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SEPTEMBER 1985 \$3.95

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BILLY IDOL
The Rebel
Yells

WHO IS THE
UNMASKED
MAN?
(See Page 18)

SOLDIER
OF FORTUNE
Trapped Behind
Iranian Lines



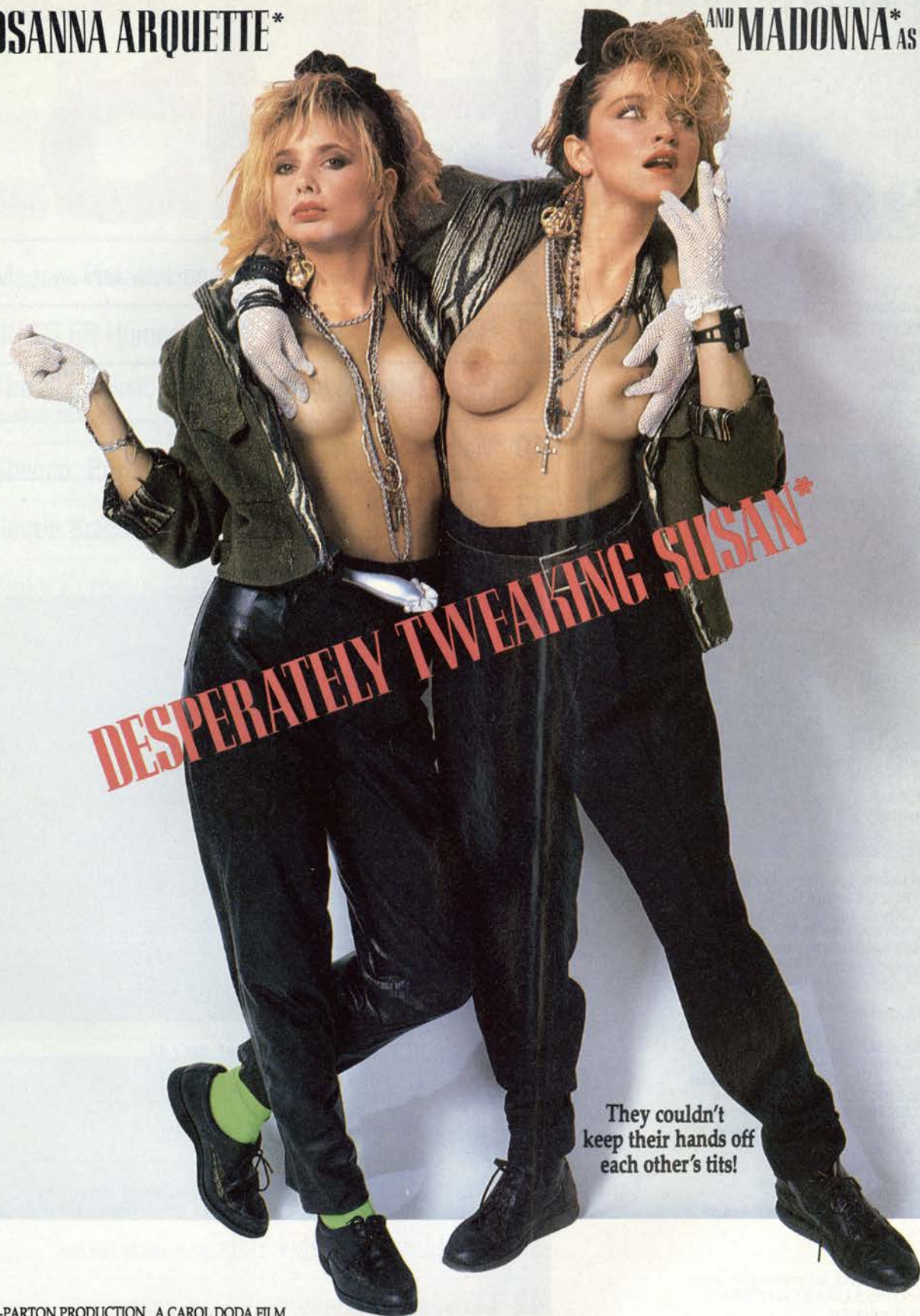
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HUSTLER®

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ROSANNA ARQUETTE*

AND MADONNA* AS SUSAN



DESPERATELY TWEAKING SUSAN*

They couldn't
keep their hands off
each other's tits!

A SAMPLES-PARTON PRODUCTION A CAROL DODA FILM

DESPERATELY TWEAKING SUSAN ROSANNA ARQUETTE AND MADONNA AS SUSAN* DIRECTED BY CAROL DODA

STARRING KITTEN NATIVIDAD DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY RUSS MEYER EXECUTIVE PRODUCER WALLY CLEAVAGE

WRITTEN BY MARTIN BREAST PRODUCED BY CANDY SAMPLES AND DOLLY PARTON A **MAIDENFORM** PICTURES Release

DD-36

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be accompanied by adult.

* AD PARODY-NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY

(FAKED PHOTOS-ACTRESSES' FACES SUPERIMPOSED ON OUR MODELS' BODIES)

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On the Cover . . .

This month's scorching cover was photographed by HUSTLER Senior Photographer Ladi von Jansky. And if you think our covergirl is hot, wait till you see the girls inside.

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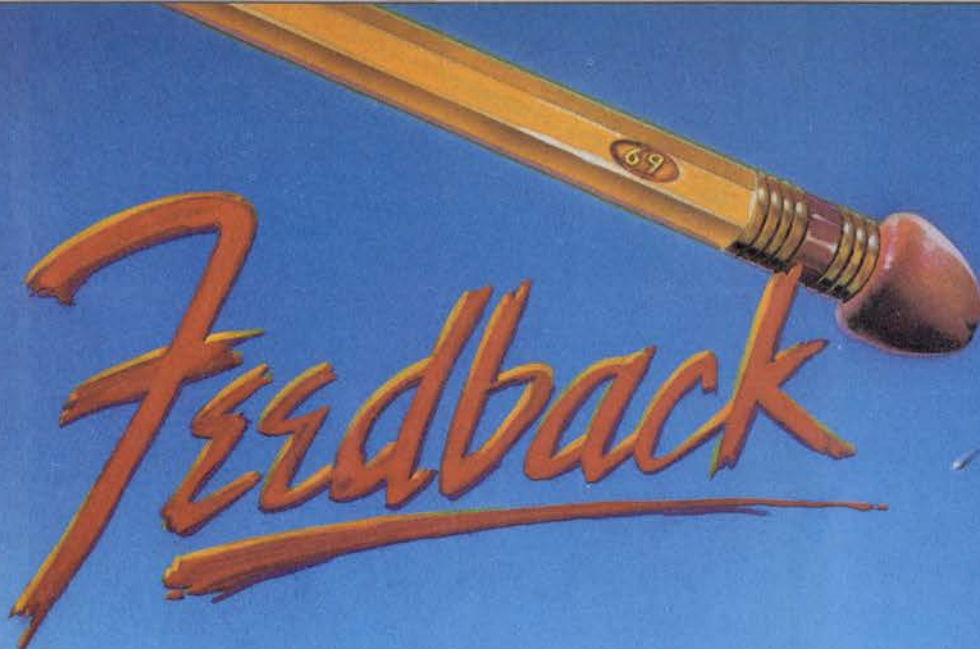
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NEVER AGAIN:

In the June '85 *Feedback* you published a letter titled "Sour Kraut" in which a guy named Frank R. from Oneida, New York, bitched about HUSTLER's making fun of Hitler. He then proceeded to call the U.S. an asshole for backing the Jews and defeating the Nazis. Well, Frank, I speak on behalf of all red-blooded Americans. Shove it up your ass!

If you can't seem to approve of America, get the fuck out!! You say Hitler was a member of "the superior race," but the Allies and we Americans stamped the shit out of him! So why don't you and your Nazi friends take your "superior" butts right out of this above-superior country!

America: Love it or leave it!

—Roger R.
Mansfield, Ohio

I am writing this letter in reaction and retaliation to your negative bombardment of nazism. Your publication is a medium that distorts history and twists the truth about the brilliance of Nazi theology.

I can understand casual political sarcasm, but I will not tolerate direct and deliberate abuse of a superior regime like the Third Reich. Your publication is undoubtedly guilty of harboring Zionist assholes who are too preoccupied in their fight to monopolize porn. You do not give a shit about the social problems America is experiencing. Your magazine is aiding in the bastardization of America by promoting sexual promiscuity between races. This country is becoming the melting pot of all the inferior races.

This will only cease when you liberal assholes clear your eyes and minds, which are now clouded by your deviations from normal sexual behavior. You are nothing but social transients who should support the strict social-hygiene directives established by the Aryan nations and the Third Reich.

The day is coming, the second coming. We must be careful of what we print! We will see who has the biggest balls. Are you man enough to meet my challenge and print this? The day is coming. All of you assholes out there had better start paying attention from now on!

—An American Realist
Address Withheld by Request

We printed your letter, but it sounds like a lot of crap to us.

In your June '85 issue a reader wrote concerning cartoons about Hitler. First off, if he's so damned proud of being German, he should go back to East Germany! I wonder if this sick man would enjoy living in a country where opinions of the people are stringently silenced.

Second, this jackass knows nothing of

the contents of the Bible. (Satanistic bastard that he is.) The Jews were not responsible for the death of Jesus. It is a very frightening thought to realize that someone is still around who didn't learn anything from what Hitler did. He not only killed Jews; he also killed thousands of French and Polish people. The man had no remorse. He killed children!

I suppose this Frank R. asshole thinks he's a good, religious man. I would love the honor of feeding this guy to the lions. The man's brain is obviously in his penis, and I think his fly has been open so long that it has caused permanent damage. As far as his buying copies for all his friends (as he wrote), well, don't expect your magazine to note a marked increase in sales. Anyone with any resemblance of intelligence wouldn't give this fuck-stick the time of day. We can only hope that those of us who have learned from the tragedies of the Hitler era will not allow assholes like Frank R. to repeat them.

—Jennifer K.
Santee, California



Heidi: Love Hungry

Frank R., let me start off by saying that you're the scumbag. If Hitler was so powerful, why did the snake hide behind all those Germans? Germans were so weak that they followed the scumbag's every order. I'm Jewish and only 23 years old, and I'm damned proud of it. You see, Jews are the ones who are powerful. We give scumbags like you jobs. I wish in God's name that you have your way to try

to finish what Hitler started, because you would have to kill me first. Germans, hah! You're all pigs. I hope HUSTLER continues to discriminate and run more tasteless but true cartoons about Hitler. He was a homosexual, you know!

If you print this, I will subscribe to your great magazine as long as there's breath for me to breathe. —Craig A.

Hagerstown, Maryland

BLACK & WHITE:

I didn't know blunt racism existed in America until I read your May '85 *Feed-back* column. I have something to tell E. M. and Carol R.—E. M., you are a prejudiced, stereotypical bastard who's probably got a two-inch dick and no balls. I detect envy in your letter, you stupidass bigot. I would assume you are one of those people who would like to send all blacks and Jews on a boat.

As for you, Carol R., you and I have a lot in common. We are both attractive professional women (I have a degree in nursing). But one thing we don't have in common is your stupidity. For a person with a degree, you're really a dumb bitch with no knowledge of black culture. Who the fuck do you think you are, whore? I am especially ashamed of you because in your profession you are supposed to be trained to overlook stereotypes. Turn in

your degree. It's not worth the paper this letter is written on.

—Bee

East Lansing, Michigan

MELODY MAKERS:

Your *Melody Makers* section sucks! I thought this was a men's magazine. Boy George, Rod Stewart, Michael Jackson, etc., etc., are for teenyboppers, dope addicts and fools, not real men like me. Why don't you write about country-music stars? They sing of the common working man who makes America go. —J. M.

North Carolina

PRINCELY FANTASY:

Never in the history of American publishing has anyone tried, and so poorly, to increase sales by imitating a rock star having sex with a groupie (*Some Day My Prince Will Come*, July '85). And of all people, how could you be ludicrous enough to pick Prince? I also think it's vicious to take advantage of his free-minded sexuality in such a pathetic way. I am, along with countless other Prince fans and members of the human race, thoroughly outraged by your sales tactics and the way you portrayed him. —Kelli C.

Address Withheld by Request

Your July '85 issue would have been a much better one if you'd left out the pho-

tos of that Prince lookalike with that white-trash slut. I know there are some perverts who get their kicks watching pictures of niggers degrading white girls. But the rest of us would rather see something different.

Niggers don't rate any special consideration anyway. If it wasn't for the white man, those simple black bucks you hire to model could very easily be among the starving flotsam in dunghills like Mali or Ethiopia.

—Charles J.

Los Angeles, California

MISSING KIDS:

My husband and I have read your magazine for many years, and for the most part we've both enjoyed it. While you've always made fun of things, I feel you went too far in your June '85 *Bits and Pieces* item on missing children. Some of them are more than likely dead, but a lot are just missing.

I think showing pictures on milk cartons is a good idea, and for many it could help. For you to make a joke out of it is real cruel. Someday it could be one of your own kids or a close friend who is missing. How would you feel if some asshole made a joke of it? —Ex-Reader

Lakewood, California

We think putting the photos of missing kids on milk cartons and paper bags is a commendable idea. But you missed the point of our B&P item. This new advertising medium simply has great potential, that's all.

NO MORE COCKS:

The direction HUSTLER is taking stinks. Since a majority of your readers are male, I can't imagine why you run cock-shots in every issue, especially in *Beaver Hunt*. I will not buy your magazine again until you come to your senses and cut out the cock-shots.

—S. K.

Detroit, Michigan

I guess we couldn't interest you in a subscription to Blueboy, could we? Seriously, HUSTLER aims to please everyone; that's why we have single-girl photo-sets, girl/girl sets and boy/girl sets. But rest easy. We won't be running guy/guy sets.

TO SHAVE OR NOT TO SHAVE:

I'd give \$50 for a layout featuring the hairy lady in *Bare-Ass Bar-B-Q* (May '85). We need a lot more very hairy bushes! Please!! And I'd pay even more than 50 bucks to see her unshaven.

—L. T.

Kalamazoo, Michigan

You're always bragging about how great, unusual or hot your pictorials are. Well, I've got an idea for one that I think will top anything you've ever done. As a mat-

(continued on page 12)

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Rick Sandack, who appears regularly at the Comedy Store in Los Angeles, has appeared in several motion pictures, written for television and film, and is a frequent contributor to CHIC Magazine.

If you're looking for a self-improvement program and run across a weekend workshop sponsored by the Transactional Foundation Encounter Group, pass on it. This advice comes from a personal experience from which I am still recovering. It took place in a shabby apartment in West Hollywood, and the instructors were a 6-2 bitchmistress named Karla, her biker-husband, his girlfriend and a Korean maid named Kim who served wonton soup and turned out to be a guy. I was the only registrant.

I chose the Transactional Foundation Encounter Group because it was cheap—\$60 compared to the \$200 charged by most self-empowerment workshops. And they had a money-back guarantee.

I knew I had made a mistake the moment I entered the apartment and they introduced me to a therapeutic technique called contact. I was hit in the face by 4½ pounds of chow mein. "I must have the wrong apartment," I said. "I'm looking for the Transactional Foundation Encounter Group."

"You're looking at it," the biker-husband told me. Then they asked me what I wanted to get out of the weekend workshop. I told them that I wanted to stop feeling a chronic sense of inadequacy, to be more assertive and to discover a way of relaxing that would permit peace and tranquility to permeate my being.

The biker told me to shut the fuck up and, before I knew it, I was out of my clothes and into a pair of Pampers. "What's the real reason you're here?" he asked, slapping a pair of handcuffs on me. I told him that I had heard these personal-growth workshops were a great place to meet chicks and that I was hoping to find Ms. Right.

"That's better," he said. I saw my reflection appear in a pair of shiny, black Gestapo boots with five-inch spiked heels. I looked up and beheld his 6-2 bitchmistress decked out in a festival of leather, including harness, gloves and hood, not to mention nylons and garters.

"I am Karla," she said from behind the hood. "My rules are rigid. I'm quick to anger; yet I am fair with those who serve me. I never punish without a reason. Are there any questions?"

"What about my money-back guarantee?" I asked.

"Too late," she answered. "We blew it on nachos and bean dip."

"Can I go to the bathroom?"

"No, it blocks the therapeutic flow."

She slapped a dog collar on me and told me that I was about to embark on a 48-hour domination ritual that made the world of the Marquis de Sade look like *Mister Rogers' Neighborhood*. My initiation began with a punk haircut. They sheared off the sides, leaving two Clarabell the Clown curls, which they spray-painted orange. On top they left a full Mohawk. I looked as if I had just stepped out of Parakeet World.

Next, they introduced me to a therapeutic exercise called "Housewife." Dressed in a French maid's costume, my new name was Babette, and my vocabulary was limited to one response: "*Oui, oui, madame.*" I vacuumed the rugs, scoured the sinks and scrubbed the floors. When I worked my way into the kitchen, Kim the geisha boy shut the door and spoke excitedly.

"Karla gonna have sex with you. You no want sex with Karla—she transsexual. Quick, escape!" Kim pointed to a window, and I climbed out, sliding down a drain pipe. When I reached the ground, they were waiting. "You tried to escape," Karla said. "You will pay the penalty."

Later that evening, after I fixed dinner and did the dishes, they took me into the bedroom and tied my arms and legs to the bedposts and removed my Pampers. Kim then set an occupied hamster cage on the



edge of the bed. Karla tied a piece of string around my penis, and the other end to the door of the cage. She sprinkled a trail of bacon bits from the cage to my penis, basting it with marmalade and sunflower seeds. The game was simple. If I could keep from getting an erection, all was well. But if I got one, the upward force would open the cage door, releasing the hamster, which would in a crazed feeding frenzy end up removing substantial bits of my manhood.

With that, the biker's girlfriend came gyrating into the room in high heels, G-string and tassles, moving rhythmically to a classic rocker by the Four Tops. She climbed onto the bed and dragged her tiny tits across my face and left a trail of wet kisses from my mouth down my chest. And that did it. I got a springer, and the cage door began to open. I clenched my teeth and thought about things that instantly turned me off: Earl Scheib, Ronnie Reagan Jr. and the Reverend Jerry Falwell. It worked. My erection died, and the cage door slammed shut. Karla was furious.

What happened the next day, gentle reader, could easily be entered into a textbook on deviant sexual behavior. After I retook my college-board examinations and wrote a 1,500-word essay on "What Wheat Thins Mean to Me," Karla appeared in the doorway. Strapped to her loins was a 14-inch, teflon-coated rectal invader. "Time to make you squeal like a party hog," she exclaimed. Then she removed her hood.

"Good God," I said out loud. "Elephant Man has a twin sister."

She moved toward me, but I threw two quick punches into her abdomen. She countered with a left to my jaw and dumped me with a vicious rabbit punch. She laughed and effortlessly pulled me up, raised me high above her head and, without hesitation, hurled me into the west wall. When someone does that to you in cartoons, you stick to the wall for a while and then drop. That doesn't happen in real life. As I caught my breath, I heard her say, "My name is Karla. My rules are rigid. I'm quick to anger; yet I am fair with those who serve me."

* * *

I'm in a hospital's orthopedic wing now, wondering the same things you are. Did I have sex with her? Was she really a transsexual? I don't know. All I remember is waking up in bed with Karla smiling beside me and showing me slides taken when she was a Marine. 🐷

Melody makers



Suzanne Vega

Somebody (we don't know who) has called 25-year-old **Suzanne Vega** "potentially the most powerful poet-singer since Bob Dylan." Hey, quite an accolade, indeed, but not entirely without substance. Judging from the tracks on her self-titled debut LP, the native Southern Californian—who spent her youth in the streets of New York City—does possess a fine tongue for folksy rock lyrics and a penchant for producing delectable melodies. If you don't mind, however, we'll wait a few years (or decades) before comparing her (or anyone else, for that matter) to Mr. Zimmerman.



Rank and File

Get ready, America, for the world's first bionic drummer! In spite of a tragic automobile accident that tore his left arm off at the shoulder, **Rick Allen** will continue to pound the skins for the premier British heavy-metal act, **Def Leppard**. According to sources, Allen will achieve this near-impossible task three ways: (1) with an improved drum setup; (2) with a series of prerecorded riffs activated by sensors; and (3) with a customized bionic prosthesis. We applaud the members of Def Leppard—and their incredible spirit of unity—for standing by Allen at a time when he needs them the most.

Actress **Susan Richardson**, formerly Susan Bradford of the TV sitcom *Eight Is Enough*, recently toured the Orient with **Leather Tuxedo**, a rock band with a hot new single called "Burning Out of Control." During a photo-shoot, ex-**Animation** member Paul Antonelli picked up Richardson and accidentally dropped the young lady, fracturing her tailbone. We've heard of busting your ass for rock 'n' roll, but this is going too far.

What are nice white boys like the **Red Hot Chili Peppers** doing performing high-speed pandemoniac funk? Entertaining, that's what! From the minute they take the stage (grimacing and joking around) to the time they leave (stripped to their socks and jockstraps), they never fail to captivate their audiences. The

reigning king of fun-loving, party-time funk, **George Clinton**, was so impressed with the L.A. group's zany, throbbing sound that he agreed to produce their next LP. After Clinton and the Peppers team up to record soon, the world of funk may never be the same!

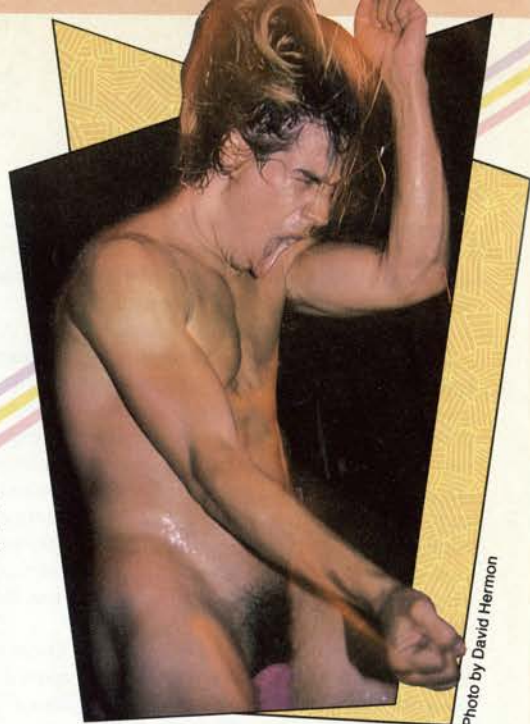


Photo by David Hermon

Red Hot Chili Peppers' Anthony Kiedis

Rock 'n' roll was built on sex," says **Rank and File** bassist **Tony Kinman**. "Little Richard and Elvis were basically saying they enjoyed sex." Rank and File's adventurous blend of American musical traditions—country-western, blues and good old rock 'n' roll—may not be overtly sexual, but judging by their incredible album *Long Gone Dead*, their music is definitely stimulating. "I suppose sex has some effect on our sound, but I don't know what," adds guitarist **Chip**, Tony's brother. "It's not our main thrust."



Photo by David Hermon

Wally George meets El Duce

Sparks flew recently when our good friend **El Duce**—a/k/a Eldon Hoke—of the **Mentors** made an awesome guest appearance on TV's bastion of wacko ultra-conservative fanaticism, *Hot Seat*. Host **Wally George**, who usually resorts to bullying his guests and name-calling, was no match for the master's stinging repartee and was eventually reduced to the sputtering, red-faced fool that he is. It just goes to show that the best way to combat bullshit is with more bullshit.



Photo by Jeffrey Mayer

Roth splits with Van Halen

The Who's former lead singer, **Roger Daltrey**, recently encountered some erection problems at his home in Great Britain when neighbors complained to authorities about the eight-foot-high, penis-shaped sculpture Daltrey had "erected" on his front lawn. "It could only happen in England," said Daltrey. "There are probably banks being robbed and people being murdered, but the police concentrate their efforts on my penis." Local authorities made him take it down, but the gravel-throated vocalist had the last laugh—he's reportedly put up a different penis-shaped sculpture right next to where the old one stood!

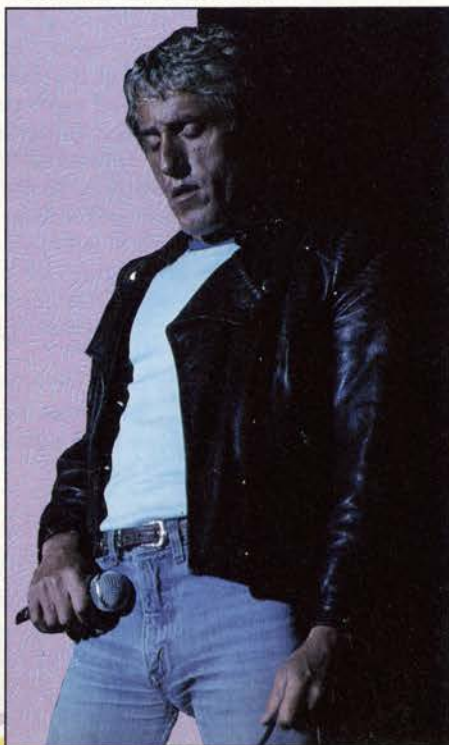


Photo by Jeffrey Mayer

Roger Daltrey

Many people speculated that when **Van Halen** lead singer **David Lee Roth** went solo, the band would break up. Inside reports say that Van Halen productions are indeed being phased out, and no one knows whether another LP will come out. "David doesn't get along with Edward at all," an informed source whispered to **HUSTLER**. "And Edward hates David. They can't be in the same room." Apparently, drummer **Alex** and guitar ace **Edward Van Halen** have plans for another musical project, and Roth wants to pursue acting and directing. So ends yet another rock 'n' roll era? . . .



Photo by Gary Leonard

Annie Lennox

In what has to be one of the shortest marriages in New Wave history, **Eurythmics** lead vocalist **Annie Lennox** will be divorcing her latest husband, a German Hare Krishna follower, in the near future. In fact, from the reports of her nightclubbing activities with a certain lucky gent, she's already filled the void of her skinhead hubby. Why the split? Maybe Lennox got tired of selling flowers and passing out pamphlets at airports and bus terminals.

When the **Commodores** lost **Lionel Richie**, many people felt the band was through. Says drummer **Walter Clive Orange**, "The industry wanted to see what we could do [without him]." The hugely successful **Nightshift** LP makes it clear: The band has its own soul.



Thing-Fish

Photo by Ladi von Jansky



The original madames of metal, **Girlschool**, are assaulting airwaves and concert halls with their new LP, **Running Wild**.

Frank Zappa never does anything mainstream or conventional. In fact, he usually does his damndest to explore the most far-reaching fringes of rock 'n' roll with uncompromising abandon. Such is certainly the case with **Thing-Fish**, the three-LP rock opera based on the Zappa-scripted and directed photo-fantasy that appeared in the April '84 **HUSTLER**. On **Thing-Fish** (the record) we see the world through the eyes of a hideously deformed half potatoheaded alien/half 1860s plantation Negro who wiles away the hours musing about everything from white folks and urine to Las Vegas, breasts, homosexuality and religion. The album is not easy listening—the instrumentals are frenzied (customary for Zappa) and sometimes very long. However, the socially sarcastic and hilarious lyrical dialogue (some of which is done by **Missing Persons** **Terry** and **Dale Bozzio**), makes **Thing-Fish** a demented disc of delightful dimensions. Zappa freaks will love it. The rest of you prepare for a large dose of antirock.



FEEDBACK

(continued from page 8)

ter of fact, I doubt you'll even consider this or even publish this letter. I like women who shave—anywhere or anything—and so do lots of other guys. Why not run a photo-spread of two girls shaving each other's entire bodies? I mean from head to toe—pussies, heads and eyebrows. You've always found women who will do anything; so let's see just how creative you can be.

If you guys are as good as you think, then maybe you'll get some ladies who will do this, but I doubt it. And like I said, I don't think I'll even see this letter published, let alone a couple of bald-bodied babes. If I do, though, I'll send you a dollar for every hair on my wife's head—or maybe the hair itself. So come on, HUSTLER—be as good as you say you are, and let's see some baldies.

—L. G.
Browns Mill, New Jersey

Hey, L. G., what are your bowling buddies going to say about your bald old lady?

Never having written to a national magazine before, I felt moved by the hairy-girl letters in your June '85 *Feedback*. Being a man who is tired of the conditioned look, shaved legs and underarms, it's time for a change! Many women and men feel that

body hair is a turn-on; so if HUSTLER is the pioneer it claims to be, how about some natural gals—and more frequently than every three or four years? —B. J.

Walpole, Massachusetts

If you like shaved pussy, our August '85 centerfold, Heidi: Love Hungry, is the girl for you. If you like 'em hairy, check out Sheena: Primitive Passion on pages 73-79 of this issue.

SLASH:

Your June '85 pictorial titled *Slash: A Different Drummer* has made me strangely curious. I can count on two hands the number of nationally popular female band leaders, but Joan Jett has always easily entertained me. No beating around the bush. Is Slash really Joan Jett in disguise?

—B. B.
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

We hate to disappoint you, B. B., but it's not.

TARA:

Congratulations on your HUSTLER Honey for May '85, *Tara: Yanqui Delight*. I'll tell you what. I think Tara is a code name for Taking All Rear Action. The shots of her beautiful pussy make me come to paradise three times a week. She stated that the best fucking she ever had was at a beach. I'm far more kinky than

that. I'll suck, lick and nip her luscious clit until she starts to breakdance.

—Richard K.
East Elmhurst, New York

HELGA:

Senior citizens, beware. I have been an avid reader of HUSTLER since the day I found my father's collection of them in a drawer. Being only 23, I like to see young women in your centerfolds, but when you have an elderly lady (*Helga: Lust in the Twilight Years*, June '85) instead of a young knockout like *Shayla: In Fine Form* (April '85), I feel I'm being cheated.

Being from Cincinnati originally, I have always admired Larry Flynt for his guts: to explore strange new worlds, to go where no man has gone before. Also, your cartoons are the funniest thing since man invented humor. Fuck anyone who's offended by them or your stories. Those people should read *House & Garden* or something. The filthier the better. Keep up the good work and think pink!

—J. R. P.
Key West, Florida

READER CRITIQUE:

Today I was reading your latest copy of HUSTLER and found out that the *Dear Granny* column was missing. I loved *Dear Granny* and wish you would bring her back. Since I am writing, I also feel I should give my opinion of your magazine. Larry Flynt, I love you for fighting so long and hard for my freedom of speech. I stand 100% behind you for your right to print *anything* you want and my right to read anything I want.

Here are two suggestions: Get rid of the *Melody Makers* column—if I wanted music information, I would look in a magazine that specializes in music. Cut back on the photo-layouts of girls in natural settings. One would be all right per issue, but I prefer seeing your pretty ladies in romantic settings with sexy lingerie on. My favorite section is your movie and video reviews, and I love it when you feature porn stars with interviews and photos (you could give us more).

—Lorraine Rasmussen
Roseville, California

We've got good news and bad news. Next month we'll have an exclusive interview with lovely porn star Ginger Lynn (with photos). The bad news is, *Granny* has retired.

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (preferably typed or neatly printed) to *Feedback*, HUSTLER, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Include a telephone number if you want your letter considered for publication.

GRAFFITILTHY



THANX AND \$50 TO G. STOUT, WABASH, IN



HOT LETTERS



TWIN TEASERS:

I saw Jill at a local shopping center last Sunday. I hadn't seen her in about ten years, but I'd known a couple of guys who had nailed her back in high school and, from what I heard at the time, she was a nice piece of ass. So I figured, *What the hell; get her phone number, buy her a couple of drinks and see if she can still perform like she used to.*

When I arrived at her door that evening, a tasty little dish answered. "Hi, Jill," I said automatically.

"I'm not Jill," the girl replied. "My name's Ann; I'm Jill's twin." Christ, I'd completely forgotten! In high school Ann had been an honor student, and the crowd I had hung around with had kicked sand on honor students. I hoped to hell Ann wasn't going to get in the way of my fucking her sister.

When we arrived in the backyard, Ann stood beside her sister next to the barbecue grill. I was nearly bowled over by the sight of the two of them together. Wearing matching outfits, they were dressed to kill: short-shorts, form-fitting tops with nipples protruding, and high-heeled shoes that showed off long, lanky legs.

We had several drinks, then headed for our old high-school hangout. By now I wasn't sure which girl I could fuck. Both had been fucking with my head; so I jokingly grabbed Jill's butt first, then Ann's. Neither offered any resistance. I was starting to get an idea of what was going on, but didn't want to jump to any conclusions and blow a sure lay with Jill.

Shortly after we'd found a table, Jill placed her hand on my thigh and asked if I'd ever been with two hot women before. I answered no. "Would you like to?" Ann asked, her fingers creeping up my other thigh. *Oh, shit, here we go,* I thought. I certainly wasn't going to turn them down; so before long we were back in my Cadillac, heading for God knew where. Jill was in the front seat with me; Ann was in the back. I still couldn't be sure these gals weren't just messing with my mind.

I was pulling into the street when in the rearview mirror I saw Ann slipping out of her jeans. Beside me, Jill's gorgeous tits

leaped over her halter top and stood erect. The sight of Jill fondling her own breasts while Ann stroked her own muff in the backseat was more than I could bear. My prick was aching inside my pants. Nobody could have withstood this kind of come-on; so I pulled over into a nearby motel parking lot.

Ann planted a moist, warm kiss on my lips while Jill slowly edged down my chest and started taking my cock in her mouth. She let her lips grope every inch of the



way to the base of my shaft. After my prick was snugly lodged in her warm throat, she began moving up and down my shaft; her skilled hand chased her lips in a twisting, twirling motion that sent shivers down my spine. Every time she hit my tender head with her contorted lips, I had muscle spasms.

They both let out girlish giggles every time my body jerked. Soon, Ann had climbed into the front seat and was taking her sister's place, using the same cock-sucking motions. Meanwhile, Jill plunged her tongue down my throat. They played together like a symphony orchestra.

When they sensed I was ready to blow, they started alternating rapidly, going down for about three sucks each. I could

feel it coming from the roots of my balls, and I let out one of my patented war whoops as I blasted into Jill's hungry chops. It was more than she could handle. Ann dived back down in my lap to taste my semen. They spilled some on my legs, some on the seat and some on each other, but they wasted no time lapping it up. Hot, sticky cum was all over, and they loved it. Jill placed my balls in her mouth while Ann jacked still more beads of cream out of my swollen member.

They began kissing each other and feeling each other's tits. They smeared my cum on each other's cheeks, making their beautiful faces shimmer. If any dripped on my legs or on the seat, one would go down and suck it off. For variety, one would drip it on her nipple, then let the other lick it off. Two beautiful nude chicks moaning and groaning and fighting over my jizz was an incredible turn-on. As a finale they toyed with my jizz like a spaghetti noodle, pulling it into a long string between their lips and then sucking it back till their mouths met again.

After a few more hours of partying I asked for one more blowjob and got it. They had to devour every last drop before they were satisfied. Since then, however, I haven't been able to reach either of them, but what the fuck—easy come, easy go.

—Michael E.

Address Withheld by Request

DOING IT ON THE ROAD:

The summer after I turned 17, my mother and stepfather were killed in an automobile accident, and my stepsister Kim came home from Arizona for the funeral. We decided that since I had no other relatives I would go live with her in Phoenix. Kim was such a wiz at taking care of everything that, three days after the funeral, we were ready to leave my small Texas hometown for good.

It had been three years since I'd last seen Kim. Now 22 and a living doll, she had long blond hair that framed a picture-perfect face. And what a body!

I had always gotten along well with Kim
(continued on page 28)

HUSTLER®

This page was removed by LFP as per legal obligation

WASHINGTON DAISY CHAIN

Capital Scoops

High-Rolling Journalist, Politics & Soft Drinks . . . and More

by Larry Flynt

The new editor of the *Washington Times* is Arnaud de Borchgrave, darling of the right-wing ever since he coauthored *The Spike*, a novel that suggested Communist manipulation of American journalists.

De Borchgrave's first big move at the *Times* (owned by the jailed Reverend Sun Myung Moon) was to offer a \$1-million reward for information leading to the apprehension of Nazi fugitive Dr. Josef Mengele. De Borchgrave said he could assign some of his newspaper's reporters to the story and turn up Mengele easily, but he couldn't spare the staff right now.

One story that the "crack" staff probably won't cover is their own chief's tax troubles. During his globetrotting years as diplomatic correspondent for *Newsweek*, de Borchgrave was known for his fat expense account and perpetual tan. Now the IRS is disputing deductions he took to maintain a lavish lifestyle in Geneva before and after he was fired from the newsweekly in 1980.

According to Tax Court records, the IRS says de Borchgrave shouldn't have taken \$62,736 in deductions five years ago. In a written response, de Borchgrave argued that he deducted part of the cost of his Geneva apartment on the theory that he and his wife were "required to maintain housing of a certain caliber to receive and entertain leading public figures who 'make the news' and to so establish with them a personal relationship permitting him access to these figures and thus securing for his employer 'inside information' and advance knowledge of newsworthy events."

Just before de Borchgrave joined the *Washington Times* this spring, he told a reporter that he entertained heads of state and that a dinner party for the foreign minister of Pakistan "requires a certain size dining room." Should de Borchgrave prevail in his dispute with the IRS, it may open the door for claims by people from all walks of life who might argue that

Uncle Sam should pick up part of the cost of their housing so they can entertain important folks in grand style.

* * *

When Coca-Cola gambled and changed the taste of its soft drink a couple of months ago, the company quietly hired two top political pollsters to help corporate execs pitch America. Pat Caddell



Pat Caddell tried to sell Gary Hart to America; now he's plugging Coca-Cola.

(who worked hard trying to make Gary Hart the Democratic Presidential nominee two years ago) and Richard Wirthlin (Ronald Reagan's chief pollster) were paid to set the tone for the new Coke.

Just as Caddell had candidate Hart pushing "change," so he had the president of Coca-Cola USA saying: "We have chosen to reach out and seek the promise of our future because the time is right. . . . And the time is right because the mood of America favors change."

And Reagan's Wirthlin gave Coke's president this paragraph that could have come from a Ronnie stump speech: "We feel good about ourselves. We're secure in our heritage and who we are."

Both men's involvement was supposed to be secret, and neither will comment on the attempt to mesh politics with soda.



Coke called on Reagan's chief pollster, Richard Wirthlin, for help.

But one Coke executive told the *Wall Street Journal*, "It sounded like someone took a Gary Hart speech and inserted the word Coke for Hart."

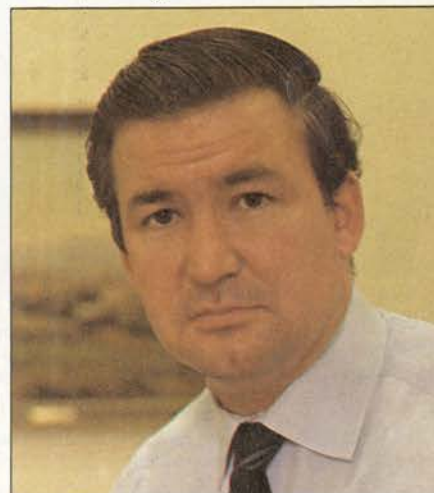
* * *

Uncle Sam's attempt to stop government workers from using their office phones for frivolous—but expensive—calls has entered a new phase. The primary target: recorded messages such as dial-a-porn services.

In Washington—where 230,000 telephones represent about one-third of all government phones in the nation—a computerized blocking system will prevent callers from reaching dial-a-porn numbers. Not only that, but federal workers will have to look at their watch to tell the time and out the window to check the weather. Time and weather numbers are blocked too. The government estimates that unauthorized calls cost taxpayers as much as \$445 million each year.

* * *

Shorts: How much money did Reagan's new attack dog, Patrick Buchanan, earn as



Journalist Patrick Buchanan proves it pays to be a political pundit.

a journalist before he took his \$75,000 White House job as communications chief? In 1984 he received \$94,000 from Cable News Network for commentary; \$81,000 from a local Washington station; \$24,000 for appearing on *The McLaughlin Group*; \$60,000 for a thrice-weekly newspaper column; and \$135,000 for making speeches. Along with income from real estate in California and Washington, Buchanan collected more than \$400,000 as a political pundit. . . . The hottest T-shirt in Washington: "Bonzo Goes to Bitburg."

(For future *Washington Daisy Chain* columns, HUSTLER will pay \$1,000 for every anonymous tip that appears in print. The confidentiality of tip sources will be stringently protected by HUSTLER.)



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Butler's job opens up new avenues of companionship, among them a romance with an insatiable prostitute (Cassandra Leigh), and a tricky trio with swingers Tajja Rae and Ron Jeremy.

When Butler gets a soap opera role, DeLeeuw blackmails him out of the job. With vengeance in mind, he sets out to give it to her—"in the end"! That's **RAW TALENT!**

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| ☐ ALL THE WAY IN | ☐ LET ME TELL YA 'BOUT WHITE CHICKS (V,I,A) |
| ☐ BETWEEN THE CHEEKS (A,V) | ☐ MANEATERS (H,W) |
| ☐ BLACK BUN BUSTERS (I,A,V) | ☐ NEW WAVE HOOKERS (H,W) |
| ☐ BLACK THROAT (I,A,V) | ☐ PIGGY'S |
| ☐ BROOKE DOES COLLEGE | ☐ PLEASURES OF INNOCENCE |
| ☐ DEVIL IN MISS JONES 2 (H,W,C) | ☐ PUNISHMENT OF ANNE |
| ☐ EAT AT THE BLUE FOX | ☐ PUSSYCAT GALORE |
| ☐ EVERY WOMAN HAS A FANTASY (H,W,C) | ☐ RAW TALENT |
| ☐ FEMME (I,V) | ☐ ROMANCING THE BONE (V) |
| ☐ FOXY BROWN (I,V) | ☐ SAMURAI DICK |
| ☐ GREAT SEXPECTATIONS (H,W) | ☐ SEXCAPADES (H,W) |
| ☐ GO FOR IT (W,C) | ☐ SUPERGIRLS DO GENERAL HOSPITAL |
| ☐ HOSTAGE GIRLS | ☐ SUPERGIRLS DO THE NAVY |
| ☐ HOT FUDGE (I,V) | ☐ TABOO AMERICAN STYLE |
| ☐ HOT PURSUIT (H,C) | ☐ THROAT 12 YEARS AFTER (H,W) |
| ☐ INDIANA JOAN (V) | ☐ VIVA VANESSA |
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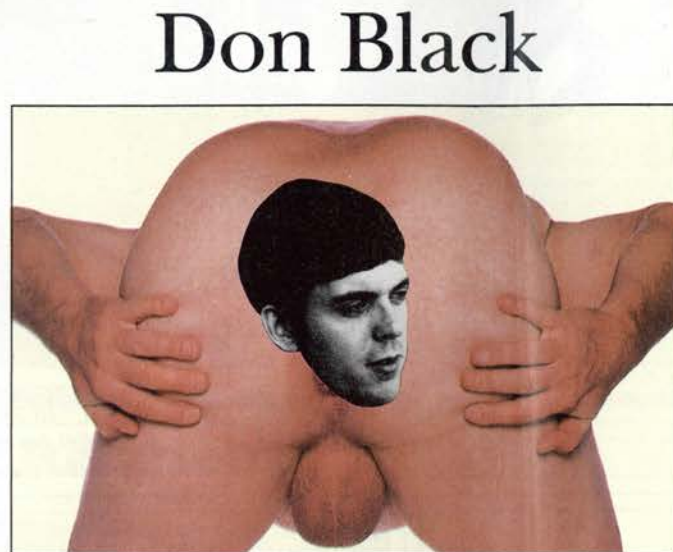
BITS and PIECES

ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

The check is in the mail, I won't come in your mouth, and It's just a cold sore are known as the Three Big Lies. Here's a fourth: Don Black is not an Asshole. This is perhaps the biggest lie of all because if ever there was a certifiable shit-chute, Don Black—32-year-old Grand Wizard of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan—is it.

This twisted turd-launcher—whose mission is “to build the greatest white racist movement this country has ever seen”—has been spouting hate, bigotry and lies ever since he was a teenager. According to our confidential source, he was affiliated with the youth movement of the National Socialist White People's Party, and after college joined the KKK and built the Alabama chapter into the Klan's largest.

This demented diarrhea-dispenser preaches that the world is ruled by evil Jews who use blacks and other minorities as pawns in a global chess game against whites. The object of the game, Black says, is to checkmate the white race



through mongrelization and brainwashing. Anyone who buys this bowel-barf isn't to be trusted near the Kool-Aid supply.

Not only does this hemorrhoidal Hitler believe in white supremacy and the good old days of slavery, he tried to make his dreams a reality. In 1981 Black and nine of his cronies prepared to set sail for the tiny, predominantly black Caribbean

island-nation of Dominica to overthrow its government. In addition to manufacturing cocaine and operating gambling casinos, they planned—according to Dominica's prime minister—to launder money for organized crime and provide a haven for criminals and tax evaders. Unfortunately for this bungling bunghole, the ten-man invasion force was arrest-

ed by the FBI before it could even get under way. And you thought Assholes like this only existed on TV!

After two years in a “country club” prison the Grand Wizard emerged determined to build his racist empire through personal charm—he's taken the Dale Carnegie “How to Win Friends and Influence People” course—and est-inspired training programs. Can you believe it? Is the Klan about to go Yuppie?

And get this! HUSTLER's sources have discovered that this ridiculous rectum is planning to run for President in 1988—a candidacy that in more sensible times would have appealed only to the lunatic fringe and Dr. Josef Mengele, a shoo-in for Surgeon General. But who knows? The lunatic fringe is now calling the shots in the Reagan Administration, and the country resembles a network-TV show more each day. Let's just hope that we have sense enough to change the channel or—better yet—turn this Asshole off.



Take It Easy, Big Boy

Even though the corporate-restaurant powers-that-be have decided *not* to abolish the Big Boy symbol, many of the hamburger-toting lads are fed up and ready to throw in the towel. A glimpse behind the scenes at the recently established Big Boy Retirement Home proves there's more to life for a fiberglass statue than hanging out in front of third-rate family eateries waiting for the rain and sleet to bounce off your Ronald Reagan hairdo. *Here's the beef, kids...*

Don't Let the Bed Bugs Bite!

Parents, are you aware that a mutant strain of bloodthirsty insect has reappeared in domestic America and is stalking the carpets and covers of your child's sleeping quarters? Be warned! These hideous little monsters are sneaky, smelly and most dangerous when unmated.



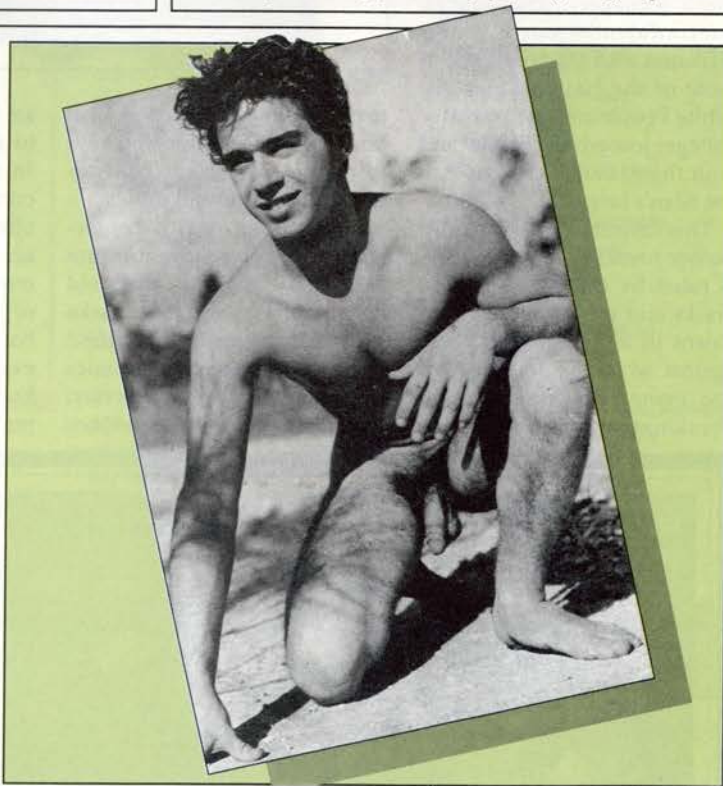
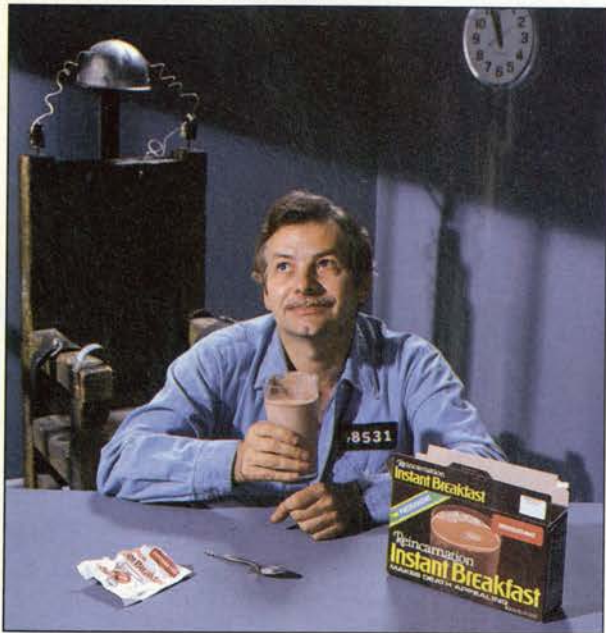
Porn From the Past



If you have any well-preserved smut around, send it to "Porn From the Past," HUSTLER Magazine, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. And enclose an SASE for return of photos. We pay \$150 for any we publish.

Last Supper

Death Row's a drag, especially if Judgment Day's only a few minutes away. So when it comes to ordering that last meal, why not call for a tall, ice-cold glass of Reincarnation Instant Breakfast. One serving contains the nutritional equivalent of an eight-ounce filet mignon, a six-ounce portion of veal piccata and 12 ounces of fresh broccoli. You won't be hungry again until you return . . . as a salt-marsh harvest mouse in North Carolina.



Warren Piece?

Acouple of months ago this unique photo came to our attention. Instantly we asked ourselves, "Could this be the guy who blew-dry Julie Christie on a bathroom floor?" We hesitated to answer. So we thought we'd let you decide. Is it or isn't it? Your guess is as good as ours.

Hard to Stomach

Are you uncomfortable about the possibility of nuking the Reds?

Does the thought of countless missile silos scattered throughout the countryside turn your

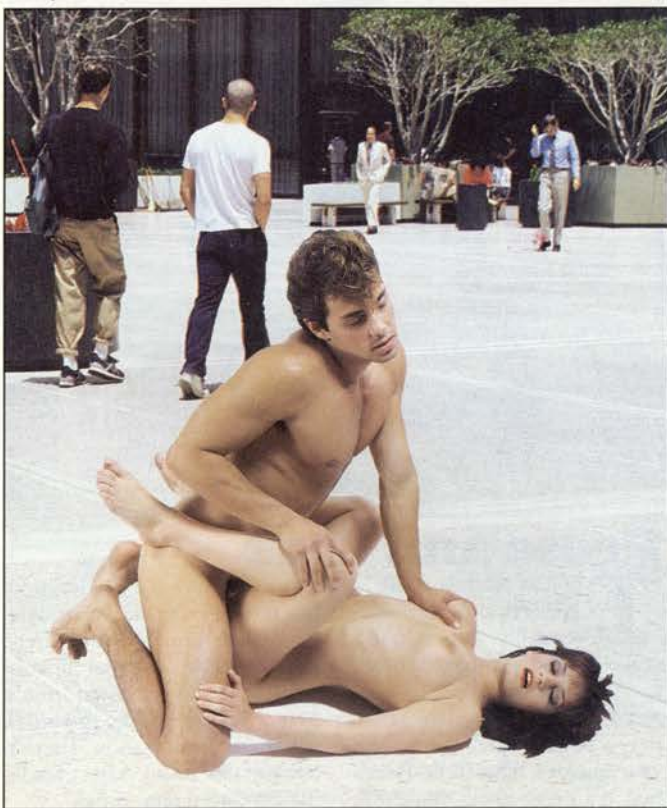
insides out? Do visions of radiation sickness haunt your dreams and leave you queasy on the day after? Relax. Now there's a laxative for sniveling soft-headed

liberals that brings safe and effective relief. Pop an MX-LAX tablet tonight, and you'll wake up feeling like a defense contractor in the morning.

Good Public Relations

Heck, it's the '80s, right? Anything goes. *Anything!* And in this modern world of unrestrained hype and publicity, PR account exec-

utives need to be bold to get the word out. Gone are the days of the easy pitch and soft sell. Today it's go for the—excuse the expression—groin.



THE CONTRA-BAND

Featuring the hit singles:

"Born to Gun" and

"Yes, We Have No Banana Republics"

The Contra-Band

When it's party time in South America, only one group of ragtag rockers can make the rebels yell: the Contra-Band. And now they're tearing up American audiences with their explosive debut LP, which is shooting to

the top of the pop charts on its way to revolutionizing popular music. The dynamite disc from the guys who put the "rock" in Nica-rock-gua is available for a measly \$42 million at record and Army-Navy surplus stores everywhere.

USA PS

*United Support of Artists for Starving
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JERRY VALE • RUDY VALLEE • SARAH VAUGHN
Written by IRVING BERLIN and SAMMY KAHN
Produced and conducted by LES BROWN

**We
WERE
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World**



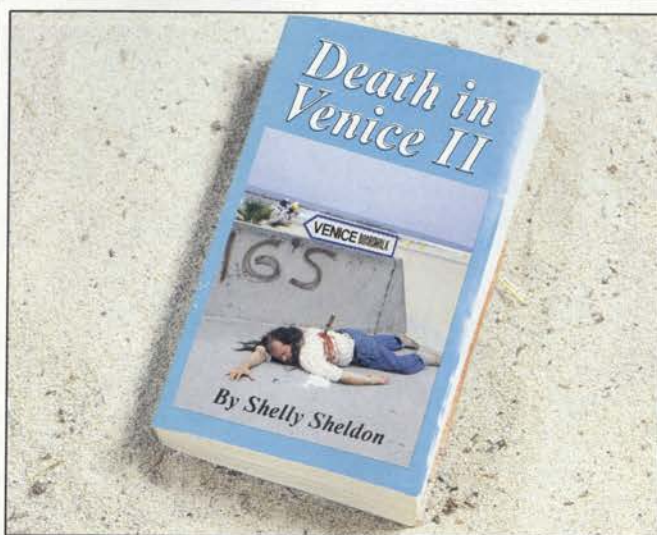
Spread 'Em, Hoser

Canadian pornography. You no doubt recognize the contradiction in terms. Let's face it. Our friends to the north can't stomach flesh and fantasy. (HUSTLER is a four-letter word up there!) So in the interest of pure satire, we present this month's Canadian centerfold—little Colleen MacKenzie—a frigid virgin from Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan. Colleen loves back bacon, small furry animals, mustaches and Donald Sutherland.

Jungle Bunnies

If you've traveled through the treacherous swamplands of South Chicago or ventured into the deepest, darkest backwoods of Harlem, then you've probably witnessed these

creatures Velcroing their ears or munching discarded rib and chicken bones. They're cute and cuddly from a distance. But get too close to their basketballs, and de'll scratch yo' eyes out.



Prose and Cons

Thomas Mann's *Death in Venice* dealt with homosexuality, tuberculosis, and one artist's search for beauty. It's an immortal literary classic, and some said there could never be a sequel. Well, bite your tongues, scholars and skeptics, it's here: Shelly Sheldon's

Death in Venice II. The location has moved from the breathtaking Italian canals to the litter-strewn, junkie-infested boardwalk of Southern California's Venice Beach. But the passion is still there. Read it soon. There's already talk of an Aaron Spelling-produced mini-series.



Sex News Bits

FINAL

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054

September 1985

Pink Panderer?

Van Nuys, CA—With the conviction of pornographic-film maker Harold Freeman on charges of pandering, a local jury has set a dangerous precedent. Unable to successfully prosecute hard-core-film producers under current obscenity laws, the police are now simply classifying them as pimps. The impact on Los Angeles's \$550-million sex-film industry should be tremendous—either porn actresses will have to start donating their time, or producers like Freeman will have to turn their talents to making documentaries on life behind bars.

Meese on the Warpath

Washington, DC—Despite widespread criticism of recent similar investigations, Attorney General

Edwin Meese III has named an 11-member panel to study pornography and recommend new ways to control it. It is hardly likely to be an objective assessment—the panel's head is Arlington County Chief Prosecutor Henry Hudson, notorious for having all but banished pornography from his Virginia jurisdiction. The rest of the panel appears to be similarly minded, resulting in futile criticism from the American Civil Liberties Union. The panel's budget has been set at \$400,000 to \$500,000, and its findings should be issued in June 1986. The smart money says censorship will win hands down.

Enter the Drag Queen

Brevard County, FL—Circuit Judge Dean Moxley has appar-

ently struck another blow for civil liberties by allowing Donald Dean Davis, a 22-year-old man about to be tried for murder, to dress up for the occasion. Local policy requires "street clothes" for trial, which in Davis's case means high heels, a dress and access to a curling iron, hair dryer and makeup. Davis has probably seen *Psycho* one time too many.

Senior Frolics

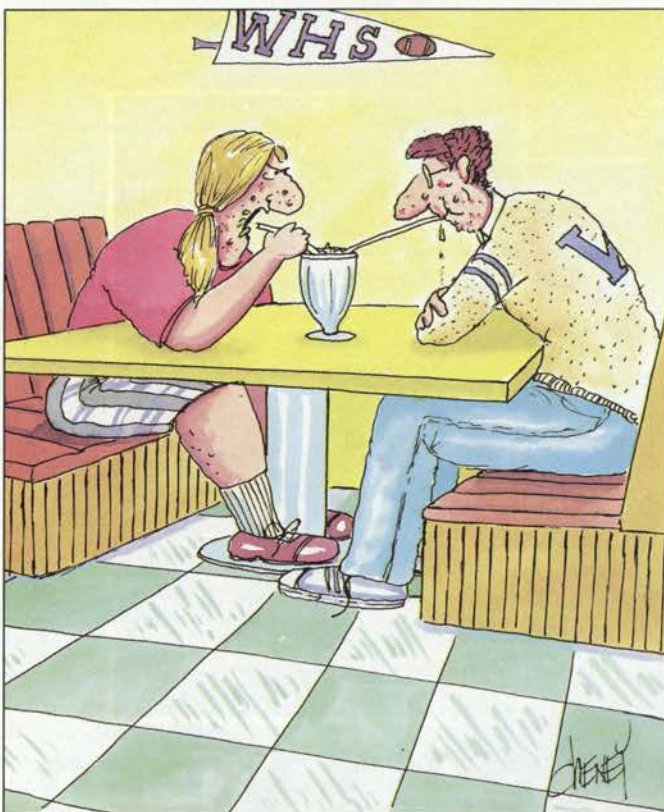
Bartow, FL—You're only as old as you feel; septuagenarian Oscar "Red" Dunn is inspirational proof of that. First, the 79-year-old Dunn managed to land a 31-year-old girlfriend named Caroline Jackson. Then, when Jackson refused to have sex with the old man until after she'd taken a nap, he went into a frenzy and shot her

twice with a .32-caliber revolver. Convicted of attempted second-degree murder, Dunn insists, "I wouldn't have killed her over that. There are too many other women."

Hooker Hotline

Toronto, Ontario, Canada—The Canadian government wants to crack down on street prostitution. One solution, according to Paul Fraser—chairman of a special committee on prostitution—would be to legalize small-scale Mom-and-Pop operations out of private homes. Fraser envisions a not-too-distant future in which yellow-page ads for local whorehouses would be commonplace. If so, horny Canadians will then find it easier than ever to reach out and touch someone.

Most Tasteless Cartoon



"C'mon, Wally . . . stop forcing your lungers down the straw."



Steamed Vegetables

Picture if you will three pathetic cases: one, a victim of a runaway taxi cab; another, a go-go dancer who tried the "Singapore Split" on Quaaludes and ended up headfirst on table six; and the

third, a female impersonator who dared mimic Sally Field at a convention of Indiana farmers. They're shells of their former selves now, trying to grasp a few minutes of moist relaxation. God bless 'em.

Contributors

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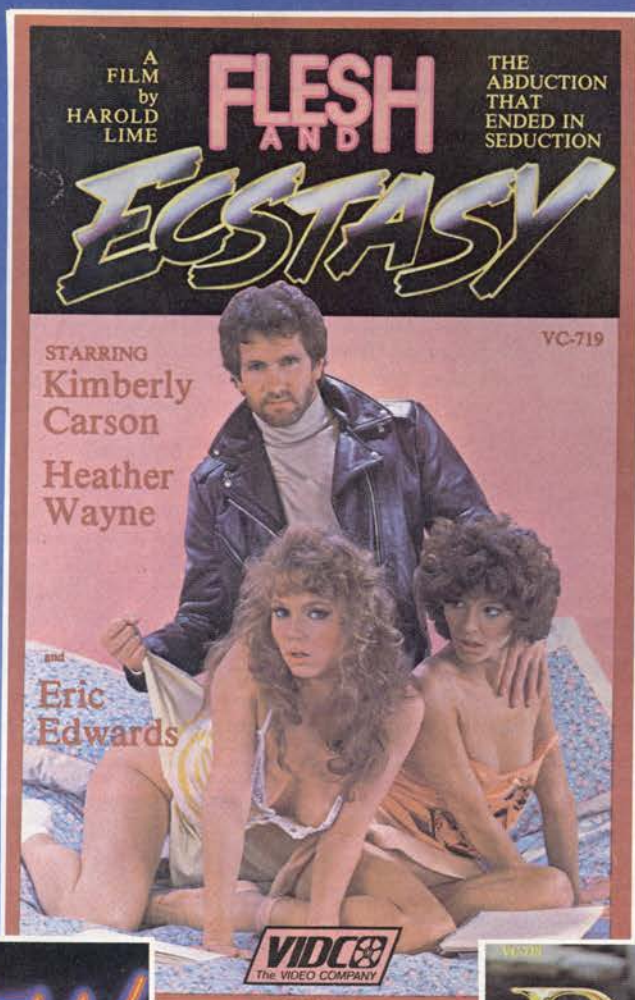
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Entertainment

X-RATED FILMS, FUCK TAPES AND MORE

X-RATED FILMS

Edited by Doug Oliver

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies; yet most publications have constantly ignored the obvious need to inform the public as to which films are ripoffs and which ones aren't. *HUSTLER's* reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function seriously, and we'll continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur porn producers on to even better productions.

Squalor Motel

Three-Quarters Erect. Produced and directed by Kim Christy; written by Stan Fernando; starring Colleen Brennan, Desiree Lane, Nick Random, Jamie Gillis, Herschel Savage, Lisa DeLeeuw, Tantala, Cody Nicole, Randy West, Craig Roberts, Beverly Bliss, Greg Rome, Renee Ross, Debbie Love and Rachel. Running time: 81 minutes.

Weird and wonderful images,



Dr. Thumbs (Herschel Savage) and Tantala—two of the 'Squalor's' bizarre guests.

exciting use of color, bizarre sexual situations, an alternating dreamlike/nightmarish quality and lots of maniacal laughter accompanied by distorted facial close-ups make filmmaker Kim Christy's *Squalor Motel* seem like a stoned visit to a well-art-directed home for the terminally perverse.

There is no storyline to speak of—sexual episodes simply follow one another as the lascivious, leering desk clerk (Colleen Brennan) and the motel's voyeuristic owner (Nick Random) spy on the guests. Brennan is also prone to flights of fantasy: When nubile nymphet Desiree Lane (in one of her final appearances before retiring from porn) arrives looking like a Madonna-lookalike reject, Brennan's feverish imagination conjures up a scorching lesbo sex fantasy in which she and Lane eagerly eat each other out. Snapping out of her dream, Brennan directs Lane to the motel's hotspot, the Reptile Room, where the luscious Desiree is immediately set upon by the doorman (Jamie Gillis), who instead of checking her ID, checks her tonsils—with his dick.

The motel's rooms are inhabited by some very strange charac-



Smul queens Nicole and Brennan pull off a hot scene with West in 'Squalor.'

ters. In one a horny stud (Craig Roberts) is surrounded by a multitude of inflatable love dolls that suddenly float up and out of the room—except for one that comes to life and gives him the fuck of his dreams. Alas, she is a dream: When Roberts shoots his wad, it spatters on a deflated vinyl torso . . . not the firm flesh he'd fantasized about fucking.

In another room Hitleresque Dr. Thumbs (Herschel Savage) and his assistant (Lisa DeLeeuw) perform an experimental operation on a patient (Tantala) that results in a supercharged threesome.

The final sexual encounter is a torrid triad involving Cody Nicole and Randy West (who appeared earlier in one of Brennan's demented daydreams) and Brennan. After an impassioned suck-and-fuck the femmes jointly grasp West's cock, jerk him off, then greedily lap up the jizz.

Although there are pacing flaws and the warped tone of the film intrudes on the eroticism in some of the sex scenes, *Squalor* is certainly one of the most interesting-looking Xers to hit the screen in some time. Costumes and makeup are particularly adventuresome and quite effective for the sleazy collection of she-males, whores, satyrs, voyeurs, dazed innocents and nymphs who check in to the Squalor Motel but never—as the saying goes—check out.

—D. O.



Inside Marilyn

Half Erect. Produced and written by Silwa; directed by Moll; starring Olinka, Uschi Horn, Barbara Rickel, Peter Schuster and Siggie Buchner. Running time: 90 minutes.

This European offering stars Olinka (a/k/a Mary Monroe), a platinum blonde who, when photographed at the right angle or distance, bears a striking resemblance to Marilyn Monroe.

The idea of watching Marilyn Monroe fuck—even by proxy—is certainly a turn-on. Unfortunately, the novelty wears off, and we're left with a vapid blonde wandering from sex scene to sex scene with the incorrect notion that it's enough for her simply to be there.

The opening shot of *Inside*



Blond beauty Olinka cashes in on the Monroe mystique in 'Inside Marilyn.'

Marilyn is a beautiful close-up of Olinka's face, which perfectly captures her likeness to the late sex goddess. The enchanting spell is broken almost immediately, however, by the torturous music that has become a standard in the adult-film industry. (It's almost as if producers use this noise to reassure audiences that they are watching a porn film—in case they're not convinced by what they see on the screen.) The next thing you know, there's a

click in her mouth, and the film really gets under way.

After a studio photo-session in which Olinka wears a white dress that billows up around her in the wind—as in the classic scene from Monroe's *The Seven Year Itch* . . . only without panties—she calls it a day and takes off with her boyfriend in his limo. She gives him a blowjob and, when he comes on her face, he has the driver pull over so he can hire a streetwalker to lick Olinka's face clean. That done, they go to the boyfriend's house for a throbbing fuck. The camerawork is particularly good here—the close-ups of the hard action are excellent, and the scene climaxes in a superb slow-motion cum-shot.



Breasts aren't the only things Olinka's tongue teases in 'Inside Marilyn.'

If you can leave the theater at this point, you'll have great memories of this film. If you stay, you're courting a severe case of boredom. You probably won't nod off into a coma and never wake up, but why risk it? Olinka simply doesn't have the magic of Monroe and can't sustain the film's early excitement.

For the record there are five more sex scenes—including pussy-shaving and an orgy—but even die-hard Olinka fans and terminally horny sex fiends might want to bring

along some NoDoz.

—D. O.



Passions

Three-Quarters Erect. Produced, written and directed by Alex deRenzy; starring Stacey Donovan, John Leslie, Angel, Richard Pacheco, Gail Sterling, Diana Sloan, Kelly Nichols, Mauvais DeNoire, Kevin Goldstone, Lili Marlene, Dan T. Mann and Nick Niter. Running time: 82 minutes.

Filmmaker Alex deRenzy covers a lot of bases in this latest episodic excursion into the private world of sexual turn-ons. There's something for virtually everyone: incest, fantasy sex, spanking, sex toys, lesbian orgies, double penetration, S&M, anal action and transvestism. There's even—for the less adventurous voyeurs—a smattering of conventional lovemaking.

After a lengthy opening scene in which "uncle" John Leslie and "niece" Stacey Donovan ball their incestuous brains out, Donovan takes over the job of introducing each segment, proving beyond doubt that she actually can form complete sentences—finally exploding the myth cultivated by most of her previous films that she's merely a mindless bimbo.

Richard Pacheco makes one of his rare porn appearances these days in the next scene, a modern



An array of toys for twats adds fire to the lesbo clusterfuck in 'Passions.'

fairy tale in which Angel kisses a toad that turns into a prince who fucks her. By the time this piece of whimsy is over, you'll re-



Gail Sterling stretches some sphincters in Alex deRenzy's kinkfest 'Passions.'

ally be ready for Gail Sterling's passion, which is to insert rectal dilators—butt plugs—into the very receptive sphincters of a bent-over lineup of beautiful babes. After the anal initiation the girls break out the vibrators, dildos and a string of butt-beads, get in a pile on the floor and probe, tongue, rub, prod, tug, lap, suck,



'Passions': Dominatrix Mauvais DeNoire beats her slave for Kelly Nichols.

lick, chew and bump until their every orifice has been explored, and the sluts are satiated.

The mood gets heavier when bitch dominatrix Mauvais DeNoire and her slave (Kevin Goldstone)—who as part of his humiliation trip is wearing a wig and a dress—barge in on Kelly Nichols.



'Taboo': Flinty Gloria Leonard helps handyman R. Bolla sharpen his tool.

They string her up by the wrists, paddle her ass, clamp her nipples and make her tell them how much she likes it. The highlight of the sequence is when heavy-hung Goldstone fucks Nichols's snatch while DeNoire—wearing a strap-on dildo—fucks his bung-hole.

A fitting caper to deRenzy's kinkfest is a sizzling double-penetration scene. Lili Marlene—a true contender for Anal Queen—takes Dan T. Mann's and Nick Niter's cocks in her poop chute and pussy as easily as if they were nothing more than suppositories.

Passions will have you jerking for joy. Don't miss it. —D. O.



Taboo American Style, Part I

Three-Quarters Erect. Produced by James George; written by Rick Marx, directed by Henri Pachard; starring Raven, Paul Thomas, Glo-

ria Leonard, Taija Rae, Tom Byron, R. Bolla and Frank Serrone. Running time: 80 minutes.

Taking a cue from nighttime and daytime TV serials, the producers of *Taboo*—and if you guessed that its theme is incest, you guessed right—combined the excesses of soap operas with the sexual freedom of porn and came up with a perfectly cast, extremely strong, well-acted story that's a treat for the mind as well as the meat. (Though all the performances are excellent, bewitching smut-princess Raven is especially wonderful as she connives, pouts, schemes, sulks, claws and fucks her way through



Raven's attentions raise dad Paul Thomas's spirits in 'Taboo American Style.'

the film with an assured bitchiness worthy of the most accomplished prime-time cunt.)

Taboo American Style is being billed as porn's first miniseries because it consists of four related but separately released feature films. Here's what happens in *Part I*: A pushy, social-climbing mother (Gloria Leonard) refuses

to allow her son (Tom Byron) to date their handyman's daughter (Taija Rae). Willful, stubborn Raven—who takes no shit from Mom—continues to chum around with Rae, and a few nights later brazenly informs Leonard that she's going on a date with the handyman's son (Frank Serrone).

Just as she had managed to smuggle Rae into the house to screw Byron, Raven sneaks Serrone into her bedroom. Awakened by groans of passion, Leonard looks into Raven's room just as Serrone is spurting cum all over her daughter's ass. Mother is furious. Of course, this hypocrite has been balling the handyman (R. Bolla) all along. When Raven finds out, she arranges for her father (Paul Thomas) to observe Mom and lover in action. Deeply hurt, Thomas retires to soak his worries away with a couple of stiff drinks and a relaxing bath... and then Raven makes her move. Daddy has been lust-



Sultry superbitch Raven schemes to bring matters to a head in 'Taboo.'

ing after his little girl since the beginning of the flick; so he doesn't offer much resistance when she

dives on his dick.

Raven flaunts her conquest in front of her mother, which sends a frantic Leonard racing to a psychiatrist. *Part I* concludes with Raven triumphantly fucking Thomas as Leonard spills her guts to her shrink.

To be continued. . .



ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of *HUSTLER*. The films named below may currently be showing at a theater in your neighborhood, or available on videocassettes.

Fully Erect

Every Woman Has a Fantasy
Firestorm
Great Sex Expectations
Insatiable II
New Wave Hookers
Professional Janine
Spitfire
Suzie Superstar

Three-Quarters Erect

Dirty Girls
Erotic Radio WSEX
Girls on Fire
Go for It
Jailhouse Girls
Matinee Idol
Night Magic
Public Affairs
Pussycat Galore
Sex Spa U.S.A.
Stiff Competition
The Grafenberg Spot
Throat . . . 12 Years After
Too Naughty to Say No
Trinity Brown
Viva Vanessa—The Undresser

Half Erect

Beverly Hills Exposed
Burlexxx
First Time at Cherry High
Good Girl/Bad Girl
Hostage Girls
Illusions of Ecstasy
Inflamed
Inside Little Oral Annie
Kinky Business
Raw Talent
The Pink Lagoon
The Pleasure Hunt
Up! Up! and Away!

One-Quarter Erect

An Unnatural Act
L'Amour
Sweet Young Foxes
Tower of Power

Totally Limp

Bodacious Ta Ta's
Bordello

NOTE: Since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Check with your theater to make sure that you're getting the real thing.

RATING GUIDE

-  FULLY ERECT
Superior. A top production.
-  THREE-QUARTERS ERECT
A well-made film.
-  HALF ERECT
So-so. Limited appeal.
-  ONE-QUARTER ERECT
Poor. Don't expect much.
-  TOTALLY LIMP
A waste of time and money.

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HOT LETTERS

(continued from page 13)

and now felt closer to her than ever before. She seemed to go out of her way to make me happy, and I tried to do everything possible to please her in return. In addition, there was a little flirting going on between us, but I couldn't tell yet just how serious she was.

The morning we left Texas I took the first turn at driving. Kim's car ran fine for most of the day; the only problem was that the air-conditioning wasn't working, which left us both dripping with sweat. We were somewhere in New Mexico when Kim asked, "Do you want to stop or drive straight through?"

I told her, "Hey, I don't think we have a choice. The car is overheating."

Kim clapped her hands. "Goodie, because I've been overheating all day, in more ways than one." She was giving me a very seductive look.

In about ten minutes we were in a dinky small town with just one motel. Luckily for us, the vacancy sign was on.

The room they gave us was nothing special, but clean. We moved our suitcases inside and locked the door. After sitting on the bed for a few minutes with Kim, I remarked, "After taking a careful inventory I've noticed that there's only one bed in this room."

Kim patted my thigh and said, "Well, darling, I guess you'll just have to be a good boy and sleep with me. Do you think you can behave yourself all night?"

"I'm not promising anything."

She pressed her wet lips to my ear and murmured, "Sweetheart, this might turn into a very interesting relationship."

Kim jumped up to take a shower. I undressed down to my underpants, lay back and imagined her body all wet and soapy. When I opened my eyes, she was beside the bed looking down at me through half-closed eyes. All she had on was a French bra and white bikini panties.

I took her tiny hand and pulled her down beside me. She placed her other hand on the front of my briefs and began running it up and down the length of my rapidly stiffening cock while I massaged her shapely tits through her thin bra.

"I can't believe how damn big and hard it feels," she whispered, her mouth against my own. "Go jump in the shower, then get back here and jump in me!"

Though my legs weren't too steady, I took a shower in record-setting time. When I returned to the bedroom, it was pitch dark, the TV was off, and the only sound I could hear was Kim's breathing.

She was already under the covers, and she held them up for me to slide in beside her. Kissing me, she molded her naked, firm body against mine, her hard nipples

digging into my chest, then took my rock-hard cock in her hand, slid it between her legs and clamped them together.

She took her soft mouth from mine and whispered, "Honey, I've got to get that huge hunk of meat into my mouth." She disappeared under the sheets head-first. I almost lost control as she nibbled at the head of my prick and tried to force the tip of her tongue into the tiny hole.

I picked up her right leg and pulled it over my head. She shuddered all over as I parted her soaking snatch with my hot tongue. I found her clit and sucked and nibbled it gently before thrusting my tongue into her quim as far as I could. Kim's pussy started to spasm, and her love juices flowed down my face.

Before she could make me come, I placed one of the large pillows under her ass. That made her beautiful pussy stick up a foot higher than the rest of her. I took hold of my cock and guided it toward her tight pussy. I rubbed the head up and down her wet slit over and over before easing forward and letting about three inches of hot dick slip into her cunt.

Kim's large melons were heaving up and down as she tried to get her breath. Then she threw her legs straight up, locked her ankles together and brought them down hard on my ass.

I crushed her mouth with mine and with one steady stroke sank my entire prick inside her. I slammed into her, my aching balls slapping repeatedly against her sweat-soaked ass cheeks.

Meanwhile, Kim was throwing her pussy up at me with everything she had, clawing my back and sides. She sucked my top lip into her mouth and bit down so hard, I could taste the salty blood as it ran into our mouths. "I can't stop coming, darling!" she screamed before sinking her teeth into my right shoulder.

I'd held back as long as I could. Now I reached under her ass with both hands, lifted her up and drove my nine inches all the way into her sucking pussy. My cock started jerking inside her as blast after blast of hot cum shot into Kim's belly. I buried my face in her long, sweet-smelling hair and just held on.

Kim was going completely berserk beneath me, pitching, squirming, clawing, biting and hammering on my back. Even after she went completely limp, her vaginal muscles kept milking my cock.

We lay exhausted for a very long time. And when we moved on the next day, I hoped the car would overheat again so we could pull off the road for another fabulous fuckfest.

—Aaron L.
Lansing, Kansas



"Benjie like girl. Girl go home with Benjie?"

C.R.I.S.T.I.N.A

Bronze Beauty



Photography by James Baes











When asked about her origins, the exotic Cristina explains that she's "part Spanish, part Indian, part Asian." The breathtaking beauty goes on to add with a smile, "I'm also part Gypsy, part lady, part tramp. I guess that's why men have so much trouble pinning me down. Except, of course, when I *want* to be pinned down!" That sense of mystery only adds to Cristina's appeal. She's settled for the time being at the lavish home of her current lover. "But he understands it's a temporary thing. At my age I've still got an awful lot of men to meet. Making love to the same guy all the time would get terribly dull. After all, variety is the spice of life." By all means, share the wealth, Cristina.



Billy Idol

INTERVIEW BY IAIN BLAIR

THE
REBEL
YELLS

Back in the mid-'70s, when bands like the Sex Pistols were starting to whip the British punk scene into a berserk frenzy, William Broad was just another rebellious student at the University of Sussex. Like most of England's youth, this onetime boy scout was tired of the dead-end jobs and stagnant conventions offered by his country's conservative society. As a child, he'd watched his father—a traveling salesman—sweat and toil seemingly without reward, and didn't want the same routine existence for himself.

He began to search for something new, something that would free him from a life of time clocks and teatimes. Then one night he watched the Pistols playing their angry brand of high-energy rock in a smoky club in the back streets of London. That was all it took. Broad soon changed his name, feverishly began to learn the guitar and, with the help of bassist Tony James, formed his own irreverent band of protesting gypsies called Generation X. Thus was born the music world's newest rock demigod—the spiky-haired peroxide-blond himself, Billy Idol!

Idol's come a long way since those halcyon days of the '70s. Generation X was signed to a worldwide recording contract and churned out

such acclaimed hits as "Your Generation," "Ready Steady Go" and "Wild Youth." But after recording three albums and an EP, the band soon broke up—mostly as a result of dishonest management.

After Gen X's unfortunate demise, Idol packed his bags and moved to New York, where—with the help of new manager/promotional wizard Bill Aucoin—he put out his first solo EP, *Don't Stop*. With such hits as "Dancing With Myself" and a rousing remake of the '60s classic "Mony Mony," *Don't Stop* was a tremendous success.

It wasn't until his first LP, simply titled *Billy Idol*, that the leather-clad singer's career really began to take off. Cool dance numbers such as "White Wedding" and "Love Calling" established Idol as an easy contender for pop superstardom, and his classic videos—directed by such notables as Tobe Hooper and David Mallet—ensured him a coveted spot in the rock 'n' roll hall of fame.

Today Idol's music continues to thrill the listening audience with an energetic passion that can only be described as controlled rage. *HUSTLER* reporter Iain Blair tracked down the sultan of sneer in his Manhattan loft. As evidenced by the following banter, this rock Idol was, thankfully, not at a loss for words.





HUSTLER: How long have you been "Billy Idol"?

IDOL: Since about 1975.

HUSTLER: It seems to us that a lot of people miss the humor in it.
IDOL: You're right. They take it seriously, or think that I'm saying I'm a fake, but it's not that at all. Obviously it's partly a piss-take. [Editor's Note: *Piss-take* translates roughly as "put-on."] **HUSTLER:** Let's go back to the beginning, before you became Billy Idol. Where were you born?

IDOL: In North London. My father is from the north of England, and my mother's from Ireland; so there's quite a mixture there. But, in fact, I lived over here for several years when I was really young, and my sister was born here.

HUSTLER: In New York?

IDOL: No, on Long Island. My family moved over here to Rockville Center.

HUSTLER: Did it live up to its name?

IDOL: Not exactly! That's when we moved back to England. My dad didn't find the American dream. So I really grew up in the south of England, around the outskirts of London and the south-coast seaside resorts.

HUSTLER: What about school?

IDOL: Well, I went to kindergarten in the States, and then I went to some Episcopalian church school in England because my mum is really Catholic. But I was brought up Church of England originally; so there's that mixture of influences again. Anyhow, I remember my mother watching a TV program about Ireland and all the political problems there, and she'd say, "I hate the English." But there she is, married to my father, who's as English as hell. You know, he's the sort of guy who won't do the washing up... well, he will, but not very willingly! So I always saw the different sides to things, and that nothing is just black and white.

HUSTLER: When you were a kid at school, did you ever think you were going to end up doing what you do?

IDOL: Well, I always wanted to be in a group or make music, or *something* like that. Even when I was a real young kid, I used to do a lot of dumb stuff like sing along with the record, pretending I was the singer! It's dumb, but it's all part of it. And I guess part of it is fooling yourself—that it's not showbiz, that it hasn't got horrible people involved, that it's all pretty honest.

HUSTLER: You sound slightly disenchanted.

IDOL: Yeah, because now the one thing people are pushing is how revolting stars and people in bands are. I mean, if you read the papers and all the books, you could believe that they are the most sordid, revolting people who are just out to take you for every rotten dollar they can get, and they don't give a shit. Of course, I've seen people fucked up by rock 'n' roll, but that view's not really fair.

There're always people out there trying to destroy myths. Look at Albert Goldman's book on Elvis. It's quite a sordid picture because you realize that Elvis is revolting once you get all the sordid truth. But that only makes Elvis *more* rock 'n' roll for me—it made him sound fantastic to me. I mean, I read it and thought, *How revolting*. But that's what people are like.

People are revolting. Why don't you face it, you silly cunts? What do you think punk rock was selling you? You think it was lying? People are revolting—why do you think there are Nazis? Why are you trying to kid yourselves? I mean, what do they really expect from music that's supposed to be about real life? That's the problem: People are so fucked up about the myth of rock 'n' roll that they've forgotten it was supposed to be real in the first place.

HUSTLER: You seem to have a fairly realistic attitude.

IDOL: That's because we were lucky enough to have some sort of rock 'n' roll history to look back on. Elvis and Gene Vincent and Buddy Holly didn't have that.

HUSTLER: What were your early musical influences?

IDOL: Well, my dad was my biggest influence—by mistake, really.

HUSTLER: How do you mean?

IDOL: Because he hated music. I used to catch him trying to whistle things in the garden, and I thought, *Great*, because he was trying to make up his own stuff.

HUSTLER: Did you get along with your father?

IDOL: No... not for a long time.

HUSTLER: Why not?

IDOL: He thought I was wasting my time and that I should get a "proper" job. I probably was in a way, because when you miss out on an education, it backfires on you later. You *do* have to know about things. Things can't be mysteries too much.

HUSTLER: Do you regret not finishing school?

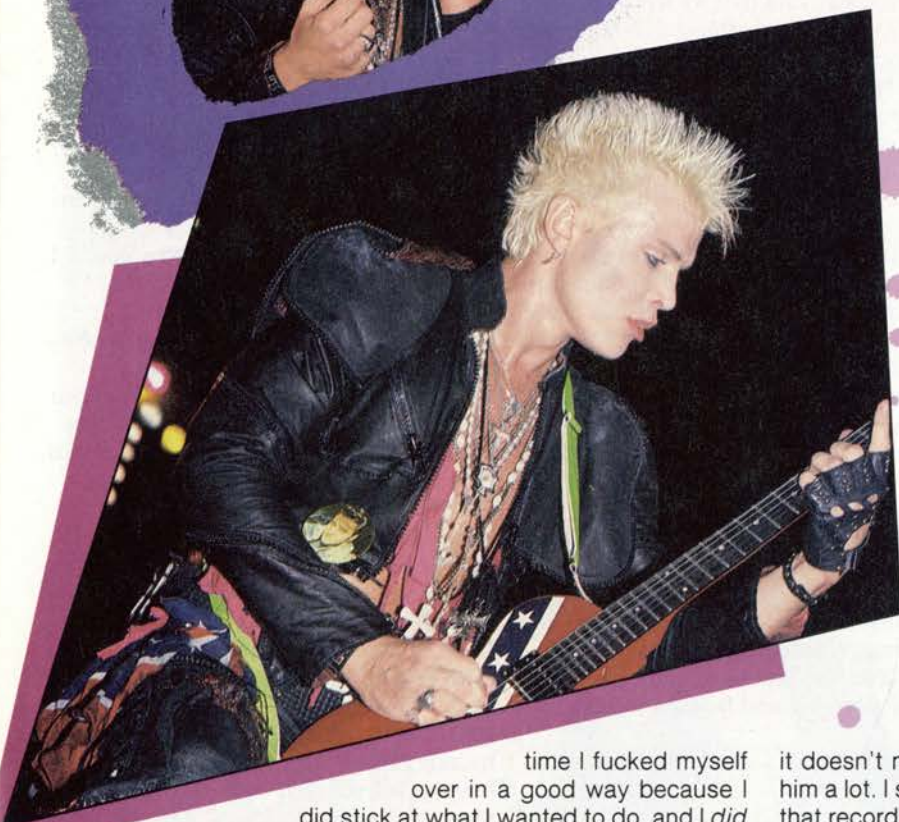
IDOL: In that sense I guess I fucked myself over, and he was right. But at the same

"I really

think that

we're all

pretty dead."



Photos by Jeffrey Mayer

time I fucked myself over in a good way because I did stick at what I wanted to do, and I *did* want to be in a group. But I did go to college to try and make up for the fact that I stopped reading. You see, when I was a little kid, I really used to read a lot on my own, and so I sort of self-educated myself—I'd just read things I liked. But when I went to secondary school, they wanted me to get serious about stuff like arithmetic, and I'm just no good at it, and I don't care.

HUSTLER: Did your parents pressure you to get a "proper" job?

IDOL: Yeah, but I realized by the time I was 16 that jobs are hell. I mean, it always rains on your two-week holiday in Britain. I'd see all these people come back saying, "Fuck me—it rained the whole time!" I was determined never to get like that. But I also realized at that point that I'd been avoiding real life—it's like taking drugs, it's an escape—and I'd been fooling myself and using rock 'n' roll as a nice get-out. I hadn't made up my mind to do it and commit to it, and I hadn't learned anything either because I'd been avoiding my parents. They kept telling me, "Why don't you get a job? You can always do the music on the side."

HUSTLER: Do you get on well with your parents now?

IDOL: Yeah, we get along. . . . I think they accept what I do now, although underneath I know they still think the same way, and it's underneath everyone who thinks that way. People don't change, in other words. But as long as you learn that, it's okay. And what I've learned is that underneath all those people are the same opinionated, bigoted ideas, and that *never* changes.

So it doesn't matter if someone comes on to me and says, "You've got a record contract—fantastic. There's money in it, a bit of a career, I suppose." Well, it still doesn't impress me, and

it doesn't matter if it's my dad talking, although I do respect him a lot. I still see that he never thought it was okay until I got that record contract. I know that's heavy, but it's the truth.

HUSTLER: You sound slightly bitter.

IDOL: Not bitter. People do say to me, "Why make problems with your parents and family?" But I say bollocks to that! *Bollocks!* That's the very root of where you are, and so I say, "Cause them problems if they're causing you problems." I know that they don't understand what I'm doing, but my job is to make them understand.

HUSTLER: What about your sister—does she understand?

IDOL: I don't really know. I don't see her much anymore because I live here in New York now. We used to be really good friends when we were kids, but she's changed a lot.

HUSTLER: In what way?

IDOL: Well, she really got into religion and things like that. And, well, that was what she decided was great. I suppose now I'm in rock 'n' roll. She could be sitting somewhere saying the same thing about me. But I do feel that she changed and went the other way, as opposed to me, who kept on doing it. She used to dress up and go out—the whole works—but now she's just a housewife. That's what "White Wedding" was all about.

HUSTLER: You say that you never wanted to go "the other way" or get a job. Were you always so outgoing, or were you more of a shy kid?

IDOL: I've always been a charlatan, really. I've always been a bit of one. I'm not that outward in fact.

HUSTLER: You'd never guess from your stage persona.

IDOL: I make out I am, but the truth is I'm pretty self-conscious.

HUSTLER: Well, a lot of the best performers are actually quite introverted offstage.

IDOL: Well, I guess that's true. One thing I know is that just

"I was never really totally into the punk-rock thing. I was the wild thing. We were above it in the end."

being onstage takes a lot out of you because you're confronted by situations and crowds of people that aren't always very pleasant. But then that's something I'm deliberately doing.

HUSTLER: Why?

IDOL: I think it grew out of the fact that being loved by your parents, or other people, isn't quite the same as them respecting you. Actually, I do think my dad respects me now, but like I say, I guess I still have my doubts as well. Basically, I never wanted to just sit back. Yet I'm not really an overt, over-the-top person; so I've always had to struggle with both sides of myself.

HUSTLER: So you're a shy, sensitive lad underneath, right?

IDOL: Well, I'm not really like that either. But there are people who, if they can get at your inner thoughts, can really destroy you. I suppose that's why as a kid you imagine things and pretend to write poetry, or get into music.

HUSTLER: You said earlier that you feel like a charlatan.

IDOL: Yeah, well... it's like the thing with Generation X. I was never out to

glamorize rock 'n' roll. Christ! We were out to say what a bunch of charlatans everybody was, and that we were just like them. And the one thing I feel really lucky about, with that band and my whole career, is that I've always been very close to my audience. I've never deserted my real fans.

HUSTLER: Looking back on the whole punk period in London, how do you feel about it now?

IDOL: It's hard. I've always been battling against people who want it all spelled out and laid down on paper, and it just can't be done. What's important are taste and ideas, not the playing itself so much. Punk was about putting that all back into records and gigs—putting back the excitement and the reality. But unfortunately, some people just couldn't accept it... but I'm still going!

HUSTLER: Generation X never seemed to be in the center of the punk scene.

IDOL: That's the thing. I was never really totally into the punk-rock thing. I was the wild thing. We were above it in the end.

HUSTLER: You still have quite a reputation for partying and being a wild thing.

Let's talk about your lifestyle. Where are you living now?

IDOL: Down in the Village.

HUSTLER: Do you do a lot of drugs and booze?

IDOL: Well, in the really early days, when I was a kid, we used to take acid every weekend—and pop speed and smoke hash. But when we got into Generation X, we never had any money. I mean, we couldn't even afford speed or anything! In fact, for a while I was basically sleeping on people's floors, and I didn't even have enough for a pint of beer. That's why people would buy me a drink.

HUSTLER: So you really didn't have any vices then?

IDOL: Well, I *would* have had some if I could have afforded them!

HUSTLER: What about now?

IDOL: The biggest vice I've got is bubble-gum... and chocolate milk.

HUSTLER: Aw, come on. What about booze?

IDOL: Ah! That's an easy vice—no trouble.

HUSTLER: Would you shoot smack?

IDOL: No, I wouldn't do that.

HUSTLER: But you were part of that whole scene where people like Sid Vicious just killed themselves.

IDOL: I know. It's wild; it's wild.

HUSTLER: That's the shabby side of rock 'n' roll.

IDOL: Well, not really. It's not the shabby side. It's a shame because you don't have to kill yourself on heavy drugs. It's more like a car accident—"Oh, he must have been putting the pedal down a bit hard on that corner." It's like that, really. And to be honest, I can easily see myself going out like that.

HUSTLER: You could?

IDOL: Yeah, because I can make some really dumb mistakes. I don't really care sometimes.

HUSTLER: You'd go to that extreme?

IDOL: No, not on purpose, but just because I don't care, I'd end up like that.

HUSTLER: You obviously care when you're onstage.

IDOL: Yeah, well, I think that in a way that's the only great thing.

HUSTLER: What about life on the road?

IDOL: The one good thing about being on the road is that it's very hard to get hold of drugs, because you don't know anyone—right?

HUSTLER: Well, it's not *that* difficult.

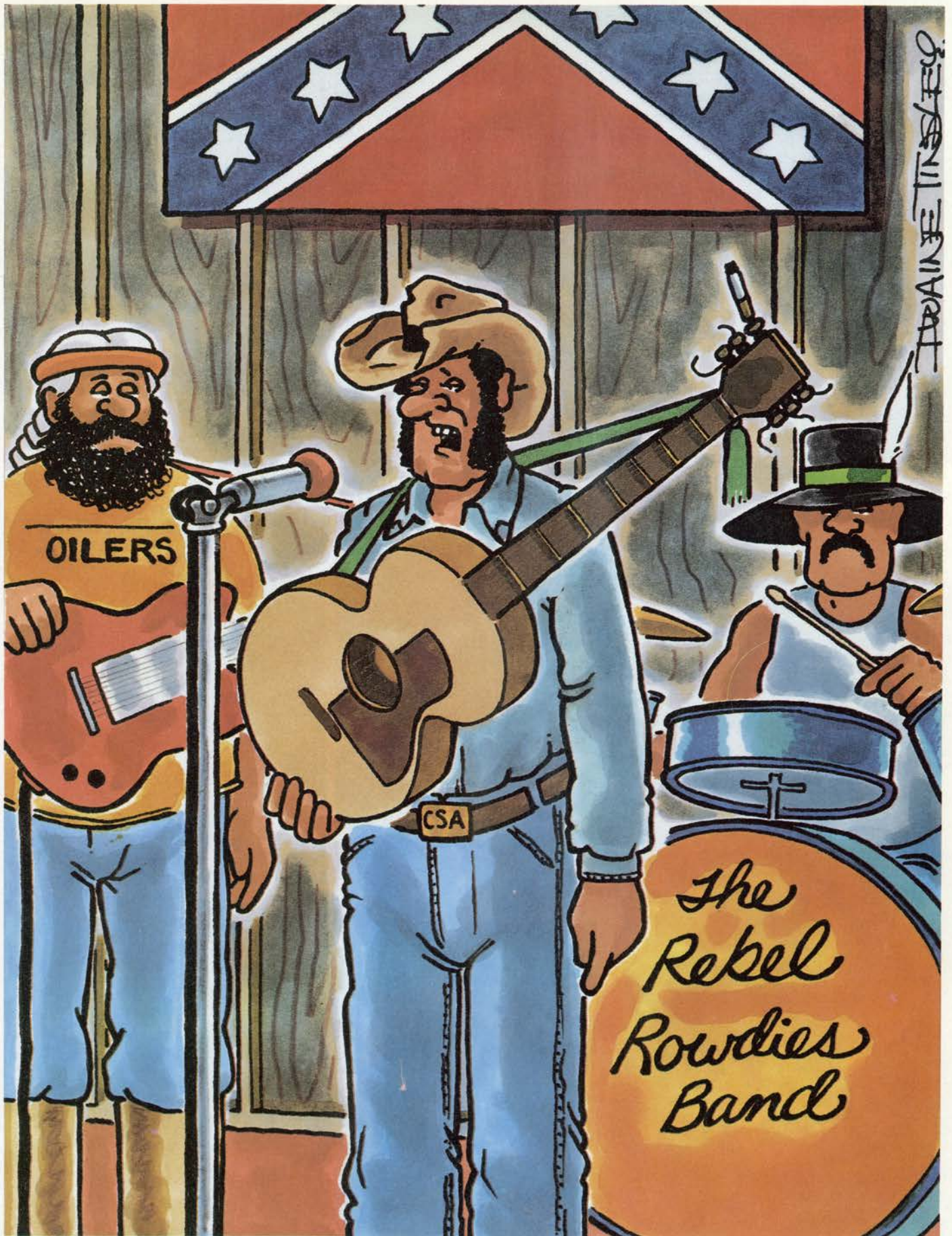
IDOL: It's quite hard. You don't always play in L.A. or New York. You play a lot of other places. And I'm not interested in bad drugs, because they're such a waste of time. I'm only interested in good drugs! [Laughs.]

HUSTLER: What about groupies? Do you ever have any problems?

(continued on page 50)



"You're so-o-o lucky, Deb. My parents won't let me buy a two-piece."



"Now here's a little tune I wrote for all them starving people over in Ethiopia.
It's called 'Why God Likes Hungry Niggers.' "



I loves you,

AFRO





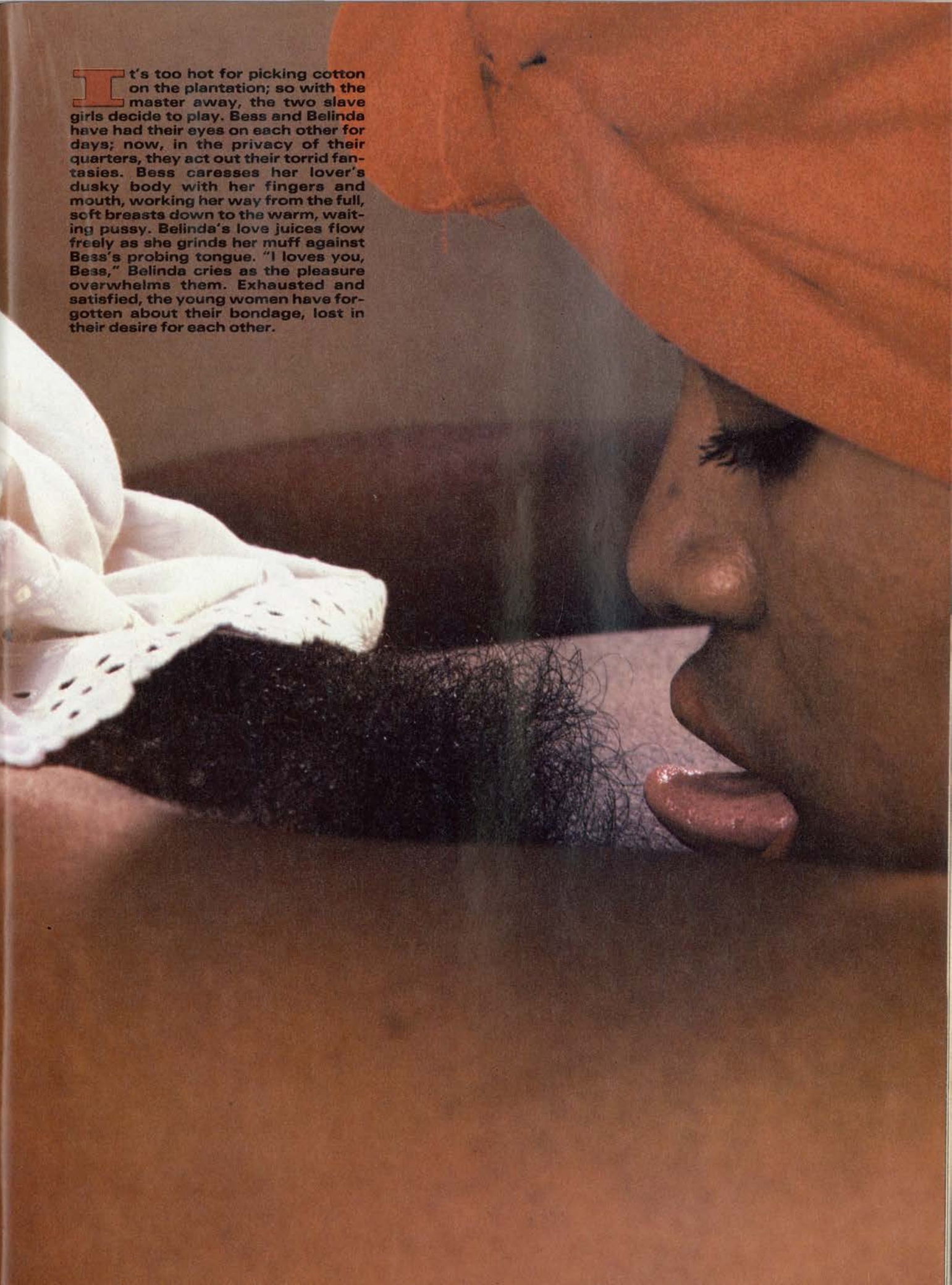
Photography by Clive McLean







It's too hot for picking cotton on the plantation; so with the master away, the two slave girls decide to play. Bess and Belinda have had their eyes on each other for days; now, in the privacy of their quarters, they act out their torrid fantasies. Bess caresses her lover's dusky body with her fingers and mouth, working her way from the full, soft breasts down to the warm, waiting pussy. Belinda's love juices flow freely as she grinds her muff against Bess's probing tongue. "I loves you, Bess," Belinda cries as the pleasure overwhelms them. Exhausted and satisfied, the young women have forgotten about their bondage, lost in their desire for each other.







"I mean, to really be a groupie, you have to be really stupid, and a lot of the girls just aren't."

IDOL: Only that they're too ugly!

HUSTLER: Do you get into it a lot?

IDOL: Well, I think everybody does. There's certainly no way out of it!

HUSTLER: Sting once said that when you first start touring, you think groupies are the answer to all of the boredom and pressure.

IDOL: [Laughs.] I wouldn't have thought that in the beginning. Christ! I think you know from the start that they aren't the answer. Especially when you hear who's just been through. I mean, one night me and the drummer started asking these girls what other bands had just been in town, and it was everybody on the roster!

HUSTLER: Did that stop you?

IDOL: No, I couldn't give a shit. That's why we're so revolting. Basically, I know people always want to label them as groupies. I don't think people are that stupid. I mean, to *really* be a groupie, you have to be really stupid, and a lot of the girls just aren't. They're just very, very into wild sex. They're actually really wild—absolutely wild.

David Bowie said a really nice thing about groupies. He said how nice it was

to have someone wanting to talk to you when you're all alone in a Holiday Inn somewhere. And I always thought that they were really getting a hell of a lot more out of you than you were ever getting out of them. I think that's probably what's most exciting about it. You know that they're really wild, and it's not you. They're *not* wild about you, and you're stupid to think they really are. I'm certain they can't be. They're just into sex.

HUSTLER: It's like notches on a gun.

IDOL: Right. They're into sex—they *must* be! There's no way I could fuck so many different people and *not* be into sex. They just want to see what you can do.

HUSTLER: It's definitely an interesting obsession.

IDOL: I was watching this Richard Pryor film, and he said, "The one great thing about being in showbiz is that you get a lot of pussy." [Laughs.] It's kind of true, but they also get *you*. What I mean is that it works the other way too. You're getting fucked by loads of people! If you look at it that way, rather than you fucking, you're the one getting fucked. So I started thinking then that all those groupies are really just into sex, and they're prob-

ably not really groupies at all. Especially with rock 'n' roll being in the bad state it is, you know.

HUSTLER: What about your first sexual experience—do you remember it?

IDOL: Yeah. That's why I did "Mony Mony." It was playing on the radio while I was screwing this bird.

HUSTLER: This was your first time?

IDOL: Yeah. We were at this party, which was great, and I was trying to talk the girl into it. I was only about 15.

HUSTLER: You were still a virgin?

IDOL: Oh, yeah. Anyway, we went out the back, and I heard somebody else asking another chick the same thing; so I thought, *That's a good idea!* So we ended up in this park with the radio on, and all these dumb '60s records on, and then they happened to play "Mony Mony."

HUSTLER: As the act was being consummated?

IDOL: Yeah. It was quite appropriate!

HUSTLER: Can you remember her name?

IDOL: No... it's so often the case!

HUSTLER: Do you have a regular girlfriend now, or are you a man-about-town?

IDOL: I try to avoid things like that.

HUSTLER: What—regular girlfriends?

IDOL: Yeah. It's the word *regular* I try to avoid. [Laughs.] I mean, *regular!* [Looks disgusted.] As long as they're a bit weird, I don't mind.

HUSTLER: What do you mean "weird"?

IDOL: I mean, as long as they're not normal.

HUSTLER: You mean swinging from the chandeliers?

IDOL: Not even that, really. It's just as long as they don't want to do a normal job. I can't take people who want to do a normal job. It's too-hard work.

HUSTLER: Like what exactly?

IDOL: Like secretarial work. That freaks me out more than people being weird about sex or drugs, or even guns—even murder. It freaks me out more that you'd want to be a secretary. I mean, what a *weird* job! Murder is really not that bad, compared with a life of bondage.

HUSTLER: Speaking of which, are you into bondage? A lot of people assume you must be because of all the leather you wear.

IDOL: No way. I think it's repulsive.

HUSTLER: Are you bisexual at all?

IDOL: I've never bothered with that stuff.

HUSTLER: Are you straight then?

IDOL: Well, as much as I can be.

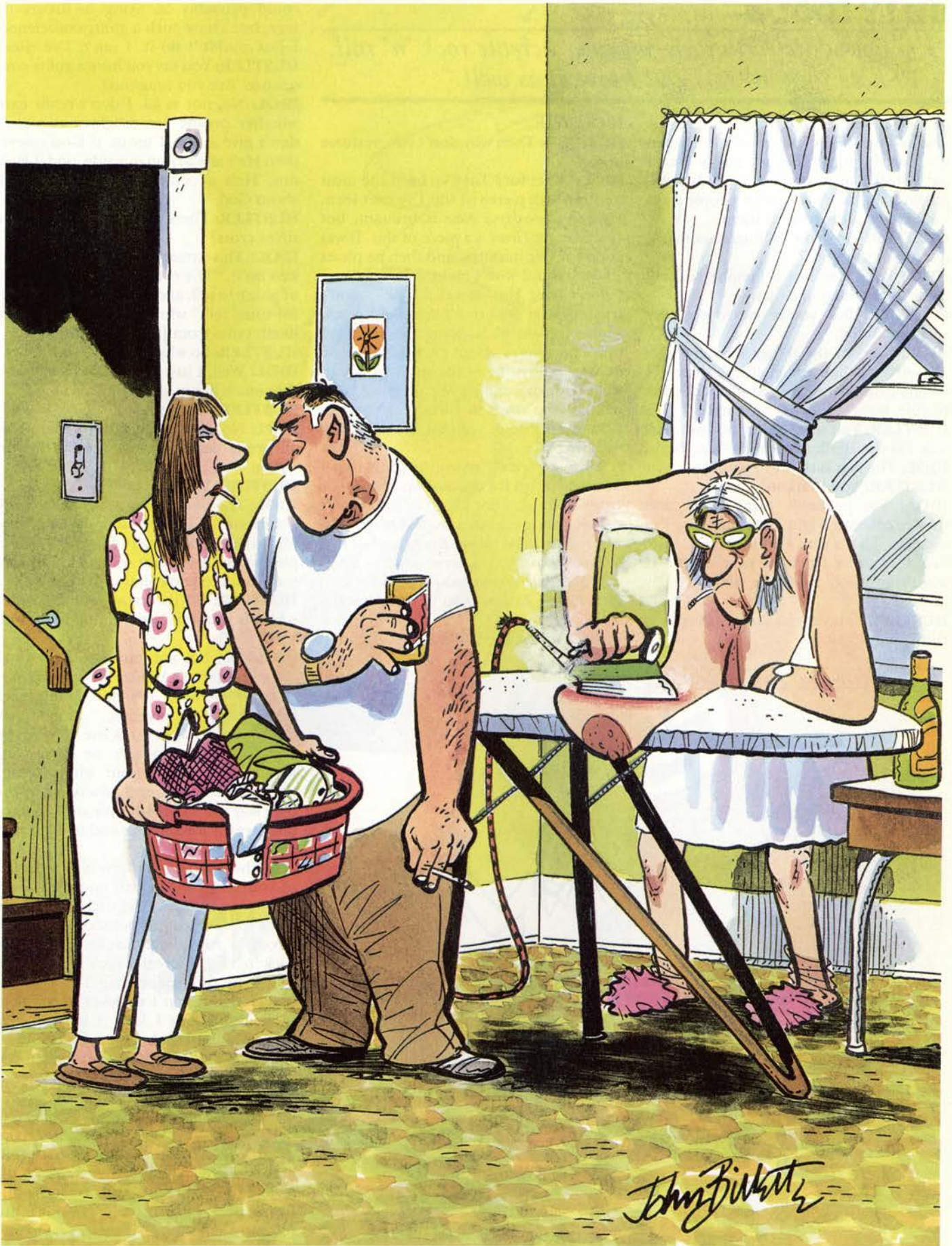
HUSTLER: What does that mean?

IDOL: That means that it's not worth being into things you're not into. What I mean is that I refuse to be prejudiced against gays or groupies or any sort of sex, because I don't really see it as any different. I don't think that any particu-



AWAUNE TINSLEY

"Gee, kid, I'd love to give you an autograph but..."



"Well, if your mother ain't senile, why is she ironing her tits?"

"I'm not addicted to rock 'n' roll. I create rock 'n' roll. . . . I hate rock 'n' roll, but I love it as well."

lar type of sex is that different for people who're into it. The only problem is when it's forced upon someone. That's what I hate—stuff like incest and rape. It's disgusting; so I don't care what people do as long as it's not forced on them.

HUSTLER: Are you politically committed in any way?

IDOL: Well, I'm not a member of any party or anything like that.

HUSTLER: But you're obviously very strong-minded.

IDOL: A lot of the things I do are only self-survival, like the political things. I mean, I don't understand all that many people, but I still believe in them.

HUSTLER: You seem a very positive person. Do you think of yourself that way?

IDOL: The fact is that I'm stupid.

HUSTLER: You think so?

IDOL: I'm probably just stupid, and they're probably right about me—that I'm an idiot. That's why I do the music I do. See, that's why I'm a fucking idiot. If I wasn't an idiot, I'd be in some film by now.

HUSTLER: Have you been offered a film?

IDOL: Yeah.

HUSTLER: Then why don't you perform in one?

IDOL: What for? They've been the most out-of-touch pieces of shit I've ever seen. I mean *Apocalypse Now* is brilliant, but *One From the Heart* is a piece of shit. It was good for five minutes, and then he pisses all over you. I won't make a film because I don't trust Hollywood people—I don't trust them at all. I don't think they know where the world is going, and I don't think they know about rock 'n' roll. I do expect a sort of consciousness about what ordinary people are thinking from people who work in films and records. And when I don't see that, I won't work with them.

What I'm really trying to say is that I won't do it just for the money. That's why I think I'm an idiot about it, but I can't help it. [Since this interview took place, Billy Idol has agreed to star in *King Death*—a film about a rock 'n' roll assassin—which is scheduled to premiere some time in 1986.]

HUSTLER: At least you're true to yourself.

IDOL: I know, but I think it's so stupid. I

could probably be living in luxury by now, but I have such a guilty conscience. I just couldn't do it. I can't. I've tried.

HUSTLER: You say you have a guilty conscience. Are you religious?

IDOL: No, not at all. I don't really care whether people are religious or not. I don't give a shit. I mean, if God's here, then He's already on our side, and if He's not, He's a cunt. That's what I think about God.

HUSTLER: Then why are you wearing a silver cross?

IDOL: This cross is a cross of death. It says on it, "The evening shadows seemed of peace to tell, and sleep upon my peaceful spirit fell," which means death. It's a death cross from January 21, 1876.

HUSTLER: So why do you wear it?

IDOL: Well, I just think there really isn't that much life in anybody.

HUSTLER: Oh, come on.

IDOL: No, I do. I really think that we're all pretty dead, because they fucked us rotten.

HUSTLER: Who're "they"?

IDOL: The people who really control the wealth of the country and all the corporate structures. They're fucking the people rotten. And most of us, like me, are too stupid to know how to handle it.

HUSTLER: So the cross and the other symbols you wear are nothing to do with black magic?

IDOL: No, I'm not into that. Recently I did start reading Aleister Crowley's *Diary of a Drug Fiend*. It's not about black magic, but it's interesting . . . the bit I really thought was great is the very beginning or preface, where he says, "The whole of the law is your whole being" . . . and then at the end, where it says the only way you can really save yourself is by being really into an idea and being totally committed to it.

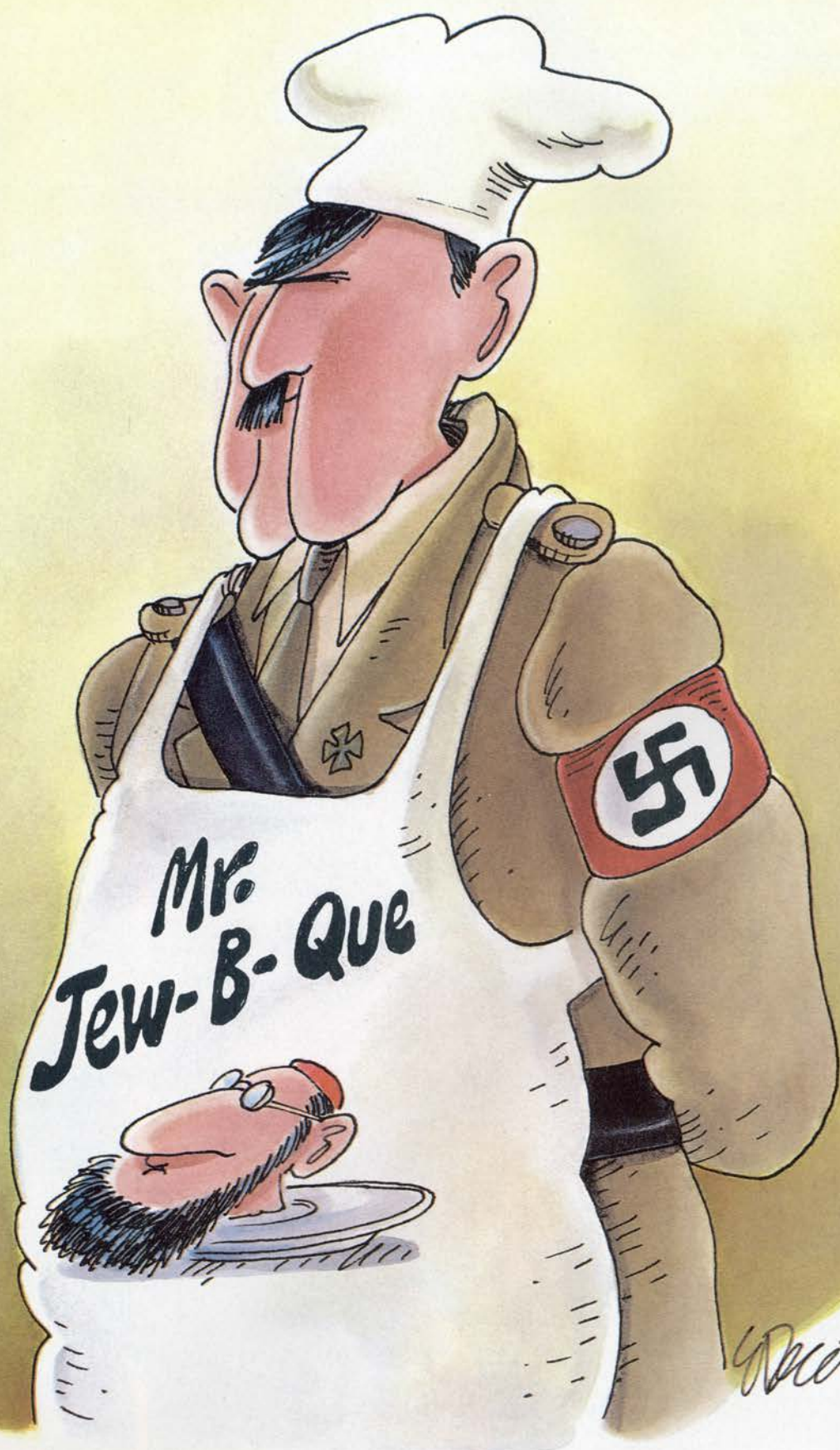
So the whole philosophy is that the law of yourself is what really counts. I really do agree with that. And that's the reason why I'm not a drug addict and why I'm not a rock 'n' roll addict. I'm not addicted to rock 'n' roll. I create rock 'n' roll, and that's the difference. Other people are addicted to it, but I've never been. I hate rock 'n' roll, but I love it as well, and that's why I make the records I do.

HUSTLER: How would you characterize your music?

IDOL: My music is out to help people now, and it might do it in the smallest, tiniest way. But if one iota of my record gets through to people—and "Rebel Yell" and "White Wedding" and "Dancing With Myself" are all about freedom and loving people for the right reasons, just for pure emotion's sake, and it doesn't matter what sex you are or what drugs you're taking—then that's what it's all for. And that's why I make records. 🐾



WAYNE TINSLEY



megan
Pink is Hot

Photography by Clive McLean

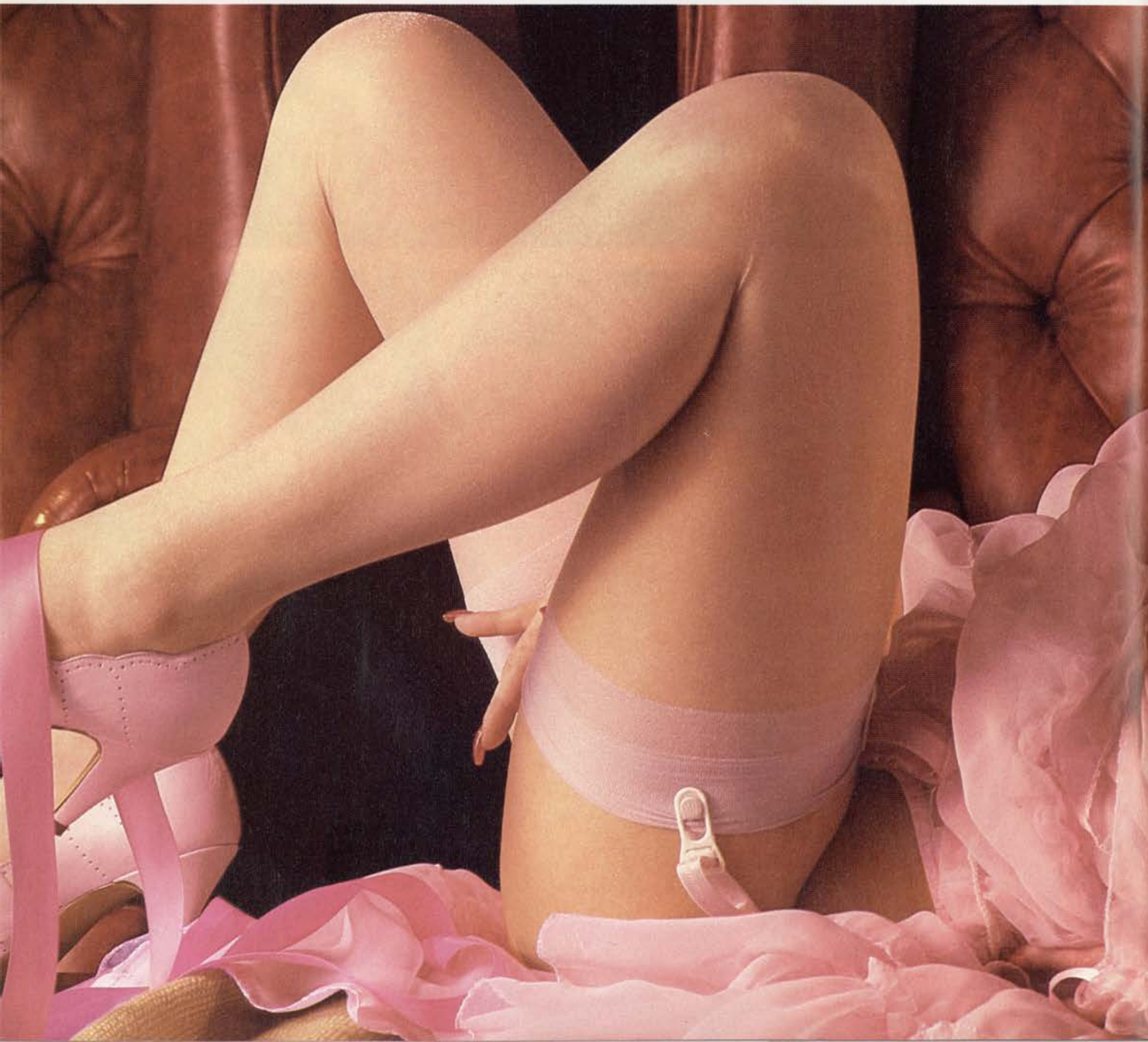








"I like the rituals of lovemaking," Megan whispers intensely. It's midnight, and that's when the voluptuous young creature gets horniest. "It must be the witch in me," she seethes. Her nocturnal lovemaking includes rubbing herself down with scented body oil before donning her favorite pink negligee. "My men are enthusiastic to begin with, but I still believe in giving them the full treatment. I like to get a guy so hot, he'll literally beg me to cool him down." When this temperature-raising temptress sets out to give you fever, you can bet you'll feel the heat.











LARRY FLYNT'S

HUSTLER CASINO

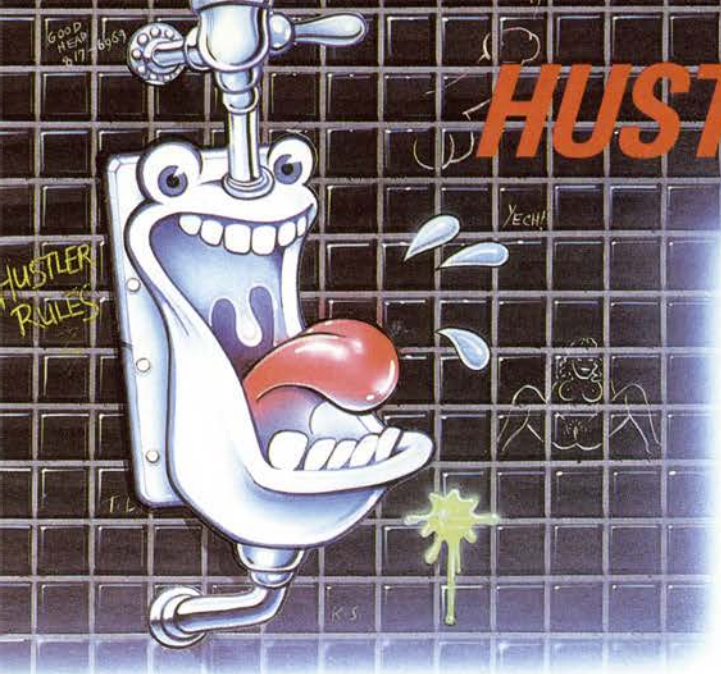
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HUSTLER HUMOR

A Jew and a Polack had stores across from each other that sold the same line of items. But while the Jew always had customers in his store and the parking lot was full, the Polack's business was bad. The Polack couldn't figure this out.

One day he closed his store and went over to the Jew's and stood around listening and watching. A woman who wanted a lawn mower came in. After the Jew sold one to her, he told the lady that she needed a rake.

She asked, "What do I need a rake for?"

"To clean up the clippings when you cut the grass," the storeowner replied.

So the woman bought a rake. Then the Hebe told her she needed a wheelbarrow. "What for?" she wanted to know.

"To haul away the clippings when you're done," the Jew muttered. And the lady bought a wheelbarrow.

Meanwhile, the Polack was listening to everything. He figured out how to do it. He went back to his store and opened up for business. His first customer was a woman who wanted some Kotex. The Polack grabbed a box and put it on the counter. "Now you need a lawn mower," he said.

"What in the hell do I need a lawn mower for?" she cried.

The Polack responded, "Well, lady, since you can't fuck, you might as well go out and mow the lawn."

Question: Why do most men like women with big tits and tight pussies?

Answer: Because they have big mouths and little dicks.

Two alligators met in the swamp. One was huge, while the other was emaciated. The runt asked, "Say, sir, how'd you get so big?"

"I eat blacks," the big gator answered.

"So do I," said the runt, "but look at me."

"What do you do to 'em?"

"I catch 'em and beat the shit out of 'em, then down the hatch they go."

"Now, there's your mistake," said the huge alligator. "Just catch 'em and eat 'em. If ya beat the shit out of 'em, all ya got left is lip-skin and sneakers."

Mr. Frank was laid out in a funeral parlor. Suddenly, his widow decided she didn't like the brown suit he had on. Mrs. Frank found the funeral director and said, "I see another man wearing a blue suit in the next parlor. Blue was my husband's favorite color, and I'd like him laid out in blue."

The director was happy to comply. He told the woman to return in half an hour and the change would be made.

Mrs. Frank came back in only five minutes and happily found her husband now lying in a blue suit and the other man in a brown suit. "How did you change the suits so fast?" the widow asked the undertaker.

"Oh, it was easy," the mortician replied. "I just switched heads."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *dingleberries* as: lint collectors.

Question: Why did they install AstroTurf at the University of Warsaw stadium?

Answer: So the Homecoming Queen won't graze.

Jim was very wealthy and very old—in fact, he was about to celebrate his 83rd birthday. He went to the doctor for a checkup. After giving him a thorough going-over, the physician said, "For a man who's about to be 83 years old, Jim, you're in marvelous shape. But why would you want a physical just a day before your birthday?"

The wealthy old man explained that that very afternoon he was going to marry an 18-year-old girl.

The doctor tried with a great deal of effort to discourage him. "I'm going ahead with it no matter what," the old guy said. "Got any other suggestions, Doc?"

"Just one. If you want a really peaceful marriage, I suggest that you take in a boarder." The geezer thought about it and said that it sounded like a good idea.

The next time the doctor met the old man was at a fund-raising affair six months later. The codger came up to him and said, "Doc, congratulate me! My wife's pregnant!"

Trying to maintain his poise, the physician said, "Well, so at least you followed my advice and took in a boarder."

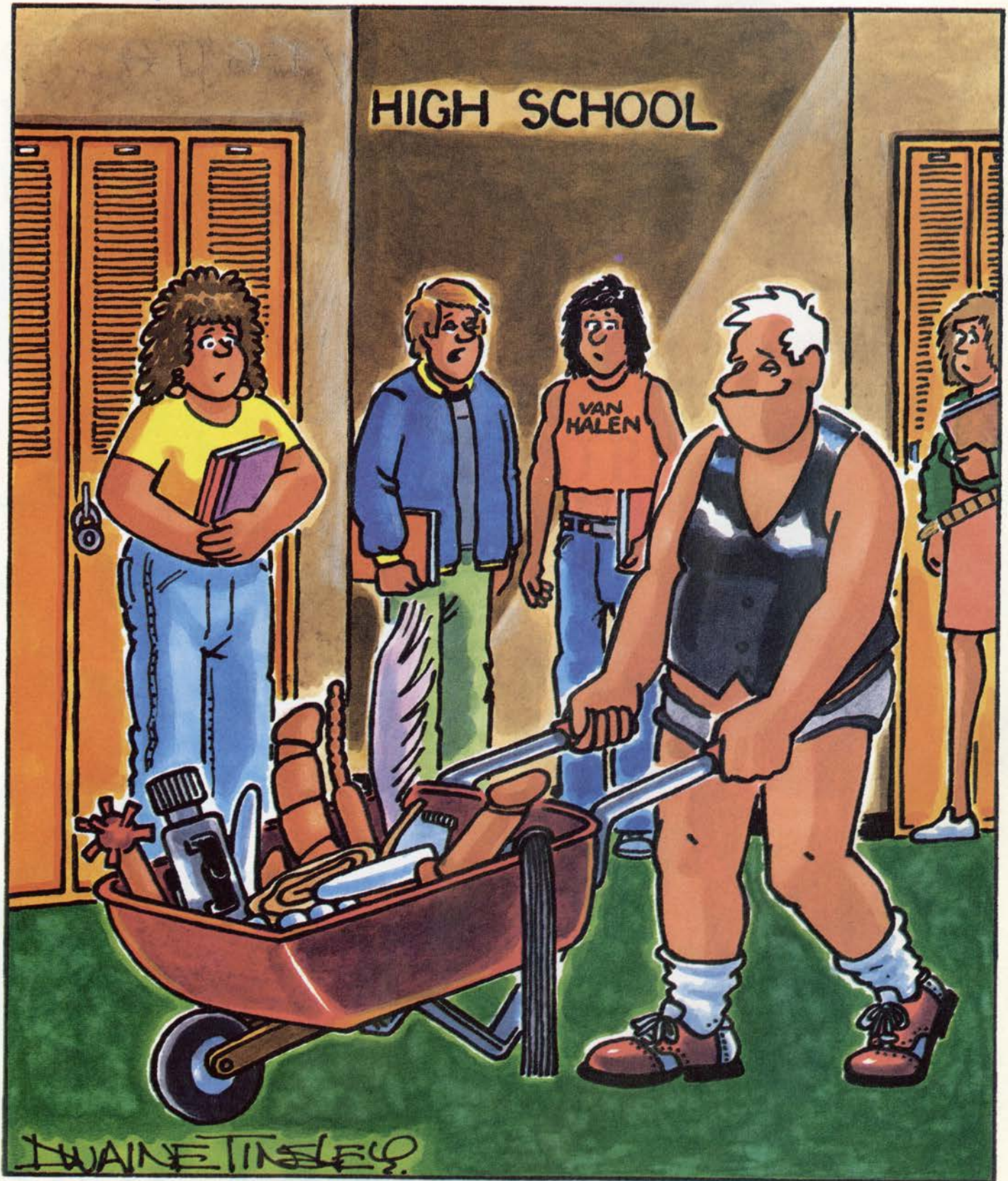
"Sure did," said the elderly gent, with a wicked grin. "She's pregnant too!"

Question: Did you hear about the Ethiopian woman who fell into an alligator pit?

Answer: She ate three of them before they got her out.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes on 3" x 5" cards, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: HUSTLER Humor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for \$50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

Chester the Molester



"Him? Oh, he's the new 12th-grade sex-ed teacher. . . ."



TURKEY

EGYPT

Red Sea

SAUDI ARABIA

IRAQ

SINAI

JORDAN

U. S. S. R.

THE SPECIALIST

TRAPPED BEHIND IRANIAN LINES

BY GAYLE RIVERS

In the past, counterterrorist, covert-warfare expert and arms dealer Gayle Rivers has taken many perilous assignments. According to his best-selling book, *The Specialist*, he carried out a number of highly classified assassinations for the Australia-New Zealand Army Corps (ANZAC) during the Vietnam War. Later, as a civilian, Rivers tracked down and killed IRA gunrunners throughout Europe for Great

Britain. For the United States he infiltrated a dangerous Druze headquarters in Beirut and terminated a dozen Druze militiamen and three top Syrian intelligence officers. Even when Iraqi Special Forces Colonel Abu Azed proposed an almost-suicidal raid on the Iranian port of Khorramshar, he accepted. But now, with his Iraqi mission accomplished, Rivers faces an even tougher assignment.

Excerpted from the book *The Specialist: Revelations of a Counterterrorist* by Gayle Rivers, published by Stein and Day Publishers. Copyright © 1985 by Gayle Rivers.

Illustration by Ren Wicks

THE SPECIALIST *(continued from page 67)*

I still shudder when I think how close I came to having my head displayed on a pole in Tehran. Not a pretty sight.

Being caught behind enemy lines is never a comfortable situation, but finding yourself on the wrong side of 20,000 fanatical Iranians has to be close to being every soldier's personal nightmare.

That was a situation I found myself in, and I still shudder when I think how close I came to having my head displayed on a pole in Tehran. Not a pretty sight.

In the past year the Special Forces unit of Colonel Abu Azed had made considerable progress. They had carried out several successful missions of their own, and I was being called in now only to sharpen up types of missions that had gone wrong. Endurance swimming, incidentally, had been dropped in favor of a different style of waterborne assault in which the teams were heli-lifted closer to the target and left to do only short distances in the water.

The war itself was in a kind of stalemate. [Iran and Iraq have been at war since 1980.] Repeated threats of further huge Iranian attacks had not materialized, but the Iraqi supply lines were fully extended, and public opinion at home

was growing concerned at the extent of Iraqi casualties. Much of the military attention was concentrated on the Iranian city of Dezful; the Iraqis were debating whether or not to withdraw to outlying positions.

Dezful, which lies well inland northwest of Ahvaz, is the main commercial center of its region and lies at a strategically valuable crossroads. The terrain is open, hard, tank country, and before its original fall it had been an important Iranian military tactical headquarters.

Thousands of lives had been lost in the two battles to possess it, and the Iraqis were coming around to the view that they were in danger of being outflanked by the Iranians if they held on much longer.

The Iranians had established a large garrison in Dezful, but they were relatively safe only in the heart of the city. The Iranians had not bombed the city center in order to preserve their own installations, but they were already beginning to shell the outskirts, and there was every sign that they soon would be able to bring about an encircling movement.

The Iraqi plan was to undertake a tactical withdrawal and establish new positions, still inside Iranian territory, but only about 20 to 30 kilometers from the Iraqi border, effectively shortening supply lines. However, it was decided that the Iranians should not be allowed to retake their positions without cost, and the Special Forces unit was charged with sending teams into Dezful to lay mines and booby traps to make the Iranian reoccupation as hazardous as possible.

Abu Azed mounted an operation involving five teams of Special Forces men who were to place as many devices as possible within Dezful before the completion of the Iraqi withdrawal.

I led one of the teams and was given the task by Abu Azed of working on a building at the edge of the city that had been used by the Iranians as their headquarters before that part of the city fell. By the time we reached Dezful, we had three days to complete the task and get out with the last Iraqi units. The infantry had already pulled back, and the remaining Iraqi force was made up of sappers, armored units and forward gunnery-observation posts.

On the first day, I spent a lot of time supervising other teams and helping them plan the types of devices to be planted. The Iranians were reasonably familiar with booby traps and mines, and I called in all my Vietnam experience to devise some tricks that would really give them a few headaches.

We established pressure-release devices, tension devices, trip wires and combination traps, which are particularly difficult to deal with. We wired Claymore mines to the electronic circuits so that as soon as someone switched on the overhead light, it would obliterate the room. We planted devices in air-conditioners and filing cabinets and slotted hand grenades in odd corners. We used a lot of double booby traps. One component could be a trip wire linked to a hand grenade. If it was spotted and disarmed, the action of removing the trip wire would trigger a timing device that would set off a massive plastic charge minutes later in another part of the room.

On the second day, we started work in earnest on the military-headquarters building, this time concealing massive charges in the cellars and linking them to booby traps set in various parts of the upper floors of the building. A Toyota land-cruiser vehicle dumped the explosives at the entrance to the building, and we ferried them down by hand and devised individual-shaped charges to fit in to the best places of concealment.

The operation took most of the day, and for much of it we were out of touch with the other units. Radio communica-



"Going out to rape and pillage with the boys. Don't wait up."



"I'm an evangelist! Gimme all your money or you won't go to heaven!"

What the men feared most was capture by the Iranians. That meant castration, disembowelment and other mutilations.

tion was poor because of line-of-sight problems created by the tall buildings in the area and, anyway, we were in the cellar belowground for a lot of the time.

That night it was even hotter than normal, and we slept on the roof. My plan was to make a tour of the other Special Forces units during the early part of the day and complete our withdrawal by late afternoon.

During the night, we could hear constant movement through the city, but it did not strike me as unusual. The withdrawal had been continuing over the whole two days, and the plan was to have only one armored section and the sappers' engineering vehicles left to complete the evacuation on the third day.

I awoke at dawn, looked over the parapet of the roof and had what can be described as a scrotum shock. Iranian tanks were passing in a column, followed by armored personnel carriers with militiamen and regular troops riding on them. I had six men with me in the headquarters building, and one by one they joined me on the parapet, staring wide-eyed at the movement below. It was a truly eerie mo-

ment, and I could sense my men's fear.

The column was already passing the main entrance to the building, and from our high elevation we could see that it was moving to join an even bigger Iranian concentration gathering to the west of us.

Our exfiltration route was to the west, and it was already well compromised, but at least I could see the possibility of getting out of this building. It seemed virtually certain that the Iranians would again set up their headquarters there, and it would only be a short time before they started coming inside.

I led the team down to the ground floor and, when the column had passed, we slipped across the sandy street and into a side road leading away from the main thoroughfare. Of the buildings in the area, the safest-looking one was a four-story stucco structure about three blocks away. We managed to get up onto the roof without being seen. The roof was flat, with a five-foot parapet all around. There was also plenty of other cover: sacks of cement and assorted building materials.

Our first priority was to make radio

contact with the Special Forces command unit. We almost drained the radio batteries before getting in touch. When we did, the message was a straight shot in the gut. The Iraqi withdrawal had been brought forward by 24 hours; all units had been advised and had pulled out, including the other Special Forces teams. We were completely alone in Dezful, which was once again fully occupied.

Special Forces headquarters gave us Extraction Code Blue—the final emergency procedure when everything else was ruled out. That meant marching 55 kilometers westward out of the city on a compass bearing and being picked up by helicopter three days hence. But that plan supposed that we could get out of the city limits. Moving westward now was possible only if we could slip out of the city by stealth, but it was broad daylight, there were troops everywhere, and Iranian civilians were starting to move back into that part of the city after having taken flight during the Iraqi attack.

It was clear to everyone that the position was virtually hopeless, and the men's fear was beginning to turn into anger at me as leader. I was responsible for their being caught in the town, and I could feel their resentment burning as they muttered in Arabic among themselves. Of the six Iraqis, only the interpreter spoke English. The men would huddle among themselves, and the interpreter would translate.

Among the six men, I had two supporters. One of them was particularly important because he was a massive, powerful sergeant who was determined to protect me and had considerable authority among the men. The other four were in a state of total panic but were divided about what to do. One plan was to kill me and then commit suicide; another was to go out guns blazing in a John Wayne suicidal shootout.

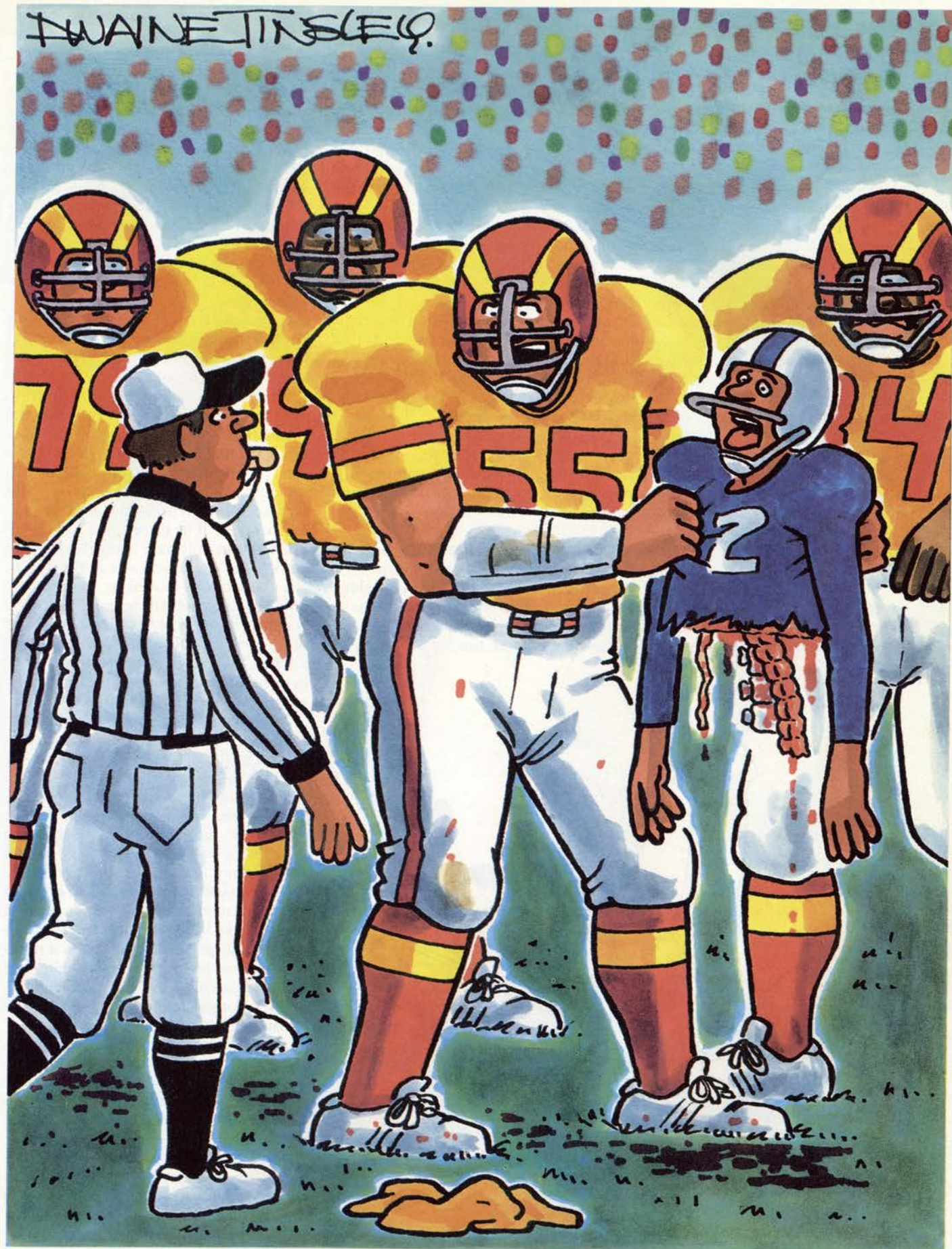
What they feared most was capture by the Iranians. That meant castration, disembowelment and other mutilations that would ensure that the soul of the victim would be unacceptable to Allah.

I drew my knife and told the interpreter to say that anyone who moved without my permission would be the first to receive mutilations unacceptable to Allah. Eventually I achieved a kind of standoff, partly because there were no signs of anyone coming up onto the roof.

When darkness fell, we prepared to move out. There was a thick insulated electric cable linking our rooftop to the one opposite, and from that building there seemed to be a route that bypassed the heaviest concentrations. There were troops and militiamen constantly in motion around the city, and we knew there was not the remotest chance of reaching



The Origin of the "Lincoln Log"



"What the fuck do you mean I'm roughing the quarterback?"

THE SPECIALIST *(continued from page 70)*

No Iranians came during the night, but no one slept, and the tension was kept high by the failing nerve of the team.

the western edge of Dezful without meeting some kind of resistance.

We crossed the overhead electric wire in commando-style and got down through the building opposite. Then began the tense process of working our way westward. We split into two teams—four men in one, and myself, the interpreter and one other in the second. One team advanced a block or so, then took up position in doorways while the second team leapfrogged forward.

Our first confrontation came after we had passed safely through three or four streets. As we turned the corner, we saw two Iranian militiamen. They were sitting on chairs in the doorway of a building, chatting and drinking tea, their weapons leaning up against the wall beside them. They saw us immediately; so there was no point in pulling back. I marched straight toward them, signaling the sergeant quietly that we were going to take them out. I walked across the street, heading diagonally for a point just past them on the opposite pavement. I walked completely casually, as if I were barely aware of their existence; then, as we drew level, I turned

suddenly and dived at the furthest one, threw him off balance and drove in a knife. The sergeant took the second one only seconds later, and we dragged the two bodies into the doorway.

We moved off again, this time with just slightly more confidence, but our second encounter did not pass off as smoothly.

We were making our way down a narrow, deserted street when we saw an Iranian armored personnel carrier in the distance heading in our direction. At first it looked as if the vehicle might turn at a crossroads ahead, but it stopped, and a dozen or so Iranian soldiers got out and started coming toward us.

There were no alleyways we could run down and no doorways deep enough to provide cover; so we ducked into the first open door we could see and found that it led to a kitchen that was dimly lit by a single naked bulb.

I reached up and tried to take the bulb out, but it was rusted in; so I cut the wire. We crouched in the darkness, behind ovens and store cupboards, and just as we heard the first of the Iranians approaching down the street, two figures appeared

in the kitchen doorway—a fat, heavy-bellied man and a boy of about 16. The man tried the light switch several times, then walked over to look at the bulb.

We could hear the Iranian soldiers passing outside the window, and I knew that if anything unusual appeared to be happening where we were, there was a good chance someone would come in to investigate.

The fat man got a chair, put it under the light fixture and climbed onto it to look at the socket.

I decided it was safer to handle both of the Iranians myself. I found a thick piece of heavy metal on the floor beside me that was long enough to reach the chair. I hooked it under the leg of the chair and forced it forward like a lever to throw the man off balance.

While he was falling, I sprang up from my crouched position and punched the youth in the face, knocking him out cold. While the man was still entangled with his chair, I slit his throat from behind with my knife, then leaped back to the boy and sat astride him to prevent him from making any noise if he came to.

There can only have been 12 or 15 soldiers in the street, and one of them actually paused and looked in through the doorway, but their file seemed to take an eternity to pass. The boy did not stir, and there were no other sounds inside the kitchen, and we all managed to hold our breaths and our cramped positions long enough for the danger to pass.

When I looked outside, though, I saw that the Iranians had left two soldiers posted at the end of the street. Luckily they looked pretty relaxed, and for the moment they had their backs to us.

I gestured to one of the Iraqis to stay close to me, and I walked up the street toward the sentries as casually as I could. They did not turn around until I drew almost level with them, and I just grunted and continued as if I were not interested in them. As I passed the furthest one, I turned and grabbed his head in a necklock, pulling him back onto my knife, and the Iraqi behind me took three quick strides forward and drove his blade through the other Iranian's stomach.

At that point we sprinted flat out down the street, crossing and recrossing it in zigzag fashion. We were totally exposed, automatic weapons drawn. We heard a booby trap go off and then the sound of running feet in a side street as people escaped from the exploded building.

We ran straight into an Iranian armored personnel carrier. It was moving slowly down the street we turned into, and there were four soldiers sitting on top. This time there was no possibility of stealth or deception. The leading mem-

(continued on page 96)



"Roger, you're the vainest bastard I've ever met."

SHEENA

Primitive Passion



Photography by Ron Vogt



In the depths of the wilderness she moves with animal grace—Sheena, queen of the jungle. Savage, sexy and more than a bit hairy, Sheena is the daughter of Jewish settlers who perished in quicksand when she was but an infant, leaving her to be raised by the wild creatures. Now she rules her terrain, an untamed jungle goddess, easily conquering the other beasts, whether real or stuffed. For Sheena possesses the native instincts of a wild animal, combined with the cunning of a woman . . . not to mention a woman's passion. "Gey klop der kop in der vant," she moans in her native tongue. Roughly translated, this means, "God, how I wish there was somebody around here to get it on with." However, the odds are that no ordinary man will be able to hunt down and subdue the fierce and feral Sheena.



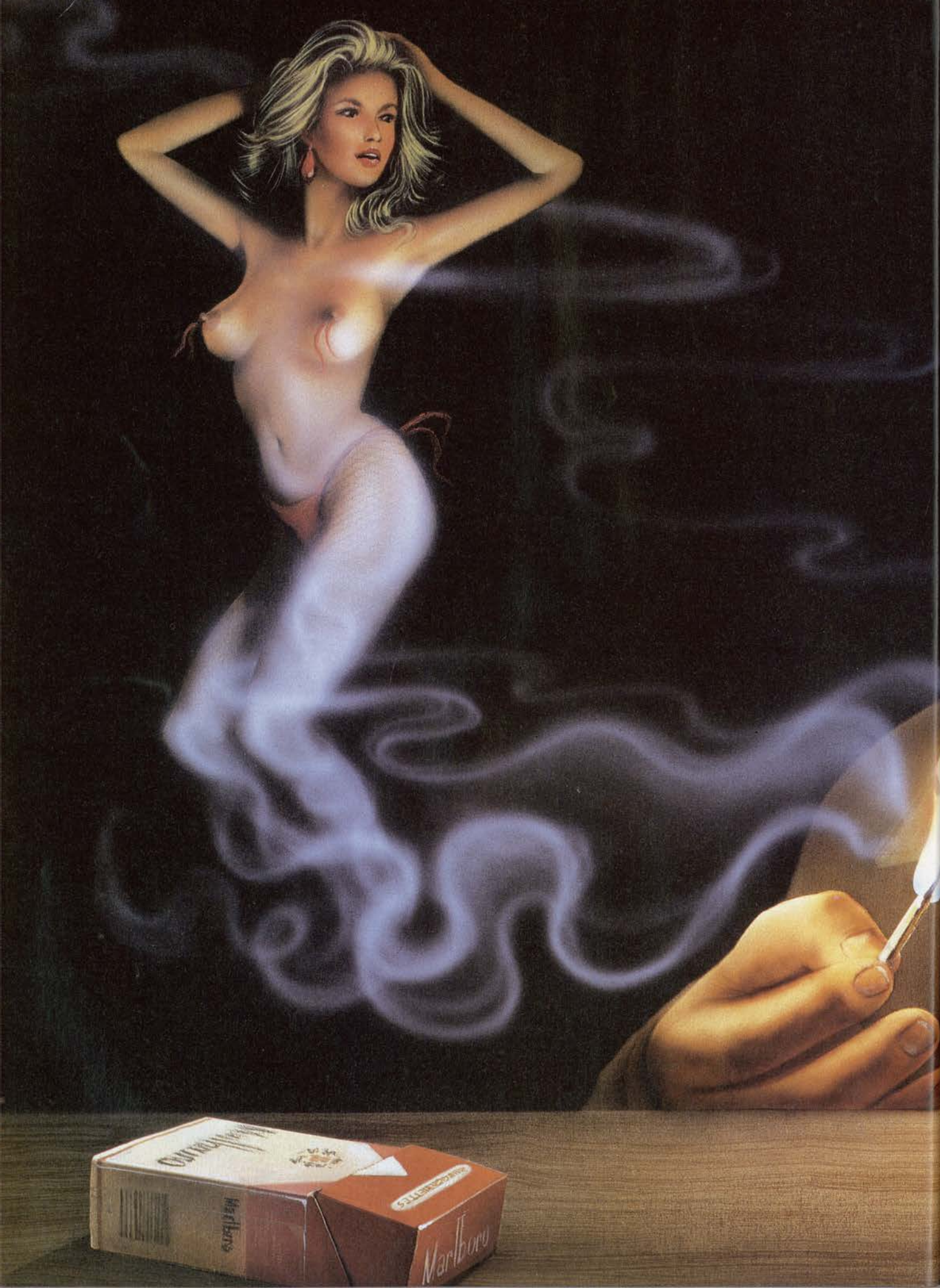


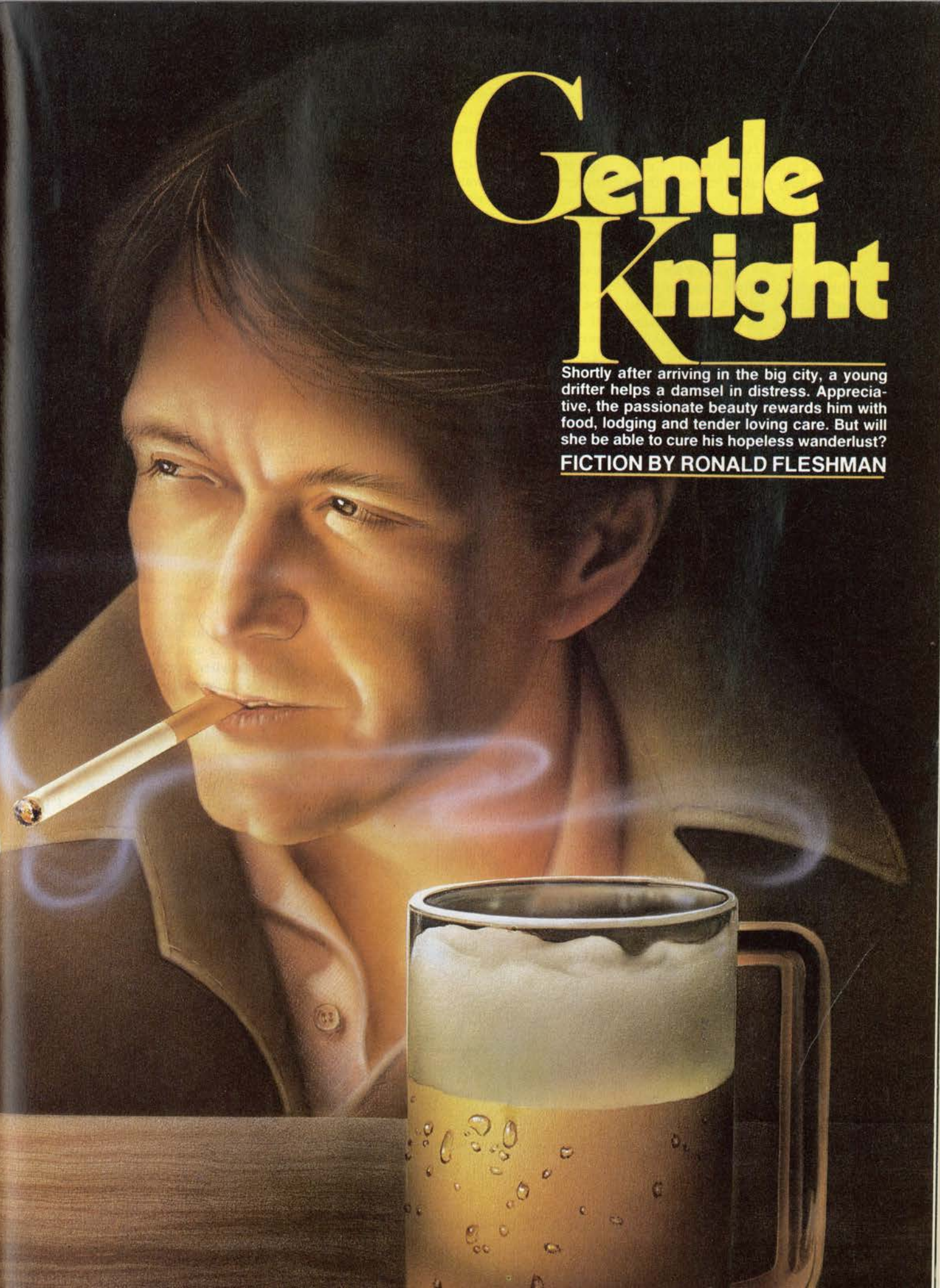










A close-up, high-contrast photograph of a man's face, looking slightly to the left. He has dark hair and is holding a lit cigarette in his mouth. The lighting is warm and dramatic, highlighting his features. In the foreground, a large, condensation-covered glass mug of beer with a thick head of foam is visible. The background is dark and out of focus.

Gentle Knight

Shortly after arriving in the big city, a young drifter helps a damsel in distress. Appreciative, the passionate beauty rewards him with food, lodging and tender loving care. But will she be able to cure his hopeless wanderlust?

FICTION BY RONALD FLESHMAN

The heavy gray clouds he had been watching all day through the grimy window of the Trailways bus finally rolled across the sky to cover the sun, and paint the world in the washed-out colors of lost hope. *Here it comes again*, Craig's private voice complained. *Always the same. New city, fresh start, but still the same.*

As the bus cleared the neat, tree-lined streets and toy houses of the final suburb and crossed the bridge into the city, the rain began; the water streaked the window by his head a lighter shade of dirt.

Fifteen minutes later Craig stepped onto the platform, ignoring the driver's wish for a nice day, and pushed through the doors of the bus station into the crowded lobby. In the oppressive warmth the smell of tired hot dogs from the lunch counter against the far wall mingled with the acrid scents of cheap perfume and sweat, but these did not quite cover the other odors, the ones unnamed: The smell of those who finally understood they had remained too long and were now waiting to leave, hoping to be able to get out in time. And underneath all these the good honest stink of people neither coming nor going but simply waiting for the hard-faced rent-a-cops to roust them out into the streets.

Craig stepped through the entrance to the wet sidewalk. *A place to stay*, the voice

demanding. *Sleep now; eat later. A job tomorrow. Forty-one bucks in our pockets, half a pack of smokes—a damned fortune.*

He walked for several blocks through what was now a misty drizzle, searching the side streets until he saw the broken sign over the hotel up ahead. He hurried toward the place, wanting only to get inside and into a warm bed with clean sheets. Passing the narrow alley in the middle of the block, he heard the sounds of people having a hell of a good time, and he stopped.

A tight circle of men clustered among the battered garbage cans at the far end of the alley, their backs to him. Craig moved toward them until he was with the rest of the group, looking down.

From the wide toothy smile splitting her ugly face, it looked at first as if the orange-haired woman on top was enjoying one of the better times of her life. It didn't seem to be much of a contest, for she outweighed the blonde squirming underneath her by an easy 60 or more pounds; yet, after Craig watched for a few moments, he could see that carrot top needed every ounce of her advantage to hold the smaller girl down.

Both of them were smeared with the grit and slimy mud you find in back alleys of the city after a rainstorm. If there had been a time before when either or both of them could have been called attractive, it

was buried under dirt and sweat and torn clothing. The shape of their bodies and the length of their hair said they were women, but now another identity had surfaced, a thing best left undisturbed: They had become less than human.

During the course of the fight, carrot top's blouse was shredded into a few wispy rags now hanging about her in tatters, but the sight was no treat for a voyeur. Naked to the waist except for a muddied brassiere, the thick-trunked woman resembled an NFL linebacker with big tits.

Slowly, and fighting through each move to hold on, she positioned first one thick knee, then the other, on the blonde's slender arms. When the girl on the bottom was at last securely pinioned, carrot top gave a little pig snort of happiness, then raised a thick paw high and whipped it back and forth in vicious arcs again and again, rocking her opponent's head with each blow.

"Give it to her, Casey. Give it to her good." These words came from a sour-faced ape in a black-leather overcoat. The history of his life and times had been carved by others onto his scarred face.

Stay clear of that one, the voice whispered to Craig. *He's a knife man.*

"Come on, Casey, honey. Beat her brains out." Sourface rubbed his hands together and grinned at the others. "That's my girl kicking ass," he bragged.

Craig laughed openly, and the voice intruded, *Just stay out of this one.*

Somehow the smaller girl wrenched one arm free and flailed upward, fingers outstretched and clawing. Casey yelped with surprise mingled with pain as the sharp crimson nails raked three deep furrows across her cheek. She shifted backward, and the blood welled out of her wounds and rolled down her face. The blonde pulled the other arm free and hammered with the strength of desperation at her foe's breasts.

A bald man shouted, "Get some now, Lynn! It's payback time!" He strangled on the words as Casey's sourfaced pal moved across the open space to stand inches away, staring into his eyes.

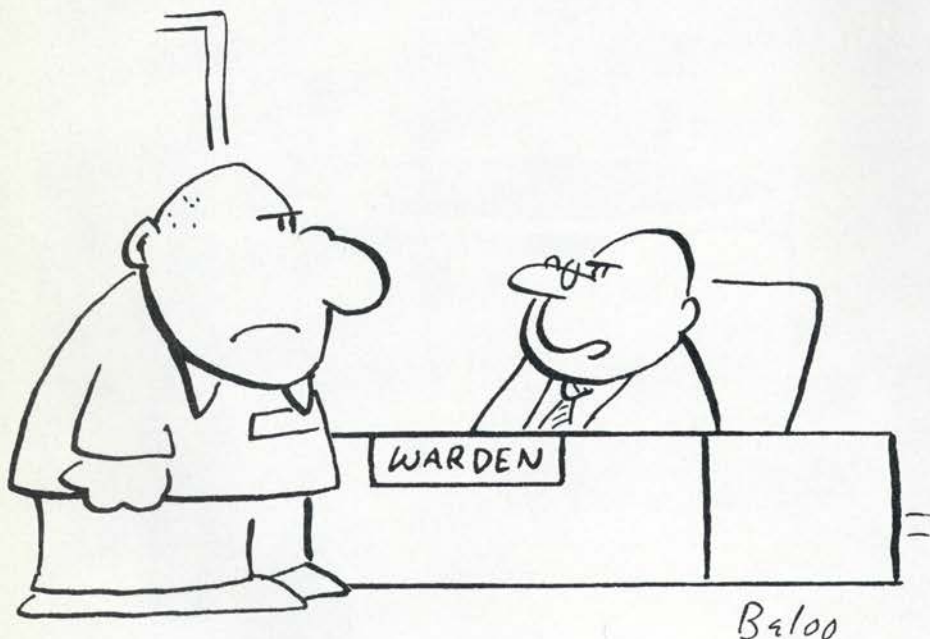
"Hey, Bronk, no harm intended," said the bald man, licking his lips and looking down.

Bronk, the sourfaced one, grunted, "Sure, I understand." He turned away, then spun around with his hand out and forward, fingers rigid, to thrust deep into the bald man's gut.

"Oof." The air went out of the bald man, and he collapsed like a deflated balloon, stumbling backward against Craig.

"Easy there, champ," Craig warned. "Can't you see he doesn't want any more?"

"Then maybe you want a piece too?"



"Killing your cellmate is bad enough, Dutch, but eating him?"



"But, Ronnie, you said, 'Fuck the farmers!' "

The bedroom door remained open a few inches, neither invitation nor denial—it was up to him.

Bronk asked. He brought a ham-size fist into his palm with a smack.

"My plate's full just now. Maybe you should see to your girlfriend. Looks like she's going to need a little tenderness."

Bronk's eyes narrowed in a warning at Craig; then he turned toward the women. His fist started to swing two steps away and landed right on the end of Lynn's jaw. She dropped. Bronk stood over the girl and prepared to kick her ribs in.

Craig was on him before the voice had a chance to give an opinion. Soon Bronk was sprawled across the alley, only stopping when he hit the dirty brick wall. But he came back at Craig with a surprising quickness for a big man. *The damned overcoat doesn't slow him down either*, the voice said. *You really like to do this?* The words stopped as Craig ducked a roundhouse aimed at his head, took another blow on his right forearm and another that came near to cracking a rib. He moved warily around the other man, stepping over Lynn. Casey, the carrot top, was on her feet now and standing in the circle of onlookers.

Craig slipped past the next wild charge

and whirled to smash at the back of the man's neck. Bronk fell to his knees, then rose and turned. There it was at last—six inches and sharp!

Craig dodged the flashing knife and circled. *Haven't you had enough yet?* the voice asked. *I thought you wanted to get some sleep.* Craig grinned, stepped forward and grabbed Bronk's wrist as the man's arm slashed past. He twisted, pulled down sharply, and the knife clattered across the alley.

"Now, you goon, I'm just going to instruct you in some things you should have learned on your mother's knee." Craig was about to deliver a neat introductory fist when a leather-covered sap struck him above the ear. He went all the way down and all the way out and far away, coming to rest at last in the alley mud, where he could finally catch up on the sleep he had promised himself.

* * *

Swimming up from the bottom of the sea, he passed the voice. Craig tried to wave hello, but could not. The voice ignored him anyway. He broke the surface to find himself on a curtained-off exami-

nation table. He sensed a movement to his right, and she was beside him, twisting her fingers around each other and fidgeting. Her cheeks were raw red; there was a little scratch on the end of her chin, and the faintest shadow of a purple-and-blue mouse below one eye. And he saw something more now: She was beautiful.

"Hello, Lynn."

"How are you? I've been so worried."

Craig became aware of something else he had missed in the alley.

She's got a great pair, the voice remarked appreciatively. Hello, pal, glad to have you back. "I have to get out of here," Craig said.

"I don't know if you should. Casey gave you a hell of a bump."

"Come on, Lynn. Point me to the cashier."

"Don't worry about a bill," she said. "This is a hospital, and they do what they have to. Anyway, you haven't got any money. They took your wallet."

"Who?"

"Bronk and Casey. I was coming to when she hit you with the blackjack. They went through your pockets, then split. I couldn't do anything."

"And the rest of those clowns in the alley? They just watched?"

"Nobody around here messes with Bronk or his woman. You'd have to have a death wish to go up against them, or be short on good sense."

"Which isn't true about you? You went up against the broad."

"I didn't have a choice." She frowned. "And what was your excuse, stranger?"

Craig pulled her toward the door. "Enough talk, sweetheart. Come on. If they aren't going to argue about the money I don't have, there's nothing to keep us here. By the way," he added, "my name is Craig." *But you can call me Dumbjohn*, the voice whispered to him.

Driving away from the hospital in her car, he asked to be dropped at the bus station. "Without bucks it's the safest and warmest place to sleep for tonight. Tomorrow I'll pick up some kind of work, and it's steak and eggs after that."

The girl's voice was pained. "I wish I could let you have something, but I just started a new job myself."

"Don't get tense. It's just one night, and then I'll be flush."

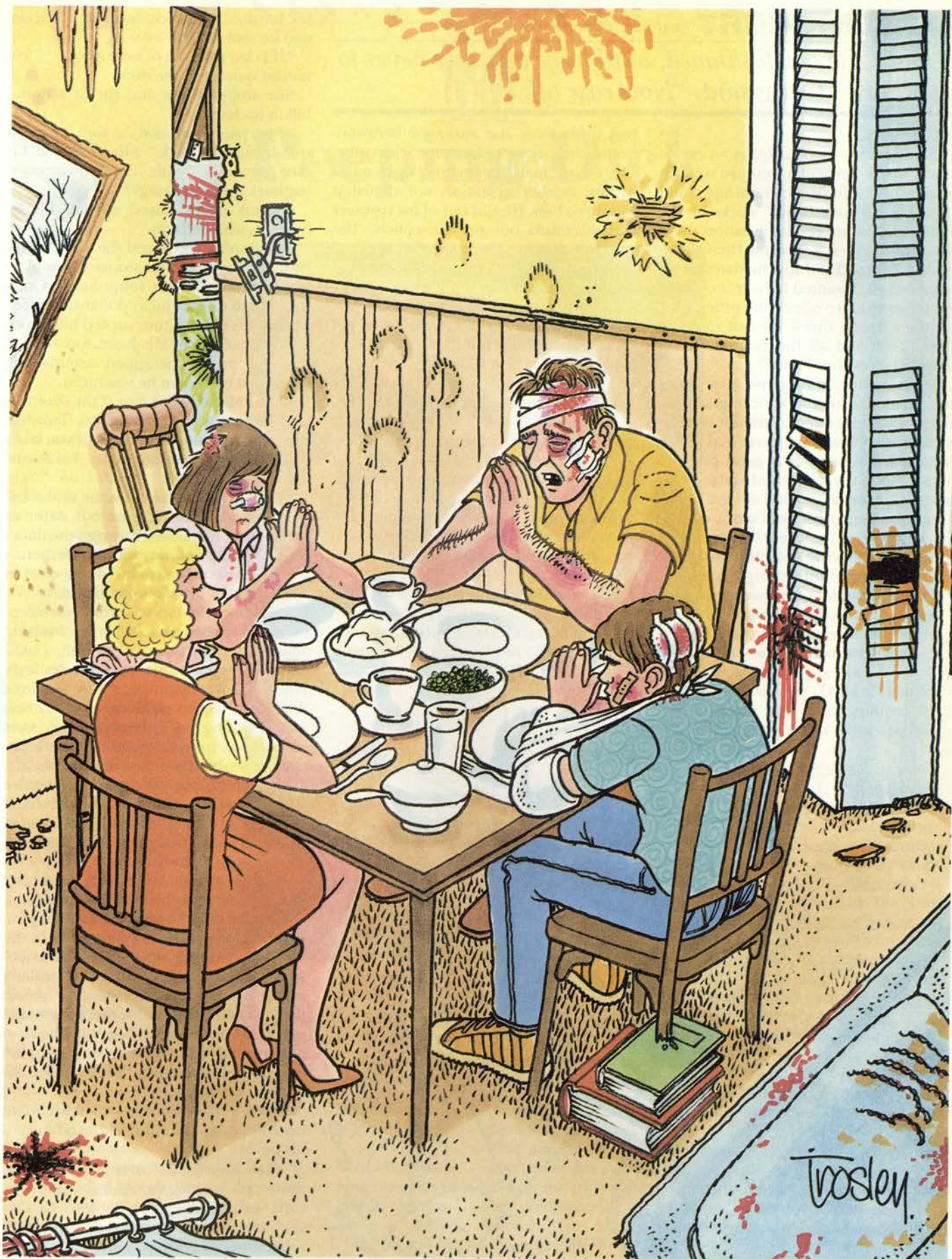
"I do know where you can get a meal and a place to sleep that's a lot nicer than the bus depot. I'm not a bad cook, and the couch at my place is open." When he didn't answer, she went on: "Come on; I owe you. He'd of killed me."

"It's a deal," Craig told her.

* * *

He carried the two cups of coffee into the tiny living room and watched as she spread a sheet over the couch and contin-





"And we especially give thanks that Mommy's menstrual period is over for another month."

GENTLE KNIGHT (continued from page 84)

"I know I'm old-fashioned, but I have this rule never to hit a lady," Craig said. "Now ease off."

ued her story.

"So after that I got a job as an exotic dancer at the Serpent's Den just to keep me alive until I finished school and could get a *regular* job. Bronk works at the place. Head bouncer. Casey dances there too. Anyway, I left a costume there when I quit. Cost me \$200 for the damned sequins and all. I wanted to have it cleaned and try to sell it to one of the other girls, but then Bronk threw me out into the alley. Casey and all the customers followed. The rest you know."

"Well, honey, tomorrow is another day. I'm sorry for the knocking around you got, but to tell the truth, if it weren't for those two, I wouldn't have had such a fine dinner tonight—or a good place to sleep." Craig sat down and unlaced his shoes. "Company isn't bad either."

Her lips were soft and warm on his, and her fingers touched his neck in a feathery caress. She held the kiss for a long moment and then straightened up.

Tell her to come back, the voice screamed.

"Well, good night, Craig." She lingered by the bedroom door, smiling.

"Good night, babe." He watched her

pad softly away and enter the bedroom before he began unbuttoning his shirt. The bedroom door remained open a few inches, neither invitation nor denial—it was up to him. He slid out of his trousers and stretched out on the couch. The voice was furious. *You run into an alley and almost get us killed and, when a beautiful girl comes on, you play straight arrow?*

Lynn prepared breakfast for him the next morning; she was silent until he got up to leave. "Craig, about last night. I appreciate it that you didn't try any funny business." The look in her eyes, halfway between hurt and anger, betrayed her lie.

Now you've done it. I told you to call her back. Craig ignored the voice and smiled at her. "Let me warn you now, Lynn. Last night I was broken and hungry and tired, and you took care of me. But today I'm going to find work, earn some money and become a solid citizen again." He walked around the table and drew her up to him. "Then look out."

He kissed her, filling her mouth with his tongue and letting his hands travel to her firm buttocks. He cupped them gently, then pulled her forward, tight against

his hardness. He felt her knees buckle, and he took his lips away.

"If I don't get out of here now. . . ." He moved quickly to the door.

She stopped him and thrust a dollar bill in his hand.

"I get paid today and . . . well, maybe it will bring you luck." She searched his face nervously. "Will . . . will you be coming back tonight, Craig?"

"Mama never raised a fool. I'll be here . . . with bells on."

By noon he'd covered the warehouses near the river, and his stomach was playing an angry protest song. Sadly, Craig decided to use the lucky dollar for coffee at the next diner if they turned him down at the next place. His hand was stuffed into his pocket, wrapped around the crumpled bill, when he was hired.

"Start Monday at 4 a.m.," the foreman said. "Eight hours guaranteed. Two-bits raise in three months; six bits if you last a year. No overtime, no union. Take it or leave it."

He took it. And because the dollar bill had worked, Craig hung onto it. After an hour's walk he pushed through the doors into the dim interior of the Serpent's Den. The bartender pointed to a door in the rear when he asked for Bronk.

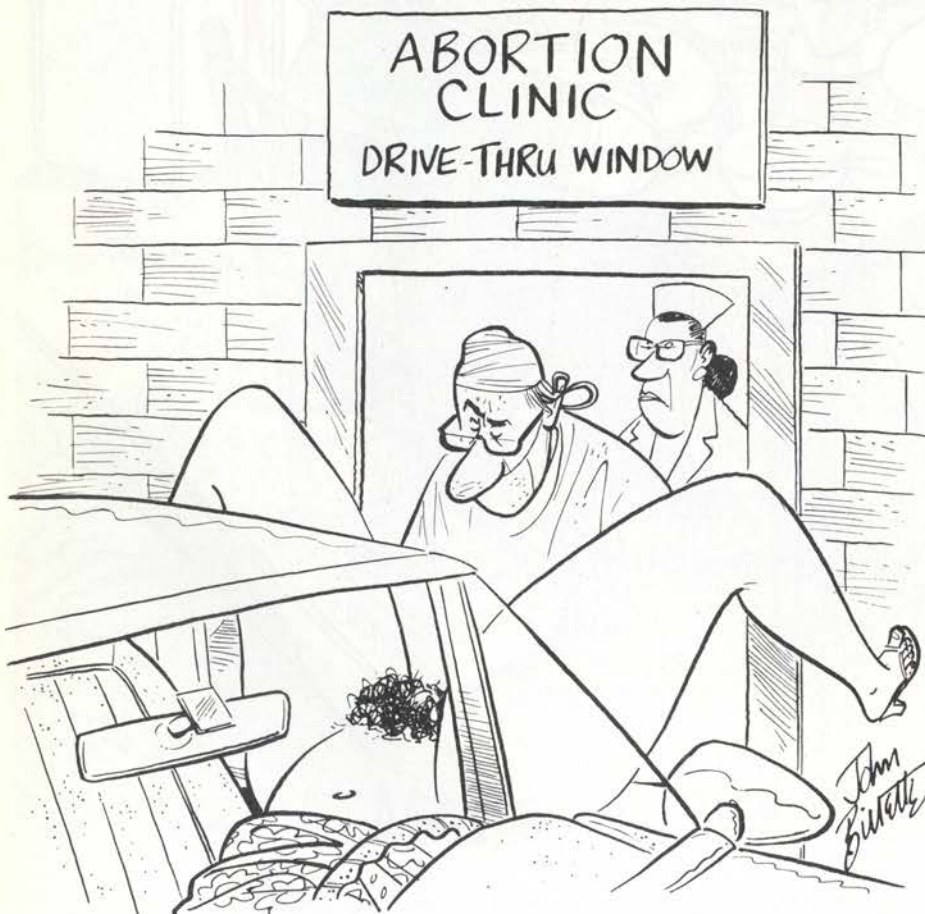
He found them there. Bronk was sleeping tilted back in a chair, his head resting against a greasy stain on the wall, a half-empty whiskey bottle between his legs. His mouth was open, and a little trickle of drool ran from one corner. Casey was concentrating on a magazine, her eyes inches away from the page, a finger chasing the words from line to line. In the half-second it took for her to recognize Craig, he was into the room with his hand clamped over her mouth. She twisted frantically and brought a thick knee up, aiming for his crotch.

"I know I'm old-fashioned, but I have this rule never to hit a lady," Craig said. "Now ease off." The knee came up again, and he slipped it by once again. "Ah, the hell with the rules, right?" He took a half-step back and lashed out a fist, striking carrot top between the eyes. He almost forgot to pull the punch; there remained sufficient power behind the blow to send her crashing onto the slumbering bouncer, and they both fell to the floor atop the remains of the chair.

Bronk's growl stopped abruptly when he saw Craig. His hand slithered toward his pocket.

"Our lesson was interrupted," Craig muttered, moving in. And it was as before, except this time he took him to the next level of learning and the next. "You owe me, and I want Lynn's costume, and I want my \$41 and let's say another \$20 for private lessons."

(continued on page 94)





Peeping Dick

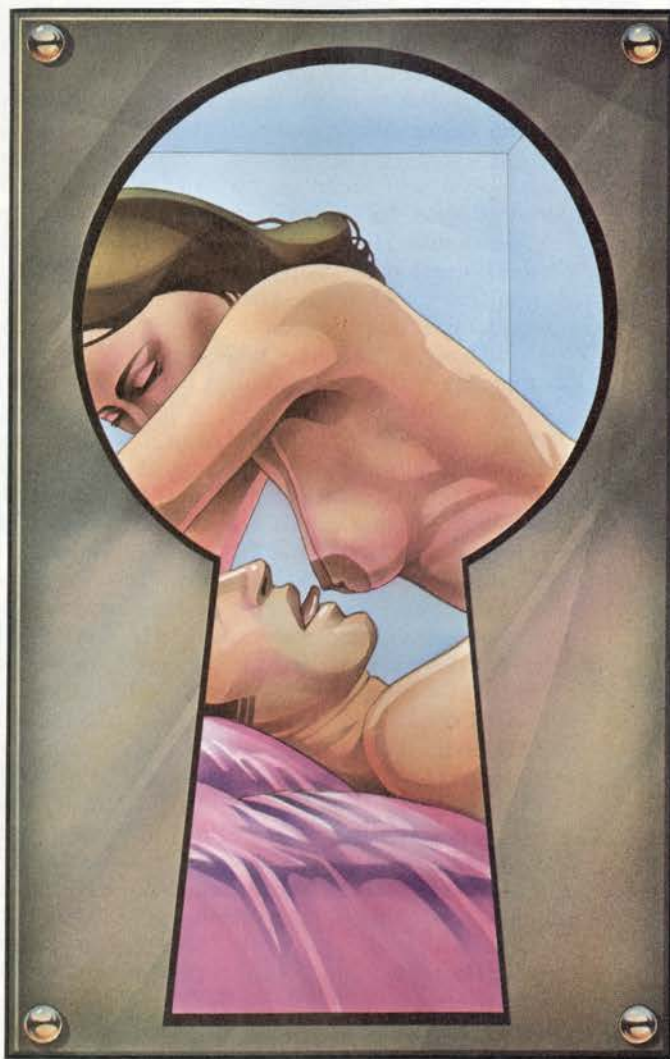
I've always been fascinated by watching other people screw. As a child, I used to stand outside my parents' bedroom door and peek through the keyhole just to catch a glimpse of their frequent sexual interludes. I suppose that's why I eventually became a private eye.

Take the Fairchild case. It all started one morning when Kate, my sexy secretary, strolled through the doorway. "You have a phone call from Mr. Julius Martindale, sugar," she purred.

I'd read about Julius Martindale. He was an influential Beverly Hills fat cat with lots of friends in government and other shady pursuits who, some of my sources mentioned, frequently had sex orgies in his mansion. This was a case I couldn't pass up.

I picked up the phone and, after the usual formalities, Martindale got to the point. His girlfriend, Virginia Fairchild, had been abducted. Martindale said he'd received a phone call demanding \$1 million in cash and saying that if he didn't pay in 24 hours, the kidnappers would put Ms. Fairchild out on the streets to earn the money trick by trick. Martindale said he'd pay me five Gs to get the young woman back safely.

After parking my '62 T-Bird in front of the Martindale mansion, I decided to walk around the estate—looking for clues or signs of a struggle. When I reached the east side of the mansion, I heard whimpering and moaning. Glancing through a window, I saw Martindale, his pants around his ankles and his fat belly bobbing out from under his shirt, fucking doggy-style a small brunette in a French maid's uniform. I pulled out my throbbing rod and watched in fascination as he slid his crank



BY TOM TRESAR

Kinky Korner is written by our readers—one person's report on his or her personal kink. HUSTLER will pay \$250 on publication for seven-page, double-spaced-typed or neatly handwritten-manuscripts. And please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

few weeks; so I had her followed. You see, I wasn't the last one to see her. It was Yvonne, my maid."

He paused momentarily to call Yvonne, who entered the room moments later—looking slightly ruffled. At her boss's bidding she coyly informed me that Virginia Fairchild had last been seen entering Porn-o-Rama, an adult-book store in Hollywood. After settling financial matters with Martindale, I sped off to the place.

Within minutes I was at Porn-o-Rama, which reeked so bad of dried cum and urine, I wanted to puke. Behind a glass display case containing "marital aids" stood a little weasel read-

in and out of the girl's hole while she groaned in ecstasy. After a few more hard thrusts the millionaire cried out, "I'm coming, Yvonne!" just as I let loose a huge wad against the building.

When I rang the bell, a large goon in a monkey suit answered the door. He grunted something about waiting in the living room while he informed Martindale of my presence.

"Ah, Mr. Tresar," Martindale said as he entered the room. "How nice to see you."

He led me to a large, dark library. "My friends have recommended you because of your—how shall I put it?—your ability to keep your mouth shut." He handed me a snapshot of a bikini-clad redhead sunning herself on the deck of a yacht. She was exquisite.

"Uh, I'll need this for identification," I stammered.

"Of course," said Martindale with a smile.

"Where was the last place you saw Ms. Fairchild?" I asked.

"Well," he began, "she'd been acting strangely the last

HUSTLER MAGAZINE PHOTO CONTEST MODEL RELEASE



Here is the model release you must send with your entry (preferably more than one photo) in HUSTLER's Beaver Hunt contest—see page 89. Models should be shown totally nude, and faces must be visible. Novelty photos will be considered. To increase your chances of being chosen, you should send in a copy of some form of photo ID, such as a driver's license, along with this release. Mail to: HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

Please Print

Model's Name _____ Name to Be Published _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Date of Birth _____ Phone (include area code) _____

Model's Social Security Number _____

Occupation _____

Hobbies _____

Sexual Fantasies _____

Include separate sheet if necessary

Photographer _____

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WARNING: ANYONE SIGNING THIS RELEASE FORM OTHER THAN THE MODEL WILL BE SUBJECT TO MONETARY DAMAGES AND/OR CRIMINAL PROSECUTION.

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

Model's Legal Signature _____ Date _____

ing a nudie magazine. "Have you seen this girl before?" I asked, showing him the picture of Virginia Fairchild. He shook his head. I placed a 10 spot on the counter and asked him to take another look.

"Oh, her," he said, snatching up the bill. "Take a peek behind door number 3."

He walked toward a row of quarter-shot peep shows. I walked over to the third booth, closed the door and dropped a quarter into the slot.

And boy, was I surprised! The "star" was unmistakably Virginia Fairchild! Wearing a leather dominatrix outfit, she viciously whipped two elderly gentlemen who groveled at her feet. After binding their hands with some rope, she pushed one guy's face into her steaming crotch while she forced the other to rim her puckered anus. As my cock hardened, I was spellbound. Here was a millionaire's pet in a porno movie. I popped in a dozen more quarters and watched her until she reached a screaming orgasm.

I went back to the clerk, "Where'd you get that film?"

"Your mother," he sneered.

"Listen, asshole," I said, grabbing his head and slamming his face against the counter. "Tell me where you got that film or you'll be pulling dildos out of your ears for a week. You get me?"

"Yeah, yeah, sure," he squealed. "It was that dame. She brought it here. Works out of an office downtown." He yelped out the address, and I let him go.

While I hopped into my roadster, I thought I saw Yvonne, Martindale's sexy maid, standing on a nearby corner. Just in case I was being tailed, I took a couple of detours.

It was dark by the time I found the right building. All the lights were out, and no one seemed to be around. In 15 minutes or so I found the office the sleazy clerk had told me about. "Moore, Moore, Harter & Faster" was stenciled in black letters on the smoked-glass door. After picking the lock, I cautiously stepped inside. While looking around, I heard a strange slurping sound coming from an inner office. I peeked through the keyhole and saw Virginia Fairchild sucking the huge cock of a muscular young stud. She didn't look like a kidnap victim to me.

She teasingly licked her way toward the tip of the prick, then opened her lipstick-covered lips and guided just the head into her luscious, hot mouth. Her right hand gently stroked his stiff rod while she sensuously bobbed up and down. Just when the stud was about to blow his load, someone struck me over the head.

When I came to, I heard a low, raspy voice saying, "I found this guy outside. Should I give him the works?"

Looking up, I saw Virginia Fairchild in

all her naked splendor. "No, Lefty, I'll take care of this."

"What are you doing here?" she demanded as the goon left the room.

"I was hired by Julius Martindale to rescue you," I growled.

She laughed loud and long. "That asshole hired you to rescue me? From whom?"

"Haven't you been kidnapped?"

"Fuck no!" she snapped. "I just got tired of turning tricks for all his aging Capitol Hill cronies; so I left. The fat fool just wants me back because he knows I'm the best lay he's ever had. And besides, he also knows I've got candid footage of him and his friends in some very compromising positions. He's probably afraid I'll blackmail him sometime down the road—which I probably will!"

"You realize I'll have to go to the authorities about this," I said.

"Why do a dumb thing like that?" she murmured, rubbing my crotch. "I'll reward you well for your silence." She pushed me onto a leather couch and unbuckled my pants. "Let's see what you've got," she said, pulling out my cock. "Ooh, it's nice and big."

I groaned as Virginia knelt down and began to suck my cock. "Damn," she cooed. "I'm going to ride this monster." She stood up, threw her legs around my waist and sat down hard on my dork. While her sopping pussy engulfed my now-towering manhood, I kneaded Virginia's mouth-watering breasts and tweaked her hard pink nipples.

"Oh, yes, baby," she sighed. I thrust my hips up to meet hers and slammed my aching penis into her gaping vagina as far as it would go. She soon began to squeal on each passionate downstroke. I could feel my seed churning at the base of my cock, and in a few minutes she was screaming, "I'm coming! I'm coming!" as I blasted my load.

But before we could wallow in the afterglow, all hell broke loose! Hot lead tore out the lights and plunged the room into darkness. Virginia leaped off me, screaming wildly, while I fumbled with my trousers. Somehow I found the fire escape and climbed down.

The next morning I read in the *Times* that Virginia Fairchild had been murdered by a .38 slug. I tried going to the police, but they wouldn't listen. Martindale must have had every lawman in the city packed tightly in his coat pocket.

Virginia Fairchild never had a chance. All she wanted was good sex and a little cash. No one could blame her for that. I think of her nights when I'm all alone, and I still get an erection. That's when I head down to Hollywood. You can still catch her at the Porn-o-Rama. Just take a peek behind door number 3. 

Beaver Hunt

C'mon, bring on the Beavers! HUSTLER is always on the lookout for new talent; so we want to hear from you lovely ladies who are eager to show your faces (among other things) to an eagerly waiting world. Don't be shy, and remember there's \$100

in the deal for those whose photos we pick. Send those entries (preferably more than one color photo) to *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. (All entries become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine.) Use the model release on page 88 and please fill it out clearly so we'll know where to send the \$100.

Photo by Friend



Candie, 20, is a terminal operator from Lemon Grove, California, who likes riding three-wheelers, horses and men. Her fondest fantasy is to make love on top of the highest sand dune she can find.

Photo by Husband



Sex and rock 'n' roll are what 21-year-old entertainer Toni is devoted to. This Carbondale, Illinois, native raises purebred German shepherds as a hobby and tells us that she'll try just about anything at least once.

Stunning Andy, 23, is a Germantown, Maryland, secretary who enjoys horseback riding, modeling and, oddly enough, building log cabins. She dreams of spending a night with Marc Singer from television's *V*.



Photo by T. J.

Snoopy, 21, hails from Painesville, Ohio, where she's a cashier and rides horses in her spare time. We've just brought her closer to her fondest fantasy, being a *HUSTLER* centerfold.



Photo by Boyfriend



Photo by Husband

Thirty-six-year-old Dianne from Panama City Beach, Florida, is a bartender and housewife. She dreams of having two lovers at once—one would start kissing at her toes and the other at her lips until they meet in the middle.

Photo by Husband



Twenty-one-year-old Kimberly from Rochester, New York, is a housewife and mother of two, with number three on the way. She loves music and being with her kids, and her ultimate dream would be to meet Adam Ant and have a wild threesome with him and her husband.

Photo by Husband



Trisha, 29, is a Garland, Texas, waitress. She's into swimming and skiing, and fantasizes about making love in the mountains.

Photo by Husband



Kathy, 19, is a Toledo, Ohio, housewife and mother of two. She's devoted to her family and sex, and fantasizes about making love to her husband and two other guys.



Terri C., a 20-year-old housewife and mother from Newark, Ohio, likes to sing, dance and paint. One of her fantasies has come true, appearing in *Beaver Hunt*, but she still imagines what it would be like to watch her husband make it with another woman.



Photo by Husband



Jamie, 45, is a Las Vegas, Nevada, housewife who loves camping, fishing and dancing. She likes to imagine her husband going down on her at the beach, while the cool water and warm sun help drive her to orgasm.



Photo by Husband

The pride of New London, Connecticut, 23-year-old Courtney is a housewife who's into aerobics and fashion. Her fantasy is to dress provocatively for a weekend alone with her husband on a tropical island.

Photo by Friend



Dianne is a 30-year-old housewife from Holt, Alabama, who is into fishing and sunning. Her fantasy? To make love with three men at the same time.

One for the Ladies

Photo by Judy



Photo by Husband



John, 25, is a Jacksonville, Texas, firefighter who likes scuba diving, skiing and sex. He fantasizes about being the only stud for a 100-woman whorehouse. Sounds good for starters.

Michigan's Jozzie, 20, is a housewife and mother who enjoys riding horses and motorcycles. Her dream is to have a threesome or foursome with her husband.



GENTLE KNIGHT (continued from page 86)

Her breasts stared back at him, the nipples rigid, as her hands slid down to the waistband of the last garment.

Bronk mumbled. A flash of bright-red gauze with gold sequins appeared in front of Craig; there was a stack of bills on top beside his wallet. He handed the costume back to Sourface. "I'd like a bag or something to carry this in, please."

* * *

Craig sprawled loosely across the couch and watched Lynn open the paper bag. His belly was full of her food for the second night in a row, and he had just topped it off with three glasses of fine white wine. He felt like a hound dog by the fire on a rainy night.

"How did you get it?" she asked, holding the costume up to the light.

"I asked," he said. "I'm really a personable guy once you get to know me."

"Oh, damn, it's torn." Her brows wrinkled. "Those bums ruined it."

"Too bad."

"Why do you say that?" She snuggled closer to him.

"Well, I'll always wonder how you looked when you wore it."

She tugged loose and stood over him. "You poor thing." Her hands moved up over her body to stop at the top button of

her blouse. "The truth is that a costume only helps a customer's fantasy along." Her fingers moved downward at an agonizingly slow speed; each button seemed unwilling to come free.

Craig leaned forward with arms outstretched when she dropped the blouse to the floor. She put the palm of her hand squarely on his forehead and nudged him back onto the couch.

"No," she said, "I'm going to do it. All of it." She stepped out of the skirt, pulled the pantyhose down over her hips and sat on the floor. "The first thing the customer learns is to keep his hands to himself." She stood, unsnapping her bra.

Craig lost the flow of her words. Lynn could just as well have been reciting telephone listings. His eyes were locked onto her body: satin smooth, ripe and round. Her breasts stared back at him, the nipples rigid and fiery red, as her hands slid down to the waistband of the last garment.

"Usually, after the costume comes off, the dancer goes through another routine . . . to help the customer along." Her own breath was short and rapid now as

the panties dropped in a silky puddle at her feet. "In your case I'm going to make an exception." She moved onto the couch beside him. "Then too," she murmured, "you should know that there's usually music."

Craig reached for her once again.

"No," she said, slapping his hands away. "I said I was going to do it all." Her hands moved across his lap to his zipper, and she pulled it down with a sharp jerk. What had been waiting inside, pink and impatient, sprang to attention.

"How nice," she cooed.

The voice, long silent, exploded in his brain. *Go for it!*

Before Craig could move, Lynn rose to her knees and quickly straddled him. In the space of a single breath they were locked securely together. Slowly, but perfectly, she rose, then descended again. Her breasts flicked lightly against his face, and he felt the flood rising inside. He bit down on his lips.

"Enough is enough," Craig said. "I get the idea." He circled her waist with his arms and pushed his body forward and up from the couch. She squealed with joy, wrapping her legs tightly around his waist. She locked her ankles behind his back and urgently sought his lips with her open, hungry mouth.

He picked her up and strode into the little kitchen, his whole being centered on her warmth. "Lovely, it's so lovely," she murmured as he lowered her body tenderly onto the kitchen table and began to move his hips. With each thrust her muscles gripped him tighter, pulling him deeper inside, and her lips gave a little cry each time he withdrew. She pulled her legs back and put them over his shoulders and lifted her bottom up closer to him. He cupped her buttocks and pulled her to him, and then they were pounding at each other like two giant engines, determined to keep it going, to never stop. And when it happened, they were together.

Craig carried her into the bedroom, pulled the bedcovers back and deposited her gently. He covered her with the sheet and bent down to kiss her lightly on the lips, then returned to the living room.

Well, the voice asked, *I suppose you're going to screw this deal up like you did all the others?*

You know me. Man travels fastest who travels alone.

Yeah, I've been through all that with you before. What I've never been able to figure out is, where in hell are we going?

We'll know when we get there, pal.

Craig opened the apartment door and stepped into the hall. The sound of the lock was a sad farewell. He looked up and down the empty dark streets, then set off toward the bus station.



THANK YOU, JESUS—
GODZILLA SLEEPS!



John Billmeyer

THE SPECIALIST *(continued from page 72)*

I edged closer to the Iraqi, drew my pistol and put it right up against his face. I held it there for more than an hour.

bers of our team opened fire, and I hurled a grenade, which exploded on the turret. Three of the four men fell instantly, and a second burst finished off the fourth.

When we regrouped at the first quieter street, several of the men were in a complete mental mess. Two of them were trembling with nerves, and another looked as if he had gone into total shock. With men in that condition we could go no further, and I looked around desperately for a hiding place.

There was only one suitable building: a large commercial garage that was locked and barred. We broke in and scrambled gratefully into the dark recesses behind piles of spares and bits of machinery.

In the center of the working area was a huge ramp, with an inspection pit beneath it, big enough for working on full-sized trucks. Most of it was covered in with wooden planking, but there was a narrow gap at the end nearest the door and some steps leading down into a very deep working area below. It was filthy with oil and grease, but in the darkness it was just about cool enough for us to pack

our seven bodies in without suffocating.

For the first two hours there was no activity in the garage; then we heard sounds of shouting and arguing, and a group of Iranian militiamen forced their way into the garage and started to look around.

It should have been the end of us, but they did not know what they were looking for and did not care much either; they had been given a section of streets to search and wanted to get finished.

We waited in the pit until nightfall. It was completely dark when we decided to chance moving up again into the main area of the garage. We closed the outside door, set up observation posts at the two small windows looking out onto the street and settled down in hiding places around the edge of the workshop floor.

No Iranians came during the night, but no one slept, and the tension was kept high by the failing nerve of the team. I did a lot of talking that night, through the interpreter, trying to find the right way to contain each man's fear.

I used several different approaches to contain them. I gave them lectures on endurance and the Special Forces' will to

survive and went over their training with them, trying to activate their pride. With some it worked, but with at least two I had to resort to my last threat—that if they wanted to go to their maker, I would be the first one to help them.

Although no one came into the garage, there was plenty of movement outside, and the arguments were punctuated by bouts of crouching and hiding that added to the emotion. Each time anyone came near the building, the team readied itself for a firefight and, if the mood was turning at that point toward a final shootout, I had to keep it suppressed, while at the same time maintaining their readiness if anyone should try to come in.

We survived the night, and eventually most of the men did agree to get some sleep, but dawn brought too much activity in the street, and I ordered the men back into the pit.

We had barely taken up position when the garage doors were opened, and three men came in. They were civilians, and one looked like the owner of the garage.

We crouched down as low as possible and listened as they began their morning routines. They made coffee and chatted, then switched on various pieces of equipment and tuned a radio. Then they made more coffee, sending the smell drifting tantalizingly down into the pit.

Their first customer was an Iranian military vehicle piled high with militiamen, which pulled up outside. The mechanics worked on it on the forecourt. It moved away, and a second one arrived, and this time it was brought inside and worked on beside the doorway.

Finally, the inevitable happened, and they brought another militia APC right into the workshop and rolled it over our pit. We were suddenly in almost complete darkness except for a few cracks of light, and we could actually hear Iranians inside the armored vehicle who were presumably sitting waiting there for the repairs to be completed.

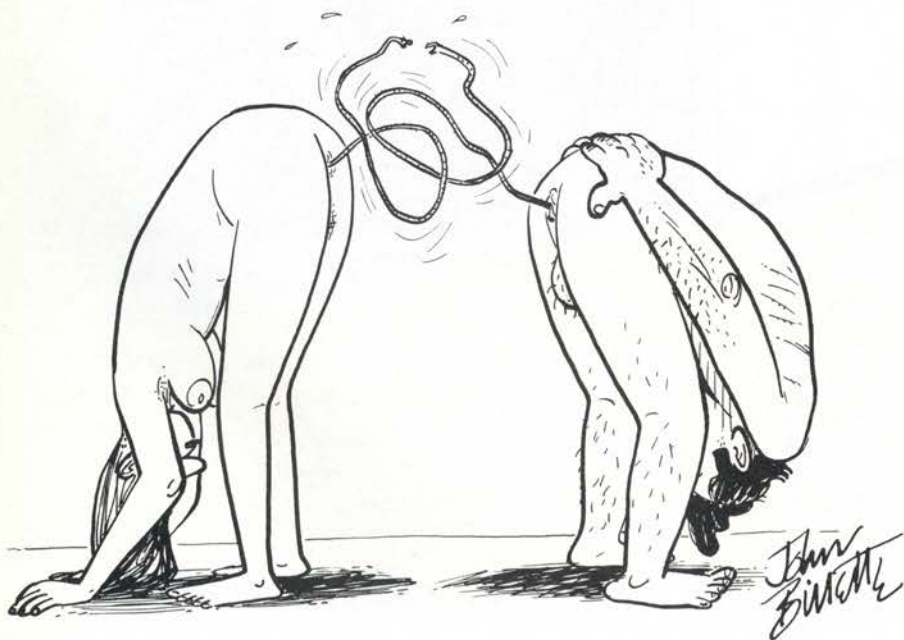
Gingerly we edged our way into the deepest part of the pit and huddled in the sump hole, covering ourselves with oil and filth in the process.

At one point the mechanic pulled away two of the planks from over the pit and walked down the top steps to work on the front axle. We stayed holding our breath, watching his legs from the knees down only a couple of meters away.

Meanwhile, oil and brake fluid were starting to drip quite heavily from above, forcing us to crouch down even further into the slime and sludge of the pit. While the mechanic worked, there was constant movement around the vehicle.

When my eyes were fully accustomed to the darkness, I was able to look at my own men in the few strands of filtered

DUELING TAPEWORMS





G. Martin.

sunlight from above. I could see that one of them was really beginning to crack up.

His hands were trembling, and he was moving his head in odd jerky motions. I knew I had to do something there and then. I edged closer to him along the slippery edge of the pit, drew my pistol and put it right up against his face. I held it there for more than an hour.

The interpreter, who was himself showing serious signs of wear, was right next to us. He stared at the pistol, then at the man's head, and he kept putting his fingers to his mouth, silently urging the other man not to break down completely.

The armored vehicle stayed above us for more than two hours and, when it moved, the respite was very brief. The vehicle rolled off the pit, leaving us suddenly bathed in light. It felt as if we were naked and exposed, but we were so far down in the oil-collecting end of the pit that the light didn't expose us.

When the vehicle had gone, I inched my pistol away from the Iraqi's head and let the interpreter move up close to him. The interpreter gently took the man's head between his hands and cradled it on his chest like a baby.

Almost immediately another vehicle—a big commercial truck—was rolled over the pit. We made an extraordinary tableau, with the Iraqi staring wild-eyed over the interpreter's forearm at my weapon,

which I was holding so he could see that the threat had not gone away.

When work started on the truck, I really did think that, finally, we had come to the showdown. The mechanic pulled away three planks instead of two, and I thought, *O Jesus, they're actually going to come down and work on the engine.*

Our defensive position was hopeless. We were cramped and exhausted, and our field of fire was very restricted. My weapon was so oily, I could hardly keep a firm grip on it, and I knew the men had virtually no resilience left.

But it was not an engine job. The truck had come in to have a bar welded on the back, and within minutes we were showered with sparks as the welding torch crackled and popped above us.

This vehicle was leaking quite badly, and hot oil was falling on us, flecks burning our foreheads and cheeks as we tried to avoid them without stirring enough to make any noise. Blinded by sparks and concentrating only on possible ways of firing an effective burst if anyone did come below the vehicle, I left the interpreter to control the man who was breaking down, and the hour that followed was one of the most interminable of my professional life.

When the welding was done and the vehicle drove off, I looked across and saw that the man had almost fallen asleep on

the interpreter's chest. I left the two men undisturbed and tried to rally the rest of the team.

Morale had almost completely gone, and I knew that we would not survive another night in the garage. Our best hope was to move out and just face any opposition as it came.

No more vehicles were put over the pit, and the activity in the garage had quieted down by early evening, but it did not close until almost nine o'clock. The wait seemed unending, but several of the men had followed the lead of the first man and were trying to control their nerves by taking snatches of sleep. Finally, the last mechanic left.

We waited another hour until there were no passersby at all; then we took one of the windows out of its frame and climbed through into the street.

The sense of relief at being in the open air again was enormous, but it was also short-lived. That street was quiet, but Dezful had come well and truly alive with Iranian activity. As we moved from street to street, the encounters multiplied, but several times we were able to avoid confrontation simply by waving and moving quickly on or by ignoring people in the darkness.

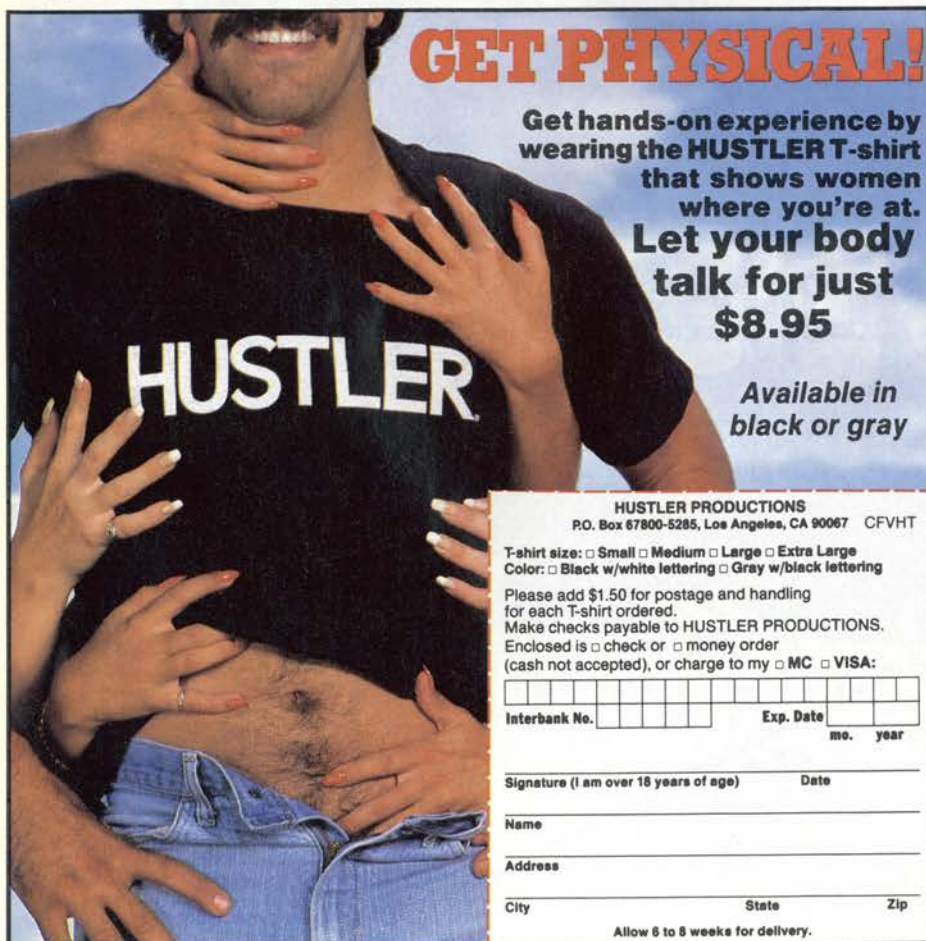
There were three moments in all that could have brought our possible escape to an end. In one we came upon three garbage collectors but managed to kill them and dump them in their truck before anyone else entered the street. In the second we were forced to go through an occupied house, with people sitting having a meal in one room, while we walked down a corridor and out the other side. But it was the third that came closest to finishing us.

We had almost reached the edge of the city and were proceeding up a quiet street, with four of the team in front and three bringing up the rear 50 yards behind, when without any warning at all two militiamen walked right into our midst.

Neither knew what to do, and my men were almost as bemused as the Iranians. Then one of the militiamen collected himself and started to run down the street to get away.

No one in our team moved fast enough and, though I was the furthest away, I knew I would have to deal with him. I yelled to the interpreter, "Get the other one," and I set off to give chase to the fleeing Iranian. I forced myself on, thinking furiously as I ran what a fucking nuisance the oil was. My combat fatigues were soaked in it, and the oil was flicking up into my eyes and smearing my vision.

The Iranian obviously knew where to get help, because he ignored the first turning that would have got him out of the field of fire and ran on, like a mad-



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man, toward a bigger crossroads further down the street.

I heard a shot behind me, and I assumed that someone had dispatched the other militiaman, but the fleeing man heard it too, and he assumed he was being fired on. He turned and looked back, saw me and tried to cock his weapon as he ran. I think he intended to get around the corner and then try a shot at me, but in his panic he turned too early and ran smack into the end of a cement wall. *Got you, you bastard*, I thought. The Iranian's assault rifle went off, and the bullet hit the wall. The man staggered back, stunned and disoriented.

In his fear the Iranian had dropped his weapon. As I closed in on him, I noticed that it was a Soviet AK-47 assault rifle, and I had time in one corner of my mind to register the change of allegiance in weapons supply to Iran.

The Iranian stopped to try to pick up his rifle, and I aimed a kick at his head. He fell, but he wasn't knocked out, and he began to scramble frenziedly to make some kind of counterattack.

He made a grab for my pistol, and his fingers closed on my wrist. I deliberately allowed the pistol to fall onto his chest, knowing that it would make him relax his grip. He let go and tried to seize the pistol, and I gave him a straight-arm fist into the nose. The blow alone almost killed

him, and I finished the job by taking his head in my hands and breaking his neck.

By this time my team had regrouped, and I saw that watching the combat had stiffened their resolve a bit. We still had a long distance to go, but we were almost out of the city and, if I could just get them as far as the desert, there was a chance that we would survive after all.

That flight marked the beginning of a forced march that was to go on for the rest of that night and the whole of the following day. Of the seven men in the team, two came very close to failing their final test.

The man who had cracked first during the wait in the pit was by now useless as a soldier, but killing him there and then would have had too bad an effect on the morale of the others. He was trembling and shaking, his eyes barely focused, and he had to be virtually carried. One other had broken down too, though not quite as badly, and he had to be frogmarched and urged on through the desert march. What saved us, finally, was that the other four Iraqis realized that I had led them through a day and a night in occupied Dezful, and they had suddenly become determined to try and follow my example.

They were saved really by my own determination not to end up with my head on a pole in Dezful or to be dragged, mu-

tilated, through the streets of Tehran as the first white mercenary captured and displayed by the Iranian propaganda machine.

One other factor too came to our aid at the end: the will of Colonel Abu Azed personally not to let me, his former co-fighter from Kurdistan, die because of a high-command mix-up over the Iraqi withdrawal from the battle.

We reached our Code Blue rendezvous point, but we were more than two hours late, and in those kinds of battle conditions I did not expect to find a helicopter waiting. But Abu Azed had personally given the order to go beyond standard operating procedure, and when we staggered into the rendezvous area, a Soviet-made chopper was there.

It wasn't really equipped to carry us all, but we crammed ourselves in and, as we lifted off, I saw that I still had one last lesson in Special Forces warfare to teach my Iraqi squad.

For them the mission was over at the very second the chopper left the ground. Relief flooded over them, and I could feel the force of their excitement and jubilation. They started to talk and chatter, asking the interpreter to thank me for leading them to safety—and they got a considerable shock when I ordered them sharply to keep silent.

For me, order was an essential act of discipline. The mission was almost over, but not quite. We were being lifted back behind Iraqi lines, but we were still over enemy territory, and they were still soldiers who needed to be ready for action.

I had seen it too many times in Vietnam. So often, American units believed their mission was over because they were out of denied territory, then they would suddenly be caught and wiped out because they were no longer in a state of preparedness.

I reserved my own release for much later—when I was sitting on a plane bound for Switzerland after taking off from Baghdad airport. In the debriefing stage I remained tightly controlled even during an emotional scene when Abu Azed clasped me in a brotherly embrace. I was feeling the stress, and I felt anger too at the way we had been forced into such a situation, but I kept it as inward anger, and I did what I always do: quietly reviewed the events of the mission, noting lessons for the future.

Only when the civilian airliner was in the air did I finally allow myself to begin to relax. I ordered a drink, and when the stewardess brought it, she gave me a newspaper to read. The front page was full of news, but somehow it didn't seem all that relevant, and I let it fall to my lap as I sat quietly, watching Iraq drift away beneath me. 

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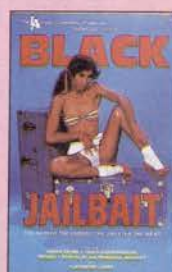
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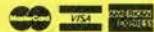
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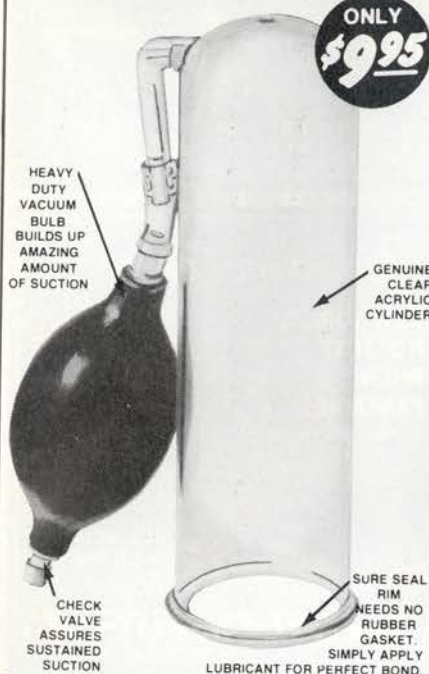
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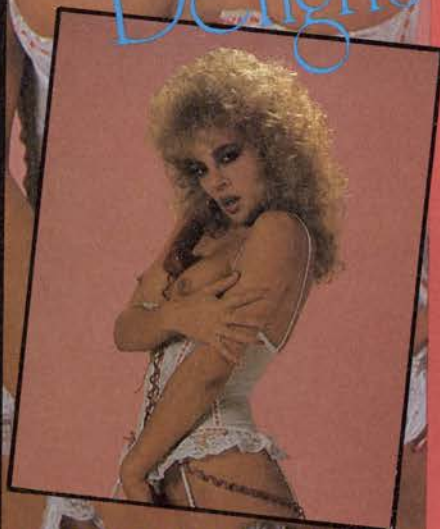
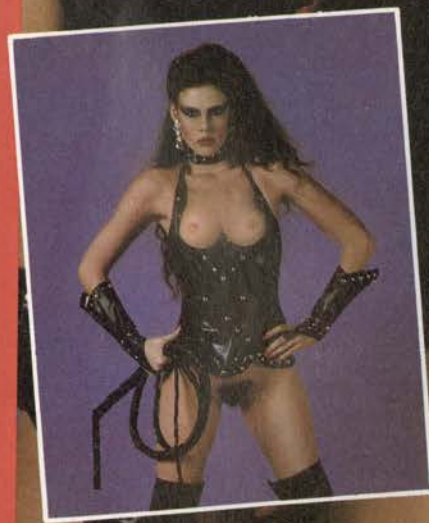
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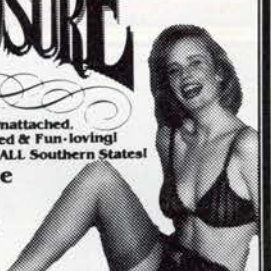
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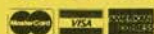


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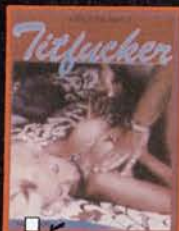


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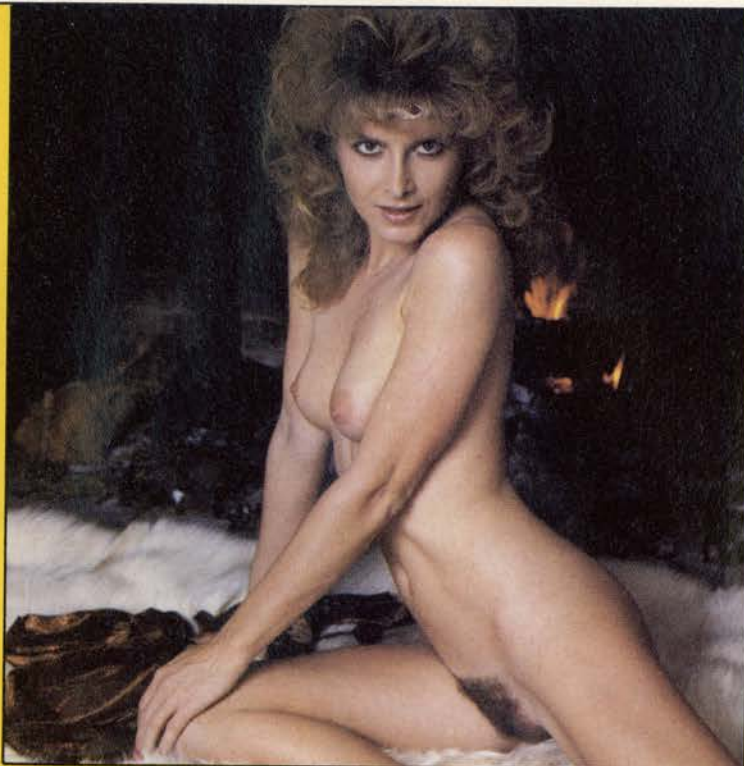
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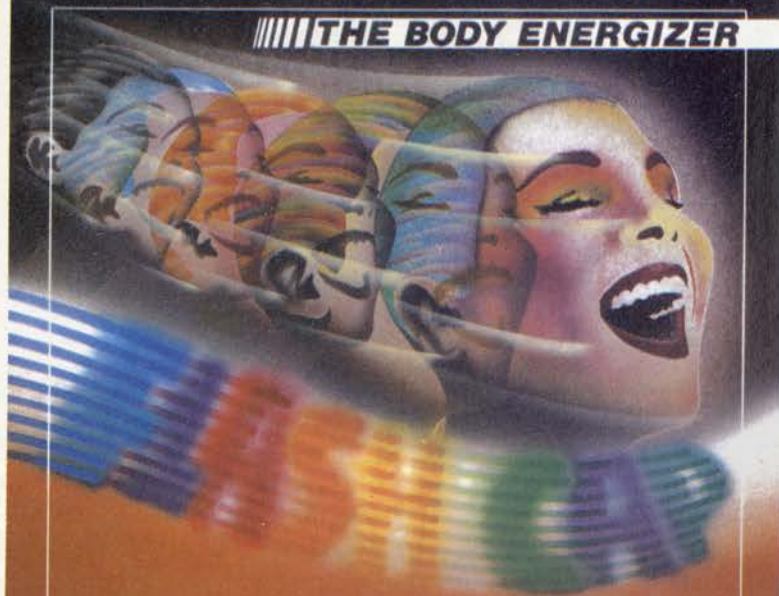


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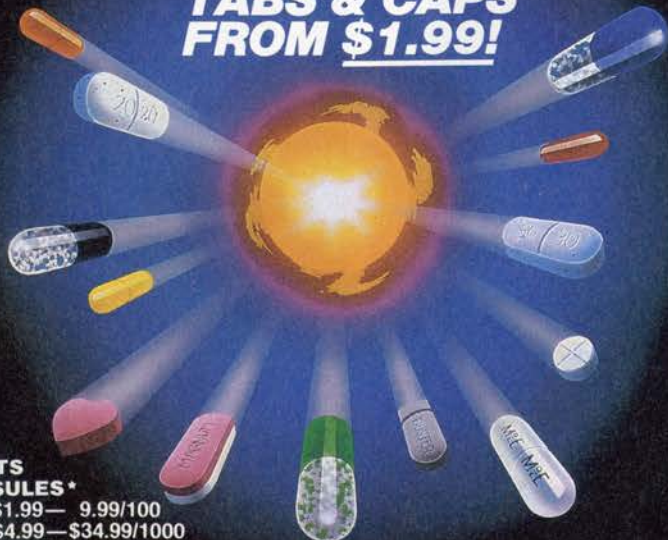
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NEXT MONTH IN HUSTLER

October issue on sale August 20, 1985

WANTON WOMEN

Our October '85 models reach new highs in exotic eroticism. Variety is truly the spice of life when you first meet an enticing foreign temptress, then a busty all-American blonde. The weird world of bondage comes alive in a latex-and-leather spread that will unleash your darkest fantasies. Finally, a stylish Southern belle invites you to share her night of pure pleasure.

PORN QUEEN

Sexy Ginger Lynn is a talent to watch, combining the heart-melting innocence of a Jessica Lange with some of the hottest hard-core moves in adult films today. The winner of three top honors at the X-Rated Critics Organization's 1984 awards, Ginger appears in such recent scorchers as *New Wave Hookers* and *The G-Spot*. Besides an in-depth interview, we'll be running some steamy photos of the reigning princess of porn.

WAR LORDS

HUSTLER is pleased to welcome the inimitable Dr. Timothy Leary to our pages once again. This time, Leary launches a savage and witty attack on America's "warrior caste," tracing our country's history of naked foreign aggression from the discovery of America right up to Reagan's blundering interventions in Grenada and Nicaragua. The good doctor is in fine form.

NOT TO MENTION . . .

Cupid's Revenge, hot fiction by Larry Tritten, featuring lesbians on the lam from gun-wielding thugs; incredibly wild reader fantasies in *Kinky Korner* and *Hot Letters*; raunchy belly-laughs from *Comic Relief*; *Beaver Hunt* with the latest nookie from across the nation; and *Melody Makers*, which continues to probe the backstage world of music. Our October '85 issue is everything you've come to expect from HUSTLER, and more!





PRESENT

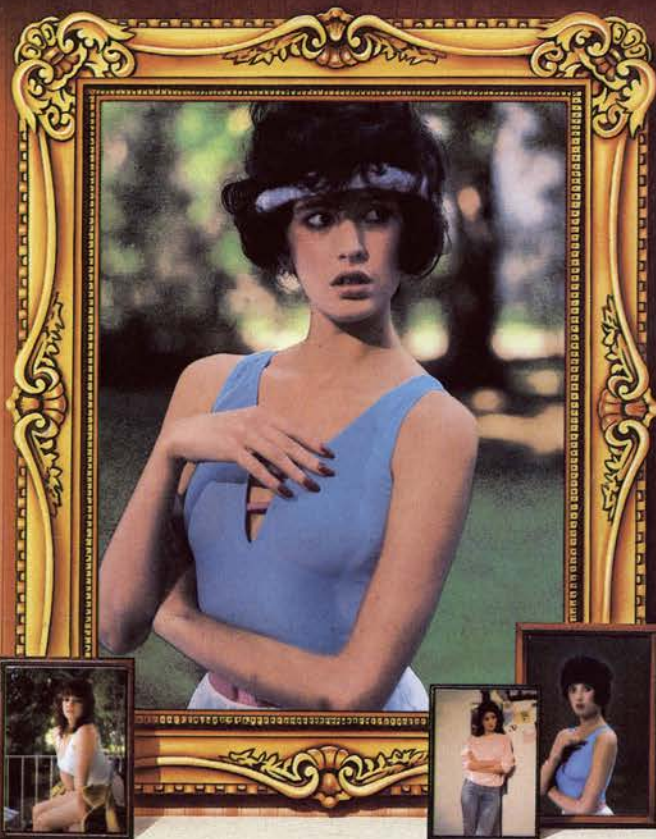
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TABOO AMERICAN-STYLE

PART I - THE RUTHLESS BEGINNING



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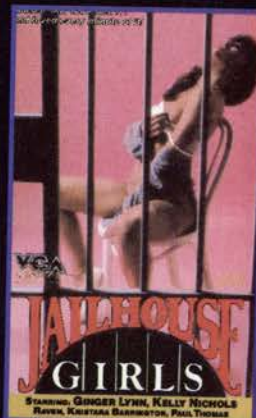
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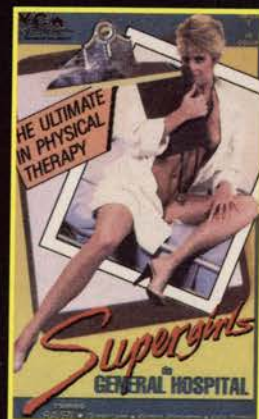
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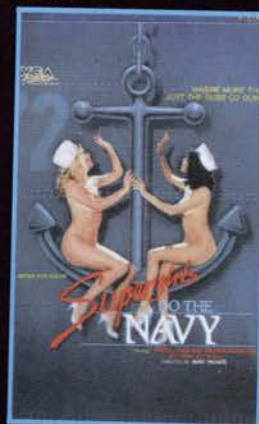
HOSTAGE GIRLS—Four sweet hostages
do it all to please their virile captors



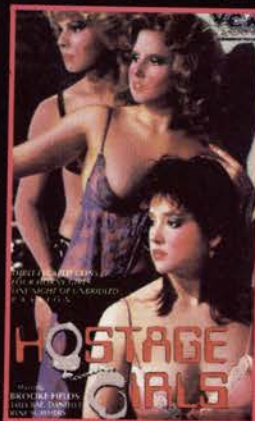
JAILHOUSE GIRLS—A bum rap sends an innocent young girl to prison, where she soon discovers the depraved and kinky desires of women behind bars.



SUPERGIRLS DO GENERAL HOSPITAL—Ravishing Raven stars as a movie star held captive in a sex-crazed hospital.



SUPERGIRLS DO THE NAVY—It's hot sex on the high seas as a group of young girls teach these submarine sailors what "going down" is all about!





WANNA WATCH?

Of course you do—and when it comes to finding the hottest adult films on video-cassette, look no further than VCA PICTURES!

Raw Talent



STARRING
LISA DELEEW, JERRY BUTLER, and
introducing CASSANDRA LEIGH



WARNING:

This film contains subliminal suggestions not visible to the average human eye that may result in a state of extreme sexual arousal. The producers accept no responsibility for viewer sexual behavior which may result from these messages.

RAW TALENT—
Kinky tricks make RAW TALENT one of the most popular films of the year. A movie that really lives up to its name!

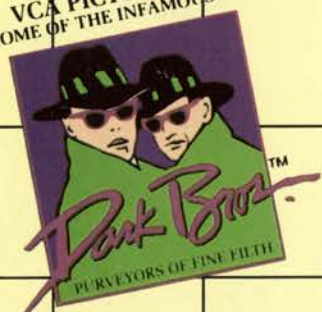
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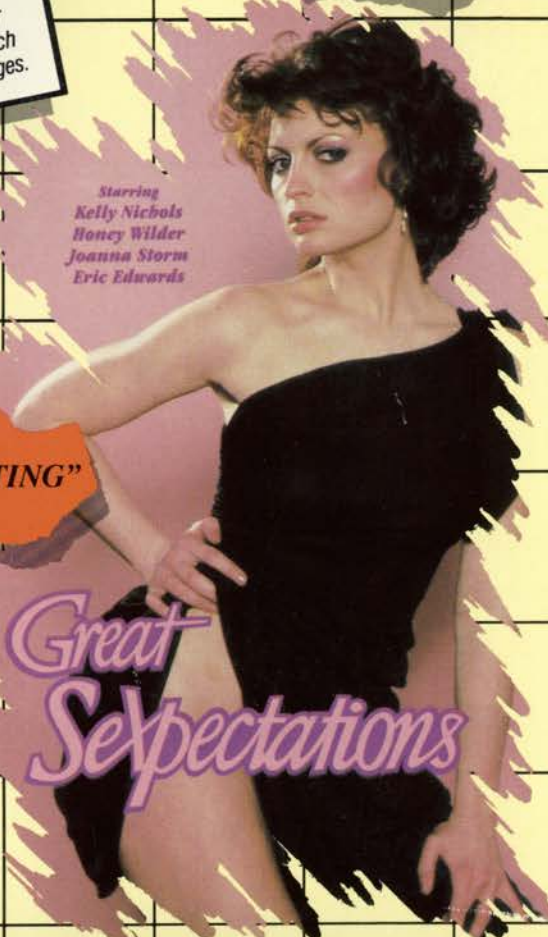
A superior porn film... witty and skillfully drawn.—Josh Friedman, **SCREW**

From the pages of Penthouse
DANIELLE, RHONDA JO PETTY,
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