-DC 63500 PTEMBER 1987 \$4.25 AMERICA'S MAGAZINE BARBARA **CASINO COOL** GUIDE TO GAMBLING BASICS **PICTORIAL TICKLING** HER FANCY HIDDEN FETISH RAUNCHY ROCK 'N' ROLL VIDEO JUNK MAIL FROM GOD



HUSTLER

VOLUME 14 NUMBER 3

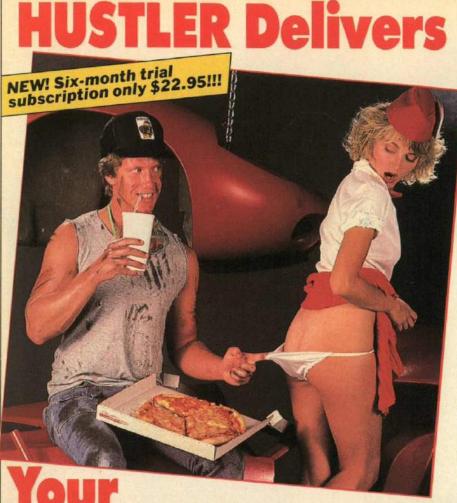
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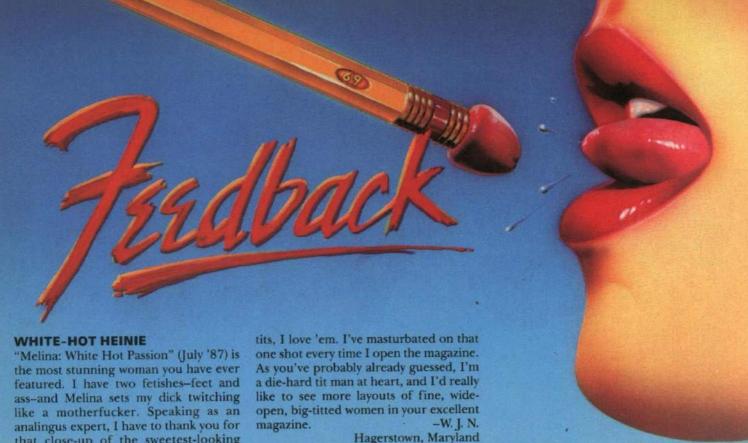
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Cover photo by James Baes



that close-up of the sweetest-looking asshole around. We foot freaks get ignored, but you've made millions happy with Melina's little face-rubbers. I would love to see Melina do hard-core, or even a layout like "Tropical Hotel" in that same issue. Also, the young ladies in your photo-article "Easy Pickups" were really fine. Every one of the July Beaver Hunt entrants was a cum-coaxing fox. I want to sell shoes to Lynn, wave smelling salts under Jasmane's nose and push my head between Sherrie's thighs to suck that pussy and asshole ragged. -M. M. New York, New York

I've been enjoying HUSTLER for close to 13 years, and I thought it was about time I told you so. I like the Asshole of the Month (you sure seem to have a nose for assholes), Erotic Entertainment reviews, HUSTLER Humor and Beaver Hunt, but my favorite features have got to be the pictures of the beautiful girls! Your photographers succeed in bringing out the beauty of each model. The latest example of this is your July '87 centerfold "Melina: White Hot Passion." The two photos preceding the centerfold were truly "white hot." Melina is one fabulous babe. What an incredible ass!

-Name Withheld Valparaiso, Indiana

TIT MAN AT HEART

I'm writing in reference to your Beaver Hunt layout in the July '87 HUSTLER. The 22-year-old airplane sander from Pevely, Missouri, who called herself M.R.B.-well, her tits, her humongous

LIKES OUR BALLS

When Larry Flynt took sick, the magazine still had excellent people on its staff, but the two-fisted, he-man articles against corruption disappeared, and your magazine became a wimp. I'm glad to see in the July '87 issue of HUSTLER that it has returned to its old form. I'm referring of course to your review of assholes headed by His Royal Asshole Ronald Regal-Ass Reagan.

—Name Withheld San Diego, California



Melina: White Hot Passion

VET VIEW

The article "Last Will and Testament of a Vietnam Vet" in the July '87 issue was really terrible. I am married to a Vietnam vet who has had nightmares. With a lot of love and patience, we have gotten rid of them. He talked, and I listened and comforted. My husband was also exposed to Agent Orange, and I had two difficult pregnancies. But my husband won't apply for any of the money that the vets have been awarded because of Agent Orange. He feels that he did his patriotic duty when he fought in the war. Vietnam vets are no worse off than our other vets. The difference is that a lot of the Vietnam vets want to sit around and feel sorry for themselves, instead of picking up the pieces and carrying on with their lives. The government was wrong in the way the war was handled, but we'd be better off learning from the mistakes. Bandera, Texas

Unfortunately, not everyone has your patience and your husband's strength of will; those who have genuine holdover effects of the war and don't have sympathetic helpmates have been ignored by the government that sent them, and the populace they fought for. It's too bad the Vietnam experience had to become a popular television theme before its forgotten vets got serious attention.

BEAVER, DAMN!

I am writing in reference to the *Beaver Hunt* section in the June '87 issue of HUSTLER. That picture of Cassiopia has

to win your HUSTLER Beaver Hunt contest hands down-or "cocks up," and in her case it's up high and rock-hard. I've been reading HUSTLER for many years, and the best part of your magazine is Beaver Hunt. I've seen hundreds of sexy hot tits and pussies; so I feel I know a winner when I see one. Those two tits of Cassiopia make me want to reach right through the pages just to feel them. They are so round and perfect and huge. They are the most perfect tits I've ever seen. Her nipples are so hard and inviting, you can actually hear them screaming at you to suck them. And just imagine that pussy-hot and sweet smelling, just drip--B. B. ping with juice.

Holly Hill, Florida

A MODEL ISSUE

The cover of the June '87 issue is just plain awesome, followed by the same dynamite brunette ("Rosanne Answers Her Calling") in the centerfold. "Jessica and Lauren" are two lovely ladies who really got me going. I must say that I have never seen anything like it before—two of the best-shaped bodies in the whole world. "Experiment in Pink" featured a gorgeous nurse, indeed. I knew right away that this lady was really having fun from the way that guy almost turned her inside-out. —R. H.

Cheneyville, Louisiana

MANEATER

At least eight out of every ten guys that you show in HUSTLER are very gorgeous and young. I would like to lick and kiss the bodies, dicks and balls of most of these guys. I would also like to eat their cum and have them fuck me up my ass. Most of the guys in HUSTLER could not rape me, even if they really thought that they were doing so. I do not even want money, drugs, liquor or anything to give most of the guys in your pictorials sexual relief. Two recent examples of young, gorgeous guys in HUSTLER include "The Making of Big Thumbs" in the May '87 issue and "Experiment in Pink" in the June '87 issue. -D. R.

Panama City, Florida

TOONED IN

I must say that the Sieron cartoon on page 82 of the June '87 HUSTLER was a most bizarre, outrageously funny one. Sieron is truly a genius. Not only did it lay out my roommate and I, but both of the bands we're with. In one case, it laid out an entire club on a Friday night. By all means, keep assaulting my conservative upbringing.

—Boneman

Los Angeles, California

LESBIAN WET DREAM

I thought I had seen some of the purest lesbian action I would ever see, but your April '87 issue with Careena Collins and Jamie Summers sure beat anything I had ever encountered. Those two girls were some of the pinkest and prettiest lesbians I have ever dreamed of seeing. —A. M. St. Johnsbury, Vermont

OUT OF AFRICA

While in Africa on assignment, I received a copy of your March '87 issue. HUS-TLER is illegal here, as is most good reading material. I was even more glad to get it, though, because HUSTLER Honey Penny Morgan is one of the most beautiful women in the world. I especially liked the picture on the cover, because she has the most beautiful face and eyes I have ever seen.

-A. R. M.

Angola, Africa

WE'RE NOT PLAYING

After seeing that lovely black babe, "Sondra," in your March '87 issue, I decided to compare that pictorial with those in *Players*, a monthly magazine especially for blacks. I was surprised when I discovered that your pictorial showed more pink between the legs than *Players*' three pictorials combined. You should come out with a magazine that places emphasis on blacks or minorities exclusively. In any case, HUSTLER is a fantastic magazine because of the quality as well as the quantity of models and articles. I hope you find more women like Sondra.

-J. W. Anniston, Alabama

CYCLE MANIAC

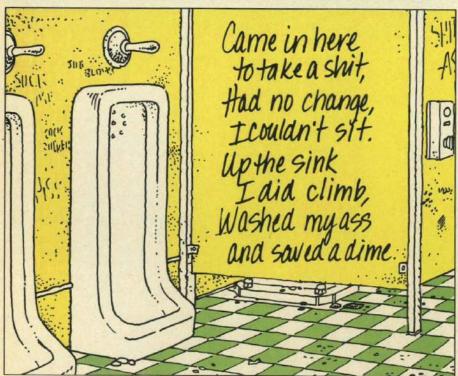
A few months back you came out with a magazine called HUSTLER Biker Special. I would like to tell you, it wasn't bad. Only two things you should change, and then come out every month. One is to get rid of the Jap bikes, and two is keep the faggot shit out. Remember, the motorcycle-riding public has the finest women alive.

-Rev. Reggie Ecorse, Michigan

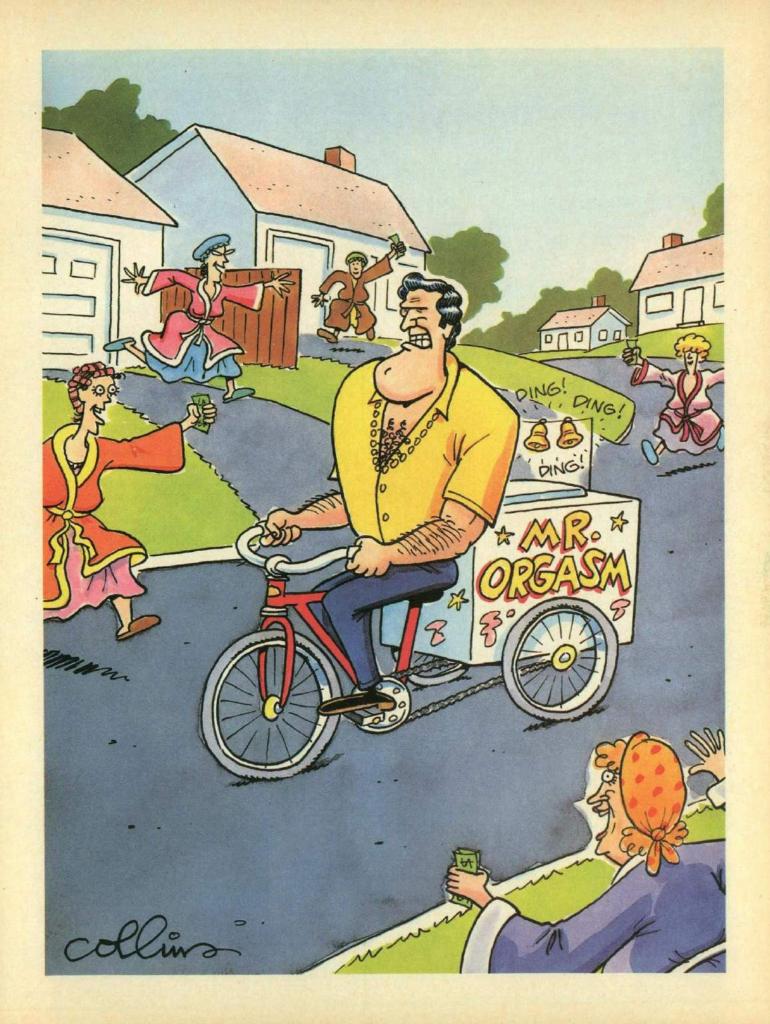
You won't find anything to complain about in SUPERCYCLE, but you'll find lots of solid information on customizing and restoring Harley-Davidsons; photos and reports on runs, rallies and Rev. Reggie's kind of guys and girls; a hot nude model and tit-shot contest; biker fiction; and a motorcycle centerfold for your garage wall. A 12-issue subscription is only \$23.00 from L.F.P., Inc., P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, CA 90067-0068.

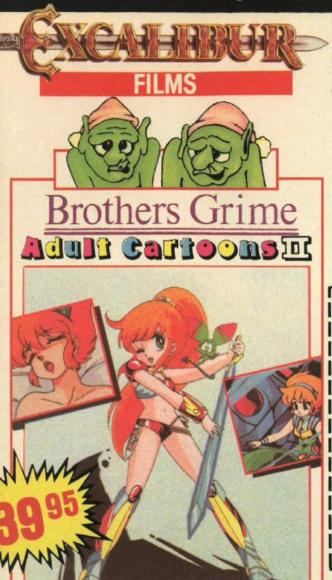
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TICKLED PINK

huck knew that Karen would eventually let him tie her to his bed and tickle her. He wore down the sexy redhead's resistance with his favorite techniques. Chuck suggested that she wouldn't be strong enough to handle the powerful sensations, coyly hinting that his crazy idea was a little too kinky for someone so "normal."

The 25-year-old nurse could not resist that kind

challenge.

"Karen agreed to being tied naked and spread-eagle," said Chuck, a 30-year-old commercial artist, "but the blindfold was a surprise. So were the two paintbrushes I retrieved from my workroom before straddling her slender torso.

"I started on the palms of her hands. Karen managed to give me the silent treatment until my stiff brushes reached her smooth underarms. That's when the giggles started.

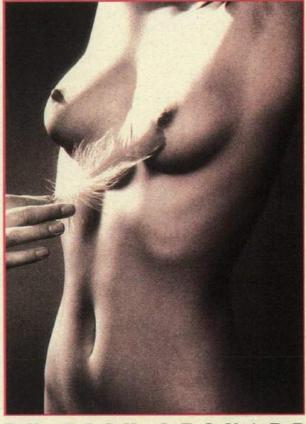
"Her laughter got wilder and wilder as I used her neck, sides

and breasts as my ticklish canvas. Circling her nipples with the brushes while I went back and forth, flicking the erect tips with my tongue, really made her writhe and squeal.

By the time I started in on her sensitive loins with slow strokes of the brushes, poor Karen was pleading for mercy. I let my tongue graze her crimson pubic hair for a long minute, then I put a stop to all the teasing.

"Her reaction was a classic example of how tickling drives women so crazy that they aren't sure what's happening. 'Don't you dare stop,' she screamed, 'not until I really mean it.' '

Erotic tickling has climbed quickly to the top of the fetish hit-parade because it's a great way for couples to jump-start their sex lives when the excitement level drops, while satisfying some of their darker fantasies in a playful way.



LEONARD BY RICK

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

Entrepreneurs in the adult marketplace have been rushing to meet the new demand for material. A Dallas operation called Feathertime Audio (P.O. box 819058, Dallas, TX 75381) can barely keep up with orders for its cassette tapes of wild tickling sessions. And the video production unit at Nu Vue (4391 Sunset Blvd., Suite 233, Hollywood, CA 9002) is busily churning out custom tickling videos shot from scripts sent in by customers.

The reason for this popularity is that turning a lover into a helpless victim of your relentless, tickling fingers allows you to enjoy the intoxicating exhilaration of total dominance, without inflicting any pain. It can also keep your partner at a fever pitch of arousal for an excruciatingly long time before paying off with a powerful orgasm.

The ancient Chinese used tickling as a subtle form of torture. Nomadic Tartar tribes took their methods to Russia and the Middle East where the sexual

potential was recognized and promoted.

The extended foreplay techniques developed in the bedrooms of Czarist noblewomen and Arabian harems are no longer reserved for royalty. Today, a growing number of couples prize erotic tickling as a hot, sexual spice to be used whenever routine begins to replace passion on their bedroom menu, or as a safety valve to relieve the frustrations and unvoiced anger that can build up and destroy even the best relationships.

Because tickling sensations walk a thin line between between pain and pleasure, bondage is needed to keep a flailing partner still long enough to enjoy the explosive orgasms that result when more traditional foreplay is mixed with the teasing.

Unlike some bondage fanatics, ticklers take great pains to make certain their partners are tied in comfort. A bed or other cushioned surface is the best tickling site. Anchoring a woman spreadeagle to the four bedposts is popular, because it leaves her body's most sensitive areas unprotected. Soft rope, leather straps or old neckties make the best binding material. Twine, wire or handcuffs too often chew up a struggling captive's skin.

Carl, a Baltimore carpenter, had to develop more elaborate restraints for his wife, Sarah, a 6-foot-tall brunette. The 26-year-old aerobics teacher is so strongand so ticklish—that her violent struggles nearly destroyed their bed.

"I used scrap lumber to make a set of stocks that mount on our basement pool table and hold her ankles together," Carl said. "A leather harness around Sarah's waist keeps her arms pinned to her sides and also holds her battery-powered vibrator in place between her legs.

"As soon as I start twirling my stiff, red feather in front of her naked soles, Sarah begs me not to tickle her. 'You'll drive me nuts,' she whines in a submissive voice. My wife's desperate, imploring tone is a real turn-on because it's out of character.

"Hearing the big Amazon plead for mercy makes my meat hard as a rock. I work those helpless arches over with slow strokes of the feather until she's howling with laughter. Pillows placed along the length of the pool table keep Sarah from hurting herself as she thrashes about wildly.

"When I start dribbling honey on her toes and licking it off, Sarah goes berserk. I finally turn on the vibrator once she slips into full-blown hysteria.

"While the rapid-fire orgasms shake her frame, I slide my iron organ between her saliva-slick soles and pump until I erupt like a human volcano."

There are countless ways to tickle your woman's fancy. The best tools are literally right at your fingertips, but dozens of common items like feathers, silk scarves, clothes brushes, combs, hair brushes, fur, and ballpoint pens work well to vary the sensations.

Fantasy scenarios can make these sensuous sessions even more arousing. Tickling inserted into S/M situations in place of whips and hot wax allows lovers to explore the full range of dominant and submissive urges without the need for extra health insurance.

Gary, a suburban Chicago cop, gets off on playing the part of a CIA agent interrogating a sexy terrorist who has planted a time bomb in the Sears Tower. His wife plays his victim.

"Pam sets an alarm clock to go off in 20

minutes and hides it in the bedroom," Gary said. "I show up, then order her to strip when she refuses to talk. Later, I tie her facedown on our bed while she insults me. That defiant attitude changes quickly.

"I usually have to tickle the sexy spy until she's nearly incoherent before she'll reveal the location of the 'bomb'. After I've disarmed it, I collect my reward. Depending on my mood, I'll either fuck her hot box or grease up my rod and plunge it into her tight ass. And I keep tickling her ribs until I come.

"She tries like hell to hold out, knowing that I have to become her sex slave for the rest of the night if the alarm goes off before she talks. I'm a merciless interrogator because I'm well aware of what's in store when Pam ties me to our bed. She likes to tickle and tease me for at least an hour, giving me rest breaks so she can sit on my chest and masturbate with her pussy a few inches from my face. Not being able to get my tongue or cock between her legs when she's fingering herself drives me as wild as the tickling."

Gary's willingness to play a submissive role is an example many men follow in order to convince reluctant lovers to give erotic tickling a try. No woman with even the vaguest dreams of dominance will be able to pass up a chance to tease a helpless male into a frenzy.

Ryan, a Minneapolis law student, convinced a sexy, Japanese coed to try tickling by giving her first crack at him. Denise enjoyed making him writhe so much that she kept him tied to her bed until her roommate, Cheryl, came home.

"They made a very effective team," Ryan said. "One would make me crazy by running her nails all over my thighs and loins while the other sat on my face and made me eat her between giggles. I might've passed out from exhaustion except for my frustration over the fact that neither of them would touch my tool.

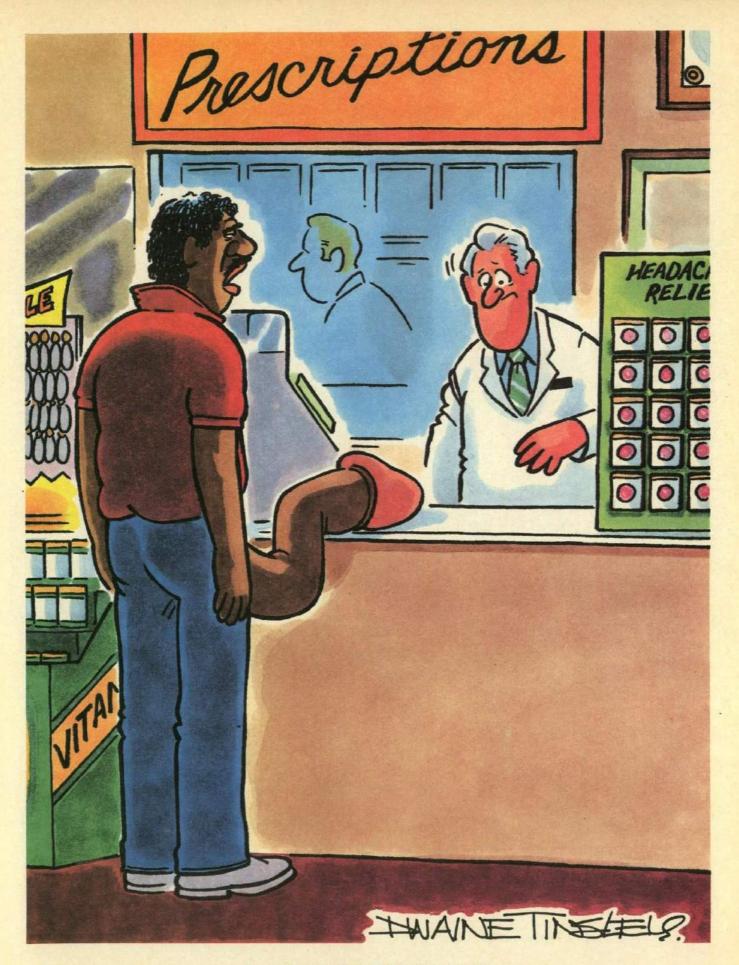
"The evening did have a happy ending for all of us though," Ryan added. "When my turn came, I tied Denise to the bed with her head at the end and Cheryl on top with her feet anchored next to her roommate's cheeks. After putting them through a half-hour of stereo hysteria, I finished by writing my name over and over on Cheryl's squirming soles with my pen while Denise sucked on my cock."

Such wild scenes do occur with casual acquaintances, but erotic tickling is most often practiced by couples who've been together long enough to develop mutual trust and empathy. For them, it's a simple and effective way to rekindle passion that has been dulled by routine and leave a loving partner tickled pink.

Polish children at play...

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SEPTEMBER HUSTLER



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SPRING BREAK BOFF

It's spring break, and here I sit in my Miami hotel room, my redheaded, raw cooze aching from an all-night stuff-and-swallow routine we performed here last night. I think I've schtupped and sucked half the men at U of M.

Last night my boyfriend, Bill, and I went to a party in one of the rooms at a big hotel. While plying me with motion lotion all night, Bill would whisper in my ear what he was planning on doing to my naughty body later that evening.

"First, I'm going to fuck you real slow, Kathy. Then you're going to suck my cock nice and easy so that I can get hard again and fuck your cute little ass." Bill's horny harbinger was having its desired effect, for I couldn't wait to get ahold of his big hose and drown in dork juice.

After my fifth trip to the haha-punch bowl, I was ready to go, and before I knew it, I had one dick between my digits and another one sawing at my sex. The rutting at my rear I recognized, for it was Bill boffing my box; but the frank I was fondling was a stranger's.

"This is my buddy Stan. He's a Polack from Pittsburgh." Now, at least I knew whose hose I had.

"Glad to meet you, Stan," I quipped, before taking his Polish kielbasa between my lips. Stan's beef was smaller than most of the meat I deal with, but my oral attention made it swell nicely.

Jiggling his nuts had the desired effect, but Stan refused to release my head, forcing me to take his Steel-City spunk down my throat. I wanted a break from swallowing semen, but two other guys and a knockout beach babe entered our room.

One of the guys had a camera, capitalizing on the opportunity to fire off a few candid snaps of me stuffed to the gills with jizz. Before long, I was rubbing uglies with the two other strangers, but we all became acquainted with each other's privates in no time.

The two male newcomers-Rick and Joe-quickly put their pricks to good use.

Rick stuck his rod in my mouth while Joe's joint jabbed my jewels. Joe swung a real horsecock. I had never felt such a womb-reaching rut. I was on my knees as Joe's hairy sac bounced delightfully on my clit.

Nancy-the beach bimbo-was really getting turned-on by all the action going on around her. On her back, she slid underneath me in order to get at my tits, which swayed and gyrated in rhythm to Joe and Rick's plunging. This was great. I



had a hard nine plowing my pussy, a nice fat cock to chomp on, and an outrageous blonde sucking and nibbling my knockers. I didn't want this to ever stop.

Rick's prick was the first to erupt, spewing love lava down my throat and across my face. The object of my fellating made a point of dabbing my features with his flute so that I could enjoy every last drop of dork cream.

When Nancy noticed Rick's recent ejaculation, she leapt up, as if catapulted by an all-encompassing worship of cum, and hungrily devoured what I hadn't swallowed; then she licked the remaining drops off of my face. All through this frenzied foursome Bill was nowhere to be seen, but when Nancy got up on all fours

to kiss me, I saw my beau grab the blonde's ass cheeks and give her the old bump-and-grind.

Those two were off and running, and she was so hot, throwing her head and blond locks to and fro. We continued to lick and tongue each other as I wantonly watched my good-looking guy gore this giddy stewardess. Time seemed to stop, and if someone would have asked me what my last name was at that point, I wouldn't have been able to recall it. Everything around me was steamy, no-holds-barred sex.

Joe continued to flail away at my flaps; pulling his heavy-duty dork almost all the way out, then cramming my cunt so full of fuckstick, I'd lose my breath gasping. After what seemed like an erotic eternity, Joe's jackhammer finally fired, twitching wildly, propelling ropy rod ringlets into my hatchet gash.

As soon as Joe was spent, I looked back to see Stan and Rick spreading my globes in order to get at my asshole. The two horndogs greased my shitter so that my boyfriend Bill-who left Nancy dizzy and filled with sperm-could take my tuchas.

It took Nancy a moment or three to get back in the groove; I had a suspicion that this was her first group scene, but she was about to earn her wings with the next sex pile.

Aggressively taking command of the situation, I ordered Nancy to get under me in 69 fashion—which she did—as Billy boffed my bowels. The sexy stewardess serviced my snatch nicely, swabbing my swollen clit with her torrid tongue, eagerly eating my taco as well as any leftover hot sauce.

As Billy was busy injecting my intestines, I looked up from Nancy's nookie to see Stan and Rick choking their chickens to our 69. Rick's trophy-size lunker looked too good to be true; so rather than letting him spill his spunk on the bedspread, I took it in my mouth.

Stan-not wanting to be left outpositioned himself so that he could easily enter Nancy's cute quim. I raised my head, glanced over at the mirror hanging

HOT LETTERS

Rick took hold of his twitching tool and shot a few globs on my face, smearing the final spurts on my sponge cakes.

above the dresser drawer, and saw this fantastic fuck-and-suck machine hitting on all cylinders. It looked great: arms, legs, heads and pelvises moving in tandem-as if all these cocks and cunts were controlled by a cooze computer.

I was knocked back to reality by a throaty grunt at my rear as Billy blew his top, shooting his schwanz sap raucously into the recesses of my rectum. A few minutes later Rick popped. But instead of allowing me the treat of swallowing his steak sauce, Rick took hold of his twitching tool and shot a few globs on my face, smearing the final spurts on my spongecakes.

Now, the only member of the foursome still going strong was little Nancy. I was able to concentrate what remaining erotic energy I had into my lower quarters, smashing and mashing my muff into the raunchy blonde's face.

This must have been a great scene to view, for the four guys all stood back and

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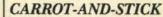
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stroked their collective stuff as Nancy ate my hootch until I shuddered with a bodywracking orgasm.

The grand finale took place about 15 minutes later. Billy positioned Nancy and I on our hands and knees so that we could both take cocks in our cunts and asses simultaneously. Little Nancy was begging for mercy when Joe of horsedick fame entered her wrinkled pink posterior. I talked her through it though.

The fuck party went on all night; we have the pictures to prove it. As a matter of fact, Nancy is sucking my sore snatch and licking my super-stretched-out anus while I'm sitting here spread-eagled on a chair, composing this letter. Now, it's my turn to return the favor; so I'll have to go now and bury my tongue in some pussy and asshole. -K.M.

Coral Gables, Florida



Before I begin my letter, I want to say a few things. Number one, me and all my classmates read HUSTLER every month-we all agree that your magazine has the best goods to offer any reader.

Secondly, this is not the only account of an incident like the one you're about to read: My buddies and I want everyone to know that there is more to do in kitchens than just bake. The following is a true story, but the names have been changed to keep people guessing.

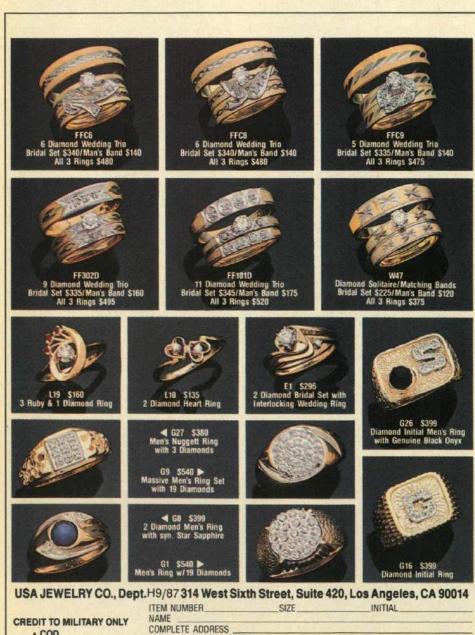
I'm an 18-year-old student, attending Johnson and Wales College (a cooking school for fuck-ups) in Rhode Island. I recently had an experience with a female chef that I think rates in the HUSTLER league. Molly and I were in the kitchen doing more than mere cooking.

The two of us were alone, occupying ourselves with nothing too serious, when Molly bent over her desk to take a gander at my grades. When she did, I couldn't help but notice her plump ass. Molly uttered, "You could be doing a little better," as I stared at her bodacious tatas. The tips of Molly's nipples were ripping through her apron. Molly asked what I would do for an "A" in the class.

I cooly replied, "Whatever it takes, whatever you want."

Molly was hotter than the ovens. First. she ordered me to undress-I did as commanded, while watching Molly strip just as quickly as I had. My dick was hard and throbbing, for it had been quite a sexual dry spell for me during the last six months. We both eyed each others' bodies for a moment or two, before reaching for and moving toward the other's nude

Molly's juices had already begun to flow, telling me that she was as hot and



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HOT LETTERS

Molly squirmed and howled with delight when I pushed the orange vegetable deeper in her dirt chute.

bothered as I was. I looked around the room for an out-of-the-ordinary sexual aid to get the kink ball rolling. I found some carrots on another table, then returned to our cooking area. Molly moved toward me, squeezing and rubbing her rib balloons as she approached.

Knowing it had been such a long time between boffs, I reasoned that opening with the carrot-and-stick approach would help delay my early dork gusher. As Molly came closer, I reached behind her, shoving the long, thin carrot up her crapper. Molly squirmed and howled with delight when I pushed the orange vegetable deeper in her dirt chute.

Molly then descended to her knees, taking my rolling pin between her lips. The carrot held its ground as Molly licked the generous underside of my spatula. As I watched Molly lick and suck my shaft, I worked the carrot in and out of her asshole. Molly's lips and tongue circled my club, then swallowed the whole enchilada down to my pubic hair.

Within minutes I was yelling, "I'm coming! Here it comes, you kitchen slut!" Molly backed off, giving me the chance to blow my cock wad all over her prim and proper Northeastern features.

I then shoved my member back in Molly's mouth, blowing the final few hefty shots down this WASP's throat. "I never tasted cum like that before. That was delicious," Molly cooed while licking the raunchy remains off of her lips and chin. Those choice words made my manhood hard again, and I thought I might blow again just watching this sexy bitch consume my cream.

Laying Molly on the floor, I began kissing and caressing her quivering cones. Her nipples were like small rocks-volcanic rocks, ready to erupt. Groaning with intense arousal, I went down on Molly's muff, completely forgetting the carrot still lodged in her ass.

Reaching around Molly's flaring hips, I grabbed the carrot and started to pull it out. "Stop. Leave it in," Molly breathed. I obliged her. As my tongue ripped through that blond bush, I discovered how delicious Molly's own secret sauce was. Her pussy tasted better than any of the spices we could have found in the kitchen. Nipping at the end of Molly's sex lips was difficult because of the carrot; so I explained that I was taking it out. She gasped as I pulled it out slowly, twisting and turning it to her undulations. I replaced the carrot with two fingers, bringing a hearty growl from Molly's lips.

My cooking partner's clit was fully erect, standing proud—I responded by giving my best tongue salute. Nibbling and sucking, then shoving my tongue deep into Molly's folds, I brought her to a utensil-shaking orgasm. "More, more, I'm going to fucking explode," the co-ed cried. I was hoping she would.

With my fingers in her ass and my tongue in her hootch, Molly kicked, shook, quaked and enveloped me with her legs, urging me to lick and lap until there was no jewel-juice left.

With about ten hairs lodged between my teeth and creme de Molly dripping down my nose, I stood up, giving my seven inches a chance to stretch. Chef Molly stood up also, taking full notice of the throbbing blue-veiner poking her in the stomach.

Molly said that my effort was worth a "B." I told her I wanted an "A." I then proceeded to bend Molly over the kitchen table, laying my log at the entrance to her pink poop chute. "Come in my ass, you big dork. Come in my nice, snug anus, you crude, foul—"

That was all the humiliating inspiration

I needed. I was more than happy to service this upturned-nose, society-conscious cow-but at my speed. First, I lined up my love muscle with the lips of Molly's cunt, teasing and taunting her taco, then I slipped in two or three inches at a time. Molly was screaming for me to fuck her as I teased her with my playful probes.

She wrapped her legs around my midsection, urging me to thrust. Instead of providing Molly with the fudgepacking she screamed for, I turned her over and entered her pussy with one headlong plunge. Her ivory-white ass was thumping the floor as she yelled, "Harder, harder. Oh, please." I stretched every inch of her simmering honeypot with fast, quick strokes. A moment later I exploded in Molly's quiche, bringing her to orgasm again.

By that point, we were both exhausted. It was late, and the next class would be entering soon. Needless to say, we both enjoyed that experience in cooking class. I worked hard for the "A," and I deserved it

In closing, I would like to say to Chef
Molly: Thanks, I've never had a meal like
that before. -The J.W. Kitchen Stud
Providence, Rhode Island

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ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

For wiping himself on the Justice Department with his fascist attacks on civil liberties and his protection of financial chums, Attorney General Edwin Meese III is Asshole of the Month.

Another mediocre manager with a moth-eaten memory from Reagan's rectal brigade, Meese has taken a hard line with the administration's ideological adversaries, while dragging his feet on investigations of special interests. As not only a Cabinet member, but the nation's lawenforcement chief, this mental midget has a duty to citizens to stay above reproach, let alone out of criminal and ethical investigations. He's the first Attorney General since a 1978 ethics act to be investigated by his own department.

Confirmation hearings for this bungblister raised serious questions of proprietygovernment jobs in return for financial favors; an Army reserve transfer and promo-

Edwin Meese III



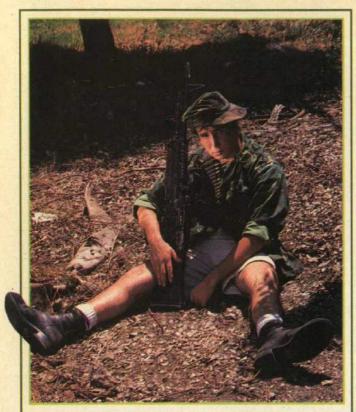
tion. Once in office, his department delayed seeking a federal indictment against Teamsters boss Jackie Presser. More recently, Meese was accused of impeding an investigation of a Department crony, and stonewalling an FBI Iranscam probe.

Meese's tendency to assume a bent, spread-cheeked posture for his pals seems to have taken a new twist with the Wedtech scandal. Even we doubt that Meese was criminally involved in the federal contracts bribery scheme; however, we don't buy the original Meese's pieces of bullshit that he knew nothing about Wedtech. Not only does the current probe include Meese's friends, advisers and former Department deputies, but the top persecutor-under fire-confessed to receiving a series of Wedtech memos.

Typical of right-wing fanatics who think laws were not written for them to obey, but for them to use to bully others, deadhead Ed developed the mass-arrest and crowdsurveillance techniques used on '60s protesters, back when he saw the Free Speech Movement as a threat to society. He called the ACLU a "criminal's lobby." The man who said that a traffic violator is a "murderer" faced arrest in Los Angeles for failure to pay a traffic ticket.

Naturally, self-serving, short-term puppets of conservative moneygrubbers use smokescreens like kangaroo commissions on pornography to distract the public while dirty business goes on. Sooner or later-sadly, it's later-their stench belches to the surface. We need a strong wind of change to clear the air of drizzling shitholes like Edwin Meese III.

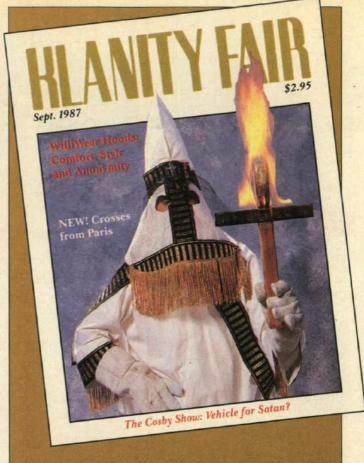




Adopt-A-Contra

ittle Miguel hasn't killed any women or children this week ... and he might not next week either. Unless you help. Your contribution ensures that Third World sadists get all the ammunition they need. In return, little Miguel will send letters about early morning raids on peasant

villages and, who knows, maybe even the ears of a victim. You might watch Miguel grow up to be a bloodthirsty capitalist dictator. The choice is yours—to give generously, or let the dominoes fall where they may. But if you choose not to donate, we hope you never have to explain yourself to Miguel.

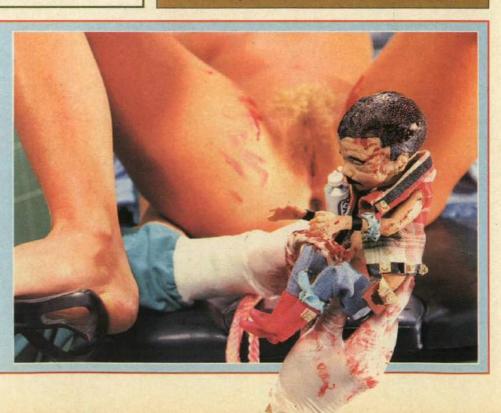


FAIR COMMENT

In these days of creeping liberalism, it's getting harder and harder for the fashion-conscious White Supremist to make the proper statement. That's why there's *Klanity Fair*, the magazine that gives you the lowdown on everything from designer sheets to necktie parties. No Imperial Wizard should be without his own subscription.

Fruit of Your Labor

ecent evidence indicates that homosexuality may actually be determined in the womb. We were skeptical at first, but this exclusive photograph, taken at the newly established Liberace Wing of San Francisco Hospital, would seem to provide conclusive proof.



Moonlighting Editor



USTLER's Lonn Friend has been searching in the strangest places lately for Bits & Pieces ideas. Having recently celebrated his fifth anniversary with Larry Flynt Publications, he admits that coming up with rude, crude, insulting, offending, outlandishly hilarious tidbits of visual wit isn't quite as easy as it used to be. "Today's comic audience is very sophisticated," says Friend. "It's just not enough to be tongue 'n' cheek anymore. A humorist in the '80s must strive for slick, upscale, overtly clever material. Our readers deserve nothing less. By the way, did you hear the one about the minister and the pit bull?"

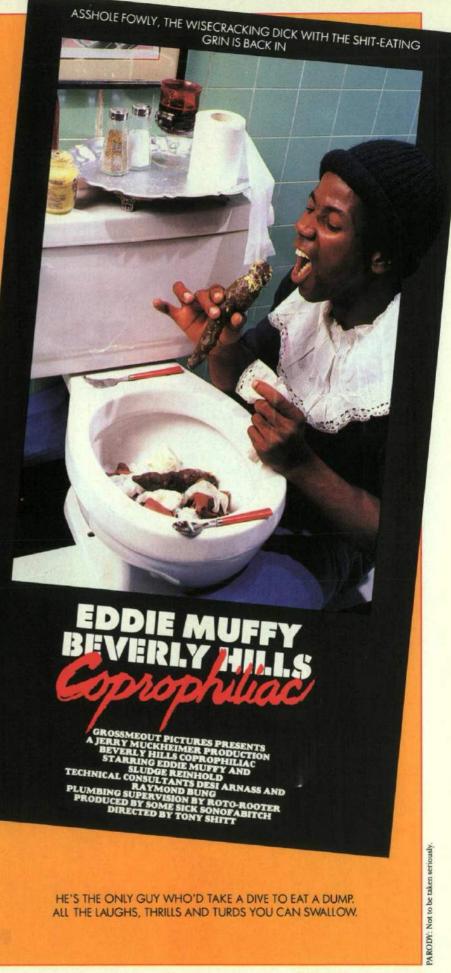




to make a statement, and a picture is worth a thousand

words. In the interest of staying

alive, isn't it time that old back door was closed for good?





Smut Spectacular

f you haven't gotten enough skin and sin from HUSTLER this month, pick up the September issue of our sister publication, CHIC. It's an all-porn, star-studded XXXtravaganza devoted entirely to an industry that we all know and love: the adult-cinema biz. In addition to the sizzling Amber Lynn/Tracey Adams lipsmacking lesbo pictorial, there's a fascinating expose on "The Changing Lens of Porn," an interview with a sleaze-loving feminist, plus page after page of porn's prettiest pink. Yummm!

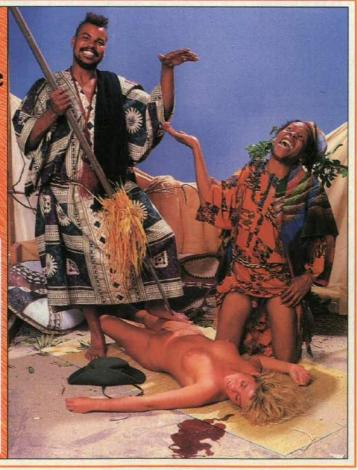


When The Going Gets Tough, The Tough O.D.

i, I'm Robert McFarlane, former National Security Advisor. Whether I'm being grilled by a Senate subcommittee or delivering cakes to Tehran, I don't get stressed out. I take Valium. If it works for me, imagaine how easy it will be for you to cope with your petty problems."

The Peace Corpse

ell, no-body ever said it was going to be easy trying to establish a cheerleading camp deep in the jungles of Mgumbozowie. But somebody's got to try. Remember, it just may be the last job you'll ever love.





Two-Fisted Foxes

f you've got a taste for beautiful women and contact sports, Foxy Boxing should be just your speed. Knock Outs All Girl Boxing Revue in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida, features a regular line-up of gorgeous gals pummeling each other senseless. Move over Sugar Ray, and make room for Sugar Lips.



* * Sex News Bits Final

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September 1987

Stiff Competition

Palo Alto, California-At long last the results are in from Stanford University's "rate the condoms" contest, sponsored by the school's AIDS education project. Awards for "Best Feel," "Best Looking" and "Best Taste and Smell" were all copped by those ingenious folks at Fuji Latex for their "Yamabuki Number One." Fuji Latex also landed "Most Versatile-Formalwear to Swimwear" for their "Blacky" condom. However, not all the top honors went to the Japanese. New Jersey's "Gold Circle" brand was selected "Best Overall" and received special mention for its convenient packaging "that can be opened using only one hand."

Naked Adoration

Bangalore, India-The authorities have finally gotten serious about enforcing the ban on nude worship, first declared in 1966. Every year on March 8th and 9th, thousands of worshipers have flocked

from Bangalore to the Renukamba temple in the state of Karnataka to worship nude during this annual rite. This year, however, police kept 3,000 residents of the village indoors and put up roadblocks to prevent access to the temple. This new vigilance is apparently the result of a clash last year between the nudists and opponents of nude worship. The protesters attempted to forcibly dress the worshippers, but were instead stripped themselves, along with several policemen and journalists.

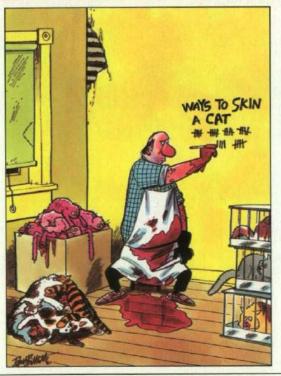
A Comedy of Errors

Bielefield, West Germany-Our award for "Most Creative Way to Cheat on Your Husband" has to go to Sigrid Meyer, who managed to slip away for a weekend with her lover by getting her twin sister, Ulla, to stay at home with her husband, Gert. Sigrid's hubby spent most of the weekend watching soccer on TV; so the switch might have gone completely unnoticed



Thought we'd share a little "artistic" smut with you Inougat we a stare a time artistic simile with you for a change, if you'd like to share any with us, send it to "Porn from the Pust", HUSTLER Magazine, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. We'll pay \$150 for any photo used. Please enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the stuff back.

Most Tasteless Cartoon



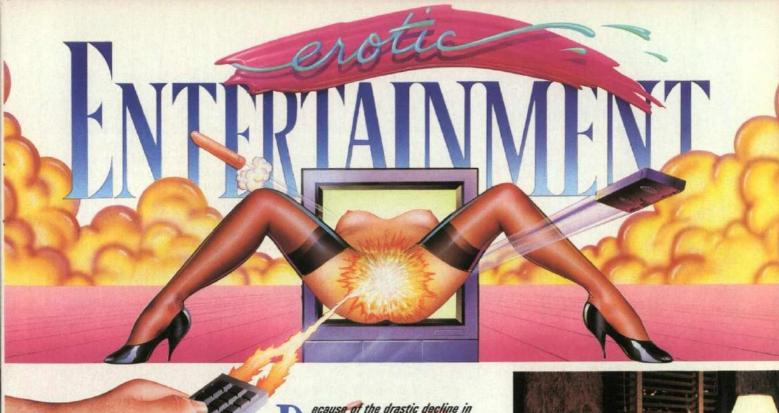
had Ulla's own husband not come around looking for her. Gert Meyer has since filed for divorce.

Worry Warts

San Francisco, California-AIDS phobia is spreading at an alarming rate among heterosexuals who have little cause to believe they are at risk, according to Dr. Judith Cohen of Project Aware. In fact, she says she sees far more terror among straight men and women than among gay males, who make up 58% of the city's AIDS cases. Local paranoids include a female skier who fell in the snow at Tahoe, and now lives in fear that somebody with AIDS fell in the same spot before her, and a man who locks up his razors at night, dreading the possibility that somebody with AIDS will break in, use them, and thus infect him. No word yet on a decline in sales of products made in San Francisco.

HUSTLER pays \$150 for each reader-sub-Contributors mitted Bits and Pieces item. In the event that two or more readers' submissions are used in one B&P item, the payment is \$50 for each submission. Larry Flynt Publications retains all rights to any material submitted, but we'll return any rejected material and original artwork (not including photos) on request if an SASE is enclosed. For this month \$150.00 goes to Stacy Fisher. HUSTLER's comments on pictures, people, trademarks and/or copyrighted material ("items") are only its opinion (frequently in the form of parody or satire) based solely on only those facts (including the pictures) disclosed. HUSTLER's use of such items is not authorized by the persons named and/or depicted by the trademark or copyright owners, and no such authorization should be inferred. Said commentary is printed for the purpose of educating our readers through social commentary, and not necessarily as a hu-morous feature designed to enhance our readership.





adult theaters and X-film production (90% of adult features are now shot on videotape for home viewing), HUSTLER is combining film and video reviews into one section, Erotic Entertainment. Of course, there

will always be theaters, and we'd never leave a film buff in the lurch: If a review says a production was shot on film, it's probably playing on a big screen somewhere-all you have to do is find it. Regardless of the format change, HUSTLER remains committed to serious, no-bullshit criticism designed to accurately inform readers of XXX-cinema offerings, and to spur the adult-entertainment industry to better productions.



Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Joe Verdi; starring Vanessa Del Rio, Nina Hartley, Alexis Greco, Billy Dee, Jerry Butler, Barbara Dare, Francois Papillon, Keli Richards, Jon Martin, Shone Taylor, Patti Cakes and Paul Thomas. Videocassette by VCA Pictures.

Brawny superstar Vanessa Del Rio may be the focus of this amusing film, but don't expect her to be slinging snatch in every scene. This is a *star* vehicle, which means Vanessa has but one sex scene at the end of the picture-probably the easiest money she ever made. Fortunately, it's worth the wait. In fact, there's so much high-voltage sex in *Dynamic Vices* that Vanessa's scorching porking by Billy Dee is as much bonus as climax. Barbara Dare and Francois Papillon set the tone for *Vices* early on with their lecherous leather-act for patrons of Vanessa's sex club: The chemistry between them is so

strong that after she slaps him around a bit and tosses in some verbal humiliation, François's rigid boner springs out of his stripped-away leather jock for an awesome voyage past Barbara's vocal cords. When he fucks Dare, her nipples harden to diamonds that practically cut through the screen-and she comes. She really comes. Next on the bill is fudge-queen Keli Richards's wonderfully nasty ass/pussy double penetration scene with Jon Martin and Shone Taylor. The bulk of the movie is carried by Nina Hartley and the explosive Alexis Greco, who, at one time or another, take on each other, Dee, Jerry Butler and Richards to provide some arousing cock/cunt action and sensational sapphic shenanigans so appealing, they could serve as a lesbian recruitment campaign. A thin plot and adequate-to-good production values balanced by hot sex and Vanessa make Dynamic Vices a virtue. See it.



Billy Dee porks Vanessa Del Rio in Dynamic's climax.





TREASURE CHEST UNCOVERED

Fans of super-stacked porn retiree Christy Canyon will go weak with joy to learn that the mighty-mammed one still has an unreleased movie. Kiss of the Gypsy, that's been languishing in some porn vault for over a year. Western Visuals just bought the Paul Vatelli-directed picture and will release it on videocassette any minute now. Though shot on film, there are currently no plans to exhibit Kiss theatrically in the U.S. Looks like you'll have to emigrate to see the larger-than-life Canyon larger than life. And since she has only one scene, you may want to think twice before booking that flight on the Concorde. It's not likely that Christy's one scene will equal her crowning career achievement, a cameo in Black Throat in which she pummeled slaveboy Peter North's face with her tits-tits that spilled out of her corset like soapsuds overflowing a washing machine. But no matter. Any appearance by Canyon is grand.



THE GAIL FORCE AND FRIENDS XXX-WORKOUT

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Bill Blackman; starring Gail Force, Blondi, Tanya Foxx, Nikki Dee, Peter North, Herschel Savage, Eric Monte, Billy Dee and Tony Montana. Videocassette by Video Exclusives.

One problem with this tape is that there are only two sex scenes. The first takes place outdoors: Gail Force—as a fuck-hungry Jane Fonda type—puts Herschel Savage through some carnal calisthenics, Nikki Dee, a/k/a Nikki Knights, and Scott Irish pair off, and Blondi teams up with Ron Jeremy—just kidding!—Tony Montana. Then

the camera cuts relentlessly and predictibly between the trio of duos doing it. This might be a good way for novice tape-makers to hone their editing skills, but it drops the erotic excitement factor to zero. The second half of the tape-the second scene-takes place indoors. This time Gail gulps Peter North's gland while Nikki Dee is mounted by nerdish Eric Monte and Tanya Foxx does Billy Dee. Again, the horny heat isn't allowed to build due to that obnoxious cutting. Give Gail credit-the few sultry moments here are hers, but overall this workout is a wimp.

-Rob Peters



DREAM LOVERS

Shot on Video

Half Erect. Directed by Duck Dumont and Charles DeSantos; starring Tracey Adams, Nina Hartley, Sharon Mitchell, Steve Drake, Nikki Knights, Jon Martin and Shone Taylor. Videocassette by Caballero Home Video.

Dream Lovers has another one of those who-gives-a-shit nondramatic scenarios that's presented in dialogue that is certainly no more tiresome for the viewer to hear than it was for the performers to deliver. Lovers also has Nina Hartley's tireless butt. Who could ever tire of watching dick sliding into cunt between those Hartley buns, and spilling load on the immaculate V of her rear tan lines? No one, unless it's the same dolt who'd be bored seeing Nikki Knights sucking, licking and stroking Steve Drake's balls while his cock's deep in Sharon Mitchell's mouth, or viewing cum spewing at both ends of Tracey Adams's orifice spectrum. But the lesbo-lay is lackadaisical, nothing



Nina Hartley is one of Dreams' hottest lovers.

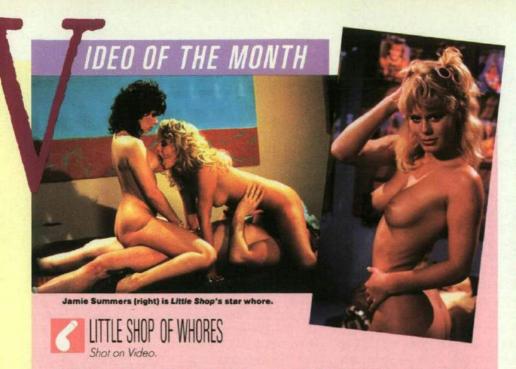
really interesting happens, and the lighting is less than perfect. The shadows and darkness may be intended to create a mood, but they often only deflect eroticism. *Dream Lovers* has potential, but never really gets beyond the ordinary. —*Christian Shapiro*



UNTAMED PASSIONS

Half Erect. Directed by Dallas Houston; starring Danielle, Shanna McCullough, Lois Ayres, Patti Petite, Paul Thomas, Joey Silvera, Tom Byron and Jon Martin. Videocassette by L.A. Video.

Even with a little bit of kink thrown in, Untamed Passions is more a tease than a please. Danielle plays an ex-dominatrix who married well—maybe too well. She now spends her idle afternoons in search of hot and nasty sex, trying to recapture the good old days. She seduces the maid (Lois Ayres), then her stepson (Tom Byron). She also indulges in a flashback-a light B&D scene in which she demands Joey Silvera eat her cunt, which she's practically shoved up his nostrils. There are a few other scenes of interest-Paul Thomas banging pert Patti Petite's bunger, and a hot, sweaty Ayres/Byron/Shanna McCullough threeway-but nearly all the sex scenes suffer from "filmus interuptus": They either stop before reaching the boiling point or are miserably intercut with each other. Another problem is the crew, which should also get performing credit, considering they're heard in the background so often. —Sam Lowry



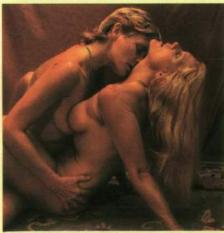
Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Paul Thomas; starring Jamie Summers, Blondi, Siobhan Hunter, Jodi Dee, Honey Malone, Mike Horner, Billy Dee, Tony Montana and Shone Taylor. Videocassette by Vivid Video.

This fanciful, modern-day porn fairy tale opens with fuck-up porn-store employee Mike Horner laying pipe into a blow-up doll. Heartwrenchingly, she pops a leak and goes flat before he can come. Due to expanses of sexless screen time, Little Shop's more impatient viewers may also go flat before they're able to come, though a nimble fastforwarding finger will guarantee a steady stream of hand-wrenching raunch. Don't miss Siobhan Hunter demanding more fingers in her snatch; don't miss Billy Dee sliding past Siobhan's inverted asshole, which he fills with wad; don't miss a man, a woman and a black dildo doing the cunt of Hunter; don't miss living love doll Jamie Summers, big-eyed and innocent, her open, willing mouth holding still and wide for choad invasions, her defoliated cunt, bottom and asshole bathed in ball blasts; don't miss Siobhan squatting and twirling on a dick sticking up through a hole in a spinning table; don't miss the rest of it. Little Shop of Whores is open for funny bone business.

-C. S.

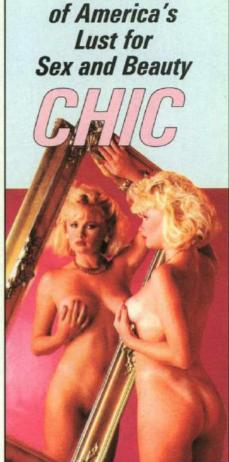


Half Erect. Directed by Lynx Canon: starring Cris Cassidy and Lee Rothermund. Videocassette by Tiger Rose Distributing.



stroke, suck and fondle in Where There's Smoke.

From the producers of 1985's stunning Erotic in Nature comes another lesbian video offering of extreme taste and passion. Featuring one-time straight-porn darling Cris Cassidy (who also appeared in Nature) and Lee Rothermund, Where There's Smoke is a special-genre exercise in girl-on-girl lovemaking aimed only at those who truly get off watching just the ladies. Cris and Lee make out, stroke, suck and fondle in front of the fireplace for the video's 30-odd minutes. And that's it, which is one reason this tape is not as strong as its more-daring predecessor. For those who've grown tired, however, of the quick, pat, customary bisexual bimbo scenes found in most straight sexvids, a half-hour with these real-life, bonafide gay muffers will satisfy completely. Where There's Smoke is also patiently photographed and beautifully lit-which are a couple more things you don't often find in straight videos these days. It's worth a peek. -S. L.



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Half Erect. Directed by Jack Vanowen; starring Melissa Melendez, Jamie Gillis, Candi Evans, Chauncey James, Shanna McCullough, Chelsea Ray, Don Fernando, Randy West, Mike Horner and Ron Jeremy. Videocassette by High Class Productions.

In a bold step toward broadening her career as a multifaceted performer/entertainer, Melissa Melendez opens Women in Uniform wistfully singing along to Billie Holliday's classic rendition of "Gloomy Sunday." This disembodied duet, particularly after Melendez plunges her fingers deep into her cunt and masturbates mildly as she and Billie croon, provides one of porn's eeriest, most haunting moments. Once it's passed, Uniform is business as usual, with a series of female Village Peoplettes engaging in a series of commercial sex acts, broken up by camera effects and lame, fake magazine interviews conducted by a totally uninterested Melendez. Cum boils for Shanna McCullough in highway-worker garb, Chauncey James fully uniformed as a nurse-right down to the crotchless fishnet panties-and Candi Evans as a night-stick-wielding, billy-clubsucking cycle cop, but a Jamie Gillis lick-and-sniff of Melendez ends before it's really begun, and the closing two fucks have problems. Still, Uniform is basic regulation issue for today's standard porn corps.



Half Erect. Directed by Kim Christy; starring Breezy Lane, Viper, Summer St. Cerly, Donna Schell, Morelle DeKeigh, Cary Monroe, Jake Scott and Cassandra. Videocassette by Vidco.

Director Kim Christy has given us the most technically proficient chicks-with-dicks tape to date-with artful lighting, camera mobility, sets and color schemes-including a jail cell with midnight-blue satin pillowcases. Reformatory is loaded with freak value. We have she-male to she-male breast encounters, we have kisses planted on implants, we have Viper licking dark dork from under a leather corset, we have hand-held penetration of cunt by pre-op dick, we have cock wad squeezed onto stand-up tits and she-male asshole, and we have humiliating flashlight-in-gaping-gash strip searches of real females. We also have problems. Who gets off on these neither-nors? Their tits are great, but their dicks have all the eroticism of a fiveyear-old's pee-wienie. Plus, there are only three cum-shotsone blatantly faked. The dramatic possibilities of a jail run by heavy-hung big tits are sadly neglected, and the tape is half the length of a standard feature. Still, to the sufficiently twisted, do not pass go; go directly to She-Male Reformatory. -C. S.

Girls with dicksor guys with tits? crack their whips in She-Male Reformatory.





One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Miles Zakheim; starring Cheri Moon, Shanna McCullough, Alexis Greco, Lili Marlene, Rita Ricardo, Rita Erotica, Muffy Fields, Jane Marsh, Blair Harris, Arnold Schwartz, Jeffrey Medved, Rex Nemo, Jason Jules, Rock Roman and Andy Hardy. Videocassette by Venus 99.

Would you like to watch a peroxide-blond bimbo vigorously lick an Asian babe's asshole? If you answered, "Yes," or merely grunted and drooled, then this is your sexvid. Cheri Moon, the somewhat comely, somewhat Oriental orifice the tape is named for, does indeed have her bum-vent burnished-long and lovingly-by insatiable sphincter-slurper Lili Marlene. However, this rim-session is the only out-of-the-ordinary occurrence in Cheri's, and it comes late in the proceedings. Aficionados will recognize Cheri's as a San Francisco production that employs all local talent, which is one reason that it has that

New-York-but -outdoors look. Non-aficionados will just wonder why most of the cast is so unattractive. There's also a throwntogether look about Cheri's-probably because it was. This quality is not necessarily influenced by New York, it is truly international, and identified in the rarified circles of porn criticism as "cheap indifference." Yes. there is a lot of sex. Woof. Woof.





Half Erect. Directed by Roy Karch; starring Elle Rio, Sharon Mitchell, Viper, Tanya Foxx, Marc Wallice, Wayne Stevens and Buddy Love. Videocassette by Gourmet Video.

Elle's hot, okay? We love her. She can't talk good, her expressions are laughable, and she's never going to wipe that Brazilian-slum-child-starved-for-affection look off her face, but she's got a huge heart and extremely elastic orifices, and we like the way she sweats; so don't ever ruin another one of her videos-okay, wise guys? And whose idea was it to frame Sharon Mitchell's dream fuck of Wayne Stevens in a fuzzy border, obliterating much of the screen and all of the eroticism? The same guy probably thought of having Marc Wallice take on Viper in the flashing glare of a strobe light, forcing the viewer to squint, get a headache and be overcome by vertigo just to see if the cock is really in her asshole. Somewhere in porndom is a creative genius who should be in a different business! But, like we said, we love Elle; so why is she only in two sex scenes? Sure, Buddy Love straddles her chest to shoot streamers of semen along her breasts and face, and later she takes a long two-ender in her cunt and a big black hunk of latex deep in her ass, but it's not enough, not even when you toss in Stevens and Love climbing all over Tanya Foxx. Listen, boys: Penetration schmenetration. You're slitting your own necks. -C. S.



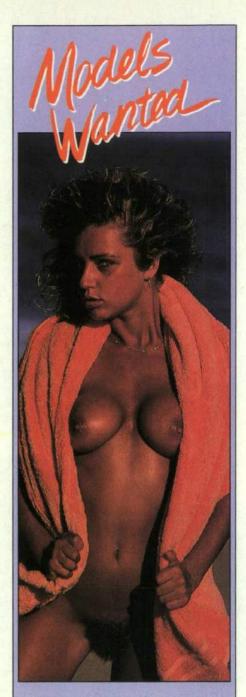


Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Jerome Tanner and Lauren Ross; starring Taija Rae, Careena Collins, Amber Lynn, Nina Hartley, Candi Evans, Danielle, Kari Foxx, Sharon Mitchell, Keli Richards, Karen Bree, Buffy Davis, Kathlyn Moore, Herschel Savage, Joey Silvera, Peter North, Ron Jeremy, John Holmes, Steve Drake, Steve Powers, Tom Byron and Paul Thomas. Videocassette by Western Visuals.

It's obvious to anyone who's ever sat back watching and feeling a set of full, spitslick lips slide down his penis shaft while a tongue like a hot-blooded snake writhes around his cock crown that dicks are made to be sucked. This indisputable fact is not lost upon director Jerome Tanner, who has released his second maw-fuck collection. This prick- and pussy-in-mouth package comprises 16 cunt- and dick-suck segments broken up by carnal commentary from co-host industry biggies Taija Rae and Herschel Savage. Many of these scenes of saliva-stirring action climax with a wadshot on belly or buns, but most of the tedious prick-in-cunt stuff is edited out, preserving BJ and snatch-snack purity. There are no duds in this pud-puller, which features several incredible, sensational shots-a credit to Tanner. Especially spectacular are cocksuckers Careena Collins, Danielle, Candi Evans, Karen Bree, Kari Fox and Sharon Mitchell; the list goes on and on. Take a big gulp and plunge into Oral Majority 2.



Krista Lane has been making pulses quicken and dicks thicken since her first screen fuck in Sins of the Wealthy. Early in her career she was often cast with Careena Collins and Candi Evans—a sort of bimbo trio—but has outlasted and outgrown the cupcake brigade to become one of porn's most talented actresses. Recent must-see roles include her possessed prude in Deep Throat II and the cum-swallowing hooker in HUSTLER Video's Forbidden Bodies. She even fucks Ron Jeremy in Devil in Miss Jones IV—and that's a stretch!



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Half Erect. Directed by Scotty Fox; starring Keisha, Randy West, Amber Lynn, Herschel Savage, Peter North, Tom Byron, Lori Lovitt, Tish Ambrose and Marc Wallice. Videocassette by Adult Video Corporation.

What would happen if a group of goop-goony secretaries took matters into their own hands and cunts when the psychiatrist they work for falls short in the treatment of patients hospitalized for sexual dysfunctions? It's an appealing idea as presented in Luscious Lucy in Love. Lori Lovitt is the epitome of peroxide sleaze, strip-teasing and polishing off three knobs in two scenes, Amber Lynn nearly squeezes a coronary out of Herschel Savage, and Tom Byron twice proves to be a specialist at eating Tish Ambrose's pussy from behind, then putting his dick where his mouth was. Luscious Keisha's dramatic coupling with Randy West is intercut with foggy-fantasy fuck sequences of Keisha and West that have been flashing since the tape's opening. After giving Keisha plenty of rug-shaking dog-dorking, West's two cum-shots are shown almost simultaneously, melding fantasy with reality for a dream-come-true. Though Lucy in Love is fairly tame, those into wacko whacking will enjoy this offbeat beat-off fodder. -C. S.



Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Cecil Howard; starring Jerry Butler, Laurie Smith, Sharon Mitchell, Tasha Voux, Beverly Glen, Joey Silvera, Marita Ekberg, Melanie Scott, Rikki Harte and Jack D'arcy. Videocassette by Command Video.

Sequels to remarkable films, even when tackled by the most talented directors, have built-in problems, the most obvious being how to live up to the greatness of the original. Snake Eyes 2 is no different. It's a very good movie, excellently produced, well-acted, strikingly photographed, and containing sex scenes of above-average heat-in one, Tasha Voux and Jerry Butler have an energetic coupling that teases at a fister. only to stop at a four-finger cunt probe-but Snake 2 doesn't quite achieve the combination of emotional and sexual power, intensity and dazzle that distinguished its predecessor. Of more than passing visual interest are some pieces of the Rikki Harte/Butler fuck scene from Snake 1, and some atmospheric black-and-white 1920s cops-and-robbers footage. Though Snake Eves 2 is a solid, well-crafted production, it may be time to change dice.



Half Erect. Directed by Eric Edwards; starring Tracey Adams, Randy West, Sheri St. Clair, Buddy Love, Siobhan Hunter, Ty Kolby and Megan Daniels. Videocassette by Vidco.

As couples tapes go, this one is better than most-meaning it approaches sex in a rather fearless manner-but it's still a little too laid-back and fuzzy to get those vital fluids really pumping. In this exotic tale of a mysterious Indian rain goddess (Tracey Adams), the performers fuck and suck to the best of their abilities, and also act to the best of their abilities. Some are more able than others. Randy West, in what may be the role of his career, narrates the flashback story and crosses paths with some pretty pussy in the process. Keisha and Siobhan Hunter bestow a bone-building double blow on West's wang when the first sex scene tardily lumbers into view. Later, Adams joins Keisha and Hunter in a threeway labe-lick that is tender and torrid. In the finale, West finally gets a go at Adams. In a beautiful desert setting, the two do their best to make the outdoors great. Soft, Warm Rain is sometimes involving, sometimes amusing, sometimes romantic, always soft and warm, but rarely hard and hot.



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

Fully Erect

Babyface 2 (F) Club Ecstasy Devil in Miss Jones IV (F) Taboo V (F)

Three-Quarters Erect

Adultery Breakin In Can't Get Enough Deep Throat II (F) Dirty Dreams (F) Ginger and Spice Harlem Candy Hot Gun Hyapatia Lee's Sexy John Leslie is All For His Ladies Let's Get It On With Amber Lynn (F) Only the Best Raw Talent II She Comes in Colors The Load Warriors (F)

Half Erect

Backdoor Lust Big Top Cabaret Dangerous Women Dollface (F) Jane Bond Meets Thunderballs LA Raw Let Me Tell Ya 'Bout Fet Chicks Sex Aliens Switch Hitters The Brat White Trash

One-Quarter Erect

Amberella, Agent of L.U.S.T. Backdoor to Hollywood, Part II Caught by Surprise Perfect Partners Porked! Trans-Action II

Totally Limp

Bi-Bi American Style Bimbo 2: The Homecoming Deep and Wet **Divorce Court Expose** Erotic Therapy The Ex-Connection The Grafenberg Girls Go Fishing (F)

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.



Soft, Warm Rain: **Tracey Adams** make the outdoors great.



HUMOR



HUSTLER HUMOR is so hilarious, it even feels funny! Ask these guys! They can see that every issue (9 a year now!!!) is jam-packed with the same

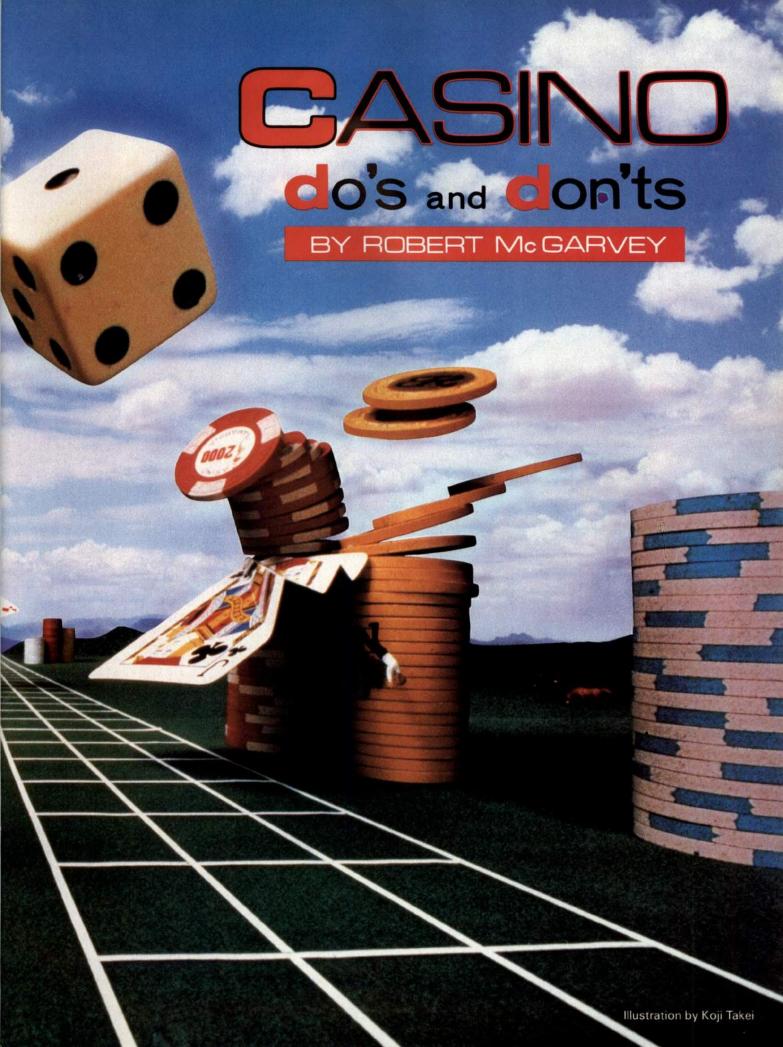
kind of outrageous cartoons and irreverent jokes that have made HUSTLER famous. So don't grab your seeing-eye dog and start hunting for a

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ambling houses always hold the edge. Learn which games cost the least to play, involve more skill than luck, and the etiquette of gaming rooms, and you too can be a high roller.



CASINO DO'S AND DON'TS

Talk to gamblers, and this fact is quickly revealed: All but a handful go to a casino expecting to lose.

BEFORE YOU HIT THE TABLES: THE PSYCHOLOGY OF WINNING

Let's face it: If there were a surefire way to pull down big bucks at the blackjack, craps and baccarat tables, every casino in Las Vegas, Reno and Atlantic City would be transformed into fast-food stands.

Yet it is also true that if a player knows a few rules guiding the major games of chance-blackjack, craps, baccarat, roulette, keno and slots-he can do pretty well. Losses will be minimized and winnings maximized. All that's required is knowing how and when to gamble.

Casino gambling is fun. It is a powerful adrenaline rush, offering excitement and fantasy by the bushel. But it is not a way to make a fortune. Built into every spin of the roulette wheel, every throw of the dice, every crackle of the cards is a mathematical house edge; a percentage ranging from one to more than 20% in favor of the house. For the average guy, a casino is not a ticket to riches, but rather an "adults-only Disneyland, a wildly glamorous fantasy environment," says a former Caesars vice president.

PROGRAMMED TO LOSE

Talk to gamblers, and this fact is quickly revealed: All but a handful go to a casino expecting to lose. They set aside, in advance, a budget of how much they can afford to drop. "Gamblers definitely condition themselves to be losers," comments Venice, California, psychologist Doctor Garry Francell, an occasional visitor to Las Vegas. "We'll decide it's okay to lose, say, \$500 or \$1,000, and that's exactly what we wind up doing."

"The entire casino atmosphere," Francell-a trained hypnotist-goes on, "is also hypnotic. Wild colors, flashing lights, strange sounds and a frenzy at the tables. None of this is accidental. It induces a mild trance-state in many players. That's how they sometimes wind up losing much more than they planned."

How to guard yourself against getting sucked up in a casino's frenzy? First off, never set a loss budget. Do that, and you're conditioning yourself to lose the whole amount. Instead, do as stockmarket investors do and set aside risk capital. This is the cash you're prepared to risk-not lose-at the tables. It may

sound like wordplay but, offers psychologist Francell, "Words are powerful shapers of behavior." Consider that casinos never make hav of how much has been lost at their tables (you will never see a publicity release trumpeting, "Truck Driver Drops 50 Large at Blackjack"), but they ballyhoo for weeks the milliondollar slot machine payoff to a welfare case from Hoboken. In doing this, they tap into psychology to lure more gamblers inside. By changing your words, you can turn psychology to your favor.

Gambling expert Edwin Silberstang offers this piece of advice: "You must make a decision, and that decision is all important in terms of winning or losing. It is the decision to win rather than play just for the thrill of the action. It's true that gambling can be exciting and thrilling. . . . It's even better when those thrills are combined with winning money."

On the coin's other side, Silberstang warns against greed. "Gamblers who get ahead, get greedy, then lose what they've won." A story heard in Vegas concerns a Korean industrialist who showed up at the big-money baccarat tables with a suitcase filled with cash. He negotiated an increase in the game's limit, from \$2,000 to a staggering \$50,000 per lightning-fast hand. Within a few hours he'd broken the casino's bank. A pause was taken while the casino rounded up more money. Play resumed. When it ended, the Korean tycoon had dropped his \$1 million winnings plus another \$1.5 million of his

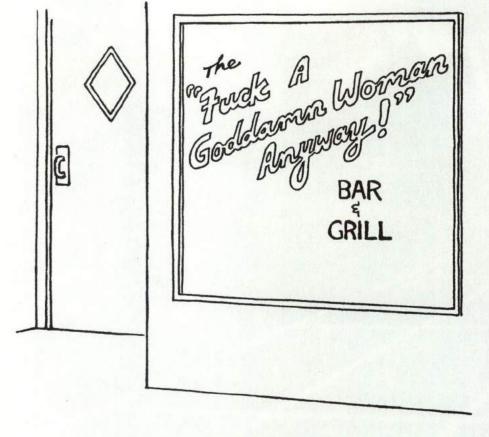
QUITTING AHEAD

Just as the smart gambler sets aside a specified amount of risk capital, he also puts an upward limit on winnings. "If I'm ahead \$5,000, I'll stop," says Culver City, California, insurance salesman Mitch Jackson. "I go to Vegas prepared to gamble around \$1,000. If I'm triple that, I quit and spend the rest of the weekend enjoying the shows, playing tennis and eating well. You forget that casinos are great spas. And it's even more fun when you pay for it with the casino's money."

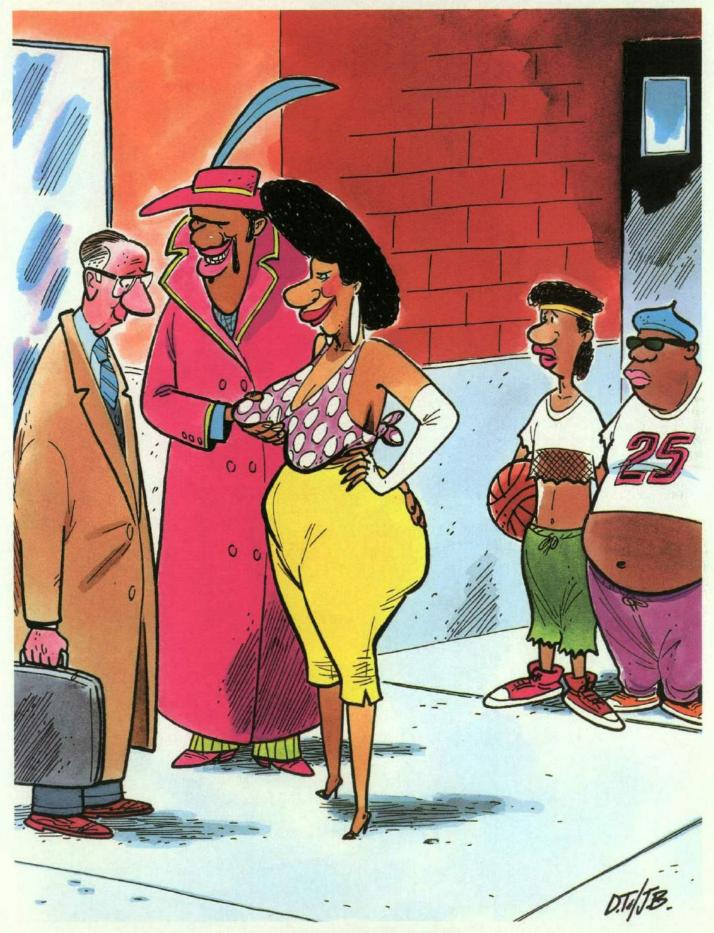
THE GAMES

Once you're mentally ready to win, it's time to play the games-almost. Nobody wins at gambling for long without knowing the basic rules of the games, the etiquette (or table manners) and a few betting strategies. Knowledge is power and, in Las Vegas and Atlantic City, knowledge will mean winnings. A case in point: Depending on your craps bet, the edge built-in to favor the house (vigorish) varies from as small as 0.6% (meaning that, over time, the house will win 60 cents out of every \$100 bet) to more than 16% (where \$16 out of every \$100 wagered will go to the house). The careful, winning

(continued on page 40)

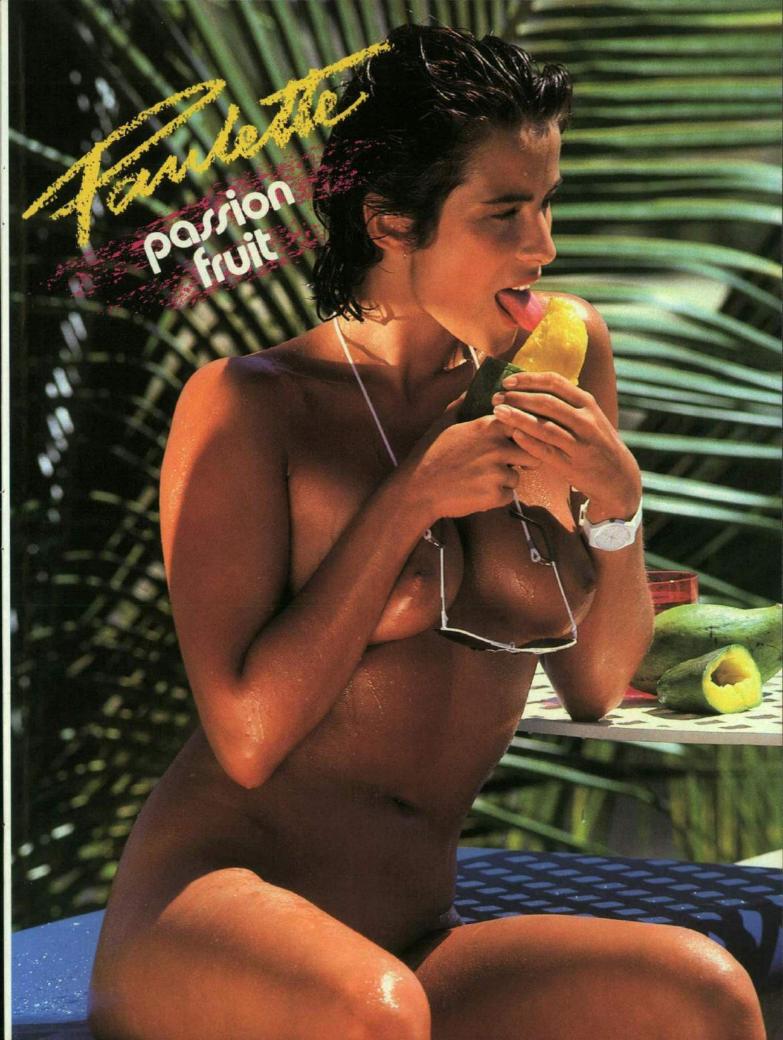


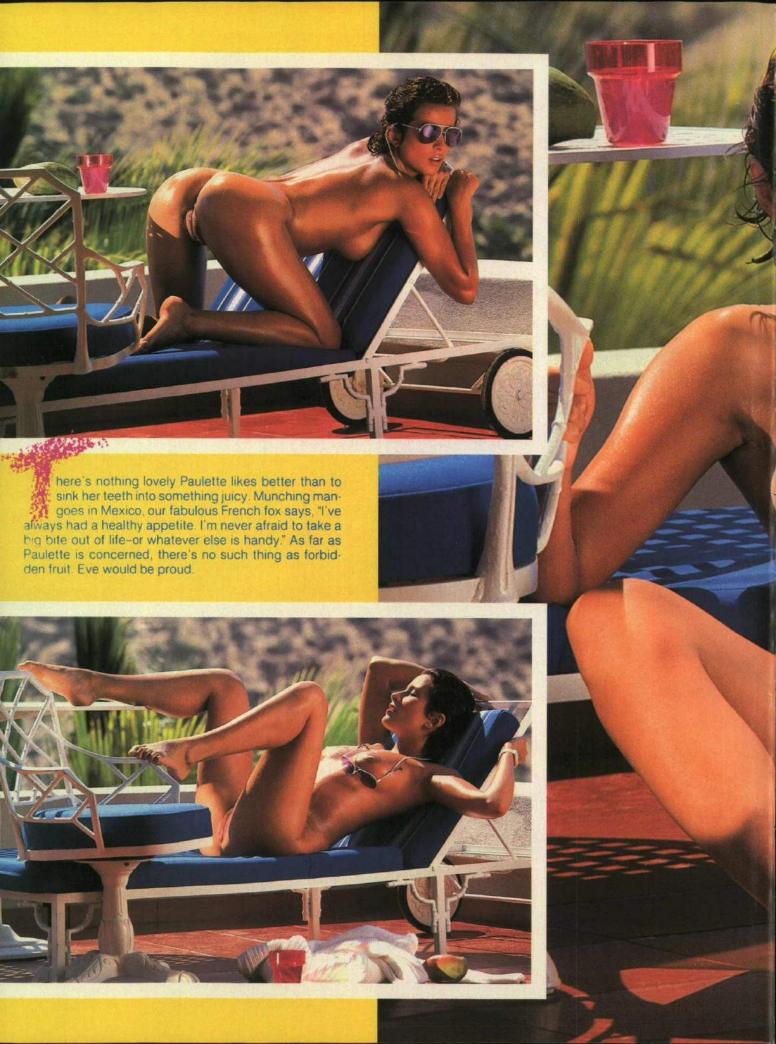
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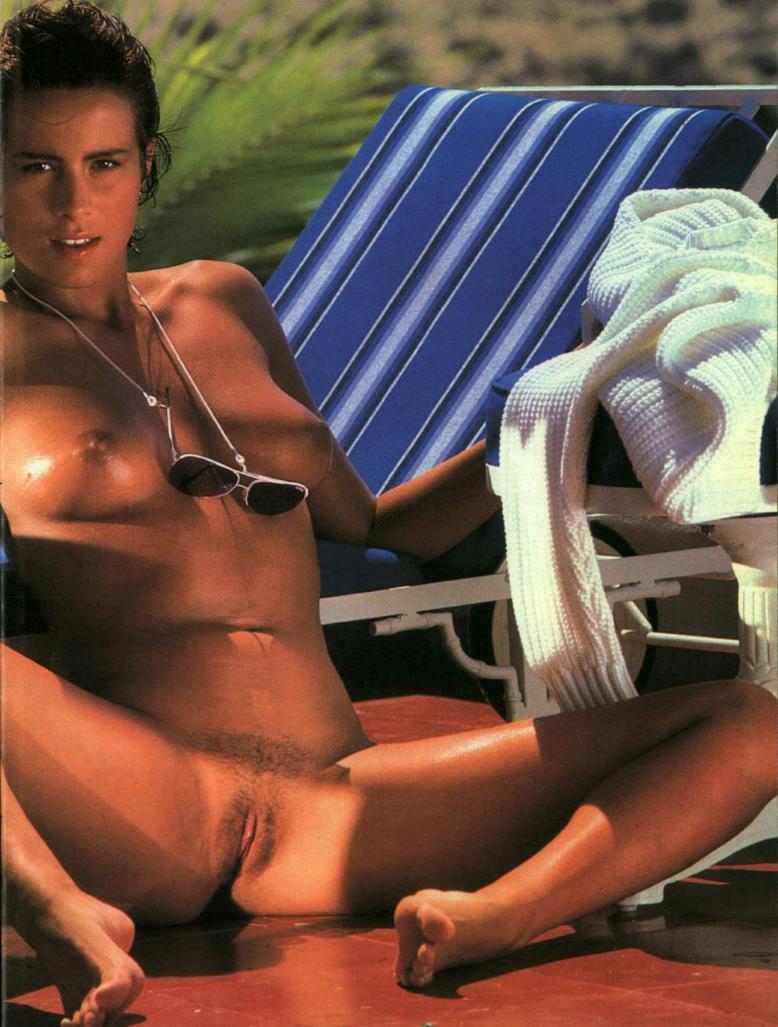


"All my parents think about is their careers!"













CASINO DO'S AND DON'TS (continued from page 32)

Casinos rake in heaps of chips from amateur blackjack counters who cannot believe they aren't winning.

gambler may occasionally bet a wild fling but, as a rule, money will pile up in front of the man who goes for the surer shots. So . . . let the games begin.

CRAPS

Every kid has tried his hand at an alley game of craps. Just two dice and a flat surface, and you're ready to roll. It's noisy, fast-paced and commonly bewilders newcomers because of the speed and the wide variety of bets offered, but craps is a favorite of hardcore gamblers. Cold odds explain this. With a few scraps of know-how, the craps player surrenders no more than a 0.6% edge to the casino, the lowest house advantage found in casinos.

In its complexity, craps also offers terrible bets. Bet on an outcome of 6 or 8, for instance, and the house grabs a monstrous 9% edge. Winning-craps bettors pick their wagers with a firm eye on the odds, invariably choosing bets that most favor the player.

Craps begins with a "come out" roll, in which a "shooter" (an honor that goes around a table, clockwise, to each player in turn; a player may choose to pass) throws the dice to establish a point. On this roll, as on every craps roll, there is a staggering array of possibilities. If he tosses a 7 or 11, it's a win. A 2, 3 or 12 is a loss, *craps*. Any other number is the *point*. The shooter continues to roll until he makes the point or "sevens out" by rolling a 7 before making the point.

In many ways, that structure of the game is incidental to the real action, the wagering, with bets ranging from a dollar to the table limit (\$1,000 and up). Craps offers dozens of betting possibilities. Before playing, get familiar with all the options by studying the action at a table for a half-hour or so. That is good advice before entering *any* game. Get to know the dealer's rhythm, and ask yourself if this is a table where you feel comfortable. If you don't, go to another one or even to a fresh casino.

Despite surface complexities, craps is an easy game to master. Most of the available wagers can be quickly eliminated—they're sucker bets designed to stuff the casino treasury. Among the worst bets on the table are Any 7 (the house edge is a bankrupting 16.67%); Any Craps (house

edge: 11.1%); and 3 or 11 (16.67%).

Strip away the bad bets, and craps players are left with a handful of solid-money propositions. *Pass Line* bets, made at the beginning of the shoot, are won immediately if the shooter throws a natural (7 or 11) coming out, or if he sets a point (4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 or 10) and subsequently makes it, the bettor wins. You lose only if the shooter craps on the come out or rolls a 7 before making his point. The house edge is just 1.41%.

Don't Pass bets, the mirror image of Pass Line bets, are also good propositions. Though most gamblers dislike siding against the shooter (in casinos, it's called wrong betting), the house edge on Don't Pass is 1.4%, fractionally more favorable than a Pass-Line wager.

Come and Don't Come bets are identical to Pass and Don't Pass but made after a point has been established. The odds are the same and, therefore, attractive.

Restrict yourself to those four betsoccasionally upping the ante by making an *Odds* bet, one of the most favorable in craps, in which you reinforce your original wager by adding money to your position—and chances are you'll not only enjoy yourself at the table, but emerge with cash in your pocket!

BLACKJACK

Blackjack, or 21, is craps' rival for the most popular casino game. But this public affection is rooted in misunderstanding. The rage for blackjack grows out of reports of card counters and their successes at the tables. Counters, who keep track of every card dealt at a table, sometimes can significantly beat a casino. But counting takes a discipline and memory capacity far removed from that of the recreational gambler's. Counting has meant big bucks for a few players, but it has meant bigger bucks for casinos, which rake in heaps of chips from amateur counters who simply cannot believe they aren't winning.

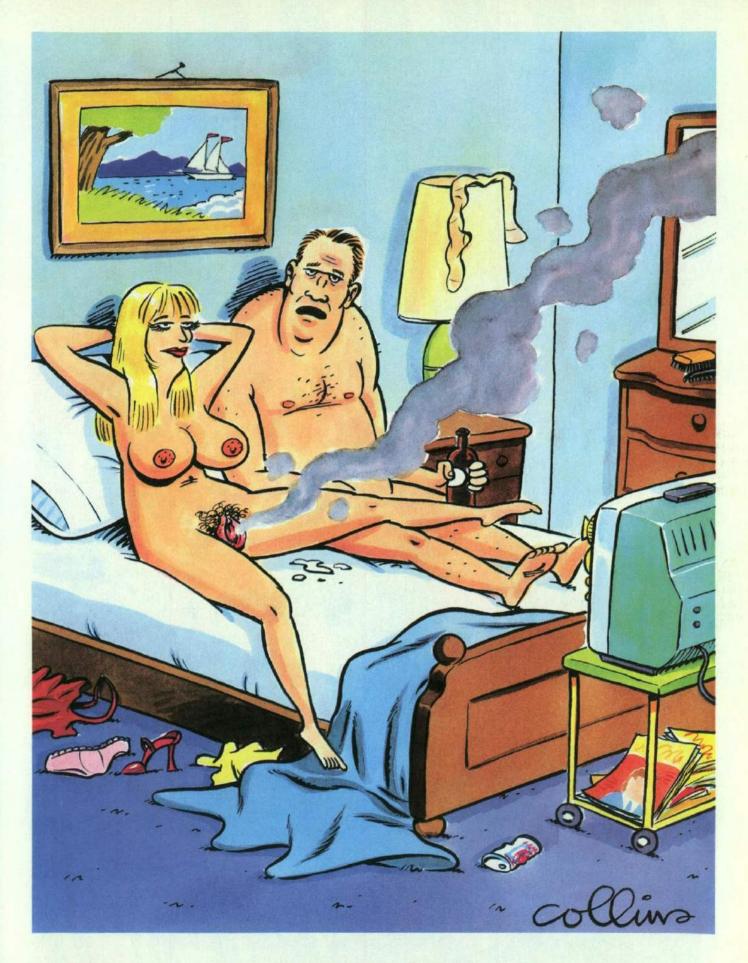
There are stronger reasons than the dubious benefits of counting for selecting blackjack as your game of choice. It's briskly paced at around 75 hands per hour, but less hectic and loud than craps. It's simple (come closer to a 21 total than the dealer and, bingo, you win; a tie is a push–nobody wins). It offers good odds–the house edge is as little as 1% and never higher than 5%. Use a minute amount of strategy, and you'll come close to achieving an even-up game against the house.

Etiquette

Blackjack is a silent game. The player wanting another card brushes the table with the corners of his original two cards. If he wants to "stand" pat, he holds a palm up to the dealer as if saying "no more." Wagering is done by shoveling

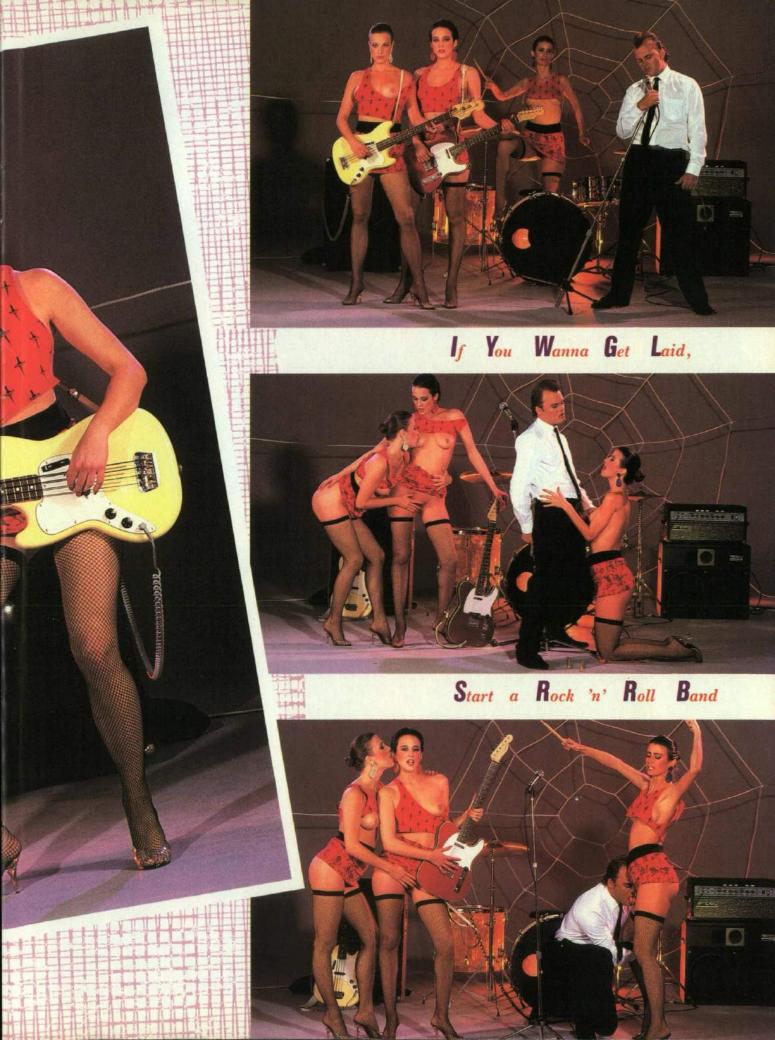


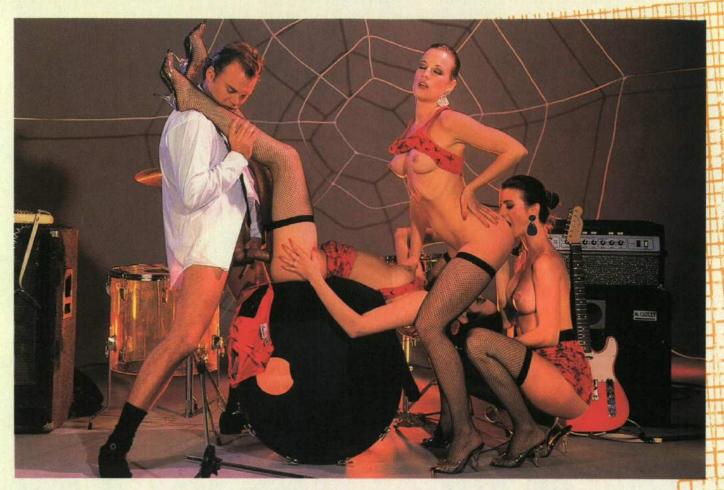
(continued on page 106)



"Do you always smoke after sex?"





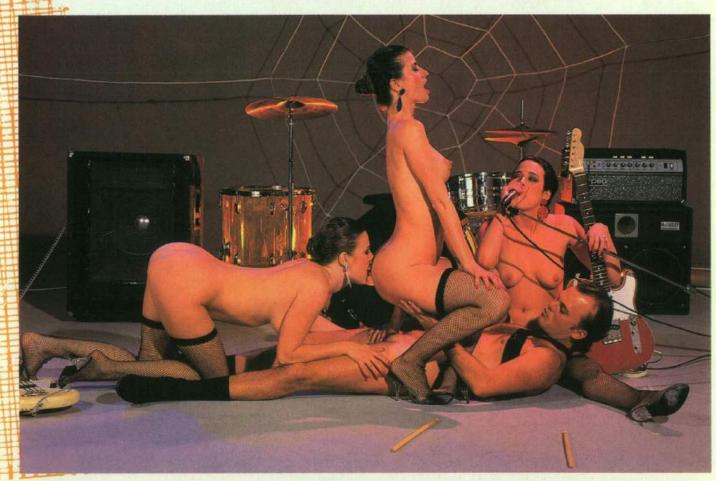


Find Some Pasty - Faced Singers



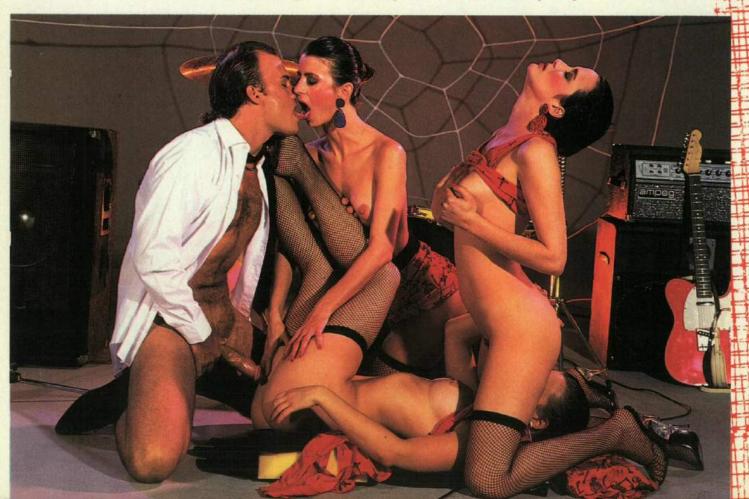


Who Can Lend You a Hand

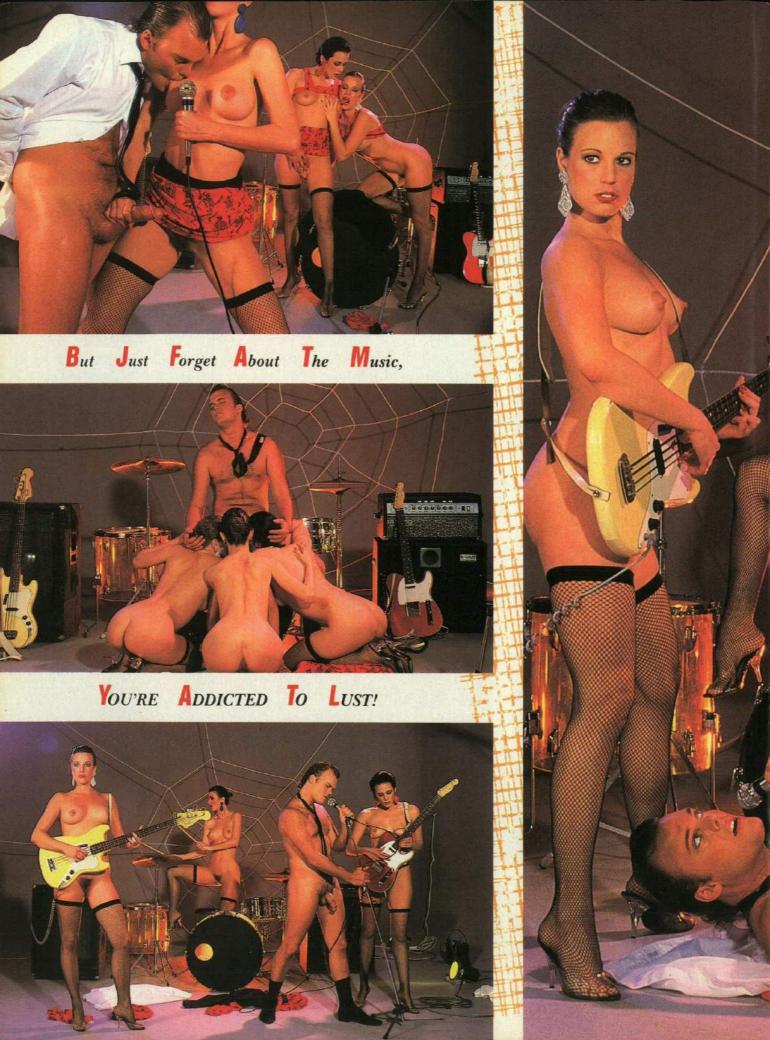


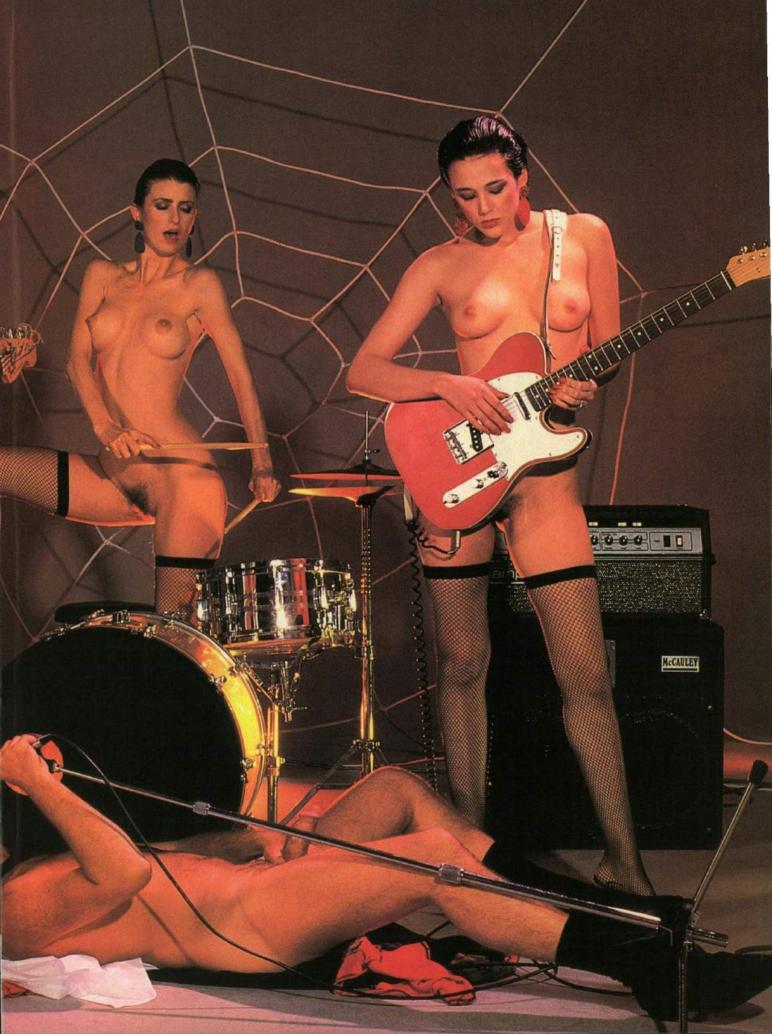


Soon You'll Be Swimming In Groupies, Even Play If You Must





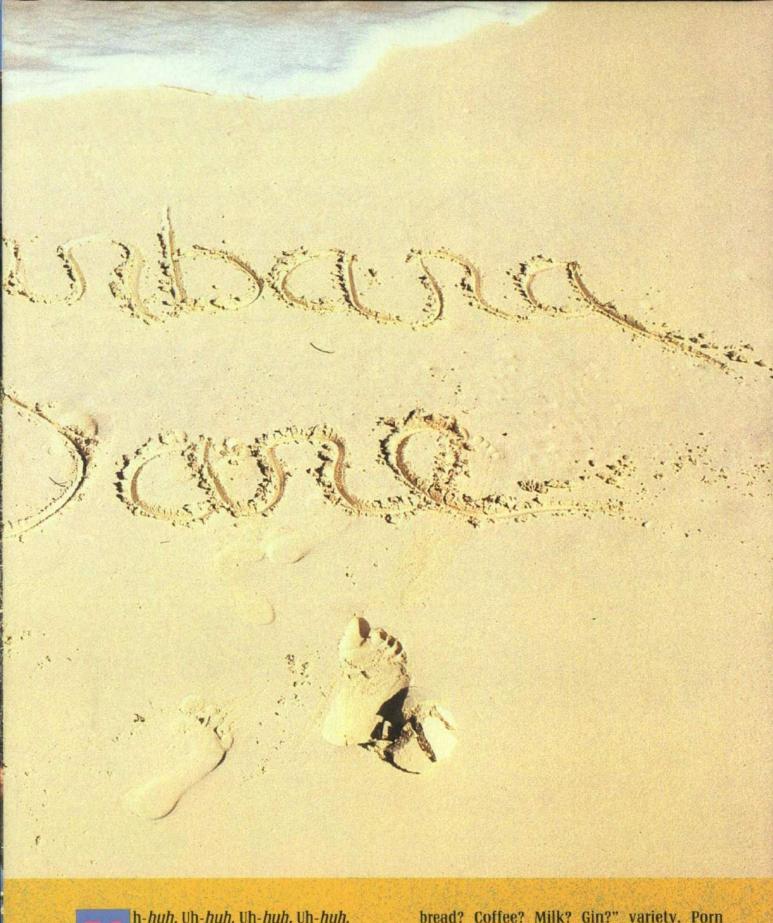






PORN'S SUPER-STARLET

Interview by Doug Oliver • Photography by James Baes



h-huh. Uh-huh. Uh-huh. Uh-huh.
The uninitiated might think the above is merely one side of a phone conversation of the, "Did you remember

bread? Coffee? Milk? Gin?" variety. Porn watchers know it's Barbara Dare-coming.

This little bundle of energy with the supple body and perfect tits has been making dicks



stiff in a big way for about a year now. She's been in the business somewhat longer than that, but her early East Coast work was, by her own admission, "shitty." After a riveting beginning as Kim Wilde in Lilith Unleashed and The Oddest Couple, she sank into the miasma of New York porn for too many months. Emerging as Barbara Dare, she signed an exclusive fuck-film contract with Essex Video, moved to Southern California, started turning out quality sexvids and copped Starlet-of-the-Year awards from the X-Rated Critics Organization and Adult Video News.

In action, Dare displays all the enthusiasm-if not the submissiveness-of her idol, Marilyn Cham-

bers. Some of her most powerful scenes find her taking on two men (Dare teamed with Jon Martin and Don Fernando in *Lovers Lane* is one of the hottest examples), though her one-stud encounters are certainly not pikers (in *Sexual Dynamics* she gives Francois Papillon one of the best blowjobs on film). Openly bisexual, Barbara is also partial to pussy—and proves it in such movies as *Hyapatia Lee's Sexy* and *Hannah Does Her Sisters*.

Though unusual among porn queens for her business sense, Dare never seems to be thinking of dollars and cents when she's performing. Whether bucking her buns on a desk while being finger-banged by Jon Martin, pushing Francois Papillon's face into her snatch, urgently tonguing Nikki Charm's pussy, taking Billy Dee's jackhammer



thrusts, writhing feverishly between Paul Thomas and Tasha Voux or easing into a passionate coup-

ling with Jerry Butler, the farthest thing from this sex-intoxicated beauty's mind is her day rate. Uhhuh Uh-huh Uh-huh Uh-huh

After busy beaver Barbara Dare returned from posing for the accompanying photo-layout-and before flying off to Rome to fuck John Leslie for the first time-she squeezed Entertainment Editor Doug Oliver into her crowded schedule and candidly answered his probing. personal questions.

HUSTLER: A lot of women who get into porn were sexually abused as children. Was that your experience too?

BARBARA DARE: No. But it's true-I know girls in the business whose fathers raped them.

HUSTLER: You had a happy, normal childhood open. We're best friends. She watched 101/2 Weeks then?

hood these days. I always did what I wanted, and no one stopped me from doing anything. I think I was old for my age. Both my parents knew I was



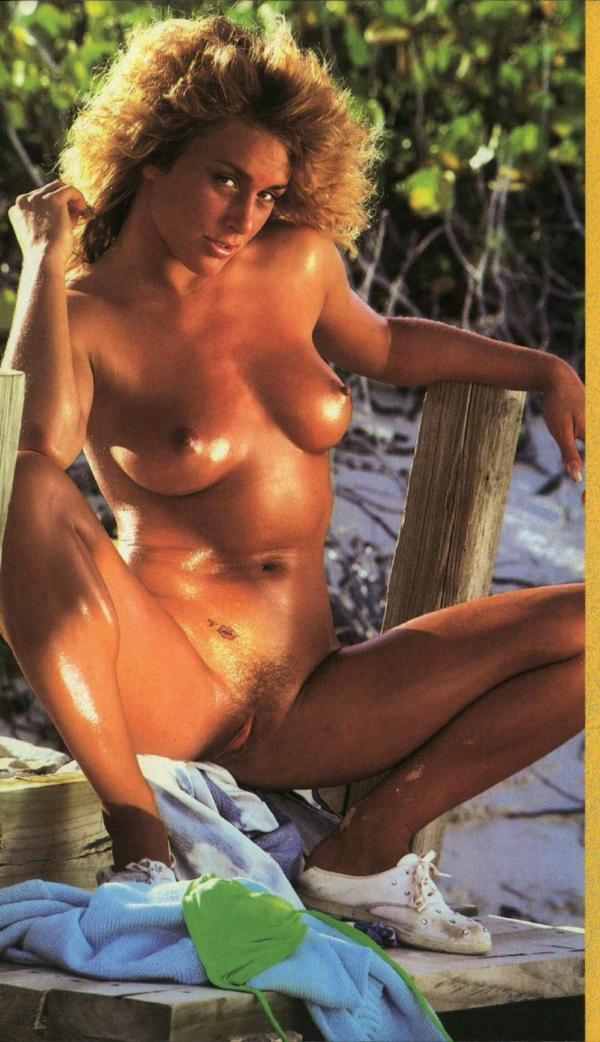
bisexual. That's why I think my getting into porn wasn't really a shock to them. I think they almost expected it-not because I was a bad kid, but because I was always an open person, did what I wanted and felt strongly about things.

HUSTLER: What do your parents think about your career?

DARE: My mother's very

twice, and called to tell me that I'm too noisy when DARE: Yeah. My parents got divorced, and they I come. I was worried about how my father would both got remarried, but that's everybody's child-take it. I wrote him a ten-page letter telling him (continued on page 94)





Most people think my tattoo is a rose, but it's lips with a little T. The T is for Toni, an ex-girlfriend. I thought I was in love, and so..."

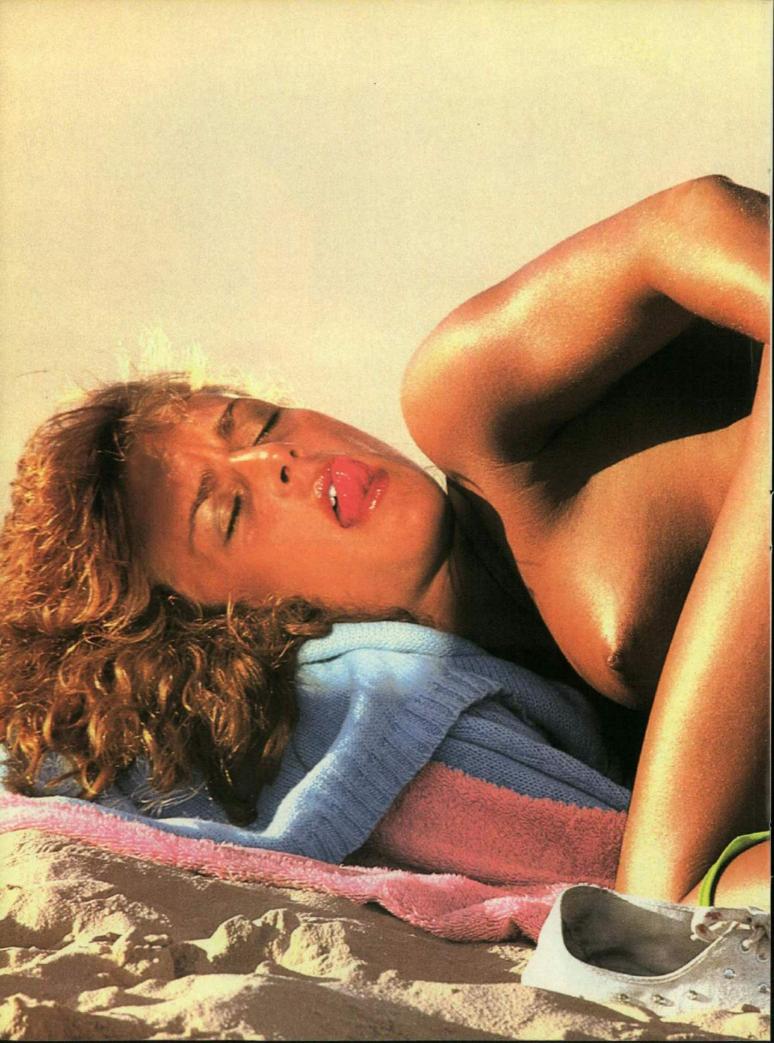




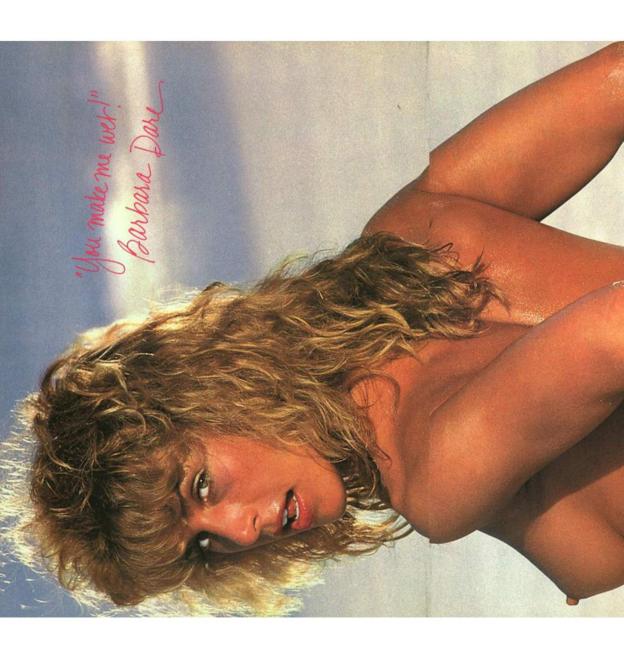


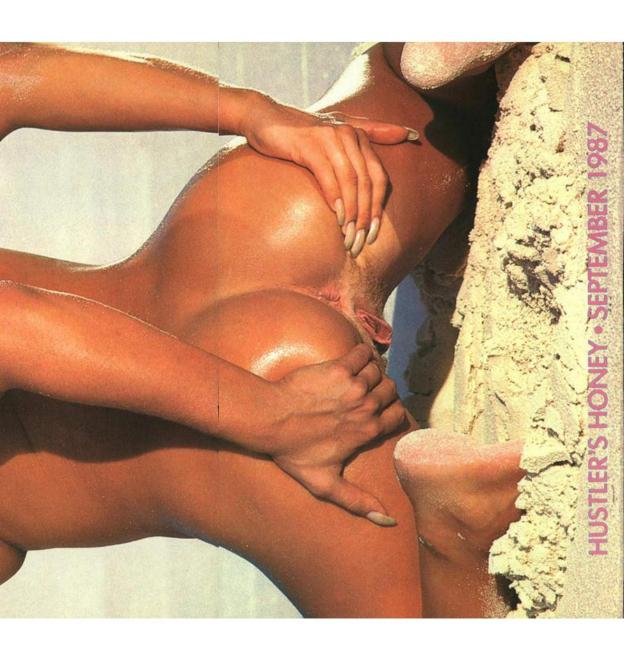
















LARRY FLYNT'S LUSIER CLUB

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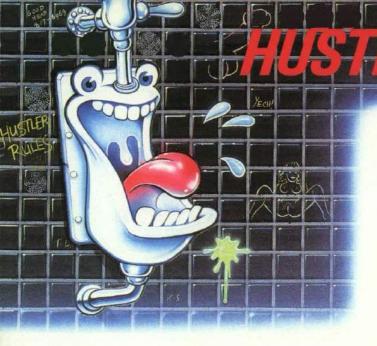
NEW YORK, NY SAN FRANCISCO, CA NEW ORLEANS, LA BALTIMORE, MD

DETROIT, MI (NEW) SAN DIEGO, CA ST. LOUIS, MO SHREVEPORT, LA

REDLANDS, GA PARIS, FRANCE MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA GROYDON, UK

(COMING SOON) LAS VEGAS, NV

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A widow and a widower went to the same park near their retirement center each day for two years. They had noticed each other, but had never spoken. Finally, the widower decided he'd make the first move and said hello to her. For several weeks they met at the park, and their conversations went well; so the widower asked the widow to have dinner with him. She readily accepted his invitation. The relationship progressed, and the widower asked the widow to move in with him. The widow hesitated for a moment, then asked, "What will we do about the rent?"

"Oh, we'll share it," he replied.

"What about the food and utilities?" she asked.

The widower replied, "We can share those too."

Still concerned by the arrangement, the widow asked, "What about sex?"

"Oh, infrequently," he responded quickly.

The widow then asked, "Is that one word, or two?"

The HUSTLER dictionary defines *AIDS* as: the fucking you get from the fucking you got.

A guy walked into a bar, sat down and ordered a beer. The bartender came over, set it down and said, "What's with your octopus?"

The guy said, "This is my famous octopus; he can play any musical instrument ever made."

"Oh, yeah," said the bartender, "a beer says he can't play that piano!"

The octopus jumped on the piano seat and rattled off some ragtime. "Pretty good," said the bartender. "How about this trumpet?"

"Okay," the guy said. The octopus blew some Herb

Alpert.

"Wow," said the bartender, "but how about these bagpipes?" The octopus jumped on the bagpipes, rolled down to the end of the bar, stopped and rolled back to the other end, but no music was heard.

The bartender said, "I got you on this one."

"Not yet," the guy said. "When he figures out he can't fuck it, he'll play it."

Question: When does a Mexican know he's ready to eat?

Answer: When his asshole stops burning.

A sophisticated lady, upon leaving an evening concert, encountered a wine-and-cheese-tasting display in the lobby. Starting at the end of the long line, it was quite some time before she had sampled everything on display. Hurrying to catch a bus home, she began to realize that gas pains were already starting to build deep in her belly. She was delighted to discover that the approaching bus was a double decker with an open top. She scurried to the top, and took a seat. The gas pains had become unbearable. Casually looking over her left shoulder, she saw that she was alone. Feeling secure, she then rolled onto one buttock and let loose a resounding fart.

It was then that she got a strange feeling that she was being watched. Gazing discreetly over her right shoulder, she saw a male passenger several rows to the rear and directly behind her. Attempting to save face, she decided to change the subject. She inquired, "Young man, do you have a 5th Avenue bus schedule handy?"

The lad responded, "No, ma'am, I don't, but if you can wait just another minute or two, as we pass under the next tree, I'll be delighted to grab you a handful of leaves."

Question: How can you tell when you are getting old? Answer: When you have dry dreams and wet farts.

Albert, an 85-year-old widow, met and fell in love with Isabell, who was 82. They later decided to get married. On their wedding night, Albert secured a fancy suite in a posh hotel. While Albert brushed his teeth in the bathroom, Isabell put on a satin teddy. Albert emerged from the bathroom and found Isabell standing on her head.

"Izzy, my dearest," said Albert, "why are you standing on your head?"

"Well, Albie," Isabell replied, "if you're too old to get it up, then you can just drop it in."

Two little, old black ladies were rocking back and forth in their chairs on the front porch of the rest home. Ethel said to Mabel, "Do you 'member all of them dances we used to do?"

"Yep."

"The waltz?"

"Yep."

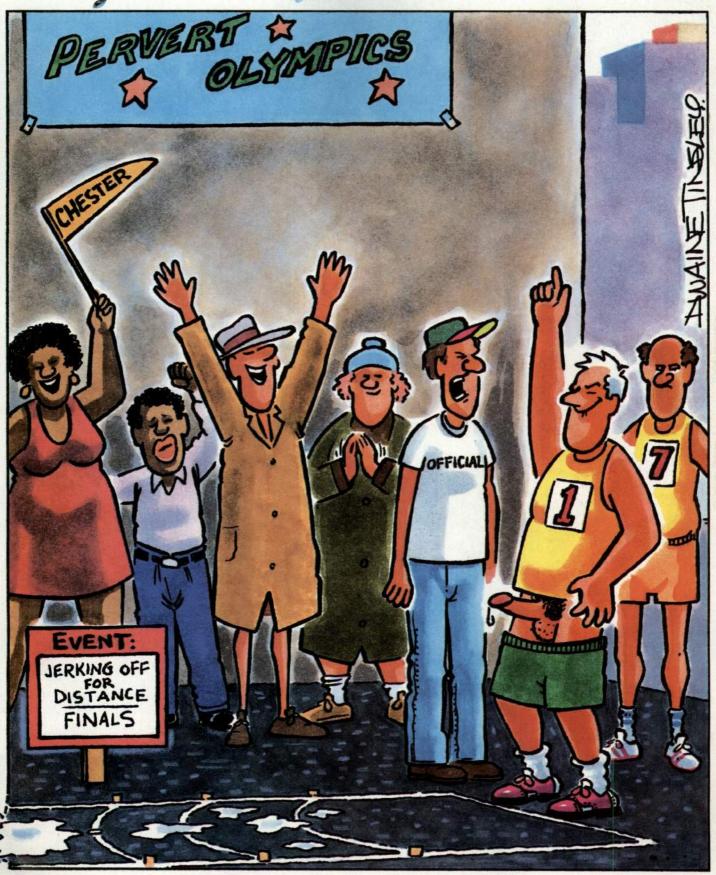
"The minuet?" Ethel asked.

"Hell," Mabel replied, "I can't 'member the men I fucked, let alone the men I et!"

The HUSTLER dictionary defines *Lord* as: Let Oral Roberts Die.

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Chesterthe Molester



"The winner, with a new world record, is. . . ."



THE SOLUTION SOLUTION By Bruce Evans

At the time of the Hopi incident, I was working for Dr. John Robinson, a well-known Flagstaff psychiatrist. I had just graduated from Arizona State University with a degree in Psychology, and was ecstatic over having him as my mentor. My first month in his clinic went smoothly until, due to an emergency, he was unable to handle his regular scheduling. Grabbing my arm, he pulled me into his office.

"Look," he said, "I've got a work overload this week, and I need you to treat one of my clients." The doctor paused, gave me an exhausted look and continued. "His name is Saviki. He is a Hopi Indian suffering from a recurring nightmare of death. The poor man is so caught up in his phantasm that he is afraid to close his eyes. He desperately needs sleep, and I want you to devote this week to attending one of his tribal rituals called the 'Snake Festival.' You will be required to take notes on how he reacts at the festival.

"Here," he said, handing me a large manila folder, "this is his case portfolio. Study it thoroughly and prepare yourself to meet and counsel him. You are to leave in 48 hours for his home village of Wapito."

Two days would normally be more than enough time to analyze the papers on a new patient, but there was no way of preparing for the horror that was about to unfold before me at the Hopi rituals.

The Amtrak trip gave me an opportunity to reread Saviki's case history. Understanding very little about the Hopi religion, I had to rely mainly on the doctor's information. Dr. Robinson believed that the root of Saviki's trouble was emblemized in the rich folklore of

the Hopi culture. Saviki was the main tribal priest of the Snake Clan. During the Snake Festival, he was responsible for the collecting of the reptiles, constructing of the Snake Altar, setting up the Snake Kiva, and the symbolic sacrificing of the virgin maiden. He was required to perform the rituals of the Snake Festival properly, in order to assure a prosperous harvest.

Saviki's nightmare, which the doctor believed stemmed from a guilt complex due to last year's poor harvest, involved the most powerful of the Hopi gods, The Great Horned Serpent. In Saviki's dream, he envisioned the serpent turning against him and destroying the Hopi crops. The Hopi people, knowing that the livelihood of the clan depended on the blessing of the serpent, rebelled against Saviki. In a moment of rage, they dragged him into the desert and staked him down at the Sipapu. (The Sipapu, the home of the serpent, is a mound 100 feet long, 20 feet wide and 15 feet high. At the top of the mound is a large entrance that is said to lead to the lair of the serpent.)

The serpent appeared when the people had left. His eyes sparked with hate. Hissing in a venomous breath, he pulled his bulky coils out of the Sipapu. His body was five feet in circumference and well over 30 feet long. Seeing Saviki, the snake ended the horrible nightmare by quickly swallowing him.

The Doctor indicated that Saviki felt that his tribe was being punished for some unknown action he had committed. Psychologically, Saviki believed he had offended The Great Horned Serpent and now must sacrifice his life in order to save his people.

THE HOPI INCIDENT

Moaning, she lined my cock up with her slit and mouthed, "I will not be a virgin for the reptile."

After poring over Dr. Robinson's documents, I leaned my head back, closed my eyes and concentrated on the data I had accumulated. It was evident that the predominance of Saviki's dream was destroying him. The Hopis appeared to base their religious beliefs on one of nature's creatures, the snake. They seemed to believe in a mystic form of communication with reptiles, something like transcendental meditation. I felt there was an indisputable analogy between Saviki's dream of the snake and insanity. My thoughts, caught up in an analytic state, suddenly froze.

For the life of me, I do not know what happened. It was as if someone were putting pictures within my mind. I saw a young Indian girl being wrapped in the skin of a live reptile. She was struggling, trying to free herself from the scaly cocoon. I saw myself, cold and alone, running down a long tunnel to help her. The tunnel was like a funnel—the farther I ran, the smaller it became. I could see the girl was about to be completely engulfed by the hideous skin; so I catapulted my body toward her. As my hands reached to

save her, I drew back in fright. Her head had been partially transposed to that of a reptile. Peeling back her thick lips, she spat the name "Saviki" at me through black, poisonous, dripping fangs, her forked tongue flicking lewdly.

Startled by the violent, uncontrolled images in my mind, I jerked my head up and shook the apparition from my imagination. Freeing my thoughts from the vision, I found myself looking down at a pair of leather moccasins. In the moccasins were a set of tanned, smooth legs. The legs were covered by a deerskin skirt. Bringing my eyes up farther, I saw firm breasts tightly bound in a beaded blouse. A beautiful face and paralytic eyes finished comprising the most gorgeous young Indian girl I had ever seen. I looked away and then back again. The result was the same. Stunned by her captivating eyes, I sat spellbound as her voice said, "Hi, are you going to Oraibi?"

I was unable to answer, but she smiled, "I'm going to Wapito for a festival."

Still tongue-tied, I watched as she ran a hand across her body, stopping at her knee. "It's the Snake Ritual Festival," she whispered in a cold breath.

Lifting the corner of her skirt, she showed brown young thighs. In silence, her eyes bored into me, painting the sensual words "I want you" in my mind. In a cloud of vibrating energy, she expelled such strong sexual prowess that I reached out to touch her. I didn't care about the other passengers. I wanted only to fulfill my burning desire. My hands seemed to have a mind of their own. Grasping the beaded blouse, they pulled it down to her waist. Her breasts were absolutely perfect. Half-inch nipples jutted out of shimmering golden skin. As if a magnet, my mouth fell to her breast. Entranced with what I was doing, I lost track of reality and plunged into a career-destroying act of public sex.

Slipping my pants down, I began the carnage by rubbing my limp dick on her breast. The rubbing produced a king-size erection. As the train sped along, I forced the girl's head back and shoved my cock into her mouth. She never protested. She just sat there like a sexual object waiting to be used. Somewhere in my mind swam a picture of people staring, but I couldn't stop. Ramming my pipe into her tight tunnel of a throat, I pounded at her face. With her head firmly in my hands, I ripped at her mouth, splitting the corner of her lip. Like a madman, I grabbed handfuls of raven hair and wildly jerked her head up and down. In a manic scream of pleasure, I impaled my cock deep in her throat and shot hot bullets of sperm into her firm belly. Never have I had a climax of that nature. It was as if my insides had been blown out the end of my dick. Wasted, I leaned over the girl's seat, savoring the twitching nerves in my prick and waiting for Amtrak security to arrest

Instead of being apprehended, I found myself sitting back down again and watching as the girl pulled her dress up to her breasts. At some time during our sexual action, it had turned dark, and I logically assumed that was the reason we were not discovered. Lost in the darkness, I glanced between the girl's thighs. A puzzling, cold-steel glint flashed from her pelvis. I leaned forward, wanting to get a better look, but stopped when she started moving toward me.

In one continuous flow, she floated from her seat and straddled my legs. I felt powerless as she touched my spent rod, creating an instant hard-on. Bellying up to me, she rested her breasts on my face and reached down for my organ. Moaning, she lined my cock up with her slit and, in a strange chant, mouthed: "I will not be a virgin for the reptile." A look of pain crossed her face as my cock entered her previously untouched cunt. My brain





"You can spot the real troublemakers early on!"

THE HOPI INCIDENT

Her never-before-penetrated vagina was tight around my penis, a soft, stroking hand sliding on my shaft.

reached out to touch her, but my body, paralyzed, refused to cooperate. A warm glow surrounded me when I slid into her vagina.

She rode my cock like a bucking horse, her firm breasts bouncing wildly against my chest. I reached up to pinch those dark nipples, and she moaned, tossing her head from side to side. Her neverbefore-penetrated vagina was tight around my penis, a soft, stroking hand sliding up and down my shaft. I leaned forward and tried to kiss her, but she pulled away, too caught up in maintaining a steady humping rhythm.

In a heavenly state of mind, I enjoyed each move she made, until the bloody horror began. At first it appeared as a red, watery fluid running in a thin stream down my dick. She was a virgin, and I expected some blood, but I did not anticipate a flood. In a matter of minutes the lower half of my body was covered in crimson. The young girl, pumping rhythmically, repeated over and over, "Not a virgin. Not a virgin."

With every movement she dumped more blood onto my already drenched body. As a doctor, I knew that a continued blood loss of this magnitude would result in her death. Finally, out of concern for her safety, I managed to twist out of her magnetic spell. As my mind cleared, I noticed the steel glint coming from her twat again. Staring down between her legs, I was struck with a wrenching abomination of fear. The glint was coming from the razor fangs of a serpent, and they were cutting through the cords and veins in my organ. I shrieked in terror.

A violent pounding at my head caused me to blow my eyelids open. In front of me was the concerned face of the porter.

"Sir, sir," he said, shaking me. "Your nightmares are disturbing the other passengers. Please. Please try to control yourself."

The rest of the Amtrak trip passed quickly. I tried to push the nightmare from my mind but, being a professional psychiatrist, I knew those images had been put there by something or someone. It was not a dream.

At the Oraibi station I was greeted by

Saviki. The snapshot I had seen of him was different. He looked younger in Dr. Robinson's photo. In reality, he was an old man, 5-2, with bloodshot eyes, wrinkled skin and gnarled hands. He was dressed as one might picture a TV Western Indian. Perched on his head was a black, flat-rimmed cowboy hat. The hat had a green feather and a red band. Thick layers of grey-black oily hair rested on a rainbow-colored poncho. Around his waist, a brass-buckled leather belt held up a pair of worn Levi's. The brass buckle was bright, shiny and proclaimed "This Bud's For You." His feet were covered in high-topped moccasins. An intricate bead design of a coiled snake decorated the shoes.

I shook hands with the man, introduced myself and explained that I was Dr. Robinson's emissary.

He listened calmly and said, "I have a fierce vision of a snake. It is the Serpent and will be the death of me. I see it." His voice, accented with a twinge of desperate fear, came gutturally deep from his throat. He spoke almost without moving his lips.

Surprised by what he said, I stuttered and told him not to worry. I was there to help him. I then suggested we continue the trip to his home village. The next hour was spent in a well-used 1957 International pickup, bouncing over an uncared-for road.

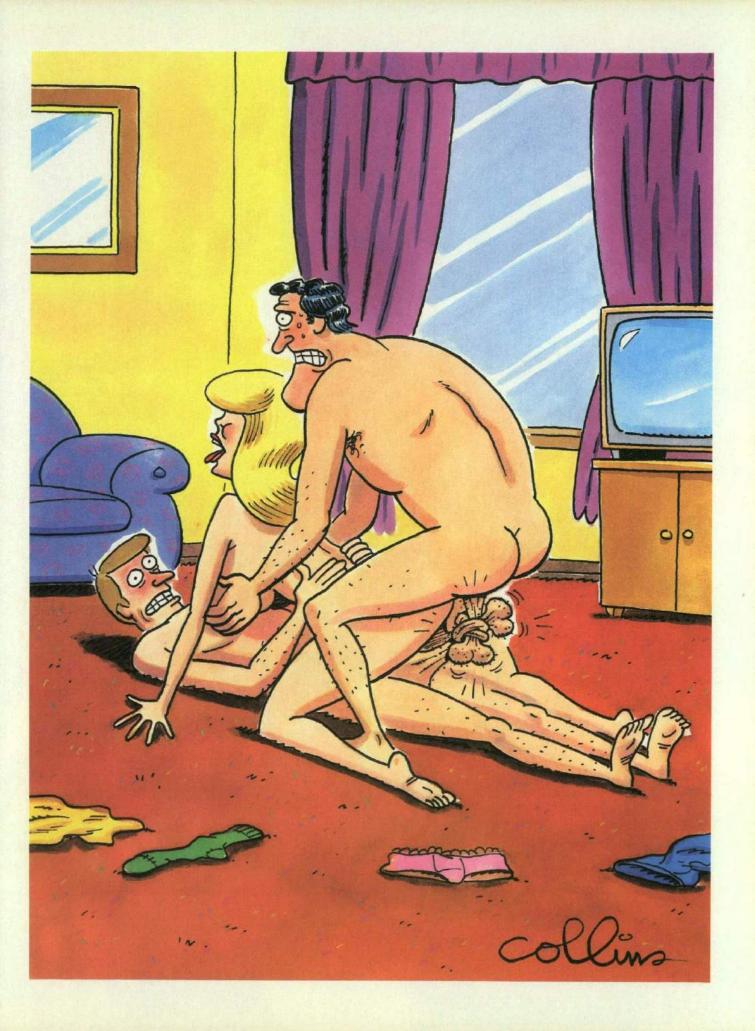
Saviki's home village sat on a 600-foot mesa overlooking the Arizona Painted Desert. The village was mainly constructed of adobe and was accessible only by foot. The rituals of the Hopis are closed to all outsiders except those with previous tribal permission. Since I was there to help Saviki, I was given the blessing of the tribal council and allowed to witness the entire ceremony.

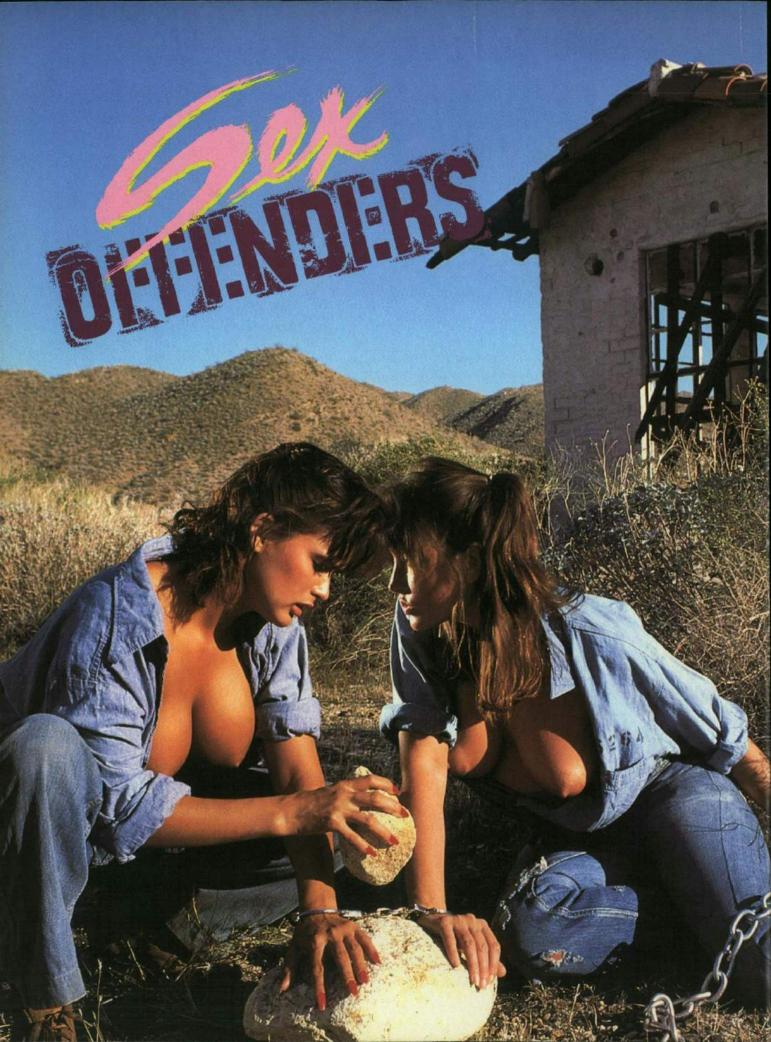
The first part of the Snake Festival began in the Snake Kiva. The Snake Kiva is situated underground on the highest part of the mesa. The Kiva is a dark, ugly tomb with only wall torches for light. The floor of the Kiva is covered with fine sand. The Snake Altar, which sits at the far end of the cave, is made of stone and leather. On the leather is a drawing of the Great Horned Serpent. The Serpent's mouth is open. Inside the protective jaws of the Serpent is a round object. The object represents the village. The Hopis believe the Great Serpent is a safeguard against evil.

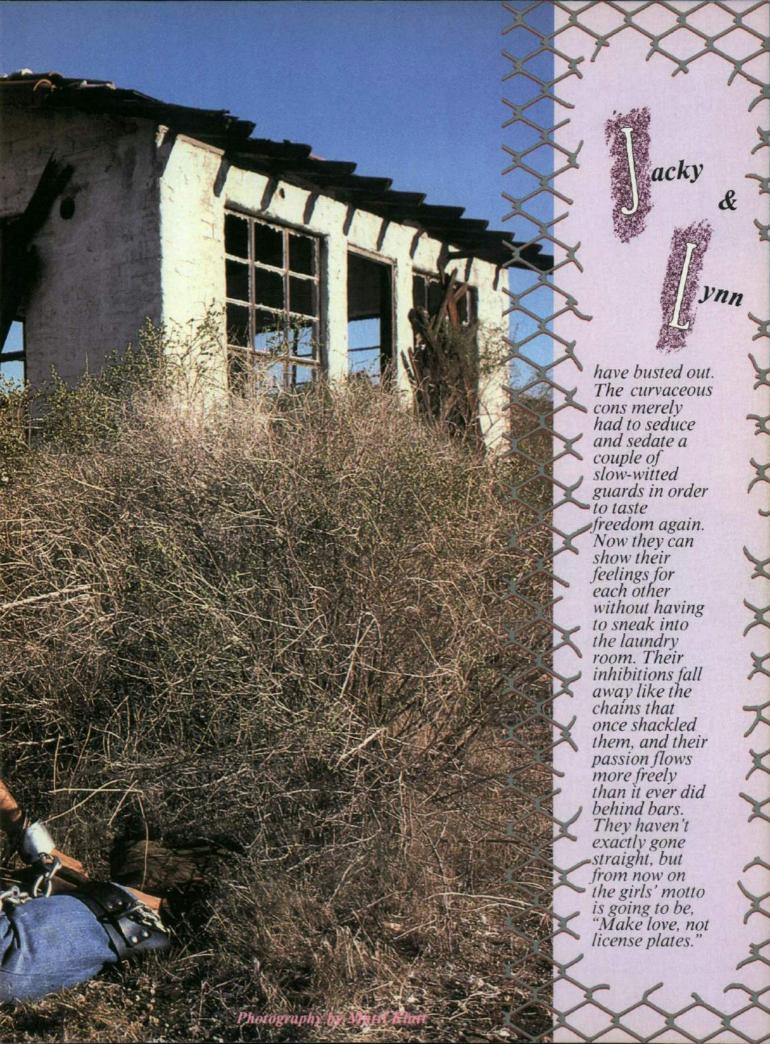
The ceremony began at dusk. Sitting on the sand-covered floor were 20 snake priests. In the center of the circle were six large jars containing dozens of snakes. Saviki, with the ceremonial pipe in his hand, nodded his head, indicating that the liturgy was to start. After hours of (continued on page 80)

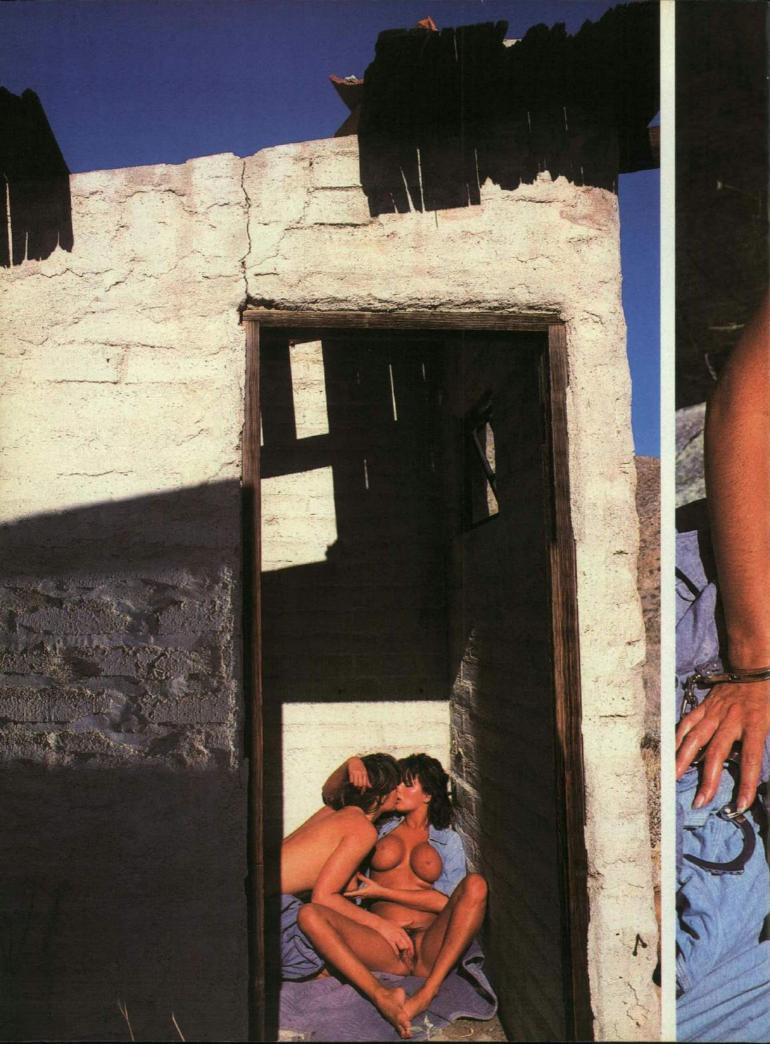


"Say hi to Janice, Bubba. Janice is into b.o.!"







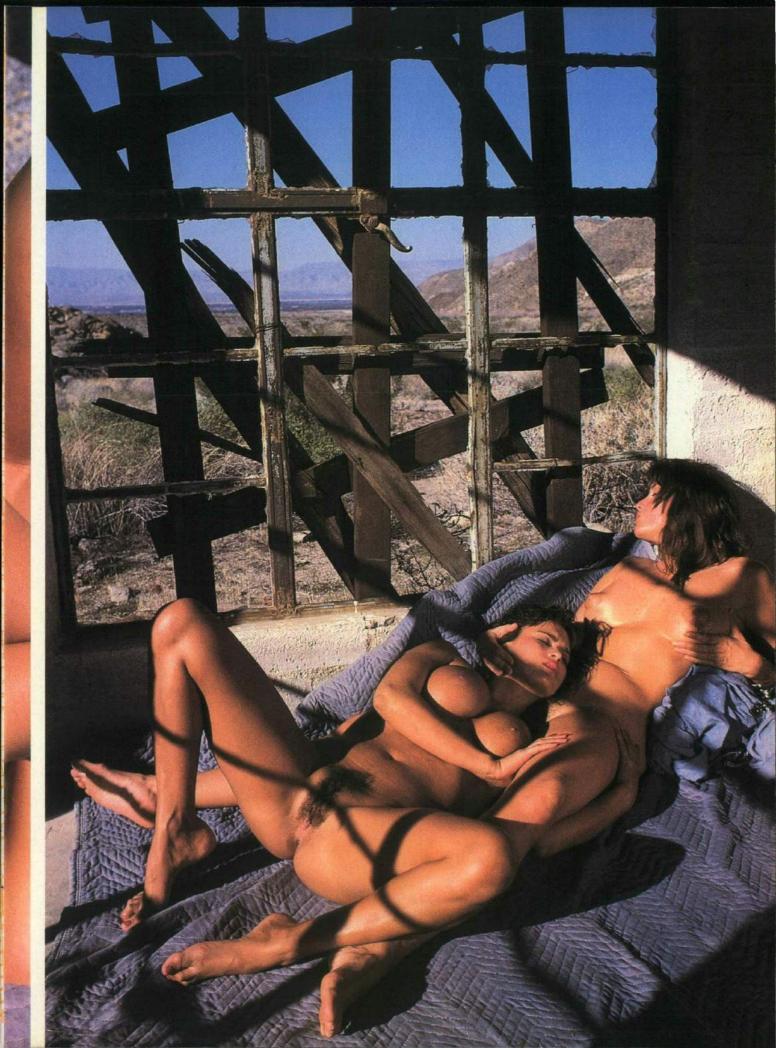












THE HOPI INCIDENT (continued from page 70)

He began massaging the girl's clit with the scales of the rattler . . . it expanded to the size of an index finger.

passing a peyote-packed pipe, the priests locked arms. Saviki, in a voice barely above a whisper, lapsed into a Hopi chant. In erratic notes, he sang a song hundreds of years old to a god he loved. Shortly, all the men were swaying and chanting. Every hour, the tempo increased. The monotonous vocal repetition of the men created an eerie, hypnotic atmosphere.

At 2:00 a.m., one of the priests went to the center of the circle, untied the buckskin tops of the jars and released the snakes. The snakes, apprehensive of the men, began looking for avenues of escape. A yellow rattler angrily stopped in front of a young priest, coiled and wickedly struck the man. The priest, showing no fear, calmly took a leather pouch from under his tunic and squeezed a black liquid on the puncture wound. (I asked about the potion and was told it was the only precaution against snakebites they use. It is called Chu'kung, a concoction of Stink Bug Plant, Snake Flower Plant and Snake Vertebrae Plant. All priests are required to drink this and maintain a certain amount of it on their persons during the service. It appeared to me that the Hopis, like the desert horse, have, through centuries, built up an immunity to the poison.)

As the men's swaying and singing intensified, the snakes became mesmerized. Arching their heads, they oscillated in synchronization with the men. I watched, fascinated, as a sidewinder moved toward Saviki, climbed onto his crossed legs and went to sleep. Soon, a half-a-dozen snakes were on Saviki's body. At 6:00 a.m., all the reptiles were sleeping peacefully on the men. With a wave of his hand, Saviki authorized one of the men to start collecting the reptiles. When all of the snakes were put safely in the jars, Saviki stood. The standing indicated the end of the Snake Friendship Ritual and the beginning of the virgin ceremony.

It was then the deja vu feeling of my nightmare crept upon me. A young girl, her eyes fixed on her feet, entered the cave. She was gently, but firmly, picked up by two men and carried to the center of the Kiva. With swift movements they disrobed her, uncovering two firm,

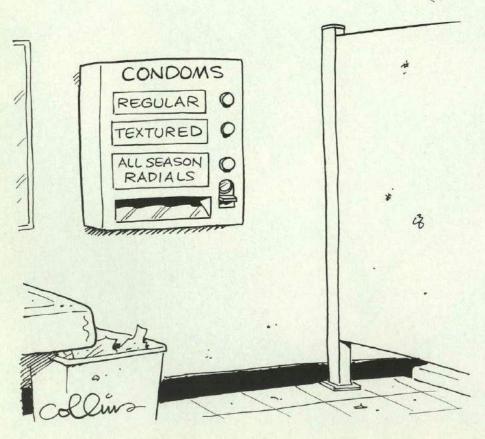
orange-size breasts and a hairless pelvis. An unusually large, white clit stood out against her tanned skin. Under the directions of Saviki, she was placed spreadeagle on the dirt floor. As the torchlight hit her face, I gasped in dread. She resembled my Amtrak lover.

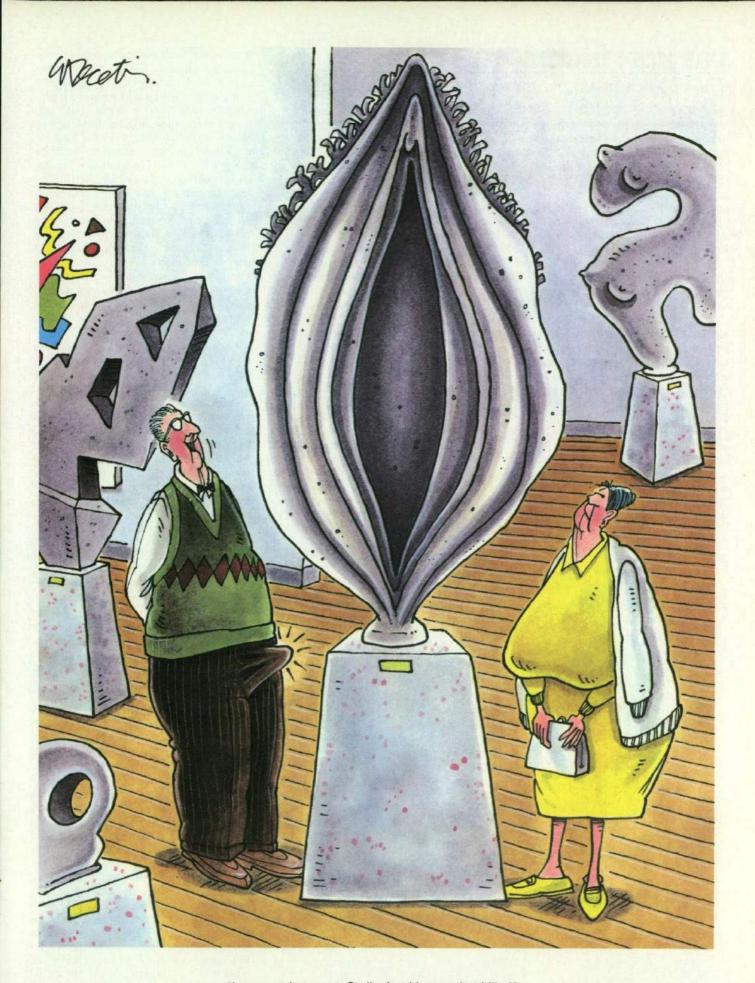
A snap of Saviki's fingers brought another priest carrying a black pottery jar. The man placed the jar next to the girl and jumped back when a menacing vibration exploded from within the container. Saviki, stepping next to the jar, kicked it. As the jar fell, the lid popped loose, exposing two evil, red eyes. A feeling of horror encompassed me when a huge diamondback slid out. Startled by the size of the snake, I backed against the cave wall and watched as the viper wrapped his eight-foot body into a tight coil. With a deadly hiss, it drew its head back and revealed a white-cotton mouth and large fangs. The reptile had every intention of attacking the young girl when the leathery old hands of Saviki snatched it below the neck. The monstrous rattler reacted to the threat by winding itself around the old man's arm.

Saviki, showing no fear, made a ceremonial gesture toward the snake altar. Lifting the repitle above his head, he slowly began lowering the rattler's head. With each movement of his arm, the toxic diamondback grew closer to his face. Then, with a lightning move, he twisted the snake's head sideways and viciously bit it. Ripping with his bicuspids, he tore the snake's head in two. At this time a strange, fearful chant, "He's taken the death bite," vibrated from the men. I wasn't sure what was going on, but I had a feeling that Saviki had somehow broken with tradition.

Once completing his barbaric action, he took a knife from his belt and completely decapitated the reptile. With crimson and spittle flowing from the corner of his mouth, he gagged and spit out a horribly mutilated gob of snake flesh. Still coughing, he carried the headless, squirming viper to the young girl. Standing over her, he asked the Great Horned Serpent forgiveness for the killing of the snake. While doing this, he squeezed the remaining reptilian blood onto the breasts, stomach and pelvis of the virgin.

Grasping the rattler's spiny tail, Saviki dropped to both knees and spat on the young girl's breasts. Gently, he used the bony rattler's tail as an inducement to harden the girl's black nipples. Rubbing the top of the nipples created the intended results. Coal-black and hard, they stoop up at Saviki's touch. While working her breasts, he slid his right hand down to the bloody snake's stump and began inching his way between the girl's tight thighs. As he intensified the pressure between





"I may not know art, Stella, but I know what I like!"

THE HOPI INCIDENT

The virgin's twat ate eagerly at the diamondback's tail, human and reptilian blood mixed together.

her legs, he used the rattler's tail to design a bloody image of the Great Serpent on her hard body. Pushing her legs farther apart, he brought both ends of the reptile together on her shiny, blood-coated pelvis. He began massaging the girl's clit with the rough scales of the rattler. I stood spellbound as the girl's already large clit expanded and hardened to the size of a small index finger. Saviki, continuing his stroking, watched the girl's face intensely, as if waiting for a sign.

From the maiden's mouth came an unexpected lip-licking groan. She arched her hairless cunt toward Saviki's expertly massaging hand. That was evidently the sign Saviki had been waiting for. With a quick, wicked blow, he pierced the virgin's vagina. As the virgin's tight twat ate eagerly at the diamondback's tail, human and reptilian blood mixed together. The moaning now turned into a scream of pain and pleasure.

The scream seemed to be a signal, for within minutes, two young women appeared. The women, keeping their heads bowed, sure-footed their way to a corner of the Kiva. There they stripped, bent over, butted their heads up against the wall and hiked their buttocks up in the air. When they were in the proper position, two men left the circle, dropped their britches and stood poised behind the nude women. Looking over their shoulders, the men focused their attention on Saviki's rapidly moving hand.

While rotating and twisting the rattler's tail, Saviki jacked at the girl's extended clit. Mercilessly, he pounded at the girl's sticky slit until, in a spasmodic wave of ecstasy, she jerked the tail from her cunt, slid in three fingers and climaxed, screaming.

The two men, meanwhile, had beaten their meat into iron rods and now, with the climaxing of the virgin, drilled their hard cocks into the waiting cunts of the women. Grabbing a buttock in each hand, they plowed long spears of hot meat into the wet pussies. In an all-out spiritual frenzy, they rained havoc on the women in the form of butt-busting blows. The violent jamming reached a semi-peak when both women crashed headlong into the cave wall. Just before climaxing, the

men pulled their quivering purple cocks from the women's hot cunts and, straining to hold back their gushing sperm, made their way to the exhausted virgin.

Once next to the virgin, each man jerked twice, expelling hot loads of cum on the girl's limp body. As the first two men finished, two more mounted the bedraggled women. The head-bashing that had occurred previously was now intensified by the second two. Finally, the women, who were suffering from dry, bleeding twats as well as bruised, disoriented heads, collapsed onto the cave floor. The men, paying no attention to the unconscious women, continued humping. Pulling their steaming-hot cocks from the lax bodies of the women, they repeated the performance of the other men; each one firing scalding balls of thick jism on the young girl.

Over the next hour, all 20 men made their way to the women. Most of the priests resorted to spreading the cheeks of the women and butt-fucking them, using their saliva as lubrication. As the last two men emptied their balls, Saviki culminated the ceremony by sprinkling hard-kernel corn across the girl's body. The corn, coated with sperm, was, one piece at a time, slid into the virgin's cunt and taken out. The mixing together of the sperm and corn in the vagina represented a primeval fertilization; a prelude to the planting of the crops.

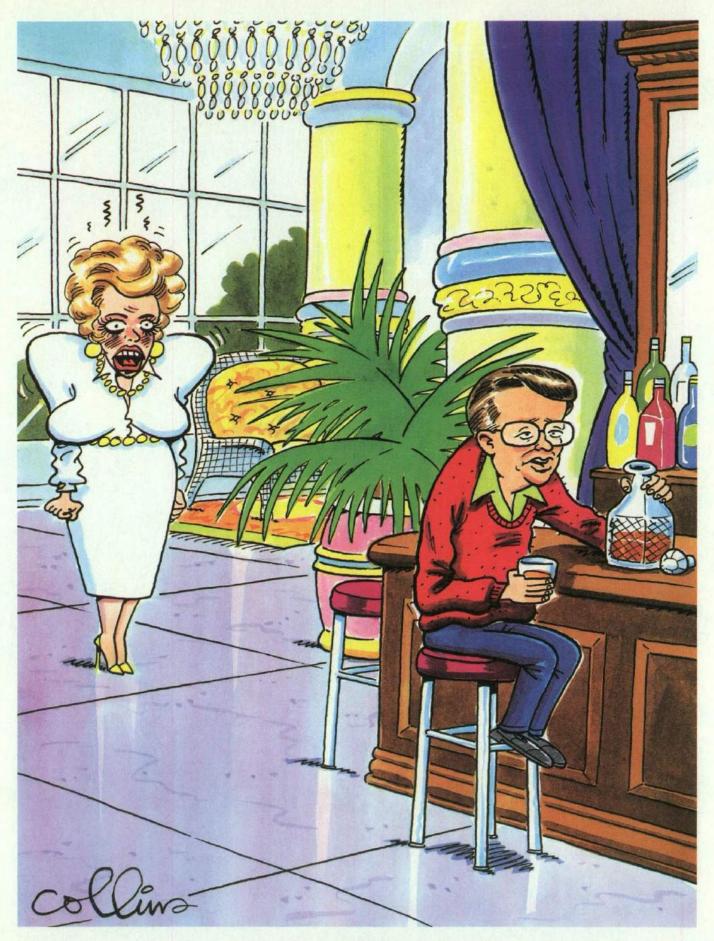
Saviki was about to call a halt to the proceedings when he groaned and began gasping for breath. Eyes rolling back in his head, he fell crashing on top of the young girl. The virgin hysterically tried to push him off. Jumping over the squatted men, I made my way to Saviki and pulled him onto his back.

The man had the look of death. His tightly compressed teeth brutally gritted, and his once-tanned skin was an oxygenless blue. Forcing his mouth open, I held his tongue down with my thumb. His symptoms reminded me of both an epileptic seizure and a severe heart attack. One thing I knew for sure, if the man did not get oxygen, he was dead.

Placing my lips on his, I was about to expel a lungful of air when a needlelike penetration tore into my lip. Drawing my head back, I was alarmed and frightened when I pulled a hollow-boned rattler's fang from my mouth. I knew instantly what had happened. Saviki, wanting to sacrifice his life, had bitten off the rattler's head, suffering a death-dealing blow when the reptile's fang lodged in his mouth. The fang, which has the largest poison capacity in the world, ended up being the death of Saviki, and now, as I felt nausea overcoming me, I knew the poison left in the fang was about to destroy me. 🖢

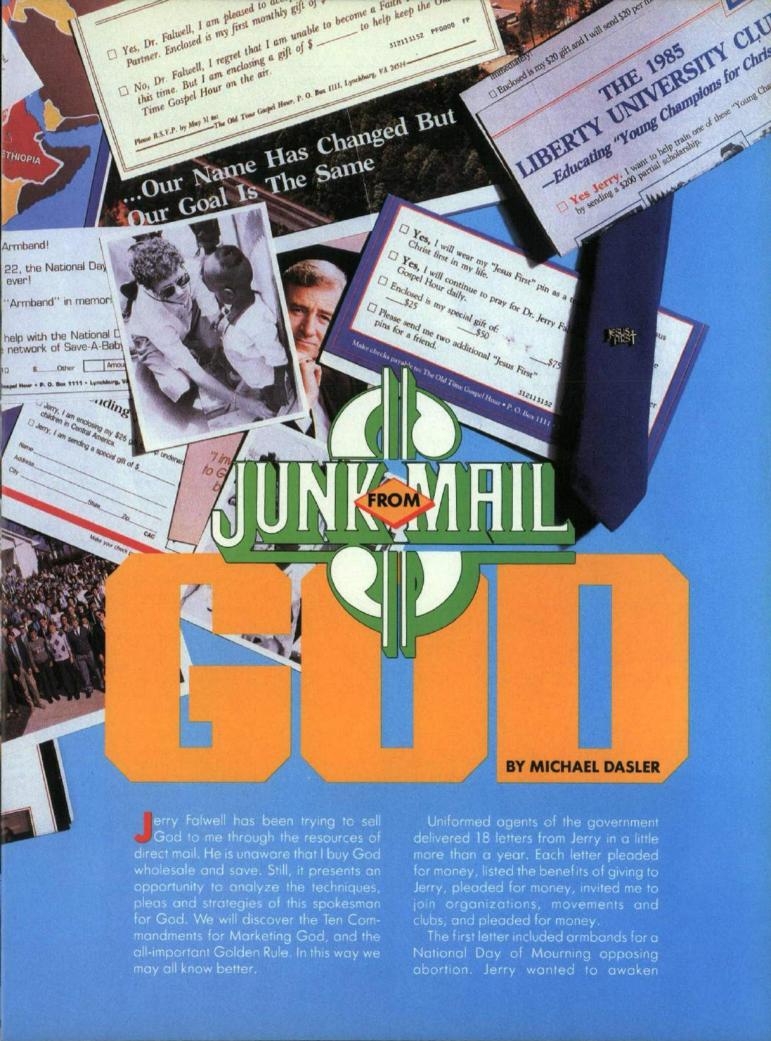


"Marge, I'm worried about that boy. . . . "



"You spent \$275,000 on one fuck?!"





JUNK MAIL FROM GOD

Jerry told me he "prayed that God will lead [me] to send a gift of \$10, \$25 or even \$50." God didn't.

America from its "sleep of moral ignorance." All the guy wanted from me was a "gift" of "\$25, \$15 or even \$10." (First Commandment for Marketing God: Always give the customer a choice.)

Jerry's next letter wanted me to become a "Faith Partner." I know this is an important proposition, because I received five subsequent letters on the subject. The first included two "Jesus First" pins, and Jerry told me he "prayed that God will lead [me] to send a gift of \$10, \$25 or even \$50." God didn't.

The whole Faith Partner marketing package was impressive. In addition to supporting Jerry's program, Old Time Gospel Hour, each month you will receive a Prayer Request Card, which guarantees a "strong, Bible-believing Christian" member of Jerry's Prayer Team will pray for you by name and need. You will also receive, each month, the Bible-study newsletter "Drawing Closer." And you will receive a Faith Partner Membership Card with your name and a toll-free number to call. Sort of a hotline in case of emergencies when a Prayer Request Card would be too slow-for those times

when God and Jerry need to know what's happening to you right now.

In addition to the monthly Prayer Request Card, the monthly publication "Drawing Closer," and your handy membership card, you will also receive a Giant Print Study Bible with leatherlike cover and two (gold-plated) Jesus First pins.

If you act now and become a Faith Partner by sending your gift of \$120 or more today, Jerry will throw in a Faith Partner Edition Pocket New Testament as a "special gift." What a guy!

In all fairness, Jerry does not sell these items, Jerry gives them to you. Jerry only requires that you give him a gift first. Jerry's a crafty little giver, isn't he? (Second Commandment for Marketing God: Never mention buy or sell; giving and gifts have a much nicer ring and are more compatible with Christian ethics.)

The flyer for the Faith Partner offer said that only Faith Partners receive these gold-plated Jesus First pins. I received two pins. I am not a Faith Partner.

Jerry also sent a complimentary issue of "Drawing Closer." As promised, "Drawing Closer" is "easy to read." In fact, reading it is one of the more simplistic diversions available. The newsletter contains "Bible Doctrine," "Bible Facts," "Dr. Falwell Answers Bible Questions," "Ministry Update," "Questions and Answers" (sort of a Bible trivia quiz) and "Drawing Closer in Prayer."

From "Bible Facts": "When the Israelites defeated the Canaanites, God hurled large hailstones on the enemy, killing more than were killed by the sword." (Third Commandment for Marketing God: Impress potential client with stories of satisfied customers.)

From "Dr. Falwell Answers Bible Questions": (On lawsuits) "Christians should not take other Christians to court unless there is absolutely no other way out." (1 Corinthians 6:7) Falwell: "However, these passages apply only to Christians taking other Christians to court." (Fourth Commandment for Marketing God: Emphasize fringe benefits.)

From "Questions and Answers": Question: "Jesus said false prophets will come to us how?" Answer: "In sheep's clothing." (Fifth Commandment for Marketing God: Always be the first to make accusations, especially if the accusations may apply to you.)

From "Drawing Closer in Prayer":
"Please pray for finances for our upcoming wedding, honeymoon, and the rent for an apartment." (Sixth Commanment for Marketing God: Encourage consumer awareness of product as a miracle cure-all, for which no problem is too large or small.)

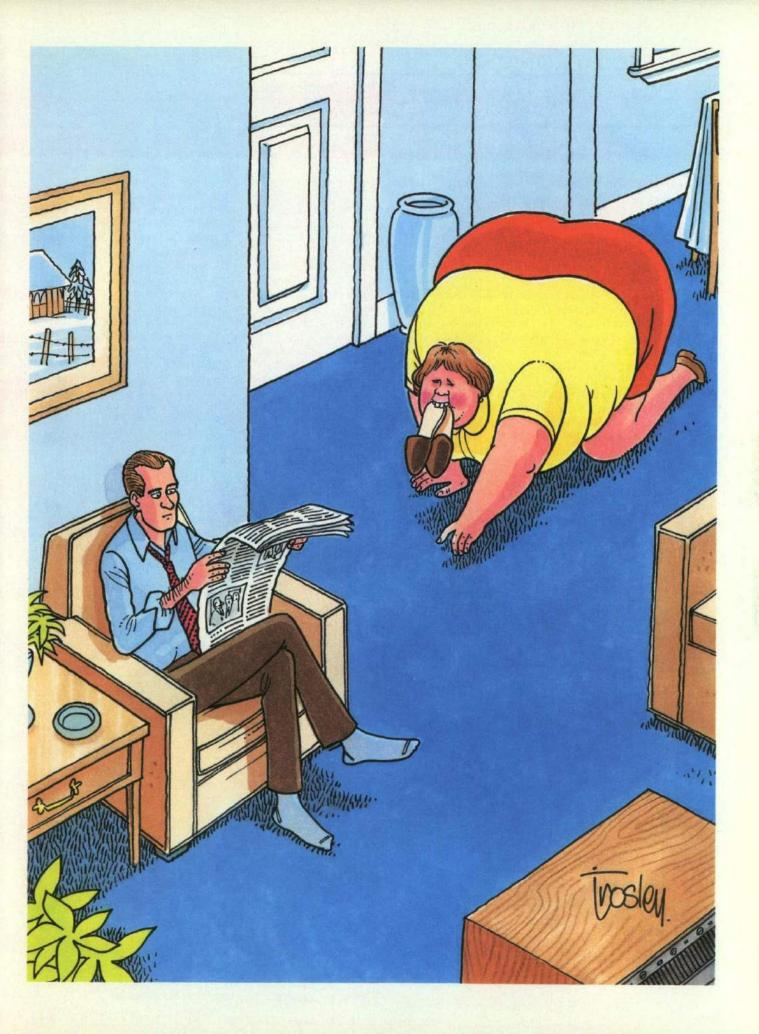
Of course, instructions were included so that one could receive more issues of "Drawing Closer." "To receive your own free subscription, fill out the enclosed invitation and mail it back to me [Jerry] today with your first monthly gift."

Next, Jerry offered a membership in his Moral Majority (now Liberty Lobby). His Moral Majority had a monthly budget of \$1 million, and rarely had more than \$2 million in reserve. His Moral Majority wanted a tax-deductible contribution of "\$25, \$50 or even \$15." (Notice the expansion of the First Commandment: The choice motif now includes products and allows the customer to support either religion or politics, and still maintains choice of the amount of money given.)

The right-wing viewpoints of Falwell's Moral Majority are well-known, and God did not move me to join. Jerry will have to "put on the heat" about "the burning issues threatening our country" without me. However, I would like to render one quote: "Misguided liberals in federal, state and local governments are pushing for more spending schemes that will bankrupt America." (Seventh Commandment for Marketing God: A little fear can motivate the giving impulse.)



"I promise to cut unemployment! I promise not to raise taxes! I promise I won't come in your mouth!"



JUNK MAIL FROM GOD

How does Jerry meet a crisis? He squares his shoulders, steels his nerve, holds his head up, and goes a-begging.

Most of Jerry's money comes from taxdeductible contributions. If there were fewer tax-deductible funded organizations, our tax revenue would be monumentally higher or our taxes lower. In spite of this, Jerry seems proud to emphasize that "gifts" are tax-deductible. (Eighth Commandment for Marketing God: Emphasize that by giving money to Jerry, the smart investor can avoid paying taxes to Uncle Sam.)

Jerry's letters usually came via the reduced nonprofit postage rate—yet another drain on public revenues. Every letter included the all-important return envelope to facilitate donations.

Jerry wrote one letter asking \$25 for Freedom Boxes for Nicaraguan refugee children. I have little criticism of this. Although, Jesus Boxes or Love Offerings might be more appropriate names for religious charity. (Ninth Commandment for Marketing God: Indoctrinate the young and impressionable, they are lifelong customers.)

Now, we come to the time of crisis. How does Jerry meet a crisis? The same way, apparently, he does everything else: He squares his shoulders, steels his nerve, holds up his head proudly and righteously, and goes a-begging.

In June of 1985, Jerry's organizations were faced with a \$10 million deficit. I was called upon by Jerry to make a "survival gift." I enjoyed not making this gift more than any other I had not previously made.

Jerry wrote: "I am staring into the face of a \$10 million burden." He later wrote: "I feel as if a crushing deadline is staring me in the face." With composing a letter one hundred times, staring at problems and having problems stare back, it is easy to see why Jerry is not in private business. The guy, apparently, barely has enough business acumen to keep a charity financially solvent.

The crisis at Liberty University was slower to develop. Jerry's first letter sounded familiar:

What would you give to become a Charter Member of the Liberty University Club and know the joy of helping young people get a Christian education?

You will receive a (gold-plated) Liberty University Club Pin, and a gold-sealed

Liberty University Club Certificate with your name, signed by Jerry Falwell himself.

Jerry will also send you the 1985 Christian Family Library and, if you give \$200, you'll get, as a bonus gift, the cassette package *How to Live Successfully*. These 31 sermons from the book of Proverbs are "among the greatest sermons God has ever allowed [Jerry] to preach."

You can also give \$20 today, and \$20 a month for nine months, but Jerry will not give you the cassettes.

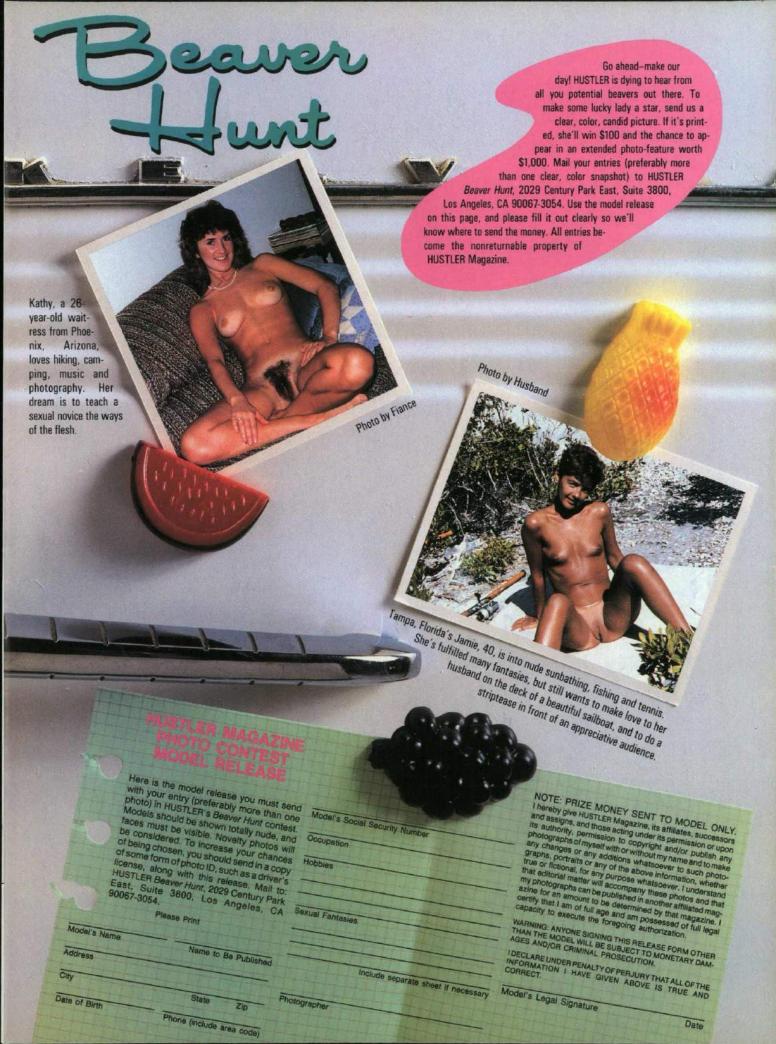
Jerry again pointed out that this is a tax-deductible gift. Jerry also pointed out that Liberty University does "not accept funds from the federal or state governments." He does not point out that, being a religious school, Liberty University does not qualify for federal or state funds. It is very magnanimous of Jerry not to accept funds he is not offered.

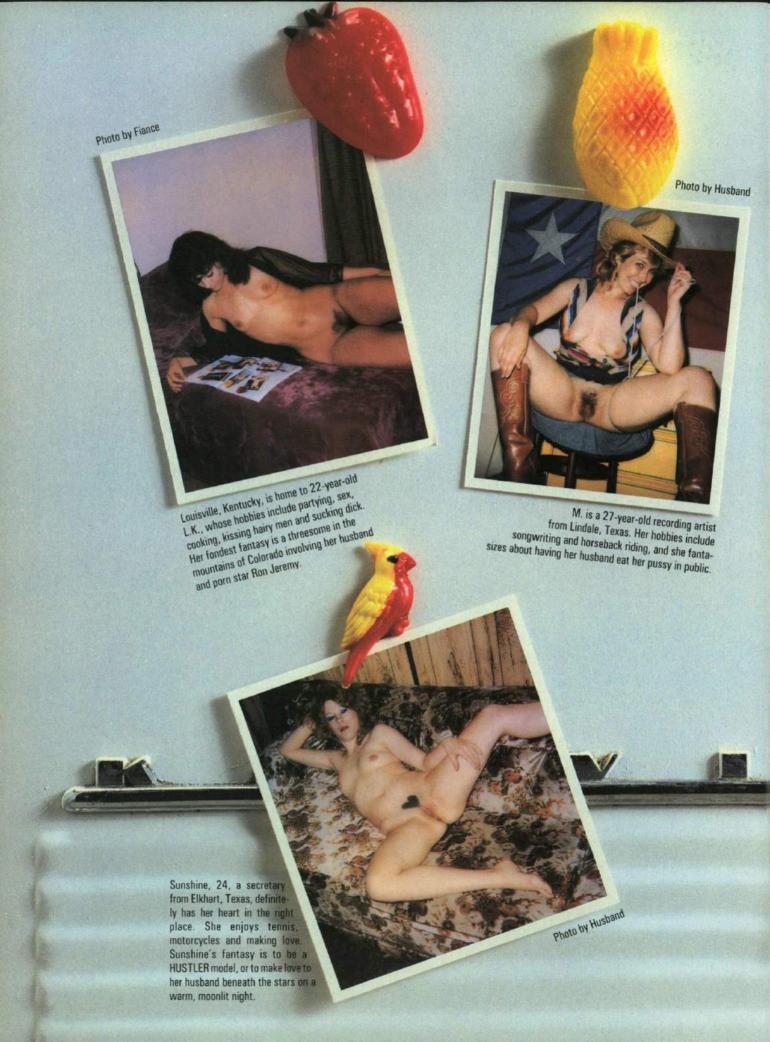
The crisis at Liberty U. culminated when Jerry later wrote that, because of a lack of funds: "This morning, I [Jerry] fell on my face before God and cried out in desperation." (Tenth Commandment for Marketing God: A little well-placed groveling never hurt.)

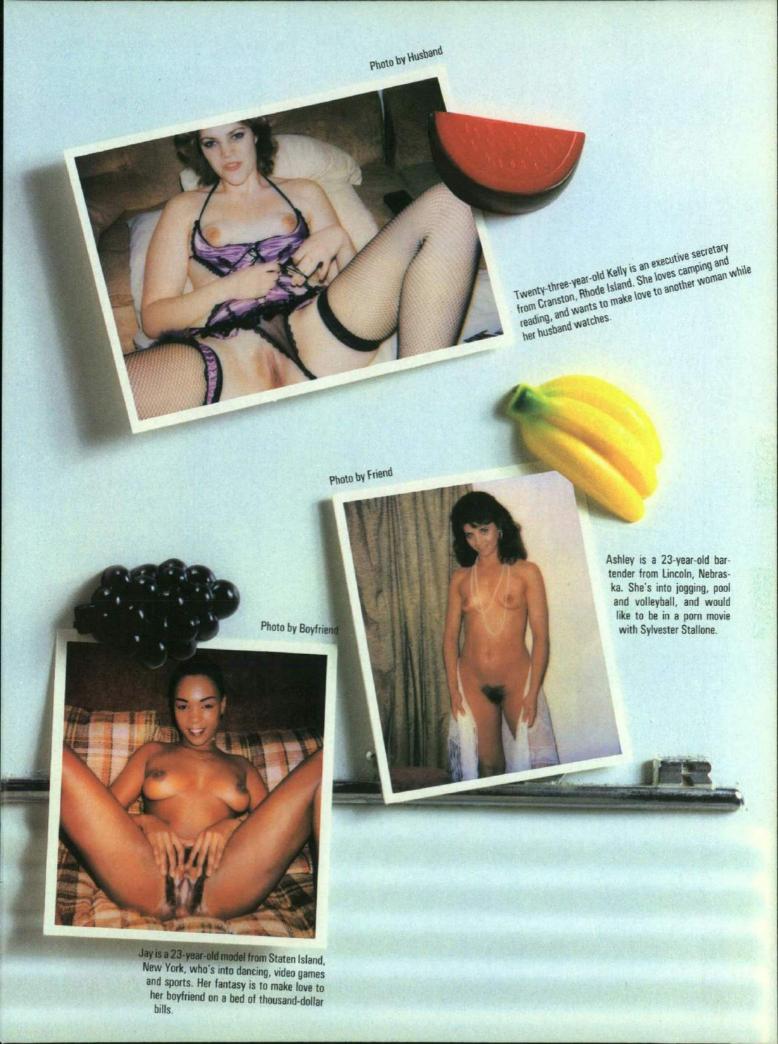
To sum up the consistent appeal of Jerry's letters (the theme of which could be "Sheeps don't fail me now"): "Send as generous a gift as you can," "even more if you can," "send the most generous taxdeductible contribution possible," "monthly gifts," "could you possibly rush a gift of \$25 to me today," "regular gifts," "emergency gift of \$100," "pay your pledge," "send at least \$25 (more if possible)," "tax-deductible contribution of \$25, \$50 or even \$15," "find some way to send a gift of \$25," "send as generous a gift as you possibly can," "send your gift of \$25 today," "send your desperately needed gift of \$100 today," "I have never needed your help more than today," "enclose your first \$20 gift and pay the remaining," "I need your help today as never before," "gift of \$50, \$75 or even \$100," "I cannot ask for less," and "can't balance our budget unless everyone doubles their previous largest gift." (The Golden Rule for Marketing God: You can never ask too often or for too much money.)

Jerry blamed the funding shortage on the "liberal media's biased portrayal of [Jerry] on the South African issue." The media did mercilessly show footage of Jerry making certain morally embarrassing and intellectually insulting statements. Such atrocious honesty by the media can only be viewed as a callous attempt to investigate every aspect of the truth, and to hold every man accountable for his words and actions. Such willful integrity would not be acceptable in the society Jerry envisions.















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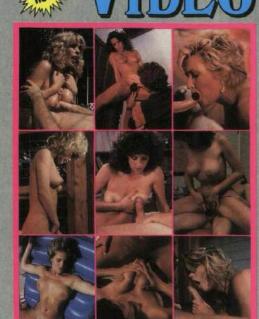


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BARBARA DARE (continued from page 53)

"I like to go off. Even in my real sex life: Fuck me hard! The harder, the faster, the better."

what I'm doing, and tried to explain that I get respect in the business. People think porn is sleazy motel rooms, lowlife people, scum. And it's not. I work for a great company. They're businessmen; they wear suits and ties every day. They're not sleaze; they respect me, and I'm treated like a queen. My father said he doesn't condone what I do, but he'll always be there for me. He rented one of my movies, watched some of it and turned it off. I think he wanted to stick in his head what his daughter was doing. I told him I still wanted to be Daddy's little girl, but if not-not.

HUSTLER: You started out as Kim Wilde. Why the name change?

DARE: I became Barbara Dare because I wanted to forget Kim Wilde. I did such shitty stuff when I first started. A few things I did in New York had no showers, no makeup artist-things that now I'd say, "No way." We shot one movie in Queens, in a movie theater, and we worked all night. We did an orgy scene without a cut for, honestly, one hour. I couldn't walk. Not just my pussy, but my whole body ached for five days after that. The stuff that came out then was not Barbara Dare quality. Barbara Dare is a porn star. Kim Wilde was just a little girl who didn't know what she was doing. Now I know. And I want to do the best I can. I want to be the best.

HUSTLER: How did your contract with Essex come about?

DARE: I knew that Ginger Lynn was under contract to Vivid Video. So that put the idea about contracts in my head. I'd heard through the grapevine that Essex was looking for somebody. I was shooting for Essex one day, and I just went up to the production manager and said, "Get me in to see them. I want a contract." The next morning I just went in there and sold them on me. It's what I wanted. If I'm going to be in this business, I don't want to get burned-out or overexposed.

HUSTLER: What's the advantage of being under contract?

DARE: I have cast-and-script approval, you know, things like that. And the money. That's another thing I told my father, and he understands. Who, at age 23, is making this kind of money? I'm now earning a six-figure income, and I hope to double what I make this year with a fan club and marketing. The other advantage is that I only do ten videos a year. I think the fact that I don't work so much helps keep me fresh.

HUSTLER: What's your least favorite thing about the X-rated industry?

DARE: It's starting to hit me right nowso many demands on my time. People are calling for interviews all the time; somebody else wants me to do a club act. I go to the conventions. I love the conventions because I know what they do for my career. But by the end of the day, I just want to get back to me. I've been smiling and signing autographs and writing nasty things for six hours. I love the business. but it takes a lot out of you emotionally. It's tough being a sex star.

HUSTLER: You seem to be quite a businesswoman, and more aware than most porn stars about what you have to do to promote yourself. Would you say that you're sort of a porn yuppie?

DARE: I hate that term. All a yuppie is someone who basically has their shit together. It's business. I'm going to make the most money I can in this business. There are a lot of girls who get out after a few years and don't have anything-that would kill me. The sex is fine, but I can get sex anywhere. This is business!

HUSTLER: You've been making films and videos for about a year-and-a-half now. Do you have any particular favorites among the men you've worked with?

DARE: I love working with Jerry Butler. Billy Dee is such a good fuck! He's a fast fuck. Not that it's hard for me to do a soft, passionate love scene, but I like to go off. Even in my real sex life: Fuck me hard! The harder, the faster, the better. HUSTLER: Who else?

DARE: Jamie Gillis. Paul Thomas. Guys who have been in the business for a while. The pros can get it up and come when they've got to come.

HUSTLER: Speaking of coming, here's the orgasm question: Do you, or don't you oncreen?

DARE: Of course I do onscreen. The guys get to come, why shouldn't I? I make sure I come. I used to think, I don't want to try to come because the director will say, "Cut," before I get off. One day I actually said, "What do you mean, 'Cut'? I'm al-

most there!" No, I come. When you see me jerking, it's real. HUSTLER: We've never seen you take it in the ass onscreen. How come? DARE: Because I only do that in my personal life. There are certain things I want to do in my own life that are just too personal for the screen. I was thinking of doing an anal scene with Erica Boyer. Something like that I'll do. (continued on page 98) SEPTEMBER HUSTLER



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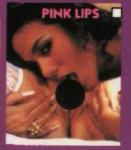
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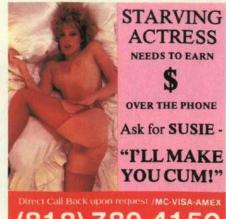
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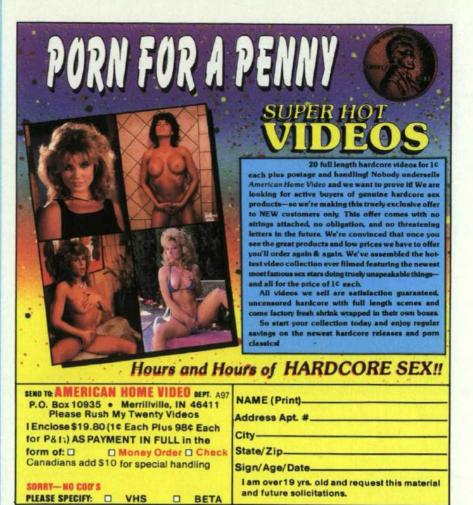
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BARBARA DARE (continued from page 94)

"I don't think a woman could satisfy me totally now. I need a man. I need his cock."

HUSTLER: Why will you let a dildo up your ass and not a cock?

DARE: Again, it's personal. For a woman, a dildo is a toy. I always used to say, "I'm going to save my booty for the man I marry." You have to save something in this business. There are things that I don't want touched by everybody, and that's one of them.

HUSTLER: Tell us about your first experience with anal sex.

DARE: It killed me. It still hurts sometimes, but it's a turn-on hurt. It was erotic, and it was different, but it hurt.

HUSTLER: Whose idea was it?

DARE: Both of ours. My boyfriend really gets into it. We don't do it that often, but when we do, he's a happy camper.

HUSTLER: Is your boyfriend in the business?

DARE: Oh, no. I could never deal with it if he was in porn.

HUSTLER: So how does he deal with you fucking everybody?

DARE: He's cool about it. He looks up to me as a businesswoman.

HUSTLER: Does he come to the set with you?

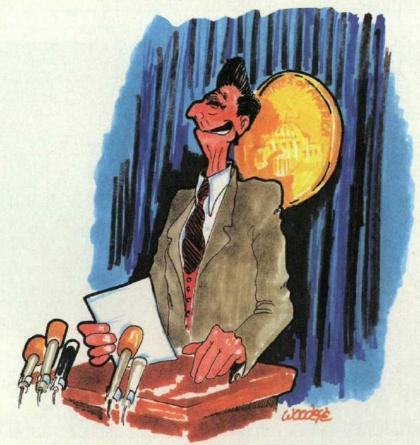
DARE: No, and he doesn't watch my movies. It would just add negatives to our relationship. But he's very supportive. I think that's why I love him so much. He deals with it—and he pushes me to be number one. He says, "No matter what you do, be the best at it. Kick ass."

HUSTLER: What does he think about you doing girl/girl scenes?

DARE: He doesn't mind. He knows I'm into women. I've been into women for ten years. He tells me, "Do it. If it's something you need to keep our relationship together, do it."

HUSTLER: So he's not after you to bring someone home?

DARE: No. I think eventually we're going to have a woman home. If it happens, it happens. That's also why this business is so good for me—I get the extra things that I need. I'm not the type who can just have regular sex all the time. I think that's the problem with a lot of relationships—regular sex. I've met a lot of men who wanted to do other things with their wives or girlfriends, but wouldn't open their mouths to say so; so they were sexually unsatisfied.



"My aides have just informed me that an oil sheik is not a lubricated condom and . . . well, I stand corrected!"

HUSTLER: Has having sex onscreen affected your offscreen sex life?

DARE: I think I'm better in bed. I'm hotter, nastier, sexier. I always wanted to be able to say, "Fuck me, fuck me," or, "Eat my pussy," and I was always too intimidated. Now that I do it onscreen, I'm able to bring it out more. Talking dirty has always been a turn-on for me-now it's a bigger part of my sex life. A big part.

HUSTLER: How did you start, sexually? **DARE:** I lost my cherry on a bathroom

HUSTLER: Why were you fucking on a bathroom floor?

DARE: I don't know. We were in there. I really don't know. I got on my hands and knees—a position I grew to love. I was about 13, and it hurt. It hurt bad.

HUSTLER: Is that what turned you to women?

DARE: No, no, no. How I got involved with women was, there was a girl in high school who everybody said was gay. And, something just intrigued me. I found myself wanting to hang out with her and be her friend, and one day it just happened.

HUSTLER: Do you alternate between men and women?

DARE: I've gone through periods wondering, Am I gay, or straight, or what? I don't think a woman could satisfy me totally now. I need a man. I need his cock. But I'll always love women. In fact, I told my boyfriend just the other day, "I need my female fix," because I haven't had a woman since we started going together, except in my movies.

HUSTLER: Would you choose someone from the industry for your "woman fix"?

DARE: No. Well, Erica Boyer and I talk about getting together, but we haven't so far. She's the only person–except for Ginger Lynn–I really associate with outside of business.

HUSTLER: What was your first encounter with Ginger like?

DARE: It was on *Blame It on Ginger*, and it was the first time I'd worked with a "porn star." Our first scene was on a toilet and it was hot. When you get a woman who likes pussy, it's a hot scene.

HUSTLER: What's it like to have sex with Erica Boyer?

DARE: It's good because she's a turn-on, but it's sort of a battle. She always likes to control the scene.

HUSTLER: Then you prefer to be the aggressor?

DARE: Not that I prefer it, I just don't want to lay down and let people do what they want. I always give back. I really get off getting somebody else off.

HUSTLER: Who have you not worked with yet who you want to work with?

(continued on page 102) SEPTEMBER HUSTLER

each in volume

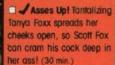
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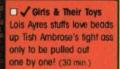
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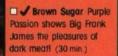


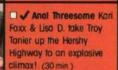
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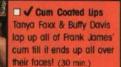


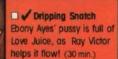


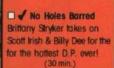












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BARBARA DARE (continued from page 98)

"I've fingered my own asshole in a few masturbation scenes because it really does turn me on."

DARE: John Leslie. He came up to me and said, "Barbara, we have to work together so people can see how good you really are." Like I need John Leslie to show how good I really am. But maybe I do. We'll see—I'm working with him soon, and I'm really looking forward to it.

HUSTLER: Who do you see as your competition right now?

DARE: Right now I think I'm up there, on my way to becoming the next Ginger Lynn. But you never know. I worry a little because someone can always come in and blow you away. People won't care about Barbara Dare anymore; they'll just care about this new one. But competition? Nobody, really. Porsche Lynn is good. Taija Rae is already established. Careena Collins is gone. There's Blondi. She's beautiful, but she only works with Tony Montana, and I don't think she can act as well as I can.

HUSTLER: You've had more sex than most women have in a lifetime. What turns you on?

DARÉ: Kissing and eye contact. Somebody who looks me in the eyes and *wants* me is probably the biggest turn-on. And the kiss—on my last movie Billy Dee and I had a scene, and not that we had trouble getting into it, but it was hard because the director just said, "All right. Start sex." Billy said, "Come here," and he grabbed me, and we kissed, and he got hard, and I got wet, and that's what it took—the kiss and the look. Not touching my pussy or anything like that.

HUSTLER: If you were blindfolded, do you think you could tell if you were being eaten by a man or a woman?

DARE: I think women are a little more gentle; so I probably could. But I can't say one's better than the other.

HUSTLER: What do you like a partner to be doing with his hands?

DARE: If he's eating me, I like to have my pussy fingered at the same time. With women, I like to have my asshole fingered. Here and there I let men do that, but I prefer women because, to me, for a woman to finger my ass is very erotic. I've even fingered my own asshole in a few masturbation scenes because it really does turn me on.

HUSTLER: How do you prefer to get fucked? Any favorite positions?

DARE: Fucking is my favorite thing in the whole world. I love to fuck fast; I love to fuck hard-probably doggy-style because I feel it the most.

HUSTLER: Cock size?

DARE: Doesn't matter. As long as it knows how to move.

HUSTLER: Do you like dildos?

DARE: On the set, if they're there, they're there. Off the set, I don't think about them. When I'm with a woman, I don't want fake things. I've had plenty of girlfriends whose fingers did more for me than any dildo.

HUSTLER: Have you had any bad experiences in porn?

DARE: No. The worst, I guess, is when I have a scene with women who are totally not into women. For me, that's a bad experience because it's more work for me. I have to make the scene work—and they act like it's disgusting them.

HUSTLER: You say that you love this business. Would you encourage someone

else to get into porn?

DARE: A lot of people get into this business for the wrong reasons-to make a quick buck, or they had a bad childhood. If they believed in what they were doing, if they were smart enough to put the money away, yeah, I'd encourage them. On the other hand, right now, because of AIDS and all the legal hassles, I probably wouldn't. I don't even like to talk about this, it's just so depressing. Every time you turn on TV, it's just AIDS, AIDS, AIDS. On my last shoot we were all sitting around talking, and we said, "Are we stupid?" So maybe right now I'd say, "Don't get into the business." For me, it's a great. I'm happy. I have stardom. I have money. I have fun. That's what we decided when we were sitting around talking: We do this because it's fun.

HUSTLER: What happens when you hear that someone in the industry has AIDS?

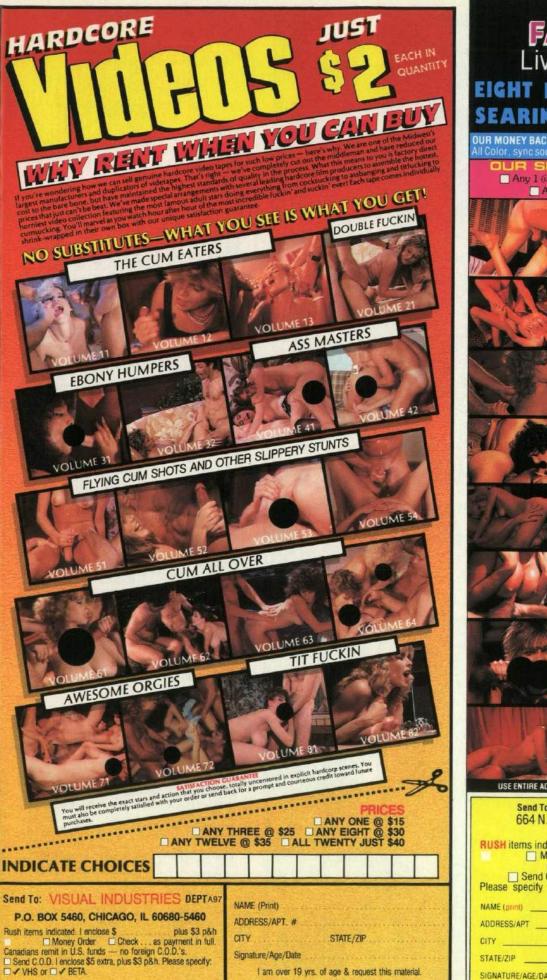
DARE: I don't know. I think we're all going to freak. I keep telling myself nobody in the business has it, but the day it's confirmed somebody has AIDS, I'll freak out. It worries me, but it's a chance you take in this business. You can't just stop your life.

HUSTLER: What about the future?

DARE: I wish I could see the future. What's my life span in the business going to be? Ten years? Five? I'd love to have people in ten years know my name. Marilyn Chambers can pick a movie whenever she wants to do one. I really look up to Marilyn. I look up to Marilyn, Seka, Ginger Lynn. All these women turn me on because they're into what they're doing, and that comes across. That's how I want to be. That's how I think I am. I think people look at me and say, "She likes what she's doing!" And I do.



SEPTEMBER HUSTLER



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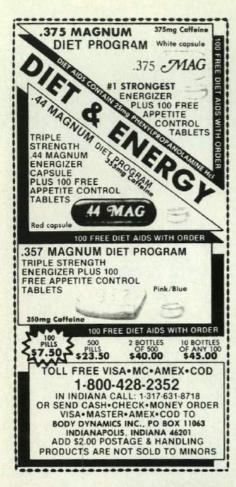
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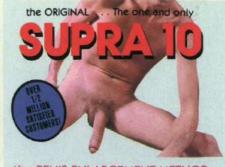
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HOW CAN WE MAKE THIS OFFER AT THIS PRICE? It's simple—for 2 reasons. First, we're betting that the excitement generated by this campaign will pay off later—with huge box-office receipts and runaway video sales. Secondly, we're able to keep our processing costs down by requiring that you order either a set of 6(at \$3.95 each) for only \$23.70, a set of 12(at \$3.95 each) for only \$47.40, or all 20 selections(at \$3.95 each) for only \$79, which entitles you to A FABULOUS FREE GIFT: A \$99.00 VIDEOTAPE SPECTACULAR, READ DETAILS!!!

BUT THERE IS A CATCH—All we ask in return for making this adult entertainment available to you is that you fill out & return the questionnaire you'll be receiving with your order. (It needn't be signed.) Your responses to our questions will be a tremendous help to us in producing X-rated pictures the public will want. In fact, your response is the whole aim of this campaign. The more selections you review the more valuable your input becomes. Therefore, to encourage you to review as many selections as possible, we are going to offer an additional bonus.

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CASINO DO'S AND DON'TS (continued from page 40)

Common sense guides when to split and when not to. For instance, always split aces and 8's. Never split 10's.

chips toward the dealer. Minimum bets (usually one dollar up to \$100) and maximums (\$500 to \$1,000) are posted at each table. Where there is no posting, a dollar is generally the minimum.

Strategy

Stick to several easy rules:

- · When your count is 11 or below, always take another card.
- When your count is 17 or higher, stand
- · When your count is 12 to 16, draw another card if the dealer's visible card is high (7 or over).
- · Stand on 12 to 16 if the dealer's visible card is 6 or lower.

Follow those four rules, and you'll enjoy your stay at the blackjack tables, maybe even emerging a sizable winner.

Strategic Wrinkles

Soft and Hard Hands occur because, in blackjack, the ace can be counted as 1 or 11; all other cards have a fixed value. Soft totals are those where an ace is counted as 11. Hard hands have no ace, or the ace is counted as 1.

Insurance is a wager you're offered when the dealer's visible card is an ace; to buy insurance against the dealer having a blackjack. Never take this bet. The odds are stacked against you.

Splitting hands is an option extended when you are dealt a pair. Take it, and you must match your original wager and play each hand separately. Common sense guides when to split and when not to. For instance, always split aces and 8's. Never split 10's (the 20 you've been dealt is an exceptionally strong hand).

Doubling Down, an option offered in many casinos, lets the player double his original bet after seeing his cards and the dealer's first card. Always double down with a hard 11.

BACCARAT

European in origin, baccarat (the "t" is silent) retains much of the elegance that goes with its noble continental heritage. A card game dealt by tuxedoed dealers at tables often surrounded by beautiful ladies (casino employees known as shills or starters-once a game is heavily populat-

ed, they move to a vacant area of the casino), it is traditionally favored by highrollers with bottomless credit. Recently, the appeal of this fast-moving game is being broadened by profit-minded casino executives keen on luring more players. Minimum bets are dropping to \$20 or less, and casinos are educating players to the game's simplicity.

The Play

As played in the U.S., baccarat is among the simplest games of chance. It cannot be played badly (and so, of course, it cannot be played skillfully either). Only one decision is made by the gambler: whether to bet on the bank (the casino) or the player (generally the gambler with the biggest bet on the table). Otherwise, the rules of the game are ironclad. Reminiscent of blackjack, baccarat sees both sides getting two cards, sometimes followed by a third card. The object is to come closest to a 9 count, with picture cards and tens scored as zero; aces as 1; and all other cards at face value. After two cards, if either side has an 8 or 9 ("a natural"), it is declared the winner. If both draw naturals, a 9 beats an 8. A tie is a push, with nobody winning.

When neither side holds a natural, play proceeds to the third card-again, following strict rules. Neither player nor dealer has any choice regarding the third card. For the player, a third card is dealt if the hand totals 5 or less-otherwise the player stands. The bank hand draws a third card contingent on the player's total. The winner is the one that comes nearest 9.

Bets are made only at the beginning of play, when the gambler chooses to back the bank or the player. Third-card draws do not trigger new bets. Built into the game is a small advantage for the bank; so winning wagers on the bank are taxed a 5% house commission. Factor in these twists, and baccarat still is one of the best games offered bettors, featuring a slender 1% edge for the casino.

Best strategy in baccarat is to bet on the bank (despite the commission on winnings, there is a tiny advantage in bank bets) and closely monitor winnings and losses. Baccarat is swift; so be ready to clear out when you win or lose your limit for the session.

ROULETTE

There is no riddle to roulette, one of the oldest games of chance. The spinning wheel has 36 numbers plus 0 and 00. Wagers are made on individual numbers, on red or black, on odd or even, and on banks of numbers (1 to 18 or 19 to 36 or other combinations). Wagering is permitted up until the dealer shouts, "No more bets," when the ball begins its descent into a pocket. Much liked by Europe's idle rich, roulette has never proven popular in the U.S. Reasons for our national lack of enthusiasm are the game's slow speed and the absence of an authentic (continued on page 110)



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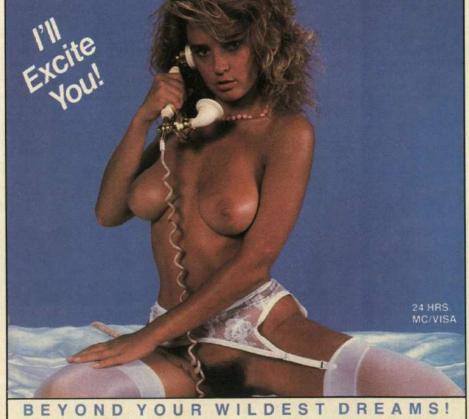












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CASINO DO'S AND DON'TS (continued from page 106)

The real winners on slots are the casinos, who take a nickel to a quarter on every dollar bet.

system for beating the house. In addition, Europe's roulette is played with just one 0. In the U.S., the 00 is added, doubling the house edge to more than 5%. So, on every dollar you bet, sooner or later the casino will collect a nickel. With that huge house edge, roulette is a sure cure for prosperity,

Roulette is played with chips issued at and good only at one roulette table. To avoid mistakes on the cluttered wagering board, each player is issued uniquely colored chips carrying an arbitrary value selected by the player (usually no less than a dollar apiece). Cash in these chips when leaving the table. They are worthless anyplace else in the casino.

KENO

A Chinese import, keno is centuries old, and is purely a game of wild chance. Featuring a bingo-type card, keno is played by selecting numbers and making a small bet (pocket change up to a few dollars). Entry is made by filling in the card and handing it plus a bet to a runner. Keno's attraction is that the game pays off handsomely. Up to \$25,000 can be earned for a token bet. A house advan-

tage rewards the casino with at least 25 cents out of every dollar bet, and there is no strategy for winning. Play keno while eating in a casino restaurant or sitting in a bar, and leave it at that.

SLOTS

Slots, like keno, involve pocket change and no strategy. Great for killing time, these money eaters generate huge profits for their owners. Occasionally, a player will win several million bucks at a progressive slot-where the jackpot goes up in value every time the handle is pulled, until there is a winner-but the day-in and day-out winners are the casinos, who grind out from a nickel to a quarter on every dollar poured into the machines. Steady play will almost surely produce steady losses. If you luck out and win big, a crucial point of etiquette is don't leave the slot until you collect every penny owed you. Many slots pay out only a portion of a jackpot, with the remainder paid by an attendant, who will come when a nearby buzzer is rung. Depart the slot in search of an attendant, and the remainder of the jackpot may be grabbed by an alert casino rat who claws out a living by capitalizing on

others' mistakes.

Not all slots in a casino pay out at the same rate. Often, slots in heavily traveled locations (near entrances, for instance) pay out more, and more frequently, than do ones tucked in hidden corners. Nothing attracts gamblers like the sight of a winner, and casinos exploit this. Pay-out rates are also set in accordance with the management's whim. If you believe a particular slot is more generous than another, or that a particular casino is, go with that intuition. You're probably right.

VIDEO POKER

Increasingly popular in casinos are video poker and blackjack games. Owners like them because they cut payrolls (dealers are eliminated), and the public likes them because they play video games at every corner store in America.

In Vegas and Atlantic City, your wager is higher than at the 7-Eleven, but betting still is at comparatively low levels (up to a dollar and rarely more). Video card games are legitimate games of skill, played in essentially the same fashion as human-dealt games. As with slot machines, pay outs are set in line with the owners' greed; so shop around before settling in to play a machine.

"COMPS" AND TIPPING

Old Las Vegas hands talk of free rooms, free airfare, free everything. Those times are no more. Promiscuous comping ended a decade ago. Free rooms and plane fares go only to gamblers who earn them by annually gambling, say, \$250,000 and up at the casino's tables. Nowadays, about all you will get is a free drink-and watch out for them! There are few sights sadder-and more commonthan a drunk wildly betting next year's house payments. That said, if you want a drink, ask the dealer or a waitress, who can also supply free cigarettes. After you've been at a table for a while, whether winning or losing, ask the dealer how the food is in the casino. He will probably respond by offering you a free meal, in the coffee shop if your betting is moderate, and in a fancier room if your betting warrants it. If you're interested in a casino show, again, just ask the dealer about it. If you've been gambling steadily, he'll arrange a comp.

Tipping guidelines are pretty straightforward. Casino etiquette calls for toking the dealer when you win big, and whenever you leave the table a winner or enjoyed courteous service. Tipping carries no minimum—dealers appreciate any amount. Some gamblers tip only in the form of a separate bet for the dealer. If the bet wins, he gets to keep the proceeds. Waitresses who bring drinks and cigarettes to the tables are also tipped generally a dollar or a small chip.

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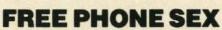
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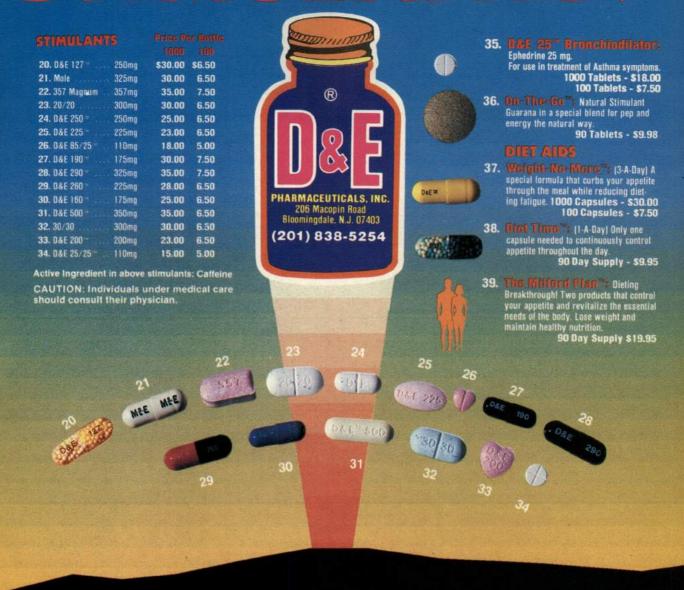
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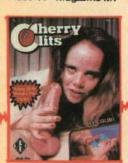
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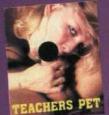
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October '87 issue on sale August 18, 1987



GIRL WATCHING

Next month's issue presents some of the finest women we've ever captured on film, starting with luscious Lace, our fabulous Beaver Hunt contest winner in a full-length photo-feature. Our sexy centerfold is a boxing beauty who's a real knockout, gloves on or off. Then we'll transport you back to a Victorian photo-session in which photographer and model wind up in decidedly modern positions. Finally, two red-hot lesbians have a sand blast, roaring into the desert to do it in the dunes.

MIND FUCKING

Most people who complain of difficulties with sex are suffering from psychological, not physical, problems. Brad Steiger's "Good Sex: All in the Mind" provides a number of mental techniques for improving sexual confidence and performance ability. The information in this fascinating article is the ultimate key to becoming a better lover.



Despite the public furor over the deadly AIDS epidemic, clinics devoted to finding a cure for the disease are often actually making matters worse. The problem, as reporter Ron Chepesiuk makes clear, is the search for shortcuts and the level of competitive backstabbing practiced by profit-hungry researchers. As a result, the quest for an antidote is prolonged, all disease research suffers, and the victims continue to die.



"Dream Girl," unsettling erotic fiction by Larry Wichman, explores the connection between an old, unsolved murder and a hot, young hitchhiker; in Sex Play, Audrey Farber takes a look at "Lesbian Role Myths"; HUSTLER Erotic Entertainment continues to single out the best X-rated fare available; Bits & Pieces is as outrageous as ever; and Hot Letters and Beaver Hunt will both leave you drooling. If all that's not enough to get you off, you're probably dead.







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