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JUNE 1988 $4.50
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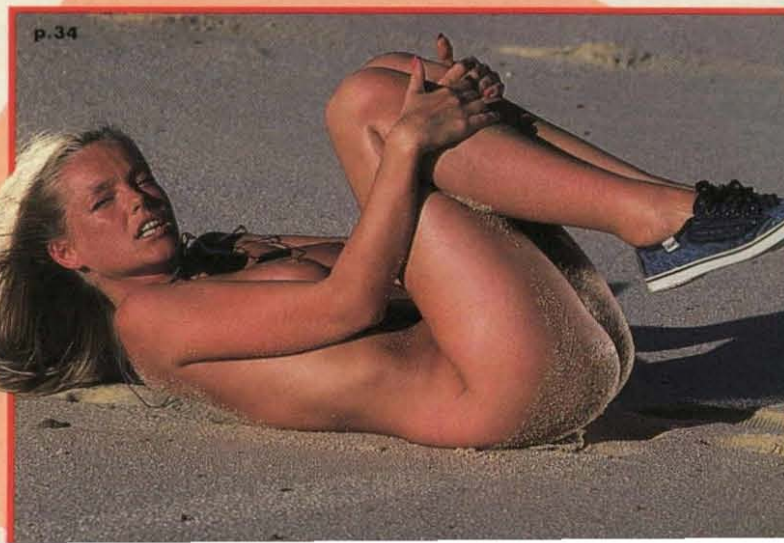

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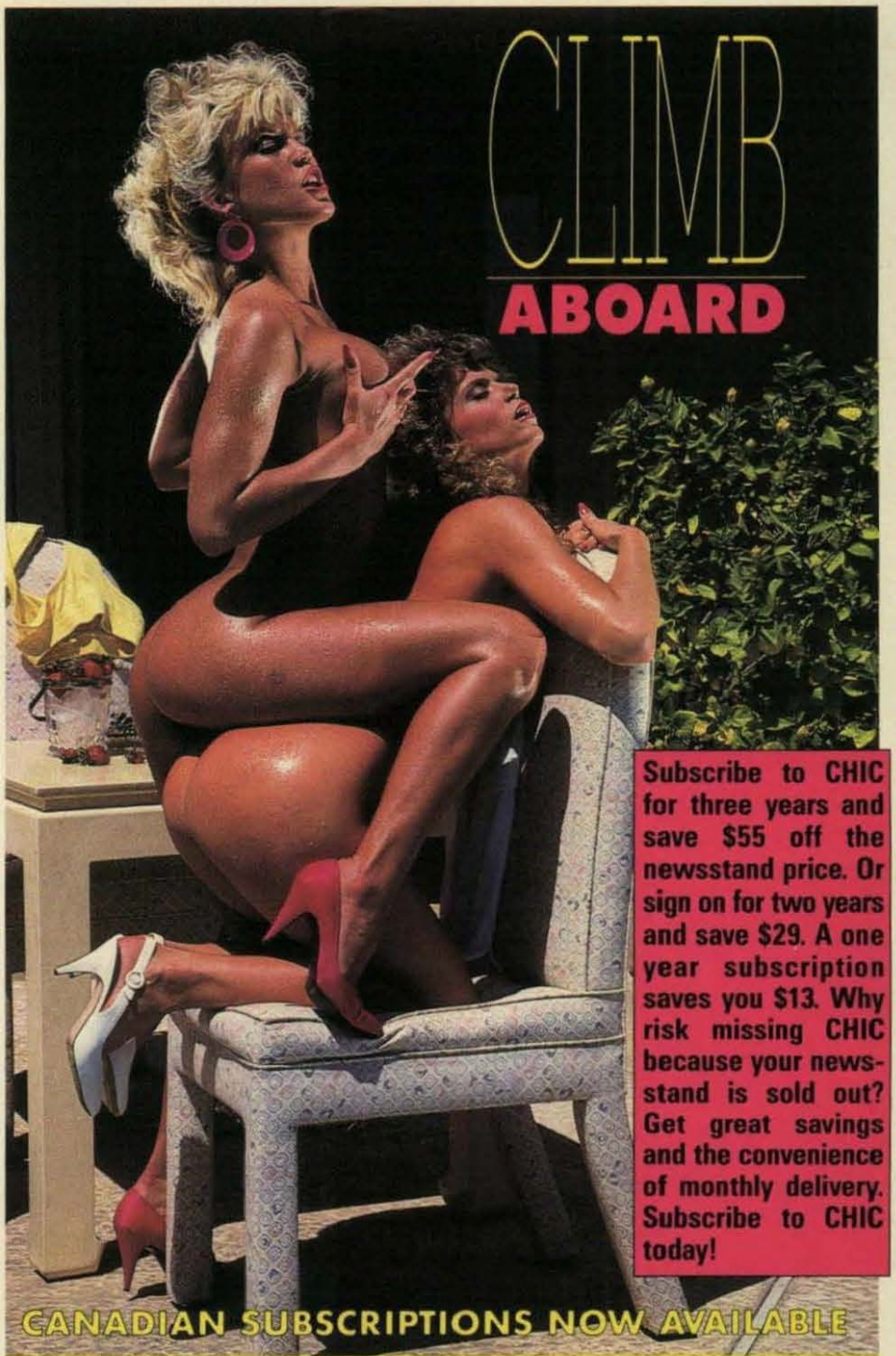

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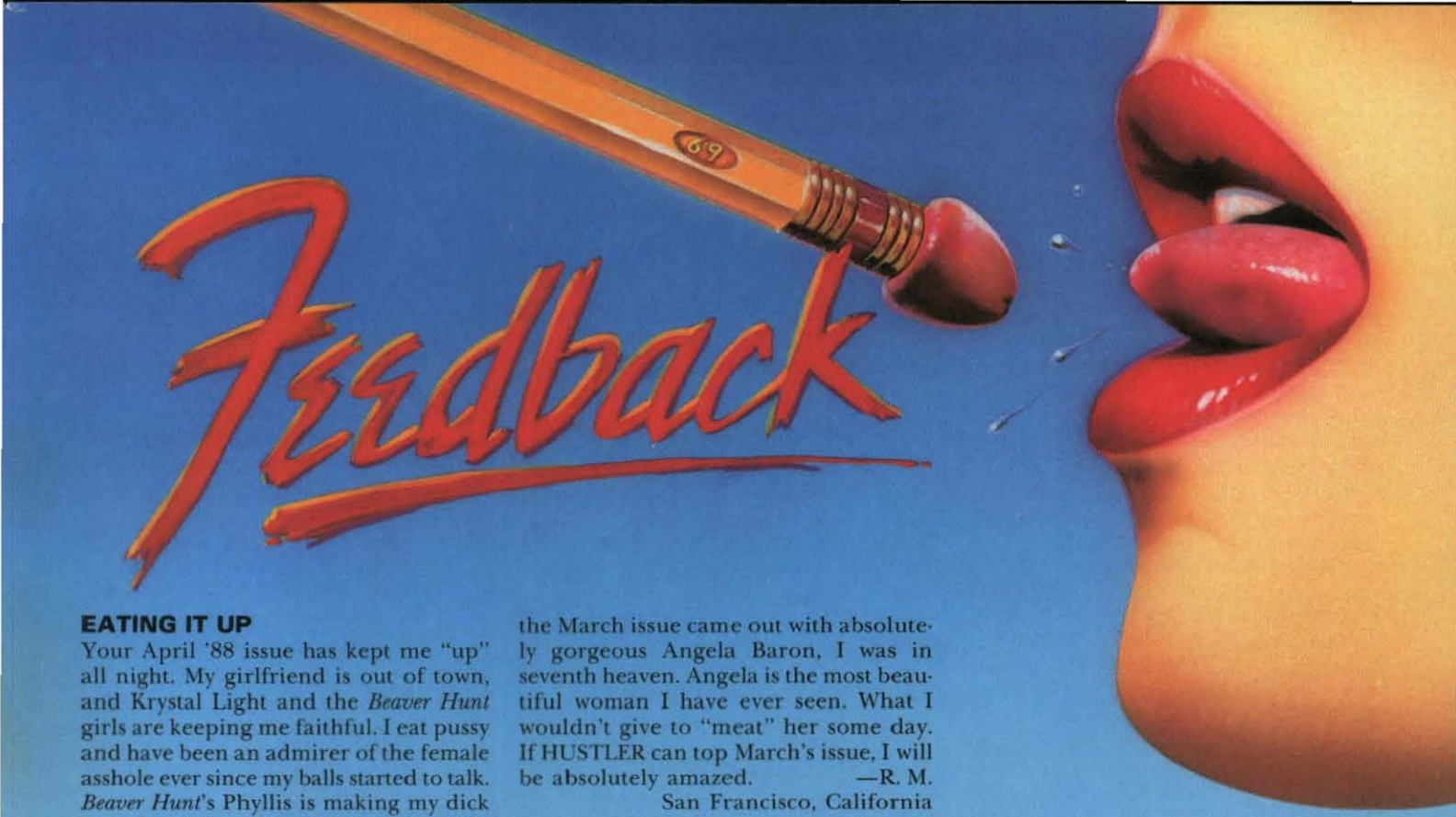


EATING IT UP

Your April '88 issue has kept me "up" all night. My girlfriend is out of town, and Krystal Light and the *Beaver Hunt* girls are keeping me faithful. I eat pussy and have been an admirer of the female asshole ever since my balls started to talk. *Beaver Hunt*'s Phyllis is making my dick hurt. Lord! I could eat that young girl's pussy and asshole for days. I would also willingly offer to tongue-clean the assholes of beautiful Bunny, Barbara and teenage Stephanie. And when can we expect a black centerfold? Don't get me wrong—your girls are the best, but I'd like to see some sisters shot in that special HUSTLER style: wide open, front and back. —M. R.

Brooklyn, New York

COMMENDABLE COMMENTS

After reading the April '88 issue of HUSTLER, I feel compelled to comment on two *Feedback* letters therein. First, in regard to "Motivated Mama Thinks Pink," R. N. R., I applaud you, and soon you'll receive a token in your pro-porn fight. I just wish more ladies like you would get involved. Porn is needed and should be protected—always. Now, as concerns "HUSTLER, You Mother. . . .," I applaud HUSTLER's response to the hypocrite who penned that letter. She definitely doesn't want the responsibility of raising and taking care of her own kid. This woman doesn't realize her own ignorance. Her kid will not rape, hate women or turn to such violence by reading porn. Porn is not responsible for such crimes; the hatred and violence within families *is*. —P. L.

Mansfield, Ohio

PINK BARONESS

I was convinced HUSTLER could not top the pictorial on beautiful, blond Barbara Dare (September '87). However, when the March issue came out with absolutely gorgeous Angela Baron, I was in seventh heaven. Angela is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. What I wouldn't give to "meat" her some day. If HUSTLER can top March's issue, I will be absolutely amazed. —R. M.

San Francisco, California

I was very pleased to see the German goddess Angela Baron as the March '88 centerfold. But my all-time favorite is porn's newest princess, Janette Littledove. She's so delicious: those hips, those thighs, that great ass and her perfect tits. Does HUSTLER plan on featuring Ms. Littledove as one of 1988's centerfolds? If she poses in HUSTLER as good as she fucks in her movies, she will be the best centerfold girl of '88. —E. C. M.

The Bronx, New York

Krystal Light

Janette first got up front with HUSTLER *readers as covergirl and centerfold of our July 1986 anniversary issue and has appeared since in* HUSTLER *and our sister publication,* CHIC. *That doesn't mean we'll overlook Janette's tremendous talents for future issues.*

INFORMATION VS. HYSTERIA

Thanks for the "AIDS Hysteria" article in the March issue. Because of the emphasis on AIDS research, effort has been diverted from other diseases. For example, tuberculosis and syphilis rates are up for the first time in years. These diseases are kept under control only by tracing, testing and treating contacts. Public-health people are falling down on the job. The early estimates of heterosexual infection rates for AIDS were based on self-reports of a very select group of people—nine in one study. The thought that these people might be lying seems never to have crossed anyone's mind. "I got it from a prostitute" is just the modern equivalent to the old "I got it from a toilet seat." —A. D. P

Huntsville, Alabama

PANTIES IN A WAD

I read your article in the March issue titled "Turn-Ons of 1988" and concur that noncontact turn-ons for sexual gratification have increased dramatically. One fetish that you failed to mention is panty worship. Panty worshipers are increasing in numbers—the scent and stains of a woman's pussy and asshole on a pair of panties are about as close as you

can get to a woman without the risk of jamming your sock into a one-night stand with a potentially AIDS-infected pussy or asshole. I have been subscribing to your magazine for the past six years, and would very much like to see more about panty worship. —S. D.
Miami, Florida

BURNING ISSUES

After seeing *Reader's Digest* as *Asshole of the Month* (February '88), I had to send in a vote for *Asshole of the Year*. It's one thing when the religious right try to censor, but it's an entirely different matter when another publication picks up the gauntlet. That's scary. Controversial print will always exist. I guess *Reader's Digest* would give up printing stories such as the one about the doctor who used vaginal tissue to repair a person's facial features. It's one mutilation to fix another. I don't agree with this type of story, but I don't tell others that they have no right to print it. I just don't buy their product. One last thing, in the "Lexie: Causing Stampedes" photospread, I noticed a cigarette package! Careful, Larry, the tobacco industry will think it's a subliminal advertisement, or at the very least a softer line on smoking from you. HUSTLER is *the* best!
—J. H.W. III
Fredericktown, Ohio

LOUISIANA FREEDOM FIGHT

Does your state have an obscenity law that makes illegal the sale of material deemed "obscene"? Louisiana does. But the Louisiana Citizens Against Censorship have started a petition throughout the state for the repeal or modification of those parts of the state obscenity law that have the blatant effect of robbing adult individuals of their freedom to choose what they read and see, and storeowners what they can rent or sell. If you are a Louisiana resident and are enraged at such gross usurpations of your Constitutional rights, please contact me at the following address. If you are not a Louisiana resident, we suggest that you take similar action in your state. Our freedoms must be preserved!

Jason Savoy, Founder
Louisiana Citizens Against Censorship
1415 Seventh Street
Mamou, Louisiana 70554

HERE COMES THE BRIDE

I'm hot for 28-year-old Loretta in the March '88 *Beaver Hunt*. I imagine myself marrying her, and after kissing the bride, I would slip her gown off and fuck her in front of a shocked group of witnesses.
—M. H.
Jacksonville, Florida

DOWN-TO-EARTH DESIRES

I read your magazine on a semi-regular basis, and it keeps on getting better. I appreciate the quality of the photographs, which are outdone only by the beauty of the models. HUSTLER fills its pages with not only beautiful women, but with interesting articles. One such story was "Feet-Nomenon" in the March issue. It interested me very much, for I have a foot fetish. I found the article well-written and informative. Perhaps articles such as yours will bring foot-lovers out of the closet, but more importantly, it will help society understand that we're not weird. Foot-fetishists just like to work our way up. —E. J.
Detroit, Michigan

HARD-CORE HOLDUPS

I have been an admirer of your magazine for many years. However, there is one thing I am disappointed in, namely, the censorship of your photography. Come on, you know and I know that HUSTLER is definitely a hard-core magazine. So what is the danger of showing penetration? I am a 24-year-old adult who is tired of being teased by black dots. Your magazine is a pioneer in hard-core. Don't stop the progress because of radical organizations who want to tie the noose around you. We demand to see penetration! —R. M.
New York City, New York

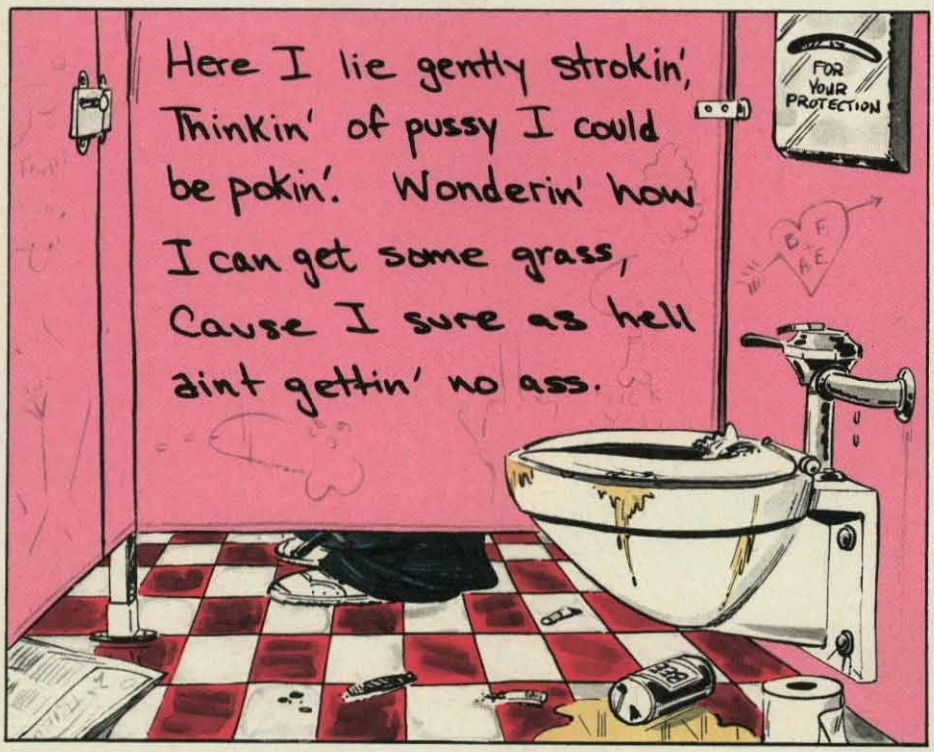
Because of government harassment of newsstand operators—who stand to lose the assets of their entire store if one item for sale there is deemed "obscene" by a local jury— HUSTLER *refrains from taking chances with their livelihood. Were it us against the oppressors, it would be different. Contact your congressman and complain about the use of the R.I.C.O. statute to harass dealers in sexual entertainment.*

PICTURE-PERFECT

I would like to thank you for printing such a terrific magazine. I would also like to thank your photo editor, Catherine Doyle, who does an excellent job. The layouts are just the way I enjoy seeing beautiful women. —P. L.
Chicago, Illinois

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

GRAFFILTHY



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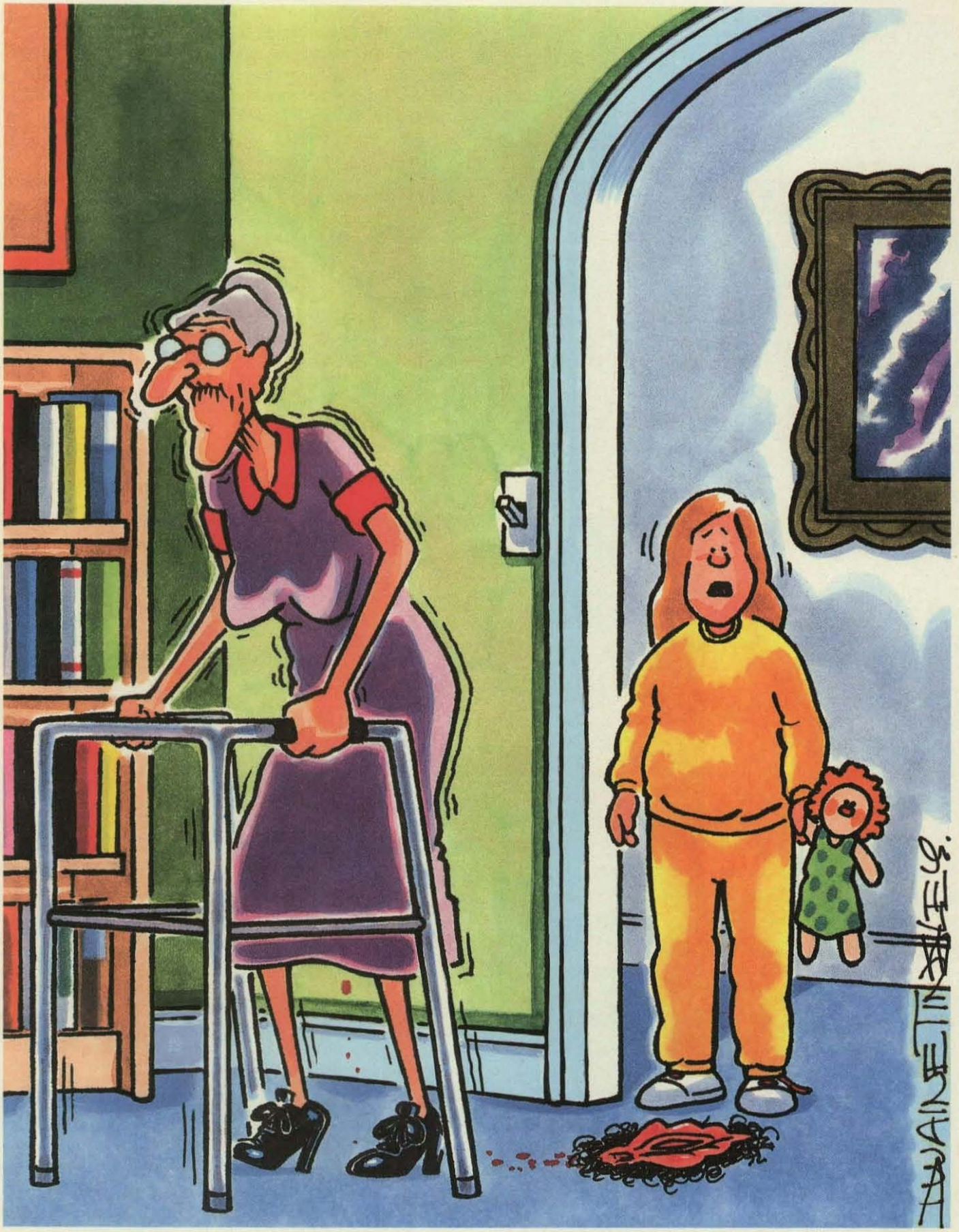
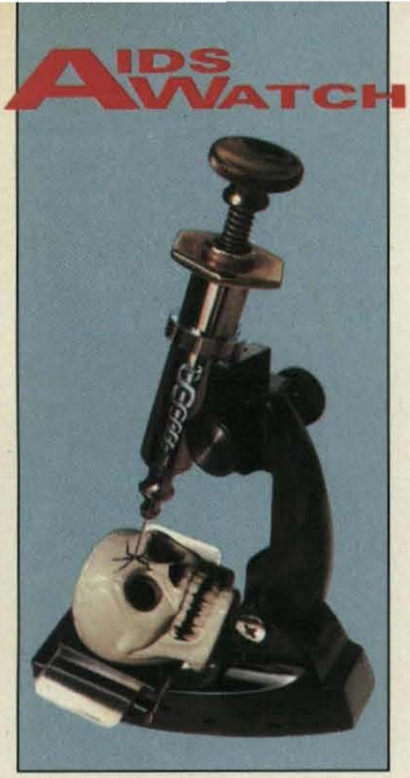


"Uh, Grandma. . . you dropped something. . . ."



GERM WARFARE GONE AWRY?

by Michael DiGregorio

Adding a Strangelovian air to an already deeply convoluted situation, the Soviet Union—initially, through its eastern European and Third World cronies—has accused the Pentagon, and the U.S. Army, of creating the AIDS virus at a biological warfare installation. In addition to later advancing the story through their own official press, the Soviets simultaneously gave the AIDS-engineering scenario to sympathetic and independent newspapers, as AIDS became the star of the world's media.

In 1983, the Indian paper *Patriot* published the initial charges, alleging that the HIV-1 antibody was manufactured at the U.S. Army's Fort Detrick, Maryland, compound. (The technical title for this installation is the U.S. Army Medical Research Institute of Infectious Diseases, or USAMRIID.)

In an uncomfirmed letter to the pro-Soviet newspaper, "a well-known American scientist and anthropologist," who "wished to remain anonymous," insinuated that the mysterious disease was the result of the Pentagon's experiments to develop new biological weapons. The article also implicated scientists from the Centers for Disease Control (CDC) in Atlanta, who were supposedly sent to Africa and Latin America to locate "highly pathogenic viruses," then analyze their findings at the CDC and Fort Detrick.

In 1986, when the Soviet allegations failed to gain any significant notice in the Western press, the Soviet weekly *Literaturnaya Gazeta* reiterated the charges, citing the 1983 *Patriot* story and letter, as well as previously declassified Pentagon documents indicating that biological warfare experiments were carried out on certain American cities in the '50s and '60s. The accusations were

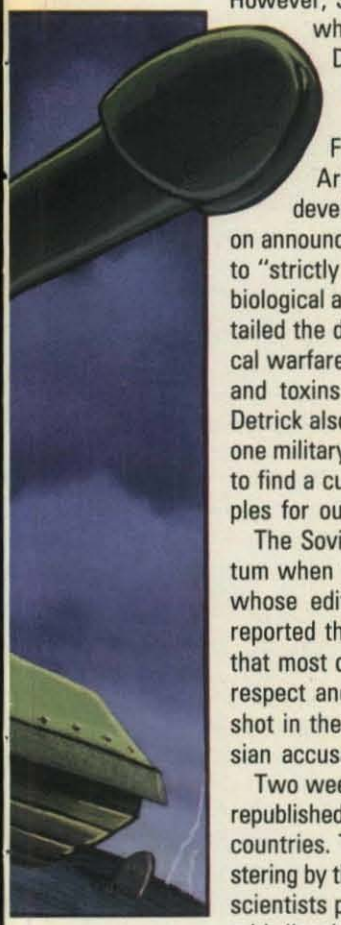
repeated five times in the Soviet media during the spring of '86; and in an effort to enhance the credibility of the story, the Soviets later revealed the sources of their proof.

Lending scientific credence to the Soviet account were an East German biophysicist, Professor Jacob Segal; his wife, a retired researcher and professor of epidemiology, Dr. Lilli Segal; and Dr. Ronald Dehmlow, a chemist, of East Berlin's Humboldt University. The three coauthored a 52-page report claiming the AIDS virus was "engineered" at Fort Detrick in 1977 through the artificial synthesis of one human retrovirus (HTLV-1), which caused a rare form of leukemia, and another retrovirus that produced a complex disease syndrome in sheep (VISNA).

Although in a recent article in the *Moscow News* (April 26, 1987), Dr. Segal acknowledged the lack of "direct evidence" for his hypothesis, he continued to stand behind it: "...as for the Fort Detrick case, legally speaking, there is only indirect evidence, but indirect evidence may also be considered valid. My wife and I...remain relatively alone [in our view] of the AIDS virus being a product of an abortive experiment carried out at a laboratory to develop biological warfare means...."

Attempting to further their own geopolitical pursuits abroad while discrediting the United States and generating anti-Americanism, the Soviets have selectively cited and advanced the scientific opinions of a small number of Western doctors who, like the East German Segal, believe that the AIDS virus may have been man-made. However, Segal and his coauthors are the only ones who have consistently singled out the Fort Detrick facility as *the* location where the AIDS virus was supposedly concocted.

Illustration by John Rice



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From 1943 until 1969, Fort Detrick was the Army's biological warfare research and development center, but in 1971 President Nixon announced that the facility would transfer its efforts to "strictly defined defensive purposes" in the field of biological and chemical weaponry. "Officially," this entailed the development of vaccines for certain biological warfare agents, such as airborne or viral diseases, and toxins of military importance. Incidentally, Fort Detrick also houses two governmental organizations—one military, one civilian—that are conducting research to find a cure for AIDS. They also provide HIV-1 samples for outside research groups.

The Soviet's propaganda campaign gained momentum when the British tabloid *London Sunday Express,* whose editorial slant is considered right-of-center, reported the Kremlin's AIDS account. Due to the fact that most of the world views the Western press with respect and integrity, the story gained a tremendous shot in the arm, enhancing the credibility of the Russian accusations.

Two weeks later, the AIDS story was picked up and republished by large-circulation newspapers in 30-plus countries. The Kremlin's efforts received another bolstering by the British when three United Kingdom-based scientists published a book charging the United States with "seeking various loopholes" in the 1972 Biological Warfare Convention by creating "highly pathogenic organisms...under the flag of medical research for protective purposes."

The American response to the Soviet's AIDS accusations has been subdued and predictable. Pointing to assertions and opinions provided by U.S. and World Health Organization officials, the State Department has rebuked the Soviet stance with their own press releases, describing the allegations as "an extensive disinformation campaign." Through diplomatic channels, the U.S. expressed its strong displeasure over the Kremlin's actions in promoting the story, promising that any future USA-USSR scientific collaboration on AIDS research would not be possible if their disinformation campaign continued. As for Fort Detrick's reaction, the ranking public relations officer, Colonel Rixon, ducked the issue by stating, "It's not the Army's matter to discuss; it's the State Department's."

In retrospect, a recurring theme in the Soviet accusal and American denial is each side's alleged nonadherence to the 1972 Superpower Biological Weapons Convention, which banned the development, production, stockpiling and transfer of microbial, toxic or biological agents and weapons, save for a small quantity of protective, or prophylactic, agents used for peaceful purposes. This agreement also imposed the same obligation on the production equipment, and the means of delivering the toxins or B/W agents.

The State Department asserts that Moscow's AIDS disinformation campaign was part of a larger effort to counter American reports of Soviet noncompliance as concern the '72 charter, and violations of the 1925 Geneva Protocol on Chemical Weapons. (That agreement put into place rules of international law, prohibiting the wartime utilization of poisonous, asphyxiating or other gases, and comparable liquids or devices used in bacteriological warfare.)

As explained in a research study conducted for the State Department, the Soviet AIDS allegations were repeated in their press as a response to a State Department report detailing Soviet use of chemical and toxic weapons in Southeast Asia and Afghanistan. The study postulates the theory that AIDS disinformation may have started as a separate Soviet platform, charging U.S. chemical and biological warfare activity in the midst of a tit-for-tat war of words between the two superpowers, but by mid-1986 it had become a full-fledged campaign in its own right.

In all fairness, the original source to lay blame on the U.S. and Fort Detrick—the New Dehli *Patriot*—is widely considered to be a plant for Soviet-instigated propaganda affecting the Third World, an opinion which was confirmed by the independent *Current Digest of the Soviet Press,* an Ohio-based weekly compilation of Soviet-media news stories. Apart from the inconsistencies and inconclusive basis for the accusations, the Soviet premise sounds like a good sci-fi plot. But given the nature of the operations and purpose of Fort Detrick, and the labyrinth that is the military-industrial complex—its cloak-and-dagger, all-encompassing tentacles and the lack of ethical boundaries granted to those in charge of national defense—this scenario doesn't sound so farfetched.

AIDSlines

Public Health Service AIDS Hotline
800-342-2437

National Gay Task Force
800-221-7044
212-807-6016 (NY state)

American Social Health Association
800-227-8922

AIDS Action Council
729 Eighth Street, S.E.
Suite 200
Washington, D.C. 20003
202-547-3101

National Association of People with AIDS
P.O. Box 65472
Washington, D.C. 20035
202-483-7979

National Council of Churches/AIDS Task Force
475 Riverside Drive,
Room 572
New York, NY 10115
212-870-2421

American Association of Physicians for Human Rights
P.O. Box 14366
San Francisco, CA 94114
415-558-9353

Local Red Cross or American Red Cross AIDS Education Office
1730 D Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20006
202-737-8300

HOT LETTERS

A FEW GOOD MEN

Fort Riley can get damn cold in the mid of winter, at night—ice-cold, snowy and lonely. Especially when you're in the Army. Especially when you've pulled guard duty two damn weekends in a row. Having a friend pull duty with you helps, but it's sure as hell no substitute for a dive into a warm, wet pussy.

Anyway, that's the situation my good buddy Kevin and I found ourselves in on a Saturday night not too long ago, and believe me, we were none too happy about it. There we were, stuck on base, freezing our asses off in the guard station, while all of our pals were out participating in some drunken, fucking debauchery downtown.

As the night wore on, ever so slowly, we consoled ourselves by paging through old issues of HUSTLER and picking out our favorites. Kevin and me, we're both tiny-tit men, and some of the Beavers fit our bill especially well. Soon we were drooling over the raw, real photos of poon at large, the pride these women displayed as they split their pink for fans nationwide.

Though this passed some time, it did nothing, of course, to ease our frustration. So we decided that since we definitely weren't going to get whacked, we may as well at least get warm. Calling in to a local pizza place, we ordered a large, and offered an extra $20 if the delivery guy would pick up a bottle of tequila en route.

Some delivery guy! When the pizza car made the front gate, the delivery guy therein was none other than a perfect tiny-titted tart. And bless her heart, as she hurried to the guardhouse door, we spied a brown paper bag stacked atop the pizza box she carried in her arms.

"Come in," I offered. "Warm yourself up a bit," as if it was much warmer inside. But the brave soul stripped out of her parka anyway, revealing the most delectable pair of tits God's ever made, I swear. Not more than a handful each, perky petites set jauntily inside her loosely knit sweater, erect nipples nudging their way enticingly forward, to my delight.

My cock stood rigidly at attention, saluting this goddess of mammary muffins, and glancing over at Kevin, I noted that I was not the only one standing fully erect. Kevin's a good ol' boy from 'Bama, very polite, very respectful toward women. I, on the other hand, am a city-bred Detroiter. I treat women the

way they should be treated—with both of my hands and my tough, hard dick.

There was definitely something familiar about this delivery babe, other than the fact that she had the requisite female equipment. Kevin noticed that I was focusing on her quizzically, and secretly nudged the open *Beaver Hunt* section of HUSTLER closer to me. It was then that I realized that the nipple-hard nymphette perched daintily on the edge of our desk was none other than our favorite Beaver bunny, Nicole, whose fantasies included making it with two men while her husband watched *The David Letterman Show*. There was no TV in our tiny, cold office, but there were two men with raging hard-ons.

Kevin blushed, but I wasted no time. "Hey, Nicole," I said to her—she seemed surprised that I knew her name—"how would you like your greatest fantasy to come true?" I handed her the magazine.

As she looked at her picture, a smile of recognition spread over her face. "Do you boys like my picture? I wasn't sure anyone lusted over *real* girls. The centerfolds are so pretty, so well-built."

We both assured her that the real chicks turned us on so much more than the plastic dolls. Kevin even blurted out that he was particularly fond of her itty-bitty titties. He must have been really horny. But lust does drive a man to push himself beyond his limits, and both of us could almost smell her pussy through her clothes, our urge was so strong.

Nicole told us how she would love to oblige us, but she had another delivery to make. We talked her into at least doing a spread for us on the desk before she had to leave. We knew that if she took those pants off, though, those pizzas would have to wait. She knew it too. Once she got up on the desk and parted her legs to afford us both a total view of her shimmering, silky folds, and once she saw us both whip out our cocks and rub them against the insides of her legs, she knew it was delayed deliveries.

I let Kevin have her first, while I sucked on those knockout, rock-hard nipples—so pink, I thought they tasted like peppermint ice cream.

Kevin pulled her down the desk until her ass was at the edge and started fucking Nicole, with her legs on his shoulders. I got up on the desk and straddled her chest so she could suck me off. If this really was her fantasy, getting poked and stroked by two men, she couldn't have picked two better, more horny soldiers. We gave the girl the treatment.

Being the respectful Southern boy that he is, Kevin pulled out before coming and sprayed his semen all over her belly. While he stumbled and fumbled around for his general-issue fatigues, I got off the desk and had my turn with Nicole, who was so far gone in ecstasy,

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Shit, it was good! I'm talking good, like a moist, hot-pink snatch feels after four months of handjobs.

she was mumbling and writhing like a Baptist in church. And was she wet, man, so wet and warm, like her mouth. I came a little faster than I wanted to, but shit, it was *good*! I'm talking good, like how steak tastes after three weeks of survival training, like a hot bath feels after freezing your ass off for 12 hours, like a moist, hot-pink snatch feels after four months of handjobs. *Good.*

Nicole came to, or rather back from la-la land—wherever it is that women go when they orgasm—and realized that she still had pizzas to deliver. As she was dressing, she made a date with both of us, and I mean both of us. She wanted to do this again under less pressing circumstances. We hated to see that doll go, but we at least had something to keep us going. The thought that in a week's time we'd be boning that sexy little Beaver again made life a whole lot easier.

Nicole has kept Kevin and I busy. I guess you'd have to figure that a woman who would flash her pussy in a national magazine would be a woman who delivers. I've been flipping through some back issues of *Beaver Hunt,* looking for other chicks with fantasies that I can fulfill, and it does my mind good to know that there are real women out there who need real dicks in them. —R. M.
Fort Riley, Kansas

BLOWIN' IN THE WIND

HUSTLER, in the school of erotic correspondence, you earn the highest honor, summa cum *cum*! On those rare occasions when I find myself without a good hard man, your letters never fail to turn me—and my vibrator—on. So the idea of returning the favor, swelling the schlongs of your hot, horny readers, really appeals to me. I want you, my reading audience, to see me as I'm writing to you: Picture me lying facedown, my 36ers rubbing against sapphire satin sheets until my nipples hurt with the thought of you starting to unzip. Move down to the gentle arch in my back, the curve where you'd spend time teasing me. Then, taking your ever-so-sweet time, focus on the center of my sensuality, my big, magnificent butt, luxurious globes of firm flesh aching for your attention. Slide your strong cock between my crack, slowly, enticingly, glancing against my wet slit, then aiming for my tight, hairless anus. Force your blood-swollen cock head against my ass until you feel the hot, wet air of my deliciously pungent, putrid fart.

Yes, fart! Don't tell me you don't like it—I can feel you growing harder—as I have every man I've ever been with. Delicate prima donnas can have their pefumes, their musks, their sweet-smelling scents, but me and my big, beautiful ass, we know what really turns a man on.

My first experience with breaking air was an accident, but I've learned the value of my fragrant valve, my instant prick popper; and now, whenever the feeling moves me, I pass gas not only in private, but in public as well—especially in public. I've let loose in subways, exclusive clubs and restaurants, in movie-theater lines and in taxicabs. And almost invariably, it's led to fucking—and more fucking, sucking and ass-schtupping.

Out for the night with a favorite stud, I always wear my jeans two sizes too small, drawing attention to my fabulous fanny. Then, out on the dance floor, shaking it up, I proudly stick my tush in the air and cut the wickedest of winds. I love the way every man within hearing (and smelling) distance literally *springs* to attention—and the way my hunk frantically fondles my buns until we leave for the night. Sure, some men have called me contemptible names, but I only have to look down, and their dicks are speaking a completely different dialect.

In fact, one of my favorite assperiences happened only two weeks ago, on the way to an important job interview at a legal firm. Figuring that a mixture of competence and coquetry would do the trick, I wore a skimpy knit dress, pulled tight over a second-skin, lift-and-separate panty girdle. Knowing I looked hot, I still felt nervous entering the elevator—that is, until the blue eyes of a handsome young executive next to me took my mind off the meeting ahead. As I pressed the button for the 28th floor, I noticed that 38 was also lit, and that the debonair businessman was now staring at my butt.

By the eighth floor I ventured a glance to my side, and by the tenth floor I was absolutely enamored with the man. He carried his suit coat over one arm, affording a tremendous view of his strong back and, better yet, muscular, tantalizing buttocks.

As we reached Floor No. 15, I felt a true stinker coming on and, looking straight into his eyes, let loose with all the force I could muster. Our close surroundings amplified the powerful blast

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Dan grabbed my buttocks, and positioned his face to receive the full, raunchy power of my flatulent explosion.

and intensified the wonderfully foul odor violently affronting our nostrils. My gentleman stud didn't even flinch. Instead, his eyes warmed to me, and when I got off on the 28th floor, it was with *his* number safely tucked in my bra, and a tentative date for the evening.

As it turned out, I didn't have to wait quite that long. I had been jitterish about the meeting and misread the firm's suite number. When I finally arrived at the right office and was called in for my interview, who should greet me at the door but.... We both laughed as he closed the door behind me, ogling my derriere as he did so.

Dan then sat me down, served me coffee and, to my surprise, carried on a fairly professional interview. After several questions and a glance at my resume, Dan's eyes locked on to mine. "Your qualifications look to be more than adequate, Kate," he said smoothly. "You've got the job. Now, if you'd be so kind, fart in my face."

My quim trembled and pulsed. I could feel my nipples harden at the very suggestion. Of course, always an ardent believer in good employer/employee relations, I was more than happy to oblige my new boss. Kneeling on the desk, my firm white ass in his face, I raised my dress, inch by inch, to my waist, enjoying teasing him, hearing his breath quicken.

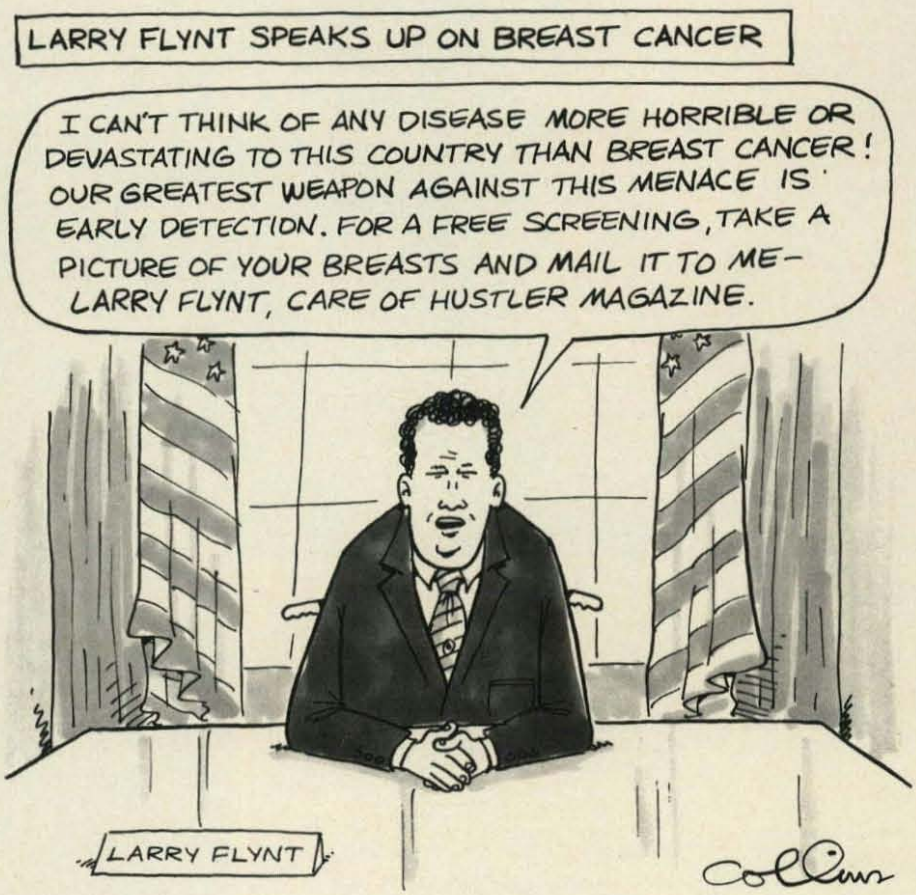
Dan slowly, tenderly peeled off my girdle, leaving it about my knees, binding them together. Leaning forward, I brought my shoulders down to the desktop so this gorgeous hunk could get a better view. Soon he was planting wet kisses feverishly all over my cheeks, slipping his tongue into my crack and teasing my asshole with fast little flicks until I was moaning with pleasure. Before I could say, "I'm going to..." Dan had grabbed my buttocks in his strong hands, spread them apart and positioned his face to receive the full, raunchy power of my flatulent explosion.

I am proud to say that I outdid myself. Never has stench smelled so disgustingly sweet, felt so orgasmically intense. And when next I looked back, it was to see Dan smiling broadly, slapping my cheeks lightly with one hand while he guided his rock-hard boner to my browneye with the other.

As I began to finger and rub my clit, Dan slowly filled my backside with his cock. His balls slapped my buns. Dan's rhythm amazed me as he pumped in and out, slow, fast, slow, then faster and faster until the combination of sensations was just too intense. Right before giving up my body to total orgasm, I concentrated my attention once more onto my ass and a powerful expulsion of gas. Dan's hot sperm shot into the wind that sent it back out around his cock, then dribbling down to my drenched pussy. Incredible!

The last two weeks have been one long, fabulous butt-lusting frenzy, and I think I'm really going to like it here. My salary isn't quite what it should be, but the benefits are fantastic! —K.W.

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania



CRACKING THE WHIP

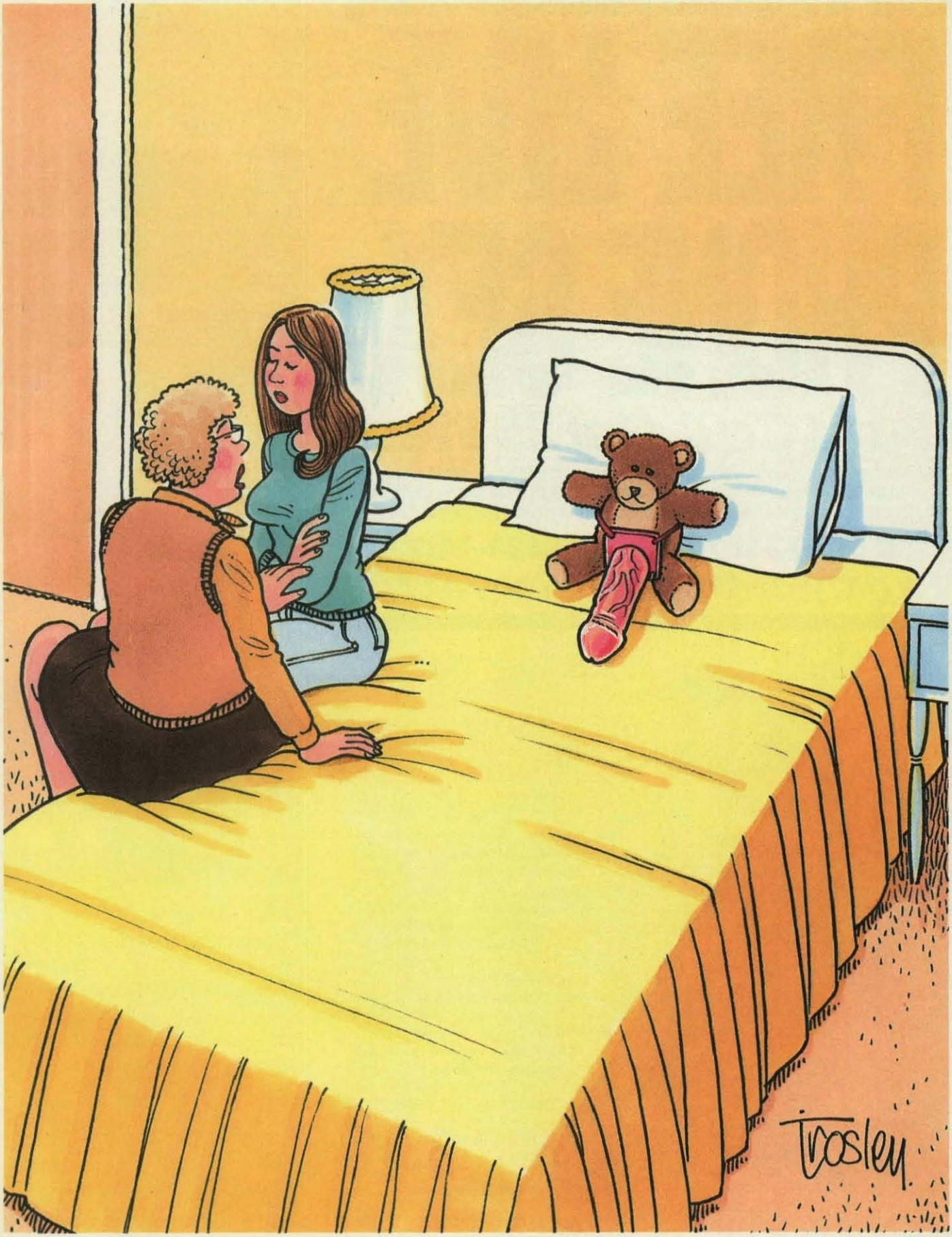
I've wondered many times if I got more than I bargained for when I suggested to my wife that we experiment with female domination in our bedroom. Since my teen years, I've been turned on by the notion of a strict, alluring dominatrix putting me through my paces and using me as her personal sex toy. Such fantasies stimulated my frequent masturbation throughout my youth and into early adulthood. But in reality, my dating patterns, courtship and eventual marriage were all done traditionally—sexually and otherwise.

Sue and I had been married a year when, in my frustration, I finally broached the forbidden topic of my long-held fantasies. Sue, a luscious blonde of 25, is a researcher for a multinational chemical company, and her scientific background lends a cool, professional air about her, unhindered by emotional outbursts. Thus, I had this much going for me when I made my bold request: I knew I wouldn't get repulsed outrage from Sue. At least I was correct about that much.

Traditional sex for Sue had always seemed a mere biological function, an exercise more important to me and something for her to finish quickly, no more than two or three times a week. When I made my request, Sue cocked her head and admitted she didn't know much about sexual domination. She promised to look into it and, if it'd make me happy, she'd give it a dry run.

Her clinical approach chilled me, but I passed it all off as no big deal. A few days went by, and the subject wasn't mentioned. Then, arriving home from work on Friday, I was surprised to find Sue

(continued on page 102)



"Please, Mary Beth, you're 19. . . find a nice boy, give up the teddy bear. . . ."

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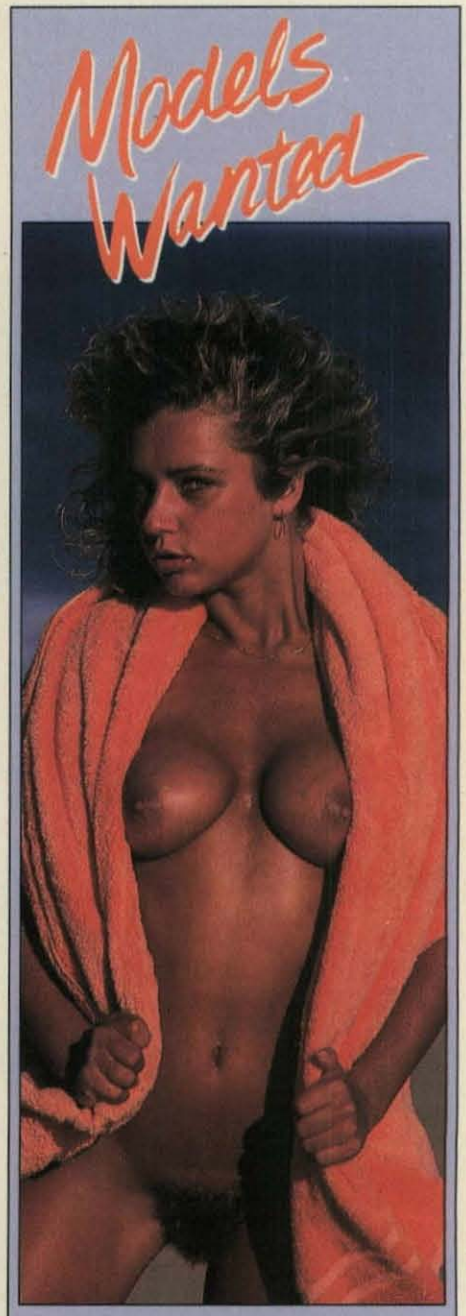

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BITS and PIECES

ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

Jimmy Swaggart

This issue we look Jimmy Swaggart straight in both of his faces and say, "You're Asshole of the Month."

Any grown man who derives his income from gullible children, cunt-dead white women and lonely codgers is obviously a puckered dung spume. His fleeceable flock, though, readily overlooked the fact that Jimmy started out playing swing piano—"We get the crowds with music," he said—then later denounced rock 'n' roll as Satan's sound.

Dazzled by the huckster who calls himself a "fundamentalist evangelist"—a fancy term for a spewer of simpleminded religious horseshit—followers never found it unChristian of Jimmy to use Nixon-like tactics, always pointing the finger at other preachers, particularly successful ones in Jimmy's Assemblies of God church, like Jim Bakker, or Marvin Gorman, whose defrocking Jimmy ramrodded, and who hired a dick to trail Jimmy's dick drives.

Jimmy was way familiar with defrocking, as one whore recounted a year of meetings at which she'd strip and fondle while this jack-in-the-pulpit jacked himself off. The blithering bung who said pornography addicts the sickest of the sick was judged by one street whore to be "kind of perverted. I wouldn't want my kids around him."

The man who called Jim Bakker a "cancer on the body of Christ" hoped Jesus' blood would wash away the Louisiana preacher's sins. We don't suggest that Jimmy do penance with his own blood, but outraged church members at press time sought more than a three-month suspension. Besides, it will take that long before the gullible forget enough to renew donations to Swaggart's $150 million-a-year enterprise that pays for his 14-acre estate, private jet, limos, jewelry, tailored suits and other tools of Christ's ministry.

Frankly, we aren't so upset by Jimmy's sexual hypocrisy. The serious two-faced nature of his entire operation will be exposed in next month's July Anniversary Issue. Jimmy's shit never smelled like a rose to us, so long before the scandal broke, our reporter was infiltrating Swaggart's scene, digging deeper than TV or newspapers dare. When we start shoveling that shit, brothers and sisters, pull on your rubber gloves and discover the whole truth about the man who may be the biggest asshole of our decade.

Marching through Jewish communities on a hot summer day is enough to make even the most fastidious neo-Nazi sweat into his jackboots. But no master race can afford to smell like a deserted bunker, and nothing mars a triumph of the will like unsightly perspiration stains. That's why there's Reich Guard, the deodorant that leaves a man smelling white. Also available in roll-on, for those concerned about the environment.

Reach Out and Touch Someone

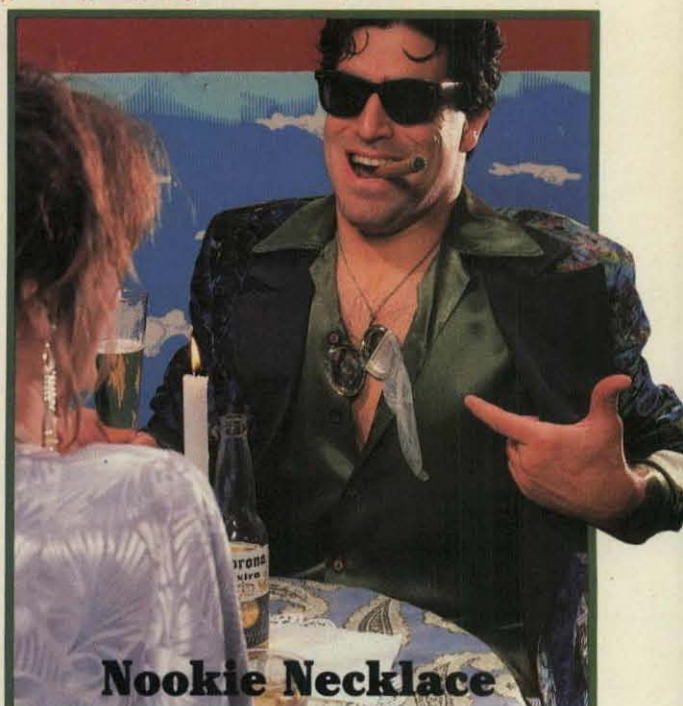
Communications technologists have only recently discovered that unsightly excess body fat is an excellent conductor of sound. The result: cellulite phones. They're a bit more unwieldy than traditional car phones, and the smell takes some getting used to, but they also double as an effective headrest and/or ashtray. What's more, you'll have constant access to the car-pool lanes, even if you do have to travel with an asshole every day.

Dump Suit

Sure, colostomy bags are okay for old folks. . . but what's an '80s guy supposed to do when pesky bowel movements cramp his lifestyle? Relax, now there's dump suit, the stylish jumpsuit with the built-in BM receptacle, suitable for boogying at the disco or shooshing down the Aspen slopes. Pinch a loaf anywhere, anytime, and dispose of it at *your* convenience. No muss, no fuss—no shit!

Karate Kink

Masters of the martial arts have for centuries practiced the fighting style known as *tae quon dildo*. Seen here in the classic *fuk yu* stance, these new disciples of the ancient technique are proof of the penetrating insights to be gained when East meats West. Bruce Lee, eat your heart out.

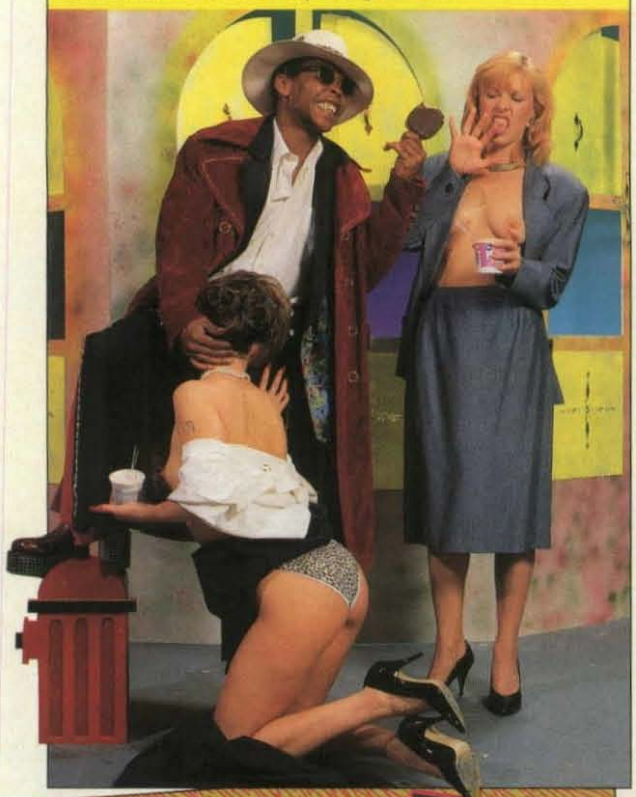


Nookie Necklace

Hey, swingers, these days it takes more to impress the dames than that bulge in your pants—though a fat wallet doesn't hurt. Girls are looking for guys who care, and what better way to show you do than with the condom medallion? At first, it looks like an ordinary gold chain, but when that ornamental gee-gaw pops open to reveal a king-size rubber, this babe's gonna know you're not afraid to play it safe. Go ahead and show her that you have so much sensitivity, it's coming out of your asshole.

Yogurt Whores

The smart pimp knows how to turn the yuppie invasion to his advantage. Beatings and drugs aren't enough to keep upscale pussy peddlers in line—what's called for here is the less traditional whipped-dessert-on-a-stick motivation. Hooked on gourmet ice cream, designer cookies and other such trendy treats, the average businesswoman bends to the pimp's command to peel down to her portfolio in less time than it takes to say *Haagen-Dazs.*



Porn From the Past

GATHER YOUR ROD, YOUR STAFF AND YOUR OLD SMUT, *and send the latter to* Porn From the Past, HUSTLER Magazine, *9171 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. We pay $150 for each photo we use. Send a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want your photos returned.*

New Wrinkle in Skin Mags

If you happen to be one of those whose tastes run toward geriatric sex, you won't want to miss the latest issue of *Prime* magazine ($7.50, plus $1.50 postage, from Nuance, Inc., 7332 Ethel Avenue, North Hollywood, CA 91605). Advertised as the publication which addresses "the sexual passions of older women," *Prime* features aging strippers, like Jennie Lee, in a feast of slightly saggy flesh for fantasies. These gals *are* getting older, but they're also getting better—or at any rate, they're unashamed.

Slut Machine

The newest rage in Las Vegas, coin-operated call girls, sometimes pay off big, with a round-the-world suck-and-fuck jackpot for the price of a mere silver dollar. Other times, the best you may get is a handjob, a dirty look or a nasty dose of the clap. But what the hell, you pays your money, and you takes your chances. . . .

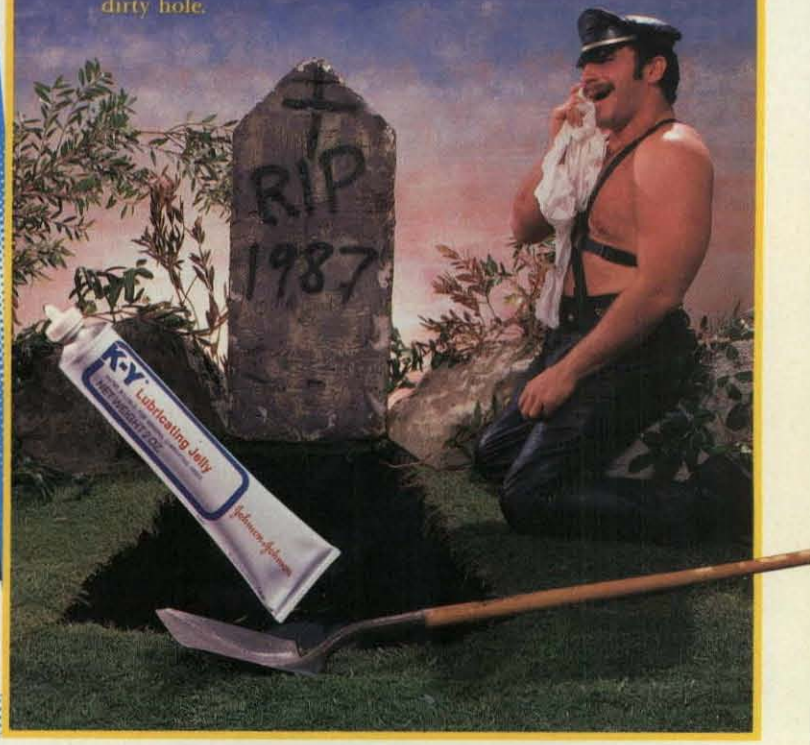
Great Moments With Bob

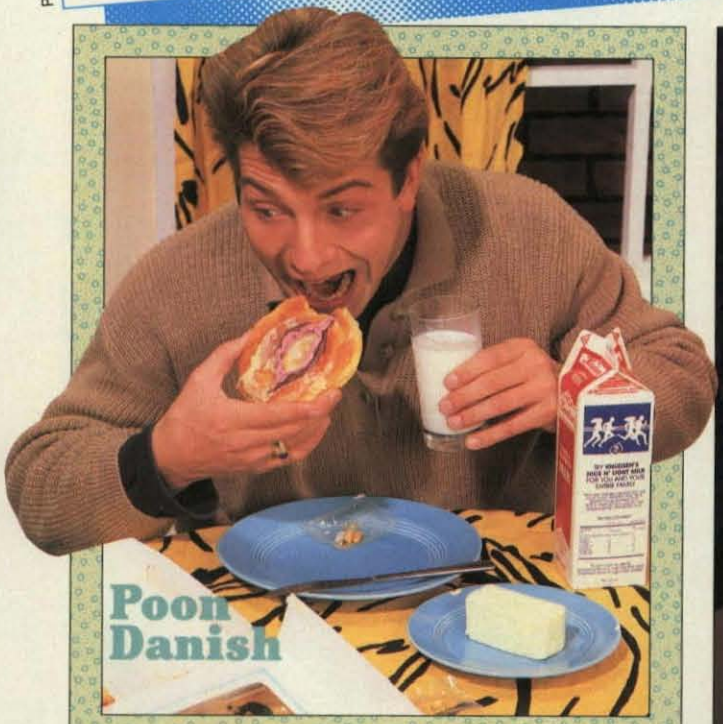
Parody: HUSTLER's comments added to newsphoto.

At the dedication ceremonies for the new Bob Hope Cryogenics Center in Palm Springs, California, Hope makes the startling revelation that he has been legally dead, and frozen at subzero temperatures, for the past six months. Thanks for the memories, Bob.

The Final Plunge

Plummeting sales attest to the untimely demise of the anal crowd's favorite lube, now that we're living in the safe-sex era. Alas, poor K-Y, butt-buddies everywhere will mourn your passing. But at least the late lubricant's final resting place is appropriate—a small, dark, dirty hole.

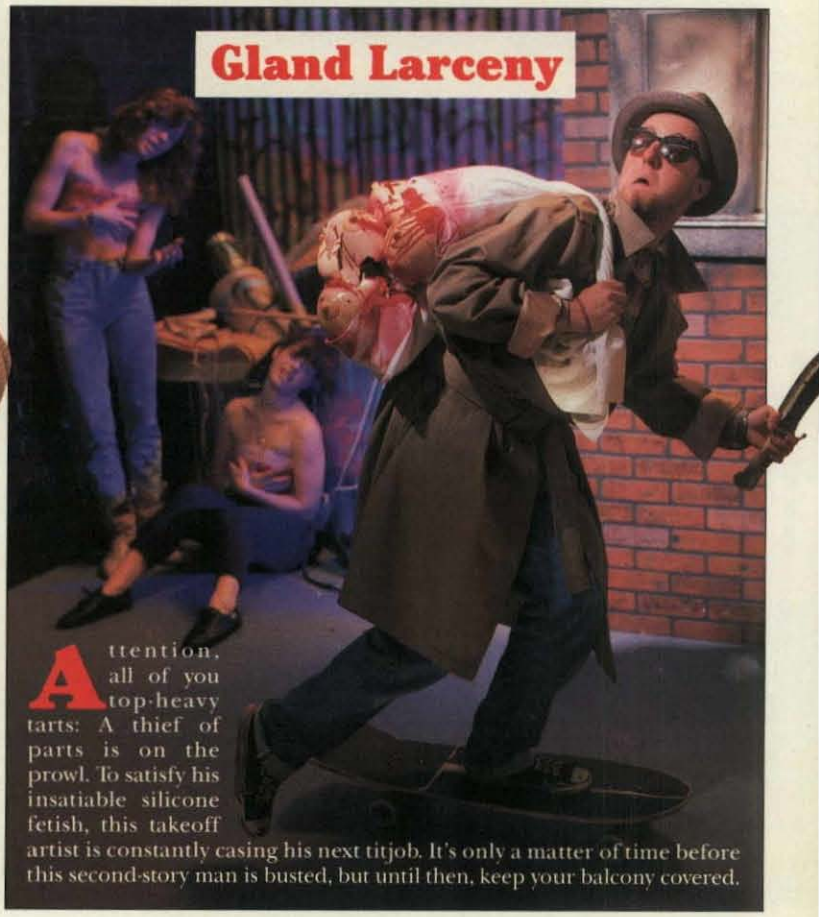




Poon Danish

At last, a morning snack that gives you *real* get up 'n' go! Everybody knows that pussy is the true "breakfast of champions," so nothing could be better than poon danishes, in a wide variety of flavors, all of which taste like fish. After one of these fresh-baked beavers, you'll be ready for anything, except the possibility of having to go to work with an erection.

Gland Larceny



Attention, all of you top-heavy tarts: A thief of parts is on the prowl. To satisfy his insatiable silicone fetish, this takeoff artist is constantly casing his next titjob. It's only a matter of time before this second-story man is busted, but until then, keep your balcony covered.

JUNE 1988

Sex News Bits

FINAL

Stripping—a Matter of Life or Death

All of a sudden, the simple process of taking it all off has become a serious endeavor. In Antigua, promoters of a strip show had to refund a full house of paying customers, but not because the show was a flop—in fact, it was too good. It seems that while stripper Clancy Johnson, 19, was removing her last piece of clothing in the Caribbean club, a bearded man in the front fell over dead. That's when the shocked owners stopped the death tease and sent the crowd home. Meanwhile, in Britain, strippers were planning to disrobe in order to *save* lives. According to Anne Robertson, head of Britain's biggest striptease agency, 150 British strippers are planning a 24-hour nonstop stripathon to benefit leukemia research. Robertson adds that there will be comedians on hand to perform with the strippers "so people don't get too bored." Try telling that to Clancy Johnson.

Horsing Around With the Law

A couple of animal lovers forced lawmen in West Virginia to learn the hard way that the state has no laws forbidding bestiality. Much to the consternation of church and state officials, two men who had sex with a horse and a pit bull (and you wonder why they're mean) can't be prosecuted because their actions were within the law. "We were about to arrest them," said Nicholas County Sheriff Bob Adams, "but there wasn't a darn thing we could do about it." At one time it was a felony to "carnally know in any manner any brood animal," but according to State Senator Larry Tucker, "We apparently struck that section out of the law when we revised it a couple of years ago." The legislature vowed to change the oversight, but for now, in West Virginia, it's still, "Ride 'em, cowboy!"

Harley Harpy

There's no end to the feminist trend of women trying to gain admission to exclusively male clubs. Now Debbie Beall wants to join the Hell's Angels of Ventura, California. Predictably, her application was rejected, but the 30-year-old mother of two plans to take her fight to court. "I'm going to beat it somehow," declares Beall. "What are they going to do? Beat me up?" That may be a question better left unasked.

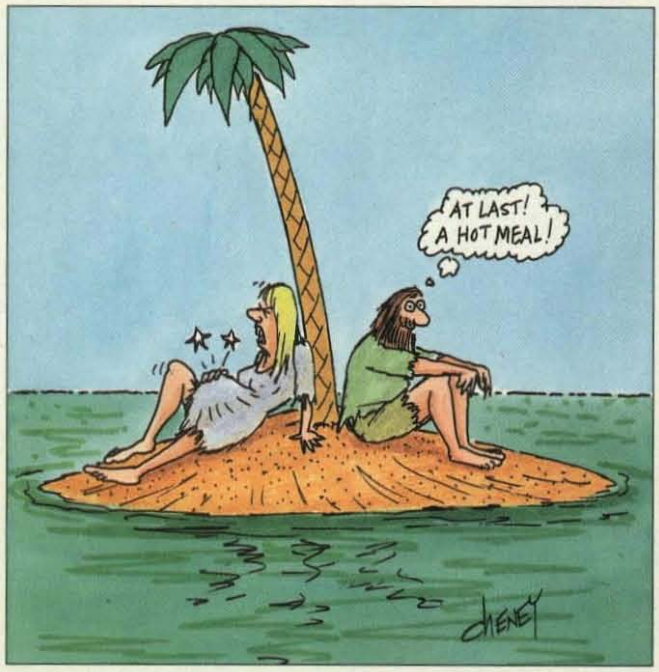
Playing Doctor

Fast talker Theodore Perusse Jr. was arrested by police in Eau Claire, Wisconsin, for posing as a physician after scores of local women fell for his "cure." Perusse, who is actually a 53-year-old auto broker, told women over the phone that they could cure a rare blood disease that would result in the loss of their mammaries by going downtown dressed in high heels, shorts, and a T-shirt cut off to expose part of their breasts. Police detective Harry Gordee says dozens of women fell for the phony doc's sexy advice. Sounds like the doctor was out to make himself feel better.

Sex-Tax Talk

Illinois State Senator Walter Dudycz (R) is trying to do economically what he can't do constitutionally: eliminate phone sex. Dudycz seeks to tax phone-sex services 500%, an increase that would make a typical carnal conversation cost a whopping $200. Apparently, Dudycz thinks he can screw the citizens of Illinois better—and he's giving it a pretty good shot.

Most Tasteless Cartoon



Keeping Abreast of Growth

Finally, something in this country besides the deficit is getting bigger. According to Joya Paterson of S&S Industries, the leading makers of bra underwires, America's breasts are growing in size. Paterson should know—she's responsible for convincing bra makers that the country's women needed a triple-D cup, and now she's telling them that the ever-growing population is still getting the squeeze. "You'd be amazed how many have been wearing smaller bras and living with discomfort," claims melon-expert Paterson. She says that those with the most problems are "anyone over a triple-D cup, and the woman with different-size breasts."

In Deep Shit

British lovers looking for a particularly "dirty weekend" may be interested in this special package. For only $85, a couple can spend a few romantic days mucking around amidst piles of cow dung in Preston Montford, England. Adrian Bayley, the environmentalist who's behind this messy deal, claims that cow patties have an aphrodisiacal effect, something to do with "watching flies mating in the muck." It's unlikely he'll be giving Club Med much competition in the near future.

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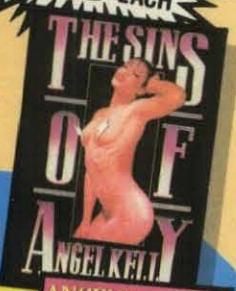

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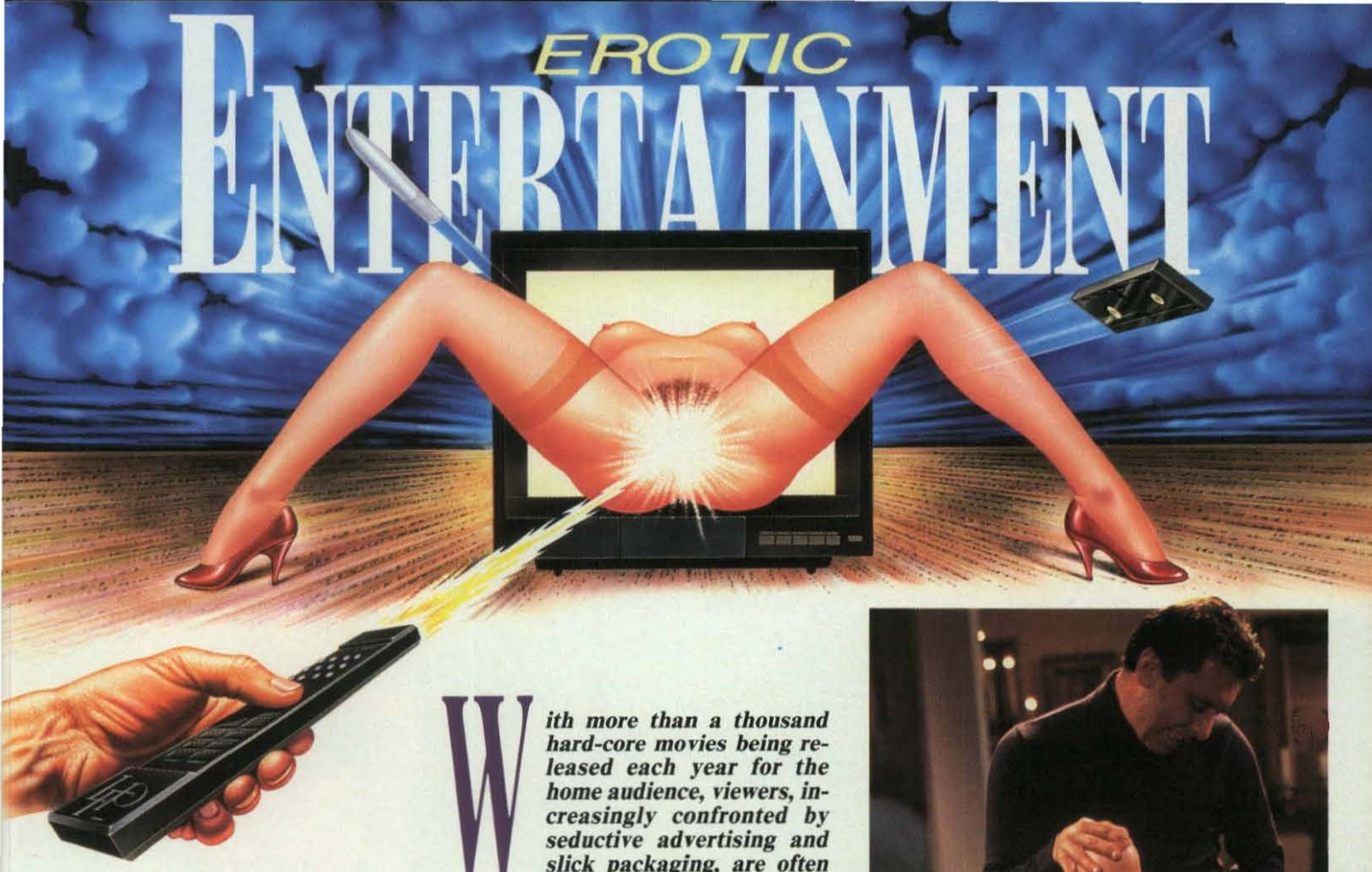
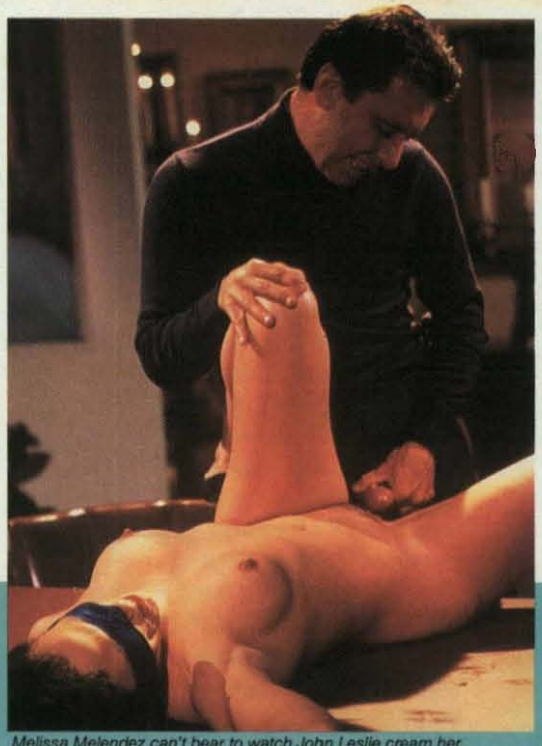
EROTIC ENTERTAINMENT



With more than a thousand hard-core movies being released each year for the home audience, viewers, increasingly confronted by seductive advertising and slick packaging, are often at a loss when it comes to selecting an X-rated tape worth watching. **HUSTLER** ***is committed to serious, no-bullshit criticism designed to accurately inform readers of XXX-cinema offerings, and to spur the adult-entertainment industry to better productions. Despite their drastic decline, there will always be adult theaters, and we'd never leave a film buff in the lurch: If a review says a production was shot on film, it's probably playing on a big screen somewhere–all you have to do is find it.***



Melissa Melendez can't bear to watch John Leslie cream her crack in **Seduction.**

SEDUCTION BY FIRE

Shot on Video.

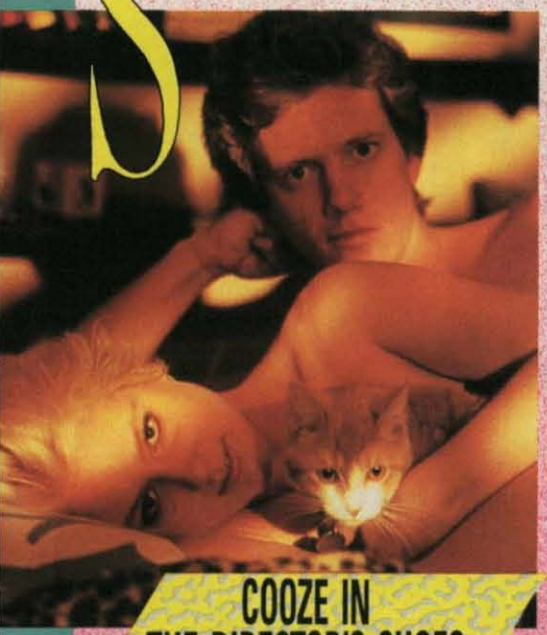
Half Erect. Directed by John T. Bone; starring John Leslie, Melissa Melendez, Krista Lane, Tiffany Storm, Joey Silvera, Randy West, Ona Z., Gayle Sterling and Mike Horner. Videocassette by Vidco.

In an attempt to achieve a mood of sexual menace, *Seduction* ends up being overly serious and stilted, but there's enough action to put a stilt in your skivvies nonetheless. Melissa Melendez plays the central slut, and while she still has her well-known sleepy demeanor, she is looking better than ever. John Leslie is the family friend who seduces her into his would-be kinky world of sexual submission. High points include a hard humping by Joey Silvera on Ona Z.'s shaved snatch, after which Ona jerks Joey's boner to a full-force facial semen-slop. Plastic paradise is achieved when Ona fucks Tiffany Storm with a strap-on dong and is then vaginally dildo-banged by a strap-on-sporting Melendez for a three-girl mini daisy chain. To complete the scene, Z. and Melendez DP Storm to a quivering orgasm. Another notable three-way pits Randy West against Krista Lane and Gayle Sterling in a scene that ends with semen splashing on Sterling's smile. It may not see your boner ablaze, but you *will* feel the heat of this *Fire.* —*Rob Peters*

X RATED TAPES

Edited by Mike Ferris

SEX SCENE



COOZE IN THE DIRECTOR'S SHOES

Proving that a female's position in porn doesn't have to be on her back, Femme Video's Candida Royalle has launched the new Star Director Series. Continuing in the style of such early Femme releases as* Three Daughters *and* Urban Heat, *Royalle has lined up labial luminaries Gloria Leonard, Veronica Hart, Annie Sprinkle and Veronica Vera to helm Star Director installments, with each episode containing two short stories in the style of a TV mini-drama. (Jeanna Fine and Randy Paul in* A Taste of Ambrosia *are pictured here.) A prime consideration of the distaff auteurs is to eroticize safe-sex practices, with each woman contributing her own libidinous idiosyncracies. "My intention is to create adult entertainment that women can enjoy along with men," Royalle explains, "films that don't degrade women." A crazy idea, perhaps, but who knows, it just might work.

ADDENDA

Since porn actresses are known to change their names more often than their underwear, so that their own video companies sometimes have trouble keeping the spelling straight, we forgive ourselves the occasional mistake. However, it was a particularly egregious error (and one which was clearly somebody else's fault) to have identified two different actresses as Barbii Dol in our April issue. The Barbii Dol who appeared in *In Charm's Way* is not to be confused with the Barbii (no last name given) of *Introducing Barbii*, nor are either of them to be confused with East Coast brunette Barbie Dahl or well-known TV interviewer Barbara Walters. While we're busy apologizing, it might as well be noted that by the time our May issue hit the stands, Samantha Strong was no longer under an exclusive contract with the Zane Entertainment Group, as reported in our *Hot Spot* column. Seems they parted ways over those infamous "creative differences" and Samantha is now a free agent. Whether she'll work in porn films again, or attempt to snag a seat on the next space-shuttle flight, is anyone's guess at this point.

HOT BLACK MOON RISING FOREVER

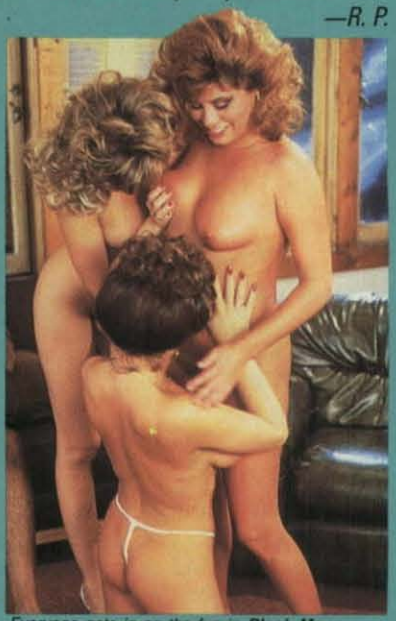
Shot on Video.

Half Erect. Directed by Ethan Marks; starring F.M. Bradley, Tiffany Storm, Megan Leigh, Billy Dee, Kim Acosta, Ray Victory and Gail Force. Videocassette by Zane Entertainment Group.

(Editor's Note: This tape was initially released under the considerably less ridiculous title *Black Moon Rising*. This was changed at the last minute due to a conflict with New World Pictures, who have released a film of the same name. However, you may find this picture under its original title at your local video outlet.)

If interracial raunch raises your pud pressure, *Moon* may stiffen your snake—but only halfway. True to the one-day-video format, *Rising* dispenses a half dozen lackluster encounters performed by a half dozen frazzled fucksters. Caucasian cunts Tiffany Storm, Megan Leigh, Gail Force and Kim Acosta have all looked and fucked better. Here they look by turns tired, frumpy, flabby and wasted—sometimes all at once. The usual motions are gone through as each slit is paired with a Dark Continent Casanova. Tiffany Storm be getting down with F.M. Bradley, Megan Leigh with Ray Victory. Gail Force eats a Billy Dee cum-drop, and Kim Alexis jerks the juice from Bradley's bone atop a bar. Skinny Ms. Leigh and increasingly portly Ms. Force feed on each other during the obligatory lesbo scene, and Force and Storm help Bradley bone Leigh in the closer. Six scenes, all of which are virtually boring, but for the initiate or interracial fanatic, this piece of lamentably typical video may inspire a boner or two, but discerning vid-pervs will let this *Moon* fade quietly to black.

—R. P.



Everyone gets in on the fun in **Black Moon**.

WHO'S DAT GIRL?

Shot on Video.

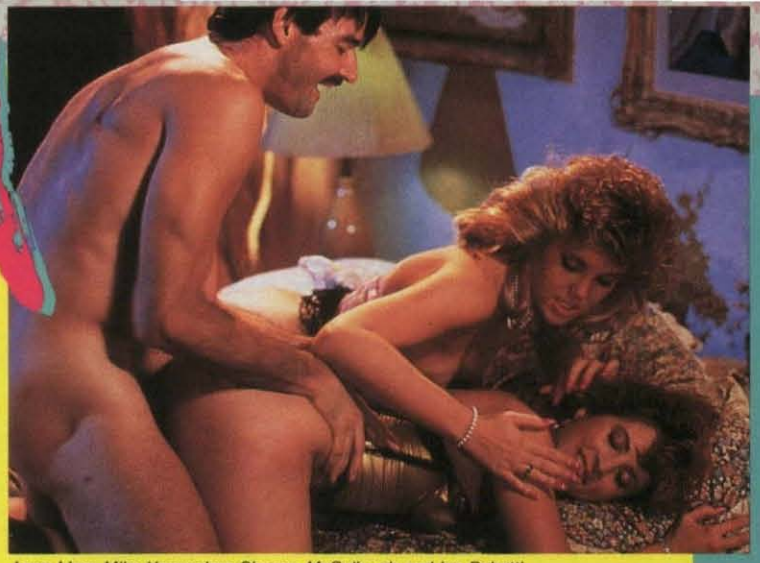
Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Bill Blackman; starring Dana Lynn, Laurel Canyon, Betty Boobs, Don Fernando, Billy Dee, Ray Victory and Ron Jeremy. Videocassette by Video Exclusives.

Decades from now, when anthroponogists are attempting to define *low-budget fuck video*, they'll need look no further than *Who's Dat Girl?* A California tract house is both location and sets, being in turn a home, a bar and a psychiatrist's office. In addition, every expense was obviously spared in regard to script and dialogue coaching. Only three girls were hired for this project, none of whom is an established, high-priced slab of poon.

As for studs, semen is served up by two blacks and a Mexican, traditionally underpaid ethnic groups, and Ron Jeremy, who, though not a Negro or Hispanic, would be just as unwelcome to date your sister. And yet, the lonely lingam is apt to launch its solitary load to the accompaniment of *Who's Dat Girl?* Aside from Betty Boobs (fake tits, hair and bush color, her appeal is about as natural as any woman's attraction to Ron Jeremy), *Who's Dat*'s raisons d'ejaculate are Canyon and Lynn, a pair of interchangeable perky pussies. Blond mop-top Lynn has roots blacker than Ray Victory's own dark stem. Tiny-tit, pert-puss Canyon is a typical mall moll. Each trollop takes two shares of dusky-dick dollops. *Who's Dat Girl?* wonders the isolated onanist. *And who's dat other one?*

—Christian Shapiro

VIDEO OF THE MONTH



Love Lies: *Mike Horner lays Shanna McCullough and Isa Robetti.*

THE MISCHIEF MAKER

Shot on Video.

Half Erect. Directed by Duck Dumont and Charles DeSantos; starring Megan Leigh, Tracey Adams, Nina Hartley, Marla Franks, Tom Byron, Mike Horner, Don Fernando and Billy Dee. Videocassette by Essex Home Entertainment.

The Mischief Maker follows practical joker Megan Leigh as she gives Mike Horner an exploding cigar, a can of nuts containing a jumping snake and a trick golf ball. Anyone taken unawares by any of these stratagems will also be surprised when Tom Byron, stumbling upon Billy Dee drilling Nina Hartley, squats down to take Nina's face in his lap as Billy dorks her from behind. After Dee dumps dick drizzle on Hartley's tan lines, she, without wiping off, hunkers onto Byron's brute length and gets him to spit up schlong sputum for her face and hands. Such is the highlight of *Maker*; also turgescent is Leigh savoring the slit-stick of Don Fernando, rapping it on her face before he mounts her from behind, banging her head against the wall. The rest of the raunch is as predictable as Leigh's pranks, with Megan pretending to teach dyke to Tracey Adams a particular yawner. Some mischief may spring out of *Maker*, but only from those already in the mood to be bad.

—Kurt Blume

LOVE LIES

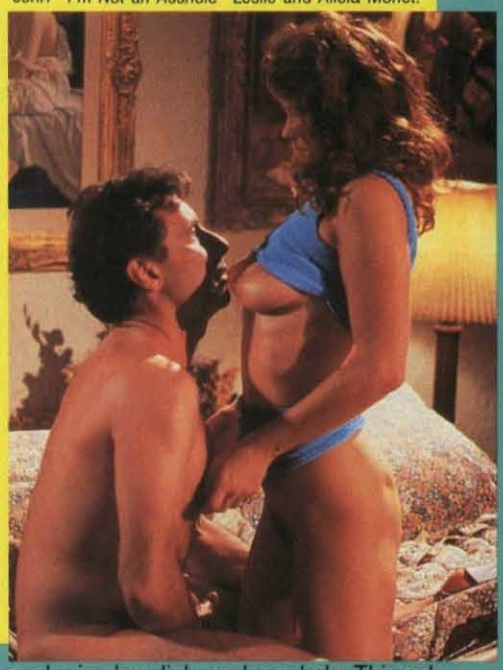
Shot on Video.

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Richard Mailer; starring Megan Leigh, Shanna McCullough, John Leslie, Billy Dee, Isa Robetti, Mike Horner and Alicia Monet. Videocassette by Intropics Video.

Love Lies has a storyline (a jealous woman seeking to prove the imagined indiscretions of her husband) so skimpy as to be inconsequential. This plot is so inconsequential, in fact, that it bears exactly zero points of similarity to the box-copy synopsis. Still, we're here for proxy sex, and, unlike overacted, histrionic-heavy, talk-a-lot, no-point pornos, *Love Lies* is flush and plush with fervid fucking. Megan Leigh, though her nose should never be shown from profile, opens the onanistic gymnastics with a Mike Horner gush on her bush. Alicia Monet unleashes Shanna McCullough's energetic eroticism; then Billy Dee caps a cock cram of dumbish blonde Isa Robetti by holding his dick in her mouth and jerking off. In the tape's threesome McCullough, after her well-padded butt rides Horner's putz, gets face from Robetti as Horner spritzes the blonde's mons. A bit of confrontational carnality closes out *Lies*, with Monet telling John Leslie, "So be an asshole." Leslie refuses, then dry-humps, finger-probes and dicks and slicks her like a snarling asshole. *Love Lies'* lays can be counted on five fingers, but any more and you'd need a third hand. And that's the truth.

—Hakim Whithers

John "I'm Not an Asshole" Leslie and Alicia Monet.



WET SHOTS: THE BEST OF RACHEL RYAN VOLUME I

Shot on Video.

Three-Quarters Erect. Starring Rachel Ryan, Purple Passion, Patti Petite, Marc Wallice, Steve Powers, Dick Rambone and Rick Savage. Videocassette by Wet Video.

Polyonymous polysexual Rachel Ryan has been one of the most poly-saturated semen sponges in scum show biz. Whether known as insatiable Ingrid Elliot, bad Penny Morgan or raunchy Rachel, a slavering slut flexing a gold mine of a coal chute is by any other name a whorific tramp puckering her dick-ready asshole. This collection opens fittingly with Ryan split wide, doubly dorked by white bun busters Marc Wallice and Steve Powers, Rachel characteristically wanting more after the studs are done. Of *Volume I*'s six sexings, all except a baby-oiled gash feast under Purple Passion are butt pluggings. (The remarkable aspect as Ryan pigs out on Passion's poon thang is that Rachel refrains from plunging her face into Purple's O-clamp, though the squeezing black sphincter is mere inches from Ryan's pre-op nose.) The extent of rectal Rachel's anal fixation is indicated in *Best of*'s other dueling-doxy sequence, with Petite using a strap-on dong and hand-held dildo to cunt- and rump-fuck Ryan right off the bed. The tape ends (with Dick Rambone's turd-defying log lodged intestine-bound) before Rachel's rim-rammed by any Negro dicks, but there's always *Volume 2.—C. S.*

ST. X-WHERE II

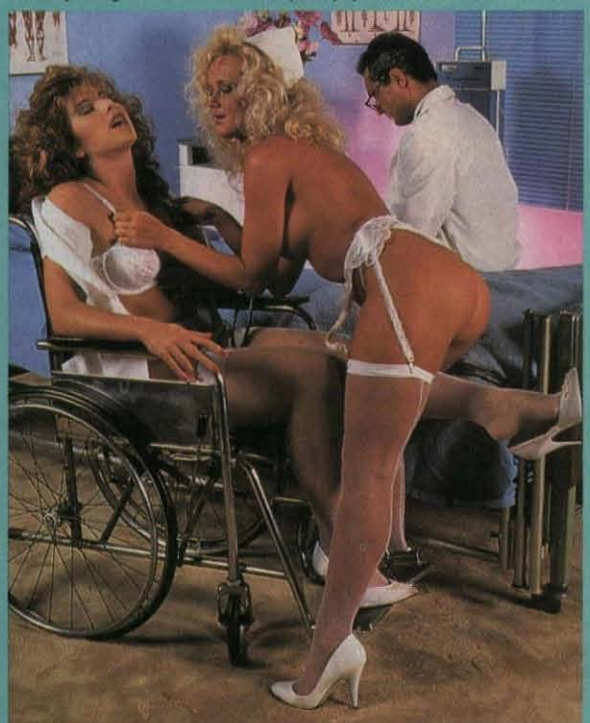
Shot on Video.

Half Erect. Directed by Jonathan Burroughs; starring Brittany Morgan, Laurel Canyon, Nikki Knights, Shanna McCullough, Alexa Parks, Jon Martin, Keisha, Billy Dee, Jesse Eastern and Jace Rocker. Videocassette by Vidco.

Although director Jonathan Burroughs has obviously tried to push *St. X-Where* above the ordinary, and some of the players exhibit a little style, ultimately this fuck flick fails to rise beyond the industry standard. There are moments, though, like when Alexa Parks masturbates for Jon Martin as a prelude to a suck, fuck and tit splat. Pooter partisans will approve of the tonguing Jesse Eastern lays on Brittany Morgan's browneye and pussy, and pervs of all stripes will approve of the wad spill Eastern lavishes on Morgan's platinum poon. Sparks fly when Shanna McCullough inserts fingers and a vibrator in Nikki Knights, and when Billy Dee drips goo in the wide-open mouth of Laurel Canyon. During the action-packed climactic orgy scene, the entire cast go at each other with a spirit approaching gusto; "This is what I call group-fucking-therapy!" says Billy Dee. Unfortunately, despite its finer moments, *St. X-Where II* is what I call a routine tape.

—R. P.

Brittany Morgan administers a complete physical in ***X-Where.***



WHITE TRASH BLACK SPLASH

Shot on Video.

Half Erect. Starring Gail Force, Randy West, Tiffany Storm, Jeannie Pepper, F.M. Bradley, Jack Baker, Ray Victory and Robin Lee. Videocassette by VCA Pictures.

Tiffany Storm is ***White Trash*** *getting ready for a* ***Black Splash.***

Perhaps to make up for denigratory aspects of its Dark Bros. blaxploitation phase (such as the KKK double-fuck of Sahara in *Let Me Tell Ya 'Bout Black Chicks),* VCA Pictures is doing a bit of racial harmony. *White Trash Black Splash,* which could just as aptly have been titled *Tobacco Choad,* sends the message that white bigots are insufferable, drunken slobs whose daughters crave dark dork. Furthermore, blacks, it seems, are not prejudiced—they like white women. Randy West is a crapulous cracker whose daughter, bottle-blond Gail Force, has a recurring dream that she is actually Jeannie Pepper. When not besotted, West's wand wanders the wombs of a black, then a white wanton; his dark-pole-prone daughter, when not asleep, uses hands and mouth to bring Jack Baker off all over his shirt, and later joins a jezebel pal in jizz-milking F.M. Bradley. Bradley also pud-pummels Tiffany Storm, and Ray Victory throws the first fuck into a hard-bodied Caucasian cooze. Unlike Jesse Owens, Carl Lewis, Edwin Moses and other colored sprinters, *Trash Black* isn't a fast starter, but its pace will suit most people into race.

—K. B.

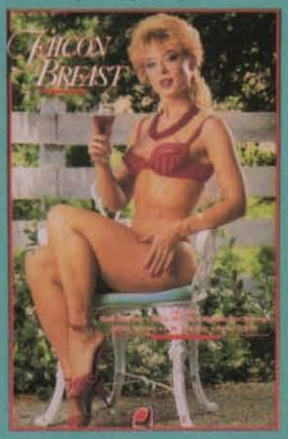
FALCON BREAST

Shot on Video.

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Wolfgang Gower; starring Crystal Hart, Peter North, Nina Horner, F.M. Bradley, Alicia Monet, Shanna McCullough and Mike Horner. Videocassette by Cinderella Video.

When is someone gonna realize that Mike Horner is the MVP (Most Valuable Prick) in porno? This guy can fuck *and* act circles around most other cunt-creasers, and it's his tooling talent that saves *Falcon Breast* from total tedium. Unfortunately, his two ream jobs on Alicia Monet and Nina Hartley come at the very end, meaning most of the vid is taken up with so-so slit slammings. Peter North and Crystal Hart play reporters out to find out why the wine from Falcon Breast winery is so fuck-inducing. Naturally, their query will result in a lot of wine being consumed, and a lot of muff being mashed. Shanna McCullough gets a taste of North's greasy grapevine in an all-right poon poke, while Crystal samples the blackberry bouquet F.M. Bradley has to offer in a scene that wets the palate, but never satisfies. Horner injects life into the drippy dongings with his German professor routine, and the hot bush-boxing he gives Alicia Monet. Although she gets top billing, Nina Hartley doesn't let go of her labia until the end, when Horner devastates her for having held out so long. Good photography and an okay score help, but not enough passionate puss is what ultimately makes *Falcon Breast* as flat as a glass of day-old Ripple.

—Sam Lowry



EARTHLY DELIGHTS

Shot on Video.

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Bill Blackman; starring Leah Lyons, Liza-Anne, Sharon Mitchell, J.J. Jones, Ron Jeremy, Frank James and Frankie Leigh. Videocassette by Video Exclusives.

Frank James and Frankie Leigh get frank in ***Earthly Delights.***

One good thing about the opening of *Earthly Delights* is that it gives the tape a lot of room to improve. The soundtrack drops, fades out and comes back all fucked up as Ron Jeremy mutters inanely at ditzie doxy Liza-Anne. Liza-Anne lacks a splendid mind, body or teeth, but she'll suck Ron Jeremy and even lick his balls; so the paying porn public gets to see Jeremy splat on her ass. Next up is hyperkinetic saucy slot Leah Lyons. Her delectable mounds and behind look eminently edible wrapped in melt-in-your-mouth butterscotch skin, but the malapert tart's twat won't hold still long enough for skeeve bone J.J. Jones to lick the Lyon's slit. Happily Leah's excess erotic energy converts to a high-powered blowjob that in turn transforms to a peppy aerobics fuck workout. After Leah, there's no payoff in watching the rest of the tape—a few straight boffs and some listless dialogue. *Earthly Delights* may have been made in a coma. It's recommended for jackoffs operating in a similar nonstate of mind. *—C. S.*

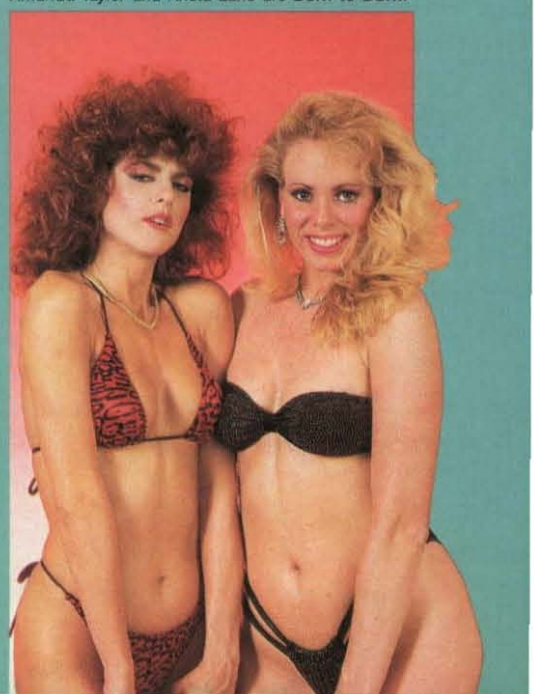
BORN TO BURN

Shot on Video.

Half Erect. Directed by Roy Karch; starring Krista Lane, Porsche Lynn, Tom Byron, Peter North, Marc Wallice, William Margold, Amanda Taylor and Havana. Videocassette by Parrot Island Video.

Perhaps if smut-makers were more successful at putting together a credible representation of life as we know it, they wouldn't feel compelled to squeeze off dipshit depictions of the afterlife. *Born to Burn,* a moralizing amoralist's version of hell, features babbling blowhard Bill Margold as some sort of hound of hades. In the recent *Future Sodom* (Vidco), maundering mealymouth Margold was cast as a kind of Saint Peter at the gates of heaven. If both these portrayals are accurate, death is a doubly unsavory prospect. Fortunately, there are savory snippets in the few porkings, lesbo lappings and the group-goop of *Burn*. Wholly mouth-watering are Marc Wallice pulling out of big, taut buns Havana's shitter to dick-grease her B-hole and sweaty crack, and craven hole Amanda Taylor freaking out under Tom Byron's sac, licking and fingering his crack as he dicks Porsche Lynn. Also appetizing are portions of the sapphic snacking, due mostly to video quality that is film-like in depth and definition. Much of this is lost when action is suffused in a red-lensed haze or the camera cuts away for more wanking from mutant Margold. At such moments, *Born to Burn* is a penance for all involved. *—C. S*

Amanda Taylor and Krista Lane are ***Born to Burn.***



HOT SPOT

ALICIA MONET

Although she is not related to French Impressionist painter Claude or retired porn legend Briget, Alicia Monet is as pretty as a picture and fucks with a passion that is all too rare among modern sluts. Not only does Monet have a lean, long-legged bod and an uncommonly large clit, she's also got an all-stops-out, go-for-it abandon whilst performing, which often results in spontaneous outbursts of delightful dirty talk from her pretty mouth. When Monet goes one-on-one—with a man or a woman—it's bound to be hot, and when she's a member of a group grope, she'll often act as impromptu cheerleader, urging her partners to "fuck that pussy hard!" or "suck that clit!" as she did in the sizzling dressing-room orgy from *Romeo and Juliet*. Other memorable Monet pictures include *A Rare Starlet, Falcon Breast, Beauty and the Beast, La Bimbo* and *White Chocolate.*

HANDS OFF

Shot on Video.

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Anthony Spinelli; starring Tracey Adams, Shanna McCullough, Keisha, John Leslie, Mike Horner and Rex Nemo. Videocassette by Plum Productions.

Hands Off: *Shanna McCullough just can't keep her hands to herself.*

Except for *Hands Off*'s bummer mentality, this depressing drama of alienation and fantasy could easily have plopped from Candida Royalle's Femme mold: limited cast (three pegs and three slots), downplayed insertion shots and semen slops (a grand total of two teste-pops, one so quick that it requires rewind verification) and actors saddled with the responsibility of convincing a critical and skeptical audience of authentic inner-vaginal male orgasms. No actor, not even classically trained greats such as John Leslie and Mike Horner, is capable of duplicating a wet wad glaze without actually pulling out his dick and spritzing spoot. Shanna McCullough convincingly portrays a woman whose mental stability and ability to reason are steadily eaten away by unrealized sexual longings. As for Shanna being eaten by Tracey Adams, the scene is likely to induce a heavy sleep fraught with unrealized sexual longings. Not many viewers will find *Hands Off* a hands-on experience. *—C. S.*

DEBBIE: CLASS Of '88

Shot on Video.

Half Erect. Directed by Bob Vosse; starring Barbara Dare, Alicia Monet, Lois Ayres, Little Oral Annie, Megan Leigh, Lilly Marlene, Angel Kelly, Shanna McCullough, Mauvis DeNoire, Jack Baker, Billy Dee, Marc Wallice, Jerry Butler, Mike Horner, Jon Martin and Melissa Melendez. Videocassette by Coast to Coast Video.

What can be said about a raunch release that touts itself as "the biggest film of 1988" when 1988 has only just begun? Furthermore, picture quality is in no way distinguishable from good video work, Shanna McCullough never gets her clothes off, and the first quarter of elapsed time is squandered on Mike Horner in his standard babbling-fool character playing to Jack Baker's overexposed Stepin' Felchit persona, with nary a tit, prick or clit in sight. You can say that it had better make up for lost time. Variously redeeming are pop-tart Megan Leigh leaning forward to tongue Mauvis DeNoire's clit above Horner's intrusive prick, athletic eroticist Barbara Dare hyper-screwing Jerry Butler and Jon Martin to warm up for wanton-woman workouts with Lois Ayres and Melissa Melendez, Angel Kelly licking Billy Dee's dork drippings from Alicia Monet's belly, and Little Oral Annie drooling Marc Wallice's dong charge. The costumed orgy scene, despite a cock in Lilly Marlene's crapper, is distracting. *'88* had the time and cast for two more fucks; then it might have been *really* big. *—K. B.*

STROKER'S GUIDE

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

Fully Erect
Babyface 2 (F)
Club Ecstasy
Dream Girls
Grand Prixxx
Mad About You
Pretty Peaches 2 (F)
Taboo V (F)

Three-Quarters Erect
Careena: Young and Restless
Deep Obsession
Erotic Dreams
Hard Rockin' Babes
Love Scenes for Loving Couples (F)
On the Wet Side
Outrageous Foreplay
Ramb-Ohh: The Sex Platoon
Romeo and Juliet
Slumber Party Reunion
Switch Hitters II
Ubangis on Uranus

Half Erect
Angel's Gotta Have It
Dreams
Future Sodom
Introducing Barbii
Load Warriors II
Maxine
Party Animals
Peek-A-Boo
Tropical Lust
Young Nurses in Love
Wet Shots: The Best of Kimberly Carson, Volume 1

One-Quarter Erect
Beauty and the Beast
The Bitch
Bringing Up Brat
Girls With Curves (F)
In Charm's Way
Motel Sweets
Once Upon Annette (F)
Peek Freak (F)
A Rare Starlet
RoboFox
She-Male Encounters 14

Totally Limp
Black Sensations
Genie's Dirty Girls
Jack Hammer
Lingerie Party

RATING GUIDE

FULLY ERECT
Superior. A top production.

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT
Above average. Hard-on material.

HALF ERECT
Standard fare. Has moments.

ONE-QUARTER ERECT
Poor. Don't expect much.

TOTALLY LIMP
A waste of time and money.

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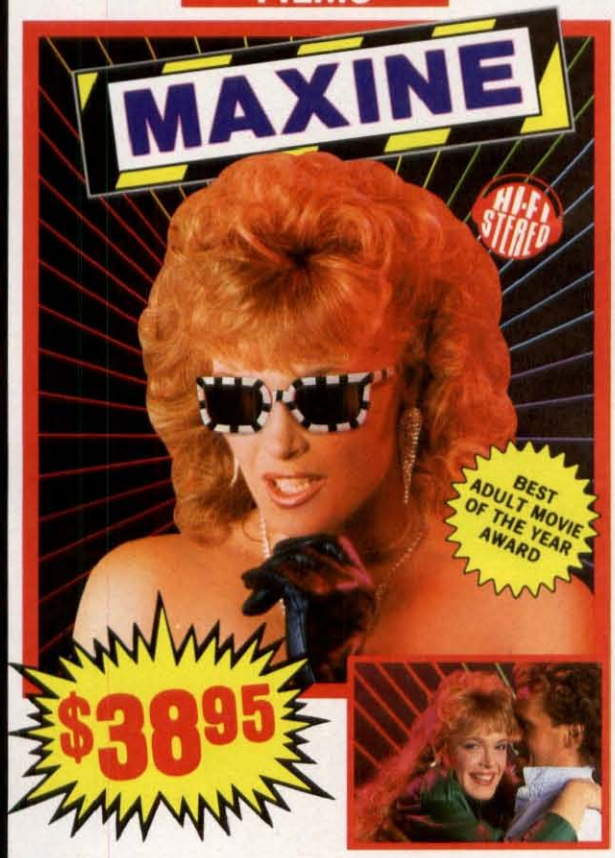
EXCALIBUR FILMS



Starring: Porsche Lynn, Porsche Lynn, Sharon Mitchell, Joey Silvera, Demi White, Robert Bullock, Tara Blake, Randy West. Music by: The Mentors in Stereo Hi-Fi.

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- ☐ BEHIND THE GREEN DOOR
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- ☐ BARBARA BROADCAST
- ☐ DEADLY LOVE
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- ☐ INSIDE JENNIFER WELLES
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- ☐ FOR RICHER FOR POORER
- ☐ CANDY STRIPERS
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- ☐ JACK & JILL
- ☐ RX FOR SEX
- ☐ STAR VIRGIN
- ☐ NOSTALGIA BLUE
- ☐ LITTLE ORPHAN DUSTY
- ☐ TANGERINE
- ☐ CHINA DE SADE
- ☐ ODYSSEY
- ☐ MISS SEPTEMBER
- ☐ DEEP RUB
- ☐ TAKE OFF
- ☐ MIAMI VICE GIRLS

HIRE THE HANDICAPPED - IT'S JUST GOOD BUSINESS!

A
WOMAN
REVEALS WHAT
WOMEN
WANT FROM
SEX

BY
ANNE
BIANCHI,
PH.D.
LOVE TALK

To add a little icing to the casaba, gently squeeze the nipple between thumb and forefinger.

Take my body. Please. It's just your average, everyday, run-of-the-mill body when it's tucked into my suit, racing to make my 9:30 meeting. When it's freed from the shackles of bra and garters, spread-eagled invitingly on the bed of some lucky stud, it's the kind of body you really could get into.

I'm as good a choice as any to give the insider scoop on how to demolish a woman's inhibitions and leave her begging for more. There's a lot of confusion out there—like when you're licking that special quim with the same ardor you lavish on Haagen-Dazs, and she responds with "too much teeth," or when your fingers are numb trying to get her wet. You want to get in there, and you're not even getting a heavy breath. Have you decided that the only thing that would satisfy her is two more dicks? Relax. We're often just as baffled as you are.

I'm going to guide you through the ins and outs of everything you need to know about us. And when she next interrupts your post-orgasmic stupor to ask, heavy breath still clouding her voice, where you learned to fuck like that, smile innocently and say, "Whatever do you mean?'

Does the Doctrine of Equal Time Apply to Breasts?

A titillating place to start. Assuming you're not one of those "in and out, I've got a plane to catch" guys, you probably gravitate to the breasts first, whether your style is kissing, licking, sucking or just plain touching (there's nothing wrong with just plain touching—anywhere, anytime).

The question is, If you've been concentrating on one tit, do you have to concentrate equally on the other? Those of you who are more adventurous might even wonder whether you should pay attention to both jugs simultaneously. The best advice here is to feel it out. By this I mean the situation.

Women like to be touched: the more touching, the better. If you touch one breast, fine. If you touch the other breast, fine. If you touch both, fine. See? We're not difficult. Some men really like breasts and spend a lot of time there. This doesn't always tie into neurotic longings for reunion with the Great Providers of childhood memories; it could just be a love affair with things soft, round, sensitive and smooth. If you're one of these breast men, there's not a sane woman alive who could object as long as (there's always conditions when you take advice from a woman on how to do these things) your intentions are soft, round, sensitive and smooth. Heaving her knockers around, squeezing them like breakfast oranges or pulling on them to check their elasticity may not cut it.

Pay attention to the sensitive zone—the nipple. You can't miss it; it's conveniently color-coded in a darker flesh tone and located in the center of the breast like a bull's eye. Gentle circular motions from either your tongue or your index finger are what's called for here.

To add a little icing to the casaba, *gently* squeeze the nipple between thumb and forefinger. If this is done with a minimal amount of grace and refinement, the receptee should reward you with anything from a moan (code for "more, please") to a frenzied thrashing and loud groaning that might break the ice with those neighbors you've been wanting to meet.

A few quick answers to questions regarding breasts:

1. Yes, small titties have every bit as much feeling as large bazongas (honest!).
2. Bazooms are not hollow; they will not deflate like balloons if you lie on top of them—unless, of course, those beautiful, large melons really are balloons (in which case, be careful!).
3. Yes, boobs float (just like your dick).
4. A woman telling you not to touch her hooters because she's menstruating is not in the same category as, "I've got a headache tonight, dear." Direct your attention a bit more toward the lower torso.

How to Handle a Clitoris—It's All in the Tongue

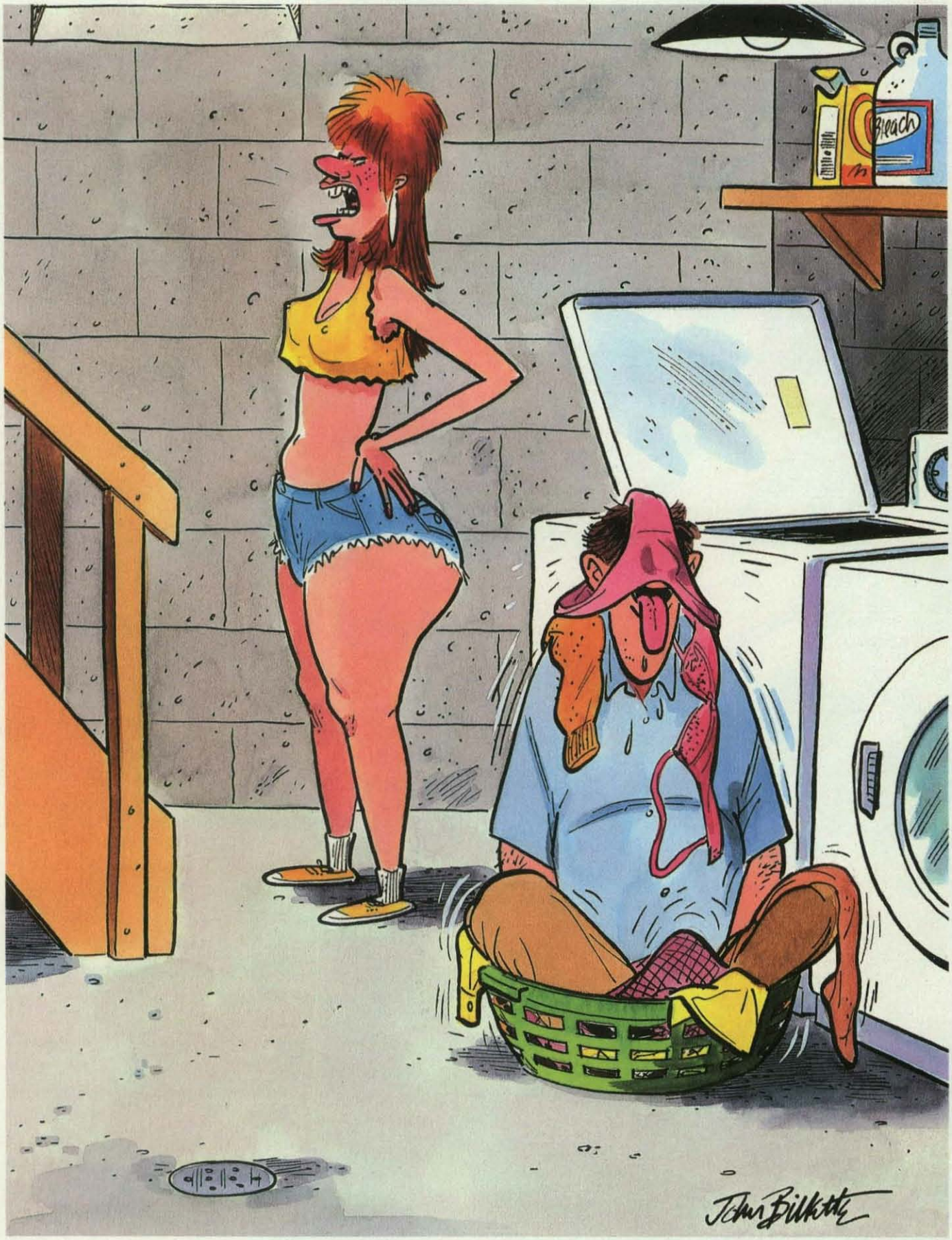
Orgasms come in many sizes and shapes, and there's no such thing as a hierarchy of "better" or "more right." I hope that silences any of you out there who think a woman will only come if you abrade her clit till you're past the epidermis.

A woman likes said clit to be touched, as often as possible. "Yeah, right," you mutter out there in Topeka. "What about the 400 times I've had my hand pushed away and was told, 'That's the only place you ever touch me!' "

That is very simple; we want the rest of our bodies touched too. You know, the kissing and holding hands and arm-around-our-shoulders that we keep telling you is so all-important—we need

(continued on page 40)

"Uh. . . maybe my wife does understand me. . . ."



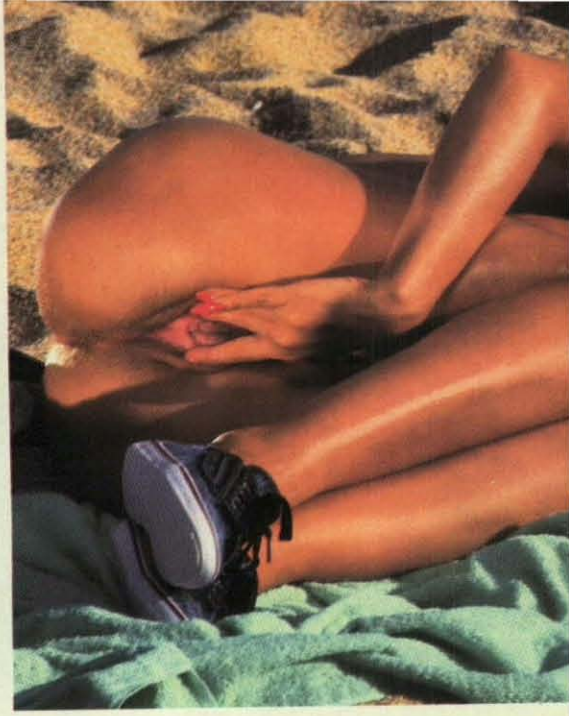
"Maaa! Dad's getting off in my laundry again!"

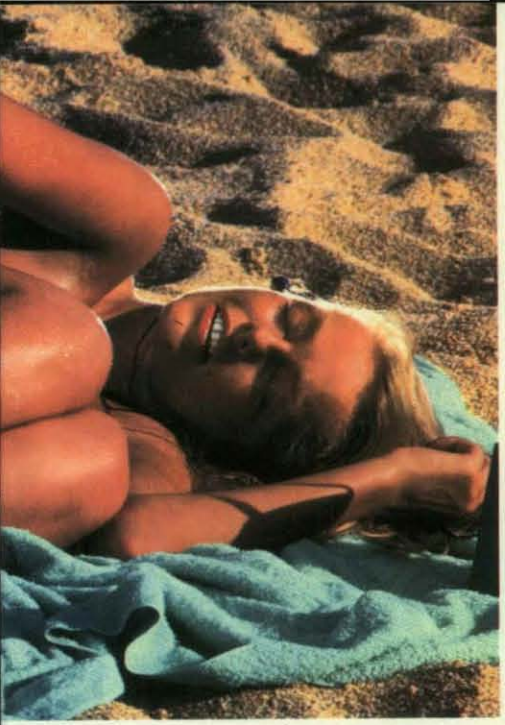
Helga

RHINELAND READERS' DREAM

Leave it to German engineering to revitalize the Common Market cooze crop. That's what happened when the West German edition of HUSTLER polled readers' poles to select the Honey of the Year for 1987. Helga won hands down, or wherever they were during balloting, to both top the Teutonic tart chart and cross the pond for an appearance here: This Euro-snatch delight again proves that free trade is the best policy when the product is poon. It's clear why this blond bombshell fueled fantasies in the country that gave us our top missile scientists, but we think Helga will launch love rockets even in our deepest Midwestern silos. Don't you wish you had a big hunk of German sausage to help make Helga feel at home?

Photography by James Baes





Men who master trilevel dexterity are men who don't have to wonder where their next fuck's coming from.

that touchy-feely stuff. For us, sex is about walks in the park, cute notes left on bathroom mirrors, kissing and hugging while listening to music, massaging each other's body by candlelight and, by the way, fucking. That's the way we are.

Having settled that paradox, let's move on to the topic at hand: the hidden little bundle of nerve endings that is the source of unequaled, unparalleled, cataclysmic feelings. How should you touch it? Very carefully. You may think a clit is like a doorbell—the harder and longer you push, the louder and more noticeable the sound. It's actually a tender little button.

Imagine you're creating swirls on top of a chocolate cake using either your finger or your tongue. Give it glancing, gentle strokes. If you're on target, you'll know. A clitoris is like a shy little flower, but when the conditions are right, you might be reminded more of a Venus flytrap.

Which is more effective, a finger or a tongue? That's like asking me to choose between chocolate cake with raspberry sauce, and apple pie with ice cream. Your tongue is irresistible as it licks away my last ounce of inhibition, your hot breath in the background sending shivers through my whole body. On the other hand, your finger is incomparable rubbing my clit and moving in and out of me while your tongue is free to explore my nipples.

No matter which appendage you decide to use, you'll soon know whether or not it's effective. If you're squishing around in a lot of goo that reminds you of hair gel, all systems are go. Now (and not a minute sooner) you can get a little more vigorous. But remember, you're not caulking a window. Keep it light. Remember that chocolate icing. Round and round, maybe a little faster. Excellent. You're doing great!

How Many Areas Can You Handle at Once: Ambidexterity and Hand-Mouth Coordination

A headline in the *Enquirer* or the *Star* read, "Two Men Share Lower Body." As I waited for the cashier to check out the groceries, I visualized how wonderful it would be to have two mouths, two tongues, four arms and 20 fingers all on one man! Gone would be the ego games of trying to fuck two men simultaneously—the who's first, who's bigger, who did she have more orgasms with shit. Yet, the bonuses would almost all be there.

You mere mortals must deal with the inequity of having only one upper body, yet create the impression that such is not the case. Most women subscribe to the theory of maximum coverage, like insurance companies. Maximum coverage is based on the notion that enough of a good thing is still not enough.

Women like having their breasts fondled. They also like having their clits eaten, their pussies filled, their lips kissed and their whole bodies caressed. We like having all of this happen at the same time.

The key to success lies in disciplined training. I know men who work out endlessly, their ultimate goal being to learn to type while licking an ice-cream cone while dialing a touch-tone phone with their dicks. A man who masters such trilevel dexterity is a man who's not going to be wondering where his next fuck is coming from.

Don't get the impression that women are demanding, that we expect an Academy Award-winning performance every time we screw. It's just that women can get into excruciating detail over their white wines and raw vegetables. Knowing that, you want to make sure that next time we're picking apart your particular fucking specs, you come out looking more like Clark Gable than Pee Wee Herman.

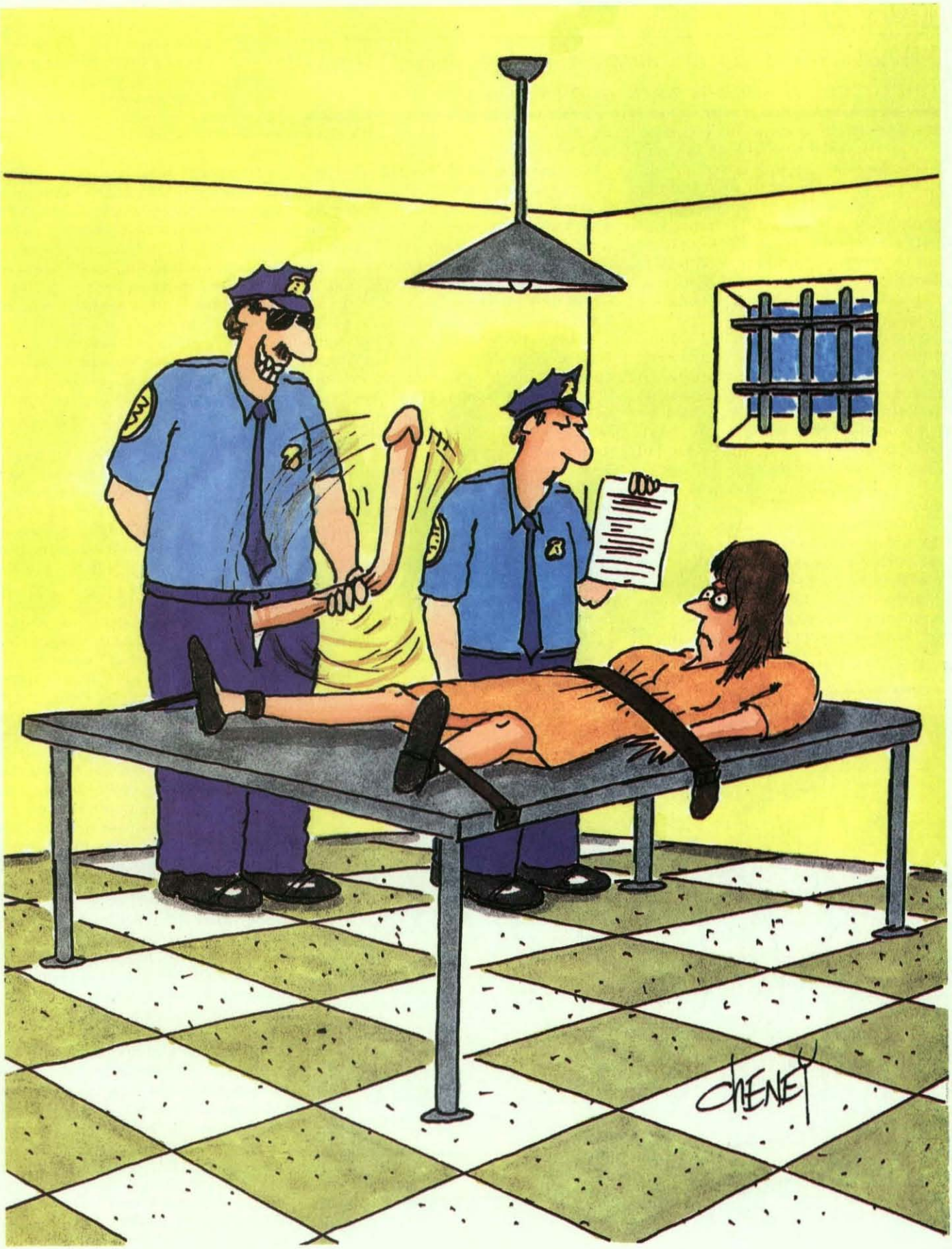
Approach multiple management of erogenous areas much the same way you would approach training for a triathlon. First acquire each individual skill. Learn to work with breasts; practice using your tongue and then your fingers to pinch those nipples to upright attention.

Move on to clits, again using both your tongue and your fingers until you feel the cream oozing out, and she's pulling your bloated prick inside her. Finally, master the basics of a good hard fuck. Feel your way inside her womb with the tip of your cock until you find the place that makes her groan and writhe with ecstasy. Then simply put as many together as you can before both of you explode in wave after wave of rhythmic pleasure.

What to Do When You're Done and I'm Not

In the days of Queen Victoria, a woman was expected to "close her eyes, think of England" and endure "the great ordeal," which meant letting her man "have his way with her." Proper women had no sexual desires; the service was merely designed to relieve men—a necessity in order to avoid dreaded

"Every time she tells that story the nigger's dick gets bigger and bigger!"



"Says right here, lady. . . 'death by lethal injection.'"

"What can I do to make you feel good?" lacks conviction if spoken with one eye on the TV.

blueballs. We've come a long way, baby.

We've learned that women not only like to fuck, but that they can come more times in one laying than you can in an entire weekend. Once our motors are running, we can come from having any part of our bodies touched. Other times a look or a piece of music is enough to start the creamy flow. The thing is, sometimes we're a little slow at the starting gate.

It's ultimately a problem of timing. Men are the sprinters of the sexual track; women are the ultra-marathoners. A man can shoot a load off before a woman has begun to feel a twinge. He'll be lying on the bed, a wasted, sweaty hasbeen, and she'll be tying splints around his penis hoping to preserve that last little bit of rigidity for just one more minute.

Do you turn to your partner, sympathy and concern in your voice, and murmur, "Hey, toots, it's your problem; I already got my rocks off!" Do you muster your last ounce of energy, anger and resentment in your every move, and lick and suck and palm and finger and any other thing you can think of that's quick and effective?

Before you choose from these two excellent choices, answer a few questions:

1. When you think of the word *foreplay*, what's the first word that comes into your mind? If you answered *drag*, go to the above paragraph and memorize the "Hey, toots" sentence. You'll find it works well for your situation.
2. Do you have one of those posters left over from the '60s hanging on your wall? The one that says, "I do my thing; you do your thing. If we come together, fine. If we don't, well, man is an island anyway"? If it's hanging there, all yellow and crackling, the "Hey, toots" sentence should work for you too.
3. When she tries to slow you down by kissing your chest instead of your dick, do you wrestle her down, plow into her and go for it full steam ahead? If this style sounds familiar, you should be thanking your lucky stars that anyone's willing to have sex with you. Don't worry about timing: she won't be back anyway.

The rest of us can move on to consider the issue at hand: What should you do if you've blown your wad and she's still kicking? You're going to have to marshal your wits and come to some decisions.

Basically, there are three ways to go. Either you're going to use what you've got left to make her come (fingers, tongue and handy vibrators), you're going to watch her make herself come (after which you'll probably want to get back in the ring yourself), or you're going to pick up a clue from her that it's okay to stop here. If you're picking the third option, stopping, make damn sure you're perceptive enough to be right in your choice. If not, I definitely wouldn't want to be in your bed.

If you're going to bring her to climax, be cool about it. No woman wants to feel that the man whose fingers are rummaging inside her is thinking, *She's got two more minutes; if she doesn't come by then, she's on her own.*

If this is your lucky day, and you stay hard way after you've already come, you're in. Literally. No problems here; just go with the flow. For the rest of those days, when 40 seconds after blast-off you look like a six-inch candle that's been sitting next to a radiator, move on to Plan B.

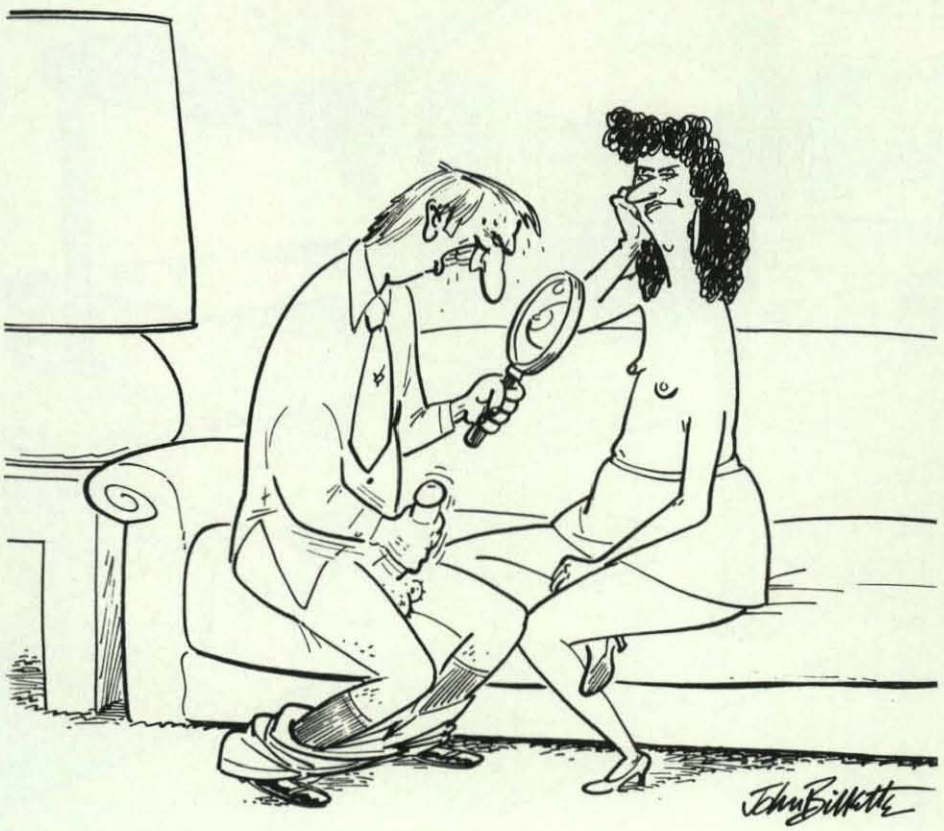
Plan B consists of using anything you can think of to accomplish your objective, which is her orgasm and your subsequent nap. By *anything* I mean *anything*. Use a vibrator; use your tongue, fingers and toes; use a cosmetic sponge; use a mixing spoon. Use your imagination!

Although one of your vital team members has gone AWOL, all is not lost. The Force is no longer with you, but the Dark Side is still a long way off. Your most valuable ally, at this point, is her. If you know her anatomy inside out, walk your fingers over to that spot you know brings her to rapture. Work her over until she begs you to stop. If you're not sure what will work, ask her.

She won't think you're a wimp. She knows you're a cool, tough stud, and she's going to feel like you're even more of a hot throbber when you reduce her to a moaning pleasure blob—even if you had to ask her what to do to get her there.

You can't be expected to know exactly what will make the difference between pleasure and ecstasy for every woman. But sometimes the Marlboro Man takes hold of your think tank and convinces you that "real" men know all about how to give good fuck; that "real" men do first and ask never; that "real" men would eat faggot-sperm quiche before asking a woman anything. Have you ever noticed that the Marlboro Man is only ever surrounded by cows?

(continued on page 50)



Chantal & Marianne
Bed Spreads
Photography by Matti Klatt

After a refreshing snooze, Chantal and Marianne greet the dawn with a silver-tray breakfast. Soon the most important meal of the day becomes the most satisfying munch of all. Chantal trades coffee for cooze and lovingly lavishes Marianne's moist muff with sensual fury. The good-morning grind intensifies as the girls lock lip-to-lip in a delicious embrace that sends them deeper into a wet-dream wonderland. Ignoring the endless ringing of the alarm clock, the prurient pillow plumpers continue their postdawn pussy plunge until their satin-sheet slit-slurp climaxes into a breathless 69. Though the two decide to spend the day in bed, don't call them lazy—they're really a twat-tonguing testament to "Early to bed, early to rise . . ."

I feel like I'm going crazy, like wave after wave of the most indescribably intense feeling is sweeping over me.

One final word of advice. "What can I do to make you feel good?" lacks conviction if spoken with one eye on the overhead clock and the other eye on *Monday Night Football.*

Does a Woman Mind Not Having an Orgasm, or Does This Make You an Inept Brute?

While orgasms are very high on a list of "My Favorite Things," they sometimes share the number-one spot with plain good sex. How, you wonder, can I separate good sex from orgasm?

It has to do with a basic difference between us women and you men. Vince Lombardi said something like, "It's not how you play the game; it's whether you win or lose." You guys see life as being a series of goals.

For a woman, the spice of life comes in playing the game. There are times when you'll be sucking a woman's tits and stroking her legs, and she's rubbing your back and running her fingers through your hair, and then—even though she was starting to get very aroused feeling your lips pinching her nipples—she'll fall asleep. When she wakes up, she's likely to say she really enjoyed making love with you. Is she upset at not having an orgasm? Absolutely not.

Observe the difference in the following scenario: She sucks you till you feel like you're pumped up with seltzer and ready to explode. You, in turn, encircle her nipples with your tongue until they're rising up to meet you like a cobra reaching for a snake charmer. You massage her cunt teasingly, knowing exactly where her control button lies, but always circling around the edges. She begs you to let her go. At this point, you lose control and detonate in her mouth, your body shaking and twitching with the pleasure you've contained up to this minute. Exhausted, you close your eyes and fall asleep faster than it took you to fill her mouth.

Now, let's analyze how she might feel this time. In this particular situation, do you think she minded not having an orgasm? You bet, you shitfaced, cocksucking, macho-pig insensitive lout!

Whether or not a woman has an orgasm is not the only issue for her. A woman may choose to not go for an orgasm because she wants something different at that moment, maybe the sensuality of touch, maybe the closeness of communication, maybe the enjoyment of just getting you off. She may change her mind depending on how aroused she gets, and abort Plan A for Plan "O." Whether or not she decides to have an orgasm is her choice.

In the encounter with the dick-faced asshole above, the power to make the choice was taken from her. She had clearly decided that this fuck was about having an orgasm—maybe even two or three—and she was moving nonstop toward that goal. All of a sudden her face-of-an-anus lover decides he's done and, ipso facto, she's done too.

See the difference?

What Does It Feel Like When a Woman Has an Orgasm?

It's a funny question to answer, since it's a little like trying to describe the color purple.

Right before I get into that "I'm probably going to have an orgasm" head, it feels like what's going on is real nice—so nice that I decide it's okay to lay back and let whatever's going to happen happen.

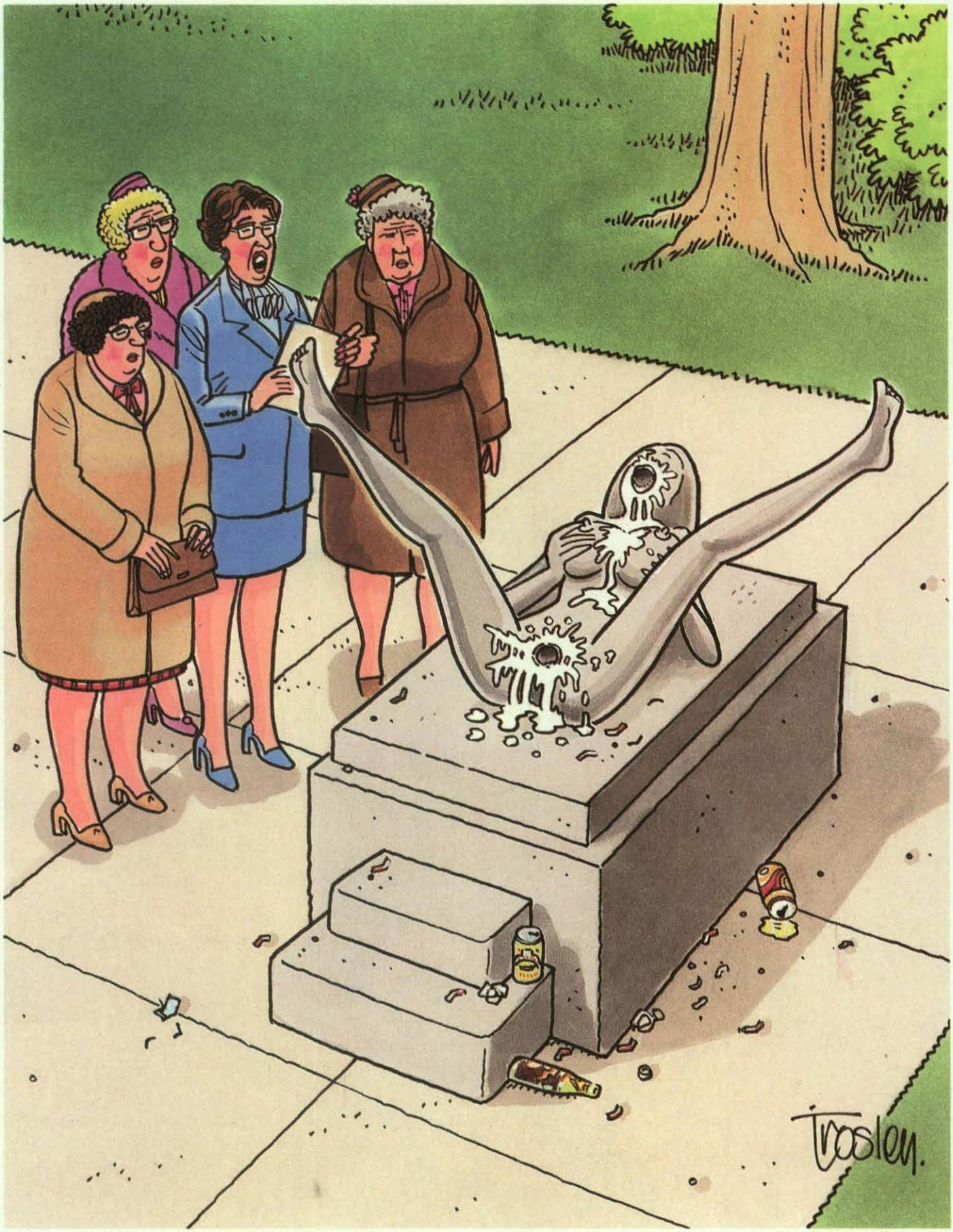
And then, from one minute to the next, my whole perspective changes. Suddenly I feel a warmth coming from somewhere around my clit, encompassing my whole inside. I get extremely directed; my entire reason for living at this point is to make this happen!

If it's a finger that's causing it, I thrust up my pelvis and move so there's no chance of it being in the wrong spot. If it's a tongue, I tend to pull his head a little closer and sometimes grab his tongue with my fingers so that it's definitely on the right spot.

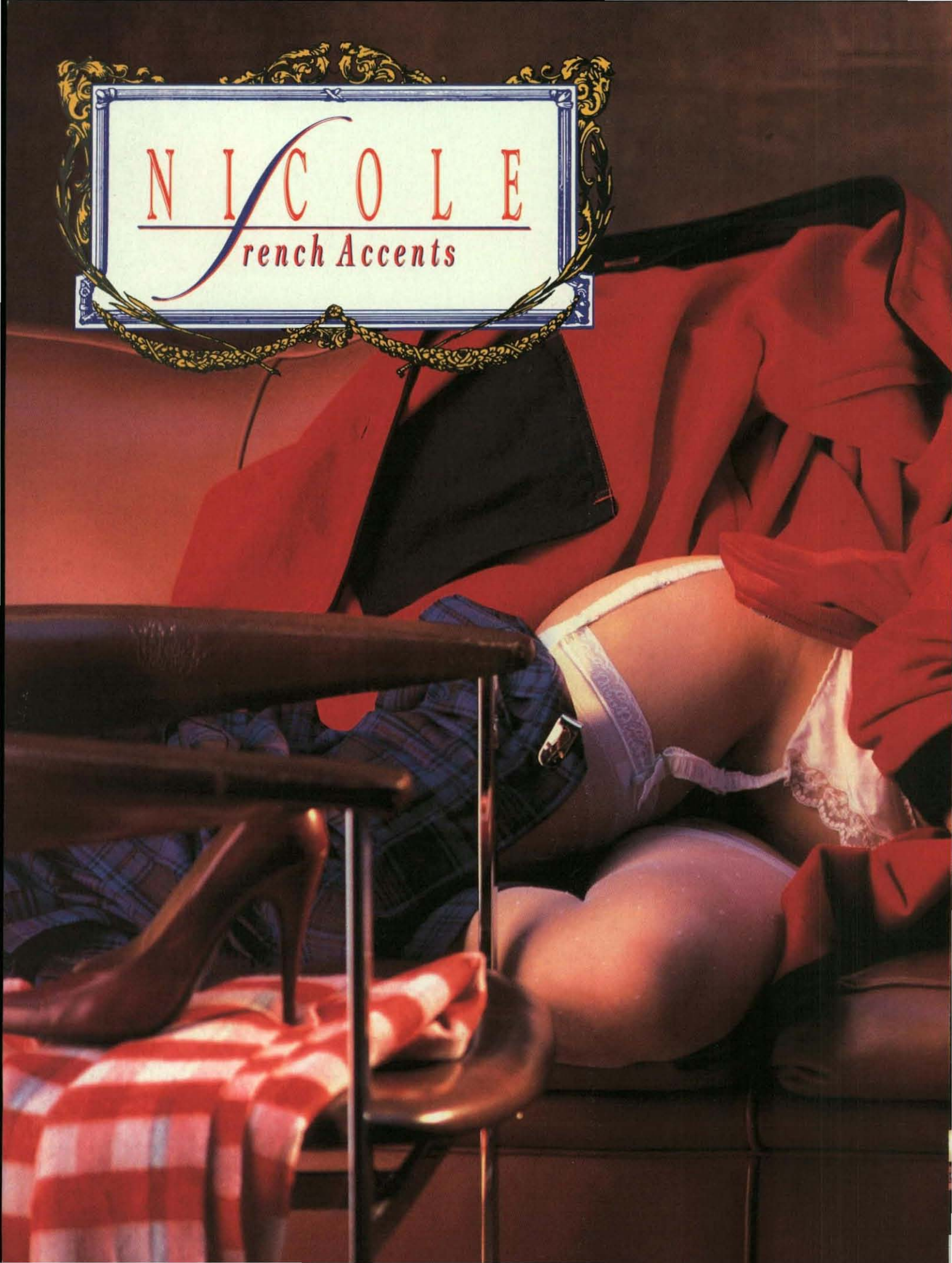
If it's a penis, either the guy knows the moment is near, quits exploring and pushes as deep as he can, directing his pleasure-stick right to the spot he knows will drive me through the wall; or he has no idea, in which case I do whatever I need to do to get him in position fast. No matter what's going on in the outside world—a fire in the next room, the tub overflowing, my boss ringing my doorbell to pick up that crucial report—my only thought is *orgasm.*

Within seconds I move into the stage where it's actually happening. It doesn't matter where he is or what he's doing. At this point, his dick could fall off, he could swallow his tongue, his fingers could atrophy—it all doesn't matter. I'm coming! It's great if he continues to lick or thrust or do whatever he's doing. It makes me come longer and more intensely; but the bottom line is,I'm in my

(continued on page 98)



"This particular piece was donated to the park by an artist who wanted his sculpture to be fun and functional."


NICOLE
French Accents

Photography by James Baes

Even when you take Nicole out of Paris, she still exudes French right down to the defiant pucker of her lips. She'd look as sexy in any ensemble, but wearing the colors of the Revolution fills her with the desire to slice off a piece of head now and then. Nicole will set her dainty fashion feet on U.S. soil for the first time at HUSTLER's request, and she sees it as a chance to do more than pay lip service to the macho American male. She wants them to confirm, in the international tongue, if what her U.S. friends say about her is true. "They tell me I am bad to the bone," Nicole purrs, but we'd translate it "good for the bone." You see, we've been practicing our French for when Nicole comes.

Can I teach
you some French?
Nicole

HUSTLER'S HONEY • JUNE 1988

HUSTLER

REAL HOT LIVE GIRLS!

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ON THE BEST ONLINE CHAT

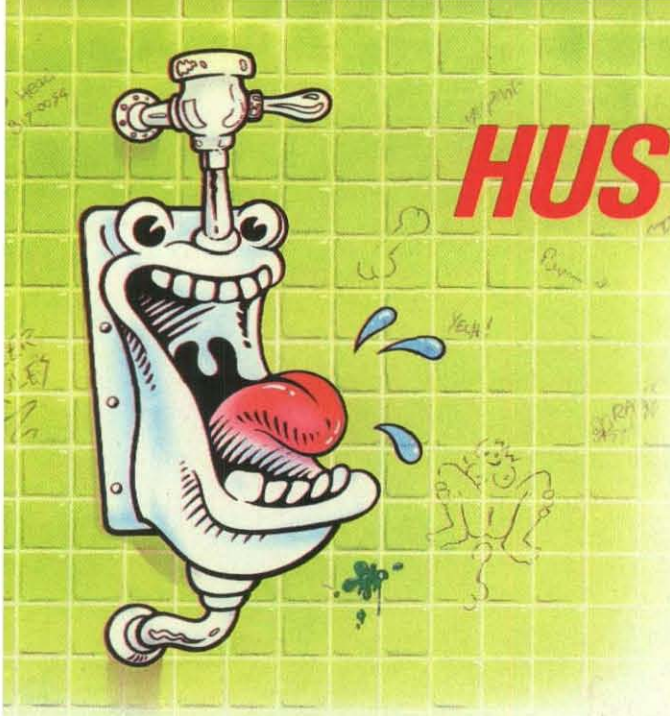
THEY'RE WAITING INSIDE NOW!

Start a Chat RIGHT NOW

We've collected 1000's of beautiful girls who are waiting show you a good time!

Come inside and see what you can get them to do!

ENTER



HUSTLER HUMOR

An elderly couple was flying to their Caribbean hideaway on a chartered plane when a terrible storm forced them to land on an uninhabited island. When several days passed without rescue, the stranded couple and their pilot sank into a despondent silence.

Finally, the woman asked her husband if he had made his usual pledge to the United Jewish Appeal. "We're running out of food and water, and you ask that?" her husband barked. "If you must know, I not only pledged a half million, but I've already paid half of it."

"You owe the UJA a quarter million?" the woman exclaimed euphorically. "Don't worry, Harry, they'll find us! They'll find us!"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *eternity* as: from the time you come till the time she goes home.

A moped rider stopped for a red light beside a new Corvette. "Great-looking car!" he shouted. The driver opened the passenger door so the moped operator could admire the interior. Just then the light turned green. The driver slammed the door and sped off. Almost immediately the moped caught up and passed the sportscar. Quickly the Corvette accelerated and passed the moped. Then the moped zipped ahead again, turned on a dime, charged back in the other direction and fell over. The sportscar braked beside the moped, and the driver asked the moped rider if he was hurt.

"No. Thanks, I'm fine."

"Is there anything I can do?"

"Yes!" gasped the moped rider. "You can open your door and release my suspenders."

A hunter and his guide were deep in the mountains when they stopped to rest. The hunter gazed at his companion and mused, "You know, I'm a pretty big fellow. If I had a heart attack or broke a leg, how would you get me out?"

"Last year, I shot a 1,600-pound moose way back there and got it out all right," the guide replied.

"How'd you manage that?"

"Twelve trips."

I'm sorry," Saint Peter said to the applicant, "you don't get into heaven for just being good anymore. You have to have done something really great. Have you done anything that would qualify you?"

After thinking it over for a few minutes, the man said, "I saw a group of Hell's Angels harass an old lady; so I kicked over the leader's bike, insulted his girlfriend and spat in his face."

"That's great!" Saint Peter exclaimed. "When did you do that?"

"Oh. . .about three minutes ago."

Question: What do you get when you cross a pit bull and a prostitute?
Answer: Your last blowjob.

At a meeting in an Iron Curtain country, a party member, Comrade Dobrinsky, got up from his seat and said, "Comrade Leader, I have only three questions to ask. If we are the greatest industrial nation in the world, what happened to our automobiles? If we have the best agriculture in the world, what has happened to our bread? If we are the finest cattle raisers in the world, what has happened to our meat?"

The party chairman stared at Comrade Dobrinsky for a moment, then declared, "It is too late to reply to your questions tonight. I will answer them at our next meeting."

When the meeting opened the following week, another party member rose and said, "I have just one question. What happened to Comrade Dobrinsky?"

The HUSTLER dictionary defines *yeast infection* as: clam chowder.

A man was standing up in front of the judge, asking for a divorce. The judge said to him, "All right, sir, please tell me why you want a divorce."

"Because," said the man, "I live in a two-story house."

"You live in a two-story house?" said the judge. "What kind of reason is that for divorce?"

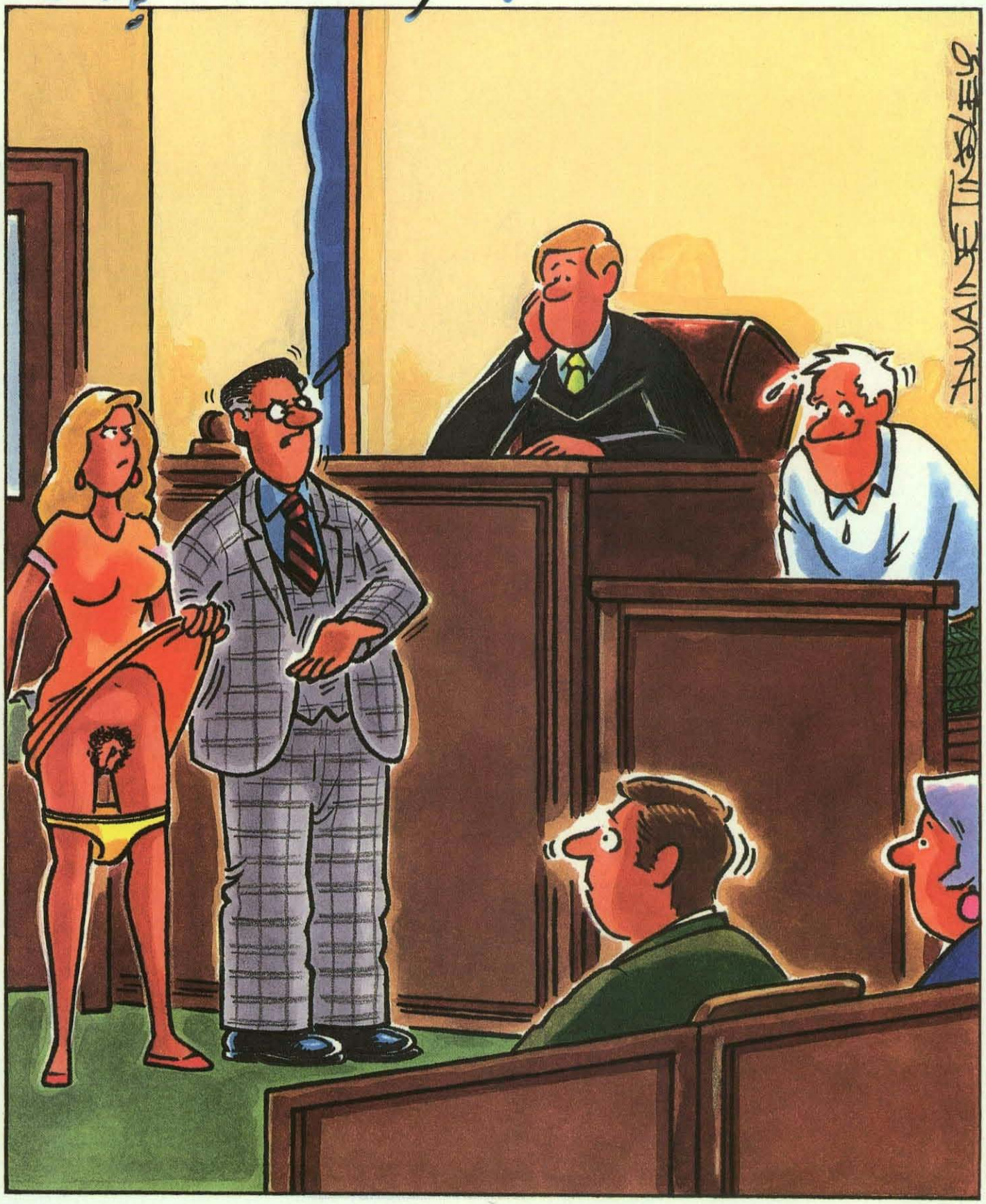
"Well," replied the man, "one story is, 'I've got a headache'; the other, 'It's the wrong time of the month.'"

A customer rushed up to his pharmacist indignantly. "Last Friday I ordered 12 dozen rubbers," he said angrily, "and when I got home, I found I'd been shorted a dozen."

"Gee," said the pharmacist, "I hope I didn't ruin your weekend."

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" × 5" cards, mailed in a sealed envelope, to:* HUSTLER Humor, *9171 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.*

Chester the Molester



"Maybe this will jog your memory!"

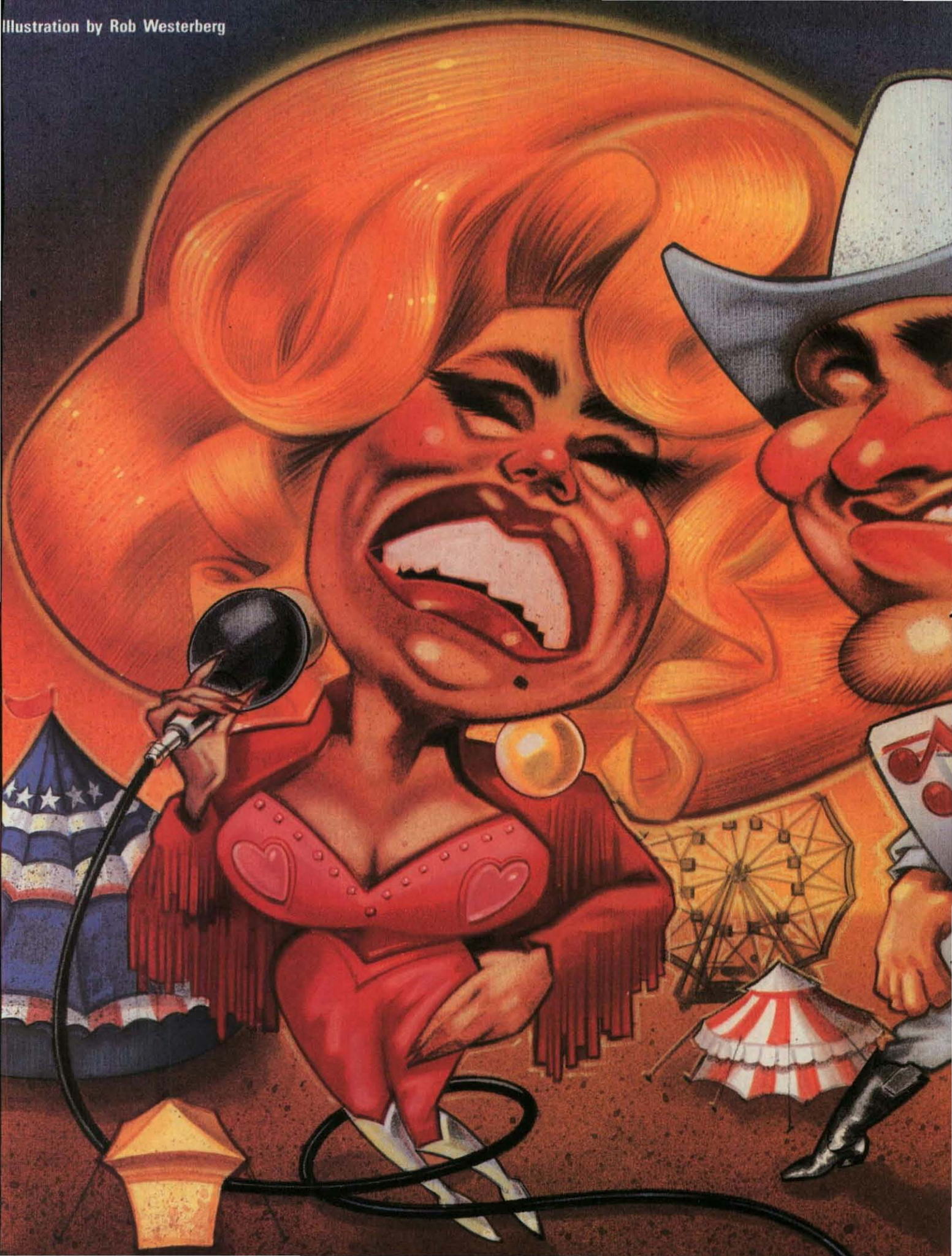


Illustration by Rob Westerberg

WHERE
COUNTRY'S
STILL
COOL
THE
C&W
FAN FAIR
IS A
HOEDOWN
SUPREME
REPORT
BY
ANDREW ROBLIN

WHERE COUNTRY'S STILL COOL

The composite Fan Fair woman lavishes herself with heavy makeup, faux diamonds and Lee Press-On Nails.

John Schneider, tan, tall and hard-bodied, exploded on Fan Fair like a sex bomb. Schneider roared into Nashville's Tennessee State Fairgrounds on a Harley-Davidson. He wore no helmet; it might have hindered recognition. His blond curls and bare, bronze arms reflected the morning sun. A slender blond woman nearly as pretty as Schneider clung to his back.

Schneider, formerly Bo Duke in the CBS series *The Dukes of Hazzard* and now a country singer, parked. At his Fan Fair booth, he jumped on a counter. Female fans, young and shrieking, middle-aged and ogling, converged. Those close enough touched Schneider's legs and feet.

* * *

Billie Jo Williams, a 21-year-old aspiring starlet, made a less dramatic entrance to Fan Fair. At her booth, Williams met Ron Kozo, Tommy West and her fan club vice president, Donna Simmons. Williams is president of her own fan club.

* * *

During Fan Fair, stars like John Schneider and would-be stars like Billie Jo Williams share handshakes, hugs and other intimacies with country fans. You can't miss the fans. The composite Fan Fair woman is 40 pounds overweight and 40 years old. She lavishes herself with thick eye makeup, faux diamonds and Lee Press-On Nails. She wears cowboy boots and polyester leisure wear. A pastel cowboy hat, adorned with buttons naming the country stars she has met, crowns her mountainous hairdo.

The composite Fan Fair man is middle-aged and overweight too. He doesn't give a damn. His belly, and sometimes underwear, bulges over his Bermuda shorts or the massive belt buckle on his polyester pants. He wears a T-shirt, golf shirt or cowboy shirt.

Younger country fans abhor polyester. They don't like cowboy hats either, but might don a bolo tie or a Ralph Lauren cowboy shirt with silver collar-tips.

Fan Fair 1987 drew 24,000 fans, each paying $60 for a week of country culture. On the morning of Monday, June 8, the fans lined the fairgrounds' sweltering asphalt. Fair-skinned masses began their first sunburns of the year. Many opened umbrellas as parasols to keep the sun off. To their right was the fairgrounds' abandoned midway with its derelict Ferris wheels, dodge 'em cars, Tilt-a-Whirl, and Whack-a-Mole booth. To their left, concession stands did a brisk traffic. The smells of corn dogs and cotton candy and beer, of grease and vomit and urine hung in the air. Cigarette and cigar smoke swirled overhead.

At 11 a.m. the thermometer had hit and passed 85 degrees. The line was suspiciously long—was it the line to get tickets or something else? A querulous couple trudged to the head of the line, assured themselves that they were indeed in the correct line, then resumed their place at the rear. Freddy Fender posters, advertising his new single, "Doin' Country Blues," adorned all the telephone poles along the queue route. Freddy looked grayer in the yellow poster than when he had his hits. There were also posters for the Singing Surgeon. "Maybe that Singin' Surgeon will take a look at my bunions, if we ever get out of this line," kidded an old guy to his old gal.

An eight-foot-long banner proclaiming "Law and Order" stood at the fairgrounds'entrance, though no one in the crowd seemed to need any reminding to be law-abiding. Each fan got a yellow plastic bag with a Fan Fair bumper sticker and badge, lunch tickets and a hand fan with instructions—"A brisk speed will cause you to work up a sweat, which is contrary to the whole purpose of fanning." Also in the bag were coupons for the Wax Museum of the Stars, Box Car Willie's Railroad Museum, George Jones Car Collectors' Hall of Fame, Waylon's Private Collection and Twitty City.

* * *

I went to Twitty City because the name rhymed. But the architecture nearly scared me off. Twitty City's red-brick, white-pillar buildings looked like Southern Baptist churches.

The deity of Twitty City, however, is the Twitty Bird. The graven image of the yellow, guitar-toting Twitty Bird is everywhere at Twitty City, from its souvenir T-shirts to restroom doors.

In an open-air pavilion where people cooled themselves with Twitty Bird fans, I found the Twitty Committee: Kathy, Joni and Michael Twitty, Conway Twitty's children. They sang country-rock songs while I inspected souvenir mugs, T-shirts, plates, books, guitar-shaped ashtrays, porcelain white elephants with Conway Twitty's face on the belly button, and Twitty Bird statuettes. Outside the pavilion a barker conducted a tent sale. "You'll leave here holding the bag, because you're going to want to fill that bag with bargains," he promised. "We don't

"Miss Millhaven, send in the lady who's suffering from nymphomania."

WHERE COUNTRY'S STILL COOL

"Fan Fair's kind of like my stomach," said Tennessee Governor Ned R. McWherter. "It gets bigger every year."

have deals, just steals."

Bargains abound in decorative Conway Twitty grocery lists, yellow and pink "I Love Conway" autograph books, indoor/outdoor Twitty Bird thermometers, ashtrays with pictures of Conway and Twitty City rising majestically in the background like a Baptist nightmare, shake-up Twitty City snow jars, Twitty Bird glasses, kids' leather Twitty Bird wallets, a Conway Twitty cookbook, piggy banks, a ceramic gewgaw with Conway's face and a poem, "Mother"...

To one who bears the sweetest name
And adds a luster to the same,
Who shares my joys, who shares when sad,
The greatest friend I ever had.
Long life to her, for there's no other,
Can take the place of my dear mother.

...Conway's home on plates suitable for framing, Conway Twitty moonshine jugs, Twitty City bumper stickers and slides, Twitty City suckers five inches in diameter....

* * *

Bill Monroe, the patriarch of bluegrass music, introduced Fan Fair's first concert, Monday night's Early Bird Bluegrass Show. Monroe was unperturbed by a cry for "rock and roll" from the grandstand.

In the stands I saw an elderly, dried-up cowboy in black, save for red roses embroidered on his shiny shirt. At first, I mistook him for homosexual- and heroin-obsessed author William S. Burroughs. Past the desiccated cowboy scurried two middle-aged ladies, eager as teens at a Madonna concert. Up the grandstand steps raced a pubescent girl and her father, collapsing with laughter at the top.

Nine-year-old kids sold popcorn while older men sold beer and wine coolers from white-plastic pails full of ice. Two middle-aged ladies were as excited as teenagers—they had to get closer to the stage so they could see. An old lady in an open black shirt and blue jeans struggled up the stairs on two canes; her arms quivered each time time she put her weight on them.

I was distracted from the audience by the Wildwood Pickers, in red cowboy hats and blue ankle-length skirts. Cousin Mom from the mountains led the band, which included her teenage daughter. "She's easy to find," said Cousin Mom. "She'll be by the fridge. She loves to eat, she loves to play the banjo and she loves you too." The embarrassed daughter flubbed her banjo solo.

Bill Monroe began his set with "Blue Moon of Kentucky," followed by a gospel song with a bass singer whose voice vibrated my sternum. John Hartford, Ralph Stanley, Mac Wiseman, Doug Dillard, the Osborne Brothers, the Bluegrass Cardinals and most other acts on the bill joined Monroe for the finale. "Anybody onstage that wants to dance, this is a good number to dance to," said Monroe. "Boys, let's go with 'Sally Goodin.'" Masses of fiddlers and banjoists carved out the backwoods melody as Monroe danced with the deep-cleft fertility goddess of bluegrass, Ginger Boatwright. At the final chord, masses of spermlike red, yellow, purple and green fireworks wiggled across the sky.

* * *

Officially, Fan Fair began Tuesday morning. "Fan Fair's kind of like my stomach," said Tennessee Governor Ned Ray McWherter. "It gets bigger every year." The Indian River Boys, a Statler Brothers-style vocal group, sang "The Star Spangled Banner."

Someone yelled, "Play ball!"

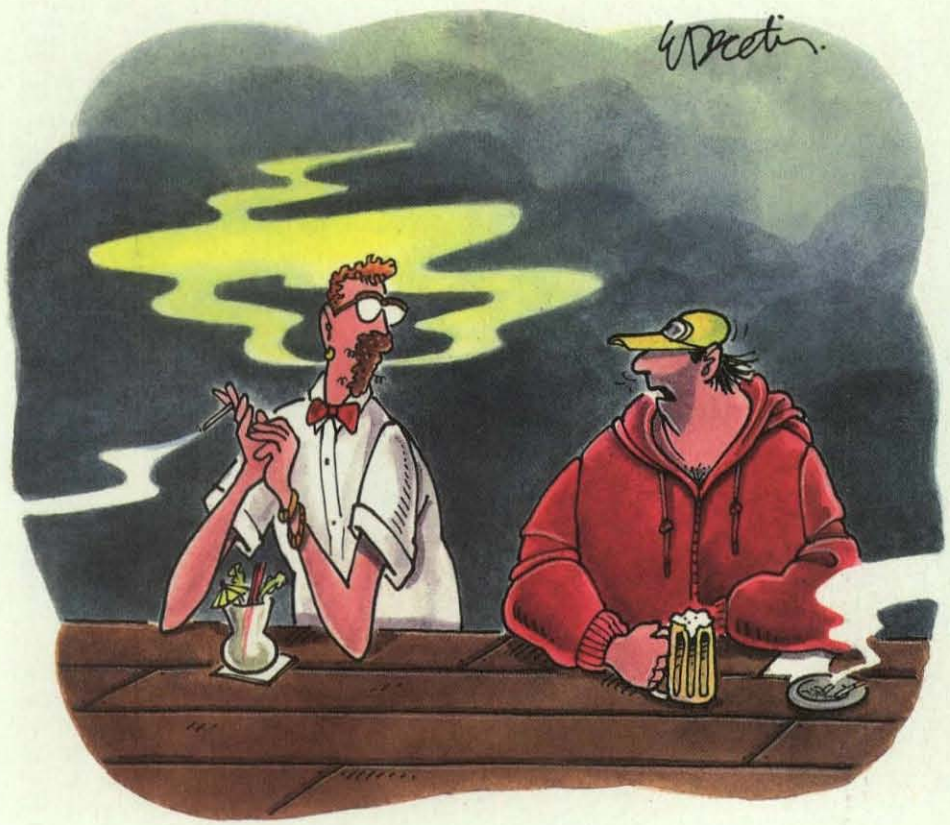
Tuesday's music started with country groups from England, Holland, Canada, Ireland, New Zealand and West Germany. The German act, Country Green, sang "Sweet Home Alabama" and "You're the Reason God Made Oklahoma."

U.S. stars dominated the afternoon show. Johnny Cash, with the dirty-looking start of a mustache, sang about a wino who found heaven in a Dallas whore. Backstage, long-haired songwriter Jule Tabor plotted to meet Cash and others. "I'm not going to run them down and tackle them and say, 'You've got to listen to this song,'" said Tabor, who carried a guitar over his shoulder just in case. "It'd be nice if they have time."

Tom T. Hall sang "The Year That Clayton Delaney Died" and "(Old Dogs, Children and) Watermelon Wine." Hall was followed by the kings of country nostalgia, the Statler Brothers. After singing "Do You Remember These," they linked arms and posed for photographers. The Statlers counted down an orgasmic mass photo flash. "Was that good for you all too?" queried bass singer Harold Reid.

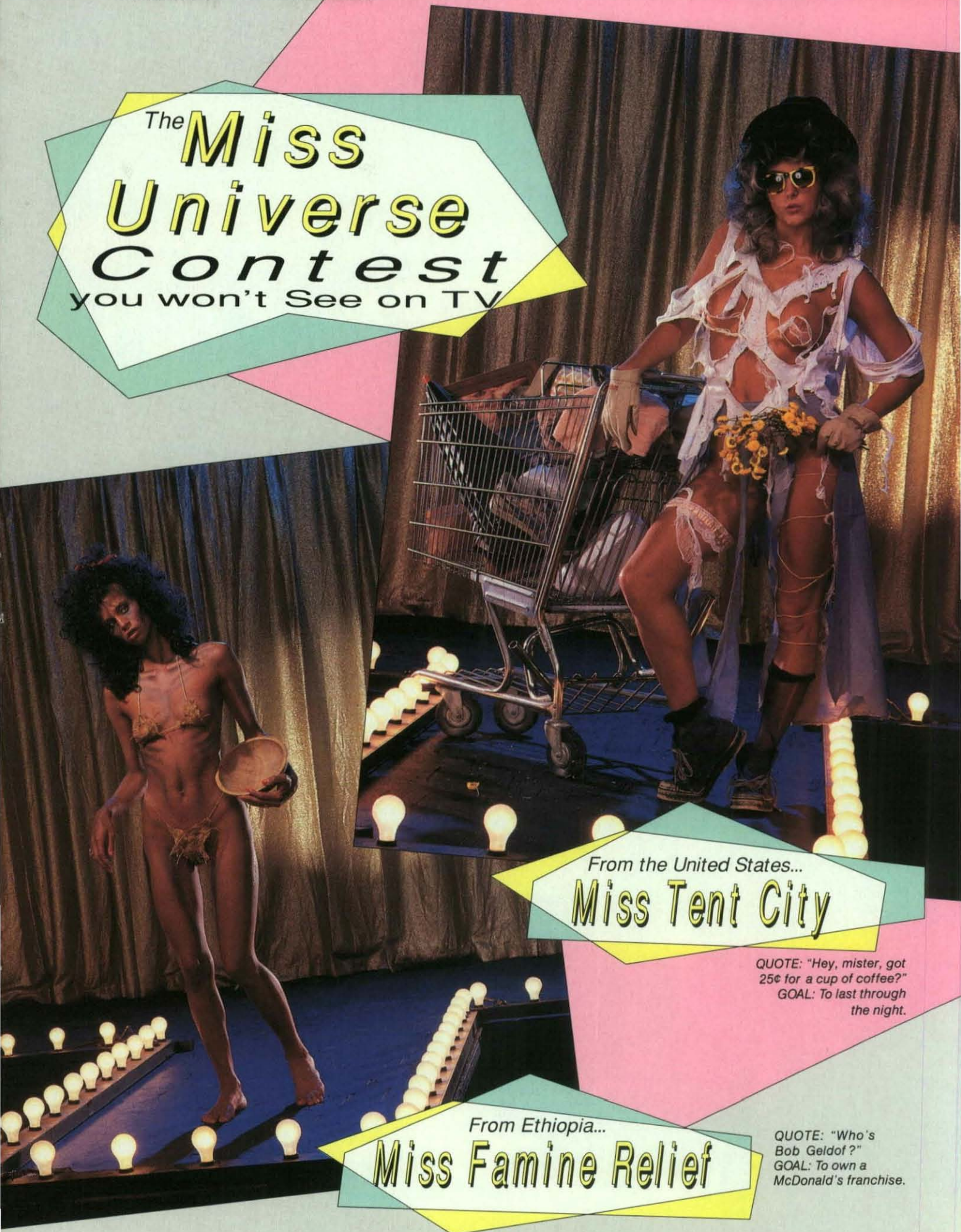
Jule Tabor, meanwhile, had scored. "I was on Tom T. Hall's bus," he said. "I

(continued on page 74)



"Beat it, kid...you've got fag written all over your face...."

The Miss Universe Contest you won't See on TV



From the United States...

Miss Tent City

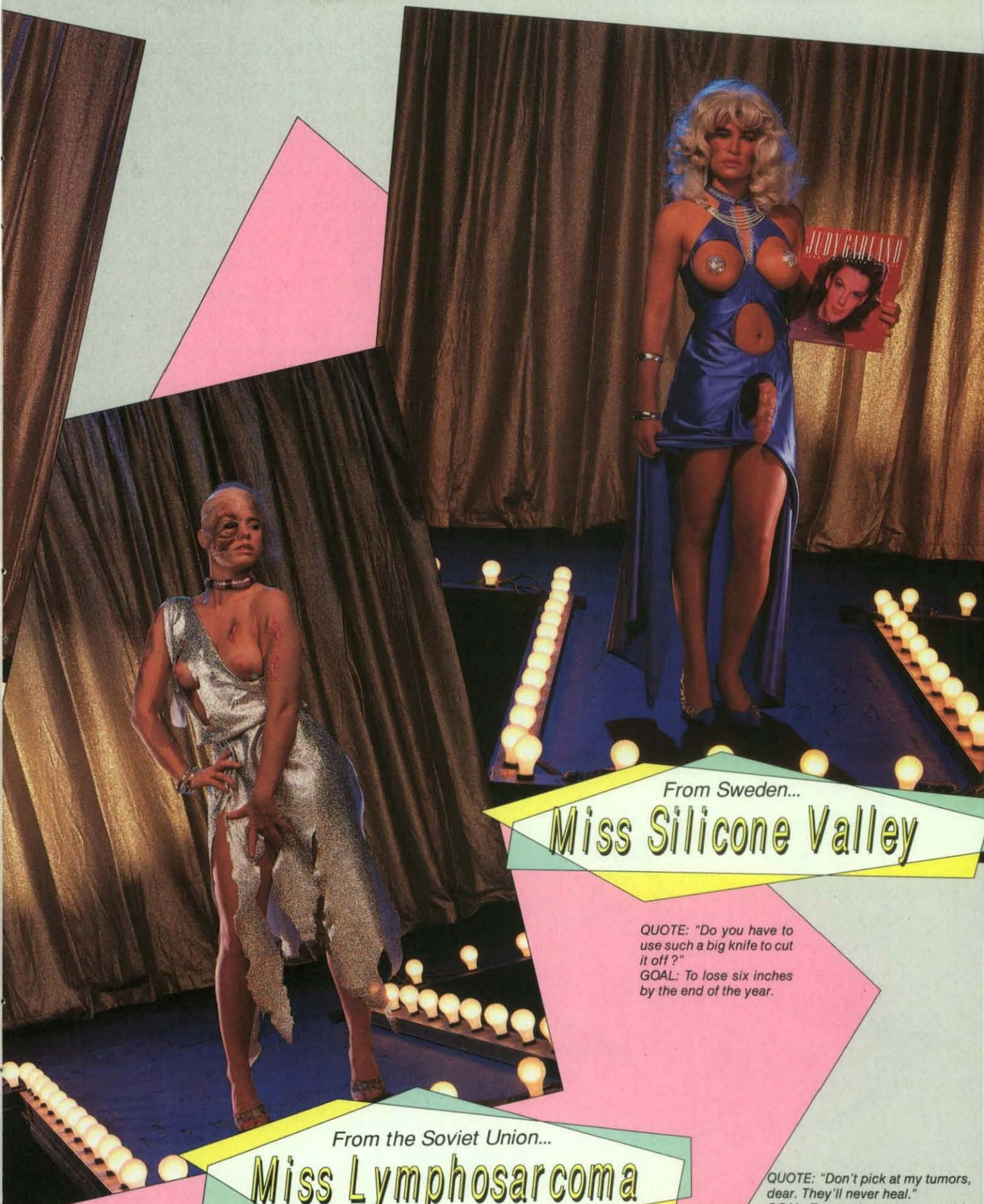
QUOTE: "Hey, mister, got 25¢ for a cup of coffee?"
GOAL: To last through the night.

From Ethiopia...

Miss Famine Relief

QUOTE: "Who's Bob Geldof?"
GOAL: To own a McDonald's franchise.

From Iran...
Miss Shiite
QUOTE: "I'm okay. You're a hostage."
GOAL: To thank Oliver North in person.
QUOTE: "Freedom Fighter? Oh, yeah . . . that's what we are . . . right."
GOAL: To one day thank Oliver North in person.
From Nicaragua...
Miss Contra



From Sweden...

Miss Silicone Valley

QUOTE: "Do you have to use such a big knife to cut it off ?"
GOAL: To lose six inches by the end of the year.

From the Soviet Union...

Miss Lymphosarcoma

QUOTE: "Don't pick at my tumors, dear. They'll never heal."
GOAL: To one day eat a vegetable that doesn't glow in the dark.

WHERE COUNTRY'S STILL COOL *(continued from page 70)*

A heifer in pink shorts handed me her binoculars. I didn't want to look, but couldn't refuse her generosity.

played him some of my stuff. He gave me this here business card and told me to send him some songs."

George Jones, escorted by a phalanx of roadies and record executives, started his Tuesday night show with "No Show Jones," a song he recorded with Merle Haggard. "I'm about two-thirds here," Jones said at the end of the song. "Merle Haggard, he ain't here at all tonight."

Jones changed moods with "He Stopped Loving Her Today," in which the hero's heartache ends only in death. Squeezing his voice through a tight half-smile that contorted plain notes into gorgeous arabesques, Jones called forth the song's tragic beauty. He tried to leave the stage, but the crowd demanded more. Jones conceded with an encore of "She Thinks I Still Care." He hustled offstage as fans and photographers circled him.

* * *

Wednesday brought a twist: the All-American Country Games, held ten miles west of the fairgrounds, at Vanderbilt University's stadium. The games tested country stars in touch football, a broom-ball relay, target toss, bike-basket-and-bag relay, 50-yard dash, log-ball race and baton relay race.

When I reached the stadium, the good seats were gone, so I sat by a rail overlooking the playing field. When a fat lady squatted beside me, an uproar erupted from the seats behind us.

"Off the rail," bellowed a sunburned codger in a plaid shirt and baseball cap. The fat lady and I didn't move.

"We got here early so we could sit here," piped a harpy in the seats. "Get off the rails so we can see, if you don't mind. And if you do, move anyway."

The fat lady grudgingly obeyed. But a middle-aged woman with varicose veins, jiggling cellulite and bleached hair took her place.

"Get off the rail," hollered the codger.

The middle-aged woman looked over her shoulder. "I'm only taking a picture, and then I'm leaving."

"If you take a picture, we can't see," cried the harpy. "Move it."

"Somebody's going to push her over for sure," predicted the codger.

"Sit, Fifi. . . sit!"

The middle-aged lady left. But the stands had grown more crowded. Soon dozens of people blocked codger and harpy. Codger was reduced to bleating "Hey"; harpy, to "Move." Everyone ignored them.

There was action on the field too. Charley Pride tripped in the 50-yard dash, leaving the heat to Oak Ridge Boy Joe Bonsall and Bobby Randall of Sawyer Brown. Pride later threw several lame passes as a touch-football quarterback, but redeemed himself with a touchdown.

The games were not without injuries. "Teddy [Gentry, Alabama's bassist] pulled a hamstring muscle at the games today; he won't be able to make it," lead singer Randy Owen later told a line of fans at Alabama's booth.

* * *

There was no line at Billie Jo Williams' booth. "If you're not a big star, most people don't even want to talk to you," she said. "I've got laryngitis because I've been trying to get these people to come up with a few dollars to join my fan club. It's the hardest thing in the world."

Williams handed me her fan-club newsletter, which had a picture of her and her two young sons on the cover: *Dear Friends and Fans,*

. . . I'm sorry to have to tell all of you that nothing has gone right for me this year in my music. . . I really didn't think I could afford to put out another newsletter this year. I worked real hard and signed up four new members, and two members sent in their renewal dues early so I could have funds to do this issue. Thanks for helping!

. . . I have really been rejected by everyone in Nashville. I suppose they have forgotten about me by now. All I seem to be anymore is just an ordinary mother and housewife. It didn't matter how hard I tried in these past three years; someone has always pushed me back in the dirt. I can't even get a job singing anywhere.

But Fan Fair motivates Billie Jo. "It makes me want to get out there and tell these people, 'Come on! Come wait in line behind my booth. I've got good stuff I want to show you: records and pictures and everything.' "

Billie Jo needed a fun giveaway like the one at the Bill Anderson-Po' Folks Restaurant booth, where I got a dried sponge shaped like a dollar bill, with Whisperin' Bill's face on it. "Drop this bill in water—watch it grow!" read the sponge.

The Moonshine Cloggers, the teen angels of Fan Fair, loitered at their booth. The buxom cloggers, who tap-dance country style in jagged black miniskirts

(continued on page 84)

GRRRRR...
GRRRRRRR.....
GRRRRR.....

Tammy
Coors

Photography by Ladi von Jansky

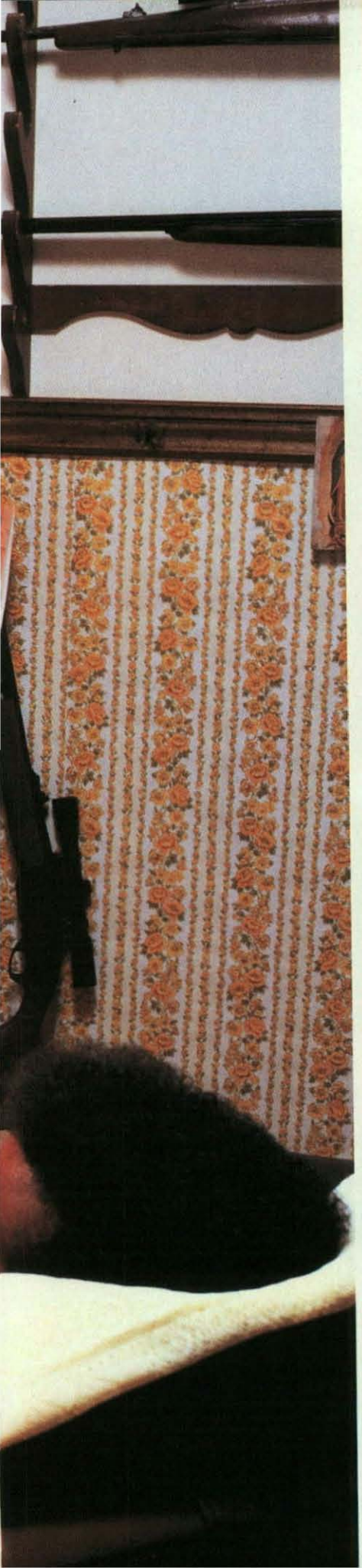
HOLY ROLL

The one thing Leroy likes about television preachers like Tammy Fakker is the way her whore-like makeup gives him a hard-on. As he drifts off to dreamland with his rod and staff to comfort him, Leroy feels moved deep within. Suddenly he opens his eyes and—miracle of miracles—Tammy is right there and ready to explore the root of all evil.

Christ's contemporary concubine demonstrates her dedication to the Oral Majority by servicing Leroy's pillar of strength with religious fervor. His mighty scepter is the answer to her white-bread prayers.

Personality parody, posed by professional models

Coors
Coors



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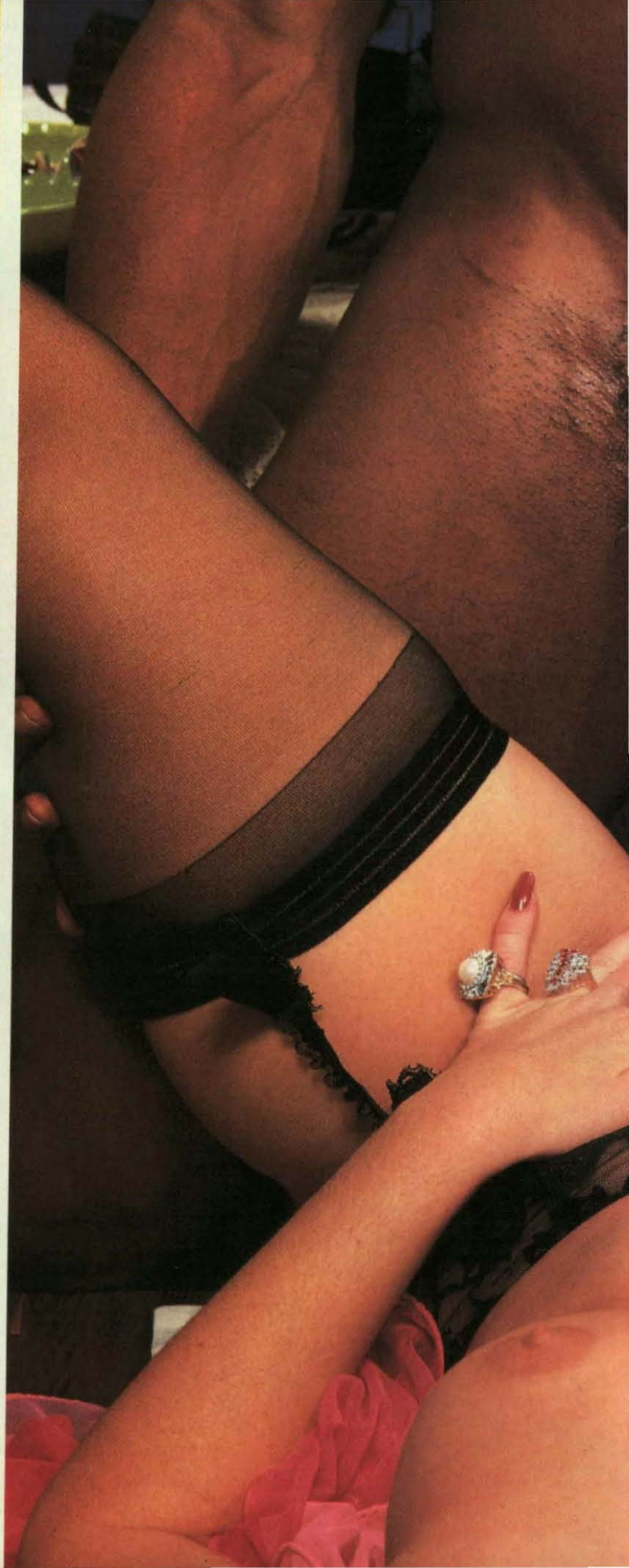
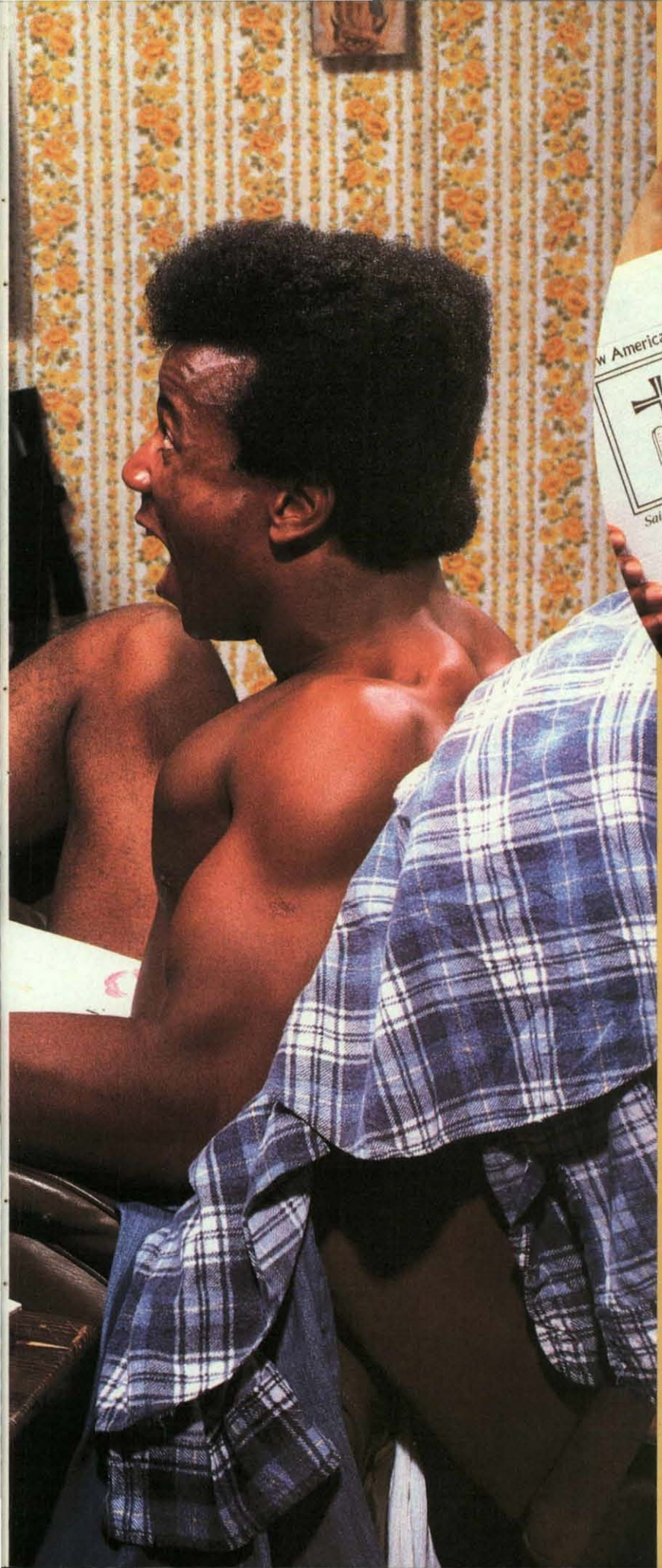
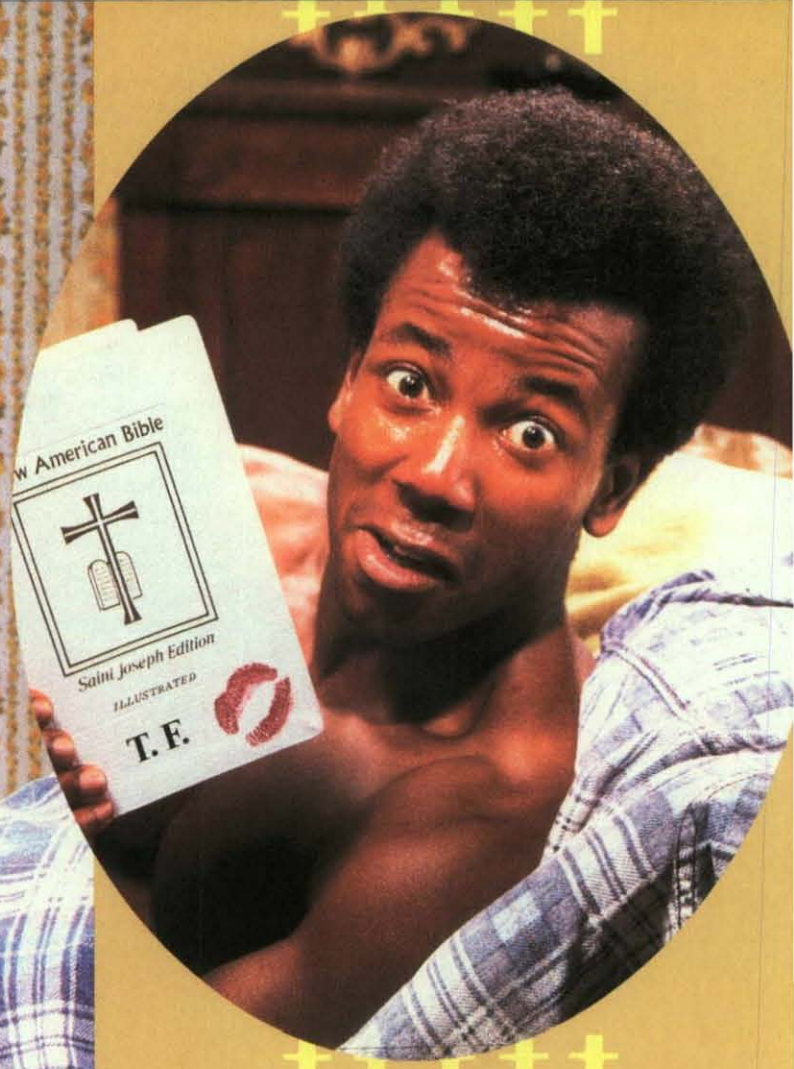


Tammy
Tammy
We're Best





Before long, Leroy penetrates the inner sanctum of Tammy's temple. When the two of them come to see the light, they praise the load and press out the milky ammunition. Leroy drifts off again, dripping a string of sanctified sweat beads and sniffing whiffs of evangelijism.

Although the Messiah's mouthpiece has a very real makeup mess from the slimy session, Leroy can't believe it really happened. However, he'd be willing to make book that something crossed his crotch in the night–he'd even swear on the Bible.

Personality parody, posed by professional models

WHERE COUNTRY'S STILL COOL (continued from page 74)

Schneider's fingers tore heroically across the strings. He scowled and grimaced. His guitar wasn't plugged in.

and sequined red tops, talked with fans while a video played.

One fan sought eternity among the booths. "She looked to be about 80 years old—very sweaty, very disoriented," said Dennis Thibodeaux, a disc jockey. "She came up and wanted to know where Elvis was signing autographs."

While Elvis remained unavailable for adulation, worshipful pilgrams had the option of heaping devotion at ramshackle altars set up for Shotgun Red, the Skidrow Joe Fan Club, Jeff Stevens and the Bullets, Mel Pressley, 16th Avenue Records, Reptile Records, Wilful Stumble and his Whazat???, Angelsong Records, Elmer Bird International Fan Club, Jeff Chance and Taking Chances, Door Knob Records, Joe Edwards & His Gitfiddle Review, Elmer Fudpucker Fan Club, Little Nashville Express, Rebel Lee Fan Club, Hambo Latham, Pretty Miss Norma Jean Fan Club, Girls Next Door, Jimmy "The Flying Cowboy" Kish and Miranda Friendship Club.

Others queued for autographs from an inanimate object. Shotgun Red, the puppet host of the Nashville Network's *Country Clips* video show, obliged at his Shotgun Red Gift Shack.

* * *

The singles scene at Fan Fair was unspectacular in the eyes of the few young women there. "Bermuda shorts and big [cowboy] hats just don't do it for me," said Kim Lovelace, a delectable brunette. "I notice how many [of the men] have 'I Love Shotgun Red' buttons."

"I just don't see anyone here who attracts me," agreed Brenda Hall, a nymph in comely white shorts who worked the booth of ousted Oak Ridge Boy William Lee Golden.

Older women were not so easily put off, however. I interviewed several, most as eager for male companionship as Cathy Gurley. Did she see any good-looking men at Fan Fair? "Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes," said Gurley. "I've got all their business cards, and I intend to start a little book. Men have little black books; I'm going to start a little red book."

Susan Collier was also on the prowl. "I know if they're at Fan Fair, they're going to love country music; so we'll have that in common," she said. "The atmosphere is so casual and festive that it makes it easy to strike up a conversation with anyone."

* * *

Few black people came to Fan Fair. Those who did weren't fans. Among the few I saw were three black women who walked the asphalt bearing sandwich-board signs for the Waylon Jennings-Jessi Colter celebrity auction.

* * *

I dreaded the Thursday night show, starring Restless Heart and Earl Thomas Conley: I feared bad country-pop. But the women in the audience around me merrily sang with Restless Heart's songs. When the group came to the hit "Why Does It Have to Be (Wrong or Right)," a lady in front of me indulged in soulful finger-waving. She whooped when Restless Heart's Paul Gregg paraded his fringed cowboy chaps; she yelled approvingly as other members bragged about making babies.

The women hollered louder for Earl Thomas Conley. During his set, a heavyweight lady in pink shorts and a blue top handed me her binoculars. I didn't much want to look, but I couldn't refuse her generosity. She shared her binoculars throughout the show.

* * *

Generosity also marked Friday's lunch, served by the Chuck Wagon Gang. The Gang, a 47-year-old troupe of cowboy cooks from Odessa, Texas, serves food at every Fan Fair. Cowboys in brown and gold shirts and turquoise belt buckles and rings dished food from vast aluminum basins. They served big portions of baked ham, pickles, pinto beans, slaw, buns, raw onions and smoky Italian sausage. I lost my meal ticket, but the Gang fed me anyway.

* * *

Friday night Fan Fair geared for its climax: the International Fan Club Organization show, headlined by John Schneider. But a troubling rumor circulated backstage. "Schneider lost his voice this morning," I was told. "He's sitting in a steam room trying to get it back."

While Schneider steamed, the fairgrounds' empty midway lit. Two neon Ferris wheels, one peach and blue, the other green and yellow, glowed in the night. Eerie carnival music floated from the red, white and blue Tilt-a-Whirl.

Rain drizzled, but the audience stayed. Their endurance was rewarded toward the end of the show, when the stage lights focused on a surprise guest: Conway Twitty, in red shorts, knee-high white socks and a blue baseball cap tipped on his curly black hair. "I can't start," said Twitty. "Where's Loretta?" The audience screeched at the mention

(continued on page 98)

"Hey, bub, you pays yo' money . . . you takes yo' chances!"

Beaver Hunt

Never fear—the fur is here! If there's a special critter in your life that would like to join the *Hunt*, snap a clear color picture of the precious pink and mail it to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 9171 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. If we print it, she'll win $100 and a chance at an extended photo-feature worth $1,000. Fill out the model release below, and include a photocopy of her driver's license or other photo ID. All photos become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine.

Photo by Husband

Kidder, 35, is a registered nurse from Lake Worth, Florida, whose hobbies include nude sunbathing and watching X-rated movies. Her daring fantasy is to "have sex with my ex-boyfriend, and be discovered in the midst of the act by my husband."

Photo by Husband

A Gainesville, Florida, cashier, Sherrae, 21, fantasizes about being a centerfold in HUSTLER Magazine. Besides showing off her body, her hobbies are drag racing and partying.

HUSTLER MAGAZINE PHOTO CONTEST MODEL RELEASE

Here is the model release you must send with your entry (preferably more than one photo) in HUSTLER's *Beaver Hunt* contest. Models should be shown totally nude, and faces must be visible. Novelty photos will be considered. To increase your chances of being chosen, you should send in a copy of some form of photo ID, such as a driver's license, along with this release. Mail to: HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, Suite 300, 9171 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, CA 90210.

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WARNING: ANYONE SIGNING THIS RELEASE FORM OTHER THAN THE MODEL WILL BE SUBJECT TO MONETARY DAMAGES AND/OR CRIMINAL PROSECUTION.

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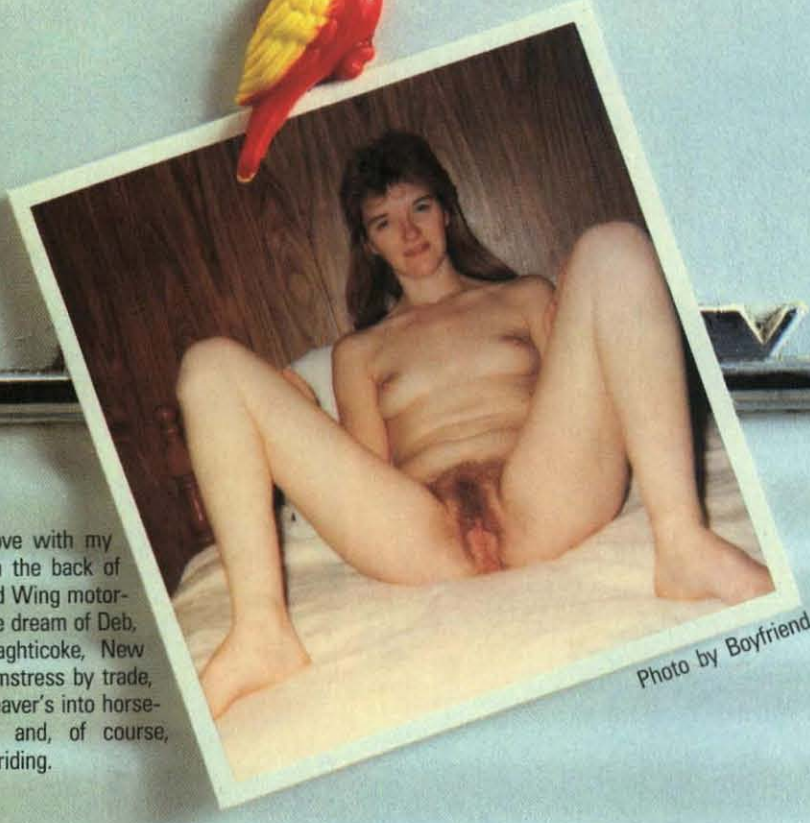
Model's Legal Signature _____ Date _____

Photo by Husband

Sexy Stephanie, 23, is a student in Los Angeles, California, who's into parachuting and sewing. Her fantasy is to strip at a high-class bar.

Photo by Friend

Fenton, Missouri's Lynda is a warehouse supervisor who wants "to be ordered to undress in a room full of strangers." This 32-year-old is into kinky movies and long fingernails.



"To make love with my boyfriend on the back of his new Gold Wing motorcycle," is the dream of Deb, 34, of Schaghticoke, New York. A seamstress by trade, this busy Beaver's into horseback riding and, of course, motorcycle riding.

Photo by Boyfriend

Photo by Husband

Kristin, 23, is a homemaker from Tonawanda, New York, into shopping and making her husband happy, "very happy." Her fantasy is "to have three guys in my bed for a whole night and (now fullfilled) to be in HUSTLER."

Photo by Husband

Linneus, Missouri's Mac is self-employed at a service station when she's not swimming or boating. This 30-year-old's fantasy is to make love to her husband in front of a cheering crowd.

Photo by Friend

Twenty-one-year-old Elaine hails from Kansas City, Missouri, and is into horseback riding, traveling and sex. This secretary's fondest fantasy is so hot, she says/she can't divulge it for publication. (She must have some imagination!)

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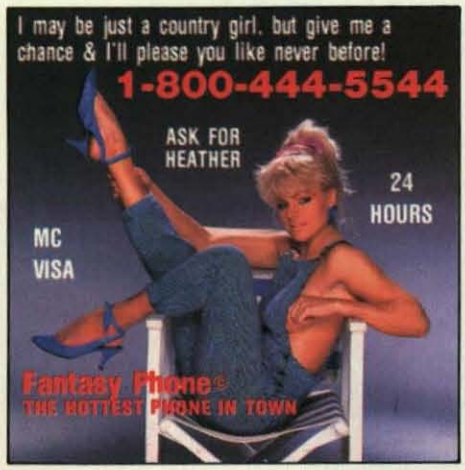
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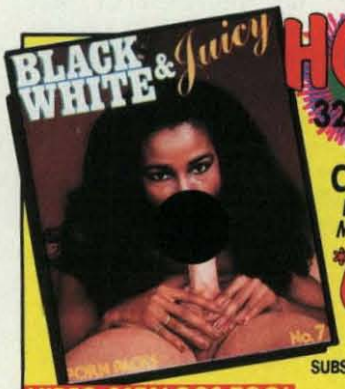

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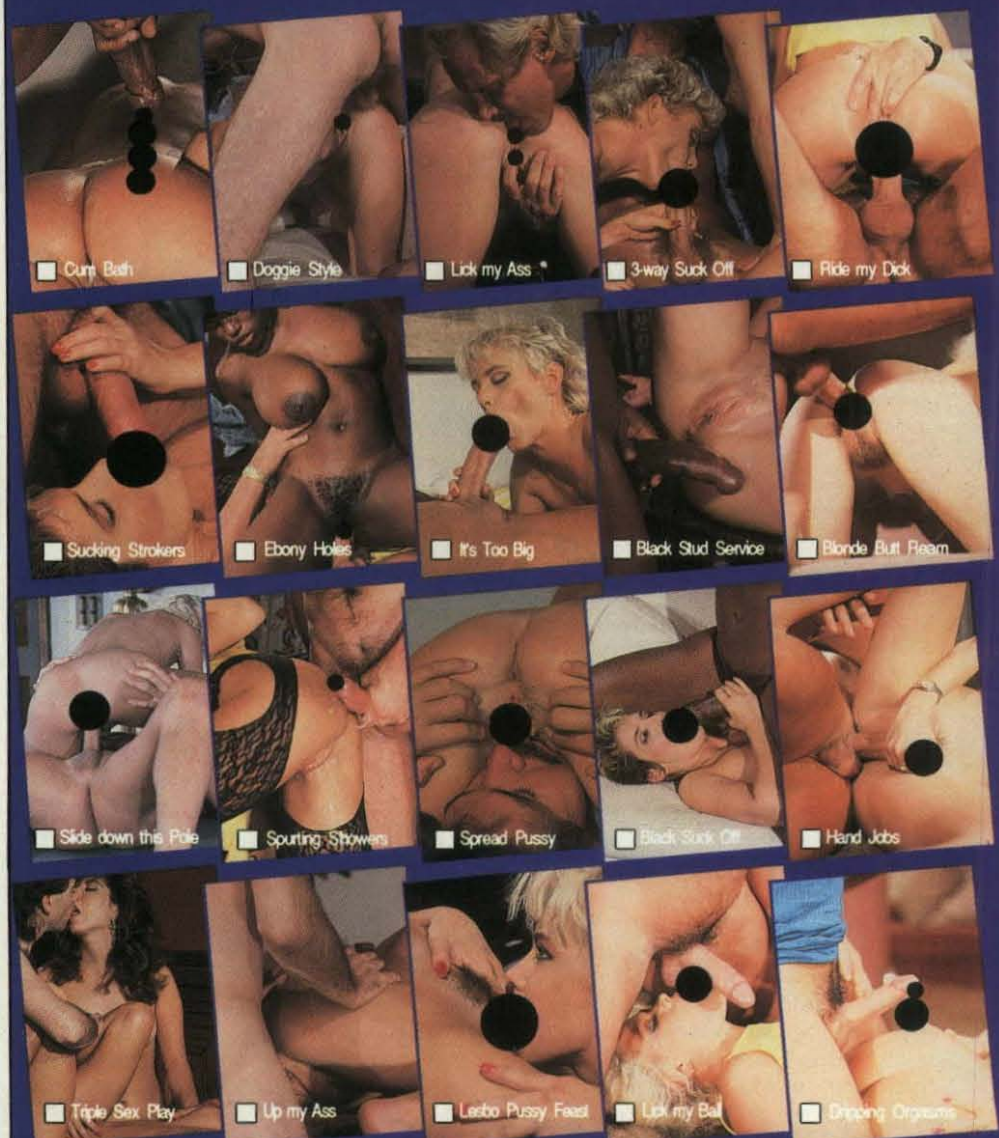

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THE BAWDY BANTER BOOM

Illustration by Mike Cressy

BY FLANNERY TODD

Many areas in the sexual world have remained hidden for too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy. In keeping with HUSTLER Magazine*'s belief that the repression of any and all sexual information is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of revealing articles to keep your sexual knowledge current, to lessen your inhibitions and –ultimately–to make you a much better lover.*

One wintry dawn Shawna awoke in bed alone, restless; so she grabbed "it" off the nightstand—*Lady Chatterley's Lover*—then stripped the comforter off her warm, naked body. With D. H. Lawrence's novel in one hand, caressing a pair of erect nipples and her hot ass with the other, she read the passages:

'Tha's got such a nice tail on thee,' he said, in the throaty caressive dialect. 'Tha's got the nicest arse of anybody. It's the nicest, nicest arse as is! An irvy bit of it is woman, woman sure as nuts. . . .'

All the while he spoke he exquisitely stroked the rounded tail, till it seemed as if a slippery sort of fire came from it into his hands. And his fingertips touched the secret openings of her body, time after time, with a soft little brush of fire . . . .

As her hips undulated out of control, Shawna fervently reread the dialogue while her hand worked her swollen clitoris. Fantasy images of Lawrence's passionate male character, Mellors, the game-keeper, became more vivid. In her imagination Mellors was talking "dirty" to *Shawna*! Soon her heartbeat quickened, her eyes shut and she cried with pleasure while relishing the surge of cum on her hand.

* * *

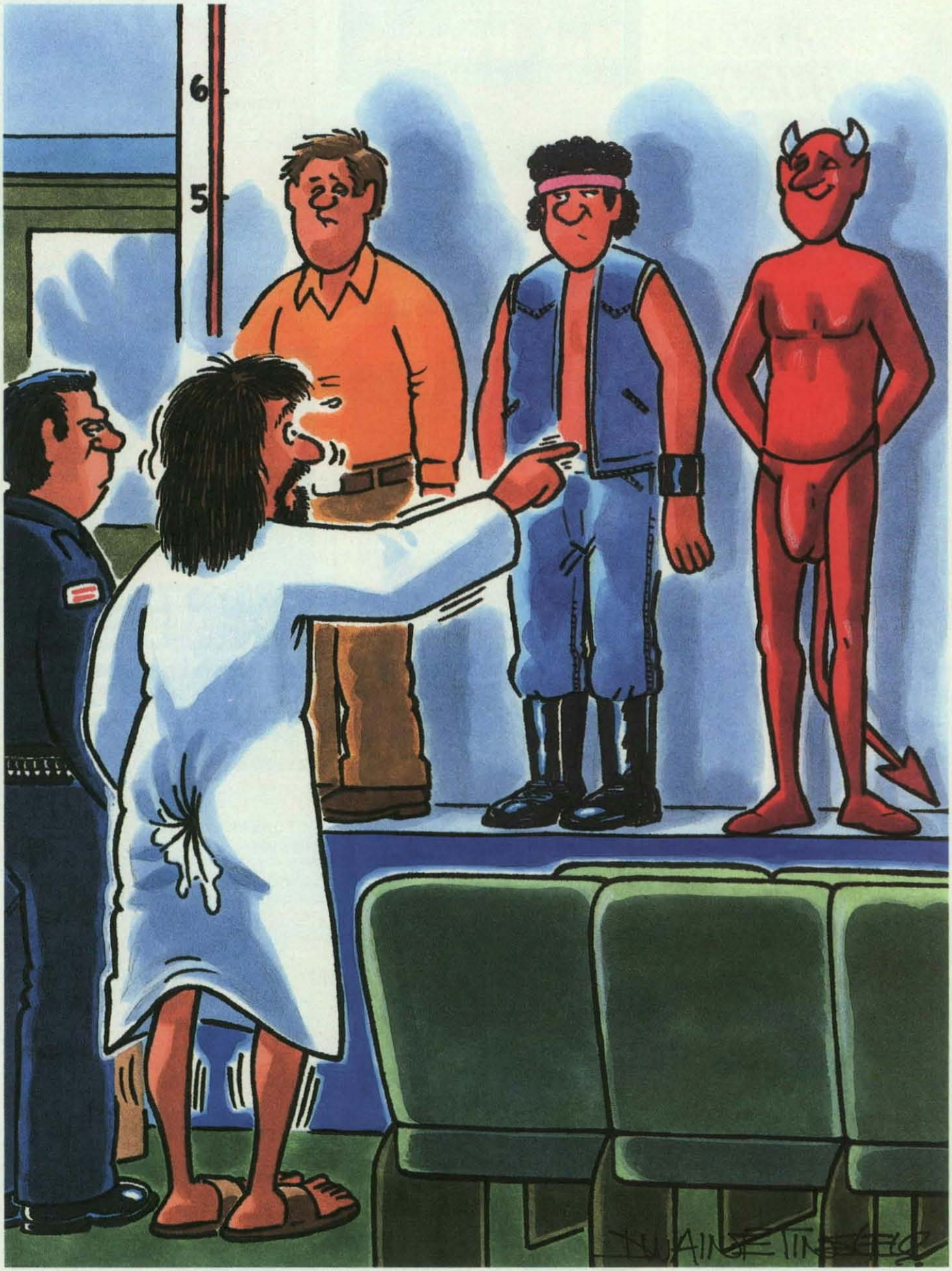
Shawna, like countless women, find sexy talk arousing. Yet today, some men and women still feel uncomfortable using or hearing "dirty words" during lovemaking. Though there haven't been any official studies on people who enjoy hearing sexually explicit language during sex, Catherine Johnson, Ph.D. and author of the *Self* article "Rough Love Talk," estimates that couples who enjoy using—or hearing—strong language during sex range from 30 to as high as 70%. But if salty talk can work as an aphrodisiac, then why do some people shun it while others can't get enough?

In the formative years, we're taught that sexually explicit language is negative, but often unfavorable things are exciting, says Marilyn Fithian, sex therapist and codirector of the Center for Marital and Sexual Studies in Long Beach, California. Actually, the shock value is an integral aspect of the erotic arousal that occurs when hearing or using sensual speech.

Consider this: Have you ever noticed that your sex drive increases during an argument with someone you're attracted to? Perhaps one reason is that "verbal sparring is the foreplay of the mind," explains Dan Langton, professor of creative writing at San Francisco State University. Langton adds, "It's the intellectual equivalent of voyeurism." For example, the sex chiller *Fatal Attraction* features Michael Douglas sitting in a bistro sipping wine and dishing out steamy teasing to an enticing blonde,Glenn Close. Another example of a memorable match of erotic wit is found in playwright Edward Albee's *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf*, where a brilliant use of words becomes a challenging match of "mind-fucking."

Nevertheless, a lot of us come from a conservative background where "dirty words" were not used in the home or outside environment. "So even though men and women know that we're adults and free to do whatever we choose, somewhere back in our brain is, 'What will my mother or father think?' " explains sex therapist Fithian. "You'd be surprised how many people take their parents into the bedroom with them!" Plus, we've all witnessed outspoken adolescents

(continued on page 94)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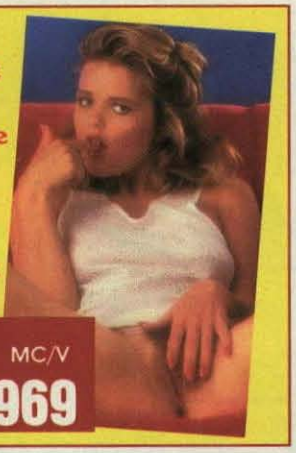

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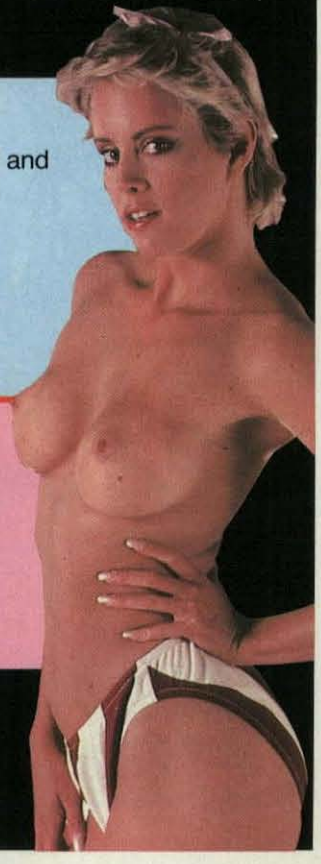

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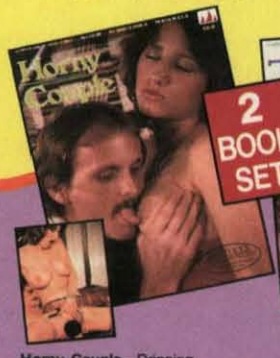

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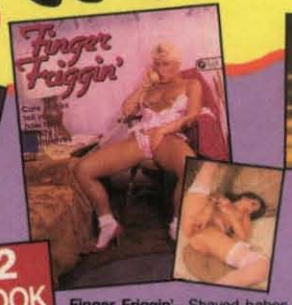

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(continued from page 90)
who emulate their parents' usage of four-letter words, then use their newly learned "dirty" talk with their own peers, like author James Farrell's character Danny in the novel *A World I Never Made.* Danny acquires raw sexual information by paying his older brother a nickel to learn why "Pa puts his dick into Ma's hole." Still, since sexually explicit talk isn't really acceptable in polite society, if we rebel like youngsters do by saying something off-color, we get a surge.

In fact, half of the 900-number phone services in the nation are sexually oriented and in demand by innumerable men. Competitive magazine advertisements offer an array of risque phone fantasies like, "I Take It Any Way I Can Get It," "Baby, I've Got the Hots for You, and I Can Prove It" or "Cum in My Rear." Regardless of the hook, since 1983 these services have lured men to dial, pay and hear tape-recorded erotic messages.

Yet, behind closed doors many of us still cringe if *we* say and hear "dirty words." In fact, some sex therapists treat sexually inhibited couples by having them repeat "bad" words louder and louder until they become comfortable with them. So what do you do if she whispers, "Talk dirty to me," and you're tongue-tied or just not in the mood to engage in bawdy banter? In one example, 31-year-old Gary, who had a conservative, religious upbringing, found himself in a sticky situation when he first bedded a new girlfriend who craved "dirty talk." While on top of her, she cooed, "Say things," which baffled Gary because he didn't know if the writhing nymph below him wanted to hear "I love you" or "Fuck me harder!" So he asked his new lover to provide an example of what she enjoyed hearing.

Sex therapist Fithian confirms that if the woman is free enough to be the physical leader and say exactly what she wants to hear, then that gives a man clues as to what's okay. On the other hand, if a woman is having difficulty talking dirty in bed, it's suggested by Martha Gross, Ph.D., psychologist and sex therapist, that an X-rated film may be of help.

Women and men like to know if they're pleasing their mate; so verbal encouragement can be arousing for both partners. For example, in Hemingway's *A Farewell to Arms*, Catherine's and Henry's feelings for one another deepen during the in-bed scene while she learns if her sexual skills satisfy him. And in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, Connie's and Mellors' passion is expressed in the intimate conversations for which the novel is notorious.

Thus, raw language isn't limited to four-letter words; it's sharing a multidimensional art of sorts. In fact, "live" phone-sex services have exploded in popularity recently because people want to communicate with each other. Tiffany, of Tiffany's Sluts live phone sex, says that the bulk of her clientele complain that their own women can't express themselves, are unimaginative or just don't desire to hear "dirty talk." As a result, her callers use phone sex to talk about their private sexual fantasies.

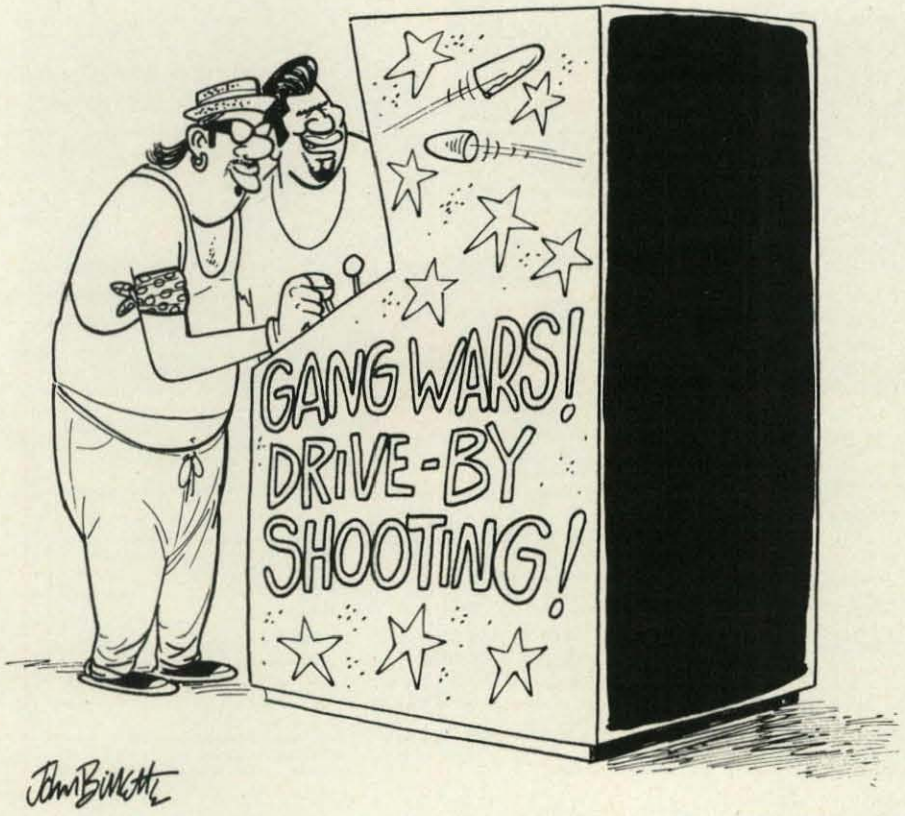
Even 39-year-old Tiffany, who has turned her gift of nasty gab into an enterprise, wasn't always sexually explicit in bed. Says Tiffany, "I didn't seem to have a sexual imagination as a newlywed, but over the years, as I matured, my visualization started to perk up. I always had fantasies about other women; so I played those off with my husband. Then we'd talk about other things, like his desire for cross-dressing, and we'd fantasize about him doing it."

Furthermore, some of Tiffany's callers request interaction with very involved fantasies. One caller's fantasy evolves around the 16th-century period, entailing the proper setting, correct garb and the use of old English. The caller envisions himself as a prisoner inside a castle where he must have sex with a young nymph. During the finale, the tart is caught off-guard by her royal father.

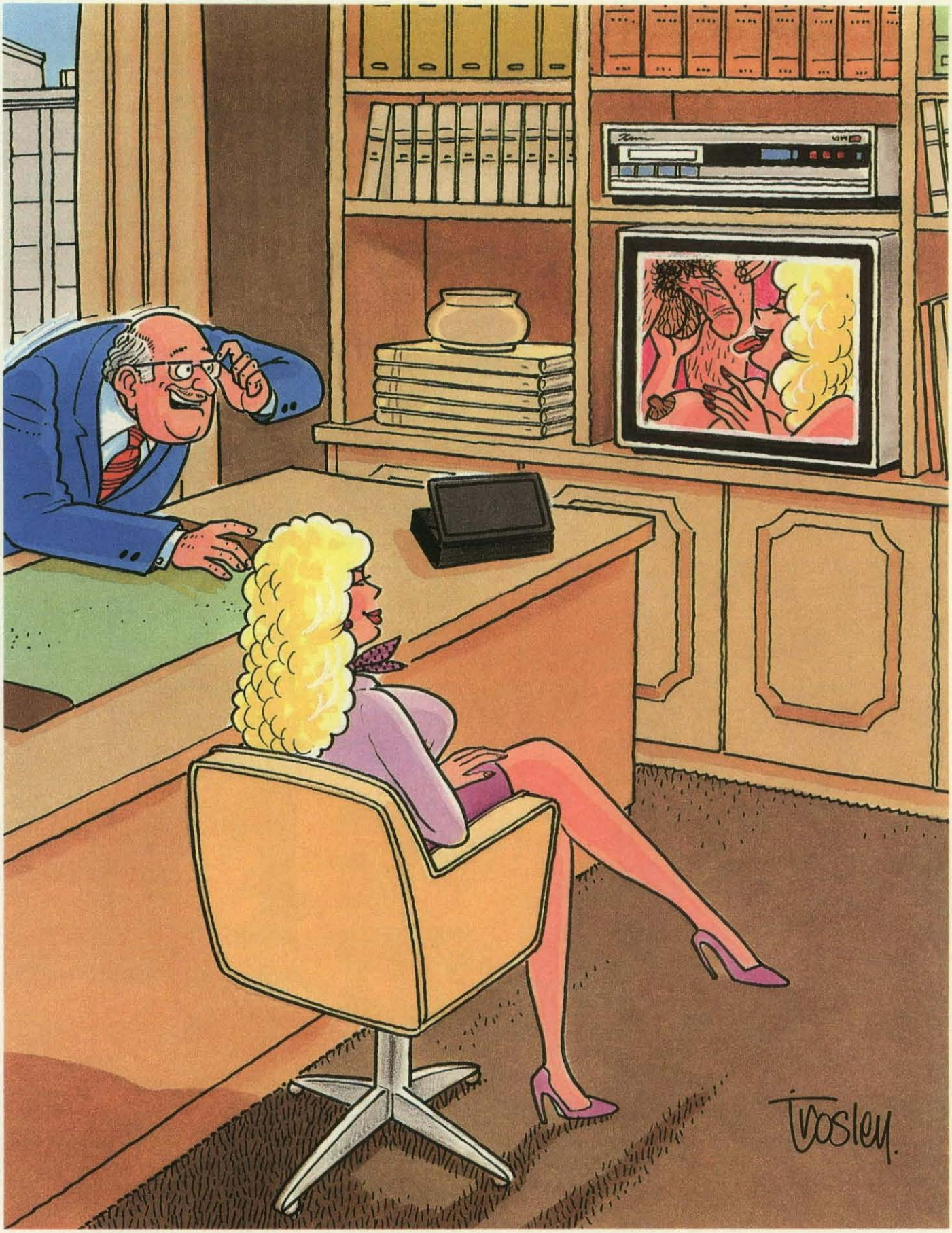
Imagination, of course, is important, but tone and word choice are integral to salty salvos as well. At the Center for Marital and Sexual Studies, research reveals that couples whispering in each other's ears obviously made them feel more intimate. Still, the words you want to use in lovemaking are also used in a negative way outside of the bedroom. So if words are said in a negative tone, then it's going to be construed quite differently than if the message is conveyed in a warm manner. Explains Fithian, "It doesn't mean the sharp tone may not be positive, because some people want to be rejected or put down in their lovemaking."

One case in point is a prostitute who recalls a particular client: "He repeatedly said, 'Tell me what you want, bitch! Talk to me.' I said, 'Fuck my tits. I want you to squirt your cum all over me.'" Nasty talk is enjoyable, the call girl admits, because she knows it's getting her men hot.

So whatever *your* sexual fantasy, "dirty talk" may enhance your libido. After all, sexually explicit language is still enjoyed in literature and movies, but the controversy over the banning of sexually oriented phone services in the home, and outlawing "obscene" novels in schools and libraries continues. Regardless of how the FCC chooses to handle the phone-sex phenomenon, raw language is legal between consenting adults, and passion and intimacy still may be shared during a salty conversation.



"Go, Chico! Waste the innocent bystander!"



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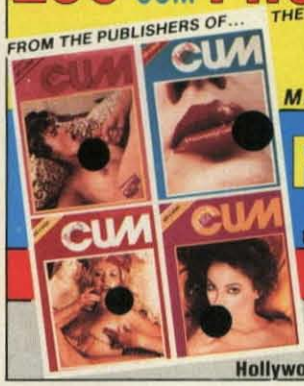

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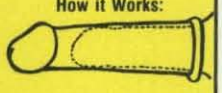

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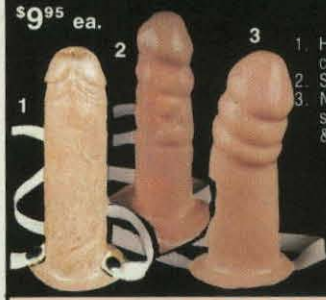

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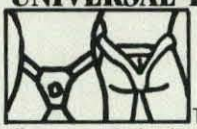

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LOVE TALK

(continued from page 50)

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This is the time when a woman's strength increases out of all proportion to what she was capable of just ten minutes ago. In the frenzied heat of the moment, we've been known to scratch faces, pummel backs, break fingers, tear out hair, etc. All this is usually accompanied by a repertoire of moans, screams, groans, whimpers, cries and pleas for mercy (which are *never* to be honored).

What's going on inside her matches what you see outwardly. If you're fucking her when the orgasm goes off, you'll feel a grabbing and releasing of your penis that will get weaker and weaker as the orgasm subsides. Consider her spent. You could get her going again within the next 20 seconds. Actually, since the skillet's already hot, it's usually a shame to fry only one egg, but sometimes we just have to make do with the hand we've been dealt.

COUNTRY COOL

(continued from page 84)

of her name. When Lynn didn't show, Twitty resignedly started one of their duets, "As Soon as I Hang Up the Phone."

A voice from nowhere answered Twitty's. Loretta Lynn, in a denim jacket covered with red patches, ran onstage. The flabby, middle-aged audience cheered for the flabby, middle-aged stars.

"If I put my arms around you and held you close, would ol' Mooney [Lynn's husband] know?" asked Twitty, hugging Lynn.

"Yeah," she said, smiling and wrapping her arm around Twitty's hips.

"You don't know how long I've wanted to have you here, where I have you right now," Twitty sang.

"Right here at Fan Fair," spoke Lynn. The crowd stood and applauded when the two finished.

Backstage, John Schneider gave a rebel yell. "We want John. We want John," chanted people in front of the stage.

The curtain opened. Schneider stood at midstage, his back to the audience, his legs splayed apart. His band crouched in front of him like linebackers.

In the audience, soaked by the now-torrential rain, sat Donna Simmons and Billie Jo Williams. A red bandanna held sodden hair off Williams' face. She waved both hands at Schneider. Simmons screamed.

"Have we got any country girls out there?" Schneider prompted. Simmons stood and applauded.

"I'm so glad that God made country girls. What would Fan Fair be without them?" Schneider whipped off his jacket. Another jean jacket, with the arms cut off, was underneath.

Simmons, rain-bedraggled and beautiful, stood and clapped her hands overhead. "We love you, John," she yelled, cupping her hands around her mouth. Billie Jo Williams squinted at Schneider, her expression a mixture of envy and admiration.

After singing the *Dukes of Hazzard* theme, Schneider stripped off his second jacket. His face was printed on the front of his final layer, a torn muscle shirt. Schneider reached into the women mobbing the stage and pulled up a lass. From the wings, a dozen more—in leopard skins, bikini tops and stiletto heels—hit the stage. Schneider, like an actor imitating Elvis Presley or Bruce Springsteen, fell to his knees. Women danced around him as he sang "I Saw Her Standing There."

When the song ended, the dancers minced away. Schneider climbed six feet up the stage scaffolding. He jumped down and picked up his microphone stand, carrying it like a spear. Steam rose off his muscular body. Donna Simmons shivered ecstatically.

Schneider flew into his hit "Love, You Ain't Seen the Last of Me." He leaped on his guitar player's teetering amp. Schneider grabbed an electric guitar. His fingers tore heroically across the strings. Schneider scowled and grimaced, playing guitar like he was playing with fire. His guitar wasn't plugged in.

Schneider let his guitar drop. He played air guitar as if masturbating. "Thank you and goodbye!" Schneider shouted. His show ended in pandemonium.

* * *

Billie Jo Williams departed Fan Fair satisfied. "I signed up 26 new fan-club members. I've got 54 in the club now," she said. But she felt frustrated too, after seeing Schneider. "I wanted to grab a microphone and say, 'Okay. It's *my* turn.'"

The 1988 Fan Fair will be held the week of June 6 through 12. Admission is $60 per person. Anyone interested in attending should contact Fan Fair, 2804 Opryland Drive, Nashville, TN 37214. The good Fan Fair folks can be reached by phone at (615) 889-7503.

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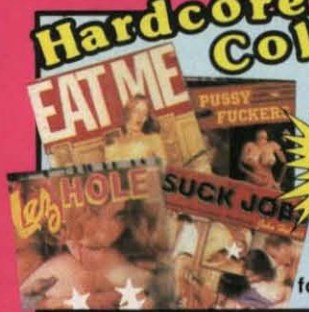

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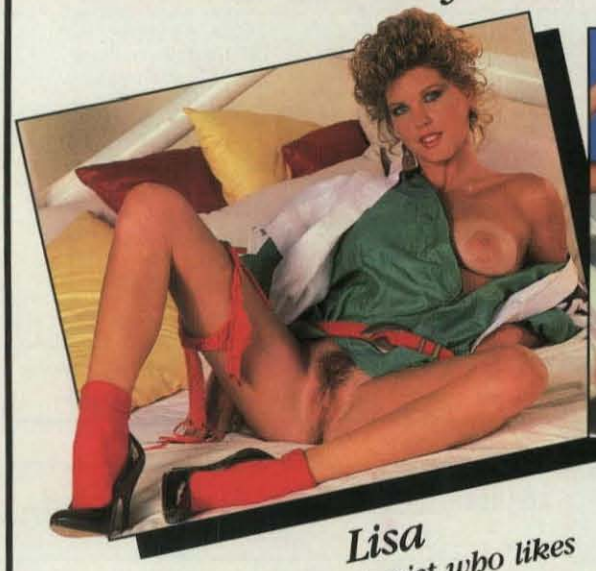

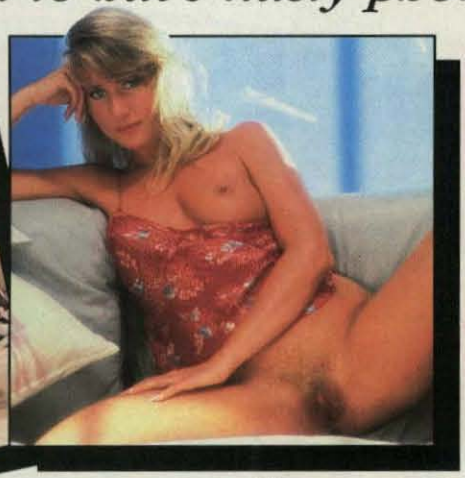

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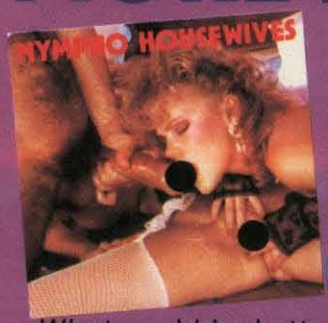

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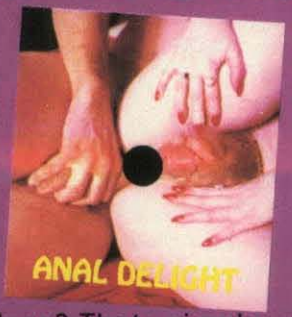

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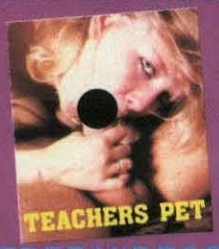

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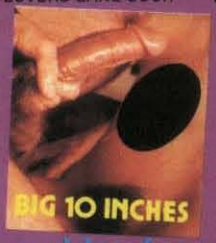

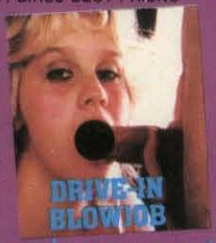

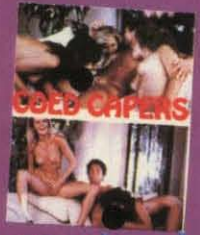

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Sue couldn't get enough of the strap-on dildo, and raped my virgin ass three times before dawn.

outfitted in a revealing black-leather vest and pants. Her pert, firm tits peeked out at me through the folds of her leather vest, and her shapely legs encased in tight leather chaps made my heart pound with raw excitement.

"Strip and come with me," she crisply ordered as I stood frozen, gaping at her alluring appearance.

She watched me undress, and her aloof expression never altered, even when she stared at my throbbing dick. Sue turned on her heels and stepped into our den. She ordered me to kneel in front of her and put my head beneath her thighs. "Pull my pants down to my knees," she commanded. I groaned in sweet ecstasy when I discovered her pussy was bare, waiting for my lips.

"Kiss my pussy and listen to me," my wife said. "I studied your request, and I now realize that what you really want is to be controlled. You want sex games, but I'm telling you, we'll realize a complete change of life. Starting now, you are my physical property. You have no say in your treatment. You will obey me without question. Understood?"

I murmured my agreement while pressing my lips against her succulent folds. I couldn't stop trembling as the excitement shuddered through me. My wildest dreams were finally being realized. Already I'd decided to compliment Sue on the convincing way she'd assumed this new role. Looking back now, I'm ashamed by my admission.

She made me tongue her cunt for a full 30 minutes. Then, to my dismay, she turned, and mooned my startled face with her firm, round ass. She spread her butt cheeks and calmly ordered me to service her puckered browneye with my tongue.

"This is going too far, Sue," I said weakly, starting to stand.

She whirled around and slapped my face. Her sudden violent fury totally dazed me, not to mention the stinging effect of her slap. "You will obey me!" she hissed. "We haven't even begun to test how far you will go!"

Needless to say, I ended up licking her whole ass and even tonguing her forbidden passage for an extended period. And though she tried to hide it, I'd never seen my better half so aroused. She then stepped away, leaving me kneeling naked on the den floor.

"Stay!" Sue ordered, as if I was an unruly pet.

She returned with a dog leash, then looped it around my neck. She pulled me along on all fours into our bedroom, finally ordering me onto the bed. She tied my ankles and wrists, then harnessed my stiff cock and balls in an elastic cock ring. I'd never been so helpless and physically vulnerable in my life.

Sue left me there for a minute and returned with an armload of items that immediately sent cold chills through me. She snickered while displaying a tiny black whip, a vibrator, nipple clamps and a dildo on the bed between my spread, bound legs. "Incredible, the accessories that are available for this type of behavior," she commented, her eyes gleaming with excitement.

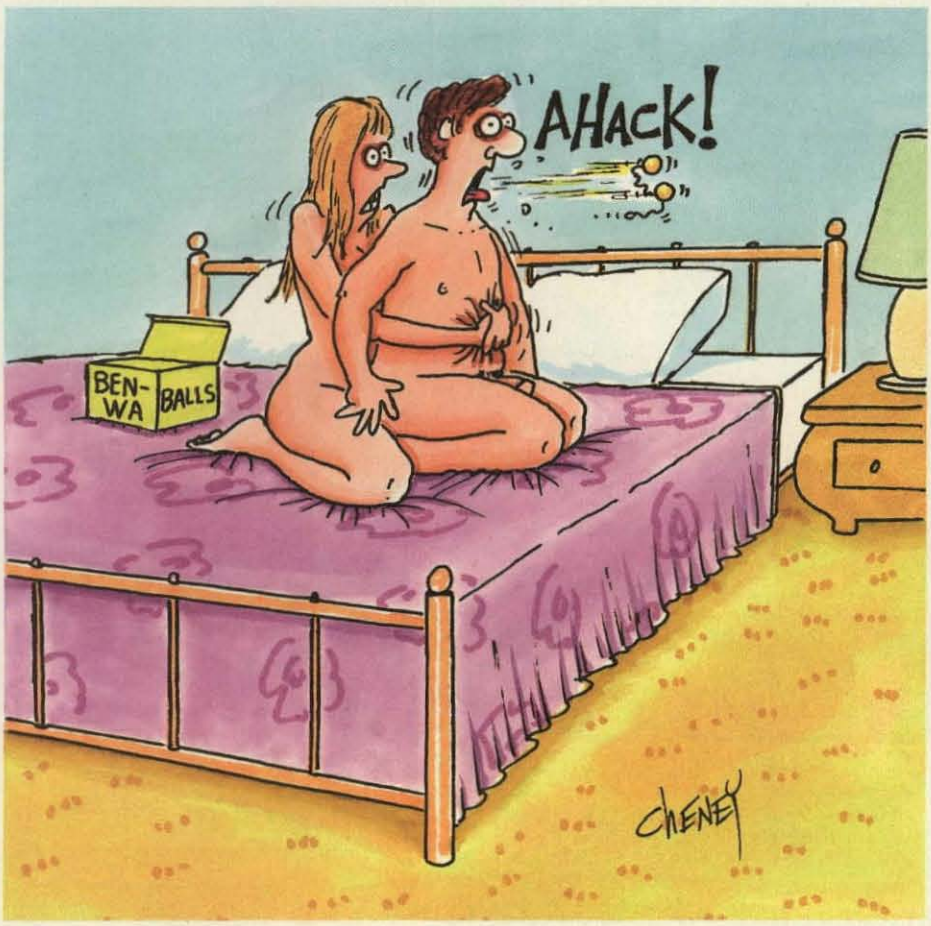
That first night, she used all of her newfound toys on me. And it was my newly dominant wife who decided which ones she enjoyed the most. To my chagrin, Sue couldn't get enough of the strap-on dildo and our sexual role reversal, as she used it to rape my virgin ass three times before dawn.

Months have now passed, and I am decidedly her property. My cock and balls have been shaved, and when I'm away from her, they are shackled in a tight gold chain. Her initials are tattooed on my rump and have been displayed for the blushing, giggling enjoyment of Sue's teenage sister. A week rarely passes that I'm not handcuffed to our bed, or attached to her pussy by her special garter belt, and the light chains hooked to my studded neck collar. I am fully accustomed to being spanked by Sue for no reason at all. This provides Sue with cruel delight, hearing me gasp and watching me squirm. I am forbidden to come for days on end, and the occasional accidental ejaculation gets me a session of her wicked cock-and-ball torture that renders me impotent for days.

But through it all, I stay with Sue. Though her zeal goes beyond my rather tame fantasies, I fear losing her now more than anything else. She, in turn, relishes our arrangement, and I cringe when my wife happily announces she's taking her full vacation time—at home. I know that means all of my time will be spent submitting to her cruel torment.

I can only say, beware of what you fantasize. You just may get your wish.

—P. R.
Virginia Beach, Virginia



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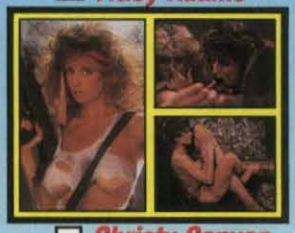

☐ Christy Canyon

☐ Janette L.

☐ Franki Lee

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Above are the top Videostars in adult movies however due to space limitations we only list the other 91 stars by name.

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- ☐ Seka
- ☐ Kay Parker
- ☐ John Holmes
- ☐ Tiffany Clark
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- ☐ Tamara Longley
- ☐ Sharon Mitchell
- ☐ Sahara
- ☐ Linda Wong
- ☐ Purple Passion
- ☐ Vera Butler
- ☐ Jeanie Pepper
- ☐ Jo Taimi
- ☐ Johnny Keyes
- ☐ F.M. Bradley
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- ☐ Nina DePonca
- ☐ Marilyn Palmer
- ☐ Lady Stephanie
- ☐ Rita Erotica
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- ☐ Mauvais DeNoire
- ☐ Amber Lynn
- ☐ Tajia Rae
- ☐ Elle Rio
- ☐ Erica Boyer
- ☐ Trinity Loren
- ☐ Tanya Foxx
- ☐ Lori Lovett
- ☐ Pam Nimo
- ☐ Patti Pettite
- ☐ Desiree Lane
- ☐ Summer Rose
- ☐ Nancy Sutter
- ☐ Sharon Kane
- ☐ Joanna Storm
- ☐ Penny Morgan
- ☐ Candi Evans
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- ☐ Janey Robbins
- ☐ Nina Hartley
- ☐ Ginger Lynn
- ☐ Nikki Dee
- ☐ Paula Harlow
- ☐ Lacy Luv
- ☐ Bunny Bleu
- ☐ Raven
- ☐ Mindie Rae
- ☐ Aphrodite
- ☐ Allena Ferrari
- ☐ Gina Carrera
- ☐ Susan Hart
- ☐ Crystal Breeze
- ☐ Athena Star
- ☐ Gail Force
- ☐ Nikki Charm
- ☐ Lisa Melendez
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- ☐ Krista Lane
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- ☐ Rayanne
- ☐ Lacy Logan
- ☐ Donna Ann
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- ☐ Robbie Dee
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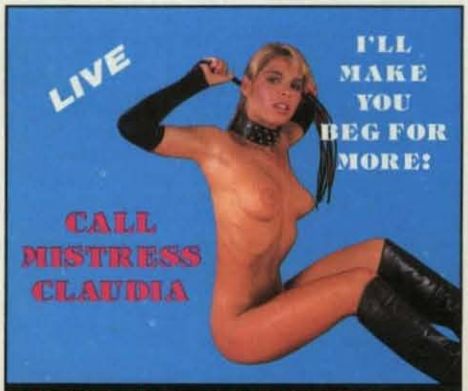

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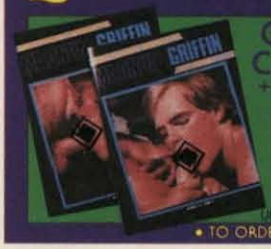

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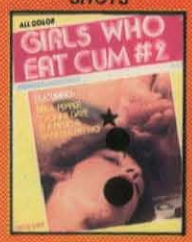

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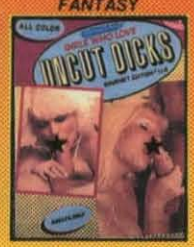

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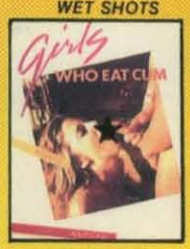

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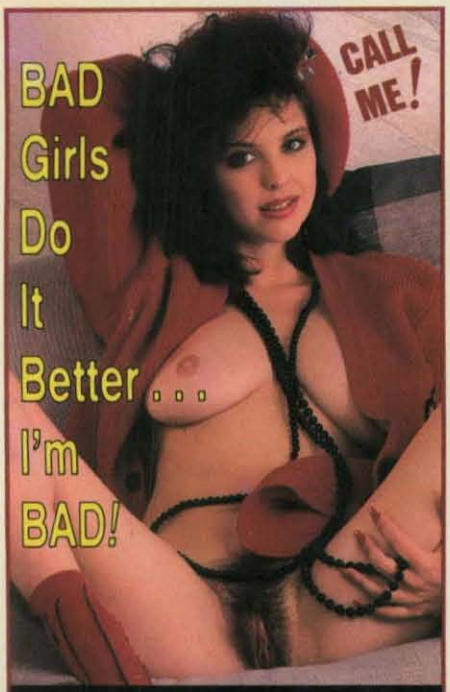

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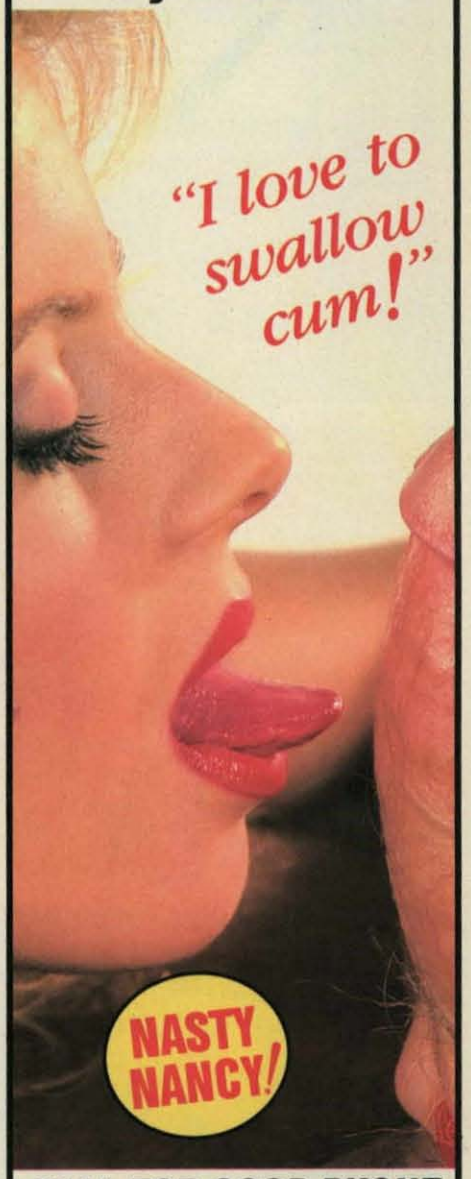

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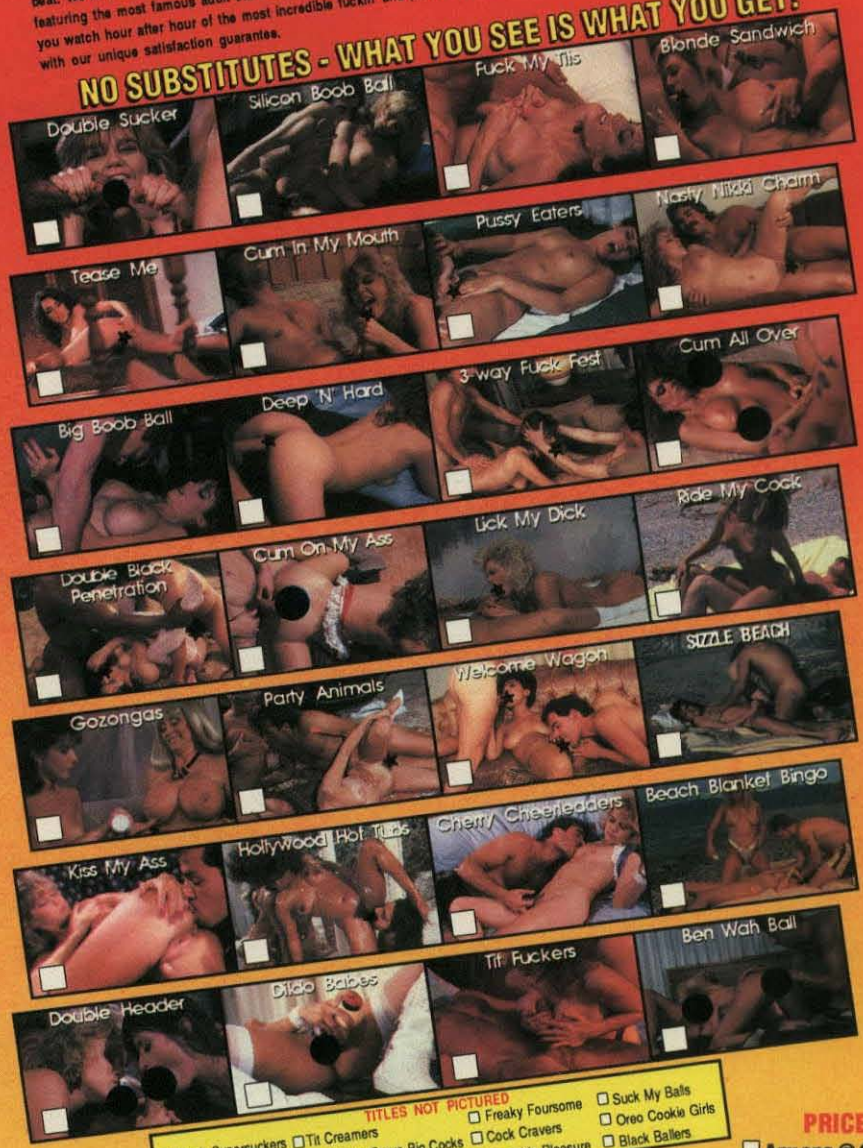

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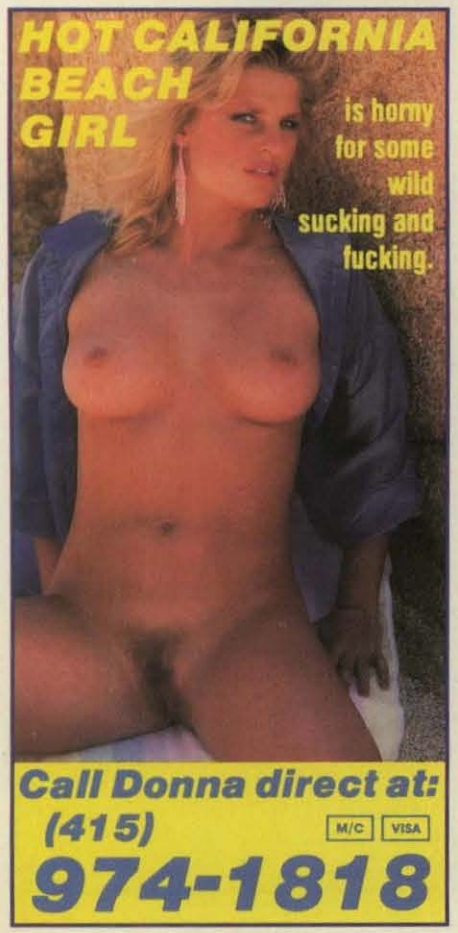
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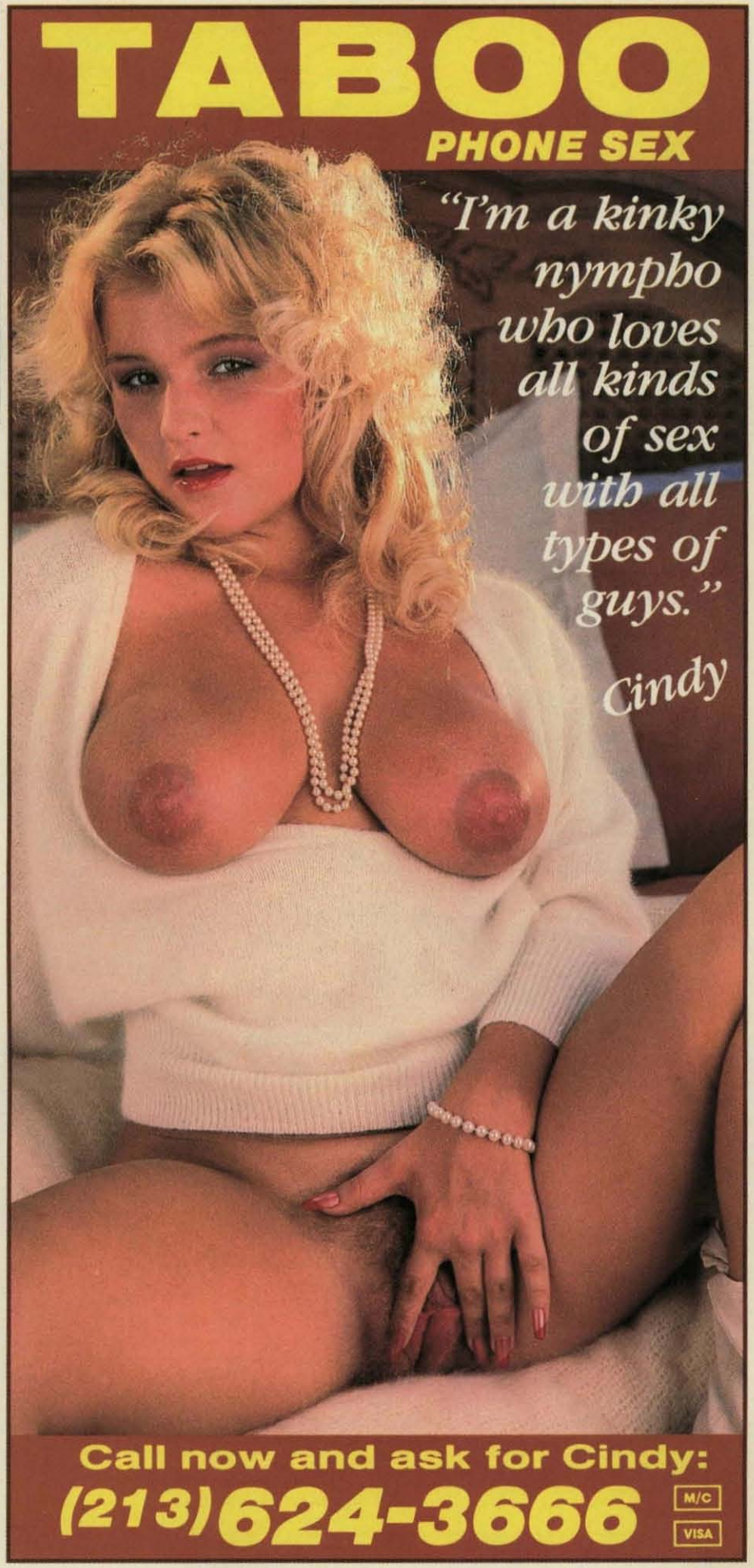
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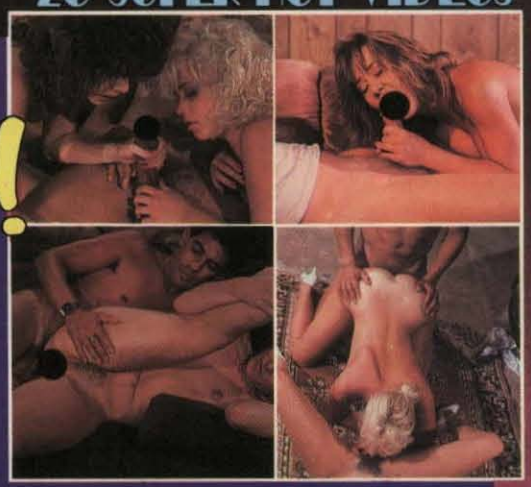

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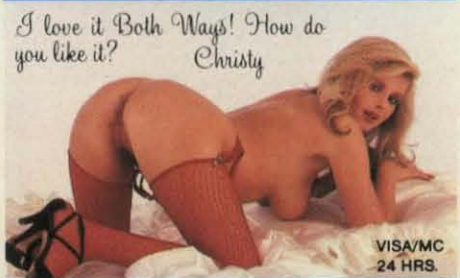

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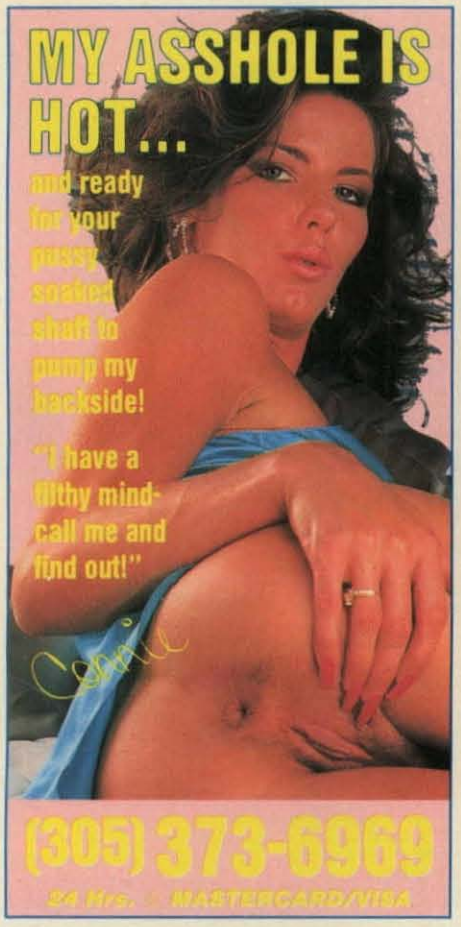
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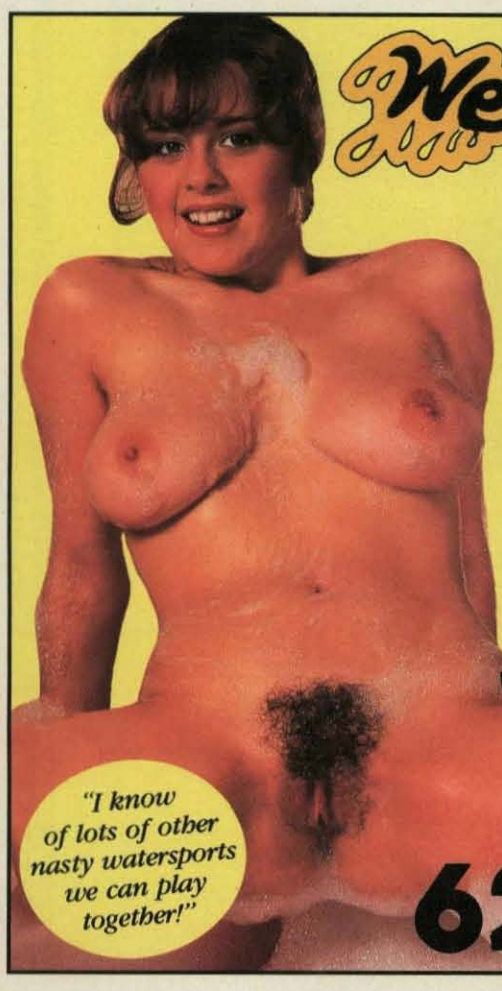

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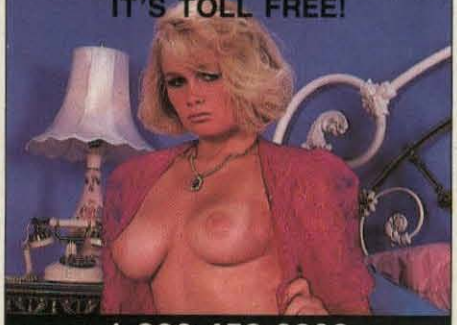

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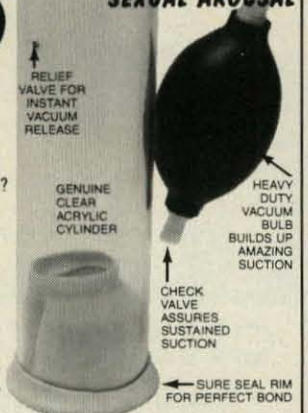

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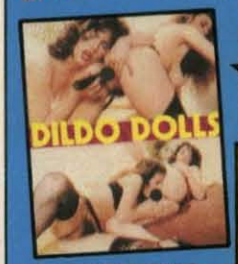

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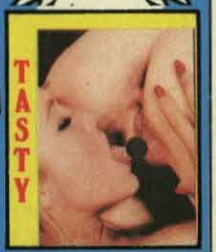

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I AM OVER 19 & REQUEST THIS MATERIAL

60 minutes Oriental Lust Videos

All 6 only $4.75 EACH!

Horny white studs satisfy gorgeous Asian dolls!

1. Hong Kong Hooker
2. Asian Anal
3. Two Into One
4. Shanghai Sucker
5. West 'Meats' East
6. Karate Cunt

(MIN. ORDER)
Any 2 for $20.00
☐ All 6 only $28.50!

60 minutes INTERRACIAL VIDEOS

All 6 only $5.00 EACH!

Wild, wayout black & white lovers!

1. Black & Blonde
2. Black Cock-White Cunt
3. Eat a White Pussy
4. White Ass Fuck
5. Sucking Black Cock
6. Big Black Balls

(MIN. ORDER)
Any 2 for $21.00
☐ All 6 only $30.00!

60 minutes All BLACK VIDEOS

ALL 5 ONLY $6.00 EACH!

Well hung dark men satisfy luscious black soul chicks!

1. Fuck a Black Ass
2. Swallow White Juice
3. Eat My Black Pussy
4. Double Header
5. Thick & 12 Inches

(MIN. ORDER)
Any 2 for $23.00
☐ All 5 only $30.00!

INSERTION AND WET CLIMAX OR YOUR MONEY BACK!

PLEASE MARK SELECTIONS — RETURN ENTIRE AD

UNITED SALES Dept. 86H
Box 3562
Van Nuys, CA 91407

Specify ☐ VHS ☐ BETA

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY/STATE/ZIP _____

Signature _____
I am over 19 and request this material

☐ Add $2.00 for 24 hour rush service
Total order $ _____
In Calif. add 6½% sales tax
Shipping $ $3.00
Total enclosed $ _____

DOWN 'N DIRTY VIDEOS

90 MINUTES MOVIES only 69¢ each IN QUANTITY

YOU'D HAVE TO STEAL THESE VIDEOS TO GET IT FOR LESS!

1. PLAY WITH MY BALLS
2. CAN I KISS IT
3. NAUGHTY BITCHES
4. CUM ON MY PANTIES
5. VIRGIN BRIDE
6. TENDER AND RIPE
7. POP A CHERRY
8. REAMED ON THE RANCH
9. AFTER SCHOOL ORGY
10. WIFE SWAPPERS
11. BEACH PARTY
12. NASTY NOOKIE
13. TOILET TRICKS
14. TEACHER DID ME
15. HORNY RUNAWAYS
16. PLAY WITH MY COCK
17. RACE TRACK ORGY
18. GINNYS GANG BANG
19. HAIRLESS HONEYS
20. HUMP MY ASS
21. ON THE RAG
22. BARNYARD BALLERS
23. BIRTHDAY PARTY
24. CUM ON MY CHERRY
25. STABLE FUCKERS
26. TASTE MY COOKIES
27. JUNGLE SLUT
28. TEEN TRAMP
29. BITCH IN HEAT
30. BACKSEAT BEGINNERS
31. TOUCH MY COCK
32. HOUSE PARTY
33. PLAYMATES
34. BACKDOOR BETTY
35. RUB MY NIPPLES
36. BANG MY BUNGHOLE
37. TENDER & TIGHT
38. GIRLS BEST PAL
39. TWO COCKS - ONE HOLE
40. LEZBO LOVERS
41. SIS'S FIRST FUCK
42. UP MY FANNY
43. HITCHHIKING BABES
44. INNOCENT DARLINGS
45. 12 INCH COCK
46. MINISKIRT NYMPHO
47. CUNT LICKERS
48. CLIMB ON MY BACK
49. WILD HOUSEWIVES
50. LESBIAN THRILLS
51. COED QUEEN
52. NEIGHBORS DAUGHTER
53. FARM GIRL FUN
54. FAMILY SWINGERS
55. MAMA KNOWS BEST
56. DRIPPING PANTIES
57. TINY TITTIES
58. UNNATURAL SEX
59. SUCKING SISTERS
60. CAMP COUNSELOR
61. CAMPFIRE ORGY
62. HOT FOR HOMEWORK
63. OLD MEN FUCK TOO
64. PAJAMA PARTY LEZBOS
65. BACKSIDE BITCH
66. THE COACHES PET
67. FARM PARTY
68. BLUE JEAN BLOW JOB
69. ASSBUSTERS

USE ENTIRE AD TO ORDER - CIRCLE VIDEO NUMBERS

WESTERN SALES Dept. 86H
Box 1381, No. Hollywood, CA 91604

SPECIFY ☐ VHS ☐ BETA
☐ 15 FOR $19 ☐ 30 FOR $29 ☐ 45 FOR $39
☐ ALL 69 FOR ONLY $47

ADD $3 SHIPPING
☐ RUSH SERVICE $2
AMOUNT ENCLOSED $ _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

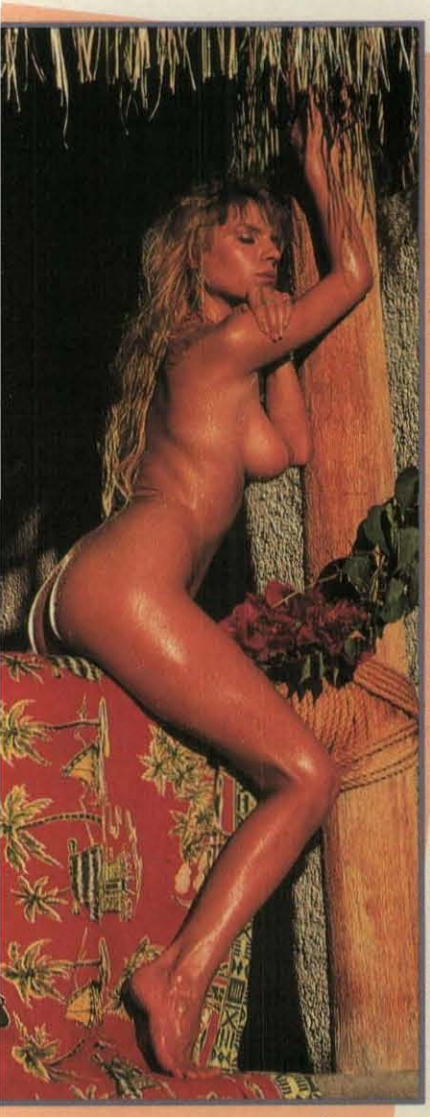
CITY _____

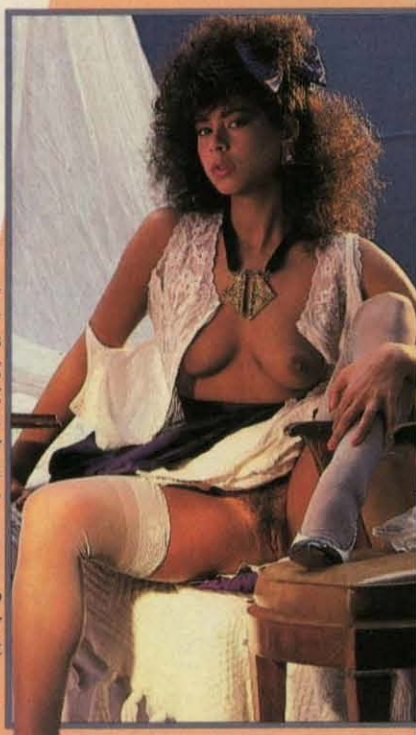
STATE/ZIP _____

SIGNATURE _____
I AM OVER 19 YEARS OLD & REQUEST THIS MATERIAL

Coming...

NEXT MONTH IN HUSTLER





July edition on sale May 17, 1988

HAPPY HUSTLER BIRTHDAY!

Join us for our 14th anniversary celebration as HUSTLER's July issue delivers more pink than ever. This unforgettable pussy party features a duet of throbbing threeways—one with two horny housewives sandwiching a home-early hubby, and another with a twat-tweaking trio of tanned beauties wrapping themselves into a poon-sucking paragon of passion. Then, while an eager egghead plays games with his computer, his high-tech honey becomes infatuated with his *other* wang. There's loads more load-firing inspiration, highlighted by a centerfold whose flawless blond trim and breathtaking curves make her one of our finest fold-outs yet.

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

Though rock-music censorship has left the headlines, the drive to control the airwaves continues to steamroll. In "Banned on Your Walkman," Michael Lipton reports on the ongoing First Amendment struggle between the rockers and the righteous.

UNSAFE SACKS

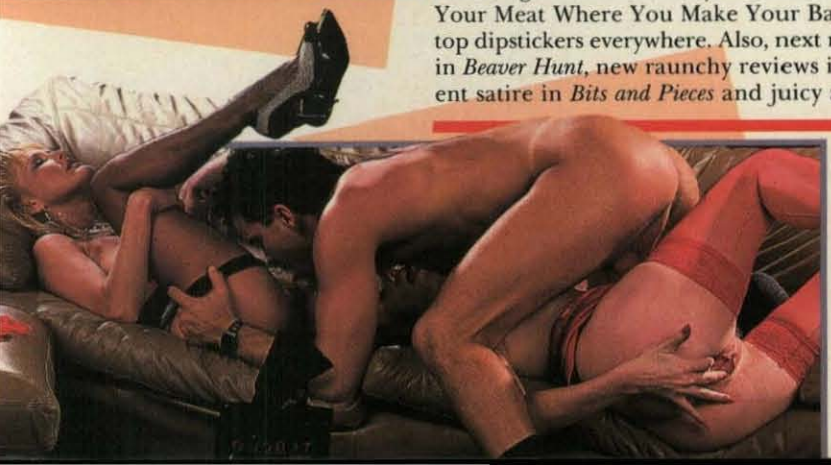
Are condoms really enough to prevent the spread of AIDS? Reporter Jeffrey Jackson finds out the startling truth in an *AIDSWatch* column that may be the most important article you read this year!

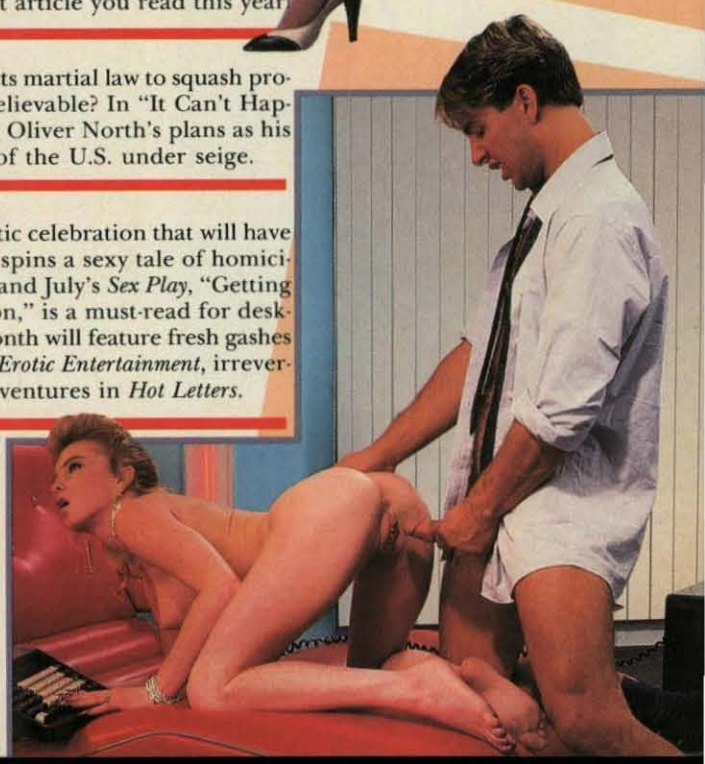
FASCIST FOLLIES

It's 1989, and President Albert Gore enacts martial law to squash protests of his invasion of Nicaragua. Unbelievable? In "It Can't Happen Here, Can It?" Michael Errol, using Oliver North's plans as his guide, unfurls a nightmarish scenario of the U.S. under seige.

A BLOWOUT AFFAIR

Our expanded July issue presents an erotic celebration that will have *you* expanding with us. Larry Wichman spins a sexy tale of homicidal intrigue in "Murder by Seduction"; and July's *Sex Play*, "Getting Your Meat Where You Make Your Bacon," is a must-read for desktop dipstickers everywhere. Also, next month will feature fresh gashes in *Beaver Hunt*, new raunchy reviews in *Erotic Entertainment*, irreverent satire in *Bits and Pieces* and juicy adventures in *Hot Letters*.





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CODE #G 1000 | 100 $19.95 | $4.50	CODE #H 1000 | 100 $14.95 | $3.50
CODE #I 1000 | 100 $29.95 | $6.50	CODE #J 1000 | 100 $29.95 | $6.50
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   - A. NAME, ADDRESS (INCLUDE APT #) PHONE #
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   - C. ITEM CODE
   - D. QUANTITY & PRICE OF EACH ITEM
   - E. ADD SALES TAX
   - F. ADD $3.50 TO TOTAL FOR SHIPPING
   - G. RUSH AIR SERVICE ADD $5.00 (OPTIONAL)
   - H. RUSH ORDERS TO ***EAST COAST NUTRITIONAL LABS***
2. USE OUR HANDY ORDER FORM ON PAGE #109
3. SEND C.O.D.; MUST SEND $10.00 DEPOSIT FIRST.

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NOTE: Our products bear our trademark. They cannot be confused with any other product on the market. Offers subject to change without notice. May substitute. Take only as directed. Read all package statements, no sales to minors or where prohibited by law. **The advertised products have various levels of non-controlled ingredients.** O.T.C.'s not to be mixed with alcohol. Any attempts to offer these products for sale as a controlled substance or prescription drug may be a crime. This may result in criminal prosecution. Compliance with any law is the purchaser's responsibility. CAUTION: individuals under medical care should consult their physician. **NO SALES TO ILLINOIS.**

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