



FUS

NOVEMBER 1996 CONTENTS







5 Bits & Pieces Bucky's First Thanksgiving Edited by Aaron Lee

Feedback Write to Free Speech

15 Erotic Entertainment Thank Hugh: Divine Brown's Star Edited by Evan Wright

Scott and Lisa Ann: **Wood Work** Photography by Matti Klatt

Hot Letters Born to Be Piled

Camille: Four-Star Find Beaver Hunt Grand Prize Finalist #4 Photography by Matti Klatt

44 Sex Play Blade Runners: The Bloody Games Cutters Play by Thom Metzger

Brittany: Take the Double "D" Train Photography by Clive McLean

56 So, You Wanna Make a Dirty Movie? It Ain't as Easy as It Looks Blue Movie How-to by Antonio Passolini

Mona Lee: Constant Craving Photography by Matti Klatt

70 Brandy: Scent of a Woman Centerfold Photography by James Baes

80 HUSTLER Humor Edited by Evan Wright

Washington's Worst Congressmen Headline Acts in Capitol Hill's Hall of Shame Profiles by Fletcher Margolis

86 Tabatha and Lailai: **Going Native** Photography by Clive McLean

Beaver Hunt 107 Home Is Where the Hard Is

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ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

A thin, young slut has the world by her tail. If she's half-smart and wholly ambitious, she rides her fresh sex appeal to the top of a glamorous heap. A thin, young slut is always a welcome adornment at celebrity functions. Thin, pretty, young and slutty, she dates dashing young monarchs, she cavorts upon private yachts of powerful men. Her thin, young slut face appears in bit parts on TV.

If the thin, young slut is truly fine, she may play a part in wrecking the career of one of her country's most promising statesmen.

What happens to the thin, young slut eight years later, when time takes its toll and gives her several pounds of lard in change?

If the fat, old slut has always had difficulty owning up to what she does, she will spend much time and money on therapy and emerge an evangelical Christian. She may, in fact, join the McLean Bible Church and take a high-profile job fighting smut on the Internet.

If the bloating tramp is diligent about revising the sins of her past to suit the sanctimonies of her present, she could go all the way and achieve HUSTLER's Asshole of the Month for November 1996.

Which is not to conclude that Donna Rice Hughes ever was a slut. But she has given that appearance. The onetime model/actress came to prominence in 1987 looking slutty on the lap of Presidential candidate Senator Gary Hart from Colorado.

Thin, young Donna Rice's milestones included modeling swimsuits, baring a breast in a poster



promoting a bar, a date with Prince Albert of Monaco, partying on the yacht of Saudi arms dealer Adnan Khashoggi, playing hostess to Jack Nicholson, Don Johnson and Eagle Don Henley, bit parts on *Miami* Vice, Dallas and One Life to Live.

An older, heavier Donna Rice Hughes is now communications director for Enough is Enough!, an Internet censorship lobby. The inconsistencies of Donna's communications, thin and fat, define her.

In 1987, Donna Rice was asked if she'd slept with Senator Hart, if she wanted to, if he'd ever pressed. "No. No. No," she answered.

The current Donna Rice admits she was "smitten." She "stepped on the slippery slope and slipped."

Rice for the '90s claims that as a young, thin thing, her sense of values had been disturbed by reports of Hart's womanizing.

In the '80s, she was cavalier about the "moral" issues of a married Presidential candidate cuddling with a single, young, thin woman: "He's the one running for President.... If he didn't have a problem with it, then, hey, I didn't."

Fat Rice recalls that she had decided to break up with Hart that fateful evening when Miami Herald reporters caught her staying overnight at the Senator's town house. Lynn Armandt, thin Rice's companion during an overnight excursion with Hart upon the yacht Monkey Business, revealed that

Donna had been distraught after reporters busted her with the Senator, worried "about whether he'll call again."

Chubby Rice bleats that after the scandal, "I was like chum tossed to the sharks."

News accounts from the time document a skinny, young Rice sheltered by Hart's lawyer, telling her skewed version of events to a handpicked squad of reporters.

Rice claims a spurious dignity in that she did not reveal intimate details about her liaison despite lures of lucrative fees. "My silence was all I had left. Everything else was stripped away."

In truth, Rice attempted to capitalize on the scandal by moving to Hollywood. She blew three deals to sell her story and stripped every semblance of dignity from herself.

When Donna Rice finished trying to cash in, even tawdry No Excuses jeans dumped her as a spokesperson. The product sleazy enough for her endorsement had not been invented until the anti-porn bandwagon rolled around. Rice jumped on. As Enough is Enough! communications director, Rice Hughes prattles myths about pornography causing violence as if they are fact. She is evasive and casual with truth, as she has always been. The notion of honesty turns to shit in her mouth.

At every poke into the public eye, Rice has characterized herself as a "good ol' Southern girl." Rice's Southern girl may or may not be at heart a slut, but the aging, expanding sphincter most surely is a good ol' Asshole of the Month.

Old Fart in the Wind Bob Dole asserts that he is "the

Bob Dole: Maybe his problems all stem from his arm being too short to scratch his hemorrhoids. Between his accusations and his rationalizations, Bob Dole is a persistently nagging irritation, like a painful rectal itch. Partly a crackpot, Bob Dole contends that cigarettes are not proven to cause cancer and that nicotine might not be addictive. Partly a paranoid,

only person in this country who is denied his First Amendment rights." Dole's regard for First Amendment rights has not kept him from suggesting that regulation is in order to censor the content of rap and rock records and Hollywood films. However, following his smoking flap, Dole asked,

"Are we going to regulate everybody's adult life? I mean, adults ought to be free to make choices." Dole went on to opine that Surgeon General Everett Koop had been "probably a little bit" brainwashed by the liberal media for his position that cigarettes are unhealthy. The former Senator from Kansas is a fringe candidate for Asshole honors.

Poke 'Er Hot Ass

Let's talk turkey. This Thanksgiving, Bits & Pieces pays homage to that most ignoble of birds. From breasts, thighs and legs to drumsticks and Butterballs, HUSTLER's love affair with the turkey began when the Pilgrims arrived on Plymouth Rock-and a shapely squaw came upon Bucky Beaver's cock. White meat or dark meat made no difference to Puritan Bucky. As long as there was pink meat, he and John Smith would provide the gravyor, as this redskin put it. "We call it glaze." Save us the leftovers, Buck.



MOST TASTELESS CARTOON



"Let him lick his own balls. I swear you spoil that dog!"





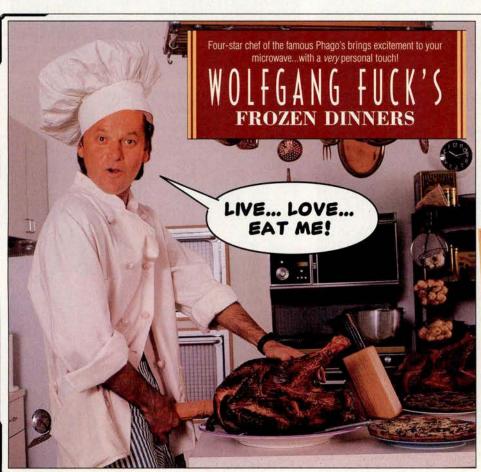
Recognize this flash from the past? It's the Hole from Rio de Janeiro, Cummin Myhanda. Older HUSTLER readers may join in a chorus of, "Yes, We Have One Big Banana!"

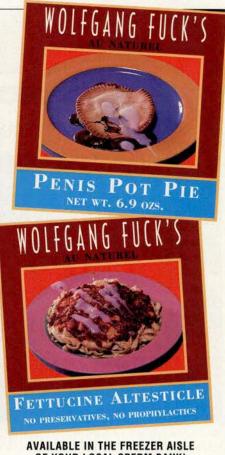
Noel Reucroft submitted this masturbatory interlude to the tune of \$150. Dust off that antique smut and mail it to HUSTLER's Porn From the Past, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.



Executive Insertion

Those crazy Clintons have saluted the Thanksgiving spirit of family togetherness by expressing their desire to have another child. Unfortunately, the Prez can't seem to knock Hillary up, forcing the pair to contemplate adoption. Why not bypass the First Lady and aim Presidential pud at Bill's Second or Third Ladies? By siphoning Gennifer Flowers' snatch with a seasonal turkey baster. there might be more than enough white water to fertilize Hillary's cooze. If all else fails, Billy-boy, see page 10 to sign up for HUSTLER's Adoption Service.





OF YOUR LOCAL SPERM BANK!

Heil Gifford!

The world has finally recognized Kathie Lee Gifford for a two-faced, sickly sweet, child-exploiting, perky turkey. The National Labor Committee has fingered Kathie Lee for profiteering from the labors of Honduran children who produce her ugly, shoddy Wal-Mart clothing line at slave wages. The brouhaha caused the "Giff"-gobbling crybaby to briefly consider quitting Live! With Regis and Kathie Lee. Without a vomitous morning show to keep her chipmunk face in the spotlight, what atrocity would Kathie Lee have committed next?



Painting swastikas on synagogue doors could outrage the world and help Kathie Lee Gifford (neé Epstein) further obscure her Jewish upbringing.



Beyond merely plastering her son's face all over books, magazine covers and Christmas specials, Kathie Lee might make a few extra bucks by literally pimping Cody.

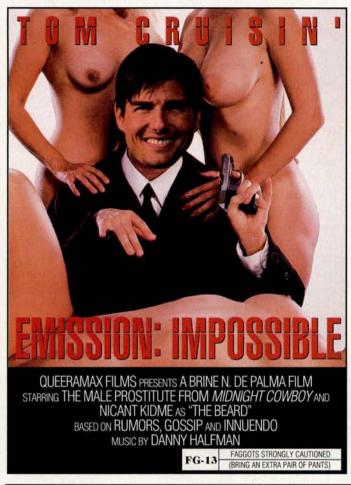


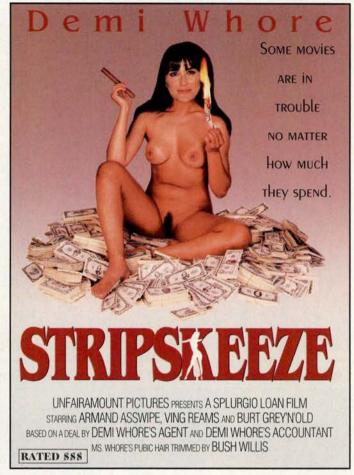
Sending hubby Frank to gay bash patients at an AIDS hospice would guarantee months of Kathie Lee-related headlines—and a good time for the Giff.

Summer Movie Turkey Shoot

HUSTLER casts a weary eye toward the kind of turkey that costs \$8.00 a ticket. This season's crop of gobblers brought audiences the highest-paid actress of all time, doing for \$12.5

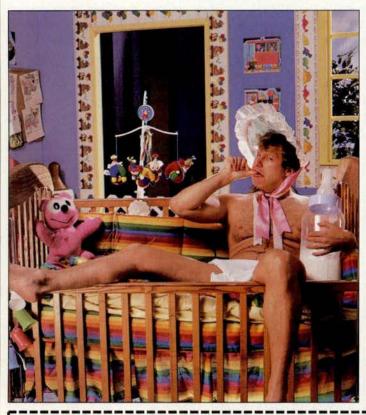
million what real strippers do for a five-spot in the G-string; a spy thriller where the star's sexual preference was the only thing more confusing than the plot; and an alleged comedy that featured not one but four performances by a washed-up unfunnyman. Here's a refresher course in forgettable flicks, for readers who prefer a little ham on Thanksgiving.







You Can Help Make This HUSTLER Reader Happy...



Adoption clinics around the world shook with the screams of needy children...and one piece of celebrity ass after another heeded the call. Michelle Pfeiffer nabbed a brat in 1993; trophy infants for Jamie Lee Curtis, Nicole Kidman, Robin Givens and Kate Jackson followed. Soon, those awful infant cries were replaced with the sounds of supremely satisfied sucking.

Tragedy struck in the shape of Rosie O'Donnell, as it often does. Roly-poly Rosie has taken her revenge on all male-kind, hijacking an innocent little boy who isn't old enough to crawl away. Foundlings everywhere have fled their orphanages and turned to lives of hustling local chicken hawks rather than risk adoption by a bloated talk-show horror.

There are no longer enough bargain-basement babies to go around. HUSTLER readers can help. Some brave souls must step forward before the sexual-icon celebrity mommy wanna-bes ruin their fuckable figures by actually squeezing out pups. Fill out the coupon below. Add your name to the roster of HUSTLER Adoption Service surrogates. When the list is long enough, a printout will be forwarded to a pool of hot-bodied starlets whose biological clocks are urging them to indulge their maternal instincts.*

Mama, take me home! I'll commit five minutes a day of my busy schedule for:



Breast-feeding with Guest Jugs, Jamie Lee Curtis



Instructor Michelle Pfeiffer's advanced potty training



ng - ampaing of

Name

Address

Diaper Size

P.S. Make that 20 minutes a day.

Mail to HUSTLER Adoption Service, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

*Sorry, HUSTLER Editors are not eligible; stop stuffing the mailbox.

...OR YOU CAN TURN THE PAGE.

10



—D. Honolulu, Hawaii

On the advice of our lawyers, we officially refuse responsibility for anyone who accidentally turns himself into a black man.

you ask for. By the way, menstrual blood is powerful, but to guarantee results, it must come from a female who has been

ritually consecrated.

I've been an ardent supporter of HUSTLER since 1977, and your mag pioneers the way. Larry Flynt is a godsend, and the HUSTLER dynasty kicks ass. Letters such as B. A.'s birthday ball bash in "Nappy Birthday" (Hot Letters, July '96) keep me running to the store. Why not a layout of B. A. with all the black dong she can handle? My question to you guys: Did B. A. show up? You can tell us die-hard readers!

—S. L.

Manchester, New Hampshire

B. A. isn't planning on visiting us until her next birthday. If she does, we'll let you know, although that issue might be late.

Hung Jury

I recently read an article HUSTLER did on various types of penis enlargement. I want to increase the size of my penis so that I can feel more confident and please women better with a longer dick. I can't remember which issue it was in. Any help will be greatly appreciated.

—B. L.

Wabash, Indiana

Our last guide to building your custom cock was <u>A Stroke Above</u> (November '95). But don't do anything drastic until

you read our updated article on the subject in an upcoming issue. Meanwhile, make the most of what you've got.

Angry White Man

I am a proud white male and avid reader of HUSTLER. But I feel compelled to write about the story "Nappy Birthday" in your July '96 Hot Letters. This white pig refers to herself as a "honkie" and had sex with



Kara: Catch of the Day

God knows how many "brothers" unprotected. She has no pride in herself, her family or her heritage. She is a traitor to white people and should be treated as such. I'm also sick and tired of the "blacks are better endowed" myth. I've put up with this bullshit issue after issue in these adolescent cartoons. Let's move on.

—J. B.

Baltimore, Maryland

You're right, J. B., our cartoons have been inaccurate. From now on, blacks will have the small dicks and whites will have the small brains.

Kudos for Kara

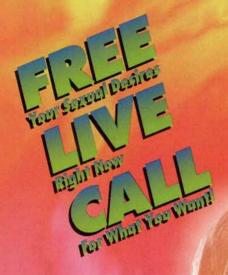
I just can't resist giving you a bravo above all bravos for Kara, HUSTLER's Honey for September '96 (*Kara: Catch of the Day*). She is a beautiful, naked lady who is not afraid to tell the world she enjoys having her cute butthole jabbed with her finger. I'm sure that anal sex must be part of her sexual function. You guys just guaranteed my subscription renewal. I pray to God I can find a girl as cute and ready for anal action as Kara. —R. R. Aurora, Colorado

You guessed right about Kara's anal inclinations, R. R., and she's glad to hear that you're behind her.

South Afri-Conned

When I'm in the mood to see some juicy, pink lips, I've always known HUSTLER was the magazine for me. So you can (continued on page 23)

500 18 YR, OLD GIRLS



CHEAP! Young Gals "We Just Turned 18!" 1-305-940-2800

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CHEAP! Perverted Ei-Sexual Girls! 1-305-940-6111

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CHEAP! Married Women Who Cheat! 1-800-371-9229

CHEAP! Young Gals with HUGE TITS! (Sé-D's and larger)

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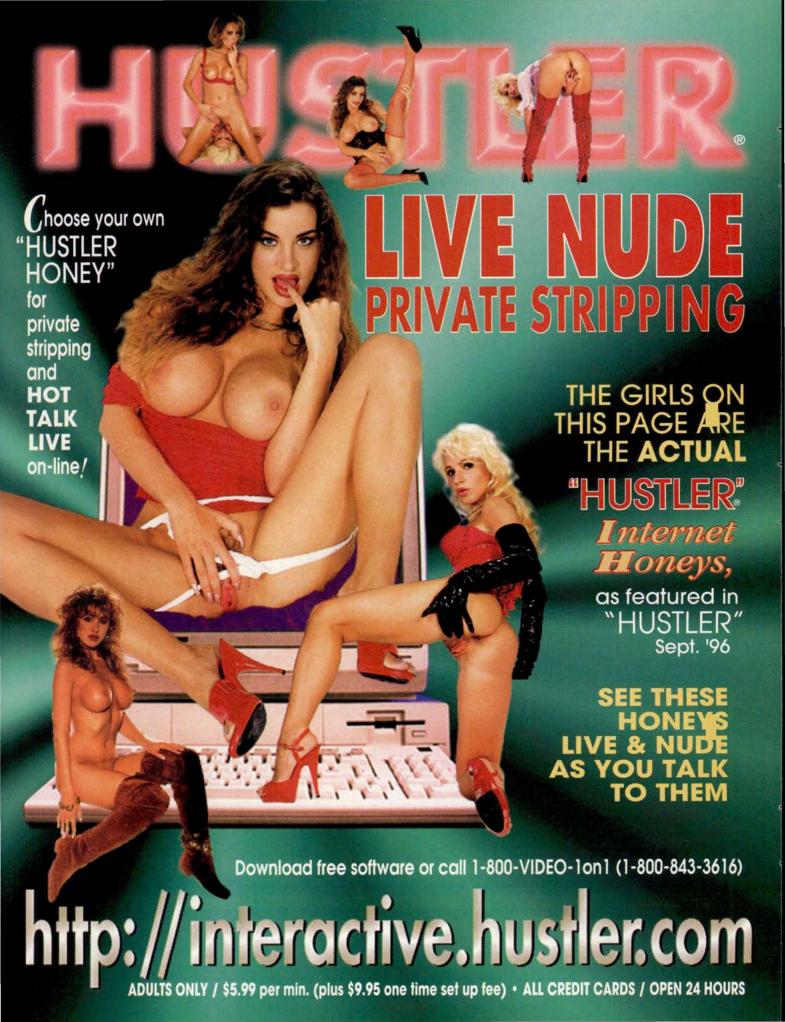
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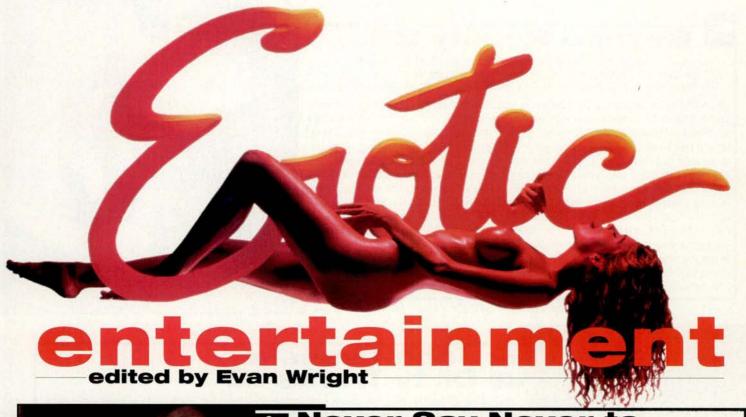
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Never Say Never to Rocco Siffredi

FULLY ERECT. Directed by Rocco Siffredi; starring Letizia Bisset, Perla Mazza, Monica, Cheyenne, Clarissa, Gabriella, Rocco Siffredi and "100s of guys from the Rocco Siffredi Fan Club." Videocassette: Evil Angel/Rocco Siffredi Productions.

For the American mook wondering how a suave, European gentleman treats a lady, Rocco Siffredi offers Never Say Never to Rocco Siffredi. Start by picking up the lady-raven-haired Eurotart Letizia Bisset—at the Colosseum. Drive her to a nice part of town, perhaps an unlit lane with whores in shadows. Stretch the lady's snatch as far as the gentleman's two-handed grip will permit; lavish her titties with bitch slaps; fuck her unmercifully. When 30 unshaven perverts sneak out from the bushes, jerking off, stick the lady's mouth out the window and indulge her whim to orally copulate with them until her entire head flows with wiggling rivulets of spunk. The lady may, as Bisset does, wish

gang-banged. Later, hang the lady upside down from a rack. Invite her friendsblond wanton Perla Mazza, muff-munching Monica and a couple of African gentlemen-to dine on the suspended lady's clam and sodomize her smile with ebony boff stick. A gentleman is sure to wallop all the ladies in the keister until rectums hang open like glazed doughnut holes. He must never forget to hock long, stringy luggies in a lady's every orifice, spank her derriere red and jam her tongue into his perspiring butthole. Sophisto-pervert Siffredi delivers a fuck film with more than 150 cum-shots and multiple gangthat even a gentleman can make a damn fine jerk-off movie.

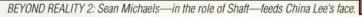


Beyond Reality 2

ONE-QUARTER ERECT. Directed by Bionca; starring Sean Michaels, Heather Lee, Kimberly Chambers, Caressa Savage, China Lee, Missy, Mickey, Jack Hammer, Sweetie Pie, Mila, Tom Byron, Santino Lee, Cumisha Amado and Julien St. Jox. Videocassette: Exquisite Pleasures.

Perverts and ordinary carnal consumers alike have come to expect and cherish grand-scale sexual abominations from the pornographic endeavors of filth-visionary director Bionca. Beyond Reality 2 gives a little more travesty than was expected and will be difficult to cherish except by guys who like to see other guys with prongs shoved up their rectal vents. Beyond Reality 2 is replete with the requisite vaginas undergoing two-handed, eight-fingered manual insertion; the greased-up gutter sluts and lewd, pre-fuck dance routines that have come to be associated with Bionca's oeuvre are present and somewhat effective, although the girls could be, and have been, prettier. The problem begins when Tom Byron allows a black butt plug to be taped into his shitter as he porks a trashy slut. What will come next? Two guys who get reamed with strap-ons and suck off the plastic cocks fresh out of their sphincters. The butt-fucking of straight males is a renowned fantasy of sex-crazed females, but will its enactment appeal to a primarily heterosexual audience of male perverts?

—Christian Shapiro







HALF ERECT. Directed by John Leslie; starring Tricia Deveraux, Celine Deavoux, Johnni Black, Lexi Leigh, Carlie, Illana Moor, Obsession, Nicole Jefferson, Roberto Malone, Zenza Raggi, Leonardo, Vince Vouyer, Langin Richard, Jake Steed, Soine Philippe, Jean-Yves LeCastle, Riny-Rey, Elone Disere and Dale. Videocassette: Evil Angel/John Leslie Productions.

Porn harlots may lie about their ages, their backgrounds and their orgasms. They can plaster over their defects with tit jobs, rhinoplastied schnozzes and heaps of makeup pancaked onto cratered skin. But the ass never lies. A pillow-perfect, humpable rump cannot be faked. The purity of the slatterns presented in *John Leslie's Dirty Tricks #2* can be tasted the moment obscene screen sirens Lexi Leigh and Carlie pour out of their glitter candy wrappings in the opening scene and sprinkle twat treacle onto dildo, dong and each other's cunt-feasting lips. Leigh benefits not just from a bounteous

gluteus maximus, but also from a beautiful, blond-frosted face and a perfect pair of farm-fresh jugs. The entire female cast—especially Illana Moor in her crack-rending warehouse gang-bang—is equally sweet. Unfortunately, the video dumps all this sugar down the drain. Despite the daredevil DPs, anal gang-bangs and high level of production, the director makes a mistake fatal to a viewer's hard-on, as well as a better rating: He lavishes the camera on the dudes at every turn. The dirtiest trick in *John Leslie's Dirty Tricks #2* is that males get more camera play than ginches.

—M. A.

JOHN LESLIE'S DIRTY TRICKS #2: Illana Moor shows why she's popular with the boys.

Cheap Shot

HALF ERECT. Directed by Toni English; starring Lori Michaels, Nina Hartley, Sahara Sands, Mark Davis, Bobby Vitale, Miles Long and Jenteal. Videocassette: Wave.

According to the box cover, *Cheap Shot* presents the virgin on-camera sex performance of Lori Michaels. Lori is good money. Picture a fine, skinny, sweet-mug brunette with high, cupcake tits, ribs that stick out so they can be counted, slender Bambi legs and a puffy-muffin type of pussy. She's as sweet as can be imagined. Michaels screws through three *Cheap Shot* scenes, two with dudes, one with a chick, and there's not a low-rent lick in her entire performance. Condom-clad Mark Davis takes first poke at her, scatter-shooting a pattern of cum on her belly that she massages up into her bakery-shop breasts. Michaels's girl/girl meld with a decent blonde features stirring helpings of fingering, licking and kissing. The finishing touch is provided by another condom cock slipping into the meaty pussy of Lisa's skinny ass and spouting scum up onto her pristine tits. The only thing *Cheap Shot* is lacking is anal, DP, gang-bang and raw egg yolk cracked into Lori's mouth, but she's got plenty of time for all that. —*C. S.*



CHEAP SHOT: Mark Davis sucks cheap blonde's cheap slot.



While the streets of Hollywood may not be paved with gold, finer back-streets are littered with used condoms, evidence of money to be made by the kind of working girl that Divine Brown used to be. Before being discovered by the LAPD in her performance with Hugh Grant, Divine Brown had been a professional whore for three years.

"I never got mugged, robbed,

raped, beat on or hit on. I was blessed, and for the women that are still out there, I pray for them every night."

According to Divine, prayer was a big part of her strict upbringing. Her mom encouraged Divine to go to school, take dance lessons and sing in the church choir.

How did she go from the church choir to giving solo hummers for hire? "As I grew, I started hanging out with my friends. I guess I got wild, becoming what they now call a hootchie mama."

On the street, Divine says she only had one thought: "Get money—hundreds of dollars in my pocket, thousands. The streets are money."

Today, Divine is applying that getmoney philosophy to her burgeoning film career. She is now starring in a XXX raunchumentary of her encounter with Hugh Grant. "I had a chance to be something when I was younger, and I blew it. This is my opportunity to get back on the right track."

Asked if she's ever seen any of Hugh Grant's films, Divine laughs. "I've already seen all of the under the above on Hugh Grant. That's enough."

Divine has striking hazel-green eyes, and she'd like to act and sing and dance like her idols Lola Falana and Whitney Houston. For now, she's cruising on money street, seeing all of the under the above on Ron Jeremy, her leading man in Sunset and Divine, from Leisure Time Entertainment.



Divine's money hole.

Part-time lezzie Kim Kataine licks Divine.



•

The Wicked Web

ONE-QUARTER ERECT. Directed by F. J. Lincoln; starring Lisa Ann, Tabitha Stevens, Tom Byron, John Decker, Kitty Monroe, Lovette, Goldie Star, Vince Vouyer and Nick East. Videocassette: Wicked Pictures.

Director F. J. Lincoln has been making porn films for so long that his only excuse for churning out a mundane slap track like *The Wicked Web* is that he's been making porn films too long. Is there a story to *Wicked Web*? People talk as if they are portraying characters who are purported to be interacting. Maybe there's a story, maybe something's happening aside from the rudimentary sex, but not enough. Lincoln knows what it takes to make better erotic entertainments. He's filmed some great spuzz

shows; so why is the color of this film so washed-out and fuzzy that much of the action seems to be taking place inside a radioactive tanning booth? Chicks get fucked, in the ass even, with measures of man sauce drenching female faces. Blindfolded, Tom Byron puts a twist into a two-twat tag team, and a sluttish chick tosses off a plastic coat to take a toss from a pair of pricks on a pool table. But the tits often seem harder than the cocks, and that's a wicked problem.

—C. S



WEB: East heads north on Lisa Ann; Vouyer takes low road.

Carl's Christy Customs

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT. Directed by Stevi's Secrets; starring Christy, Carl and Friend. Videocassette: Stevi's Secrets.

A baby-face pixie with pancake titties, pointy nerps like sugarcane tips and a bubblegum twat she digs fingering, Christy stars in every scene of this amateur XXX video. Stevi's Secrets, the manufacturer, began as a custom raunch house, creating video fantasies scripted by its customers. The fantasy of this video is that a young, suburban housewife (Christy) is on the rag and can't put out; so she blows her man (Carl) every which way across the house. She curls onto his lap and sucks him with slow, ice-cream-cone licks in the TV room and cheerfully swallows. She kneels for a

quickie in the kitchen (hands still wet from washing the dishes). Some goon walks through the front door while she's cleaning house and gets his pud polished with tidy tongue flourishes. A fantasy housewife, Christy demonstrates a healthy attitude toward sperm: She gulps it; she plays with it in her fingers; she blows bubbles from wad fired at her kisser. Carl's Christy Customs has an authentic feel; amateur-minded viewers will feel authentic ball eruptions every time Christy strains her smile over her man's swollen joint.

—Walter Gahagan



CARL'S CHRISTY CUSTOMS: Christy's custom quim.

Nightbreed

HALF ERECT. Directed by Brad Armstrong; starring Christy Canyon, Nici Sterling, Channone, Patty Kennedy, Jill Kelly, Marine Carter, Ritchie Razor, Marc Wallice, Steven St. Croix, Brad Armstrong and Tom Byron. Videocassette: Vivid.

Nightbreed is ambitious XXX art raunch combining the enduring themes of Gothicromance literature, the finest in classical music and the trashiest of sluts with big hooters. Steven St. Croix is a melancholic castle dweller who, with modern treatments for depression unavailable (like therapy and Prozac), must find solace in Nici Sterling's sphincters. Castle sluts shake silicone udders, shaved snatches and bikini-tanned butts free from medieval costumes. They suck

choad from throbbing scepters, dabble in dyke piles and stage an orgy with Tom Byron and a band of merry poon pokers. Yet St. Croix continues to mope. Not even a lickjob from Christy Canyon cheers him up. He nails her in a quick, udder-shaking fit, and the saga ends. The slut therapy that fails to work on St. Croix nevertheless works wonders on stiff pricks under the supervision of a firm grip. Nightbreed is okay for a one-night stand with your hand. -W. G.



NIGHTBREED: Night sleaze from Kennedy, Carter and Kelly.

THE SODOMIZER 2: Moore tongues Blue's buns.

The Sodomizer 2

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT. Directed by Rodney Moore; starring Ashley Sage, Chelsea Blue, April Diamonds, Samira, Cassandra O, Wolf Savage and Rodney Moore. Videocassette: Sin City Entertainment.

A well-done series of trashy loop scenarios. Ashley Sage, a redhead wrapped in pink, plays a cleaning lady as agreeably stupid as she is sexy. Rodney Moore plays the sleazebag boss who talks her into humming his bone, doglicking his anus and taking a colonful of putz—then fouls her face with nad nasty. In the best loop, Chelsea Blue is a prissy, fresh-faced ditz with tits who thinks she's playing hardball in negotiations with Moore to buy a camcorder. Moore ends up negotiating his balls into a slapping frenzy against her chin and

fanny as he sodomizes her into sluthood. Wolf Savage steps out of a shower and blows ball suds onto April Diamonds' chin; sepia Samira, slender with compact curves and a densely furred Brillo snatch, gets tail-nailed on her knees; Cassandra O, who's hiding a nice set of dairy-white nay-nays beneath a frumpy housedress, spreads her sockets for a back-door jam that leaves her chin plastered with gob. The sin of sodomy as portrayed in *The Sodomizer* 2 will result in even more "self-abuse" among viewers.

—M. A.

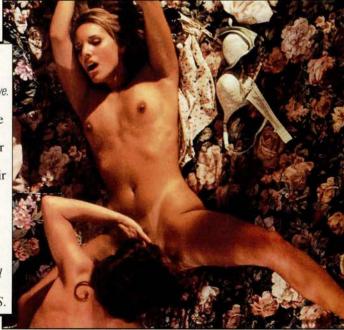
Smokescreen

HALF ERECT. Directed by Toni English; starring Jenteal, Nicole London, Missy, Melissa Hill, Kirsty Waay, Alex Sanders, Steven St. Croix and Marc Wallice. Videocassette: Wave.

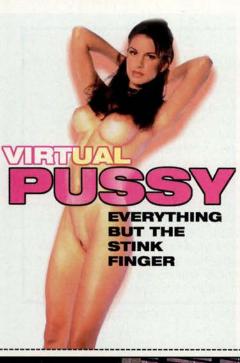
Some women need to be introduced to hard-core porn by degrees, and *Smokescreen* is an ideal first-time fuck feature for a lady who's not sure she's going to like it. "Nothing is as it seems," screams the box-cover promise. Be that as it may, Alex Sanders seems to be indulging in cuddle talk with a groovy, pouty blonde in a steamy outdoor pool. The couple plays out a sensitive, skin-stroke water ballet with a fellatio flourish and a thick jot of semen on the chick's chest. Chicks make phone calls and hang

around in kitchens, which will be familiar turf to the first-time female viewer and put her on a solid footing. The porn chicks put on stripper costumes and dance with a feather boa as if they have never taken their clothes off in front of men, which also will put the neophyte nympho at home at ease so she can accept the tape's closing achievement of anal penetration. But, the virgin porn viewer wonders, repulsed, as are we, why does the camera spend so much time focused on the backs of a hairy guy's thighs?

—C. S.



SMOKESCREEN: Jenteal moans; Hill munches.



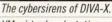
Testicles never rest. How to unload all the excess sperm is a problem confronting all men. A female is the ideal excess-sperm depository. Finding an ideal depository, however, is not always possible every time the need arises. Females have wills of their own, and a man cannot always impose his testicle drive on one without the risk of getting slapped, married, bankrupt or thrown in the hoosegow.

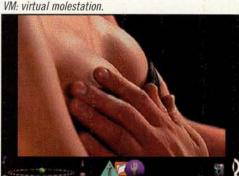
Technology is striving to fix the excess-sperm problem. For less than the price of a street blowjob, Pixis Interactive, a maker of CD-ROMs, is offering a line of girls who will do anything, anytime the testicles have a need.

Each CD-ROM in the DIVA-X (Digitally Implemented Virtual Actress) presents a model whose will is controlled entirely by the user via a wireless mouse (the X-Tracker, also sold by Pixis). On screen, male hands and genitalia (filmed from the user's perspective) fondle, grope and penetrate the model. Her tits wobble and gyrate realistically. Users can play with her pussy all day long and never get stink finger.

The high-tech tricks being offered from the cyberpimps at Pixis Interactive are state-of-the-art virtual cunt. Getting the spunk out still depends on such lowtech tools as a tub of Vaseline and a clenched fist.









Night Tales

HALF ERECT. Directed by Jim Enright; starring Nici Sterling, Jill Kelly, Nena Anderson, Ariel Daye, Christi Lake, Alexis Dane, Felecia, Peter North, T. T. Boy, Tom Byron, Tony Tedeschi and Shawn Ricks. Videocassette: VCA.

In what will be a familiar scenario to any jerkoff who's been watching nobrainer porn product from the past month or so, the premise of *Night Tales* is that XXX performers attend art auctions and are inspired to take off their clothes and have pretty good sex. Thank God for pretty good sex, or porn in general would be unwatchable. Unfortunately, the first fuck of *Night Tales* doesn't quite measure up. The broad, less than great-looking, slops it on a guy who's not so great himself. A brunette, hair up, employs the team of T. T. Boy and Peter North so she

can suck cock while getting popped from the rear; the two power studs work her into a sexy, sweaty lather with ball foam crudding both sides of her face. Three live, nude twats get together; the black one has to suck ass. A chick with tits like warning cones nestles penis in her skeezy ass. Jill Kelly catches a long, hard, condom-coated pitch from Tony Tedeschi with a whip of wad on the tip of her tongue. Tedeschi and Boy each exercise their money muscle with a pair of passable tramps, but *Night Tales* is pretty much a same old story.

—C. S.

NIGHT TALES: Tedeschi's tool says "hello" to Kelly's slanted smile.

F

Anal Town U.S.A. #12

HALF ERECT. Directed by uncredited; starring Nikki Brantz, Menage Trois, Dalny Magda, Max Hardcore, Dick Nasty and Jack Hammer. Videocassette: Nitro.

Nikki Brantz is a gawky schoolgirl skipping through the woods—wavy, brunet hair pulled up by a pink ribbon, frilly ankle socks and a toy pipe for blowing bubbles in her mouth. Hot on her heels is a bad man in a black hat, Max Hardcore. He wordlessly grabs her by the hair and slaps his schlong in her mouth, silencing her squeaky protests. Nikki's panties are ripped into tatters on her virginwhite thighs. Tiring of vaginal intercourse, Hardcore lipstick-paints a mouth on her clenching rectal rim, then plows it and delivers a hefty load

to her face. Dick Nasty parts the dark-chocolate folds of Menage Trois's black box to reveal a dripping interior the color of a bright-pink Cadillac. Nasty takes it for a cruise, jams his crank in her tailpipe and blows his rod on her mouth bumpers. Dalny Magda giggles and makes faces at the camera throughout her anal ordeal and chants "cock" again and again until Jack Hammer facesprays her, bringing her scene to a merciful end. Visitors to Anal Town 12 will want to drop in and shoot a load or two. W.G





Illicit Entry

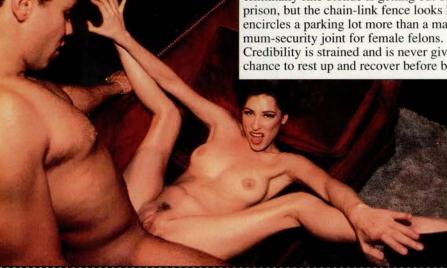
ONE-QUARTER ERECT. Directed by Brad Armstrong and Greg Steelberg; starring Nikki Tyler, Sindee Coxx, Monique De Moan, Missy, Kia, Vince Vouyer, Bobby Vitale, Randy West, Steven St. Croix and Jill Kelly. Videocassette: Wave.

A couple of months back, directors Brad Armstrong and Greg Steelberg were doing great. Two of their hard-boiled fuck-flick thrillers had split a HUSTLER Fully Erect and a Three-Quarters Erect rating (Double Cross and Lip Service, August 1996 Erotic Entertainment). Something went wrong with their latest collaboration, Illicit Entry. A criminally fine blonde is getting out of prison, but the chain-link fence looks like it encircles a parking lot more than a maximum-security joint for female felons. Credibility is strained and is never given a chance to rest up and recover before being

assaulted again and again. Furthermore, the filmmakers display too much fondness for noir lighting and fancy shots, striving for effect over substance. Long, distant establishing or freaky overhead views here are less successful at enhancing the action than in previous outings. The boning is nowhere near as menacing or impassioned as the optimistic viewer might have allowed himself to expect from past experience. However, unlike in Hollywood, XXX directors are not necessarily only as good as their last project. The team of Armstrong and Steelberg continue to inspire high hopes.

—C. S.

ILLICIT ENTRY: De Moan and St. Croix make pussy-on-a-stick.



Stroker's Guide

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



Fully Erect

Superior. A top production.

Ass Openers #1 (TCKS Entertainment)

Kitty Monroe, Debi Diamond, Max Hardcore

Car Wash Angels (VCA)

Shayla La Veaux, Juli Ashton, T. T. Boy

Double Cross (Wicked Pictures)

Jill Kelly, Jeanna Fine, Brad Armstrong

Gregory Dark's Flesh (Dark Works/Evil Angel)

Lisa Ann, Kim Kataine, Nick East



Three-Quarters Erect

Above average. Hard-on material

Anal Maniacs #4 (Wicked Pictures)

Sid Deuce, Nena Anderson, Alex Sanders

Anal Palace (VCA)

Debora Wells, Anita Blonde, Mark Davis

Hardcore Schoolgirls Video Magazine: Volume 4 (Xplore Media Group)

Barbara, Ashley Skye, Max Hardcore

Lunachick (Vivid)

Racquel Darrian, Tiffany Million, Sean Michaels

Smells Like Sex (VCA)

Jenna Jameson, Juli Ashton, Tony Tedeschi

Vortex (Metro Home Video)

Jasmin St. Claire, Davia, Dave Hardman



Half Erect

Standard fare. Has moments.

Explicit (Metro Home Video)

Candy Apples, Sabrina, Ron Jeremy

Fashion Plate (Wave)

Heather Hunter, Jenteal, Tom Byron

Forbidden Cravings (VCA)

Missy, Jill Kelly, Peter North

Hienie's Heroes (VCA)

Taylor Hayes, Tera Hart, Ron Jeremy

Porno Bizarro (Glitz Video)

Napoleon, Amandazon, Long Dong Silver

Toot Z Roll (Wicked Pictures)

Yasmine Pendavis, Anna Amore, Mr. Marcus



One-Quarter Erect

Poor. Don't expect much.

New York Video Magazine #6 (Outlaw Productions)

Tammi Ann, Missy, Ray Horsch

Out of My Mind (Pleasure Productions)

Heather Lee, Stephanie, Ron Jeremy

Totally Limp A waste of time and money.

Dragxina: Queen of the Underworld (Metro Home Video)

Chris Cline, Adam Young, Kalina Lynx



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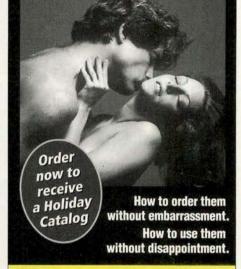
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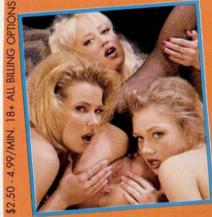


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FEEDBACK

(continued from page 11)

imagine how disappointed I was with this issue. If I wanted a tit mag, I would have bought one. I did buy an old issue for a cheaper price, but do us pussy-hungry guys a favor and label this sissy version of HUSTLER "Lame Shit."

—C. L.

Lynwood, Washington

Did you happen to notice, C. L., along with the lack of pussy, that the price on the cover was in <u>rands</u>, with a special tax in <u>Namibia</u>? That was the October '93 issue of South African HUSTLER. They've since won a censorship battle in court and are now just as hot as America's Best.

Cream Queen

Please tell me where I can purchase the video entitled *Kiva's Creme a la Face*, reviewed in HUSTLER's June '96 *Erotic Entertainment* section.

—E. C.

Asheboro, North Carolina

You may have trouble finding this flick in your home state. To see Kiva's salute to sperm, you should consider a buying expedition beyond old Jesse's reach.

HUSTLER Past

As an avid reader of HUSTLER, I must say that every one of your issues is a true classic. When I can find back issues, I collect them. Have you ever considered republishing your earlier issues? —C. P. Montreal, Quebec

Much of HUSTLER's long and distinguished history is still available, though in limited quantities. Collectors should call Back Issues at (815) 734-1142 or write to P.O. Box 474, Mt. Morris, IL 61054.

HUSTLER Future

I am a recent subscriber to HUSTLER and am glad I made the choice. This letter is in reference to HUSTLER's September issue and the picture on page 31 (HUSTLER's Online Honeys, September '96), showing a voluptuous brunette with a small, shaven, no-breasted, younger blonde. I think we have become satiated with siliconed, mega-mammed vixens. What better deviation than pics showing age and build differences? If this photo is from a movie or video, could you give me the name?

—C. B.

South Charleston, West Virginia

The fetching couple who caught your eye are not to be found in movies or videos, but you can see them live anytime you

want by inviting them over to your place. They are two of the performers on HUSTLER <u>Live Interactive</u>, our new real-time, online video-conferencing service. Contact them at http://www.hustler.com.

Lone Star Nation

I am writing about your article If at First You Don't Secede...The Rise of Secessionism in America (August '96). The Republic of Texas is also trying to secede. I feel shorted that we were not mentioned in the article. We've been trying to leave the U.S. for over a year now, have been to the world court and are growing stronger by the day. —D. M.

Big Spring, Texas

Came

You promised in Coming Next, April '96, that in May's HUSTLER "a blue-eyed virgin with tits like scoops of ice cream discovers the special place where she hides her cherry." I expected to find her inside, after paying for the magazine. I feel cheated and have lost faith in HUSTLER's honesty.

—R. L. T.

Columbus, Ohio

It's your eyesight you should doubt, not us. <u>Elizabeth: Booty Calls</u> appeared, as promised, in the May'96 issue.

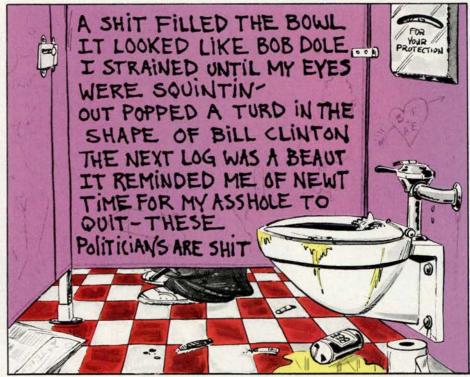
Ode to Menew

I have never written a magazine before, but I must tell you about a special woman, who was shown in your magazine, that I knew very well. My former lover Menew (Beaver Hunt, February '95) and I have enjoyed HUSTLER for three years now. After thumbing through a few issues, it didn't take her long to step in front of a camera and bare all. She loved getting nude outdoors as much as I loved watching. We were real celebrities down here for a long time. Everyone loved it! She recently found her happiness with someone else, but we both admit that taking those photos was a memorable experience. She will always be my little Menew, and we will never forget the great times we spent together. She will be missed a great deal. Thank you, HUSTLER, for printing her picture and making one of my lifelong fantasies -C. M. come true.

Houma, Louisiana

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

GRAFFILMY



THANKS AND \$50 GO TO JOHN W.





SCALLINATION OF WOOD WORK

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

As a woodsman from the Great North, Scott usually has no patience for tree huggers.

But when he sees Lisa Ann chained to the great redwood, her fierce dedication changes his mind.

"I love nature so much," she says, staring up defiantly at Scott's towering trunk. "I'll let you split me in half with your ringing blows, if only you'll spare this tree."

Tossing aside his ax, Scott plants his root in the moist valley of Lisa Ann's fertile crescent. Grunting, he drives his wedge deep into her stump, then scatters his seed on her tongue.

Lisa Ann strokes the spent lumberman. His sleeping giant stirs anew. "I've dedicated my life to loving all trees," she says, "especially the mighty, red wood."



















Hot Lette had a feeling the frozen pumpkin pie wasn't going to make Jerry any happier; maybe a bite of my piping-hot hair pie

SPANKS GIVING

Being married to a biker who looks for any excuse to stage a gang-bang with his buddies has its advantages, especially for a slut like me. I may not be the petite, bottle-blond, 18-year-old nympho Jerry wed on the back of his hog all those years ago, but I can still knock 'em dead with my hourglass figure and bodacious ta-tas. Kneeling at the center of a Leather Scorpions circle-jerk makes me feel like a kid again—a kid fucked-up on cheap hooch, her head-to-toe tattoos glazed with glistening jizz.

Sounds tasty, doesn't it? A smorgasbord of schwing is nothing compared to the culinary delight I whipped up for Jerry this Thanksgiving. Big old turkey sandwiches, a can of cranberry sauce and instant mashed potatoes prepared with milk, not water. I even made fresh gravy-specifically, the soupy mess in my panties when my old man walked in,

shirtless and sweaty.

"Happy turkey day, pilgrim," I said with a leer, eyeballing the bulge in Jerry's greasy jeans. I placed the platter of food on the table before him, bending over far enough for a landslide of cleavage to pour out of my skimpy top. Instead of the look of arousal I expected to find on Jerry's face, he glared at me as if my cut-off T-shirt read, "Jap Bikes Are Best.'

Jerry took a belt from his Coors and exploded, "What is this fancy-shmancy bullshit? I thought I told you to get me a goddamn Hungry Man dinner!" He grabbed a handful of mashed potatoes and flung it at the wall, adding, "You know how much I hate vegetables!" The way Jerry's muscles rippled sent a flush of excitement through my body, stiffening my nipples and engorging my clit. I

would do the trick. Lust-crazed, I dipped my own digits

into the mashed potatoes and traced the steamy spuds around the soft curve of my bare stomach. "If you don't like the potatoes," I cooed, continuing to finger a path below the waistband of my spandex shorts, "you'll just have to provide the stuffing." The sensation of kneading a mushy entree into my dark thatch of pubes was incredible. Unable to restrain myself, I gently prodded the hood of my clitoris, provoking a jolt of pleasure that made me gasp out loud.

Never the romantic, Jerry responded with a booming belch. "You think a quick fuck will get you off the hook, Maxine?" He viciously tore off my shorts and bent my bare ass over the table, pressing my face into the cranberry mold. The sticky-sweet taste heightened my already unbearable arousal. I thought I'd climax the moment Jerry leaned in behind me and whispered, "Bitches who fuck up dinner get punished. Are you a bitch in heat?"

I moaned, "Shit yes, baby," and



ground my pubic mound against the tabletop, awaiting the lash of Jerry's calloused hand on my sweet rump. The cruel blow came swiftly; sharp needles of pain punctured the hazy cloud of bliss that had enveloped my every nerve ending. I cried out incoherent gibberish, unsure whether to beg for mercy or his rod up my shitter. The sound of Jerry's pants unzipping meant the decision had already been made.

Jerry slapped his meat hammer across my angry-red bum while chortling, "It's actually a nice change of pace to have twin hams for Thanksgiving." He roughly spread my cheeks apart, drooled onto my sphincters and prodded my bottom with a few divine inches of horse cock. As the rest of his manhood sank into the depths of my bowels, I felt the exquisite stretching of my reluctant rectum. The muscles in my colon seemed determined to battle this veiny intruder. It felt like Jerry had shoved his entire right arm up my assand I ought to know.

"Jesus Christ, Mr. Big Bad Biker," I panted. "I don't think my exhaust pipe can handle much more." My protests only served to pick up the pace of Jerry's

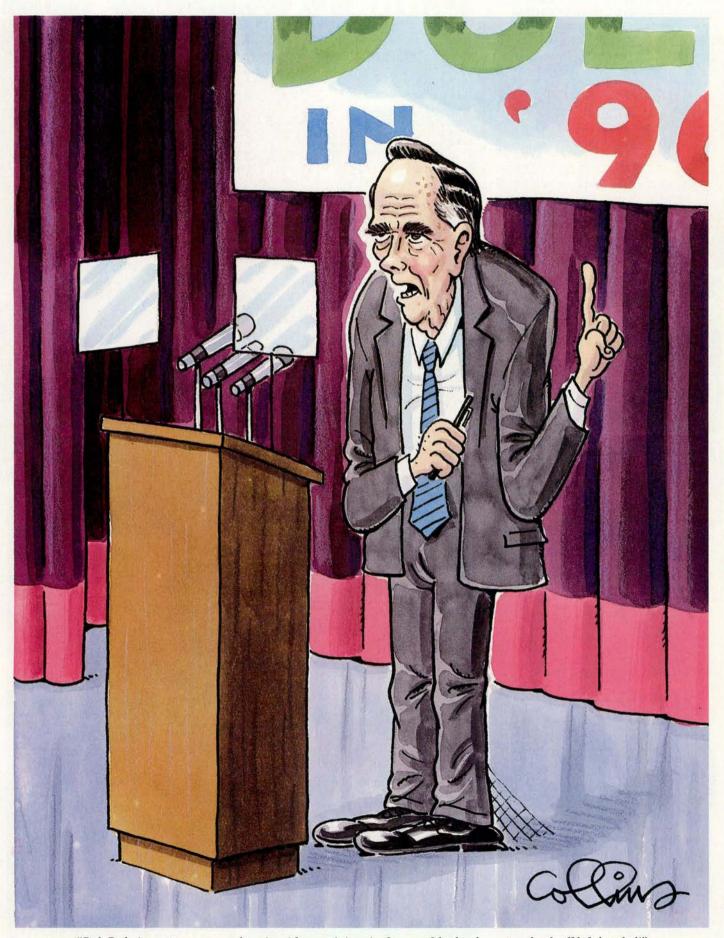
plunging.

"I don't think you have a choice," mocked Jerry. "You haven't even seen the main course." Confused, I lifted my face out of the goopy cranberry mess and saw the rest of the Leather Scorpions disrobing in my kitchen. Bobbing cocks danced before my eyes, and I knew soon I would experience every fleshy inch. The burly mechanic known as Boozer was the first to join in, corking my sloppy mouth with the head of his dork. I suckled in long, noisy quaffs.

"Yo, Filthy," Boozer barked. "She's hot tonight! You gotta come fuck Maxine's cunt!" Although I wasn't looking forward to catching a whiff of the appropriately named Filthy, the thought of his freakishly large member assaulting my last accessible hole was making me drool. Actually, it wasn't drool-it was Boozer's pathetic seed dribble, but he was so quickly replaced with another dick in my mouth that I hardly noticed the difference.

Time stood still for the first few moments of searing penetration as I accepted Filthy's King Kong-size prong into my womb. I'm sure Jerry would agree this was a far better sandwich than the Wonder Bread and mayo monstrosities I had planned to serve him;

(continued on page 41)



"Bob Dole is no stranger to adversity. After my injury in the war, I had to learn to whack off left-handed!"







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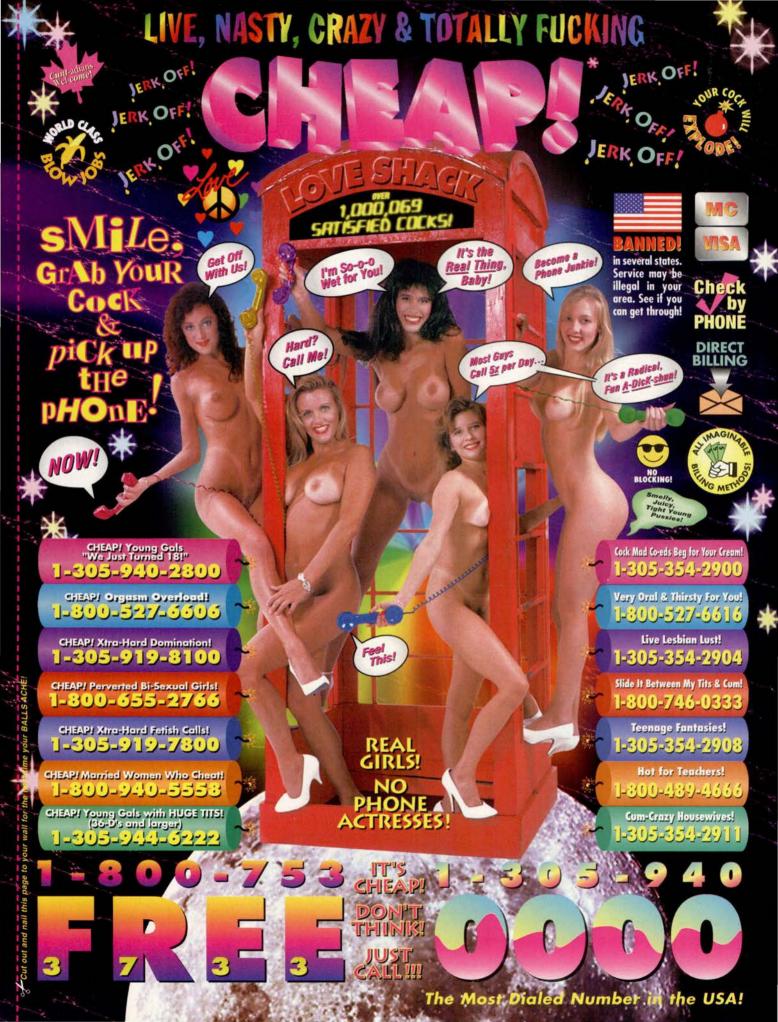






COLLEGE COEDS







Beaver Hunt Grand Prize Finalist #4

In March 1996, stray beauty Camille first turned up in the pages of *Beaver Hunt*. Back in Baltimore, Maryland, the 26-year-old collects exotic birds and lizards. With her smoldering cat eyes and smooth, pink plumage, she's so cute that we kept Camille and made her *Beaver Hunt* Finalist #4. Camille has the breeding, grooming and taste to make a champion pussy, but HUSTLER's readers will decide whether she brings home the big \$5,000 prize and takes a free trip to a glamour capital to shoot a HUSTLER pictorial.















(continued from page 32)

Hot Letters I ingested the anonymous wang, savoring the smoky flavor. This guy was downright delicious! I lovingly nibbled the foot-long like a hungry Pilgrim enjoying his first taste of maize.

his enthusiastic slaps on my bouncing butt sounded like applause to my dickaddled brain. I pulled the meat out of my mouth long enough to shriek obscenities at the gang of studs.

"That's right, you bastards," I spat. "Give it to me rough, you pathetic little girls!" My taunting accomplished its goal; the already frantic fucking became downright brutal. Filthy and Jerry simultaneously slammed in as deep as possible. For a moment I feared the force might tear me open.

Now a gargling noise was all that escaped my throat; a thick, black trouser snake was held hostage by my trademark esophagus hold. The familiar gush of pungent spunk coursed liquid heat down to my gut.

"Step up to the mike, Maxine," grunted some mook I didn't even recognize. I ingested the anonymous wang, savoring the smoky flavor. This guy was downright delicious! I nibbled the footlong like a hungry Pilgrim enjoying his first taste of maize. The cob in my cunny distracted my seasonal reverie by throbbing with orgasmic intensity.

"Gonna blow," hollered Filthy, withdrawing his shaft and scrambling to aim the spraying nozzle toward my sexcrammed yob. Filthy and his bro unleashed their spurts like duelling DNA cannons, drenching my face with each wet spasm.

Painfully, I eased Jerry's darkened dong out of my chute and straight into my mouth. No sooner had I sucked him clean than Jerry roared, grabbed the back of my head and unleashed his torrent inside me. I struggled to swallow every precious drop, but occasionally lost a mouthful to the gag reflex. Jerry didn't seem to mind. He simply dove for my muff and began lapping, his limp wood slowly rising from the dead.

"That's the good thing about Thanksgiving," muttered Filthy, scooping mouthfuls of mashed potatoes off the dirty floor. "The leftovers go on forever." —M. G. Corpus Christi, Texas

MATERNITY WHORED

Janice and I have been swinging for almost ten years now, and our marriage has never been happier. We don't have a bunch of jealous hang-ups like other couples. Unfortunately, even our rock-solid relationship would be tested if she found out who blew me last night.

I never would have expected to see Janice's mother, Sybil, at my weekly sensitivity seminar. If you ask me, Sybil's the most insensitive piece of shit on the planet. She's always making fun of my weight, my clothes and my crappy car. Worst of all, Sybil's an even finer piece of ass than her daughter. She kind of looks like Jane Fonda with a bigger rack. I decided to use the seminar's encounter session to finally cop a feel of those life-giving gazongas.

While the rest of the group's fuckedup feebs walked around hugging one another, I headed straight for Sybil. She turned pale and flatly stated, "I don't want you touching me," but a swelling of the nerps under her white turtleneck spoke volumes to the contrary.

Exasperated, I asked, "Then what the fuck are you doing here? The first step on the ladder to healing is a rung named trust." When she reached out and took my hand, I figured Sybil actually bought my line of bullshit.

"You moron," she growled in her sexy, hoarse voice, leading me behind a stairwell. "I followed you here because I'm so desperate to get laid. I just don't want







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Hot Letters "That's right, mama," I babbled. "Daddy's home. Gonna give you the bacon, baby. You love it, you fucking love it...." My whimsical pillow talk trailed off into violent grunts and groans.

anyone to see my loser son-in-law mauling my tits." Normally, when Sybil calls me a loser, I tell her to suck my fat one. Now, however, she was already sucking it. I watched as the entirety of my plank was slowly gobbled between her shiny red lips. No wonder Janice's dad died of a heart attack; the way my pulse was racing as Sybil swallowed my pride, I was more than prepared to go out with a smile on my face.

Alerted by my raspy breathing, Sybil turned her attention from ingurgitating my cock meat to busting my balls. "Don't get off yet, mister," she barked, pushing away my bright-crimson erection. She doffed her matronly flowered dress, revealing a killer, well-toned body, the waistline drawn by a sexy, black garter belt. My jaw dropped as Sybil flopped onto her bare ass, spread open the lips of her pink, velvet pussy and intoned, "Lick it, laughing boy."

I obeyed happily. My tongue tickled her butterfly labia, which were soon soaking with pussy juice. The change of life had been kind to the old bag, and I was about to give her a whole new kind of hot flashes. I caught her slippery clit between my teeth and sucked like a madman, only stopping to prod a finger or two into her vaginal crevice. Sybil was getting more and more into it, swiveling her hips, pinching her fat nipples. Finally, she erupted in a scream of, "Put your penis in my burning winkie!"

I'd certainly never heard pussy described as a "winkie" before. Frankly, it made me a little sick. Regardless, I filled the generation gap between Sybil's legs, climbing on top of her like a wild animal mounting his prey. I scooped her firm butt cheeks in both hands and firmly pressed pud into her moist recesses. Sybil hissed and sighed, bucked against me and began a series of wad-coaxing gyrations. She dug her fingernails into my ass, pulling me deeper and deeper between those seasoned thighs. This old bitch sure knew how to ball! I proceeded to fuck the living shit out of her.

"That's right, mama," I babbled. "Daddy's home. Gonna give you the bacon, baby. You love it, you fucking love it...." My whimsical pillow talk trailed off into violent grunts and groans. Sybil's viselike snatch muscles were massaging my shank to the absolute boiling point. Judging by the permanent, silent scream frozen onto Sybil's face, she was experiencing a gut-wrenching orgasm of her own. I held her close and felt spasms engulf her naked body, until she finally went limp.

Within seconds, Sybil had returned to her traditional, surly demeanor. "I suppose you want me to take care of that thing for you," she shuddered, pointing at my pulsating hard-on with utter disgust.

"Don't worry about it," I said with a smile, vigorously jacking off in her direction. Oodles of chunky semen spilled onto Sybil's heaving chest, dribbling into a pool around her belly. I stroked off countless spurts, treasuring her shocked glower. My dick finally collapsed in exhaustion.

Later, as I helped Sybil clean up with a few Wet-Naps from her purse, I figured the healing thing to do was invite her to share some quality time with me and Janice. After hearing my suggestion, she caught me with a right hook across my chin and stormed out of the meeting. I told you that bitch was insensitive! —P. R. Champaign, Illinois

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



43

SEX PLAY

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.

Blade Runners The Bloody Games Cutters Play

By Thom Metzger

The blade enters Jack's arm, and a drop of blood appears. Pure, brilliant scarlet. The edges of his mouth tighten into a slight grimace. The dark room is silent except for the tiny skritch-skritch of the X-Acto knife carving through his skin. Jack's girlfriend, Cyndy, is crouched between his legs, her head bobbing. Cyndy works her mouth across Jack's loins. As she slowly cuffs his throbbing cock, her tongue runs along the inside of his thigh, following a double line they'd cut together a few weeks earlier. Lines, symbols and geometric shapes cover his legs and arms. Some of the wounds are fresh; some are years old; some he's gone over a dozen times with the blade. Cyndy's tongue leaves a slick saliva trail that makes the almost-healed wounds shine bright.

Cyndy loves the scars. When she first laid eyes on Jack inside Taxidermy, a crowded industrial club on the edge of town, the mysterious crosses, stars and eyeballs that cover his bare arms drew her to him.

Jack's a cutter. He likes the pain of a sharp blade raking across his skin; especially now, as Cyndy guzzles his turgid crank and runs a hand over the bumpy lines on his thighs. With his girl jacking his shaft and swirling her tongue around the crown of his cock, Jack closes in on release. Jack forcefully drives the X-Acto blade into his forearm; the sharp pain mixes with warm spasms of pleasure as an orgasm ripples across his body. Cyndy raises her head to lick the fresh wound. Her wilting lips drip with blood and cum.

"Some people tell me I'm nuts," Jack says, "and sometimes I think they're right. But then I



ing about my scars, who can't keep her tongue off them. Or better yet, wants to use the knife herself." According to Jack, the psychoanalytic terms often used to describe these urges, sadism and masochism, are way off the mark.

"That's a pretty tired way of looking at things. We know a hell of a lot more now about the body: adrenaline and endorphins and whatnot. I'm no expert on the medical end. But to put what I do to enhance sexual release in the same category as self-punishment is dead wrong."

Dr. Audrey Moore, a psychiatrist who's seen a number of patients with ritual scars, disagrees with Jack. "Some individuals who come to me with self-inflicted lacerations are suffering greatly. Usually we use the term borderline personality disorder to describe this condition, in which some split in a person's identity allows them, or forces them, to hurt themselves in this way. But there are a few who don't fit neatly into this category."

Mickey is 30 years old and works at a copy shop. He has long, black hair and tattoos of a Smurfette holding an AK-47 and a python strangling a Kewpie doll on his biceps. The most treasured of his personal effects is an old medicine cabinet he picked up off the street. Painted over with skulls and severed hands, with gluedon rags of fur and fake jewels, it looks like a lunatic Christmas crèche. Inside, on strips of black velvet, are his "works." Not a needle and spoon, but a surgical kit: scalpels, retractors, clamps. "It was expensive, but only the best would do.

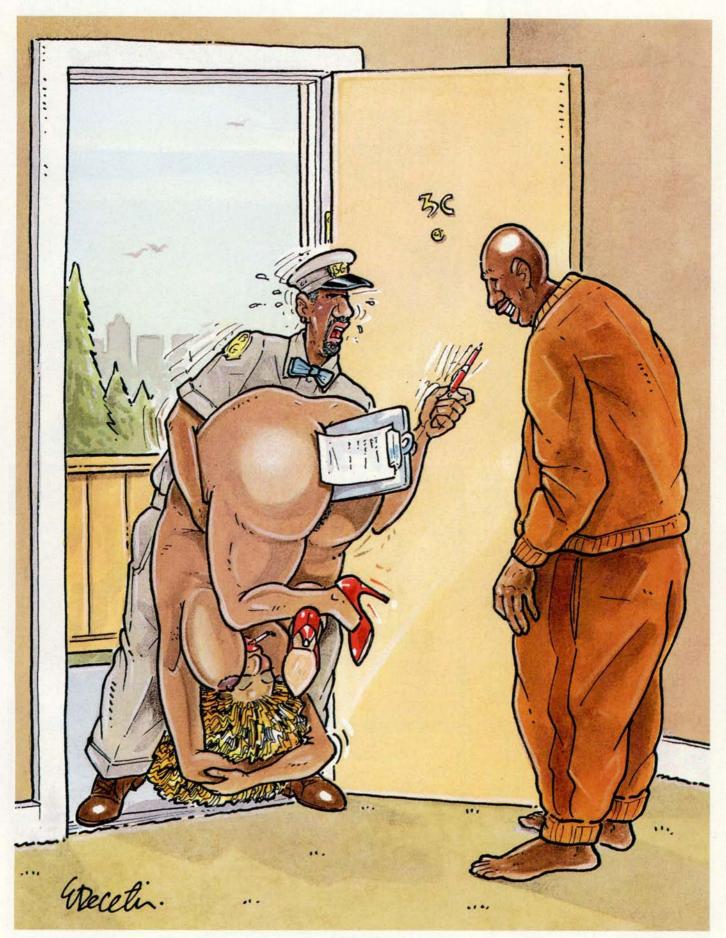
"I met a girl once at a club. Real cute. Tiny, with short-buzzed hair. More rings on her fingers than Liberace. She asked me about my tattoos, but when I rolled up my sleeve, and she got a good look at the scars, she was red hot. She asked 'Can I touch?' She'd never seen anything like 'em. It was like she was a virgin or something. She'd been with plenty of guys, but when she started touching the scars...sex was a brandnew thing.

"A week later, I let her watch." Mickey takes off his shirt. Thick, angry marks cover his chest. "I recarved this one." He points to a Valentine-style heart cut into the flesh covering his pectoral muscle. "I thought she was going to come right there, watching. It's a freak show, I know. But sometimes the old missionary in-out, in-out doesn't do much for her anymore. It might seem crazy, but there's a method to my madness."

Dr. Moore is less sure. "Certain sexual practices that society defines as perversions truly are dangerous: asphyxiation, certain types of drugs. Cutters claim that what they do is an erotic form of body adornment, but for many patients I've consulted, the scars are more than skin-deep. These particular cutters were exteriorizing pain that emanated from their subconscious."

James, 26, a research assistant at a medical lab, discounts the pain factor entirely. "I've had migraines that

(continued on page 48)
November HUSTLER



"Booty-gram!"











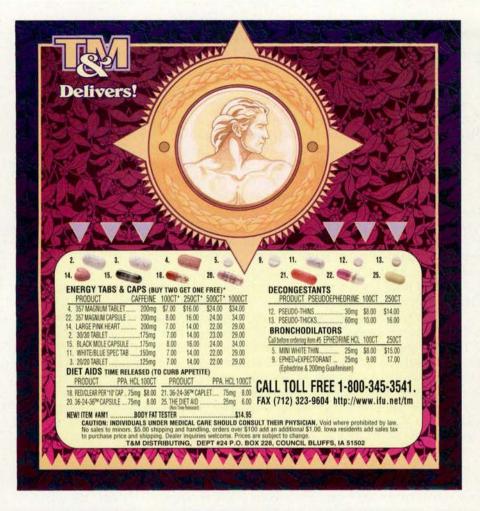


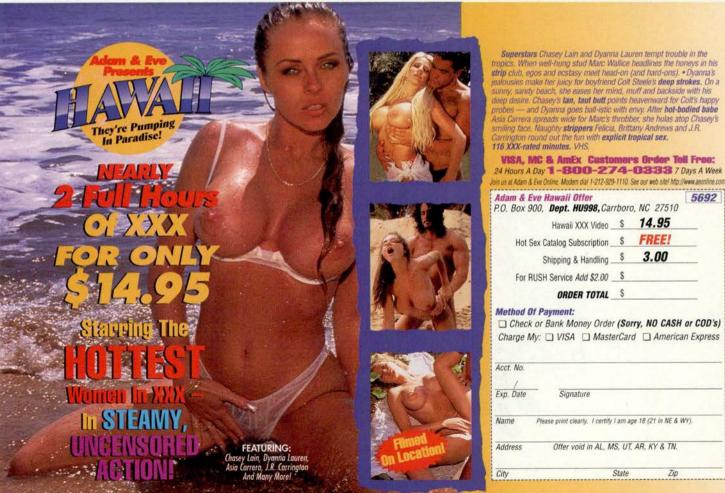
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Zip

YOU'RE A

NAUGHTY





(continued from page 44)

Sex Play "I backed away from the climax, teasing my pussy while I stared at the shiny edge of the blade.... I started rubbing myself full force, and just as I came, I ran the razor down my breast...."

are a hell of a lot worse," he says, "For me, it's not about pain. It's about the difference between comfort and real pleasure. Cutting yourself provides such tension and discomfort that once you finish a mark, you feel a euphoric sense of relief. Obviously, cutting's not for everybody. It's not for me every time; but if you never feel bad, feeling good is meaningless."

Katrina, a shy college sophomore hiding behind a veil of shoe-polish-black hair, has a bizarre parody of a '70s smiley face carved into her upper arm. Twisted and off-center, the graphic mocks the get-happy buttons her parents might have worn when they were her age. Though the scar stands out prominently against her alabaster skin, Katrina is less interested in fashion statements than the way cutting enhances her sexual pleasure.

"I was in the bathtub," Katrina says, her voice almost a whisper, "I had a bunch of candles burning, and I was lying there. Real relaxed, kind of dreamy, up to my neck in the water. My hand slipped down between my legs, and I was touching myself real slow and gentle at first. Two fingers, round and round. I was about to come, when I noticed my razor on the side of the tub. I took out the blade and kind of played with it. It was weird: relaxed and at the same time a little scary. I ran the blade along my arm, too light to cut. It tickled. Then down my neck, still real light."

Katrina's eyes grow bright.

"I started masturbating again with one hand and flicking the blade against my arm with the other. The steam in the room made it hard to breathe. My back arched up, but I backed away from the climax again, teasing my pussy while I stared at the shiny edge of the blade. Then I nicked the back of my arm and a little drop of blood seeped out. It was pretty. I started rubbing myself full force, and just as I came, I ran the razor down my breast so hard, it hurt."

Katrina pauses, "It was the best orgasm I ever had. Not one of those endless, gut-shaking climaxes, but sharp and hard. I hardly bled at all. I lay there a long time, playing with myself a little, coaxing out the aftershocks."

Marco, a graduate student at a small arts college, uses pain as a part of religious ritual. "There's a long tradition of using extremes of bodily sensation to get closer to God. Indian fakirs, Sufi mystics and shamans all over the world use pain to escape physical confines and approach the spiritual realm. All over the world, you've got statues of holy people in wild raptures. That's where my work starts. I do performance pieces that are like ecstatic theater."

Marco has video footage of a recent performance. Flashes of naked bodies appear on the screen: purple, smokey-green, shadowed. "This isn't some half-assed satanic bullshit."

he says, "that's for jerk-off high-school kids. This is a true form of religious worship." From the monitor comes music like the hum of a thousand locusts. The camera zooms in fast, and a naked girl kneels before Marco. She wears metal gloves with sharp metal talons. The music goes dead, and the light flickers and brightens as the girl runs her hands down Marco's thighs, leaving eight brilliant-red lines. "I don't get off on the pain," Marco says. "I use cutting to shock people and to help transport myself to greater states of awareness."

"What an asshole," says Jack, watching a copy of Marco's tape. "Any guy from America dancing around like he's an Indian priest is probably a fag. The only reason to get into cutting is if it turns you on or gets you laid." Jack recalls several instances where a woman came on to him after getting a load of his peculiar markings.

"There was one girl about a year ago," he says, "I think her name was Samantha, A suburban chick with lots of money. Drove around in Daddy's Bronco. A nice girl. I think she ended up in law school. She couldn't get enough of me. She begged to watch. One look at the scars, and it was like I was a puzzle she had to figure out. In bed, she was nuts. Touching the scars, kissing them. She liked this one best," Jack says, pointing to a decorative O (referring to his nickname, Overload) on his right shoulder. "Once Samantha had me lie on my side. Then she spread her legs and straddled me. She eased herself down on the scar and rocked back and forth on the flesh, moaning and squealing. It was almost scary, the noises she was making, like her cooze was some kind of socket, and she'd finally found the right plug. She was lit, man."

Is the pain always worth it? "Absolutely not," Jack admits. "Sometimes it just hurts, and you feel like shit afterward."

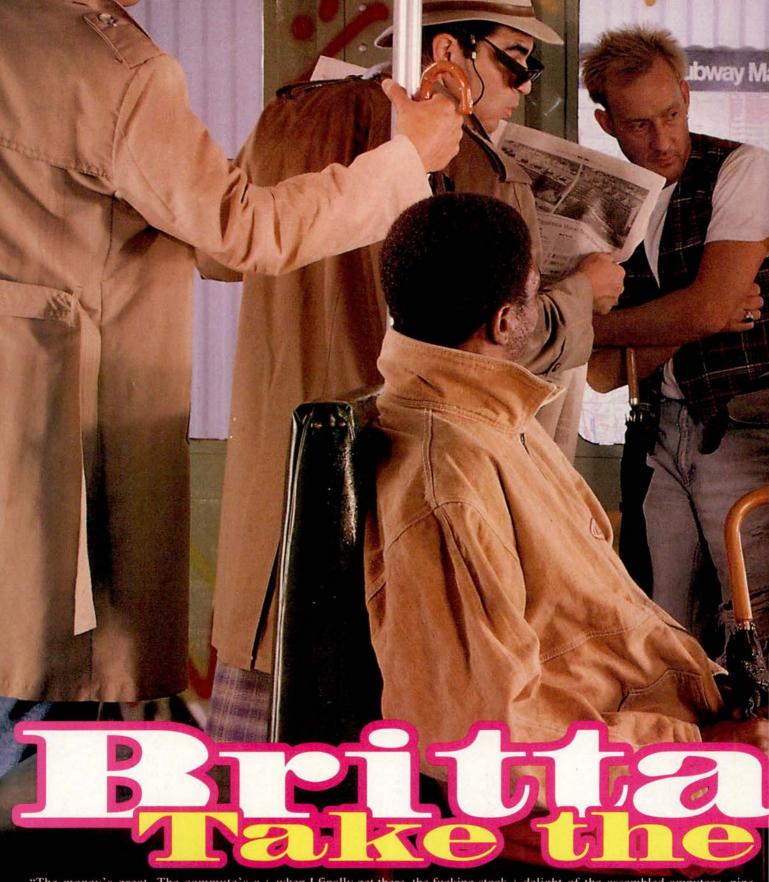
Dr. Audrey Moore thinks most cutters feel like shit all the time. "I have to believe the self-inflicted abuse is symbolic of some kind of self-loathing," she says. "There are plenty of ways to make sex more exciting that don't involve pain and self-mutilation. Why would anyone opt to hurt themselves unless deep down he or she felt deserving of some sort of punishment? I would advise anyone into cutting to go explore these issues in some kind of talk therapy."

Jack feels Dr. Moore's concerns are misplaced. "The most dangerous thing you do every day is drive home from work. Getting killed and mangled on the freeway is a risk we take. Why shouldn't I add an element of risk to fucking? Especially if both me and my girl get off on it."



"I hope you realize, Henry, you're making an absolute fool of yourself in front of my best friend!"





"The money's great. The commute's a bitch," grouses Brittany, a Brooklynite who pays the bills by baring her sugary dugs at the Bull Market, one of midtown Manhattan's upscale tit joints.

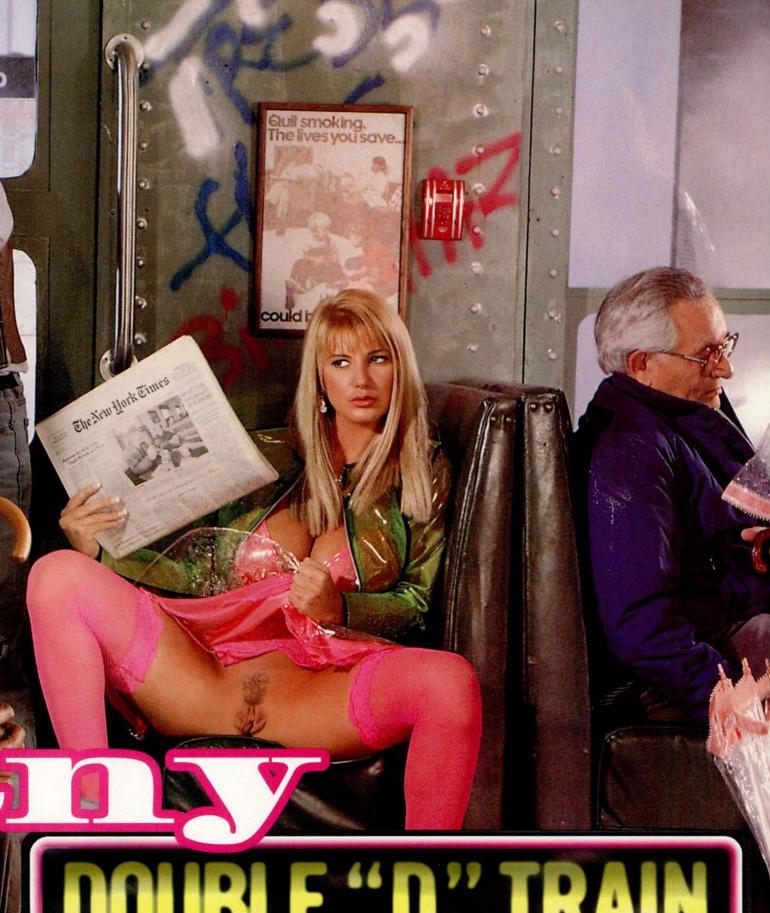
"An hour on the damn subway—and

when I finally get there, the fucking stock jockeys are too worried about pork futures to get a decent hard-on during a lap dance."

In a fit of pique, Brittany unveils her milky, billowing sacks—to the salivating delight of the assembled amputees, pipe fitters and glue sniffers aboard the stuffy subway car.

"The mooks on the train may not have a lot of loose cash, but they know enough to plug a hard slug into an open slot."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CLIVE MCLEAN



DUBLE "D" TRAIN













SO. YOU WANNA MAKE A DIRTY

IT AIN'T AS PASY AS IT LOOKS



The glut of cut-rate XXX flicks may give rank amateurs the impression that they can do better. Many armchair jackoffs are entering the blue-movie production fray, leading to even more Totally Limp disasters. As a favor to the viewing public, and in unending pursuit of the Fully Erect, HUSTLER helps the fledgling smut monger navigate porn's pitfalls with an insider's guide to making stellar celluloid sleaze.

How-to That an established porn studio would risk an investment on a complete unknown may seem far-fetched, but then again, look at the existing competition.

Frank Wank, a porn consumer, reclines in a plush, velvet Strat-o-lounger, his gaze transfixed by a TV screen ten feet away. With one hand working his wobbly rod, the other cradling the remote control, he settles in for the spankingnew smut tape he picked up at the local video store. He hits PLAY. The tape rolls. After a pitch for free speech and a few phone-sex ads, the feature begins-and that's when Frank's expression shifts from one of gleeful anticipation to that of resigned disappointment. A myriad of familiar questions races through Frank's thwarted mind: Where's the gorgeous girl on the box cover? How come the picture quality looks like a Mexican wrestling movie? Why do the people sound like they're talking through paper bags? Is that a hemorrhoid? Why am I watching Ron Jeremy?

Too often, these recurrent questions lead the viewer to one inescapable conclusion: I could do better myself! No sooner has this thought faded into a synaptic glow than the dim bulb gets the bright idea to make a fuck flick of his very own. If a sucker's born every minute, an aspiring porn director must be whelped every time a pig farts. Hence the staggering flood of dick-wilting sex videos on today's market.

First-time filthmakers quickly realize that getting a quality skin flick up and pumping is harder than they thought. Tight budgets and screw-loose talent can clamp down the creativity of even the most cocksure XXX visionary.

A rookie porn director needs direction. Before rushing out to stake a claim as porn's newest auteur, the smart smut newcomer will peruse this insider's guide to creating an X-rated epic, from soup to nuts. You want to make a dirty movie; we have the tools.

MONEY: IT TAKES BUCKS TO SHOOT FUCKS

A bottom-of-the-barrel cheapie, the kind of numb-nut, thumbs-down whack vid you're always complaining about, costs about \$5,000. Thinking back to Frank Wank's limp dick, let's assume your interest is in an ambitious, two-day porn movie, with more than one set, a modicum of tolerable acting and production values superior to '70s sex-education films. For a video you'd be proud to beat off to, be prepared to shell out anywhere between \$12,000 and \$30,000.

Unless you're independently wealthy or have a gift for grand larceny, this price tag presents you with two options: go the independent route and scare up funds from sundry investors to whom you (dubiously) promise a fat return; or pitch your idea to one of the many adult-video companies that thrive in Southern California's smoggy San Fernando Valley. That an established porn studio would risk an investment on a complete unknown may seem far-fetched, but then again, look at the existing competition. Someone somewhere gave Jim Enright his first break.

THE SCRIPT: SOMEBODY HAS TO WRITE THE DAMN THING

A porn script performs two basic functions: First, it gives your actors things to do and say in between sex scenes; second, the attempt to tell a story graces your product with "artistic merit," making it less liable for obscenity prosecution in certain American backwaters—such as the state of Alabama.

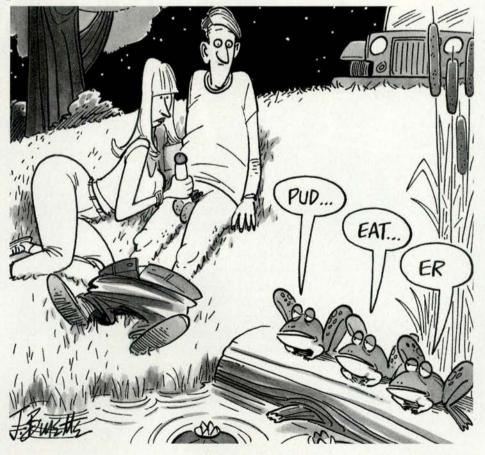
A good X-rated screenwriter wrings the most out of a smattering of locations, deftly recycles a small cast and stacks scenes in order to get the production crew in and out as quickly as possible. A bad scriptwriter spews new locations like diarrhea, writes long, polysyllabic soliloquies for actors who, for the most part, cannot speak and proposes a fuck-film budget that would rocket into the six-digit stratosphere if brought to the screen.

To avoid these pitfalls, the budding filmmaker is well-advised to resist the temptation to author his own opus. Instead, contact one of the hired pens who trade in blue-movie screenplays. The best are not unaffordable (\$350 to \$1,000) and can tailor the script to your specs, location and budget.

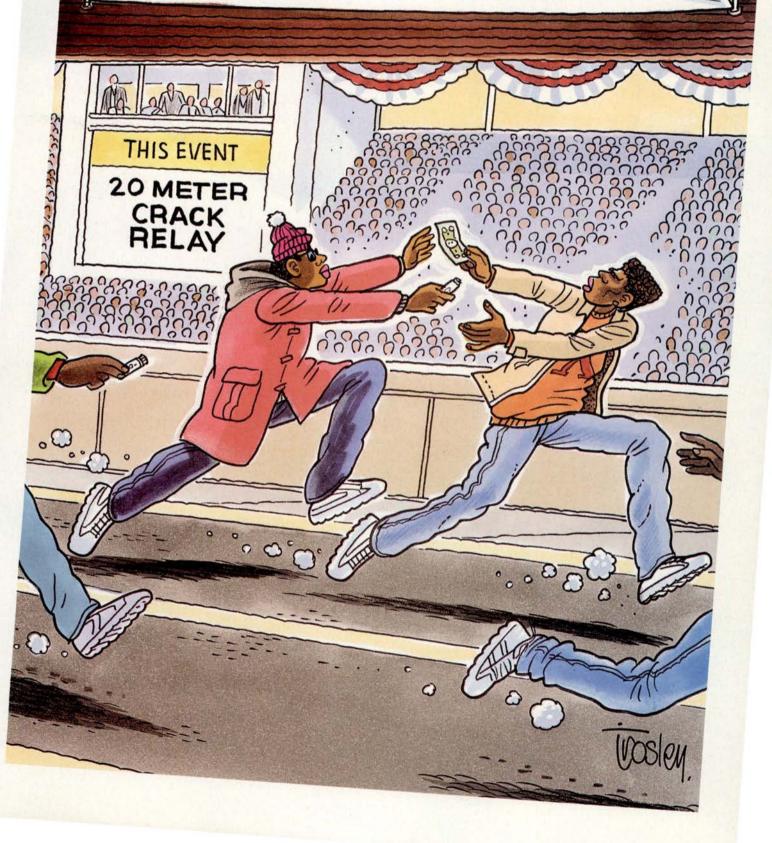
Credited with enough sleazy scripts to fill the bathrooms at the Library of Congress, recently retired smut-scribe Martin Brimmer has been called "the most consistently original screenwriter in the business," which is quite a compliment in a business built on monotony and repetition. He's written in every conceivable genre and worked with almost every porn director in town. ("Specialty shows are hell," he says, "when it's all black and all DP and you have five cast members to work with.")

"Most directors don't read the script until the night before, and the cast doesn't read it until they get to the set—if at all," says Brimmer with a laugh tinged with both disgust and amusement. "You have to work with limitations: the director's limitations, the talent's limitations, the location's limitations." The task of the X-rated writer is not so much to write something creative, but to logistically solve the wealth of production problems that too

(continued on page 68)



INNER-CITY OLYMPICS



Mona Lee PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

Constant Craving







"Men don't understand what it's like," groans Mona Lee, "to be born with a hole at the center of your being." She kneads her swollen nipples, throbbing with painful desire.

Mona hopes to soothe the hunger by letting her thirsty, pink lips nibble at her fingers.

"Doing myself just makes it worse. It's only when a man stuffs my aching emptiness that I feel like a complete woman. But even when my pussy's full and bursting, the hunger isn't over." The sex-starved beauty turns onto her lean belly. "Another opening needs to be fed. Give me your cock so I can be whole."











How-to "There was this girl's house we were using as a location, and she was one of the stars of the movie. She didn't show! She fucking lived at this place, and she managed to not show up for the whole movie!"

little time, money and skill will foster.

TALENT: NOW YOU SEE THEM; NOW YOU DON'T

As 20-year veteran director/producer Wesley Emerson puts it: "The hardest part about making porn is getting the peo-ple to show up." Finding the chicks, it turns out, is easy. Merely drop in on one of Los Angeles's preeminent talent agencies to scout for the necessary bodies. One ambitious and well-meaning porn star after another will foist themselves upon you (in both photographic and physical form), and you find out what and whom each star will and will not do when it comes to fucking.

Take a couple of nudie Polaroids of each lucky contestant. With surprisingly little effort, you will be able to talk enough of them into getting boffed at your direction-despite the fact they've never seen you before.

The fun part of dealing with the talent-most likely the reason you got into porn in the first place—is now over; from here on out you will face the daunting task of ensuring that your newfound schtup bunnies actually make it to the set.

Reb, the owner and operator of Reb's Pretty Girl Modeling Agency, in West Hollywood, California, advises the greenhorn porn director to look for two things when signing up talent: "Girls that aren't lying, and girls that aren't overexposed."

For the porn novice, this means buying a recent copy of HUSTLER EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE and a polygraph machine, or, more sensibly, hiring a production manager (PM) to schedule, wrangle and corral the slippery coozes for you.

In leather jacket, black jeans, a Van Dyck beard and shades, J. B. is one of the busiest PMs in porndom. When it comes to herding talent, few can match this 39year-old's honed skills. Still, there are no guarantees. J. B. remembers one shoot where, "There was this girl's house we were using as a location, and she was one of the stars of the movie. She didn't show! She fucking lived at this place, and she managed to not show up for the whole movie!"

J. B. puts a premium on talent that possesses a track record for reliability in addition to pure sexual energy. According to J. B., "A reliable actor is someone who shows up at least 65% of the time-which really isn't all that reliable when you think about it-but it's better than most." These are the performers you want to cast as your leads, since the odds are, they'll make it to the set every day. Gorgeous, sex-crazed starlets, who tend to be the most unreliable, "are better cast in smaller roles," says J. B., "where they can be easily replaced without ruining the whole movie if they don't show or if they walk out."

A director may have to replace more than an absent actress. One volatile and luscious porn poon smashed a few expensive lights along with a cameraman's skull when she marched from a particularly arduous shoot.

LOCATION, LOCATION, LOCATION

The good news is that California's pandering law-once wielded to bust porn shoots—was finally shot down after years of expensive appeals. The bad news is that you still can't tape a blowjob on the steps of City Hall in broad daylight; worse, you need to apply and pay for permits whenever and wherever you shoot.

Veteran porn director Henri Pachard discovered the extent of this requirement when a recent production at his own home was broken up by the cops.

"An estranged acquaintance of mine called the cops and told them we were shooting kiddie porn," recalls Pachard. "The vice squad came down, saw what we were really doing and wrote me up a summons for shooting without a permit." Pachard was fined \$1,000 and put on three-year probation.

When shooting exteriors, in addition to the proper paperwork, you may need to hire off-duty police to maintain the distance between a curious public and a

In Michael Ninn's Sex, Tyffany Million fucks a guy in the back of a moving cab as a camera follows them through the city streets. For legal purposes, Ninn had to pay for two motorcycle cops in front of the camera car leading the cab and two officers trailing the taxi.

"The cops almost ran into each other just trying to get a look," Ninn recalls. "We had the backseat well lit and [Million's] boobs were out and bouncing all around.... From the sidewalk you could see that they were obviously doing it for real; so every time we passed this bar, more and more patrons kept coming out and cheering. Pretty soon we had the whole place emptied; even the bartenders were out in front yelling, 'Fuck her!' as we passed by."

A fire marshal may also be needed on your set, especially if you plan on blowing up anything other than a limp penis. Contact your district's film-permit office to find out what officials must be present on the set, what permits are required and exactly how much they plan to bilk you for.

Any script more daring than the usual (continued on page 100)





"We heard someone was choking a chicken in here!"



















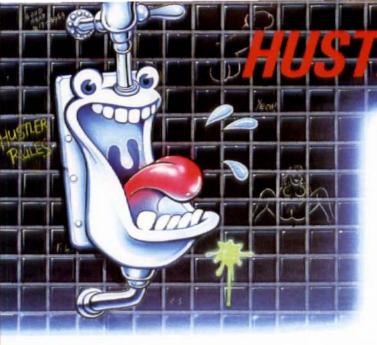




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A cop pulled a car over for speeding. "Okay, speed racer," the cop began. "Why the hell were you going 20 miles over the posted limit?"

The driver started to explain, but his wife interrupted him. "Officer," she cut in. "I've been married to this man for 20 years, and if there's one thing I've learned, it's no use arguing with him when he's drunk."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines blond wall paint as: a color that's not too bright and spreads easily.

When Adam saw Eve, he asked God what she was.
"That is Eve," God answered. "She is a woman."

"Why is she so beautiful?" Adam prayed.

"She is beautiful," God replied, "so you will be able to love her."

"But, God, why is she so dumb?" Adam asked.

"She is so dumb so she will be able to love you."

Question: How does an altar boy know when the mother superior is on the rag?

Answer: The priest's dick tastes like blood.

Arthur fell into the quicksand while on a safari. He called for help and was approached by another hunter as the quicksand reached his knees.

"I'll help," the hunter offered, "if you suck my dick."

"Get away from me, fucking fag!" Arthur hollered.

Arthur was up to his waist when another hunter approached.

"Buddy," the next hunter greeted him, "I'll give you a hand, but first I want a blowjob."

"Fucking faggot!" Arthur screamed. "Go away!"

Arthur had sunk up to his neck when a third hunter approached. "Help," Arthur pleaded. "I'll suck your dick if you pull me out."

"Fucking faggot," the third hunter grunted, stomping Arthur's head all the way into the sand. household finances. "Well, honey," Leroy sighed. "It looks like you're gonna have to work the street corner."

"But, Leroy," his wife protested. "I've never done that before."

"It's okay, honey," Leroy assured her. "I'll be right there in the bushes to help you."

The next night, Leroy's wife was out on the corner.

"Hey, baby! How much for a piece of ass?" shouted some guy from a car.

Leroy's wife dutifully turned to the bushes. "Leroy, how much do I charge him for a piece of my ass?"

"Tell him 100 bucks," hissed Leroy from the dark.

"All I have is 40," explained the guy in the car.

Leroy whispered from the bushes. "Tell him you need 100 to fuck, but 40 is okay for a blowjob."

Leroy's wife told the guy she could blow him for 40 bucks, and he accepted. The customer unzipped his pants, and out rolled the biggest, fattest cock Leroy's wife had ever seen. She jumped out of the car and ran to the bushes.

"Leroy!" she shouted. "Can I borrow \$60?"

Question: Why do hippos fuck underwater?

Answer: There's no other way to keep 500 pounds of pussy wet.

on his honeymoon night, Big John removed his trousers and solemnly handed them to his bride, Trixie. "Don't ask any questions," Big John ordered. "Put my pants on."

Trixie, a petite blonde, obediently did as she was told. "They're too big!" Trixie complained, looking in the mirror. "I can't wear your pants."

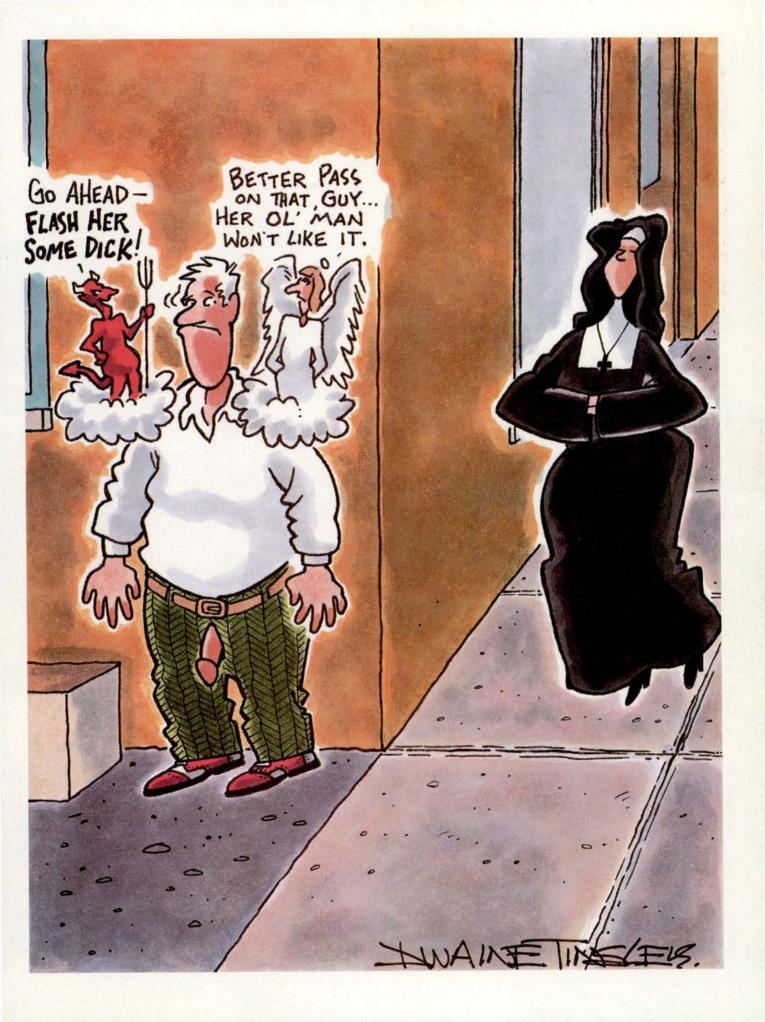
"That's right," Big John growled. "I'm the one who wears the pants in this family, and don't you ever forget it."

Trixie smiled and threw him her skimpy, lace panties. "Now you try these on, honey."

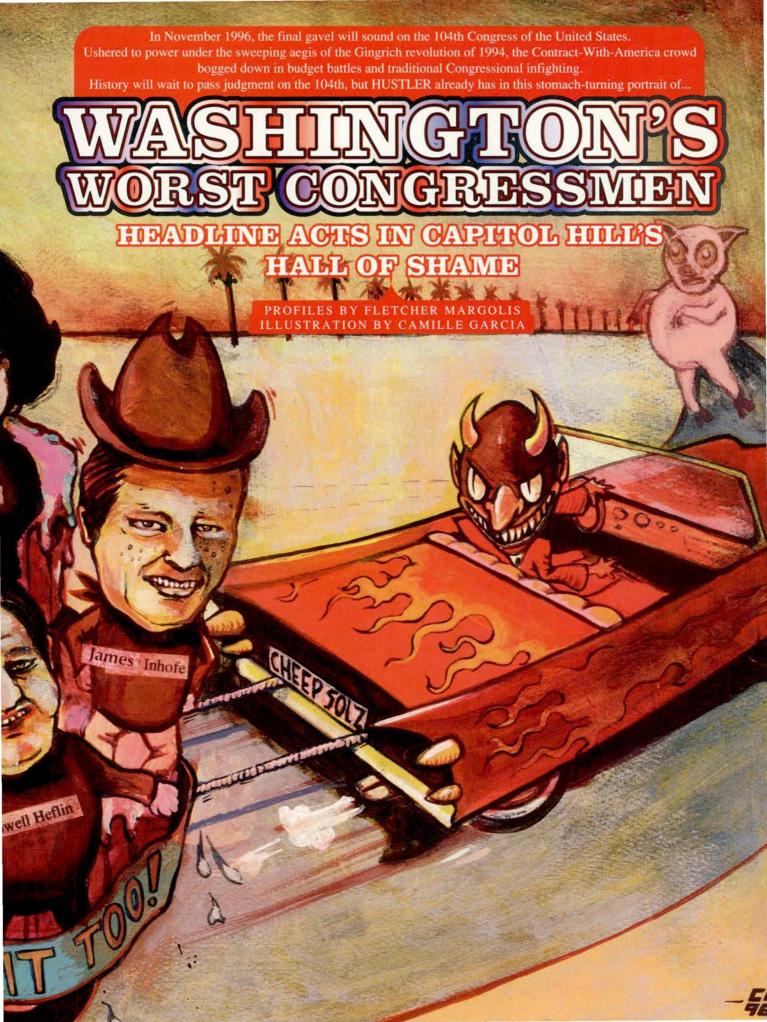
Big John scowled. "Are you crazy? There's no way I'm getting into your panties!"

"That's right, dear," Trixie huffed, walking out the door. "And it's going to stay that way until you change your attitude."

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes on 3" X 5" cards, mailed in a sealed envelope, to HUSTLER Humor, 8484 Wilshire' Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for \$50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.







Congress Dornan's know-nothing attack on First Amendment freedoms cements his seat in the Anal Office. He lectures on patriotism, then pushes laws our Founding Fathers would despise.

Jesse Helms (R-North Carolina), appearing on *Larry King Live*, thanked a caller who praised the Senator for "everything [he's] done to help keep down the niggers."

Rep. Joe Kennedy (D-Massachusetts) barely made it through high school and finished college by taking mail-order courses. Continuing to trade on his famous name rather than any observable merit, Kennedy's key legislative accomplishment after ten years in Congress is a bill that makes it easier for consumers to correct errors in their credit reports.

Rep. Helen Chenoweth (R-Idaho) supports fringe militias, but believes the environmental movement is a New Age religion enforced by the Clinton Administration in violation of the Establishment Clause of the First Amendment. Rep. Henry Gonzalez (D-Texas) struck and threatened to "pistolwhip" a House Republican who questioned his patriotism. Senator James Inhofe (R-Oklahoma) once called for the executions of George McGovern and Jane Fonda.

American citizens pay these politicians more than \$100,000 per year. Each lords over a staff that caters to his or her every whim. The wealthy and powerful line up to give them money in exchange

for political favors. These elected embarrassments are voting members in the most powerful legislative body on Earth, and they aren't the worst of the lot.

The task of determining the most odious Congressmen in America proved difficult. Several worthy candidates barely missed the final cut. What follows are the worst of the worst, a dishonor roll of the most obnoxious and irritating elected officials presently roaming the halls of federal power.

REP. ROBERT DORNAN (R-CALIFORNIA)

In HUSTLER's November 1980 issue, an article nominating America's worst Congressmen quoted a Congressional staffer on Bob Dornan: "He's a raving, flaming asshole." Sixteen years later, the 62-year-old, raspy-voiced redhead from Garden Grove, California, lived up to the ultimate expression of this assessment with his election as HUSTLER's Asshole of the Month for October 1996.

The past decade and a half has seen Dornan campaign relentlessly for the office of Cloaca-in-Chief. He has excreted countless indignities onto the House floor, such as his unfounded, indecorous attacks on President Clinton, his subsequent 24-hour barring from the House

chamber, or the time he trotted out plastic fetuses as props for an anti-abortion speech, all as ineffectual as his abortive run for the 1996 Republican Presidential nomination.

Neither his blasé responses to public outcry at his outrages ("I'll be on C-SPAN every hour. So who cares?"), nor his pinch hits on bloviating Rush Limbaugh's radio program can squeeze Bob Dornan out of the electoral colon.

"B-1 Bob" (the moniker stuck on Dornan for bootlicking the defense contractors based in his home district) flapped his shit wings most recently when he pinched off a piece of legislation titled the Military Honor and Decency Act, intended to ban the sale of "vile HUSTLER-type pornography" on all U.S. military bases. This know-nothing attack on First Amendment freedoms cements Dornan's seat in the Anal Office. He lectures on patriotism, then pushes laws our Founding Fathers would despise.

Sadly, Dornan's supporters in 1994 showered this asshole with more individual campaign contributions than any other House member.

SEN. MITCH MCCONNELL (R-KENTUCKY)

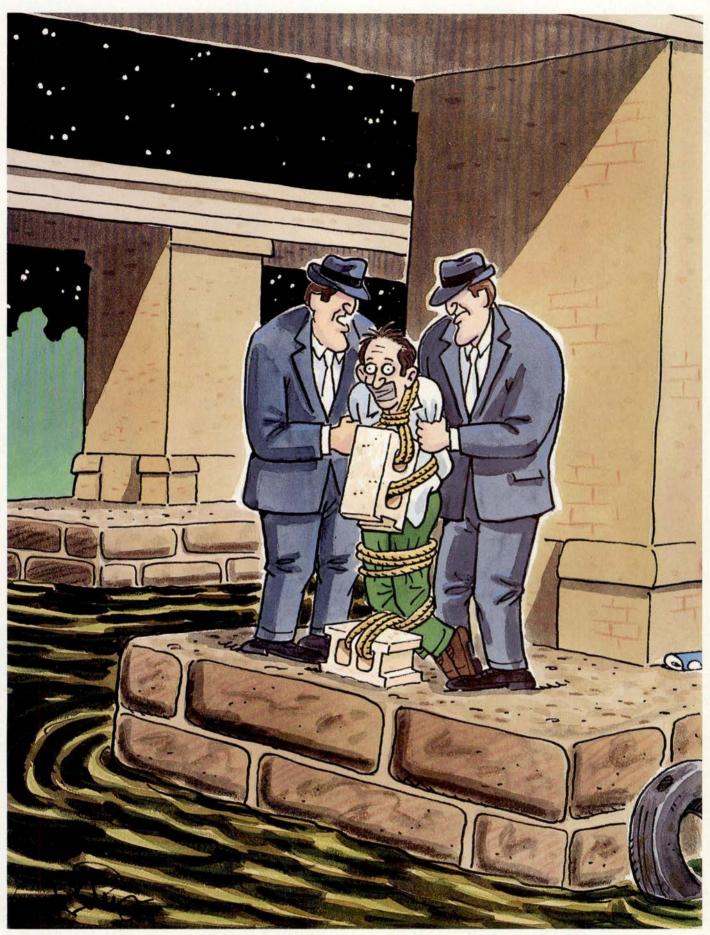
When the Republicans won control of the House in November 1994, 54-year-old Mitch McConnell took over the chairmanship of the Senate Ethics Committee. By a quirk of political logic, McConnell's coddling of Kentucky's cigarette industry ("When it comes to tobacco," he once said, "I'm ready to wheel and deal.") and unfailing opposition to legislative attempts to clean up the campaign-finance system or to rein in fat-cat lobbyists qualify the Senator to head a committee purportedly concerned with rectitude.

McConnell seized the moral high ground by introducing the Pornography Victims' Compensation Act, an asinine bill holding that victims of sex crimes should be able to collect damages from producers, distributors, exhibitors and sellers of "obscene" material. Under McConnell's proposal, predicated on the falsity that pornography is the root cause of all sexual violence, a rape victim could sue HUSTLER for running a sexually explicit pictorial, even if an actual rapist were never convicted or charged with the crime.

The misguided bill failed to gain passage, but its pandering, grandstanding author became a Congressional voice of conscience.

(continued on page 94)

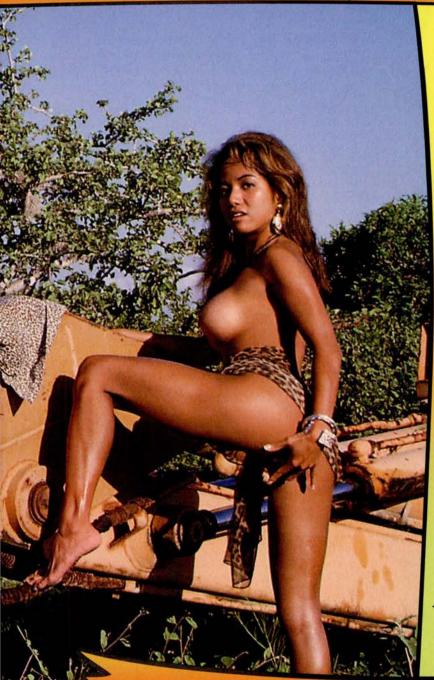




"Nothin' personal, Vinny—just corporate downsizing...."



BATHABLANI



Since moving Stateside from Tahiti, Tabatha and Lailai have discovered the joys of modern civilization: "High-heel shoes and the vibrator and the pizza!" Tabatha happily lists.

> "And all the friendly mens," Lailai giggles.

A few things about life in a big, American city still confuse the newcomers. "They say in America we must wear the panties and the bra." Tabatha bares her honeyhued breasts, and the coffee-bean nipples point proudly at the sky. "Why, when the sun feels so good?"

"The women here are jealous of the fun we make with the mens," Lailai frowns. "We only want to share our mango." She reaches down to squeeze some juice from the pink slice between Tabatha's ripe thighs, then lifts it to her lips. "Our mango tastes so good."

The girls slip away whenever they can to keep their native ways alive. Tabatha licks her own juice from Lailai's dusky chest, then kneels to sample her friend's dripping bud. Tabatha moans like a jaguar, scaring city birds from the trees. Even in the heart of the concrete jungle, Lailai and Tabatha can still hear the call of the wild.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CLIVE McLEAN



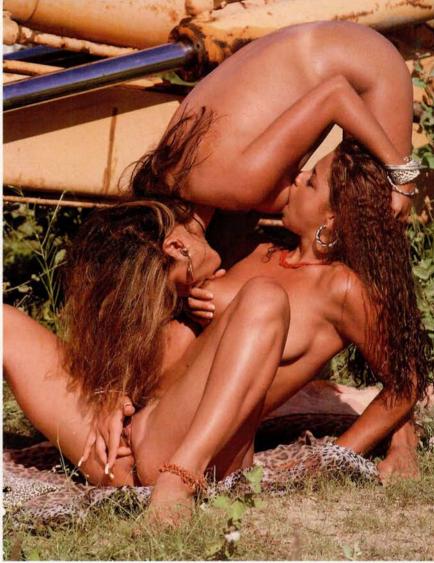


















Congress In front of an audience of Holocaust survivors, many weeping and remembering those less fortunate, D'Amato exploded. "I'm a U.S. senator," he shouted. "Who moved my seat?"

REP. BUD SHUSTER (R-PENNSYLVANIA)

All politics is local, and 12-term Congressman Bud Shuster has proven that he is willing to bankrupt the federal government to keep his constituents satisfied. As chairman of the House Committee on Transportation and Infrastructure, self-proclaimed fiscal conservative Shuster has established massive public-works projects of dubious merit and breathtaking federal expense in his out-of-the-way home district.

Altoona is a city of 50,000 people, located in central Pennsylvania. Beautiful new freeways, including the four-lane Bud Shuster By-Way, reminiscent of the complex systems built for Los Angeles and Atlanta, crisscross the rural area surrounding the sleepy burg. Altoonans, perhaps rushing to their jobs at the newly opened bus-testing facility (cost: \$3.2 million), traverse the town's expanses with the aid of an automated sidewalk (cost: \$30 million) and a monorail system (cost: \$35 million). Shuster staunchly defends such ridiculous funneling of money and jobs to his constituents (a practice known as pork) as "infrastructure investment" critical to the nation's economic future.

Shuster is closely tied to the road-

building and trucking lobbies. Our nation's bounteous future, in Shuster's eyes, is less dependent on America's railways. He has declared war on Amtrak and is working on cutting its federal funds. Shuster also led the charge in gutting the Clean Water Act. As long as Altoonans have plenty to drink, why worry about the rest of us?

SEN. HOWELL HEFLIN

(D-ALABAMA)

Pear-shaped, baggy-jowled Howell Heflin fancies himself a folksy iconoclast more suited to the deliberate pace of the judiciary than the inflammatory, impassioned debates that take place on the Senate floor. The former Alabama Supreme Court justice harps on his prudent nature and insists that his staff refer to him as "the Judge"—an ironic title, given Heflin's reputation as a hopelessly indecisive backbencher. Even on the simple issue of naming the national flower, he couldn't pick between the rose and the marigold. "Roses are red, violets are blue," spewed the florid Alabaman. "Why must I choose between the two?"

Heflin's ponderous persona was most prominently evident during Senate hearings examining Anita Hill's sexualharassment charges against Supreme Court nominee Clarence Thomas.

Assuming the role of "country judge," the awkwardly avuncular Heflin embarrassed himself on national television with his simplistic interrogation of the articulate Hill, asking if she was "a zealot civilrights believer" or "a scorned woman."

Heflin's much-lampooned performance at the Hill proceedings recalled his infamous gaffe during the Iran-Contra hearings. The Senator accused Oliver North's secretary, Fawn Hall, of smuggling documents from the White House in her bra. Joked the Judge, "She's got some pretty good capacity to carry the documents."

SEN. ALFONSE D'AMATO (R-NEW YORK)

Described as "a major embarrassment" by the New York Times, Senator Al D'Amato perpetuates an unfortunate stereotype of New Yorkers as preternaturally rude and given to insensitive public outbursts that deem them unfit for most human interactions. At a 1994 groundbreaking ceremony for a New York City Holocaust memorial, Senator D'Amato became incensed over a seating arrangement that did not reflect his powerful standing.

In front of an audience of Holocaust survivors and their relatives, many weeping and remembering those less fortunate, the balding, bespectacled D'Amato exploded over the perceived slight, breaking a respectful silence with epithets and curses. "I'm a U.S. senator," he shouted. "Who moved my seat?"

"I thought he was going to hit me," said Martin Algaze, an aide to New York's deputy mayor. D'Amato felt that his rival, New York City Mayor Rudolph Giuliani, had used this solemn occasion to show him up and threatened to teach Giuliani a lesson about the difference "between a United States senator and a first-term mayor.'

An experienced Hill staffer describes D'Amato as, "A loud, abrasive know-itall. If you stick a microphone in his face, he screams, he pouts, he just won't shut up." Recognizing the possible benefits of such attributes, Republican bigwigs installed D'Amato as the point man in the Senate's Whitewater investigation.

This watchdog role must feel alien to the New York Senator, who is usually on the other side of such ethical inquiries. In one case, he was accused of steering government grants to friends. The Senate Ethics Committee censured D'Amato for "failing to establish appropriate standards" in his office operations. In another scandal, his staff sent letters to the Defense Department trying to get contracts for

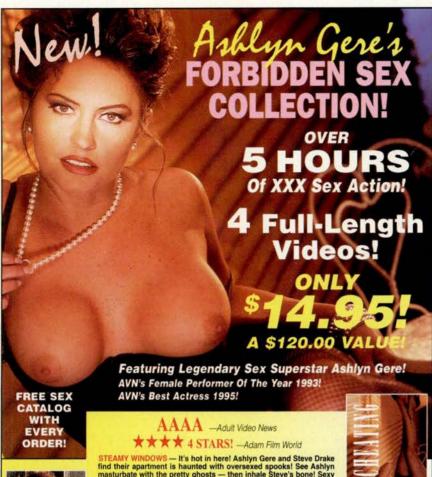
(continued on page 106)



"Anybody here called 'Frenchie'?"

O. J. CONTINUES TO LOOK FOR NICOLE'S KILLER ...





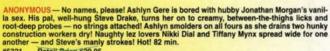
Find their apartment is haunted with oversexed spocks! See Ashlyn masturbate with the pretty ghosts — then inhale Steve's bone! Sexy spirits Roxanne Blaze and Nick East join in for fellatio, cunnillingus, and hot coftust And P.J. Sparxx straps on a dildo to put a glimmer in Lacey Rose's eyes! Directed by Paul Thomas. 81 min. #4424 . . . Retail Price \$29.95

*** 4 STARS! —Adam Film World

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** * 3 STARS! —Adam Film World

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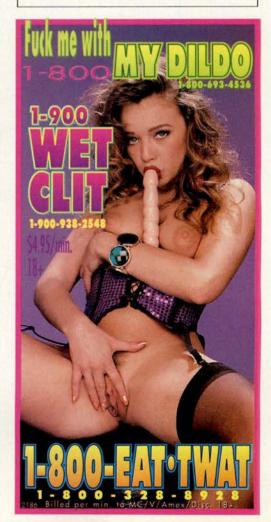


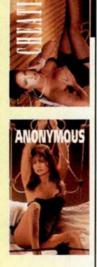
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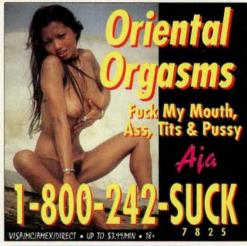
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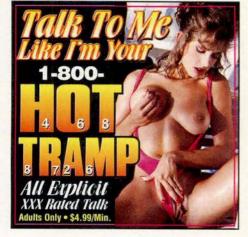
























SWEET

WILD

SEDUCTIVE

DEMANDING

ALL PACES







How-to Most of the hacks whose product we endure are "soulless, hate-filled wanna-bes who are making up either for not getting laid in high school or being dressed up like girls by their mothers."

sump shot in no-tell motel rooms demands either a soundstage or a rented location that must be carefully arranged. A decent setting such as a glamorous beach home will set you back anywhere from \$500 to \$2,000 a day.

Only a handful of soundstages knowingly cater to X-rated productions. Of these, few possess the proper permits to operate legally. One legitimate studio is Sterling Studios, in the northwest San Fernando Valley. Once the work space for legendary skin photographer Ron Vogel, the stage was acquired by VCA Pictures shortly after the 1994 earthquake. With the interior in shambles, VCA gutted the facility and redesigned the space to porn-geared specificationsincluding a bidet in the swank ladies' room. (As might be expected, such a highbrow amenity is more confounding than convenient to ladies in VCA's employ. "We've had to explain to most of the actresses that the bidet isn't a urinal," says an assistant stage manager.)

Now operated by Justin Sterling, the studio isn't cheap, but it lacks the lingering scent of miscellaneous body excretions that one encounters at some of the smaller, more budget-minded stages and likewise boasts the comforts of air-conditioning, heating and running water. A full day at Sterling's stage with two cameras and lights usually costs about \$1,900, but the price is open to negotiation.

Other stages that will accommodate a porn director's peculiar needs include the popular Springboard and Ingly Studios.

THE CREW: NO DIRECTOR IS

AN ISLAND

As a general rule, those who can't direct films, direct TV; those who can't direct TV, direct porn. While a few sincere and talented blue-movie makers are dedicated to improving their craft, most of the hacks whose product we endure are, according to one industry crew member, "soulless, hate-filled wanna-bes who are making up either for not getting laid in high school or being dressed up like girls by their mothers."

Among the many pieces of luggage that accompany a typical director's immense ego is one that's labeled, "I can do everything myself." In this bag lies his downfall. A crack crew is crucial to the success of any production. Even the doit-all butt-invader Max Hardcore needs someone to point the camera while he pries apart a girl's bunghole with his troll-like thumbs.

Do not underestimate the importance of a professional makeup artist, who can transform ho-hum talent into chubbypopping, lick-smacking pieces of sexual eye candy. The director who hires a substandard makeup artist will have only himself to blame when the end product resembles a promotional video from the American Kennel Club.

Similarly, a well-seasoned cameraman and lighting director ensure that all the expensive makeup doesn't go to waste. Lighting is an integral part of any shoot, setting the mood as well as illuminating the actors' grinding groins; a good cameraman is kinetic and creative, constantly moving and reframing to give the best possible views. He knows the value of a monster close-up as well as the need for an establishing wide-shot.

Working in tandem with the cameraman and lighting director is the video tech. Manning the cart of recorders, monitors and meters, the tech makes sure the camera is in focus and that the skin tones don't look like the wallpaper at Denny's. He also functions as a conduit between the director and the laboring grunts filming his epic. A lazy tech can spell disaster for a shoot, while a veteran can keep two cameras and their operators in sync, suggest easier and hotter ways to shoot a scene and catch mistakes before they happen.

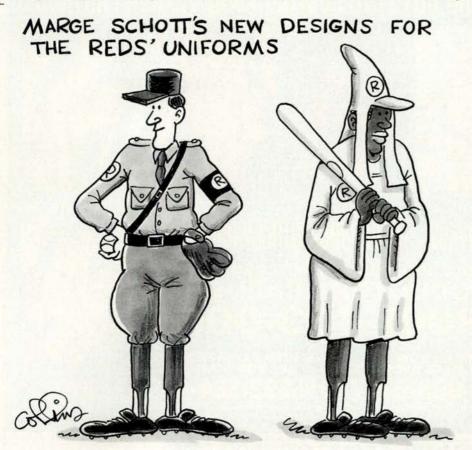
POST-PRODUCTION: MAKING YOUR MESS MAKE SENSE

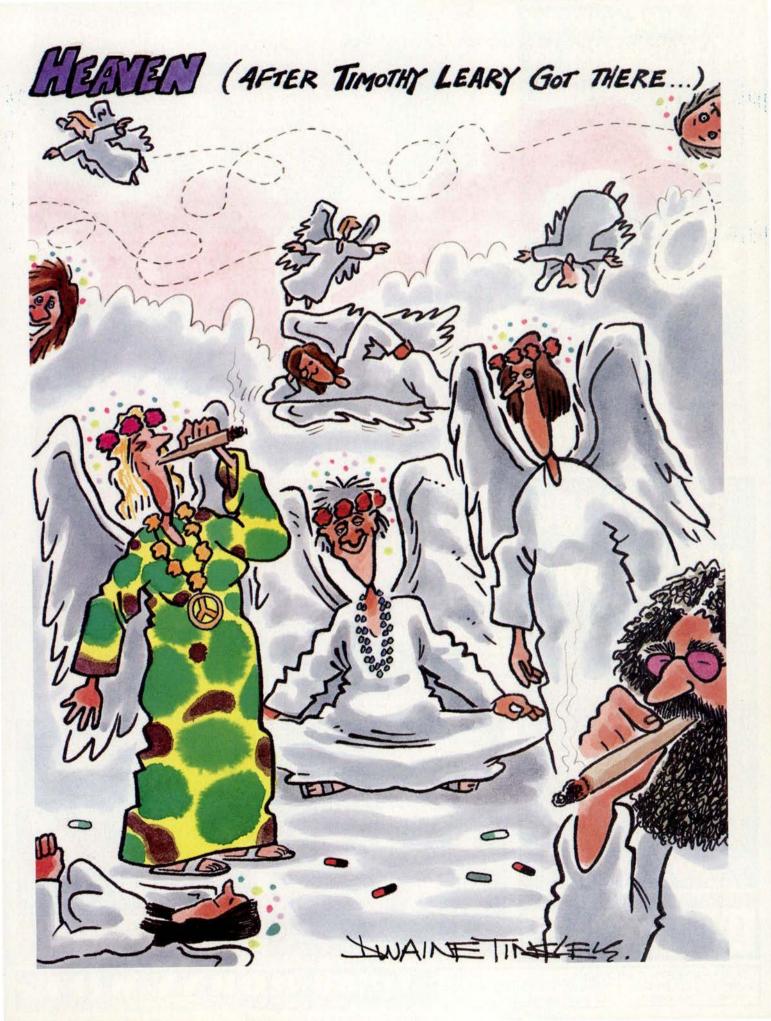
After slogging through an X-rated Bataan Death March to get your masterpiece in the can, it's time to cull from the footage an intelligible narrative and the most whack-worthy moments of carnality. A good editor can turn an otherwise unsalvageable wreck into something worth shaking a stick at.

No matter how much effort a writer puts into providing the illusion of a storyline, the editor inherits the unenviable task of having to make up for what the director tore out of the script-or neglected to shoot altogether. Such irrational practices are not uncommon in porn. More than one director has gained notoriety for a pithy, "fuck the script" attitude.

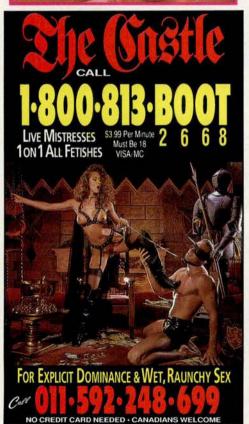
One veteran editor describes cutting for a hall-of-fame director/producer who has an aversion to directing sex. "I call it the five-count rule," the editor says. "When I'm cutting this guy's stuff, and he's about to shoot a sex scene, he'll call for action, and then I can count to five and boom, you hear the stage door opening and closing. He's out of there every single time." This editor notes that with a single exception—a female director—not one of his clients shows interest in viewing their completed sex scenes when checking on his work. "They'll tell me to

(continued on page 118)

















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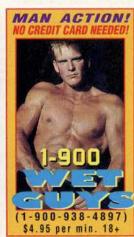




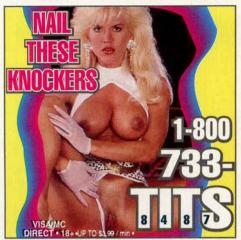
















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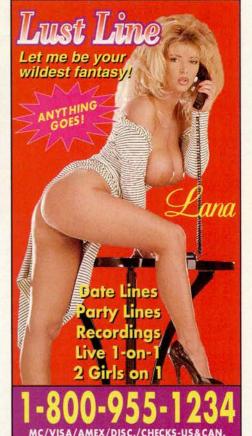




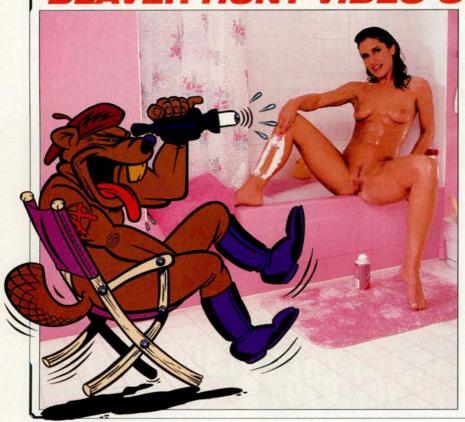








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continued from page 94) Congress Armey has a particular distaste for the minimum-wage law, taking the counterintuitive position that being guaranteed a livable income for work done penalizes the underclass.

D'Amato's brother Armand. D'Amato wriggled out of this apparent nepotism by claiming he had no knowledge of the letters sent in his name. A third case fell apart when the witnesses against D'Amato pled the Fifth Amendment and refused to

answer questions.

Congress's preeminent loose cannon, D'Amato's idea of intelligent debate on the Clinton-backed crime bill was to sing a snide version of "Old McDonald's Farm" on the Senate floor. Asked by radio personality Don Imus to comment on the O. J. Simpson trial, Senator Al broke into a hammy impression of Judge Lance Ito, slurring his l's and r's like a railroad coolie. "There is a hole at the core of Alfonse D'Amato," wrote the *New York Times*, "right where his decency ought to be."

SEN. ROBERT BYRD (D-WEST VIRGINIA)

If the elder statesman from West Virginia has his way, the capital of the United States will relocate piece by piece to his home state. In the past few years, 78-year-old former Klansman Byrd has funneled more than a billion federal dollars to West Virginia, including the transfer of a high-tech FBI fingerprint lab from

Washington, D.C., at a cost of \$185 million. "I am West Virginia's billion-dollar industry," Byrd proclaimed as he began a stint chairing the Appropriations Committee.

In addition to bringing home barrels of federal pork, Byrd has proven quite adept at one-man filibusters, long speeches on the Senate floor intended to postpone or prevent votes on legislation. The blackest mark on Byrd's record: In 1964, he filibustered for 14 hours and 13 minutes to delay the passage of the Civil Rights Act, which sought the enforcement of Constitutionally guaranteed rights and freedoms for all Americans.

REP. DICK ARMEY (R-TEXAS)

Coauthor with Newt Gingrich of the Republican "Contract With America," Dick Armey stands at the forefront of the movement that decries bureaucracy as the evil ruining America. A career bureaucrat, Armey opposes every federally funded program, except those, such as the NASA space station and the superconducting supercollider, that bring money to his home state.

Armey, who took over as House

majority leader after the Republican victories in 1994, has a particular distaste for the minimum-wage law, taking the counterintuitive position that being guaranteed a livable income for work done penalizes the underclass. He likes to spin a heart-wrenching yarn about his retarded friend "Charlie," who was laid off from his job as a janitor at a Texas University when the meddling Feds mandated an unaffordable minimum-wage increase.

A reporter from the Washington Post recently investigated Armey's story and found that not only are employee salaries at the state university not governed by the minimum wage, but that no one there remembered anyone named Charlie or any layoffs of any kind.

HUSTLER bestowed Asshole of the Month honors on Armey in the June 1995 issue when he limply refused to own up to his honest prejudices. During a radio interview, Armey, who has consistently voted against measures benefiting gay Americans, referred to openly homosexual Rep. Barney Frank (D-Massachusetts) as "Barney Fag" and then

(continued on page 118)



Dawn, a 20-year-old exotic dancer from South Mills, North Carolina, enjoys making love in public and dreams of spending a night alone with Sharon Stone. Whomever Dawn plays her night games with, one look at her luscious doubleheaders and smooth pitching mound, and they'll be sliding into home, face first.

Leading off our Thanksgiving Day parade is little Mary Beth. The fresh-faced 20-year-old is from Watertown, New York, where she works in video sales and rentals. Her fantasy is to have someone watch her and her husband going at it, and her favorite hobby is writing him dirty letters. He's sure got a lot to be thankful for.

release below, and include a photocopy of (1) a photo ID and (2) another form of ID. All photos become the unreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine.

Photo by Husband

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MODEL RELEASE / ENTRY FORM

To enter HUSTLER Beaver Hunt or HUSTLER Video Beaver Hunt you must fill out and send this release and COPIES OF TWO FORMS OF ID, ONE WITH PHOTO (i.e., driver's license, passport, work or school ID card or photo ID issued by state). Second ID can be birth certificate, Social Security card, credit card, marriage certificate or immigration card. Send photocopies, not originals. Send two or more sharply focused color prints or slides. Send videotapes in the VHS format. Showing pink is optional at entry stage. All photos and videos become the unreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine, which buys all rights in perpetuity to photos and videos we purchase. Win S250 if we publish your photo, or \$500 if we choose your video, and win the chance to be in an extended pictorial or feature video worth \$5,000. Send photos, videos, IDs and release to HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Ste. 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

D L	E	A S	E	PR	INT

Model's name	Hobbies	
Any alias, nickname, stage or pro name	The second of th	
Name to be published	Sexual Fantasies (Include separate sheet if necessary)	
Date of birth Phone (include area code)		
Model's Social Security number		
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I DECLARE UNDER PENALTY OF PERJURY THAT ALL OF THE INFORMATION I HAVE GIVEN ABOVE IS TRUE AND CORRECT.

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





Dessert this year is provided by Jazmin. A housewife in Alameda, California, the 25-year-old enjoys in-line skating and gardening. Her fantasy is to be bound and blindfolded by a stranger in Paris, then covered with whipped cream and strawberries. With those two scoops of chocolate and that red cherry on top, the mystery man will be happy to take a lick.

Colette is seen here serving up a holiday platter. The blond dish is 23 and lives in Los Angeles, California. An auto technician, Colette's hobbies include writing and fixing up old cars. Her fantasy is to make love on a bridge and stop traffic both ways. One look at voluptuous Colette, built for comfort as well as speed, and our engines are overheating already.



Kathie is a cook in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. This 20year-old nymph dreams of having another girl help her to tease and then fuck her boyfriend. Meanwhile, she plays guitar, plays with her boyfriend and plays with herself. Strum along and help her hit the high notes.



This homemade treat is sent with love from Roxy, a computer programmer in Grand Rapids, Michigan. Her hobbies include sex and hitting the topless bars. The golden-haired 32-year-old fantasizes about sharing another woman with her husband in first class at 30,000 feet. Better get those oxygen husband in first class at 30,000 feet. Better get those oxygen husband in first class at 30,000 feet. Better get those oxygen husband in first class at 30,000 feet. Better get those oxygen husband in first class at 30,000 feet. Better get those oxygen husband in first class at 30,000 feet. Better get those oxygen husband in first class at 30,000 feet. Better get those oxygen husband in first class at 30,000 feet.





A machine operator in Chatanooga, Tennessee, Neecie enjoys riding a Harley, reading and having a good time. The 32-year-old didn't list any fantasies, but a look at her photo gives plenty of clues about how she operates that hot, pink machine.

Photo by Friend

Julie lives in Spencer, Indiana. The limber 20-year-old likes to dance and is seen here demonstrating a split. Julie works in a home for mentally disabled women and fantasizes about having a foursome with her husband and another couple, in which she would "receive pleasure again and again." With her warm, open spirit and her willingness to extend herself for others, she's certain to give as much as she receives.

Photo by Friend





Overflowing her cut-offs is Angie, a 22-year-old from Seattle, Washington. When she's not working at a warehouse, she's drag racing, camping and having a good time. The only clue she gave to her fantasy was: "Chasey Lain, myself and my husband." Anybody feel like unwrapping this lovely package?

Photo by Husband

Brianna drops in from down Memphis, Tennessee, way. The 20-year-old dancer likes sex and working out. Her fantasy is to have three men please her at once while she watches her boyfriend get his dick sucked by a guy. Sounds like torture for one and heaven for three.

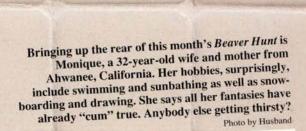


Sleek, slender Samantha owns her own career-counseling business in Kentucky. She'd love to have an orgy with her husband and at least four feminine girls. Her hobbies are volleyball, tennis and sex. Her playing partner must be happy to serve the balls. Photo by Husband

Margo lists jogging and lifting weights among her hobbies. The work has certainly paid off—this trim redhead is 40 years old. Her fantasy is to have a man and woman join her for a bubble-bath, get good and oily and then "go to town." Her town is Atlantic City, New Jersey, where she works as a radio personality. Too bad for her listeners; they don't know what they're missing.

Photo by Boyfriend





Ripening under the sultry Florida sun is Bianca, a 31-year-old exotic dancer. Her hobbies include fashion, traveling and dancing. She'd love to have a tall, hung, long-haired blond lick Bailey's Irish Cream off her body. Sounds nice, but Bianca's Latin cream must be even sweeter.

Photo by Friend





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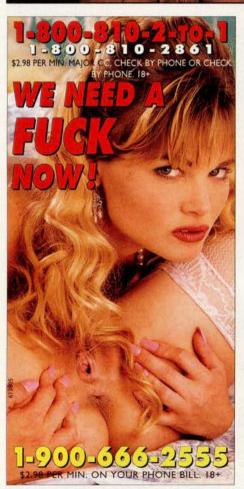
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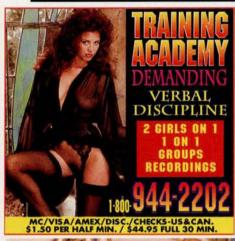
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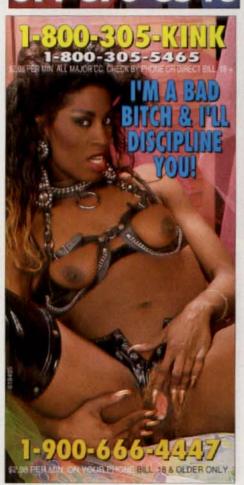














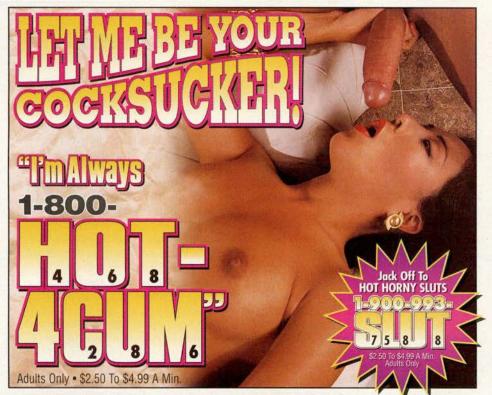








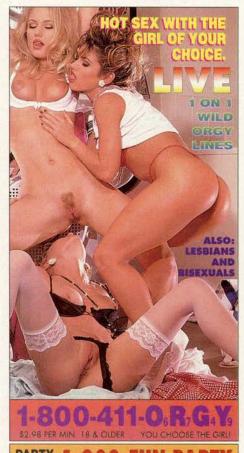
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How-to

(continued from page 100)

fast-forward through the sex and get to the dialogue or the gag or whatever. Anything but the sex." This might explain why so many "upscale" porn flicks (think Paul Thomas) resemble the worst possible made-for-TV movie, with the added drag of dull, uninspired sex.

If you want to direct serious actors doing serious acting and not have to worry about where the pop-shot is landing, for God's sake, leave porn alone.

SELLING OUT: GETTING YOUR PRODUCT TO MARKET

The final step in this long and arduous journey is to bring your little piggy to market. If you have the money, you can choose to duplicate your own VHS copies, create and print your own video boxes and pay people to stuff the damn things. One thing you can't buy, however, is a good distribution networkthe lifeline to porn consumers. Some distributors will pick up a prepackaged product on a per-piece basis, but most prefer to do their own duplication and create their own packaging. It's wiser to sell the rights to the edited masters to a distribution company for a lump sum, take the money and run.

In the saturated porn market, you may find that the highest bidder isn't offering the kind of profit margin you had in mind. Such disappointments can be avoided by calling some of the more prominent video companies beforehand and finding out exactly what they're looking for in the way of product and how much they are willing to pay.

In reality, the day-in, day-out grind of the adult-video industry, based in the San Fernando Valley, is not much different from that of its media-fellated sister on the other side of the Santa Monica Mountains. In porn, as in Hollywood, performers hustle directors and producers for parts; producers and directors hustle various companies for funding and distribution muscle; and, in the end, the companies hustle to sell their product in a market that seemingly has no glut limit. Perhaps the main difference between the two film capitals—other than the size of budgets—is the ease with which an untried smut director can bring his first film to market, often with horrendous results.

"You'd better know what you're doing before you get into the porn business," warns Reb of Pretty Girl. Even if all your ducks are in a row, expect something, perhaps everything, to go wrong. As J. B. says, when it comes to making smut, mistakes "are just a part of the rich pageantry of it all. Expect a crapshoot."

Congress

(continued from page 106)

issued a lame apology, maintaining he had simply uttered "a perceived slur."

REP. THOMAS BLILEY (R-VIRGINIA)

A bow-tie wearing, white-haired senior citizen, this Virginian now chairs the Commerce Committee. The tobacco industry considers Bliley their best friend on the Hill. During debates on whether to ban smoking on domestic airline flights, ex-mortician Bliley claimed that there is no "significant scientific evidence" that secondhand smoke is harmful to nonsmokers.

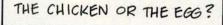
Soon after he assumed the Commerce Committee chairmanship, Bliley worked to gut liability laws that allow consumers to sue companies that make and sell unsafe products. He also spearheaded efforts for tort reform, pushing for a provision that would force losing plaintiffs to pay defendants' legal bills. The intention is to discourage lawsuits against major corporations such as Bliley's beloved tobacco companies.

"If he wasn't out of the [mortician] business, you would think he was trying to create more clients to bury," quips one Richmond-based reporter.

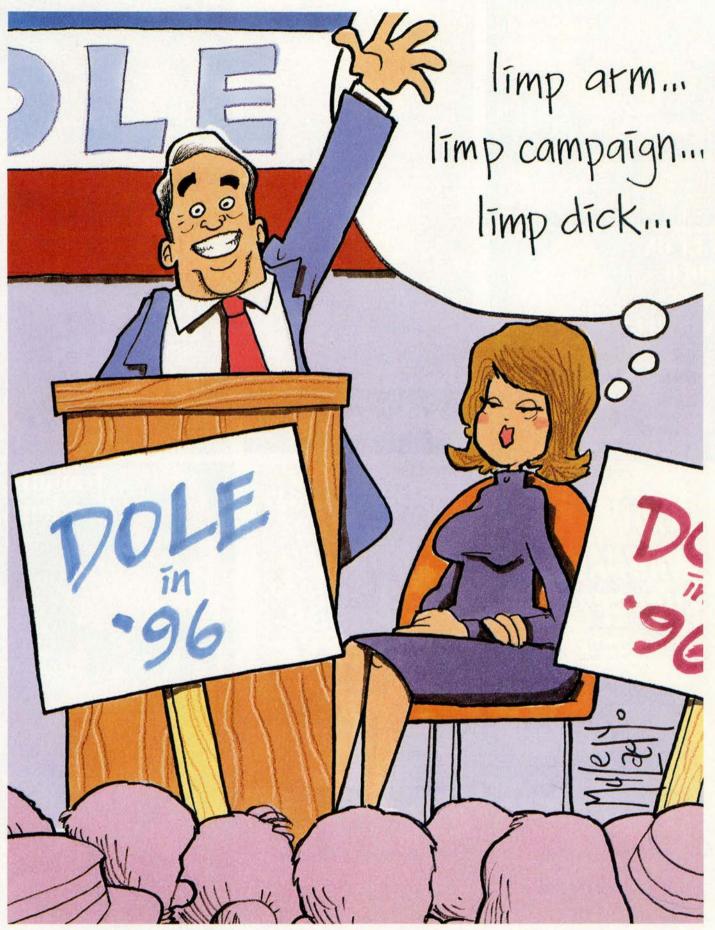
REP. BARBARA-ROSE COLLINS (D-MICHIGAN)

In her three terms in the House. Barbara-Rose Collins has amassed an impressive portfolio of damaging accusations. The Federal Elections Commission, Department of Justice and the House Ethics Panel are all investigating the Congresswoman for possible procedural violations. Collins allegedly forced legislative staff members to work on her reelection effort, laundered money through a scholarship fund and exaggerated campaign expenses. Amid the furor surrounding these charges, responsible public figure Collins blacklisted several newspapers, calling them "rabid animals," and refused to talk to their reporters except on a case-by-case basis.

Overseeing this cast of big mouths, sellouts and hypocrites is the third most powerful man in the world's most powerful nation, House Speaker Newt Gingrich (R-Georgia). A three-time HUSTLER Asshole of the Month, Gingrich's offenses are legion, the latest being his whiny defense of his poor attendance record at the Baptist church to which he belongs. A regurgitating horsefly on the U.S. body politic, preachy Gingrich blamed Congressional redistricting for his straying faith, proving again that it's not righteousness but reelection that these maggots worship.







Elizabeth Dole's innermost thoughts.



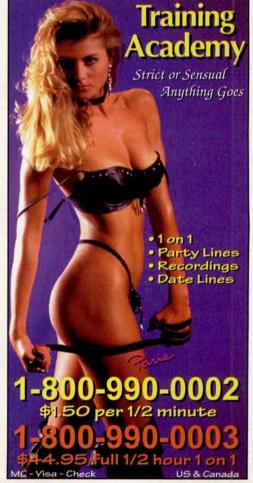




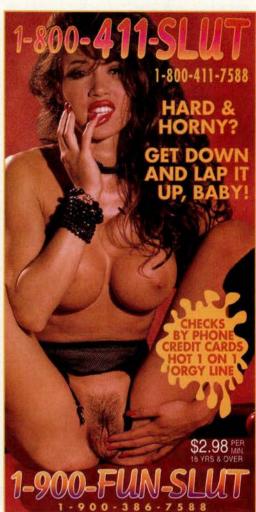














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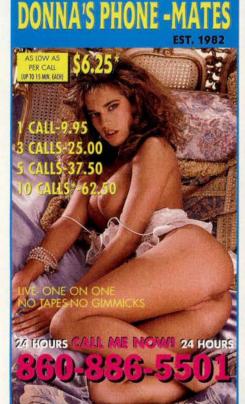
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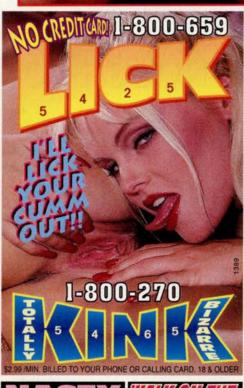
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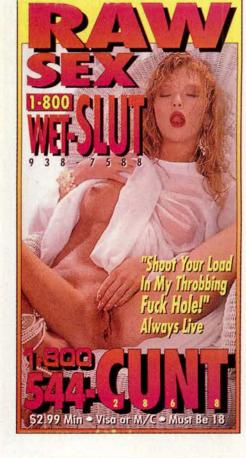




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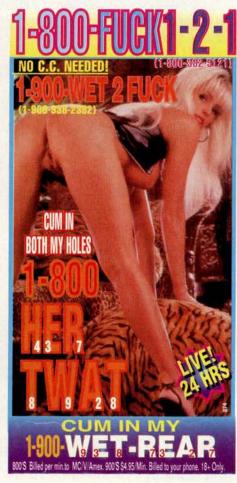
































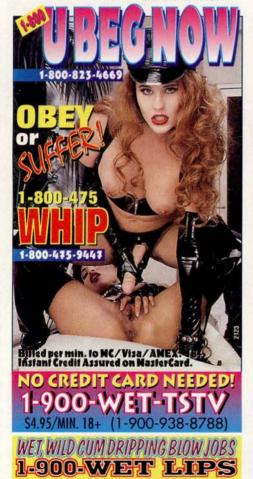
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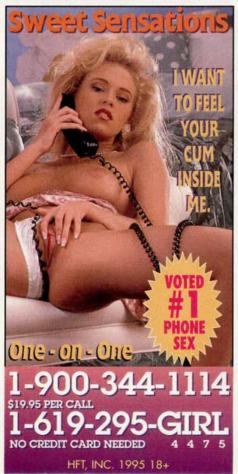
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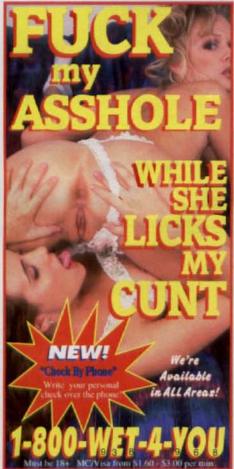
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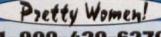












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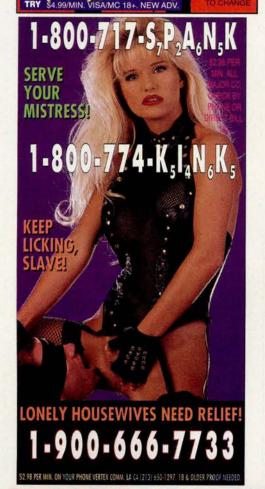
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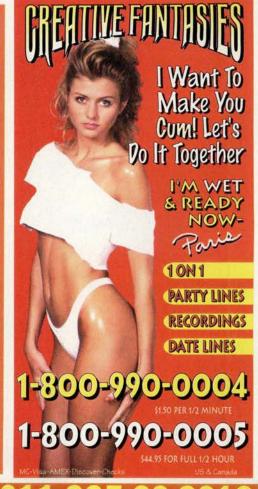
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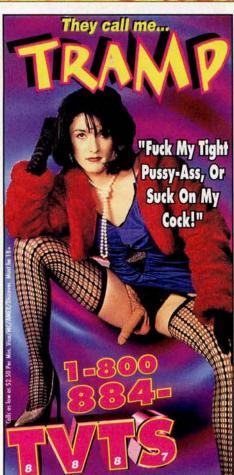
































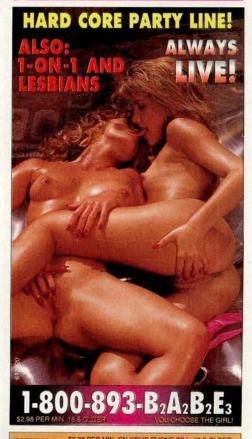


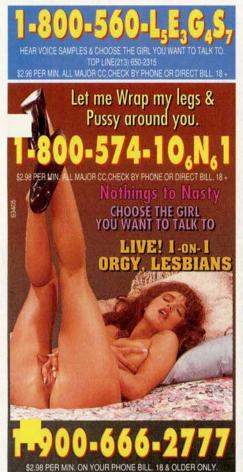
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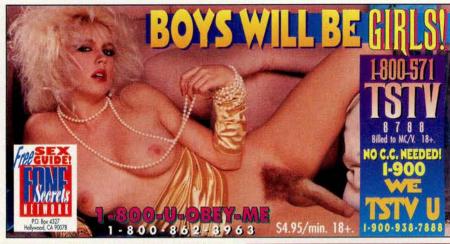
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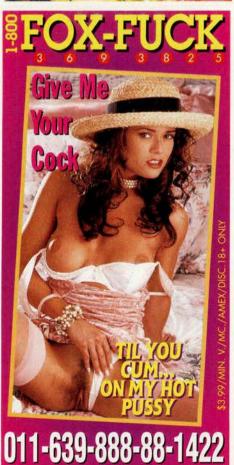




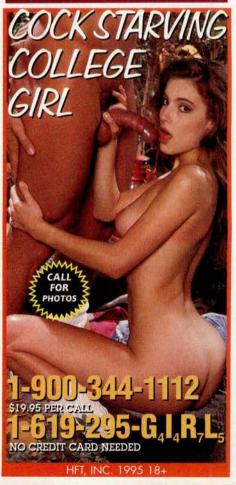


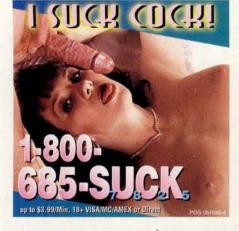






























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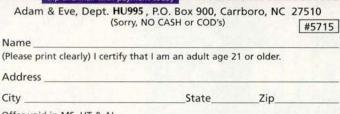
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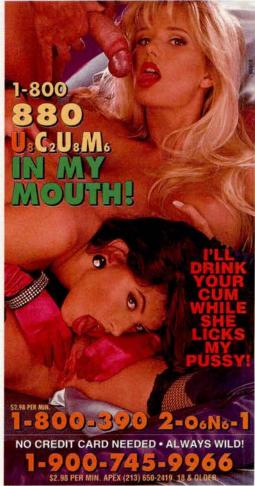
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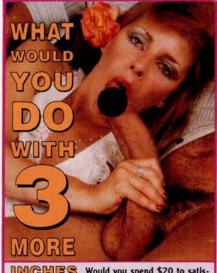
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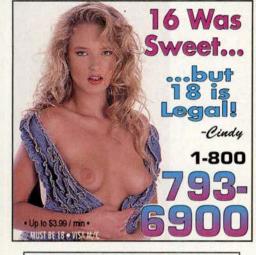
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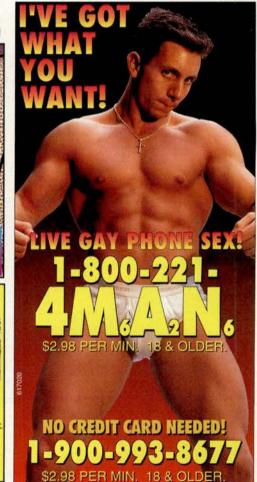




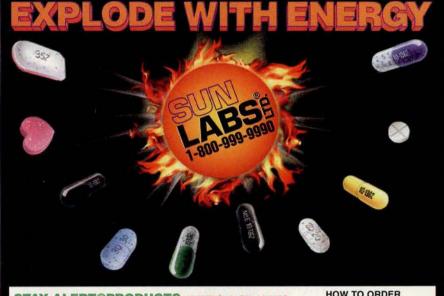


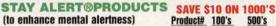












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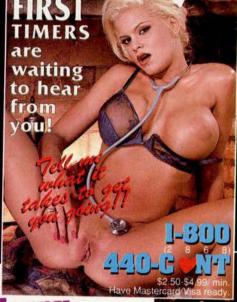






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In this photo, Chris inserts his small penis into the pump.



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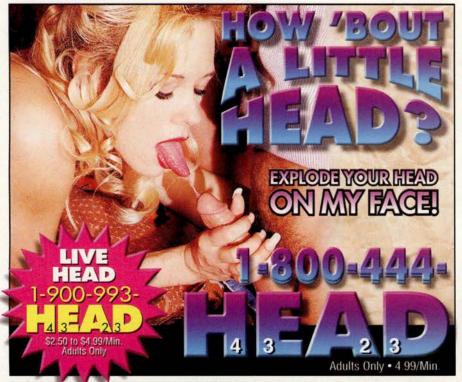
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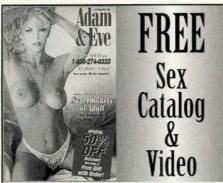












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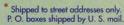
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HUSTLER.

BABY, IT'S HOT INSIDE

HUSTLER in December escapes the long, cold nights and goes south in search of the world's hottest, wettest and pinkest spots to heat up and hole up for winter. In balmy Oz, this year's Miss Nude Australia journeys below her equator to blaze a golden trail through the bush and check out what's down under; in L.A., two speed-loving, daredevil dykes cruise out to the desert and drive each other crazy under the sun; on a tropical island, a sweat-drenched wench opens up to let her hot lava flow, then swallows her man's volcanic eruption; a blond ice princess, with snowy, pink-peaked mountains, melts in her own animal warmth as she feverishly fondles her fur muff; and a wanton porn starlet works up a lather beneath the hot stage lights. In December, HUSTLER keeps the pussy hot. Sit down and warm your bone.



Burning crosses, scrawled swastikas, broken windows and firebombs; sound like the Klan or skinheads up to their old tricks? That's what you're supposed to think. But in Fake Hate Crimes in America, correspondent Jim Redden reveals that an increasing number of crimes seemingly aimed at minorities and thought to be motivated by bigotry are actually staged by the so-called victims themselves. In schemes ranging from insurance fraud to publicity stunts, these multicultural con artists torch their homes, send themselves hate mail, even carve swastikas into their own dark-hued flesh, then point the finger at whitey.



In the Tokyo underworld, the Yakuza rule. And behind every gangster is his woman: tattooed mama-sans or tall, blond Americans, exotic geishas or dragon-lady queens who run their dead husbands' gangs; these fatal females live and sometimes die deep in the dark world of Japan's ancient mafia. In *Married to the Yakuza*, Christopher Seymour tours the geisha houses and drug dens, the strip bars and outlaw hideouts, to visit Tokyo's worst and meet their better halves.

BLOWING UP THE SPOT

Next month in Sex Play, J. Paul Sutter reports on the growing number of men making long-term commitments to pneumatic ladies in "Inflatable Infatuation: Men Who Ball Dolls." Bits & Pieces gives a hotfoot to the running-shoe giants; Erotic Entertainment guides the heat seeker's missile; and Beaver Hunt tracks down the fur. December's HUSTLER ends the year in a blaze of glory. Come put your iron in our fire.

December HUSTLER on sale September 24, 1996 HUSTLER's Web site is coming now at http://www.hustler.com









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