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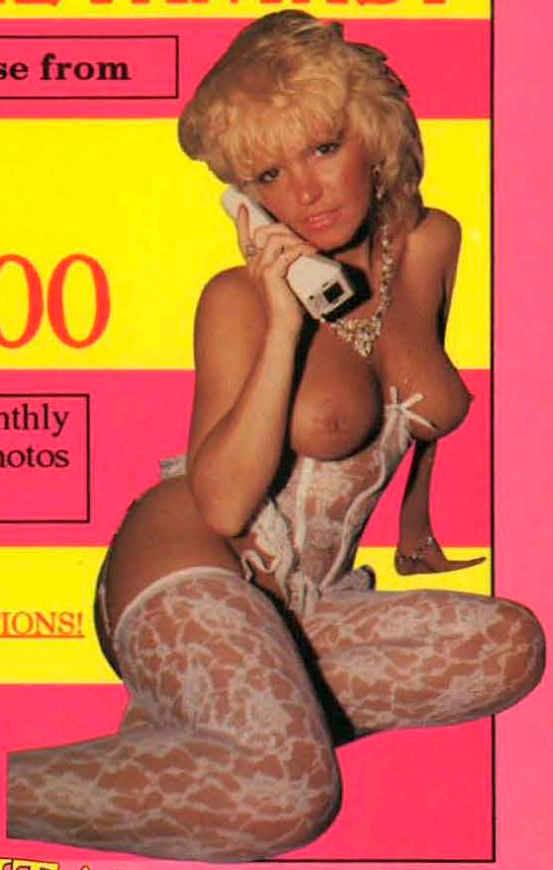

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HUSTLER

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HUSTLER OCTOBER 1991 VOLUME 18 NUMBER 4

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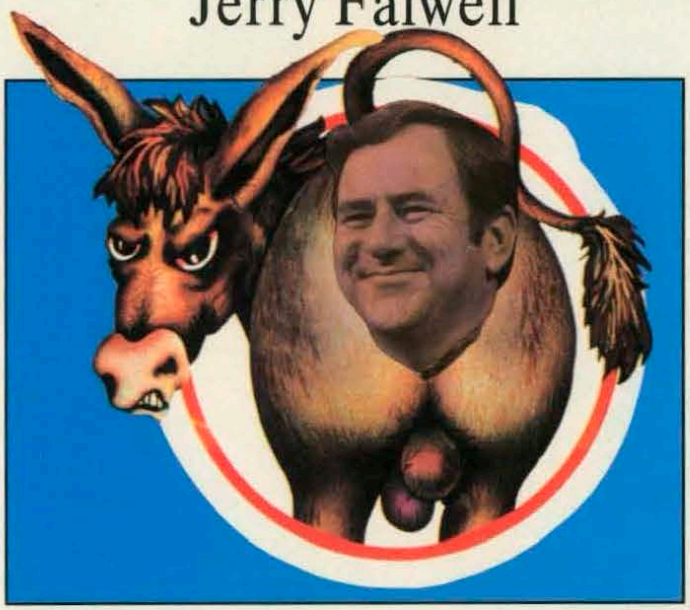
BITS and PIECES

ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

Jerry Falwell



Old hemorrhoids never go away; they always flare up again, stinkier, itchier and uglier than before. Just as a pile-clogged anal ring blocks the essential passage of shit, the Reverend Jerry Falwell, TV preacher, Moral Majority shill and mega-beggar, would hinder the free flow of thought in the United States of America. For his ongoing attempts to constipate the national consciousness, Jerry Falwell is HUSTLER Magazine's Asshole of the Month for October 1991.

It is only a matter of time before God in His infinite wisdom creates a Preparation H powerful enough to shrink the inflamed, bloody gristle that is Jerry Falwell. Until then, we'll continue to stinky our fingers by shoving the sanctimonious lump of swollen rectal tissue up into the cloacal abyss out of which he periodically pops.

HUSTLER has been thumbing back Falwell over a span of three decades. In November of 1979, the 'Rhoid Reverend was awarded his first Asshole of the Month, after insinuating on the nationally broadcast *Old Time Gospel Hour* that the "judging hand of God" had guided the bullets that cut down Larry Flynt in Lawrenceville, Georgia, on March 6, 1978.

"I'm looked upon as a practical joker," admits Falwell in describing himself, "just constantly pulling pranks on people."

Though eagerly projecting his own prankish nature upon an Almighty Creator capable of mischievously pumping hot lead into a magazine publisher, funny guy Falwell has a hard time taking a joke. November 1983's HUSTLER parodied a Campari liquor ad, jocosely depicting Falwell as a drunken flimflam man who'd gotten his first piece of ass off his passed-out mama in a rank outhouse. "I really felt like weeping," sniveled Falwell. "If Larry Flynt had been nearby, I might have physically reacted." Whether this physical reaction would have taken the form of shitting his pants or burying his head in the sand is unclear, but Falwell did sue.

Until the United States Supreme Court unanimously shit-canned their decision, a home-court Virginia jury, less than 100 miles from Falwell's Lynchburg headquarters, awarded the unsmiling pulpiteer $200,000 for emotional distress caused by HUSTLER's humor. Falwell's emotional distress had not prevented him from mailing out 700,000 unauthorized reproductions of the parody in an appeal to mooch money from his flock.

Even when he strays into high-publicity politics, Falwell's focus always seems to come around to money. Holy Joe Jerry has waged sponsor boycotts against indecency on TV and AIDS awareness in magazines for young women. He's solicited petitions for the pardon of Lieutenant Colonel Oliver North—convicted of raising cash by channeling weapons to a regime of Fundamental zealots every bit as hostile to the American way of life as is Falwell himself. But sky pilot Jerry's abiding passion has been the pursuit of lucre.

The pastor's inspirational literature (as documented in *Junkmail From God*, HUSTLER, September 1987) is rife with such phrases as: "Send as generous a gift as you can," "even more if you can," "rush a gift of $25 to me today," "send your desperately needed gift of $100 today," "I cannot ask for less" and the irresistible "can't balance our budget unless everyone doubles their previous largest gift."

Jerry has a calling, a calling for cash. When asking for money isn't enough, the fund-raising Fundamentalist demands it. In 1989, the evangelist's 2,000 ministry employees were told to join his Thomas Road Baptist Church and tithe 10% of their wages. Compliance would be monitored by keeping track of tithing envelopes on Sunday. The alternative was loss of employment.

Saint Jerry's latest scheme is in tandem with Senator Jesse Helms (R-North Carolina). The team of Falwell and Helms, a combination every bit as savory as that of blood and urine, has attacked the National Endowment for the Arts with a direct-mail smear campaign. Included is a letter signed by Helms, though probably written by someone else. Stripped of bluster, the package asks supporters to return a "taxpayer petition of outrage," accompanied, of course, by a donation—presumably tax-deductable—to Falwell's Liberty Foundation.

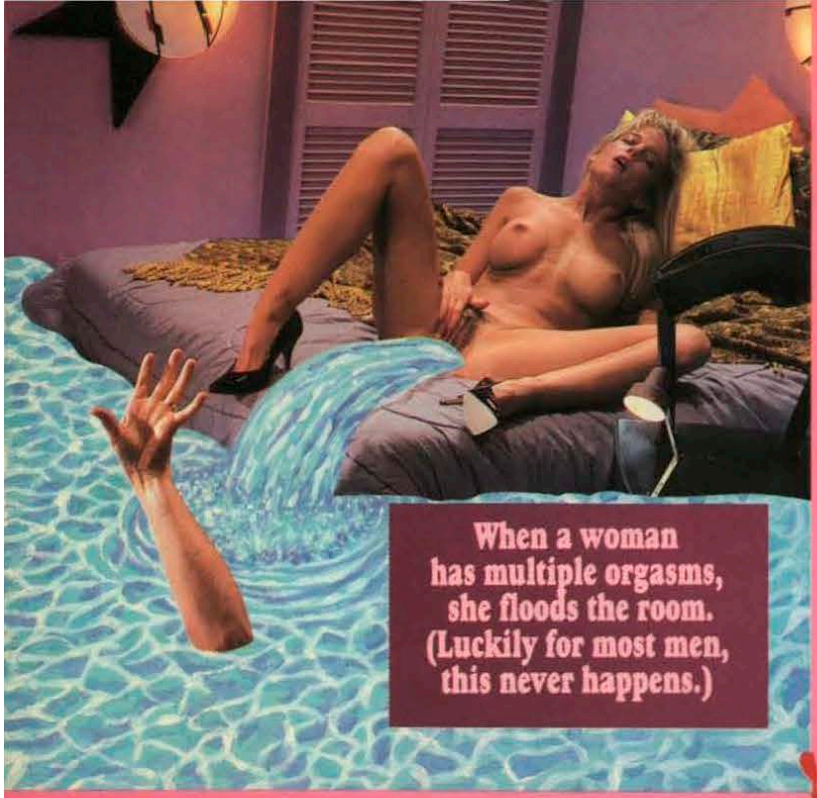
Our donation? Another Asshole.

FARTS IN THE WIND

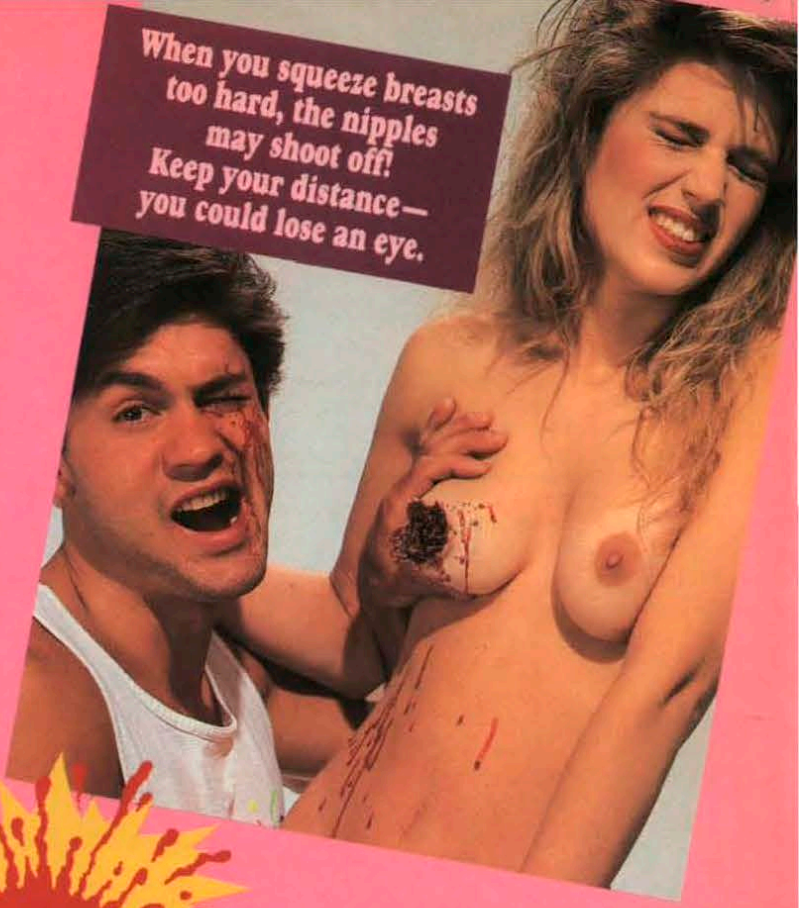
Carl Icahn: The crimes of corporate raiders remain mostly theoretical to the common man, until he steps onto a TWA flight. Icahn has turned an ailing airline into a harrowing, sadistic, aerial torture chamber. Schedule delays, service with a sneer, misrouted baggage, being bumped from a reserved flight with no compensation—all SOP. Can safety be a priority? Vows HUSTLER's Executive Editor: "If I ever wake up to find myself on a TWA plane, I will know that I have died and am being flown to hell. When I get there, I will strangle Carl Icahn with his own Asshole."

Senator Mitch McConnell: The Kentucky Republican introduced a bill to enable victims of sex crimes to sue the producers and sellers of sexually explicit material if the attacker claims to have been influenced by sexy media. The bill provides for damages whether or not charges have been filed or convictions obtained. McConnell, who probably got the idea for his bill after reading *Mein Kampf*, is convicted as charged: an Asshole.

The Detroit Pistons: Motor City's NBA Bad Boys proved that dirty losers are even worse than dirty winners. In going down to the Chicago Bulls, the Pistons looked more like an LAPD goonsquad than a basketball team. The Pistons have forfeited their championship rings for chump sphincter rings.



When a woman has multiple orgasms, she floods the room. (Luckily for most men, this never happens.)



When you squeeze breasts too hard, the nipples may shoot off! Keep your distance—you could lose an eye.

OLD HUSBANDS' TALES

As children, we listened to old wives' tales, but has anyone ever considered the dangers of old husbands' tales?

If you have sex with a black girl, your cock will turn brown.

When you get your first blowjob, watch out! Your head might explode!

During oral sex, you can choke to death on pubic hair. It's TRUE!

BEAT MEAT IN PEACE WITH HANDY DEVICES—

PORN PAGE-TURNER

An easy mouth-remote controls the pages with a flick of the tongue. Jerk off without the inconvenience of holding a magazine or even reading!

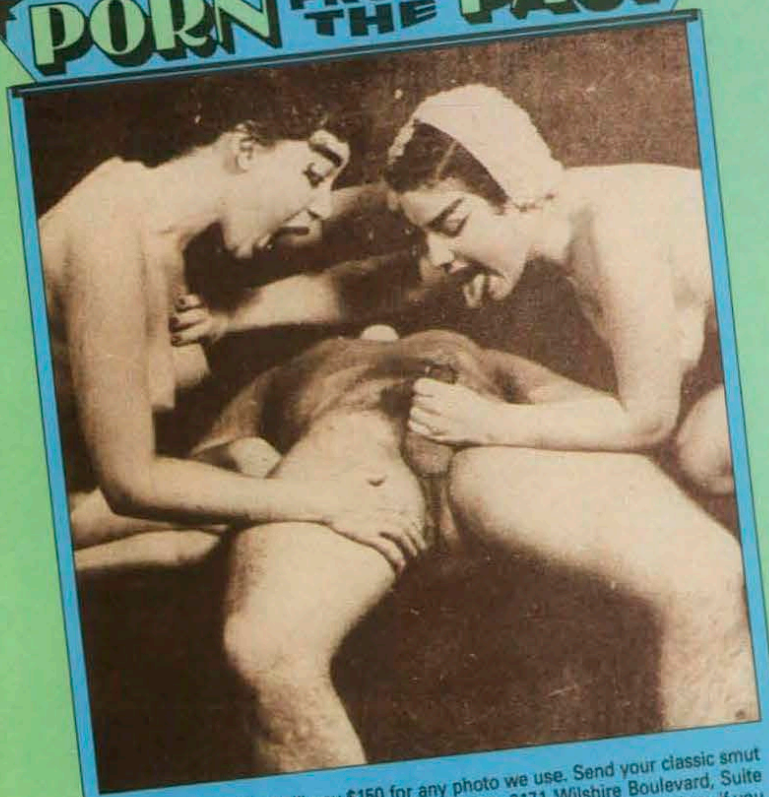
KLEENSEX TISSUES

Wipes up cum without leaving crusty traces.

MASTURBATION HELPER® by *WANKO*

When the wrist goes limp (from jerking off, not being a queer, of course), open a box of Masturbation Helper® by Wanko. The only tired muscle in a body should be the one between the legs.

PORN FROM THE PAST



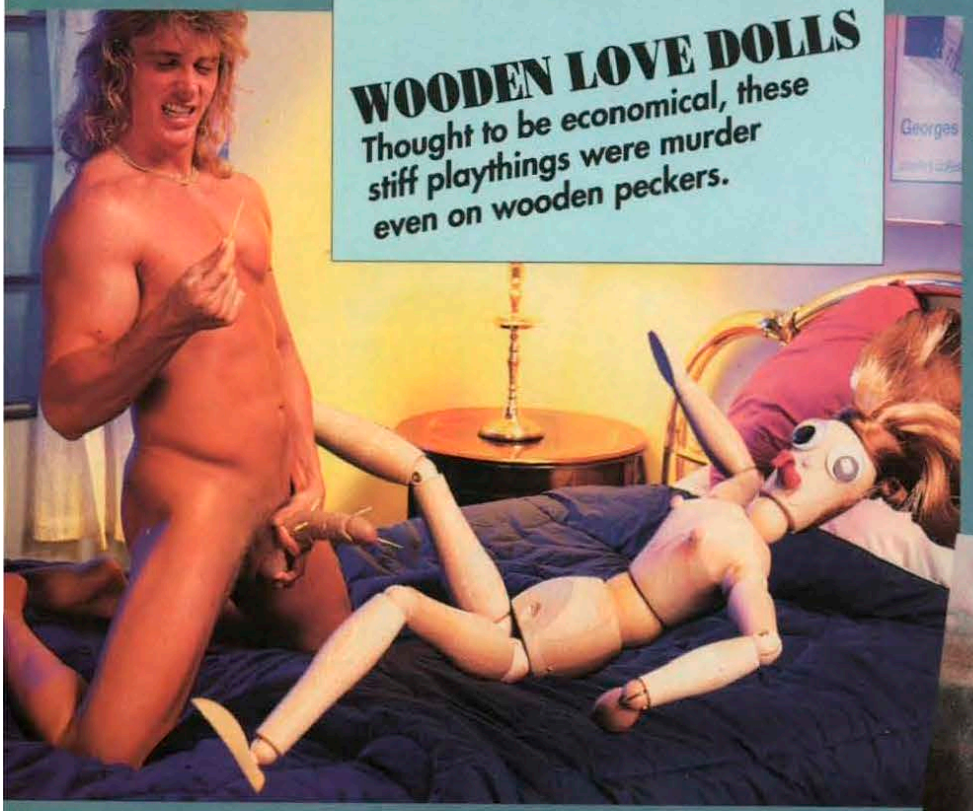
Open wide, girls! We'll pay $150 for any photo we use. Send your classic smut to "Porn From the Past," HUSTLER Magazine, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. Enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want to have your material returned. For this month $150 goes to Alan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

"MOST TASTELESS" CARTOON

"Nice lunger, Bob!"

GREAT FAILURES IN PORNOGRAPHY

Not everything is as successful as HUSTLER. These love toys for losers left most lovers limp.



WOODEN LOVE DOLLS

Thought to be economical, these stiff playthings were murder even on wooden peckers.

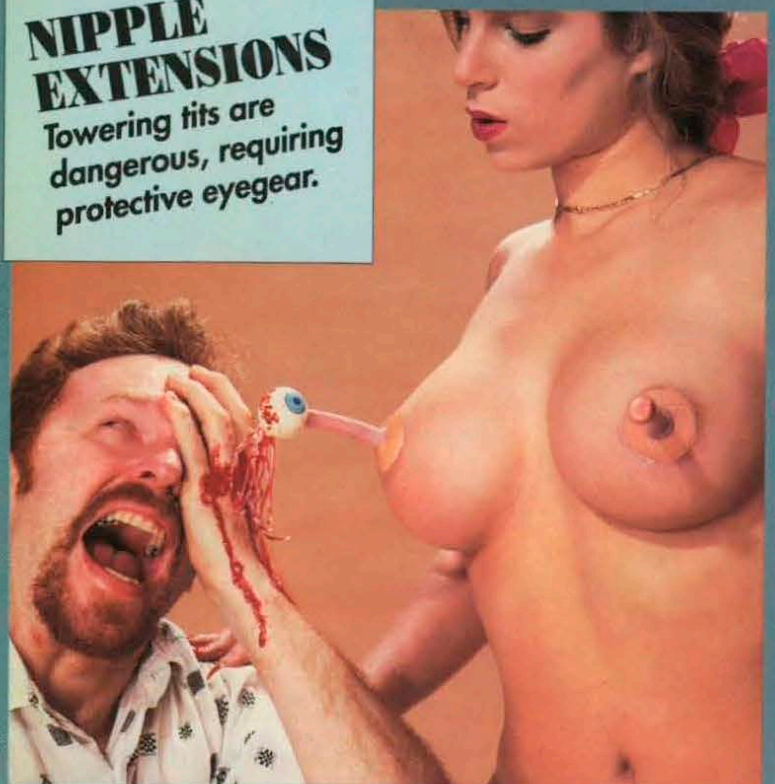
PIZZA LINGERIE

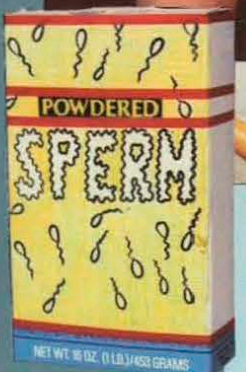
How many guys have wanted a hot, juicy pizza right after fucking some skank? Now, have both!

Better than edible underwear!

NIPPLE EXTENSIONS

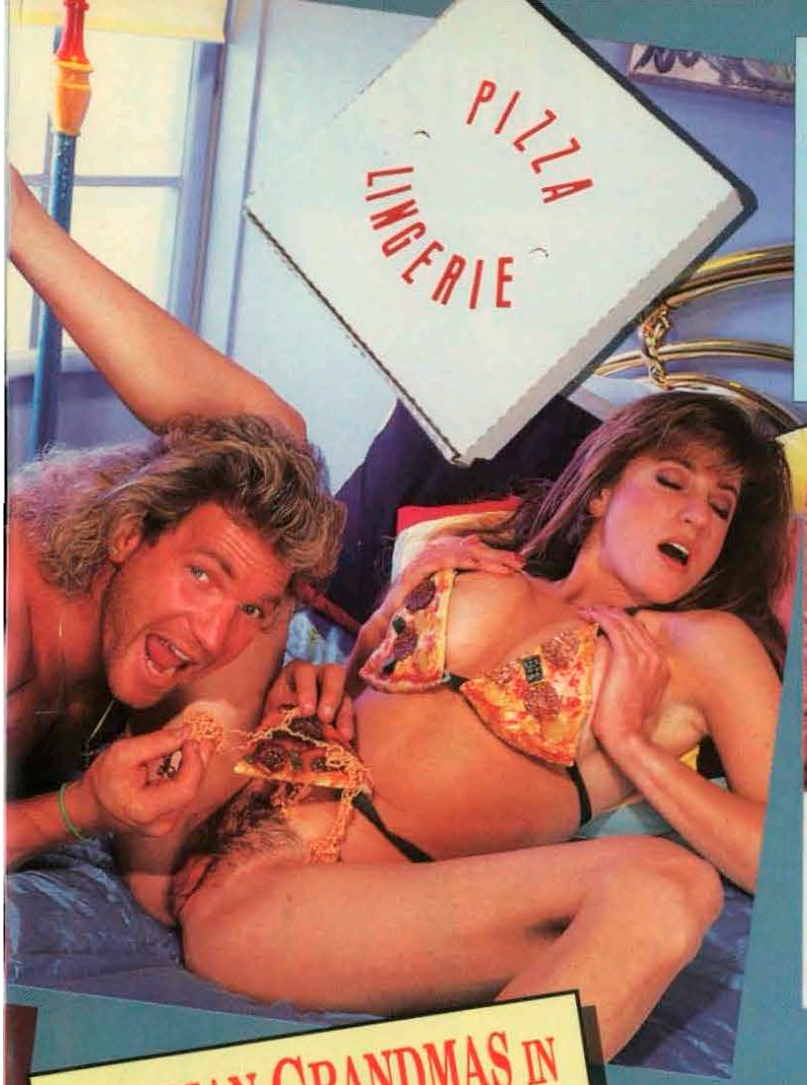
Towering tits are dangerous, requiring protective eyegear.





POWDERED SPERM

Just add saliva! For those times when a man can come no more.



SANDPAPER CONDOMS

Touted as more sensitive than ribbed, but gave new meaning to the phrase "raw pussy power."

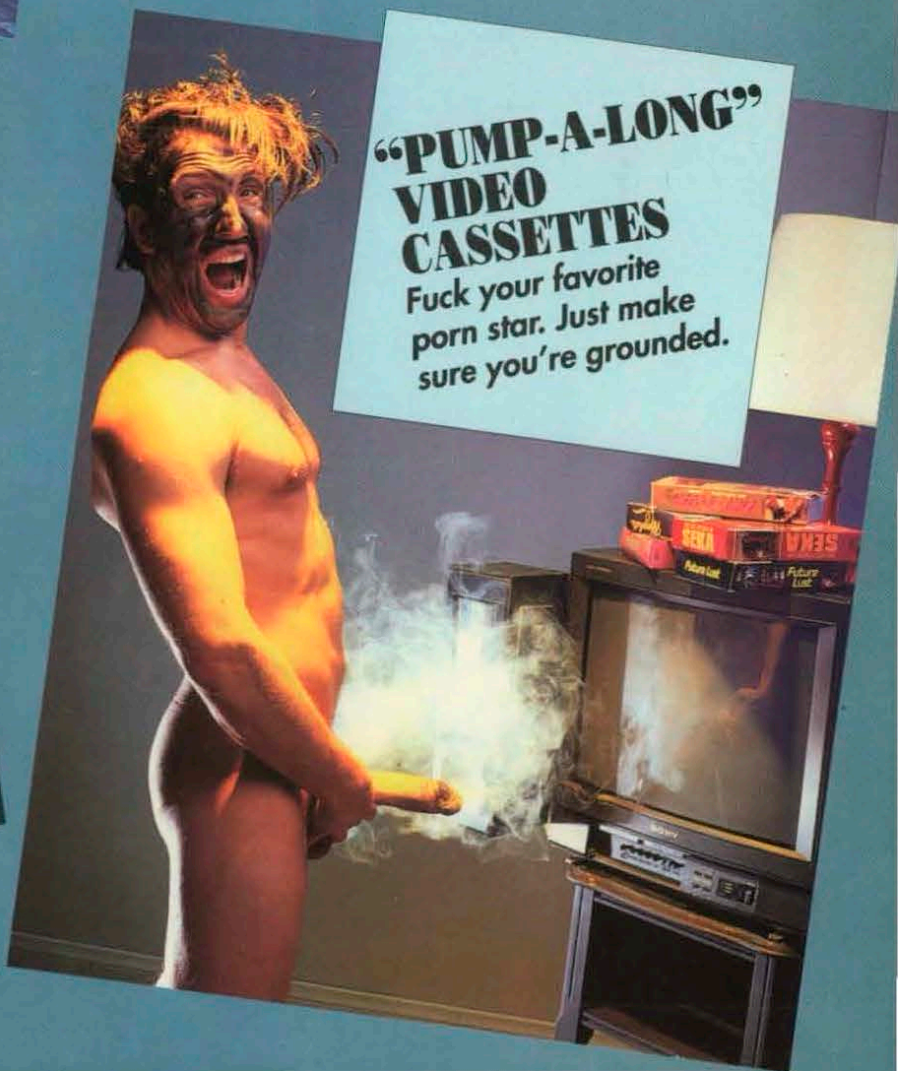
LESBIAN GRANDMAS IN 3-D

LIKE THEY'RE DROOLING RIGHT IN YOUR LAP! THEY'VE FALLEN, AND IT'S UP TO YOU TO GET IT UP!

Apparently the market for three-dimensional, wrinkled pussy is wearing thin.

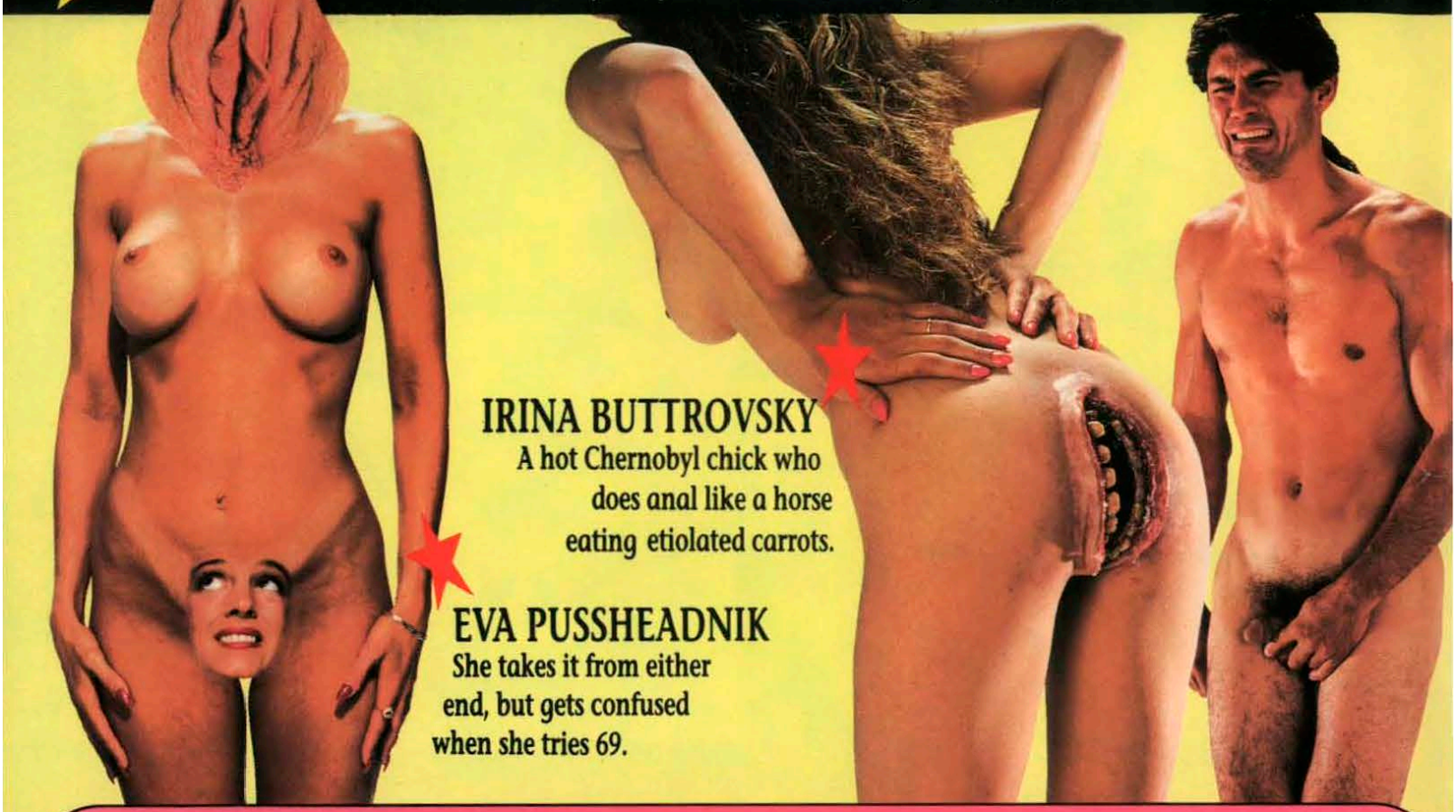
"PUMP-A-LONG" VIDEO CASSETTES

Fuck your favorite porn star. Just make sure you're grounded.



THE SEXY CHICKS OF CHERNOBYL

Those irradiated Russians may be way behind in nuclear technology, but they're way ahead in exotic-looking women.

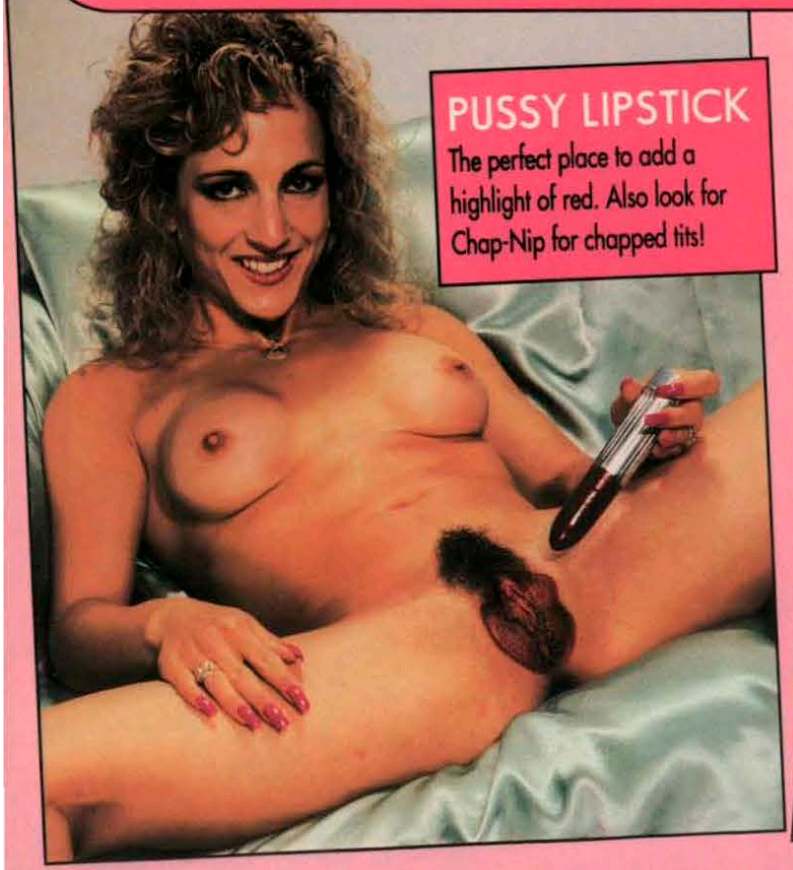


IRINA BUTTROVSKY
A hot Chernobyl chick who does anal like a horse eating etiolated carrots.

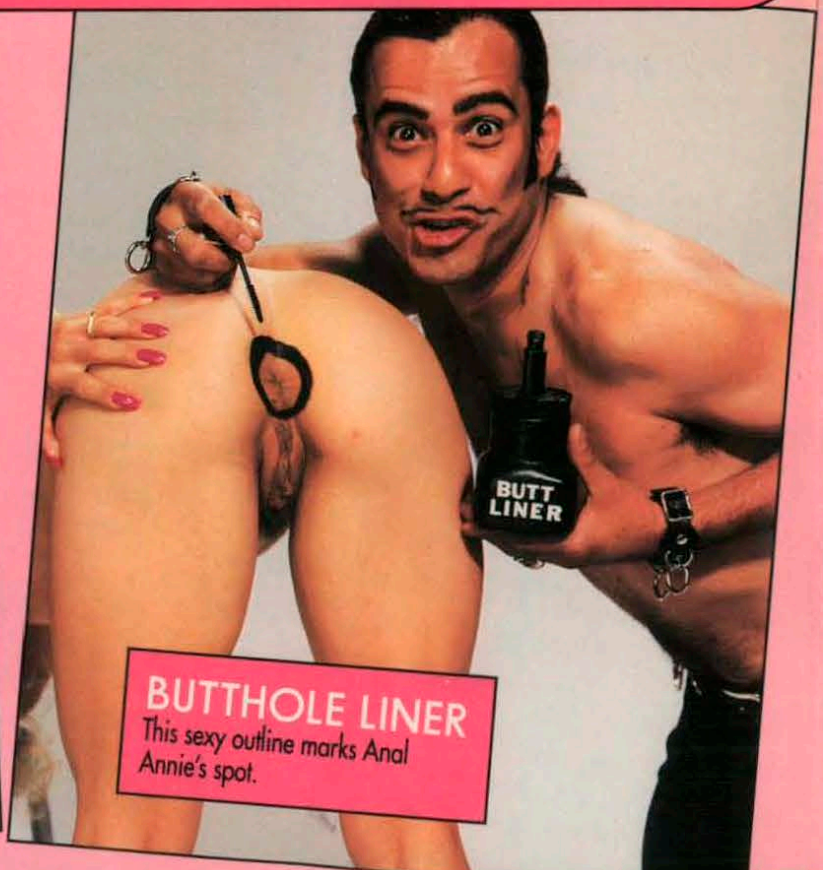
EVA PUSSHEADNIK
She takes it from either end, but gets confused when she tries 69.

GENITAL MAKEUP by BEAVERGIRL

Why spend so much time on facial makeup? Men aren't interested in that end of the body. Beavergirl products add a touch of romance to a dull relationship and surprise a girl's gynecologist.



PUSSY LIPSTICK
The perfect place to add a highlight of red. Also look for Chap-Nip for chapped tits!



BUTTHOLE LINER
This sexy outline marks Anal Annie's spot.

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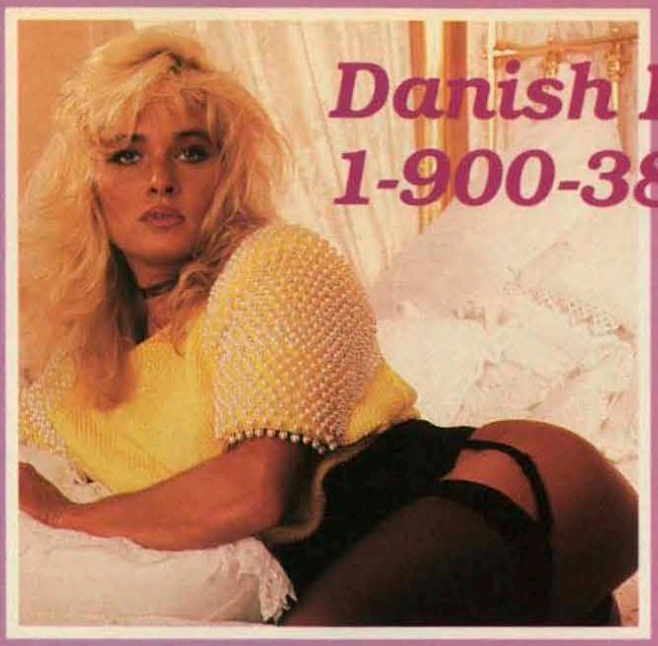

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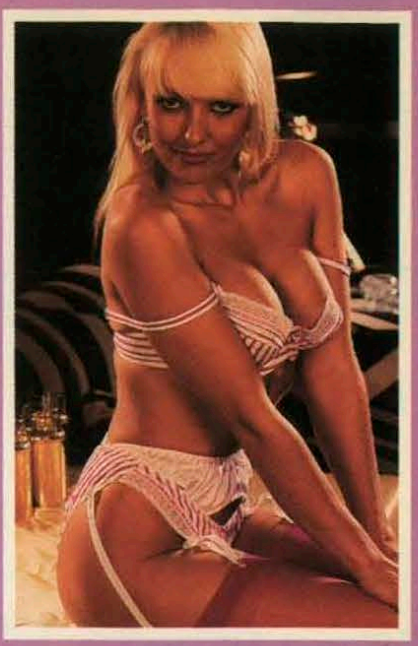
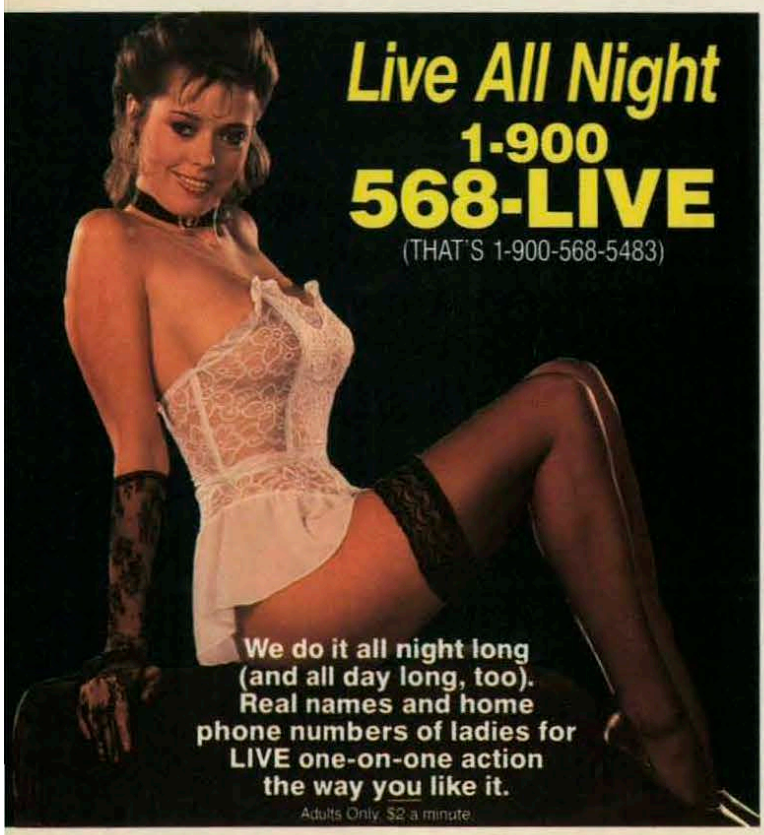
Beautiful Scandinavian women and ladies of all nations seek nice men for dating, romance, and good times together. Other exotic ladies available also. Can you show a lonely lady a good time? Call any time-24 hours a day!

Adult callers over 21 only please. $2 a minute.





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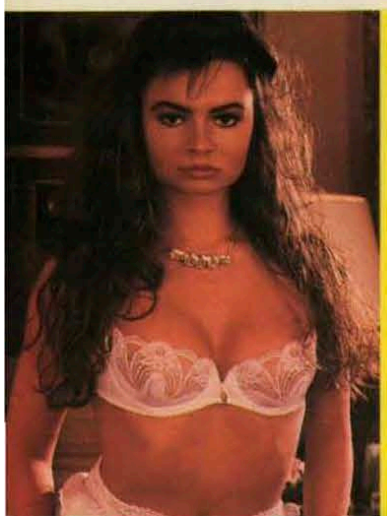
We do it all night long (and all day long, too). Real names and home phone numbers of ladies for LIVE one-on-one action the way you like it.

Adults Only. $2 a minute.



LIKE WHAT YOU SEE?
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346-HOTS
(THAT'S 1-900-346-4687)

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

Callers must be over 18. $2 a minute.

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FANTASIES
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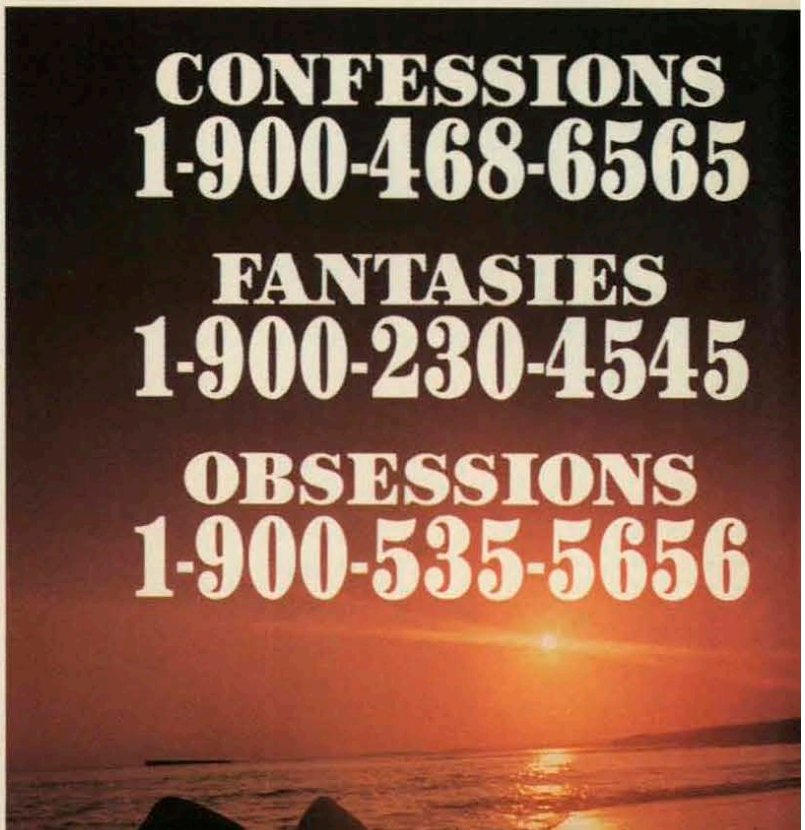
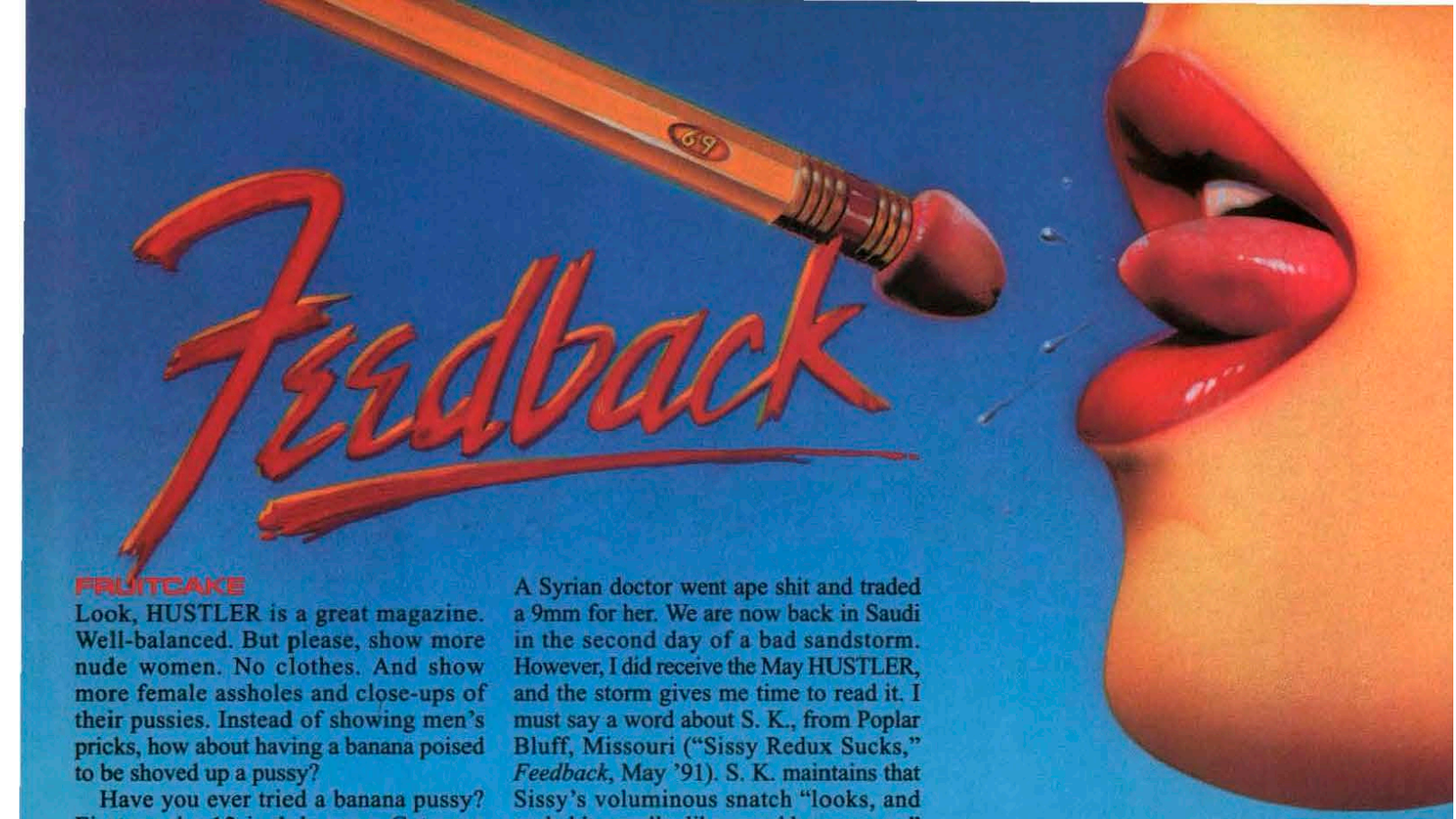


*THE **FIRE**, THE **LUST**, THE **SHAME***
WHERE REAL WOMEN TELL ALL

Adults Only. $2 a minute.



FRUITCAKE

Look, HUSTLER is a great magazine. Well-balanced. But please, show more nude women. No clothes. And show more female assholes and close-ups of their pussies. Instead of showing men's pricks, how about having a banana poised to be shoved up a pussy?

Have you ever tried a banana pussy? First, peel a 12-inch banana. Get your girlfriend's or wife's pussy wet, then shove the banana up her pussy. Begin eating her pussy—clit, lips, vagina. As she tightens her vaginal muscles, the banana comes out inch by inch, and you can eat the banana with the pussy! Or you can shove it back in her cunt with your tongue until you're hungry for it. If you don't want to eat banana pussy, just eat the puss full of banana, and when you cause her to climax, she can squeeze the banana out. What a sight, to see that 12" banana come out! Sometimes fast, sometimes slow. Try it. No shit. Women love it. Do a pictorial of this. The censors will shit! HUSTLER is a wonderful, courageous magazine. Remember, more naked women and close-ups of beautiful assholes. —A. S.

Ocean Springs, Mississippi

SISSY MARCHES ON

Looks like the Texas Tunnel will be the subject of another *Feedback* letter! The first time I saw Sissy was in your February 1991 *Feedback* ("Sissy Speaks!" *Feedback*, February '91). By some miracle, HUSTLER made it to me into Saudi Arabia before my division went into Iraq and Kuwait. By that time, Sissy had been admired by the French, the Brits and the Irish—all wishing they could have a chance with her. She was almost traded for an AK-47. I held out for more. In Kuwait, as we continued our mission, Sissy was looked at in awe and wonder by soldiers from Syria, Egypt and Lebanon. A Syrian doctor went ape shit and traded a 9mm for her. We are now back in Saudi in the second day of a bad sandstorm. However, I did receive the May HUSTLER, and the storm gives me time to read it. I must say a word about S. K., from Poplar Bluff, Missouri ("Sissy Redux Sucks," *Feedback*, May '91). S. K. maintains that Sissy's voluminous snatch "looks, and probably smells, like a goddamn sewer." Let me tell you, I was stationed in his neck of the woods at Fort Wood for three years, and all I knew of the men there were two kinds: the ones who liked hunting dogs (the four-legged kind) and the homos. I spent my time fucking my brains out with the women whose men fit these categories. Tell Sissy I said hi and thanks for her support and willingness to share her body with the troops. —T. S.

Operation Desert Storm

Jackie: Prime Pumping

TO ANY CIVILIAN

How are you? I am a soldier in Saudi Arabia. I live in a tent. What do you live in? We have two light bulbs in our tent. How many do you have where you live? Are there interesting people where you live? There are lots of interesting people where I live. We call them Ragheads. There are a lot of sheepherders here as well. We call them pimps. When we see one of them with a goat under one arm and a sheep under the other, we call them bisexual.

The food we eat is so good, we don't even have to warm it up. Someone said it tastes like shit. I don't know about that, because I have never eaten any shit. Besides, we burn all our shit. It sends black clouds of smoke up into the sky. We have four barrels in each latrine. Latrine is Army talk for bathroom. We also call our latrines four-holers. There's about two inches between each hole. The Army believes that a unit that shits together stays together. We save our shit until we get a barrel full. We shall burn no shit before it's time. Do you save your shit? Sometimes it helps to get a load off your mind.

We have a lot of sandstorms here. The sand gets in every crack you can possibly imagine. And I can imagine a lot of different cracks. I think that some of the cracks I imagine would really crack you up. We have cold showers every few days to wash all the sand out of

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our cracks. And we don't crack a smile.

Be careful, and thanks for everything you're doing for us soldiers.

— From Any Soldier
Operation Desert Storm

MAD AS HELL

I'm a Marine currently deployed in northern Iraq. HUSTLER still makes it here from time to time. I just got your June 1991 issue. I'm writing to let K. H. from Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, know we think he's a pussy ("Pass the Soap," *Feedback*, June '91). He sure didn't complain when he got his paychecks from Uncle Sam. When it came time to earn all that money, he didn't want to do it. I consider him a deserter during wartime and feel he should be shot. He signed a contract, then backed out. I'd much rather be at home with my wife. I made a commitment; so here I am. A man who goes back on his word isn't much of a man. I'm sure the other guys in the brig will like him! As for the wives of the 400,000 American servicemen, he doesn't need letters from them. He'll be so busy getting butt-fucked, he won't have time to read letters from wives whose husbands are defending their country and freedom. We're lucky he's not here, because jerk-offs like him get good men killed. He's lucky he's not here, because some real men would have fragged him by now! — M. G.
Operation Desert Storm

I nominate K. H. of Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, Asshole of the Millennium for writing "Pass the Soap" in HUSTLER's June 1991 *Feedback*. — E. F.
Portland, Oregon

FUCKHEAD

I have this dream to fuck my wife on film with another woman. I know that you can't afford to give everyone their dreams, but I have read HUSTLER for years. Please think hard on this deal. You can have all the rights and send it out public if you want. All I ask is that you pay for everything—airfare, filming, room, board and the shooting fee for the other woman. Please, please write me to tell me what you decide. Think hard on this. It's for real. I want to do it right now. Make it in a nice place. Like New York or a pretty place like that. — T. L.
Ogden, Utah

T. L., you must be smoking some pretty gnarly shit!

PHONE FIASCO

I bought HUSTLER's July 1991 issue, and after sifting through the phone-sex ads, I wanted to put in one myself—Dial 1-900-YOU-SUCK! But, hey, it's not just HUSTLER. The quality of most triple-X films has steadily declined as well!

What the fuck's going on? Have the smut masters lost heart? Either that, or they're all sucking federal dick. I wish I had one chance to direct a photo-session and a porn movie! Because whoever's doing the job now has little imagination, creativity or mind for fantasy! And that's sad! P. S. What do you call 28 Iraqi women in one big circle? A full set of teeth! What do you call 34 photos that are barely rated X in what's supposed to be the best smut magazine in the country? The HUSTLER hustle! — J. F.
Valrico, Florida

Say, big guy, we know just the couple for your porn-flick debut....

NOW YOU'RE TALKING

Ever since I was introduced to HUSTLER in February 1989, I've been a regular subscriber. I really do love your centerfolds, but more than that I love the *Erotic Entertainment* section. It has been very helpful in my choice of movies. All my porn rentals and purchases are based totally on your reviews.

I have a fantasy that thousands of my male counterparts must share. I flipped over Barbara Dare in *True Love* with April West, and I creamed for Racquel Darrian in *Vegas 3* with Victoria Paris. I'd be grateful if you did a layout with Barbara Dare and Racquel Darrian. Please! — K. J.
Gainesville, Florida

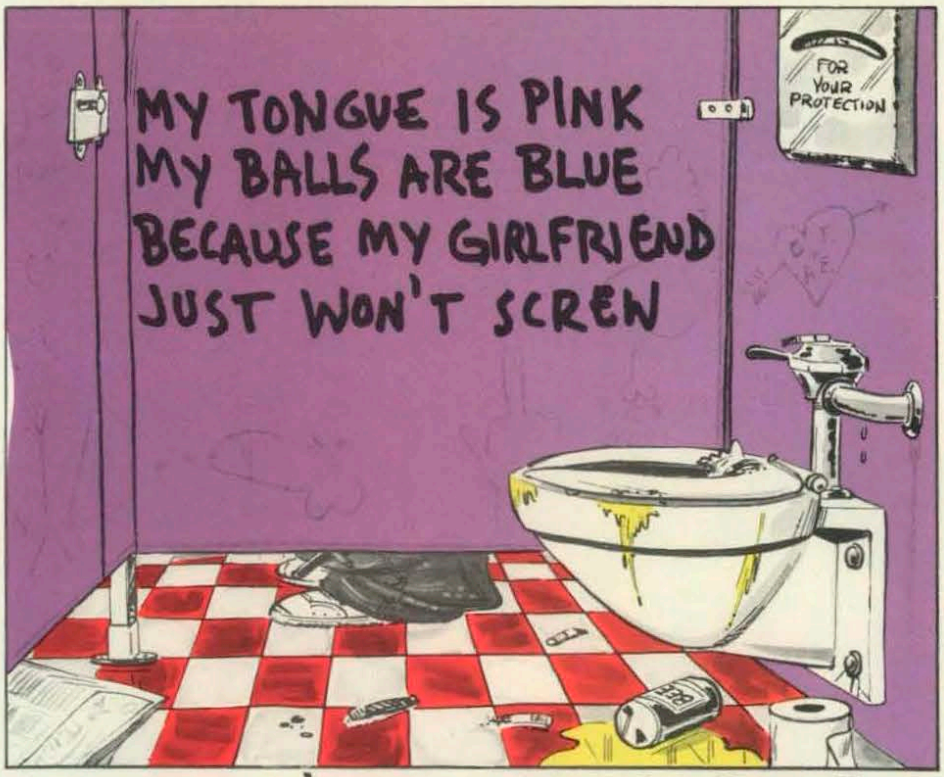
NOT OLDER, BETTER!

I've been a fan of HUSTLER Magazine for over ten years, and I have a desire. In October 1982, you made a 50-year-old woman your centerfold (*Shirley: 50-Year-Old Centerfold*, October '82). In June 1985, we saw a centerfold from older-lady Helga (*Helga: Lust in the Twilight Years*, June '85). Can I see a new 50-year-old centerfold in super-high heels? — A. H.
Wuppertal, West Germany

Catch the August 1991 issue, A. H. Forty-year-old Jackie: Prime Pumping is an eye-popper.

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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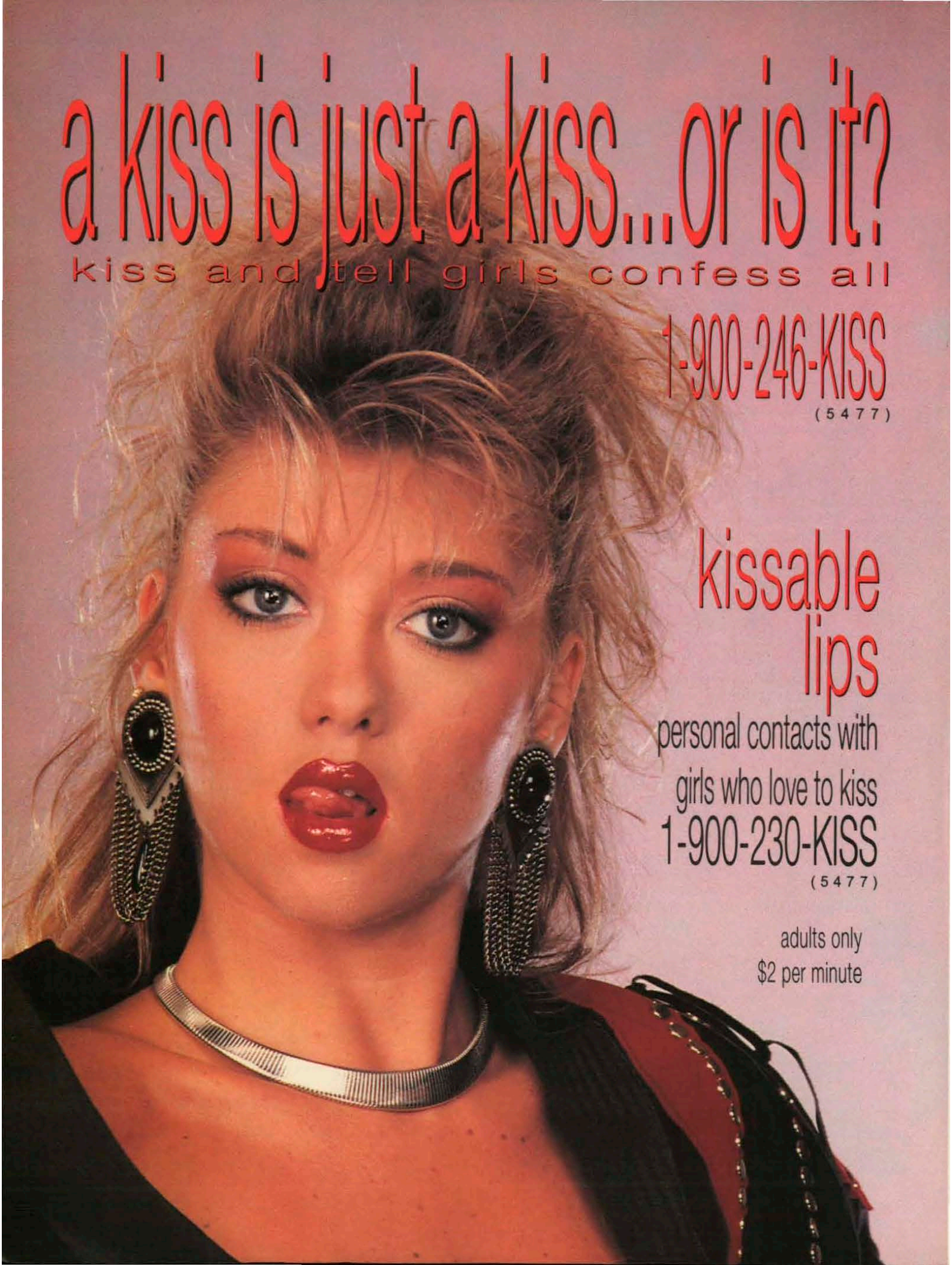
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HOT LETTERS

PLANE CRAZY

I'm a 35-year-old publisher and a frequent flier. Due to international business concerns, I cross the Atlantic as regularly as some people cross the street. Owing to a recent manhandling by airline personnel during a trip to Paris, there are two business concerns I'm likely to avoid in the future: TWA and French whores.

When I arrived at Dulles airport at the outset, there was every reason to believe my flight to Paris would be trouble-free. I'd arrived in plenty of time to relax before boarding; the plane appeared to be underbooked; the airport personnel were cordial and efficient. The flight boarded only slightly later than scheduled. Takeoff was smooth. Little did I realize how violently I would come to regret having stepped foot on fucking TWA.

The in-flight movie was *Misery*, an ominously prescient depiction of a man at the mercy of a cruel God and fate. It was fun to see the world shit on somebody else for a change, but the flick would have been considerably more engaging had a grid of crackling static not interrupted every frame. Again, no major inconvenience. No inconvenience at all, even counting the musty scent of old cheese and urine that accompanied every square inch of the ancient, decrepit TWA airliner. The two-hour wait for luggage at the Paris terminal wasn't bad either.

I suffered through a grueling weekend of nonstop business, mouth to ass with a foul-smelling bunch of French motherfuckers. Finally, hungry, tired and stressed to a hair's breadth of my ability to stomach any further inconvenience, I attempted to make good on my return reservation back to the States. I was tucked aboard a plane after fighting my way through a belligerent crowd, when a TWA representative came up and asked if I would kindly disembark. The flight was oversold. It wasn't TWA's problem. It was mine. I cajoled, I attempted to reason, and finally screamed at this sanctimonious slimeball with all the French invective I could muster. After selling me a ticket and promising a seat, TWA replied by kicking me off the plane.

TWA offered to arrange another flight. Once burned, I wasn't into it. I booked a morning flight on another airline and got blisteringly drunk at the airport lounge. In no time at all, I was channeling my rage at being forced into another night in France with a steady stream of pure hate. Nothing makes an ugly man uglier than off-brand Pernod. After five or six of the putrefying licorice liqueurs, I noticed a buxom, red-

haired woman eyeing me from across the bar. Obviously a working woman. Just as obviously, I didn't give a fuck. She was welcome to do what she could with Amex, Visa and Mastercard. After Traveling With Assholes, I wanted a victim. I wanted to do to another human being what TWA had done to me.

I invited her over. Bought her a whiskey and soda. Double. She had a palsied hand on my cock before the ice had time to cool. An hour later, at her pied-à-terre, she wriggled out of her tight-fitting corset. Fleshy cantaloupe breasts jiggled at the slap of my hand. I took a rubber-eraser nipple between my teeth and attempted to yank it off her tit. She squealed and wrapped her long, muscular legs around my back, pulling me to the dingy mattress where she did business. I knotted my fingers in her dry, red mane and pushed her head against the pillow. Jerking her chin to her chest, I spit a full loogie into her open mouth. Her eyes bulged, but not from humiliation or fright. I got the impression she had finally found the man of her dreams. She swallowed the oyster and lunged for my cock like a hungry seal at feeding time. I angrily humped her face as hard as if mashing her facial features into oblivion could destroy all of France and TWA and the whole idea of international business flights. My balls slapped her cheeks with the force of a gasoline-powered, automatic tennis volley. She moaned, groaned, gasped and choked. Her fierce, razor fingernails dug into my ass cheeks as she pulled my cock closer to her crushed mandible. On the verge of coming, I unintentionally yanked my cock out of her gaping mouthtrap and jammed it toward her heaving nostrils.

My dickslit stuck right into her nosehole and shot a mind-scalding load of acid drool deep inside her hapless head. She immediately convulsed into a string of explosive sneezing, scattering my snotty seeds in micropulverized increments across the filthy room. Before she could wipe away the clinging trails of goop, I decided to hose her clean myself. My drooping cock was nearly bursting with Pernod piss. Now that the cum-tubes were clear, it was time to let loose. I squirted her face with a scalding jet stream, actually pocketing her cheeks with the force of the yellow liquid. Not a trace of sperm remained. With my bladder and balls newly emptied, I began to feel the need of further relief. With triumphant satisfaction, I released my anal sphincters. The combustive, liquid remains of TWA direct-to-Paris chicken à la king splattered her stomach and tits, as well as most of the mattress and the insides of my thighs. I can't say she thanked me for it. I used her black-lace peignoir to wipe myself clean, and as I tossed the stinking rag upon her trashed and utterly stupefied

(continued on page 29)

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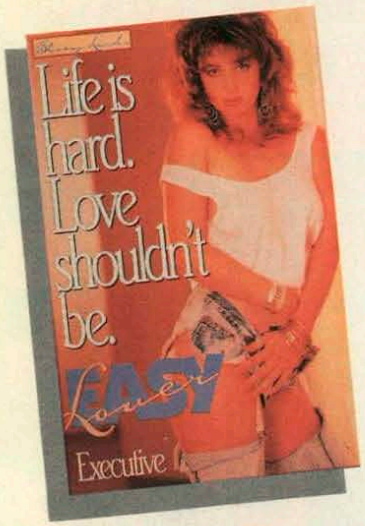

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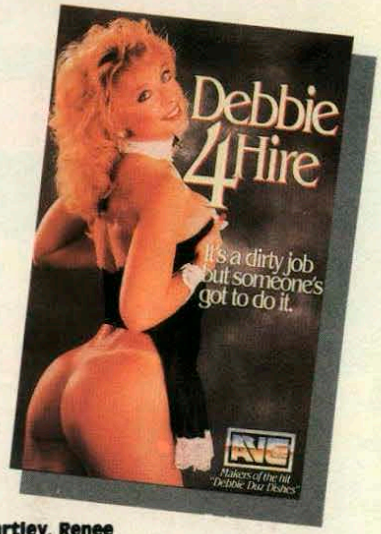

EASY LOVER—Stacey Lords and Raven Richards are secretaries in an office where the boss knows what he wants and work is rarely on his mind. Sexy Stacey is a little naive but ambitious. There isn't much she won't do to get a raise out of the boss (and believe us, she gets a real raise out of him!) Tracey's sex scenes in the first 5 minutes of this excellent production are worth the price of the entire video! Time Approximate 1 Hour 6 Minutes.

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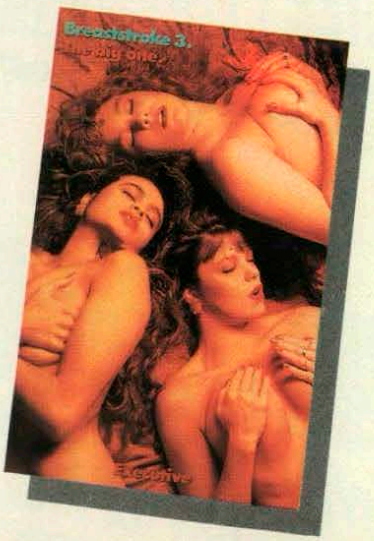

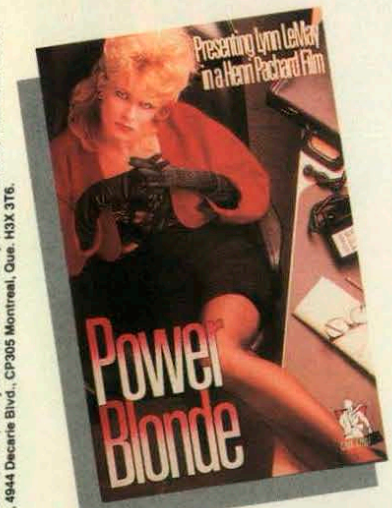

BREASTSTROKE 3—Charisma, Brittany and Stacey Lords in a hot, new continuation of the hugely successful "Breaststroke" video series. The juggernaut continues and the cups runneth over again with the most delicious orbs ever unsheathed! You'll drool with delight as these lovely and willing ladies bare their greatest assets and do just about anything that will bring them pleasure. The sex scenes are incomparable and the starlets hotter than ever—and they're waiting for you! Time Approximate 1 Hour 3 Minutes.

POWER BLONDE—Lynn LeMay, Randy West and Nina Hartley. Dumb Blonde? Airhead? Don't bet on it. Lynn LeMay absolutely scorches the screen as the power-driven captain of industry. She's hard driven and hard-driving. She controls major corporations. She controls powerful businessmen. But she can't control her insatiable sexual appetite. She'll melt at the thought of a iron-shanked cock and she'll do anything to have it deep inside her. The sex is red-hot in this great Henri Pachard release. Time Approximate 1 Hour 5 Minutes.

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THE STRANGER BESIDE ME

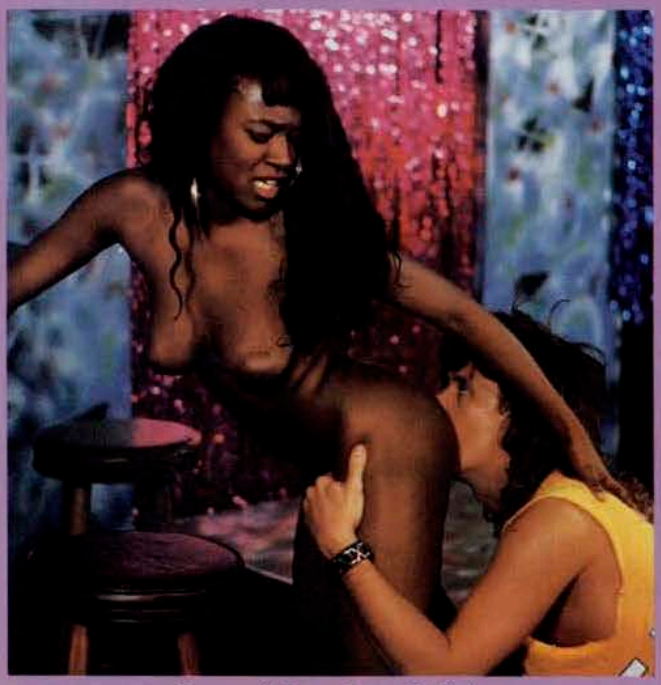
Three-Quarters Erect. *Directed by Robert McCallum; starring Sandra Scream, Woody Long, Lois Ayres, Leanna Foxxx, Dusty, Avalon, T. T. Boy, Joey Murphy and James Lewis. Videocassette: Western Visuals.*

Showing what intriguing visuals, a hot-blooded cast and an abundance of good sex will do, *Stranger* proves quite friendly in stoking a stroker's fire. Sandra Scream wants ex-cop Woody Long to find out what happened to her dead hubby's insurance money. The two get things off to a rock-hard start, as Long slams the blond sex machine and Scream commands him to lick her asshole, which he obligingly does. Four scintillating scenes follow; all end in facials, two of which highlight the hot lips of Lois Ayres. Bizarre camera angles and moody lighting heighten the sexual tension, and, with a total of seven sex scenes, *Stranger* gives more than enough fuck for the buck. —*Sam Lowry*

More than enough fuck for the buck.

Moody lighting helps heighten the sexual tension.

***Eyes:** Artfully directed plastic food.*



*Simone tells Byron, **Bung-Ho!** babe.*

BUNG-HO! BABES

***Three-Quarters Erect.** Directed by Malcolm DeVoe; starring Jeannie Pepper, April Rayne, Jamie Leigh, Domonique Simone, Tom Byron, Randy West, Jeff Golden and Austin Moore. Videocassette: Filmco.*

Black girls and white girls are all the same color up the butt. Once a skanky twat has reverse-shitted a thick tube steak up her stretched rectum, superficial differences of skin tone bleach away to nothing in a deeper contraction of primal, gut feeling. A rod in the turd ring is the great equalizer. A stiff in the mud-pit eliminates the distinctions between good-looking girls and one-bag skanks. Best of all, a hard rhino horn rammed into the rear exit brings a woman down to a level where a man can finally deal with her as a reasonable human being. *Bung-Ho*, baby. *—Christian Shapiro*

BEHIND BLUE EYES 3

***Half Erect.** Directed by Scotty Fox; starring Randy Spears, Nina Hartley, Jon Dough, Mike Horner, Kim McKay, Sabrina Dawn, Eric Price and Renee Fox. Videocassette: Moonlight Entertainment.*

This tape ain't all bad, but it ain't all good, either. Everything that should enhance the sex scenes—plot, camerawork, editing, acting, music and special effects—works pretty well. The cast is attractive enough too, but obviously feigned passion and too-transparent efforts to portray erotic ecstasy make *Eyes* about as satisfying as a plate of beautifully arranged, color-coordinated, artfully directed plastic food. *—Woody Hood*

DRIVING MISS DAISY CRAZY

***One-Quarter Erect.** Directed by Roberto Pak and Bruce Six; starring Jillian Amore, Cal Jammer, Matt Lancing, Gregor Samsa, Ray Victory, Peter North, Penny Lane, Bridgette Monroe, Marilyn Rose and Rebecca Steele. Videocassette: Western Visuals.*

Forget an X-rated version of the Academy Award-winning film. The producers used all their creativity ripping off the title and had nothing left to make a stroke flick worth watching. Tattooed, cute motorcycle slut Rebecca Steele gets it up the ass and pussy at the same time, but awkward editing ruins the pleasure. The Peter North face-splash of Bridgette Monroe at tape's end is the only successful sex scene. Fast-forward to it. Everything else about *Daisy* is crazy...with boredom. *—W. H.*

THE WONDER REARS

***Half Erect.** Directed by Milton Ingley; starring Erica Boyer, Austin Moore, Stacey Bell, Avalon, Leanna Foxxx, Leilani, Sean Michaels and Biff Malibu. Videocassette: Soho Video.*

Erica Boyer's nut-busting bung-ring was long ago enshrined upon a procto-pedestal in the Sphincter Hall of Fame. What befits a legend most? A blood-engorged length of rod plowing through those hallowed rectal rings as Boyer fingers open her slippery quim and spanks her clit with a loud slap. Also good to hear is the effect Sean Michaels's writhing, black king snake has upon the burrows of two open-hole sluts; the shifting of a pony-tailed stud's torque bar from a raven-tressed bitch's cunny to her bummy; and lesbian dildo antics that slide from clit to shitter. *Rears* is no wonder, but it's something to look at. *—C. S.*

ROCKIN' THE BOAT

***Half Erect.** Directed by Paul Thomas; starring Deidre Holland, Tom Byron, Tara Heart and Jon Dough. Videocassette: Vivid Video.*

If it weren't for buoyant buns Deidre Holland, *Boat* would sink in a minute. She takes two doses of cum on her pretty tongue from Byron and Dough, and also flexes her fine Aussie ass in the vid's threeway lesbo finale. An obnoxious rap narration by a too-white dude spouting lame limericks, silly costumes left over from other Thomas epics, performers keen on posing when they should be fucking, epileptic editing and a cliché-ridden story weigh down *Rockin'* with superfluous baggage. Ultimately, only Holland keeps this *Boat* afloat. *—W. H.*

*Only Holland rocks the **Boat.***

MORE DIRTY DEBUTANTES 6

Half Erect. *Directed by Ed Powers and Jamie Gillis; starring Jamie Gillis, Ed Powers, Randy West, Tina Cruise, Sheri Spalding, Barbie Winer, Marie Dansen, Eric Dansen, Tracy Majors, Sylvana Valentine, Tina Ames, Laura Feldren, Robert Aria, Tina Aria and Faren Heights (a/k/a Taylor Wane). Videocassette: 4-Play.*

The Dirty Debutante series, raw-edged erotica, bringing relatively fresh slices of slut to the video pool, is also a valuable learning tool and inspirational documentary. A simple pleasure resides in viewing a girl's first-time-on-video sexing, whether these sexings be simple digital masturbation, dildo swallowing, a blowjob or a two-stud tag-fuck with a dick in the ass. But these tapes give so much more in the patter of Nasty Brothers Jamie Gillis and Ed Powers. Ever wonder how to talk to a bimbo so she'll like you, think you like her and spread her legs for your prying video camera? Listening to *More Dirty Debutantes 6* can be just as rewarding as watching it. —*C. S.*

This debutante gets ***Dirty.***

TRICK TRACEY

One-Quarter Erect. *Directed by Patti Rhodes; starring Lauren Hall, Randy West, Bridgette Monroe, Jon Dough, Nina Alexander, Joey Silvera, Sabrina Dawn and Cameo. Videocassette: Coast to Coast Video.*

Blondes may indeed have more fun, but the steady stream of flaxen-tressed lust lasses presented by the California-based sex-flick industry sometimes leaves a man hankering for femmes of a darker-hued coif. The urge for brunet bone fodder leads the variety-seeking video-romeo to *Trick Tracey*, a smut offering uniquely devoid of a single platinum head. Unfortunately, too little of dark-hair delight Lauren Hall is presented. Hall has a reserved girl/girl nonfrenzy with brownie-locks Nina Alexander, but not so much as to mess up anybody's perm. Randy West, his own skull-covering dyed blacker than Lauren's, gives Hall her only dick of *Tracey*, not nearly as much as the rest of us would like to shove upon her. —*C. S.*

FANTASY IN BLUE

Half Erect. *Directed by Nancy Blue; starring Porsche Lynn, Alice Springs, Christy Canyon, Cameo, Tim Banger, Eric Price and Paula Price. Videocassette: Vivid Video.*

Christy Canyon's neck and chin have probably combined to catch more hot loads than Brooks Robinson caught line drives. Still, the true spurts fan never gets tired of seeing the graceful movements of an accomplished professional. Round-boobed Paula Price hasn't been in the big leagues as long as Canyon, but her basketball melons and willingness to take Eric Price's heavy-hitting club up her chocolate clutch spot mark her as a player to watch. Utility twats Alice Springs and Cameo, on the other hand, will always be second-stringers, but they try harder when playing time is available; their strap-on lay is rich in aerobic value. Porsche Lynn, however, does nothing more than pinch her pussy, shave her snatch and soil a dildo. She's a slacker past her prime and should be cut from the team. —*C. S.*

Fantasy: *Paula is a player to watch.*

Wane pinches a ***Precious*** *peak.*

PRECIOUS PEAKS

Half Erect. *Directed by Henri Pachard; starring Raven, Bobbi Lee, Taylor Wane, Brittany, Joey Silvera, Randy West, Marc Wallice and Tom Byron. Videocassette: Zane Entertainment.*

Looking forward to seeing the Log Lady getting laid? The Drape Lady getting drilled? Some necrophilia nasties with Laura Palmer? Be content with several sets of big fucking tits. Pricks glide in the satin crevice of oiled cleavage, then spew load after load on heaving bosoms and blood-hard nipples. All the ladies are stroke-worthy, busty beauties, but Joey Silvera and Randy West are getting a trifle long in the tooth for such on-screen shenanigans. Isn't it about time they became directors? —*W. H.*

***Raunch** isn't raunchy enough.*

***Curious:** Little Miss Prick Teaser.*

LITTLE MISS CURIOUS

***Half Erect.** Directed by F. J. Lincoln; starring Ashley Lauren, Alicyn Sterling, Lois Ayres, Joey Silvera, April Rayne, Tom Byron and Marc Wallice. Videocassette: Caballero.*

Box-cover tart Ashley Lauren is a sassy slice of pseudo-jailbait, but in just another porn ripoff, she doesn't get fucked. Marc Wallice spews on the car seat before he even gets her pants off, Byron gets busted by his ol' lady before Lauren opens her snatch, and Silvera has to be content to stroke while watching her finger herself. *Little Miss Prick Teaser* would be a more appropriate title. —*W. H.*

RAUNCH

***Half Erect.** Directed by Patti Rhodes; starring Nina Alexander, Raven, April Rayne, Brittany Stryker, Sunny McKay, Joey Silvera, Marc Wallice, Jon Dough, Randy West and Roy Quest. Videocassette: Coast to Coast.*

Almost a decade ago, a chick calling herself Julia Parton burst onto the skin scene with her humongous, real jugs, claiming to be related to Dolly Parton. Where Dolly sang, Julia spread. Her hard-core career was extremely short-lived, but Parton is back on the cover of *Raunch*, calling herself Nina Alexander. No longer does she suck, fuck or touch dick. Burying her nose in beaver is okay, but Alexander is either too good or too lesbo to get dicked, and thus leaves the viewer disappointed, pissed-off and blueballed. Luckily, mid-'80s porn cunt Brittany Stryker milks Jon Dough's wad on her smiling face with the enthusiasm of someone who likes cum. Her co-stars, especially the soporific Raven, should have taken note. —*B. S.*

TRACEY LOVES DICK

***Half Erect.** Directed by Patti Rhodes; starring Lauren Hall, Randy West, Jon Dough, Bridgette Monroe, Gregor Samsa, Brianna Rai (a/k/a Heather Lere) and Wendi Hope. Videocassette: Coast to Coast Video.*

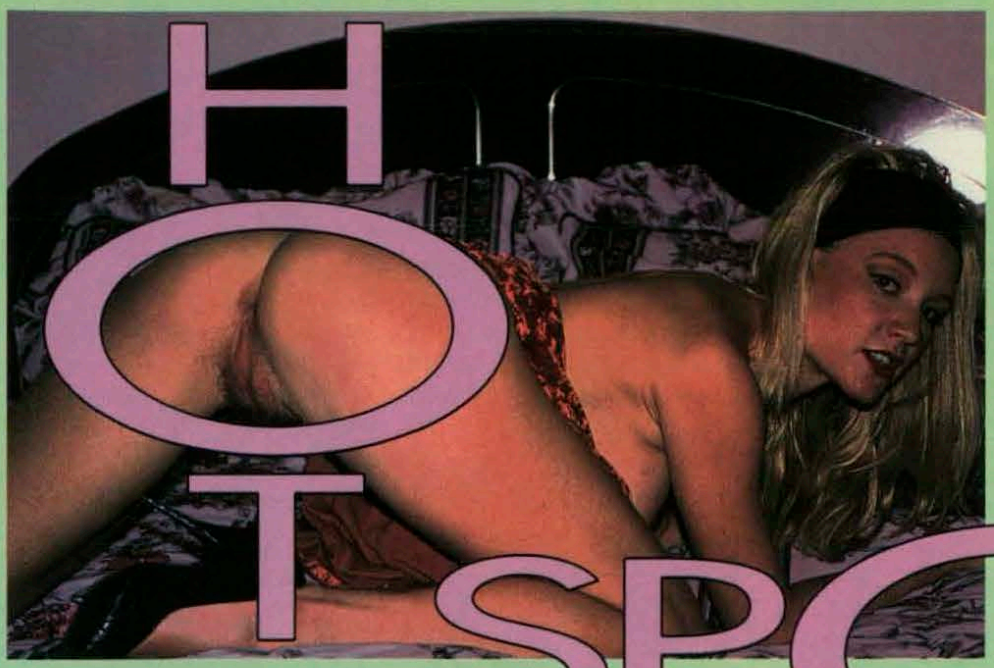
Bimbos never go out of style, especially not in pornland, and *Tracey Loves Dick* is a perfect example of the airheaded honeypot's lasting appeal. A dumb cum-bunny's greatest asset is that she pops a dick in her mouth and sucks it with the total concentration of a happy dog gnawing on a savory bone. "My God, she's in a state of mindless rapture," marvels the lonely dicked viewer at home. "She's so far gone that I could probably pry that dude's wang out of her mouth and shove my own in there, and she wouldn't even know the difference. Why, I bet if I were fucking her pussy, I could slip it up her ass and just pass it off as one of my fingers or something." *Tracey* has four cute bimbos and gorgeous Lauren Hall. Be a dick; enjoy it. —*C. S.*

NURSE NANCY

***Three-Quarters Erect.** Directed by F. J. Lincoln; starring Sandra Scream, Zara Whites, Alicyn Sterling, Peter North, Marc Wallice, Woody Long and Rebecca. Videocassette: Caballero.*

Any horny sicko who's spent much downtime flat out in a hospital bed has alleviated the brain-numbing boredom by imagining a succession of comely nurses climbing up on the traction bar to lower steaming slices of juicy pussy onto a pole that refuses to acknowledge that it's attached to an invalid. Of course, the real nurses turn out to be a series of harelipped, Third World males, but not in *Nurse Nancy*. Marc Wallice lives the hospital-bed fantasy twice, first with brunet torch chick Zara Whites, the second beneath the bounty of sweetly smiling and creamy pink Alicyn Sterling. With a supporting bathtub plugging, two-girl three-way and some lesbo labe-lapping, *Nurse Nancy* will relieve the afflicted. —*C. S.*

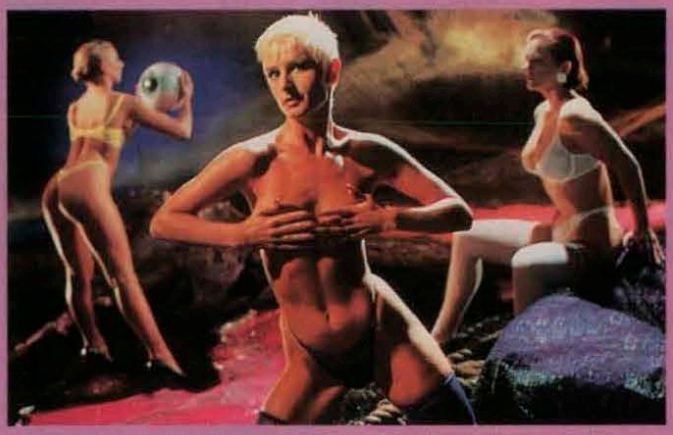
***Nancy** will relieve the afflicted.*



HOT SPOT

ALICYN STERLING

After seeing Alicyn Sterling in a sexvid, it'll be hard to forget her creamy-white complexion, especially between her long, lean legs, where she keeps warm the pinkest set of fleshy pussy lips and the juiciest, pinkest asshole ever pleasured by cock or tongue. Watch her pink get poked in *Torch 2, Ten Minute Manager, Evil Woman, Young Buns and Old Guns, Nurse Nancy* and *Little Miss Curious.*



Nightdreams: *Like jerking off to MTV.*

Commander: *Pomodoro's ass gives the orders.*

NIGHTDREAMS 3

Half Erect. *Directed by Rinse Dream; starring Tianna, Lauren Brice, Tom Byron, Stephanie Page, Paula Price, Cameo, Joey Silvera, Henry "Hook" Jabbar and Sharon Kane. Videocassette: VCA.*

Anyone who's ever seriously attempted to reach sexual release while watching MTV is familiar with the limits of the rock-video medium. The music channel features enough toothsome, cum-worthy suck sluts to satisfy an army of one-armed viewers, but the plentitude of prime poon only adds to the ultimate despair. The tease-ass, quick cuts from nubile bimbo to mouth-breathing hair-farmer, and the sacrifice of content to a moody, murky atmosphere, leave a man's dick wilted. Which brings us to *Nightdreams 3,* a laudably different suck-and-fuck that will be most popular in some Eastern European principality, where manic depression is a policy of state. —*C. S.*

ANAL COMMANDER

Three-Quarters Erect. *Directed by Jane Waters; starring Rachel Ryan, Miss Pomodoro, Flame, Avalon, Marc Wallice and Tom Byron. Videocassette: Zane Entertainment.*

Rachel Ryan's potential for onanistic impact in any anal-sex tape has been greatly eroded over the years. Watching Tom Byron plowing Ryan's open O-ring as her surgically enhanced, dehanced, askance body and face grimace through the motions just isn't fun anymore. However, hold on. Flame, Avalon and Miss Pomodoro—three sphincter-sacrificing slatterns—a milk-skinned redhead, a full-body, Semitic earth mother and a hirsute-assed Italian blonde—give *Anal* some commanding rewards. —*C. S.*

There's nothing like a fucking ***Mirage.***

MIRAGE

Half Erect. *Directed by Eric Edwards; starring Ashlyn Gere, Nina Hartley, Peter North, Trinity Loren, Marc Wallice, T. T. Boy, Alice Springs, Mike Horner, Taylor Wane, Greg Rome and Eric Edwards. Videocassette: VCA.*

Eric Edwards has come a long way from his initial forays into writing, producing and directing smut flicks. He's gotten to the point where his plot unfolds with a smooth, seamless narrative as acted by a full cast, including a handful of nonsex extras, many of whom seem to even understand what their characters are supposed to be doing. Unfortunately, it is impossible to believe porn stars as professional, publishing careerists. Perhaps Edwards would be better served to take a step or two back, to right about where Trinity Loren's breast extensions receive twin loads of testicle lavage from Marc Wallice and Peter North; and a duo of sprite twats suck and fuck a goop geyser from the North rod; or even where Mike Horner takes yet another shot at the buns of Nina Hartley. There's no mirage like a fucking *Mirage.* —*C. S.*

FRENCH CONNEXXXION

Half Erect. *Directed by Henri Pachard; starring Shanna McCullough, Tracey Adams, Randy Spears, Lynn LeMay, Mike Horner, Bionca, Jon Dough, Michelle Monroe, Jacqueline, Jerry Butler and Jesse Eastern. Videocassette: VCA.*

Don't expect any frilly frog pussy from *French Connexxxion.* The twats here are about as foreign and exotic as a Ford Maverick. Most of them have seen as much road as an early '70s coupe and, if this were the auto industry, would have been junked long ago and used as scrap material on newer models. Redheaded shovel-jaw Jacqueline and blond beast of boner burden Michelle Monroe are the closest things *Connexxxion* has to newcomers, a pair whose novelty wore away at about the same time they washed off their first money shots. As for the oldsters, it's in focus, and they fuck like pros —with all the passion of punching a time clock. —*C. S.*

STROKER'S GUIDE

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

FULLY ERECT
Superior. A top production.

Curse of the Cat Woman
The Masseuse
Wild Goose Chase

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

Bonfire of the Panties
Sex Trek: The Next Generation
Snatched to the Future
Young Buns 2

HALF ERECT
Standard fare. Has moments.

All That Sex
Bad Habits
Buns and Roses
Candy Stripers 4
Clean and Dirty
Crossing Over
Deep Inside Charli
Designer Genes
The Mark of Zara
Model Wife
More Dirty Debutantes 5
Phone Sex Girls 5
Shifting Gere
Sunny After Dark
Tit Tales 2
Tools of the Trade

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

Angels By Day, Devils Bi Night
Bangkok Massage Girls
Beat the Heat
Big Game
Eat 'em and Smile
Edge of Sensation
Forbidden Games
Girlfriends
Girls, Girls and More Girls
Hotel Transylvania 2
Images of Desire
Le Sex de Femme 5
The Magic Box
Nightcap
We're No Angels

TOTALLY LIMP
A waste of time and money.

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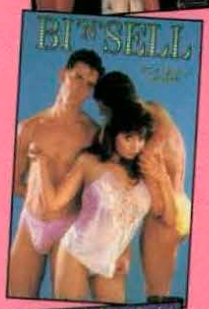

1. TRANS EUROPE EXPRESS Leilani's big tits and swollen dick fuck anything that moves! **85 min**

2. SHE MALE DESIRES Shannon & a pack of trisexuals pump Lois Ayres and more! **90 min**

BUTTFUCKING!

3. TRANSACTION Lois Ayres, Trinity Lorens and Jacqueline Brooks swallow female mancocks! **85 min**

4. BI 'N' SELL Rappollo & Tony Davis fill each other with hard dick; Kim Angeli licks up the juice! **85 min**

CHICKS with DICKS!

5. TAILENDERS Erica Boyer and Kristara Barrington spread cheeks for an anal fuckfest & 3-ways! **78 min**

6. TAILGUNNERS Sheena Horne, Candy Evens and Brittany Stryker plunge into an anal orgy! **78 min.**

BISEXUAL MADNESS!

7. RUMPHUMPERS Cock-carnivore Keli Richards bulks up with beef injections instead of fiber! **78 min**

8. SEX HORROR SHOW The title says it all as the Fat Lady, the Dwarf and others blast off into a bizarre world of way-out fucking! **79 min.**

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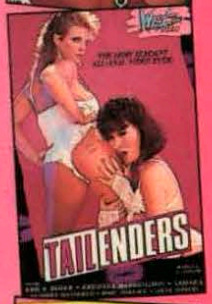

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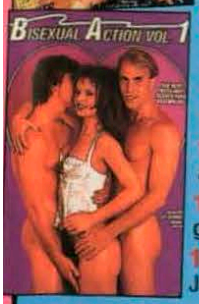

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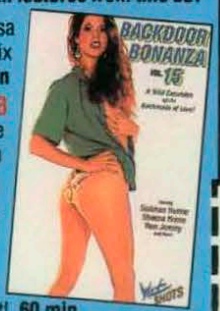
9. HE-SHE MANIA #1 Vanessa del Rio, Lois Ayres & ZaZa mix and match sex organs. **60 min**

10. BACKDOOR BLACKS #3 Sade, Sahara & Angel Kelly take it up the poop shoot! **60 min**

11. BISEXUAL ACTION #1 Aja & Renee Morgan fuck the bi-boys & vice versa. **60 min**



12. BACKDOOR BONANZA #14 Sheena Horne & Siobahn Hunter lead an all-anal sexfest! **60 min**

13. HE-SHE MANIA #2 Pamela & Emanuelle rub their huge girl-dicks into wet cunts! **60 min**

14. BACKDOOR BLACKS #6 Purple Passion, Mauve & others step lively for butt-pumping! **60 min**

15. HE-SHE MANIA #3 Leilani & Shannon fuck the guys, the gals, and the guy-gals! **60 min**

16. BACKDOOR BONANZA #14 Vanessa del Rio & Jeanette Littledove get colon therapy! **60 min**

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HOT LETTERS (continued from page 17)

My dickslit stuck right into her nosehole and shot a mind-scalding load of acid drool deep inside her hapless head. She immediately convulsed.

mug, I was gratified to experience at that moment an inkling of how TWA feels every day. —A. M.
Beverly Hills, California

FIRST FEET FEAT

If I were any more sophisticated, I might have known immediately that my new friend Dawn was into kinky sex, but I'm a plain and simple country girl at heart, even though I was born and raised in Minneapolis. All her winks and innuendos were lost on me. One day, however, she came right out and showed me what turned her on. The greatest adventure of my sex life began with a single brush of her foot.

Dawn wrote a music column for a Minneapolis newspaper. Sitting across from me at a booth in our neighborhood bar, we were discussing the latest modern-jazz releases when she casually took off her shoe and massaged my calf with her bare toes. The touch of her soft sole against my ankle charged me with a strange and incredibly voluptuous excitement. Dawn had healthy, vibrant skin, a bright smile and warm, flashing, brown eyes. Her breasts were small, but shapely, firm and capped with enormous nipples. I'm not bisexual, but I wanted to fuck the living daylights out of Dawn. When her foot gently rose to my knee and along my thigh, I spread my knees slightly for her.

"How about sharing another drink with me at my place?" she asked lightly, but with a serious edge. "I've got a great bottle of champagne. I'll put on some jazz...."

"Let's go," I whispered, as eager as I've ever been for anything, anywhere.

Her apartment building rested on the edge of a verdant hilltop. Putting on some Thelonious Monk and handing me a glass of Cristal, she turned out the lights. Deftly, she rolled off her pantyhose. "I need to get out of these," she said. "I feel absolutely trapped inside them. How about you?"

Shivering with intimacy, I slipped my own pantyhose down my slender, smooth legs. All I could think about was what lay under Dawn's skintight miniskirt and how long it would take before my tongue was caressing it.

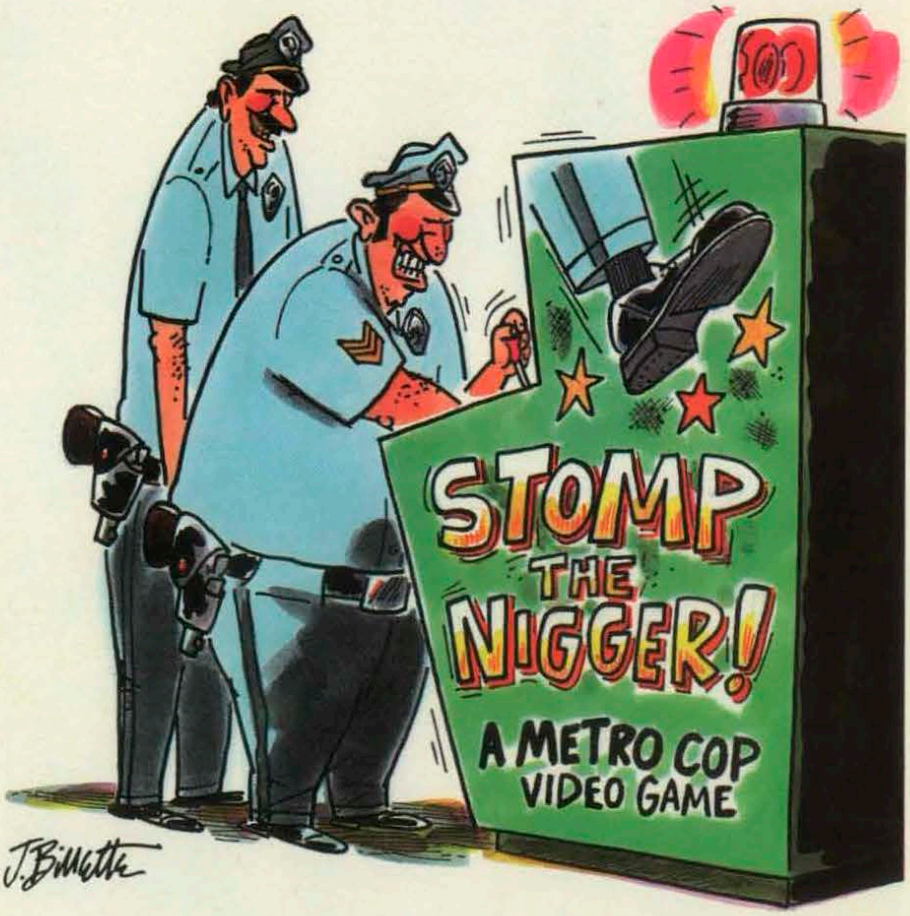
As my eyes adjusted to the dark, I noticed that Dawn's dress had hiked up, exposing most of her legs and allowing me a glimpse of her shimmering bush. She caressed my toes, and I felt a delicious stirring in my cunt.

I nearly creamed on the carpet when she opened her mouth and took my toes against her tongue. It took everything I had not to scream with ecstasy. Her narrow tongue slithered between each of my sensitive toes. I followed her lead, feeling her whole body shake as I touched her feet with my lips. I ran my teeth over her sweet-smelling pink soles until she cried out. "Stop!" she gasped. "No more!"

She put my foot between her slim thighs. At first, I wasn't sure what she was after. When she took my toes in her hand and pressed them against her sopping box, hot, creamy pussy juice dribbled over my digits. Her own foot crept between my legs. With a gratified sigh of surrender, I opened my thighs wide for her. Her big toe flicked my hard, moist clit. I jerked like a puppet on strings. Perspiration beaded on my forehead. Honey overflowed the bounds of my cunt lips. She slipped her tiny foot into my slopping twat. Once inside my hole, she wriggled her toes. Erotic sensations rippled from my box up my tingling spine, through my legs and out the sides of my breasts. I gasped and squealed with a shock of delight. In the soft glow of the candlelight, I saw Dawn give me a superior little smile. Who did she think she was? Some kind of sex expert, enlightening a country hick? I teased her clitoris with my own foot. She twitched and groaned and pushed her mound against my foot. I massaged her box like a baker kneading a tough knot of dough, fitting my toes inside her gaping, hairy slit. She fought like a fish on a hook as I screwed her slick hole with my foot. Making fists with her hands, she beat silently on the carpet. Her pussy muscles spasmed around my toes. Juice streamed over my foot, staining the carpet. "Oh, oh, oh," she moaned, over and over again. The wanton excitement of the scene caused me to climax with her. Gasping and panting, I exploded in a mind-wrenching orgasm. A racing pulse of pleasure beat up and down the walls of my vagina. The music came to a stop. We twitched and collapsed to the sounds of heavy breathing and whimpers of exhaustion.

I was a foot virgin until Dawn showed me the light. Let me tell you, there's no turning back. These days I jump in the sack feet first. —Lynda F.
Minneapolis, Minnesota

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



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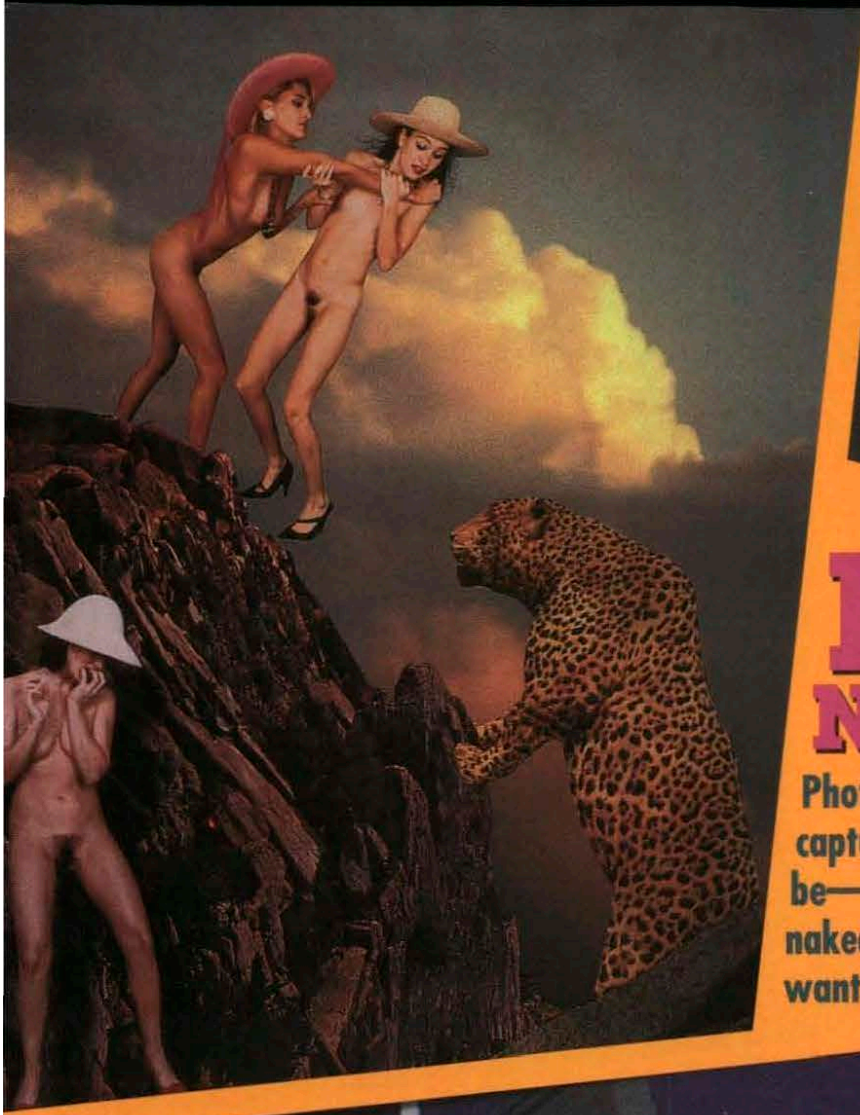
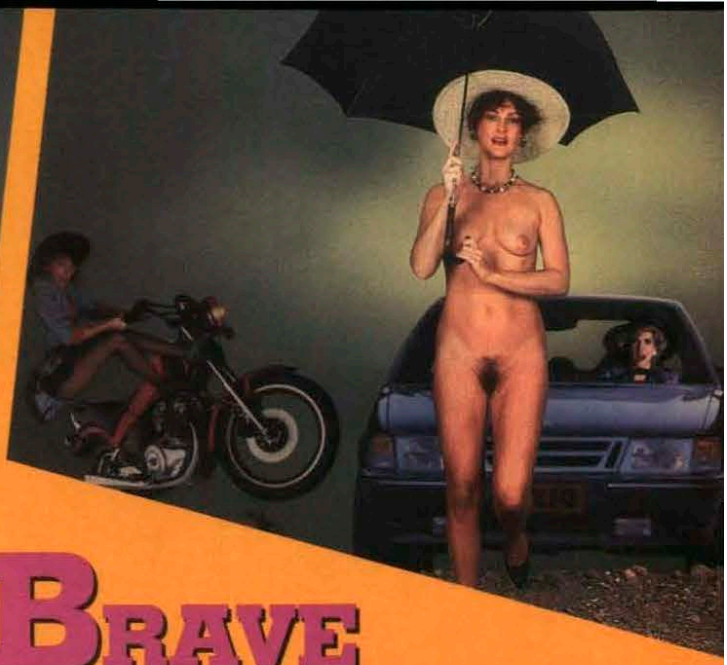
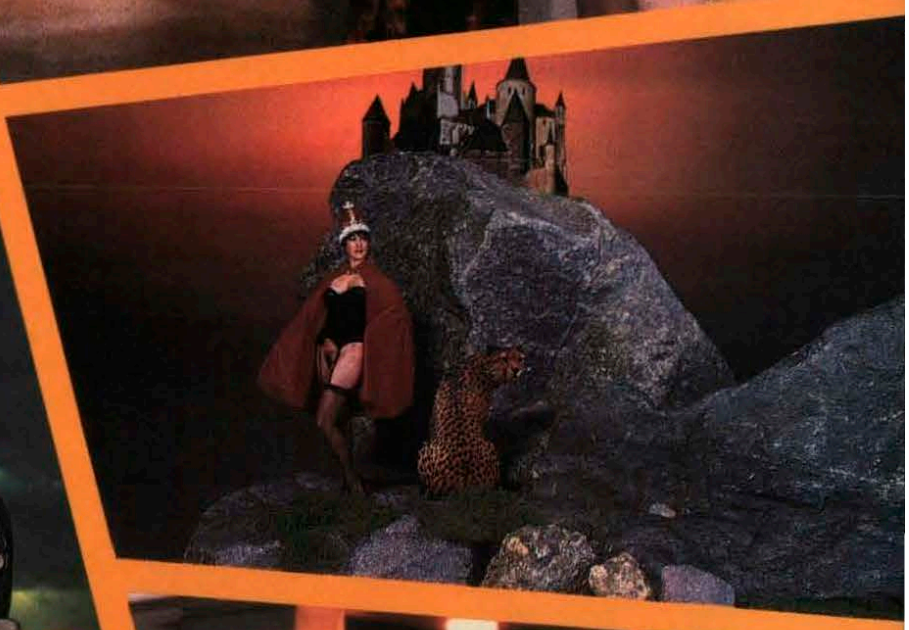


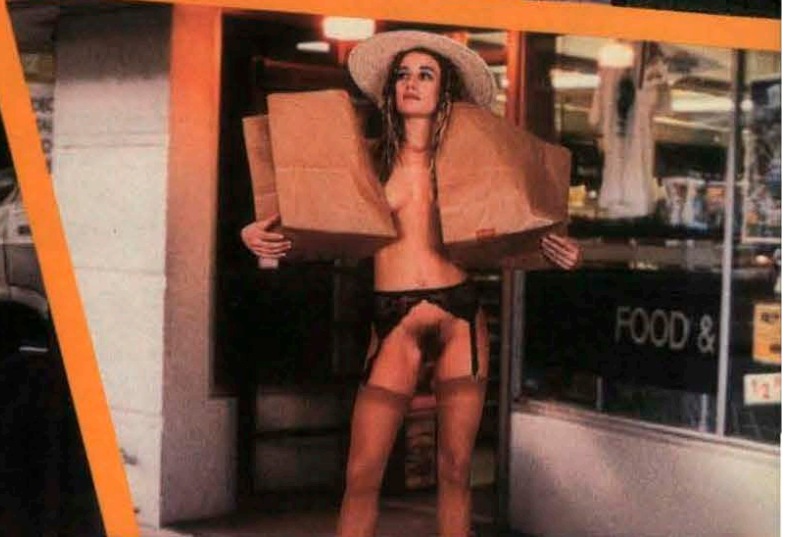


BRAVE NUDE WORLD

Photographer Cliff Feulner's X-ray specs capture the world as is and how it should be—that is, completely crazy and full of naked women. Check it out. What do *you* want to see?

ROAD
CLOSED




FOOD &

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.

ALL DEPOSIT, NO WITHDRAWAL: A SPERM DONOR GIVES HIS ALL

BY CHRIS WALL

ILLUSTRATION BY TOM KAFKA

I sell my juice. I'm a sperm donor at the local semen bank.

College students get hungry. Word of employment opportunities spreads like wildfire. In a few cases, when the job's considered beneath the dignity of a respectable collegiate type, the word is whispered, with bad jokes and a lot of giggling. Especially when the news is that easy bucks can be made milking your prick. *Just go on down to the sexual-services clinic, dude. Dump in a cup, and you've got your weekend paid up.* To be honest, it didn't turn out to be quite that easy.

The clinic pays by volume. Since I've been selling splooge, I've become discriminatory about where I shoot my wad. I exercise regularly and eat lots of protein. People say I have the glow that comes with young love. Truth is, since meeting Bertha, I don't find college girls worth the trouble.

Bertha doesn't save herself just for me. She's available to every man who qualifies. If he gets past the embarrassment of the first few times he donates and produces enough good juice for a clinic to put him on their regular-donor list, Bertha will introduce him to a level of pleasure unattainable in the world of flesh and bone.

Does it take a special man to pump white oil for cold cash? Call ahead; don't just drop in.

"We're all ready for you, Mr. Smith," said the young, cute, big-titted blonde behind the reception desk. She led me down a hall and into a room the size of most doctors' examination rooms. The decor, however, was better suited to Tarzan than Dr. Kildare. The room looked like a fern grotto. It smelled slightly of soap. I found my way to a chaise lounge nestled in the greenery. The secretary informed me someone would come by soon to explain procedures. After she closed the door, I realized the room was filled with the sound of water falling over stones and noticed the color photographs of mountain streams that covered the wall behind me.

The effect was intended to make me feel as private and uninhibited as a savage monkey in a rain forest. No such luck. My dick was so limp, I doubted it would meet the demands of the day. Potted ferns and tape machines were no match for the glory-orbed receptionist—in fact, they made me queasy.

The door opened. A man named Dr. Covert introduced himself. "What a coincidence," he said. "Half the guys who come in here are named Smith, Mr. Smith."

"Call me Chris," I answered, certain that he was going to accuse me of lying about my name and send me home.

"I'm not going to tell you how to achieve an orgasm, but I do need to ask you to wash your hands, penis, testicles and upper thighs with disinfectant and dry them carefully before you begin. Catch the semen in this cup. Put a lid on it and slip it into this water bath to keep it at the right temperature. You don't need to check out with Cindy. Just turn left down the hall and leave through the exit door. If you want to call in tomorrow, we'll tell you how you tested and whether you should come in again."

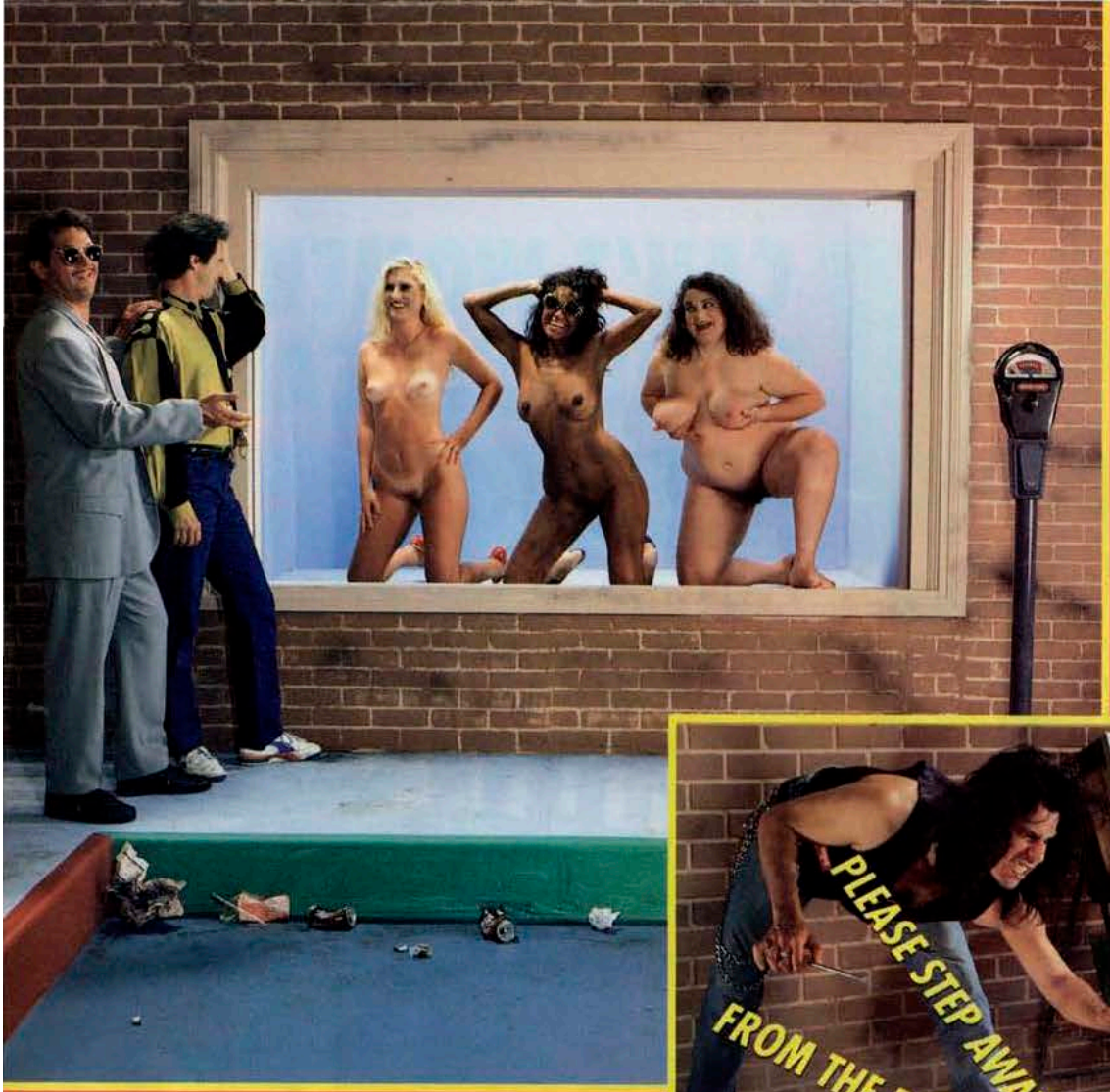
He told me there were magazines in the cabinet under the sink. He gave me a tube of lubricant and asked me not to use saliva because it would damage the sperm. With that he was out the door. I was alone. Me, a tube of lube and wall-to-wall vegetable matter. Turn-on city.

After examining the nature photos on the wall more carefully than I'd ever looked at any photos anywhere, I got up the nerve to get down to business. First, I made sure there was a lock on the door. I locked it. I slid open the magazine cabinet. On top of the mags was a brochure: *The Facts About Donating Semen.*

I sat on the chaise and opened it to the first page. "First-time donors may have initial difficulty achiev-

(continued on page 41)

Why CAN'T WOMEN BE MORE LIKE CARS?



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want your dick sliding between. Fuck those titties till you shoot your load.

1-800-999-5847

Adults over 21 only, $2 per minute

Double Fuckers

My girlfriend eats my pussy while you fuck me. Then cum in her mouth. Or fuck us both if you want

1-800-727-2662

Adults over 21 only, $2 per minute

CONFESSIONS

Women Reveal Their Intimate Secrets and *Fantasies!*

1-900-226-0006
Romantic Adventures $2/min.

1-900-726-1223
Women's Personal Secrets $2/min.

1-900-990-0006
Confession Playmates–
Connect with other callers $2/min.

1-900-990-0024
Ladies Romance $2/min.

1-900-726-1314
Feminine Love $2/min.

LIVE HOT-TALK!

1-800-677-FOXY (3699)
LIVE ACTION LINE!

VISA/MC BILLED AS SIERRA COMMUNICATIONS
$1.99/MIN.

ONE-ON-ONE *LIVE!*

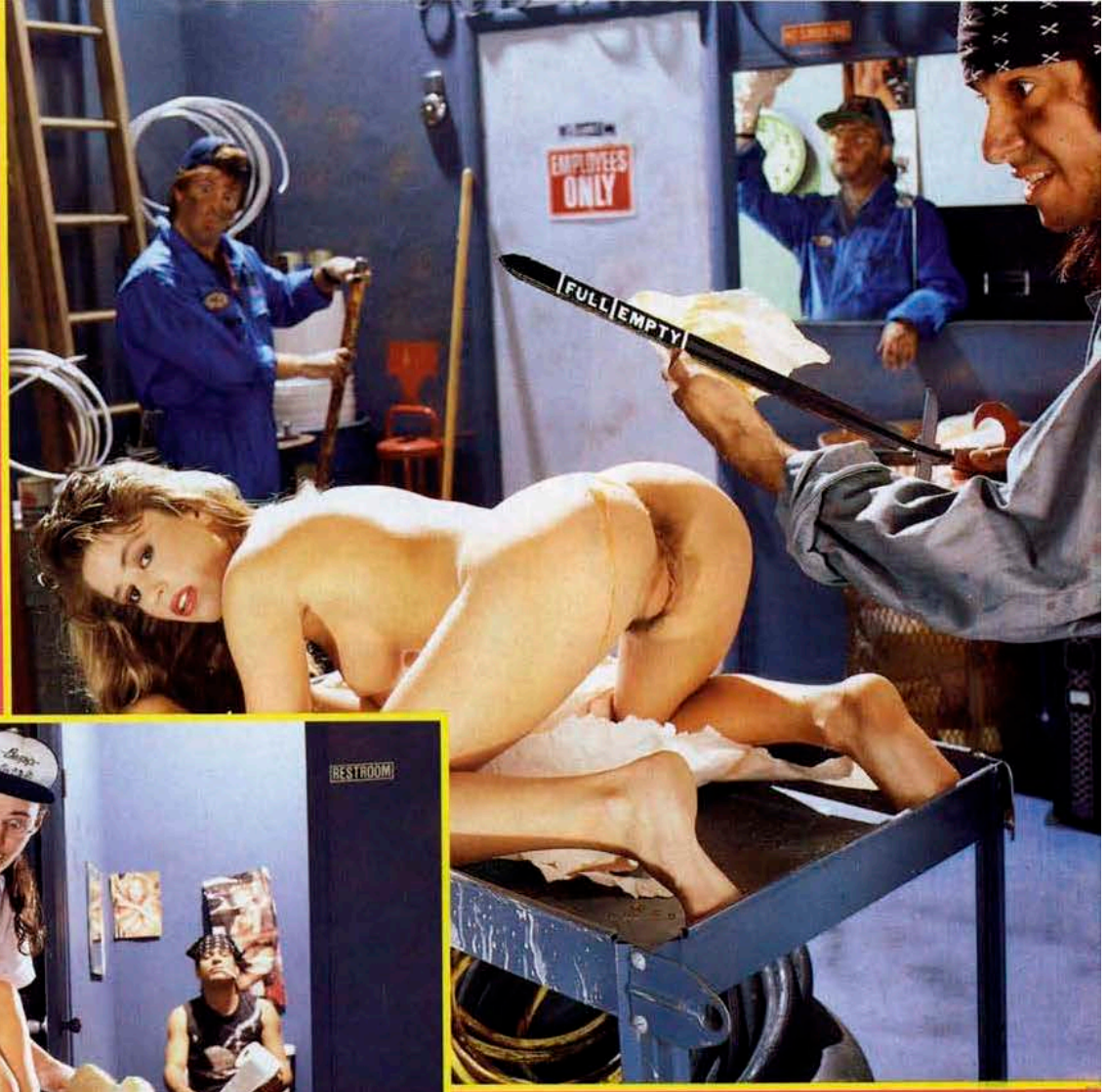
1-900-726-1161
TALK TO A NEW FRIEND!
PRIVATE ONE-ON-ONE!
$2.95/MIN.

Also,
1-900-726-MEET (6338)
Meet women in your local area who want to meet you!
$1/MIN. $2/FIRST MIN.

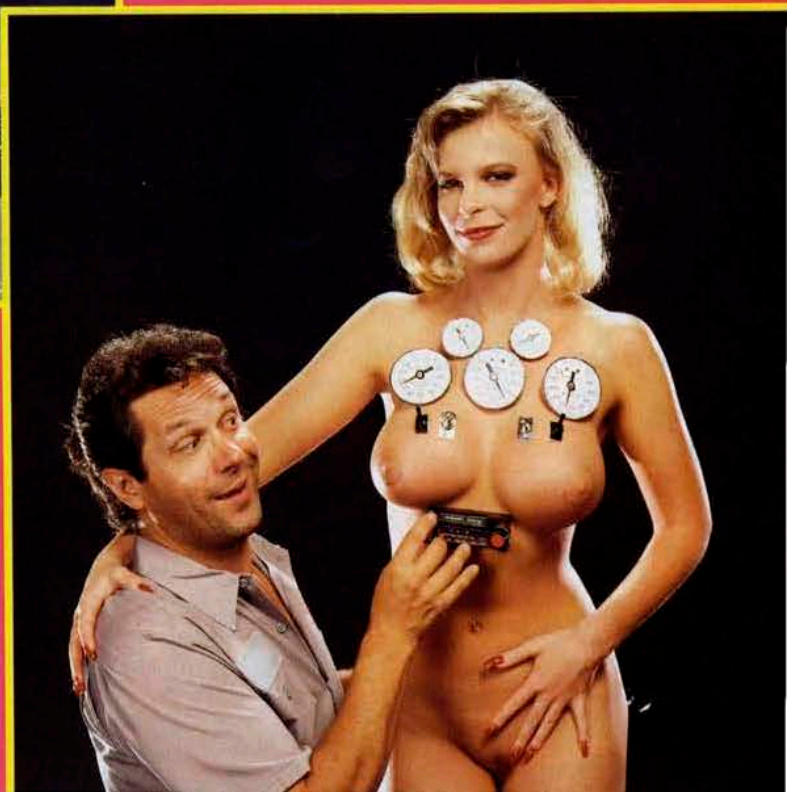
ADULTS ONLY

© INTERWEST

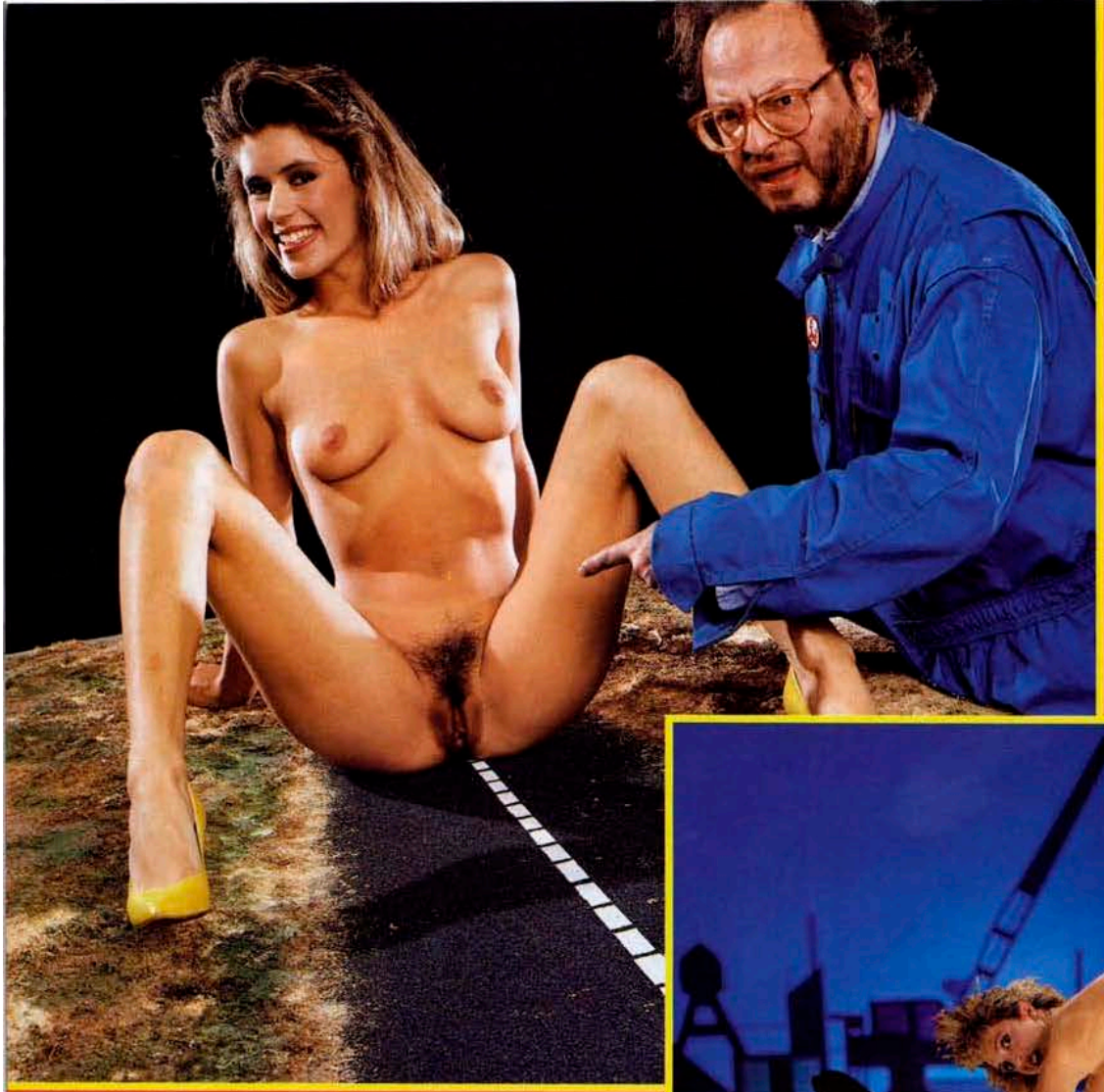
● A dipstick can be used to check oral, vaginal and anal penetration levels.



● Washing and waxing is not a chore, something to do even when it's not needed.

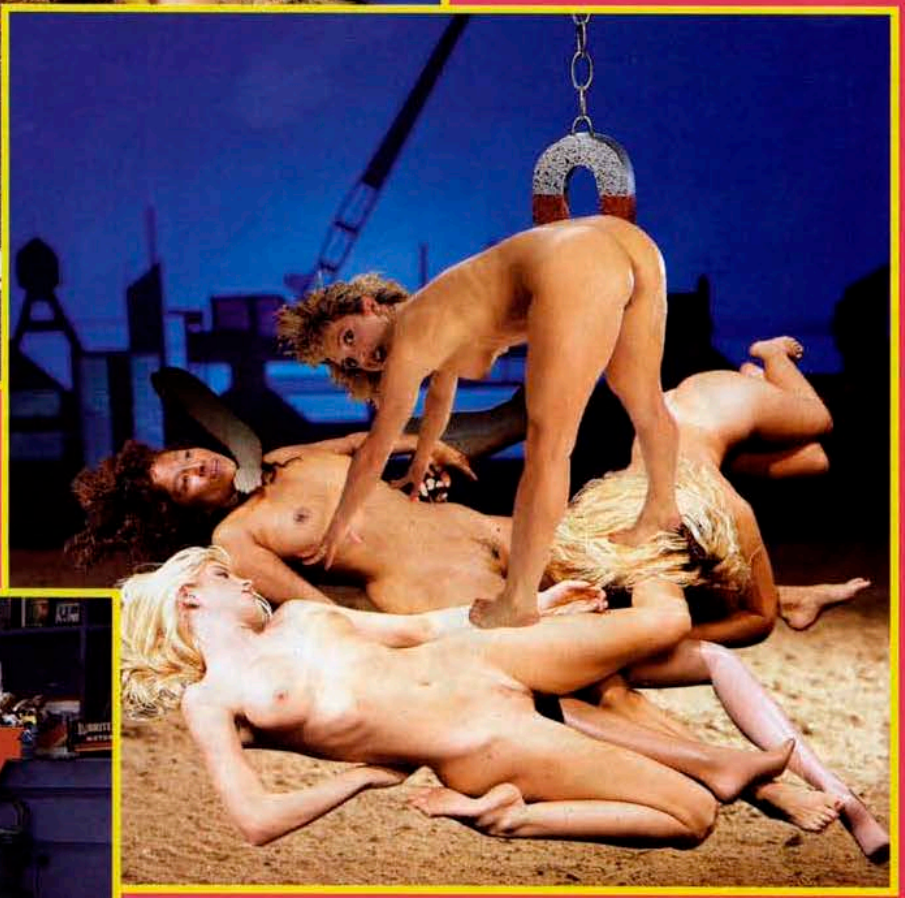


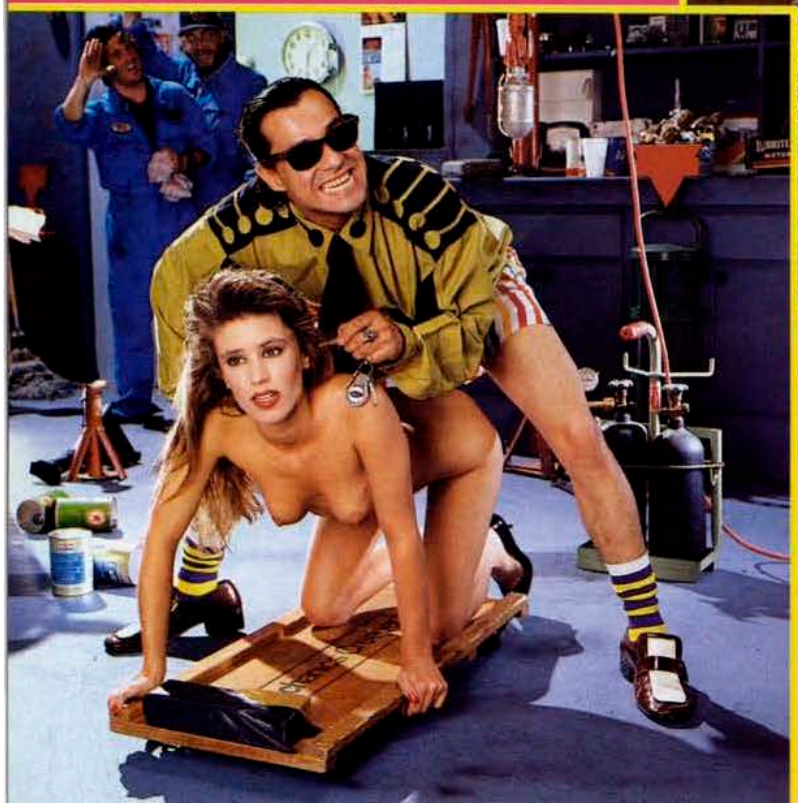
● Convenient instrument panels make reading the mileage a snap.



● Any destination is simple to find; just lift her legs behind her ears.

● Used models are affordable to even the most cost-conscious consumer.





● Driving these women won't get you home, but it'll get you off!

(continued from page 34)

ing erection. If so, erotic magazines may help."

Relieved that pornography played a crucial role in the service of medical science, I picked up a HUSTLER. Near the middle I found her—the receptionist's twin sister. Blond. Big tits. Big lips. Legs for days. Up it came. I hurriedly removed my pants and washed up. I grabbed the lube and settled down on the bed with HUSTLER Claire.

Four or five good strokes later, I realized I'd forgotten the cup. I walked across the room to get it, my engorged dick swinging like a construction crane gone berserk. Greasy lube dripped onto my pants. *Damn.* What could be more fun than to walk out with embarrassing stains? I lay back on the couch, ready to feel better.

Instantly, my right hand was transformed into Claire's red lips. She sucked and tugged on my cock. Thrust me deep in her throat. She rolled over and spread her creamy ass. Reached out and stroked my balls. *Oh, shit—the cup.*

Fumbling to catch my squirting seed didn't do a lot for the quality of my cum. I caught it all—what there was of it, at least. I'd hoped to impress with my copious volume, but here was less than half my normal load. I wasn't sure I wanted to impress anybody anymore. I wasn't sure I'd even call to see how I'd done. There wasn't the afterglow of a good fuck, or even the satisfaction of a good jack-off. This was clean-up-and-get-the-hell-out time.

I wasn't so embarrassed when I spent the $50 that night. I wasn't embarrassed at all when I was broke and hungry again. If I hadn't called the next day, I'd have never met Bertha.

The clinic paid me $50 each load on the average. Sometimes I got as much as $60, but that's when I put off the donation a day or two longer than my usual once-weekly visit. Doctor Covert limited donors to once a week. He wanted us to leave some for the girls. He winked as he said it.

After I'd been a regular for about six weeks, Cindy left me in the fern room with instructions to wait for a talk from Dr. Covert before I made my deposit. The good doctor arrived with a red-haired woman he introduced as Alice. Alice was Bertha's mistress. I was such a prized donor, said Dr. Covert, that the clinic would like to help me increase my semen volume and—another wink—have some fun along the way.

That's when they first mentioned Bertha. Actually, they called it an electro-ejaculator. It didn't sound like much fun right away. There was talk of probes. Sizes and shapes.

I don't remember much about the technical details. My memories before Bertha are vague. Since Bertha came into my life, I'm always a little dizzy. The sticky residue of a mind-bending orgasm clogs my brain. With Bertha, I reach previously unexplored orgasmic dimensions. We boldly go where no cock has gone before. People who say "I really came hard" don't know shit—unless they've tried Bertha.

I was squeamish the first time. Between having the probe stuck up my butt and Alice sitting at my side waiting to catch my squirts, I had doubts about the success of the adventure. But once the electro-ejaculator was turned on, I didn't have a whole lot to say about what my dick did. With increasing waves of pleasure, my cock swelled like a carnival balloon. Every nerve in my crotch did cartwheels with pleasure. My balls jumped off the table and quickly expelled every drop of cum I had, down to the last single seed. The procedure was over in less than two minutes. I was as limp as if there were no bones left in my body. Pure jelly. Speechless. In love with my machine.

Alice puttered around, capping the donation cup and getting it into the protective water bath. I didn't want it to be over. She handed me a warm washcloth and gently extracted the probe from my rectum. I was too spent to talk. She pulled a comforter up over my torso and sat down beside me. Taking my hand for a quick pulse check, she said, "Quite an experience, isn't it?" I nodded weakly, wondering if she'd let me spend the night with Bertha.

"Good as it was, you'll be surprised how much better it gets as we work together to find the right probe for you and the correct pulse combinations," she added. I grunted. *Could I at least have a few moments alone with Bertha, to say goodbye?*

"We have 12 different sizes of probes in varying lengths and thicknesses. The one we used today is the smallest. You'll probably want to work your way up gradually until you feel uncomfortable with either the length or thickness, then we'll drop down a step, and that will be your probe. I can make the probe vibrate, and I can change the frequency and duration of the electrical pulses. We'll find out what you like best. Of course, this means you'll need to be open with me about it. I can't read your mind, but I can make some pretty good guesses."

Was it Bertha talking? I cast a loving eye on the glistening metal machine. When Alice later found the size and shape of probe I liked best, we jokingly called it Bertha, because it was the largest they had.

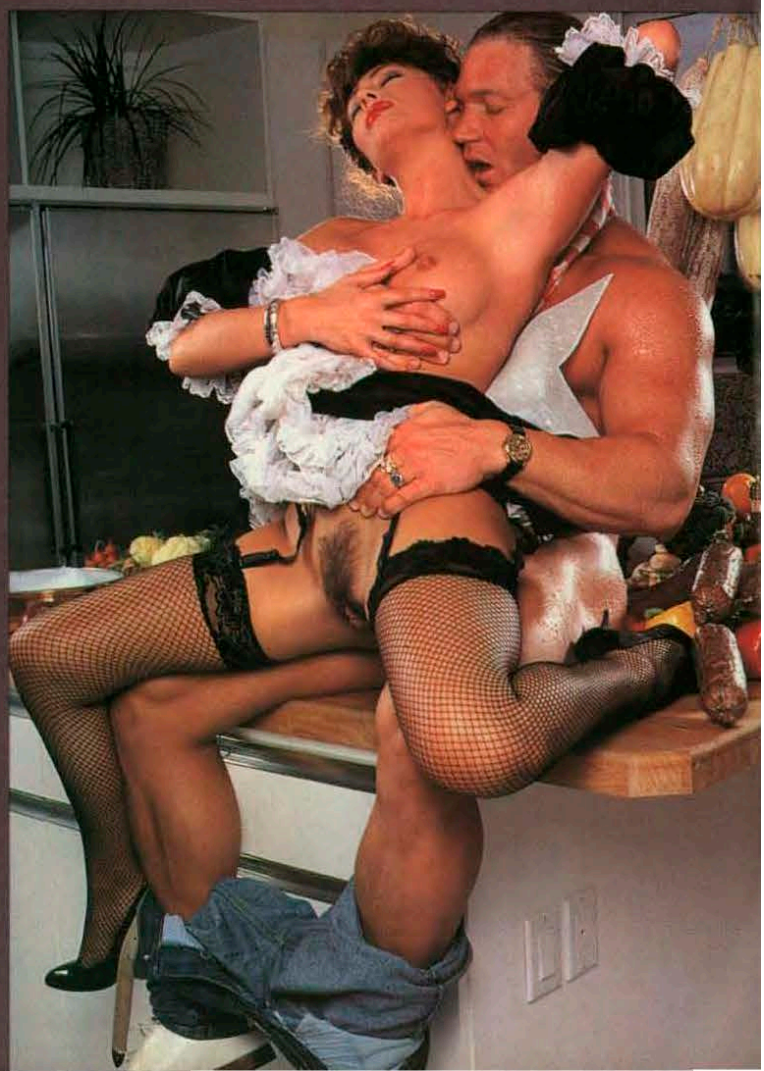
She strings me out now. Keeps me quivering on the verge of coming for ten or 20 minutes before she pushes me over the edge. I reward her with gushers of goo that make my teenage squirts look pathetic. These days Alice keeps an extra cup at hand to catch the overflow. I'm totally at her mercy. The clinic is the only home I ever want to have. I couldn't stop from coming if I wanted to—and believe me, I don't.

"I can't get it up!"

TRICIA AND
STAVROS
STIR
CRAZY

Give any Greek chef a French maid, and he won't be stuffing olives.

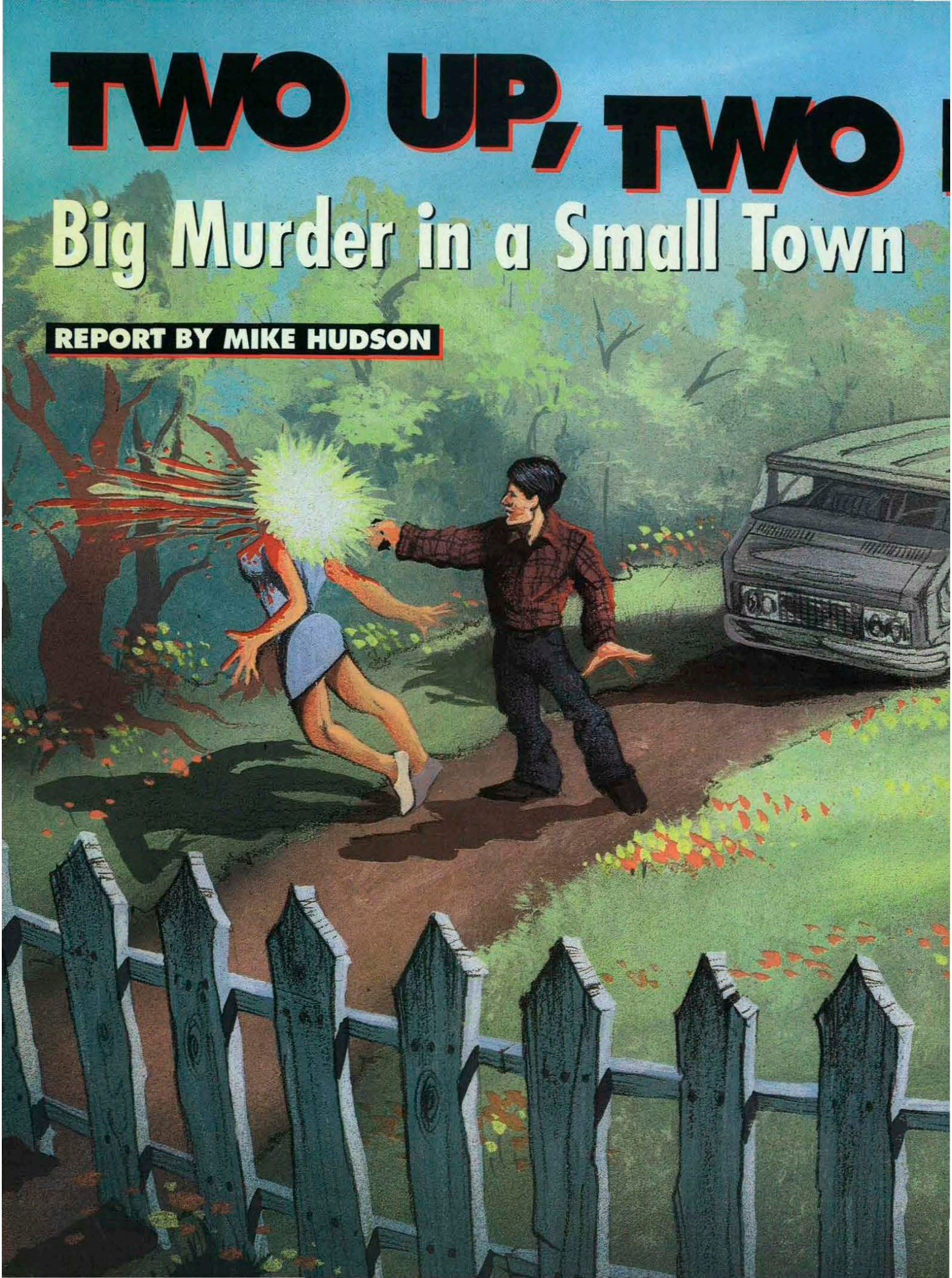
Photography by Clive McLean



TWO UP, TWO

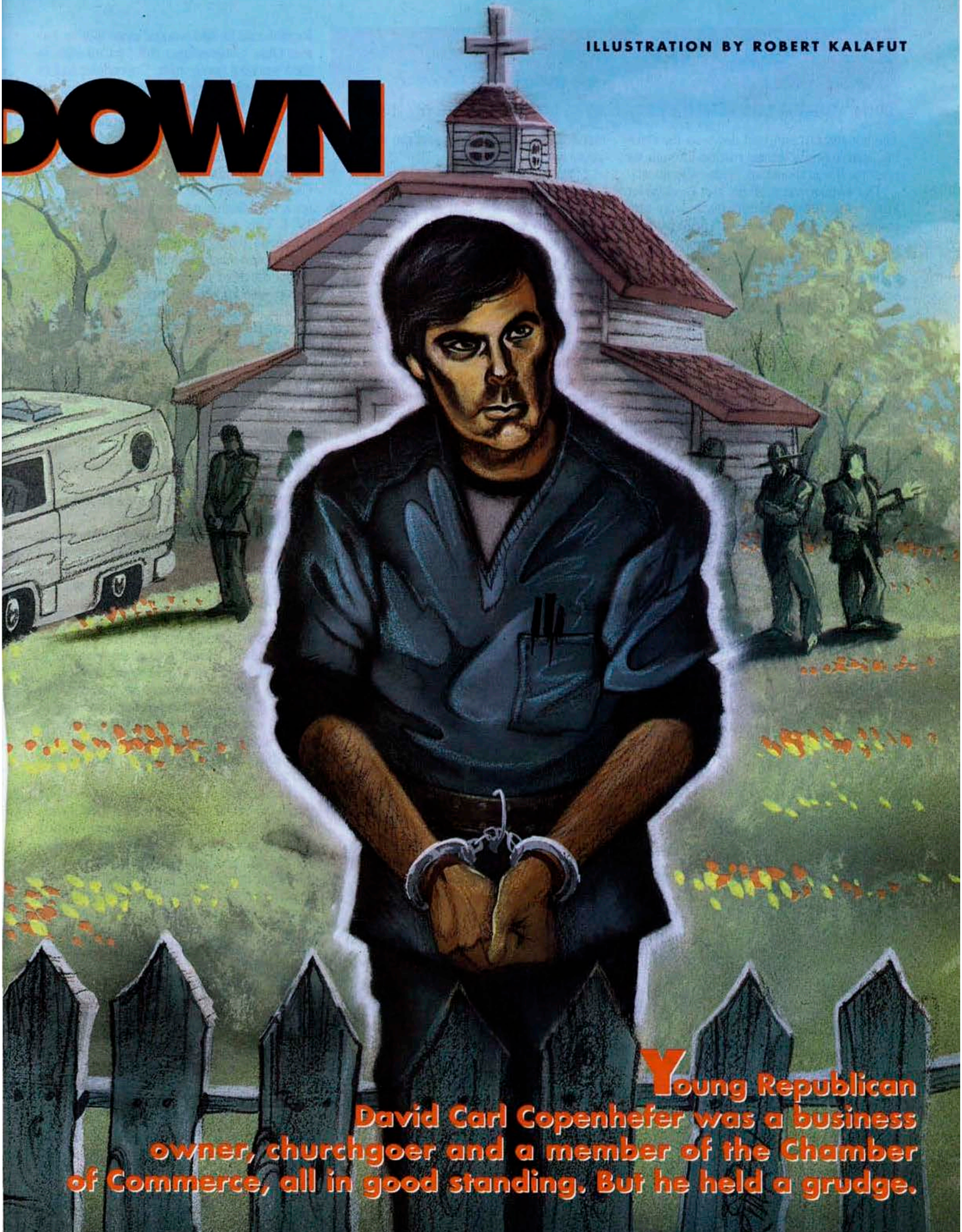
Big Murder in a Small Town

REPORT BY MIKE HUDSON



DOWN

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT KALAFUT



Young Republican David Carl Copenhefer was a business owner, churchgoer and a member of the Chamber of Commerce, all in good standing. But he held a grudge.

BIG MURDER

"I've been kidnapped," Sally said. "They're holding a gun at my head, and if you don't do what they say, they're going to cut off my hands."

The hot summer sun beat down on the clearing, and a gentle breeze rustled through the treetops. It was about two, Friday afternoon.

The woman was sobbing. Her executioner, after removing her handcuffs and the tape covering her eyes, handed her a Kleenex from the box on the dash of the mini-van.

She thanked him, choking back the tears. Sally Elaine Weiner, attractive wife of a bank branch manager in rural Corry, Pennsylvania, was about to die.

She sat in the open side door of the van, her feet dangling to the ground. Some oil from underneath the vehicle stuck to the backs of her legs, between the knees and the ankles. She cried and cried.

But he couldn't hear her anymore. He knew what he was going to do, and he went through the motions as he had done in his mind so many times before. He stood her up and moved her out in front of him, reaching back onto the front seat for the Colt Python.

He directed her toward where the clearing ended and the woods began. In the shade of the big oak trees he raised the weapon to the back of her head and fired. Her feet went out from under her, and she fell on her back. The blood went out of her face, and she stared vacantly toward the heavens.

"Two up, two down," he said to himself.

* * *

Nothing like this had ever happened in Corry, a tiny town nestled in the deer and bear country of the Allegheny foothills.

As the churches filled up Sunday morning, people talked of little else, particularly at the First Presbyterian Church. Sally Weiner and her husband, Harry, were members.

Sally had been missing since Friday, and people were saying all kinds of things.

David Carl Copenhefer, a well-to-do bookstore owner flanked in the pew by his wife, Patricia, and their 11-year-old son, had known the Weiners as well as anyone in town. The Copenhefers and the Weiners had been members of the same prayer chain and marriage-encounter groups at the church. The families had been introduced by the Reverend John Robison, pastor at the First Presbyterian.

Robison had known David Copenhefer years ago in Ohio, and had encouraged him to move to Corry.

Robison knew of Copenhefer's all-American background. As a member of the Young Republicans he had worked as an aide to former Ohio Congressman Bill McCullough. A hard-working family man, Copenhefer had fit right into the Corry community, opening his bookstore, joining the Chamber of Commerce and buying a big house in the exclusive Hillcrest subdivision.

Robison also knew of something not so all American in his friend's background. David Carl Copenhefer had been tried and acquitted on a first-degree murder charge in Ohio in 1971. This was a fact not mentioned by the reverend when introducing his friend to bankers and other community leaders.

Up north of town, along an overgrown gravel lane known as Stuart Road, a farmer named Richard Stutzman was making his rounds. He'd planted some acorns in a clearing near an old gas well. He decided to go see how they were doing. When he arrived at the site, he pulled off the roadway and walked back into the woods.

"My first inclination was that somebody had dumped some garbage in there," he told police later. "I started walking toward it, and I noticed hands, sticking straight up in the air. I saw a wristwatch and a ring."

By the time church let out, the clearing was crawling with cops.

On a normal Sunday morning, state police Corporal Chuck Amond would have been with his family at the First Presbyterian. As it was, he hadn't slept since Friday, the day Sally Weiner was kidnapped.

Amond and his wife had also been part of church groups that included both the Copenhefers and the Weiners. When he heard Sally was dead, he was sick to his stomach.

Sally had last been seen by her children Friday afternoon. She'd left for a meeting to arrange a celebration on her banker husband being named Corry's Man of the Year. At least that's what the voice on the telephone had told her.

A couple of hours later, Harry Weiner got a telephone call at the bank from a man identifying himself as Bill Johnson. Weiner listened in horror as a tape of his wife's voice played.

"Harry...I've been kidnapped," she said in a halting monotone. "They're holding a machine gun at my head as I'm reading this, and if you don't do what they say, they're going to cut off my hands."

"I can't believe this is happening," Weiner said aloud.

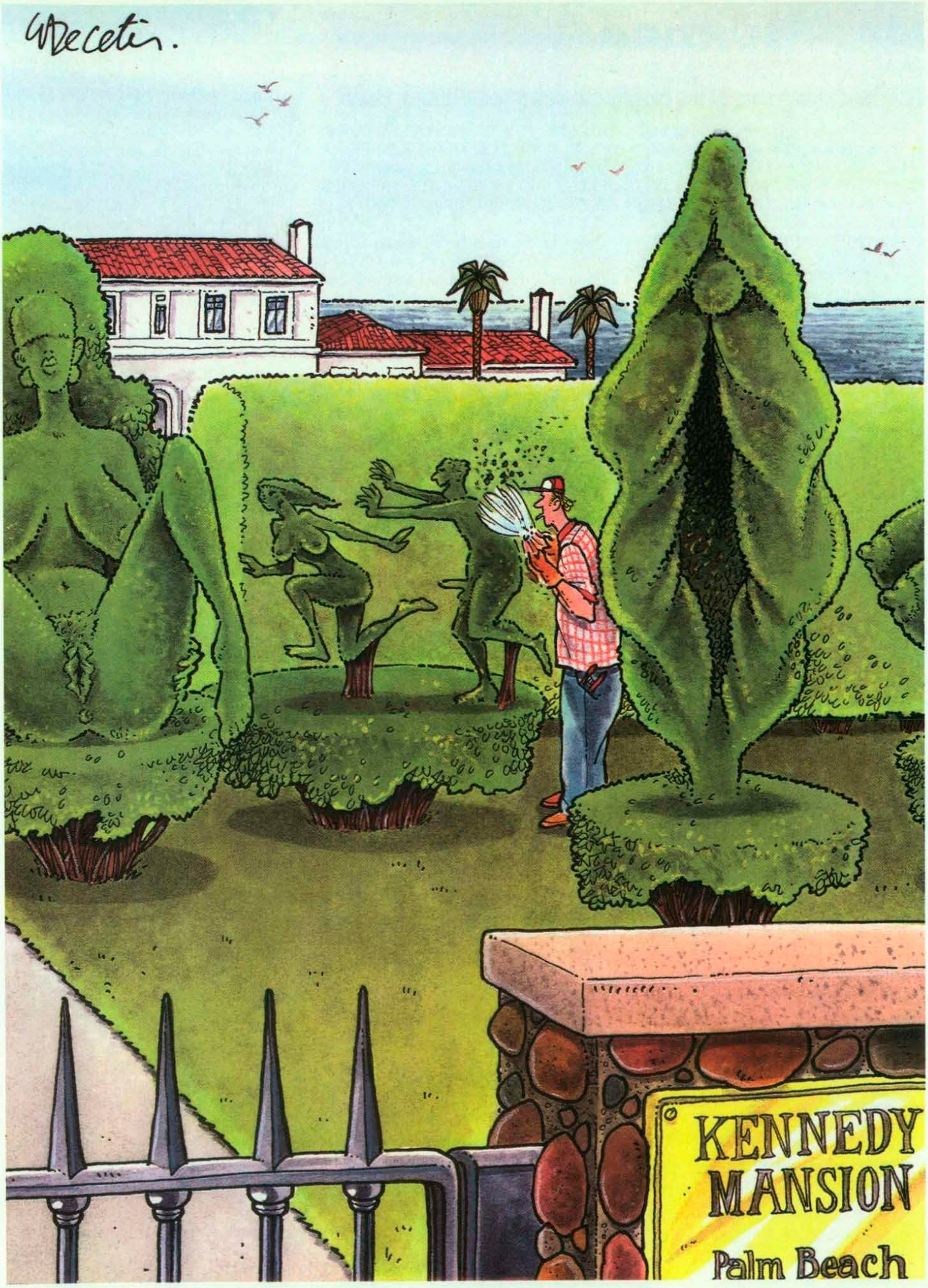
Sally read the instructions, telling her husband to go out to the parking lot and retrieve a blue gym bag from under one of the cars. "Please hurry," she pleaded as the tape ended.

It was the last time he would hear her voice. She was already dead.

Bank security called the state and city police and the FBI. Cops swooped onto the scene in plainclothes and unmarked cars. Weiner was given the go-ahead to pick up the blue bag.

Inside was some kind of electronic device in

"I ain't Eve! I be Ruby, and it's gonna cost you!"


KENNEDY
MANSION
Palm Beach

BIG MURDER

Wood collected maggots that had taken up residence in the woman's ear. The development of the blowfly can determine a time of death.

a brown-plastic box, a brown-plastic garbage bag and a computer-generated ransom note:

"FOLLOW OUR INSTRUCTIONS EXACTLY— OR YOUR FAMILY WILL DIE! IF YOU DO NOT FOLLOW OUR ORDERS WE WILL KILL HER. SHE WILL DIE A SLOW, PAINFUL AND HORRIBLE DEATH. WE WILL TAKE DAYS TO TORTURE HER. AND WE WILL FINISH BY CUTTING HER INTO MANY PIECES AND YOU'LL NEVER FIND ENOUGH TO BURY."

Weiner was to fill the gym bag with fifties and hundreds, and the garbage bag with tens and twenties, then load the bags in the trunk of his car. The total was to be at least $90,000, the note said. He was then to go to the Radio Shack store near the bank and pick up two walkie-talkies waiting there in his name.

"SET ONE RADIO TO CHANNEL 31 AND TAPE DOWN THE SEND BUTTON. THIS WAY, WE CAN HEAR EVERYTHING YOU SAY IN YOUR CAR."

The other radio was to be turned to Channel 6, and Weiner was to follow a set of directions, driving to a remote railroad overpass to await instructions from the kidnappers.

"WE WILL BE WATCHING YOU ALL THE TIME. IF YOU ARE FOLLOWED OR IF YOU DON'T FOLLOW OUR INSTRUCTIONS, YOUR WIFE WILL START SUFFERING AND DYING. CALL THE COPS OR TRY TO SCREW WITH US, AND ALL WILL DIE!"

He picked up the radios and began driving the prescribed route, stopping just once, behind an auto-parts store, to pick up two heavily armed lawmen who laid on the floor of the car and accompanied him to the overpass.

The kidnapper never contacted them.

* * *

On Saturday, police search teams began turning up drop notes. The first was found near the overpass where Weiner had awaited the kidnapper's instructions the day before.

"YOU HAVE HEARD FROM YOUR WIFE. DO NOT THINK WE ARE KIDDING," it began. "WE HAVE DONE THIS NINE TIMES IN THE LAST THREE YEARS. SEVEN OF THE FAMILIES ARE ALIVE. TWO OF THE MANAGERS CALLED THE COPS, AND THEIR FAMILIES ARE DEAD."

The note directed Weiner to a more remote location, where another note was found by police. That note contained instructions to a third location.

Had they been followed, the fourth note would have led Weiner on foot, carrying the bags of money, down a cow path on a farm in one of the most rural sections of northwestern Pennsylvania. It was there, Corporal Chuck Amond reasoned, that Weiner would have been killed.

Two up, two down.

By the time the FBI got around to calling Harry Weiner, his wife's corpse was being gone over by a team of forensic experts flown in from Washington, D.C., and the state capitol in Harrisburg. Longtime Erie County Coroner Merle Wood had never seen anything like it.

The bullet, fired point-blank, had blown a one-inch hole in the back of the skull. Still, Sally Weiner had not died instantly. Certain centers in the base of the brain control the circulatory and respiratory functions. Once these are destroyed, life ceases. But the bullet fired into the back of Sally Weiner's head missed these centers, exploding into fragments that fanned out from the point of entry.

Because the victim had not died instantly, establishing a time of death would be difficult. Using a metal spatula, Wood collected some maggots that had taken up residence deep inside the dead woman's ear. The development of the common blowfly—from egg to maggot to fly—takes place according to a strict timetable that can help determine a time of death.

The brain was removed and strained through an instrument that resembled a kitchen strainer, turning up a large part of the bullet's metal jacket and three small pieces of blue plastic.

Other than the fact that Sally Weiner had been neither beaten nor sexually molested, the only item of interest noted by Wood were marks, looking like tar or oil, on the backs of her legs, between the knees and the ankles.

Back at the state police barracks, things broke fast. A routine FBI background check on David Carl Copenhefer—who had recently been turned down for a business loan by Harry Weiner—revealed a previous prosecution for first-degree murder in Ohio.

Chuck Amond couldn't believe it. He lived just four doors down from the son of a bitch!

The Ohio case was eerily similar to the Weiner investigation. Copenhefer had been arrested for the slaying of a business associate, in what the prosecution said was an attempt to collect more than $450,000 in life insurance.

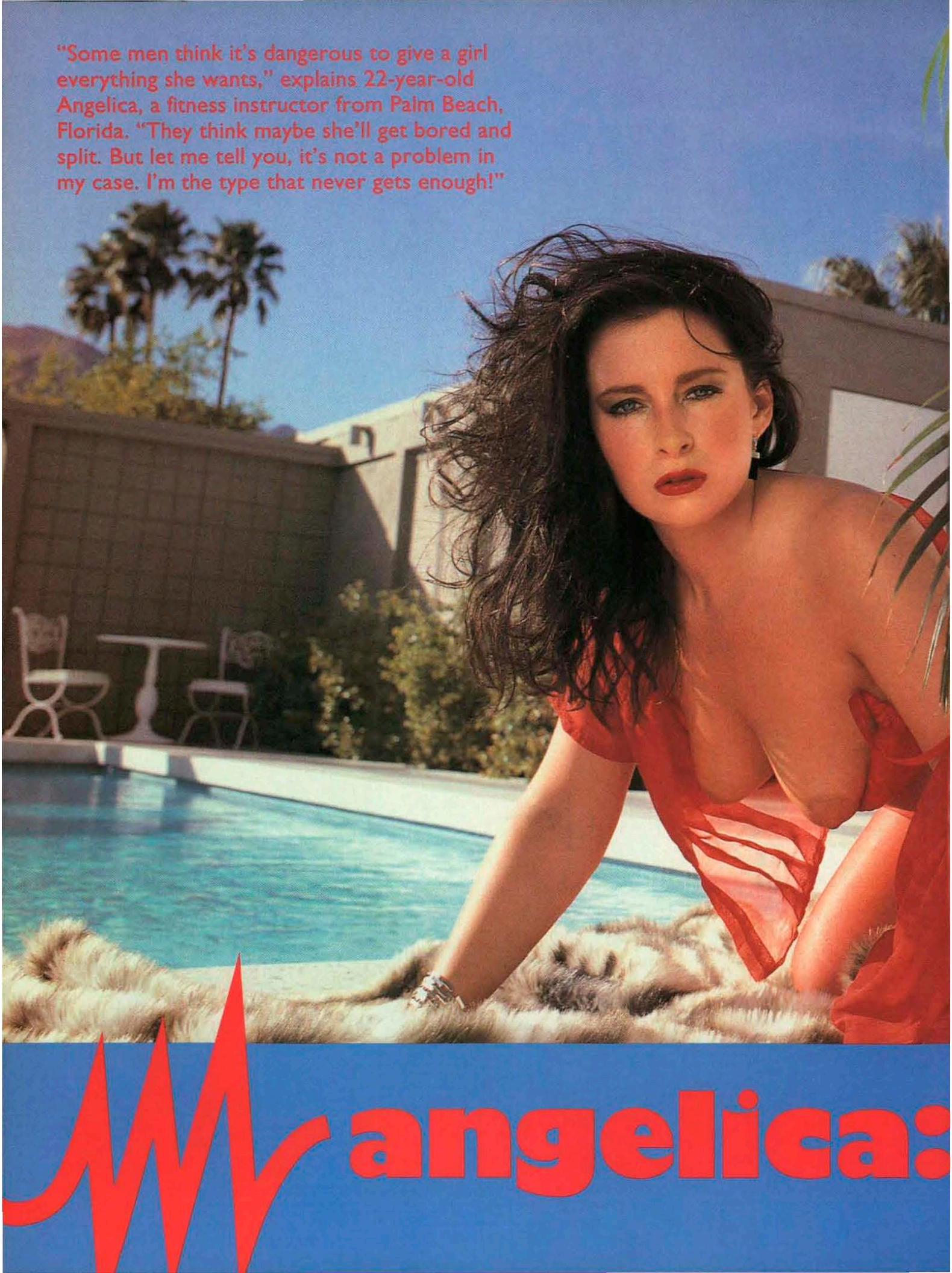
The victim was found along a wooded road in a remote part of southwestern Ohio, shot nine times in the back of the head with a .38 caliber weapon and run over by an automobile.

Copenhefer was acquitted after police lost evidence before the trial, failed to read him his Miranda rights and botched a tape recording of a post-arrest interview.

(continued on page 62)

"And do you, Marie, promise to suck Fred's cock till it comes out of your ass?"

"It was bound to happen...a cardboard box of ill repute!"



"Some men think it's dangerous to give a girl everything she wants," explains 22-year-old Angelica, a fitness instructor from Palm Beach, Florida. "They think maybe she'll get bored and split. But let me tell you, it's not a problem in my case. I'm the type that never gets enough!"

Angelica:

Photography by Matti Klatt

lap of luxury

BIG MURDER *(continued from page 54)*

"If you get a death penalty on him," Bradley said, "and I'm still alive, give me a call if you need somebody to pull the switch."

The FBI contacted the chief investigator in the case, former sheriff Russell Bradley. Bradley, long since retired, remembered Copenhefer as the "big one that got away."

In more than 30 years as a lawman, the 1971 Copenhefer case had been the only murder that remained unsolved when Bradley retired, and it bothered him.

"If you get a death penalty on him," Bradley said, "and I'm still alive, give me a call if you need somebody to pull the switch."

Chuck Amond was ordered to go home and keep an eye on his neighbor. The FBI felt certain that Copenhefer was their man.

As Amond drove down the street, he saw Copenhefer in his front yard, scrubbing what looked to be road tar from the sides of his Dodge mini-van. Amond thought of the fresh tar along Stuart Road near where the body was found.

Later that day, Amond saw the suspect coming up his driveway. "He came up and was standing on the patio, tucking in his shirt and adjusting the dark glasses he was wearing," Amond recalls. "I put on my revolver and went down to see him."

Copenhefer fished for information, talking about rumors he'd heard concerning the case. Amond listened, but said little.

Then Copenhefer offered some information of his own.

"He said he had some information that Sally Weiner had used drugs," Amond recounts. "He had heard this from Reverend Robison, he said."

Amond's family was in the house, and a suspected killer was on his doorstep. He just wanted to get Copenhefer the hell away from there in a hurry.

"I'll tell you what, Dave," he said. "If you wanted to go up to the barracks, I could call up there and let them know you're coming." But Copenhefer didn't want to go to the barracks. All those police made him nervous, he said.

"Come back in an hour," Amond said. "I'll have them come down here."

When Copenhefer left, Amond called his partner, Trooper Carl Buckshaw, and told him to come over. He put his wife and kids and dog in the car and sent them to stay at the home of another trooper.

Copenhefer came back. He brought his wife and son. He told Amond and Buckshaw that John Robison had told him Sally Weiner had used cocaine at one time. Now that she had been murdered, you never knew how drugs might have figured.

Amond, Buckshaw and Copenhefer then got into Buckshaw's unmarked cruiser and drove to Robison's home.

"I commented he'd been washing his van all day but he still hadn't got all the oil off," Amond says. "He said he got it visiting some friends in the country."

Things were going to shit fast for David Carl Copenhefer. As he rode in the back of Buckshaw's police cruiser, an FBI agent put another nail in his coffin across town.

Garbage pickup at Copenhefer's bookstore was on Monday morning. That Sunday night, Special Agent Kim Kelly found three bags in the alley behind the store. You don't need a warrant to search garbage, once it's been put out.

Kelly took the bags back to the state police barracks and went through them. Three torn-up slips of paper—entry forms for a Chamber of Commerce promotion—caught his eye.

There was writing on the backs of the forms. Kelly put the shreds together like a jigsaw puzzle. On one was a crude sketch, a map showing the locations of some of the drop notes. The other two were handwritten lists of things to get and do.

"In van," one of the notations read. "Rope, cuffs, covers (head and body)."

There were references to "radios," "poles and flags," "blank tape," and "Nova," the brand name of a popular electronic stun gun.

After meeting with Robison, Amond and Buckshaw dropped Copenhefer off at his house and went back to the barracks. With the notes Kelly found, they had enough evidence to arrest Copenhefer. At two the next morning, backed by a platoon of heavily armed lawmen, Amond and Buckshaw returned to the Copenhefer house.

Amond knocked on the front door, and Copenhefer answered, wearing shorts and a T-shirt. After he let them in, Copenhefer tried to close the door.

"You better leave it open, Dave," Amond said. Copenhefer looked outside.

Amond noticed a Colt .45 automatic, cocked, in a holster on a stairway near the front door.

"I'm going to take that," he said.

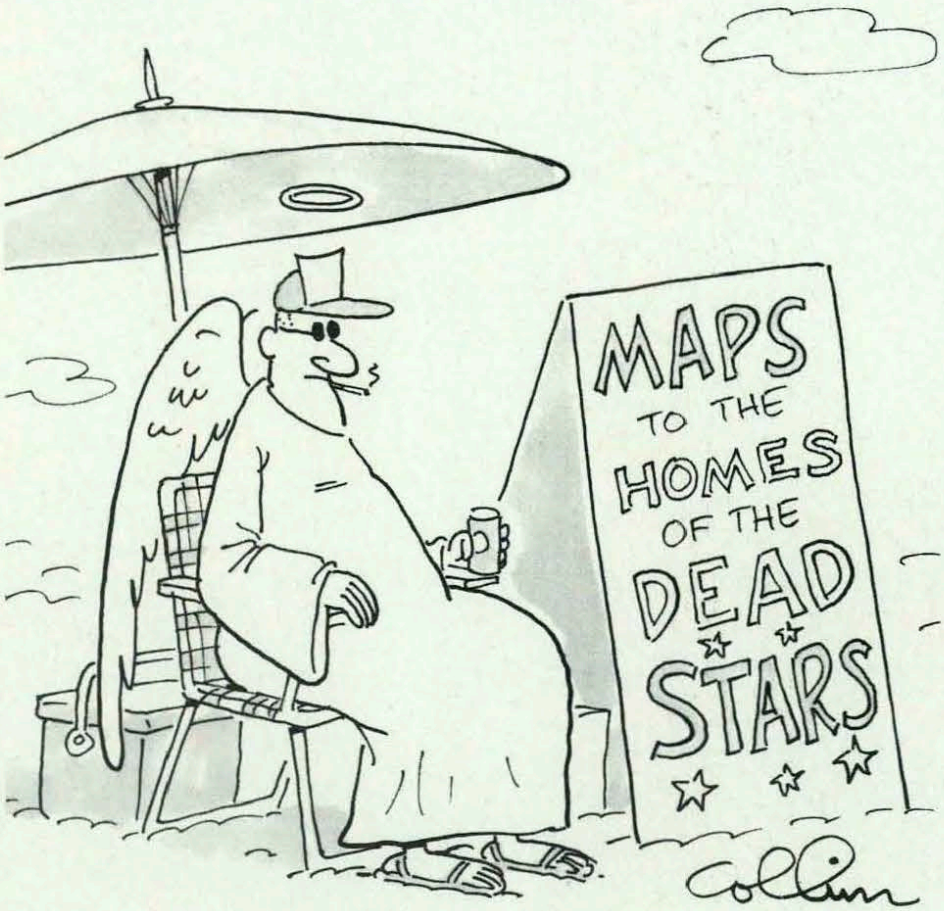
Copenhefer put his hands up and leaned up against the wall. "I've got another one in here, Chuck," he said.

Underneath his T-shirt, in the waistband of his shorts, was a .380 Walther PPK. Buckshaw lifted the weapon.

"Why all the guns, Dave?" he asked.

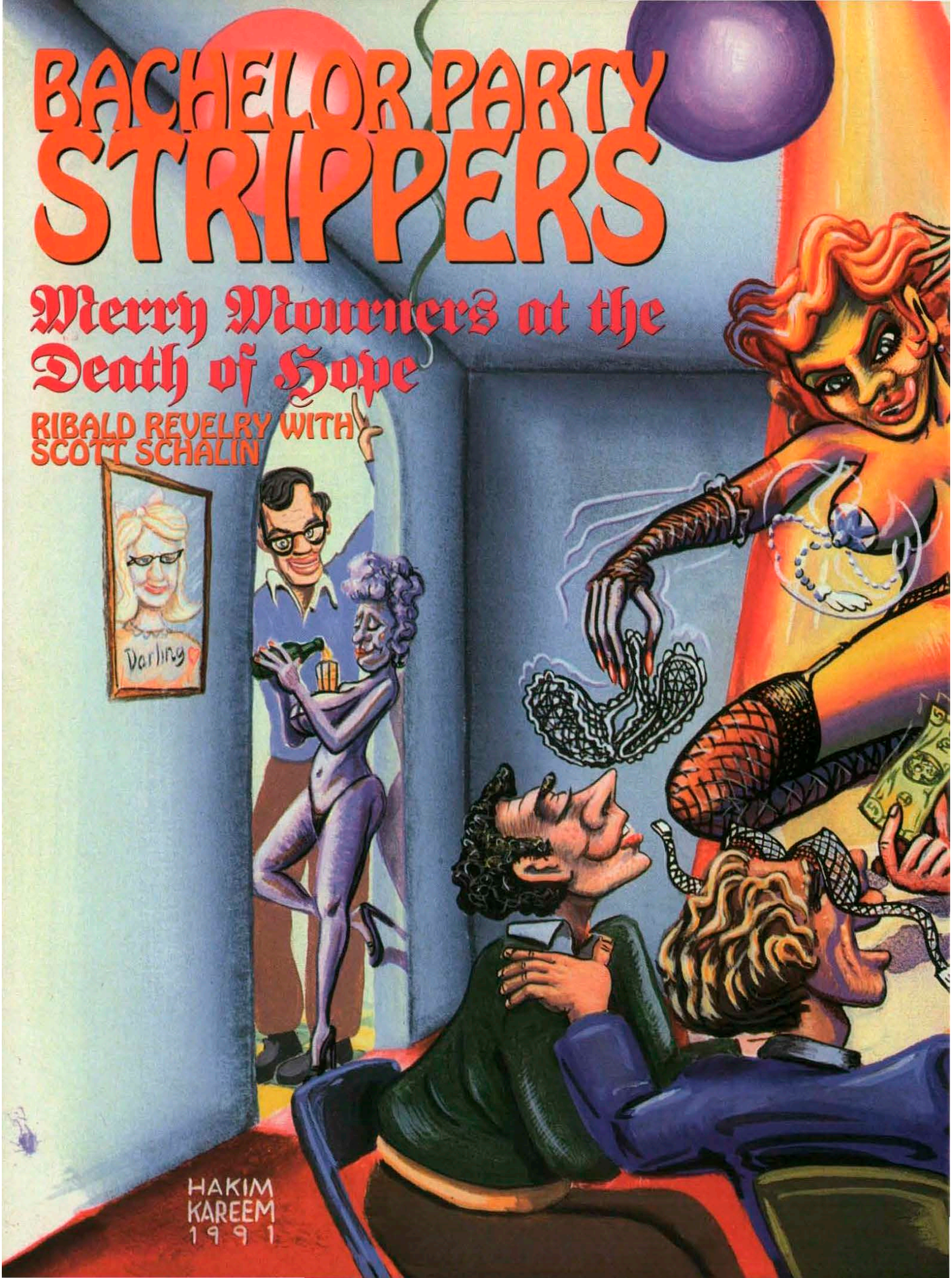
"You never know who's going to come knocking at your door," Copenhefer smiled.

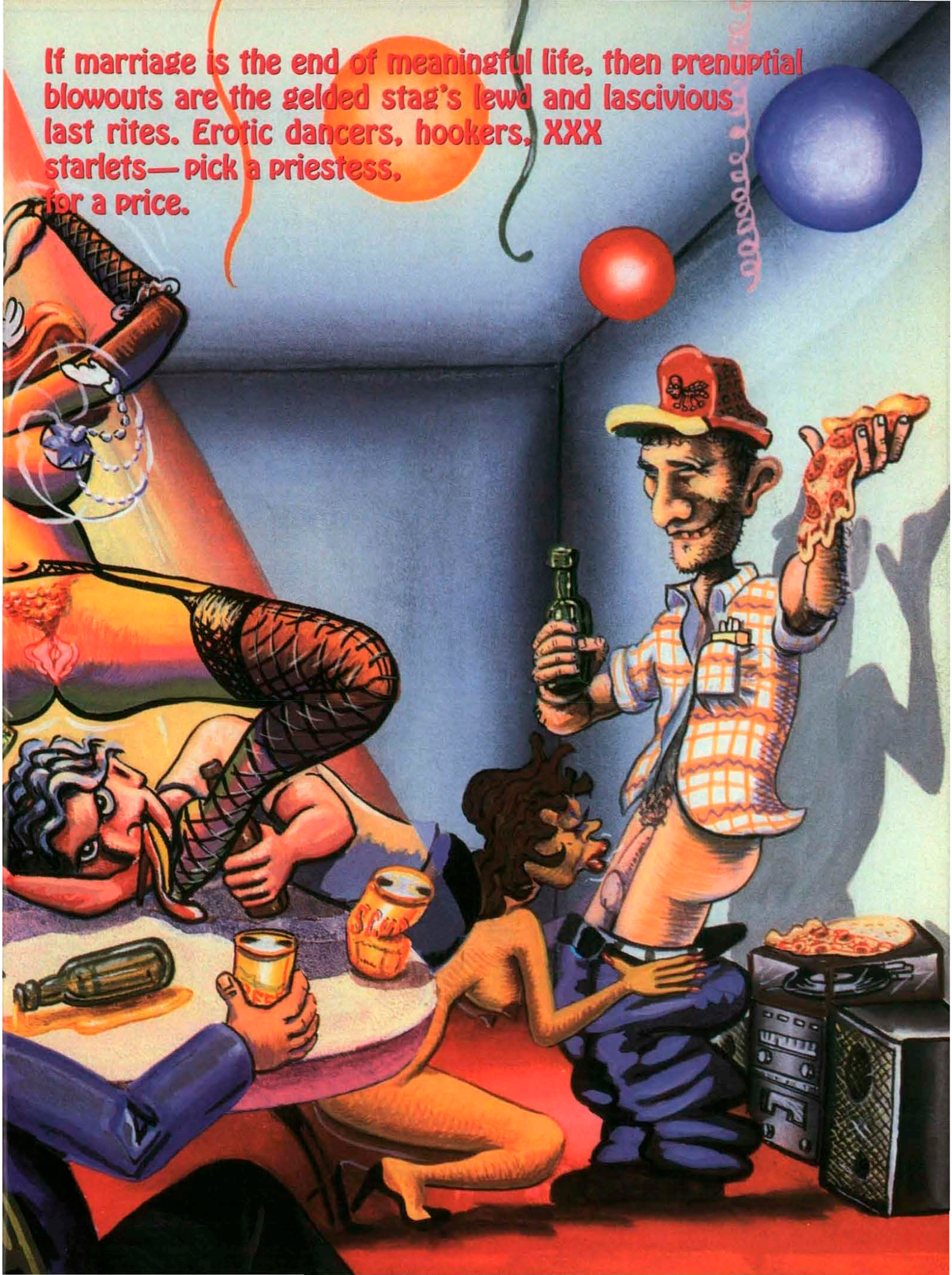
Amond called in the search team as he unloaded the pistols. The bullet in the chamber of each gun had a blue-plastic tip on it.



(continued on page 80)

RITA'S
HOMBRES
CHICOS
MEXICAN
RESTAURANT
BATHROOM
FEE
$5.00


BACHELOR PARTY STRIPPERS
Merry Mourners at the Death of Hope
RIBALD REVELRY WITH SCOTT SCHALIN
Darling
HAKIM KAREEM 1991


If marriage is the end of meaningful life, then prenuptial blowouts are the gelded stag's lewd and lascivious last rites. Erotic dancers, hookers, XXX starlets—pick a priestess, for a price.

BATCH PARTIES

The woman gets nude and poises her ass about a foot from the bachelor's face, giving him a sniff that'll have Scruffy wagging his tail in envy.

A tanned and toned blonde lies unabashedly naked on the living-room floor, her almond skin in contrast against puke-brown shag carpeting. A roomful of salivating men wave most of their weekly earnings as the tease provides a bird's-eye view of that which dreams are made.

She rises and, with tits that defy gravity, struts over to the man of the hour. The soon-to-be ex-bachelor sits in his favorite recliner, being anything but a lazy boy. She sops up his facial perspiration with her breasts. He reaches around and spreads her ass cheeks wide, giving the crowd a quick, browneyed wink. Pulling away with a coy smile, the lady toasts the man's upcoming castration with a wet kiss before dressing and disappearing into the night.

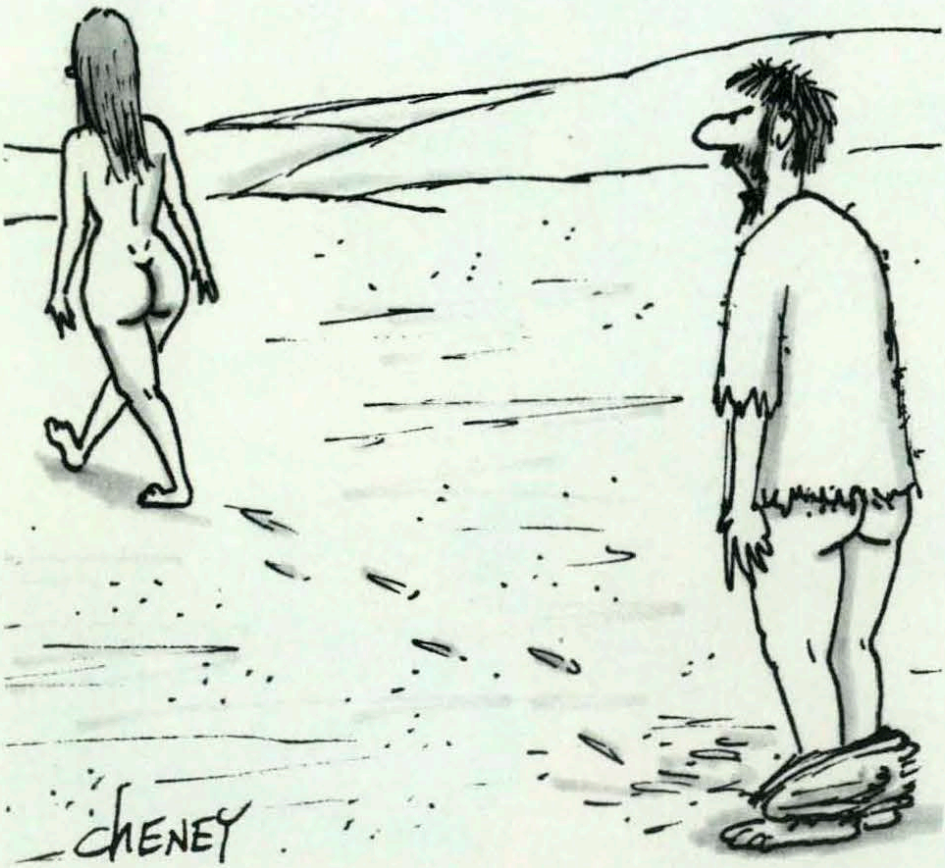
The bachelor party represents the single man's final gasp for air, the last-chance filling station on the way to the desert of matrimony. While some guys prefer a low-key evening of the old drink and purge, in-home parties have emerged as a more climactic manner of ending the fruitful years.

Traditionally, the bachelor's closest friends organize this totemistic rite of passage. One woman or five? Full nude or lingerie? Party games or just dancing? Plenty of vein-hardening alternatives must be considered when planning the event.

Finding raunchy-entertainment services can be as easy as opening a phone directory. Nude dancers in many cities are listed under Dancing, Entertainment and sometimes even Stripping. Local X-rated publications such as *L.A. Express* in Los Angeles or *Screw* magazine in New York offer greater options.

Like pricing a good plumber, make several calls. Shopping around will provide a barometer of price, duration and activities included. Some agencies advertise "erotic entertainment," and turn out nothing more than a limp, 15-minute lingerie strip that will have the groom and his buddies begging for their money back.

For admirers of all things pink, agencies in the more liberally corrupted cities offer a party girl for an hour's worth of full-nude entertainment at an average cost of just under $200. Split the base cost between a few friends, and everyone, not just the bachelor, becomes part of the gash-grind action.



"Wait a minute—if you're just a mirage, then why didn't you let me come in your mouth?"

When assembling a guest list, agencies recommend having enough guys present to allow for ample tipping. Many agencies require a minimum of six people, which makes for a more enthusiastic performance on the part of the stripper. On the other hand, too many guys could intimidate the stripper and affect the performance. Avoiding a frat-party atmosphere is desirable.

Many larger agencies allow the party's organizer to view a portfolio of girls ahead of time. If the marrying man has always wanted a blond, suntanned bunny or a dark, big-boned Italian with a full set of ruby lips, either can be arranged.

In most areas, the basic format of the show is similar. The professional prepares in a back room of the house by rubbing oil into her skin to add tone and luster to breasts and buttocks.

The woman enters the party room, and the show begins. The dancer's driver will usually play premixed music on a boom box. Some strippers provide their own lighting, often a red bulb in a portable lamp, to add to the ambience.

An hour strip often breaks into three sets, beginning with a standard tease. The woman slowly peels, perhaps allowing the bachelor a snap at her garters before she swoops down, snatching with her mouth or boobs dollar bills that friends have strategically placed on the bachelor.

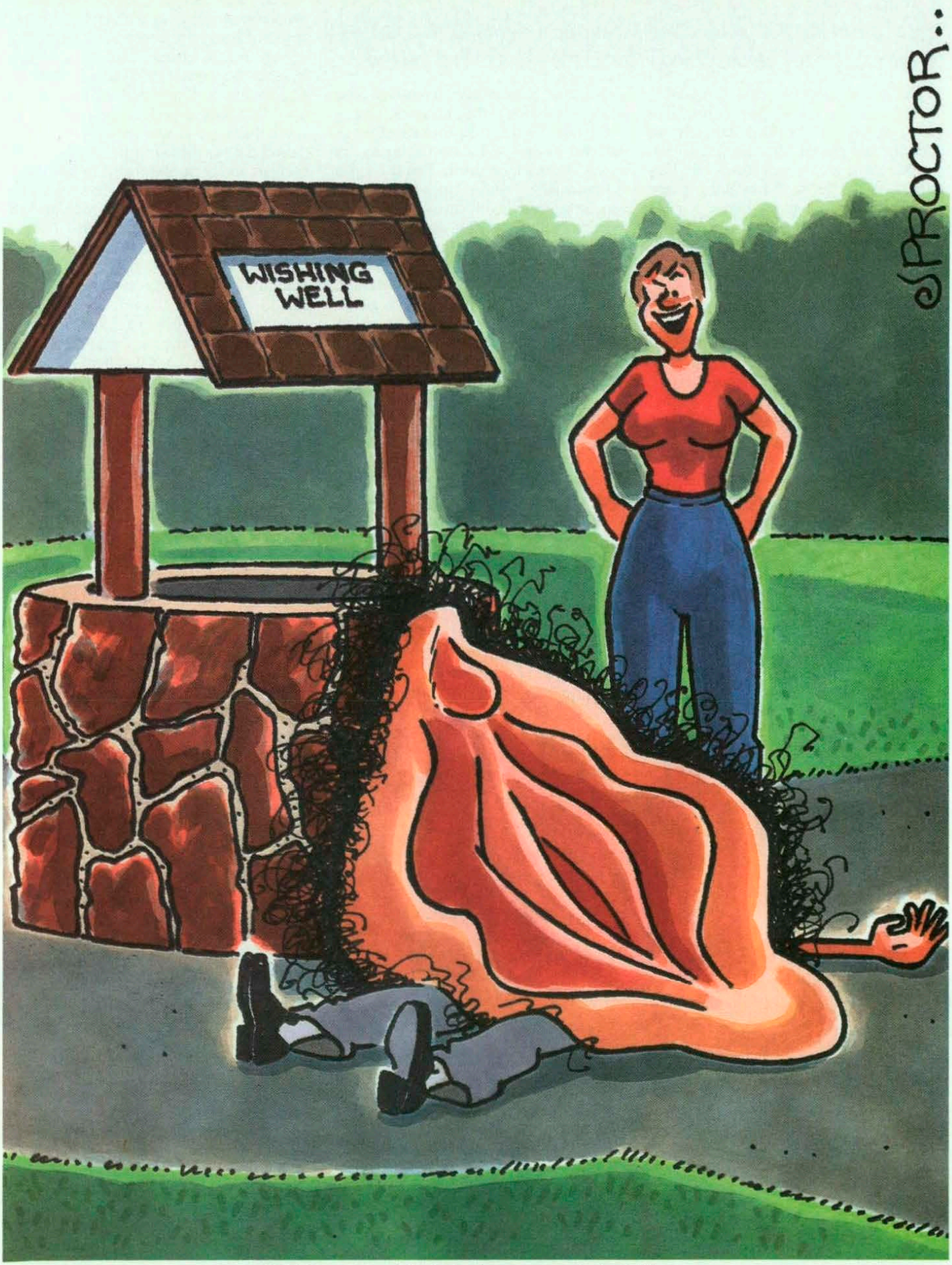
After a song or two, the woman retreats to the makeshift dressing room for a quick outfit change into the requisite pussy floss and returns to slice into the meat of the performance. She quickly gets totally nude and poises her ass about a foot from the bachelor's face, giving him a sniff that'll have Scruffy wagging his tail in envy.

She then lies on the floor in a variety of poses, stroking her well-coiffed quim. Her fingers diddle the labia open, allowing the men a hindsight look at their prebirth origins.

Party games are usually an option but, of course, cost additional tips. A preparatory trip to the ATM will ensure a mouthwatering good time.

A whip-cream lick is common. The doll will squirt creamy goo onto her nipples, ass cheeks or pubes and allow adventurers to lick it off for $5. Sometimes a stripper won't mind a quick darting of tongue against her clit or a slurp on her pebble nips.

Many services offer a twist on the standard golden shower. For upward of $10 per person, a babe pours an ice-cold beer down her torso as she leans back like an island native going for the limbo record, with her legs spread and bent at the knees. The bachelor lies on his back and focuses on the beer as it swirls around her navel and descends through her widespread trough and into the gaping mouth that waits below.



"Ha! Serves you right for having pussy on the brain!"

BATCH PARTIES

The bachelor lies in a pit filled with whip cream. A woman shoots cream on the man's body before diving in for a little game of find the cherry.

Usually the climactic game, formidably titled "feed the kitty" pits capitalism against pussy. Ten- or 20-dollar bills are rolled up and placed between the participant's cheek and gums while he lies prostate on the floor. The stripper hovers over the man's face, giving him a gynecological view as she drops to his mug, spreading her pussy lips as wide as her pliability will allow to bury that Hamilton or Jackson green deep within her pink.

Deviations on the standard party themes depend on the agency and the city. Fantasia, in Los Angeles, stages a whip-cream wrestling competition to rival the WWF for around $350 (with strip and standard games included). The bachelor dresses in shorts and lies in a 10x10 pit that's been filled with whip cream. A hard-bodied woman wearing nothing more than a T-back (an even slighter version of the G-string) enters the ring and shoots her cream on the man's body before diving into the sea of stickiness for a little game of find the cherry.

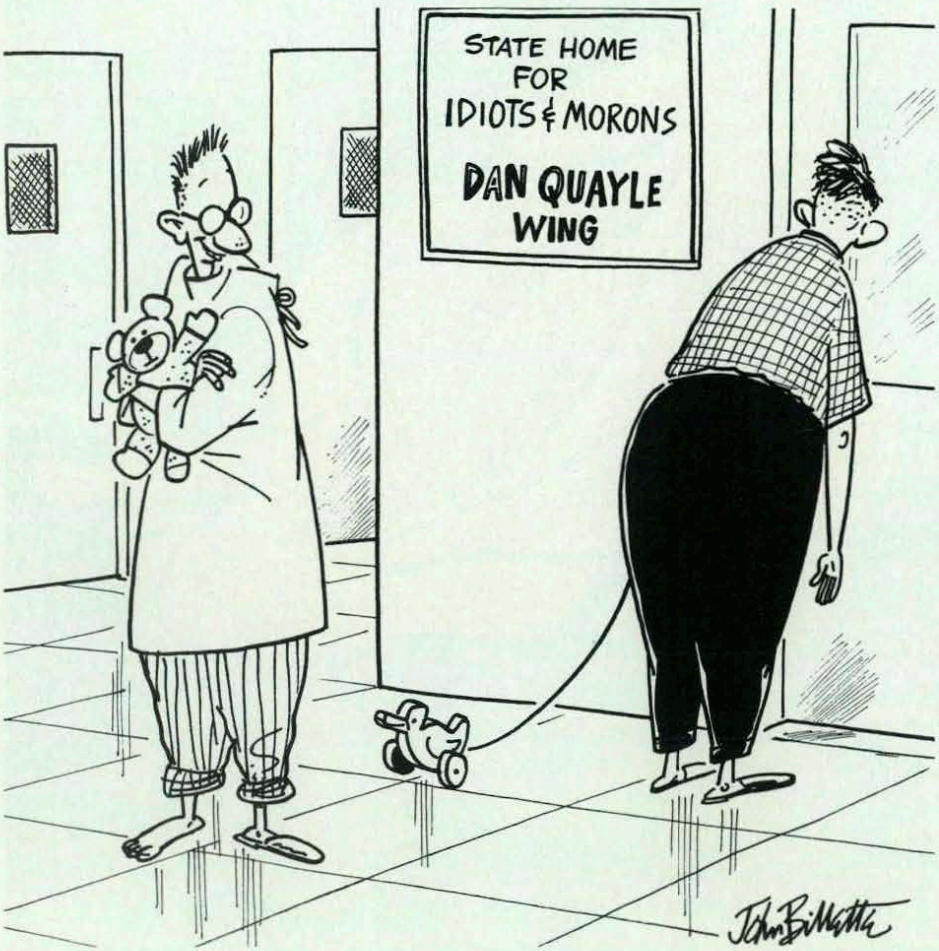
In some states, costumes and scenarios help enhance the tease. Characters such as a pizza-delivery girl, wet nurse, stranded motorist or conservative businesswoman add a little drama to the plain-wrap strip.

Captain Telegram in Florida offers 30 different women and almost as many scenarios, according to owner Roger Hughes. A former Bible peddler, Hughes describes a popular scenario involving a bag lady and a female cop that runs $240 for the hour.

As the male-bonding party moves along, an old bag lady crashes the proceedings. "She claims that the bachelor promised he'd marry her years ago, only to get her pregnant and leave her broke in the streets," explains Hughes. Naturally, the unwitting bachelor wants her removed from his house, but she insists the story is true and begins undressing to "jog his memory." *Surprise!* She's actually a gorgeous babe.

After a few dances, the men figure the show is over, but a female cop shows up and blows saliva into her silvery whistle before handcuffing the bachelor for promoting illicit activities.

The stripper intervenes and challenges the cop to perform a tease of her own. The cop strips to her locker-room garb, grinding her naked ass into the living-room floor.



But that's about as far as these shows go.

Many agencies do, however, offer shows involving two or more girls that lead to potentially hard-core action. A confidential agency in L.A. charges $400 for a double-header. Two women strip and culminate the performance with a "simulated lesbian love act." One femme peels off the other's lingerie during a shamanistic sort of love dance; the beauties collapse in minor cunnilingus and breast-lapping. For $50 more, the show will climax with a "real love act," during which dildos are inserted into love canals prejuiced with pearly froth.

For cunny connoisseurs, porn women and centerfold models are becoming available for home use. Agencies such as Triple XXXTasy in Los Angeles and Celebrity Centerfolds in New York offer several celebrity cooze kittens, for $500 to $750 per hour. Triple XXXTasy will even play videos of the chosen starlet in hard-core action as she shows off her best side mere inches from the VCR.

The imaginary fourth wall quickly crumbles as Nikki Wilde, for instance, simultaneously takes a load on her ample chest during the beach scene in *House of Dreams* and bends over a Levitz sofa, begging to be debauched as whip cream flows like semen over her enlarged areolas.

With the skill of a painter, the bachelor's tongue brushes away the sticky goo, creating a picture that, for an additional $100 and a signed release, can be captured on video with the help of Triple XXXTasy's operator, George Christenson, as the bachelor stars in his very own home movie. It should provide an adequate souvenir of better times when the former bachelor succumbs to tedious weekends showing tapes of his child's first haircut to nagging in-laws.

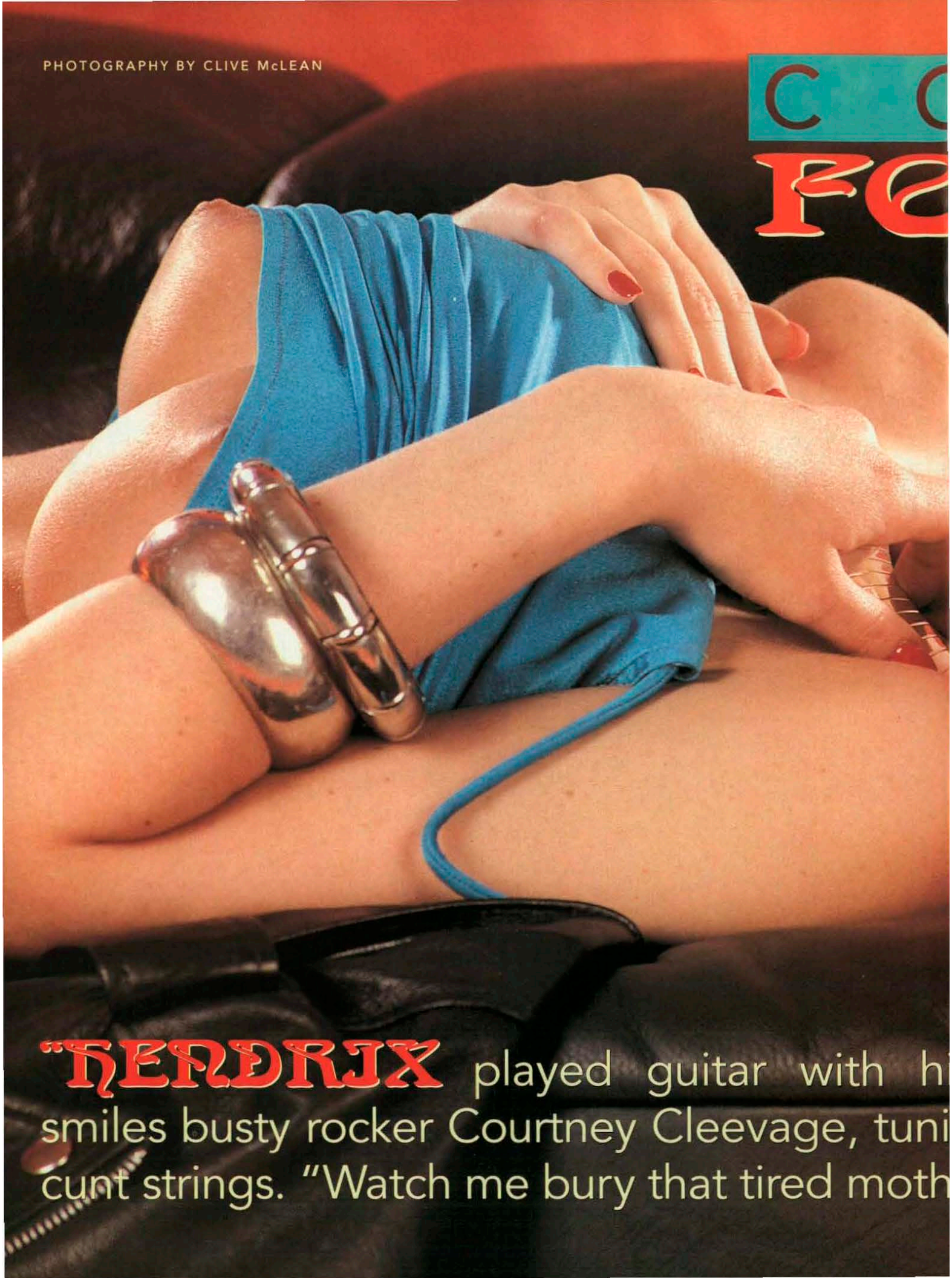
An understandably fatigued Nikki Wilde provides her perspective on the principles of the bachelor party: "I like to have fun at a party too," she says. "I like to go out there and rip the bachelor's pants off and let him know that he's special."

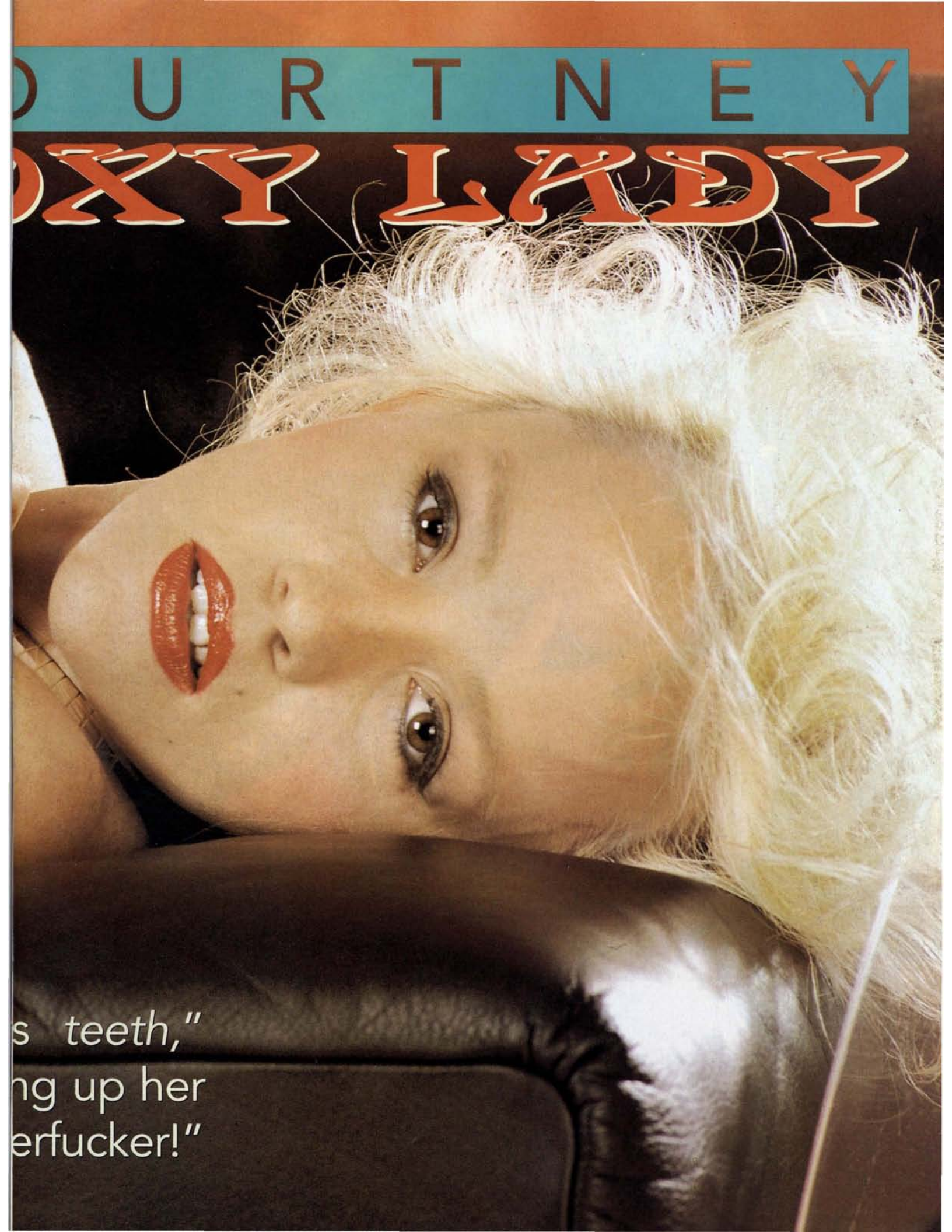
As their name suggests, Celebrity Centerfolds in New York specializes in magazine centerfolds as well as some video stars, such as Aja, and can arrange a party in almost any part of the U.S. The home office in New York provides a list of each woman's traveling itinerary to determine who will be in what area when. Prices range from $265 for a half hour to $550 for an hour with two girls.

According to Chris Lundquist, who operates the agency, his performers are professionally trained dancers who put on a show with elegant costuming and seasoned choreography. The two-girl extravaganza even climaxes with what Lundquist calls "a re-creation of a lesbian

(continued on page 78)

"It was awful, Momma...he tried to fuck me!"


PHOTOGRAPHY BY CLIVE McLEAN
"HENDRIX played guitar with h
smiles busty rocker Courtney Cleevage, tuni
cunt strings. "Watch me bury that tired moth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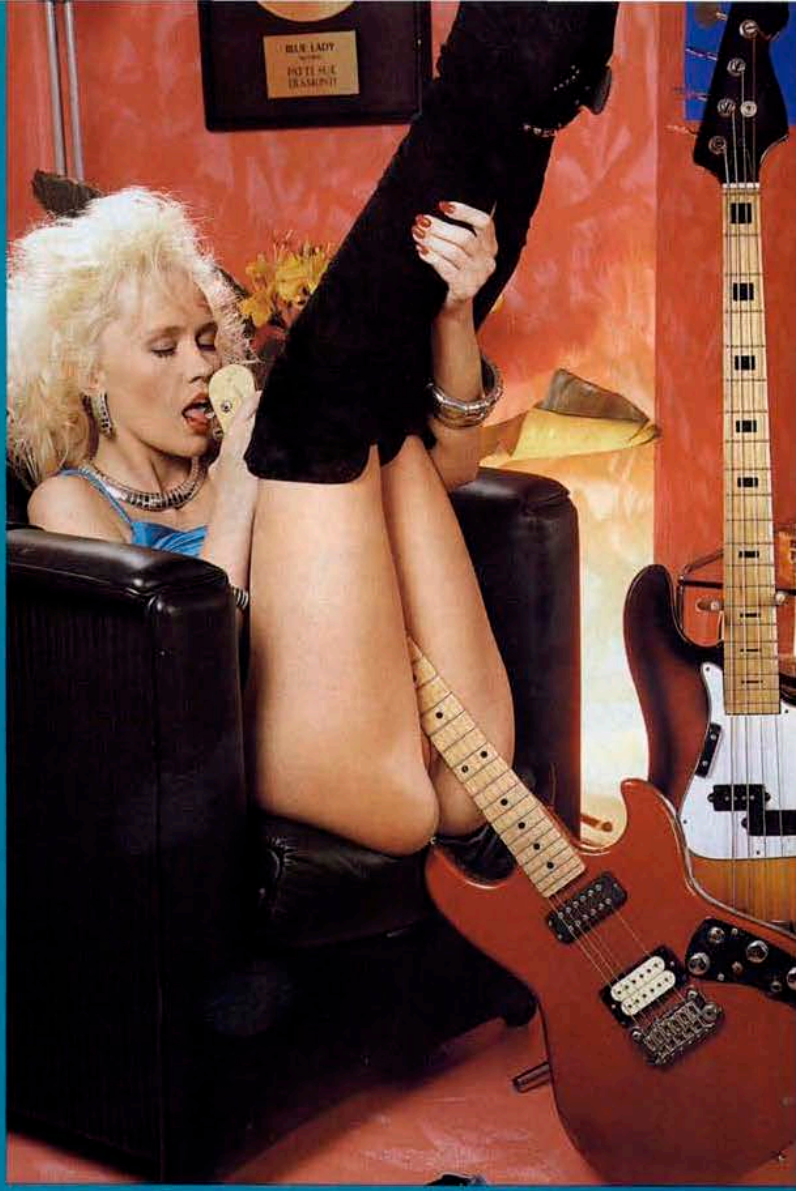
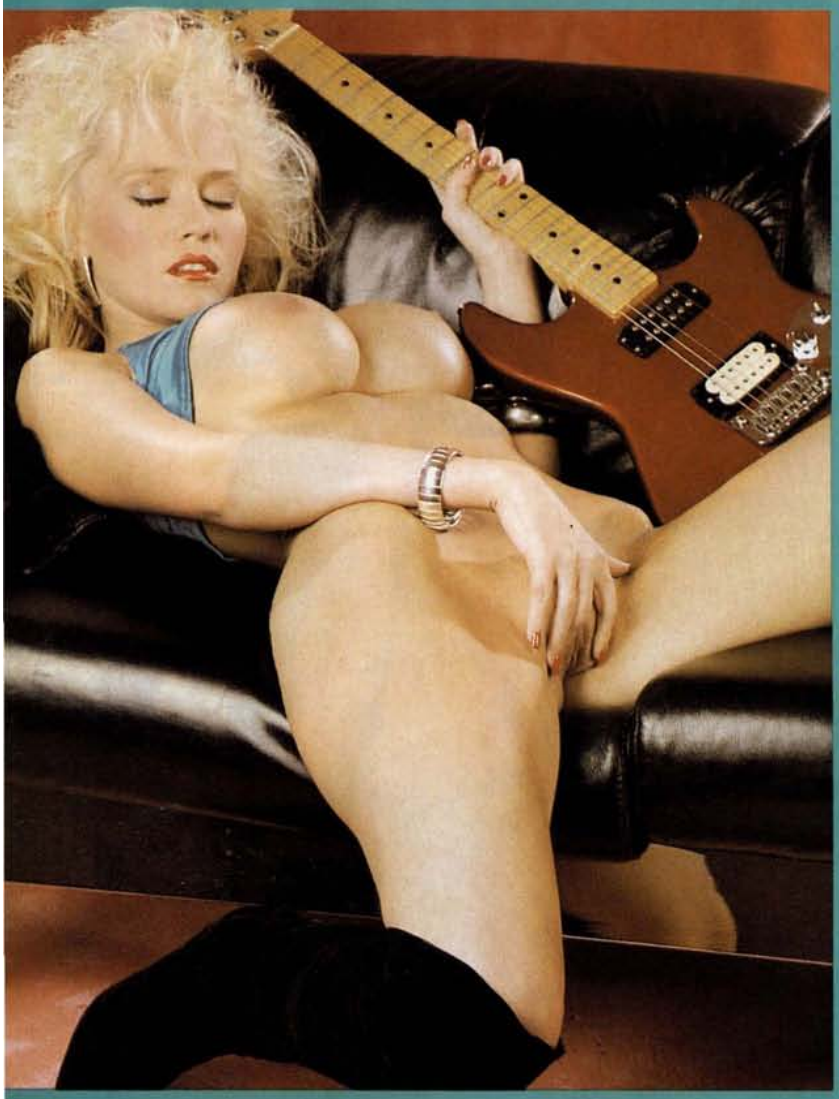
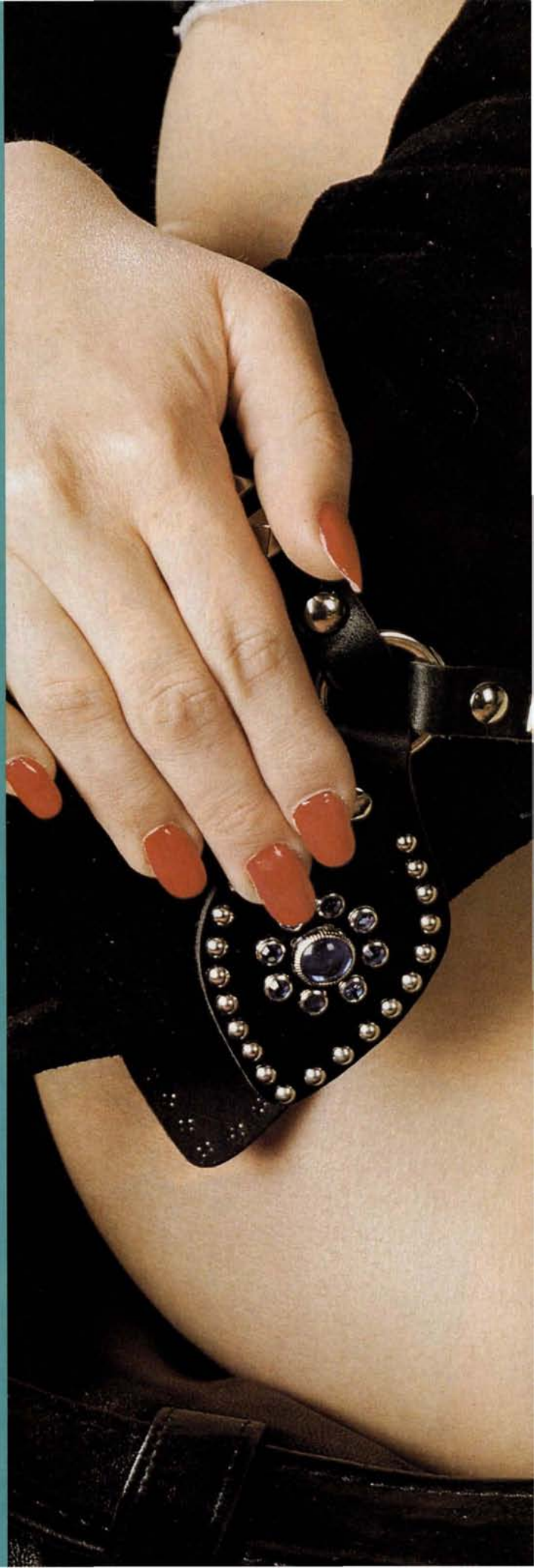
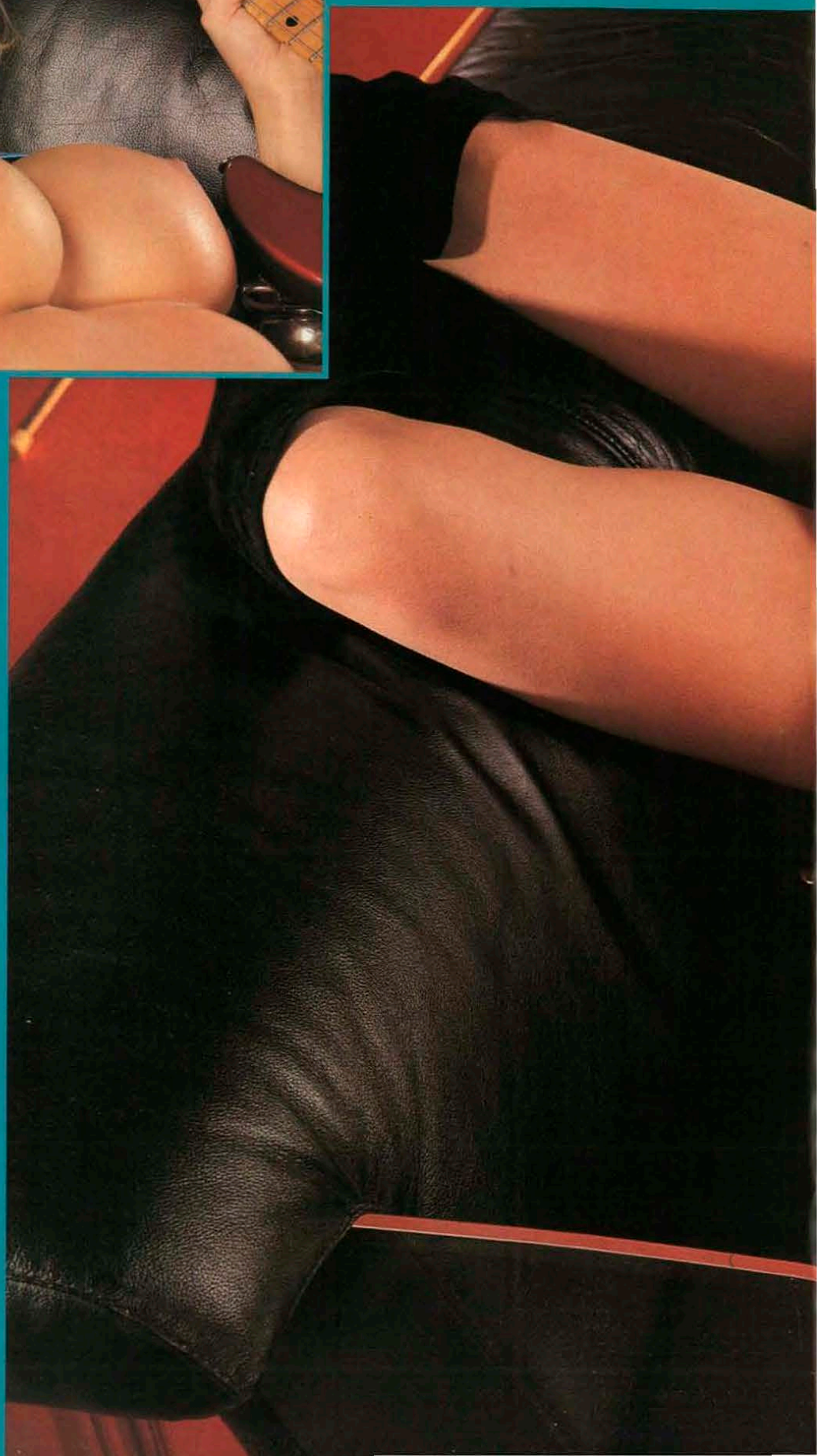

BLUE LADY







BATCH PARTIES (continued from page 68)

For the minimum fee he'll get a blowjob followed by a one-come penetration in the bed where he and his wife will work on their 2.5 kids.

magazine layout that we put into motion."

Still, none of these agencies allow penetration between audience and performer; most go for light touching of tits and ass, but the furry bull's-eye remains behind the "do not cross" line.

If an agency is licensed, it adamantly discourages sex for cash among employees. The company can lose its license and, even worse, be held for legal repercussions if their girls are found engaging in any cum-valve relief. And yet: "If the girl's a stripper in the first place, she'll probably do just about anything for money," opines a more cynical dancer who demands anonymity.

To ensure sending the bachelor off in a cum-splattering blaze of glory, a little deeper investigation will be necessary.

Escort services are sometimes listed in the Yellow Page directory. Companies that advertise in the X-rated newspapers give good odds that the bachelor will shoot his Budweiser-hardened vein all over the stripper's face or, in this day and age, into a vulcanized condom.

Prices fluctuate from $200 to $2,000, depending on everything from travel distance to pussy quality. At the low end of the scale, some services will send a girl for a $200 base fee and then an additional $150 to "take care of the bachelor," as one agency explains.

Yet, most services refuse bachelor-party business, fearing groups of slobbering men looking for a night of wilding. To arrange for an outcall, avoid using the words *bachelor* or *party.* Simply request an operative to "service a friend." Once she shows up, even if there is a roomful of men, she'll probably stay and complete the transaction.

Unfortunately, a guaranteed fuck sacrifices the dance and frills of the licensed agencies. For both aspects of the evening done properly, "hire us to come do our dance and warm up the crowd, and then call an outcall service when we leave," advises a taut, marbled-skinned blonde who dances under the name Valerie Lee.

An outcall guarantees sauce for the bachelor's linguini after the dancer has left him ready for what some call love. For the minimum fee he'll get a "half-and-half," which amounts to a quick blowjob followed by a one-come penetration in the bed where a few months later he and his wife will begin working on their 2.5 kids.

One man, who asked to be called Damon to protect his now-married friend's identity, actually cut right to the chase and hired just an outcall babe in planning his friend's party.

"I called a bunch of the escort services listed in *L.A. Express*," Damon recalls. "Many refused to do parties and offered sex only, but a couple were willing to give a little show as well; so I picked the one with the lowest tag." The price turned out to be $150 for the strip and an additional $100 to "make sure the bachelor was satisfied."

The hooker, whom Damon had not seen ahead of time, turned out to be a flaxen-haired slut with a pert, globelike ass. The hooker, being a professional between the sheets rather than on the floor, took off her dress and undergarments in the living room almost as a matter of practice, without much style. She swayed awkwardly to the classic-rock music on the bachelor's FM radio and continued bending and showing off her prize poon while the disc jockey sold auto insurance.

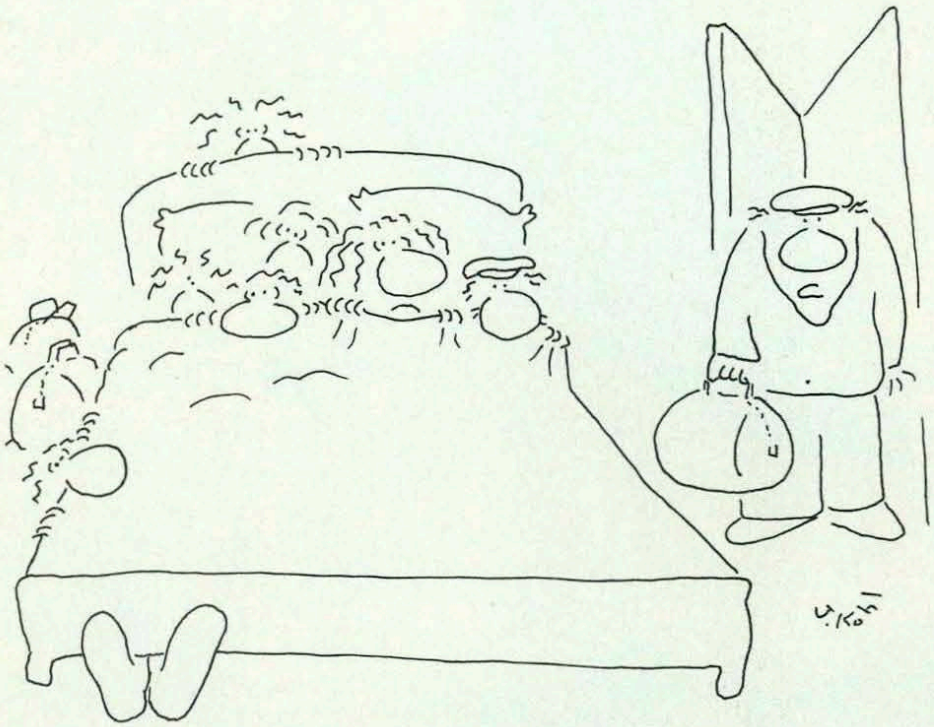
After 15 minutes she stopped her "dance," stood in the middle of his trailer-park home and asked matter-of-factly, "So where do you want to do it?"

Seizing the opportunity, the bachelor took out his dick and let her lap it up right there on the sofa, while Damon and two other chums gathered around in envy. She then did a reverse-cowgirl on his prick, with her ass cheeks slapping his paunch.

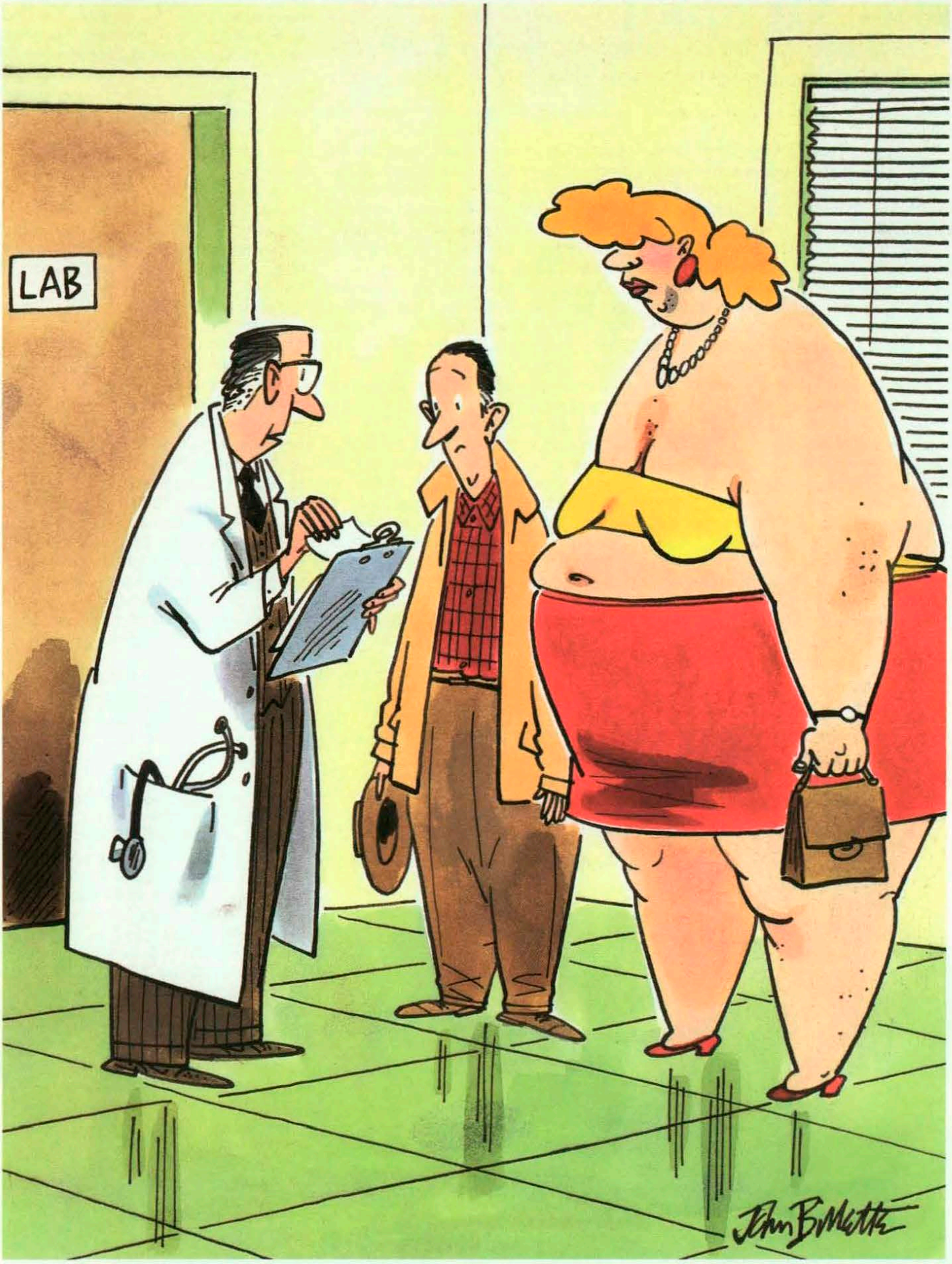
After the bachelor shot his load into a condom that she'd surreptitiously placed upon his half-hardened prong, the others slapped their money on the floor, hoping for similar treatment. Although they couldn't ante-up enough for individual attention, she dropped to her knees and began a vigorous uterus-prodding exercise while risking the loss of a fuchsia press-on nail. At the same time, she suggested that the men whip out their dicks and play an impromptu version of the classic "splooge-a-cookie."

As the businesswoman toweled off and collected her cash, she kissed the groom-to-be on his already receding forehead and told him to remember her in six to eight months when he'd again be in need of service.

In time, the spousal bond of love and sex will erode, as it almost always does, and his wife will greet him after a hard day's labor in an orange-terrycloth robe and green facial gloop. But at least as he sits down with last night's reheated chicken breasts and a can of generic beer, he can look out upon the living-room floor and smile sentimentally with the remembrance of paradise lost.



"I can't understand it...the night of the big tournament, and the team didn't show."



"Mr. Swartz, the tests show you're not impotent. Your penis is just scared to death!".

BIG MURDER *(continued from page 62)*

"From another room, the executioner turns a switch, and 1,800 volts pass through the body. The shock raises him in spite of the restraints."

From jail, Copenhefer continued to generate headlines.

A cellmate at the Erie County Prison told authorities that Copenhefer tried to hire him to murder Harry Weiner and the FBI agent Kelly, with hand grenades placed under the gas tanks of their cars.

The cellmate, a convicted heroin dealer named Daniel Verosko, had met Copenhefer as the accused killer drew a map of a human skull to show other prisoners how a person could be shot in the back of the head in such a way that they would not die instantly.

In the months before the trial, Copenhefer fired as incompetent seven different lawyers who had been assigned to the case.

By the time the case came to trial, he was being represented by two of the best attorneys in the state, David Ridge and Dennis Williams. For the most part, he refused to speak to them. His story was that he had seen a man throw a blue bag under a car in the bank parking lot, picked the bag up and followed the instructions in the note. That, he said, explained his fingerprints on two of the notes.

The prosecution, led by Erie County District Attorney William Cunningham, argued that the case was a botched kidnapping attempt. Cunningham presented more than 300 pieces of physical—although circumstantial—evidence, including the notes from the garbage, Copenhefer's fingerprints on two of the drop-site notes, and the unusual blue-plastic-tipped Glaser Safety Slug ammunition used in the killing.

There was the oil Copenhefer's van picked up, Cunningham argued, on Friday afternoon along Stuart Road as Copenhefer drove Sally Weiner to the secluded clearing where he murdered her.

The most damning evidence came from two personal computers, seized from Copenhefer's home and bookstore.

"Contrary to popular belief, you cannot erase something you've written on a word processor simply by deleting it," states FBI agent Al Johnson. "When the user hits delete, it simply removes it from the visible directory. That file remains there, hidden from view, until another file is placed over it."

Johnson spent three months working on the computers. Examining every byte of space on both of them, he turned up 16 pages of documents, including six versions of the ransom note and the text of the telephone call made by Mrs. Weiner to her husband. Also found was a document entitled "The Plan," a 22-point blueprint for the kidnapping and murder.

The phrase *2 Up/2 Down* appeared twice in the plan, once at the point authorities said Sally Weiner was killed and a second time, when Harry Weiner would have delivered the ransom money.

Cunningham argued that a .308 Winchester, loaded with Glaser Safety Slugs and taken from Copenhefer's home the night of his arrest, would have been used had the plan—and Harry Weiner—been executed successfully.

The jury deliberated more than six hours before returning its guilty verdict.

Defense attorney Ridge begged mercy for his client, providing the jurors with a graphic depiction of death in the electric chair.

"The convict's head has been shaved to provide a better electrical connection, and cotton has been stuffed into his nose to stem the hemorrhage that will eventually occur," he said. "From another room, the executioner turns a switch, and 1,800 volts pass through the condemned man's body. The shock is so powerful, it raises him from the chair like a puppet, in spite of the restraints that hold him down. An instant later, the convict's heart stops, and his blood leaps to a temperature of more than 200°. Within the confines of his brain, the blood literally and actually boils."

Two more electrical shocks, of 200 and 1,200 volts, are then administered, Ridge said.

"When the body has cooled down enough to allow him to touch it, the physician listens with his stethoscope," he said. "When he pronounces the convict legally dead, the body is taken out by a rear door and put into cold storage."

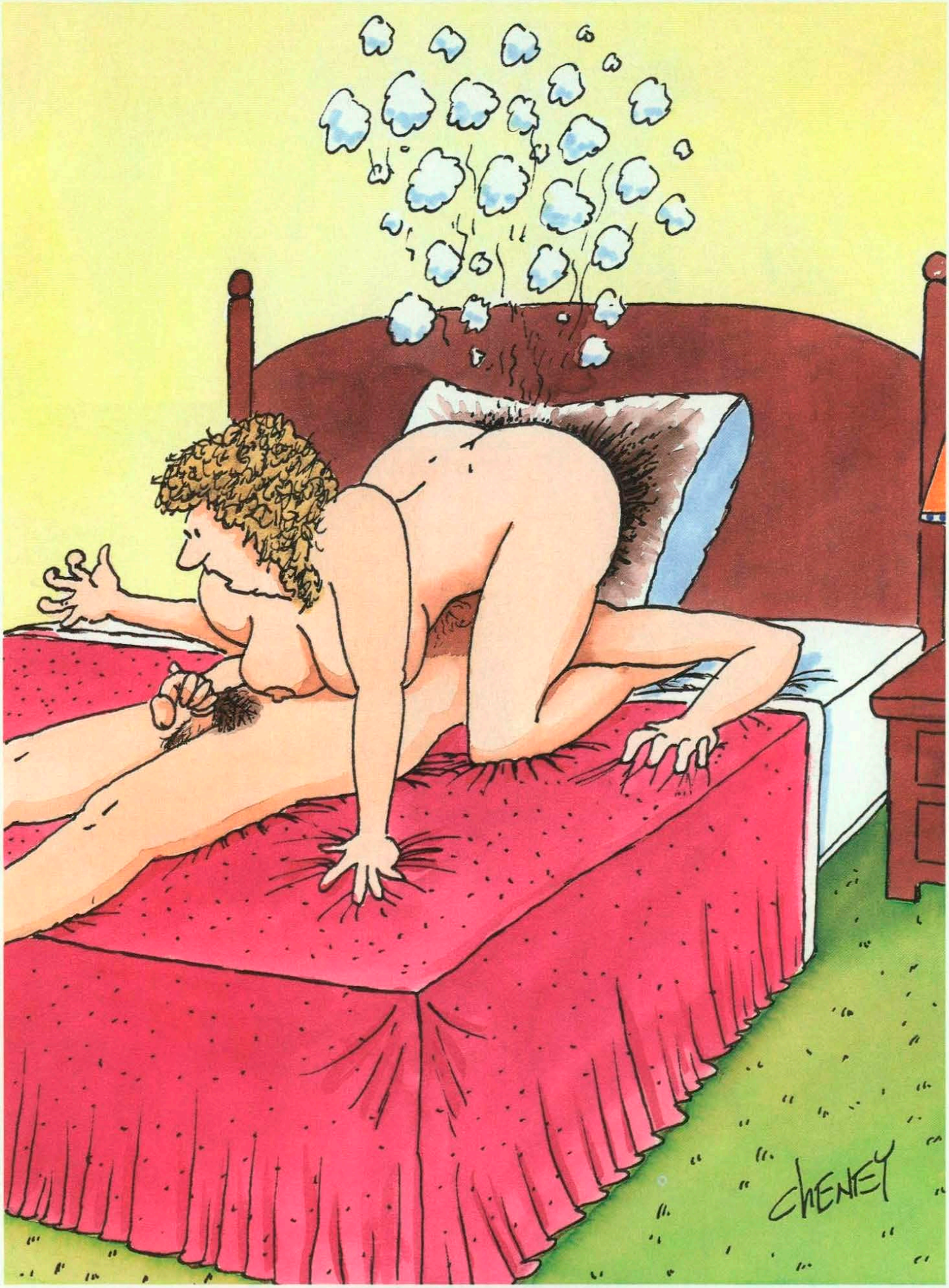
Ridge resorted to the Bible for reasons why his client shouldn't be sentenced to death. "It would be easy to succumb to the mentality of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," he said. "But when Cain slew Abel out of jealousy, God spared his life. An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth is something man decided."

In his arguments, District Attorney Cunningham also quoted the Bible. Religion was all the way through this thing.

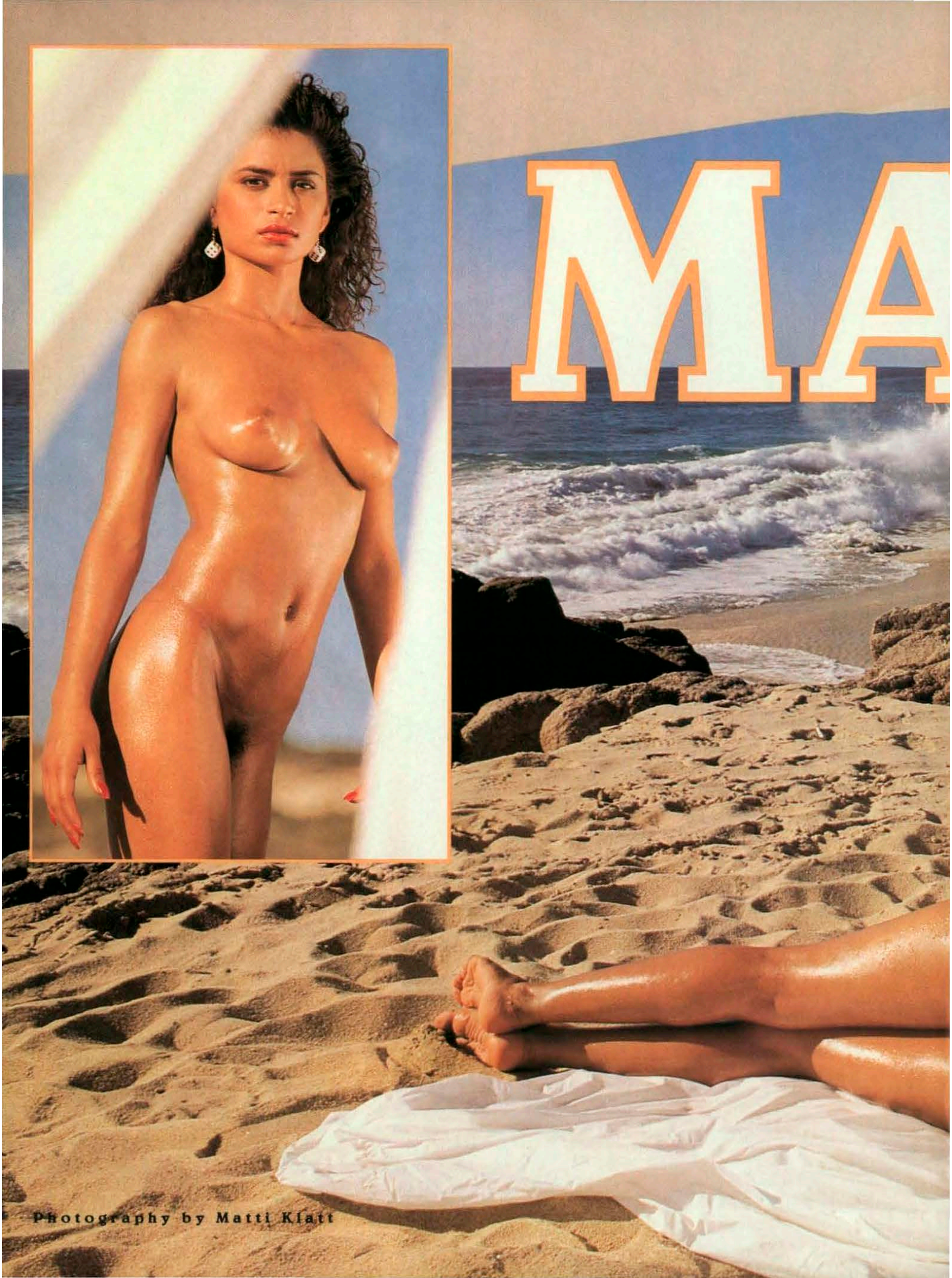
"I would cite the Book of Exodus," Cunningham said. " 'And the murderer shall be put to death.' "

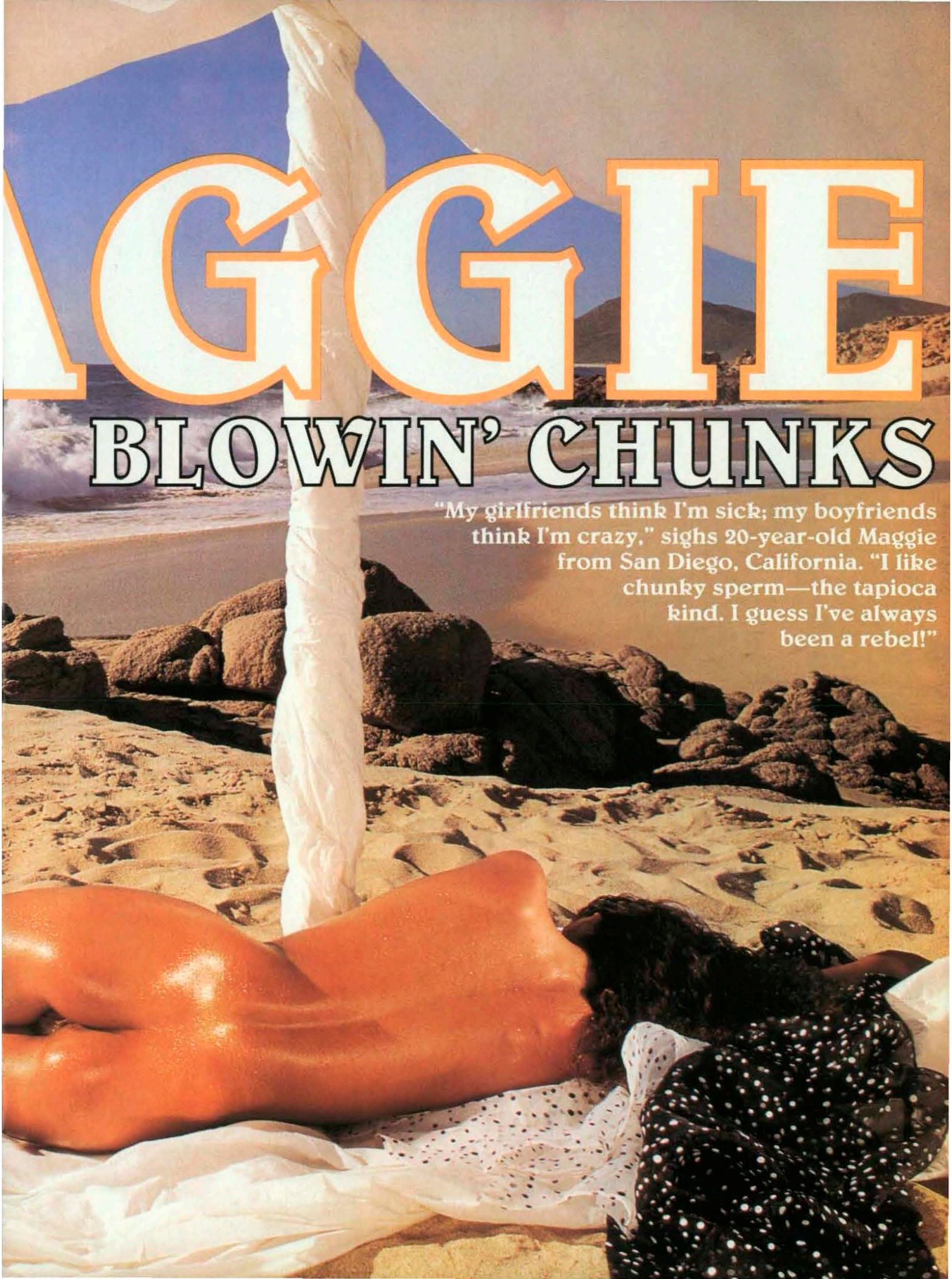
Five hours later, the jury returned with a death sentence.

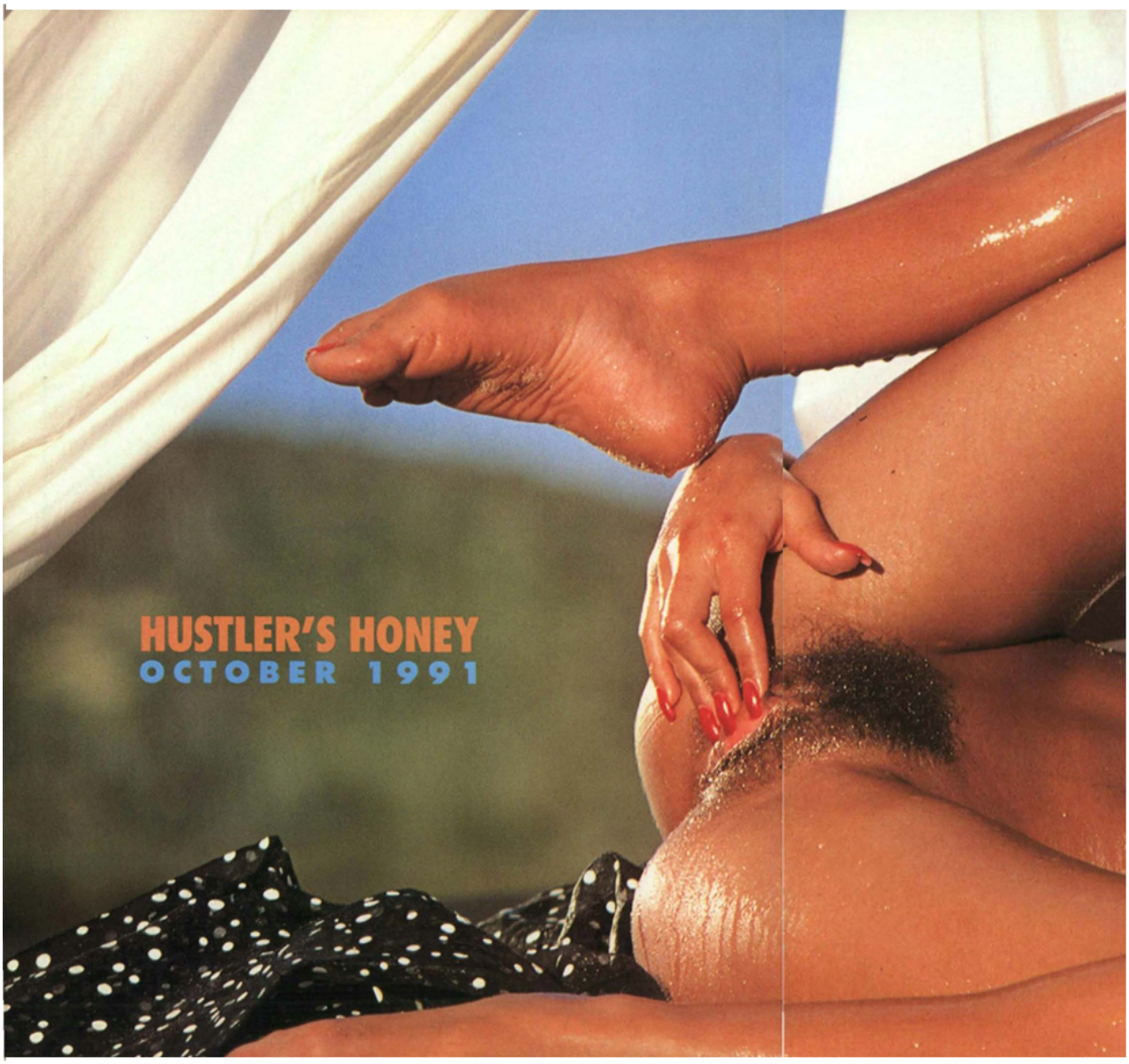
After the trial, there was all kinds of talk around Corry. Maybe somebody else was involved. Maybe Copenhefer's ridiculous story was true. After all, how could such an intelligent guy make all those mistakes? Chuck Amond would answer that in three words. "Crooks are stupid," he'd tell you.



"What's wrong, Milton? You're so limp!"

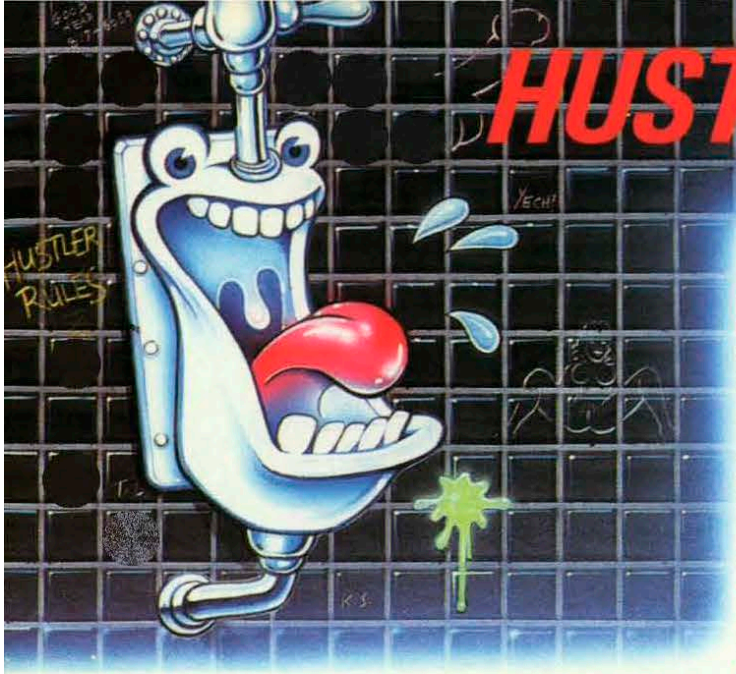

MA
Photography by Matti Klatt


AGGIE
BLOWIN' CHUNKS
"My girlfriends think I'm sick; my boyfriends think I'm crazy," sighs 20-year-old Maggie from San Diego, California. "I like chunky sperm—the tapioca kind. I guess I've always been a rebel!"


HUSTLER'S HONEY
OCTOBER 1991

Swallow
HARD!
XXX ooo
Maggie

HUSTLER HUMOR



"You're in excellent shape, Mrs. DiMaggio," pronounced the doctor with a smile at the conclusion of her annual physical. "Is there anything else I could help you with?"

Mrs. DiMaggio nodded, then blushed. "You know how Sam is about doctors; he'd never ask you about this, Dr. Jones, but he's been having trouble with impotence. Is there any medication that could help him?"

"Of course," said the doctor. He then wrote out a prescription, which Mrs. DiMaggio filled on the way home. Unfortunately, the pharmacist made a mistake typing the label, writing three tablespoons instead of three teaspoons as the daily dosage.

When Dr. Jones got to his office the next morning, his phone was ringing off the hook. It was a frantic Mrs. DiMaggio.

"What's wrong?" asked the doctor. "Didn't the medicine work?"

"I'll say it did!" she cried. "He's jumped every woman on the block, and now he's chasing a cat down the street!"

A fisherman was halted at the Pearly Gates. "You've told far too many lies to be permitted in here," said Saint Peter.

"Have a heart, will ya, Pete?" begged the man. "Remember, you were a fisherman once yourself!"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *madam* as: for whom the belles toil.

While trying to persuade his new girlfriend to come over, the young man had finally led the phone conversation in a romantic direction.

"Yes, I do like a dry white wine," she said.

"Great. I have two bottles chilling now."

"And I just love Janet Jackson."

"Just got her new CD."

"My fantasy is making love on a fur rug in front of a fireplace."

"No problem," he said instantly. "I'll shoot the dog."

After spending a vigorous night with a hooker, the senator took $300 out of his wallet and set it on the motel nightstand.

"Thanks, but I only charge $20," the woman said.

"Twenty dollars for the entire night?" the incredulous politician asked. "You can't possibly make a living on that!"

"Oh, don't worry," she purred. "I do a little blackmailing on the side."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *coin-operated robot hookers* as: slut machines.

In an effort to bolster his popularity, Mikhail Gorbachev ventured to an agricultural community near Moscow. "Well, Comrade, how did the potatoes do this year?" he asked the farmer.

"Very well, Comrade President," the farmer replied. "If we piled them up, they would reach God."

"But God doesn't exist, Comrade Farmer."

"Nor do the potatoes, Comrade President."

Question: Did you hear about the hillbilly who left his estate in trust for his wife?
Answer: She can't touch it until she's 13.

The minister was sick, and a pastor noted for his long-winded sermons agreed to fill in. When he stood up in the pulpit, he found only four churchgoers present. Afterward, he complained to the sexton. "That was the smallest turnout I've ever seen," he said. "Weren't they informed that I was coming?"

"Nope," replied the sexton, "but somehow word must've leaked out."

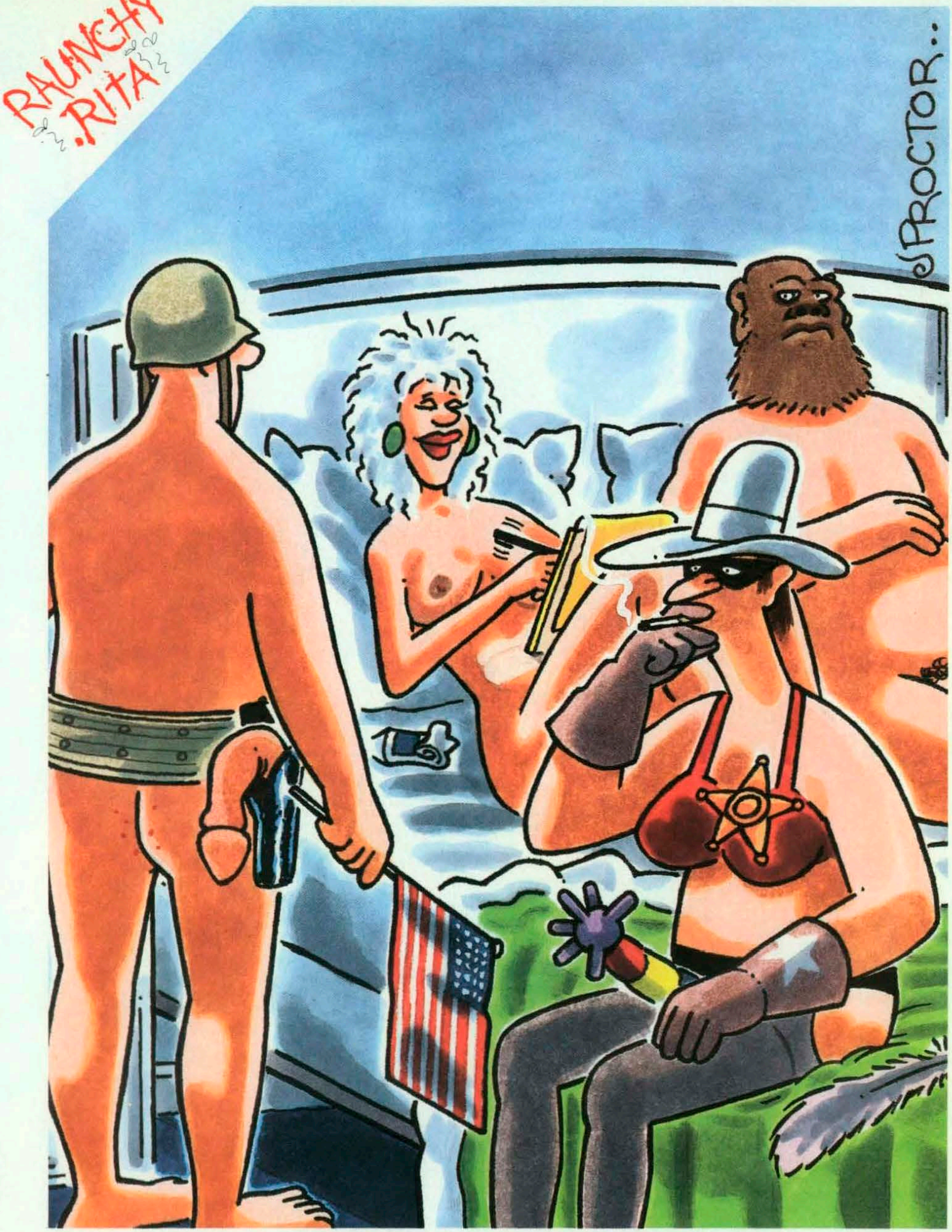
The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *stingy Scotsman* as: one who sleeps with his mother-in-law to save wear and tear on his wife.

A traveling salesman completed his trip earlier than anticipated and sent his wife a telegram: "Returning home Friday."

Arriving home, he found his wife in bed with another man. Being a nonviolent person and a major wimp, he bitterly complained to his father-in-law, who replied, "Don't get so upset. I'm certain that there must be an explanation."

The next day the father-in-law was all smiles. "I knew there was an explanation," he informed his son-in-law. "She didn't get your telegram!"

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.



"Dear Mom: Haven't found the man of my dreams yet, but I'm still looking...."

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Slut Madonna Busts a Cherry

Fiction by Alex Marvel

SLUT MADONNA

"Ain't no getting laid in this burg," Bubbles concluded. "Any man I get close to turns white and starts pooting like a loose-gasket homosexual."

Bubbles Kaminski had grown up better than her mama could have ever hoped for.

"No woman ever got rich giving away free pussy," Mama had cautioned, but the budding Kaminski paid no heed. Hardly 14, she'd been selected jailbait of the month by a quorum of Slayerville, Kentucky's most influential pimps, gunsels and cornholers.

"The hardest part is seeing her coming," bemoaned Anvil "Flathead" Irons, a Slayerville attorney who always carried two pistols, one out in the open for show, the other hidden for business, "and knowing you'll have to watch her walking away."

Tantalizingly close to dipping beneath the high-tide line of a cut-off midriff top, Bubbles's breasts, rosy and rotund like her appleblossom cheeks, were lighter-than-air delicacies that matched the ever-rising orbs of her moon. Bubbles's solar system of fleshy wonders put men in a spin.

Occupying a particularly elliptical orbit was Delbert McClinton, Hellache County's chief law-enforcement presence, a steel-eyed sharpshooter sent home from Vietnam for enjoying it too much. Aside from extended spells of poisonous brooding, and a cloud of dead-gook souls that accompanied him wherever he went, Delbert's only fault was his maniacal obsession to protect Bubbles Kaminski.

"Hain't but a few years till Bubbles turns legal," Delbert would tell everyone he arrested, in lieu of Miranda rights. "I mean to be honorable and save her till then."

"Just ain't no getting laid in this burg," Bubbles concluded on her 15th birthday. "Any man I get close to turns unhealthy white and starts pooting like a loose-gasket homosexual."

She cut out for the big city, Detroit to be exact, and never looked back, not even to wonder what the fuck someone name of Kaminski was doing in the deep shit of Kentucky.

* * *

Anvil "Thumbs" Irons put the cigar back in his mouth. All these years smoking, and he still hadn't learned to spit without taking it out. He sighed and shoved his broom, sweeping debris and his own spit into his own little stretch of gutter. Done, he jacked the broom handle into an armpit and surveyed the marquee of his own little sewer.

AMOROUS ANVIL'S HOUSE OF PARTY ANIMALS was fronted by a sideshow facade painted with cocktail-flaunting she-beasts—cat women with high, pointy tits and snaky, barbed tails.

NUDE DANCERS, blinked sequin-lined block letters, TABLE, COUCH AND LAP—OUR SPECIALTY.

Anvil felt something akin to pride, a distant, illegitimate, poor cousin, but kin nonetheless. It was a feeling he'd abandoned back in his Slayerville, Kentucky, lawyerin' days. He'd been called Flathead then, usually when he wasn't around, and he'd had a full count of thumbs, prior to disbarment from the Hellache County legal fraternity. At the drumming-out ceremony, his thumbs had been clipped at the bottom joint by Delbert McClinton. Wild-eyed, waving heavy-duty wire cutters and denouncing Anvil's evil designs upon the body of Bubbles Kaminski, McClinton had seemed to swirl in a fog of palpable death, haunted and haunting, engulfed by a presence as immutable as weather.

Thumbs had come a ways since that blood-raining, pain-thundering night.

"Whattsa matter, Thumbs?" asked Jerome, the House of Party Animals' transvestite cashier, bartender, PA girl and bouncer. Jerome twisted her beads and toed a motorcycle boot. "You look like you're seeing a ghost."

"Don't call me Thumbs." Anvil bit off the butt of his cigar, chewed it up and swallowed. He stomped toward his strip club. "They haven't invented the ghost to back me off my business."

But by then, Thumbs hadn't seen Bubbles Kaminski in ten years.

* * *

Bubbles had ripened without rotting, at least as far as her bodily fruits were concerned, but she worried about her mind and attitude. Sure, she was still as sweet and lovely as in her honey teens, but she'd best get some dick soon, or her nectar would start flowing bitter.

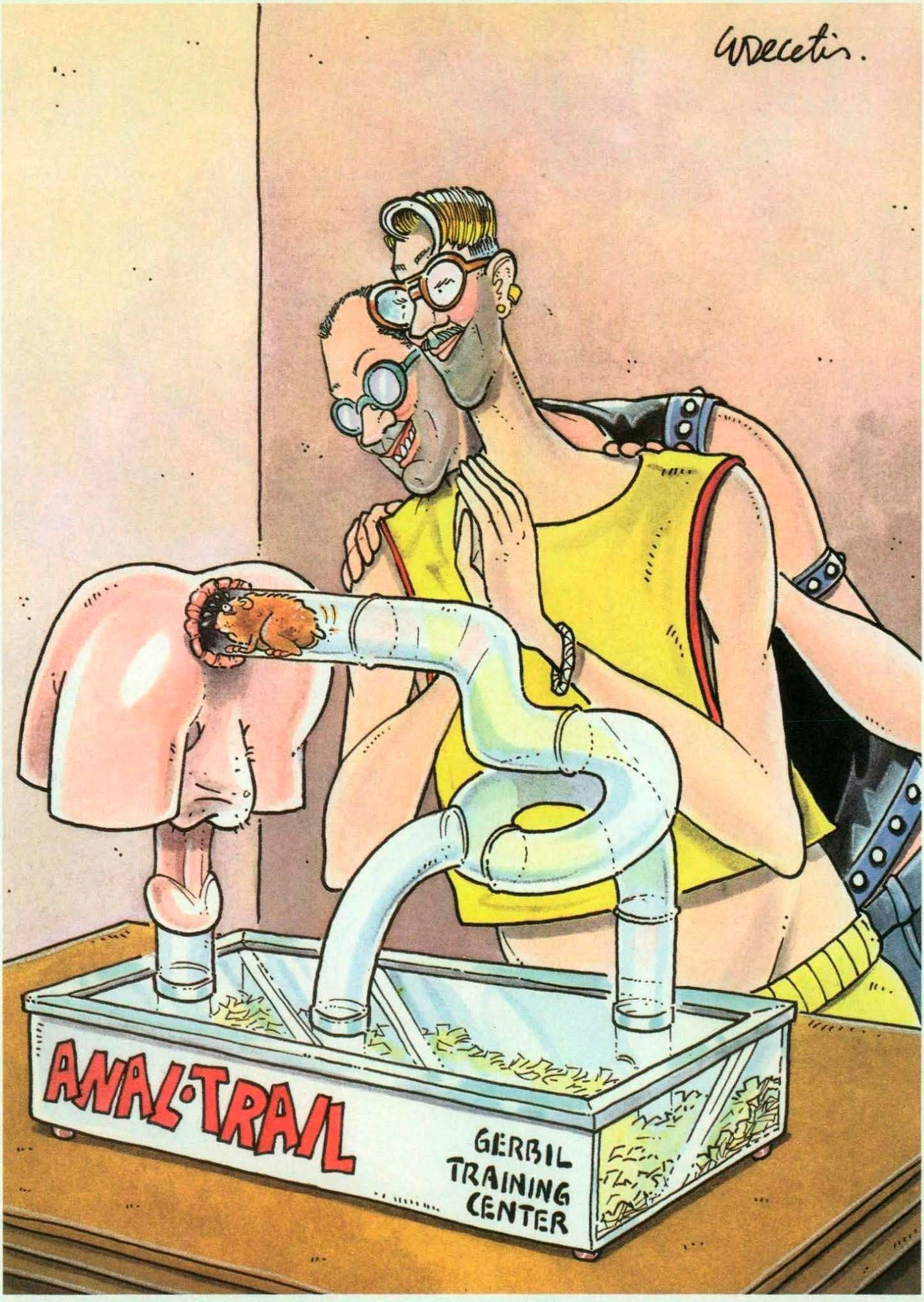
Bubbles drew a black-plastic dong across her pouty, tomato-red lips. On a hotel bed, her divine roundnesses shifted, rose and settled as she sucked in breath and tensed her body in anticipation of impending penetration.

The dildo was fine as far as it went, but a real dick would go so much farther. Bubbles slid the spit-licked love log through the valley of her breasts, savoring a vision of an ebony, rope-muscled, straining and flexing male body, the kind that would come attached to a true-life prick. The phantom man nuzzled her neck. As his silky tongue unfurled into her ear, his velvet crowbar jimmied her pussy lips and slipped inside.

Bubbles sighed and squirmed, the bed creaking beneath their combined weights, her snug thighs squeezing his twisting hips and bulging loins, her chiseled ankles crossing as her honed calves folded across his heaving, muscle-lumped back. Hot man breath and steel-wool razor stubble burned her flushed, sweating face as they rocked and bucked, two

(continued on page 106)

"It's close, but her mouth is bigger—a lot bigger."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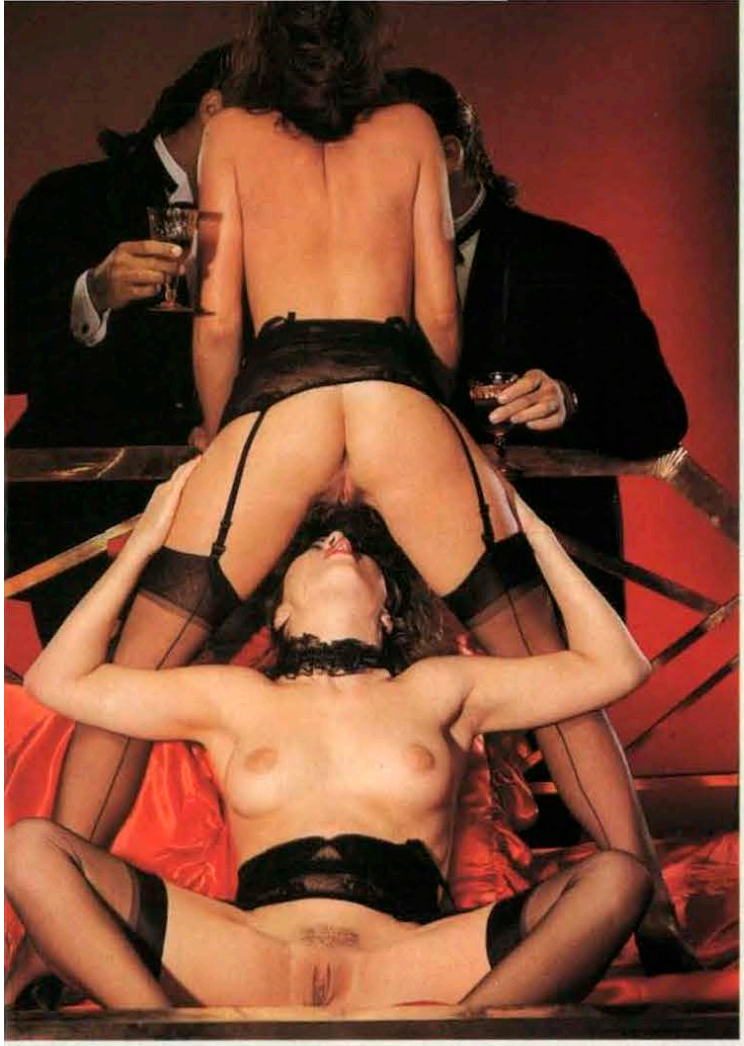
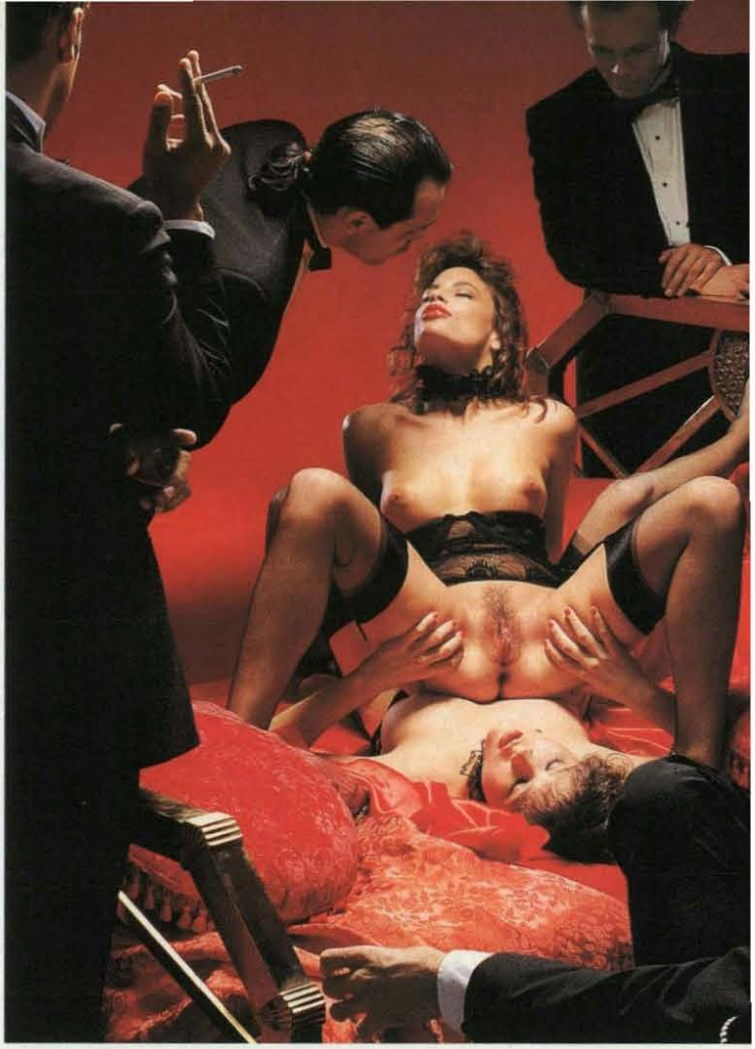
Beth &
Julie

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

Puttin' on the Spritz

Beth and Julie call it making a living. The men of the Springer Club in uptown Manhattan call it making an evening. Whatever you call it, Beth and Julie make it.





SLUT MADONNA (continued from page 96)

"One day, I went 'round the doughnut shop, and there was Bubbles, poking her little-girl tongue through a chocolate glaze hole...."

carnal broncos humping as one wild, melded beast, lurching toward orgasm.

Waves of joy broke across Bubbles. Her body stiffened, shook and went slack with blast and echo. Her hands drifted down to her open hole, searching to feel the liquid jolt of her mystery male's cum dripping from her overflowing receptacle.

But the man had gone. In his place was the shadow of Delbert McClinton, face smeared in camouflage paint, combat knife clenched in his teeth, eyes whacked and sharp, peering into the dark on a lost, misguided long-range reconnaissance patrol. McClinton's cloud of doom had darkened Bubbles Kaminski's love life and engulfed anyone who ever showed sexual interest in her.

Going on 26, the ripest taste treat in the whole U.S., Bubbles was still cherry.

* * *

Nobody was laughing in Detroit's Pushin' Piston pisshole. The place had been rollicking with hilarity only moments earlier. Delbert snapped shut his flip knife and put the ear in his pocket. The funnyman groveled on the floor, his hands raised to hide an inadequacy at the side of his head. Delbert had no time to finish him off. His silent pager had come alive in the pocket where it nestled next to his dick. She was awake; time for Delbert to roll out.

"It seemed like you had a nice bar here," observed McClinton to the owner, frozen with baseball bat at parade rest. "You best stand stock-still like that and preserve the illusion."

Once outside, Delbert was bitter again. The Pushin' Piston *had* seemed like a nice bar, somewhere a man could go to find some understanding companionship.

Delbert hadn't approached him, the man had approached Delbert, coming in sideways on the next barstool.

"Anyone sittin' here, bub?"

"No, sir," replied Delbert.

"You new in town, all alone here?"

"Why, no, as a matter of fact," answered Delbert, since the man had asked. "I haven't been alone for going on 12 years. Everywhere I go, I have my vision of Bubbles with me."

"Is that so?" asked the interlocutor with the trace of a sneer. Delbert noticed the dawning of derision. He'd liked to have curbed the man's sarcasm and save him his ear, but once Delbert got started on his story of Bubbles, he had never been able to stop.

"Yes, sir," continued Delbert, "ever since I first *really* seen Bubbles, the sight and sense has never left me. She was 14 then. I'd seen her as a little bitty when I come back from my last tour of the Nam. But one day, I went 'round the doughnut shop, and there was Bubbles, poking her little-girl tongue through a chocolate glaze hole...."

"You like 'em young?" queried Delbert's new friend. "We may do business yet."

"You don't want to pigeonhole me as a cradle robber," cautioned Delbert. "I ain't laid a testicle on the chile, nor anywhere else since I witnessed her tongue wiggle through the chocolate hole. I seen that none other would do for me, and none other would do her. I been guarding her purely ever since."

But the guy had stopped listening. The guy had been listening to himself, to the wisecrack forming on his lips. "Man, your testicles must be swollen up like an overcushioned, hairy ottoman," said Delbert's former friend. "All that semen has backed up and clouded your brain."

"You don't hear too good," observed Delbert, knife flashing every bit as evil and glinty as his eyes. "Guess you won't miss this ear."

Out in the cold Detroit wind, Delbert fondled the ear. He'd already forgotten where he'd picked it up, intent on his mad rush to the side of Bubbles's surveillance-tripped bed.

She would be in the shower about now, Delbert reasoned, if *reason* were an appropriate word to describe the workings of the McClinton mind. His logic told him that Bubbles would step dripping from the bathroom to stand naked in the doorway. Her full, overflowing eyes, at the sight of Delbert rock-hard on the bed, streamed liquid joy down upon her natural wonder breasts, droplets wavering and sliding over her washboard belly and around her precisely manicured pussy patch.

McClinton had called many a hastily slit trench home during his in-country tours. As the artillery of this and the next world had bombarded the earth's surface and the sky above, he'd known great security in the confines of a shallow tunnel, but no foxhole had ever been as appealing as the one that Bubbles walked across the room.

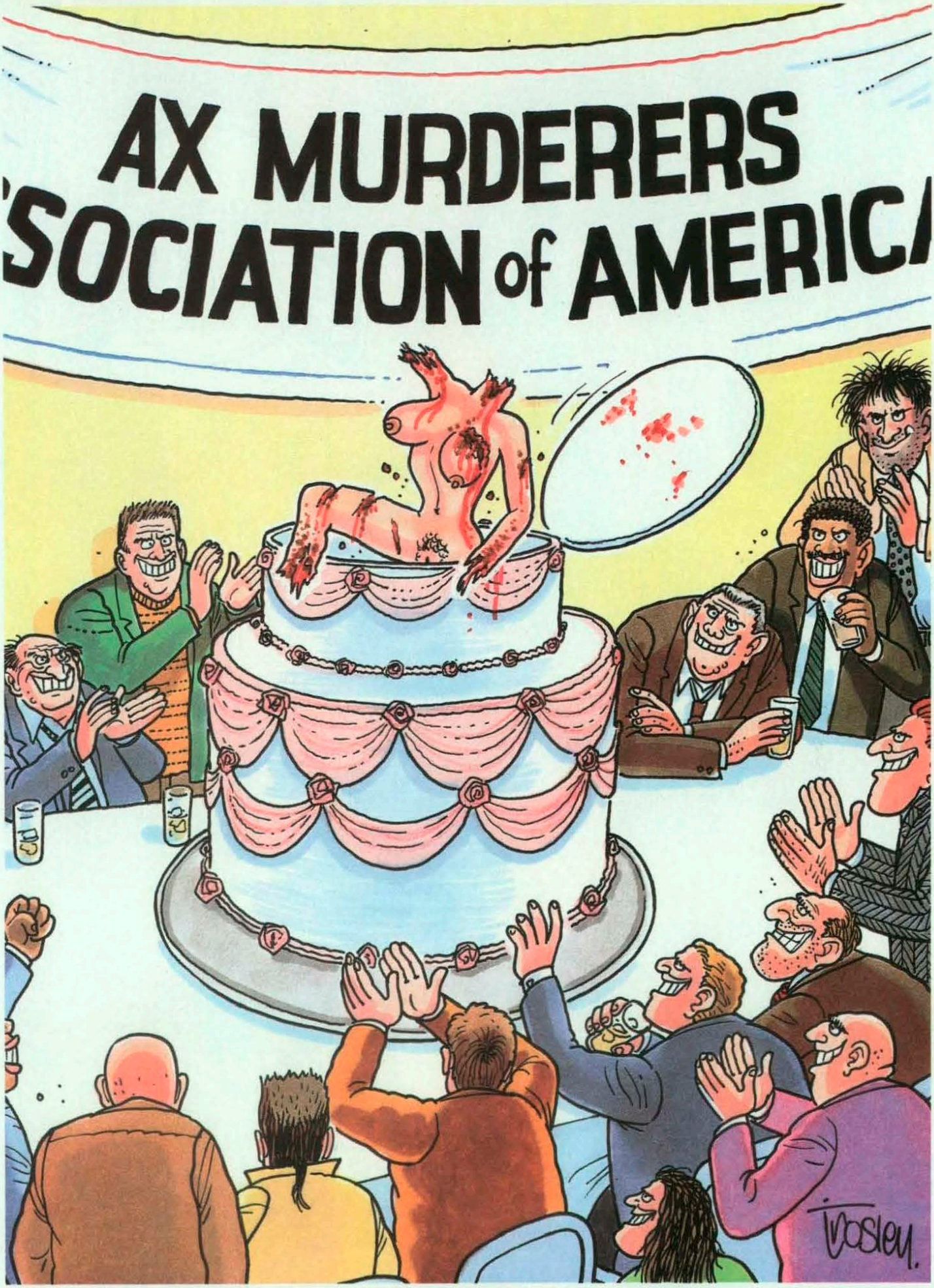
Delbert dove for cover, face first. His nose followed his tongue, shoveling into the honey-lined sanctuary pit. Bubbles sank back onto the bed, her thighs raising and opening, wrapping around his head, her heels draped down his back, beating a morse code of ardent delight as her calves gripped his shoulders and pulled his face deeper into her safety slit.

She didn't even need to touch his dick, but she did, at least in his squinting mind's eye she did, and he unloaded the entire magazine of his fully auto man-meat M-16.

Delbert heard a door open and raised his face from the engulfing, pure-cherry pussy pie to look his dream girl head on.

"Shit if it isn't GI schmo again," sneered

(continued on page 109)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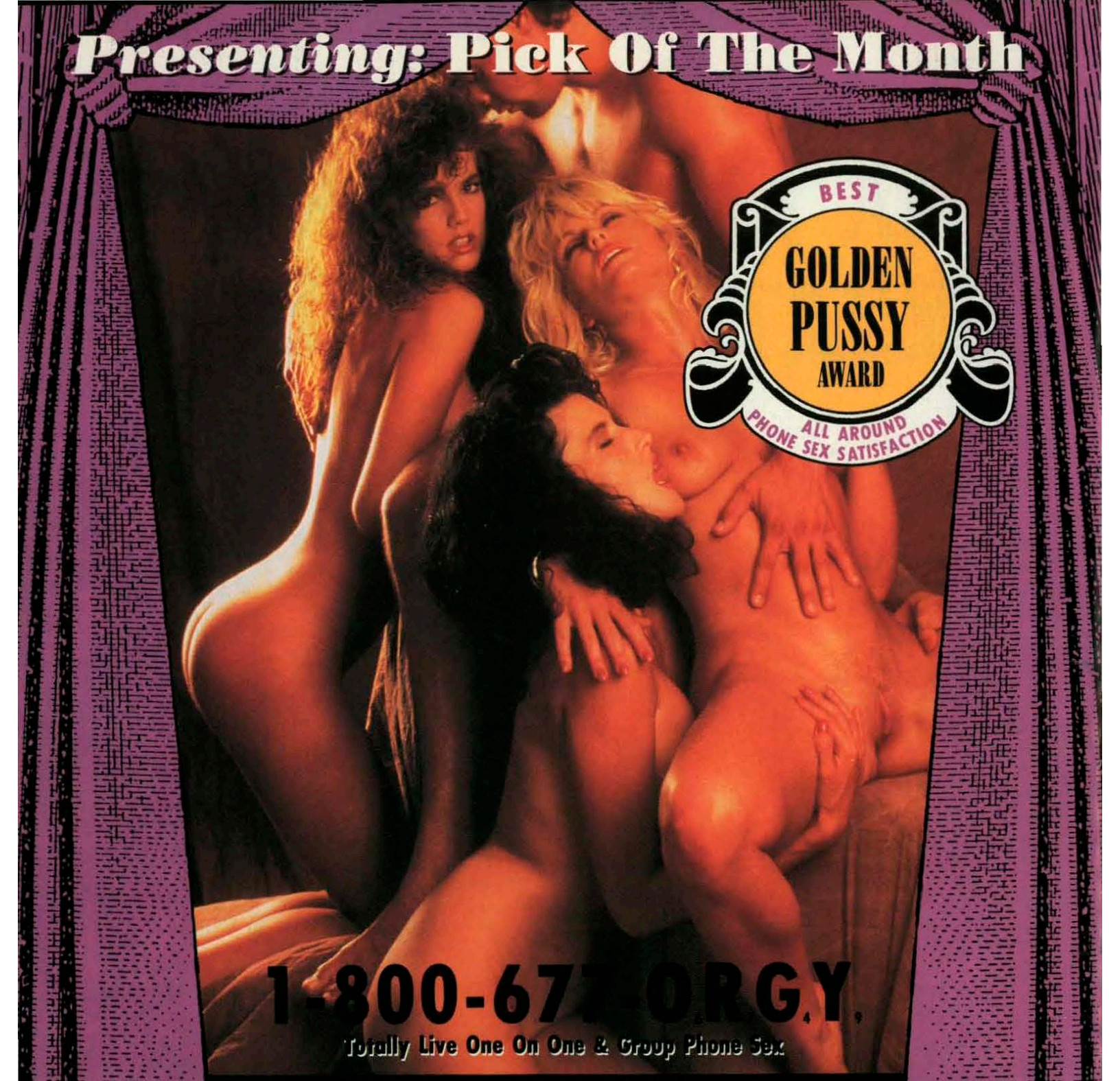

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SLUT MADONNA

(continued from page 106)

She was the kind of chick who'd take a sensuous shit. If this newcomer had any nonsex-appeal skin, it wasn't showing, and it was all showing.

Bubbles Kaminski, pulling her robe tighter about herself, brushing her hair with angry strokes. "You and your cloud of murdered, one-eared dink and pervert ghosts leave me alone. I've got a job so I can pay someone to get you away from me."

With that, she slammed the door and left Delbert alone within his mist of misery, semen seeping through his pants pocket, gluing his pager and newest ear together.

* * *

Amorous Anvil's House of Party Animals drew a crowd of rooting, rutting carnivores, especially on a fresh-meat night. They drank a lot, they barfed and pissed, they often fought, but they always paid attention. They knew something was up; so they simmered in hyperattentive silence as a new twat took the stage.

She was a virgin at stage work, but a natural, the kind of chick who'd take a sensuous shit. Dirty blond, with big baby blues, her aquamarine pasties and tassels matched a fringed G-string and ankle-binding stiletto pumps. If this newcomer had any nonsex-appeal skin, it wasn't showing, and it was all showing.

Still, the male beasts recognized a greater drama unfolding than the blossoming of a full-petal sex flower. Anvil "Thumbs" Irons, for instance, stood sentinel halfway between his bar's two cash registers. His fear-filled, life-vacated eyes had seen a ghost, or perhaps two.

The audience tracked stage left, following a truly disconcerting figure who appeared to be operating within a haze of smoky death's heads. Clad in urban-jungle camouflage fatigues, his face painted a death mask of black, brown and green, Delbert McClinton stalked the audience perimeter, surreptitiously approaching the tassel-twirling wonder tits and fringe-flipping heaven hips working in the spotlight. The psycho extended a length of what looked like dried prunes strung together to form a necklace of sorts, with two ancient, desiccated sausages tied on the ends.

Jerome, the indecisive transvestite in charge of running the door, bouncing drunks and tending the House of Party Animals sound system, shit-canned the music, sympathetic to the necessity of dialogue to impart true drama.

"Where in the fuck did you dig her up?" seethed Anvil "Thumbs" Irons.

"I thought you'd like her, Thumbs," yelped a surprised Jerome. He'd never seen boss Thumbs distraught. He kind of liked it.

"Don't call me Thumbs," fretted Thumbs. "Why'd you have to hire Bubbles Kaminski? I'd better do something. I got a bad feeling."

Bad perhaps, but no worse than the feeling of Bubbles Kaminski upon spotting Delbert McClinton approaching her debut moment with his moldy offering.

"Delbert McClinton, get those goddamn ears away from me," snapped Bubbles Kaminski. "Isn't there a man man enough in Detroit City to take this deranged nut case out of my life so I can finally get fucked?"

"Delbert McClinton," hissed Thumbs, his incomplete fists clenching and twitching. He steadied his business gun in both hands and closed in. McClinton stood transfixed, blinded by the glaring carnality reflected off spotlight-splattered Bubbles Kaminski.

"Those are my thumbs!" hollered Thumbs, indicating the sausagelike end pieces on Delbert's string of ears. "And these are my bullets."

The gun blasted a half dozen shots in less than six ticks of the clock, and circumstances reached a point from which accounts would soon differ. Some of the very interested observers later stated that Delbert McClinton's head was vaporized, and his body crumpled, dumped and dead; others swear that Delbert dematerialized before any shots were fired.

All agree that the cloud of gunsmoke was no ordinary ballistic effluvium. Something was actually *in* the swirling murk, active, solid strong. The necklace of ears flew end over end like a bola lariat, wrapping around the tree-trunk neck of flat-headed Anvil "Thumbs" Irons as he lunged longingly toward pouting Bubbles Kaminski.

"Not fat old Flathead," protested Bubbles petulantly as the necklace cinched Thumbs's thorax, crushing his esophagus with his own thumbs. "Any other man will do," bargained Bubbles, "any or many, as many as can do."

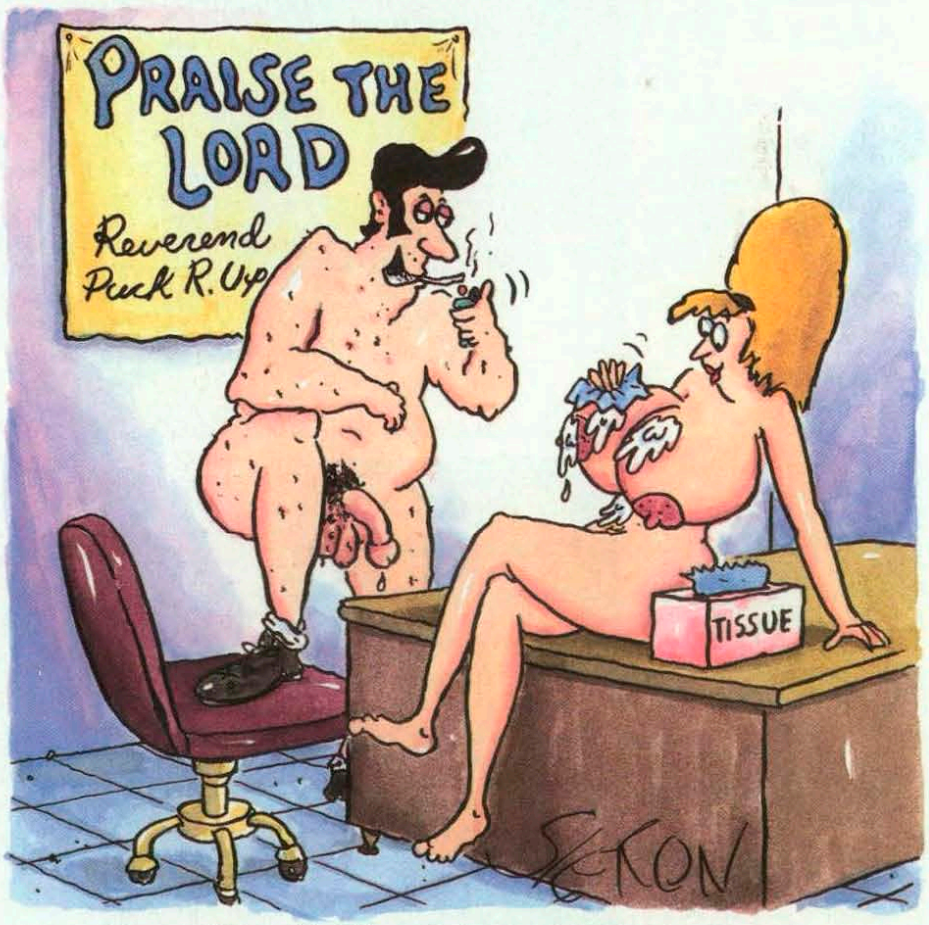
A force took shape from the smoke, salivating, panting and yearning for a taste of the Kaminski quim. A disembodied embodiment of all the men who had lusted fatally to pop Bubbles, crossbred with the souls of guerrilla-felled Vietnamese and fragged U.S. officers, a monstrous yaw, lascivious, wet and toothy, engulfed the stage. Bubbles was about to be devoured.

The carnal carnivores at Amorous Anvil's House of Party Animals, for all of their vigilance, paid no heed to the mutant manifestation of death and denied male lust. They were too busy getting their pants down and lining up.

"I'm Bubbles Kaminski," announced Bubbles, "and I'm ready to get my cherry popped."

Though she'd learned to like the tease business, Bubbles intended to get fucked by one and all who would fuck her, the living, the dead, and the half-transmogrified in between.

Only Jerome hesitated; she fondled her bulging prick and eyed the tombstone-toothed jaw about to swallow Bubbles whole: "Should I get in line or just be jealous?"



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Beaver Hunt

Photo by Old Man

Cincinnati, Ohio, is home to 32-year-old Lena. She's a medical secretary, and her hobbies include houseplants, drawing and reading. She says sex with her old man is always fantastic, but she's dreaming of a girlfriend to join them.

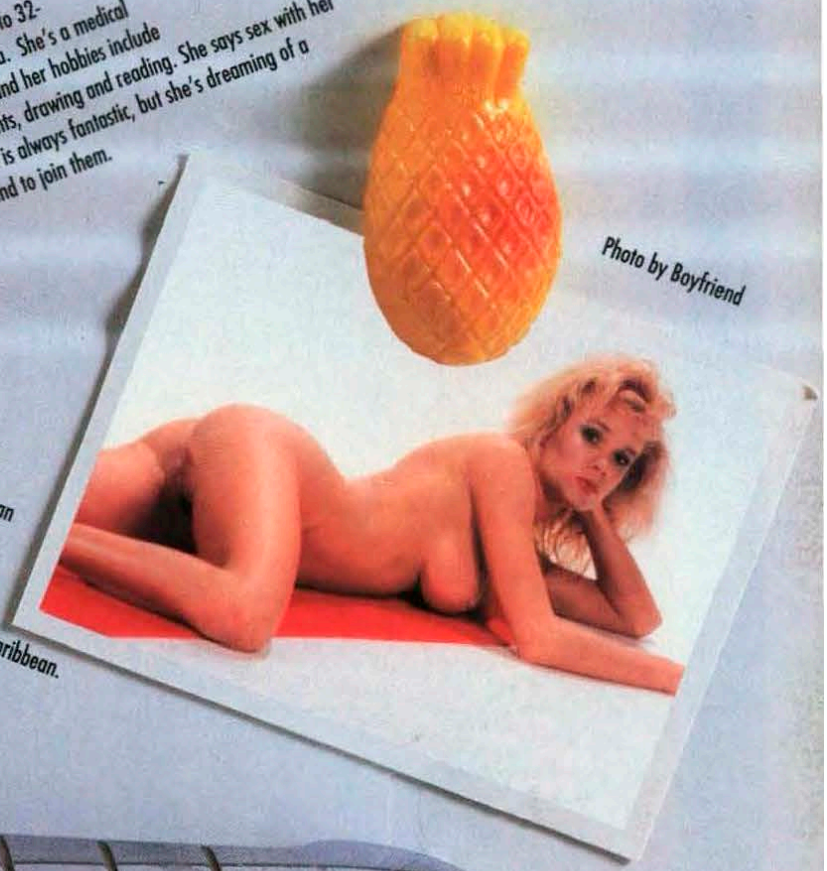

Photo by Boyfriend

Twenty-three-year-old Alicia is an exotic dancer from Framingham, Massachusetts. Reading, shopping and modeling are her hobbies. Her wet dream is to make love on a yacht on the Caribbean.

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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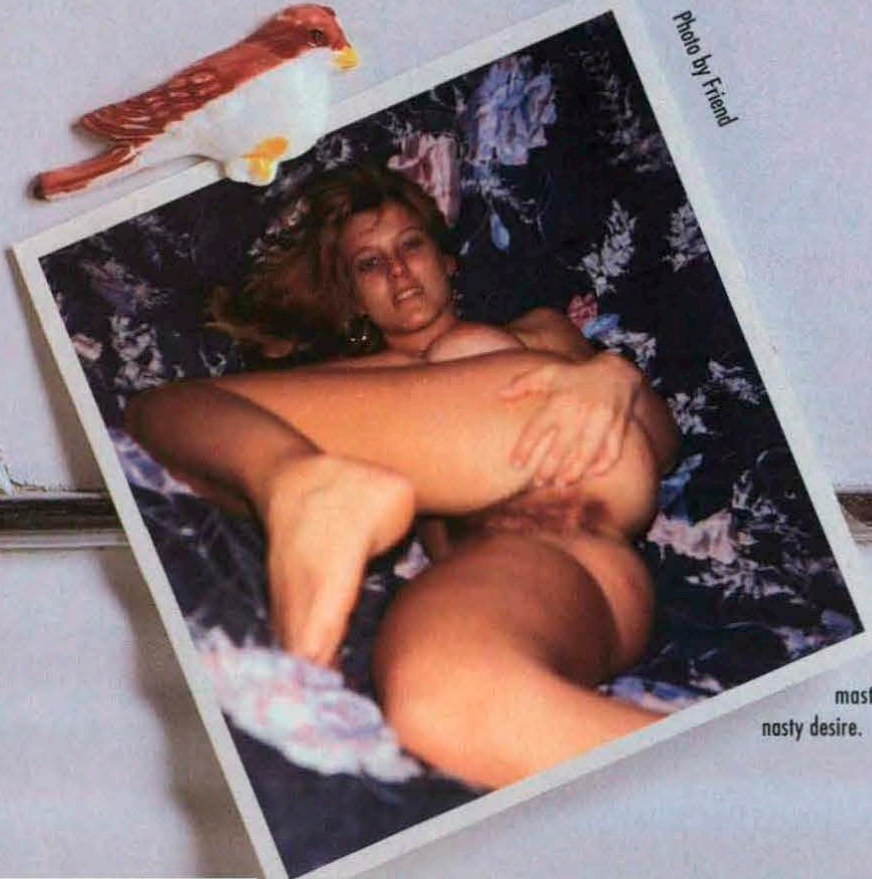
Photo by Friend

Tawny Tammy is a 21-year-old nude model from Little Elm, Texas. She's into dancing, shopping and working out. Her fantasy is to make love on a tropical island under a waterfall with a man or a woman. She gives everyone a chance.

Photo by Friend

Writing and masturbating are 22-year-old Megan's spare-time activities. She's a model consultant from Mankato, Minnesota, and her fantasies are to make love in a canoe, to have sex in front of an audience, and to have three men give her an orgasm. This girl's got a lot on her mind.

Photo by Friend



Faye is a 27-year-old secretary from Zebulon, North Carolina. She's into swimming and pool, respectively. To masturbate while her boyfriend watches is her nasty desire.

Luscious is her name, merchandising's her game. She's 20 years old, she comes from Green Bay, Wisconsin, and she spends her free time playing volleyball and waterskiing. Her fantasy is to fuck her boyfriend on his café racer at 110 m.p.h. Bet he pulls it out at 125!

Photo by Boyfriend

Cherri Pickens is the right-on moniker of this 29-year-old security guard from Northfield, Illinois. When she's not shooting darts and riding motorcycles, Cherri dreams of fucking Patrick Swayze. Standing up or lying down, Cher?

Photo by Friend

Photo by Friend

Twenty-year-old Cinnamon, from Lake Worth, Florida, is presently unemployed. Her fave hobbies are bowling, sex and dancing. She'd like to make love on a sailboat in the moonlight, 'cuz she's a romantic girl at heart.

Photo by Husband

Twenty-three-year-old April hails from Bellflower, California. She's a housewife, and she enjoys working out, sunbathing and dancing. Her fantasy is to make love with her husband on a beach on a warm summer night. Oh, and to be in *Beaver Hunt*. Round up the beach ball, April. Your dreams are coming true.

Photo by Boyfriend

You might quibble that 20-year-old Veronica isn't quite baring all. We say close enough. She's a housewife from Corona, California, who likes wild sex and shopping. Veronica wins the prize for the kinkiest *Beaver Hunt* fantasy ever: a threeway with her mom and boyfriend!

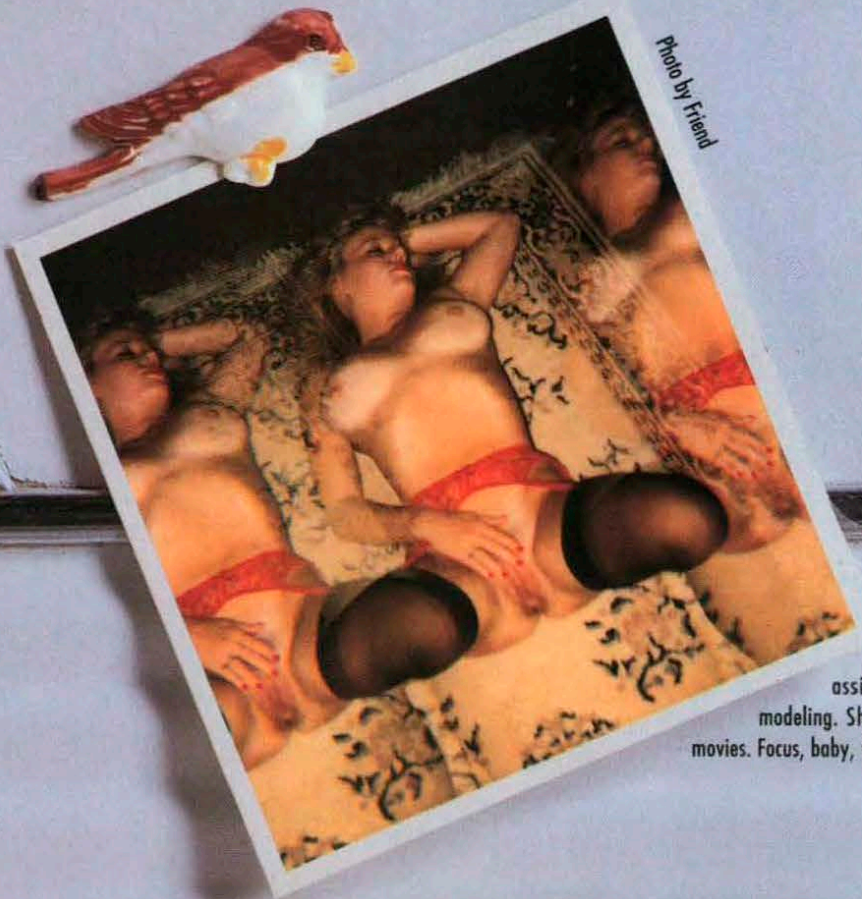


Photo by Friend

Twenty-two-year-old Mickey, from Walker, Michigan, is such a knockout, she'll have you seeing triple. A nurse's assistant, her hobbies include swimming and modeling. She gets off imagining an acting job in adult movies. Focus, baby, focus.

Twenty-two-year-old Danielle is a housewife from Bridgecrest, California. Her main hobby's music. What gets her hottest is imagining her husband watching her make love with another lady. Sweet torture, eh?

Photo by Husband

From Atlantic City, New Jersey, comes 34-year-old Terrie, a housewife who's into aerobics and playing poker. Her secret fantasy is to make love to her best friend on a beach or in an elevator. What the hell, Terrie. Do it in *both*.

Photo by Husband

Photo by Husband

Twenty-four-year-old Holly may be hiding the bush, but she's such an all-over sex bomb that *Beaver Hunt* couldn't resist including her in this month's catch. A housewife from Sikeston, Missouri, Holly likes swimming and traveling. Her only fantasy is to appear in HUSTLER Magazine.

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33. D&E-200™	200 mg	23.00	**	6.95
34. D&E-25-25™	110 mg	18.00	**	6.50

**Not available in size.

Active ingredient in above stimulants: Caffeine

On The Go:

100% Pure Glynex — the All Natural Stimulant for that extra get up and go.

#36 90 tablets — $9.98

EPHEDRINE: Bronchodilator

Ephedrine HCL Tablet ..... 25 mg

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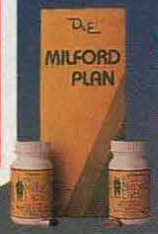
Previously only available thru a dietary physician, now D&E makes SLENDERx available to the public. Control your appetite with this 3-a-day formula and enjoy the results without the cost.

#37 60 days worth for $12.95



MILFORD PLAN

The Complete Dieting Program. With its 2-part formula to suppress the appetite while renourishing the body along with the helpful "Lose Weight & Get In Shape" pamphlet, you'll lose the lbs you want and learn how to keep them off.

#39 90 day course in successful dieting $12.95

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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
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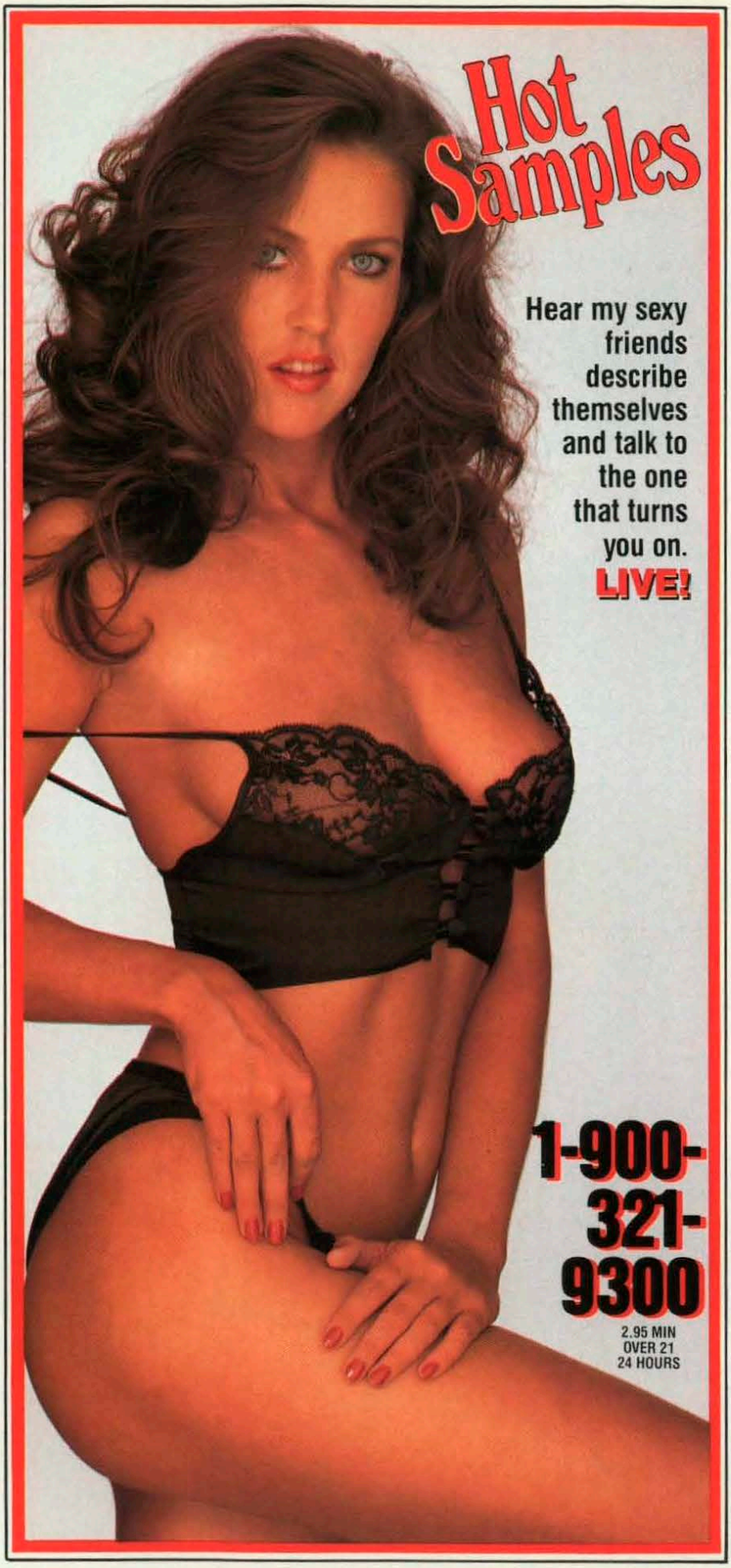

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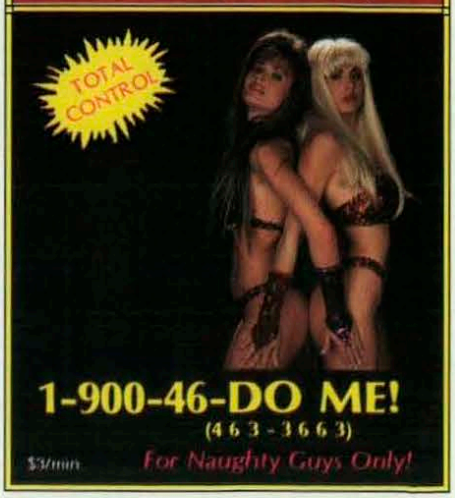

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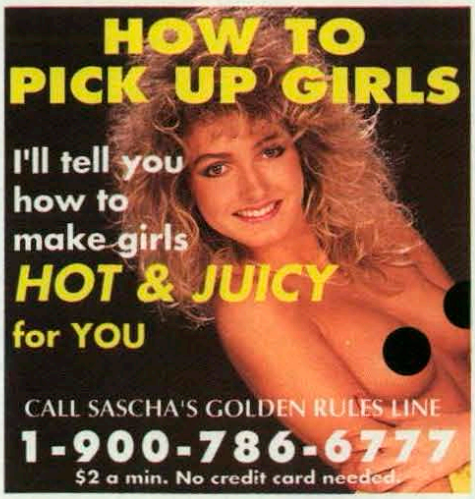

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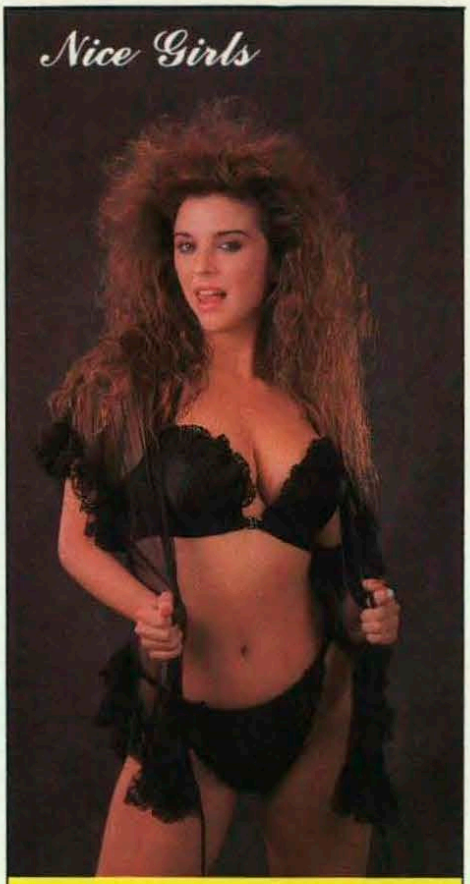

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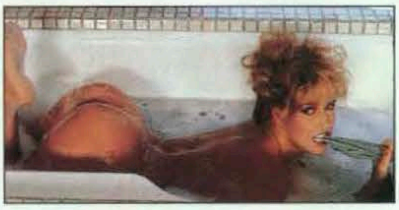

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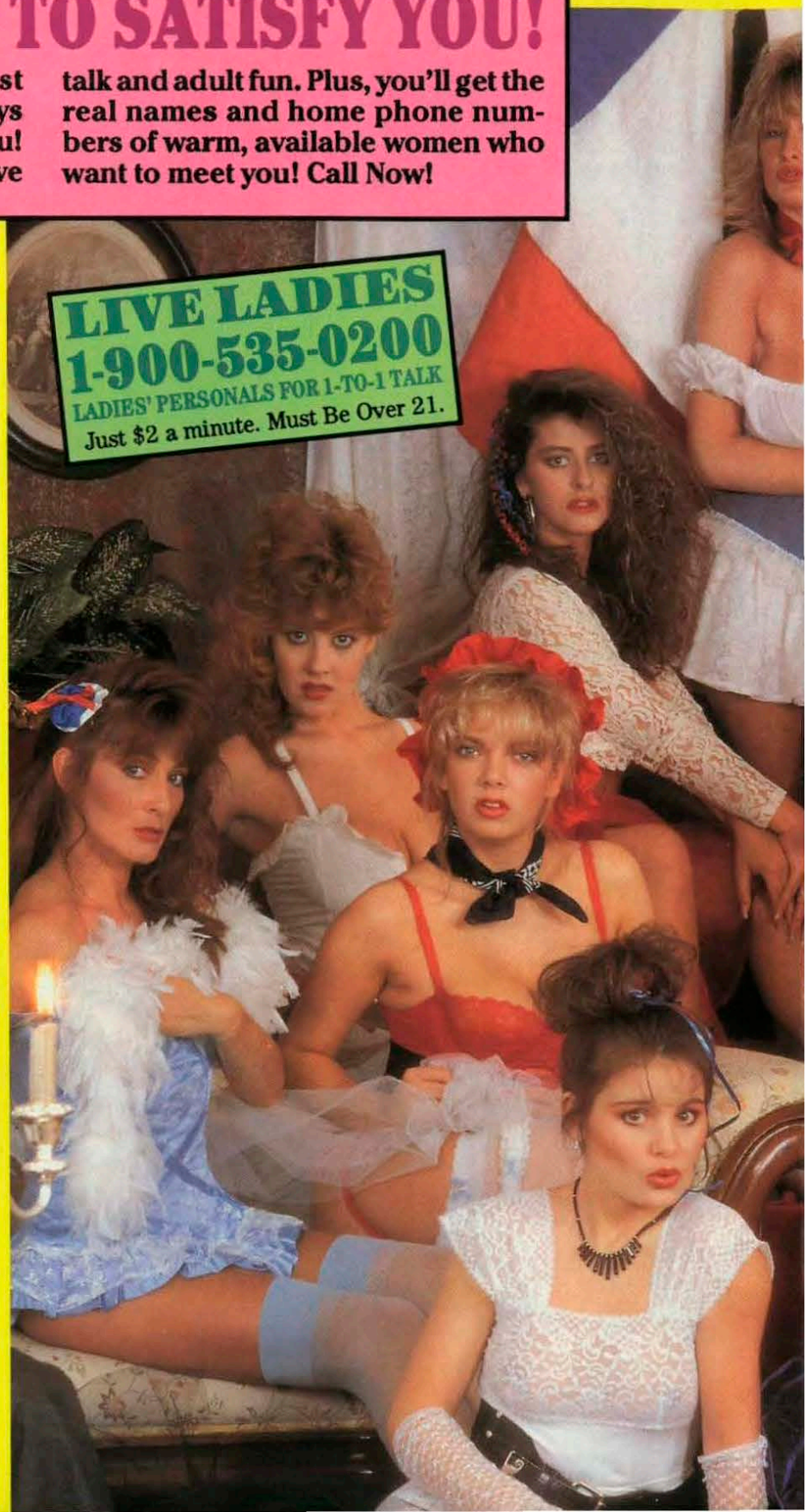

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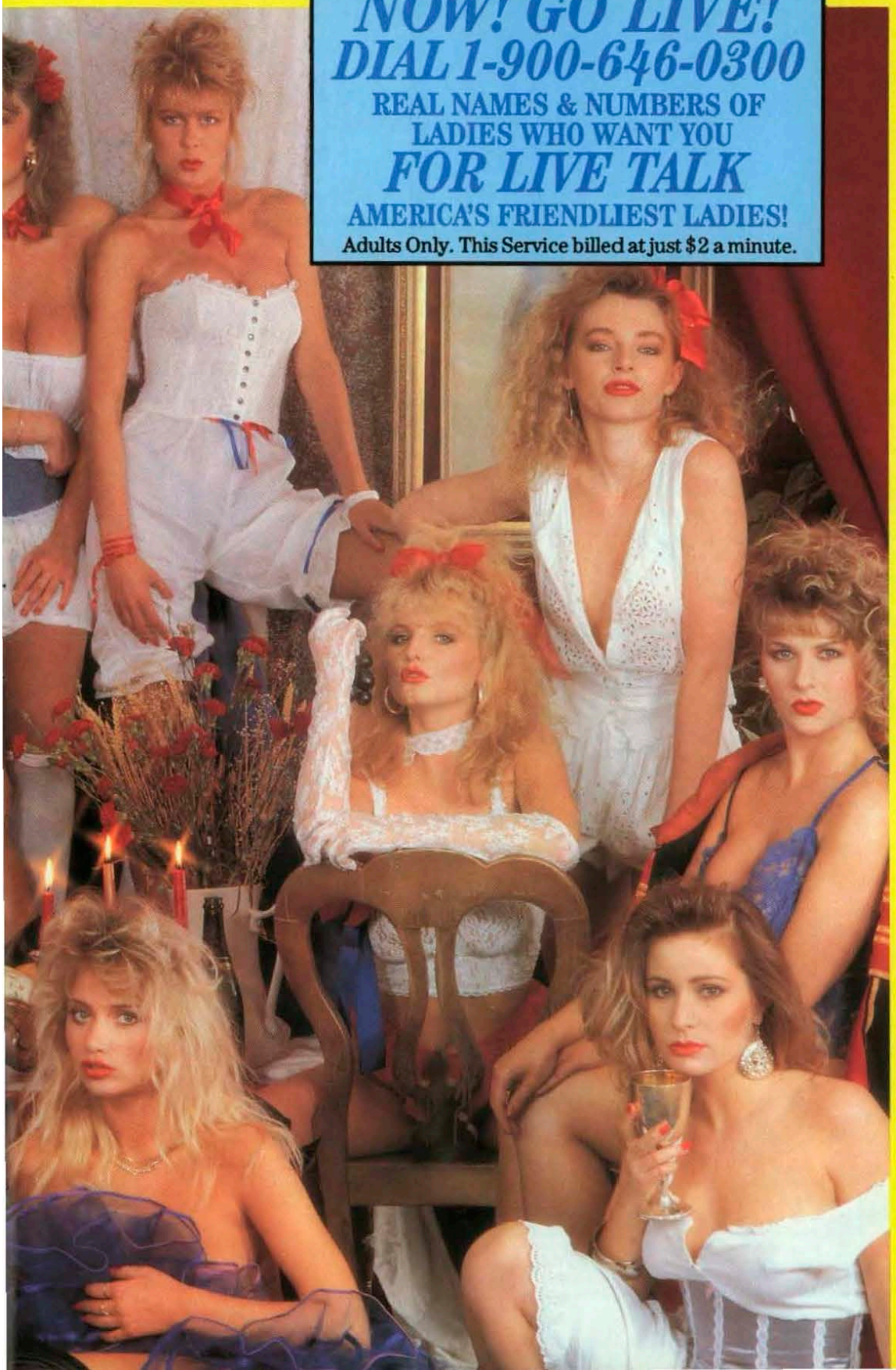

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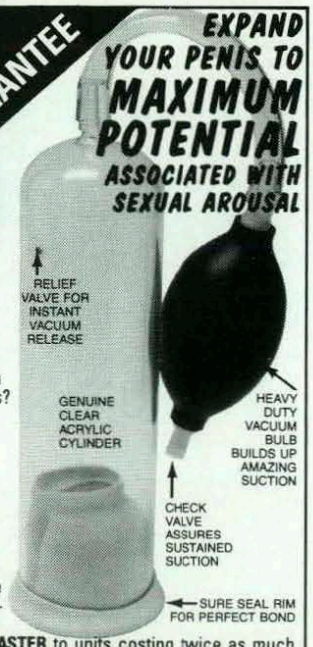

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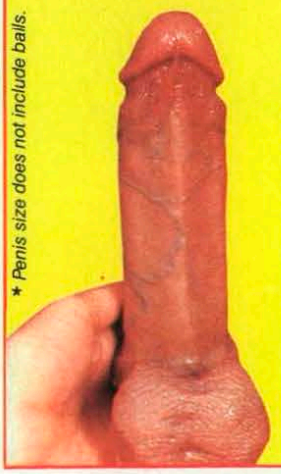

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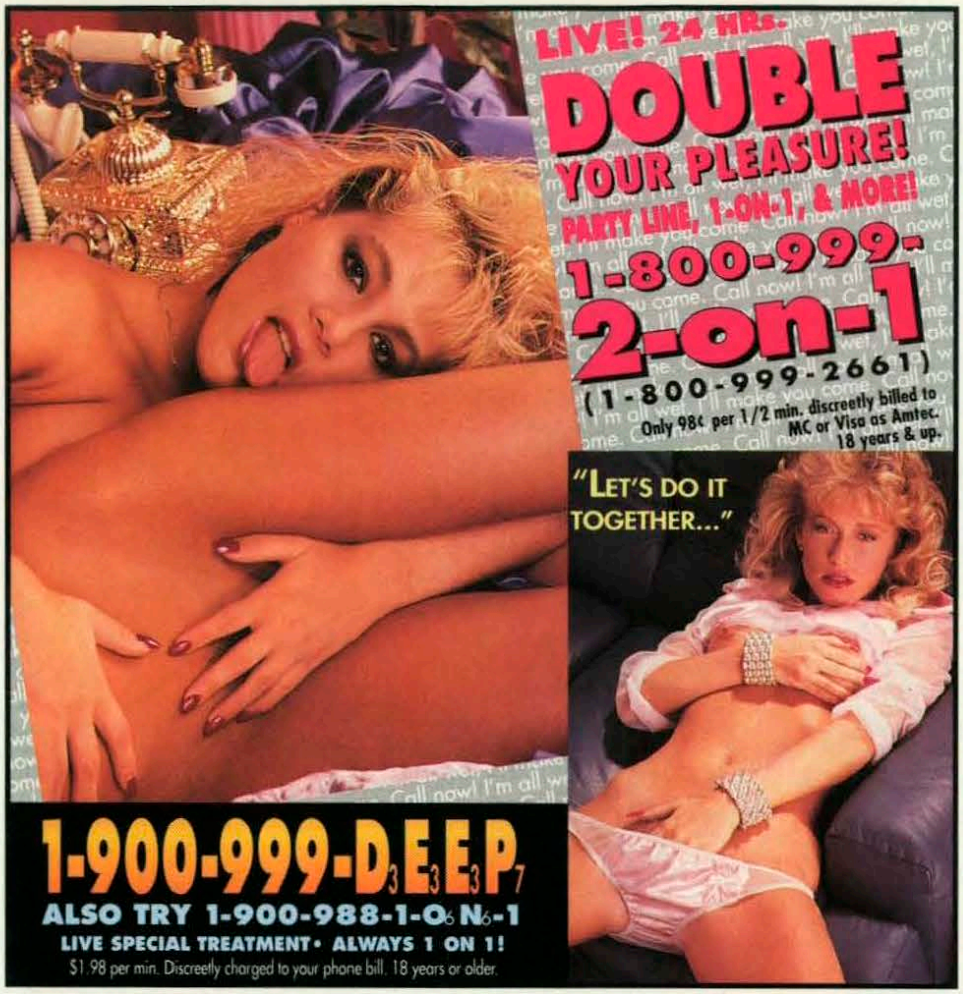

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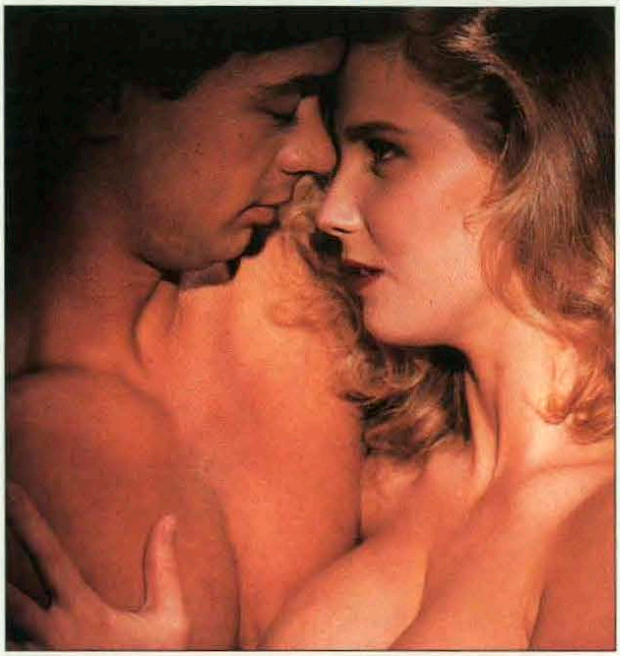

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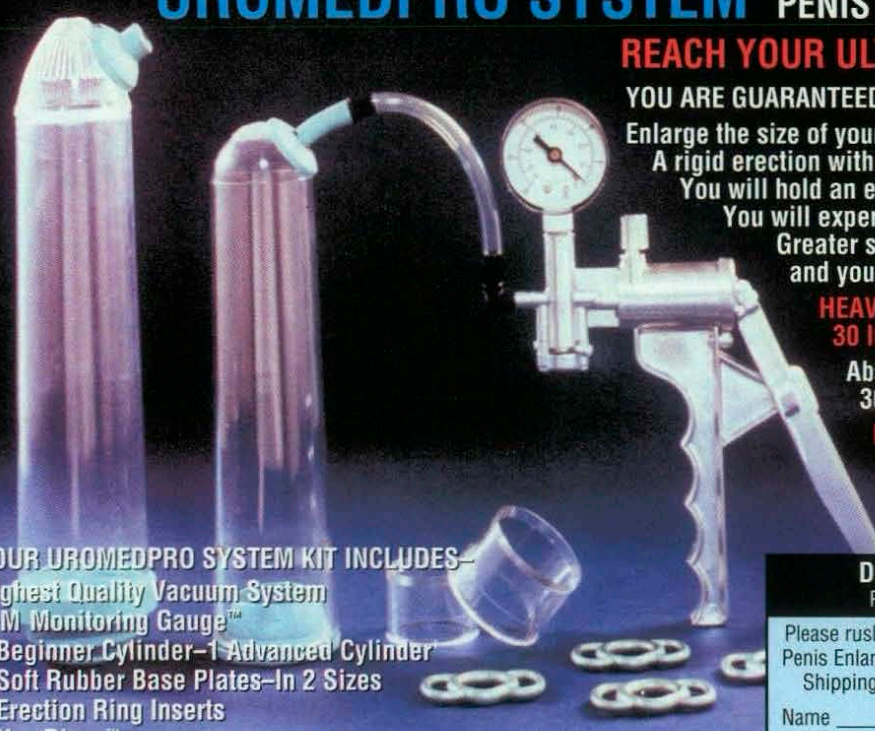

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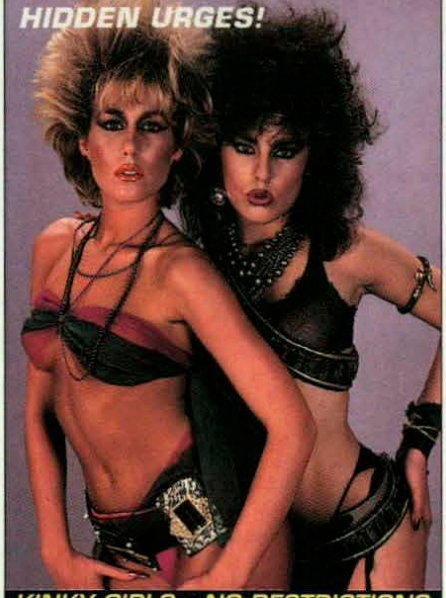

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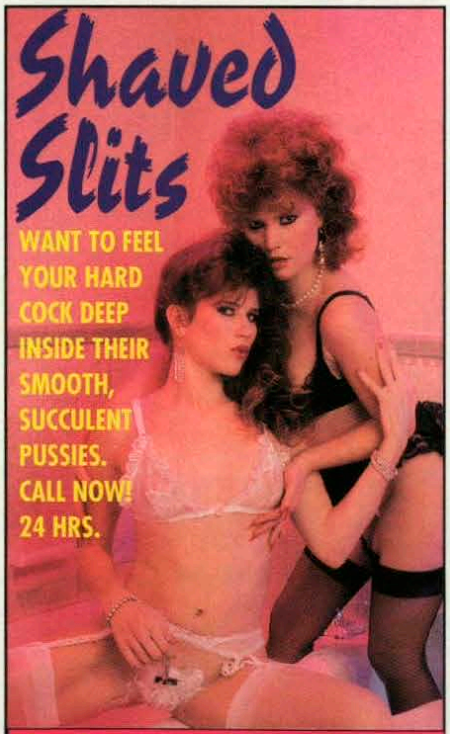

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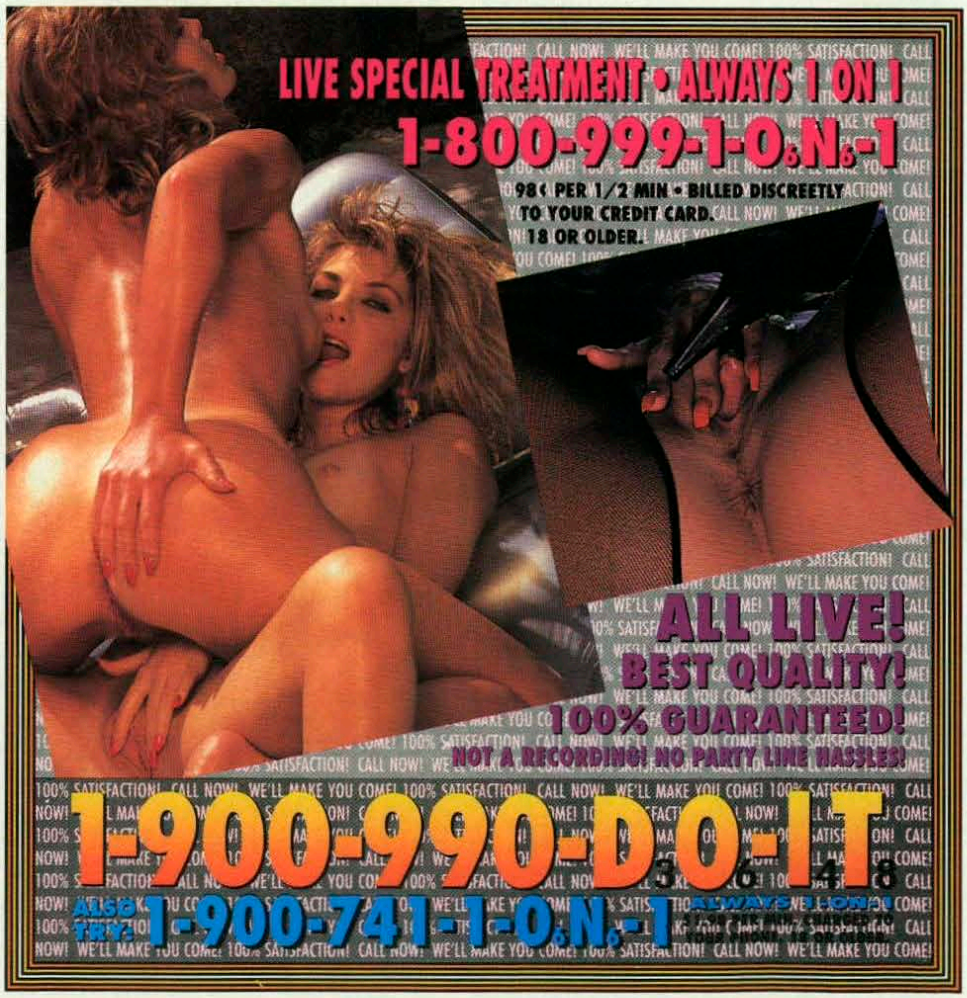

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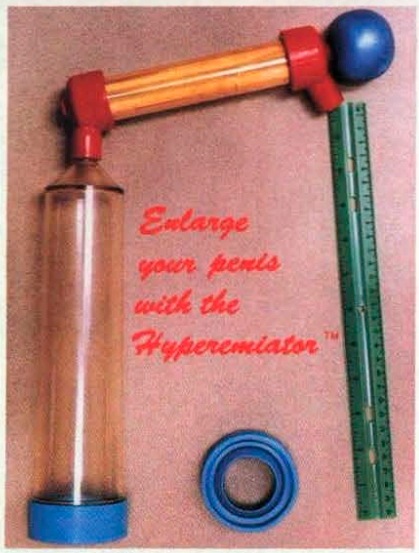
ORGAN BUILDER



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

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

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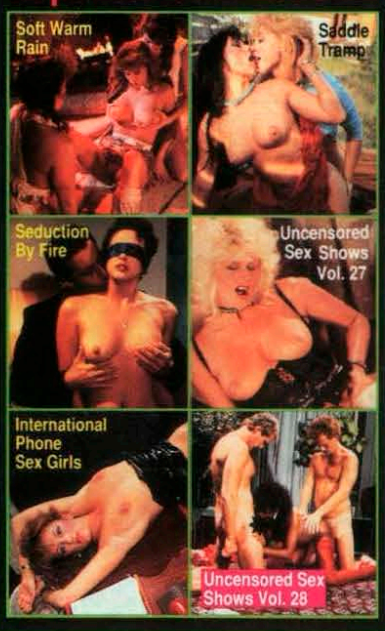

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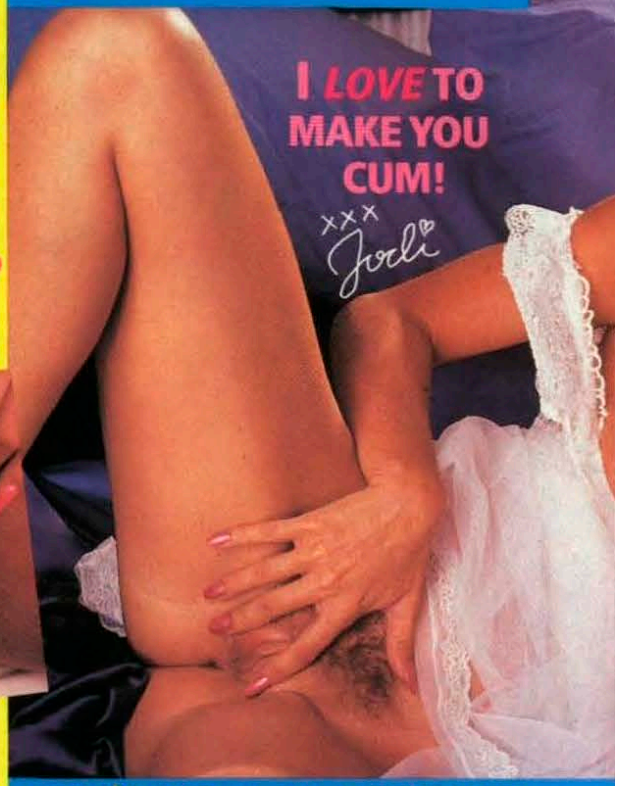

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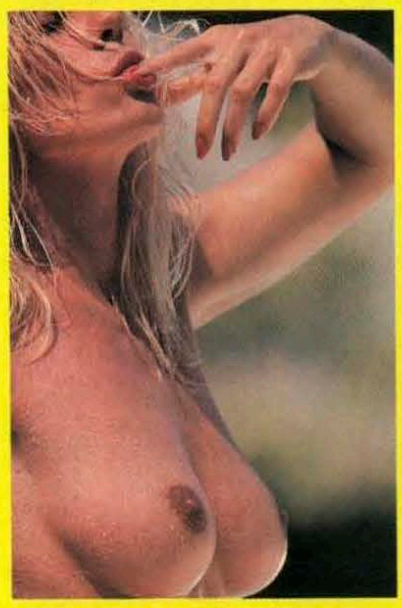

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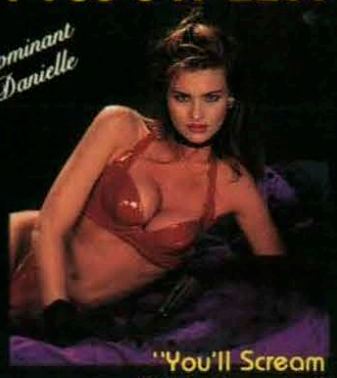

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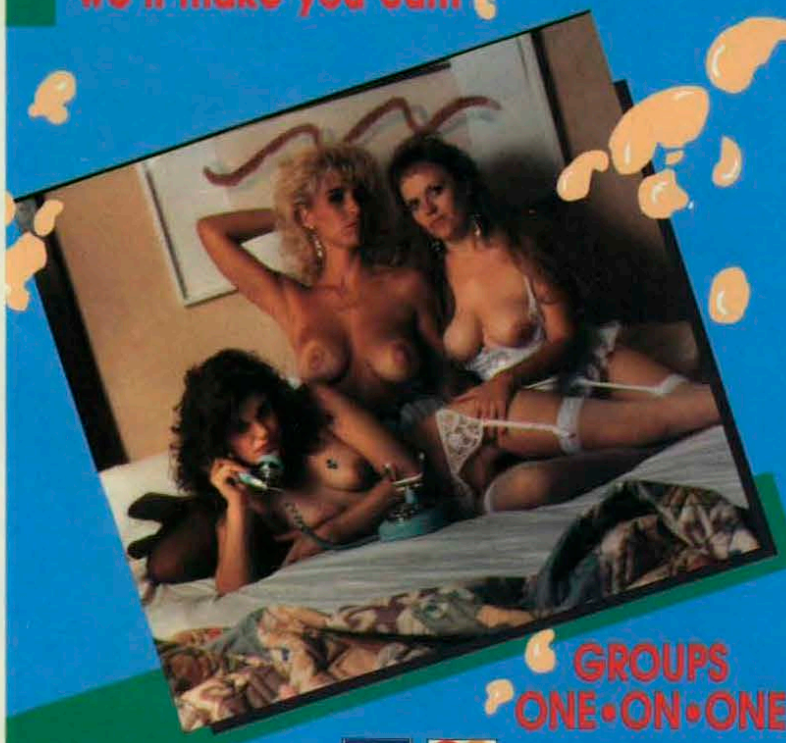

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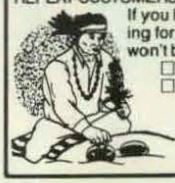

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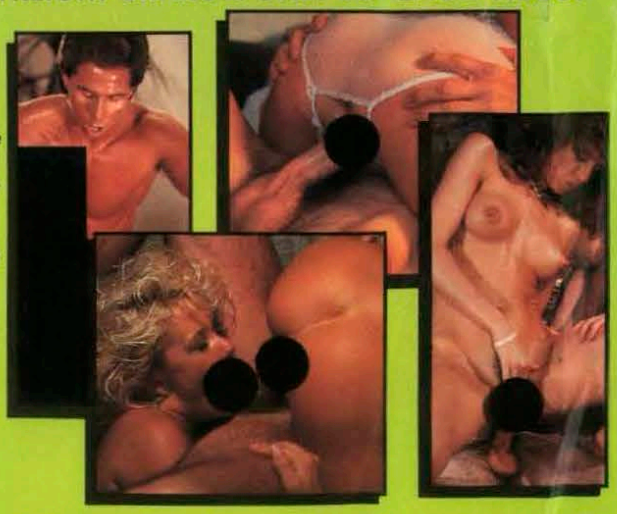

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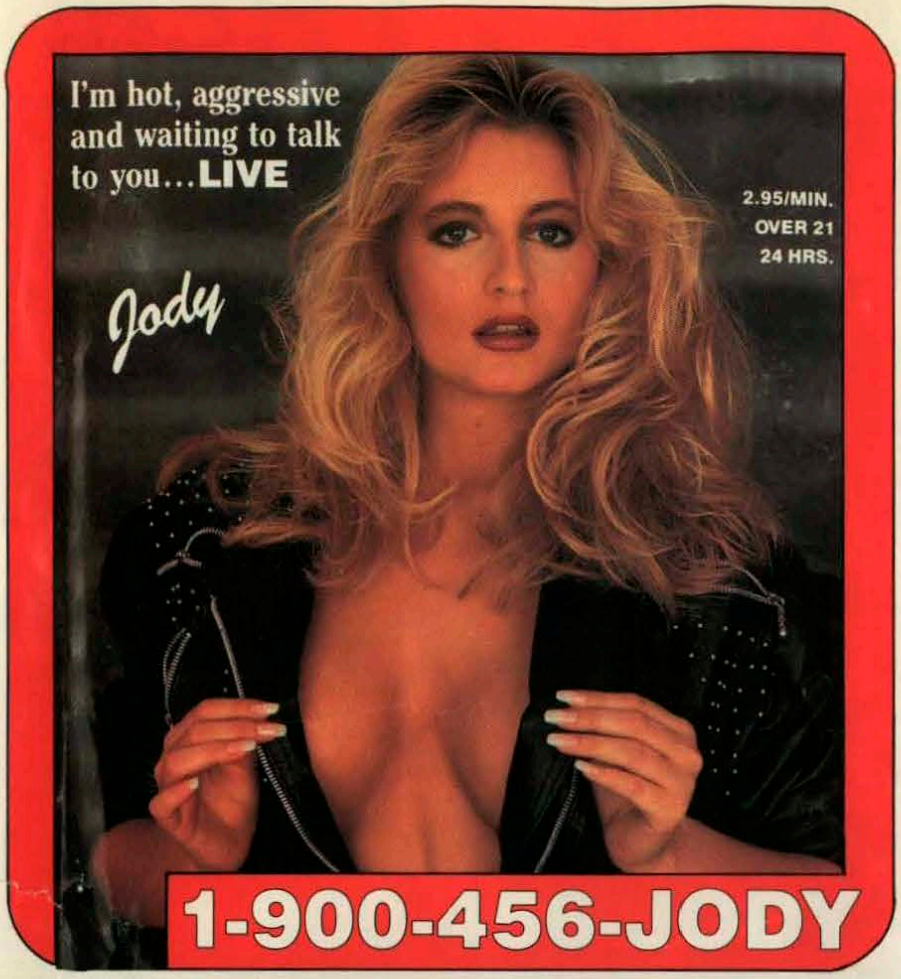
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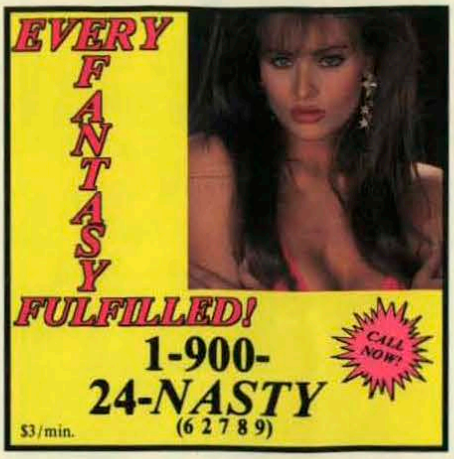
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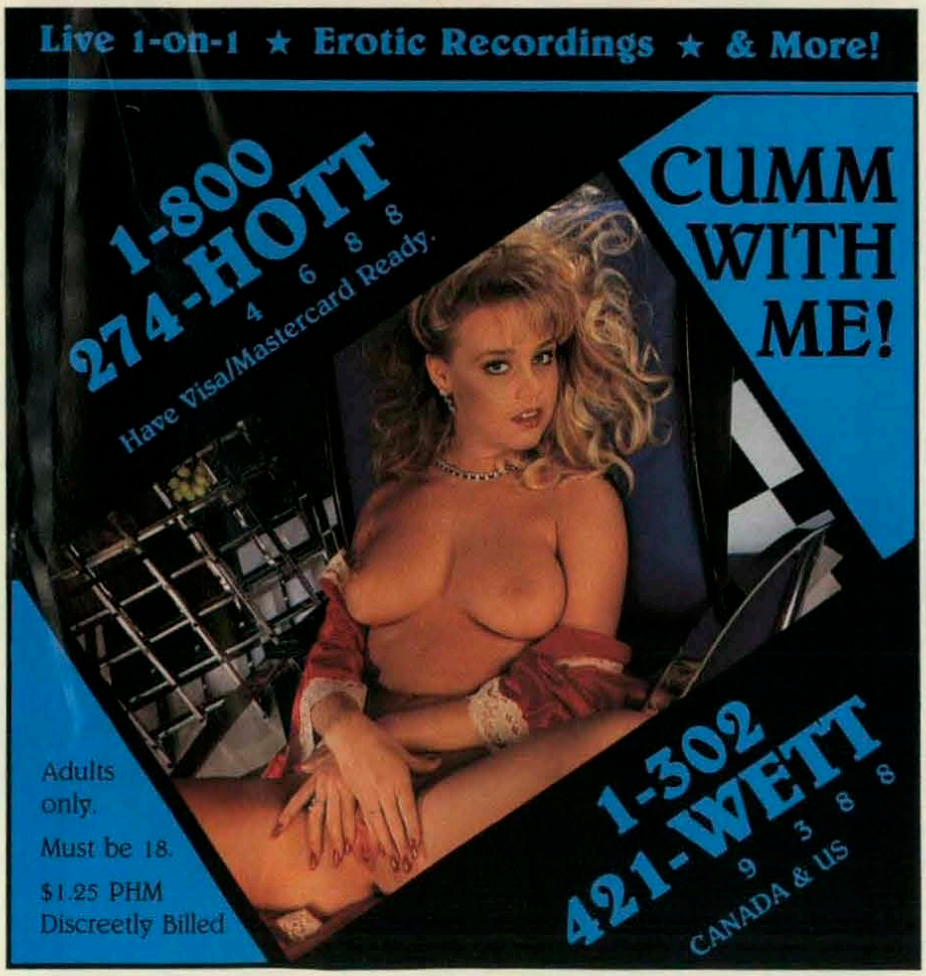
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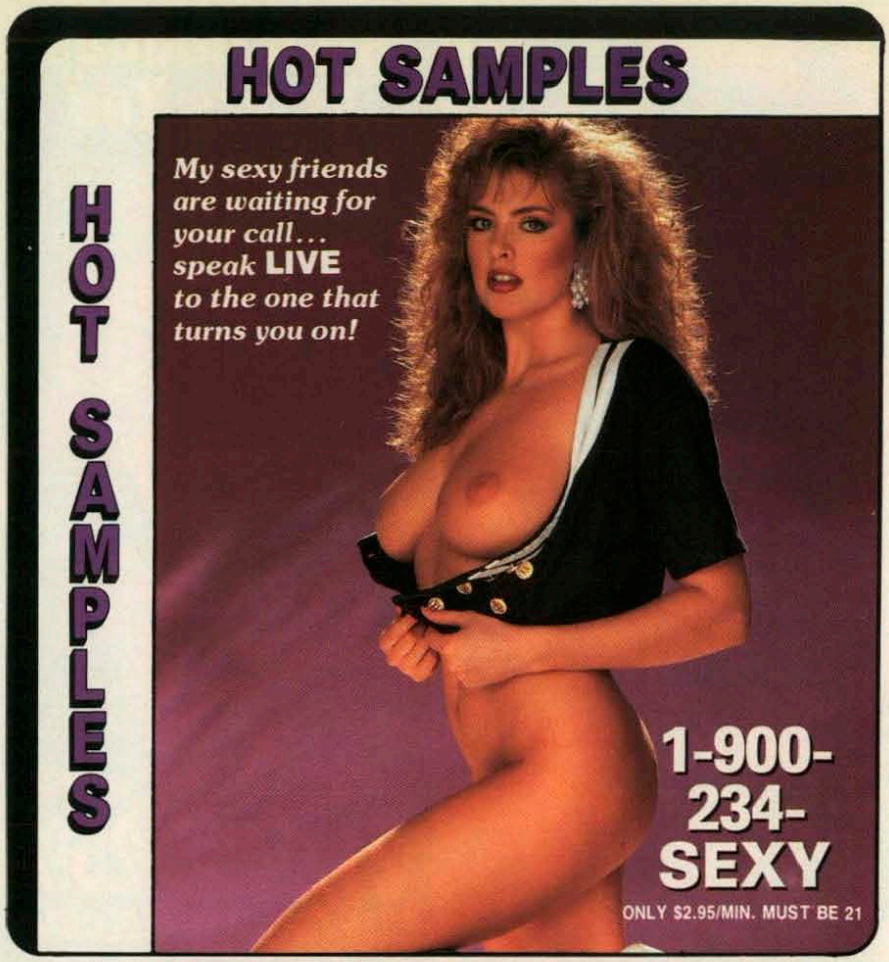
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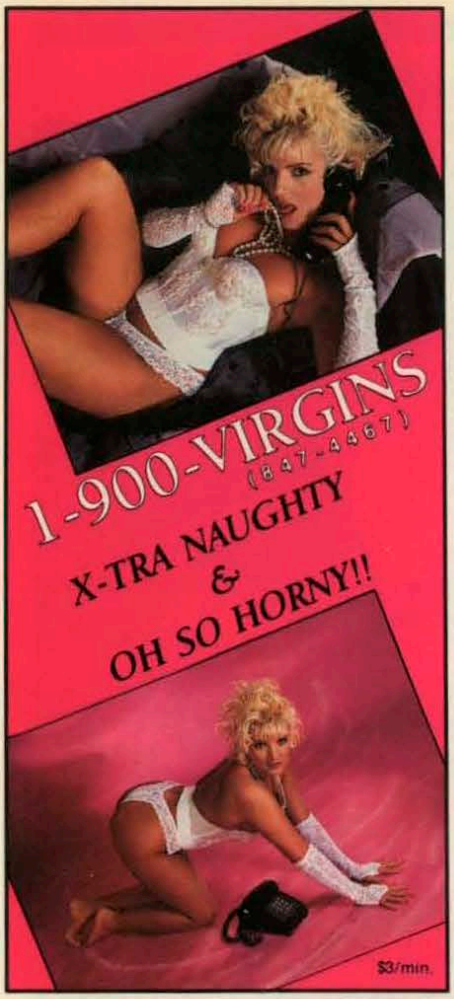
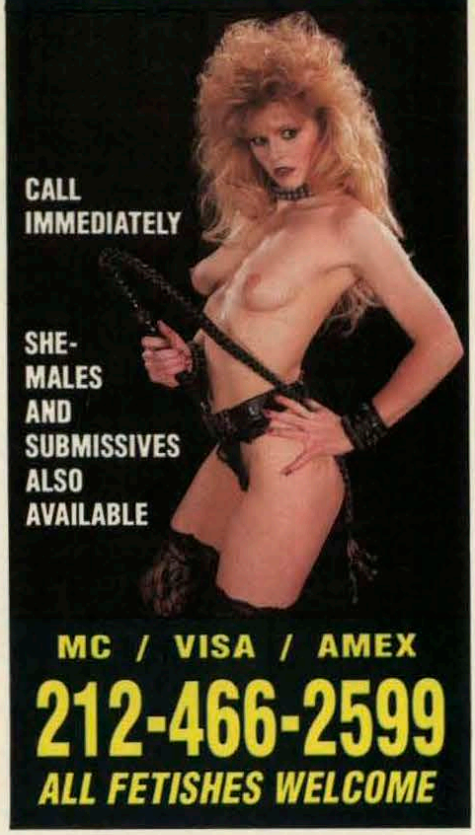


Bitch Goddess Wants You



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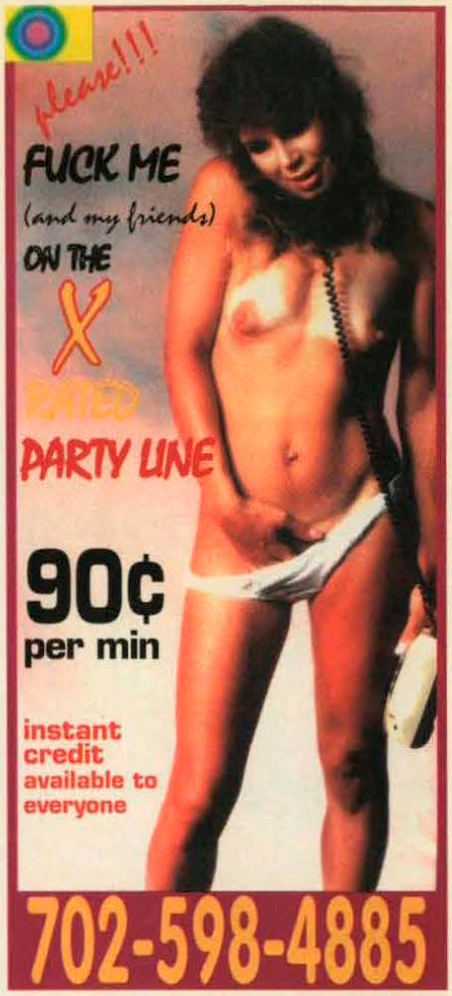

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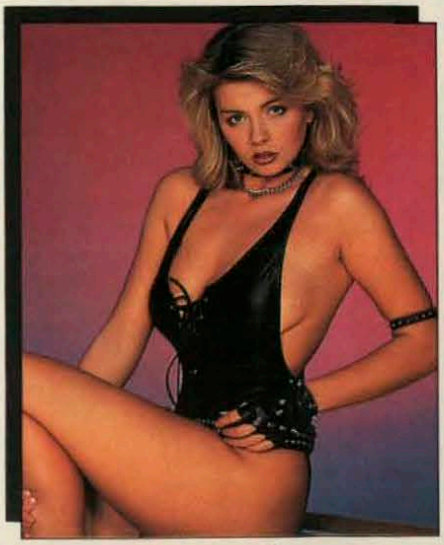

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FINGER-LICKIN HOT FUN! 1-900-HOT-TONGUE $2/min.

YOUR FANTASY IS MY TURN-ON! Only $2.00 per minute. Call **1-900-446-8255** To **EXCITE ME!**

For The Wildest Adult Messages, Call **1-900-USA-GIRL** 24 hours-7 Days $3.50

WIN A DATE with HEATHER or a Full Size **POSTER.** Call **1-900-446-1010** Only $9.95 call.

VANESSA-HOT, BLONDE & BITCHY! 212-869-8998

Allison-I LOVE TO TALK DIRTY! 305-983-4555

For The Hottest Erotic Live Phone Sex Available Anywhere! Call **1-213-651-5000** 24 hours-7 Days

SENSUOUS & AGGRESSIVE—Call JACKIE 212-840-5522

TAKE A JUICY BIT OUT OF MY BIG APPLE & LICK MY SWEET RED CHERRY. 212-242-8190 V/MC/AX. Hottest 24Hrs.

For The Most Exciting Messages, Call 1-900-820-2828. 24 Hours-7 Days $3.50 per Call

LADIES HOME NUMBERS
1-900-646-7300
$2 a minute. Adults Only.

XXX RATED FANTASIES Call TRACI—212-840-1060

For Names And Telephone Numbers Of Quality Singles, Call **THE NATIONAL SINGLES CLUB.** The Most Exclusive Singles Organization in America! **1-900-820-3111.** $3/minute

What's Your Pleasure? Call **MICHAEL SALEM BOUTIQUE'S** all new **TV./FETISH HOT LINES 1-900-226-4695** $1.95 min: $2.95/1st min. or **212-986-1777-8.**

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CARLY IS CRAZY FOR COCK!! Call 305-963-3144

1-900-HOT-BATH
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$2 a minute. Adults Only.

EXPERIENCE YOUR WILDEST & MOST INTIMATE SEXUAL DESIRES LIVE. MC/V **213-USA-FUCK.** 24 Hours, 7 Days.

ROMANTIC INTERLUDES—LUST, PASSION and **EXCITEMENT!** Call **1-900-226-4400** Only $2.00 per min.

HOT SEXY PARTY LINE 1-800-444-2672 $2/min

WANNA KNOW HOW BAD LITTLE JANIE CAN BE??
Call 212-840-5533

PHONE KINK!! STEAMY-Just the way you like it. **303-321-3920** 24Hrs. V/MC

WANTED HARD COCKS, Connie **312-292-0420** Billing.

SEXY LATIN, ORIENTAL GALS SEEK MEN. Free Photos. **LATINS.** Box 1716-H Chula Vista, CA 91912-1716 or call (24hrs) **619-425-1867**

TALK LIVE WITH LUSCIOUS LADIES FIND OUT HOW! NO CREDIT CARD
DIAL 1-900-646-7500
$2 a minutes. Adults Only.

For The Most Unbelievable Live 1 on 1 Uninhibited Conversation, Call **1-800-477-GIGI**

HOT LIVE PHONE SEX! **1-818-753-9494** Ext. 3 $10/call

YOU'LL Make Me Wet.
Visual Phone Sex 900-741-3232 $22/call

HOT HORNY FEMALES TALK LIVE 1-900-776-3122 $9.95/call

HORNY COLLEGE GIRL LOVES SEX!
Becky 212-840-5556

HOT LESBIAN FANTASIES
1-900-646-7100
$2 a minute. Adults Only.

Top Men's Magazine chose me BEST LIVE PHONE SEX WOMAN IN USA. Find out why! **Dusty 212-307-5570** V/MC/AE

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SENSUOUS DATES—They're HOT, EROTIC, and **AVAILABLE** Call **1-900-226-7111.** Only $2.00 per minute.

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INDULGE YOURSELF

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Throbbing 1-on-1 ★ Erotic Recordings ★ & More!

SHOOT YOUR LOAD WITH ME!

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6 7 2 5

Have Visa/Mastercard Ready
(Touch Tone Phones Only)

CANADA & US
1-302 421-WETT
9 3 8 8

Adults only. Must be 18.
$1.25 PHM. Discreetly Billed

Petite Ladies

Good Things COME In Small Packages!!

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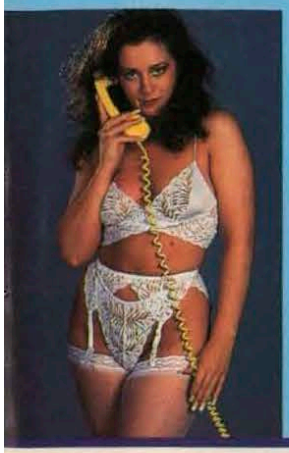


The Petite Ladies Line

Call now for the real names and home phone numbers of petite ladies and beautiful women who want to meet you!

($2 a min., Adults Over 18).

BOTTOMS UP!

*Only one line gives you the real names and phone numbers of women who share your **deepest passion!***

THE BOTTOM LINE

1-900

568-0069

$2 each minute. You must be over 18.

WHAT WILL YOU DO IF I'M BAD?

1-900

847-7755

Call now to meet real women who want to know **your** answer. No paid operators. Just real women who need to know what you'll do if they're bad!

($2 a minute). Adults over 18 only.

MARRIED? FOOL AROUND?

CALL 1-900

847-HOTS

4 6 8 7

Meet Available Gals Who Share Your Special Needs!

($2 per minute, Over 18 Only.)

QUICK RELEASE "OH BABY"

CALL NOW!

1-900-847-7766

It's what you really want!

(Only $2 a minute). Over 18 Only.

DOUBLE YOUR PLEASURE

TWO HEADS ARE BETTER

1-900-847-7799

"We're waiting"

Direct contact with hot gals looking for fun guys.

$2 per minute. Over 18 Only.

OVERWEIGHT MEN WANTED

Good Looking Ladies Want You! Call 1-900

535-7766

Now there's a phoneline that helps match up big men with slender, attractive women who adore a big belly.

$2 a min., Adults over 18.

TEACHER'S PET

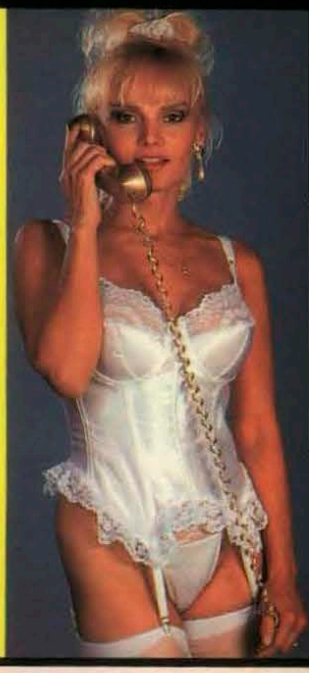
And that's just for starters!

Give the teacher something special...

Call 1-900

246-6655

($2 a minute). Adults over 18 only.



Younger Women Seek Older Men

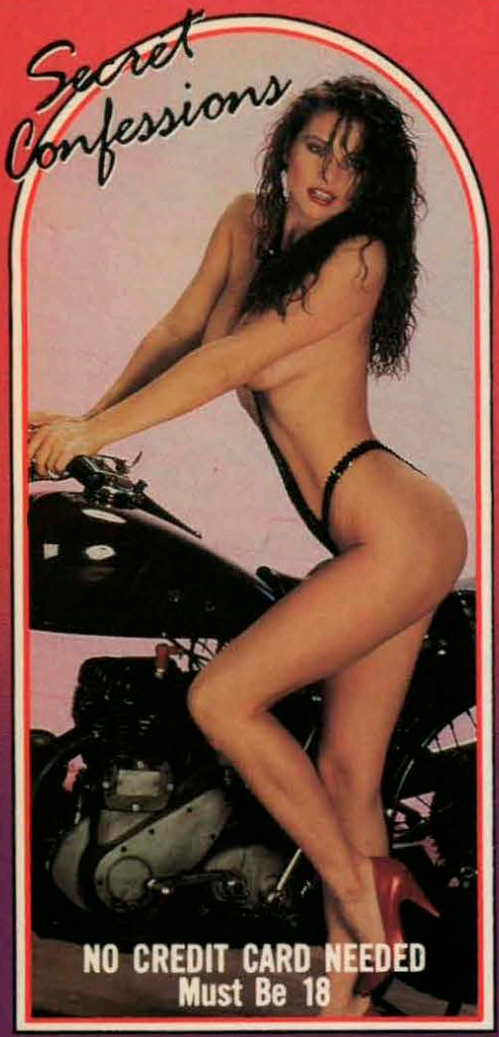
FOR SPECIAL TIMES TOGETHER

CALL 1-900-246-6633

Many younger women *are* turned on by older "experienced" men. Call the line that brings sincere younger women together with mature men who can give them what they need in an adult relationship. Meet the younger gal of your dreams. **Call now!**

(Only $2 a minute). Adults Over 18 Only Please.

ONE ON ONE CONNECTIONS TWO DOLLARS A MINUTE, ADULTS OVER 18. **1-900-568-LIVE** (THAT'S 1-900-568-5483)



Real Women Confess Their Most Private Secrets. Wildest Desires & Outrageous Encounters. Secrets They Just Have To Tell!

1-900-386-HOTT
$2 Per Min. 4 6 8 8
Women's True Confessions & Fantasies

1-900-386-KINK
$2 Per Min. 5 4 6 5
Outrageous Secrets & Stories

1-900-903-D069
$3 Per Min. 3 6 6 9
Stories That Put You In Your Favorite Position

1-900-646-4SIN
$2 Per Min. 4 7 4 6
Lesbian Confessions & Stories

1-900-847-WHIP
$2 Per Min. 9 4 4 7
Women Confess Their Wildest Desires & Turn-ons!

A Live Babe To Call Your Very Own

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Live 1 On 1 • $5 Per Min. 2 2 2 3

Girls, Girls, Girls • Live 1 On 1

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Fantasy Stories & Confessions • $3 Per Min.

Live & Personal • 1 On 1

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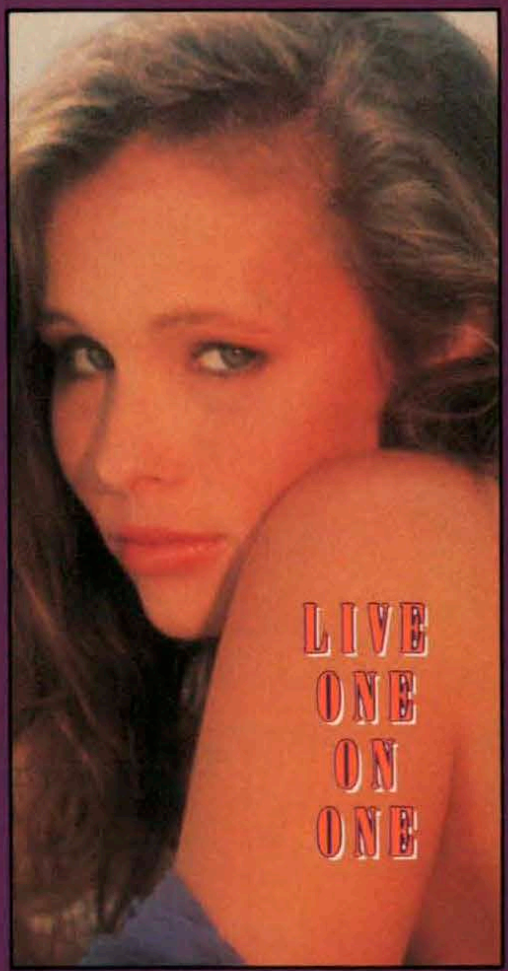
1 8 6 1
Secret Stories & Confessions • $5 Per Min.

Find Your Ideal Mate — Locally or Nationwide

1-900-288-MATE
$3 Per Min. 6 2 8 3



NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED
You Must Be 18

Racquel's Private Line
1-900 246-9969 $3 per Minute

The Hottest Stories & Confessions
1-900 646-BABE 2223 $5 per Minute

Exciting, Private & Live 1-ON-1
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TALK LIVE ONE ON ONE TO A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

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$3.49 each additional minute
You must be 18 or older to call

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LIVE

HIP CHICKS HOT FOR YOUR COCK

1-900-976-5951

ONLY $40 PER CALL

BUSTY BEACHSIDE BABES WANT TO RIDE YOUR BIG ONE

for just $2 per minute

1-900-288-1622

"SQUIRT YOUR *LOVE LOTION* ON MY BACKSIDE!"

for just $2 per minute

1-900-288-1633

SEASIDE SLUTS WANT TO *SUCK* YOUR TROUSER TROUT

for just $2 per minute

1-900-288-1652

SPECIAL LINE FOR CREDIT CARD HOLDERS

1-800-333-9770

INTIMATE CALL BACK SERVICE

for only $40/call

DIRECT LIVE ENCOUNTERS

just $5 a minute

EXOTIC SHOWTIME SERVICE

just $2 a min.

MASTERCARD • VISA

ADULTS ONLY

DISCREET BILL

HOT, COCK-CRAZED, DICK-LOVIN' LUSTY SEX ADDICT

for just $2 per minute

1-900-654-NUDE 6833

BITCHIN' BABES THAT WANT TO SIT ON YOUR DICK AND ROTATE

for just $2 per minute

1-900-258-2929

SEXY SURFER SLUTS SELECT-LINE

DIRECT ONE TO ONE HOT TALK 1-900-896-1018

ONLY $5 PER MINUTE

TIRED OF FRIGID WOMEN LETTING YOU DOWN? LET OUR GIRLS WARM YOU UP!

Celebrity Phone Club

Call and find out where the action is!

- ~~No Party Line~~
- ~~No Credit Card~~
- ★ Just ONE ON ONE

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$4.95 first minute • $1.95 each additional minute • Must be 21 • **24 Hours**

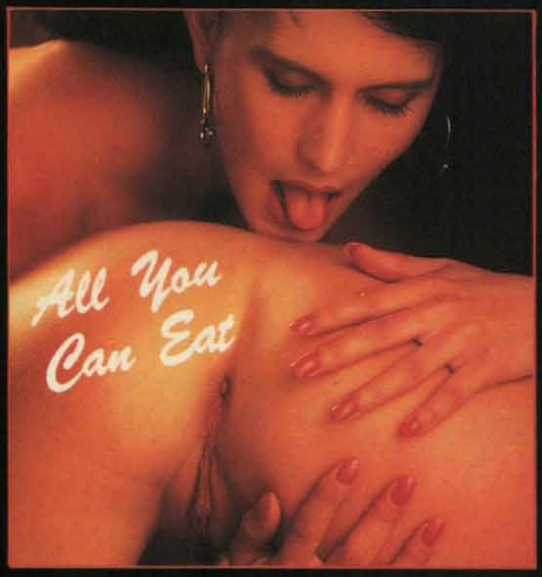
1-900-903-3939

$2.50 per minute • Adults Only • 10 minute minimum

HOT PHONE SEX & ONE ON ONE

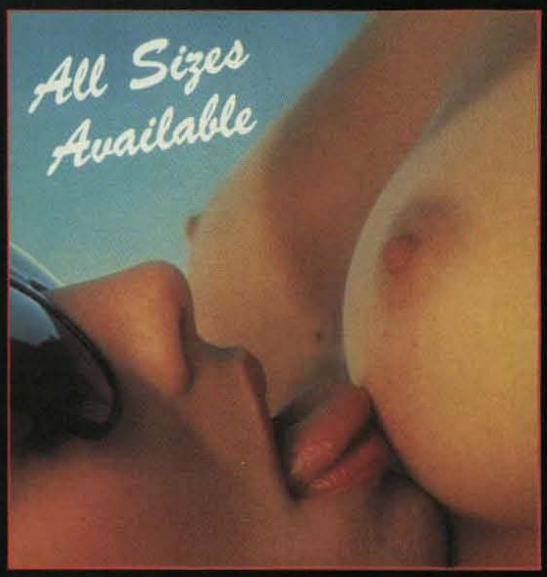
Quality Body Parts • No Lubrication Needed

We Service You 24 Hours Live.



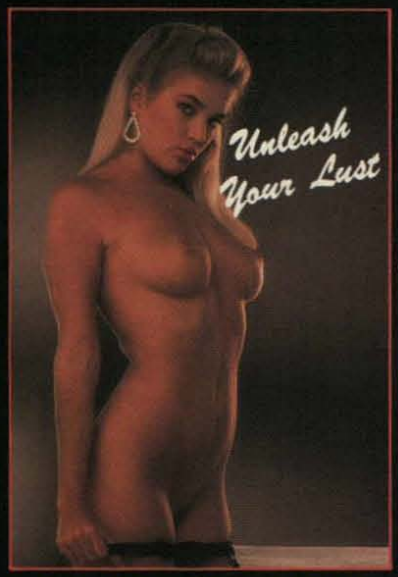
1-800-55-EATME

Just $1.99 Per Minute 3 2 8 6 3



1-800-882-TITS

$1.99 Per Minute 8 4 8 7



1-800-745-LUST

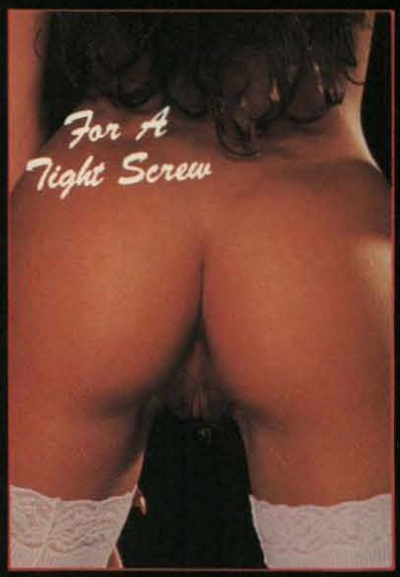
$1.99 Per Minute 5 8 7 8

1-800-848-SEXX

$1.99 Per Minute 7 3 9 9

1-800-HOT-1TO1

$3.00 Per Minute 4 6 8 1 8 6 1



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$1.99 Per Minute 9 4 5 3

Sexual Confessions • Erotic Stories & Much, Much More

Must Be 18 • Discreetly Billed To Visa/MC

"i can't get enough of your hot cock!"

just plain

horny

several easy access pleasure lines to choose from

unlimited pleasure, she won't say no	nothing's too small or too large for me	take me like a dog, i'm a bitch in heat	drippin' wet, & looking for a hot mouth	gotta have it hard and fast all night long
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just $2/minute	just $2/minute	just $2/minute	just $2/minute	just $2/minute

LIVE

INTIMATE HOT TALKS WITH A SWEET SUGARPUSSY WHO'S WAITING FOR YOU

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ONLY $40 PER CALL

direct, one to one passionate encounters with bad girls living to talk nasty with ya

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just for $5 per minute

EXCLUSIVE CREDIT LINE

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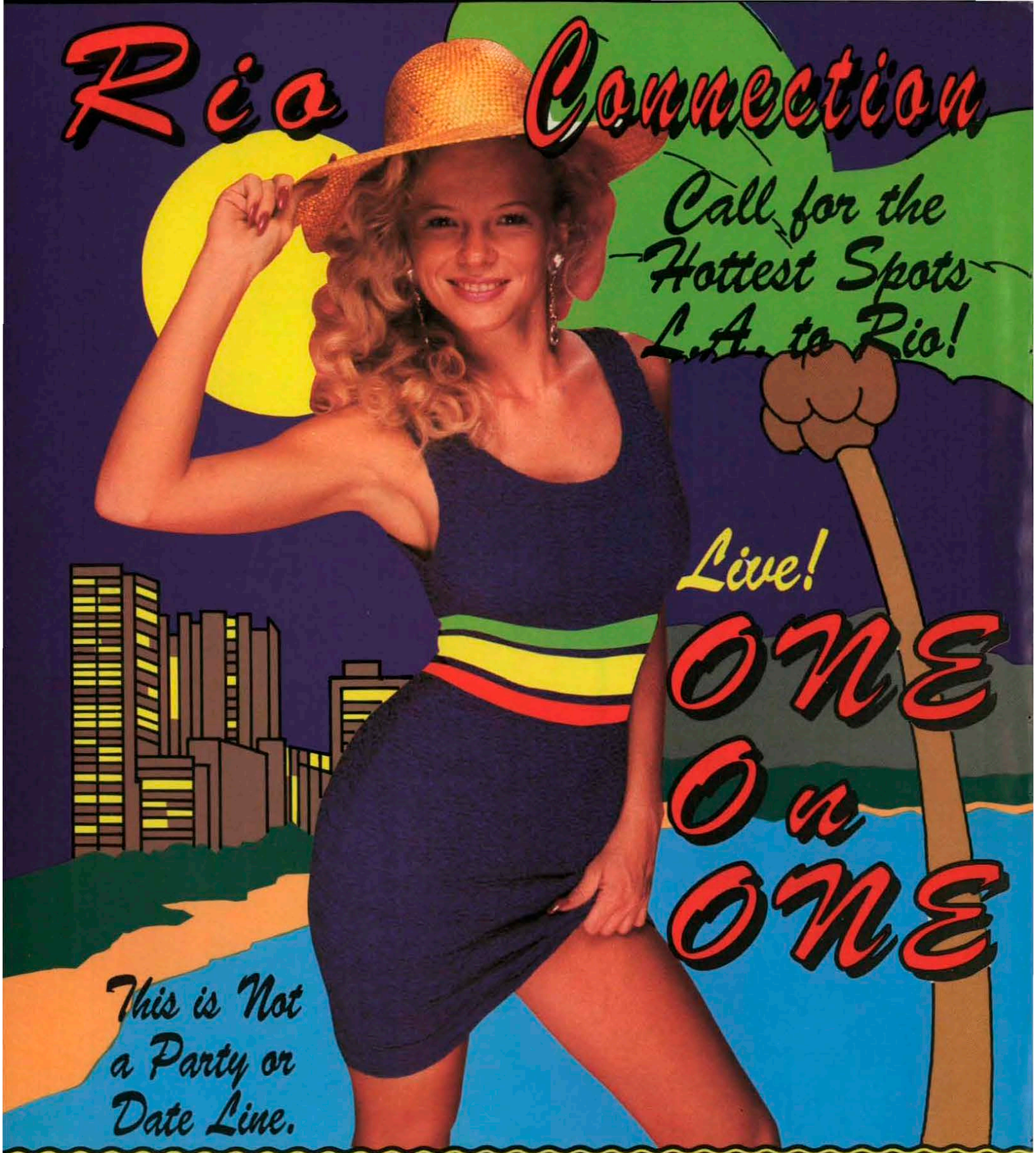
SEDUCTIVE CALL BACK SERVICE $40 PER CALL
DIRECT ENCOUNTERS JUST $5 PER MINUTE
EROTIC SHOWTIME FOR ONLY $2 PER MINUTE
MASTERCARD • VISA DISCREETLY BILLED

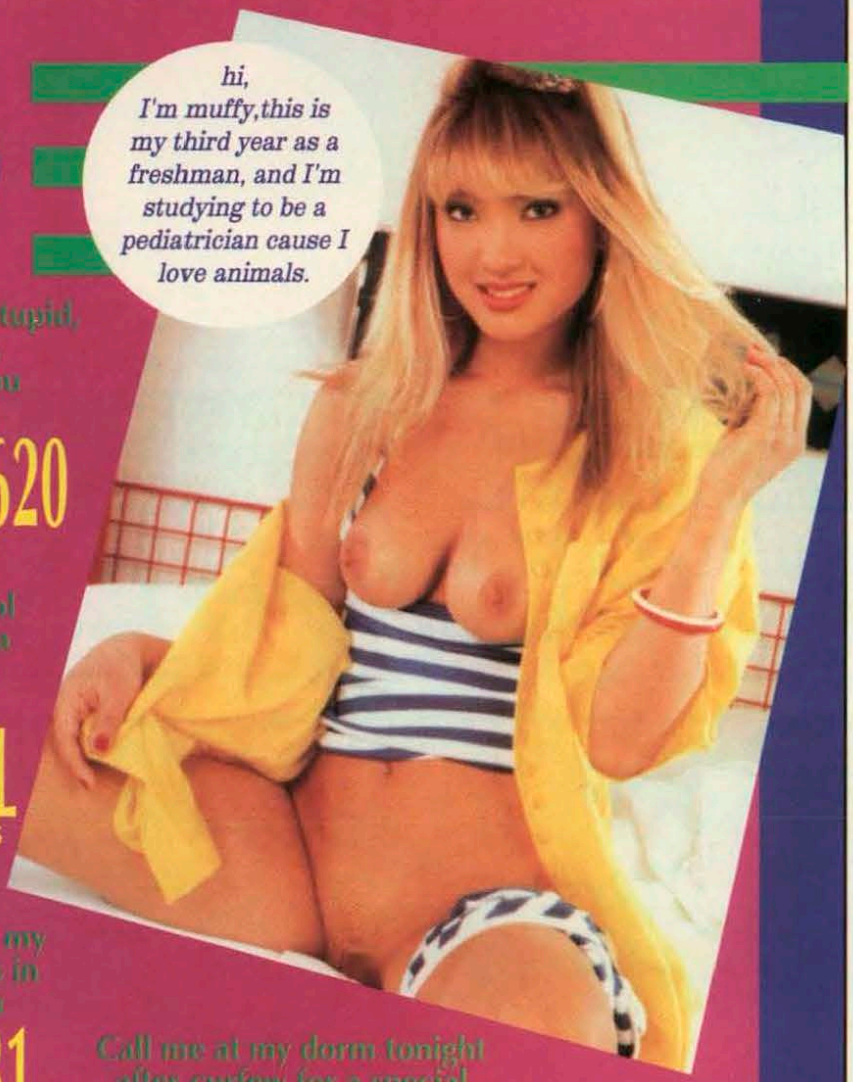


1-900-446-6969

$2.50 per min. • Adults Only • 10 min. minimum

COLLEGIATE ENCOUNTERS

LIVE
1-900-976-5949
JUST $40 / CALL



I may be blonde and stupid, but I got big tits, now let me tell you what I do know.
1-900-288-1620
for only $2/minute

I went to an all-girls school and I'm horny as hell for a hot cock,let me tell you what I'll do to yours
1-900-654-ORAL
6725
for only $2/minute

Let me tell you all about my cheerleader experiences in the boy's locker room
1-900-288-1631
1-900-258-2727
for only $2/minute

Call me at my dorm tonight after curfew for a special sexy bedtime story
1-900-288-1650
for only $2/minute

direct connection,one to one encounters **1-900-896-1016**
just $5 per minute

EXCLUSIVE CREDIT LINE FOR MASTER CARD AND VISA HOLDERS
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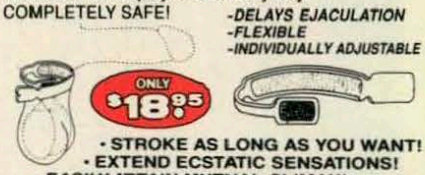

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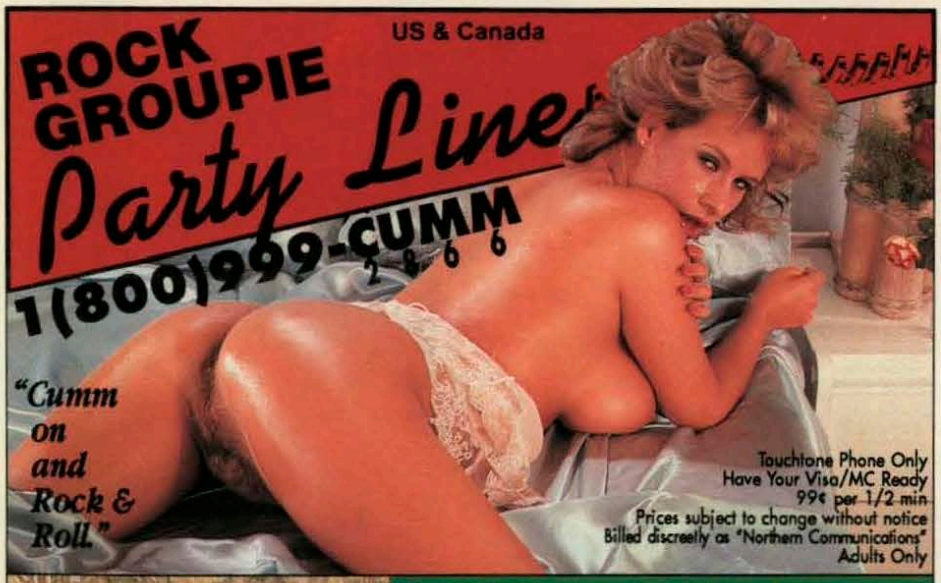

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99¢ per 1/2 min
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WHERE ALL YOUR FANTASIES CAN COME TRUE.

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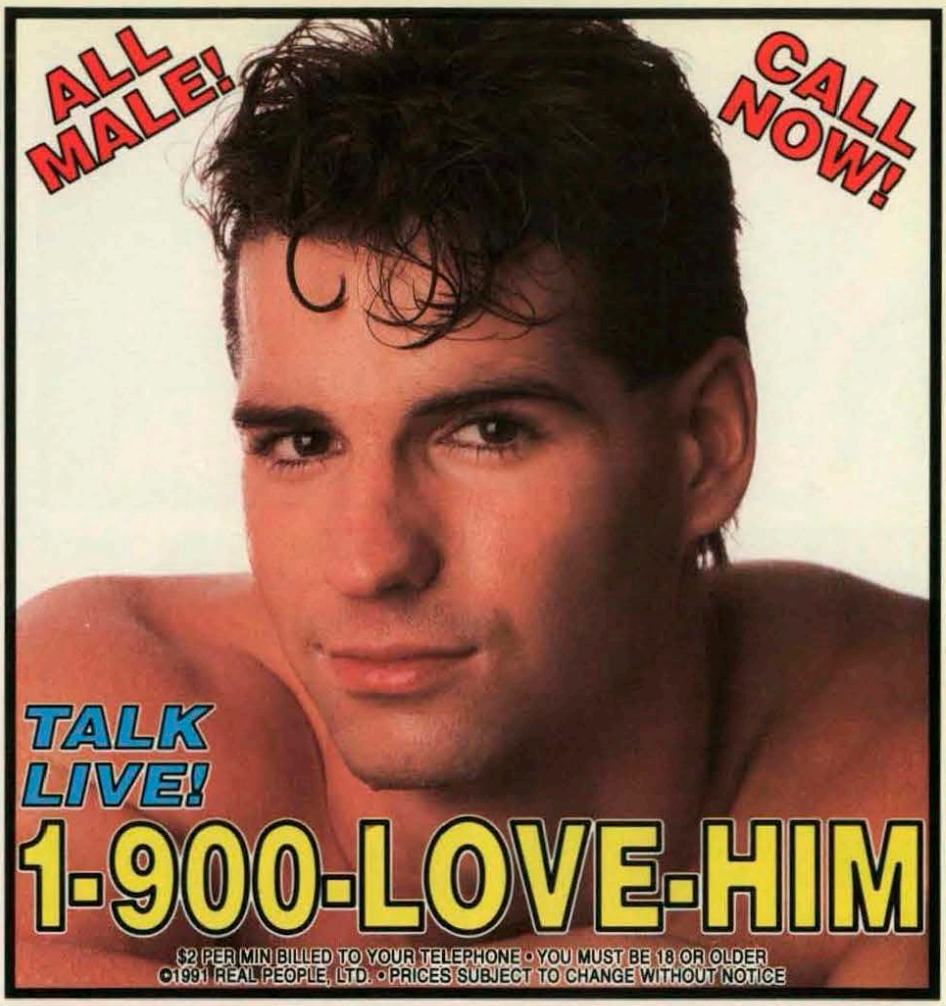

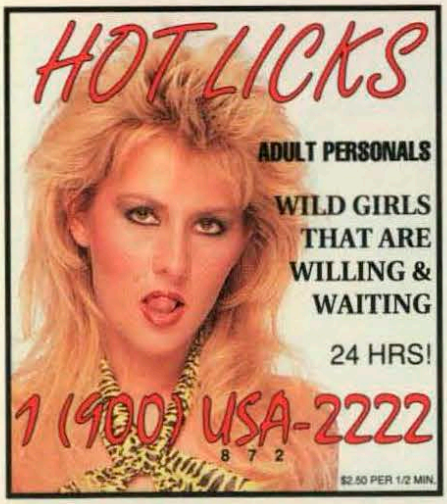

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"EVERYTHING YOU WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT SEX BUT WERE AFRAID TO ASK"

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$2.50 PER 1/2 MIN.

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take me now

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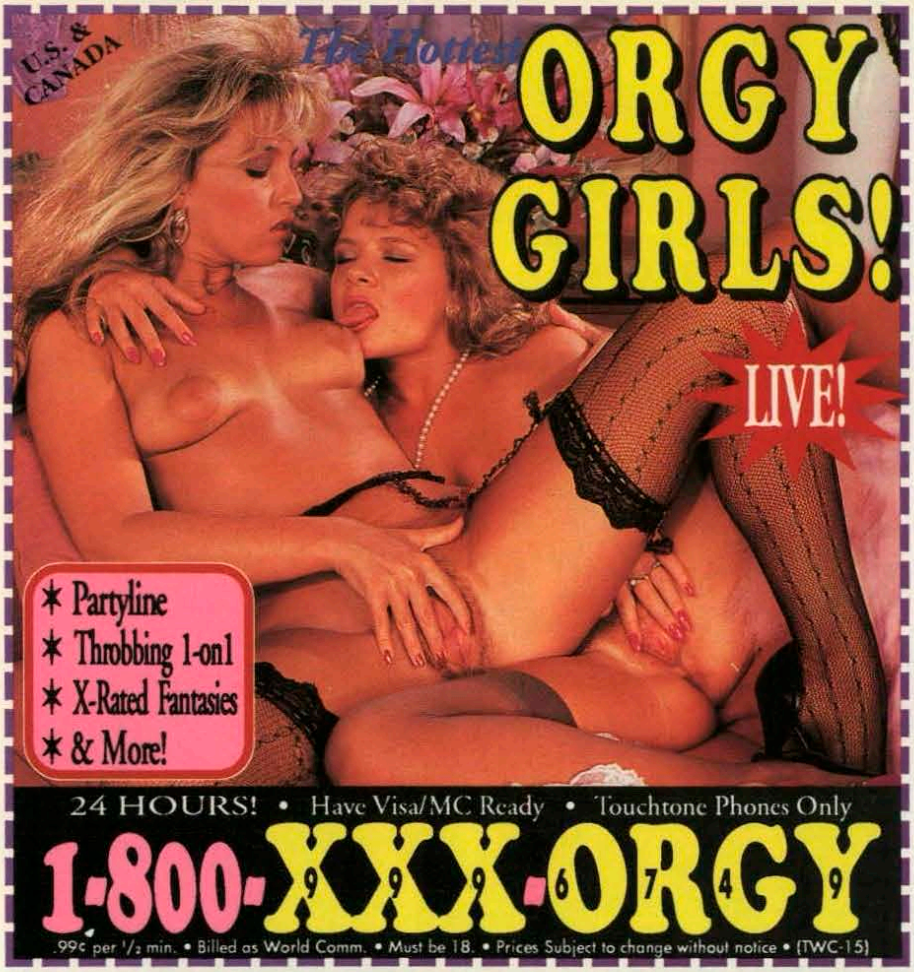

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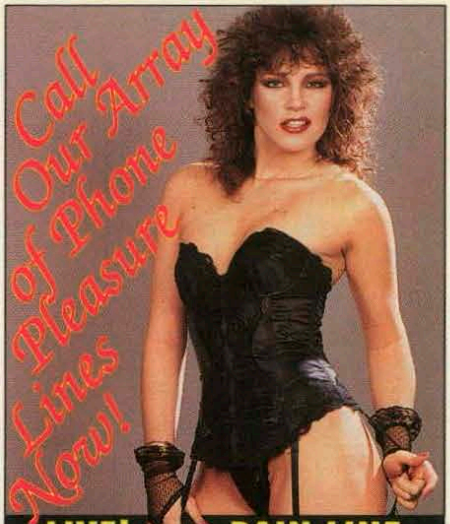
.99¢ per 1/2 min. • Billed as World Comm. • Must be 18. • Prices Subject to change without notice • (TWC-15)



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$1.98 PER MIN., $3.00 THE FIRST BILLED TO YOUR PHONE

LIVE! TS-TV PARTY LINE
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TS-TV CONNECTIONS & SHOPPING TIPS
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$1.00 PER MIN., $2.00 THE FIRST BILLED TO YOUR PHONE

KINKY CONFESSIONS
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$1.00 PER MIN., $2.00 THE FIRST BILLED TO YOUR PHONE

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HOT & HORNY-WET & JUICY
(800) 477-S7L5I4T8
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(800) 388-J7A5I4L8
ALL SPECIALTY LINES ARE 99C PER 1/2 MIN. MC/VISA ONLY

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$2/min., • $3.95 first min.

HOT NAMES & PHONE NUMBERS *by Area Code*

Only $1/min

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We're friendly, hot & so horny! **$14** Credit Cards
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BACK ALLEY GIRLS. $1/Min.—$2/1st
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12 min. **1-900-820-DUCK** (or is it?) $2/Min

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STRAIGHT-GAY-BI
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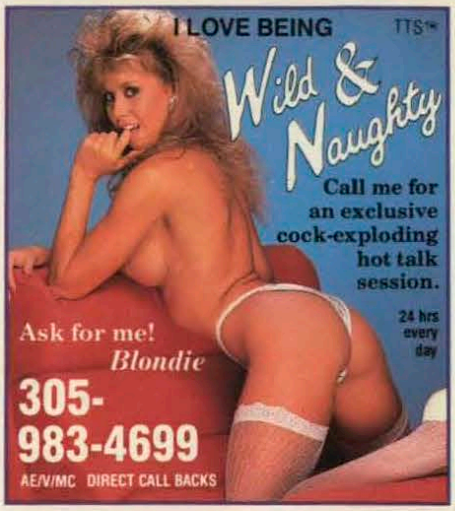

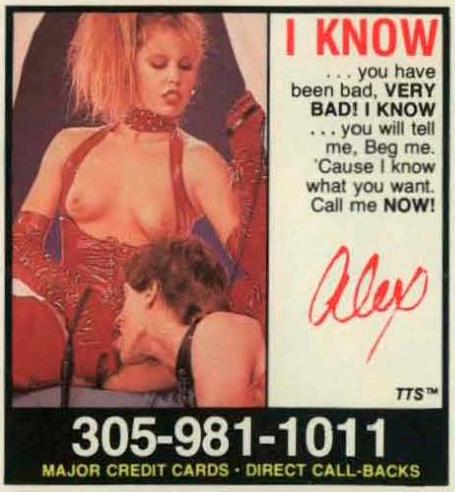

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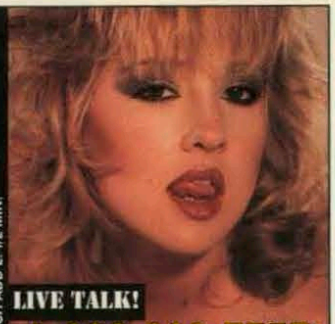

*$3 1ST MIN., $1.98 EA. ADD'L. MIN.
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MEET THEM!
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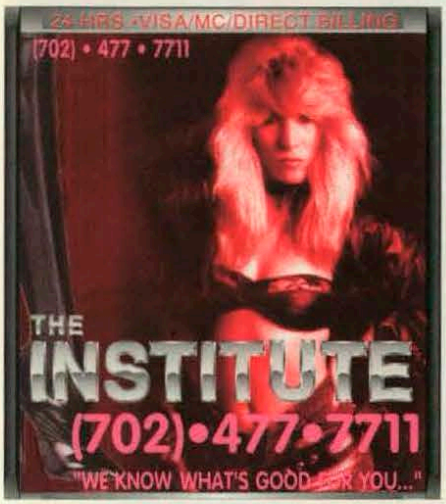

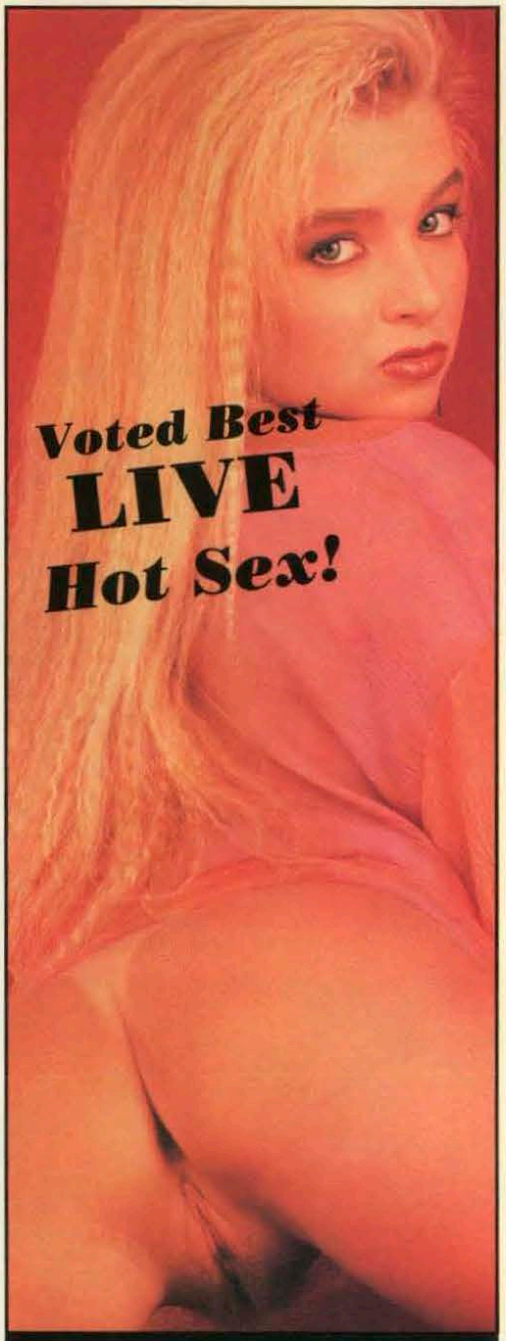

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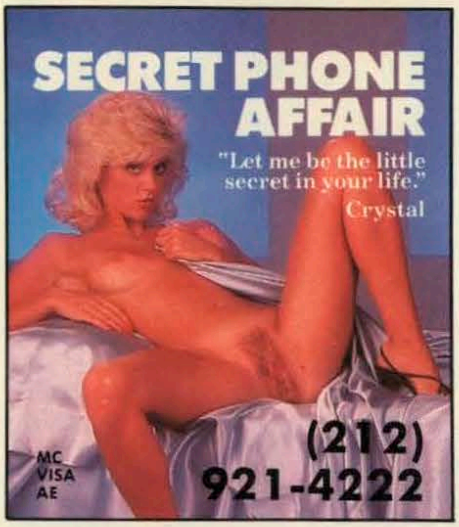
SECRET PHONE AFFAIR
"Let me be the little secret in your life."
Crystal



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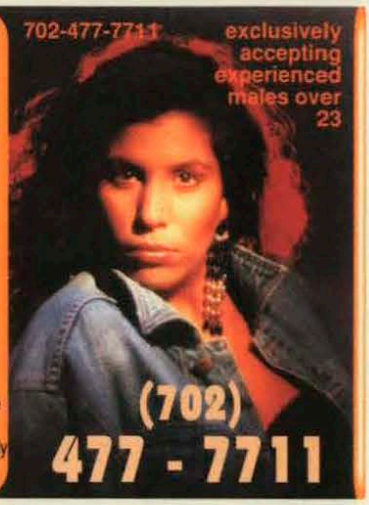
exclusively accepting experienced males over 23



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(602) 265-8000
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ABSOLUTELY FREE - NO CHARGE EVER!
*TOLL CHARGES MAY APPLY OUTSIDE THE (602) AREA
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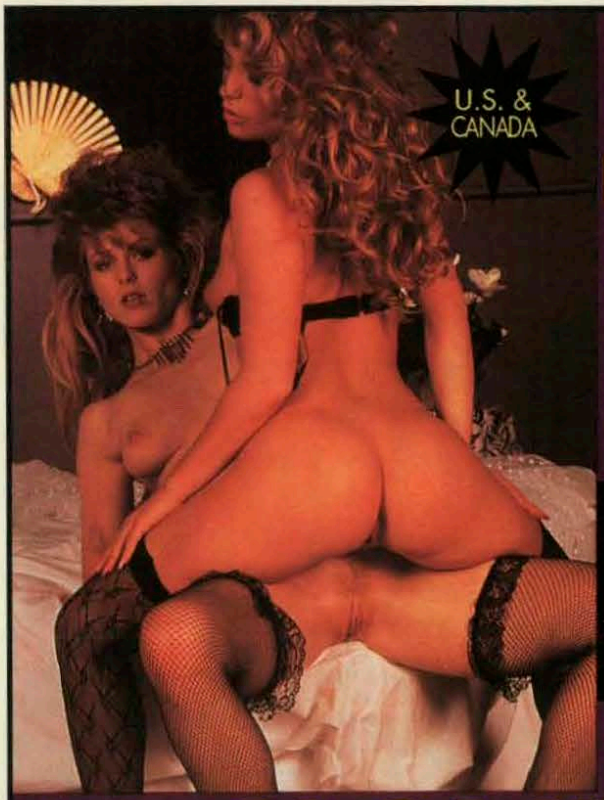

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★ THROBBING 1-ON-1 ★
★ X-RATED FANTASIES ★
★ & MORE! ★
24 Hours LIVE!
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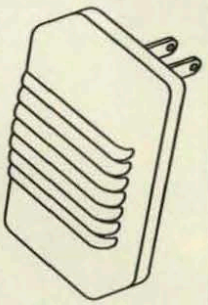
The Humdinger massager modulator modifies the power to your vibrator to create an amazing new sensation. Instead of a continuous hum, the vibrations come in bursts, about eight bursts per second, at the frequency of a slow alpha wave. You still have the high and low speeds most plug-in vibrators have, but the power is being switched on and off rapidly. Try flipping your vibrator switch off and on as fast as you can and you'll get an idea of the effect. Users report attaining unusual states of transcendent ecstasy.



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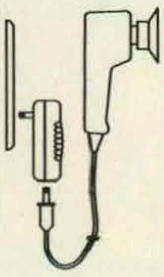

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ALL YOU CAN EAT
IMMEDIATE CREDIT
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I am Insatiable
Let this exotic dancer bare it all for you!
Ask Jessie about the KINKY THINGS She'll perform just for you!
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HOT FANTASY GIRLS!

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For Adults Only!

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Hottest Live Party Line!

MEET HOT FOXY YOUNG GIRLS

24 HOURS

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Touchtone Phones Only! Have VISA or M/C ready. $1.49 per ½ min. Prices subject to change without notice. Billed discreetly as 'Men's Care Products.' Must be over 18.

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Come Get Some... Now!!

★ XCITING GIRLS 24 HRS. A DAY
★ HOT LIVE 1-ON-1
★ NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED

ADULTS ONLY
$2 PER MIN.

FUCK US BOTH 'TIL U CUM!

U.S. & CANADA

24 Hours LIVE! • Have VISA/MC READY! • Touchtone Phones Only

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★ X-RATED FANTASIES ★ & MORE! ★

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CONNECT WITH REAL GIRLS AND GUYS WHO WANT TO MEET YOU.

$2 1st/$1 per minute. Must Be Over 18.

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Your Ultimate Fantasy Cums True!

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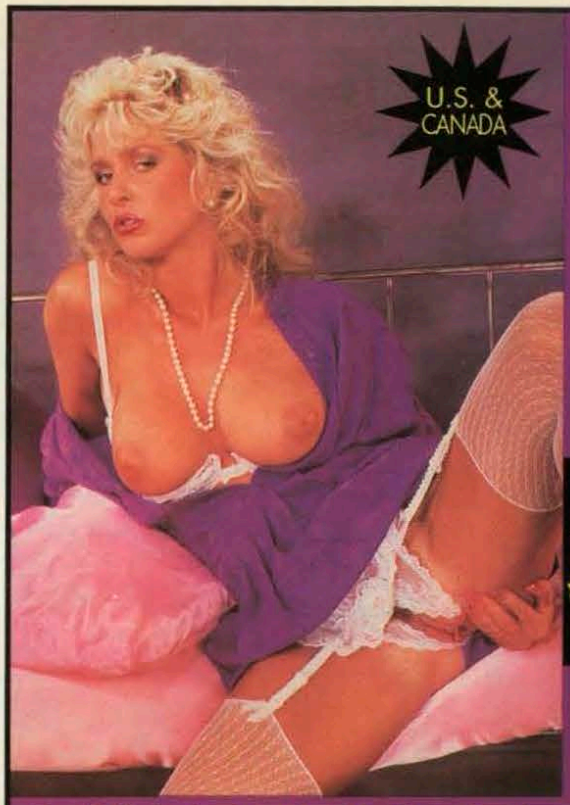
$3 min (847-4467)



U.S. & CANADA

I'M TIGHT & JUICY

"My Juice is Hot & Deep"

★ PARTYLINE ★
★ THROBBING 1-ON-1 ★
★ X-RATED FANTASIES ★
★ & MORE! ★

24 Hours LIVE!
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Touchtone Phones Only

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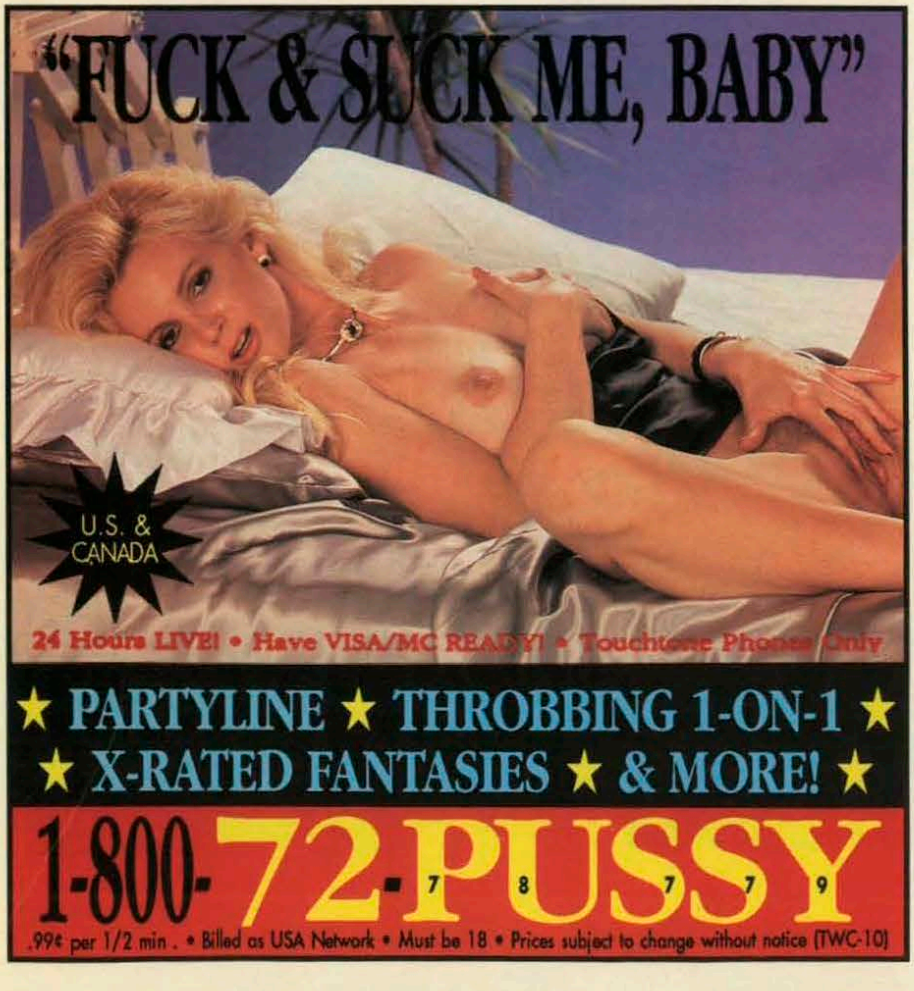

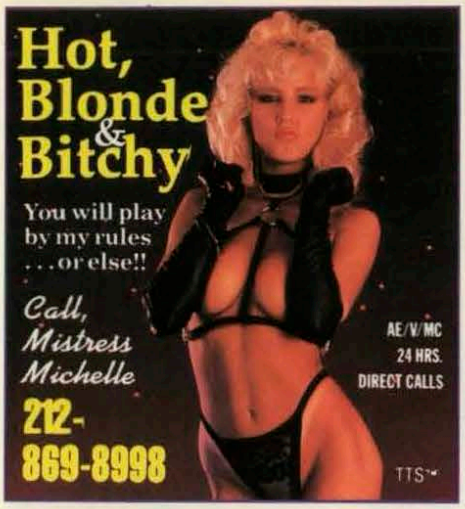
Hot, Blonde & Bitchy
You will play by my rules . . . or else!!
Call, Mistress Michelle
212-869-8998
AE/V/MC
24 HRS.
DIRECT CALLS
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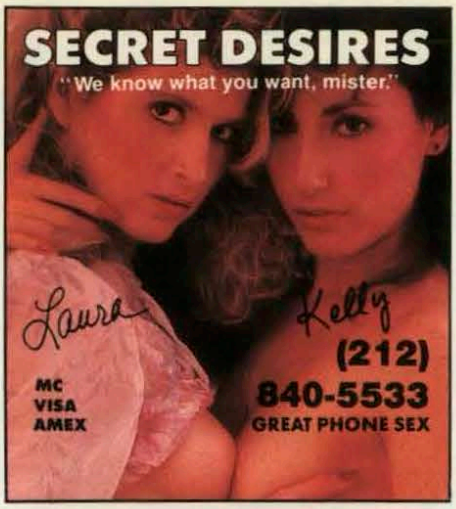
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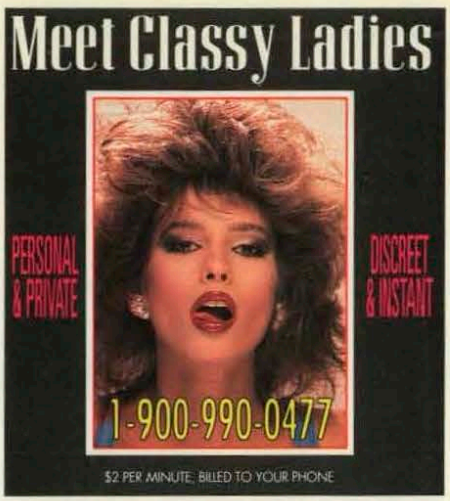
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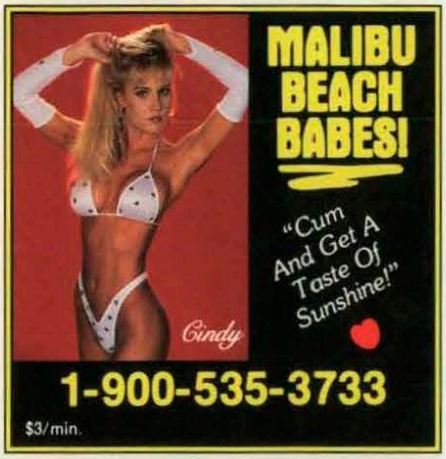
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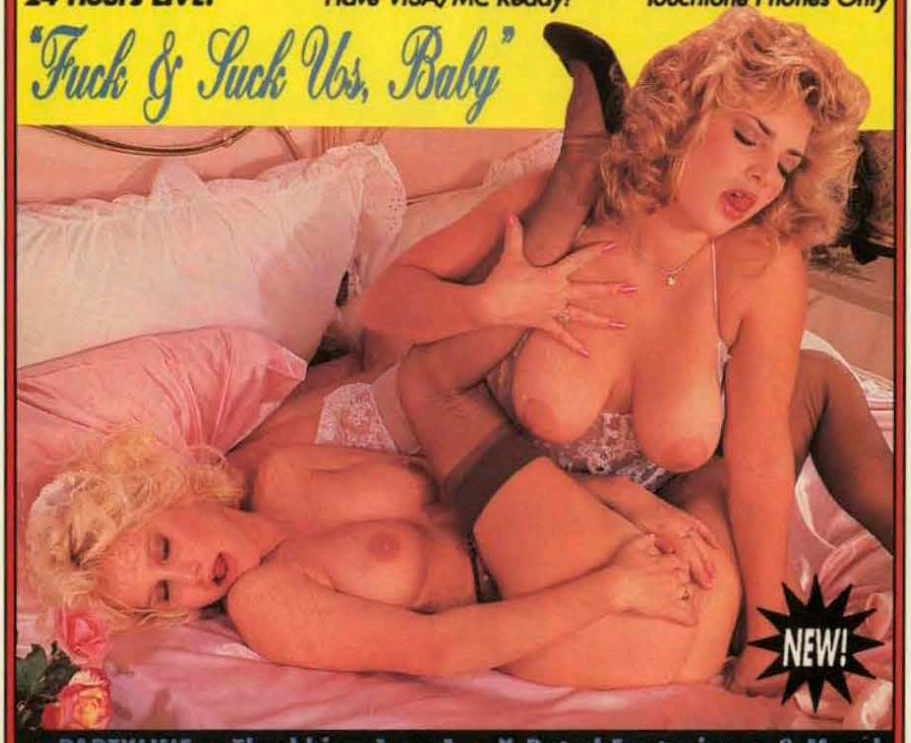

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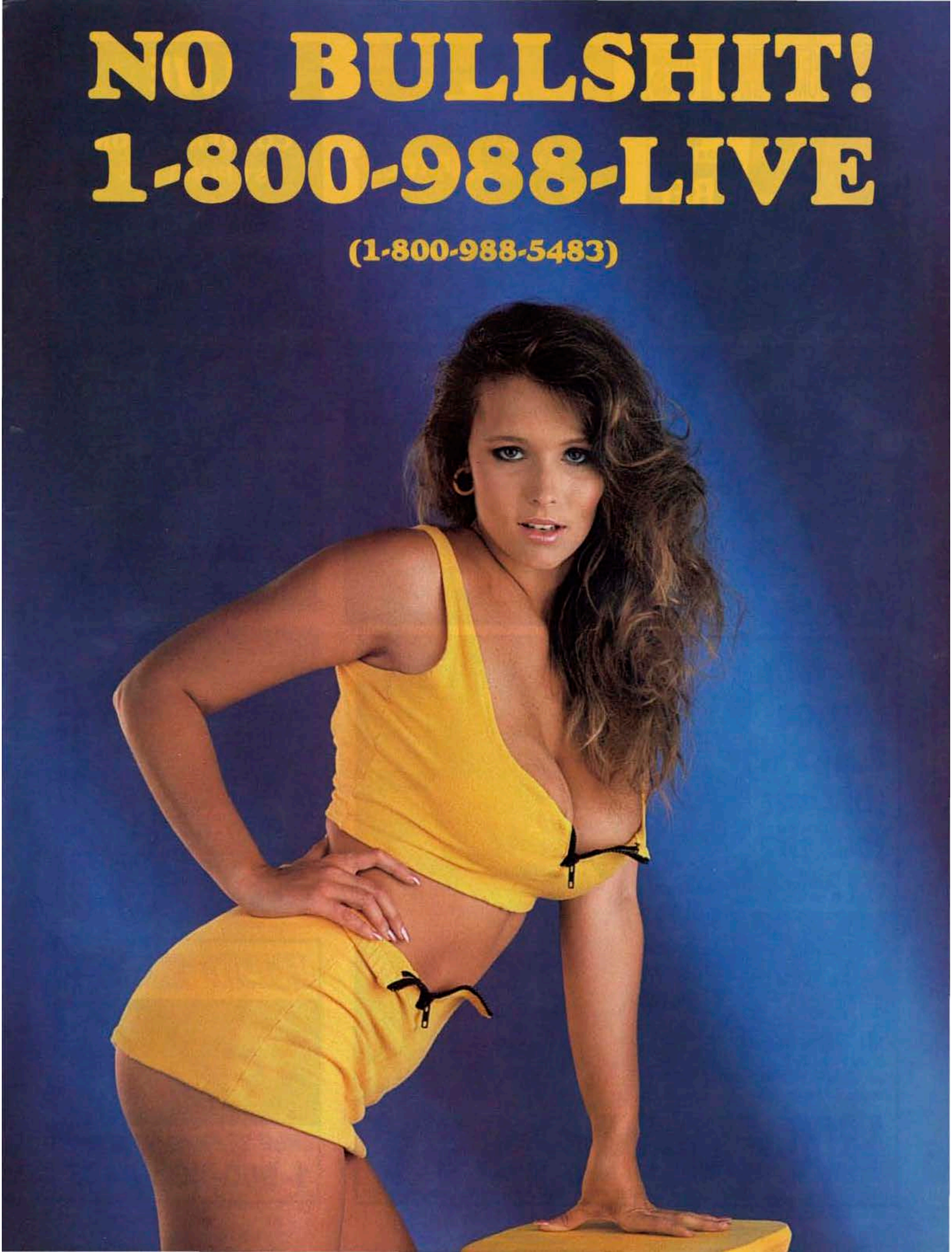

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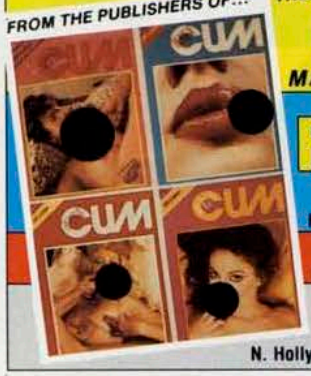

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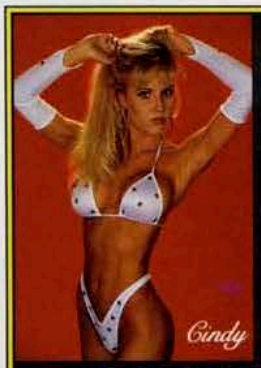

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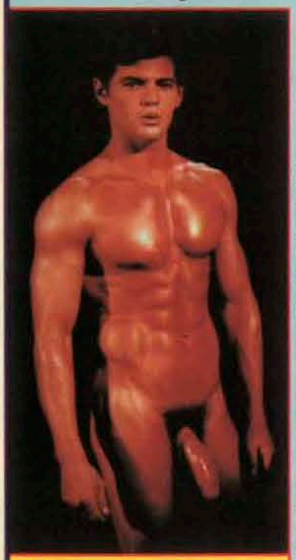
Jeff Stryker's How to Enlarge Your PENIS



Enlarge your PENIS to its Maximum Potential!

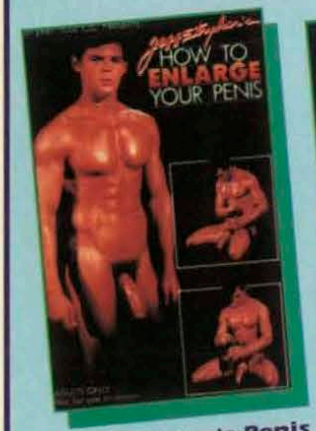
Jeff Stryker, America's No. 1 adult video star, shows you in his brand new video and magazine how he pumps up to a bigger, harder and thicker penis. Watch Jeff as he demonstrates step by step his penis power building techniques and tells you everything you need to know to increase your penis length and diameter.

Here is why Jeff Stryker's penis enlargement method can work for you.

Your erection and increase in penis size is caused by the flow of blood through the many blood vessels of the caverns, a spongy substance of the penis. The penis pump allows the caverns of your penis to expand, permitting blood to fill the caverns which causes the penis to grow and become erect.

You do this by inserting the penis into the pump's clear cylinder *(you actually watch your penis grow)*. **Erect measurements up to 12 inches!**

Your penis grows larger and firmer more than you ever dreamed possible!



Jeff Stryker's Penis Enlargement Video
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VHS only

Jeff Stryker's Penis Enlargement Magazine
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World's Best Selling Penis Developer Only $29.95

Jeff Stryker with his video and magazine will guide you every step of the way to a longer, harder and thicker penis.

ACT NOW if you are interested in penis enlargement. Take advantage of this special offer NOW!

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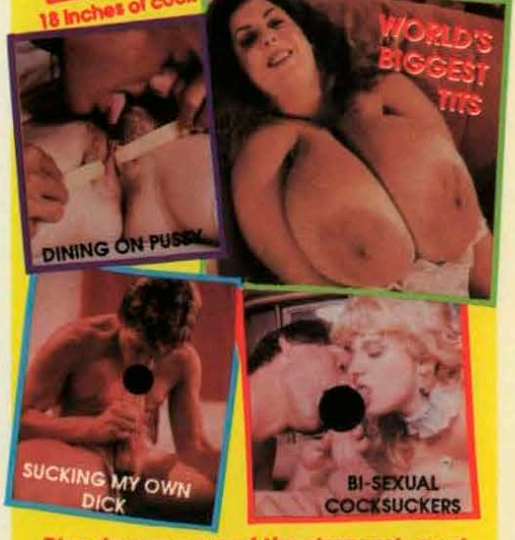

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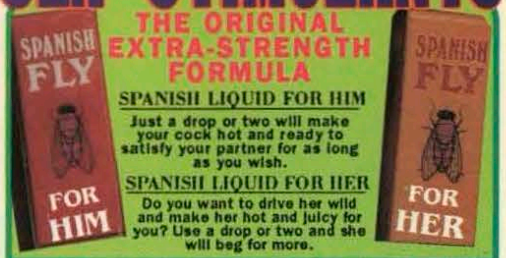

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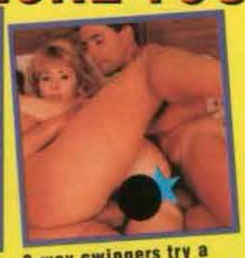
Billy comes to Mrs. Jones' house for a treat.


3-way swingers try a double pen for the first time.

Judy likes to watch Jimmy fuck her tight pussy.

Lori likes her first finger fuck.

A campus cutie gives the freshman his first blowjob.

Cindy sees her first boner and knows exactly what to do with it.

Middle-aged businessman has his way with a neighbor.

I made this video so you can watch me suck cock.

Johnny gets double head from the girls down the block.

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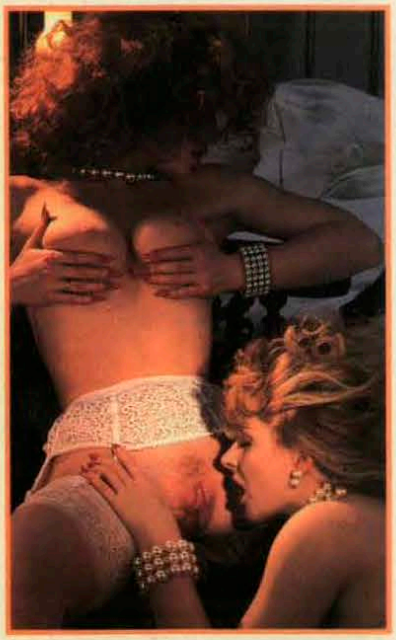
November HUSTLER on sale September 3, 1991

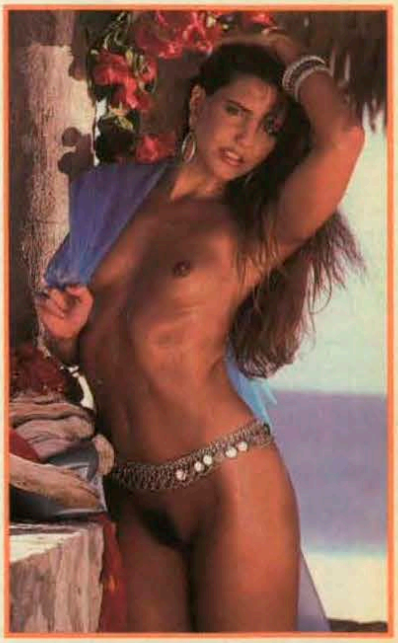


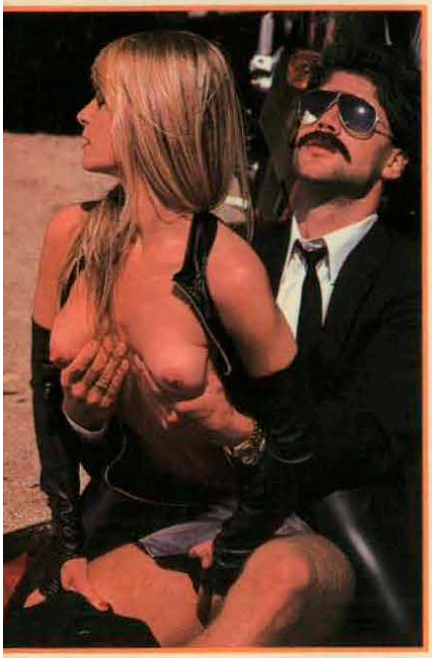
FIVE IN THE BUSH

A bird in the hand? November's HUSTLER comes up with a fistful. A pair of golden tits meets the bakin'-brown body of a pink-wrapped sunbather on a tropical isle; patriotism takes a turn for the wetter as a buzz-blond bombshell liberates her pro-American cunt; two fiery redheads in lacy silk stockings rub powdered flesh till sparks ignite; a stiff suit on a business trip mounts a hard business campaign on a leather-laden biker girl; and legendary raunch diva Jeanna Fine bends over backward. It's there for the taking.

LEGAL EAGLES

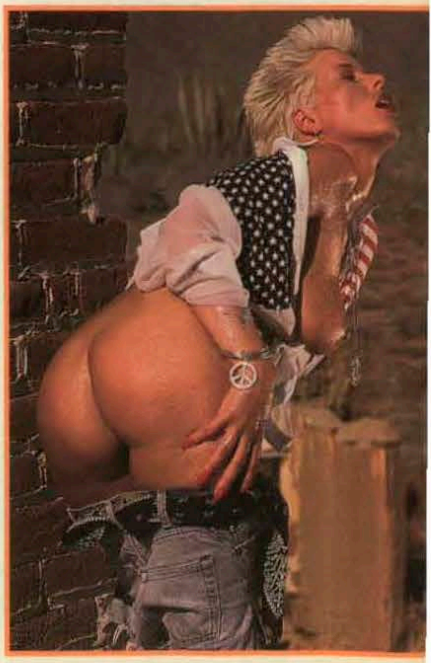
Whether it's a cult of legal terrorists or a group of courageous men and women working to expose the truth depends on who's describing the Christic Institute. The guiding force behind a dozen controversial court cases, including Karen Silkwood's winning lawsuit against Kerr-McGee Nuclear Corporation, the Christic Institute has more enemies than friends. Writer Sarah Kate reveals the truth behind the truthseekers in *The Christic Mystique*, a look at a public-interest law firm that does its business on the cutting edge.





FINE TIME

Nobody gives a blowjob like Jeanna Fine. This girl is deep. "No gag reflex," explains fuck films' greatest oral fixation in *Shameless Hussy: Jeanna Talks*, porn scribe Christian Shapiro's hard-hitting Q&A. How to deep-throat, how to clean a fuck toy and what to do with Grand Marnier on one side and chocolate mousse on the other are a few topics covered by La Fine in the most probing verbal erotica of the year.



UP AND AT 'EM

Do women have to eat pussy to satisfy a '90s man? Take heart, ladies. November's *Sex Play* brings you "AC/DC Menu," a course guide for the sexually liberated '90s female, by fuckologist Jorie Rose; *Hot Letters* stains pages with a dripping load of scalding confessions; *Beaver Hunt* invites the best of the block to stick around awhile; *Erotic Entertainment* blows the lid off home entertainment; and *Bits & Pieces* proves that laughter and nakedness go hand in hand. All in HUSTLER in November. Grab one.

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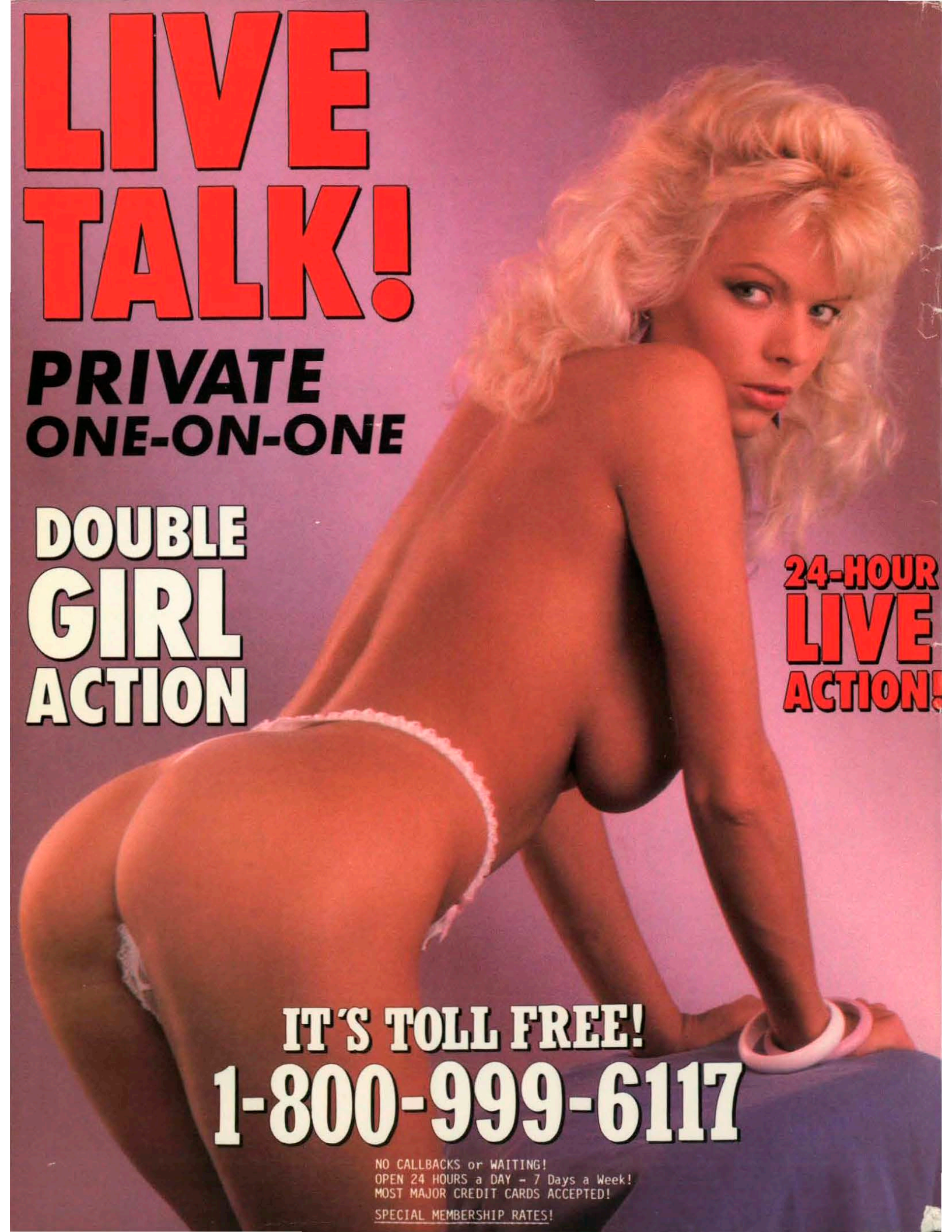
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