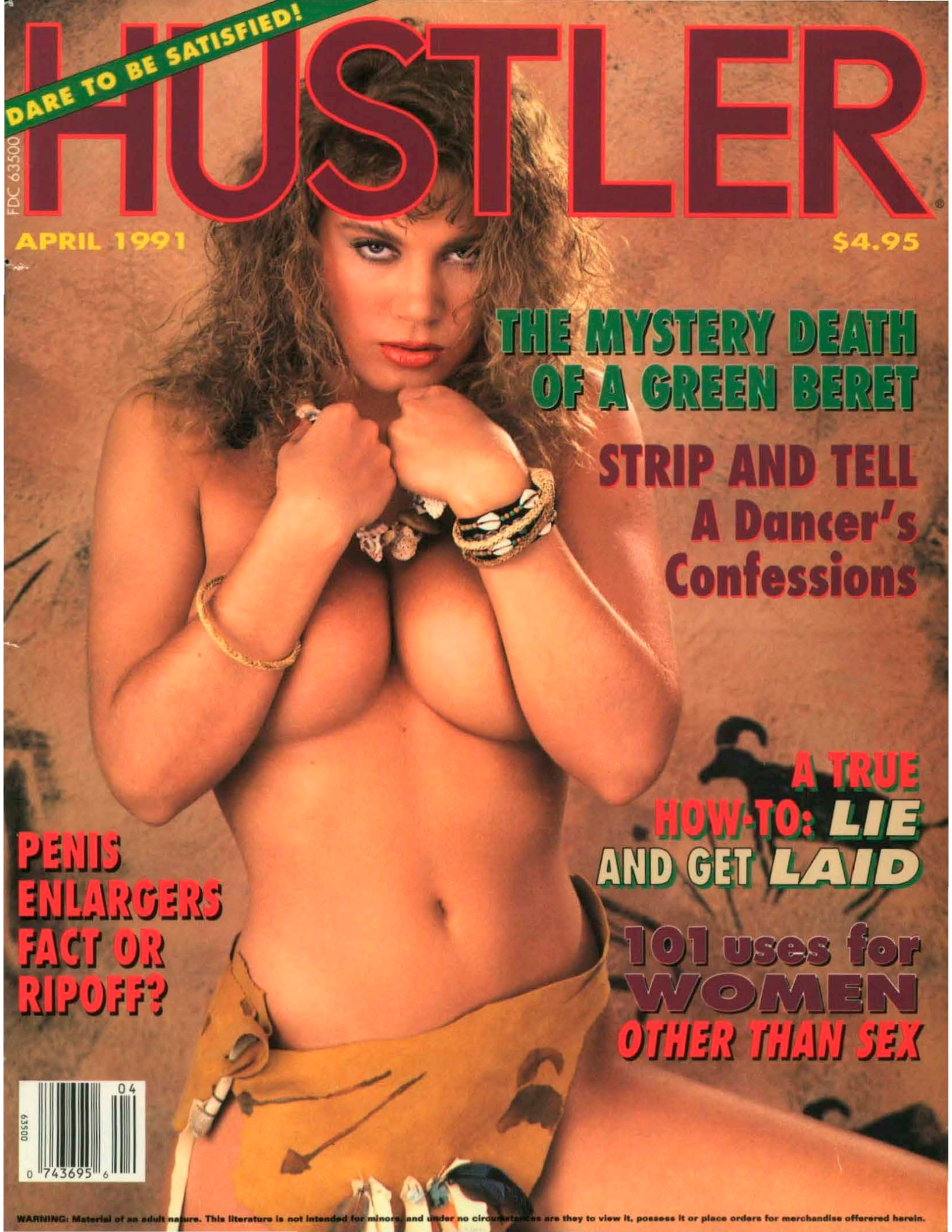
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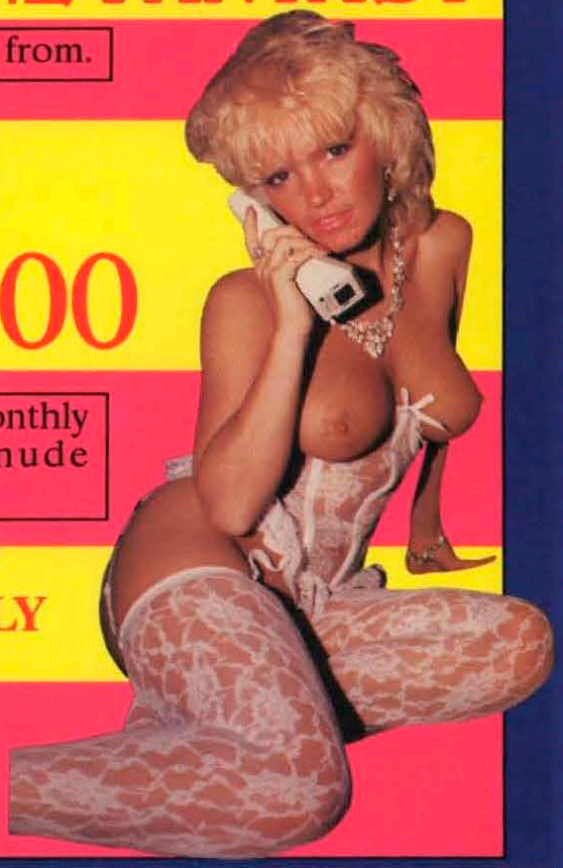

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volume 17 number 10 april

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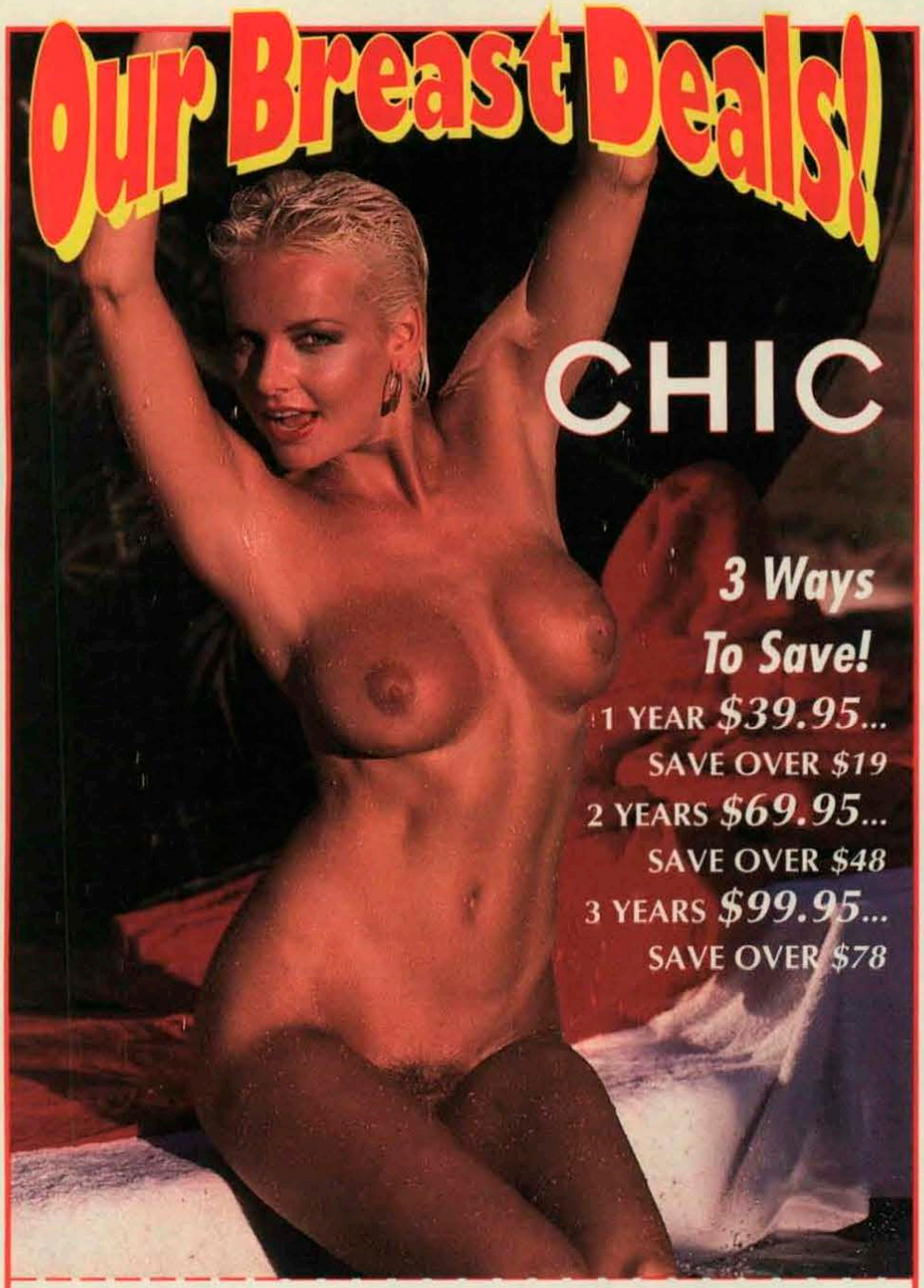

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HUSTLER APRIL 1991 VOLUME 17 NUMBER 10

Single copy, U.S. Edition $4.95, International Edition $5.95 (add $1 postage per copy), Special Edition $5.95. One-year subscription is $39.95. These prices represent **HUSTLER**'s standard rate and should not be confused with special subscription offers sometimes advertised. Change of address: Six weeks advance notice, and old address as well as the new are necessary. POSTMASTER: Send change of address to **HUSTLER**, P.O. Box 16568, North Hollywood, CA 91615. Second-class postage paid at Beverly Hills, CA, and additional mailing offices. Printed in USA. HUSTLER is registered in the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office. The International Edition of **HUSTLER** is published monthly by LFZ, LTD., P.O. Box 1803, Grand Cayman, B.W.I., with permission of **HG Publications, Inc.**

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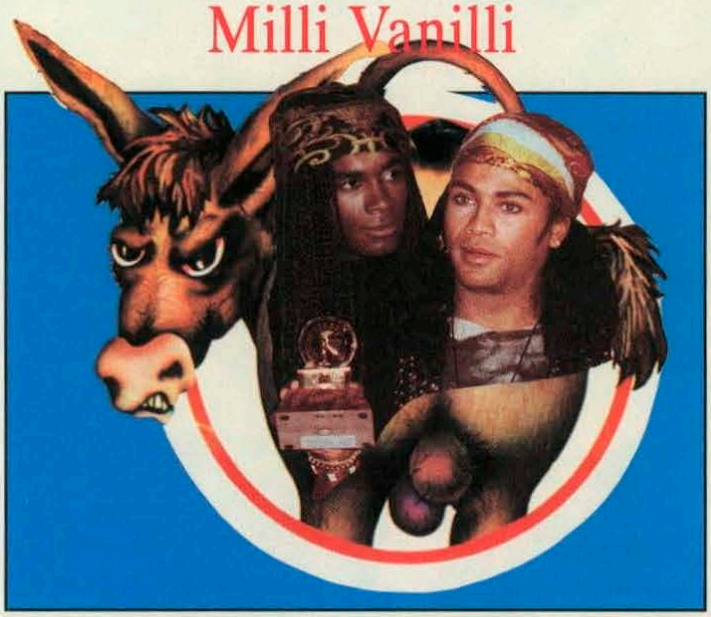
BITS and PIECES

ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

Milli Vanilli



According to Rob Pilatus and Fabrice Morvan, the pair of ropy-tressed automatons whose bee-stung lips and womanly figures combined in an androgynous swirl of video fakery to create the Grammy-winning illusion of a cravenly commercial duo of pop singers, *Milli Vanilli* is a Turkish expression loosely translatable as "positive energy."

Other linguists beg to differ. Some experts claim that *Milli Vanilli* is a Swahili pejorative meaning "semen-ass marionettes." Another school insists the term is an Afghan colloquialism for "camel-eyed bimbos dancing awkwardly on the end of a goat-herder's feces-encrusted G-string." A minority opinion holds to an interpretation of the name as American geek-show slang for "rubes love a slavering, two-headed, no-brain sex freak."

Here at HUSTLER Magazine, *Milli Vanilli* is just another way to say Asshole of the Month for April 1991.

April Fools came every day during the Milli Vanilli charade. Their self-flagellating manes of snaky braid: naturally grown or April Fool hair extensions? Seen cavorting like poke-butt gamines, were Rob and Fab a pair of manly chicks or—April Fool—just a couple of girlish men? *Time* magazine quotes the Vanillis as boasting that their contribution to pop music exceeds the deeds of Bob Dylan, Paul McCartney and Mick Jagger. April Fool! The reporter must have misunderstood Pilatus's meager grasp of English. Rob is arrested on charges of sexual battery, but—April Fool—the alleged attack is purportedly upon a woman.

And then the April Fool to seemingly end all April Fools: Not only did Milli Vanilli only pretend-mouth along to the words during their pre-taped concert performances, but they had never sung upon the original recordings in the first place!

Pilatus and Morvan, surmounting their language-barrier handicap, had parlayed their lip-synching Punch-and-Judy show into one of the most lucrative bubble-gum phantasms since Alvin met the Chipmunks. But—April Fool—the scamming Millis, once exposed, depicted themselves as the true victims of the scheme, even as they luxuriated in their ill-gotten Beverly Hills home.

"I think they're scumbuckets," rationalized nine-year-old former fan Katie Dickman of Richmond, Indiana, moved to an acid-tongued cynicism beyond her years by the dancing duo's duplicity. "I used to like them, but not now."

The Milli Vanilli fiasco is rich with Assholes. **Clive Davis** and his **Arista Records** for claiming that they were only distributors for the Vanilli product (to the tune of 7 million units) and therefore not to be held accountable if the purported stars had no actual input on the album. **The National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences** for bestowing the Best New Artist of 1989 Award upon an assembly-line, disposable disco sound fronted by a pair of poorly animated, clodhopping cartoon characters. Studio whiz **Frank Farian** for being the organ-grinder to this duo of reeling monkeys.

"We sold our souls to the devil," intoned the seldom understated Pilatus, summing up his and his partner's association with German record producer Farian. Diabolical Farian put together the Milli Vanilli sound and then hired Rob and Fab to lurch about like spastic capons on angel dust, flapping their beaks in approximate synchronization with the satanic soundtrack.

"Our producer tricked us!" bewailed Morvan, aggrieved by an unmanageable torrent of dollars funneled his way by Farian's flimflammery.

"I feel like a mosquito being squeezed," elucidated Pilatus with typical dramatic subtlety. "That maniac Frank Farian would never allow us to express ourselves. He's a white German guy who has a big complex about black artists."

Despite any projected complex about black con artists, Farian could not keep the irrepressible human puppets muzzled forever; the dreadful pair lost a projected $4 million from their second album, canceled due to untimely self-expressions.

"We've cried about it sometimes," weeps Pilatus, moved to tears by Morvan's word-painting of life in the bogus limelight as "like we were trapped in some golden prison."

"We wanted to be stars," explained Pilatus, and star sphincters Milli Vanilli are, earning one Asshole award, big enough for both to share.

Go ahead; synch its lips.

FARTS IN THE WIND

Jack Thompson—A Florida attorney and anti-obscenity crusader who engineered the campaign against 2 Live Crew, Thompson now plans to grab headlines by going after Madonna and ensuring that she'll "get a spanking, and not the kind she likes." Thompson's an Asshole, and not the kind *we* like.

Senator Dennis DeConcini—This Arizona-based one-fifth of the Keating Five exploited his four-year-old granddaughter in an appeal for support and dollars. His obscene misuse of a minor cannot be prosecuted as child porn, but it does earn DeConcini an Asshole.

Sebastian Bach—It takes a special geek to worsen the image of New Jersey, heavy metal and rock-star excess, but Skid Row lead singer Sebastian Bach does all three. In defense of throwing a bottle from onstage and slicing open a 15-year-old girl's face, Bach depicted himself as the victim in the incident, and perhaps he is. Victim of his own Asshole.

Sarah—Mark Peterson faced two years in prison for having sex with Sarah, a nutcase who claims to have 46 separate personalities. Though the personality that boned Peterson permitted the act, the other 45 called the cops, resulting in Peterson's trial and conviction as a sex criminal. How many Assholes can one person be?

SEX INJURIES TO AVOID

A normal night of fucking can turn into a deadly emergency. Keep an eye out for dangerous sex acts. Disaster could happen to you!

Always be prepared for a

BUSH FIRE!

Good Boy Scouts know that enough friction can start a fire. If they only taught this in Girl Scouts.

TONGUE IN TRACTION

Too much pussy eating! If she says, "Don't stop!" and you listen to her, a stiff organ could be the sad result. Your mouth will be laid up for weeks.

Watch out for the

BACK ATTACK!

Freshly cut nails are a turn-on, unless they're too sharp.

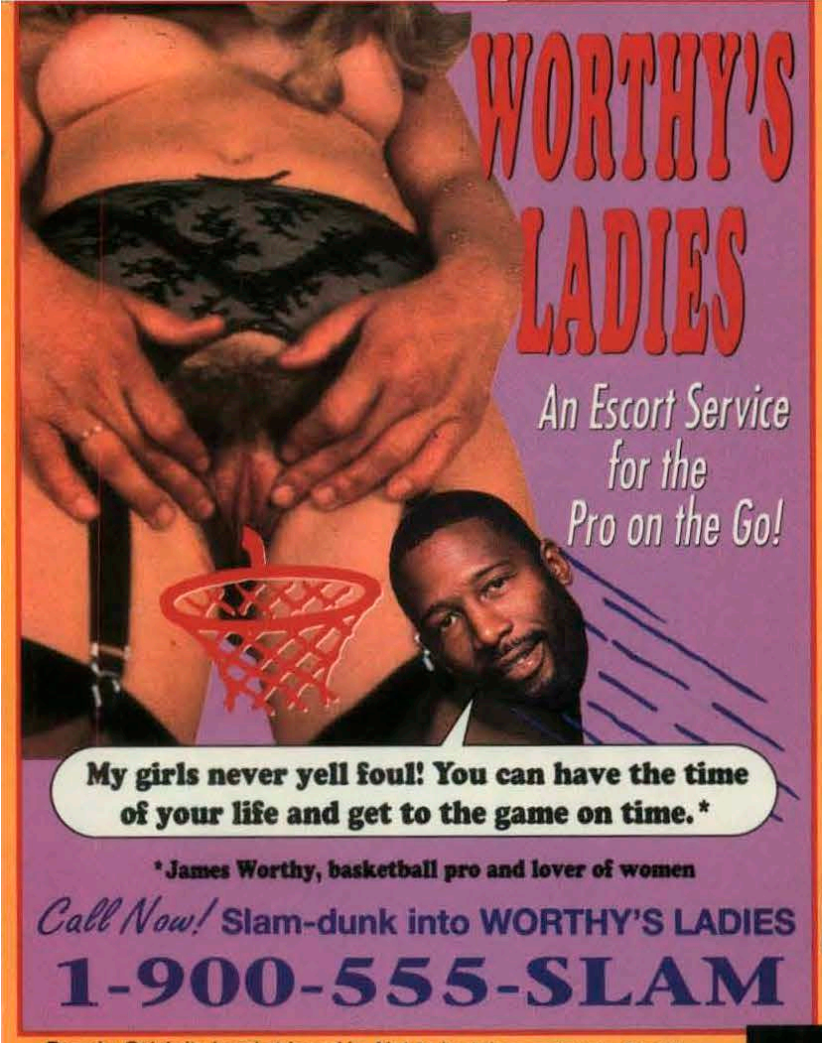
The loneliest sex injury—

WRIST CRAMP!

Reading the very magazine you're holding can cause the worst sex injury of all.

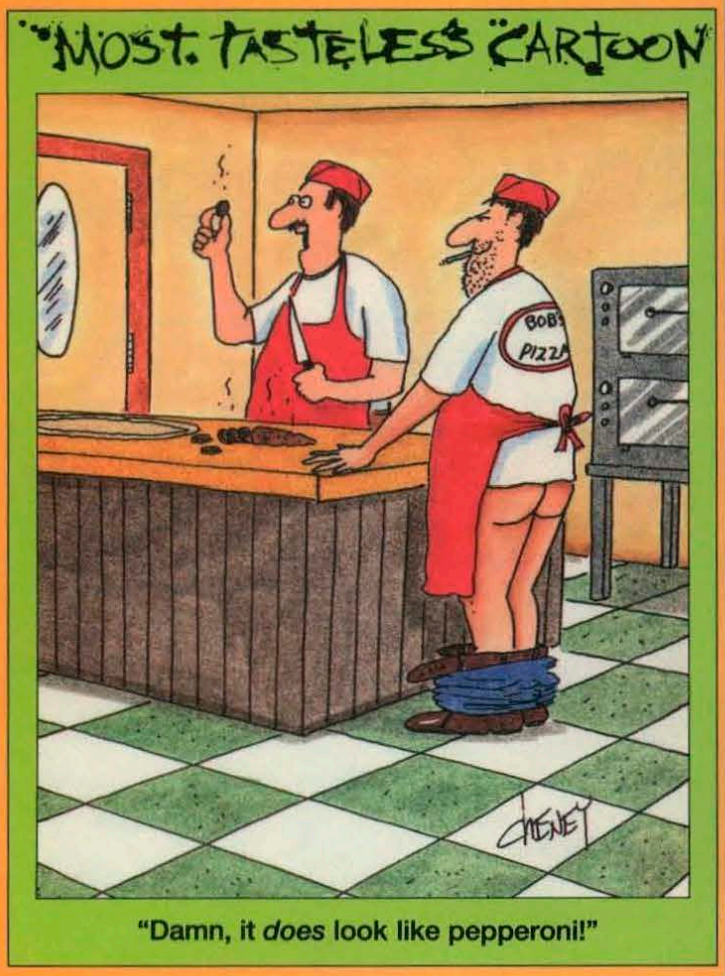
BREAST SUFFOCATION

Men love big tits shoved in the face, but please remember to come up for air.



Parody. Celebrity head stripped in. Not to be taken seriously. Besides, James didn't do what a lot of you haven't thought about doing.

Bend over and say cheese! We'll pay $150 for any photo we use. Send your classic smut to "Porn From the Past," HUSTLER Magazine, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. Enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want to have your material returned. For this month $150 goes to J. Schenck Jr.



"Damn, it *does* look like pepperoni!"

SEX ETIQUETTE

STARRING

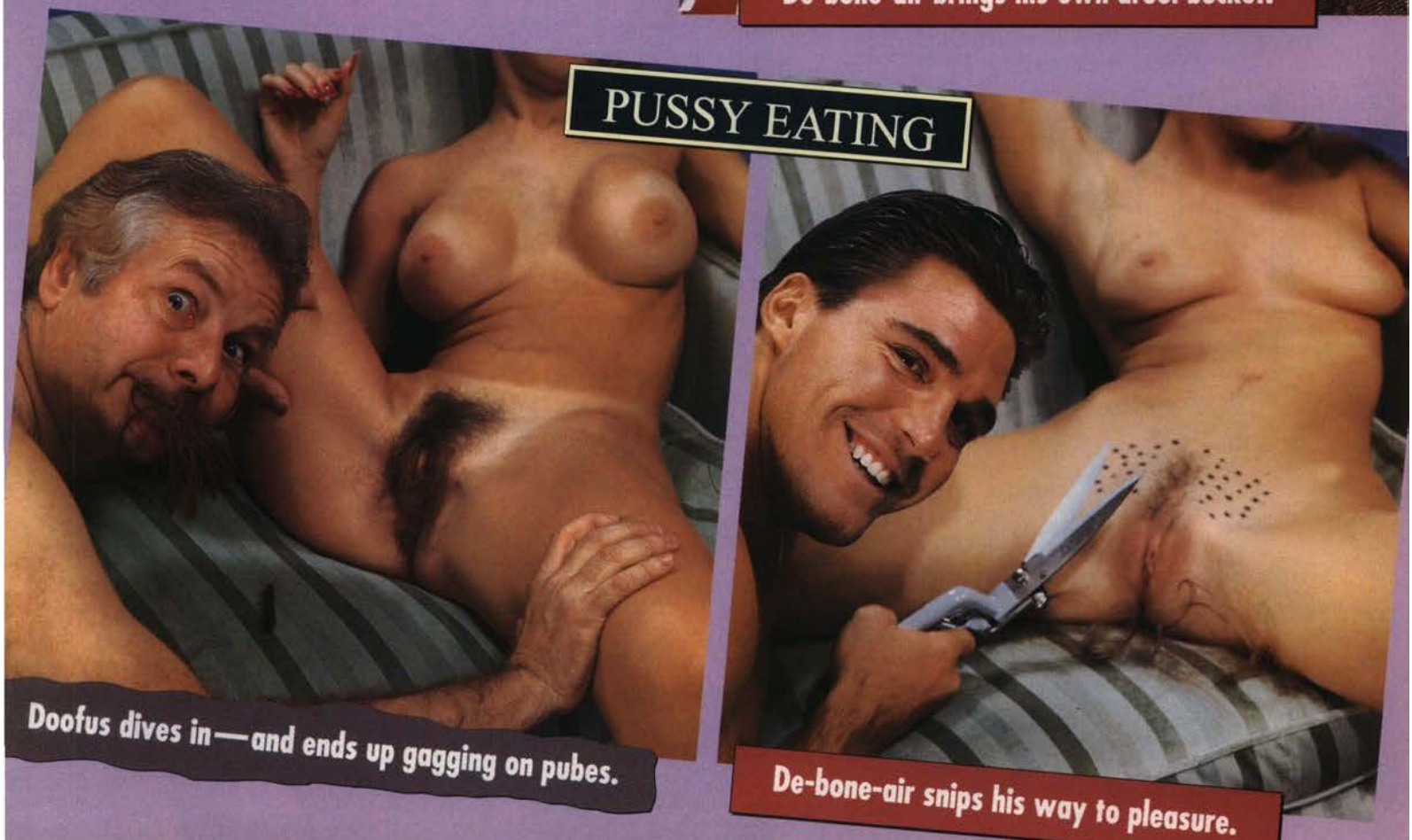
DOOFUS and DE-BONE-AIR

THE FIRST DATE

Doofus drools uncontrollably.

De-bone-air brings his own drool bucket.

PUSSY EATING



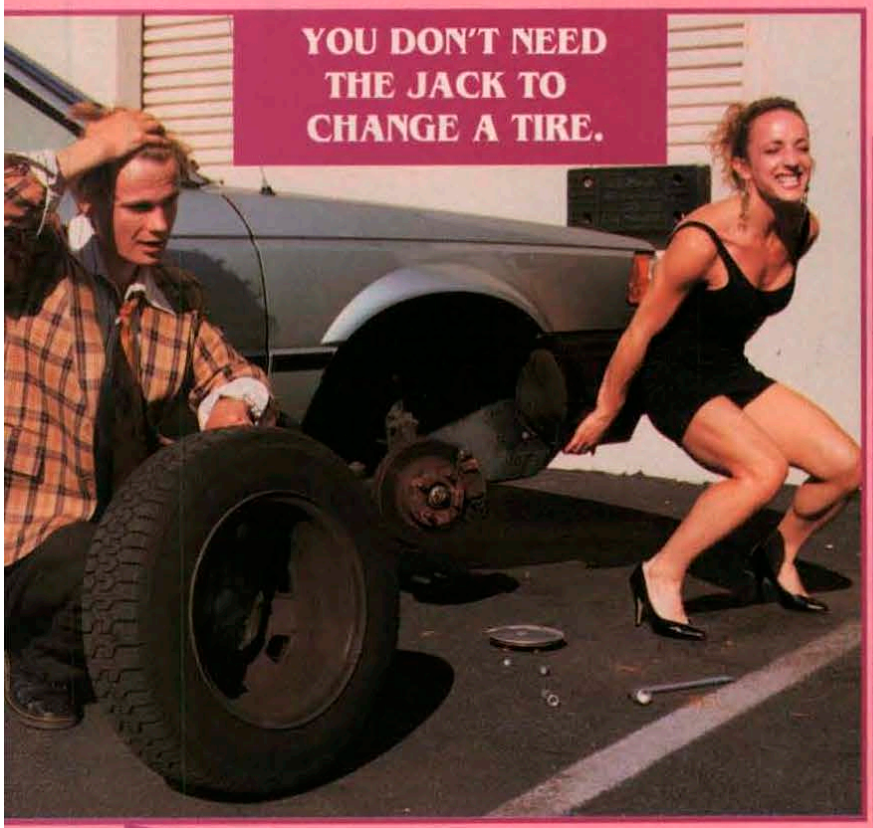
Doofus dives in—and ends up gagging on pubes.

De-bone-air snips his way to pleasure.

BREAST HANDLING
Doofus grabs greedily and gets what he deserves.
De-bone-air carefully fondles and is rewarded.
ANAL SEX
Doofus uses a tire iron to pry her butt wide open.
De-bone-air uses nature's own lubricant—saliva!

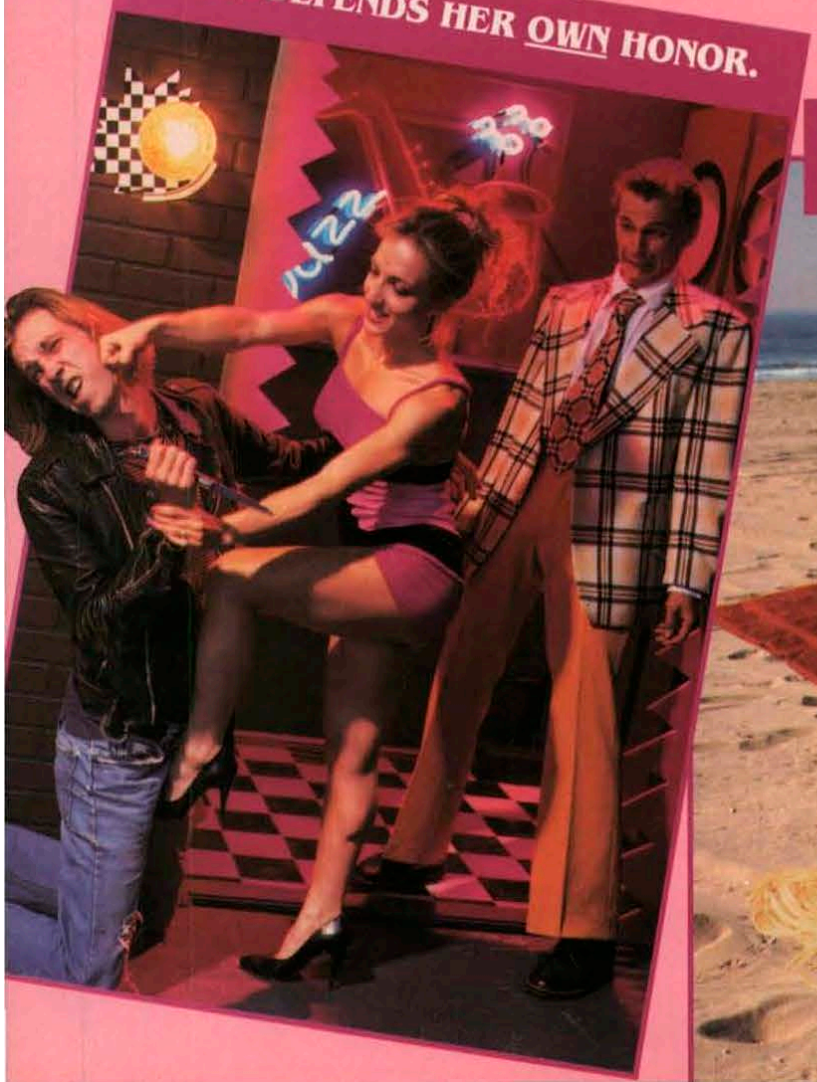
YOU KNOW YOU'RE DATING A DYKE WHEN...

YOU DON'T NEED THE JACK TO CHANGE A TIRE.

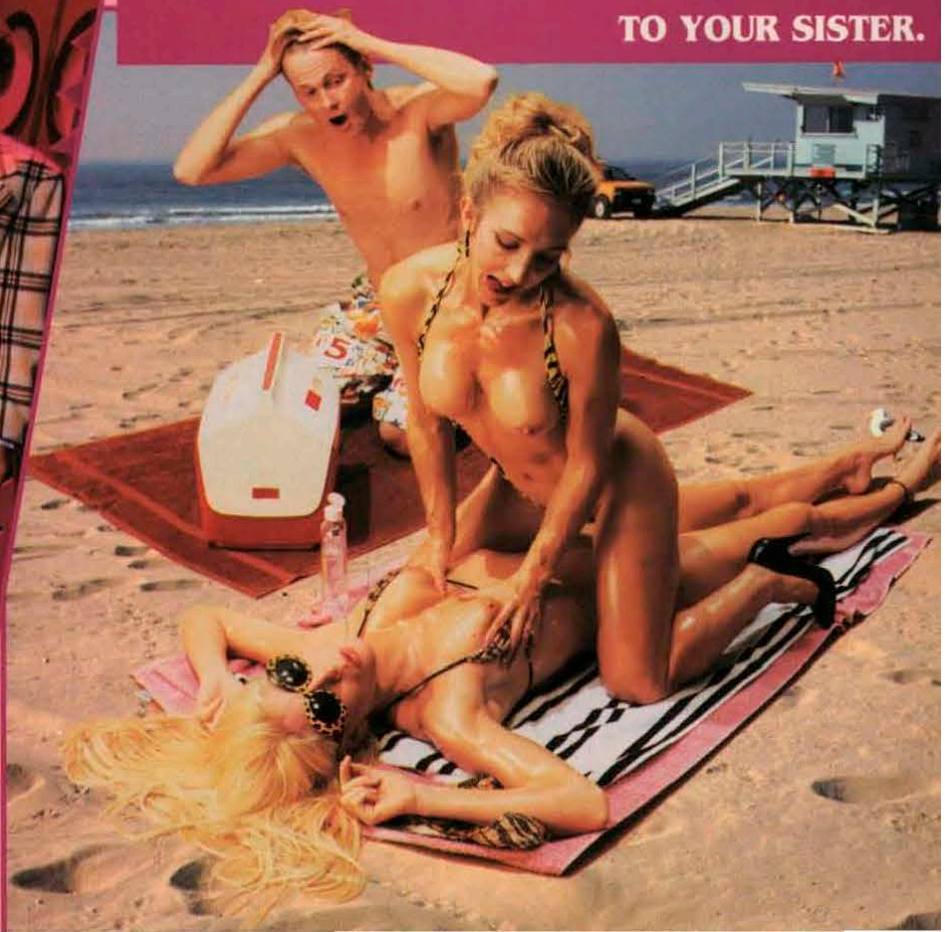


SHE GETS THE WAITRESS'S ATTENTION BEFORE YOU DO.

SHE DEFENDS HER OWN HONOR.



SHE WANTS TO APPLY THE SUNTAN LOTION TO YOUR SISTER.



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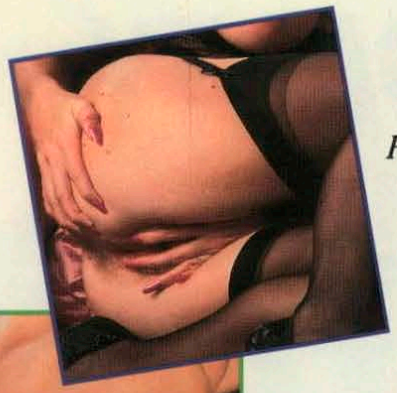
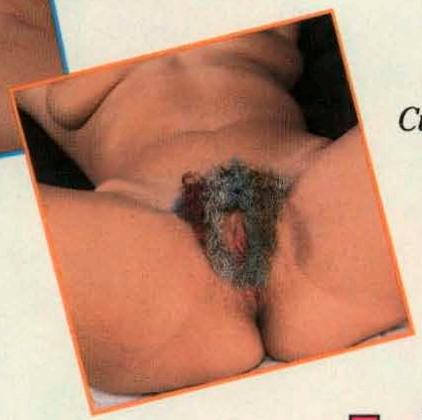


Pussy 1951

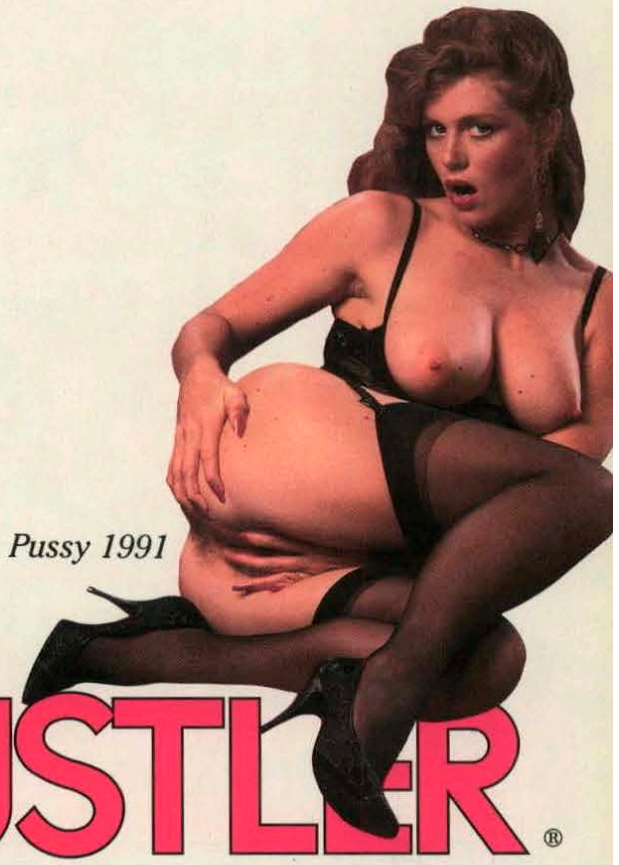
Bush 1965

Gash 1968

Twat 1974



Cunt 1983



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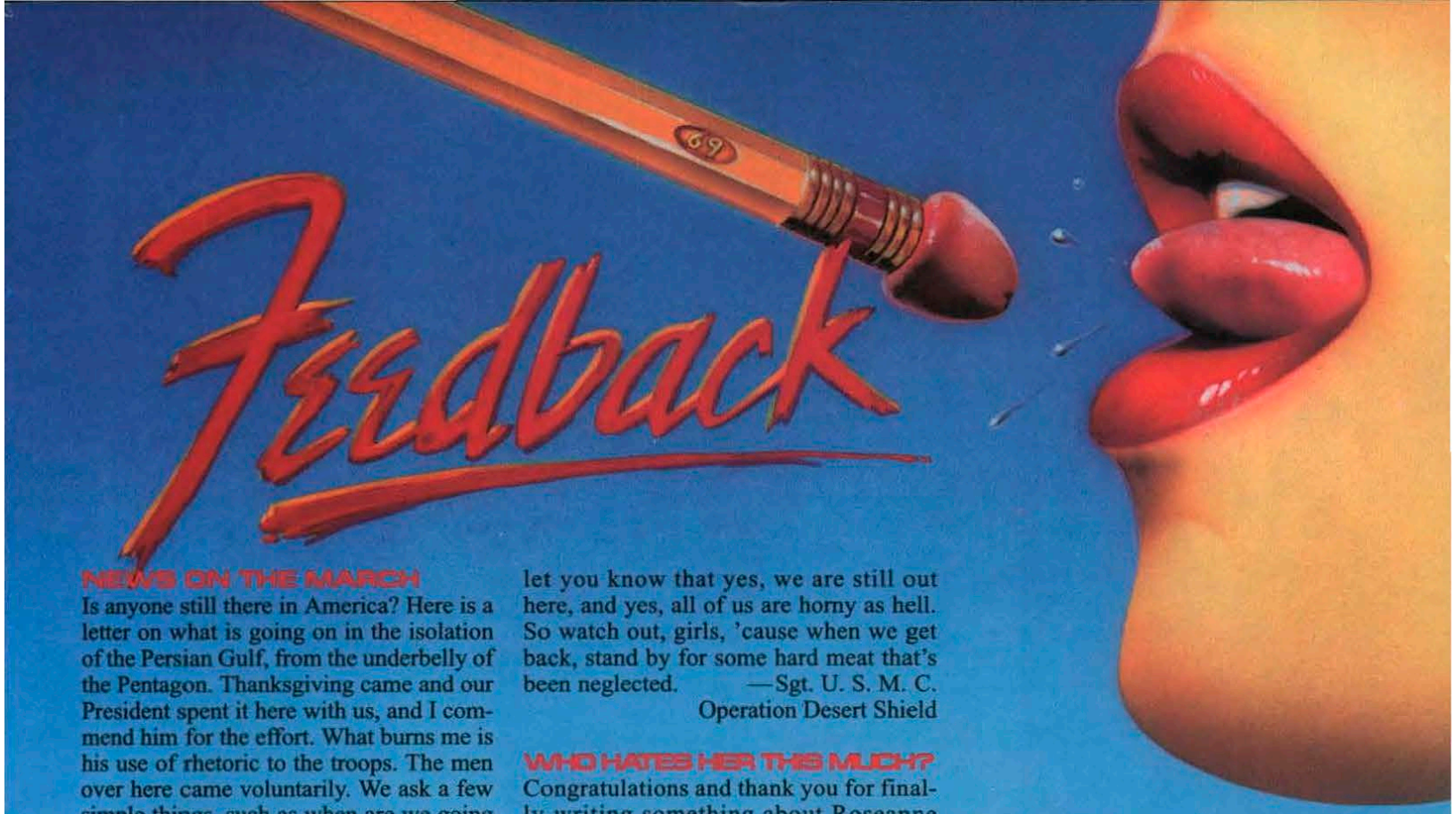

NEWS ON THE MARCH

Is anyone still there in America? Here is a letter on what is going on in the isolation of the Persian Gulf, from the underbelly of the Pentagon. Thanksgiving came and our President spent it here with us, and I commend him for the effort. What burns me is his use of rhetoric to the troops. The men over here came voluntarily. We ask a few simple things, such as when are we going to do something? When are we going home? What we'd like are a few straight answers. Stuff like, "I won't keep you here a day longer than necessary," is bullshit.

I'm more fortunate than most of the servicemen here. I'm a Marine embarked aboard a ship, and all we do is sit around and look busy for the "Zeros." But I'm tired of our Congressional leaders taking a pay raise and two-month vacations to enjoy their election celebrations and the holidays, while my fellow Marines must tolerate the never-ending hell of the lonely sand and heat of this shithole called the Middle East. I'd like to see some congressman come out here and enjoy an hour-long chow line aboard a ship, not with the officers, but with the troops. You probably know that the State Department has seen to it that the guys ashore are denied their First Amendment rights by pleasing a nation of sexually repressed Arabs that are afraid of their own women taking over their countries. The guys ashore are not allowed to have anything that insults some Arab religious feelings, including your great magazine. My question is, why do we have to knuckle under to the likes and dislikes of some fucking Arab while he wants us to defend his sandbox? If they don't like the way we are, then I say let's go home. Oh, well. At least my mail has not been fucked with. It comes straight out to the ship. I'm lucky enough to receive my HUSTLERs. Enough of my bitching. I just wanted to let you know that yes, we are still out here, and yes, all of us are horny as hell. So watch out, girls, 'cause when we get back, stand by for some hard meat that's been neglected. —Sgt. U. S. M. C.
Operation Desert Shield

WHO HATES HER THIS MUCH?

Congratulations and thank you for finally writing something about Roseanne Barr that was worth reading ("Asshole of the Month," December '90). It's about time the fat, fucking, child-deserting bitch was put in her place. I sincerely hope that she reads HUSTLER, because if I had a million dollars, I'd give it away just to see the big bimbo go into a rage and shake the ground after reading your article. Keep up the good work.
—W. T. E.
Chicago, Illinois

Gina: Tucked Away

FILTHY BEEF JUST WOKE UP

I am writing this letter in response to *Attack of the Freelance Porn-Busters* (January '91) by Larry Wichman. I enjoyed the article because it informed me of how fucked-up people really are. To think that our personal freedoms could be violated so easily is a mockery of the Constitution of our land. I just saw today that the witch hunt for pornography has come to my locale. "Eight Arrested in Protest at Adult Bookstore" was the headline, and it was damn clear that the journalist writing the article had a slanted view on our First Amendment rights. Yellow journalism is as alive as it ever was, and we must quit believing the lies that our government-censored newspapers print! I am writing my congressman and senator to let them know that so-called perverts have rights too! I am also going to join and maybe even start an anti-protest. I will make up pickets with as many controversial subjects as possible. We gotta fight back. So come on, people! Join together! We can filth 'em out! That's what it's all about. Thanks for listening.
—Filthy Beef
Westville, New Jersey

SAINT ELSEWHERE

This is in response to P. C. from North Carolina ("Get Out of Here!" *Feedback*, January '91). Who is that sicko? I'm currently incarcerated in Florida, and I'm surrounded by rapists, murderers and all. I

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hear all types of crime stories, and let me tell you, P. C. is a prime candidate for this place. I mean, a sick puke wanting to view dead, young, female bodies! The North Carolina Highway Patrol ought to be up on that scumbag. You might think it's a tricky situation to be stuck in a crowd of psychos here, but society is probably endangered just as much by P. C. out there! P. C., if you're reading this, my advice to you is to go bury yourself in the local sewer-treatment plant, 'cause you're a walking, talking turd. I'm not in jail for being a saint; in fact, I'm in here for murder. I'm sorry for what I did. It weighs on my mind every day, but when I read or hear about people like you, it makes me feel ten feet tall by comparison, and that makes me ill.

HUSTLER is great. Forever free,

—T. W.
Raiford, Florida

PUT A HOLE IN ONE!

When I saw the preview for the December '90 HUSTLER, I nearly creamed my shorts: "...a brickhouse blonde shows her ass in the grass in sunny, open-sphincters splendor." I could hardly wait! In my opinion, HUSTLER had been getting a little skimpy in the bunghole department, and this, I thought, would be the perfect end-of-the-year treat, sort of an apology for all those hands, towels and sheets that got in the way.

The much-awaited issue finally arrived. I riffled through the pages until I found the December Honey (*Gina: Tucked Away*, December '90). Did I see any sunny, open-sphincters splendor? *Noooooo!* Only the usual puckered pooper in four shots and—*Sheesus Kerist*—that damn hand again! *What is she doing here?* I asked myself. *She isn't even touching her cunt. Maybe she's wafting away a fart!* What happened, HUSTLER? I think Gina's only open sphincter is the pyloric, because she looks like she has heartburn.

Maybe HUSTLER needs Remedial Sphincter 101—Open sphincters look something like this: 0; clenched sphincters look something like this: *. Perhaps something like that antidrug commercial would help. (Announcer's voice:) "One more time, let's get this straight. This is an anus with clenched sphincters (shows kaiser roll). This is an anus with open sphincters (shows bagel). Got that? Kaiser roll, bagel. Kaiser roll, bagel."

So, HUSTLER—let's see some bagels!

—Sphincter Boy
Bryan, Texas

Matti Klatt, Clive McLean, James Baes—these are the camera jocks responsible for the quirky twists of cloth and the ubiquitous hands that obscure anal treats. Years ago, when they were young and hungry, long before they were porn-media giants, they were shooting bungs galore. Why have they changed? Ask them yourself. They don't listen to us anymore. Write them c/o this address.

TEXAS FLIP-SIDE

In the December '90 HUSTLER, you feature a fabulous, blond model, one of the best to emerge in the past few years. I'm talking about Gina (*Gina: Tucked Away*, December '90)! The lady is gorgeous. She has a great body. Great fucking tits; fabulous anus. Excellent face. She is a classic—one of my all-time faves. Congrats to you all for doing a layout on her. She deserves it. Thank you, thank you, thank you. —H. A.
El Paso, Texas

THE NEVER-ENDING STORY

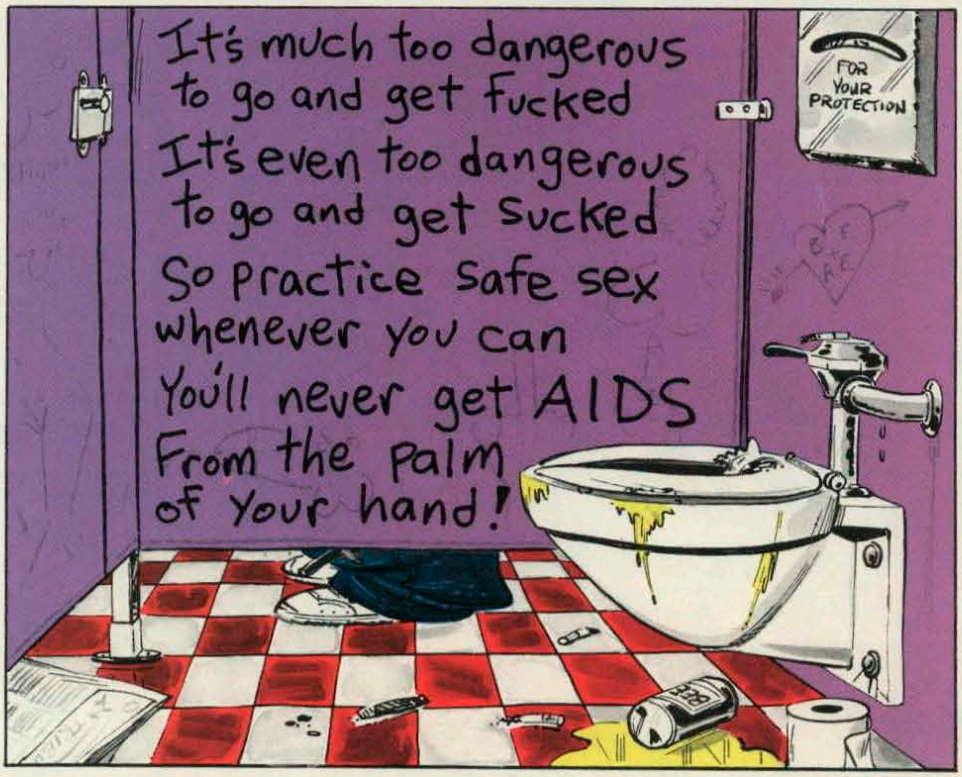
This is to Sissy, the Texas Tunnel (*Beaver Hunt*, January '90; "Sissy Speaks!" *Feedback*, February '91). Thank you, Sissy, for showing us all what you have. Your attitude is one that should be respected, and that huge box of yours is an incredible work of art. I myself would love to see just how much of my face I could stuff into it. As for being bisexual, you can suck on my woman's guts any day of the week. HUSTLER is fan-fuckin'-tastic, and anyone with a complaint about it, here's one for you: I wouldn't piss down your throat if your neck was on fire! —E. V. B. J.
Saint Joseph, Missouri

LOVING MEMORY

I was greatly saddened by the news of Megan Leigh's suicide (*Erotic Entertainment*, December '90). When I read about it, I actually cried, and I am not a man who is used much to tears. Then I went out and got drunk. I hadn't intended to drink until I read about the passing of that beautiful lady. To me, she was the hottest thing in porn since Dana Lynn. —E. H.
Bronx, New York

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

GRAFFILTHY



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1. John Leslie's **MAD LOVE**
Aja, Kendal Marx, Brandi Wine, Brittany Morgan & More
'Best Video of 1989'—*Adult Video News*. Kendal Marx makes her blue debut as a girl whose pussy just can't get enough! 85 min

2. John Leslie's **CATWOMAN**
Kathleen Jentry, Laurel Canyon & More
Winner of XRCO's Best Picture & Best Director (John Leslie). Hustler's Highest Rating! Great Fucking & Sucking! 75 min

3. OUTLAW LADIES 2
Alicia Monet, Nina Hartley, Sharon Kane, Nikki Knights & More
What are the desires of sophisticated sluts? Cocks, cocks & more cocks! 82 min

4. SUPERGIRLS DO THE NAVY
Ginger Lynn, Raven, Joey Silvera & More
It's 'Panties Away' as three gorgeous coeds spend their summer on a submarine, devouring man-cock like there's no tomorrow! 80 min

5. VANESSA...MAID IN MANHATTAN
Vanessa del Rio, Danielle, Colleen Brennan, Eric Edwards & More
She doesn't do windows and she spends more time messing up beds than making 'em—but they'll keep her anyway! 80 min

6. COLOR ME AMBER
Amber Lynn, Sherri St. Clair, Shanna McCullough & More
Luscious Amber spreads it for a portrait of unbridled lust as she's joined by 10 of the hottest fuckers in XXX videos! 85 min

7. RICH & SASSY
Sheena Horne, Candy Evans, Tish Ambrose & More
In order to get ahead, Sheena has to give head—and swallow! 71 min

8. FOXY BROWN
Sahara, Sweet Lorrain, Tony El-Lay, More
Sahara is a hot talent agent who isn't prejudiced when it comes to big dicks. Sperm-laden salt & pepper action! 70 min

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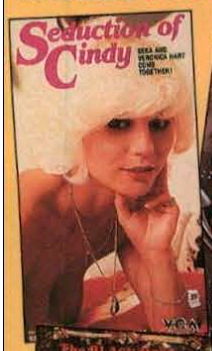
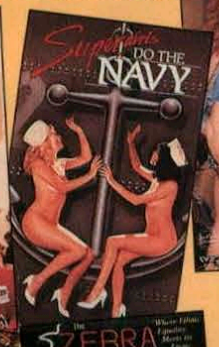




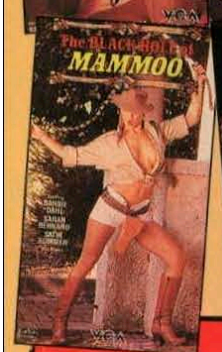
9. BLACK HOLE OF MAMMOO
Barbie Dahl, Sarah Bernard, Satin Summer, Hazel Scott & More
Take a sexual adventure of wild proportions as Barbie gives her hot pussy the 'tribal treatment'. 85 min

10. SEDUCTION OF CINDY
Veronica Hart, Seka, Samantha Fox, Merle Michaels & More
The greatest cocks and pussies in XX films come together—and we mean *COME!* 80 min

11. GIRLS ON GIRLS
Kitten Natividad, Laurie Smith, Kimberly Carson & More
World-famous stripper & superstar Kitten leads an all-star cast of cuties into sapphic sexuality. 81 min

12. JACK 'n JILL 2
Samantha Fox, Carol Cross, Taija Rae & More
This lusty couple fucks everything in the book! A feature film from award-winner Chuck Vincent. 86 min

13. Alex de Renzy's **DIRTY GIRLS**
Joanna Storm, Stacey Donovan, Coty Nocole
There's only one thing on the minds of these sex stars, and you can be sure it ain't clean! 90 min



14. Alex de Renzy's **GIRLFRIENDS**
Janey Robbins, Mai Lin, Lili Marlene.
Erotic auteur de Renzy explores deep fantasies of the fairer sex. Never have so many pussies been so thoroughly screwed! 85 min

15. INSIDE CHINA LEE
China Lee, Desiree Lane, Joy Merchant, Crystal Blue & More
Oriental temptress China shares her tasty snatch as the inheritor of a San Francisco whorehouse. 80 min

16. THE ZEBRA CLUB
Keisha, Barbara Dare, Purple Passion, JeTaime & More
Join a bevy of superstars as they squat on cocks, regardless of race, creed or color. Talk about equal rights! 85 min

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Erotic entertainment

EDITED BY MAL O'REE

CURSE OF THE CATWOMAN

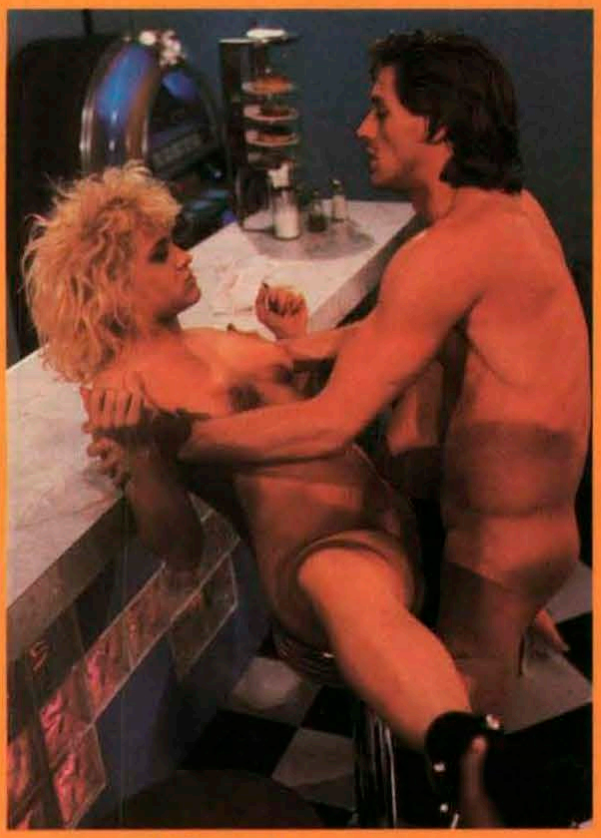
Fully Erect. *Directed by John Leslie; starring Selena Steele, Raven, Rocco Siffredi, Patricia Kennedy, Racquel Darrien, Zara Whites, Ashley Nicole, Marc Wallice, Jamie Gillis, Alexandria Quinn, Randy Spears, Tom Byron, Derrick Lane and T. T. Boyd. Videocassette: VCA.*

From its sensual and scintillating opening scene—luscious newcomer Ashley Nicole gets fucked in an alley—*Curse of the Catwoman* is porn with class. Every one of director John Leslie's huge cast of 14 (well, huge by porn's piddling standards) fucks like there's no tomorrow. The story's a riff borrowed from *Cats*, where a Superior Cat will be chosen to be reincarnated; in this case, the criteria for judging will be whoever fucks best. The competition is heated between feline sisters Selena Steele and Raven, both of whom will score impressively with joint-jerking judges. Selena lofts pocket rockets with her bushwhacking in a bar by Randy Spears, and as the closing cunt of a threeway bone with Patricia Kennedy and Rocco Siffredi. Raven's pogo-pricking by Marc Wallice through her crotchless body stocking is a priapic pleasure, while her preying on Tom Byron's bulging bone will have strokers filling bowls with cream. Technically top-notch, the film suffers wooden acting by Steele and Raven, but it's a minor bitch. With continuous hard-on potential, this *Catwoman* is damn near *purr*fect.

—*Sam Lowry*

Raven is the leader of the litter.

Steele under a sweaty ***Curse.***



***Holly** will make your finger sore.*

*Charli doesn't have much of a **Goodtime.***

MAKING IT BIG

***Half Erect.** Directed by Woody Johnston; starring Chessie Moore, Sasha Gabor, Suyoka, Kay Leigh, Satina, James Lewis and Eric Price. Videocassette: Parliament.*

Aside from Chessie Moore and her large, undulating chest appendages, no one in *Making It Big* will make it big anywhere, especially not in the crotch of a home-viewer he-man's jeans. Chessie's watermelons dominate the screen in the opening scene as she swallows Eric Price's dick and takes his load in her mouth and all over her breathtaking bosom. After that it's fast-forward time until Chessie returns to stick her tongue up a tattooed slut's butt. This tape is pretty dull, but Chessie and her monumental knockers make wading through the crap worth it. —*A. M.*

HOLLY DOES HOLLYWOOD 4

***One-Quarter Erect.** Directed by Jon Stallion; starring Christy Canyon, Carol Cummings, Michelle Monroe, Ron Jeremy, Hans Mueller, Tony Montana, Marc Wallice and Randy West. Videocassette: Video Exclusives.*

This tape would be a complete dud if not for Christy Canyon, whose awesome body and too-hot sexuality save the day. For the record, the ridiculous plot revolves around the competition between a young, up-and-coming actress (Canyon) and an aging, established star (overplayed by Cummings) for the lead role in a sci-fi film. Forget it. Just put a finger on the fast-forward button and stop every time Christy uncovers her magnificent tits. Your finger will get tired, but you might be able to enjoy this stupid nonsense. —*Augie Michaels*

GIRLS OF DD 14

***Half Erect.** Directed by Gordon Vann; starring Lynn LeMay, Rick Daniels, Tamara Lee, Sean Michaels, Dean Alba and Cheri Taylor. Videocassette: Cinderella.*

The bimbos in this boob-fest may prove tempting to the tit worshiper, but the fucking isn't worth a training bra. Lynn LeMay gets her nice, floppy titties splashed with cum, and Tamara Lee gets a double dose of Sean Michaels and Rick Daniels, but it all seems just a matter of routine. Fortunately, a hefty-hootered Hawaiian slut steals the show in the finale as Michaels and another stud bash her face, mouth and tits with their cocks. As an added treat, she even takes cock up the ass. Without this tropical infusion, *Girls of DD 14* would need a boob job. —*A. M.*

GOODTIME CHARLI

***One-Quarter Erect.** Directed by Gordon Meer; starring Charli, Debi Diamond, Busty Belle, Rachel Ryan, Ray Victory, Jon Dough and Tom Byron. Videocassette: Cinderella.*

This may be called *Goodtime Charli,* but the only one who seems to be having any fun is Debi Diamond. Of course, Diamond can't act to save her life, but put a tongue or cock in her pussy, and she's Academy Award material. This tape calls for considerable suspension of disbelief. First, accept Ryan as a virgin in her only sex scene, during which she never gets her panties off; then Byron and Charli have a midnight rendezvous, with sunlight streaming through the bedroom window. Finally, try to believe that Diamond is losing her cherry in the finale with Dough—sorry, not when she laps up cum like a thirsty dog. Charli has a pretty cunt, and Belle has a great set of hooters, but Diamond puts the good time in *Charli.* —*A. M.*

*Leigh tries to make it **Big.***

SEXY NURSES ON AND OFF DUTY

One-Quarter Erect. *Directed by C. C. Williams; starring Carol Cummings, Dee Jay, Jamila, Kimberly Kane, Fetish (a/k/a Heather Lere), Sean Michaels, Don Fernando, Wayne Summers, Ray Victory, Hans Mueller and T. T. Boyd.*

These X-rated Florence Nightingales may be sexy, but it's awfully difficult to tell from the camera angles used in this vid. Facial expressions dominate each scene, and rarely do we get a decent view of the curve of an upthrust butt, the swell of a voluptuous pair of breasts or the deep pink folds of a ready-for-poking pussy. It's just as well, because the sex is terminally boring and the performers so lethargic they seem in need of some real nurses. *— A. M.*

I DO 2

Three-Quarters Erect. *Directed by Paul Thomas; starring Hyapatia Lee, Randy Spears, Cameo, Dizzy Blonde, Rocco Siffredi, Raven, Chaz Vincent and Martin Daniels. Videocassette: Vivid Video.*

Technically top-notch, *I Do 2* succeeds as a sexvid and as an interesting story about marriage and jealousy. Attractive and articulate, Randy Spears and Hyapatia Lee, as newlyweds learning how difficult a relationship can be, exude a relaxed sensuality (whether delivering dramatic dialogue or doing each other) that's a pleasure to behold. This is easily the best acting of Lee's career. The only drawbacks are lengthy stretches of sexless action and a running time that's simply too long. A little home-editing with the fast-forward button will make *Do* highly do-able. *— Woody Hood*

REAR BURNER

Three-Quarters Erect. *Directed by Henri Pachard; starring Moana, Jerry Butler, Jon Dough, Alice Springs, Bridgette Monroe, Rocco Siffredi and Rene Fox. Videocassette: Intropics.*

This heat's-on backyard barbecue deserves kudos for more than merely living up to its name. Rosebuds are roasted by flaming-hot man-meat shish kebabs, which the spunk-silly starlets suck, fuck, stick up their butts, then suck again, catching spume-spurts on their tongues, licking clean the same salamis that were slamming their sphincters seconds before. A lame plot, washed-out color and inattentive cameras prevent *Rear* from being a total barn-burner, but as it is, this vid will keep the winter chill away. *— W. H.*

Mouth-watering Hall is the ***Tease.***

Lee always says ***I Do.***

Burner: *Rosebuds are roasted by flaming-hot man meat.*

THE TEASE

Half Erect. *Directed by John Leslie; starring Lauren Hall, Selena Steele, Randy West, Ashlyn Gere, Randy Spears, Rayne, Tom Byron, Peter North, Marc Wallice and T. T. Boyd. Videocassette: VCA.*

John Leslie videos are usually gutted *Twilight Zone* stories or disemboweled movie classics raped with sex scenes. This abused offspring of Hollywood's classic *Sunset Boulevard*, in which a failed writer moves in to pen the memoirs of a rich slut, has one saving grace: Lauren Hall. She's the most ravishing, dark-haired, statuesque beauty to hit sex flicks since Raven first spread her squalid squack. Watching Hall slick down T. T. Boyd's cock, or watching him drill his pudgy fingers into her greased butt, is great stuff. Her tongue-penetration of Randy West's ear is hotter than most girls' blowjobs. And when she finally tells West, "You're so lucky to be fucking me in the mouth," she really means it. Aside from Hall, *Tease* is just Leslie pretending to make a real movie.

— Rusty Knox

Taboo: *The victim of inbred creativity.*

My, ***Grandma****, what big tits you have.*

BEHIND CLOSED DOORS

Half Erect. *Directed by Paul Thomas; starring Barbara Dare, Victoria Paris, Deidre Holland, Cameo, Susan Vegas, Steve Vegas, Brett True, Buck Adams and T. T. Boyd. Videocassette: Vivid Video.*

There's not a closed door in this picture. Everything's done right out in the open, onstage, in theater chairs, out in the wilds of nature, often in front of an audience. Everything that's done includes a lot of soul-searching dialogue that wrings out a sap-dripping storyline about stripper Barbara Dare quitting the skin biz to find true happiness as a hippie chick working in a new-age crystal shop out in the country. One question to director Paul Thomas: If all this talk is so fucking important, why is the sound quality so shitty that the muddled voices can't be deciphered even by someone who'd want to? Deidre Holland and Dare's crotch explorations in the crotch of a tree give *Doors* its most pleasing scenery, while the Buck Adams-and-buddy fuck of Paris is the strongest schlong fest. Still, once these *Doors* are closed, there won't be much reason to open them again. *— C. S.*

TABOO 8

Half Erect. *Directed by Henri Pachard; starring Sunny McKay, Michelle Monroe, Cassandra Dark, Alexandria Quinn, Jeanna Fine, Joey Silvera, Mike Horner, Randy West and Peter North. Videocassette: Intropics.*

It used to be that the word *taboo* had some meaning in the porn biz. Taboo meant forbidden, which in the case of the popular *Taboo* series translated as incest. Over the years, something happened to the *Taboo* series—like the X industry itself, it lost steam and went soft, possibly the victim of inbred creativity. Henri Pachard handles *Taboo 8*, which features no incest, with his usual utilitarian flair, delivering a competent story despite incompetent acting, and serving up some sweaty screwing via willowy Australian import Sunny McKay. In two memorable encounters with Peter North and Mike Horner, McKay demonstrates her Down Under dick-devouring technique before riding the boys to wet glory. Pussy-pals Michelle Monroe and Cassandra Dark add some variety by diving into each other's snatches, but even their over-enthused lapping cannot save *8* from being just another porn video as opposed to something—well—*taboo.* *— Jody Davis*

GRANDMA DOES DALLAS

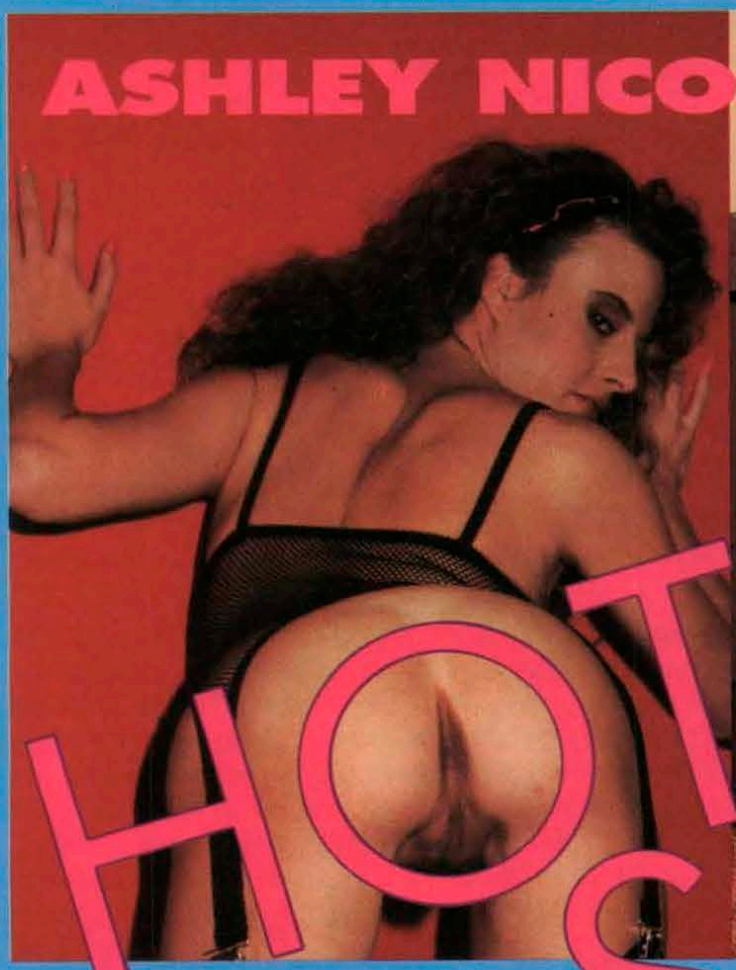
Half Erect. *Directed by Loretta Sterling; starring Deliha Dawn, Sabrina Dawn, Tiara, Kay Sera, Eric Edwards, Rod Garetto, Lou, Jeff James and Phil Rivera. Videocassette: Filmco.*

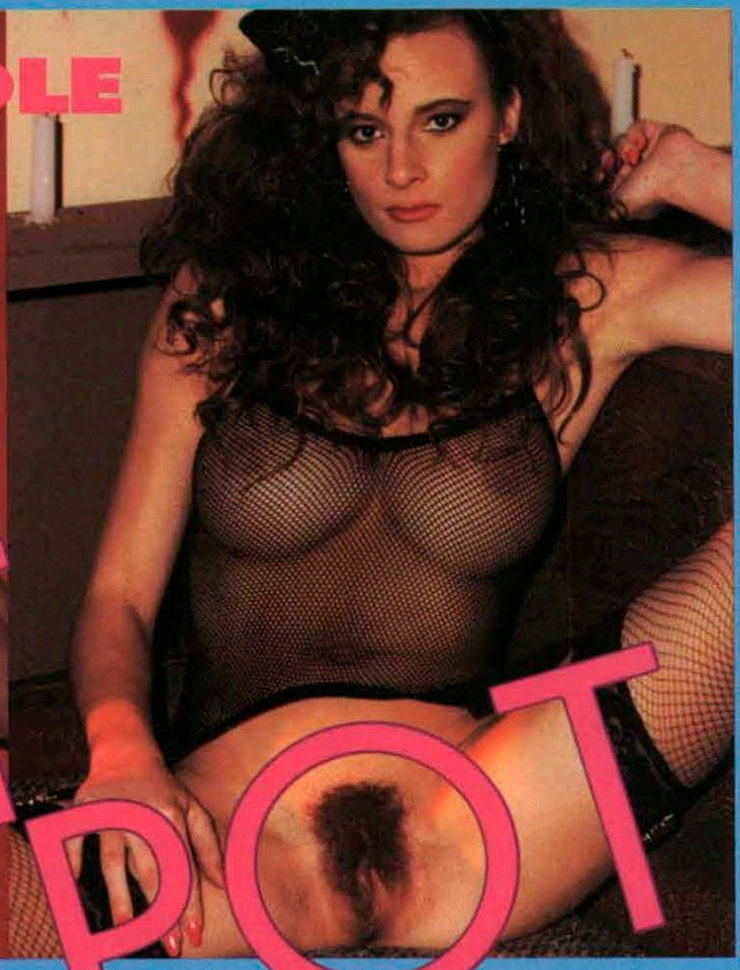
The Gray Panthers, the late congressman Claude Pepper and the ancient crones battling young bucks to the back of the bus all have done their bit for the liberation of old folks, but none have made a contribution to the freedom of aged relics comparable to that of porn pioneer Deliha Dawn. Deliha is older than dirt, but that doesn't mean she's over the hill when it comes to getting under a hump. Deliha shows that just because a hag has reached retirement age doesn't mean she can't still be a hard worker, pitching out four separate fucks, each replete with monster shots and cum splotch. *Grandma* should be a big hit after-hours on the convalescent-home big screen. *— Christian Shapiro*

These ***Doors*** *should remain closed.*

HOT SPOT

ASHLEY NICOLE





There's nothing like a fresh pair of lips, and they don't get much more ripe than the moist folds between new spread on the block Ashley Nicole's nubile thighs. This former dental assistant turned professional cocksucker for the fun and the money, but mostly for the sex.

She's a very horny girl, and for proof we offer *Dougie Hoser: World's Youngest Gynecologist; Top It Off; Curse of the Cat Woman;* and *New Wave Hookers 2*, in which Ashley fucks a crowd and gets covered with cum. And she does it all with perfect teeth.

THE DERENZY TAPES

Three-Quarters Erect. *Directed by Alex deRenzy; starring Tom Byron, Tanya Fox, Aja, Joey Silvera, Blake Palmer, Peter North, Shanna McCullough, Kendal Marx, Eva Allen, Renee Morgan, Sharon Kane, Randy West, Dana Dylan, Nina Hartley, Porsche Lynn and Mike Horner. Videocassette: Caballero.*

The good old days are getting more and more recent. It seems like only yesterday that Nina Hartley crossed over the line to oversaturation, that Porsche Lynn's brittle sexuality cracked the exasperation zone, that Sharon Kane humped through her millionth pro fuck, that Shanna McCullough spread her pretentious thighs for yet another Actors Studio portrayal of prurience, and that Aja slept beyond the catatonia limit. Well, it wasn't yesterday; it was at least a month ago, and it all looks better for the elapsed time. The surest way to appreciate a woman's charms is to have her go away for a while, a tactic that works just as well on video as in real life. Also, don't forget that Kendal Marx and Eva Allen are two bombshells from the past, a pair of poozles that withdrew their sex from the cinema screen before anyone had a chance to get tired of them—and now they're back again, fresh as ever, in an Alex deRenzy compilation package. —*C. S.*

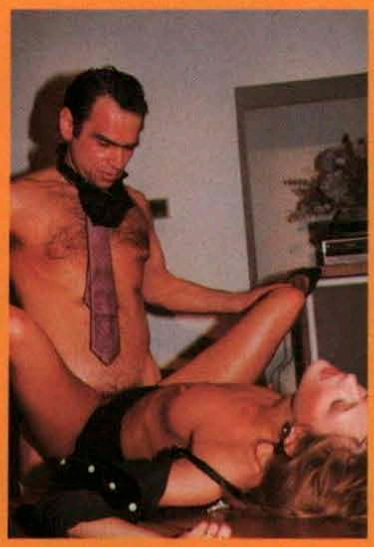
DeRenzy *makes old stuff fresh.*

POINTERS

Three-Quarters Erect. *Directed by Duck Dumont; starring Madison, Michelle Monroe, Rick Savage, Sharon Kane, Cameo, Cal Jammer and Don Fernando. Videocassette: Las Vegas Video.*

Is one cum-shot sufficient reason to recommend a wad tape? Take, for instance, Rick Savage's semen-saturation of the winking, dilated browneye and freshly vacated vaginal slit of a trim and tidy—though not overly active—piece of brown-haired quim. First he makes a stiff little prick out of his tongue and shoves it into her roundly opened cunt. Then he dicks her in every position her pussy can comfortably accommodate, after which he pulls out, plops his putz pollen and smears it all around the anal opening with his swollen dick head. The total effect is almost better than if he'd actually butt-fucked the slinky slit. Not enough to lure the true venery value-seeker? Then get tempted with Madison, the kooky, smooth-skinned, pixie-faced vacuum cooze who pushes her limits porking more times in *Pointers* than some lazy labes do in a whole week of one-day wonders. Get the point? —*C. S.*

*The **Tongue** works, but the dicks don't.*



*Savage gives Cameo a few **Pointers.***

KING TUNG: THE TONGUE SQUAD

One-Quarter Erect. *Directed by Vinnie Rossi; starring King Tung, Rene Fox, Krisstarah Knight, Cameo, Cal Jammer and Jules Paris. Videocassette: L.A. Video.*

If a guy uses his tongue to dampen up a dame's love crumpet preparatory to the insertion of his rigid piston, then that's just grand. But if a dreary, drag-ass, sad-suck motherfucker uses his tongue to try and hide problems in his erection section, then doesn't use that tongue very well anyhow, then that's just *King Tung.* Cal Jammer is the only stud in this crummy vid whose cock works right. The other guys could all use a built-in valve for fail-safe inflation, because they sure as fuck don't get pumped up by a regular blowjob. The dilemma does have a bright side: Jules Paris can only maintain prurient interest with his own hand, but when a bimbo parks her mug beneath his flailing fist, the result is a conciliatory facial blast. The *King* is dead. —*C. S.*

STROKER'S GUIDE

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

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.

Fully Erect

Shadow Dancers 2
Where the Girls Sweat

Three-Quarters Erect

Behind You All the Way 2
Between the Cheeks 2
Club Head
The Erotic Adventures of Black Man and Anal Woman
The Landlady
Lesbian Liaisons
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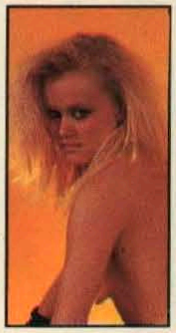

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HOT LETTERS!

MRS. ROBINSON

I'm 40 years old, divorced, no kids. I've got a great job, and I've got enough alimony to stuff a horse. My big tits are firm and stand up without artificial means or assistance. I turn heads wherever I go. And I'm a chicken hawk. I fuck 18-year-old boys.

Yesterday I lay by the side of my Olympic-size swimming pool, the top of my bikini unhooked, the straps off my shoulders. The full, flattened contours of my saucy breasts were alluringly visible. All I had on was a nearly nonexistent bikini bottom, which consisted of a triangular thatch-patch and a thin strip of fabric running up the crack of my ass. I looked absolutely edible.

From this extremely erotic position, I watched young Tony trimming my hedges. He had his shirt off and wore only a little pair of cut-off jeans. Eighteen years old, he was home for the summer, doing yard work to make some spending money for his coming year at school.

I caught him sneaking subtle glances at me. There was no doubt in my mind that by the end of the afternoon I would be wringing his sweet jizz from my cunt. Just the thought of manipulating his impressionable body made me sizzle. The open sight of my nearly naked body was giving him a bulge in his crotch, plain as could be, although he tried to keep it hidden from view. I could hardly wait until he came close enough to *smell* my clean, hot cunt.

When he finished the yard, he walked over by the pool to get paid. "Feel like a swim?" I asked. He smiled and said, "Sure, but I didn't bring a suit."

I pushed up from the towel, my top staying under. My fat-nippled tits stood straight up, glistening with coconut oil. I rose to my feet and saw his eyes spellbound on my breasts. I untied the sides of the tiny bikini bottoms and sexily let them fall to my toes. "Doesn't matter," I whispered. "No need for suits in *my* pool."

My hands cupped my large, soft breasts, extending them invitingly. I took two steps toward the pool and jumped in headfirst.

I swam to the shallow end of the pool and surfaced, my bare breasts bobbing above the surface of the crystal water. Tony pulled off his shorts and his underwear. His cock swelled lusciously erect, standing out in front of him, pointing right at my face. It looked fantastic, long and thick. He dove into the pool and swam underwater to me, then grabbed my legs and pulled them apart, his face right in my cunt. He stuck his tongue out underwater and licked my pussy! I was so

proud of him for making that audacious gesture! I gave myself to him completely.

He placed both of his hands on my ass, pulling me against his stiff cock. Our mouths opened in the pool water, and our tongues darted in and out of each other's cheeks. I felt my body melting into his.

Tony obviously caught on about chlorinated water washing away a woman's lubricating juices; so he picked me up and carried me out of the pool, laying me on a towel. He knelt between my widely spread legs and put his hands underneath me, lifting my hips off the ground. His handsome face dove right into my hot, juicy twat. His tongue parted my protruding pussy lips and slithered inside me. My juices churned all around his quick tongue.

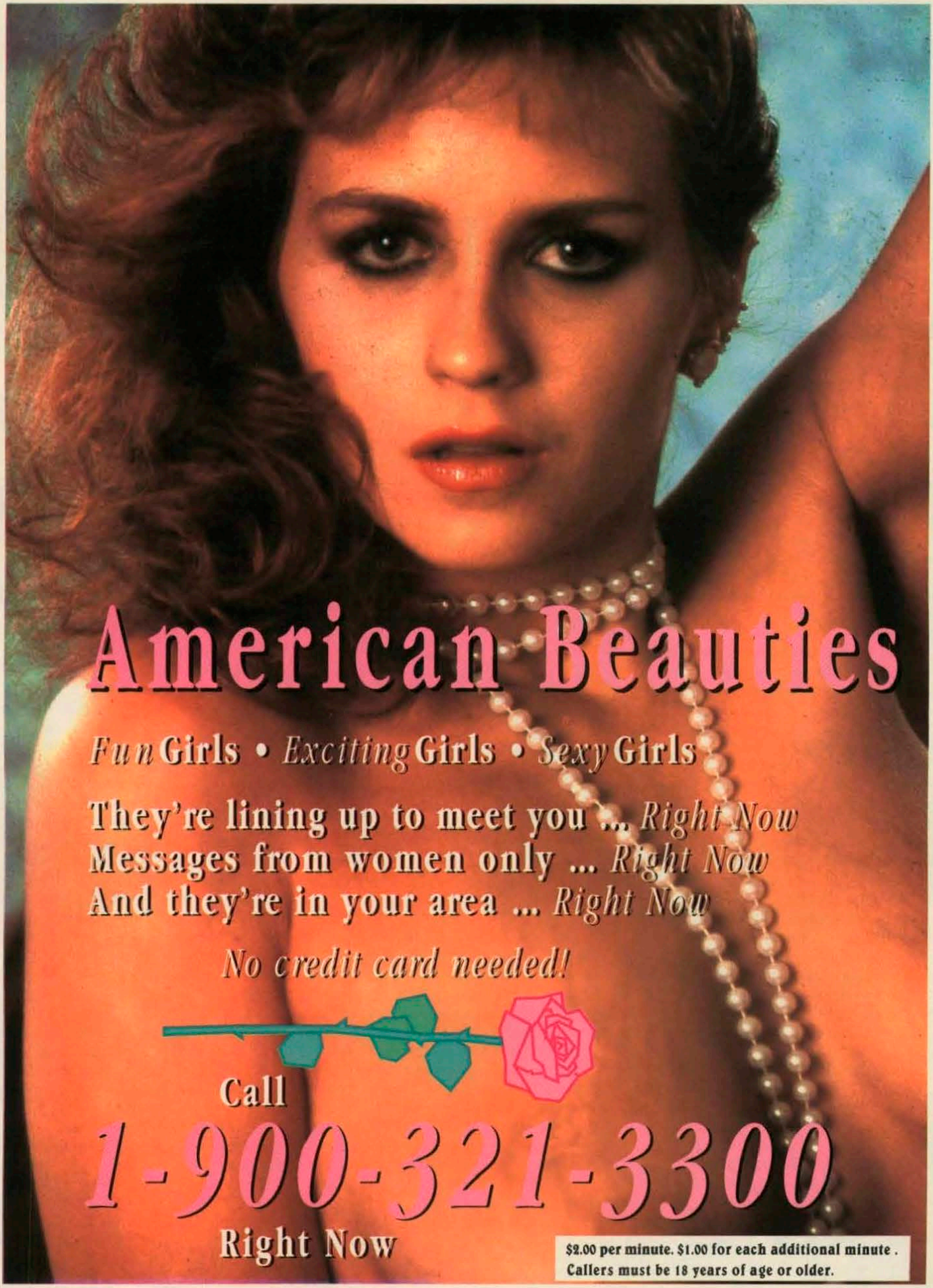
His lips clamped around the hood of my clit, and he sucked the little button straight out of hiding, pulling and stretching it in his mouth just like I love a man to do. He orally hit on my clit until I was ready to come. Then he opened his jaws and covered my pussy with his ravenous mouth, Frenching my protruding labia, driving his hard tongue in and out of me like it was a lip-covered cock, tongue-fucking me to orgasm. My body thrashed like a fish out of water as I drenched his chin in pussy oil.

He lay my hips down onto the towel and hovered over me. His fingers held my soggy, aching lips apart, and he eased his dripping cock inside. His prick was surprisingly big, and he stretched me wide, filling me up. His fingers held my cunt lips out so they were totally enveloping the swollen shaft that slid farther and farther into my waiting hole.

Then he reached under me again and dug his fingers deep into my ass cheeks. His hips began to grind in steady rhythm, pistoning his able cock in and out, churning my juices hard. Every inch of my exhausted body tingled with new excitement. My fat tits bounced from side to side, nipples stiffening with the overwhelming ecstasy that was consuming my entire being. Every thrust sent his long cock all the way in to the balls, making my ass cheeks tremble and my heavy breasts shake. Every ball-slam shot excitement throughout my body, making me tingle as if tiny electric prods were attached to each nerve ending in my flesh.

Tony fucked me like a world-class stud. He sent me headlong toward another racking orgasm. Just as I felt myself reaching a peak, he grunted and spilled his seed inside me. He came hard, forcefully blasting my pussy with cum-shots, which triggered my own orgasm, and my body shook and jerked uncontrollably against his hard body.

Tony did such a good job, I'm going to have him drop by my place every week to mow my lawn. Tomorrow I'm meeting the boy I hired to clean my pool. If worse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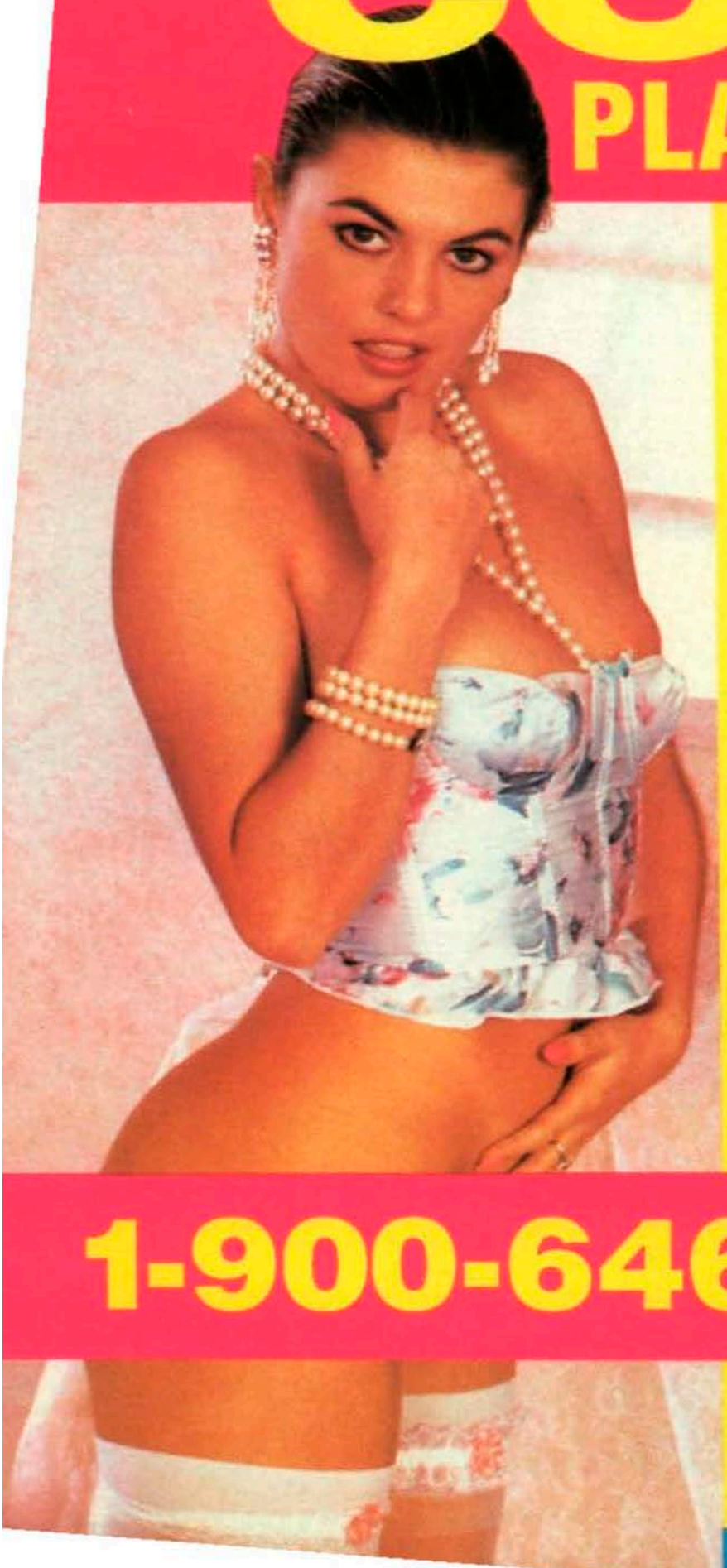

HOT

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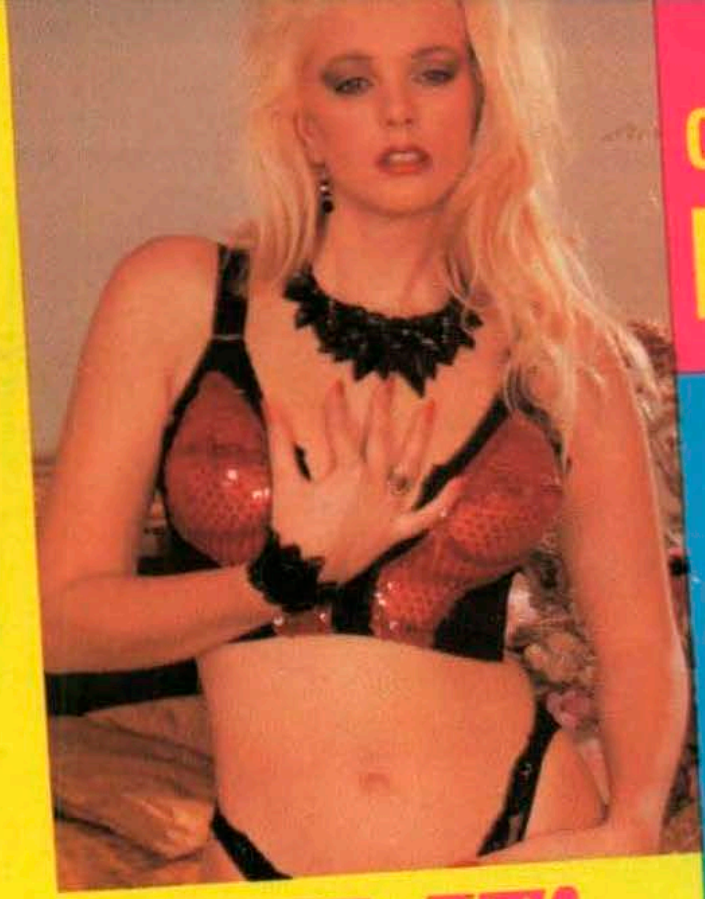

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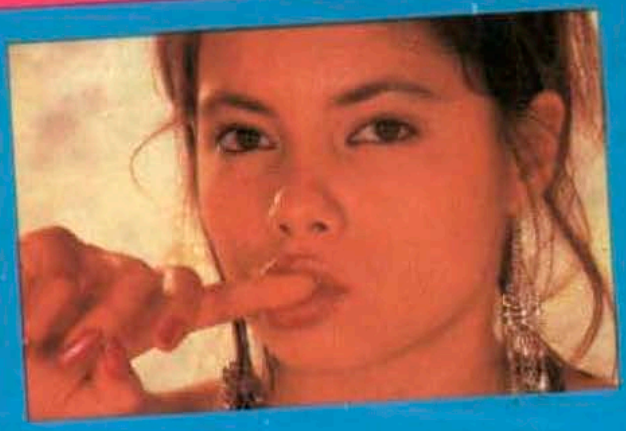

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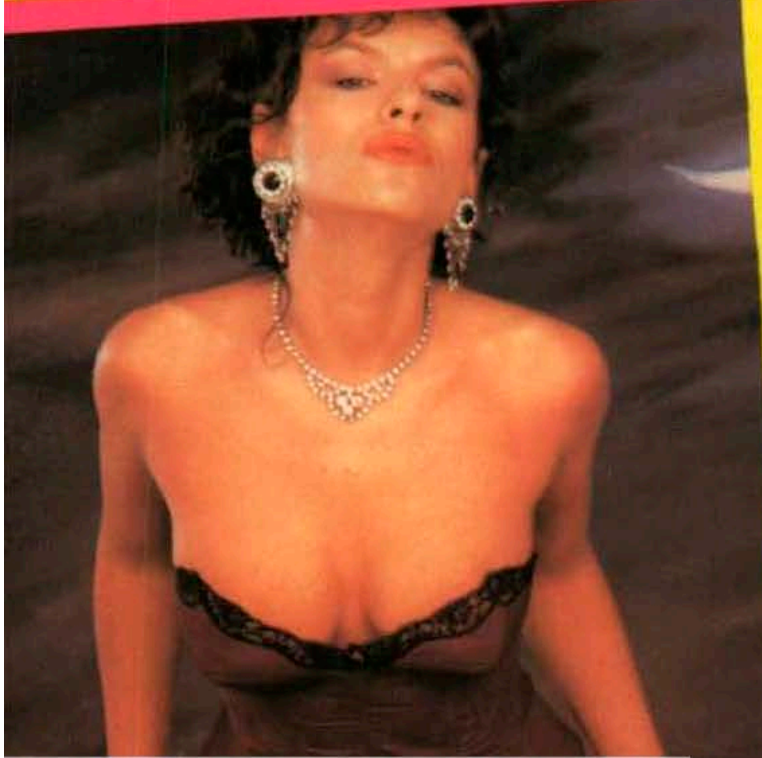

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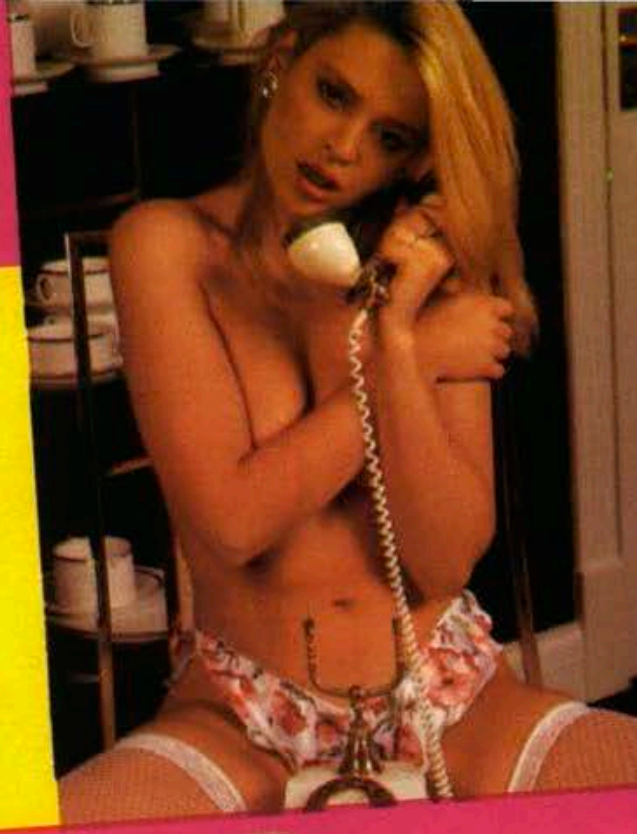

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535-LADY

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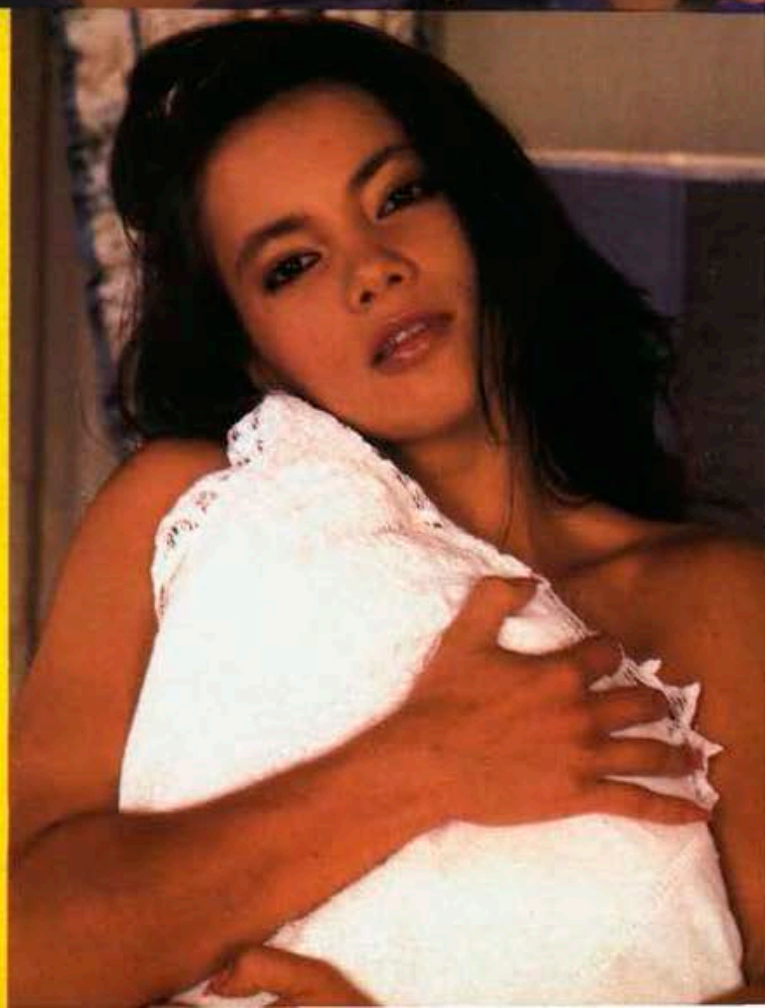

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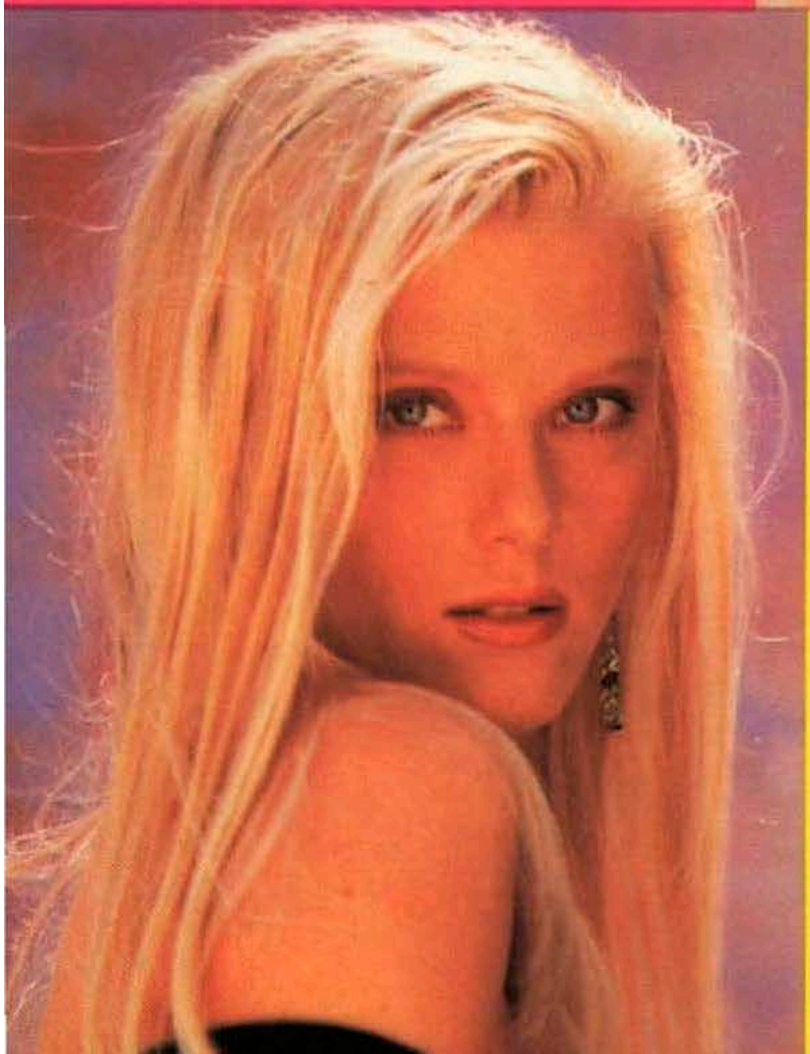

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THEY MADE ME... WOMEN CONFESS

THEIR DARKEST PERSONAL SECRETS

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535-MAKE

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FREE SEXY PHOTOS

I'm a young coed and it really turns me on to send sexy photos to men. Tell me what turns you on and I'll do my best to make you happy! My name is Martine. Please write to me at P.O. Box 4977, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10163. And please include a self-addressed stamped envelope, and $1 to help me cover some of my costs. Do it now and I'll send you a hot letter and my sexy photos free! (If you want, send me your phone number, too!) P.S.-You must be over 21. Say so in your letter to me, and sign it. This is very important. I don't want to get in any trouble!

HOT LETTERS

Before I had stopped coming, Donna squatted over his face to let him lick her piss-stained twat as she watched me fuck her husband.

comes to worse, the least I will do is write him a check. —Virginia T.
Mar Vista, California

APRIL SHOWERS

When I was a little girl, my daddy moved the family around so much that I was always the new brat in town. I got used to tagging along after anybody who would tolerate it, just to keep from being lonely. Now I'm a good-looking 20-year-old, but I'm still in the habit of tagging around after my married friends.

Donna and Clark were my two best friends in all the world, but sometimes they got a little obnoxious about rubbing off all over each other in public. Because I didn't want to get married right away like everybody else, they acted like I must not have had any sexual feelings.

Last weekend, the two of them invited me along on a picnic in the country. I invited a date, but he backed out at the last minute; so it was just the three of us. We'd shared three or four bottles of wine and were all really wasted. When Clark slipped his hand under Donna's skirt and started fiddling with her pussy right there in front of me, I felt frustrated enough to piss all over both of them.

"I've got to pee," I said rudely. Clambering to my unsteady feet, I walked across the meadow. The trees were slim, spindly willows that didn't hide much, but I didn't give a fuck. Let them watch me squat and spray my golden liquor all over the place. Maybe it would frustrate them as much as they frustrated me!

I took a spot beside one of the skinny trees and lowered my skirt. As I did so, I peeked through the branches and saw the two of them staring directly at me. When they caught my eye, they collapsed into giggles. "You think I'm a show-off?" I muttered. "That makes three of us!"

I was so drunk that I was afraid I was going to splash my panties with pee; so I took them off. The thought suddenly occurred to me to keep stripping; so I took off my blouse too. Donna jumped to her feet and pulled Clark after her. They stumbled toward me like iron filings drawn to a powerful magnet. My nipples stiffened as I realized they were getting close enough to see the sweaty pearls of excitement that glistened in my pussy hair.

"You want to watch me piss?" I asked. "That's pretty kinky, isn't it?"

"It's kind of kinky to get all naked outdoors," replied Donna, giggling nervously. The spikes of her erect nipples poked against her thin, cotton T-shirt.

"Well, I think it's perfectly natural," I said. I squatted slowly, swinging my knees out so Clark could look halfway up my pussy. My bladder spasmed a time or two before it loosened up enough to spray in front of them, but it felt so good when the flood finally gushed out of me that I didn't care if the whole world was watching.

My obvious relief triggered a chain reaction. Donna yanked off her skirt and squatted beside me. Soon she was spraying too. Clark found himself staring at two eager pussies. He jerked down his jeans and pointed his dick at the trunk of the tree.

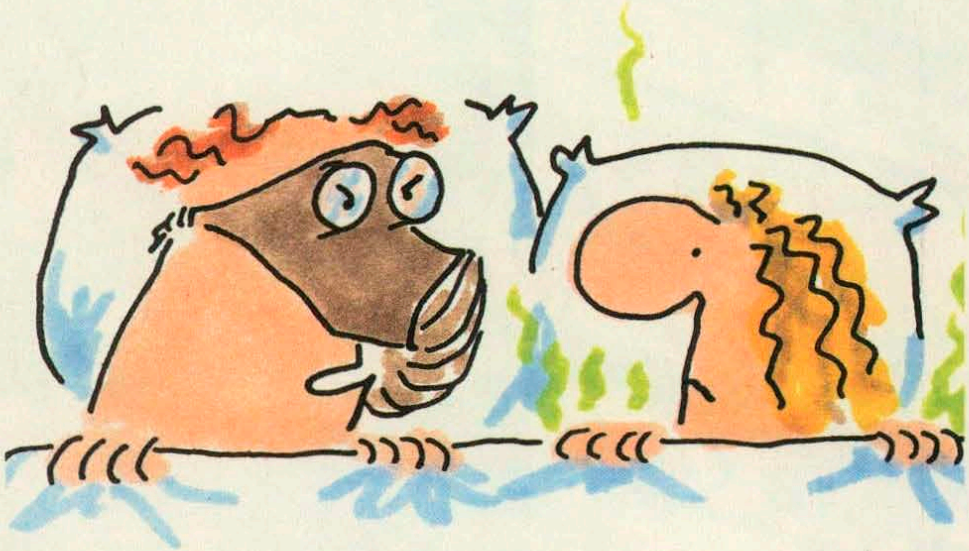
I was angry and drunk and said, "Maybe you'd like to piss on my bare boobies, Clark. Aim your hot spray at me and make it run down my belly to tickle me between my legs!"

Donna watched in wide-eyed fascination as I accepted the stinging spray of his fresh pee. Just as I'd hoped, it trickled down between my pussy lips in warm rivulets that made me go all gushy inside. The stream stopped when Clark's dick was too stiff to pee.

"More!" I cried, but not a drop more came out. Donna leaped to her feet, wildly excited. "Fuck him!" she panted. "Fuck him while you're still covered with his piss!" I didn't make a sound. Just spread my eager legs. Clark hugged me hard, smashing my piss-soaked tits against his bare chest. He tried to fuck me standing up, but we were too sweaty and excited to handle it. He ended up flat on his back, his corkscrewing cock beneath my wet bush. Drops of yellow spray flew from my bare skin as I rode him to a mind-blowing series of orgasms, something I had hardly ever dared dream of before that moment.

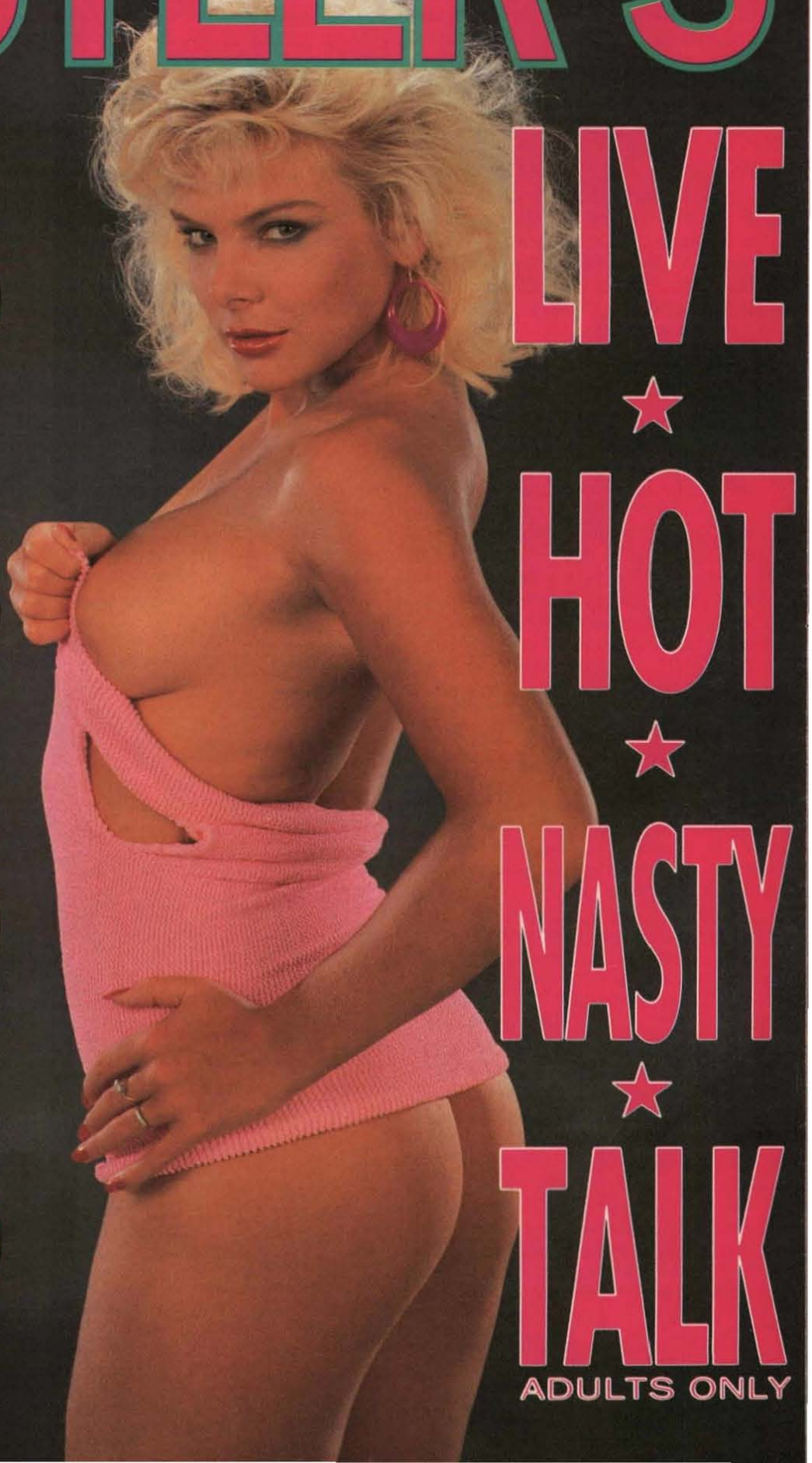
Before I had stopped coming, Donna squatted over his face to let him lick her piss-stained twat as she watched me fuck her husband. Her face shuddered with delight, and a rush of pleasure hit me like a steam locomotive. After that, it was a quick dash to an icy stream to bathe and laugh together at our shocking afternoon. I realized I would never be a fifth wheel again, because there's no way in hell they'd ever find another girl who got off as good as I did. —Frannie W.
Miami, Florida

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



"Y'know, Harriet—sometimes I can't wait for you to reach menopause!"

HUSTLER'S



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ADULTS ONLY

THE LONGEST YARD
THE AMERICAN DREAM OF PENIS EXTENSION

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

by Barry Horowitz

Bill F. and Marty S. had been lovers for two or three months. He was a corporate investment lawyer, trim, athletic, in his 30s. She worked at a daycare center. She was 29 years old, smart, funny, had a knockout figure and smoked. Last Saturday night was a typical date. Dinner, a movie, coffee and ice cream at her place. Then it stopped being so typical. When Bill finished pumping her pussy, savoring his usual rush of dick-pro accomplishment, Marty lit a cigarette. She had the semisour look he already recognized as the sign that something was bothering her. He played with her nipples, admiring the way they stood at attention whenever he pinched them. She rolled over onto her stomach.

Something was seriously wrong. He hoped it was something that could be easily fixed, like changing his cologne or trimming the annoying hairs that insisted on growing out of his nose.

Finally, when he was ready to forget about it in exchange for a quick whiz in the bathroom sink, she spoke up. "Sweetheart," she began, "you know that eternal question, the one that's always discussed in the women's magazines I read—do you know what I'm talking about?"

"No," Bill replied. Then Marty gave him the kind of look she might cast on an injured puppy. "Well, precious," she said softly, "that really important question is: *Does size matter?* I'll let you in on a little secret: *Yes, it does.*"

Bill mumbled something stupid, something like, "Oh, I see. Golly, that's too bad." Inside, he was screaming. He was boiling. He was murdering every women's magazine editor from Rhode Island to Catalina. His parents were the average pair of modestly proportioned gene-givers. Not a couple of Saint Bernards. What the hell did she expect? Jeff Stryker?

Setting aside the dozens of doubts and insecurities buzzing through his brain, a farfetched possibility occurred to Bill F., the same glint of hope that strikes thousands of men every month, like so many little lights beckoning from short trains in long tunnels.

Men's magazines set the terms for this glimmering hope of redemption. Advertisements of elongation stream out of the pages like water out of rocks in the desert. Bill F., like countless men before him, decided that desperate times called for desperate measures.

He clipped forms and wrote checks ranging from $9.95 for a Pro-Man prosthesis to $44 for a Royal Monarch electronic pumping device, while fantasies of a Johnny Waddesque cock jutting from his crotch filled his imagination. He picked out six products, figuring that one of them was bound to work. Wouldn't Marty be surprised the next time she went fishing for a puny dick in his jeans! *Deep-throat <u>this</u>!* he'd say. *Try to shove all of that in your snobby little cunt!* No longer would he feel like she was doing him a favor when she got on her hands and knees and spread her cheeks. She'd come begging to sample his shaft!

But first, he had to wait. A long, long time. Despite enclosing $4 for postage and handling—whatever *handling* was—more than seven weeks passed before the first of his penis enlargers appeared in his mailbox, discreetly wrapped in brown paper inside a nondescript cardboard container. A quick perusal of the packages revealed why the anatomical saviors had taken so long. The very classy, super-sophisticated organizations that manufactured and distributed these devices—companies with impressive names like King Products and HM Labs—had spent an average of 25% of the postage-and-handling costs on the postage, shipping the gizmos third- and fourth-class. Perhaps Royal Systems and Vose Distributing Company put the money they saved on postage into state-of-the-art design and top-

Illustration by Tom Kafka

STIMULANTS!

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23. 20/20	150 mg	30.00	11.75	7.25
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25. D&E-225	200 mg	23.00	**	6.95
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31. D&E-500	175 mg	35.00	12.95	7.50
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Ephedrine Sulphate Capsule .... 25 mg

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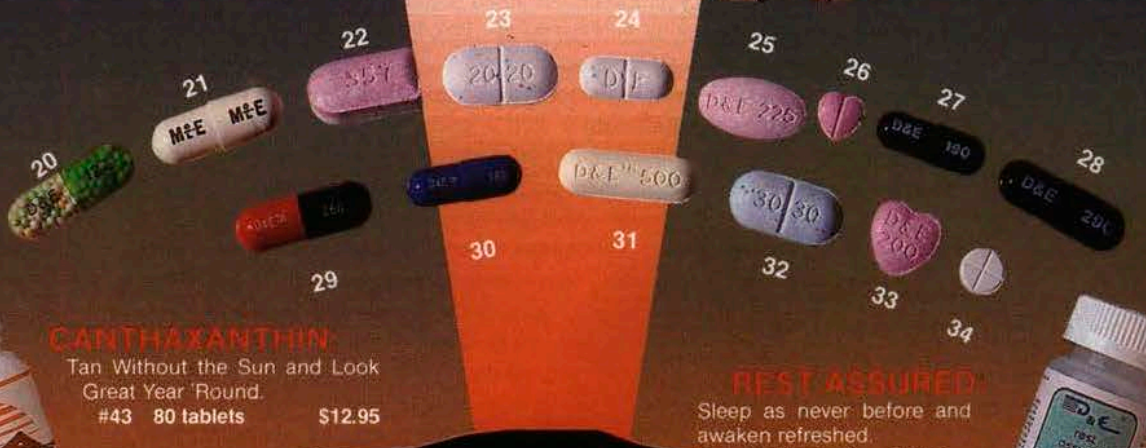

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flight medical research. A few of the much-anticipated erection facilitators failed from first go. After nine weeks of anxious anticipation, Royal Systems' "Apex 10 Electro-Automatic Model" ($12.95) and Unique's "Hypermiator" ($33.95, including complimentary plastic ruler) never showed up.

What did arrive, however, fulfilled almost every claim the advertisers made, and Bill F. was almost satisfied. Almost.

The penis enlargers came in two varieties: vacuum tubes and latex extensions. Prosthetic devices, according to their advertisements, guaranteed that their use would make any prick up to four inches longer. The Apex 10 Heavy Duty Model was a squishy hunk of yellow rubber shaped like a circumcised dick with a condom-like attachment sewn into the lining.

Unfortunately or not, the contraption would fit only such a cock as was the width of an average male thumb. The most puny-dicked man could not help but proudly note that his member was bigger than *that*. And, even if one managed to squeeze into the thing, the squishy rubber was too soft to ever enter a tight twat, which, although indicating the utter uselessness of the product, at least must have reassured the apprehensive woman dreading an application of mysterious, squishy plastic to sensitive mucous membranes.

Enter the Pro-Man prosthesis. This enlarger was flesh-colored, pleasingly solid and, thanks to the miracle of foam-rubber technology, reasonably well-shaped. However, once again, even the smallest dick was too mighty to stuff inside. The rubber was stiff and the opening narrow. Whose cock would be small enough to get inside? (The "Made in Hong Kong" label pasted to the shaft of the latex dildo was a bit of a clue.)

The Monarch Deluxe's advertisement promised: "After regular sessions with the Monarch, you'll probably find, as do most men, that these size gains don't go away! They become a part of you to thrill and excite her!" The Monarch is a fancy-looking piece of machinery (for $44, it had better be). The deluxe kit contained a clear, plastic cylinder, a couple of feet of plastic tubing (similar to the kind used to pump oxygen into a fish aquarium) and a plug-in electric pump (exactly the kind used to pump oxygen into a fish aquarium—it has detailed instructions for aquarium use on its rubber bottom). For an extra $5, the advertisement promised assorted creams and gels for super-erotic sensations. These unguents must have been the sticky, red slime spread all over the bottom of the flimsy cardboard box, emanating from an unmarked plastic pouch with a gaping leak, where the mystery substance left an alarming stain on everything it touched. Erotic? Maybe not.

Though the $44 didn't buy instructions, the dick cultivator was easily assembled. Inserting a soon-to-be-gigantic penis wasn't easy, or comfortable, but at least with patience, it was possible. The Monarch's suction cylinder is sealed at the bottom with a semi-pliant disc of black rubber, which has an opening the size of a nickel. A mighty effort and the gentle tugging of the Monarch's constant sucking gets a dick inside. The machine sucks, and the dick head pops in. The machine pulls a little harder, and a little more cock stuffs in. The sensation is pleasant, like a soft blowjob without moisture or teeth. But erotic? No matter how long the Monarch is wrapped around a dick, it won't make its frustrated owner come.

So what happened? Nothing, size-wise. The advertisement, full of claims, testimonials and explanations, was enough to keep a dick in the vacuum, frantically hoping to suddenly sprout into frightening dimensions. The ad says any cock could expect erect measurements of nine, ten, even 12 inches, which is true with the Monarch, since the measuring tape on the side of the cylinder generously begins at six, instead of a normal, depressing zero. Nonetheless, a careful screen of the ad turns up two interesting facts: 1) Nearly every claim made ("the vacuum makes the male organ longer and thicker," "your penis will grow inside the clear picture window sleeve") is fulfilled by the product; 2) Nearly every result of the product can be garnered by a vigorous jack-off.

The Sizemaster ($12.95), from Mr. Bigg, Inc., acknowledges as much with more candor than all the other devices combined. Their advertisement admits, "The U.S. Post Office, without clinical tests, has forbidden the claiming of permanent penis enlargement, and we make no such claim." What the Sizemaster, a nonelectric vacuum system, does claim is: "Maybe you won't get nine or ten inches, but you'll swell to the maximum possible." After inserting a limp cock through a soft and stretchy rubber sleeve into the clear-plastic cylinder, which bonds perfectly to the crotch, a manual vacuum bulb of a type similar to the kind on a blood-pressure gauge is pumped. The cock immediately pops to its full length, straining to stand even higher. The pump maintains a stranglehold on the shaft, squeezing like an invisible vise.

As a masturbation device, the Sizemaster is tops. It can be manipulated to feel startlingly like a pulsing, welcoming cunt. But it has a hidden caution against messy accidents. Cleaning the unreachable inside of a jism-drenched Sizemaster cylinder is virtually impossible.

After all was tried and tossed, Bill F. and his troublesome ginch had to finally admit that noticeable penis growth was nothing more than an unobtainable dream, nice enough to fantasize about, but unreasonable to expect. He will never be a devastating schlongmeister, but with practice and patience, she can learn to be an understanding, supportive companion. Marty S. will never gasp in true awe as he unzips for her, but she could fake it. His dick is hard and willing, and if it isn't a salami, it's at least a frankfurter. And she's got competition now. Just in case Marty has a headache, Bill has the synthetic means to give himself an emergency blowjob anytime he wants.

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Tits, Ass and so Much More

Uses for WOMEN other than sex

Since time began, women have complained: "You're just using me for sex!" Don't get the impression that HUSTLER *Magazine thinks of women only as sex objects. Women can be used for many other things.*

A Handy Bottle Opener

Crack open a long-neck.

Furry anim

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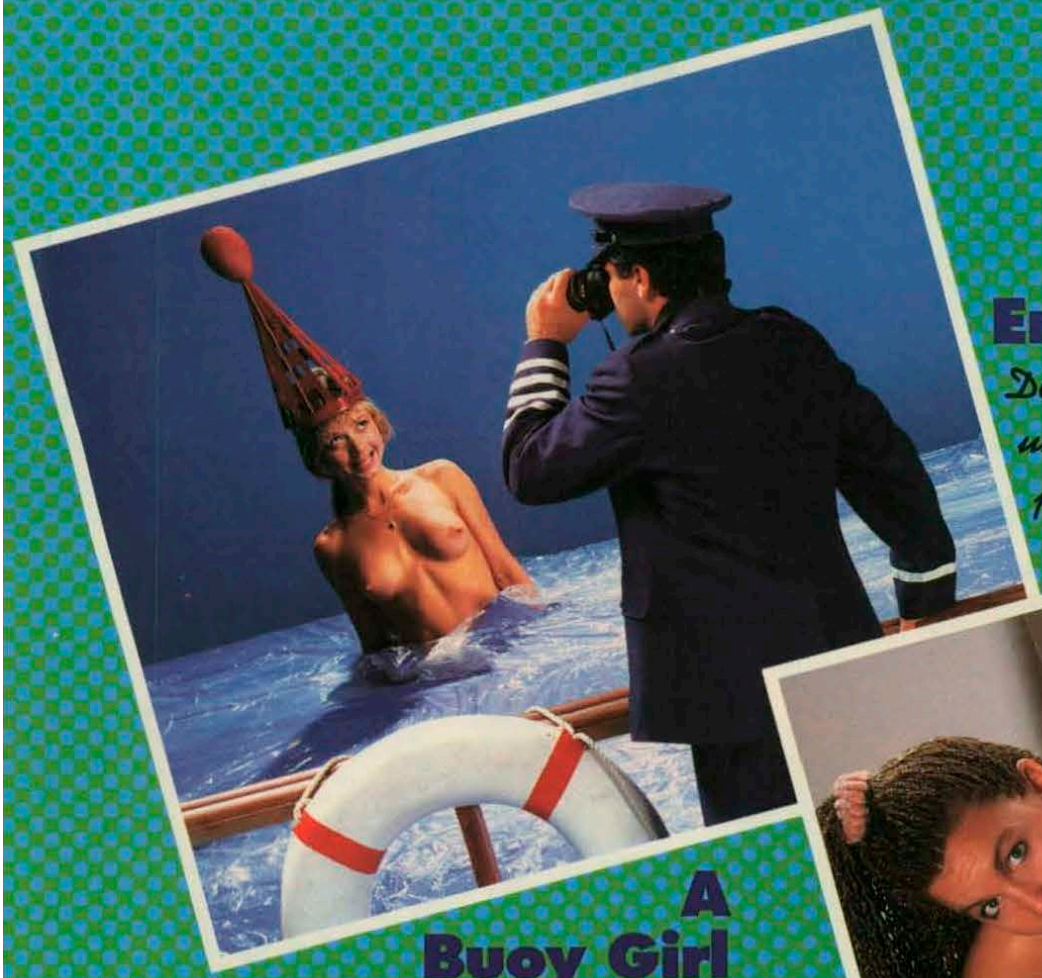
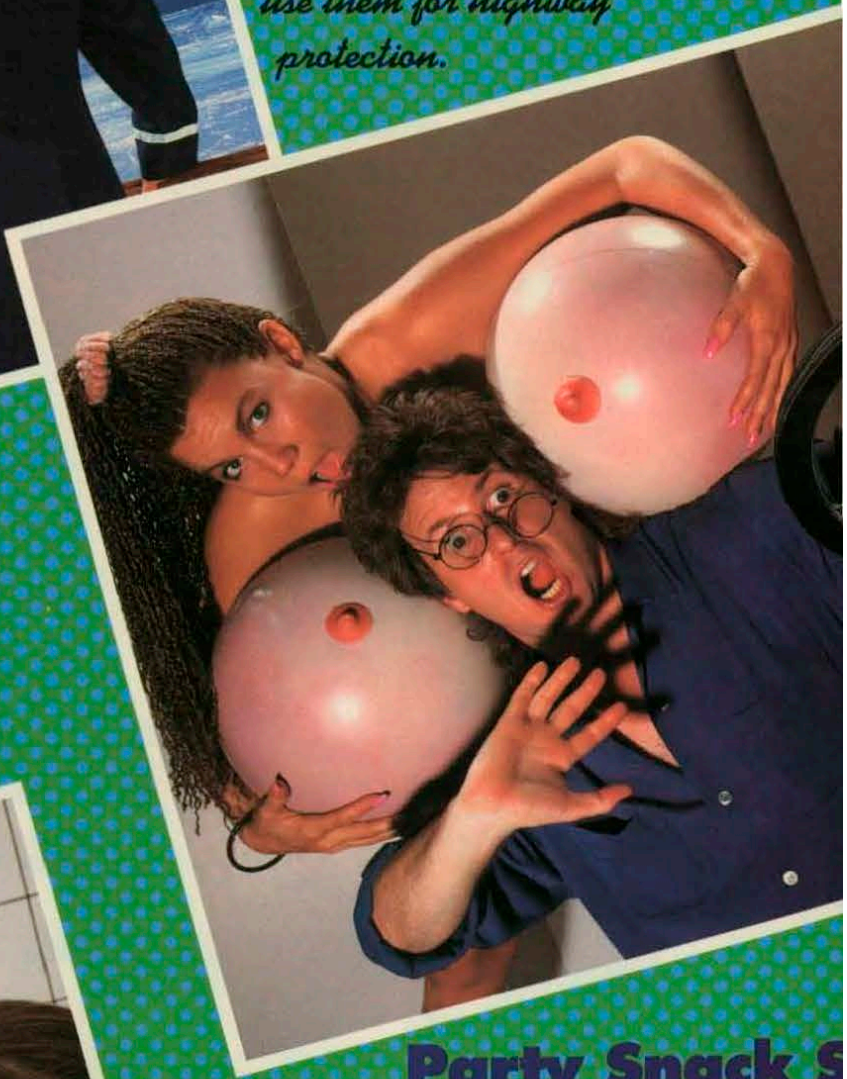


Emergency Airbags

Don't let those ample sacks go to was
use them for highway
protection.



A Buoy Girl

Tits keep this female afloat to warn oncoming ships.

Party Snack S

Stuff her butthole full of be
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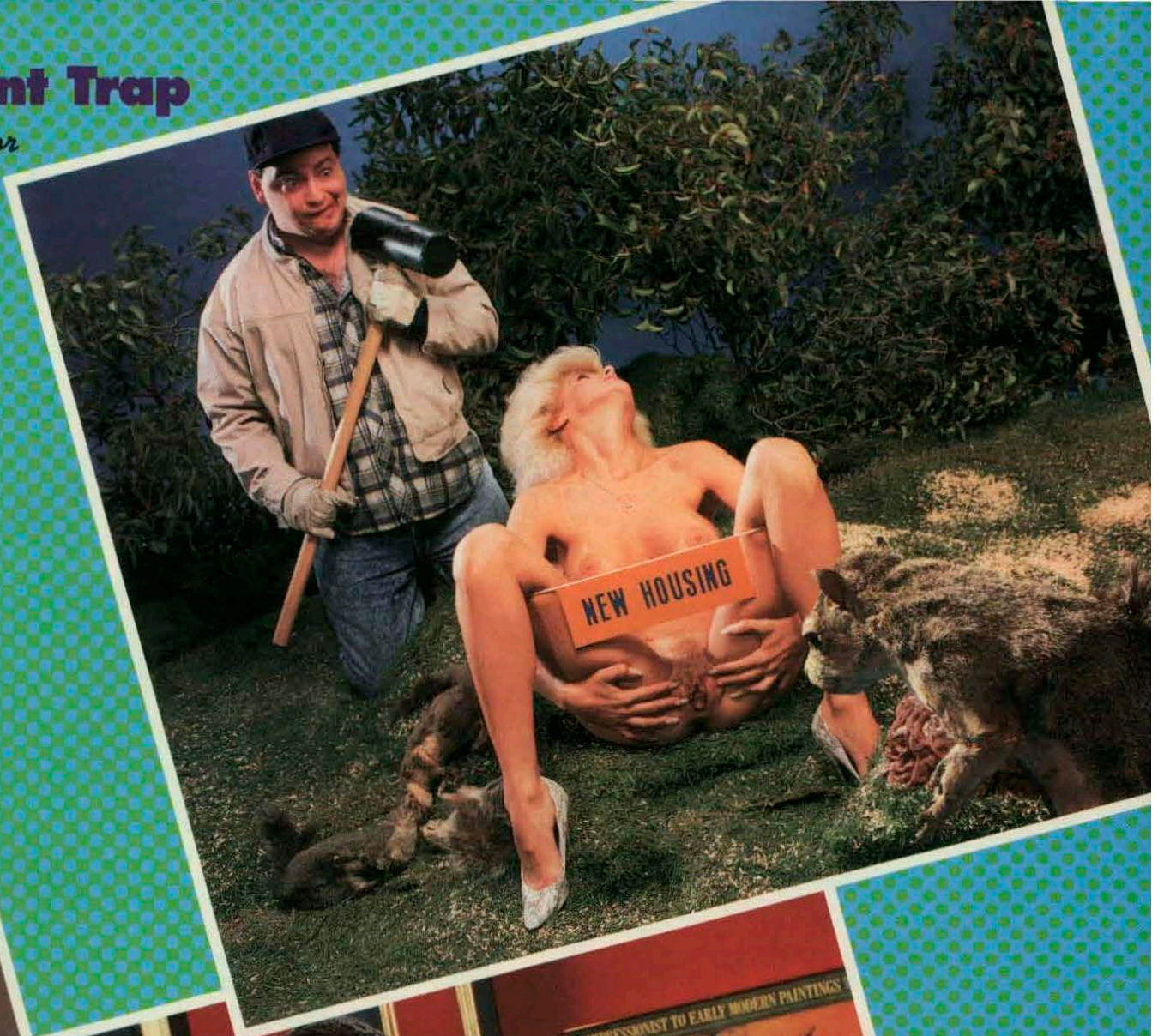
Dental Floss

The best way to floss teeth and freshen breath simultaneously.

Rodent Trap

als are suckers for warm, dark hole.



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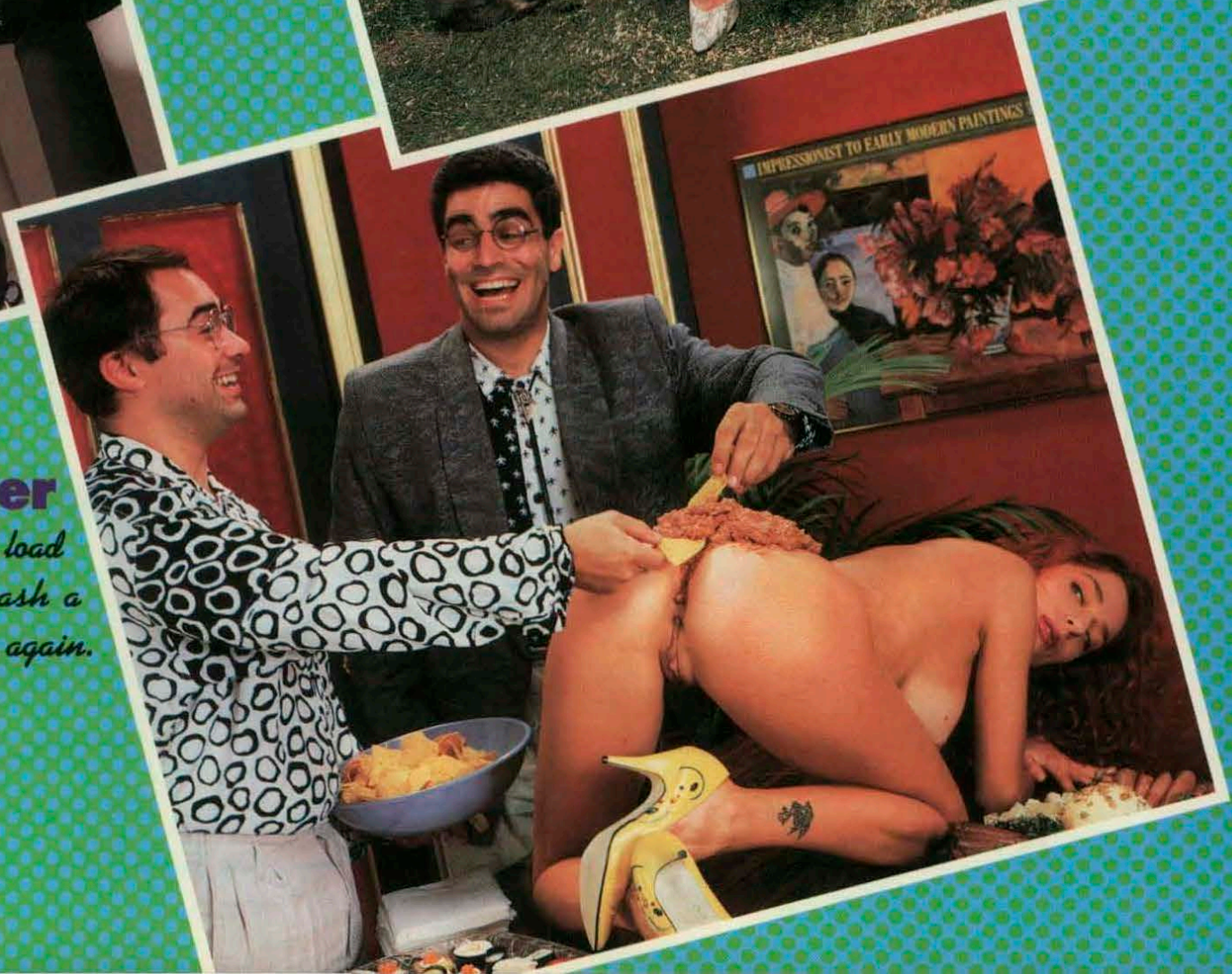

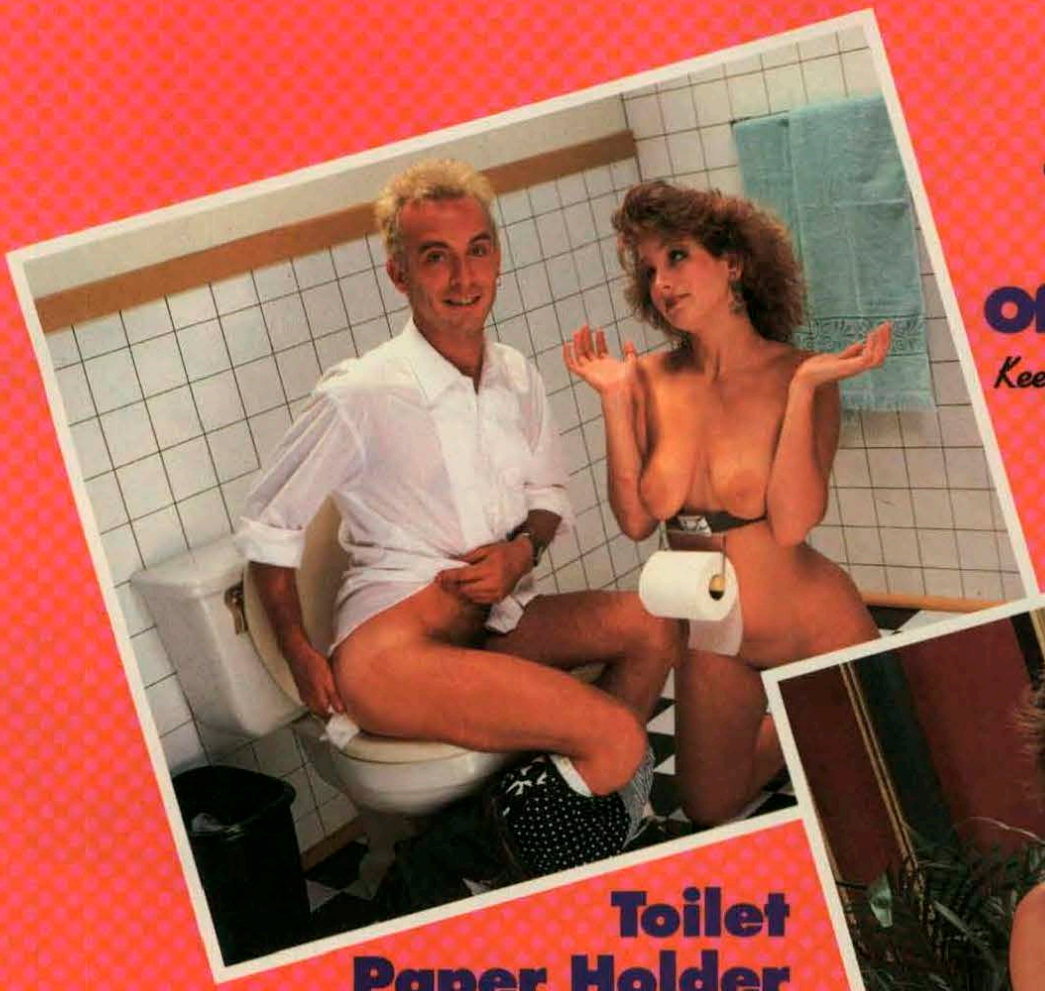

Toilet Paper Holder

She can even change the roll when it's empty.

"Voice-Activat

TV remotes can be so complex out the channel. She'll automat

Office Supplies Dis

Keep that masking tape close at ha

Hot Dog S

What better pa dogg

Toothpick

Pick off a satisfying meal with the best part of the female wardrobe, her high heels.

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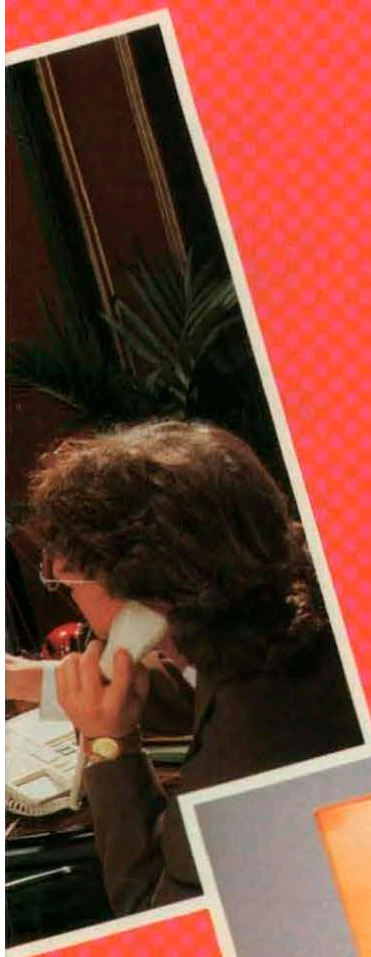

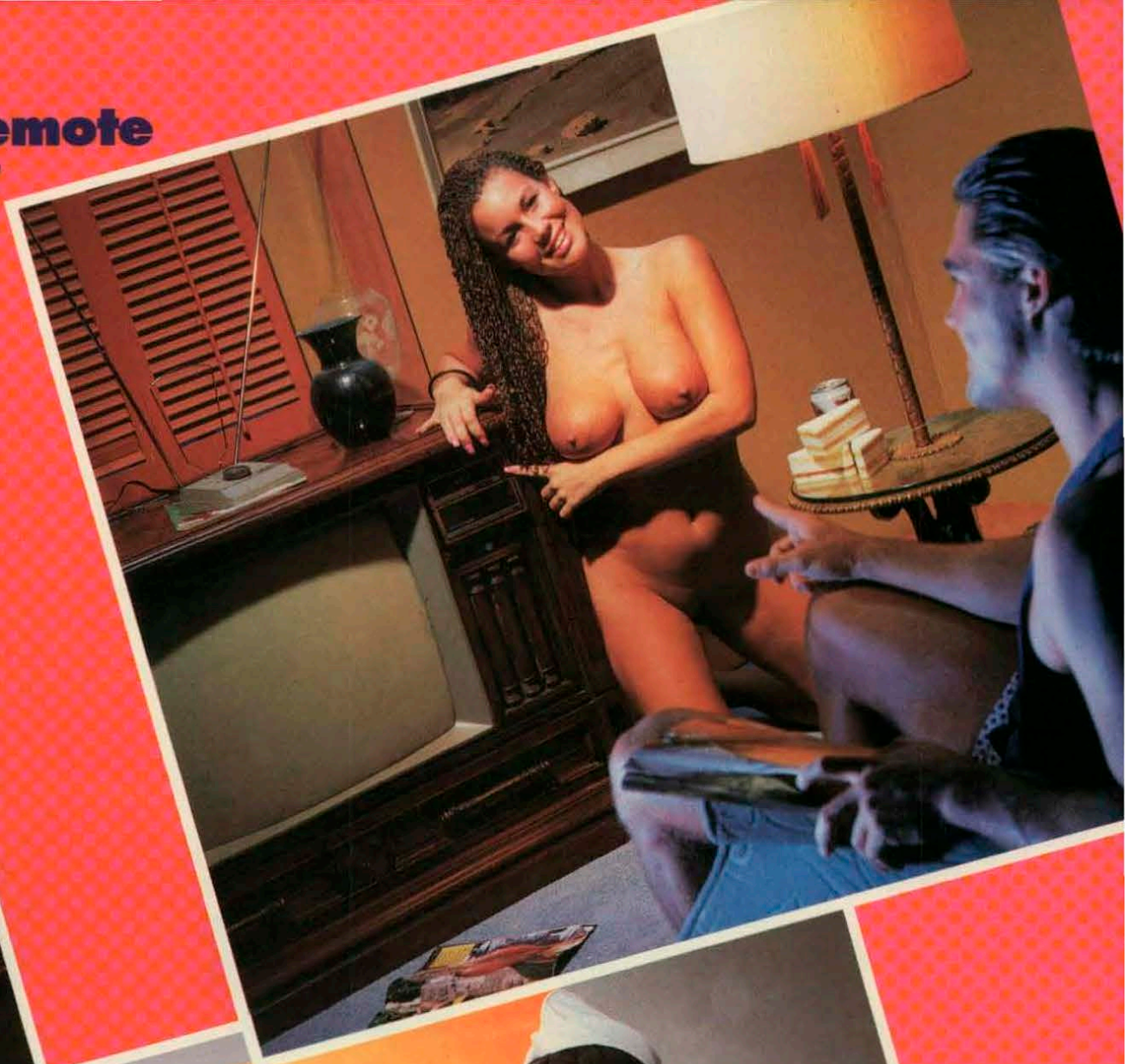

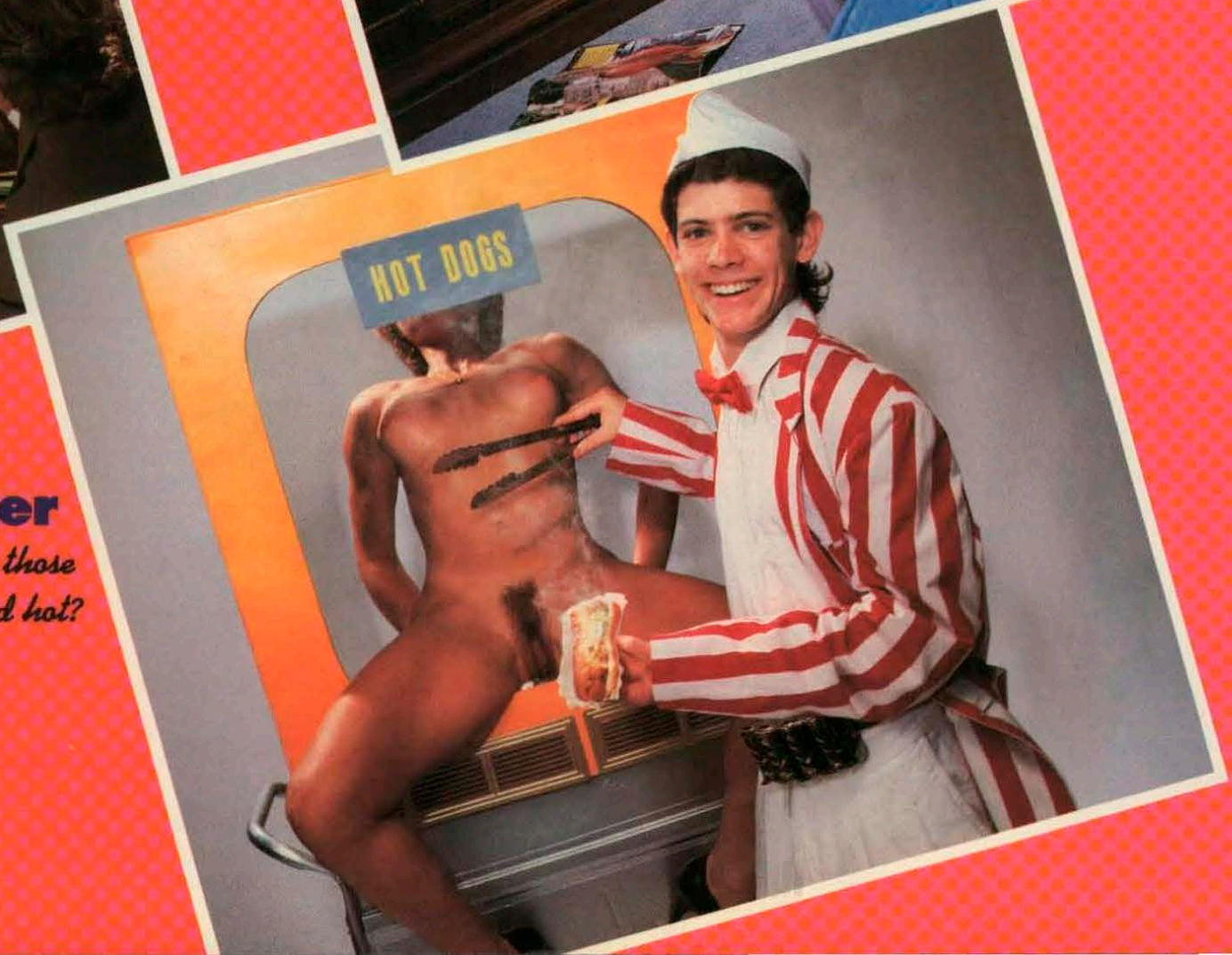

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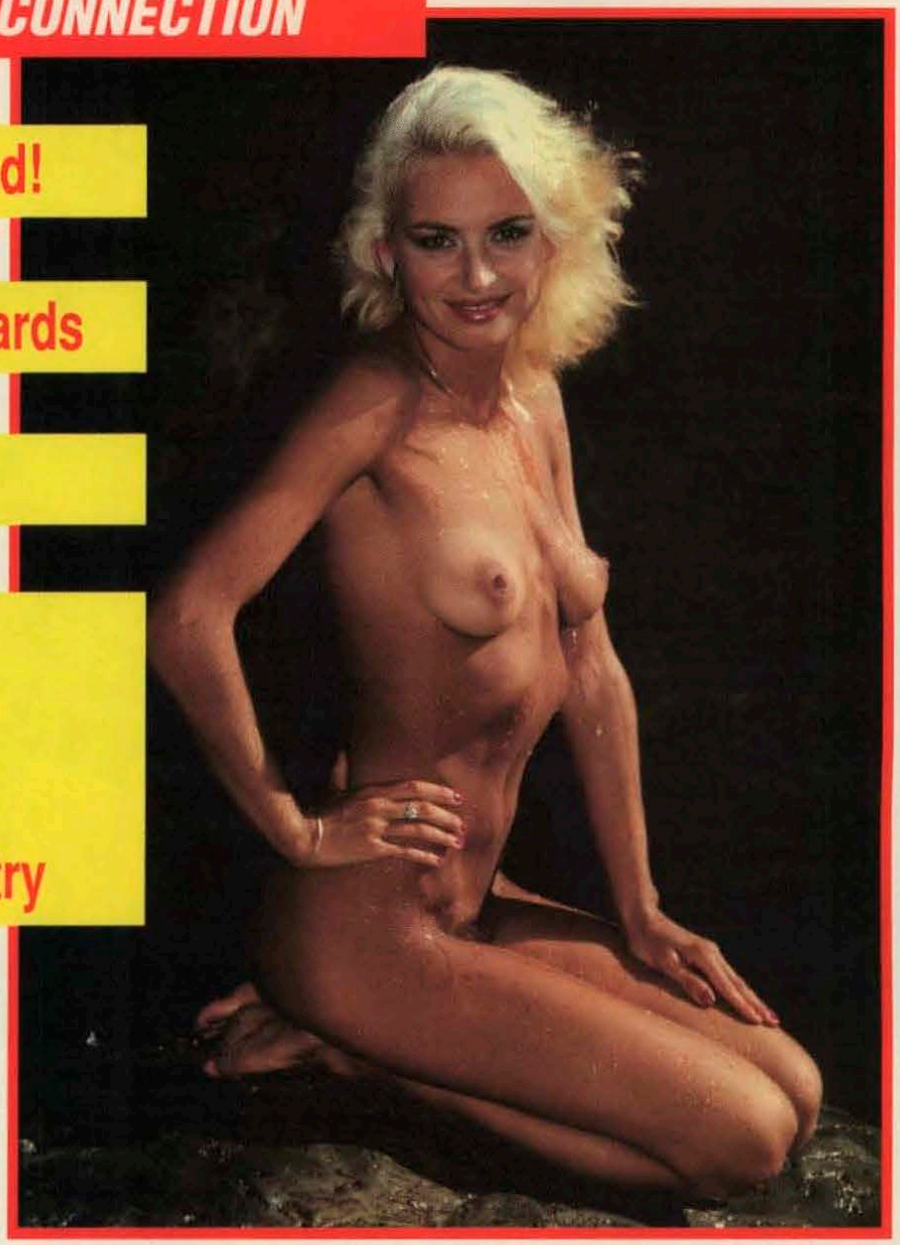

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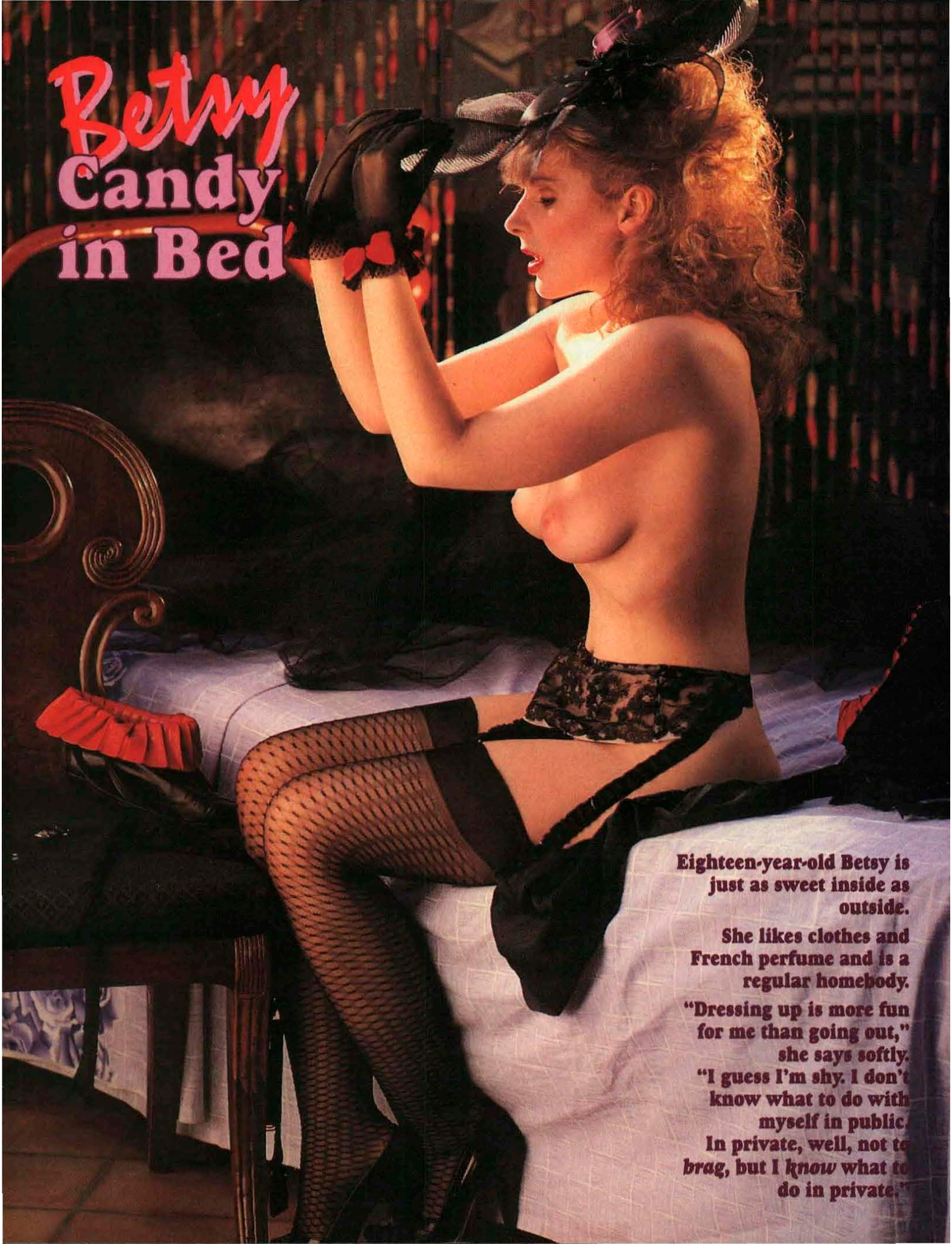
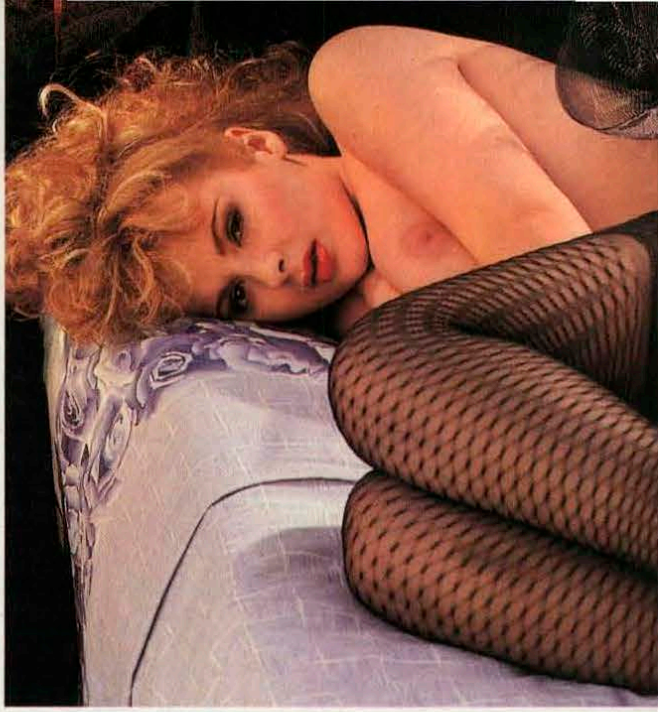
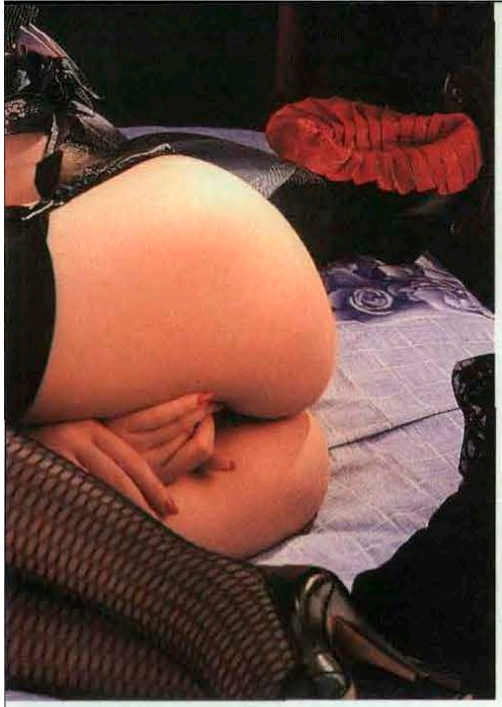


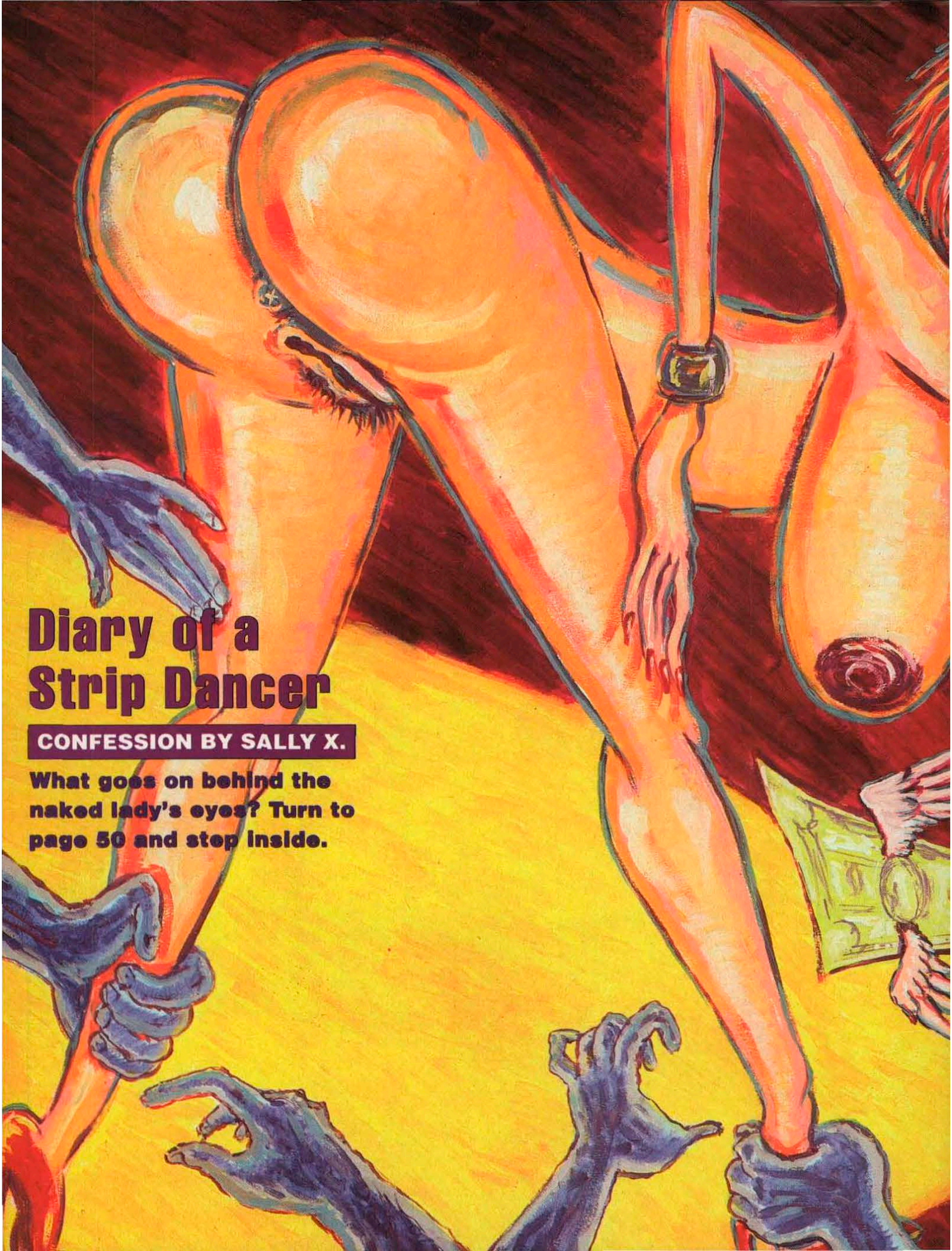
Eighteen-year-old Betsy is just as sweet inside as outside.

She likes clothes and French perfume and is a regular homebody.

"Dressing up is more fun for me than going out," she says softly. "I guess I'm shy. I don't know what to do with myself in public. In private, well, not to *brag*, but I *know* what to do in private."



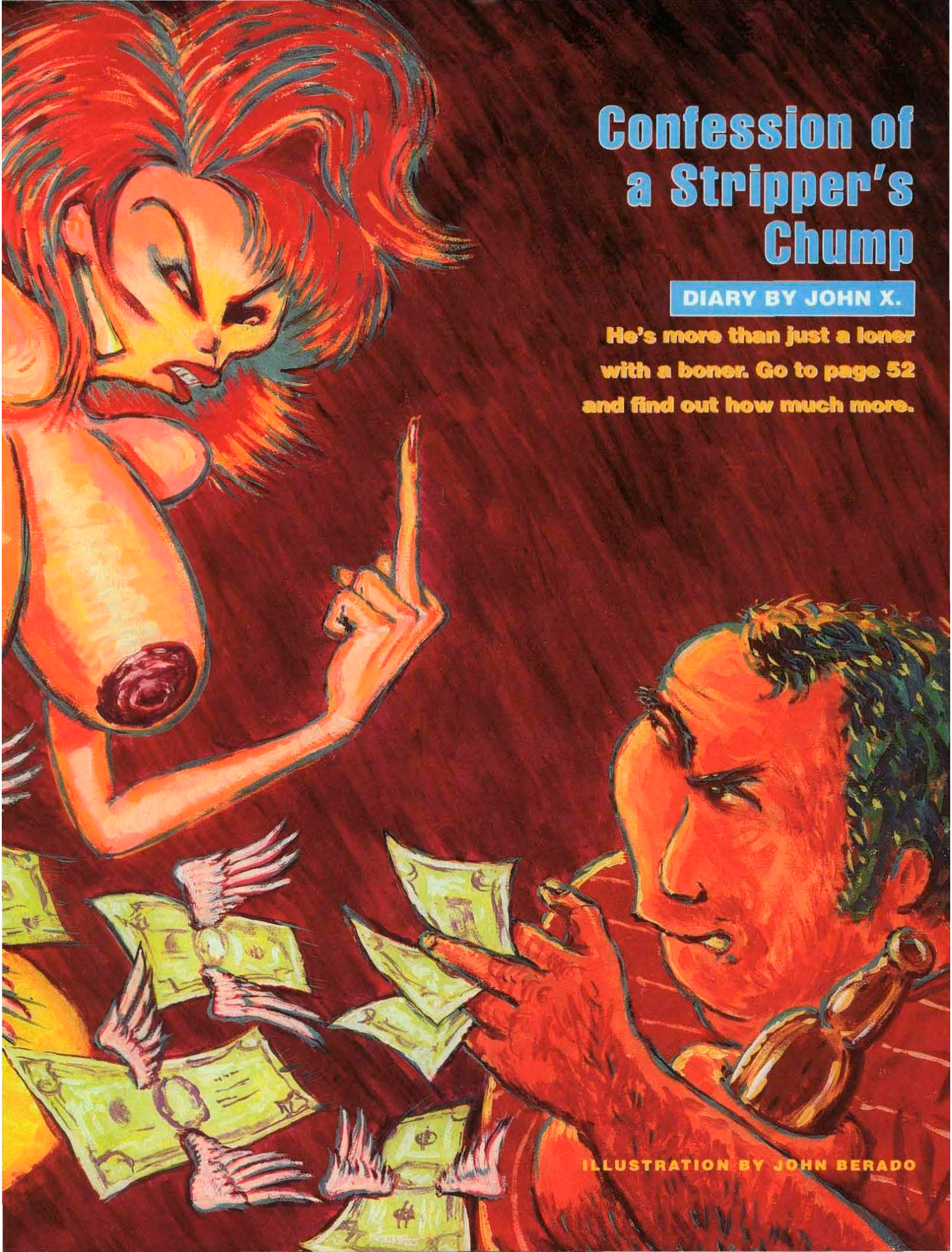




Diary of a Strip Dancer

CONFESSION BY SALLY X.

What goes on behind the naked lady's eyes? Turn to page 50 and step inside.



Confession of a Stripper's Chump

DIARY BY JOHN X.

He's more than just a loner with a boner. Go to page 52 and find out how much more.

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN BERADO

STRIP DANCER

"I feel a finger easing its way up my pussy. When you're a sex symbol, you're never left alone. There's always someone trying to fuck you."

DIARY OF A STRIP DANCER

(continued from page 48)

It's about 10 a.m., and I really wouldn't be getting up this early, but I feel a finger easing its way up my pussy. When you're a sex symbol, you're never left alone. There's always someone trying to fuck you. Well, I give him what he wants—a cold, insensitive screw. Dancers that don't have a man usually sleep until two. I don't really mind getting up early. I don't like to waste the precious daylight hours. The night hours are filled with darkness and fake people. I like to enjoy the sun and the birds.

When he finally leaves me alone, I get up and stretch my aching muscles and try to put my sore feet on the floor. It feels like I am walking on pebbles. The calluses on my feet are so built up that it's hard to walk.

I put my tired, cum-dripping body into a tub of hot, soothing water. I will try to relax as long a while as the jerk leaves me alone. No matter what I do, there's a man staring lustfully at my naked body. Here I was, trying to relax, floating in a tub of luxurious bubbles, and all of a sudden, he comes in and pisses on my face! That sick, perverted asshole. I could have killed him. Men are so disgusting! I proceed to shower, to finish my bath. I go into the kitchen to get some breakfast. I try to enjoy my meal. It's hard, because the pervert won't quit staring at me. I have no privacy at all. Once a dancer is in the limelight, she never has any privacy. Even when she is shopping, people will recognize her and stare or have something smart to say, such as, "Oh, I didn't recognize you with your clothes on." Men never like you for the person you are. To them, a girl is only as good as she looks.

It's about one p.m. now. I count the tips that I made last night. Money is the only thing that makes a strip job at all worthwhile. A dancer can make anywhere from $600 to $1,200 a week. Sometimes she gets lucky and makes $500 in one night. Another good thing about being a dancer is that she can meet some real nice lady friends. Dancers really stick together and help each other when the chips are down, because in that kind of atmosphere, no girl can really meet a man she can trust. All men want is money or pussy, or both. They're all playing a game to see who they can fuck and how many times.

They will come up with the most outlandish stories. For instance, they'll say their wives are dying or that they've just lost their jobs. They'll say anything to get a piece of ass. There aren't enough pages in this story for me to tell you all of the shit lies they will tell.

The girls have a love for each other that is hard for anyone outside the business to understand. When the jerks in the audience won't come up to the stage and tip us, we tip each other. When we are table dancing, we glance over at each other with looks of disgust. Because men are cold and treat us like pieces of meat. They pretend they like us, but they couldn't care less.

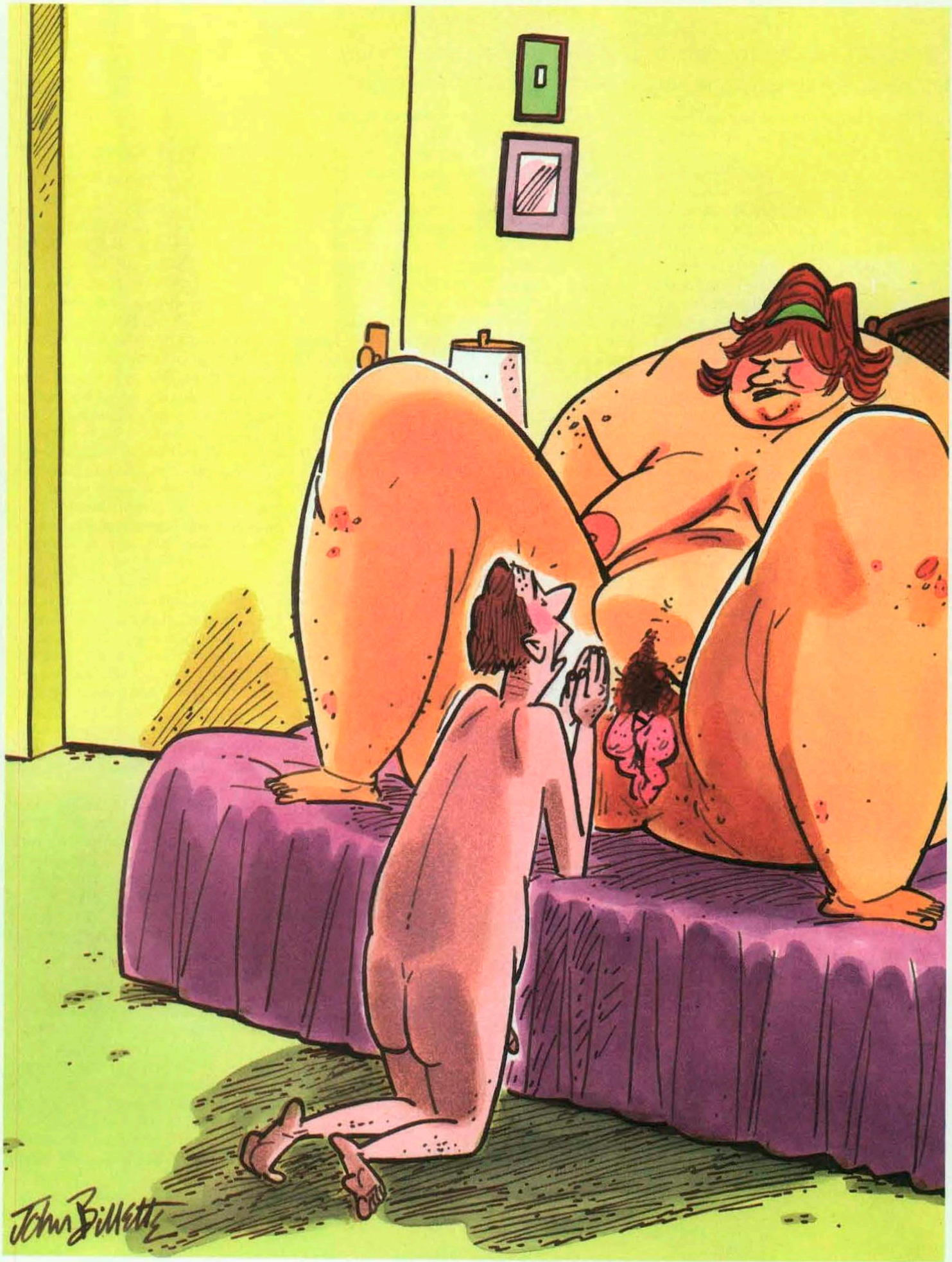
Once in a while, a girl will meet a man in these dens of iniquity and get lucky. But I've never seen it last. Even those relationships are hard to make work. After having men pawing at you all night, you have a tendency to hate anyone touching you.

Close to 7 p.m., it's time to put on the war paint and psyche my mind into being another person. Stage makeup needs to be exaggerated because the red lights seem to blot out facial features. It's time to drink some coffee or take drugs, whatever is necessary to be in that other world. Some girls need the extra energy to be able to work until 5 a.m. Being a dancer is like being an actress. We should win Academy Awards for some of the roles we have to portray.

Back at the old shithole, the girls are crowded around the small dressing room trying to get their costumes together. Sometimes we end up sticking our asses in each other's faces or stepping on each other's toes, but we don't mind. It's all in a night's work. In the dressing room, we really can see each other's flaws, from silicone scars to stretch marks or cellulite thighs. But we love each other for what's on the inside, not the outside. We listen to each other's sob stories of how the old man came home drunk, beat the hell out of her, then fucked her brains out all night long. It's always the same thing. So many broken hearts. Some get knocked up and their men leave them. Sometimes I tend to wonder if God is a woman. I can't believe God could be a man like everyone believes. Men are so cruel.

You don't get much money onstage. Getting money out of men is like getting blood out of a rock. You have to get right in their faces and make them feel guilty before they'll tip you.

While I'm onstage, I'm in another world. When I'm up there, I am the most beautiful and best dancer in the universe. I don't pay any attention to the guys. They are all jerks to me. I know most of the other girls feel the same way I do. When we bend over and stick our asses in their faces,



"...yea, though I walk through the valley of death."

STRIP DANCER

"When we bend over and stick our asses in thier faces, we really mean for them to kiss our asses. They think we are trying to turn them on. *Ha!*"

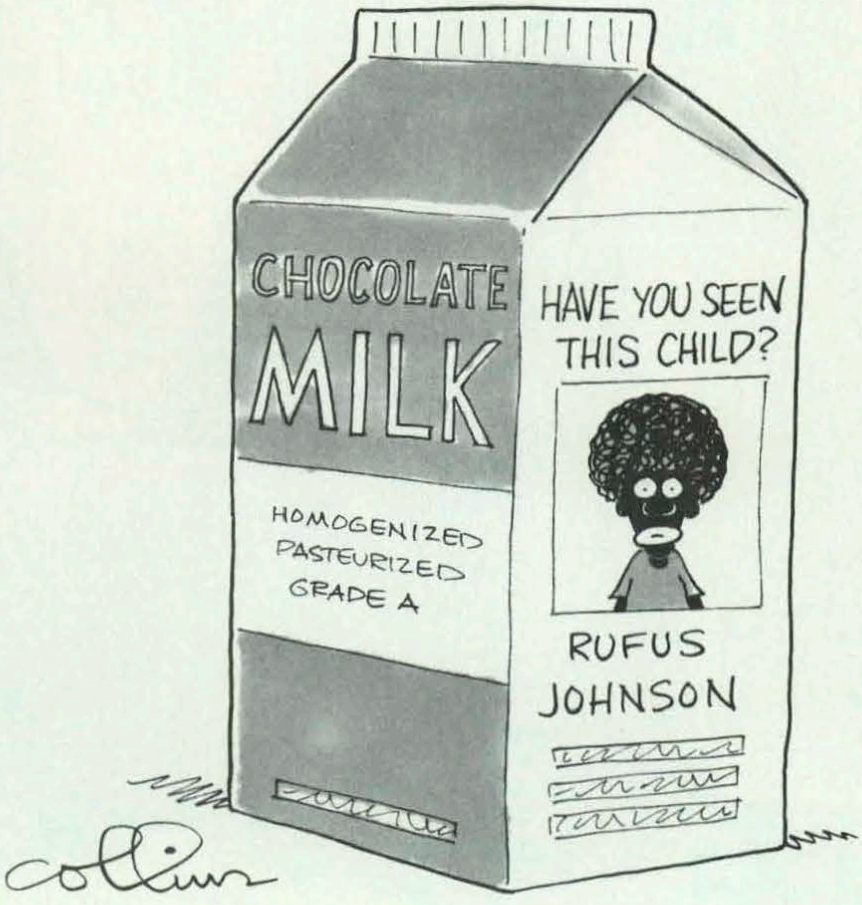
we really mean for them to kiss our asses. They think we are trying to turn them on. The joke's on them. *Ha!*

There are a variety of dancers, all with different sizes, shapes and personalities. It's really nice that way, because there are all kinds of men who come to watch us dance. Doctors, lawyers, Indian chiefs, rich men, poor men, beggars, thieves. After we dance onstage, we go around and ask if the men would like a table dancer. We dance one song, and they may give us $5 to $100—you never know. Most of them don't even deserve one whole song, since they grab at you and try to get away with all that they can. We aren't allowed to hit them, because they are "gentlemen." What a laugh. In this profession, you literally have to grin and bear it. We really hate having men with their clammy claws all over us. Sometimes we get pinched, bit, and drinks poured down our G-strings. They even try to stick their fingers up our assholes. Some of the men pull their dicks out and try to come all over us. Sick dogs is what they are.

It's about 4 a.m.—time to blow this popsicle stand. The bouncer walks us to our cars. We tip him $5. Then the ride home. I pray there is no one following me. I could tell you numerous stories about things that happened to me on my way home. For instance, once there was a man driving right next to me. He kept waving a badge at me like he was a cop and signaling me to pull over for him. I knew I had better keep on going. That guy was crazy. Since he couldn't get me to stop, he started slamming his car into mine. He totaled the whole side of my car! I was scared to death. I knew he was crazy, because he stopped his car in the middle of the road, and he was shaking like a leaf. Finally, he left me alone. I think he was getting his nut while he was stopped in the middle of the road.

So it was time for me to get home as fast as I could get there. Now I have to worry about getting in the house in one piece. As I pull into the driveway, I look all around, making sure there's no one lurking in the bushes. I get inside the house, hoping that I'm safe. Finally, in the house, I jump into a warm shower to clean my aching body of dirty men's filthy claw prints. Now it's time to get into bed. Maybe I can unwind and just maybe relax. It's a hard thing to do. My feet are so sore, they just throb.

It's time to thank the good Lord for a safe and successful evening, and ask him to help me get to sleep so I can start this same old shit all over again tomorrow.



CONFESSION OF A STRIPPER'S CHUMP

(continued from page 49)

It's about 10 a.m., and I'm trying for the umpteenth time to get some of the nookie for which I have shelled out $160 already, in regular bites of $10 and $20. Finally, the coldhearted ginch rolls over and allows me to pump a couple dozen times inside her dry twat. I roll off without coming and manage to get off by whacking myself. There's little satisfaction out of spraying her thighs with my furtive gob. It's a long shot, because she gets out of bed just as soon as my dick is back in open air.

For $160, though, it isn't close to enough. I still feel horny. And cheated. After all, this bitch had singled me out of a whole crowd of horny guys just a half dozen hours ago, in a strip club that hires and fires a dozen hipshakers like herself every month. She came right to my table after her set and danced just for me, which got me to stick the first of eight twenties into her cheap-sequined G-string. She told me I was the sexiest thing she'd seen all year and ground her pussy against her fist like a sex-starved Christy Canyon, just to keep the green coming. And after $80 had come and gone, she made it known that we had come to an agreement. At the time, I was too stuffed with beer and my own raw hormones to realize that what we had agreed upon was that I was a chump, and she was too good to fuck me.

And now she trots off to the bathroom and sits in a nice, hot tub, leaving me to shiver in her grimy, cum-stained bed. Any kind of reason to yank my pants on and split, with my pockets empty and my balls still full. But my dick won't get soft enough to pull my pants up. It stays stiff with a piss hard-on. I go into the bathroom. She's in her nice, comfortable bath, all ringed with sweet-smelling bubbles and such, and gives me a look like I am a living, breathing dog turd. Me, whose $160 is going to buy her a hell of a lot of sweet-smelling soap! The least she can do is work up a smile, instead of that superior, smug look of disgust. She leaves me no choice but to wipe her sneer off with any means handy. I stick my cunt-gypped dick toward her face and piss on it. The satisfaction I get out of that is actually worth a few bucks.

She takes a shower to wash my piss out of her hair. I meet her in the kitchen on my

FEED THE HOMELESS
Trosley

STRIPPER'S CHUMP

"A guy's dirt whether he's Quasimodo or Donald fucking Trump. But if he's Trump, you know one of the bimbs'll let him smell her shit."

way out the door. I stop to watch her for a while. I don't feel guilty about spritzing her cheeks. But I had been ripped off, major; so I study her face and her movements, hoping to catch something in them that would tip me off the next time I started to moon over an undulating piece of ass in a strip dive. Because some of the strip-bar girls will give as much of a good time as any guy pays for, and some take and take and don't give, and I'm as eager as anyone for some clues as to which are which.

Deep down, I wanted to beat this superior bitch black and blue, same as I would anybody that ripped me off for two bills. But girls are girls, and I'm more of a gentleman than some give me credit for. One day, who knows? I might explode and cause some serious damage. Because dancer whores are grifter bitches that make up to $1200 a *week.* Sometimes they make $500 in *one night.* A day laborer like myself is lucky to earn that much in a month.

One of the first lessons a guy has to learn about dealing with ambulatory trash is to control his temper, if not his cockstrings. To be gypped out of a proper fuck, robbed of all his cash, and then be thrown in jail is one step further than even the dumbest, most pussy-blinded goon deserves.

First of all, a guy has to beat, or have it beaten, into his brain that all a stripper wants is money. She's not interested in any kind of fair commodity exchange. She expects a pussy stuffed with bills for nothing but as many furtive pokes and prods as her sharp-nailed hands can fend off. Whereas to earn his measly pay, the average strip-bar patron breaks his fucking back. To drop $160 just to jerk himself on some reluctant piece of trash can put him in a bad mood for days. Which is why he's got to realize upon stepping through the grungy doors of any strip-bar dive that if he isn't prepared to deal with a total financial loss right then and there, in exchange for a fleeting chance to get his fingers warm for a second or two, he might as well turn right around and go home.

That's the way I look at it. That way, I may get mad, but I'm seldom disappointed. I visit the fucking strip dives every weekend. I meet my buddies. I hang out. Strip-dive patrons are close. Most of them got some heavy shit to deal with. Their wives are sick or have run off. Some of the dudes have just lost their jobs. They're all interested in one thing: to get some nookie and forget their problems. Some of them are too damn broke to buy a beer, let alone fork out a single to tip a dancer. They come in and just watch. Helps pass the time.

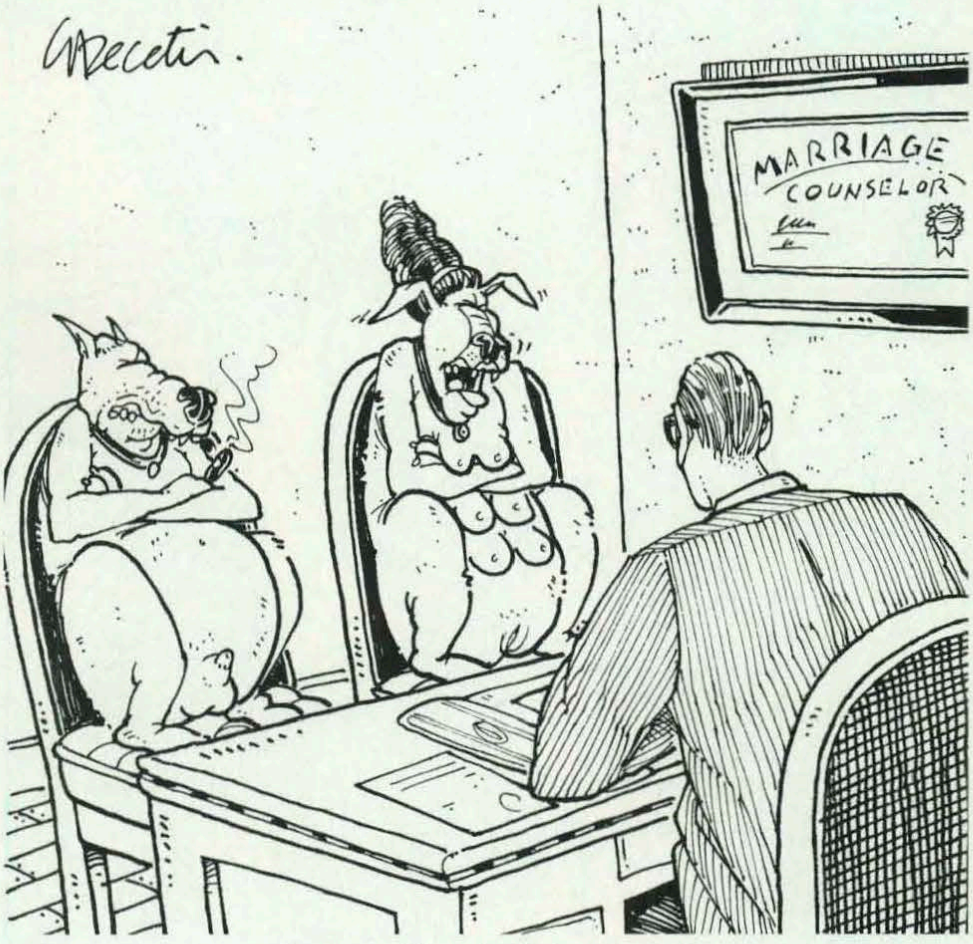
Whether a guy's broke or loaded doesn't make much difference to most of the dancing meat. He's dirt whether he's Quasimodo or Donald fucking Trump. But if he's Trump, you know damn sure one of the bimbs'll shake her dry ass over and let him smell her shit.

The bar fills up around 10 p.m. The dancers come on to a tune they pick on the jukebox. They dance for a while in their getups, then strip and get down to the real show. Which is, more often than not, seeing how much they can abuse a bar patron and still get him to stick a $20 into a smelly, old G-string. Sometimes I wonder if God is a woman. That might explain why men get shit on all the time.

The girls all think they're as sexy as Jane Russell in her prime. Every one of us guys is a jerk to them. They bend over and stick their asses in our faces, and they think the whistles and whoops mean they've fooled us into thinking they aren't dissing us major. The joke's on them. We whistle and whoop because we know they're fucking pigs, and we don't have to worry about doing anything rude to them, because you can't be rude to a pig. Then they approach the tables and start hitting hard. This is where they make a grab for the cash, and we make our grabs for their asses. And this is where contact for a possible lay later on in the evening is negotiated and settled.

But nothing's for certain, no matter how much cash a guy lays down. One man I met in a strip bar told me how he had personally stuffed $240 down the sweaty muff of one dance whore, and she promised to meet him outside the club and take him home for some bedside entertainment, but she ditched him, stiffing him for half a month's salary. He happened to notice which car she drove away in, and he followed her, honking his horn and demanding that she either give him back some dough or fulfill the agreement. She refused, and he rammed his car into hers a few times, taking out on her moving vehicle what he would have liked to have done to her face with his fists.

Most of these broads think they can get away with anything—take the money for nothing, and sometimes less than that. The real stupid thing is that once in a while a guy will meet a stripper who treats him like a fucking human being, and not only gives him his money's worth, but a little respect too. It's what keeps us coming in.



"He never sniffs my butthole anymore!"

CONJUGAL
VISITING
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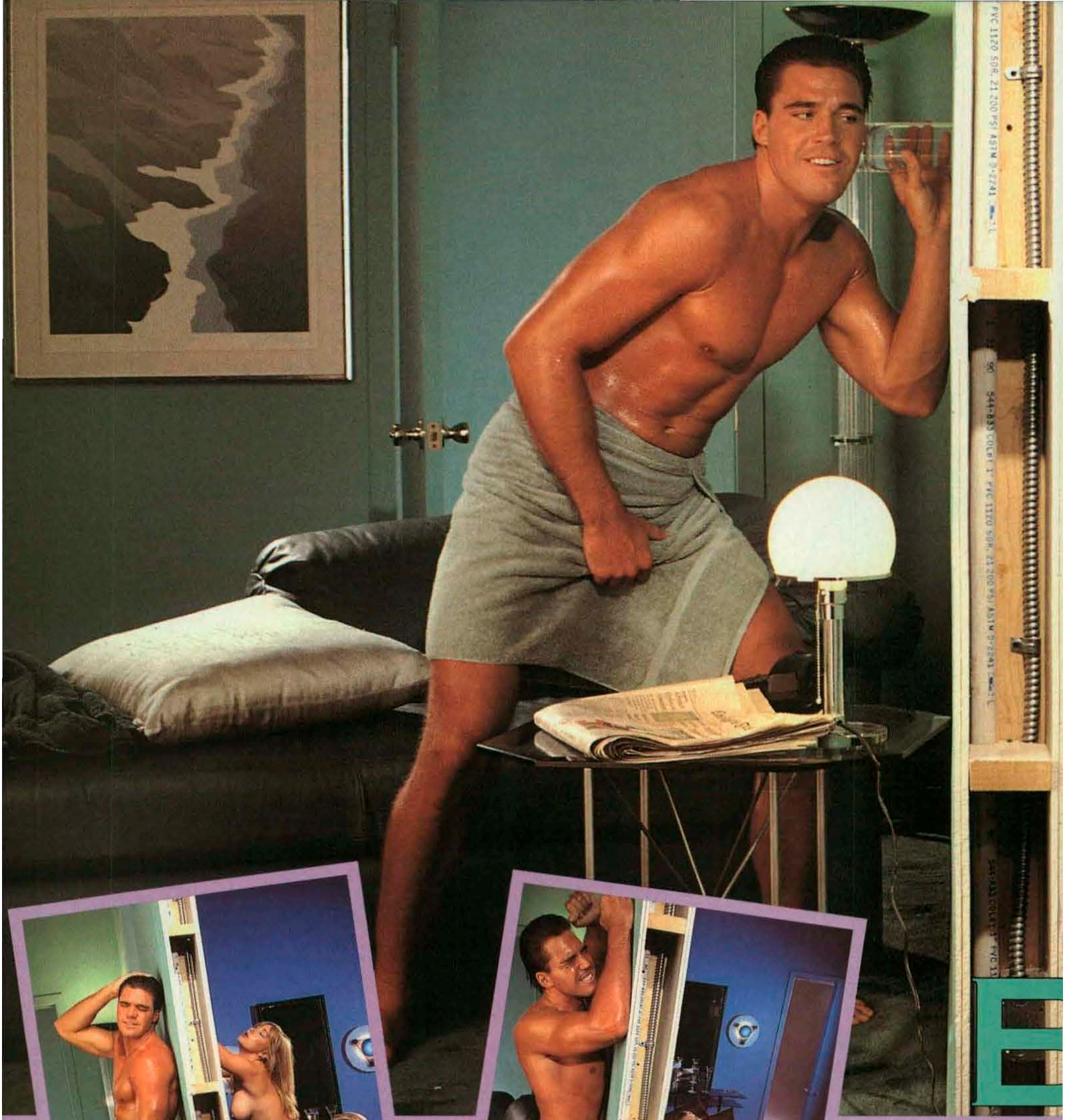
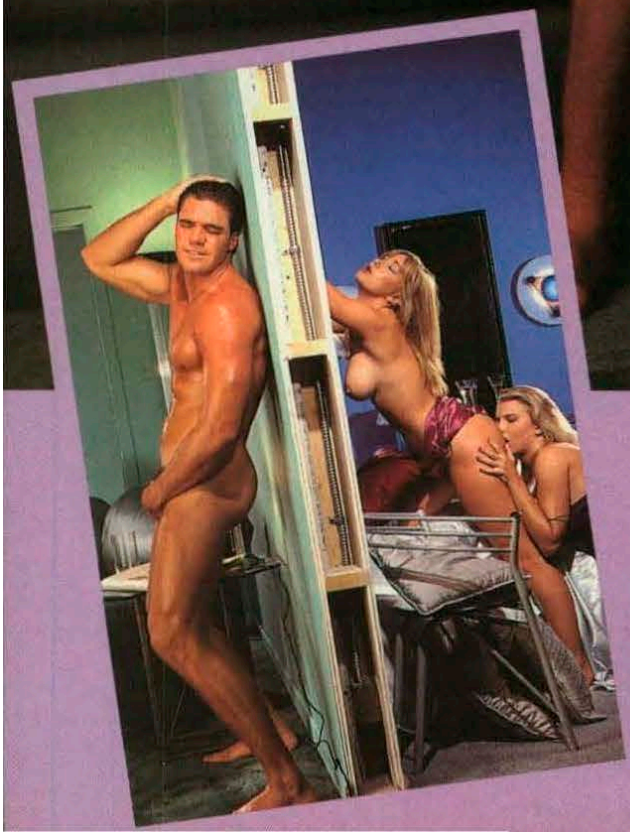
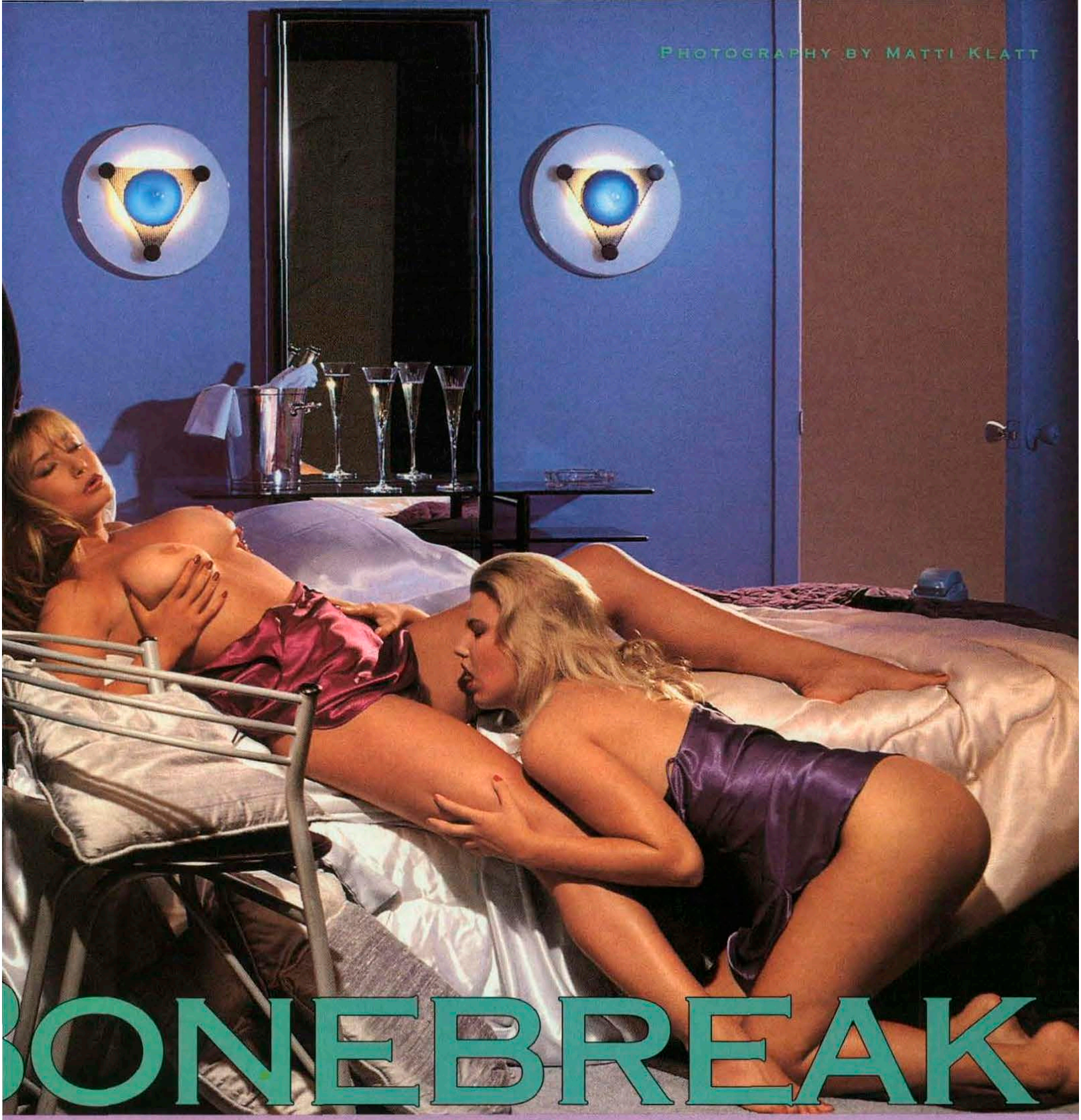


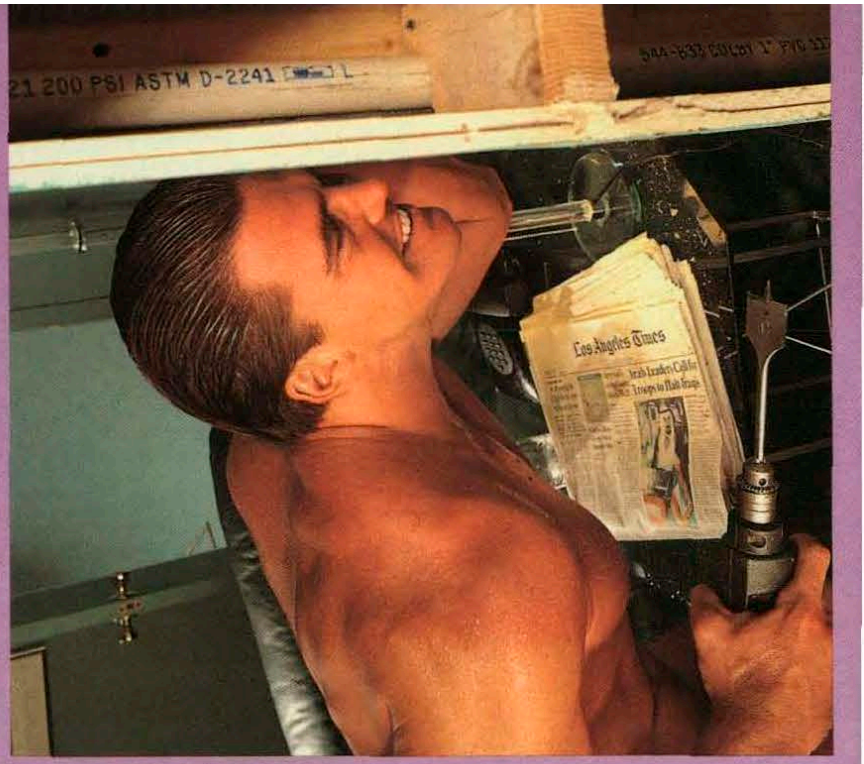




PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

BONEBREAK HOTEL

Sometimes the kind of room service a man's got to have ain't on the menu. Bonebreak Hotel urges its guests to check out the place before they check out. Oh, and leave the towels behind.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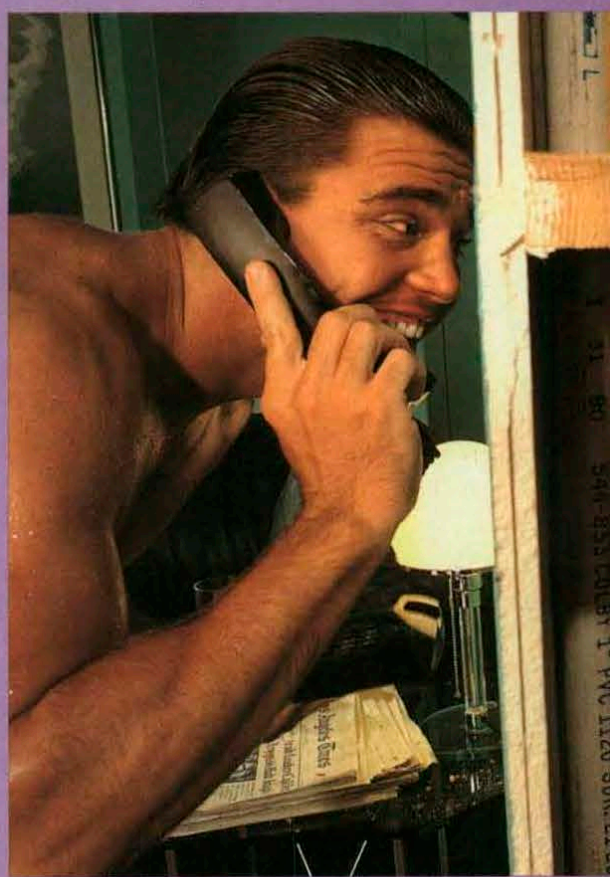
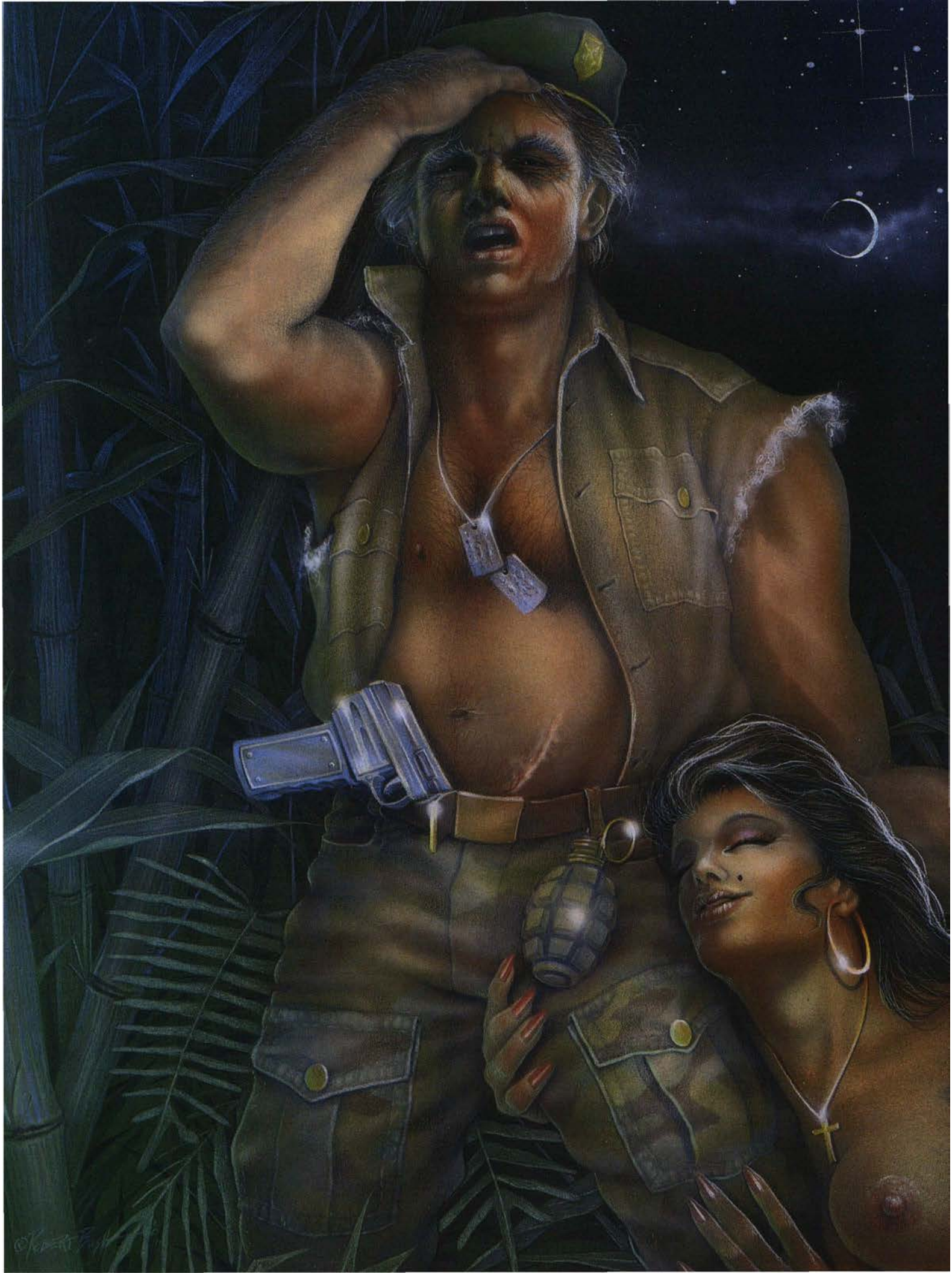
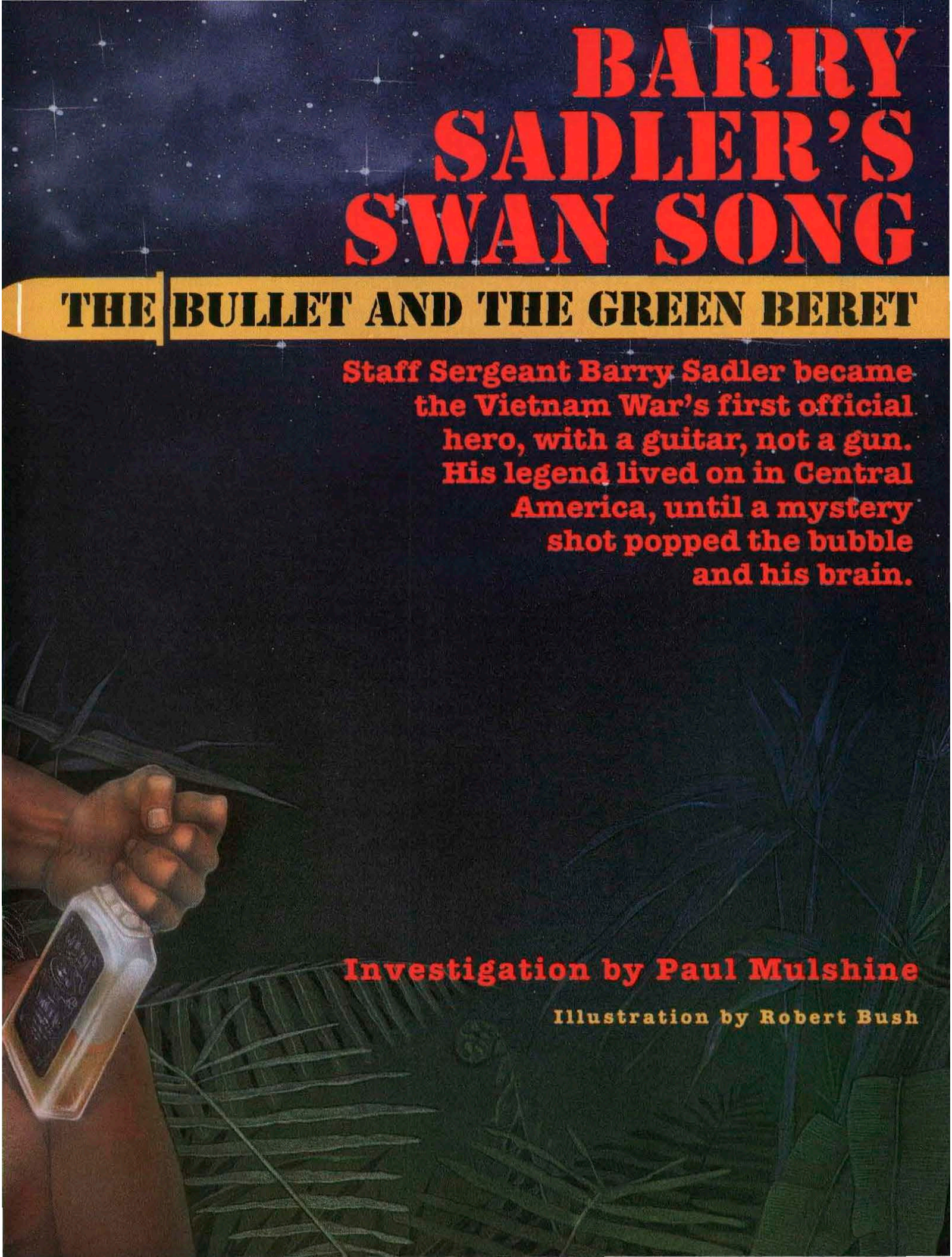




BARRY SADLER'S SWAN SONG

THE BULLET AND THE GREEN BERET

Staff Sergeant Barry Sadler became the Vietnam War's first official hero, with a guitar, not a gun. His legend lived on in Central America, until a mystery shot popped the bubble and his brain.



Investigation by Paul Mulshine

Illustration by Robert Bush

BARRY SADLER

This is a place where a man can experience the Third World the way it was meant to be experienced: through a window, with a drink.

Barry Sadler spent the afternoon of the day on which he was shot drinking in the Guatemala City bars with Ben Rosson, his old Vietnam War buddy.

Of all the mercenaries who passed through Central America in the 1980s, Rosson was the deadliest. As a Special Forces sniper in Nam he'd killed 107 men. Rumor had him nailing that many again after the war ended.

Sadler's Guatemalan connections had landed a contract to sell used U.S. Army helicopters to the Guatemalan Air Force. The commission would've let them forget about mercenary work for a while, but the deal went bad. Sadler's friends later said he complained that Rosson had shortchanged him.

They seemed to be getting along on this afternoon, however. Around dinner time, Rosson left, saying he was going to a friend's apartment to sleep off the day's drinking.

Sadler drank until about 11 that night. Then he got in a cab for the ride out to his rented house about ten miles beyond the city limits.

Soon the cab was enveloped in the darkness of the tropics, a darkness often used as a weapon by the death squads and the guerrilla hit teams that operate in Guatemala and in nearby El Salvador. Only a tiny sliver of a moon illuminated the red-clay hillsides.

A shot boomed out and echoed through the canyons. The bullet entered Sadler's head just above the right temple and exited over the left ear. Barry Sadler, a man who had cheated death in seven wars, had finally run out of luck.

None of the Americans who hung around Guatemala City could recall seeing Ben Rosson until the next morning.

The road was dark that night, very dark.

Anything could have happened out there.

* * *

In the 1980s, Central America was something of a '60s theme park for Americans. Not just one jungle war to argue over, but three. Nice climate, cheap living, good drugs and booze, great sex, politics that really mattered. It was a place as beautiful and exotic as any on earth, and it was just a $125 plane ticket from Miami or Los Angeles.

Late at night, Americans gathered in cafes to one-up each other with adventure stories. The two main themes were sex and death, the pursuit of one and the avoidance of the other.

The gringos formed two divergent groups. On one side were the left-wingers and post-hippies. The leftists (called "Sandalistas" because of the leather strap-on Birkenstocks they wore) headed down to Nicaragua to join the Sandinista labor brigades and rail against imperialism. The hippies gravitated to the Guatemalan mountains, where they did drugs and bought the colorful clothes woven by the Mayan descendants.

The right wing consisted of various Vietnam vets, *Soldier of Fortune* readers and similar types. Some were mercenaries or CIA agents. Those who weren't pretended to be.

These two opposite forces ended up in the same bars and cafes. They didn't fight. They rarely even argued much. They needed each other to complete the illusion.

When Barry Sadler first came to Guatemala in 1983, he found a world that was made to order for a man whose life had peaked in the mid-'60s. It was all there: the climate, the war, the bars, the women. It was almost as if he'd been transported to Saigon '65, drinking Bamiba beer after flying in from the A-Team post in the Central Highlands.

And people knew who he was. Staff Sergeant Barry Sadler, the Green Beret. His reputation quickly gained him access to the military. Before long he had a permit to carry a weapon as well as a "get out of jail free" card. He had buddies in the Guatemalan Air Force, such as an energetic pilot the gringos called Captain Sock-It-to-Me. The captain took him along on Huey rides to the mountains where the guerrillas lurked.

Sadler rented a house in the village of San Lucas and christened it *Rancho Borracho*—drunken ranch. With a word processor and a steady supply of Jack Daniel's, he got down to work, cranking out the paperbacks that kept the dollars flowing south and also kept his legend growing. In far-off towns in the mountains, Americans would brag about knowing Sadler. They'd talk about how they'd drink with him whenever they were in Guatemala City, at a bar called the Europa.

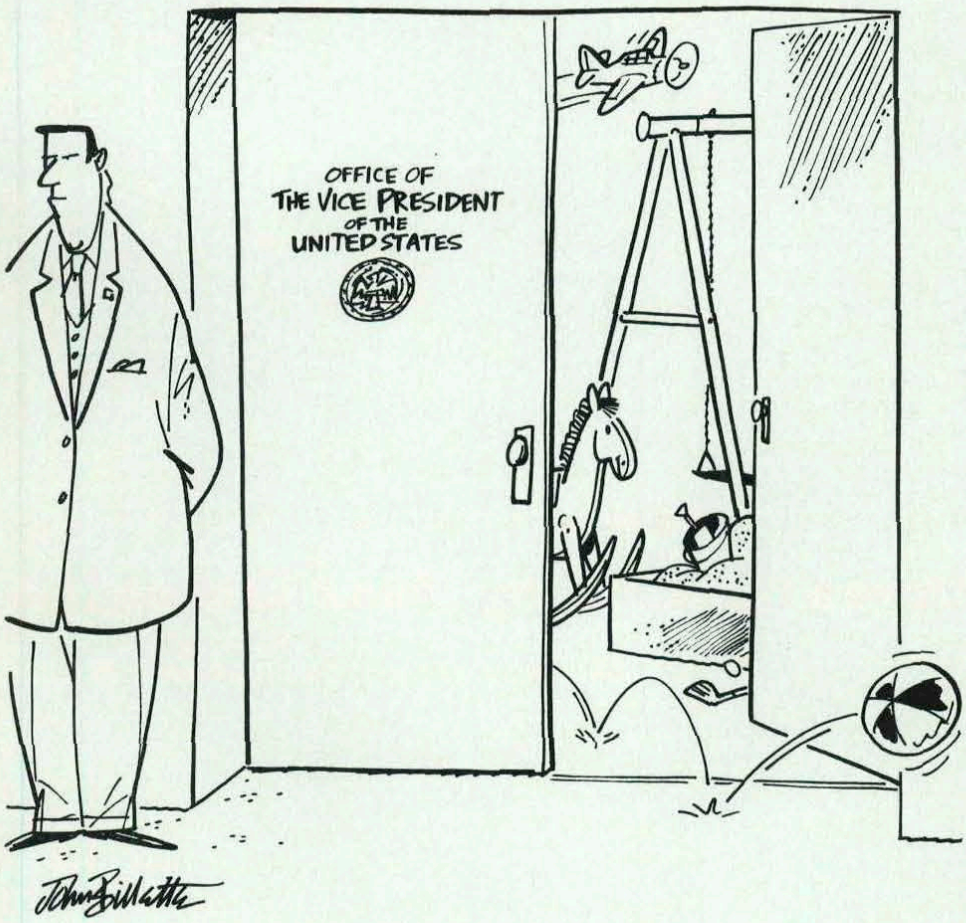
You had to be careful when you went to the Europa. Some shifty characters drank there. Crazed Americans. Ex-French Foreign Legion types. Guys with cold eyes who carried guns.

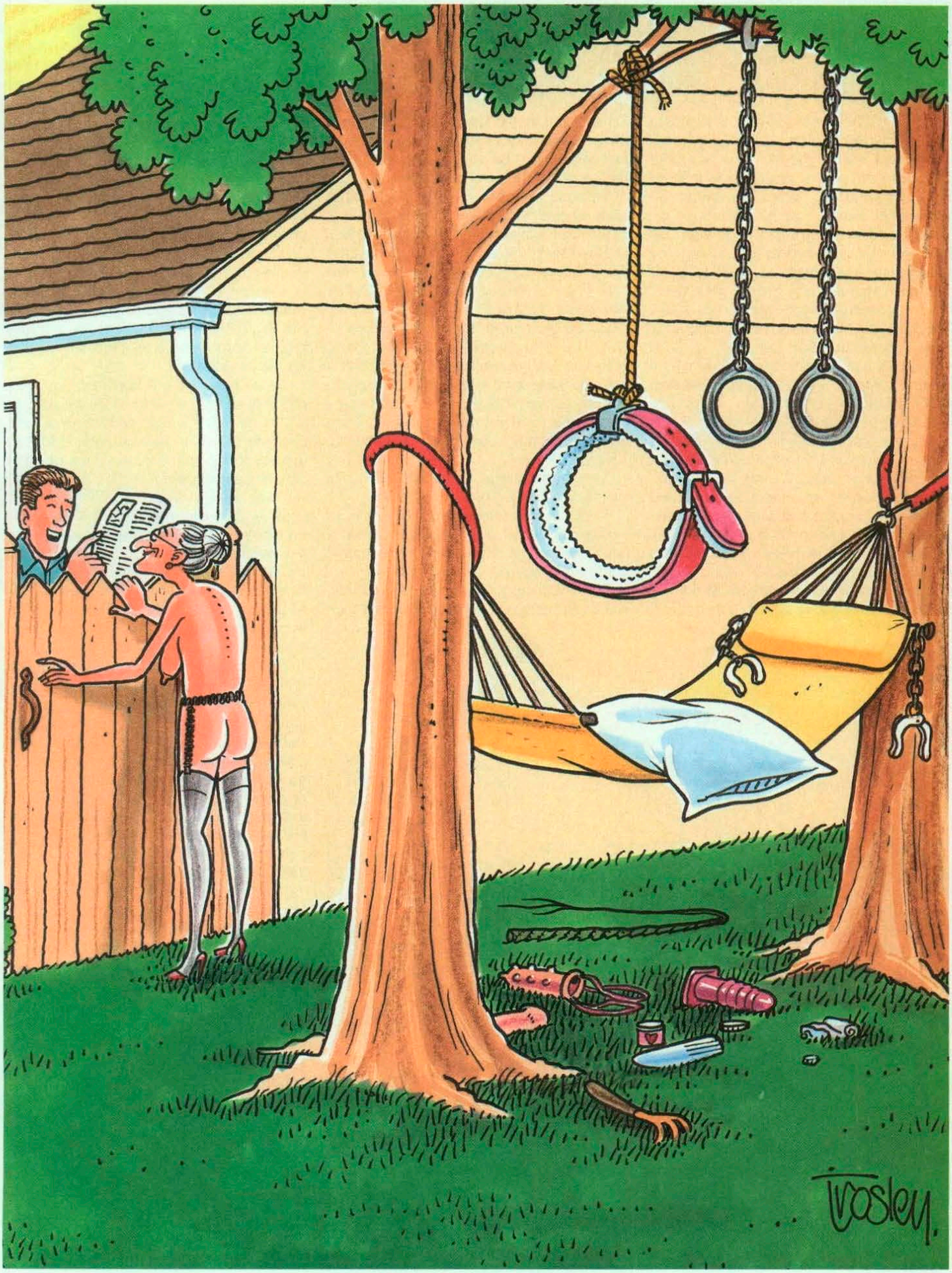
* * *

The lettering on the plate-glass door of the Europa bar reads ENGLISH SPOKEN in big block letters. Underneath, in smaller graffiti-like script, it says, "But Not Understood."

This is a place where a man can experience the Third World the way it was meant to be experienced by Americans: through a window, with a drink.

In 1987, the owner was a pleasant American woman with short, dark hair and glasses. Her name was Judy Strong. She poured a cold Moza beer and gave me a lovely smile,





"You advertised for a young man to do yard work?"

BARRY SADLER

Sadler sat under a tree sipping bourbon and listening to the thudding of assault rifles as the losers in the coup were gunned down.

the kind of look you'd expect a suburban mom to save for her kids.

She had bought the bar on a lark. Her two kids were grown, and her job in Portland, Oregon, didn't seem fascinating. So she decided to run a bar in Guatemala City. What could be more natural? Except this bar had the reputation for being the number-one mercenary hangout in all of Central America. Judy Strong poured the booze and rang up the sales to guys like Rolex Dave, Mercenary Larry, Homicide Sam and Mean Gene the Fighting Machine. Ask her a question, and Judy would smile and reply, "I could tell you, but then I'd have to kill you."

I was enjoying the view when Barry Sadler walked in. He was wearing a khaki shirt and had a pistol tucked under his belt: Central America chic. At first he was a bit aloof. But then, as we were talking, I noticed a couple of locals nonchalantly getting into an old Volkswagen parked in front of the bar's picture window. It took a second or so before I realized it was my car.

"Hey!" I screamed as I ran out the door. A tactical mistake, Sadler later informed me. If I'd kept my mouth shut, we'd have caught them. Sadler had executed a neat flanking maneuver across the parking garage, but the thieves ran in a different direction.

We went back into the Europa, joined in brotherhood. Sadler stood behind the bar, framed by a Confederate flag, holding a glass of Jack Daniel's at the end of one beefy arm. At 47, he was a bit off the shape he'd maintained as a black-belt jujitsu fighter. But he still had the build of a good light-heavy.

He expounded on his favorite subject—war. One story concerned a Viet Cong who had his bayonet buried in Sadler's guts. Sadler grabbed the rifle and hung on, pulling the guy off the ground and wondering how he'd get out of this one. Then he heard a shot; a pal had ventilated the Viet's skull.

Most of the stories weren't that gory. He specialized in a sort of morbid humor.

There was one about his early days in Guatemala. Sadler was in his hotel when a coup began. The streets emptied instantly, gunfire rattling from all directions.

He needed cigarettes. He stepped outside, and an Army jeep swooped him up and took him to a military installation where other foreigners had been rounded up in a courtyard.

"So I called a lieutenant over," Sadler said. "I gave him 40 bucks and told him to bring back a quart of whiskey, keep the change."

He sat under a tree, sipping bourbon and listening to the thudding of Israeli-made Galil assault rifles, as the losers in the coup were gunned down in another part of the fort.

An American TV crew was brought in, fresh from the airport. None of them spoke Spanish, and they looked nervous. They had no way of knowing that Guatemala, unlike neighboring El Salvador, wasn't in the habit of shooting foreigners—bad for tourism.

After a while the soldiers came for Sadler to take him back to his hotel. He knew that, but the TV crew didn't. With the constant rattling of machine guns, he could tell they feared the worst.

As he passed the Americans, he tossed one of them the remainder of the whiskey.

"Drink this," Sadler said. "You're next. See you in hell in half an hour." He went around the corner to a waiting car. The machine guns rattled.

"Nobody got hurt!" Sadler guffawed, enjoying his own punch line. "Nobody got hurt!" What he meant was that no American got hurt.

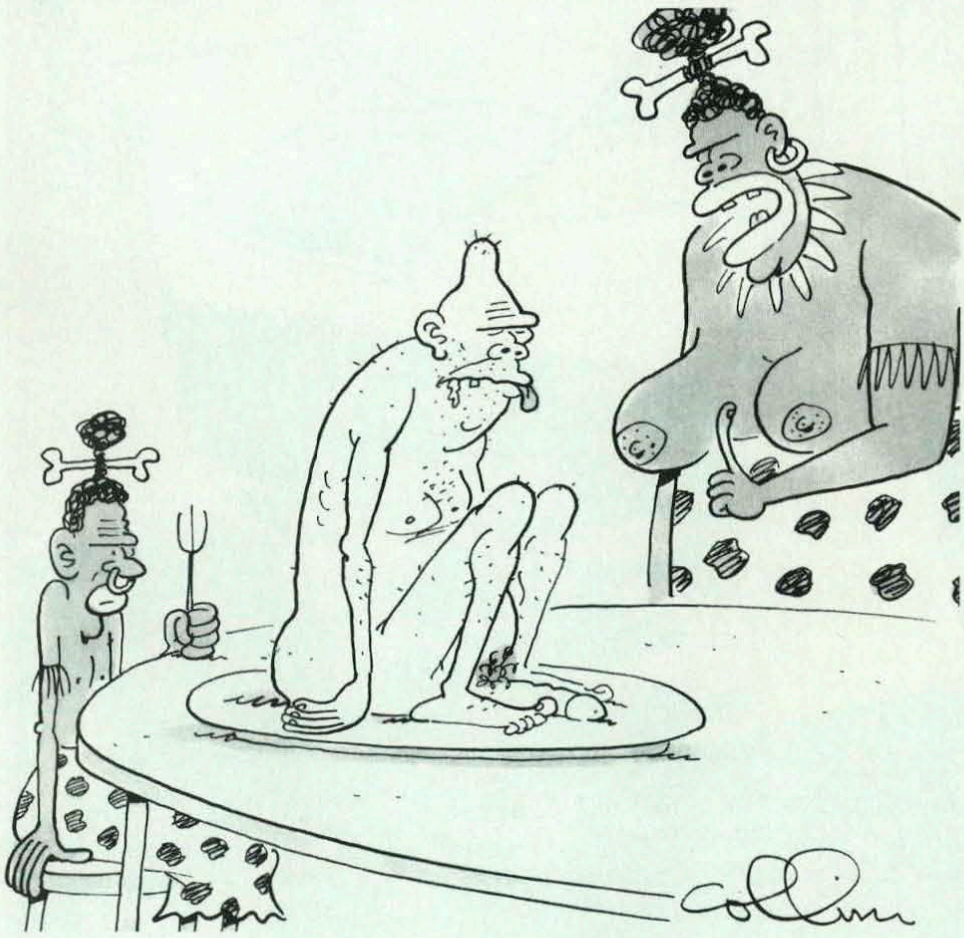
The edited version of the Sadler rags-to-riches-to-rags-to-riches legend: Born in New Mexico to a couple that divorced soon afterward. Dragged all over the West by a mother who sometimes worked as a poker dealer. Joined the Air Force at 17 and learned jujitsu during a tour in Japan.

When his Air Force time was up, he joined the Army and used his martial-arts skills to get into Special Forces. He went to Vietnam, earned a Purple Heart and worked on his songs. His songwriting coincided nicely with the Army's need for a recruiting tool in the early days of the Vietnam War. Given a gentle shove from the Army's public-relations apparatus, he became a national hero and a rich man.

He blew the money, went through some lean years in Nashville, and then came up with his latest gimmick—paperback novels about mercenaries. He'd done his share of merc work, he said. One Arab-Israeli war, some other work at odd times. Eight wars in all. He kept his hand in with an occasional run down to Costa Rica to help the Nicaraguan Contras or by going out on anti-guerrilla runs with Guatemalan Air Force helicopter pilots.

He didn't talk much about the wife and three kids he'd left behind in Tennessee, or the incident in 1978 when he'd shot a man to death in a parking lot in a dispute over a woman. Sadler was convicted of manslaughter, but his reputation helped him get his sentence reduced to 22 days.

He rarely spoke of such matters with



"You heard me; no dessert until you eat your vegetable!"

"C'mon, you stupid bitch—find the shower!"

BARRY SADLER

Guatemala is the sort of place where a well-planned murder is assured of success. By the time investigators show up, rigor mortis has set in.

anyone. That was the main reason he'd left the States, anyway.

* * *

Barry Sadler was the only publicly recognized hero of the Vietnam War. His song, which topped the charts for ten weeks in early 1966, was the last manifestation of the wave of patriotism that began with Pearl Harbor and broke just as Sadler made his appearances on the Ed Sullivan Show and in the pages of *Time* and *Newsweek*.

The Associated Press carried several accounts of Sadler's shooting on September 7, 1988, and the efforts of his friends to fly him to a veterans' hospital in the States after the bullet failed to kill him. The first articles said he'd been wounded in an apparent robbery attempt. An article a few days later quoted an American friend of Sadler's as saying he'd received death threats because of his work training Nicaraguan Contra guerrillas.

In a *Village Voice* article, writer Cynthia Cotts quoted friends of Sadler who'd spoken with him after he'd come out of a coma and regained some ability to speak. Cotts wrote: "Barry Sadler says Ben Rosson shot him. He's said this to several people, and those who are willing to talk have no doubt about it."

Guatemala is the sort of place where a well-planned murder is almost assured of success. Leftists shoot rightists. Rightists shoot leftists. Centrists get it from both sides. A car speeds by, a burst of machine-gun fire.... By the time the investigators show up, rigor mortis has set in.

Sadler would have made an ideal target. For a crack shot like Rosson, it would have been child's play.

The *Village Voice* article also said about Rosson: "Like all Green Berets trained to kill, he has no compassion, and a reputation for brutality."

* * *

The Europa had changed in Sadler's aftermath. The Confederate flag was gone. So was the teddy bear in a Special Forces uniform that guarded the cash register. The old copy of the *Ballad of the Green Berets* album no longer sat in a corner, nor did the battered guitar that Sadler played when he got a decent load on.

The clientele was different. A pretty blond Peace Corps volunteer was reading a copy of *A Separate Peace* at a table by the door.

She sat unbothered. Judy had kicked out the mercenary crowd, or at least those who wouldn't behave. The wars were winding down; the tourists were coming back.

The '80s were over. Both Central America and the Europa were losing their edge.

The bartender's name was Duane Haverkamp. He was a pleasant guy from Iowa, 40 years old, blond hair receding, muscular, a man with an air of determination. He wasn't a mercenary or a Sandinista sympathizer—just a guy who came to Guatemala because it is one of the most beautiful places on earth.

Duane described the world Sadler had created for himself after he came to Guatemala in 1983: "He came here to write and to have the pleasures of female companionship. I knew him as a good talker, a good drinker and a good musician."

Rosson showed up several years later, according to Duane. He had served with Sadler in Vietnam and saved his life in a firefight. It sounded like a great story: A GI saves his buddy's life in Vietnam only to kill him 23 years later in Central America.

Duane told me where I could check it out. The guy who drove the cab that night could be found down at the corner cab stand. The American who'd put Sadler in the cab was a regular at the Europa and would be by for a drink one of these days. Sadler's last girlfriend worked in the pharmacy across the shopping center from the Europa.

People were interested because of recent news from the States: Sadler had died of the injuries he'd received 14 months earlier.

What about Ben Rosson? I asked Duane. *Where was he?*

Duane motioned for me to shut off my tape recorder.

* * *

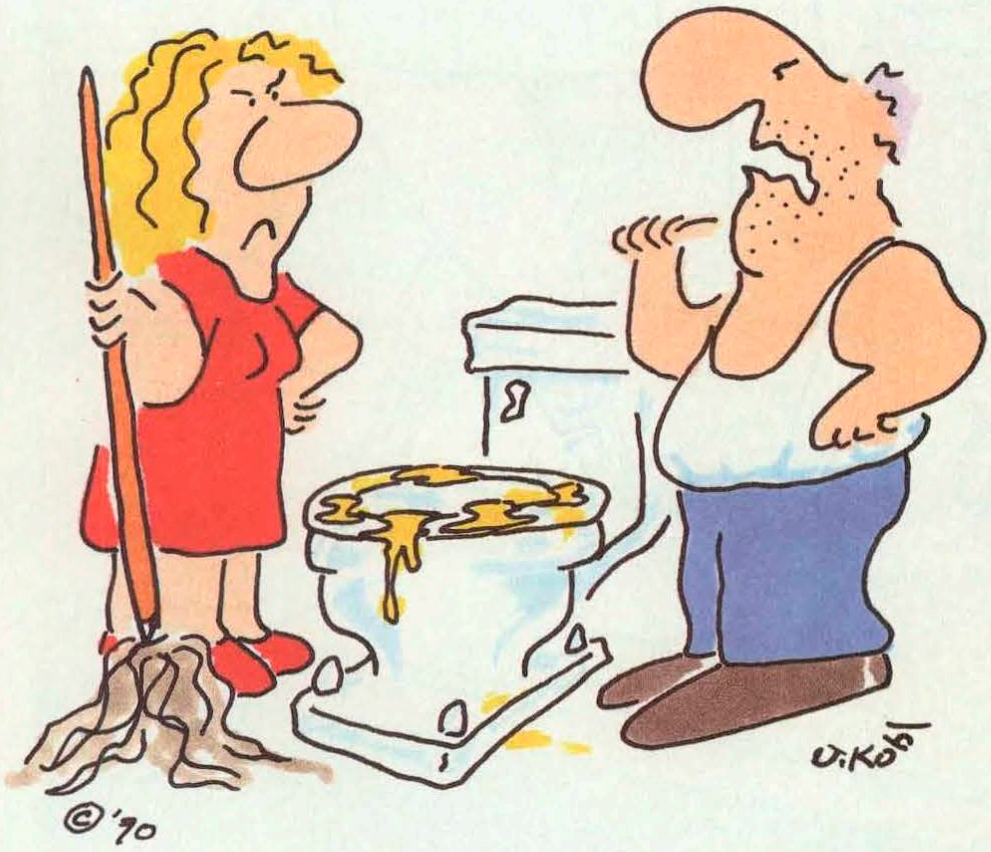
After Sadler was shot, Ben Rosson had moved to California. But as luck would have it, Rosson showed up in Guatemala City shortly after I did.

We met in the restaurant of the hotel where he was staying with his wife. He matched the description from Sadler's novels: tall and wiry, but with a noticeable beer gut. "Deep-set eyes made his face look thinner than it actually was."

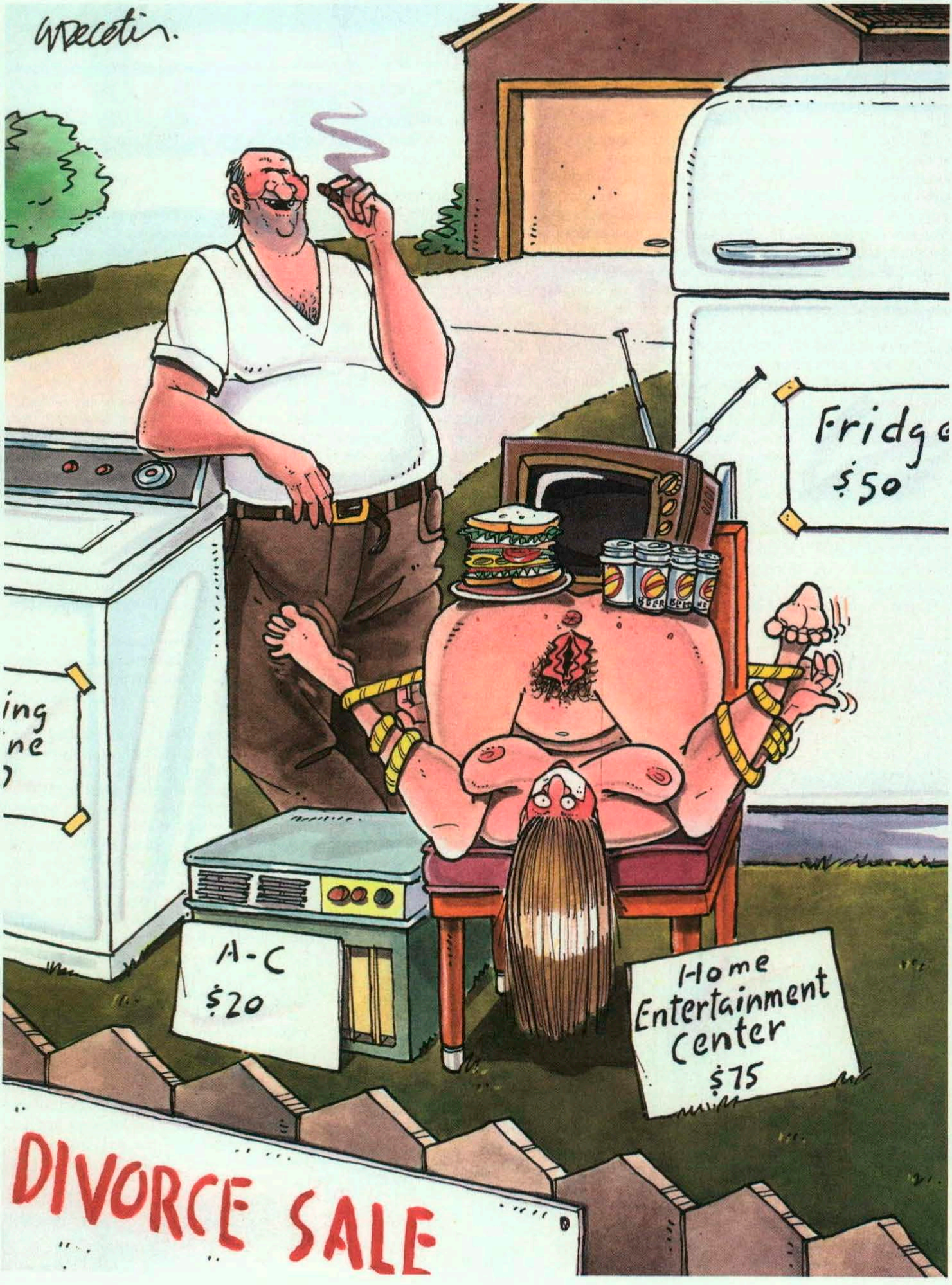
Ben Rosson shook hands with me. My hand stopped shaking. His didn't. His hands turn rock-solid when wrapped around the stock of a rifle, he said. As a Special Forces sniper in Vietnam, he'd killed 107 of the enemy, Rosson told me.

Some of the regulars at the Europa said Rosson had been the guy who'd saved Sadler's life in the Vietnam bayoneting incident. Rosson declined to take the credit. We relaxed over a beer, and his Virginia accent boomed throughout the restaurant.

"We were overrun by the VC one night, and one of them lunged at Barry," Rosson



"I'm inconsiderate! I don't see you leaving the seat up!"


Fridge
$50
A-C
$20
Home
Entertainment
Center
$75
DIVORCE SALE

BARRY SADLER

"We looked over, and a knife was coming out of the body bag, and Barry's climbing out. Needless to say, he's not in the greatest humor."

said. "He had an SKS with a bayonet on it—we kept the rifle for a long time—and he lunged at Barry and stuck him, and Barry grabbed the bayonet, and—I'm trying to think of the guy's name that shot the Dink—anyway, the guy blew him up, and Barry pulled the bayonet out, got back to the dispensary, treated himself and got back into the fight."

Another legend at the Europa concerned Sadler's being mistakenly placed in a body bag. Rosson leaned back and grinned.

"We was at the fire base. Barry was here, and there was an ARVN soldier here in front of him, and a mortar round went off right between this ARVN soldier's legs. Just blew him all to hell.

"When we got there, Barry's lying there unconscious on the ground. We checked him, and we couldn't find no vital signs; so we stuffed him in a body bag.

"In about three or four minutes—the fight didn't last—we looked over, and a knife was coming out of the body bag, cutting it down like this, and he's climbing out. Needless to say, he's not in the greatest humor in the world."

Rosson recounted other stories about his later career, how he hired out as a mercenary in Angola and Rhodesia, and how he did private security for the deposed King of Afghanistan.

Rosson admitted that Sadler had based the character of the deadly sniper Jim Rossen on his exploits. The first of the books was about 98% factual, while the fourth and last was only about 10%, he said.

I asked Rosson about the allegations that he'd killed Sadler.

Rosson recalled receiving a call from the *Village Voice* writer: "She called me and said, 'What do you say about the people who say you shot him?' " Rosson's smile was gone now. "And I says, 'I tell you what—you tell those people I will send them a plane ticket if they will come and see me face-to-face and tell me I shot Barry.' And I will. If they can't afford to fuckin' fly down, I'll be willing to come to them."

* * *

From a distance, Maggie Escalante didn't look particularly remarkable, a slim woman with dark hair that was a little longer and wilder than the average Guatemalan woman's hair. But up close, the way Barry Sadler would have seen her, she was pure tropical heat. Perfect facial features and big brown eyes. Tight pants over a cute little ass, high heels. Like most Guatemalan women, she was delicate and perfectly groomed.

Maggie was Sadler's lover for the last year before his shooting. In his last months he was increasingly depressed.

"He would tell me, 'Maggie, let's go to an island somewhere,' " she said. "He didn't want to know anything about Guatemala because his friends bothered him so much. None of them worked, and he was always lending them money."

Sadler kept a rifle, three pistols and two grenades at the house, Maggie said. On three or four occasions, she hid the weapons when he got drunk.

"When he was drinking, he was dangerous," she said. "And he was *always* drinking.

"When he drank, he spoke only of Vietnam," Maggie said. " 'I want to go with my friends from Vietnam,' he would say. He talked often of watching his friends die there, and how he couldn't save them. He wanted to join them."

* * *

In his 30 or so paperbacks, Barry Sadler had probably written more descriptions of how a bullet enters the human head than any writer on earth. In the last year of Sadler's life, the fiction began to get uncomfortably close to nonfiction.

On New Year's Eve in the Europa, he got so drunk that he let an inebriated Guatemalan lady pull his pistol from his pants and wave it wildly around the room before somebody subdued her.

About a month later, Sadler pulled a joke on a bartender who had half-seriously threatened to cut him off. Sadler held a revolver to the man's head and pulled the trigger. The joke was that he'd gone into the men's room first and removed the bullets.

On the day of the shooting, Maggie remembers seeing Sadler at about 3 p.m. He was drinking at the Europa, and he stopped by to say hello at the pharmacy where she worked. She recalls that he didn't have his pistol; he'd lent it to a Spanish friend.

At 6:45 he waved to her from the steps of the Europa—very drunk.

The last American to see Sadler on that night was Steve Lemoine, a stocky, crew-cut Cajun who was part of Sadler's pack of drinking buddies. Lemoine was drinking at the Don Quijote when Sadler came in from the Europa.

He recalls walking with Sadler to a corner taxi stand at about 11 p.m. Sadler got into the front passenger seat of a well-maintained 1963 Dodge Dart. He'd gotten his Beretta back by this point.

"He had a habit that when he got in the

(continued on page 101)

"Four stars, Maggie!"

jane: bad infl

"I've always been a rowdy girl," proclaims 20-year-old Jane, a garage-shop mechanic from Butte, Montana. "I'm fuckin' proud of it. I bet you I'm the only high-school prom queen ever to be arrested for malicious mischief. Not once, not even twice, but *three* times. I want to *live*. I don't ever want to settle down!"

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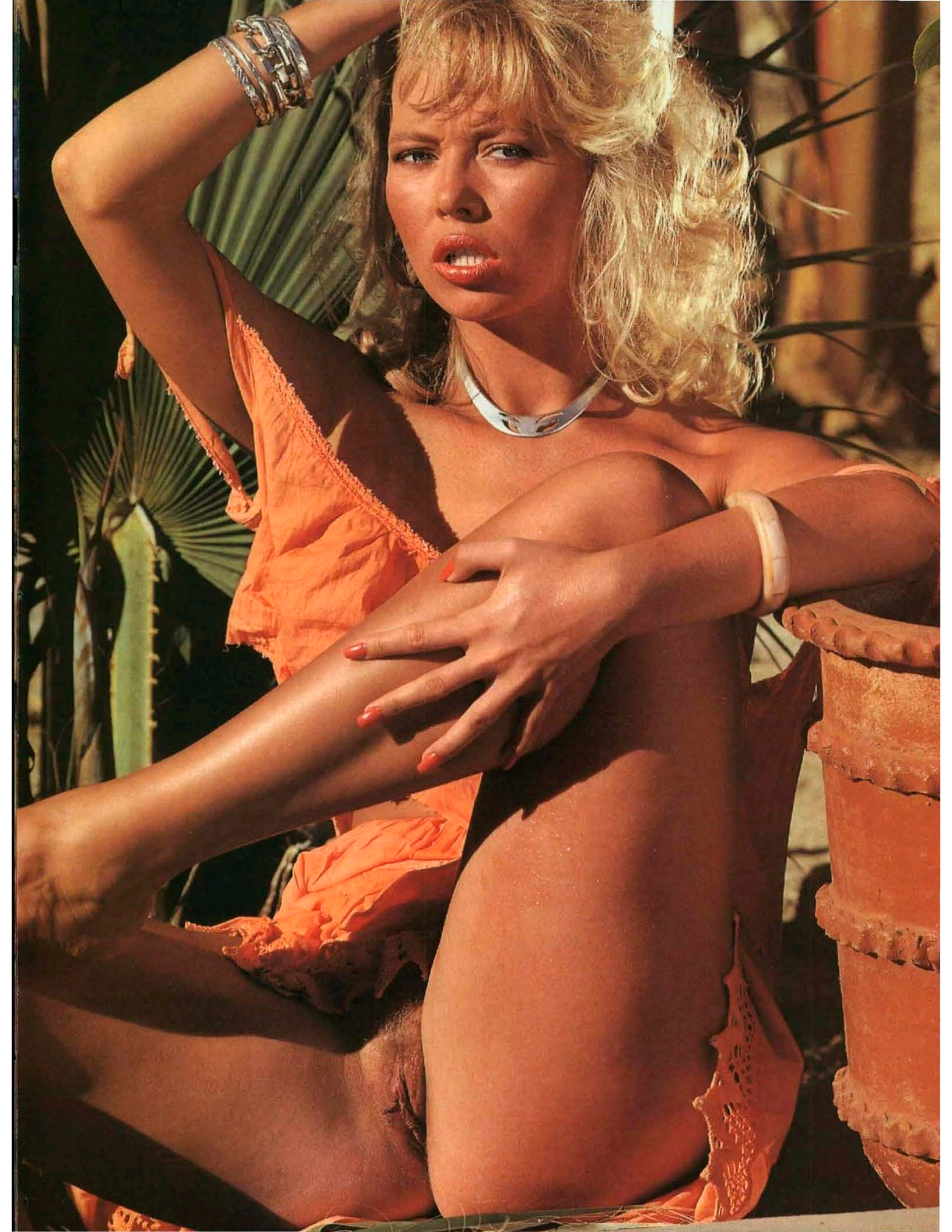

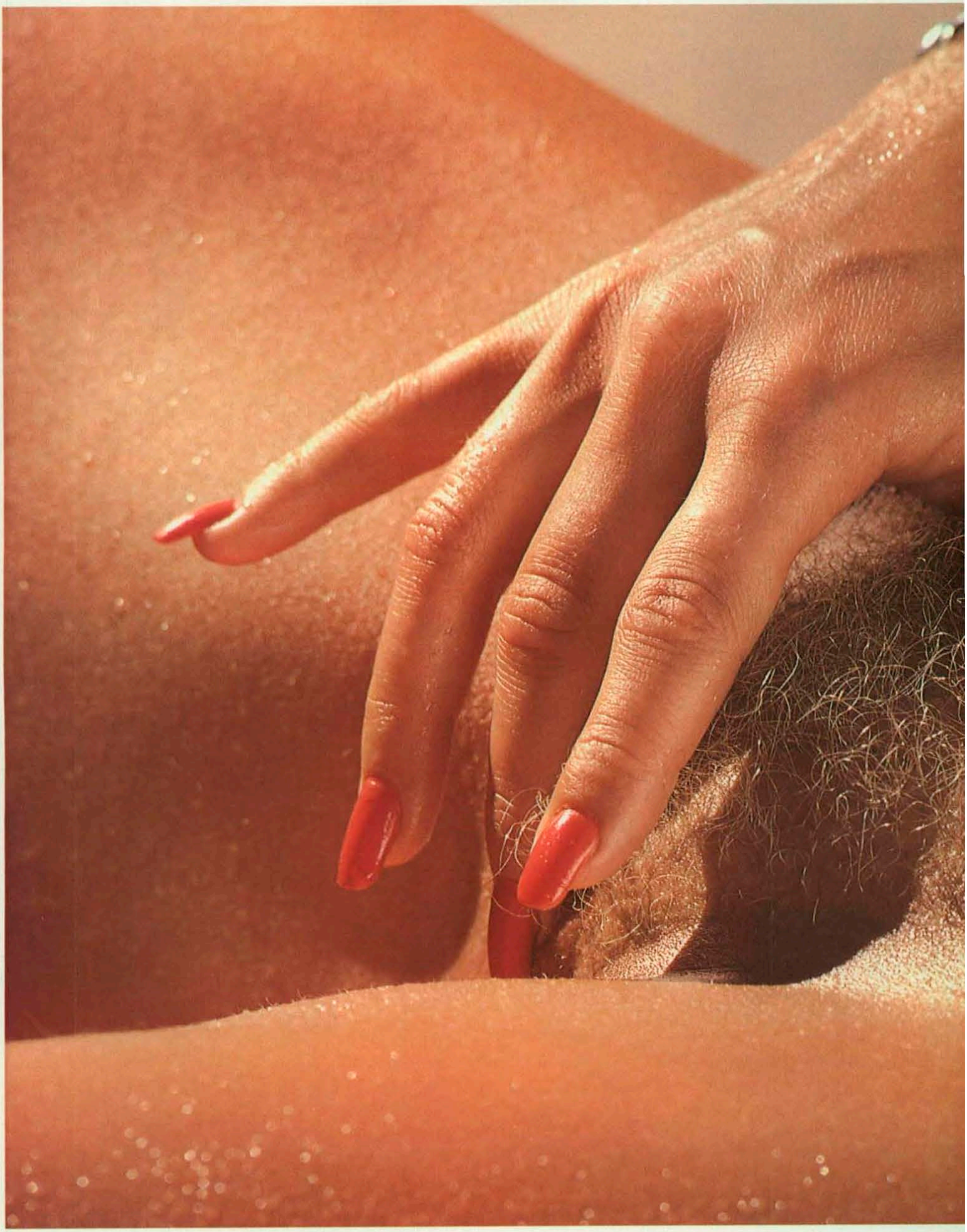

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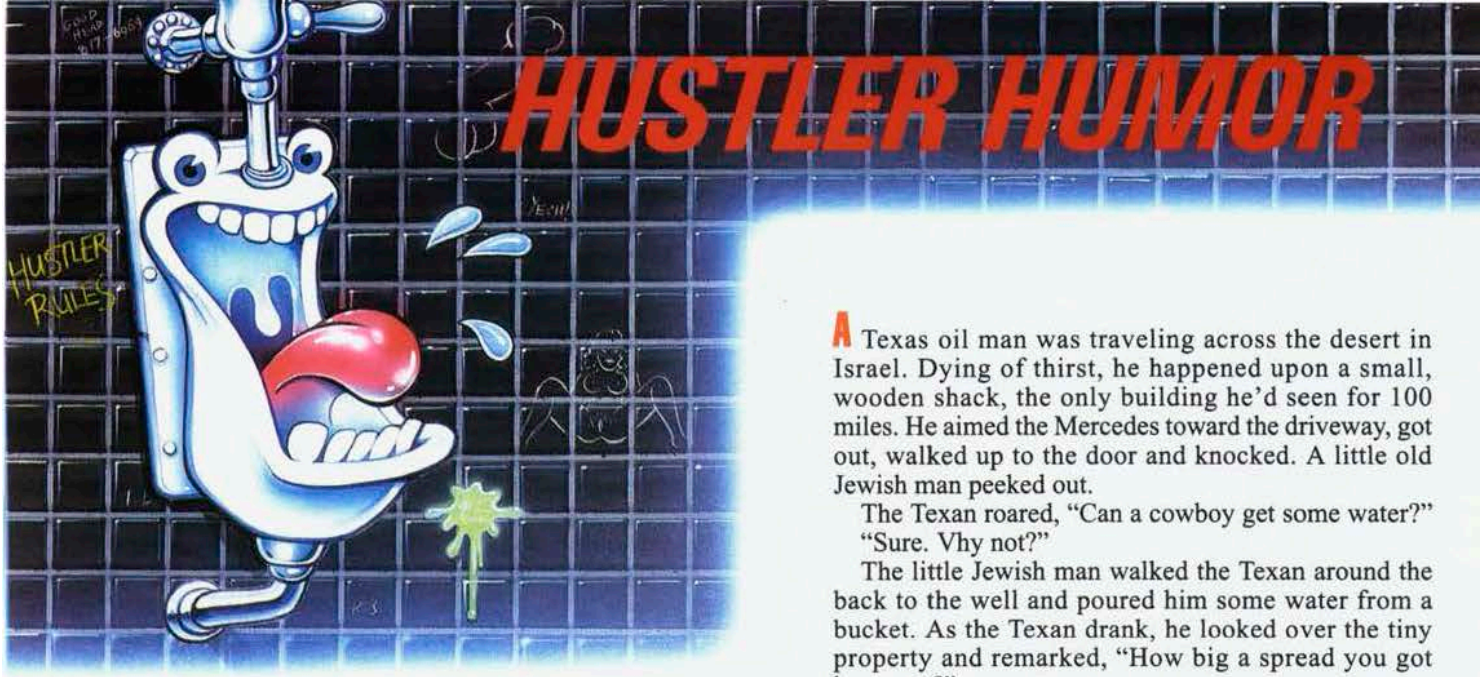


The biker's old lady nagged and pestered him until he finally caved in and bought two expensive tickets to an upcoming David Allen Coe concert.

Weeks later, on the opening night of the show, there sat the biker's old lady in the front row, with an empty seat beside her.

"Excuse me, miss," said the man behind her, "but I happen to know that tickets to this concert sold out weeks ago, and I was wondering if you got two seats for privacy, or if someone was unable to come with you."

"Well," she said, "this empty seat was reserved for my late husband."

"Oh, I'm really sorry to hear about that," said the man. "Wasn't there a friend or a relative that could've come in his place?"

"Naw," said the old lady. "They're all at his funeral."

Two guys were sitting at a bar talking about their wives. "My old lady is so ugly," one said, "that the beauty parlor told her there was nothing more they could do."

"You think that's bad?" the other man asked. "I took my wife to a plastic surgeon and asked him what he could do to make my wife look better. The only thing he could think of was adding a tail."

Question: Why did the hillbilly walk his kid to elementary school every day?
Answer: They were in the same grade.

A flat-chested girl with limited funds went to a surgeon to get her breasts enlarged. The surgeon performed the cheapest procedure possible, which entailed the girl flapping her arms up and down to enlarge her breasts.

Afterward, the girl went to the local bar to see what kind of reaction her new tits would get. She decided to flash them at a man who was standing alone in the corner. As she walked toward him, she pumped her tits as big as they'd go. "Hi," she said coyly, "don't I know you?"

"No," he answered, furiously pumping his legs together, "but I think we have the same doctor."

A Texas oil man was traveling across the desert in Israel. Dying of thirst, he happened upon a small, wooden shack, the only building he'd seen for 100 miles. He aimed the Mercedes toward the driveway, got out, walked up to the door and knocked. A little old Jewish man peeked out.

The Texan roared, "Can a cowboy get some water?"

"Sure. Vhy not?"

The little Jewish man walked the Texan around the back to the well and poured him some water from a bucket. As the Texan drank, he looked over the tiny property and remarked, "How big a spread you got here, son?"

The little Jewish man said, "Vell, mine property line goes from dat rock over dere to dat iron pipe, den it comes cross da front of mine house to dat date tree, unt den back to da chicken coop...unt finally, back to de rock."

Arrogantly, the Texan smiled and said, "Why, back in Texas, ma spread's so big, I climb into my car at daybreak and don't get out of my driveway until two o'clock."

The little Jewish man looked up at the Texan and said: "I know vhat you mean—I had a car like dat once too."

Question: What do you call two women in a freezer?
Answer: Cold cunts.

A man walked into his supervisor's office after being turned down for another raise and said, "You know, you don't ever have to worry about getting hemorrhoids."

"Why's that?" asked his boss.

"Because when God made you, he made the perfect asshole!"

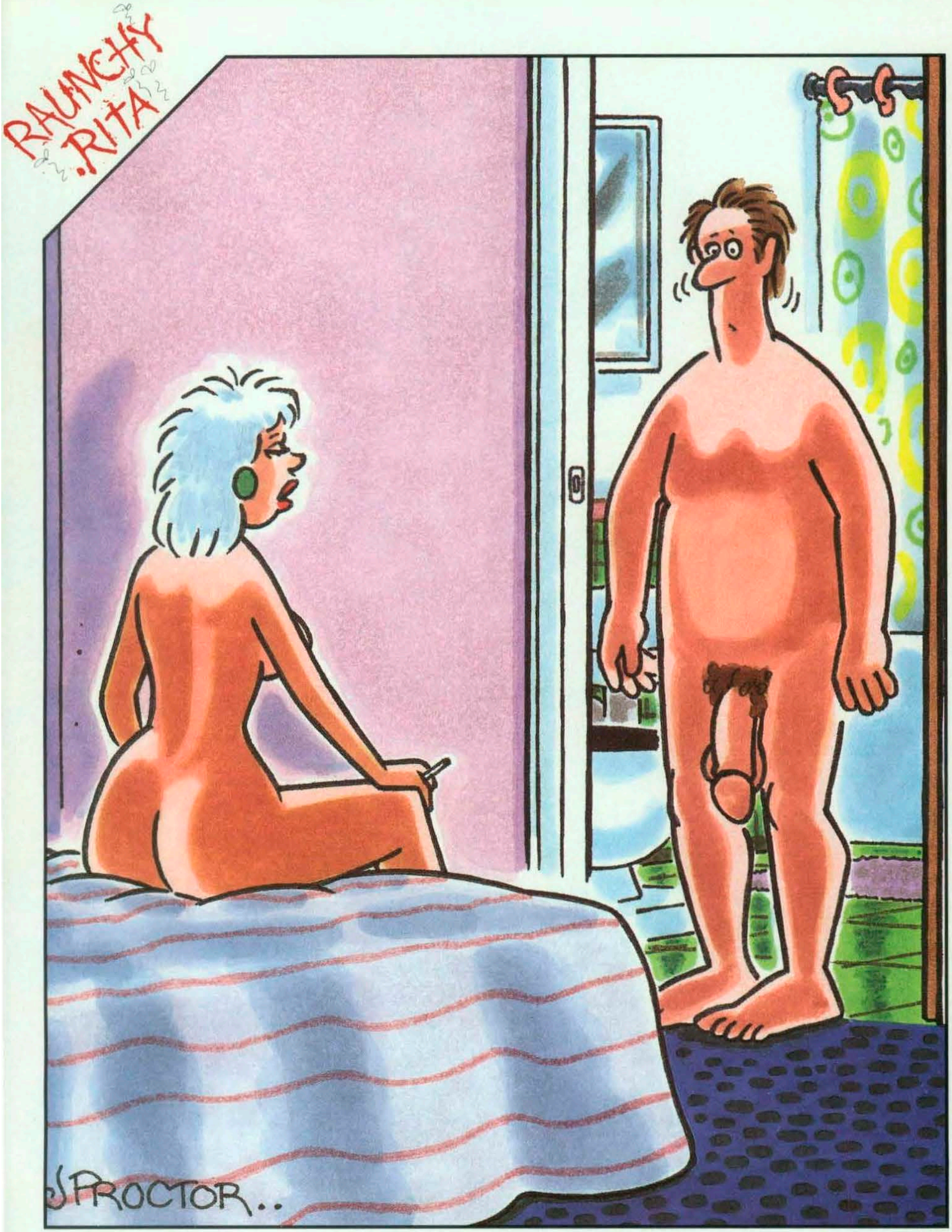
The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *X-rated movie* as: boy-meats-girl story.

A suburban woman and three friends were playing bridge one evening. When the hostess's husband came into the room and announced that he was going to bed, she unzipped his fly, took out his penis, kissed it and said goodnight.

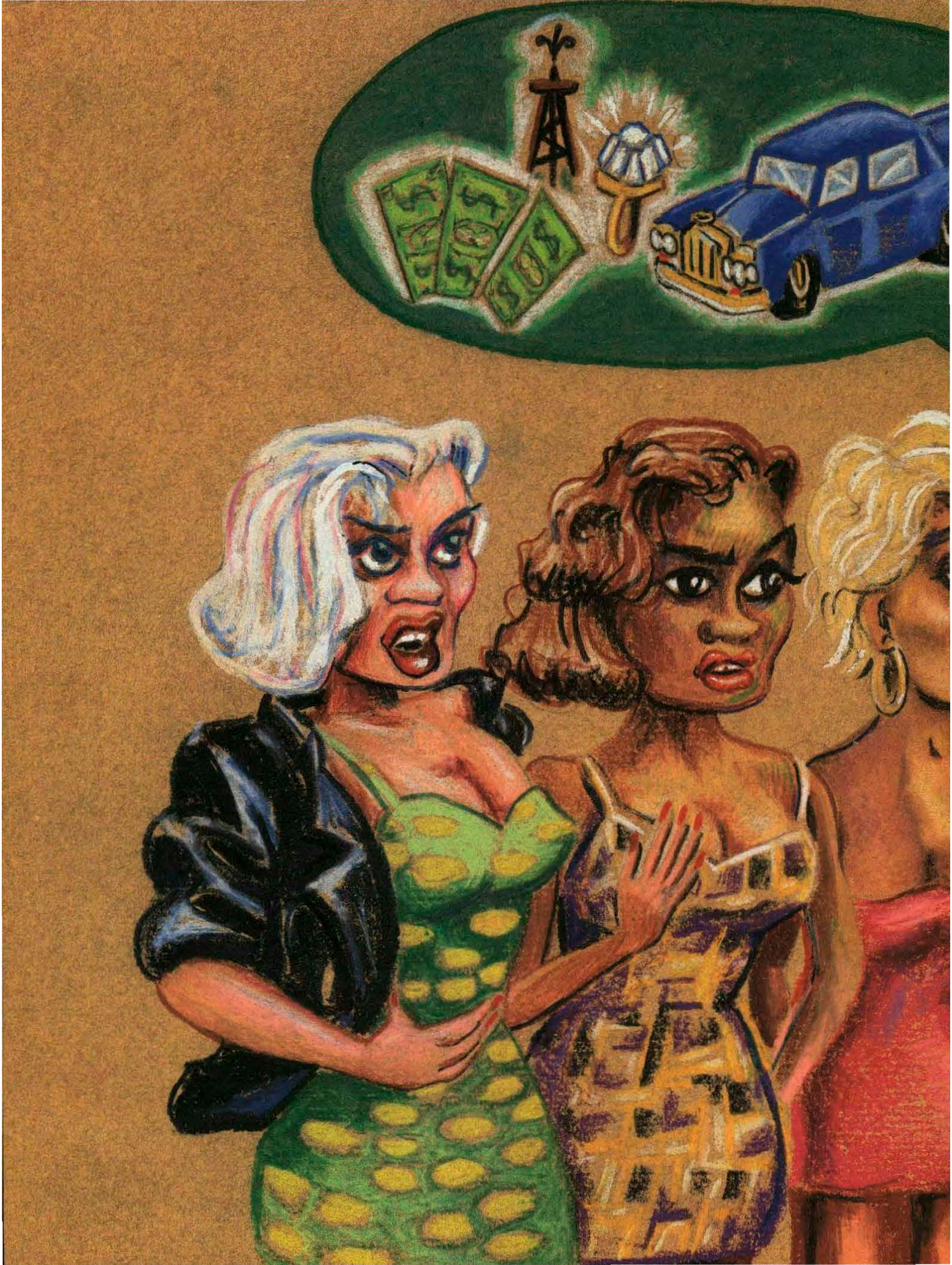
The other three women were dumbstruck. "Helen, that's the most disgusting thing I've ever seen!" one exclaimed.

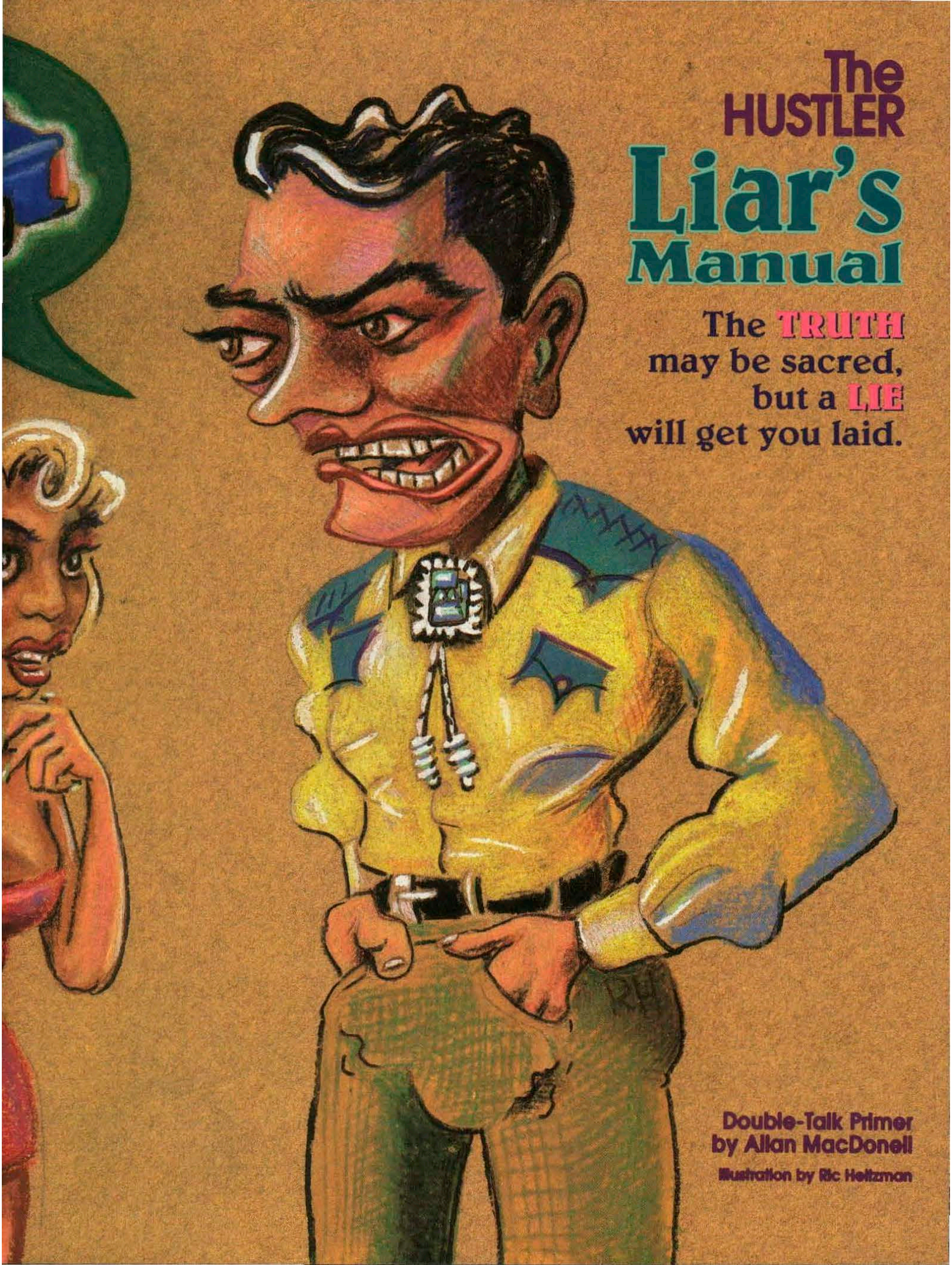
"You wouldn't think it was so disgusting," she replied, "if you ever smelled his breath."

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



"Y'know—two more inches, and you'd have a dick!"




The HUSTLER
Liar's Manual
The TRUTH may be sacred, but a LIE will get you laid.
Double-Talk Primer
by Allan MacDonell
Illustration by Ric Heitzman

LIAR'S MANUAL

Misrepresentation of facts originated with the female species. Women and veracity have been allied about as often as Crips and Klan.

Why Lie?

According to Greek mythology, Diogenes went blind looking for an honest man, but his quest has largely been abandoned in this age of convenience integrity. If Diogenes were alive today, he'd be searching for snatch, just like the rest of us, with the lie being a primary tool of his pursuit. The forked tongue is, in the final analysis, a divining rod to pussy.

Example One: She (referring to her fur-rimmed, pink-lined, fully lipped envelope of interest): "Is that all you're interested in?"

He: "Of course not."

Lie to Whom?

Any dweeb can lie to a boss, a parole officer or any other male authority figure. The real test of dishonesty is in lying to a woman. As Bible students will recall, misrepresentation of facts originated with the female species. Over the long stretch of history, women and veracity have been allied about as often as Crips and Klan. Ladies have been distorting or concealing reality much longer and more avidly than the rest of us.

Women are so in tune to secondhand probity that often they are aware of our lying before we realize it ourselves.

Example Two: She: "I'm looking for a guy who has old-fashioned values."

He (believing it): "I'm focused on traditional goals myself."

She: "So what kind of car do you drive?" The double-faced, twin-bladed hussy snipes with surgical precision. Not only does her nonsequitur crystalize her doubt of the hapless male's "traditional values," it casts aspersions upon his ability to hack it in her world of feign-and-jab honesty.

He is gravely outgunned. Hope, however, exists.

Lying, the Groundwork

Though the male lacks his no-dick opponent's inborn capacity for counterfeit emotions and attitudes, he can work to overcome his deceit deficit. The handicapped male's first step toward successful fakery is to stop lying to himself. Once a man admits what he truly wants, all that's left to him is to go out and get it.

Example Three: He (a wrong-thinking, equivocating loser): "I can't have sex with a woman unless I'm attracted to her as a person. There's got to be some chemistry there beyond base animal attraction."

This guy might be up to his neck in pussy in a better world, but he'll die dry-dicked in this one.

Example Four: He (a right-thinking man who turns his nose up only at bullshitting himself): "I don't care how much of a bitch she is. I'm dying to fuck her."

Formative Fibs

The really neat thing about women is that they lie to themselves—individually and as a group—even more than they lie to us. Any girl who does not face facts as they apply personally to her is susceptible to having reality as molded by someone else, someone with an unstated but pulsating desire, foisted upon her. The discerning gentleman picks out the general trail of a female's self-evasion, then lays in his own untruths as stepping stones along the path to tricked pussyville.

Example Five: She (marveling): "A Porsche? The last guy I was dating," she dreams aloud, "drove a Porsche. He was an arrogant dick—that's why I dumped him." She pauses to let the connotations settle. "I swore I'd never go out with another guy who drove a Porsche."

He (debonair double-talker): "Don't judge me too harshly. I'm only in the Porsche because the Ferrari's at the customizer's, and I lent the Bentley to an old girlfriend."

It doesn't matter if she believes him or not about the cars. Women respect a man who makes the effort to be a big liar; they know instinctively that great things come of such men.

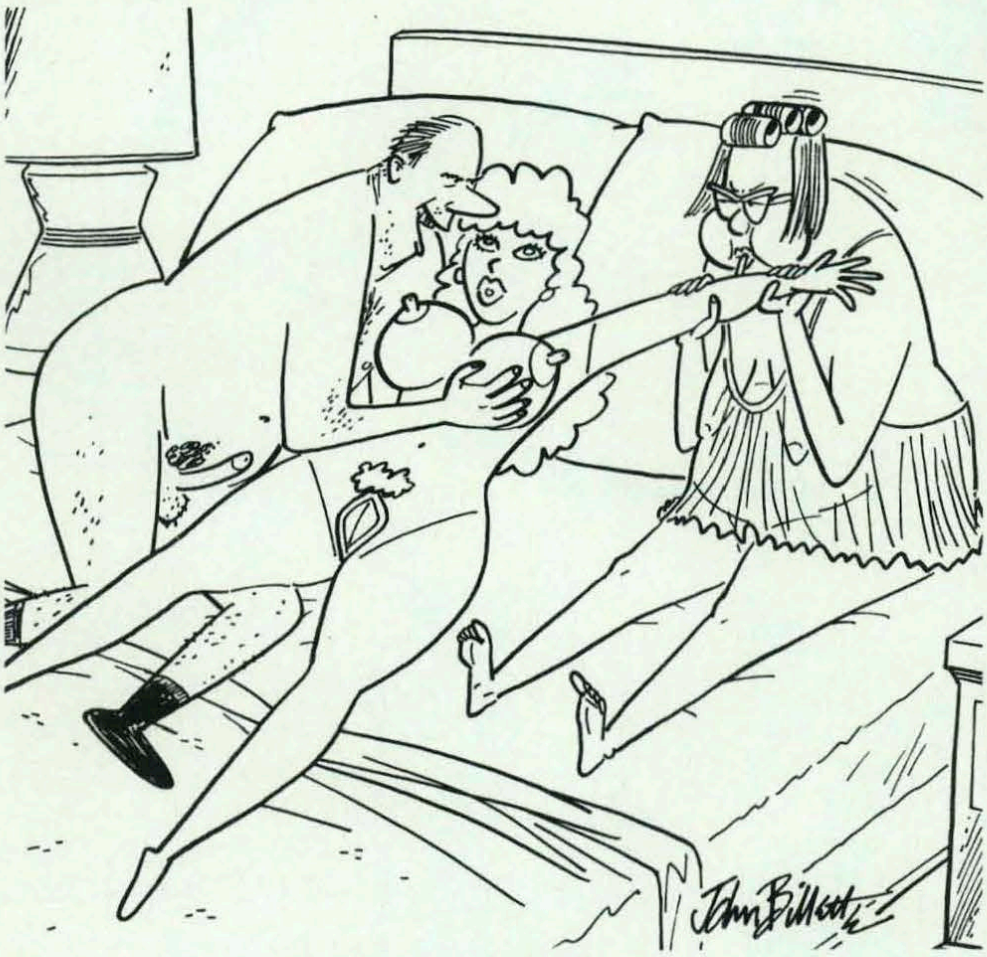
"But really, baby," the big liar concludes, having set her up for the kill, "I'd never allow myself to be alone with you in the first place."

Foolproof Foolery

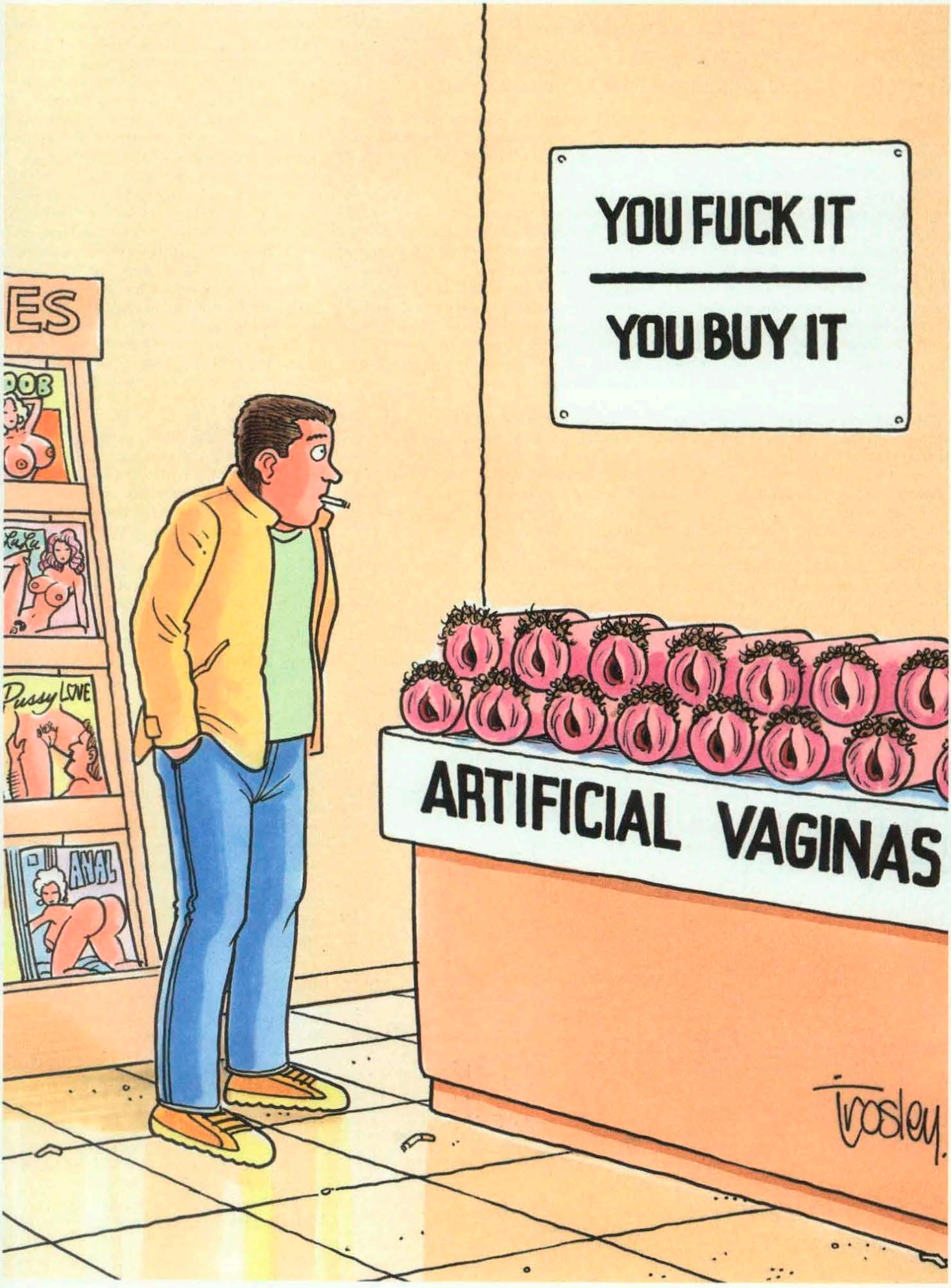
Women often define their relative worth by their level of attractiveness. Thus, she will look everywhere for validation of her desirability. The jeering of dust-blinded construction workers, the yipping of Guatemalan trash crews, the lust-dripping eyes of a busload of convicts, the perfunctory interest of a richly fruity hairdresser: the chronically insecure woman latches onto such attentions as proof that not only does she got it, but that she should flaunt it.

Example Six: She (snapping): "What do you mean you wouldn't be alone with me?"

He (a soothing, smooth canardist): "All I'm saying is that I could never trust myself to be alone with a woman of your charm and grace. Perhaps I'm just too vulnerable to beauty. There's no telling what might become of me."



"Thanks—you're a good wife, Margo!"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Pussy LOVE
ANAL
ARTIFICIAL VAGINAS
Crosley

LIAR'S MANUAL

A good rule of lying is to look the receiver directly in the eye. Do not turn away or present the back as an easy target.

She (coyly concurring): "That's what I thought you meant."

Sex and Stretching It

Much less sex would take place if the participants' thoughts were audible to one another.

Example Seven: He (thinking): *I wonder. Can the Detroit Pistons really take the NBA crown three years in a row?*

He (out loud): "Baby, you are s-o-o hot; I don't know if I can hold back."

She (thinking): *Now I'm gonna have to take these sheets to the laundry for sure. At least before Milton gets back from Saudi Arabia.*

She (out loud): "Stick me; go ahead; come on my face! Sprinkle my pillow; shoot it on my walls and ceiling!"

Lies of Emission

Fibbing while fucking is perhaps the most pleasurable lying people can do. Eventually, in most cases, fact catches up with fiction and bubbles over in a frothy wad-shake of fantasy and reality. This idyll of wetly adhesive coexistence lasts for anywhere up to ten or 15 seconds, right up until someone moves or says something.

Example Eight: He or She: "God, I hope it was as good for you as it was for me."

A double lie. Neither he nor she is interested in how good it was for the other fuck; in fact, now that it's over, neither he nor she is too certain why they'd wanted to do it in the first place. A truer statement might be: "I'm ambivalent about the whole activity, and I don't care if you are too."

All he or she really cares about is being able to find the cigarettes without having to turn on the lights and destroy whatever illusion might still remain.

Exit Horseshit

Lying means never having to say goodbye. After every initial encounter, somebody succumbs to the corrosive effects of projected loneliness and the ensuing network TV rerun schedule, and asks the plaintive, "When will I see you again?"

A good rule of lying is to look the receiver directly in the eye. Do not turn away or present the back as an easy target.

Example Nine: Having been asked for an estimated time of rearrival, the alert falsifier first pulls his boots on and checks that his wallet is in place. He then consults his chronometer and lets fly, maintaining a watch for telltale signs of fury simmering below the surface of the woman scorned.

He: "I'm late right now. I've got to go across town to get the Ferrari from the customizer, but first I'll have to go to the nightclub and pick up my Porsche where we left it because I need the Bentley, since you're going to look so beautiful behind its wheel; so I should be back in about a quarter of an hour. Here, I've got your phone number, and I'll call if I'm going to be late."

"You're babbling," says the cab driver, hungover himself on this splendid Sunday morning. "Calm down and shut the door."

"Thank God," sighs the journeyman buncombe artist, checking his smooth, plausible and insincere veneer for puncture wounds. "I'm free."

Quantity Is Quality

No budding liar worth his smarm can tell just one. He will catch himself misleading people when he had no intention of doing so, telling outright untruths when unvarnished reality or a subtle shading would do just as well.

The popular misconception holds that excessive lying creates problems. One lie breeds another lie, goes the commonly accepted myth. Yet another lie must be hatched to cover the previous two, necessitating a fourth and so on, until the liar has no idea how his tower of supposed facts is stacked. Ultimately, the whole ziggurat tumbles upon him deceptive brick upon deceptive brick.

No other doomsayer scenario could be further in practice from the truth. The more lies strung up between him and her, the greater the buffer she must pierce to reach him.

Example Ten: He has run into her, wedged against the bar of the last dive on earth he would expect to contain her.

She: "That was a long 15 minutes."

He: "I tried to call, but the operator said the lines were down."

She: "I expected you'd say your Ferrari got a flat."

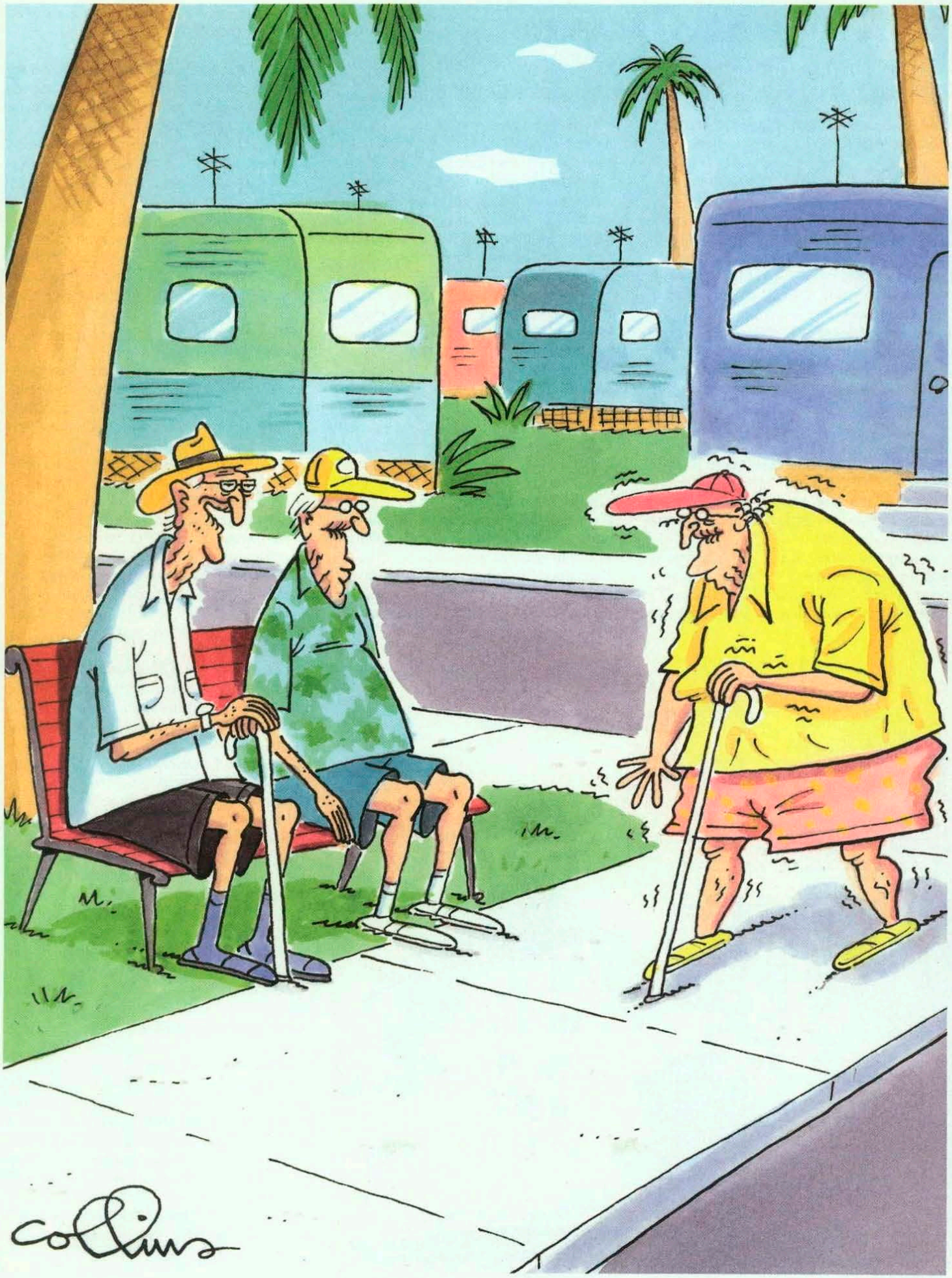
He: "The Ferrari's not ready. I liked the sunroof so much that I'm having them make it into a convertible."

She: "What a shame. I guess you were too embarrassed to come see me in a mere Porsche."

He: "At first I thought the Porsche had been towed; turns out it was stolen. The insurance company should settle big."

She: "Does that mean we'll have to share the Bentley?"

He (unfazed by her slicing parody of gullible sincerity): "Nah. I'm letting my ex



"Look, Merle—a vibrating pussy!"

LIAR'S MANUAL

He: "Sorry, babe, my other dick's in the shop." She: "Sure he has another dick. It's probably smaller than the one he's got up my ass."

keep it. She really was a wonderful woman."

She: "Well, okay. I guess we can take my car."

Quick Bullshit

One-night stands can be lied to about anything with impunity—cars, net worth, even penis size. So she finds out a claimed kielbasa is actually a stretched Vienna wiener. It's already drained its gravy in her clammy Crockpot.

Example Eleven: He: "Sorry, babe, my other dick's in the shop."

She (thinking to herself): *Sure he has another dick. It's probably smaller than the one he's got up my ass.*

Long-Term Lying

Moderation and precision in storytelling are to be saved for when they really count—in the ongoing relationship. The steady grill—*er*—girl, demands a semblance of continuity.

Example Twelve: She: "You said you'd help me with the rent. That's why I let you move in here. Now where's your money?"

He: "I tried to explain to you about security deposits and first and last month's and key charges."

She: "I don't want that; just a rent check."

He: "But all that's tied up at my last home, the one I gave up to be with you." His previous residence is parked with a flat tire in her driveway, and it's not a Porsche.

She: "Sometimes I don't know when to believe you."

He: "But you believe I love you."

She: "Do you think we'll get married?"

He: "I'm sure of it." *But not to each other,* he hopes.

Wedded Fibs

In this age of double-digit divorce statistics, anyone who gets married is prone to kidding themselves in the first place; so the clever man takes the initiative before it is taken to him. Marriage is a dupe-or-be-duped institution.

Example Thirteen: Wife: "I saw you down at the swing club with that redheaded slut from your secretarial pool."

Husband: "I just went to chaperone. What were you doing at the swing club?"

Wife: "Getting the recipe for that rice pudding you liked so much from Mrs. Skelt's husband."

Connubial Crapshooting

Facts are best considered as raw material, to be molded and stretched into a more correct, higher-yielding form of reality.

Much of truth is in its interpretation. A woman, given the basic facts, will always make a case against the male. Never deny anything outright. Admit to the appearance of an infraction, and then interpret the reality for the ever-loving, interrogator wife.

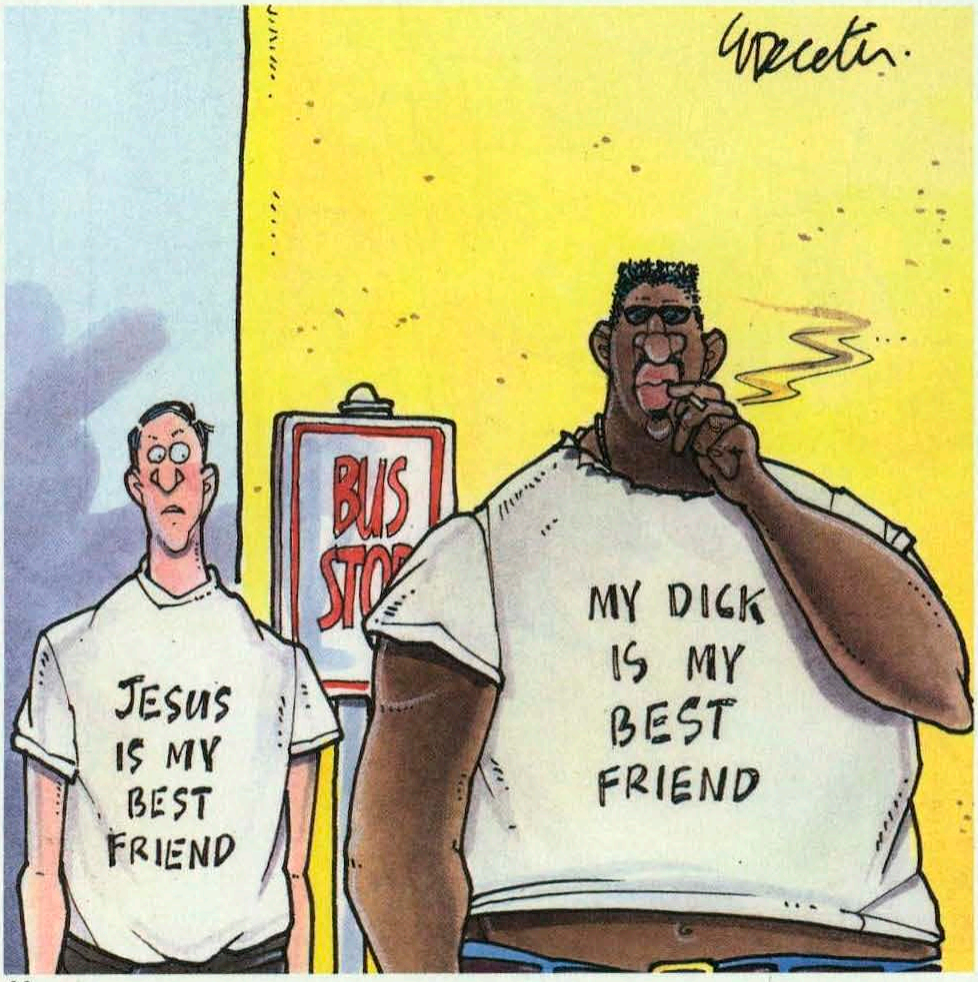
Example Fourteen: Husband: "I know it looks bad. My pants were around my knees, and her skirt was up over her hips, but we were trying to hold the washing machine from vibrating, and everything got all shaken loose."

The husband can toss off any old line of crap; credibility is of no concern until he delivers his clincher: "Baby, you can't really think I'd need to fool around with Marilyn Monroe Junior when I've got you?"

Wife: "You're right, pooky. I must be crazy. Let's go to bed and make up."

Husband: "I'd love to, baby, but I've got a 7:30 meeting tomorrow morning."

He's really saying: "I might risk it, wife of mine, but you caught me and Marilyn Junior going for a third nut, and now she wants me to stir her morning coffee with her, and I'm not sure I've got enough creamer for the both of you."



Deceit in Dissolution

The man who truthfully answers the question: "What are you thinking about now, dear?" is either a vegetable or ready for divorce.

Example Fifteen: Ex-Wife to Be: "This is Josh Wrath, my attorney. Our relationship is strictly on a professional basis as client and counsel."

Josh Wrath: "I'm really sorry to tell you this, sir, but these sheriff's deputies are here to enforce a restraining order keeping you seven miles from this house. We'll give you a few minutes to say goodbye to the dog before your wife hangs it. Keep the shirt on your back, but please place your watch in this envelope."

Husband: "I don't care about that stuff anyway. I've found a woman who understands me for what I am."

Lie, Lie Again

A little bit of candor, though catastrophic, is not necessarily fatal. Starting all over again, telling tall tales of foreign luxury automobiles to duplicitous dames in dark, dreary dives, is enough to knock the knavery out of lesser men, but diligence and persistence are the two essentials for trumped-up triumph. If at first you don't succeed, at least say you did.

"On second thought, maybe I'll just call it a night!"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOSEF ESTEBAN

TAKITA

PUSSY WARRIOR

Terry is a 23-year-old secretary from Pasadena, California, who is otherwise known as Takita, savage warrior of primitive desire. "Fantasy unlocks a lot of inhibitions for me," she snarls. "Men who I'm normally too uptight to deal with become so many helpless creatures that I hunt down and conquer."

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BARRY SADLER

(continued from page 72)

"Sadler began to shout in English and in Spanish, using the verb *matar*—to kill. Then he put the barrel of the gun in his own mouth."

cab, he would put the gun on his lap because he didn't like to sit on it," Lemoine recalls. "He was not any drunker than he was whenever we went out. He was drinking Jack Daniel's, at least maybe half a bottle, with maybe a beer or two or three. He could handle that; it wouldn't even bother him."

The cab pulled away. Within several blocks, Sadler spotted a hooker he knew named Daysi and asked her if she wanted to go home with him. She got in, and the driver headed out the Pan American Highway toward Sadler's house.

According to statements the driver and the hooker gave police, Sadler began waving his pistol around as they reached the outskirts of Guatemala City. He began to shout in English and in Spanish, using the verb *matar*—to kill. He pointed the pistol at the driver, a quiet, middle-aged man named Leopoldo. Then Sadler put the barrel of the gun in his own mouth, still trying to speak. He realized that he couldn't talk with the gun in his mouth and took it out.

The gun went off, possibly because the cab hit a bump. The bullet entered Sadler's head above his right temple and exited above his left ear, lodging in the headliner of the cab.

Sadler slumped over with his bloody head on the driver's lap. Bits of his brain were splattered over the headliner and the windows, over Jose Leopoldo Carvajal and over Ana Daysi Menjivar Medina.

* * *

The most curious thing about the shooting was not that Barry Sadler survived for 14 months, but that the world he had created survived even longer.

A month after Sadler's death, Maggie Escalante still believed that he had seen horrible things during his fighting in Vietnam. The Europa crowd believed Ben Rosson was a deadly sniper. The Guatemalan Air Force helicopter pilot, Captain Sock-It-to-Me, a man who has had helicopters shot out from under him three times, believed he was "a recruit" compared to Sadler.

The *Village Voice* article said Sadler "had hired out to eight or ten different wars around the world." An article in *Soldier of Fortune* magazine said, "Rosson and Sadler met under fire 25 years ago in Vietnam and have been firm friends ever since. Between them they have fought in nine armies, rather more wars, and countless short-term assignments."

GQ magazine weighed in with an article that included a photo of Rosson wearing a green beret and aiming an M-1 rifle. He boasted about shooting a Chinese military adviser in Vietnam from 900 yards. "The man was dead on the ground before he heard the sound of my gun," *GQ* quotes Rosson as saying.

Great story, but one problem: Rosson would have had to shoot from a distance of considerably more than 900 yards—about 11,000 miles more.

U.S. Army records show that Rosson never set foot in Vietnam. He was a mechanic, not a Green Beret, and he spent his entire tour in the United States and Europe. He was discharged in 1965, roughly the same time the meeting with Sadler took place in the myth.

As for Sadler, he did serve in Vietnam. But the men who served with him say he never really saw any significant combat.

Thor Johnston is a Californian who went through Special Forces training with Sadler at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, and who served with Sadler at a 12-man "A-Team" base in the Central Highlands of Vietnam.

"Barry exaggerated," Johnston says. "A lot of the stuff he claims to have done is just not true. I think he went on maybe two patrols, and it was no big deal. It was early '65, and we didn't have that much combat."

Johnston remembers most clearly that even then Sadler and his guitar were being eyed by the Army's public-relations people: "He left to go down to Saigon to promote the song and, for whatever reason, never came back. We were glad to get him out of there. What I'm telling you is that he basically didn't do jack shit while he was there. I cared a lot about Barry, but he was just a bullshitter."

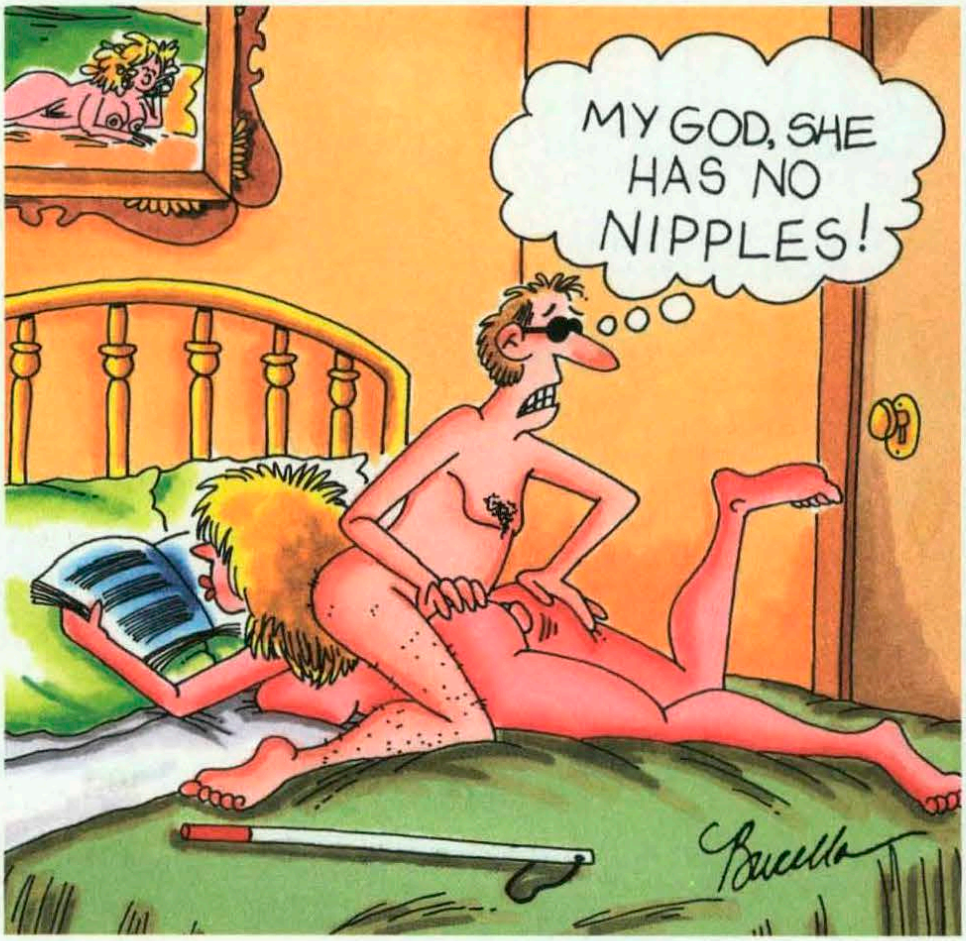
Sadler was not a coward. But the fluke success of his song deprived him of a dangerous few years in Vietnam, and his later wars were a figment of his imagination.

The machinery Sadler had set in motion continued to hum along after his shooting. Eventually it produced a version of his demise that was equal to the myth he had created. An air of mystery, a hint of martyrdom, and one last blast of publicity for his buddies.

He had accomplished the impossible. He had returned to the '60s. He had once again captured that feeling of being a soldier on leave in a tropical war zone, drinking beer and chasing the local women because tomorrow he might die. And then he had gone out and taken a bullet through the brain.

One of the two eyewitnesses, the hooker, has already dropped from sight. The cabbie doesn't like to discuss the incident, and he is growing old. The police didn't collect much physical evidence, and they are stingy about who they let look at it.

The road was dark that night, very dark. Anything could have happened out there.



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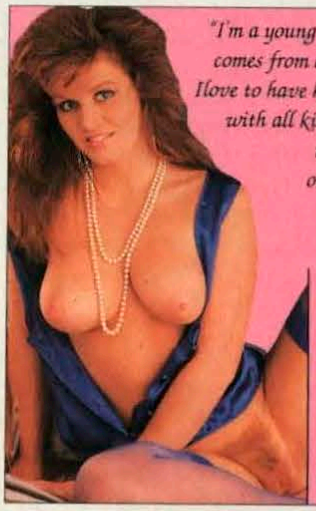

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BEAVER HUNT

Photo by Husband

Golden Nina is a 23-year-old business-woman from Oceanside, California. She spends her off-hours dancing and sunbathing in the nude. Nina's hot fantasy is to have another woman lick her pussy. That's all she says, but we could write an entire book based on that one little clue.

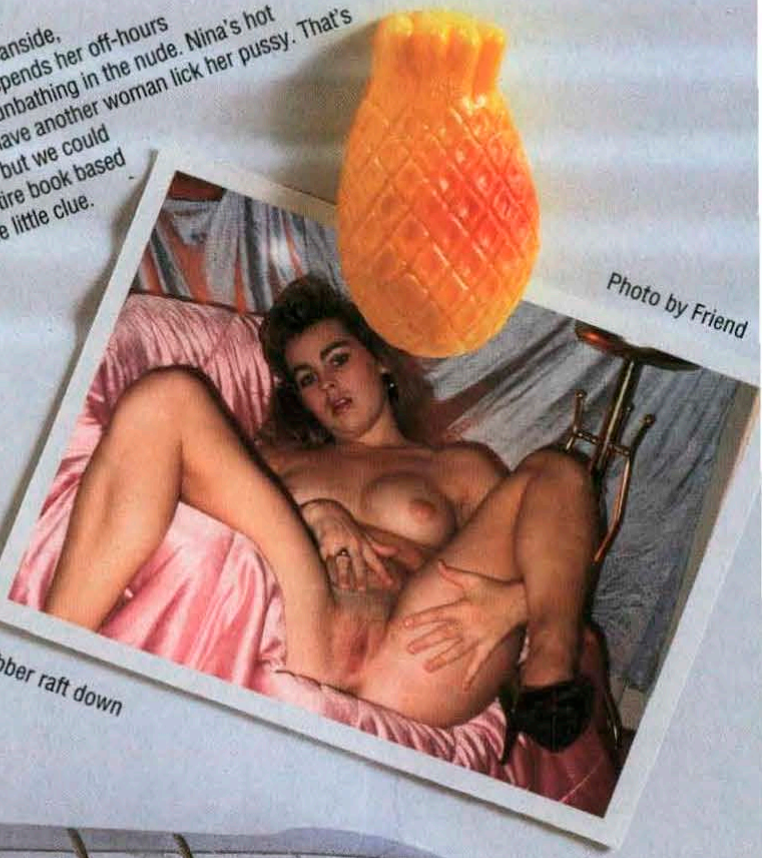

Photo by Friend

Horseback riding, screwing, modeling and more sex are 19-year-old Chasity's favorite hobbies. She's a student from Memphis, Tennessee, and she'd like to fuck an exotic man and woman in a rubber raft down the Colorado River.

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 Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. If we print it, she'll get $250 and a chance at an extended photo-feature worth $5,000. Finalists win $1,500 each. Their photographers win $250, and the photographer of the Grand Prize Winner gets $500. Fill out the model release below, and include a photocopy of (1) a photo ID and (2) another form of ID. All photos become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine.

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Any Alias, Nickname, Stage or Pro Name

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Date of Birth | Phone (include area code)

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City | State | Zip

Occupation

Hobbies

Sexual Fantasies

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Photographer

Address

NOTE: PRIZE MONEY SENT TO MODEL ONLY

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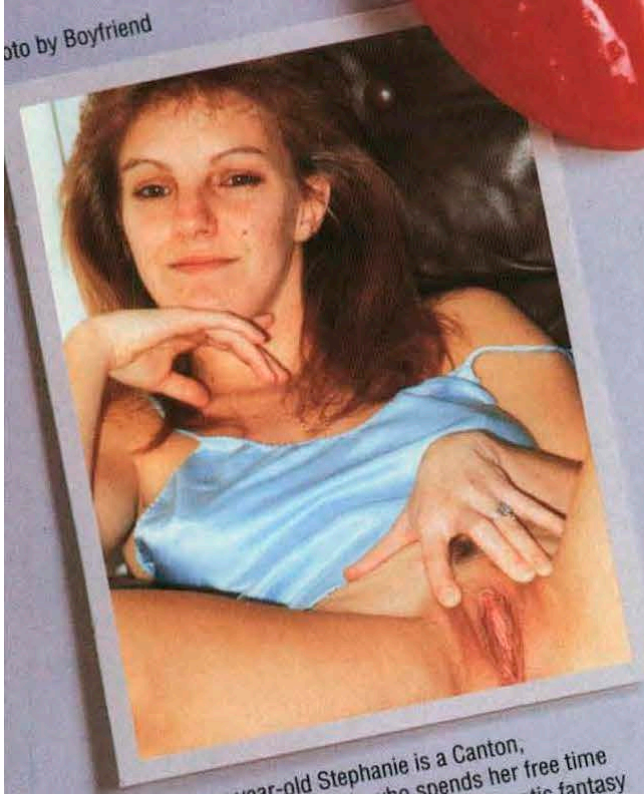
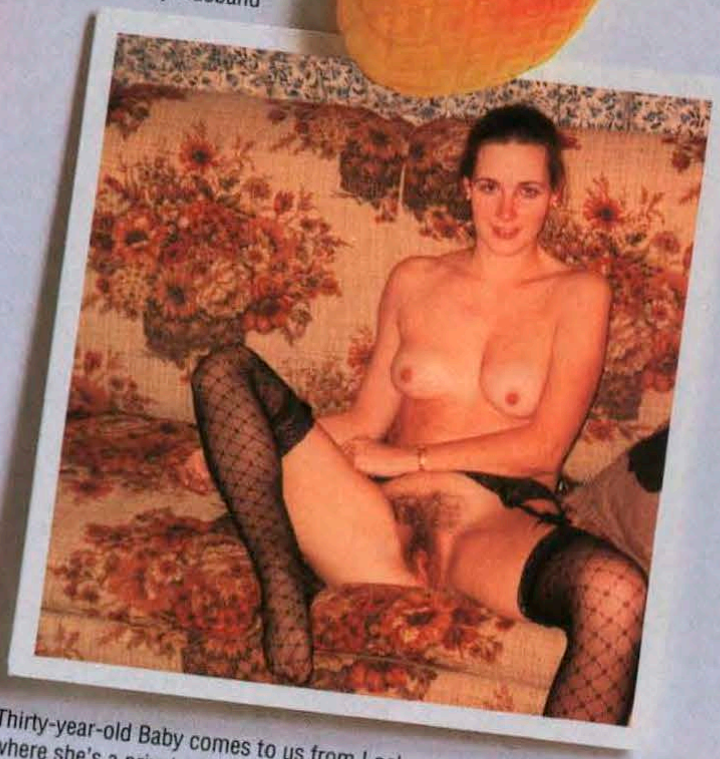


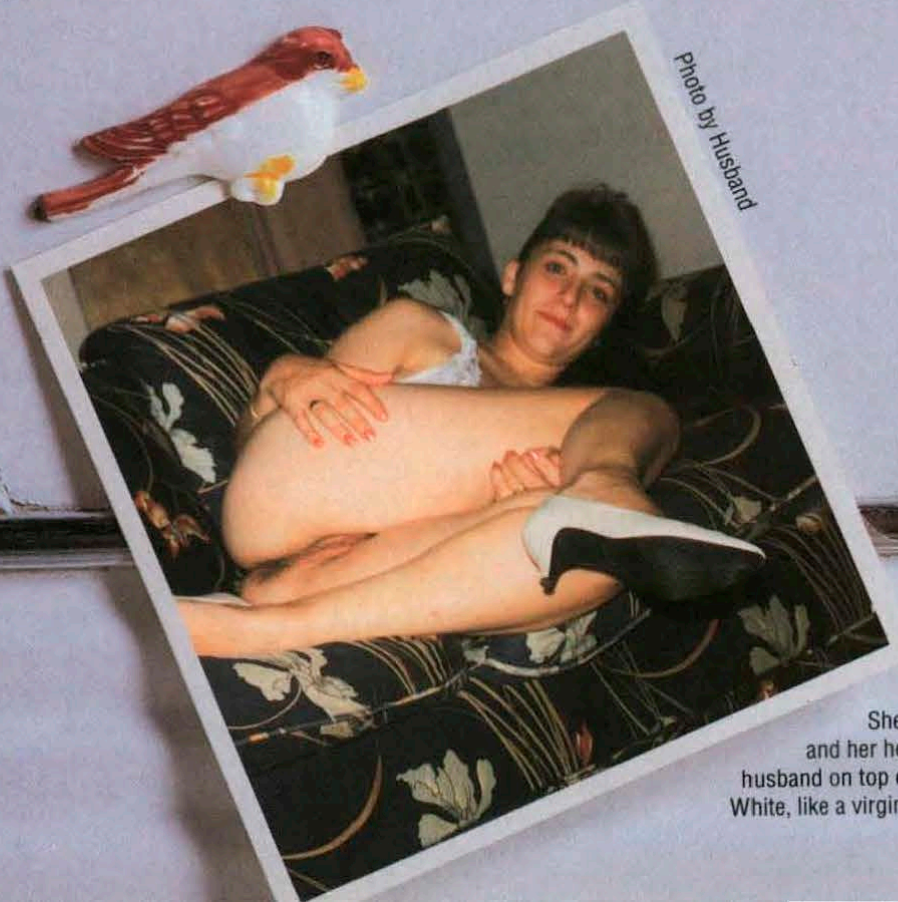
Twenty-four-year-old Stephanie is a Canton, Massachusetts, housewife who spends her free time reading and playing golf and tennis. Her erotic fantasy finds her on a wild honeymoon trip, making love on the hot, sandy beaches of Bermuda.

Photo by Husband



Thirty-year-old Baby comes to us from Lockport, New York, where she's a private aerobics instructor. Fishing and sunbathing fill her leisure hours. Her fantasy is to make love outdoors. It sounds simple, but in New York, stepping outside is taking your life in your hands.

Photo by Husband



Jogging, bike riding and wild sex are 22-year-old Debbie's hobbies. She's a bank teller from Ocala, Florida, and her hottest fantasy is to screw her husband on top of a white Lamborghini. White, like a virgin....

Making love to three men or women at once is what 25-year-old Christine calls a hobby. She's an accountant from San Juan Capistrano, California, who says she has no fantasies, because they've all been fulfilled. With hobbies like hers, who needs fantasies?

Photo by Friend

Hope is a 21-year-old housegirl from Gorham, Kansas, whose hobbies include swimming, flirting and great sex movies. This flower girl wants to turn her boyfriend on *all the way* and make him suffer, make him cry. Those will be tears of happiness, we hope.

Photo by Friend

Photo by Husband

Sexy, smiling Sue is a 31-year-old from Aurora, Illinois. Her occupation's film developing, and her hobby's riding her vibrator. Her fantasy is to share an elevator with a mystery man, suck him to excite him all the way up, then go down again and hope not to be caught. Beats fucking on a beach any day.

Photo by Husband

Greeley, Colorado, is home to 30-year-old Kerry, a student and housewife who's into reading, swimming, sunbathing and making love. Her hottest fantasy is to make love to her husband in a park or on a beach at sunset. That's easy enough. No use tying yourself up in knots over it, Kerry!

Photo by Husband

Tattooed love doll Criss comes from Huntsville, Alabama. She's a 21-year-old student, and she's into pool and Stephen King books. Posing for a men's magazine is her fantasy. At least it used to be. You can't get any better than this, Criss. HUSTLER ain't a men's magazine. It's *the* men's magazine.

Photo by Friend

Jewel has skin as smooth as glass. She's a 25-year-old entertainer from Indianapolis, Indiana. Besides shaving, she likes to swim and ride horseback. Her hottest fantasy is to be with Tom Selleck in a hot tub. Is that with or without his mustache?

Stephanie is a 22-year-old interior decorator and designer from Detroit, Michigan. Softball, dancing, romance, shopping and nail design are the things she likes to do. Her fantasy is to make love on a rooftop in the middle of a summer thunderstorm. Sweet, fresh and definitely hot.

Photo by Husband

Beautiful 21-year-old Nikki is into social services in Spokane, Washington. She's doing a service here. Whether it's social or not depends on the luck of the reader. Shopping, swimming and having sex are Nikki's hobbies, and she'd get off fucking her husband in a hot-air balloon at zero gravity.

Photo by Husband

Photo by Husband

Lorraine hails from Sandusky, Ohio, where she's a 38-year-old tool room supervisor. *What?* Assuming that job doesn't take up every minute of her time, her hobbies include hiking, golfing and painting. She'd like to spend an afternoon with a beautiful Avon lady. Does Lorraine owe her gorgeous, youthful bod to Avon products or her sex life?

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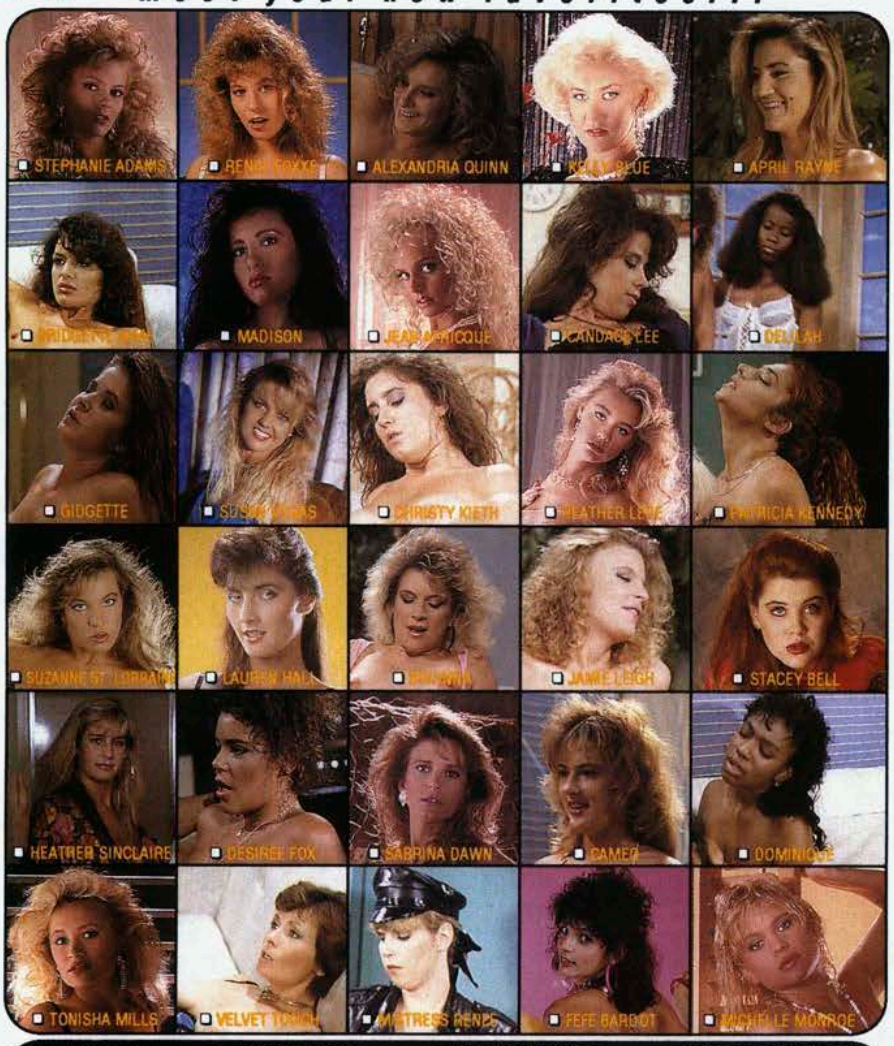

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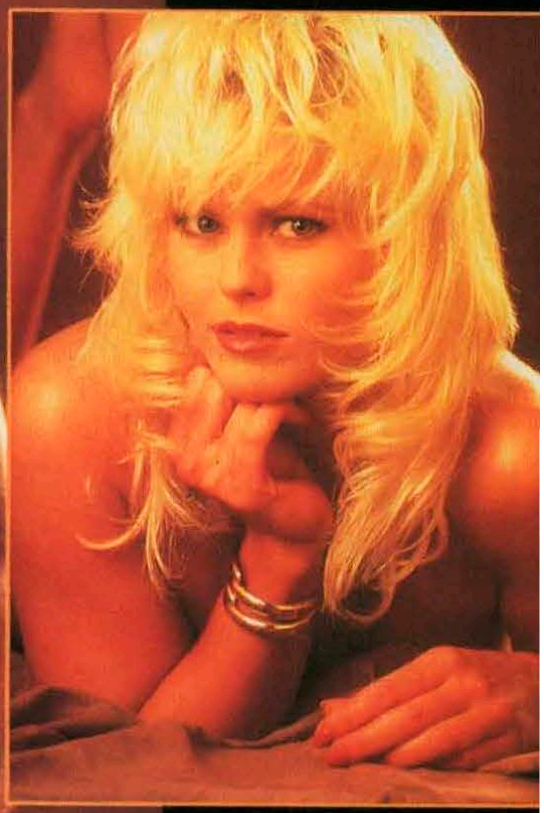

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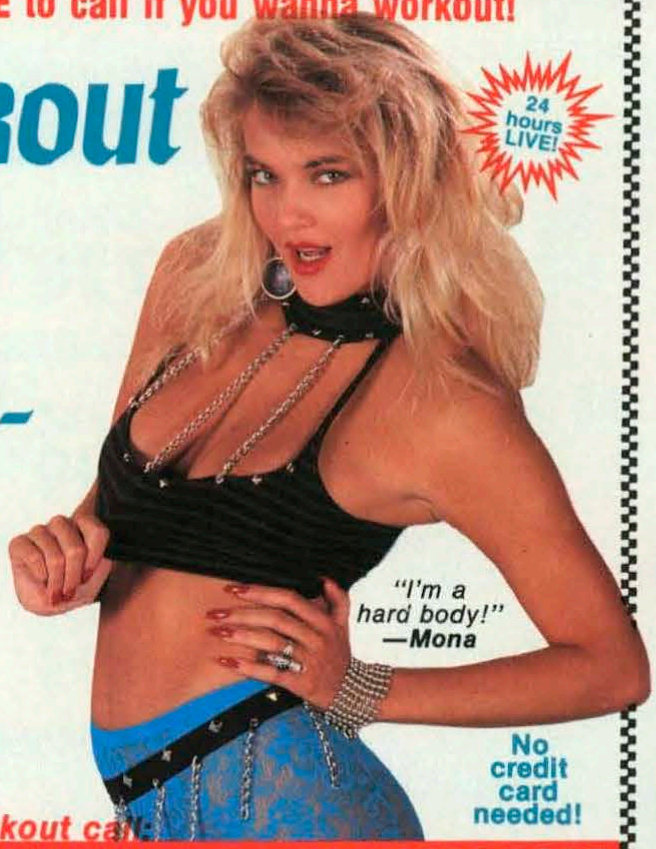

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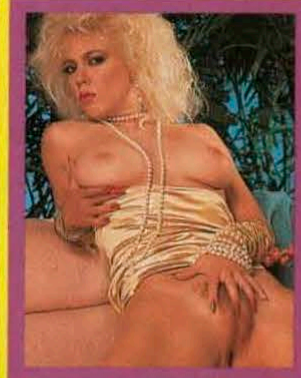

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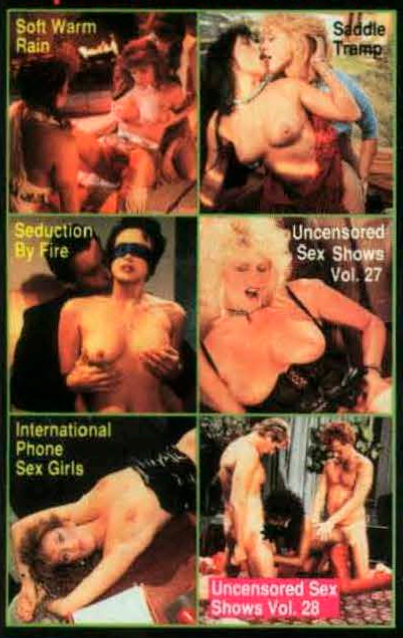

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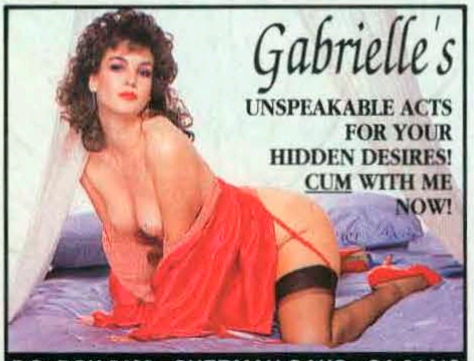

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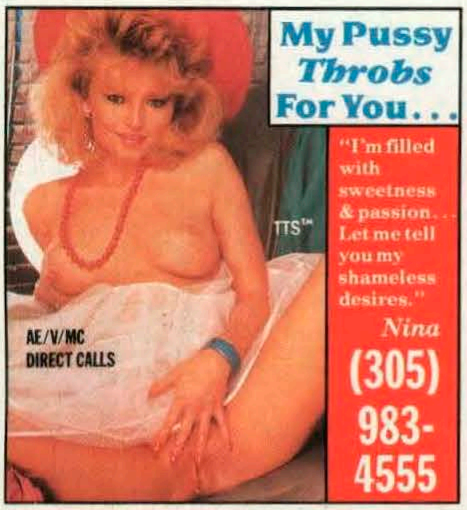
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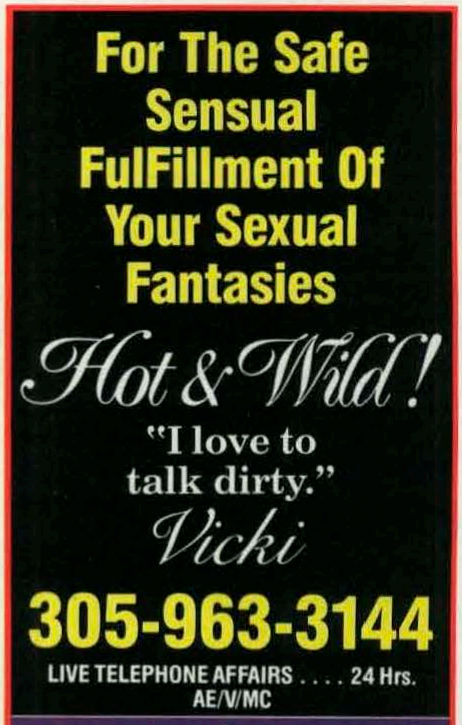
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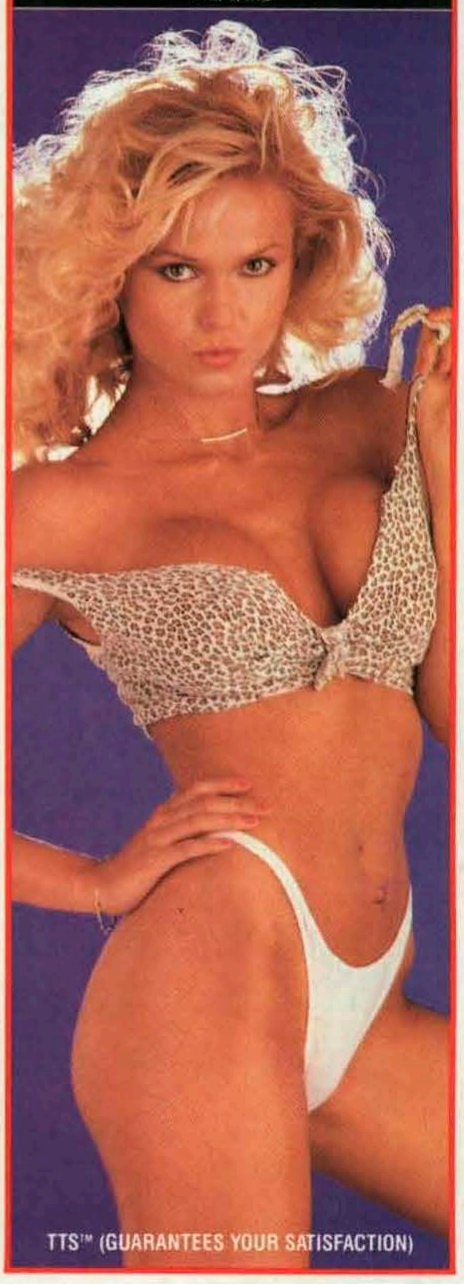
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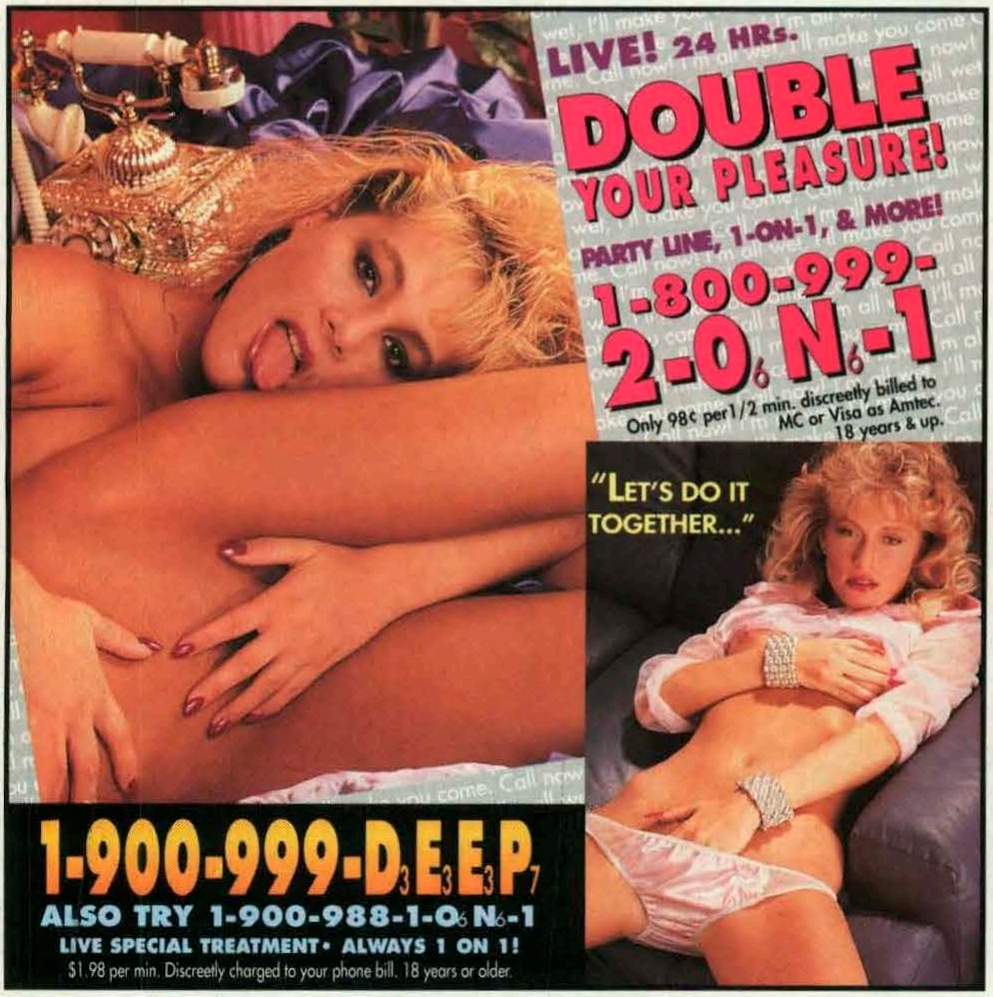
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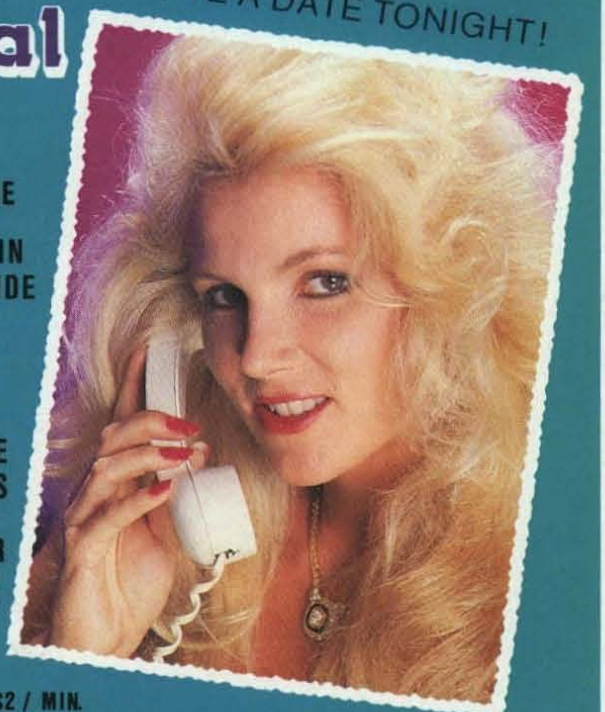

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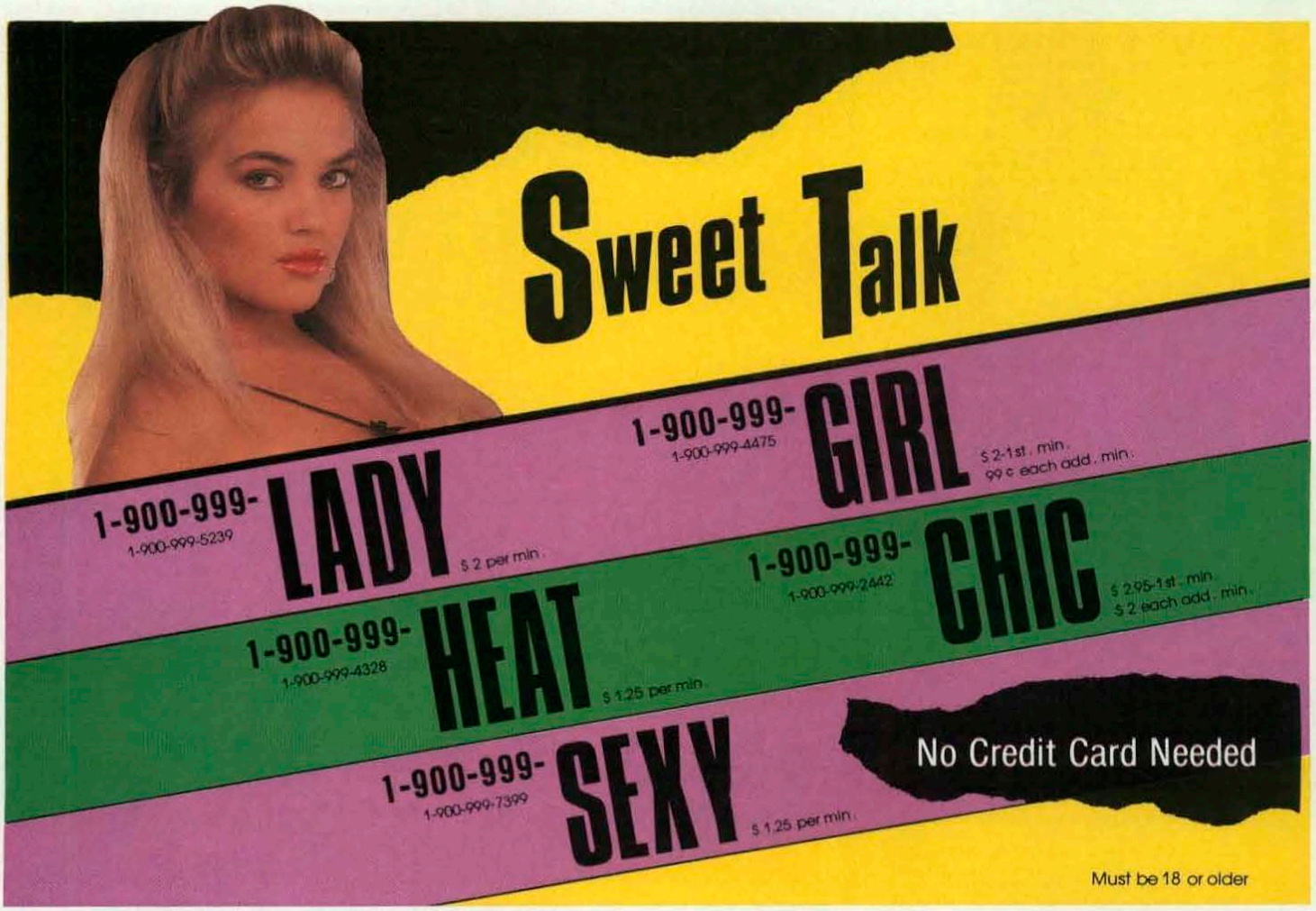
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GIRL
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$ 2 each add. min.
1-900-999-
1-900-999-7399
SEXY
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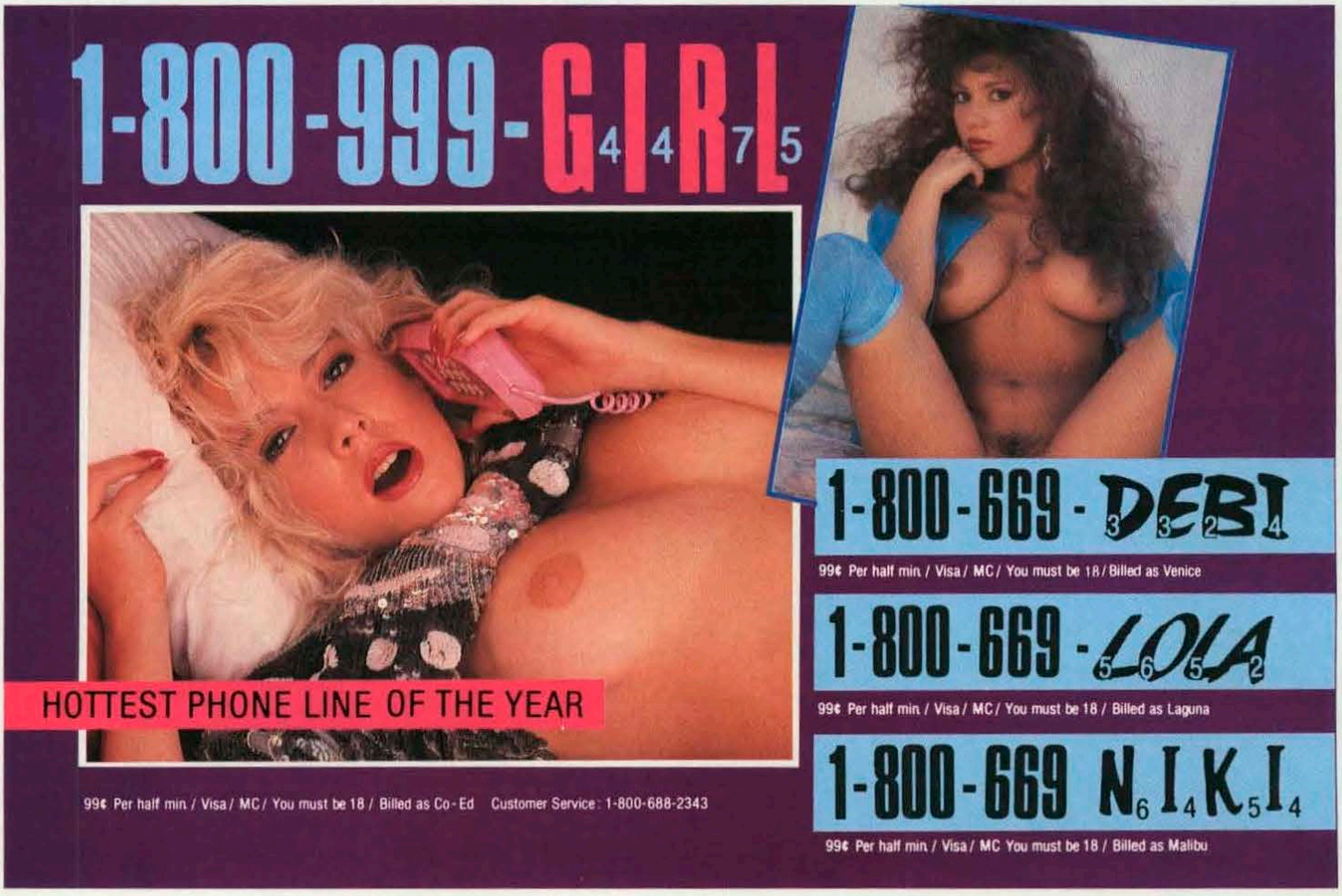
No Credit Card Needed
Must be 18 or older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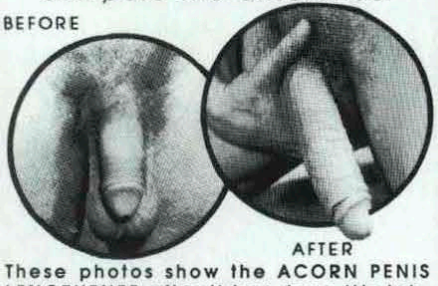
BEFORE



AFTER

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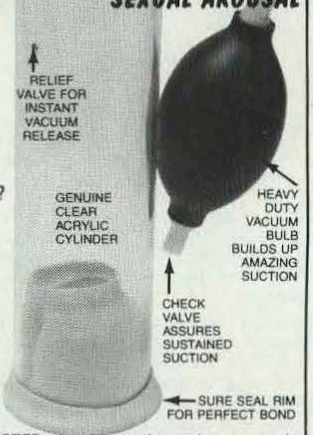

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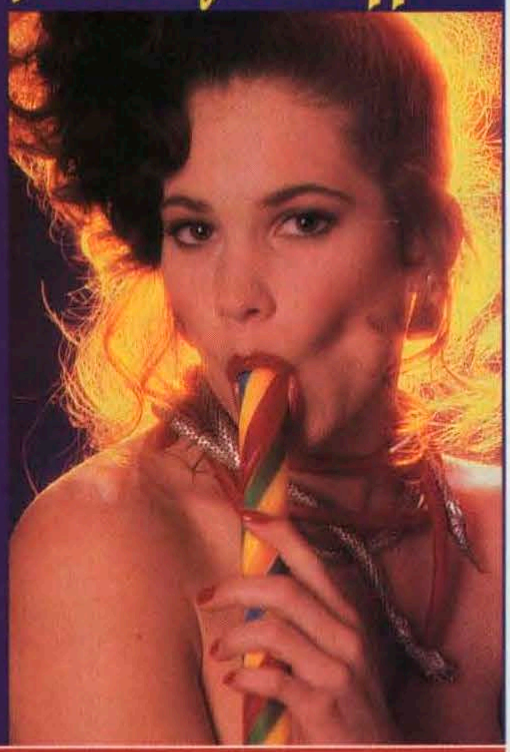

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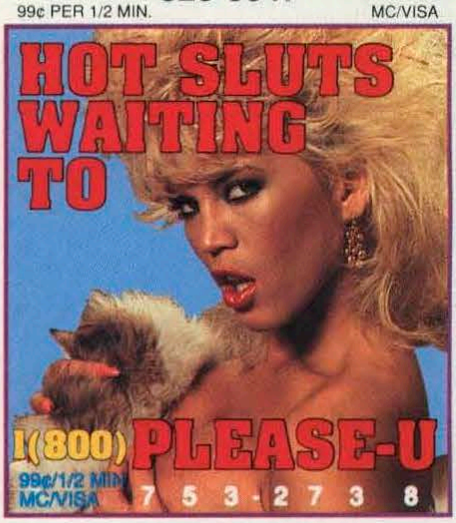

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259G 259H 259K 259Y **$13.00 EACH**

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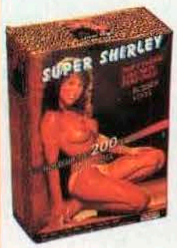

This 5 foot life size doll holds up to 200 pounds of your body. She has long silky hair with her matching vaginal hair complete with three holes to be filled. Soft flesh-like skin with ripe young breasts and luscious vagina that vibrates at your command.

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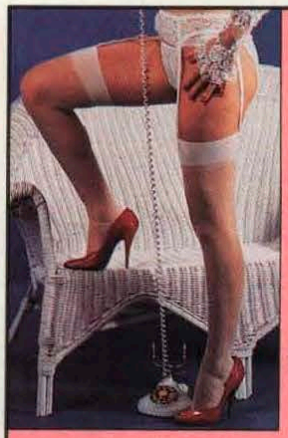

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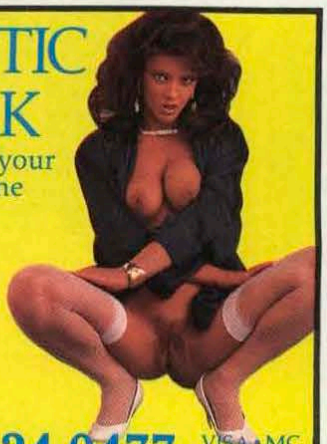

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HARD CANDY

GET YOUR HONEY IN THE MORNING
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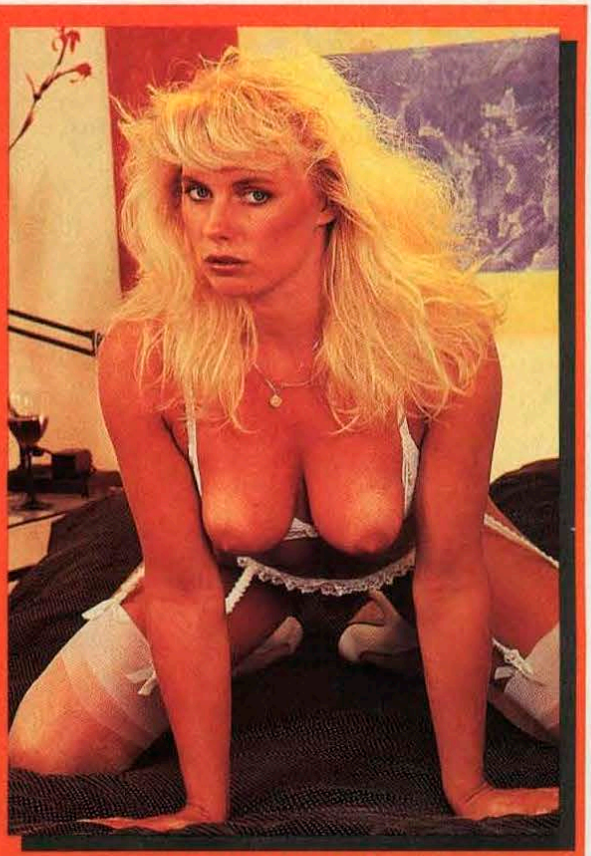

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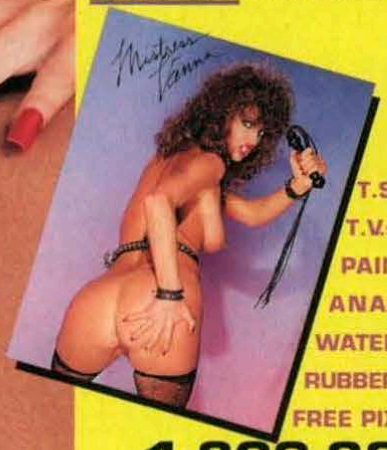

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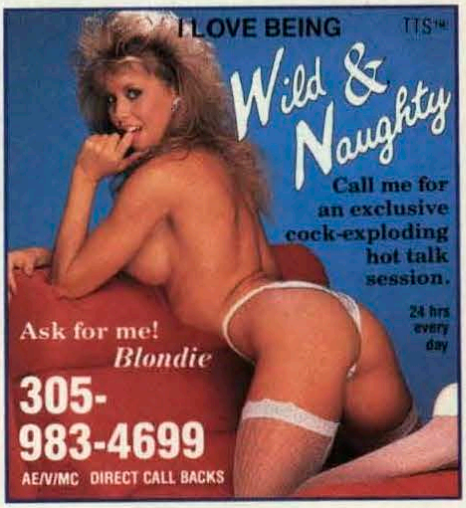

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Two hot girls for every guy. Even more girls if you want. The girls are waiting to talk to you!
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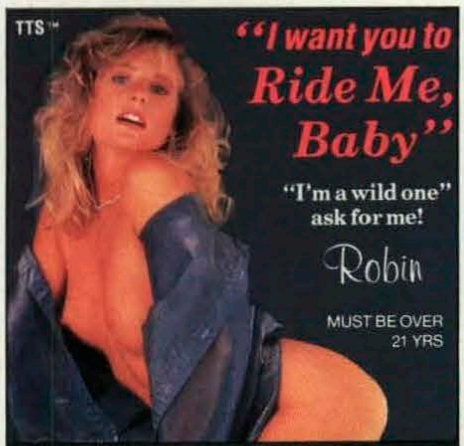

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Robin
MUST BE OVER 21 YRS
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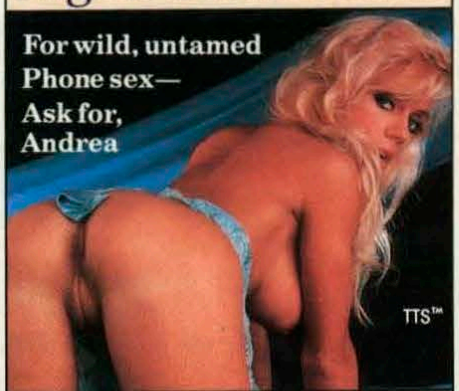

For wild, untamed Phone sex— Ask for, Andrea
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TWO DOLLARS A MINUTE. ADULTS ONLY.

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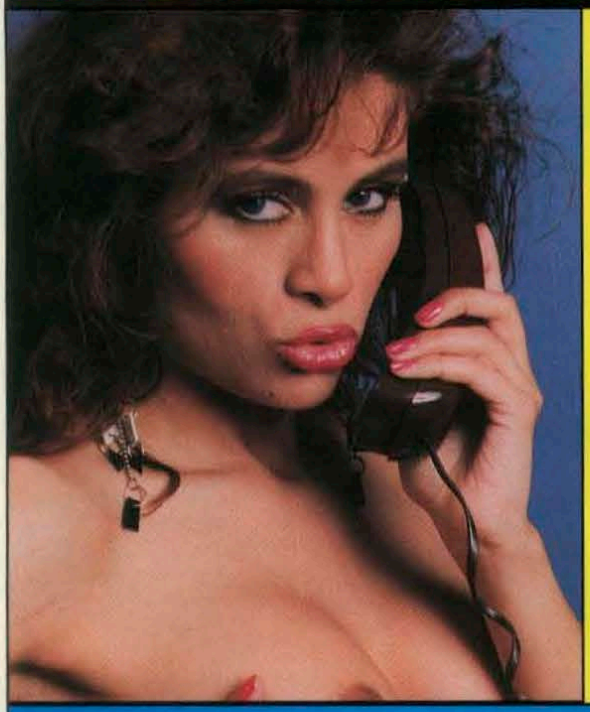

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Call NOW and talk to Rita, Mari and their Girlfriends!

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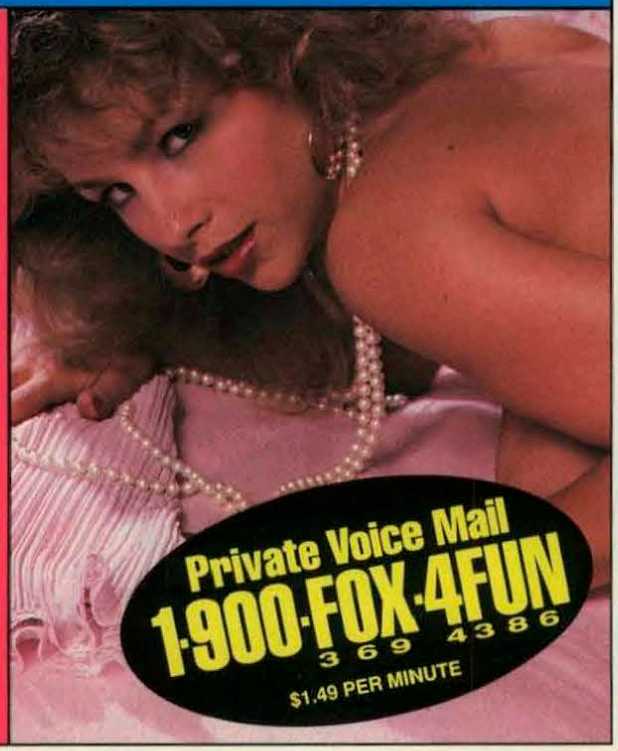
ADULTS ONLY! ALL 900 NUMBERS $2 PER MINUTE



Celebrity Phone Club

~~• No Party Line~~
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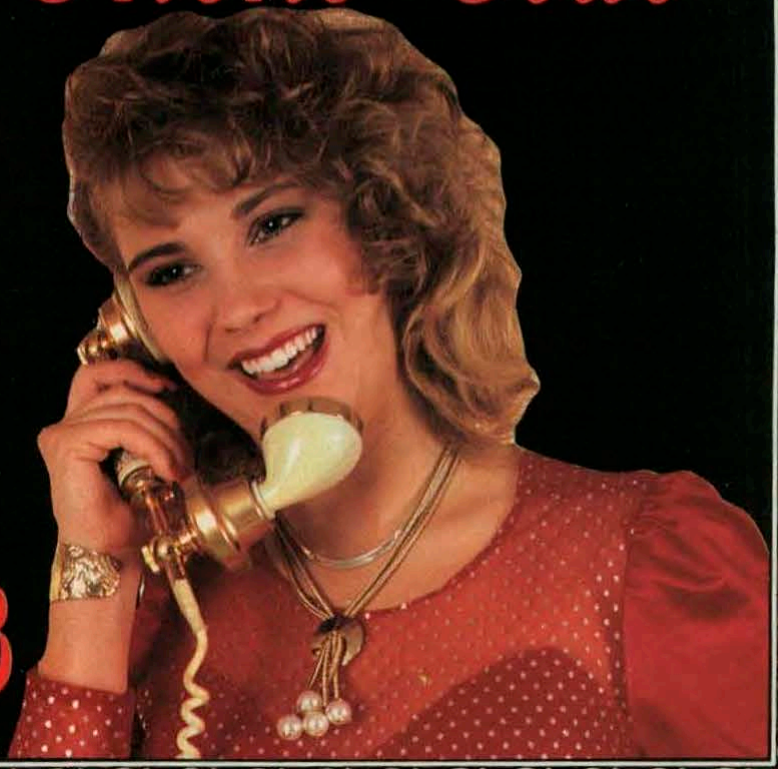
★ Just
One On One

Call and find out where the action is!

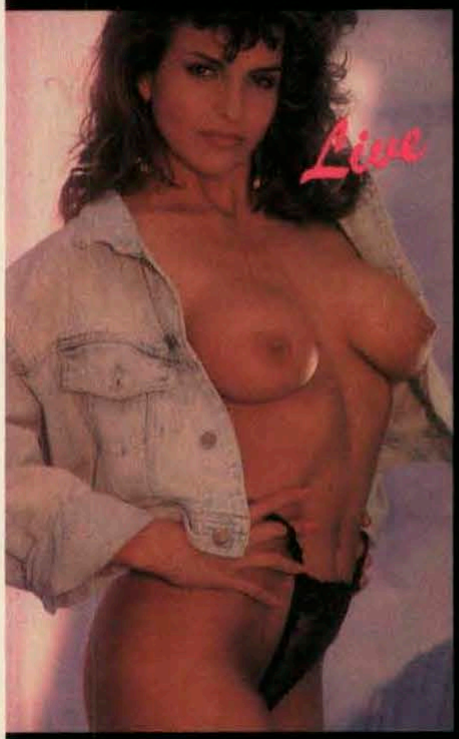


1(900) 386-3333

$4.95 first minute
Must be 21

$1.95 each additional minute
24 Hours

1-800-695-TABU



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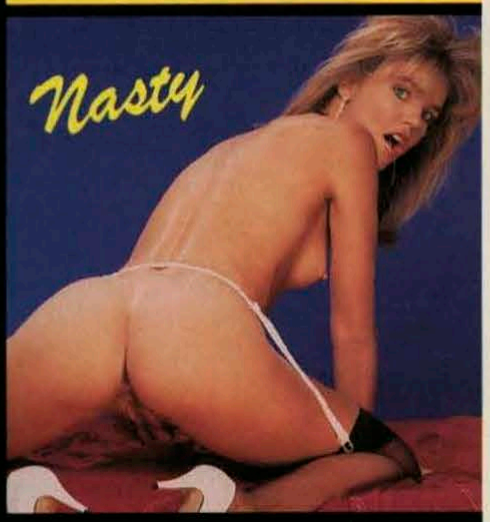

Let's Talk Any time . . .
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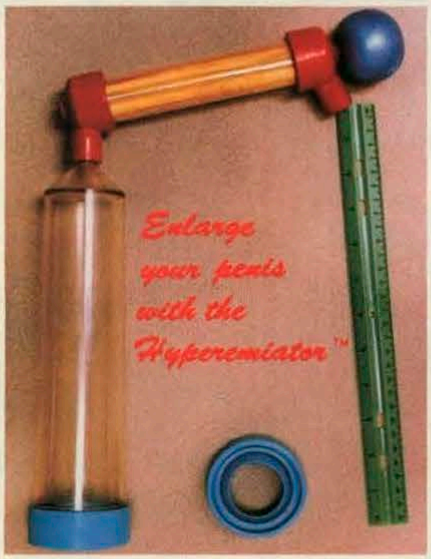
ORGAN BUILDER



You can now buy this beautifully designed heavy duty **HYPEREMIATOR™** (Organ Enlarger) direct from the Factory. Shipped very Promptly and Discreetly packaged.

This amazing new design and technique has been tested thoroughly thru the years by our factory and many thousands of user's and proven effective and safe.

We guarantee our Hyperemiator will get the following results for you, or your money refunded:

- **Increase size of organ, both diameter and length.**
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- **Cause penis to be more sensitive to touch.**
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A FIRST: The above result's are obtained **only** with the Special Built Pulsating, Retained Vacuum and Triple Valve system. None other has this unique feature.

THIS UNIT IS A WELL ENGINEERED PRODUCT — NOT A TOY!

What you receive when you place your order with us:

□ A complete Hyperemiator with instructions, discreetly packaged, ready to use.

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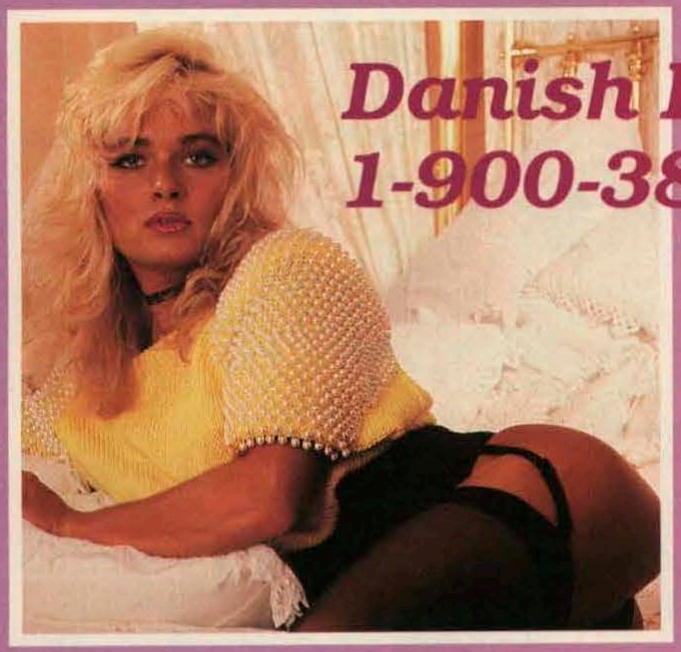

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Beautiful Scandinavian women and ladies of all nations seek nice men for dating, romance, and good times together. Other exotic ladies available also. Can you show a lonely lady a good time? Call any time-24 hours a day!

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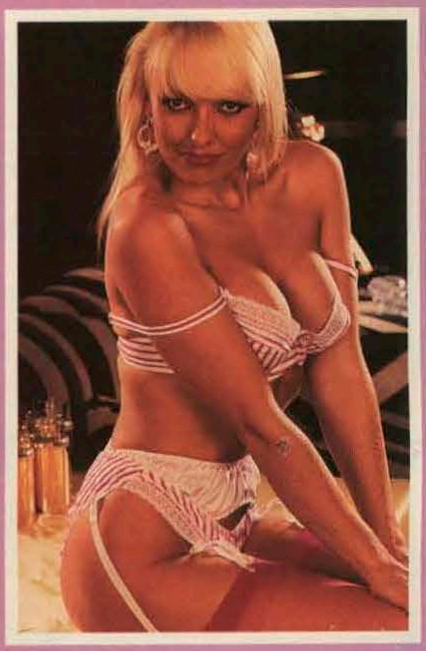

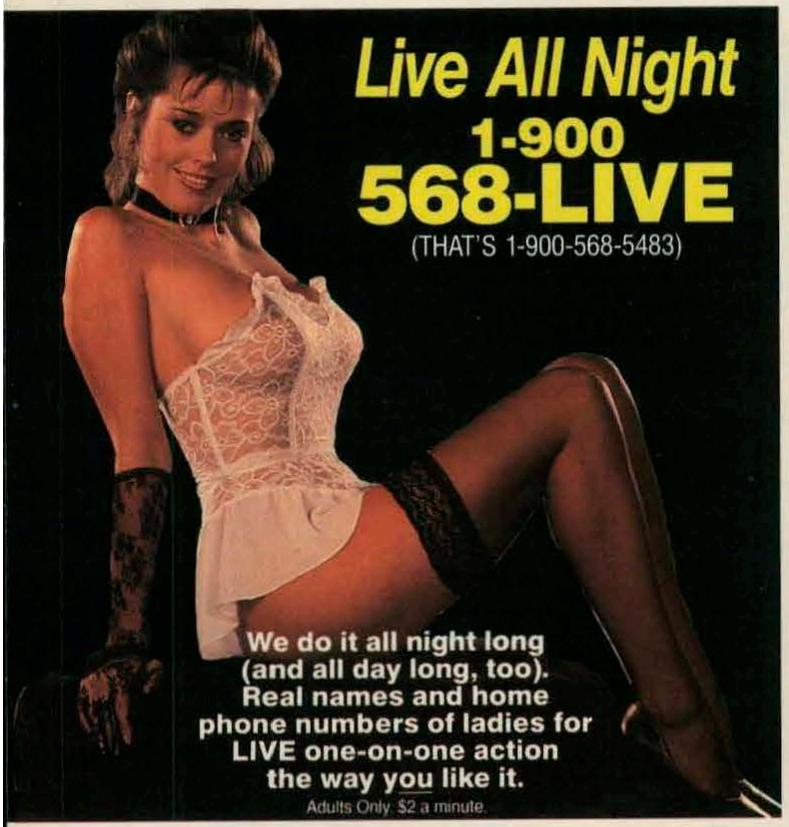

Live All Night
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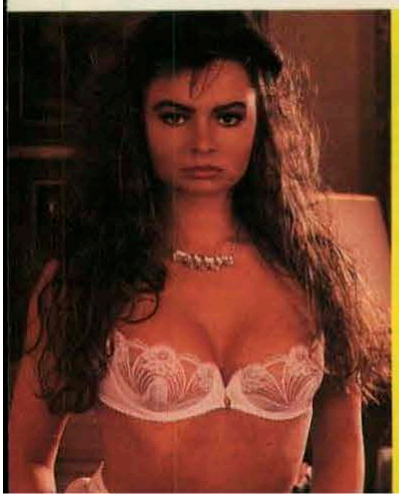
(THAT'S 1-900-568-5483)

We do it all night long (and all day long, too). Real names and home phone numbers of ladies for LIVE one-on-one action the way you like it.

Adults Only. $2 a minute.



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DIRECT CONTACT WITH HOT YOUNG GIRLS WHO WANT TO PLEASE YOU!

Callers must be over 18. $2 a minute.

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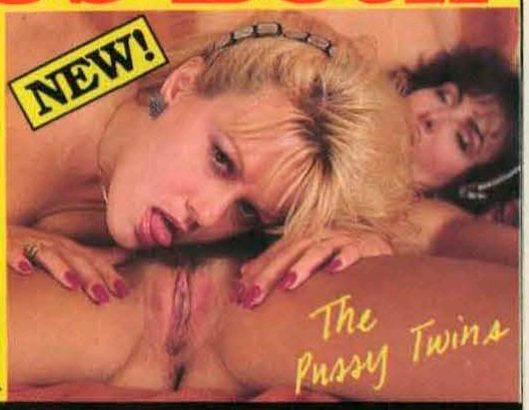
*THE **FIRE**, THE **LUST**, THE **SHAME***
WHERE REAL WOMEN TELL ALL

Adults Only. $2 a minute.

Fuck Us Both 'Til U Cum!



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(9 3 3 8 2 5 2)
Billed as National Comm. .99¢ per 1/2 min.

✳ PARTYLINE ✳ KINKY PERSONAL ADS ✳ & MORE ✳

Hump Me Flat On My Back

Love, Kathy

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MR. SATISFIER
Satisfy your deepest desire with 10 FULL soft latex inches. First, turn the vibrator's multi-speed setting to a soft hum. Slowly increase the speed for an unforgettable experience. Veined surface actually increases stimulation! Plus FREE XXX VIDEO.
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BLACK BEAUTY VIBRATOR
What a beauty it is!! This slim but generous 1" thick, 7" long black vibrator is multi-speed and super flexible to deliver pleasure throbs where you want them. Plus, the bulging clitoral stimulator at the phallic base is sure to bring joy to your fevered love button! FREE XXX VIDEO.
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- ☐ #1781 Black Beauty + Free Video $16.95
- ☐ #6716 Hot Sex Shows (VHS or Beta) $19.95

Limit One Free Video Per Order

Name_____
Address_____
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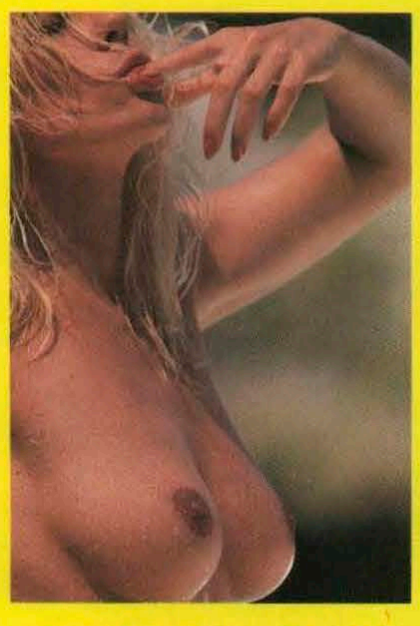

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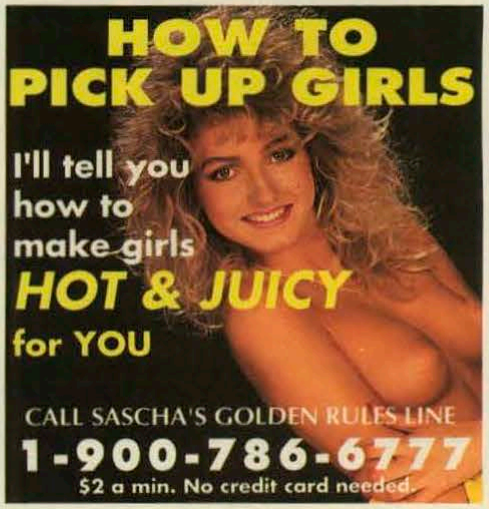
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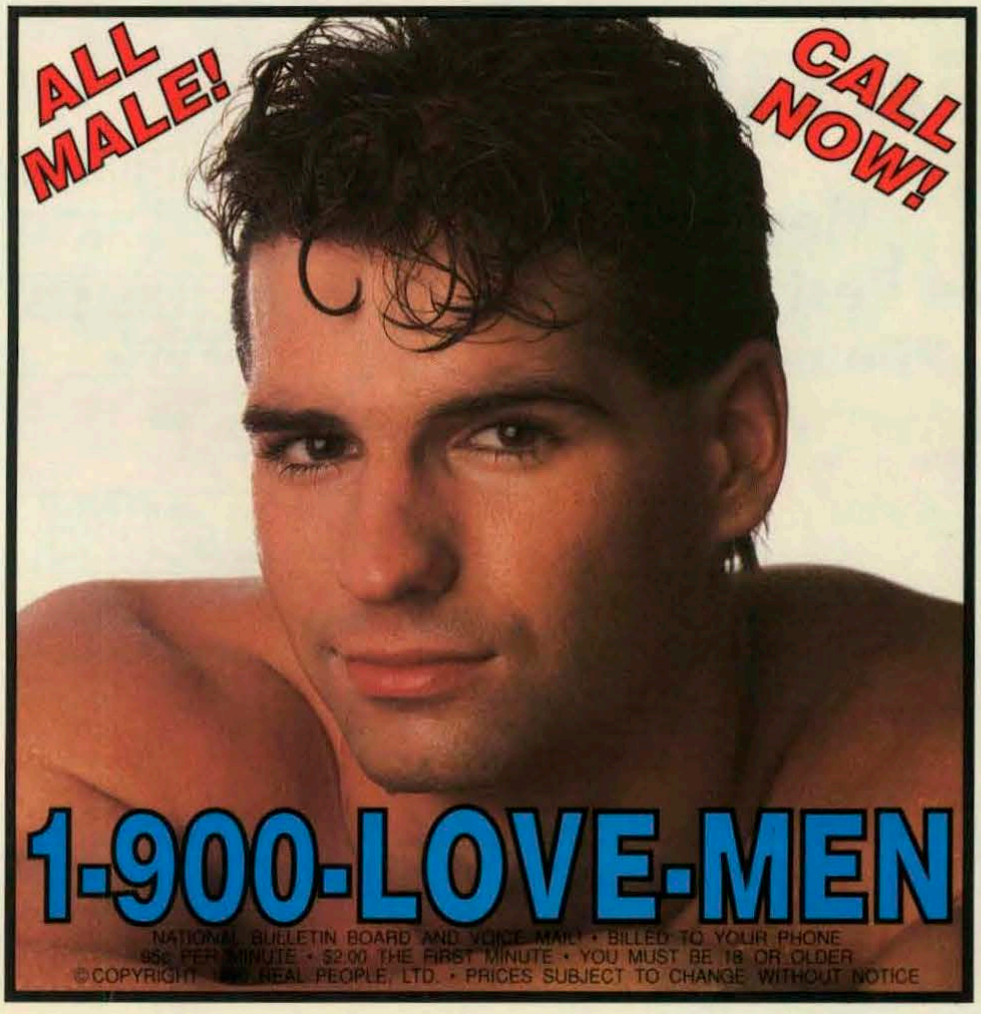
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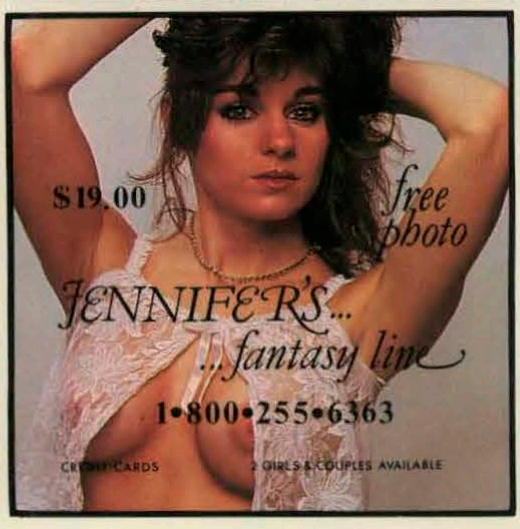
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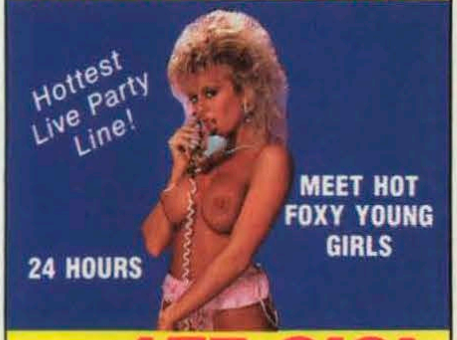

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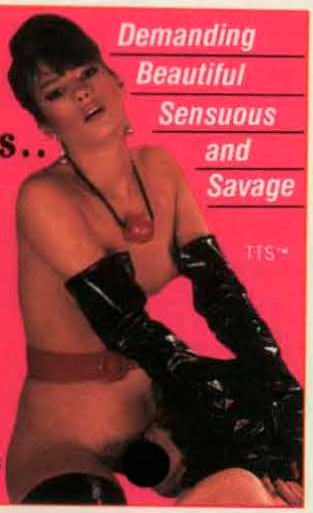

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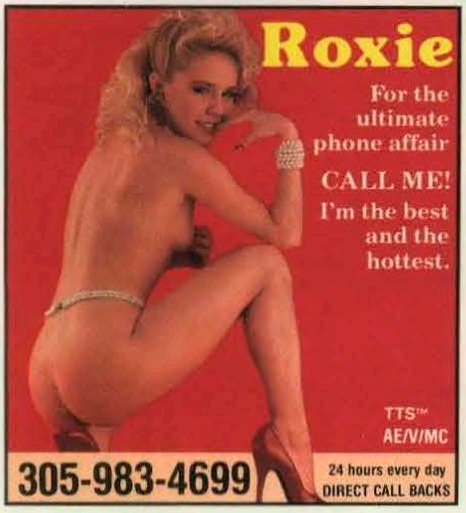

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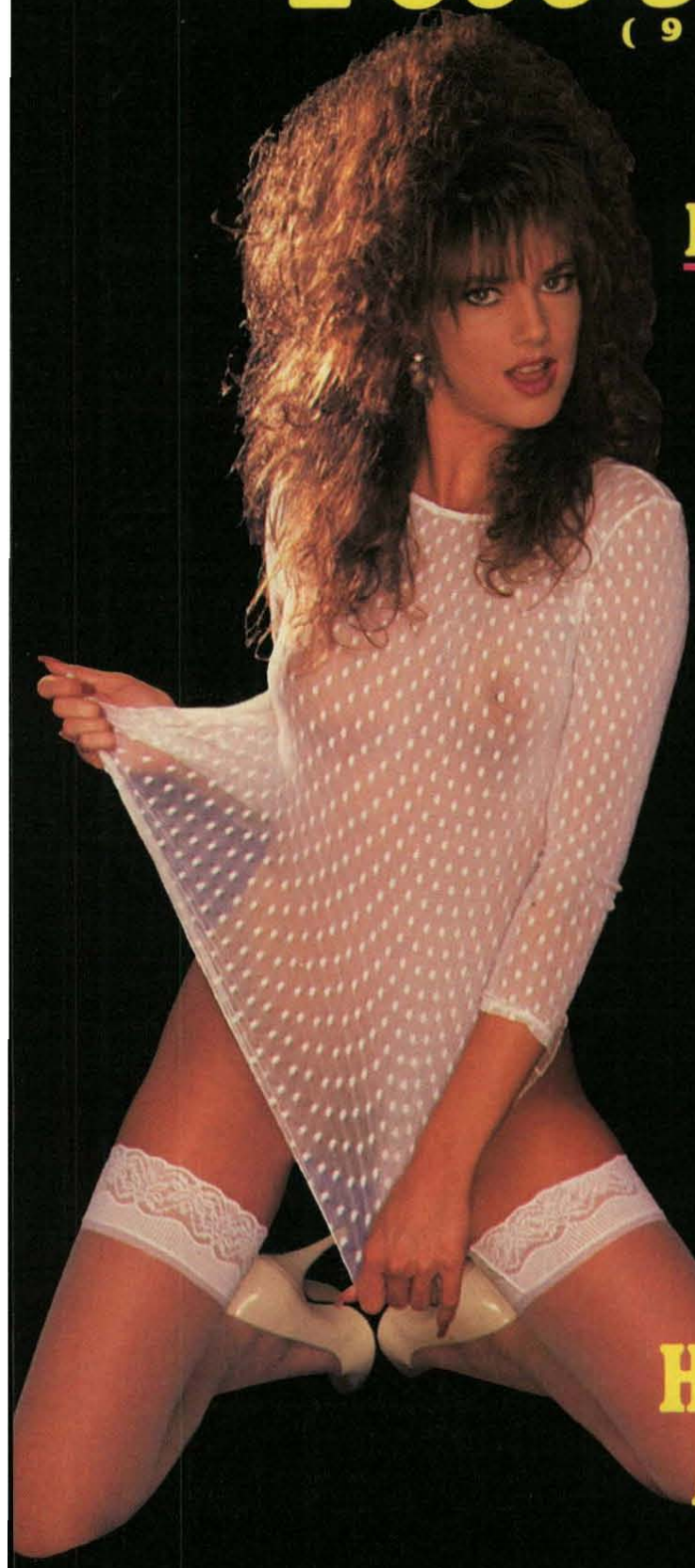

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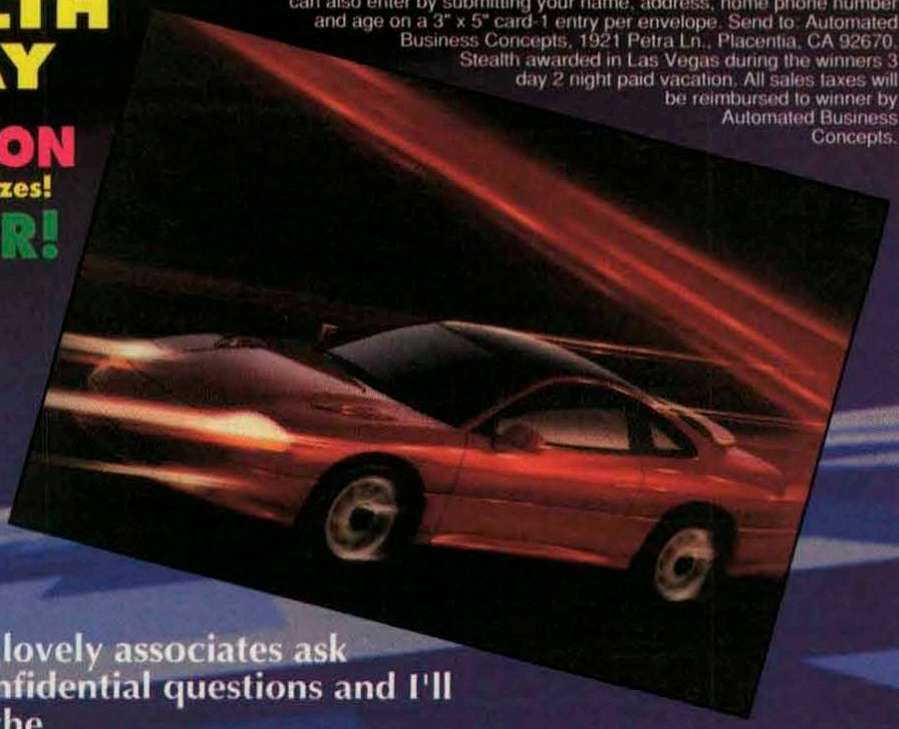

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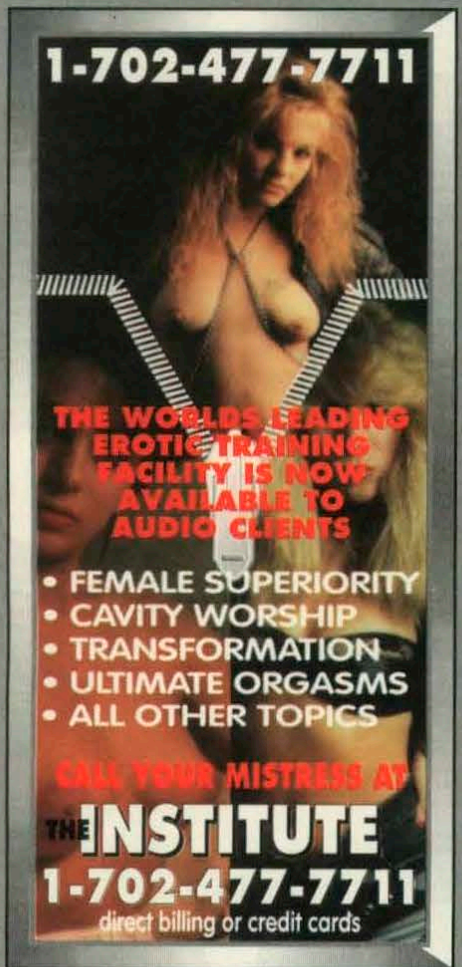

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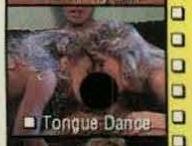

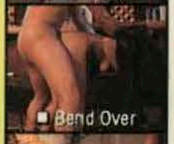

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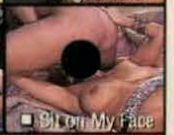

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CAN YOU HANDLE 2 HOT GIRLS OR MORE?

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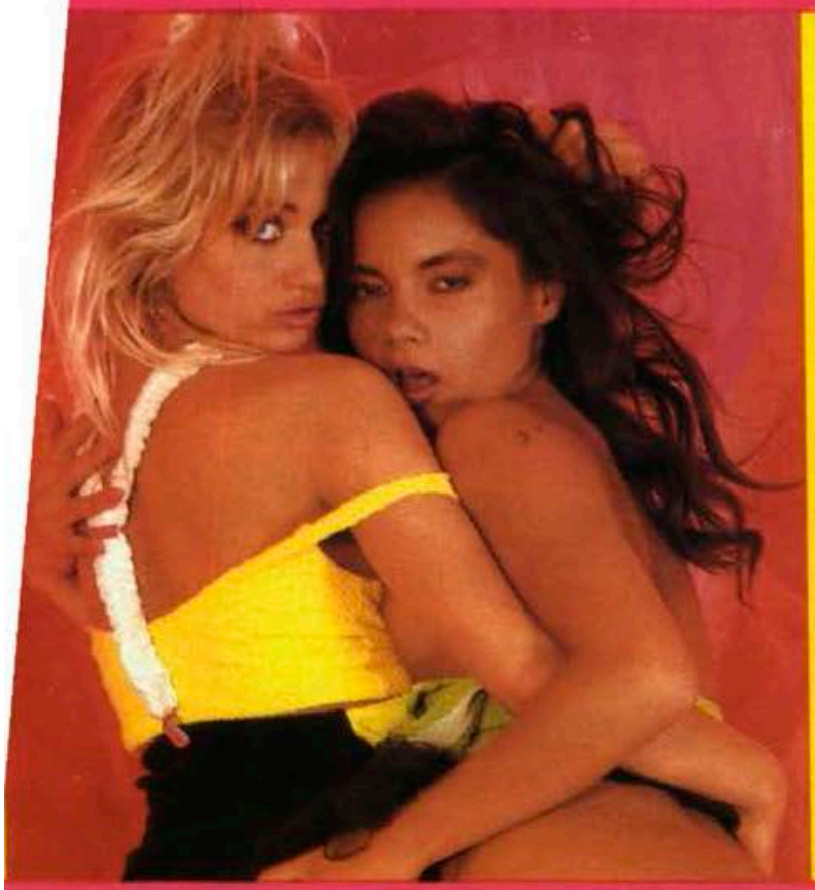

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535-0200

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FLATTERY WILL GET YOU EVERYWHERE!

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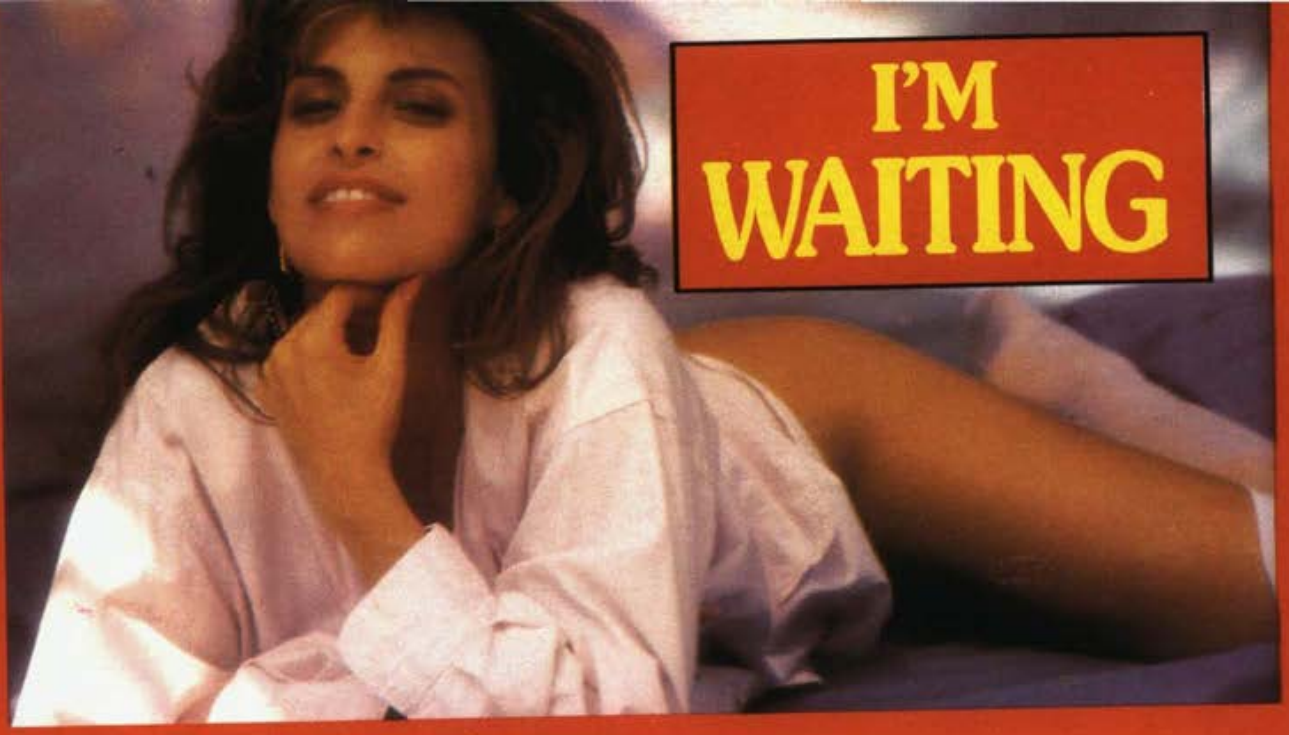

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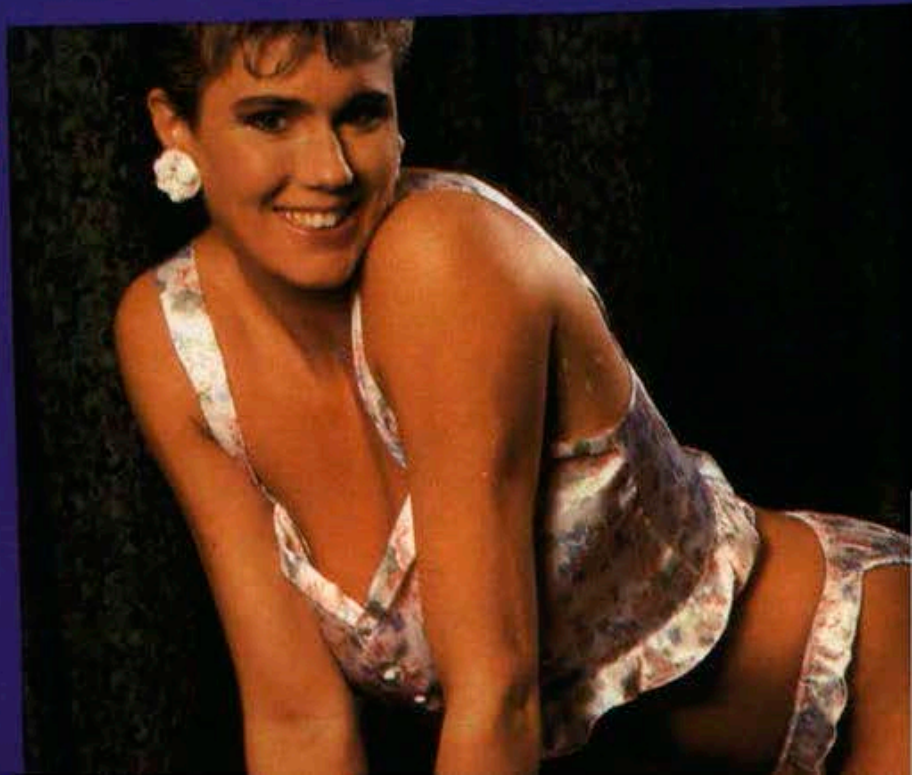
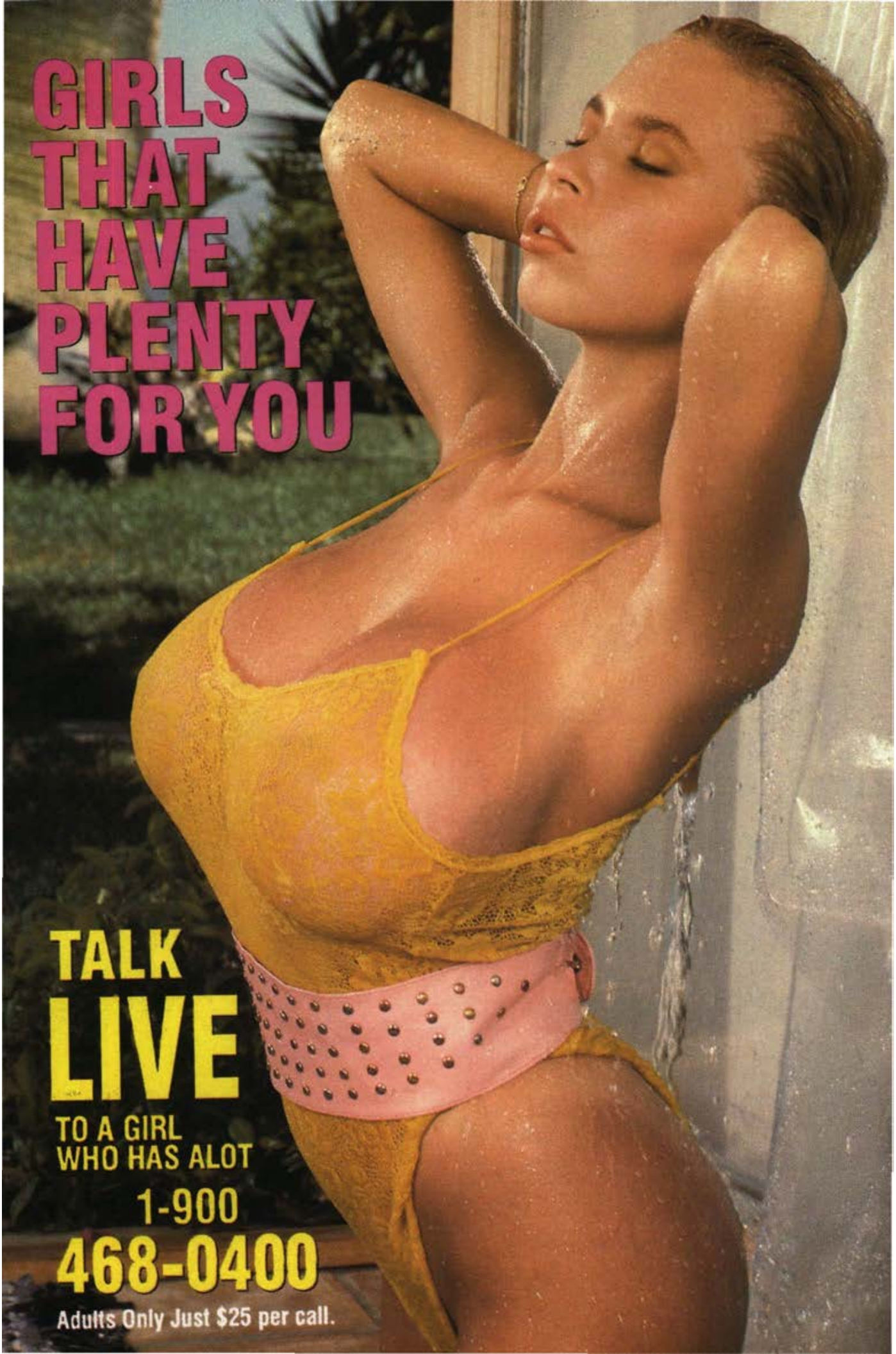
For Daring Adults
Over 21. $2 a minute.




GIRLS
THAT
HAVE
PLENTY
FOR YOU
TALK
LIVE
TO A GIRL
WHO HAS ALOT
1-900
468-0400
Adults Only Just $25 per call.

ADULT ACTION LIVE PHONE TALK

1-900 468-CHAT

(THAT'S 1-900-468-2428)

The Adult Action Phone Call billed at just $25.
Must be over 21 to call.

ALL ACTION ALL THE TIME

#1 ADULT HOTLINE

1-900 646-HOTS

4 6 8 7

THE HOT LINE WHERE ADULTS SHARE THEIR PRIVATE THOUGHTS

For adults only, $2 a minute.

DOUBLE UP!
WITH TWO GIRLS, OR MORE!

1-900
535-
0200

The Girls-Girls-Girls Line! Personal Contacts For Your Dating Pleasure.

Adults Only.
Just $2 a minute.

QUICK RELEASE

"OOOH BABY!"

1-900
230-LADY
5 2 3 9

IT'S WHAT *YOU* NEED!
INSTANT PERSONAL CONTACTS!
NO WAITING EVER!

ADULTS ONLY. $2 A MINUTE.

FOR A REALLY GOOD TIME CALL...

1-900-468-1900

HOT ACTION THE WAY *YOU* LIKE IT!

24 HOURS A DAY!

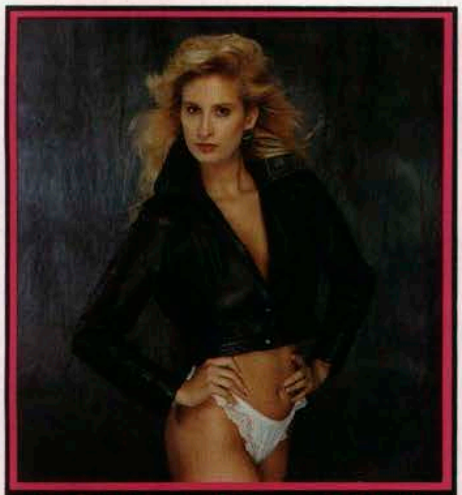
- *YOUR PERSONAL "LOVE" SERVICE*
- *FAST CONTACTS*
- *REAL GIRLS' HOME NUMBERS*
- *NO EXTRA CHARGE FOR YOUR LIVE CONNECTION*

AND, FOR INTIMATE CONFESSIONS CALL...

1-900-646-1100

- *PRIVATE*
- *PERSONAL*
- *CONFIDENTIAL SERVICE*

All Calls Just $2 a Minute. Adults Only.



CALL ME NOW!!

1-900-226-HOTT

(No credit cards needed) Adults Only

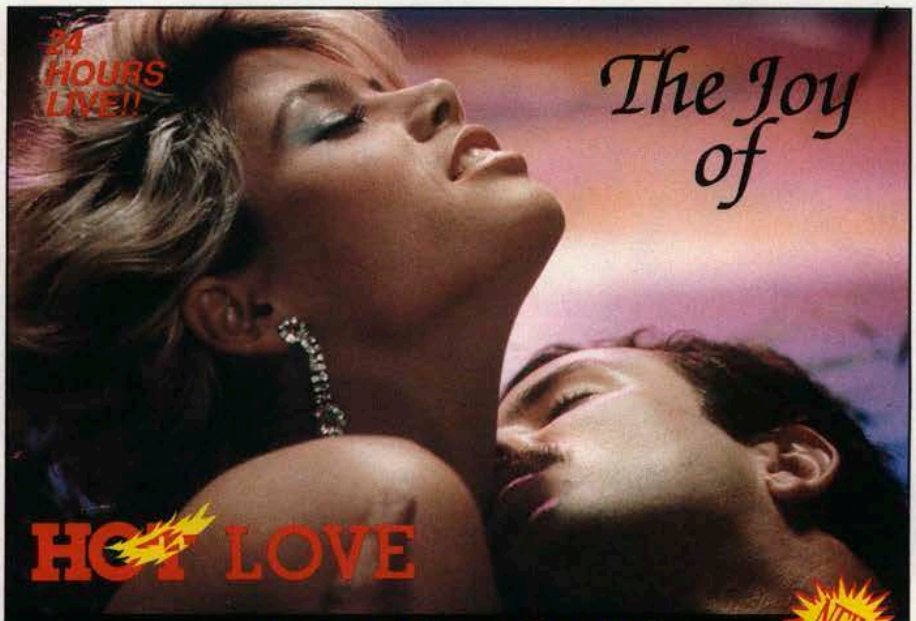
EXOTIC FANTASIES

1-800-274-HOTT

Visa/MC Adults Only

800# Billed as East Coast .99¢ per 1/2 min

900# Billed as Calypso $2 per min 4 min minimum ($8.00 per call)



NEW!

No Credit Cards Needed!

1(900)999-4JOY(4569)

1(900)999-LOVER(5683)

.99¢ per minute.

Credit Card Callers MC/VISA

Candi 1(800) U-CLIMAX • Michelle 1(800) 82-LOVER

Jodi 1(800) 999-CUMM • Teri 1(800) 444-WILD

99¢ per half minute. Prices subject to change without notice. Billed as Teleworld and Mega Communications. Must be 18.

TALK DIRTY.

1-800 733-2223 Babe

WITH THE BABES OF THE 90's

JOIN THE LIVE PARTY LINE OR JUST LISTEN / 24 HOURS - 7 DAYS / FREE PHOTO OFFER / VOICE MAIL BOXES / MUST BE OVER 18

99¢ per half minute / Visa or MasterCard / Discreetly billed as ALL, Inc. / Customer service 1-800-688-2343

TRY ME.

1-900 999 BABY

2 2 2 9

Brought to you by DBS ENTERPRISES
Must be over 18
NO CREDIT CARDS NEEDED
$2.00 1st/99¢ additional minute

Join Us For Enticing Evenings

NO CREDIT CARDS NEEDED

Get Your LICKS!

NEW! (2-on-1) Bi-Chicks (900) 999-BI-53 ◆ Playmates (900) 999-LXXX

Prices subjet to change

(Private - In Your Area)

(99¢/min., $1.99 first)

Bi-Hotline Message Exchange (900) USA-BI-53

NEW! "Talk 'til It Explodes!"

DOUBLE HEADER

1(900) 999-HEAD

No Credit Cards Needed on 900. Sun West, Inc. $2.00 per min. Match Communications. Must be 18.

The Ultimate Ass-ets

Free Voice Mail
Live Partyline
Private Message & Conference
Raw One on One

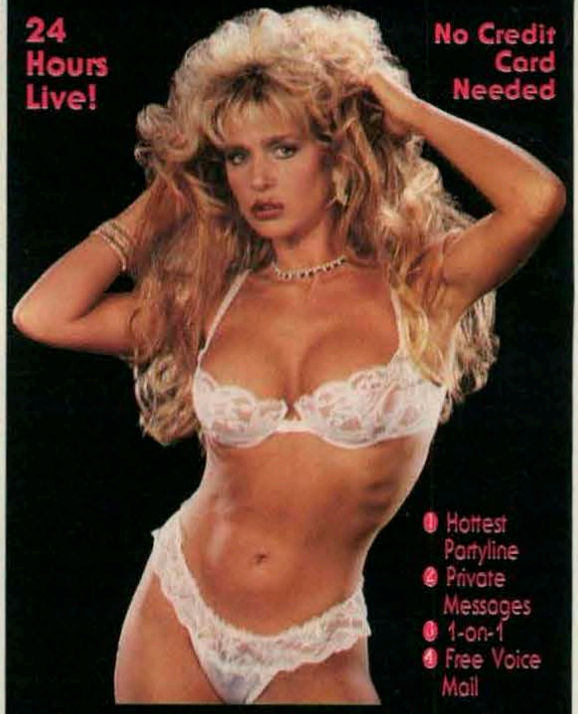
1-800-999-CHER
2437

Have VISA / MC ready! Touchtone Phones Only!
Billed discreetly as Mr. Info., .99¢ per ½ min. Must be 18.
Prices subject to change without notice

Confessions

24 Hours Live!

No Credit Card Needed



1. Hottest Partyline
2. Private Messages
3. 1-on-1
4. Free Voice Mail

1-900-999-CHER
2437

Touchtone Phones Only! .99¢ per ½ min. Must be 18.
Prices subject to change without notice

$25 HOT KINKY SEX!

FUCK ME DIRECTLY AT:
415-543-LIVE
ALL CREDIT CARDS

213 624-0500

YOUR CALL REACHES US DIRECT!
VISA 415-543-3033 MASTER CARD

"I DON'T SEEM TO MEET ANYBODY EXCITING ANYMORE..."

COULD *YOU* BE THE ONE SHE'S LOOKING FOR?

YOU DON'T *HAVE* TO BE ALONE ANYMORE!

HOT, VOLUPTUOUS WOMEN ARE LOOKING FOR FUN, FRIENDSHIP AND ROMANCE!

DON'T HESITATE—GET IN ON THE ACTION!

CALL 1-900 646-2000

THE EASY WAY TO GET IN TOUCH!

For adults over 21. Only $2.00 per minute

"I just couldn't stop myself when he..."

LISTEN TO GORGEOUS SECRETARIES & NURSES REVEAL INTIMATE SECRETS!

YOU WON'T *BELIEVE* WHAT YOU'RE HEARING!

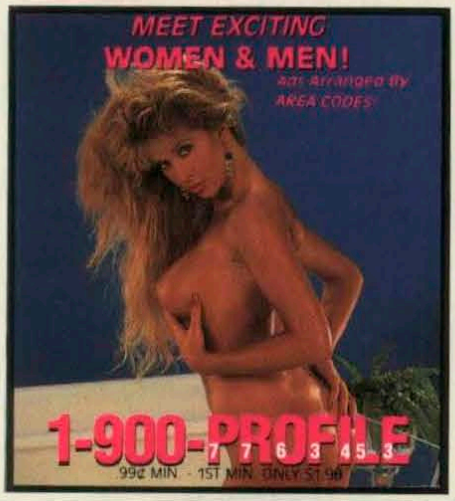
SHOCKING, REAL-LIFE CONFESSIONS!

CALL 1-900-646-4000

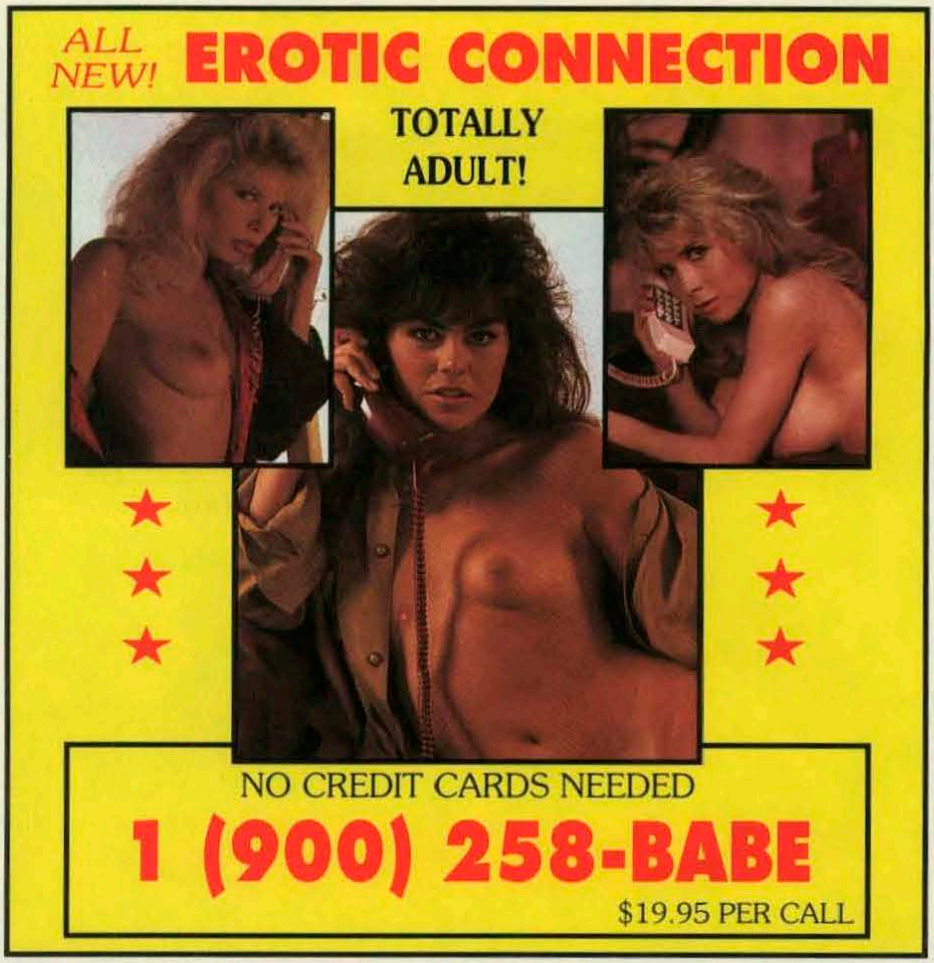
For adults over 21. Only $2.00 per minute

Horny Hollywood Babes!
1-900-246-2482
Also Try 1-900-VIRGINS $3 min

FREE MAGAZINES
1-900-860-3701
$3 per minute
For Couples, Singles, Men & Women

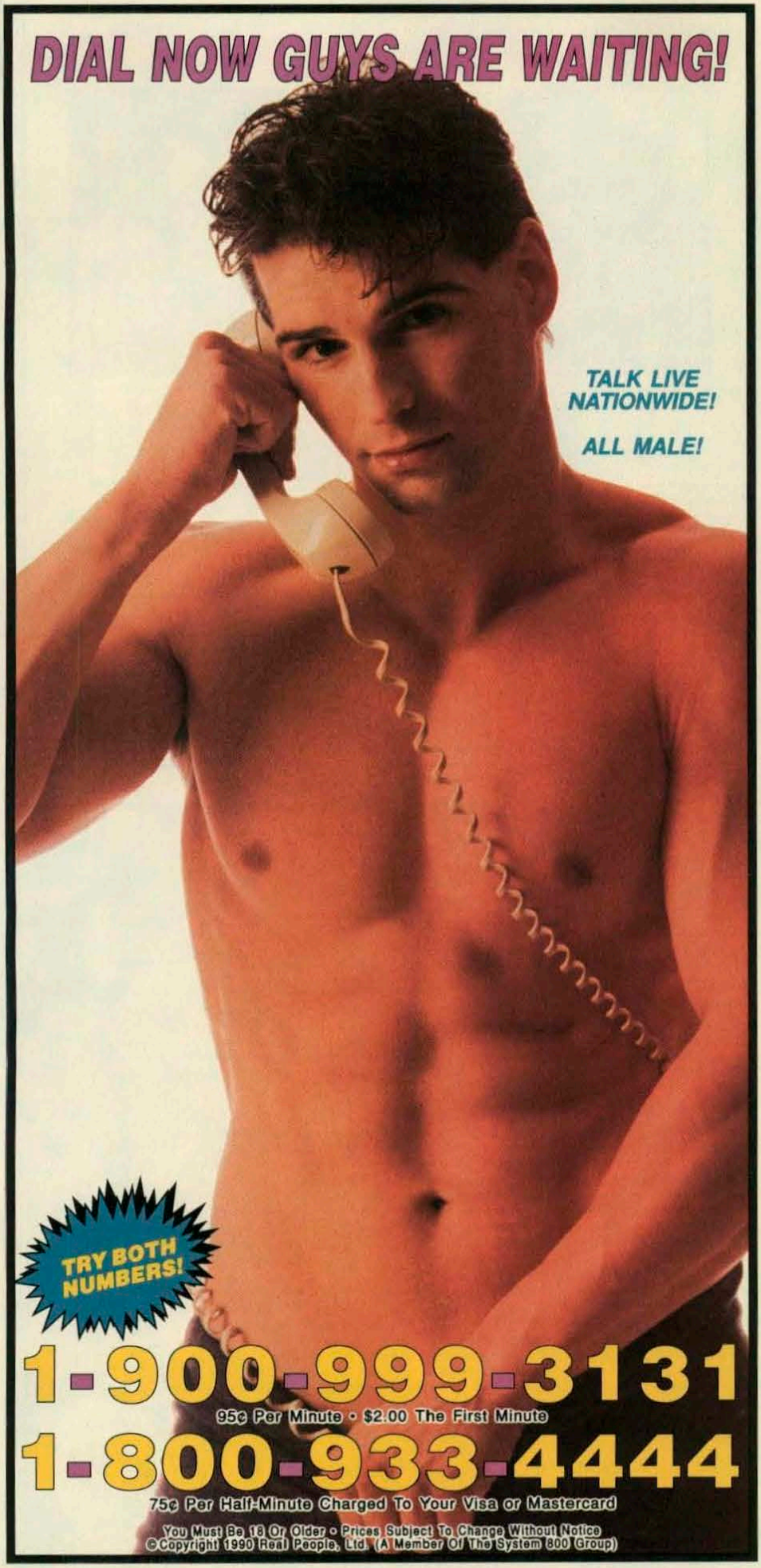

MEET EXCITING
WOMEN & MEN!
Act Arranged By
AREA CODES
1-900-PROFILE
99¢ MIN · 1ST MIN ONLY $1.99

"The ultimate phone fantasy." TTS™
-Swank Magazine
Hot dreams
"Isn't it bedtime now baby?"
Karen
MC/VISA/AE
DIRECT CALL-BACKS
212-840-5522


ALL NEW!
EROTIC CONNECTION
TOTALLY ADULT!
NO CREDIT CARDS NEEDED
1 (900) 258-BABE
$19.95 PER CALL

UNDER-THE-COUNTER HARDCORE VIDEO from JAPAN!
EXCLUSIVE!
NEVER SOLD IN STORES! AVAILABLE ONLY BY MAIL!
A RARE COLLECTION OF ASIAN DELIGHTS!
Secretly filmed, these sizzling videos cannot legally be sold in Japan because they are hard-as-nails. We were fortunate enough to get our hands on 6 titles that are sure to harden your cock. The girls are gorgeous, sensuous and really know all about sex. The stories and acting are superb and the quality is excellent! Truly a rare find and exclusively available from us . . . for a limited time only! Each tape approximately 1 hour.
☐ WORKOUT. A beautiful gymnist falls during training. As she lays in pain, the sight of her hot, hard and tight young body turns on her horny trainer who comes to her rescue and really gives her a massage . . . and some workout!
☐ SHARING. Young Keoki visits her geisha cousin. While drinking tea – a man hidden under the table, finger fucks and sucks Keoki. Her moans of passion make the geisha's hot pussy itch with anticipation, so, the man accommodates her by driving his huge weapon into her creamy, slick cunt!
☐ SEX POINTER. Gorgeous Sanai shows a young male virgin what sex is all about. It's important that she pleases her man . . . and does she ever! They hump to steaming, ecstatic orgasms!
☐ FILL HER UP. George, a visiting black American dude picks up two beautiful girls. Miko just won't settle for any cock . . . they must be at least 10 inches long, and George wins by at least 2 inches! He knows exactly what to do with one foot of hard cock!
☐ FIRST TIMER. Coy, bashful Edori needs to be fucked. Her man sucks and tongues her and finally drives his steel-like shaft between her legs – they cum together – and then he finds out she was a virgin! Magnificently filmed!
☐ THREESOME. Two young studs share the love of Yuki. She mouths and sucks these hardy stallions to throbbing erections. They return the favor by fucking and back dooring this Oriental beauty. Really hot!
1 for $19.95 • 3 for $24.95 • all 6 only $29.95
as low as $4.99 each in quantity
TO ORDER: Use entire ad as order form. Send name, address & Zip code. Enclose check, M.O., plus $3 extra for postage & handling. Calif residents add 6 1/2% sales tax. For C.O.D. send $5 for P&H only. Canadians remit in U.S. funds – no C.O.D.'s . VHS only.
mail to: ASIA HOUSE Dept. HU491 • P.O. Box 35120 • Los Angeles, Ca 90035

DIAL NOW GUYS ARE WAITING!



TALK LIVE NATIONWIDE!

ALL MALE!

TRY BOTH NUMBERS!

1-900-999-3131

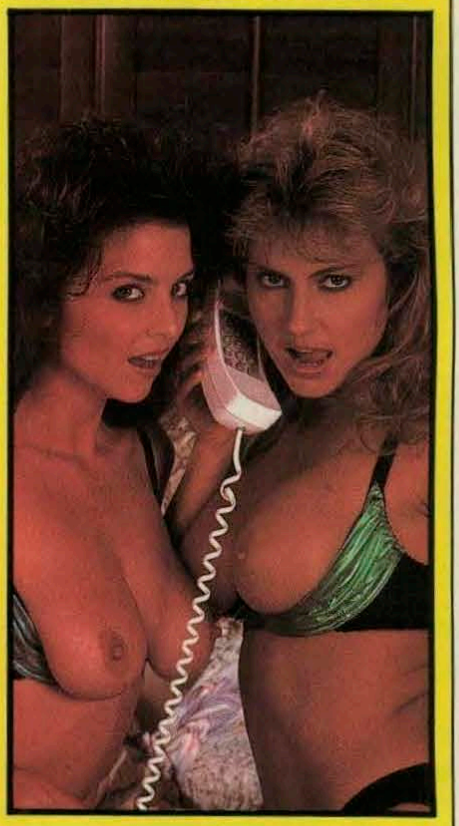
95¢ Per Minute • $2.00 The First Minute

1-800-933-4444

75¢ Per Half-Minute Charged To Your Visa or Mastercard

You Must Be 18 Or Older • Prices Subject To Change Without Notice
©Copyright 1990 Real People, Ltd. (A Member Of The System 800 Group)

GIRLS AND MORE GIRLS!



I WANT TO PARTY WITH ONLY YOU!

I'm LUSCIOUS, I'm HOT, I'm WET

ALL WHERE IT COUNTS!

I'LL STIMULATE YOUR LIFE!

Talk Or Eavesdrop Anytime 24 Hours

1-800-695-DAWN

(1-800-695-3296)

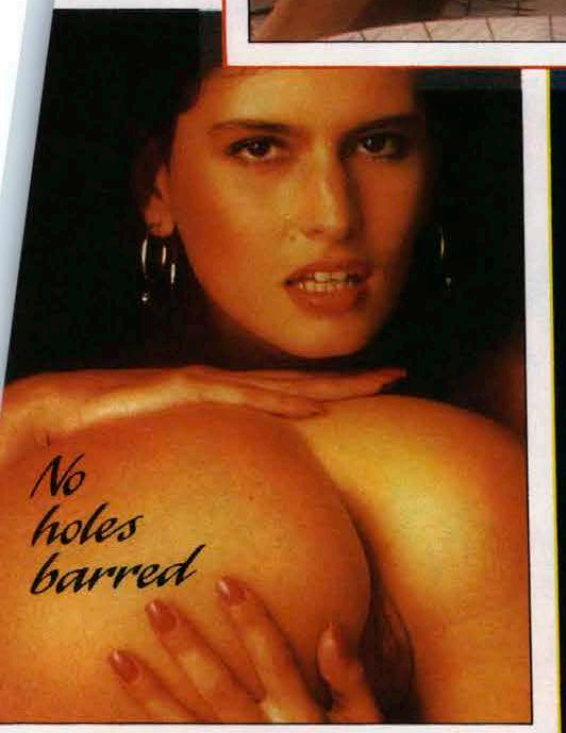
CALL NOW!!

DAWN IS "HOT!"

***She NEEDS* A Sexy Phone Friend!**

$1.95 per minute

- Have Credit Card Ready
- Touch Tone Phones Only
- Billed Discreetly To Visa/MC As: NEW ADVENTURES, INC.
- Must Be 21 Years Old



1-800 234-Tina II 8462

1-800 999-Tina 8462 The Original

CUM ONE ON ONE • LIVE PHONE SEX • EROTIC MESSAGE BOARD
$1.98 Per Min. • Visa or M/C • You Must Be 18
Billed as Info Net Mktg. & Beta Entertainment

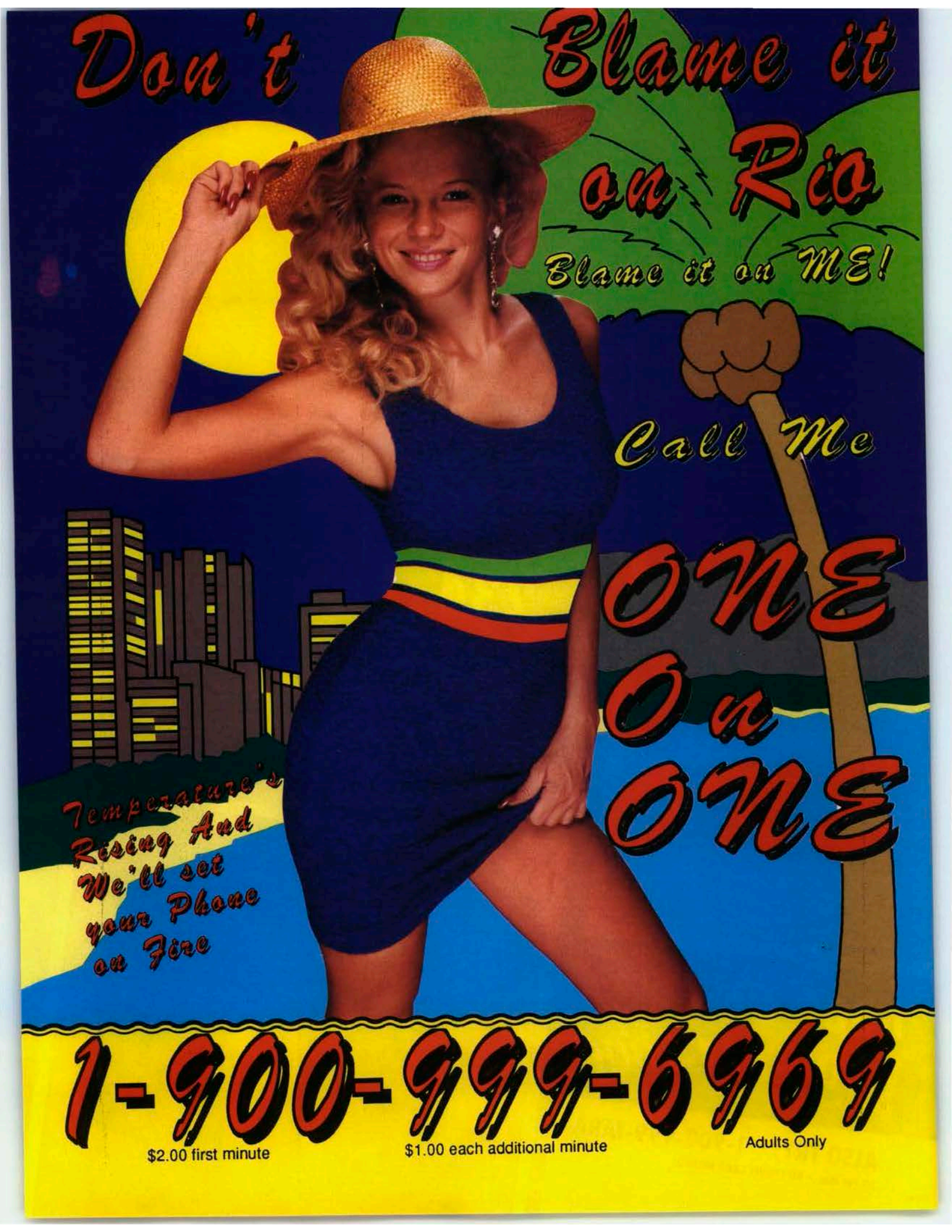
1-800-678-Girl 4475

1-800-777-Gina 4462

Billed as Network Res. & Voices Intl.

ALSO TRY: 1-900-999-TARA 8272

$2 Per Min. • NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED

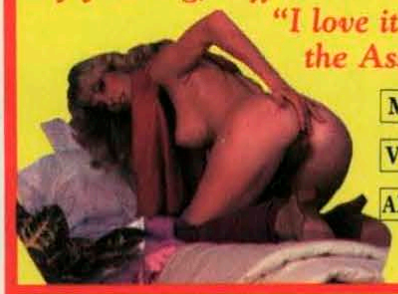

Don't Blame it on Rio
Blame it on ME!
Call Me
ONE On ONE
Temperature's Rising And We'll set your Phone on Fire
1-900-999-6969
$2.00 first minute
$1.00 each additional minute
Adults Only

Call ANAL ALICE

MC/VISA/AE - Direct Call Back upon request

(818) 506-8824

"Hi, I'm Bonnie.
I want to be Butt Fucked
by your big, stiff cock.
"I love it up
the Ass."

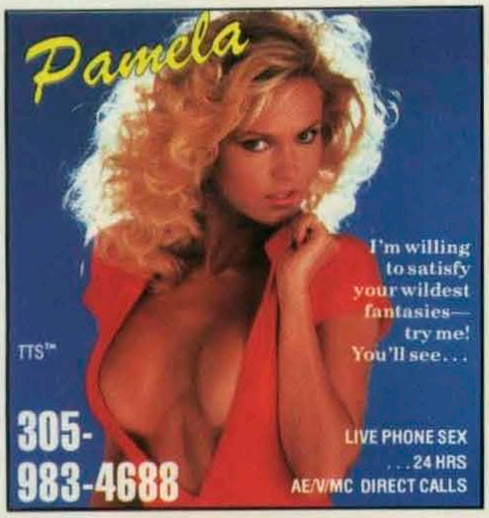


M.C.
VISA
AMEX

(213) 657-5580
Direct Call Back upon request

Mistress
Helga
World Famous
HEDONIST
Call Me – For the
OBEDIENCE you
DESERVE!
VISA/MC/AE
Direct Call Back upon request
(818)
760-8171

Pamela



TTS™

305-
983-4688

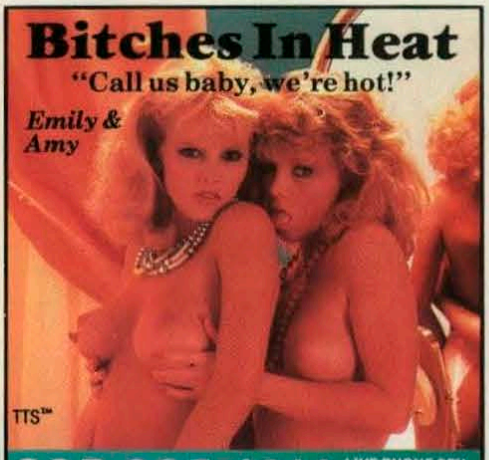
LIVE PHONE SEX
...24 HRS
AE/V/MC DIRECT CALLS

MISTRESS
RAQUEL

CROSS DRESSING
DENIAL
OBEDIENCE
CONTROL
PERSUASION
ENEMAS
FIXATIONS
ORAL & ANAL
FETISHES

(213) 854-3425
M/C, VISA, AMEX
DIRECT CALL BACK
UPON REQUEST

Bitches In Heat
"Call us baby, we're hot!"
Emily &
Amy



TTS™

305-985-1311 LIVE PHONE SEX
24 HRS AE/V/MC

FOR A REAL
TREAT
LET ME
HEAT YOUR
MEAT
CALL
CINDY♥

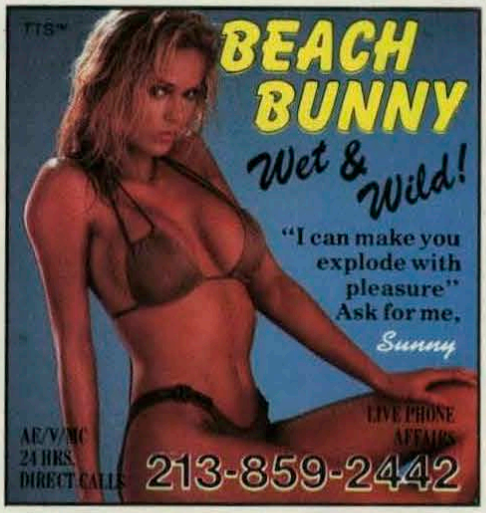
DIRECT CALL
BACK UPON REQUEST
ALL Major Credit Cards

(818) 906-3041

I LOVE IT IN MY REAR
CALL CORNHOLE CONNIE

ASK FOR
FREE GIFT

(213) 854-3425
M/C, VISA, AMEX
DIRECT CALL BACK
UPON REQUEST

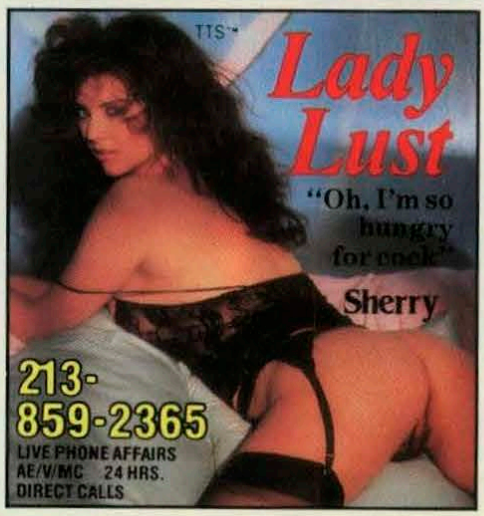


CALL
CHRISTY...
I'LL ALWAYS
GIVE YOU
WHAT YOU
CAN'T
ALWAYS
GET!

(213)-854-3425
DIRECT CALL BACK
M/C, VISA, AMEX UPON REQUEST

I'M HOT,
AGGRESSIVE
AND
I WANT YOU!

I'M WAITING, WENDY
(213) 657-4054
AE/MC/V–DIRECT CALL BACK ON REQUEST



EXPLODE WITH ENERGY

BUY 2 GET 1 FREE*

NEW!

"36-24-36" ™

OVERPOWERS YOUR APPETITE
WITH 75 MGS PHENYLPROPANOLAMINE HCL.
AS STRONG A DIET AID AS YOU CAN BUY WITHOUT A PRESCRIPTION

NEW!

"BLUE 30-30"

RESTORES ENERGY WITH 175 MGS OF CAFFEINE.
FOR WORK OR PLAY REVITALIZE YOURSELF!

T&M Dist. Dept. P.O. Box 228, Council Bluffs, IA 51502

ENERGY TABS & CAPS (TO RESTORE MENTAL ALERTNESS)

		CAFFEINE	100 CT	250 CT	500 CT	2 LOTS OF 500*
4.	357 MAGNUM TAB	200 mg	$7.00	$16.00	$24.00	$34.00
22.	357 MAGNUM CAP	200 mg	8.00	16.00	24.00	34.00
14.	LARGE PINK HEART	200 mg	7.00	14.00	22.00	24.00
2.	30/30 TAB	175 mg	7.00	14.00	23.00	29.00
15.	BLACK MOLE CAP	175 mg	8.00	16.00	24.00	34.00
17.	WHITE MOLE CAP	150 mg	7.00	14.00	22.00	29.00
11.	WHT/BLUE SPEC TAB	150 mg	7.00	14.00	22.00	29.00
3.	20/20 TAB	125 mg	7.00	14.00	22.00	29.00

DIET AIDS PHENYLPROPANOLAMINE (TO CURB THE APPETITE)

		PPA HCL	100 CT	250 CT	500 CT	2 LOTS OF 500*
18.	RED/CLEAR CAPSULE	75 mg	$8.00	$16.00	$25.00	$35.00
20.	36-24-36 TM CAPSULE	75 mg	8.00	16.00	25.00	35.00
21.	36-24-36 TM CAPLET	75 mg	8.00	16.00	25.00	35.00

BRONCHODILATOR (FOR THE TEMPORARY RELIEF OF PAROXYSMS OF ASTHMA)

		EPHEDRINE HCL	100 CT	250 CT	500 CT	2 LOTS OF 500*
1.	MINI PINK HEART	25 mg	$7.50	$14.50	$17.50	$25.00
5.	THIN OR THICK	25 mg	7.50	14.50	17.50	18.00
19.	EPHED 25 CAP	25 mg	8.00	15.00	17.50	25.00

ALSO AVAILABLE

		DIPHENYDRAMINE				
10.	SLEEP AID	50 mg	$8.50	N/A	$25.00	N/A

CAUTION: INDIVIDUALS UNDER MEDICAL CARE SHOULD CONSULT THEIR PHYSICIAN. NO SALES TO MINORS.
***THIS COMBINATION IS NOT INCLUDED IN THE "BUY 2 GET 1 FREE" OFFER. SAFE TAMPER RESISTANT PACKAGE.**

HOW TO ORDER

1. Call toll free and order C.O.D. We ship daily and you pay upon delivery.
2. Take advantage of our Quantity Savings and send your money order with the coupon below to:

T&M DIST DEPT. 24
P.O. BOX 228, COUNCIL BLUFFS, IA 51502

100% CUSTOMER SATISFACTION GUARANTEED!

BUY 2 GET 1 FREE*

Send your money order to Dept. 24
T&M DIST., P.O. BOX 228, COUNCIL BLUFFS, IA 51502 • No Personal Checks

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY/ST/ZIP _____

QUANTITY	NAME OF PRODUCT	PRICE
	POSTAGE & HANDLING	$2.90
	AMOUNT ENCLOSED	

CAUTION: INDIVIDUALS UNDER MEDICAL CARE SHOULD CONSULT THEIR PHYSICIAN. USE ONLY AS DIRECTED. THIS OFFER VOID WHERE PROHIBITED BY LAW.

Asian Connection — No credit cards needed!

Eat Sushi

All Types of Asian Playgirls!

24 hours Live!

1(900) 999-ASIA

12 7 4 2

18+ Must be 18 or older $2. first min. $1. each add. min.

FREE PHONE SEX

Get Off Over the Phone
Call our sexy ladies now

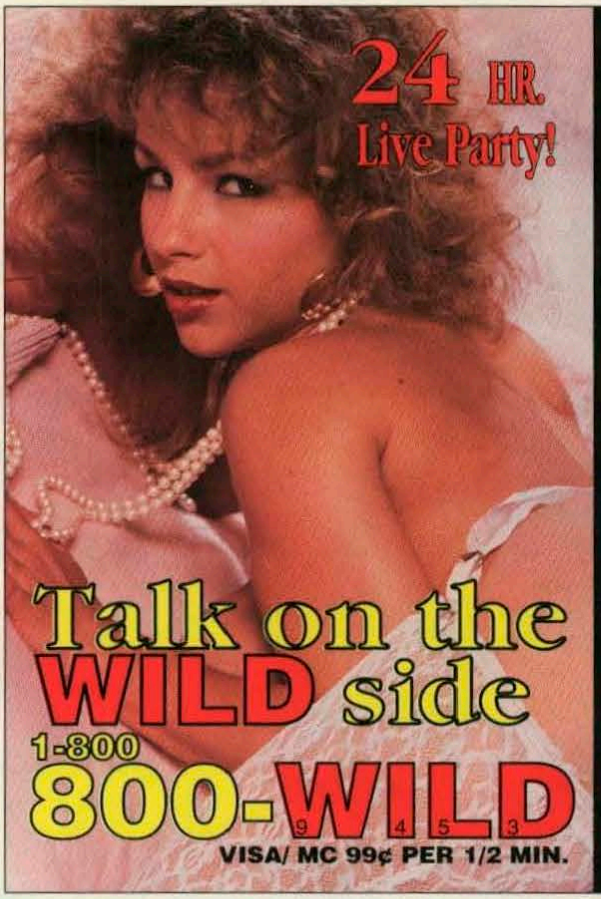
Free
1-901-452-5786

SWINGERS HOT LINE

Names and phone numbers of swinging girls, guys, couples & bi's in your area anxious to meet you. Call now.

1-901-458-6593

P.O. Box 22705, Memphis, TN 38122



24 HR. Live Party!

Talk on the WILD side

1-800 800-WILD

9 4 5 3

VISA/ MC 99¢ PER 1/2 MIN.

NO CREDIT CARDS NEEDED

GET WILD

1-900 99WILD1

(900-999-4531)

BE EXOTIC

1-900 99XOTIC

(900-999-6842)

$2.00 per min.

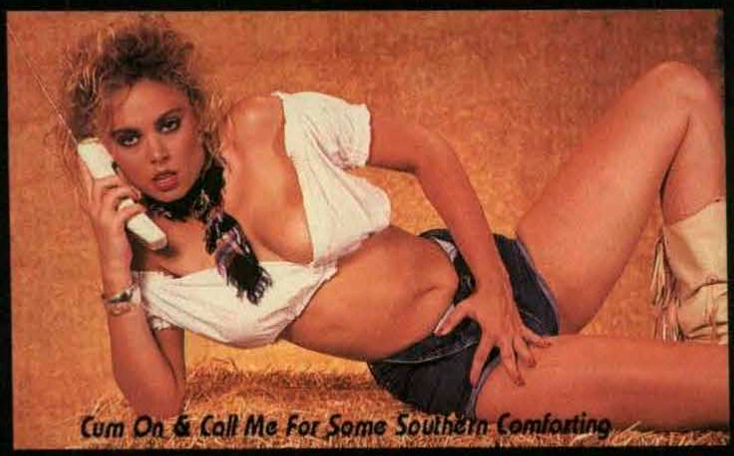
NATION'S HOTTEST PARTYLINE

FEEL THE HEAT!

- Live Partyline
- Bulletin Board
- Private One on One Action

1-800 FON-PRTY

3 6 6 7 7 8 9



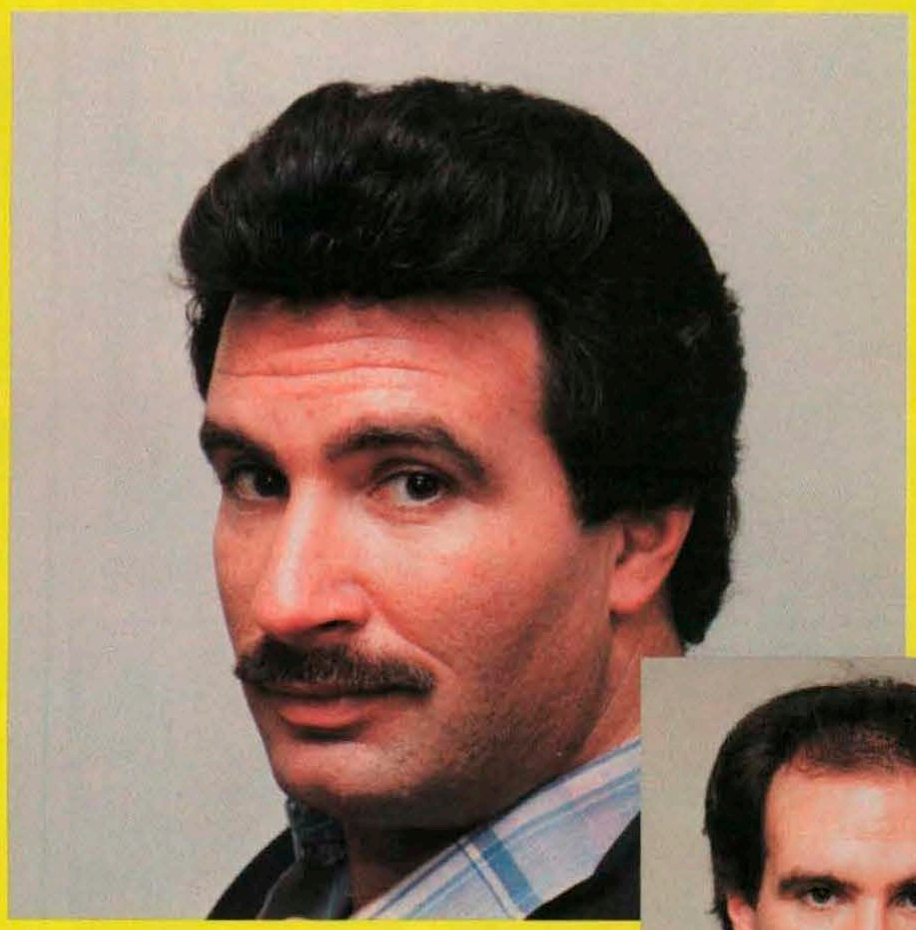
1-800 FON-SSEX

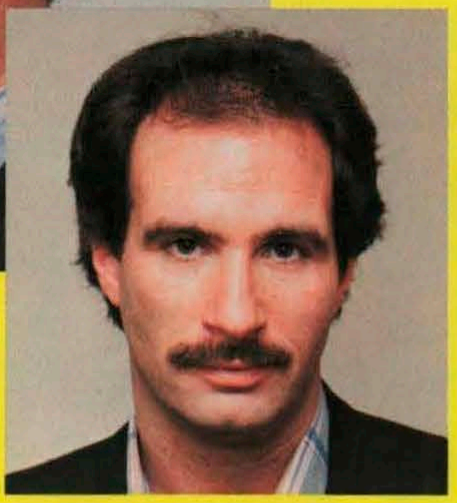
3 6 6 7 7 3 9

- Live Group Action w/up to 8 Callers
- Eavesdrop on Forbidden Fantasies
- Rotating Sizzling Sex Fantasies
- Create Your Own Uncensored Messages
- Talk To Sexy And Horny Girls

$2.00 first minute — .99¢ each additional minute — Discreetly Billed to your VISA or M/C as Conference Services

"I FOUND A PERMANENT ANSWER TO BALDNESS"





A Simple 3 Hour Medical procedure where filaments of hair are applied to the scalp to *Thicken* or *Completely* restore hair back!

A LIFE TIME WARRANTY IS NOW PROVIDED

Hairlines can be created and you can comb hair back.

This process is not a surgical transplant or hair implants and there is NO scheduled maintenance appointments as with hairweaves, fusion etc.

Reversible if ever desired.

This Procedure is Not a Conventional Hair Piece!

Procedure is now tax deductible and fee's range from $1200 to $5500

For free evaluation & brochure CALL TOLL FREE

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Canada 1-800-523-8844
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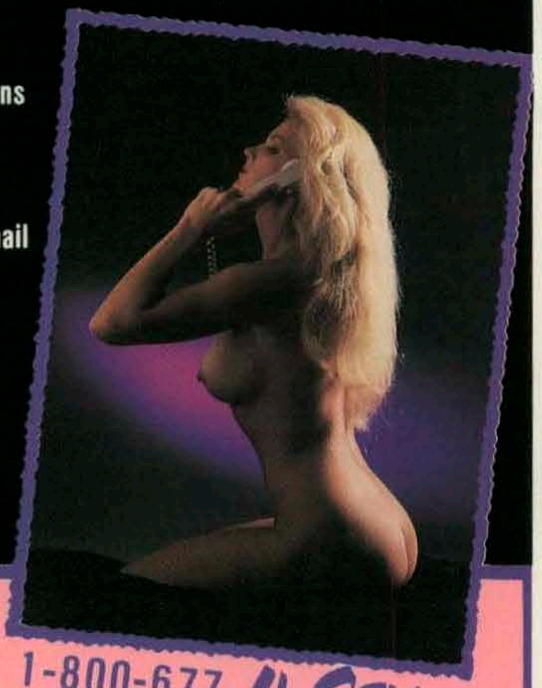

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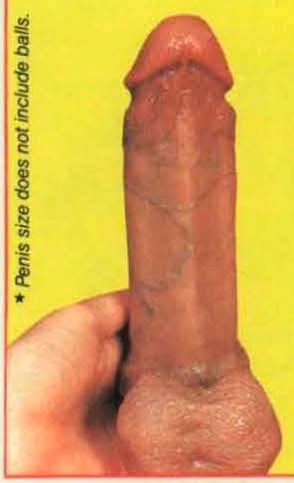

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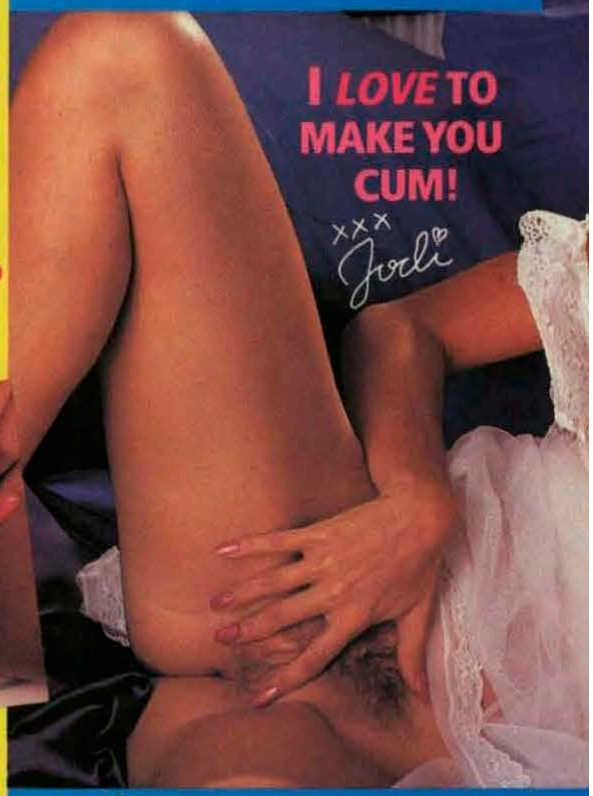

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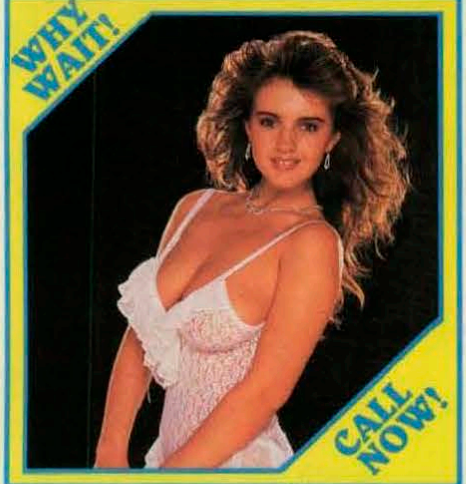

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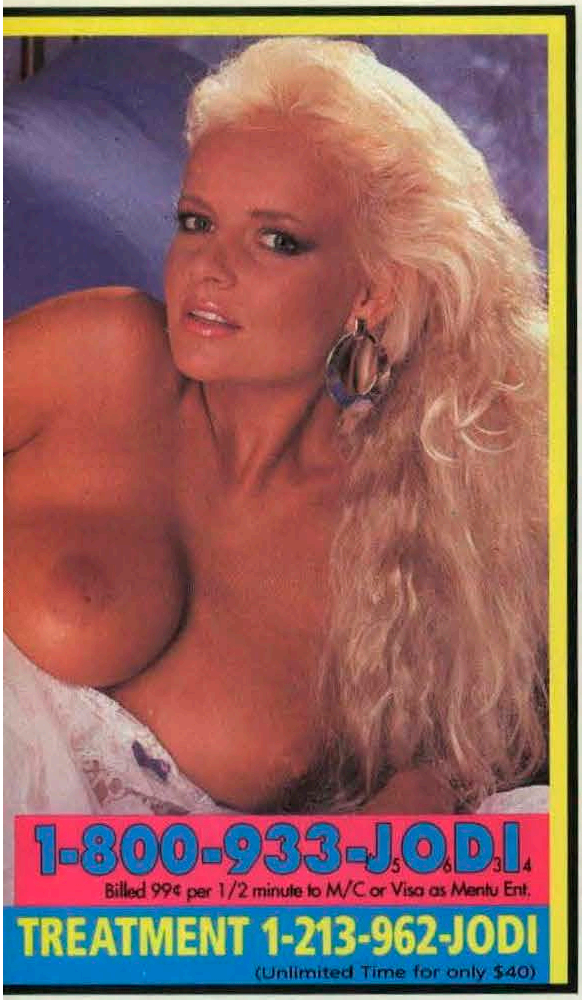

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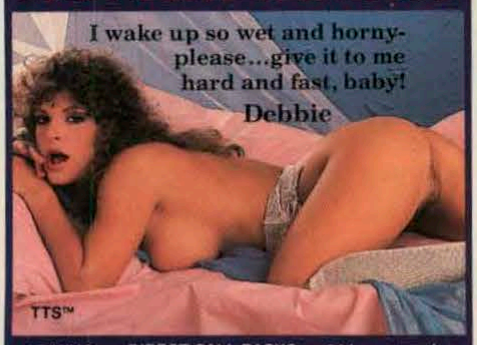

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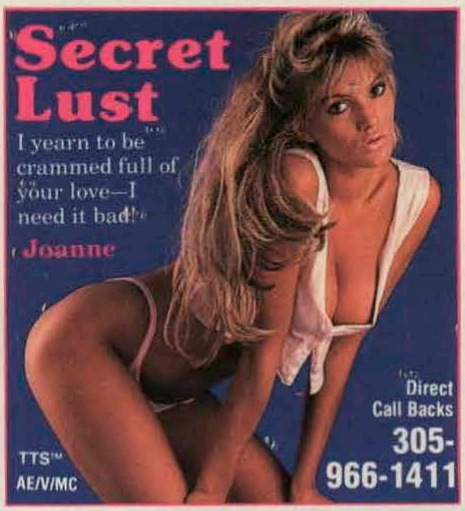

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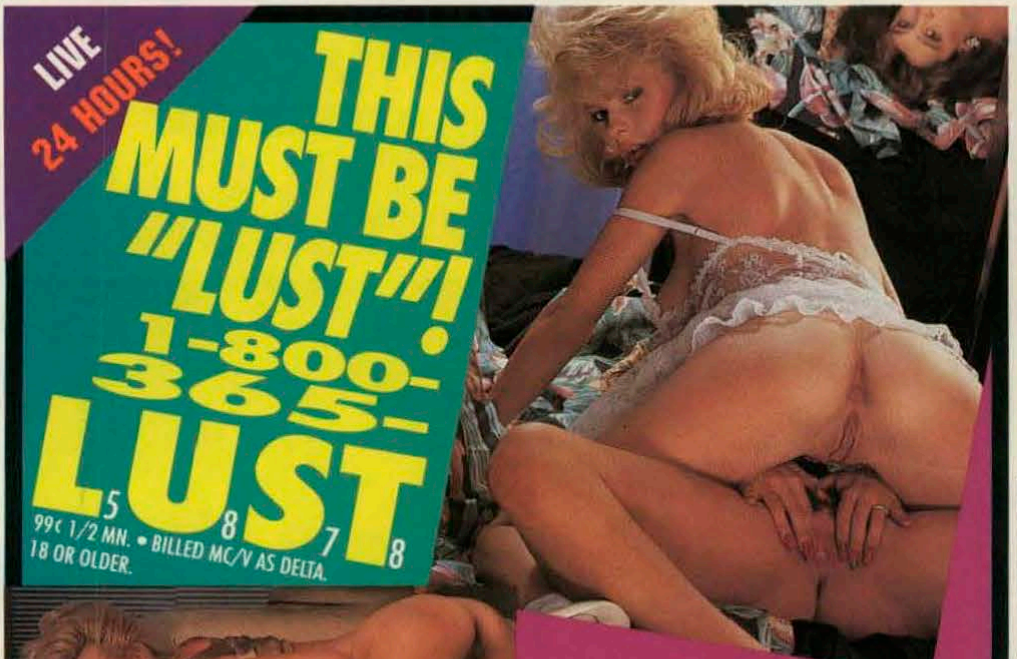

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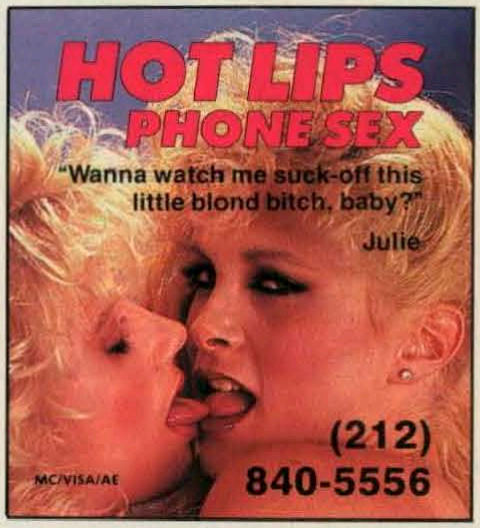

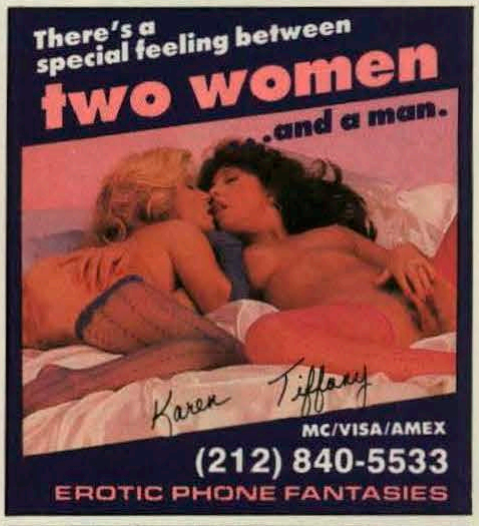

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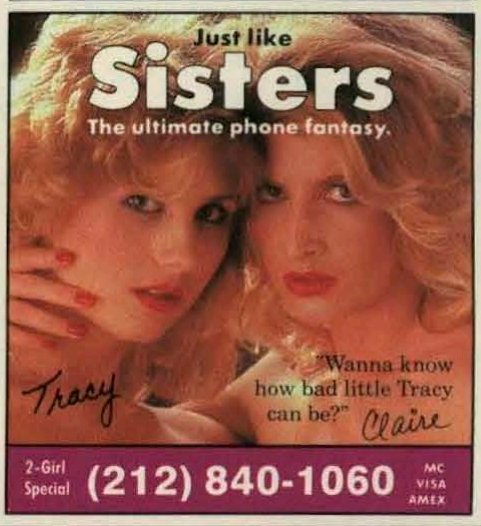

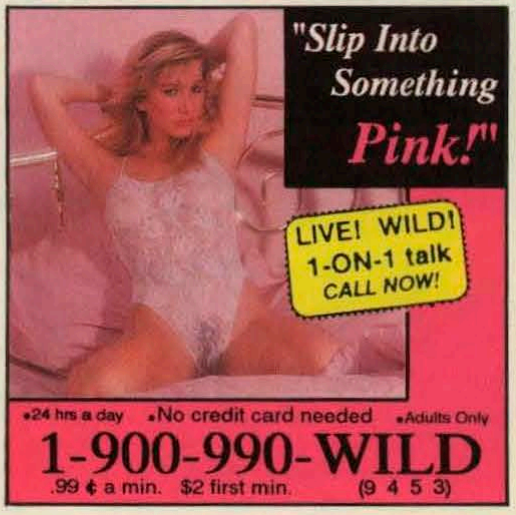

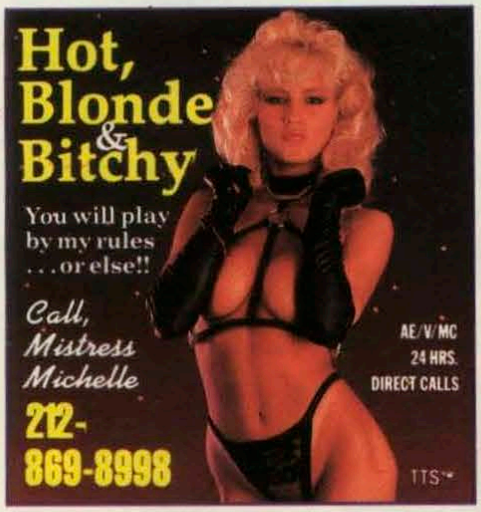

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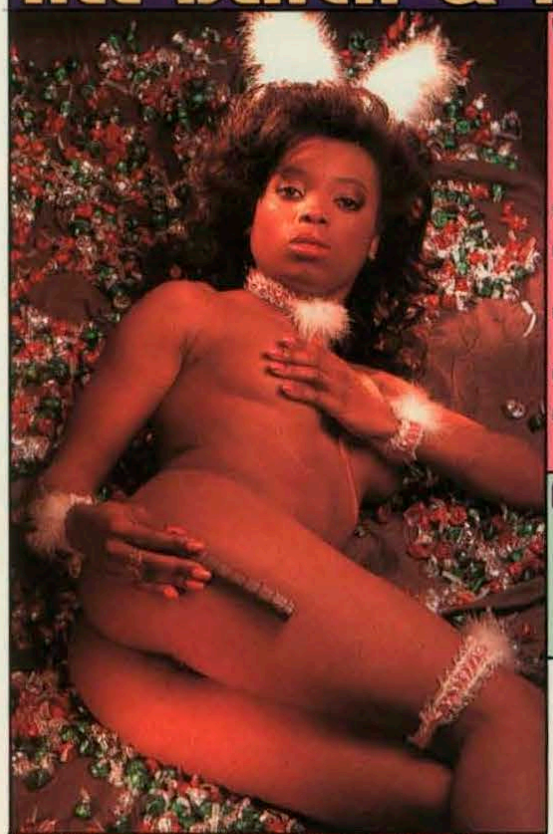

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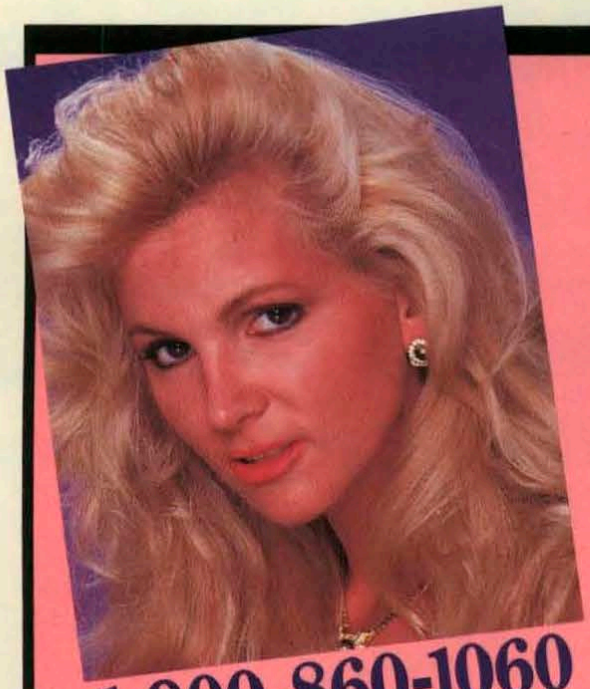

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- ❑ NUMBER ONE & NUMBER TWO
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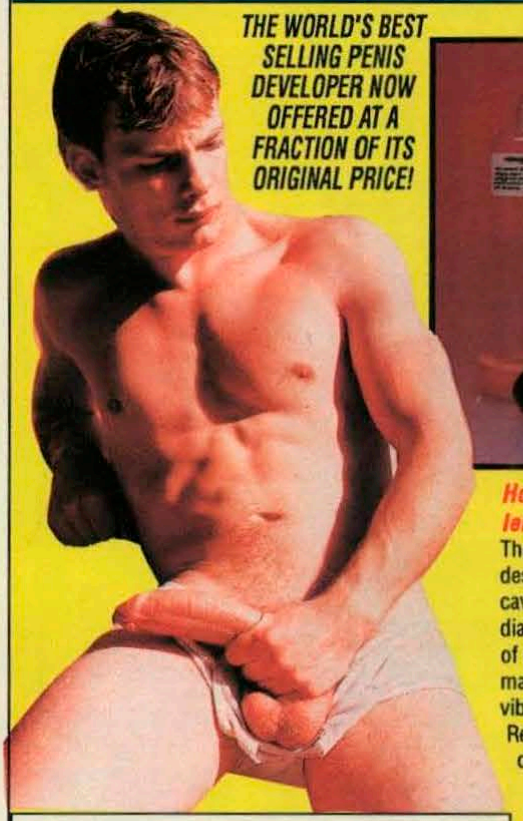
You can have erect measurements up to 12 inches! Enlarge your penis to its maximum potential!



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NOTICE: Our hand held penis pump as shown is not an electric massager or vibrator unit which may be dangerous, especialy with liquids and gels, and cause electric shock and possible injury.

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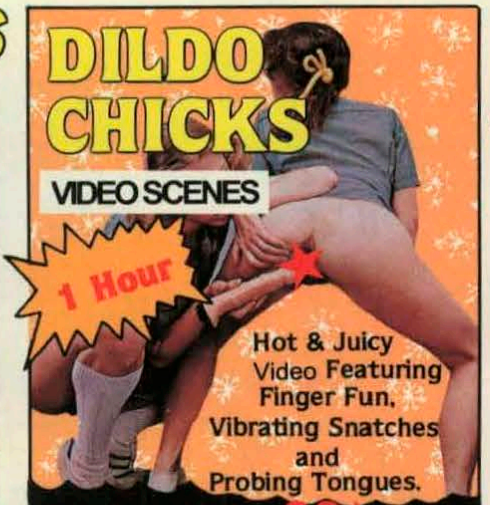

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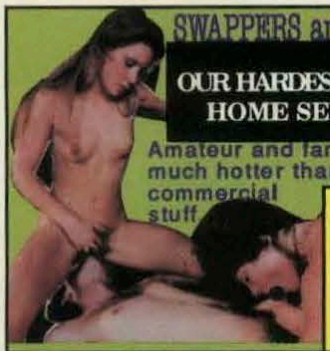

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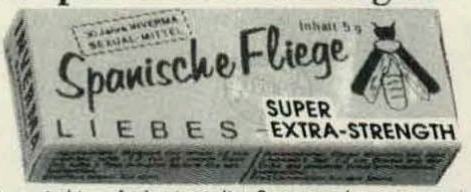

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NEXT MONTH IN HUSTLER

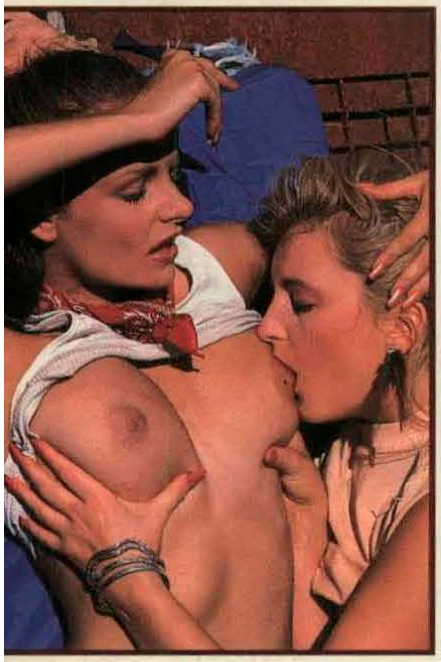
May HUSTLER on sale March 19, 1991

HARD THROB

Knuckle under the best of bright-eyed, springtime cooze with HUSTLER Magazine in May: A handful of comely buds shake their wet tails at the stiff stalks of raring, new growth. Nothing looks better than pink on black-velvet, as proves a platinum skin-stress with bigger tits than Harlow, Monroe and Mansfield combined; two train-hopping twatsters get down and dirty with a gash-grinding grab for top spot on caboose; a video-fetish hotslot plugs alternating currents into her own high-power energy source; and a junkyard dog mounts a spicy, trashy bitch in a photo-feature that's pure dirt. Such is the fertile fuckground that HUSTLER hoes in the spring-iest month of the year. See what comes up.

THE WAGERS OF SIN

Nowhere does the Bible take a stand against gaming. Bet-making is a pastime going back in time as far as antiquity. Whereas ancient Greeks and Romans feverishly bet on chariot races, nowadays a mammoth $50 *billion* is bet on sporting events every year—illegally. Close to 85,000 people in the United States today derive income from bookmaking activities. If you've never seen a spread sheet, or even if you think you know the score, check out *Ante Up*, writer Robert McGarvey's all-encompassing survey of bookmakers' activities in America.

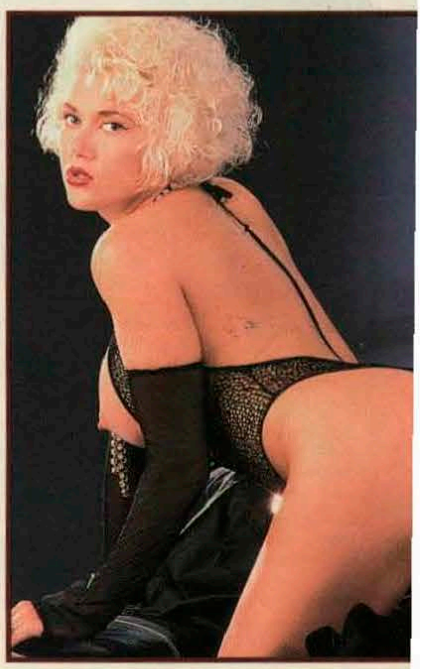


HALF-BREED, ANYONE?

Good girls and bad girls occupy opposite and uniquely distinctive ends of the proverbial rod of erotic attraction. Each commands an impressive and disparate catalog of cock-stiffening virtues and ball-breaking flaws. Intrepid writer Alex Marvel describes the view from high and low roads in *Nice Girls vs. Bad Seeds*, a tongue-in-cheek exploration of the everlasting conundrums of prim-and-proper social respectability and down-and-dirty bedroom appeal, where hopes for middle ground have turned to mud with the salty tears of mankind's wishful thinking.

ALL THAT AND THIS TOO

Sex Play for May deplores sex on TV or, more precisely, the appalling lack of it, in writer Byron Lincoln's "Guide to Marginally Erotic Television"; *Beaver Hunt* picks another passel of perennial, private poon to brighten the boudoir bouquet; and the *Bits & Pieces* crew bubbles over with a searingly funny new take on Spring Break escapades before breaking the mud-wrestling stronghold with "Strip Club Trends for the '90s." HUSTLER in May hits the stands with tremors felt from coast to coast. Roll with it.



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