Miami. Moved to Atlanta, North Carolina, Tennessee. High school. Father worked for Contel. Went to school in Cairo, Egypt. Last year of school in Atlanta. Went to London, went to Vidal Sassoon. Got a job at Asylum, hair salon downstairs at Kensington Market. Working under the table; girlfriend got caught. Went to Paris a few months. Couldn't speak enough French to cut hair. Back to Atlanta. Ran two hair salons. About 19 years old. Got deal with Redken touring country doing Modifini hair shows. Bored. Moved to L.A. about four years ago. In a loft downtown, going to the fashion institute. Doing bachelor parties. Went on a porn set with Nikki Wilde. On Monday into Jim South's office. Appeared in HUSTLER and CHIC. The fans know the rest."

Somewhere in her travels, the formative Madison picked up a black Mickey Mouse tattoo on one ankle, with Minnie on the other. She has evolved beyond Disney characters, which brings her to Red Devil Tattoo Studios, in West Hollywood, near McDonald's. The Red Devil's interior, primarily black and red tile, houses an extensive population of crimson demons, with devil masks on the walls, devil figurines on every shelf, a bottle of Red Devil Louisiana hot sauce and a can of devilled ham.

As Madison's ankle is prepped, Jill Jordan, Red Devil's shapely and tantalizing Boss Satan, proudly shows a photo of her latest porn tattoo. Some lucky perv's skin has been decorated with a woman, vulva shaved, hanging upside down with straps cinching her legs and torso. The figure's breasts, with rings in the nipples, drape in a manner that Jill insists is anatomically correct. "We have an electrical winch in the living room where I live." Jill's face, one of few sections of her epider-



mis that is not lushly illustrated, blushes slightly in the telling, which is a sign to revert attention to Madison.

Her denim-cased bottom perches upon a black-cushioned workbench as the buzz of a tattoo needle fills the room. Tattooist Kevin Quinn, who looks sort of like Opie from Mayberry, if Opie'd had permanent ink mapping his upper torso and rings in his nipples, waves the tool of his trade in Madison's direction. "I have to be really careful not to fuck this thing up."

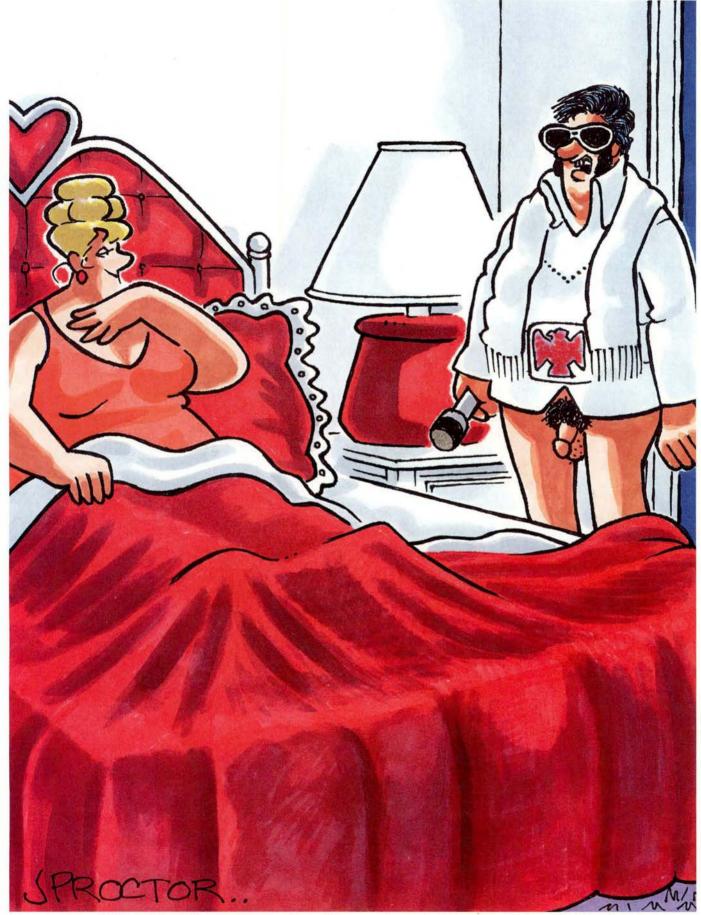
Madison's eyes tense at the corners as the needle gnaws into her ankle, but she doesn't fully wince. "What we will go through for beauty," she comments, "Or what we take to be beauty." Her nipples harden as the torture continues, and she develops a philosophy of how to withstand pain. "Pretend you're on another planet, and you'll be fine."

Madison should come with a warning label. People who happen within her vicinity tend to become obsessively attached to her. One mad artist looked her up in the phone book, and dropped by to get an autograph without calling first. After being booted by the lady of the house, he came back with a portrait. A semipro woman photographer who lived next door snapped some shots of Madison, then had them blown up bigger than life and plastered on her walls for an impact that was intimidating even to the real Madison. And Renee, a retired exotic dancer, caught Madison's stage show and became the raven-haired fox's personal secretary, valet and road manager. Don't forget Christophe, although Madison would like to. She picked up the European scion on a recent jaunt to France, and he followed her back to L.A. She made him get his nipple pierced the second day in town, but still: "I got tired of him. He lives out back with my neighbor. I could spit right into his living room.

"I'm one of those people, I've got to go, and if you don't want to go with me, then don't stand in my way."

The fans, whether displaced farm boy or A-list rock 'n' roll gazillionaires, move with her, many bearing gifts that are personal and dear to their object's individual vision. David Aaron Clark, a reporter for a failed New York City sex tabloid, abandons all journalistic objectivity when covering Madison. Tattooist Kevin Quinn has Madison under his skin for life, as well as he being under hers, with matching Japanese kanji characters that signify Promise True Love.

With a fresh bandage covering a fresh koi fish that covers old Mickey Mouse on her ankle, Madison sets about the business of finding something to wear. First stop is Syren, a Beverly Boulevard customizer that has outfitted the slinkiest stars of some of Hollywood's slinkiest movies, specializing in elasticized second skins. With a workshop on premises, Syren can produce any imaginable piece of



"Damn, Bonnie Sue, can't we just fuck without me always having to do a tribute to the King?"

Madison dominates the dance floor, positioned between her new girlfriend and boy toy. While others dance, she stands on the floor and has a quaking orgasm.

sexy clothing, as long as it's latex. Jumpsuits, dresses, lingerie, ball gags. The place smells like a new set of tires. A wiseguy tries to get Madison to model a rubber jockstrap. "I'm not really built for that," she demures, but does try on an orange dress that clings to her like enhanced nudity.

It is mid-July, and Madison is working on outfits for the January Consumer Electronics Show in Las Vegas. A striking appearance is not the work of coincidence. "When you're standing in a line, make sure you're wearing something so people will remember you." She reviews the new colors in latex, alters some last-minute measurements, and she's off to downtown L.A. and the studio of Deviations, fashion-design upstarts who, among other works of art, created the red-leather strap bodice that contains Madison on the cover of this HUSTLER Magazine.

"Madison's a muse for us," enthuses Deviant Lili Jabali, collaborating with the muse on a Barbarella-meets-Marie-Antoinette outfit.

Madison defines her fashion sense while standing gazing at herself buck-naked in front of the fitting mirror: "Whoever I'm standing next to," she elucidates, "I want the photographer to go, whoop, and come to me."

An ever-widening scope of attention comes Madison's way. As Madison Stone, she's appeared in a string of B-movies, such as *Evil Toons* and *Naked Obsession*, gracing the video-box covers of both productions. A current project is to be lead singer for a band, the Baddest Love, and with her penetration into the music scene's upper echelons, superstardom might easily fall her way.

Dinner at Metro, a nuevo-modernist eatery on hyper-trendy Melrose Avenue, is a taste of celebrity. Madison is on her way to piss when a group of diners stops her. "They said they were my biggest fans. That's what they all say. I'm flattered, but still I had to go."

Madison is a work-ethic sex object. "These porn stars have no right to complain. They get paid more in a day just to lie on their backs and get fucked than some people make in two weeks of real work. The ones that don't like it shouldn't be doing it, because they don't come across and give anything [to the viewer]."

Madison comes across so hard that she crosses genders. A recurring problem when she goes night-clubbing is unsolicited pickup attempts from gay men. "They



line up to do it!" squeals Madison, grooving at the entrance of Sin-a-matic, a gender-bent dance-and-bondage club on a sleazy section of Santa Monica Boulevard. "Just let go of my ass and go home! I'm trying to have fun here."

A phalanx of freelance bodyguards (John, John, Tony and Eric—they used to share the apartment downstairs from her) shield Madison from unwarranted advances. Once inside the crowded, blaring club, Madison has the ability to have other people do her bidding and not be too sullen about it. She sends a scout to secure a command-post table and dispatches another to procure drinks, then she switches into dance-trance state and blends.

Mixed-sex go-go dancers flaunt their haunches on a raised stage behind screen lights. A male stripper flings his willow-feather headdress in time to his hip-flung beaded dress. The unadorned jockstrap is a hot male item, as well as crack-invading short shorts.

The girls are more comforting. Many can't afford shirts and simply wear bras as blouses. The club lets in 18-year-olds, and many of the youngsters style themselves from the Betty Page book of bedroom looks. It's an unchaperoned slumber party for kids who don't want to go to sleep all night.

"I want to go to hell," wails a factory-disco singer over a bowel-loosening beat.

Madison wends through the crowd. People have trouble keeping their cool in place when facing her earthy ebullience.

"People are beating on one another in the back room," she says, "most of the time poorly. I just want to go up and grab 'em and twist. But it's something to do. I want that guy. Too bad he sucks dick."

She enters a whirl of dancers and is lost to sight. She reemerges from the hormonal typhoon, her arm boasting a chick in leather nightie and fishnet garters. They exchange phone numbers and seal opening negotiations with a fleeting touch of tongue. "I made a bet," she explains. "I got a lesbian date. Now I'll get a guy. I have that ability."

Almost faster than it takes her to knock back a shot of Jägermeister, she's got a piercelipped guy on her chain. Madison dominates the dance floor, positioned between her new girlfriend and boy toy. While others dance, she stands on the floor and has a quaking orgasm.

As she goes into the night, Madison leaves her fans on a positive note: "Always remember that life is meant to be enjoyed, and it's really not that difficult. Do your thing, be happy, get out of or away from what does not. Smile, laugh and live. Don't intrude your ways or thoughts on others if they don't want to play your way, and hopefully they'll do the same. Most importantly, be yourself and feel good about it. I love you all."

That's the way she is. She believes all this crap she believes. You can't talk her out of it.

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"I feel sorry for him ... my first wife had a problem with vaginal farting."



"People talk about freedom in America," says 21-year-old Tina, "but I felt really free on this topless beach in Cannes." "The French are light-years ahead of the States when it comes to body awareness," agrees Tru, Tina's best friend since high school in Boise, Idaho, smearing a dab of coconut oil across Tina's nipple. "That's why they gave America the Statue of Liberty—to say, 'Listen, you guys! Lighten up!' " "It's time for a new Lady Liberty," suggests Tina. "This time, she should be totally naked. Nude beaches should be every American's right!" Hear, hear! Start stripping, girls!













RIPPED OUT (continued from page 72) Donated penile muscle was cut into long, thin strips, suspended by wire in a solution, treated with nitric oxide and zapped with a series of ten-volt shocks.

line-making research paper in the Annals of Internal Medicine (AIM), in which he revealed that his research team had kept a dead man's heart beating for an hour in order to test a new drug designed to prevent blood clots.

Defending his use of a neomort to the press, Coller claimed that it had allowed his team to gather important information that was "potentially useful in benefiting humans, without exposing a living human to harm." He also noted its importance as a timesaver, since the research, which required monitoring the effects of several different dosage-levels of the drug, would have taken months to complete had he been using live volunteers.

In an accompanying *AIM* editorial, Dr. La Puma supported Coller's research but warned that, to some, "injecting experimental drugs into a dead person may seem ghoulish," and that "the idea of physician-investigators hanging around, waiting to experiment on dead patients, does not readily contribute to a positive image" of the medical profession.

Nevertheless, the practice is not likely to die out anytime soon. Lab fees and salaries are often paid for by profit-conscious pharmaceutical companies. Despite the potential for bad press, there is no more cost-effective research subject than a neomort.

The newly dead fill a myriad of grizzly research roles, the most common being that of medical-school cadaver. As recently as 30 years ago, the vast majority of cadavers dissected by medical students were obtained from the local morgue's pool of unclaimed dead. Today, however, four out of five come from donations made either by the deceased prior to death or by the next of kin. Most loved ones have no idea how their dearly departed are treated. In anatomy class, students may work on a single cadaver for two or three semesters. Sometimes the bodies are not refrigerated and are never moved from their dissection slab. They remain pickled in formaldehyde and wrapped in gauze.

"When I took anatomy, there were 120 students and 30 cadavers," recalls California dentist Kent Wilson, DDS, who taught dentistry at the University of Southern California for 12 years.

"We do everything except the leg:



"I never discuss the money for sex. That's Fontaine's job."

hand, arm, pelvis, lungs, vital organs. It's a full-year course."

Once a body enters the medical-research system, there's no telling how long it will be used, or how many different research labs it will pass through. The body may undergo dissection for a year, and instead of being disposed of, body parts such as knee joints or eyeballs may be removed and shipped to a waiting team of researchers.

"Some ten or 12 years ago," recalls Dr. Werner Goldsmith, professor of mechanical engineering at the University of California, Berkeley, "we were able to get a hold of some cadaver heads from the school of dentistry at Pacific University in Stockton that students had used for their learning processes. They were glad to give them to us, and we used some of them in our laboratory."

Goldsmith was engaged in a study of human head-and-neck response to impact, a report on which appeared in the November 1983 issue of *Journal of Biomechanical Engineering*. In order to better understand the forces that contribute to injuries of the upper neck, Goldsmith's team bolted three disembodied human heads, with neck vertebrae attached, to a table, then clobbered each in the forehead repeatedly with a seven-pound, metal ball that hung pendulum-like at the end of a cord.

Without neck muscles to hold the heads erect, the unembalmed skulls kept sagging forward prior to impact and had to be anchored to the test stand with latex tubing. The team had difficulty maintaining the integrity of the soft tissue within the vertebrae, which Goldsmith claims deteriorates rapidly when not embalmed.

"You can preserve bone, but you can't preserve soft tissue for any length of time," the professor explains. "We had to refrigerate them [the cadaver skulls], and when we took them out to set them up for the experiments, we had 15 minutes. After that time the soft tissue was gone."

Goldsmith recently attached a waterfilled, human skull to an artificial neck and torso, mounted the package on an acceleration sled and slammed the sled into an aluminum block at speeds up to 2.6 meters per second. The object: to simulate the whiplash effect of a vehicular collision on a lap-belted passenger.

The auto industry engages in a tremendous amount of clandestine cadaver research. "Certainly, auto manufacturers all have research laboratories and use cadavers," admits Goldsmith. "And if General Motors itself hasn't done so, they have, I know, in the past, let out contracts to institutions where they did use cadavers." One such study was carried out by the team of David Viano of the *(continued on page 111)*



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SPACED

(continued from page 58)

ing. Attendees know what they know—or have seen or experienced—and they aren't interested in being told that their particular phenomenon might be something else, no matter how logical alternative explanations may be.

Cynics in any New Age, alien conference audience quickly learn that the majority of their fellow attendees are fervent devotees of the latest, hot abduction story or conspiracy theories, regardless of absurdity and lack of proof. A negative observation is almost always met with an equally earnest rebuttal supporting the veracity of the disputed situation, in part or entirely because:

• A noted researcher said so.

• The person telling the story would have nothing to gain by lying.

•A skeptical analysis of the alleged facts would merely contribute to the government's ongoing disinformation campaign to discredit reputable UFO research.

One of the most hated figures in UFOology is Philip Klass, an aviation journalist and author of several books debunking the UFO phenomenon.

Klass's reputation within the UFO community is well deserved—he pulls no punches. In his 1983 book, *UFOs: The Public Deceived*, for example, he notes: "One possible explanation for the mushrooming number of abduction cases in recent years is that [the UFOers] are growing bolder.... The alternative explanation is that people have discovered how easy it is to fool famous UFOologists with tall tales and to become instant international celebrities via the pages of sensationalist tabloid newspapers."

One would think that the UFO community would embrace people like Klass on the merit that a skeptical eye helps maintain objectivity. Instead, prominent UFOologists spend considerable time, especially before an audience, flogging Klass's research in the zealot's belief that skeptics do more harm than good.

The 1992 International Symposium on UFO Research is no exception. Daniel Drasin, a writer and long-time UFO researcher, offers a somewhat tongue-incheek view of the situation in a humorous lecture titled "How To Debunk Just About Anything." In his talk, Drasin outlines in careful detail how the debunkers and skeptics of the world go about the task of downplaying or explaining away every new finding in the UFO field. Not unexpectedly, his vicious tweak of Philip Klass gets one of the biggest laughs of all, as eyes once more turn to the inexplicable to explain all.

RIPPED

(continued from page 108)

General Motors Research Laboratories (GMRL) in Warren, Michigan, and Richard Stalnaker of the Highway Safety Research Institute at the University of Michigan. The work was financed through a GMRL contract.

The study, "Mechanisms of Femoral Fracture," which was written up in the *Journal of Biomechanics*, was intended to gather data for improving the safety design of passenger compartments.

In preparing the whole-body cadavers, the flesh surrounding the right and left femur (thighbones) was removed from the crotch down to the knee. The femoral midshaft was then cleaned of all soft tissue and sanded until smooth, so that when the bone broke, the structural deformation could be clearly captured by high-speed cameras.

The research team, which tested one leg at a time, first secured the cadaver in an upright sitting position. The feet were then pulled slightly back so that the kneecap, now taut, was pointing straight at the striker surface of a pneumatic testing machine constructed specifically for high-speed impact studies.

Each time the 22.2-pound impact piston assembly was triggered, viciously driving the kneecap into the femur, it struck with such force that within five milliseconds the thighbone had snapped like a twig.

For millions of Americans, an organdonor consent card represents a passport to immortality, a means to ensure that after death a small part of them will live on, if only in the body of another. They imagine that through their selfless gift, the blind will experience the miracle of sight, and the critically ill will be healed. Few stop to consider that by signing such a release, they may be booking a one-way ticket to post-mortem purgatory.

It is virtually impossible to find a single portion of the human anatomy that is not being studied or experimented upon. The January 9, 1992, issue of the *New England Journal of Medicine* includes an account of an experiment to investigate the cause of male impotence, in which donated penile muscle was cut into long, thin strips, suspended by wire in a bicarbonate solution, treated with nitric oxide and zapped with a series of ten-volt shocks.

The researchers' findings? That "interference with the L-arginine nitric-oxide pathway could be one cause of impotence." And for this, 21 male donors had their *corpus cavernosum* sliced, diced and fried in the name of medical science.



"Okay, we be naming her either 'Cadillac Clitoris Johnson' or 'Labia Odiferous Johnson'!"

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NUSCIOUS TVETTE eaucates me kiaales in Louisville, Kentucky, and spends her free time shopping, meeting bands and school teacher could spank us. That's right, school reacher caura spank us. mar s right, Iuscious Yvette educates the kiddies in Louisville, children again so this prewish we were Nemucky, and spends net tree time snapping, meeting bands an having sex. She's 22 years old and fantasizes about fucking in the rain and being licked all night.

The sultry pout and sexy tease make Marta a Popular dancer in Levittown, Pennsylvania. She just turned 20, loves shopping and watersports, and has a fantasy only she could describe. "Although I enjoy having sex with my

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FLASH FOR CASH!

Photo by Boyfriend

Attention, ladies). The 1993 Beaver Hunt Grand Prize Competition is looking for you! Snap a clear, color picture and mail it to HUSTLER Beaver lookang tor your shup a clear, cour picture and marine to nastress overet Hunt, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210, Every lady whose picture we print gets \$250 and a chance at the 1993 Grand Prize—a photo-feature we print gers 52.50 and a counce of the 1775 arms free many photo-feature worth 55,000. Grand Prize Finalists win \$1,500 each. Their reasons want 33,000, on one reason management of the Grand Prize graphers win \$250. The award for the photographer of the Grand Prize Winner is \$500. Fill out the model release below, and include a photocopy of (1) a photo 10 and (2) another form of 10. All photos become the unretumable property of HUSTLER Magazine

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I enjoy naving sex with my boyfriend, my ultimate fantasy would be to have lesbian sex with three beautiful

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To enter Hustler Beaver Hunt you must fill out and send this release and COPIES OF TWO FORMS OF ID. ONE WITH PHOTO (i.e., driver's license. passport, work or school ID card or photo ID issued by state). Second ID can be birth certificate, Social Security card, credit card, marriage certificate or immigration card. Send photocopies, not originals. Send two or more sharply focused color prints or slides. Showing pink is optional at entry stage. All photos become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine, which buys all rights in perpetuity to photos we publish. If we publish your photo, you'll win \$250 and a chance to be chosen for an extended pictorial worth \$5,000. Send photos, IDs and release to Hustler Beave

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MODEL'S LEGAL SIGNATURE

Photo by Husband



Whether at home or office, perky Nicole loves flashing those tits. She's a topless dancer in Lexington, North Carolina, who also likes reading Stephen King novels. This spunky 20-year-old's fantasy involves mutual masturbation with her husband, before "sticking my ass in his face and telling him to lick my ass and cunt until I've had several orgasms."

photo by Husban

Although she calls herself Wild Cat, we think this 25-year-old beauty looks more like actress Kirstie Alley. According to her model release, though, she's a housewife in Seneca Falls, New York, who enjoys swimming and horseback riding. Sh fantasizes about having "hard-core sex" with her husband and another woman. Then again, who doesn't?

Judging from this shapely birthday suit, Charlene must be a Judging from this shapely birthday suit, Charlene must be a Judging from this shapely birthday suit, Charlene must be Judging from this shapely birthday suit, Charlene must be Judging from this shapely birthday suit, Charlene must be Judging from this shapely birthday suit, Charlene must be Judging from this shapely birthday suit, Charlene must be a Judging from this shapely birthday suit, Charlene must be a Judging from this shapely birthday suit, Charlene must be a Judging from this shapely birthday suit, Charlene must be a Judging from this shapely birthday suit, Charlene must be a Judging from this shapely birthday suit, Charlene must be a Judging from this shapely birthday suit, Charlene must be a Judging from this shapely birthday suit, Charlene must be a Judging from this shapely birthday suit, Charlene must be a Judging from this shapely birthday suit, Charlene must be a Judging from this shapely birthday suit, Charlene must be a Judging from this shapely birthday suit, Charlene must be a Judging from this shapely birthday suit, Charlene must be a December and loves to model lingerie for her husband. One day she'd like to walk into a fancy restaurant wearing nothing but she'd like to walk into a fancy restaurant wearing nothing but black tie and a smile.

o by Husband

Photo by Husband

This bod was made for whacking, and that's just what New Bedford, This bod was made for whacking, and that's just what New Bedford, This bod was made for whacking, and that's just what New Bedford, Substantiation of the state of the state

Tiffany is the name of this Crystal-Skinned Tiffany is the name of this Columbia. She's a beauty from Vancouver, British Columbia. She's a beauty from Vancouver, British Columbia, She's a Deven of the series who enjoys aerobits and 20 year old housewife who enjoys aerobits are 20 year old housewif

> Sultry Meghan spends her days wielding a fire-spewing shaft in Raleigh, North Carolina. She's a welder, actually, who enjoys skiing and scuba diving. Although she's only 24 years old, she's wise enough to list this appearance in HUSTLER as her ultimate fantasy and hopes all the readers "get off on my picture!" Speaking for a handful in Beverly Hills, we're working on it, Meghan.

Photo by Husband

photo by Friend

Photo by Friend

Better late than never, says Alice, who after 43 years has finally

fulfilled her dream of appearing in HUSTLER "at least once, so I can turn every male on." She turns on a different sort of equipment as a medical assistant in Leland, North Carolina, and performs country crafts in her spare time. We bet Bucky Beaver could show her a new

twist on those crafts!

Photo by Mother

She calls herself Wild Thing; works as an exotic dancer; and lists her hobby as "making men happy." Finally, a reason to move to Woonsocket, Rhode Island! She's 24 years old and also enjoys shooting pool and lifting weights, while fantasizing about two men at once. To spot or fuck?

photo by Friend

A good legal assistant likes to get her hands dirty in the line of duty. C. A. from Cranberry, Pennsylvania, is obviously an overachiever who, when not studying law, enjoys herb gardening. Her fantasy involves Don Johnson, an airplane and the mile-high country. Hey, C. A., when you're done with him, why not leave him behind?

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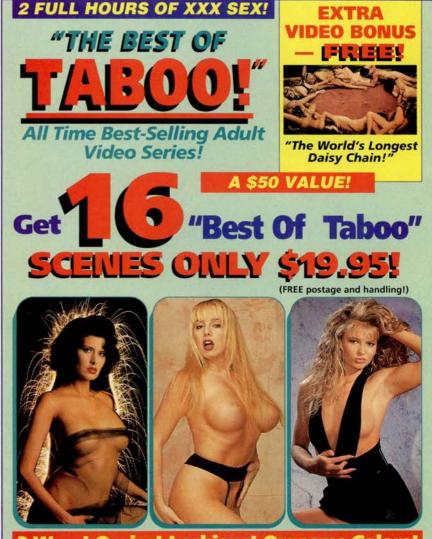
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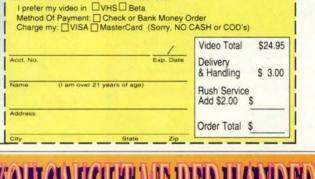
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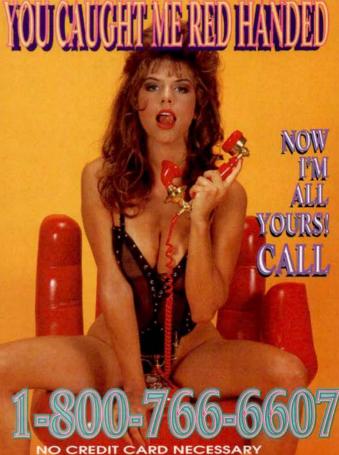
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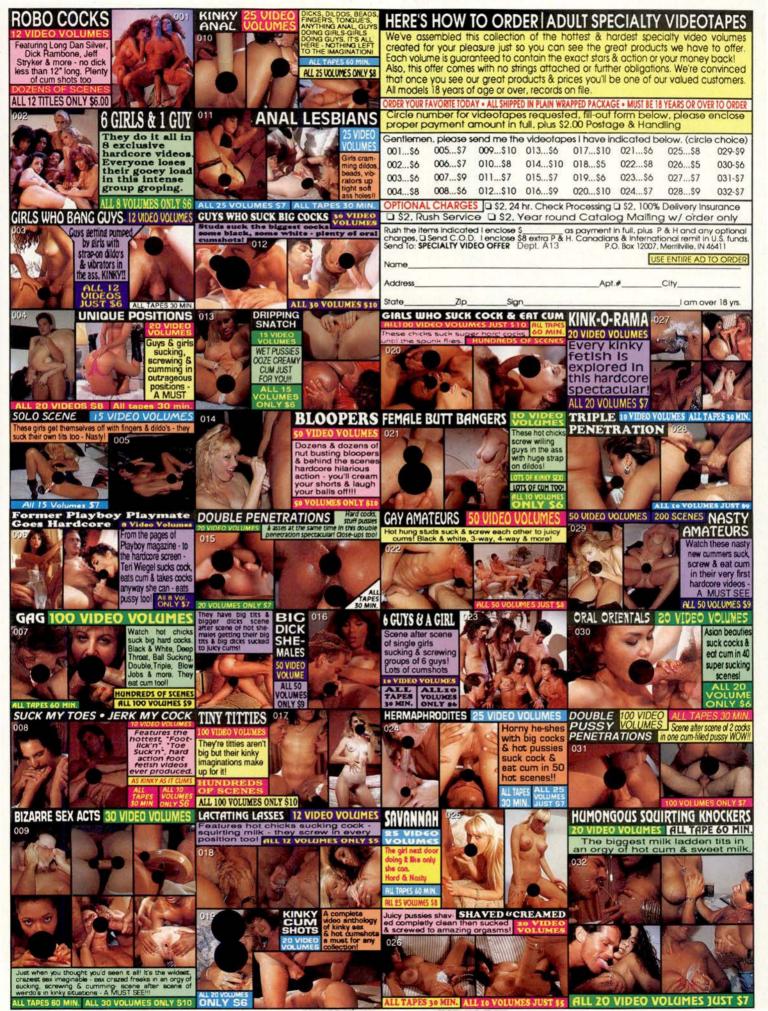
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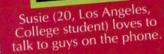








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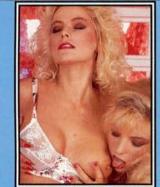
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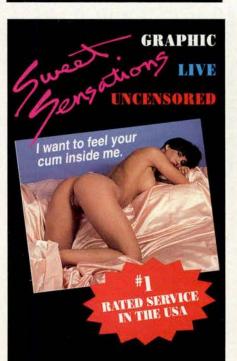
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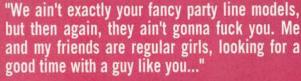
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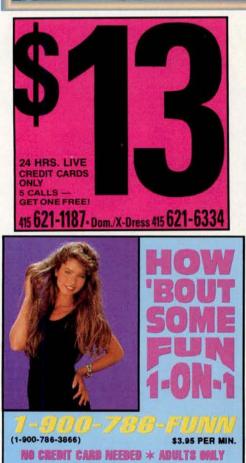
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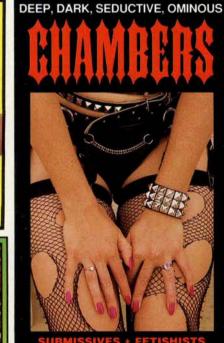
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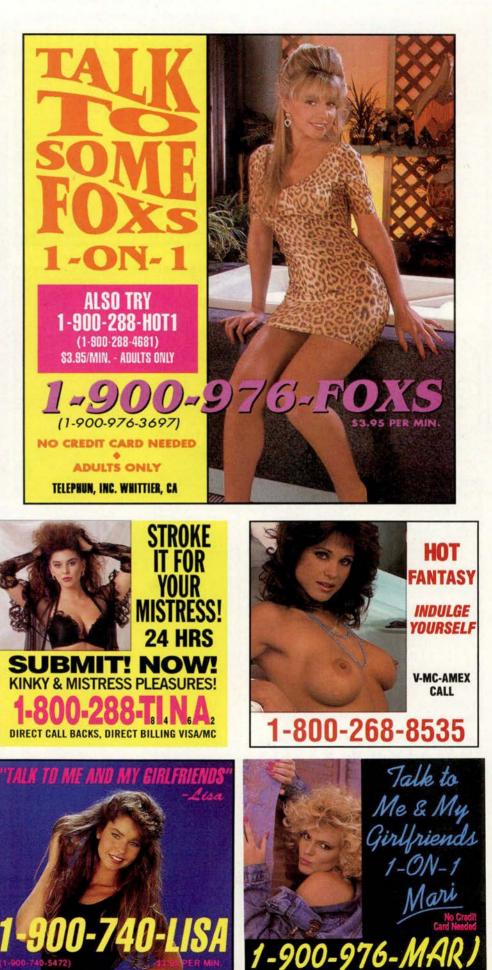
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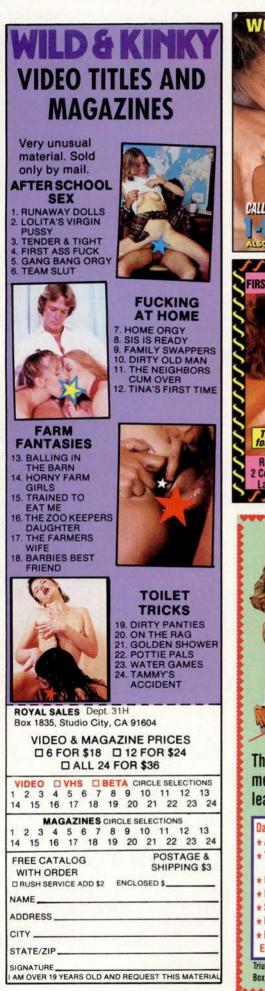
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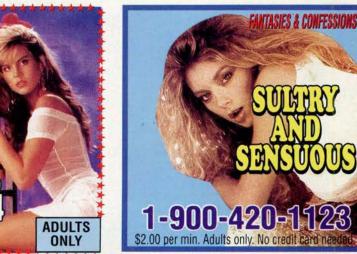
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HUSTLER

February HUSTLER on sale December 22, 1992

SPRING LOADED

February's HUSTLER takes the hardest, hottest stand on the 'stand. Cozy up to the thermal thighs of a nut-brown gypsy maiden baring glistening mams and lickable gams in pagan, hands-on selfravishment; hang tight as a honey-breasted motorist flags and bags a poon-parched bicyclist in need of roadside refreshment; hit the mat with two banging blondes busting ass in a pillow-mashing bedroom free-for-all; and knuckle under the full-fisted authority of a privates inspector with the clothes of Dick Tracy and the body of Venus. HUSTLER in February hits all the right misses. Scope it out.

DEAR JOHN

For every flesh-trade consumer who's gotten fucked over more than fucked, February's HUSTLER provides a layman's muff-market how-to manual, guaranteed to increase customer satisfaction. Tired of getting hornswoggled at the local meat-mart or too shy to try? Given the inside dope on the ride-side ropes, even first-time sexindustry clients can hire a hump with finesse. Pick up *Tips for Tricks*, adult-entertainment pro Lily Burana's cash-for-gash guide, and get more bang for your buck.

MUSCLE BREACH

Some of America's leading proponents of living better through chemistry are professional athletes, whose drug of choice is as illegal as narcotics and just as easily obtainable under the counter. Illicit steroid use is endemic among sports pros and amateur weightlifters, whose ultimate highs include increased performance and lean muscle-mass gain. The side-effect risk most concerning steroid abusers isn't cancer, brain damage or any of the other prohibitive hazards on the FDA list—it's that the emotional dives of withdrawal often lead to marriage! Writer Eugene Robinson takes an insider's look at the steroid scene in *Get Pumped*, a cautionary, surprising and educational roundup of dark tales from genuine users of all types of "juice," including one of the most powerful, dangerous and infamous steroids in pharmaceutical history—Anadrol-50.

HUDDLE UP

Can a man make any woman come using only his dick? Yes, say modern sexologists. Ream-researcher Al Hazrad's "By Cock Alone," HUSTLER's Sex Play for February, tells how to satisfy a woman the way nature intended; Hot Letters releases a bonestiffening batch of orgasmic disclosures; Beaver Hunt brings the neighborhood watch a fresh spreadability; and Bits & Pieces makes bristling wit a brand-new crime against good taste. February's HUSTLER has it all. Check it out!









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