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HUSTLER

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MARCH 2002

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Victim

Measuring Up

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What's Big
What's Small

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Finalist of 2002

Plus

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Smoke Out
Bad Porn

17 Amateurs Shed
Their Clothes for Thee

23 Cartoons Laugh
in the Face of Terror

March 2002

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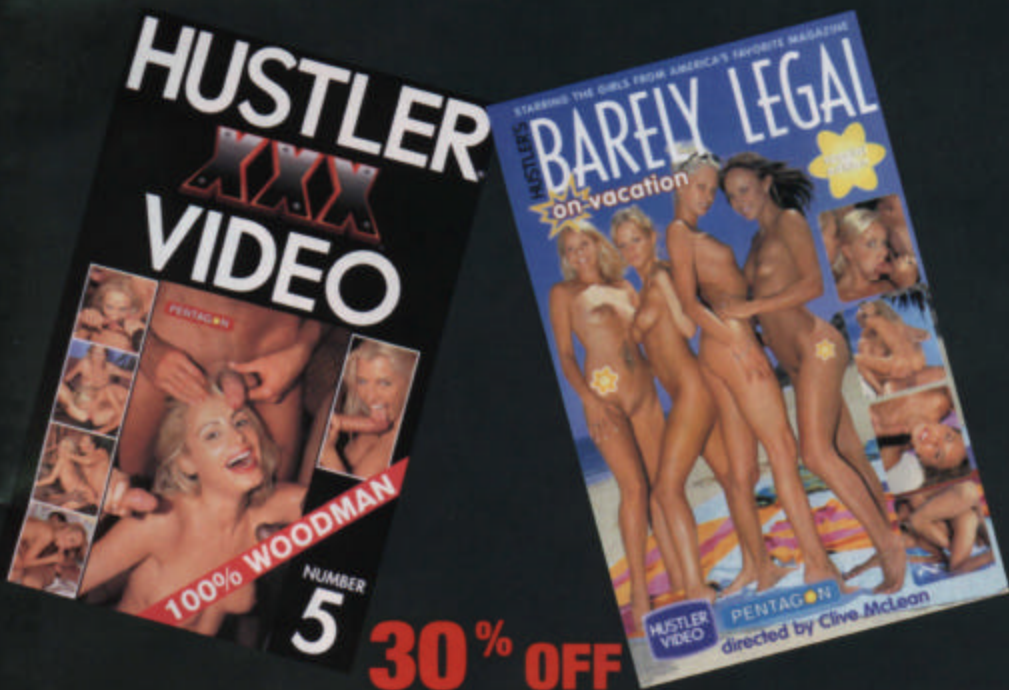
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HUSTLER

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Canadian Edition
Northland Media Inc.

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1-877-224-3332

www.northlandmedia.ca

Envoi de publication Canadienne
Convention de vente no. 40577016

HUSTLER Vol 5 No 3 March 2002 is published by Northland Media Inc. 173, Lakeshore Road West, Box 177, Oakville, ON, L6K 1E7 E-mail: hustlercanada@yahoo.ca The Canadian Edition of Hustler is published 13 times a year with permission of LFP Ltd. 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, California 90210 USA. All rights reserved. Nothing may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission of the Publisher. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, photos, drawings, etc., if they are to be returned, and Northland Media Inc. assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material. 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 comment editorially. Any similarity between persons and places depicted in the fiction sections of this magazine and actual persons or places is purely coincidental. All photos posed by professional models except as otherwise noted. Neither said photos nor words used to describe them are meant to depict models' actual conduct, statements or personalities.

Hustler March 2002 No.3

Printed in Canada

All nude models are 18 years of age or older.

Cover photo by Clive McLean

Orders on line: www.northlandmedia.ca
Foreign orders add \$10.00 per year. You must be 18 years of age or older.
Basic subscription rate \$69.95. First issue allow 6-8 weeks for delivery.

HUSTLER

MARCH 2002 VOLUME 5 NUMBER 3

Girls Spread

- 20 Wanda: Dildo Connoisseur**
Photography by Freelance
- 33 Rita and Lee: A Higher Balling**
Photography by Clive McLean
- 50 Jessica: Ready for Her Close-Up**
Photography by Fresh Media
- 62 Swan: Bird of Lay**
Centerfold Photography by Clive McLean
- 81 Orchidea and Felony: Match Made in Heaven**
Photography by Matt Klatt
- 96 Burning Ember**
Photography by Clive McLean
- 108 Deanna: One for the Choad**
2002 Beaver Hunt Finalist #1
Photography by Matt Klatt
- 129 Jubilee and Albert: Ranch Undressing**
Photography by Matt Klatt



50 Jessica



Swan 62



Rita and Lee 33



93 Measuring up

Monthly Features

- 7 Quim Stream**
A HUSTLER Ad Parody
- 15 Bits & Pieces**
A Load of Kabul Shit:
An Exclusive First Look at
HUSTLER AFGANISTAN
- 18 How to Turn Fear of Terrorism Into Tail.**
While the Rest of the World Runs
Around Afraid of Catching Anthrax,
You'll Be Busy Catching Snatch.
- 90 Q & A**
Nasty Talk from the Dirty Minds of
Canadian Hustler Gals. This Month's
Question: "Have You Had Sex With
More Than One Person at a Time?"

The Issue's Standards

- 6 Asshole Of The Month**
Canada 3000
- 8 Feedback**
HUSTLER Readers
Push the Envelope
- 43 Erotic Entertainment**
Sluts Spread Legs, Goodwill:
Porn Pitches in for the 9/11 Relief Effort
Edited by Gus Mastrapa
- 58 Hot Letters**
Orgy at Ground Zero
- 59 Ask Dr. Date**
R. Rosenblat Tells
the Fucking Truth
- 72 HUSTLER Humor**
Edited by Andrew Quintero
- 112 Beaver Hunt**
Girls From a Buff Neighborhood

www.northlandmedia.ca



20 Wanda



HUSTLER Humor 72



Trosley 29



18 Bits & Pieces



108 Deanna



81 Orchidea and Felony



74 Subway Sex Scum

▲PARODY. NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY. OR SERIOUSLY ATTEMPTED

Bits & Pieces

ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

It seems no matter what the economy is like or what kind of consumer and government support our airlines in Canada but, somehow, somehow they always manage to royally fuck things up and find themselves in deep fucking shit. **Canada 3000** is definitely no exception. Recently, at airports across the country the scene was the same - hundreds of stranded and really pissed off travelers, scrambled to find a way to get the fuck home; all thanks to an abrupt and surprising decision by the executive wankers at Canada 3000, to ground its flights.

Canada 3000 began in Toronto as a charter service back in 1988, as 'Canada 2000', promising reliable, affordable air travel. The idea caught on like free condoms at a whorehouse, and Canadians quickly took advantage of the airline's reliable and cheap fares on their fleet of creaky old flying garbage cans. The airline quickly expanded and opened offices across the country, offering flights to dozens of domestic and international destinations.

Much like a sloppy-snatched, size-queen, nympho whore, who thinks big is definitely better, the airline's greedy-assed execs later expanded beyond charters to offer scheduled service and, in doing so, got into a pissing contest with their larger competitor, Air Canada.

Canada 3000 soon became one of Canada's largest vacation providers through its subsidiary Canada 3000 Holidays, flying to



Canada 3000

exotic places like the Caribbean, Hawaii, Mexico, Fiji, the South Pacific, India, and any other destination where a guy could get some sun, free beer and a cheap blow job.

In July 2000, the airline broke into the big leagues and hit the stock exchange with an initial public offering that priced its shares at \$10 each. Not satisfied with a healthy share of the airline pimping industry, the avaricious execs and shareholders hungrily gobbled up Royal Aviation and CanJet in early 2001 and proudly became Canada's second-largest airline. By the summer of 2001, the airline had almost 5,000 employees, a fleet of more than 40 shit-box planes and about 5

million passengers a year.

But a cunt can't stretch so far, and the big money fuckfest began to quickly come to an end as air travel began to fall off later in 2001 along with the economy. Then, after the September 11 terrorist attacks, travel really went down the crapper. With more than \$40 million in debt, and losing \$700,000 a day, Canada 3000 tried to shut down its Royal Aviation subsidiary in an attempt to stay in the air. When that failed, the sinking shitfucks filed for and were granted creditor protection.

In a desperate attempt to help keep both Canada 3000 and Air Canada (who were also having a fuck of a time themselves)

flying, the feds did give Canada's airlines \$160 million in loan guarantees. Canada 3000 was to receive approximately \$60 million of that cash, but it was too little, too late. At midnight on November 8, the cash strapped airline issued a terse, bullshit announcement that it was ceasing all operations.

The demise of Canada 3000 has become common lore among Canadian industries. It's the same old story - bigger is better and enough is never enough. Canada 3000 has no one to blame but themselves for the deep shit in which they ended up. Like so many other Canadian companies, Canada 3000's vision was stupidly and severely myopic.

The fucking less-than-brilliant executives at Canada 3000, with all their bought-and-paid for MBAs, their gray pin-striped suits and horned-rimmed glasses, sat on their fucking spotty asses, counting their profits and, for love or money, couldn't fucking see beyond the blackheads on their snotty big noses. And their greedy sniveling shit-for-brains shareholders were just as fucking fatuously bad. What they all got, in the end, was exactly what they deserved - sweet fuck all! Now, thanks to their prodigiously pious and arrogant stupidity, Canadians face higher airfares and have one less travel option. For being such a greedy, stupid, short-sited, reckless, moronic outfit, **Canada 3000** has the dubious distinction of being **HUSTLER's Asshole of the Month**.

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

Canada Summer Games **Asshole**

Your Asshole of the Month in the Holiday 2001 issue was right on the money. I was shocked by officials' decision to strip Daniel Blouin (of Le Gardeur, Quebec) of his medal just for mooning the fans. Talk about a fucked up decision! It's not like the guy was taking drugs or something, he just showed a bit of flesh in a moment of excitement and jubilation. As usual, Canadian officials made their ever-predictable, knee-jerk



fucking stupid decision. Canajun, eh?

-K.V.

Pointe Claire, QC

We agree! The officials at the Canadian International Amateur Athletic Federation really need to clean the shit out of their heads!



Carnal **Carnival**

Hey guys! Just a note to tell you I really enjoyed the hot story about the Winter Carnival in Quebec City you featured in your Holiday issue (2001). It was worth a boner and a half! I've been to the famous carnival on several occasions and have had some pretty nice pieces of pussy myself. Your article reminded me of just how much fun I'd had. Keep up the great Canadian stories!

-L.W.

Ottawa, ON

Besides being a lot of fun, our reliable sources tell us that the Quebec Carnival is one big foreign fuckfest. Any good stories you might like to pass along to our 'Hot Letters' section?

Bambie, Jeff **And Brad**

Your spread of Bambie, Jeff and Brad (February 2002 issue) was fucking unbelievable. I have bought your magazine for years and enjoyed it because you guys always pushed the 'envelope'. Your February spread of the gorgeous babe getting every way, was definitely no disappointment. Looking at your spread of the hot three-way action gave me an incredible boner! Thanks guys for

(continued on page 10)



Bambie, Jeff and Brad - February 2002

Porn Puzzle

March 2002



ACROSS

1. Your favorite sex partner
2. Hustler's monthly critique
3. Mouth sex
4. One who performs fellatio
5. Vagina (sl.)
6. Vagina (sl.)

DOWN

1. To give a blow job
2. Sexual Desire
3. Butt Hole
4. Erection (sl.)
5. Penis (sl.)
6. Semen (sl.)



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AND PARTICIPATE IN THE FINAL DRAW IN DECEMBER 2002.
50 PARTICIPANTS WILL WIN A FREE ONE YEAR SUBSCRIPTION.



Feedback

(continued from page 8)

putting together the best beat-off magazine in the world!

**-E.D.
Nestow, AB**

Bambie, Jeff and Brad are a definite winning combination. We hope to feature them again sometime. Keep reading and happy whacking!

Beaver Harbour Blowjob

I have been an avid Hustler reader for over 20 years. As a Nova Scotian and a former member of the Canadian Navy, you can imagine my surprise when I read your article about Beaver Harbour (Holiday 2001 issue). What a hot fucking story – especially since it took place in Nova Scotia. As an ex-navy man, I had many like

experiences in the course of my career. Your great fuck adventure gave me a super hard-on. Keep 'em coming!

**-D.S.
Halifax, NS**

We're always looking for good material. How about sharing some of your sea stories with our Hustler readers? Thanks for being a loyal reader!

Hustler Canada Web Site

Recently I was surfing the web and, by total fluke, came across the Northland Media Website. I had no idea that the Canadian issue had its own site. I notice also you guys are looking for Canadian models. My girlfriend is really hot and nothing

would turn me on more than to have her pose for Hustler Canada. Hopefully I can talk her into entering your contest. Thank you guys, you keep my dick busy and happy!

**-I.A.
Netley, MB**

Glad you found our home on the web. We will look forward to receiving your girlfriend's photos. Meanwhile, enjoy your jacking-off, there's a lot more pussy to cum maybe one you already know.

Sister Search

I've been a reader of Hustler since the first issue. Your magazine is still the hottest in print. Not only do you have the sexiest ladies, but you also one of the best sources of great stories – even more so now that you have a Canadian edition. That's why I'm offering you my suggestion for an article. I'm sure you receive tons of letters asking, "What happened to my favorite porn star?" Why don't you deploy your crack investigators to find out, then report back to the troops?

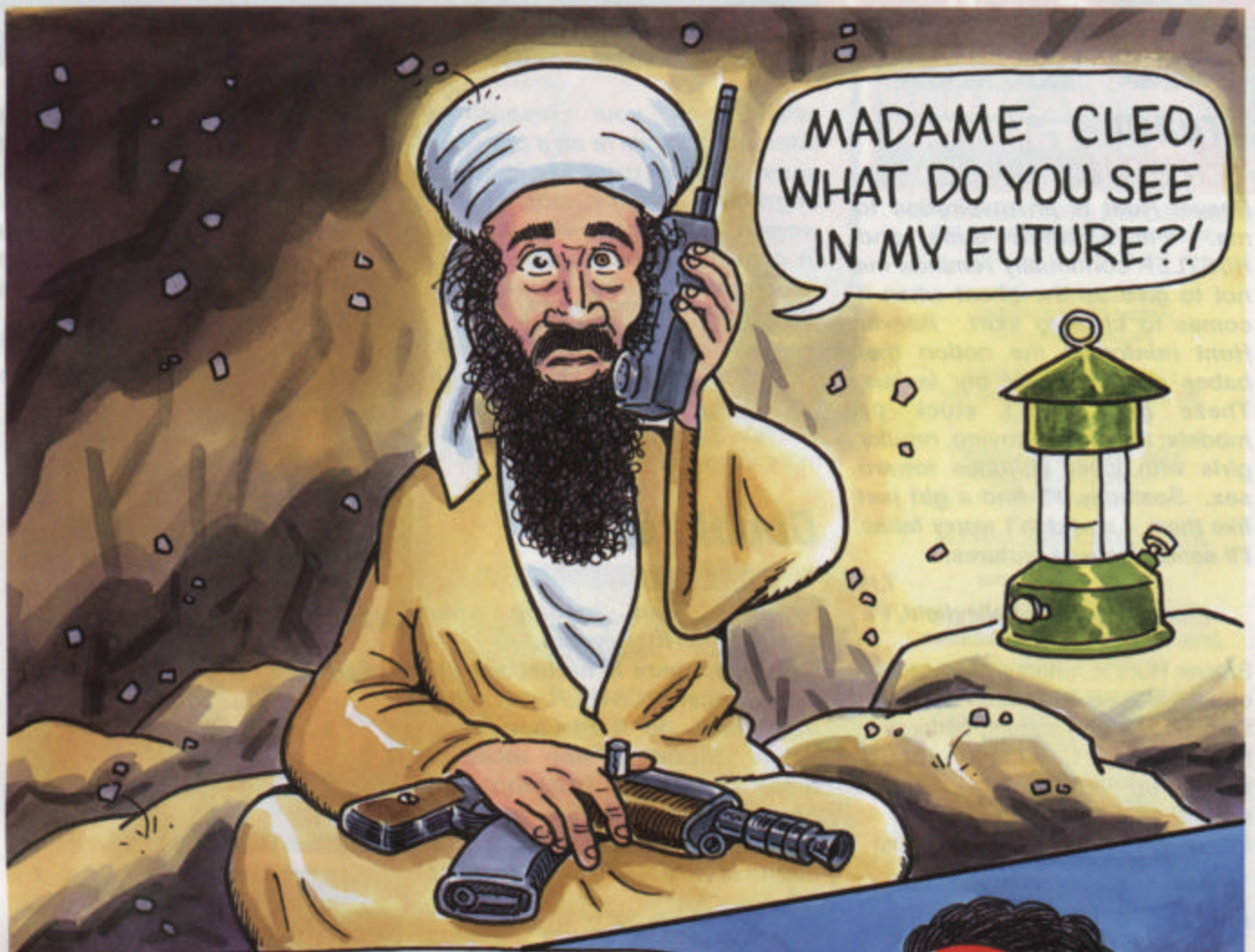
**-M.C.
Edmonton, AB**

We're one step ahead of you. In the June 1999 HUSTLER we featured, Classic Sleaze: basking in the Glow of Porn's Golden Age. In the story we caught up with a shitload of blue-screen legends. Sadly, thanks to our culture's taboos against hard-core porn, many of your porn stars have gone into hiding. Perhaps someday our favorite missing starlets will be able to re-enter public life and receive the adulation they deserve for their hard work! If you'd like a copy of that issue please write: Northland Media Inc., 173 Lakeshore Road, West. Box 177, Oakville, Ontario, Canada, L6K 1E7 or e-mail us at: hustlercanada@yahoo.ca.

(continued on page 12)



Janie & Howie - Holiday 2001





(continued from page 10)

Dream Beaver

Beaver Hunt is an inspiration to me. I'm a single dude, and HUSTLER continually reminds me not to give up the ghost when it comes to chasing skirt. Beaver Hunt reinforces the notion that babes aren't out of my league. These girls aren't stuck up models; they're fun-loving, regular girls with killer attitudes toward sex. Someday, I'll find a girl just like them – and don't worry fellas, I'll send plenty of pictures.

T.H.
Valleyfield, PE

Beaver Hunt is, without a doubt, one of HUSTLER'S most popular features. There's nothing better than home-grown Canadian Beaver served up 'au naturel'. Happy hunting and we'll look forward to receiving your lovely lady's photos!

Butt Fun

Your spread in the 2001 Holiday issue, Janie and Howie "Anal Pocket Pool" was just fucking awesome! I can't believe you guys are putting out such hot anal sex spreads – they make me so fucking hard! My girlfriend also saw the photos and now she love to get it up the poop-shoot. Thanks HUSTLER, for making me one very happy guy!

-J.S.
Toronto, ON

Glad we could oblige. Keep reading, there are lots more where that came from!

Q&A

Your newest and most recent feature, Q&A: Nasty Talk From The Dirty Minds of Naughty Canadian Girls is absolutely disgusting! As a Canadian woman I take great

offence to your magazine's inference that we're all a bunch of sluts. Why do you guys insist on degrading and objectifying woman. I'm not one who believes in censorship, but in the case of your miserable rag, I'd make an exception.

-H.K.
Vanguard, SK

Perhaps you should read something more to your liking – like the bible?

Double Dildo Fun

I have been reading your magazine for years. I am convinced there is no better jack-off mag than HUSTLER. No other magazines, be it Playboy, Penthouse, Swank or any other of those second-rate imitations can hold a candle to the luscious lesbians which appear every month in HUSTLER. Case in point,

Shelley and Kelley, "Making Ends Meet" (Holiday 2001 issue). That was one of the hottest lesbo sets you guys have ever featured. I whacked off until my dick was sore! I only wish I could have been in on the action! Thanks guys!

-M.W.
Cold Lake, Alberta

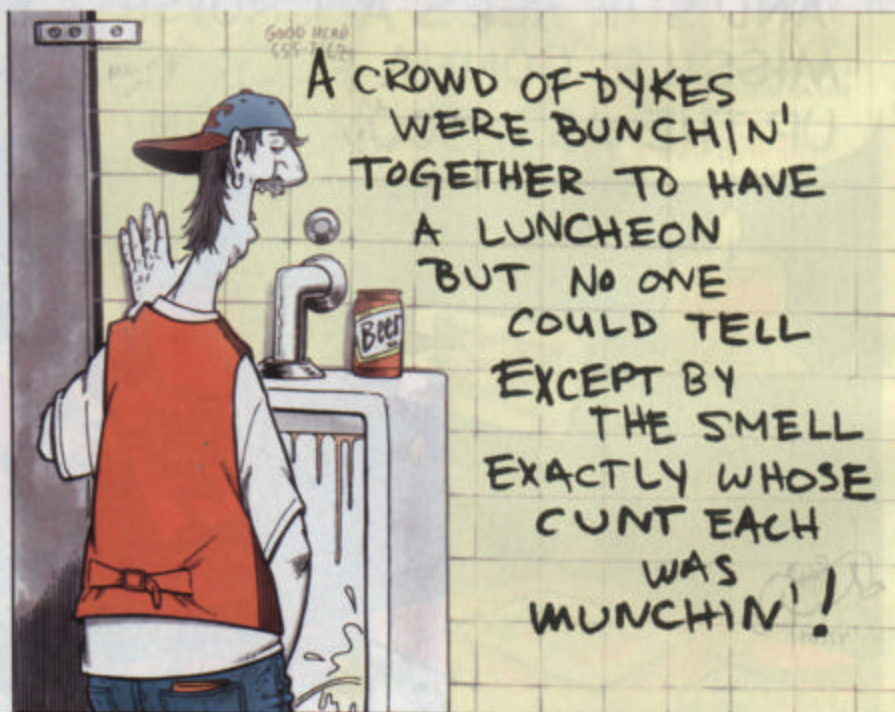
So do several thousand other guys!

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One whiff and you know it's quiff with Zesty's new scent, Pungent Pearl Dive. Zesty. Putting the "fun" back in funk.



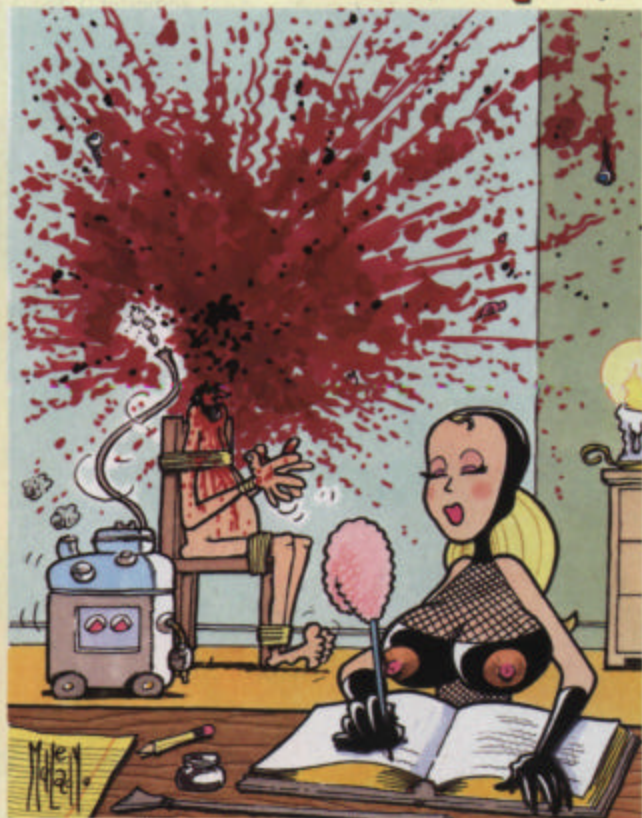
PARODY. NO SUCH PRODUCT EXISTS.



This pre-civil rights couple could not even drink from the same water fountain, but they clearly struck a huge blow for integration. Together, they overcame.

M. M., of Halifax, N.S. can keep his eyes on the \$150 prize for this look back. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's "Porn From the Past," 173 Lakeshore Rd. W., Box 177 Oakville, ON, L6K 1E7. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

"MOST TASTELESS" CARTOON



"Dear diary, never hook the pump gag up to the air compressor and leave the room."

A HUSTLER Fantasy

Professor Pussy

I am a professor at the University of Manitoba where I teach English. There is not a year that goes by where I don't meet some student that totally turns me on. Up until recently, I have always refrained from getting involved with any student, regardless of how hot she might be. That was, until I met Joan. Joan was a Kin anthropology major. I'd often seen her at the pool, and she looked pretty hot in her tight, one-piece bathing suit. The beautiful 19-year old blonde was also a cheerleader for our university football team, and the most beautiful one I might add. All the guys were constantly trying to get into her pants. And to be honest with you, my own heart would literally do a flip flop imagining what it would be like to fondle her large breasts, which were constantly peeking out through the sides of the tight T-shirts she wore.

I spent many a moment in deep thought, picturing in my mind, the utter thrill of parting her long, lean legs and caressing

her with my tongue. I lived for the day the opportunity might arise to show her the value of taking instruction from an older, more mature person - one who has been around and knows the ropes. To me, Joan seemed to know the score, and I was positive that none of the guys her own age could possibly bring her the sexual satisfaction I instinctively knew her body must have craved.

Teacher or not teacher, if I thought I could have gotten away with it, I would have done anything, short of rape, to be able to lick and swallow the sacred secretions, that were certain to flow in abundance from that delectable little juicy quim of hers.

Joan was in my Canadian Literature class and since she wasn't doing so hot that semester, I decided to ask her to stay after school for some special tutoring. I should point out that Joan has a pleasing



personality, and I had noticed many times her warm smile, which I believed was directed toward me. Once or twice we had brushed up against each other, and I can swear that I saw her nipples harden through the sheer fabric of her blouse. Maybe my mind was playing tricks on me, but I was almost certain she lingered just a little too long on those occasions. The heat from her body was more than I could stand. I finally decided to give into my licentious desires. Even though I knew the risks were great, if my

(continued on page 28)



A Load of Kabul Shit

It was bad enough when Osama bin Laden reportedly encrypted messages in Internet porn sites, but now the sexually repressed terrorist has started his own hardcore magazine, and filched the title of Larry Flynt's brainchild as his own. HUSTLER obtained an advance copy of what they're calling HUSTLER AFGHANISTAN; here's an exclusive first look at this travesty.



PARODY: THERE IS NO SUCH PUBLICATION AS HUSTLER AFGHANISTAN.

PRICE: 3 BAGS OF
WHEAT, 2 POPPIES,
OR 1 BRIDE

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THE BEST
EXECUTION
TAILGATE
PARTY

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FUCK THE REST OF THE WORLD

KILL
YOUR
DAUGHTER
FIVE PROVEN
METHODS

PLUS
ALLAH: GREAT,
OR REALLY,
REALLY
SUPER-GREAT?

IS THE TALIBAN
RIGHT FOR YOU?
DO YOU HAVE
A CHOICE?



Clockwise from top:
This centerfold asks, "My minefield or yours?"

Flash and be thrashed! Don't bother sending in a photo and application for *Beaver Hunter*—they'll find you.

The only vacation plan that draws Westerners to Afghanistan is a **tour of duty.**

BEAVER HUNTER



Soon after this photograph, scavenger dogs feasted on Mira's kibbles and bits. Her offensive fuckhole is in plain sight, and Allah created dogs, thereby justifying everything the Taliban has ever done and will do.

—Photo by State



Quafka survived her public stoning, thus exonerating herself of the charges against her. After escaping to Pakistan, she declared, "You fuckers can eat my shit, for all I care!" The heretic's sexual to-do list includes "fucking every American I meet."

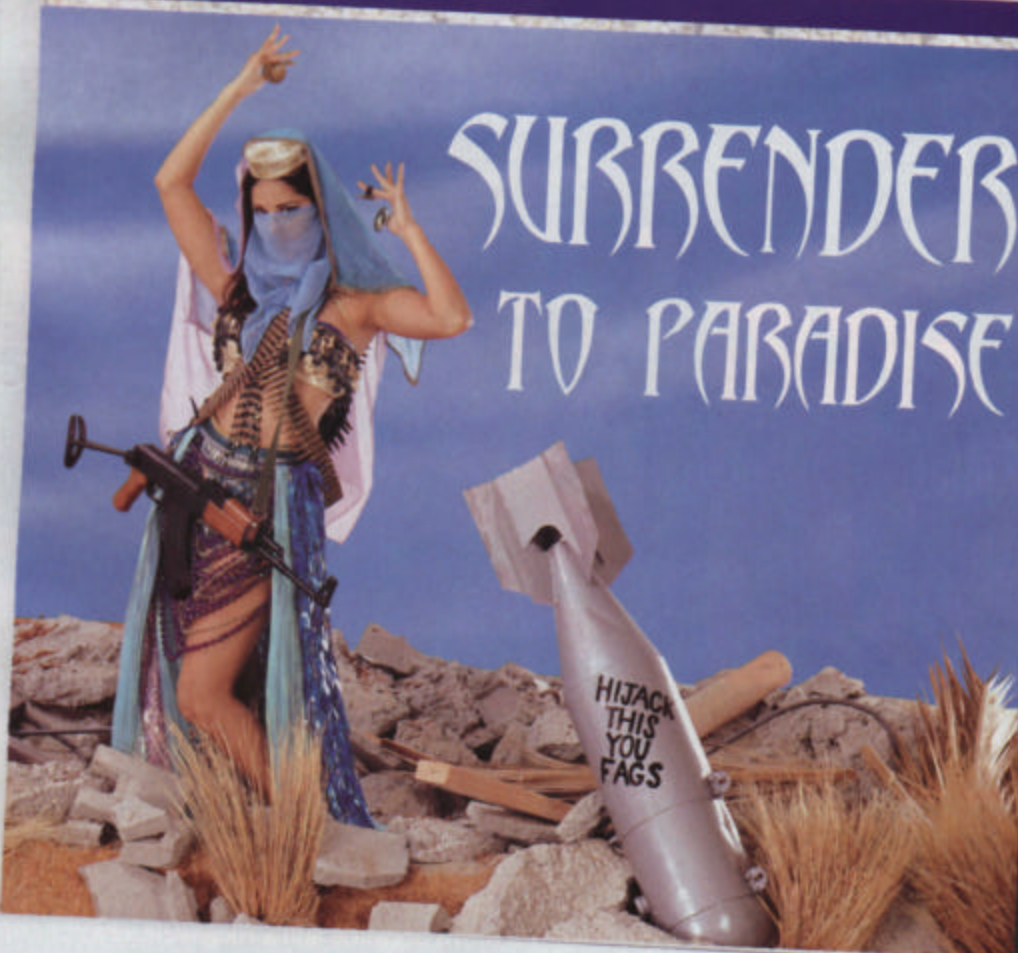
—Photo by Sgt. Harold Gibbons, USMC



Shabazz, 36, boasted, "I did not cheat on my husband." Allah saw fit to wreck Shabazz's tent; so her husband recognized the holy sign and fatally punished her. She enjoyed cooking, walking behind men and being ignored.

—Photo by State

SURRENDER TO PARADISE



Tourism Director Rahman denies rumors he's stepping down. "Nonsense! Why would I want to leave Afghanistan?" he asks, quivering.



Yusef Aker, an 18th-generation cabbie, notes, "Business hasn't been this busy since the Crusades!"

AFGHANISTAN.
IT'S NO MIRAGE™

DO EVERYONE BETTER HOW TO

HOW TO

TURN FEAR OF TERRORISM INTO TAIL

While the rest of the world runs around afraid of catching anthrax, you'll be busy catching snatch.



1. THE "COLD" WAR

"The days of Spanish fly are behind us," says Peter Hyde, author of *Get Fucked*. "A little creativity in this climate of fear will get you a long way." When your newest first-time date shows up at your pad, kick the evening off to a terrifying start by greeting her in your standard haz-mat outfit. *Sex and the City* has taught women not to trust men; so convince her there really is an anthrax outbreak by dumping some pancake powder on her.



2. THE TIT OFFENSIVE

Put those "infected" clothes in a Ziploc bag, and you're one step closer to strapping your perv on. Hyde notes: "This is a critical stage in the evening where the subject might experience some reluctance. As she expresses her doubts, quietly hum 'Taps'—just enough for her to hear, but not enough to know where it's coming from." Bonus: She may be so panicked that she'll want to jump in your shower right then! Someone order a super soaker?



3. THROBBIN' MISSILE CRISIS

Assuming your target listens to Oprah—she is a woman, after all—she might want to score some Cipro to counteract the anthrax. "Modern beaver hunting is like chess," Hyde asserts. "You always have to think two, three moves ahead." Apply those skills you learned in shop class and hollow out a prescription bottle. Tell your frightened date it's a new form of liquid Cipro that requires maximum sucking straight from the source.



4. DUCK AND COVER

Usually when a guy tells a chick, "Everyone should try butt sex before they die," he's likely to get slapped in the face. Hyde knows a lesson they didn't teach in Sunday School: "Armageddon equals I'm-a-gettin'-some." With a CD of war sounds blaring on your stereo and a siren blinking red in your window, ass-fucking becomes the final frontier. She'll leave after the "false alarm" to reflect on global events as you celebrate with a brewskie and a Fudgesicle, bra'.

Puss Pourri

Everyday at *HUSTLER Canada*, we receive some wonderful and sometimes wacky letters from our readers.

***Pusspourri* would like to share some of them with you.**

Thanks again to all our readers for writing and keep those letters coming!

SHE SAID – HE SAID

He said... I don't know why you wear a bra; you've got nothing to put in it.

She said... You wear briefs, don't you?

He said....Do you love me just because my father left me a fortune?

She said...Not at all honey, I would love you no matter who left you the money.

She said...What do you mean by coming home half drunk?

He said....It's not my fault...I ran out of money.

He said... Since I first laid eyes on you, I've wanted to make love to you in the worst way.

She said...Well, you succeeded.

He said... What have you been doing with all the grocery money I gave you?

She said...Turn sideways and look in the mirror.

He said... Let's go out and have some fun tonight.

She said...Okay, but if you get home before I do, leave the hallway light on.

He said... Why don't you tell me when you have an orgasm?

She said...I would, but you're never there.

He said....Shall we try a different position tonight?

She said...That's a good idea, you stand by the ironing board while I sit on the sofa and fart."



From the Poet's Corner

There once was a girl from Sidney,
Who could take it right up to her kidney.
But a guy from Quebec,
Shoved it up to her neck.
Now he had a long one, didn't he?

A soldier known only as Sarge
Had sex with a hooker named Marge.
Though only a grunt,
He assaulted her cunt.
And gave her a hon'rabl discharge.

A worried young man from Stamboul
Founds lots of red spots on his tool.
Said the doctor, a cynic,
"Get out of my clinic;
Just wipe off the lipstick, you fool!"

We'd love to hear from you.

Send your ideas, gags and great works of literature to:

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PHOTOGRAPHY BY FREELANCE

WANDA

DILDO CONNOISSEUR

"All of these people wanting better sex ask me to design elaborate fantasy homes for them," interior designer Wanda scoffs, "but I keep my bedroom simple and comfortable, and it never fails me". Dropping to all fours, Wanda exposes the entrance of her wet and hot tunnel. "I love taking it from behind," whispers the luscious brunette while her hand strokes a flawless breast. "Visualization is vital to my work, and right now I see a hard cock into my hungry hole," groans the creative babe. "All I need now is someone to share my fantasies with."

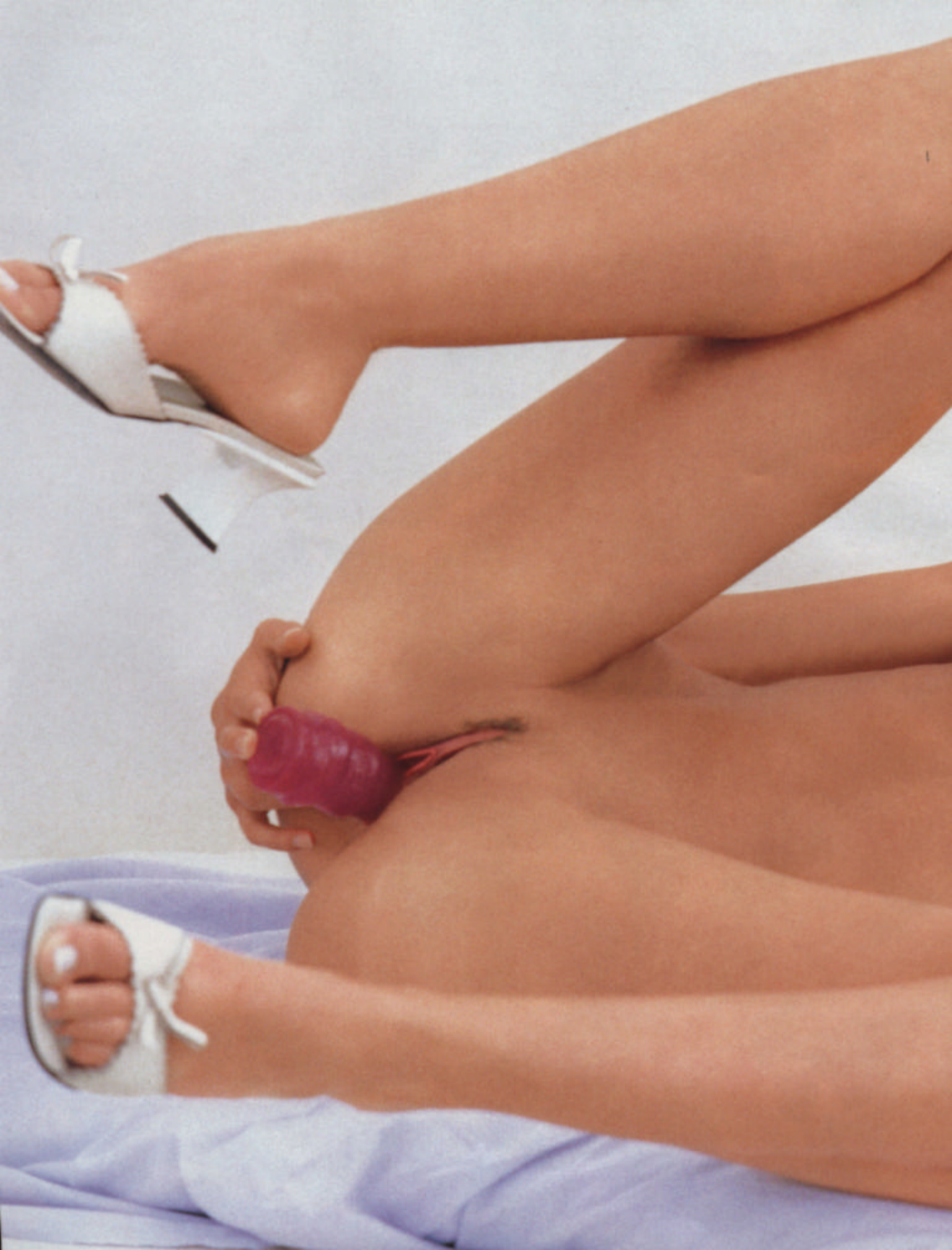














BRITNEY SPEARS ACTUALLY
USES PRODUCTS SHE ENDORSES

I'M HOOKED
ON TWO-LITER
BOTTLES!





(continued from page 14)

hunch was right. Joan wouldn't run off to complain to either her parents or the university administration. My instincts told me, the perky cheerleader was ripe to try something a little bit different.

Earlier in the week, I had suggested that she come over to my apartment to study. I told her it would be a bit more relaxed and we could get comfortable while we cracked the books. Just to be sure, I wore my sexiest clothes that day. I didn't put on a bra, and made certain that the buttons on my blouse remained open halfway down. In addition, I wore a really tight skirt with

a slit up the side, and some absolutely stunning perfume. All day long, my male students were whispering behind my back, and I could feel their eyes burning into me. They must have thought, I had a hot date that evening with a fellow. I don't think any of them suspected that, in reality, I was really itching to make it with one of the girl students – in fact, one of the most sought after babes in the university.

When Joan arrived, we chatted for a few minutes before sitting down on the couch in my living room. My lighting was very soft and Joan looked absolutely divine. At

one point, I felt like wetting my lips with my tongue, I was just so fucking excited. Slowly, but with great assertiveness, I started to move in on my prey, edging closer and closer to Joan. As she turned the pages of the English book, I reached out and touched her hand, as if indicating she should reread a certain portion of the text. Sweat was starting to form on my brow, but I was determined to make love to her before the evening was over.

As it turned out, Joan finally took the initiative. She looked me right in the eye and said, "I've heard some of the other girls talking at school. They say you're a lesbian and only go to bed with other women. Is that true?" Not wanting to be dishonest, I explained that even if I have gone to bed with men in the past, and still do when the mood strikes me, basically I enjoy the tender touch that only another female can offer. I explained that in many instances, I had found men to be too rough in their lovemaking, that they seemed only interested in satisfying their own sexual needs and not those of their partners.

Before I could finish my impromptu speech on the values of lesbianism, Joan was all over me. She was kissing me deeply and rubbing her tender, young body up against mine. Through her clenched teeth she was whispering and moaning that I should teach her how to make love to another woman. Later, I found out that she had wanted to make it with a long time girlfriend, but had backed out at the last moment for fear of alienating her friend.

Gently, I pressed my little blonde cheerleader into the soft cushions of the sofa. I covered her body with mine and began to grind into her. In a way, I felt like an over excited teenage boy who was about to pop his first cherry. While I wanted to just plunge ahead and get my own hot, wet pussy off, I realized that, for Joan's benefit, I should take my time and show her exactly what two beautiful females could accomplish for each other. It was important, I felt, to make this a near perfect experience for my student – one that she would want to repeat again and again, not only with me, but later in life with other members of her own sex.

Together, we fondled and probed. For

(continued on page 42)



HUSTLER CANADA'S **GREAT CANADIAN**



Aria (23), 2000 Beaver Hunt Grand Prize Winner

DO YOU HAVE WHAT IT TAKES TO BE A HUSTLER GIRL?

Northland Media Inc., the publisher of the **Canadian Edition of Hustler Magazine** is holding a national contest to find Canada's ultimate "**Hustler Girl**". Girls from all over the country will be vying for this title and although the contest is for Canada, the winner will be flown to Los Angeles to shoot a layout which will appear in both the Canadian edition and the US version of Hustler Magazine. The winner will also receive **\$2,500.00 in cash** as well as round trip airfare and accommodation while in Los Angeles.

Should the winner's aspirations reach beyond this coveted title, she will also have the opportunity to **appear in a Hustler XXX or Hustler's Barely Legal video**. It will prove to be an incredible adventure for some lucky young lady fortunate enough to walk away with the title of Hustler's "**Model of the Year**".

For details on the contest, contact Northland Media at 1-800-680-9439 or visit www.northlandmedia.ca

MODEL SEARCH

HOW TO ENTER

■ Rules

Must be 18 years of age or older and of course, you must be Canadian.

**Give us
your best
shot!!**

Send pictures with proof of age (photocopy of Birth Certificate & contact information) to:

Great Canadian Model Search
c/o Northland Media Inc.
173 Lakeshore Road, West
Box 177
Oakville, Ontario
L6K 1E7



Kitty, 1998 Beaver Hunt Grand Prize Winner



Leah, 1997 Beaver Hunt Grand Prize Winner

Girls Spread the News

■ Canadian Girls
take it off
for Hustler

By C. Moore
WRITER

Hustler Magazine in Search for Hot Canadian Girls

From Associated Press

Toronto — Fox



Hustler Asks Canada: Where's the beaver??

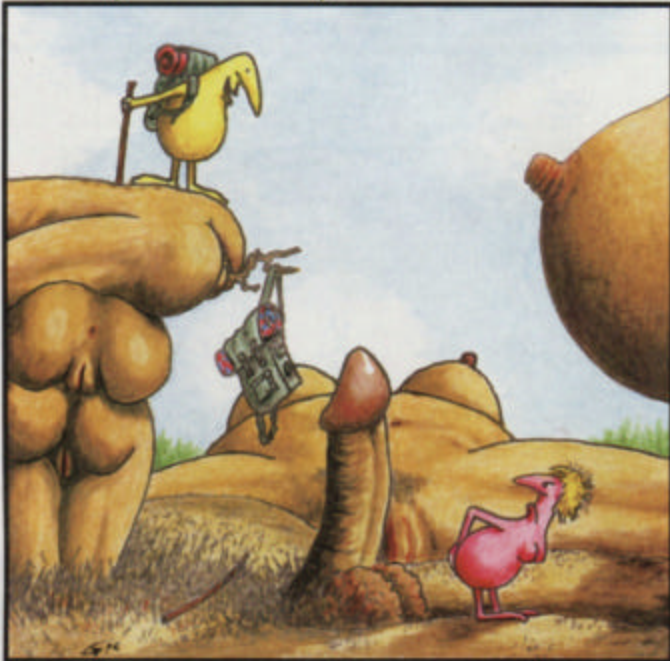
By C. Moore
TIMES STAFF WRITER

Canadian Beavers: The Ultimate Challenge

From Associated Press

TORONTO — Fox

Nasty Territory



"Oooooo... That's Gotta Hurt!"

Thingies



"There are times when I don't *mind* bein' a toilet... not one *little* bit."

Puckers



BOARDING

Snappers



A TIGHT END

RITA & LEE

A HIGHER
BALLING

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
CLIVE McLEAN

If sex were a religion, Rita would be a fanatic. **"The greatest crusade,"** she teases, **"is the quest for the perfect cock."** The devout pervert bows before her current idol, finding heaven in the taste of his divine rod. **"Holy shit,"** Rita howls in praise as the missionary man storms her moist vestibule. **"Now bang the hell out of me!"**



















(continued from page 28)

almost ten minutes I sucked on Joan's soft, pink nipples. Her tits were big, and spongy, and fitted into my hands just perfectly. As I licked away at her luscious breasts, I kept squeezing them, increasing the pressure as our excitement mounted. After bringing her to the point of near orgasm - and I hadn't even touched her cunt yet. I finally suggested we strip completely and go into the bedroom where we could be more comfortable.

As Joan stretched out on the sheets, I knew that I was about to have the feast of my life. The triangle between her legs was so inviting, and through her lightly colored pubic hairs, I could see that her vagina was already drenched and her clit hard in anticipation of what was to happen next.

"Don't move, let me make this real good for you." I told her. Without saying anything else, I licked up and down her thighs, hardly able to contain my excitement. Her skin was velvety smooth. When I finally touched her fiery fur furnace, she nearly jumped through the ceiling. Thrashing and throwing herself around on the bed, Joan held my head firmly with her hands and tried to push

her cunt all the way into my mouth. Her innocent face was now filled with sexual lust, and she was starting to talk filthy, something that really turns me on.

"Lick me harder you cunt! Stick your tongue all the way up my twat. Eat my pussy until I cum all over your face, bitch!"

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. Where did this sweet, little thing learn such things? Frankly, I didn't have time to ponder the question, as I was much too busy following her instructions. As it turned out, it seemed as if she was the teacher and I was acting the role of the student.

I continued to lick out her sizzling snatch, savoring the taste of her delicious goose grease. I knew it wouldn't take long for either of us to come, as both our cunts were like a couple of loaded guns, ready to go off at anytime. As I licked at her pussy, I gently slid several fingers in her hole. She felt so tight and her pussy seemed to grip my fingers and pull them in even further.

"Lick my cunt you fucking bitch," she screamed aloud. "Make me fucking come! Make me your whore, make me

your fucking slutty whore!" Her filthy talk just made me go wild. I began to suck her hard little clit as hard as I could. Her cunt opened wider allowing me to introduce more fingers in her. I loved the feeling of her soft, wet insides. It drove me wild. Joan began to thrash and buck. I knew she was about to come. Withdrawing my fingers from her cunt, I replaced them with my mouth, hoping to get every drop of her tasty nosh nectar. Joan must have cum at least half a dozen times. All the while I was using my tongue on her, I was masturbating, pulling my clit and stroking it as hard as I could. While I tongued her, I must have reached four or five climaxes myself. It was one of the hottest nights of sex I'd ever experienced.

Our relationship cemented, we continued to see each other until Joan graduated and headed for graduate school. We still see each other occasionally, but she's grown up quite a bit and has several other girlfriends that she sees. Joan had admitted, however, that she was really glad she was in my class, and had the opportunity to be brought out of the closet by a real pro.



Exotic

entertainment

Edited by Gus Mastrapa

**Extreme
Porno Boot
Camp:** Sienna
meets a
member of the
drill team.

Extreme Porno Boot Camp: "Way
to support the rear guard, recruit."

Extreme Porno Boot Camp: "This is the
valuable career training I signed up for?"

Extreme Porno Boot Camp

Directed by Rod Fontana.

Starring Veronica Caine, Sienna, Alaina,
Samantha Sterling, Rochelle Devore,
Summer Lynn, Flick Shagwell,
Candy Wayne, Brian Surewood,

Damien Michaels, Arnold Schwarzenegger, Mr.
Pete, Burke, Jeremy Steele, Brett Rockman,
Brian Heston, Jack Hammer, Adam Wood, M. C.
Knight,

Darren James, Luciano and Rod Fontana.

Videocassette: Extreme Associates.

Raw porn recruits are put to the test
in *Extreme Porno Boot Camp*. Rod
Fontana—director, XXX drill instruc-
tor and rumored military reservist—
oversees the induction, hazing and
training of five young sluts, even-

tually molding the fledgling tramps
into porn-star material. What follows
for these brave nubile is a hellish
three days of D.P. training, enema
seminars, piss drinking and blow-
bang exercises. Flick Shagwell hus-
tles her butt to the top of Anal Hill for
a painful, double-anal penetration.
For the "Difficult Fucking Position"
tutorial, Luciano balances recruit
Alaina on a beam and pounds her
cunt while the comely greenhorn
struggles not to fall off. *Extreme
Porno Boot Camp* is a class-A ration
of smartly executed reality smut.

—Nicholas Veridian

Stripping starlets
(L-R: Felecia, Christi
Lake and Serenity)
raise funds, flagpoles.



Relief Porn Pitches In

Since September 11's attacks, many American citizens and businesses have contributed to the relief effort. The porn industry is no exception; *Erotic Entertainment* rounds up a few of smut's charitable deeds.

Free Speech Coalition T-Shirts: At the East Coast Video Show held October 9 to 11 in Atlantic City, New Jersey, veteran porn figure Bill Margold hawked clothing emblazoned with the motto, "We blow people—we don't blow them up." It's yet to be determined which charity will receive the \$3,000 T-shirt take.

Webquest's Auction: HUSTLER helped Webquest (the tech-heads behind HUSTLER.com) raise an impressive \$453,175 to benefit the Red Cross. Some of LFP's contributions to the Webquest-organized auction included:

A copy of the notorious 1975 "Jackie O" HUSTLER signed by Larry Flynt—\$15,500.

A personalized photo-shoot with HUSTLER Senior Photographer Clive McLean—\$2,500.

Larry Flynt's autobiography, *An Unseemly Man*, autographed—\$300.

Original art from HUSTLER cartoonist George Trosley—\$100.

Strike Back Against Terrorism

Benefit: A bevy of porn starlets gathered at Deja Vu Showgirls in North Hollywood, California, under the moniker United Adult Community. Organized by XXX sirens Serenity and Christi Lake and

Chloe drips
with patriotism.



photographer Dr. X, this patriotic evening of stripping raised \$8,300 for the Red Cross.

Felecia, Amber Lynn, Jewel De'Nyle, Jessica Drake, Midori, Chloe, Kim Chambers, Alicia Rio, Brooke Hunter and Nikki Dial donated their cash-generating onstage skills.

Tera Patrick and HUSTLER Hollywood: The Digital Playground contract star traveled to Ohio for in-store signings and auctions at both the Cincinnati and Monroe locations of HUSTLER Hollywood. Local firemen came to meet Patrick and show their support. Tera autographed copies of her DVDs and videocassettes for the many fans who lined up to meet the sultry starlet. All proceeds from the weekend were donated to New York disaster relief funds.

Veronica Caine: Extreme Associates contract girl Veronica Caine is donating her ass to the war effort. The starlet is offering to fuck Osama bin Laden if he agrees to turn himself over. "It's so awful. All the killing, all the bombing of innocent people. If all it takes to end it all is to get

Osama bin Laden to come out of hiding, I would be happy to let him fuck me if he surrenders so no more lives are lost," says the porn starlet. It's still unclear whether or not Caine will be able to deduct this "charitable contribution" from her taxes.

HUSTLER encourages readers to donate their time or money to the charity of their choice.

Veronica Caine:
Osama's hootchie
mama?



Babes in Pornland: "What's he complaining about? It's in my ass."

Fan Fever: Melissa West never was a fan of rectal thermometers.





Immortal: He told her it was the fountain of youth.



Young Muff #8: Danka suddenly realizes that her career is in the shitter.

Babes in Pornland

Directed by Jewel De Nyle.
Starring Jewel De Nyle, Gwen Summers, Nikita Denise, Ailana Evans, Austin, Michael Stephano, Claudio, Joel Lawrence, Mark Woods and Brian Surewood.

Videocassette: Puritan Video Productions.

Jewel De Nyle knows her strengths. As director of *Babes in Pornland*, the raven-tressed, bubble-buttled cum guzzler doesn't pussify the proceedings as so many other starlets-turned-helmswomen have done in the past. Secure in her professional calling as a nasty, unapologetic whore, De Nyle leaves the *Sex in the City*-esque dialogue and gauzy, soft-focus relationship porn to her wannabe housewife peers. Instead, her offering consists of raunchy gonzo scenes that start with brief but energetic solo masturbation and end with sloppy facials and cum slurping. Jewel kicks off the festivities herself, taking Michael Stephano's tool into her love holes with gusto before catching a huge load on her tongue and systematically wringing every last drop of jizz from Stephano's joint. *Babes in Pornland* leaves viewers similarly drained.

—N. V.

Fan Fever

Directed by Jerome Tanner.
Starring Melissa West, Nina Ferrari, Caramel, Selena Del Rey, Bella Donna, Dillon Day, Dale O'Bone, Chris Cannon, Jakey Tanner, Mario, Paul Mayfield, Frank Bukkwyd and Marty Romano.

Videocassette: Legend Video.

In *Fan Fever*, Nina Ferrari plays Amber Areola, a soap-opera-addicted porn slut who can only be pulled away from her "stories" by the lure of turgid man flesh. Ferrari eagerly slings her legs behind her ears while Chris Cannon reams her snatch, displaying an enthusiasm that proves to be the premature highlight of the tape. Nina's trivial existence as a video whore is transformed when her life mysteriously takes on the characteristics of an afternoon soap. Is she the real Amber, or an evil twin? Stokers rightly won't give a fuck, but they should be warned of Melissa West's grating presence. Gracing the box cover in airbrushed glory, the bottle-blond fuck puppet seems promising. Unfortunately, West's overly aggressive cock-handling is faker than her rippling jugs, and her ear-splitting screams would make Teri Weigel blush. Sadly, West's bogus balling quickly chills *Fan Fever*.

—Clive Thurstwood

Immortal

Directed by Michael Raven.
Starring Jill Kelly, Asia Carrera, Haven, Devon, Tabitha Stevens, Inari Vachs, Shayla LaVeaux, April, Monique DeMoan, Charlie, Dee, Tawni, Monica Sweetheart, Vickie, Leila Ha, Julian, Randy Spears, Dale O'Bone, Erin Sky and Ricky.

Videocassette: Jill Kelly Productions.
Immortal casts porn starlets as mythological goddesses, resulting in a divine onanistic offering. Jill Kelly is Cleo, a muse with an epic wet spot for a mortal man. Fate forces the blonde to pick between eternal life on Mt. Olympus or one lifetime's worth of love with Julian on earth. Jill and Julian pork twice onscreen; each pairing conveys the intimacy of their offscreen relationship. The couple's second rut ends with Julian pulling out and painting Jill's cunt with cum. Jill uses the spent prick to rub the seed into her dripping pussy, then reinserts the semen-smeared tool into her womb. This penetrating scene, combined with an energetic lesbo romp organized by sage pornstress Asia Carrera and an earthbound orgy featuring busty angel Devon, makes *Immortal* heavenly.

—N. V.

Young Muff #8

Directed by Turd Ferguson.
Starring Danka, Genevieve, 2Pretty4Porn, Katrina Spinks, Brie, Brian Surewood and Turd Ferguson.

Videocassette: Armageddon Entertainment.
Sounding like the fecal approximation of Gilbert Gottfried, director Turd Ferguson mars *Young Muff #8* with his cinematic skidmarks. Although the entertainment value of a man in a shit suit singing "Ebony and Ivory" to Brian Surewood can't be discounted, there's a troubling lack of the vital ingredient promised in the title. Nubian fuck toy 2Pretty4Porn proves that she isn't during a drawn-out D.P. Danka is smeared with chocolate syrup and violated over a toilet bowl by Brian Surewood, but this noble display is offset by sight gags such as Turd shitting himself and his interminable rap video. Sure, Turd can bust a rhyme as well as any other floater on the West Side, but that doesn't make up for the sorry lack of female talent. Brie and Katrina Spinks show up for the final scene, but the two giggly skags do little to make up for the preceding boredom. *Young Muff #8* whiffs of stale shit.

—C. T.



Knee Pad Nymphos: "Wow, with this stethoscope, I really can hear you coming."



Industrial Sex: Dominica and Evan work overtime.

Knee Pad Nymphos

Directed by Dave Cummings.
Starring Brooke, Nicole Moore, Kyla, Justine Romee, Gabriella Banks, Kendall Starr, Dyn-A-Mite, Olympia, Candy Apples, Shanna McCullough, Ron Jester and Dave Cummings.
Videocassette: Dave Cummings Productions.

Blue-screen geezer Dave Cummings lords over *Knee Pad Nymphos* like a wraith from hell's retirement community. Decked-out in blue gym shorts, old-man hat and kneesocks, Dave fearlessly drills Brooke's razor-bumped snatch in public. As disturbing as such sights are, the ex-GI deserves respect for the amount of poontang he still nabs. The highlight of this vid is Dave's hookup with Shanna McCullough in an adult-book store, where he sneaks the veteran cooze queen into a jackoff booth. As Dave feeds coins into the video display, Shanna treats him to a tit-fuck and hungrily gulps down his schwang, fulfilling a fantasy for perverts of all ages. Although the necessity of knee pads isn't always obvious, particularly during a 69 with Gabriella Banks, Dave insists that all his sluts don the protective gear. *Knee Pad Nymphos* proves that safety and mediocrity often go hand in hand.

—C. T.

Industrial Sex

Directed by Robby D.
Starring Calli Cox, Dominica Leoni, Payne Giovanni, Kianna, Ashley, Jenna Davis, Mason Marconi, Pat Myne, Bobby Vitale, Creed, Tice Bune, Dale D'Bone and Evan Stone.
Videocassette: Vivid Video.

A new face with a hot bod prominently graces the box cover of *Industrial Sex*. Tragically, the *Maxim*-esque hottie, billed as "solo superstar Mason Marconi," does little more than writhe, gyrate and caress herself on tape. In fact, viewers would have to pore over this flick frame by frame to catch the few fleeting glimpses of Marconi's naughty bits. The rest of the cast fuck and suck, slurp semen and otherwise ably fulfill their duties as paid whores. Dominica Leoni, sultry in her leather boots, fucks like a meth-crazed chimp, and for her troubles is relegated to the back of the box. Meanwhile, Mason, who can't even bother to drop trou and diddle her prissy little clit, is cynically presented front and center. For giving viewers the shaft, the otherwise serviceable *Industrial Sex* earns none.

—H. V.

Young Sluts Inc.

Directed by Kat Slater.
Starring Claudia Adkins, Gauge, Tiffany Fox, Luna, Aurora Snow, Kaylee, Samantha Sterling, Karima, Pier Evergreen, Dale D'Bone, Joey Ray and Damien Thorn.
Videocassette: HUSTLER Video.

Young Sluts Inc. takes an average portfolio of gash and parlay it into exceptional sexual dividends. Thanks to impeccable production values, even Gauge's well-travelled ginch looks first-time fresh when she takes on the tools of Dale D'Bone and Pier Evergreen. Gauge's ferocious choad huffing is justly rewarded when her tiny bod is thoroughly coated with ball grease. Aurora Snow earns the heartiest fist-pumping ovations for her scorching rut with Joey Ray. Usually subdued on camera, Aurora mounts Ray's rod and rides it to a sweaty climax that leaves the young starlet raw, pink and totally spent. When they're not selling their holes to businessmen and trust-fund babies, the girls mash gash by the Jacuzzi. Alternately lush and nasty, *Young Sluts Inc.* is perfect company for uncertain economic times.

—C. T.

All the Rave

Directed by Nicholas Steele.
Starring Chandler, Kelsey, Michelle Louise, Kelli Marie, Amber Michaels, Paige Sinclair, Sharon Wild, Dillion Day, Dale D'Bone, Evan Stone and Joey Ray.
Videocassette: Adam & Eve Productions/Ultimate Pictures.

Dance-floor divas gyrate and copulate till dawn in *All the Rave*. Chandler plays Rebecca Rave, a slutty wannabe deejay who purports to be more than "just another dreamer trying to be a rave star." The turntable queen's introduction to club life is a carnal encounter with Dillion Day, a megalomaniacal event promoter with a penchant for coordinated leopard-skin outfits and oversized hats. The gaudy lothario toasts Chandler with a plastic martini glass, then shoves his prick into her pert, glitter-glossed mouth. The blonde massages her clit with a pocket rocket as Dillion pounds her ass-hatch. Dillion peaks, pulls out and pops a messy load across the length of Chandler's perfect bod. The flick's portrayal of an already tacky subculture is laughable, but *All the Rave's* starlets, clad in scintillating club-kid outfits, fuck like they're hopped up on goofballs. Strokers will be ecstatic.

—H. V.



Young Sluts Inc.: "Open the hangar; here comes the airplane!"



All the Rave: It's essential to stay hydrated when taking ecstasy.



Raunch in Rio

Woodman Whips Out His Brazilian Snake

Brazil has no shortage of hot, easy pussy, but that didn't stop XXX auteur Pierre Woodman from importing 15 stunning European croissants to the South American paradise when shooting his latest blue-screen epic, *Brazilian Snake*. On his expedition, Woodman, who now shoots features exclusively for HUSTLER Video (see "HUSTLER's Million-Dollar Videos," March 2001 *Erotic Entertainment*), turned out his most expensive production to date. The filth mastermind took a cast and crew the size of a high-school football team halfway around the world, fully capturing the beauty of the lush, green paradise in a series of helicopter shots and (of course) delivering scene after scene of the French director's signature D.P.s and sperm baths. Fans of last year's debut HUSTLER PLATINUM release, *Happy Birthday*, will celebrate the return of Woodman favorite Judith Fox (portraying stunning streetwalker Copacabana). This time around, Pierre cast several new faces to catch cum alongside the veteran cock-handler. Persian beauty Yasmyne



"I came all the way from France to suck this cock."

stars as police inspector Sandy Johnson, a gorgeous public servant on the trail of a serial killer. With her partner Bob Kurlam (played by Alain Deloin), the sexy snoop hunts down, interrogates and occasionally screws depraved members of Rio de Janeiro's underworld. The two-part, seven-hour, hard-core thriller *Brazilian Snake* is being released as volumes #2 and #3 of HUSTLER Video's HUSTLER PLATINUM line.

Catch *Brazilian Snake* on VHS and DVD by calling (877) 325-6464.



Woodman: "Good thing I packed Dramamine."



Pierre oversees a pounding.



On the Set With Brianna Banks: In this case, the set was Gilligan's Island's.

On the Set With Brianna Banks

Directed by uncredited.
Starring Brianna Banks, Chris Cannon, Joel Lawrence, Mark Davis, Chuck Martino and Bobby Vitale.
Videocassette: X-Traordinary Pictures.

On the Set With Brianna Banks offers an unflinching, behind-the-scenes look at five hard-core video shoots, all starring the statuesque title tramp. With no added soundtrack and little editing, this raw footage pulls back the curtain on smut, revealing on-set fucking to be tedious and vaguely creepy. Brianna displays neither a vibrant friendliness nor a fingernails-on-the-chalkboard diva mentality as she wanders around the sets blankly. Banks's torpid indifference is most evident when she halfheartedly asks for a towel to pad the small of her back while Chris Cannon fucks her on a park bench. Later, in the grand tradition of John Holmes and Dirk Diggler, Brianna maps out a scene with Chuck Martino. While *On the Set With Brianna Banks* delivers the industry standard of five copulations, many of the scenes don't include facials. Only the pairing of Banks and Bobby Vitale (as of this writing, a real-life couple) gives serious stroke value to this voyeuristic XXX documentary.

—N. V.



Fast Cars and Tiki Bars: "I still can't figure out why he's called 'the Big Kahuna.'"



Sleepwalker: Tice wouldn't wake up Ryan if you paid him.

Fast Cars and Tiki Bars

Directed by Red Ezra.
Starring Jezebel Bond, Charmaine, Nicole Sheridan, Kelsey Heart, Gina Ryder, Allysin Chaynes, T. J. Hart, Bunny Luv, Isabella, Brad Armstrong, Randy Spears, Dillion Day, Voodoo and Herschel Savage.
Videocassette: Wicked Pictures.

Fast Cars and Tiki Bars recalls a simpler time when all a person needed to forget about the world's problems were Hawaiian shirts, tropical drinks and surf music—and, possibly, Nicole Sheridan wearing fishnets while getting fucked sideways. In this collection of fantasy vignettes, goofy '60s retro style is the backdrop to solid screwing from Sheridan, Gina Ryder and T. J. Hart. Although Sheridan labors a little too often with her offscreen beau, Voodoo, she has become an expert at handling her Latin lover's massive prong, and the couple's work always produces genuine heat. Elsewhere, Isabella, Bunny Luv and Jezebel Bond team up for a great lesbian orgy that features what can only be described as impressive triangulation. *Fast Cars and Tiki Bars* is escapist fluff that nonetheless captivates viewer loins.

—C. T.

Sleepwalker

Directed by Mike Quasar.
Starring Nina Ferrari, Brigitte Kerkove, Felicia Fox, Ryan Conner, Dani Sexton, Sunrise Adams, Tice Bune, Mark Woods and Brick Majors.
Videocassette: Cal Vista.

Even the presence of gape-happy ass queen Brigitte Kerkove doesn't rouse *Sleepwalker* from its somnambulist slumber. In a plot line typical of thrillers that air on the USA Network at 4 a.m., Nina Ferrari is plagued by erotic hallucinations after an unspecified near-death experience. The visions don't present a problem when they feature fresh-faced Sunrise Adams being pumped by Brick Majors, but Nina becomes hysterical when she sees Brigitte Kerkove's grotesquely inflated lips wrap around Mark Woods's sausage. Obviously intended for couples, the onscreen boffing is tame, and Kerkove keeps her shit-pipe antics in check. Only super-dependable fuck doll Ryan Conner generates heat during a prolonged drilling from Tice Bune that leaves her snatch as red as a baboon's butt. Otherwise, *Sleepwalker* is a snooze.

—C. T.

Stroker's Guide

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

Fully Erect

- Amish Daughters (Legend Video)**
Melissa West, Adriana Sage, Dale D'Bone
- Happy Birthday (HUSTLER Video)**
Judith, Katy Zora Jones, Alain Deloin
- Jewel Raider (NuTech Digital)**
Venus, Nicole Sheridan, Mike Horner
- Shane's World #28: Devil's Punchbowl (Odyssey Group Video)**
Luna, Alana, Chris
- Snoop Dogg's Doggystyle (HUSTLER Video)**
Obsession, Bronze, Mr. Marcus

Three-Quarters Erect

- Calamity (Pleasure Productions)**
Gauge, Heather Lynn, Mojo
- DJ Groupie (HUSTLER Video)**
Sharon Wild, Lola, Joey Ray
- High Octane (HUSTLER Video)**
Isabelle, Jeanette, Leonard
- Hotel Tales (Sin City Ultra)**
Zoe, Inari Vachs, Eric Price
- Puritan Video Magazine #34 (Puritan Video Productions)**
Nikita Denise, Phoenix Ray, Pat Myne
- Specs Appeal (Kick Ass Pictures Inc.)**
Sharon Wild, Tiffany Mason, Jack Hammer

Half Erect

- Beautiful Nasty (Wicked Pictures)**
Devinn Lane, Amber Michaels, Rene LaRue
- Carnal Secrets (Knob/Ryder Entertainment Group)**
Temptress, Jill Kelly, Chris Cannon
- City Lust (Metro Inc.)**
Krystal Summers, Stevie, Mark Davis
- Jade Lo (Legend Video)**
Jewel De Nyle, Gwen Summers, Brett Rockman

One-Quarter Erect

- Island Fever (Digital Playground)**
Tera Patrick, Julia Ann, Bobby Vitale
- Love Hurts #2 (Robert Hill Releasing)**
Ruby Switch Blade, Twins, Bruce Payne
- The Prisoner (Vivid Video)**
Kira, Lola, Brick Majors
- XXX Training (Wicked Pictures)**
Serenity, Alexa, Ian Daniels

Totally Limp

- Beach Blanket (Flash Point Productions)**
Christina Angel, Ashley Brooks, Moon Doggie

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.

HUSTLER

Classic Cartoons



"Why can't you just give me a little kiss in the morning like the other husbands?"



"There, there-you can't let a silly little thing like my ex-husband's picture threaten you!"





JESSICA

READY FOR HER CLOSE-UP

"I've always been an exhibitionist," Jessica asserts with a confident swagger. The cocky show-off undresses quickly, revealing the source of her self-assuredness. **"With this body, can you blame me? At least I'm up-front; I know that the world owes me a favor,"** the savvy braggart smirks. **"And I'm coming to collect."**



PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRESH MEDIA













Hot Letters



Happily Married Cock Connoisseur

I am a happily married woman from Portage La Prairie, Manitoba, and I want to tell you about my husband's wonderful cock! I love my husband's cock. I worship it, I adore it, I am totally addicted to it! I love the way it looks, the way it feels and the way it tastes. He has the most perfect cock of any man I've ever seen. I am obsessed with it. I'm constantly thinking about it, fantasizing and dreaming about it. I love sucking my husband. There is no better feeling in the world than the feel of his cock, hard and throbbing, deep in my mouth. I want to suck him morning, noon, and night. I love to be awakened in the morning by my husband gliding his cock over my lips, pressing against them, urging my lips to part so that he can slide it inside my mouth. I especially love it when he strokes his own cock as I suck on the head of it, he pumps away, stroking and pumping. I love the way his fingers feel

bumping against my lips as he jerks himself off. His balls will be slapping against my chin, and he will be talking to me...saying things like..."yeah, suck it baby, suck it good". The way it feels as he nears his orgasm, the swelling of his shaft...he pumps it harder and harder, his fingers slamming against my lips. Then he will cry out..."ooooo I'm cumming now baby, I'm going to feed you, suck baby suck!" Oh gawd, the feeling of his cock as it pumps his hot cum into my mouth is the most heavenly feeling I know. His hand is moving so fast, pumping more and more cum, filling my mouth as I suck as hard as I can. Sometimes, I won't swallow, but will hold my mouth open as he jerks off into my mouth. He loves watching his own cum fill up my mouth. I will hold it in my mouth, savoring the feel and taste, only swallowing when he tells me to. Then, I love to close my eyes and let it just trickle slowly down my throat, swallowing little bits at a time. After I've swallowed it all, I love the after

taste and sensation in my mouth. That after taste makes me hungry for more and I want to suck him again and again.

Some days, I might suck my husband off four times, but at the very least, he feeds me with his cum once a day. It's a part of our lives now, one that I simply couldn't live without. Someday, I think I might like to try having him jerk off into my mouth as maybe another man, or maybe a couple of other men watch. I think that would be very erotic to suck my husband as others watch. One of my favorite fantasies is that my husband is playing cards at a table with some other men. I serve them drinks and snacks as they play. I'm topless and the men can see how my husband has trained my nipples to stay erect. When I'm not serving the men drinks and such, I'm under the table, with my husband's cock in my mouth, sucking him. This really messes up his game sometimes but then it also messes up the other men's game, as they are constantly peeking under the table to watch my husband get his cock sucked. Sometimes my husband will let the men watch as he sprays his cum all over my face and chest. Then I will slowly and dreamily rub his seed all over me as the guys watch. Thinking of this fantasy really turns me on! I love his cock and there is nothing more delicious to me than the taste of his cum in my mouth. I love being his cock hungry cum eating wife.

Mr. Fix-it, Fuck-it

I work as a legal assistant and live in downtown Vancouver. My apartment complex has its own maintenance crew, and of course, seeing as how the place is pretty dilapidated, I have to call every once in a while. Once, when my toilet got clogged up, and I called over to the maintenance office, they sent a guy over. I was pretty upset about the toilet, but when I answered

(continued on page 107)



"Mr. Franklin, you must know the company dress code demands more than just a necktie."

Ask Dr. Date

HUSTLER

**Is Proud To Present
Author And Sex Therapist
Rebecca Rosenblat
Who Will Answer
Your Questions About Love,
Sex And Intimacy.**

**Want to know what makes
women tick? Ask a woman!
Send questions to Dr. Date
at: Rebecca@drdate.com**

Dear Dr. Date,
Love your column and was hoping that you could help me out. My twenty year old girlfriend has NEVER had an orgasm. Needless to say, I want to change this, so I'm willing to try just about anything. Unfortunately though, she doesn't seem to want to work with me, since she doesn't see it as a problem. She claims that most of her girlfriends haven't had one either, so she doesn't see what the big deal is. Please help me understand this, and point me in the right direction as far as any helpful "advice" is concerned.

**Appreciatively yours,
Jeff, TO**

Dear Jeff,
Isn't that a bummer, that while most women complain that their guys aren't willing to learn, here you are, able and willing, with a gal who is unable to appreciate it. If that should tell you one thing, it's her lack of experience - possibly the same reason why her friends can't appreciate it just yet. So experience is exactly what you're going to have to help her out with indirectly that is. Just as a watched kettle never boils, a watched woman has a hard time learning how to orgasm, especially if she hasn't experienced the joys or learned the importance there of. So here's my suggestion: Buy her a Betty Dodds video on "self loving", along with a

simple vibrator, like the pocket rocket (both available at most adult stores), to "keep her company" while you're away one fine weekend. You must not ask her if she minds you watching, tempting as that sounds, since it will put too much "performance anxiety" on her, making her body unable - or worse, making her fake something just so she doesn't disappoint you and can get it over with. But once she learns what feels good, trust me that she'll want to show you how - initially by using a vibrator on her, later, by allowing you to use your tongue and fingers. You may also use a female dominant position with her at this time, where she hovers over your face, knees on either side, while you lay back comfortably, and let her take charge of your tongue, by guiding her moves so she can control intensity, speed, direction, what have you, while you learn from an interesting vantage point up close and personal. Can't ask for more, can ya? Bon appetit!

DD

Dear Dr. Date,
Although my wife and I remain the best of friends, after twenty-three years we feel more like siblings than lovers, since we've lost that lusty/flirty connection which makes you wanna tear each others clothes off. Now while I'm not asking you to put the spark back through one small letter, I would like it if you could reassure my wife on what has worked for us, since she can't seem to handle the guilt she feels around it. Basically, when either one of us flirts with other people, in real-life settings or over the Internet, we get all hot and bothered and end up making love to each other, since neither one of us would ever dream of being physically unfaithful with someone else. The problem is, my



wife always feels bad afterwards, for us fantasizing about other people. So if you have anything to say to her, she respects your opinion a lot.

**Thanks,
Michael, Brampton**

Dear Michael,
Bravo for having such an honest and loving relationship with your wife. And while I can empathize with your situation and your wife's feelings, fantasies play an important part in most people's lives. Whether they've been together for a long time or not, 90% of men and women have fantasized about someone other than their partner at one time or another, and 85% of them do it often, during intercourse. My motto therefore is: Doesn't matter where you get your appetite, as long as you eat at home. And if you ever decide to eat out, unless you're planning on inviting your partner to the "party", make sure you can live with the possible consequences.

Cheers to whatever keeps you doing the mattress mambo!

DD

Dear Dr. Date,
Due to my bad back, most foreplay and intercourse takes place with us laying on our sides. This leaves us with a rather limited repertoire - a bit



of finger poking and a bit of titty tweaking. Naturally, I'd like to introduce something new to pleasure my wife. Any ideas?

Sidekick, Alberta

Dear Sidekick,

Bad back or not, I agree that routine is a sure-fire way of destroying perfectly good moves. So here's one which should feel comfy to you, and yummy to all those wanting to "buff up". With you both laying on your sides, facing each other, you're in the perfect position to try out one of my favourite, one-step, mutual masturbation techniques. Basically, you ask her to grab a hold of your Johnson, and masturbate herself with it, as you lay facing each other. She gets the perfect touch, you have your willy played with while feeling her squirm like never before, and titty tweaking is a delish bonus. But just be forewarned, sometimes the whole deal can feel so mutually satisfying that the foreplay might just become the main event. Then again, there really isn't anything wrong with that - other than you guys having too much of a good time - is there?

Happy muff buffing!
DD

Dear Dr. Date,

I've recently met this wonderful man and we're both having the time of our lives. When we make love it's especially good, except that my boyfriend stays rock hard the whole time. I can cum lots of times, but he's unable to come, even though he enjoys himself. We're both in our 40s, very happy, but just wondering what's up?

Biker Babe

Dear Biker Babe,

Interesting choice of words - "what's up"? Humour aside, here are some reasons "why" it might be staying up. Retarded or delayed ejaculation can be brought on by age, extensive

alcohol use, certain medications, steroids, stress, and other psychological pressures. This is not to say that these same factors can "cure" premature ejaculations. If anything, more than a couple of drinks before the action, can make it hard to get it up, and even harder to keep it up. Ditto for stress. To further mix it up, a man can have an orgasm without an ejaculation - the two being separate entities - by screeching on the brakes the second he feels he's about to ejaculate, in hopes of making it last longer. To gain better control over this, you can encourage him to practice doing some Kegel exercises, by squeezing and releasing his love muscle (same action as that which keeps us from going to the bathroom). Kegels allow a man to bring it on when he's ready, by moving his love muscle to help pull the base of his penis right up against his prostate, stimulating it in the yummiest way possible. Not only will he come hard, but what goes up will definitely come down at that point.

Cheers to his main squeeze!

DD

Dear Dr. Date

My new man is great, teaching me a lot of new stuff which my mundane life hadn't experienced until now. And while I enjoy the experimentation a lot, there is one thing which I am unsure of. If you can tell me that most men are like this, I'll get over it and give him pleasure until the cows come home.

One day, while we were out fishing, and I was treating him to his usual blow job as we sat there waiting for the fish to bite, he caught sight of some bikini clad women in the distance. Immediately, he got out the binoculars and proceeded to watch them as I blew him, for the entire time. Of course he explained that it was purely erotic, and that he had no desire to go over there. Also, one of his favourite things to do is look through Hustler while I give him

a blow job. Now although I always buy him Hustler magazines for this reason, it feels a bit strange to me. So if you put my mind at ease, he will be one very happy man, and I'll feel a lot better too.

Kim, BC

Dear Kim,

While I totally understand where you're coming from, I wouldn't get too worked up over this one, as long as he's including you in it. Men are visual creatures. Sneak peeks especially get them worked up - since beyond being visual, they remind them of their boyhoods, however subconsciously, when they caught a peek at something they weren't supposed to. We're all voyeurs to some extent, men in particular. So if he's including you into it, appreciate it as just one of those thrills that most men enjoy but are afraid to admit to. However, if he excludes you, replaces you with porn, or is obsessed to the point that he's gotta have it or nothing happens, then there is a problem. Otherwise, don't worry about it too much - just make him the "happy" man you want to make him. And remember, most guys are weird that way, yours is just honest enough to admit it so he may include you in it. Enjoy him, but without letting yourself feel degraded in the process.

Have fun making him cum until the cows come home!

DD

The above advice is only for your enjoyment and to help you get closer to your mate. Not knowing all the individualized details, we cannot accept any liability for the advice given. If you enjoyed the column as it was meant, please visit my web site @ <http://www.drdate.com> for book and seminar information.



During recent surgery, doctors somehow
LOST Dimswitch's brain!! Strangely,
it seems to have had little effect on
his behaviour.

SWAN

BIRD OF LAY

"Swans mate for life," the vivacious nymph says coyly of her feathered namesake, **"but I'm not so loyal."** Swan smiles through experienced lips. **"What can I say? I'm overeducated in the carnal arts."** Swan's panties descend gently with the smooth gyration of her porcelain hips as she shakes with climactic anticipation. **"I need to spread my wings, and my legs usually follow."**





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HUSTLER Humor

Canajun eh?



Henry Ford dies and goes to heaven. At the Gates, St. Peter greets Ford, and tells him, "Well, you've been such a good guy, and your invention...the assembly line for the automobile...changed the world. As a reward, you can hang out with anyone in heaven if you want." Ford thinks about it, and says, "I want to hang out with God himself." So, the befuddled St. Peter takes Ford to the Throne Room, and introduces him to God.

Ford then asks God, "When you invented Woman, what were you thinking?"

God asks, "What do you mean?"

"Well," says Ford, "You have some major design flaws in your invention:

1. There's too much front end protrusion.
2. It chatters way too much at high speeds.
3. Maintenance is extremely high.
4. It constantly needs repainting, and refinishing.
5. It is out of commission at least 5 or 6 days of every 28
6. The rear end wobbles too much.
7. The intake is placed too close to the exhaust.
8. The headlights are usually too small.
9. Fuel consumption is outrageous.

"Just to name a few."

"Hmmm...", replies God, "hold on a minute." God goes over to the Celestial Supercomputer, types in a few keystrokes, and waits for the results. In no time the computer prints out a report, and God reads it. God then turns to Ford, and says, "It may be that my invention is flawed, but according to these statistics, more men are riding my invention than yours!"

How do you find a blind man in a nudist colony?
It's not hard.

Q. What is the difference between men and women?
A. A woman wants one man to satisfy her every need. A man wants every woman to satisfy his one need.

Upon hearing that her elderly grandfather had just passed away, Katie went straight to her grandparent's house to visit her 95-year-old grandmother and comfort her. When she asked how her grandfather had died, her grandmother replied, "He had a heart attack while we were making love on Sunday morning."

Horried, Katie told her grandmother that 2 people nearly 100 years old having sex would surely be asking for trouble.

"Oh no, my dear," replied granny. "Many years ago, realizing our advanced age, we figured out the best time to do it, was when the church bells would start to ring. It was just the right rhythm - nice and slow. Nothing strenuous, simply in on the Ding and out on the Dong." She paused,

wiped away a tear and then continued, "and if that darn ice cream truck hadn't come along, he'd still be alive!"

A man moves into a nudist colony. He receives a letter from his mother asking him to send her a current picture. Too embarrassed to let her know that he lives in a nudist colony, he cuts one in half and sends her the top part. Later he receives another letter asking him to send a picture to his grandmother. The man cuts another picture in half, but accidentally sends the bottom half. He is really worried when he realizes that he sent the wrong part, but then remembers how bad his grandmother's eyesight is and hopes she won't notice. A few weeks later he receives a letter from his grandmother. It says, "Thank you for the picture. Change your hair style...it makes your nose look too long."

A hippie was hitchhiking through the Deep South when he got a ride from a mean-looking trucker. After a few miles of silence, the long-haired passenger turned and said, "Aren't you going to ask me?"
"Ask you what?" grunted the trucker.
"If I'm a boy or a girl," the hitcher answered.
"Don't matter to me," replied the driver. "Gonna fuck you either way."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines afterbirth as: Post-natal drip.

A blond woman and a blind man were in bed fucking. As the sightless stud furiously pumped her snatch, the golden girl asked, "Do you think I'm pretty?"
"I'm blind, you stupid bitch," grunted the man.
"I know that -but do you think I'm pretty?" demanded the slut.

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines street whore as: curbside cervix.

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 to HUSTLER Canada, Northland Media Inc., 173 Lakeshore Rd. W., Box 177, Oakville, ON, L6K 1E7, or e-mail us at: hustlercanada@yahoo.ca

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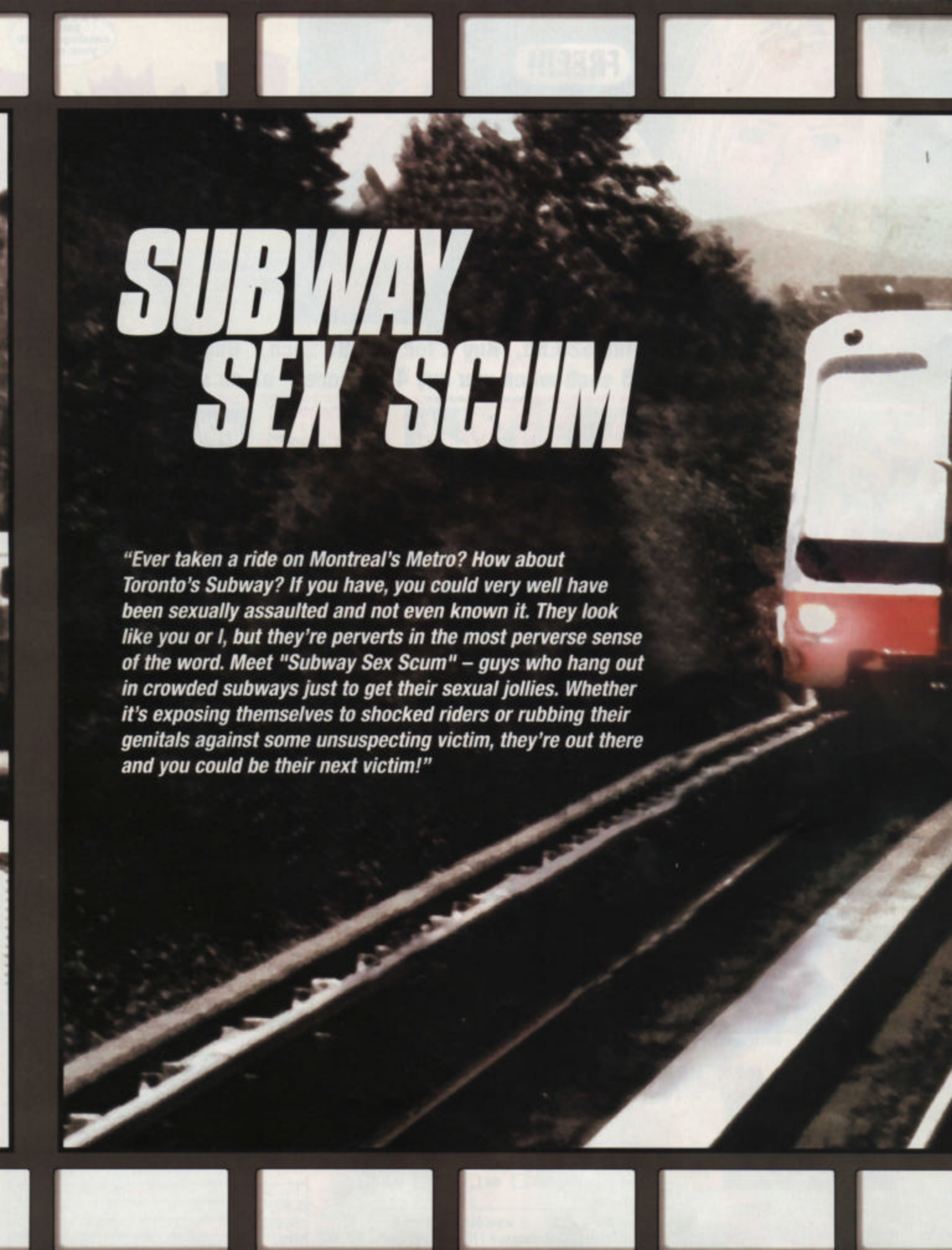
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SUBWAY SEX SCUM

"Ever taken a ride on Montreal's Metro? How about Toronto's Subway? If you have, you could very well have been sexually assaulted and not even known it. They look like you or I, but they're perverts in the most perverse sense of the word. Meet "Subway Sex Scum" – guys who hang out in crowded subways just to get their sexual jollies. Whether it's exposing themselves to shocked riders or rubbing their genitals against some unsuspecting victim, they're out there and you could be their next victim!"





"Canada's subway systems, owing to their large amount of traffic, are one of their favorite hangouts."

ex.hi.bi.tion.ism \ -'bish-e-,niz-em\ n
1 a : a perversion marked by a tendency to indecent exposure b : an act of such exposure 2 : the act or practice of behaving so as to attract attention to oneself -- **ex.hi.bi.tion.ist** \ 'bish-(e-)nest\ n -- exhibitionist or **ex.hi.bi.tion.is.tic** \ -,bish-e-'nis'tik \ adj

Webster's Seventh
New Collegiate Dictionary

It was a Friday evening, I had just finished work and was exhausted from a long, hard week. I grabbed my coat and purse, leaving the office in a rush because I wanted to get the 5:30 subway home. I remember it was really crowded that night and the subway was packed. By the time we hit Bloor and Dundas, we were packed in the subway car like a bunch of sardines. Everyone was pushing and shoving. All I could do was hang onto the rail and try not to get dragged around too much. At one point I remember this guy right beside me, giving me the oddest look. He was kind of creepy looking, so I tried not to stare at him. In any case, he disappeared quickly enough (though I did not notice when or where). When I finally got home, I kicked off my shoes and threw my coat on the couch, going directly to the kitchen to get myself a glass of wine. When I returned to the living room, I noticed a large spot on the back of my coat. I went over and picked it up, figuring I must have sat in something. When I touched the spot, it felt wet and sticky. I smelled my fingers and realized it was semen! I was totally disgusted. Somewhere along the subway ride, some perv came all over the back of my coat. I never wore the fucking thing again! Kerry, of Toronto, had encountered an exhibitionist and her coat ended up being the receptacle of the playful pervert's jackoff fantasy. It is estimated that there are over 50,000 men and women in Canada with

serious exhibitionist tendencies, and over 2 million with some mild form or another. Canada's subway systems, owing to their large amount of traffic, are one of their favorite hangouts.

There are different theories related to exhibitionistic behaviors, many stemming from the Psychoanalytic camp. They suggest that childhood trauma (e.g., sexual abuse) or significant childhood experiences can manifest itself in exhibitionistic behavior. This disorder is characterized by either intense sexually arousing fantasies, urges, or behaviors in which the

**"Exhibitionism
usually involves exposing one's
genitals or
sexual
organs to a stranger."**

individual exposes his or her genitals to an unsuspecting stranger. To be considered diagnosable, the fantasies, urges, or behaviors must cause significant distress in the individual or be disruptive to his or her everyday functioning.

Exhibitionism usually involves exposing one's genitals or sexual organs to a stranger. It is a sexual disorder. While often joked about, in reality, severe exhibitionism is a very serious behavioral problem that can be frightening to the victim. Exhibitionism involves no consenting persons. Sometimes the exhibitionist masturbates while exposing himself or herself, but makes no further attempt at sexual activity with the stranger. An exhibitionist is not usually seeking physical contact and will not commit rape, although some rapists may show signs of exhibitionism as well. An exhibitionist is sexually aroused by the shock or surprise of the victim.

In the case of Brenda, from Montreal, her encounter with an exhibitionist was a lot less subtle.

It was really late and I had been out

drinking with some friends. I left a bit earlier than everyone else because I didn't want to miss the last metro home. When I got on at the Atwater stop, with the exception of some old guy, the car was completely empty. I had quite a long ride so I pulled out a book from my purse, put on my headphones and began to read. A couple minutes later I glanced up and noticed the old guy had moved a few seats closer. At first I didn't think much of it. Then, a few minutes later when I looked up again, I was shocked to see the old fucker sitting there yanking his chain. It was the grossest thing I'd ever seen. His dick was large, purple and all veiny. He had this really weird look on his face and had the nerve to smile at me while he was doing it. I was so flabbergasted I just sat there, with a stunned look on my face. What was even more bizarre was, by this time, there were several more people in the car and not one fucking person seemed to even notice, or at least acknowledge what the pervert was doing. As soon as the car stopped I ran out, even though it was five stops before my destination. I later called the police when I got home, but they didn't really seem too interested. In fact, one of the cops had the nerve to say the guy was probably harmless. Harmless or not, the whole thing was both disgusting and frightening! These days, I don't ride the metro alone late at night.

Of course, not all women are put off by the subway sex scum, in fact, Jocelyn, of Montreal, is a gal who gave one exhibitionist a reaction he wasn't expecting!

It was about midnight and I was on my way back from a concert at Place des Arts. I had recently moved back to Montreal after attending the Manhattan School of Music, in New York City, for a couple years. It was nice to get back to Montreal; it was a lot saner than New York. Anyway, I was sitting in the subway car, quietly

"Female exhibitionists often seek employment where the condition can be exploited..."



minding my own business when this guy got on. He sat directly across from me. He was probably in his early twenties, had dark hair and was not half bad looking. At some point I noticed he kept grabbing his crotch. I looked down and saw a large bulge in his pants, and realized he had a raging hard-on. I looked around and realized we were the only ones in the car. To my surprise, instead of being shocked or frightened (or both), I found myself getting incredibly aroused. So, I figured I'd play along. I slowly opened my coat and began to gently squeeze one of my breasts. The guy's eyes went buggy and he quickly unzipped his fly. I could see his hard cock, inside his white underwear, poking out - the sight of which aroused me even more. I guess it had been a while since I'd had sex, so seeing a man, so obviously turned on, really turned me on! I then slid my other hand inside my skirt and began to play with my pussy. I thought the guy would faint! He immediately pulled his dick out from his underwear and began to furiously masturbate. His cock was beautiful. It was thick and had this big suckable head on it. I felt like getting up, going over and just touching it. But instead, I

began to play with my clit. By this time my pussy was soaking wet. We both stared at one another with this incredible intensity. Finally the guy's loaded weapon began to go off, shooting gobs and gobs of man goo which dripped down his hand and onto his pants. The sight of the whole thing made me feel faint, it exited me that much! I finally came myself, and, I think, perhaps, had one of the best orgasms of my life. The guy pulled out a tissue, cleaned himself off, smiled at me and got off at the next stop. I've

"The vast majority of exhibitionists are male."

ridden the subway many times since, hoping that I'd have another voyeur/exhibitionist experience, but to date haven't had much luck. I now have a steady boyfriend, and often I get him to expose himself to me when we are in public places - it's a real turn on!

The vast majority of exhibitionists are male. Female exhibitionists often seek employment where the condition can be exploited, such as topless dancing

or stripping. Jenny, from Mississauga, is one such gal.

I remember, as a teenager, I used to get such a giggle out of flashing guys. Often, when my girlfriends and I would be driving around, especially in heavy traffic, I'd flash my ample bosom to some poor clod in the car next to us. It was always so much fun to see the reaction on his face. Then as I got older, I found that wearing really slinky, low-cut blouses got me a lot of attention. I also found myself getting really turned on by the whole idea. I dunno, maybe the whole thing goes back to some childhood trauma, who knows. Finally, one night on my way home, while sitting on the subway car, I noticed a really hot guy who kept staring at me. Since no one was around, I decided to give him a bit of a show. I first started by unbuttoning a few buttons on my blouse so he could get a good look at my nice titties (I wasn't wearing a bra). When I noticed the large bulge growing inside his jeans, I started getting really horny. As it were, I also wasn't wearing any underpants beneath my skirt, so I figured, what the hell, and I opened my legs slightly. The reaction on the guy's face was priceless. It got me so hot, knowing how much I was turning him on, that I opened my legs even wider, to give him a full view of my beautifully manicured pussy. The poor guy looked as if he was going to pass out. I guess it was at that moment I realized that I really got off on the whole exhibitionist thing.

Several weeks later I noticed an ad in the Toronto Sun for exotic dancers at a nearby club. I thought to myself, what a perfect gig - show myself off and get paid for it! I went down to the club and, of course, got the job immediately. I am still working there and really dig showing off myself to guys (and gals) who really appreciate it. I've even fucked a few guys from the club, but I actually just prefer to show myself off. Having actual sex





"While riding the subway or bus, I'd reach down and jerk myself off"

seems to somehow, take away the edge.

Many mild forms of exhibitionism are considered normal in our culture. Children often have a natural curiosity about their genitals and the genitals of others. Young children may like to try to shock adults or other children by showing their genitals or underwear. This is typically a passing phase and only calls for professional treatment if it persists. Similarly, adolescents have been expressing disapproval through "mooning" for years. Wearing suggestive clothing or strip teasing for a significant other are common activities.

Although this condition appears to be a life-long problem if not treated, the condition often becomes less severe by age 40.

Most exhibitionists do not receive treatment until they are caught by the police and the court orders treatment. John, from Etobicoke, is a good example.

I think it all began as some sort of adolescent thing. When I was a teenager I had a really hot girlfriend. The only problem was, she refused to have sex, saying she wanted to remain a virgin until she married. But often, we'd sit in front of one another and masturbate, never touch each other – not even once. As time went on, I found I really got off on jacking off with a girl watching. Later on, I asked my subsequent girlfriends if they like to watch me play with myself. I guess most of them thought it was a bit strange, but they still indulged me. It got to the point that the only way I could get an erection, before sex, was to have my girl watch me play with myself (and likewise, I needed to watch her play with her pussy). My kink got more and more bizarre. Often I would wear really baggy pants and cut hole in the pockets. While riding the subway or bus, I'd reach down and jerk myself off. Just the idea, knowing I was getting myself off while in such

a public place, really got me going. But, like with any other paraphilia, the habit got more and more compulsive. I began to actually expose myself in public places. I even bought myself a trench coat, just like those perverts wear as you can see in cartoons. The shocked reaction on the faces of my unsuspecting victims really got me off. It got to the point that I was hanging out in the train station and the bus station, just to get a rush by showing

"Many mild forms of exhibitionism are considered normal in our culture."

off my hard dick and whacking off. My favorite hangout, however, was the subway station. I would ride the cars late at night, waiting for just some opportunity to show off my family jewels. It was the only way I could come – it was pathetic! Finally one night it all came to a head.

I was riding the subway, heading towards the Don Mills station. I found myself a car with just one woman in it. I was really horny and wanted to get off. I sat right in front of her. Once the car started, I went into my routine. First I started to play with myself by reaching in my trench coat through the holes I had cut in the pockets. The woman sat there and just stared at me. I wasn't sure whether she realized what I was doing. I made my movements a bit more obvious, hoping to get a reaction, but none was forthcoming. Finally, I opened my trench and showed her the full monty. She didn't flinch! So, I started to jack off. She just sat there and watched, not saying a word, not reacting in any way. I thought it was a bit bizarre, but kept on wanking off. Finally, after I came, she calmly got up, stood in front of me and said, as she flashed a badge, "Nice dick, now your busted!" At that very moment I just wanted to die! She hauled me down to the local police

detachment where I was booked for gross indecency and lewd conduct. I had hit the absolute bottom and I knew I needed help. Several weeks later I found myself in court. The judge, who just happened to be a woman, was a lot more understanding and lenient than, even I thought, I deserved. She put me on a suspended sentence with the understanding that I would enter a program at the Clarke Institute.

It has been well over three years since I have flashed anyone in public. I recently got married, and my wife is very understanding. Any flashing that happens is in the privacy of our own bedroom.

There are those who would argue that exhibitionism would not really exist, were it not for our tight assed Christian upbringing. Bruce Montigue from Pointe Claire eloquently writes:

Exhibitionists are very misunderstood. Thanks to Christianity's puritanical values, any kind of nakedness is considered sinful and wrong. People who actually enjoy being seen naked are still largely perceived as being perverted. People who enjoy attracting attention to them are perceived as having a character flaw. The sexual revolution went a long way to change attitudes towards nakedness, but exhibitionism is still largely misunderstood. The information revolution has unwittingly sparked a change in that notion. The web has created an opportunity for ordinary people to expose themselves to the whole world. From the first day this web site was a vehicle for my exhibitionistic needs. Back then a net exhibitionism was a rare thing. Since then the number of exhibitionist web sites has exploded. Exhibitionists are coming out of the closet, as it were, in droves. It is forcing people to come to grips with the fact that "normal" people they know are fond of exposing their nakedness to willing audiences. Those sages know enough to recognize that there's nothing wrong with it are

"...it was discovered that Canadians seem to be split down the middle regarding the whole exhibitionism question."

accepting exhibitionists as ordinary members of society.

Still, many people remain closeted exhibitionists. They expose pictures of their naked bodies, but they do not show their faces. I laud these people for taking at least that step, but I consider it to be a cheat. The fellow exhibitionists I most respect are those who expose their identities as well as their bodies.

The operative word in Bruce's defense of exhibitionism is "willing audiences". Unlike the unsuspecting and unwilling victims in Canada's subways, Bruce's style of exhibitionist is targeted toward a willing and interested audience. Bruce's response also raises another question, how many of us are both exhibitionists in one way or another? Though, unlike subway sex scum, many of us seem quite content to be exhibiting ourselves in places other than a subway. Still, others seem quite paranoid regarding the whole idea.

In recent polls throughout the country, it was discovered that Canadians seem to be split down the middle regarding the whole exhibitionism question. Researchers found that nearly half of all Canadians would stick their fingers up their noses while driving in a car listening to an 8-track of Foghat with corduroy bellbottoms and a shirt that says "Disco Lives Forever" just to get on television these days. But on the other side, there's the group of Canadians who've blocked their phones so they won't be recognized by Caller ID, who won't give out their credit card information over the Internet, or open any email attachment regardless of who sent it, or walk into a room that might be monitored by a camera, or even use a public restroom or locker for fear that they're "being watched."

Though these are the extremes, it does raise an interesting point. It seems that the same technology that some

consider to be a great blessing; others consider "Big Brother" waiting to steal our anonymity.

Way back in the days of George Orwell, there was paranoia about what would happen to the world if technology got into the wrong hands, namely, the hands of the government. Well here we are 17 years after Orwell said technology would rule our lives, and what do you know, he was right.

"I most respect are those who expose their identities as well as their bodies."

But we're not talking about "Big Brother" anymore; we're talking about "Little Brother." He's everywhere, watching us, spying on us, snooping into our private business, and you can't even tell that he's there.

More bizarre still, is the fact that there are still a great many people mugging for the camera. One just has to take a look at shows like, America's Funniest Home Videos, Candid Camera, Big Brother, and the whole plethora of

"series" such as the one that involved a group of people trying to "survive" on a desert island, or a some girl marrying an "alleged" millionaire whom she'd never met, or a gaggle of young people moving into a house and calling that "the real world".

So, as much as we frown upon some poor jerkoff showing his dick in a subway, we seem to clamor to expose every intimate detail of our private lives on the two most public communication vehicles available, namely, television and the internet.

Web cams, in particular, have opened up more opportunities as well. Anybody can set up a camera in their house, and people from all over the world can log on and watch their daily activities. There are a million and one ways to be an exhibitionist, other than hanging out in the subways.

The reality is, we are being watched and, for many of us, we like being watched. We may not ride the subways, but technology has made us all exhibitionists, in one way or another!



Whore-O-Scope

March
2002



Capricorn (December 22 - January 20)

Does your current love partner seem rather cold in the sack, but not inclined to share the source of their feelings with you? Don't jump to the conclusion that she is angry or dissatisfied with your bedroom technique. That's probably not the case. The current planetary configuration, however, won't make it easy for you to evoke any communication. You'll just have to be patient and wait a week or so for an explanation. Next month will be much better!



Aquarius (January 21 - February 19)

Career or family problems might have either you or your significant other, or both of you, in a rather dejected state of mind. Your dick could be one limp noodle this month. You should discuss the matter, but the problem is, neither of you are in a very communicative mood this month. Try to exchange a few words, even if it's only to say you'll talk about it tomorrow. It's important not to let your concerns fester.



Pisces (February 20 - March 20)

Plans to get together with your fuck interest might be short-circuited by something as mundane and frustrating as a broken-down car, heavy traffic, or road construction on the freeway. The current planetary configuration implies, however, that too many phone calls bringing excuses can lead to exasperation. Just do the best you can and hope for the best - and let your partner know that you're making every effort. Hang in there!



Aries (March 21 - April 20)

This month you may be in a rather taciturn mood, and communication may not be easy with anyone, even with your current love interest. Other problems might be on your mind, perhaps money. Avoid misunderstandings by making sure that your friend understands this. Ask for a little advice, even if you don't really need any. This should short-circuit any potential hurt feelings and prevent you from having a very dry pussy month.



Taurus (April 21 - May 21)

This month you receive a rather cryptic message from your fuck interest that could put you into a momentary panic, wondering if she is about to tell you to fuck off. Chances are this isn't the case, so don't jump to unwarranted conclusions. The current planetary configuration, however, won't make it easy for you to contact her and clear it all up. You may have to leave messages and distract yourself until you can actually talk.



Gemini (May 22 - June 21)

Don't trust your intuition this month or you could end up playing the one-hand mamba a lot. Even if you're on the level of Edgar Cayce, you're more likely to get garbled messages than profound insights from your Higher Self, or from the hearts and minds of others. The current planetary configuration can throw a cloud over your conscious mind as well as your psychic self. This month you'll just have to rely on words alone for communication.



Cancer (June 22 - July 22)

A current or potential bonking buddy partner may not answer phone messages or e-mails a lot this month. This could at first put you into a state of confusion, and then into a near-total panic. Is she not hot for you anymore? Is it over between you? The current planetary configuration, however, affects communication more than feelings. Chances are your gal is involved in something important (other than sex), and hasn't had a chance to contact you.



Leo (July 23 - August 22)

Generally you don't have much trouble expressing your feelings, but this month your lines of communication could be totally blocked where sex is concerned. The current planetary configuration probably affects your feelings, you're too vulnerable, and unwilling to stick your dick out unless you know for certain it'll be welcomed. There's not much you can do about this except wait it out. Your beloved won't abandon you during that time!



Virgo (August 23 - September 22)

Is your love partner away, perhaps on business? If so, you might be expecting, but not receiving a phone call. This could put you into a rather uneasy state of mind, but there's no need for that. She is probably just very busy and unable to break away in order to get to a phone. Keep your pecker in your pants, and the call should come in time.



Libra (September 23 - October 22)

This month money matters might put you in a gloomy mood, and this might cause some friction between you and a current or potential porking partner. It's important that you make the effort to give her the ultimate pleasure when she's in the mood, even if you don't feel up to it. Misunderstandings of the worst kind could arise if you don't. And if you're less than responsive, explain what's happening. That's all it takes!



Scorpio (October 23 - November 22)

March is definitely the month to expect the unexpected. A fuck interest from way back in your past could suddenly reappear on the scene - perhaps even coming to your door. While you'll probably be glad to see her, you can also expect to be stunned! Unusual developments in the home - perhaps a lucky break happening to a member of your household - might give rise to an impromptu celebration. Be open to anything, and enjoy what she has to offer!



Sagittarius (November 23 - Dec. 21)

Nerve strain from the very busy previous month might have you feeling a little under the weather, not up for doing anything more strenuous than watching television. Your current fuck interest, however, might want a little attention and maybe the bone. The current planetary configuration won't make it easy for you to be a good lover. Explain that to her - and if watching television together appeals to both of you, invite her over. You might actually enjoy an evening without fucking!



ORCHIDEA & FELONY

MATCH
MADE IN
HEAVEN

Orchidea had no idea that **wrestling playfully with Felony** would cause such violent urges to erupt within her. **Oiled with excited sweat**, the delicious pair slithers together, vying for sexual superiority until the aggressive grappling reaches a raging climax. As **Orchidea pins her opponent and goes down** for the count, **Felony grins, knowing they'll both come out winners.**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

















Q&A

This Month's Question: **Have You Had Sex With More Than One Person At A Time?**

Nasty Talk From The Dirty Minds of Naughty Canadian Gals !

Erica **Laval, Quebec**

"No, never! I'm no slut, but I must admit, I have fantasized about it on more than one occasion."

Susan **Orillia, Ontario**

"Well, I have to admit, yes, I've tried it once, but it was out of total fluke! I was visiting my girlfriend one night and the two of us ended up getting really pissed. We'd been friends since we were in elementary school. Many times, during our adolescence, we had fooled around together. We're not lesbians or anything, but sometimes it was fun just to get each other off. Anyway, that night, with us being pretty plastered, we ended up getting it on. We totally forgot that my boyfriend was going to pick me up at midnight. Anyway, there was a knock at the door and before either of us had a chance to get up off the living room floor, my boyfriend walked in. I was sure he'd blow a gasket, but instead he got really turned on to the whole scene. At first he asked if he could just watch and jerk off. Candy (that's my girlfriend) said she didn't mind. But before we knew it, my beau was sliding his fat fuck pole in and out of both our wet, horny quims. It was great!"

Doris **Halifax, Nova Scotia**

"Yes, but not with guys! My step-sister is a lesbian and has lived with her lover for about 2 years. They live in Hamilton. Once they came to Nova Scotia to spend Christmas with me. I had just broken up with my boyfriend of 4 years and I was in quite a nasty depression. Emily (my step-sister) always had a way of cheering me up, so she and her lover (Sandy) decided that I shouldn't be alone for Christmas. It is definitely one holiday season I'll never forget. One night we were all sitting around the fireplace, nursing a glass of wine and shooting the breeze. I have always been a bit bi-curious, but never really had much of an opportunity to pursue it, other than looking at the odd magazine. I began to ask the girls all kinds of questions and finally Sandy suggested I try getting it on with them. At first I thought she was joking, this was, until she came over and gave me a big, long wet kiss on the mouth. My pussy immediately came to life, and that evening the three of us spent pleasuring one another until the early hours of the morning. I must admit, I've never had such good sex in my life - not even with my last boyfriend. I don't think I could ever live without guys, but thanks to my step-sister and her girlfriend, I've had some new doors opened for me!"



Susan - Orillia, Ontario

Debra **Dumbarton, New Brunswick**

"Hmm...I'm not sure I should tell you! I wouldn't want it to get around, but yes, I have done a three-way, and more than once too! The first time was when I was about 20-years old. My girlfriend and I were at a disco. There was this really, really cute guy and both Donna and I really wanted to bonk him. Since we were such good friends we decided to take him home and both fuck him. The guy couldn't believe his good fortune, as Donna and I are pretty hot looking babes (not that I'm conceited or anything). We took turns having him shove his huge hog into our hot, wet hoochies. While he would fuck me, I'd eat Donna out, and vise-versa. Since then, I've done three-ways with boy/boy, girl/girl, boy/girl - but don't tell anyone, it's a secret. "

Erica - Laval, Quebec





Doris - Halifax, Nova Scotia

Cassandra **Cessford, Alberta**

"Yes, I've had sex with two guys at the same time – and they were identical twins! It was when I was only 19-years old, but I remember it like it was yesterday. Their names were Jeremy and Timothy. I remember them really well too, because they both had flaming red hair. I really have something for redheads, and these guys had that beautiful dark, auburn red hair. They were both really cute too. Anyway, I was out shopping one day, getting ready to go away to school. I hadn't seen the twins since our last year in high school. I spotted them in the produce aisle, and they were even more handsome than I had remembered. The three of us

started to chat and they invited me over to see the new apartment which they were sharing. Of course, the beer started to flow and the tongues began to loosen. I had asked them if they do everything together, and they said, "yes". Well, my pussy just started to get wet and I felt flushed. They asked me if I'd like to have sex with them. I readily agreed. It was the best sex I'd ever had. First they took turns eating me out. In turn, I knelt in front of them and put both their big cocks inside my mouth. The icing on the cake was having their thick dicks in me at the same time – one in my pussy and one in my ass. It was great. I eventually went away to university and sorta lost touch with them. But I hope, one day, to have a second helping of their hot sex!"

Monique **Montreal, Quebec**

"Damn right I've had sex with more than one person at the same time! In fact, I've done a 4-way! When I was in college there were four of us sharing an apartment, 3 girls and a guy. Joey (that was his name) was very quiet and never really dated. We all kinda figured he was gay or something, seeing as he never came on to any of us. Were we wrong! One night, after our last semester, we pulled out a couple bottles of champagne to celebrate the end of school (and those fucking exams). We all started to tease Joey about never having a



Cassandra - Cessford, Alberta

girlfriend. He then told us it was because he had such a big cock that he felt embarrassed. We all laughed, that was, until he pulled it out. Why that beast must have been at least 8 inches! We were all so impressed, that we talked him into letting us all take a ride on it. Not only was his cock big, but he had the staying power of a pro. Joey fucked us for over two hours and never went soft once. Needless to say, we all walked away with big smiles on our faces! Joey has finally got over his shyness!

Monique - Montreal, Quebec



Debra - Dumbarton, New Brunswick



DIMSWITCH'S HOUSEHOLD POINTER



After each wearing, gently rinse
your stockings in lukewarm suds, then
carefully hang on a clean, smooth rod.

From The Editor's Desk

Measuring Up

Is your dick measuring up? What's average, what's big, what's small? Does the penis size matter? Can you increase your size? Men of the world, rejoice! A recent study by Lifestyles Condom Co. discovers the average length of an erect penis is shorter than you probably think, and in this month's "Editor's Desk" we'll tell you all about it!

Just what is the average length?

Depending on the study you read, it can be anywhere from 5 to 6.5 inches. But condom companies say that's too much of a discrepancy and they need to know, more accurately, the length and girth of their customers to make sex safer and more pleasurable. Thanks to Lifestyles Condom Co., we now have a more accurate idea of what the average dick size is supposed to be. In a recent study the cock wrapping corps discovered that the average length of a male sex organ is 5.877 inches — which might comfort men who previously thought they were less than average.

"The Kinsey Sex Report and other penis size surveys have indicated that the length of the penis is 6.2 to 6.4 inches," says Simon Joseph, a spokesman for Lifestyles. "Our results show that about three-quarters of men fall under the average quoted by Kinsey. A half-inch or less might not have anything to do with how you perform sexually, but it might make a difference in how you feel about yourself." According to the survey, about two-thirds of the 300 college-aged men ranged from between 5.1 and 6.2 inches.

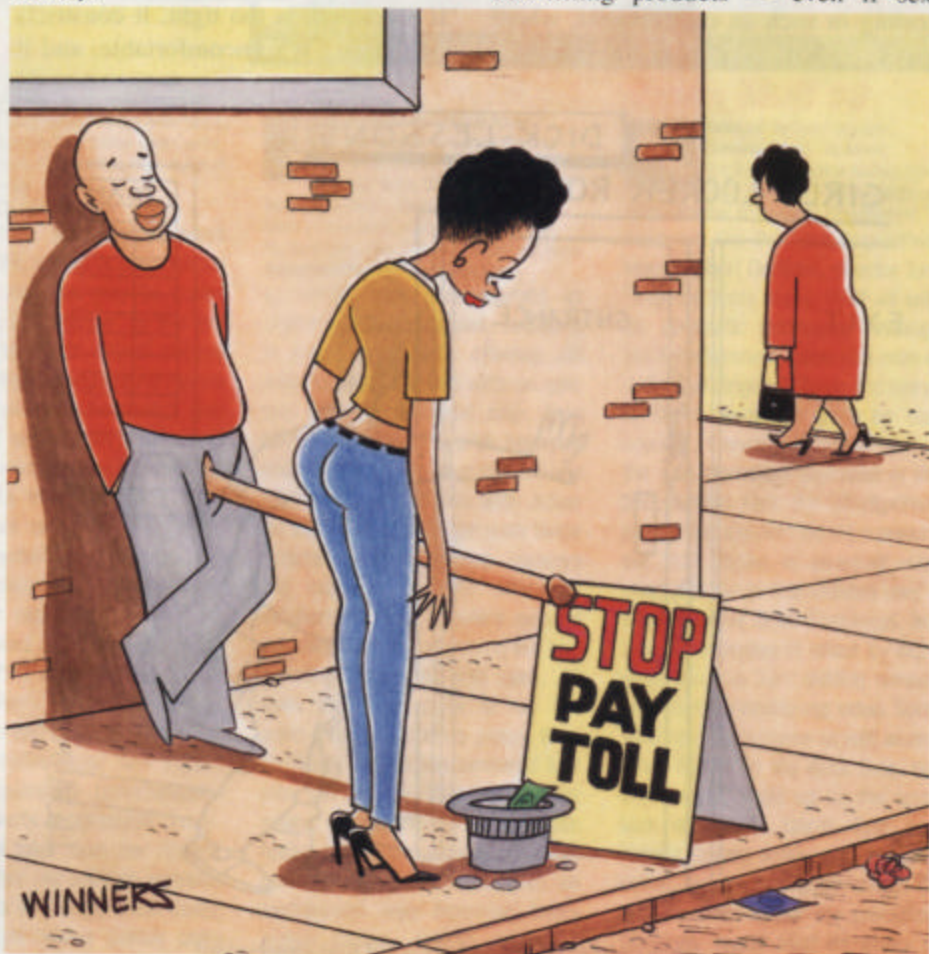
For those of you who don't like to deal in raw numbers, at 5.877 inches, the average size of a cock is about the size

of a Nestle Butterfinger candy bar (unwrapped) or a grande (medium) cup of coffee at Starbucks (with the sip lid). Most men's wangers vary in size between a Twix bar and a Peter Paul Mounds (with the wrapper extended).

When Alfred Kinsey did his groundbreaking research in the mid-1940s, researchers merely gave men stamped postcards. Each one simply held a postcard against his erect penis, marked how long it was, and slipped the results in the mail. "They never had to hold a ruler against themselves," says Kinsey.



Measuring an erect dick is no easy matter. Kinsey, Masters and Johnson, and various urology groups have been satisfied with either letting the men do it themselves or with surveys of a few dozen volunteers. But condom companies, these days, need more accurate measurements for the best-fitting products — even if sex





experts assure us that size doesn't matter. *Lifestyles* says it recently did the largest and most accurate measure of penis size to date. Company representatives went to Cancun, Mexico, at the heart of spring break, hoping to get 1,000 guys to drop their trousers, get aroused, and let a team of nurses measure them individually.

The guys got to go into a private tent outside Daddy Rock nightclub, where they found *Hustler* magazines and other items to put them in the mood. Then, came the doctor and two nurses. Each dick was measured by two of the four nurses. "It was a highly professional operation," said Dr. Francisco Ordonez, who supervised the research. "The nurses wore disposable latex gloves and the men were all good-humored and well-behaved."

The researchers thought holding the testing in such an environment, where guys tended to cluster in bunches,

would help get true variety. "In other tests, guys responded individually, and perhaps only guys who were proud of their penis size would respond," says Joseph. "In this test, we thought peer pressure would help coax guys who wouldn't ordinarily do such a thing into doing it." Still, when it came time for measuring, about 25 percent of the guys weren't up to the job and had to face a little humiliation in the name of science. Ordonez and his team had to be satisfied with 300 respondents. That's far fewer than they hoped for. But it's nearly twice as many as a similar study in Brazil last year, which had similar results.

The Importance of Girth "It's absolutely important that we have the best information to make the best-fitting condom," says Carol Carrozza, *Lifestyle's* vice president of marketing. "If a condom is too tight, it constricts circulation. It's uncomfortable, and it

reduces sensitivity. If it's too loose, that's dangerous." Carrozza says the circumference of the penis, otherwise referred to as girth, is often more important than the length when new condom sizes are considered. "Because of the way condoms unroll, it's really not the case that they are not long enough."

According to the study, the average erect cock had a girth of 4.972 inches. About 75 percent of men were between 4.5 and 5.5 inches. "We already have a larger condom," says Carrozza. "What our research shows is that 17 percent of erections measured under 4.5 inches, and there might be a market for that." Of course, once again, the frail male ego comes into play, and while condoms come in large, studded, ribbed and flavored varieties, you don't see small or petite or narrow models.

Can you make your dick bigger?

There are virtually thousands of websites on the net which advertise one method or another to increase your penis size. Do they really work? The true answer - marginally! Most 'pump' systems work by forcing more blood into the penis than is normally held, the pump can slowly stretch the connective tissue surrounding each cell within the erectile tissue of the penis. As huge amounts of blood flow into the penis, the connective tissue breaks down as it is stretched slightly. Also, the penis pump will increase the diameter of the veins and capillaries and therefore eventually create increased future blood flow within the penis.

These "wonder tools" have been around since the seventies. At one point, men would use vacuum cleaners to get the desired effect of a pump. The downside of this was that these men had no idea what they were getting themselves into. Improper use of a penis pump can create blisters and sores (that appear with every pumping, and sometimes with every erection).

DICK LESSONS

GIRLS LOCKER ROOM



"Now, remember: Try to make a good first impression!"



Pumps can also cause vein and capillary ruptures resulting in decreased blood flow and a "spotted" look where small amounts of blood are trapped under the skin, as well as a host of other penile ailments. Many men swear that regular use of such a pump does, in fact, increase penis size. To date, there have been no formal medical studies on such devices.

That aside, penis pumps are also under review by the FDA, and at least one physician, Dr. Joel Kaplan, cites his own study that penis pumps can add up to an inch of penis length. However, he also sells his own pump, with ads appearing on Yahoo, regional newspapers, and everywhere else. If you are interested in purchasing a pump, visit www.drjoelkaplan.com - at least his pumps come with a pressure gauge and instructions so that any risk of personal injury is reduced.

There are also medical procedures to increase both the length and girth of a dick. The success stories behind penis enlargement surgery appear to be few and far between. Whether this has more to do with the taboo nature of saying, "I got a cock-job, and my new equipment is great!" than a poor success rate, is up in the air. There are a number of "penis enlargement professionals" with wide-reaching Internet marketing campaigns. The surgical penis enlargement industry has not yet received the backing of the American Medical Association, and while not prohibited, is not well regulated. Most surgeries do not have any complications, but a surprisingly high number (4-7%, depending on the source) have some sort of unforeseen negative effect, including heavy scarring, deformities of dermal grafts (fat injections moving around), or a reduction in the body's ability to have an erection. For a penis enlargement surgery horror story, visit 'Dicked Around' at <http://www.metroactive.com/papers/metro/02.08.96/penis-9606.html>.

We are not saying that surgical penis enlargement is not a good option for those looking for something more drastic - but we suggest you read the literature regarding the processes first. The lengthening procedure involves making a small incision just above the base of the penis (within the cover provided by the pubic hair) and releasing the suspensory ligaments, which hold part of the penis inside the body. The ligaments are repositioned, allowing the penis to move forward. The results are instantaneous and add an average of 1.5" in length. Two separate procedures are available to thicken or enlarge the girth of the penis.

The first is a process known as 'Dermal Graft Augmentation', a relatively new, yet very successful technique. With this procedure, strips of skin with the fat on the under-surface are removed from low-visibility areas of the body, usually from areas where there are natural body creases. These strips are then inserted under the skin of the penis through two small incisions. The grafts are positioned to meet under the skin, surrounding the entire shaft, thus eliminating visible ridges. The procedure adds approximately 30% to 50% in circumference.

The other enlargement procedure is referred to as a 'Fat Transfer'. The Fat Transfer procedure is one that is older and no longer used. As technology improved, the Dermal Graft Augmentation proved to provide a vastly superior and virtually permanent result. In the Fat Transfer, a variable amount of fat was removed from either the lower abdomen or inner thighs, purified, then placed under the skin around the shaft of the penis. This technique also added from 30% to 50% in circumference. The problem was, a significant amount or all of the relocated fat was being re-absorbed by the body within the first several months.

To see an example of what standard penis enlargement surgery really is, you can check out Dr. Barron's Medical Center, at <http://www.barroncenters.com/html/details.html>. You might also want to check out results from extensive studies and a review of one physician's (he doesn't perform the surgery) comments about penile augmentation in 'The Electronic Journal of Sexuality', <http://www.ejhs.org/volume2/klein/penis20.htm>.

But, considering the prospective results, weighed against the surgical risks, you might want to think twice before you go under the knife!


So does size really count? Well, that depends on who's doing the counting. Most so called 'experts' say, no. According to our research, HUSTLER found most women complain about a man's inadequate technique rather than his inadequate pecker size. In fact, we often get letters from women complaining of pain associated with a too well-endowed lover. Inversely, we've had guys with big bolognas write us, telling us many women refuse to sleep with them because their penis is too large!

So, there is no doubt, some fellows out there have been blessed (or cursed, depending on how you look at it) with megaschlongs that could choke a camel - but if you're like most guys, chances are, your dick is in proportion to the rest of your body. Our advice - work on your technique, in all likelihood, your equipment is more than adequate for the job! Happy fucking!



BURNING

EMBER



"It was a dare," Ember insists, biting down on her lip. Her fingers pierce the moist folds of her dripping pisser. **"One little pee outside. I've never turned down a challenge. I didn't think taking a leak in my backyard would make me so horny though."** Ember's roving digit pokes at her furnace, and the plucky whiz kid loses her breath in excitement. **"I have no control over what turns me on. But I'd be a fool to resist it."**













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Sexual Health

Virgin or Not

Dear Dr. Dick:

I am a 21-year old woman. I think I had sex a few nights ago. I was a virgin and want to know if there is anyway to tell if I still am. I am scared to death that I am not and worse that I have a disease and or a pregnancy. I cannot wait until my next period to tell. Please tell me if there are any signs or anything I can go by?

**-R.S.
Saskatoon, S**

Since many young women these days break their hymen participating in sports or bicycle riding, that your hymen was perforated would not be a sign that you had sex, unless, of course, you had recently checked that it was intact. If you are pregnant or come down with a sexually transmitted disease, then you will know for sure, though for your sake, I hope neither occurs. The best way to find about either is to go see your family doctor - immediately!

Female Circumcision

Dear Dr. Dick:

Have you heard of circumcised women? I am one of them (I had it done when I was a child). I am afraid that it will have a great effect on my love life. That is one of the reasons why, among many, I am a virgin. I do not want my partner to be disappointed. I am sure that you have noticed that this is really

affecting my self-esteem where sex is concerned. Please help! Reassurances would be nice (I am not the only one who goes through this and things are not as bad as I may think).

**-N.C.
Toronto, ON**

Most people think that circumcision in a woman means removal of her clitoris as well as the clitoral hood, (which is the skin that covers the clitoris). This is not the case. Removal of the clitoris is called a clitorectomy, and that probably would have a severe impact on your sex life. Don't confuse it with circumcision which is the removal of the clitoral hood only - which is similar to the removal of the foreskin on a male, and should not affect your sex life significantly. In fact, many women who have problems orgasming have this procedure done to increase their sexual sensitivity. So, unless I know exactly what procedure you had performed I cannot make an accurate comment. Because this is a delicate topic that does make you feel self-conscious, I suggest that you have a talk with your gynecologist. Your doctor will be able to answer your questions and may provide you with the reassurance that you seek.

Sterility and Slamming the Hog

Dear Dr. Dick:

My question is rather simple and straightforward. I have been yanking my chain since I was

about 12-years old (I'm now 19), and I do it sometimes once a day, sometimes three times a day, and sometimes as much as ten times in one day, although those instances are rare. I was wondering if frequent masturbation like mine can influence penis size or lead to sterility.

**-H.D.
Red Deer, AB**

Wow, you have quite a healthy libido! Masturbating ten times a day might make your penis sore, but it won't affect its size or make you sterile. Enjoy yourself, but take some time out to have dinner!

Lady Play

Dear Dr. Dick:

One of my big turn-ons is watching a woman play with her





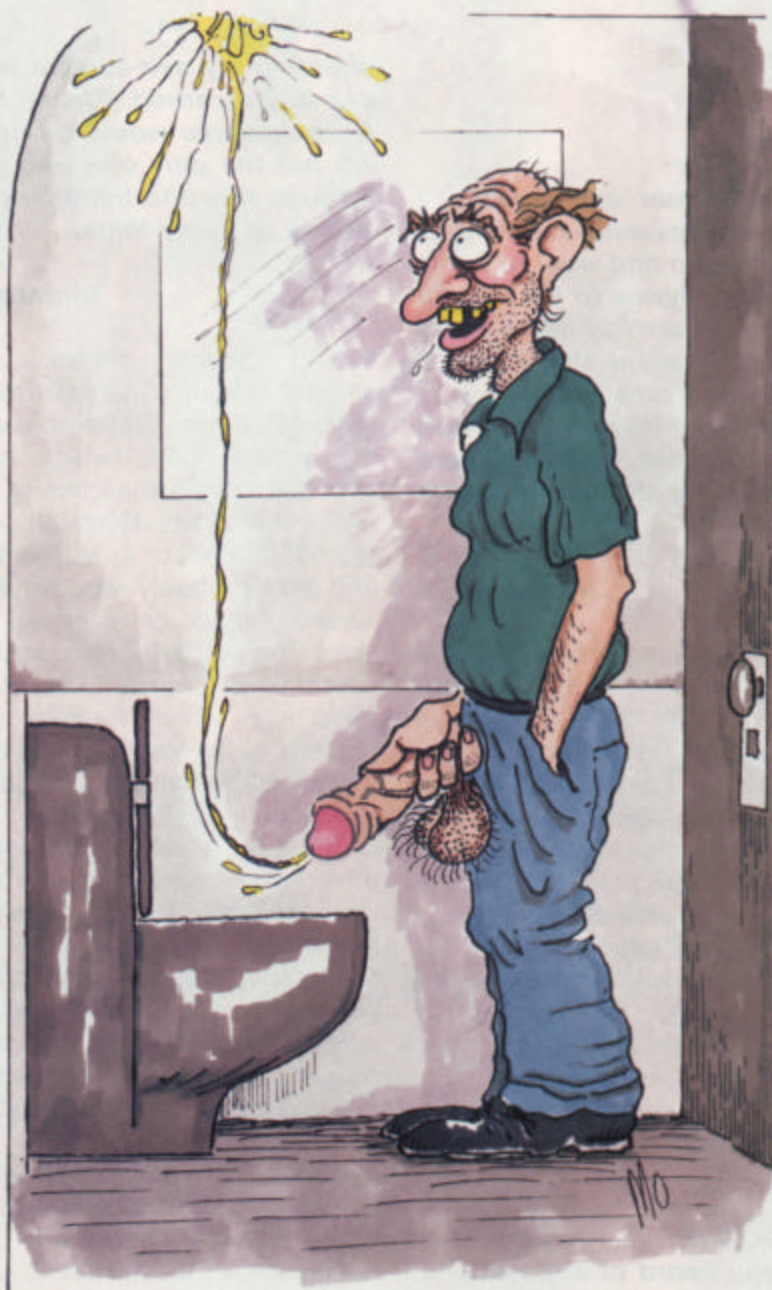
pussy, but my wife will not do that for me. Is there any way I can convince her to allow me to watch her as part of our foreplay? It would really turn me on so fucking much!

**W.M.
Halifax, NS**

I am against pressuring anyone to do anything that they do not want to do, so my first piece of advice to you is not to make a big deal about it, or you may have to give up on this jack-off fantasy altogether, if she absolutely rejects it. Perhaps one suggestion I could make would be that you might take is to ask her to pretend to masturbate for you. Be very careful to let her know that this is not something that you would want her to do regularly, but maybe from time to time, and see how she reacts. If her answer is still no, then you will just have to accept it, and just buy yourself a few good porn videos!.

**Send your questions to:
Dr. Richard Long**

**Northland Media
173 Lakeshore Rd. W.,
Box 177
Oakville, ON
L6K 1E7
or e-mail us at:
hustlercanada@yahoo.ca**



JUST AS DIMSWITCH STARTED TO PEE,
THE PLANE PASSED THROUGH A SMALL
CORNER OF THE TWILIGHT ZONE.



(continued from page 58)

the door, the guy made me feel all better. He was the hottest black guy I'd ever seen. He had dreads and blue eyes (a definite turn on).

He came in and snaked the toilet. I offered him some water, which he accepted and we stood in my kitchen for a while and talked. After a while, he put the glass in the sink and said he thought he should get going. But, I stopped him. I don't know why, I'm usually really quiet and all, but I couldn't help myself, he was so hot! I said: "I just wanted to tell you I think you're really good looking." He said: "I think you are, too." So, from this, I walked a little closer to him, because I thought we were thinking the same thing. When I got right up to him, he put his hand around my waist and pulled me to him. I was wearing a button down shirt, and he put his hand up my back and undid my bra. I was getting really wet, when he took off my shirt and then started to suck my nipples. I couldn't believe it was happening!

So, after a bit, I undid his pants and started to give him a hand job. I'd never fucked a black guy before, but always wanted to. I told him so, and that really turned him on, and he picked me up, put me on the counter top, and lifted up my skirt. He pulled my panties down, and started to eat me out. It was incredible. He had a little stubble, and it was awesome. I started to feel like I was gonna come, when he pulled my lower body towards the end of the counter, and braced himself against the wall. He started to fuck me, slow at first, then really hard, which is just the way I like it. He was bareback, and that felt incredible, too. His cock was enormous, and it hurt a little, but I was really into it. So, we fucked there, me

with my legs around his waist, and him still in his uniform. He pulled out and shot his wad on my tits, which he seemed to get off on. After a while, he got a beep for another apartment and had to go. I can't wait for something else to break here!

Furtive Fucking

I am currently attending Acadia University in Nova Scotia, as is my current girlfriend. She is one of the hottest chicks I've ever met and it's all I can do to keep my hands off her when we are in the company of others. One evening my girlfriend and I were lying in my bed in the dorm (I had the top bunk). We were fully dressed with a sheet thrown over us. My roommate was watching TV with the dorm room standing wide open. After about a half hour the room was filled with our neighbors just shooting the shit and watching TV. My girlfriend and I had been secretively fondling each other the whole time and we had gotten pretty hot and bothered. To my pleasant surprise, she quietly unzipped my jeans. My cock was at full attention but laying on my side. She inched herself up against me and then slid my hard cock up inside her shorts into her warm, dripping pussy. We lay there quietly, with the room full of people less than three feet away, she rhythmically squeezed my cock with her pussy. It felt so fuckin' great. It didn't take long for me to spurt my cum deep inside as she came a few seconds later, and no one ever suspected a thing. Too cool, eh?!

Climbing Climax

I am sure that you have joked about the girl on the banister. Well, that was me. I grew up in a small town called Melville, which is in Saskatchewan. I learned to masturbate at an early age on the banister, the playground monkey bars, on any object that I could climb up, wrap my legs around. Get the idea? After years of my body being conditioned, it only takes about twenty pull-ups to reach a cunt clenching orgasm that has yet to be surpassed by any man. My story takes place in first year university, where I was studying Physical Education at the University of Saskatchewan. I was one of three girls in a bunch of males, all

working to build a strong body. We did lots of different types of workouts, but my most vivid memory is of the day that we had to climb the rope - a long thick cord hanging from the ceiling. Most of the guys could do it, but none of the other girls were able to get off over five feet. I watched in anticipation, knowing that there was no way for me to climb up the rope without having the rough hemp brush up against my clit. Could I climb up without climaxing? Would I be found out if I did?

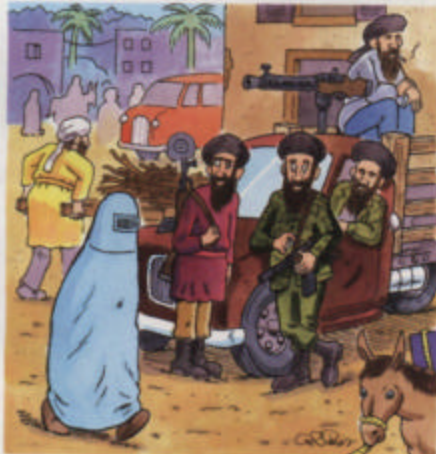
My turn arrived, and I grasped the rope between my hands, and began pulling myself up. After about 10 pulls, my legs clenched and the inevitable happened, I found myself coming in front of a whole room of men, and they were cheering me on to encourage me to keep going up! All the while I was having an intense orgasm! I continued to climb up, wrapping my legs around the rope and pulling with my arms, my gushing wet pussy coming the entire way up the rope until I reached the top. Wave after wave of convulsing orgasm enveloped me, and my cunt throbbed and twitched the entire way. When I reached the top I had to stop moving and I enjoyed the intense pleasure between my legs, clenching my teeth together so not to scream aloud my pleasure.

Then I reveled in my accomplishment, and hoped that I was not so wet that the others would see it when I did get down!! After slowly sliding down the rope, everyone surrounded me. No one noticed that my flushed face was not due to the exertion of the climb, but the secret pleasure that I had experienced. And to this day, nobody knows the thrill I had of coming repeatedly in front of a room of men, and none of them has a clue, either!

Schlong Squeezing Supervisor

I work for a large software company in Ottawa. For a couple months I had seen this fucking gorgeous babe in the elevator. Every time I'd see her, I could feel my cock stiffen. We normally just go up to our respective floors. We always exchange that kind of look. One day, the elevator was overcrowded and she was pressed on her back to me. She didn't seem to mind, in fact, she was slowly wiggling and rubbing

(continued on page 119)



"Yo, mama...lookin' good."



DEANNA

ONE FOR THE CHOAD

2002
BEAVER HUNT
FINALIST #1

Scrumptious, 25-year-old Deanna brings devilish sweetness to the term **dirty blonde**. Deanna tickled the fancy of HUSTLER's readers and Editorial staff in the **Holiday 2001 Beaver Hunt** with her bold, alliterative yearning for "**bisexual-ity, bubblebaths and being fingered.**" Exotic dancing keeps the **Maple Creeks, SK, native's** slender form and tight apple bottom conditioned **for all carnal pursuits**. Will Deanna's sticky fingers **grab the \$500 booty** and make her the **Beaver Hunt Grand Prize Winner for 2002?** Cast your vote and **give her a hand.**

Does your girl have what it takes **to grip our minds and hard-ons?** See page 112 for details.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT







2002
BEAVER HUNT
FINALIST #1

Beaver Hunt

Flash for Cash!

Attention, ladies! Are you an amateur nudist over 18 years of age? The 2002 Beaver Hunt Grand Prize Competition is looking for you! Snap a clear, color picture and mail it to **NORTHLAND MEDIA INC.**, 173 Lakeshore Rd. W., Box 177, Oakville, ON, L6K 1E7. Every lady whose picture we print gets \$150 and a chance at the 2002 Grand Prize. Grand Prize Finalists win \$500 each. The award for the photographer of the Grand Prize Winner is \$250, and the Finalists' photographers win \$150. Fill out the model release below, and include a photocopy of (1) a photo ID and (2) another form of ID. All photos become the unreturnable property of Northland Media Inc.



Toni loves volleyball, softball, swimming and riding fast bikes. The kittenish, 19-year-old dancer from Edmonton, AB, would pounce on the opportunity to have "sex on the hood of a car during a rain shower."

—Photo by Boyfriend



Danica, 22, is an aspiring model from Youngstown, Ohio, who enjoys dancing, working out, traveling, boating and cooking. The Midwestern babe longs to take part in "a threesome" that includes "another woman with large breasts."

—Photo by Friend

MODEL RELEASE / ENTRY FORM NEW ID LAWS—SEE DETAILS BELOW

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

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Model's name _____

Any alias, nickname, stage or pro name _____

Name to be published _____

Date of birth _____ Phone (include area code) _____

Model's Social Security number _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Occupation _____

Hobbies _____

Sexual Fantasies (Include separate sheet if necessary) _____

Photographer/Cameraperson _____

Address _____

City _____ Province _____ Zip _____

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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 (use separate sheets for more than one model)



"I love sex," purrs 21-year-old Sandra. An avid in-line skater and swimmer from Vancouver, British Columbia, Sandra longs to be "fucked on camera" and dreams of becoming a porn star. Lesson #1, Sandra—don't use your teeth!

—Photo by Friend



Ariane wants to design her own house. The ambitious 21-year-old from Kelowna, BC, loves "fucking and sucking my man" and includes "sex with my husband and a girl" in her sexual blueprint.

—Photo by Husband

A 28-year-old factory worker from Russell Springs, Kentucky, A. C. is a fan of outdoor activities such as horseback riding, hunting and fishing. Accordingly, the nature-loving nymph longs to make "mad, passionate love" with her husband on a secluded beach "as every wave crashes over our bodies."

—Photo by Husband





Rae Ann, 21, is a casino employee from San Diego, California. The perky brunette's free time is devoted to horseback riding, reading and playing with her daughter. Rae Ann would love to have "a threesome with my husband and another good-looking hunk." That's the sort of raw deal we could live with.

—Photo by Husband



Candy is a video-store manager from Vancouver, BC. A fan of video games and "measuring ding-dongs," the oversexed 21-year-old longed to "show HUSTLER my pussy."

—Photo by Fiance



"I love being pissed on," boasts 21-year-old Mackenzie of Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. Even though this splash-happy Beaver is spoken for, the playful babe's desires include a plea to HUSTLER readers to "lick my fucking pussy!" Just make sure to lick before you leak.

—Photo by Husband



Sunbathing, swimming and tennis keep 34-year-old Caroline occupied. When this Charlotte, North Carolina, schoolteacher isn't busy nurturing young minds, she daydreams about "sex in the White House." Cramming for civics never sounded better.

—Photo by Friend



Tamara, a college student from Laval, Qc, loves solving puzzles, crocheting, drawing and a host of outdoor activities.

The 34-year-old yearns to "be with two other women," since she's "been with just one" so far.

—Photo by Friend



Brittani, 24, loves dancing, swimming and fucking. A manager from Hot Springs, Arkansas, this exhibitionist wants "to have two men fuck me at the same time; one in my pussy and one in my ass." Double penetration—now there's a worthy task for any Beaver's organizational skills.

—Photo by Friend





Pandora, an office manager from Jackson, Mississippi, dreams of "sex on top of the Empire State Building with 15 or 20 women." Baseball, fishing, jet-skiing, swimming, golf and clubbing are a few of the rebellious 34-year-old's favorite pastimes.

—Photo by Friend

Gabrielle, 22, of Red Deer, AB, loves dancing, going to beautiful places and taking hot vacations. The self-employed cutie fantasizes about "having rough sex with leather bondage stuff on."

—Photo by Boyfriend



"I have the ambition and desire to succeed," boasts 26-year-old Jodie. The Columbus, Ohio, hottie loves taking nature walks in the nude, skinny-dipping and screwing, and hopes to someday "be with a girl." You're on the right track, Jodie.

—Photo by Boyfriend



Shy's name seems inappropriate in light of her wide-open demeanor, but the perfect split she's demonstrating earns her a solid ten from our judges. The 27-year-old exotic dancer from Youngstown, Ohio, dreams of a lesbo fuckfest "with two women."

—Photo by Friend



Samantha, 37, is a sex therapist from Anchorage, Alaska. Between sessions of using her expertise to defrost frigid Eskimo women, Samantha dreams of fucking "another man while my husband watches."

—Photo by Husband

Linda, 48, stocks a warehouse in Tahoe, Nevada. When she's not camping, fishing or sunbathing, the Silver State resident plots ways to become "a member of the Mile High Club."

—Photo by Boyfriend





"Please turn off all electronic devices and refrain from using your cell phone until ejaculation is complete. Thank you."

(continued from page 107)

her ass on my bulging cock. When she didn't walk out on her floor, I knew something more than my cock was up. Soon the elevator was empty with the exception of ourselves.

Without even once looking at me, she stood next to me, both of us facing the door. She held her coat in a manner that covered my crotch. Her other hand, under her coat, was making its way to my fly, and before anything, my fly was opened and she was stroking my cock up and down. It felt so fucking hot and thinking that anyone could walk into the elevator and catch us, really turned me on. And all the while, she kept a straight face.

The elevator must have gone up and down a hundred times, but she kept going, stroking me harder and harder still. Finally I was ready to cum, so I murmured "this is it". With that, she stopped and squeezed my cock really hard, I couldn't stand the agony. I couldn't quite cumming, and was panting hard. Finally she said, "Not on my coat you won't!" Then, she let go my cock, still hard, as the elevator open again, she turned to me and gave me a quick kiss on my cheek and smiled. While going out, she

said, "Find me!". I only had barely enough time to put my aching cock back into my pants. But I did find her, only to discover that she was my VP of Operations. Oooops!

First Butt Fuck

The first time I ever fucked a girl up the ass was in my second year at Carleton University. My girlfriend and I had been having vaginal sex and oral sex for a while before then. Anyway, one night we were making out when I told her we should try something new. With a look of wonder on her face, she agreed. I went into the bathroom and got myself all lubed up. When I returned (lube in hand) I told her to get on all fours. She did as directed and I moved in from behind. A quick squirt of lube on her asshole was all it took to get her attention. When I put my cock-head on her asshole she made an uneasy groan. I slowly popped it in and got the whole shaft in. When I started pumping she made moans of pain. I asked her if she wanted to stop, but she said "No, I have to get over the pain". After a few minutes of getting her ass used to being full, the cries of pain

turned into moans of pleasure. She rubbed her clit as I ass-fucked her for about 15 minutes. We both had huge orgasms. For another good 6 months (until we broke up), I'd do her up the ass almost every other day. I can still remember how her little pink hole looked with my cock ripping it at the seams. It sure was great while it lasted!

Telephone Tryst

I've been seeing my girlfriend for about 9 months now. During that time we've spent a lot of time apart. I'm in the Canadian Military and travel a lot, and she works in Calgary, rarely able to get away from her job (she's a doctor). During one of our frequent late night telephone conversations after I just showered and was laying on my bed, we got talking about how much we missed each other. I told her I couldn't wait to get my hands on her when she came over to visit me the week after. She started asking what I was going to do to her. This really turned me on and I became rock hard.

I proceeded to grab my cock, pulling hard while I told her I was gonna throw her naked on the bed, and start licking from her feet upwards to her hot wet pussy, where I'd run the length of my tongue over her swollen clit. I could hear her say how wet she was right now and that she was stroking her pussy and it felt like I was there. I then told her that I was going to climb up over her and slip my tongue into her mouth so that she could taste her own juices. I could hear her breath on the telephone as she kept repeating "oh yeah, oh yeah" as I repeatedly told her how I was going to fuck her with my big hard cock. I heard her breathless moans build until she said "I'm gonna cum, I'm gonna cum" and she let out a series of loud moans at which point I shot my wad all over my chest.

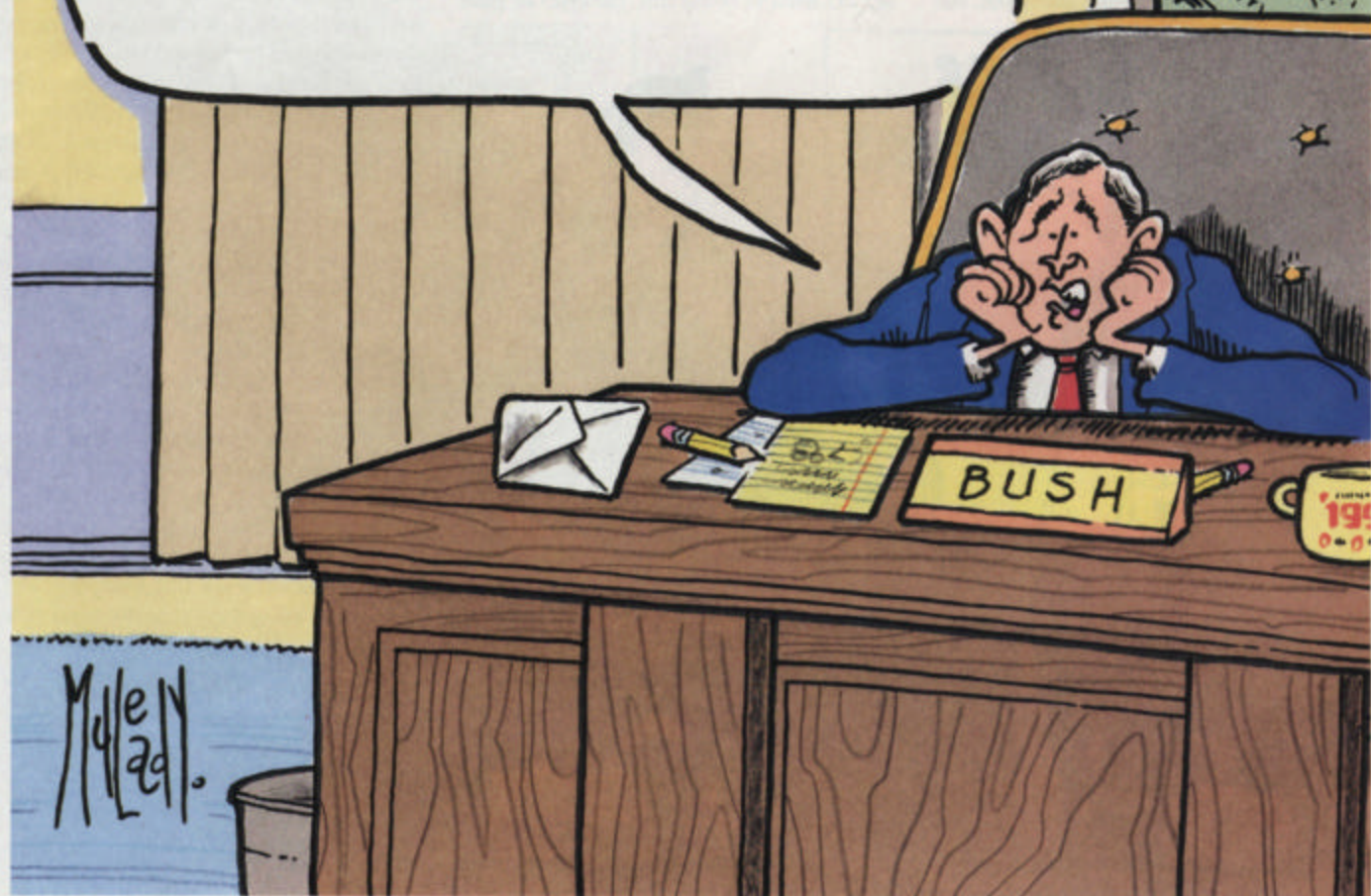
Pretty shocked at what had just happened we laughed over the phone and she told me that she had been wanting to do that for a long time! I'd certainly recommend it for long distance lovers.

Send your **HOT LETTERS** to:
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 Oakville, ON, L6K 1E7
 or e-mail us at:
hustlercanada@yahoo.ca



"Heavens, Officer—I could be a terrorist! I demand a body-cavity search!"

Chinese spy planes, missile
defense shields, Kyoto protocol,
stem cell research, World
Trade Center destroyed by
terrorists, war in Afghanistan,
anthrax attacks... I could
sure use an intern blowjob
right about now!



Memoirs of Mimi

Shoe Store Shag

I've had many different jobs in my lifetime and with each one, usually came an interesting adventure or two. Whether I was working at the funeral parlour and fucking a casket or doing a research paper in Ferryland, NFL, I seem to always manage to find some good hot sex

fun. At one point I used to work at a mall at a lady's fashion store. Every day on my way to my job, I walked past this shoe store. Out front, there were always these two guys. They were both pretty hot looking and I'd find myself constantly fantasizing about fucking them both at the same time. Every day they said some sort of lusty, horny comment to me. Every day, I flirted back, and every night

I would go home, lay in bed, play with myself and fantasize that they were fucking me.

One night I had closed the dress shop because the manager was out of town. I had gotten out pretty late because it had been a very busy day. The mall was closed down and all the stores had their security gates down – all except for that shoe store where the two hot guys worked. Their gate was partially open. I looked in and saw that the lights were still on, but no one appeared to be in the front of the store.

Thinking that something might be amiss, I ducked under the security gate and went in. I walked around the store but being that it was one large room, I could see the front was unoccupied. I noticed the "Employees Only" sign above a door at the back. I walked to it and heard voices. They were the voices of the two shoe salesmen with whom I flirted. My pussy immediately began to get moist. They were laughing and chatting. I turned the knob and walked in. They were at a little folding table, eating sandwiches and drinking beers.

"Well, Mimi!" exclaimed the redhead whose name was Gary. He stood and offered a chair to me.

"You're here awfully late. What's up?" Asked the other whose name was Benny. He had longish, brown hair and a crotch I loved looking at.

"Well, I got out late cause it was so busy today. I had to close up because our manager is on holiday. I noticed your gate was open and I wanted to make sure you guys were okay. I mean, anybody could walk in", I warned.

"Oh, they couldn't get real far." Gary replied. "Look." He pointed over to an area with a desk, a safe and a computer. On the comp's monitor was a video of the



(continued on page 123)



"I forgot to tell you I used your face cloth on my butt."

front of their store. They had closed circuit TV.

"Cool," I admired as I went to the monitor to get a better look.

"Yeah, we have that so, if both of us are in the back, we can keep an eye out for shoplifters and pretty ladies that visit late at night," Benny said to me, as he eyed my body.

"You want a beer?" Gary asked.

I accepted and took the bottle from him after he opened it. They both stood there and watched me seductively wrapping my lips around the long neck, probably

imagining my lips doing that to their cocks. It was a thought that had crossed my mind many times before. I sucked on that bottle extra long and made sure they saw the glint in my eyes.

"So Mimi, me and Gary have a bet. Do you wanna help us settle it?" Benny inquired.

He walked up close to me and took the beer. He put it to his mouth and chugged it all down.

I stared him square in the eye. "What's the prize?"

"The winner gets to fuck you," Benny

looked back at Gary who was a bit startled at Benny's directness.

"Really", I grinned. "What's the bet?"

"I say you're a real blonde. Gary says you're not," Benny ran his hand down my thigh and grabbed my bush through my skirt. My pussy got even wetter. I knew at this point I had control of the situation and that I would have them both, if I so desired.

"Aw, too bad guys! You're both wrong," I said.

I let Benny pull my skirt up and slide my thong to the side to reveal my pubes. They were light brown. Gary came over to get a closer look.

"I DO win!" Gary rang in. "Your patch is brown!"

I took Gary's hand and put it on my mound. Benny got behind me and fondled my tits.

"It's light brown now, Gary. But I was born a blonde. So I guess that means I win?" I seductively stated.

"Sure," Benny whispered as he nuzzled my neck and tweaked my nipples through my shirt.

His touch aroused me so much. I had dreamed for so long of having both these guys at the same time, and now it was about to become reality!

"Whatever you want is yours," Gary agreed as he pulled my thong down. "What's our punishment?"

"I get to fuck both of you," I told Gary as I slinked down to the stockroom floor and worked my thong the rest of the way off. I looked over and could see the massive erection in Gary's pants.

Very quickly, he straddled me and undid his pants. He pulled his dick out and shoved it in my cunt, not asking permission. He entered my wet pussy with ease and filled me. He began to slide his prick in and out of my wet, juicy pussy. I lifted my legs over my head to get all of him in me.

"Fuck me Gary," I moaned with pleasure, "fuck my cunt really good and hard!"

Meanwhile Benny had taken his pants all the way off and bent down beside my head. His cock was uncut and equally as large as his friend's wanger. I took his



NUDE GIRLS!

EXIT

Good
show?



(continued from page 123)

huge bone in both my hands and began to jerk him while Gary continued to give me a good fucking. I never knew shoe salesmen were so nasty, but I was glad! It had been a while since my cunt had received a good workout, and these guys were definitely going to fill that need. I bucked and wiggled my hot ass to meet Gary's cock thrusts.

Benny was grunting so much from my hand-job, I thought he was gonna come right there. His dong was so nice; fat and long, with a big head on it. I couldn't wait to feel it in me. Which wouldn't be long because Gary was pushing faster in me. I knew it wouldn't take him long before he blew his wad.

"Mimi! Your pussy is so hot!" Gary pushed down on my legs and drove his dick in me to the hilt.

"I'm glad you like it, your cock is so good," I cooed. "Fuck me, fuck my cunt harder. Shoot your jism deep inside me, shoot that fuckin' cum deep inside my fucking hot cunt!"

My dirty talk really got him hot! His dick swelled even bigger and the head almost locked deep inside the confines of my tight love hole. Finally he let out a yelp and shot his hot squirt in my twat – shuddering with sheer ecstasy. I still had a grip on Benny's pole when Gary slowly pulled his soggy, softening dick out of me and wobbled to a chair to rest. I opened my mouth and swallowed the tip of Benny's mammoth cock. That was all I could get in my mouth, it was just that big. I squeezed his balls gently in my hands as he fucked my face.

Benny pulled me up to my knees and bent me over. He downloaded that big file into my folder and pumped me from the back. I looked over at Gary. He was drinking a beer, legs wide open. He kept a hand over his bone and watched Benny dog-fucking me. My ass jiggled from Benny's rod ramming. My tits had freed themselves from my blouse and swayed in the air.

"If this is losing!" Benny panted. "I like being a loser. You like it Mimi? Do you

like me fucking you with my buddy watching?"

"Uh huh. Yes!" I gasped, as his huge dick slid in and out of me. "Oh Benny, fuck it! I want your dick!"

He grasped my hips and pistoned his peter in and out of my squishy pussy so hard, I thought I was going to scream.

"That's it baby, fuck my cunt. Fuck me like your whore, fuck me like your fuckin' whore!"

He pumped faster and faster and just as he blew his load, he stuck a thumb in my asshole. I screamed as I came with him.

"Benny!" I screamed and pushed back on his shaft as he jammed forward. We stayed like that for a bit, both of us not willing to end such an incredible screw. Until I quite working at the store, I continued to make late-night visits to the shoe store and have the randy shoe salesmen service me. I enjoyed the boys so much and I now have a closet full of shoes.

More to cum!





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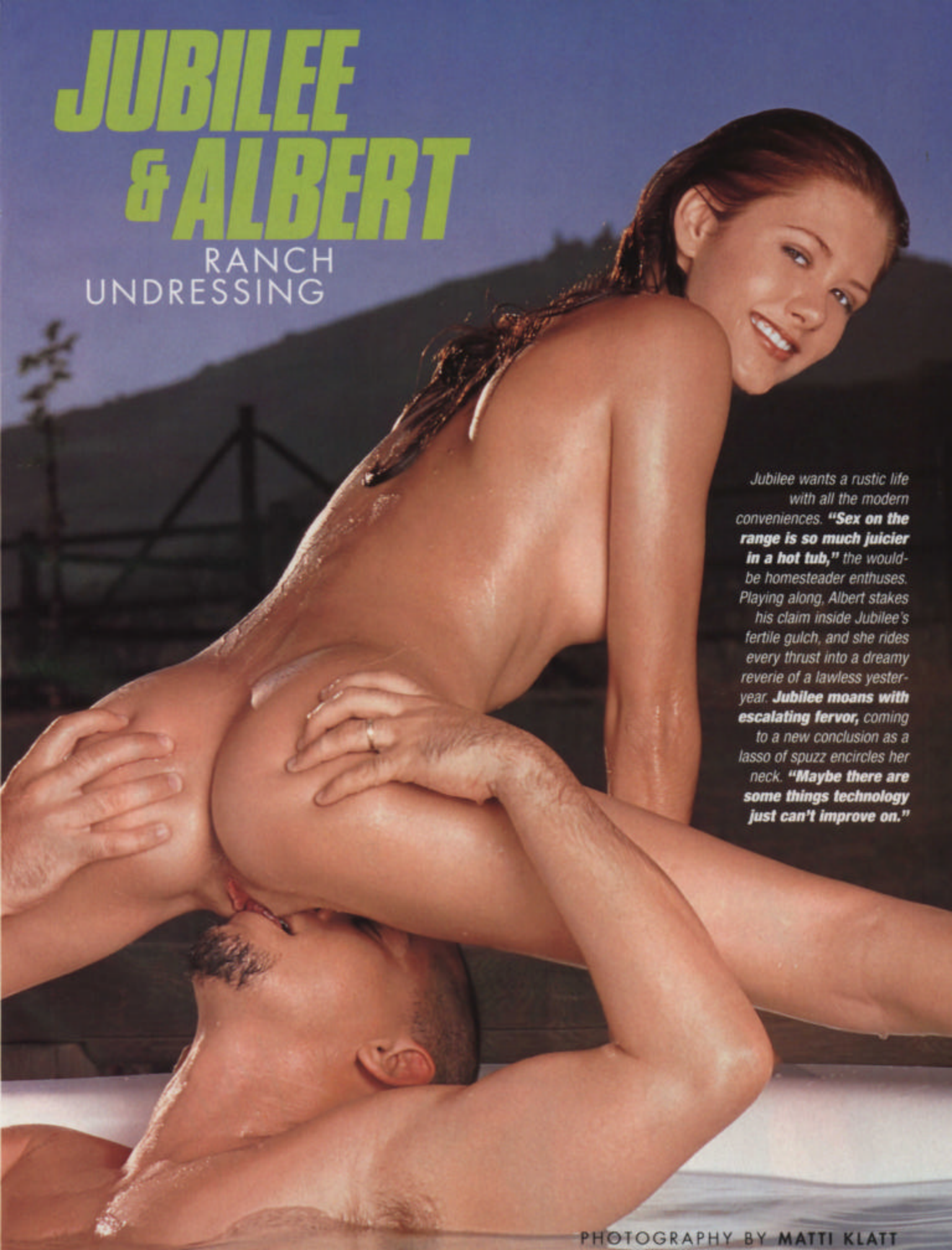
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PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT













Coming Next Month in **HUSTLER**



Sinful Showers

The snizz rains down in HUSTLER's dripping April issue. A wealthy blonde strips down to her black garters and sneaks behind the stables for some raunchy horseplay. A nasty young brunette can't resist giving up the ginch to the skateboarding stud who rolls into town. Two lesbians, one fair-haired, one dark-tressed, battle for dyke supremacy—and the readers win. A fashion-conscious waif casts off her bluejeans in favor of a purple dildo that brings out the color in her cheeks. A sunbathing golden girl's creative juices flow when she thinks no one is watching. Even fools know not to miss out on the April HUSTLER.

When Enough Isn't Enough — Male Nymphos!

A healthy libido in most men is considered normal and quite desirable! But what happens when enough just isn't enough. Male nymphomaniacs – Errol Flynn, John Kennedy, Bill Clinton, Rock Hudson and countless other men are among those with 'Protracted Promiscuity' – an ego-dystonic pattern of repeated sexual conquests and inability to sustain a monogamous relationship despite their best intentions to do so. Read all about how this affliction affects hundreds of Canadian men and what, if anything, can be done about it. It's coming up in the

April 2002 issue of HUSTLER magazine!

The Big Lie

We know how to prevent AIDS and how to treat it, yet it remains the biggest epidemic in history. Our biggest enemy isn't HIV, but our hypocritical view of sex and our youth. *From the Editor's Desk*, examines Canadian's attitudes toward sex, young adults and the prevention of mankind's most modern scourge, AIDS – here in the April issue of HUSTLER.

More Canadian Tattle-Tale Girls

Do you swallow? Hustler asks naughty Canadian gals from coast to coast to coast, to reveal their most outrageous sex secrets in "Question and Answer". There's lots of nasty talk for the dirty minds of these very horny Canadian sex-pots, coming up in the March issue of HUSTLER magazine, Canada's number one jackoff mag!

**April 2002
HUSTLER**
on sale February 26.

HUSTLER's Web site is coming now at
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