THE 12 HARDEST XXX REVIEWS ON ANY NEWSSTAND FOR THE REST OF THE WORLD **MARCH 1998** WIN A BMW Z3 Ride in Style We Visit Cuba; WE BUY CHEAP WHORES TWO STEPS TO **SEDUCTION** It's Simple, and Women Can't Resist A SEX CLUB FOR HARD-CORE **STRAIGHTS** San Francisco's **Power Ball FOUR CLASSIC CARTOONS Plus 22 New Crimes Against Humor**

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HUSTLER

MARCH 1998







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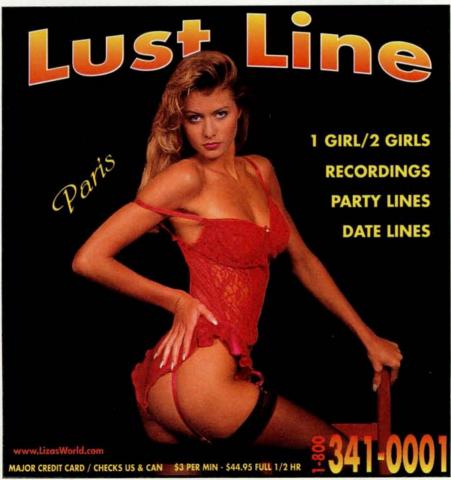
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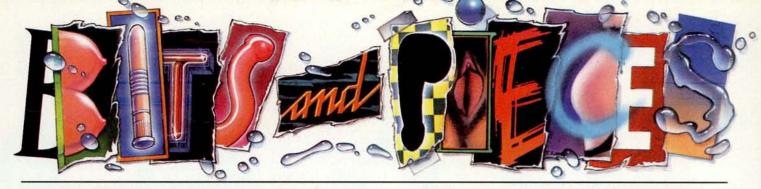
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ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

God is commonly accepted as the Supreme Being, a power vast beyond imagination. God, the theologians say, is everything, and yet He is all good. To maintain His infinite goodness, God must rid Himself of creation's filth and waste. That means God shits, a lot.

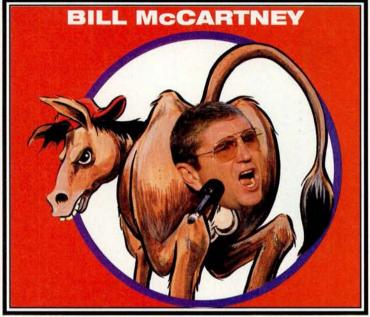
Think about the universal haunches of God squeezing out a mammoth dump. An omnipotent flow of cosmic crap spews out, funneled through a turd ring beyond mortal measure. That infinite shit flue is Bill McCartney, God's greatest rectal ring and HUSTLER's March 1998 Asshole of the Month.

McCartney pushes turds as founder and chief executive officer of Promise Keepers. Promise Keepers defines itself as "a Christ-centered ministry dedicated to uniting men through vital relationships to become godly influences in their world." That description fails to do McCartney's rank and file justice.

Like their founder, the lowly Promise Keepers share the frosted look peculiar to men whose semen has backed up and filled the whites of their eyes. These men reek of stale jizz. Hoarded sperm seems to seep through their pores. Cum dries and flakes in their brains.

Promise Keepers pay \$55 to \$65 a head to congregate in football stadiums. They blow money better given to family food budgets to buy mugs, T-shirts and caps emblazoned with the Promise Keepers logo.

The white-bread, male-only congregants hug, cry and repent of their testicles. The Promise Keepers to a



man look like lousy lays.

After their mass orgies of emotional masturbation, the PKs return home and form "accountability" groups, cells of three or four zealots who recruit converts and monitor one anothers' sex lives.

Bill McCartney founded Promise Keepers in 1990 while head football coach at the University of Colorado. McCartney's legacy from his tenure at Colorado was provided by his daughter, Kristyn. Functioning as a sort of extracurricular motivational tool to Dad's team, Kristyn whelped two out-of-wedlock children, each from a different Coach Mack player.

McCartney exploited his daughter's soap opera in his first book, From Ashes to Glory. His own transgressions are explored in his second autobiography, *Sold Out*. In a chest-thumping confessional, he admits to alcoholism and "career idolatry." With cunning humility, McCartney testifies to having neglected his family even as he preached to tens of thousands of other men to be responsible and caring in the home.

While McCartney dispensed rules of living to arenas full of Promise Keepers, his bulimic wife lost 70 pounds and considered suicide. Said McCartney, "I thought she was just exercising discipline. I saw that she was losing weight, and I was proud of her."

McCartney pontificates as though God talks to him directly, in plain English. If so, why didn't the Almighty alert Bill that the wife was dying in the bathroom?

Bill McCartney operates as though the watching world were as blind as he himself. Strict honesty must not be one of the Seven Promises of a Promise Keeper.

McCartney, a self-appointed leader of 1.2 million self-described "men of integrity," denies being aligned with the Christian right, despite ties with Pat Robertson and Jerry Falwell. He denies being politically motivated, but leads hundreds of thousands of PKs to march on Washington, D.C.

Would McCartney run for President if God told him to?

"Absolutely. I'd be a fool not to."
McCartney has a \$117-million
budget and a staff of 462 in 36
regional offices. These resources
are far greater than what Adolf
Hitler, another famous ex-drinker
and purist, started out with.

"We are going to war," McCartney directed his troopers in 1992. "We have divine power; that is our weapon. We will win."

On January 1, 2000, McCartney hopes to assemble 50 stadiums of Promise Keepers in all 50 state capitols to "take roll call" for Jesus Christ. "I believe God is showing us now that he wants us to go global," pledged Khomeini McCartney, who has also claimed that: "The only way God can be worshiped is through Jesus Christ. There is no other way."

McCartney sees himself as someone a little more important than Jesus. God can afford to lose a Son, but He'd be in a swirl of shit without His Asshole.

The Cincinnati City Council:

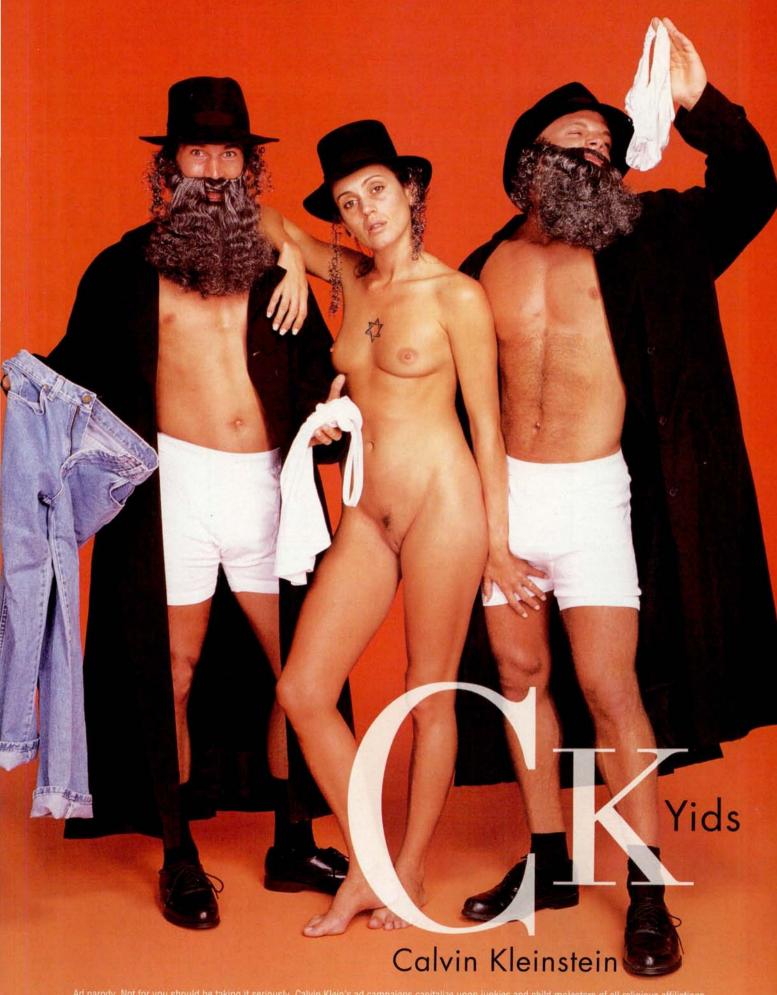
More than 20 years after moving from Ohio, Larry Flynt has again struck terror in the pants of bluenoses in Hamilton County. Cincinnati's city council, in the wake of Mr. Flynt returning HUSTLER to its city, is trying to use zoning laws to push America's Magazine into depressed industrial areas of a city where Assholes never sleep.

Farts in the Wind

Judge James Ware: A federal judge in California, James Ware withdrew his name from consideration for an appeals-court nomination after admitting that he had lied about being the brother of a black youth slain by two white teens after a 1963 Alabama church bombing. Ware's oft-told lie was discovered by another black

judge, prompting Ware to make up stories about why he lied in the first place. Truth be told, Ware is a bald-faced Asshole.

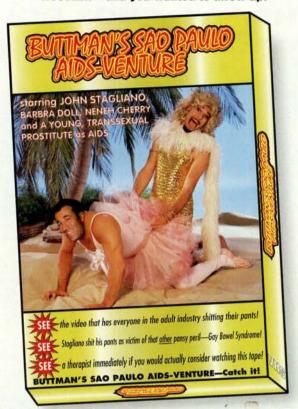
Nushawn Williams: Reputed to be a big-city ghetto crack dealer, Williams expanded to the suburbs, where he allegedly infected at least 11 teenage girls with HIV. There's no known cure for the Asshole virus.



PARODY. NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY. THIS PAINTING WAS NOT INTENDED TO REFLECT PAULA JONES'S APPEARANCE, ALTHOUGH IT'S PROBABLY NOT FAR OFF.

Suuuuue-ie! Paula Jones's sexual-harassment suit against Bill Clinton has always seemed as crooked as the President's allegedly bent peter. Here's the proof: A HUSTLER reader had the misfortune to glimpse the hammy Jones before her daily slop of Max Factor. This artistic rendition should quash Jones's last shred of credibility. Does anybody really believe that Bubba asked this mess for a blowjob?

Coming soon from Infected Angel Video! You read about Buttman's wacky, HIV-positive mishaps in HUSTLER—and you wanted to throw up!



MOST TASTELESS CARTOON



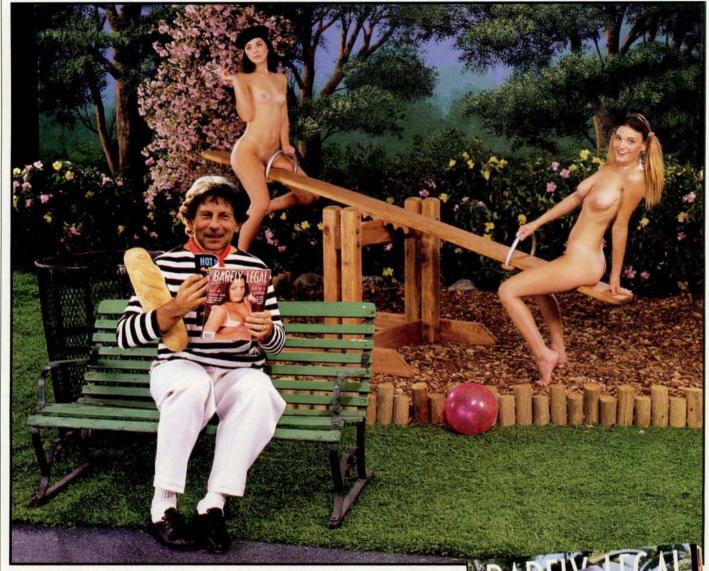
"Be gentle with me, Marvin...it's my first time."

PORN FAST



Open wide and moan, *ahhh!* Back when Paula Jones was a piglet, the lack of sexual-harassment suits meant a trip to the doctor could be a lot more fun.

Take \$150 and submit more pictures in the morning, C. Rogers. Send dusty smut to HUSTLER's "Porn From the Past," 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the photos returned.



He's a famed movie director, and he likes his women young. Almost as young as Rosemary's baby. He likes to feel his Polish sausage split virgin vage walls like a knife in the butter.

He's Roman Polanski. And Roman likes it Greek.

The pedophiliac Polack's most well-known shoot—his load—occurred after sodomizing a 13-year-old girl. Hiding from American rape charges has kept Polanski a tenant of France for two decades. Now he wants to return to Hollywood.

Perhaps the little guy's not as dumb as his countrymen. Because Southern California is the home of HUSTLER'S BARELY LEGAL. With easy access to BARELY LEGAL, Roman could learn to recognize teenage tarts of legal age.

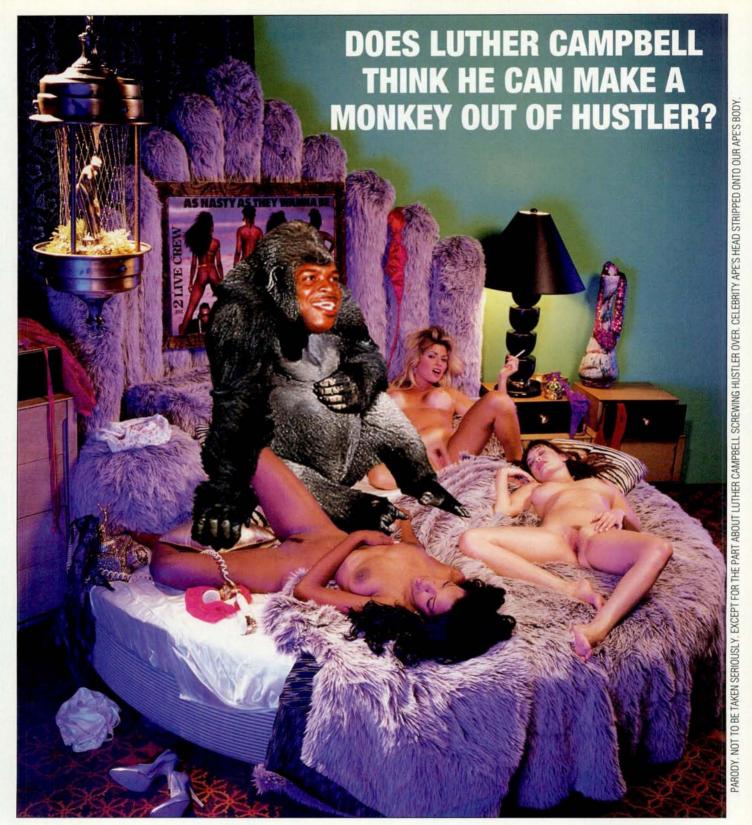
Not a bad way to take his next trip to Vaginatown.

HUSTLER'S BARFLY LEGAL

For the young at heart...among other anatomical regions. Call 1-800-345-7413 for subscription information.

PARODY. CELEBRITY SODOMITE'S HEAD STRIPPED ONTO OUR MODEL'S BODY. NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY. PROOF ON FILE THAT ALL MODELS ARE AT LEAST 18 YEARS OF AGE.





On the streets, he's called Luke Skywalker, a purple-butt, knuckle-dragging rapper. In bankruptcy court, he's called Mr. Campbell, the washed-up no-talent who squandered a fortune from such hits as "We Want Some Pussy." HUSTLER wants to call 2 Live Crew's former lead simian a few more names.

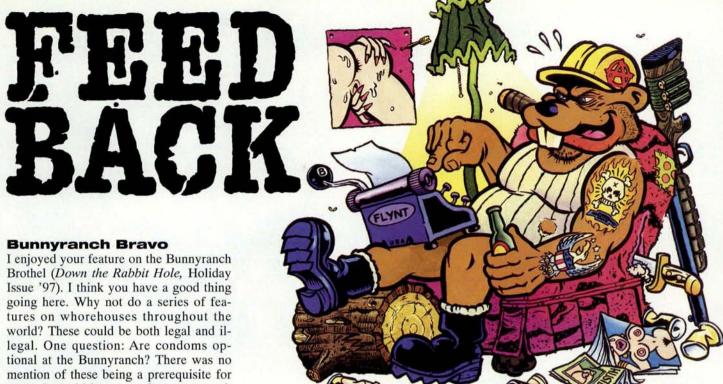
Luther Campbell's publicity team arranged for their star primate to appear in the pages of America's Magazine. A special late-night shoot was scheduled. The set and models pictured above cost Larry Flynt thousands of dollars, in addition to several bunches of contractually obligated bananas.

By bending over to accommodate, HUSTLER got fucked. Missing-link Luke pulled a no-show, confirming his reputation for unprofessional monkeyshines and subhuman stupidity.

Of course, actually labeling Luke an ape would be far too insulting to the animal kingdom. No gorilla is dumb enough to pass up a photo shoot with three naked chicks.

HUSTLER. AS NASTY AS WE WANT TO BE.

10



CONSUMER ALERT: When ordering merchandise through any mail-order supplier, minimize your risk of being disappointed by dealing only with mail-order merchants who accept credit-card payment and have a working phone number in their ads. Any offer that seems too good to be true is probably untrue.

entry. I would be very reluctant to push my unshielded prong into a ginch that lets anyone in there unprotected. -J. A.

Chesterfield, Missouri

For more on the clam trade, check out ¡Viva las Putas! Whore Stories From Fidel Castro's Fantasy Island on page 58 of this issue. And, yes, condoms are de rigueur at all Nevada cathouses.

Love for Sale

My husband was a great fan of your magazine when he was alive. I'm in the process of moving, and I would like to sell his supply. Could you please give me some information on what I can do or whom I can contact. -L. S.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Via Internet

It has been said that a man's legacy lives on through his porn collection. With this in mind, we question your capitalist motives. Why not hold on to the memory of your husband by watching over the pages he cherished?

Holiday Wishes

Who the hell is that on the cover of the Holiday Issue? The red-haired girl sitting on Santa's lap? She is incredible! Please do a layout of her. I think that is one of the best covers you have ever -T. B. done. Very sexy!

It appears your Christmas wish will come true in the June 1998 HUSTLER. The red-haired lap lounger you speak so highly of is scheduled to be in a naughty girl/girl layout.

Man's Best Friend

I wanted to tell you how pleasantly surprised my boyfriend and I were by a photograph in the Bits & Pieces section of the 1997 HUSTLER Holiday Issue. We were reading a collection of women's sexual fantasies, and a number of them concerned sex between women and animals. My boyfriend and I



Jill: Jungle Bush

thought sex between a woman and a dog was impossible, but he told me of a photograph published in HUSTLER in the mid-1980s. Two days later, we bought the 1997 Holiday Issue, and there was the photograph of Linda ("HUSTLER's True Fucks," Bits & Pieces). Could you tell us which issue of HUSTLER contained pictures from the movie Miss Lovelace made with her dog? Thank you for your help and for having the courage to publish pictures like these.

-B. R. Blacksburg, Virginia

The photo of Linda and her collie co-star from the movie Dog Fucker was originally printed in the March 1976 issue of HUSTLER, along with a few choice words on Linda's plan for an acting career.

Die Anna?

My husband buys your magazine. I've never had a problem with that until now. He showed me the picture of Princess Diana in your January 1998 issue ("If Princess Di Had Dow Breast Implants, She Would Be Alive Today," Bits & Pieces). How could you print something like that? What in God's name were you people thinking? Were you thinking at all? I doubt it! Diana was a very wonderful lady who did a lot of good work. She deserves to have her memory honored, not treated in such a manner as you all



FEEDBACK

have. How would any of you like to be looking through a magazine and find a picture of your dead mother, daughter or sister like that one of Diana? That would upset you as much as this has upset me. Never again will your so-called magazine be allowed in my house!

—B. C.

Beverly, Ohio

We are sad to hear, B. C., that you consider Diana's death equal to the loss of a mother, daughter or sister. Would she have felt the same if it had been you with a radiator in your chest?

Soap Scum

I have a fetish or fantasy that I consider to be very tame, and yet I can't seem to find too much adult X-rated material on the subject matter. When I was 16 years old, I had sex with my girlfriend in the shower. I rubbed the soap all over her gorgeous little body and did some serious fondling. Then we got out of the shower-still with soap all over our bodies-then she leaned over the vanity so I could fuck her doggy-style, which I did. Her creamy, slippery, voluptuous, nubile little body felt so good that I thought I had died and gone to heaven, to coin a phrase. My question is, why can't I find videos or CD-ROMs with still photos of this form of slippery sex? Maybe it's too clean to be a fetish. —J. T.

Via Internet

Check out HUSTLER's February 1998 spread of <u>Chanel: Next to Godliness</u>, J. T., for some soapy fun of the most unclean sort.

Leper Lover

I have been enjoying your magazine for years. No other rag comes close to yours. However, in the past you have covered every topic except one, that being amputees. There is something about a woman with a leg or an arm missing that just sends Uncle Wiggly through the seams of my pants. How about a beautiful woman missing a leg? Keep up the good work.

—M. M. Webb City, Missouri

While some might argue that a beautiful woman missing a leg is an oxymoron, the February 1997 issue of HUSTLER featured a telling account of some of the bedroom potential of the severely severed. Check out <u>Humping Stumps: The Limbless and the People Who Love Them</u> for some amputated antics.

Jungle Bush Blues

While scanning through your magazine, we noticed a rather disgusting picture of a very hairy woman (*Jill: Jungle Bush*, Holiday Issue, '97), and we were wondering if she was a man at one time.

—J. W.

Keokuk, Iowa

Jungle Bush 2

My boyfriend and I get your magazine every month. Boy, was your layout on Jill: Jungle Bush disgusting. That was the most nasty-looking creature representing a woman we have ever seen. We realize HUSTLER has to appeal to many different appetites. Not every photo layout will appeal to all, but to provide five full pages of that was too much. Next time, Jill of the Jungle should be a circus sideshow.

—L. L.

Marion, Kansas

Jungle Bush 3

Thank you very much for destroying an otherwise excellent magazine. I have just purchased your Holiday Issue and, much to my dismay, saw Jill the Jungle Whore. Not only do hairy women kill a hard-on faster than a fat chick with open mouth sores, you stupid fuckers think that we are too retarded to realize that she is a man. Larry Flynt has just joined Bob

Guccione as one of the "elite" asshole publishers of the industry. I will never know if you had the balls to print this letter, because even though I can't get my money back for this piece of shit, I will never give your sorry asses another nickel. Thanks again for all the nightmares. I hope that all four of your hairy-homo fans enjoyed that stomach-turning pictorial. I know the rest of us didn't.

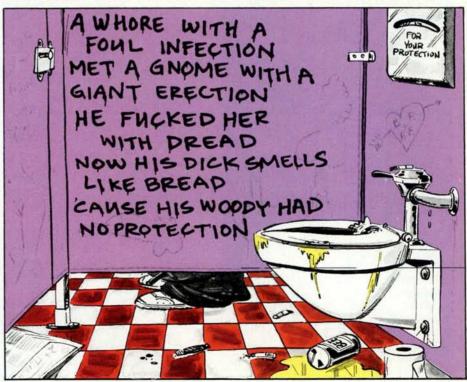
D. J. Detroit, Michigan

Just because Jill has a little extra fur around the foxhole doesn't mean she is without feelings. Thanks to your angry responses, young Jill has undoubtedly returned to hibernation, never to be seen on the pages of HUSTLER or anywhere else.

I Am Woman

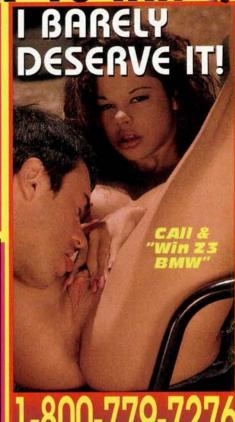
I've read your magazine for years. I've seen them so much that I wished I was born a female myself. It has to be more fun to get fucked and suck dick than it is to be the fucker. My dream has always been to fall asleep and wake up in the morning transformed into a woman with olive skin, a nice set of tits and a great, dark-haired pussy. Then I could be (continued on page 29)











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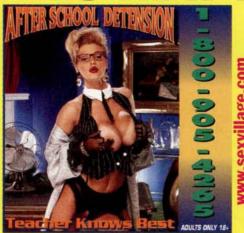
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l've seen some stunning beauties do things that porn stars haven't even thought of. My question is, why do I prefer voyeurism to legitimate sexual endeavors, like being with my wife or watching pornography? Is there any way I can recreate the excitement I find from

watching without breaking the law?

-T. P. San Bernardino, California

I'm torn between thinking you're either very creative or a coward. First of all, you need to cease and desist all peeping-Tom activities. There are severe penalties for such behavior. Next, try to channel some of the deviant energy you're using on the streets into your bedroom. One of my lovers used to like to pretend I was a 19-year-old virgin prostitute. He would dress me in virginal white, and I would stroll up and down the street until he drove by and picked me up. As silly as role-playing may seem, it has one attribute that peeping doesn't: It's legal.

LESIONS OF DOOM

I'm a 20-year-old man stationed in Germany. In the six months I've been here, I've been sticking my dick in anything with two legs and a pussy. Unfortunately, I didn't use a condom, and I caught two strands of chlamydia and a nasty case of genital herpes. For the rest of my life, I will have to tell my

partner about the herpes. I'm afraid that if they find out, they won't want to risk fucking me. What should I do? —A. H. Hanau, Germany

Sweet baby, it's time to grow up! Thank your lucky stars that herpes was the worst you caught, or at least let's hope it was. You need to get an HIV test every 30 days. Go to a clinic and have them confirm that herpes is the extent of your worries. As far as my experience with herpes, I once had a lover who, after being sexual with me for more than a year, informed me he had herpes. The only reason he told me was because he was noticing the beginning stages of an outbreak-people with herpes are not always infectious. But being new to the herpes game, you won't always know when you are about to have an outbreak and when you are most contagious. You also probably don't know how your herpes responds to stress and diet and what brings it on, or off, as the case may be. What does this mean? Use a condom, you fool, and concentrate on keeping your repertoire of diseases as limited as possible.

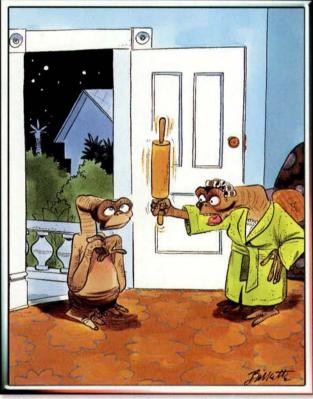
DICK DROUGHT

I'm a big fan of porn, but sometimes I find myself becoming depressed the more I watch. I see people, Peter North especially, with their nine- to ten-inch members laying pipe to anyone and everyone. Then later, much later, he is literally hosing down the ladies with cum spouting as far as a few feet. I've dropped 150 pounds, started taking lots of zinc and proteins, but I still only ejaculate a comparatively small amount. Is there anything else these guys may be taking to make more cum, or am I just screwed? -Anonymous Herndon, Virginia

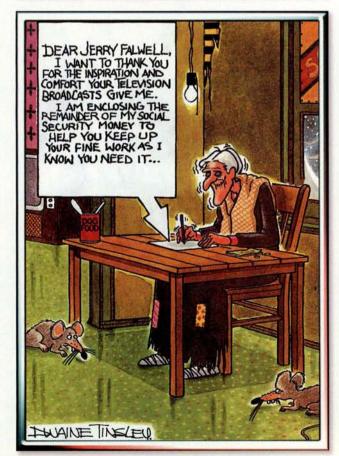
Actors such as Peter North and Jon Dough are freaks of nature when it comes to the amount of sperm they shoot. I've worked with North for years. The best advice I've heard when it comes to working with him is don't look back. One time I did, and he almost blew my head off. Both these guys are health nuts. North goes to the gym maniacally, as does Dough, and they both drink some weird shake that has (continued on page 26)

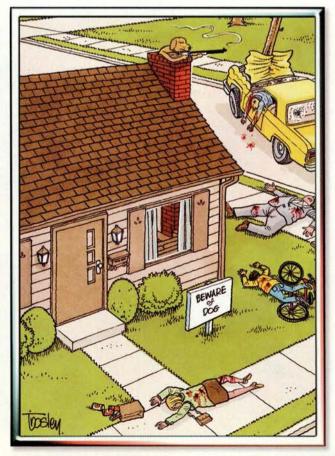
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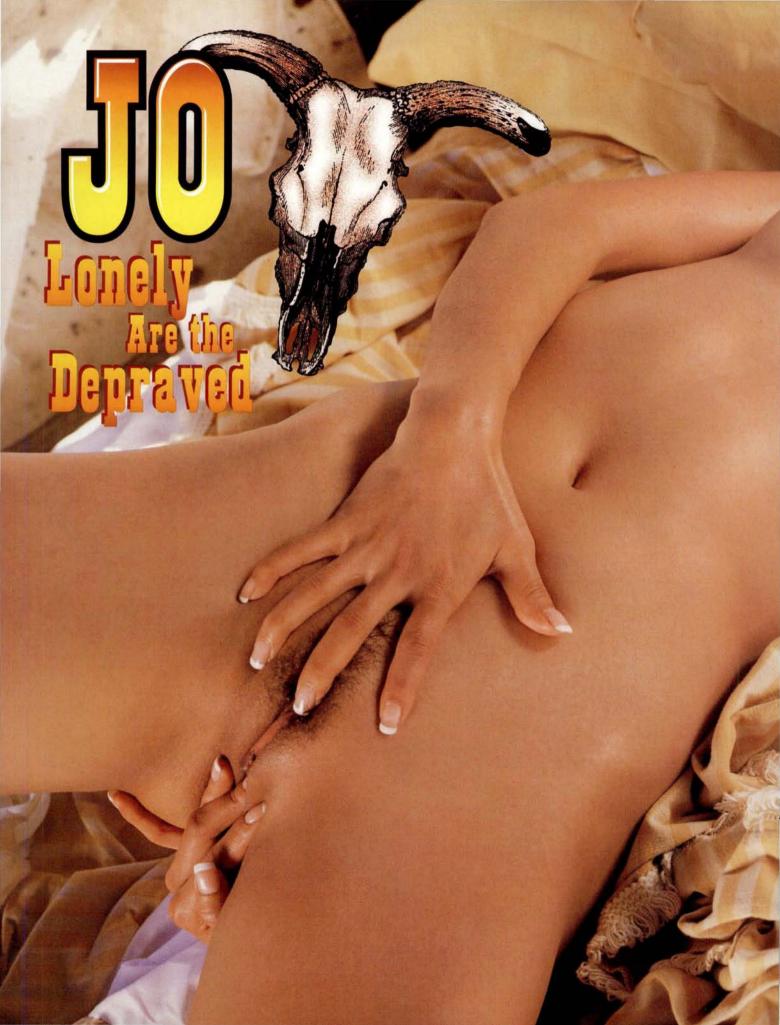


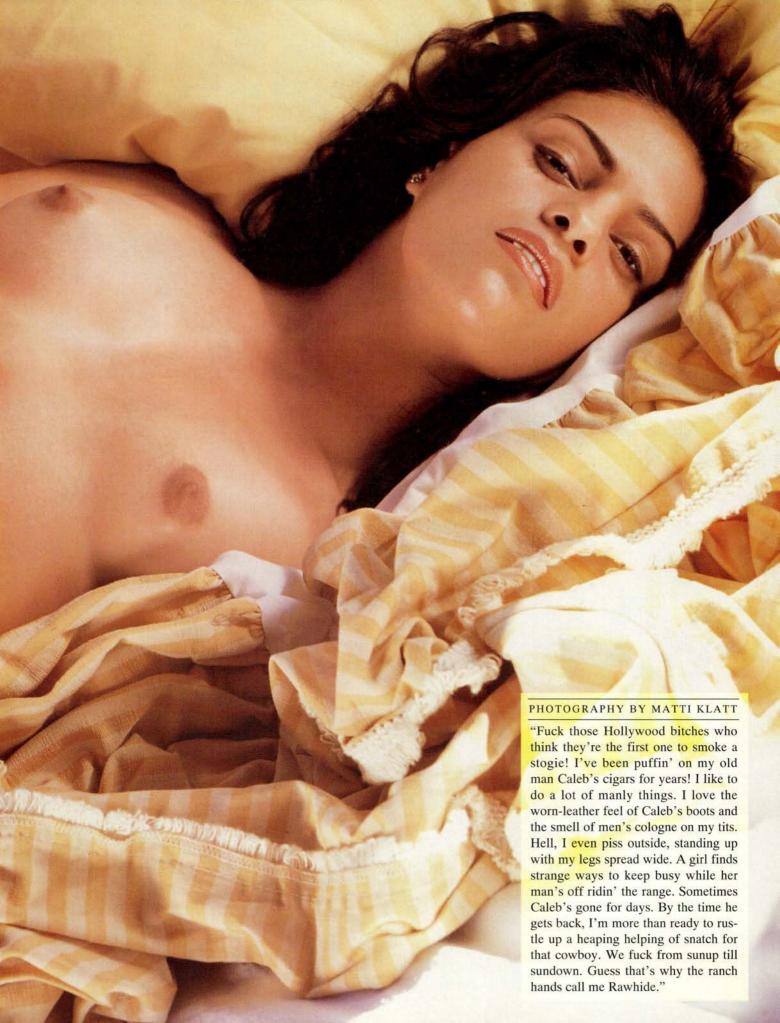


"All you had to do was make one lousy phone call. But nooo!"





















(continued from page 16)

Dear Slut Imagine you're enjoying a great blowjob from a beautiful girl, and suddenly she jams three fingers up your ass. The digits probably won't slide, or even fit, without some sort of lube.

raw egg in it. If you're keeping in shape and eating right, there's probably not much else you can do. Like I said, these men are freaks when it comes to the amount of sperm they can produce in

FLUFFER FABLES

I have an acquaintance in the porn business. He told me about people called fluffers, who are women who help verbally persuade XXX actors to come when they need to. What kind of people are these? How does one become a fluffer? Do most men need assistance in order to come on film? —R. J.

Brentwood, California

To finally dispel this myth, there are no such thing as fluffers! And if there are, I certainly haven't come across one in my 12 years in the porn business. Occasionally, an actor will have his wife or girlfriend give him a little pep talk to inspire him for action, but as far as actual people called fluffers being on the payroll, this is news to me.

PAIN IN THE ASS

I have a problem, and I'm a bit too embar-

rassed to consult my doctor. Whenever my wife and I make love for an extended period of time, I develop painful cramps in my anus a few hours later. This is especially common after I have an intense orgasm. Sometimes it's so bad, I can't sleep at night. Do you know what causes this? What should I do? -R. B. Beckley, West Virginia

I hate to be the bearer of bad news, but this sounds like a symptom of a serious prostate problem that you need to have checked out. If something is so painful that it prevents you from sleeping, you need to see a doctor. The human asshole is the source of a myriad of health problems, and you shouldn't forego a visit on account of unfounded embarrassment.

CONDOM NATION

Why is it that some porn movies feature male actors using condoms? Is it for health reasons, or are directors trying to set an example? -K. B.

Las Vegas, Nevada

The performers are almost always the ones who decide if they want to use a condom or not. After I took my first hiatus from films in the early '90s, I insisted on using them because AIDS was so rampant. Then, after everyone started testing, and it turned out that the porn industry was squeaky clean as far as HIV, I figured I was beating a dead horse.

EASY ACCESS

Why is it that every time a girl is fucked in the ass in porn films, the cock slides in like a hot knife through warm butter? Whenever I try it, the fit is very tight and awkward. What is the secret to a smooth penetration of someone's butthole?

> -G. B. Hayward, California

Imagine you're enjoying a great blowjob from a beautiful girl, and suddenly she jams three fingers up your ass. The digits probably won't slide, or even fit, without some sort of lube. If you've already tried the lube route, you may want to discuss some of your partner's anxieties before shoving your cock inside her. I know from being in the business that many women, myself included, are terrified of accidentally leaving shit on someone's dick. This is a huge fear of many women for some reason. I take a full enema the night before I do a shoot to prevent shit on a stick from happening. As far as actual penetration, a lot of actresses sit on a butt plug for an hour or so while they're in makeup to loosen their sphincters.

TASTY TREATS

I've heard that by drinking different types of juices, you can make your semen taste better. Is this true? What is a good combination? —L. M.

Dallas, Texas

The consensus is that people who eat too much red meat or too many vegetables, such as spinach or asparagus, are doomed to have foul-tasting semen. I've also heard that men who smoke suffer from tar-like aftertaste. The most popular theory is that pineapple juice is the key to yummy sperm.

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





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FEEDBACK

(continued from page 13)

happy and go for some good-looking guy. When I ask females what it's like to have sex, their responses make me jealous. I hope to see some transsexuals in HUSTLER soon. There are some fine ones out there that men would love to fuck.

—M. A. Gary, Indiana

Fame and Filth

There are two things one could do to make the people of Cincinnati, Ohio, really happy: Get Pete Rose into Baseball's Hall of Fame and shoot Larry Flynt into space with the next rocket. However, what people in Ohio must realize is that Larry Flynt, like any other citizen of this country, has the right to free speech, the right to do whatever he wants and even sell pornography. Pete Rose is a compulsive gambler who broke a very strict rule. So please, citizens of Hamilton County, shut the fuck up!

—L. S.
Oxford, Ohio

HUSTLER agrees, but aren't you being a little harsh on Pete "Charley Hustle" Rose? Besides, even if Mr. Hustler was orbited and Mr. Hustle was inducted, Hamilton County would still manage to find something to complain about.

Do you have a comment or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER Feedback, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211 or E-mail to hustler@lfp.com. Include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication.

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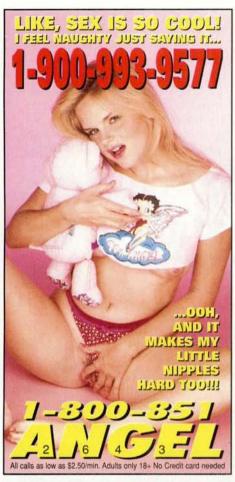
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-Jim Kohls, President, 11/6/97















ROTTEN TO THE WHORE

Do any of you other HUSTLER readers frequent prostitutes? If so, I'm sure you'll relate when I say most ladies of the night have seen better days. The hookers in my fair city look like overweight, heavily made-up senior citizens strung out on crack. You don't even want to know what their cracks look like.

Bunny, on the other hand, was a pleasantly fresh surprise. I first saw her at 3 a.m., chomping a wad of Bazooka gum on a rough street corner. She was blond and short—two of my favorite types. Not much in the chest area, but nobody's perfect. Increasingly aware of the swelling below my belt, I pulled over and offered the pint-size prostitute a ride.

Once we arrived at the fleabag hotel Bunny recommended, I examined my date in the harsh, fluorescent lighting. Her skin was astoundingly smooth and rosy. Painted lips pouted beneath a button nose and wide, blue eyes. Bunny's high, round forehead reminded me of the Gerber baby, which gave me pause-what if this adorable cocksucker was underage? You'll be glad to know she presented me with two perfectly valid forms of identification, both of which cited her date of birth as November 1, 1979.

Relieved, I dragged Bunny into a sleazy room with bullet holes in the wall and threw her onto the stained mattress. The sounds of a violent dispute between a young married couple

"Don't worry, mister," Bunny cooed, stroking my hard-on. My meat loaf looked enormous in her miniature palm. "You're the first customer I've ever been with." Having said as much, Bunny led me by the shank to the heavenly interiors of her girlish treasure. Normally, I wouldn't even consider unsafe sex with a whore, but something about the wonder in Bunny's eyes made me want to believe. I gasped as our intimate skins made first contact.

"Holy shi-I mean, goodness," I hissed through clenched teeth. That was one piping-hot honeypot! Bunny may have been the owner of the hottest, tightest pussy ever to engulf my trouser snake. She didn't move much beneath me, but she didn't have to. I was already on the brink of climax! Somehow, I had to calm down and cherish

The fighting next door struck me as a better distraction than my old standby, baseball scores (what with all those balls and home runs and dugouts). It seems the wife is a traitorous bitch who sneaks off while the little mister is passed out, drunk. Although she denied the accusations, he heard that she fucks every person of color in town. Wouldn't you know that I recognized the lying slut's voice: Big Vera, who works Martin (continued on page 41)



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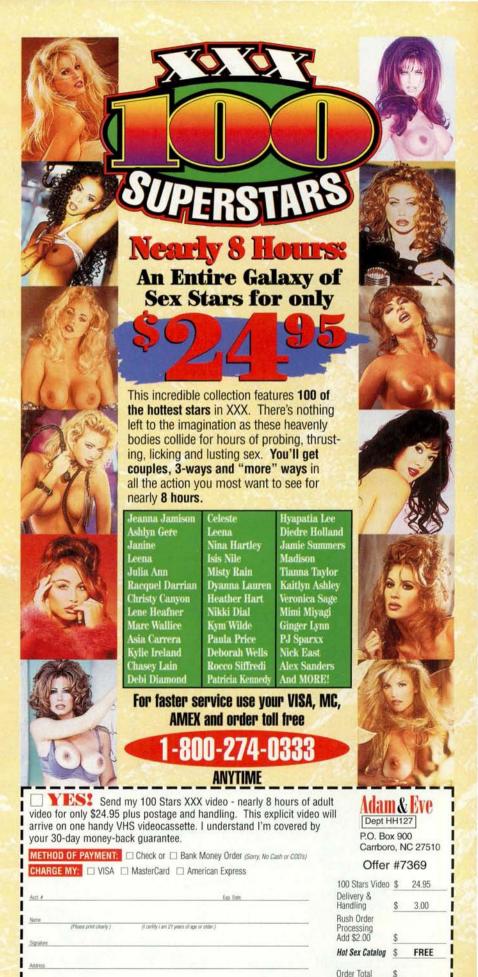
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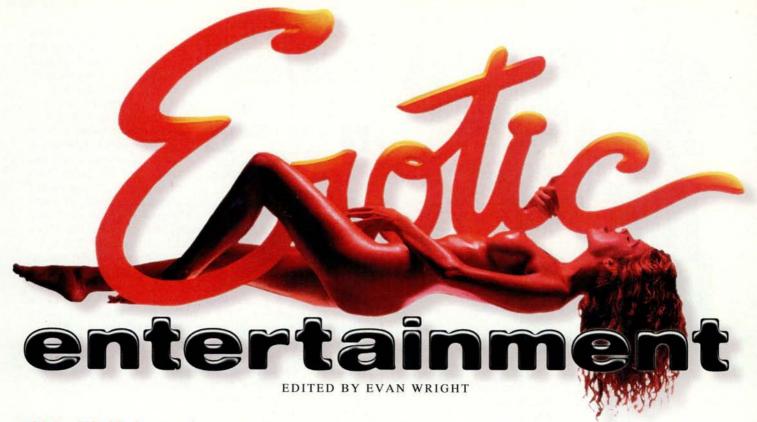
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Skin XI: Unbound



FULLY ERECT



Directed by Toshi Gold; starring Toni James, Nikita, Raylene, Alyssa Love, Carlie, Timber, Stephanie Swift, Ember Haze, John West, Jay Ashley, Mickey G., Frank Towers and George Auston.

Videocassette: Eurotique Entertainment.

Fetish rituals abound in Skin. Before sexual intercourse is inflicted on the cast of all-star cunts, they are wrapped in rubber, gently bitchslapped, bound and subjected to a torrent of sadomasochistic psychobabble narrated by a bimbo whose sugary voice brings to mind pink stationery, Is dotted with hearts and a low IQ. Yet, who's to argue with the inherent aesthetic appeal of watching a chick crawl around on the floor with a string of Ping-Pong balls shoved up her hole while she chomps on a meat bone like an obedient mutt? Highresolution videography lovingly captures marble-hard veiners slowly extracted from clinging clam flaps and stuffed down the throats of canine-collared cuties. Gobs of gangbang gonad slop drown the Alice in Wonderland smile of leather-strapsubdued blonde Toni James, and writhing, multihole muff-diving sessions are conducted under the stern tongue of dom fuck goddess Nikita. Skin incites skin rubbed raw.

-Mack Assarian



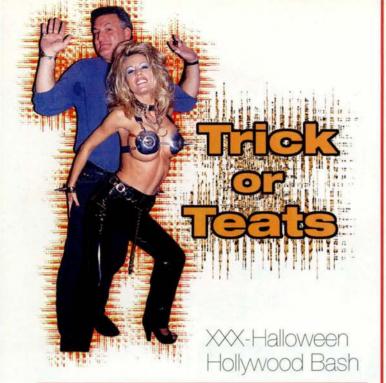
SKIN: West explores Toni James's deep south.



SKIN: Fuck slaves service Nikita.



SKIN: Love tongues Haze's tang.



Outside of Hollywood, California's world-famous Palace Theater a nun stands on the street, begging. The passersby ignore her; some mock her with jeers. The nun tears her habit open and flashes her titties.

"Please give me a ticket!" she pleads. "Whose dick do I have to suck to get in?"

The nun is among hundreds of costumed Halloween revelers whom fire marshals have locked out of the *Adult Video News* Halloween Ball on the night of October 28.

Inside the theater, more than 1,500 regular slobs have taken advantage of the opportunity to shell out 50 bucks apiece and mingle with their favorite drunk sluts of XXX fame.

On the stage, Jenna Jameson emcees interminable entertainments that include earsplitting rock from a band fronted by Dyanna Lauren, porn-bitch dance routines, a costume contest and a cocksucking competition inflicted on bananas.



Scantily clad sirens in the backstage dressing room calm jittery nerves by chatting about friends.

"Did you see how fat Jenna looks in that horrible costume?" one tart sneers to another.

Jenna enters, and the tarts shower her with affectionate kisses, squealing, "You look great!"

"My doctor says I can't butt-fuck for 45 days," a kitty-cat-costumed cunt whispers to a gal pal. "I tore my sphincters doing a double anal last week."

Fans are disappointed by the "no nipples" dress code strictly enforced by Palace security, and many attempt to inflate their money's worth by slapping the ass cheeks of passing X-rated entertainers, who shriek and wiggle like indignant virgins. Other professional skanks, senses dulled by the plentiful supply of intoxicants, greet fans with wobbly grins and perform simulated sex acts on beer bottles and dildos culled from their purses.

Joey Buttafucco arrives like a mythic folk hero. "Ay!" the celebrated felon shouts to adoring mooks. "When I saw the crowd, I told the limo driver to pull over so I could party."

Someone asks Buttafucco if he's still working at the famed Rainbow Room as manager. He allows that he's currently "between employment," then whips his head as a trollop in a Pippi Longstocking outfit catches his attention by childishly slurping on a lollipop.

The event's only hard-core entertainment occurs when a shitfaced fan staggers to a sugary tramp dressed as Little Bo Peep and attempts to sodomize her stuffed sheep.

Mila spears Farrah with banana.

The Buttmaster Goes Around the World



THREE-QUARTERS ERECT



Directed by Buttmaster; starring Reggie, Suzanna, Maria Mihaela, Beata, Elena, Franciska, Melinda, Francesco Malcom, Philip Dean, Zoli Cowboy, Corrado, and Mike Foster. Videocassette: Xcel.

The Buttmaster Goes Around the World proves that the synthetically inflated teases of the San Fernando Valley who infect contemporary porn are only a small and largely unworthy sample of the international contingency of camera-ready poon. While a few of the Euro whores bear beavers as butchered as the English they stutter, the opening pool scene with Corrado and Elena is reminiscent of a dog show in the way Malcom and Philip Dean digitally explore their lovely entrees without regard for the living beings that might be attached. Same for the prodding of bubble-butt, busty Suzanna, whose Indian forehead dot doubles as a boff bull's-eye. The Buttmaster may have bit Buttman's schtick, but a snotshooting schween knows no dif--Steve Slauson ference.

Deep Throat: The Quest Begins

Ĵ

TOTALLY LIMP



Directed by Bud Lee; starring Ashley Renee, Angelica de la Sol, Jill Kelly, Cannibal, Anna Amore, Taylor Maide, Monte, J. R. Carrington, Karime, Nikki Lee, Diamond LaRocce, Diva Starr, Anthony Crane, Jim Sparks, Thomas Zupko, Brian Surewood, Jay Stone, Billy Glide, Steve Hatcher, Jake Steed, Jay Ashley, Eric Price, Alex Sanders, Steve Austin, George S., J. J. Michaels and William Margold. Videocassette: Arrow Productions.

If the sight of a bored skank munching on a half-hard hard-on while an aging, bloviating, obese man, convincingly played by William Margold, continually thrusts his sagging jowls over

her cancer sacks in order to spew verbal turds at those who might be listening is considered good porn, then Deep Throat is great. Stuffed-stack blonde Jill Kelly makes a promising entrance. Gyrating her mams and spewing saliva from her kisser, she performs an artful tongue dance down to the root of a male counterpart's chud, but the director's perfect eve for spoiling the self fucker's fun prevails. He places Margold's mustachioed mug atop Kelly's torso as she takes a wad splatter across her belly. Seeing Margold's silly, egocentric grin within firing range of a spurting putz has definite comic potential, but does any jackoff, aside from Margold himself. really want to see a XXX in which the old, fat relic's face supplants the main attraction? Deep Throat leaves chickens unchoked.

Ben Dover's English Asscapades



THREE-QUARTERS ERECT



Directed by Steve Perry; starring Michelle, Janna, Nicole, Isabelle, Monika, David Perry, Ben Dover, Bob Scott and Mike. Videocassette: VCA.

Ben Dover's unrestrained molestation of a pole-humping Pole's divine twin-milk-bubble bum in the final scene of English Asscapades provokes a dichotomy of dizzying arousal and crippling depression. What lives did this man save to deserve such pleasure? the viewer is forced to ask himself while enviously beating his meat rod. "I can die happy now," the fortunate Limey mocks as he slides his digits into drumtight booty after drum-tight booty. Perhaps this display of unconditional back-door consent is reward for a film well done. Rough ass-reamings, double-dick blowjobs by busty Cockney cocksuckers and satisfactory guerrilla tactics are just a few reasons English Asscapades makes us want to reach through the screen and shake Dover's hairy palm...and then strangle the lucky bastard.



BUTTMASTER: Suzanna, dot-head sex deviant.



DEEP THROAT: Carrington plays doubles.



BEN DOVER: Monika and Isabelle pile smiles.

The Nice, the Naughty and the Bad



HALF ERECT



Directed by Michael Zen; starring Chasey Lain, Jeanna Fine, Jill Kelly, Tom Byron, Steven St. Croix, Tony Tedeschi, Joey Silvera and Bobby Vitale. Videocassette: Vivid Film.

There are few things purely good in this world. Chasey Lain, with her clothes off and a cock stuffed in her minx face, comes close to pure goodness. Unfortunately, The Nice, the Naughty and the Bad is merely humdrum. It should be better. Chasey Lain is everywhere. Lain kneels, lights up the screen with her dazzling blue eyes and tenderly suckles Tom Byron's ball sac; Lain pivots her slender hips atop a pool table and generously bestows upon old wheezer Joey Silvera a long, sloppy chew on her bubblegum snatch; Lain squeezes satiny, saline-pumped orbs together and mercifully assists a bloodpetrified prong in its urgent mission to unload a heavy burden of splork onto her fruit-candy nerps. What's the trouble in this paradise of Chasey Lain? The camera persistently veers into dick-deflating, designer-underwear-commercial views of sweaty male torsos. The Nice, the Naughty and the Bad is a little bit homo. -M, A.

Coed Cocksuckers II



THREE-QUARTERS ERECT



Directed by Matt Zane; starring Jazz, Teacher, Lea Erikson, Nellie, Nikki Neals, Solveig, Vanessa, Lil' Cinderella, Georgiana, Nenehva, Dee and Macy.

Videocassette: Zane Productions.

The teachers in Coed Cocksuckers like to inspect the gullets of their wide-eyed pupils using the same technique cops use on crack dealers who might be hiding rocks under their tongue. Once the toothy, pink orifices are stretched wide and-for some delightfully perverse reason-measured, advanced penile suction ensues. Each student attacks her veiny assignment with a viscous enthusiasm that conveys the old classroom adage, "Learning is fun." Frothy facials close each scene, and absolutely no vaginal or anal penetration is even hinted at during any point in the film. Even without the graphic nudity so many demand from pornography, Coed Cocksuckers II and its three-camera vantage somehow comes through where it countsright between the peepers.

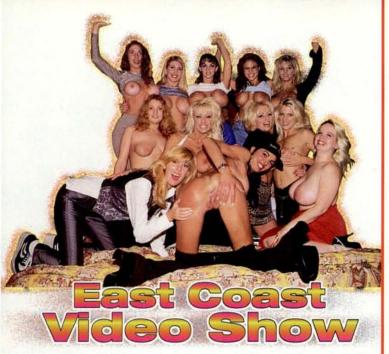




THE NICE: Lain feeds Silvera a fuzzy slice.



COED COCKSUCKERS: Nellie crams for fellatio exam.



Is Adult Entertainment Growing Up?

The East Coast Video Show, held October 7 through 9, in Atlantic City, New Jersey, was an occasion for filth-video manufacturers to trumpet themselves as responsible corporate citizens.

Futuristic exhibition booths at the Atlantic City Convention Center touted porn's growing sophistication as an "Internet services provider."

Suckers who jammed the midway in search of lewdly acting-out porn sluts were instead offered information seminars about the new comprehensive health-insurance plan for adult entertainers.

The only prurient thrills offered were found at Topco Sales' shining display of HUSTLER-endorsed rubber vaginas and plastic fuck toys.

Did the confab signal an end to the adult industry's glory days as the refuge of video con artists and cocksucking, nympho hussies?

The filth exhibitors' dream of passing themselves off as normal businessmen was shattered by the arrival of pint-size blond hellion Mila.

Mila observed the rampant boredom in the convention center. The high-spirited sex maniac launched a frontal assault. Grunting defiantly at horrified security personnel, Mila exposed her oft-traveled clam and digitally aroused herself into a fury. To delight witnesses, Mila squirted onlookers with vaginal fluids reputed to be female G-spot ejaculate.

Mila boldly spread her legs and invited all comers to cop a feel in her sodden gash and take home the gift of free stink finger.

"Are you sure it's not piss?" a skeptical schlub wondered after thumbing her dribbling orifice.

Piss or cunt slop, Mila departed the floor, leaving behind a powerful whiff of reality.

Patriotic sluts Tammy Dukes and Shyla Raine.



Private Stash



Directed by Matt Zane; starring Jacklyn, Jenifer, Jasmine, Sarah, Brittany, and Drop Tommy. Videocassette: Zane Productions.

A groundbreaking work in the canon of American folk art known as fuck videos, Private Stash may be the first that dares to present a male lead who never fully achieves wood. Throughout, a lone porn-stud aspirant wields a semitumescent dough stick that only manages to stay upright when his hand squeezes the base. Only medical science can explain how a man's manhood could fail in the presence of some of the juiciest young tramps ever to appear in a XXX. Sarah, a shy, mallripened brunette with a timid, overbite smile, cream-fed buds and a caboose like a porcelain bell could easily pass as Rebecca Lord's baby sister or daughter. Her naive face proves the ideal target for a thick, gooey load from the dude's wobbly, half-turgid tool. Any doubts that the ginches are as cherry as they seem? Check out apprentice slut Jacklyn's crying jag during the initial plunge into her virgin poop chute. The Xrated innocents of Private Stash earn high marks, despite the costar's low-standing member.

-M.A.

The Streets of New York Volume 7

J

TOTALLY LIMP

Directed by Neville Chambers; starring Heather Fields, Angelique, Vivienne, Christy Lake, Ray, Sebastian, Frank James and Jessie James. Videocassette: Pleasure Productions.

The Streets of New York is a whirlwind tour of some of Gotham's filthiest nooks and crannies, hosted by the lowlifes who dare to shove their penises inside of them. An aged turd named Ray and director Neville Chambers scurry through empty

back alleys, trashy bleach-blond floozies in tow, occasionally pausing to whip out a naughty part when the coast is clear. Unfortunately, the amateur exhibitionists and cowardly director clam up at the sound of a passing truck or curious onlooker. At one point, a blueballed Ray sheds his derby, rubs his liverspotted scalp and remarks, "This is so frustrating." If it's frustrating for a guy in his 60s to fuck girls half his age with all the bedroom savvy of an injured manatee, imagine what it's like to watch. Stay off The Streets of New York and get a room.

-S. S.

College Co-Ed Cuties



HALF ERECT



Directed by Chuck Martino; starring Emily, Teri Starr, Holli Woods, Lil' Cinderella, Rob King, Dick Nasty, Steve Hatcher, Seth Gecko and Tony Martino. Videocassette: Sunshine Films.

The sparkling, sperm-siphoning smiles of the wiggly twists posing as students in College Co-Ed Cuties go some way in making up for the grotesque specimens of subhuman manhood viewers are forced to observe coupling them. A bald chunk ass with bizarre, floppy tits who mates with zaftig blonde Teri Starr in the opening scene resembles a botched gene experiment that escaped from the lab before scientists could kill it. Starr placates the monstrous tit freak by massaging his engorged proboscis with the back of her throat before he spews suspect genetic material across her kisser. Holli Woods, the pixie-face Bettie Page brunette with gravity-defying wobblies, and pneumatic, tinselhaired Emily each mash genitalia with beasts less gruesome; and scrawny fuck kitten Lil' Cinderella satisfies with a sunny, poolside schtupping that ends with a pleasant spray of testicle scum to her sandy-tufted snizz. First-class sluts prevent College Co-Ed Cuties from flunking.

-M.A.

In Your Dreams



ONE-QUARTER ERECT ~

Directed by Ralf Scott; starring Dalila, Dolores, Silvia Saint, Katarina Martinez, Dolly Golden, Philip Dean, Marc Barrow, David Strong, Jean Philip Demont, Reinhard, Jeen Michel, Robert Rosen and Zenza Raggi. Videocassette: X-CEL.

Any thinking connoisseur of fine porn raises a suspicious eyebrow when the opening scene of a production features unproven cinematic elements, such as dialogue and plot development. This risky facade of In Your Dreams somehow gives way to a Latino love-in with Silvia Saint and Katarina Martinez and incorporates a double entry of a flabby bleach blonde. Dalila eventually endures the same treatment, but Ralf Scott's chunky cast could benefit from a Stairmaster or a few fistfuls of FenPhen. The camera drifts helplessly away from what could be compelling erotic contortions, and it isn't until Dalila takes a blindfolded goo shower that the viewer feels vaguely sated. In Your Dreams isn't so much pornography as it is chubby, naked people reluctantly copulating.



COLLEGE CO-ED CUTIES: Emily, A-hole student.



IN YOUR DREAMS: Michel grabs a handful of Dalila.



STREETS: Lake as street tramp.



PRIVATE STASH: Look Who's Porking, Brittany's XXX debut.

STROKER'S GUIDE

A quick checklist of features reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER and HUSTLER EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE.



The Adventures of Peeping Tom 6 (Odyssey Group Video) Toni James, Liza Harper, Peter North

Blue Dahlia (Cal Vista Pictures) Misty Rain, Shyla Foxox, Tommy Gunn

Creme de la Face #18 (Odyssey Group Video)
Delfin, Sunny Day, Rodney Moore

L.A. Lust (VCA)

Helen Duval, Stacy Valentine, Mark Davis

Surrender (Skintight/Apex) Chloe, Missy, Mickey G.



Butt Slammers #15: Unrelenting Anal Lust (Bruce Seven Productions) Roxanne Hall, Caressa Savage, Johnni Black

Everybody Wants Some 3 (Exquisite Pleasures)
Taren Steele, Jill Kelly, Julie Rage

Fountains of Innocence (VCA) Taren Steele, Juli Ashton, Billy Glide

Home Grown Video Volume 471 (Xplor Media) Panda, Carrie, Josh

Lotus (Vivid Video) Kobe Tai, Suzi Suzuki, Jon Dough

Private Stories 23 (Private Video) Melissa Hill, Monique, Helena

HALF EREC

America's 10 Most Wanted (Odyssey Group Video) Margo Stevens, Jill Kelly, Peter Romero

Anal Holiday (VCA) Nici Sterling, Roxanne Hall, Kyle Stone

Anal Virgins #4 (New Sensations)

Kimi Ji, Bella Donna, Dave Hardman Jenna's Revenge: Till Death Do

Us Part (Wicked Pictures)
Jenna Jameson, Jill Kelly, Eric Price

Sex Files 1 (Xplor Media) Anita Dark, Anita Blonde, Tim Lake

Wet Dreams (Nasty Pixxx)
Rebecca Lord, Stephanie Swift, Michael J. Cox

ONE-QUARTER ERECT

Pussyman Takes Hollywood (Odyssey Group Video) Caressa Savage, Summer Knight, Nick East

Raw Footage (VCA)
Kelly O'Dell, Nico Treasures, Alex Sanders

Video Virgins #35 (New Sensations) Shay Sweet, Katie Gold, Billy Glide

Viewpoint (Vivid Film) Chasey Lain, Kirsty Waay, Bobby Vitale

Wicked Weapon (Wicked Pictures) Jenna Jameson, Jeanna Fine, Mike Horner

TOTALLY LIMP

The Gift (Femme Productions)
Shanna McCullough, Micki Lynn, Mark Davis

Screwed (Headlock Films)
Al Goldstein, Ron Jeremy, Leena

Totally Depraved 2 (Sin City) Sindee Coxx, Mila, Mr. Marcus

Twisted Tramps



ONE-QUARTER ERECT



Directed by Brian "Cheeks" Williams; starring Kimberly Jade, Shay Sweet, Katie Gold, Obsession, Timber, Pearl Essence, Stoney Curtis, Kyle Stone, Sledge Hammer and Dave Hardman. Videocassette: Wet Video.

Shay Sweet and Katie Gold look like the kind of Bible Belt sluts who might spontaneously pleasure themselves with an ear of corn midway though an after-Sunday-school havride. Nothing so visually enthralling takes place in Twisted Tramps, but the two youngsters do mix shit up in an all-redneck threesome with Stoney Curtis that makes the nurturing palm fucker wonder where these two young hussies lost their way. The chocolatebrown lovely Obsession dribbles her firm, black bootie on Sledge Hammer's hardwood midcourt with the experience of Wilt Chamberlain, while pudgy Asian Pearl Essence catches a nice, fat chum on her flat mug. Kyle Stone cornholes a sick-looking Kimberly Jade, and Timber takes a rimming that makes her silicone teats warp with delight. Tramps? Definitely. Twisted? Occasionally. One-quarter erect? Just barely.

Temporary Positions



HALF ERECT



Directed by Toni English; starring Janine, Laura Palmer, Shanna McCullough, Stephanie Swift, Johnni Black, Kyle Stone, Tricia Devereaux, J. J. Michaels and Vince Vouyer. Videocassette: Vivid Films.

Temporary Positions offers the uniformly slick and glossy stylization that has made Vivid Films famous as a purveyor of porn lite. Creamy, blemishless and ideally formed female bodies are depicted in various states of copulation; the fuckers appear no more lifelike than beautiful, airbrushed dolls. The would-be



TWISTED TRAMPS: Sweet and Gold, end-to-end trollops.



TEMPORARY POSITIONS: McCullough serves hole to dick.

jerkoff's attention wanders. Why does Tricia Devereaux shave her pubes in the shape of a bat wing? Why doesn't Janine break down and, for once, press her synthetically sweet lips onto a

deserving dong? Why not mine? Gashes, gullets and the odd shit pipe are piled deep with spurting choads, but *Temporary Positions* provides short-lived stimulation.

-M.A

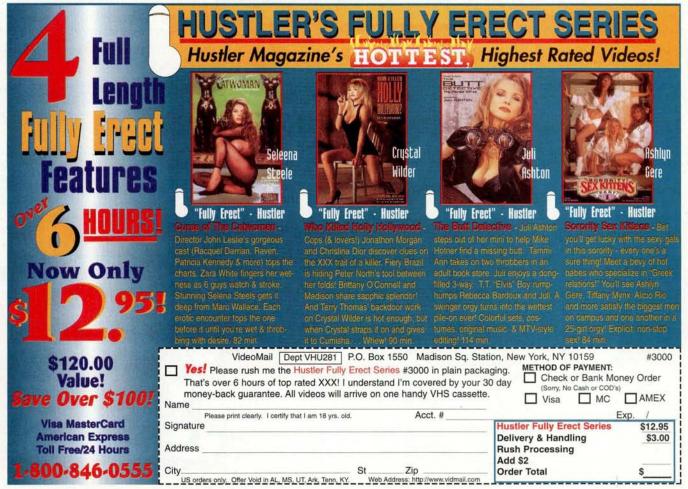
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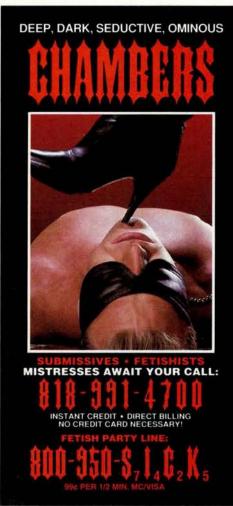
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(continued from page 31)

Hot Letters I was distracted by the place she put her finger—right on my butthole! Maybe Bunny fibbed about her lack of experience, or maybe she was simply a dirty girl.

Luther King Boulevard! Boy, if her alcoholic hubby only knew the treatment I gave Vera last month. I stuck her head in the toilet and.. Jesus! Remembering my half hour with Vera had me ready to goo all over again.

Beneath me, Bunny asked, "Feels good, doesn't it, baby?" Something about her calling me baby seemed ironic, but I couldn't put my finger on it. Besides, I was distracted by the place she put her finger-right on my butthole! Maybe Bunny fibbed about her lack of experience, or maybe she was simply a dirty girl. The leer that curled across her beestung lips would suggest the latter. I picked up the pace of our loin lock with great caution.

"Don't let me hurt you, sweet thing," I pleaded. "I want to make your first time an experience you'll always cherish." Bunny reacted by bucking her hips like a blender set to PULVERIZE.

Quite frankly, I was frightened to thrust using any considerable force. She was just so small and cute. The point was moot after Bunny whispered three magic words in my ear: "Shoot that scum!" Nasty talk gets me every time, especially from a teenage tart with her finger between my cheeks. I gushed gallons into Bunny's viselike hole. It's amazing that a young girl's nonny can hold so much scum!

I've asked around for Bunny since that night, but none of the working girls remember her. Bunny was just too beautiful and wonderful for such a cold, callous world. -J. M.

Long Island, New York

POT LUCKY

I've got this chick friend named Eunice. A very nice gal, fun to hang out with... but not so fun to look at. Her face is no treat. We're talking about a giant schnoz that looks like someone built a pyramid above her upper lip; Coke-bottle glasses; stringy hair; and a mole on her left cheek that's more reminiscent of the Wicked Witch than of Cindy Crawford.

Eunice does possess a totally smoking bod, if you make it down that far. Nice titties and a plump yet firm pooper. There's not an ounce of fat on Eunice in the wrong place—except for that ten pounds of ugly fat above her shoulders. Tragically, this puts Eunice in the double-bagger category, a category I'm careful not to fuck. Hey, my girlfriend makes Pamela Anderson look like a shriveled cunt who had all the pretty fucked out of her.

I will stop by Eunice's apartment on Thursday nights for our weekly Cheech and Chong festival. We're both really into the stoned antics of those lovably moronic comedians-who, coincidentally, my girlfriend can't stand. The old lady isn't jealous about me and Eunice hanging out alone, because she knows I'd rather slip it in my granddad's butt crack. Under normal circumstances, that is.

Last week, Eunice procured some particularly amazing weed. My eyes could barely focus on Cheech and Chong's Next Movie. I started to think there was something wrong with the television. I reached out for the large vertical and horizontal controls. They turned out to be a different pair of knobs—Eunice's nipples! Turns out, I was staring at her tits the entire evening. Talk about a boob tube.

Eunice didn't mind that I was twisting her nerps. In fact, the twin pokers grew gargantuan beneath her VISUALIZE WORLD PEACE T-shirt. I was visualizing a piece of Eunice's perfect rearend. Oh, God, what was I thinking? A perfectly hot slice of grade-A poontang awaited me at home, and here I salivated over a ground-chuck vagina. Maybe if I smoked another bag of wacky weed, my libido would decrease-just like the doctors and researchers say.

Well, those so-called experts are full of shit. To my stoned confusion and horror, a raging hard-on had wandered into my shorts! The rigid visitor took control of the rest of my body. I could no longer restrain myself from unpeeling Eunice's jeans and diving for her adorable, flaxen muff.

"Christ," sighed Eunice, setting aside her bong to dig her fingernails into my scalp. "I wondered how long it would take you to break down and lick my snatch. Frankly, I thought you might be a homo. You know how you're always commenting on hot chicks when we're in public? That's a sign of I don't know if I mentioned Eunice's irritating tendency to talk incessantly. Thank God, my accomplished cunnilingual technique turns any woman's prattle into incoherent moaning.

I lifted Eunice's privates to my mouth by squeezing that delectable bottom. Damn, those were plush cushions. She tasted sweet for such a bowwow. My tongue followed a nearly imperceptible treasure trail up to Eunice's navel; soon I was suckling her bazooms like a happy, marijuana-addled infant. I may have called her Mama. I'm still not sure if I said it out loud or just thought it to



"When I try to do that, they run the hose on me!"













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Hot Letters Unfortunately, when a week went by, and the half-tone Casanova didn't call, I grew depressed and used a broken Bic Pen to carve his name in my belly.

myself. For the most part, I concentrated on my love of a good mammary in the mouth.

Eunice took my prick in her hand and guided me to home base. The first six inches sank into her hungry pussy with ease; a loud, squishy eruption broke the silence of our sexual tension. She had a nice suction effect down there. I'll bet she does voni exercises. Lots of ugly chicks can do conch tricks. Another shared characteristic is bowsers like it in the can. In order to take better aim at her browneve-and avoid looking at her face-I subtly maneuvered Eunice with each thrust of my groin until she was facedown in a beanbag chair. Without further ado, I popped out of her beaver and into her butt.

"Unnngh," cried Eunice, biting her finger to keep from screaming. I took Eunice on a psychedelic anal adventure she'll never forget. At one point, she paused from pumping to take a quick bong hit. Then she used the water pipe's length as a smoking dildo! She rode the cylinder to a screaming climax.

I didn't spew my load for another half hour or so, as I was distracted by Cheech and Chong. I kept plugging Eunice's rectum while I cracked up at the on-screen hilarity. Later, Eunice told me she achieved 17 orgasms and couldn't sit down for a week! She's even considering a visit to the proctologist; Eunice believes I somehow weakened her sphincter muscles, although she refused to elaborate.

I might start dating Eunice. Hey, my girlfriend won't even let me stick my tongue in her ass. And she doesn't like Cheech and Chong!

—M. S.

Marion, Ohio

SELF ABUSE

Sometimes I do weird shit that freaks out my boyfriends, and they never come back. For instance, I went through a phase of burning my arms and chest with matches. Thankfully, that chest houses two delectable, D-cup milk sacks, or I'd never hold on to a guy for longer than the time it takes to pop a load.

You're probably thinking the same thing my disgustingly perky, blond roommate, Suzanne, always says: "Why not check out the S&M scene and settle down with a nice, dominant, Jewish boy?" Sorry, but fat, balding businessmen at the local dungeon hold no interest for me. Ritual abuse is too structured. And inflicting pain upon myself is half the fun. And anyway, three of my rumpy-pumpy partners have fucked Suzanne behind my back.

Recently, however, I met an absolute hunk who understands how to ignite this masochist's panty pilot light. The love machine is a mulatto bank teller by the name of Rico. Rico possesses the best possible qualities of his parents' gene pools: his mother's European facial features and his father's amber horse cock. Of all the physical traits that make Rico such a pleasurable fuck toy, my favorite must be his giant hands. Those massive mitts are the perfect size for spanking my lily-white behind during doggy-style.

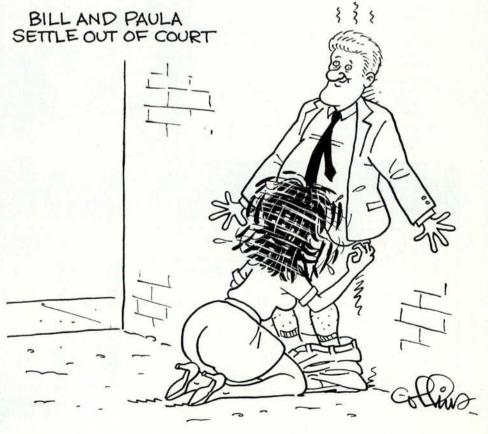
Rico first approached me at a local pharmacy. He noticed my cart was full of iodine. I, in turn, pointed out that Rico's purchases were limited to condoms and K-Y Jelly...hardly surprising selections for such a high-caliber stud. Instead of being embarrassed, Rico threw back his dreadlocked head and laughed uproariously. Apparently, the bank's president doesn't like to be seen buying supplies for his lunchtime trysts at the No-Tell Motel. Lucky Rico receives an extra 100 bucks each time he plays delivery boy.

I don't know if Rico's philandering boss got lucky that afternoon, but I did. After ten minutes of chitchat as we stood in the pharmacy's checkout line, Rico and I were hot and bothered beyond belief. We rushed out to the parking lot and jumped each other's bones in my station wagon.

Rico borrowed a few precious drops of the president's K-Y to lube my bunghole, which he digitally explored while cock-cramming my steamy pussy. The intensity of our lovemaking eventually caught the ear of a withered old security guard, who actually had the gall to throw a bucket of cold water on Rico's back. As if the two of us were no better than dogs in heat! I swear, it's a black thing; when I bang Caucasian guys in public, nobody seems to mind.

For days, I thought of nothing but Rico. The way he grunted and groaned on top of me. The way sweat fell from his brow and splattered onto my ecstatically contorted face. The way his other salty bodily fluids found their way to my visage. I felt truly happy and saw no need to mutilate myself. Unfortunately, when a week went by, and the half-tone Casanova didn't call, I grew depressed and used a broken Bic Pen to carve his name in my belly.

Speak of the devil, and his cocoa-colored ass jumps right up: Rico and I bumped into each other at an automated-teller machine the day after my ballpoint-tattoo session. All I could think about



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Hot Letters I reached between my legs for the piercing that adorns my clitoral hood. It's a silver stud, specially fitted with two sharp points that deliver excruciating jolts of pain when properly twisted.

was making another spermy withdrawal from his deposit bag. To my thong-soaking delight, Rico explained that he wanted to call me, but Ma Bell pulled his plug due to phone-sex bills. The dusky dreamboat begged for an opportunity to prove he was not all talk. I took Rico back to my apartment, hoping Suzanne would be out for her Wednesday-night encounter group.

The sex gods must have been on my side, because Rico and I came home to an empty bachelorette pad. We promptly relaxed on the futon. I then unzipped Rico's fly.

"I know a gracious hostess would offer you a snack," I purred upon freeing Rico's light-brown saber. "But I've got to help myself to your Oreo cookie." One noisy gulp later, and Rico's fuzzy scrotum tickled my chin.

"Suck out that creamy filling," he whispered, running calloused fingers through my hair. Maybe excessive masturbation made his hands so rough. I pondered his bumpy palms as they traveled from the back of my neck to my arched spine. Rico lifted my skimpy top and mauled my fat boobs. Upon brushing against my washboard stomach, his manual explorations came to an abrupt halt.

I continued slurping Rico's tart dong as if nothing was out of the ordinary. A hot, sucking mouth and butterfly tongue weren't enough to distract the man attached to the oversized johnson from reading my tummy like braille.

Rico muttered, "What the...." Even with an 11-inch, veiny focal point causing my eyes to cross, I could see realization dawn across Rico's face. He smiled and said, "Damn, that's touching. No bitch ever cut herself up for me before." It could have been the thrill of penis battering my tonsils, but I swear my heart skipped a beat. Finally, a guy who wasn't freaked out by some measly bloodletting! Now my soul could share the contentment of my loins—right after Rico sliced open my labia with his beefy scalpel.

Displaying brute force, Rico flipped me onto my bare, scarred stomach and tore off my skirt. An evening chill bristled across my exposed bottom. Soon the cheeks were heated by Rico's playful slaps. I wriggled underneath the sexy spanking, growing wetter each time a warm sting shot up my spine.

"Give it to me hard, and make it last," I instructed my futonmate. "Let's make up for being so rudely interrupted last time." Rock-hard cock seared my twat; I screamed every bit as loud as my first sexual experience in the men's restroom

of McDonald's. Being on all fours gave me the proper position to nestle my red, burning bum against Rico's abdomen. I savored the sensation of a womb stuffed to the bursting point, then gyrated upon his joint.

Once the two of us had a good rhythm going, I reached between my legs for the piercing that adorns my clitoral hood. It's a silver stud, specially fitted with two sharp points that deliver excruciating jolts of pain when properly twisted. Believe me, I have a down-pat diddling method that supplies the perfect balance of agony and ecstasy. While my sugar walls expanded and contracted with each plunge of Rico's member, my nubbin was vanked to blood-engorged attention. This was the kind of coupling that makes my legs weak; after ten minutes of being slammed from behind, I collapsed under the weight of Rico.

He gasped, "Oh, no you don't," and pulled me by the hair into a kneeling position. Both of his wonderfully abrasive hands cupped my knockers. I turned my head to plant a deep soul kiss on Rico, who pistoned with newfound vigor. Before returning to mangle my clit, I danced a few fingers across Rico's nuts. They were slick with a potent brew of perspiration and pussy juice. At least,

that's what it smelled like a few hours later when I sniffed my hand.

Abruptly, the wet, fleshy sac in my palm twitched and leaped to life. I knew what that meant—Rico was ready to pop his mess. Since I don't believe in birth control, I practiced my own unique brand of contraception: I grabbed Rico's convulsing johnson, positioned myself underneath and jerked the spewing daddy load upon my gut.

"Fuuuck," cried Rico, his sperm blasting onto the crudely carved letters of his own name. By aiming his nozzle, I employed Rico's gland as a makeshift white crayon. The jizz burned like hell as it oozed inside my unhealed crevices.

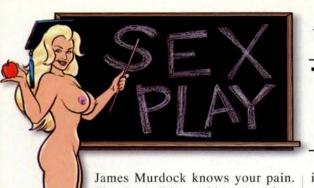
When Suzanne came home, I invited her to join in. It felt fantastic to have my love button cruelly clamped between her teeth as my back door painted Rico's manhood a little bit browner. Lately, the urge to cut myself has been replaced by a kind of loving family unit—the kind I never enjoyed as a child. I mean, I enjoy getting fucked by Rico and Suzanne.

—C. T. Romeoville, Illinois

Send your sexperiences to HUSTLER <u>Hot</u> <u>Letters</u>, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.



"Well, hellooo, darlin'!"



Restrictive attitudes in the name of so-called morality increasingly take the fun out of fucking. Through good, old-fashioned homespun knowledge, hearsay, scientific facts and outright lies, this series strives to spread the word that rubbing uglies is a beautiful experience.

That Voodoo That You Do

LEARN THE SCIENTIFIC METHOD FOR BAGGING CHICKS

BY MIKE McPADDEN * ILLUSTRATION BY THE PIZZ

James Murdock knows your pain. The slow-talking, African American bookworm understands how it hurts to long for romantic companionship, to suffer relentless female rejection, to beat one's meat for lack of a partner until it seems the thing may drop off. James Murdock has been there.

But Murdock, with his mouth full of braces and his conversation peppered with references to *Star Trek*, has found a way out. If it worked for him, he maintains, it will work for anyone. James Murdock swears to God he can get you laid.

"It's no trick," the New York City-based behavioral scientist declares. "Better still, it's guaranteed. Any woman you want can, and will, have sex with you, fall in love with you, even marry you."

Murdock conducts daylong seminars in Connection Sciences—fancy language for How to Pick Up Chicks. It's been a lucrative gig for the multiple-degree holder, who makes his main living tweaking corporate productivity as a motivational tactician.

Teaching a scientific approach to scoring snatch has been as much a lesson for him as anything he's imparted to his blueballed disciples.

"I originally called the course Subliminal Seduction," Murdock muses, "but there were some real outthere cases who showed up, desperate to know how they could hypnotize women into being sex zombies."

Since then, Murdock has modified his approach. He starts simple and tries to make it even simpler.

"Right off the bat, forget everything you know," Murdock instructs. "No established means of meeting women can possibly improve your chances with them. If you do get lucky, it's in spite of your efforts. She was attracted to you in the first place. Pickup lines are a joke."

From there, the 30-year-old, martial-arts-trained Murdock turns historian: "Flirting is sure not to work. The entire concept of flirting is 500 years old; men are centuries behind in emotional development."

Weaning one's intended prize from the pretty boys comes by bonding with pleasant associations in a woman's psyche. "Load your body with good feelings; get in the best state of mind," Murdock advises. "Enter her reality; don't try to force her into yours. You have to assess her values, then associate yourself—your face, your voice, your personality—with whatever it is she holds dear.

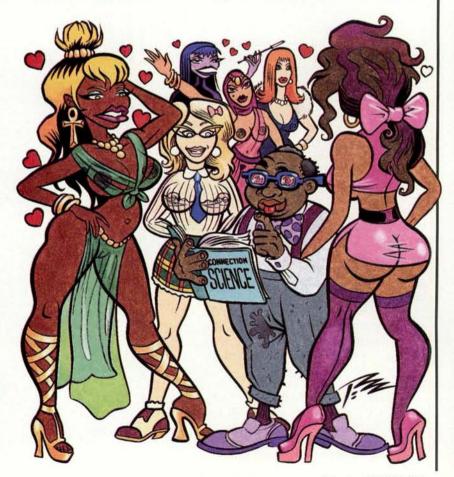
"Women want positive reinforcement, validation of their sexuality. Ask her questions that no one can say no to. I'll give you some examples."

Murdock's molasseslike intonation suddenly drops a few octaves and thickens. "I'll bet you're someone who likes to feel good, aren't you? Wouldn't you like to...feel... good...now?" He stretches the last words out in a methodical baritone. "Bathe a woman with your voice," Murdock croons. "It will plug you into her nervous system. Resonate. Be sensual, flexible. The voice is something everyone can control. By assessing her values and building response potential, you can establish that what she wants is you. Seduction is 10% physical attraction and 90% communication savvy. And remember, there is no rejection, only feedback."

That's it? Just figure out what she's into and pretend you could give half a crap? Cascade her with Barry White-style love sonics? And if at first you don't succeed, go home, jack off and try, try again? This seems to be knowledge that comes as part of a package deal with penis ownership.

Murdock insists otherwise.

"Basically, there are two types who sign up for my courses: nice guys and potential serial killers. Each is clueless





"I warned you about the consequences of all that anal sex in the '60s!"





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Sex Play "I have to tell lots of my clients not to stare at a woman's erogenous zones when they're talking to her. Keep your eyes above her neck, fellas."

because they've been taught wrong. One group is just angrier about it than the other.

"I impart both technological tools and what might seem to be common-sense advice or basic-living skills. On the one hand, I talk about relating to the speed that people move and speak, because you can use that to manipulate female reality. On the other hand, I have to tell lots of my clients not to stare at a woman's erogenous zones when they're talking to her. Keep your eyes above her neck, fellas."

As noted, Murdock does not exactly fit the classic alpha-male ideal; yet he boasts a beautiful girlfriend and speaks of winning over models, actresses, even some pigs—any woman he's set out after.

"I was a nerd," Murdock admits. "I suffered from what I term the Van Gogh Syndrome. That's when a man gets into a friendly, but potentially romantic, relationship with a woman, then satisfies various aspects of her personality—except for the one he wants. She is going to love me for who I am, I used to think, it'll be magic."

Murdock laughs at his naivete. "I wanted to change, and I'd felt enough pain to make the change happen. The men I teach have reached the same threshold; so I'm not only helping nice guys get what they want, hopefully I'm preventing sociopaths from buying a hacksaw and a van, traveling the country in search of fun. Of course, my findings benefit women as well."

One woman who didn't know what to make of James Murdock was Manhattan newspaper reporter Jamie Williams. "I was at work when my boss brought this little black dude over to my desk," the radiantly blond Williams remembers. "He introduced me to James, who was hoping we'd do a story about his covert-seduction technique, and I thought nothing of him.

"Then suddenly, James starts in, saying, 'Wouldn't you like to feel good... now?' I couldn't not pay attention. Intellectually, I knew he was being hokey, but—what can I say?—my pussy got wet."

Murdock chuckles triumphantly at the mention of Ms. Williams. "She was buried in work, and I knew that I was outside the realm of men she's normally attracted to. I like that. It's almost as satisfying as when a woman tells me she has a boyfriend."

There is no question that Murdock talks a good game, but can this geek back it up? I follow Murdock as he trolls for trim in a foreboding subway station.

He sits on a bench, watching a shapely silhouette descending a staircase. A hotas-hell Latina makes her way to the seat next to him. Murdock pretends to read a book. The chick crosses and uncrosses her legs. She turns to Murdock and asks if he has the time. He tells her the time.

A few moments later, she asks him the time again. He puts his book away and gives her more than just the time. "What club are you coming from?" he asks (using cognitive recognition, he reasoned that she'd been at one of the several nearby dance palaces). A half hour later, after a chatty train ride—during which he indeed inquires if she'd like to feel good...now—they exchange business cards. As he tosses the lovely's number in the trash, Murdock chortles, "That was nothing."

There is, of course, the possibility that this gift is Murdock's and Murdock's alone. For Murdock's approach to be valid, his students would have to be successful in applying what he teaches them.

"The whole thing sounded stupid, and I thought I got ripped off," says 35-year-old Johnny Scorpio, "but I've been sneaking little bits of what I learned at the course into the way I talk to girls, and I don't think it's that stupid anymore."

Johnny Scorpio is a freelance writer and self-described pornography addict who dreams of settling down with a wife and family. He attended Murdock's Connection Sciences seminar desiring, naturally, to learn how to hypnotize women into being sex zombies. Scorpio didn't get exactly what he paid for, but he isn't complaining.

At New York's famous honky-tonk strip bar Billy's Topless, Johnny knows all about chatting up nude dancers: just keep the dollars and drinks flowing her way. Tonight, though, Scorpio brandishes covert weaponry in the wake of Murdock's training: social intelligence.

After a few beers and a few socially intelligent lines, Scorpio leaves the club with a girl's phone number.

"That guy is a genius," Scorpio beams. "I owe him a thank-you note."

Murdock decrees that neither Johnny, nor any of his clients, owes him more than their initial tuition fee. "Connection Sciences saved my life, and it is something anyone can learn. All the other so-called relationship experts are selling you a bill of lies. My guys just apply the simple principles of determining a woman's values, attaching themselves to what she loves and continually reinforcing the effort."

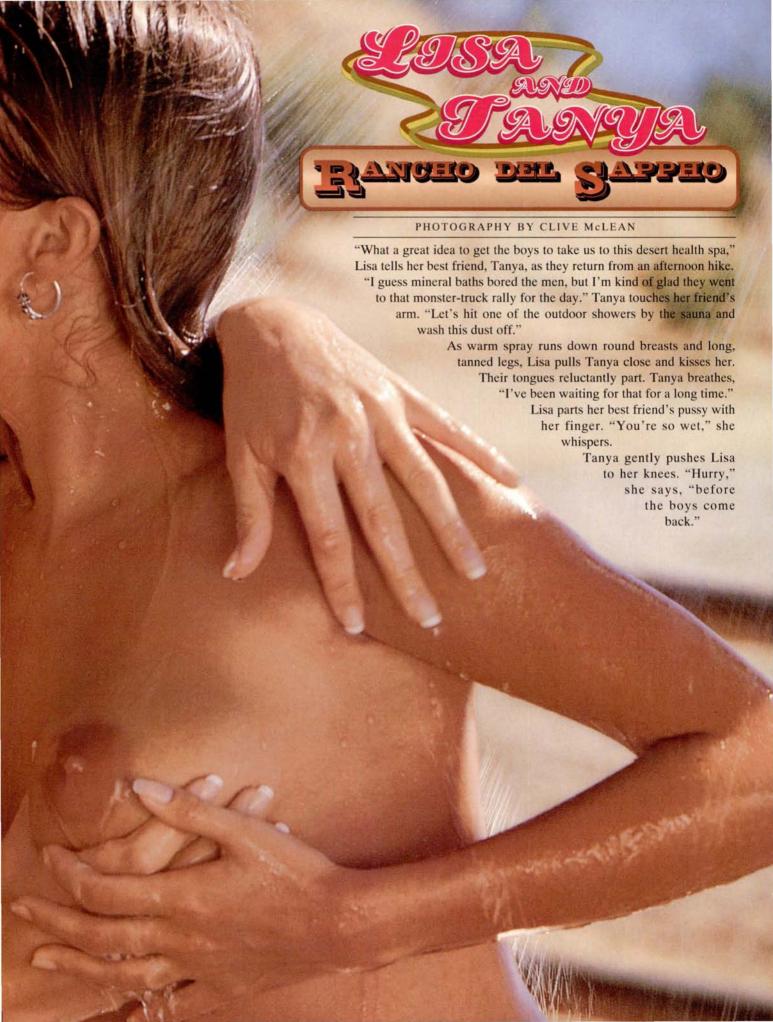
With that, James Murdock slings an arm around his unspeakably beautiful girlfriend. He feels...good...now.

For more information on Connection Sciences, call 1-718-519-0512, or E-mail at mindm2@aol.com.



"Okay! Heads, we'll do the damn foreplay thing; tails, it's straight to Blowjob City!"























WHORE STORIES FROM FIDEL CASTRO'S FANTASY ISLAND

CUBAN PROSTITUTION REPORT BY MACK ASSARIAN PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

"Liberty with bread and without terror" was the slogan of Fidel Castro's revolution when he swept to power in Cuba 38 years ago. Today, Castro's Communist dictatorship is bankrupt. The people are starving, and beautiful girls will open their legs to foreign tourists for a few Yankee dollars. The unspoken slogan of Cuba's dying revolution is, "Every man is a pimp; every woman, a whore."

Americans are forbidden under the Trading With the Enemy Act from entering Cuba, but the law is easily circumvented by flying out of Mexico. I arrive in Havana on an Aero Caribe DC-9, packed with Latin American and European men. Most of them are sex tourists.

Havana's José Martí International Airport represents the government's effort to put on its best face. Welcome to Cuba! reads a sign on the main terminal, a corrugated-steel structure reminiscent of an Iowa tractor barn. The automatic sliding-glass doors are broken. Tourists wrestle the portals open as heavily armed soldiers gaze on with blank, unflinching expressions. Inside the terminal, burnedout lights maintain perpetual gloom in the customs lines. Buckets are scattered across the floor to collect water leaking from holes in the roof.

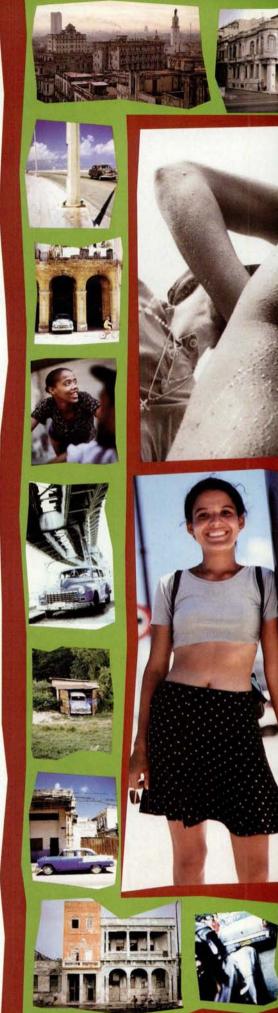
A dozen taxis line up outside the airport, a motley collection of boxy, Soviet-era Ladas and the swoopy, tail-finned American luxocruisers from the 1950s that still thrive on Havana's streets as tribute to the effectiveness of the U.S.-led economic blockade.

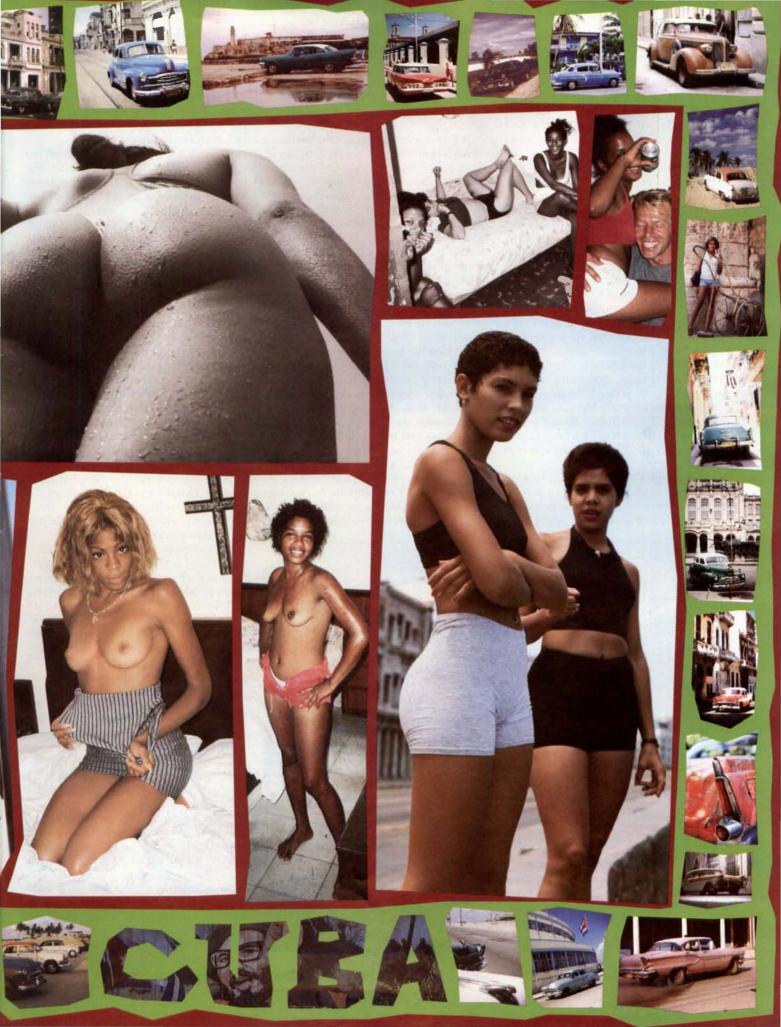
I end up in a '57 Chevy that the driver tells me has been retrofitted with a Russian light-tank engine. Diesel smoke billows into the passenger compartment via a broken exhaust pipe as we approach the historic and hooker-infested city center.

In Cuba, it is legal to fuck girls as young as 16. I enter the 24-hour coffee shop of Havana's gleaming, modern Habana Libre Hotel (Havana's only gleaming, modern hotel) and feel as if I have gone back in time to my high-school cafeteria. Dozens of bright-faced, teenage girls sit at Formica tables, chattering, whispering and giggling. Blondes, brunettes, redheads, porcelain-complexioned white girls, willowy black chicks and exotic-hued mulattos wear ankle socks, miniskirts and skimpy tops with baby backpacks slung over their shoulders. They are all whores.

As soon as I am seated, achingly beautiful girls begin to stalk like predatory animals. They flirt, they smile, they ask for cigarettes, and they compete for my attention, Cuban-style, by hissing.

A miniature brunette with a sad smile stands a few feet away, staring directly at me without blinking. She wears black, patent-leather shoes, a blue, pleated, schoolgirl skirt and a red Hello Kitty top





Cuba Yummy erupts into a flurry of Spanish. She pleads for a payment of \$20 to have sex, or her mother, her father, her sisters and her brothers will all go hungry.

that stretches tightly over the firm contours of her charms.

Catching my gaze, Hello Kitty girl sprints into the seat next to me and breathlessly introduces herself as "Jaumi."

"Say my name like Yummy," she instructs, squeezing my hands.

Yummy erupts into a flurry of Spanish. She pleads for a payment of \$20 to have sex, or her mother, her father, her sisters and her brothers will all go hungry.

I decide to fuck her as a humanitarian gesture.

The government of Cuba maintains a schizophrenic policy toward prostitution. It encourages foreigners to come and enjoy the bounteous crop of young girls at government-run discos and resorts. At the same time, the police routinely arrest girls for prostitution. According to enterprising ladies, the police have an unpleasant reputation for gang-banging arrested prostitutes before sending them to trial, where they are sentenced to cut sugarcane or sweep the Plaza de la Revolución for several years.

As we walk Calle San Lazaro looking for a room in a *casa privata*, or private house, Yummy is terrified whenever we pass a police officer. Cuba is a police state. There is a cop on every corner. Yummy clutches my hand and whispers in Spanish, "Say I am your fiancee if they stop us."

We end up on a dark, rubble-strewn corner. There is no light due to one of Havana's routine power outages. Yummy hisses into the shadows.

Tony, a 19-year-old kid with a gold-tooth grin and a bone-cracking handshake, ambles into the moonlight. We ride in the back of a 1955 Oldsmobile, driven by one of Tony's underworld companions, to a crumbling, four-story apartment block.

The stairwell is unlit and crooked, with smashed windows and a thicket of twisted-iron bars protruding from the floor and ceiling. It is like being in an abandoned fun house.

We find ourselves in a boiling-hot, unventilated bedroom. There is a single bare bulb, a cross on the wall and a queen-size bed. A colorful menagerie of stuffed animals—purple, fuzzy bears, pink kitties and orange lions—populates a shelf over the headboard.

A gray, moth-eaten bra, with cantaloupe-size cups, hangs from a hook on the door. I ask Tony who the bra belongs to, and he explains it is his grandmother's, whose room we are renting. She had been sleeping here until a moment ago.

Tony exits the room, and I pay Yummy \$20 to start sucking my dick. Her forehead is damp with perspiration, and she takes her clothes off.

Yummy's breasts wiggle out from her tight, Hello Kitty top like eager pets. She has wide, bright-red areolas. Her pointers look as if the tips have been dipped in candy-apple glaze.

Dropping her skirt to the floor, Yummy reveals whorey, red-lace panties that sag loosely, as if they have been pulled aside and fucked through many times.

Behind the tired underwear is a thick, furry bush and olive-smooth skin, backed by a shapely ass that's hard as granite.

Yummy's armpits are shaved clean, but the overall hygiene of a street whore at one a.m. in a land without much soap is open to question. A rich, funky aroma wafts from under her arms and mingles with the miasmic, rawmeat odor rising from her twat.

Operating under the potentially fatal idea that foreigners don't have AIDS, Yummy invites me to fuck her without a condom.

As soon as I squeeze into her slice, Yummy swivels and thrusts her hips at a pulverizing speed.

"Leche?" she asks almost immediately—"Have you come?"

The impatient fuck doll's head is turned, and her eyes are squinched shut. Yummy opens her eyes and glares, annoyed that I haven't splooged and gone.

I flip Yummy onto her knees, and she grabs the stuffed-animal-lined shelf. Pushing her head into the cross on the wall, I pump her from behind.

Finally, I leche. After wiping the fuck slime off her pussy lips with my underpants, Yummy gazes lovingly into the beaded eyes of a fluffy, pink kitty cat. She kisses its head and turns to me with a childish smile.

"I love," she says in English, kissing the stuffed pussycat again.

We walk hand in hand down the dark stairwell to meet Tony outside. I ask Yummy who he is.

"Mio marido," she says, cheerfully, as I glimpse his gold-tooth grin in the moonlight, where he sits on the curb waiting for me to finish fucking his wife.

Wondering if natives ever go berserk and kick the shit out of foreigners, I ask some locals about the Cuban males' attitude toward carnal interlopers.

"Last year in my neighborhood," one man volunteers, "a young man in the (continued on page 70)



"The light reflecting from your vaginal secretions is like moonlight on a secluded mountain pool. The glow of your inflamed pussy lips rivals even the finest ruby...."



















(continued from page 60)

Cuba Holding Agunagüero over her head, Kirenia dances; her old butt wiggles in a steady rumba. "You like fucky-fucky," she says hypnotically, fixing desperate, bloodshot eyes on me.

army came home on leave and found his wife in bed with a Frenchman. He went very crazy with a knife."

"What did he do to the French guy?"

The Cubans shake their heads at my ignorance.

"He did nothing to the Frenchman," the storyteller replies. "He killed only his wife. If you kill a Cuban, you go to jail for maybe two or three years. If you kill a foreigner, it is the death penalty.'

Cubans who survive by selling their services to foreigners are called jineteros, which translates as "horse riders." It is impossible to walk ten feet in Havana without being accosted by swarms of jineteros chanting, "Amigo, what do you want?" The scavengers hustle anything they can think of: pussy, fags, cigars, rum, private rooms, cars, pot and cocaine.

Jineteros operate against a backdrop of overwhelming poverty. Whole sections of Havana, a once-grand city of ornate, classical architecture, lie in ruins. Piles of rubble block the streets. Tattered laundry hangs from windows of partially standing structures. Scrawny children run around in their underpants, swimming in broken storm drains. Dead dogs fester on the pavement. Bicycle rickshaws, powered by lean, hollow-eyed humans, zip past, with well-fed European tourists riding on the back beneath striped sunshades. Everywhere, colorful murals depicting youthful images of Fidel Castro loom over the wreckage of the city and declare victory for the socialist revolution.

Asked if he can think of anything good to say about the revolution, one Cuban ponders. "Maybe if I smoke a joint, I can tell you.'

A woman named Kirenia, whom I meet in a breadline outside a market, invites me to her home in the suburbs to show me how a "typical" Cuban lives. Although she is only 45, Kirenia looks like an old lady.

I ride out to Kirenia's house in the back of a toothpaste-green, '52 Plymouth. The blood-red interior is original, and so too is the engine. "Only 300,000 miles on it," Juan, the driver, laughs.

Juan is a short, thick-necked, bald man with a bristling, black mustache and a dead-eye gaze, who has the sentinel mannerisms of a cop. Every time we pass a billboard with Castro's face on it, Juan bitterly curses, "Fidel Castro is a shit."

Kirenia's home lies in a sprawling development of bunkhouses made from cinderblocks. The rows of long, squat structures have the feel of a tropical concentration camp. Black, acrid smoke hangs in the air from a nearby garbageincineration facility.

Pigs snort, tied to ropes in front of the buildings. Chunks of broken concrete have been strategically placed atop the muck-covered front yard/pigsty.

"Be careful how you step," Juan says, as my foot slips into the fetid slime.

"There is only one toilet for all the people who live here," he continues. "Sometimes, the people are in a hurry, and they make the toilet wherever they can."

Kirenia greets me with a warm smile at the front door of her 10x12 hovel. She is dressed up in purple short-shorts that hang loosely on her spindly legs. Her colorful and skimpy bikini top reveals deflated balloon tits.

She pushes me into the room's only chair and unbuttons my shirt, noticing how uncomfortably hot I am becoming.

Kirenia's 15-year-old daughter, Yvette, enters, carrying the broken pieces of an electric fan. A motor and two blades are held together with a swatch of red fabric and clothespins. The girl places the pile of junk on the floor and plugs it into the room's one wall socket. The fan refuses to work, and Yvette sticks her finger between the blades and spins it by hand.

A neighbor comes by selling bags of joints for \$5. The air is thick with marijuana smoke when Kirenia ushers me to a corner of the room.

A cot with rag blankets is pushed up against the wall. Above it, flattened Coke cans have been nailed into the cinderblocks. The Coke cans are special commemorative editions with Norman Rockwell prints, depicting idyllic American Christmas scenes.

I compliment Kirenia on her decorations, and she turns me toward a Santeria shrine to African gods in the corner. The makeshift altar is a neatly arranged jumble of rooster shapes, iron pots, carved heads with nails hammered through the eyeballs and a black Sambo doll smoking an unlit cigarette.

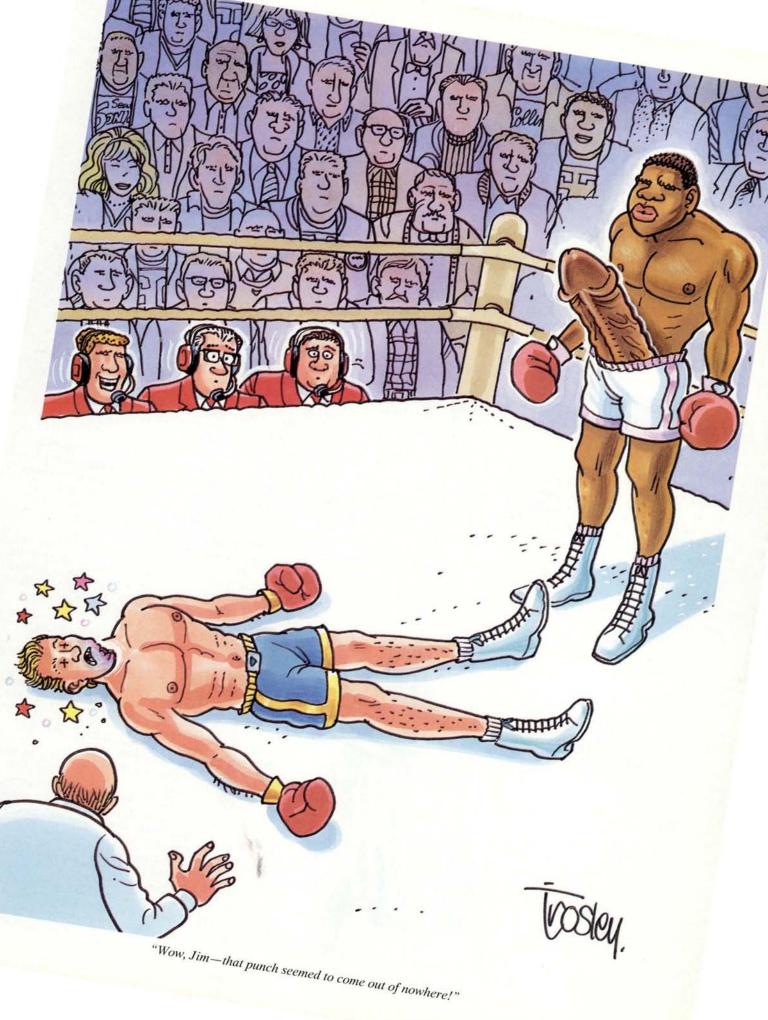
Kirenia flashes a sly, confident smile as she picks up an iron pot with a rooster painted on it. "This god is Agunagüero. He is the most strongest god of all."

Holding Agunagüero over her head, Kirenia dances; her old butt wiggles in a steady rumba.

"You like fucky-fucky," she says hypnotically, fixing desperate, bloodshot eyes on me.

I get the creepy feeling that Kirenia is attempting to summon the power of the





The girl's name is Laura. I watch her slide onto the bed, glimpsing white panties beneath her dress. She props herself against the headboard. This 16-year-old piece of ass costs \$15.

rooster-pot god in order to seduce me into sleeping with her daughter.

Kirenia smiles in the direction of Yvette, who looks up at me with sticky, bovine eyes. The girl wiggles her dirty toes and flashes me a toothy grin. Inexplicably, Yvette picks up a joint, sticks it into her nostril and takes a long, snot-rattling drag through her nose.

I back toward the door.

Kirenia follows with a sickly grin. "I like to make fucky-fucky," she croaks.

I pay Kirenia and her daughter \$20 not to fuck me and quickly take my leave.

In Santa Clara, 220 miles southeast of Havana, the government is erecting a shining monument to honor Che Guevara as a martyr of the revolution. It is also in Santa Clara that the government has recently completed a tiki-themed disco and hotel where Europeans are invited to come and fornicate with the daughters of the revolution.

Cuban high-school girls form a line by the entrance to the pleasure complex, a row of human cream puffs. Grotesquely fat, middle-age Italian men lumber out of air-conditioned tour buses and select freshfaced little whores to accompany them into the disco.

Government security guards take the

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identity documents of the high-school hookers and record the information before they are permitted to enter the grounds of the disco and hotel.

The disco is a riot of 16-year-old prostitutes competing for a limited quantity of drunk Italians.

One foreign slob is so shitfaced, he collapses facedown on the table, snores, then snaps to his feet as if jerked by a string. He grabs a 16-year-old by the tits, slobbers on her face, then falls back into a chair, dead drunk. He repeats the performance every ten minutes or so, like an amok automaton.

I step outside, and a voice, clear as a bell, peals through the night. "Hey, baby. You come for me."

A girl in a white, prom-quality dress approaches. Her frilly underthings rustle.

"My friend told me you are American."
She stares at me with giant, smoldering eyes that flicker in the ridiculous tiki lights. "I want to go with you," she says in flawless English.

The girl's name is Laura. I watch her slide onto the bed, glimpsing white panties beneath her dress. She props herself against the headboard.

This 16-year-old piece of ass costs \$15. Laura catches my eyes wandering up her legs and jams a pillow onto her lap.

"My friend at the disco told me you are a famous journalist for a respected magazine in America."

I make no comment.

"I watch American movies, and I know Americans are good people." She studies me intently. "Americans come to my country for humanitarian reasons."

I think back to my humanitarian efforts in Cuba with a sense of queasy pride.

"I want the American people to know what the truth is. I am 16 years old. Fifteen months ago, my life was normal. I went to school six days a week. My favorite subjects were English and history. My dream was to go to the university.

"But my family was hungry. My father killed a cow that belonged to the government. He was sentenced to seven years in prison. After my father went away, I left school and became a jinetera.

"What I do fills me with shame," Laura concludes, leveling a cold stare at me. "I hate what I do."

A blowjob is probably out of the question.

Havana's Malecon is a romantic, ocean-front boulevard known for its sweeping views of the bay and the cheap whores who loiter at every intersection.

No trip to Havana is complete without experiencing a quick suckjob from one of the Malecon's famed \$2 'hos.

Back again in Juan's '52 Plymouth, tooling down the Malecon, we spot the pixie face of a bronze, African girl in a blond wig. Her brown eyes fill the window of the car when we stop at a traffic light.

The girl jumps in.

"Ciao, Amor," she says, kissing me on the cheek. "I am Arielle."

Juan turns around and sizes her up. "She's a cheap whore."

"I am not a whore," Arielle replies, turning her nose up. "I am a dancer. Everyone comes to watch me dance because I am beautiful." She giggles and blows me a kiss.

Juan suggests we dump her at the next corner.

Arielle clamps her hand onto my arm. "I am your girlfriend. Take me home, and I will suck you good." She enthusiastically punctuates the last thought with a loud slurping noise.

We make it back to my casa privata within five minutes.

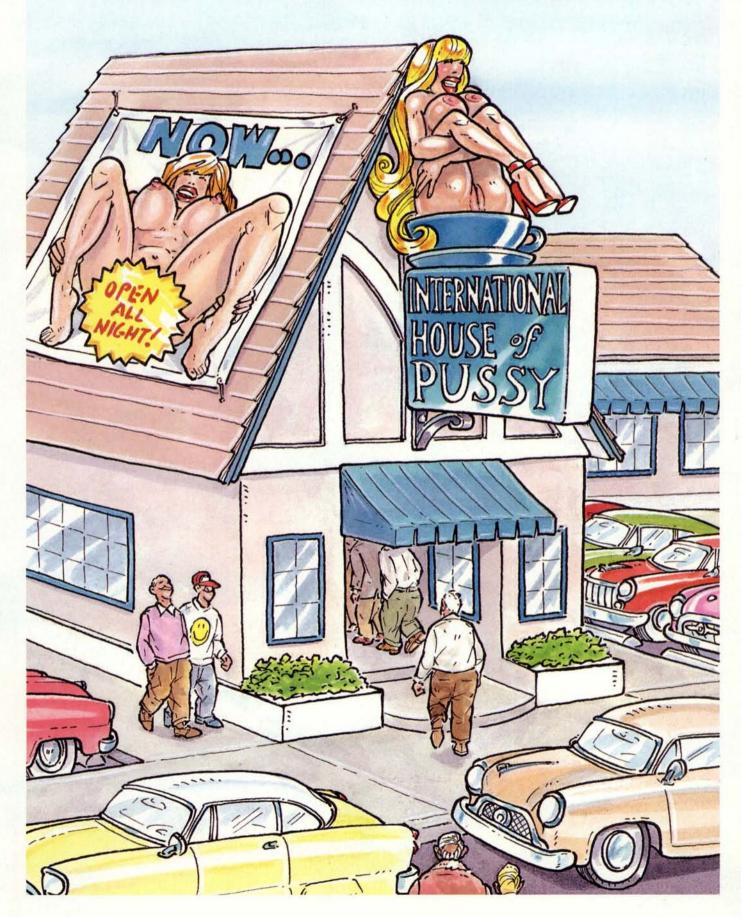
I am renting a house from a family of six. The children stare at Arielle when she walks through the front entrance.

(continued on page 122)

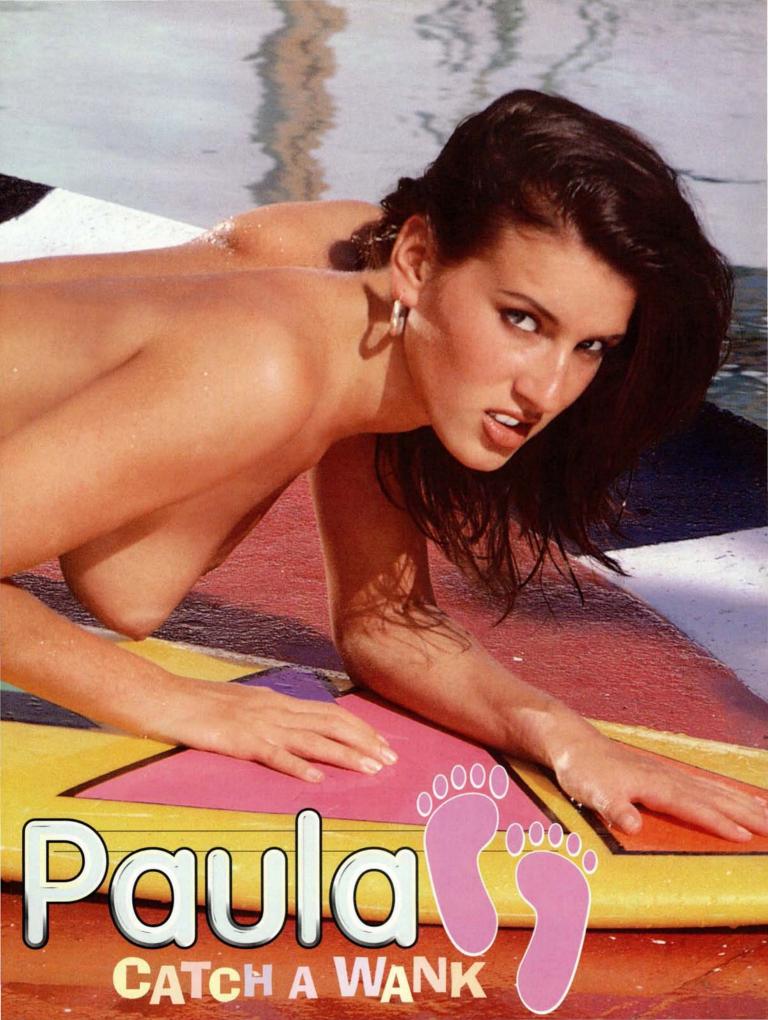


"Number 35! Excessive African American dancing and trash talk! Fifteen yards—first down!"

axecetin.









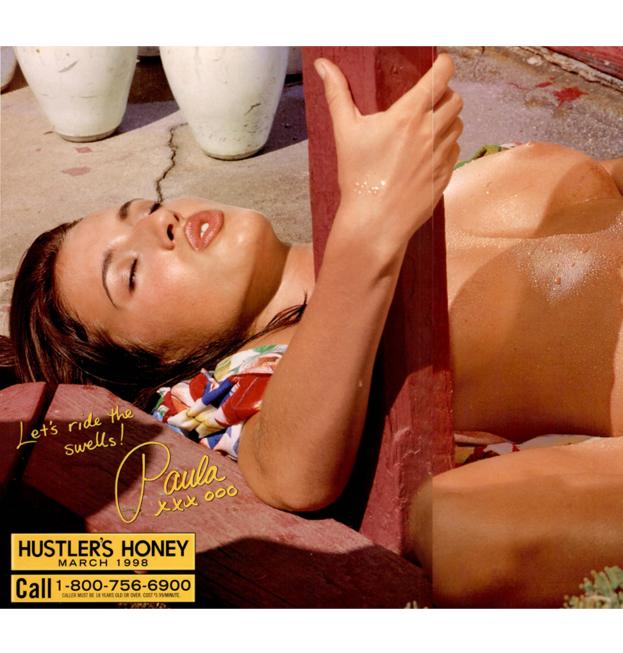


















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The mistress of a prominent surgeon became pregnant. Horrified by the prospect of fatherhood, the doctor spent nine pensive months searching for a plan to dispose of the unborn bastard.

The day he delivered the child, the doctor treated a priest for a prostate infection. During the father's delicate operation, the physician had a brilliant idea. While the medic's mistress lay in a postpartum drug trance, he absconded with the newborn child.

Holding the infant aloft, the crafty surgeon entered the priest's room, crying, "Father, Father, it's a miracle! You've given birth!"

"That's impossible!" the delirious clergyman protested.

"I performed the surgery myself!" the physician insisted. "Please, take your baby."

When his son was 15 years old, the priest decided to tell him the truth.

"Son," he began reluctantly, "I have something to tell you. I'm not your father."

"What do you mean, you're not my father?" the astonished youth replied.

"I'm your mother," the priest explained, "the archbishop is your father."

Question: What does a pedophile wash his genitals in? Answer: A JonBidet.

Famished, a young female traveler stopped for lunch at an Arkansas diner. As she devoured the roast chicken, a bone became caught in her throat.

Two local boys, Leroy and Otis, rushed to her aid. Leroy bent over and dropped his manure-stained overalls. Otis furiously lapped Leroy's ass with his tongue.

Repulsed by the hillbilly display, the woman vomited, dislodging the bone.

"You're right, Otis," Leroy said, pulling up his overalls. "That hind-lick maneuver works every time!" On their 25th wedding anniversary, the old marrieds returned to the romantic cottage where they'd spent their honeymoon.

"What did you think the first time you saw me naked?" the woman asked as she undressed.

"That I wanted to fuck your brains out and suck your tits dry," her husband replied.

"What are you thinking now?" the woman asked.

"That I did a pretty good job."

Question: What do cowboys and pimps have in common? Answer: They both like to throw a hoedown.

A lesbian factory worker returned home after an industrial accident.

"Honey," she told her girlfriend, "I severed my finger at work."

"Oh, no!" her lover gasped. "Not the whole finger?"
"No," the injured dyke said, "the one next to it."

The HUSTLER dictionary defines aircraft carrier as: a stewardess with VD.

Tell me how you spent your summer," the first-grade teacher said. "And I want you to use adult words."

"I saw my gwammie," Sally answered.

"Please," the old maid said, "say grandmother."

"I rode on a choo-choo," Johnny volunteered.

"Train is the grown-up word, Johnny."

"I read a book," offered Peter.

"Wonderful," the teacher said. "What was it called?" In a mature tone, Peter replied, "Winnie the Shit."

Question: What did the blonde say to the doctor when he told her she was pregnant?

Answer: "Are you sure it's mine?"

Two fags were fucking in the shower when the phone rang. Butch offered to answer it.

"Don't jizz till I come back," he warned Lance.

Butch returned to find the shower covered in splooge.

"I told you not to come," he whined.

"I didn't come," whimpered Lance. "I farted."

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MILLION WOMAN MARCH







Ball Erotic adventurers pay their money, walk in and sign a silent deal to pass no judgment and tell no tales. The freak scene is sold as is, no questions asked.

Candace should be a tad more disappointed. Despite the auctioneer slashing her already-discounted sale price down to a steal, the slave buyers—a sea of leather-clad dominatrices with eager whips—aren't interested. They anxiously await the next delectable sale item like so many NFL coaches on draft day. A bearded stud in shiny chaps and bulging, black G-string is next on the block, and the offers fly.

Dressed in fine-red-silk, crotchless panties, Candace steps offstage with head held high and pride intact.

"[Any slave's market value] just depends on who's in the room at the time," she says, not one bit embarrassed about the rejection. "It's all about personal taste. I'll go back up again in a little while, and the guys and gals will be begging to buy me."

Welcome to San Francisco's Power Exchange Fetish Ball, where anything you are between the hours of nine and five is of no consequence.

The four-story, fuck, suck, whip and strip fun house, where the average Range Rover-driving Joe and Jane mingle freely with deviants, both full- and part-time, is a joint celebration between two clubs—the hetero-oriented Substation and the

mostly gay Mainstation—both founded by San Francisco's luminary swinger couple, Mike and Marie Powers.

While gay sex clubs are nothing new to ever-homo San Francisco, the Substation is the first to invite the straight set to come in and boogie wild.

"Mike knew there was a market for this," explains Marie, cradling her newborn on her lap. "There are eight to ten gay-male sex clubs in San Francisco, but there wasn't one straight club."

Two years ago, the Powerses realized their opportunity. "There were a lot of private parties going on. Straight people wanted a place they could go where they could actually get wild and kinky," Marie continues. "There was no such official place. Nothing for the transgender community either. We figured, why not put a bunch of different types of sexual fetishes in one place, do it all in one club? A lot of people were saying, 'You should have specific theme nights,' or, 'You shouldn't mix bondage with transvestites or with swingers.' And we thought, Why not? Can't we all just get along and have sex in one place?"

There's nothing strange about the folks at the Power Exchange soirée, at least not in a town where two butch dykes making out on the street raises less eyebrows than a cow grazing in Omaha. There is, however, something odd about the disparate perverts congregating under one roof.

Half-naked gay men pass between young swinger couples jockeying for the best view of two transsexuals swapping handjobs. Therein lies the Power Exchange's attraction: Erotic adventurers pay their money, walk in and sign a silent deal to pass no judgment and tell no tales. The freak scene is sold as is, no questions asked.

Misty, a buxom, young denizen of the Bay Area, is undergoing a complete sexual overhaul in one of the dungeon jail cells. Tied to a reclining chair on her back, she's worked on by a tough and able crew of fuck mechanics.

One gentleman stands at the end of the table, holding her down, caressing her shoulders. She desperately sucks his dick, occasionally coming up for a throaty moan and a gulp of air. A woman with all manner of crops and whips works Misty's midsection, reddening the late-30s tits and occasionally stealing licks.

Another lucky chap, whose stony poker face suggests he's deep into his role, jams a sizable butt plug deep up Misty's appropriate orifice. Stony pokes a gloved finger into her spread snatch when he senses she needs a pussy fix.

As they do all night, the pack of onlookers shifts immediately to the epicenter of action, jostling for better vantage points. More than a few start masturbating. Most, including a pack of drooling Japanese businessmen, stare slack-jawed.

Some suffer bouts of squeamishness and bury their heads in their partners' chests. Soon the gawkers are again wide-eyed to the action, like kids at a horror movie, drawn inexorably to the screen. The line between who's watching and who's being watched blurs. Misty was standing in the pack for an hour before submitting to her current pain/pleasure session.

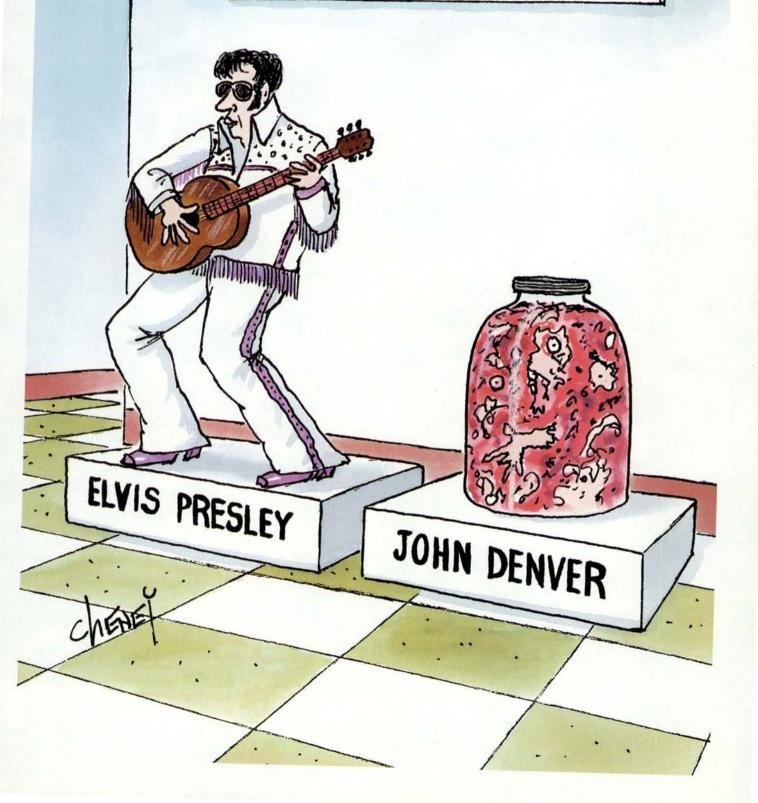
A yuppie, twentysomething couple are particularly vigilant oglers. Calling themselves Mr. and Mrs. C., the urban-professional gazers are dressed in fashionably casual attire; he in pressed jeans and Italian shoes, she in a long, cotton skirt with a honking diamond on her finger.

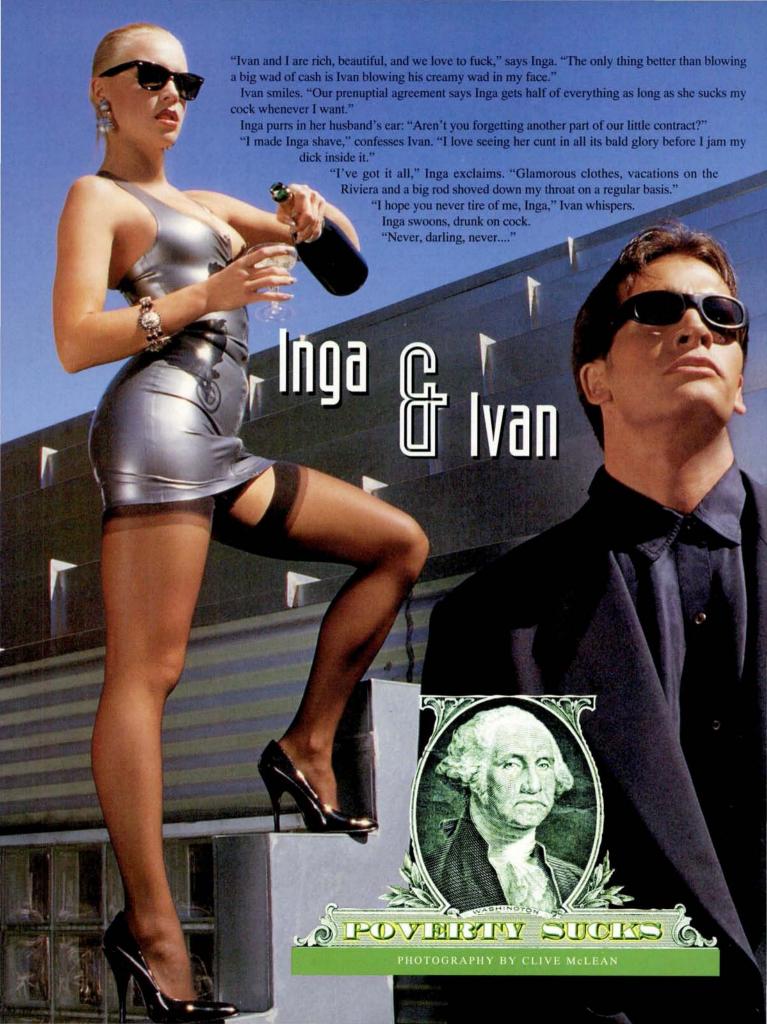
"I actually think it's braver to show up here out of costume than in one," Mr. C. explains. "Some of these people are afraid

(continued on page 98)



MUSIC LEGENDS WAX MUSEUM





















Misty removes the dick from her mouth, this time for good. She is apparently nearing a prolonged climax. The interval of her moans shortens, and the screams grow in both volume and intensity.

of being seen, and that's pretty sad."

"It's sad, but it's pretty much a reality," Mrs. C. laments, never allowing her gaze to slip from Misty's swarm. "It's so strange. In a town like San Francisco, being an experimental hetero couple is almost weirder than being a drag queen or a butch on a motorcycle."

"And who do people think rent straight-porn movies?" Mr. C. adds indignantly. "Who do people think put ads in the back of the [San Francisco] Guardian looking for someone to complete a threesome? I'm sure some of them are freaks, but most of them are couples just like us."

Do the C.s ever consider physically

joining the party?

"We're strictly hands off," Mrs. C. says, before an instant reconsideration. She smiles at her mate, and something wonderfully deviant glows behind her eyes. "We might do something with one another, and let people watch...if we get inspired enough.

Meanwhile, Misty removes the dick from her mouth, this time for good. She is apparently nearing a prolonged climax. The interval of her moans shortens, and the screams grow in both volume and intensity. Rival dominatrices in the dungeon, whose chambers have been vacant since Misty's scenario kicked into overdrive, are drawn by the noise.

Euphoric wails bounce off the walls, echoing unbroken, save the sound of an occasional whip cracking and the booming dance music (Jamiroquai should be honored to know their record has been chosen as the soundtrack for the occasion). The porn-viewing room, situated just off the main dungeon chamber, empties out. A quality skin flick reels off unseen.

Few female members of this adventuresome crew sport giant, financed tits, and the men are hardly studs of muscle-beach caliber. Some fat is seen, and some unsightly hair. The imperfections make it all very human. Anyone could be a guest at this orgy. The reality of access makes the excess all the more intriguing.

Marie Powers is full of strange tales. "This one German woman came in," offers the pervert in charge. "Her deal was getting kicked and hit. She had met this group of guys at a party earlier. The whole play scene was consensual, but this huge crowd was watching in horror as this woman was getting kicked and beat up. But the thing is, she was getting off!

"When the girl was done, she went outside and smoked a cigarette! Some of the people watching were incensed, but we had to explain, 'Hey, this is what she gets off on. You may get off on licking boobs; well, she likes to get her ass kicked."

The Power Ball is alive with the air of good, clean fun. Drugs and alcohol are strictly forbidden. Condoms outnumber partygoers nearly ten to one, and covert monitors mingle among the revelers to assure that no unsafe play goes on. (The role of these watchdogs has been a sore spot for the Powerses, who want total security for ball attendees, but never want the crowd to feel paranoid about surveillance.)

Smiles are everywhere. Though public, much of the sex looks healthy, human, mutual and emotional. Even a blindfolded worm man with a bamboo swatter slapping his privates wears some trace of a grin beneath each grimace.

Except for the wandering voyeurs and the clichéd black lights, the third floor-the so-called Petrified Forestcould be a camping-store showroom. Tents of all shapes and sizes, along with the odd tepee, dot the painted floor, awaiting any couple seized by the desire to fuck. Any time a twosome (or threesome or foursome) hints at ducking into a tent, crowds encircle the fuck-forest dwelling instantly, with bulging eyes and dripping tongues.

Mazes on either side of the main room leading to cubicles where guys jack off to a porn flick, or transsexuals model strewn across small beds, keep folks busy between shows.

Through the netted view holes around and atop the tents, the sex act takes on a shadowy mystery. It's often impossible to know what's in there and what, specifically, it is doing to whom.

One easily discernable scene involves Toni, a 30-year-old lovely with a taste for pussy. By death-camp fashion standards, she's overweight, but to the throngs of red-blooded fist fuckers who've been watching her for the past

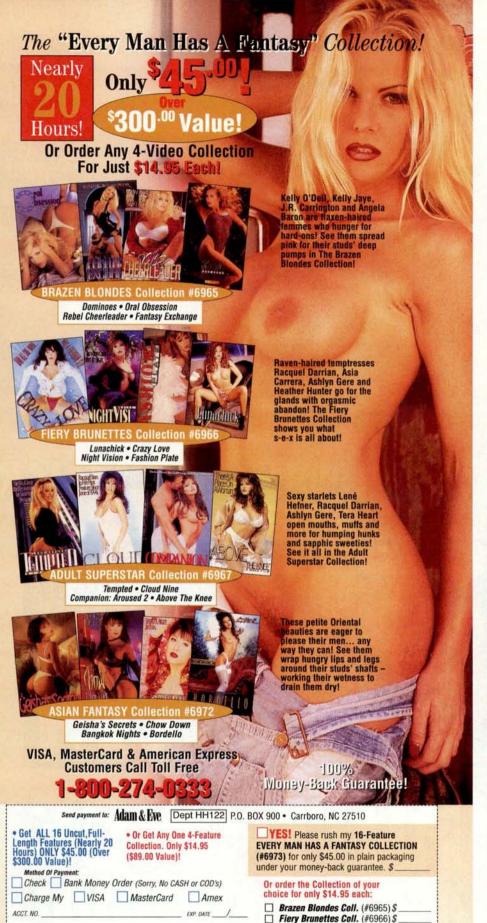
"I came four times in an hour," Toni gushes, like a golfer bragging about a new personal course record. "When someone's going down on you, and you look up, and all these strange faces are watching, it's like you don't want to dis-

'I wanted those people to see and hear and feel me come. The music is throbbing, and there's black lights

hour and a half, she's A-okay. appoint them. (continued on page 106)



"Why? Because he has a big ol' purple dick!



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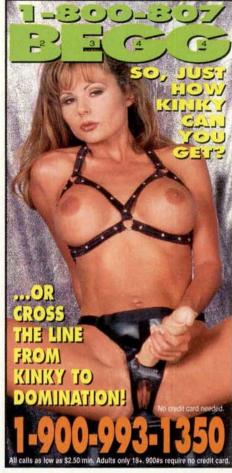
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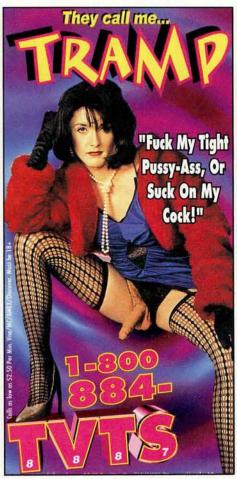


















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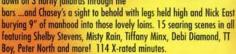






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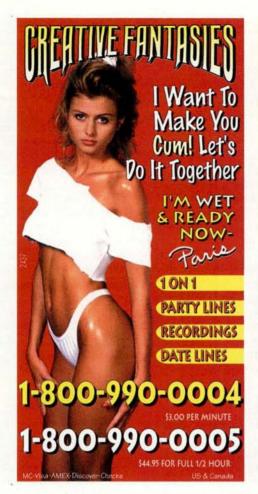
















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Ball Moans of the deepest kind, male and female, fill the dank air. One of the ladies writhes on Travis's face; the other slides slowly up and down his dick. Travis is living every man's fantasy.

everywhere, and it smells like sex; all this makes it easy to clear your mind and concentrate on getting fucked."

With the cross-pollination of conflicting sexual preferences, do fag-fearing incidents occur? On several occasions, the ultimate homophobe's nightmare has come true.

A pair of frat types turn in horror from a tent, one saying predictably to the other: "Dude, that was not a chick. That was two fucking guys. We just watched two guys fucking! This sucks."

"Gay men who go in [to the ball] are obviously totally happy to be watched by anyone," Marie tries to explain. "They like to be in your face. If you can handle it, all the better. The problem is, some young people have begun using the Power Ball as a way to prove how comfortable they are with their sexuality, and some of them obviously aren't comfortable enough."

Another intermittent problem at the Power Ball is overzealous revelers. "Sometimes people have a few drinks before they come in, and they start acting rowdy," Marie says. "They grab women and are generally obnoxious. It kills the mood. We try to screen out these types before they get in the door."

Aside from being the only full-penetration hetero-sex club operating within the United States, the Power Exchange is equally revolutionary for its unwillingness to conceal what goes on within.

Similar clubs in the area exist in nondescript buildings, where the anonymous encounters behind the proverbial green doors are still hush-hush. The Power Exchange is openly sinful.

"We're very public," Marie says proudly. "We advertise in mainstream publications. We're not afraid to go on TV and explain what we do, and we took a lot of flack because of it. Most of the griping comes from the bondage community, people saying, 'You guys shouldn't be so open! We want our sexual deviance kept private!' To which we say, 'Then don't come to our club.' We're open to anybody, but we're not for everybody."

It's 2:15 a.m., and I can't find the friend I came with. Travis, a suit-wearin', football-watchin' advertising writer who, beyond the incidental porn flick with pals, isn't an explorer of new sexual territory, is missing and presumed fucking.

Travis was a little freaked when we

first came in. As the night wore on, the deviant devil inside him peeked out from behind his wide eyes. Granted, he almost ran screaming from the building when we turned a corner in the dungeon and were nearly frosted by a masked masturbator. He's since found a groove. It was just a matter of time before he wandered off, lust-struck.

A growing circle of voyeurs surrounds a smallish tent toward the back of the faux forest. All the evening's most crowded shows have been heterosexual. I gather this is a guy-on-at-leastone-gal affair. A familiar voice shouts out from within the glowing, yellow tent, "Don't rip the screen!" It's Travis.

He's with two curvy, young ladies wearing one lone bra between the three of them. Moans of the deepest kind, male and female, fill the dank air. One of the ladies writhes on Travis's face; the other slides slowly up and down his dick. Travis is living every man's fantasy with two total strangers he will likely never talk to again.

No money has changed hands. There's no shady bar to stumble from. No half-assed relationships will emerge. All involved parties climax (so claims an exhausted Travis later). What's not to like?

It's now past three, and the party shows little sign of winding down. Marie Powers is in her element.

"Mike always says, 'I just want to throw the best party in town," Marie offers matter-of-factly. "That's what we try to do: have a good time. People are gonna get off. Why not do it in an environment that's safe?

"I'm sure HUSTLER readers know well that if more people had a place to go and release their sexual fantasies, there would be a lot less sex crime in the world. Power Exchange makes it all okay. It's okay if you have a foot fetish. It's okay if you like smelling underwear. It's okay to dress up as a woman. Let loose and have fun. Sex is supposed to be fun."

A masked freak named Dog, who has been jacking off in the dungeon for three hours, sums it up: "People won't admit they're into it, but they keep coming back to watch. Hell, if I did this anywhere else, I'd be locked up. Here, I'm just that guy in the corner with his dick in his hands.'

The Power Exchange Substation is located at 960 Harrison Street in San Francisco. Call Mike or Marie Powers for details regarding the next Power Exchange Fetish Ball at 1-415-974-1460.





"Let him smell your pussy—he'll think you're dead!"





Shannon, a water sprite from Buffalo, New York, enjoys bike riding and dirty magazines. Although this pierced professional dancer appears to be anything but shy, 23-year-old Shannon seems reluctant to reveal her sexual fantasies. In the space provided on the entry form, this nature-loving nymph has simply written, "Friend." You know who you are.

Photo by Friend

Occupation

Attention, ladies! Are you an amateur nudist over 18
years of age? The 1998 Beaver Hunt Grand Prize
Competition is looking for you! Snap a clear, color picture and
mail it to HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900,
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Prize Finalists win \$1,500 each. The award for the photographer of
the Grand Prize Winner is \$500, and the Finalists' photographers
win \$250. Fill out the model release below, and include a
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Exotic Mia of Madison, Alabama, is a dancer who enjoys "shopping, of course." Right now, the clean-shaven 20-year-old is in the market for a lover of the great outdoors. A romantic at heart, this smoldering young snatch yearns to "have sex on a mountaintop during a rainstorm."

Photo by Friend

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Model's legal signature (use separate sheets for more than one model)



Precious Topaz is a 29-year-old aspiring model who enjoys reading and crafts, but is "open to suggestions" when it comes to sexual fantasies. A citizen of Baltimore, Maryland, Topaz credits her success in life to "believing in herself." That's what we call the power of positive pussy!

Photo by Friend

Cody is a bartending Beaver from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Besides indulging in "sex, fast cars and water sports" (do these take place in kiddie pools?), this versatile 24-year-old nurtures show-biz aspirations. Cody dreams of having sex live on the Howard Stern show with an ensemble east. "The more participants, the better," she writes. Care for a sponge bath, Howard? Photo by Friend



Linda of Los Angeles, California, looks positively beatific. Thankful for another day of balmy sunshine, she flashes a beaver-shot to her heavenly creator. This spiritually evolved 23year-old keyboard player also finds happiness in earthly pleasures, such as "a hot babe and a cold beer on the beach." Linda's horny hedonism could make a believer out of anyone. Photo by Husband





Porsche is a 23-year-old computer operator who can go from intellectual ("playing chess") to hypersexual ("fucking my husband and girlfriend with a strap-on dildo") faster than you can say "download." Porsche maintains a no-holesbarred approach to sex. She enjoys being "ass-fucked and pussy-fucked" while going down on a close female friend. What else is there to do in Columbus, Ohio?

Photo by Friend



Spread the news! Bambi, a tender young fawn from Tulsa, Oklahoma, is looking for a beautiful woman to make love to while her man watches. In the meantime, this 18-year-old Okie seems pleased as punch to be the main course at a very private and perverted picnic. Merle Haggard was right. "Even squares can have a ball" in Oklahoma.

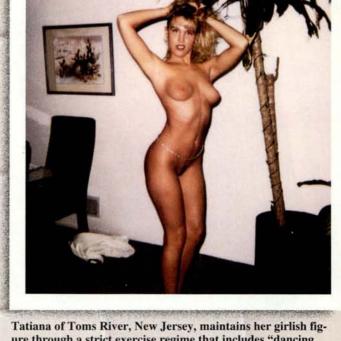
Photo by Fiance

Ashley, a Confederate delight from Atlanta, has shaved the fuzz from her Georgia peach. An entertainer by trade, Ashley enjoys "hiking, modeling and shopping." Twenty-three-year-old Ashley might need a bigger bed to realize her dream of "being with a man and a woman at the same time." With a body like Ashley's down home, the South is bound to rise again.

Photo by Friend



Lisa Ann, a drummer from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, knows how to lay down some tasty licks. After a show, Lisa Ann likes to "have sex onstage with her band." When she's not pounding the pagan skins, this 19-yearold rocker pursues a career in exotic dancing. Keep it old rocker pursues a career in exotic dancing. Reep it up, Lisa Ann; you may replace the Liberty Bell as the proud owner of Philly's most famous crack. Photo by Boyfriend

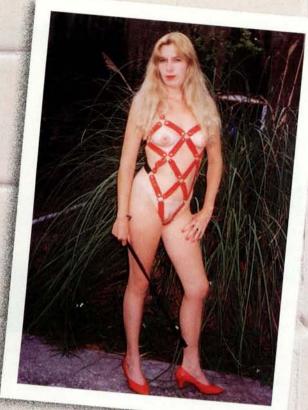


ure through a strict exercise regime that includes "dancing and skinny-dipping." After a strenuous workout, this limber lady likes to relax with a couple of drinks and a close friend or two. At 22 years old, Tatiana fantasizes about some lucky guy or gal drenching her "thriving naked body" in red wine and "licking it dry." Alcoholism never seemed so fun.

Photo by Friend

Bohemian Betty from Atlanta, Georgia, paints, plays violin and bakes pies. When she's not working as a massage therapist, this eclectic 27-year-old likes to have her tonsils caressed by her boyfriend's cock while having sex "with another man or woman." Freewheeling Betty is a true masterpiece. Photo by Friend

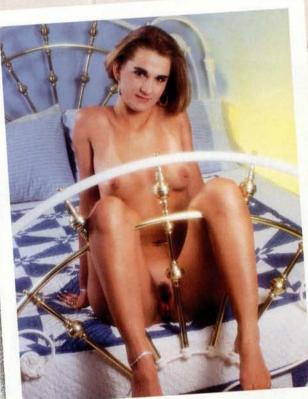




Luscious Lori of Spring Hill, Florida, can't wait to burst your bubble. This 24-year-old swinger believes in pooling her resources. Lori dreams of eating her best friend's pussy "while her husband fucks me from behind." If home wrecking is not on the horizon, Lori is content to play with her vibrator.

Photo by Friend

Olivia of Atlanta, Georgia, is an entertainer who believes in strengthening the bonds of the sisterhood whenever possible. Having sex "with two women at once" is this 22-year-old's dream. Judging by Beaver Hunt submissions, Atlanta is a regular hotbed of lesbian activity. That quilt looks familiar....

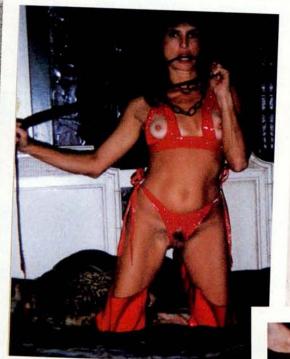




Adding a new dimension to the term homeentertainment center is Jen, a self-professed "bored housewife" from Kenmore, New York. This 22-year-old's hobbies include "drag racing, cockteasing and showing pink." After fulfilling her domestic duties, Jen dreams of fulfilling her fantasy of "sex with a real nice-looking man while my husband watches." Beats reruns of Three's Company. Photo by Husband

Mindy Jo, a 29-year-old homemaker from West Palm Beach, Florida, dabbles in all manner of outdoor activities, including waterskiing and boating. This lollipop- and lingerie-loving gal thinks strapping on a dildo for use with a female friend "sounds like fun." Better practice with a bigger sucker first.

Photo by Friend



J. B. is a cashier from Elyria, Ohio. When she's not lounging on her loveseat, this married Midwesterner sunbathes nude on her boat. Out to prove that lightning can strike the same place twice, J. B. hopes one day to "have sex with two guys in a thunderstorm." Why not hook up with Mia and make it an orgy?

Photo by Husband

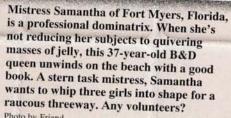


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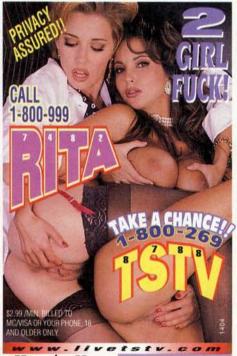
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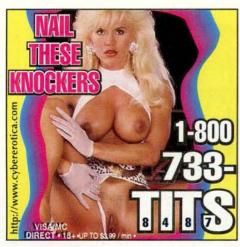
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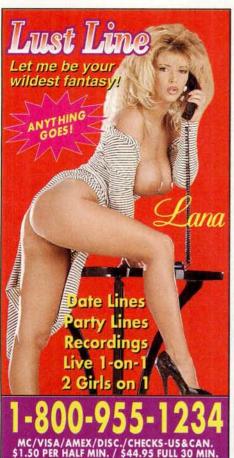
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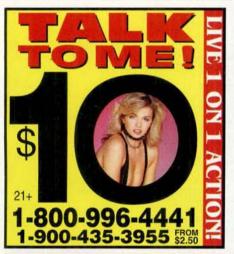
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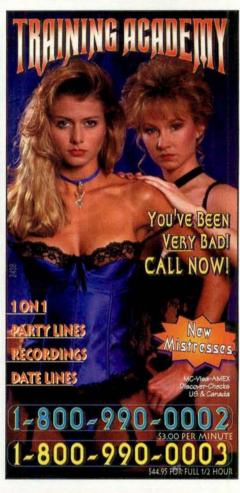












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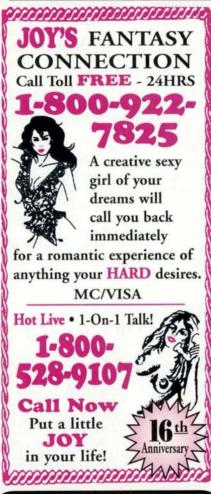


















Cuba I realize this wily hooker has kidnapped me, lied to me about the telephone being broken and plans to keep me isolated from my friends back in Havana until I leave.

"Puta," their mother whispers. The children lower their heads

I slam the door to my room. Arielle rolls across my bed and laughs, "Una puta es siempre una puta,"-"a whore is always a whore."

I inquire about Arielle's age.

"Seventeen." She puts her hand to her mouth in a bored, exaggerated yawn.

"Baby, I need a sex machine," she purrs in English. She catches my eyes and laughs. "I love myself. I am so beautiful.

"I cannot resist," Arielle moans, planting kisses on her own arm.

She rolls onto her stomach. Her butt slowly undulates. Her short dress creeps up over her ass cheeks. Feather-soft pussy hairs peep out from Arielle's panty-free mound.

"I am the best. They pay me \$150 for a single night," she says, indulging in pure fantasy.

Arielle slides my hand over her dress, letting me feel her hardening nipples. "I have breasts like cups of champagne."

She pulls my hand onto her ass. It's as hard as an unripe tangerine, but her skin is like crushed velvet. "It is extremely powerful." She hammers her ass back against my cock.

I feel overwhelmed by the poetry of Arielle's whore talk.

"It burns like an inferno inside, but people tell me it is like being in heaven." Arielle rubs my palm against her bubbling snatch.

When the fuck is over, Arielle curls up and angelically folds her hands beneath her face. She falls asleep, twitching and snoring lightly.

She opens her mouth and chews. She swallows and chews some more. She is dreaming. She is dreaming that she is eating a meal.

Arielle leads me into a taxi and gives the driver complex directions in Spanish. We drive out of Havana into Miramar, a suburb built in the 1920s for wealthy Americans, sugar barons and gangsters, such as Al Capone and Lucky Luciano.

Weeds overgrow the mansion lawns. Laundry hangs from the windows. The few homes that are well kept are foreign embassies.

We pass the Belgian embassy, and Arielle nudges me. "You will fuck no other girls. I am your girlfriend now."

The taxi deposits us in front of a private home. It is not unusual for private homes to serve as restaurants; so I follow Arielle inside, unsuspecting.

We are ushered in by a middle-aged Cuban woman wearing Topsiders and a thick-denim skirt. She is the first Cuban woman I have seen who has a flabby ass.

She leads us to a spacious bedroom, with terrazzo floors and a large window overlooking a garden.

"We are staying here," Arielle informs me. "The driver is collecting your bags."

The owner of the house had been married to a high-ranking Communist official, and the price is \$20 per night, \$10 cheaper than the dump I had been staying at in central Havana.

I tell Arielle I must use the telephone.

"Amor, the telephone is broken," she says, pushing me onto the bed. She peels her dress off and reveals white-lace stockings, garters and a silk teddy. I am helpless.

Later, the phone rings, and the woman of the house is soon laughing and talking.

I realize this wily hooker has kidnapped me, lied to me about the telephone being broken and plans to keep me isolated from my friends back in Havana until I leave.

When I awake the following morning, the room is spinning, and I can barely see. Arielle is leaning over me with the owner of the house. They stare at me with grave expressions.

"Amor," Arielle says, "you are very sick. I am taking you to the hospital."

My plane is scheduled to leave the following morning, and I only have \$100 left in my wallet. I tell Arielle I'll stay in bed until I leave and go to my doctor in

Arielle clucks her tongue and drags me into a taxi. We spend the morning at a variety of hospitals encountering long lines of shabbily dressed poor people, who don't have enough to eat, waiting around in dim hallways without enough lightbulbs. The hospitals are pathetically similar to every other place I've seen in Cuba.

A doctor informs me I have a highly contagious eye infection. Arielle spends most of the remaining money in my wallet on medicines and compresses.

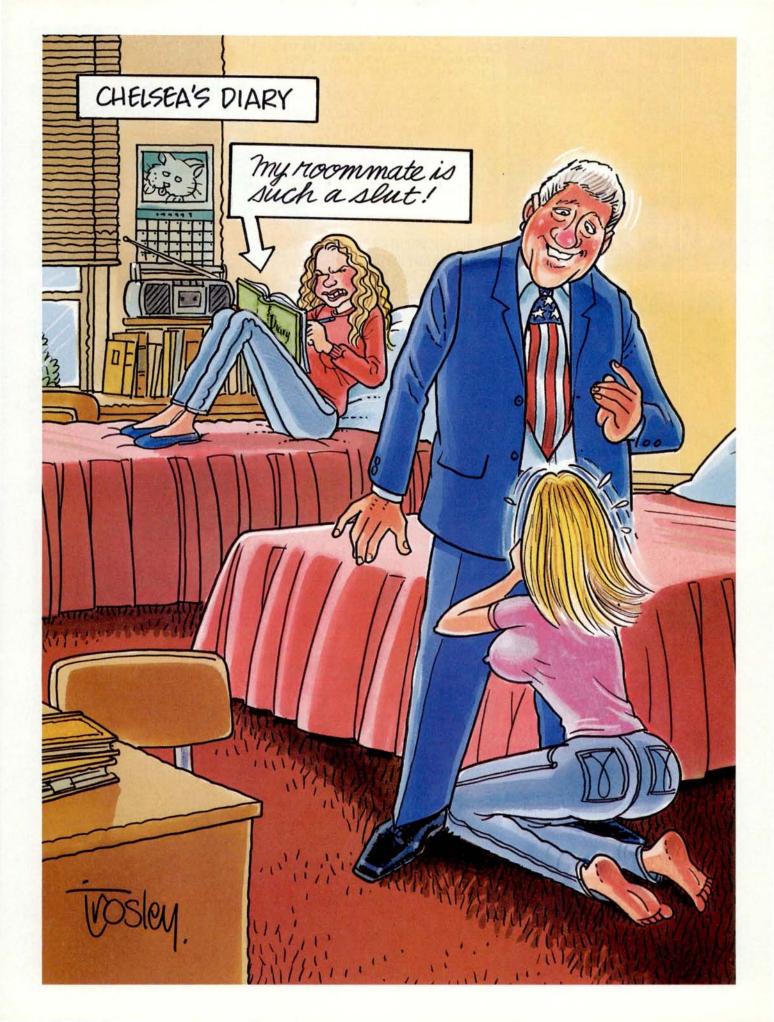
She stays up with me throughout my last night, forcing me to drink medicine, wrapping my head in compresses and putting drops in my eyes every two hours.

I have no money to give her when I leave in the morning.

"I don't want money," Arielle says. She hands me notes that she has been scribbling furiously throughout the night in a notebook of mine.

"This is the story of my life," she tells me. "Take this to Hollywood so they can make it into a movie."













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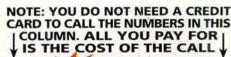
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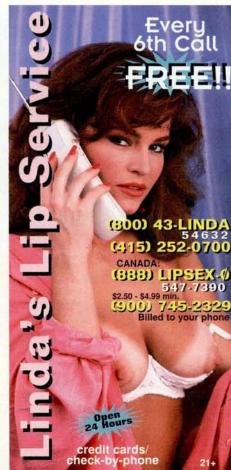




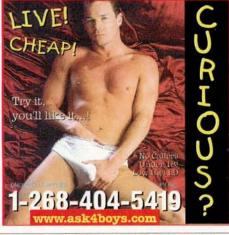


















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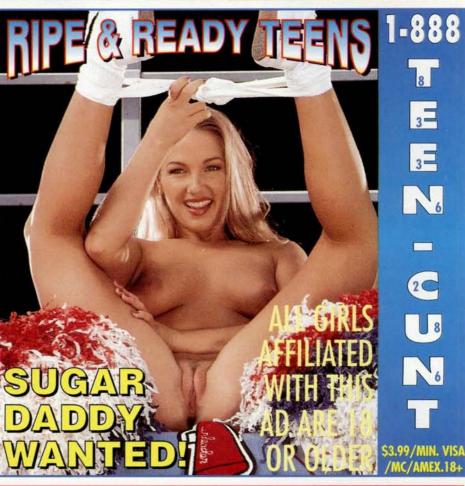
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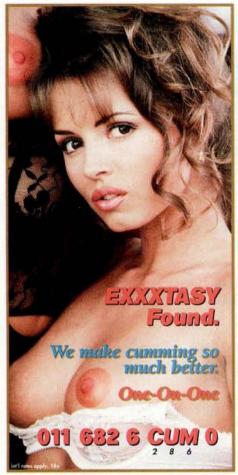


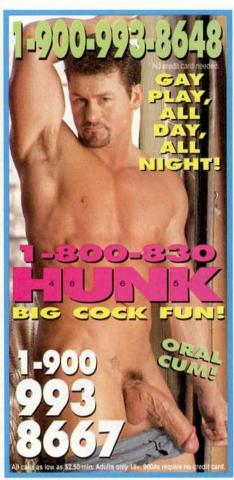
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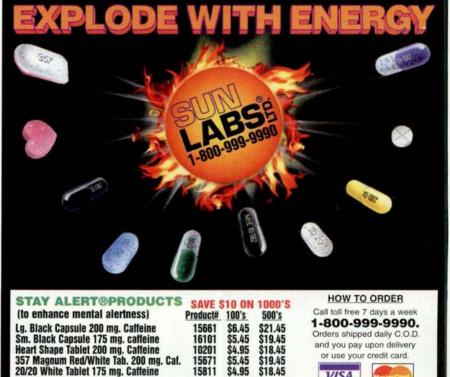
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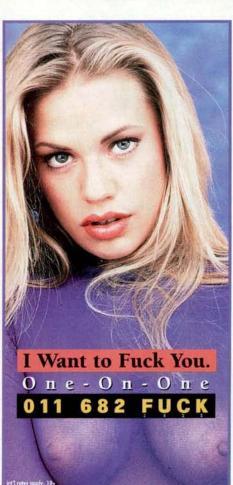














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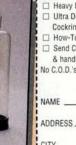
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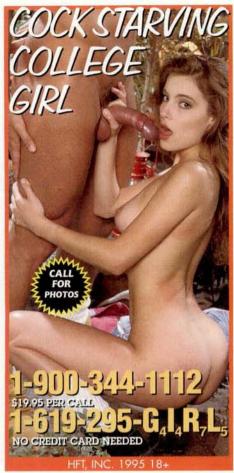
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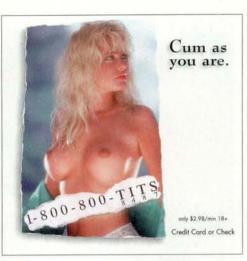














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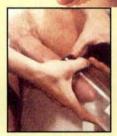
Dr. Joel Bross is a noted sex therapist, clinical sexologist in private practice since 1974. He specializes in sexual concerns for both woman and men. He is responsible for the production of numerous educational sex videos.



The penis about 3 inches is inserted into the clear tube.



After instruction and pumping this man has enlarged his penis to about 10 inches.



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ENLARGEMENT

BY DR. BROSS

After more pumping the penis is removed from the tube and the penis is about 11 inches.



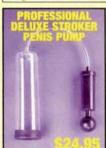
15 inch Dick

Rambone in the video feature

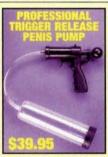
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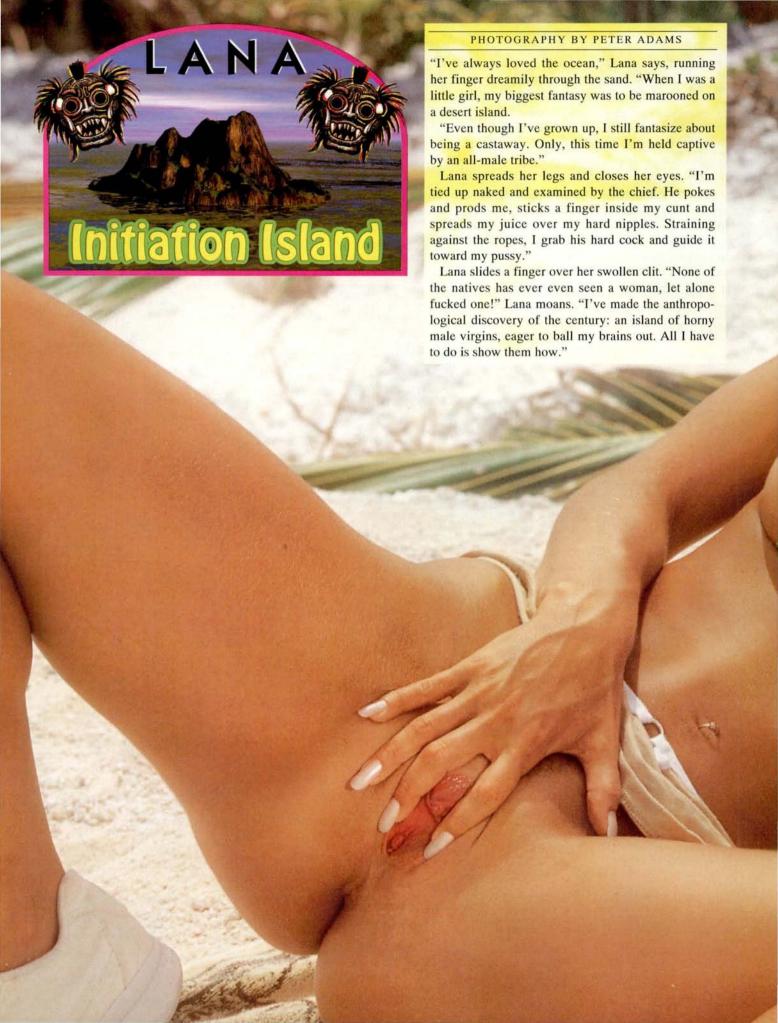
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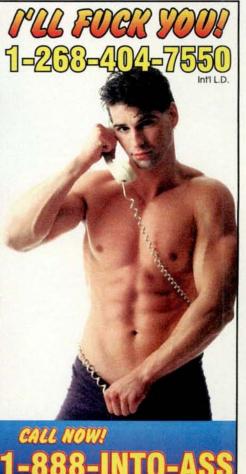
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HUSTLER

SPRING CLEANING

April's HUSTLER marks the beginning of a new look for America's Magazine. The stunning brunette who is molested by a giant, stuffed panda will be in baggy sweats, her large breasts blurred via photo manipulations. The two blondes slated to engage in a shocking muff-dive in a shallow lap pool will be wearing old-fashioned diving suits, to better portray a late-winter swim. The redhead hotty who molests her guitar's fret board with more than her fingertips will be replaced by sheet music for Andy Gibb's hit Shadow Dancing, and the spread of a horny prison guard who penally punishes a naughty inmate will be pasted over with a handy 1040EZ form. Unfortunately, talk of this nonexploitative edge is only worthy of discussion 'round April Fools' Day.



With more than 1,000 films under his boiler-buried belt, Ron Jeremy is truly a furry icon of filth. In Hedgehog's Day: 24 Hours in the Life of Ron Jeremy, Editor Aaron Lee spends a day gleefully hedging with XXX's most infamous actor/director/missing link.

SIN CITY SPRINGTIME

Anyone who's endured the trek down the Vegas Strip to a cheap motel after being sodomized by the city of lost wages shares an acute understanding of what it's like to be a streetwalker in Sin City. The real ladies of the neon night live a life of newfound wealth and sudden destitution, with a few dozen blowjobs thrown in each night for good measure. In April's feature Diva Las Vegas: Tales of Tricks and Trickery, we print a few tawdry excerpts from a diary of a real Vegas hooker.

APRIL SHOWERS

For the past 50 years, an unlikely demographic has been undergoing sex-change operations: infant hermaphrodites. Unfortunately, the scarred survivors are rarely told of their ambiguous origins. Nonetheless, those who uncover their pasts have a few bones to pick with their sneaky surgeons. In April's Sex Play, medical analyst David Chrisman uncovers a seedy underbelly of maternity wards nationwide in "Operation Mutilation: Why the Medical Community Is Telling Hermaphrodites to Go Fuck Themselves." Also in April, Erotic Entertainment takes a look at some of the industry's biggest boobs; Bits & Pieces tours Thalidomide Baby Gap, and unabashed Beavers open wide. April's HUSTLER will spread the word, and the word is legs.

APRIL HUSTLER ON SALE FEBRUARY 10, 1998 HUSTLER's Web site is coming now at http://www.hustler.com











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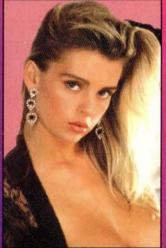
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