

CANADA'S NO. 1 XXX MAGAZINE

HUSKER

HARDER AND RAUNCHIER THAN

APRIL 2004

NO NAME NOOKIE

CANADIANS ON
ANONYMOUS SEX

MEAT ME IN MORDEN

GETTING MUFF
IN MANITOBA

HOSTILE INVASION

THE CORPORATE
TAKEOVER OF
CANADA

SEBASTIAN BACH

FROM SKID ROW
TO BROADWAY

SCARY MONSTERS, SEXY BABES

CLASSIC SCI-FI &
HORROR MOVIE
POSTERS

PLUS

• Asshole Of The Month: GlaxoSmithKline
Plus our usual
Ridiculously Raunchy Rhetoric

APRIL 2004

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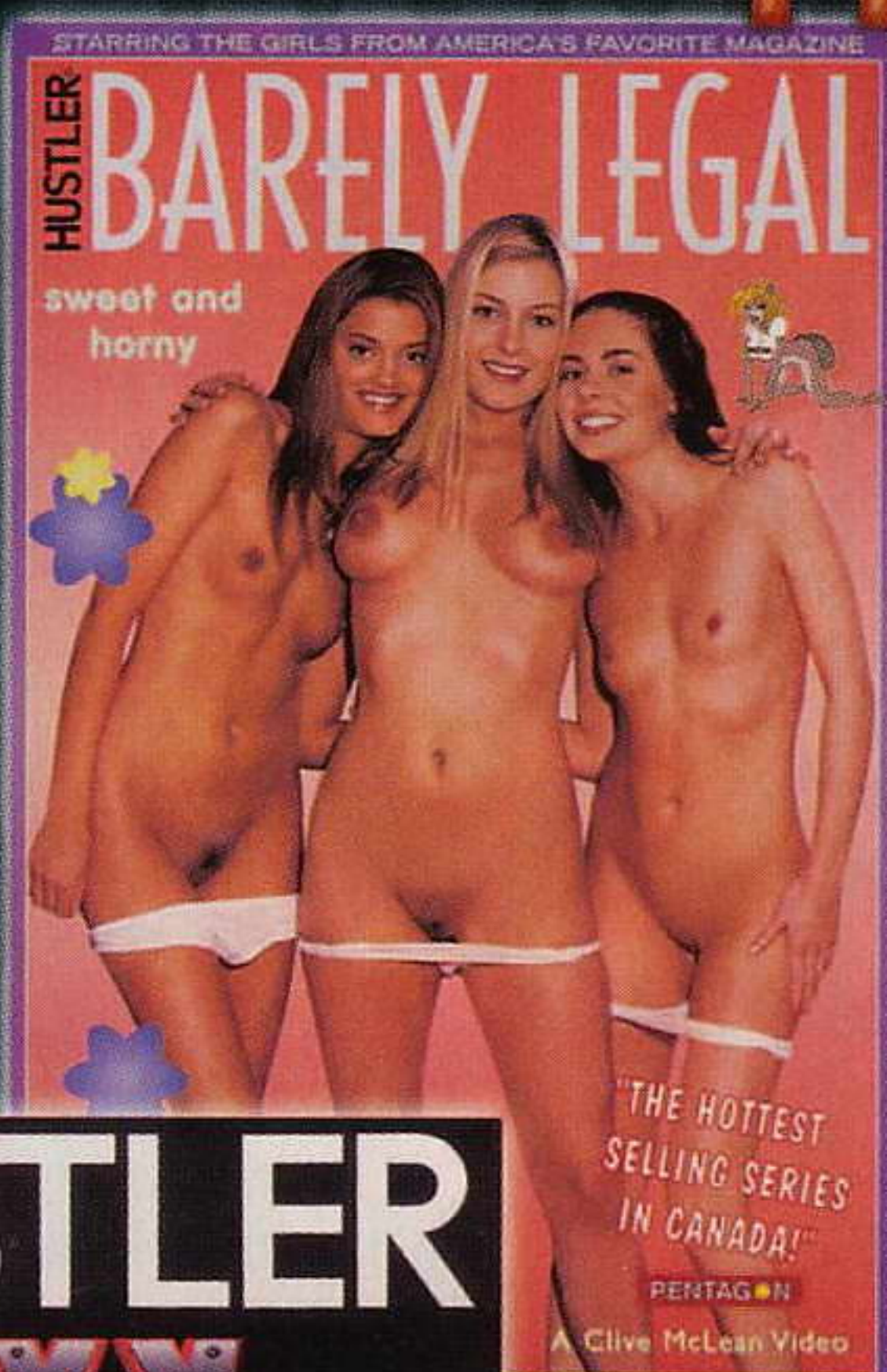
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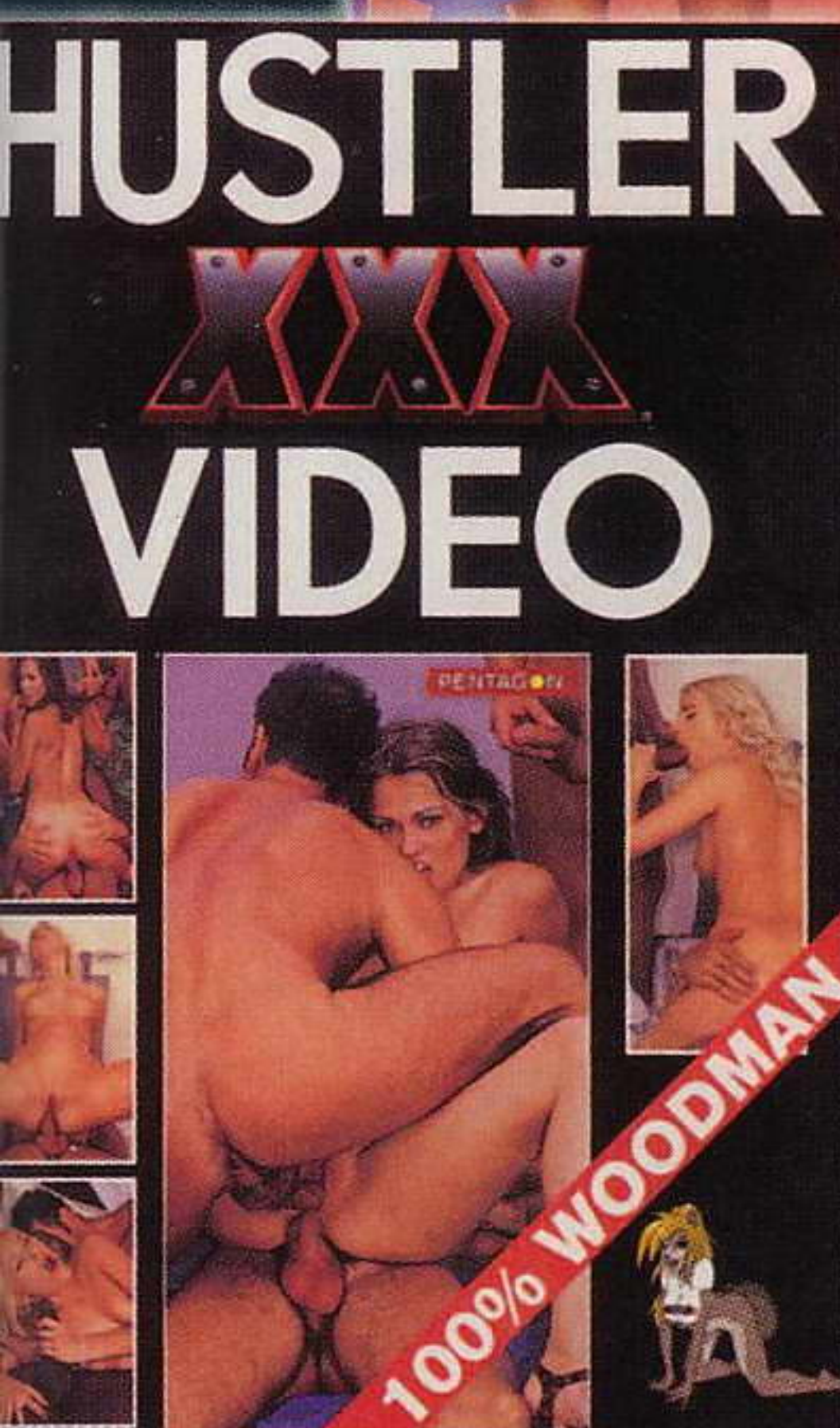
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Hustler April 2004 No.4

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**All nude models are 18 years
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Cover photo by Michael Bisco



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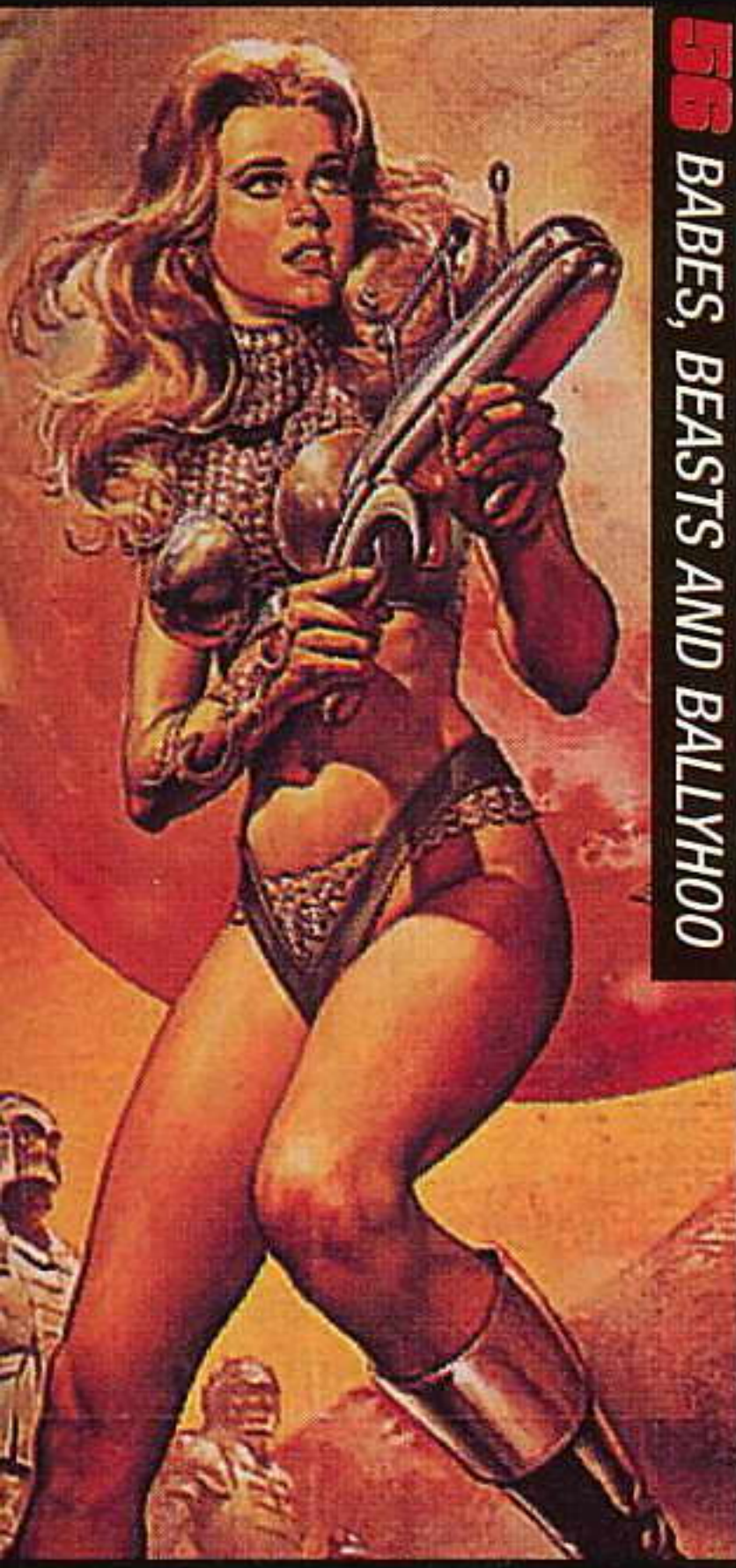
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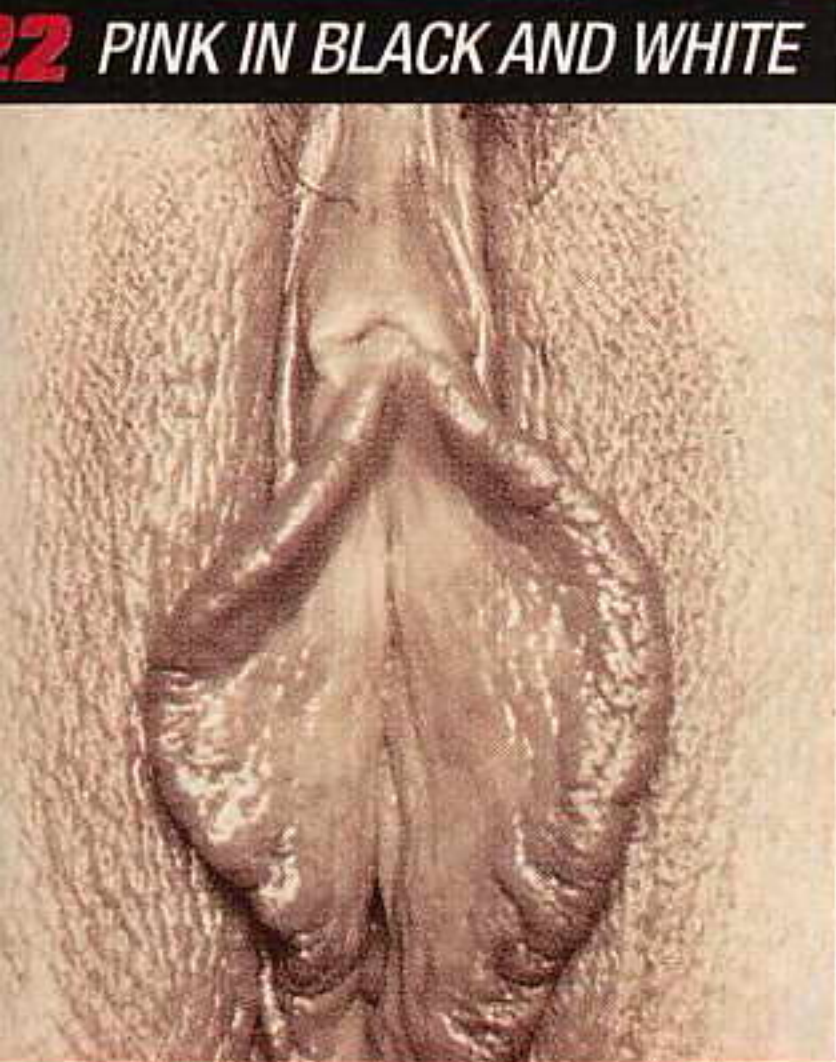
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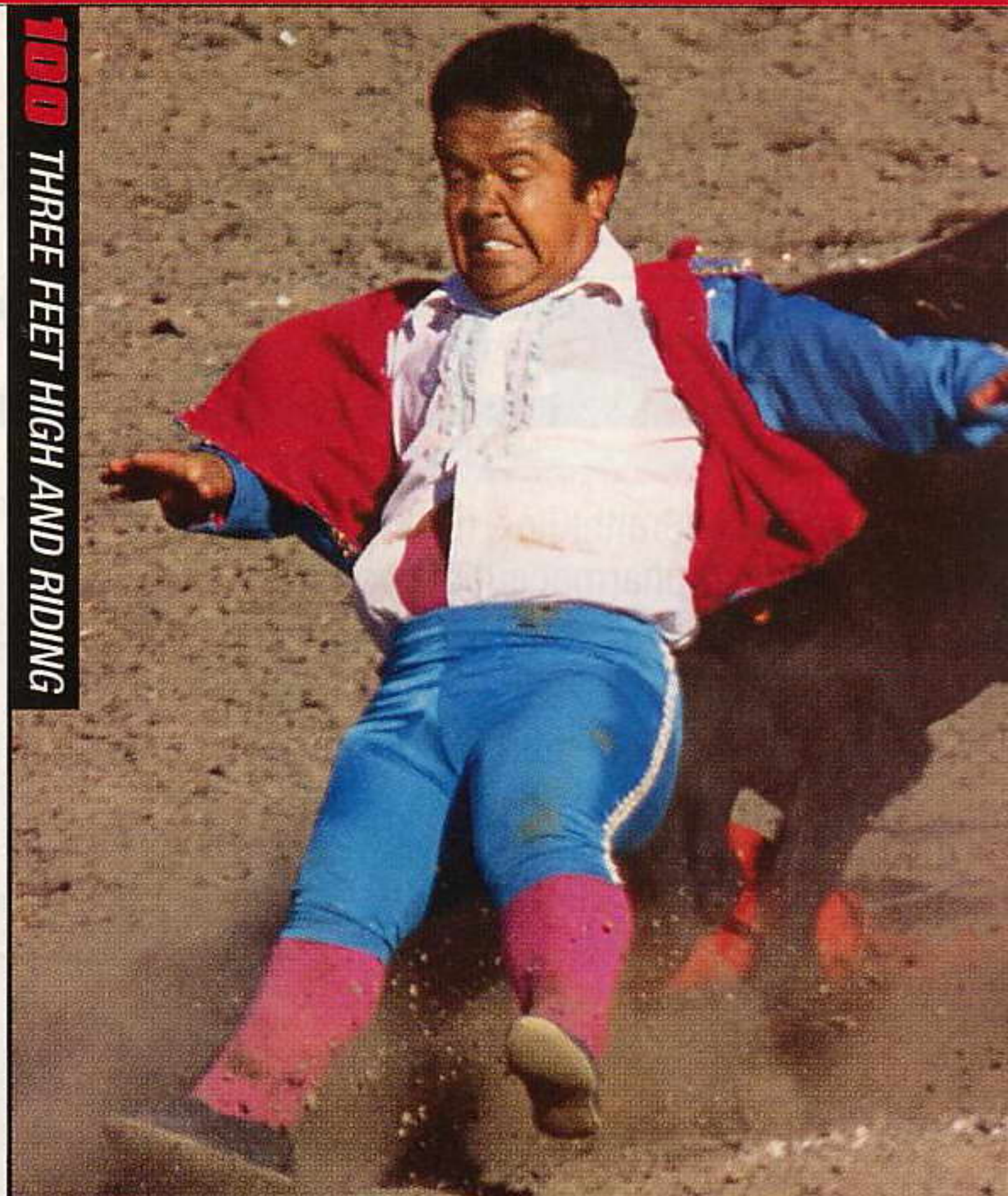


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Bits & Pieces

ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

GlaxoSmithKline (GSK) is the largest pharmaceutical company in the world, supplying 7% of the global market for drugs, with a net income of \$14.2 billion for the year 2002. They're also the most vicious, money-hungry corporate bastards who ever exploited sick and dying people for monetary gain. The gargantuan drug-pushing conglomerate is based in the United Kingdom, and their contempt for human suffering is straight out of a Dickens' novel. They manufacture and sell prescription drugs such as antibiotics, antidepressants, and cancer and cardiovascular medications, but they'll only do so at a whopping 30% profit margin (a net income to revenue ratio that would make even our profit-gorged chartered banks blush with shame), and woe betide the little guy who dares to upset GSK's colossal cash cow by offering lower priced drugs to penniless senior citizens.

The little guys in this case are the 150 Internet pharmacies operating in Canada who supply an estimated one million uninsured and underinsured American seniors with the prescription meds they desperately need in order to lead almost normal lives. These Internet pharmacies charge Canadian-controlled prices for the drugs they sell, which are often less than half the price of the same drugs sold in the United States. Many of these pharmacies have set up shop in the economical-



GlaxoSmithKline

ly depressed rural areas of this country, creating hundreds of jobs in Canada while they save thousands of lives in the States.

But the shitpiles in suits from GSK are having none of it. These cold-hearted scumbags can't stand the thought of losing a few million bucks off their multi-billion dollar bottom line as a result of Americans buying Canadian drugs at cheaper prices (i.e. at lower GSK profit margins), so they've cut all supplies of their product to Canadian Internet and mail-order pharmacies, and anyone else who does business with these pioneering medicine dispensaries. And since GSK products – patent-protected to the year infinity, of course, to pre-

vent cheaper generic knock-offs – account for 10% of Internet pharmacy sales, this action alone has the potential to kill the cross-border sale of drugs, not to mention the thousands upon thousands of Americans who won't be able to afford their life-sustaining high blood pressure or high cholesterol medications.

And the money-grubbing ass-wipes at GSK have even taken their blacklisting campaign a step further, by conspiring with other pharmaceutical mega-companies to effectively cut the flow of all drugs to Internet pharmacies. Their scorched earth policy of jealously guarding obscenely-inflated drug prices also

includes putting pressure on the US FDA to lay charges against Canadian storefront pharmacies operating in the US, and encouraging provincial medical and pharmacists associations to crack down on members who co-sign or fill American doctor-signed prescriptions. Brutal tactics like these are usually reserved for Stalin-era dictators, and anyone daring to infringe a Disney copyright, with the same deadly effects.

The demented, dollar-driven drug pushers at GSK could give a flying fuck about healing or helping sick people; the only thing that concerns them is protecting profits through higher drug prices, and if your grandmother with the bum ticker in the States has to die as a result, so be it. These monopolistic merchants of overpriced meds will do everything in their enormous power to preserve their billion dollar way of life, on the backs and coffins of the poor, sick, and elderly who have no choice but to drain their retirement accounts and mortgage their homes in order to meet GSK's unregulated, ransom-like prices.

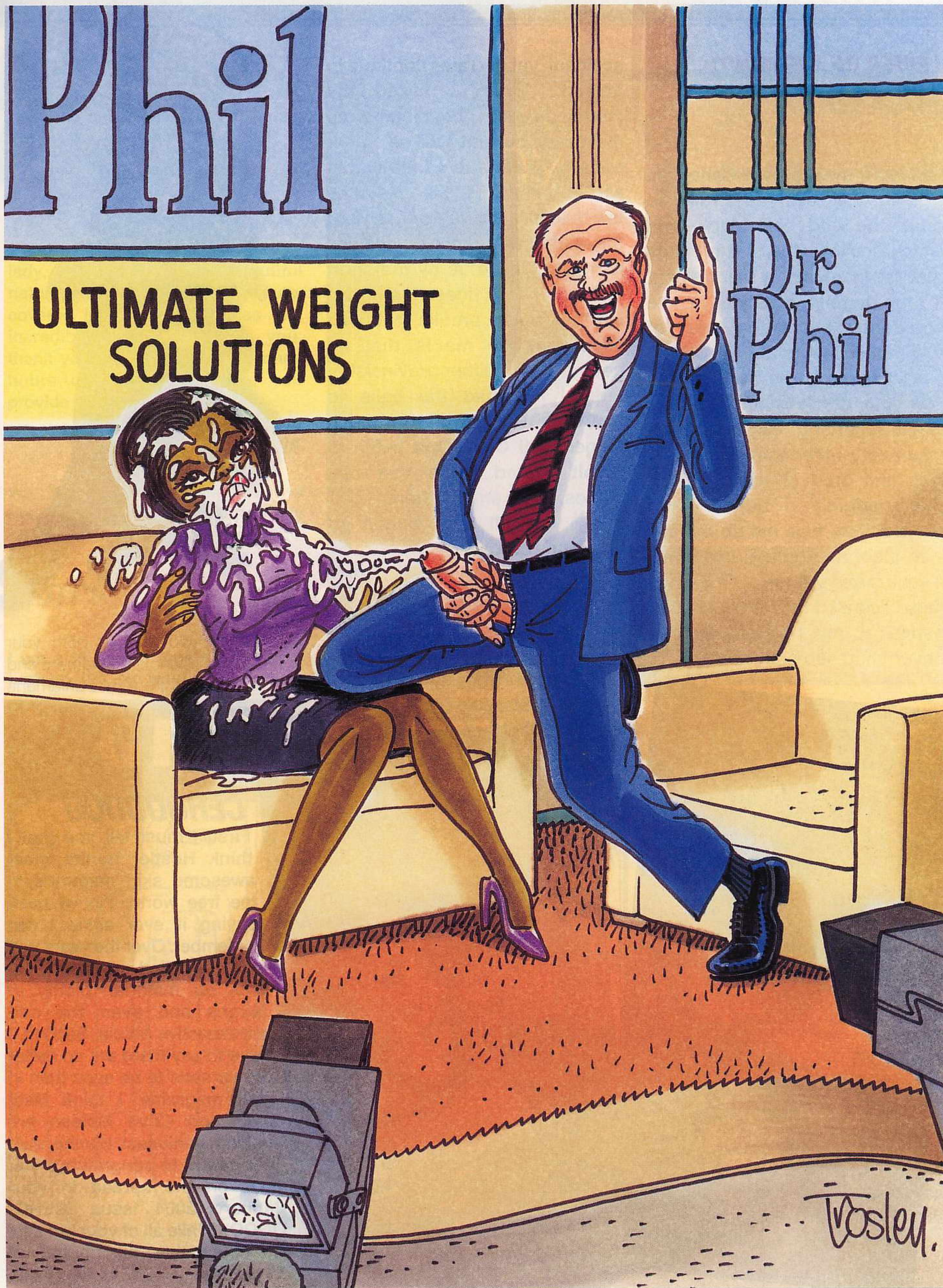
For being the most heartless, greedy sons-of-bitches to ever be issued a business license to peddle prescription drugs, the pharmaceutical giant GlaxoSmithKline has the truly ignominious honour of being named **Hustler's Asshole of the Month!**

Send your suggestions for "Asshole of the Month" to:

www.northlandmedia.ca

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"But to lose those last few ounces, my ultimate weight solution is to expel excess body fluids."

LETTER OF THE MONTH

FUCKED UP THE ASS

I am your average Joe Canadian. I go to work everyday; I like to drink the odd beer, fuck, and watch hockey. One of the things that has increasingly made a dent in my simple lifestyle is the constantly escalating cost of automobile insurance. So, as you can imagine, I was very glad to see your article in the January issue regarding car insurance. Like every other Canadian, I am sick and tired of having those price-gouging bunch of cocksuckers fuck me up the ass with their outrageous premiums. It seems every time I turn around these licensed thieves have their hands in my pockets. I have never had an automobile

accident, yet my rates continue to go up. When I asked my insurance agent about it he gives me every bullshit reason under the sun. But the real truth is that we, as Canadians, are obliged by law to insure our vehicles; and all the shitbag insurance companies know they have us by the short and curlies. It doesn't surprise me that they're crooks, but what does surprise me is that no government, neither provincial or federal has had the balls to intervene. But it won't be much longer until Canadians begin to revolt – and when that day comes, I'll be among them. Fuck you all you bunch of insurance crooks!

-A.K.
Grimsby, ON

The only way to get our governments to put the insurance companies on a tighter leash is through letters like yours. Make sure you

send a copy of this to both your Member of Provincial Parliament and your Member of Federal Parliament. As the old saying goes, "The squeaky wheel gets the grease."

CEH000000

First, I must tell you that I think Hustler is the most awesome skin magazine in the free world. I have been buying it ever since I can remember. Over the years you have supplied me with great jack off material, plenty of laughs and even the odd introspective article. Second, I have to say there are no better girl spreads to be seen than in your magazine. I think Matti Clatt and Clive Mclean are fucking geniuses! Having said that, I want to congratulate you guys on the spread in your January 2004 issue (CEH000000). While all of your girl sets are superlative, the photos on pages 34 and 35 were absolutely



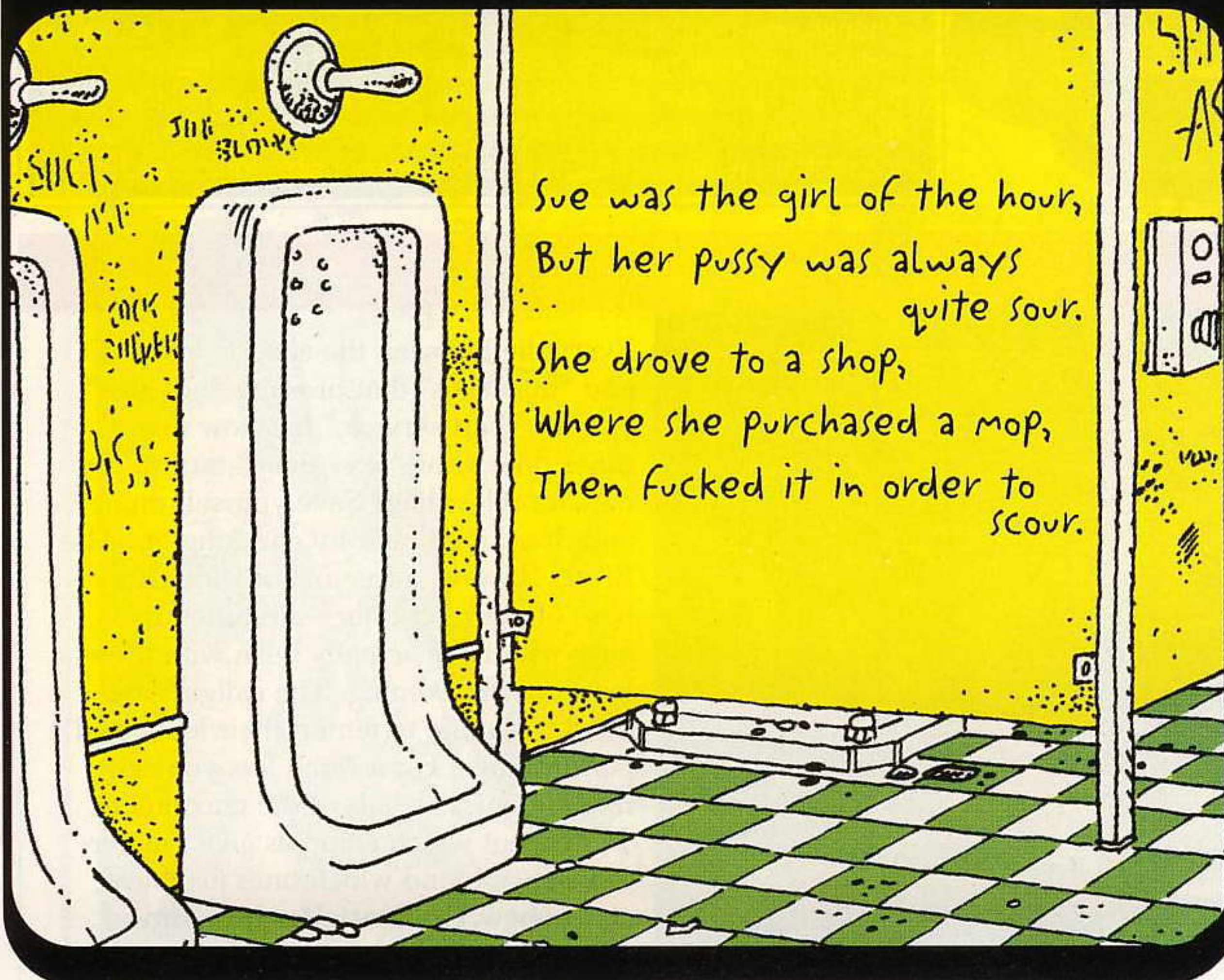
**-C.L.
Barthel, SK**

BRITT'S
TITS

Penny



GRAFFiLTHY



**-P.J.
Dorval, QC**

Continued On Page 14

BUTT PLUG OF THE MONTH

What would *you* like to see in a Honey's ass?

R. P. of Drums, Pennsylvania, is "very anal" and wanted to see an "ear of sweet corn" shoved "up the ass of a gorgeous brunette." Well, we don't know if the corn is sweet, but our model Sabrina sure is for allowing us to jam this corn cob up her tight heinie.

HUSTLER encourages readers to tell us what they'd like to see embedded in a babe's booty. Send requests to: HUSTLER's "Butt Plug of the Month," 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.



Arousing Taste?

We all want to get a dick inside her, but if you're like the editors at HUSTLER, you may have to settle for a new energy drink, Dickens Cider. Like many popular energy drinks, Dickens Cider includes the obligatory sugar and caffeine, but this devilish concoction is also spiked with a rumored aphrodisiac: horny goat weed. So make sure there's a chick drinking it with you and not a guy, or you might end up with a dick inside him. For the lush in your family, just add some vodka, and you've got a hard Dickens Cider. To find a store near you that carries Dickens Cider, call (866) 432-2726 or go to www.DCInferno.com.



Porn From the Past

Sofa Strumpet, circa 1940



Thanks and \$150 go to J.M. of Springfield, Illinois, for this oral oldie. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's "Porn From the Past," 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned. HUSTLER is not responsible for lost pictures.

Whore Score



Everyone has seen the ads for "escorts" and "massages" that promise "hot girls" and the "best service," but how many times does your "sexy babe" turn out to be a toothless hag? Save yourself money and disappointment by checking out The Erotic Review, a free nationwide database of harlot critiques submitted by guys who have actually been with these ladies of the evening. The callgirls are rated from one to ten on their looks and performance. For a small fee, you can read the juicy details of the encounters. To find out which chippies give the perfect blowjob and which ones just blow, go to www.TheEroticReview.com.

TWENTY REASONS WHY CHOCOLATE IS BETTER THAN SEX:

1. You can GET chocolate.
2. "If you love me you'll swallow that" has real meaning with chocolate.
3. Chocolate satisfies even when it has gone soft.
4. You can safely have chocolate while you are driving.
5. You can make chocolate last as long as you want it to.
6. You can have chocolate even in front of your mother.
7. If you bite the nuts too hard the chocolate won't mind.
8. Two people of the same sex can have chocolate without being called nasty names.
9. The word "commitment" doesn't scare off chocolate.
10. You can have chocolate on top of your workbench/desk during working hours without upsetting your co-workers.
11. You can ask a stranger for chocolate without getting your face slapped.
12. You don't get hairs in your mouth with chocolate.
13. With chocolate there's no need to fake it.
14. Chocolate doesn't make you pregnant.
15. You can have chocolate at any time of the month.
16. Good chocolate is easy to find.
17. You can have as many kinds of chocolate as you can handle.
18. You are never too young or too old for chocolate.
19. When you have chocolate it does not keep your neighbours awake.
20. With chocolate size doesn't matter.



Pop-shot

The 3-D fad has enjoyed brief resurgences since first emerging in the '50s. Now that 3-D has met DVD technology, with its higher picture quality, the gimmick just might stick around. *Teen Beauties in Heat #1*, by 3-D Fantasy Films, features onscreen sluts—e.g., Cindy Crawford, Jessica Darlin—who appear to pop right out of your TV while they get humped. *Teen Beauties in Heat #1* is available at HUSTLER stores, or by calling (877) 325-6464 or visiting www.ShopHUSTLER.com.

For 3-D glasses to view this pic, send \$1.00 and SASE to 3-D Glasses Offer, Dimension 3, 5240 Medina Road, Woodland Hills, CA 91364.

by Aaron Warner



NEWSBITES

OLD-FASHIONED CHILD THERAPY:

Montana bus driver James Campbell, 62, was booted off his route and cited with a misdemeanor after he slapped a 12-year-old boy across the head. Reportedly, the kid kept repeating the word *penis* loudly over and over, despite the driver's warning. The preteen smartass responded by lecturing the driver that the word *penis* is a scientific term. Perhaps Campbell was trying to acquaint the foul-mouthed tyke with another scientific term: blunt head trauma.

SAFE SEAFOOD?: In Santa Ana, California, 48-year-old Laila Sultan got a rude surprise in her clam chowder after it was reheated at a restaurant. She bit into something rubbery, which turned out to be a condom. Now she and her three female dinner companions are suing McCormick & Schmick's Seafood Restaurant, which claims that either another customer tossed the rubber in the soup as a joke or it came from one of the four women. The kitchen staff claim they adhere to a strict policy of only spitting in customers' food.

SCARLET LETTER: On Halloween night, Wayne Mansfield wondered why so many kids passed by his house without asking for a treat. It turned out the trick was on the Ohio homeowner. The county sheriff's department had mistakenly sent out 300 letters to Mansfield's neighbors warning them that a sex offender lived at his address. Sheriff Daniel Dunlap says that his department has since mailed out correction notices. We can imagine the second round of letters: "To the best of our knowledge, Wayne Mansfield does not currently have a sex offender living at his residence, but that is subject to change without notice."

TEN THINGS TO DO IN THE BATHROOM STALL:

1. Say, "Uh oh, I knew I shouldn't put my lips on that."
2. Cheer and clap loudly every time somebody breaks the silence with a bodily function noise
3. Say, "Hmmm, I've never seen that colour before."
4. Drop a marble and say, "Oh shoot!! My glass eye!!"
5. Say, "Damn, this water is cold."
6. Grunt and strain real loud for 30 seconds and then drop a cantaloupe into the toilet bowl from a high place and sigh. Sigh relaxingly.
7. Say, "Now how did that get there?"
8. Fill up a large flask with Mountain Dew. Squirt it erratically under the stall walls of your neighbors while yelling, "Whoa! Easy boy!"
9. Say, "Interesting....more sinkers than floaters"
10. Say, "C'mon Mr. Happy! Don't fall asleep on me!!"

Well-Hung Chassis



At 5 1/2 inches wide and nine inches long, Bumper Nuts are the perfect way to let other drivers know that you're the king of the road and have the balls to prove it! These road-tested testicles are made of sturdy aluminum and are a great way to assert your manhood; you might even pick up some chicks! The balls come in several colors, including a lifelike flesh tone. To order your pair of balls, go to www.BumperNuts.com or call (727) 895-5270.



web site of the month

Take the Red Pill

While *The Matrix* film series has apparently come to a conclusion with *Revolutions*, a new adventure has just begun in *The Meatrix*. This Web site features a clever cartoon starring Moo-Pheous (an all-knowing cow) who opens the eyes of Leo (a naive pig) to the dark realities of corporate farming. This smart parody reveals the overcrowding and abuse of animals, the antibiotic drugs that are fed to livestock and the danger these practices pose to all of us. To learn the true horrors behind your next hamburger, check out www.TheMeatrix.com.



Olsen Twins Countdown

As of February 10, 2004, there are only **124** more days until the Olsen twins become legal!

Hard-core Software

Each year, adult-video distributors from across the country bring their newest porn products to Las Vegas for the Video Software Dealers Association convention. Their goal is to peddle their raunchy videos to store owners, who then peddle them to you. To help grease the wheels of carnal mercantilism, several porn stars were on hand at the Venetian Hotel, plugging videos of themselves getting plugged. Angel Cassidy was dressed in virginal white (which also hides pesky cum stains), Teanna Kai looked like she stole one of Madonna's bustiers, and Sunset Thomas had fun just hanging out. The event was closed to the general public, but fear not; these babes are coming soon to an adult-video store near you!



Angel Cassidy



Teanna Kai

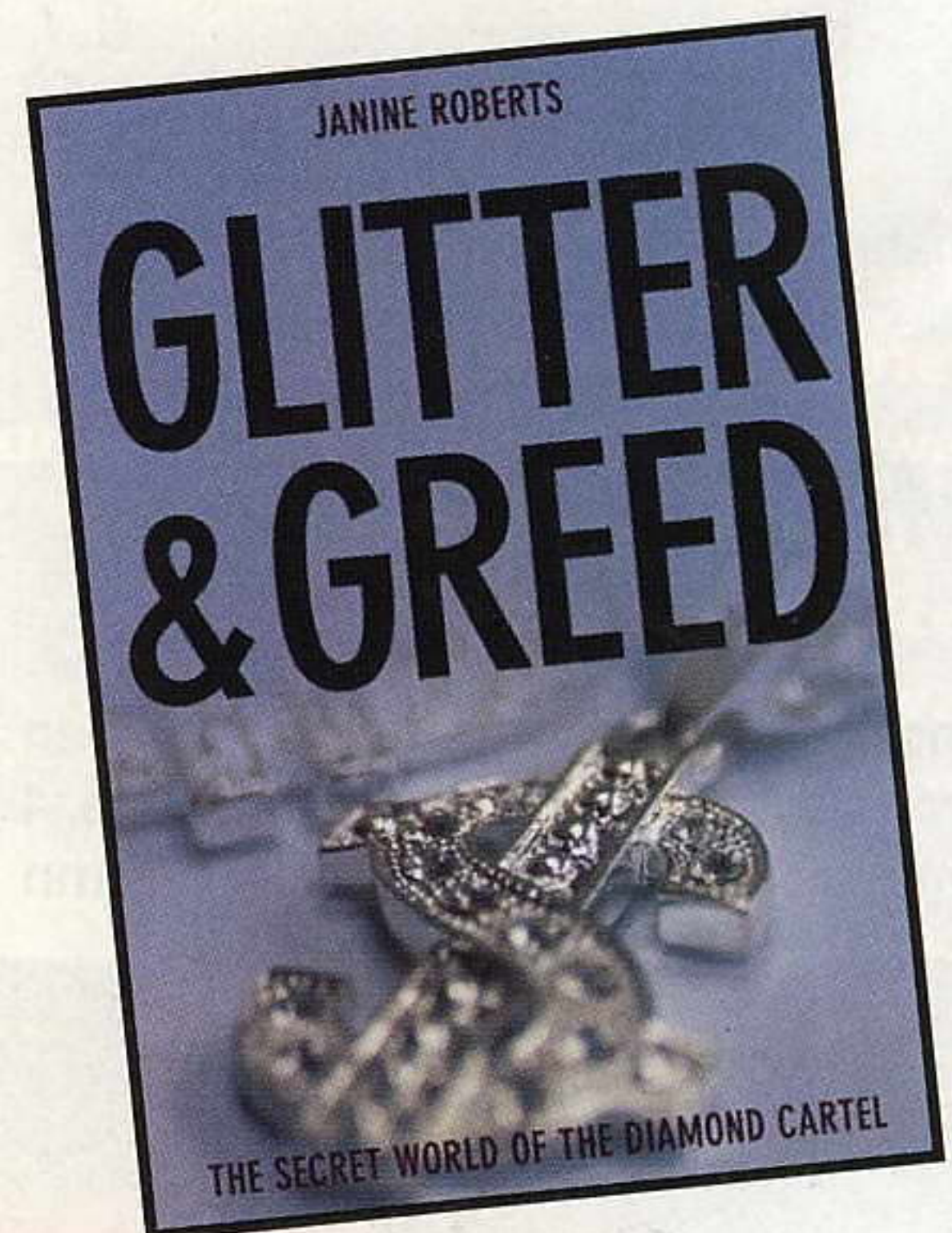


Sunset Thomas

"I envy people who drink—at least they know what to blame everything on."
—OSCAR LEVANT

DID YOU KNOW?

- A man will ejaculate approximately 18 quarts of semen, containing half a trillion sperm, in his lifetime.
- John Harvey Kellogg, the man who gave the world Corn Flakes, was an avid advocate for chastity.
- A pig's orgasm can last up to 30 minutes.
- The Bible mentions dildos. Ezekiel 16:17 says, "Thou hast also taken thy fair jewels of my gold and of my silver, which I had given thee, and madest to thyself images of men, and didst commit whoredom with them."
- "Eurotophobia" is the fear of female genitalia.
- The origin of the modern day confessional box comes from the Middle Ages. Before then, prostitutes who visited priests to confess their sins were often sexually assaulted.
- The female bedbug has no sexual opening. To get around this dilemma, the male uses his curved penis to drill a vagina into the female.
- Studies show that women who went to college are more likely to enjoy oral sex (giving and receiving) than high school dropouts.
- Male bats have the highest rate of homosexuality of any mammal.
- "Formicophilia" is the fetish for having small insects crawl on your genitals.
- A man's beard grows fastest when he anticipates sex.
- According to a U.S. market research firm, the most popular American bra size is currently 36C, up from 1991 when it was 34B.
- In the Aztec culture avocados were considered so sexually powerful, virgins were restricted from contact with them.
- Marilyn Monroe, the most celebrated sex icon of the 20th century, confessed to a friend that despite her three husbands and a parade of lovers, she had never had an orgasm.
- According to a survey of sex shop owners, cherry is the most popular flavor of edible underwear. Chocolate is the least popular.
- "Ithyphallophobia" is a morbid fear of seeing, thinking about or having an erect penis.
- A sow will always have an even number of teats, usually 12.
- The average shelf life of a latex condom is about two years.
- 14% of Americans have skinny-dipped with a member of the opposite sex at least once.



A Cut Above

This Month: *Glitter & Greed: The Secret World of the Diamond Cartel* by Janine Roberts, published by the Disinformation Company

What It Is: A behind-the-scenes exposé of greedy diamond cartels and their sleazy practices.

Why We Care: Investigative journalist Janine Roberts details the key role that diamond companies played in South African apartheid, the use of child labor to cut gems in India, the secret sales of diamonds to Nazi Germany that prolonged World War II, the marketing myths created by the De Beers company, the hoarding of diamonds to drive the market price up and much more.

Buzz: Roberts has spent nearly two decades digging up the truth about diamonds, but not without major resistance. The diamond cartels reportedly pressured the BBC to heavily edit her documentary, *The Diamond Empire*, and Doubleday Books refused to publish her findings. Finally, her meticulous research has been printed without censorship in *Glitter & Greed*.

How to Get It: *Glitter & Greed* is available at bookstores nationwide and at www.Disinfo.com.

Bottom Line: Before your wife-to-be strongarms you into dropping down a fat wad of cash for a rock, learn the true cost of diamonds.

"MOST TASTELESS CARTOON"



"I finally meet Anna Nicole Smith, and her left tit explodes!"

SHOCORE SHIT

What the fuck is up with you guys? I open my January issue of Hustler to find some dumb fucking article about some druggie band. What the fuck is with that? When I open the pages of Hustler I want to see pussy, and lots of it. I want to see those beautiful gaping pink holes and nice hard little clits. What I don't want to see is a bunch of guitar plucking cokeheads that couldn't fucking carry a tune to save their lives. If I want to read about music I'll buy Rolling Stone. Get with it guys!

-B.T.
Lethbridge, AB

Thanks for your input BT; we'll pass your letter along the appropriate channels.

MUFF NOT MARITIMES

I noticed lately that there have been erotic stories about Nova Scotia. I am not sure who writes the column

but not only doesn't it give me a hard on, but it makes my dick shrink. Where are you getting your editorial stuff these days? Tell your editor, Mr. White, to get his head out of his asshole and put some good raunchy porn in your magazine. I don't fucking want to hear about Peggy's Cove, I want to hear about Peggy's Pussy. Assholes!

-R.S.
Barrie, ON

Duly noted R.S.

FUCK BUNNY

I want to applaud your very excellent spread, Fuck Bunny - Lauren Phoenix (January 2004 issue). I really enjoy a leggy chick and Lauren had one of the most beautiful gams I've ever seen. I would love to lick her beautiful soft long legs and suck her lovely toes. I'll bet she also has a really yummy butt hole too. She is absolutely gorgeous. I was won-

dering if she has an address to send fan mail?

-D.W.
Flatbush, AB

Just send any of her mail to us and we'll be happy to pass it along. Thanks for your enthusiastic endorsement.

WHERE ARE YOU?

I would like to buy a year's subscription to Hustler for my boyfriend. Someone told me I could subscribe on-line. Could you tell me where your web site is? Thanks a bunch.

-M.F.
New Castle, NB

Absolutely M.F., just go to <http://www.northlandmedia.ca> and order from there. Please allow 6-8 weeks for the first issue to arrive.



A full-page photograph of actress Laurie Wallace. She is posing in a black and white vertically striped crop top with ruffled white trim at the shoulders and a wide black belt with silver buckles. She is also wearing black shorts and bright pink lace-trimmed thigh-high stockings. Her right hand is near her chin, and her left hand rests on her hip. The background is a collage of newspaper clippings, many of which feature her name and the word 'SCANDAL'.

BEHIND THE SCENES

LAURIE
WALLACE

We can't imagine Laurie Wallace as a stuffy attorney, but that's the direction she was headed for back in law school. "I dropped out after one year. I hated it. I was only there because my parents wanted me to go," the would-be counselor recalls. Rightfully assuming that showing flesh would be more honourable than life as a lawyer, the Baltimore babe went into modeling, then segued into Hollywood films including *Big Daddy*, *Wild Things* and one of Eddie Murphy's bombs, *The Holy Man*.





It was on the latter movie set, Laurie says, that actor Jeff Goldblum came on to her. "He began hitting on me with my boyfriend standing right there," she laughs, "and he called me that night in my hotel room at 2:30 a.m. while I was in bed with my boyfriend!"







She didn't boink the gangly Goldblum, but the 28-year-old claims she's banged an '80s sitcom star and a female movie star, and had a bizarre encounter with Rod Stewart. "I was interviewing him for the Playboy Channel at the mansion. Rod bit my thigh really hard and left marks on it." And we thought Stewart only sucked.



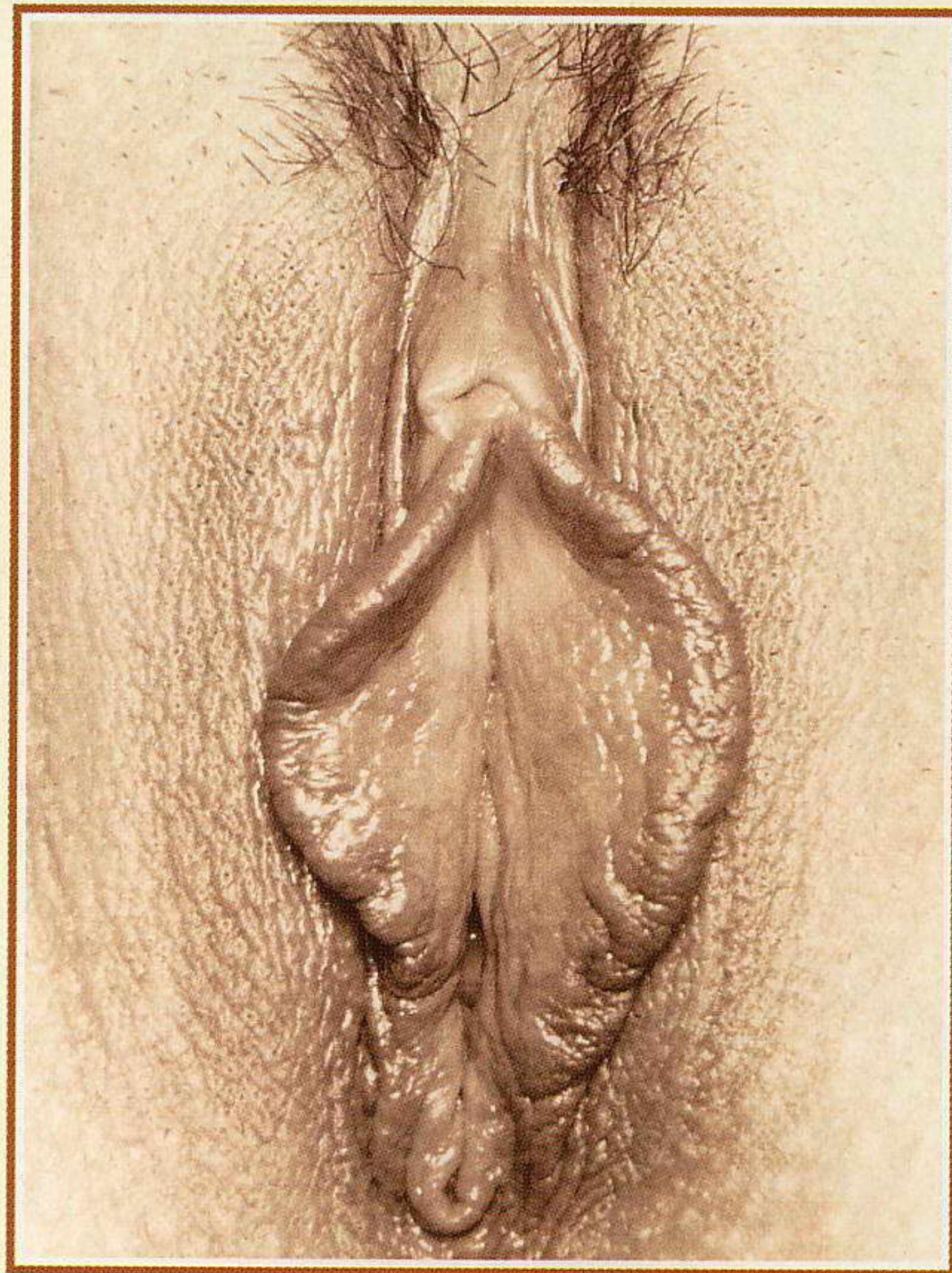




PINK

IN

BLACK AND WHITE



Cunt. Quiche. Cooze. Quim. Conch. Quiff. Whatever you like to call it, vagina is the subject of *Petals* (Crystal River Publishing), a fascinating new book of photography by lensman Nick Karras.

Karras is the Ansel Adams of the beaver shot, and, like Adams, the nature photographer shoots his subject matter in glorious black and white. After capturing more than 100 vaginas on film over a three-year period, Karras—with the help of a gynecologist friend—has compiled 48 pussies for your enjoyment. The four dozen vaginas—which range in age from 18 to 64—illustrate what the astute HUSTLER reader has known for years: Aside from their ability to thrust men into madness, no two pussies are alike.

Karras's vaginal odyssey began when he was an adolescent and became infatuated with a picture in a girlie magazine of a woman with abnormally long pussy lips. The future photographer carried the picture in his wallet for years until the image eventually crumbled. Years later, Karras met a similarly blessed woman. While he adored the visual stimulation her pussy offered, the labia-rich lass was actually ashamed of what she believed was freakish genitalia.

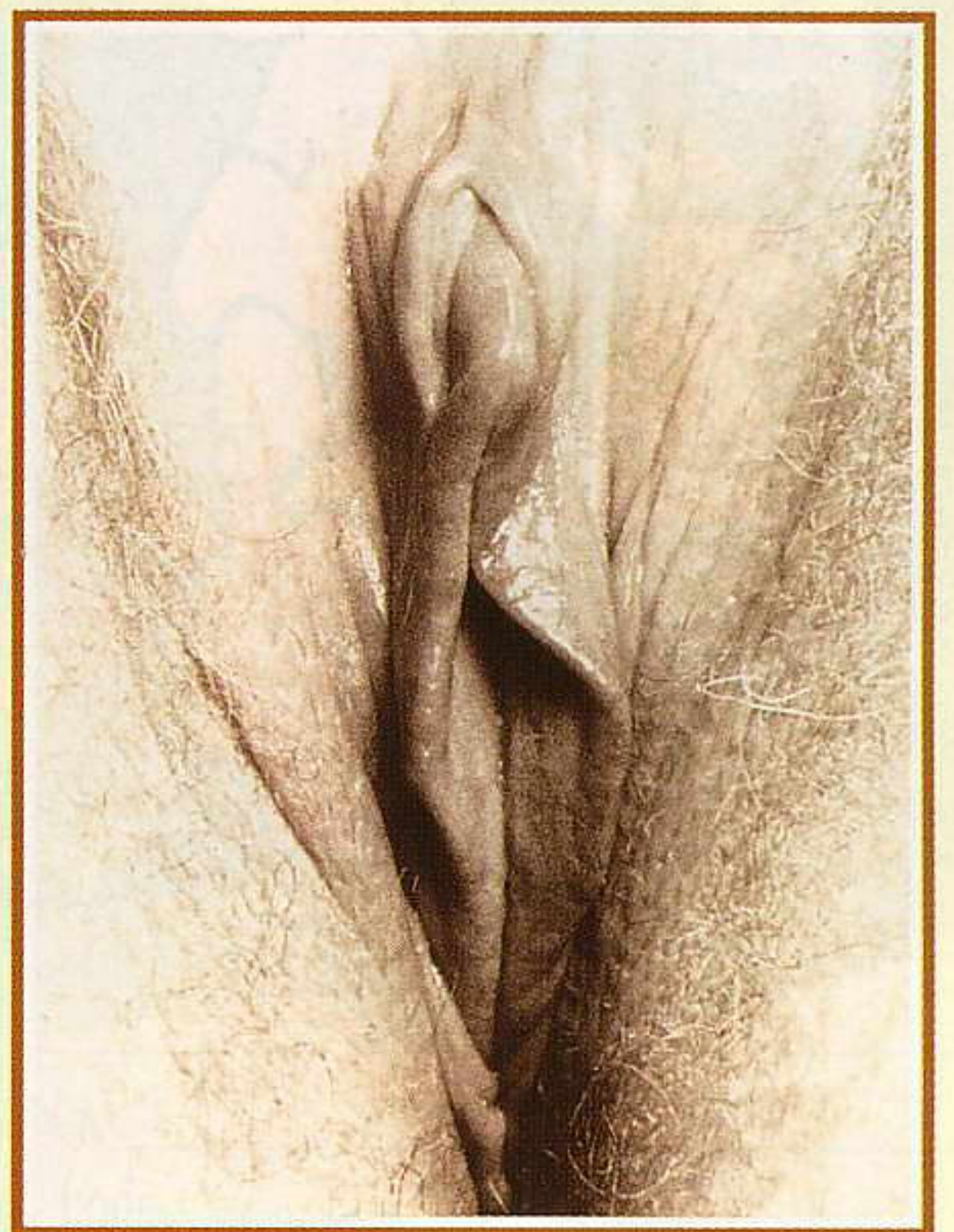
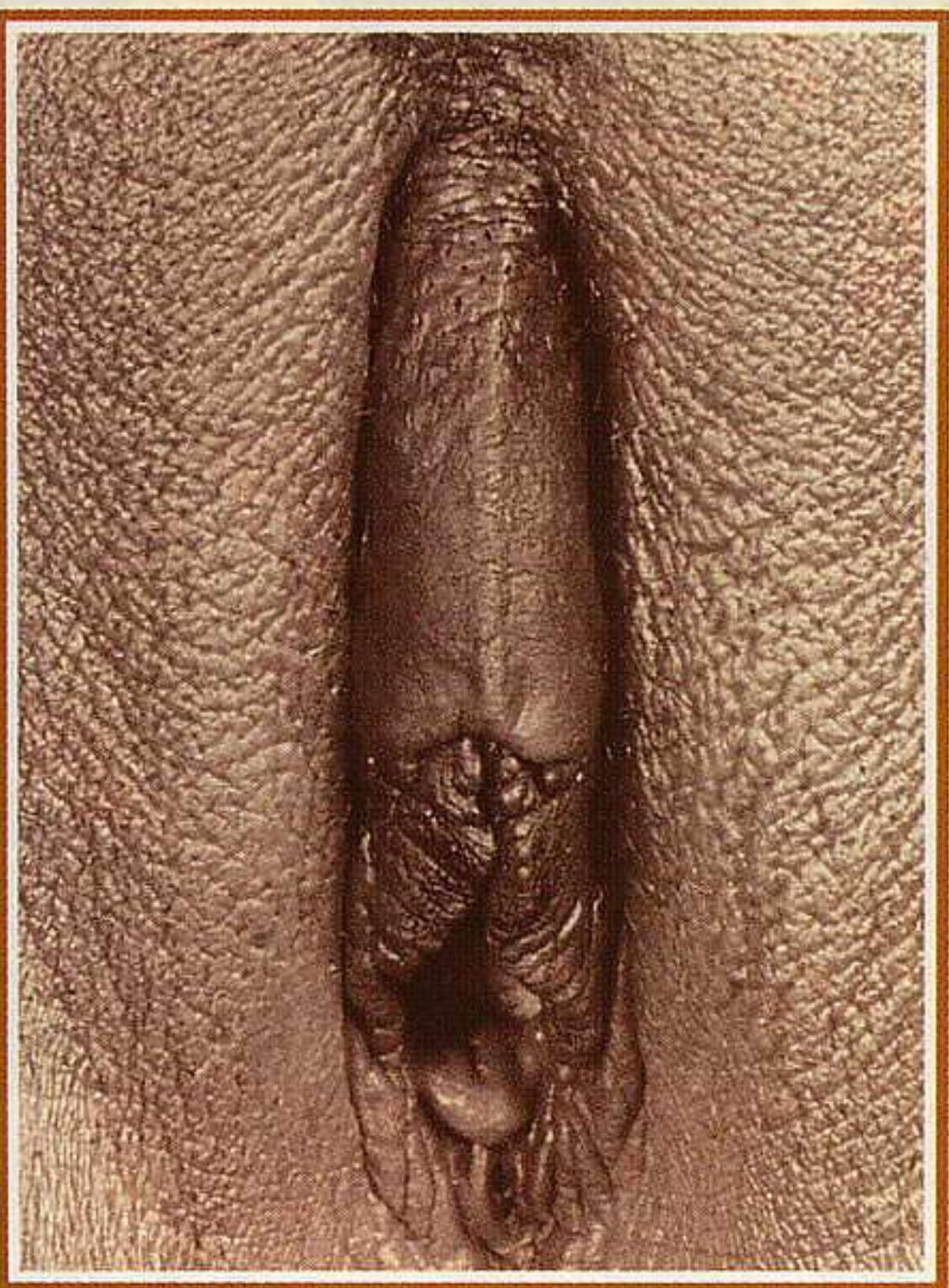
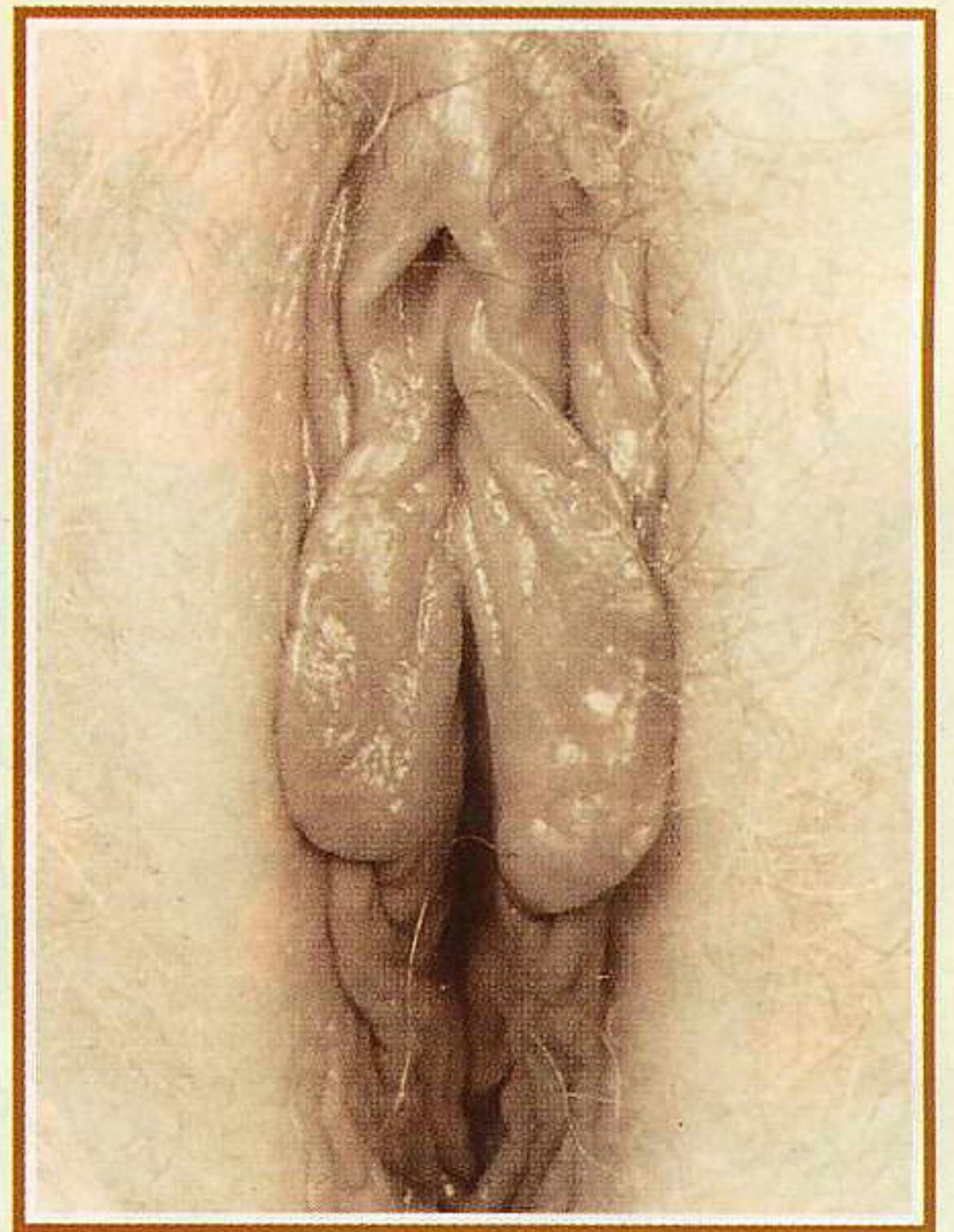
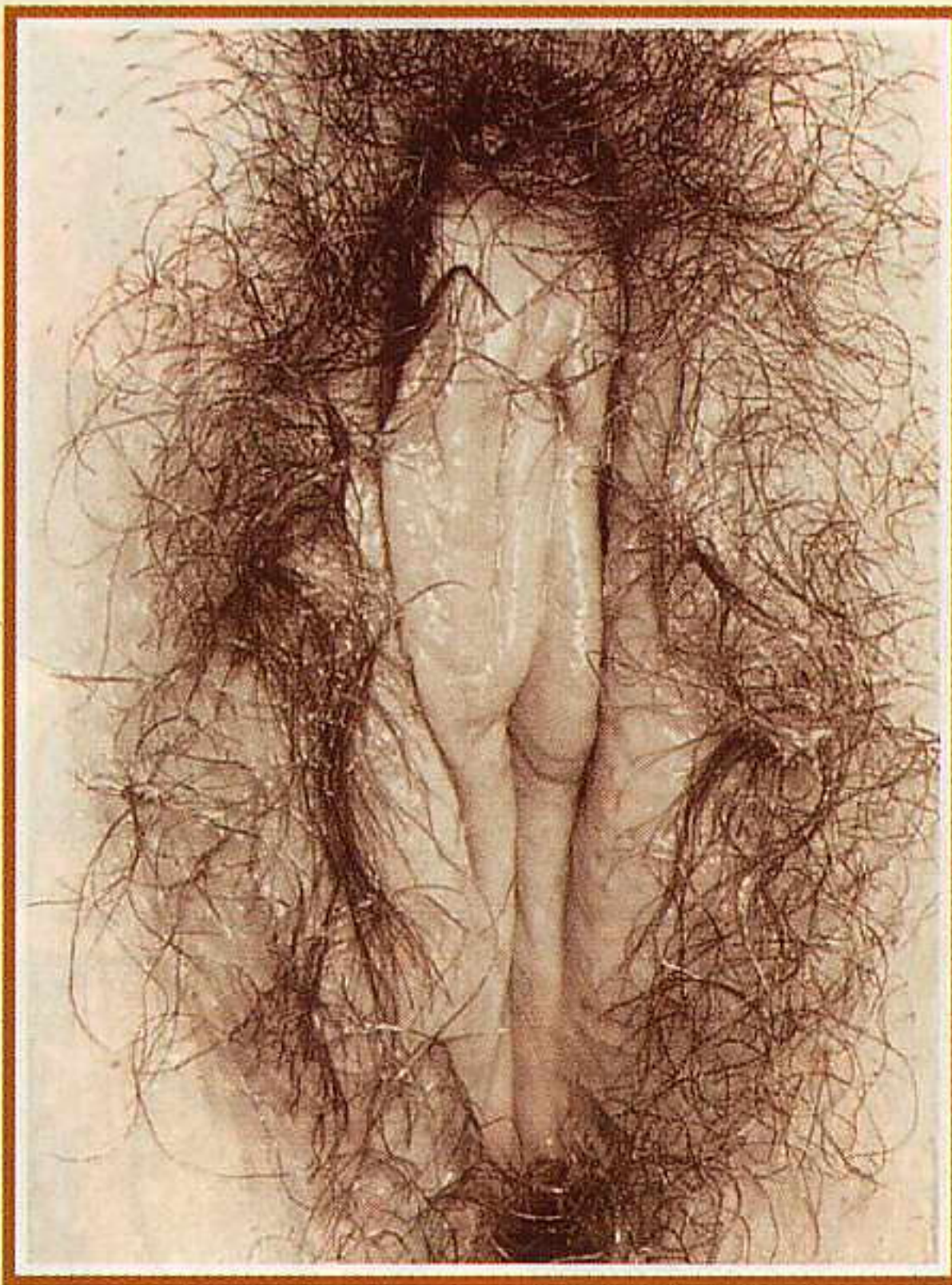
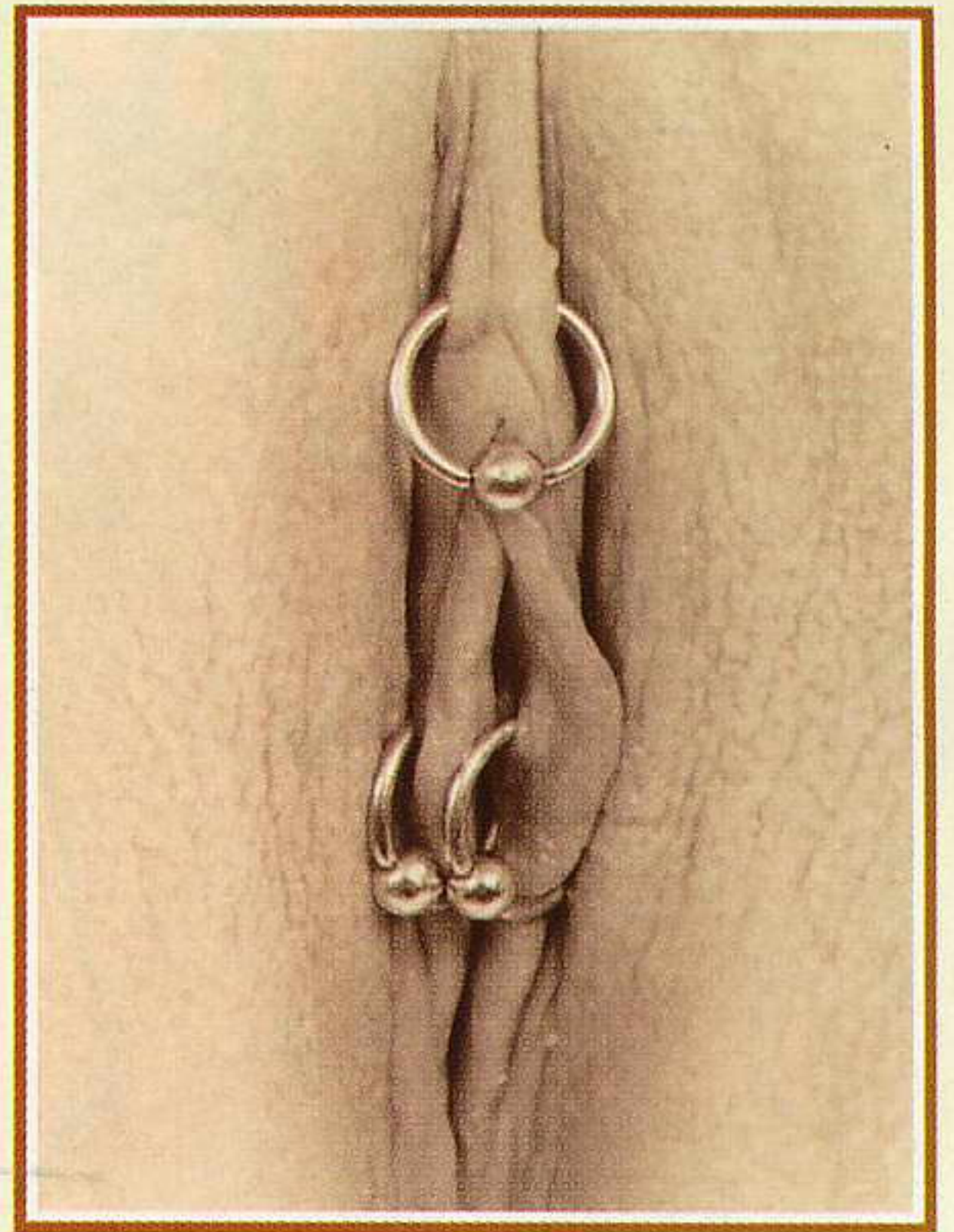
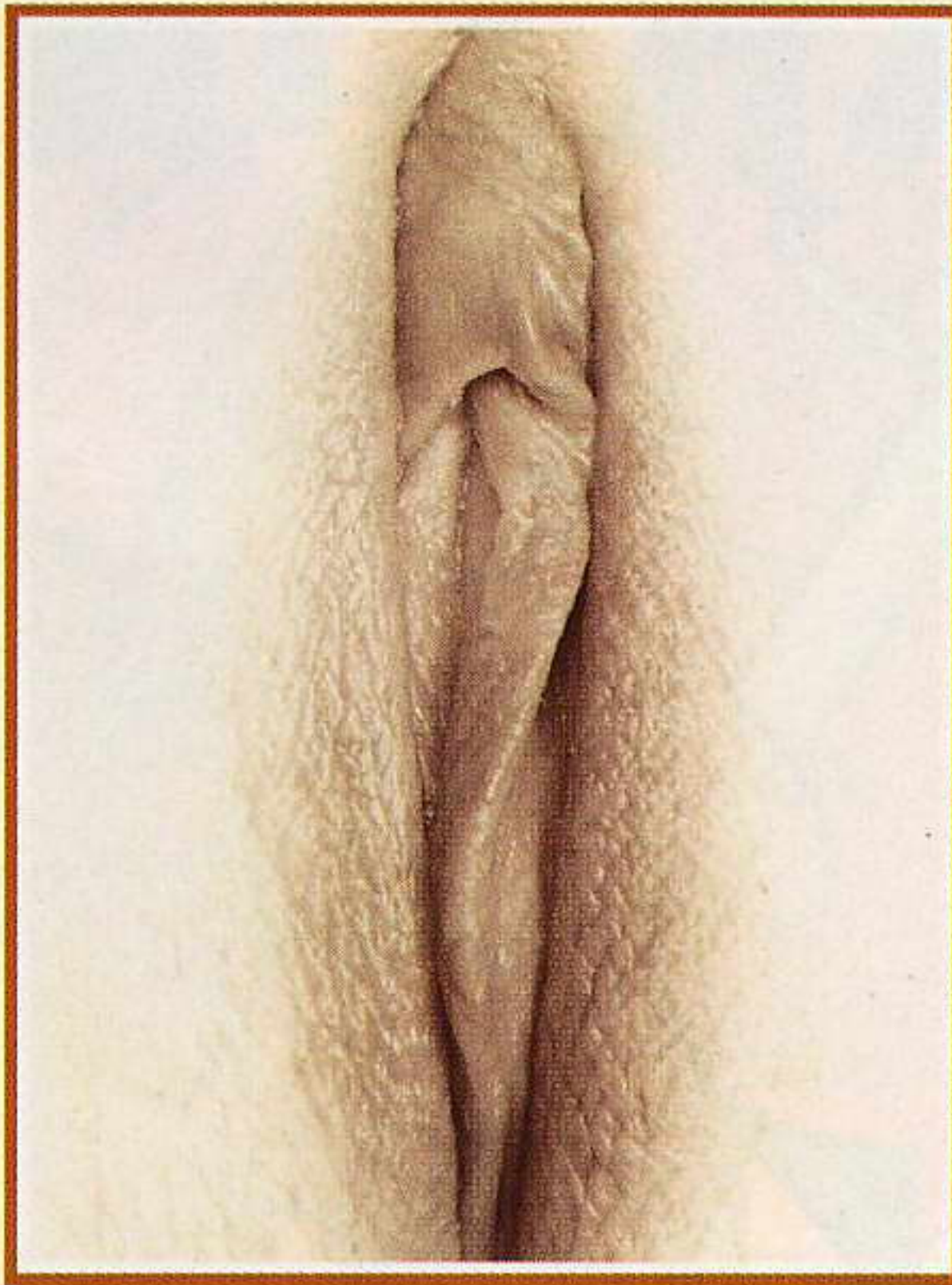
Utilizing his photographic skills, Karras wanted to show his well-endowed girlfriend the beauty that resided in her crotch. After experimenting with various techniques, Karras at last came upon the method he

employed in his book: pussies shot with black-and-white film, then printed slightly larger than actual size and in sepia tone to give them a softer appearance.

Karras has his subjects "scooch" down in a chair with their legs spread. The genital portraitist then shoots with a macro lens—which is used for up-close photography—mere inches from the woman's love hole. In most cases, he has a female friend present to make the ladies more comfortable. "I almost have to, because there are so many perverted photographers out there," Karras explains. (We have no idea what he's talking about.)

The artist first takes what he calls the "sleeping shot," which is the vagina unaroused. Usually, he then leaves the room while the woman—with or without a lover's help—gets her vagina in a turned-on state. Occasionally, the women will play with themselves in front of Karras. "A couple of the girls came by themselves, and their fantasy was to masturbate in front of the photographer; so that was fun," recalls the photog. "For some women, it's a very playful, fun, erotic experience; for some—if it's a woman who doesn't really like how she looks—it's hard on them, and it's been a healing thing to go through."

To order *Petals*, visit www.NickKarras.com or call (800) 535-6444.

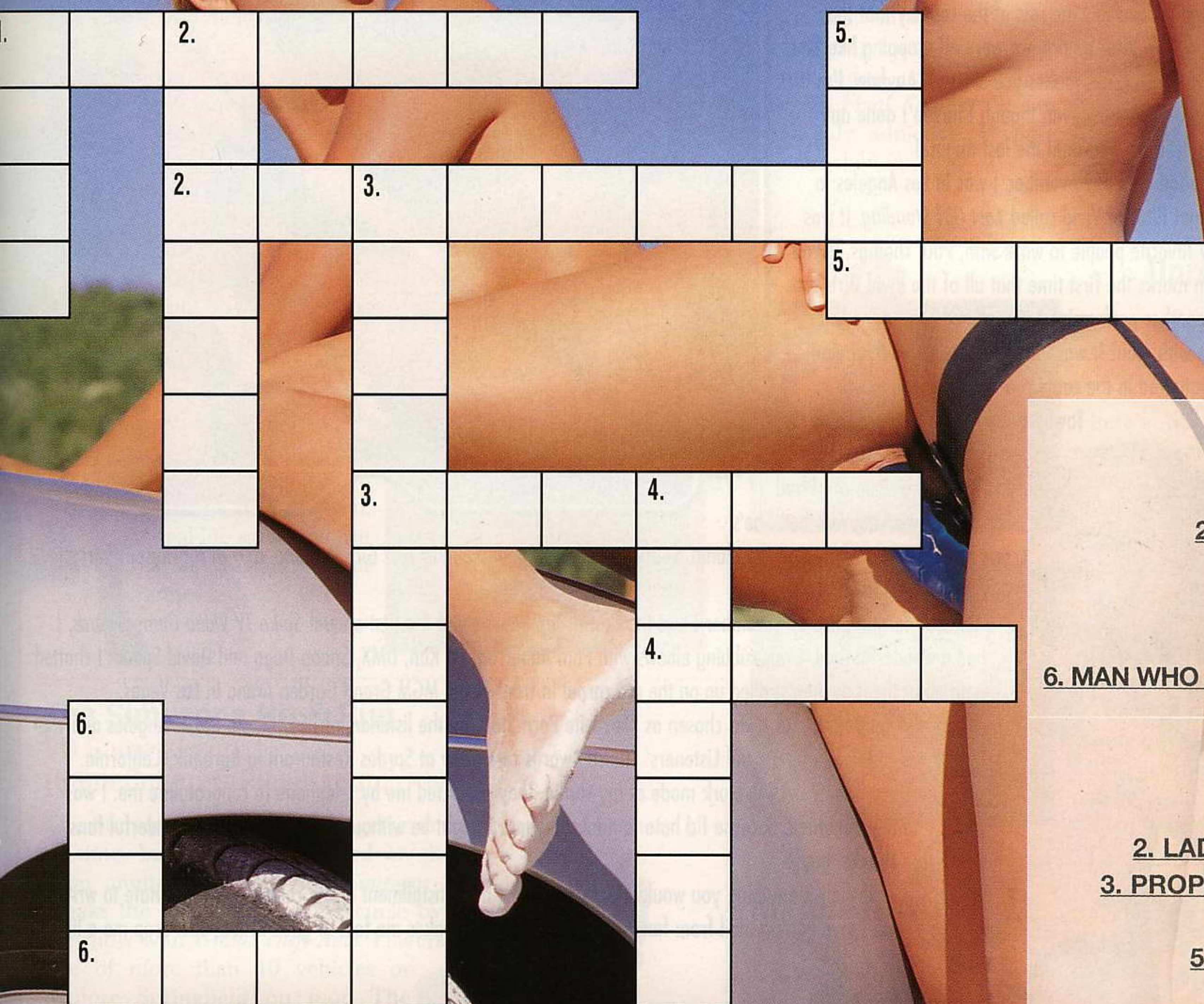




"Straight from the Casbah, watch her swallow 12 inches of cold hard steel without gagging."

Porn Puzzle

April 2004



ACROSS

- 1. SUCK COCK
- 2. TO MAKE TIT MILK
- 3. ASSHOLE
- 4. MOUTH SEX
- 5. EXCREMENT
- 6. MAN WHO MANAGES WHORES

DOWN

- 1. ASS MUSIC
- 2. LADY'S LOVE BUTTON
- 3. PROPER NAME TO FUCK
- 4. LOOSE WOMAN
- 5. URINATE PROPER
- 6. VOMIT (SL)



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JENNA TALES

ADVENTURES IN THE SKIN TRADE WITH JENNA JAMESON

What's up, guys? I'm finally recovering from my absolute favorite day, Thanksgiving. I had close friends and family over to my house in Arizona. It was the first time I'd cooked a turkey, and it was a 20-pound bird. I was so nervous, but it turned out fine. The bird was a little on the dry side (too bad they don't make a lube for such instances), but not a bad effort for my first attempt! We all watched the football games throughout the day. I don't know if you guys realize that I'm a huge football fan. I was happy that the Detroit Lions beat up on the Green Bay Packers. They really needed to show the rest of the country that they can step it up on national TV. After dinner, we were all dropping like flies (you know how that stuff in turkeys makes you sleepy). Anyhow, I'm really looking forward to Christmas, even though I haven't done any shopping yet. I always seem to wait until the last minute!

Great news! In the beginning of November, I was in Los Angeles to shoot another big-budget film for Vivid called *Last Girl Standing*. It was directed by one of my favorite people to work with, Paul Thomas. If you can believe it, this film marks the first time that all of the Vivid Girls are featured in a movie together performing in an all-girl orgy, as well as performing sex scenes with men! It was intense to see all of the beautiful faces and bodies gathered in the same room. I did a scene with

Tawny Roberts that is as scorching as it gets. I fuck the hell out of her in the ass with a strap-on. I had such a blast working with her. She's one of the sexiest women on the planet. Every girl does an anal scene in *Last Girl Standing*, except for myself. Sorry, guys; you'll just have to wait.

Before I forget, in early December I was the host of the pre-show of the first annual *Spike TV Video Game Awards*. I had a wonderful time. I was rubbing elbows with Pam Anderson, L'il Kim, DMX, Snoop Dogg and David Spade. I chatted with all of them as they strolled up on the red carpet in front of the MGM Grand Garden Arena in Las Vegas.

I also found out that I was chosen as "Favorite Porn Star" by the listeners of KSEX Radio in Los Angeles and was honored at the second annual Listeners' Choice Awards ceremony at Sardos Restaurant in Burbank, California.

Because I'm now back in work mode at my studio, they contacted me by telephone to congratulate me. I was totally delighted, because I'd hate to think of where I might be without the support of my wonderful fans.

Thanks, guys!

If there's anything you would like to see in the next installment of my column, don't hesitate to write to me. I love getting mail from fans all over the world; it makes me feel so good inside! Just drop me a line at:

Jenna Tales
c/o HUSTLER Magazine
8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900
Beverly Hills, CA 90211

See you soon!

XoXo,
Jenna



Game On

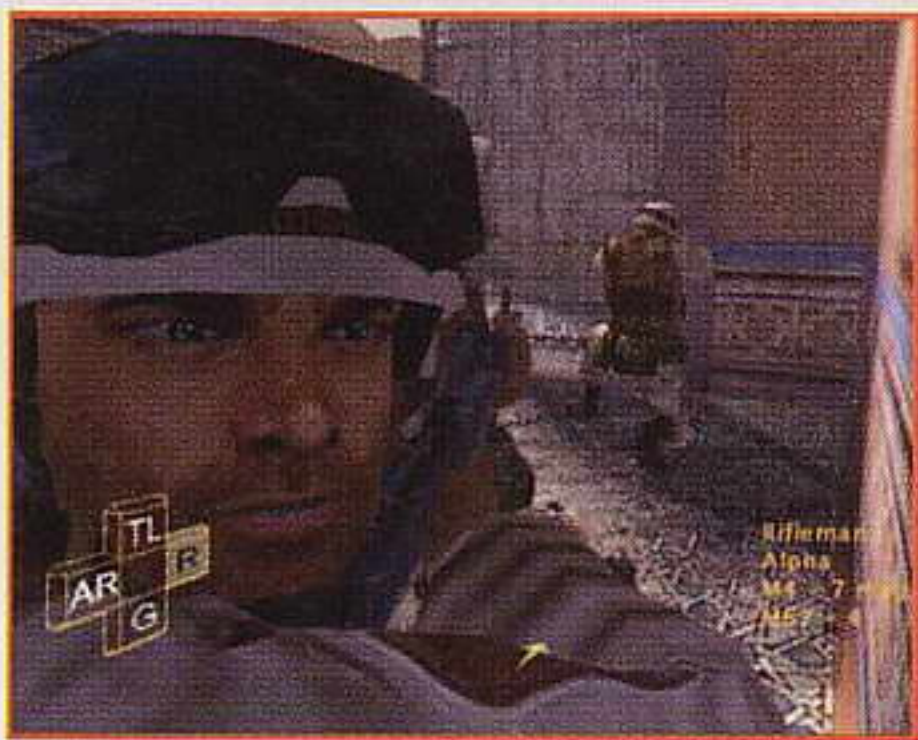
Grab your joystick; HUSTLER plugs you into the latest video games.

by Gus Mastrapa

Full Spectrum Warrior

THQ
(PC, Xbox)

The U.S. government originally commissioned this hyper-real combat simulator to "reinforce Army doctrine and squad tactics among troops." For once, profligate military spending provides a benefit to the public at large. Players command two highly trained fire teams through disturbingly lifelike urban-combat environments, but *Full Spectrum Warrior* is not all about kicking ass. Like real grunts, the gamer's first duties are to adhere to the Rules of Engagement and keep casualties to a minimum. Isn't it strange how stressful, real-life situations can be so fucking fun at home?



The Simpsons Hit & Run

VU Games
(GameCube/PC/PlayStation2/Xbox)

The Simpsons may be the longest-running television comedy of all time, but most games based on the show have been unutterably lame. *The Simpsons Hit & Run* breaks the clan's video-game curse by crossing the show with *Grand Theft Auto*. Players can jack one of more than 40 vehicles or explore Springfield on foot. The game rewards hard-core fans of the show with locations, gags and original voices from the show. Mmmmm...hard-core.



Final Fantasy XI

Square Enix
(PC/PlayStation2)

Playing with oneself has its merits, but these days, Internet group-gaming is all the rage. *Final Fantasy XI* plugs players into Vana'diel—a beautiful, three-dimensional world populated by thousands of fellow stick-twiddlers. Half the game is about making friends and forming alliances. The rest is exploring dungeons, killing monsters and finding loot. Be warned: Open-ended, online games such as *Final Fantasy XI* can be highly addictive. Prepare to be sucked in.



Unreal Tournament

2004
Atari
(PC)

There's no death-match experience faster or more insane than that found in the *Unreal Tournament* series. This year, the futuristic shooting gallery comes upgraded with new levels, characters and weapons. Buggies, tanks and aircraft add vehicular manslaughter to the already intense mayhem. The game is meant primarily for online and network play with support for up to 32 competitors, but can be played solo with computer-controlled 'bots as opponents.



MX Unleashed

THQ
(PlayStation2/Xbox)

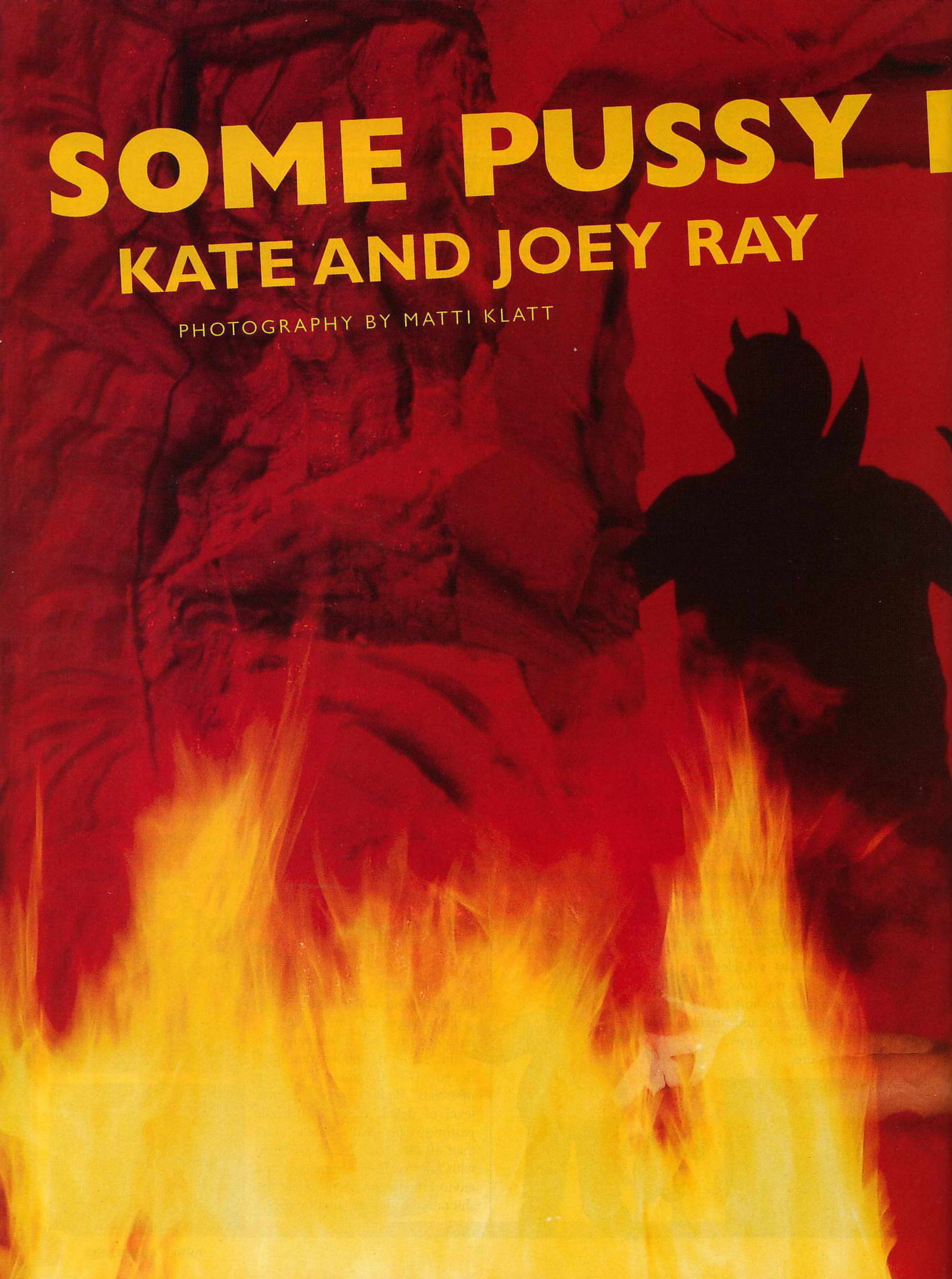
If you live anywhere near dirt, chances are you're into motocross. *MX Unleashed*—from the same developer that produced *ATV Off Road Fury* and *Motocross Madness*—brings a new level of detail to the full-throttle pastime. The game boasts more than 40 race tracks, each designed with fully realized ecosystems and environments for riders to tear the shit out of with their knobby tires.



SOME PUSSY I

KATE AND JOEY RAY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT



OR THE DEVIL

Kate scoffed when folks told her she'd go to hell for her sinnin' ways, but she soon found herself naked in a burning haze. To get out of the fiery hollow, the horny lass came up with a deal that the devil would surely swallow.









Midway through taking Old Scratch's pitchfork in her molten abyss, the fickle reprobate changed her mind about returning to the surface. She wanted to stay and redecorate the flaming pit. "I'm thinking top-to-bottom makeover," Kate mused. "Is there an IKEA down here?" The devil sighed, "Now I'm the one who's in deep shit."







NO-NAME NOOKIE

For some Canadian men the dating game is no contest. Tired of mind-games, divorce and financial ruin, many guys are turning to bizarre and often dangerous alternatives.

No-name Fuck – reveals a disturbing trend in anonymous sex among heterosexual men in Canada. Find out why!

Hal – Vancouver, BC

"It had been 2 months since I'd been separated from my wife. We'd been married for 3 years and had known each other for about 5 years. Ginny was a sexy chick and I'd had a hardon for her ever since the day I met her. The first couple years were really great, but it seemed as though she had a major personality change once we married. Over 3 years I watched her turn from being a thoughtful, easy-going gal, into the bitch from hell. I finally had had enough and walked out on her – leaving her with a \$200,000 home and everything we owned. That chattels didn't matter much to me – I just wanted my sanity back.

After we split up I vowed I'd never date again – unfortunately 'Mr. Happy' had other ideas. One thing about my marriage was that we had a great sex life – Ginny really knew how to keep me happy in that regard. Within a month of our split-up I was going crazy. I would surf the net and jerk off to porn; I had a subscription to Hustler magazine, but it just wasn't enough. I needed a real piece of ass, but I just wasn't up to the head-fuck games that chicks play, and I didn't feel like hitting the bar scene.

I decided the most logical thing to do was hire an escort. I got a copy of the Vancouver Sun and browsed through the personals. There was quite a selection of ladies. I finally decided on one and gave her a call. Over the phone she sounded very sexy, with a chesty voice that immediately got me hard. The way she described herself made her sound like the fuck of my dreams. I promptly gave her my address and she told me she'd be over within the hour.

Excited at the prospect of finally getting laid I took a quick shower and shaved, tidied up the place, got out a nice bottle of champagne and waited for my fuck. Finally a knock came and I eagerly opened the door. My semi-hard dick went to inversion mode. Standing before

me was this skinny, almost malnourished hooker, with dark circles around her eyes and a cigarette hanging from her mouth.

"Hey," she said in her gravelly voice, "you must be Hal."

I took a long slow swallow. "Umm, yes," I stammered, "please come in."

I am certain she could see the complete look of disappointment on my face, though I doubt she really cared. In fact, I am certain the only thing she cared about is getting enough money for her next crack or heroin hit. Still, I was fucking horny and I was banking on the fact that her hole was as good as any other for a sperm deposit.

The crusty hooker wasted no time. She quickly pulled off all of her clothes and stood before me naked. As emaciated as she was, I was determined to get a fuck out of her.

"So what'll it be?" she asked nonchalantly.

"Just a straight fuck."

"That'll be 50 bucks with a rubber or 150 without one."

The idea of shooting my spoo into her really got me hot.

"Okay," I replied, "without a condom."

By this time my dick had regained its firmness. I instructed her to get on her hands and knees on the floor. Her pussy was nicely trimmed and I slowly parted her juicy lips with the swollen purple head of my cock.

I decided just to ram it right in anyway. After all, I was paying for the dance.

She gave a quick moan as my semen salami drove inside her guts. I didn't waste anytime. I began to pound her ass vigorously and rub her clit. I don't think she was used to having someone pleasure her and I could tell she was enjoying it, as much as she tried not to.

"Can I come inside you?" I asked as I felt my balls ready to unload.



"That'll be another 20 bucks," she crowed.

It felt like I was fucking a cash register.

I pounded her twat even harder and then, without asking, I pulled out and shoved my swollen wog into her pooper.

"Owwww," she cried, "take it easy."

I began to fuck her ass wildly until my dick shot off this huge wad of splooge. Spurt after spurt, I emptied every drop of jiz deep inside her moist bowels.

When all was done I paid her \$170.00 and she was gone in a flash. As good as it felt to get my rocks off I must admit I still felt a bit let down. Still, it's better than getting involved again with some bitch that wants blood. I think paying for a whore seems a lot simpler and a lot more honest."

It is estimated that 2 out of every 3 marriages in Canada end in divorce. Even more alarming is the fact that 47% of single Canadian men choose to remain single. Of the 53% of men that do marry, over half of them (59%) have or do engage in extra-marital sexual relationships. And of the 47% of men who do not marry or enter into long-term relationships, 92% engage in some type of anonymous and/or illicit sex. What is particularly interesting is that these men are not drooling perverts or deviants, but normal law-abiding Canadian men with good jobs, higher than average education and are usually quite attractive.

James, a handsome 27-year old body-builder from Montreal explains why anonymous sex appeals so much to him.



"If it's possible to call a man a 'nymphomaniac' then perhaps that is what best

describes me. I just love women – more specifically, I love pussy. I love the look of a beautiful set of symmetrical labes, the smell of a juicy wet snatch and the taste that comes with it. I really love eating pussy and I just can't get enough of it. I love eating a woman and feel her cunt pulsate as she blows off in my face. The feeling is just exhilarating. Unfortunately, I hate being tied to just one woman; and most girls insist that you are exclusive in the relationship.

Sometime ago I discovered a good way around the whole situation. It was a hot Saturday evening in July and I was cruising down St. Catherine Street looking for a piece of ass. The pickings seemed pretty slim (even the hookers were scarce). I decided to duck into a porn theatre and jerk off to a flick. Once I paid my \$5.00, I groped my way around the darkened theatre until I finally found a seat.

Once my eyes got used to the dark, I realized I was sitting beside this woman. I couldn't really tell all that much, but I think she was in her late 30s and seemed pretty attractive. I was kinda curious as to why she was there in the first place. As I watched the fuck film I noticed, in my peripheral vision, that she had her hand up her skirt and was playing with herself. The very sight got me really hard.

With the thought of having a woman beside me masturbating I just couldn't keep my mind on the movie. It felt as though my cock was going to burst the seams on my pants. I'm not sure what came over me, but I just reached over and slipped my hand beneath her skirt. She moved her own hand away, giving me ready access to her wet quim. This chick was really juiced up. After fingering her hot little box for a few minutes I pulled my hand out and smelled my fingers. Her joy juicy smelled so fucking good. I licked my fingers and shoved my hand back under her skirt. I could hear small moans coming from the back of her throat as my fingers skillfully danced around her taut little clit.

"Eat me," she leaned over and whispered into my ear.

"Here?" I asked in a surprised voice. "What if someone sees us?"

"Everyone's here for the same reason. Eat me, eat my cunt." She begged.

I looked around and noticed everyone seemed to be quite engrossed in the movie. I leaned down, lifted her skirt, exposing her lovely hairless snatch, and began to tongue her

delicious slit. She quietly squirmed as my tongue entered her juicy wet hole. I could smell the pussy juicy and sweat mixing together. I reached over with my free hand, undid my zipper and pulled out my rock hard dick. As I ate her out I jacked my cock off. Within a couple minutes her jam box was exploding in my face, showering me with her delicious spendings. My cock immediately erupted in response, spilling hot seed all over my jeans. Being a real lady she kindly leaned over and licked the warm dick snot off my pants.

Since that first encounter I go to that theatre at least a couple times a week. I have eaten so much pussy at that movie theatre it's almost mind-boggling. I doubt I will ever be able to have a 'normal' relationship again!"

A very alarming fact with regard to the increase of anonymous sex is that of the participants we polled fewer than 50% used any type of protection. When asked about the risks most men, 97%, said they didn't think about it or really care. The majority claimed that condoms just took away too much of the spontaneous pleasure and that half the fun was being able to ejaculate inside their partner's orifices. Ken, from Calgary, explains why he likes to 'bareback' even with anonymous partners.

"I guess in this day and age, promiscuity is really frowned upon and having sex without using a condom is a real taboo. But I guess that very fact is what makes 'bareback' sex such a turn on for me. If I can make a comparison it's like guys who go free climbing or someone who likes to base-jumping. Part of the very thrill is the risk itself. So far I've been lucky; the worst thing I've ever gotten was a case of the clap – but I know my luck will eventually run out.

I first got into the whole 'bareback' thing from the Internet. I've never been very good at commitment, so I usually limit my sexual contacts to people on the net who are also looking for 'no strings attached' sex.

I was surfing one night and found an adult group sex site that was a 'bareback' site. After a bit of research I managed to get more info on the group and eventually joined it. The club held 'soirees' at members' homes once a month and for a small fee anyone could join.

My first experience with the club was awesome. One of the rules is that everyone must wear a black mask; anonymity is the cornerstone of the club. When I arrived at the designated house the orgy had already begun. Bodies were laying everywhere and my dick immediately jumped to attention the second I walked through the door.

Two lovely naked ladies took me to a quiet corner of the room where we began to have this incredible animal sex. These two chicks were really fucking horny. They sucked my cock as though it would be the last dick they ever sucked. Never had I been so turned on as when I had a chance to eat their cunts, alternating from one to the other. I took turns dunking my hard cock into their juicy honeypots and managed to come twice – once in each of them.

I have been a member of the 'bareback' club for over two years now and it has been great!"

The trend towards anonymous sex among heterosexual men has been slowly evolving and will most probably continue to increase over the next decade.

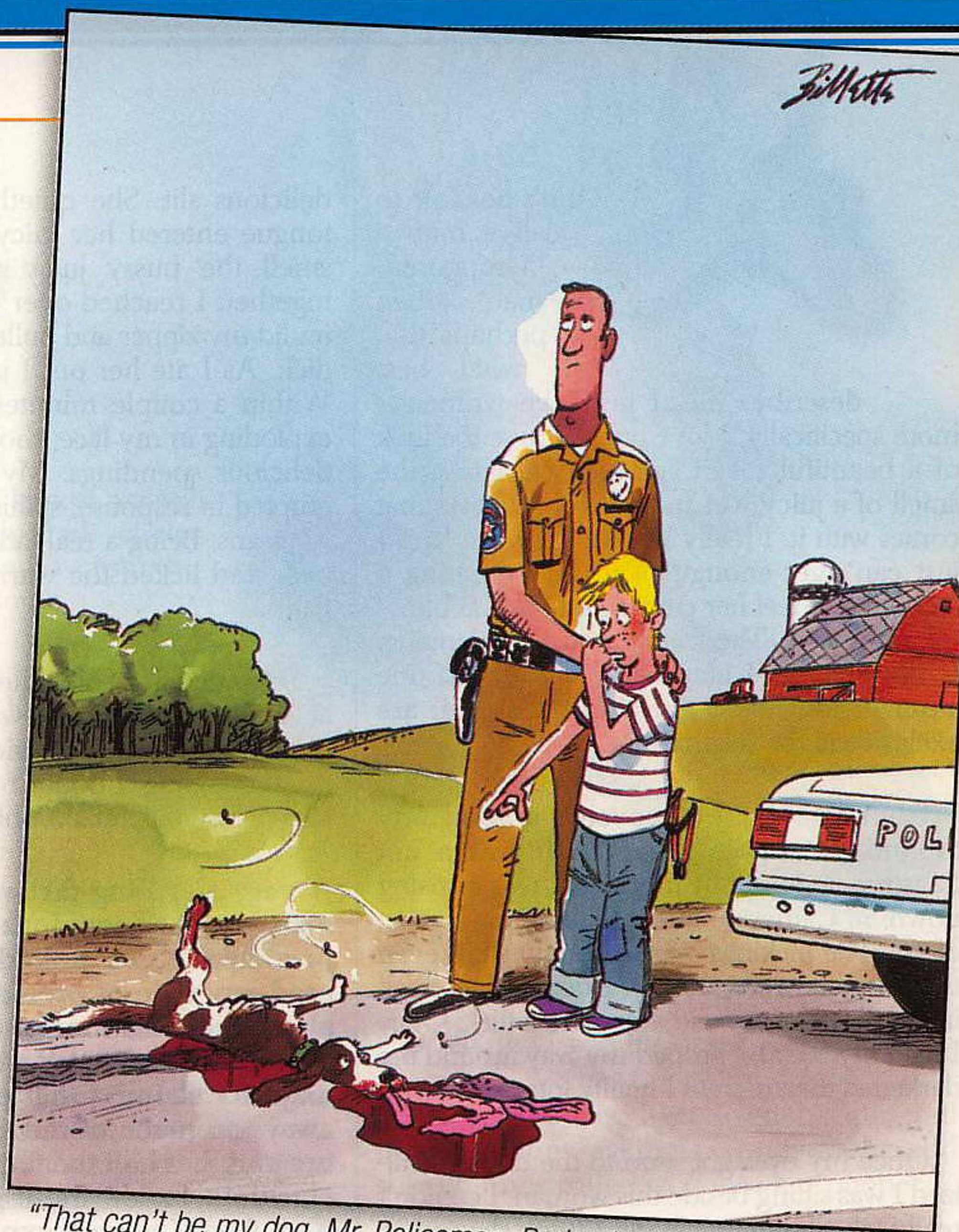
Liam Galway a prominent sociologist from Edmonton, Alberta explains why. "During the past few decades we have seen women's rights increase and their force both as a political and socio-economic power are ever increasing. New laws and legislation, particularly over the past decade, have empowered women as never before. Many men, rightly or wrongly, have found the women's movement to be, in many ways, emasculating. In fact, many men feel women are favoured in the courts, particularly the family courts. Any man who has ever been divorced in Canada will readily attest to the fact that he got the short end of the stick within the family court system; whether or not this is perceived or real is immaterial. Men are increasingly demanding return of their control and one way of doing this is by not becoming emotionally involved with women on any level; this, in turn, has led to an alarming increase in celibacy and anonymous sex."

When asked about the implications of anonymous sex, Galway makes a gloomy predication.

"I believe we are going to see an outbreak of HIV in the heterosexual population of Canadian men that will reflect the same epidemic seen among homosexual men in the 80s. Without a well orchestrated educational campaign we could see the number of HIV infected Canadians dramatically increase over the next decade."

Dr. Galway makes his final poignant point. "There is no such thing as a free ride. Sex, without commitment can lead its participants down a slippery and dangerous, perhaps fatal, road. The price for anonymous sex is far too high and those who buy into it will live to regret it."

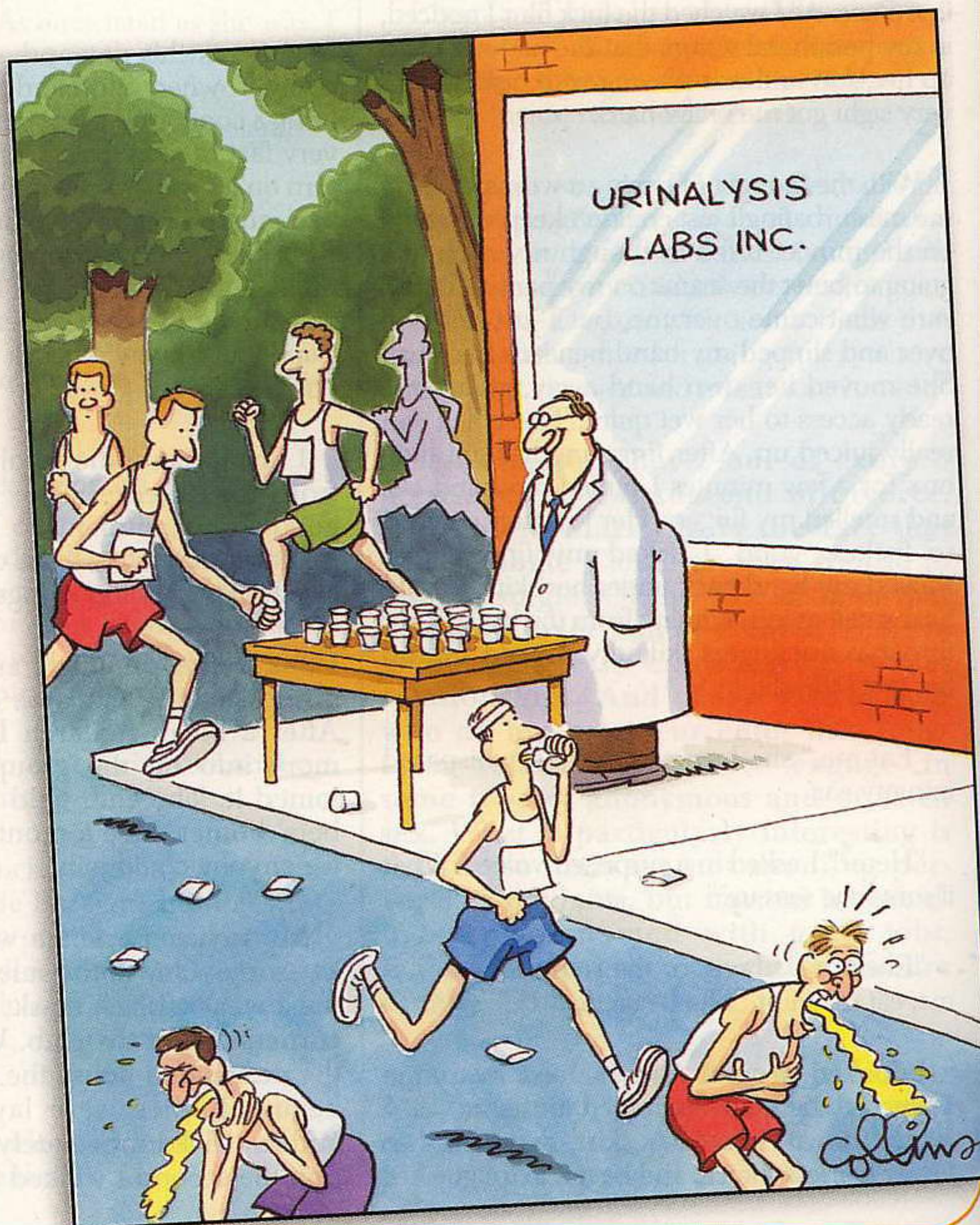
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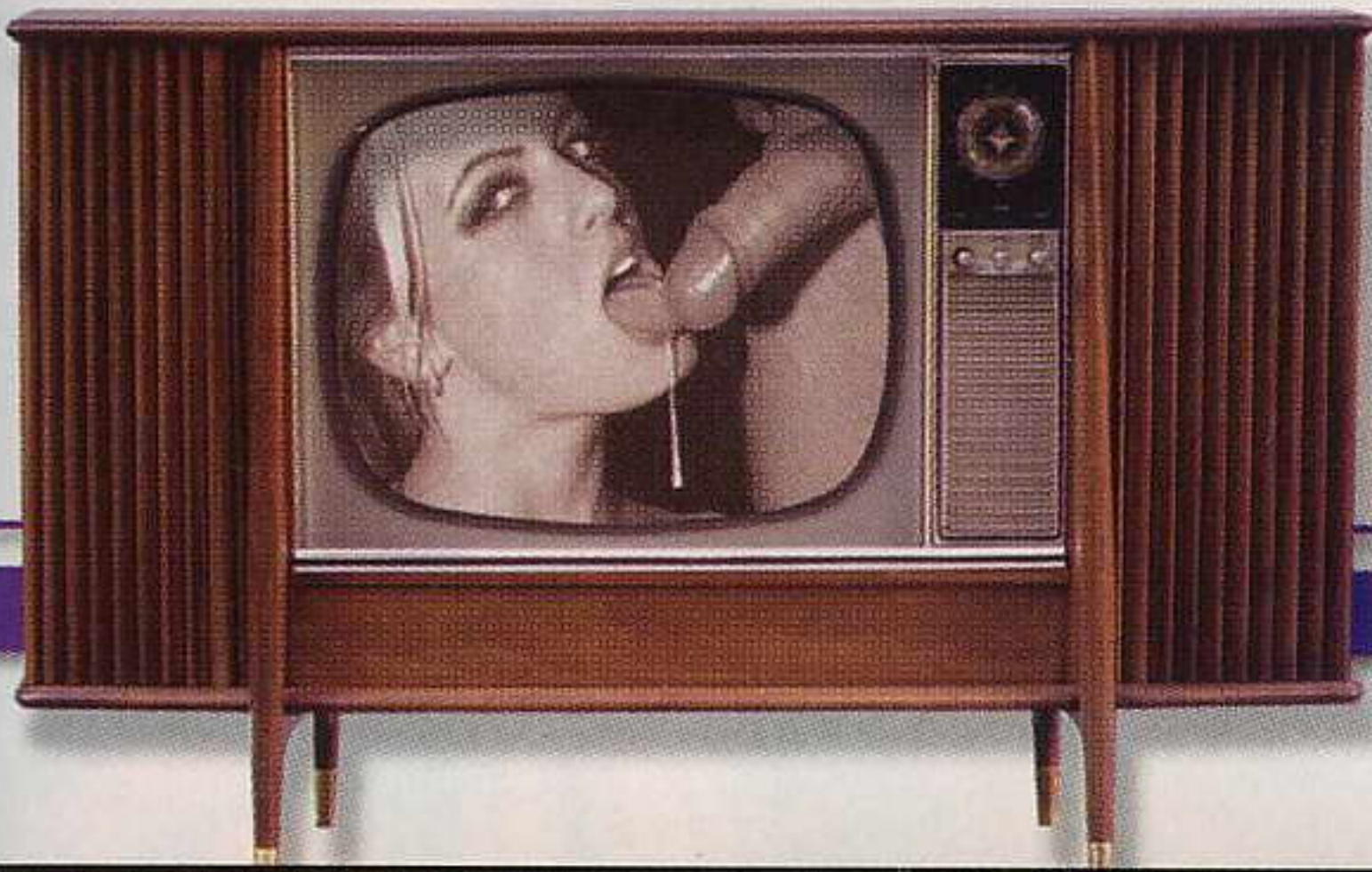
"That can't be my dog, Mr. Policeman. Barky doesn't have guts coming out of his mouth."



"Fuck! Broke a nail. Now I'm really pissed!"



EROTIC ENTERTAINMENT



Blow Me Sandwich: 3rd Times a Charm: Alana Evans and Venus: "I thought we told you to hold the mayo."



Blow Me Sandwich: 3rd Times a Charm: Shayna and Tracy re-create a scene from the Paris Hilton sex tape.

Blow Me Sandwich: 3rd Times A Charm

Directed by Greg Alves.
Starring Delilah, Violet Blue, Brittany Skye, Cherokee, Venus, Alana Evans, Shayna Knight, Tracy, Bobbi Eden, Alicia Rhodes, Vicky Vette, Devin Michaels, Aria and Jasmine Lynn.
DVD and Videocassette: Zero Tolerance.

The third installment of the *Blow Me Sandwich* POV series is a tag-team, throat-gagging coup de grace, proving yet again that two hungry mouths really are better than one. Vicky Vette and Devin Michaels take turns swallowing stunt cock between their bouncing beanbags, all the while verbally encouraging each other to take it to the tonsils. The sword-swallowing symphony continues with foul-mouthed Alana Evans and adorably nasty nymph Venus taking turns with man-muscle. Aria and Jasmine Lynn get their enthusiastic tongues tied around tube steak, culminating in a ball-draining facial. From beginning to end, *Blow Me Sandwich: 3rd Times A Charm* [sic] wraps two sweet slices around one slab of meat, making for a tasty onanistic smorgasbord.

—Stewart Wallace



Blow Me Sandwich: 3rd Times a Charm: Delilah and Violet Blue share a summer sausage.

In Deep With... TAWNY ROBERTS

Vivid's latest contract girl, 22-year-old Dallas native Tawny Roberts, sits down with *Erotic Entertainment* to talk about her career, retail gigs and what it's like to fuck Jenna Jameson.



HUSTLER: When did you lose your virginity?

ROBERTS: At the age of 16. My parents went out of town, and my boyfriend came over. The little slut that I am, I suggested we take a shower together. Once in the shower, I got so excited that I dropped to my knees to blow him. Then we had sex, right there. It didn't last long though, and wasn't very memorable.

HUSTLER: How did you make the transition to being pounded on video?

ROBERTS: After being in L.A. for a few months working in the lingerie department at Robinsons-May, I grew tired of not making any money. One night I went out with some friends in Hollywood to the Sunset Strip, where I met Jill Kelly. At the end of the night, she gave me her number and said that if I ever wanted to do a movie to give her a call. I never thought I could actually do it, until I met [director/former performer] Pat Myne. He talked me into doing a gonzo scene for him, and after that I fell in love with the business. Afterward, I immediately called Jill. She put me in one of her movies, *Immortal*. She then turned me on to agent Jim South, which really jump-started my career.

HUSTLER: You've traveled the country quite a bit as a feature dancer. Any wild stories from the road?

ROBERTS: I don't really have any "wild" stories, but at one club in Canada, something funny did happen. The stage was about five feet in the air above all the customers, and the pole was near the edge of the stage. Well, silly me, I swung around the pole and went right off the stage!

HUSTLER: Do you ever watch your fuck scenes on tape?

ROBERTS: I used to when I first got started, but not anymore. I found that a lot of the time that the way it's cut and edited, it isn't what I remember. Or I get really critical of myself and don't like the way I look. Now that I'm with Vivid, though, I'm watching my movies again.

HUSTLER: You just signed with Vivid and have already fucked Jenna (in *Last Girl Standing*). Is it nice at the top?

ROBERTS: I was really excited to work with Jenna, and Briana (Banks) too. Those are the two biggest stars I've been wanting to fuck. Jenna is definitely the most exciting girl to work with.

HUSTLER: What's a typical day like for Tawny Roberts?

ROBERTS: The road really takes a lot out of you, so when I get home, I try and relax. If I have free time, I'm usually outdoors. If it's hot out, I like to wakeboard and go out on the boat and drink with my friends. In the winter, I like to go to Tahoe and snowboard. Or I just go to the mall to shop and get my hair done. You know, girlie things.



Sex Tape Scandal Part 2: Luisa de Marco: "Hey, these guys aren't Rob Lowe and R. Kelly!"



Twisted Minds: Violet Blue: "Orkin man? I thought you said, 'Porkin' man.'"



Barely Legal #42: Keiko: "Yes, I was named after the whale. No wisecracks please."



Sex Tape Scandal Part 2: Jane Darling: "I'll tell you what's scandalous: the price of Astroglide these days."

Ms. Fortune: Kira Kener's trip to the gynecologist was unexpectedly pleasurable.



Ms. Fortune: Sharon Kane: "Hey, it beats eating cat food like most old ladies."



Barely Legal #42: Brianna: "You wanna card me? Right now?"



Twisted Minds: Aria pauses to take in the scenery with Chris Cannon.



Sex Tape Scandal Part 2



Directed by Patrick Handsome.
Starring Jane Darling, Violetta, Luisa de Marco, Martina, Lucy, Ramona, Bob Terminator, David Perry, Tony, Marcus, Karl, JPX and Richard Bell.
DVD and Videocassette: HUSTLER Video.

Sex Tape Scandal Part 2 is crammed with so much penetrating action that it barely has time to tie up loose plot threads from the first installment. No sooner do we learn that secret agent JPX survived being shot than a hot blonde attaches her lips to his cock. Soon JPX is hammering her crap hatch at full strength while his partner, Jane Darling, tackles their assignment—right after a filthy DP. Hotter-than-fire blond spy Darling gives viewers ample helpings of her long legs, huge jugs and supermodel looks over the course of three scenes. She turns up later to watch a full-blown orgy while dark-haired hottie Ramona eats pussy, then gets butt-fucked by her boss at the end. A hard, nasty, analcentric foursome featuring two other sizzling Euro imports being basted with nut butter is as close as you'll come to a breather during *Sex Tape Scandal Part 2*'s non-stop thrill ride.

—Jimmy Papagiorgio

Barely Legal #42

Directed by Clive McLean.



Starring Emily Davinci, Keiko, Brianna Blaze, Maliah Madison, Bella Star, Jennifer Love, Tony, Nick Manning, Tony Sexton, Alex Roc and Steven St. Croix.
DVD and Videocassette: HUSTLER Video.

Porn auteur Clive McLean has rounded up the top tier of legal-teen sluts once again in an all-out effort to make *Barely Legal #42* the best installment in the series. Emily Davinci is a bespectacled, French-Canadian pixie with a stunning little bod who dives into a poolside bump-and-grind. After a quick dip in the pool, Emily's pert milkers and firm ass glisten in the sun. Trailer-park tramp Keiko also shines with the help of H2O in an outdoor shower tryst. McLean's skillful lens perfectly captures the salmon-pink hue of Keiko's extremely tight snatch. But the video's centerpiece is a lesbo romp with Maliah Madison and Bella Star. Cute, platinum-blond Bella may look like jailbait, but she begs for action like a seasoned alley cat. Bra-busting dirty blond Maliah appeases Star with a hot 69 and a dildo up her twat. *Barely Legal #42* gushes forth with a fountain of youths that will leave viewers' laps thoroughly splashed.

—J.P.

Ms. Fortune



Directed by Chi Chi LaRue.
Starring Kira Kener, Sharon Kane, Dillion Day, Chris Cannon, Slim Shady, Randy Spears and Evan Stone.
DVD: Vivid Entertainment.

As luck would have it, *Ms. Fortune* features three blistering scenes with ultra-busty, exotic beauty Kira Kener. The stunning brunette's lust for ass-ramming is almost as vast as her all-natural DD rack. The plot hinges on carny-tent fortune teller Sharon Kane divining Kira's sexual past, present and future while a guy under the table feasts on Sharon's clam. First, we have a flashback to Kira in pigtails, pushing her king-sized chest pillows together to bestow her first titty fuck, not to mention her first butt-balling. Cut to Kira's current beau, who stabs her keister with a dildo while riding her from behind. Sharon then conjures up a future tryst in a doctor's office, where a fast, hard womb-scraping keeps Kira's giant tits swirling hypnotically throughout. The floozy clairvoyant's own droopy pussy gets some action too, but *Ms. Fortune* is primarily a tour de force for the megawatt star power of Kira Kener.

—J.P.

Twisted Minds

Directed by F.J. Lincoln.



Starring Cindy Crawford, Aria, Dominica Leoni, Violet Blue, Chloe Dior, Marty Romano, Brian Surewood, John West, Billy Glide and Chris Cannon.
Videocassette: VCA Pictures.

Although the title makes it sound like a gross-out, gonzo flick, *Twisted Minds* is actually a couples-friendly love story. The titular twisted minds belong to Cindy Crawford, a porn writer who lives in her own fantasy world, and Chris Cannon, a virgin who's saving himself for "the one." Of course, it's instantly obvious to anyone watching Cindy prance around stark naked that the petite blonde is "the one," but first Chris decides to practice on Cindy's best friend Aria, a well-built trollop who agrees to show Chris some moves. A trifecta of dream babes—Dominica Leoni, Violet Blue and Chloe Dior—pop up in fantasy sequences for extra-hot and kinky grinds, but gorgeous girl-next-door Cindy Crawford is always in the driver's seat. In addition to the bonus shots of Cindy's slit, the story actually builds dramatic anticipation for the finale, making every second of *Twisted Minds* completely jizzworthy.

—J.P.



Anal Expedition: Julie Silver: "Can you see my small intestine?"



Bring'Um Young #14: Tia Sins: "Hey, bigamy's a two-way street you know."



Grand Theft Anal: Hard Tails: Lauren Phoenix: "Mark, you really should consider hitting the gym once in a while."



Anal Expedition

Directed by Manuel Ferrara.

Starring Sandra Romain, Mandy Bright, Julie Silver, Anastasia Christ, Lucy Lee, Tera Joy, Tina Wagner, Simona, Britney, Dennis Marti, Steve Holmes, Tony Carrera and

Manuel Ferrara.

DVD: Platinum X Pictures.

Anal Expedition packs nine mouth-watering Euro-babes into five ass-reaming scenes over an epic two-and-a-half hour length. Whether it's three-on-two or one-on-one, the rough, hard-core action never lets up. Witchy, raven-haired hottie Sandra Romain slaps the shit out of voluptuous redhead Mandy Bright before assaulting her ass with an arsenal of sex toys. Mandy's angry boyfriend jumps in halfway through, and all hell breaks loose as Mandy is DPed with the help of Sandra's strap-on. The carrot-topped receiver is then reamed up the ass doggy-style by Sandra. Tall, blond Czech tramp Julie Silver has synchronized butt sex beside her bustier mirror-image Anastasia Christ before corralling both dudes for a double-penetration colostomy. The revved-up rectal hammering that director Manuel Ferrara personally inflicts on fragile beauty Lucy Lee seems gentle compared to the rest of *Anal Expedition's* fudge-packed antics.

—J.P.

Grand Theft Anal: Hard Tails

Directed by Wendi Knight.

Starring Lauren Phoenix, Taylor Lynn, Jasmine Lynn, Mya Mason, Jayna Oso, Monica Sweetheart, Mark Davis, Ben English, Mark Wood and Jon Dough.

DVD: Zero Tolerance Entertainment.

Grand Theft Anal: Hard Tails serves up a six-pack of shaggable ginches who love filling their dirt chutes with hard dick. Bald stunt cock Mark Davis makes out like a bung bandit, stealing the chance to ass-stab two knock-out blondes. Both smoking-hot Monica Sweetheart and the luscious Lauren Phoenix bend over backward so Mark Davis can sodomize them. If there's a flaw—and that's a mighty big "if"—it's that the action falls into a predictable rut of interview, blowjob, reverse-cowgirl ass-fuck, then more ass-fucking, topped off with a huge wad of cum on the chick's face. Still, each one of these phenomenal chicks could unclog your pipes with a glance, and they inspire balls-to-the-wall rectal rootings from their respective swordsmen. Pre-fuck interrogations offer a glimpse into each girl's personality and nasty off-camera capers, giving *Grand Theft Anal: Hard Tails* a nice personal touch.

—J.P.

DVDA

Directed by Alex Ladd.

Starring Sandra Mark, Nancy Sweet, Janny, Amber, Tereza Sweet, Kimberly Franklin, K-K, Filip, Joel Lawrence, Bret Rockman, Jay Ashley, Boby, Dennis Marti, George and Robert Rosenberg.

DVD and Videocassette: DVSX.

DVDA (double vaginal, double anal) is the latest offering from director Alex Ladd. Lately, it seems as if every vid-cam visionary in Chatsworth, California, is hopping a plane to Budapest or Prague in search of the few remaining Eurosluts that have yet to simultaneously cram multiple cocks up their crap hatches. Luckily, Ladd found a few newbies to nibble on. Cutie-pie Nancy Sweet's all-natural flesh pillows flap in the breeze as Joel Lawrence and Eddy Grant lookalike K-K fill her with tandem tube steak before unloading all over her anxious face. Former new-girl-in-town Sandra Mark is treated to a punishing double anal that, thankfully, concentrates on her shit-pussy instead of some mook's bobbing arse. An honorable mention in the pain threshold category goes to Janny for her all-too-authentic screams as George and Dennis Marti tear her a new asshole. Double your pleasure with *DVDA*.

—S.W.

Bring'Um Young #14

Directed by Jon Dough.

Starring Cassie Young, Honey, Veronica Lace, Jaden, Tia Sins, Allison Wyte, Jon Dough, John Strong and Eric Everhard.

Videocassette: Anabolic Video.

Bring'Um Young #14 begins with each ball-draining bimbo displaying her driver's license to the camera. After thus assuring viewers of the starlets' majority, director Jon Dough proceeds to put his talent through the carnal equivalent of a freeway pileup. Eighteen-year-old, buck-toothed blond Cassie Young gets violated by one schlong, only to proclaim midway through her vaginal plundering, "I want more dick." From the shadows emerges Dough (looking more and more like Anton LaVey) to further man-handle her sopping honeypot while the previous mook waits for his turn to blast all over her boobs. For the most part, *Bring'Um Young #14* is a no-nonsense cavalcade of six young, slutty teens. The only complaint is that Dough can't seem to keep his trap shut when he's banging away at these nubile cuties. More moans from chicks, and less talk from those with dicks please.

—S.W.

nal
xpedition:
ritney doesn't
uy the whole
This is going to
urt me more
an it hurts
ou" spiel.

DVDA: Tereza
Sweet accepts the
double-dong dare.

DA: Nancy Sweet is
appy to provide an
ual opportunity orifice.



Bring'Um Young #14: Cassie Young
rethinks her chosen vocation.

Grand Theft Anal: Hard
Tails: Monica Sweetheart:
"Go ahead. Carry me
home like a six-pack."



Ripped (off) From Today's HEADLINES

Taking a page from current events, HUSTLER Video is embarking on a new parody-porn series beginning with *Anal Hotel*, directed by Englishman Stuart Canterbury (who worked on the *Barely Legal* series before Clive McLean took over the helm). Loosely based on the media shit-storm surrounding the Kobe Bryant rape trial, *Anal Hotel* chronicles exploits of the Los Angeles Shakers basketball team and their key players.

HUSTLER: What is the plot of *Anal Hotel*?

STUART CANTERBURY: The main characters, Garry Guss (Kyle Stone) and Tobey Bryant (Dwayne Cummingz), check into a hotel in a small Colorado town, where Tobey is going to have surgery on his shoulder by a famous local surgeon. Garry warns Tobey that small towns are not like L.A. and that he should therefore be careful of the female fans on the road, unless he wants to end up with surgery on his pecker. After checking into the hotel, he meets a receptionist (played by Keiko) who flirts with him and offers to give him a tour of the hotel. Tobey resists, but, just to be safe, Garry flies in some of the team to practice with Tobey. A couple of the players (Shag and a token white guy) arrive, and all hell breaks loose with a double-anal interracial orgy taking place on the basketball court involving Sean Michaels and Julian St. Jox.

HUSTLER: Does Tobey perform a full-court press on the hotel receptionist?

CANTERBURY: Yes, he does. We visually speculate on what might have occurred behind closed doors. We don't depict a rape scene of course. *Anal Hotel* is a parody that takes the position that everyone is innocent until proven guilty.

HUSTLER: Will this be the first in a series?

CANTERBURY: The magazine has always been quite well known for its parodies, so what we're planning on doing is starting a line of parody videos about different topical events. The next one has a working title of *Wacko Jacko*. So we'll take all of these celebrity scandals and have fun with them. The next after that will be based on the hoopla surrounding Paris Hilton.

HUSTLER: Were there any funny anecdotes on the set of *Anal Hotel*?

CANTERBURY: We had to simulate the idea that these performers were basketball players; so when we began casting the movie, we were looking for guys that were seven feet tall. The problem is that guys that are that tall aren't doing porn, they're playing basketball. So we had to cheat many of the shots, and it's quite a convincing illusion.



A quick checklist of features reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER.

Fully Erect

Compulsion (Elegant Angel)
Ashley Long, Ava Vincent, Avy Scott, Mr. Bigg

Debbie Does Dallas: The Revenge (Vivid Video)
Sunrise Adams, Olivia Saint, Lezley Zen, Evan Stone

The Ozporns Go To Hell (VCA Pictures)
Tawny Roberts, Nikita Denise, Sinee Cox, Baz

Sex Tape Scandal (HUSTLER Video)
Angel, Melinda, Drimla, Bob Terminator

Three-Quarters Erect

Fresh New Faces #2 (Platinum X Pictures)
Dani Woodward, Victoria, Janet Taylor, Toni Ribas

Jesse Jane: Erotique (Digital Playground)
Jesse Jane, Ashley Long, Belladonna, Mark Davis

P.O.V.: Up Close and Personal (DVSX)
Tuesdae, Melody Magic, Monica Sweetheart, Fallon Summers

Half Erect

Chick Flick #3 (Legend Video)
Charmane Star, Tawny Roberts, Dee, Kaylynn, Lee Stone

Shane's World College Invasion #2: Spring Break (Shane's World/New Sensations)
Calli Cox, Daisy, Talia, Mr. Pete

Sky's Perversions #2 (Sineplex Entertainment)
Sky Lopez, Destiny, Calli Summers, Elizabeth Lawrence

Something Wicked (Pleasure Productions)
Krystal Steale, Tina Cheri, Lezley Zen, Randy Spears

One-Quarter Erect

Girlvert #4 (J.M. Productions)
Ashley Blue, Crystal Ray, Alura, Mr. Pete

Total Exposure (Adam & Eve Productions)
Violet Blue, Ann Marie, Kelly Steele, Ben English

Totally Limp

Angel X (Wicked Pictures)
Kaylani Lei, Asia Carrera, Brittany Skye, Lee Stone

Chunky on the Fourth of July (Skin Tight Pictures)
Roxi Blaze, Nina, Lisa Sparxxx, Frank Bukkwyd

Rating Guide

-  **Fully Erect**
Superior. A top production.
-  **Three-Quarters Erect**
Above average. Hard-on material.
-  **Half Erect**
Standard fare. Has moments.
-  **One-Quarter Erect**
Poor. Don't expect much.
-  **Totally Limp**
A waste of time and money.

ROCK in a HARD PLACE

This month's guest XXX reviewer:
Edsel Dope

Mrs. Jones: Steve Hatcher's uninspired penetration is like melatonin to Joelean.

Airtight #9: Ariana Jollee: "I can fuck these guys with both hands tied behind my back."

Swallow My Pride #3: Carmen Perez meets the incredible bendable boner.

Airtight #9

Directed by Michael Adam.

Starring Jasmine Lynn, Carolyn Monroe, Olivia O'Lovely, Ariana Jollee, Crystal Ray, Mark Wood, Alex Sanders, Stephen Scott, Chris Mountain, Mr. Pete, Brian Surewood and John West.

Videocassette: Metro.

The first scene in *Airtight #9* sets the precedent: Jasmine Lynn, a sexy blond slut with perky tits, takes care of three lucky mooks all at the same time. After the dong-slingers hose Lynn down with splooge, she uses her fingers to scrape the residue into her hungry mouth. In the following scene, Carolyn Monroe, an aged bleach-blond wearing a leopard-print skirt, prepares to tackle some serious schlong. Regardless of her lost youth, Monroe's tits are huge, and she eats ass, sucks cock and gets fucked like a champion. And yes, she devours cum (although I would never recommend leopard print to anyone with common sense). I love Latin girls with big tits, and hot tamale Olivia O'Lovely (apparently a rare Irish/Mexican mix) had a whole Salma Hayek vibe going on. She gets pummeled in the pussy by Alex Sanders's stiff salami, but, sadly, she doesn't take it in the ass. Bottom line: *Airtight #9* won't deflate your hard-on.

—Edsel Dope

Mrs. Jones

Directed by Roy Karch.

Starring Shayla La Veaux, Ava Vincent, Venus, Joelean, Nick Manning, Joel Lawrence, Steve Hatcher and Barret Blade.

DVD: Wicked Pictures.

Let it be said that I really enjoy Shayla La Veaux's work. However, I hate the type of porn that has a plot, however thin, to wade through. The first sign of filth takes place on a white piano. A cute blonde who knows her way around cock gets fucked hard on the piano bench and takes a shot in the mouth. Not a terrible scene. Good blowjob, but lousy sex with a rubber and a very willing facial at the end. In the second scene, Shayla gets plowed by a Ricky Martin lookalike. She looks pretty damn hot and gets nailed like the pro she is, culminating in a blast of scrotum juice on her face. Next up, a skinny brunette gets fucked at the bar. She sucks man-meat with gusto and, just for kicks, takes it up her fudge pipe. Further on, a girl-on-girl scene with La Veaux and the blond bimbo from a previous scene is solid, but not exactly inspirational. All elements considered, *Mrs. Jones* isn't for me. I need constant filth with no storyline, and rubbers have no place in my porn.

—E. D.

Swallow My Pride #3

Directed by Nick Orleans.

Starring Cindy Crawford, Demi Marx, Trinity James, Carmen Perez, Ariana Jollee, Peaches Arnaz, Dillon, Mr. Pete, Scott Lyons, Mark Ashley, Joel Lawrence, Steve Holmes and Bret Rockman.

DVD: Red Light District.

The title, *Swallow My Pride #3*, pretty much sums it up: chicks quaffing down bucketloads of man-paste. This is the kind of movie I fully endorse: lots of white-hot babes such as Cindy Crawford, Ariana Jollee and Demi Marx being incredibly filthy and making no apologies. These gullet-gapers take it every way the viewer would want them to, and they do it with a sperm-enhanced smile. I'm not going to walk raincoaters through the entire flick, but I will wholeheartedly advise them that this is the one to buy. If you're looking for dirty young sluts slurping cock and gulping down 'nad nectar as if their lives depend on it, this video is your hot cup of pearly-white pecker snot. *Swallow My Pride #3* also has a large section of awe-inspiring trailers for upcoming Red Light District releases, which prove in and of themselves to be much more interesting than the average flesh flick in its entirety.

—E. D.

ARE YOU SEXUALLY FRUSTRATED?

An exclusive Hustler Survey.

Answer the following questions.

Score yourself and check your results at the bottom of the page

1. The last time you got laid was:

- a. last week
- b. last month
- c. last year
- d. last decade

2. You last got fucked by:

- a. your girlfriend
- b. your wife
- c. your lover
- d. Revenue Canada

3. A blow job is:

- a. when your girlfriend sucks your cock
- b. when your wife sucks your cock
- c. when a whore sucks your cock
- d. when the barber dries your hair

4. You most often get the finger:

- a. before sex
- b. during sex
- c. after sex
- d. while driving

5. You are most likely to squeeze a nice set of melons while:

- a. having sex with your wife
- b. having sex with your girlfriend
- c. watching strippers
- d. grocery shopping

6. A nice tight pussy is:

- a. what your wife has
- b. what your girlfriend has
- c. what you like sticking your dick into
- d. when your landlords cat gets into your Jack Daniels

7. A rim job is:

- a. something you enjoy doing to your wife
- b. something you enjoy doing to your girlfriend
- c. something you enjoy having done to you
- d. something you get done to your car

8. Foreplay is:

- a. something you do to your lover before sex
- b. something your lover does to you before sex
- c. something you do to each other before sex
- d. something you shout before you tee off

9. You usually need lubrication when:

- a. fucking your lover up the ass
- b. fucking your lover's tight twat
- c. fisting your lover
- d. fixing your car

10. Your idea of good sex is:

- a. getting head from a gorgeous babe
- b. giving head to a gorgeous babe
- c. fucking a gorgeous babe
- d. sitting on the washing machine during the rinse cycle.

11. You get aroused when:

- a. your lover strips for you
- b. your strip for your lover
- c. you strip for each other
- d. you strip the furniture

12. Getting 'down and dirty' means:

- a. fucking your brains out with your honey
- b. fucking your brains out with your honey and her girlfriend
- c. fucking your brain out with your honey, her girlfriend and her girlfriend's girlfriend
- d. washing the dog on Saturday

If you answered "D" 1-4 times: chances are you're getting booty on a fairly regular basis. While you can always use more, at least you probably do not have to pull your wire more than once each week. Enjoy it while it lasts.

If you answered "D" 5-8 times: you're in pretty rough shape. Chances are, getting fucked is an annual occurrence. You probably have a substantial collection of HUSTLER magazines, KY, masturbatory aids and condoms. While your situation is desperate, it's not totally hopeless. Stop being so fucking cheap, go down to your local neighbourhood streetwalker and get laid. Your gonads are in danger of atrophying.

If you answered "D" 9-12 times: you're fucking hopeless. Your gonads have not only atrophied, they're probably petrified. Sex is probably a distant memory in your fantasies. You're so frustrated and desperate that you probably go down to the local department store, hang out in the lingerie section, and feel the ladies' underpants and bras. You're so fucking sex starved that a piece of wet liver gives you a hardon. Do yourself and the world a favor, become a priest – loser!

A doll's life isn't easy.
Every night after
their owner went to
bed, Charlie and Sunny
had to stand in the
same position for
hours until the
next morning.

CHARLIE



Aching for physical contact,
the anatomically
correct replicas eventually
became each other's
prurient playthings.





After Charlie toyed around with Sunny's life-like folds, the blond babe returned the favor, penetrating her cohort's crevices with a plastic probe.











When the sun rose, the two toys quickly jumped back into position and counted the minutes until their next overnight orgy.



BABES, BEASTS AND BALLYHOO

Sexy Sci-fi Posters of the '50s and '60s

While many of the post-WWII science-fiction flicks were less than Oscarworthy, the posters used to advertise them were often erotic masterpieces.

—Report by Ted Newsom

The so-called golden age of sci-fi movies was known primarily for glorious crap. Sure, the 1950s and '60s produced some classic films, such as *Forbidden Planet*, *The Day the Earth Stood Still* and *The Thing*, but the stink of "kid stuff" clung to these movies like dogshit on a tennis shoe.

Grown-ups and intellectuals considered that sort of nonsense—rockets flying through space to the moon or Mars, machines that think, personal two-way wrist radios and mad scientists duplicating human beings—an unbelievable waste of time. To make sure the ticket-buying audience wasn't just kids at 25 cents a crack, producers added something designed to separate the men from the boys, and everybody from their money: Sex. Lots of it. The kinkier, the better.

These outlandish advertising posters took a cue from the comic book and pulp covers. There was almost always a scantily clad babe in jeopardy about to be defiled in some impossibly perverted way by the title monster. Of course, the posters hardly ever had anything to do with the actual movie; that was part of the ballyhoo. Like the spiel from the old carnival barkers, the poster's job was to convince rubes to spend their dough and get them into the tent. After that, they were on their own. What were they gonna do—sue?

"The way those ads suckered people was like a cinematic mugging," chuckles Mark McGee, whose book *Faster and Furiouser* details the history of American International Pictures (AIP). "More often than not, company president James Nicholson would come up with a title, then he'd have graphic designer Al Kallis make a poster, and they'd sell the idea to theater owners. If they suckered enough advance money, they'd figure out a story to go with the poster and actually make the movie."

The poster painted for low-budget specialist Roger Corman's *The Wasp Woman* was a classic of role-reversal, depicting a giant predatory female insect about to devour a helpless guy. Of course, the poster outside had nothing to do with the shitty movie playing inside. Petite starlet Susan Cabot played the Wasp Woman in black tights and a rubber bug mask. Five feet tall, Cabot looked pretty goofy tossing full-sized actors through "plate glass" windows that were obviously paper.

Little AIP wasn't the only company to pander to our basic instincts. MGM set high standards with *Forbidden Planet* in 1956, a pre-*Star Trek* adventure with a plot lifted from Shakespeare's *The Tempest*. The movie featured Hollywood's most famous mechanical man, Robby the Robot, and a sexy nude swim by honey-blond vixen Anne Francis. The poster combined the two elements, making Robby appear to be a robot rapist, carrying the girl off—presumably to make

baby androids.

Universal International's big-budget *This Island Earth* was an epic about aliens who kidnap Earth scientists to develop an atomic defense against a warmongering enemy planet—a smart guy's sci-fi story. To this heady concept, Universal added the Mutant, a hideous, insect-headed, claw-armed creature whose sole purpose in the film was to menace big-breasted heroine Faith Domergue.

Producer William Alland recalls, "I hated that monster in there; it had nothing to do with the

story. That stuff, you just blow through your nose. But the front office said they needed it to sell the picture." Sell they did, with the Mutant featured prominently, the bug-monster bugging Domergue from behind in an eye-catching poster by noted artist Reynold Brown.

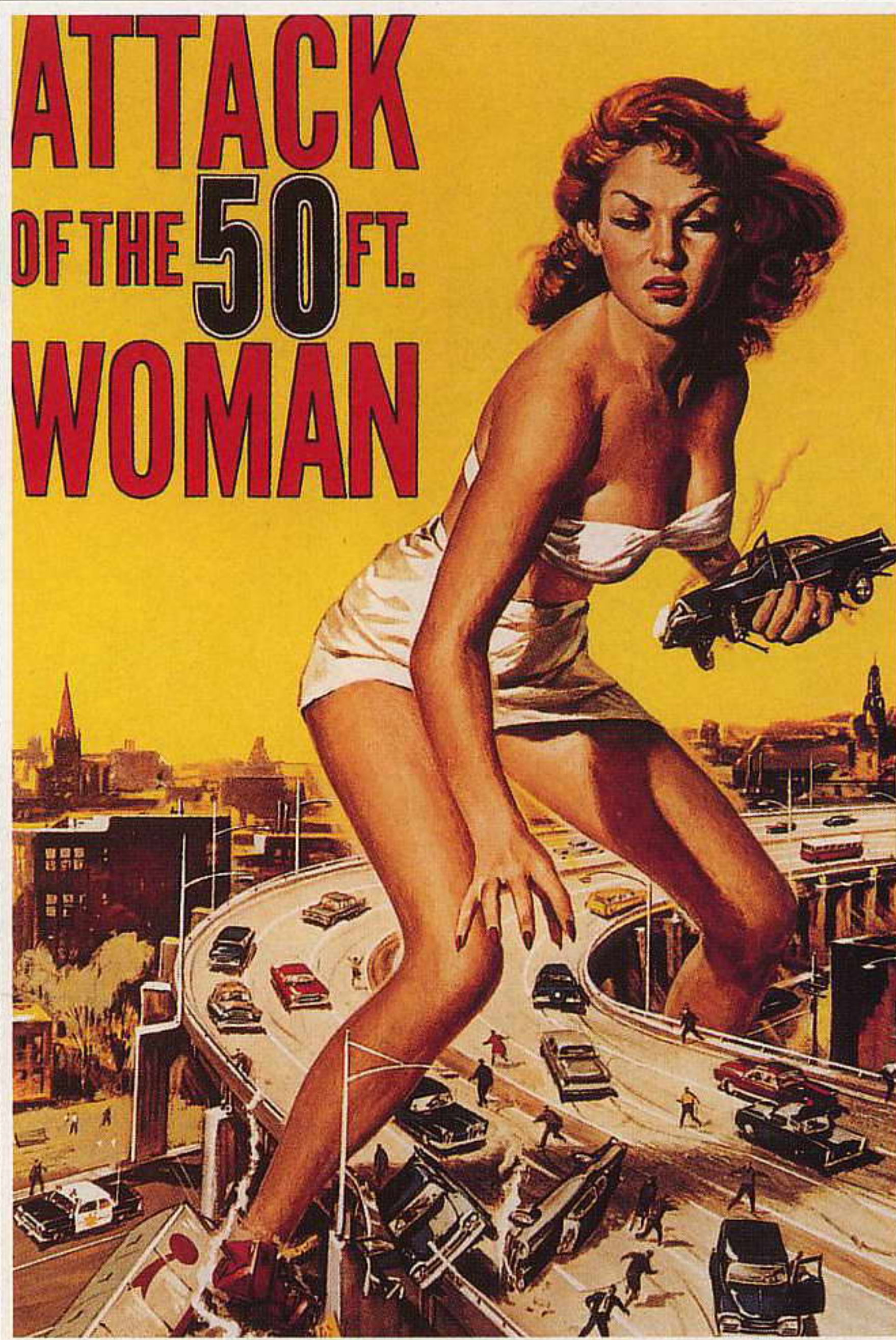
The Mutant's "father" was makeup artist Jack Kevan. His most famous beasties were the *Creature From the Black Lagoon* and its low-budget cousin *The Monster From Piedras Blancas*, two aquatic monsters who spent their screen time lurching after nubile babes in sexy bathing suits.

In the late 1950s and early '60s, England's Hammer Films set the standard for lurid combinations of sex and horror. Director Val Guest, who made *When Dinosaurs Ruled the Earth*, explains, "The head of the company, Jimmy Carreras, would say, 'Do me a poster with a dinosaur with a girl in its mouth, and bikinis and all that,' and he'd take the poster to America. They sold the picture on the basis of the poster." *Dinosaurs* featured lung-heavy centerfold Victoria Vetri leaning over to give viewers a T-Rex-size shot of cavewoman cleavage. This was Hammer's attempt to recapture the success of their *1,000,000 Years B.C.*, in which the dual charms of Raquel Welch overshadowed Ray Harryhausen's special effects. In later years, Harryhausen commented, "We've often wondered whether it was the dinosaurs or Miss Welch who sold the picture. If cavewomen in those early days looked like Raquel Welch, then we've regressed considerably."

The English movies themselves had an air of conservative cheese, as if they were embarrassed to be exploitative, but their posters were another story. "If you look at some of the British ads for

Hammer Films," comments director Joe Dante, a fan and collector, "they're remarkably sleazy; they're almost like AIP pictures from the '50s."

Like the movies they promote, today's posters are classier and more beautifully designed than their forebears, but somehow they lack the crass pizzazz of the vintage ads. Return with us now to those thrilling days of yesteryear.



ATTACK OF THE 50 FT. WOMAN (1958)

Maximum mammaries for miles as an irradiated chick increases her bra size from 38C to 98DDD. The titanic titular terror spends her time chasing her philandering husband while wearing a one-size-fits-all diaper.

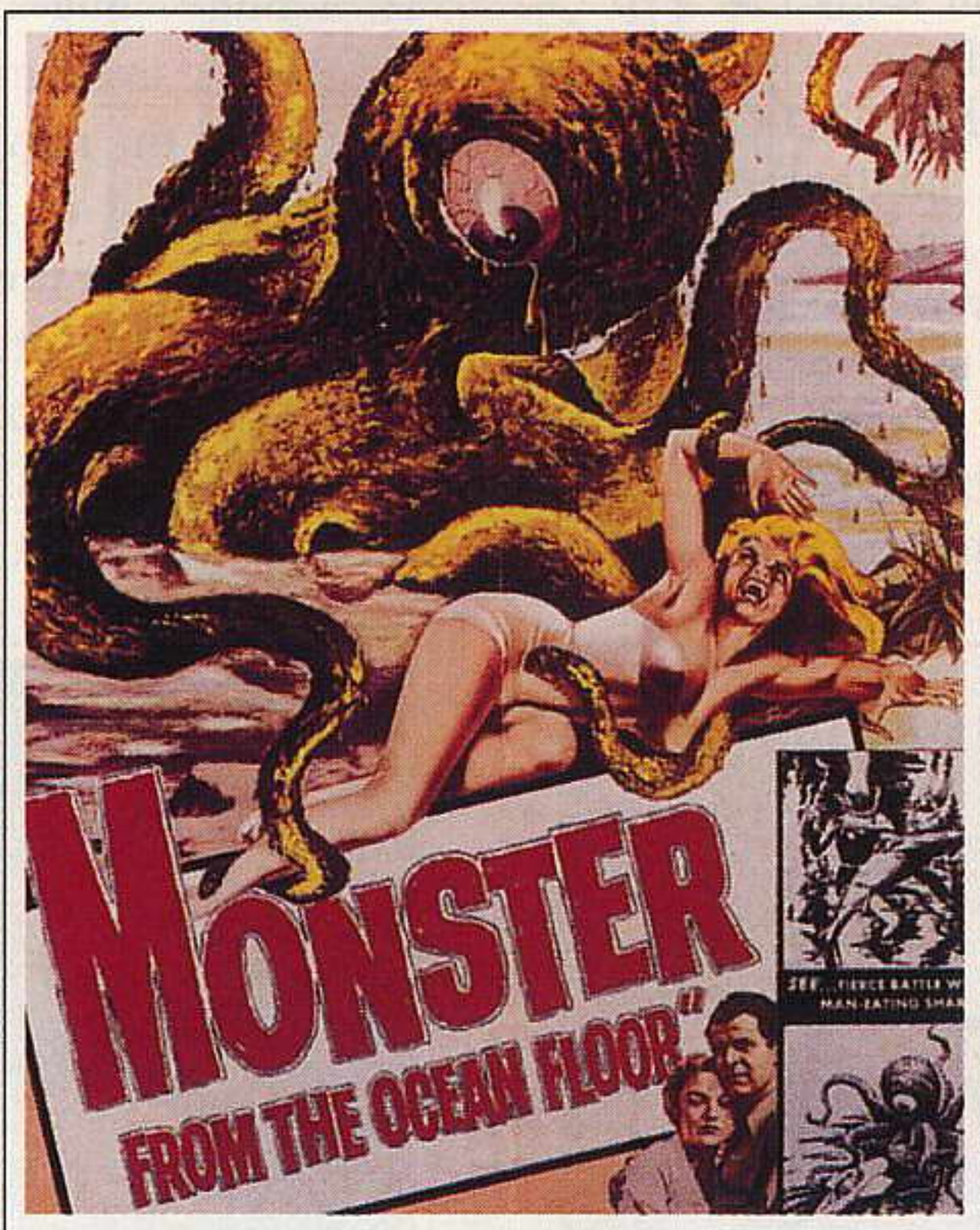
QUEEN OF OUTER SPACE (1958)

Okay, so Zsa Zsa Gabor didn't play the title role, but the cop-slapping Hungarian was the closest thing to a movie star the producers could afford. Plus, she had big knockers and long legs.



MONSTER FROM THE OCEAN FLOOR (1954)

Roger Corman began his career with this ultracheapie, shot in about a week. The actress who's really in the film is nowhere near as sexy as the poster model, and the monster in the movie looks like a one-eyed marionette.



BARBARELLA (1968)

The pop-art design of this poster anchors Barbarella firmly in the swinging '60s—in Jane Fonda's preliberation, sex-kitten phase. Irish actor Milo O'Shea plays dastardly villain Durand Durand, who captures this female Flash Gordon and tortures her with his "Sex Organ"—a musical keyboard that short-circuits when Barbarella overloads it.



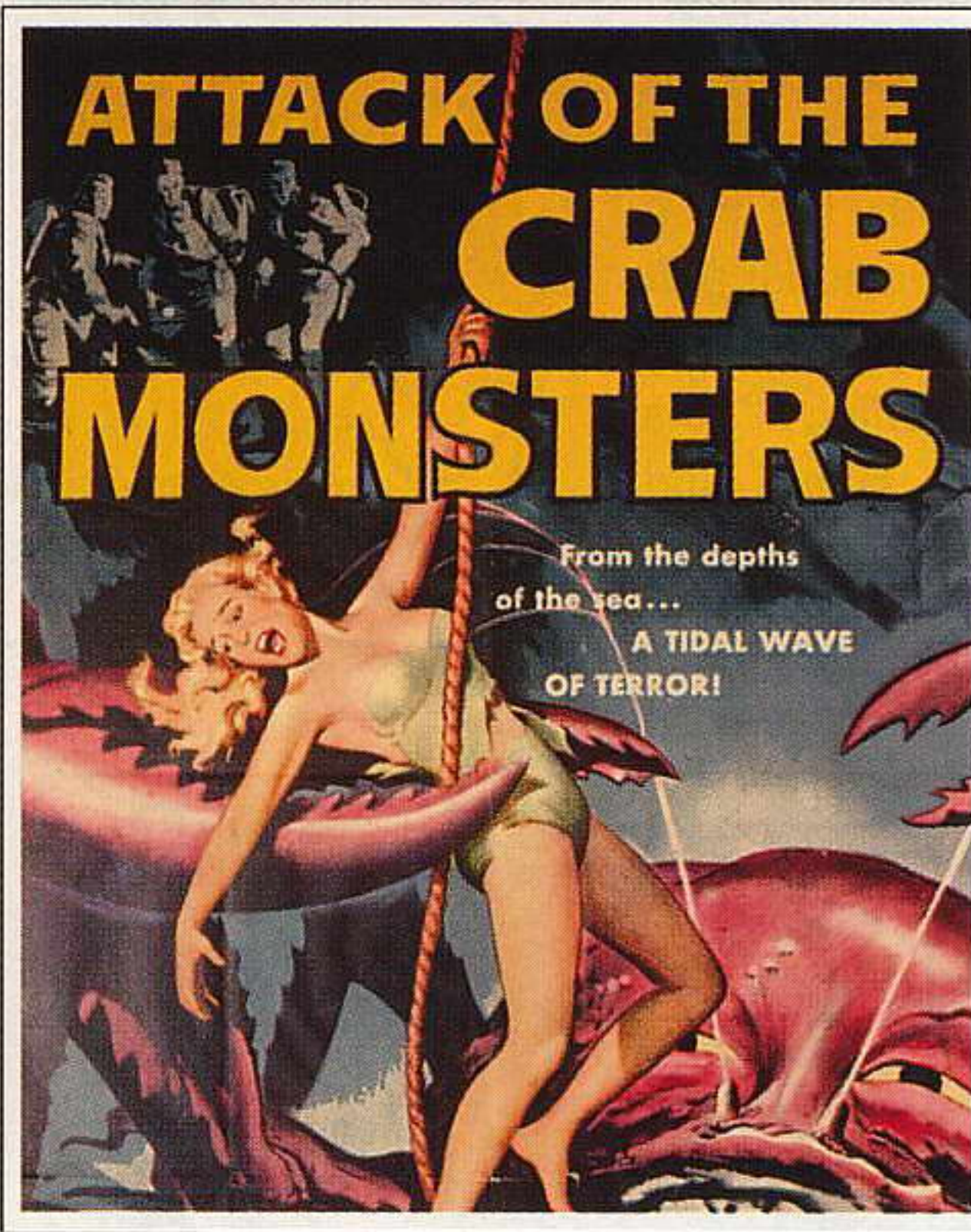
REVENGE OF THE CREATURE (1955)

This waterlogged Creature seemed particularly attracted to well-built women in one-piece bathing suits. Who says prehistoric monsters were stupid?

ATTACK OF THE CRAB MONSTERS (1957)

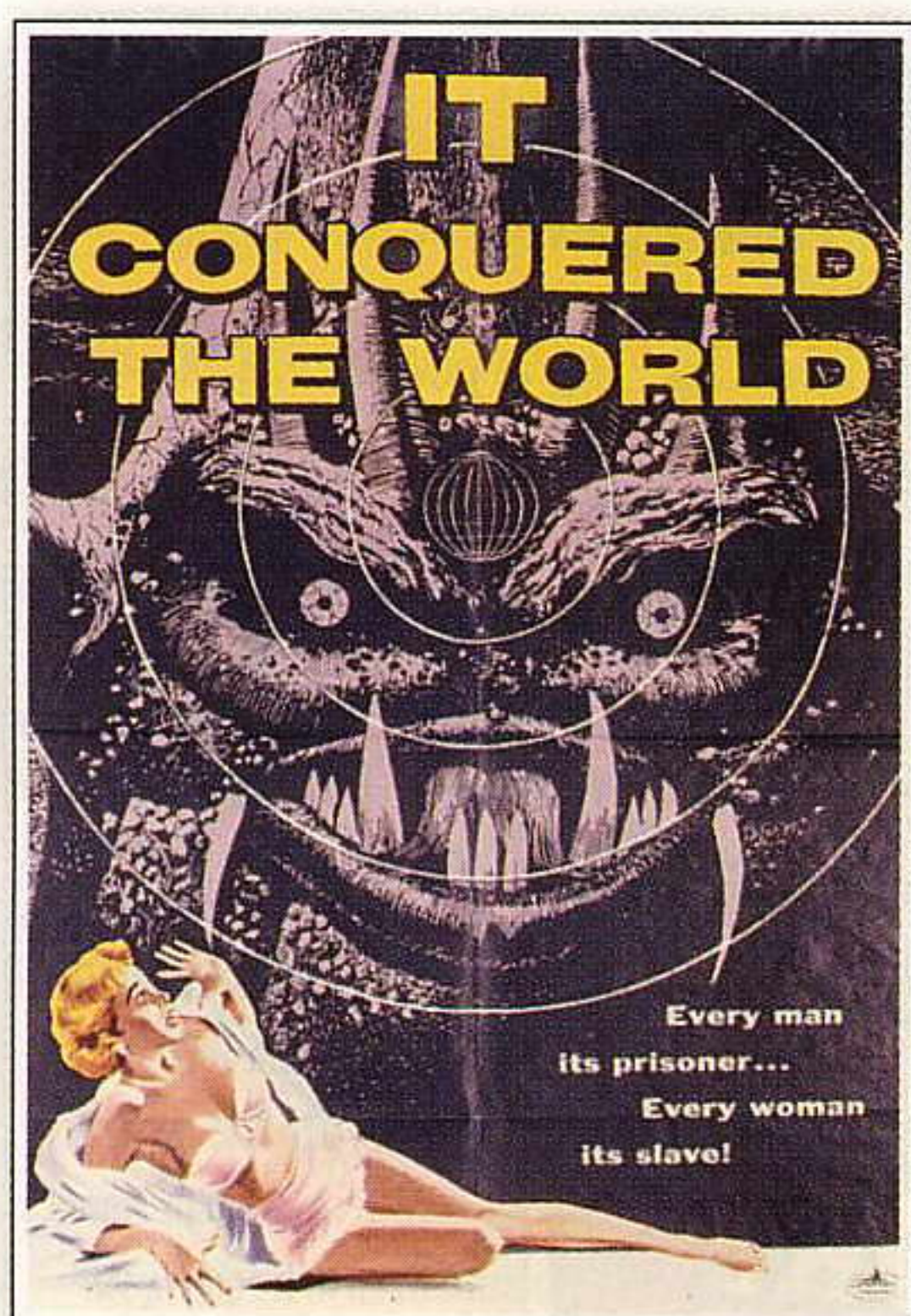
ATTACK OF THE CRAB MONSTERS (1957)

One common denominator of sci-fi posters is that there's usually a beautiful babe menaced by the creature, which raises the question: What the hell could a Crab Monster do to her anyway? Tweak her nipples with its pincers?



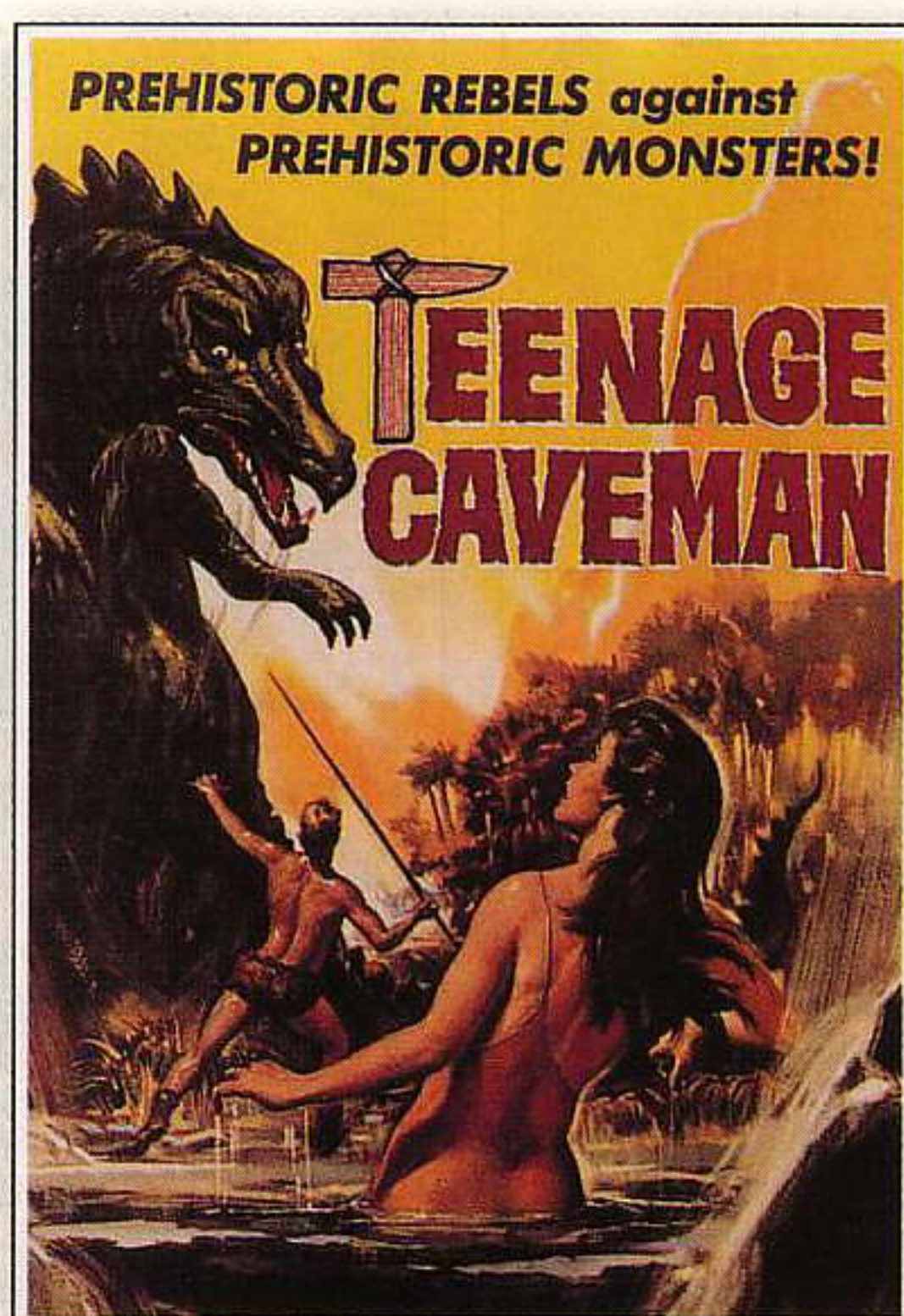
THE SHE-CREATURE (1956)

This cross between a Bridey Murphy hypnotic reincarnation story and *The Creature from the Black Lagoon* featured the biggest god-damned breasts ever seen on a scaly prehistoric she-monster. The She-Creature's human alter ego, Marla English, wasn't so shabby herself.



IT CONQUERED THE WORLD (1956)

The poster made this grinning jack-o'-lantern from Venus appear gigantic, compared to the babe it's about to eat for lunch. In truth, the prop monster was so small and squat that feisty actress Beverly Garland said to director Roger Corman, "This conquered the world? Hah!" and kicked it over.



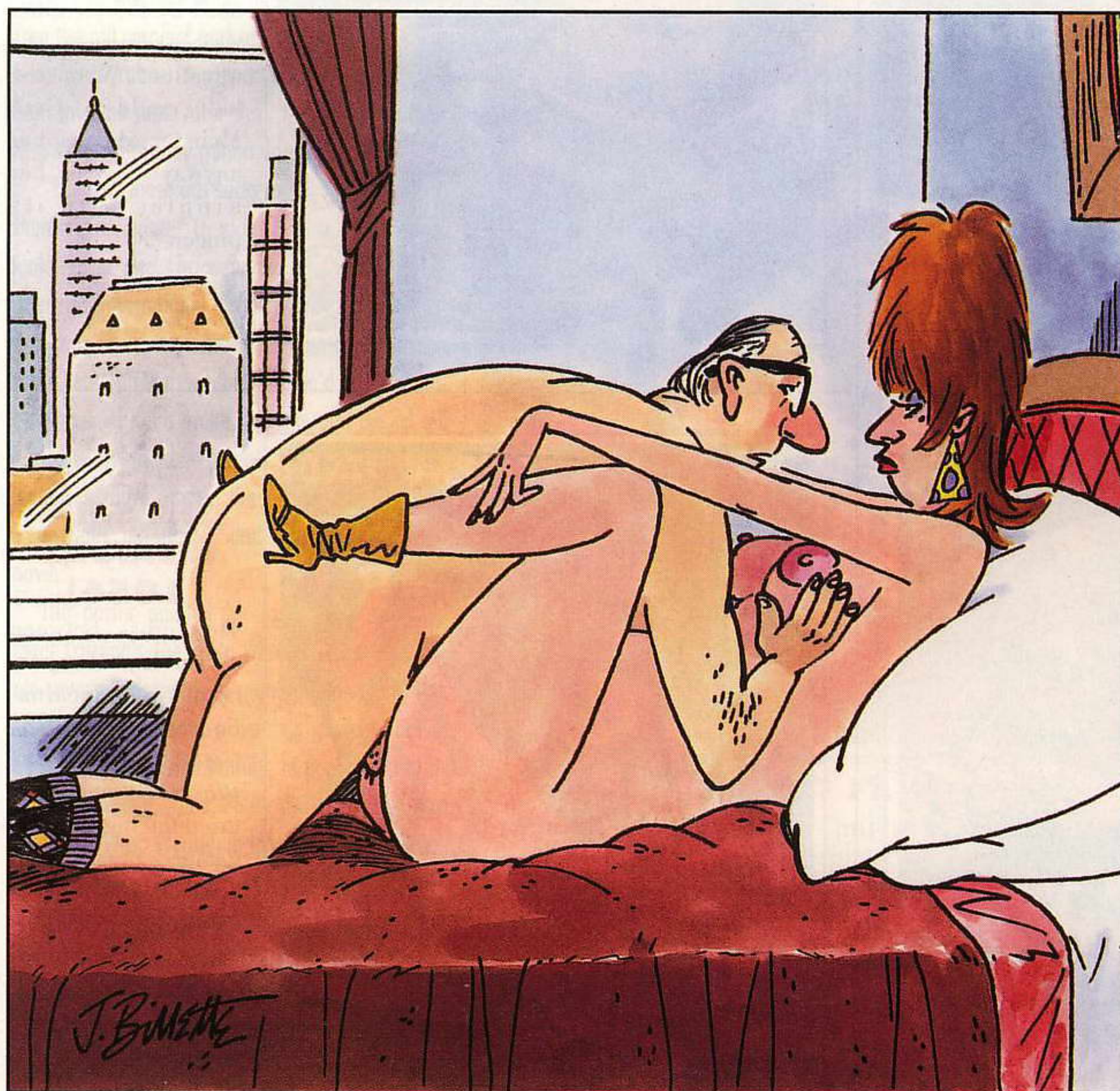
TEENAGE CAVEMAN (1958)

A young Robert Vaughn starred as a sort of Jurassic James Dean trying to figure what life is all about. Note the prissy bathing suit amateurishly added over the girl's curves. Good thing the censors covered her up; there's no telling how many psycho-rapist-killers might have been inflamed to crazed lust by a painting of a cavewoman's butt crack.

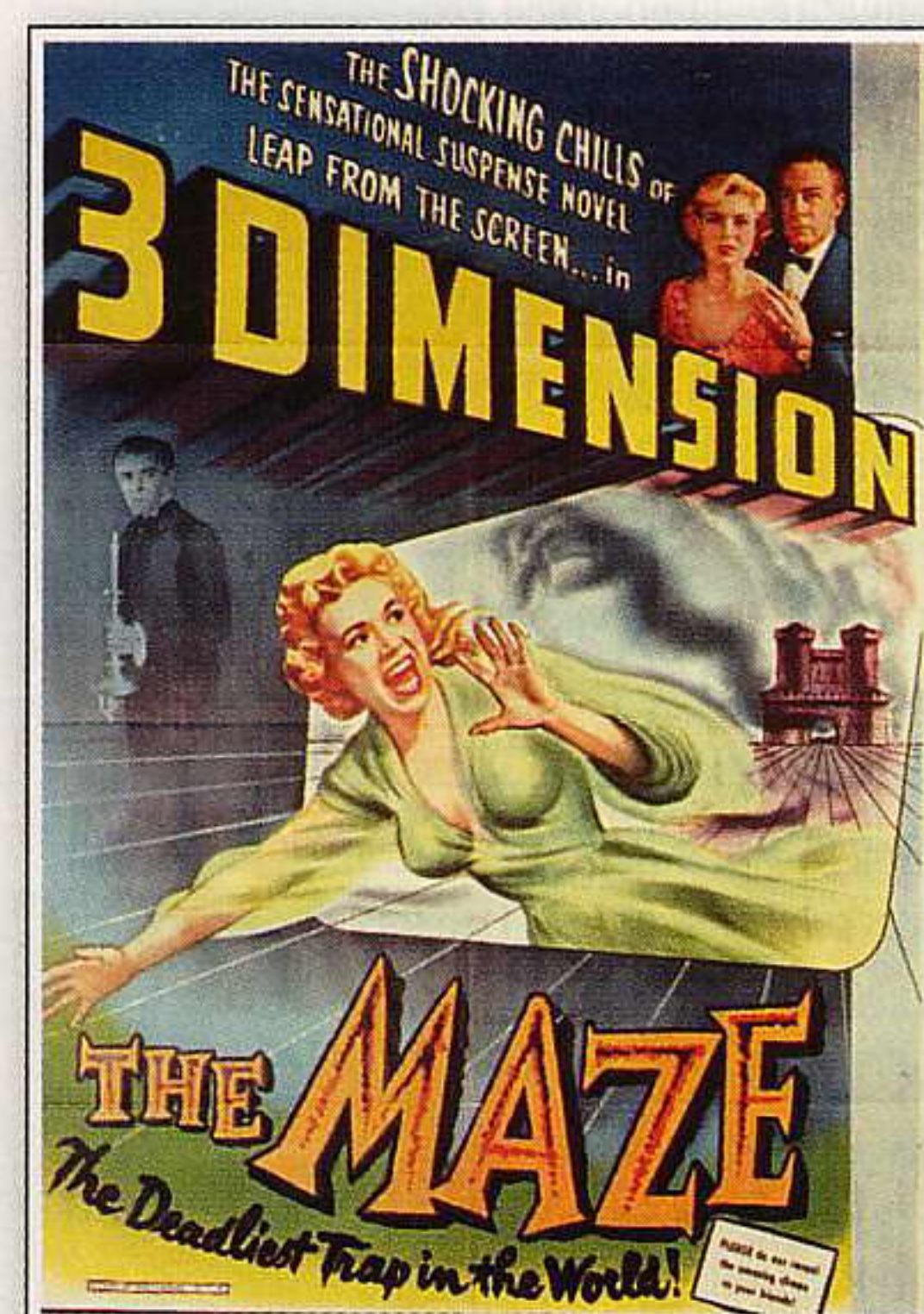


INVASION OF THE SAUCER-MEN (1957)

The "huge" bug-eyed monsters on the poster are actually played by midgets in the movie. They show no erotic interest in the teenage girls in the cast, but they do inject alcohol into their victims with needles that poke out of their fingers. Seems like a pretty radical way to get a chick drunk.



"Sorry, I'm an NDP—this is our only approved sexual position."



THE MAZE (1953)

Unlike most 3-D films, *The Maze* was a good little haunted-castle story, but the payoff monster was a 400-year-old frog the size of a man. The studio advertising guys nonetheless decided that a poster that shoved a babe's boobs off the screen was more enticing than a big amphibian.



"Look, you got yer family values—we got ours!"

HOT SHOT





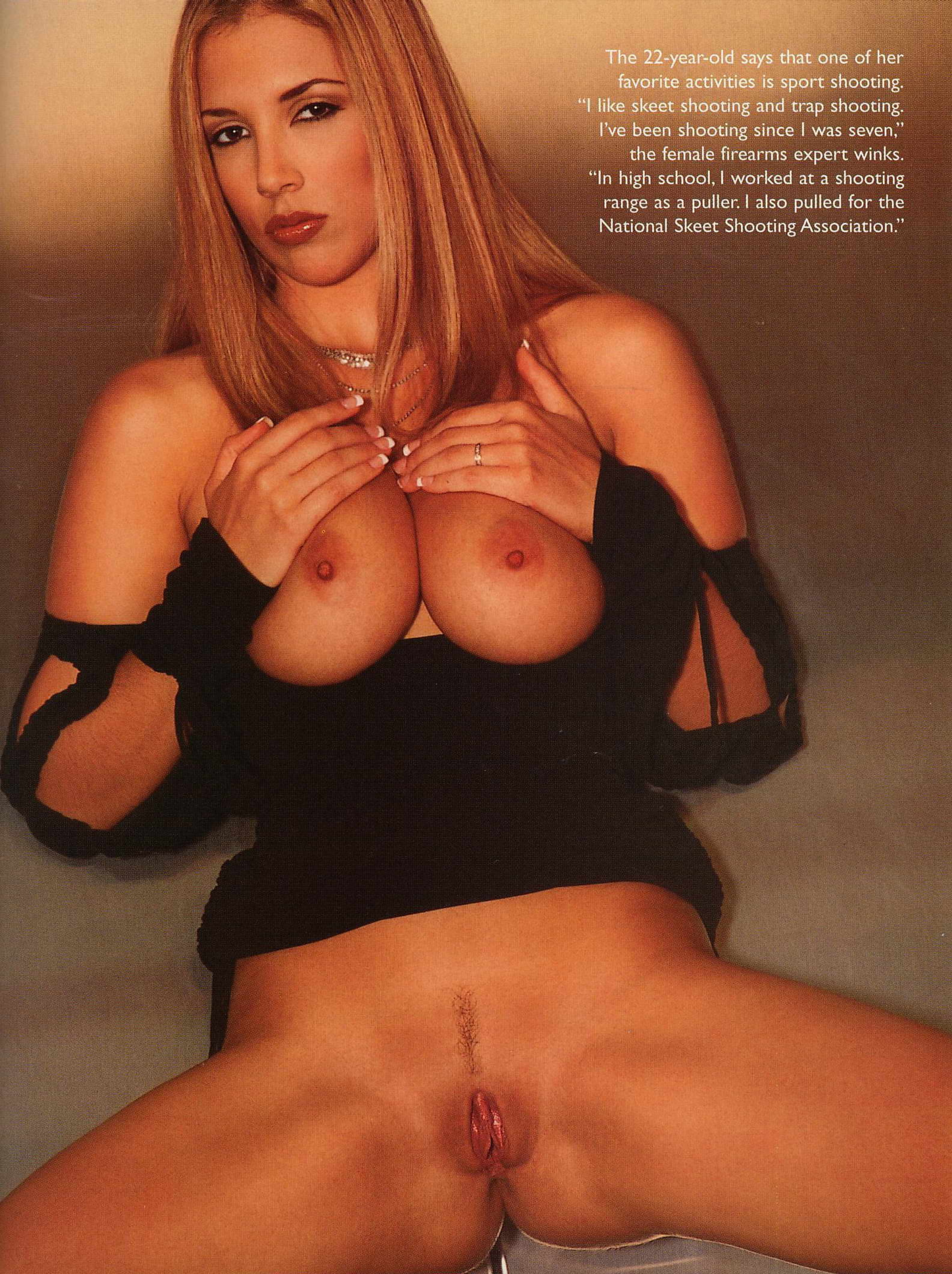
JELENA JENSEN

Hailing from Los Angeles, Jelena recently graduated from college with a degree in film, but says she is in no rush to produce movies.

"Right now I'm focusing on my modeling career because I can only do it while I'm young," she giggles.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT





The 22-year-old says that one of her favorite activities is sport shooting. "I like skeet shooting and trap shooting. I've been shooting since I was seven," the female firearms expert winks. "In high school, I worked at a shooting range as a puller. I also pulled for the National Skeet Shooting Association."







The heat-packing Libra says she opposes gun control: "I grew up with guns around. I don't think it's the guns that are the problem, it's the people. Cars kill people, are we going to get rid of the cars? Are we going to take knives away from everybody?" NRA straw man, err woman, arguments aside, Jelena sure knows how to pull our trigger.







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*Pry this from my
warm, sticky hand!
xxxxooo, Jelena*

A man comes home late one night, drunk. "Where have you been?" asks his wife. "In the Golden Bar! They have golden chairs, golden glasses, golden beer, and a golden urinal!" This sounds awfully suspicious to the wife, who calls the Golden Bar. "Do you have golden chairs?" "Yes." "Do you have golden glasses?" "Yes." "Do you have golden beer?" "Yes." "Do you have a golden urinal?" "Hold on." On the other end, she hears "I think we have a line on the guy who pissed in your saxophone."

In a biology class, the prof was discussing the high glucose levels found in semen. A young female (freshman) raised her hand and asked "If I understand, you're saying there is a lot of glucose, as in sugar, in male semen?" "That's correct", responded the prof, going on to add statistical info. Raising her hand again, the girl asked, "Then why doesn't it taste sweet?" After a stunned silence, the whole class burst out laughing. The poor girl's face turned bright red, and as she realized exactly what she had inadvertently said (or rather implied). She picked up her books without a word and walked out of class, and never returned. However, as she was going out the door, the professor replied, "It doesn't taste sweet, because the taste-buds for sweetness are on the tip of your tongue".

This woman of forty, being a rather vain person, decided she needed a face-lift. With her pocketbook as large as her ego, she went to several plastic surgeons before choosing the best money could buy. The doctor assured her that he could make her look young for many years because of a new technique he used. After the operation the doc told her that he had put a screw behind each ear that she could tighten as needed to keep her fresh young look. The woman was pleased for several years until one morning when she noticed bags under her eyes. Furiously she stormed into the doctor's office demanding to know why there were bags under her eyes. The doctor replied, "Lady those aren't bags, they're your tits and if you don't stop turning those screws you're going to have a beard!"

A nun and a priest were traveling across the desert and realized halfway across that the camel they were using for transportation was about to die. They set up a makeshift camp, hoping someone would come to their rescue, but to no avail. Soon the camel died. After several days of not being rescued, they agreed that they were not going to be rescued. They prayed a lot, and they discussed their predicament in great depth. Finally the priest said to the nun, "You know sister, I am about to die, and there's always been one thing I've wanted here on earth—to see a woman naked. Would you mind taking off your clothes so I can look at you?" The nun thought about his request for several seconds and then

agreed to take off her clothes. As she was doing so, she remarked, "Well, Father, now that I think about it, I've never seen a man naked, either. Would you mind taking off your clothes, too?" With little hesitation, the priest also stripped. Suddenly the nun exclaimed, "Father! What is that little thing hanging between your legs?" The priest patiently answered, "That, my child, is a gift from God. If I put it in you, it creates a new life." "Well," responded the nun, "Forget about me. Stick it in the camel!"



A man goes to the doctor with a long history of migraine headaches. When the doctor does his history and physical, he discovers that his poor patient has had practically every therapy known to man for his migraines and STILL no improvement. "Listen," says the Doc, "I have migraines too, and the advice I'm going to give you isn't really anything I learned in medical school, but it's advice that I've gotten from my own experience. When I have a migraine, I go home, get in a nice hot bathtub, and soak for a while. Then I have my wife sponge me off with the hottest water I can stand, especially around the forehead. This helps a little. Then I get out of the tub, take her into the bedroom, and even if my head is killing me, I force myself to have sex with her. Almost always, the headache is immediately gone. Now, give it a try, and come back and see me in six weeks." Six weeks later, the patient returns with a big grin. "Doc! I took your advice and it works! It REALLY WORKS! I've had migraines for 17 years and this is the FIRST time anyone has ever helped me!" "Well," says the physician, "I'm glad I could help." "By the way, Doc," the patient adds, "you have a REALLY nice house."

A rather scruffy-looking man walked into a bank. Reaching the head of the line, he said to the teller, "I wanna open a fucking checking account." "Certainly, sir," answered the teller, "but there's no need to use that kind of language." "Couldja move it along lady? I just wanna open a fucking checking account," growled the would-be customer. "I'll be glad to be of service, sir," said the teller, flushing slightly, "but I would appreciate not being spoken to in that way." "Just lemme open a fucking checking account, okay?" "I'm afraid I'm going to have to speak to the branch manager," said the pissed-off teller, slipping off her stool and returning shortly with a dapper middle-aged man who asked how he could be of service. "I just won the ten-million dollar lottery, buddy," snarled the man, "and all I wanna do is open a fucking checking account." "I see," said the manager sympathetically. "And this BITCH is giving you trouble?"

HUSTLER Humour 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 to **HUSTLER Canada, Northland Media Inc., 173 Lakeshore Rd. W., Box 177, Oakville, ON, L6K 1E7, or e-mail us at: nmi@on.aibn.com**

SEBASTIAN BACH

Star of Stage and Scream



Interview by Nancy B. Sayle

Singer, TV host and Broadway actor Sebastian Bach first sashayed into the public eye as lead vocalist for Skid Row, whose self-titled debut record exploded onto the hard-rock scene in 1989, yielding the hits "18 and Life" and "I Remember You." The follow-up album, *Slave to the Grind*, entered the *Billboard* charts at number one in 1991. That same year, Sebastian appeared on the cover of *Rolling Stone*.

In 1996, Bach parted ways with the band. After releasing a solo album, *Bring 'Em Back Alive!*, in 1998, Bach's career literally took a dramatic turn. An unexpected call to audition for the lead role in *Jekyll & Hyde* on Broadway proved Sebastian's talents extended beyond the world of heavy metal. Sebastian brought the house down nightly for four months with an award-winning performance. The producers of *The Rocky Horror Show* were impressed enough to give Bach the part of Riff Raff. Continued stage success was found playing the King of Kings in a traveling production of *Jesus Christ Superstar*. Between belting out Broadway tunes, Sebastian hosted his own music-video TV show on VH-1, the aptly named *Forever Wild*. He played the Grim Reaper on rock-meets-*Twilight Zone* miniseries *Strange Frequency*, also on VH-1. And he narrated a series on The Learning Channel called *The New Side Show*, a documentary about the modern circus-sideshow revival. Recently, Bach has also had a recurring role as "Gil" on the WB network's hit series, *Gilmore Girls*.

This considerable thespian success notwithstanding, Bach, longing to return to his rock 'n' roll roots, has formed a new band, the Bach Tight 5. Work is underway on their first album.

I hope I got enough, Sebastian fretted before his big dinner party. Keith Richards and Steven Tyler both RSVPed "yes."

HUSTLER: How did you end up in Skid Row?

BACH: I was in this band in Toronto called Kid Wikkid, when we were 15. Actually, I was 15; they were more like 30. We played all the bars. A Canadian rock magazine, *Metallion Magazine*, would have full-page pin-ups of me, and the guys in Skid Row saw the pictures in the magazine. By the time they went looking for me, I was in a band called Madam X. Madam X had a photo-session with this photographer named Mark Weiss, and he invited us all to his wedding in New Jersey. Zakk Wylde and I took over the wedding band, and we played Led Zeppelin and Black Sabbath. We blew the house down, and Bon Jovi's parents were at the wedding.

HUSTLER: So Jon Bon Jovi's parents discovered you?

BACH: That's about the ironic truth. Bon Jovi was helping Skid Row out at this time, and Bon Jovi's parents told Skid Row about the singer at the wedding. The band had already seen me in this magazine, so they sent me a tape, and I sent them a tape. Then I moved down to New Jersey.

HUSTLER: Did you ever think you would sell more than 22 million albums?

BACH: I was singing beer commercials up in Toronto, and I was making a lot of money. I couldn't believe that you could make two or three thousand dollars just for singing in a beer commercial for ten minutes. I didn't even really want to join a band, but these guys kept pushing. They were saying things like, "We're going to make it; we're going to be great." They sent me the tape, and I listened to the songs, and they came to life.

HUSTLER: What happened between you and the other members of Skid Row?

BACH: [Guitarist Dave Sabo, a/k/a] Snake and [bassist] Rachel [Bolan] started the band. I didn't know that they owned the name. I thought it was mine too. I was naive. I just didn't know that anybody could be like that. That's why they have the right to do what they are doing right now, which is to completely destroy the name. With me in the band, we had Pantera open for us; we had Soundgarden. Now they open for Poison. Skid Row, back in '91, wouldn't have seen that concert bill happening. So maybe I was holding them back! [laughs]

HUSTLER: Was it strange to go from being a hard-rock frontman to doing Broadway?

BACH: It was definitely unexpected for me. *Jekyll & Hyde* was a great experience. Doing *Rocky Horror* had a lot of meaning for me as well. I did that right after 9/11. Broadway was dead, and people were scared to come to New York. They called me up, because *Jekyll & Hyde* had been such a great success, and asked me if I would do this. I said sure, because it was the only way I could do

something for New York. I felt productive, and people could come out and forget about all the bullshit that was going on with terrorism—come out and do the Time Warp and rock out. It's not much, but at the time, it was very important to me. It felt good to be doing that.

HUSTLER: How did you get a weekly TV show on VH-1?

BACH: After *The Rocky Horror Show*, I had my own TV show for VH-1 called *Forever Wild*, and it was on for five months. They wanted me to do something called *House of Hair*; I said, "No way. Call it something else, but don't fuckin' put me in the 'hair band' label." They let me do what I wanted. It was fuckin' cool to do. Then I started the traveling Broadway show *Jesus Christ Superstar*. I was Jesus. [laughs]

HUSTLER: Tell us about your new band, Bach Tight 5.

BACH: On bass, I have a slammin' guy named Cheeze from Memphis, Tennessee. On guitar, we have Randall X. Rawlings, and also on guitar, Adam Albright, from the band Skinlab. For live gigs, I'm going to use my previous solo drummer, Bam Bam McConnell. I am also writing songs with Desmond Child and an amazing songwriter and drummer from Memphis named Mike Dover.

HUSTLER: Do you have any good groupie stories?

BACH: Well, it's amazing, because when Skid Row was huge back in the '80s, all these girls were 13 and had my picture on their walls. Now that I'm in a solo band, they are all like 21 or 22, and I swear to God, they come up and are in fishnet stockings, and their tits are jacked up, and they are all done up. They say to me, "Oh, I'm just old enough to see you now. I've been waiting since I was three years old, staring at your picture on my wall. I wasn't old enough to come see you, and now I am." What can I say? The guys in my band love being in my band.

HUSTLER: How does your wife take all this attention you get?

BACH: She loves it. She's wild, and she's the hottest girl in bed that I've ever had. She's not against bringing another girl into the bed, which she has done on a couple of occasions. That's when you know you are the luckiest man alive. Lots of guys ask me, "What's it like being married? Are you tied down?" Well, I am tied down—in bed, if I want it. My wife will come out to strip bars with me, and that is really cool, to go out and get drunk with your chick and look at other naked chicks. That's a fun night! If you are going to get married, you've got to be with a cool chick who digs rock 'n' roll, and she does.

HUSTLER: How did you meet her?

BACH: I met her when I was, like, 16 and she was, like, 21. I was in a bar, and this was in the mid-'80s when I was wearing so much makeup that I looked like Tammy Faye Bakker. I was totally into being androgynous and looking like a girl—like early Mötley Crüe, David Bowie, just looking like a freak. So I was in the bar, and I was wearing a sleeveless shirt, and I have a mole on my shoulder. She saw me from across the bar, and she was like, "Oh, look at that poor, tall girl with that mole on her shoulder! I feel so sorry for that poor, tall girl with that mole!" Then I walked over, and she goes, "Holy fuck! You are a guy!" She couldn't believe it, and I said, "You're fuckin' right I'm a guy." I showed her how I was a guy.

HUSTLER: Right there in the bar?

BACH: No, she wouldn't give it to me at first. I read that if you have sex on the first date, you are less likely to get married to that person, and that's true with her. She made me fucking want her. She was the first girl I met that didn't fuck the shit out of me right away, and I was like mad with lust by the time she let me do it.

HUSTLER: Any more wild stories?

BACH: I think one of the best experiences I had with my wife was in the late '90s. [Guns N' Roses drummer] Steven Adler came to New York to do *The Howard Stern Show*. He called me up, and my wife and I went to meet him. He brought this porn star, Tabitha Stevens. We went out, and one thing led to another. I turned around in the elevator, and Tabitha Stevens has my wife's panties around her ankles, and they are doing each other in the fucking elevator. I was fucking freaking out; so all four of us went to a hotel room at the Plaza in New York and had the best fuckin' time!

HUSTLER: You and Adler?

BACH: No! No fuckin' way! I was with my wife. It was amazing. I can't even describe it. It was a long fuckin' beautiful night of debauchery and sex.

HUSTLER: Do you have advice on getting laid?

BACH: If you want to get laid, I would say to keep yourself in shape. Take a shower, smell good, a little shot of cologne, get some cool clothes, some boots so you can strut around—not shoes; shoes are no good. If I wear boots, it makes me walk a bit more "cock of the walk." And don't be too exuberant. Learn how to sing. You want to get laid, fuckin' be a singer.

HUSTLER: If all else fails, join a band.

BACH: Yeah, but the singers do best. Singers and lead guitarists. But drummers get laid the most, because they will fuck anything!

BEACH BLANKET BIMBOS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CLIVE MCLEAN



Kitty, Judy, Ashley, Tanya and Hollie promised their parents they would study for finals, but instead of hitting the books, the horny coeds hit the beach. Once on the sand, they met up with their study group—Tony, Trent, Mark and Billy—for some last-minute cramming. The collegiate horndogs boned up on geometry, trying out different angles and positions near the surf. They all ended up bombing the test and the class, but gladly re-enrolled to do it all over again.

KITTY, JUDY, ASHLEY, TANYA & HOLLIE





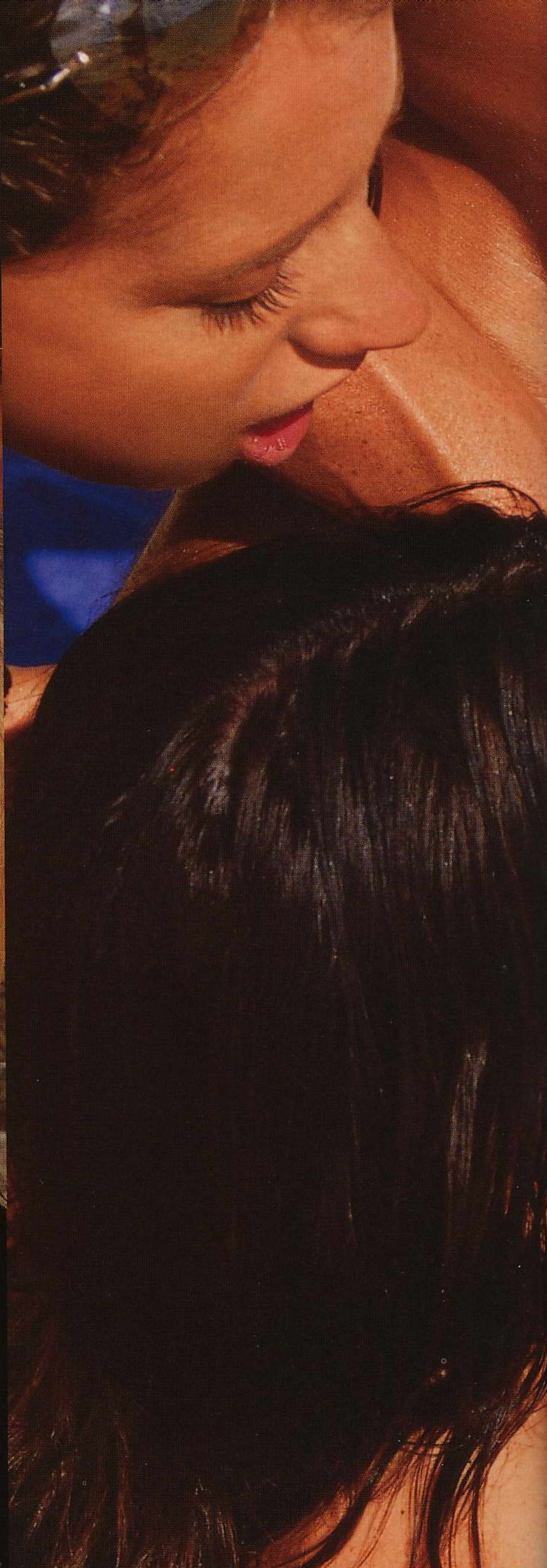














CANADIAN POSTCARDS

Québec

by Katy

Mes Amis,

Salutations du Québec!

After totally enjoying myself in New Brunswick – and being enjoyed by others, as well (hee, hee) – I snagged a tour bus that took me into the Bas-Saint-Laurent region of Québec. And la belle province proved to be just as memorable as any of the other provinces I'd visited to date.

I traveled along the St. Lawrence River, or 'la mer' as it's known to the people living in the area where the mighty river widens into a gulf, and explored a few of the larger cities in the province – like Québec, Trois-Rivieres, Sherbrooke, and Montréal. Most of my time was spent in the provincial capital, Québec City, and Canada's second largest metropolitan area, Montréal.

I learned a lot of neat stuff at the various historical sites, basilicas, and museums I toured in Québec City, and found the Old World, European-type atmosphere of the fortified town really cool. Montréal, however, was definitely a more happening place. My mom had warned me about the wicked ways of this hip, diverse metropolis – I guess something had happened to her when she was there in her younger days – but that didn't stop me from checking out the thriving nightlife on St. Catherine's Street.

And 'round midnight, I hooked up with this cute, dark, leather-clad Québécois named Serge, and he asked me if I wanted to go to this 'club' he was a member of. I was a tad dubious at first, but another wine cooler at Le Shack de Sucre

convinced me to take him up on his offer.

So, he and I took a cab to this kind of dilapidated-looking place – which turned out to be a no-holds-barred sex club! It was the kind of joint where swingers get together to do whatever to whomever every which way but loose. Serge signed me in as a guest and pulled me up the creaky stairs to the second floor – to a huge, open area furnished with low-slung couches and piled-up mattresses.

And I just about had a heart attack when I saw what was going on! It was like a scene out of a Roman orgy, or a porno video – when all the actors and actresses come together at the end, literally and figuratively, for a big finale. I stood there and watched, my hand over my mouth and my knees shaking, while Serge slid his greasy hand off my waist and down onto my butt. I saw two guys slamming one girl, two girls going down on each other, multiple couples happily doing the in n' out, and even a fivesome of three guys and two lucky gals. It was the wildest thing I'd ever seen!

And with the sights and sounds and smells of rampant, raunchy sex clogging my senses, making me all dizzy, before I even knew what was happening, Serge had me bent over the arm of a loveseat and my frilly, hot-pink skirt and damp, white cotton panties were down around my ankles. His sweaty hands were all over my naked bum, squeezing, fondling, probing.



"He pushed my trembling legs apart and slid his hand in between them, started scrubbing my cunny with two of his fingers."

"C'est magnifique!" he enthused, kneading my taut bottom. He pushed my trembling legs apart and slid his hand in between them, started scrubbing my cunny with two of his fingers.

"Sacre bleu!" I gulped, hanging onto the loveseat and staring blindly at the fuckfest going on right in front of me. My face and body turned burning hot as the studly francophone caressed my long legs, rubbed and slapped my rippling booty, and stroked my dripping pink.

I watched, wide-eyed, as the two guys doing the one lady – something I'd been fortunate enough to experience just recently – hollered with joy and were simultaneously jolted by orgasm, one coming in her cunny

while the other came in her butt. Then I gazed in dropped-jaw amazement as a huge black man with a licorice stick cock emptied his heavy balls into the gaping mouth of a big-breasted blonde, who eagerly drank it all in.

Serge draped his body over mine and slid his hands up underneath my skimpy crop-top, gripping and groping my bare boobs. I closed my eyes and reveled in his warm embrace. He licked in behind my ears, his breath hot against my face, his hard cock pressing into my butt cleavage. He plied my titties like he was kneading dough, roughly pulled on my tingling nips, pumping his hips against me, his slimy tongue running up and down my long, soft neck.

Then he pulled his body off mine and squatted in behind me, pushed my sun-kissed legs even further apart. I had to grab on tight to the loveseat to keep from falling over, my slutty spike heels making me totter like a hooker on an icy sidewalk. Serge grasped my ass cheeks and spread them, and then shoved his tongue into my sopping cunny.

"Serge rammed his warm, wet tongue deep into my pussy."

"Oui!" I shrieked, unabashedly getting into the sexual swing of things in that funky sex-dive, as Serge rammed his warm, wet tongue deep into my pussy. He fucked my cunny with his hardened pink spear, over and over and over, and I whimpered with pleasure. Then the handsome French-Canadian replaced his thrashing tongue with three of his fingers, started sawing them back and forth in my violated coochie.

"Fuck me, Serge! Fuck me!" I urged the talented cunny-linguist, as I felt him probe my butt hole with his slashing tongue.

He hungrily licked at my tiny, tender pucker, while he furiously plugged my cunny with his thick, hairy digits. The feeling was sweetness itself, and I dug my sparkly fingernails into the loveseat so hard that it looked like I was going to tear the stuffing out of it. And along about the time I thought for sure that I'd faint, Serge suddenly pulled his fingers out of my conch, his tongue out of my bung, and let go of me.

I felt all empty, and I thrust my bum into the air, waiting impatiently, anxiously for him to do something; until finally, I felt the knob of his pecker push through my raw, moist folds and into my cunny. At least, I thought it was Serge's pecker. But then I cracked my eyes open and spotted mon homme sauntering past me, naked as you please. He waved at me, then stuck his cock into the waiting, open mouth of the well-racked blonde who'd only recently swallowed a humungous load from her noir boyfriend.

I blinked my misty eyes a couple dozen times to make sure I wasn't seeing things, but no, I wasn't; Serge was getting sucked off right in front of me, which meant that somebody else was righteously pounding a long, hard dick in and out of my cunny. I twisted my head around, and stared in astonishment at a gorgeous, red-headed woman, as she gripped my waist and pummeled my sex, her balloon-like tits jouncing up and down.

"Bonsoir, mon amour," she said, her pouty lips breaking into a smile. "Je m'appelle Christina."

I wasn't sure what the heck was going on, until the busty, flame-haired girl pulled a glistening, nine-inch cock out of my snatch and proudly displayed it, proving beyond any reasonable doubt that the tool between her shapely legs was no strap-on. I was getting nailed by a tranny!

I grinned shakily at her, then turned my head back around and looked at Serge, as he looked at me and smiled, as his heavy sword was swallowed to the hilt by his blonde suck-buddy,

while another blonde babe tugged on his shaven balls. My she-male lover stuffed her swollen cock back into my cunny and started banging away again, and it felt so great that I decided to not even try to figure things out, but just enjoy the ride.

"My butt getting smacked and my cunny hammered again and again by the beautiful, huge-titted woman..."

I grabbed one of my boobs and squeezed, rolled my inflamed nipple between my fingers, my butt getting smacked and my cunny hammered again and again by the beautiful, huge-titted woman who fucked like a man. She grabbed my twin ponytails and pulled me upright, wrapped her arms around my chest and jammed her tongue into my gaping mouth, while she continued to relentlessly pound my poon.

The wet, superheated trans-sexual friction quickly became way too much for me to handle, and I squealed with joy and shook like a fleur-de-lis in a wind storm as a gigantic orgasm ripped through my body and blew me away. Christina belled her own pleasure, and I felt her big cock pulse hot cum into my stretched-out cunny, my love-tunnel walls contracting spontaneously to milk her dick of its awesome load of white gold. She pulled me hard against her heavy titties and bit into my shoulder, as we were both racked by blistering ecstasy.

I spent a long, hot, humid night in that Montréal meat market, and by the time I finally staggered out, I was everything the strip club street hustlers said about us teen-queen tourists – young, dumb, and full of cum!

Luv,

Katy



"He's your best friend and was kind enough to fill in for you while you were out of town."



ALCHOL IS THE PATRON SAINT OF ANAL ORGIES

The miracle of booze can be witnessd in the cock-barfing faces and penis-shitting sphincters of every group-sex slut who has ever visited a bar intending to just drink two beers and go home.











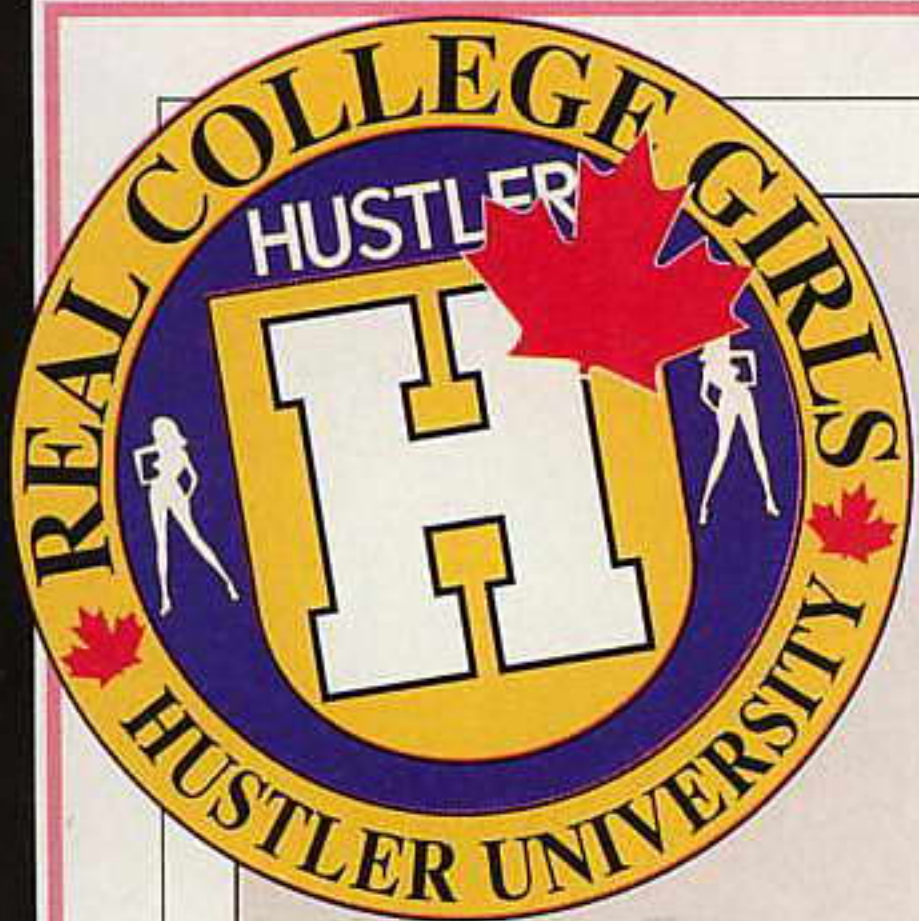
A liberal sprinkling of distilled spirits is the holy water of erotic abandon, preparing female assholes, often two at a time, for the raptures of an ungodly hosing.











VERUCA

Veruca, 21, is a second-year nursing student at **Bellevue Community College** in Bellevue, Washington. When she doesn't have her head buried in a copy of *Gray's Anatomy*, the bronzed beauty from Pensacola, Florida, rides her bike and sunbathes. Not surprisingly, this beach bunny's most memorable sexual experience in college has been "making love on the shore during a full moon."

—Photo by Friend





NATASHA

Natasha, from fabulous Ferndale, Michigan, is an interior design major at **Oakland Community College** in Royal Oak. Boasting a 4.0 GPA that's nearly as impressive as her upturned backside, this dark-haired, 23-year-old delight desires to be "a successful self-employed business owner." Natasha's extracurricular activities include a fetish for "heels, pantyhose, stockings and vintage lingerie."

—Photo by Boyfriend

AMATEUR PHOTO/VIDEO CONTESTS \$5,000 IS UP FOR GRABS

Guys, we need you to be HUSTLER's campus point men in our ongoing search for new, untapped Beavers. Do you know gorgeous college students who are over 18 years of age? We're looking for readers to recruit babes for the *Real College Girls* division of *Beaver Hunt*. The process is easy; just snap a couple of clear, sexy—the more explicit the better—photographs (digital shots are cool too, as long as they're high resolution and printed on photo-quality paper). Send them to *Real College Girls*, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Every female whose picture sees print will receive a \$350 honorarium, as well as a slot in HUSTLER's 2004 *Beaver Hunt* competition and a chance to appear in the video version of HUSTLER's *Real College Girls*. Finalists score \$1,500 each, and the Grand Prize winner will appear in a HUSTLER photo-feature and earn \$5,000. The photographer of the Grand Prize winner scores \$500, and the Finalists' photographers earn \$250. All photographers of models appearing in *Real College Girls* receive a one-year subscription to HUSTLER. Ask the girls to fill out the model release below, and include copies of two legal forms of ID and a current college ID. The model's photo, date of birth and signature must appear on the IDs (not necessarily all on the same one). All photos become the unreturnable property of L.F.P., Inc. No essays are required, but if your model can come up with something sexy, tell her to knock herself out.

MODEL RELEASE/ENTRY FORM

To enter *Real College Girls* you must be 18 years of age or older, and you must fill out and send this release and copies of two forms of ID, one with photo (i.e., driver's license, passport or photo ID issued by state). Second ID can be a birth certificate, Social Security card, credit card, marriage certificate or immigration card. One ID must include your date of birth, and one must include your signature. Send photocopies, not originals. Send two or more sharply focused color prints or slides. Send videotapes in VHS format. Showing pink is optional at entry stage. All photos and videos become the unreturnable property of L.F.P., Inc., which buys all rights in perpetuity to photos and videos we purchase. Win \$350 if we publish your photo, or \$500 if we choose your video, and win the chance to be in an extended pictorial or feature video worth \$5,000. Send photos, videos, IDs and release to *Real College Girls*, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Contest not open to residents of Arizona. Void where prohibited. No purchase necessary.

----- ✂ -----

Model's name			
Any alias, nickname, stage or pro name			
Name to be published			
Date of birth	Phone (include area code)		
Model's Social Security number			
Address			
City	State	Zip	
Personal e-mail address		Occupation	
Hobbies			
Major	College	Year	GPA
Best sexual experience in college (include separate sheet if necessary)			

Model's legal signature (use separate sheets for more than one model) Date (month/date/year)

Warning: Anyone signing this release form other than the model will be subject to monetary damages and/or criminal prosecution. I declare under penalty of perjury that all of the information I have given above is true and correct.

Note: Prize money sent to model only.

In consideration of \$350 for photographs or \$500 for a video, I grant to L.F.P., Inc. all rights of every kind whatsoever, whether now known or unknown, exclusively and perpetually, in any submitted photographs of myself (the "Images"). Without limiting the generality of the foregoing, and in addition thereto, I further grant to L.F.P., Inc., and its affiliates and assigns, the following perpetual and exclusive rights: (1) to copyright, copy or reproduce, by any present or future means, all or any part of the Images; (2) to exhibit, sell, assign and transmit, and license others to do so (whether by means of still photographs, magazines, newspapers, radio, television, televised motion pictures, videodiscs, videocassettes, videotapes, computer, CD-ROM, Internet transmission or any other means now known or unknown) any or all of the Images; (3) to use the Images in connection with advertising as well as for commercial exploitation, including, without limitation, in magazines, newspapers, books, one-sheets, flyers, catalogs, and covers or wrappers of recordings, discs, CD-ROMs, tapes and/or cassettes, and in connection with the sale of any by-products or merchandising; (4) to use the Images, or any parts thereof, as a portion of a motion picture or other work (and for the advertising thereof) and in connection with the sale of any by-products or merchandise relating thereto, and to reproduce and/or transmit the same by and in any and all media; and (5) to edit, add to, subtract from, arrange, rearrange, distort and revise the Images in any manner as L.F.P., Inc. may, in its sole and complete discretion, determine, from time to time. I certify that I was 18 years of age or older at the time my photographs and/or video footage were shot, and that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.



Three Feet High and Riding Big Thrills at the Midget Rodeo

Report by Tim Kenneally
Photography by Ladi von Jansky

The addition of midgets instantly makes any situation 87% more hilarious—that's a scientifically proven fact. While the research is still inconclusive, it's believed that, when the midgets in question are Mexican, the mirth factor increases to 93%. And when the activity involved is a rodeo—well, there just aren't instruments to measure that level of jocularity yet, but rest assured you have a virtual King Kong of amusement.

It's a particularly sweltering Sunday in September at the Pico Rivera Sports Arena, located about 20 miles east of Los Angeles.

The sun pounds down on the audience of approximately 5,000, and a long day of traditional Mexican rodeo—lasso tricks, horse roping—has left the air thick with dust and the scent of equine manure. Still, the place is buzzing with anticipation, and the folks in the stands are amped. The crowd knows what awaits them: a performance by Los Enanitos Toreros (literally, "midget bullfighters"), quite possibly Guanajuato, Mexico's premiere name in bite-size buckaroos. Led by Super Steve, a radio personality from local modern-rock station KROQ, who's serving as the day's guest emcee, the assemblage launches into a chant, their fists pumping in the air, veins popping from their necks, spittle flying from their lips:





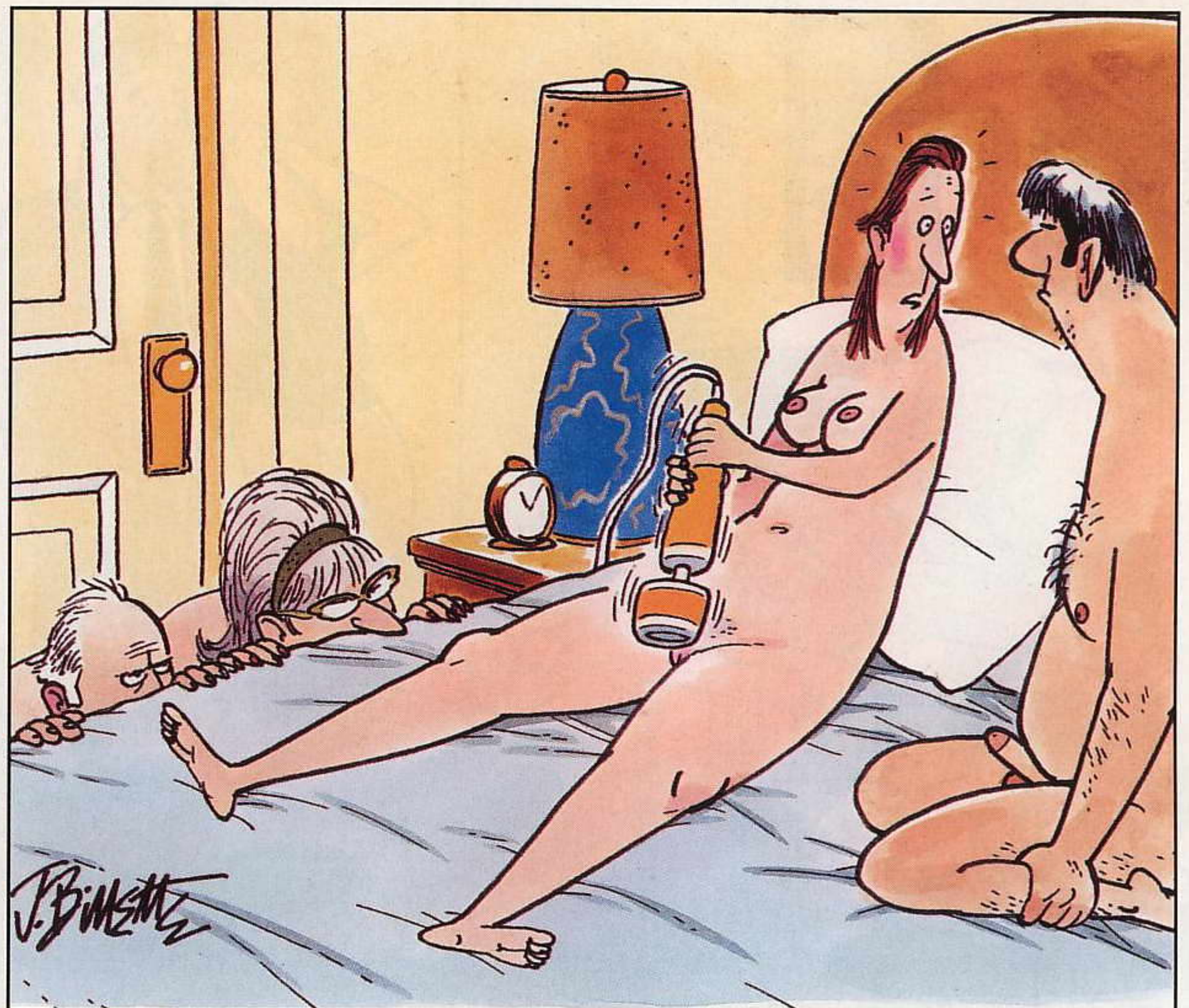
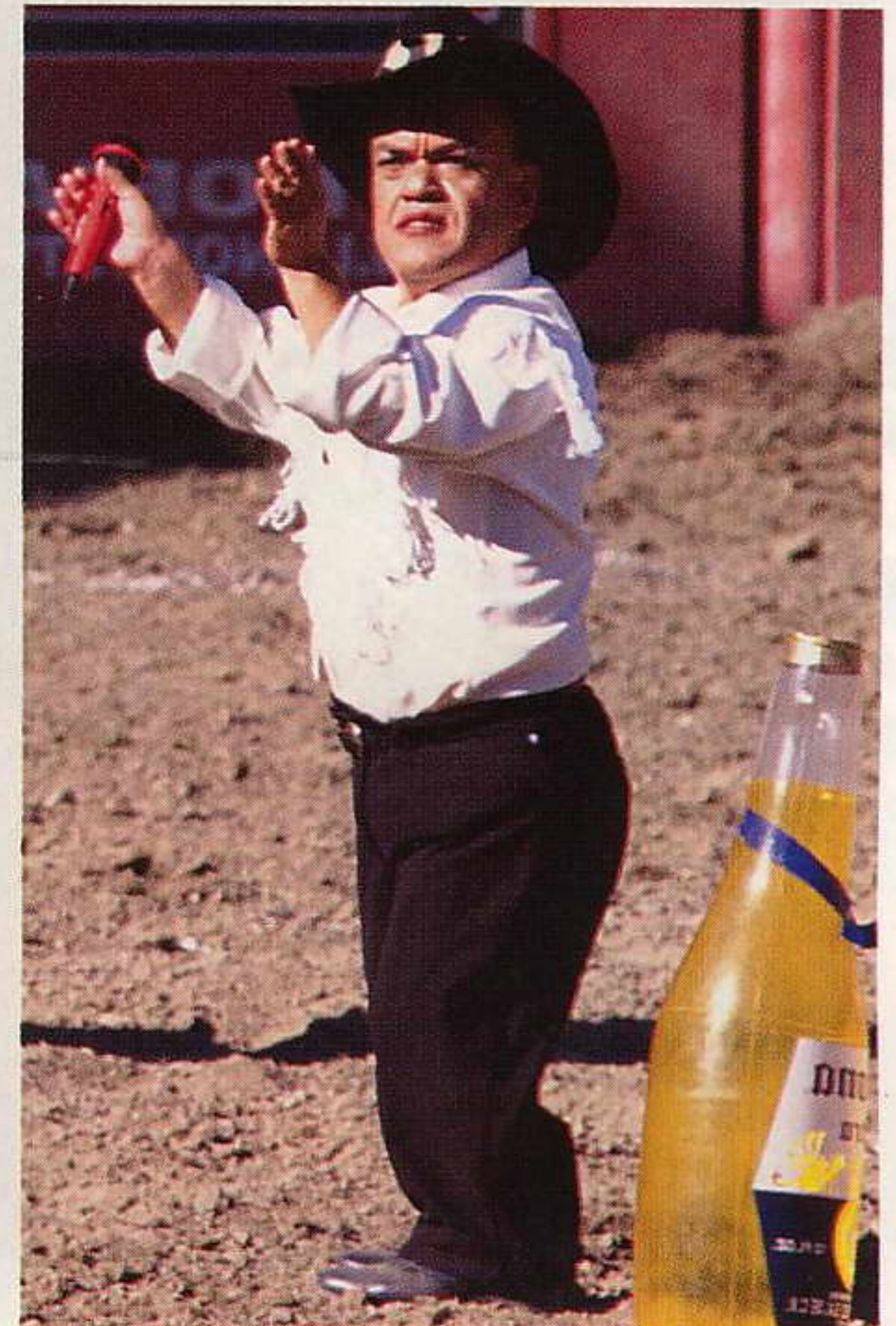
"Mid-get! Mid-get! Mid-get!"

As the incantation reaches a deafening crescendo, the four wee warriors spill out into the ring and are given the sort of reception normally reserved for returning astronauts. They begin by warming up the crowd with a lewd dance routine, stripping down to their shorts and grinding their munchkin hips in well-practiced, randy synchronization, looking for all the world like the resident boy band at Willy Wonka's Chocolate Factory. A string of vaudevillian skits ensue, culminating in a performance by one of the little fellows dressed up like a child. Adorned in a backward baseball cap and overalls, he lip-synchs to a Spanish-language song that apparently tackles the topic of flatulence; at the end of each verse, the miniature faux-crooner grips his stomach and shakes his legs as a wet fart erupts from the sound system like thunder.

Lascivious midget hip thrusts and tributes to gassy kids make for a fine diversion, but it's not what the crowd came for. And so, in short order, the first calf is released, and the real festivities begin. The tiny wranglers surround the beast, which lowers its head and pivots menacingly. One of the lilliputian gauchos manages to fling a rope around the animal's head. This, understandably, only serves to anger the creature, which charges its adversary, driving the homunculus into the wall of the ring with a thud that resonates throughout the arena.

Such incidents occur throughout the performance. The comic underpinnings of midget rodeo notwithstanding, the potential for injury is real and persistent. Several times, calves trample the performers, literally knocking their little dicks in the dirt. Another instance finds one of the manikins becoming airborne after a dogie charges him from behind, planting its head squarely between his disproportionately bulbous buttocks. Sure, the calves only weigh about 300 pounds, but tell that to a guy who needs a stepladder to take a piss. Needless to say, these periodic outbursts of potential maiming put the crowd in its most animated state, sending them to their feet to better glimpse the possible crippling of a mini-man.

Exploitative? Yeah, probably—to the midgets and animals alike. But then, what form of entertainment worth indulging in isn't exploitative on some level? Moreover, the world—and particularly America, where Los Enanitos Toreros have been drawing increasingly bigger crowds in California,



"It's no use. I can't come when your parents watch me!"



Chicago and other places where the people like their fun—needs this sort of spectacle. For all of our lip service to egalitarianism, we relish nothing so much as the opportunity to watch the little guy get knocked around once in a while. Hell, as evidenced by the day's events, we'll gather en masse and celebrate the phenomenon. The midget rodeo may not pack the same punch as watching lions eviscerate a bunch of Christians, but it caters to the same impulse and will have to do in this age of diminished expectations.

And, yet, these teeny toreadors also imbue the attendees with a message of hope: When life (or, in this case, a bull) drives you into the dirty, dirty ground, you pick yourself up, brush the hoofprints from your ass, and once again engage your troubles head-on. Of course, these vertically challenged vaqueros don't have as far to fall—and subsequently not as far to rise—as the average person does, but the fact remains: There's an important life lesson for all of us at the midget rodeo.

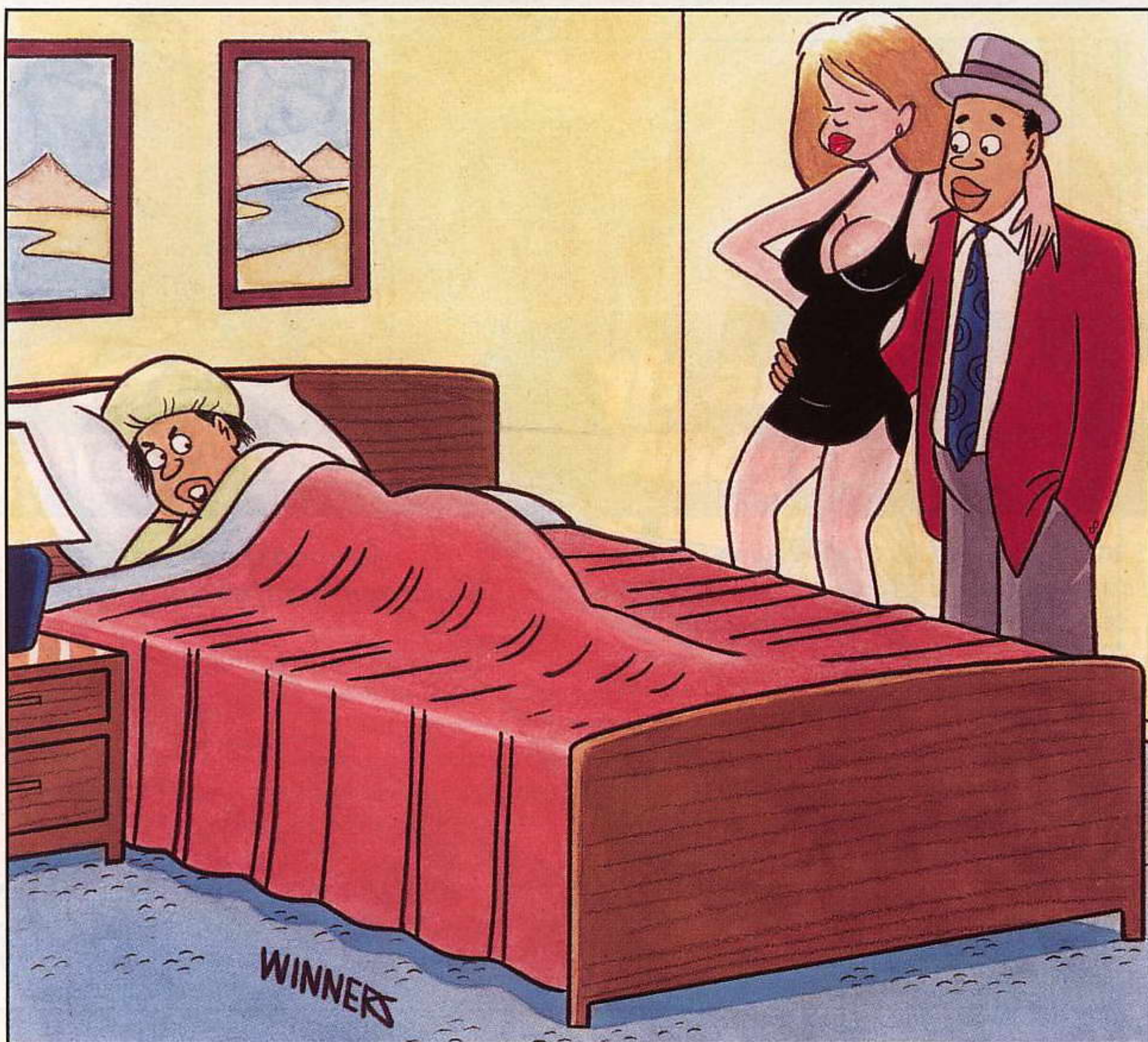
When the show is over and the dust has settled, I seek out the shrinky showmen. My questions are many: Did they always dream of being in the midget rodeo, or did life's circumstances thrust this greatness upon them? Have they ever gotten any hassle from the Midget Anti-Defamation League for their jesterlike exploitation of their physical affliction? Most important, what about the groupies? Do rodeo midgets pull down their fair share of buckle bunnies? My mind boggles at the potential perversities.

Unfortunately, I quickly discover that their English is meager, which is to say nonexistent. Moreover, they seem a tad cranky, which is understandable. They've spent the last hour choking on dirt and being pummeled by cattle for the public's amusement and edification. It's a huge burden they carry on their tiny shoulders, and I can't blame them if, when it's all over, they want some decompression time.

As the quartet waddles into the sunset, I do discern one word of their conversation: "Margarita." *Drink up, little men*, I think, nodding my head appreciatively, *you've earned it.*

* * *

Career alcoholic and chronic masturbator Tim Kenneally is HUSTLER's Managing Editor. He has also written for Spin, High Times, Guitar Player and SF Weekly.



"I don't have a problem with it, as long as you keep the little bitch on your side of the bed."

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK



THE HOSTILE INVASION

CANADA'S CORPORATE GOVERNMENTS

They tell us the jobless rate is down. They tell us inflation doesn't exist. They tell us they care about healthcare. Who are they and what's the truth? This month HUSTLER presents an exclusive exposé on the real story behind the corporate take-over of Canada.

THE HOSTILE INVASION

CANADA'S CORPORATE GOVERNMENTS

Have you ever noticed that each time you get a pay raise, either your cable, gas, hydro or some other monthly expense rises?

Have you ever noticed that anytime some level of government gives you a break in your taxes that there is another level of government that raises them?

Does it seem strange that even though beef producers are selling their products at a loss to retailers that the price of beef in supermarkets is actually going up?

And have you noticed that, in our wonderful free-market system, every mall in Canada has the exact same stores?

Coincidence? Not bloody likely!

The corporate takeover of Canada has become a reality and Canadians are the unsuspecting victims of what has become the biggest fraud ever perpetuated in our country. For decades we have been manipulated and coerced into thinking that capitalism and a free-market system based on 'supply and demand' will bring economic prosperity and a better standard of living for Canadians. And perhaps this would be true if, in fact, Canada had a capitalistic society that was based upon a free-market system. But the theory of Canada's economic structure and the reality of such are two very different animals.

One only needs to look at their pay cheques and tax ratio to see that the illusion of prosperity is vaporously thin. And as much as governments profess their commitment to preserving our 'social safety net', anyone who

has ever fallen into it will readily confirm that it is riddled with holes. And while the average Canadian must learn to be more self-reliant and make due with less government intervention, there doesn't seem to be a day that goes by when we don't read about how the same governments are busy bailing out some corporation with tax breaks and loan guarantees for some major undoing – usually as a result of their own corporate greed and/or stupidity.

**“And why is there
a double standard
when it comes to
corporate Canada?”**

Why is it that what our governments say and what they do have become two very different realities, and why is there a double standard when it comes to corporate Canada? The simple and frightening answer is that corporate Canada owns our governments and the politicians who run them.

For those who may remember the movie, 'Network', which was a box office hit in the 70s, there is a revealing scene in which a corporate ghumba explains to the protagonist that 'there is no such thing as countries, only corporations – very large corporations'. While the movie was supposed to be fictitious those resonant words have, indeed, become prophetic.

Corporations have become savvier, (perhaps sneakier would be a more appropriate word) and have learned



that if they can't circumvent governmental process that they must, ultimately, control it. They have done this by usurping the democratic process, and paying for candidates and lobbyists who will push their agenda and take care of their corporate interests.

The concern for the welfare of Canadians has been replaced by a pre-occupation for the best interests of shareholders, corporate presidents and CEOs. And if media coverage were any indication, judging by the time and devotion given to it, the business of the Dow Jones, TSE, VSE and NASDAQ would seem the most important event in our daily lives.

**“Each and every day Canadians
are blatantly gouged by
oil companies, insurance companies
and banks”**

Each and every day Canadians are blatantly gouged by oil companies, insurance companies and banks, and even after countless complaints and protests by average Canadians, governments are still loath to investigate these corporate crooks. Even more alarming is that when investigations are done, each and every time, governments have the audacity to tell Canadians that the banking bandits, insurance thugs and gasoline gangsters are not profiteering.



These multinational mercenaries have poisoned our democratic process, and their caustic concoction is a deadly mixture of deceit, misinformation and lies. It is a corporate orgy in which the oil companies own the banks, the banks own the credit card companies and the insurance companies, and all are in bed together, intent on screwing hard working average Canadians.

The corporate takeover of Canada is a carefully orchestrated campaign of lies, and an economic plan that ensures Canadians are so preoccupied with working just to survive, that they have neither the physical nor emotional resources to fight the injustice of corporate controlled governments.

"Canadians have become powerless against the twisted corporate web in which they have become entangled."

Thanks to the careful design of tax and interest structures, Canadians have become powerless against the twisted corporate web in which they have become entangled. The surreptitious backroom antics of corporate Canada have turned Canadians into perpetual slaves for MasterCard, Visa, Esso, Petro Canada and every other corporate crook to which they are now beholden.

One need only look at political campaign contributions to see who is in the driver's seat. Corporate donations to all political parties and individual candidates have dramatically risen in the past ten years, and anyone who thinks there isn't a political price for such generosity is living in another dimension. In an attempt to give a facade of legitimacy to the process, our governments have instituted guidelines with

regard to those corporate donations. However, the corporate con artists have devised many ingenious ways to manipulate our seriously vulnerable and flawed political system, absolving themselves of all liability and guilt.

"Liberals were swept into power on the promise that the hated Goods and Services Tax would be scrapped."

Back in the early 90s Jean Chrétien's Liberals were swept into power on the promise that the hated Goods and Services Tax would be scrapped. Then, after reneging on his promise, the government's agenda quickly switched from helping the guy on Main Street to helping the corporate hacks on Bay Street; Wall Street now drove our political agenda. And the bulk of decision-making is now being done down at the Irving's private lodge in New Brunswick, rather than in the House of Commons and Senate.

Suddenly all we heard about was wresting down the deficit, and while the idea made perfect sense, the only ones who really served to benefit from getting our fiscal house in order, in record time, were the bankers, brokers and CEOs – it didn't make much difference to the average Joe Canuk. In spite of wrestling the spiraling deficit, we still paid higher taxes, had fewer services, less job security, fewer benefits and waited 6 or 7 hours in our hospital emergency rooms. We continued to use a broken down health care system while the corporate and political elite could afford to go south of the border and jump the queue.

And while we continued to survive on reduced benefits, the corporate federal government helped themselves to our employment insurance fund to pay down a debt that was a result of their own recklessness in the first place.

As we watched thousands of Canadians lose their jobs to free trade, politicians and corporate executives happily handed themselves generous bonuses and retirement packages; and saw themselves named to countless executive boards of multinational corporations and consortiums.

The new 'let them eat cake' corporate mentality saw corporate executives make record salaries, while the number of unemployed and homeless Canadians steadily grew. In a carefully orchestrated media campaign corporate governments gave a rosy spin on job creation, but the glaring fact was that the statistics were contrived and manipulated; the sad reality was that fewer Canadians had gainful and substantial work.

It was a sorry spectacle when Ontario's corporate conservative government used millions of dollars of its taxpayer's money to run ad campaigns to inform Ontarians what a fine job they were doing of cutting back government spending. And when the Liberals kicked their sorry asses out of office the truth was revealed. The Progressive Conservative Party of Ontario spent more money on 'consultants' and 'studies' than it did on improving health care, social infrastructures structures and education; and the deficit was bigger than ever. Now Dalton McGuinty's 'bought and paid for' corporate Liberals will have to find some new way to deceive Ontarians into thinking they are working for them and not corporate Canada.

They say proof is in the tasting of the pudding and so far our corporate governments have been serving up a bitter dish. So a warning to the corporate Liberal and Conservative Parties – we're on to you. As the next federal election draws nearer Canadians have begun looking elsewhere for political parties that are for the people and by the people, and right now the reincarnation of the New Democrats and Ed Broadbent isn't looking so bad.

speaking Out

SUNRISE ADAMS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL BISCO



A full-page photograph of Sunrise Adams. She is a young woman with long, wavy blonde hair, wearing a black strapless top and a wide, sparkling choker. She is holding a vintage-style silver microphone with both hands, positioned near her mouth as if singing. Her expression is focused and intense. The background consists of deep red, vertically pleated curtains. The lighting is warm and dramatic, highlighting her features and the texture of the curtains.

There are small towns,
and then there is the
tiny burg of Pickton,
Texas, where Sunrise
Adams grew up.
“Our nearest neighbor
was more than a mile
away, we only had one
channel on the TV, and
we didn’t have a
phone,” the 21-year-old
hottie recalls.

The flaxen-tressed babe was inspired to break from her small-town roots and get into big-time porn by her aunt, adult-film star/Moonlite BunnyRanch employee Sunset Thomas. These days, when the buxom Virgo isn't spreading her legs, she's pursuing a degree in business management. She plans on retiring at age 30. Sunrise says she strongly opposes her fellow Texan George W. Bush and his invasion of Iraq. "I think it's all a bunch of bullshit, the whole reason why the war started. It's all a bunch of lies," the boondocks filly asserts. That's the kind of talk that turns us on.













Beaver Hunt



#1 Alexia

Fort Lauderdale, Florida, is home to alluring Alexia. The 25-year-old hardbody admits that her hobbies consist of "watching mindless television shows and hosting elaborate dinner parties." Although the Sunshine State siren omitted her sexual fantasy, she disclosed that she has a fetish for "leather, lace and Stevie Nicks."

—Photo by Friend

Beaver Hunt



#2 Summer

A bikini model from Indialantic, Florida, Summer loves to "shop, dance, play volleyball and ride horses." On the sexual front, the 23-year-old libertine admits, "I'll try anything once. I am open to suggestions as long as they include another female."

—Photo by Friend

Beaver Hunt

#3 Jessica



This wily blond tigress is Jessica, a 26-year-old from Mont Laurier, Qc, who can't get enough of "shopping, decorating and traveling." When it comes to carnal ambitions, she simply states that she would "like to have erotic sex right on the beach."

—Photo by Boyfriend

Beaver Hunt



#4 Spanish Rose ★

Spanish Rose is a translator from Oakville, ON whose delightful panocha transcends all language barriers. The 37-year-old *mamacita* spends her free time "running, traveling, fucking and sucking." The bilingual beauty's sexual fantasy is "to be involved in an orgy or experience group sex with other couples."

—Photo by Husband

AMATEUR PHOTO CONTEST FLASH FOR CASH

Attention, ladies! Are you an amateur nudist over 18 years of age? The 2003 *Beaver Hunt* Grand Prize Competition is looking for you!

Snap a clear, color picture and mail it to NORTHLAND MEDIA INC., 173 Lakeshore Rd. W., Box 177, Oakville, ON, L6K 1E7

Every lady whose picture we print gets \$150 and a chance at the 2003 Grand Prize. Grand Prize Finalists win \$500 each. The award for the photographer of the Grand Prize Winner is \$250, and the Finalists' photographers win \$150. 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 unreturnable property of Northland Media Inc.

MODEL RELEASE / ENTRY FORM

To enter Hustler Beaver Hunt you must be over 18 years old, and you must fill out and send this release and copies of two forms of ID, one with photo (i.e., driver's license, passport, work or school ID card or photo ID issued by state). Second ID can be birth certificate, Social Security card, credit card, marriage certificate or immigration card. Send photocopies, not originals. Send two or more sharply focused color prints or slides. Showing pink is optional at entry stage. All photos become the unreturnable property of NORTHLAND MEDIA inc., which buys all rights in perpetuity to photos we purchase. Win \$150 if we publish your photo. Send photos, IDs and release to NORTHLAND MEDIA, 173 Lakeshore Rd. W., Box 177, Oakville, ON, L6K 1E7

Please Print

Model's name

Any alias, nickname, stage or pro name

Name to be published

Date of birth

Phone (include area code)

Model's Social Security number

Address

City

Province

Postal Code

Personal e-mail address

Occupation

Hobbies

Sexual Fantasies (Include separate sheet if necessary)

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

Date

Warning: Anyone signing this release form other than the model will be subject to monetary damages and/or criminal prosecution. I declare under penalty of perjury that all of the information I have given above is true and correct.

Note: Prize money sent to model only.

In consideration of \$150 for photographs, I hereby give NORTHLAND MEDIA inc., its affiliates, successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, full worldwide rights and exclusive permission in perpetuity to copyright and/or publish any photographs of myself with or without my name and to make any changes or any additions whatsoever to such photographs. I certify that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

Beaver Hunt



#5 Sydney ★

Edmonton, is home to Sydney, a 28-year-old registered nurse who digs gardening and cooking. The towheaded temptress often fantasizes about "masturbation in public with another boy or girl."

—Photo by Friend

Beaver Hunt



#6 Eva

Taking erotic self-portraits is just one of Eva's many talents. The 27-year-old Hamilton's shutterbug often finds herself "having threesomes and partying" in her spare time. Eva's deepest sexual desire is to "find a threesome every weekend with a different girl each time."

—Photo by Self

Riot, 21, from Moncton, NB clearly enjoys her toys. When not at work as a busy receptionist, the alabaster-skinned siren often finds herself "watching porn, going to see local bands and drinking." Riot dreams of someday "having a threesome with my husband and Tawny Roberts."

—Photo by Husband

Beaver Hunt



#7 Ashley

Ashley Horny Goddess, a bespectacled babe from Vancouver, BC, is a 39-year-old nude model by trade. Her number one hobby is playing with her vibrator, followed closely by riding her Harley-Davidson. This feisty gal longs to "fuck my pussy with a dildo in a traffic jam while men watch me."

—Photo by Girlfriend

Beaver Hunt



#8 Riot

Beaver Hunt



#9 Honey

A Nancy Sinatra aficionada from Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Honey, 25, is really just an old-fashioned girl at heart. The well-heeled cutie's interests include "cross-stitching and playing pool," and her carnal aspiration is to "have sex in front of a crowd."
—Photo by Friend

Beaver Hunt



#10 Camille

Camille, 22, is a digital imaging consultant from Toronto, Canada. When she's not formulating ideas for tattoo placement, Camille is consumed with other activities such as "listening to music, hanging with friends and going to the beach." The dark-haired diva's future plans include "getting together with another girl and fucking two guys at the same time."
—Photo by Friend

Beaver Hunt



#11 Jenn

A fun-loving housewife from Laval, Qc, Jenn is a big fan of "going shopping, dancing and hanging out with friends." Always ready to try new things, this gal's libidinal longings include "having sex with a woman and then watching my husband fuck her."
—Photo by Husband

Memoirs of Mimi

Meat Me in Morden



Whenever and wherever there's sexual havoc, you can be sure to find our lusty lady of libido. This month Hustler presents another horny adventure with Canada's favorite tart - Mimi, as she invades Manitoba with her usual brand of charm and hot sex.

Meat Me in Morden - another exciting boner-inducing sexperience!

Morden is not exactly the place where one goes, it's more like you end up there - which I did. I was sent one cold September day to cover a walk on behalf of a local charity. While that sort of thing doesn't seem to be such a big deal in Montreal or Vancouver, the small town of Morden takes it very seriously - as does my editor.

It was on this trek that I met a handsome young man by the name of Justin. From the moment I set my eyes up on the lovely vision of manhood, I fell deeply in lust with him.

We spent three wonderful days of lovemaking and more lovemaking; and in my more fanciful thoughts of fantasy, I think I would have married him if he had asked me. But that was not to be and we parted company.

But fate loves to toy with us all and

one evening, six months later, she made me her game.

"My pussy began to moisten at the very sight of his handsome face."

I was on a chat line, which I regularly monitored. I began to chat with a fellow whose handle was 'Greek God'. During our extensive conversation he mentioned he was from Morden. I began to suspect that my chat buddy was my lusty friend from Manitoba. Without revealing my identity, I asked him to send me his photo, which he promptly did. As sure as winter in Cold Lake, it was my dear Justin. My pussy began to moisten at the very sight of his handsome face.

Over the course of several weeks we continued our e-chat and, still not revealing who I really was, I agreed to fly to Morden to meet him.

I flew out on April 1st and I was as nervous as a schoolgirl. Would he be surprised? Would he still be interested in me romantically? The flight arrived at the small airport exactly on time - 12:30 - and I made my way to the luggage claim. As I scouted for my bag, I could see my

handsome stud standing by an exit door, looking around. He still had no idea of what I looked like. I told him to wear a red carnation so I could recognize him.

Quietly I crept up behind him until I was in arm's reach. Then, I lightly tapped him on the shoulders. When he turned around, the look of surprise that swept his face was priceless.

"Mimi!" he exclaimed with genuine surprise.

"April Fools," I said joyfully and gave him a big hug.

"I could, already, feel his stiff cock beneath his coat."

We remained in each other's embrace for several minutes and I could, already, feel his stiff cock beneath his coat. He was obviously glad to see me.

"You're a devil," he laughed as he pulled me away and looked at me. "But a very beautiful devil" he added.

It took several minutes for our luggage to emerge and retrieve it from the conveyor belt. Kevin couldn't

keep his hands off me.

"I want to take you, take you right here," he kept whispering in my ear.

I giggled and turned red.

Finally, with luggage in hand, we made our way to the parking garage.

"Sorry," he apologized. "I'm parked on the top floor, it was pretty busy."

We eventually found his car, which was parked in a dark remote part of the garage. No sooner did we get in, was he pawing me like a wild animal.

"I need to taste that delicious pussy of yours,"

"I need to taste that delicious pussy of yours," he begged.

"Well, let's hurry and get home, I'm just as horny," I replied.

Kevin pulled me closer to him and showered me with kisses.

"I want to eat your pussy now," he begged. "I need to taste your lovely honeyed cunny."

"But what if somebody comes?" I asked.

"The only one who's going to come, is you baby," he assured me as he lifted up my skirt and pulled down my pink silk underpants. Justin dived beneath my skirt, pushed my legs apart and began to tickle my taut clit with his warm moist tongue.

"Mmm," I cooed as I flung my head back against the headrest, "you do that sooo darned well."

Justin's skillful tongue found its way to my cooze hole and pushed itself inside me. My cunt just throbbed as he licked darting in and out of my hot juicy gash.

"That's it honey, eat my cunt, eat my cunt really good."

And good did not adequately describe his muff munching. Of all the guys that had eaten my honey pie, there was none better than Justin. With his artful tongue and nimble fingers, Justin could probably make even the most frigid man-hating dyke into a pile of messy orgasmic goo – he was just that fucking good!

Justin's tongue was magical as it toyed and played with me, bringing me closer and closer to a wonderful orgasm.

"Oooh, not so quick," I said, "I want it to last."

"Don't worry," he spoke up from between my legs, "there'll be lots more of this!"

As his tongue glided in and out of my juice pit I grabbed his head and pushed his handsome face into my twat.

"That's it, eat me sweetie, eat my horny cunt!" My pelvis began to rock back and forth, and slowly my orgasm began to take me over.

"My fucking gawd," I moaned with unbridled passion, "I'm coming baby, I'm fucking coming."

Justin then shoved three fingers into my hot box, jabbing them in and out like a pistoning cock. My cunny juice coated his hand and my cunt eagerly received his fat digits.

"Mmm, gawd, fuck man, fuck, fuck, fuck, I'm fucking coming baby, my fucking cunt is coming," I screamed, gritting my teeth.

"Yeah babe," he chuffed from beneath my legs, "I want you to come all over my face. I want your slit spray all over my fucking face!"

I spread my legs as far apart as possible, allowing him to shove all five fingers inside me. As he finger fucked my hot cunt, his lips found their way to my clit and put a tight lock on it.

"Suck my clit baby, suck my fucking gawdamn clit!"

"Suck it baby," I now screamed, not caring if anyone heard us. "Suck my clit baby, suck my fucking gawdamn clit!"

Suddenly I felt every muscle in my body tense, signaling my impending orgasm.

"I'm gonna cum," I leaned over and whispered in his ear. "I'm gonna blow."

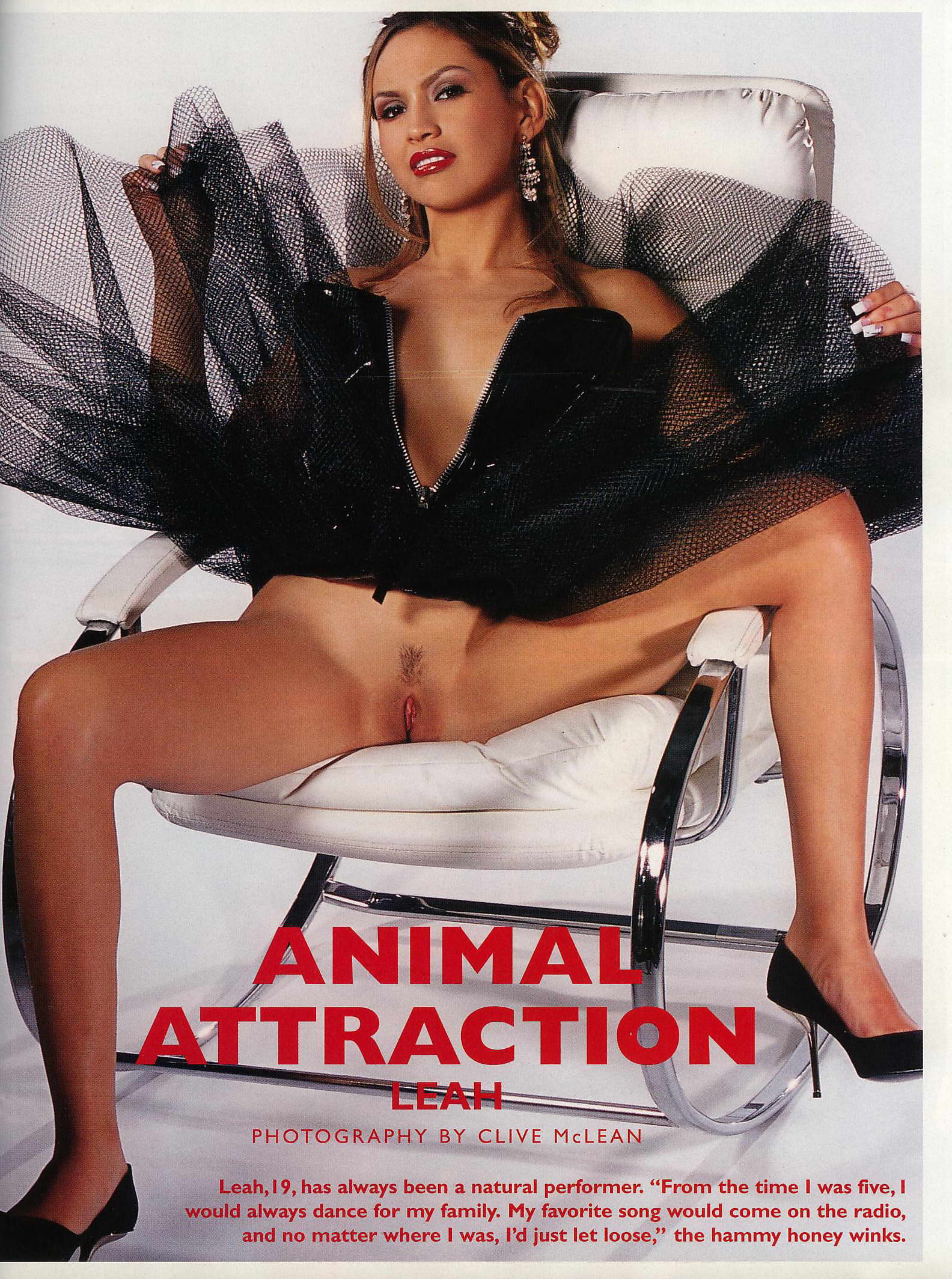
Justin did not say a word, nor did he miss a cunt-licking stroke. Several seconds later my love chalice overflowed with my cunt wine, which Justin gladly licked up. Wave after wave, my body shook with, what had to be, one of the best orgasms of my life.

When the tumultuous convulsions finally subside, I fell back limply upon the seat.

"That was fucking wonderful," I said weakly.

Justin sat up and smiled. "Wait 'till we get back to my place!"

More to cum!



ANIMAL ATTRACTION

LEAH

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CLIVE McLEAN

Leah, 19, has always been a natural performer. "From the time I was five, I would always dance for my family. My favorite song would come on the radio, and no matter where I was, I'd just let loose," the hammy honey winks.



The native New Yorker started studying dance at the age of seven and currently teaches ballet, tap, jazz and swing dancing to all ages. "I've taught 80-year-olds how to boogie," Leah laughs.

Now living in Honolulu, the limber Pisces enjoys the island nightlife, but wants to settle down eventually.





"One day, I want to have a big family with dogs, cats and horses," she grins.
"I haven't met the right man yet. Maybe I'll run into him at midnight when I skinny-dip on the beach. I just hope he doesn't mistake me for a shark." He just might; Leah looks like a man-eater to us.





HONEY HOOKER VISITS GIRLS GONE NUTS

WRITTEN AND DRAWN BY
NOEL ANDERSON

GOOD OLD TITS AND ASS! AS AMERICAN AS MOM, APPLE PIE AND ONLINE GAMBLING. AFTER ALL, WHO DOESN'T ENJOY THE VOYEURISTIC THRILL OF SOME JUICY COEDS FLASHING THEIR BOOBS IN THE MIDST OF A DRUNKEN STUPOR? OUR GIRL, HONEY, IS ABOUT TO FIND OUT, AS SHE ATTENDS A GIRLS GONE NUTS PARTY AND MEETS UP WITH THE FEW, THE PROUD...THE LITIGIOUS!



COME ON, HONEY! THIS IS GOING TO BE A LOT OF FUN! IT SAYS HERE THEY'RE LOOKING FOR YOUNG, UNINHIBITED GIRLS FOR A VIDEO SHOOT!

LAST TIME I ANSWERED AN AD LIKE THAT I WOKE UP WITH A BUNGHOLE THE SIZE OF THE LINCOLN TUNNEL, AND RON JEREMY WAS ASLEEP ON TOP OF ME!

IS THERE MAYBE SOMETHING ELSE I COULD SLIP INTO?

YEAH, MY BED!



WELCOME, SLUTS, ER...I MEAN LADIES! JUST LEAVE YOUR INHIBITIONS AT THE DOOR AND PREPARE TO BE PART OF A NATIONAL PHENOMENON!

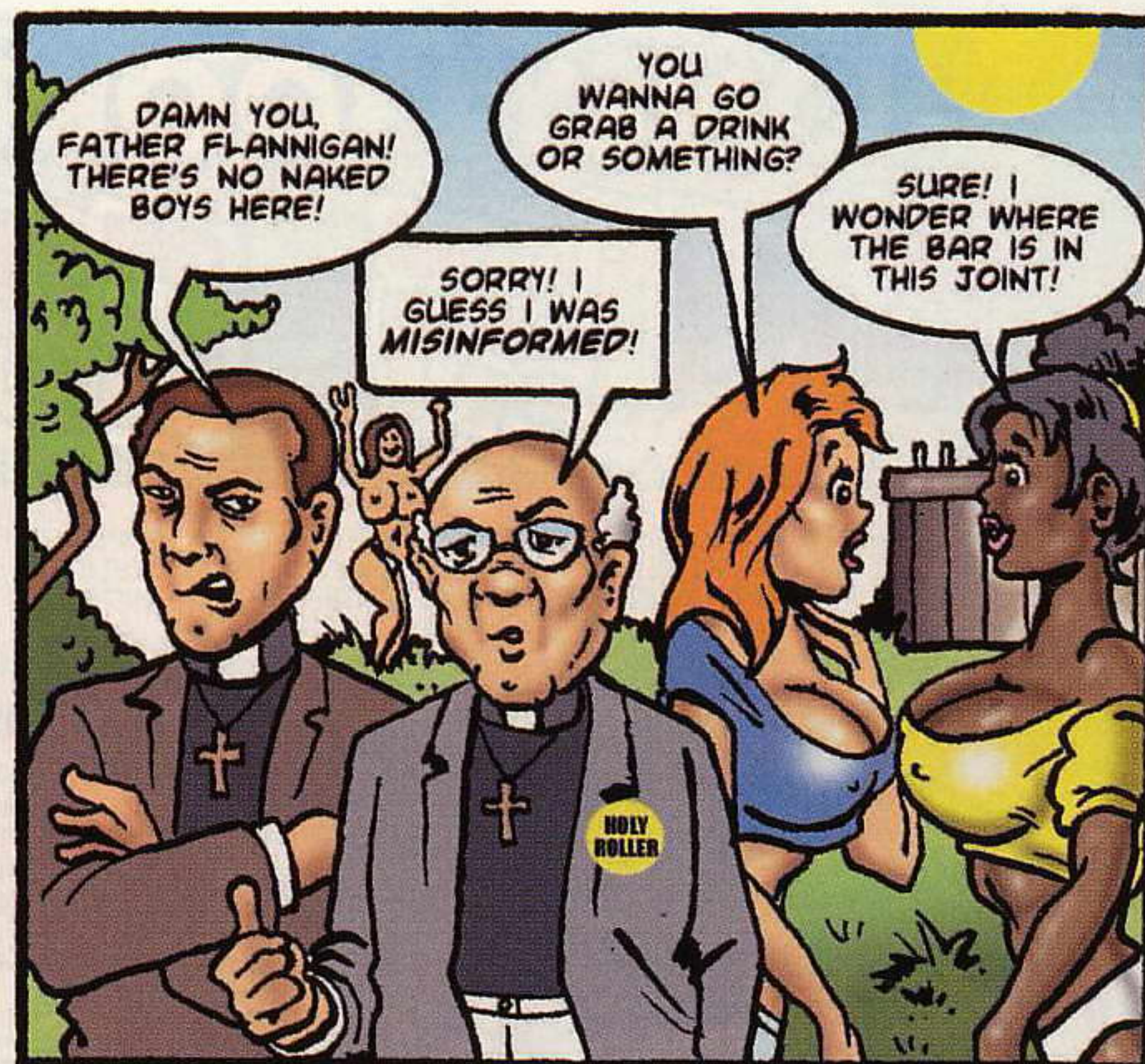
MARTHA STEWART?!

I'M AFRAID SO! I NEED FAST CASH, GIRLS! RIGHT NOW THERE'S A COUPLE OF PRISON DYKES SOMEWHERE THROWING DICE TO SEE WHO'LL BE FIRST TO RIDE MY FACE LIKE A ROWING MACHINE!

OOPS! WE THOUGHT THIS WAS WHERE WE COME TO BE OBJECTIFIED FOR A CHECK, FREE BOOZE AND A T-SHIRT!

SHOW YOUR TITS!

NO FAT CHICKS





Coming Next Month in **HUSTLER**

▶▶ **FALSE PROFIT**

God is big business and we've got the goods to prove it. Don't miss our **exclusive HUSTLER** exposé, False Profits - the real story behind Canada's holy rollers.

WHEN IS ENOUGH TOO MUCH ? ◀◀

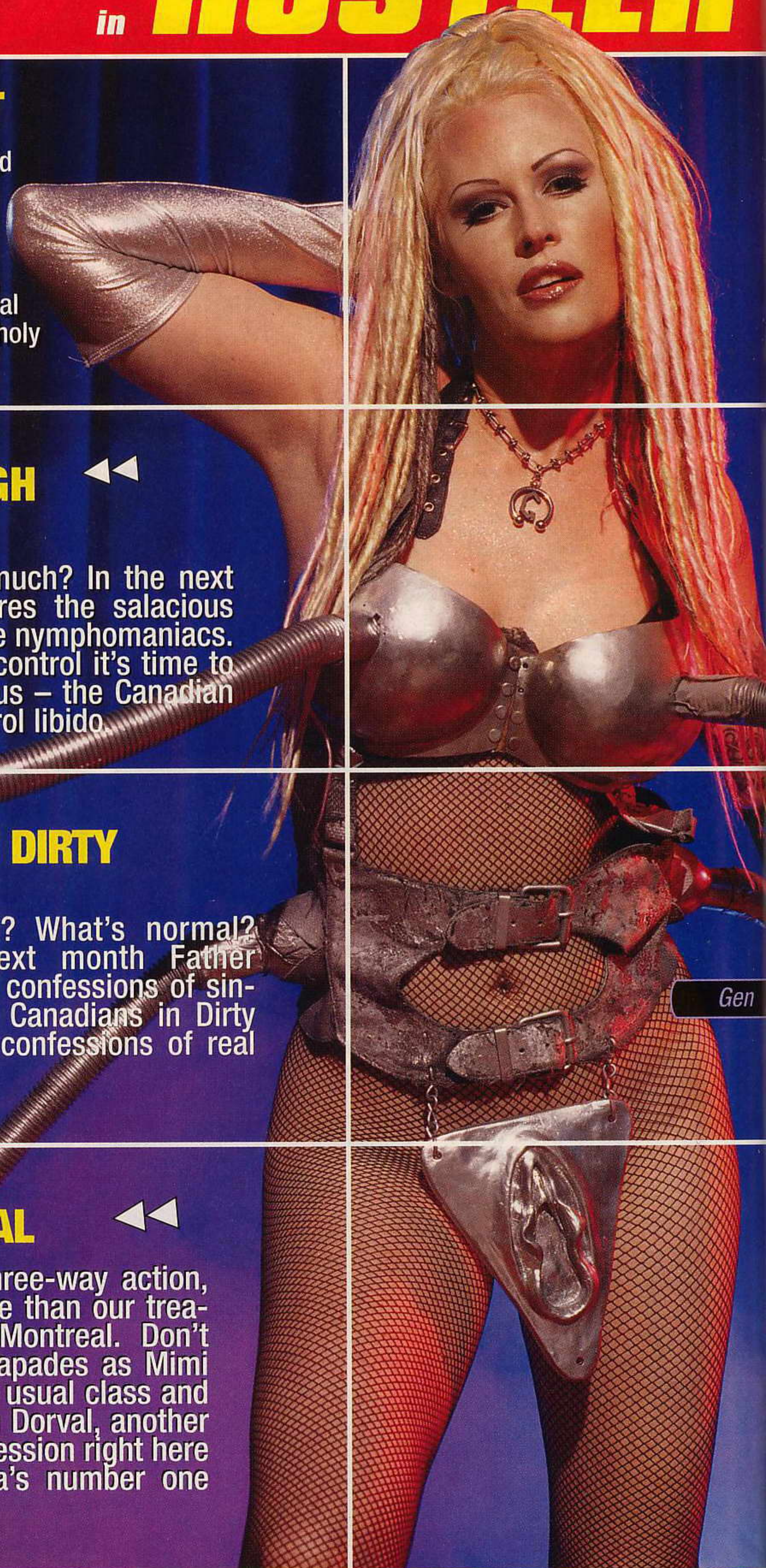
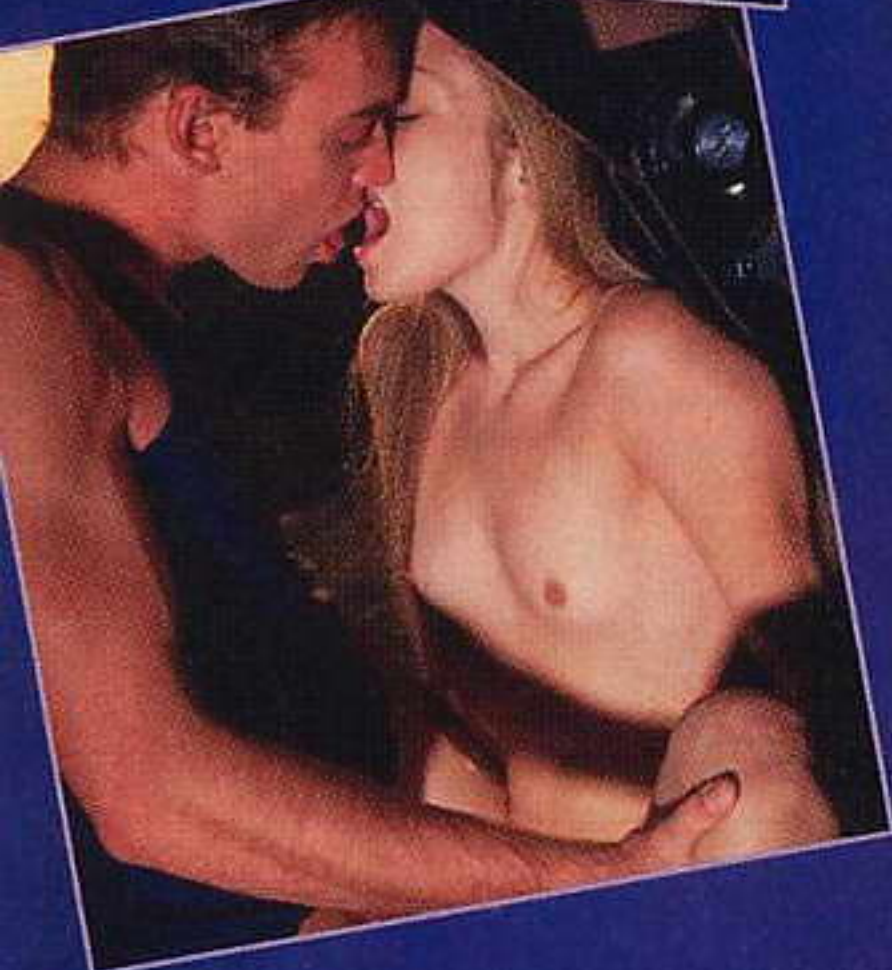
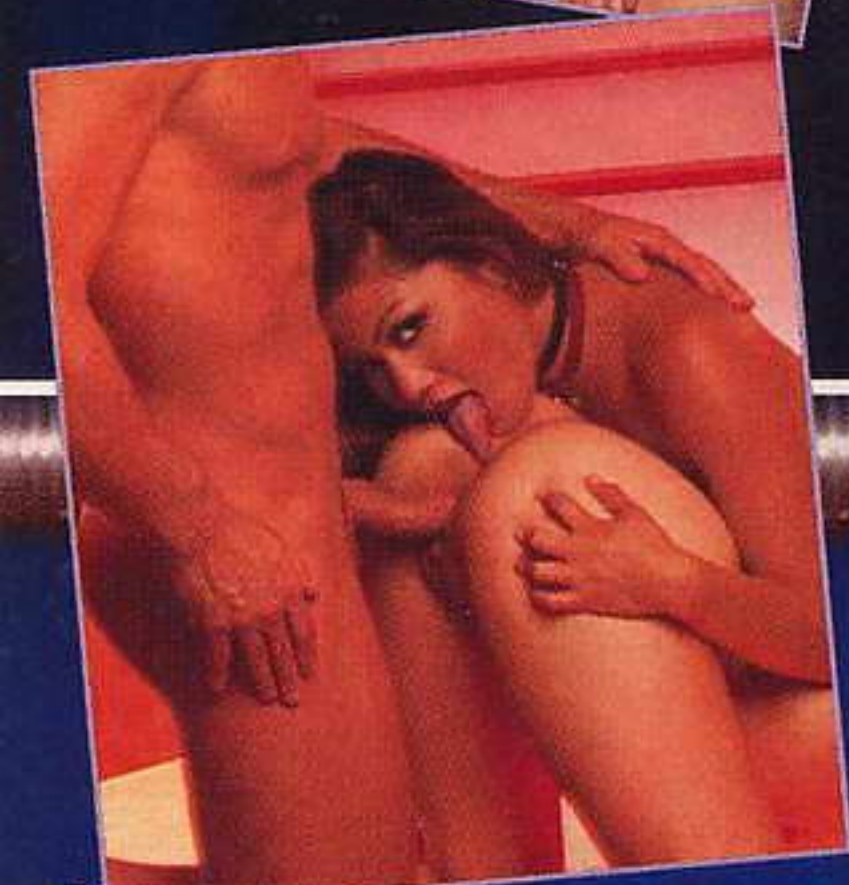
When is enough too much? In the next issue **HUSTLER** explores the salacious world of Canadian male nymphomaniacs. When sex gets out of control it's time to get Fucker's Anonymous - the Canadian solution to out-of-control libido.

▶▶ **CANADIANS IN DIRTY SECRETS**

What lies beneath? What's normal? Who's normal? Next month **Father HUSTLER** hears the confessions of sinfully horny average Canadians in Dirty Secrets - real sex confessions of real people.

DO ME IN DORVAL ◀◀

When it comes to three-way action, no one is into it more than our treasured trollop from Montreal. Don't miss the latest sexcapades as Mimi does Dorval with her usual class and finesse. It's Do Me in Dorval, another hot and heavy fuck session right here in **HUSTLER**, Canada's number one adult magazine.



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