

BEACH BOYS





D.O.G.

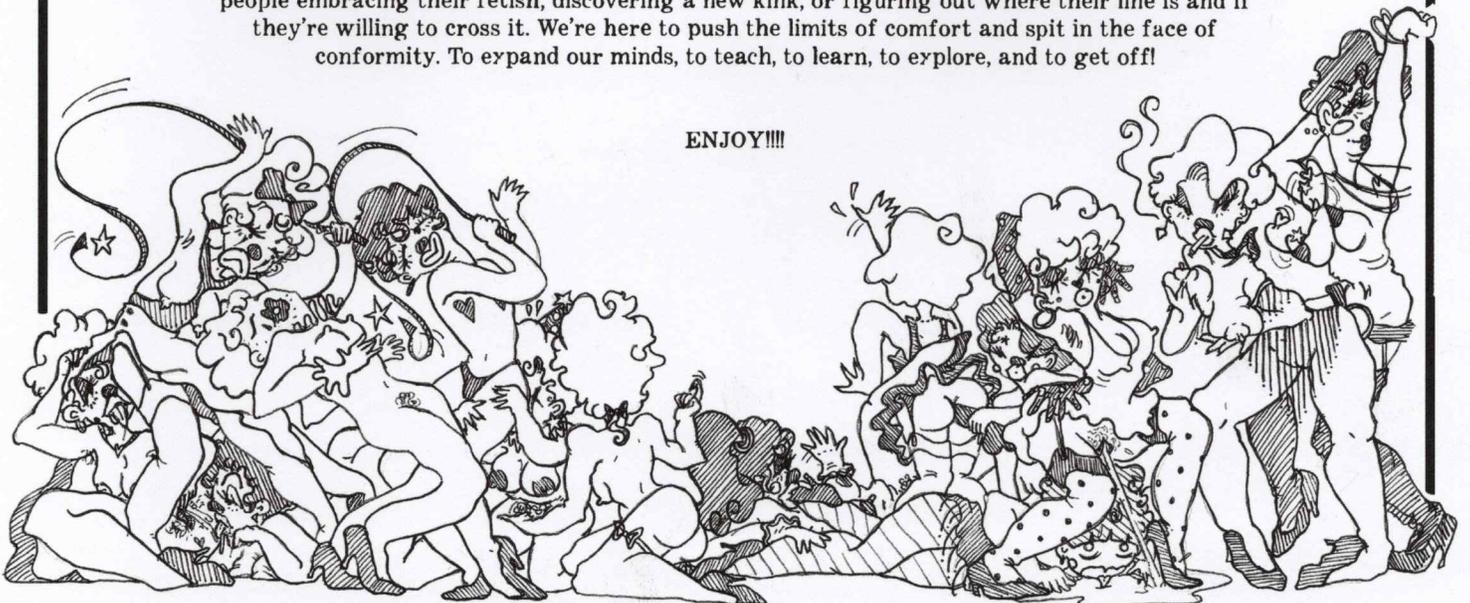


"THE GASH"

A NOTE FROM THE EDITORS

WELCOME to the inaugural issue of HONK! What you hold in your grubby little hands is more than just a magazine, it's a way of life! It's a philosophy, a movement, a guide full of titillations and inspirations. This is your blueprint to a happier, healthier, filthier existence. We're following in the footsteps of the porno pioneers from times of yore; the people who didn't give a fuck if what got them off offended the masses. The people who were willing to take a stand even if it pushed them off further as an outcast of society or got them disowned by their families. Even if it meant going to jail for creating and distributing smut, because no one was gonna police their right to get a hard-on. HONK! is the new publication made by perverts FOR perverts, featuring your stories, artwork, photography, fantasies, and whatever the hell else we feel like including. This may feature your submissions, but it's still our vision! Not everything submitted meets our, oh how should I say... our admittedly sometimes stringent screening process. If your submission gets turned down then, by all means, try again for the next issue! What we're putting together is something special, and we're not gonna skimp on quality to satisfy some passionless pillow princess. Dig deeper, get harder, and maybe you'll make the cut! So let HONK! take you by the hand and help you feel less alone by introducing you to like-minded perverts who indulge in the same disgusting fantasies as you. Join a community bringing back the excitement of sharing art, ideas, and knowledge with a group of people embracing their fetish, discovering a new kink, or figuring out where their line is and if they're willing to cross it. We're here to push the limits of comfort and spit in the face of conformity. To expand our minds, to teach, to learn, to explore, and to get off!

ENJOY!!!!



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...AND MUCH MORE!!!



Three Fourteen

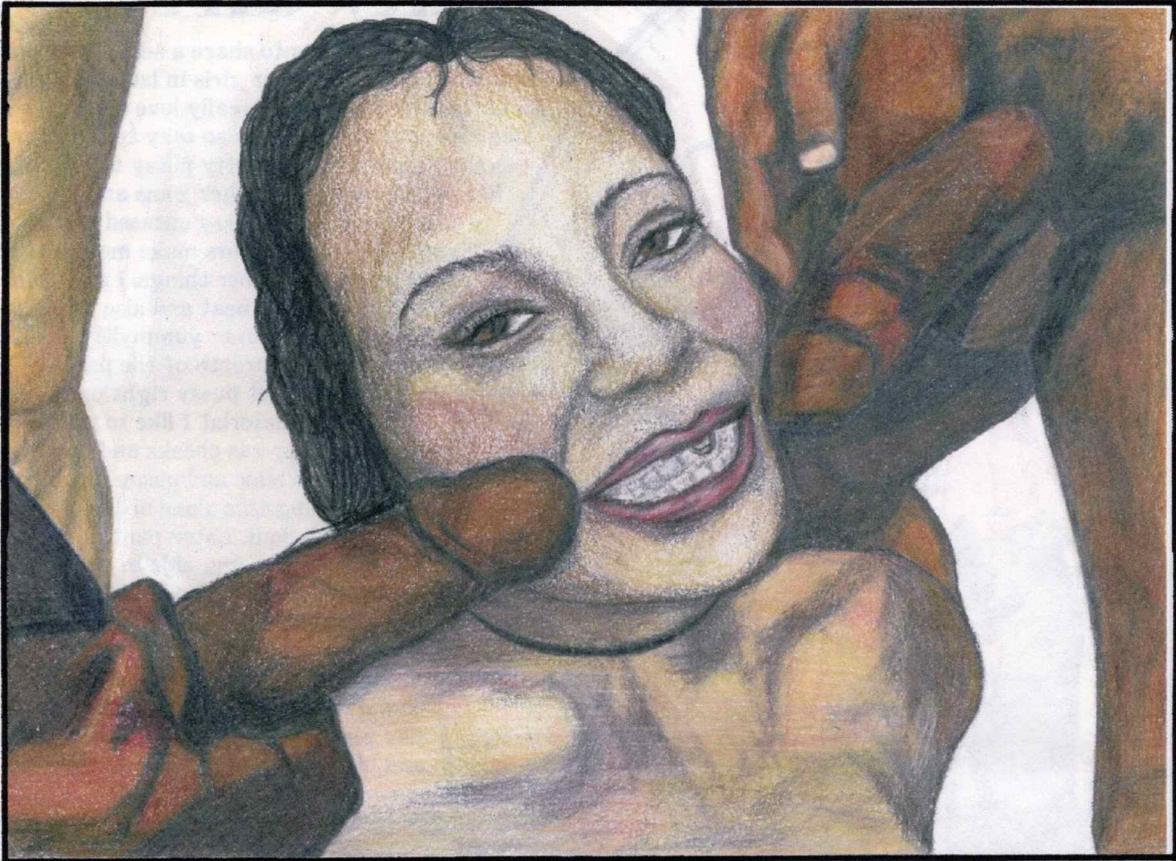
I put out a Craigslist ad because I was tired of dating boring ass women. I had no idea what I was getting into. I got a lot of replies. It took a while to weed through the all-talkers and wannabes, I decided on a separated mother of two in her thirties. We talked back and forth and decided to hook up on pi day March Fourteenth. I told her to wear purple tights to make sure she wasn't wasting my time. I met her at the local Baker's Square because of free pie on pi day. We didn't eat and took the pie to go. I get her to my place and she started kissing me as soon as we got in the door, took my pants down and sucked me hard. I didn't have enough time to piss. So I decided I'm going to make her drink my piss. I pulled my dick out of her mouth and hit her across her face with it. I shot hot, golden piss in her willing mouth. She drank it all. She gagged on the last drop. I fucked her fat belly while my hot piss sloshed around. She left early before I woke up. She also left her purple tights, I sniffed the cotton crotch and jerked off. The following week I got a booty call. She got a hotel room. I asked if I should bring anything. Lube, cigarettes, whatever, she said bring

a gallon of whole milk. No idea what that meant. I thought she's getting an enema. She meets me in the lobby. Takes me to the room. Throws me in the bathroom. She's out of her clothes immediately and deepthroating my dick. I'm barely out of my clothes and she's already frothy came on my dick. She starts the shower and lathers up her hairy pussy. She told me I can have her asshole. She's jerking my dick and I'm knuckle deep in her ass. Little green shit starts coming out of her butt. I'm turned on and angry at the same time. She keeps saying sorry and I keep fingering her shitty ass. We get out of the shower and I throw her down on her hands and knees. My dick is so hard from her shitting on me while I finger her ass. She has no lube. Fuck it. I spit on her asshole and shove my dick deep, I'm fucking her in the ass on a hotel floor hard. I look up and notice her two kids are sleeping in the hotel bed. Now I get angrier. I fuck her harder until I creampie that loose shitty ass. I get cleaned up and leave. I still wonder how bad her asshole must've hurt watching her kids eat breakfast cereal the next morning.

- DIRTY DICK DOCTOR KNOW



D.J. ELUSIVE



D.W.

B♡♡

Panty Girl



Hi, I'm a bi girl who wants to share a secret little love I have. I really get hot seeing other girls in lacy sexy panties! All kinds turn me on but, I really love ones with lots of lace around the fringes. Its so sexy to put your lips up against another girls pretty pussy when she hikes up her dress or pulls down her jeans and reveals pretty thighs and a soft pussy encased in cute panties. Nylon ones in soft colors make me hot to trot and ready to get into other things. I also think split crooth panties are neat and also really dig latex ones in bright colors - yummy!!!! I really love to lick all over the crooth of the panties and feel and smell the hot pussy right underneath that warm, silky material. I like to pull my panties up in between my ass cheeks and feel it stretch in between my buns and pussy lips. You can really get off doing this alone or letting your lover watch you do it, Latex panties give you the advantage of being able to wear something inside your pussy like ben-wah balls or a small vibe or whatever. You can stroke the outside of your pussy and you'll get all hot inside the tight rubber material. I'm sure lots of girls and guys are really into this trip too. I really like girls who are into neat makeup and stuff and like to dress up. I love ya! Bi!

- JANIE



LOIS SPOOKED

Strawberry Surprise

from "American Indian Myths and Legends"

Out walking, Old Man Coyote spied a group of good-looking girls picking wild strawberries. "Ah, these pretty young things!" he said. Quickly he buried himself in the earth among some strawberry bushes and let only the tip of his penis protrude.

Soon the girls came to those bushes. "There's a big berry here", said one girl, "different from the others." She tried to pluck it, but it wouldn't come loose. "This berry has deep roots," she said.

All the other girls came and tried to pick the strawberry. Some pulled at it, some nibbled at it. "Oh, my," said one, "this berry weeps." "No," said another girl, "it has milk in it. A third said: "Since we can't pick it, let's look for a sharp piece of flint and cut it off."

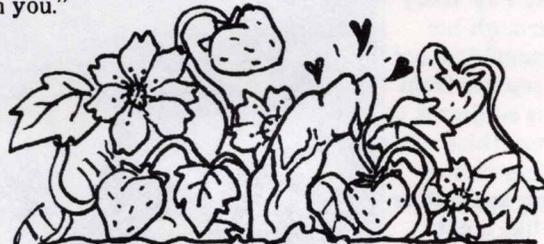
The girls searched and found a flint, but when they came back to the berry patch, the strange strawberry had disappeared. "It must have been some trick by that nasty Old Man Coyote", the girls said to each other. One said: "Yes, I'm sure it was Coyote. We'll have to get even."

One day the girls went to a place along the trail where Old Man Coyote always went hunting. They took their dresses off and smeared themselves with blood from some meat they had been given to cook. Looking as if they had been raped and slain by enemies, they lay there, face down, naked, and bloody.

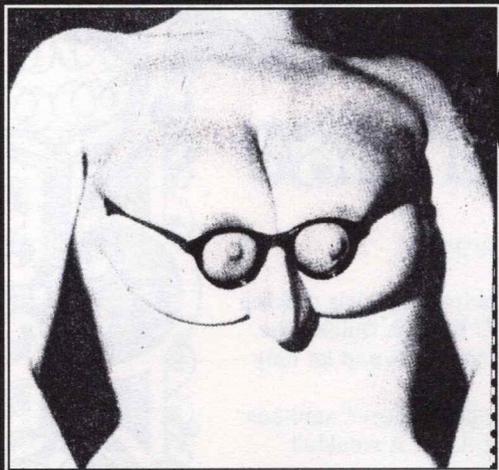
Pretty soon Old Man Coyote came along. When he saw the girls with blood all over them, he was scared. "Oh my, oh my!" he said. "What enemy has done this? What shall I do? Maybe the enemy is still around and will come and kill me. Oh my! I must find out how long these girls have been dead. If their corpses are old, then surely the enemy is far away. He bent down and started feeling and smelling the girls' bodies.

Whenever he came near one of the girls' backsides, she farted right into Old Man Coyote's face. He said: "Oh, my, I think I am safe. These girls must have been dead a long time, they smell so bad!"

Then all the girls jumped up laughing, shouting: "Old Man, this time the joke was on you."



Movie Reviews



ONE TICKET TO
"TWO GIRLS, ONE
CUP" PLEASE!



DAYDREAM by TETSUI TAKECHI [1964 | softcore

A pervert under sedation hallucinates an erotic game of cat and mouse between his sadistic dentist and a beautiful female patient.

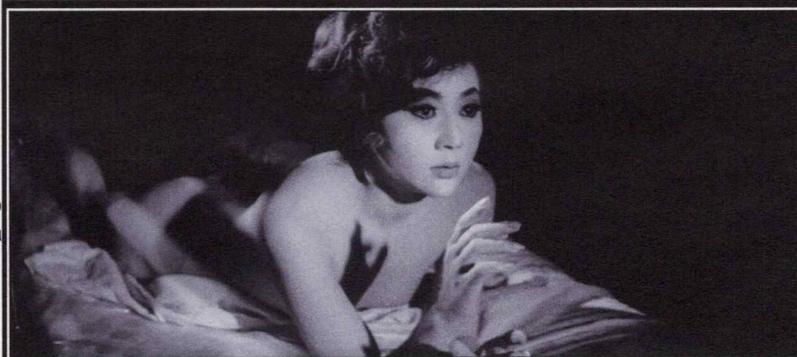
The erotic nature of a trip to the dentist cannot be denied: bound by obligation to a sterile chaise longue, opening wide and biting down on command as your rubber fingered master violates your face with cool disinterest, instruments of torture and fluids everywhere..

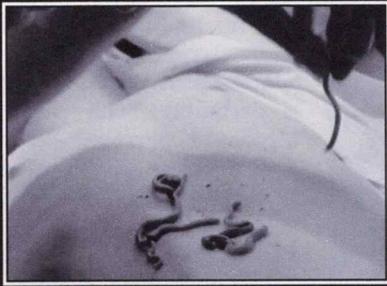
This sets the tone for "Daydream", where a world of sadistic entrapment is exactly what we signed up for.

Kanako Michi sparkles as the central Chieko - she stumbles deerlike through a cold, uninhabited world, her waifish presence implying an unctuous sleaze onto the unassuming surroundings as if she's being ogled from all angles. A vampy Fay Wray type, she wails and writhes through her nightmare- or is it her wet dream? The hot red blood of desire seems to keep her from floating away: each time she is subjected to a new torture her being becomes thick with lust, sucking up the desires of her suitors for her own pleasure, savouring and rolling through every new sensation like a cat stretches out its back.

Meanwhile, we slither alongside Kurahashi (Akira Ishihama of "Harakiri") in the shadows, watching her beckon us to rescue her like a true damsel in distress. His rivalry with the dentist becomes increasingly venomous, turning from an honourable desperation to rescue a pure hearted girl, to taking back what he has earned: a horny slut who had the nerve to look him in the eye.

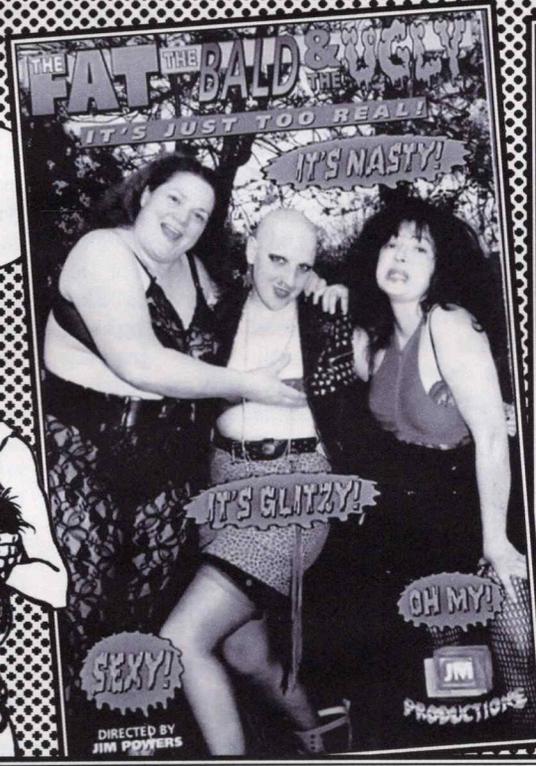
YOU'LL CUM FOR: oral firations, haunting chanteuses, pencil eraser nipples, erotic electrostimulation, the thrill of the chase





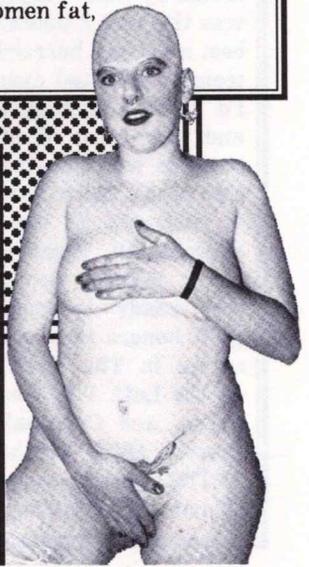
DUFFER | 1971 | non pornographic
The ramblings of a natural born slave driven hellwards by loyalty
 The titular Duffer, a lad, is torn between the frilly affections of a dowdy cougar known as Your Gracie, and the brutish machismo of mean old psycho Louis Jack; the luxurious physical pleasures of getting his cock warm and wet in her strawberry jelly, jiggling flesh and satin sheets, little toy monkeys and floral accents, motherly lust in the face of boyish naïveté - contrast with the full mental hardon of performing humiliating feats of masochism for a beast he can't quite understand and can't quite seem to say no to.. Who surely must have some good reason to torture him so, who must surely be kind and loving to have chosen Duffer out of all the people in the world, right? Plod along with Duffer in this mouldy slice of life as he tries to make sense of a life lived only for his increasingly insane lord and master.
YOU'LL CUM FOR: domestic s&m, choking out cold, brain breaking devotion, phantom twink pregnancy, worms, stone fruits, freudian slit

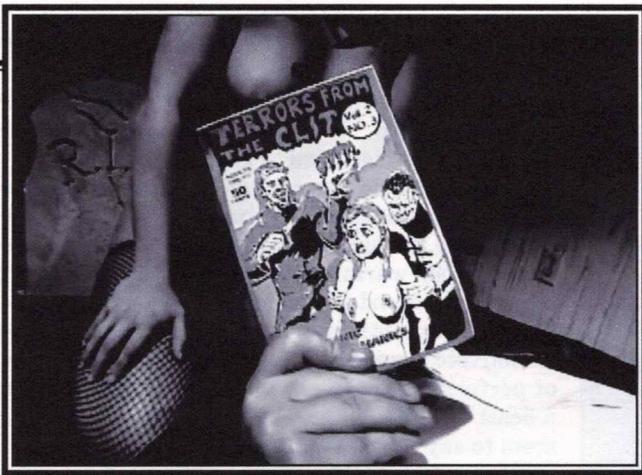
"That's why I decided that, since Louis Jack wanted me to be his dog, the least I could do was obey his every whim"



THE FAT, THE BALD, AND THE UGLY | 1995 | hardcore
When A FISTFUL OF JERGENS isn't enough
 I've spent many nights alone watching and jacking off to every scene on this VHS, and I can confirm that these girls are indeed fat, bald, and ugly. They aren't all fat, they aren't all bald, but I can confidently say they are all ugly. And that's what's so special about them. You know the kind of ugly girl that's SO damn ugly it makes her incredibly sexy and hot? Well those are the type of uglies in this tape! Only the best! Their bodies movie in strange and disgusting ways. The kinds of faces they make are faces I've only seen in hostage or birthing videos. It's truly a beautiful sight. This porno appeals to the discerning masturbator and those searching for something outside of the status quo. To those who seek pleasure outside the norms of society, and to those who like their women fat, bald, and ugly.

Q BALLS | 2002 | hardcore
 Do you believe that long hair should have gone out of fashion in the 70s along with the full pussy bush? Are you a forward thinking sexual explorer that thinks a hairless future makes for a better future? Then Q Balls might be the kick for you. These girls think shaving their heads will make them more aerodynamic, able to fuck more efficiently and in greater numbers. They believe it'll make them slicker and able to fuck underwater in their bids to join the mile below club. Are they on something or are they just stupid? It might be the latter considering the ugly ghouls they're letting shave their heads and fuck them. Maybe I'm the stupid one and this porno really isn't that deep and just some perv trying to cash in on an overlooked fetish crowd and not some attempt to wage a war against hair. What this porn does offer though is plenty of ugly people getting uglier and fucking other ugly people. And if you look for the kind of variety and excitement in your porn like I do, then you'll find this a worthy addition to your smut collection.





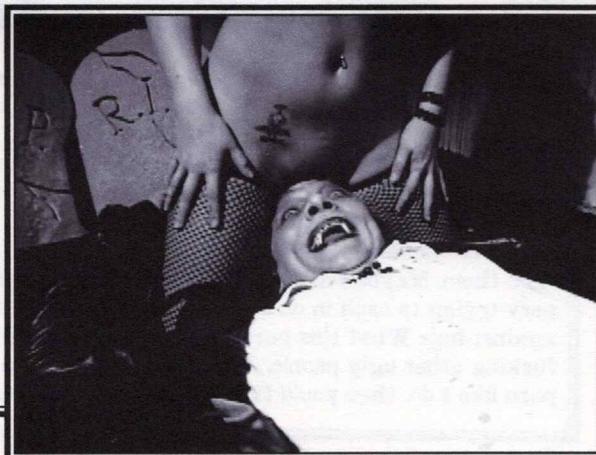
TERRORS FROM THE CLIT 2 | 2001 | hardcore

When I was 17 I got a job as an assistant to a pornographer (see pg. 22), being paid almost nothing, but there were a few perks. Aside from having a couch to sleep on when I had nowhere else to go and seeing more naked chicks in the flesh than most 17yr olds, that's when I began my smut collection. Carlos was constantly being given porn tapes he couldn't be bothered to watch, so they went to me. In fact it was one of my jobs to watch the tapes and give him a rundown on it so he could BS to his porno colleagues and carry on like he'd actually seen the thing. One of the jewels of this new collection I was building was a boxless blue VHS titled **TERRORS FROM THE CLIT 2!** Released in 2000 and directed by Slain Wayne, this was the best 2 hours of the best smut my horror-loving teenage self had ever seen. I'd been watching horror and porn most of my life, but this was the first time I'd seen them combined in this way. I'd discovered exploitation films a few years before, but now I was ready to make the guilt boners from the rape scenes in *The Last House on the Left*, *I Spit on Your Grave*, and *Cannibal Holocaust* a thing of the past. TFTC2 had the advantage of not just showing simu-

lated sex, but actual hardcore fucking that you're SUPPOSED to jack off to! This porno was the follow-up to the 1990 release **TERRORS FROM THE CLIT** (a porno I've still yet to see). If you're a fan of B horror you'll recognize "The Clit Keeper" as Dukey Flyswatter from several classics, as well as the band Haunted Garage. He introduces each segment just like the cryptkeeper from *Tales from the Crypt* (if that wasn't already blatantly obvious to you). This tape includes five porn-gore vignettes, a highlight being *The Murderous Blow Up Doll* starring Gauge. Gauge, flexible and barely 5ft tall, gets double teamed by her boyfriend and his pathetic roommate that spends most nights fucking his blowup doll. After an intense night of fucking - including plenty of Gauge's trademark handstand-assfuck position - the jealous blowup doll brutally stabs Gauge and her boyfriend, while her "lover" goes to take a shower. Once he returns, he finds the two left dead, stabbed and bloody on the couch, with his blowup doll holding the murder weapon. As he steps back in a defensive position waiting for his own end, he's instead met with the doll repeatedly telling him she loves him and doesn't want to kill him! It was just a fit of jealous rage! (I bet he'll never fuck around on her again!) While each vignette has its

own merits (like David Aaron Clarke getting decapitated), the other real standout is definitely "The Satanic Mechanic" starring Felony and another girl I never thought was hot enough to bother learning her name. Felony and the other girl are a couple of criminals fresh off a heist and on the run. After getting a flat tire, they pull into a repair shop run by Brian Surewood (who you'll recognise from basically every porno from this era) and a horde of other hard cocked mechanics. The guys quickly chloroform the girls and do a ritual sacrifice on the girl who isn't Felony. They cut out her heart and eat it.. and you can only assume Felony is next! But that's not to be as she quickly whips out a gun once she regains consciousness and shoots all those fuckers dead! Or so she thought... They all come back from the dead as satanic zombies! And they've decided that the only appropriate revenge on the bitch that shot them dead is to gangbang her until she's dripping in sweat and so delirious she's speaking in tongues. So by now you get the picture, this is a pretty special porno. But just how special? Is it special enough to drive someone mad and ruin their life as they know it?? Well, perhaps. I watched this tape just about every day and of course bragged to my friends about it. We'd

gather in a friends room and watch it while their parents weren't home - just a bunch of hetero dudes watching porn together, no circlejerkng I swear! I'd always get asked to loan the tape out, but I never did - I didn't have much, but what I did have I wasn't trying to lose. Anyways, as time went on I needed some more steady income and a friend hooked me up with a job lifting boxes overnight. This guy would frequently ask me about *Terrors from the Clit 2*, and I guess he was pretty bummed out he only got to jack off to the memory of this tape. Since he got me this job, I guess I decided to do him a solid and loan him the tape. I brought it to work the next day and told him not to fuck me over, and he promised to bring it back in a couple days. I didn't realize the full power of this tape though. I never saw this "friend" again. The next day he didn't show up to work. In fact he completely abandoned his job and never showed up again. He never spoke to me or any of our friend group again. He never answered his phone until one day the number was just disconnected. When I went by his house his mom said he moved out and didn't know where he went. My theory is once he had the tape in his possession he couldn't stand the thought of having to return it, so he changed his identity and

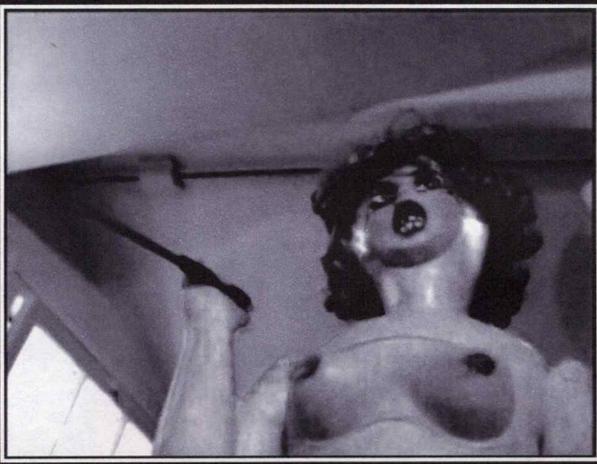


INFLATED: THE BLOW UP DOLL FILMS OF STEVE HALL AND CATHY WILKINS | 1991-1998

fled to Mexico and to this day is drinking Coronas on the beach, just him and the tape. Or maybe that night he jacked off so much he ripped his dick clean off and bled out, and his mom couldn't stand the shame and hid what had happened. Either way, the real tragedy is that me and my beloved Terrors from the Clit 2 tape were separated before our life together really got to get started. I lost the tape and the ability to ever fully trust anyone ever again. Over the years I have searched for this tape with no luck. I've jacked off my fair share to some scenes uploaded online, but the full tape has never been uploaded. If anyone reading this knows where a VHS copy of this exists go ahead and send an email to D.O.G. at honkadultmagazine@gmail.com.



I first met Steve and Cathy at an art book fair years back - among tons of boring and overpriced booths, theirs stood out instantly: their eye catching films played on a small TV set and they were incredibly excited to talk about their work, their passion was apparent. INFLATED is a comprehensive DVD collection of the duo's experimental film works spanning from 1991-1998. Together they produced, directed, animated, scored, built sets, and voiced a cast of blow up doll characters in 6 memorable and fucked up films made in Steve's parents' garage at night and on weekends. Standouts include "Scout's Honor", where Candy, one of the primary blow up dolls, recounts her girlhood sexcapades - from getting fucked by her doctor during an examination to being tied in bondage and whipped bloody by a priest while he fucks her with a Virgin Mary shaped dildo, and "Deep Africa" where Candy and her best friend Summer order an alien from a magazine ad to use as a house slave. The alien looks identical to E.T and, after snorting all of their coke and being beaten and tattooed, he impregnates Candy. The films are hilarious, horny, and violent. The filmmakers refuse to shy away from crazy topics like bestiality, underage sex, devil worship and more, and they deserve your support.



STAR 80 | 1983 | non pornographic

A scuzzy sleazy trip through one man's ego at the expense of one girl's soul. The tragic story of Playboy's darling Dorothy Stratten told through Bob Fosse's phantasmagorical lens.

GRANNY TAKES A TINKLE | 2000 | hardcore

Touching drama exploring a challenge which many of our elders must brave: incontinence. The titular Granny shows us that weakness of one's bladder is no reflection on of the strength of one's heart.

DUKE OF BURGUNDY | 2014 | non pornographic

Tensions grow between a professor and student of lepidoptery playing at mistress and maid respectively as the lines between fantasy and reality become blurred.

BONDAGE ECSTASY | 1989 | softcore

Kafka's metamorphosis takes on an evil and kinky spin in this vicious bisexual S&M film. Tired of being shit on by everyone around him, our protagonist turns into a bug and ravages his abusers in revenge.

THE TRIALS OF OZ | 1991 | non pornographic

Not a sexy film, but sure to be very interesting to those of you interested in obscenity laws and underground publishing. A dramatisation of the famous OZ magazine trial of 1971.

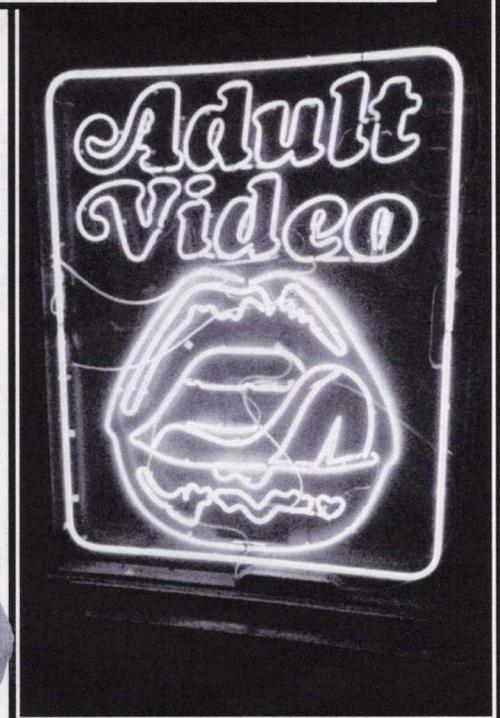
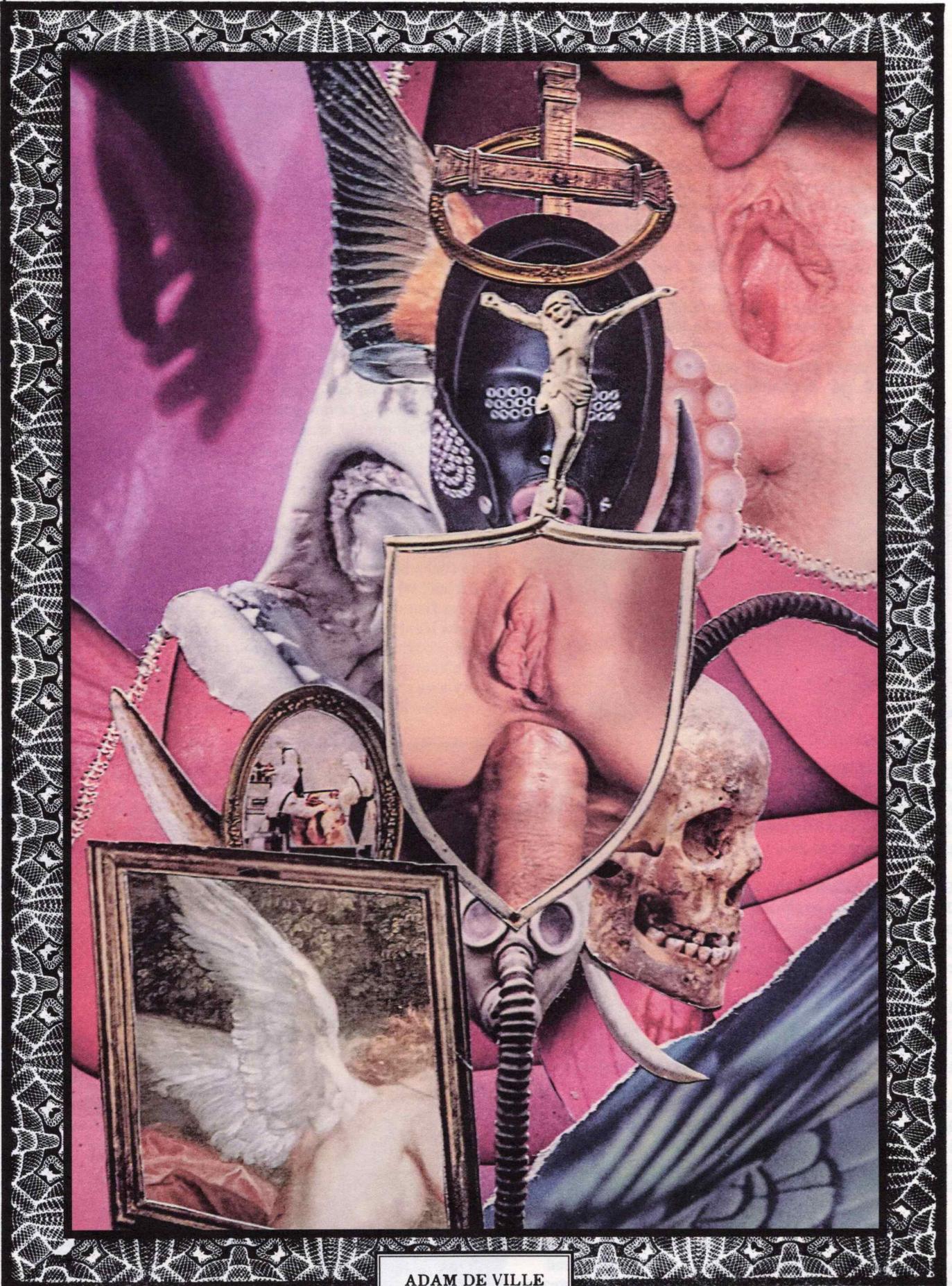
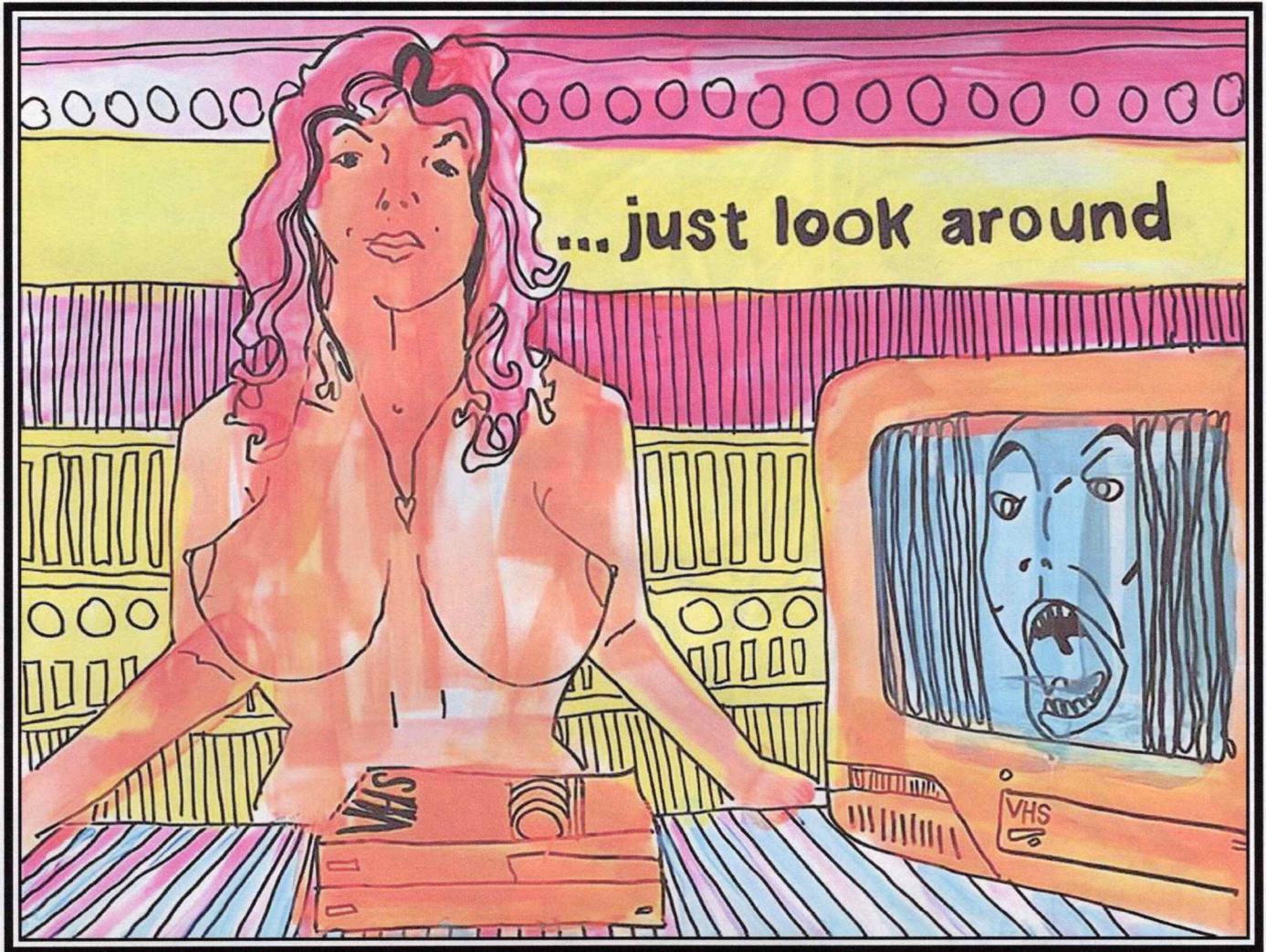


PHOTO BY GALLOW FILMS



ADAM DE VILLE



Memoirs of a Poin-Store Clerk



In the late 1990s, I worked at a mafia-owned porn store in North Carolina. I fell in love with the "work" immediately. My duties were daily inventory of the videos, magazines, and toys, running the cash register and changing quarters for the "trolls" that lurked in the back of the store where the video booths were. I mopped the cum-drenched booths at the end of the night with scolding hot water and a strong industrial cleaner. I saw loads on those nasty floors that look like they came from an elephant. The customers there were a con-

stantsource of entertainment. Most of the patrons were married men who came to the store to fuck and suck other guys. Sometimes couples would come in and pick some lucky sap to fulfill their urges with. I became friends with a couple of these guys and besides getting me fast food, cigarettes and drugs, they would help me keep order in the shop. I didn't make much more than minimum wage but the free time for reading, staying stoned, and soaking up the degenerate atmosphere was compensation enough. This job bliss came to an end when I started smoking

crack again after a 7 month clean period. I took \$700 from the store one night and had it smoked by 6am the next morning. They didn't even call the cops. I paid back the \$ and they even hired me back 2 weeks later. I stole the \$ again. They didn't call the cops, but they didn't ask me back this time either.

- UFO BIGFOOT





PHOTOGRAPHY
ANTWAN J THOMPSON

MODEL
DAVID BENJAMIN

Ode To My Master

By Antwan J Thompson

To my master
let me worship and bow down;
let me kneel before my master

under my master's authority
he can make me dirty
a weakling fools
a dumb faggot

He moved with pity
as he stretched out his hand
and take my money out of my
wallet
I am his ATM
he left me in debt
and broken man
as I seek his guidance
for all have sinned and
yet I fall short of the glory
of my master

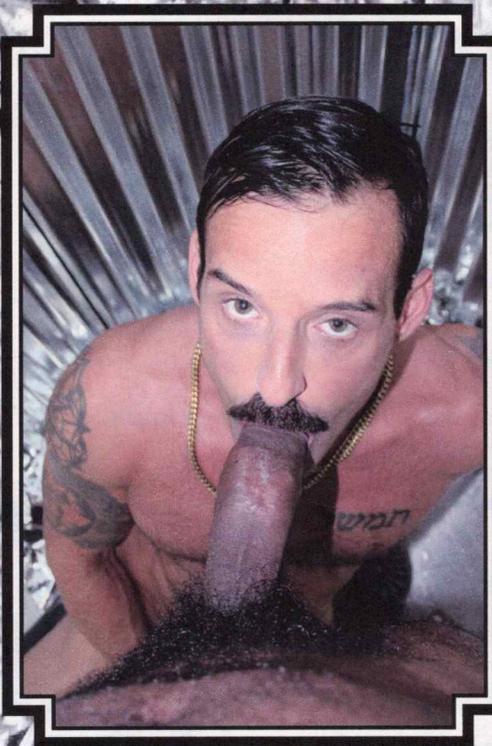
may he punish me greatly
for whatever one doesn't sow;
and will my master reap?
How I wish to sow his flesh
will the flesh reap corruption
for I dreamed of becoming his cup
of his offspring's
use my mouth, master.

From my mouth has gone
out in righteousness a word
will submit
my knee shall bow
tongue shall swear allegiance
to my master

for my master
he can abuse me
use me
control me
dehumanized me
in any shape or form
into nothingness

I crave his whipping cock
a weapon he used to discipline me
how I want to bow my head
and worshipped my master
with my face in between
his asscheek
may he can smother me
until my last breath

I gave thanks before my lord
before my master



FATHER OF A Boy Named Sue

BY SHEL SILVERSTEIN

Okay now years ago I wrote a song called A Boy Named Sue, and that was okay and everything, except... then I started to think about it, and I thought... it is unfair I am looking at the whole thing from the poor kid's point of view And as I get more older and more fatherly I begin to look at things from an old man's point of view So, I decided to give the old man equal time... Okay, here we go:

Yeah I left home when the kid was three, and it sure felt good to be fancy free,
Though, I knew it wasn't quite the fatherly thing to do.
But that kid kept screamin' and throwin' up, and pissin' in his pants til I had enough,
So just for revenge I went and named him SUE! Yeah!!!

It was Gatlinberg in mid July, I was gettin' drunk but gettin' by
Gettin' old and goin' from bad to worse.
When thru the door with an awful scream, comes the ugliest queen I've ever seen,
He says "MY NAME IS SUE! HOW DO YOU DO!" then he hits me with his purse!

Now this ain't the way he tells the tale, but he scratched my face with his fingernails,
And then he bit my thumb and kicked me with his high-heeled shoe...
So I hit him in the nose and he started to cry, and he threw some perfume in my eye,
And it sure ain't easy fightin' with a boy named Sue!

So I hit him in the head with a cane-back chair
And he screamed "HEY DAD, YOU MUSSED MY HAIR!"
And he hit me in the navel and knocked out a piece of my lint.
He was spittin' blood, I was spittin' teeth
And we crashed through the wall and out into the street,
A kickin and gougin' in the mud and the blood (and the creme de menthe)...

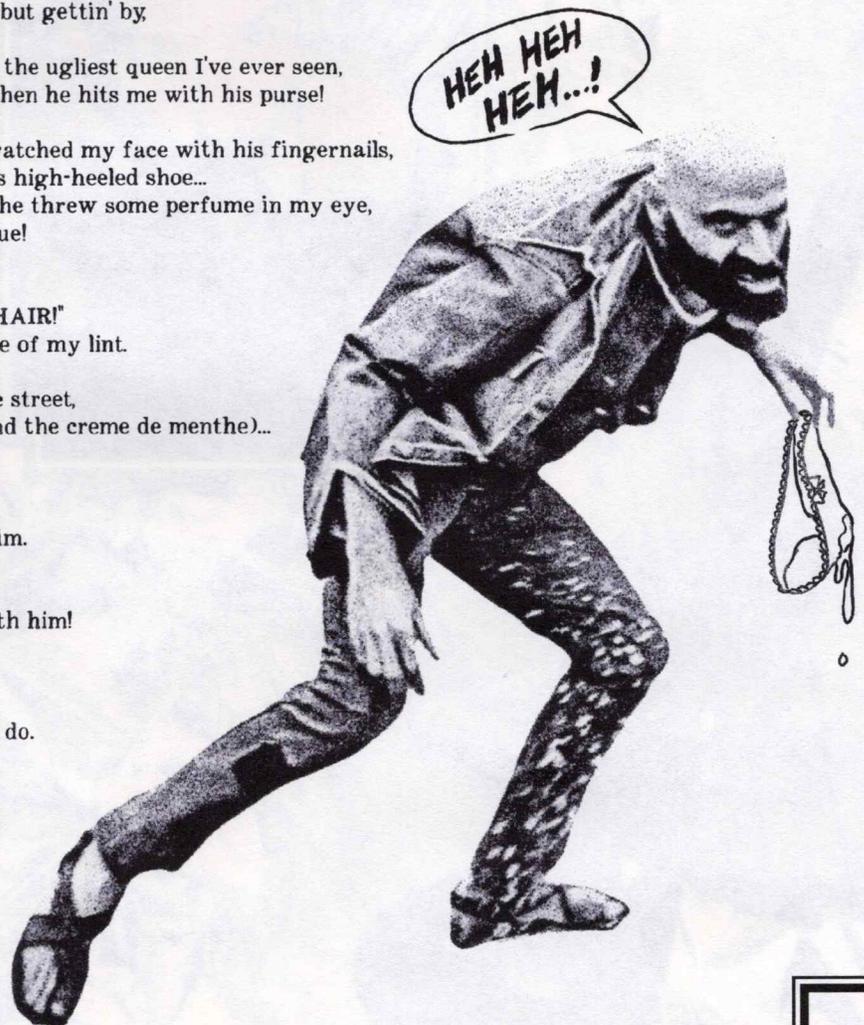
Then out of his garter he pulls a gun!
I'm about to get shot by my very own son!
He's screamin' bout Sigmund Freud and lookin' grim.
So I thought fast and I told him some stuff
How I named him Sue just to make him tough
And I guess he bought it 'cause... now I'm livin' with him!

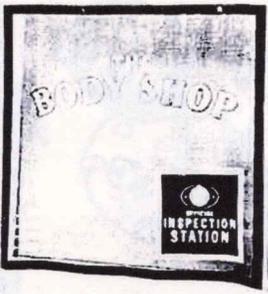
Yeah he cooks and sews and cleans up the place,
He cuts my hair and shaves my face
And irons my shirts better than a daughter could do.
And on the nights that I can't score, well...

I can't tell you anymore...

Sure is a joy to have a boy named Sue.

Yeah a son is fun...
but it's a joy to have a boy named Sue...!





among woman,
ngle. Send nude
ible with frank
38-M

happily married
she 21. New to
h to meet young
endship and sex.
ne for threesomes,
phonies or way
gets quick reply.
31-C

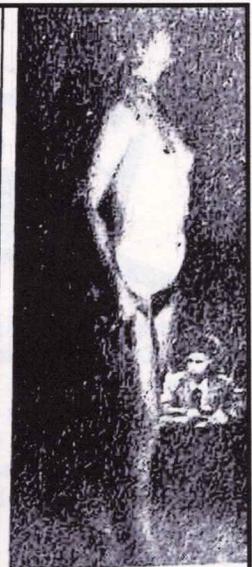


MICHIGAN d-99-077-C

white 40 6'1", 215, well hung,
educated, gentle, romantic, un-
derstanding enjoys giving FR.
Seeks attractive, daring hot gal.
cpls, age & race no barrier.
Photo, phone, answer all in
Mich, Ind, Ohio & Ill. MICH d-
92-892-M

MICH: Male 36, 5'8", 145, seeks
cpls for day time fun. Likes FR;
can travel in So. MI. Send
photo/phone. MICH d-92-898-
M

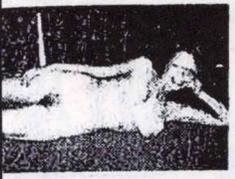
MICH: Midland-Clare-Glad-
win area. 34, 5' male, with sex-
less wife, wants hot sexy women



MISSISSIPPI 30-052-C

MISS: Discreet mature cou-
ple seeking relationship with
couples, singles. Love FF
straight, etc. Wife bi with right
one. No rough stuff. Well worth
your time in every way. Answer
guaranteed. Photo, and phone
possible. Will entertain-beach
living. MS 30-052-C

adult age. MICH d-92-021-M



MARYLAND d-98-853-C

D: Wheaton area couple new
swinging want to meet other
couples for possible sexual
activities. She 27, 5'5" 120 lbs.
25-36. He 31, 6', 191. No
gs, weirdos. Recent photos.
one, address for quick reply.
cretion assured and ex-
tended. MD d-98-853-C

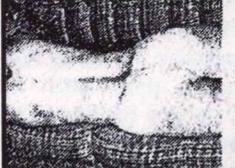
D: Happily married cpl, 40's,
h to exch letters & photos
h other happily marrieds
y. PO Box OK. Letters to
t OK. MD d-98-965-C

D: We are an attr cpl, mid
s. Would like to get into
nging slowly. Corresp first,
n swing own partner. Swap
er if suited. Photo/phone
ngs ours in exch. Can travel
100 mi. Reply assured. MD d-
992-C

MASSACHUSETTS

MASS: Boston. W/M, 30's, in-
sted in W/Fems, 18-40, who
by sex, love and camping.
ase send photo/phone/ad-
ss. Will ans all letters. MASS
2-457-M

MASS: Very attractive white
e physically fit young 60's
es all sex with females only.
oys giving FR to clean
ales 40-65 not over 150 lbs.
n travel; utmost discretion as-
ed. MASS d-92-848-M



MASS b-96-581-F

SS: Sensuous, attr gal, wants
et it on with all you swinging
es. Age no barrier. Just as
e as you can satisfy me.
SS b-96-581-F

MICHIGAN

CH: Male 34, 5'9", 135, and
e done almost everything.
ried, and separated. Drink



MICHIGAN d-98-959-C

MICH: S central. Attr happily
married cpl, 35/40, 5'3", 120, 6',
200, would like to meet attr
white cpls for friendship and
swinging. Clean, honest and dis-
creet. Expect same. Ans all who
send photo full length/phone.
MICH d-98-959-C



MICHIGAN d-99-038-C

Traverse
safe and
d like to
couples.
SE with
ply with
in "Fun
20's and
e. Hu-

in
creet
40
avg, cauc: cpls/sgl males for
lasting friendship. Desire single
to live in. He safe. No drugs,
SM/BD. Letter stating partner
requirements, your description,
phone normal photo desired.
MICH d-98-976-C

MICH: Oakland Co., Mich.,
good looking young generous
business man, 25, 5'6", 125.
Wishes to meet single married
or divorced girls for daytime
friendship and sex. Anything
goes except drugs. Revealing
photo and phone a must. Whites
only. Can please all, horny!
MICH d-93-060-M

MICH: Married wh
desires photo exch
Wife 34-24-34, 5'5"
Husband 5'10", 16
swinging. Just enjoy
tos to turn each oth
good poses. Taken i
husband. Photos
please. MICH d-99-

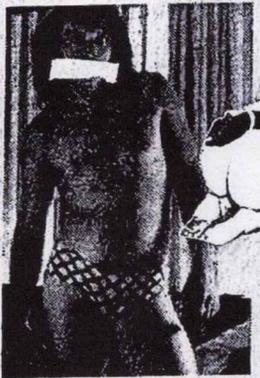
MICH: Mature vi
52, with inert wife.
Detroit area woma
possibly couple. Off
youth, the subtle h
delicacy of maturity
Educated. Quietly
For pure enjoyment
photo. MICH d-92-

MICH: South C
white female, very a
5'3", 34/24/36, 11
tractive black cou
hung attractive b
men. Must be hone
very discreet. No p
Photo, and phone
travel some. MICH



MICHIGAN d-92-890-M

MICH: I'm male, 24, wish to
meet women all ages to 55. En-
joy swimming, cycling, tennis,
chess and folk music. We can be
friends if you like, lovers if you
will. Revealing photo and hon-
est letter, please. Ypsi area; all
answered. MICH d-92-890-M



MICHIGAN d-92-922-M

MICH: 27 year old single man
would like to meet single
women. Consider 30mes, but
I'm not gay. Love FR; 8 1/2".
Send letter and picture, phone &
address. I have my own house
and swimming pool. Love to
photograph nudes. MICH d-92-



92-667-M

MINN: In-
travellie
Minn-ha
excellent lo
with female
arranger
preciated;
guarantee

MINN: 's
seeks we
can't ge
perim
and
may
hav
tion
MII

MIN
trave
Wisc.
adult
ment.

MIN
trave
Wisc.
adult
ment.

MISS
Week
plete desc
possibly vers
lasting friendship.
ring. MISS b-98-



MISSISSIPPI d-98-649-C

Cauc coast cpl, 30/29,
same. Travel, Miss, Ala,
a, Ga, Tx. Can swing sep-
y. Prefer to entertain. State
es in letter. Photo required.
d-98-649-C

Young, nice cpl, wants to
in capital area. He's 28 &
2. Will try just about any-
since we are new. Discre-
is assured. Please send
/phone. Will contact all
te cpls only. MISS d-98-
C

MISSOURI

Wants gal that's clean,
and wants the best in life.
like to dance, dine, and
ood time. That's what I
her. 35 to 55. Send
photo. Phone must.
MO 10-134-M

well built sincere
s casual or perma-
nship with sgl or
males. Live KC.
possibly vers
Kans. 6', 210, blond,
endowed, educated. Enjoy

SLAUGHTER EXHAUST

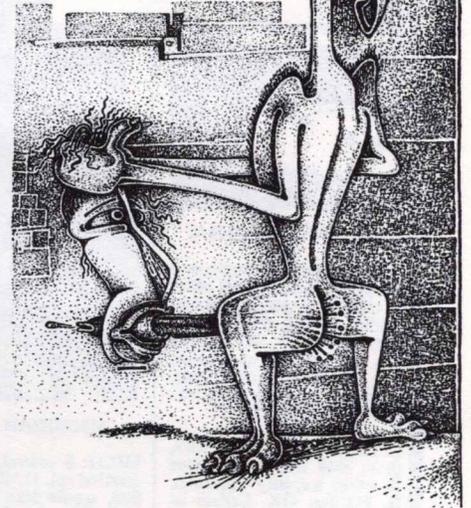
IN PRAISE OF

Maxon Crumb

Upon viewing Terry Zwigoff's 1994 documentary "Crumb" - an intimate portrait of infamous perv Robert Crumb - for the first time as a teen, I was especially taken with Robert's youngest brother, Maxon. He was unwashed and haggard, spindly, spidery, yet leather tough and gristly; he sneers at his life and all its ironies with amused dismissiveness. The scapegoat of the family, as his brother describes him, Maxon was mercilessly bullied and ordered around constantly by his whole family. He was prone to seizures, which he attributes to feeling emotions with such an unbearable violence his body couldn't take it. His first seizure came about as a child when he drew a portrait in charcoal for the first time, and after puberty they would happen whenever he encountered or thought of anything to do with sex. He grew up to become, primarily, a visual artist with a focus on highly stylised figures and sexual themes. His choice of lifestyle is one of squalor - begging in the street, dressing in rags, meditating

on a bed of nails and regularly passing a long cloth down his throat and out of his ass to purify his intestines from the inside. He recalls a time where he had a compulsive urge to grope women, becoming twitchy and almost enraptured while sharing a particular incident where he pulled down a woman's shorts. I was struck by how open and unpretentious he was about this - not downplaying the action in question, nor expressing regrets in that classic play that aims to have the listener forgive it and forget it. I had never heard a man react to his abuse of a woman so matter of factly. I am not sure I have since. He fascinated me. I wondered what it would be like to lay on his bed of nails beneath him, to ingest his freshly passed purification cloth myself. Everyone's takeaway from the film is that Maxon is a weird and creepy guy and, while I won't tell them they're wrong, there is more to observe and take away from his limited screentime than this. He is cut from the same cloth as any of us

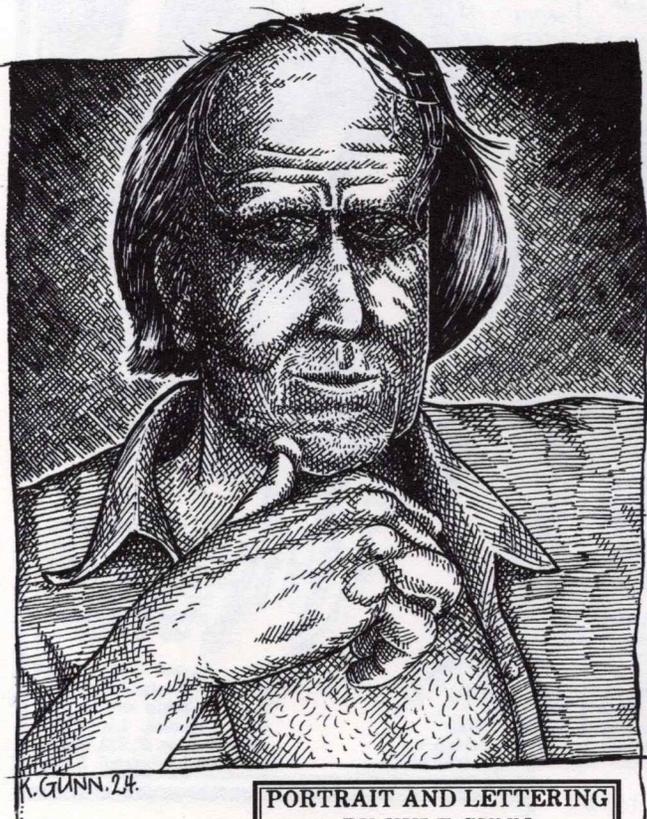
who grew up with that hellish combination of catholicism, repression, obsession, and abuse. At the time I first watched "Crumb" I was a real sad sack of shit; held back from committing suicide only by being too embarrassed to make a scene, plagued by thoughts I'd accidentally make awful things happen with just my eye contact, scared and aroused in equal measure by my own shadow. While fantasies of holding hands with a crush made me shake with disgust at my audacity, sexual proclivities came thick and fast to me. I would warp them in my head until it could be argued I did not receive a single sliver of pleasure from them, allowing for guilt free masturbation. Discovering heathens like Robert Crumb was a balm



to my broken brain as I became a voyeur in his world of sardonic lust and excess and disdain. Maxon's presence in the film felt familiar but newly inspiring, seeing someone who - like me - was plagued by the overwhelm of emotion and intimacy, but at the same time free of the paralysing terror gotten from being desperate to be accepted by ones peers (who, as it turns out, are not mind readers). Someone who has accepted whatever the hell his childhood handed him, taken it in his stride and handled it however felt right. He seemed to not simply reject society at large, but disregard its existence and his role in it entirely. He throws himself brazenly into his unorthodox practices because he is sure of them to be vital to his spirit and, for all his self flagellating monk-like behaviours, he really has found the thing he cares about most and has the self respect to live his life in the way that allows him to pursue it the most efficiently without giving a fuck what anyone thinks. He loves art, so he does it. This is what I admire about Maxon Crumb.

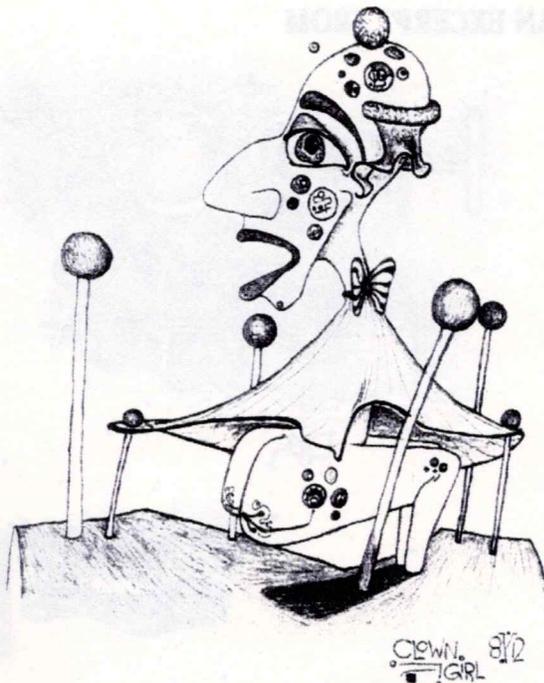
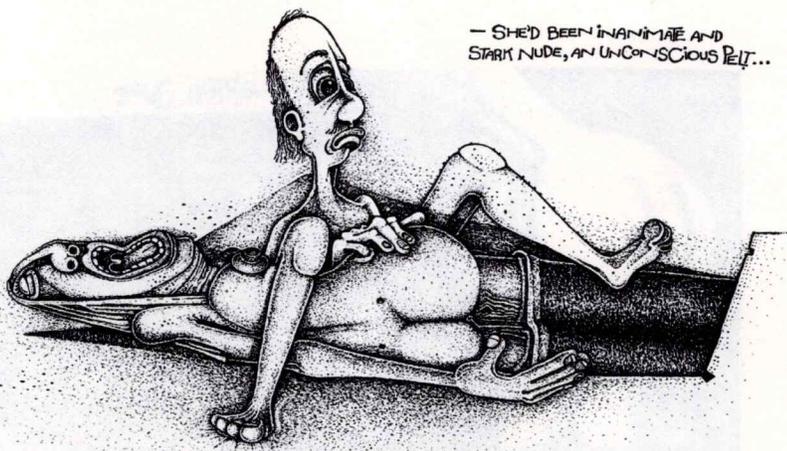


A few years ago, I found out he had published a fiction novel, "Hardcore Moth-



PORTRAIT AND LETTERING
BY KYLE GUNN

- SHE'D BEEN INANIMATE AND STARK NUDE, AN UNCONSCIOUS FELT...

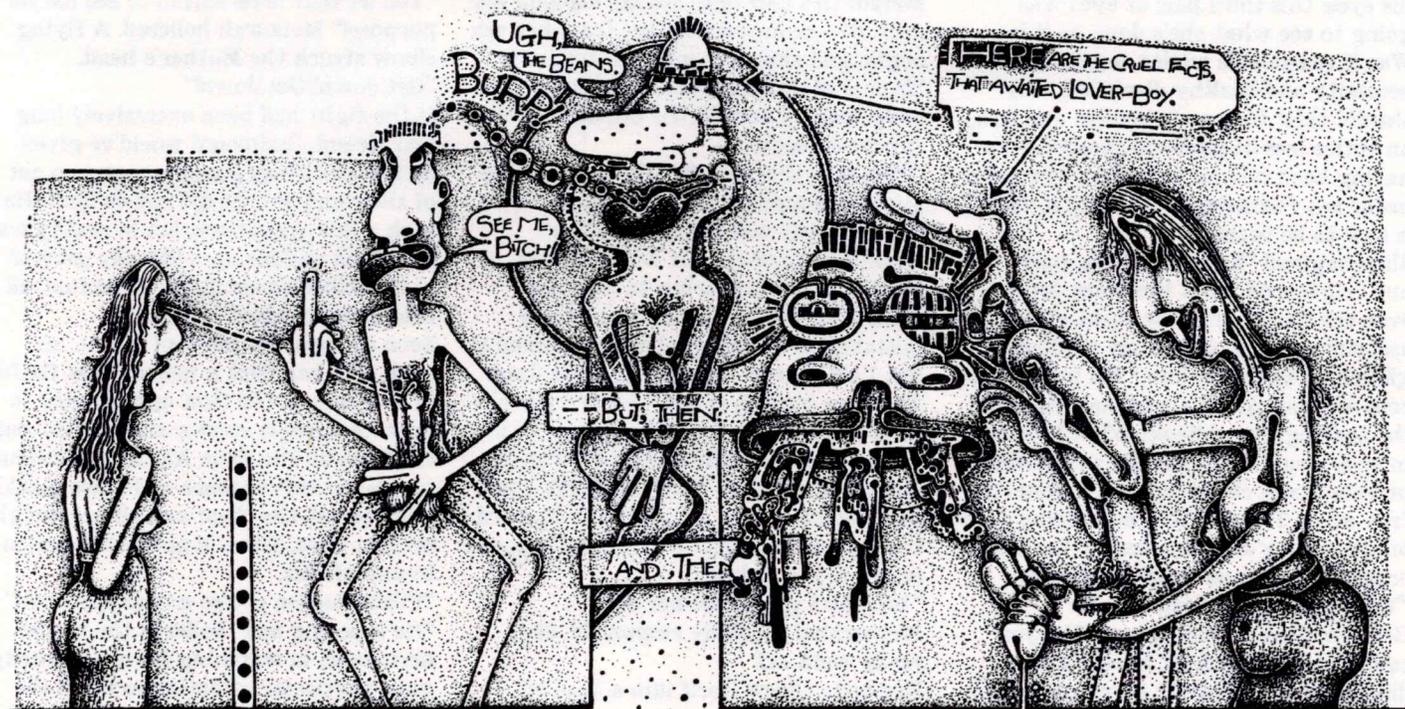


er", and my husband and I spent a good portion of our courtship taking turns reading it to one another over the phone, later collecting his full body of printed work - a small but satisfying collection, mostly short pieces in magazines and anthologies. I wonder if he has much more writing unpublished? We were constantly bewildered and beguiled by his bizarre style of storytelling, and gripped by the horrors he had the guts to take to print. The story is a fable of sorts, revolving around the delight the vicious titular mother takes in forcing her daughter and son into a life of sexual and psychological abuse, the effects it has on them, and the local authorities' incompetence in dealing with it. It forces the reader to feel the full brunt of the mother's sadism as experienced by her children, going into gruesome detail and prioritising the reader's discomfort. Hardcore Mother reads like a plea for some sanity in this rotten world, the text feels bitter and raw, anguished and exhausted. The narrator frequently seeks to forget he's in

a piece of fiction, often addressing the reader, anticipating their disgust at his blunt depictions of incestuous abuse. Boasting, at times, his enlightenment and daring in taking on the subject and spitting in the face of the general public, censors, and more. It's a wild ride, to be sure. (But who can blame him? Isn't it funny that mere fantasies involving the immediate family are scoured from mainstream pornography mediums, leaving fantasies of stepfamily - who are even more likely to abuse in the real world - in their wake as the implied morally healthy alternative? Why, because the fantasy rape babies will be genetically sound? The powers that be want to wash their hands of depraved taboos while fully profiting from their existence by repackaging them in a way that only serves to make the taboo more accessible and less... taboo. This world is a sick place and pretending depravity does not exist only serves to protect those who do great evil with

it. I digress...) While a largely disgusting and miserable read, Hardcore Mother is very entertaining - it reads like you're listening to a jaded old cynic recount this story to you personally, with colourful descriptions and bizarre non sequiturs. Like the author himself, the book is very divisive - while I cannot guarantee you will love it, I am certain you will never forget it. Enjoy this excerpt on the next page. (I also thoroughly recommend his biography, "Art Out of Chaos" by Malcolm Whyte, which lends even more interest to the mysterious artist (did you know he was a viking silversmith named Fjord in a past life?) and has lots of his paintings and drawings printed inside.)

- THE GASH



AN EXCERPT FROM

HARD CORE MOTHER

By

Maxon
CRUMB



Mother is caught on the sharp point between fantasy and the actual, with her personal security seriously threatened. Her desires were so intense that her fantasies were extreme. In fact, they were so extreme that no methodizing could help bridge the gap which makes the phantom fantasy real. If she wanted to make these extreme fantasies actual, she had to leap a stark precipice. She had gambled and won once, already; Got away with shoving the gorgeous little ingénue's face up between her thighs where she now kept it. But this, though just completed, was now to be shown to somebody else; the stakes were to be played again almost immediately. A third pair of eyes, her boy "Kiddo," his eyes; this third pair of eyes was going to see what she's done, as it is. Was it reasonable justice, psychological necessity and healthy discipline, why she did this? Or was it, bizarre and sick, an entire loss of personal control from having been talking to herself too much inside sex fantasies? Whatever it was, it is now to be bared.

She imagined "Kiddo" running pale and frightened from the room, from even the house. She saw night street and police; sirens, black and white cars glistening under flashing red lights, big cops with sticks. She momentarily felt the beating, the ridicule. What there's to lose, would be all her life's elements: private home, children, cash, immunity, free work. The end of it is standing nude on the wrong side of a wall of bars. She braced herself and swallowed hard. "You can come in, Kiddo!"

Her son came into the room. His eyes squinted into the dark, barely able to discern by the dimly lit lamp, an ensemble

of human figures. The light behind the two women, put shadow in front of, and glare beside them. This made seeing difficult and uncertain as to identifying what was before him. The ensemble suggested a warrior with a humiliated captive. Mother looked away from having to watch the shock hit his eyes, the shock which would affirm that he'd seen what she's done. Her thoughts came up with the worst. They made her listen to this: "Oh, my God, I went mad and raped my daughter. Now I'm confused and snitching on myself" She impulsively spoke. Guilt choked her speech.

"I caught the 'Peenie-Sucker.' We got her." Mother twisted a knot of Metzrah's hair until cruelly bending her neck. She removed the face from her sex organ and shoved it into her abdomen. "Is that Metz-T? That is Metz-T? Somebody took all her clothes off her?" A prim screech.

"Who is in this room!?" The words were garbled in against Mother's navel. Reprisal fear was beating Mother absolutely to death. "If when saying Metz-T, you're referring to your evil sister Rabi-Bai Urridita, you're sadly mistaken in inferring that this person is her. I killed that wrong slut. She's dead. This new bitch is called 'Peenie-Sucker,' as soon you'll see. I promised you, we'd have a Stooze in the Shitpit for fun 'n' games, remember? Didn't I? Didn't I tell ya to wake her up, ya silly little bastard, that somethin' awful was gonna happen to her if you didn't."

"Wow, do I get to see her ass?"

Metzurabai suddenly responded. She really went off.

Her body threw itself into a kind of

high-energy fit ... inhuman and mad. Shrieking, twisting and turning, gesturing convulsively; she had to cover her nude ass as long as Scrinvami stood looking at it, hide it in her hands or sit down on it on the rug.

Mother had lost all physical hold and subjugation of her, and the images again of cops and police cars and jail, were plaguing her with anguish. Only subduing once more the wildly thrashing, loudly screeching body of her daughter could save her from those awful reprisals. First go, a pleasure: soon the second go, necessity Metzrah's body was now a necessity to Mother's personal survival because of what she'd done to it.

The two women fought.

"You let that little shit in to see me, on purpose!" Metzurah hollered. A flying elbow struck the Mother's head.

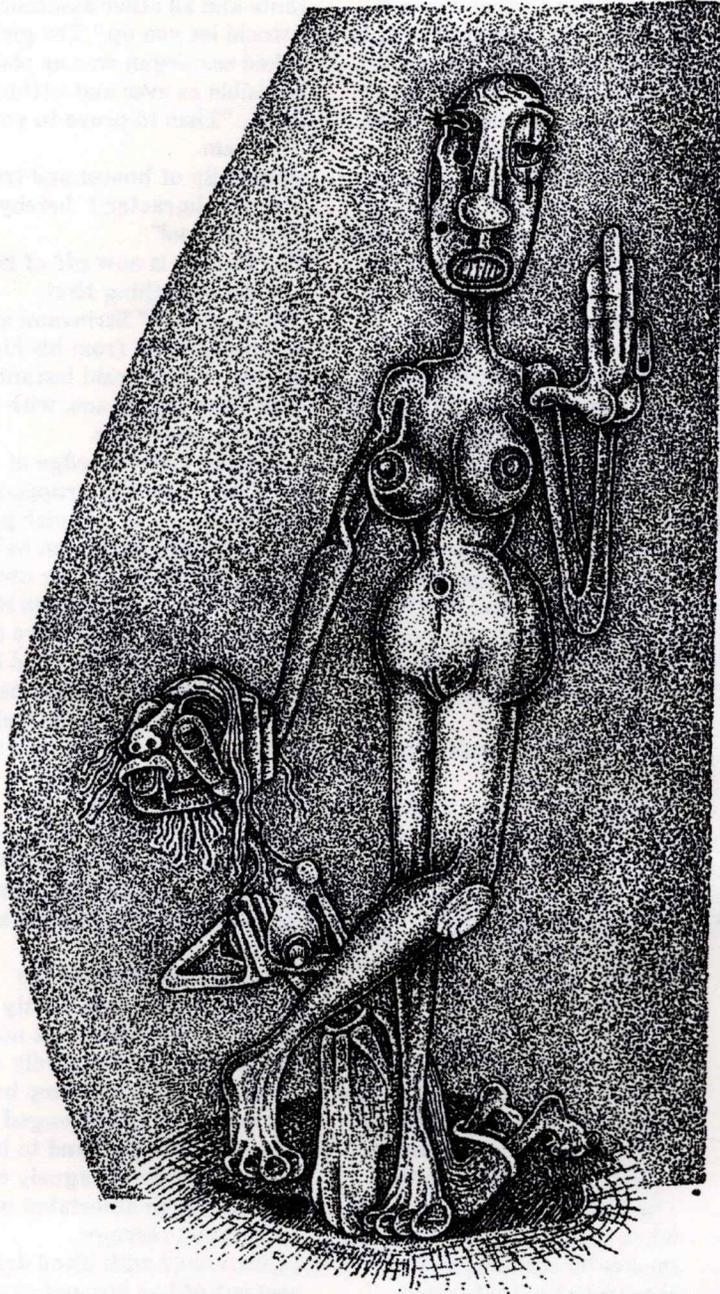
"Get down! Get down!"

If the fight had been excessively long and violent, Scrinvami would've given up and run away, possibly even run out of the room. But he did not do that. He took a few steps back, but in reality, was delighted and his eyes literally glowed in the still subdued light. Metzrah, all naked, mesmerized his libido.

Soon enough, Mother had her on her back. She had kept a hold of that fistful of hair and at the first opportunity to execute a single strong-arm motion, put the head on the floor. All that was then necessary was to place and place quickly, her knee on the chest and all her weight on that knee. There was no obstruction to any of this.

"Filthy sucker, you're gonna pay now!"

"He is seeing me!" hollered the victim. Scrinvami, in watching his sister's body, gave particular attention to when she



kicked with her legs. That's when she opened her groin up and allowed him to view entirely the features of a female's genitals. "That's her pussy! Jeezo!" He shouted it loud as he could, and plopped down in a chair nearby, exhausted and glancing over at the Mother.

Metzurabi had given up. Her mortified body collapsed flat. She was adequately subdued. Mother is kneeling on her. Mother's eyes sparkled and she grinned shyly. "Do you like seeing her pussy, Kiddo?" She asked while sweating and panting from all the exercise and fright. Now, according to the conceit natural to preda-

tors, sporting with the corpse of the prey: A she-hawk, high over the hills. Mother musses her hair, being excessively complimented about her posture. The strong line of this posture was an arm descending straight down into her victim's upturned face. It connected to it by a brutal knotted fist.

"Do you want to see it now?" "I don't know, I did see her pussy. Okay, I'll look at it again."

"E.Z.," replied the Mother. She looked down at Metzurbai's face and she frowned.

"Hey dogshit, spread 'em!" She twisted the fist and Metzurbai whined loudly

with pain. The Mother's fist put onto her victim's face an excessively sadistic grip... a hold which pinched the upper lip until she could gouge her long nail into the sensitive gum, wounding it, putting blood in the spit that flowed out.

"Spread your legs, didn't I tell you, nigger-dick face? I said, spread your legs apart!" And the fist twisted the features even tighter. Metzurah howled. The legs kicked up and parted. "That's not enough to see.

Wider, turd!" She obeyed and revealed more.

The kid's eyes drew a bead on the fleshy hump between her open thighs and at the slit. His laughter tinkled. Mother spoke boisterously. "Be sure you get your eyeful! Hey, I want some attention, too. Come over here and see me. What's so special about this rotten slut, who the hell is she?"

He did so. He joined Mother and together, they assessed suffering Metzurbai spread on the floor, and gloated over having forced her into the pose usually adopted by the female in the fuck act. They looked down into her twisted-up face and laughed at what they saw. The pulled lip and the pinched nose grotesquely distorted it. Both agreed that Metzurah, having to lay nude in the fuck-act position while others twisted her face into comical

ugliness, was the victim of harsh and difficult indignity suffering. Then, there was more gloating and laughter. Mother stooped forward, her finger drew a line up and down the girl's body. "Hey? You down there in hell!" She asked, now leaning close. "Would you like to know how to get outta' all this misery?" And she jiggled her grip on the clutched face. "Answer my fucking question, please, when I ask it!"

"Yeth! Oh, yeth! Pleadze? Pleadze led me go!"

Metzurbai now speaks with a lisp and with a nasal twang, because of the way her lip and her nose are being so tightly

pinched together. She looks up and sees her Mother with her arm affectionately holding Scrinvami. She smells their shoes. "Here's how put his dick in your mouth."

"Huh?"

"His penis, his male sex organ, actually in your mouth with the tongue and teeth that are already there. No fuss, no force."

"Ud are oo thaying?"

"Okay." The hook was already in the fish's mouth.

With calm and with disinterest, Mother used the face twisting technique. Again desperate wailing; the hold used to actually lift the head.

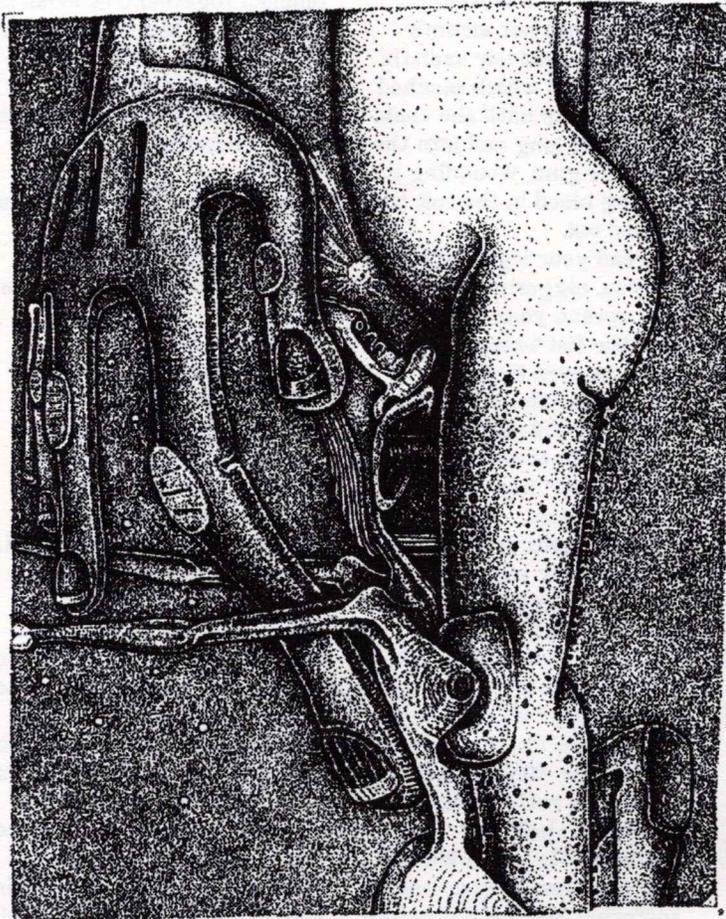
"Yeth, I buht hith benith in m'mouth!" Mother feels the hot breath on her hand and the soft mouth moving under her knuckles as it speaks. She presses the knuckles so hard against the wet teeth, the girl gags. She grins. "Ith thad 'im there? Can I dootd it rawht now?" The spread legs kicked and pumped vigorously, then stopped and stayed in mid-air. Sweat gleamed on Metzurbai's pussy. Mother's belly began to flutter. She turned to the boy.

"Listen, Kiddo, why don't you co-operate with me, huh? I've been working very hard shap-ing-up this filthy, fallen slut, of which I deserve a break. Why don't you go upstairs, put on your pajamas and wash yourself up very cherry. When you come back down, we'll relax and enjoy some nice conversation and refreshments."

"Okay"

"I gotta' get our stooge out of this before she's dead, and make her finish saying her catechism. So, go on."

Scrinvami, though always trying out one role after another, and often times, putting on a show of saucy independence to match his native intelligence, is simultaneously and on almost the identical occasion, consistently and morbidly obeying all commands. But then this time, she who commanded had given him such a good time. It was such great fun watching the sex-oriented workover of his older sister; a smidgen of commandism was nothing.



Exit Scrinvami. The boy beat it upstairs and the two women continued where they had left off.

"I have your promise on a blow job."

"Huh? Whw' doth mean, 'b'ow jop" The grip was tightened and the face pulled forward. "Oo ave maw promith! Yeth! Yeth!"

Metzurabi's eerie howl echoed through the house. It stopped Scrinvami short at the top of the stairs. He listened. What he heard would've made his blood run cold, but curiosity and sexual passion made him long to witness it. He crept back down the steps. "Solemn promise?" "Tholemn promith, Mudder!" Her voice broke with sincere urgency, then exhaled with relief as the grip was let loose. Her head was allowed to drop back to the floor. It did so with a dull thud.

"Will I see you lick the penis with your red tongue?"

"Yes!" was the exhausted reply but there was no interval. Soon enough, her head began

batting back and forth, since Mother hadn't finished and was reaching for her nose again.

Mother stilled her by grabbing the forehead first.

"... And! Will your tongue rub on the Scrotum, the balls?" The Mother's fist twisted the girl's face so tightly this time that Metzurabi's legs began to kick the floor and her fists to beat on it because the pain would be so intense.

"Yeth! Yeth!"

Crouched by the entrance to the living room, Scrinvami eagerly and clandestinely watched, while with shattered nervous jerks, Metzurabi's nude feminine torso writhed. Spasms jumping in the thighs and in her breasts, the brown nipples, the genital, the sweat face under the fist. His eyes slurped it all in.

Metzurabi kept screaming.

"A-a-a-ah!"

Mother did not feel the pain she was inflicting. She was having fun and her understanding, being only pleasure, was this: That the sexual

basis of her torture made it thrilling for both participants. Convinced then, she mumbled, "She's sucking," and let go of the face completely. "Good, progress has been made."

Metzurabi broke out in tears. Mother continued as disdainfully as if about to spit on her.

"—And will you rub your lips upon that self-same scrotum and suffer it to gain entry to your mouth and all the penis in its entirety, no matter how long it may become? Have you already promised me this? If you double-cross me, I will burn your face on the stove. Say it! Say it!" The Mother stared distractedly at the floor. "Repeat these things to me and I will free you. Acquiesce to them in actual word or I will pull your lips off Say, 'To all this I have already promised.'"

"To all this I have already promised."

"Repeat, 'If I double-cross, my face will be burnt on the stove.'"

"If I double-cross, my face will be burnt on the stove."

"Say it, 'I am a cock-sucker.' The lips pouted.

"Say it!"

"I am a cock-sucker." Sadist's work beautifies the prey. Every punch, kick, gouge, mortification, each ingenious infliction, humiliation, overt indignity accomplishes this. The Mother was smitten fresh when suddenly spying blood smears on the smooth little cheeks. Not withstanding her protests otherwise, she attempted to grab the nose, establish the painful hold again and give, yet, another twist. She could not get back on it. The face rubbed itself hot and slippery around the hand. Squirming, wet-on-wet and breath, put off the grip.

"Don't!" Metzurabi wept.

"Don't, Mother," she whimpered

childishly, moving her head to avoid the hand. "You promised to let go. I said I am a cock-sucker."

"You're right. I promised that if you diligently and correctly repeated all those self-proclaimers, the blow job war-

rants and all other assurances, I would let you up." The girl's naked sex organ was as plainly visible as ever and within reach. "Then to prove to you that I am essentially of honest and trustworthy character, I hereby—" "Get off you!"

The Mother is now off of her. She did something first.

"Ooooo, Jeezo!" Scrinvami exclaimed silently from his hiding place. Metzurabi instantly grabs her crotch and, with a loud cry, doubles up.

Seated on the very edge of the sofa, her garment wrapped tightly closed, in a boyish posture with her elbows on her knees, Mother holds her own head. It was reeling from it all. Quickly reviewed were the things just done. She could be amazed, how her sadism had so readily exaggerated itself. Seeing it was over, the kid tore back upstairs.

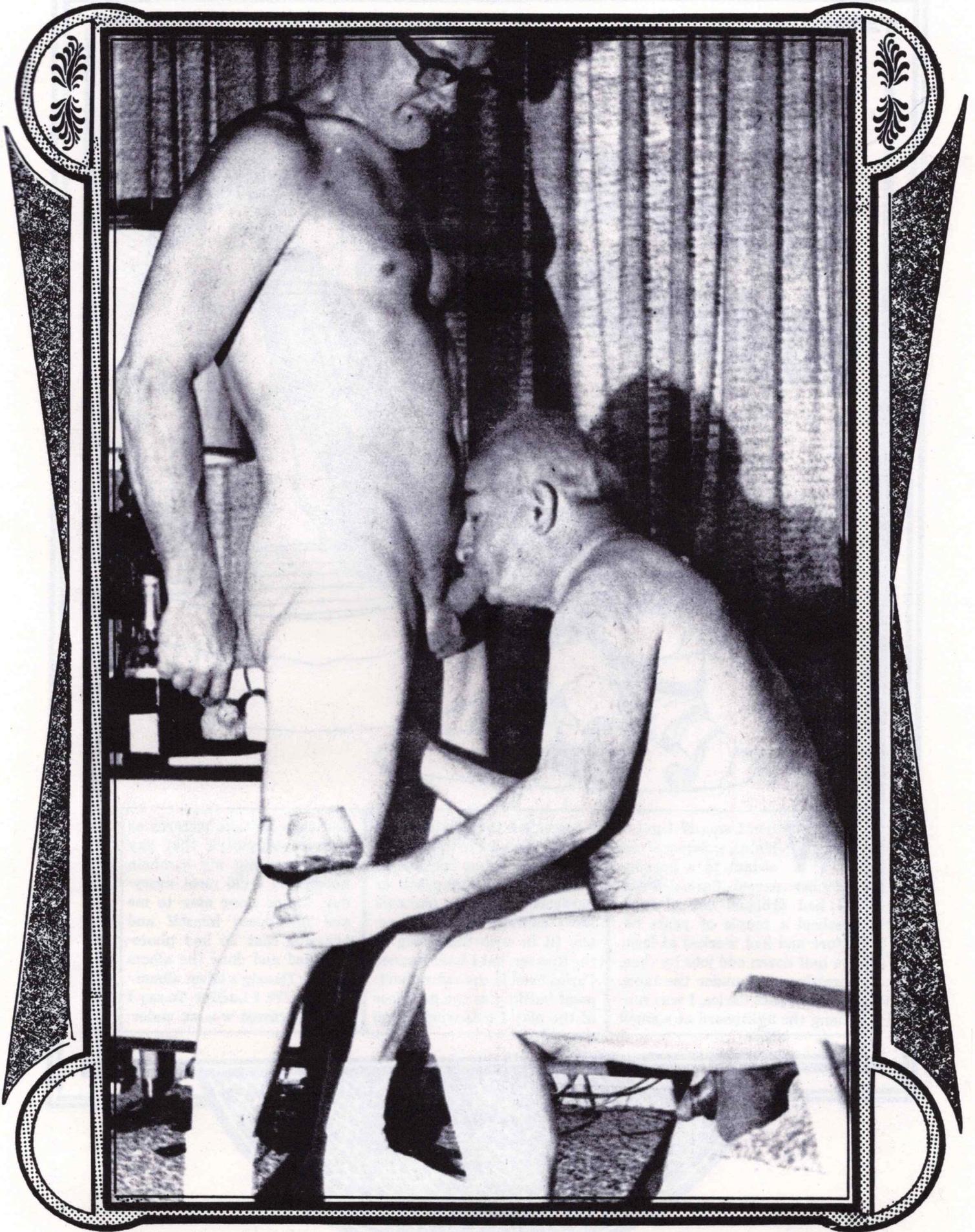
Mother looked up, vaguely sensing footfalls on steps and then turned to the right. With a doubtful, twisted, not genuine smile and a lined brow she watched her go.

When Metzurabi left the room, her walk was mostly stumbling and her stark nude butt wobbled haphazardly as before. There was a limp in the walk and a bow-legged aspect. Holding a hand to her lips, she mumbles vaguely conscious phrases associated with sorrow and revenge. Saliva mixed with blood dribbled out of her lips and cutely down the chin. There were smears of red on the chest and on the little, once cold, half-apple tits. Spit was even in her hair.

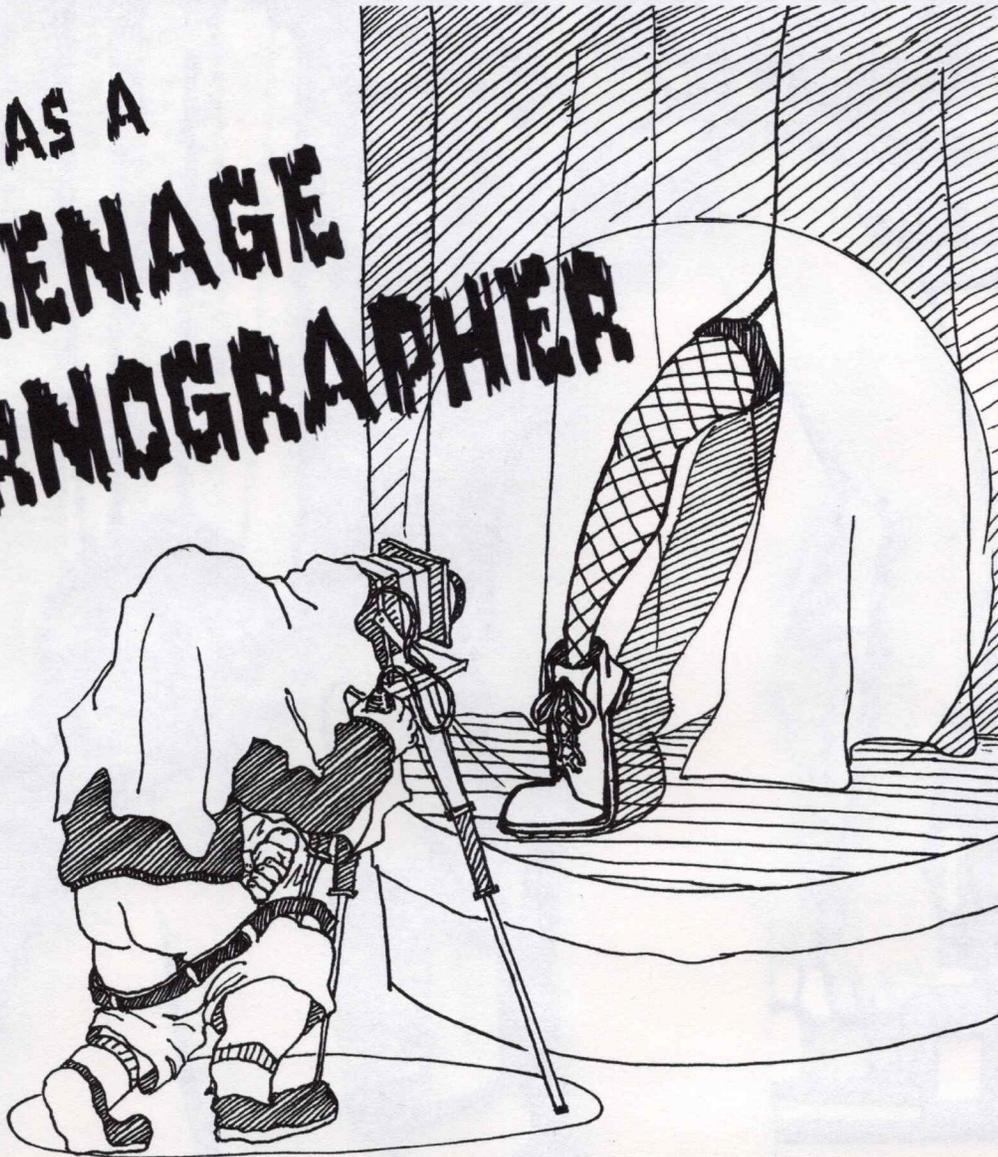
Her physique was randomly marked with hot reddish abrasions. These pulsed at you. One hand massaged the cleft which was where how much Mother had left of it was at; there, nestled between pale thighs.

Then the bare ass disappeared through the doorway.

—MAXON



I WAS A TEENAGE PORNOGRAPHER



When I was 17 I got a job as a personal assistant to a pornographer named Carlos Batts. I had dropped out of high school a couple of years before and had worked at least a half dozen odd jobs by then, getting paid under the table. When I met Carlos, I was running the lightboard at a small

independent theater in Watts, CA. Carlos came in to take pictures of the actors one day. He was a 30 something, black, ex hardcore kid with a mohawk from Baltimore, he didn't really fit in with the group at the theater, but I later learned Carlos lived in the same apartment building as the producer of the play I was working on

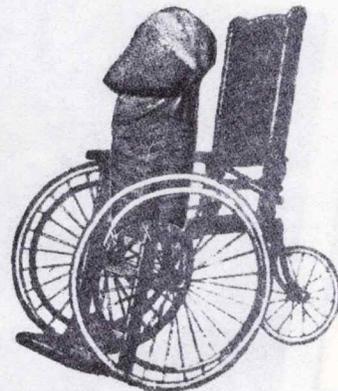
and came to take pictures as a favor. Anyways, that day I was wearing my Samhain hoodie.. as I did most everyday. Carlos came over to me and introduced himself and bragged that he had photographed and done the album art for Danzig's latest album - Danzig 777: I Lucifer. To say I was impressed was an under-

statement, he might as well have told me that he knew god.. and I guess he kind of did, because Danzig IS god. I showed him my Misfits and Danzig tattoos I had gotten when I was 14, and we both bonded over Danzig being a hero of ours. He even told me he'd introduce me to him one day (a promise he did eventually keep). We talked about music and films, art and photography I had been making... and yeah, we also talked about how I was homeless, my parents were dead, and that when this gig was up I'd be looking for my next way to make money. He offered me 4hrs of work the following weekend, something about scanning some film negatives for him. He wrote down his address and told me the time and date to meet him. When the day came, I arrived at his East Hollywood apartment ready to do some repetitive braindead work, with no idea that what was about to happen would shape much of what the next few years of my life would become. I got buzzed into the apartment and walked up to 3rd floor. As I walked down the hall, Carlos was already hurriedly walking over to meet me. He shoved a Nikon in my hands and stared me straight in my eyes and said "I got my fat ass big tittied wife in that room over there, a Filipino tranny tied up, and a bald Russian cutting herself. Don't stare. Now come on and take some pictures". We walked in the room and the scene was just as he said.

Carlos jumped back into taking pictures while I tried to figure out where I fit in with this... and to not stare. Over the next few hours I took pictures of the models, of Carlos taking pictures of them, did a few different lighting setups, and learned a couple of knots getting my first introduction to shibari. When things were wrapping up Carlos came up to me and pulled out his wallet. I assumed I was getting paid for the day, but instead he hands me his debit card and tells me to memorize his PIN number, before sending me off to buy about \$50 worth of Taco Bell. This guy I barely knew just trusted me with his debit card and PIN number, right after I took pictures of his wife sucking on a strapon while getting custard eaten out of her ass. I had been suddenly thrust into this inner circle and instantly given their trust. After returning with the Taco Bell Carlos tells his wife Lilian "D.O.G. doesn't have anywhere to live, so he's gonna be staying here and sleeping on the couch". She was completely unfazed by this and was all too happy to have some teenager staying at the apartment with them. So not only did I have a new gig, but a place to stay too. A place where shit was always happening and where we were making some type of porn/smut every day. We would shoot models for magazines, film hardcore videos for DVD releases - and when we weren't doing that, we were making content for his wife's

site fattyd.com. I took care of any mundane task that needed taking care of, but also spent so much of my time getting to be creative and make art more freely than I ever had in my life. I learned to emulate Carlos' style and used to take pictures or even paint shit that he'd take credit for. He told me that this was the way it went and that all great artists had their assistants doing their work for them. In my free time though, I started creating my own lookbook. Convincing my friends to let me tie them up, cover them with food in the bathtub, or even fuck on the street while I photographed them. Over the years that followed I was a part of every aspect of making pornography, from squirt and jizz mopper, to videographer, to even fucking on film myself. I hung out at parties with pornstars, had yearly VIP access at AVN, and even started supplying drugs when needed. I have countless stories I'll be sharing here in HONK! in future issues. But that's all for now. Until next time.

- D.O.G.





E.I & S.I



ART BY
SCORPION LUST

"Whenever I want him, I take him"

Throughout my life I've fantasized about many different men, but my favorite now prevails. He's a singer in real life and I have the most fantastic orgasms while screwing him in my mind as his songs fill the room from my stereo. He is actually a sweet, sensitive, often shy, attractive and bright man; tall and slender and intensely sexy. I'm also tall, and in my fantasies he's just a few inches shorter to match my

height exactly. It is sort of like a series when I fantasize, and I'll pick up one day where I left off the last. Sometimes I'll get bored and "change the channel" but the new "show" still involves this man and he always belongs to me. Here it is... Whatever the setting, I usually put my man in a situation where he's either a slave, servant or member of an inferior group. I find or buy him in a pitiful condition. He's been beaten, raped, starved,

prostituted and humiliated extensively before I get to him. I briefly fantasize about him being brutally gang-raped by several women and sodomized with sticks. I don't dwell on this because I hate the real pain and fear I can see on his face. What I love is taking over. He is trembling and frightened as I carry him home. I try to comfort and reassure him, speaking softly and handling him gently as I bathe him and bandage

his wounds. He screams and pleads with me not to give him an enema or touch his genitals because of his being raped so cruelly, but I know if I don't give him an enema he'll have a harder time without it. So very tenderly I hold him over my lap and slowly slide the nozzle up his ass. He sobs and writhes but I keep him down, and eventually he submits. When the bottle is empty I put him on the toilet and he clings to my legs as the

water rushes out. Through the night I feed, dress and caress him until he falls asleep in my arms. I include a lot of detail and can spend hours just taking care of him, trying to get him to trust me. He's always obedient, though reluctantly at first because he's still afraid of me. I'm kind but firm, and he knows that he belongs to me, so he's submissive to my desires. The next few days are spent buying him clothes, taking him to doctors, etc. The doctors are always women and he hates such visits, especially the shots and rectal exams. They offer me another chance to hold his shaking body and calm his fears. I don't try to have sex with him too soon because I know his past experiences with prostitution and being raped still haunt him. I work up to it over several days; at first with caressing and holding him, then with kissing and fondling. One night I start making advances as I'm holding him in bed and he thinks I'll stop where I did the night before. When I don't, he starts crying and begs me not to do "it" to him. I keep going but he gets hysterical so I stop and comfort him, telling him I'll wait until he's ready. The next night he tearfully informs me that he's ready for me if I want him. The truth is, he's still scared to death. But he knows that I can do whatever I want to him by law, and since I've been so kind to him he feels guilty that I've been ignoring my own needs for his sake. So, although he's still frightened, I begin making love to him. I spend a long time kissing and nibbling his face, neck, ears and chest, and eventually move my tongue into his mouth. I move slowly so I won't startle him. He still cries softly and admits that not only does he think it will hurt, but also that he isn't capable of pleasing me. I assure him that I'll be very gentle and that if he just relaxes and does what I say he'll please me. I slide his shorts and T-shirt off and kiss him

all over. Through his crying, light sighs and gasps also escape his lips. He lies still on his back and I move onto him, licking and sucking his ears and neck again while I hold his head back firmly. Then I work downward along his ribs and belly, and finally in between his legs. Spreading them wide apart, I lick his soft inner thighs and balls, and then take his hard cock into my mouth, sucking slowly and deliberately. He moans and whispers my name over and over... "Oh, Beatrice, please don't..." I want him to tell me when he feels himself coming because I want to be fucking him when he comes. When he calls out between gasps, I move back on top of him and push my dripping cunt onto his cock, moving up and down and squeezing rhythmically. We french again, and as I climax after time I feel him buck and cling tightly to my body. His moaning and breathing get heavier, and as he screams during orgasm, I kiss him forcefully. My cunt sucks hungrily at his cock and milks him dry, and he gives me everything he has. We both come again and I continue loving him throughout the night. In the afternoon glow, he lies naked in my arms and feels safe at last. After our first night of sex, I am still kind to him but less gentle. I teach him how to hold his ejaculation until I want him to release it, and occasionally I have to paddle his bare ass to get him to try harder. He eventually becomes very good at it, as well as at sucking my breasts and clit exactly how I've taught him to. He is still shy but wants desperately to please me. We screw in dozens of different settings and hours of the day: during breakfast, in the pool, the garden, the bathtub, even a dressing room as I help him try on clothes. Whenever I want him, I take him. Once in a while he has trouble

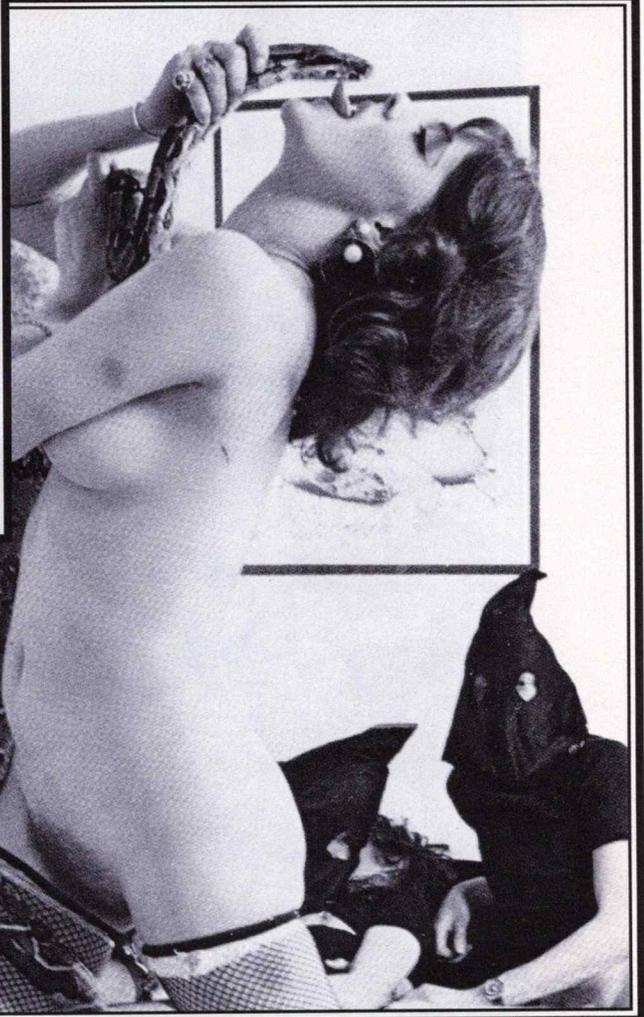
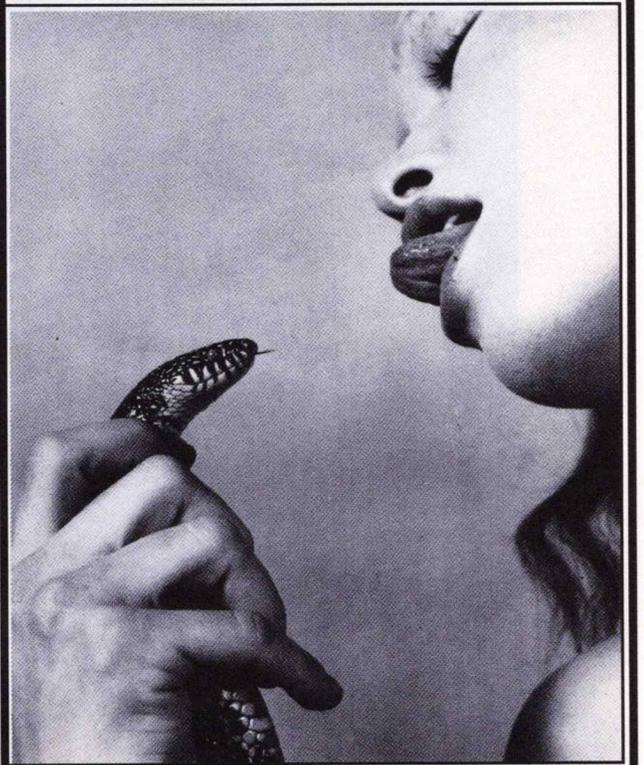
getting hard, and he cries, ashamed. When that happens I assure him that I still love him and we turn to oral sex and masturbating each other (which I always control). He thrives on being dominated by someone he trusts, on having me discipline his life knowing how badly I want him during sex and not knowing what might happen next. He knows I would never actually harm him, but sometimes he disobeys and he gets his little butt paddled, hard. We both love how hot and intense sex is after we've both been turned on by his spanking. Sometimes I'm very rough when I fuck him and I slam down on his balls too hard. Afterwards I'm careful to be extra gentle and I suck them soothingly. I also like to

stick my finger up his ass or squeeze his buttocks together as we're coming. Other times I slide a vibrator up him and keep it there as I screw him mercilessly. At first, the size of it scares him and he's tight as he pleads with me not to force it in. But I tie his wrists to the bedpost and push his knees up to his chest and slowly inch it in, always well lubricated. He is very noisy when I do anything sexual to him. Also, when I fantasize while listening to his music, just as each song hits its peak we too explode in a frenzy of climaxes. Sometimes I "rent" him out to other women or a male friend, but I am always nearby watching to keep them from abusing him.

- BEATRICE

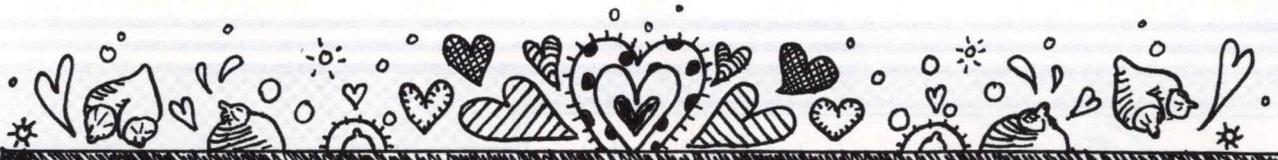


in the end
there was
nothing.



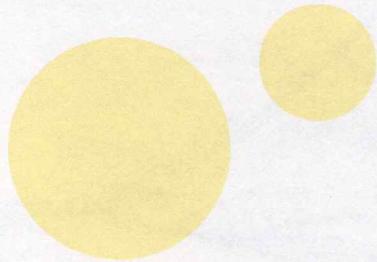
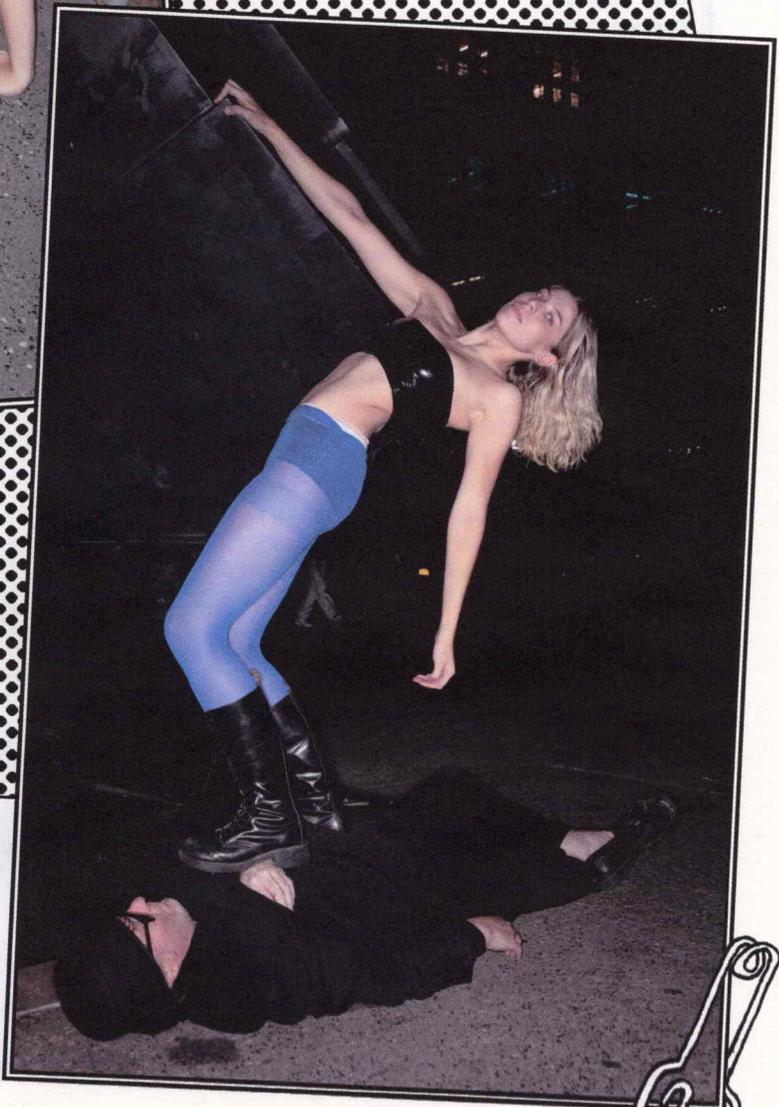
ELLE RECK







AVA MARZULLI



Rick Dash

A SHORT STORY BY
CHRISSY MARIE JONES



Above the couch sits a three-foot tall blue puppet on a pile of books. She found him today at a small yard sale. Nothing special. Just a neighbor selling her junk. Petra thinks the puppet has bad posture and then realizes it has no spine or personality. It's wearing child's clothing. His overall effect is underwhelming. Wonky head and funny googly eyes. The limbs are blue and furry with stiff fingers.

Petra smokes a cigarette, laughs at the puppet, and lays down for a nap. She wakes up to find the puppet standing in front of her. She immediately runs without screaming to the door but then the puppet speaks to her in her mind.

"My name is Rick Dash. Chill out, baby," his voice unnaturally deep and passing through her like wet gauze.

Maybe she's crazy but she will not be murdered. His name is inexplicably gross.

He says, "Take off your clothes and let me look at a real human body, baby."

He bops across the room, about three feet tall, furry arms stiff at his side, head big and jiggly. She follows him back into the room, towering above his tiny furry body.

"Let's put on a record to set the mood, baby," he whispers to her in her mind.

She kneels beside the puppet in front of the record player. He tries to pull out a record and it slips out of his furry hands and he can't get the record. He tries again and it's awkward.

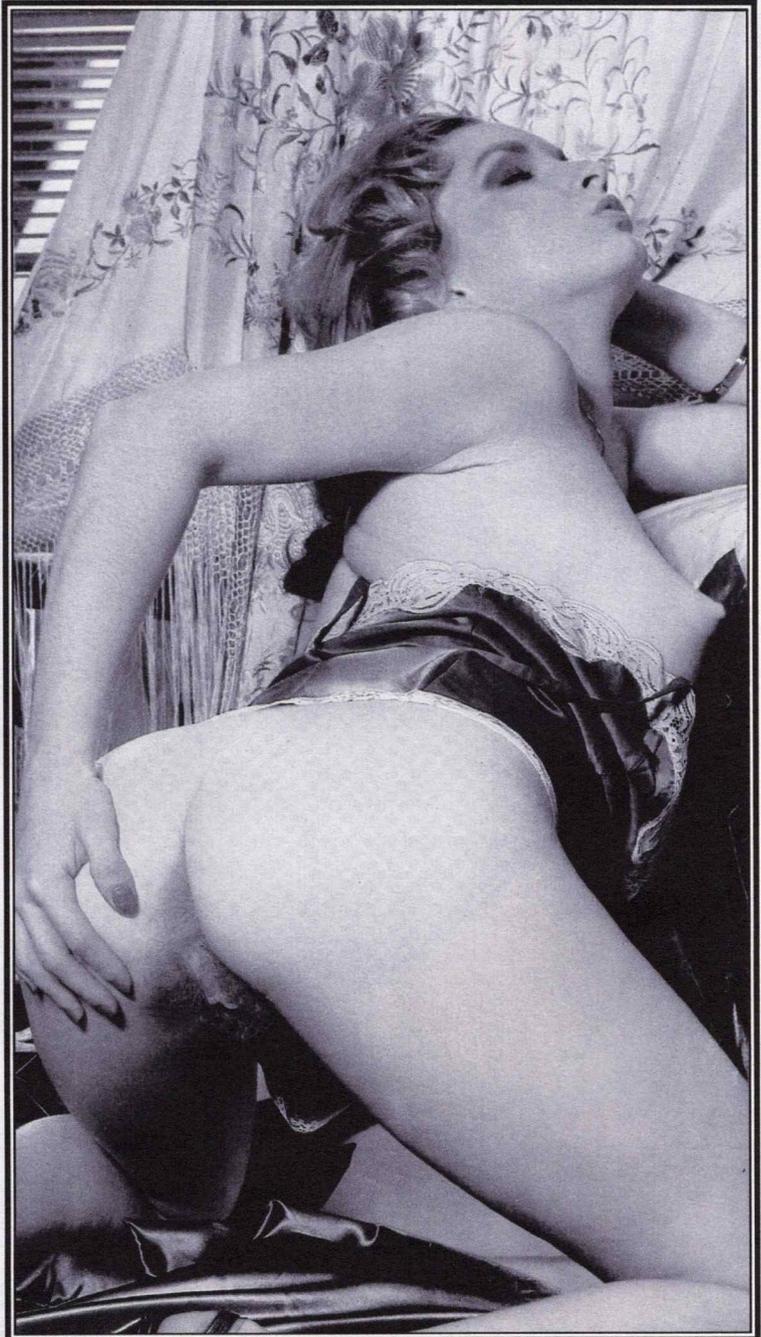
"Do you mind giving me a hand with this, baby?"

She says out loud, What Are You Doing? He is dancing. Puppet body and arms bobs like he is treading water. He shakes his googly eyes.

His mouth is slightly open and that means he is smiling a sexy smile.

There are times when reality blisters. When you're small, the blister begins to form when you're told your friends are imaginary. The spirits wail and chafe in the ether. One can only hope that the eventual eruption oozes a fetus of possibility.

A light beams from Rick's weird eyes and she surrenders to the beam and floats up into the



air. Over the coffee table and onto the couch. She lies there in anticipation, unfolding her dress over her shoulders, over her breasts, over her hips, off of her body. Her lips are turning red, her cheeks are burning and she is wet. She rubs her thighs together.

Glamour is urging her on. It is now time to kiss the puppet. She turns her head to see him standing by her face. He sighs and opens his mouth a little. The smell from his mouth hole is camel lights. He cocks his head to the left and, with a ring like a C on a xylophone, winks.

The puppet treats her body kind and carries her abysmal disappointment and romantic failures through the fog. Rick Dash speaks to her in her mind and asks her to wait. She does. She listens and it is quiet. The anticipation is deafening. He might be transforming. She's afraid that the puppet has left. He has not left. He is transforming. It's hard for him. She waits for a long time.

And now she is begging the puppet but she doesn't know what to expect. He talks to her in her mind like the president in the 1960's and then she opens her eyes to his furry open mouth above her, something wet sliding up and down the sides of her clit and then fur dragging heavy across her body, leaving a trail of vanilla bean ice cream. The Puppet has his mouth open a little. She can barely breathe and her body is shifting gears. Blue fur lapping at her clit. Her breath is transformed into gasps and she grinds her wet cunt against the fur. She wants him to fill her up and wonders how this will happen. Puppets don't have genitals. She hopes his cock won't be furry. But she doesn't want it to be flesh and blood. That's weird. She decides not to think about this.

His face is three inches away from hers. She reaches up with both hands and grabs her puppet friend's face, running her fingers through his fur. He leans in, bounces his face off of her left cheek then her right cheek and between kisses he tells her he wants to put approximately a quarter inch of his cock inside of her wet pussy and come inside of her.

That's nice, she says out loud, and opens her mouth a little. She decides not to ask questions. He's cute as a button. She squeezes his foam face uncontrollably until her palms touch and he lets out a groan. He's so furry and warm. His happy Pac Man mouth. His

eyes like a stupid chameleon. When she lets go the blue fur unfolds, and then unfolds more. His stretched out mouth and eyes sink into the blue fur. They are gone. She unfolds the fur around her and erupts into laughter until she's raised up into the fur. It leaves a wet on her skin that is vanilla bean ice cream. She turns around in the fur and falls, stretching her arms out and into it. The fur surrounding her is like a sea of inexplicably parked black Cadillacs with tinted windows.

She doesn't know how to fuck a small puppet. She has the urge to put fur in her mouth and suck it and so she does and it's good. Sweet is too ordinary of a word, she repeats the word Dulce to herself. Dulce de furry. Pulling her body up the mountain of fur, taking mounds of it into her mouth (Dulce!) it cups her breasts and her ass and whispers nasty things into her ear like I Love How Your Clit Tastes with My Cream On It. She climbs up.

She's on top and straddles the mass, tickling her thighs, and it's inside of her. Something inside of her belly rings repeatedly like the C on a xylophone. She fucks it and leans over to spread her arms around and pull it up to her, kissing it with tongue (Dulce! Dulce!) even though it doesn't make sense. She lets go and arches her back, lets it in so deep she feels in her lungs. A breath of milk. She closes her eyes and sings it a song:

I'll never ever ever leave you
Loving you is ecstasy to me
She falls again through the fur, her mouth running down against whatever it is (dulce.) Something presses itself against her lips. It is vanilla bean ice cream, about six scoops. She lets out her tongue and licks it from the first scoop to the last and then puckers her lips around the first scoop, swirling the tip of her tongue and noticing the throbbing vanilla beans begging her for more. It pushes past her lips and into her mouth and slides down her throat and drips into her stomach. It's tight in her throat and cold on her tongue. It takes it out of her and she giggles. Ice cream all over her face. Immersed in matted fur. Steam is coming off of her body. Petra is happy. And then she feels her body making sounds in heavy milk like she is about to come and she melts away. She's reduced to a set of eyes in a puddle of milk, an ex voto, sanctified by the ecstasy of a puppet. Saint Petra has come to life.



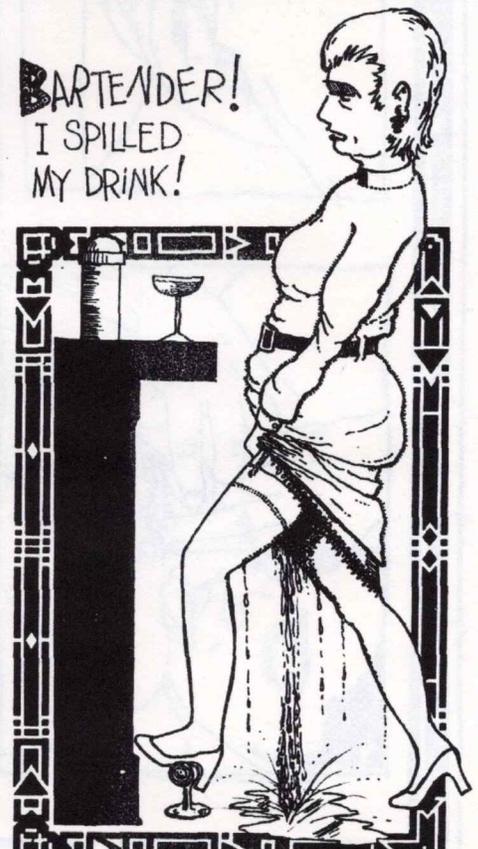
A Period Piece

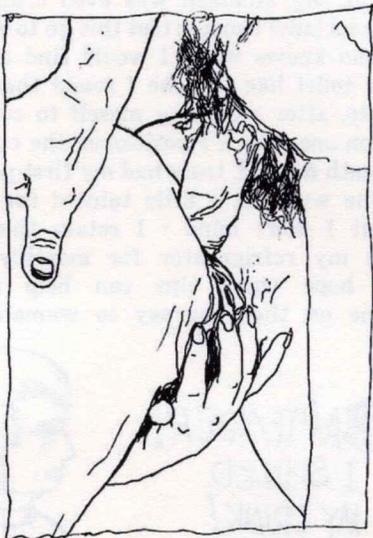
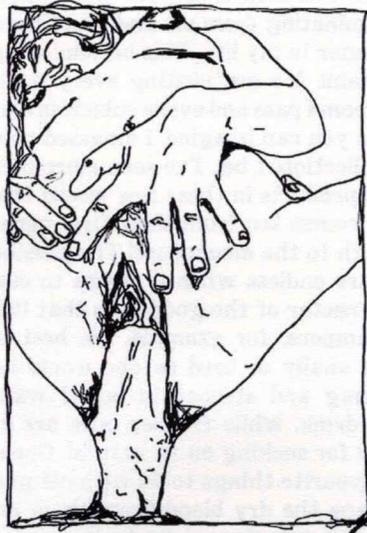
BY ROBERTA

I am a real trailblazer for the modern part-time woman, and so am always on the lookout for new ways to enhance my femininity. I have made some fantastic discoveries recently which I am very excited to share with you. It all started when I made my maiden voyage to the ladies bathroom at a sleazy dive I often go to show off my goodies. You see, although I've been dressing up for many years now I get picked up so soon each niggth that any shits I need to take can be taken in my bedfellows personal lavatories (or, when it comes to some especially adventurous men, in their mouths!) - however, a sordid encounter that morning had left me with a few pests in my lady garden, so I decided to do the polite thing and spend the night just standing around looking gorgeous letting the boys anguish over what they're missing out on. When the time inevitably came where I needed to empty my bowels, I felt a rush of excitement as I realised I could take this opportunity to finally experience a women's bathroom. To my surprise and delight, the room was filthy! While the gentle cleanliness I was expecting would have given me the immense satisfaction of shitting like the kind of demure, god fearing woman my mother was, this inimitably natural display of the more wanton, carefree woman, clumsy in her inebriation and behaving without pretense - pure, unfiltered female - was shaking me to my core. There was piss on the toilet seats and floor, toilet paper and makeup stains on the sinks and, most beguilingly, bloodstains all over the sanitary bin beside the toilet and on the wall behind it. I bet none of these girls have any idea what a precious gift they left for me in their wake! Oh to be a naive young woman, frustrated that my time of the month should come tonight of all nights, at the bar of all places, unable to contain my essence as it unwillingly spills from my ripe cunt, smearing it over my groin as I try to wipe it clean, too desperate to get another pornstar martini down my slender throat to care whether I leave the facilities a mess... Like a sign from the heavens, the crimson halo surrounding the bins opening called out to me -before I realised what I was doing, my hand was deep inside! I was up to my elbow in a thick, pillowy wall of menstrual waste. As I reached deeper, the soggy sticky delights I encountered at the top slowly gave way to more crispy and stale wonders towards the bottom. I must have thought of a hundred uses for every variation of tampon and pad... I stuffed as many as I could

fit inside my brassiere, even wrapping a few pads around my fully engorged clit (wink). The stench of pure womanhood was emanating from me and I had never felt sexier in my life. This became a regular habit for me, visiting every public bathroom I pass and every cubicle in each one: as you can imagine, I amassed quite the collection. I bet I've seen more menstrual products in these few weeks than most women see from their first period through to the menopause! The possibilities are endless when it comes to cunt blood, nectar of the goddesses that it is. Old tampons, for example, are best inserted anally or used as one would use a teabag and steeped in boiled water for a drink, while fresher ones are reserved for sucking on au naturel. One of my favourite things to do with old pads is scrape the dry blood from them and mix with petroleum jelly to be used as lipstick and rouge. Freshly soiled pads are of course perfect for just popping into your panties as a real girl would, as well as excellent for rubbing on areas of the body that could stand to be more feminine. My weekly baths, too, have been enhanced by menstrual blood; I load my bath with plenty of tampons and pads and let the blood soak into the water, squeezing them regularly to release any extra blood, I can feel the femininity soaking into my skin! I have become quite the interior decorator too: my bedroom walls are lined with pads, tampons delicately hung from the ceiling, pillows stuffed with both so I can imbibe their womanly spirit as I sleep, and of course they are visually stunning too, the pillowy white canvas of the pads varyingly smattered or soaked by the most sensuous of paints, running the gamut from salmon to claret to umber. You must think me quite the expert - even as I write this, I have a sodden pad taped over my nose and mouth! However, I haven't yet told you of my most fantastic discovery, one more effective and erotic than all of these things combined... One evening, you see, I was out at a bar - now more of a means to bolster my collection than to pick anyone up - and went to survey the bathroom situation. What I saw was an even greater thrill than that first time I had ventured into the ladies room. I ran out, asked the barman for a large glass of water, chugged the water as fast as I could spilling rather a lot on myself in the process, and took the glass to the bathroom, for what I saw was an unflushed toilet bowl full of that sweet syrup period blood! I scooped up as much as I could fit in the glass and hurried, carefully so as not to spill a drop,

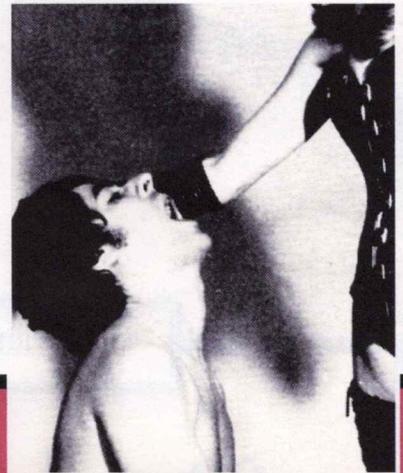
out of the bar and straight home. With the single minded focus of a crack whore guzzling down a john's cock, I retrieved an enema bag from my medicine cabinet and filled it with blood, covering the floor with some spare pads to catch any mess. Feverishly lubing up my rosebud, I savoured these final moments of anticipation before my life inevitably changed forever... I steadied my hand, quivering with excitement, and pushing the nozzle up inside my eager hole, sliding it in and out a little to let my sphincter know the treat I've got in store. Finally, I squeezed the bag - my mind exploded as fast as my cock did as I felt that red river rush through me, drowning myself from the insides with what must be the ambrosia Venus herself indulged in. I plugged up my hole with some tampons and let he fluids rest inside me, squeezing my already hard again member as I thought about how womanly and full of blood I was. My stomach was even cramping like a lady! I couldn't let this go to waste, who knows when I would find another toilet like the one I found that day - so, after molesting myself to completion once more, I positioned the cup beneath me and, truly had my first period. The water is a little tainted for sure, but I don't mind - I retain this cup in my refrigerator for monthly use. I hope these tips can help someone on their journey to womanhood.





CATHERINA DELUXE

“I mean, I
hated the world,
you know?”



BURN IT! BURY IT!

THE DOG AND HORSE SHOW PRESENTS

JAMIE GILLIS in

SEVEN RARE 8MM LOOPS starring TINA RUSSELL • SERENA • SHARON MITCHELL

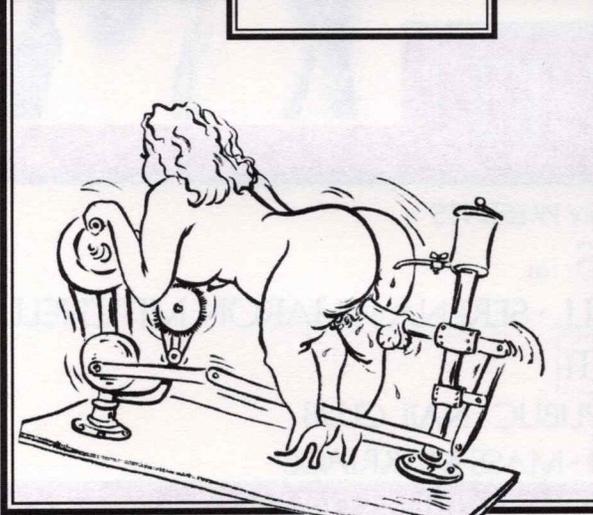
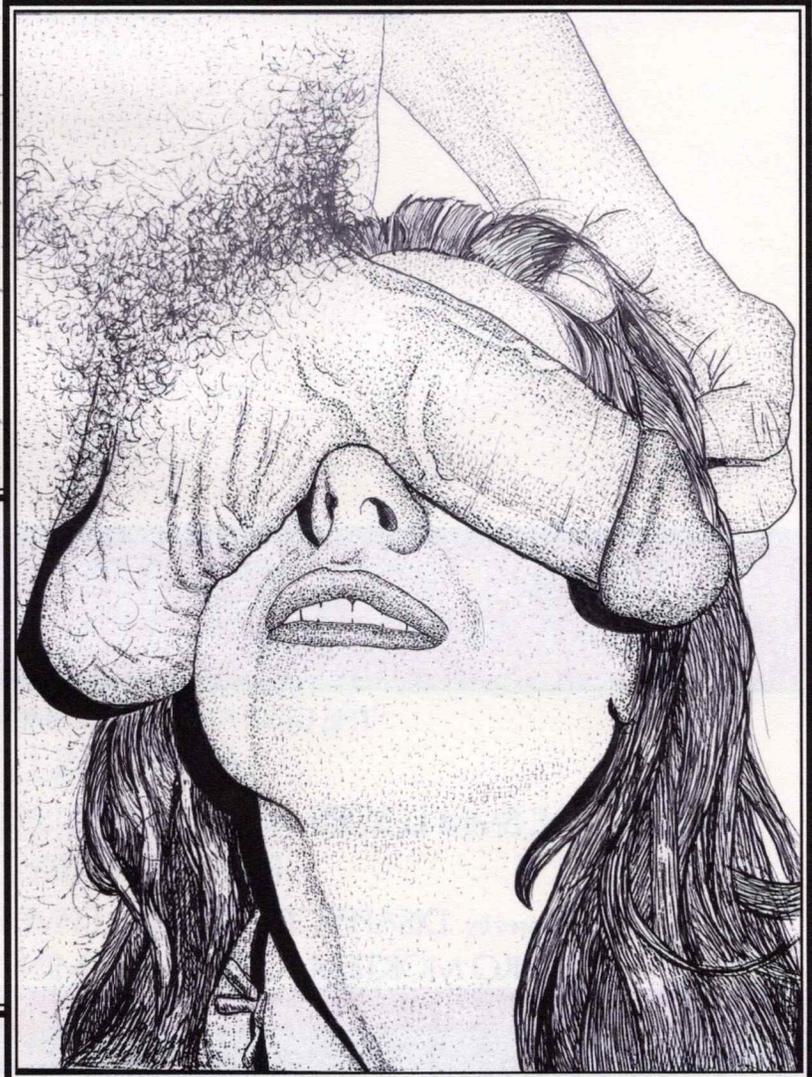
BURN IT! BURY IT!

scored by DISAFFECTED DOLLY • DAVE PUBLIC • NAIL CLUB
FERRO MORTEM • COST • HIVE MIND • MASS MARRIAGE

DVD and accompanying zine available from GREASYCINEMA.COM



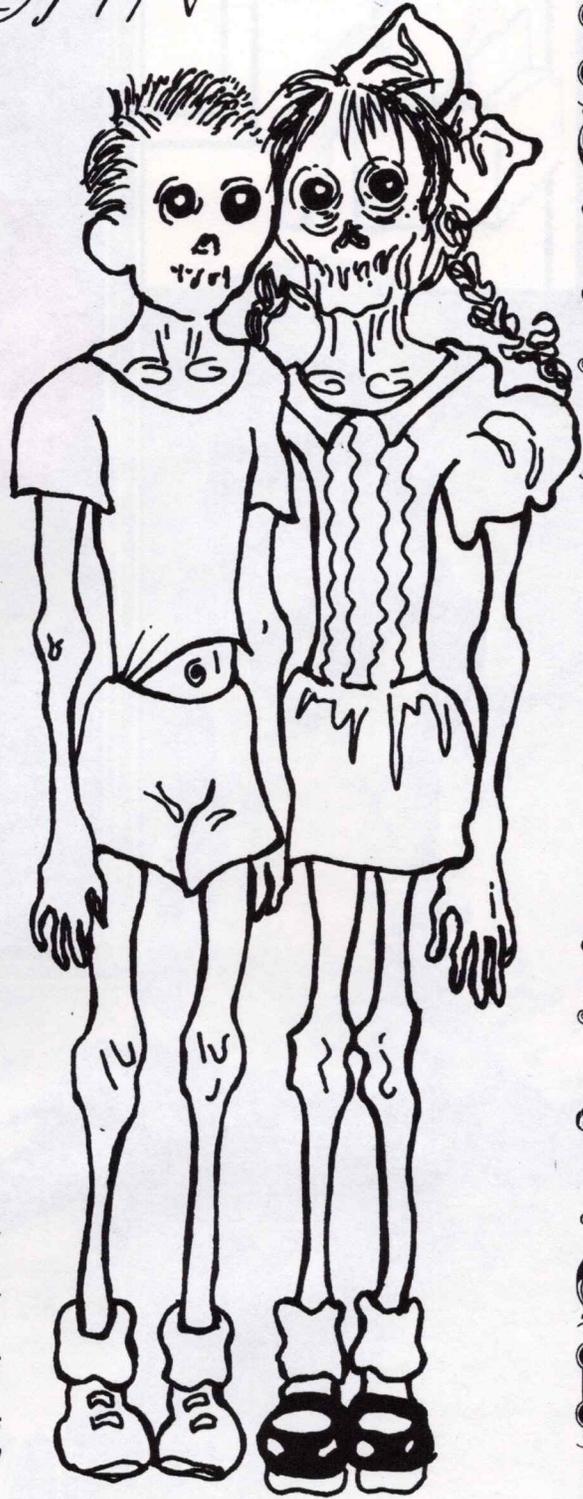
T.J. COOPRIDER



DEAR JOHN

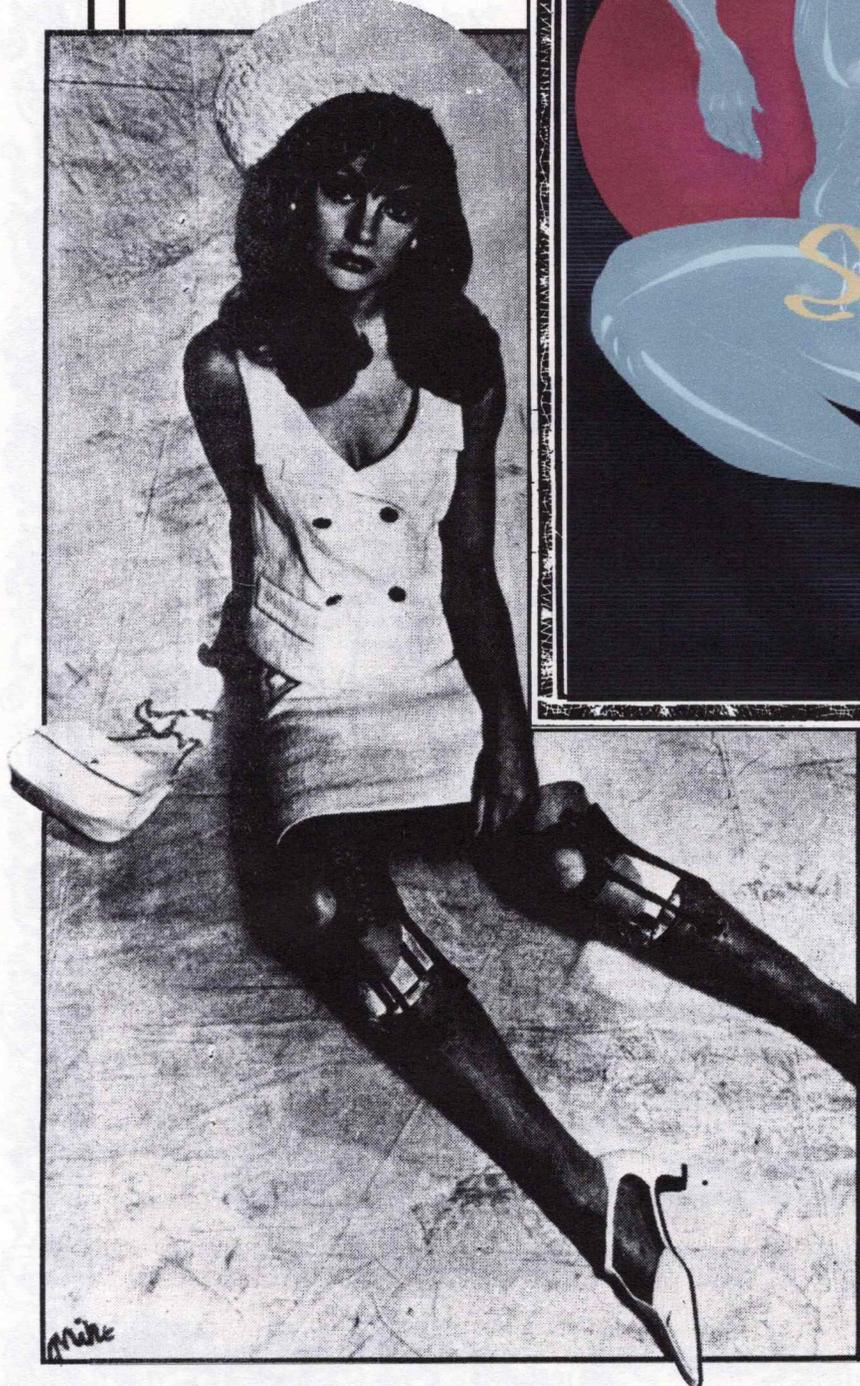
Dear John,
I'm writing this letter to tell you I'm fine, the kids are dead and your mother's gone blind.
I'm sure having fun on this state aid, I saw your friend Charles and even got laid.
I wanted to tell you, please don't get mad, I wrecked your new Caddy and bumped off your dad.
I didn't have the money to bury him right, so I took him out back and buried him last night.
Your friend Charles sure is kicks, he put me out on the block and I'm turning tricks.
He wishes you were here and sends his regards, he knows you think of him as you walk the big yard.
You know our dog Rover, he sure is cute, he chewed big holes in your best suit, in your stetson he made a big gash, then went out back and dug up your stash.
The Bull's came by, and believe me it's true, they've got an indictment, a new one for you.
But John let me dispel all of your fears, you won't do more than 50 more years.
I wanted to get down for a visit and all, but I've been too busy just having a ball.
Please don't feel bad if I'm giving up some, just remember it's all in fun.
As I'm writing this letter I'm getting my rocks, you see old Charles is down scarfing my box.
He's got beautiful eyes, with real long lashes, he knows what he's got, but his mustache scratches.
You weren't so good John, although you were sweet, and I hope you think of me as you're beating your meat.
We found the money you hid, gee what a gas, who'd have ever thought to look up Rover's ass.
We spent every cent right here in the city, although people claimed it smelled kind of shitty.
John, don't think I'm copping or playing silly games, because I still love you and feel the same.
But Charles is so sweet, he's really no rook just face it John, you're really a book.
I'm sorry to go but it's getting late and Charles is waiting, because we have a date.
So now I will close and truthfully speak, there's no reason to be jealous of Charles, he's only been here a week.

LOVE, MICHELE



CLOTHILDE ©1977

DEMONIC PRETTY





Name: Rhea Adri

Age: 39

Location: Oakland, CA

Favorite movie: Pink Flamingos

Favorite TV show: 90 Day Fiance

Favorite book: Infinite Jest

Favorite music: 80s

Favorite food: Soup

Favorite fetishes: Human tenderness. And
ass. And legs

Favorite position: On my back

Biggest fantasy: Someone being the chair
while I work.

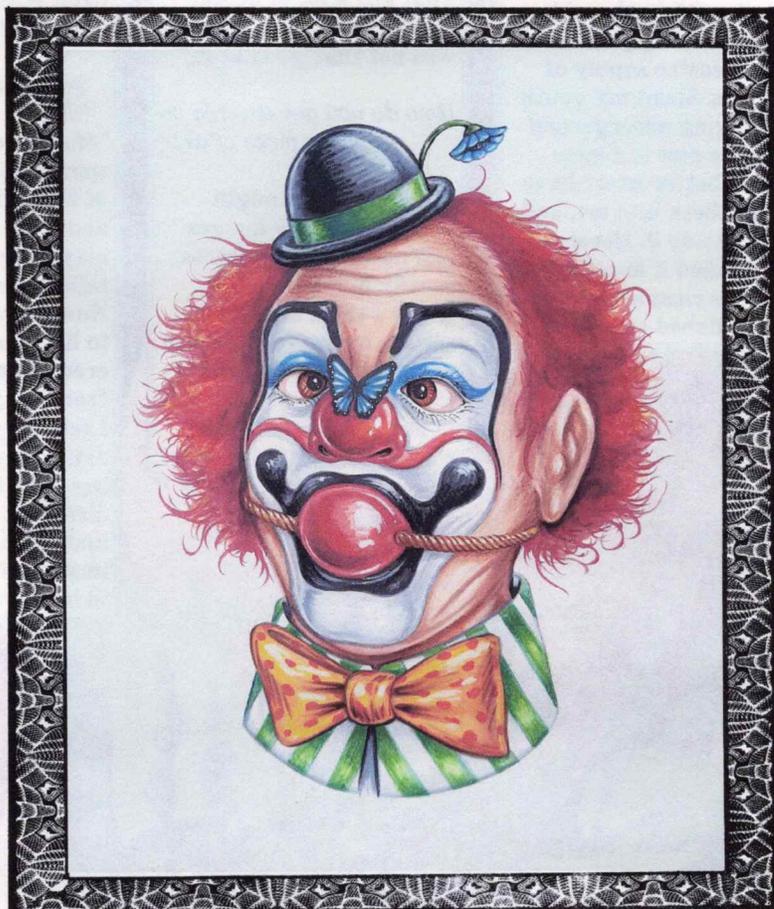
Celebrity crush: Nathan Fielder

Party trick: Not drinking

Likes: Pre-internet porn, street trash,
licorice

Dislikes: Ham, cargo shorts

We had been admirers of Rhea's tender yet cynical brand of sleaze for many years, and this month she was FINALLY kind enough to give in to our begging and let us come visit her for an interview. When we arrived on her road, there was a man passed out on the pavement - cock congealed with semen in one hand, needle in the other. "Don't mind him," she said "he just comes and goes". We left a few dollars in his boxers and Rhea welcomed us inside...





Rhea's house was warmly lit and covered from top to bottom in sleazy ephemera and wild paintings she'd made. She made us some kind of blue tea and we sat on the couch (I swear I heard it yelp) to chat about her life and work.

What's your backstory?

"Bred and born in Los Angeles, CA in the mid 1980s. Grew up poor with a Costco supply of sharpies. Spent my youth scavenging underground shit. The rest is a mess but it's better now I have always been into art, and trying to do it. Never really studied it in school, I took one class senior year. I also ditched constantly,

and used to smoke weed and go to museums like the LACMA and the Hammer. I feel like that was far more formative. The majority has just been figuring it out and working at it. Sheer force of will and obsession maybe. That and a lot of actual wasted time thinking I was not that good at it."

How do you get started on a piece of art?

"Collecting, one might argue, too many images and notes. A piece starts usually in one of two ways- I think about a certain image for a period of time, then do it. Or I flip through my notes and image collections like a rolodex and just pick some

stuff and go from there... then I just work at the thing until I have something. Sometimes I do. I paint with oils and draw with pencils and markers."

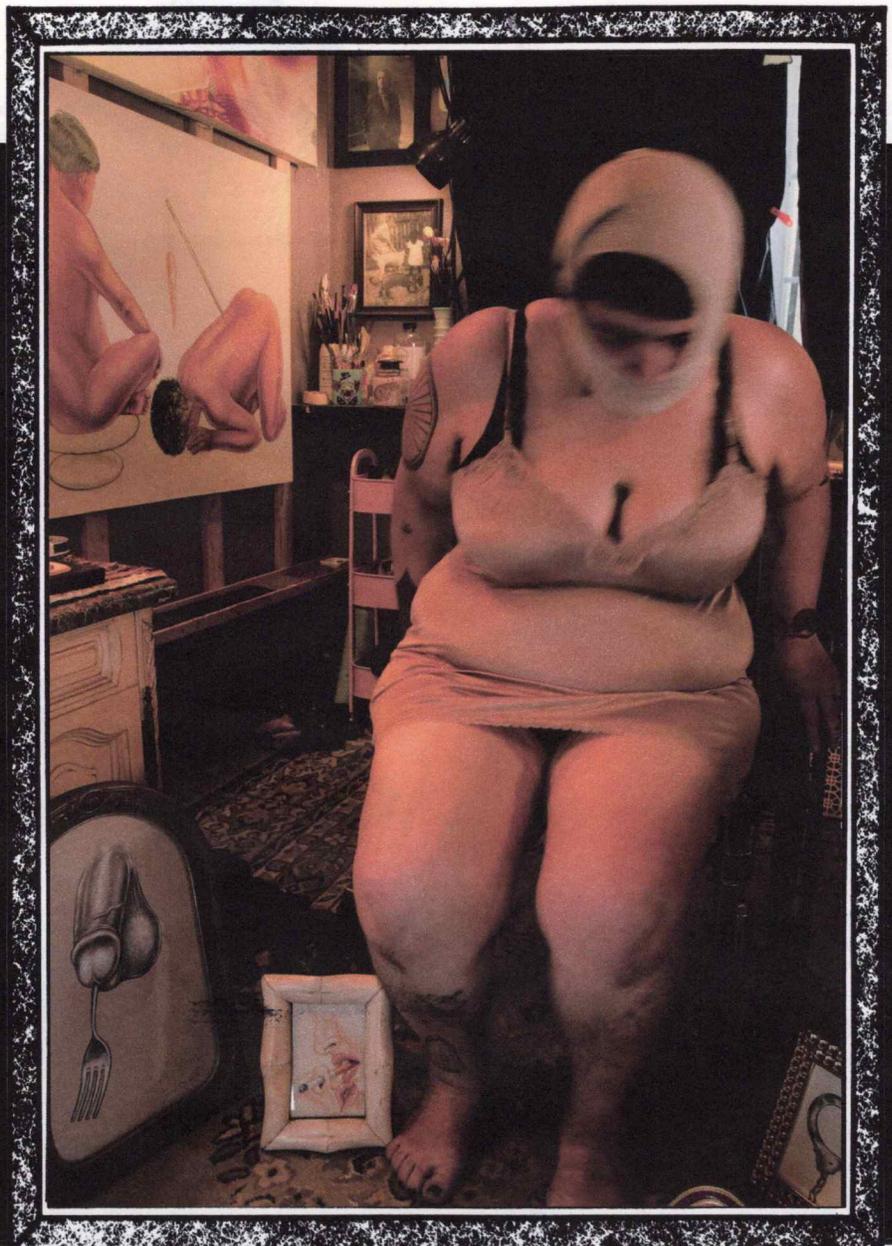
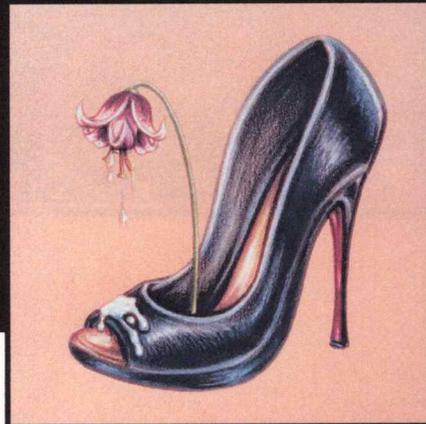
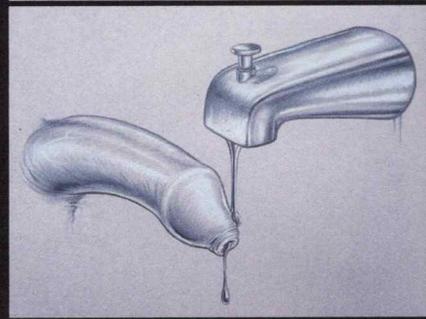
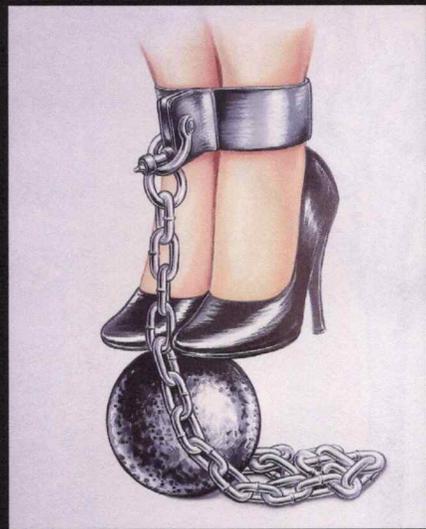
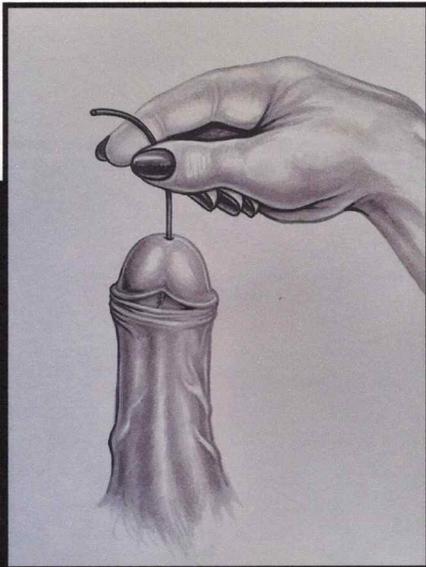
What inspires you most?

"My biggest personal inspirations... originally Tom of Finland, John Waters, and Rene Magritte. And maybe six hundred other things I'm forgetting... Now there are too many to list. I have always gathered the most inspiration from images and things I see everywhere. Other artists are often inspiring, even if we're very different. It shifts back and forth always between images of ordinary people in interesting situations,

and everyday objects and my imagination."

What's your favorite thing to paint?

"Bodies, ordinary objects, weird combinations of whatever... Special shoutout to genitals, and electrical outlets, and probably teeth. I think there's also some odd masochism with rendering meticulous repetitive things. I like working large because I like the image to take up the immediate field of vision. Helps to be taken in, and is easier to work for me anyway. Though lately I've been experimenting with smaller paintings and getting results that work."



How did you get into erotic art?

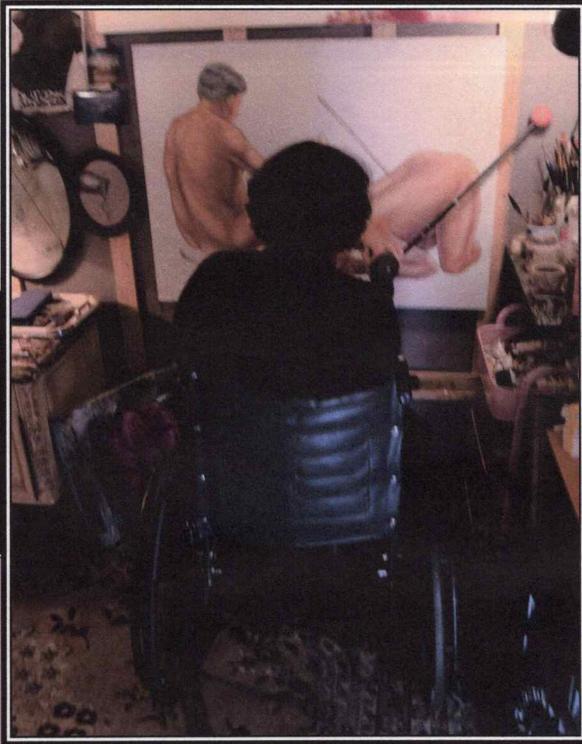
“I think when I was 12 I started drawing faceless nudes. Not too long after that I stole a Tom of Finland book from a Borders Books in Canoga Park. When I was 15 most of my friends were 18 and helped me buy porn - when I came of age I spent time in all of the adult arcades and strip clubs in the valley of which there were many. It was the only thing that made sense to me at the time. So, naturally. When I was 18 I also started going to underground art shows all around Los Angeles. At one show that was in an old health club type place there was an artist that had painted these large beautiful close up portraits of vaginas that were hung up on the walls around an empty swim-

ming pool. Even at this childless event at midnight they had for some reason censored the paintings with strips of taped together 8 1/2 x 11” paper covering the labia right down the center. I spent so much time looking at them under the paper that the artist came up to me and we struck up an immediate kinship. I modeled for him, showed him my drawings, and he encouraged and taught me the basics of how to paint. He showed me into another scene of sex parties and shows that ultimately would be the better home for my work too. Was a gamechanger for a late teenage perverted artist like myself. I consider our connection a pivotal point on my path and we are still friends twenty some years later. Even if Eban isn’t still painting genitals, I am.”



Tell us about a piece you've done that means a lot to you?

"I have a naked clown with a noose watering a tiny tree that will never hang him in his lifetime. I think his determination is comical, and relatable."



Do you know any of your painting subjects personally?

“Sometimes my commendable friends will do very unusual things with their bodies and parts that i can not find reference for. I appreciate their commitment to the cause. Though it is also probably fair to mention that i have studied every body ive ever been around, so there is some kind of ultimate synthesis in all of the bodies/parts that i do.”



How do people tend to react to your work?

“It’s usually either “that’s amazing” or “that’s disturbing”, sometimes “that turns me on” or “that makes me uncomfortable”. One time a person sent me a photo of a puddle of cum on an image i sent them in the mail and i thought that was fun. A commendable, bold and beautiful spirit. I thought we connected.”

What sorts of things do people commission from you?

“Strangely it’s mostly been weird sexual animal images in more recent years (not furry stuff, just animals and their actual genitals) But mostly just human sex stuff. I get asked often to do portraits but i kindly reject those because that is not my gift. That and i get a lot of DMs from people wanting their

penises drawn. They often send the pics first, before we’ve even discussed the details. I offer my rates, they just don’t want to pay. People are so silly. The actual reality is that people don’t commission me enough. Commission me! Even if it is your penis.”

My dick is bigger than any you’ve painted before!

“Is that a challenge then?”

Do you rent your paintings out by the hour? Do I get a discount if I finish in under 5 minutes?

"Do you get that discount other places? I gotta write this down..."

Which of your paintings is the most fuckable?

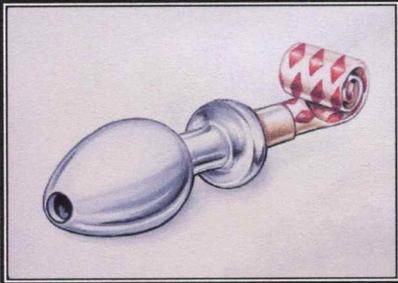
"It's gotta be one of the ones of homeless people."

Who is your favourite clown?

"Harpo Marx"

Any advice to young perverts who want to be the next Rhea Adri?

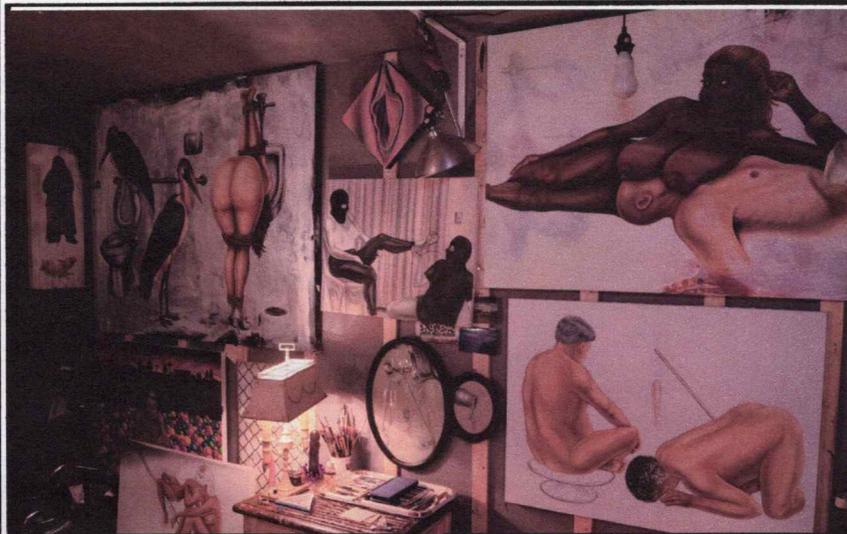
"Don't doubt your skills, it only wastes time you could be developing. Also, you can be a dirty old man and still be nice."



Can we use your bathroom?

"Sure just don't piss in the sink this time"

After pissing in the sink, We returned to tell Rhea we'd decided to fuck a painting of this mean Bea Arthur looking broad in a ball pit. But alas, we found her unresponsive on the bed and emitting some sort of electrical humming sound. We took this as our cue to leave, but not without first helping ourselves to some of her wonderful merchandise. We put on as many of her shirts and stuffed as many stickers into our pockets as we could, knowing we could get any we missed out on from her online store, rheaadri.bigcartel.com. We would be sure to check to see if she regained consciousness later via her instagram, @rheaadri.



How is your sex life?

"In and out"

If you could have an orgy with any three people, living or dead, who would you choose?

"A transexual amputee from 1985, Elvira, and Moshe Kasher."

Who would you most like to have pose for a painting?

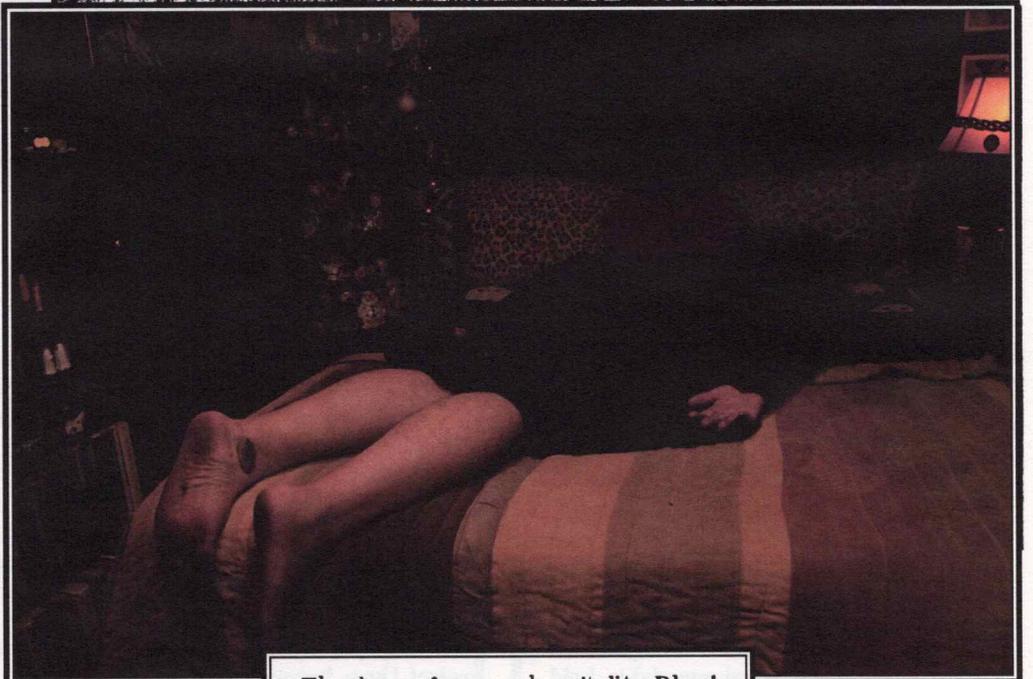
"That trans amputee in 1985."

What's the weirdest sexual encounter you've had/witnessed?

"I've had sex at a couple of bus stops. One time I witnessed several fully naked adults in a very small kiddie pool get pissed in/ on all day on a certain street in San Francisco. One of them was actually weeping with joy. It was moving."

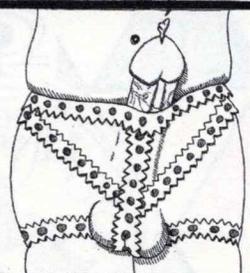
Tits or ass?

"Ass all day my friend. In the genderless solarpunk future. we will at least always have ass."



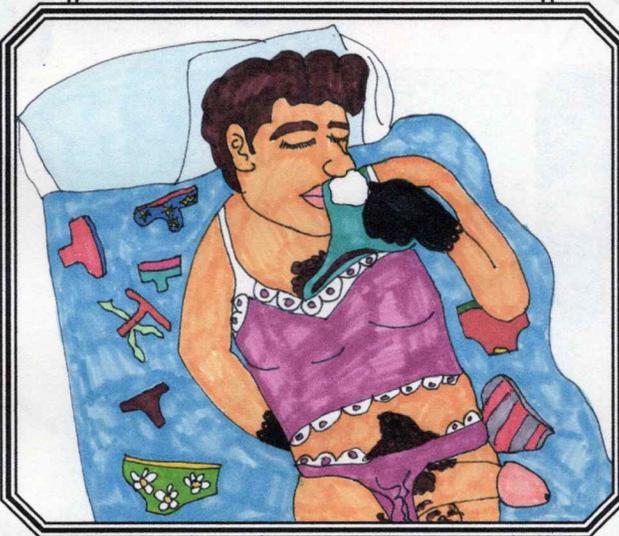
*Thank you for your hospitality Rhea!
Love from D.O.G and "The Gash"*

I MAY BE A VIRGIN... ...BUT I FUCK TEN WOMEN A DAY!



Everything about a woman makes my cock hard. Their soft skin, the way their clothes feel, and of course the smell of her cunt. I started jacking off at an early age. While most kids were playing with legos I was playing with my cock. In fact I think I started jacking off around the time I stopped breastfeeding. I was late to wean off the tit, but I mustn't have been older than 4 or 5. See, I LOVED breastfeeding. Everything about it. Smelling my mom's scent, grabbing her soft skin, stroking her hair, and grabbing at her bra. Nothing felt better than this. And then one day, she ripped it away from me. So I found something else that felt good. And I started playing with my cock. Now I'm not saying I wanted to fuck my mom (maybe I did!) but what I did know is that nothing aroused and excited me like she did. I'd give her a big hug and take a long sniff of her skin and hair, and I'd go jack off. Soon I was sneaking her blouse or bra into my room and sleeping with them under my pillow. And then wearing them to sleep. As I got older I'd use her shampoo and lotions and sometimes even wear her bra under my clothes to school. It felt good. All day long smelling myself and feeling her bra tight on my body made me feel constant excitement. I was going to the bathroom to jack off multiple times a day. One morning I ran to stuff her bra in my backpack while late to school. When I got to the school bathroom to put the bra on, I realized my error. I had grabbed a pair of her dirty panties instead. Initially I was bummed out, I had no use for this. Up until then soft tits were everything. That's what felt good. But soon I realized something that would go on to be the most important thing I ever learned and til this day that's still true. Once I took a sniff of those panties and licked the thin crust of discharge off them I knew. Cunt is life, the essence of a woman, that feeling I've always been after. Everything. It all lies in the cunt. I became obsessed with it. Sneaking my mom's panties became a regular thing. All I could think about was fucking. When I talked to the

girls at school, all I could think about was fucking them. Problem was, girls wouldn't have anything to do with me. I'd ask them out and get laughed at. I became really good getting off with my nose. I'd sniff their seats when they'd get up, I'd crouch and smell their crotch in the hall as they passed by... but I never got to fuck. After high school



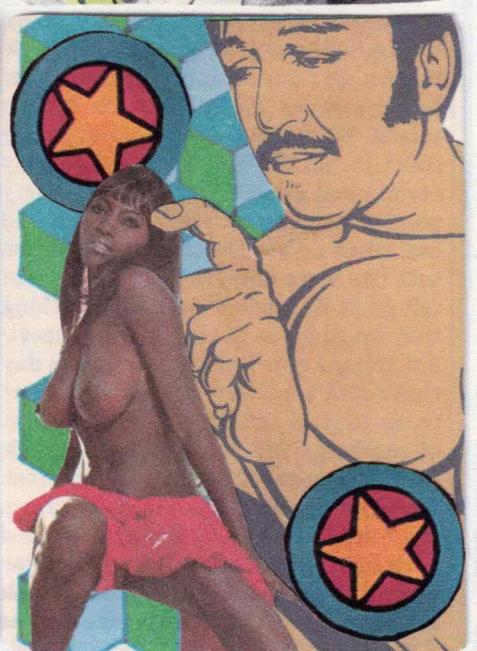
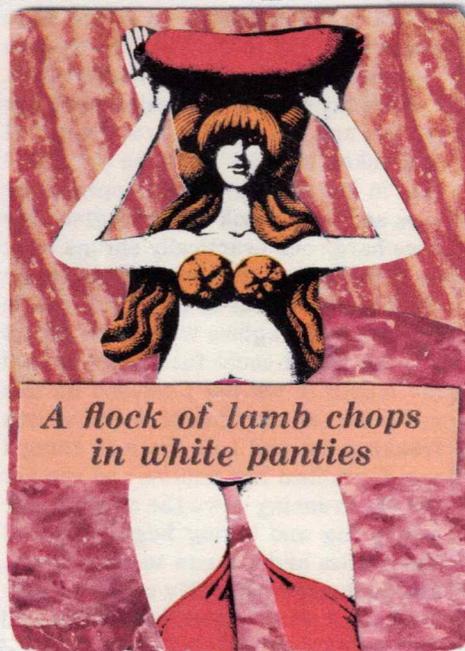
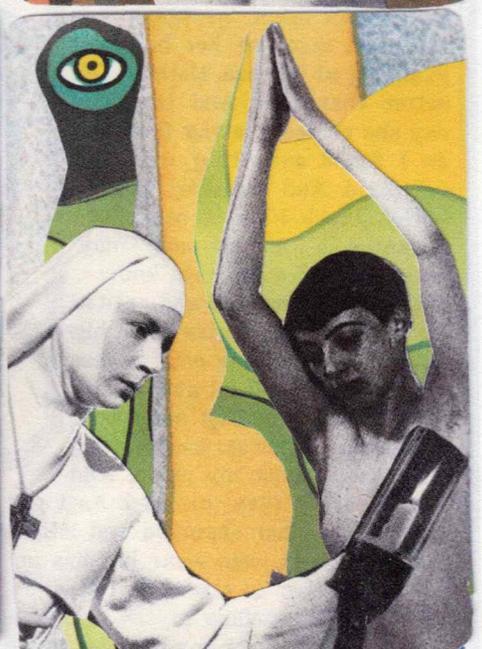
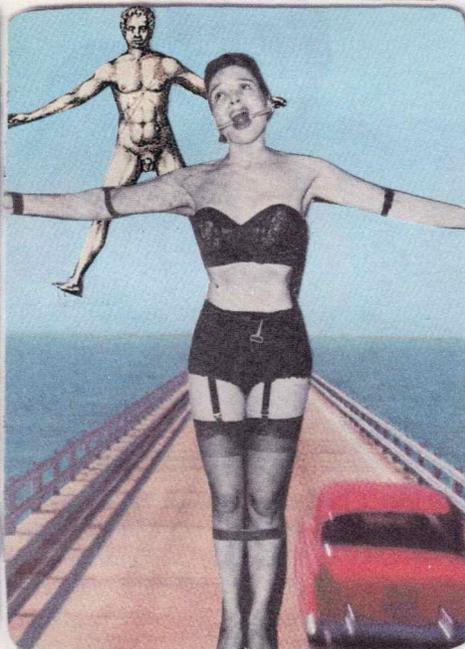
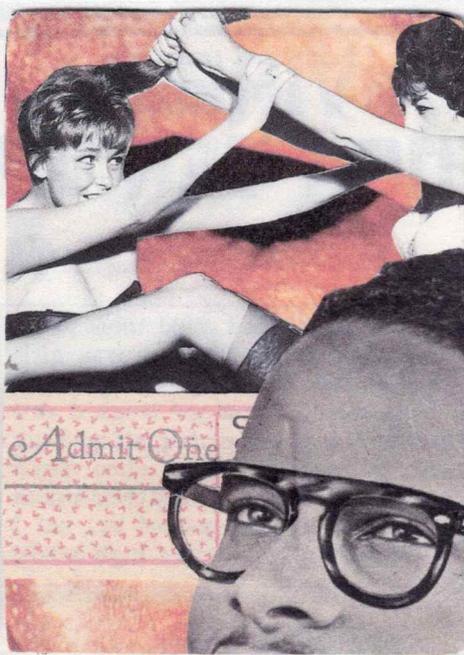
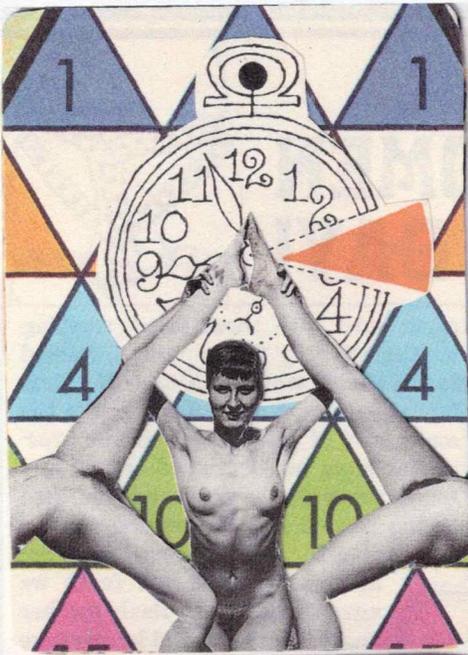
a girl I had classes with said she'd let me fuck her if I paid her \$50 and didn't tell anyone. The day the moment came I was as excited as I possibly could be. I was finally gonna get what I've always wanted. We met in a dirty motel. I paced around waiting for her to arrive. Once she did, she got in the bed and began to remove her clothes... This was finally it. I closed my eyes as she pulled down her panties and got a good strong whiff (I had asked her not to bathe before). I was in heaven. But when I opened my eyes and took a look at her vagina... My once hard cock practically shrunk back up inside me. I don't know how to explain it... but it was so fucking gross. Is this what all vaginas were like?? There was no way I could fuck her. I opened my mouth to tell her I couldn't do this and puked all over her. Now we're both freaking out and I do the only thing I can. I grabbed her panties and ran for the door, running down the steps hyperventilating and taking huge whiffs of the panties and I began to calm down... and get more excited. My cock was raging hard. I went behind the building and

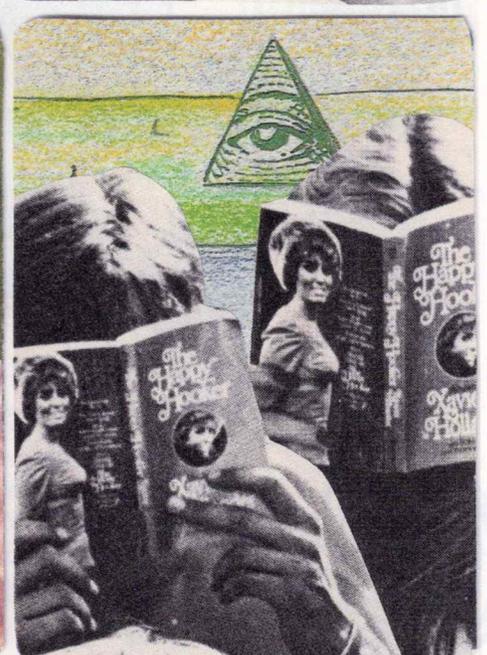
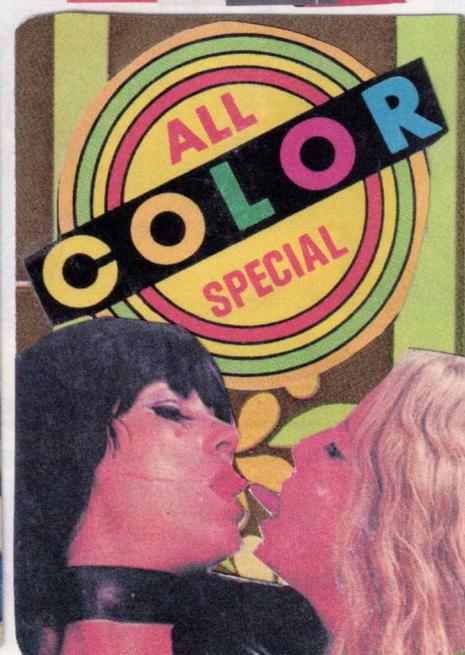
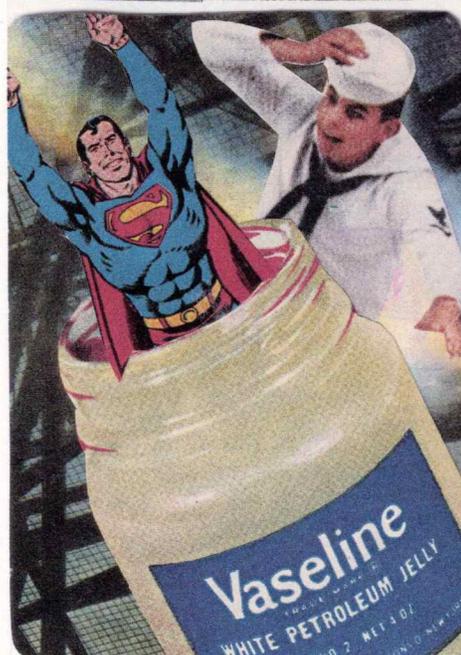
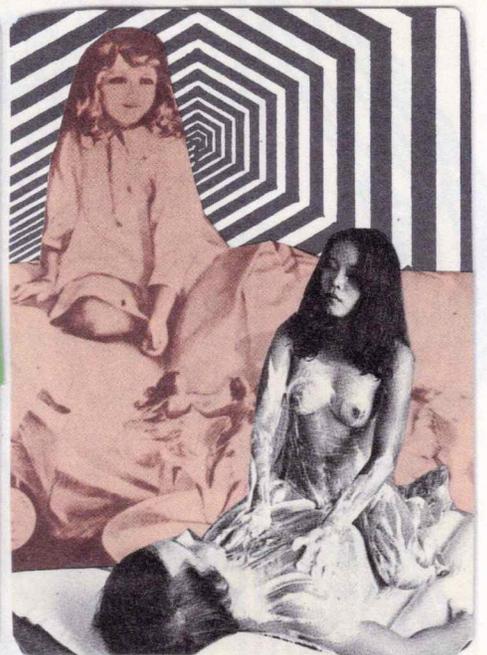
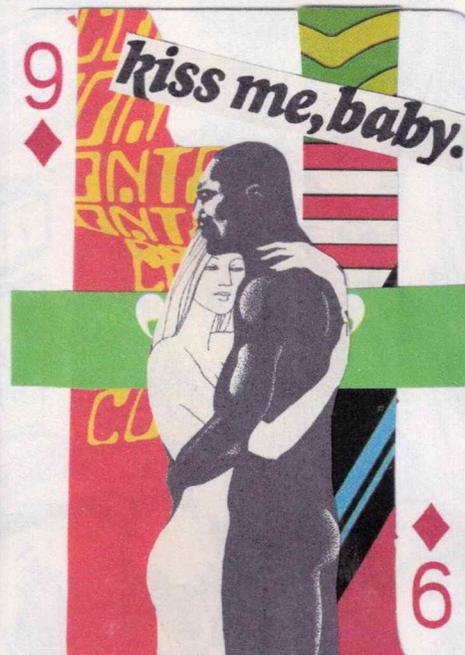
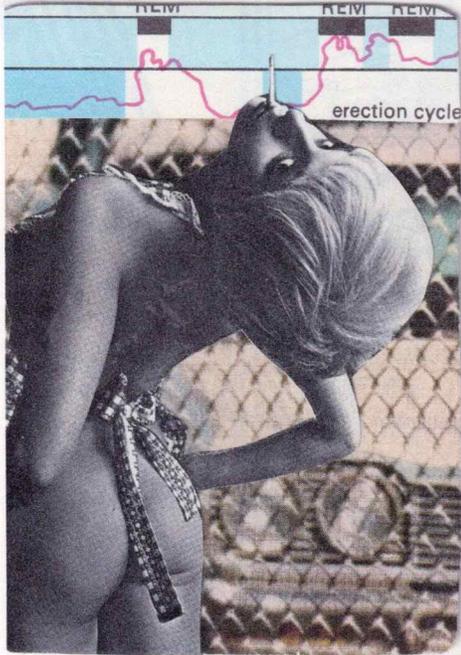
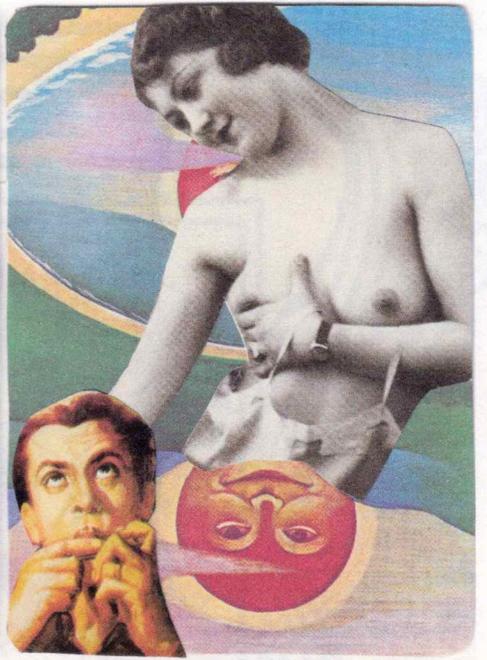
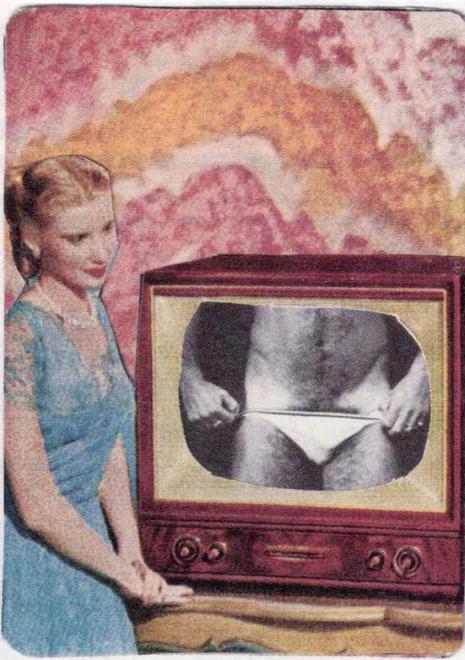
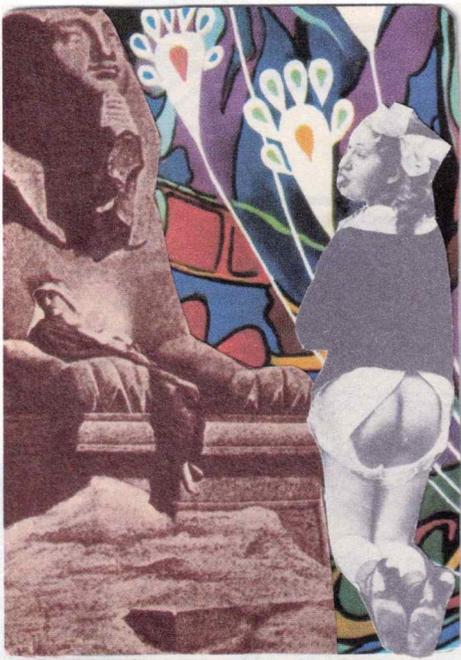
came hard with those sweet smelling panties clinging to my face. I wanted to see if this was just a one off thing. So the very next day I drove out to the seedy part of town where all the prostitutes hang out. I cruised around and found the hottest one there. She kept trying to talk me into renting a room and paying for the "total package", but after some back and forth we agreed on \$10 to flash me her pussy in my car and let me take a whiff. She was weirded out, but couldn't turn down a quick \$10. She came in eager to get this over with, pulled her panties down and shoved my face right into it. I started panicking like I was being waterboarded. I freaked out and bit her thigh, and as she started hitting me I grabbed her panties, pushed her out of the car and sped off. After I composed myself I started thinking and actually feeling pretty down. I mean, I didn't really know what to think. Did I not like women? No, that couldn't be true, could it? Sometime during

my sulking I started sniffing the hooker's panties for comfort and got so turned on I just had to cum. Of course I love women! In fact I love women more than anyone! I don't think anyone in the world gets as excited about them as I do. And actually I get more action than any guy could ever! While most guys can fuck one, maybe two girls in a day, I can sniff and wrap myself in 10 different articles of women's clothing and it's like I've fucked all 10 at once. This is by far the most effective and efficient way of getting off. And while for a time I was bothered by the way I am, I realize now that I have an evolved and superior sexuality. Fucking is so barbaric and played out. I will never get someone pregnant, never contract a venereal disease, and never be rejected. Soon enough I know people will evolve and join me in this ideal way of getting sexual gratification and pleasure. I dedicate this piece to my mother.

- RYAN

(ART BY DIRTY DICK DOCTOR
KNOW)





HONK!



ART BY
ELLE RECK

iHNOH



Ocean of Piss

I want my wife to bury me in the sand on the beach with just my head sticking out. Want her to laugh at how ugly I am, tell me how I'm not much to look at without my cock present (she loves to suck it and ride it). She points at me while she laughs, and calls over a group of women across the beach. They are all wearing tight bikinis on their big breasts and bums. "Look what I'm married to, girls!" they start to point and laugh too, "How pathetic!" "I hope he at least has a nice knob!" and my wife encourages them to kick sand in my face. They giggle with mischievous glee, bouncing around making their tits wobble as they kick sand in my face and get it in my mouth making me splutter and spit. They catch me gazing up at their jiggling breasts and their damp sandy pussy prints through their bikini bottoms, and they are so disgusted they kick me instead of the sand, rub their sandy feet in my face and force me to lick them. One girl has an especially juicy ass and builds a wall of sand around my head for her to sit on so she can smother me with it. "Lick my hole, idiot!" she tells me and all the other girls and my wife cheer her on. I try to have a taste but her bottom is so firmly upon my face I can't move my mouth to lick. They boo and jeer at me for struggling and the smothering girl tells my wife how she feels so sorry that her husband is so inadequate at tongue play, and offers to eat her out herself to show her what a really good time is. My wife is delighted and sprawls herself across the sand right in front of me and welcomes the other girls to come and pleasure her too, and they give her multiple orgasms using their fingers and mouths and one girl rides her face too. After the orgy, one girl goes to cool off in the ocean and comes back with a surprise: she found a dead jellyfish by the ocean! "I found a new hat for your husband, ma'am!" she says, and smooches it into my head which stings me badly. I scream out in pain and the ladies all mock my whining. My wife takes pity on me though, "you know how to treat a jellyfish sting, don't you girls?": they form a circle around me and strip off their bikini bottoms, which is a treat until my wife says "ready girls? 3...2...1..." and they urinate all over my face.

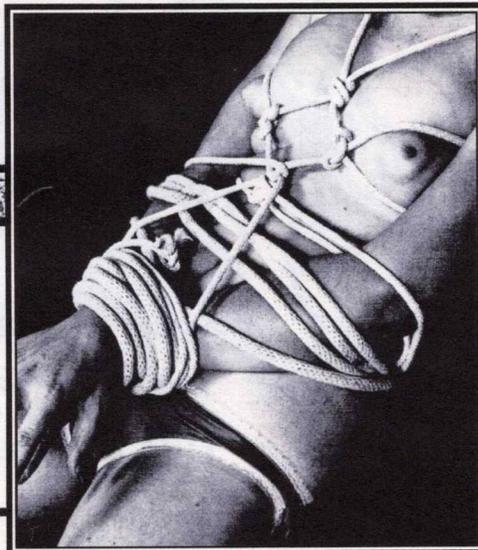
- PAUL W



MERMAID DREAMS

I'd like to be a mermaid, tangled in the net of a luscious pirate queen and her bulldyke crew. she has golden teeth and ruby lips. she drops me in a bath of saltwater so i stay fresh and wet, but doesn't untangle me for i am too beautiful to let go. she has a hook for her left hand which she uses to tear an opening in my shimmering oily fishtail beneath my navel for her sharp tongue to explore. instead of blood i spill fresh caviar which she feasts on. she calls her muscular first mate to fondle my sensitive breasts and thick fatty nipples, the first mate calls the second mate and the second calls the third. they ravish my breasts and my pulsing mermaid gills. my arms are tight to my sides and itching and rubbing from the ropes of the net as i writhe. the queen calls off her lustful crew for a moment and sticks her right hand with its glittering red nails down my throat, and pulls out a very lengthy string of iridescent pearls. she calls me her treasure chest and ties me to the front of the ship to live as a figurehead for the rest of my life.

- MARIA



HUMAN PANTYHOSE FOOT DILDO

By Ralph Torres

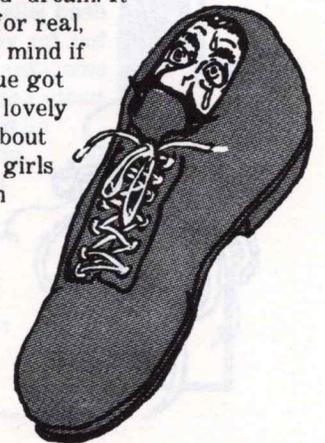
This letter will deal with two lesbians who invite me to come down at their apartment when they answer an ad which I have run in one of the Star publications. After I drink a cup of coffee, I shrink down to about two feet. One of the girls shows how easily I can stretch by pinning my head to the floor under her shoe while she stretches me by my legs to almost up to her hand. Then, she places both of her feet into my mouth and pulls me up over her legs like panty hose so that my entire body assumes the shape of her legs. "Tan panty hose", her girlfriend laughs. "And it's all moist inside." the first girl remarks. My arms and legs disappear into the stretched skin like I'm a balloon. The girl works me up over her generous hips like I was two sizes too small. Then, I am a pair of panty hose. "Look," the other girls say and point at the first girl's foot. From the tip of her big toe, my dick is slowly sticking out little by little. "He's got a hardon." the girls laugh. "I'll fix that." says the girl who is wearing me and she puts on her high heeled shoes stuffing my dick down under her foot. When she finally peels me off, her legs and hips glisten with moisture. She tosses me to the other girl who rolls me into a ball. I regain my original shape but at the size of a small doll. The butch lesbian stuffs me into her oxford shoe and laces it up. I can hear her calling me a foot pad while the other girl calls me an odor eater. The girls go shopping and the foot odor all but drives me up a wall. Then, back at the apartment, they make love but all I can do is listen from under the hot, sweaty foot. All I can hear is things like, "Eat me," and "Ooh that feels good." Finally, the shoe comes off. I have to be peeled from the bottom of the sweaty foot with duplicate red marks all over me as a copy of the wrinkles under her foot. I'm aware of being rinsed under a faucet. "Feels cool" I tell her. She laughs and before I know what has happened, the other girl is dipping me into a pan of water. I get stiff as a board. Then, the butch lesbian fastens my feet to a rubber pad. Then, when she lifts the pad and starts

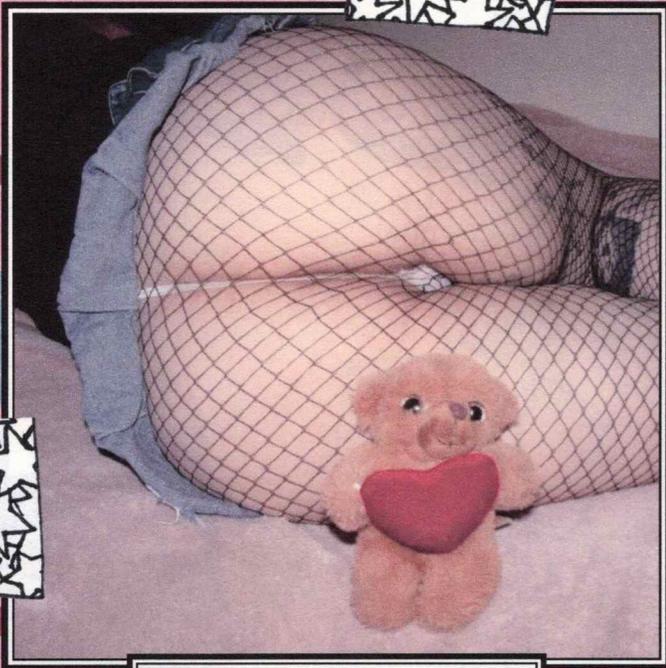


DRAWINGS BY BYRON '77

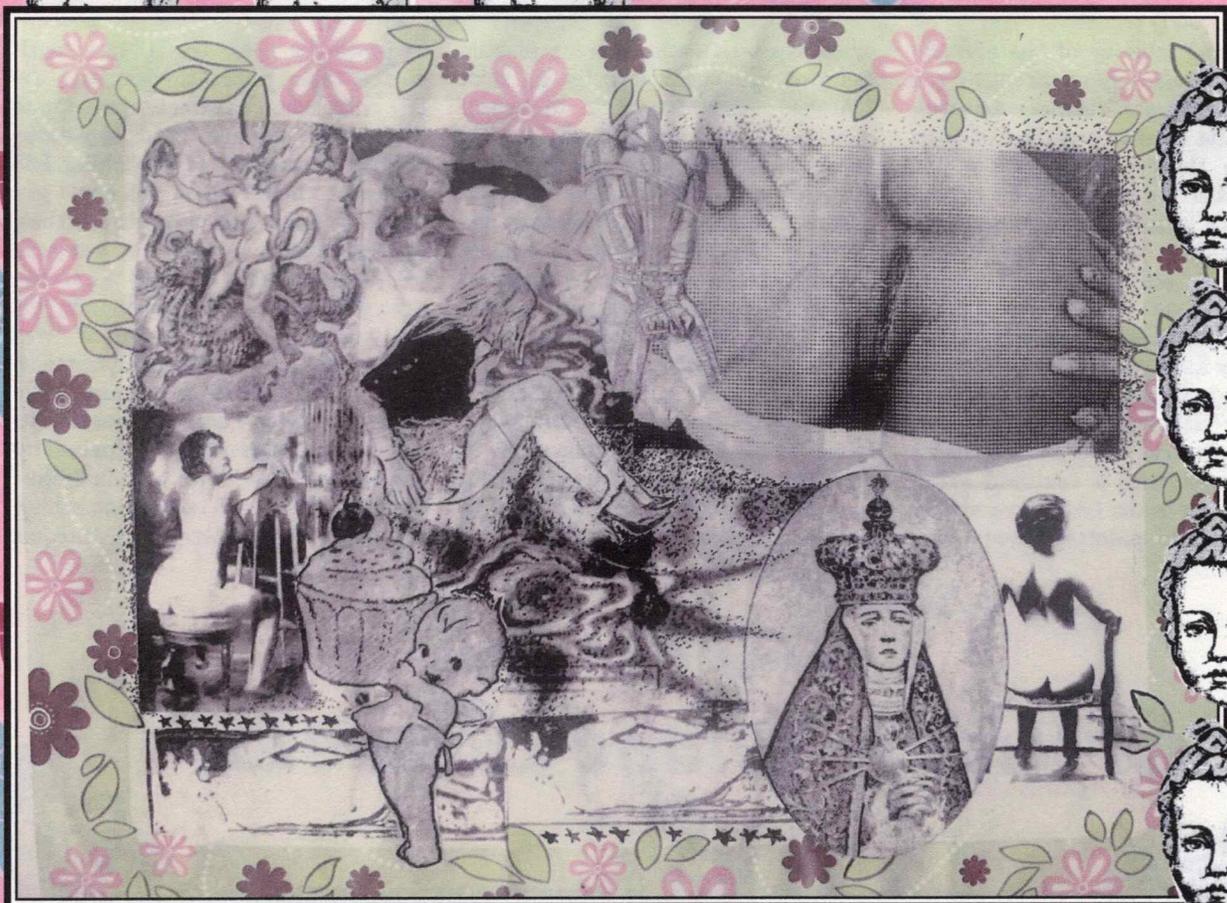
to put it on with a harness, I realize that I am about to become a human strap on dildo. The two lesbians come together and kiss and hug while my head bounces, around the pussy hair. I feel my legs slipping through the rubber pad and into the butch's pussy. Then, in a second, my head and upper body slip into the pink pussy spreading it wide open. My head goes in and out of the uterus. I feel the cum all over me. I am half in one and half in the other girl. The overpowering smell of cum becomes obvious. I am pulled out for a minute or two and catch my breath a few times before being again inserted up into the vagina as she gets fucked in and out, in and out. Pump, pump, pump. Then, I am reversed and this time, I sink head first into an asshole, come out covered with shit and am again stuck into the tight hole. Then, I wake, up in a wet bed and find it was all a "good" dream. It can't happen for real, but I wouldn't mind if only my tongue got into all those lovely places. How about it, any of you girls want a human dil-doe???

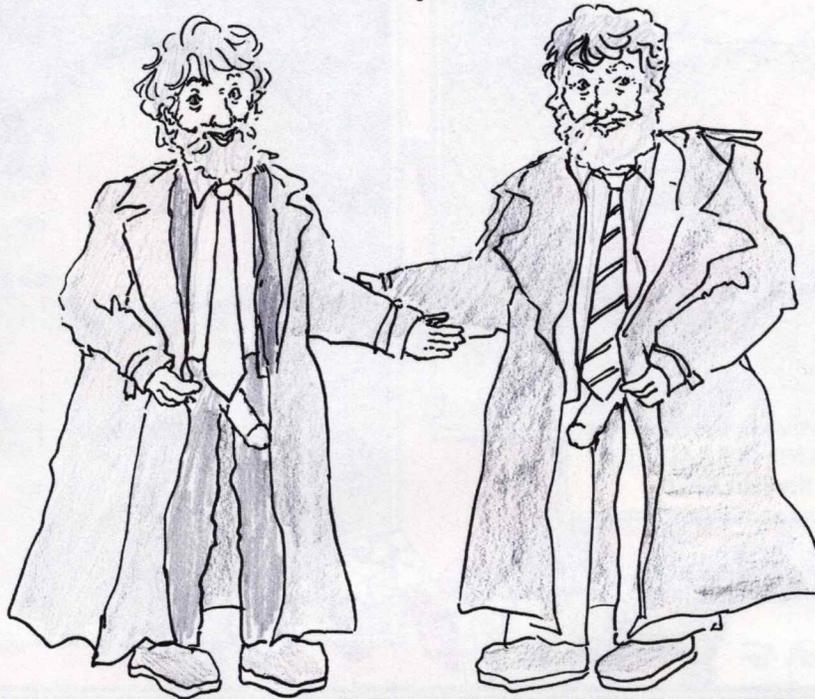
Ralph Torres
Baldwin Park
CA





PHOTOS AND COLLAGE BY
DEPRAVED SPIT





The fun and whimsy of the museum is made immediately apparent by the pair of gentleman flashers greeting you by the doorway, with kind eyes and long thick cocks to make you feel right at home. As much as you might like to get on your knees and start sucking, there's a large sign asking you politely to not grope, lick, fondle or fuck the exhibits... and besides, there's so much to see! The lobby has a whole day's worth of things to look at before you even pay for your ticket. The walls are covered in artworks - there is a spacious seating area with a featured artist covering the walls (when we visited it had acrylic paintings and chalk

drawings by Damian Perez), plaster casts of breasts, works by Patricia Warfield, Milo Manara, and several more lewd and vibrant artists whose names I couldn't make out. There's a pornstar version of the last supper, a shrine to Larry Flynt including one of his gilded wheelchairs, a Kinsey fortune telling machine, a case full of adult awards, signed memorabilia from Rod Rockhard... But the star of the lobby was the Ralph Whittington library and archive: a wonderful collection of sex books from every genre, from dirty little limericks to 3lb tomes on the science of the female orgasm (to those who need to hear it, get your nose out of the book

and into the nook! Geek!) to enough coffee table books to deck out every coffeeshop in Amsterdam. Come along and sit and read sometime! Tickets are, at time of publishing, \$38 a piece. I know, I know, you could get about six and a half blowjobs for that, but I promise it's worth it to get your MIND blown for a change! What else are you gonna do with that money, "hit the jackpot" at The Flamingo? "Win big" at The Golden Nugget? Get real. Onto the main event! I wasn't sure what to expect from the museum itself, but was pleasurably surprised by the variety of exhibits, especially historical artifacts. There's something for everyone: a letter from Marquis

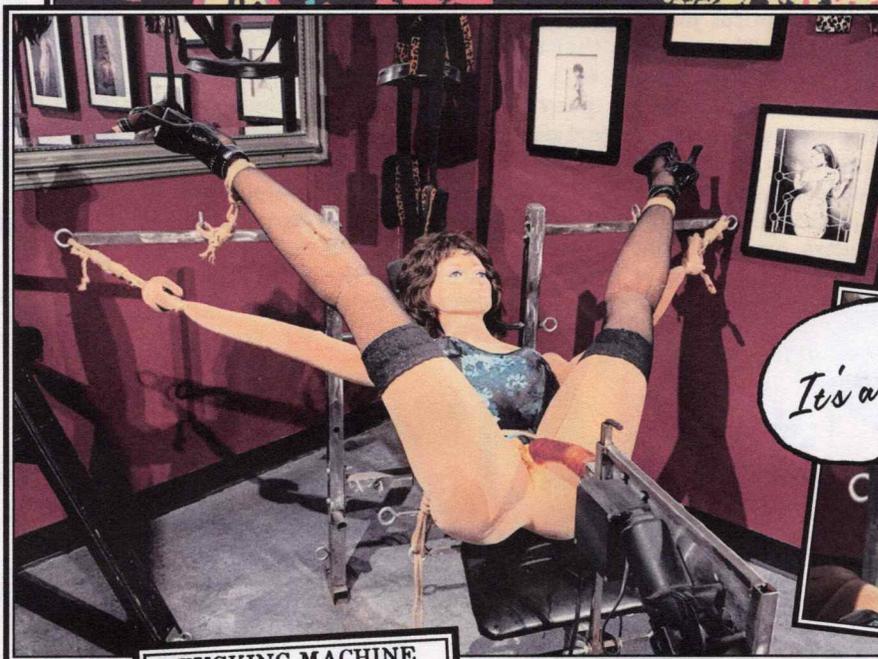
A TOUR OF
Harry Mohney's
Erotic Heritage Museum



de Sade for the libertines, mannequins demonstrating peep show booths for the doll fetishists, even a collection of animal penis bones for the beastialists. The opening of the museum area is fashioned after a dark alley to get you into the zone, complete with posters for pornos and neon club signs. The first exhibit is a display on the hypocrisy of powerful figures who work to repress our sexuality while bandying theirs around leaving tragedy in their wake. The political inclinations of the museum feel just and congruent with their position as an educational establishment - sex is the one thing every creature on the planet has a connection to in some shape or form, so it must be taken seriously when being twisted against us. These statements

are strong throughout: an exhibit on pedophilic female teachers takes you through a hallway lined with fifty rapists' mugshots, charges, and the too often blasé manner in which newspapers headlined their crimes. An exhibit on sex in the third reich emphasizes the Nazis suppression of birth control and propaganda encouraging aryan procreation. There's also a pair of Eva Braun's panties on display. Surprisingly pristine, though her husband can't have inspired much moisture down there to soil them with. I have no idea if they smell like sauerkraut, they were behind glass and it's a cheap joke to make so don't even ask! There's a wealth of memorabilia and information on the famous Chicken Ranch brothel, you can even pick up a

drinks coupon for your next visit there. Humanity has relied on sex for survival since we quit swimming around as sad little amoebas and grew a pair, and there is ample evidence in this museum that we've been taking it to weird and wild places the whole time. Looking at the cabinet of ancient dildos and fertility/virility charms, I feel a sweetness and warmth growing inside me. Some are crudely fashioned, simple but effective for their intended purpose. Some have intricate details or are made of materials that would require a skilled craftsman. They are all charming to look at, many of them with friendly faces, anthropomorphic designs or cute motifs, and the love and care makes me think of what the sanctity of sex really means - in my mind,



FUCKING MACHINE DEMONSTRATION



PANTIES OF EVA BRAUN

this is pursuing pleasure with a thorough gratitude and appreciation for this ability we have to curate pleasurable feelings in our heads and between our legs and feel them with such an incredible strength that our bodies just have to express themselves. Throughout history we have been taking the time and care to create accessories to help and enhance these special primal feelings in some way, physically or cosmically. I imagined what it must be like to live back then, coming home to my lover with a beautiful jade dildo of my own design. It has a little rabbit on the hilt that looks just like their childhood pet (I assume anyway, they haven't invented photos yet), and it'll surely splinter and itch less than my previous wooden attempts. After bugging each other raw with it, we place it proudly on the shelf alongside the collection of figurines featuring us in



a variety of positions with relatively enormous genitals. Life is good. I am also enamored with all the adorable novelty ornaments people made, like a statue of a head made of little naked ladies, ceramic turtles with flesh colored human genitals, walnut shells with pussies carved onto them, even small wooden fruits and chickens that open up to reveal a couple fucking inside for some reason. Let it be known that I love the historical artifacts in the Harry Mohny's Erotic Heritage Museum with all my heart!!!! And just wait until you see all the art on display - tons of really beautiful pieces from all throughout history. The medieval Indian watercolors are wonderfully odd, their spirituality showing an erotic side in fantastical depictions of winged genitalia, orgies that form the shape of a cow and lion headed gods showing earthly women what it means to fuck like animals. Japanese shunga pieces delight with their bluntly carnal depictions of

sex and characteristically monstrous penises, contrast with flowery garments that lend a sensuality and dreamlike quality to the image. Picasso lends his hand to some wonderful explicit lithographs, showing us that facial features aren't the only things he can put in strange places they don't belong. Lots of individual French and German artwork from 1900s-1940s, wildly different from one another but each one oozing with horniness... I only wish we could print everything in here! There are lots of dioramas throughout the museum too. If I've a boner to pick with the museum, it's that they don't seem to take a lot of care with the informational plaques next to many of the pieces (notably the historical artworks) with much of the text seeming random or asinine. I'm not a total asshole, my experience of the fascinating items on display isn't going to be irreparably ruined by the odd spelling error or Grammatical mistake, but trying to learn in a



THE LARRY FLYNT SHRINE

museum shouldn't feel like tossing a word salad. An educational venue should be more responsible than to claim, for example, that gay sex on display in Mughal era artworks "suggests a social consciousness and progression for its time". Progression from what? What is progressive in the western world today doesn't make sense to apply to centuries old artworks from half-way across the planet - not to mention dirty paintings commissioned by and for elite courts can hardly be taken as shining examples of the attitudes of the general society. Notable also is a large wall on "A primer on respecting trans people" - this enormous wall simply consists of 16 easily researchable trans related words and their definitions (already known to those who care, willfully ignored by those who don't), and four small television screens playing the same video on a loop of Gigi Gorgeous and Buck Angel explaining what trans means. This is the only area of the erotic heritage museum to feature gender nonconformity, a crucial pillar of the world of sexuality and taboos with rich history and culture, and comes across performative and lazy. There also seemed to be several unfinished exhibits (for example, a "sex in space" exhibit

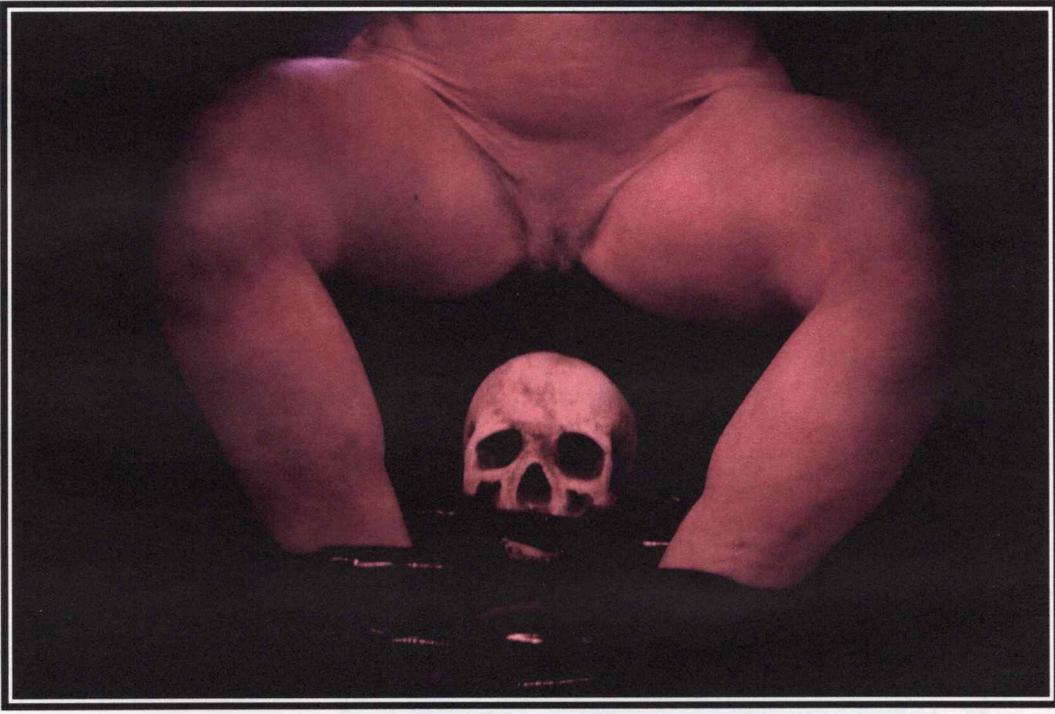
PLEASE
DO NOT
GROPE,
LICK,
FONDLE
OR
FUCK

THE
EXHIBITS

Honey Mahoney's
Erotic Heritage Museum

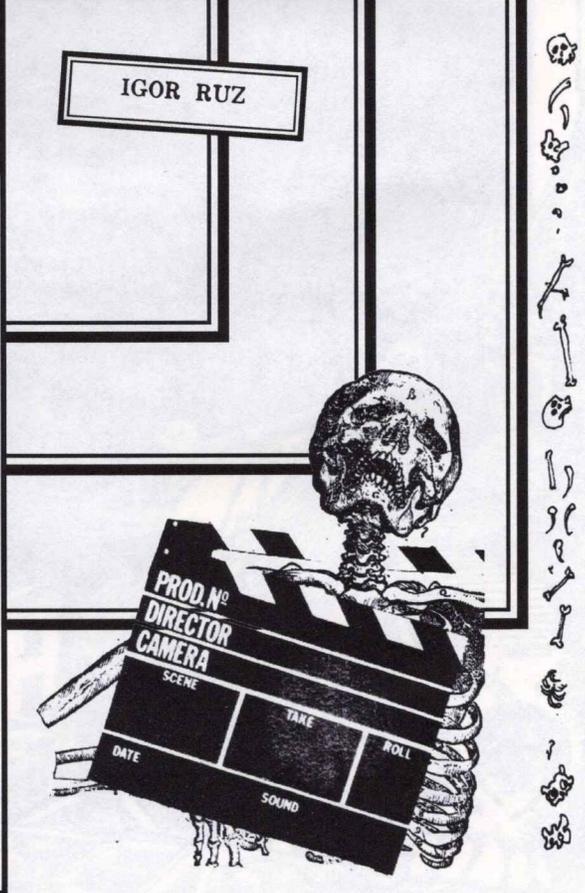
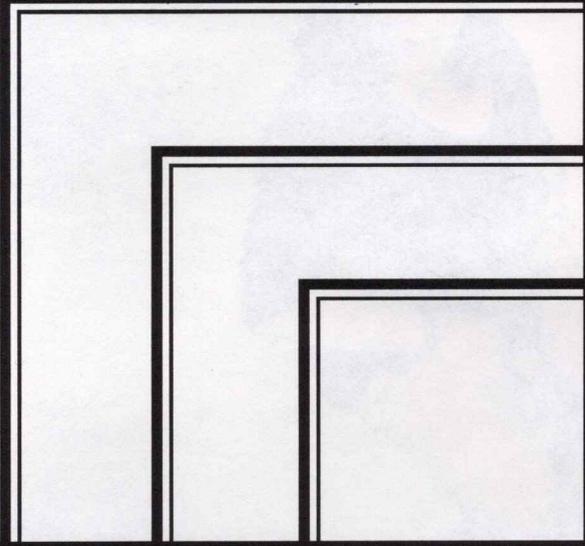
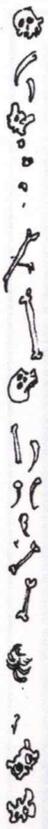
VISIT THE EROTIC
HERITAGE MUSEUM AT
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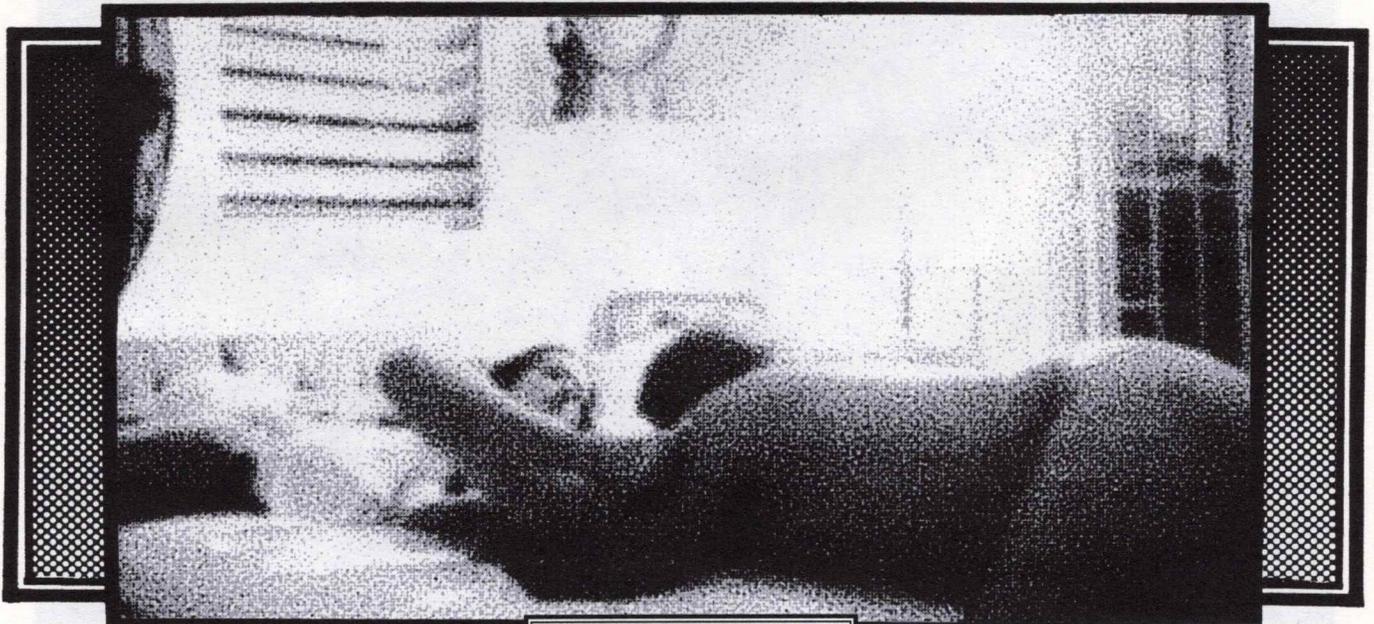
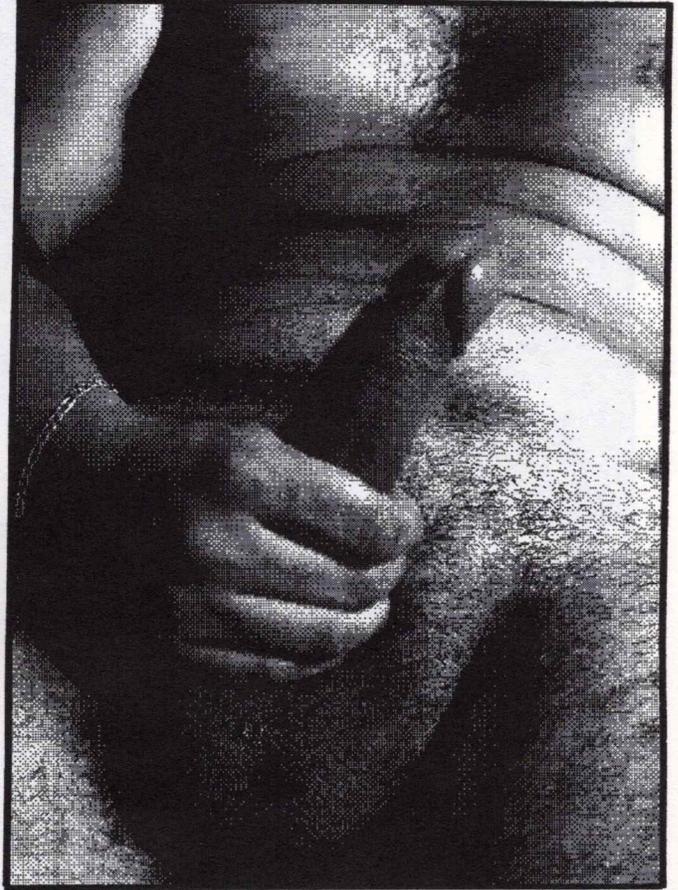
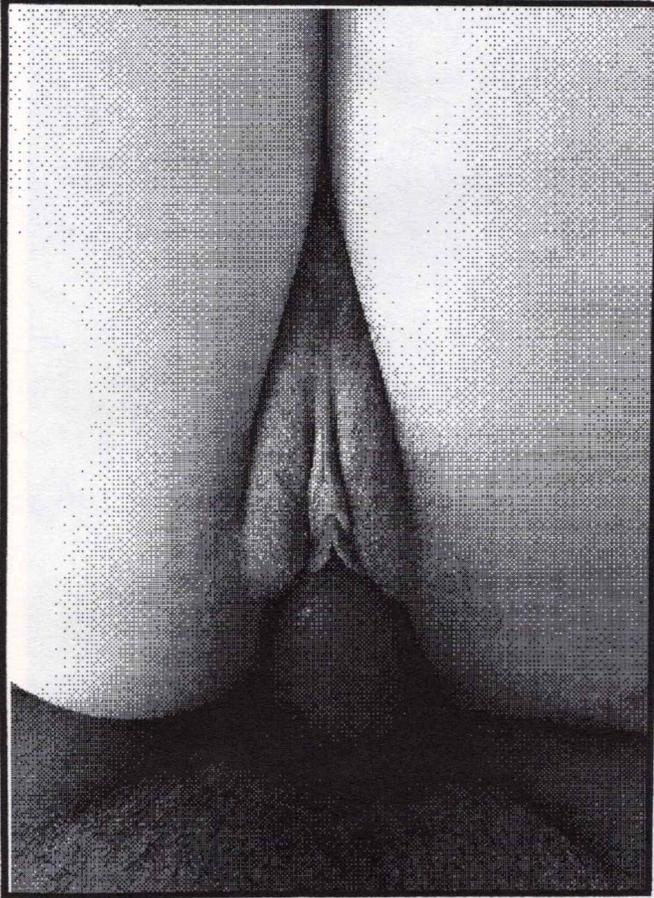
consisting of a bored looking mannequin in a chair and some sort of painting framed by hitachi wands behind her?), but for all I know they were just in the process of installing them so I was cool with ignoring that. I would love for the museum to reassess these things, I think they are small fixes with a little extra effort and outside input if necessary. It is otherwise one of the highlights of any Vegas visit. The museum had provided sufficient foreplay and by the time we got into the parking lot we were ready to go at it in the back seat. The parking lot has ample space, so you will be able to situate your car in a relatively private area. Plenty of adult clubs and shops nearby too - after going at it again, in the front seat this time, we left to go see Shortcake the 3" stripper at Little Darlings. The museum is located on Sammy Davis Jr avenue, aptly named for the esteemed depthroat practitioner, a little away from the strip so you needn't worry about your day out being marred by troglodytes who took a wrong turn on their way to the Carrot Top show I thoroughly recommend making the trip, and if you can... come twice.



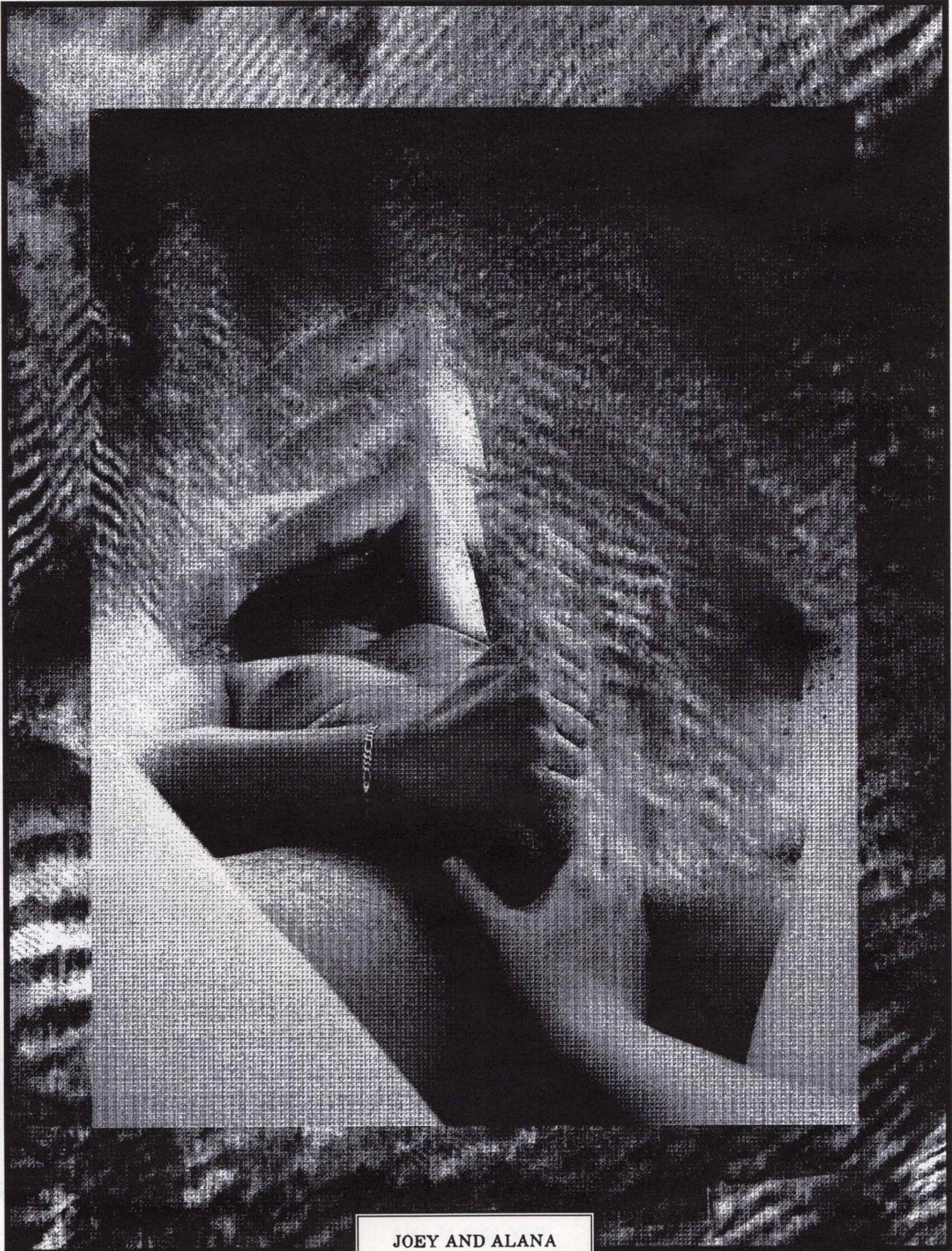
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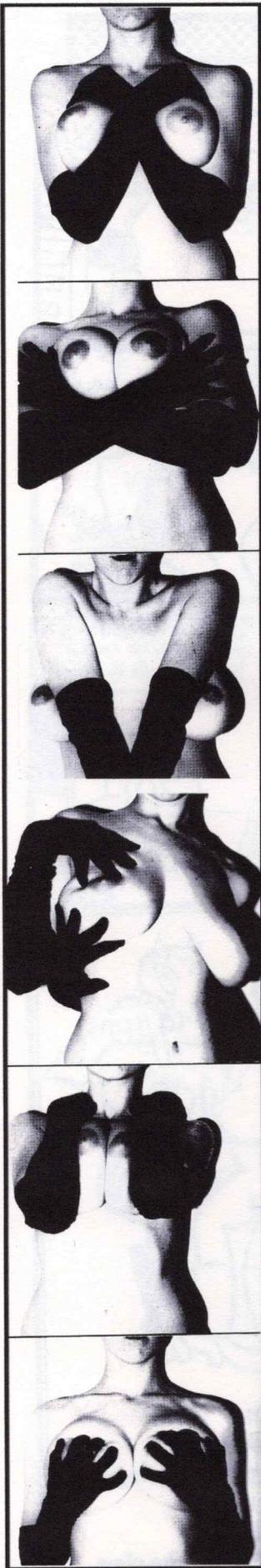




JOEY AND ALANA



JOEY AND ALANA



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SPRINKLE

Fun and Games

BY ANNIE

FINISH

START

CRAMP GET HARD

CANT GET HARD

PUSSEY TOO TIGHT

VERY SORE DICK

WET IN BONDAGE

BLUE BALLS

CRAMPS

CAME ON TITS

GREAT BLOW JOB GO ON!

CRABS YUK

PREMATURE EJACULATION

NO

TOO MUCH COCAINE TO FUCK

MUST PAY \$100.00

NO LUBRICATION

MUST USE A RUBBER

ARRESTED FOR INDECENT EXPOSURE

NICE TITS

PERIOD

V.D.

CANT COME

COCK IN WRONG HOLE

CRABS YUK

NOT TONITE

THESE ARE TWO WAYS TO WIN

RULES: TRY TO CONNECT THE BIG COCK TO THE WET PUSSEY WITHOUT RUNNING INTO PROBLEMS. IT'S NOT EASY BUT WELL WORTH IT !!!

Harold Teen

FEATURING 'SHADOW'



SHADOW, HOW DO YOU LIKE MY NEW UNDERWEAR? I'VE GOT TO BE PRETTY ALL OVER FOR THE PARTY TONIGHT

OH HONEY I'M GETTING HOT

CAN'T STAND IT ANY LONGER SHADOW RIDES AGAIN

RIP

OH SHADOW DEAR I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE SUCH A BIG MAN

HELP IS THAT PRICK OF YOURS STILL GROWING?

YEAH, THAT'S WHY I HAD TO JUMP YOU

EEEK IT'S STILL GROWING, CAN'T EVEN SWALLOW IT NOW, YOU BETTER GET DOWN ON MINE, SHADOW!

OH SHADOW, THATS WONDERFULL, DONT STOP NOW, YOU'VE GOT IT LICKED, OH DEAR, IT FEELS SO GOOD -

WELL, HOW ABOUT ME SINKING THIS PRONG INTO YOUR WATZIS?

HEAVENS, NO, DO YOU WANT TO KILL ME?

YMEAN AN ELEPHANT DONT YOU?

THIS ALWAYS HAPPENS TO ME, GOTTA GO FIND A HORSE

“All I did was shake his hand and he came all over me!”

“Your tits divine
Your eyes do shine
You're an angel on my lap.
But can you explain
This terrible pain
I think it's a dose of the clap.”

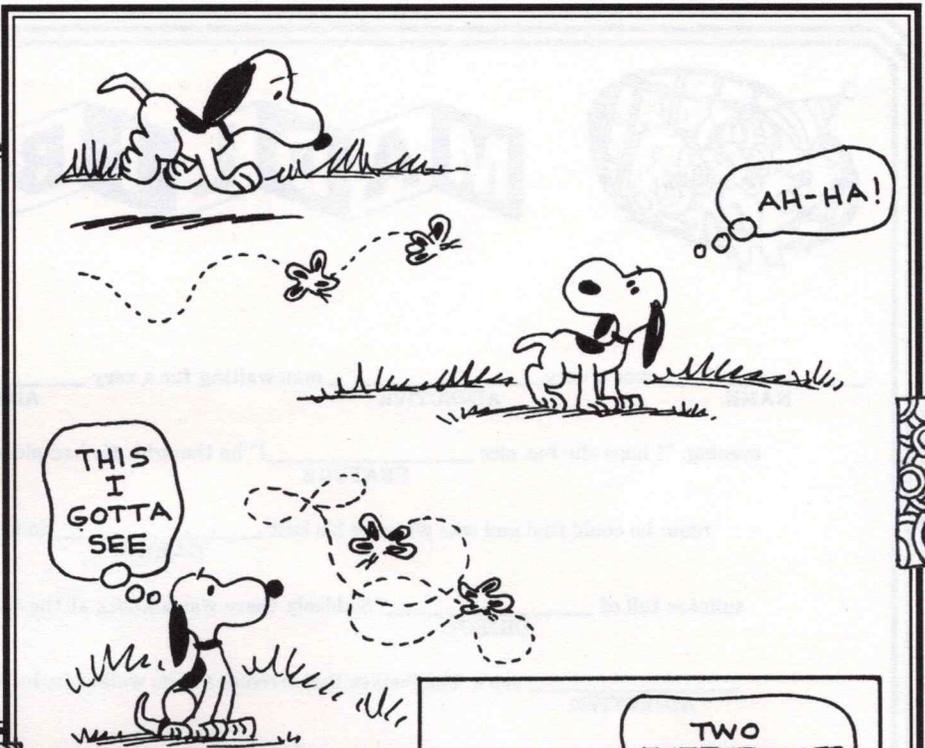
COMIC CAPERS



Love is...

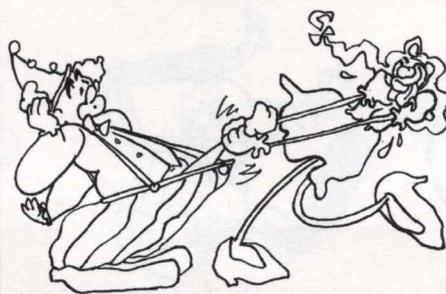
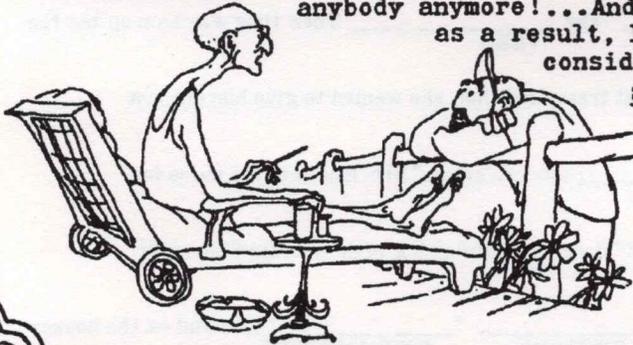


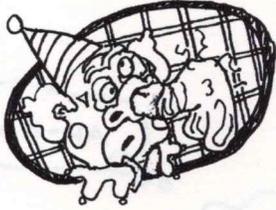
...a walk in the park.



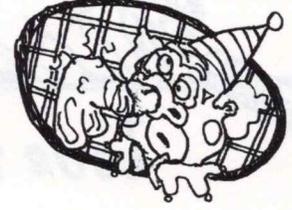
"Fifty years ago it was something special to be a homosexual: people were prejudiced against us...we were persecuted...we were social outcasts...we couldn't find work! Now we're everywhere: in positions of importance in Hollywood...of prominence in New York theater...of prestige on the national literary scene. Homosexuality is openly discussed and defended in the mass media--in major magazines, on radio and television; we also have our own publications, and national organizations and societies--we even have our own lobby in Washington. Today we're accepted in most liberal, upper-level sections of society; and in sophisticated circles, we're considered chic! We're not controversial any longer!...We don't shock anybody anymore!...And

as a result, I'm seriously considering going straight!!"

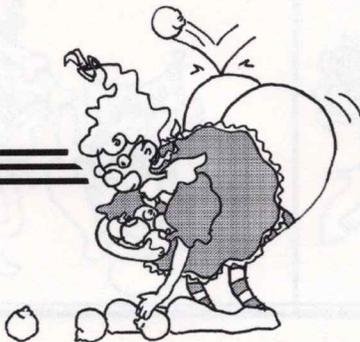




MADLIBS!



_____ was a very _____ man waiting for a very _____ hooker to _____ that
 NAME ADJECTIVE ADJECTIVE VERB
 evening. "I hope she has nice _____!" he thought. He had picked the most _____ hotel
 FEATURE ADJECTIVE
 room he could find and was wearing his best _____ to turn her on. He had even packed his
 GARMENT
 suitcase full of _____. Suddenly, there was a knock at the door. " _____!" called the
 OBJECT GREETING
 _____ voice. The hooker had arrived! As she walked in, he offered her _____ and
 ADJECTIVE TREAT
 started discussing the night to come. Putting on his best _____ voice, he asked "Do you
 ADJECTIVE
 like to _____?" The hooker looked _____. "Gosh, I've never done that before..
 VERB EMOTION
 But I'll give it a try for an extra _____". He took her to _____ and started to
 PRICE AREA
 _____. "I notice you smell like _____" the hooker observed with _____. "Thank
 VERB NOUN EMOTION
 you for noticing," he said, "it's _____". He went to reveal his suitcase of _____
 NOUN OBJECT
 " _____" exclaimed the hooker in _____, as he began to _____ the _____
 EXCLAMATION EMOTION VERB OBJECT
 toward her _____. "This is _____" she _____. Their time was soon up, but the
 AREA ADJECTIVE VERB
 hooker was so _____ by what had just transpired that she wanted to give him one last
 EMOTION
 surprise. "I have some tricks up my _____ too, you know..." She looked in her purse for
 AREA
 her best _____ and approached him. "Guess what I'm going to do with this!" she said
 OBJECT
 _____. As he opened his eyes, he became _____: " _____!" - and so, the hooker
 ADVERB EMOTION EXCLAMATION
 _____ and _____ him all through the night.
 VERB VERB



Whoreoscopes



AIRES // Mar 21st - Apr 19th

Your finest orgasm to date will come to beneath a silver birch. Avoid edible underwear, unless you crave the fiery bite of one thousand red ants between your legs which WILL bring you good fortune.



TAURUS // Apr 20th - May 20th

A graveyard orgy beneath the full moon will reconnect you with a long lost lover. Bring a marital aid approximately their size to embody their ghost, and a ouija board to witness their "yes, yes, yes!"

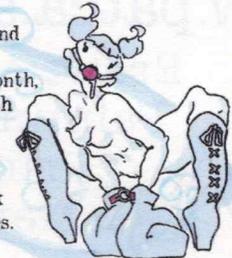
GEMINI // May 21st - Jun 20th

An unusual wart on your genitals will cause distress - but not to worry this is an angels wart. Its pus is a potent aphrodisiac, simply rub on your partner's lips before oral and enjoy mind blowing orgasms.



CANCER // Jun 21st - Jul 22nd

The sky is the limit for you this month, join the mile high club and relish in the turbulence. Or fuck someone very tall in a closet - same difference. Wear a sexy flight attendant's hat daily and good luck will come to you in droves.



LEO // Jul 23rd - Aug 22nd

Blue is your lucky colour, honour this with blue balls. Abstain from all sexual activity until the end of the month and experience the hottest and heaviest release of all time. Capture it on film and prosperity will be yours.



VIRGO // Aug 23rd - Sep 22nd

Adorn yourself with gold and jewels and goat to your lover how above them you are, then have them pay their respects duly. Prosperity will follow, especially if they are recently divorced.

LIBRA // Sep 23rd - Oct 22nd

It's not just your imagination, yes they really are into you "that way". Love knows no bounds and forbidden love certainly doesn't - just be sure to use sufficient contraception, as children born of incest are easy targets for bullies.



SCORPIO // Oct 23rd - Nov 21st

It's finally time to get that burning sensation checked out. Prepare to meet the sexy nurse by applying glitter to your nether region. Check her jewelry if it is silver, dribble out some piss during the checkup and she will surely be yours.



SAGITTARIUS // Nov 22nd - Dec 21st

Rough and sloppy anal sex is where to find the most pleasure this month. Keep notes on the shapes and patterns of your stools, they contain a bounty of clues about the love of your life.



CAPRICORN // Dec 22nd - Jan 19th

Tears are a turn on, during coitus tell your lover you are leaving them for someone they detest and unleash the waterworks. Consume the tears for fantastic good luck this month.

AQUARIUS // Jan 20th - Feb 18th

This is the perfect time for you to start a new hobby - insert something unusual into your orifices to add zest to your life. Morning wood is very unlucky this month, strive for afternoon wood or evening veneer.



PISCES // Feb 19th - Mar 20th

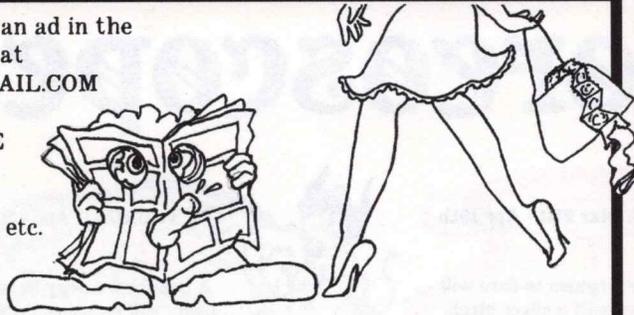
Taking a chance on a lousy lay of yore will bring you extraordinary enlightenment, but face north when you cum or you will only find embarrassment. Rinse your junk with moon water twice daily and sun water once in the evening.



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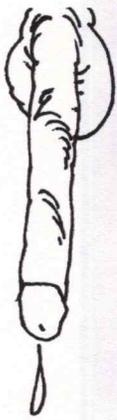
CAM-GIRL FRANKENSTEIN

SHE PAYED HIS BILLS, BUT NOW, SHE KILLS

ISSUE 1 COMING EARLY 2025

ILLUSTRATED BY
PARKER RICARDEZ
@parkerricardez

WRITTEN BY
JON MORA
@_justjonm



PRIVATE Connections!

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- vintage dirty magazines, books, photos & ephemera

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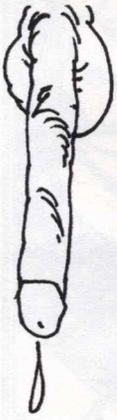
THE NEW YORK REVIEW OF SMUT

decadent, depraved, intimate & obscene

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new york - montreal



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- Mommy dom and switchy little ♡

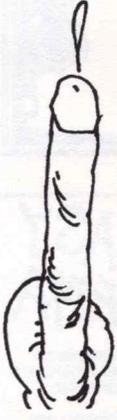
♡ Seeking queer trans freaks ♡ in the south east (or nation wide if ya ♡ like to cyber) ♡

♡ WE'RE LOOKING TO CO-TEP A SWEET ♡ BOTTOM. ISO SOMEONE WHO CAN TAKE TOUCH LOVE AND A FIST ♡ OR TWO. ♡

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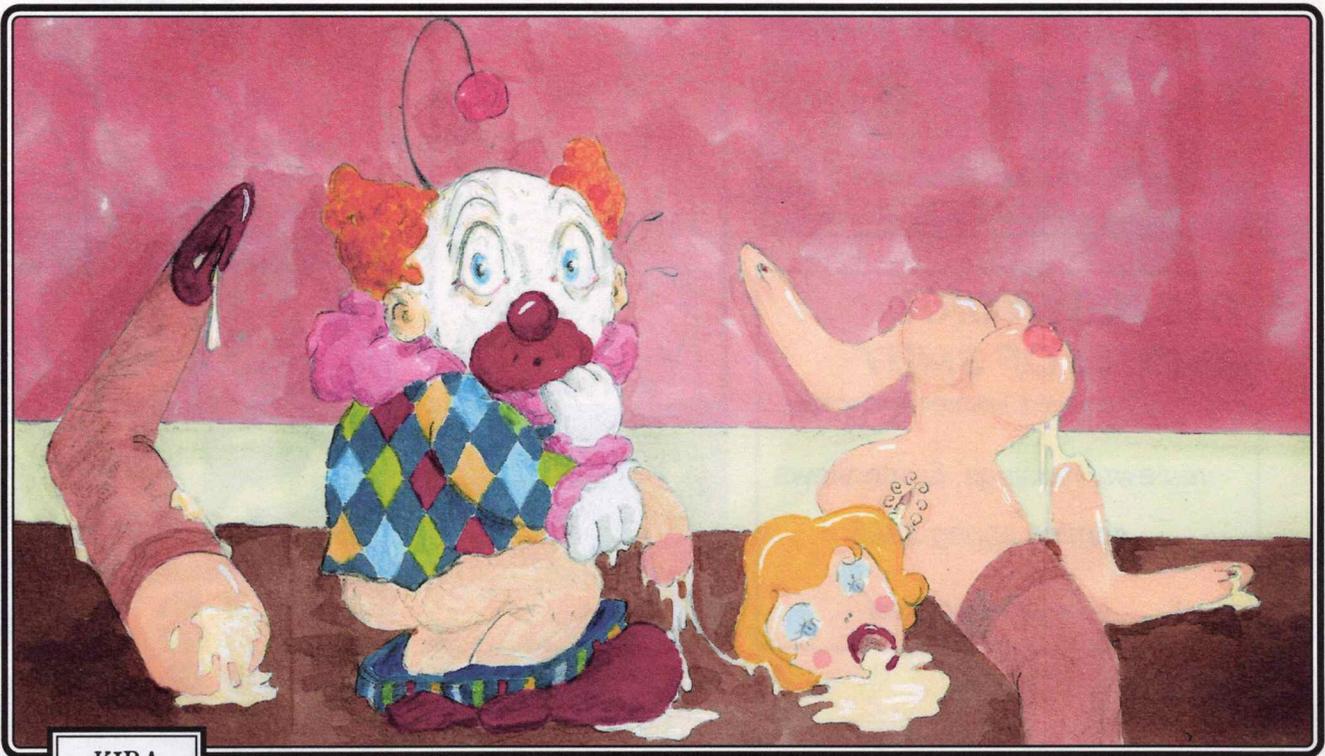
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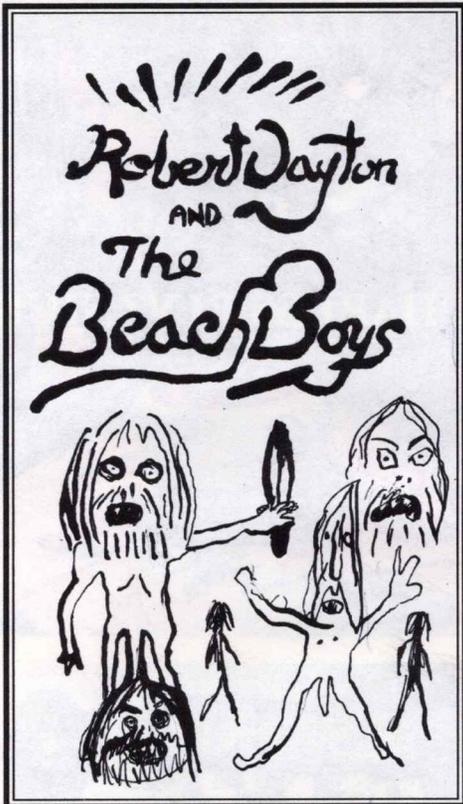
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KIRA



A big THANK YOU to all of our wonderful contributors:

Adam De Ville	Joey and Alana
Antwan J. Thompson	Kyle Gunn
Ava Marzulli	Lois Spoked
Beatrice	Maria
Candice DeBenedittis	Paul W.
Catherina Deluxe	Rhea Adri
Chrissy Marie Jones	Roberta
D.J. Elusive	Ryan
Depraved Spit	T.J. Coopriider
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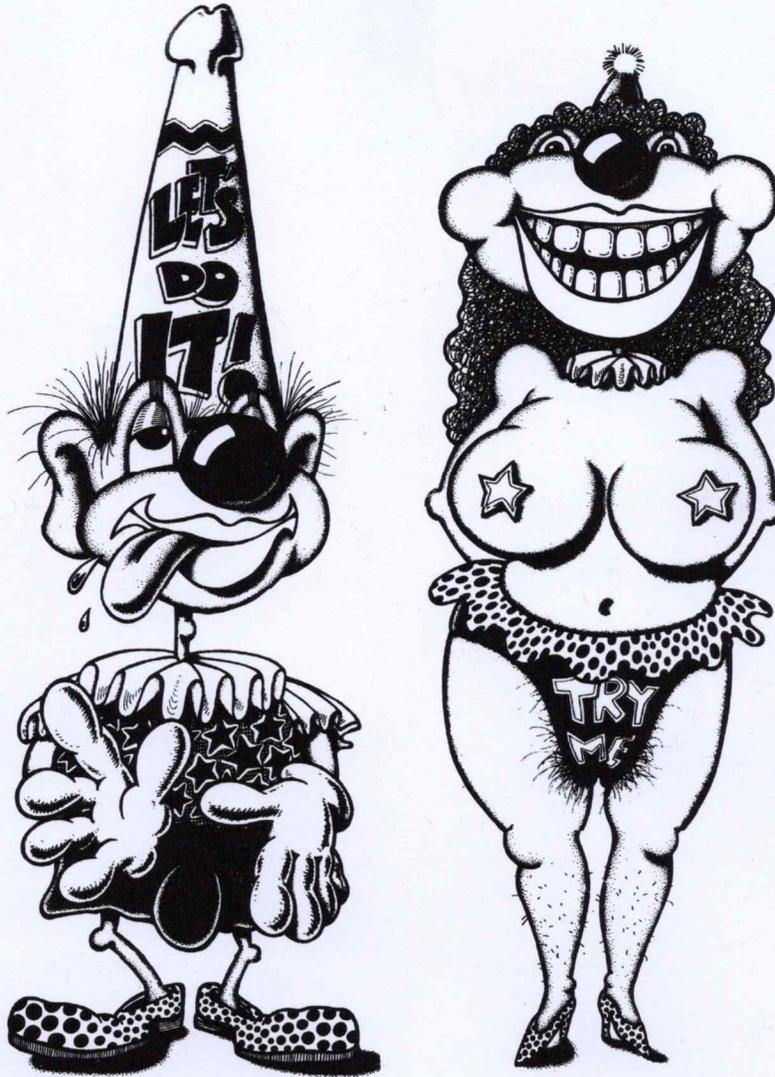
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You have reached the end of the very first issue of HONK! Magazine.. Bravo! We hope you enjoyed masturbating over it as much as we enjoyed masturbating while creating it. Don't worry if some of the pages got stuck together, you can just buy another copy! A big thank you to everyone who contributed to this issue, you are degenerates and heathens and we love you. Anyone who would like to contribute to the next issue can send their submissions through the form at GREASYCINEMA.COM/HONK, or email directly to HONKADULTMAGAZINE@GMAIL.COM - you don't need to be confident in your writing prowess, artistic capabilities, photographic skills etc. to contribute, all you need is a horny heart and something sleazy to share. Whether it's an elaborate dive into your wildest fantasies or just a few words to accompany your favorite wank material, we are interested in perverts indulging in whatever gets them off! Bonus points for unique perspectives you might not find in most porno rags. Everyone we choose to publish will get a free copy of the magazine and an eternity of bragging rights. So roll up! Roll up! Get your shit together for HONK! Number Two!

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