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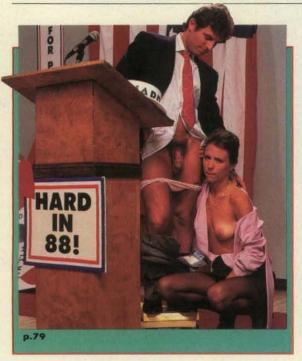
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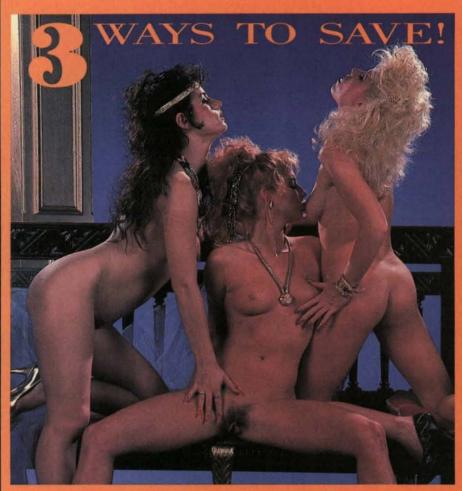




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The U.S. Edition of HUSTLER (ISSN-0149-4635) is published monthly by HUSTLER MAGAZINE INC., 9171 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. Advertising inquiries: 9171 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. Copyright © 1988 by HUSTLER MAGAZINE INC. Return postage to solve copyring all manuscripts, drawings, photos, etc., if they are to be returned, and no responsibility can be assumed for unsolicited materials. All rights to letters sent to **HUSTLER** will be treated as unconditionally All rights to letters sent to **HUSTLER** will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and as subject to **HUSTLER**'s right to edit and to comment editorially. All rights reserved on entire contents; nothing may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. Any similarity between persons and places in fiction in this magazine and any real persons and places is purely coincidental. All photos posed by professional models except as otherwise noted. Neither said whotes, nor words used to describe them, are meant to depict models' actual conduct, statements or personalities. All nude models are

HUSTLER DECEMBER 1988 VOLUME 15 NUMBER 6

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Cover photo by Clive McLean



Dick," please! James Baes does it again. That is all I dream of ... well, I'd also like Beaver Hunt's Shellsea and Kate. They are why Beaver Hunt is the hottest section in HUSTLER. That is pussy! I've been

facedown in their photos so long, I'm dizzy. Thanks to Shellsea and Kate I've come three times. My balls are hanging, and the underside of my cock is sore as hell. I'll have to put some lotion on it and sleep nude. For this I eagerly pay \$4.50 every month.

—S. S.

Brooklyn, New York

GOING DOWN, UNDER

Your publication teases my cock and ball sac to the point of overkill, and the September issue was totally rad, with the unbelievably beautiful Alicia Monet. She is one of the finest girls to ever grace your pages. Also deserving a special mention was the wacky whack-off wonderment of "Lez Go Fly a Kite." I got right off on Evelyn—she's ace. How did I get your mag in Australia in the first place? As a 20th birthday present from my pals in Jacksonville, Florida (hi, and thanks, mates). Your mag rules. Keep spreading the pink. —Alan

South Adelaide, Australia

HONESTY IS AGELESS

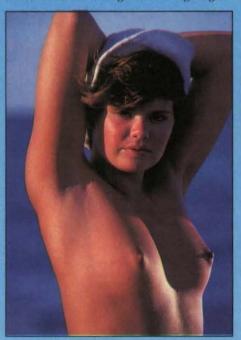
I feel compelled to write concerning your article "Older Men, Younger Women" in the September '88 edition. My girlfriend is 18, and I am 50 years old. Our relationship has nothing to do with sex. Of course I'm turned on by her lovely body, but if anyone thinks that's what it's all about, they couldn't be more wrong. An older man can find happiness with a younger woman; the key at any age is to be honest with each other from the start.

—C. G.

Lakeland, Florida

I've just finished reading "Gringo in Paradox" in the September '88 issue. I'd like to name some Asshole of the Month candidates, but, unfortunately, if you published all the assholes currently in the Reagan Administration, you wouldn't have room left for pussy, or your sick humor. Keep up the good work roasting money-grubbing TV evangelists. Swaggart looks pretty good in drag. —G. T. Buffalo, New York

Tim Robinson's article, "Gringo in Paradox," made me feel betrayed and confused. I've heard shit like this before about America, but I would not believe it. After reading Robinson's article, though, I lose faith in the government I work to uphold. If these allegations are true, then something sinister is going on



Tricia: Waiting for Good Dick

in the U.S. as well as El Salvador. If this is what's going on, then I don't want anything to do with these dangerous motherfuckers. I'm digging out my "Flynt for President" sticker. —R. D. M. Jr.

Melvindale, Michigan

I would like to commend HUSTLER for providing a vehicle for alternative journalism, while other publications often distort the truth to conform to their sponsors and Big Brother. "Gringo in Paradox" is a firsthand account about what, and who, is controlling Central America. Your AIDSWatch, "Loopholes in Testing," provided direct information and arguments regarding current AIDS testing procedures. My personal opinion is that the virus was developed in a government biochemical-warfare lab and escaped, with the usual cover-up. As long as HUSTLER provides the first-rate journalism it's known for, then I will keep reading it. That, my friends, is what America is all about. —D. S.

Jacksonville, Florida

See HUSTLER's June '88 AIDSWatch, "Germ Warfare Gone Awry," which strikes the same chord as your hunch. For back issues, send \$4.95 plus \$1 postage and the date of the issue (month and year) to Subscription Department, 9171 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210.

MOANING FOR MONET

Your recent issue [September '88] is a very hot one—one of your best! Why? Be-

cause of the gorgeous Alicia Monet. I knew it was going to be a wet one for me, glancing at the cover and seeing her name on it. For the inside show—congrats to you all. And who else but Suze Randall does the shooting, capturing Alicia's best assets! Another classic is Angela Baron. Wow!

—H. A. El Paso, Texas

I just had to write and say thank you for a great magazine, although I believe it's more than just a "men's magazine!" I am a 27-year-old bisexually curious female who thoroughly enjoys HUSTLER every month. Over the years I occasionally picked up a Penthouse, but I was never enthused by it. Then two years ago I bought my first HUSTLER. Now my only regret is the time and money I wasted on other mags-and even more so, all the sexy women I missed in HUSTLER. After seeing Alicia Monet in the September issue, I had to write in my compliments. What a cunt! That's the largest clit I've ever witnessed. I'd like to see her and another woman together. In fact, I'd like to be in that spread myself. -Elizabeth Gloucester, Virginia

Just received my September '88 issue of HUSTLER—it's great! I loved the photospread of Alicia Monet. She's top-of-theline as far as I'm concerned. And your centerfold, Miki, was superb. But Beaver Hunt has always been my favorite. I love seeing people from my area, as well as from across the country. Lynn, from Virginia Beach, Virginia, thanks for your photo submission.

—D. P. Jr.

Coeburn, Virginia

COLOR-BLIND BROTHER...

Your magazine is great. I often find myself and my girlfriend jacking, fucking and licking off to it. One reason I read your magazine is for the gorgeous fuzz boxes you show. But I don't think you need to print letters like T. H.'s in the September issue. Firstly, I'd like to say to T. H. that I have a white girlfriend and mixed parents, so I'm everything you hate. T. H., you're really a dick, but I'm not going to worry about you or anyone who thinks like you. As for HUSTLER, keep those nice tits, asses and lovely pussies coming in. That means Chinese, black, white, Spanish, etc. I love 'em all, and so do others. -A. C.

Alexandria, Virginia

... AND SOUL SISTER

I am really sick of the racist letters that I see in *Feedback*. Also, the word *nigger* means ignorance, regardless of color. And not all blacks live on welfare; there are just as many white people on welfare as blacks. My husband works for a living;

my sister is a nurse. I love to see the beautiful women in HUSTLER, no matter what color; so please, keep the black beauties as well as the whites, Hispanics and Orientals.

—Kitten

Oakland, California

NOBLE EFFORTS

September's layout of Angela Baron is excellent, and I say to Matti Klatt, what a job it must be. I would tongue every inch of her succulent body—those tits, that sweet cunt and that ass! Also, you had a foxy Beaver in the June '88 issue. Stephanie is a doll. I think she should have a layout all her own; and thanks to her hubby for taking that lovely picture. Oh, and I loved the Most Tasteless Cartoon. It was gross as hell, but I loved it. Keep up the good work, and I'll always buy your magazine. —K. A.

Owosso, Michigan

BEAVERS RULE

As an avid reader of your magazine, I enjoy every issue. However, I particularly enjoy the sexy sluts of *Beaver Hunt*. Has HUSTLER ever considered a special "Best of the *Beaver Hunt* Girls," or an annual *Beaver Hunt* calendar? My favorite Beaver would be beautiful Bunny in the April '88 issue. I can't stop jerking off to her photo. She would have to be included in any such special publication. Let's see more of her.

—H. C.

Tampa, Florida

BEST OF BEAVER HUNT #9, \$4.95 each, goes on sale January 31, 1989, at newsstands everywhere, or order copies of a previous issue (Number 8 is all that's left, so hurry!) by sending \$4.95 plus \$1 postage for each copy to Subscription Department, 9171 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210.

BEST YET?

Larry Flynt's publications are the most superb adult magazines printed. The articles are hard-hitting, and the females are the finest. There is one particular issue that merits special attention, BEST OF HUSTLER Volume 14. The photolayout of Sally is terrific. Where did you get her? Anyway, I hope the Jerry Falwells of this country read my letter and get completely disgusted. They can continue to fuck themselves. —D. P. E. Grand Valley, Pennsylvania

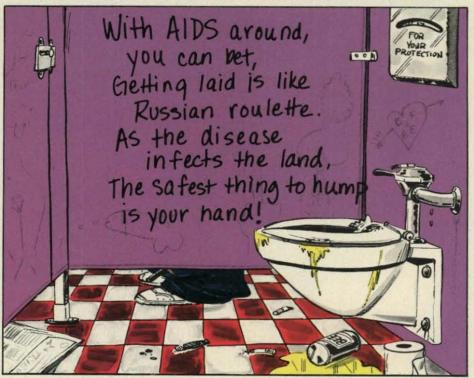
BEST OF HUSTLER #15 goes on sale December 26, 1988, at \$4.95 each wherever adult magazines are sold.

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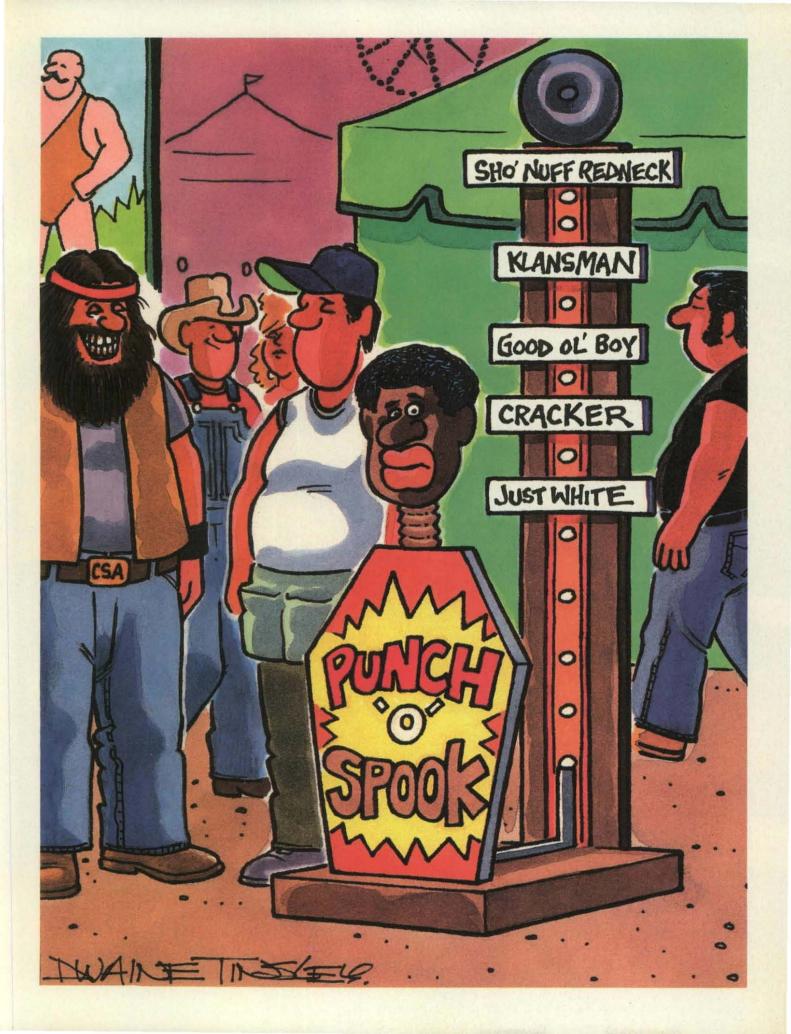
I watched the TV special last night titled Pornography in America, and I thought it was a crock of shit. It reminded me more

(continued on page 96)





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WHEN YOUR WOMAN CHEATS



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

was refusing to see the obvious. My lady had been screwing around for months. The signs were everywhere," laments Tod Jameson, an Orange County, California, businessman. "She was never home. She was working out at the gym like crazy, and she looked terrific, but she kept coming up with excuses why we couldn't fuck. Then I got a bill for a couple hundred bucks' worth of lingerie—none of which I'd ever seen. That second I knew she had to be wearing it for her lover."

Jameson's not alone. Maybe once upon a time men did most of the illicit poking, but women are making a fast gallop to even the score. Their men are increasingly faced with that gut-wrenching truth.

In the age of AIDS, "open" marriages of the 1960s are scarce. Virtually all longer-term relationships are now monogamous—at least the partners claim monogamy is their ideal. Poll results show that only one person in five feels infidelity is acceptable. But when it comes to screwing around, what we believe is one thing; what we do, another.

Sigmund Freud, maven of mumbo jumbo, asseverated that fidelity, especially that degree of it required in marriage, is only maintained in the face of continual temptation. More and more women are succumbing to temptation. In a recent survey, 70% of women married five years or longer reported having been unfaithful; 76% of them didn't feel guilty about it. When *New Woman* magazine surveyed its readers who were in steady relationships, one woman in three said she was hunting for a new main squeeze. Chances are that at some point during a long-term relationship, your lady will slip into another man's bed.

Lynn Harrison, a Los Angeles secretary, is pretty, petite and sweet—but, admits Lynn, "I got married young, right after high school. By 25, the relationship was humdrum. When I got a lover, everything was new—the sex, the talking. Even the sneaking around was exciting. But I'm still sorry it hurt my husband." Lynn's husband divorced her within a year of learning about her affair.

There are as many causes of infidelity as there are cheating hearts. "Anger, hostility and a desire for revenge against real or imagined abuses" are

primary triggers, according to Francine Klagsbrun, author of *Married People*. Klagsbrun also says, "Depression, a new job, a baby, moments of stress...all are times of vulnerability to that special excitement affairs offer."

Often, says psychologist Nathaniel Branden, author of *The Psychology of Romantic Love*, the motive for infidelity is simply "a powerful desire for novelty and variety." No matter what the cause, however, when a lady is hopping into another man's bed, there is no good way to get the bad news.

In most cases the man has to figure out for himself if his woman is straying. Neither women nor men eagerly divulge their infidelity—but most leave enough evidence for any amateur Sherlock Holmes to close the case.



by Robert McGarvey

One-time or occasional slips out of monogamy can leave no traces, and they may not affect the primary relationship, but that's not so for a con-

SEX PLAY

continued.

tinuing affair. "Most people know when their partner is having an affair," says Ron Edell, who wrote *How to Save Your* Marriage From an Affair.

Edell ticks off a few basic clues to cheating. A prime giveaway is "any sudden or drastic change in work patterns"—working weekends or putting in lots of overtime. Another sign is a change of sexual habits, from the introduction of "new and un-

usual techniques" to "lack of interest in sex."

If the changes persist, it's time for a bout of suspicious worry.

The most telling indicators that a lady is roaming are sweeping changes in personal habits. "These include changes in grooming, dress, day-to-day activities and general attitude," intones Edell. Is she looking sexier every day? Has a couch potato transformed into a devout health-club member? If she's putting substantial energy into looking better, and it's not for you, who's it for? She could be trying to please herself. But it might be another man.

Edell strongly cautions against rushing to conclude that your lady is cheating. "This is

especially true if you are by nature a jealous person," he warns. "Your finger-pointing attitude could create an affair where none existed.

"You cannot go on one warning sign alone," Edell continues. "You're looking for a pattern of strange, unusual or extreme behavior." She's your lady. You *know* her; you'll know when something's fishy.

Strangely, as Tod Jameson discovered, we get this news long before we let ourselves know we've gotten it. "The signs can be staring [you] right in the face," comments Edell. "Yet [you'll] indulge in one of the most pervasive behaviors of all: denial. Why would anyone deny that an affair is really happening? Fear that the relationship will break up." A relationship, even a bad one, is something few of us are hasty to toss out. Eventually that denial gives way to the truth, however rotten it is. In fact, she may want you to know. Edell claims, "Most people who have affairs want to get caught."

Once a woman's infidelity can no longer be ignored, the only positive step is to confront her with your suspicions. Lay the cards, all of them, on the table. But, Edell stresses, "It's important that you do not make [her] feel guilty, wrong or unjustified for what she has done." That's never easy. Once an affair is unearthed, "all the emotions both partners have kept inside for so long come bursting to the surface, and the result is chaos."

Murderous rage is natural. So is screaming

at her, threatening to leave her and even walking out on the relationship. "Emotions vary from horror to disbelief to anger to hurt to a sense of betrayal and back again," observes Edell. But, urges Branden of *The Psychology of Romantic Love* fame, although "the impulse to lash out feels very natural, if we want to preserve the relationship, we need to recognize that lashing out is not healing."

That is a huge if. When a lover has been unfaithful, the future of the relationship is questionable. In many cases, it ends right there. "There may be so much smoldering resentment on one or both sides that the couple's original happiness is lost irretrievably," asserts Branden.

Sometimes the decision is to try to salvage the relationship, but don't expect an instant cure. The biggest casualty is trust, and trust is hard to rebuild. You both have to be willing to go through the often slow process of healing, as well as telling the truth about what's gone on in the past and what you want for the future. "Love is sustained by intimacy and self-disclosure," Branden notes. "If your goal is love, dishonesty is incompatible.

Branden outlines the process: "Without attacking, talk about your fear of trusting, your anxiety about the future, your concern about the depth of your partner's commitment to you." Tell the complete truth about how you feel. "If you don't deal directly with your anxiety over trusting, you'll make your partner pay indirectly," Branden warns. "You'll hurt your partner through unconsciously motivated revenge."

In the reconciliation process, an area that must be covered is fidelity and the future of the relationship. "Different couples come to different understandings about sexual exclusivity," Branden reveals. Maybe the lady's roaming opens your eyes to your own appetite for other women—and one agreement is that yours will be a relationship that permits exploring the other side of the street. For other couples, one affair is plenty. "What matters most is to agree on a policy and adhere to it," states Branden.

One area *not* to go into is why your lady was attracted to him, whoever he was. "Do not torment your partner with intimate questions about the other person or the details of their sexual transactions," Branden cautions. "Neither is conducive to the rebirth of love."

Even following the rules, this process of reconciliation comes with no guarantees. In 1975 journalist Linda Wolfe interviewed 21 married women who were in affairs and who insisted their infidelity was helping to keep their marriages together. Five years later, only three of these women were still married.

"We tried marriage counseling," relates Tod Jameson, whose wife's infidelity was undone by a huge lingerie bill. "It didn't work. Whenever she came home late, my suspicions were on red alert. Pretty soon, I was in an affair myself...and that was all she wrote for my marriage."



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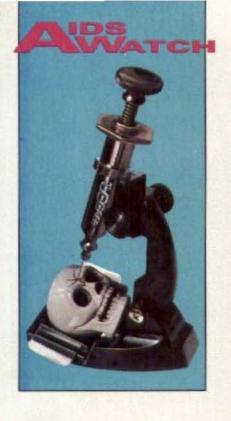


figure out how many people could be affected. Heroin use is up nearly 100% nationwide since 1979, and the NIDA claims there are almost 1 million heroin users. If the AIDS-infection rate for the rest of the country's junkies is comparable to the Big Apple's, there are 600,000 walking time bombs out there just waiting to explode.

Although mainliners can take steps to avoid contracting AIDS, there's a portion of the population being infected that has absolutely no means of protection. This helpless group comprises the newborn infants of AIDS-infected mothers. In the Bronx, one out of every 43 babies is born with the AIDS virus, and the overwhelming percentage of infected mothers are smack shooters. Public-health officials predict the number of infected infants will rise 40% over the next two years. It's feared that more than 1,000 AIDS-infected babies will be born in New York City this year alone.

Many health experts see AIDS spreading rapidly in the heterosexual population via contact with infected prostitutes. Up to this point, most prostitutes have protected themselves well against AIDS; so little risk is involved unless the working girl also happens to be a drug shooter. Prostitutes who shoot drugs show a much higher incidence of AIDS, and are therefore a much greater threat to their johns.

The spread of AIDS by IV drug users must be halted, but there

is much speculation and disagreement about how to do it. Attempts to block the influx of

by DRUG Rick DRUG Woods DRUG ONNECTION

rom the very beginning, junkies afflicted with AIDS have outnumbered all other similarly stricken groups except homosexual/bisexual men.

But now in New York City—trendsetter for the nation—IV drug users have ousted gays from their unenviable top spot. While Reagan's robots babble on about safe sex and a return to ignorance and superstition, America's urban ghettos are festering, filled with infected addicts too spaced out to realize the seriousness of their situation.

Sharing needles provides the most direct route for the invading AIDS virus. Infected blood in the form of microscopic residue on a used needle enters the bloodstream of the next person to use that same needle. The transmission route is blood to blood. Unlike sexual contact, where the chances of getting AIDS are pretty remote, sharing needles with an infected carrier increases the risk dramatically.

The statistics from the National Institute on Drug Abuse (NIDA) on AIDS and heroin addiction tell a frightening tale. The NIDA estimates that of the 200,000 heroin addicts in New York City, 60% are carrying the AIDS virus. That's over 100,000 infected junkies, having sex, sharing needles. It doesn't take a mathematical genius to

smack into the country have proved unsuccessful. In fact, the Reagan years

have seen a dramatic rise in heroin on the street, while the greater supply and development of cheaper variations, such as Black Tar, have contributed to lower prices.

A radical solution proposed by those seeking an end to America's drug problem in general, and the spread of AIDS by heroin users in particular, is decriminalization of drug use in the United States, as conservative columnist William F. Buckley advocates. If the profit motive was shifted from illegal sales to governmentregulated transactions, many claim our drug problems would go up in smoke, not to mention the effect the added revenues would have on the nation's budget deficit. However, such a solution seems



unlikely because the American body politic and its people are often more moralistic than practical. Besides, decriminalization could drastically reduce FBI and CIA illicit-drug profits.

Another example of the battle between moral certainty and rational experimentation was the recently proposed social program in New York City to distribute sterile needles to heroin addicts and the moral outrage the proposal evoked from many city leaders, who have so far stalled its approval. Reverend Calvin Butts of the Harlem Abyssinian Baptist church extolls, "To distribute needles is to cooperate with evil." Butts doesn't feel needle distribution is a viable technique to combat AIDS. The churchman warns that "it is a step to legitimizing heroin use."

Other religious officials have lashed out at the program. John Cardinal O'Connor, a member of Reagan's AIDS commission and Archbishop of New York, in typical repressive Catholic fashion, deems the distribution of sterile needles "an act that drags down the standards of all society." Their stance leads us to the question, What would the Catholic church prefer? Junkies spreading AIDS indiscriminately?

Father Terence Attridge, head of the substance-abuse program for the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of New York, is also unim-

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to shoot drugs is facilitating a crime." For Johnson it's that simple. The law is the law, and nothing else matters.

Fortunately for junkies affected by AIDS, and maybe for all of us, not all religious and civic groups are opposed to stopping the spread of AIDS by dirty needles. Rational examination of the problem has led Reverend Roger Shinn, a professor of social ethics at Union Theological Seminary in Manhattan, to state, "The end—limiting the spread of AIDS—might justify the means, supplying needles to addicts." Something has to be sacrificed—in this case the law against drug paraphernalia—to save lives. It seems a small price to pay.

Those responsible for advocating needle distribution have more

in mind than simply doling out syringes. New York State Health Commissioner David Axelrod says, "Our needle-exchange program has nothing to do with needles and syringes. The needle gets the addict in so we can educate and counsel." Some contend you can't teach an old junkie new tricks, though Dr. Robert Newman, founder of drug clinics and president of Beth Israel Medical Center in Manhattan, believes, "It's wrong to think that as a group, they [IV drug users] don't care about their health." In reality, demand for treatment escalated in NYC as the AIDS panic spread.

While America wastes precious time debating the morality of needle distribution, programs in Scotland, the Netherlands and Australia have already proved successful. According to statistics maintained by drug programs in Holland, 70% of the 15,000 heroin addicts registered in drug programs, where they receive counseling and AIDS testing.

When asked about the AIDS epidemic in New York City and its proposed sterile-needle program, Dr. Jan Walburg, director of Jellinek Clinic for substance abuse in Amsterdam, said, "In view of the AIDS risk, New York is starting much, much too late."

While crisis looms in the Big Apple, California has its own bad tidings. Prisons throughout the state have had so many inmates diagnosed with AIDS that special quarters have been constructed. Findings show that 68% of

all AIDS patients in California prisons are IV drug users. Soon both coasts may be engulfed, and the problem could spread inland.

So far, the only American city to grant tentative approval to the distribution of sterile needles to junkies is New York City. But the plan is for 200 junkies, when there's an estimated 200,000 in the city. Why help for so few when so many need it? Who knows? Officials say they're taking a cautious approach. Health officials in Los Angeles are proposing the distribution of condoms, and bleach to clean used needles, along with on-the-street drug education, but are planning no sterile-needle distribution at this time. Too little too late? We can only hope that this is not the case.



pressed with the hypodermic distribution plan. He asserts that "you have to get addicts off needle use." Just exactly what goes on in Attridge's substance-abuse programs? He says, "The junkie is not educable." What is Attridge doing? Praying away drug addiction and AIDS?

Predictably, law-enforcement officials are not thrilled with the idea of supplying smack shooters with sterile needles and syringes. The men in blue tend to see things in black and white, forgetting the vast territory of relativity that occupies the two extremes of their perspective. According to New York City's special prosecutor for narcotics, Sterling Johnson, "To give an addict a needle

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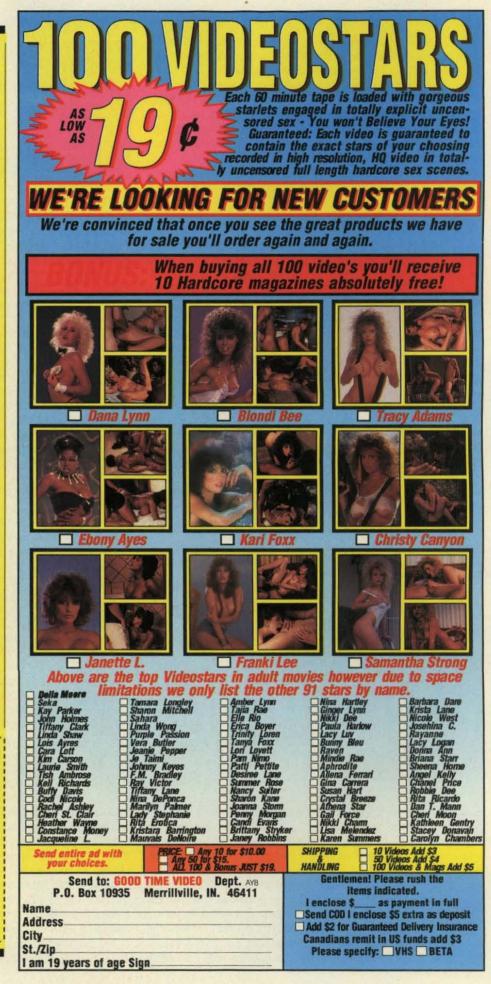
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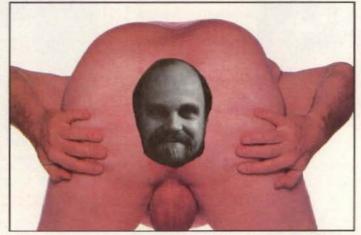
ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

For heading yet another group of saviors who want to decide which films people see—this time based on flimsy research and knee-jerk reactions to screen violence—Thomas Radecki, M.D., is Asshole of the Month.

Radecki's International Coalition Against Violent Entertainment (ICAVE) recently called on governments for stringent censorship, including totally banning some movies. The group justifies its facism with a so-called study based on "references to violence" in reviews culled from Variety magazine. Rather than actually view the films the coalition declares harmful, it relies solely on perceptions of violence by reviewers, many of whom are outright mealymouthed pantywaists. Rather than scientific objectivity, film reviewers look for a line clever enough to get their name in the film's promo spots.

What if a reviewer ignores scenes of violence to focus on larger aspects of the film? Another scribe may miss the point and see only the violence. Yet a third opinion may be from someone who personally finds offense in any filmic gore, or even non-

Thomas Radecki



violent sex scenes, no matter how much they reflect the real world.

Not only is ICAVE's "research" flimsy; it stretches its definitions of violence to include a character being a male stud. Films showing certain sexual situations that might not include any violence also get bad marks from ICAVE, which accepts as fact the unproven hypothesis that hard-core pornography is harmful, although credible studies indicate the opposite.

ICAVE tries to project its own social ideas—no more or less valid than its research—on film viewers. Despite acknowledged "escapism" values in films, ICAVE sees people who get thrills from screen violence as potential problems for society. While classifying film violence according to the "amount and intensity" (but only as reviewers reported it), ICAVE makes no attempt to assess whether the film's violence

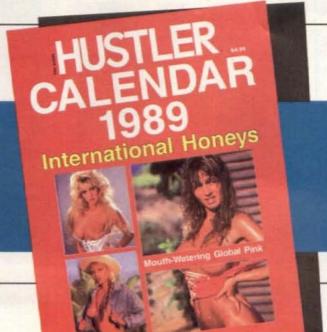
mirrors society, or if violent characters are jailed or killed as a result of their actions. ICAVE's view is so childishly simple, it's like saying that viewing scenes of people eating food will lead to a more obese society.

The group even rates some film violence as "trivial and harmless," which seems to contradict its own terms. What the group is sure of is its Big Brother program of government-funded proclamations: Violence makes us more violent; stricter ratings based on vague guidelines, such as "intense emotionality"; and banning films, rather than let us freely choose and react to our entertainment as responsible adult citizens in control of our lives.

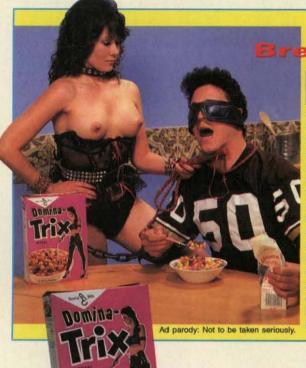
ICAVE's main rationalization is that film violence causes real societal violence, which overlooks that films—like magazines and TV news—often mirror problems rooted far below surface symptoms like movies. Violent people don't need films as incentive, Some violence results from the frustration of trying to make free choices while assholes like Thomas Radecki and pals try to impose their choices on us.

Global Piece Calendar

USTLER still offers the pinkest, sexiest calendar you can buy, and the '89 edition is even better, with 12 Honeys from around the world. German porn princess Angela Baron, Canadian strippers Candice and Jessica, Scotland's bosomy Coco and American maids Mona, Sally and Cha Cha are only some of the international nookie assembled in this stunning color calendar that'll have you creaming your jeans whenever you look at the wall. The HUSTLER 1989 CALENDAR is available at newsstands for \$4.95 each, or send \$5.95 (\$1 for postage) to CALENDAR, HUSTLER Subscriptions, P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, CA 90067.

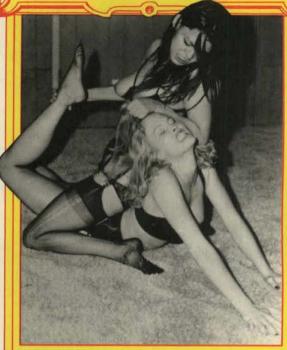






Power akfast

at your cereal now, or I'll tear your fingernails out, you little wimp!" Remember what breakfast at home with Mom was like? Now you can recapture that feeling with delicious leatherflavored Domina-Trix. The only thing more important than a well-balanced breakfast is a well-disciplined body, and since Domina-Trix is the only cereal that comes with a personal trainer, you can be sure you'll get both. These Trix definitely aren't for kids.



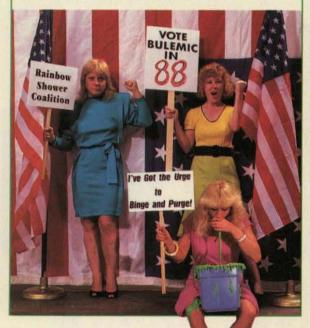
ON'T FIGHT THE URGE!

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Political Upheaval

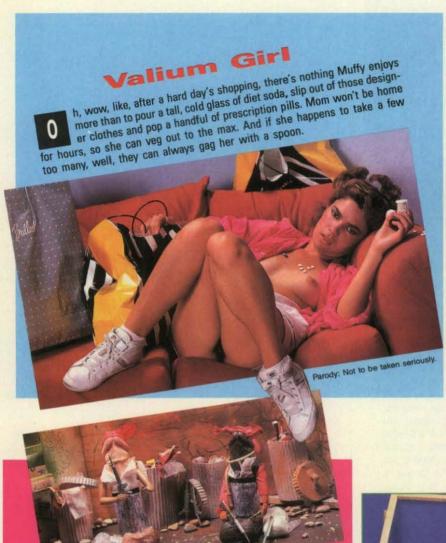
norexic fashion models, scrawny housewives and neurotic teenage girls have finally united to form their own special-interest lobby. The Rainbow Shower Coalition favors reduced taxes on breath mints and mandatory vomitoria in all public places. It's a powerful platform, but we doubt there are many politicians out there who can stomach it.



The Naked City

ow that Charlie's Angels have retired, when a job is too tough for conventional law enforcement, they call in Tactical Women's Assault Troops—the T.W.A.T. team. It's true, the lovely ladies often aren't very handy with their firearms, but they've got much more dangerous weapons at their disposal. Most criminals are so dazzled by the very sight of them that they come out with more than their hands up.





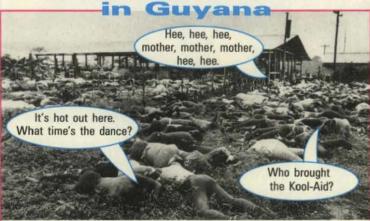
Free Plus Dept

eet Slash, guitarist for rock 'n' raunch band Guns N' Roses. Now that these merry wildmen have made metal history by going to No. 1 on the charts with their debut LP, Slash is sparing no expense where wardrobe is concerned. "HUSTLER is the greatest magazine in the history of western civilization," he seems to say, though he has little choice in the matter, since we're writing the copy. In all probability, he's actually contemplating all the groupies who would give their left nipple for a chance to stroke the neck of his Gibson. You can go a long way with a top hat and an attitude.

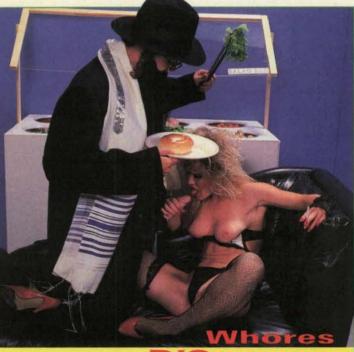
Gang Members

t's getting so it's not safe to walk the streets alone, what with inner-city gang members roaming freely. Some are in it just for kicks; others, like the 29th Street Hard-Ons here, are out to corner the lucrative Spanish fly market. They all have more balls than brains, but nonetheless, when they shoot their mouths off, the situation can get sticky.

Great Moments
in Guyana

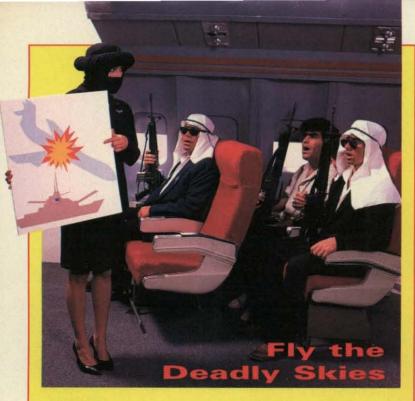


urviving members of the Peoples Temple converge for a lie-in celebrating the tenth anniversary of the Jonestown mass suicide

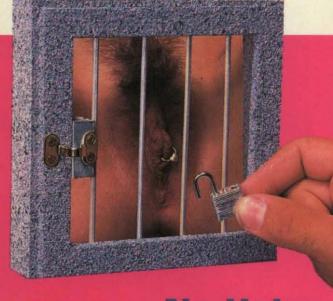


D'Oeuvres, Anyone?

s there anyplace left where a man can get a good kosher meal and a blowjob for under \$25? Sure there is, at Manny's Discount Bordeli, where they put the cream in cream cheese. At Manny's, the specialty is bagels and cocks, and every girl is guaranteed to be as clean as the plates. Such a deal!

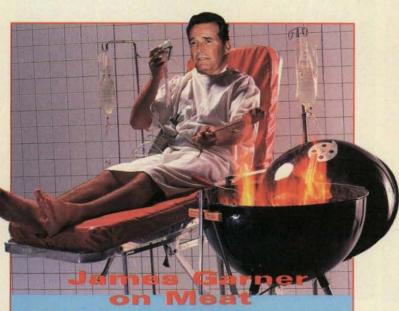


hese days, things are still somewhat tense aboard Air Iran's domestic flights. Passengers who fail to trigger the metal detector are issued weapons for personal protection against sudden imperialist aggression. "Please note that in the event of a sudden loss of airplane, prayer books will drop from the overhead compartments," this fashionably attired stewardess explains. "For those of you sitting in the non-martyr section, this will mean it's time for you to kiss your Allah goodbye."



No Holes Barred

his repentant pussy has paid its debt to society, so now it's entitled to time off for good behavior. After all, chastity belts are a barbaric thing of the past. Unlock the door and throw away the key, we say.



ou know, after a tough day spent undergoing a triple coronary bypass, there's nothing quite like sinking your teeth into a juicy burger or a tender steak. Why, I can practically feel the protein forcing its way through my arteries. That's why I've been a meat-eater all my life. Vegetables are for fags."

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Parody: Not to be taken seriously. Celebrity's head stripped in on our model's body.



overgirl Victoria is only one of the luscious babes who'll turn you on in BEST OF CHIC Volume 6. There's also beach-muff Sonya, sultry Dahlia, XXX vixen Candi Evans and some downand-dirty hetero and lesbo couples, plus the year's best fiction and regular features. Pick up this eye-opening package at your favorite newsstand, or send \$4.95 (plus \$1 postage per copy) to L.F.P. Inc., P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, CA 90067. Don't delay, and you won't miss this blockbuster special edition from our pals at CHIC.





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DECEMBER 1988 Sex News Bits Final

Predictions of AIDS Epidemic Flawed by Lies

Because people tend to lie about their sex lives, a researcher claims that the AIDS crisis is impossible to forecast and therefore could be more severe or less dangerous than previously report-

ed. According to UCLA professor of psychology Paul Abramson in an article in the Journal of Sex Research, there is no scientific way to prove the claims of research subjects, since people shy away from divulging if they've performed anal intercourse, one of the prime causes

of AIDS transference. Claiming that projections of the spread of the virus "are based on totally unreliable data," Abramson states that the error factor could be as high as 50%, "Extrapolations about the spread of AIDS from faulty data are naive at best, nonsensical at

worst," he said. "The basic premise is, we just don't know." Though another UCLA educator, professor of epidemiology Barbara Visscher, says that she found interviews during her five-year study on the virus among gay men to be "astonish-

ingly accurate," Abramson contends that current methods of accumulating sex data have not improved since the landmark Kinsey study 40 years ago. If his views are correct, it would dispute projections such as the one from the Centers for Disease Control in Atlanta, which predicts 360,000 AIDS cases by 1992.

Stop the Unkindest Cut, **Group Urges**

A new report citing numerous medical studies has called for an end to the practice of circumcision. The National Organization of Circumcision Information Resource Centers (NOCIRC), who produced the document, states that "circumcision practice in the United States is out of sync with medical practice around the world." The nonprofit group is directing its plea to America's obstetrical and pediatric academies, hoping to reinforce and strengthen the medical profession's opposition against hospital (nonreligious) new-born circumcision. "The U.S. is now the only country left in the world," says the report, "where infant boys are at risk for genital surgery without medical or religious reason." Calling it an "acute medical embarrassment," the NOCIRC director, Marilyn F. Milos, R.N., says the surgery is a \$200-milliona-year business, even though the circumcision rate has dropped in the U.S. over the last 20 years from 85% to 59%. Those interested in obtaining the report, entitled An Appeal to Reason: Taking a Stand Against Circumcision, can send a large selfaddressed, stamped envelope (\$1.25 in postage) to NOCIRC, P.O. Box 2512, San Anselmo, CA 94960.

"Not Tonight, Dear, I Have a...."

More men than women suffer headaches as a result of having sex. claims Jerome Goldstein, the director of the San Francisco Headache Clinic. Goldstein says that to alleviate the pain, the headache victim should either assume a more passive sexual role or change sexual positions.

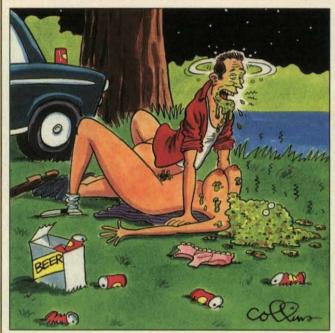
Cardinal Says Sexual Urges Are Healthy

Controversial Catholic John Cardinal O'Connor thinks it's beneficial for priests to have normal desires of the flesh. In a new book by Nat Hentoff, the New York cardinal is quoted as saying that by resisting carnal urges, priests can make the

supreme sacrifice and thus serve God better. "The future priest has to convince me he's normal," says O'Connor, "and would like to get married and have his own family. I'm scared to death of the individual who has no sexual desires, no fantasies

Contributors HUSTLER pays \$100 for each reader-submitted Bits and Pieces item, \$150 for each Porn From the Past 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 \$100 goes to A.D. Blank and Gene Kirkland, \$150 goes to Carl A. Sansburg. 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 humorous feature designed to enhance our readership.

Most Tasteless Cartoon



"I feel a whole lot better now!"

Not Allergic to Sex, Doctors Say

People who believe they're allergic to lovemaking may just be suffering from a common nasal malady not associated with sex. That's according to a California doctor who advised a man afflicted with postcoitus sneezing fits to try a nose spray to alleviate the problem. Doctor Jeffrey A. Wald of San Diego says the sneezing was due to a condition known as vasometer rhinistis, where the nasal passages are chronically swollen and easily irritated during sexual activity. "He would have four to five sneezes starting at about one minute after [sex]. As soon as they finished lovemaking, his wife would run and get a box of

Kleenex," claims the man's personal physician, Dr. William H. Hunter. The 60-year-old patient had suffered the problem for over two years.

Just Saying No to Rubbers

The No. 2 condom maker in America says sexually active adults between the ages of 18 and 24 are refusing to practice safe sex. Schmid Laboratories has had to dismiss 150 workers in Anderson, South Carolina, due to low sales figures caused by the unexpected rejection of prophylactics among young adults.





ith more than a thousand hard-core movies being released each year for the home audience, viewers, increasingly confronted by seductive advertising and slick packaging, are often at a loss when it comes to

selecting an X-rated tape worth watching. HUSTLER is committed to serious, no-bullshit criticism designed to accurately inform readers of XXX-cinema offerings, and to spur the adult-entertainment industry to better productions. Despite their drastic decline, there will always be adult theaters, and we'd never leave a film buff in the lurch: If a review says a production was shot on film, it's probably playing on a big screen somewhereall you have to do is find it.



Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by John Stagliano; starring Ebony Ayes, Alexa Perks, Fallon, Viper, Charli Waters, Tony El-Lay, Ray Victory, J. J. Goodbar, Tanya Foxx and Jesse Adams. Videocassette by VCA.

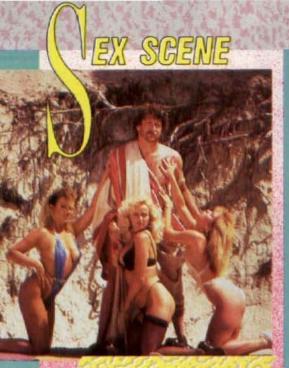
Casting Ebony Ayes, Tanya Foxx and Viper as hard-legged street-level whores is like casting former attorney general Edwin Meese as a sebaceous, hog-eyed, freedom-raping, moola-grubbing sack of pus. Anyone who didn't know better might conclude that these cum-dump doxies had actually turned some real-life sidewalk tricks in their close pasts, with more \$20 front-seat blowjobs in their near futures. The gutters run with cum: Foxx finger-fucks Viper's shitter as pimp's-helper Ray Victory's negroid nightstick, fresh from Tanya's crap-door, fills Viper's slimy cunt, but not for long. Viper lowers her asshole onto Victory's throbbing blackness, rotates a full 720 degrees, lies back for a turd packing and takes the dirty dingus straight from her dumper to her face. Two vice officers play good cop/bad cop/big goop with dusky-pillowed Ebony Ayes and, later, athletic odalisque Fallon; peroxide pozzle Charli Waters sinks to new lows with Viper and Tony El-Lay; Alexa "My God, What a Fucking Huge, Beautiful Ass" Parks serves up blond crack to



J. J. Goodbar's large, dark bar. If there's any justice, Godmother Part 2 will be just as filthy as Part 1. —Christian Shapiro



HUSTLER DECEMBER



UNCLE BILL WANTS YOU!

Tired of that tedious assembly fine? Is construction work losing its glamour? Does the security of a nine-to-five, no-risk job with medical benefits bore the pants off you? If you answered yes to any of the above—particularly the last one-are handsome, have a good body and a bigger-than-average dick, there may be a career in X-rated films in your future. Agent/actor/writer/director/ gadfly William Margold (seen here in a candid moment on the set of Future Sodom) knows as much about the adult-cinema industry as anybody is ever likely to, and has written a handbook that explains exactly how to break into porn. The Porn Stud Handbook covers everything: how to get a job, how much you'll earn-it even tries to talk you out of pursuing a career in XXX. If you're interested, send \$12 per handbook to Bearly Decent Enterprises, 8231 DeLongpre Ave. No. 1, West Hollywood, CA 98046. On the other hand, if \$12 is too steep, you can purchase the CHIC 'Guide for Hired Glands' for \$4.25 (plus \$1 p&h), which gives you the same information plus naked women! Aren't we sly? To order the CHIC version, send \$5.25 to L.F.P. Inc.-CHIC Guide, P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, CA 90067.



OUBLE PENETRATION 3

Shot on Video and Film.

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by John T. Bone; starring Molly O'Brien, Amber Lynn, D. J. Starr, Patti Petite, Kim Parker, John Leslie, Marc Wallice, Tom Byron, Paul Thomas, Tanya Foxx, Keli Richards, Steve Powers, Ron Jeremy, Robbie Dee, Joey Silvera and Herschel Savage. Videocassette by Western Visuals.

The third slime's the charm with this series of Western Visuals' turd-packing repackagings. Though Double Penetration 3 opens rehashing an oft-reprised orgy from Return to Sex Fifth Avenue, it highlights a juice-dripping snippet-Paul Thomas and Tom Byron dually torquing Tanya Foxx's twin trauma centers-that will forever retain its piquant freshness. Penetration 3 further departs from the precedent of Penetration 2 by including new footage that culminates in a John Leslie/Marc Wallice shitpit and cunt-slit split of blowsy blond boob-rack Molly O'Brien. Sandwiched between these pussy-and-pooper parties are Amber Lynn ululant and undulant with lower cavities cockcrammed by Joey Silvera and Herschel Savage: one depreciating blonde depredated by Ron Jeremy and two prickchucking Negroes; Patti Petite's hairy snatch snagging two throbbing rods simultaneously; Byron spritzing Keli Richards' asshole, then plugging back in as John Holmes's log clogs her frontal portal: and one or two more. After Double Penetration 3, who's counting?

-Kurt Blume



Buddy Love gets a tasta of Samantha in Only the Strong Survive.



ONLY THE STRONG SURVIVE

Shot on Video.

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Phil Prince; starring Samantha Strong, Brandy Alexander, Belladonna, Lori Lay, Jan Sanders, Buddy Love and Ron Jeremy. Videocassette by Zane Entertainment.

Had Samantha Strong not made a timely exit, her box-orifice pull probably would not have survived the Zane Brothers' guidance of her cooze-on-camera career. First, they shipped her off to New York, where the talent pool is dominated by pasty-skinned, muscletoneless, sidewalk-level, bruised-and-blemished scags. Next, they put her in

a feature directed by Phil Prince (a Ron Jeremy among directors), with a budget spent entirely on styling gel. (Samantha's hair, perhaps moussed by Jeremy himself, is a cruel, grotesque, self-parodizing joke.) What, aside from the stretch marks on Samantha's hanging sacks and a Ron Jeremy jizz smear of a supporting scuz, could be worse? Buddy Love as chief stud, popping his nut in three scenes. Love, who has survived only through the strength of his wrists, seems unable to come with the aid of a female. What does Love picture as he desperately masturbates while perched above a woman powerless to give him satisfaction? And what is Strong thinking as she spits his scum back up at him? Survive certainly has strengths, like an overrippened Limburger, a little too puissant to swallow.

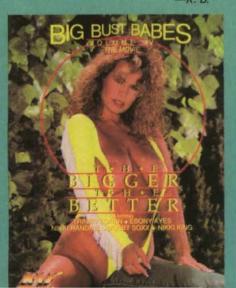
-Hakim Whithers

BIG BUST BABES VOLUME 4: THE BIGGER THE BETTER

Shot on Video

Half Erect. Directed by Ron Presto; starring Tom Byron, Medine, Blake Palmer, Ebony Ayes, Bobby Soxx, Nikki Randall, Trinity Loren, Shane Hunter and Ray Victory. Videocassette by Ambassador Video.

Bigger may be better, but it's Nikki Randall and her no-tit nips that milk the most dick in Big Bust Babes Volume 4. Randall's personal crusade on behalf of diminutive dugs first taps the flared root of Ray Victory, then drains Blake Palmer's putz. Weighing the scales in favor of bosomy grandeur, glandular prodigy Ebony Ayes squeezes Palmer's bone between her billowy black pillows. Though global wonder Trinity Loren neglects her up-front assets, she raises her butt to have her shit ring reamed by Shane Hunter, a shag-haired Englishman who in all probability has no work permit and is usurping the job of a deserving American union laborer.
Speaking of professionalism, Tom
Byron—a man who has slicked his prick
with the juices of Ginger Lynn, Jamie
Summers, Careena Collins, Shauna Grant and Traci Lords, among others-manages to engorge his penis and poke the dromedary paps and primary sexual characteristic of Medine, a foreign-bred ginch with two 40-pound plucked and thawed turkeys hanging from her chest and a face that must take its beauty rest beneath a steaming camel pie. Medine's lack of comeliness is painfully apparent in her jug-to-jug jiggle with Bobby Soxx, a booby blonde who goes unboned. More bigger would have been better.







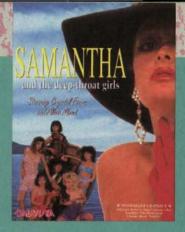
Half Erect. Directed by Henri Pachard; starring John Leslie, Shanna McCullough, Ona Zee, F. M. Bradley, Denise Connors, Robert Bullock, Nikki Knights, Alicia Monet, Randy Spears and Rene Morgan. Videocassette by Caballero Home Video.

Televangelists are easy targets these days, so easy that even Henri Pachard is taking a shot at them, presenting himself in turn as an easy target for disgruntled X-video reviewers. Final Taboo's plot of big-time preacher intrigue and scheming is certainly convoluted, but it pales next to reality and is dull and plodding. All that's worth salvaging are the sex acts. Ona Zee pulls her slot open wide for F. M. Bradley as he finger-fucks her browneye and black-dicks her pink slit; Nikki Knights gives imp face to Robert Bullock's slick bone; gutter-water blond Denise Connors cringes beneath John Leslie's scrotum

as he trails a semen streamer down her cheek; Shanna McCullough throws her chest out to meet Bullock's meat as Rene Morgan leans up behind him; McCullough wafts her spike heel beneath Leslie's nose; a handcuffed Bullock audits Randy Spears's drilling and spilling onto Alicia Monet's flank. To close, five minutes of exposition leads to Jack Baker switching off a TV. The astute viewer will have already done so.



Randy Spears and Alicia Monet break a Taboo or two.





Half Erect. Directed by Henri Pachard; starring Crystal Evans, Alicia Monet, Nina Hartley, Joey Silvera, Tom Byron, Titus Sting, Robert Bigo, Lara Lenz, Anna-Maria, Melanie Ramel, Chris LaForte and Tracey Adams. Videocassette by Cal Vista.

Don't be intimidated by box-copy claims that Samantha and the Deep-Throat Girls is a "bizarre sexual odyssey for the more sophisticated viewer of erotica." Crass oglers of gash will see nothing odd, extravagant or eccentric in Samantha, other than its pretensions, the fact that leading "lady" Crystal Evans—who has the voice, at least, of a sex change—goes unfucked and a paucity of externally manifested climaxes. The bone-stroking bumpkin may achieve turgidity by viewing the adequately presented gonadal goings-on, featuring a quartet of Stateside schtup stars dicking it up with a pack of transatlantic trash. Surely, vulgar viewers will delight in a brunet Germanic strumpet with a chic, page-boy coif. Sloe-eyed and lizard-lipped, she exhibits a wonderfully uninhibited and decadent European disregard for safe sex by opening her hairball shitter for a stern stirring from Joey Silvera's wicked wang as Tom Byron buries his bulge in the fatalistic floozy's face. The rude and crude among us will conclude that beside this slimy pooper packing, Deep-Throat Girls sinks to the level of standard Henri Pachard puerility.



Half Erect. Directed by Charles Gibs; starring Barbie Doll, Samantha Strong, Lauren Hall, Whitney Cole, Tom Byron, Frank James, Jan Sanders and Dr. Biggs. Videocassette by Cinderella Distributors.

Dr. Feelgood looks like a thousand other cheap videos, and is plagued by second-rate editing and annoying offcamera noises, but there are actually three sex scenes worth watching. The opening finds beautiful Barbie Doll being tag-teamed by big-dicked dickers Tom Byron, Frank James and Jan Sanders, who plug her mouth and pussy two at a time, then cream her face and tits. After a long stretch of acting, the sex kicks in again with Samantha Strong rocking back and forth, moaning, gazongas swaying, impaled on James's prick. Though the remainder of the scene is fairly conventional, the first-half workout Samantha gives herself—accompanied by James spanking her butt, rubbing her clit and splaying her pudgy pussy while she bounces on his bone—is riveting. The third notable encounter is a slow, easy fuck by Whitney Cole and Byron. The languorous pace of their coupling is that of lovers determined to prolong their coital pleasures, and the close-up image of Whitney jacking Byron's meat-pole off onto her face is a wonder. The remaining fucks are so-so to yecchh, but these three are definitely good for what ails you. -John Cooper

Dr. Feelgood: Barbie Doll gets by with a little help from her friends.







SHE'S SO FINE PART II

Half Erect. Directed by Henri Pachard; starring Shanna McCullough, Sharon Kane, Nina Hartley, Nikki Knights, Alicia Monet, Tom Byron, Robert Bullock, Joey Silvera and John Leslie. Videocassette by VCA.

If dialogue were rope, Henri Pachard would have hung himself by now. In theory, swinging Henri's chatty features engage the mind, with the libido to follow. Cut down to reality, it's often best to turn off the mind when viewing a Pachard pic, or the libido will wallow. She's So Fine is seeded with splendid suck-and-fucks—Shanna McCullough twice shows a take-charge carnality, first riding Nikki Knights's face and

dominating her hole, later yanking the leash on Tom Byron's dog collar as Tom dogs handcuffed Alicia Monet—but even these potential sprouts of spoot are mowed down in their prime by an instrusive script that insists upon unequivocally making a statement, as ambiguous as that statement may be. Sacrificed to the soapbox are a Joey Silvera schtup of Sharon Kane (she busts his balls in the middle of the fuck, and he rightly splits), Silvera's slippery slide into Nina Hartley (baby-bottle byplay ruins this one) and what should have been an entirely adequate double skeev-ing on Alicia Monet by Robert Bullock and John Leslie. (Some viewers may be distracted by Bullock's hose, garters, corset and heavy makeup, but it's there to make a point.) She's So Fine Part II is so-so but should have been fine.

-K B

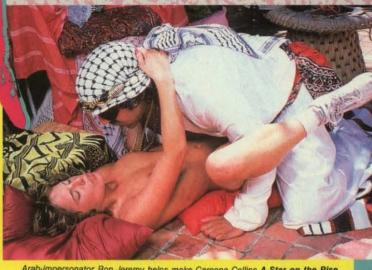
Ever-faithful Kascha rides her beau, Francois Papillon, With Love.

Shot on Video.

Half Erect. Directed by Ron Prestissimo; starring Kascha, Dana Lynn, Laurel Canyon, Francois Papillon, Peter North, Brandy Wine, Tiffanie Storm, Ray Vic-

tory, Jan Sanders and Scott Irish. Videocassette by Cinderella Home

Only an emotionally gutted misanthrope could doubt exquisitely crossbred Kascha's uncontainable love and devotion for her Belgian clit-throb, Francois Papillon, but mild skeptics are beginning to suspect the exotic Kewpie moll of a distaste for exhibitionistic sex. Why, asks the smart money, does Kascha never open her eyes during the video-taped sex act, which she performs only with beau Papillon? Why does her response to his ardent eroticizing show all the verve of a Plasticine figurine, and why does she glare at her co-scumsters as though they are irredeemable gleetfactories? Such attitudes may prove



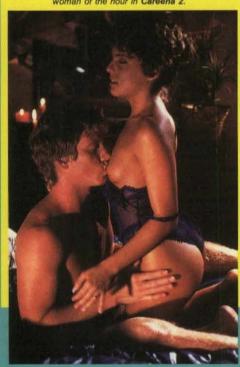
Arab-impersonator Ron Jeremy helps make Careena Collins A Star on the Rise.



Shot on Video.

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Jerome Tanner; starring Careena Collins, Candi Evans, Janette Littledove, Elle Rio, John Leslie, Jerry Butler, John Martin, Ron Jeremy and Randy Paul. Videocassette by Western Visuals.

> Randy Paul takes his shot at the woman of the hour in Careena 2



If only the title of this testicle-singeing tribute were true, and heavenly body Careena Collins were a brilliant configuration of orbs just appearing on the porn horizon. Collins' career was that of a sexual supernova, blazing with an intrinsic luminosity 100 million times that of today's so-called porn stars, but she has faded into obscurity, leaving the libidinal skies darker than before she came. Careena 2, a remembrance of Careena's stellar salaciousness, reflects some of the best work of director Jerome Tanner's days in the sun and shines a brilliant light on a carnal constellation of supporting fuckers. In the glare of Careena's concupiscence, even old pros such as John Leslie, John Martin and Ron Jeremy lose their complacence, bodies glowing in the sheen of sweat that Careena never failed to draw from her studs. The cooze of Candi Evans, Janette Littledove and Elle Rio was never so celestial as in the ring of Careena's dazzling gleam. (Astronomers bitterly note that of the Collins/Evans/ Jeremy convergence, only Ron is still visible, a bloated, shitting dog star in an increasingly defiled cosmos.) Our galaxy is much richer for having known Careena, and just a little poorer now that she is gone. —С. S.

stumbling blocks along Kascha's chosen career path, a slippery track to jizzslickened slutdom peopled by the likes of trollop Tiffanie Storm priming proud Peter North's powerful gusher, wanton Brandy Wine wetted from behind by Scott Irish's viscous spillage, lascivious little-girl Dana Lynn swapping and swabbing box lunches with Storm, and commodious Laurel Canyon bobbing face and cunt maniacally to accommodate the bursting bones of Ray Victory and Jan Sanders. From Kascha is rounded out with two loads of love pitched in by Francois, but she hardly gives anything back.



Shot on Video.

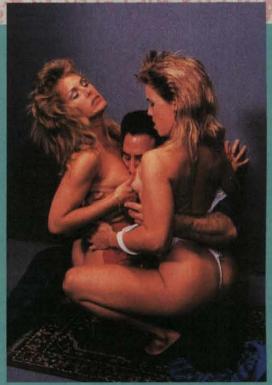
Half Erect. Directed by Paul Thomas; starring Barbara Dare, Stephanie Rage, Lynn LaMay, Rick Savage, Louis Paul, Jennifer Miles and Jerry Butler. Videocassette by Vivid Video.

Writer/director Paul Thomas fancies himself a cut above the garden-variety gash lenser. In every likelihood Thomas does have a great, groin-popping fuck pic within him, perhaps even a string of smart, sizzling sexvids, but he will never show it by minimizing assets such as Barbara Dare. The ensemble's impeccably coached acting, natural and engaging as much of it is, grudgingly gives way to hurried fucks that flicker and flare out before viewer prurience has been engaged. Thomas claims to spend extra money on sets and nonsex actors, but should be getting more for his dollars: The same cement-floored concrete cell, with minor variations on wall decor, is both a stalled elevator and a guest bedroom; a manager of a beauty parlor and his middle-aged customer double as Dare's parents. Barbara finally gets fucked in the last moments, starting frenetic and kinetic, but the camera strays above the waist, and the paying voyeur, who would have no difficulty reaching orgasm at home alone if only presented with sufficient Dare salience, instead faces the unlikely spectacle of a man pretending to come with vulpine Barbara. If we'd wanted to see Jerry Butler fake an orgasm, we'd have fucked him ourselves.



One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Paul Thomas; starring Angela Baron, Randy West, Ona Zee, Siobhan Hunter, Jamie Gillis, Stephanie Rage, Rick Savage, Nick Frenier and Bucko Ryan. Videocassette by Fantasy Home Video.

This second installment in what promises to be an ongoing Robo Fox series starts with Jamie Gillis stroking his schwanz, a finger in captive Stephanie Rage's mouth, pulling her face down to his crotch, shoving schlong into her from behind, forcing her chest into the couch, pulling his putz as she licks his yarbles, backing up to shoot his yasch splash all over her saucy mug. While the emotionally involved viewer recovers equilibrium from that tempestuous scene, Angela Baron peels a rubber and milks Randy West's root sap onto her plasticized pecs; Gillis and two duffers launch an uncoordinated effort to team up on Baron and come up short; Rick Savage, Siobhan Hunter and again Gillis each take less than their best shots at Baron; West penetrates Ona Zee, shortchanging her on the money-shot; and Baron turns all the furniture in West's medical clinic upside down. Tape quality is particularly bad throughout, with glare, bleeding colors and constantly annoying surface noice. Robo Fox II is for collectors only.



Louis Paul enjoys being part of a Barbara Dare/Lynn LaMay sandwich in Dangerous Places.



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

Fully Erect

The Cat Woman Conflict Insatiable Janine Mad About You Pretty Peaches 2 (F) Very Dirty Dancing

Three-Quarters Erect

Angel Puss
Barbii's From Rags to Riches
Divine Decadence
The Eleventh Commandment
Fatal Passion
The Grecian Formula: Honeybuns II
Hottest Parties
Loose Lifestyles
The Night Before
Pulsating Flesh (F)
Rachel Ryan's Anal Intruder II
Satisfaction Jackson

Half Frec

Alice in Blackland
Backdoor to Hollywood IV:
Barbii's Way
Casing the Crack
Caught in the Act
Cherry Cheerleaders
Moonstroked
On the Make
Party Wives
Sex Sluts in the Slammer
Sheena in Wonderland
Sleazy Rider
Wet Dream on Elm Street

One-Quarter Erect

Black Beauties Flesh for Frankenstein Hot Blondes Oral Majority Black Our Dinner With Andrea Raging Weekend Sex Lies Shauna Grant: The Early Years She-Male Sanitarium Susie Cue Twentysomething Twisted Sisters

Totally Limp

Black Sensations Genie's Dirty Girls Her Every Wish Lingerie Party

RATING GUIDE

FULLY ERECT Superior. A top production.

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

HALF ERECT Standard fare. Has moments.

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

TOTALLY LIMP
A waste of time and money.

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BEAUTIFUL, Sexy Mexican girls seek boyfriends! All ages. Free photo selection. Latins, Box 1716-H, Chula Vista, CA 92012. PH# (619) 425-1867

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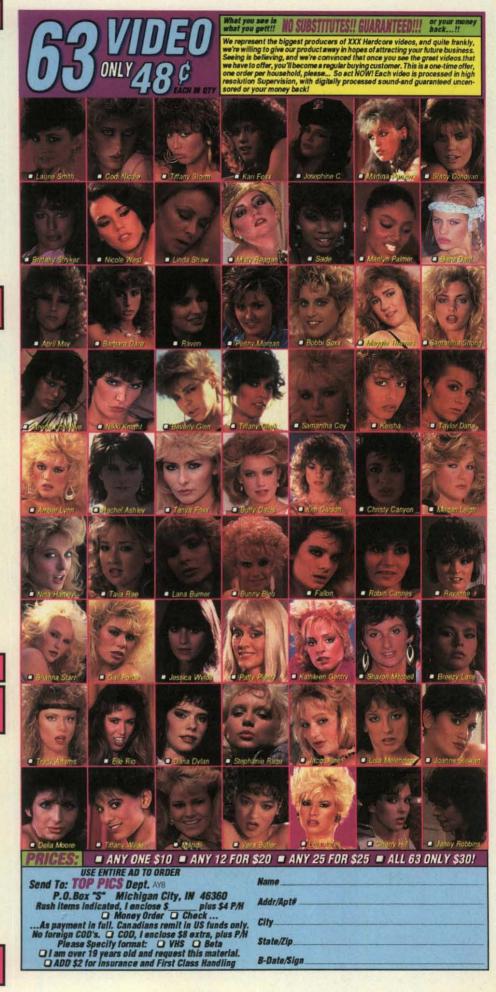
CHICAGO ESCORTS, Pretty ladies come to your location. Noon-4 a.m. 312-758-1386, 758-6272.

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MICHAEL DIGREGORIO

WHY

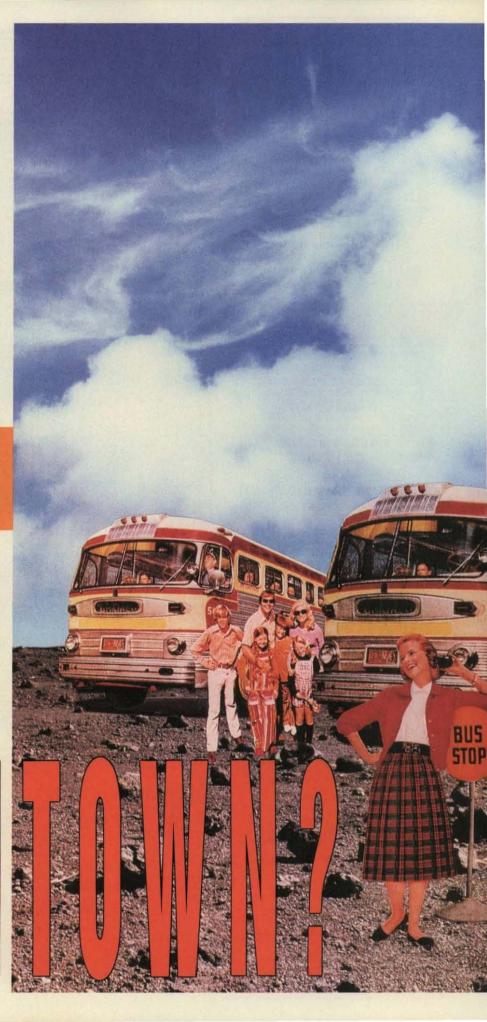
GO TO

VEGAS

WHEN

YOU

CAN VISIT



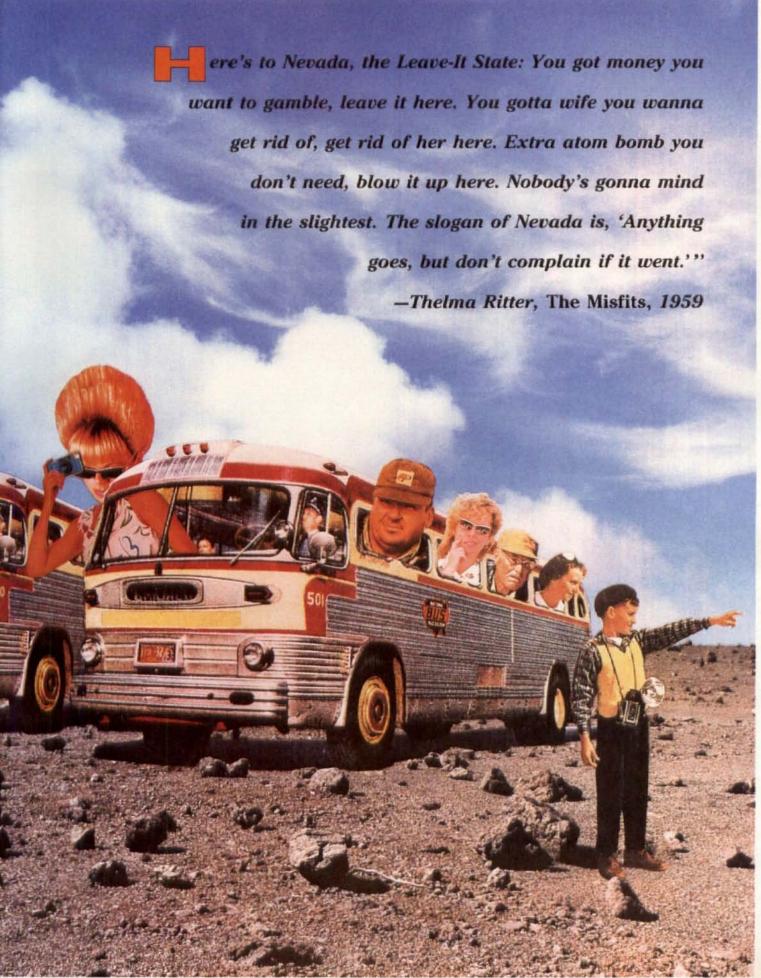


PHOTO ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID PETERS



he sun rises over an overcast Sin City. Staggering out of casinos onto empty

streets, all-night gamblers rub bloodshot eyes and 5-o'clock shadows. Vegas is very unglamorous at dawn, the marquees lifeless and the neon spent. We have taken a wrong turn at Sahara Drive and are now 20 minutes late for the tour bus.



Underground nuclear-blast tunnel, Area 12, At Work in the Fields of the Bomb, Robert Del Tredici.



The bus is scheduled to leave the Department of Energy's (DOE) parking lot at 6:15 sharp. We show up at nearly 6:40 and catch nasty glares from the assembled heavyweight crewcuts and their beehived, horn-rimmed battle-axes.

This tour of the Nevada Nuclear Test Site is for the DOE's employees and their families, but the visitors logistics center has granted me permission to





(Upper left) Guinea-pig grunts at Camp Desert Rock in 1957. (Upper right)
House is sole remains of 1955 atmospheric test. (Lower right) Central
control point where test controllers and experts in meteorology and nuclear
weapons all play a role in pushing the button—or catching up on reruns
of I Love Lucy on one of 20-plus TVs.



ride along. The test site is in the news again; their public-relations apparatus is well geared for the attention. On the heels of a superpower summit, a subsequent Intermediate-Range Nuclear Forces (INF) Treaty, proposed reductions in nuclear stockpiles and a joint USA/USSR co-monitoring agreement on nuclear testing, governments and antinuclear organizations the world over are scrutinizing the huge, super-secret chunk of scrub where America hones its weapons for the "unthinkable," or "final," war.





Today, from other parts of the Silver State, neighboring Utah, Arizona and places as far away as Des Moines and Kansas City, an elderly assembly of pilgrims waits eagerly to see their kins' unusual place of employment. In Stetsons and baseball caps, in windbreakers emblazoned with fertilizer- and pelletcompany names, these down-home types size up my girlfriend and I as we pass to the back of the bus. With the two latecomers aboard, the driver pulls away from gray Las Vegas, speeding into the barren desert north on I-95.

DOOMTOWN TERROR TOUR

The Reagan Administration has accelerated the testing of five more nuclear-driven weapons at the Nevada site.

The Nevada Test Site is divided into 27 numbered areas. The U.S. government's main nuclear-weapons design laboratories, Los Alamos and Lawrence Livermore, take up 12 parcels in the northern half of the site, while the Defense Nuclear Agency utilizes another section.

"Unannounced" weapons tests are conducted in these areas. The vast majority, 75% to 80%, of these detonations are for weapons development. These explosions are used to gauge the radiation and blast (air blast, heat, ground and water shock) of warheads for developmental weapons systems such as the MX, Trident II submarine-launched, Cruise and Minuteman III missiles.

New-generation warheads undergo at least six test shots before introduction into our weapons stockpile. The Reagan Administration has accelerated testing of five nuclear-driven directed-energy weapons concepts currently being refined at the testing grounds:

The X-Ray Laser—a laser beam-directed nuclear explosive that has Star Wars, or Strategic Defense Initiative, application.

Hypervelocity Pellets—a nuclear "shotgun" that propels particles long ranges with tremendous speed.

Directed Microwaves—high-frequency microwave energy focused to cause widespread electronic damage to a target at great distances.

Particle Beams—a nuclear explosion that powers a beam of charged atomic particles to destroy incoming missiles.

The remaining tests conducted here are either production verification or stockpile confidence tests. Usually no more than two per year, these tests are staged by pulling a stockpiled warhead and checking it for defects or deterioration.

The hum of the air conditioner and the lack of idle banter from the other tourists lulls me into an uneasy doze a few minutes outside of town. I dream of Godzilla, Rodan and a supporting cast of nuclear-mutant creatures lurking behind the steel fences and barbed wire surrounding a desert landmass larger than Rhode Island or Luxembourg.

or Luxembourg.

The voice of Alice, our tour director, disturbs my semi-slumber, explaining in

matter-of-fact monotone that the atomic excursion will encompass 275 miles of driving and last 11 hours. Dressed in frumpy pink sweatshirt and matching pants, our guide describes the site and the day's itinerary as if we've somehow landed on the Nabisco Bakery tour instead of a top-secret nuclear encampment.

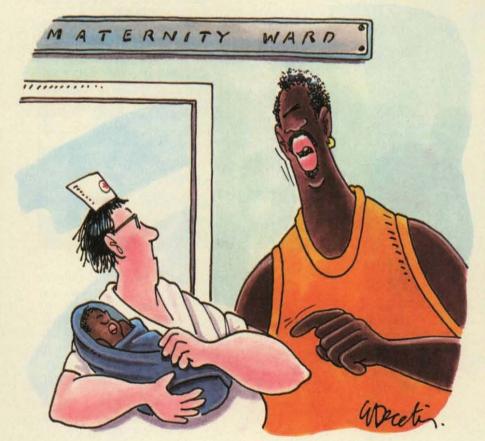
When nuclear testing in the South Pacific became logistically prohibitive, the government, perceiving the necessity of an on-continent atomic-test area, established the Nevada Test Site (NTS) under the auspices of the Atomic Energy Commission (predecessor to the Department of Energy).

Bordered on three sides by the immense Nellis Air Force Bombing and Gunnery Range, the Nevada Nuclear Test Site is 65 miles north of Vegas, in the desolate southwestern corner of the 36th state. Buffering its southern flank, near the border with California, is Death Valley, effectively isolating the proving grounds.

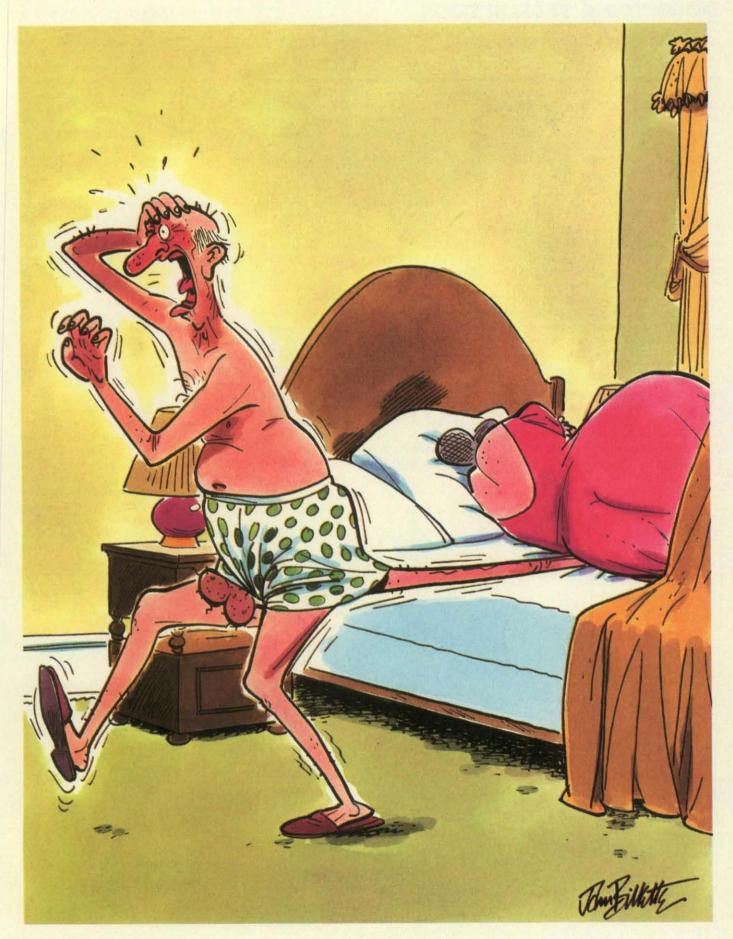
The site's first announced atomic detonation was conducted on January 27, 1951, at the Frenchman Flat valley in the southwestern corner of the proving grounds. A one-kiloton A-bomb was dropped by a World War II-era Air Force bomber. Today's nuclear tests explode with anywhere from 20 to 150 times the destructive capacity of that first blast. Since that initial air-dropped detonation, 802 tests have been announced; 212 exploded in the atmosphere.

The official Department of Energy total doesn't take into account 100-plus "unannounced" tests monitored by the California Institute of Technology with discrete seismic data. Riley Geary of Cal-Tech claims 114 confirmed unannounced tests since the 1963 Limited Test Ban Treaty halted atmospheric detonations, plus an undetermined number-possibly 50 to 80-of smaller, combined or coupled tests that deter seismic recording. Not taken into account are nonnuclear explosions of nuclear-weapons materials. In a recent plutonium pipe-bomb test, two to ten pounds of the deadly substance was exploded to determine its scattering qualities. Apparently, the dirtiest of all nuclear material, with a half-life of 24,000 years, disperses pretty well. It's been detected in deer lungs, milk, drinking water and vegetable gardens in Utah. The smallest particle of plutonium, when inhaled, will kill a human. There have been between 26 to 34 of these experiments.

The test site, Geary continues, often sets off two warheads simultaneously. Between 1961 and 1963, 96 nuclear shots occurred; 15 were too small to be seismically detected (10% to 15% of all tests at NTS go unrecorded). Between 1985 and



"Never mind how much he weighs, bitch! How long's my boy's dick?"



"It's a stroke, Emma! I can't move!"

DOOMTOWN TERROR TOUR

Tests average one every 17 days. Horizontal-shaft tests cost \$40-\$70 million; vertical shafts, \$20-\$30 million.

1987, five of the site's announced 48 nuclear detonations escaped Cal-Tech detection.

Since the '63 atmospheric ban accord, 573 underground tests have been staged at the site, plus ten in New Mexico, Colorado and Mississippi, and two major detonations outside the NTS facility, in other parts of Nevada.

America's largest tests were conducted in Alaska, where tests were moved after pressure from Las Vegas land barons, like Howard Hughes, who had tired of Mercury, Nevada, being rattled by test explosions. Besides giving rise to sections of tundra, the blasts caused the formation of Greenpeace. Successful in stopping subtundral nuclear explosive testing, the group turned less successfully to efforts at protecting whales.

The Threshhold Treaty limited the size and yield of nuclear explosions to one megaton, which has the destructive equivalent of 80 Hiroshimas, or 50 Nagasakis. The largest American blast to date—November 6, 1971, in Alaska—was five megatons. Registering the seismic

magnitude of an 8.5 earthquake, that warhead would equal 400 Hiroshima bombs. The presently decommissioned Titan missile has a single-warhead weapon of *nine* megatons. The Soviet counterpart to the Titan, the SS-9, carries a 25-megaton payload.

Since 1963, atomic weapons have been tested in vertical holes from 600 feet to more than one mile deep, or in horizontal tunnels in the sides of mountains and mesas. The tunnels are up to 8,000 feet long.

Operating around the clock to maintain an average of one weapons test every 17 days, two huge rigs drill the holes, three to 12 feet in diameter. After a year's prep, the shaft is ready. A 50-ton cylinder containing the warhead, radiation detectors, firing components, television cameras and electronic instruments is brought to the hole. Diagnostic equipment takes up the largest part of the 200-foot-long canister. More than 100 cables, 33 miles in all, are connected to the canister.

Submarinelike in appearance, the atomic load is lowered into the shaft, taking

two days to reach bottom. In the following two weeks, the hole is filled with layers of concrete, epoxy, gravel, plastic and fine sand.

Vertical-shaft tests examine weapons design, ensuring that warheads explode to specifications. Weapons effect examinations, in contrast, are conducted inside horizontally mined tunnels in the side of Rainier Mesa in the north-central tip, or Area 12, of the NTS. The tunnels wind through the mountain for a mile and a half, elaborate engineering feats that take 18 months to stage.

At intervals in the shaft, electronic components (military and civilian), communications equipment and military hardware are exposed to varying levels of radiation to evaluate their capabilities in nuclear-war conditions. Each horizontal-shaft shot costs \$40 million to \$70 million to stage. Vertical-shaft detonations carry a \$20- to \$30-million tab.

Even with multiton, pressure-activated doors in the horizontal shafts and layered backfilling for vertical holes, the Department of Energy has "vented" radiation on 92 occasions within the boundaries of the test site. Another 136 times, radiation originating from NTS has been detected outside the test site.

Due to periodic radiation leaks, 1,200 downwind residents have sued the federal government. Citing extraordinary increases in radiation-caused illnesses (the childhood rate of leukemia in Utah is 250% higher than the national average), a federal court in Utah granted damages to claimants living 100 miles or more from the proving grounds. A fallout blanket stretches from southern Nevada to northern Arizona and Utah, where 74% of the residents want nuclear testing, at their front door, to stop.

The 1954 Hollywood production *The Conquerers* was filmed in one of these downwind "hot spots" (St. George, Utah). Twenty-five years after the film was shot, 92 out of a cast and crew of 220, including John Wayne, Susan Heyward and Agnes Moorehead, had died of cancer that can be directly attributed to the additive effect of radiation. One Pentagon official at the Defense Nuclear Agency uttered, "Please, God, don't let us have killed John Wayne!"

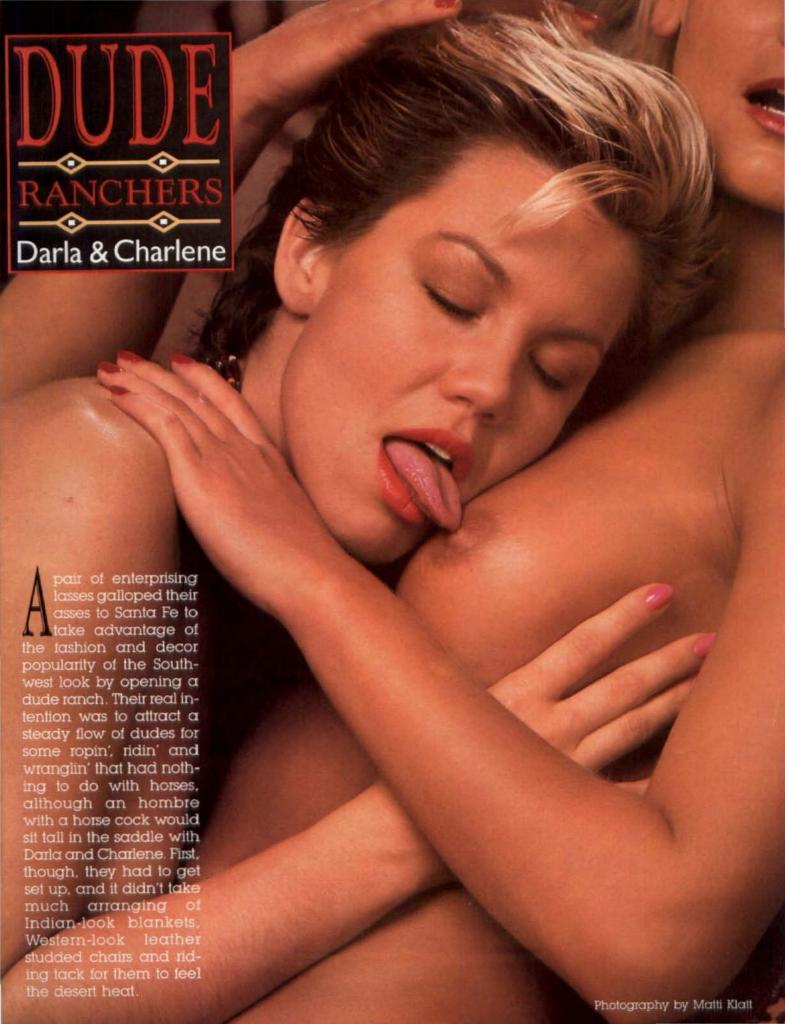
As our bus pulls through the front gate at Mercury, the proving grounds' onsite headquarters, Alice explains that an upto-date photo ID must be presented to gain entry. We will be issued radiation badges that will turn a dark shade in case of excessive exposure to radiation.

The conditions that made Nye County—the nation's third-largest at 12 million relentless desert acres—attractive



"I don't wanna play anymore. This game gives me the creeps!"

DECEMBER HUSTLER





















SLAME GAME

by Chuck Henderson

Boy' tasted great.

What was he dring pesides untching?

THE SLAVE GAME

The slave gives her master total, unquestioned trust; the master gives his slave total attention and care.

Of all sexual acts, the "master-slave" scenario arouses the deepest feelings. Man as master, woman as slave—these are the ultimate extensions of the "classic" male-dominant/female-submissive sex roles.

Unfortunately, women of today are often repelled by the concept. Today's man is reluctant to admit his urge to dominate.

But no intelligent, educated person expects the male to be totally dominant in any sexual pairing today. On the other hand, many women occasionally need to be pampered and cared for. The infamous male ego, rightly or wrongly, appreciates an occasional bit of inflation. If we don't take these roles seriously—if we in fact make a game of them, rendering the roles "safe" in a context of play—we can revel in that pleasure.

A master-slave game involves a certain amount of deliberate humiliation of the slave, but humiliation *per se* is not what the game is about. The master-slave relationship, in fantasy play, is about giving trust and attention—on both sides. The slave gives her master total, unquestioned

trust; the master gives his slave total attention and care. The slave knows that she is at the center of her master's world; the master knows that the slave has given herself to him absolutely.

Many women find, to their great puzzlement, that they enjoy a paradoxical freedom and security as temporary "slaves" that they have never felt before. The game reinforces the trust that two secure partners feel for each other, a trust sufficient to allow them to "revert to type" for a while, to explore the primitive sides of their personalities—without the fear that this kind of behavior will be expected in their everyday lives.

If your partner is reluctant, try a very mild version and see if she acquires a taste for slavery. Many women enjoy the peculiar security of total submission—when they know they are totally safe.

You must be a *good* master. While firm, be kind, loving and solicitous. She's turned her will over to you; your slave deserves your total attention and protection. Never take her submission for granted. Be riveted by it, totally absorbed, as she is compelled to be. *Never* put her in a position

where she might actually suffer pain or public exposure. If you do, you have forfeited her trust. As in skydiving, it is the risk of injury, not actual harm, that adds spice. Also, tell no one about your games, no matter what the temptation. This is also a betrayal of trust.

If you're married to a shrinking violet, shape the game to fit her personality. Shape the game to fit both your personalities; it should be fun for both of you. Don't try to make your partner do things she really doesn't want to do. If you succeed in coercing her into some repugnant act, it may give you temporary satisfaction, but it will leave a sour taste in her mouth for game-playing and eventually spoil it for both of you.

Besides, a logical follow-up to this game is a weekend with you as slave—don't establish any precedents that you'll regret when it's your turn!

Discuss the game thoroughly a few days before you play it. Agree on what is and is not acceptable. No pain is a good basic rule; no public exposure is another. Set definite beginning and ending times. The slave-girl game should last at least one day, preferably more. Three days seems to be the practical limit before boredom sets in. You can do this over a long weekend or some other time when you will be relatively undisturbed. Limit play to two or three times a year; if it becomes routine—"Oh, it's slave weekend again, ho hum"—the point is lost.

Unplug the phone or buy an answering machine. Isolate yourselves as much as possible. Have everything you need for the weekend ready in the house ahead of time. Rent some videotapes or a video camera. Easy-to-prepare food is a must; have all you need so trips to the store will be unnecessary.

If you plan to use body oil, have plastic sheeting ready to protect the carpet and furniture. If you use condoms, have an ample supply, along with lubricants. Have lots of clean sheets and towels ready.

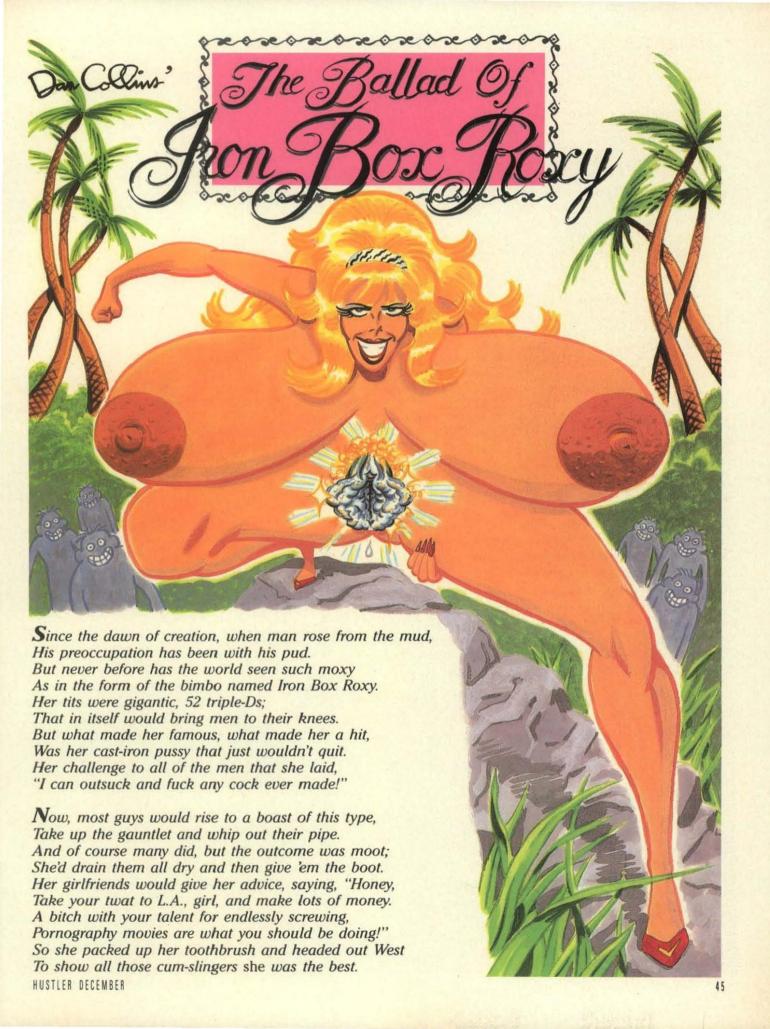
To heighten the anticipation, abstain from sex for a week before the game; you might even avoid seeing each other undressed—nothing emphasizes nudity like modesty. On the appointed day, begin the game by sending your slave into the bedroom to prepare, then present herself for your service.

Suggestions for playing the game fall naturally into five categories: costume, personal service, entertainment, the sex acts, and punishments. These suggestions are intended to give a range from mild to extreme.

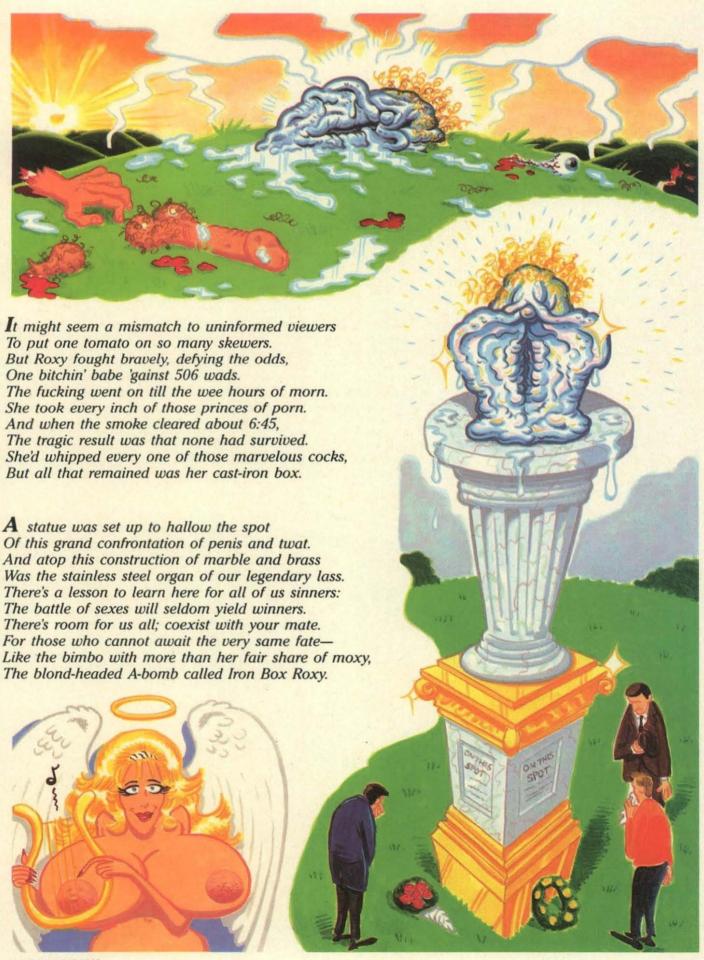
Costume

The proper attire will put both of you into the spirit. The simplest requirement for a slave is to wear nothing at all for the (continued on page 48)









Make her eat from a plate on the floor, or serve snacks on your penis and have her lick it clean.

duration of the game. This is easy, fun, and it wears well. To add excitement, have some means of distinguishing "slave nudity" from everyday nudity—some way to remind your slave constantly that she is naked for you. A heavy ankle bracelet, worn with nothing else, is effective. A pair of bracelets made of jingle bells uses sound as well as sight to emphasize that her nakedness is not casual but intended. A wide arm ring, worn on the upper arm, is good slave jewelry; so is a jeweled headband. A particular pair of sandals, worn only on these occasions, is another good slave costume.

A subtle way of stressing slave nudity is that she be "certified naked." In this condition, a slave isn't allowed to wear so much as a fleck of nail polish, not a ring, not a particle of makeup, not even a band-aid.

Shaving her pubes, especially if she doesn't normally shave, is a surefire added thrill. Have her prepare herself beforehand and not let you see till the game begins. Or shave her in an elaborate ritual.

Your slave might look delicious in a tiny string bikini, a belly-dancing outfit, a G- string with matching tasseled pasties, or the classic garter-belt, stockings and heels arrangement. Costumes can be made with a few yards of plain elastic; wind the string or strip around your slave's body. Make the ultimate open-front bra and crotchless panties. Crisscross the elastic around your slave's calves for a Roman-sandal effect, or spiral it around her torso like a candycane stripe.

Hairstyling and makeup are also part of her dress. A ponytail on the very crown of the head is an exotic look; pigtails or braids work well for a little-girl type. If head-shaving is a turn-on, an approximation can be obtained with a plain bathing cap or a "bald wig." If your partner has a naturally exotic look, experiment with heavy, almost Egyptian, eye makeup and dark lipstick, or geometric patterns drawn on the face. Girl-next-door types generally look best with no makeup at all.

If your partner doesn't normally wear glasses, plain frames can add a surprising frisson; if she does, doing without them or wearing shades is a nice change. And don't forget masks! A simple domino mask (similar to the Lone Ranger's) can

add an unforgettable note. The harem veil worn with nothing else is a classic slavegirl look.

Decorate her with fake tattoos. Last summer my slave spent three days wearing only sandals and some Magic Marker—big stars drawn around her nipples and "FUCK ME NAKED" in huge red letters on her bottom. Temporary tattoo kits aren't nearly as messy. (We still have "DEKAN EM KCUF" faintly visible on one of our sheets.)

Personal Service

This is what slaves are for; give orders. Have her feed you by hand, placing each bite in your mouth and lifting your glass to your lips. (Don't let her spill it; see "Punishment.")

Have her serve you a greasy meal and offer her breasts as napkins. Have her hold ketchup in her bare hand or her cleavage while you dip your fries. Make her eat all her meals from a plate on the floor "no hands," or serve everything on your penis and have her lick it clean.

Use her for a footstool: Have her kneel before you as you rest your feet on her back or bottom. Or a coaster: Have her lie back so you can rest a frosty mug of beer on her belly or pubis.

When you need to urinate, have her unzip your pants, fish out your penis and hold it while you relieve yourself, then tenderly wipe it dry. Or have her catch your urine in a container and dispose of it for you as you relax on the sofa.

Have her bathe you, soaping your whole body with her bare hands, then toweling you dry afterward. Have her massage you with oil, rubbing it in with her bare breasts.

When it's her turn to bathe, have her crouch in the shower stall with her hands behind her head while you soap her all over. Give her a washcloth to dry herself. Or dry her yourself with a blow dryer; or make her dry herself by standing in the sun outdoors. Give her a bar of soap and a garden hose and make her bathe on the back patio while you watch; mark off a three-foot square and tell her it's her shower stall.

Entertainment

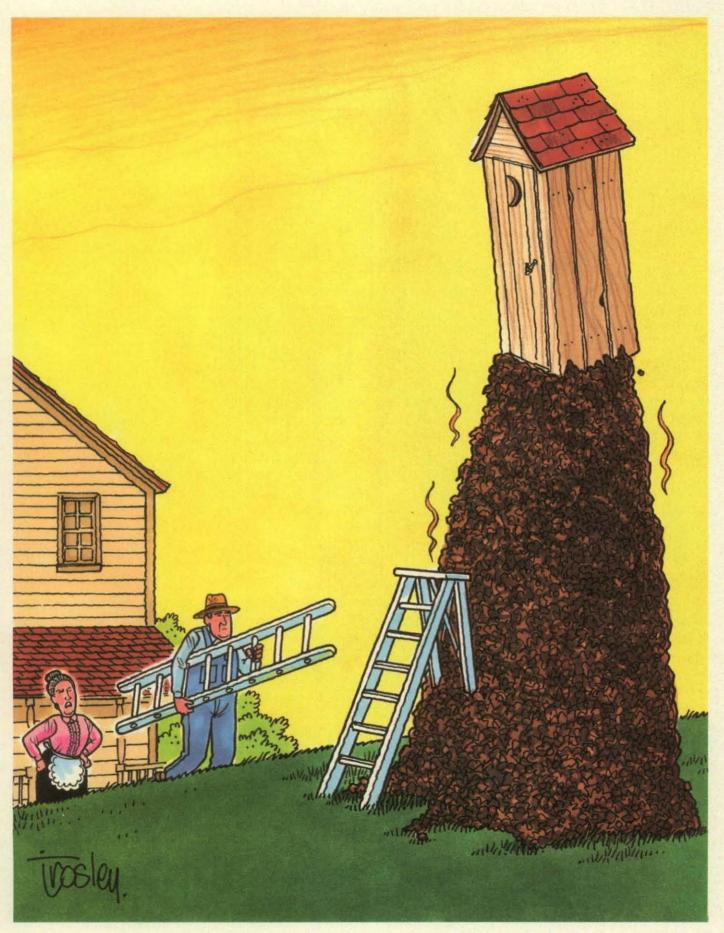
This consists of all the things you have your slave do for your amusement. A good, dirty dance is a basic function of all good slave girls. Teach her to bump and grind outrageously, to dangle and shake her breasts, to shimmy and jiggle everything she has. Make her practice. Coach her to twirl a pair of tit tassels. Have her insert a tampon and tie a third tassel to its string. Then teach her to flip it and keep it tossing.

Have her do a striptease after her shower, beginning with only a towel. (Don't forget the raunchy music.) Then have her oil

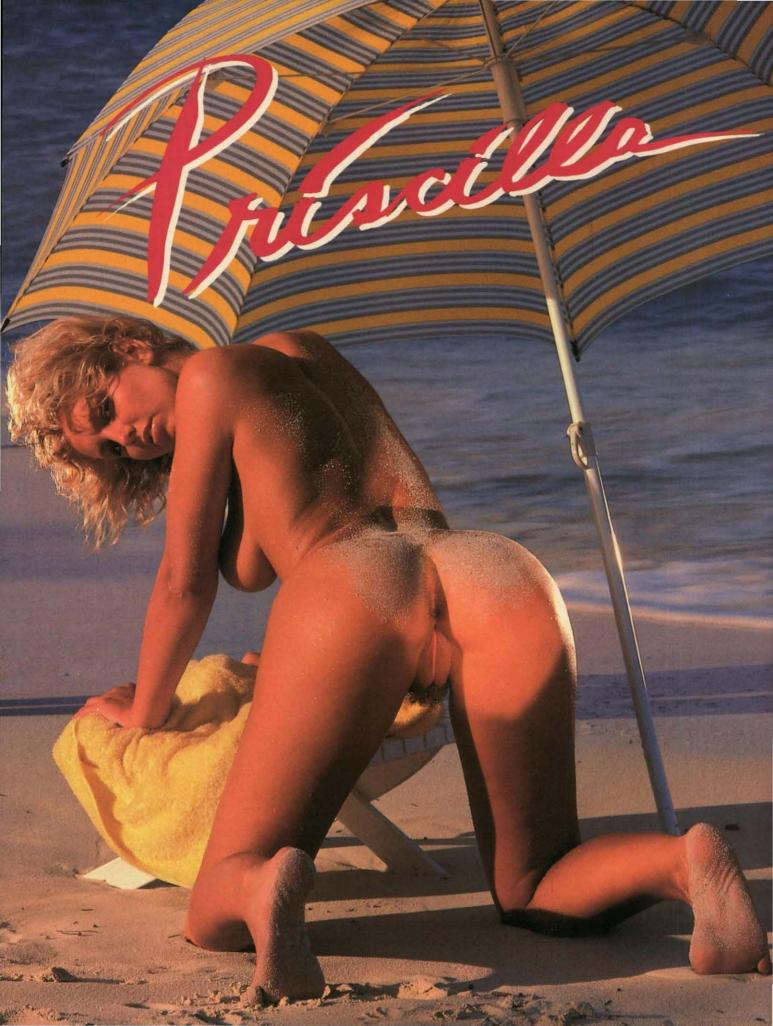
(continued on page 58)

DECEMBER HUSTLER





"Aw, c'mon, Pa...don't you think it's time to dig a new hole?"



30

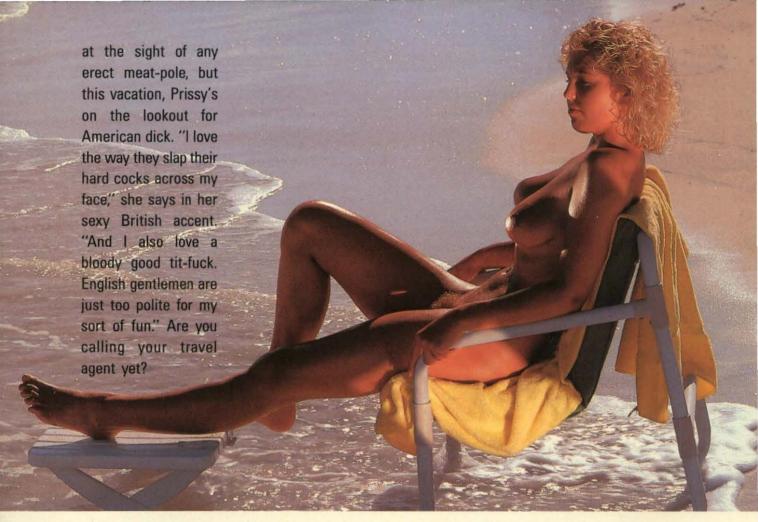
||

THE

SHADE

fter weeks of enduring rainy London, British bombshell and allaround fuckdoll Priscilla needed to bring her stunning bod to a tropical isle for some fresh sun-and fresh cock. Unlike Margaret Thatcher's armada, this island invasion is a welcome sight, though Prissy's size-38 torpedoes can be very dangerous to the surprised beachcomber, whose rod pops up instantly when greeted by her magnificent hooters. She may drool

















Make a rule that she must bend over and spread her cheeks for your penis whenever you demand it.

herself in the middle of the living-room floor and dance lying down. If you want to masturbate while you watch, have her fetch your towel and lotion and encourage you verbally as she dances: "Jack it to me! Make it squirt!" Tell her exactly what to say, and make sure she says it with feeling.

Have her stand naked on the coffee table and masturbate to orgasm in "spotlights" fashioned from desk lamps. Lewdly narrate the action to imaginary friends. Have her use a vibrating dildo on herself while you watch as if choosing from your harem for the night. Have her beg you to take her instead of the "other girls."

Shave her pubic hair in an elaborate ritual. Have her wait on the dining-room table, entirely naked, holding her knees back and wide open, a pillow under her bottom to expose her completely. Floodlight her private parts. Then ask her if she's ready. Think of a ritual question and answer. "Are you ready to be shorn for your master's pleasure?" "Bare my most intimate secrets, O Master, that I may be exposed to you in every way." If this is too much, and you both burst out laughing, try narrating the ritual for television. It's

okay to laugh; this is *supposed* to be fun. Then blindfold her and clip and scrape away—slowly and *carefully*.

A swimming pool presents possibilities. Have her "lose her suit" diving into the water. Have her, wearing a string bikini tied very loosely, dive repeatedly without adjusting it. Throw it out of reach and make her retrieve it, or have her leave it where it is and do without. Make a bikini out of paper towels and see how long it lasts in the water. Have her belly dance naked in water up to her chin while you watch through a diving mask.

A car is another avenue of entertainment, if she's brave and agrees. Take her to a drive-in movie in nothing but a bathrobe, and lock it in the trunk after you park. Take her, masturbating bottomless in nothing but a T-shirt, for a nighttime drive through the city. When she's ready to come, order her to "finish naked." Take the T-shirt off and throw it in the back-seat. Then turn on the interior lights at the height of her orgasm.

Find a deserted spot and tell her she has to do a "nudist fire drill," running all the way around the car. Drive ten or 12

yards ahead when she gets out; then stop and put the car in reverse to spotlight her in the bright back-up lights. When she gets back to the car, tell her she still hasn't run around it and have her do so. Make her bump and grind or masturbate in the glare of the headlights.

Any of the suggested activities can be enhanced with a Polaroid or video camera.

Sex

Make her sit on the floor with a vibrator up her vagina and oil your erection with her bare hands, over and over. If you use condoms, have her put one on you using only her lips and tongue. Have her kneel and beg for sex on command, kissing and licking your penis and scrotum. Have her display her open vagina or anus, or hold up her bare breasts—on command as well.

Make a rule that she must bend over and spread her cheeks for your penis whenever you demand it. Keep her oiled so you can slip in easily. Make love to her frequently all day long, a few strokes at a time. Keep her constantly stimulated.

Have her get ready for your insertion. Then make her wait—kneeling on the bed, holding her buttocks wide, vagina gaping—as you have a drink and a cigarette and consider the sight at your leisure. Stop in the middle of lovemaking and make her wait again, massaging her clitoris to "keep her interest." Stop every time you feel her approach orgasm until she begs you to let her come.

Mild bondage might fit here, if it's your (and her) thing. Tie her down before you make love. Tie her knees back and wide open, using soft clothesline or neckties (be careful not to cut off her circulation). Make love to her doggy-style, or have her suck you with her hands tied behind her back. Tie her squatting in a doorway. Then slide under her and watch her

bounce on your penis.

As you make love, have her describe, loudly and in lewd, explicit language, every detail of your lovemaking. Make her count your strokes aloud, or hump you and chant in rhythm, "Fuck me deeper. Fuck me deeper. When she climaxes, put impossible demands on her: Make her look you in the eyes and tell you, quite calmly, "I'm coming very hard now." Make her whistle or sing a song.

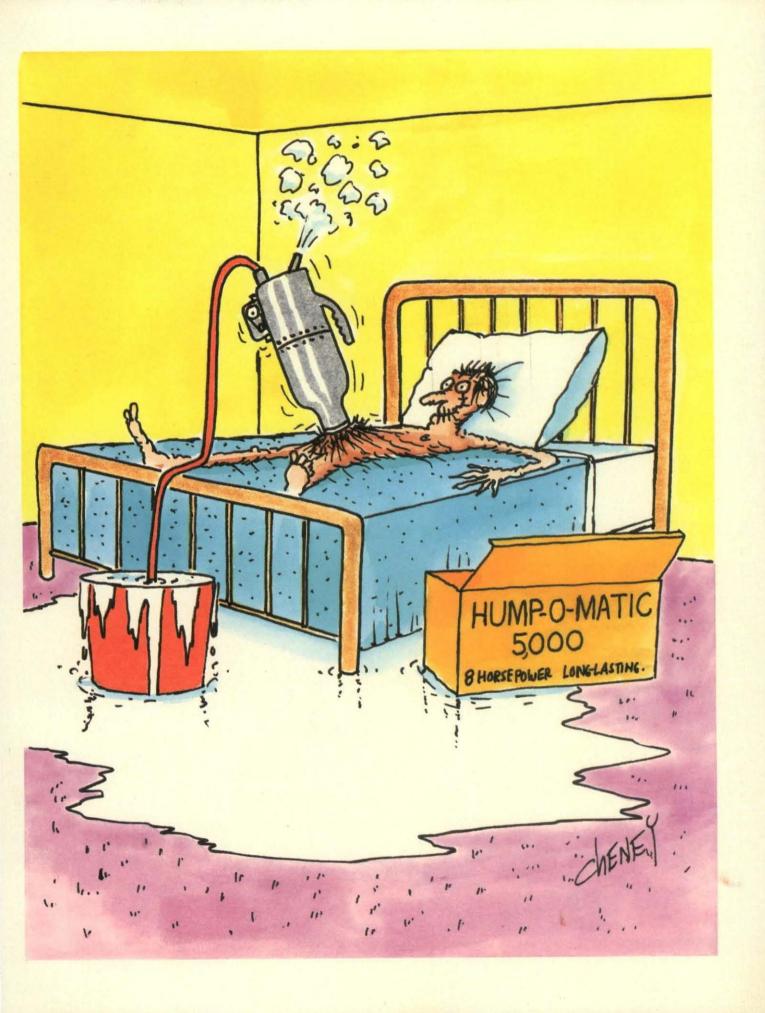
When you come, have her hold your penis while you spray semen on her face, or have her try to catch it all in her mouth without touching you with her lips. Shoot in her vagina. Then have her lick your penis clean. Put it in again, and have her

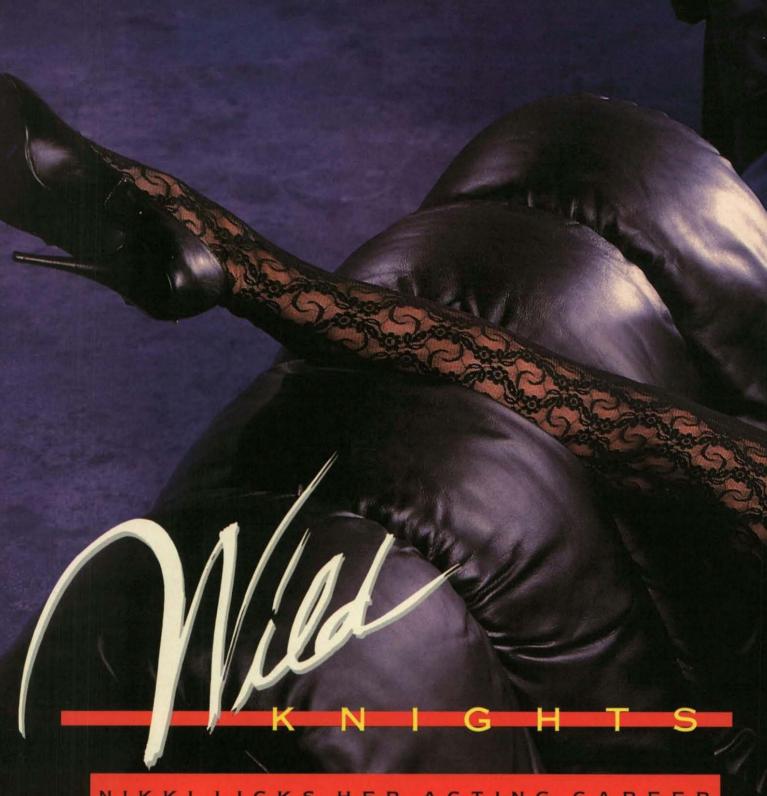
clean it again and again.

Give her a time limit, 15 or 20 minutes, in which she must make you come under threat of harsh punishment. Then lean back on the sofa complacently and let her

(continued on page 124)

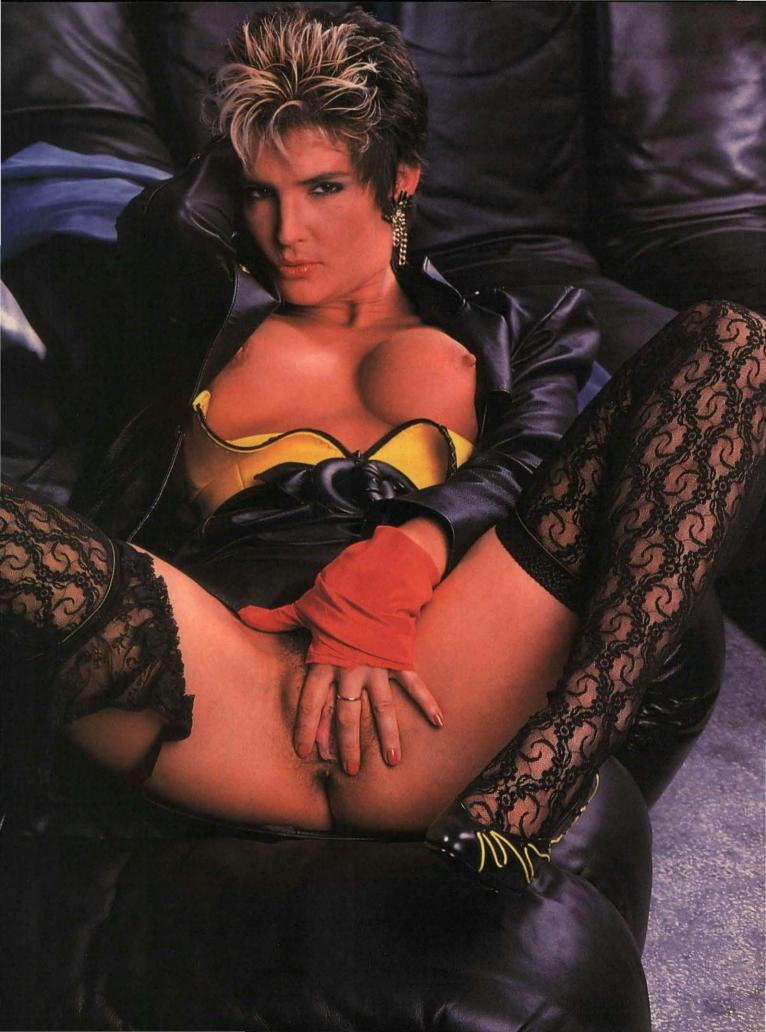




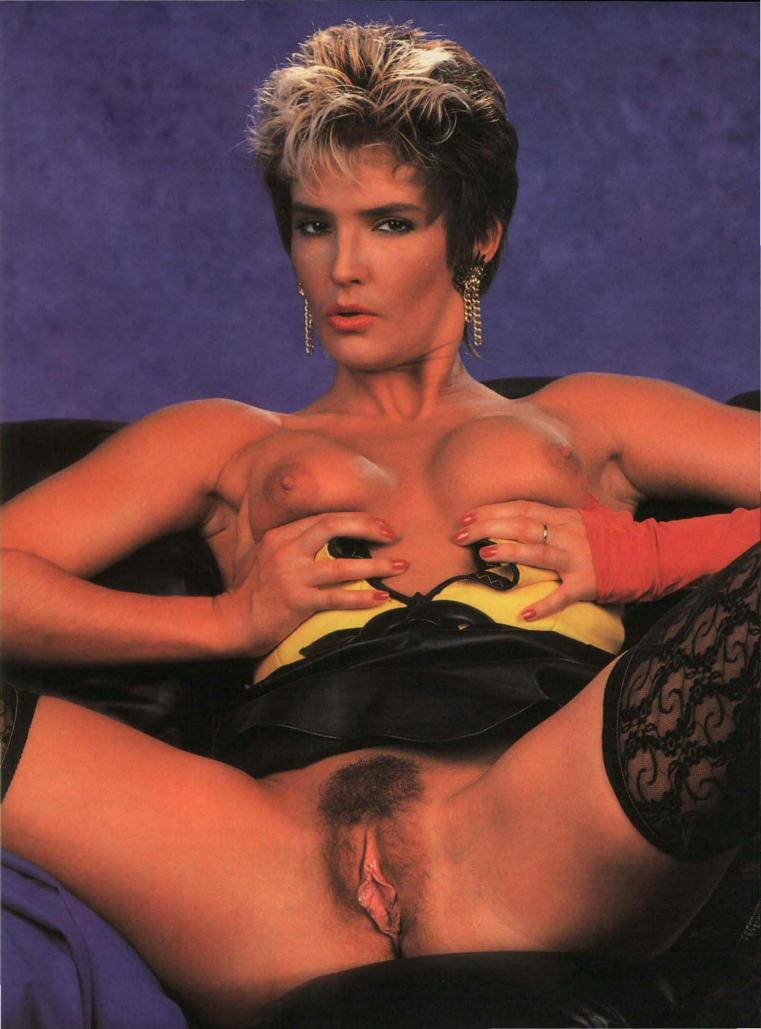


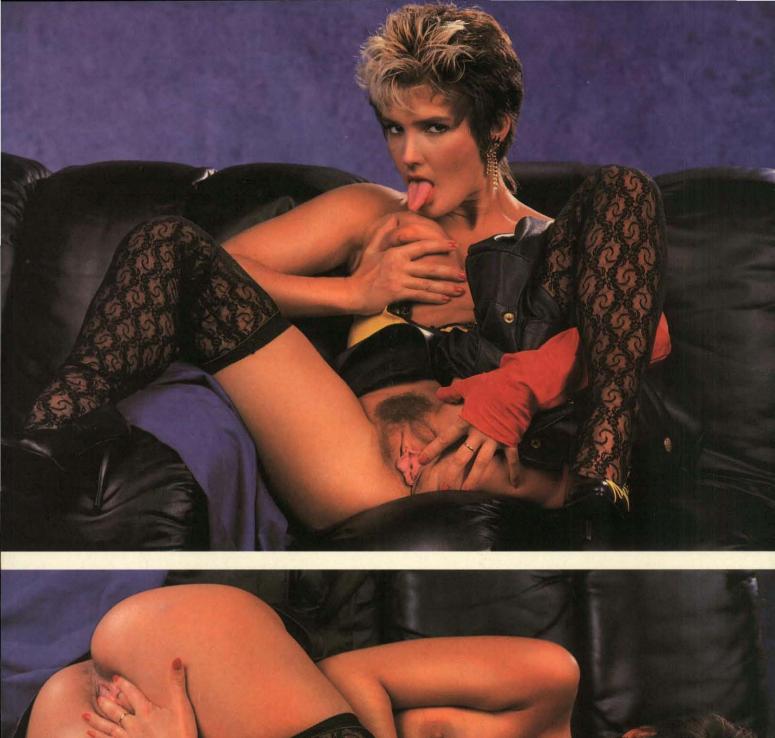
NIKKI LICKS ACTING CAREER HER

ikki Knights is a furious fuck scene waiting to happen. You can see the intense hunger in her eyes, a desire so insatiable that she can devour huge pricks with one slurping gulp—she gives full meaning to "loves to suck cock"—and still have enough appetite for generous servings of hot quim. In fact, naughty Nikki is well known for her aggressive nymph nibbling, but whether it's a threesome of trim or a dirty dozen of dick, Nikki makes sure there's nonstop action in her corner of the flesh pool. Though the deep-throating the spian might strike some strokers as too butch, one look at her tight twat on the business end of a rut-root or her legendary cock-swallowing sexpertise should convince any schlong slinger that this tangy tart is ripe for reaming. Nikki is one pornstress who doesn't have to act-she comes to fuck-onscreen or off.







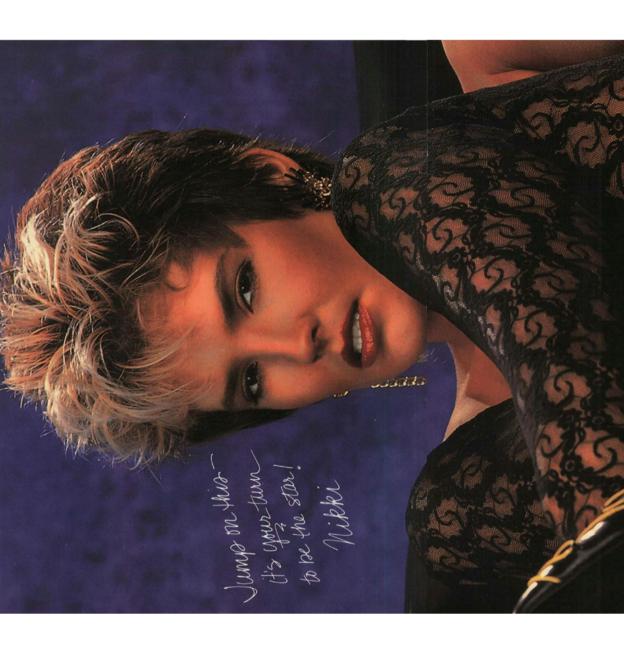


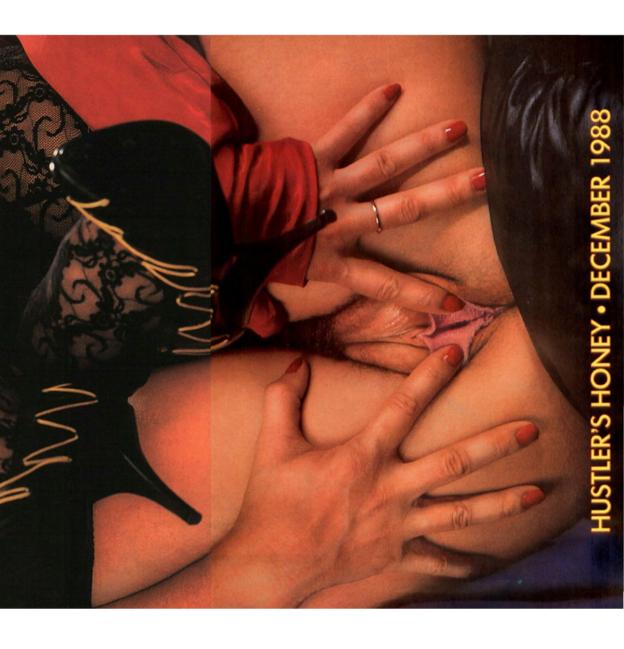
















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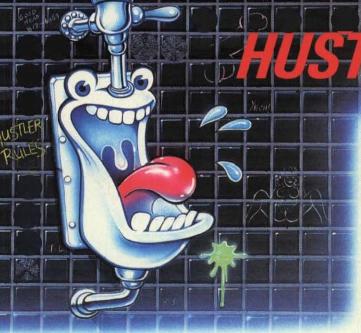
NEW YORK, NY SAN FRANCISCO, CA NEW ORLEANS, LA BALTIMORE, MD

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

REDLANDS, CA PARIS, FRANCE MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA CROYDON, UK

(COMING SOON) LAS VEGAS, NV

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Une night two friends, Bob and John, were in the local bar absolutely shitfaced when Bob decided to call it quits and go home. Taking a shortcut through the local graveyard, Bob fell into a freshly dug grave.

An hour later John left for home and took the same shortcut. While staggering through the graveyard, he heard a faint voice calling, "Help! Help! Somebody please help me!"

John stumbled over to the open grave, looked down and said, "Hey, Bob! What's going on?"

Looking up, Bob spotted John and cried out, "Thank God! Help me out. It's cold down here."

John looked around at the mound of freshly dug earth, then at his friend and said, "No damn wonder you're cold. You've kicked off your dirt!"

he HUSTLER Dictionary defines oral sex as: genital slurpees.

o show his undying love for his girlfriend, Wendy, Jim had her name tattooed on his cock. The tattoo was arranged so that when his cock was fully erect, the whole name was visible, but when it was limp, only the letters W and Y could be seen.

A few months later, while vacationing in Jamaica, Jim was taking a piss in the bathroom of a bar. Next to him was a Rastafarian, also taking a leak. Glancing down, Jim saw, to his amazement, the letters W and Y tattooed on the Rasta's cock.

"Hey," he said, "do you have a girlfriend named Wendy too?"

"No, mon," the Rasta replied. "Mine says, 'Welcome to Jamaica. Have a nice day."

As a highway patrolman approached an accident site, he found that the entire driver's side of a BMW had been ripped away, taking with it the driver's arm.

The injured yuppie, obviously in shock, kept moaning, "My car, my car," as the officer tried to comfort

"Sir," the patrolman said gently, "I think we should be more concerned about your arm than your car."

The driver looked down to where his arm should have been, then screamed, "My Rolex!" My Rolex!"

A bereaved husband was standing in the funeral home next to his wife's casket, greeting friends and relatives. Finally, his older brother came up and told him they had to talk in private. When they got out into the hall, the brother said, "Everybody's gossiping like crazy. Why in the hell did you choose a Y-shaped casket for Margaret?"

"Well," the man said, "I came home and found her nude in bed. For once she wasn't bitching that she had a headache; so I took off my clothes and climbed on. It wasn't until rigor set in that I noticed she was dead, and by then it was too late to get her legs together."

Uuestion: What's a Puerto Rican limousine? Answer: A garbage truck with Mercedes hubcaps.

In the eve of his transfer to Rome, an Irish priest paid a visit to the Kellys, who had been childless for six years, promising to light a candle for them at the Vatican.

Thirteen years later he returned to Ireland, dropped in on the Kellys and found nine children romping around the house. Congratulating Mrs. Kelly on her fruitfulness, the priest looked around and asked, "But where is Mr. Kelly?"

"Sean?" the haggard woman said. "Oh, he went to Rome to blow out the candle."

wo gays were standing on the San Francisco Bay Bridge, watching the ships go by. They were in disagreement as to the type of ship passing at the time. A policeman happened to be walking by; so they called him over and asked what kind of ship it was. He looked over the rail at it and told them it was a ferryboat.

One gay looked at the other in surprise and said, "Gee, I didn't know we had a Navy."

uestion: What does a man have that is white and 12 inches long? Answer: Nothing.

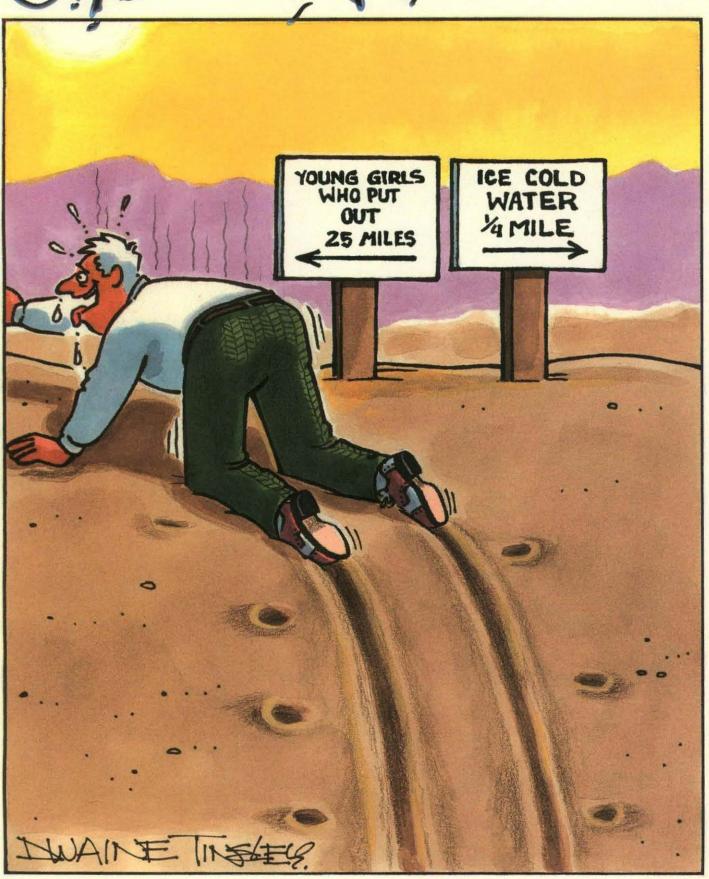
A man with an extreme case of hiccups walked into a bank and asked an attractive cashier to cash a personal check for ten dollars.

"I'm sorry, sir," apologized the young lady. "But my records show that your checking account is overdrawn by \$200."

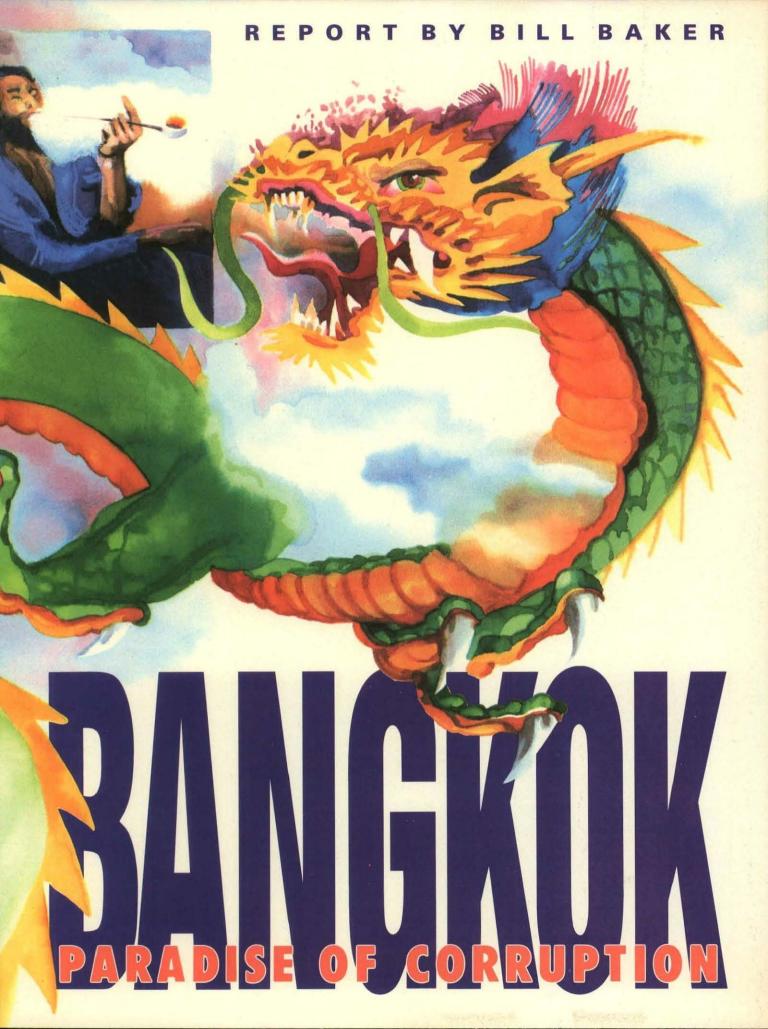
"You've got to be kidding!" exclaimed the man. "Yes," agreed the cashier. "But I cured your hiccups." "Damned if you didn't," replied the customer. "Now, do you happen to have a clean pair of underwear?"

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

Chester the Molester







PARADISE OF CORRUPTION

Mamasan greeted us, clapped her hands, and a bevy of women, all wearing numbers, entered the room.

I strode lazily down Sukhumvit, ogling the pretty ladies ambling past. Beside me was the Ambassador Hotel; in front of me, a Turkish massage parlor. Across the street was Valentines, where you could rent a girl for an hour and a half, or take her back to your hotel for the night. They wouldn't open until six tonight. Directly behind me were two gay clubs, Big Boy and the Male. They would also open later in the evening.

A Thai man in his 30s glided to a stop beside me. A leer crossed his face as he reached into his pocket and withdrew a colorful brochure. He stuck it under my nose. Half-dressed girls in provocative poses caught my attention, and I came to a stop.

"Nice, huh? Not far. Clean, no AIDS."
"Yeah, nice." I studied the pictures.
"Let's go."

He hailed a taxi and, after a brief discussion with the driver in Thai, motioned me in. The driver threw the car into gear and sped off down a side street, twisting and turning through the narrow sois. Bangkok's full name is City of Angels, Greatest of Cities, Immortal Precious Jewel, All-

Powerful, Ancient, Nine-Jeweled Heavenly City, Built by Vishnu. Like its name, Bangkok stretches in an endless sprawl. After several minutes, the driver braked in front of a large house surrounded by a high masonry wall. A huge steel gate rolled open, and he pulled in. We were two blocks from where we had started.

A man ushered us into a large waiting room, made us comfortable on a plush sofa and served Cokes. The driver, with a straight face, explained that we had traveled a long way and that the charge was 100 baht. I paid for what should have been a 15-baht ride. Mamasan greeted us, clapped her hands, and a bevy of women, all wearing numbers, entered the room. They glanced at me, giggled and took their places in chairs arranged around the room. Finally, about 50 were seated, awaiting my inspection. I scrutinized faces and bodies. Their ages ran from about 14 to 35. Most were dressed well; makeup was meticulously applied. Nearly all stared back at me as I passed, flashing delightful smiles. A few lowered their eyes; I caught a glimpse of fright. Meanwhile, the pimp was collecting his commission for bringing me. Tourists, thought of as rich and stupid, are fair game for everyone.

In 1987, "Visit Thailand Year," a nation with a per-capita income of \$800 spent millions promoting the qualities of the people and the country. Promotion themes were "Land of Smiles" and "Land of the Friendly People." The first slogan is beyond dispute. Everywhere visitors go, they are greeted with ear-to-ear smiles or grins. The second slogan is debatable. The smiles, in most cases, mask the Thais' true feelings. Foreigners are not well liked. Their money is.

Bangkok, by an estimated government census, is a city of more than 7 million people, 1 million of them prostitutes. Recruiters travel to the north and northeast visiting rural families, looking for young women and children. Jobs in factories or in homes as maids are promised for periods ranging from one to two years. Usually the impoverished parents are quick to agree. Three or four thousand baht (\$115 to \$153) are advanced, with the promise of more for each month the conscripts work. In some instances, the girls are bought outright for the equivalent of \$300 or \$400.

Other recruiters stay in Bangkok and work the train and bus stations, looking for women who have come to the city on their own. Searchers of work pour in daily.

The new recruits gathered in the north are loaded aboard a bus and taken to Bangkok. Instead of going to the promised homes or factories, some women are first taken to hotels and raped. Within a day or so they're shuttled to massage parlors and houses of prostitution. The recruiter picks up his fee, so much a head. The manager or owner insists on his sample. If the girl resists, she undergoes a second rape. After several beatings, resistance disappears. The ones who continue to show defiance are locked in small rooms. Food and water are withheld. More beatings take place. Soon the women comply with their masters' wishes.

The few who continue to rebel undergo a period of close supervision. Beatings continue, and gang rapes take place. She's forced to service clients in a private home for several weeks. Once the manager feels she's reliable, she's taken to a bar or massage parlor on Pat Pong Road. Others are shipped to Pattaya, another favorite tourist resort. They'll remain for a year or more until their "obligation" is paid off. By then they're hard-core and will remain in the business as freelancers.

Every hotel, except very few first-class ones, provides or permits prostitutes to roam the lobbies soliciting clients. The Grace hotel keeps a sizable stable, guarded and protected by the police. The Am-



"Please, if you don't teach me, how am I ever gonna learn how to be a TV evangelist?"



PARADISE OF CORRUPTION

A woman demonstrates vaginal prowess by ejecting Ping-Pong balls into a glass several feet away.

bassador allows them free access. Be careful. Several hotels have security stations to check the girls' bags when they leave.

Gonorrhea and other STDs are rampant in these locations, and there's a shortage of doctors. In Bangkok, a prominent doctor at the STD department of the Bangrak Hospital Centre is worried. Out of the nearly 1 million prostitutes and masseuses, mostly between the ages of 15 and 24, 70% are infected with a STD. As a result of 20% unemployment, prostitution is the only source of income for increasing numbers of people. In Pat Pong, the sex capital of the world, anything goes. Two streets, Pat Pong 1 and 2, are crammed with bars and massage parlors. Many have live-sex shows; most have nude dancers. Hostesses in various stages of undress circulate among patrons.

To warm up the Queen's Castle audience, women demonstrate their vaginal prowess and accuracy by blowing out darts that burst balloons, some while floating through the air. Another ejects four Ping-Pong balls out of her pussy into an empty glass several feet away. Others open Coke bottles with their vulvas. A popu-

lar act has the girls gratifying themselves with bananas and then eating them.

There's a performance for every taste. A man and woman appear onstage and begin foreplay. Soon they're in the act, with the man manipulating the woman into various positions. She throws herself wholeheartedly into her work. Both parties apparently reach a shuddering climax, shouting with passion. They are followed by two males who engage in fellatio, then anal intercourse. After the applause dies, two women take center stage. They perform cunnilingus to cheers and shouts of encouragement. The place is rocking. Sexually aroused customers fondle themselves or one of the hostesses. For a grand finale, everyone appears back onstage for a free-for-all. After the show, the girls circulate among the crowd, offering a shorttime or an all-nighter.

Gay clubs for both sexes are sprinkled throughout Bangkok and draw large crowds. Transvestites stalk the streets, many quite beautiful, and are quickly snatched up. Transvestite shows are popular. Increasing numbers of Thai men are having sex-change operations. These

transsexuals give the genuinely female prostitutes a lot of competition. Many end the evening by rolling their partners.

Ladies-only clubs, where women's wishes are catered to by men, are springing up around the city, popular with foreigners and middle-class Thais.

With the right inquiry, an eight- to 12-year-old child can be purchased for sex, boy or girl. A virgin will fetch a premium; she may be unwilling, but you've paid \$500, and she's yours. Children are abandoned, kidnapped, used as cheap labor, battered, sold into prostitution, raped—the list goes on. Little attention is paid to child abuse.

Bangkok has the highest number of rape cases in Thailand. On average, four women are admitted to city hospitals every hour for treatment of injuries from sex-related crimes. The statistics appear in a study by the Research and Development Center of Mahidol University's social-science and humanities faculty. Countrywide, 22 out of 100,000 girls are raped, and each month two rape-murders take place. Police arrest only two out of five. Most rape victims are in the 16 to 20 age group.

Among the kidnap victims are young boys and babies. The boys are used as slave labor in factories or on rubber plantations. Others work for gangs of robbers or smugglers or are forced to beg and turn the money over to the gangs. Some boys are sold into prostitution. A few babies are sold to rich couples who are unable to adopt through legal channels. In the south, babies are kidnapped for a more novel purpose.

Malaysia has severe drug-trafficking laws—death is a mandatory sentence—and drug traffickers use desperate methods. One way of smuggling drugs across the border is to kill a baby, cut its stomach open, stuff it with heroin and sew it back up. The heroin-filled baby is carried across the border in the arms of a woman.

The police are involved in every aspect of the crime that they are sworn to stamp out, from shaking down motorists to murder.

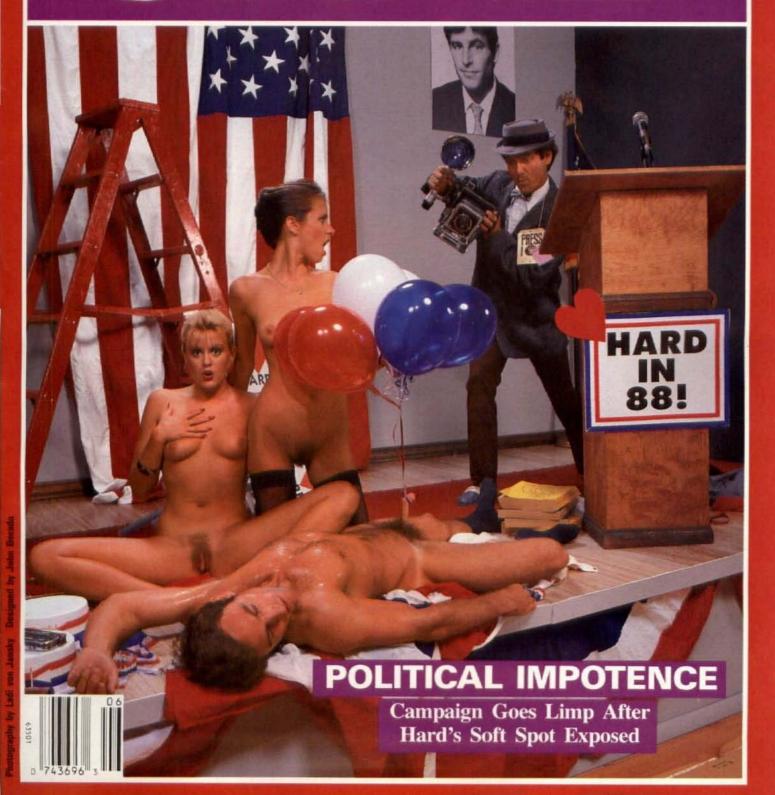
Like in every Third World country, Thai police are poorly paid. Patrolmen receive about 2,000 baht (\$77) per month, plus quarters and medical expenses. Some supplement their wages by turning to shakedowns; motorists, street vendors, prostitutes and businessmen are all easy prey. Sometimes things get more serious: extortion, bribes, drugs, gun running and murder. Vendors pay a monthly fee to be allowed to operate on the sidewalks. In order to avoid hassles, businesses pay even though they are licensed.

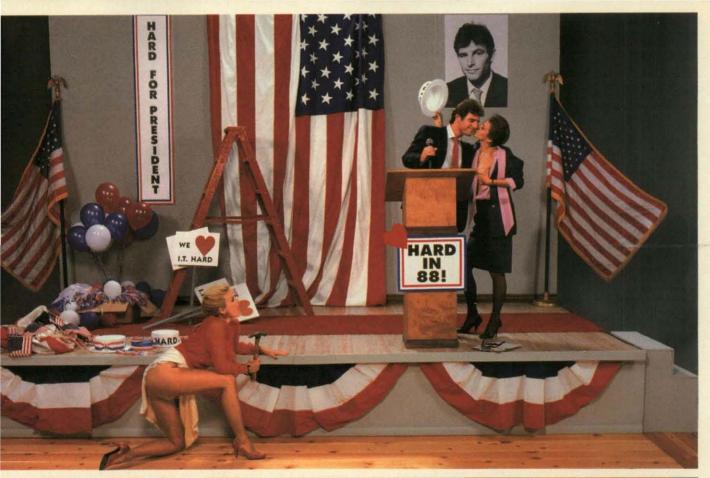
(continued on page 86)



"I demand that you search up my ass! I could have a ton of dope up there!"

OCTOBER 19, 1988







Prez Hopeful Can't Raise Main Plank

Voters Want I. T. Hard, but How Hard Was I. T.?



Party faithful try to inflate Hard's chances

Limp effort may burst candidate's balloon



he campaign for President of the United States of America being conducted by the nominee of the Red, White and Blue-Veined

Party, Mr. I. T. Hard of Kinnybonespurt, Vermont, suffered a serious deflation after news photographers captured the Oval Office hopeful *en flagrante delecto* with his chief campaign workers. He was also photographed in naked sexual situations with the girls.

Most damaging, however, was the failure of the attractive, charismatic and very prosperous-looking politician to raise an erection this close to the election. Opponents claim this as proof of Hard's political impotence, and fear that world leaders, particularly the goat-fucking sand niggers of the Middle East and the fat-girl-boffing, pockmarked drug barons of Central and South America, will take Hard lightly. One source too spineless to use his name said, "Da, vee tink he iz a fag!"

ard press spokesperson N.O. Really downplayed the incident, claiming the photographer had no business tracking the candidate, even though Hard himself had challenged the press to catch him doing to women what he hopes to be able to do to the American public. "This isolated incident," Really averred, "places Hard in a false light, and besides, none of his cock shots show Hard's good side."

The leading opposition candidate, Michael Dodickem, said he has no trouble throwing a bone as long as he fantasizes he's giving taxpayers the shaft. "You'll never catch me with my pants down," he asseverated, "because I like the rough feel of wool against my ass when I'm fucking."

Hard turned down a request to jack off on *Nightline*, but did take up *SLIME*'s request to offer a rebuttal to charges that he's a butt-boy who can't get it up for girls. Meanwhile, Hard is rallying his staff to get up some new poles before going to the polls.



Erection '88

A staffer talks I.T. into entering the ring of politics as a press aide pretends to be the American public on election day.

A Hard supporter pays lip service to candidate's missile-buildup policy while second helper keeps abreast of new developments.





No amount of staff coaxing can raise the candidate's standings in sexual-popularity polls, as his own pole becomes a bone of contention in tight race.





Hard Answers



GALLOPING POLL	
ISSUE	VOTER PREFERENCE
Large & Veiny	32%
Like I.T. Hard	38%
Small but Thick	21%
Lesbos, Don't Care	8%
Undecided	1%

There has been some question raised about my ability to raise a pulsing, throbbing, shiny, veiny, glass-hard erection. Well, first of all, let me ask if you've been able to get a hard-on every time you've needed one. There are a whole lot of issues that need to be addressed that aren't being only because this issue is being addressed, but since this one is very painfully embarrassing to me, I'd rather skirt the issue. And that raises skirts, which are something I really do like to get up under, and so what if it's to try them on and dance around in front of the mirror? I think the real issue is men dancing, and not just a matter of blood pooling in a couple of hollow places in my dick, as if the American voting public expects me or any other presidential candidate to have any more sexual ability than Nixon, Ford, Carter or especially Reagan. Could you get a boner for Nancy? So, in closing, let me say I hope I've clouded over this question without answering it or dealing with the real issues. A vote for me is one more wasted ballot!"

PARADISE OF CORRUPTION (continued from page 78)

Voter turnout in Bankok runs in the low 30% range, with soldiers making up 80% to 90% of this number.

Motorists pay instant fines. One such English motorist angrily claimed, "The police department seemed unable to explain what offense had been committed when they collected instant fines."

A metropolitan-police-division deputy superintendent and a subinspector were jailed for four years and six months, while a traffic inspector received an 18-month sentence, for falsely charging a job-agency manager. The false charges against the manager were made with the intention of extorting 1 million baht (\$40,000) from him. A police sergeant-major was dismissed for extorting 13,000 baht (\$520) from a villager to cover up a minor crime. On another occasion, a Swiss businessman was arrested and held in his hotel room while officers threatened to press charges of illegally entering the country and smuggling foreign currency unless he agreed to pay 270,000 baht (\$10,800). Foreigners don't understand the language and are usually scared to death.

Another favorite tactic is for police to force their way into hotel rooms, fake a search and declare that they have found drugs. They usually show their pigeon a packet of heroin. For a sum of money, they will, of course, forget the incident.

Freelance prostitutes pay monthly to operate. Massage parlors pay to remain open without fear of raids. Miss payments, and they're closed. Thai law requires that nationals carry ID cards at all times and be 20 years old to enter discos. Girls as young as 12 put a 20-baht note (80¢) into an envelope and slip it to the cop stationed at the door.

Police are also active in drugs and gun running. The Community Development Department is investigating its officials' involvement in the marijuana trade in the northeast. Allegations emanated from Chulalongkorn University's political-science faculty. CDD officials, members of parliament, provincial assemblymen and policemen were implicated in drug trading in Nakhon Phanom and Sakhon Nakhon provinces during a faculty discussion.

Other police take jobs as hired assassins. Two work together, using a motorcycle for quick getaway in the heavy traffic, with the pinion rider being the triggerman. Fees range from 10,000 to

500,000 baht (\$400 to \$20,000), depending on the victim's status. Business competition, political rivalries, personal feuds—all are reasons to be eliminated. Two policemen were picked up recently for the shooting of a woman—an act of revenge over her reporting them for extorting money and assaulting one of her hotel guests. These incidents occur often.

When high-ranking officials run into problems, they usually fade from the scene until everything dies down, then surface again, still in power. The cop in the ranks simply is transferred to another district.

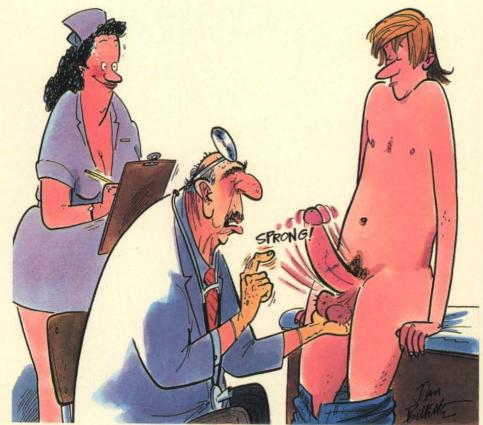
The court system is also prone to payoffs. Patterned on French law, the government has three shots at a defendant. If someone buys his way out of the lower court, he's tried again in the middle court. Buy his way out of this one, and there is a third. Heaven help him if he runs out of money there.

The jailers get in the act. Prisoners pay for any and all "extras," including visits from family, mail, a little extra food, drugs. Money is skimmed from the prison allowance for food and other services. Personal funds disappear from the prison's safe. Enough money can arrange an escape. Two jailers were sacked because they forged court documents ordering the release of a drug convict. In August 1987, a warrant was issued for an administrative clerk for faking court documents allowing an Italian inmate out on bail. The Italian had been sentenced to life imprisonment by the criminal court in 1984 for possessing 350 grams of heroin. Rearrested at Don Muang International Airport, he admitted giving the clerk 800,000 baht (\$32,000) for the forged court order.

A fee is collected from applicants for warders jobs paying less than 2,500 baht a month. One warder was found guilty of demanding 20,000 baht (\$800) from a woman applying for a job. High-ranking police officers are reshuffled yearly, with large sums of money being paid for key jobs. Some precincts are wealthier than others; bidding for them ranges from 300,000 to 900,000 baht (\$12,000 to \$36,000). This information is published in newspapers yearly.

After being put on the books with a lot of fanfare, laws are largely ignored. For years at a time, they are circumvented or disobeyed altogether. Then a war against crime is declared. Instruments long unseen are taken out of storage to measure vehicle exhausts for excessive pollutants. Vendors are fined for selling smuggled cigarettes, card and dice games are busted, and teenagers in the street late at night are questioned about their activities.

The military and the police lie in the same bed. In principle, the government is a democracy, having a senate, a house of representatives and elections. But most



"I understand your erection won't go down. So what's the fucking problem?!"



"He's been fed and masturbated. . . I'll be back by 11:00."

PARADISE OF CORRUPTION

A cabinet minister reveals that as much as 75% of foreign aid is pocketed before it reaches its destination.

cabinet members are retired high-ranking generals. Voter turnout runs in the low 30% range, with soldiers making up 80% to 90% of this number. The elected officials are monitored closely and guided in directions the military prefers. The military controls radio and TV stations, transportation, utilities, etc. Most civilians who hold a post are either retired military or have strong military connections.

The military skims from foreign aid, takes "commissions" on weapons sales and runs pyramiding schemes. One major-general attached to the supreme command was involved in a major chitfund fraud, and was passing dud checks worth millions of baht. He may be suspended from duty.

pended from duty.

Thailand continuously urges the U.N. to provide more help for the Laotian and Kampuchian refugees. When funds are slow in coming in, they threaten to expel the refugees. The money will be leached for personal gain.

Millions of dollars sent by the U.S. are supposed to help the hill tribes switch from growing opium poppies to other cash crops. Unfortunately, the military and police are behind most of the cultivation and shipping, so little action is taken. Despite token forays, the bulk of the money evaporates. Millionaires are made daily. A high cabinet minister reveals that as much as 75% of foreign aid is pocketed before it reaches its destination.

All branches of government have a scam. Customs taxes are high; nationals returning from abroad with taxable items are invited to pay under the table. Both the agents and the travelers get a bigger slice than the government. The airport is a lucrative customs post. Transit passengers can put their valuables in bond, rather than go through the inconvenience of clearing customs, only to find, on return, that their valuables have disappeared. A Hong Kong diamond merchant lost tens of thousands of dollars in gems this way.

When a newly appointed customs chief was questioned at a cabinet meeting on the delay of urgent material the country needed, he admitted he couldn't answer because he knew little about customs procedures. The admission drew laughter from several in attendance and a stand-

ing ovation from one of the ministers.

Compared to customs, immigration officials need to work harder. The government fee for a visa extension is 500 baht (\$20); however, the official may make a visit to the applicant and request up to 10.000 baht (\$400) for a year's extension.

The Thais give a wonderful first impression: sweet, charming, with a bewitching smile that will remain as long as it suits their purpose. One will warn you to be careful of people you meet. He, of course, is straight. It doesn't take long to realize he's no different than his countrymen. They all talk about losing face. Unlike the Koreans and Japanese, it's only talk. The Thai will lie, cheat, make meaningless appointments. He first laughs when his intentions are questioned. Under persistent scrutiny, he becomes angry, hate showing plainly on his face. They are a patient people when it comes to maneuvering. If plans fail, they learn from the experience.

No one is as open, friendly and trusting as he originally seemed. Taxi drivers quote double or triple the true price to a foreigner, and often increase the price halfway to the destination. Foreigners will be shortchanged in shops. Bus fares are two baht, but watch that you're not charged three or four. The national hobby is gouging. One baht or thousands, it's

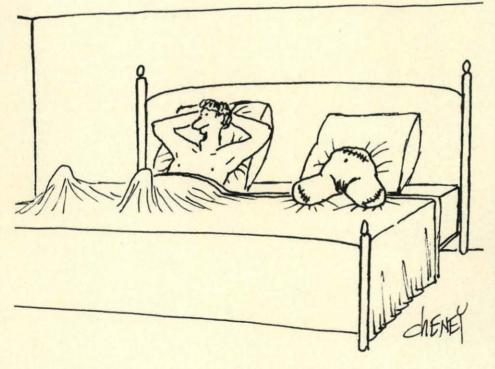
the principle that counts.

Trusting tourists learn the hard way. Barbiturates have been put into tour-bus passengers' food or drinks. When the victims pass out, their pockets and baggage are rifled at leisure. Those recovering too soon may have their throats cut. Females in movie theaters pick up a tourist and buy him a drink. Before the end of the movie, he's unconscious and penniless, watch and valuables gone. Backpackers have their bags slashed and valuables removed by razor artists who travel on the city buses. One Australian businessman was stabbed to death during a robbery. A German and his Thai girlfriend were stabbed to death on their rented boat. Police think they resisted a robbery.

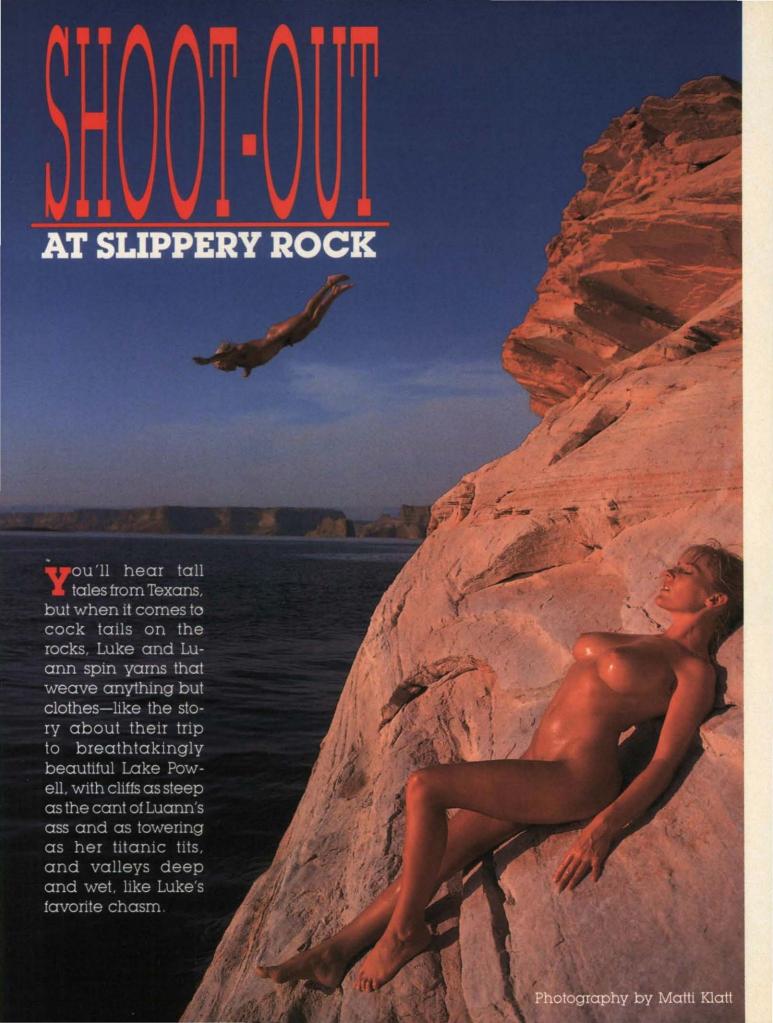
When tourists pay for their purchases, employees run off extra bills and forge signatures later. Other tourists go on short forays from Bangkok, leaving their cards at their hotel or guesthouse for safekeeping. Employees steal or use them before the guests return. Said one spokesperson, in town to review American Express' operation, "Bangkok is notorious as a major center of fraudulent card uses."

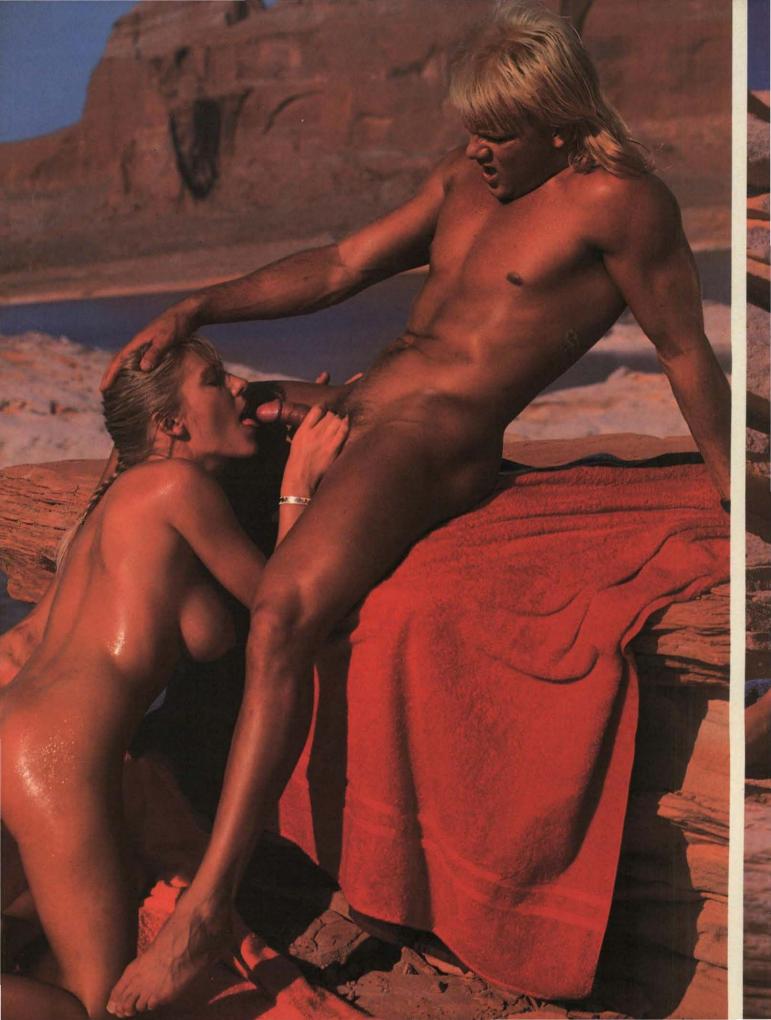
Chit funds (pyramiding) are a popular ripoff, taking many foreigners, as well as citizens, to the cleaners. The manager of one disappeared with 134,697,500 baht (\$5,180,000). Another businesswoman managed a chit fund that ran into the bil-

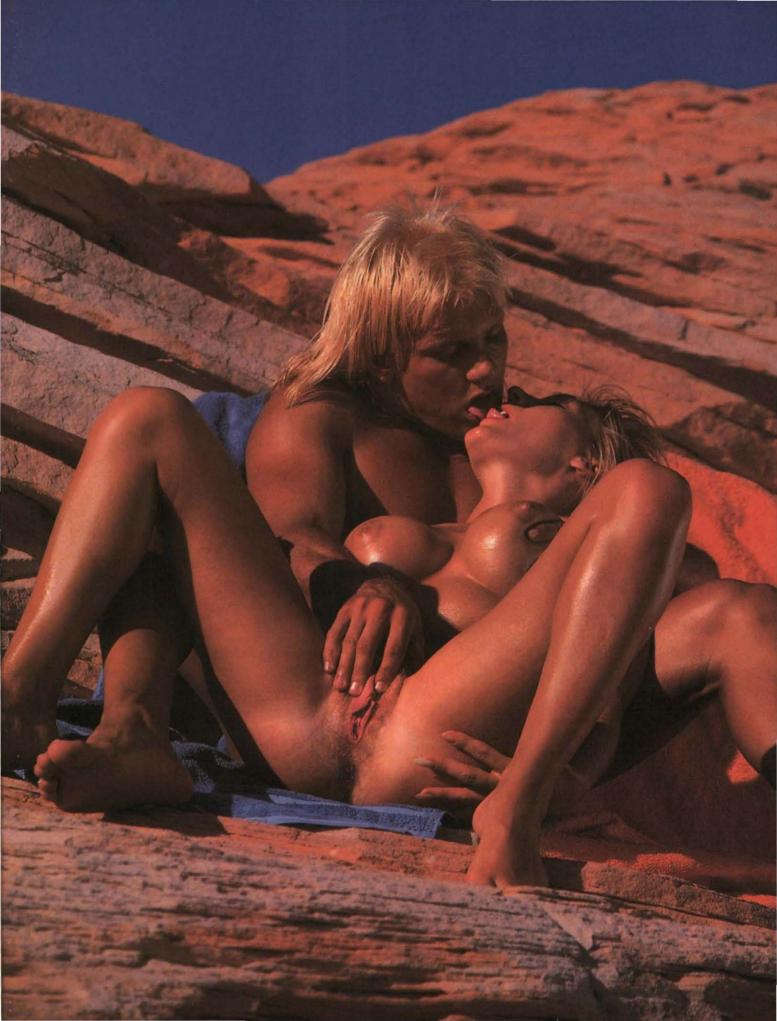
(continued on page 96)



"Gosh, Lorraine... I can't tell you how wonderful it is to finally meet a woman I can really get along with!"

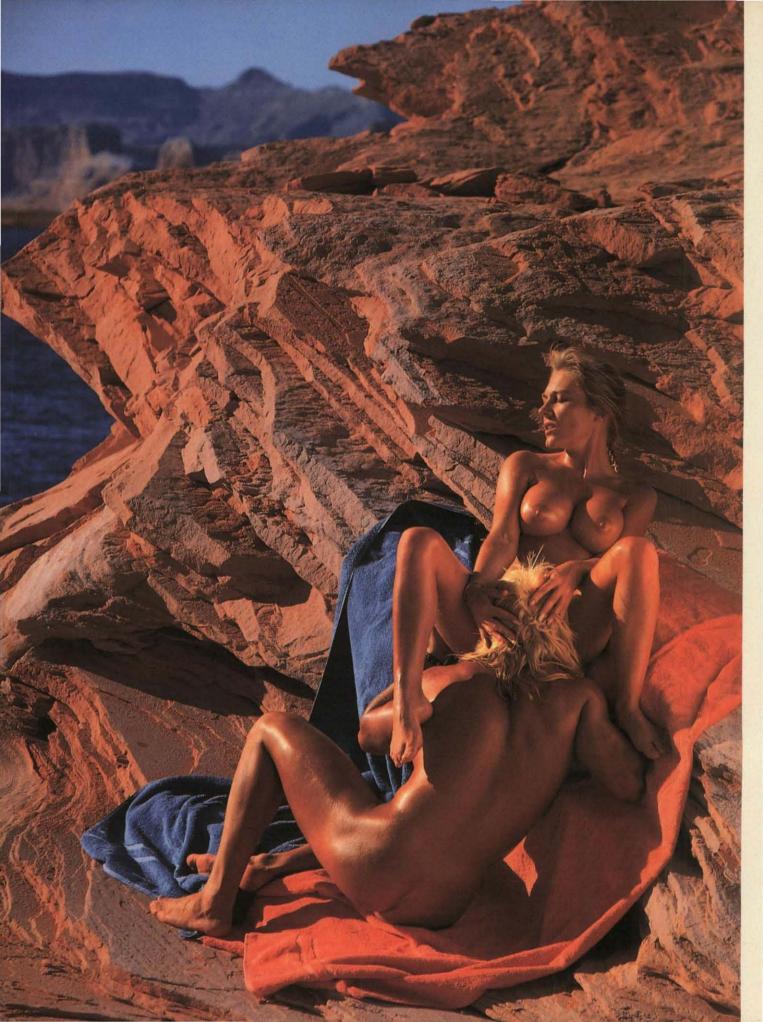
















CORRUPTION

(continued from page 88)

lions. She's awaiting trial as the ringleader. She was under the protection of the Royal Thai Air Force, and they refused to hand her over to the police for a long time-hence the suspicion that highranking officers were the actual masterminds. She's not giving any names. People feel she will soon be freed with payoffs and connections. The police have recovered millions of baht, but even more is unaccounted for. She's alleged to have billions stashed. Meanwhile, Lumpini police have arrested a well-known bank manager for violating the anti-chit-fund decree. He allegedly transferred more than 100 million baht (\$3,846,150) from two executives' bank accounts.

Ah, what the hell, No. 40, I thought. She was a doll! "That one," I told Mamasan. Mamasan smiled. "Good choose. New

Mamasan smiled. "Good choose, New girl. Show you good time. How long?"

"All night," I replied, anxious to check in at the Federal Hotel, a common choice for an expat.

"Five hundred *baht*. You pay girl extra."
"Fine." I fished out my money. The girl approached, beaming a smile that put the sun to shame, and squeezed my hand.

We checked into the hotel. Stupid me. I forgot to bring my passport, which must be shown upon registering. No problem. They furnished a facsimile.

The room was clean, but nothing to write home about. Thoughts of my wife flashed into my mind. I glanced at the young thing examining the room and quickly pushed all thoughts of my spouse out of my mind. She's Thai and can be very jealous. Some have been known to hack off penises.

The girl turned to me and smiled. "My name Noh. You?"

"Me Bill. You ready?"

"Shower first." She began to remove her clothes. "How long I stay?"

"All night. I go home morning, six o'clock," I answered.

"Okay, 1,000 baht. You wife Thai?" "Yeah. Four babies."

"I be second wife, okay?" She grinned and entered the bathroom. I could hear the water running, and then she appeared in the door. "Come. Take bath."

I quickly stripped and strode into the bathroom, penis pointing at the ceiling. She took it in her hand. "Ooooh, so big!"

She motioned me to the tub and washed me. She had a small waist, maybe 17 inches, and nice outthrust boobs, small but firm. Her body was hard and smooth to the touch. She washed me completely and then turned for me to wash her back. I turned her to face me. It wasn't long before we were in the bedroom.



"Compliments of the lady. . . ."

Feedback

(continued from page 6)

of Bakker and Swaggart trying to raise money. Twenty-five to \$500 pledges, bullshit! If S.T.O.P. trys to ban pornography, then they are just putting it into the hands of organized crime. Sex will always be practiced, whether it's behind doors or out in the open. Leave it alone; it's only human.

—C. E.

Kaiser, Missouri

ONE MAN'S MILK

I have been a subscriber to your magazine for several years now and have generally been pleased with both the editorial content and the photo-layouts. Until this past year, that is. Specifically, you include too many X-rated actresses (and actors) in your layouts. If I wanted to see actresses, I would go to the nearest theater and see them on the big screen. Secondly, you have not had a black female model in a layout in at least a year. Are cartoons the only way a black female appears in your magazine? I guess a nude layout is not degrading enough. What kind of smart-ass comment do you have for this letter? —A. R. S. Jr. Austin, Texas

Only the following comment from an "intelligent" reader:

I really get off reading HUSTLER every month. I especially like your photography of two women together. If the censors would permit it, I would like to see the models lick and suck each other's pussy and clit, but I realize that there exist such people who enjoy interfering with First Amendment rights. I also like shaved pussies and prefer natural breasts to those that have received implants. And please, do not put blacks in your magazine (either male or female). This is a matter of personal preference rather than racism. There are specialty magazines on the market that cater to those who prefer blacks. I have also noticed that your black readers do not mind viewing white females (based on Feedback letters). I would be grateful if HUSTLER would show Samantha Strong in an allfemale photo-feature. Until then, I'll keep fantasizing about Samantha making it with some other gorgeous lady.

—R. M. San Diego, California

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

To enter HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, you must fill out and send this release and a photo ID (i.e., chiver's license) with your entry. Send one or more color photos, models should be totally nude, and faces must be visible. All photos become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine, which buys all rights in perpetuity to photos we publish. If we publish her photo, she'll win \$100 and a chance to be chosen for an extended photo-feature worth \$1,000. Send photos, ID and release to HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 9171 Wilshire Bivd., Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210.

Please Print

Model's Name Name to Be Published Address City Zip

Date of Birth

Phone (include area code)

Model's Social Security Number

Occupation

Hobbles

Sexual Fantasies

Include Separate Sheet if Necessary

Photographer

See this form for details.

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I DECLARE UNDER PENALTY OF PERJURY THAT ALL OF THE INFORMATION I HAVE GIVEN ABOVE IS TRUE AND CORRECT.

Model's Legal Signature

Date

BERNER HUNI



Delicious Donna is a 28-year-old dancer and actress into aerobics, bodybuilding and reading. This Signal Hill, California, native says her fantasy is "making love to the most perfect physique on a bench-press machine."

Colorful is the word for Debra, who's a (surprise) tattoo artist and three-time winner of the "Best Tattooed Female" award. Residing in Gary, Indiana, this painted lady is 23 years old and loves big cars and big cats.

Photo by Friend

BERUER HUNT



Photo by Husband



Excitement-seeker Lisa, 29, has hobbies that include dancing, aerobics and most sports, but what she really wants to do is perform a striptease that will drive a man crazy, and make love until there is no energy left. From Northridge, California, Lisa makes a living in sales.

"Being fucked doggy-style while my husband watches" is JoAnn's favorite fantasy. When not satisfying her animal passions, the Arlington, Texas, 29-year-old fashion merchandiser loves cooking, sunbathing and puzzles.



It's probably no surprise that a woman whose hobbies are fucking and masturbation is daring enough to pose nude in Central Park. Manhattan's Tracy, 20, is a video producer who has realized her dreams of appearing nude in HUSTLER, and now she fantasizes about being fucked by two men, or by a woman and her boyfriend.

Photo by Boyfriend





You wouldn't mind grappling with Angel, 21, a student and model who says she enjoys wrestling and dancing. Angel's heavenly bod hails from Olathe, Kansas.

Fontana, California's Susie, 21, is a homemaker who

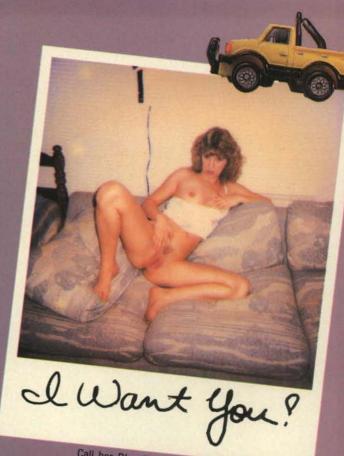
Photo by Friend

Fontana, California's Susie, 21, is a homemaker who loves to dance and have sex. She envisions making love with her boyfriend on a table at an elegant restaurant.

BERUER HUNT



Hawaiian eyeful Crystal, 35, spends her time modeling and doing photography when not making her living as a secretary. "Drinking wine in a hot tub and rubbing hot oil over my husband" is her ideal evening.



Call her Blue Eyes, though that won't be the first thing you notice about this 22-year-old waitress from Sebastopol, California. She's into sunbathing, swimming, skiing and sex, and yearns to make love to another woman while her boyfriend watches.



Twenty-one-year-old Candi is an Irving, Texas, production clerk who has realized a dream by appearing in HUSTLER. Besides shopping, heavy metal and oral sex, this Texan likes to have sex in unusual places.





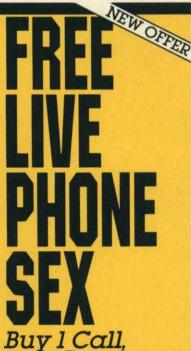


A housewife from Burlington, A housewife from Burlington,
New Jersey, Sharon, 18, lists her
hobbies as sex, raising kids and
taking care of her husband.
Appearing in Beaver Hunt
fulfilled one fantasy—left to go
are dancing in a topless bar and
having a threeway with her
hubby and another man.









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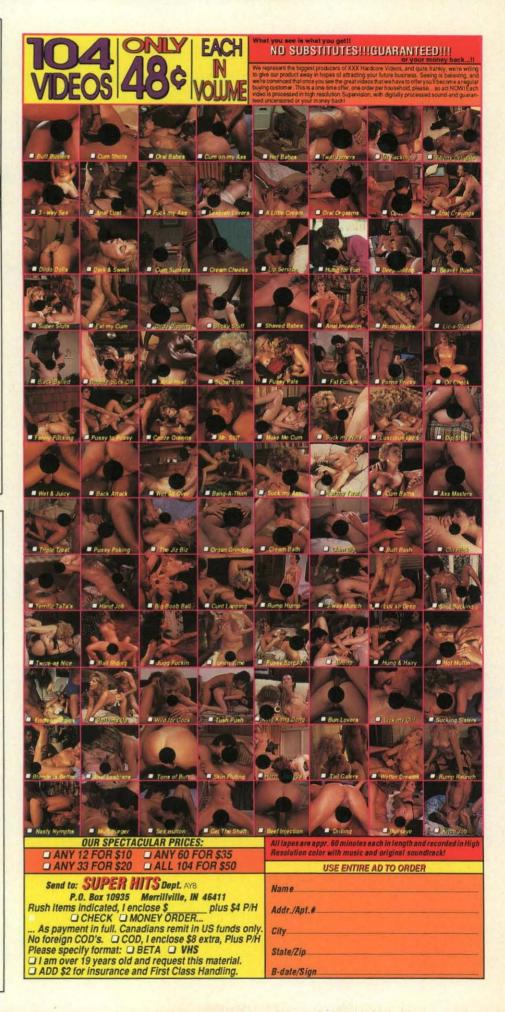
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NYMPHO ON THE ROCKS

It was my first trip to Lake Tahoe. From a road cut high above the water, a steep path led me swiftly down through towering pines, depositing me abruptly onto a secluded little beach on the Nevada side. I quickly realized that I wasn't alone.

Not far away, one of the most alluring young ladies I'd ever seen was lying back on a towel. She had long black hair and a willowy shape. And when she casually spread her legs, I actually staggered—I could look right up at her bushy snatch!

Two pretty blondes, their backs and butts oiled and tanned, were stretched out on a nearby blanket. My mouth watered and my penis stirred, so luscious were those blossoming young bodies.

More bronzed nudes were scattered the length of the white sand. Standing there in shorts and a Tshirt, I suddenly felt very much out of place.

"Aren't you going to join us?" purred a sultry voice somewhere behind me.

I turned to see the raven-haired girl smiling at me invitingly. "Nothing to be afraid of," she offered. "Everybody takes off their clothes here."

I chuckled with embarrassment and blubbered something about possibly joining her later on. Then I did exactly what any good former altar boy would do—headed right back up the path!

Up in the brush I couldn't believe what I had just done. Returning hurriedly to the beach, I saw that I had dallied too long: Some hunk with surfer looks had already snuggled alongside Miss Raven.

Cursing my timidness, I slinked off along the sand. Once again I had hesitated and blown an opportunity with a willing female.

Beyond the beach, huge boulders were strewn thickly along the water's edge. I leapt over the tops of them until I was halted by a most delectable sight: From behind some granite directly ahead stretched a long pair of very shapely female legs. I couldn't see much beyond her well-basted thighs, but it did look

as though she was all alone.

Edging my way around the last boulder, I took one look at the rest of her and literally began to drool. She was gleaming with oil from head to toe, curves like an hourglass and a cinnamon tan. Her bikini lay in a pile next to her suntan oil. A towel was draped over her eyes.

Wow! Her breasts bulged firmly skyward. A sleek facial structure and high cheekbones gave her the look of a classic beauty. She was like the siren of the



lake, sunning herself on a rocky ledge.
"Wheeeew," was all I could utter as I stumbled forward.

"Hello," she started, peeking from under the towel.

"Sorry to impose on your privacy," I told her. "I'm just looking for a serene place to lie out for a while. Would you mind sharing your spot with me?"

She raised her head, squinting at me in the brilliant sunshine. "No, I don't mind," she smiled. "Help yourself to the oil if you want."

She seemed relieved when I slipped out of my clothes to join her. It was almost as if she considered it proper etiquette to be undressed.

While we were talking, I was hoping

that she'd cover her eyes back up with the towel, for I couldn't stop staring at those gorgeous tits. I fantasized about her all day. We talked and got to know each other.

Later that evening we got together. She let me use the shower in her motel room to get cleaned up. One thing led to another, and before long the two of us were giggling at each other beneath the pulsating nozzle.

Soon afterward I at last got my hands on her bulbous globes. With the water cascading onto us, I hungrily suckled and squeezed her for 20 minutes, making a virtual pig out of myself.

On the bed I rubbed and kissed her thighs and buttocks, marveling at the smooth texture of her skin. Her legs parted eagerly at my beckoning. I flicked my tongue along her clit and worked two fingers deep into her hot little box.

She was very much a moaner, this nymph. She jerked and writhed wildly as I licked her. So loud was she that I was afraid people in adjoining rooms might be alarmed as to what was going on.

I shoved a pillow underneath her and arched myself into her juicy cunt. Boy, she was a terrific fuck! She met me hard on every stroke, interior muscles milking at me. Hands grasping my buns, she demanded I impale her deeper and deeper, until I lunged into her, spewing my load far within.

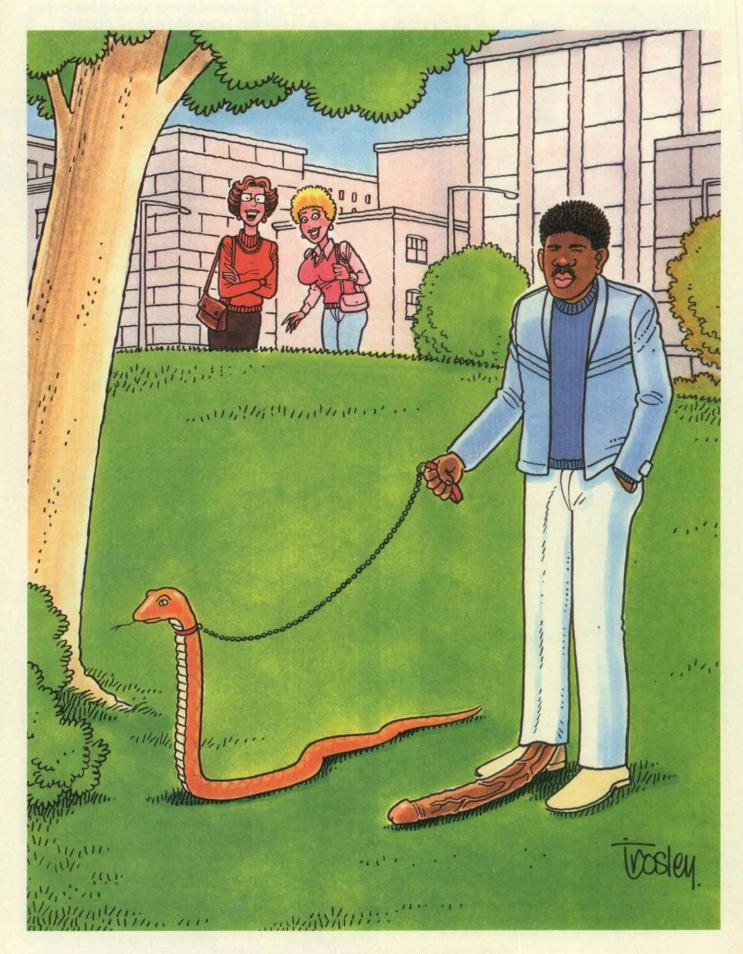
I lay on top of her a long time, pumping out every last bit of cum. Sex is so satisfying when you really need it. I needed it so badly, I stayed with her for two more days.

One memorable afternoon we proceeded to a cleft between two massive boulders. The lichen-coated nook opened to a broad expanse of lake and imposing, snowcapped mountains.

Kneeling at my feet, she skillfully worked her lips the length of my pulsing organ. Leaning back, I concluded there's nothing quite like it—the scenery, the crisp air, that warm mouth taking me slowly in and out.

(continued on page 108)

DECEMBER HUSTLER



"Ever notice how people resemble their pets?"









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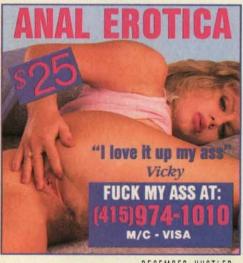
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I strolled up to him in my black satin pumps and bent over, caressing my naked ass for his perusal.

It was my first trip to beautiful Lake Tahoe, but it certainly won't be my last.

—J. J. V.

Friendsville, Pennsylvania

DANCE WITH A STRANGER

In the beginning I never thought it would come to this. Dancing in front of leering men loaded with cheap beer was not exactly what I had in mind for dutiful employment, but I was broke and desperate for money.

The first stag party I worked featured two of the agency's top-selling ladies, wearing leopard-skin dresses. They looked hot, and so did I. I had downed several shots of Cuervo, and I was feeling better about my dilemma.

Tall, dark and handsome showed up just as I started to feel arrogant and secure again. He accosted me. With a beer in his right hand and my left breast in his other, we journeyed to one of the upstairs rooms.

I was not a virgin, but I was not sexually adept either. He tore off my clothes,

and I was astounded by the size of his cock. My eyes ached with longing just looking at the engorged head. He positioned me across the bed and entered me from behind. He moved slow at first, but then he began to work fast and furious. With a nimble swoop he picked me up, and made me face him.

He lay his sweaty chest against mine. Still on top of me, he arched my legs on either side of his head. His erection grazed the walls of my vagina with an intensity I had never felt before. His mouth caressed my neck. I became even more flushed when he began to bite my neck, sucking the skin ever so slightly into his mouth and nibbling persistently.

Nearing the peak of our encounter, Rose, one of the leopard-clad women, burst into the bedroom. I was supposed to be dancing with the other two dancers, not jamming a potential tipper in the bedroom. Disappointment flooded me. The party was over. The stripping-telegram company fired me.

Years later I had moved to Duluth, but was still bumping and grinding to meet the rent. My introduction to dancing naked had been exciting, but it was time for me to move on. I decided it would be my last night stripping for a living.

The bar in Duluth was intense. The men loved my legs, breasts and cocky attitude. In primo form, I was making a lot of tips. I was wearing a black G-string and a black Dior bustier. As my second to last song burst through the speakers, I glanced at a muscular, blond man sitting nearby. I hadn't been tipped by him all evening; so now I approached for the kill.

I strolled up to him in my black satin pumps and bent over. I caressed my naked ass for his perusal. Turning around, I saw no bills in his hand, so I looked into his blue eyes and whispered, "Why are you so cold?" His eyes gazed into mine, but instead of answering, he put his hand into the fabric of my G-string and caressed my pubes with a \$5 bill.

After my set he bought me a beer and stroked my thigh. He kissed me passionately, making my knees quiver and my pussy ache. I went downstairs to change into street clothing, and when I came back up, he was waiting for me. We left the bar, and he kissed me again.

There was a phone booth on the corner, and my handsome date ambled us toward it, then pushed the door open with his foot and maneuvered my body into the glass cage. As he pressed his body against mine, I asked him, "Is that a roll of quarters in your pocket, or are you just glad to see me?"

He pushed my face against the glass and whispered in my ear, "Of course it's a roll of quarters; we're going to make a long phone call." I reached between my legs and grappled with the buttons on his jeans. His penis sprang into my hand. I guided his thick hard-on into my wet vagina and started pumping my ass. Finally he took over the thrusting, pressing my face harder against the glass. He pulled my nipples until they were hard and then moved his hand to my clit.

As his hand played, his penis kept thrusting. It got to the point where I moaned with every thrust. Suddenly his hand dropped from my clit, and he climaxed with a groan and a shudder. His flood triggered my climax, and I rock 'n' rolled on his spurting prick.

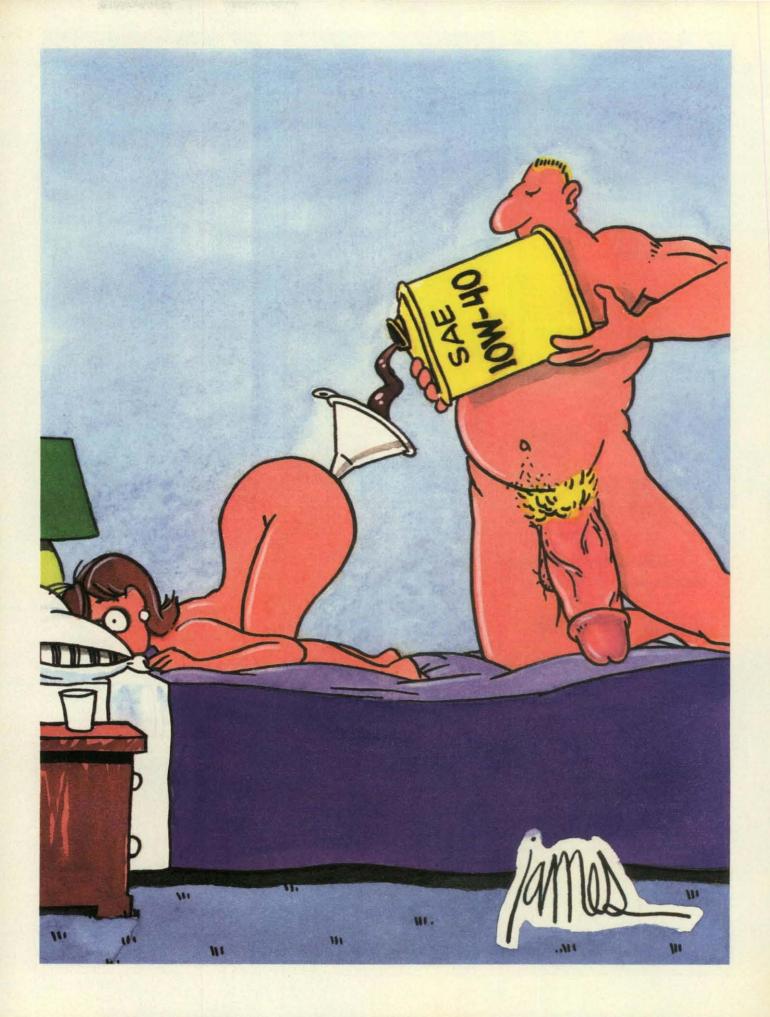
As his penis slipped out of me, my lover turned me around and wryly said, "That was the best phone call I ever made."

—M. D.

Minneapolis, Minnesota

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DOOMTOWN TERROR TOUR (continued from page 34)

Taking cover from bombing runs, peace-niks moved within the site for ten days without detection.

to only 15,000 residents, who pay no state land taxes, are the same ones—115-degree average summer temperatures, equally frigid winter climes—that also make the area an attractive military operations and testing site. The sparse population helps, literally, as half of the county's employment is provided by the 800,000-acre test site.

As five or six buses pull in behind us, unloading more relations of the Nevada Operations' 8,500 employees, the DOE press release informs me that \$1 billion of the agency's fiscal '88 budget of \$141.1 billion goes directly into the southern Nevada economy through payrolls, procurement of materials and services rendered. The DOE and the test site itself are indirectly or directly responsible for the income of one out of every 20 citizens in the Silver State.

Jobs at the proving ground pay well, on an average of \$41,000 annually. It's reassuring to know that the maintenance and progress of the doomsday machine is lucrative for so many.

The tall steel fence and stacked barbed wire bring to mind coverage of demonstra-

tions where activists like Martin Sheen, Kris Kristofferson, scientist Carl Sagan and antiwar figure Daniel Ellsberg joined thousands of antinuke protestors when the U.S. failed to follow a unilateral Soviet testing moratorium.

The American refusal of the Soviet testban initiative was spurred by weapons laboratories and warhead manufacturers, their supporters in Congress, the Joint Chiefs of Staff and the Reagan Administration. A halt in testing would have crimped the super-elaborate, superexpensive development of the nuclearpowered X-ray laser for Star Wars.

Glancing back at the gate, I recall news coverage of a pilgrimage by atomic vets and the monument they erected at this spot in memory of their comrades. The concrete pillar was placed two miles from the test site's entrance, but the DOE arbitrarily extended its boundaries, placing the obelisk—which commemorated those who took part in tests here and in the South Pacific—on its property. A few hours after the monument was raised, the DOE destroyed it.

Individuals who commit civil disorder

(in Nevada, the mere intention to commit civil disobedience is a crime) at the test site are arrested and holed up in Beatty, 60 miles northwest of the NTS. Willfully trespassing or attempts to disrupt detonation result in incarceration at Tonapah, where six members of the predominantly female Rocky Mountain Peace Group are presently serving six months.

Ten people from the same Coloradobased organization camped and moved within the test site for ten days without detection. Their record stands for uninvited occupancy. Dodging unexploded ordnance and taking cover from bombing and strafing runs, the peace-niks entered the nuclear proving grounds from its eastern border. They eluded seven expert trackers equipped with night-vision binoculars, as well as NTS security in helicopters and on motorcycles and allterrain vehicles. One activist actually stood at ground zero, Pahute Mesa, minutes before a nuke was to be exploded 1,500 feet below his own.

The Las Vegas-based American Peace Test monitors radio waves from the test site for dry-run and countdown information to coordinate teams of protestors seeking to delay a weapons test. An ex-NTS employee told me that the best info on test schedules comes from the messhall scuttlebutt between the construction workers. Antinuclear groups such as the Franciscan Friars/Nevada Desert Experience, Atomic Vets, Vets for Peace and Citizens Alert hope that a continued financial burden on Nye County of maintaining order at the test site's entrance will eventually compel the federal government to assume the law-enforcement role. Such a scenario would produce federal court cases and widescale media attention.

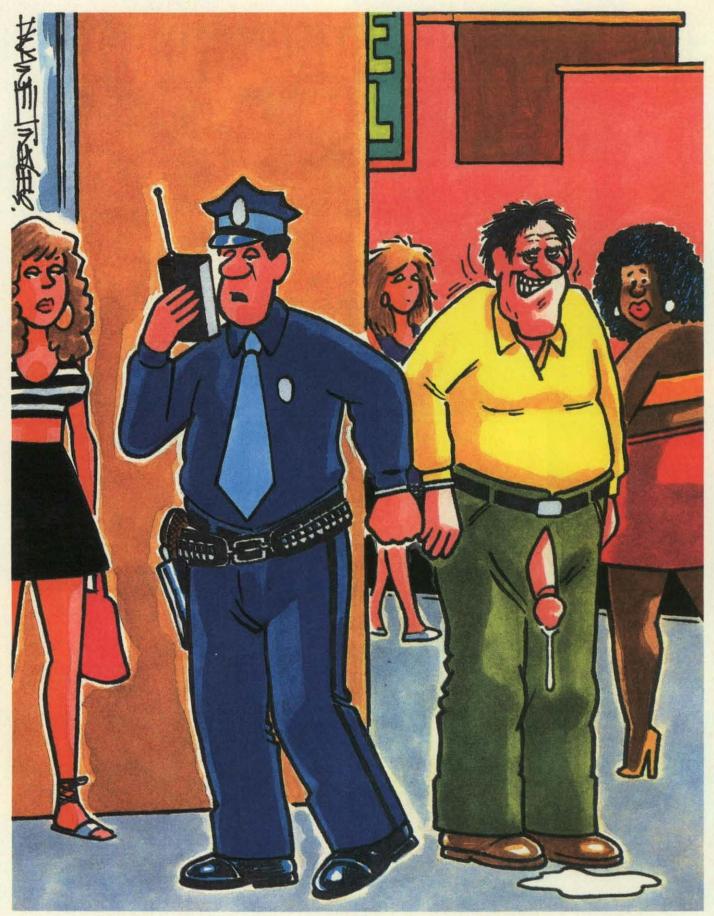
Like schoolchildren on a field trip, we're herded into the security clearance building to receive our radiation badges. Burly rent-a-cops check our names from DOE-approved visitor lists. The clearance building is small and spartan. Save for two folding tables, there's no furniture, facilitating the quick movement of visitor columns through this checkpoint.

A large sign proclaims "THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR SAFETY"; another counts the days without an accident. Safety is of the utmost importance to these security agents; two of their own were killed in the Baneberry venting of 1970.

The DOE claims that the 10,000-foot radioactive dust cloud, detected as far away as North Dakota, caused no serious injury or hazard to the public. At least 300 test-site workers were contaminated. Four died within two years of leukemia brought on by the billowing radioactive debris.

(continued on page 116)





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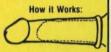
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DOOMTOWN TERROR TOUR (continued from page 112)

During the Baneberry venting of 1970, 300 workers were contaminated. Four died within two years.

There are 320 standing cases of former NTS civilian employees (laborers, ironworkers, Teamsters, plumbers, electricians) suing the government over catastrophic illness or premature death caused by toil at the NTS. Most are '50s- and '60s-era workers, of whom 210 have died and are currently represented by their widows or children.

A second shift of security honchos drifts around to punch in or out and eye choice heifers among the tourists. Inching forward in line, the tourgoers are suddenly transferred into living caricatures of cartoonist Gary Larsen's vision of the average middle-aged American. They are all around me! The down-home funhousemirror folks look as though they've emerged straight from a cold-war time

We're told that all cameras and tape recorders must be left at the security base. Hopes of getting that candid shot of a 50-foot irradiated lizard or an 800-pound atomic desert tortoise are dashed.

My hefty tour group follows guide Alice onto a silver bus. We barrel down the Mercury Highway, a two-lane piece of blacktop, and 20 minutes later arrive at E-MAD, a mothballed two-building complex. Operated by Westinghouse, the facility now processes and cans nuclear end products (rad-waste) from commercial reactors.

A thoroughly boring slide show documents this structure's former importance (test area for nuclear-powered rocket engines until 1973), whetting our appetites for the Nevada Operations treat of coffee and doughnuts. This quick nutrition break allays any fears that tax dollars appropriated for the DOE are used for nonenergy-producing applications.

My strength subpar so early in the morning, I withdraw from a wrestling match with one blue-haired, beehived bruiser from Boise over the last jelly. A wild gleam in her eye, she spears the doughnut and returns to a folding chair with the spoils of battle.

The handful of caretaker personnel at E-MAD serenely accept their imminent decommissioning. A skinny older fellow sporting a Robert Young sweater plans on going to work for either this aerospace company or that advanced-technology firm. The fear of another nuclear-rocket scientist languishing unemployed assuaged, a general and simultaneous sigh is breathed by my group.

Radioactive refuse is another potentially explosive local political issue. The federal government plans on making the Yucca Mountain section (southwestern corner) of the NTS this country's main rad-waste repository. Congress amended the Nuclear Waste Act, choosing the Nevada proving grounds as the location where commercially produced radioactive by-products can be buried. Within the next decade, the Silver State may replace its license-place nickname with Nevada: The Radioactive State....

It's nine o'clock as we pull away from E-MAD, and we still haven't seen any 50-foot lizards. Tour director Alice explains that 23 of the DOE's 780-plus detonations were tests to develop peaceful applications for nuclear explosives. A neutron bomb would certainly solve Los Angeles's gridlock traffic, but how many of our 13,000 stockpiled nuclear weapons are plainly marked "FOR PEACEFUL USE ONLY?"

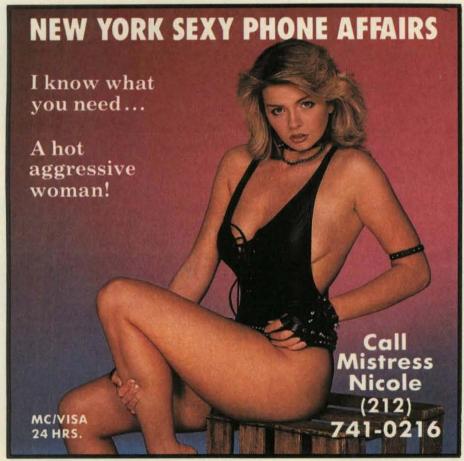
The sun is fully above us; shadows disguise and alter the landscape of eerie, deathlike stillness. The desert shows no sign of life-though the DOE boasts that wild mustangs, mule deer, golden eagles, hawks and quail inhabit this wildlife preserve. Completely devoid of color, this huge chunk of southern Nevada is bleached and desolate. It's as if I'm peering through black-and-white lenses. The ever-present desert buzzing gives the very air a hallucinatory intensity. I glance at my radiation badge to check for changes in the color bars. None of my fellow nuclear tourists have sprouted horns or tails, yet.

Maybe what bothers me is that this immense, pockmarked piece of desert flats and mesas is dedicated to refining our means of destroying the Earth. Or it could be the lousy coffee and stale doughnuts at E-MAD.

After a government-subsidized lunch at the canteen, we stop at the test control center-four or five single-level white structures on the side of a hill. Below the hill sprawls a valley of subsidence craters where moon-bound astronauts once trained. These huge, saucer-shaped depressions are the end product of under-

small college lecture hall. From here, on test days, the three button men, or test controllers, will detonate a warhead, with experts in meteorology, radiation and

The main control point resembles a (continued on page 120)



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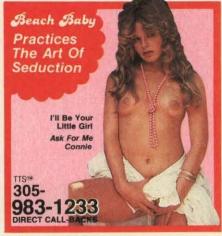
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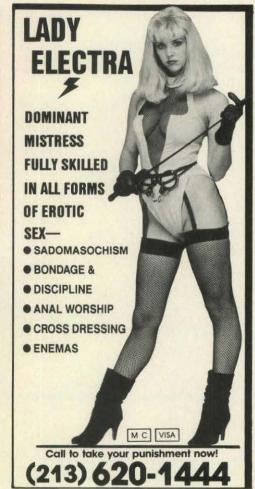




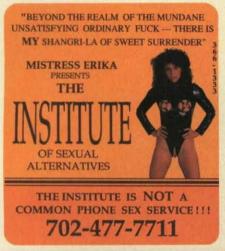




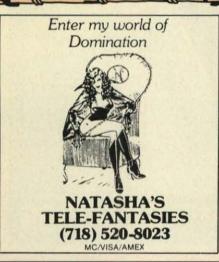




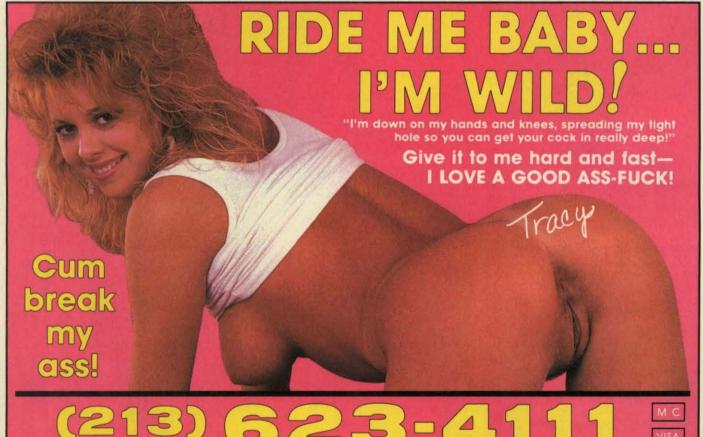


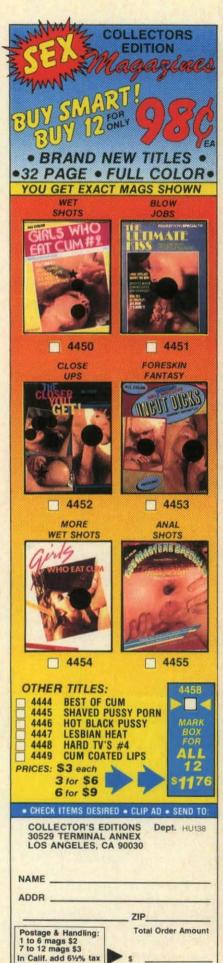














DOOMTOWN TERROR TOUR (continued from page 116)

GI guinea pigs told of cages containing mentally ill humans placed near ground zero.

nuclear medicine forming an advisory panel to observe or postpone the shot.

Charlton Heston—who fought off nuclear mutants in the movie Mega Man—narrates a short film lauding the maintenance of a massive nuclear arsenal and defending further testing. Next, an NTS loop highlights some dramatic underground shots, eliciting oohs and ahs from my fellow tourists. "Hoowee, would ya look at that!" Roughly 25 closed-circuit TVs stacked at the front of the control-center suffuse with the sight of white-hot earth buckling, rolling and submerging.

The control center visuals are no different than the homogenized images the DOE releases to the major networks: A sphere of earth hundreds of yards in diameter collapses inward. When a weapon is detonated, all the earth in the shaft caves in due to the tremendous heat (millions of degrees) generated by the explosion. Dirt, rock and sand melt into glass. The molten earth sinks into an inverted pyramidlike crater.

Under a dreary sky our bus drives to the lip of a subsidence crater in Yucca Flats.

A wooden observation tower affords onlookers a better gander at the gorge. Failing at throwing a stone across this mini Grand Canyon, I stick a few rocks in my jacket for souvenirs (they don't sell testsite Tshirts). Hell, what better gift than an irradiated paperweight?

The Sedan crater, formed by a 100-kiloton device in 1962, displaced 12 million tons of earth. Detonated 600 feet under the desert floor, Sedan left a gash 320 feet deep and 1,280 feet in diameter. The warhead that produced this massive depression is barely a noisemaker by today's superpower standards. The Peacemaker, the nuke name for the MX, carries ten independent 300- to 450-kiloton warheads in each missile, while the Soviet SS-20 packs three 150-kiloton warheads per each rocket.

The last point of interest on the A-tour is Frenchman Flat, the parched lake bed that gained cold-war notoriety as the area where atmospheric tests were conducted. Our bus crosses the range where lumbering WWII-vintage bombers dropped their deadly ordnance. Neutron and thermonuclear devices were held aloft in steel

towers or balloons, then detonated, raining radioactive debris across the western U.S. Some 250,000 GIs maneuvered in a real atomic-war environment, leaving trenches with no protective gear, some advancing to ground zero soon after the explosion. A few of these guinea-pig grunts, wandering astray during infantry advances, told of cages containing mentally ill humans placed near ground zero, as well as other humans secured to electronic devices close by the shot point.

Scattered across Frenchman Flat are skeletal remnants of bridges, bunkers, tanks, artillery pieces and a hodgepodge of blitzed structures. The most memorable sight of the tour, Frenchman Flat is Anytown, USA, after the Unthinkable.

Bereft of life or color, all that remains on this seemingly endless salt flat is the odd shard of twisted steel and concrete rubble. No standing trees or brush catch the howling desert winds. It was here—while a naive, placid American public preoccupied itself with postwar prosperity and air-raid drills—that the military establishment created an atomicwar zone.

Back then trust in government was an unquestioned patriotic duty. The trusted people from the Atomic Energy Commission and the armed forces used grunts and noncoms as lab rats in a nuclear battlefield. The military brass, scientists and politicians stood safely miles away in bunkers, behind protective eye gear.

A 31-year vet of the nuclear-weapons program, author of more than 100 classified reports on weapons testing, design and effect, senior physicist Ray Kidder is a voice of dissent in the nuclear monolith. "The bombs work. They'll blow up whatever you want to blow up. You don't need to test them anymore. Maybe [Casper] Weinberger doesn't know that, but I've studied the data. The public is being hoodwinked."

Kidder's opinion is backed up by a report of the University of California regents who operate the Lawrence Livermore and Los Alamos weapons labs. "We conclude that the weapons currently in the stockpile are remarkably robust and designed so as to minimize the requirements for continued nuclear testing to assure their reliability."

Plutonium Valley, Frenchman Flat, Yucca Flats and Rainier Mesa are dark, haunting reminders of the fearsome technology being refined here. Yet nuclear-testing programs flourish regardless of whether a Democrat or Republican occupies the White House.

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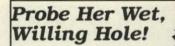
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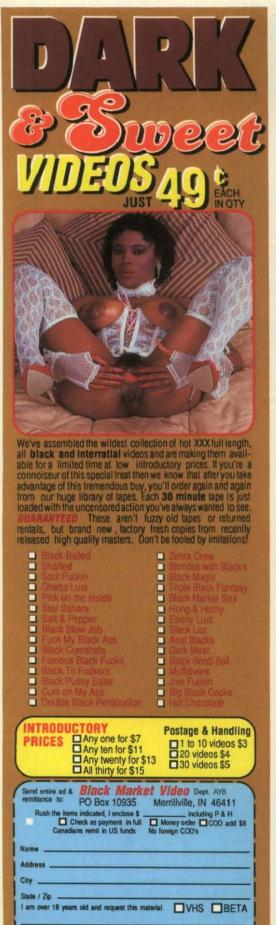












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Have her stretch her labia wide and recite a "lewd" alphabet while you massage her clitoris with a vibrator.

go to work. Count down the time to her, noting every minute that passes as she desperately licks and sucks your schlong.

If tit-fucking is your bag, give it a new twist. Tit-fuck her upside down, or have her bend over you and do all the work by swinging her breasts. Have her try to make you come by using her oiled breasts "no hands." Then let her wear your semen on her breasts (or face) as a badge of honor, displaying it proudly with a smile.

Punishment

Find trumped-up excuses to correct your slave. It's part of the game, to heighten both the bond and the thrill of complete submission. These are not real punishments, but games intended to stimulate intense pleasure, or at worst embarrassing discomfort, in your slave—not pain.

Your slave must trust you. She must never feel seriously threatened or afraid. Remember that some women are more physically sensitive than others. Never inflict real pain, but bear in mind that, as in the case of sexual spanking, it isn't real pain if your partner is enjoying it.

It seems obvious that your slave should be spanked for misbehavior. Make it special. Spank your slave outdoors. Have her hang by her knees upside down from a horizontal bar. Have her lie on a table, hanging over the edge with her hands on the floor to present you with a convenient target.

Apply sexual "torture": Have her stretch her labia wide with her fingers and recite the alphabet, with a lewd word and sentence for each letter, while you oil her bare clitoris or massage it with a vibrator. Make her hold her vagina open and recite while you spray it out with a steaming-hot shower massager on needle-spray.

Make her wear her prickliest sweater inside out without a bra. Make her wear itchy wool pants with no panties. Make her dance with tight bikini panties, holding a vibrating dildo inside her vagina. Tie her up and tickle her feet while masturbating her.

Her bodily functions can be convenient ways to punish her as well. Wait until she needs to urinate. Then have her belly dance while she holds it. Only allow her to urinate in a very inconvenient place, a coffee can in the backyard or squatting over the kitchen sink, and only while you

watch. Provide a newspaper on the kitchen floor, or a sandbox. Tell her she may only relieve herself in the flowerbeds, or in a spotlit chamber pot in the middle of the living room.

Outdoor punishments are fun, if you have privacy. Make her walk barefoot on hot (or icy-cold) pavement. Have her run and fetch thrown balls, naked, in the backyard. Make her lie down and roll in the grass naked, either in the chilly-dewy early morning or in the itchy-dry afternoon. Hose her down naked, forbidding her to move or cry out at the cold water. Make her crawl and roll in mud till she's completely covered. Then hose her off. The "stripping" effect is unforgettable.

Pool punishments are rich with possibilities. Early in the spring, have her jump in the icy water naked; or else creep down into it slowly, taking each step farther in at your command. Have her masturbate on the end of the diving board. Then command her to jump in just as she comes. If the water is warm and the air is cool, have her get into the pool and get warm and comfortable in her most modest swimsuit, then climb out and take it off on the diving board, dancing naked in the breeze until she's covered with goose bumps.

In all this, any major turn-off to your lover should be avoided. This is not to say that she has to *like* everything you have her do; being a slave entails a certain amount of humiliation. Keep it light, though. It's only a game. Don't start treating it like reality. Make sure your partner knows that you'd never do anything to hurt her; make sure she feels safe and secure throughout. She should never be really frightened, only "play-frightened," as at a bad horror movie.

Finish the game with a special meal. Make love tenderly, with no frills or fantasies, afterward. Make sure she knows how much you appreciate her for herself and not just for the game. Reward your slave's good performance with flowers, candy, lots of cuddling and soft whispers. Leave her with happy memories of the game, and she will be more willing to play it again.

A logical follow-up to this game is one wherein the *male* is the slave. Try it if you like, but don't be surprised if it's not nearly as much fun for either of you. No one says the two of you have to have equal time.

You may both find a new confidence in your relationship, a relaxed quality, after you've played this game a time or two. You've explored, with control and understanding, a basic part of the human character. You've helped to express, within limits, the urges for dominance and submission so often denied by modern people. In so doing, you've freed a part of yourselves and grown.





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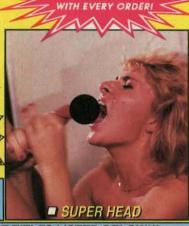
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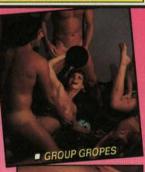
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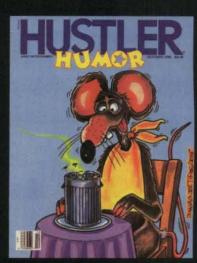
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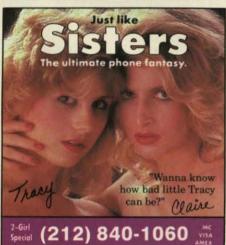
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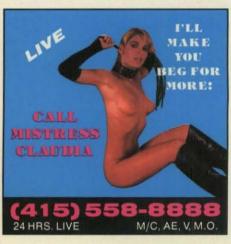




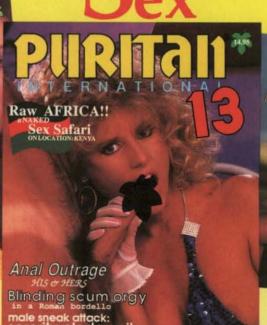












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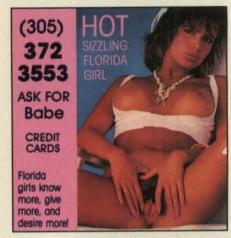
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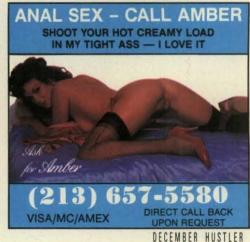


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NEXT MONTH IN

HUSTLER

January '89 edition on sale November 22, 1988

THE PINK IS FINE FOR '89

Slick your dick for the delights in the next HUSTLER, as porn-vid babes Dana Lynn and Ariel Knights apply their skills for a XXX screen test that lands them the best parts—each other's. Then another fuck-film fox, Stephanie Rage, flashes clit and tit in a stunning stick-stiffening pictorial. A cliff-climbing couple let go of their ropes to go down on each other, and for those who take the position that a centerfold should have big tits, a firm butt and a tight pussy, January's Honey assumes a few positions that show she has even more!

UPLIFTING EXPERIENCES

Physical impotence is no longer a dreaded curse with an unaffordable cure. HUSTLER's Kurt Blume talks to the West Coast's leading implant surgeon, who explains the careful but cost-effective procedure of penile implants, and we also hear from satisfied customers who got a hard-on the new-fashioned way.

MURDERER'S ROLE

With the help of a classified ad in *Soldier of Fortune*, a Tennessee bar owner built a ring of hired killers who accepted contracts for killings in eight states, planted a bomb on an airliner and performed a number of other misdeeds before getting busted in 1986. Get an assassin's-eye view of these bungling mercenaries' reign of terror and error in Richard Lee Savage's "I Was Recruited by a Contract Killer."

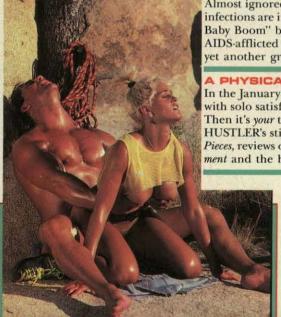
BORN DYING

Almost ignored by the mainstream media, mother-to-newborn AIDS infections are increasing at a startling rate. January's *AIDSWatch*, "AIDS Baby Boom" by Jeff Jackson, documents the hard evidence behind AIDS-afflicted infants and tells how health officials plan to deal with yet another growing AIDS-related crisis.

A PHYSICAL EDUCATION—HUSTLER STYLE

In the January Sex Play, a young jerk-off junkie details his obsession with solo satisfaction in Brian More's "Masturbator's Confessional." Then it's your turn to show yourself how much you care by perusing HUSTLER's stimulating features, including the silly sleaze of Bits & Pieces, reviews of the latest celluloid sex in HUSTLER Erotic Entertainment and the hometown hootch of Beaver Hunt. Enjoy!





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